April 1, 1950

Jack Cortez

Fabulous LAS VEGAS

"HowdyPodner"



WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO SEE

★

VIEWS AND REVIEWS BY STAFF AND GUEST COLUMNISTS

★

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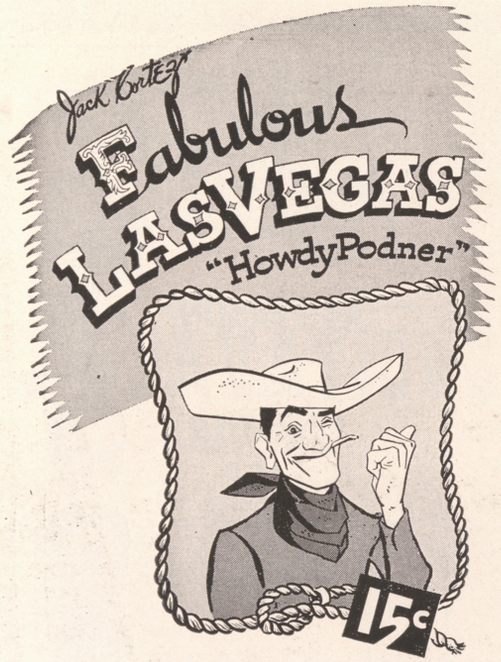
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 1, NO. 51

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Jack Cortez' Fabulous LAS VEGAS "HowdyPodner"



VOLUME 1 — APRIL 1, 1950 — NUMBER 51

OBSERVATIONS

. . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

THESE CHANGING TIMES

PASSING the court house square where work is being carried toward completion on an addition to our court house, my mind reverted to court houses in general, particularly to those I have known and in which I had a personal interest.

The first in memory was the "palatial" court house in Austin, Mower County, Minnesota, erected about 1879 or 1880. In comparison with any other building I had ever seen, that was perfectly majestic and beautiful, with its great court room on the second floor and its elaborate tower reaching about a hundred feet toward the sky. Naturally that great height was an immediate challenge to us boys. When the builders managed to get the 12x12 inch timbers 30 feet long, which were to form the ribs of the tower, stood on end and anchored ready for enclosing, several of us managed to climb to the precarious top to view the town from what really was a dizzy height. If we were scared, which we really were, our worry was nothing to the worry, fear and distress of Mr. Alsop, the contractor, who saw a very probable suit for large damages if and when one of us should lose our hold and fall. However, we managed to worm ourselves down the slivery timbers safely and promised to heed the irate contractor's demand to "get the hell out of there and stay out." I, for one, really intended to heed. But when the building was about finished. It was a wonderful place to play hide and seek. So it happened about twilight one summer evening, speeding through the recently hung great oaken doors of the court room, I swung the door open with such force as to break it from its hinges and it fell with a crash.

I knew I was in for trouble and was immediately faced with a vital problem — how to dodge the responsibility for the crime which, I was sure, would cost the contractor hundreds if not thousands of dollars. My father, I remembered, had often admonished me, "Charlie, whenever you get into trouble, come and tell me." It was advice hard to follow, but I know the contractor would soon find the criminal anyhow, so I hurred home and sought Father and made a clean breast of the thing. "Humm—" he said. "Guess I better go and see Mr. Alsop in the morning."

Father took me with him to see Mr. Alsop and told the whole terrible story. "Hmm—" said Mr. Alsop. "It's a wonder that door didn't fall on you and kill you." Then he and father had some private conversation — and that ended my adventures with the new Mower County, Minnesota, court house.

Then in 1887 and 1888, in Los Angeles, I saw the old high school building moved from the top of a hill at Temple Street and Broadway where the very ornate red-sandstone court house was soon to be built. To me that building with its high, square clock tower and its elaborate carved sandstone ornamentation was the tops in architecture. Later, from 1895 to 1905, as an employe of the Los Angeles Title Insurance and Trust Company, I spent ten years of my work-day life in that building and then, some years ago, saw it being torn down as outmoded. Now they are fighting over plans to build a multi-million dollar Los Angeles court house several blocks away from the Civic Center.

In 1905, soon after arriving in Las Vegas, I was called as a member of the Lincoln county grand jury to the county seat at Pioche. There I became ac-

(Continued on Page 30)

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU!



AND

My sincere thanks to all Las Vegas; Hal Braudis and the Thunderbird Gang for being so nice to my Daddy on his second engagement at the Thunderbird Hotel.

KEVIN MICHAEL DENNIS

VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS



"MOTHER REMINISCING"

She loved her the first day as she lay upon her bed,
And gazed at a little mite so wrinkly and so red.
How she loved her later as she lay contentedly at rest
While a pretty little daughter nursed her swollen breast.
The years these two struggled on through thick and thin,
And the times that Mama used some rugged discipline,
Though she's happy with her own life she loves to reminisce
Because she's always looking forward to a letter with a kiss.
There's no way you could change her, no way to make her see
That this precious little baby is a grown woman, same as she.

"BIRTH, MATURITY AND DEATH"

Life is so like a moving sky,
Slowly changing while passing by.
Clouds soft and fluffy, snowy white,
First small, then larger in their flight.

As clouds pass, growing stronger there,
To build great castles in the air,
Sparkling brightly, from heavenly beams
Come sweet melodies, ambitious dreams.

Then on and on, through sky they ride,
Serenely going with the tide,
Moving in a heavenly flight,
Now floating on into the night.

"LOVE HEEDS LOVE ONLY"

Love listens to all advice, but does not heed,
For poetic melodies are love's only creed.

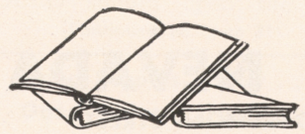
"LOVE'S UNDERTOW"

The tide of love will carry all on its destined flow,
To drown them with happiness or sorrow in its undertow.

"SHORE BIRDS"

The sea is running smooth and calm today,
The shore birds are feeding while at play,
Sand snipes feed along the dampened shore,
Changing tides leave new feeding grounds to explore.

The pelican soars low out past the breaker line,
Then plummets to catch fish swimming in the brine,
Gulls in flight cross and criss-cross but never touch a wing,
Thus they play and fight for food as they dart and swing.



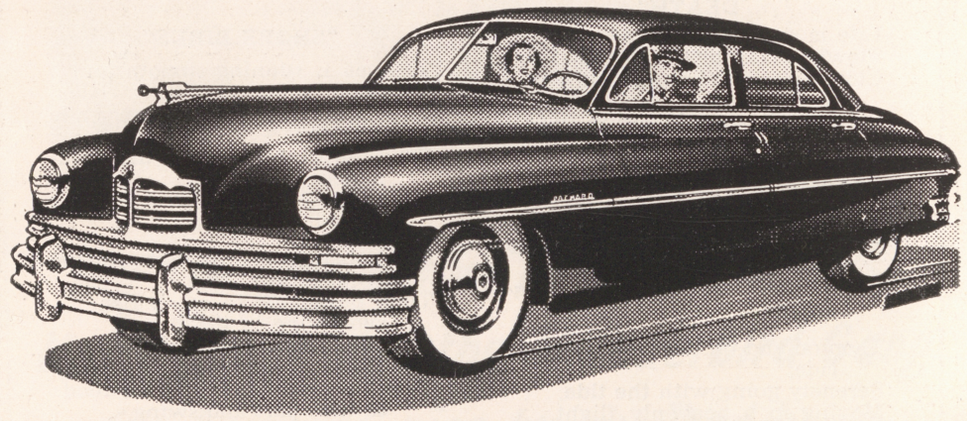
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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

. . by JACK CORTEZ

MARCH 29 was the anniversary, or should we say birthday, for gaming in the State of Nevada. It was on that day that legalized gambling was passed through the legislature, which put our Silver State and "FABULOUS" LAS VEGAS on the map. So, happy birthday, Nevada. You're now growing out of adolescence into maturity. May your life be long and prosperous!

We recall that approximately one and a half years ago we wrote that it would be a very good idea if one of our hotels hired lovely JANE DILLARD as a lifeguard. Well, it finally happened. Miss Dillard, a champion swimmer, still maintains the national title for the 100-meter breast stroke, was made a member of the staff of the new Desert Inn. Somehow, we are inclined to believe that many a male may try to drown (in jest), just to have this lovely gal put her arms around him and hope of a rescue(?). At any rate, we are very happy that Jane Dillard received the job, one which this champion swimmer is more than capable of handling . . . JIMMY WAKELEY has organized the Jimmy Wakeley enterprises to handle his Capitol recordings, personal appearances, realty properties and transcribed radio show activities. Wakeley has established his office at 1915 Cross Roads of the World, Hollywood. Good luck, Jim, you deserve the best of everything . . . Expected in our town any day is NANCY SINATRA, wife of troubador "Frankie Boy." Mrs. Sinatra has been hoping for a reconciliation, but to no avail. The last time she visited us was when KITTY KALLEN opened at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, approximately five weeks ago. Frankie is currently appearing in New York at the Copacabana, and the romance between him and luscious Ava Gardner is very serious. Mrs. Sinatra will probably take up residence at the Last Frontier Hotel when she arrives for that well known "cure" . . . LUCILLE KRAGOER, a very blonderful gal, is now working for AL NISSELL on FREMONT STREET. Lucille has many, many friends in this town and should be an asset to Al and his LADIES' SPORTSWEAR BUSINESS. Combinations, such as they, are hard to find or beat! . . . We are certainly going to miss COLONEL JOE MASON, who will be transferred from our air base sometime this June . . . A word DR. KASSABIAN uses very often is "yallah." It's Syrian, and means everything is "hotsy totsy." By the way, the Doc is a dangerous man on the "21" table—ask the dealers . . . That contest BILL FERRIER put on to determine who is Las Vegas' best and most ORIGINAL mixer of drinks, was certainly a huge success. The event took place Tuesday, March 28, in the SANTA ANITA BAR and there was a big turnout of spectators to watch this novel idea. Quite a few mixologists were entered, too many to name at this time, but . . . here are the winners: In the first heat (3 prizes), first prize: CLYDE FULFER, of the Santa Anita Bar—"DESERT GOLD." Second prize: BILL HEARN, of the Flamingo Hotel—"FLAMINGO SPECIAL." Third prize: LEONARD McCULLAH, of the Flamingo Hotel—"PIXIE." In the second heat, with just one award issued, and using a local manufactured product (Cock 'n Bull) was BILL HEARN, the Flamingo Hotel, (new drink)—"Flamingo No. 2." The latter is an original formula concocted by FLOYD GARWICK, president of the C 'n B bottlers in Las Vegas and one of the greatest drinks we ever heard of. In fact, all of them were excellent but there could only be four prizes awarded. Winners received beautiful trophies, a keepsake to commemorate the event. Judges or official tasters were DAN BASARIC, bar manager of Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn; BILL FERRIER, and yours truly. (Ouch, my head!) . . . Starting this Sunday, April 2, CARL PAIGE will be your disc jockey on the Hour of Enchantment show, sponsored by the Flamingo Hotel six nights a week over KRAM from 11 p.m. 'til 3 a.m. Four hours of sensational music, dedicated just to you, the listening audience! Good luck, Carl! Those two days convinced the owners of station KRAM, as well as the management of the hotel that you're the man for the job! We honestly feel that the natives of Las Vegas can boast of two record spinners that can compete with any throughout the entire country: JOHN RYKEN on KLAS and CARL PAIGE on KRAM . . . JOHNNY KNEUHMAN and PAULA DeROCCO should open the Bar of

(Continued on Page 31)

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HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES

by MARTIN LEWIS

"LOOK, MA—I'M IN PICTURES!"

PRACTICALLY everyone from 7 to 70 has, at one time or another, spun fabulous day-dreams in which they suddenly became world-famous movie stars.

If you are an average guy or gal, chances are you've entertained such dreams. But have you ever thought how you would react upon seeing yourself on the motion picture screen? Maybe you think it would be a big thrill—or maybe the experience would make you squirm in your seat. But whatever your feeling might be, 9 times out of 10 you would probably react like Hollywood's favorite heroes and heroines when they see their own scenes. Their reactions run the gamut from enjoyment, amusement, astonishment, embarrassment and resignation to downright horror.

Not long ago, the stars of Hal Wallis' "My Friend Irma Goes West" got around to comparing notes on the emotions they have when viewing themselves from a theater or projection room seat. The impressions they reported were as varied as a magician's tricks . . . JOHN LUND, the blond actor from Broadway's famed theatrical row, revealed he has a felling of horrified fascination when watching himself perform on the screen. He also got unhappy thinking of how much better he could have done.

"Thank goodness most audiences don't seem to notice all the flaws that stick out like swollen thumbs to me," remarked the popular leading man.

DIANA LYNN announced that for some strange reason she always appears smaller than she actually is. Her eyes photograph okay, observed this talented actress who scores in the current drama, "Paid in Full." Yet, something seems to happen to her mouth. But she's not complaining.

"I feel like I'm looking at some one else," explained MARIE WILSON, America's so-called dumb blonde. "Little characteristics that I'm not aware of suddenly stand out."

Then there are the reactions of newcomer DEAN MARTIN and his zany partner in comedy, JERRY LEWIS. Dean frankly admits he gets a big kick out of seeing himself on celluloid. Jerry, however, claims he just gets scared. And shapely CORINNE CALVET is never quite satisfied with what she sees. The tantalizing French beauty always studies herself closely to see how she can improve—a fact which most movie-going males would label an impossibility.

In a weak moment, all Hollywood Headliners have confessed to their reactions of seeing themselves on the screen. For example, while BOB HOPE viewed the daily rushes of his new comedy, "Fancy Pants," he remarked, "I appear to be broad where it shows the most. I feel I should photograph more like MONTGOMERY CLIFT. As a matter of fact, so does Mrs. Hope."

BING CROSBY, Bob's road-traveling pal, has this to say:

"How can I tell how I look on celluloid? When Hope's in a picture with me, he's always in the way."

BARBARA STANWYCK, on the other hand, believes if she gave in to all the feelings she gets watching herself—she'd have to run to Mr. Anthony in a hurry for some much-needed advice . . . ALAN LADD says he feels like he's looking at someone he has met somewhere and should know . . . JUNE ALLYSON pinches herself to make sure it's really June Allyson all those people are looking at up there on the screen . . . And dapper FRED ASTAIRE confesses he's usually sorry about the whole affair before the first reel is over. Nevertheless, preview audiences have nothing but thunderous applause for Fred's sensational dancing with bouncing BETTY HUTTON in their forthcoming picture, "Let's Dance."

Regardless of what they say, the Hollywood stars have rarely been known to walk out on themselves. And chances are, neither would you.

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Downtown Las Vegas

"THE SILLY SAILOR AND THE MAID"

BUSTER LUCILLE

WEST and PAGE

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THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

I'M not the kind that lives to go around disproving old adages, but I don't quite agree with the one that says, "Beauty Is Skin Deep." I can prove my point. Lots of times I've heard people say, especially women when they're talking about another girl, "She don't have to worry, not with her good looks" and the way they say it gives the impression that the person with the good looks didn't have anything else in the world. I belong to the school that firmly believes that good looks ain't no hindrance to brains or sentiment. Just because a girl is beautiful isn't any reason to believe that she don't think, act, and feel just the same as those of us who don't have good looks. They have the same things we do, only a little extra thrown in for good measure. Here's my proof that beauty ain't only "skin deep."

I ain't going to tell you who it is until I get clear down to the end. I'm sure you won't guess because it's a side of a little lady that few see. She's right here in Las Vegas. She's a top-grade dancer and an A-1 singer. One of the most beautiful women to ever come to Las Vegas, and Las Vegas is now as noted for beautiful women as Kentucky used to be.

A few years ago she was a student at the University of Washington, studying drama. Working her way through college by teaching dancing, an art which she herself had studied since a child. She arranged her classes at college so that she could teach part of the afternoon. She also taught evenings, Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. Her dancing classes were mostly of children. One day a lady brought her a new pupil, one of the world's unfortunates, a girl 25 years old with the mind of a child. She was less than 5 feet tall. Her skin a pasty-white. When you took hold of her arm, there was little or no muscle. Shy, and so frightened she wouldn't talk. Our dancing teacher recommended private lessons with the point of view of gaining the confidence of this unfortunate. The mother agreed and slowly the teacher gained her confidence, but it was over six weeks before the pupil would say more than a "Yes" or "No." The teacher was patient, and through her sympathetic understanding the student advanced and became thoroughly attached to the teacher. She learned coordination. When she first started her lessons she was stooped



over, round-shouldered. She straightened up. Her flabby muscles took on a firmness, and then she learned what pride was. Pride of dress. Pride in her hair, and oddly enough, pride in cleanliness. This unfortunate had never known a friend, had never been away from her mother's side. And then came the teacher's proudest day. Her pupil was able to join the class with the other girls.

For two years she attended the classes, and during those two years the teacher, knowing that upon graduation from college she was going to enter the professional stage, worked toward the point of making this child-woman at least partially self-sufficient, and this she accomplished. Of course she would never be more than a girl of 9 mentally. Nature had played one of her unfortunate tricks, but through the sympathy, patience, understanding and affection of this dancing teacher, the student had been changed from an abnormal woman of 24 to a normal child of 9. The teacher? Would you like to see her in person? Some night go to the Thunderbird Hotel dining room, and when you see a beautiful red-reaided girl in the Dansations, and a little later you see her singing in front of the orchestra, that is the teacher—and her name is Laura Bruce.

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Round the Clock with the Rounders

. . . by ALEX HENIG

WHEN the Desert Inn chose Danny Basaric for their bar manager they picked Mr. Personality himself. This well liked and friendly guy is tops with them all. We know that Danny will do a good job as he knows his business. By the way, the official opening for this tremendous and beautiful hotel will be April 24. A dream come true for Wilbur Clark, everyone's friend.

The Golden Nugget Casino bowling team had better get hot as many of their friends are losing their shirts! To Doug Cole, Andy Anderson, Bob Worthen, Ralph Stoddard and Bill Todd, we wish them the best. Fellows, let's make Manager Joe Stevens happy by winning from now on! . . . Since wheel dealer Nate Brand (Thunderbird Hotel) has become a property owner he has added three letters to his name, "Esq." . . . Singer Shirley Powell has captured everyone's heart out at the Club Bingo. This little cutie was voted "Miss Personality, 1950." We can't find one to disagree with the board of judges that honored Shirley! . . . Congratulations to Eldorado Club owner Bobby Gordon and wife on their 10th anniversary, and may we add: Many happy returns of the day! . . . Something new has been added to the Hotel Flamingo this last week. To meet and greet you, some of the country's foremost maitre d's; namely, Jack Denison (captain), George Cossovel and Johnnie Dratos . . . Just in from Oklahoma City, pretty Mim Saunders, stopping at the Wagon Wheel Motel. Podners, this pretty miss tells this reporter that our town is too-o-o-"fabulous" for words . . . Baseball Leo's charming wife Bertha is arriving any minute from Chicago. Daughter Rene will be along to help her daddy pick some winners this coming season . . . Treat yourself to a few hours of relaxation and have plenty of fun besides . . . We're talking about the Last Frontier's Western Village. Lots of interesting things for every member of the family to see . . . Looking great these days and just back from a very successful golf tournament, bar manager Jimmy (The Voice) Schuyler of the Thunderbird Hotel. Speaking of this hotel, that new addition is something to see. Just ask someone to show you Room 502 . . . Received in the mail the other day: Please print—Lost, one cannibal. Just call out "Dippy." If the animal is around we are sure it will appear. Reward, $2. Note: Please don't be mean to this unfortunate (????) . . . If



you want the most for your money, then don't forget Chris' Steak House downtown, on First street. The food is tops at this place . . . Cleveland's Bobby Kay of the Desert Inn was initiated the other afternoon into the game of bridge at Lenny Shafer's health club. In addition to taking a bath in the bridge game, he also had the honor of one of Lenny's "once over lightlys" . . . Two swell eggs who keep the game of race horse keno interesting are Simon Dunn and Marshall Decker of the Eldorado Club. At this same club hatcheck girl Ardis Mayo sees to it that you get the same coat you checked . . . These two beautiful girls who were enjoying themselves at our hotel shows were Barbara (Long Beach) Brown and Rosalie (Los Angeles) Bentley. Girls, we hope you get back to our town soon . . . Dealer Paul Kaiser of the Pioneer Club with wife Myrtle, out enjoying the Chinese food at the Twin Dragon on the Strip. I'll bet Buffalo was never like this! . . . If you're wondering what keeps Connie Hurley and Jimmy Young so happy, we'll, here's the answer: All they have to do is take one look at Dick "Dortin" Sheridan. All this

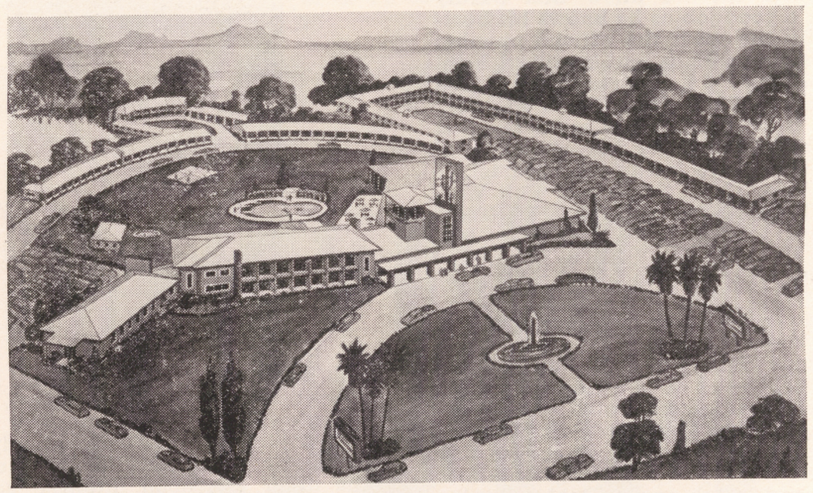
(Continued on page 34)

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'JEST WRITING'

. . . by STAN IRWIN

"WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY MAKES" . . . there's a song title that makes sense! We left Palm Springs in a cloud of dust and perspiration "moistured" cigarets . . . the temperature was 90 degrees and the sun was as hot as a wife who just caught her husband kissing her best girl friend. (I think the sun heard about the H bomb and was getting a bit jealous!)

We arrived in L. A. safely. (This means that we went through Banning without getting a ticket.) Here the temperature was getting as low as the SMOG, and after visiting with friends we headed for Sacramento and Reno. It wasn't until Fresno that we ran into UNUSUAL CALIFORNIA weather . . . RAIN! The weather was now as cold as a Boston audience.

We started our climb for the California-Nevada border, necessitating the crossing of a 7000-foot summit. At 3000 feet the rain turned to USUAL California weather . . . SNOW! Soon thereafter we saw a sign: "CHAINS REQUIRED ON ALL VEHICLES." At this point, if the sign had said "RIDE ON YOUR RIMS," I was ready to obey. Then we headed through a blizzard . . . snow three foot deep and snowing an inch a minute, with SNOW PLOWS busy pulling out SNOW PLOWS. The road had more curves than a Ziegfeld chorus and more up and downs than a novice on a galloping horse. Visibility wasn't bad . . . you could see your windshield . . . but not THROUGH it! (Only my laundry man will know how I felt!)

Finally, the snow turned back to rain, we removed the chains and in front of us loomed Reno. This looked as good to me as a burlesque show to a soldier just returning from a three-year stay in the Aleutians. "What a Difference a Day Makes" . . . heat, smog, cold, rain, snow and sleet. (With this weather combination, I felt the least I could do was to deliver MAIL, so I went through all the weather they say they go through.)

That night I opened in the Sky Room of the Mapes Hotel and found the audience as WARM as the weather was COLD. To me, Reno looked like Las Vegas. Nino Milo (Last Frontier) was the star of the Hotel Golden show. Buddy Baer (Club Bingo) was hosting his new club. Boy Foy (Flamingo) was on the bill with me. And many Las Vegas friends were here for the bowling tournament. Thanks to them for making me feel right at home.



The whitecapped mountains around Reno look like glasses of beer waiting for the heads to be blown off. What a mess of foam that would make! Lake Tahoe would have to be used for a chaser . . . and, believe me, I'd hate to be chased by Lake Tahoe. The water in this lake is so cold that even the fish wear sweaters . . . they come already dressed for serving. I know of one fellow who fell into the water and immediately turned into a human icicle . . . he won't do it again, all his friends PICKED on him. Besides that, money slipped through his fingers and he spoke only cold words. I think he wound up marrying a deep freezer. She took him for what he was . . . a cold proposition.

Next week we'll write about Reno . . . what's happening and what is new. We'll do it the hard way . . . no words!

THINK, TALK AND LIVE AMERICAN

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 29 to April 12)

It's definitely a treat to welcome back to our town and into the ROUND UP ROOM, those three zany, outstanding comedians of stage, screen and radio, THE WIERE BROTHERS. Brought back by popular demand after an 8-month absence, these talented brothers added many new rib-tickling gags. Herbert, Harry and Sylvester had the first nighters in an uproar with their crazy antics. The Wiere Brothers are a very versatile trio. They play the violin, (we wish a little more of this), dance and present excellent comedy. Their style is different and tops. They should be a MUST on your list when contemplating an evening of enjoyment, AND THAT'S FOR SURE . . . THE NILSSONS TWINS are a lovely singing duo. These identical girls harmonize beautifully and sing smooth vocals you love to hear. Both have plenty of charm and loads of stage appeal . . . THE GEORGE MORO DANCERS as always present two beautiful dance routines dressed in exquisite costumes . . . CARLTON HAYES and ORCHESTRA dish out danceable music as well as provide neat backing for the show.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Hotel Last Frontier

(Show presented March 24 to April 7)

BOB PARRISH, a baritone and possessor of a powerful voice, is the star attraction in the RAMONA ROOM. He is quite a favorite in our town, has lots of stage appeal and his renditions of "Holiday for Strings," "September Song," and a few more such outstanding hits are done beautifully . . . On the same bill are BUSTER WEST and LUCILLE PAGE, a "Silly Sailor and a Maid." They are a comedy dancing duo, and present individualized dance routines. Those "Stiff" dances done by Buster and contortion numbers by Lucille are very good and entertaining . . . RUDY CARDENAS, a very young juggler, has the reputation of being the fastest in the world. This youngster works with such remarkable rapidity that he leaves the stage in what appears to be a complete state of exhaustion. That old saying—"Haste Makes Waste" —is definitely not applicable in this instance . . . The AL WHITE DANCERS present two lovely routines, one a beautiful waltz and the other a fast stepping, high kicking number done in perfect precision . . . RUSS BYRD, the popular m.c., who is being held over for his good work and congenial manner, does the vocal honors for the show and the girl numbers . . . AL JAHNS and his ORK cut a good show and play for dancing. . . . LOVELY LOUISE is the featured vocalist with the band . . . DON BAKER, "King at the Hammond Organ," playing requestfully yours.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Flamingo Hotel

(Show presented March 23 to April 5)

MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION and "Their Brilliant Dance Stories" are the headline act in the FLAMINGO ROOM. This sensational dance team unfolds beautiful and original routines. Their work could never be equalled as to originality and excellent timing. The Champions are a most refreshing team and present the finest form of choreography we ever witnessed. Words are truly inadequate. They must be seen to fully understand our ravings. Marge and Gower Champion are "Champions" of the dance, AND THAT'S FOR SURE! . . . SUNNY SKYLAR is cofeatured on this bill of great entertainment. He is a famous song writer and composer of popular songs. Sunny sings many of the hit tunes he wrote and introduced, receives a wonderful hand from the audience each and every show . . . THE KINGS AND THEIR LADIES present one dance routine for each show (two a night), dresed in gorgeous costumes. . . . BUDDY AND CANDYCE are featured in both . . . a special mention to lovely DOROTHY KRAMER, also featured in the "Calypso Joe." You're a terrific dancer and realize why JEAN DEVLIN appointed you captain of the group . . . Maestro MATTY MALNECK and his superb ork cut a sensational show and play excellent music for dansapation. A medley of Jolson tunes, Matty and the boys present "overture style," has the patrons humming with delight . . . For intermission dancing and requestfully yours it's those versatile WEIDLER BROTHERS.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Thunderbird Hotel

(Show presented March 30 to April 12)
(Not a review)

In MINDY CARSON we believe the management of the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL has brought in one of the freshest singing personalities to appear in our town for some time. Mindy utilizes a simple approach, has youth and loads of charm. With ANDY ACKERS at the piano, who does all her song arrangements, the patrons are in for a very pleasant surprise . . . On the same bill in the co-featured spot is FRANK MARLOW, a comedian, and his first visit to our town. According to advance notices Frank has a unique style and bound to please . . . MAX and GANG are a very amusing "dog" act. These canines do practically everything on that stage but talk . . . THE DANSATIONS will present a miniature musical that is cleverly put together and very colorful. . . . Taking Chuck Gould's place is SANDY SANDEFER and his ork. This aggregation of musicians are from the President Hotel in Washington, D. C. . . . Featured with the band is BETSY JONES—a very beautiful blonde with a voice to match her beauty.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Club Bingo

(Show presented April 7)
(Not a review)

"LET'S HAVE FUN" is the "package" presentation in the BONANZA ROOM for the next two weeks. This show is a miniature production, featuring EDDIE TROY as the m.c. Eddie appeared in this room approximately two years ago and was quite a favorite of the rounders. Welcome back, fella—it'll be great to see you again . . . The other members of this troupe are PAT YANKEE, singer of novelty songs; KEN SNYDER and DONNA HILL, a top dancing duo . . . MIKE WERNER'S "big" little band, supply the music for the show and dancing 'til 4:30 a.m. . . . ALEX CLIPPER at the Hammond Organ, plays "lots of music" during intermissions. His renditions of Jealousy, Tico, Tico, Siboney, etc., are truly outstanding.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

(Not a review—but soon!)

EDGAR BERGEN AND CHARLIE McCARTHY, RAY NOBLE and orchestra, and other "big name" acts.

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HAVE TO SAY ABOUT

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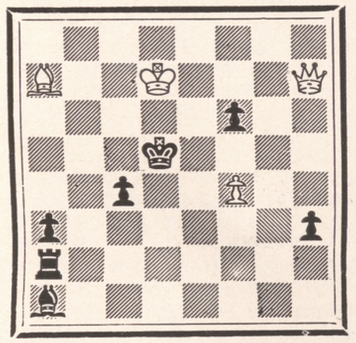
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. . . by **FRED SOLY**
PRESIDENT, LAS VEGAS CHESS CLUB

PROBLEM NO. 45

Black 7



White 4
White mates in two.

Solution to problem No. 44: R-Q2.

QUEEN'S PAWN OPENING

Newport	Bisno	13—N-N3	P-KR3
Santa M.	Hollywood	14—BxN	NxB
White	Black	15—P-B4	N-N5ch
1—P-Q4	N-KB3	16—K-B3	P-B4
2—P-QB4	P-K3	17—N-R5	Q-Q
3—N-QB3	P-Q4	18—P-R3	Q-R5
4—B-N5	B-N5	19—B-Q3?	P-K4!
5—P-K3	P-B3	20—BPxP	NxPch!
6—P-QR3?	BxNch	21—PxN	QxNch
7—PxB	Q-R4!	22—K-B2	B-Q2
8—P-B3	QxPch	23—P-N4	PxP
9—K-B2	QN-Q2	24—PxP	R-Bch
10—P-B5	O-O	25—K-K2	BxPch
11—N-K2	Q-R4	26—Resigns	
12—Q-B2	R-K		

SCOTCH GAME

Standers	Badner	19—BxN	PxB
Hollywd.	Santa M.	20—N-N3	P-R5
White	Black	21—B-B4	P-R6
1—P-K4	P-K4	22—P-N3	P-B3
2—P-Q4	N-QB3	23—N-B5	PxP
3—P-Q5	N-K2	24—PxP	B-Q3
4—N-QB3	N-N3	25—N-KN5	P-K5
5—B-K3	N-B3	26—RxP!	NxR
6—B-QB4	B-K2	27—NxN	BxN?
7—P-KR4	P-Q3	28—Q-R3	B-B5ch
8—P-R5	N-B	29—K-Q	B-R3
9—Q-K2	B-N5	30—NxBch	PxN
10—P-B3	BxP	31—QxP	R-K
11—O-O-O	N(1)-Q2	32—QxBch	K-B
12—N-R3	O-O	33—Q-R8ch	K-K2
13—R-R2	B-N3	34—Q-K5ch	K-Q2
14—P-KN4	P-QR3	35—B-N5ch	K-B
15—QR-R	P-QN4	36—BxR	R-R2
16—B-N3	N-B4	37—P-Q6	PxP
17—Q-N2	P-N5	38—R-R8	P-B7
18—N-K2	P-QR4	39—B-N5!	Resigns



Read, every day, something no one else is reading. Think, every day, something no one else is thinking. Do, every day, something no one else would be silly enough to do.

It is bad for the mind to be always part of a unanimity.

A farmer in a small Virginia community was very proud of his crop—the finest, largest and most delectable watermelons in the state. But as the melons ripened, the farmer missed several each morning. Finally, he erected a large sign which announced:

DANGER! ONE OF THE WATERMELONS IN THIS PATCH IS POISONED!

The following morning the farmer was appalled to find his sign changed. It now read:

DANGER! TWO OF THE WATERMELONS IN THIS PATCH ARE POISONED!

A FREE PRESS IS
PART OF OUR FREEDOM
LUCKY
LAS VEGAS CLUB
Downtown **Las Vegas**

GRINDING AWAY

CLIFTON WEBB is appealing to the mothers of America to show him some mercy.

"I am a mere mortal man," he said. "I do not have any miraculous technique for bringing up children.

"Yet since I dumped the bowl of oatmeal on Roddy McCaskill in 'Sitting Pretty,' I have been called on for assistance in rearing the bubble gum youth of this nation. Every time the mail man comes, he brings me letters from anxious mothers wanting to know by return airmail, special delivery, whether they should spank Junior or ask the police department to give him a good, stern lecture."

Webb expects no surcease, however, since he is now playing the father of 12 children in "Cheaper by the Dozen" on the 20th Century-Fox lot.

"With 12 children," he said, "I will be expected to know even more. The fact that I am a bachelor, always have been and always will be, is beside the point. Through no desire of my own, I have become probably the foremost child psychologist in the country."

One mother wrote to ask him how to break Willie of pulling the cat's tail. Another wanted to know what she should do about Johnny who throws lamps on the floor when he goes into a tantrum. And then there was the mother wno wohdered if she should spank Susie when Susie tries to set the house on fire. "She almost burned the garage down," the mother wrote, "and now she has started on our beautiful home. Will you please write me about what I should do by return mail?"

Many of the letters he receives please him. "In a strange, oblique way, Mr. Belvedere has brought good into many homes," he said. "Here's a letter from a friend who tells me that if his youngsters misbehave, all he has to do is to say, 'Mr. Belvedere won't like that.' Here's another from a mother who writes that when her son becomes obstreperous, she merely remarks, 'I'm going to send for Mr. Belvedere.'

(Continued on Page 27)

500,000 Units

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Weekly Fashion Letter

from EDITH HEAD

PARAMOUNT FASHION DESIGNER

Whether fashion-wise damsels realize it or not, they owe the casual smartness of their 1950 evening gowns to the remarkable influence of their sport clothes.

The strapless top and the halter neckline, fashion favorites with members of the sun-bathing set, have invaded many of the current collections of after-dark "charmers." Shirtmaker-type bodices have become almost a vital necessity to dinner dresses. And use of jersey and knitted fabrics, at one-time restricted to the sports family, are as popular for evening wear as filmy chiffons and organdies.

The array of fashion firsts which LIZABETH SCOTT and DIANA LYNN model in Paramount's "Paid in Full," reveals this free-and-easy trend in evening clothes . . . Miss Scott, for example, wears a gown of sheer white chiffon which features the halter top, an offspring of the sports family. The skirt highlights a graceful drape, and the entire dress is worn over a pale pink slip. For a look of luxury, there's a shy pink cummerbund studded with flashing moonstones and pink sapphires.

DIANA LYNN wears the kind of memory-making dress which every young streamliner hopes someday to have in her wardrobe. In this instance, the sports influence rears its attractive head in a shirtmaker-type top with brief cap sleeves, split for intrigue. It's a youthful version of a damsel's first ball dress—styled for romance in sheerest white organdy and stiff taffeta. The skirt is full, with multicolored taffeta ribbons of raspberry, lime and lemon set into the skirt to form a swirling apron of color. With the dress, Diana carries a miniature fan of matching ribbons.

In addition to sparking the evening scene with new appeal, the sports influence also gives casual beauty to formal "gladrags."

HECHT'S
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Misses' and Women's Apparel

Weekly Beauty Letter

from WALLY WESTMORE

MAKEUP DIRECTOR, PARAMOUNT STUDIOS

So you've bought a new outfit and you think you're ready to lead the Spring Fashion Parade. Well, don't you believe it. Before you sally forth, take a tip from makeup expert Wally Westmore. Check and double-check your appearance.

The practice is followed religiously by such lovely screen stars as COLEEN GRAY and FRANCES GIFFORD, who vie for BING CROSBY'S attention in Paramount's "Riding High." Closeups of these actresses in "Riding High" offer proof positive that the Westmore beauty check-ups pay off in perfect grooming and feminine loveliness.

According to the Paramount Makeup Director, beauty-wise women should guard against these "faults" . . .

1. Excess use of makeup.
2. Chipped nail polish.
3. Lint, etc., on dress, coat, purse, gloves and shoes.
4. Unbrushed eyebrows.
5. An uneven hemline.
6. A slip that's "on display."
7. Straggling hair on nape of the neck when wearing an up-swept dair-do.
8. Crooked stocking seams.
9. A bulging purse.
10. Chapped, red hands.
11. Excess use of cologne or perfume.
12. Rough elbows (that is, if you're exposing your arms via the new sleeveless frocks.)

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North Vegas

. . . by JOHNNY UHLMAN

A little more than three years ago a couple of the more progressive minded citizens of our town were cradling a plan that turned out to be something bigger than either of them had dared to suggest that it could be. The plan was to provide a place where the young people of our town might gather for meetings, socials, dances, etc. MRS. VIRGINIA McDANIEL, very active in work with the girl scouts, was 50 per cent of the "idea is born" corporation, in this instance, and the other half was MR. J. L. COON, a man of great vision and action. To make short a long story, which could easily be continued on into next week's issue, the FUN CENTER was erected and put into use last November. The building was proved to be quite indispensable in the civic and social activities of the community since that time.

MR. COON was also possessed with another idea in connection with the welfare of the young people, and has seen it grow into a successful operation during the last year and a half. This, to form a club for young boys, that they might meet once a week to be taught the worth of preparedness, as well as the worth of living by the GOLDEN RULE. From this line of thought has come the "North Las Vegas Junior Police Patrol."

The JUNIOR POLICE PATROL was first instigated approximately a year and a half ago, and has grown in membership to more than 80 young, eager patrolmen. The patrol has come to be under the sponsorship of the North Vegas LIONS CLUB in the recent past, the meetings being held under the auspices of the North Las Vegas police department. HARLEY NOWLES has been put in charge of the group as their director. Harley came to us from Richmond, California, where he was connected with the recreation department of that city.

Each Saturday morning at 9 a.m. you can find the Fun Center swarming with young members of the organization, at which time they are taught the manly art of self-defense, self-preservation if lost, rudiments of police work, teamwork, and all such policies as are complimentary to their becoming good citizens. Once in a while Harley will take them on a trip on the Saturday that they are to meet, such as last Saturday they all went on a "bicycle hike" out toward Mount Charleston. All in all the



Junior Police Patrol of North Las Vegas is going to be responsible for the molding of some of our better citizens in the generation to follow. There should be more JUNIOR POLICE PATROLS.

Johnny on the Spot—

The HACIENDA CLUB was where I found a round of drinks being toasted to the everlasting happiness of EUGENE and SHIRLEY HUNT. She used to be SHIRLEY KINGBURY before she became MRS. HUNT. Gene and Shirley came in from Glennville, California, where he is a cattle rancher, and were married at the Little Church Around the Corner on South Fifth Street at 7:30 p.m., Tuesday the 24th of March. (Sound like a statistician, don't I? . . . Let's hear you say that word again!

DESERT - OASIS

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STATISTICIAN! Hm-m!) Here's a f'rinstance of how small our world is becoming. ALLAN and MARY DAVIS stood up with Gene and Shirley and it was at the Hacienda that Allan found LEON ZEROLIS tending bar. LEON and ALLAN went through boot camp together way back in "those days" and hadn't seen one another since. To GENE and SHIRLEY . . . may the Mighty One continue to smile on your happy union! . . . You've seen those ties that the hotels and casinos have for their employes, haven't you? Well, just you coast in and case the ties that the boys at the SHAMROCK HOTEL are wearing these days. Shure and the Shillalah Room at the Shamrock Hotel is bulging with the blarney, and rightly so. These ties are all hand embroidered and a real soothing shade of green. CURLEY DARWIN and his wife make up these ties and do all the needlework by hand. They are really and truly an "Irishman's Dream" . . . Here in North Vegas is a little bittie bar called THE GROTTO, and the boy behind it is MAC. "The friendliest bar in town," he says, and he's ready to prove it to all comers. I'll say this, Mac is one of the most consistently even natured fellows I've ever met . . . Glad to say that MITCH is back on the job again at the EMBASSY CLUB BINGO and RUTHIE is all smiles again! You know, you've heard the expression, "every night is family night," used lots of times. Here is one place where it actually holds true, and I'd bank that with my reputation. There is an air of hominess in the club that makes you feel more as if you were attending a house party, rather than being at a club. Everyone connected with the club is to be complimented on their genuine air of friendliness. Take the family in and meet this happy family . . . By golly, while we're talking about families, I'm reminded of the new one we have in town at the new DESERT-OASIS CAFE. Say, one of these evenings when you feel like treating the family to a real night out, and the old wallet is suffering with a bad case of malnutrition, just take 'em to the Desert-Oasis and you'll enjoy the best, believe you me. Little red headed VAL BROWN is serving your dinners now (remember Val from Topper's Kitchen?), and the guy who prepares your food is none other than JOE STRAUSS, himself. A more conscientious chef never flipped a fryer! Oh, speaking of fryers . . . you can get chicken-in-a-basket here 24 HOURS A DAY! In case you are one of those who feels so unfortunate 'cause you must eat downtown every day, you can rest at ease. ANN WINTHROP is the day waitress here and your pleasure is her concern . . . You could hardly get in the door, it was that crowded at the TOWER CLUB last Saturday night. The NEVADA RIDERS are really packing 'em in these days and rightfully so, 'cause their music is improving every day. Another reason is . . . I have yet to go into this club and not be greeted by MARGARET WHITE with a great

(Continued on page 33)

PETE'S LIQUOR STORE

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Charles Peterson, Proprietor

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HOLLYWOOD GIMMICKS . . .

HOLLYWOOD SAYS GOODBYE TO "PRETTY BOYS"

STYLES have changed — not only in clothes, but in Hollywood leading men as well. Chances are such bygone matinee idols as Rudolph Valentino, John Gilbert and Wallace Reid wouldn't even get jobs if they reported to studio casting offices today. The Valentino-type actor—handsome though he may be—is as passe' in film circles as high-button shoes, bell-bottom trousers and Buster Brown collars.

Check over the 1950 list of top-flight movie males and you'll find there isn't a "pretty boy" to be found. The current crop of big-time actors seems to have substituted handsomeness for rugged appeal. But are the feminine moviegoers complaining about this neat switch? No, indeed. They love it.

Stellar example of this new style in leading men is rugged WENDELL COREY, Massachusetts' gift to Miss and Mrs. Ticket-buyer . . . Wendell has chalked up 10 pictures to his credit since his brief sojourn in the film capital. His fan mail has been increasing steadily, and he has been hailed by exhibitors, critics and public as one of the most promising stars of recent years. But see him opposite BARBARA STANWYCK in Hal Wallis' new drama, "Thelma Jordon," and you'll realize that big as he is, he's definitely not pretty. Yet his six feet, two inch frame packs a wallop of solid appeal for movie-going femmes.

Sharing top honors with WENDELL COREY as "the male discovery of the year" is PAUL DOUGLAS. This "diamond-in-the-rough" first clicked in "A Letter to Three Wives." Since then, he's been going strong. But even Paul will admit that casting directors never would have given him a second glance back in the old day—the "pretty boy" era. Today, however, he can just about name his own price. Sure, the guy can act. But as one movie-maker remarked: "He looks more like a wrestler than a movie star."

Another Douglas boy—Kirk by name —certainly should be included in the film capital's 1950 roster of new-style leading males. His sharp appeal and slightly sensational charm apparently fascinate the feminine patrons who storm the theaters wherever his films chance to be playing. Nevertheless, Kirk's a far cry from the romantic idol of yesteryear.

And there's Academy Award winner BRODERICK CRAWFORD. After playing a series of supporting roles on the Hollywood sound stages for many years, "Brod" has finally made the grade with his outstanding stint in a current dramatic film about a political boss. As a result of this grade-A performance, he has become one of the most sought-after leading men in the motion picture industry. But is the burly actor handsome? Far from it—and he's the first to admit the fact.

For further proof that the day of the pretty-boy is past, take a look at such new boxoffice attractions as DAVID BRIAN, MARLON BRANDO, MACDONALD CAREY, and EDMUND O'BRIEN . . . Yes, it should be quite obvious that the Hollywood film factories are no longer looking for Rudolph Valentinos or John Gilberts. But show the moviemakers another Bogart, Lancaster or Corey, and they'll come to terms . . . As Wendell Corey recently observed:

"If Hollywood paid off for looks, a lot of us would be digging ditches."

Donate to the American Cancer Society

Lucky

LAS VEGAS CLUB

Downtown Las Vegas

GRINDING AWAY:

(Continued from Page 22)

"Personally, I like Mr. Belvedere. He's a fine person, a rare person. But he cannot solve all the problems of the youth of our age."

Webb will go into another Belvedere picture after he completes "Cheaper by the Dozen" and then he wants to play a killer "or someone whom everyone, including myself, could thoroughly detest."

He gave up his crew hair cut for his role as the father of 12 children. He now combs it in pompadour fashion and keeps it and his mustache tinted red.

He has shown on the set that he may know more about child psychology than he will admit. He maintained good discipline. The children and their standins were quiet and well behaved. They called him Uncle Clifton and came to him with the funny papers to read, skates to fix and buttons to be buttoned. He talked to them as though they were adults.

"No one tried to burn down the stage," he said, "and no one attempted to assassinate me with a beebe gun. I like children and they like me. We get on famously."

Film Gossip

HARRY JAMES will travel more than 6,000 miles by bus on his next tour with his band. He leaves as soon as he winds up his role in "I'll Get By" at 20th Century-Fox. His wife, BETTY GRABLE, will join him in New York and remain for the balance of the tour . . . BETTE DAVIS is now working seven days a week. She is giving up her Sundays to make wardrobe tests and fittings on the 20th Century-Fox lot for DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S picture "All About Eve," which goes before the cameras on April 3rd. Weekdays she is busy finishing a film on the R. K. O. lot . . . VICTOR MATURE and his wife, DOROTHY, left for a three-day vacation at Las Vegas before Vic starts his co-starring role with ANN SHERIDAN in "Stella" at 20th Century-Fox . . . TYRONE POWER will return to the stage for the first time in more than 10 years when he goes to London late this summer for the Theatre Guild's presentation of "Mr. Roberts." Having just finished "Rawhide," he is now on his way to the Philippines to do "American Guerrilla In The Philippines." While his plans aren't definite, he and his wife, LINDA CHRISTIAN, may go directly to London from the islands . . . Night club scenes in 20th Century-Fox's "My Blue Heaven," the BETTY GRABLE-DAN DAILY starrer, will be completely abreast of the times. Director HENRY KOSTER has arranged to have the bistros well supplied with complete stocks of pandas . . . Following PAUL DOUGLAS' stint as emcee of the Academy Awards, he left for Mexico for two weeks of deep sea fishing . . . Going to the movies tonight? Remember, when you buy your ticket that 20% of the admission price represents a Federal nuisance tax that was imposed as an emergency wartime measure, but still is with us five years later. Write a letter or postcard to your Senator or Representative protesting this unfair and discriminatory tax. Write today.

ROSSINI, the Italian composer, discovered that some wealthy admirers in France were planning to erect a statue in his honor.

"How much will it cost?" the composer asked.

"About ten million francs," was the answer.

"Ten million francs!" gasped Rossini. "For five million I will stand on the pedestal myself."

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Rev. Msgr. John J. Lambe, 315 South Second.

ST. BRIDGET'S, Stewart at 14th.
Rev. Fr. Hugh P. Smith.

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Rev. Msgr. J. B. Empey, 1126 South 10th.

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HOLY FAMILY, North Las Vegas.
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Rev. Fr. Reginald G. Rosson, rectory 404 North 13th.

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Rabbi David Cohen, residence 1007 Francis.

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Bishop Philip Empey, 1219 Pittman Place.

SECOND WARD, Eighth and Linden.
Bishop Johnson E. White, 529 North 10th.

FIRST WARD, Ninth and Clark
Bishop Thomas L. Adams, 210 South 10th.

LUTHERAN:

GOOD SHEPHERD, Maryland Parkway and Bridger.

Rev. E. A. Wessel, residence 1230 South 10th.

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Rev. Thomas L. Daley, Pastor,
2000 Marlin, phone 4915.

METHODIST:

FIRST METHODIST, Third and Bridger.

Rev. Harold E. Broughton, residence 308 Bridger.

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Soon!



Soon!

WATCH FOR OPENING OF

Benny Binion's

WESTERNER

CLUB

(DOWNTOWN)

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

quainted with the old Lincoln County Court house built in the 1870s. After the demonitization of silver by Congress (the crime of 1873 they called it) mining practically ceased at Pioche and its 10,000 or more people gradually scattered. But those who remained determined to nail the county seat to Pioche for all time by building a permanent court house.

A bond issue of $20,000 was voted. However, it was soon found that nobody wanted to buy Lincoln county bonds. One enterprising contractor finally agreed to build the court house for $20,000 and take the bonds in payment. After the building was completed, in a fit of aesthetic public spiritedness, they made another contract to build a little ornamental balcony on the front of the court house. One would judge the balcony would cost perhaps $200.00 but, the contractor being willing, they gave him $2,000 in the worthless bonds in payment.

To make the story short, the county had no money down through the years to pay the bonds or the interest on them. So once in a few years, in a spell of hopefulness, the cards would be reshuffled. New bonds were issued to cover principal and interest and the old bonds retired. The process was repeated occasionally until in 1909 when we managed to create the new county of Clark out of the south half of Lincoln county.

In 1909 when we were fighting to divide Lincoln county and establish the County of Clark, we made some foolish promises to the voters. One was that the new county would be at no expense for a court house for at least five years. So we Las Vegas men contributed to a fund, raised $1,800 and built a little court house which later, with an addition, became the present Public Library. It had room for the county clerk and the county treasurer, the other officers doing the best they could for a while, but long before the five years were up we saw the need for a real court house.

So, after a year or two of vigorous fighting, we got the voters to vote a $75,000 court house bond issue. On December 10, 1913, the contract for the building construction was let for $46,400; plumbing and heating $4,426, a total of $50,826. Later contracts for electric wiring and fixtures, and some other features were let, the whole cost of the building below $65,000, leaving more than $10,000 for furnishings and equipment.

That court house is still a fine building, in good condition and attractive in architecture; our old friend F. J. DeLongchamps, erroneously called F. J. DeLongchant on the Reno court house, being the architect.

In the corridor of the building is a plaque commemorating those who were responsible most largely for the building:

CLARK COUNTY COURT HOUSE
Erected 1914
County Commissioners
C. C. Ronnow, Chairman
George A. Fayle
John M. Bunker

E. J. L. Taber, District Judge
Harley A. Harmon, County Clerk
O. J. VanPelt, District Attorney
Sam Gay, Sheriff
Ed W. Clark, Treasurer
Frank A. Doherty, County Recorder
S. R. Whitehead, Assessor
I. C. Johnson, Public Administrator
F. J. DeLongchamps, Architect
Campbell & Turner, Contractors
C. E. McCarthy, County Surveyor

That court house, with its marble corridors and staircase, its fine tile floor and its spacious offices (still not spacious enough) has a warm place in my heart, perhaps because some of those near to me were in it. My son, James, now deceased, had the electrical wiring contract and did a good job. Frank A. Doherty, county recorder, was my son-in-law. He also has "gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns." F. J. DeLongchamps, architect, still lives and is active in Reno, although there they had the inhumanity of spelling his distinguished name, carved in stone on the Washoe Court House as "DeLongchant."

All the county officers whose names are on the Clark county court house plaque, save our distinguished friend Colonel Charles E. McCarthy, have passed to their reward. He entered the military service of the United States at the beginning of World War I, served in two World Wars with distinction, was retired and came happily back to Las Vegas to round out his career in the place he loves the best.

I guess I am getting to be old fashioned, but I still love the old Court House for its associations, among these being the fact that my daughter Florence served six years as County Clerk there. I had supposed the addition would really be an addition, but my first inspection of it is very disappointing. Yet I understand the addition is costing more than three times what the original old court house cost.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

Music today, April 1. Joe is an ex-bartender of the Flamingo and El Rancho Hotels and is well liked by everyone. His lovely partner, Paula, hails from Portland and is the mother of two sons, 10 and 16. We wish both these enterprising young people much success . . . Congratulations to KENNY HEDMAN, who runs the race book at the Flamingo Hotel. Kenny married Frances Keeler last Monday at the Little Church of the West, and according to them, "there's nothing like it!" . . . BEVERLY QUINN and ETHEL JOHNSON, two lovely cocktail waitresses at the Hotel Last Frontier, are really living now that they are sharing a duplex apartment. Not only are they saving money on rent, but these lovely gals plan to throw many beautiful parties. (How about an invite?) . . . For a most brilliant smile and congenial manner, we recommend most heartily you meet and see very beautiful AILENE ACHUFF, now employed at the Club Bingo in the capacity of a cocktail waitress. Ailene hails from Reno, where her husband John owned the Town House. Things didn't go too well for this couple there, and they had to shutter the place. He is now a dealer at the Golden Nugget. Reno's loss, our gain . . . Did you know that BILL DOUGLAS, dealer at the Eldorado Club, used to be Jeanette McDonald's steady? that is, BEFORE he married. . . . It certainly is very obvious that MAC "CUTIE PIE" KRIM is back in town. His hobby is still: Women! Did you think we were going to say polo? . . . Here's a strange turn of event. JOE GUILLIAMS, owner of the Desert Drive-In on Highway 91, let one of his best car hops go because she was "too friendly" with the customers. Now GEORGIA MINTON is on the hunt for another job . . . JACK NAUGHTON, owner of the beauty salon at the Hotel El Rancho Vegas, will leave the premises on April 8, at the termination of his lease. Jack will definitely have a new location by the time this magazine goes to press . . . We visited the new PALACE THEATER last Saturday to see what had taken place in the extensive remodeling job, and were really amazed. Thomas Oakey, general manager, went all out on this project. For a moment, we thought we were back in New York, in one of the motion picture houses on the "Great White Way." It's so plushy. Little inviting nooks to rest in, done in red leather; lamps to give it that intimate touch, all make waiting, if necessary, a pleasure. The seats are so comfortable, you just lie back and relax, almost to the point of napping. The picture that was showing at that time was "Young Man with a Horn," starring Kirk Douglas, Lauran Bacall and Doris Day. One part of the dialogue, which we enjoyed very much, was the scene where Lauran Bacall turns to Douglas as she's leaving his apartment and says: "Call me sometime." His classic reply was: "Call you what?" . . . It is wonderful to see NICK DONDOLAS, better known as "NICK, THE GREEK," back in our town again. He looks better than ever and appears to have gained a few pounds. One thing we're certain of, Nick still has lots of stamina. Once again, he's playing those long sessions of Faro Bank at the Golden Nugget . . . We tip our hat to a man in our community, always a great host. His name, JOHN KATSOURAS, owner of Sam's Cafe on Fremont Street. Last Saturday, March 25, was Greek Independence Day and Mr. K. invited about 12 Greek airmen from our base to be his guests. John took these student "fly boys" all over town and on the Strip, and showed them a wonderful time in commemoration of this eventful day in Greek history. Mr. Katsouras does not wait for a holiday, or need any excuse to make some lonely man happy, he does this and more, from the bottom of his heart . . . When the DESERT INN has its gala opening on Monday, April 24, their headline act will be EDGAR BERGEN and CHARLIE McCARTHY, plus other big names. It is reported that this famous ventriloquist comedian and his sidekick were signed at a fabulous salary. The orchestra will be Ray Noble and his excellent aggregation of musicians. We are certain that WILBUR CLARK and his ASSOCIATES are going all out to mark this opening one of the greatest in the history of the State of Nevada . . . BOB PECCOLE, brother of our City Commissioner Bill, will be one of the bosses in the WESTERNER CLUB, when it makes it debut on or about May 1. Bob, most of you will remember, lost by a very narrow margin when he ran for Justice of the Peace last year. We know Bob will be a terrific pit boss. He has friends galore and one of the finest guys we know . . . ART FORCE, former writer with our local newspaper and Hannagan Publicity, is the new public relations man at the

(Continued on page 32)

Support the YMCA
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LAS VEGAS CLUB
Downtown Las Vegas

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 31)

Hotel Last Frontier. According to his past experience with NBC, and 20 years as a scribe, Mr. Force should do o.k. on this job . . . BILL "HOP-A-LONG CASSIDY" BOYD, has added a new venture to his long list of enterprises. The cowboy star has purchased a ranch in Arizona and plans to transform it into a dude ranch for small fry and teen-age lads. "Hop-a-Long" was to have started this project somewhere in the vicinity of Las Vegas. We're wondering what could have happened . . . CHET LAUCK and TUFFY GOFF, better known as LUM AND ABNER, were signed to do a personal appearance stint at Glen McCarthy's Shamrock Hotel in Houston, Texas, starting May 16. This is their first P.A. in 14 years. They just can't wait to find out how they will be received by a live audience. Lum and Abner were a bit skeptical about this engagement, because of their many years on radio and were finally persuaded by MCA, their agents. We know, they will be as good on that stage as they are on radio . . . JERRY LEWIS, zany member of the comedy team, MARTIN and LEWIS, has sunk some of his earnings into a camera shop. This funny man of screen, radio and night club circuit has named the shop the "Jerry Lewis Camera Exchange," and plans to open it in Hollywood on April 20 . . . We recently learned that CLIFF GRAY, popular photographer in North Las Vegas, worked on the staff of Life magazine in that capacity for two years before he made Nevada his home. He was considered a top man in that field. Cliff left their employ because he was tired of running around the country. He is also an excellent accordion and electric guitar player, and was soloist with many big name orchestras. Cliff, by the way, is related to Glen Gray, maestro of the Casa Loma orchestra . . . When you see CAROL LaVERNE at the Lucky Las Vegas Club in the Bingo department), ask her, what time is it? She received a very gorgeous wrist watch from her husband last week and is the happiest little wife in town. When we asked Ernie, who is a dealer at the Club Bingo, what the occasion was, he just sighed blissfully and said quote: "I presented it to Carol just for being a heck of a swell spouse." — unquote. How sweet it is! . . . When "CASANOVA," wheel dealer at the Hotel El Rancho, worked at the Cove in Palm Springs, the employees thought up a gag to kid him. One day they sent him a note to be at a certain spot, and signed it "Lana Turner." Cass went to the so-called rendezvous, paced nervously, and finally after a two-hour wait, came to the conclusion that Lana wouldn't show up. He was slightly chagrined. A day later, he received a note of apology and also another appointment. Spirits soaring, he went to the allotted spot and again no Lana. This continued for four or five days, until he realized he was being jived by his fellow employes. However, he took it in the spirit intended and everyone had a good laugh. The reputation Cass maintains is, "he'll never give up trying, and hopes that one of his 'pipe' dreams will come true." . . . Here's one for the books—during the filming of "My Friend Goes West," the prop man gave MARIE WILSON a wristwatch to wear in an upcoming shot. Before doing so, however, he had to remove the works, according to the custom of the studio. Marie absentmindedly wore the watch home and left it there the following day. When the prop man reminded her that she was supposed to wear it again, she searched high and low, but to no avail. The timepiece was missing. A few days later she produced it, thereby solving the mystery. She laughingly related that her mother had seen the watch on the dreser, saw that it wasn't running, and brought it to the jeweler for repair. He in turn upon examination saw there were no works in it, so fixed it with new insides . . . LOLA DEAN, food waitress at the Flamingo Hotel, is coming along fine at the Clark General Hospital. Lola was in an unfortunate automobile accident last week and suffered a brain concussion and body bruises. When the executives of the Flamingo Hotel learned of this mishap, they called the hospital and told them to spare no expense and give her the finest of everything. We must compliment such thoughtfulness. It is true that an establishment such as the Flamingo can afford to be magnanimous, and then again they could have ignored the entire accident. But they didn't, and came right to the front. The personal interest they show in all their employes is highly commendable . . . Let us not scoff or ridicule those FLYING DISC stories anymore. They must be true as much as we dislike admitting to anything we know nothing about, and never saw! One of them appeared last week

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THINK, TALK AND
LIVE AMERICAN
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NORTH VEGAS

(Continued from Page 25)

big smile and a "hello," a business asset that can't be bought . . . Aye, uv found thot there's proper proof thot ye kinna beat our li'le toon o' North Vegas fur a thrifty place to mock yur home. If ya dinna ken ma lingo, o'm referrin' to the foct tha' uv learned tha' THRIFTY MacGREGOR of station KRAM lives out here! If Thrifty is savin' his pennies oot here, ya ca' depend on there bein' a reason . . . HAROLD DAMM, bartender at the RAG DOLL BAR, will be back from his vacation in the next few days. He and his lovely wife, BOBBIE, of the PIONEER CLUB cocktail lounge, are two hard workers that are a great addition to any employer's payroll . . . This "Twin Shuffle" bowling game is taking the town by storm, isn't it? The TOWN CLUB even has three of 'em set up and the players are going at them with both hands most of the day and night . . . Well . . . I gotta take a vitamin pill! Do you think that vitamin pills can do anything for plain old spring fever? Or maybe I've got the "bends." Every time I get near a sofa or an easy chair, my knees sem to develop a tendency toward bending in that direction! Mind if I sit down, too? Ah, thanx!

—JOHNNY.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 32)

over McCarran Air Field and was seen by approximately 15 spectators. One of them, Wilbur Clark, who was waiting for a flight when one of these oval shaped discs appeared on the horizon, flew about our skies for about 5 to 7 minutes and then disappeared as mysteriously as it came. When stories concerning these discs were read in the newspapers, people believed them to be a hoax or possibly a figment of one's imagination. Now, they are seen more often and practically all over the country. However, we feel that it won't take our War Department and scientists too long to find out what (or who) they are and put an end to this puzzler No. 1 of our time . . . It is rumored about town, and here's that word "rumor" again, one which we place very little confidence in, that MR. GOUMOND, owner of the BOULDER CLUB is contemplating selling his place, the oldest gaming establishment in Las Vegas. Mr. J. Kell Houssels is reputed to be the buyer. J. K. used to own the old Las Vegas Club and recently repurchased the El Cortez in town, which is now undergoing an extensive remodeling program. Mr. Goumond is awaiting the arrival of his partner, Mrs. Witcher, from South America, to negotiate this sale, IF there is to be one. Somehow, it is hard to believe that these people will sell the Boulder Club—it means too much to them. It is like watching a child grow from infancy to maturity and then disowning it . . . RUTH BRADY, ex-publicity girl of the Hotel El Rancho Vegas, and private secretary to Barney Van der Steen for quite some time, is now working as assistant to Hank Greenspun, publicity director for the Desert Inn. Ruth has a lot on the "ball," and came to this town about five years ago highly recommended by Jack Lait, the editor of the New York Daily Mirror. She was secretary at that time to Lee Mortimer, Daily Mirror columnist . . . THIS IS AN EMERGENCY MESSAGE! MORRY WATERS, bar manager at the Hotel Last Frontier, is in a very critical condition at the Las Vegas Hospital. Attending physicians say it is entirely up to him whether he will recuperate or not. Luckily, he has great stamina, due to the life he led in his yonnger days. Mr. Waters was a great athlete and prize fighter. Approximately two weeks ago he underwent a serious operation and has been in an oxygen tent since then. We know he has many friends and we're asking them and you to send him a line or a get-well card. It might do the trick and put him on the road to recovery—a road he is trying so hard to find. So, what do you say? Do so, now! . . . ARTHUR ROZEN, co-owner of the ELDORADO CLUB, officially takes over the WHITE SPOT ARCADE today, SATURDAY, April 1. Arthur may close the place for a week or so while the remodeling is going on and then reopen a modern and more elaborate slot machine emporium. Yep, "Brillo Top" will also present souvenirs to all on Grand Opening day! . . . The FLAMINGO ROOM is going to be a honey when completed. Each day this gorgeous edifice, dedicated to entertainment and pleasure, looks more beautiful. The management is sparing no expense in making this room one of the most outstanding in the country . . Visiting our town for a while is CHARLIE RESNICK, co-owner of the Club

(Continued on page 34)

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 33)

Cal-Neva in Reno . . . Belated birthday greetings to MONA PAIGE (March 24), hostess at the Flamingo Hotel . . . A couple we enjoy seeing always are the Col. Clark Colemans. The colonel is quite a favorite for the post of chief of police of Las Vegas . . . Many people are wondering when SARAH HOWELL will be getting married. This lovely cocktail waitress at the Hotel El Rancho Vegas has been going steady with one of the dealers at the hotel and appears to be mighty serious . . . Friends of the proposed new Las Vegas Free Press, which was to begin publication about the middle of April from its new building on North Main street, are wondering why Charles Judson, the big-time managing editor, suddenly resigned this week. He was former managing editor of the L. A. Daily News. It is reported that Ray Germain may get the top job on the Free Press . . . Las Vegas can be mighty proud of CHARLEY TEEL, who finished in seventh place in the fastest amateur golf field in the United States. This tournament was held in Palm Springs last week, and Charley is definitely becoming a great golfer and championship material . . . This past week was BROTHERHOOD WEEK which means, of course, to be kind and considerate of your neighbor and fellow man. We feel that Brotherhood Week should be celebrated every week, not just one out of the 52. It is like Mother's Day, a day we set aside in our hearts and minds to do something **extra special,** although we love and respect her all the year round. Brotherhood Week can very easily be practiced 365 days each and every year. What a beautiful place this world of ours would be if "Love Thy Neighbor" or "Do Unto Others as You Would Have Others Do Unto You" became a regular daily habit for all instead of quotations. **And that's for sure!**

ALEX HENIG:

(Continued from Page 15)

goes on at the Boulder Club race horse book . . . Taking it easy after a bad cold and looking much better these days is Pete Brady, one of the best guys around . . . Into the New Las Vegas Club, where Special Officer George Wilmot greeted us. As always, George was on the job seeing that all was okay. While we were there some lucky girl held the dice for 15 "long" minutes. All she did was hit 10 straight passes . . . Some horse must have strayed off the race track the other day. Harry Klein says he came to his desk at the Frontier Club and bet him $2 to win. Then the alarm clock woke him. We suggest you take it easy, Harry, or you'll wind up a jockey next time. Maybe Sam Lichtor has the same trouble . . . The Kentucky Flash, Clarence Wright, dealer at the Flamingo Hotel, went fishing the other day. They tell us there isn't any fish left in Lake Mead since that day . . . A telegram sent by a friend of ours the other day went like this: Dear Dad—No Fun—No Mun—Your Son. The answer: Dear Son—Too Bad—So Sad—Your Dad! . . . Don't forget if you want to get somewhere, any time of the day, in a hurry, just call 5570 and ask for Bob. Good rates and you get one of the best pilots around to take you . . . Thank you for the letter, Mari-Ann, and hope some day to see you . . . Also hope Mary Becker gets well soon. All your friends at the club are worried about you . . . We would like to close this week with a pleasant thought: Gals and pals, enjoy yourself—it's later than you think. Yes, WITH THE RIGHT PEOPLE! See you soon . . . ALEX.

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