April 15, 1950

Jack Cortez

Fabulous LASVEGAS

"HowdyPodner"



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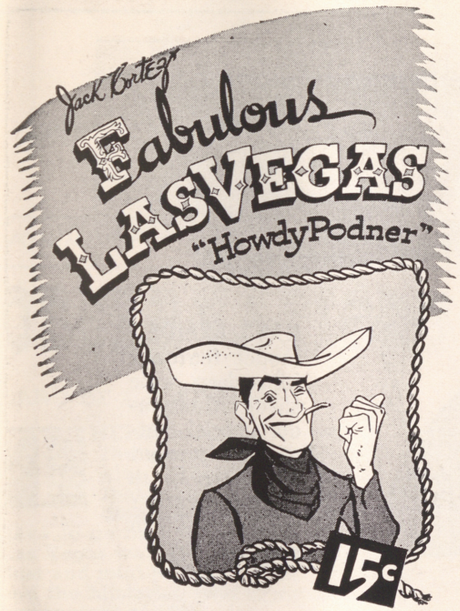

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"THAT'S FOR SURE," BY JACK CORTEZ
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FRONT ROW CENTER, BY JOHN RYKEN
CHESS, BY FRED SOLY
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Jack Cortez' Fabulous LAS VEGAS "HowdyPodner"

VOLUME 2 APRIL 15, 1950 NUMBER 1

OBSERVATIONS . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

THERE must be something in the air of this Las Vegas that gives strength and courage to those who come to fight the desert wilderness. We do not have to go back to the time the infant Las Vegas was born out of the sand and dust and mud — the icy blasts of winter and the blistering heat of summer, that trying year of 1905.

There were other modern pioneers, among the first of these moderns being Tommy Hull and his sister Sally, who came here to do the thing that others of us had been trying for and hoping for ever since we came to this challenging country. Tommy announced that he was going to build a palatial resort hotel which would provide luxurious accommodations and spectacular floor shows, lawns and flowers and swimming pools rivaling in beauty anything we had dreamed of. And so came Hotel El Rancho Vegas — everything they said it would be and even more charming than we had imagined it could be.

That anyone would have the audacity to try to rival El Rancho Vegas, seemed most unlikely — until came those vigorous characters from the southwest, R. E. Griffith and Bill Moore and started to work, quietly — almost secretly. When we inquired about rumors that they also would build a resort hotel, we had a bit of doubt hidden back in the dark corners of our minds — for how could there be anything to compare with El Rancho Vegas? And if they should build another resort hotel would there be people enough in Las Vegas to fill it? It was just sheer foolhariness in the minds of some of our leading pessimists. I was thinking of that the other bright morning when we attended Jack McElroy's "Welcome to Hollywood" radio program. Hotel Last Frontier was bright and gay and beautiful and filled to the very limit with people from every part of the world.

So, seeing the outstanding success of Hotel Last Frontier, others who would not listen to the note of pessimism some of our (almost) leading citizens belched forth, others came and poured their millions into the old gravel pit Delphine and I had owned for twenty-five years — and out of it came that more than "Fabulous Flamingo" with the comfort and beauty of which our very dear friend Jack Walsh has beckoned the multitudes and brought the spirit of gaiety to untold thousands. Our old gravel pit is still there, but now filled with beautiful blue water and the curvaceous beauty of Hollywood stars.

Then, determined to bring new charm to Las Vegas came our fine friend Marion Hicks who had made a success of the down-town El Cortez Hotel, and made plans for another great resort which he hoped would rival in charm and beauty all its predecessors. What use, said some of our almost enterprising citizens, to try to compete with all the other fine resorts; and, again, where are the people coming from to fill a new hotel?

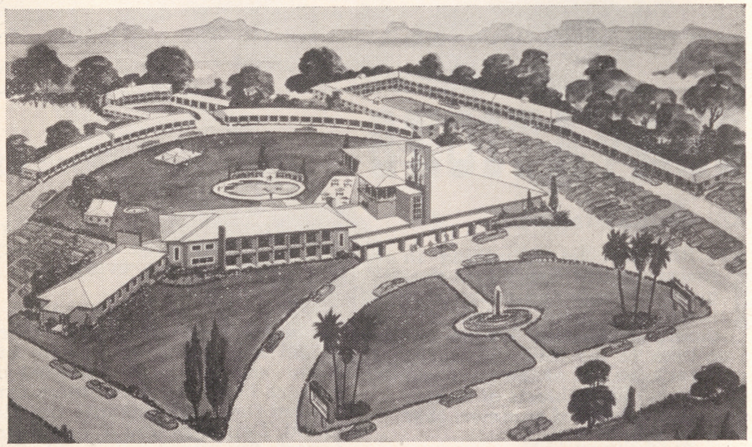
Easter Sunday morning we enjoyed the famous "Bracer" breakfast at "The Thunderbird." There were hundreds of gay people in the lovely dining room and the Terrace room — just about all they could possibly accommodate and the thought came to me that Marion Hicks and Jimmy Schuyler and Cliff Jones and all those associated with the Thunderbird enterprise have done a marvelous job. As we looked across the beautiful swimming pool to the great new addition of more than a hundred luxurious rooms the press of business

(Continued on Page 28)

GRAND OPENING SOON!

PLACE: WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN

DATE: MONDAY, APRIL 24, 1950



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VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER

POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS



THE POET

Living with wondrous things
which dreams portray,
Reached only by his secret
passageway,
Vast estates he owns in a lanquid
sky,
Where castles are constructed
with the eye.

Possessor of treasure ships that
sail the sea,
And all the length of this, his
obscurity,
Where forest and its beasts
companion him,
While stream and river are run-
ning to his whim.

He is content, wants nothing
that's concrete,
Pities humanity's greedy hordes,
striving at his feet,
He cares not for gain, knows no
defeat,
Lives within his dream sublime,
life is sweet.

TWO AS ONE

His love, a harp on which her
fancy played
Music to suit her moods, which
his love had made.

THOUGHTS OF HER ONLY

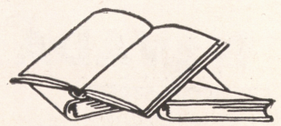
He thought of the waxen petal
of the rose as lovely
womanhood,
With respect and love, beyond all
depths, which she always
understood.

HIS ROMANCE

While passion cools its wings
against a torturous gloom,
And flaming hopes know nothing
as a doubting fancy looms,
He boldly does what all others
cringingly fear to do,
Flashed her in romance openly
and bade the world ado.

PRIDE

Though cultivated with mental
toil,
Pride is a tender plant,
Quickly withering in soil,
Where self-esteem is scant.



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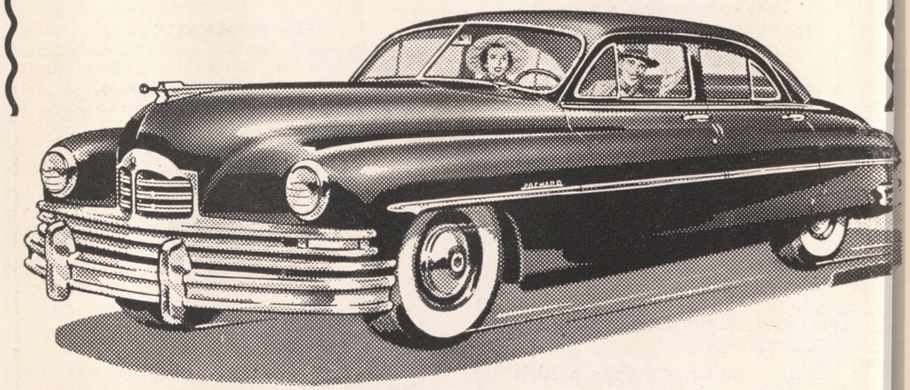

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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

. . by JACK CORTEZ

AUTOR SCHERER, "The Poet Laureate of Las Vegas," was asked to become a member of the Poet Guild of America! Three representatives of this honored organization came to our town for the sole purpose of asking him to join. Somehow we're inclined to believe that Tutor may someday be known as the "Mark Twain of Nevada," or the "Longfellow of Las Vegas." These representatives just couldn't believe that a man of Mr. Scherer's gambling background could possess such a philosophical nature. They were convinced 100 per cent, after they spoke to him and are certain that Tutor does not have a "ghost" writer.

Our apologies to CAP EDWARDS, credit manager of the GOLDEN NUGGET. A couple of weeks ago, in this column, we were referring to "Cap" but somehow became confused and called him "Cap" Davis. Practically everyone knew we meant "CAP" EDWARDS and kidded him because of OUR MISTAKE. Now, we're certain that "8 hours" are essential . . . PETER LIND HAYES panicked the Big Brass at a White House reception when, in answer to what'll you have? Peter replied: "A little Scotch and some ALBEN BARKLEY **pills**, please" . . . We received a letter from "Harmonically Yours," JOHN SEBASTIAN in New York, asking us to say hello to everyone, and a special "hello" to Morris Kleinman. Since January 3 John has traveled 17,000 miles and this is his first time home since he left our town in December . . . We salute the four hostesses the Air Base stationed at our hotels to help make the visiting "flyers" at home, during our air show. These girls were knocked out when the "meet" was over and welcomed the rest, such as going back to THEIR respective jobs at the air base. BETTY ANN DOTSON, secretary to the Air Craft Gunnery Squad, worked as hostess at the Thunderbird Hotel; MARION LANGER, receptionist and secretary at the Station Hospital, did a swell job at the Hotel El Rancho Vegas; MARTI TUTTLE, secretary to COLONEL COLEMAN, was in charge of the welcoming committee at the Hotel Last Frontier, and last but not least by a long shot—the gal in complete charge of all "land operations"—FRAN HOGG, secretary to Colonel Joe Mason, the C. O. of our Air Base. She set up her welcoming office at the Flamingo Hotel and when the shindig was over, practically every pilot in the meet, went to see this wonderful girl and thank her for all the favors and hospitality shown them during their brief but memorable stay . . . DAVE SIROTTA, owner of the Dixie Delicatessen, bought the State Cafe and will turn it into a slot machine arcade, when and if the City Commissioners issue the license. Pretty soon Fremont Street will almost have as many slot machine arcades as Coney Island has hot dog stands . . . Incidentally, there is a very pretty little waitress working in the Dixie, whose name is NANCY RADCLIFFE. She was with the road show of OLSEN & JOHNSON'S Hellzapopin' Revue, as a singer before it closed. Nancy hopes to get back into Show Biz, just as soon as an opportunity presents itself. It's a shame to see such talent go to waste behind a food counter . . . An "Eastern" outfit bought the property this side of the Motor Vu Theater and the Hotel El Rancho Vegas. Deal was consummated last week and we're certain that this sale will be the beginning of another hotel on the "strip." Estimated selling price of the land was $120,000. It's hard to believe that approximately 10 years ago you could have had **all** this land, now almost priceless, on the "Fabulous" strip—**just for taxes** . . . two swell guys came up with a sensational idea for a club that should and will be a WOW! FRANK GORDON and JERRY HERZBERG bought the Players Club and remodeled it to resemble a saloon of the Gay '90s era. They named the "Joynt" THE BOWERY and Grand Opening is scheduled for this weekend. The Murals were done by CROSBY DeMOSS; Cartoons by JACK BAKER; and lettering by MR. and MRS. IRV. LEVINE. We believe Frank & Jerry should be successful in this venture because the idea is very novel and promises to be **The** "Fun Spot" on the Strip . . . When JACK SOON, youthful trumpet player at the Club Bingo, does the vocals with the Mike Werner Ork, he sounds like the "Poor Man's Louis Armstrong" . . . Sunday, April

(Continued on Page 27)

Give Time and Guidance to Children . . . Less Juvenile Delinquency
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CLUB BINGO

FRONT ROW CENTER

. . by JOHN RYKEN

THE year 1950 has been with us almost four months now and it does look like it will be with us for another eight months without any relief from the amusement tax burden that all who are connected with the entertainment field have been suffering.

Despite the efforts of a most concerted lobby the problems of the world and the country have to come firrst. And no one can deny that there are plenty that are pretty important. However, the fact remains the ordinary citizen still has to pay a tax to be entertained and that tax is inordinantly high with many preferring to stay home rather than pay the extra tariff. The result is the tremendous attraction and pull that TV has experienced the past year will experience even more so in the months to come. This popularity has hurt the bookers, the talent and the club and theater owners all over the country. The situation in Miami this spring brought that point out very well with most club owners seeing red in their books and having the added burden of paying high salaries to the performers who in turn paraded their talents to half empty rooms. All is not black on the horizon with Las Vegas enjoying a booming business and talk flows freely of additions to the strip of more hotels and supper rooms. But nationwide there is needed relief and soon. But this being an election year the solons' chief worry is re-election. So the tax repeal bill stays buried in committee.

Radio Notes:

If you like music and lots of it you will enjoy the lineup that ABC has on Monday nights heard locally on KENO from 8 to 9 p. m. . . . Arthur Godfrey has signed for two more TV shows a week. They are, however, for only 15 minute apiece and both are wrapped up with giving ukulele lessons . . . Still the top show for entertainment in the afternoon locally is Club 15 heard on KLAS at 4:30 p. m. Top performers such as Bob Crosby, Jo Stafford, The Modernaires, the Andrew Sisters, plus Jerry Gray's orchestra, appear five times weekly . . . General Foods gave the heave-ho to "The Goldbergs." Reason, too much money for the ratings earned. The money will be probably spent in TV . . . Robert Q. Lewis, Arthur Godfrey's sub for the summer, is finally hitting his stride on TV with two new sponsors in the picture. Some-



thing that wasn't evident in the long months on CBS a. m. . . . Ralph Edwards, long time M. C. on "Truth or Consequences," a show he developed himself, has a town in New Mexico now named after him. It was officially changed to Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, in a ceremony a couple of weeks ago . . . Summer replacement for Jack Benny was signed last week with Guy Lombardo and the orch taking over for the hot 13, and Colgate is considering Steve Allen as the summer sub for "Our Miss Brooks" . . . CBS plans to keep "County Fair," being dropped by Borden's after the current 13 week cycle, on as a sustainer.

Musically Speaking:

As has been reported from time to time in this column the band business is enjoying its best box office since its heyday of the war years. And leading the pack are four bands — Tommy Dorsey, Jimmy Dorsey, Sammy Kaye, and Vaughn Monroe. Not far behind are the bands of Freddy Martin, Ralph Flanagan, Ray Anthony and Frankie Carle. The dance beat is definitely here to stay with the top vocalists insisting on it for their latest records.

Currently heading the top of the list

(Continued on Page 29)

Good Schools Today . . .
Good Citizens Tomorrow
"LUCKY"
LAS VEGAS CLUB
Downtown Las Vegas

MONTE CARLO
(EUROPE)
Is easy to remember

MONTE CARLO CLUB
(America)
IS HARD TO FORGET!

Chic Fechser,
President

Fred Soly,
General Manager

PORTRAIT OF A STAR

BARBARA STANWYCK DUBS HERSELF "A WORKING FOOL"

IF BARBARA STANWYCK so desired, she could easily claim the title of Hollywood's busiest actress.

This talented belle from Brooklyn makes more features than any other female screen star in cinema city. And that's not all. Recently, she chalked up a new record for activity before the motion picture cameras. In her latest Paramount picture, "No Man of Her Own," "Missy" Stanwyck worked in two hundred and thirty-two out of two hundred and forty-six individual camera set-ups. She worked every day the film was in production, either before the lens or as an offstage voice. Yet, despite her stiff work schedule, the four-time Academy Award nominee was simply delighted with her movie role.

"I get awfully tired when I've nothing to do," explained the star.

As long as it's a good story, Miss Stanwyck says she will do it. Where other glamour girls and drama queens limit themselves to two or three movies a year, Babs declares the lid's off as far as she's concerned.

"Two, three, five, six pictures," she counted off. "I don't care. I'm a working fool."

At the mere suggestion of rest or an extended vacation, the leading lady of "No Man of Her Own" screams a fast protest . . .

"Who wants to rest?" queries Miss S. "I go crazy sitting still. After two days of vacation, I'm ready for the booby-hatch. Frankly, I'm a girl who's got to keep busy. I suppose you might say I'm stage-struck, but I guess it's the truth."

The topic of work seems to be an every day family argument in the BARBARA STANWYCK-ROBERT TAYLOR household. Bob can't wait to finish a picture and take a nice vacation. But not his talented spouse. Immediately after her recent assignment in "No Man of Her Own," she began a top role in another drama. Following that stint, she started in "The Furies."

When Barbara completed her role opposite WENDELL COREY in this picture, she began still another movie the very next day. And she followed it with two more celluloid ventures . . . Does she ever get tired?

"I certainly do," replied the hard-working gal. "But only when I'm not in action."

During filming of "No Man of Her Own," the star was stricken with pneumonia which closed production for ten days. "If Stanwyck can't show up for work," chorused her co-workers, "then she's really sick." And she was. But according to Babs, what made her even sicker was staying in bed. About the third day she began to feel better, so she wanted to get up and go back to the studio. Her medico practically tied her down. Upon her return, Director Mitchell Leisen arranged his schedule so that Babs could play the hospital sequence first, thus allowing her three extra days in bed, even though working on the set.

"I could tell Barbara was appreciative the first two days," said Leisen, "even though she kicked about being sent home at three in the afternoon. 'Why so early?' she'd ask. But I'd tell her to go. 'Director's orders', I'd say."

(Continued on page 32)

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'JEST WRITING'

. . . by STAN IRWIN

L-A-S V-E-G-A-S!! RAH! RAH! RAH! I said it before and I'll say it again, there's no place like Las Vegas. Being there was like returning to the home of an old friend. It seemed strange to be visiting as a weekend tourist but if it wasn't for the weekend tourist Las Vegas would end in a week.

The first person I met, this was 7:15 a.m. Friday morning, was Jack Cortez. He was sitting at a 21 table at the El Rancho feeling the felt, and he never felt, felt like that. My wife kissed him on the cheek, handed him a benzedrine and said, "Good morning!" He grabbed her kissing her back . . . (This means—"returning her kiss" . . . he really kissed her cheek, too! Not her BACK!) Then he turned to me and said, with all the sentimentality and love and friendship his voice could muster, these words of endearment I'll never forget . . . "WHERE'S YOUR COLUMN FOR THIS WEEK'S ISSUE?"

We had breakfast together and then went to our own wigwams for some sleep and activity Jack indulges in once or twice a week. Four hours later, we awoke to find that the sun was playing peek-a-boo with some clouds, and the clouds were winning. Getting dressed, we rushed into town to do a little shopping and visiting with our friends . . . the Christensens. I was surprised to find him clean shaven, last year at Helldorado time he had a goatee that made goats jealous. Walking around we met many friends and I'm happy to say we exchanged nothing but pleasantries . . . discussing births, forthcoming births and marriages. (This chronological order of development is Hollywood style.)

For dinner we met a fellow campmate and NYU alumni of mine, who is now writing for Universal pictures, Leonard Stern. (Catch his latest . . . "Ma and Pa Kettle Go to Town.") We ate at the . . . you guessed it, my old hang out . . . the Bingo. If the dinner had as many courses as the number of friends I met at the Bingo . . . I'd still be eating. Jacking ourselves up after a most succulent, abundant feast we visited Jack Cortez' broadcast from KRAM at the Flamingo Hotel. His guest was that fine artist, Billy Daniels. The interview was typical except that Jack now SITS DOWN when broadcasting. From there we went to the Last Frontier to catch the opening of a new show starring the Modernaires. We enjoyed the show, the flowers on our table and



the pleasure of renewing old acquaintances.

Then back to the Bingo for the last show and breakfast, over to the El Rancho for a final peek at the rounders. There we sat with "Tutor" and listened to some of his personal experiences in Las Vegas when it was but a beach with tents sticking up here and there. (You know, he must have spoke for half an hour and not two lines rhymed . . . and him a POET!

The next day, like a tourist, we found the weather too windy and cold for sunbathing, but like a tourist, we stayed in it and froze. We turned some color . . . I think purple! That night we had dinner at the Thunderbird . . . delicious! Had the pleasure of seeing a most enjoyable Spring Revue and listening to Kit Carson's sister, Mindy, sing songs in her own personal interesting voice and style.

Later we went to the Flamingo . . . and was excitedly impressed by the show and improvement in the decor . . . WOW! (It seems that the Desert Inn is getting everyone on the ball and it hasn't even opened yet!) Back to the Bingo for breakfast and so to bed.

Easter Sunday looked as if the weather man laid an egg, instead of the Bunny . . . the weather was ehhhh! How-

(Continued on page 32)

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SOON

THE
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Rev. Theodore Van Skee, phone 918J.

EPISCOPAL:

CHRIST CHURCH, Second and Carson.

Rev. Fr. Reginald G. Rosson, rectory 404 North 13th.

JEWISH:

Jewish Community Center, 13th and Carson.

Rabbi David Cohen, residence 1007 Francis.

LATTER DAY SAINTS:

CHARLESTON WARD, Ninth and Clark.
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.

REFORMATION UNITED LUTHERAN, Temporarily at Odd Fellows Hall, 110 North Ninth.

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

METHODIST:

FIRST METHODIST, Third and Bridger.

Rev. Harold E. Broughton, residence 308 Bridger.

NAZARENE:

CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE, 14th and Ogden.

Rev. Robert A. Lundgren, Box 1192.

A telephone call to the church or to the pastor will inform you as to hour of service.

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

. . . by JACK CORTEZ



★ El Rancho Vegas

(Show presented April 12 to April 26)

CARL RAVAZZA (and his "leetle" friend Pedro), is the singing star of the new show at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. His rendition of old favorites, plus some original tunes, are truly amusing. Carl radiates much personality and has a **Voice Supreme.** The calypso songs which feature "Leetle" Pedro, have original lyrics and very entertaining. Mr. Ravazza works earnestly; is down to earth, and truly a polished showman from the word "go" . . . On the same bill are the JAYWALKERS, three young men who present wonderful comedy skits very cleverly done. They perform unusual feats in acrobatics, each routine packed with comedy. These fellows do not "jaywalk" at any time. They know where they're going, and it is to the very top! The GEORGE MORO DANCERS are tastefully costumed in their two magnificent dance routines. One is a most gorgeous waltz in which each girl is dressed in a beautiful gown sprinkled with star dust. RENE MOLNAR, the "Waltz Queen" and MARIE ROE performing acrobatic stunts . . . CARLETON HAYES and his orchestra provide excellent backing for the show and dansapation . . . GUY LANDIS and PHIL GARD take over for dancing during intermission time.

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

★ Hotel Last Frontier

(Show presented April 7 to April 21)

The MODERNAIRES, outstanding singing group of the Campbell Soup program "Club 15," are the headline act at the **Hotel Last Frontier.** Since the days when they starred with Glen Miller's orchestra, they have constantly been improving in presentation and delivery, and it is this reporter's opinion that they have never been better. The Modernaires sing, dance, impersonate, satirize, and are definitely the singing quintet of today . . . On the same bill the BURNS TWINS and EVELYN present a type of dancing that is rarely seen, which is "good ol' fashioned hoofing." The Twins and Evelyn have been in Las Vegas quite a number of times and we know they will be coming back again. Their group and individual challenge dancing is tops . . . The AL WHITE DANCERS do an outstanding Springtime review, swings and all, outfitted in lovely gowns . . . AL JAHNS and his orchestra cut a fine show and play good music for dancing . . . RUSS BYRD, your singing host and m.c., as always, does a good job and makes you feel as though you were in your own living room . . . DON BAKER, "King of the Hammon Organ," takes over during intermissions and obliges with request-fully yours.

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

★ Flamingo Hotel

(Show presented April 6 to April 19)
(Full review in last week's issue)

The Flamingo Hotel presented an Easter extravaganza, and it is definitely production time in the "New" Flamingo Room. To aptly describe it: "New York's famous Broadway moved to our town in all its dazzling and super glamorous fanfare." Headlining this production, and direct from Hollywood's Mocombo is BILLY DANIELS, the "singing toast from coast to coast." His unsurpassed voice exhausts the book of adjectives. Whether he uses a "mike" or not, his voice still rings as clear as a bell. He is a vibrant and most expressive balladier, and together with BENNY PAYNE, his accompanist, are hard to beat. They sing a few duets that are truly magnificent, and their jump tunes set the room to "rocking" . . . The FLAMINGO ADORABLES and beautiful show girls under the direction of JEAN DEVLYN, the producer of this show, appear in an array of exquisite costumes. Featured in this number are the KINGS and TOMMY LADD, who do sensational dancing . . . MATTY MALNECK and his superb orchestra go all out on this super musical. They cut an admirable show and play music for dancing beyond compare . . . The JEAN WALSH TRIO take over during intermissions while Matty and his boys take "5."

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

★ Thunderbird Hotel

(Show presented April 13 to April 27)
(Not a review)

Lovable ELLA LOGAN, direct from Hollywood and the singing star of Finian's Rainbow, is the attraction de luxe at the **Thunderbird Hotel.** This Scotch lass, who specializes in nostalgic tunes and the first to "swing" Loch Lomond, should pack that room each and every show. This is Miss Logan's first appearance in our town, and is one of the most energetic singers on the stage today . . . On the same bill are the DUANOS, a ballroom dance team also newcomers in our midst. They are a classy, young team who will fit right into the environment of this lovely hotel. They'll give out with novel dance steps . . . The DANSATIONS introduce two routines, one "In Old New York," and the other, "A Polka," dressed in costumes, depicting the dance that features lovely THELMA KING and CHRISTINA CARSON . . . SANDY SANDIFOR and his orchestra supply the music for the show and dansapation . . . BETTY JONES is the vocalist with the band . . . JACK MARTIN'S orchestra take over the dancing chores during intermission.

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

(Show TO BE presented April 24 to May 8)

Master ventriloquist of screen and stage—EDGAR BERGEN (with his two sidekicks, Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd. PAT PATRICK of "Ercil Twing" fame . . . Lovely movie star singer VIVIAN BLAINE . . . Direct from France, LES CHARLIVELS, DON ARDEN DANCERS, and the music of RAY NOBLE and his ork.

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

★ Club Bingo

(Show presented April 12 to April 21)

Here it is: Ten days, and a new show in the BONANZA ROOM of the CLUB BINGO. Headlining are JEFF and JERRY, a zany act on the style of Martin and Lewis. These young fellows just completed a 14-week engagement at BILLY GRAY'S BAND BOX in Hollywood and previous to that 14 weeks at the Red Feather. All told, Jeff and Jerry are in show business one year and in that short space of time have become mighty popular . . . On the same bill are GEORGIA LEE and GENE NASH, a song and dance team who possess magnetic personality and talent. They go over big with the rounders and the regular patrons of this Room . . . MIKE WERNER and his orchestra cut a good show and play dance music until 4:30 a.m., alternating with ALEX CLIPPER at the Hammond.

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

ALL OF

"FABULOUS" LAS VEGAS

WILL SALUTE

Frank Gordon

AND

Jerry Herzberg

ON THEIR NOVEL CLUB

THE

BOWERY

HI-WAY 91 — THE STRIP

GRAND OPENING

FRIDAY

APRIL 14th

SOUVENIRS

TO

ALL

Round the Clock with the Rounders

. . . by ALEX HENIG

SYLVIA Tell Gallo Jr., lovely daughter of Aurelio Gallo (Pioneer Club bar manager), here for the Easter holiday. With Sylvia is her friend, Sally Tupper, both of the Flintridge Sacred Heart Academy. Proud Pop Gallo took the girls to most of the clubs and hotels. The girls just can't wait for the next holiday so they can come back to Las Vegas.

Those beautiful painted and dressed Easter eggs were made by Doris Smith. She was formerly with the Eldorado Club . . . The Monte Carlo Club's slot machines sure are lucky to this reporter—just hit another jackpot . . . ONE OF THE MAIN REASONS WHY STOPPING AT THE FLAMINGO HOTEL IS SO PLEASANT IS LIFEGUARD AND SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR CHUCK KELLOGG. HE IS ALSO A GREAT TENNIS PLAYER. CHUCK IS ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S NATIONAL CHAMPS IN ARCHERY, BESIDES ALL OF THIS HE IS ONE OF THE FINEST GUYS YOU EVER WANT TO MEET. BOUQUETS TO THIS WONDERFUL PERSON! . . . Did you know that Chuck Hall, of the race horse book in the Golden Nugget casino, was one of our top fighters years back. He had over 100 fights with only a few losses. Chuck is from Texas and has been with the club since its opening . . . Stopped in to see the ladies bowl the other night at the new Las Vegas lanes. Doing a good job knocking the pins all over the place were Irene Ingalls (Mike's Fifth Street Market), Barbara Borla and pretty Veda Phillips, both of Clark's Super Markets. Every Wednesday night is the ladies bowling league . . . Just arrived from Cleveland and looking like a million, boxman Claude Williams who will be working at the Desert Inn Hotel. At this same spot casino manager Ruby Kolod just can't wait for his family to arrive from Ohio. Don't worry, Ruby, we know they will like our town, as we see it and vice versa . . . Those new cowboy shirts that all the employers are wearing at the Monte Carlo Club sure look good. Another good idea for the coming Helldorado week. Drop in when you're downtown and say hello to Jimmie, Fred Soly's ace cashier. She's tops with all . . . Those new maroon sport shirt-jacket combinations can be bought at Christensen's Men's Wear (316 Fremont Street). This last article is for those who want to keep up with today's styles . . . Since Bob



Baskin has taken over the management of El Cortez Cafe the food and service just can't be beat. Around lunch time give this place a try. By the way, the cafe is open 24 hours . . . Just a reminder to those who feel lucky at Second and Fremont: Two lovely young ladies are selling tickets for a good cause. Red-headed Mary Tucker for the Junior Chamber of Commerce and Patty Robinson for the Nevada Boat Club. Who knows? You might win both! We hope we get the 1950 EASY TO DRIVE PACKARD . . . Who at the Thunderbird Hotel has the highest priced feet? All we know is it cost somebody $58 for a pair of shoes—"believe it or not"—by the underground . . . A well known character who can be matched with the best is "Rippey" Resnik. This guy can lick anyone his own weight and will take on all comers. By the way, this dog is a prize boxer . . . Plenty happy to hear Bobby Kay is on the road to recovery after having virus X . . . Stopped in to have a drink at the Esquire Bar on Second Street. Just as thought, this place has warmth, friendliness and is very intimate. Bartender Curly Roberts is one of the best around . . . The

(Continued on Page 30)

Make All America Proud
of Las Vegas, Nevada

"LUCKY"

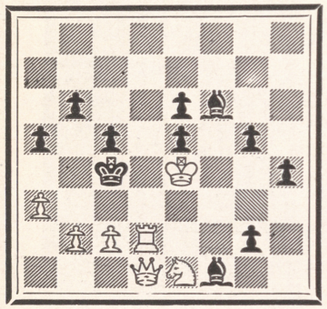
LAS VEGAS CLUB

Downtown Las Vegas

CHESS » » »

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

PROBLEM NO. 47
Black 11



White 7
White mates in three.

Solution to problem No. 46: Q-B5.

IT'S all over now, and we have a new Nevada Chess Champion. As I predicted it, the Las Vegas delegation had a surprise, and MAURICE GE'-DANCE was officially pronounced State Champion at the banquet held in Carson City at the Kountry Kafe last Sunday with the participation of all the players, some of the wives and a few special guests.

We arrived in Carson City Wednesday, April 5, and got a good rest in order to be in top shape for the tournament. The weather was beautiful and we did not expect to have a white Easter, but Friday and Saturday we had a heavy snow which cleared up Sunday.

We all played 11 rounds beginning Thursday, April 6, and received the Governor's welcome Friday morning. All the people that we met were wonderful and every thing promised to be a pleasant tournament that will leave memories for a life time. We played chess from 12 to 15 hours a day! That's a lot of chess. The tournament was conducted in a perfect way by the Tournament Director, Hal Kispert, who did a very good job and was also responsible for the banquet that we all enjoyed so much.

The participants in the championship were champions and outstanding players from Utah, Idaho, California and Nevada and the competition was very tough, but Las Vegas had a master that played like a master and won like a master. Chess is one of the few games



where luck is not a factor at all and Maurice Gedance won his title only on his own merits; our club is proud of him and I am sure that the whole community feels the same way, especially because this was the first time that Las Vegas participated in a State Tournament.

The now ex-champion of Nevada, William F. Taber, who is an excellent player, was second, followed by the Utah State champion, Lou Page. These two champions presented a very outstanding battle and came fairly close to disappointing me in my prediction about MAURICE winning the title.

The new champion won as first prize a feautiful fine chess set donated by Harra's Club in Reno and the trophy as symbol of his title with his name engraved that will be in his possession for one year and will get to keep permanently by winning the tournament three times. I congratulated Maurice when he won and want to make my admiration for our CHESS

(Continued on Page 28)

THINK, TALK AND
LIVE AMERICAN
"LUCKY"
LAS VEGAS CLUB
Downtown Las Vegas

THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

ALWAYS on the lookout for items to write in the column, I carry a note book and jot down the things I see and expect to use "at a later date" as the lawyers fellows say. It's a good idea. The only thing wrong with it is the fact that when I sit down to write the column, I can't read half of them on account of I wrote them in a hurry and leave out part of the words and the words that I do put down always have letters missing. I usually say, "Maw, can you read these notes?" and she has a stock answer, "You wrote them, you read them. I can't make out your hen-scratching." She's got nothing on me. Neither can I. Now you take the item I have here. It's just two words. I can make out the last part, it's "Fortune" but the first part of it has me stumped.

I can't figure if it is something about Miss Fortune, secretary to Mr. Toffert, the manager of the new Wilbur Clark Desert Inn, or if it should be one word and pertain to somebody's misfortune— I got it — I remember now. It isn't either one. A week or so ago a lady told my fortune with cards and I was going to write something about that. I don't take much shuks in that stuff but Maw goes in for horoscopes and such, only she says that isn't fortune telling on account it's written in the stars — how do you like that? She can read the stars and they are a jillion miles away and she can't read my writing two feet from her. I sneaked a peek at one of her magazines and if anybody can make sense out of it, I'll eat their hat. Now I'm what Maw calls a "Leo." I thought at first she was making fun of my Helldorado beard and calling it a mane, but she said it was because I was born August 13 (Friday, too). I looked up Leo in her April book, and what do you think? "The fourth decanate retains Saturn as a principal ruler, but we also associate with a congenial sub-ruler. We hear the voice of Mars as it sings its song in the ninth sign of Sagittarius. We can hear this sympathetic quality which, though ringing afar in the ninth zone, echoes in the first sign." And there you have it. That's me for April. Brother, if that isn't double talk, I don't know what is. Also in this book it said that today I should "watch out for all types of electrically powered implements and modes of travel such as streetcars and so forth." That's a lot of bunk, thinks I. But is it? At breakfast, Maw told me



to look at the toast. I did. Score one for the stars. I saw them. The pop-up contraption let go just as I was peeking in the toast slot, and WHAMMO, one black eye. Then the lady in the place next to us couldn't get her car started. Maw told me to be a gentleman and help her. I put the crank in and started twisting. That's the last I remember until I came to, lying flat on my back, with the crank in my hand, the car up against the house, and the lady bending over me, explaining that the battery wasn't down but that she had the car in gear. That set me to thinking. Battery is electricity!

Then I meandered on down to see Mike Leavitt. Mike was out in the yard cutting the grass with a brand new ELECTRIC LAWN MOWER. It sure was a dilly, but I told Mike "uh uh" when he offered to let me try it, but when he went into the house to answer the phone, my curiosity got the better of my judgment. I looked it over from a distance and then took hold of the handle bars. That was my downfall. Squeezing the handlebars was what made the thing work. The harder you squeezed the faster it goes. Great day in the morning, did that thing go. "Ugh's" dog went one way — Schnopps, my dog, went another, and me holding

(Continued on Page 30)

Donate to the American
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LAS VEGAS CLUB
Downtown Las Vegas

North Vegas

. . . by JOHNNY UHLMAN

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT . . .

DID you notice that we sat right down and went to work on the column this week and no messin' around? We mean that we didn't go into a lengthy discourse relative to the power of the pickle plant to produce a gerkin!! Started right off with "Johnny on the spot," that is! Right off, he says! Man, this poor pencil pusher has been sittin' here for over twenty minutes trying to figure out just how to get started. Still haven't come to any satisfactory solution. Or are we telling you?

Another Easterner has "bit the dust," so to speak, (lately anyway) and is now a confirmed Las Vegan. This one we mention is mitey, but mighty MYRA MILLER. She came to our town the "prescribed time limit" ago, and moved to into the SHAMROCK HOTEL. Now, although she has won the coveted "blue bound great divider," you couldn't blast her out of Las Vegas with anything less than an H-bomb. Of all the blasts you've ever heard, that would, no doubt, be the BIGGEST blast heard!! . . . H-m-m! Try saying that last line real fast and see if it comes out the way it did when we read it!! In getting back to Myra, we can only say that, the loss to Allenhurst, New Jersey, of one energetic blonde, is definitely our gain . . . We didn't know that so much equipment and stock could be put into such a small area, but you should see what EARL WEBB has in that FIVE-POINTS GARAGE of his. We were in the other day and found that he has a complete machine shop in the place . . . lathe and all. Whenever Earl doesn't have the thing he needs to do a job, he makes whatever he needs and the job goes ahead. Here's another thing, you'll never do business with a more sincere gent than Earl Webb . . . Two of the most stable home-towners of our town are ROSE and HAROLD NELSON, owners of and operators of HAROLD'S CLUB CAR. These two wonderful people have been in business at this spot since wa-a-a-y back when there were only six liquor licenses in the whole town of North Vegas. Truly a couple of town boosters that we are happy to know . . . Did you know that the "E" half of the E&T DRUGS is quite a cabinet maker? It



may just be a hobby but he does a fine job of it. The display tables he makes for his place of business fit together like the work of a professional . . . We found out the other day that the slot machines at the EMBASSY CLUB BINGO are the MOST LIBERAL IN ALL NORTH VEGAS. In all the time we played, we didn't any LEMONS ('scuse me, I said a dirty word) on the first reel. In case you didn't know, this is quite an advantage. RUTH and MITCH are alike as two peas in a pod under the heading of "nice people" . . . You're in for a treat if you haven't been into JO-ANN'S CAFE for a few bowls of the home-made soup that is their specialty. We say, a FEW bowls 'cause it's so good that one bowl just isn't enough, even though the helpings are man-sized! IRIS gives us the word that she'll be open twenty-four hours a day before long . . . GENE and BUD have been at the HACIENDA CLUB for well over a year now, which is an enviable record in any man's book. These two boys will sing and play almost any request you might ask of them. Your pencil pusher is an old "barber shop harmony" man from way back, and we get a real charge out of sitting in with Gene and Bud for a few of the old timers in three part harmony . . . We are more than happy to see TUCK back on the job at the TOWER CLUB. Ever since JOE MARCH got back from his vacation honeymoon, Tuck has been taking it easy, but has been away as long as he could take it. Now he's ready to get back into the old harness again. Nice to have you back, Tuck!! . . . We are losing a wonderful little gal from our midst. Eleanor "BABES" GRAHAM and her hubby, RON, have sold the Fountain Drug and she is moving to Caliente, Nevada, to be with Ron. They own a bar in that city and just couldn't take being separated so much of the time. The new owners, MR. and MRS. SHOCKLEY, of Los Angeles, took over last Tuesday.

Jots by Johnny . . .

Our belated congratulations to wonderful WINIFRED McGOWAN and ART COLE who were married Saturday, April FOOL'S DAY (m-m-m-m) at the Wee Kirk O' the Heather. Winifred really hit the jack-pot. She got the JACK, Art got the pot!! Her birthday was the third of April, which brought her a diamond watch, BESIDES her wedding rings, a new home on West Charleston Blvd., all new furniture, etc.! See what we mean? The Coles go to his home-town, Streator, Ill., for a honeymoon and vacation and then back to Las Vegas for good. And that is just what we wish for these kids in the future, GOOD! . . . Here's a cute note given us by HARRY MANN at the Frontier Shooting Range in the Frontier Village. He had written to his friend, CLAUDE BINION, a director writer with Twentieth Century-Fox, and was telling him of the club to soon be added to the village with its Can-Can girls and of the buildings with the false fronts. The immediate reply held an inquiry as to which had the "false fronts?" Well, — we thought it was cute anyway!! . . . BEEBE had a birthday and we can't call her "little girl" anymore! Beebe Allan, one of the Al White Dancers at the Hotel Last Frontier, celebrated last Sunday, the 9th. She's the little red-head on the right end and one of yours truly's favorite dancing partners! Belated happy stuff, "little girl."

And, so saying, your sleepy scribe slipped into slumber—! Wow! That was a "juicy" sentence, wasn't it? If you're around these parts again next week, we'll be looking for you . . . come in and CALL FOR . . . eight-thirty in the morning . . . we have to get this thing in to meet a dead-line. So for now . . . seal aiter . . . Johnny.

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Weekly Beauty Letter

from WALLY WESTMORE

MAKEUP DIRECTOR, PARAMOUNT STUDIOS

More than often, it's not what a woman says, but how she says it that makes a favorable or unfavorable impression upon her listening public.

According to Wally Westmore, world-famous make-up director of Paramount Studios, too many damsels destroy the illusion of beauty with lip movements in talking.

"A mobile mouth or an expressive mouth is a fine thing," says the beauty expert. "But affectations in the movement of the lips in one's conversation often become permanent, distressing habits."

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, the first lady of the screen who won an "Oscar" for her top performance in William Wyler's "The Heiress," takes on added beauty when she speaks. Watch her as she emotes in "The Heiress," and you will discover that her lip movements are graceful as well as expressive.

"Of course, it's permissible for a woman to draw her lips down at the corners if she wishes to prove a point occasionally in conversation," observes Westmore. "But when this becomes a constant accompaniment of speech, it is both distracting and unbecoming."

The affected. pouting lower lip is another feminine abomination, announces this expert. And there is also the one-sided speaker who pulls her lips away from her teeth to one side, with words slurring forth, the whole impression being that of a polite snarl. On a par with this type, is the lady who draws her lips taut across her teeth as she speaks. Her face immediately seems to take on an appearance of great strain.

"As for lips in repose," adds Westmore, "they should be just that. They should lie smoothly across the teeth in a natural, relaxed position. They should not be forced apart into a 'breathless' position, nor should they hang open as if to catch the last gasp of air."

Be as careful of **how** you talk as **what** you say.

Weekly Fashion Letter

from EDITH HEAD

PARAMOUNT FASHION DESIGNER

"Fashion finesse" is a rare combination of little things.

For example, the clever manner in which a well-dressed cosmopolitan makes her jewelry an integral part of her costume is a true mark of distinction in the ultra-smart 1950 wardrobe . . . Hollywood's leading ladies have discovered that simple framing of their favorite pins, clips or bracelets lends dramatic background both to heirlooms and inexpensive costume jewelry.

LIZABETH SCOTT achieves an unusual effect by using fresh leaves to highlight her jeweled pins. She merely places the pin in the center of a leaf, then attaches it to the lapel or belt of a suit . . . The actress also sets pins and clips on fabric "patches," which she in turn pins to her suits and dresses. At a preview of her new picture, "Paid in Full," Miss Scott displayed a multi-colored butterfly pin against the striking backgrounds of a crisp yellow "patch" and a dressmaker suit of jet faille.

BETTY HUTTON likes to string a half dozen charm bracelets onto a wide belt. The dangling "charms" constitute one of the cleverest conversation pieces of the season and transform an average outfit from the ordinary into the extraordinary class . . . BARBARA STANWYCK'S favorite trick is to set her small pins on the cuff of a glove or at the very edge of lapels and necklines . . . JOAN FONTAINE pins a handkerchief to simple afternoon frocks or suit pockets with a scatter pin from her famous collection . . . RHONDA FLEMING, whose fabulous red-haired beauty graces the screen in "The Eagle and the Hawk," makes necklaces of braided yarn, then places brilliant clips at the ends like tassels.

To spice blouses with new appeal, take a tip from screen star CORINNE CALVET. She clips petite pins over the buttons of her ivory silk blouse and for variety she makes certain no two pins are alike.

Read Local
News Publications
"LUCKY"
LAS VEGAS CLUB
Downtown Las Vegas

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

16th, at 2 p. m., THE FLAMINGO HOTEL is having a **Beauty Contest.** (Here's a chance for all the pretty girls in Las Vegas to do their strutting). Ages — from 16 to ? Out of town celebrities will act as judges and the overall winner will be the "Queen" to represent the Hotel on their colossal float during Helldorado Week. Winner will also receive many beautiful prizes from the management. So get going, you gorgeous women, and give those judges a tough time . . . STAN IRWIN says he overheard at the Hotel Last Frontier that since the stage was raised 22", you may get a "nose-bleed" because of the high altitude . . . Lovely JINNI JON is the new cutie with the GEORGE MORO dancers. She is taking Julie Page's place, who needs the extra time to prepare her trousseau to marry Fred, the stage electrician . . . We're wondring — **who** is that very attractive brunette ABE "Brittle-Top" SCHILLER is squiring about our various hotels and clubs? They appear to be "that way." What will his many **"Nieces"** think — or — what will Abe tell them? . . . We hear they're going to compile all of Senator McCarthy's complaints in one book and call it **"The Flimsy Report"** . . . The reason MAVIS MURRAY, blonderful gal with the AL WHITE DANCERS, refuses dates is: She's married to JACK BEEKMAN. Hubby is personal manager for Foy Willing and the Riders of the Purple Sage . . . Belated birthday greetings to Beebe (Redhead) Allen, also an Al White Dancer (April 9th) . . . We're trying to figure out an angle some **phony** is working in our town and his purpose. This character, who calls himself WILL R. CAMPBELL,, went into the Golden Nugget, told the pianist, AL MANAZI, he represents the Selznick office in Hollywood and asked him to sign a contract to play at the Sans Souci Hotel in Mexico. This phony also gave him a check for $650.00, binding the agreement. You can well imagine how Al felt when this happened, but upon inquiry, (advice from friends) he found no one knew of Campbell in Hollywood, and naturally, no check account in bank. We found out that the N. B. C. Studios in Hollywood are looking for him because he has done this before. So, if you see or hear of such an imbecile in our town, please notify the authorities. But the question remains — WHAT IS THE ANGLE? . . . The managing director of the WESTERN VILLAGE will be MILTON

(Continued on Page 28)

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POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

has forced them to build I could not help thinking back to the mourners who a couple of years ago were feeling sorry for The Thunderbird.

All of which brings me to Wilbur Clark and his almost-completed Desert Inn, which, in fact is the inspiration for this little column. I happened out there a few days ago and found Wilbur Clark the very busiest man in the United States just now, directing the efforts of hundreds of workers, artists and artisans who are giving their inspired best to the effort to make the Desert Inn worthy of Las Vegas and those great hotels we have mentioned. They are all animated by the ambition to get it all ready for its opening, Monday evening, April 24.

It is hard for a common fellow like me to even imagine the stamina and courage that Wilbur Clark has shown in planning, financing and building this new palace of enchantment. In the face of every possible discouragement he has forged ahead with his plans to make the Desert Inn the peer of anything yet done in Las Vegas in the Resort Hotel line. And as impossible as it seems that anything could possibly equal in charm and beauty and comfort those great resorts we already know so well, a glimpse here and there where the army of workers would permit, shows me that this new creation of Wilbur Clark's will be something entirely different from any of the others — the very peak of enchantment, a creation by artists, architects and artisans of a new beauty such as we never before had imagined.

Hank Greenspun, trying to give me some definite ideas about the Desert Inn, tells me that the official opening will be the evening of Monday, April 24, but that the whole week really will be the official opening with distinguished guests from every part of the country. Among those who will be on hand to assist Mr. Clark in the happy welcomes will be Charlie McCarthy and his friend and social advisor, Edgar Bergen. Incidentally (as well as necessarily) Mortimer Snerd, Charlie's intimate friend, and Ercil Twing, reputed great lover of all the girls, will constitute part of the Bergen family talent.

Vivian Blaine, charming singer, Les Charlivels, from France, on the q. t. said to be quite thrilling, and the Don Arden dancers, with the enticing dance music of world-famed Ray Noble and his great orchestra will appear on the official program. Yet I still am sure that the great show will be Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, with its new and spectacular beauty creating another amazing picture in this Land of Enchantment.

For such a great event it is quite natural that the place shall be practically taken over by stars of the make-believe world, all of the more than three hundred beautiful rooms having been long ago engaged. But there will still be room for all late-comers to dine in comfort in the Painted Desert room so wonderfully muraled by that internationally-famous artist, Charles Cobelle.

Come on in, folks, if you want to have a good time and be a part of what will be a really outstanding event in the resort-hotel lore of America.

CHESS:

(Continued from Page 22)

MASTER AND NEW CHAMPION public. His trophy will be on exhibition in several places in town.

I had the honor of being named chairman of the Tournament Committee for 1951 that will be held in Las Vegas and was given full authority to appoint a Tournament Director and make all necessary arrangements. As I promised when I accepted, will try my best to do a good job and guarantee our visitors no snow, but lot of wind instead.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 27)

DEUTSCH, formerly a 10 per center with A. B. C. (Associated Booking Corporation) in Hollywood. Milton takes over this responsible job Saturday, April 15th, and should do very well. This job is much easier than handling temperamental acts, right, Milt? . . . Dazzling LENA HORNE sails for Europe this month where it is rumored that she will take up permanent residence in Paris. Husband, Lennie Hayton, under contract to M. G. M. as musical director, will commute to and fro between picture commitments . . . Our heartiest congratulations to MAURICE GEDANCE, who called us from Reno saying he had won the

(Continued on Page 29)

LISTEN TO LOCAL
RADIO NEWS
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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 28)

Western Division Championship of the Chess meet held in that city. Maurice left for Reno with Fred Soly last weekend hoping to bring that **Reno trophy** to Las Vegas, AND DID! Well, looks like we're beating Reno at **everything** . . . ALAN LADD, two-fisted hero of the movies, turned real-life hero last week when he saved five of his fans from being run down by cattle on the Arizona location of his new film, "Branded." Alan and Mona Freeman were emoting in an outdoor scene with 20-odd cattle grazing in the background. Something frightened the animals and they started toward a small group of spectators on the sidelines. Fortunately, Ladd sized up the situation instantly, galloped his horse between the cattle and the visiting firemen as they scrambled toward a nearby fence and safety. Sounds like a bit of 'action' from a movie or something an over-ambitious press agent might dream up. BUT, this actually happened . . . The newly formed HELLDORADO Band are holding rehearsals every Monday and Wednesday at 8 p. m. in the Elks Club at Third and Carson. Any musician who enjoys playing good ol' circus or Dixie Land music is invited to join. So — what say, musicians? Get down there and make our Helldorado Band the **Best** in the **Land** . . . Did you see the new "conv" CHUCK MERCER, dealer at the PIONEER CLUB, is driving? WOW! 'tokes' must be terrific . . . The smallest, prettiest and most congenial Cigarette Girl we ever met is DONNA, employed at the Club Bingo. It seems all bachelors are on the 'make,' but Donna just keeps selling —'cigars, cigarettes' . . . Last week, Arthur Godfrey received an airplane from Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker as a gift. Arthur mentioned the gift over the air in his usual jovial way, that it would be a good idea to put a slot machine on the bar in the plane. BENNY GOFFSTEIN, of the Flamingo Hotel, happened to be listening that morning and wired, "Slot machine on way, but in order to learn about the intricate mechanism of this little gadget, you'll have to come to Las Vegas." What a sweet racket this Godfrey has! As though his microphone were Alladin's Lamp and his audience the Genii. There is wonderful 'magic' in Godfrey's voice . . . ARTHUR "DADDY" ROZEN, co-owner of the Eldorado Club, received a BOXER pup (our favorite dog) last week, that is the toughest looking, but the gentlest animal. Arthur named him "LUCKY" and is as proud of him as "Lucky" is fearless! . . . FLORENCE RICHARDS, owner of the Magic Eye, most beautiful Ladies' Salon in the West, is deliriously happy these days. Her mother and dad, MR. & MRS. J. H. MILLWARD, sold their home in Salt Lake City and bought themselves a home on Cottonwood Place in our town. Florence has always wanted this and finally had her wish granted. Mom & Pop sure like it here and do not miss Utah, especially when they heard it snowed there last week. They've been sun bathing every day since they arrived and never felt better. 'NATCH'! . . . MAXINE LEWIS needed a 10-minute act to help fill the present one at the Flamingo Hotel, so she hired a youngster, BOB BRADFORD, a ventriloquist. This is his first professional engagement. However, Bob is not impressed with working the Flamingo Hotel. His ambition is to play the Orpheum Theater in Los Angeles. Now, we've heard everything . . . We dislike pouring alcohol on an open wound, BUT, can't something be done to clear up that EYESORE caused by the fire that destroyed the Palace Club? Tourists and natives alike feel that if some effort were made by our County Commissioners, it **could be** cleared up and our "Strip" would once again look beautiful. The Palace caught fire a year ago and to date nothing has been done to clean up that "RUBBISH"! C'mon Commissioners, don't de-glamorize our Hi-way 91 . . . MAE WILLIAMS, a huge success at the Mocombo in Hollywood. This 'well stacked' doll, stopping each and every show . . . We'd like to see handsome LENNIE STERN, screen writer for Universal

(Continued on Page 30)

JOHN RYKEN:

(Continued from Page 11)

in popularity is the song Music, Music, Music. However here is a tip about a just released tune that will supplant Music at the top. Its title "Juke Box Annie." It has been recorded by Kitty Kallen, who has a winner, and also by this combination on Victor, Sammy Kaye and the orch with Eddie Cantor and Lisa Kirk. Watch for it in the near future.

That is the news for this week. J. R.

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ALEX HENIG:

(Continued from Page 21)

newcomer to the bellmen crew at the Apache Hotel is Bert Hanson, from Los Angeles. The same goes for Gib Levine, out at the Flamingo Hotel. Speaking of the Flamingo Hotel, we must let you know about those five beautiful dolls, Icel (Diesel) Condon, Roxane Reed, Evelyn (Red) Ceder, Joan (the tall one) Corbett and "oh yes," twin sister, Jean. These girls are part of the adorables with the Kings and Tommy Ladd . . . Dave Gross is now with the White Spot Arcade, he's the floor man in charge. This place promises to be one of the most interesting arcades of its kind. As co-owner Jimmy Mills says watch for our newly painted comic wall . . . Out at the golf course the other day we found this foursomes battling the wind, but it didn't matter to the following champs: Pete Brady, David (Eldorado Club boxman) Lindstrom, George Henthorn and Eddie Knockwood Moss. The game ended in a tie, because the wind was the winner . . . Ray Turnbull (day), Teddy Crawford (swing) and Bruce Sutton (graveyard) are three who do the excellent cashiering at the Pioneer Club. Co-owner Tutor Scherer sure looks good these days seeing that all is okay at this club . . . System Jack is in town and if you want to get rich now, look him up as he only has two or three months in this part of the country . . . Have you received your jackpot diploma? It's at the New Las Vegas Club, where they serve you free drinks while you play the slot machines. The machines are very liberal. Hope you win the next time you are at this club. . . . CLOSING NOW WITH THIS THOUGHT IN MIND: NEVER LET YOUR FRIENDS DOWN. YOU DON'T HAVE THEM AROUND TOO LONG, IT'S THE OTHER KIND THAT'S ALWAYS LUCKY . . . See you soon.

—ALEX.

THE OLD TIMER

(Continued from Page 23)

on for dear life, not knowing how to shut it off. I cut a perfect figure "8" in the grass and then banged into a tree. I tried to pull it away from the tree. Every time I got it out about a foot, WHAM, it went right back at it. Finally, the irresistible force won out. The tree gave in. Over and away we went again. I dug my heels in but it didn't do any good. It pulled me over onto the ground. I did two circles of belly-sliding. Finally this juggernaut of destruction cut off its source of power by chewing up three or four feet of electric cable that furnished said power. When it stopped, I lit arunning, and I didn't pull a halt until I hit my own front door. Schnopps was there ahead of me. When he saw me coming he ran around to the back door. Maybe I should have stayed and helped Mike explain to Stella what had happened to her front yard but I was through taking chances. But Mike will do all right. I looked up HIS horoscope for today and it said, "A good day to influence people and cement family relations."

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 29)

Pictures, back in town soon. He visited us last week after completing his new vehicle for U. I., "The Milkman," that will star Jimmy Durante and Donald O'Connor. However, when you do decide to come, DO NOT FORGET—MARGIE and BEAU (or no dice) . . . No matter where we go in our town, one question is invariably asked of us: "What do you think of the gambling bill they're trying to push through in California?" We have avoided making any comments, pro or con, until we had spoken to many important statesmen and big business people, who are supposedly in the 'know' and should have some inkling of what will go on during election time. The consensus of opinion seems to be that the only gambling they may have will be bingo games and even that is questionable. The stories that appear in the newspapers stating that gambling seems to be **the thing** in the State of California, are more or less planted by influential politicians, who would like to see it happen. When it will be put to a vote (November), chances are it will fall with a dull thud by the wayside and forgotten until the next election. The majority of the people in California know that those elaborate promises made by the politicians seeking office are just promises, made by over-zealous campaigners. And, most important of all, THE PEOPLE IN CALIFORNIA DO NOT WANT GAMBLING, and that's for sure!

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THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

FEATHERED-FRIEND CROWS, WHILE CROSBY CROONS

THE cock's crow at the break of dawn is an old, old story. But when a cock crows on cue for a movie scene on a Hollywood sound stage — believe me, that's a rooster of another color.

That's what happened during the filming of Frank Capra's new movie, "Riding High." On this particular set Skeeter, a lively bantam rooster, worked before the cameras with BING CROSBY, COLEEN GRAY, CHARLES BICKFORD, glamorous FRANCES GIFFORD and a half-dozen other human actors.

Skeeter, it seems, simply lifted his head and let go with a lusty crow whenever Director Capra wanted him to perform. For instance, in one scene Bing is shown at a racetrack stable counting out money for his horse's entry fee in the big race. When he reached the 500 mark, it was a signal for his pals around him to cheer and for the rooster to crow. Sure enough, Skeeter did it right on the button, and without fluffing a "line." He crowed when he rode on the back of the horse, Broadway Bill—when he perched on the side of the stall—when Bing picked him up and stroked him—and on sundry other occasions called for in the script.

Genial gent responsible for teaching the buff-colored rooster to perform at the will of Dierctor Capra, was Bill Hurley, veteran livestock supervisor and trainer. This clever chap taught Skeeter to do the trick in a brief two weeks' period. And because what succeeds with one rooster probably won't register with another, Hurley isn't keeping his feat a trade secret . . . Here's the way the trick worked:

Before Capra wanted Skeeter to crow, Hurley put the bantam in a cage covered with a cloth and kept him in darkness for three or four minutes. Next he took him out and played a recording of another rooster crowing, as if in the distance, letting Skeeter listen for three or four seconds.

Then Bill whisked the bantam onto the "Riding High" set and when he was placed before the cameras, he started to answer the recorded crow he had just heard. Sounds easy enough, doesn't it? . . . Actually, Hurley arrived at the plan by trial and error method. He experimented with various systems before he hit upon the right one for Skeeter. He tried placing a mirror in front of the rooster in the hope that he would crow at his image. But Skeeter was either near-sighted or disinterested, because he didn't respond.

Next, Hurley tried to make the befeathered star of "Riding High" jealous by placing a second rooster with Skeeter and a bantam hen. Yet Skeeter wasn't concerned with amour, or maybe wasn't of a jealous nature. Next, Bill tried holding another rooster in front of him and ruffling its feathers as though challenging Skeeter to battle. But no soap. Skeeter was strictly a pacifist.

In case you're interested to know what this unusual actor is worth, he was bought by Trainer Hurley from a San Fernando Valley poultry store for two dolars and fifty cents . . . But as an actor, Skeeter has already paid his cost several hundred times over—at least in the opinions of Director Frank Capra and screen star BING CROSBY.

And speaking of Mr. Crosby . . .

Bing's four sons have a full summer ahead of them. While the popular Paramount star is in Europe, his small fry will wind up the current school year, then head for the Crosby ranch at Elko, Nevada, and Dixie Lee Crosby. The months of June and July on the ranch will be spent haying, with the lads working as regular ranch hands at regular pay and no special favors accorded them.

In August, Bing and company move to the new Crosby home on Hayden Lake, just 45 minutes drive from Spokane. This new abode comes complete with motorboat and nearby golf course, as well as a good spot to fish—features which are especially appealing to pop and the kids.

THINK, TALK AND
LIVE AMERICAN
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STAN IRWIN:

(Continued from Page 15)

ever compared to the rest of the country it was good . . . NO SNOW! (But the tables had a few chips falling.)

Like tourists, we complained about the weather again. Visited many friends and had dinner at the home of an ex-high school classmate of mine. The second show at the El Rancho was perfect as a finale for our visit . . . those Weire Brothers are really Wiered Brothers . . . what laughs! Breakfast at the Bingo . . . then to bed.

At 12 noon, Monday, we left for Los Angeles . . . you guessed it, the weather was perfect. But like a tourist, I complained because we couldn't stay to enjoy it.

PORTRAIT OF A STAR:

(Continued from Page 13)

However, in the middle of the third day, Leisen's leading lady couldn't stand the bed any longer. She literally leaped out of it and shouted she wanted some action.

"Things were too quiet," remarked the actress. "I was being coddled. I had to do something, and shouting for action seemed about the best thing."

In other words, Barbara Stanwyck is a gal with plenty of drive who wants to keep on the go . . . "Just call me Miss Ox," says the star who scores another triumph in "No Man of Her Own." "My doctor says I'm as strong as an ox. And to me, that's a terrific compliment. It means I can do lots of work. Well, I'm ready and willing anytime."

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HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES

by MARTIN LEWIS

BABYFACE!

ANYTHING can happen in Hollywood — and to that we say Amen!

Movie-town statistics disclose that there's a Hollywood youngster who, at the age of four weeks, earned enough money to keep himself in Pablum and diapers for many, many months. This boy-child appears as BARBARA STANWYCK'S son in the upcoming drama, "No Man of Her Own" — a job which any grown-up male would probably give his eyeteeth to obtain. At the rate of seventy-five dollars a day, this tiny tot soon earned a sizable sum. Moreover, he could scarcely have found an easier job or better working conditions. Paramount Studio sent a limousine to pick him up and return him to his home after his brief two-hour stint on the sound stages. A trained nurse was on hand to diaper him and provide him with lactic refreshment when requested. But best of all was the fact that young Peterson spent most of his waking hours comfortably cuddled in BARBARA STANWYCK'S rather inviting arms.

Those are pretty good working conditions, don't you agree? It's a cinch that not many jobs in the film factories could equal Peterson's first chore at Paramount, what with lactic refreshment, a brief work day and some cozy cuddling by Miss Stanwyck. Master Peterson is one half of a pair of eight sets of twins which were recruited for "No Man of Her Own," an exciting melodrama in which Barbara finds herself mistaken for the wife of a gent killed in a train wreck. It seems her baby is accepted as his, and in view of the in-laws' sizable bank account, the actress permits the misunderstanding to go along uncorrected. After all, she's a smart gal.

Paramount decided it needed all the twins to play the one child at eight stages of development between four weeks and a year of age. Why twins? Well, identical pairs were necessary because short hours forced the company to work with one youngster in the morning and its identical twin after lunch. What's more, all sets had to bear close resemblance to each other since they were supposed to be the same offspring.

Assistant director Johnny Murphy was assigned the chore of locating the petite thespians. He latched onto a still photographer and set out on his strange safari, traveling from the studio to Hollywood Hospital to St. Vincent's Hospital to Roger Young Village — home of some fifteen hundred ex-GIs where the infantile populace outnumbers the adults two-to-one. These excursions resulted in other leads, and before long Murphy became acquainted with most of the twins born within Los Angeles city limits during the past year. In fact, he's still seeing double.

Murphy's cameraman shot pictures of eighteen pairs of kids, being careful not to use flashbulbs which would injure the tiny eyes. Some babes were photographed in their bassinettes and beds, but Johnny found one set sleeping in orange crates and another duo reposing in bureau drawers for want of better bedding. To prove he's a soft touch, the fellow hired both these sets for "No Man of Her Own"— with the resultant pay enabling the parents to buy necessary equipment and clothes.

From the still photos, Director Mitch Leisen selected the twins he preferred. Then Murphy took over the task of seeing that the sound stages were properly heated to protect the kids against sickness. Each child's feeding schedule also had to be noted. Murph even had to get each young player a Social Security card. But his efforts were well-rewarded. When "No Man of Her Own" was recently previewed, baby-lovers from seven to seventy "oh'd and ah'd" with sheer delight when pictures of the tots were flashed on the screen. Babies —the very youthful variety, that is — are still top stars — on the screen and in the family.

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