May 6, 1950

Jack Cortez

Fabulous LASVEGAS

"HowdyPodner"



WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO SEE

★

VIEWS AND REVIEWS BY STAFF AND GUEST COLUMNISTS

★

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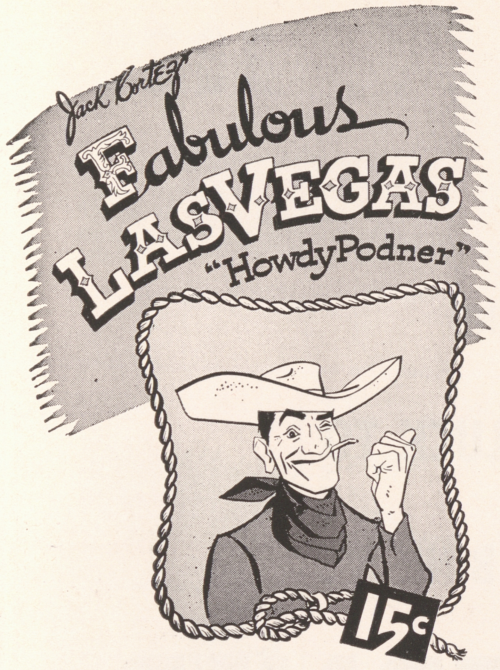
IN THE GAY '90s BAR
GEORGE REDMAN
and
BOB LAINE

EDITH DAHL
"STYLIST OF THE VIOLIN"

AL WHITE DANCERS

Hotel LAST FRONTIER

AL JAHNS
and
Orchestra
★
DON BAKER
'Organ Interlude'



PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 2, NO. 4
1600 South Main St.—Phone 937

OBSERVATIONS, BY POP SQUIRES
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CHESS, BY FRED SOLY
NORTH VEGAS, BY JOHNNY UHLMAN

JACK CORTEZ, Editor and Publisher
JOHNNY UHLMAN, Advertising Manager
Subscriptions $5.00 per year
payable in advance

LOLA BROWN
Staff Photographer—Phone 1960

MARC WILKINSON
Printer—Phone 4330

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VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS

GOLDEN WEDDING

Lived we many years,
Without fears or tears;
Only love we bore
No less, no more.

So our love did twine
Together, yours and mine
To build a lover's tower
Which stands, this very hour.

NATURE IN THE ROUGH

How savage is all nature,
Cruel, without an overture
For there lies dead the little fawn
Who will not see the coming
dawn.

The prey is down
The lion made the kill
The eagle soars on—
The vulture whets his bill.

EPITAPHS FROM GLITTERING GULCH

Here lies "Billy, the Kid,"
He died from a beef,
He never did.

Here rests frivolous Sal
Got caught with the man,
That belonged to her pal.

Velly nice guy, him
Lim-Woo-Pow,
Him die, used too much
Yen-She-Gow.

Here a Nevada cowboy rests in
sleep
And never did count,
Those stinking sheep.

This stone waits for a "Western
Poet"
Died long ago, but he didn't
know it.



HEARTS, FACE TO FACE

A simple matter
It is to trace,
Two lovers' hearts
When face to face.

These hearts will move
With lightning haste,
And with cupid's cunning grace,
embrace.

THE BEACH

The sun overhead was shining
gay
The seagulls screamed as they
banked in play,
The swells were breaking
with a roar,
To drive boiling foam,
high upon the shore.



BEST OF LUCK

— TO —

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(OWNER)

C. P. (CEC) MARKLAND
(SALES MANAGER)

THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

. . by JACK CORTEZ

IT'S with great pleasure that we welcome to our staff of writers, AUDREY LEE, and her "YOUR NEIGHBOR" column. Mrs. Lee will devote her entire writing about you, or your neighbor and your stories. Follow Mrs. Lee each week and perhaps the next one will be about YOU.

Somehow we became twisted in passing the information on to you as to—WHO bought WHAT LAND on the "Strip" and where! Well, here it is once more and this time we hope it's accurate to a "T." Guy McAfee and his associates own the 33 acres next to the Motor Vu Theater. It is now called the SUNRISE HOTEL CORPORATION and perhaps the name of the hotel, when construction gets under way . . . NOLA HAHN purchased the 60 acres alongside of the Thunderbird Hotel; therefore, Doris Duke, the tobacco heiress and the richest woman in the world, must have bought the 30 acres alongside of Nola Hahn's property. DUKE WILEY is the gent and owner of the 80 acres, 1320 feet of frontage, directly across from the Flamingo Hotel. If plans of Johnny Anderson, the contractor, can be carried out, Duke hopes to have this hotel open by New Year's. Probable name of place may be "SARATOGA!" We wish them all much success and speedy building . . . NATHAN YOUNG, from Chicago, bought the Dixie Delicatessen from DAVE SIROTTA last week. Mr. and Mrs. Young and their two children were frequent visitors to our town and on their last trip decided to buy this business and make "our town, their town." Dave will now start on the extensive remodeling job of the State Cafe he purchased and will turn it into another slot machine arcade . . . A secret code between AL NISSELL and his blonderful salesgirl LUCILLE is, U.R.A. to R.A. Wonder what it means? . . . Our compliments to RAY SALMON, the owner of the NEW YORKER BAR on South First Street! This place is truly plush and a spot all can be proud of. It has class galore and impromptu entertainment. The men responsible for making this a popular rendezvous are: JACK WINGERT, day shift, DANNY EAGLE, graveyard, JIMMY SHEA, relief and our old friend, BUDDY TAYLOR, manager and the "Rounders Delight," works the swing shift . . . SANDRA GOULD, the "Miss Duffy" of Duffy's Tavern, and husband LARRY BURNS, radio producer, were guests of MR. AND MRS EDDIE LEE last week. . . . Lovely DOROTHY LUCEY fell and tore a few ligaments in her legs while doing her gardening, a hobby of hers. Husband Tony was pretty worried for awhile, until the doctor reassured him everything will be O.K. . . . The WHITE SPOT ARCADE, on Fremont Street, is the cheeriest spot of its kind we've seen in a long time. There are your favorite comic strip characters on the walls, almost life-size, continuous fanfare music and many games for children to enjoy (also adults). Those 5-cent full length movies are the youngsters delight and so many various games too numerous to mention at this time. All we can add at this time is, stop in and see what we mean . . . We're finally convinced that the world of ours is "small." The other day we stopped in to see Mike and Vic Silvani at the Apache Bar and met a friend from New York we haven't seen in many years. His name, JACK FARRELL, and one of the grandest guys a person can hope to mee. Jack was recommended to the Silvanis for the bar manager's job by JACK DEMPSEY and got it. MR. FARRELL was bar manager of the famous TURF RESTAURANT on Broadway and 49th Street for a long time and left the "City" for fame and fortune in "fabulous" Las Vegas. Good luck, Jack, men of your caliber can't help but do well no matter where they go and settle! . . . MARTHA RAYE is causing such a sensation at the FLAMINGO HOTEL with her antics and laugh riot routines, that the entire show is being held over for another week! This production, which includes the GUARDSMEN, a sensational singing quartet, has been playing to capacity business since they opened two weeks ago. Therefore, to the many disappointed patrons who haven't been successful getting reservations . . . now is the time . . . MR. AND MRS. ARNOLD CHRISTENSEN, of Christensen's Men's Wear, had the time of their lives last week when Arnold's mother and dad arrived from the Coast for a brief visit. His parents never indulged in games of chance but after a sight seeing tour

(Continued on Page 42)

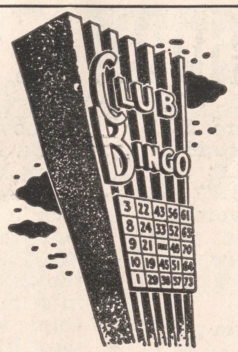
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Theatre Guide

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THE SUNDOWNERS
ROBERT PRESTON — ROBERT STERLING
THE GREAT RUPPERT
JIMMY DURANTE — TERRY MOORE

PALACE - - - - Sunday
PHONE 98
CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESAR
RONALD COLMAN — VINCENT PRICE
CELESTE HOLM

HUNTRIDGE SUN., MON., TUES.
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MALAYA
SPENCER TRACY — JAMES STEWART
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RICHARD BASEHEART — MARILYN MAXWELL

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Jack Cortez' Fabulous LAS VEGAS "HowdyPodner"

VOLUME 2 MAY 6, 1950 NUMBER 4

OBSERVATIONS . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

FREMONT WAS HERE!

On May 3, 1844, General John C. Fremont, with his famous guides, Kit Carson and Godey; with more than one hundred horses and pack-mules and perhaps forty or fifty men of all nationalities, including a few friendly Indians and several wild ones whom they compelled to accompany them as a matter of safety, broke camp at the Cottonwood Ranch, southwest of Las Vegas and after a weary march of eighteen miles camped at Las Vegas.

Here is what General Fremont, in his careful and methodical way, said:

"After a day's journey of 18 miles in a northeasterly direction we camped in the midst of another very large basin at a camping ground called Las Vegas—a term which the Spaniards use to signify fertile or marshy plains.

"Two narrow streams of clear water four or five feet deep, gush suddenly, with a quick current, from two singularly large springs; these and other waters of the basin, pass out in a gap to the eastward.

"The taste of the water is good, but rather too warm to be agreeable; the temperature being 71 degrees in the one and 73 degrees in the other. They, however, afford a delightful bathing place."

That journey of Fremont and his party of adventurers, was a notable one, especially so because every evening at the close of the day's march, he wrote in some detail the results of his trained observation, describing as he went along, the scenery, the character of the vegetation and every natural feature of the country.

Fremont and party had started from the little town of Kansas, near the junction of the Kansas and Missouri Rivers in the spring of 1843, made their way across the forbidding Rocky mountains; stopped and explored Great Salt Lake; reaching The Dalles of the Columbia in the fall. He sent a little party to Fort Vancouver for necessary supplies.

On November 29, 1843, the party was all excitement at the prospect of starting "for home." But the route they chose gave them months of hardship and suffering. They turned toward the south from The Dalles, coming down through northern Nevada past Pyramid Lake, which Fremont describes, to the vicinity of what years later was known as Carson City. They tried to cross the great Sierra Nevada mountain range, in several places, but failed until they found what is now named Carson Pass.

After incredible hardships, they at last fought their way through the heavy snows and on March 8, 1844, reached Fort Sutter (Sacramento) near the junction of the Sacramento and American Rivers.

After recuperating the party left Fort Sutter March 24, 1844, resuming their journey toward "home." Finding it impossible to recross the Sierras, they continued down the Sacramento to the San Joaquin; thence up the San Joaquin valley; over the Tehachapi mountains into the Mojave desert.

Turning eastward toward Cajon pass, they were delighted when they came to the Old Spanish Trail well marked, running northerly and southerly. Turning toward the north the tired travelers were overjoyed again to be now surely "going home."

So now you travelers stopping in Las Vegas at any of our great tourist hotels may look out across the country southwesterly toward the great range of sand-stone cliffs, close your eyes and envision that fantastic party on their journey of eighteen miles from Cottonwood to Las Vegas.

(Continued on Page 37)



LEAVING MAY 9th

"SEE YA LATER"

P. S.

Don't Forget to Write!

uh — hou — oh, yes . . . . .

Buddy Lester

THANK YOU,
JAKE KATLEMAN

Mail Box . . .

Syracuse, N. Y.
April 25, 1950

Dear Jack:

Considering that up till now no one's been able to dance to our particular style of music, it is very gratifying to know that our first attempt to record dance music for RCA Victor has met with such great success. We don't know the exact sales figures on our CHARLESTON ALBUM but we hear it's sold over two million copies of Sloan's Liniment.

The two sides getting the best reaction are "BLACK BOTTOM" and "DOIN' THE NEW RACCOON." The latter was responsible for my photo adorning the cover of The Fur Trapper's Monthly showing me in a raccoon coat. The following day the trap yield was 3,000 raccoons . . . the biggest mass suicide in history.

I'd like to thank you, too, for your enthusiastic reception of our newest RCA Victor release—"CHINESE MULE TRAIN" and "RIDERS IN THE SKY." New life has been given to what was meant to be a "mercy killing."

Fleddy Morgan, who does the vocal on "MULE TRAIN," prepared himself for the recording by working two weeks in a Chinese Hand Laundry during which time he washed over 2000 hands. I know you've heard Fleddy's voice before. He used to be on the radio. He used to say, "Smoke Coolies—Smoke Coolies—Smoke Coolies." Before that he lectured to Chinese-American audiences on "Pidgin English in the Home." The lectures were a flop but he sure sold a lot of homing pigeons.

To give "CHINESE MULE TRAIN" an authentic ring, we imported two of China's foremost musicians. Their names were How Now and Brown Cow, and they introduced a new instrument never before heard in this country. It's called a Poontangophone. That's two wet noodles stretched across a Mah Jongg set and you strike it with a Ming Vase.

There are two sides to every record—so opposite "CHINESE MULE TRAIN" you'll find our version of "RIDERS IN THE SKY." It's the first number we ever recorded on horseback. Believe me, the word "tender-foot" is a mistake. Bidding for realism, I held the reins while each of my two arrangers worked with a bit in his mouth. You'll like this "two-bit" arrangement.

With our 45s blazing (we had to use 45s—RCA Victor, you know . . . Besides, who ever heard of drawing a 78?) Anyway, with our 45s blazing, we first performed "RIDERS IN THE SKY" on television in Hollywood. Seventy-three bartenders sued us for powder burns. I wouldn't say this was the most dangerous arrangement we ever played, but after we finished, I took roll call. I counted 14 noses . . . No musicians—just noses.

The I. W. Harper featured on "RIDERS IN THE SKY" is really Dick Morgan, our guitar player. Dick used to be with Horace Heidt till he turned professional. I. W. sang the entire vocal under the influence of money.

Another City Slicker whose performance in "RIDERS IN THE SKY" is a highlight is Sir Fredric Gas. Of course, "Sir Fredric" isn't his real name. He was the seventh child, so they named him Natural Gas. Need I tell you his mother's name is Ethyl?

Incidentally, "RIDERS IN THE SKY" sold over 100,000 the first day it was released. I understand Vaughn Monroe bought them all. The mystery of the Flying Disks is solved.

yllacisum yours,
Spike Jones.

Needing some clothes cleaned in a hurry, I searched the small town in which I was visiting until I found a sign which read: "Cleaning and Pressing, 24-Hour Service." After explaining my needs I said, "I'll be back for my suit tomorrow."

"Won't be ready till Satiddy," replied the proprietor.

"But I thought you had 24-hour service," I protested.

"We do, son," he said reproachfully. "But we only work eight hours a day. Today's Thursday — eight hours today, eight hours Friday, eight on Satiddy. That's 24-hour service."

That's the way it was, too.

—MARY GARDNER.

Joe Louis, when asked who hit him hardest during his boxing career, replied: "The Collector of Internal Revenue."

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



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GOOD LUCK
BENNY BINION
AND ASSOCIATES
IN YOUR
WESTERNER CLUB
SANTA ANITA
TURF CLUB
113 FREMONT STREET

Show Bizness . . . with Jimmy Wakely

A FACTUAL story with a Horatio Alger flavor is the professional history of Jimmy Wakely, Capitol Records artist, who not only has hit the top in recording sales but also shapes up as the nation's champ picker of smash song hits. Starting from scratch, Wakely sold substantially more than 2,000,000 records in 1949.

Wakely was voted by the Music Machine Operators of America, in a poll conducted by Cashbox, the trade paper, the No. 1 cowboy recording artist of 1949; by Billboard as the No. 3 hillbilly recording artist during the same year, and by Billboard as the No. 3 pop male vocalist, with only Perry Como and Frankie Laine ahead of him and Bing Crosby, no less, in fourth place.

Wakely received his professional start at station KTOK in Oklahoma City a few years ago at the unimpressive salary of $2.50 per week for his vocal contributions to the show. Then, on Friday, December 13, 1946, he began making records for Capitol but practically nothing happened by way of sales during the first year. Along came the threat of the musicians' union strike with the result that no records were to be made as of January 1, 1948. As Wakely was not selling enough platters to justify Capitol's making up a batch of masters prior to the strike deadline, he was in real trouble.

But Wakely was not to be stopped by this gloomy situation. He went out and rented studios, picked up songs and musicians, and recorded 24 tunes, paying all expenses himself. Then he took the masters to Capitol and "Signed, Sealed and Delivered," a hillbilly weeper, became the first release, and it shot Wakely sales skyward.

The second Wakely release was "One Has My Name," which, in quick time, passed the 500,000 mark in sales. Then followed "I Love You So Much It Hurts," which sold more than half a million and put Wakely on top of the hillbilly hit parades all over the country. So, in the short span of one year, a guy who wouldn't give up became a hit artist.

In March 1949 Lee Gillette, Capitol Records artist manager, again took over as producer of Wakely's recordings. Then the country boy started traveling in quest for more hit tunes. Some numbers he personally recorded for Capitol and others he recommended for other artists, modestly figuring that they were too good or too big in nature for him personally at that moment in his career.

In 12 months, from March 1, 1949, to March 1, 1950, Wakely brought his Capitol bosses 13 tunes which turned out to be smash hits. They were: "That Lucky Old Sun" in (manuscript form), "Slipping Around," "Wedding Bells," "Six Times a Week and Twice on Sunday," "Rudolph, the Red Nosed Reindeer" (prior to Autry's recording), "Quick Silver," "Broken Down Merry-Go-Round," "The Gods Were Angry With Me," "Dust," "The Touch of God's Hand," "Peter Cottontail," "Gotta Have My Baby Back" and "Let's Go to Church Next Sunday Morning." And so Wakely became just about the nation's No. 1 picker of song hits on platters.

The most successful idea Wakely has brought in to date is the Margaret Whiting-Wakely pairing on records, with organ backgrounds. Their first release, "Slipping Around," started a trend and has sold nearly 2,000,000 copies so far.

Wakely re-enters the music publishing business through formation of Winchester Music Corporation. Capitol will function as a selling agent for Winchester through its publishing setups.

Wakely had aranged for Capitol to clear his songs until Winchester was operating fully. Winchester has obtained a BMI license as most suitable for the type of numbers it will publish.

First publication will be the established hit, "Let's Go to Church Next Sunday Morning," the Steve Allen original, which is a Margaret Whiting-Wakely release via Capitol and which has been covered by all major labels. Another Winchester publication is "Mr. Easter Bunny," which is riding handsomely on the flip of "Peter Cottontail," Wakely's new Capitol platter.

Wakely's former publishing activities included Fairway Music, which he eventually sold to Fred Striker, and Mono-Music, whose catalog was acquired by Lou Levy.

LISTEN TO LOCAL
RADIO NEWS
"LUCKY"
LAS VEGAS CLUB
Downtown Las Vegas

WE'RE HAPPY THAT WE COULD

"COME IN FIRST"

WITH SUCH WINNERS AS

WILBUR CLARK AND HIS ASSOCIATES



EDGAR BERGEN

AND

CHARLIE McCARTHY

OUR THANKS TO:

WILBUR CLARK'S

DESERT INN

THE ASSOCIATES AND EMPLOYEES

HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES

by MARTIN LEWIS

'CHARACTER ACTORS ARE WORKHORSES OF FILMS,' SAYS 'RIDING HIGH' PLAYER

CHARACTER actors are the workhorses of motion pictures," claims an old-timer named RAYMOND WALBURN—and he should know whereof he speaks. After all, he's been emoting in character roles ever since he first smeared greasepaint on his face some 40-odd years ago.

This veteran actor who portrays Professor Pettigrew, pompous old fraud and racetrack crony of Bing Crosby in Paramount's "Riding High," contends that character acting is the safest insurance for a long life in the theatrical profession . . .

"You might call me exhibit A," says Walburn. "My first experience as an actor was with a stock company presenting 'Soldiers of Fortune' in Oakland, California. I play the character part of an aged Italian tamale peddler, and I was just 19 at the time."

Strangely enough, while Walburn was launching his professional career back in 1906, an earthquake and fire leveled San Francisco across the bay. However, Ray stoutly maintains there was absolutely no connection between the two historic events . . . When queried regarding his belief that character actors are the workhorses of films, he pointed out that big-name stars usually make two or three films per year. Men and women who do character work, on the other hand, may fill 10 or 12 assignments in the same period. Consequently, they have to be extremely durable and versatile to keep up the pace.

"One day you might be playing a neighborhood grouch who hates kids," explains Walburn, "and the next day you have to make up like Santa Claus." Walburn's own experience in the Bing Crosby opus, "Riding High," is a stellar case in point. Jack Kirkwood, well-known radio comic, was scheduled to play the movie's Professor Pettigrew, but at the 11th hour he was taken seriously ill.

The studio casting department hastily dispatched an SOS call to Ray Walburn and just an hour after he arrived on the Paramount lot, he was on the "Riding High" set—dressed and ready to go to work. Walburn hadn't even read his lines when he stepped onto the sound stage for his first scene with Bing, Coleen Gray, Clarence Muse and William Demarest. But he was familiar with Professor Pettigrew, a colorful racetrack character. Seems he originally did the part in 1934 when Director Frank Capra made "Broadway Bill," with Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy.

That film, by the way, was Walburn's third following his arrival in Hollywood from New York Town, and his portrayal won him quick screen popularity. The popular fellow has appeared in a number of Paramount pictures since he made his movie bow in "The Great Flirtations" and he has become one of the most sought-after character players in the film capital. Members of the movie-going public have seen him in a wide variety of roles in such top productions as "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "Craig's Wife," "The Great Ziegfeld," "Christmas in July," "Kiss the Boys Goodbye," and others.

Not long ago, Walburn scored as a middle-aged playboy with bouncing BETTY HUTTON and VIC MATURE in "Red, Hot and Blue," Right now, film fans are applauding his portrayal in "Riding High." The scene in which this character actor and Crosby meet at the staid Yale Club to "put the bite" on each other for a cool $50 is slated to become one of the most memorable "bits" in movie history . . . Yes, as a character actor, Ray Walburn is tops. His ability to turn in an outstanding performance every time he steps before the movie cameras has made him a favorite with movie-makers and moviegoers . . .

"It's a great life if you don't weaken," comments the "Riding High" player, "and character actors can't afford the out-and-out luxury of weakening."

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

"LUCKY"

LAS VEGAS CLUB

Downtown Las Vegas

Monday,

GRAND

OF

Benny

WEST

CLUB

23

That's for

May 8, 1950

OPENING

Binion's

ERNER

CLUB

FREMONT ST.

Danged Sure!

Welcome

AND

Good Luck Neighbor

(THE WESTERNER)

—★—

MONTE CARLO CLUB

HI! SPORTS

. . . by CARL PAIGE
SPORTS DIRECTOR—KLAS

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are glad to welcome Carl back to his old spot as sports commentator.

YES, a big HI SPORTS! Glad to be back with you again in Fabulous Las Vegas. It's awfully nice to be welcomed back, awfully nice to even be asked back, believe me. Jack, ye olde editor, was kind enough to come and find out if time would permit for me to jot down a few sporting notes each week again, and to resume my Hi, Sports column. Well, with the recent change in my daily time, I can again take time out weekly now for this—and I certainly hope all of my old friends and readers (and as well, some new ones), will turn to these pages each week and at least glance over what we have to say here.

Radio is a hectic business anyway, in case you don't know, and when you work 15 hours a day, six days a week, over a split shift, well—it's kinda rough and it really takes a lot of a man's time. So, fans, that was the reason for my cutting out before—now, that I have reasonable time again, I'm sure I'll enjoy sitting down each week and thinking up material to jot down here on these pages. Nuff sed about yours truly—let's turn to the world of sports again!

Naturally, king bee right now is BASEBALL! But each and every issue, I'll attempt to give you a comprehensive picture of the past week, and as well, the upcoming events in the world of sports. Both leagues now are battling away to get an early edge in the league standings, while neither team nor management are sure of what they actually have as far as potential power is concerned. Next week, I'll begin running in my column, a graph on each major league team so that you, the readers, will become acquainted with each and every team as far as its members are concerned. After all, you hear about these fellows every day, slamming out a homer or pitching a great game—I think perhaps you'd like to know more about them, height, weight, their home town, their position, what they've done, etc. Well, it will all be right here in Hi, Sports as of the next issue.



Also, I'll be bringing you info on the other sports around America that will be in offing, and cover the local picture as best I can for you.

On the local scene, one thing this week that I can report to you, is that Bill Dow, sports editor for the Review-Journal, and I have been invited to horn in on the banquet held by the Las Vegas Wildcat basketball squad in the near future, at Hotel Thunderbird. This is quite an honor and an occasion and it's certainly nice to be remembered. They are a grand lot of fellas.

In radio sport circles, two things locally, first: Every day Monday through Saturday fans can hear the major league games over KRAM at 11 a.m., direct from the parks. Secondly: In the very near future, watch the sport schedule of station KLAS! This CBS outlet, which has a heavy network schedule, will be premiering a heavy local sport schedule that all sport fans will love, I'm sure. Already plans are being made, and to begin with, this Saturday at approximately 3:30 p.m. you can hear another running of the annual KENTUCKY DERBY over KLAS.

Well, fans, that ends edition No. 1 of my new series, and again my thanks for being asked back into the "Fabulous Las Vegas" fold. See you next week. Bye, Sports! —C. P.

Support the YMCA
"LUCKY"
LAS VEGAS CLUB
Downtown Las Vegas

SEE YOU AT THE

THUNDERBIRD HOTEL

THURSDAY, MAY 11th

"HELLDORADO TIME"



Jimmy Wakely

Round the Clock with the Rounders

. . . by ALEX HENIG

VISITING Las Vegas from Minneapolis, Minnesota, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Cavanagh. Wife Helen hadn't seen her dear friend, Iris Scherer, for 18 years and this was sort of a reunion. Tutor and Iris showed the Cavanaghs all our clubs and fabulous hotels . . .

Cashiers Walter Graham (day), Harry Pike (night), and Roy Banks (graveyard), are the three who give you a good count when you cash in at the new Las Vegas Club . . . Down at Hotel El Cortez you can find assistant manager Lynn Chase always on the go. This capable worker has been with this hotel for a long time. Keep up the good work, Lynn. You're a favorite wtih the regulars at this hotel . . . The lovely blonde working at the Eldorado Club is Jerrie Weyler, who was with the Abbey Theater in Dublin, Ireland. She is one of the nicest girls we've met, always in a happy mood and friendly with all . . . Don't forget Helldorado week. It's when we all wear our cowboy outfits. The same goes for the girls. Hoping you all have a good time—the date, May 11 to 14 . . . PRETTY DOROTHY KRAMER, OF THE FLAMINGO ADORABLES, IS GOING ON VACATION THIS WEEK. SHE'LL BE VISITING HER FOLKS IN SAN FRANCISCO. HURRY BACK, 'CAUSE YOU'LL BE MISSED BY ALL WHO KNOW YOU. HAVE A GOOD TIME, DOROTHY. SEE YOU WHEN YOU GET BACK . . . Signor Ralph Bernardo, from Long Beach, California, is back again visiting "the great" P. O. Silvani. He's here as P. O.'s special cook, so the many guests will be taken care of. Ralph wishes to say hello to all his friends . . . Back in action after being away for two years, bartender Jack Evans, at the Apache Bar. Wife Lillian is a food waitress at the Hotel Thunderbird . . . Out for a night of pleasure were the Fletcher family with daughter Judy Ray at the Flamingo. Husband Charles is the head of the FBI here in Las Vegas . . . The Golden Nugget restaurant is where you find head hostess, Jeri Moskos, doing a good job always. Food waitresses Lilola Parrish and Hazel Nichols are part of Manager Hank Schainck's super crew . . . ONE OF THE BEST CASHIERS IN TOWN CAN BE FOUND AT THE ELDORADO CLUB. SHE IS THE VERY LOVELY HARRIETT RESNIK . . . Bill Elwell, owner of the Hotel Elwell, is the proud father of 8½-pound baby boy. If he grows up to be like Pop, we are sure



he will be a success . . . We wish Josephine Parrish lots of luck in her new adventure, at Topper's Kitchen, on South Fifth . . . When out driving and you're thirsty stop in at the Desert Drive-In. Just try one of their ice cold orange ades. It's tops. Tell Joe Guilliams we sent you, you might get more ice . . . A champ golfer at Colorado College and now a champ bartender is Clarence Lung, out at the Twin Dragon—Highway 91. Co-owner Dave Chang invites all of you to have authentic Chinese food at this fine place . . . Just married this week were Gladys Morley and Evan Shea, engineer at the Hotel Last Frontier. The wedding took place in the colorful Little Church of the West . . . Easy to get along with and ready to lend a helping hand is Edward Krisvoy and the same goes for wife Marylyn, reservation hostess at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn . . . In the New Yorker Bar where we found owner Ray Salmon talking to Woody Cole (Thunderbird Hotel). Bartender Buddy Taylor was serving drinks to a packed bar and into the Dance Round we found Dick Frey (Jet Manufacturing Company), doing fine with his lovely lady friend. Be seeing you next week. —ALEX.

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MURPHY
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to
HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS
Thank You, Very Much!

THE WARMTH OF THE ROUND-UP ROOM
MAKES
EVERY SHOW A PLEASURE

THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

WELL, our boy, Stuart, is back from his tour of duty in Alaska, in the Air Corps, that is. A year and a half. It was sure a long time while he was there, but now that he is back, it doesn't seem as if he was away at all, with the exception of the fact that he went away a boy and came back a man. Same wild sense of humor but perhaps a little more pronounced. Like his telling his mother he was having an Alaskan husky dog shipped down for a present to keep Schnopps company. Maw said that what with a horntoad, a cat, Schnopps, and the guppies, an Alaskan Husky would just about fix her up with a well-rounded household.

Of course, we questioned him to death about the Territory. Stuart was stationed near Fairbanks the whole time so his information pertains only to that section. I don't know where I got the idea that Alaska was a small place—must have been on account of its size on the world maps. Stu says, (forgive the expression), it is at least three times as large as Texas, and that everybody who has ever spent any time there always likes it; claims that the people are just the same as Nevadans only more so. They are all friendly; everybody helps the other fellow, and the town of Fairbanks is like Las Vegas used to be 10 years ago; everybody knows everybody else by name.

Stu wasn't so excited about the Northern Lights as he was about the actions of the sun. In the summer it stays up 24 hours a day; doesn't rise or set but just runs round and round the horizon like it was the edge of a saucer. Then as the season changes, Old Sol makes a little dip in the West, stays down for an hour, then comes up the rest of the day, and as the season progresses, it stays down longer and longer until the days reach a normal 50-50 ratio of day and night and then reverses the process and the days get shorter and shorter until there isn't any daylight at all but darkness for 24 hours. It is completely dark for only one month and completely light for the same length of time.

Another item that was more than interesting to me was his description of what they call up there, a Gold Dredge. It cost a million dollars and was built in a huge pit, 40 feet deep, and is as tall as a three-story building, about 400 feet long and 200 feet wide. When the structure was completed, and the machinery installed, water was



flooded into the pit and the dredge floated. The gravel, boulders, and dirt are scooped up by the maw in the forepart of the dredge, processed in the huge complicated machinery inside, the gold extracted, and the debris discarded out the rear. The water keeps filling the excavation in front so the dredge is floating in the same water all the time, with additions when necessary. The outfit makes progress at the rate of about a city block a day and takes out anywhere from $10,000 to $100,000 a day, and some days nothing. The season is very short, about five months. When the "freeze" comes, the equipment is deserted until the next Spring. One odd detail is the fact that when the unused portions of the diggings is deposited back into the ditch, the fine dirt goes to the bottom and the boulders stay on top, and for 50 miles out of Fairbanks there is a line of rocks that looks, from the air, like a nice even road. Speaking of Alaskan roads, Stu says the only time they are any good is in the winter when they are frozen. For the rest of the year they are either muddy or dusty and there are only two paved streets (or roads) around Fairbanks. Each morning the local radio stations there give reports

(Continued on Page 37)

Make All America Proud
of Las Vegas, Nevada
"LUCKY"
LAS VEGAS CLUB
Downtown Las Vegas

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

. . . by JACK CORTEZ



★ Flamingo Hotel

Well, it's happened, and something we had hoped for! MARTHA RAYE, comedienne extraordinaire, and the entire show were held over for another week. This premium presentation, that can be classified as a Broadway production, has been playing to packed houses since it opened, therefore, this hold-over. Martha is truly a winsome and delightful personality and has won the esteem of all with her excellent flair for comedy . . . On the same bill are the GUARDSMEN, a quintet of marvelous singers, whose voices as a group or singularly, are top rate . . . The FLAMINGO ADORABLES present two lovely dance routines, production style and features the KINGS and DICK MAITLAND . . . BILL CLIFFORD and orchestra match this superlative show with great backing and dansapation for the customer hoofing.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Hotel Last Frontier

(Show presented May 5 to May 18)
(Not a review)

One of America's greatest singing trios, the LIND BROTHERS, are in the headline spot. Although, this is not a review, your reporter is well acquainted with their work. Their father, a Jewish cantor, taught them voice from infancy, and today the Lind Brothers are a sensation wherever they perform. Their harmonious voices are of exceptional quality. Their various renditions of spirituals cannot be equaled . . . On the same bill are THE HERMANOS WILLIAMS TRIO, a Pan-American dancing act. Their elegant costumes are symbolic of the colorful Argentina tango and Brazilian Samba they do with such perfection . . . Very beautiful EDITH DAHL, singing violinist, is the other act on this bill of fare. Edith's presentations consist of classical music with a touch of jive. To quote a recent review concerning Miss Dahl: "It seems to take the audience three or four minutes to realize that there is a violinist on that stage. Her beauty captivates and hypnotizes patrons." . . . The AL WHITE DANCERS will introduce two new routines to blend with the show. . . . AL JAHNS is the m.c. and leader of the orchestra . . . Lovely LOUISE is the featured vocalist with the band.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ El Rancho Vegas

(Show presented April 26 to May 10)
(Full review in last week's issue)

BUDDY LESTER, the star of this show, is the "onward and onward" comic, who just keeps going onward and upward and rolls up laughter galore. His material is quite new and original and proves to be an outstanding comic of the stage today. Buddy's antics cannot be described, but to watch him is a treat one shouldn't miss . . . On the same bill is the "CHI-CHI" girl, ROSE MURPHY, whose novel style and baby voice is very entertaining. She plays the piano with an exceptional beat and her tunes are definitely different, especially when she moves into that old favorite she repopularized: "I can't give you anything but — Chi chi." . . . The GEORGE MORO DANCERS introduce two new lavish routines that are beautifully done and the girls are outfitted, as usual, in exquisite costumes . . . CARLETON HAYES and his orchestra provide excellent backing for the show and customer dancing.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

(Show to be presented May 8 through May 22)

Matchless BEN BLUE and Company star in this production. Mr. Blue, an old time favorite comic of stage and screen, does not need an introduction to our readers. He is as famous and "fabulous" as Las Vegas itself . . . On the same bill, TYRELL & WINSLOW, a lovely lady and handsome gent, who sing your favorites of today, plus nostalgic tunes in blending harmony and invigorating manner . . . THE DI GATANOS, a ballroom dance team, are the personification of grace, as they glide through their dance numbers . . . THE ARDEN-FLETCHER dancers, a bevy of 12 beauties, adorn the stage in exquisite costumes and lovely choreography. JOHNNY MARTIN is the vocalist in the production numbers . . . A new orchestra, under the capable direction of EDDIE OLIVER, will background the show and supply music for your dancing pleasure.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Thunderbird Hotel

(Show presented April 27 to May 11)

The RAVENS, and one of the country's greatest mimics and impressionists, ARTHUR BLAKE, are co-stars on the show . . . The Ravens, although a short time in show business, have created quite a stir with their wonderful harmony. The predominant singer of this gorup is the bass, an unusual factor in quartets. Most groups either have the tenor or baritone carrying the lead, but the Ravens pull a switch, which does o.k. for them . . . ARTHUR BLAKE, the co-star, imitates stage and screen celebrities so realistically, you feel they are right there before your eyes. He changes hair-dos for the various female artists and can impersonate almost anyone. You name it—Arthur Blake does it . . . A novel hand-tumbling act, CEDRIC & ALGY, appear in sartorial splendor, monocle and all, speak with an English accent with quite a bit of comedy thrown in . . .THE DANSATIONS introduce two lovely routines, one of which features CYNTHIA WELLS, and the other, CHRISTINA CARSON as the prima ballerina.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Club Bingo

(Show presented May 3 to May 13)

CHARLIE CHANEY, of "Dobrezinki" fame, the unpredictable piano comic, was brought back to this club by overwhelming demand. When Charlie goes to town on that piano, look out! His impersonation of the Amos and Andy show, doing four voices, is a most novel and highly entertaining feat. To us, Charlie Chaney has always been an outstanding entertainer. We know you will share our opinion when you see him . . . On the same bill are CAVANAGHS, a husband and wife team, who guarantee a thrill a minute. This is a knife throwing act—that's all! Our blood pressure couldn't take it . . . MIKE WERNER and his orchestra supply the music for the show and dancing until 5 a.m., alternating with the DINNY and MARIE DUO.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

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AND HIS ASSOCIATES

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YOUR NEIGHBOR

. . . by AUDREY LEE

TO BE awakened by the ring of the phone is not a new experience for me, but this morning when my phone rang, a deep, soft masculine voice greeted me with: "Where is the column, my dear, this is Tuesday, you know—our little magazine goes to bed no later than 4 p. m."—and it was not until that moment little gremlin thoughts started pushing their way into my sleepy head, and I suddenly remembered that I was again a working gal, and that the soft voice belonged to my new boss—MR. JACK CORTEZ.

For some time now I have been one of those gals marked with an "X"—an "X" working gal—an "X" newspaper woman—an "X" housewife—but not, I am happy to say, an "X" wife. Maybe it would be correct to label me as an "X" vagabond—one who at last has found the ideal spot to call home—yes, ideal even on those days when the wind takes over and really blows.

So, now with ink on the tip of my nose—a pencil and pad in my purse—I am the working gal—with a job to do—and a boss who is soft spoken, but never the less with the voice of authority—a boss who really works 24 hours around the clock—hey, a brilliant idea—why not a column on the boss as an opener.

"Do a column," says the boss—"a column on who, what, when and where," answers me, or should that be I—well anyway the answer from the boss was soft—and deep—but heavens knows it was no help.

"It is your column," says the soft voice, "now all you have to do is just get busy, write the column, make the deadline, and remember I expect the column ON TIME"—I suddenly had the feeling the voice could become brittle—as well as soft.

All right—gremlin thoughts—maybe the soft approach on my part would help—so I used it on the boss—tried to find out some of his hidden secrets—do a column on him—you know—romance—why he was in this field of writing—everyone has a story of some kind—and that, little darlings, is how I learned that the boss does not talk—he is soft spoken, also very tight lipped.

Another brilliant idea—I will pick on one of the boys on the staff—if the boss does not talk, at least he must have one man on the mag who does nothing else but gab—now, just who could that be?—oh well, maybe I had better just skip that idea—it could lead into many paths and rocky roads—dangerous for a gal, you know—and again who ever cares about the lives or loves of a hard working staff writer.

All right, I have it—important news. Last fall, with the help of the hotel gardener, I planted some sweet peas—they are now in bloom. There is a story of a gal's tough struggle—then someone had to remind me of the wonderful flower show the local gardeners just held—April 23-24. After recalling all those beautiful blooms—well, it did not seem that my poor little sweetpea story was such a story after all.

By the way, did any one in town miss that flower show—even if you are not an amateur gardener—if the only thing you know about flowers is the price of your best gal's orchids—you really missed the best bet of your life if you did not attend the flower show. Just mark it down as a "must" for next year—you will be more than rewarded for the time spent there.

Henry, the head gardener at the El Rancho Vegas, is taking bows from the waistline—(and that is some bow for Henry, who stands 6 feet, 6 inches high)—for the very special prize his tulips took at this same flower show—must do a column on Henry some of these days—he is one of the fine citizens of Las Vegas.

If you have read thus far you are no doubt wondering what this is all about. No, it is not just a space filler for the magazine. I am a new columnist on the staff of the **Fabulous Las Vegas.** Each week I shall try and bring a story about an event or person in Las Vegas—from a woman's point of view. Maybe you think this is just too easy—but I should like to let you in on a little secret—I am the only woman on the writing staff—a poor helpless woman thrown into the lions' den—and you may believe me when I say, comparing a writing staff on any magazine or newspaper to a lion is an **under-statement.**

Tomorrow, I shall get me into my boots—fasten my six-shooters around my waist (oh, it is not such a big waist),

(Continued on Page 37)

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

WE EXTEND
A HEARTY HAND
TO OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR

The Westerner

★ *Tutor Scherer*

★ *Farmer Page*

In Memoriam

By FRED SOLY

Harder than writing about chess is to write about someone that you love and that death has taken away forever.

I am talking about CHIC FECHSER, one of the best friends I ever had and a man who was admired by anybody fortunate to know him. I have known Chic for many years and was associated with him for quite a long time. Besides his family I was probably closer to him than anyone else and knew him as much as is possible to know the closest friend.

I admired Chic for many reasons: An outstanding personality, good business ability, a great friend, a man with an intelligence above average, a man who loved his children and worshiped his wonderful wife, a perfect citizen, a good sportsman, but, mainly, Chic had a quality that was characteristic of him, a quality that I do not remember having ever seen in anybody else, a very pleasant and even disposition.

During the long time of my business and friendly association with Chic I never recall seeing him angry, but always smiling and pleasant regardless of the circumstances.

Another high quality that he had was that he never complained, and I know that he had plenty of reasons for complaining about his health, pains or troubles afflicting his loved ones.

With CHIC FECHSER'S death, his wife and children have lost a wonderful husband and father. His friends have lost the best friend that anybody could ask for. His business associates have lost his valuable support.

Our community has lost a good citizen hard to replace and personally I have lost one of the best friends I ever had — and I close by saying: "Good bye, Chic, you are gone forever, but your memory will always live deep in the hearts of all of us that have lost you."

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WESTERNER CLUB

—★—

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FRONT ROW CENTER

. . by JOHN RYKEN

LAST week was a most hectic week in our lives as well as for The Desert Inn. However, the main thing was the hustle and bustle that always goes with guests and San Diego was well represented in our household with the presence of parents and friends whose main purpose was not to visit with relatives but to enjoy the entertainment supplied at our newest hotel.

When people come to visit it resembles a hurricane striking a defenseless village for regularity and order go out the window and the days pass with rapidity not known in ordinary times. In our household the consensus was the town of Las Vegas was a wonderful place to visit but San Diego will be nice to get back to. Because Las Vegas is a 24 hour town and visitors soon long for rest and quiet that a few days here completely dispells. One thing is certain, the residents of San Diego will know about the star studded and glamorous attractions of Las Vegas as they haven't known them before. Our friends are newspaper people and they were very much impressed by the surroundings and the visitors and the life and into the San Diego paper will go all the information gleaned here.

They departed for home with regret that the days here were all too short and there was so much still to be seen and done. But they will be back.

Last week confusion reigned supreme in Las Vegas for once again Clark County and we were going along with California in the adoption of Daylight Saving Time for the summer. In trying to explain it one would have to have the technical knowledge of an Einstein or a Dr. Oppenheimer. Suffice to say the clocks are moved ahead one hour and will remain that way until September. However, for people who travel and for those who are radio fans the change has wrought much confusion for some modes of transportation still are regulated by Standard time, and the networks have moved their radio shows around to correspond with the change. Thus the public has to change its listening and traveling habits for the summer only to change back in the fall. Signs of normalcy won't return for some months to come.

Radio Lines:

Interesting note from the networks, is the lack of summer (something) for the majority of commercial sponsors. The stars will take their summer



leaves but the sponsors this year are staying on with drama and music being the bill of fare in most cases . . . Arthur Godfrey's summer sub is again Robt. Q. Lewis who also will sub for Bing Crosby. Along with Robt. Q. will be Ralph Flanagan's new band. Edgar Bergen's summer sub will be Percy Faith in a musical program . . . Jack Benny's sub is Guy Lombardo and the orchestra. The perennial "Call The Police" will take the place of Amos and Andy for the summer and "It Pays to Be Ignorant" will be the fill in for Groucho Marx . . . NBC is trying to woo MGM back to network radio and slug it out with Jack Benny and Amos and Andy. . . . The quarterly financial statement of the networks shows CBS out in front of the rest, an unheard of position in former years. Many radio stations are wondering what to do about the inroads of TV in some metropolitan areas. The opinion seems to be fresh ideas and new program slanting as the only means of survival. One fact is known, the days of high priced radio stars are limited with TV being the main attraction in the future. . . . KLAC TV, Los Angeles has made the claim of champion time sales station plus cham-

(Continued on Page 37)

Patronize Las Vegas
Stores
"LUCKY"
LAS VEGAS CLUB
DOWNTOWN LAS VEGAS

To BENNY BINION
AND ASSOCIATES
Good Luck and Much Success!

WesterneR
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FROM

THE CLUB WITH A ♥ ...

IN THE ♥ OF LAS VEGAS ...

● ROULETTE ● "21" ● CRAPS ●

● KENO ● POKER ●



● PAN ● RACEBOOK ●

● SLOT MACHINES ● ● ● ● SPORTSBOOK ●

'JEST WRITING'

. . . by STAN IRWIN

MY HOW TIME FLIES . . . especially last Saturday night. All day Sunday I was trying to find an hour I lost. I guess breakfast conversations were quite typical in all households. "Did you turn the clock back an hour, dear?"

"You mean ahead, darling."

"Why is it we have to have the same silly argument every year? I distinctly remember that they're supposed to be turned back because we gain an hour's sleep."

"We lose an hour's sleep . . . don't you remember?"

"Look, when it's one o'clock it's really two . . . or is it three . . . or is it twelve? What time do you have, dear?"

"I have seven o'clock. What time do you have?"

"Nine o'clock. Wait, I'll call the operator."

"What time did she say it was?"

"Eight o'clock!"

"Well, don't worry, in the Fall everything will straighten out when we turn the clocks ahead an hour."

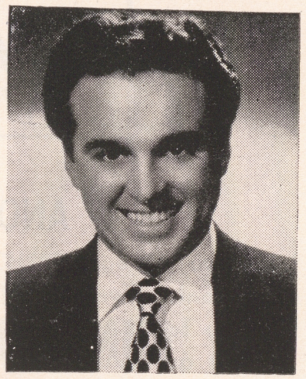
"You mean back an hour . . . OH, EAT YOUR EGGS."

I see where Senator Johnson was recalled from Hollywood and an end put to the "Morals Investigation." Maybe he was enjoying himself too much . . . or, Washington couldn't wait to learn a few more new tricks. Who knows?

Hollywood is now suffering from "WOLF PACKS," young kids running around in gangs causing destruction to private property and physical mayhem to individuals. "WOLF PACKS" are nothing new in Hollywood, but the activity they are now engaging in IS. The newspapers are carrying on a terrific campaign to put an end to this . . . it is so strong, I understand it's even beginning to influence the Police Department. The Sanitation Department felt it long ago . . . they had to clean up the papers.

Every time you pick up a newspaper in Hollywood, you read about someone who took an overdose of sleeping pills. Which proves that among Hollywood people who know best, the outstanding method of suicide is . . . SLEEPING PILLS . . . TWO TO ONE.

I see where New York got rainfall after seeding the clouds with silver iodide smoke. California is going to try it wtih SUNKIST iodide pits . . . "It isn't raining rain you know, it's raining ORANGE JUICE."



Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, Chief of Operations said, "Navy Can Carry A-Bomb Plane" . . . with all the personnel the Navy has, I think they could carry a BATTLESHIP.

It seems that all industries have entered their "Striking Season."

Automobile manufacturers, telephone operators, telegraph operators, nearly everybody but FENCING INSTRUCTORS. I would like to see them strike for one reason . . . when they're picketed, you'll have a PICKET FENCE. Abut the simplest way to put an end to strikes is for the painters, who paint the strike signs, to go out on strike. No Signs . . . No Strike!!

Read where they planned to pass a bill in Washington outlawing the broadcasting of race results. You'd be surprised how many barber shops will get rid of their radios if this ever happens. A barber shop is a place you go to for a haircut, shave and racing results. A "TIP" for a "TIP."

The new swim trunks for men have come out in California, they were modeled at a beach show. Flowers and picturesque designs are very popular. "In the Spring a Young Man Turns Fancy . . . "

Next week I'll write about picture making . . . which will never be as popular as MAKING GIRLS.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

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DESERT INN

"Lest We Forget"

Monday, May 1, CHARLES "CHIC" FECHSER, age 38, owner of the Railroad Pass Casino, Monte Carlo Club, the new casino at the El Cortez Hotel, and one of our dearest friends, died of a heart attack. This death, so untimely, left us with a choked-up feeling. He was such a wonderful person, and we want to write about him; to tell those who never met the man, about his deeds and thoughtful gestures. To the many business men in our town, we don't have to write anything, they know what we're referring to—but to the non-business man, this is just one of the many stories we'd like to relate.

Many years ago, Chic opened the Railroad Pass Casino, and the event went by practically unnoticed. No one sent a floral tribute or a card wishing him luck and success. Perhaps he wasn't known then, or perhaps people were just too busy to think about Chic and his Railroad Pass Casino. To him it was a deep slight, and he vowed, that if he could ever afford it, no new business venture in our town would be complete without a "Success Plant" from him.

The time came when his ambition was fulfilled, and the plants started to arrive to all these new businesses that began to crop up like mushrooms. Many of these recipients didn't know who the enclosed card was from. All they read was "Success and Luck from Chic Fechser." This was a beautiful gesture and always from the man's goodness of heart, and now that heart has ceased to beat.

Perhaps it was the diet he was following so carefully that put too much strain on him, or perhaps he couldn't take it easy as the doctors prescribed. Whatever it was, it took its toll . . . He's gone . . . He left us physically, but spiritually, CHARLES "CHIC" FECHSER'S name will live forever in Las Vegas, and that's for sure.

TO OUR VERY
GOOD FRIEND

BENNY BINION
AND
ASSOCIATES

Congratulations
on the Opening of Your

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—★—

FROM THE STAFF
OF
Fabulous
LAS VEGAS

YOUR NEIGHBOR:

(Continued from Page 27)

and go a huntin'—and I mean huntin'. Now you may not think of yourself as important—but keep your eyes open—a smile on your face—your best foot forward—for it makes no difference to me who you are—where you work—you and your story may be the next one in this column. It would be fun if you who read this column would write in and tip me off on some unsuspecting friend—just give me an outline of why you think their story is different—I will do the rest—and so

Hasta LUEGO.

JOHN RYKEN:

(Continued from Page 31)

pion in the number of hours on the air. The format of spot sales and disk-jockeys has boosted the time on the air to 92 hours weekly, far ahead of its nearest rival. Many TV station managers are fearing many tricks from the operation and incorporating them into their own stations.

That is the news for this week JR.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 9)

The great springs which Fremont so well described in a few words made it possible for men a hundred years later to build the modern and beautiful City of Las Vegas. I wish the spirits of Fremont and Carson might follow up The Strip past The Flamingo, The Last Frontier, Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, The Thunderbird, Hotel El Rancho Vegas, across that street called Carson, then down that gay way called Fremont. Their wonder could be scarcely more than that of the few of us who came to Las Vegas before the townsite was surveyed and have seen this really Fabulous Las Vegas grow from nothing at all into one of the wonders of the nation and the fastest growing small city in America.

General Fremont, we salute you! You surely will ride in the spirit at the head of the Old Timers' Parade of The Helldorado so that all may pay homage to those who were really explorers and adventurers!

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

THE OLD TIMER

(Continued from Page 23)

on what roads are passable and which are closed.

We think our radio station KENO is appropriately named for Las Vegas. Well, there is a station in Fairbanks, Alaska, whose name is KFAR.

✓Charles Caleb Colton—If you cannot inspire a women with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself; all that runs over will be yours.

✓Baynard Kendrick's historical novel, The Flames of Time, is dedicated "To the Bank of Romney, Romney, West Virginia, without whose help this book (and my others) would never have been written."

✓Bob Hope—Today my heart beat 103,389 times, my blood traveled 168,000,000 miles, I breathed 23,040 times, I inhaled 438 cubic feet of air, I spoke 4800 words, moved 750 major muscles, and I exercised 7,000,000 brain cells. I'm tired.

✓William Feather—It costs something to reach for the check and pay it, but it gets you home at a reasonable hour.

✓You never realize how fortunate you are until you enter a gift shop and see how many things your friends haven't sent you.

✓The Life of Edward FitzGerald by A. M. Terhune has this dedication: "To Annabelle: Who toiled that I might spin my yarn."

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Good Citizens Tomorrow
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5? See You SOON



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I was to feed and milk my neighbor's six Jersey cows during her absence. "Play these records for them," she advised. "They love music. If one of them gets troublesome, play this." She indicated a small disk. At my first attempt, two of the cows refused to stand still while I attached the milking machine. I remembered the little record and put it on the player. To my amazement my friend's voice said sharply, "Stand up there and behave yourself, young lady." The cows became meek as lambs and gave no further trouble.

—DAPHNEY LUND.

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ST. JOAN OF ARC, 315 South Second.
Rev. Msgr. John J. Lambe, 315 South Second.

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

ST. ANNE'S, Oakey at Maryland Parkway.
Rev. Msgr. J. B. Empey, 1126 South 10th.

ST. JAMES, H and Morgan.
HOLY FAMILY, North Las Vegas.
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.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 7)

of Boulder Dam, they stopped at the Railroad Pass Casino for some of that famous chuck wagon they feature. Their meal completed, they decided to relax at the slot machines. When two jackpots dropped simultaneously after only the third or fourth dime, they looked at each other in amazement with that "why-haven't-we-done-this-before" expression. But the classic remark to Arnold was, "How can they possibly make any money, they're so liberal." . . . DAVE CHANG, co-owner of the TWIN DRAGON RESTAURANT on the Strip, had to stop waiting on tables for a while. He dropped trays, spilled coffee, tea, and generally caused havoc and wreckage. His lovely Oriental wife, LEATRICE, is getting all prepared to present him with their first "China Doll" sometime this month . . . MILTON PRELL, owner of the CLUB BINGO, went all out when he ordered a beautiful Western Helldorado shirt for each of his cocktail waitresses. They are made of satin with hand-embroidered flowers on the front and back at a cost of $50 each . . . JANE DILLARD, lovely lifeguard at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, was pleasantly surprised last Sunday when most of the members of Ray Noble's orchestra presented her with a huge cake for her birthday. Presentation ceremonies took place at the pool, and swimming became the secondary sport for the day . . . Many talent scouts far and wide search for new personalities for stage productions and motion pictures. We know quite a few who have been in our town many times—perhaps not on a scouting mission, but for a bit of pleasure. Nevertheless, no matter how these minute men spend their time, they are ever watchful for something new and fresh to give to the entertainment world. Therefore, we direct this article to a talent scout. We have in our midst, a very lovely young lady, who possesses a most glorious voice. It can be described in just one word—**sensational!** We wonder if anyone, celebrity or otherwise, could compete with her. There are some instances however, where our hotels seek a singer for a floor show and go all out, paying fabulous salaries to get one. But here's a young lady, right in our backyard, who hasn't received an opportunity. True, NANCY has never approached any of our booking agents, she's a bit shy, NOT in singing, but in the ASKING. Yours truly is doing the asking for her at this time. If any of our booking agents heard her sing, no other voice in any of their productions would do unless NANCY RADCLIFFE had the singing lead . . . The POLICEMEN in our town will look as colorful as the Canadian Royal Mounties when their new uniforms arrive. According to ARCHIE WELLS, acting Chief of Police, our law enforcement agency will be the best dressed in the entire West. Shirts and trousers will be a French blue, no tie, grey Stetson, and a wide gold stripe on each trouser leg. With such a blend of colors, our "Strong Arm" outfit will have no trouble being identified and perhaps become as famous as those "red coats" up Canada way . . . minus the horses . . . We get a kick out of hearing or reading criticism of the material entertainers use on the stage, and the supposed double meaning of their jokes. Luckily, it is only the opinion of a meagre few. But to listen to the would-be critics' explanation of these jokes, and the language they use—WOW! They pull no punches whatsoever. We can be very

(Continued on Page 43)



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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 42)

thankful that these frustrated hambones are not on the stage themselves. They would more than likely take modern show business and turn it back to the 1800 era, or kill it altogether. Such hypocritical accusations must have taken place during the Carrie Nation days and at that, we have our doubts. Most artists who appear in our various hotel shows have entertained all over the world and are seldom, if ever, criticized on material value, but the quality of their presentation. Then, after playing all kinds of clubs and hotels, they come to our wide open town, where a squarehead or a griper (there are always a few around) rises in indignation and steps upon a soap box which should be made of tissue paper. Some day, they too may be in the limelight, and their own tactics may become a boomerang. "It's nice to be nice—be a booster, not a knocker" should be practiced by more people . . . The infectious smiles of JOHNNY UTZ, CHUCK MEISTER and JOHNNY GUTMANN that "beam" through the crowds at the GOLDEN NUGGET, belong to the boys behind the Keno counter. No matter how busy the night, they always have a cheerful word and give a helping hand to the novices. They will also transmit a message for the husband or wife who may get lost in the shuffle over a jammed week-end . . . AVIATION NEWS BEACON, a famous international magazine currently located in Los Angeles, will move their offices to our town sometime next month. This publication will open their offices at McCarran Field. . . . To ULETA PRINSEN in Pocatello, Idaho: Many thanks for your wonderful message. Hope the next time you visit, we'll have the opportunity of meeting. . . . . MRS. EDITH DIAMOND, a "gem" of a gal, has one more week at the Thunderbird Hotel, before that "flight" to freedom. Her very famous aunt, DR. ROSE BRUMBERG, came out from New York for a short vacation and also to keep her niece company. They're going to make this last week a hectic one. . . . MORRIS KLEINMAN and his charming wife went to Europe for a two month jaunt. Have a good time, you sure earned it! . . . Congratulation to the LEE SILVERS on their fourth wedding anniversary. . . . We sincerely hope that very lovely and charming FRANCINE SCHAEFER can throw her crutches away very soon. Francine broke her leg in January while skiing in Sun Valley and is now recuperating at the Flamingo Hotel. . . . AL WHIPPLE, the deputy "with the stories" at the Desert Inn, should start on his memoirs. His 20 years with the Border Patrol provided him with enough exciting material to fill two or three books of adventure stories. . . . JOHNNY MARTIN, the singer with the ARDEN FLETCHER DANCERS, is a mighty lucky guy. Imagine having to work every day with a bevy of 12 beauties. How dull! What am I saying? (We're not feeling too well today). To our many bachelors, here's the roster: MARRITA (Captain) MOORE, BETH STEVENS, MICHAEL NEAL, VIRGINIA BUSCH, CECE EAMES, EVELYN LEWIS, BARBARA LOCKHART, JOAN MICHAELS, IRENE COPPERS, JEANNE, MALONE, RITA McLOUGHLIN, RANDY ROBSON, LISA ROSE, LEONORI MAQUIRE. Okay? We're trying to be as cooperative as possible, the rest is up to you. The Merry-Go-Round, is the latest added feature now in the Western Village at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. This is the first authentic children's playground in our town and when finished, will be the most complete one for adults and children alike. . . . When MARY MARSHALL sings "Just My Bill" with BILL CLIFFORD'S orchestra at the FLAMINGO HOTEL, she's not only introducing the theme song, she's directing it at Mr. Clifford, who is really her "Bill". . . . We hear nothing but compliments concerning EINAR PETERSEN, the new resident manager of the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL. Mr. Petersen is one of the top men in the hotel business, and we take this opportunity to welcome him to our town. Hope he likes it. . . . Can't miss. . . . JOAN BLONDELL and lovely daughter are stopping at the EL RANCHO HOTEL until they can find an apartment. Joan wants to set up housekeeping and do her own cooking while awaiting her final decree, disuniting her from husband Michael Todd. . . . CARL RAVAZZA opened yesterday at the New York Strand Theater for an unlimited engagement. The management of this 'haven for entertainers' is starting something new in stage presentations. Their shows will be on the style of regular niteclub fare and be presented in the same way. This experiment should be a very interesting one to watch, and if successful might revo-

(Continued on Page 46)

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

North Vegas

. . . by JOHNNY UHLMAN

COFFEE, anyone? . . . Ya know, the spring fever must have me in its grip 'cause all last week I've been moping around with no more ambition than an earthworm. Consequently, I wind up here at "post time" for my column and I don't have any notes, to speak of, on which to write. The reason I'm telling you this is to let you know what you are in for in case you were gonna read the whole thing. We're all tired out from carrying wet sand all night. Yeah, with the wind like it has been here of late, we wouldn't think of leaving the house without a coupla buckets of wet sand on each side to act as ballast. Some folks are prone to lean more to rocks in the pockets for this purpose, but we find that we already have too much junk in our pockets to be able to work out our problem in this manner. To those of you in California who are reading this, we are having a bit of "unusual weather" here in Vegas this spring. Your pencil pusher has been here for seven springs in a row, and never have we seen the wind persist over so long a period. On the other hand, wind or no wind, we'll still take Vegas over any other town in the country that we know of.

The other day we happened to be reading an old book of nursery rhymes, we say "happened to," . . . I get a kick out of reading the things. Never could understand 'em when I was a kid. Oh, we used to smile and chuckle when the folks read these things to us years ago, but we have always been a stickler for detail and they just don't give it to you. For instance, let's knock this one around for a little bit . . .

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

It starts off in grand fashion. These two kids are goin' after some water. Then, WHAT HAPPENED? "Jack fell down and broke his crown." Goin' UP, or coming DOWN? Is this kid so clumsy? "And broke his crown." We have yet to see a picture of this kid in one of these books that shows him with a busted noggin! Usually he has a surprised look on his puss as though the whole sordid mess has come as a complete and unforeseen mishap, and you know yourself that the kid has been



doing this bit of business for years. Here's the pay-off! "Jill came tumbling after." The boy friend is laying here with a busted head, and this little gal goes in for some fancy display of physical gymnastics. He practically kills himself to bring this H2O down off the hill and she follows along behind, doing a few cartwheels and handsprings just to add color to the action! . . . It's enough to make a kid lose all faith in literature!

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT . . .

Many of you will be interested to know that IRIS BURKHART is now working at Harold's Drive Inn on North Main Street. You'll find her on the day shift if you'd like to drop in and say "hello" . . . JOE STRAUSS finally got away to Reno the other day. He's been leaving to go up there for the past week, but just couldn't seem to get away from business here in our town. Those were still the best pancakes we ever had! . . . We saw JACK JOHNSON and "NOOSNS" out at the new Desert Inn the other night and the black satin dress that "Noosns" had on was really a show stopper in itself. Wow! She looked like something out of a book, let me tell you! . . . We stopped in for a chat with MILLIE at PETE'S LIQUOR STORE the other day only to find that she had fallen victim to old demon "flu," along with a lot of the rest of us. She has a new girl helping her out

now, too! VIRGINIA AMES is her name. We think that Pete made a good choice when he put Millie in charge of his place for a while, 'cause she is putting her best into doing a good job of it for him . . . If you haven't stopped in to meet the SHOCKLEYS at the Fountain Drug as yet, you are missing a bet. These two people are of the finest in OUR classification directory . . . The NEVADA RIDERS were down to do their part at the Kangaroo Kourt in Las Vegas the other day. These boys have been around for quite a few Helldorados and always get in there and pitch with their fine brand of western music to do all they can to lend the right air to the occasion. Smokey's wife still makes some of the best looking Western shirts that we've seen. She doesn't put a lot of fancy doo-dads on 'em, ya know! She just picks out some odd pattern of material and throws the thing together. It turns out fancy without BEING fancy, is about the only way that we can put it . . . D'ja ever hear CLARK SLONIGER sing "Darkness on the Delta?" It'll surprise the heck outa ya, believe me! We're always running into a hidden talent here and there but this one really set us back on our heels . . . MARSHAL BRANCHE is about one of the finest cleaning plant operators we've ever met. He takes a lot of extra precaution with the things you put in his care to be properly cleaned, such as satins and suedes. We feel we can recommend him to our friends at any time and never worry about the results.

JOTS BY JOHNNY . . .

You've been hearing a lot about liberal slot machines here lately, but we have some news here for you that will top all you've ever heard! We went in to say "hello" to our friend JOHNNY PUGH at the EL CORTEZ casino the other night and found another old friend that we hadn't seen for quite a long while, JENNIE FORD, as some of you may know her. She and her husband come to our town at least twice a year and always stay at the El Cortez Hotel. This time they've been here for three weeks. During this time, MA Ford, as we've always called her, has hit 64 JACKPOTS! Hold it! Make that 65! She just hit **another** one here while I was writing this up! A total of more than $500! Now that, to me, is LIBERAL jackpots. It will be your own fault if you don't get down there and take over after Ma Ford goes back to Long Beach this week-end. As a matter of fact, DON'T WAIT! There's dancing at the El Cortez now, too. The MELO-TONES started last Saturday night and play the kind of dance music that you will like. There's BOB WALKER on sax, JACK FOY on drums and CHUCK McDANIEL on the piano, and Chuck plays a **lot** of **piano!** . . . Helldorado time is here again and it's a pleasure to see everyone relaxing in their old clothes and cowboy boots. 'Course some of the populace try to out-do each other with fancy riggin's but yours truly is strictly an "old faded shirt and blue-jean boy." In fact, most of my DRESS clothes are beginning to look like that. Personally, we wish that more of the Helldorado spirit would prevail on throughout the year instead of just at this particular time. We hate to see the old western atmosphere gradually losing out to the modernistic trend. Just wait until you see BENNY BINION'S

(Continued on Page 46)

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APPEARING NIGHTLY
IN THE LOUNGE
A
CHIC FECHSER
ENTERPRISE

NORTH VEGAS

(Continued from Page 45)

new club, THE WESTERNER! Opening this week-end so go right on down now and see it in the first block on Fremont Street. Here is a club that has tried to hold to the old western theme, and, from what we've seen, has done a pretty good job of it . . . WAYNE, of the Boulder Club Bingo, and BERNIE, of the Eldorado, are now in charge of the bingo at the LAS VEGAS CLUB. This club and the GOLDEN NUGGET are the only ones that have bingo in the downtown area now. It seems that there were just too many for any one of them to make a go of it, so they got together and did something about it! . . . Las Vegas has lost a wonderful man. We speak of the passing of everyone's friend, Chic Fechser. We wish to offer our personal sympathies to those that are left behind . . . Well, if you don't have anything to do about this time, you'll find me in here somewhere. Hope you'll stop by and chat a while, so 'til then . . . byeee! —JOHNNY.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 43)

lutionize the entire theatre industry. Meanwhile, HENRY YOUNGMAN, the biggest hit of his life at the PARAMOUNT THEATRE in New York, thinks its swell that the water shortage is coming to an end. The only trouble HENNY says, "is, how many people want to get used to drinking that stuff again"! . . . Most novel and entertaining act to hit our to wnin a long time are the, LES CHARLIVELS. These three young men are from France, and loaded with dynamite. Since their opening, each night; every performance, at the Desert Inn is fraught with excitement. Patrons just hold their breath at the whirling dervish spins they do with such accuracy. . . . We must compliment MRS. RAWLINGS for the beautiful Western shirt she made for her singing spouse BARNEY. Those crochet thunderbirds are done so expertly, they look lifelike. . . . Our condolences to SAM FRIEDMAN, whose father passed away in Omaha, Nebraska last week. . . . It appears that ART "BRILLO-TOP" ROZEN of the ELDORADO CLUB has found himself another (?) romance - IRENE "SKINNY" COPPERS. She doesn't look skinny to us; on the contrary, we'd say, quite an armful. . . . Since bingo has dropped at the other clubs and will only be played at the GOLDEN NUGGET and the "LUCKY" LAS VEGAS CLUB, 100 additional seats were added in the latter place to accommodate the crowds now that the other places shuttered their parlors. . . . Happy birthday (May 19th) to HARRIET RESNICK. . . . MARGE & GOWER CHAMPION, who recently caused such a sensation at the Flamingo Hotel, were signed last week by Howard Hughes, to stage and choreograph musical numbers for "Two Tickets to Broadway". Although the Champions are under contract to MGM Studios, Mr. Hughes of RKO was allowed to borrow them for the picture. Marge & Gower are very grateful to MOE SEDWAY and MAXINE LEWIS, and send special "hello" to them, not only for the swell engagement at the hotel where Mr. Hughes first saw them, but for the marvelous opportunity they received at the Flamingo Hotel. . . . One of the finest chefs in the country and proving it every day since his arrival to the Thunderbird Hotel is JACK COLLINS. He is truly a moster in the culinary arts. We still maintain that Mr. Collins and LOUIS, the Maitre D' at this hostelry are the "Babe Ruths" of the restaurant business. . . . BOB DAVISON received a letter last week from the Civil Aeronautics Authority, stating that he had sold more planes than any individual in the entire country. 648 aircraft was the last count. The CAA also intimated that this number of sales is the largest amount of aircraft ever sold by any one person in the entire world. What a man - Bob Davison, who, in a way, resembles Gary Cooper of 20 years ago. . . . At this time, we would like to welcome to Fremont Street, a great guy and a man loved by eevryone, BENNY BINION and his new WESTERNER CLUB. This place, with its rustic splendor, is unique and beautiful, and bound to be a "must" for eevryone to frequent. The bar is lined entirely with matched calfskin, and the most lavish in the entire West. The hospitality it emanates is definitely of Western flavor, which is "Welcome Stranger" and "Howdy Podner" . . . **AND THAT'S FOR SURE!**

BE CIVIC MINDED
"LUCKY"
LAS VEGAS CLUB
Downtown Las Vegas

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MARTHA RAYE