July 1, 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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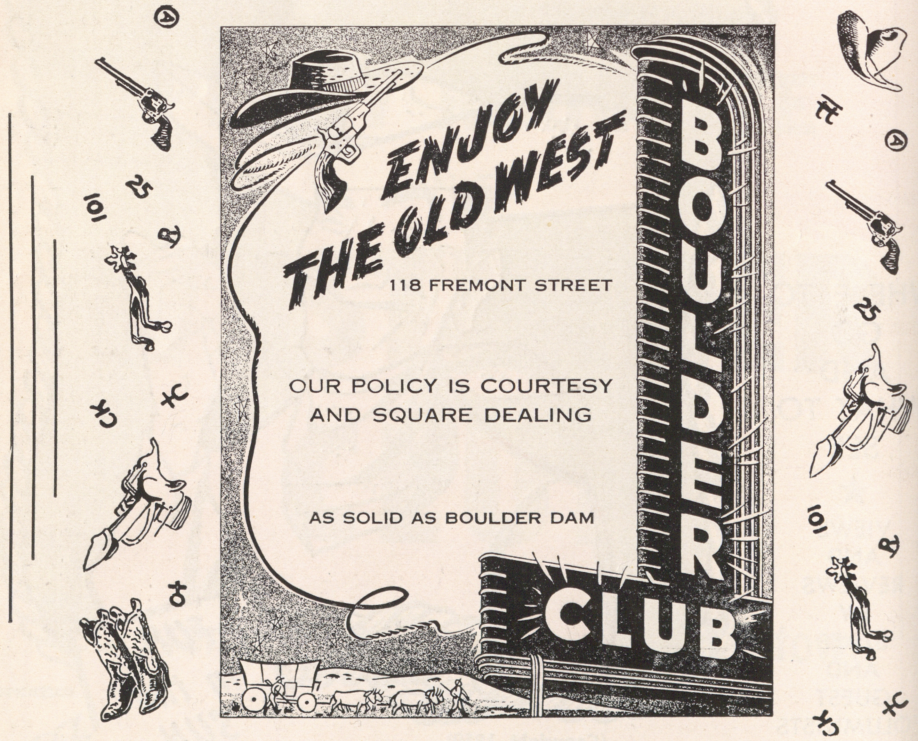
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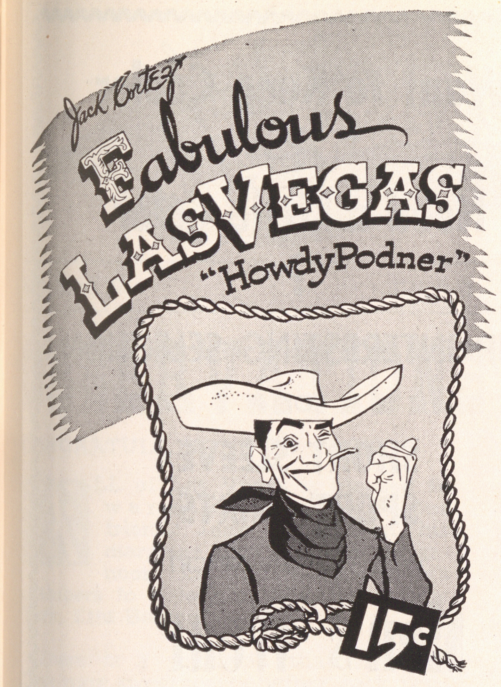
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CHESS, BY FRED SOLY

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT, BY JOHN UHLMAN

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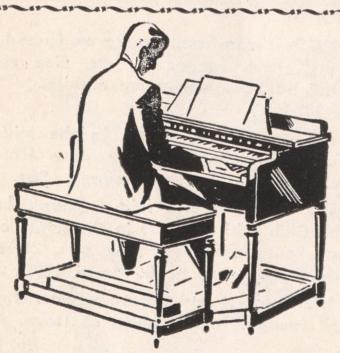
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Jack Cortez' Fabulous LAS VEGAS "HowdyPodner"

VOLUME 2 JULY 1, 1950 NUMBER 12

OBSERVATIONS . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

CONGRATULATIONS TO JACK!

ALL of Las Vegas is pleased to warmly congratulate our friend, Jack Cortez, on his marriage last Sunday afternoon in Judge McNamee's chambers to a lovely lady from New York, Etta Barton!

There is a suspicion that she and Jack were sweethearts before Jack ventured west to joust with the newly discovered dragon named Las Vegas. She came by Constellation plane to Burbank where Jack met her and brought her back to Las Vegas in a private plane owned by Bob Davison.

Here they were met and married by District Judge Frank McNamee after which they were besieged by a host of friends who were invited by Mr. Prell to a reception in their honor at Club Bingo.

It was a happy party, hundreds of friends coming to extend their congratulations—and of course, to see what sort of a girl would dare to fly across the continent to cast her lot in a strange, new city. I think I am a good judge in such matters and I am sure that everyone who met the new Mrs. Jack Cortez found her charming, lovely and clever, free of affectation, such as we of the west love the best. No wonder Jack, so often surrounded by stars of the stage, remained true to his New York lady love although it had been two and one-half years since they last met.

Yes, everybody congratulated Jack. I am going a step farther and give my choicest congratulations to Mrs. Jack Cortez—because there are so many of us here in Las Vegas who are very fond of Jack and who are quite sure the young lady will never regret flying to Las Vegas.

MUCH GAIETY

Jack Walsh, with the loyal backing of Ben Goffstein and Abe Schiller of The Flamingo, staged a series of parties last Sunday and Monday, which moved steadily until the final flicker of "My Friend Irma Goes West" which was showing in its world premiere to at least a thousand people in the beautiful hotel park. That final flicker, however, did not end the festivities which, carried on by smaller groups, lasted until morning.

The Sunday morning party was really a series of gay little parties as the actors and producers and all those closely connected with the making of the picture dropped in by plane. Then in the afternoon the Flamingo honored Manager Jack Walsh with a reception and cocktail party to which the whole county was invited—and they all came—with perhaps a few exceptions of people who were ill or too far away to make the trip. Then Sunday evening Jack Walsh and the Flamingo gave a dinner to the many visiting newspaper and publicity man and, all of which was in honor of the second anniversary of the Flamingo under Jack's management; and Club Bingo gave its elaborate reception to newly-wed Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cortez.

Las Vegas was packed with pleasure seekers and the Flamingo was only one of the centers of gaiety, El Portal Theater, where the picture was first shown, and all the downtown casinos having their own centers of gaiety. Yes, Las Vegas was a very gay town. But the idea I am sneaking up on is that during two days of practically free cocktails, I did not see one person under the influence of liquor. I suppose there were some drunks in Las Vegas, but the thing I am trying to say is that most of the people of Las Vegas are temperate, well behaved and not at all the type of

(Continued on Page 31)

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VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER

POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS



ON THE MAKE

I felt a masculine duty
To tell her about her beauty.
So I approached with accents soft
Trying to hold myself aloft.

I: Will you listen to my wishes?
I hope you are not a "Mrs."
I am anxious for your kisses
That way I may learn new
blisses.

She: Here's my answer to your
story:
I can't use your love and glory.
I don't care about your blisses
And don't want your phony
kisses.

Just crawl back into your
basket
Or I'll put you in a casket.
I hope your bliss turns to
sorrow,
And I'll feel the same way
tomorrow

On her cheek was an angry flush.
I knew at once 'twas not a blush.
Here comes the part I hate to tell,
For that's exactly how I fell.

And now I use a different line.
I really want to make her mine.
I'm in love, there's no denying,
So I'll hope, and keep on trying.

A PASSING FRONTIER

Evidence of a past is flying,
Leaving an old west just sighing,
While faint echoes are replying
To a lost frontier that's dying.

A SYMPATHETIC HEART

A sympathetic heart is meek
With love and sorrow cheek to
cheek.
Yet it hinders love's desire
As heart and body parch with
fire.

LOVE'S SUCCESSOR

Her lips, my lips have kissed, and
why?
I kissed with love, is my reply.
I cannot say I love no more
Though our lips don't kiss as
before.

Her lips my ears have listened to;
Accusing words, which are
untrue.
Much jealousy, in lover's case,
Breeds indifference which takes
love's place.

A CLIMBING MOON

Oh, Moon, I watch you climb the
skies.
The speed with which you climb
belies
The movement of your languid
grace,
As you smoothly climb through
space.

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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

. . by JACK CORTEZ

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR, THE BOSS IS DANCING ON CLOUD NO. 6, AND YOUR "GAL FRIDAY," HOLDING DOWN CLOUD NO. 1, IS PLAYING AN INSTRUMENT OUT OF TUNE. Said instrument in this case is the typewriter, out of which must come this week's column. A Herculean task for one who does not participate in night time revelry, but the show must go on, through honeymoon and premiere.

A beautiful, stately blonde, Miss ETTA BARTON, came off the plane at Burbank, six hours late, fell into the arms of a not so stately chubby gentleman, and was immediately whisked back to Las Vegas, into the chambers of JUDGE McNAMEE, and became MRS. JACK CORTEZ. He took one look at her, said, "Is that for real," and took no chances with the wolves. Events moved rapidly from then on. Bewitched, bothered and bewildered, they were driven back to the CLUB BINGO, where a reception was held in their honor. MILTON PRELL and EPPY PEARSON did a magnificent job in playing hosts to the many friends of the bride and groom. The tables were set buffet style, exquisite floral decorations befitting such an occasion, food brought out on try after tray, delicious as only the Club Bingo cuisine can concoct, and champagne flowed like water. Eppy, of course, was his usual genial self, more expansive than usual, if possible, and made everyone feel right at home. We're not forgetting Mrs. Prell, who is as charming and gracious as she is lovely, who personally stopped at each table to make sure that each guest was well taken care of. The Prells and Mr. Pearson have many, many friends in Las Vegas, and now we know the reason why. This entire surprise party and reception will be the highlight in Jack's life, never to be forgotten. He's still shaking his head in amazement. To all the wonderful well wishers who attended the bridal party, we, the staff say, THANK YOU, on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cortez . . . MR. TUTOR SCHERER told us a true story that caused everyone within earshot to burst into laughter. We'd like to pass it on to you for we feel it will delight you as much as it did us. Approximately, four weeks ago BILL CURLAND, one of Tutor's partners in the PIONEER CLUB, was taken to the hospital in Los Angeles and put on the critical list. The greatest specialists were called in for consultation, and the "No Visitor" sign was put on the door. He couldn't even receive a telephone call as examinations showed he needed complete rest and quiet. However, Mr. Scherer, always a determined man, wouldn't let a regulation stop him from speaking to his life long friend. He called the hospital, long distance, saying he was Dr. Woodbury of Las Vegas, and was immediately connected with Mr. Curland's room. Bill picked up the phone, and in a very weak voice, barely whispered "hello." When his surprise at hearing Tutor's voice was finally over, he started to give him a resume of his ailment, complaining of aches and pains, apparently looking for sympathy. But Mr. Scherer used the opposite approach, and told a big "little" white lie. He disregarded his friend's meek voice, and just said, "Bill, take your time—there's no rush, just had to call and tell you we won $50,000 last night at the Pioneer Club. At that statement, Mr. Curland let out a yelp that almost knocked the receiver out of Tutor's hands, and started to pelt him with questions. "Who was he?" "Is he coming back?" "What games did he play?" "Were there any I.O.U.s, or all cash?" Mr. Scherer, still play-acting, quietly said it wasn't cash, all I.O.U.s; to which Bill answered: "I'm getting out of this joint now and flying back to Vegas and check on this man. How can you give a person so much credit?" The happy ending is that Mr. Curland completely forgot about his ailments and the doctors had a fight on their hands, trying to get him to stay in bed. He insisted upon getting up and coming to Las Vegas at once, claiming there was big business which needed his immediate attention. You just can't keep a good man down, providing there's a jokester like Mr. Scherer around, who was better medicine than anything the medicos could have administered . . . Beautiful redhaired PAT GALLAGHER, hostess at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, is in a whirl of a way. She is making preparation for the wedding of her sister, ANN, and bridegroom, JOHN BOSWELL,

(Continued on Page 30)

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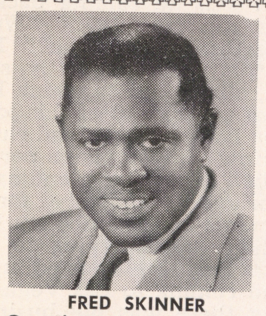
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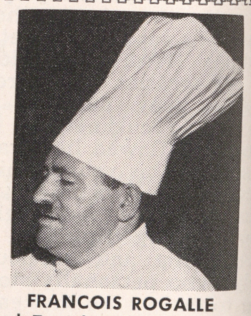
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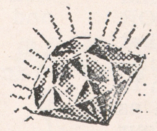

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THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

Gallup, New Mexico

MOVING pictures are not made. Sounds weird but it is true. They are not made, they are created. Being new to the art perhaps I can see many things from the sidelines as a combination of a wide-eyed spectator as well as a participant. There is an old chestnut in show business that says, "It takes good lines and good actors to make a show a success." In pictures there is an added factor that is as important as both these attributes combined. It is the director. Sure there are directors for stage plays, but once the play starts, he is finished as far as his work is concerned. If a mistake is made during a stage show, it can be rectified by "ad lib" or corrected in the next performacne. Not so with motion pictures; in them everything must be exactly correct and the degree of perfection reached is the yardstick by which the finished product is judged. Once a scene is "wrapped up" in the film, there is no redress.

I have worked in only three films so I likewise only know three directors, but I have come to the conclusion that they are a separate and distinct breed of men. Take the picture in which I am now working, "Rocky Mountain." The director is a man whose name is a household word to everyone who has a radio in these United States; in fact, he is what is known on the football field as a triple threat man, radio, stage, and moving pictures. He is not only one of the best directors, but is also a top-flight actor in all three fields. Perhaps, you know him best as the director of "The Lux Radio Theater." You have heard him for five years on your radio; you also know him for his direction of such pictures as "The Prince and the Pauper." Or perhaps you are from the Middle West where even today they remember him as "Broadway," a name given him in that section of the country in remembrance of the magnificent job he performed in the title role of the stage play, "Broadway Jones." The fact is, they have forgotten he has a real name in that section and if you were to show many of them his picture and tell them he was William Keighley, they would probably give you an argument. Recently he and Mrs. Keighley, the former Genevieve Tobin, a top-flight dramatic and musical comedy star in her own rights, were making an auto tour to the West Coast and, stopping at a crossroad to ask directions of a native,



was greeted with the saluation, "How are you, Broadway?" A compliment of depth, considering it has been many, many years since he played the part.

To describe Mr. Keighley is, in reality, a task. I know he has steel-gray hair, steady blue eyes, wiry of stature, but these things are illusive due to the simple fact that they go unnoticed after you have worked under his direction for the shortest length of time. I have stood on the sidelines and watched. He becomes not a director but an apparition, the unseen heart of the picture, through which the life blood of the production enters with the imperfections of actors, to emerge, cleansed of impurities as far as is possible, to be transposed into convincing portrayal of the scene projected. He has the ability to transfuse mentally, through the media of hypnotic personality and understanding, the positive person he is creating in the part one is to portray. Hans Christian Anderson painted with words; Leonardo de Vinci with pigments; Carrie Jacob Bond with music, and Goethe with philosophy. William Keighley paints with actors, using a backdrop of understanding, and superimposes on film, pictures in a composite form to please all. For the big and little girls, he furnishes knights in buckskin armor; for the big and little men, it is

(Continued on Page 31)

A Free Press is
Part of Our Freedom!
TUTOR SCHERER

JACK:

Best wishes to both you and your very lovely bride, Etta.

May you have every happiness life has to offer.

Sincerely,

Mitzi Green

HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES

by MARTIN LEWIS

HOLLYWOOD FAVORITES HIT BY AUTOGRAPH FEVER

HOLLYWOOD'S glamour girls and handsome heroes have something in common with Mr. and Mrs. Average American. Like Joe and Josie Doaks, they, too, have been hit by autograph fever.

For example, pistol-packing ALAN LADD treasures an autograph of the late President Roosevelt. As a matter of fact, the star of Paramount's forthcoming "United States Mail" has papered the wall of his den with autographed photos of world-famous celebrities ranging from Connie Mack of the baseball world to Albert Einstein of the atom brain trust . . . DIANA LYNN of the sparkling smile and vivacious personality still has the autograph album she bought when she was a teenager. Its pages are jam-packed with memories of exciting meets with such all-time film favorites as BING CROSBY, CLARK GABLE, CLAUDETTE COLBERT, RAY MILLAND AND BARBARA STANWYCK . . . long before young Diana hit the road to motion picture stardom.

Yes, Hollywood's leading lads and lassies are collectors, too—although many popular personalities prefer to collect stamps or horses to autographs. GLENN FORD likes old Indian pottery, and recently picked up two samples of pre-Columbian work down Arizona way while he was working in "Beyond the Sunset" on location near Flagstaff. . . . Some stars are art devotees. EDWARD G. ROBINSON has one of the country's finest private collections . . . Vincent Price likes to put his treasures in a truck and exhibit them all over the continent to benefit local charities . . . And BILL HOLDEN, whose performance in "Sunset Boulevard" is nothing short of a masterpiece, has several French masterpieces of art in his valley home.

Torrid SHELLEY WINTERS likes to collect ship models in blown glass, so MONTY CLIFT, LIZ TAYLOR and other members of George Stevens' "A Place in the Sun" cast pooled greenbacks to buy her a magnificent glass frigate for her birthday . . . Slightly off the beaten track is CHARLES COBURN'S collection. He collects furniture —a piece from every play or picture in which he has appeared through his long and successful career. The monocled actor's Los Angeles home is stocked with the stuff—a chair from a bygone production of "Romeo and Juliet"—the pen Sarah Bernhardt used in a play for which Coburn was assistant stage manager—and a pair of bookends from the actor's new co-starring vehicle with BING CROSBY, "Mr. Music."

RAY MILLAND collects motor boats, but it's not a millionaire's hobby with him. He picks up a boat, puts it in tip-top condition, then sells it and buys another craft. Before beginning his role with JOAN FONTAINE and TERESA WRIGHT in "Mr. and Miss Anonymous," RAY purchased a 65-foot cabin cruiser, which is now en route to Hollywood from Florida . . . BOB HOPE collects old jokes and has some two million of them indexed in fireproof vaults . . . RUDY VALLEE, on the other hand, collects phonograph records . . . But the most practical hobby of all is the hobby of zany JERRY LEWIS . . .

"I collect bills," smiles the comedian who cavorts with a chimpanzee in Hal Wallis' new comedy, "My Friend Irma Goes West." "Not old playbills, like some folks collect, and not doctor's bills that some guy has stored away and forgot to pay. No, sir, Me? I collect good crisp U. S. dollar bills. I love to feel them, and I love to admire that lovely green color. After all, I'm a family man and my kids can't eat autographs or motor boats. But they sure love the salad that old green lettuce can buy for them."

One hundred-to-one, Lewis' hobby is the most popular and practical of them all.

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CONGRATULATIONS, JACK:

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YOUR NEIGHBOR

. . . by AUDREY LEE

SUNDAY morning, June 25, the city of LAS VEGAS was awakened from its quiet, peaceful slumbers by what, at first, was thought to be an EARTHQUAKE. Then the news came to light. That awful thunderous noise, seemingly heard by all, was just the heart beat of "YE EDITOR." His intended bride was arriving by airplane, from New York City, and at 5 p. m. in JUDGE McNAMEE'S chambers, he was to be married.

This lovely romance has been going on for three years, and if Jack Cortez has been walking around in a sort of a stupor, with a silly grin, and that expression of the **cat who just ate the canary,** it is because Miss ETTA BARTON finally said yes.

The writing staff on the magazine thought all the preoccupied manner of the boss, this past two weeks, was due to the confusion of moving the office. Jack has answered questions, and the phone, as if he was floating on a cloud, and apparently thought he was being the quiet one by not coming out with the announcement.

Finally, in a very off hand and casual manner (as casual as a guy in love can be), Jack tells a couple of his close friends, "My fiancee, Etta, is flying into LAS VEGAS this coming Sunday, and we are going to be married in the afternoon." EPPY PEARSON HEARD THE NEWS, and like a whirlwind, the whole party was gotten under way.

If you think this funny guy PEARSON is the kind of a fellow to allow things to be half done, **you just do not know EPPY.** He not only goes into action himself . . . he corners MILTON PRELL . . . he drags in his poor little wife . . . he grabs any one else who looked for the moment as if they were not running a dead heat to a fire, and before you could draw your second breath, a wedding reception was in the making . . . to be held in the BONANZA ROOM at the CLUB BINGO.

The news flash was received by this column Saturday morning. Rush . . . rush . . . hurry . . . hurry . . oh, joy . . . an excuse for a new gown. Call the hairdresser right away . . hey, wait a minute, just who is getting married any way?

The wedding was very simple and lovely. Jack was as calm and quiet as a whirling dervish. His bride, a tall, graceful blonde, was dressed in a flowered print chiffon, of soft pastel colors, which complimented her wonderful coloring and natural beauty. After the ceremony the young couple was practically kidnapped, and taken to the wedding reception, which was a complete surprise to them, where Jack beamed as he introduced his bride to his LAS VEGAS friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Prell, as host and hostess, served a wonderful buffet supper, and the following is just a few of the 200 guests who came to wish the bride and groom happiness:

Mr. and Mrs. WILBUR CLARK, Mr. and Mrs. HANK GREENSPUN, Mr. MOE SEDWAY, Miss MAXINE LEWIS, Mr. ABE SCHILLER, Mr. and Mrs. IRA GOLDRING, Mr. ARTHUR ROZEN, Mr. VICTOR HALL, Miss PATTI MOORE, Mr. BEN LESSY, Miss MITZI GREEN, JERRY LEWIS and DEAN MARTIN, Mr. and Mrs. MAX GOOT, TUTOR SCHERER, and many, many more.

The telegrams of good wishes showered on the happy couple read like a who's who of the entertainment world.

JACK'S many friends fell in love with his bride, her charming personality is a great asset to a city studded with charm. This column wants to wish them years, and years of happiness . . . and, JACK, I like the new BOSS.

Between the wedding and the people in for the premiere of "My Friend Irma Goes West," the town was full of excitement over the week-end. Jimmy Starr and his wife (Jimmy has promised to pinch hit with a guest column while the dentist takes over in my life). Bruce Manning, RKO picture producer, up for a vacation and to visit Larry Berns, who is mending nicely after his auto accident. Bruce insists that Larry is made of rubber to have bounced so far, and no serious results.

MRS. BUD ABBOTT and her charming niece, BETTY. BUD had just phoned from the high seas, where he is on his way to Europe, and says he is homesick already. Our own "BEAU BRUMMELL," ALEX HENIG, acting as escort to Miss ABBOTT, and can those kids

(Continued on Page 31)

Give Time and Guidance

To the Children!

Tutor Scherer

TO ETTA AND JACK:

May your Wedding Day be a day of sweetest memories . . . .

and the years ahead be happier than any you have known!

—★—

from:

BECKY -- TED -- BRENDA

JACK - BARBARA

TEDDY JANE

AND

BENNY BINION

Round the Clock with the Rounders

. . . by ALEX HENIG

THE big event of the year took place this past Sunday night at the Club Bingo. Jack Cortez (editor-publisher), and one of New York's prettiest — Etta (Princess) Barton were married. Most everyone in Las Vegas attended this gala wedding party. Judge Frank (Swell Guy) McNamee tied the knot at the County Courthouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Christensen were best man and matron of honor, respectively. Colonel Clark Coleman, Lola Brown, Tutor Scherer, Johnny Uhlman and yours truly were in attendance. Owner Milton Prell of Club Bingo and his trusty side-kicks, Eppy Pearson, Mike Werner and ork, all the help, etc., made their wedding party something the Cortezes won't ever forget. At least one person from every club or hotel attended. A few of the people we spotted (in between drinks): Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Moss, Charles "Pop" Squires and his charming wife (married 61 years), the Jake Kozloffs, Audrey and Eddie Lee, Guy (Golden Nugget) McAfee, beautiful Nina Clark, "Smilin' " Sam Lichtor, and to the many we have left out—please, forgive—to tell the truth we got loaded! Frank's "dynamite punch" did the trick . . . THE POPULAR RUDY HOLTZINGER VISITING OUR FABULOUS TOWN THIS PAST WEEK-END. RUDY, YEARS AGO, OWNED A FEW NIGHT SPOTS HERE IN LAS VEGAS. HE NOW OWNS THE MOST UNIQUE RESTAURANT IN ALL CALIFORNIA —WHEN IN LOS ANGELES BE SURE TO VISIT RUDY'S FLINTRIDGE INN AT 707 FOOTHILL BOULEVARD, LA CANADA, CALIFORNIA. JUST TELL THIS LOVABLE CHARACTER WE SENT YOU AND WE ARE SURE HE HAS SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR YOU — OR — JUST SAY A FEW WORDS ABOUT TEXAS . . . Without a doubt! A coming singing star, with a voice that will thrill you every second, is none other than Marilyn Cutting—so-o-o-o-o pretty. She's now somewhere in Utah. How dull! . . . Something different has been added to Las Vegas. It's Filipo's Italian Delicatessen on South Fifth Street. Two hard workers are the bosses. Bill La Russo and P. L. Rizzo! Give them a play, podners . . . Just married: Molly Wolfe and Ben Levine, both of Los Angeles. Maid of honor and daughter, Dolly Wolfe, told this reporter that this is the place. The best man, Harry "The Westerner" Klein, was their host. Son Larry is here visiting



his proud Pop . . . "Jo" McCreavy and Jerrie Starr are two girls who need work. These girls are presentable and capable of doing good work. If anyone can use a good cocktail or food waitress, contact this reporter . . . MRS. E. L. DANIELS, OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, VISITING DESERT INN MANAGER NAT E. HOFFERT. E. L.: YOUR BROTHER NAT CERTAINLY HAS FIT IN PERFECTLY WITH US LAS VEGANS. HE'S LOVED BY ALL . . . Frank Portnoy, of Palm Springs, looking over our town for size. Hope this charitable person decides to stay here. He's known as the daddy of them all in California. As the kids put it: "That's my uncle" . . . The amazing Howard Lane (Flamingo wheel dealer), reminiscing old days with Rose Herbert (widow of Hugh). Howard played Rose's son on his last stage appearance—that's going back so many years . . . In from Bel-Air, Grace and Marvin Grossman with their two children, Myles and K. Terry. What a brute this Myles is going to be. They were at the Hotel Last Frontier . . . For perfect atmosphere and sure winners, visit Morrie Klein in the race horse book (Las Vegas Club). It seems that everyone beats this harmless guy. The slot machines at this club

(Continued on page 32)

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TUTOR SCHERER

Review of the Shows . . . a View of Personalities

. . . by JACK CORTEZ



★ Flamingo Hotel

(June 29 through July 12)

That great singing star of stage, screen and radio, handsome TONY MARTIN, headlines this new revue in the FLAMINGO ROOM. This international famous singer of songs just completed a most successful engagement at the PALLADIUM in London. His terrific renditions of "Night and Day," "There's No Tomorrow," "The Night Was Made for Love," etc., practically keeps the audience in a trance. It's wonderful to see him back in Vegas, where he is an outstanding favorite. His glorious voice is enchanting . . . On the same bill, FRAKSON, a clever magician, whose hand is definitely quicker than the eye, performs intricate feats of magic and is entertaining to his last bow . . . GENE WESSON does a wonderful job as your host and m. c. and also does a few imitations that go over very well with the audience . . . THE KURT JONS DANCERS, resplendently costumed, do two beautiful routines, a Mexican Hat number and Saber dance, with Kurt Jones featured in both. . . . MATTY MALNECK and his orchestra play the background music, and continue for patron dancing . . . for **Schmaltzie** music, it's the STAR KINGS, a duo violin and accordion, who take over during intermission and in the MURAL ROOM until 4 a. m.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Hotel Last Frontier

(June 30 through July 1)

(Not a review)

GRACIE BARRIE, a little gal with a carload of happiness in her voice and personality, headlines this all star revue in the RAMONA ROOM. In addition to her satirical material and subtle observations in song, Miss Barrie provides her audience with tuneful offerings of the day's most popular numbers . . . On the same bill, FRED LOWERY, America's outstanding whistling virtuoso, offers renditions of everything from animal sounds to the "Indian Love Call," with clarity of tone and range unequaled by whistling specialists. Assisting Fred in his gay repertoire is lovely CLAIRE STEWART, possessing beauty and talent, something new and marvelous in the realm of whistling entertainment . . . GEORGE TAPPS, one of the first dance stylists in the country, blends amazingly intricate tap dancing with the thrilling whirls and leaps of the ballet. Mr. Tapps has made his rhythmic way to the top in vaudeville, night clubs, motion pictures and Broadway musical comedy with his dancing perfection . . . NITA BIEBER AND COMPANY, whose choreography is excellent, on the style of JACK COLE, are one of the most outstanding groups to hit show business in many months. Miss Bieber was the dancing star of "Nancy Goes to Rio," and "Lady Without a Passport," a picture soon to be released. . . . AL DONAHUE and his orchestra, always one of America's outstanding bands, does a sensational job backgrounding the show, and plays dance music for patron pleasure.

★ El Rancho Vegas

(June 21 through July 4)

PATTI MOORE and BEN LESSY, a wonderful couple, who specialize in original parodies and comical satires, headline the current show in the ROUND-UP ROOM. Their entire act contains new material and it is quite evident that the more this couple play our town, the more popular they become. Approximately one year ago, we said that Patti Moore radiates more personality than one of those generators at Boulder Dam. We repeat that, with stronger emphasis, but have to add another generator. Mr. Lessy's various takeoffs on stars are sensational, especially the Jerry Lewis bit . . . On the same bill are the SENSATIONALS, a roller skating act, who perform feats of daring with amazing skill . . . THE GEORGE MORO dancers again introduce two new routines, very beautifully done, featuring DOLORES FRAZZINI, wonderful dancer . . . AL JAHNS and his orchestra ably assisted by LOUISE doing the vocals, supply music both for the show and dancing.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

(June 20 through July 3)

SALLY and TONY DeMARCO, one of the most graceful dance teams on the stage today, star this presentation in the PAINTED DESERT ROOM. The De Marcos dance like they love it and enjoy every minute they're on that stage. Their style can never be duplicated no matter how often tried by various dance teams throughout the country. **Perfection** and **superb** grace aptly describes the DeMarcos to a "T". . . . On the same bill is GEORGIE KAY, comic, who presents hilarious skits, especially the visiting psychiatrist . . . THE ARDEN FLETCHER DANCERS come up with two new routines in their production numbers called SUMMER NIGHTS, and wear the most exquisite costumes . . . JOHNNY MARTIN, m. c. of the show, does the vocals in both routines in excellent manner . . . Mr. "BABALU," MIGUELITO VALDES and his orchestra, beat out torrid tempos and continue after curtain time for patron dancing . . . THE BUDDY GROVER TRIO, truly the greatest three-piece ensemble in the West, play lots of music for and during intermission.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Thunderbird Hotel

(June 22 through July 5)

Generally, shows in this town are wonderful, but this show is incomparable, the greatest of its kind we've ever seen. This presentation is called "Wabash Avenue," and in our estimation is definitely a Broadway production. The stars of this colossal extravaganza are the INKSPOTS, featuring that ever popular BILL KENNY. The reception these four fellows receive at the beginning and end is **thunderous.** Each night, at least 600 pairs of hands keep applauding, stamping and whistling for encore after encore. The Inkspots, a star act for 16 years, never found it necessary to change their style — they don't have to — audiences just love each and every ballad they present. . . . The production numbers starring BILLY DANIELS, with the famous DANSATIONS, introduce routines that will never be forgotten. Each and every number is truly sensational. Mr. Daniels is a most versatile dancer and the greatest we've seen in a long time. Featured in these routines are RUTH ANNE WELSH, CHRISTINA CARSON, CYNTHIA WELLS, THELMA KING and FLUFF GOULD. In fact, each one individually deserves much praise for a great job well done. . . . BARNEY RAWLINGS, the wonderful tenor, is the m. c., and featured in every number. . . . THE NORMANDIE BOYS, and Blonderful BETSY JONES, blend into this super musical, with their tuneful harmony. . . . In fact, the entire presentation is brilliant, and we tip our hats to GALE ROBBINS and HAL BRAUDIS for their untiring work in making this an unparalleled revue . . . SANDY SANDIFER'S orchestra ably background this

(Continued on Page 27)

Congratulations to Jack Cortez
and his glamorous Etta!

Your Pals,

Patti Moore and
Benny Lessey

Boy! You Sure
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JACK AND ETTA

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FRONT ROW CENTER

. . by JOHN RYKEN

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cortez who will have been married five and one-half days as this goes to to press! The big event took place last Sunday and a big surprise it was, not only for this writer but for the hundreds of friends who gathered at Club Bingo to welcome the bride, the lovely Etta Barton, to Las Vegas and to officially send them off on the Sea of Matrimony in the right fashion. We add to their wishes this thought: A life of happiness and success for both. It couldn't happen to two nicer people.

While the big event was taking place a much larger celebration was going on at Hotel Flamingo. The occasion: The second anniversary of the present management who spared nothing in the way of money and effort to make it an outstanding success. And the thousands who flocked to the hotel all agreed the management had gone all out to see that the people were entertained. The very able publicity director, Abe Schiller, promoted a scoop for the community with the premiering of "My Friend Irma Goes West" locally, and inducing Paramount Pictures to go along with the hoopla. Stars of the picture, along with newspaper people, Paramount news reel men, and magazine writers were flown in Sunday and were met at the airport by a large local delegation headed by Mayor Cragin, Police Chief Archie Wells and Sheriff Glen Jones. The cavalcade was then whisked away to the Flamingo where lunch was served. The stars posed for pictures around the pool. There were interviews on the local radio stations, plus interviews with Martin Block, famed New York disc jockey and certainly the richest man in that particular profession. Then publicity shots of the stars being sworn in as deputy sheriffs of Clark County, cocktail parties and interviews with the local press. On and on it went climaxed by the parade and showing locally of "My Friend Irma Goes West" for the first time anywhere on Monday evening.

Getting back to Sunday for just a moment: The Flamingo had an open house from 3 to 6 where everyone in Clark County gathered—it seemed to help in the second anniversary party. Thousands were literally pressed together in the Mural Room in the casino, in the Flamingo Room where the CBS "Earn Your Vacation" show was broadcast. Through all this packed humanity the stars moved saying hello, and being shepherded by the Paramount officials to the right spot at the right time.



In the course of the afternoon, after the interviews were all finally recorded on tape, yours truly had the opportunity to speak with some of the guests who were here on their vacation. Some were from Oregon, others from Montana, Florida, New York. But, though they were from widely scattered points of this great country, they all agreed that they had never seen anything to equal the festivities of last Sunday. The people from Oregon had spent five days in Reno and they told me that the people up there gave them the impression that Las Vegas was just a whistle stop. But after spending three days here their opinion was the other way around and they were ready to move here permanently.

The celebration came to a close last Monday night with a press showing of "My Friend Irma Goes West" on the grounds near the pool of the hotel. Several hundred people gathered to see the much publicized film and they were all of the same mind: This has been a week-end that will long be remembered by the people of our town. I extend my thanks and belated wishes for continued success to Hotel Flamingo on their second anniversary.

That is the news for this week.

—J. R.

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'JEST WRITING'

. . . by STAN IRWIN



DID you ever try to change a baby's diaper? It is only then you realize how inadequate two hands are. If you hold the baby in one hand and the diaper in the other . . . what's left to hold the pin? If you hold the pin in one hand and the baby in the other . . . the diaper is left out of the running. And, believe me, if a diaper is left out of the running, it can be compared to the running—well, vicera-versa! Someone should invent an automatic diaper changer. Drop the baby in, press a button, and out of a puff of powder emerges the freshly diapered child. Of course, if you put the baby in wrong end first . . . the kid will be left in the DARK.

It's been a few weeks since we tampered with headlines, so here we go:

"ERICKSON PLEADS GUILTY"—bookie gets BOOKED.

"'SOME NERVE!' CRY 14 LADIES PINCHED AT POKER"—who said a policeman's lot is not a happy one?

"20 ESCAPE AS PLANE CRASHES INTO AUSTRALIA COAL TRAIN"—there's no FUEL like an old FUEL.

"GIRLS 'LOST' ON FLIGHT JUST FORGOT TO REPORT"—I wonder if they have to stay UP after school?

"PINZA IN FILM ROLE REFUSED HIM IN '44"—after six years, I hope it doesn't turn out to be a STALE ROLE.

"'BIG MO' STEAMS INTO PORT WITH 1400 MIDDY VISITORS—a pretty BLOUSEY turnout.

"DANISH PRINCE WINS DIVORCED NIECE OF QUEEN"—I wonder what he would have gotten if he lost . . . the NEPHEW?

"NIAGARA TO HEAR CENTURY OLD GUN"—'betcha it sounds the same.

"HEAR PRINCESS MARGARET MAY WED SCOT"—wonder if she'll take her SCOTCH straight, or with soda.

"BING PLANS TO TAKE DIXIE ON NEXT VOYAGE"—any musician can tell you that DIXIEland is becoming more and more popular.

"TWO SWIPE PLANE, POLICE FAIL TO LAND THEM"—looks like they flew the COoP.

"BRITISH CRICKETERS TO CHALLENGE OUR SCOUTS" — BOY or GIRL?

"HUSBAND SUES GLOBE-CIRCLER FOR DIVORCE, NAMES CO-PILOT"—who flew the ship?

"ROYAL BABY DUE IN AUGUST"—here's at least one thing that wasn't borrowed from the U. S.

"HIS KINDNESS TO LITTLE BIRD COST HIM A FALL AND $9"—he got the BIRD.

The best way to prevent juvenile delinquency is to avoid parental delinquency!

Tutor Scherer

THE BEST TO

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cortez

FOR ALL TIME TO COME

★ ★ ★

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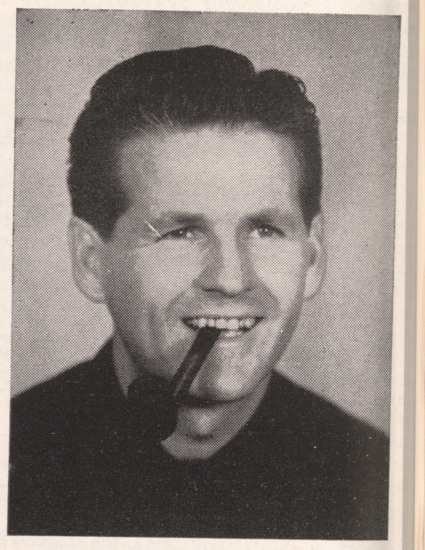
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JOHNNY ON THE SPOT by JOHNNY UHLMAN

I'M at a loss for words! Ya know, appearing at the point that I do in this magazine, I'm not kidding! "Johnny on the Spot"; I'm supposed to be everywhere, but this past week, or up to the time of this writing, I have really only accomplished one thing: I got my popular boss spliced to the girl of his dreams. The incident came as a surprise to most of the citizenry of our fair locale but to yours truly it was a matter of time. Through Jack, I have known Princess for quite some time, and now that I have finally met her in person, it's easy to understand why I've had to work with a "bundle of nerves" that was lost in only one thought, namely, "When'll she get here?" She finally GOT here, they DID it, and I'M GLAD! Maybe Jack will be able to have fingernails again! Nervous-WOW! On the other hand, I only hope that I feel the same way when I get married again. If you feel NO excitement, then something is LACKING, wouldn't you say? More than likely some one before me has told you of the wonderful reception that Mr. Milton Prell gave my boy at Club Bingo, however, I have to say my little bit, too. This act on his part was one of the nicest gestures I've seen for a long, long time and bouquets to all of those who participated in the arrangements. OH! You want to know MY part in all this! I was the LEG man, as usual! (Only that wasn't the part of my anatomy I ran OFF!) Still, it was a privilege and an honor to be a part of the occasion of the wedding of two such wonderful and deserving people as JACK CORTEZ and ETTA BARTON. To this poor "pick-and-poker" he is a PRINCE who has waited and WORKED to be worthy of "his PRINCESS."

Don't tell me you missed the DESERT INN night at TALENT OPPORTUNITY SHOW last Monday night! CLUB BINGO was packed, as usual, on this occasion, and what a show those kids gut on for their hotel and their boss, Wilbur Clark. First place was taken by STAR GISEL, who sang "Exactly Like You" and she sang it "exactly like you" like to hear it. Sung with a beat that had the place rockin' by the time she sang the "tag" on the end of the number. Star (cute name), resembles Kay Starr a bit and is star material . . . Second place went to one of the porters at the hotel by the name of EARL McDONALD. He sang a chorus of "Bewildered" and then blew up a



storm on his tenor sax with the same number . . . Third place was a tie so $10 was added to the prize and split $10 was added to the prize and split between the two. EDDIE MALKIEWICZ did his version of Frankie Laine doing "Shine," with all the gestures to match, and BECKY KAUFMAN was a panic! She appeared through the courtesy of the "Old Maids' Home" and did a terrific job. In a wig, glasses, nightgown top and red flannel bottoms, she did a number called "I Got What It Takes," following up with a little impromptu dance. Definitely a character that has that faculty of putting life into ANY party . . . On account of this week-end being the Fourth of July, the Last Frontier will present its Talent Show Monday night, July 10. That'll be me right in front. I wouldn't miss one of these things for the world! . . . Would you have believed it was the same place? The changes that have been made in the lay-out of the interior of the newly opened RANCH HOUSE RESTAURANT are phenomenal. I want to congratulate the new operators of this

Support the Activities of Your
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From Them Come The
Citizens of Tomorrow
Tutor Scherer

club. They know how to OPERATE! This fellow FRED SKINNER turned out to be everything that MILT SYDE said he was. Fred is at the piano behind the bar and keeps the place humming with his interpretations of your favorite melodies, with a few of his own thrown in for good measure. There is an atmosphere of warmth and congeniality to the room that makes you just sit back and say to yourself, "Man, this is it." GOOD LUCK to you MILT, AL and LAWRENCE! . . . It looks good! . . . Downtown they are tearing the B. G'ses out of what used to be Ethel's Liquor Store and soon we'll see the opening of the CIRCUS ARCADE and LIQUOR STORE. Seems like a good idea to me. It looks like there is no end to the new building and improvements that are going into our town. There's the FRIEDMAN BUILDING on the corner of Third and Fremont, f'r instance. I go by one day and there is only the fence with the "key-hole peek-holes," for guys like me, and then all of a sudden I find that the steel framework is practically done. What a big change there will be in THAT corner when they take my "key-hole fence" away . . . It seems I'm always running into people with ideas for getting RICH, with "phony" written all over them. Then, on the other hand, there are those that are sincere that have to take the rub, caused by these phonies, and buck it in trying to put over their ideas for backing. One of these is "CHAD" CHADBURN, who many of you know as a piano player around town. What many of you may not know, is that Chad is quite a chemist and mineralogist, too! He has just finished a formula for treating a formation he has located to make it set up almost as hard as diamond. I tried to make a scratch in it with the point of my pen knife without so much as making a mark on the sample he handed me. By treating this formation with various chemicals he can obtain all kinds of colors, also. Don't ever ask ME how he can. All I could do was nod my head during the conversation! Guys like Chad deserve a break! . . . Gosh, everyone is taking vacations but ME, it seems! I guess it IS time for vacations at that! Been so long since I had one I've forgotten the time of the year that they come around. MILLIE ANDREWS, of the ESQUIRE, just got back from hers. You know, I think she's kinda glad to get back to that piano and the Organo attachment her bosses bought for her. If you haven't heard her play that thing as yet, you have a treat coming . . . Another little gal just back from vacation is THELMA WADE, perennial cocktail waitress at the CINNABAR. This little lady I've known for many years and have as yet to hear her say an unkind word about anyone. I don't throw flowers around undeservingly, either . . . NATHAN YOUNG is starting to get his DIXIE WAFFLE SHOP under control and the Fish 'n Chips are tops! He took over this spot some time ago and is proving his worth to the community every day. The Dixie Waffle Shop is located just across the street from the Westerner Club. The best thing is this: You can get fed fast when you're famished! . . . Well . . . what do I say next? When I get to talking to you I forget myself and the first thing I know I've run out of space. Have to think of a closing line real quick and short! . . . How's this?—Bye! —JOHNNY.

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HOLLYWOOD GIMMICKS . . .

IN A CITY where diamonds, pancake makeup and figure camouflage are said to be the prime requisites for feminine success, red-haired RHONDA FLEMING is a rarity. This beautiful leading lady of the motion pictures absolutely refuses to wear jewelry or makeup (except lipstick) in private life. And that's not all! She also carries this determination into her professional career.

In her new Pine-Thomas Technicolor picture, "The Eagle and the Hawk," Rhonda wears only a trace of lipstick, which, other glamour girls will agree, is as daring a feat as Grant trying to take Richmond unarmed. As for her refusal to don corsets, both on and off the sound stages, the delightful damsel has this to say:

"I'm an American girl and, like all American girls, I believe in the fullest of freedom."

Unlike most ambitious young actresses who believe there's truth in the hit song "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend," Rhonda abhors jewels for jewels' sake. She confines her collection of jewelry to a very few items—said items being a watch, an occasional pair of earrings and nothing else.

"If I wore jewels, nobody would look at me," claims the green-eyed lass who causes guys from 7 to 70 to stop, look and whistle whenever she passes their way . . . "I'm an actress and my face is my future. I want to sell that—and not something that sparkles on my finger—or glitters from my wrist."

Of course, it would take more than jewels to keep the eyes of beauty-loving guys and gals off Rhonda's fabulous face. It's that beautiful. In fact, the Los Angeles-born Miss Fleming ranks as one of the most beautiful women ever to face a movie camera. Nor has she ever looked lovelier than she does as she emotes opposite leading man JOHN PAYNE and DENNIS O'KEEFE in "The Eagle and the Hawk," which is photographed in beautiful Technicolor.

As the proud possessor of such red-haired, green-eyed beauty, it's hardly surprising that Rhonda did not have to seek a screen career. Hollywood sought her. It happened while she was in her late teens . . . A talent scout spotted her on a Beverly Hills street, pulled up his car and asked if she were interested in a movie career. Rhonda merely thought the chap was just another fresh guy trying to pick her up. But the talent scout was persistent and finally tied her to a three-month contract. Rhonda, however, was too busy with school activities during that period to do any professional acting.

Donate to the American Cancer Society

Tutor Scherer

★ Thunderbird Hotel

(Continued from Page 19)

super production, while JACK MARTIN'S orchestra take over during intermission.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Club Bingo

(June 24 through July 4)

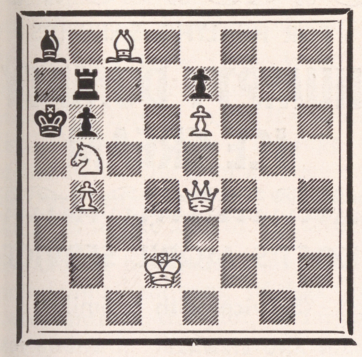
Lovely JOAN BRANDON, America's First Lady of Magic, headlines this show in the BONANZA ROOM. She presents much magic and amazing feats of hypnotism. The various drinks she concocts on that stage from seemingly empty glasses, delights the audience, plus the fact that they receive a drink on the house. . . . Co-starring on the same bill is MICHAEL EDWARDS, a baritone who sings your favorite semi-classicals. . . . Genial EPPY PEARSON, that ever popular m. c., does all to offer the patrons a jolly evening and early morning bill of entertainment. . . . MIKE WERNER and his orchestra as always do a terrific job in both cutting the show and pleasing the patrons with dancing until 5 A. M. . . . JACK COOPER, the "mad music master," takes over during intermissions. . . . A TIP TO THE WISE — opening July 5th, will be two funny guys, JERRY WALLACE and RED COFFEY. Don't miss them, they're dynamite. Plus CRYSTAL WHITE, very beautiful acrobatic star, famous as "The Body," and for her tops in twirls.

CONGRATULATIONS TO
MR. AND MRS. JACK CORTEZ
from
BILL O'REILLY AND
JULIE STARR



CHESS » » »

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



PROBLEM NO. 57

Black 5
White 6

White mates in three.

Solution to problem No. 56: Q-Q8.

KING'S INDIAN DEFENSE

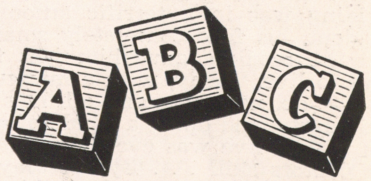
Stahlberg	Lilienthal		
White	Black		
1—N-KB3	N-KB3	16—P-B5	P-B4
2—P-B4	P-KN3	17—N-N3	P-R4
3—P-KN3	B-N2	18—Q-B4	Q-B2
4—B-N2	O-O	19—N-N6	NxN
5—O-O	P-Q3	20—PxN	P-QR5
6—P-Q4	QN-Q2	21—N-B5	NxN
7—N-B3	P-K4	22—QxN	B-K3
8—PxP	PxP	23—Q-R3	P-K5
9—P-KR3	P-B3	24—B-KB	B-Q4
10—B-K3	Q-K2	25—B-Q4	BxB
11—Q-B	R-K	26—RxB	P-B5
12—R-Q	N-B4	27—PxP	QxPch
13—K-R2	P-QR4	28—Q-KN3	Q-B3
14—N-Q2	N-K3	29—P-K3	R-K4
15—N-R4	N-Q2	30—P-R4	R-B4
		31—P-B4	PxP e.p.
		32—Draw agreed	

SICILIAN DEFENSE

Smyslov	Kotov		
White	Black		
1—P-K4	P-QB4	19—N-K4	BxN
2—N-KB3	P-Q3	20—BxB	QR-N
3—P-Q4	PxP	21—P-B3	R-Q2
4—NxP	N-KB3	22—P-B5	KPxP
5—N-QB3	P-QR3	23—RxP	B-N2!
6—B-K2	Q-B2	24—P-K6!	PxP
7—O-O	P-K3	25—R(5)-B	BxB
8—P-B4	N-B3	26—QxKPch	K-N2
9—B-K3	B-K2	27—PxB	R-K2
10—Q-K	NxN	28—Q-R3	N-B3
11—BxN	P-QN4	29—Q-R4	R-B
12—Q-N3	O-O	30—B-B3	RxR
13—P-QR3	B-N2	31—RxR	R-K
14—K-R	KR-Q	32—RxR	NxR
15—B-Q3!	N-K	33—P-R3	Q-B8ch
16—Q-R3	B-KB	34—K-R2	N-B3
17—QR-K	B-B3	35—Q-N3	Q-B2
18—P-K5	P-N3	36—P-N4	P-R3
		37—P-KR4	Q-K2
		38—P-B4	
		—Draw agreed	

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

both of Los Angeles, in the FLAMINGO CHAPEL on July 1. The knot will be tied by REVEREND CARTER at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the party of friends will then attend the reception at the Thunderbird Hotel, and a most luscious dinner will be served at 8 p. m. with the strains of SANDY SANDIFER'S orchestra entertaining and making merry music . . . **Mr. Sandifer and his orchestra,** with their terrific rhythms, are making many a 39er feel like 19 again knocking out that CHARLESTON beat every Monday night. It's the highlight of fun to let down your hair and kick up your heels, affording many a laugh to yourself and your friends . . . The DANCE STUDIO, at the EL RANCHO VEGAS HOTEL, reminds us of the old saying that used to be over EARL CARROLL'S stage door, "Through these portals pass the most beautiful girls in the world." GEORGE MORO is preparing another group of dancers who will open at the RIVERSIDE HOTEL in RENO at the end of this month, and has had some of the most luscious looking lovelies from all over the country, answering calls for auditions . . . FRANK PORTNOY, his lovely wife, and JONESY, general manager of the casino at the DESERT INN, were celebrating their 53rd birthdays. Approximately 19 years ago, Mr. Portnoy brought Jonesy to Cleveland to manage one of his many enterprises, and since then have become the greatest of pals, with Jonesy affectionately referring to Mr. Portnoy as "POP." It's wonderful to see such true, lasting friendship. Mr. Portnoy, the owner of the COVE CLUB in Palm Springs, California, is closed for the summer, and he and his family are off on a two-month jaunt to Europe . . . When the Gates of Heaven opened for FRED FIELDING, bar manager of the newly opened RANCH HOUSE on the Strip, he put up a restraining hand and said, "Not yet, I left too much undone on earth." Just eight months ago, Mr. Fielding was in a terrific automobile accident, his face completely smashed, and the medicos gave him just three days to live. Today, with a miraculous plastic job, new nose and all, he's hale and hearty, and doing a whale of a job. His will to live was even greater than the doctors skill . . . By the way, for a meal that is a treat, try this new RANCH HOUSE RESTAURANT. Continental cuisine, varied dishes, and food like only Mother used to make . . . THE BLACKIE POWELLS were saying it

(Continued on page 33)

SHOP--WISE

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LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

The Best Way to Prevent Juvenile Delinquency is To Avoid Parental Delinquency

TUTOR SCHERER

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

raucous drunks found in almost any of the bars and cocktail lounges in some other cities—Los Angeles for example.

"My Friend Irma Goes West" is a screwy, silly, entertaining picture such as most of us like to enjoy. It was rather unusual to sit in the Flamingo park near the swimming pool and see on the screen the same view we obtained by looking off to one side of the screen.

The picture has little, if any value as a promotional showing of Las Vegas. On the contrary the plot, so far as we are concerned, showed how a "wired roulette wheel" can rob the players and how, when the wires are cut, every bet is won by the players and the house goes broke. That is a false assumption with no basis whatever. That little chap called "Percentage" who is always on the job every roll, is all the house needs to make money if there is a sufficient volume of play, However, there have been only a few attempts to operate crooked games in Las Vegas and those were quickly squelched by the casino operators who realize, better than anybody else, that the surest and quickest way to ruin Las Vegas is to permit the operation of "fixed" gambling.

I see I am rambling from the story of Las Vegas parties. We are becoming really famous for our gaiety. Not only the Flamingo had its interesting events. Every one of our great resorts, Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, Hotel Last Frontier, The Thunderbird, El Rancho Vegas, Club Bingo and the downtown casinos had their own special events and were packed with pleasure seekers over last week-end.

Those who made the Irma picture seemed to be a jolly lot and apparently had a good time. Our friend Irma, Marie Wilson, who has been admired probably by more men than any other luscious star of stage and screen, seemed to be a right pleasant person who mixed with the crowd in the gambling rooms, diffidently placed a little bet here and there and had a good time just like folks.

(If any readers really get this far in Observations this week, I admit to them privately that the foregoing says less in a lot of words than anything I ever wrote before. Too many parties, I fear!)

THE OLD TIMER:

(Continued from Page 11)

the adventure they wish was their own; to the sentimental and romantic, it is the epitome of dreams.

That is my picture of the man who can direct a bedlam scene of 150 Indians and cowboys on horseback, and do it with a firm hand, and with that same hand pet a strange horse, turn, get into his car, and have the horse try to get in with him. That, I think, is William Keighley, top-flight director for Warner Brothers Motion Picture Studio.

AUDREY LEE:

(Continued from Page 15)

really rumba. DIANE NADEL, who creates and make those sensational hand knits. BETTY BOYLE, of the DESERT INN DRESS SHOP, will be showing these wonderful knits in her new fall collection of dresses. **You have never seen anything quite so lovely.**

SHERIFF GLEN JONES and his deputies are begging your full cooperation on the highways . . . PLEASE, DRIVE CAREFULLY, and Glen asks that LAS VEGANS be most courteous to the out-of-town visitors while showing them that NEVADA hospitality.

Lawrence Arbon, who is opening his new cafe, RANCH HOUSE on Highway 91, JUNE 28, is the same popular "LAWRENCE" who managed and so successfully ran "SLAPSY MAXIE'S" in HOLLYWOOD. GOOD LUCK, LARRY, we will be in for one of your famous dinners!

A friend just dropped in and remarked that I looked tired. She is so-o-o-o-o-o-o very right . . . HAPPY FOURTH OF JULY!

HASTA LUEGO.

✓The open mind never acts: When we have done our utmost to arrive at a reasonable conclusion, we still, when we can reason and investigate no more, must close our minds for the moment with a snap, and act dogmatically on our conclusions. The man who waits to make an entirely reasonable will dies intestate.

Every Mother, Every Father Should be Active in P.-T.-A.

TUTOR SCHERER

ALEX HENIG:

(Continued from Page 17)

are very loose and over to the bar where bartender Bobbie fixes the best Tom Collins around. All in all, you get your money's worth when you're at the Las Vegas Club . . . Star basketball player Jimmy Rosenberg to be married any day to Bobbie Schissel. Brother Sam is a well-known sportsman . . . Pioneer Club co-owner Bill Curland is in tip-top shape and will be at the helm in a few days. You pal Chuck Addison was the candle of health . . . In from San Francisco: Otto F. Stoehr, owner of the Cuban Room. Otto won't forget our town, ask Hinkle . . . Our vote for "Mr. Desk Clerk" Clyde Collings, Apache Hotel. The perfect man for the job. Yes, always neat, friendly, helpful and just plain "himself." Hoping for continued success! . . . That was Sheriff Glen Jones and his boys leading the parade the other day. They looked good, too . . . HAT CHECK GIRL CAMIE McMULLEN IS NOW CHECKING WHAT DEALER'S HEART? . . . Telephone operator Virginia Dennis is one of our favorites who has plenty of patience! NOTHING makes this gal nervous . . . Three aces are Desert Inn hostesses Willow, Maxine and Bernie. . . . A good deal for some club owner would be to hire dealer Barney Pearlman. He's here to stay and has been tops in this field for years . . . Doing the town in style we spotted bartender Leonard McCullah, wife Vesta (from Texas—yu' all), Doc Looker and the Price Boys (Shell Gas Station), having fun at the Club Bingo . . . Get these nicknames, "Lover Boy" Eddie Amaru, "Horses(Less)" Del Brockman, "Jockey" Eddie Levy and "Ulcers" Sam Tessler—who eats like a horse. This combination are some of the afternoon crew at the Hotel El Rancho—who never say die. Got this item from the underground . . . What two girls would give anything to smoke a Dunhill—got a torch, girls, or better yet, who's kiddin' who? . . . Baggy Randi Robson and dreamy Joan Michaels haven't been looking too good lately. Their eyes spell love, love, love. What's the matter, girls —slipping? . . . When Downtown stop in and aggravate our friend Dick Sheridan, he's at the turf department. He gives out money with both hands—yours! Aside from that, he's always been everyone's friend . . . The penny roulette at the Westerner Club is where Norma Williams can be found nightly. Also at this spot from Amarillo, Texas, beautiful Joan Newman, cocktail waitress "extraordinary," Husbandy Jimmy is a top dealer at the Monte Carlo Club. . . . Miss Lightning is food waitress Dorothy at the Dixie Waffle Shop . . . Dave Chang's wife Leatrice soon to give Dave the thrill of his life—a new-born baby. These fine people own the Twin Dragon. That was Alice and Doc Ladd (Sierra Sea Food Company), talking to the Changs . . . Four big blue eyes, two red heads, both beautiful, both dance, and this means two swell girls. McLaughlin (Rita) and McGuire (Lenore) —Arden-Fletcher line at the Desert Inn . . . Got time to get healthy? Well, don't be a sucker! For a few bucks let "King Kong Mough" give you the works. This guy knows his business and he's at the Hotel El Rancho Health Club . . . The Ranch House, on Highway 91, is where you'll get "FOOD" and Fred "Palm Springs" Skinner . . . . UP-UP-UP-UP — FLY WITH DAVISON—PHONE 5570 . . . Want to save money? Then buy at Hecht's . . . Hello to all at 251 West 30th Street, in N. Y. C. They tell that's where they steal your money. My two brothers manufacture ladies' fur coats at this address . . . The oil wells are leaving Texas and coming to Nevada. PODNERS, there's oil near by. Hope you get some. If not see George Wilmot. See you soon. —ALEX.

Donate to the American
Cancer Society
Tutor Scherer

CONGRATULATIONS TO
MR. AND MRS. JACK CORTEZ
from
Bill O'Reilly and Julie

BEST WISHES,
ALWAYS --
GOOD LUCK,
JACK and ETTA!
from
A BUDDY

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 31)

with diamonds last month. June 20 was their **fifth wedding anniversary.** Blackie, a boxman at the FLAMINGO HOTEL, hoped to surprise his very beautiful LITA with a diamond bracelet. He received more of a surprise when she presented him with a little gift box containing an initialed ring, set with diamonds which she had ordered a year ago for this event. The Powells, always a sparkling pair, are a glittering couple now . . . JOCK PALACE, that roly-poly who looks like Santa Claus on a motorcycle, whom all the children know and adore, is certainly missed from the streets of Las Vegas, since he has been made a jailer. Just why has such a well-liked, capable man, who has so efficiently managed the traffic of the streets during some of our most hectic events, been made a jailer? Jock goes with Las Vegas like "Fun in the Sun" . . . MR. JOE BRINIG, the copper tycoon of Butte, Montana, and his charming wife, ANNIE, on their first trip to our FABULOUS LAS VEGAS, are the house guests of the MILTON PRELLS. Mr. Brinig is the nephew of the famous author MYRON BRINIG, who wrote "MAY FLAVIN," "GAMBLER TAKES A WIFE," "SISTERS," and many other Book of the Month selections . . . The beautiful grounds of the FLAMINGO HOTEL were transformed into a botanical amphitheater for the screening of "MY FRIEND IRMA GOES WEST." This special showing of the HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION was for the benefit of the press . . . Congratulations to HANK GREENSPUN on his conversion, of the recently acquired Free Press, from a thrice-weekly publication to a daily, and the renaming to THE MORNING SUN! With Hank's years of experience as a newspaper and publicity man, The Morning Sun promises to be the type of a newspaper Las Vegas has long been in need of . . . A personality who has become well known to Las Vegas housewives is that lovable old Scotsman, "THRIFTY" MacGREGOR, who is aired daily over STATION KRAM. He gives economical hints, but is most lavish in his praise . . . "DOC" LADD, one of the town's leading "liars" and better story tellers, had reason to celebrate this week-end. He won a trip to Europe on the "EARN YOUR VACATION" program, a CBS broadcast . . . THE GOLDEN NUGGET, under the capable direction of JAKE KOZLOFF and GUY McAFEE, went all out with the full force of their organization, in welcoming and entertaining the cast, press and friends of "My Friend Irma Goes West," with a huge cocktail party. Laughs were as plentiful as silver dollars . . . Tall, brown-eyed EDNA, roulette dealer for the past two and a half years at the MONTE CARLO CLUB, amazes even the most experienced men dealers with her speed and dexterity in the operation of the game. Her constant good humor and sparkling personality is what keeps her table always jumping and busy . . . THE STAFF wants to compliment LOUIS, Maitre d', and ALDO, wonderful captain at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, for the sumptuous bridal supper prepared for our EDITOR and his **bride,** last Monday evening . . . Another bow from the waistline from us hirelings to BOB DAVISON for having safely flown our ETTA into the arms of JACK. When and if our vacation comes up, we'll make sure to travel with this cautious and most efficient pilot . . . Another great example of the cooperation of our resort hotels was when ART FORCE, wonderful publicity director at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, was asked by the management of the Flamingo Hotel to write the lead story that appeared in the supplementary edition of their anniversary issue. That's a pretty swell gesture on the part of the Last Frontier Hotel to write publicity and offer help for another hotel . . . This hectic wek has now come to a close. Hey, Boss, take the "safety belt" off your chair, get off cloud 6, come back to earth, take over your job again, 'cause little Molly is dead and deflated, AND THAT'S FOR SURE.

Like most women, she was perpetually asking her husband to help her rearrange the furniture. Finally, when she went away on a long visit, he saw his chance to put an end to all this foolishness. He had all the rooms repapered—according to his special instructions.

She was delighted with the redecorating, but almost immediately asked him to help her move the sofa. As they tugged the bulky piece from the wall, she gasped. The wall behind the sofa had not been repapered—and neither had the spots behind the other furniture!

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TUTOR SCHERER

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

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Rev. Theodore Van Skee, phone 918J.

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Rev. R. R. Hughes, phone 5736

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Bishop Philip Empey, 1219 Pittman Place.

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Bishop Thomas L. Adams, 210 South 10th.

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THIRD WARD, Eighth and Linden.
Bishop Gay Myers, 830 North 4th St.

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

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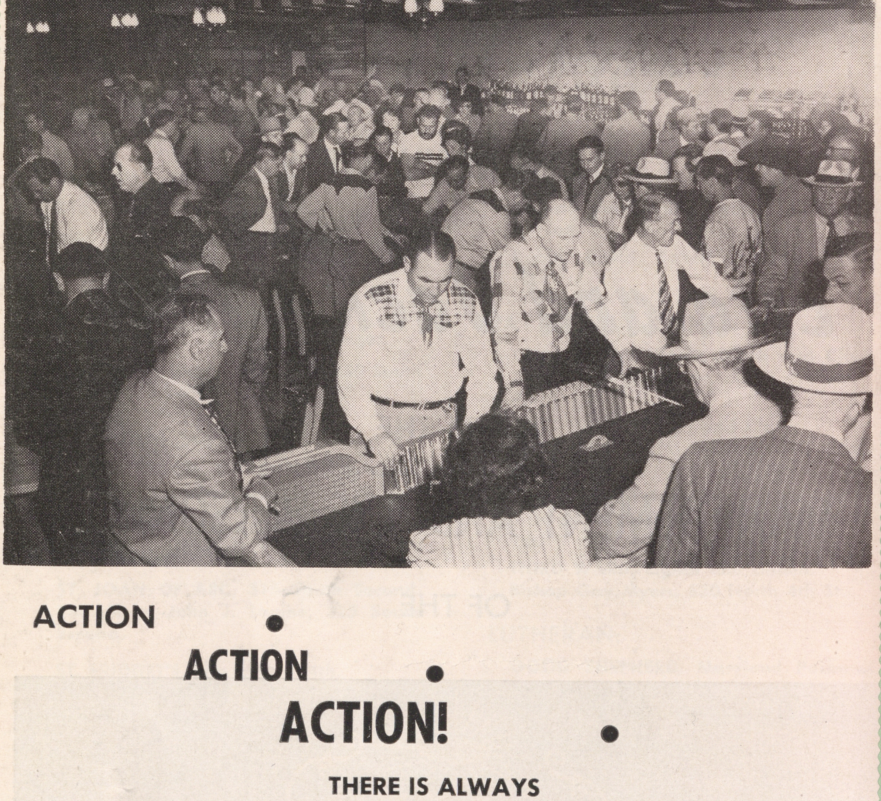
Etta and Jack Cortez

FROM THE

MANAGEMENT AND THE PERSONNEL

OF THE





ACTION •

ACTION •

ACTION! •

THERE IS ALWAYS

LOTS OF ACTION

AT THE

WESTERNER CLUB

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