August 5, 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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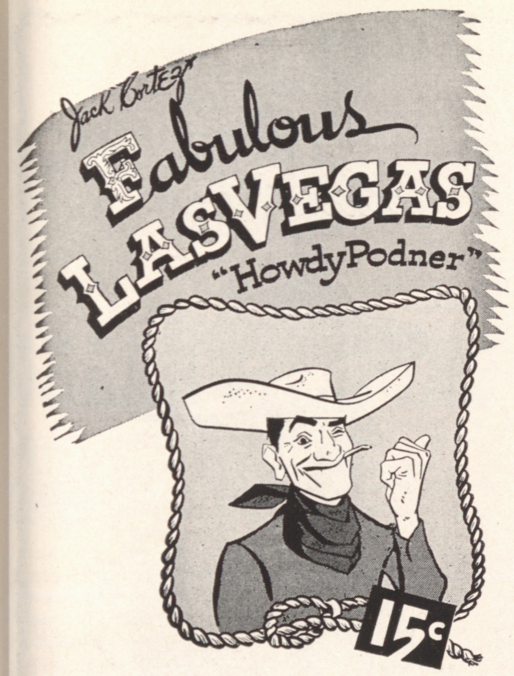
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Jack Cortez
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VOLUME 2 AUGUST 5, 1950 NUMBER 16

OBSERVATIONS . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

EVERY YEAR just about this season a lovely lady leaves a box of grapes at our door, with a graceful message of friendship. The message, I assume, is in recognition of the long years during which Delphine and I were close friends of this lady and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. McWilliams.

The couple first met, as I remember their story, down in Arizona where the lady was teaching school. They were married there and came to Goodsprings, 44 miles southwest of Las Vegas, to live. Mr. McWilliams was a surveyor and was called upon to run the lines and set the stakes wherever and whenever there was any activity in the real estate market, or to run the lines for irrigation canals on some of the few ranches, or to survey the underground workings in some of the mines of this region.

When it first began to be noised about that Senator William A. Clark of Montana, one of the "copper kings," was planning to build a railroad from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles through Las Vegas, Mr. McWilliams came over to look about a bit and was employed by Mrs. Helen J. Stewart to survey the lines of her ranch property at Las Vegas.

While here, this was about the year 1901 or 1902, McWilliams decided there might possibly be something to the rumor, so he filed on an 80-acre tract of land adjoining the Stewart Ranch on the north and west.

Soon there were people dropping in to Las Vegas by team, on horseback and on foot, looking for a place to stay a little while until the railroad came. Naturally they needed places to stay beyond the capacity of the Stewarts to provide. So McWilliams surveyed his 80 acres into lots, naming the subdivision "Original Townsite of Las Vegas." He sold many lots and established a town on the west side of the railroad survey.

That town was known variously as Las Vegas, as McWilliamstown, or a little later (after the railroad townsite was opened) as Ragtown. In the latter months of 1904 and first five months of 1905 McWilliamstown was a riproaring frontier town. A great industry sprung up with that townsite as its base—forwarding freight from Las Vegas to the great new mining camps of Tonopah and Goldfield, two hundred miles to the northwest, and to Beatty and Rhyolite, about 115 miles away. So the town was full of teamsters and freight handlers, and corrals which were constantly filled with perhaps a thousand head of horses and mules.

After the auction sale of lots in the railroad townsite, "Clark's Las Vegas Townsite," much of the prestige of that "Original Townsite of Las Vegas" faded away. Drawn by some superior advantages, especially the horde of adventurers who bought lots and started to build a town in Clark's Las Vegas, people began to abandon McWilliamstown, in spite of the noble effort made by Mr. McWilliams and other property owners. I remember one of the great efforts to create stability in the "Old Town" was the building of a theater, which, however, never reached completion.

McWilliams, naturally, did not take the creation of the new Las Vegas "lying down." It was not his style, and he made a most noble effort to buck the millions of Senator Clark. But, just at the critical moment, the railroad induced the Armour Packing Company to build a great ice plant and icing station to serve fruit shipments going east from California.

It seemed as if fate here intervened to save and reestablish "Old Town" as

(Continued on Page 33)

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VERSE . . .

. . . by **TUTOR SCHERER**
POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS

(Editor's Note: The two following compositions being reprinted in correction of errors in previous publications.)

PAST AND FUTURE

I loved you before this world began, it now appears,
Through strange mem'ries that issue from forgotten years.
Or it could be illness from my love infected brain,
At times, visions of you in ancient years remain.

I see ocean beaches we searched for foods,
And woodland paths we trod in lovers' moods.
And other fancies with you close at hand
With love and laughter in another land.

Thoughts of battles we two fought side by side,
Vague mem'ries of the one in which we died,
Two souls with love like ours shall never wane
Though death o'er our bodies once again may reign.

OLD MAN MOON

Laugh wrinkles around old moon's eye
Do somehow seem to testify
To the gratefulness of his mirth
From watching lovers on this earth.

A VOYAGE CHARTERED

Please let me rest with no head stones.
Do not worry about my bones.
Think; there is a soul departed
On a journey He has charted.



SUNDOWN

Sundown paints with a master hand
A picture that's easy to understand
Building romance in shades well made
With love, faith and your hopes portrayed.

Soft blending colors for the eye
Well displayed on a canvas sky
Bid farewell to a closing day
And then they slowly fade away.

THE STUBBORN FOOL

Who expects a fool to surmise?
Or heeds the warnings of the wise!
He leaves important life to Fate
While all reasoning he will abate.

WELL PAID

I ask no return of love that's gone
Nor return of hours passed at dawn.
With memories of moments spent
I am repaid for moments lent.

Did you make

a date to

"meet" the

'specially new . . .

'specially wonderful . . .

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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

. . by JACK CORTEZ

EPPY PEARSON, the great host and manager of the BONANZA ROOM in the CLUB BINGO, truly had tough job last Monday when eight contestants from the downtown area were entered in the TALENT OPPORTUNITY CONTEST, and he had to judge the three winners. The talent each contestant displayed was on a professional scale, and one of the finest so-called amateur shows we ever witnessed.

The crowd that jammed the room was the largest we ever saw, including any New Year's Eve. HUGH BOULWARE, the deputy at the club, had a job on his hands just trying to keep the crowd back; and again, only this time more so, hundreds of eager patrons couldn't get in to see this super colossal talent program. After taking a few recounts, the winners were declared as:

TOM LYNCH, a driver for the UNION CAB COMPANY, in first place, when he sang "My Foolish Heart."

Second prize went to TOM BRADLEY, a teller in the First National Bank whose baritone voice thrilled the audience with his rendition of "Old Man River."

Third prize was won by "TOPPER" MERCER, a dealer at the PIONEER CLUB.

All credit should be given to a fellow who deserves it, and who worked very hard for the success of these shows—none other than EPPY PEARSON.

Next Monday night will be the final payoff, when the downtown area challenges the three victors of The Strip, which should be a **battle royal.** Therefore, once again, we would like to suggest to our readers, come as early as possible in order to get into the Bonanza Room. Hundreds were turned away last Monday night. . . .

Another new innovation at the CLUB BINGO, and a great one—free breakfast, "on the house," from 4:30 to 8:30 a. m., plus new hours for the club's opening, 5 p. m. to 9 a. m., with continuous dancing until 6 a. m. supplied by MIKE WERNER and his orchestra. As Mr. Pearson so aptly puts it, the Club Bingo is "a spot where rounders can actually feel at home, relax, and meet their friends." You can have your early hour hilarity now, as well as during the wee hours of the morning. . . . The Village SPORTSDROME of the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER had a sensational crowd when the benefit for the crippled children of Clark County was presented last Monday, July 31. This affair started approximately at 9 p. m. and lasted until midnight. A three-hour star-studded show with DENNIS O'KEEFE acting as m.c. We could give you a line-up of who was there and what took place, but we're certain that by the time this magazine comes off the press all of you will know exactly what did happen, and we'd only sound like last week s mashed potatoes. However, we must give credit to the 10 men from the **Theatrical Stage Employes Union of Las Vegas** who set up all the lights and went all-out to receive the stage lighting equipment for the show. They received all this from PARAMOUNT PICTURES, PINE-THOMAS STUDIOS, OTTO K. OLESON, and MOLE-RICHARD COMPANY, all located in HOLLYWOOD. These companies, from a different state, knew how important this cause was and they gladly donated the equipment for this huge extravaganza. A special thanks to all of you, from all of us. We are not going to pick out individual people and say congratulations, etc., but we say, and repeat, congratulations to everyone in Las Vegas for making this one of the greatest shows ever held in our fabulous town, of which the stars were the **Crippled Children** of our county. . . . Once again the oil question seems to be a most important topic, and whether there is oil or not in APEX or CRYSTAL, NEVADA. We spoke to MRS. MARTHA NELSON in North Las Vegas, who owns 2500 acres in Apex, and she claims she wouldn't take, at this point, a million dollars for all her holdings. Mrs. Nelson is a true pioneer in the field of oil and has been working at it for the past three years, before anyone ever believed or thought there was **that black flowing gold** in that vicinity. Therefore, if you have any inquiries, contact this wonderful woman, and we're certain she will be very happy to answer any questions. She will try her utmost

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Debut in Vegas . . . by Jane Froman

LET ME TELL YOU why I love this fabulous city of Las Vegas. Your beautiful sunny days, your famed western hospitality, your dreamy Nevada moon . . . all of these, and many more, are reasons why I'll return to Las Vegas every chance I get. However, I suppose I'll always love your town most of all for this reason: It was here that I WALKED onto a stage for the FIRST time in SEVEN AND ONE-HALF YEARS!

I wonder if many of you can know what that means? I hope none of you have to learn it the hard way, as I did. After the Lisbon crash in 1943, I was shipped back to this country, along with the other war casualties, and began the long battle back to health.

Twenty-five operations, wheelchairs, crutches and canes couldn't dim my dream of one day being able to walk again under my own power. The doctors had told me that I should have the injured leg amputated. I refused! I'm from Missouri, you know, and I'm just as stubborn as those mules you've heard so much about.

Finally I was put into a 35-pound leg cast, and went back to the work I love—radio, Broadway shows and night clubs. It was thrilling to sing for people again, but frustrating to have to stand perfectly still through the whole act. I would come on stage in the dark, give my crutches to a maid and, when the lights went on, there I'd be in a long evening gown, seemingly unhampered by any means of artificial support. The audiences were wonderful! They didn't seem to mind my "frozen" attitude, but I knew the difference. Three and a half months ago I began to walk again. Slowly at first—so many years of inactivity can't be overcome overnight. Gradually the strength came back and, with it, the job of being **independent** again . . . **on my own!**

My opening night at the Flamingo Hotel is one of the richest, most satisfying moments of my entire life. To hear the introduction music . . . to see the lights go up, and to walk on stage UNAIDED to greet an audience! I was well repaid for all those years in casts and hospitals. Do you see why Las Vegas will always have a warm spot in my heart?

I was so happy to have been playing here at this time, and to be able to participate in the giant show for the



benefit of crippled children, "THE NIGHT OF STARS," which was held Monday night, the 29th, in the Last Frontier Sportsdrome under the auspices of the Variety Club of Las Vegas. I know of no more worthy cause than this.

Most of us have had normal childhoods—played hop-scotch, ridden bicycles, etc., and can't possibly realize the sickness of heart of one who must sit by and SEE but not DO these things. The most courageous of spirits becomes discouraged. No one can fight alone. We all need help and understanding. This HELP and UNDERSTANDING is needed all the more in the case of a little child whose young mind fails to comprehend WHY he is unable to play hop-scotch and ride bicycles as the others.

It seems that for every campaign of a charitable nature there is a slogan of some sort. However, it also seems that invariably, before the campaign is over, that tired old phrase of "Give until it hurts" gets into the act. That phrase has always brushed me the wrong way. If someone gives until it "hurts," there

(Continued on Page 35)

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HI-WAY 91

Round the Clock with the Rounders

. . . by ALEX HENIG

ALL of you Rounders who are registered voters, take notice, please: They say you won't get out on Voting Day, but let's fool them just this once, and make it a "must." Your valuable vote will determine the very important coming election on September 5. Many so-called people think you will waste your vote "in bed." We believe differently! . . .

Pit Boss Moe Moss gets our vote for being just Moe Moss, all the time. Yes, this lovable guy never lets anyone down. He's at the Eldorado Club downtown. At this same club is "21" dealer John A. Kelly, who not too long ago was a candidate for Assemblyman of this state, besides being one swell person. . . . Congratulations on your graduation this week, Lt. Fred "Shorty" Cutler (Kansas City, Mo.) and Lt. C. P. Mills (Washington, D. C.) Just a few weeks ago Lieutenant Mills made a spectacular landing when the wheels of his plane wouldn't come down. With the calmness of a fighting American, he belly-landed his plane. That's just typical young American bravery! . . . Wishing C. A. Savage of Boulder City lots of luck in this coming election. . . . Bell Captain Jack Valentine of the Flamingo Hotel, just married to lovely Helen Worton, cashier at the same hotel. They are now on a 20-day honeymoon in Montana. Hurry back, your many friends wish you much happiness! . . . Sculptor Edward J. Hawkins is in town these days, looking over our many places. We've seen some of his work and hope you get to do likewise. Nothing short of perfect! . . . This is to the swell people who are helping yours truly these days on his campaign: Don't let down! The wagon is now rolling full speed! We thank all of you for this much needed help. . . . Just received a letter from Rudy Holtzinger of Flintridge Inn. He wishes to say hello to all here in Vegas and hopes to be here soon. . . In from Detroit, as house guest of her life-long friend Kay Stafford, is the very charming Janett "Jen" Stewart. She will be here for a few weeks and we hope "Jen" will return next year. By the way, she also came to see her pet, "Tiny," who has become the rage of the Shamrock Hotel. At this same hotel you can get the best luncheon salad in town. Yes, this spot is becoming the place to eat. When in this section, ask for Ernie's Special! . . . Two pals who are tops with all here in Vegas are Betty Edwards and



Maggie "The Beauty" Hahn, who is on the road to complete recovery. . . . We spotted Fran and Tom Meehan having dinner at the Desert Inn the other night with a host of friends. Tom is secretary of the Culinary Workers Union. . . A note to Nate Mack: Hurry up and get well. Your many friends wish you a quick recovery. Your brothers and son always speak about you, even though you are away. . . . Don't forget Filipo's for your Italian foods. They have the best in imported and domestic specialties. Just phone 3420 for free delivery. . . . Seldom seen but well known by the drinkers of the Hotel Thunderbird is service bar mixologist Carl Goodwin. This personable fellow is a solid favorite with all. . . . Open 24 hours a day and serving the best in foods is the Selex Coffee Shop on North Main Street. Believe it or not, but you may have to wait for a seat, as this place is a must when it comes to hamburgers. . . . Having fun and enjoying the late show at the Club Bingo was popular Syl Gregory with wife Bernice and friends. Styl is the man who sets those fancy drinks up at the Westerner Club. . . . **LoRay Anderson, 5934 Seventh Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.**—that's all!

(Continued on Page 33)

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Lenny Kent

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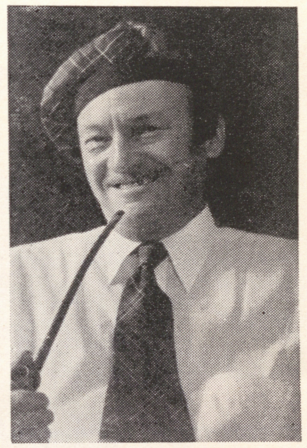
Thrifty MacGregor . . .

HOOT, MON! And howdy, Neighbors! There's nothin' like a little vacation for rest an' relaxation. An' you have to go away to really come back an' appreciate your home. So, here we are again enjoyin' the freedom o' Las Vegas . . . It is this freedom which makes the state o' Nevada a magnet for freedom lovin' Americans, drawin' them from all parts o' the country to enjoy recreation, which in turn provides employment for many workers, contributin' to the success o' other industries an' the welfare o' the citizenry in Las Vegas as well as every other part o' this great state.

Liberal law is one o' our greatest assets. That was proven to me the other day, when Roy Parrish, North Las Vegas Chief o' Police, told me aboot the colored fellow who visited his friend in the lock-up. "How long yo in fo', Sam?" inquired the friend. "Oh! only two weeks," said Sam, shakin' his head sadly. "Well," asked the friend, "What's you done done?" . . . "Well, suh," said Sam, wi' a somewhat sad expression. "I done shot ma wife." Sam's friend gave him a questionin' look. "You done killed yo wife, an' yo' is only in jail for two weeks?" . . . "That's all," answered Sam . . . den I gets hung!"

But I'm really sorry I couldn't hang around Mount Charleston a little longer. It's a nice place to relax an' reflect on the wonders o' nature. Aye' an' you get a better perspective of everything. You sleep beneath the skies, studded wi' a million stars, mentally check on the worries you left behind, an' you don't have a care in the world, until you suddenly discover that you're holdin' a keno ticket from the Eldorado Club, an' you start wonderin' whether or not you have a seven or an eight spot. One reassurin' fact is the money will still be there waitin' for you.

As the dawn breaks, you marvel at the magnificent scheme in the sky, wrought by nature's magic hand, an' your nostrils quiver to the aroma o' crisp fryin' bacon an' fresh coffee, carried on the breeze from a nearby camp. You follow your nose until you discover the source, an' again you realize that money isn't always necessary to secure the good things o' life. Your campin' acquaintance knows that a chip from the Monte Carlo Club is always good for its face value an' he cheerfully accepts it in payment for



your breakfast. Aye! There's nothin' like a vacation to make you appreciate the things you never realized you had before. So get away for a while. An' when you come back, you'll appreciate Las Vegas more than you ever did. In this freedom lovin' town there is no hypocrisy mingled wi' democracy. Top hats an' tails are no better than boots an' jeans. That's why Las Vegas is fast becoming the most popular playground in the West.

It's good to be back on Fremont Street,
And watch the welcome flickering lights;
A place where rich and poor can meet,
And know that they have equal rights.

Lady Chesterfield: My child, if you finally decide to let a man kiss you, put your whole heart and soul into it. No man likes to kiss a rock.

J. Gilchrist Lawson: The man who boasts only of his ancestors confesses that he belongs to a family that is better dead than alive.

Samuel Gompers: The worst crime against working people is a company which fails to operate at a profit.

Jack Seaman: You can't kiss a girl unexpectedly—only sooner than she thought you would.

THANKS TO THE HOTEL LAST FRONTIER

AND ALL MY FRIENDS

FOR THEIR WARM WELCOME



I LOOK FORWARD WITH PLEASURE

TO MY ANNUAL RETURN TO

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

TED LEWIS

'JEST WRITING'

. . . by STAN IRWIN



I THINK it was Abraham Lincoln who said . . . "A government of the people, by the people, for the peopie . . ."—and it's surprising what the "people" do, do. Today PEOPLE are complaining about shortages. Who caused the shortages? . . . PEOPLE!

Today PEOPLE are complaining about prices rising. Who caused the prices to rise because of stupid, greedy hoarding? . . . PEOPLE!

When a government of the people BUY, the people become . . . for the person. Buy only what you can use, and use only what you buy. That way, this land of plenty can live up to its reputation.

Some people buy things they'll never use. They fell into line with the purchasing fever and tempo of the hour . . . all they know is . . . BUY. A fellow I know purchased millions of 1948 calendars and stocked them in his basement. He hoarded old calendars. It was his opinion that if 1948 ever came back . . . he'd make a fortune.

Now for some CAPERS from the PAPERS:

"BARE HANDED BEATS BEAR—HE SAYS"—an even fight . . . BARE HANDS vs. BEAR HANDS.

"SHEARED BY BLONDES, HE'S SHEEPISH IN WOLF'S CLOTHING—CHICAGO, July 21.—(AP)—A 19-year-old youth, who came to Chicago from New Jersey with $4200 two weeks ago, was in jail and broke today and blamed his financial condition on hungry, thirsty blondes."—A fool and his money are soon PARTY.

"FIREMAN FELLS BANDIT AFTER PAYROLL HOLDUP"—he put a DAMPER on that holdup. It was the HOT money that attracted his attention.

"KOREA ADMITS RUSSIAN AID"—the TRUTH is stranger than FRICTION.

"BARBERS NICK CUSTOMERS—TOLEDO, July 21.—(UP)—The price of haircuts here rose 25 cents to $1.25. Shaves went to 75 cents. Barbers blame rising costs of supplies."—sounds like SHEAR nonsense.

"$4000 PEPPER POT—BOSTON, July 21.—(UP)—Two gunmen tossed pepper into the eyes of Charles Allen, credit manager of the Merchants Distributors, Inc., today and fled in a car with $4000 payroll."—that's because he wouldn't FORK over.

"TRAP TWO BANDITS ON GOLF COURSE"—and he made a hole in ONE.

"Regards from the AMES BROTHERS, CHARLEY CHANEY, DAY-DAWN AND DUSK, HARVY STONE, JACKIE MILES, ALLAN KING, GARY MORTON, L'ANDRE AND VERNA . . . we meet quite often in the only 10-week circuit left in America . . . the BORTSCH CIRCUIT. BORSCHT is a soup made of BEETS—and you can't BEAT this circuit!

Review of the Shows . . . a View of Personalities

. . . by JACK CORTEZ



★ El Rancho Vegas

August 2 through August 15

One of the finest singing quartets in the country, the AMES BROTHERS, opened in the ROUND-UP ROOM in a blaze of glory. These fellows do individual vocals, specialty numbers and beautiful harmonizing. They are really brothers, and the only word that can describe them and their singing is "sensational"! They have to beg off after five or six encores. In October of 1949, when they appeared at the Club Bingo, we said: "Watch these fellows reach the top of the ladder!" The answer is right here. The Ames Brothers are on "top of the ladder" and, according to their recordings and the headline stints they've been doing throughout the country, we know they'll be on top for a long time to come. . . . On the same bill, a most novel and entertaining act, is GEORGE BURTON and his BIRDS. We're not going to try and explain what these "feathered intellectuals" do but, take our word for it, they perform many amazing feats. Mr. Burton and his birds appeared in the Academy winning film, named BILL AND COO, and the two birds which starred in the picture are featured in this act. Don't miss them, "nuff said." . . . CURRY, BYRD and LEROY are a comedy trio, whose byline is "Bedlam in a Ballroom." Again, as always, this wonderful trio confuse and baffle the audience with their zany and rib-tickling antics. . . . The GEORGE MORO DANCERS, dressed in exquisite costumes, present two lovely routines, a cocktail and a samba number, and we're certainly happy to hear DOLORES FRAZZINI, one of the chorines and the gal who possesses that beautiful voice, doing the featured vocal in the cocktail number. . . . AL JAHNS and his orchestra, featuring lovely LOUISE, provide the backing for the show and your dancing pleasure.

★ Hotel Last Frontier

July 14 through August 10

There are only **six** more days left to see that master showman TED LEWIS, his orchestra and all-star revue in the RAMONA ROOM. For the past three weeks we have written about this show and used up all adjectives possible. We cannot say more, except that Mr. Lewis symbolizes show business and entertainment deluxe. His inimitable way of saying "Is everybody happy?" will definitely put you in the mood . . . and that's for sure!

★ Flamingo Hotel

July 27 through August 9

One of the greatest ovations ever bestowed upon a star was the one we witnessed when GENE WESSON, host and m.c., introduced the **First Lady of Song,** JANE FROMAN, the star of the FLAMINGO HOTEL'S show offering. Without a bit of exaggeration, the applause continued for approximately 5 minutes while Miss Froman **walked** about the stage, thanking and throwing kisses to all. With ADAM CARROLL as her piano accompanist, Janie started to sing, and we were tickled pink to be able to see and hear this great artist once again on the stage. Her glorious voice is **almost** over-shadowed by her amazing charm and personality. MiDss Froman's multi-millionaire smile made the glittering Flamingo Room take on an added air of illumination. Her singing and presentation is truly sensational. . . . On the same bill is a hard-working comic, and quite a favorite in our town, LENNY KENT. He keeps the audience laughing from start to finish. Lenny's material is a bit different and his presentation has a new twist, especially that **TEXAS** bit. His style of comedy is working directly to the audience, and they love it. . . . SUSAN and FRED BARRY, a young ,attractive dance team, present spins and lifts galore in smooth and graceful fashion. . . GENE WESSON, your m.c. and host, does a great job in both capacities, and the closing skit he does with Lenny Kent is a "breathless" routine. . . . MATTY MALNECK and his orchestra cut an excellent show and continue to play the same for patron dancing.

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

July 25 to August 7
(Full review in last week's issue)

The PAINTED DESERT ROOM has been packed all week since JIMMY "SCHNOZZOLA" DURANTE and his company opened. This famous personality of screen and radio enjoys himself as much on the stage as the audience does watching him. His ever-ready ad libbing, kidding the patrons, waitresses and even the bosses, is loaded with hilarity. **AND** when EDDIE JACKSON, his partner of vaudeville days, comes up on that stage and performs with Mr. Durante, they literally bring the house down. . . . On the same bill, and now in their third week, the NONCHALANTS, three funny guys, true experts in feats of slapstick and comedy, plus lots of daring acrobatic stunts. . . . A ravishing dark-haired beauty, with a voice that matches her loveliness, is MARION COLBY, a treat to see and hear. . . . The ARDEN-FLETCHER Dancers introduce new routines, outfitted in gorgeous costumes, present "cute" routines. . . .

(Continued on page 34)

★ Thunderbird Hotel

(Not a review)
August 3 through August 16

Back from their European triumphs, and stars of stage and screen, lovely PEGGY RYAN and handsome RAY McDONALD, headline this new miniature musical presentation in the NAVAJO ROOM. This is their first appearance in our town and, according to reports received, these young stars ought to be sensational. . . . On the same bill and a return engagement by popular demand, is that wonderful singer of songs, SAVANNAH CHURCHILL, with the STRIDERS. Many of you will remember Miss Churchill when she appeared at the same hotel with the KING ODUM 4. . . . Starring with the famous Dansations is that ever popular young man BILLY DANIELS, the "dancing find" of Las Vegas. All we can say, we know it will be another super production. filled with good music, songs, and will feature CHRISTINA CARSON and BARNEY RAWLINGS as your singing m.c. and host. . . . SANDY SANDIFER'S orchestra, with BETSY JONES as the lovely vocalist, supply music both for the show and dancing.

★ Club Bingo

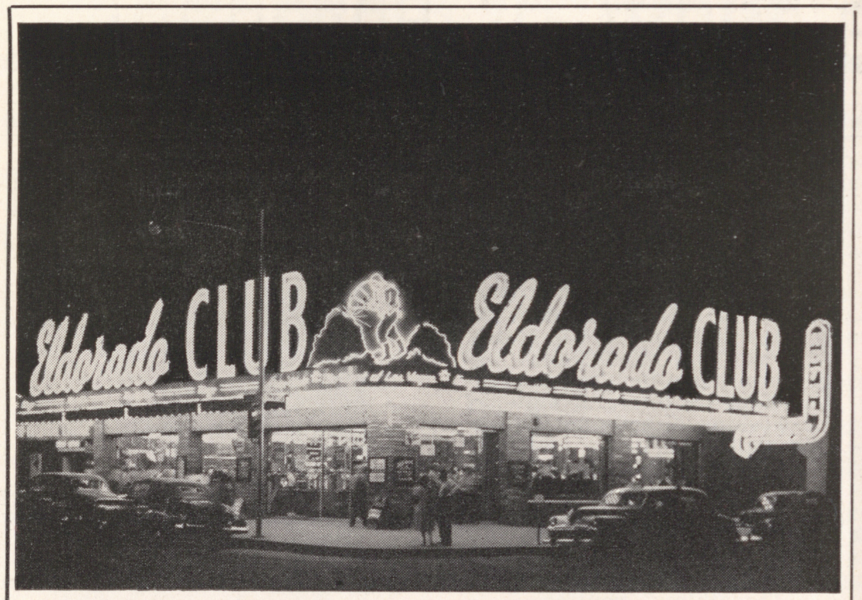
(Not a review)
August 5 through August 15

Those two MADCAPS, the RADIO ROGUES, for many years "ether wave" artists, are headlining the current show in the BONANZA ROOM. Many of you remember them and perhaps some of you won't, but these gentlemen are very funny guys, present hilarious imitations, plus impersonations of some of our top radio, stage and screen celebrities. Their various parodies are original and different from most of the ditties you have heard. . . . On the same bill is PATRICIA LYNN, charming mistress of song. Miss Lynn has appeared in many Universal pictures, has had her own show on major networks and, in fact, had eight shining stars on her radio show which was dis-

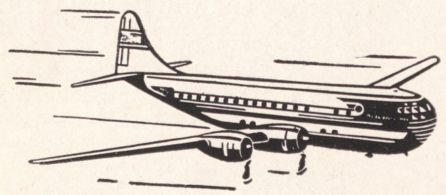
(Continued on page 34)

ROULETTE ● "21" ● CRAPS

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HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES

by MARTIN LEWIS

HOW many times can an actor be "discovered"? To answer this query, let's delve into the biographical data concerning screen star Wendell Corey, New England's gift to the fabulous film industry.

Corey, who's currently emoting with Barbara Stanwyck and the late Walter Huston in Hal Wallis' "The Furies," lays claim to having been discovered three times in his career thus far. The first discovery occurred back in 1932. Corey was performing in the employes' theater of a Springfield, Mass., department store at the time. "And I've been hanging around ever since," says the rugged actor. "Of course, I've been discovered twice since then, too."

The second discovery followed years of stock and Federal Theater projects in which Wendell directed, acted and produced. In addition, there were 13 Broadway productions. These stints behind the footlights eventually helped the future Hollywood hero to obtain what became his "big break"—a top role opposite Betty Field in the smash hit "Dream Girl." It was as a cynical newspaperman in this stage production that Broadway and the critics discovered Corey. Movie-maker Hal Wallis also spotted the talented fellow during "Dream Girl" rehearsals and signed him for pictures.

"It's a funny thing about this 'discovery' business," observed the tall, lanky Corey. "A guy who works in a bank is just there. Everyone knows him for life. But an actor? He can be discovered a half-dozen times. Where has he been hiding? Certainly not under a log in Minnesota. An actor may have been packing them in for five years, only to be 'discovered' by someone, as if he had never been there before."

According to Corey, if a fellow is bad, no one wants the blame for the discovery. They just forge tthe whole thing. But if he's good, everyone from Elsa Maxwell to George Jessel is going to discover him."

Corey has done a little discovering himself. One of his players in a summer stock company he organized before coming to Hollywood was pretty Betsy Drake. Today she's Mrs. Cary Grant, and not doing badly in films, either.

Because of his combination of training and talent, Corey's rise to the motion picture field has been steady and solid. He made his screen debut in Hal Wallis' "Desert Fury." Then he followed this stint with top roles in such Wallis hits as "I Walk Alone," "Sorry, Wrong Number," "The Accused" and "Thelma Jordon." It has taken him just eight pictures to earn top stardom in Hollywood. His latest film, "The Furies," with Barbara Stanwyck has been dubbed by critics as one of the most important and most exciting outdoor epics of the year. Incidentally, it marks the second time Corey has been teamed with Miss Stanwyck—having been costarred with her in "Thelma Jordon."

Wendell is an iconoclastic young fellow who has a disturbing gift for seeing the other side of Hollywood's generally accepted ideas. For example, he believes that to many a star feeling a surge of success, script approval seems to rate along with mink coats, swimming pools and hide-away ranches as a tangible sign of fame. Corey regards this sort of reasoning as a dangerous thing.

"If I had script approval," says this son of a New England minister, "I do not think I would ever make another picture. Few actors have the experience and knowledge of their own talents and capabilities to be able to judge a script for themselves wisely."

To date Hollywood movie-makers are doing all right by Mr. Corey. Within recent months they have handed him topnotch scripts, and have kept him busier than the proverbial one-armed paper hanger. Although he had to be discovered three times, Wendell Corey has carved himself a successful career on the motion picture sound stages.

Lyman Beecher: Eloquence is logic on fire.

The Duke of Windsor: The thing that impresses me most about America is the way the parents obey the children.

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THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

BACK HOME! (What a grand and glorious feeling!) I am firmer in my belief than ever that every Las Vegas resident should, each year, visit some other locale for a specified time. Another requirement would be that they could not return until the specified duration had been completed. Then they'd appreciate Las Vegas. Another case of being too close to the forest to see the trees.

I don't mean to convey the idea that the stay in Gallup wasn't enjoyable. It was great, made many new friends. The climate is considerably parallel to ours here. The people very friendly, and the business houses, with one exception, very cooperative in catering to our needs. They treated us as permanent residents instead of a moving picture group who would be in Gallup for only two months.

Even more fascinating than the sky and the clouds and the beautiful rock formations were the reservation Indians in and around Gallup. There are two tribes predominant—the Navajo and the Zuni. The Zuni are called pueblo Indians, or, in our vernacular, "town" Indians. This tribe, primarily agriculturists, live in groups. Their fields may be anywhere from one to ten miles away from their homes. Early in the morning they run (that's right, run!) to the fields for their day's work, in the evening they reverse the process and run home. No wonder they're called the race with the most stamina. They have cattle and sheep as well, but agriculture is their forte.

The Navajo is a nomad. Their main product is sheep raising, with a few cattle. But, unlike the Zuni, they live in widely separated places, and do not congregate into groups. They travel where their flocks of sheep lead them. There are usually approximately 50 sheep to a family. In most instances it is claimed that the male has the best plumage; not so with the Navajo. The clothing of the women is the most picturesque to be found anywhere in the world. Summer or winter they wear bright colored velvet blouses and skirts adorned with silver and turquoise ornaments, long strings of robin-egg turquoise well worth a minor queen's ransom. Silver concha buttons, belts of silver inlaid with turquoise. Bracelets of the same material, but, oddly enough, I saw no jeweled hair ornaments. Even in the braided knot of hair



that rested on the nape of their neck.

But the Navajo and Zuni have one thing in common, the originality and beauty of their hand-made silver jewelry. To try to describe it would be futile for no two pieces are alike. Each craftsman puts something of himself into his work. They seem to build a piece rather than to make it, not unlike the phrase, "They move when the spirit moves them."

Due to the inadequacy of schools, very few speak English; sign language or an interpreter is usually needed. Like I said before, they have a wild sense of humor and sometimes take great pleasure in fooling a person. After watching a silversmith for an hour or so, asking questions by sign, I offered him a cigarette, and received the reply, in perfect English, "No, thank you, I never indulge." We both had a good laugh and become friends. I found that he had been graduated from two schools, one was called the Sherman Indian School in California, the other a college which I promised Fred I would not name. Why he didn't want me to mention it, I don't know, but from him I learned early not to press a point about an Indian's personal life. They respect your privacy and expect you to do the same toward them.

I asked him for an explanation on how he was able to design each piece differently. His reasoning might sound very peculiar but you would find it plausible if you were to watch him work. He said he had nothing to do with it, that while he was in the process of creating, the article took form without any help from him. He would

(Continued on Page 33)

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT by JOHNNY UHLMAN

IT WAS JUST a week ago tonight, while I was making the usual rounds downtown, that I heard something that caused these tired old ears of mine to fan out like open taxicab doors. As I came near the entrance to the GOLDEN NUGGET SALOON I heard the last few strains of a melody being played as though by a 14-piece band. Crammed with curiosity, I investigated. Here were four fellows who, through the voicing of their arrangements and working strictly as a unit, were putting out music that was highly reminiscent of the old Glen Miller Band. I was flabbergasted.

They were using a clarinet lead with accordion fill and background, with bass and guitar for rhythm. To make a long story a lot shorter: Each was a top man on his particular instrument, forming a combination that accomplished unheard-of things for only FOUR PIECES! You probably have noticed that I've used the past tense all the way through and the reason is because these fellows aren't there any more. They were just filling in here, on their way to the Coast to make some recordings. However, should you ever get the chance, don't fail to hear the BOBBY MANNERS MUSIC MAKERS. Meanwhile, THE VARI-TONES are still at this favorite spot and will play ANY request you care to mention. If you think I'm kidding, just drop in and try 'em out! . . .

Olie Erickson is strutting around like a papa penguin these days and the reason is that he has finally finished moving into the new building he built for his UNITED ELECTRIC COMPANY out in NORTH LAS VEGAS. Olie has been moving for WEEKS now but he finally has all of his stock in the one spot. You see, he and his men are kept pretty busy and if they couldn't find the materials they needed in the old place, they'd have to go over to the new one and try to find it, 'cause they didn't let moving stop business for one second. Olie's one of those kind who does not like to lose any time. That's why he's gonna MARRY his LAWYER. It seems that here recently he has had his share of legal difficulties and figured it wouldn't hurt matters at all to have the lawyer around as a permanent fixture, as well as the fact that she was a very attractive young woman and he had fallen in love with her. She is the lovely and talented VIRGINIA MILLER, a comparatively new addition to the long list of lawyers who find Las Vegas to be a lucrative locale. . . . Coming out of the side door of the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL last Sunday night, I found myself face to face with four sets of beautiful TEETH. Investigation disclosed that they belonged to a most happy WEDDING party. You never SAW so many smiles! JEANETTE'S last name USED to be RAGAN, and she is the sister of CLIFF MERSHON (currently a dealer at the Eldorado Club). Now it is MR. AND MRS. HARRIS LARSEN of Phoenix, Ariz. They each have their own business over in the city of Phoenix, so they should do okay in the years to come. The more I think of it, their businesses are almost the same, in a way. She has a beauty shop and he has an auto paint shop. He beautifies the MECHANICAL age and she the age of HUMANITY! They both repair wrecks! We wish the best of everything to the new MR. and MRS. LARSEN. . . . The WITTWER CAFE is becoming quite the place to eat out on North Main since JACK BIGGS took over the running of the place. I suppose "BIG'S" the best way to describe the way Jack DOES things, too. The spot is open 24 hours a day now and the main aim of the establishment is to see that the dish of your choice is prepared to YOUR LIKING. Jack is proving that you CAN make something out of nothing by putting the Wittwer Cafe in the same class with the best of our local eateries. . . .



Ya know somethin'? If RUTH and MITCH, of the EMBASSY CLUB in North Vegas, don't leave on that vacation of theirs pretty soon, they'll be too old to make the trip! I know they're GONNA go 'cause Ruthie says she has some grandchildren she just HAS to see. From the looks of things, if they don't hurry up and GO on that vacation, she and Mitch will have more grandchildren than they already **have.** (They sure don't look like gramma and grampa to me, those two!) . . . For years a certain piano man has recognized my presence no matter where he is playing, and no matter what the tune he happens to be playing at the time. As soon as he sees me enter, he will work a few bars of "Oh, Johnny, Oh!" into whatever tune he's playing, be it rumba, samba, fox-trot tango, or what-have-you! For this bit of elation to my ego all these years I'd like to thank CHARLIE MINSHALL, who is now at the CLUB BINGO with the ROY JARVIS TRIO. . . . Have you seen one of these new fascinating gadgets that the Lucky Lager people are putting in some of the local bars and liquor stores? FLOYD and LOUISE have one on the wall at THE BOTTLE HOUSE out on South Fifth Street. This thing resembles the face of a clock with the lettering of L-u-c-k-y L-a-g-e-r and a couple of blank spaces instead of numbers. Every few seconds a bottle in the center spins around, then stops on one of the letters or empty spaces. So far, I've heard a dozen different ways to make bets to see why "buys" the next one. Even when there's no betting going on, you can see half the people in the place staring at the thing and trying to guess where it will stop the next time around. There's one of them in PETE'S LIQUOR STORE out in North Vegas, too. VIRGINIA, who works the evening shift, tells me that the gadget conspires against her, it would seem, 'cause she loses the bet most of the time and the house has to buy the next round. . . . Those of you who have seen the Jimmy Durante show at the DESERT INN no doubt recall the fiddle player with the "schnoz" that Jimmy pans throughout the show. That fiddle player happens to be one of our local musicians that was hired especially for this show. His name is MILTON HARRIS, who, like a lot of us, decided to make Vegas his home. Milt practically retired from the music business for a while but couldn't stay away, and lately let it be known that he was available for work, with the result that he has worked in the string section of all the bands that required such a section in the past few months. Milt is truly a violinist, a credit to any organization. . . . THE ROWEL now has those blue denim cowboy shirts I was telling you about a few days ago. Talk about comfortable, MAN, they're GREAT! I picked myself up a couple of extras before they all go. They look HEAVY but actually they're made out of a light weight denim and after they're laundered once they come out real soft. GLENN and VHADA are finally going to take themselves a **pleasure** vacation. These two kids are really workers and so far all their trips have been on business as they are doing their best to stock The Rowel with the best in western and sports clothes in the materials and styles that the people of Las Vegas would like most to have. In case you're not "in the know" as yet: The Rowel is located in the Frontier Western Village out on Hiway 91. . . . Say! Here's good news! MR. AL FRANK is in full charge of the RANCH HOUSE RESTAURANT, across from the Frontier, and the changes he's bringing about at the place are no short of phenomenal! The prices have been put within MY reach and the meat served here is the BEST. You see, Al was in the meat business for 32 years and really knows what he is after when he buys. The drinks are only 35 cents from 11 p. m. til 2 a. m., and now . . . NOW . . . he is going to give you dancing and entertainment from 11 p. m. until FIVE in the morning! The music will be provided by none other than BOBBY LAINE and his quartet of fine musicians. No need for me to go into length about the capabilities of Bobby at the piano, 'cause any of us who have been in Vegas for any time at all know that he's TOPS! Along with all this is that zany disk jockey show known as "Coo Time," which has zoomed to popularity in the short time it has been on the air waves. So . . . just try to tell ME that you don't get your money's worth when you drop into the RANCH HOUSE RESTAURANT for an evening's enjoyment! The FOOD is TERRIFIC! . . . So saying, and with drooling chops, I now steal away into the night. . . . Bye!

JOHNNY.

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ALEX

HENIG

for

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

to enlighten you to the best of her ability. Yours truly knows absolutely nothing about oil, except that it comes in a quart jar when we need it for our automobile and that it comes from "Mother Earth." . . . This is not a campaign item, because we're non-partisan, but we do feel the following is of news interest. ANGUS HICKS, seeking office as Auditor of Clark County, is a "genuine" Las Vegan. By "genuine" we mean Mr. Hicks was born in Las Vegas, in 1910, and has been a resident since then. In 1944 Angus lost his left hand in an accident while working for the Union Pacific Railroad. This accident didn't hinder him to the extent of being unable to work, although he couldn't continue with the railroad. It handicapped him by denying him the ability of manual labor, with the result that he's been shilling at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, graveyard shift. Every nickel he could possibly scrape together has been put into his campaign for posters, stickers, cards, etc. We certainly admire a man of Hicks' fortitude, who has never asked for any favors, and gets along strictly on his own. . . . We never encountered a more disappointed man than EPPY PEARSON when he was informed that he could not appear on the **Night of Stars** show. He was told there were too many entertainers on the bill. Too bad, because we believe jovial Eppy would have been sensational. Last Christmas he played Santa Claus for the underprivileged, and made hundreds feel like they "belonged." . . . In town for a few days last week, and at the DESERT INN, was JACK DEMPSEY and his two charming daughters. When Jack escorts one of his daughters for an evening, they certainly don't look like father and daughter, but more like a dating combination. . . . LIBERACE, one of our favorite entertainers, signed with GABBE, LUTZ & HELLER last week. This trio of actors' agents have under contract the finest entertainers in show business—just to name one, FRANKIE LAINE. With this duo, we envy the position of these representatives and know that Liberace's star will shine all the brighter. . . . We like AL ABRAMS' taste in choosing the wall paper in the card room of the ELDORADO CLUB, which is all **jacks, queens and kings**, "king size." Al's talent for picking the right clothes certainly is an enviable one, and his taste for colors is evident in his cozy card room. . . . TONY MARTIN is breaking all records at the AMBASSADOR's Coconut Grove in Los Angeles. . . . It's too bad that ARNOLD CHRISTENSEN of CHRISTENSEN'S MEN'S WEAR won't be around for those final payoffs at the Club Bingo's Talent Opportunity Contest. Arnold and his very lovely wife PHYLLIS left on a two-week, much needed and deserved vacation to LAKE TAHOE. . . . TUTOR SCHERER has finally taken over the reins as to running the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. We believe HERB McDONALD will be moved up "front" and promoted to assistant manager. . . . The other day, MAC "CUTIE PIE" KRIM was strolling downtown when he overheard a few women say: "Isn't he cute!" and "Just look at those **snuggies** he's wearing!" Mac was attired in his riding habit, and we'd say those so-called snuggies were kinda tight and left no room to even "change your mind." . . . JOHNNY THOMAS is the new owner of the gas station on Fremont and Third. He hails from Hollywood. Good luck, fella, and welcome to our town! . . . The very popular and beautiful GEORGE MORO Dancers close at the EL RANCHO VEGAS September 26 and open at the FLAMINGO HOTEL one week later, October 5. George and his lovely associate, RUTH LANDIS, promise spectacular productions at the latter spot. Knowing them and their talents in choreography, we say: "Look out, Broadway!" . . . Joe White, bartender at the GOLDEN NUGGET, day shift, is "CAPPY" DAVIS' son-in-law, and has been employed at this club for the past three and a half years. When Cappy speaks about his two grandchildren, MAUREEN, aged 6, and RONNIE, 2 years old (Joe's children), you're bound to hear the story twice. When Cappy gets through raving, and you decide to have a cool beer or soft drink at the bar, Joe takes up where his father-in-law left off. . . . BELDON KATLEMAN, proving to be the kind of a guy everyone likes, has a kind word for all, and listens to reason. In other words, we believe he's one of the best bosses in the West—ask MOUGH CARSON. . . . Because of NATE MACK'S illness, ERNEST MICHEL, a representative from the UNITED JEWISH APPEAL, was sent here from L. A. to pick up those "pledges" made during the drive. Helping Mr. Michel and introducing him to everyone is JAKE KOZLOFF, president of the Jewish Community Center and the man who did so very much during the Appeal. . . . We were amazed at the startling resemblance between MORRIS KLEINMAN, big boss of the DESERT INN, and their current star, JIMMY DURANTE. They can almost

(Continued on Page 30)

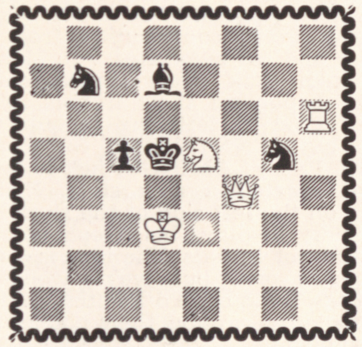


CHESS » » »

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

PROBLEM 62

Black 5



White 4
White mates in two

Solution to Problem 61: RxN.

SICILIAN DEFENSE

Keres	Stahlberg	27—K-B2	P-KN3
White	Black	28—R-R	RxPch
1—P-K4	P-QB4	29—K-K	NxP
2—N-KB3	N-B3	30—PxN	BxPch
3—P-Q4	PxP	31—B-Q2	BxBch
4—NxP	N-B3	32—NxB	R-QB
5—N-QB3	P-Q3	33—K-Q	R-(4)-B4
6—B-KN5	P-K3	34—R(2)-K1?	K-N2?
7—Q-Q3	P-QR3!	35—R-R4	R-B6
8—R-Q	B-Q2	36—R-K7	RxP
9—B-K2	B-K2	37—R-KB4	R-B
10—O-O	O-O	38—R-B2	P-QN4
11—Q-N3	Q-B2!	39—R-R7	R-QR6
12—N-N3	K-R	40—K-B	R-B6ch
13—B-KB4	N-K4!	41—K-N2	R-K6
14—B-B	B-N4!!	42—RxRP	R-K
15—P-B4	N-B3!	43—R-R7	R(1)-K2?
16—KR-K	BxB	44—RxR	RxR
17—RxB	P-Q4	45—K-B3	P-B4
18—PxP	PxP	46—K-N4	R-K4
19—N?P	NxN	47—N-B3	R-Q4
20—RxN	N-N5	48—R-Q2!	RxR
21—R-KR5?	QR-Q!	49—NxR	K-R3
22—B-Q2	NxRP	50—KxP	K-N4
23—P-B5?	QxQ	51—K-B5	K-N5
24—PxQ	B-B3	52—N-B	P-B5
25—P-B3	R-Q4	53—K-Q3	
26—B-K3?	R-K	Draw Agreed	



WORLD CHAMPION CANDIDATE TOURNAMENT (Budapest, 1950)

ROUND 12

SICILIAN DEFENSE

Boleslavsky (White)	Najdorf (Black)
1—P-K4	P-QB4
2—N-KB3	P-Q3
3—B-N5ch	B-Q2
4—BxBch	QxB
5—O-O	KN-B3
6—R-K	N-B3
7—P-B3	P-K3
8—P-Q4	PxP
9—PxP	P-Q4
10—P-K3	N-K5
11—N-B3	NxN
12—PxN	B-K2
13—N-N5	BxN
14—BxB	N-K2
15—R-N	N-N3
16—Q-N4	R-QB
17—P-KR4	P-KR4
18—Q-N3	P-N3
19—R-N4	K-B
20—P-R4	N-K2
21—BxNch	QxB
22—R-R	P-N3
23—Draw agreed	

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 27)

be taken for brothers. . . . Seems that the AIR TAXI SERVICE will become as popular as taxicabs are on streets and highways of Las Vegas. Last Saturday we spent a few hours with MR. DAVISON in his office. Well, city editors of large newspapers aren't as busy answering phone calls as this young pioneer was. Now almost everyone can play the part of "big shot" by chartering a plane to go anywhere in the United States, and still pay less than regular airline rates, whereas years ago flying was a mighty expensive luxury, especially a private chartered flight. . . . How many times has this happened to you? While in the midst of a telephone conversation, you're **cut off** and an operator says "Number please?" We're actually amazed when we complete a call without a mishap. Wonder what causes these CUT-OFFS? . . . JAKE KOZLOFF of the GOLDEN NUGGET is truly a very proud father. His oldest son, CHICKIE, about 9 years of age, won the calf roping contest while away at summer camp. Jake, in his youth, was quite an athlete, having organized a basketball team with his four brothers. THE KOZLOFFS challenged all teams, whether professional or not, and beat them all—well, **almost all!** Chickie is a chip off the old block, only he goes in for the western type sport, and calf roping is part of his outdoor exercise. It wouldn't surprise us in the least if Mr. Kozloff starts wearing or carrying the kid's medal to prove to his associates at the Golden Nugget his son's prowess in rancho living and perhaps the champion bronco buster or calf roper of Nevada at some future date. . . . We stopped off at the SHAMROCK HOTEL the other night and things are really buzzing out "thar." This hotel is owned by CLEM MALONE, and also one of the candidates for Governor of Nevada. Clem has made the place his headquarters and it's loaded with flying banners and posters. In fact, the Shamrock is decorated so much that it almost looks like the election was over and the preparation for a victory party! . . . A few weeks ago we wrote about MAX GOOT of the ELDORADO CLUB, and the 23 slot machines he owns, and his claiming it to be "only a side line." Now, exactly two weeks later, Mr. Goot owns 46 slots, double the amount he started with, plus two partners, CHARLIE HANCOCK and JERRY MACK. If this progress continues, Max and his partners should have, at the end of the year, more slot machines in various locales than Las Vegas boasts population. **But** Mr. Goot still calls it a "side line." . . . Everybody is mighty curious what the net receipts will be for the first day when the LAS VEGAS RACE TRACK opens. JOE SMOOT, president of the association, very generously donated the entire amount for the **Crippled Children of Clark County** at the "Night of Stars" show. Sum may be anywhere from $30,000 to $50,000, and truly a great contribution from Mr. Smoot and his associates. . . . Many of the men folk wear monogrammed shirts displaying their initials in different type of lettering to suit their taste, but LENNY KENT, comedian at the HOTEL FLAMINGO, just to be different, started a new style. Embroidered on the left side of the shirt, Lenny boldly displays his telephone number and not initials. The idea is a pretty clever one, but we're wondering what his bride of two months thinks of him carrying around their phone number so openly. . . . THE AMES BROTHERS are now enjoying a successful engagement at the HOTEL EL RANCHO, but half the team are actually honeymooning. JOE AMES was married on July 7 to lovely TRUDY; VIC tied the knot on July 24 to another lovely, HAZEL. GENE proudly displays the pictures of his wife and new baby boy, GREG, and is here alone, because the baby is too young to travel. ED and his wife are here, too. All in all, the Ames are really having the time of their lives in "fabulous" Las Vegas. . . . BILL KAPLAN, columnist in Chicago, informs us that WILLIE SHORE and his television radio shows in the Windy City (?) is one of the biggest attractions there and, according to all indications and the many sponsors who are seeking to grab this show, Willie may have to give up personal appearance tours for a while, just as MILTON BERLE had to do in New York City. . . . We admire the greatness of JANE FROMAN, wonderful songstress and currently starring at the FLAMINGO HOTEL. Although out of a wheel chair only a short time (three and a half months), nothing was too much for her to do for the "Night of Stars." Those trips to and from the Sportsdrome really tired her considerably, and she had to be confined to her bed the following day. The only time she left her room was to do the show and right back for some more rest. Miss Froman says: "Don't **give** 'til it hurts—but **give** until you feel **good.**"

. . . Once again we'd like to forewarn the pedestrians who take those strolls during the night on Highway 91. It is

(Continued on page 34)

Houses of Worship in Las Vegas

ASSEMBLY OF GOD:

116 South 10th.

Rev. John F. Green, residence 726½ South Fourth.

BAPTIST:

FIRST BAPTIST, Ninth and Bridger.

Rev. Walter Bishop, residence 330 South Ninth, Box 1409.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST:

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, Scientist, 631 Bridger. Reading rooms at 400 Carson.

CATHOLIC:

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.

CHURCH OF GOD:

301 Lewis Street
Rev. R. R. Hughes, phone 5736

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.

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

SECOND WARD, Eighth and Linden. Bishop Joseph O. Christensen, 504 North 9th.

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

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.

ALL FINAL NITE!!

MONDAY, AUGUST 7, 1950

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE 2nd SHOW — 2:30 A. M.

DOWNTOWN **vs.** **THE STRIP**

(CHAMPS)		(CHAMPS)	
1—TOMMY LYNCH	vs.	JOHNNY BADIK	
2—TOM BRADLEY	vs.	STAR GISEL	
3—"TOPPER" MERCER	vs.	JEANNIE COHEN BONNIE SIBLER	(tie for third)

IN THE

BONANZA ROOM at the

CLUB BINGO

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$150.00 TOTAL

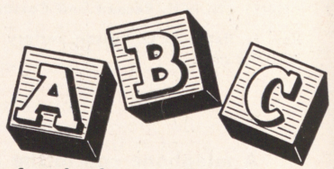


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POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

the business center of the Las Vegas settlements, for the railroad chose a site for the big plant, close to McWilliamstown. It was on the east side of the railroad, just north of Clark street, where the underpass now is.

The railroad surveyors overlooked the fact that the railroad right of way ran through the corner of the McWilliams 80, leaving a triangular piece of land on the east side of the railroad, to which the railroad company had never secured title. But McWilliams was acutely aware of that fact and of the further fact that the site chosen for the great new ice plant was on the McWilliams land.

With victory and fortune shining from his eyes M,cWilliams waited with what patience he could command while the building contractor poured concrete foundations deep and massive to support the machinery and the building of the new plant. But just a little too early he went to Los Angeles and offered to sell the ice plant site for a fancy sum. He just knew he had the best of that great, rich railroad company which had partially ruined his townsite, and he naturally was none too modest in his demands.

But the railroad company would not agree with McWilliams as to the value of that triangular piece of land on which they had already spent some thousands of dollars building foundations. They refused to pay the price and McWilliams came back to Las Vegas confident that they would eventually have to accept his terms.

Work on the new plant was at a standstill for a time, each side waiting for the other to give in. Then one day the contractor for the plant started work again, this time on a site at the other side of Las Vegas, where the present ice plant is. There the great Armour ice plant was built and there it stood and operated until it was destroyed in a great fire in the summer of 1907.

The plant was immediately rebuilt, this time with a different financial setup as the "Pacific Fruit Express," and is still operating, but not on McWilliams' property.

But the original concrete foundations for the great Armour Packing Plant, which would have been, because of its nearness, a valuable asset to McWilliamstown, is still there, near the railroad track just north of the Clark Street (Bonanza) underpass. That is, it was there only a few years ago, when I went there and poked about among the weeds and brush and found those heavy foundations just as they were left in the early summer of 1905.

Mr. McWilliams was active in the life of Las Vegas until his death several years ago. He was a member of the Chamber of Commerce and always had positive opinions as to how best to promote the growth of the community. He secured several thousand acres in timber land in the Lee Canyon district of the Spring (Charleston) Mountain range, and contributed a generous site to the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, where they annually have their vacation camps.

I wish I might have more friends of the same kindly spirit as Mr. and Mrs. McWilliams always showed toward us. And I hope that each year for many years, as I have done in the past, I may write a little story of My Lady of the Grapes, just about this time of the year.

ALEX HENIG:

(Continued from Page 13)

. . . To big John Lyden of Whtitlesea Cab Company and his many drivers gies the "Good Deed Award." They all went out, like many others, and sold a hat full of tickets for the "Night of Stars." Good work, fellows! . . . Closing with this wonderful story of life: Son George Wagner of North Las Vegas wishes to send birthday greetings to his dear mother, Katherine, who was 81 years young this past July 28. By the way, George's dad, Jake (J. C.), is still alive and kicking at the age of 90. Oh, yes, we don't know how old this George is . . . but . . . see you soon!

ALEX.

THE OLD TIMER:

(Continued from Page 23)

just sit and stare at a piece and, while looking, it seemed to "tell him" that a "tear drop" of silver went here, or a piece of turquoise went there. Again I say, it sounds odd, but I sat with him and watched. Maybe I have a vivid imagination but it got to the point, after a few days, where I could almost tell what Fred was going to do next. He promised that if ever I could come down and spend a couple months in the village, I might turn out to be a silversmith of a sort. Now all I've got to do is sell Maw on the idea. (Note: NO SALE—Maw.)

JANE FROMAN:

(Continued from Page 11)

is no enjoyment to be found in the action, whereas there should be. When I was asked to give a little introductory talk at "The Night of Stars" I swore I wouldn't use that phrase, but what **would** I say?

It wasn't until I was almost ready to go on the stage that it came to me from nowhere. I almost blew up with exaltation. "Give until it FEELS GOOD!" I felt good just SAYING it!

The program that night was one of the greatest I have ever seen or hope to ever take part in and I, for one, would like to see it become an annual affair. For what GREATER purpose? The proceeds of this particular event are to remain within the locale of Las Vegas and contributions can be given at any time. When you make your contribution, remember: "Give until it feels good!"

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 30)

all very wonderful to want to walk in the moonlight and get the benefit of our refreshing night air, but please look out crossing the road. Drivers can't see you as quickly as you can see them. When trying to cross, please wait for the traffic to clear and then do not stroll across leisurely, **But Step on It!** Always remember, the life you are saving is your own! . . . We received an item last week from ABE PINCUS, the man who publishes the HOLLYWOOD JEWISH NEWS in Beverly Hills. We found it so interesting, and inspiring, we would like to convey his particular message to you. Mr. Pincus entitled it "You Can't Take It With You"--an old title, but it adds a new version: "In the democracy of the dead all men are at last equal. There is neither rank, nor station, nor prerogative in the republic of the grave. At this fatal threshold the philosopher ceases to be wise, and the song of the poet is silent. Dives relinquish its millions, and Moishe his rags. The poor man is as rich as the richest, and the richest man is as poor as the pauper. The creditor loses his usury, and the debtor is acquitted of his obligation. There the proud man surrenders his dignities, and the worldling his pleasures. The invalid there needs no physician, and the laborer rests from unrequited toil. Here at last is Nature's final degree in equity. The wrongs of time are redressed. Injustice is expiated, the irony of fate is refuted. The unequal distribution of wealth, honor, capacity, pleasure and opportunity, which makes life such a cruel and inexplicable tragedy, ceases in the realm of death. The strongest there has no supremacy, the weakest needs no defense. The mightiest captain succumbs to that invincible adversary, who disarms alike the victor and the vanquished." . . . We learned a long time ago, and we'd like to pass this message on to you, if we may: **"If you are one of those people who believe only half of what you hear, make certain it is the right half; also those that knock, never know, and those that know, never knock"** . . . and that's for sure!

DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 19)

JOHNNY MARTIN, your host and a wonderful singing m.c., does great in both production numbers. His smiling way has certainly earned him a "berth" at the Desert Inn. . . . CARLETON HAYES' orchestra does a sensational job in backgrounding this all-music show, despite the "beating" he takes from Mr. Durante.

CLUB BINGO:

(Continued from Page 19)

banded temporarily. Although this is not a review, we can safely recommend this new Bingo offering to everyone, and guarantee one hour of comedy, singing and dancing in the finest tradition of show business. . . . Although a bit premature, we must compliment EPPY PEARSON, the manager of the Bonanza Room, for his genial ways, in welcoming and making everyone feel at home, and his excellent taste for booking talent into this club. . . . MIKE WERNER and his "big" little band play lots of music, both for the show and dancing pleasure, which is now continuous until 6 a. m., alternating with the ROY JARVIS TRIO.

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"MAC" McMAHON, Manager

2?

IT'S ALWAYS
A PLEASURE
TO SAY "HELLO"

TO ALL MY FRIENDS IN
"FABULOUS" LAS VEGAS



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(LIBER–AH–CHEE)

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