August 12, 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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VOLUME 2 AUGUST 12, 1950 NUMBER 17

OBSERVATIONS

. . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

MAYOR ERNIE CRAGIN over all Las Vegas radio stations Sunday noon made a prayer asking the prayers of all of us that war may be averted. It was one of the wholly sincere prayers I have heard during my long life. He spoke it from the heart with the clear picture in his mind of their only son, Marleau, as he went to his death from the deck of a great ship during action in the far Pacific.

I hope all of us, you gay boys and girls of the make-believe world included, will follow Mayor Cragin's heartfelt advice. I have had a fairly long life during which in times of trouble I have instinctively turned to spiritual things. Just as you boys and girls cast a spell over your audiences, so our Heavenly Father, if we ask him, will cast His merciful spell about us when the world is dark and fearsome. And it appears just now that Divine Power is the only thing which can save our precious world and our loved ones from the horrors of communism.

One thing that prayer of Ernie's impressed on my mind. He said that a little city with so many churches as Las Vegas has cannot be very bad. I agree with that also. I counted up the other day 18 churches in Las Vegas.

I remember that during those dismal and uncomfortable days in early 1905, before the auction sale of town lots, a fine old clergman, Dr. Bain, held services regularly in a little tent about 12 by 16 feet in size, built near the creek. There many of the tired and discouraged found new comfort and faith in the future under the kindly ministrations of Dr. Bain.

To his faith, perhaps in some measure, is due the fact that Las Vegas today has more beautiful church buildings with congregations of the faithful than any other city of comparable size in the country. Perhaps you do not realize it, boys and girls of the stage, but without the faith, hope and comfort of religion cities could not be built, nor civilizations be developed.

Getting back to stern realities, our wonderful civilization may be destroyed; pass into the realms of forgotten things, just as were the great and beautiful worlds of Babylon and Nineveh in the Valey of the Euphrates six thousands years ago. Or, later, the amazing cities of Luxor and Karnak in the Valley of the Nile; or the highly intellectual civilization of Carthage with the greatest libraries the world had ever known; or the Golden Age of Pericles in Greece with its perfection of art and beauty some six or seven hundred years before Christ; or the incredible power of the Roman Empire, ruler of the world, which lapsed into the beginning of the dark ages about 300 A. D.

Now we have countless millions of communists, for the most part uneducated, unrefined and low in mental qualities, who, spurred to frenzy by the few who have achieved leadership in the Kremlin, thirst for the blood and plunder of our western civilization. It is not impossible that they may succeed and within another few years spread their blight over the world.

So for perhaps another thousand years of dark ages, art, science and literature may be struggling to build another and finer civilization than the world has ever known and 2950 A. D. may be the apex of the world's new civilization.

Nevertheless, we who are here now, enjoying the beauties of our western civilization, won't willingly submit to extinction. We won't starve to death smilingly nor submit gracefully to massacre. Let's hope the power of prayer may intervene for us.

(Continued on page 32)

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THE SINGING CAB DRIVER

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HI-WAY 91

VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS



THINK BEFORE YOU CHANGE

Be careful should you change
your bed,
Lest you lose both your bed and
bread.
If you're about to change your
bed,
Think of the head as well as bed.
Bed is worthless without a head.
Head will always find you a bed.
Bed wlil never find you a head.
You'll have no bread when short
a head.
It takes a head to bake the bread.
No bread will bake without a
head.
If you go forth for bread and bed,
You'll find head bakes and
breaks the bread.
With head you'll discover a bed.
So first you must possess the
head.
Then, with head, you'll find
bread and bed.

A LOVE CYCLE

So now I really must confess,
My dreams are all of happiness.
I recall the day I met you,
And all the thrills that did ensue.

Our thoughts flashed in lover's
fashion,
Burning hearts with lover's pas-
sion.
At times we had our lover's fuss,
To lovers, true love, —— dan-
gerous.

Oftimes love's impetuous rage
Was checked; Tolerance turned
the page,
True love has jealous thoughts
that soar;
Yet truth leaves true love as
before.

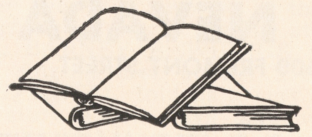
★ ★ ★

I SURRENDER

My love is firm to body, but soft
to the ear,
I yield to you so completely, the
world must hear.
You may use my love carelessly
or discreetly.
A sword surrendered to guard or
deplete me.

FICKLE

Her love is like an autumn leaf,
The stem is frail; her dates are
brief.
She's a cloudy day; the sun's pale
ray,
So quick to fade, then pass away.



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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

. . by JACK CORTEZ

WELL, the final quest for talent ended last Monday night in the BONANZA ROOM of the CLUB BINGO. Who won? The DOWNTOWN area beat THE STRIP—and we mean BEAT! All three contestants who won last week were the final victors. In No. 1 spot, TOMMY LYNCH, a driver for the UNION CAB COMPANY, singing "My Foolish Heart." In second place, TOPPER MERCER, the tallest dice dealer in the city of Las Vegas, and in third, TOM BRADLEY, that handsome young man employed as a teller in the First National Bank.

As an added prize, EPPY PEARSON, the guy who conceived this contest, which turned out to be one of the greatest attractions for the "Rounders," surprised Tommy Lynch with a week's engagement in the club, or the alternative of the salary equivalent to an artist's wage, if he couldn't break away from his driving chores.

So ends the **Talent Opportunity Contest,** and perhaps a start for Tommy Lynch in the great profession known as **show business.** From here on in, this young fellow will have to carry the ball and perhaps prove that his singing, which is a cross between Sinatra's and Damone's, can become the next voice you'll hear on the "Hit Parade." It's a pleasure to ride in Union Cabs these days. Every driver wants to get into the act, so they practice their **"do-re-mi"** while bringing you to your destination. . . .

Once before we wrote about trying to get a professional baseball team into our town to do their spring training. We learned recently that the WASHINGTON SENATORS of the American League are now seeking a spot to do their spring training in 1951. **IF** our Chamber of Commerce will get in touch with BUCKY HARRIS, the manager of this team, we are certain that arrangements could be made to get these champion players into our town. In order to accomplish this, negotiations have to be made at least six or seven months before the spring training season starts. The publicity Las Vegas would receive, and the great amount of fans who would come here to watch their favorite team play, plus the families of the players, would certainly keep Las Vegas on all the sport pages in every newspaper in the country. That letter to Mr. Harris, inviting his team, the Washington Senators, to Las Vegas should be sent very soon. It would be a lucky break for us if we accomplished this very easy task. Again we stress the importance of . . . THE SOONER THE BETTER! . . .

Approximately seven months ago AL NISSEL came to Las Vegas from Los Angeles, opened a very small ladies' sportswear shop on East Carson street, and four months later he rented half of JACK DIAMOND'S shoe store on Fremont street. Last week Al bought out Mr. Diamond's share in the store and now owns the entire shop 100 percent. We wish Mr. Nissel lots of good luck and, according to the progress he's made in the past seven months, he should own a department store at the end of the year. . . . If you think the name **Las Vegas** isn't internationally famous, ask COLONEL COLEMAN'S wife CHERRY, who has just returned from England. She will tell you about the race horse running at Covington by the name of **"LAS VEGAS,"** which is always bet on heavily because of the famous reputation our town possesses. The bettors hope that the nag, bearing this "fabulous" name, will live up to its name and perhaps be a winner. **BUT,** sad to relate, this race horse brings our town no glory. He usually romps or strolls in, seventh or eighth. Because Mrs. Coleman is from Las Vegas, she bet on this horse, too, hoping to break its losing streak, but unfortunately she, too, lost. However, we would like to find out, if we can, how that horse received its name, and why he can't win, because Las Vegas is always a winner. . . . BOB PECCOLE, popular boss man on the graveyard shift at the WESTERNER CLUB, is all excited now that the interior and exterior of this friendly club is almost completed. In front of the building that beautiful mural, depicting western saga of the covered wagon days, blazing a trail to new territories, is up and it looks like a historic museum piece. It is interesting to note "GUMBO" GEORGETTI, popular owner of the club, standing in front of the place at every opportunity, gazing in awe at this beautiful masterpiece. Oh, yes! Bob has a very suspicious smile on his face of late because there's a surprise in the offing, which he refuses to divulge at present. . . . BARNEY RAWLINGS, the m.c. and singing host at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL told us a very interesting story a few days ago, which we feel should be passed on to you. Barney met his very lovely wife when

(Continued on Page 33)

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THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

I WONDER if manners and habits of Las Vegas look as peculiar to outsiders as theirs look to us? Recently I traveled three other western states and they had habits common to all three but seemed a bit foreign and "far fetched" to me because of their reversal of form. I am firm in my conviction that the great majority of the natives of these three states are color blind and I give, as an example, traffic signal lights. I think they will prove my point.

In Gallup, New Mexico, when the green lights shows, the pedestrians cross the intersection, and what's more, if you can imagine it, when the red light shows, they stop at the curb and you couldn't force them to cross. Anyone who had stood at the corner of First or Second and Fremont knows that this is not the correct procedure. They know full well that those lights are only for automobiles (except taxis). One thing they have in common with us here is the yellow light. It means the same to them as it does to us, RUN!

In Los Angeles and Pasadena, Calif., the people cross the street ONLY at the intersections. How quaint! Almost anyone who has been in Las Vegas more than two weeks realizes that this procedure is also wrong. Common sense and observations tell us that intersections have nothing whatever to do with pedestrians, but are placed here and there about the city, especially the downtown sections, for two purposes and two purposes only. First, to facilitate the numbering of the buildings and, second, so that the owners of the intersection buildings can get more rent for a corner store than for one that is not.

In those states they have many peculiar driving habits also. Signal signs they call them. Now take the "U" turn for instance. At intersections there are signs that declare, "No U turn." How silly! The greater percentage of Las Vegas drivers knows that these signs are a complete waste of money. Whoever heard of making a "U" turn at an intersection? What do those people think the middle of the block is for? Pedestrians only? Besides, if intersections were used for "U" turns, it would take all of the zest out of driving on Las Vegas streets, to say nothing of the surprise and thrill element of driving. How many times have you been driving down the street, thinking of a fishing trip, or of a new hat in case you



happen to be a female, and suddenly the car in front of you reaches the proper spot in the middle of the block and, without a word of warning, makes a "U" turn? Remember the thrill? That spine tingling sensation as your heart jumps up into your mouth and puts a foot on each tonsil, and you, at the same moment, put one foot on the brake and the other on the clutch—BOY, THAT'S LIVING!

They also have a system in those states, a system known as hand signals, which also takes some of the fun out of driving. I think it is a habit. When the driver is going to make a right turn, he holds his hand straight upward, after getting into the right lane of traffic. Most drivers here in Las Vegas hold their hand in the same position, at times, but not for the same purpose. Here it only means that the driver wants to drum on the top of the car with his finger tips or to hold onto the roof rail so as to not fall out in case some reckless driver causes an accident.

The hand held straight down in those states means that they are going to pull up to a stop. Here it just means that the driver is tired of drumming on the roof. There the hand held straight out, even when driving alone, means a left

(Continued on page 34)

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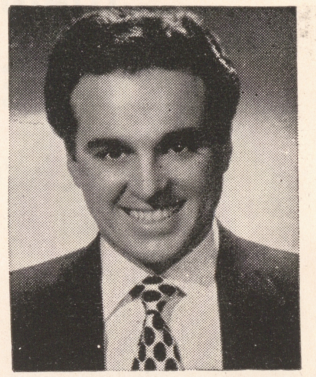
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CLUB BINGO

HI-WAY 91

'JEST WRITING'

. . . by STAN IRWIN



DID YOU EVER try taking pictures of a young baby about six or seven weeks old? It's a nerve racking, thankless task. You decide to try to make the baby sit up so you can get his full face on film. It seems that everybody has been complaining and criticizing the pictures you already took. "Can't see his face," "Why did you take it when his eyes were closed?" "How can you tell what he looks like from that shot?" and "You call yourself a photographer!" are the common comments of supposed friends and definite relatives.

So, one day you decide to be a genius of the "hypo," the Rembrandt of the flash-bulb . . . you will take pictures that will be the talk of the neighborhood and the SQUAWK of the baby. Everything is ready. A big easy chair with a pillowy back, someplace to glue the child's head, lighting set, camera loaded and flash-bulb ready for action. You sit the child down, practically sinking his head into the pillow so deep that only his nose is sticking out, you step back about four feet, look through the view-finder and what do you see? NOTHIN! The baby toppled!

Soooo, you reset the baby, reset the lights, reset the camera, and count to ten. This is not a camera technique, this is a temper technique. Everything is excellently set and timed . . . you look again. What do you see? You guessed it . . . NOTHING! Now, you are thinking of using nails and a hammer, or staples . . . or perhaps scotch tape . . . anything to hold the baby in position. But then you figure that the kid may not be puncture proof, so you dismiss the idea.

O. K., now everything is ready . . . for the zillienth time. You look, the baby is in focus and position, you press the shutter release . . . AND . . . &598ESC!*ıb&*!, the flash bulb didn't go off!

After a few hours of this self-imposed parental torture, you take some shots, both liquid and film. You can't wait until the pictures come back, a few of the liquid shots have returned more than once.

The great day has finally arrived when you can see the results of your labor, erroneously called "fatherly joy." Lo and behold! You have the finest pictures . . . of the back of his head and seat cusions any barber or interior decorator could desire.

Oh well, things could have been worse. What? you ask! It would have been slightly disappointing to find out, after all the time you spent on your new found hobby, that you left the film out of the camera!

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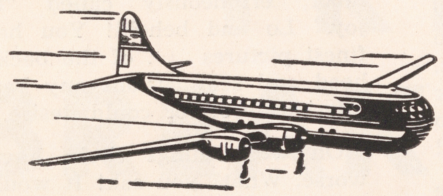
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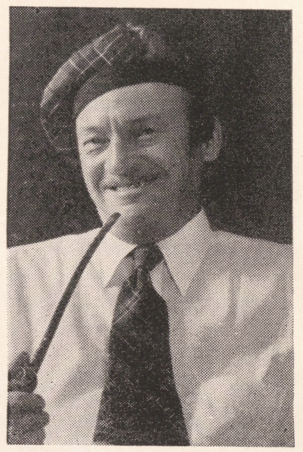
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McCarran Field Las Vegas Phone 5570

Thrifty MacGregor . . .



HOOT, MON! Howdy, Neighbors! Now I know why ma dad always said, "Save your pennies for a rainy day!" He reminded me aboot it last week when I wrote an' told him I needed financial assistance. Aye! He wired me right away, collect. An' all he did was repeat his philosophy. "Thought I told you to save your pennies for a rainy day." . . . There was only one thing left for me to do, so I wired back, also collect, "You're right, dad. But it rained for six months." Three days later I got a letter. He sent me a dollar an' told me to subscribe to the Morning Sun.

Well, things look a little brighter now. I foond oot that you can cut doon on a lot o things in North Las Vegas. Rents are more reasonable, neighbors are more neighborly an' it's ten degrees cooler in the summer time. It's a real friendly toon, a nice homey place for home lovin' people. Aye! The neighbors go oot o' their way to help each other. Ma neighbor Mac Tavish is no exception. Yesterday he loaned me his corned beef to flavor ma cabbage. An' when I took it back he refused to accept it. That was before I foond oot he borrowed it from my Maggie, the day before.

Junior likes it in North Las Vegas, too. He gets along fine wi' the merchants. His mother sent him to Trent's grocery store the other day for a box o' talcum powder. Rodger, always obligin' at Trent's grocery store, said: "What kind do you want, Junior? Mennen's?" . . . "No," quipped Junior, "better gi' me women's—it's for ma mother!" Aye, he's a bright lad. Every time he reads the Sun, he puts on his sun glasses. One thing aboot Junior, I'm convinced that he'll never be a problem child. No matter how simple the problem is, he just can't work it out.

He's got his own ideas aboot everything. After listenin' to the radio, wi Mr. Malik talkin' aboot nothin' but one thing for three days, Junior took the pennies oot o' his piggie bank an' asked his mother to write to radio KRAM an' get him an agenda. . . . I tried to explain the whole situation. I told him that seven votes were necessary to carry a measure. Now he's goin' aroond tellin' all the neighbors to vote for number seven on the ballot at the forthcomin' election. That's why I say he's a really bright boy. After lookin' over the ballot, an' checkin' on number seven, it proved to be Aelx Henig, runnin' for the office of Justice o' the Peace. All I have to do now is find Alex an' tell him the foregoin' is a paid political announcement. An' here's a little P. S. from Junior:

When you're votin' in September
Hope that you will all remember:
Alex Henig to install
To weld your lucky chain an' ball.

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Gratefully,

Jimmy Durante

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HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES

by MARTIN LEWIS

DURING his 30-year stint in the movie industry, Ray Moyer has had his share of unusual experiences. But most unusual of them all was the time he was arrested for taking a few gallons of water out of the big, blue Mediterranean.

The believe-it-or-not incident occured in Nice back in 1924 when Ray was serving as set decorator, prop man, head grip and jack-of-all-trades with the late Rex Ingram for the production of "Mare Nostrum" on the Continent. Seems Ingram needed the water to recreate the "aquarium of Naples" and Moyer merely tapped the most obviously plentiful source. But a French salt industry had a monopoly on the Mediterranean, so Ray had a run-in with the local gendarmes.

Of course, there have been other milestones in Moyer's busy career . . .

Not long ago he completed his chores as set decorator on Paramount's great drama "Sunset Boulevard." The assignment, by the way, turned the clock back to the genial gent's early days in the fabulous film industry. "Sunset Boulevard" happens to be a modern-day story of Hollywood.

However, it concerns glamorous Gloria Swanson as a one-time screen queen who lives amid her past glories and dreams of a come-back. In this celluloid masterpiece, Gloria lives in a mansion which was furnished in what was considered the tops in taste around 1921. There she ensnares William Holden, a young screen writer; uses ex-hubby Erich von Stroheim as her devoted slave, and becomes jealous of Holden's pretty girl friend, Nancy Olson.

As set decorator of the opus, Moyer was responsible for everything on the set that wasn't actually built-in or specifically handled in the action. This included furniture, drapes, rugs, bric-a-brac, movable lamps, photographs, and so forth. Several sets for "Sunset Boulevard" attracted considerable attention during the filming of the picture. But the most talked-about sets were the rooms in Miss Swanson's home.

To stock a huge living room, dining room, sun room and two bedrooms, Ray raided Paramount's warehouses and storerooms. He ransacked bins which hadn't been opened for a quarter of a century, and he dusted off long forgotten bric-a-brac. Since Gloria Swanson portrays an egocentric, Moyer decorated all of her rooms with hundreds of her own photographs, oil paintings, caricatures and sketches—with Gloria herself furnishing many of the pictures.

Movie-goers who shell out greenbacks to see this exciting and dramatic film about Hollywood life will see a living room cluttered with heavy, ornate furniture, a gold-plated piano, a pipe organ, carved chairs and tables, heavy drapes and tapestries. They'll also gander a jumble of small figurines, ship models, vases, an out-size flower bowl and a Turkish water pipe.

According to Moyer, the principal item on the bedroom set was the "Gaby Deslys bed," claimed to have been built for the famed French actress of World War I vintage. It's shaped like a gondola, with a curbed prow, hand-painted sides and raised dais. Golden cherubs two feet tall are stationed at the prow and on pedestals at either side holding a silken canopy. There was also a huge gold and marble commode—a collector's item valued at a mere $60,000. But on the "Sunset Boulevard" set it was just another "prop."

"Major difference between motion picture and home decorating is that in a motion picture set you must reflect the character of the people presumably living there," Moyer explained. "Thus we were happy that the long-stored items were somewhat marred and scratched. They gave the slightly run-down condition that one would find in such an old mansion maintained without a staff of servants. We carried out this impression in other ways, too. For example, we used orange-colored lamps instead of a light yellow to give a dark feeling to the room. Thus the over-all effect was rich but depressive . . . exactly what the script demanded."

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

. . . by JACK CORTEZ



★ El Rancho Vegas

August 2 through August 15

THE AMES BROTHERS, one of the finest singing quartets in the country, are the current headliners of the show in the ROUND-UP ROOM. These fellows, VIC, GENE, JOE and EDDY, are truly great singers, **individually** or **collectively.** The Ames Brothers are now on "top of that ladder" and, according to all indications, will be up there for a long time to come. . . . On the same bill is GEORGE BURTON and his **birds** that feature BILL and COO. These "feathered intellectuals" under the capable guidance of Mr. Burton, perform amazing feats and astound the audience, each and every performance, as to their obedience and instantaneous response to any command uttered by Mr. Burton. **Amazing** is the word to describe this act. . . . A wonderful trio, who delve into the art of confusion, are CURRY, BYRD and LeROY, whose by-line "Bedlam in a Ballroom" suits them to a "T." You never know what is going to happen when they are on the stage. You can expect anything, and they do not disappoint you. . . . GEORGE MORO Dancers, dressed in colorful costumes, present two lovely routines, beautifully done. . . . AL JAHNS and his orchestra, featuring lovely LOUISE, provide the backing for the show and dancing pleasure.

★ Hotel Last Frontier

(Not a Review)
August 11 through August 24

Adhering to "big-time" bookings in the RAMONA ROOM, HARRY FARNOW didn't disappoint the patrons this time, either. FREDDY MARTIN, his "singing saxophone" and His Orchestra are the current headliners in the Ramona Room. Featured with Mr. Martin's revue is MERVE GRIFFIN, vocalist; MURRAY ARNOLD at the piano, and the MARTIN MEN. The whole world has taken to the Martin treatment of the classics in the modern manner. Mr. Martin is Victor's top recording artist, a "maker of hits." Freddie Martin presents Latin American rhythms, novelty tunes and ballads with equal artistry, thus satisfying the tastes of all his fans. His Victor album of Latin American favorites is a must for the library of all devotees of South-of-the-Border music.

★ Flamingo Hotel

(Not a Review)
August 10 through August 23

America's laffiest, daffiest, zaniest quartet, the VAGABONDS, are the stars of this presentation in the FLAMINGO ROOM. These four fellows, beyond any shadow of a doubt, are the most comical we have ever seen on any stage, in any musical combo. In a short space of time, the Vagabonds have skyrocketed from obscurity to stardom, and well deserve all the plaudits they receive wherever they are. They are truly wonderful. . . . Co-starring with these Vagabonds is very lovely song stylist ROSE MARIE. This gal, a singing star for many years, possesses a personality equal to none. Not too many years ago, this Lady of Song was

(Continued on page 32)

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

August 8 through August 21

That wonderful minstrel man BENNY FIELDS is the headliner of the new show that opened in the PAINTED DESERT ROOM. Mr. Fields sings many old favorite tunes that you and I love to hear, plus a few new ones, written especially for him. Introduced for the first time, and written particularly for this engagement, is his song dedicated to and for Las Vegas, called "SWEET NEVADA, THAT'S FOR ME." We can say many things about Mr. Fields, but what's the use? Most of you recall the "Minstrel Man" or have heard about him. BUT to really know Mr. Fields is to love him, and that's for sure! . . . On the same bill is the "PRIME MINISTER OF PANTOMIME"—GENE SHELDON, banjo player and comedian extraordinaire. His act is loaded with comedy and all the bits he performs are done in clever pantomime. In the middle of the act, JOHNNY MARTIN, your host, comes

(Continued on page 32)

★ Thunderbird Hotel

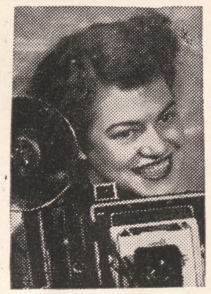
August 3 through August 16

Starring in this show are a couple of kids, back from a triumphant tour of England, PEGGY RYAN and RAY McDONALD, both of screen and stage fame. They introduce excellent routines that consist of individual and challenge dancing. Miss Ryan supplies a great deal of comedy, and dancing that certainly puts her in the high brackets. Handsome Ray McDonald proves to be a younger edition of FRED ASTAIRE in the dancing profession. Both possess loads of stage appeal and personality. . . . On the same bill is SAVANNAH CHURCHILL, a gal with a husky voice that is as mellow as a hundred year old wine. Miss Churchill, with the STRIDERS, a quartet of young men who do wonderful harmonizing in the background, while Savannah carries the melody, offer good presentation. We are certain you will enjoy your favorite "hit tunes" when Savannah Churchill, with the Striders, sing them for you. . . . Those sensational **Dansations,** featuring **20th Century-Fox** dancing star BILLY DANIELS, do great production numbers, each routine a colossal one. Broadway and its extravaganzas cannot surpass these. Featured in the routines are Billy Daniels and CHRISTINA CARSON in a PARISIAN number and a PAN-AMERICANA with glorious South American songs, done in samba, tango and rumba rhythms. . . . BARNEY RAWLINGS is your host and singing m.c., and wait 'til you hear him sing "GRANADA"—truly sensational! . . . SANDY SANDIFER'S orchestra cut an excellent show that spells lots of music, plus difficult and novel arrangements. . . . BETSY JONES, the lovely vocalist with the orchestra, is also a featured attraction in the production numbers.

★ Club Bingo

August 5 through August 15

THE RADIO ROGUES are currently headlining the bill of fare in the BONANZA ROOM. These two guys, HERBIE SILL and JIMMY HOLLYWOOD, do everything and anything in impersonations and imitations, all of which are sensational. Their act contains loads of humor, a considerable amount of comedy, and lots of song, all delving into the arts of mimicry. In all shows, the patrons keep clamoring for more. In other words, Las Vegas loves the Radio Rogues. . . . On the same bill is a very lovely songstress, PATRICIA LYNN, a soprano, who sings popular and semi-classical tunes, reminiscent of musical comedy days. When Miss Lynn gives out with those semi-classics it almost makes one feel they are in a continental cafe, listening to great song hits written by SIGMUND ROMBERG, JOHANN STRAUSS and others. Patricia Lynn sings them the way the **Masters** would have wanted them sung, and that's for sure. . . . MIKE WERNER'S orchestra offers wonderful backing for the show and dancing pleasure until **7 a. m.,** alternating with the ROY JARVIS TRIO, the other "big" band in the room.



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JOHNNY ON THE SPOT by JOHNNY UHLMAN

THERE must be an explanation of some sort, and if there is, I'd like to know! Why is everyone so TIRED as they have been for the past few weeks? At first I thought it was just ME, being plain LAZY, or having contacted FALL FEVER, but as I talked with a goodly portion of the populace of our fair city, I was soon to find out that I wasn't alone in the feeling of utter absence of energy.

My legs have felt as if they were logs of lead. It may be that the lead has just SLIPPED DOWN into my legs from the spot where I usually carry it, huh? As a matter of fact, the reason I'm writing about all this is that I suddenly realized that I've been sitting here, staring at this typewriter, like a tree full of owls, for the past 25 minutes, trying to get an inspiration as to how to start my column this week and getting nowhere in a hurry.

You know, that's one of the things I've always admired about my Dad. He has been blessed from birth with that marvelous facility of being able to "get started" to do the job at hand. Seems to know right away what has to be done FIRST and plans the rest of the thing as he goes along. ME! I have to figure it all out before hand to satisfy myself that it can be DONE! Dad GETS it done! By the way, my Mom and Dad will be here to visit me within the next few weeks, and I'd like all of you folks to meet them. How will you recognize them? you say. Mom will be the little lady on my left, of whom "I'm the picture of," so everyone says, and Dad will be that fellow who is walking exactly TWO FEET in front of us and is stepping it off as though he were a kid who had just gotten out of military school. Not only that, but . . . say, I get to talking about my folks and I just ramble on, don't it? Maybe I'd better get on with some of the topics at hand on the local scene . . .

Ran into JOE WOLVERTON the other night out in North Vegas. He was here at the Esquire Bar for quite some time. Remember? He plays some of the best guitar music you'd ever want to hear and is consistently a NICE GUY. Joe's been up in Jackson Hole, Wyo., since he left here, and has his own group, which is known as the JOE



WOLVERTON TRIO with POLLY POSSUM. They're on their way to Alaska, where they will spend most of their time in Anchorage. Polly is one of the most versatile females you ever listened to. She's well known in the East for her work on television shows and can play the "tar" out of a guitar as well as a bass fiddle. Then she can sing a song from be-bop to beautiful ballads, winding up with a tune out of the Tennessee hills that can stop the show. The other member of the trio is LILLIE ARD (Polly's sister), who plays the bass or guitar and sings, too! All in all, they are an entertaining trio that isn't TYPED. . . . This I have to tell you! I saw a pin ball player go through a routine that, if set to the proper musical arrangement, would have become a modernistic dance to shame Jack Cole. It may be that here is where Jack Cole got the idea for his dance styling, come to think about it. I was passing the time of day with Floyd and Louise at THE BOTTLE HOUSE LIQUOR STORE on South Fifth street when bedlam broke loose with a racket worse than the introducing fan-fare for "Gang-busters." It was merely one of the pin-ball machines paying off. This I had to see! Boldly I strode over to where all the commotion was coming from and was greeted by a colorful display of lights that would put the aroara-bory-alice" to shame. This fellow who was playing the machine regained his composure

and deposited another nickel; there went the parade of lights again. When they came to rest at last, I got a grip on myself for the next phase of action, but to my surprise the guy put in another nickel without even so much as touching the pin to send the ball around. Curiously, I sidled up to the fellow with a string of questions that could have been put in one word . . . WHY? It seemed that he wasn't quite satisfied with the "odds" the machine had offered him with the first nickel (cagey, these contraptions!). After feeding the machine about 15 or 20 nickels without playing, this guy got the proper combination of lights he wanted and with perspiration plying down his puss, but with NERVES OF STEEL, he pulled the plunger that sent the ball on its way. With complete abandon he goes into this dance routine once more. However, this fellow knew his business, it would seem. By putting all those nickels back in, he had set the machine up so that his chances of losing were a lot slimmer (I guess). Anyway, "GANG-BUSTERS" again! NINETY-SIX NICKELS he got out of that thing with just that one ball he shot! I stumbled away mumbling something about odds, lights, balls, while whistling "Dixie" and doing a time step! . . . Have you been in to listen and dance to the music of BOB LAINE and his QUARTET at the RANCH HOUSE RESTAURANT as yet? If you appreciate "musicians' music," by all means bend an ear to these fellows. AL FRANK has a temporary dance floor in the room that will be "just right" when it is finished. As it is, the one he has now is slicker'n Kelseys! Right now I want to tell you that the food Al serves at the Ranch House is the best you could possibly find in town and. like I said last week, he has rearranged the prices on the menu so that EVEN I don't have to go to the hip to pay the check; strictly "side-pocket prices" now! To say it short, the RANCH HOUSE is a "good go"! . . . A fine gesture was displayed by JIMMY DURANTE during his closing show at the DESERT INN last Monday night when he had one of the waitresses come on to the stage to sing a song. And HOW she SANG! Stopped the show! She is MARGIE HODGES, a pert little blonde with a smooth sultry voice that shouldn't be hidden in the wardrobe of a waitress. She sang that old favorite of yours and mine, "If I Could Be With You"—and she COULD! What a grand "get away" show that was. Practically ALL the dining room employes were on the stage for the finale, to pay tribute to a great guy, JIMMY DURANTE. . . . Mr. J. KEL HOUSSELS, owner of the EL CORTEZ HOTEL, was down to the Coast for a few days and got himself sold on the fact that DIXIELAND music is here for some time to come. On his return he gave his musicians in the ROSE ROOM the word to augment the group with whatever they needed to go "Dixie." Last Tuesday night they did just that. With a trumpet and trombone added to their original organization, the MELLOTONES could well be renamed the "Bellow-tones." With a completely new book full of Dixie tunes and arrangements, they are off in grand style. Lend a listen as soon as you can, is my suggestion. . . . Ran into BELDON KATLEMAN at the El Rancho the other day and when we shook hands he almost pulverized my pinkies! It seems that he has been working out at the Health Club there, with MOUGH CARSON, and is fast becoming as solid as a rock. You can take my word for it, Beldon Katleman is a right guy! And if you happen to wonder what that canvas canopy is for, out on the lawn at the El Rancho, that's where you can get a massage between swims in the pool. "Massage in the Sun," Mough calls it, and you will forget you ever had a worry in the world when you spread out in this open-air solarium. The other day Mough bought a Packard like mine, only you ought to see the dash panel on his. It seems that the car used to belong to a member of our air forces and, with true American ingenuity, he put a lot of extra gadgets and original contrivances into the car so that the driver's compartment now presents the general appearance of being the cockpit of a B-29 super fortress. . . . Now I suppose I'd better draw this bit of blather to a quick close and be on my way. It seems that every week, right at the deadline, I have a million things to do (anyway, half a million) and I beat my knuckles to a nub to get this column out in time. Wouldn't miss it for the world, though, 'cause I really enjoy this chance to chew the fat with you each week. . . . I'll be here next week if YOU will!

—Johnny.

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Round the Clock with the Rounders

. . . by ALEX HENIG

HI, FRIENDS! Just a reminder that Yours Truly is a candidate for Justice of the Peace. Remember: Tell your friends that it's NUMBER 7 on the ballot! . . . Take notice, you warmhearted Las Vegans: About a month ago a young man named Phil Lipson was helping some people push a stalled car when some speedster driving about 70 miles an hour, hit Phil, sending him to the hospital. At this writing they haven't caught this hit-and-run maniac driver, but Phil Lipson is now in Clark County Hospital awaiting another operation, so that he will be able to walk again.

This young fellow is a veteran of World War II, with three battle stars, two and a half years overseas duty, and is without funds—to be exact, he's broke! We know there are other people in the same boat, but let's help this Phil Lipson with anything that will bring good cheer. Dig in with a surprise, as it would indirectly help yourself. . . . Just the other day popular bar manager of the Pioneer Club, Aurelio Gallo, surprised his lovely daughter, Sylvia Tell, with the gift she always wanted. She now owns the beautiful horse named "Nevada," and is thrilled with this surprise, just as much as her dad is. Good riding, Sylvia, and be careful! . . . When you're out Whitney-way drop in and have a drink at Bill and Don's Bar. These two swell fellows just opened a real cozy spot for your comfort. They also serve the "real Italian spaghetti." Speaking of Whitney, you can find one of the best welders around, Joe Riggs. He's the one who welds most of the stock racing cars. Joe's wife is co-owner of the Fremont Beauty Salon, 820 Fremont street. They are proud parents of two children, "Firecracker" Deanna Kay and Dianna Jo. . . . Just married this past week. pretty Pearl E. Collins. the change girl at the Las Vegas Club, to dealer Dick Garrison of the Monte Carlo Club. Everyone who knows these two wish them much luck and happiness. . . . To beautiful Dorothy Kramer in Dallas. Texas: Thank you for your encouraging letter. With the help of the people here in Las Vegas, Dorothy, I'm sure I have a good chance to win in this coming election. . . . When you need fast service, be sure you call J. T. "Red" Wells at the Arrowhead Freight Lines in North Las Vegas. Red is a human dynamo and never lets up. If you're in North Las Vegas, drop in and



say hello to Mr. Richardson. He owns the department store that has practically everything. . . . If you're in doubt, then make sure it's a 1951 PACKARD! This car promises to be the auto of the year! . . . While at the Hotel Desert Inn we spotted the most fascinating woman we've seen in many a day, lovely Diana "Nina" Shapiro of Philadelphia, Pa. We hope you like our "little city," Diana; we know it will like ou! By the way, how good is your memory, "Beauty"? . . . That sensational mixologist Bill Goldy is now at the Dan-Dee Bar on North First street. By the way, Bill was formerly with the Casbah in Algiers. . . . Tops in everyone's book is Dixie Fleming, who works at the Desert Inn. Young Dixie is weli known among the fight fans. . . . An old-timer who is internationally known as one of the "daddies" of the faro bank game is Roughhouse Kelly of the Golden Nugget Casino. Roughhouse is now a "lookout man" and was one of the few men who has played the game north of the Arctic Circle. . . . To Angelina Klem: All the people you serve wish to inform you that you're tops! Keep up the good work—you can't go wrong! . . . When downtown and you are thirsty, be sure to drop into the Keyhole Bar on Fremont street, just across the street from the Las Vegas Club, where there's action 24 hours every day! . . . Ever since Pop Connelly made that broadcast from Jim Pappas' White Spot, it's been tough to talk to him. He thinks the next move is Hollywood. Girls, be careful! Pop

(Continued on Page 31)

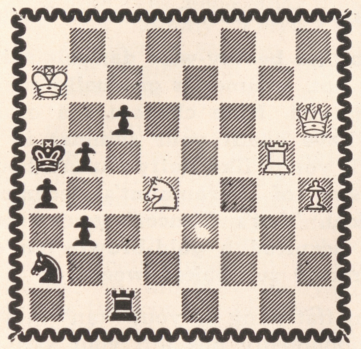


CHESS » » »

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

PROBLEM 63

Black 7



White 5
White mates in three

Solution to Problem No. 62: N-B6

QUEEN'S INDIAN DEFENSE

Kotov	Bronstein		
White	Black	8—P-N3	PxP
1—P-Q4	P-K3	9—NxP	BxB
2—N-KB3	N-KB3	10—KxB	P-Q4
3—P-B4	P-QN3	11—B-N2	Q-B
4—P-KN3	B-N2	12—PxP	QxQ
5—B-N2	B-K2	13—NxQ	NxP
6—O-O	O-O	14—P-K4	KN-B3
7—Q-B2	P-B4	15—N-B3	N-B3
		16—Draw agreed	

SICILIAN DEFENSE

Lilienthal	Najdorf		
White	Black	19—P-B3	B-K4
1—P-K4	P-QB4	20—K-B3	R-R3
2—N-KB3	P-Q3	21—R-KB	R-K
3—B-N5ch	B-Q2	22—N-N3	P-Q4
4—BxBch	QxB	23—K-K2	B-B5
5—O-O	N-KB3	24—K-Q3	RxP
6—R-K	N-B3	25—QR-K	R(3)-K3
7—P-Q4	PxP	26—RxR	RxR
8—B-N5	N-KN5	27—R-B3	R-K3
9—NxP	P-KR3	28—R-B2	R-K3ch
10—B-R4	P-KN4	29—K-B2	R-N3
11—B-N3	P-KR4	30—N-Q4	B-K3
12—NxN	PxN	31—RxP	BxN
13—P-KR3	P-R5	32—PxB	RxPch
14—BxQP	NxP	33—K-B3	RxKNP
15—KxN	PxB	34—K-N4	RxPch
16—N-Q2	O-O-O	35—K-B5	R-B5ch
17—Q-N4	QxQ	36—K-Q6	P-R6
18—PxQ	B-N2	37—P-N3	R-KR5
		Resigns	

✓Wife to irate husband: "Normally I wouldn't dream of opening a letter addressed to you, but this one was marked 'private.'"

✓Radio director to actors: "Put more feeling into it; it isn't for namby-pambies, it's for bloodthirsty children."



KINGS INDIAN DEFENSE

Szabo	Boleslavsky		
White	Black	23—NxN	PxN
1—N-KB3	N-KB3	24—QxP	B-N4
2—P-B4	P-KN3	25—Q-K2	BxN
3—N-B3	B-N2	26—QxB	B-R5
4—P-Q4	O-O	27—P-N3	QxBP
5—P-K4	P-Q3	28—R-B3	QxKP
6—B-K2	P-K4	29—P-B5	R-N2
7—P-Q5	N-R4	30—Q-QB2	QxQ
8—N-N	N-Q2	31—RxQ	R-KB
9—BxN	PxB	32—R-B2	R(2)-B2
10—QxP	N-B4	33—RxRch	RxR
11—N-B3	P-B4	34—R-K	R-B6
12—O-O	P-B5	35—PxP	PxP
13—P-QN4	N-Q2	36—B-B	R-Q6
14—B-N2	Q-K2	37—B-K3	P-R3
15—N-N5	N-B3	38—K-B2	RxP
16—Q-R4	P-KR3	39—R-QR	K-N3
17—N-B3	Q-B2	40—R-B7	R-N4
18—N-Q2	N-N5	41—R-B4	B-K3
19—P-B3	N-K6	42—R-R4	P-KR4
20—KR-K	K-R2	43—P-R4	R-Q4
21—N-Q	B-B3	44—P-R3	B-Q2
22—Q-B2	R-KN	45—P-R5	R-Q6
		Resigns	

✓Real estate man to couple in his office: "I do have something for five thousand — would you like to ride out and see if it's still standing?"

✓My Christmas gifts included a sampler made by my little niece. She had patiently cross-stitched this misquotation: "Let me live in a house by the side of the road, and be friendly with men."

Weekly Fashion Letter

from EDITH HEAD

Paramount Fashion Designer

For action-loving cosmopolitans who wish to capture the mood of freedom in their summer wardrobes, Hollywood's best-dressed young moderns wisely recommend wrap-around skirts. These free and easy "charmers" look as slim as reeds, yet they're styled for comfort—streamlined for activity. In addition, the current trend to cut wrap-around skirts from washable fabrics makes them tub-happy creations that are as easy to iron as a handkerchief.

Current wrap-around skirts being worn in Hollywood button or tie neatly at the side. On her current cross-country tour with Paramount's "Eagle and the Hawk" premiere troupe, red-haired Arleen Whelan wears a crimson linen skirt and a pale pink shirt-maker blouse. She tucks pink carnations into a pocket of the blouse and adds a nosegay of carnations to the ties of her wrap-around skirt.

Diana Lynn breezes into summer with a wrap-around thoroughbred of cinnamon linen which she teams with a sleeveless bodice of creamy beige linen. The bodice, by the way, spotlights the actress' monogram in rich cinnamon. Diana also has a crimson skirt of tissue gingham lined in crimson and white plaid. For playtime, she combines it with a bare plaid halter—and for cover-up purposes she adds a casual blouse of matching crimson gingham.

When newcomer Nancy Olson was interviewed by movie scribes following a recent showing of her new picture, "Sunset Boulevard," she wore a wrap-around skirt of tangerine linen with side-ties of heavy white linen rope. The bodice was tangerine, too, with its low, round neckline and brief sleeves edged in white linen rope.

Yes, for damsels who crave styles that are easy to walk in, easy to play in, wrap-around skirts are a perfect foil for summer activity!

Weekly Beauty Letter

from WALLY WESTMORE

Makeup Director, Paramount Studios

Whither beauty-wise damsels realize it or not, summer is gradually coming to an end. Nine chances out of ten, you have spent your summer in the sun. If you're like Betty Hutton, bouncing star of Paramount's technicolor musical, "Let's Dance," you've probably acquired a gold-brown tan during recent sun-baked weeks.

But flattering as your "tan" may be, it undoubtedly has left your skin dry and flaky. To remedy this moth-eaten appearance, here's a beauty bath tip which was given to Miss Hutton by Wally Westmore, world famous director of make-up at Paramount Studios.

"For a reconditioning treatment after tanning," says Westmore, "try a simple and inexpensive 'milky' bath."

To prepare this summer bath, fill a small cheesecloth bag with equal parts of oatmeal and almond meal. Omit the almond meal, cautions Westmore, if your skin is over-sensitive. Add a drop of your favorite perfume to scent the mixture, then allow the bag to soak in the tub while you are drawing the water and bathing.

Paramount's beauty ace suggests this milk bath be followed with a baby oil or olive oil rubdown. Continued exposure to the sun is not only drying, but also ages a woman's skin. For best results, the overall oil applications should be allowed to remain on for at least an hour and, if possible, over-night.

"Such lubrication," continued Westmore, "offsets the loss of natural body oils through sun exposure."

To protect the face against the "chipping" menace—that is, tiny skin flakes chipping off the face—add enough ordinary table salt to cold cream to make a paste. Then, after removing the day's make-up, a gentle massage with this mixture will remove most of the flakiness.

ALEX HENIG:

(Continued from Page 27)

is one "Rounder" hard to beat! . . . Dynamite George tells this reporter that two other "21" dealers are of the best around. Yes, none other than Tony Zarro and Jimmy Ferris (Pioneer Club). If Georgie says so, that's that! . . . Hi to Wesley, out at Mitch's Embassy Club, and Leon at the Hacienda Club (North Las Vegas). . . . Closing with Pappy Walsh on our mind. He's away, on business in Washington, D. C. Hurry back, Las Vegas is at a loss. Son-in-law Danny Stein will soon be a proud papa. His lovely wife, Gloria, has a date with the Stork—it couldn't happen to better people! . . . Don't be obligated to anyone—use your own thoughts this coming election. . . . See you soon! ALEX.

A few days ago I overheard my small grandson doing his arithmetic homework. "Three plus one, the son of a bitch is four," he was saying. "Three plus two, the son of a bitch is five. Three plus three, the son of a bitch is six." And so on. Horrified, I asked him where on earth he had picked up that language. "Oh, that's the way they teach us at school," he replied. The following day I went to see his teacher and asked her about it. At first she was equally horrified, then her face broke into a grin. "I get it!" she cried. "We teach the children to say 'Three plus one, the sum of which is four. Three plus two, the sum of which is five.'"

In her book **Smile Please,** Mildred Spurrier Topp recalls the day she and her sister decided to send a valentine, supposedly from their widowed mother, to a prominent judge who had shown marked, if discreet, signs of interest. Mildred wanted to use a new word she had heard in Sunday school. "I'm not sure what it means," she confessed to her sister, "but it's in the Bible, so it must be OK. Besides, it was used about King Solomon, so it's bound to be romancy enough for a valentine."

That's how the judge came to receive a gaudy, lace-bedecked valentine that read:

If you will be my valentine,
I will be your concubine . . . .

One girl to another: "If I could combine their qualities I'd be the happiest girl in the world. Ronald is gay, debonair, rich, handsome, witty, and Clarence wants to marry me."

Weekly Beauty Letter

from WALLY WESTMORE

MAKEUP DIRECTOR, PARAMOUNT STUDIOS

Hollywood actresses have several ways of passing the leisure moments between scenes of their pictures. Many knit, some play gim rummy and others sit and chat with their co-workers. But when a beautiful star like Rhonda Fleming goes "on location" to Arizona for a technicolor thriller like "The Eagle and the Hawk" chances are she spends her spare time answering questions about beauty and makeup for the local women.

Experience has taught Rhonda that the Hollywood game called "beauty quiz" not only answers the queries of inquiring damsels, but gives them valuable beauty information. Here are the questions the leading lady of Pine-Thomas' "The Eagle and the Hawk" asked the Arizona femmes.

Do you know that for several months after taking ether during an operation, your hair will not take a successful permanent?

Do you know that heat is used in facials and scalp care because it has the tendency to relax superficial blood vessels, slowing down the blood stream and thereby aiding circulation?

Do you know that for sanitary purposes a lipbrush should be dipped into a small phial of alcohol after each use and wiped off on tissue?

Do you know that excessive warm or hot water bathing may temporarily damage skin through removal of surface fat necessary to preserve supple skin?

Do you know that if skin and hair are very dry, you should increase consumption of food fats and oils?

Do you know the most practical way to sterilize combs and brushes is to immerse them in a solution of formalin, a teaspoonful to a pint of water?

Do you know that papaya juice is a valuable item for clear skin beauty inasmuch as it acts as a digestive?

And, remember, these "beauty-do-you-knows" come straight from Rhonda Fleming, one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood.

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

Politics?

This little magazine of Gaiety is no place for doing politics. However, I can not resist remarking that it seems to me that this so-called New Deal beginning in 1933 has sold America as well as our civilization to the communists for votes. How a person who reviews the past from the day the United States Government recognized the unthinkable Communist Russia as a partner and gave into communist hands the millions of Asiatic populations and stepped aside while Russian armies took over domination of defeated Germany and nearly all the rest of Europe and which now has to sit and smile while the cunning Malik sneers at our officials and defames our nation to our face—it seems to me that the United States never before had slipped to so low a level in pride and dignity and good faith toward our people as today.

What wouldn't we give to bring another President to the White House like Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Cleveland, Teddy Roosevelt or Herbert Hoover to head our government? Can any one imagine any President of the United States prior to the New Deal permitting us to sink to the low level in both domestic politics and international affairs we now occupy?

Yes, our mayor was right. We as a nation need to pray—to pray early and often. And perhaps Divine Guidance may lead us through this miserable political morass in which we are wallowing.

By the way, I notice that County Clerk Helen Scott Reed says that there are now 23,875 registered voters in Clark County. Which is quite some voters. I hope they will all vote, using the intelligence and conscience God had given them.

Going back a little while: In the campaign of the year 1906, Las Vegas as a town was a year old. The mining camp of Searchlight was the metropolis of Lincoln County (that was before county division, you will remember). But young Las Vegas was full of ambition. We believed that some day we would be the great town of Southern Nevada, and there was much controversy between the two towns as to which really was the metropolis.

We waited with great anxiety for the report of registered voters to come to us from the county seat at Pioche. First came Searchlight—325 votes registered. We were pretty low in Las Vegas, fearing we could never reach such greatness. But then came the report for Las Vegas—325 voters registered!

What a gay celebration we had! Our fabulous Flamingo never equaled our hilarity when we learned that Las Vegas really was as big as Searchlight!

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 18)

referred to as "Baby Rose Marie" of screen and radio fame. Today, "Baby" is a grown woman, but to many who will remember she'll always be "Baby." The skits she goes into with the Vagabonds are truly rib-tickling antics, and add new twists to musical quartets, placing them in a class all by themselves in show business. . . . On the same bill is the **Funsation, Femagician** DELL O'DELL, who performs feats of magic right before your eyes, that still leave you incredulous. While she is tearing up newspapers, cracking eggs and growing roses, she keeps up a line of patter that is laugh provoking. . . . GENE WESSON is your capable host and m.c. and helps keep the show going at a good pace. . . . MATTY MALNECK ably backgrounds the show, and plays for patron pleasure. . . . CHUY REYES takes over during intermission time and continues his Latin rhythms in the MURAL ROOM after show time.

DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 19)

in as straight man, and it's even difficult for this young m.c. to keep a straight face. Gene breaks him up with his excellent bits of comedy that could make the SPHINX laugh. This is Mr. Sheldon's first visit to Las Vegas but, according to audience reaction, we can safely say that he'll become a regular Las Vegas visitor. . . . THE ARDEN FLETCHER Dancers, exquisitely costumed, present two routines, which feature Johnny Martin on the vocals and JEAN MALONE in the Charleston and Black Bottom routine. . . . CARLETON HAYES and his wonderful orchestra cut an excellent show and supply dancing for patrons' pleasure. . . . That BUDDY GROVER TRIO, the "best in the West," take over for intermissions, while Carleton and the boys take "5."

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

both were seniors in high school in Salt Lake City. On their very first date they decided, if they ever married, the names of their first two children would be—if a boy, **Brent,** and a girl, **Kathleen.** A few years later they were married and today they are the proud parents of two children, and their names—you guessed it!—Kathleen, aged 5, and Brent, 4 months old. A wish made years ago by two kids in high school, come true! . . . We understand that PEPE, ex-maitre d' of the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, is back in town. It's quite possible that he's seeking a job as maitre d' in one of our hotels, a position he's very well qualified to handle. . . . MARION and JIM HANNIFIN, from Butte Montana, are expected in town any day. Mr. Hannifin is a business associate of MILTON PRELL of the CLUB BINGO. We wish to welcome this wonderful couple back to Las Vegas, even before they get here. Both are the sort of people you like, "right off the bat." Mr. Prell is making some wonderful arrangements to show the Hannifins a good time while they vacation in our town. . . . Last week we took special notice and looked up the records each time a jackpot was hit at the MONTE CARLO CLUB on Fremont street. According to the markings on **that** card, which are accurate because the pay-offs are listed on it, the MONTE CARLO can almost boast as many jackpots as Harold's in Reno. An average of 500, each and every day! . . . it's wonderful to see MARY STORTROEN, cashier at the FLAMINGO HOTEL, back on the job after a two weeks' vacation. Needless to say, Mary looks like a million, and everyone in the hotel, employer and employe alike, gave her a grand welcome as she walked into that "Fort Knox" cage (Flamingo Hotel). Husband WHITEY, a very popular bartender in our town, with friends galore, will soon be connected with one of our famous clubs. . . . A guy everyone loves to see whether visiting clubs or on the job as pit boss at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, is JAKE NEUMANN. Everywhere Jake goes, he's given the same cordial welcome and big hello as he extends to his many patrons who visit and dine at his HICKORY BARBECUE RESTAURANT on Fremont street. We would say that Mr. Neumann is a mighty busy man as pit boss, restaurateur and, of course, popular man about town. . . . WELCOME TO PARIS is the title of the film which VIC DAMONE is making in Hollywood at M-G-M. JANE POWELL is the star, and Vic plays the part of the French boy. JOE PASTERNAK is guilding Vic in this, his first screen role. . . . PAUL NEIGHBORS and his band do their **umpteenth** holdover at the **Lost Angeles Biltmore Hotel.** We always liked Paul and his orchestra, and this very successful engagement at this world famous hotel certainly confirms our convictions. . . . Tests for PEGGY LEE'S "Show Boat" flicker proved very satisfactory, and everyone in Hollywood is pulling for the singing thrush to get the role. . . . We like the warmth and very friendly manner of FRANK SCHIVO, general manager at CLUB BINGO. This young fellow, who doesn't look a day over 21, holds one of the key and top positions in this club, and is loved by everyone. Frank has always believed in the old cliche, "It's nice to be nice," and practices it constantly. . . . Here we go again: The OIL QUESTION, a much discussed query about town, is once again hitting news print. Last week we checked into it very thoroughly and the following was our findings. In APEX, Nevada, which is approximately 24 miles out of Las Vegas, there are guards posted around some property, allowing no one in, and absolutely no information is allowed out. But we learned that arrangements have been made by the owners for a larger rig so that they can go down much deeper and bring in that gusher which they are NOW certain exists. This entire area, which is a beehive of activity, is owned by quite a few doctors in our town, and are represented by DR. BOWERS, an optometrist, and DR. KRUG, a chiropractor, both of Las Vegas. If there are any more questions concerning this all-important issue, contact these two professional men and perhaps you can get more out of them. They are pretty tight-lipped about the whole thing. . . . We are wondering if MEL EXBER has taken on another job besides being in charge of the baseball book in the ELDORADO. Directly in back of his desk, on the blackboard, Mel printed the following: "Your country needs you—enlist now!" Is Mel applying for the job of recruiting sergeant, or looking for an exemption if he gets a certain number of enlistments? One never knows, stranger things have happened before. . . . In case you decide some day soon to visit GEORGE BURTON and his "feathered intellectuals," BILL and COO, currently appearing at the EL RANCHO VEGAS HOTEL, we suggest you have the telephone operator ring his room. In all probability, Mr. Burton is there, rehearsing BILL and COO, and the rest of his parakeets, for the five-a-

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THE OLD TIMER:

(Continued from Page 11)

turn from the left lane of traffic. Here it has two meanings, depending upon the sex, and is also given only when two or more are riding in the car. To the male it is just a gesture to show his companion the piece of property he could have bought ten years ago for $500 but passed it up, and now the property is worth $5000. To the female, when she puts her hand straight out, it is only to point out a person she doesn't care for, to cool off her hand, to point to an attractive hat in a show-window, etc., etc.

Hand signals in those states may be all right but I don't think you would find them practical in Las Vegas. They have a direct bearing on safe driving. Everyone knows good brakes are the essence of safe driving. With the use of hand signals, it gives a warning to the other driver, consequently, when you make a fast turn, whether it be a "U" turn or not, he or she knows what you are going to do. Hence they have no chance to try their brakes to see if they would work in an emergency or not. I don't think hand signals are practical.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 33)

week television shows he signed to do in Los Angeles this fall. . . . Many will miss BUD HOLDEN, assistant manager of the PAYLESS DRUG STORE on Fremont street, and manager of the tobacco department. Bud was promoted and transferred to Phoenix, and had to up and leave on very short notice. MACK STEVENS from Salt Lake City is the one who took Bud's place, and this is his first trip to our town. We certainly wish both parties the very best of luck in their new jobs. . . . Seems that **"Coo Time,"** new disk jockey show emanating from the RANCH HOUSE RESTAURANT on The Strip, is catching on like wildfire! SIR JODY and LADY MICHAEL are the originators of this program, which now boasts quite a listening audience. In order to be a member, one must join the club of "Coo." Last week "Sir" and "Lady" were asked to be guest stars on the N. T. G. television show in Hollywood, and MAXINE LEWIS and GENE WESSON of the Flamingo Hotel pinch-hitted. Maxine was labeled a "duchess," Gene an "earl" and JOHNNY RYKEN "court jester." Nothing but royalty at the Ranch House! "Coo"? . . . When PHIL SPITALNY'S all-girl orchestra opens at the RIVERSIDE HOTEL in Reno September 24th, the RIVERSIDE STARLETS will be flown into our town for a two-week stint at the FLAMINGO HOTEL. At the end of the two weeks, and also the conclusion of Mr. Spitalny's engagement in Reno, the Starlets will go back to their Reno headquarters. On October 5, the original GEORGE MORO line opens at the Flamingo Hotel for an unlimited engagement. Both groups of dancers are owned by George Moro and his associate, Ruth Landis, in charge of productions. . . . Beautiful screen star AVA GARDNER will return to the United States from her movie-making chores abroad some time this month. She will definitely spend some time in our town when she settles a few business details in Hollywood. At that time we can expect FRANK SINATRA, and perhaps an important announcement from the two of them. Looks like wedding bells. . . . Received word from BILL KRUSE, owner of the PACKARD AGENCY, now vacationing at Lake George, Minn., with his wife and two children, to convey his very best to everyone, and not to worry—those '51 Packards are on their way. Bill and his family are expected back in town at the end of this month, after a much needed and desired vacation. . . . This month marks 64 years in show business for JIMMY GLEASON. This durable trouper, whose family tree boasts numerous stage celebrities, just celebrated his 64th birthday, and he enacted his first role at the age of 2 months when his mother, MINA CROLIUS, carried him before the footlights. . . . We regret to hear that our very good friend BOB BASKIN, owner of the ROUND-UP DRIVE IN and the EL CORTEZ CAFE, is not feeling very well and that his old trouble seems to have come back. We sincerely hope that by the time this publication is off the press, all is well with Mr. Baskin, truly a wonderful guy. . . . We dislike repeating any item printed before, but this one caused so much comment last week that it bears repetition: "THOSE THAT KNOCK, NEVER KNOW; AND THOSE THAT KNOW, NEVER KNOCK" . . . **and that's for sure!**

McWilliams #5