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(Story on Page 9)

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 2, NO. 38

1600 South Main St.—Phone 4922

OBSERVATIONS, BY POP SQUIRES

"THAT'S FOR SURE," BY JACK CORTEZ

DEAR MOM, BY MARDIE

CHUCK AND FLUFF IN PARIS

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS, BY MARTIN LEWIS

REVIEWS OF CAFE SHOWS, BY JACK CORTEZ

FRONT ROW CENTER, BY JOHN RYKEN

FBI, BY J. EDGAR HOOVER

THE WATCHBIRDS

THE OLD TIMER, BY CHUBBY

CHESS, BY FRED SOLY

DOWNTOWN, BY JOHNNY

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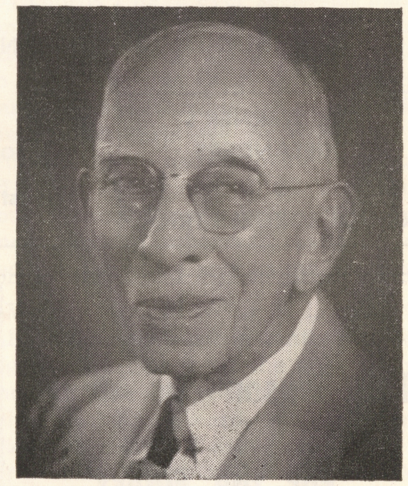
316 FREMONT STREET **PHONE 1001**

Jack Burke's
FABULOUS LAS VEGAS
HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 2 JANUARY 6, 1951 NUMBER 38

OBSERVATIONS . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

ON ANOTHER SEA



SUNDAY night at midnight, our ship left the familiar old sea of 1950 and entered upon a new voyage on the unknown sea of 1951.

Old 1950 was a pretty good year after all in spite of the fact that this United States of America has been led, was pushed or only fell into a war in Korea in which we do all the fighting and paying and the rest of the world, through United Nations, tells us what we must or must not do.

So near the end of 1950 we thought we were getting into pretty rough waters and tried to bcak out by electing a lot of new senators and congressmen and governors of the Republican persuasion who, we hope, are not of the Commie fearing or loving or sympathizing or believing or defending type. Perhaps 1951 will clear the skies, at least partly, of the smog of new-dealism and fair-dealism and a lot of those fake vote-getting political religions which have forced the people of the United States to bow to false gods during the past 18 years.

Well, I am just trying to congratulate Nevada on having a new Governor in the person of Charlie Russell. Not that we have anything personal against former Governor Vail Pittman—quite the contrary, for we long have been personal friends of the Pittman family, beginning a few years after Vail's brother, Key, became United States Senator and interested himself in the Boulder Canyon project. However, it does seem to me that Nevada is fortunate in being one of the states with the nerve to start backing away from that terrible political formula of "something for nothing in exchange for votes."

Not that we have really backed out of muddy waters, but we seem to have made a start in that direction and 1951 will, if we can keep from being shattered by World War III, give us skies clear enough to reveal the pole star of safe and sane domestic and foreign policies in government.

New Bank Building

Walking past the corner of Fifth and Carson Streets Wednesday morning, I saw a big power shovel biting into the earth, digging trenches for the foundations of the new building of the Bank of Nevada. Which brought to my mind forcibly the fact that Fifth Street is getting to be SOME street.

My friend, J. Tiberti, is contractor for the new building, which we are told will require nearly a year for construction. It is following the same trend which started several months ago, the

(Continued on Page 28)

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FLUFF and CHUCK in Paris

Le Cirque Medrano
72 Ter Rue des Martyrs
Paris, France.
Dec. 21st, 1950

DEAR JACK:

A few days ago we received some back editions of Fabulous Las Vegas—what a pleasure—also the very lovely card from the Princess and you. Thank you very much. We hope you and all our friends have a very merry Christmas and the happiest of New Years. Wish we could be there to toast it with you.

Fluff and I have put up an Xmas tree in our apartment and it helps to bring us the feeling of home. There is none of the lavish decoration we usually have in our cities but the stores are in holiday attire and the shopping crowds just as thick as the night before Xmas.

We are really in a bustle now with our production. The London girls have arrived in Paris and we are expecting our American girls soon. When they arrive at Le Bourget we are having newsreels, etc., with a publicity idea of Air de France with LEGS. I have been writing till I see spots in front of my eyes. The costumes will be a sensation in America.

Have to learn our table-manners all over again—is considered proper to have both arms and hands on the table at all times. Guess so one hand will know what the other is doing. Received a letter from Pauline Sutterley (the Desert Inn). She had to leave Las Vegas for Seattle because of an illness in her family and sure misses our Fabulous town. Seems like everyone here wants to hear or read about the life in Las Vegas.

Was very surprised to learn that Paris does not celebrate New Year's Eve to the extent we do. Sort of expected Paris to be all out for any celebration. A very sad sight, one of the ladies working in the theatre office, with very deep torture scars from her activities as a spy for the French Resistance, makes one think.

Believe we have the best looking boy chorus I have ever seen—all handsome and most of them over 6 feet besides being very good dancers. Had no trouble getting them with American tour promised. Our biggest trouble with the French girls we have picked, is rehearsals—are used to being very lazy, off from 12 o'clock till 2 and short hours. Comes the revolution! They will know what a rehearsal really is, especially with the short time we have.

We will probably be in London for a long time so am constantly wondering when I'll hear all the good sounds and sunshine complaints of home. Received an Xmas card and note from Madeline and Al Lesky (the Thunderbird)—said that Fluff's little cat (Mr. Poot) was ringing its bell on their front porch, and wondered if it was lost. For their info, it is a **Tom Cat** and strayed over from the Elpis Motel where it is cared for by Pat and Paul Zyta, along with our goldfish ITCHY and BITCHY.

The happiest of New Years to you and yours, Bonne Annee, FLUFF AND CHUCK.

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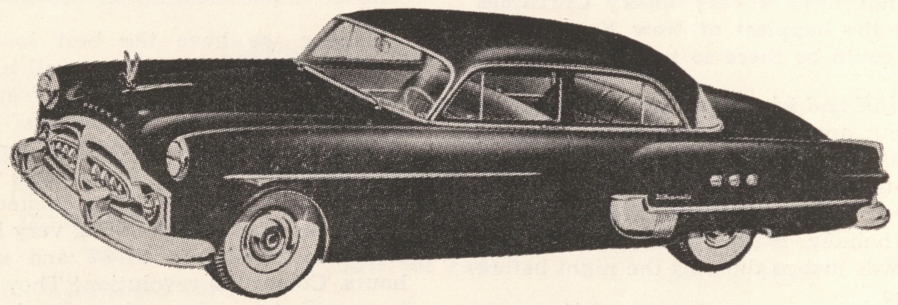
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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ

Not too many years ago, BING CROSBY was just a "scatdrummer." Today, he is the world's best loved crooner. With nothing more than a gentle nudge from one of his dreams to urge him on, Bing has become a great American legend. BUT, let's start at the beginning.

This beloved citizen was one of seven youngsters born to the wife of a Spokane, Wash., accountant. His earliest inclinations were toward having fun. He liked to swim, play golf, and his aim was to win athletic fame. However, this aspiration died when he buried an axe in his leg, just above the knee, while earning money during a summer vacation at a logging camp.

Then, the "Groaner" played the "traps" in a dance band, having teamed with Al Rinker and a couple of other cronies. The fellows played at the usual college and high school parties, with Crosby's hot licks a featured highlight of their cultural output.

In 1925 the band broke up. Bing and Rinker headed for L. A. where they hoped Al's sister (songstress Mildred Bailey) would help them to further their theatrical ambitions. She arranged three weeks of booking for them and they were back in vaudeville. Before long, the "King of Jazz," Paul Whiteman himself, caught their act, liked it, and signed them. At the maestro's suggestion, they added a third singer, Harry Barris, and the trio became the "RHYTHM BOYS."

They were a smash hit but couldn't stay on top forever. So, Mr. C. stepped out and accepted an offer from a big radio network. He quickly established himself as a top personality by caressing the ears of the listening femmes with romantic ballads.

It was in the early '30s that Bing began to warble his famous—"When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day." Just for good measure, he threw in several boo-boo-boos. From that moment, he just kept climbing that ladder of success. Some, who claim to be in the know, say that Bing Crosby was so jittery on this first air show that he accidentally dropped the sheet music, forgot the words, and had to fill in with his boo-boo-boo. The announcer (Graham McNamee) was busy backstage at that crucial moment and couldn't see the predicament Bing was in. Mr. C. boo-booed and whistled a complete chorus before Graham "saved" him by retrieving the music. Overnight, Bing Crosby became the toast of the U. S.

Eventually, Hollywood cast him in a picture as the star of "The Big Broadcast of 1932." The rest is history. What a "fabulous" history it HAS been. Folks wanted to hear more and more of Crosby so Paramount kept picking up the options and one movie followed another.

I could go on and on. A climax in the Crosby career occurred a few years ago, when he played a "Man of the Cloth" in "Going My Way." For the first time, he really had to act. The guy was so great that his film colleagues awarded him an "Oscar" for his outstanding performance. Of course, he sparked his acting with a few songs.

By now, it's pretty plain that Bing can sing any kind of song—hymn, patriotic melody, folk tune, western, romantic ballad or Irish lullaby. In fact, the guy just can't help singing. It's becoming so contagious that his four sons are fast becoming famous as singers also. The lads have warbled with their famous Dad on the air lanes, and have even waxed a few records with their Pop.

There's no doubt about it. BING IS MR. MUSIC TO THE WORLD. He's a favorite with millions because he's the guy the average Joe would like to have been. He's the symbol of a free world, a legend, and a weaver of romantic dreams. He's the man who has made your life, and mine, a little happier with his wonderful singing.

Bing: This is your 20th anniversary in show biz, and I know every one of your fans would like to send congratulations, plus a few million thank yous. But, there just aren't enough words to say "thanks" and "well done" to a guy who's spent most of his life bringing happiness to a world that can certainly use lots of it.

This synopsis has turned out to be a manuscript. There is much more I could write about, but this is only a small book and there just isn't enough room. I'm very proud to say I met and know Bing Crosby. I'll never forget the time we played golf. This "miracle" occurred a few years ago in Southampton, Long Island, New York. Our opponents were Bob Hope and Gary Cooper. Luckily (for me), we were forced to abandon the fairway at the third hole. It started to rain "buckets" which, in all probability, was an answer to my prayers. I KNEW I wasn't very good at the game but I never realized exactly how bad I was until I teamed up with them. Since that eventful day, I haven't touched a putter, nor have I ever had a hankering to try again. Those men made me realize that I definitely didn't belong on the green.

(Continued on Page 19)

THE WESTERNER

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THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

I UNDERSTAND somebody up North is compiling a book of colloquialisms of Nevada. I have always been interested in odd words and expressions. Such as down South, they call a bag of potatoes a poke of potatoes. The other evening I overheard a party say, "He thinks he's so smart, but he'll get his 'cumuppence.'" You know, it's peculiar how each section of the country has words that are foreign to other parts. One of the best was pulled on me by a friend of mine from Iowa. We were leaving the house and he said, "Outen the light." I had him repeat but it was the same the second time. I laughed but it wasn't funny to him and after a bit of a quiz, I found out he wanted me to turn out the light. Where my folks hail from in Indiana, they have an addition for words that end in "a." Ice cream sodas become an ice cream sody." The female name of "Cora" becomes "Cory." Even the state to the natives is "Indianey." I have a Boston friend who claims I live in "Nevader."

You know, I think I'll make a hobby of "local" words so if you have any, send them to me. (Be sure to send the "meanings.")

A friend of mine whose daughter goes to Hollywood high school, declares this to be a true story. There was a fellow in the class who wouldn't settle down so, as a form of punishment, the teacher told him to write 500 words on the present war. His story started like this, "The soldier lay in a fox hole between the lines. Both sides were firing over his head. Bang, bang, went the guns, bang bang—" and the other four hundred and seventy-six words were more bang, bangs. The teacher had her revenge though, the boy had the pleasure of reading it to the entire class, each and every bang of it.

Years ago, while working for the Perkins chain of newspapers in California. I conducted a column called "Ramblin' with Chubby." At the same time, there was a very famous writer by the name of K. C. B. who had a style all of his own and of course everyone tried to copy it including yours truly. In going over my memoirs the other night, I ran across this one. I kinda liked it so I'm going to try it out ou you. (Maw calls it "free verse.")



PETS, PAST AND PRESENT

Each morning
For the past couple of days,
I have been finding,
On the side porch,
One of the saucers,
Out of our Sunday
Set of dishes.
I carry it into the house,
And the next morning,
It is out on the porch,
Again.
Two days of this,
Is enough.
So, tonight I say,
"What is this saucer deal?"
And Sistie answers,
"You mean the one on the porch,"
"Yes" said I.
"The one with the blue flowers?"
"That's it" said I,
Smelling a "rat"—
"I'll show you" said she,
So we went out,
To the side porch,
And there beside the saucer,
(With the blue flowers,)
Licking his (or her) chops,
Sat the most odd,
Most pitiful looking,
CAT! !
"What the——," was all
I said before I got the answer.
"Isn't she pretty?
Please, Daddy,
Can I keep her?"
Ever try to say
"NO"
To a little girl,
Who wanted a little
Cat?

A Week Late . . . But Always Time to Wish One and All

A Very Happy New Year

and Thanks to

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and Their Patrons for a Wonderful Engagement

Eddie
&
Tony

ME, TOO . . . JACKIE GREEN

P.S. I'm Paying Half of This and Look at the Billing!

DEAR MOM . . .

. . . by MARDIE ROGERS

DEAR MOM: I now take my leaky ball pen in hand, and record for posterity (you and Pop, and the lady upstairs), my first letter for 1951. Today is the opening of a New Year and I am approaching it with an entirely new outlook on life, strictly optimistic! From now on I'm aimin' to stay that way.

This is a new sensation for me, sort of a "sittin-on-a-keg-of-dynamite" feeling, and what will happen after the explosion only time will tell. I only know that I haven't felt this way since you administered, many years ago, sulphur and molasses, and whaddayuh know, it isn't even Spring! It certainly isn't a phase of wanderlust that I'm going through. Heaven knows I hope soon to be able to call Las Vegas my home. After all the years of living in a trunk and sleeping between one-night stands, I'm not itching to travel. It can't be that I'm not feeling well, cause my Vitamin Bs and Yami Yogurt eliminate that possibility. I don't believe I've acquired any "isms," or phobias, neuroses or psychoses . . . I don't go in for Freud, Gertrude Stein or Dali, and don't go nuts at the Russian Ballet! (Poetry clever?) In fact, I'm getting so normal that at times I scare myself! I've even gotten to the point where I'm unbiased as to whether Margaret should sing or not sing—after all, if Harry can drop "notes" promiscuously, why can't she? So now that I am at peace with the world and myself, and bubbling over with excitement as to what's going to happen next, I shall try to jot down some of the happenings of the past week!

You're probably wondering how I spent New Year's Eve. I had a sane, sober, and sensational night! Truth and honest! It's the first time in the past eight or 10 years (having temporarily retired from spot and foot lights), that I haven't had to do umpteen extra shows that dragged on into the wee sma' hours of the morning, shouting myself hoarse to get over the din of the crowd, moving fast from stage left to right in order to avoid being hit in the head with a noisemaker or chicken salad sandwich, having to forego a single pick-me-up because a bonus from the management was involved if no-drinkee (said bonus practically used on cab fare, no transportation otherwise at that hour.) Then after arriving at the upholstered sewer which was "home"



for the week, I fed my dawg, relit my candle to Max Factor, gulped a cup of Java sweetened with benzedrine, and sans sleep donned my sun-glasses and went back to the club or theater to start the same darned thing all over again. Happy New Year, Humbug! This year was a novelty for me! I felt as if I were a human being instead of a member of a cast of 50. (Yeah, I know, some of them were younger!) At approximately 11:30 I parked my car over in Henderson, and sauntered in to the Desert Inn, just as the nostalgic strains of "Auld Lang Syne" greeted my ears. Then with all the finesse of a DeMille mob scene, I was escorted bodily over to the Lady Luck Bar, where I managed to throw an "air-kiss" to my guy "Snooper" slightly after the stroke of midnight. This was kind of a let-down, and I decided later I'd do better, but when he came, hours later within clinching distance, the femmes fatales had beat me to it, and was his face red. At least they might have been discreet enough to use indelible lipstick!

Later on, sat with two very dear

(Continued on Page 27)

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DOWNTOWN . . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN



AND then came New Year's Eve! I only hope that everyone enjoyed their New Year's Eve as much as I did. NOT New Year's Day! Just New Year's Eve. The day itself I wouldn't wish on anyone except maybe Stalin. My cavorting cerebellum I would wish on him only! Back to the eve, however! I started out at 7 in the evening in the Downtown area visiting the many spots and wishing everyone well in the coming year. Gradually I worked my way out to the strip and eventually wound up supporting Chuy Reyes' piano at the time the "babe" arrived and the "old man" went out.

The complete abandonment with whch the patrons did lend themselves toward participation in the entertainment of themselves was one of the most heart warming sights you or anyone else would ever want to see. Chuy played practically every tune known to man and a few we aren't so sure of, and those who weren't singing were dancing in the aisles. Naturally, yours truly was doing a great deal of BOTH! Many of you may wonder what there was to be so happy about in view of the world situation as it developed that night of December 31, 1950. I, for one, am happy that I am living in the United States, where all I had to dodge was a little confetti and serpentine instead of lead and shrapnel, such as a few of my friends are at this very moment. Yes, these are **still** the "war years;" when you take what God gives you and do the best you can with it. Wope! I've got one foot on the Duz container, so I'd better change the subject . . . Hang on, kids, and we'll flit around Fremont a bit! . . . It may be that you don't feel it the way I do, but here for the last few days I've been sporting a frost-bitten phisterous. My blood must have thinned out to the consistency of an old bowl of Harvey House soup 'cause I'm always freezing at the least provocation lately. On the other hand, I've noticed that all of the souvenir shops have taken their brass monkeys out of the front windows in the past week or so. Could it have been that cold? I suppose, though, that We of Las Vegas have become so used to nice sun-shiny weather than when a cold day does come along during the winter we gripe like a California bettor in the last half of the Rose Bowl game. All I had to do to warm myself was to remember the news-reel pictures I saw of some of our boys that were trapped in Korea! Man! We're having wonderful weather! . . . 'Scuse me 'til I put the fire under the coffee . . . Two of the greatest guys I've ever known are running the Eldorado Club for its owner. Johnny Hughes is on during the daytime and Eddie Moss takes over at night. These two men have been connected with clubs and casinos in Vegas for a number of years, as owners as well as operators, and I have yet to hear an employee say a word against either of them. If the club was ever meant to be a success at any time, it should be so under the guidance of these two. By the way, here is an opportunity for someone to pick up an easy halfa G ($500.00). All you have to do is submit a new name for the club and tell why you suggest it, in 25 words or less. If your suggestion is taken you will immediately find yourself five bills up on the action. So get your gray matter in gear and you may get the gettus! (that sentence is about as corny as the names I've thought of to submit) . . . The Howards hit a new high in attendance at the Apache Bar over New Year's Eve. Pat and Matt have only been in town a little over a year and have more friends than a lot of natives. No more proof of the pudding needed than the fact that they set a new rec-

(Continued on Page 29)

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

. . . by JACK CORTEZ



★ El Rancho Vegas

January 3 through January 16

NELLIE LUTCHER, newly returned from a tour of Europe where she scored one of the greatest triumphs of her career, is the star attraction in the ROUND-UP ROOM. No matter where she appeared, Miss Lutcher received the acclaim of critics as one of America's great song and jazz stylists. She really enjoys singing and performing on the stage. While watching her, you can't help but react accordingly. The singing star introduces some new tunes but **really** "rocks the room" when she warbles "Hurry on Down" and "He's a Real Gone Guy," the two songs that skyrocketed her to fame and fortune. If you want to hear rhythm that can't be equalled, see and hear Nellie Lutcher, the true showman who literally sparkles on that stage . . . In the supporting spot is that amusing Egyptian magician, GALI-GALI. This marks the third engagement for the mystifying gent who continues to create lots of confusion with his tricks. Those chicks, eggs, and cards he produces from midair or no-

(Continued on Page 25)

★ Hotel Last Frontier

January 8 through January 26
(Not a review)

THE RAMONA ROOM is fast building up a reputation as a center for the best in musical entertainment. Recently, this stage played host to Liberace and the Phil Spitalny Hour of Charm. Now, the management has arranged to bring to its patrons the fine artistry of the "Poet of the Piano"—CARMEN CAVALLERO. Mr. Cavallero's recordings have sold over the million mark. He has appeared in many movies in which his brilliant piano styling has been featured. We recommend you see this master of the keyboard . . . On the same bill are MAURICE and MARYEA, who bring you fashions in dance. Their routines are absolutely flawless and will keep you breathless from start to finish . . . We are happy to say the JEAN DEVLYN DANCERS will return after an absence of six weeks. We feel you will especially admire their "Similes." . . . AL DONAHUE and his famous ORCHESTRA will still preside on the podium. This aggregation is a welcome addition to our town . . . During intermissions, patrons enjoy the soothing music of DON BAKER at the organ.

★ Flamingo Hotel

Show presented January 4
(Not a review)

FLORA DUANE'S "GAMBOLS OF 1951," a musical revue with a cast of 45, is the attraction offered to the FLAMINGO ROOM patrons. At this writing, we still have not witnessed the much discussed production. However, according to the comments it received at Tom Gerun's Bal Tabarin in San Francisco, it should be a smash hit. HARRY SAVOY is the featured comedian—VERNON and DRAPER are a comedy knockabout dance team—KARL and KING, ventriloquists—HARMONEERS, a singing quartet—LILLIAN GRAY, lovely songstress—NANI DARNELL, a whiz at acrobatics—POLA VAN ESSA, musical comedy ingenue—FARA EL

(Continued on Page 25)

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

December 27 through January 8

GYPSY ROSE LEE, of stage and screen fame, is the headliner of the new show in the PAINTED DESERT ROOM. She appears at the very beginning and introduces the company in her act, four lovely girls, dressed in cold-inspiring outfits. Miss Lee creates a lovely gown for each girl from colorful silk remnants. Later on, she appears again, sings

(Continued on Page 29)

★ Thunderbird Hotel

December 28 through January 10

Those very popular MILLS BROTHERS, brought back by overwhelming demand, are headlining the show in the NAVAJO ROOM. We doubt if there is anyone in the country who hasn't heard them sing, either in person, or on recordings. They've appeared in numerous motion pictures, countless radio shows, and are one of the most sought after night club acts in the business. The Mills Brothers have introduced many tunes, of which approximately 98 percent were BIG hits. These four men and a guitar are internationally famous and have a distinct style that sets them apart from all others. You just can't "stay put" when these boys are performing. According to the tune, you feel like singing or keeping the beat, along with them. When these hepsters sing a ballad—that's all, brother! . . . On the same bill is lovely SUE CARSON, a wonderful comedy songstress. This gal possesses a marvelous sense of humor and presents material that is ultra refreshing. Miss Carson appeared in this same room in February and made a terrific impression. However, she surpasses that performance with this engagement. Her impressions are really sensational! It's a treat to watch Sue Carson at work. . . . The DANSATIONS introduce another miniature musical, containing excerpts from the current Broadway musical comedy hit—"Guys and Dolls." They present fine choreography, dressed in colorful costumes. Featured in these numbers are GIL JOHNSON, CHRISTINA CARSON, RUTH ANN WELSH and BARNEY RAWLINGS . . . AL JAHNS and his ORK supply excellent backing for the show and continue same for patron dancing.

★ Club Bingo

Show presented January 3

The BONANZA ROOM has a couple of comedians that should establish a niche for themselves in show biz. They are RUSSELL and HOWARD, experts in satire and comedy. They are comics who keep tickling your funny bone. Most of their material is refreshing and their style of presentation is very novel. They are hard workers and give their "all" to please . . . On the same bill is that de-lovely we've all been waiting for so patiently—SYRA, the "Un-Cover Girl." Need we say more? Guess not! EPPY PEARSON, manager of the room, has publicized her from "calendar to calendar," all over town. Syra must be seen and is someone a pencil and paper cannot describe . . . The musical trio in the background is MIKE WERNER'S ORK, who cut a good show and play dance music from 8:00 p. m. 'til ? . . . CHUCK BURGESS TRIO alternate with M. W. and continue to play for your dancing pleasure.

★ Silver Slipper Saloon

Here is something brand new in the way of entertainment for our town. The management of the FRONTIER VILLAGE has a real old-fashioned minstrel show, with a cast of 20. HANK HENRY is the star of the entire revue and the "Mr. Bones" of the productions. Songs and gags are plentiful. The stage is loaded with star-studded entertainment that spells a full evening of fun . . . Featured on the bill with Mr. Henry are JO ANN MALONE, GERRY KNOX, HELEN HALL, THE SILVER SLIPPER QUARTET, JIMMY CAVANAUGH and many more . . . GEORGE REDMAN supplies the background for the minstrel productions with his excellent piano playing.

WATCHBIRDS

. . by SIR JODY and LADY MICHAEL

WITH ice-bags on our royal heads in lieu of coronets and Alka Seltzer and black coffee handy, we try to still our shaky hands long enough to get the column to press. This has been a season of parties—parties and more parties and Number 1 on the list was JOHNNY TALBOT who thinks he's a combination of PEARL MESTA and ELSA MAXWELL. Johnny threw a soiree for 400 people in a 4-room flat. Needless to say, 4,000 showed up, including the local riot squad. Suggestion for next year: the grand ballroom at the Waldorf!

TOOTS SHOR'S fabulous New Year's party was a "sell out." Nary a vacant table in his huge private dining room with such celebs as ETHEL MERMAN, MR. and MRS. JOHNNY SHUBERT, EDDY DURYEA DOWLING of the theatre mingling with LOUIS SOBEL, EARL WILSON and HIS B. W., AL BUCK and yours truly of the Fourth Estate, and JACKIE GLEASON, LEW PARKER, PAT HARRINGTON, GEORGE DEWITT and SID SLATE of the comic department.

PEARL BAILEY, who is THAT busy doing 8 performances a week in "BLESS YOU ALL," takes on the added chore of appearing at the "BLUE ANGEL," popular East Side night spot, staring January 4th. In her dressing room after the theatre, we met her brother, REV. BILL BAILEY, who was chosen to play BILL BOJANGLES ROBINSON in the screen story of that great man's life.

The **British Broadcasting Corp.** will try to televise the ghost of **Catherine Howard,** fifth wife of **Henry VIII,** whom he beheaded in 1542. On January 10th, though there is absolutely no significance in the choice of date—BBC will have cameras and spotlights on hand at Hampton Court Palace, with a special infra-red spot in case she doesn't show under ordinary light. It is rumored **Elizabeth Arden** will have a cosmetician with specially designed make-up on hand to touch-up the restless Queen who walks with her head tucked underneath her arm. Now really! For TV WE prefer **Jimmy Durante.**

Superstitious JO STAFFORD, who is NOT Scotch, dotes on plaid kilties and always wears one when recording a "best-seller" record . . . MYRNA LOY has stopped commuting and now lives in the nation's capital, she's that maaad about the boy . . . SONNY TUFTS and



his wife, BARBARA DARE, separated atfer 14 years of marriage—SONNY TUFTS!

There's a darling little informal bistro called the BY-LINE ROOM at the SHOW SPOT, which is run by EDDIE RAMSHAW. The place is intimate and friendly with just the atmosphere Las Vegas rounders enjoy. SYLVIA SYMS, who does a wonderful, torchy number, "REMIND ME," reminded us to say "hello" to LUCILLE GOLDRING for her. The star of the show is STUART FOSTER, who is a vocal alumnus of TOMMY DORSEY and Stuart's rendition of "BEWITCHED" rendered US the same.

Things WE like around Broadway: MARY HATCHER and HERKIE STYLES singing and comedy at the MARTINIQUE . . . ELLA FITZGERALD celebrating her 20th year in show biz at BIRDLAND and singing greater than ever . . . HARRY "SWEETS" EDISEN, also at Birdland, sends greetings and stuff to KENNY WALKER of CHRIS ORIGINAL STEAK HOUSE . . . STYLES' singing and comedy at the First Avenue and 114th Street, which is owned by ANNA COPPOLA and

(Continued on Page 30)

LEATHER CARVING OF ALL KINDS

HAROLD SOUDER

SPECIALIZING IN CUSTOM MADE BELTS WITH NAME ENGRAVED

116 North First Street

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

That same evening, we met for dinner at a cozy nite spot called "Bowden Square." We were enjoying a cup of demi-tasse when Bing began to sing a tune that was being played by the house band. Just for laughs, I joined him in a duet. I have often regretted not having a recording of that. I must have sounded like a horned toad in comparison. I didn't intend to bring myself into this story. I wanted you to know why I have such great admiration for "Der Bingle."

Perhaps you are wondering how YOU can say "Happy Anniversary" to Mr. Music. Well, you can join the world salute to the one and only Mr. C. by sending a congratulatory card to Mr. Music, Hollywood, California. He'll get it.

Your card may help you to win a week's free trip for two—to Hollywood—an introduction to Mr. Crosby—and many more surprises you'll cherish and remember all your life. Bing must have all cards before January 31, so he wlil be able to draw the winner on his radio show on that date.

By the way, I'd like to extend my own personal congratulations to Bing on his 20th anniversary. Of course, there aren't enough words to say "well done" to a guy who's spent most of his life bringing happiness to others. So—best wishes, Bing. Here's hoping we'll all be around to help you celebrate many more anniversaries—and that's for sure.

A FEW weeks ago, we wrote about a possibility that now looks as though it is a certainty. At present, there are 26 big-wigs from Lockheed Aircraft, plus government officials, checking on Basic Magnesium as the future home for their aircraft company. If they do decide to move to Henderson from the coast, they'll take over units A, B, C, D, E and F, build a few miles of runways, and hire 16,000 employes. If the planned move does materialize, this area will have the largest population in Nevada.

SEYMOUR VORIS, of the Race Track, and beautiful ELINORE SHEPPARD, are the steadiest twosome in town. This romance really looks serious. Seymour seems to "melt" each time Elinore looks in his direction. Are those wedding bells we hear in the distance? . . . TONY MARTIN smashed all records established by any entertainer for one evening when he sang to a total of 1,962 patrons at the FLAMINGO HOTEL, last Saturday. In order to accommodate the crowds, the management had to change their usual "twice a night" policy, by adding a third show that evening. That's what we call—"really packing them in!" . . . We never saw SNOOPER ROGERS become annoyed with anyone until the other evening. A couple of habitues of the LADY LUCK BAR asked "Snoop" if he knew the name of the bit player, seated at the bar. The popular pianist couldn't remember so he decided to ask the person in question. When Rogers approached the ham, he didn't have a chance to utter a word. The actor turned to him with a bored manner and said: "Oh, not you, too! All right, give me the piece of paper. I'll autograph it for you." He implied he was very tired of all the requests he had been receiving for his famous signature. You should have heard Snooper's response. Sorry! It's unprintable. Evidently, the **bit player** doesn't know our Las Vegas, the only place where celebrities are never besieged for autographs . . . JACKIE GREEN, currently appearing at the DESERT INN, can't wait for his engagement to end. Don't misunderstand. He loves it here. However, his charming wife, SISSY, is expecting any day, hour or minute. Jackie hopes Sir Stork will have a little more patience and wait until next week . . . Did you know that the same RONNIE QUILLAN who attacked singer BILLY DANIELS with a butcher knife, is the same girl who allegedly slashed HERB JEFFRIES with a razor at EL MOROCCO in 1946? Same occured when she attacked Roland Gerbeau in 1949, a French singer employed at a Sunset Strip spot. That time she almost had her right ear severed in the razor blade duel. Miss Quillan just doesn't seem to care for singers—so—beware you male crooners. By the way, someone should bid for the band-aid concession at her home! . . . A couple of weeks ago, we predicted a marriage for ETHEL JOHNSON and VINCE STECKER. The following day, Ethel called and gave us a tongue lashing. Of course, the necessary apologies were made. Then, as fate would have it, our prediction came true. On December 27th Ethel and Vince bought two tickets on the matrimonial merry-go-round. Good luck, kids . . . In a couple of weeks, GEORGE MORO will leave on a trip that will cover the East, South, North and West. He will hand-pick a group of girls that will fit in the "S. P. B." category . . . Here is an item for the "hard to believe" scrapbook. About a year ago, JOHN HUGHES misplaced his star sapphire ring. He and his lovely wife, MITZI, searched for it but were unsuccessful. Finally, they gave up and

(Continued on Page 26)



DOWNTOWN

BOB HOPE . . .

BOB HOPE—NBC star—began life in Cleveland and almost from the very first decided to be a comedian. Bob's family will tell you that he passed through no "I want to be a fireman, policeman, streetcar conductor," stage, but firmly and politely decided that his goal was to make people laugh.

Bob passed through innumerable stages of life before it was agreed among the gods that he should make people laugh. His activities ranged from newspaper work to prize fighting and culminated on the vaudeville stage, where he tap danced his way for many seasons.

One climactic day in a small town, a theater manager trustingly asked the youthful tap dancer to announce what the following week's show was to be. Bob went out on the stage, proceeded to deliver a monologue which still has that town laughing.

The natural order of events led him to a Chicago theater, for a two weeks' run as a master of ceremonies. He remained six months. On the confidence this discovery gave him, he stormed New York and the offices of Charles Dillingham. A small role in "Sidewalks of New York" led to a larger one in "Ballyhoo of 1932," followed by a memorable bit of trouping in Jerome Kern's "Roberta." This, in turn, bounced him into "Say When," Ziegfeld's "Follies" and "Red Hot and Blue."

Somewhere between "Say When" and "Red Hot and Blue" he developed a fondness for the microphone and guest-starred for several consecutive weeks on the Rudy Vallee hour and other programs. This opened the way to his own "Rippling Rhythm Revue" starring show, in which he shared honors with Shep Field's orchestra. He introduced the character of "Honey-chile."

The movies then discovered him to be a good thing and after singing "Thanks for the Memory" in Paramount's "Big Broadcast of 1938," he was presented with an extra-large contract.

Besides writing a daily column, he is interested in many business enterprises, too numerous to mention here. Miraculously, Hope has time left for many charity stints and entertaining troops, like those of the Pacific Islands and Korea with whom he spent five weeks recently.

Bob's ruling passion is athletics and the only major set-back in his long string of successes in his inability to beat his friend, Bing Crosby, at golf. He has a gift for sport.

Married to Dolores Reade, a vaudeville and musical comedy vocalist, his outstanding characteristic is his unbelievably sharp sense of humor.

First soldier: "What's an acting corporal?"

Buddy: "A double-barrelled pfc."

Definition: Incompatibility — when two people can no longer stomach each other.

Politicians admit that the two-party system consists of the appointed and the disappointed.

January is a month that brings
Cold, snow, ice; all stuff I hate;
So instead of a poem that sings,
Pardon me, please, while I
hibernate.

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The Story of the FBI

. . by J. EDGAR HOOVER
CHIEF OF THE BUREAU

ALTHOUGH the FBI did not become well known until after the great crime wave of the '30s, the organization was in existence many years before. The FBI dates back to 1908, when Attorney General Charles Bonaparte directed that Department of Justice investigations be handled by a small group of special investigators. In the following year the name "Bureau of Investigation" was assigned to this group.

The small organization gradually grew during the succeeding years. The Selective Service Act of World War I and espionage laws to block the work of spies brought new duties. Then the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act was passed in 1919 to curb the increasing transportation of stolen automobiles from state to state.

In 1924 Attorney General Harlan F. Stone, who later became Chief Justice of the United States, appointed me as director of the bureau. I was, at that time, 29 years of age. I accepted with the understanding that henceforth this organization was to be a career service in which ability and good character were to be the requirements for appointment, and performance and achievement the only grounds for promotion.

I knew it would take years to build the FBI into a streamlined, investigative machine to fight crime. New requirements for appointment as a special agent were set up, providing for college men, trained in law and accounting. To be eligible, the applicant had to be between the ages of 23 and 35 and physically fit. Each applicant was thoroughly investigated before appointment. His school record and every activity were searched for flaws in his honesty or ability.

Gradually the new organization began to take form. Congress approved the transfer of fingerprints at Leavenworth Penitentiary and the criminal records maintained by the International Association of Chiefs of Police to the FBI. Thus began what is now known as the Identification Division of the FBI. The original collection of 810,188 fingerprints, thanks to the cooperation of national and international law enforcement organizations, has multiplied more than 138 times.

Training schools for special agents and accountants were started in Washington to equip future G-men with modern crime detection methods. These offer courses in federal law, accounting, fingerprint science, crime scene searches, interviews, photography, firearm and jujitsu.

A crime detective laboratory was established to make examinations for the FBI and to serve as a scientific clearing house for evidence and crime problems submitted by police and sheriffs throughout the country.

Next Issue:
"CRIME MEETS ITS MATCH!"

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HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

. . . by MARTIN LEWIS

PEOPLE IN PICTURES

NO DOUBT about it. The New Year will bring motion picture stardom to plenty of ambitious youngsters — and not the least of these is a brunette and beautiful lass named Barbara Rush. Here's a gal who's really "rushing" to the cinematic heights.

Barbara was discovered by a talent scout only a few months ago and immediately signed to a screen contract. Her first role was opposite Charles Boyer in "The First Legion" and her second was with John Barrymore Jr., in the forthcoming film, "Quebec." Next, she took over an important role in "The Goldbergs," and right now, she's emoting with Sterling Hayden and Victor Jory in Nat Holt's "Fort Savage." What's more important, no sooner does little Miss Rush wind up her "Fort Savage" role than she "rushes" into the feminine lead of George Pal's science-fiction thriller, "When Worlds Collide." Yes, Barbara Rush is slated for film fame in the months ahead.

From the Hollywood Casting Offices

Popular Jane Russell may be due for some competition from a member of her own family. Seems the actress' 22-year-old brother, Jaime, has been signed by Producer Hal Wallis to make his movie bow in the new Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis comedy, "That's My Boy." The good-looking lad, said to bear a strong resemblance to his famous sister, has been set to take over the part of a field judge in the big football sequence of the film.

John "Skins" Miller, veteran song-and-dance man, will do his famous drunk act in Frank Capra's new venture, "Here Comes the Groom." Miller happens to be a "regular" in Crosby and Bob Hope movies—and has appeared in every Crosby-Hope film for many years. He recently wound up a part in Bob's upcoming comedy, "The Lemon Drop Kid."

The Family Scene—Hollywood Style

Make way for a new family on the silver screen.

It's the Goldbergs, a zany and lovable brood that's slated to bring new warmth to motion picture celluloid. Created by Gertrude Berg, the antics of this average Jewish family in New York town have entertained radio listeners for the past 21 years—television views for the past three years. Consequently, it's not surprising that Paramount bosses decided to bring the



Goldbergs to the medium of moving pictures.

Yes, it won't be long before Papa and Mama Goldberg, together with Sammy, Rosalie and Uncle Jake, will be taking their respective places alongside such world-famed film families as Blondie and Dagwood Bumstead, the Henry Aldrich family, Judge Hardy's brood, the Jones contingent and the Wilkins family of "Dear Ruth," "Dear Wife" and "Bear Brat" fame.

Of course, other families have been immortalized via motion pictures. But their stints on the screen have been limited to solo appearances. What movie-goer can forget the families of "I Remember Mama," "Abie's Irish Rose," "Life With Father," "You Can't Take It With You," "Cheaper by the Dozen," "Mother Wore Tights," "Sitting Pretty," "National Velvet" and "The Furies." Now, Paramount adds "The Goldbergs" to this group—welcome addition to America's entertainment.

"Pride of the Fleet" Slated for 1951 Production

The United States Navy becomes the inspiration for still another movie when the cameras roll on one of the most pretentious Navy films of recent years. Studio bosses have added "Pride of the Fleet" to the 1951 production schedule and have announced that the comedy drama will be lensed aboard an aircraft carrier and at Honolulu.

Irving Asher, currently associate producer to Frank Capra on Bing Crosby's "Here Comes the Groom," has been

(Continued on Page 25)

Weekly Beauty Letter

from WALLY WESTMORE

Makeup Director, Paramount Studios

Resolve to be beautiful in 1951.

As each new year begins, every woman should take stock of herself and set forth a list of beauty resolutions . . . That's what many screen stars do, and not the least of these is a very beautiful brunette newcomer named BARBARA RUSH. Miss Rush is literally "rushing" toward motion picture stardom—and as the romantic interest in Paramount's comedy, "The Goldbergs," she's slated to attain new screen prominence.

Like most of her screen sisters, Barbara checks her beauty routine at the end of the year, then makes several resolutions to follow during the next 12 months. Here are her 1951 resolutions—which are excellent resolutions for every young woman.

1. I will face my mirror truthfully.

2. I will learn my face type, and how to dress my hair and apply make-up accordingly in order to make the most of my looks.

3. I will recognize the importance of cleanliness and correct cleansing, and will be fastidious in all personal care.

4. I will give my skin the necessary attention to retard wrinkles and lines, and will keep my hair healthy, shining and lustrous.

5. I will spend the necessary 15 minutes daily for careful and correct make-up application.

6. I will recognize my age, and choose hairstyles and clothes accordingly.

7. I will recognize that personality is an integral part of beauty.

8. If I can't be pretty, I will be very smart in appearance.

9. I will at all times be well-groomed from head to toe.

10. I will know that all beauty is based on good health, sufficient sleep and proper diet.

Weekly Fashion Letter

from EDITH HEAD

Paramount Fashion Designer

It happens every year. When the whole world seems to be covered with snow, far-sighted fashion designers introduce their new creations for fair-and-warmer weather and sun-kissed climates.

In the near future, residents of the West Coast will be given a preview of spring and summer clothes by style-minded screen stars who will invade popular desert resorts for mid-winter vacations . . . Academy Award winner JANE WYMAN plans to visit Palm Springs shortly after she completes her role opposite BING CROSBY in Paramount's "Here Comes the Groom." For this sojourn, the best-dressed actress will pack several linen sport outfits and afternoon frocks. One of the smartest in her vacation wardrobe is a white linen dress, which features a scooped neckline, brief sleeves and tiny clusters of iridescent beads scattered on the bodice.

RUTH HUSSEY, one of Bing Crosby's leading ladies in his current success, "Mr. Music," will head for the desert with a wardrobe that places an accent on color. For evening, she has selected short chiffon gowns in crimson, lemon yellow and tourquoise. For afternoon, she has chosen pique, linen and shark-skin dresses in brilliant reds, blues and oranges. For sportswear, however, Ruth places the accent on white—uses gay scarfs in bold prints and plaids for color emphasis.

When LIZABETH SCOTT heads for the desert, she'll take with her a half dozen new bathing suits. Being a gal with a classy chassis, Liz can wear almost any style—and her suit collection includes a black jersey with a single shoulder strap, a strapless white shark-skin, a red and white polka dot sun suit, a suit of printed chintz and a close-fitting white knit.

Thus once again, Hollywood film folk lead the style parade—and the rest of the feminine world follows.

EL RANCHO VEGAS:

(Continued from Page 16)

where, are very humorous and amazing to behold. Without knowing what is happening, some of the audience is brought into the act. We still maintain that Gali-Gali is one of the finest magicians in the country . . . Also on the bill is Cliff Ferre . . . The El Ranchoettes really "hit the bell" this time with two new and excellent routines. NANCY WILLIAMS is the lovely Miss—featured in the colorful Spanish number . . . HENRY BUSSE and his ORK supply good background music for the acts and continue same for patron dancing.

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 16)

MASAYE, torch singer—ASIA BROTHERS, held over from the last show. They are three oriental guys with amazing perceptibility for acrobatics—LILLIAN LANIER sings your favoriate tunes the way you like 'em—FLORA BELLES, the lovelies of the "step and kick"—THE KINGS and THEIR LADIES, featuring BUDDY and CANDYCE KING. Then, last—but not least—back home, after too long an absence, is one of our very favorite ork leaders, BILL CLIFFORD. He and his excellent aggregation of musicians take over the podium for show and patron dancing. . . . Blonderful MARY MARSHALL is the delightful songstress with the band. There isn't much more we can say—except—"See you at the Flamingo!" . . . CHUY REYES, the gent at the "88" and his Latin-American ork, play your favorite requests in the Mural Room 'til —?

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS:

(Continued from Page 23)

handed producer's chores—with three top male stars slated to head the cast.

Last-Minute News Items

In the travel scene: As soon as Jane Wyman completes her role opposite Bing Crosby in Frank Capra's "Here Comes the Groom," she'll head out of Hollywood for a delayed New York visit to catch the new Broadway shows. Jane hopes to return to California in February to get some use out of the Palm Springs home she leased some months ago. So far, the gal has spent only a week in the desert abode. "I like the desert," explained Jane, "so I leased this house last fall. Since then, I've been there one week but at least my friends are getting a lot of good out of it!" . . . Dan Dailey will not return to Hollywood until after the New Year. He has told film chums that he'll remain at the Menninger Clinic in Kansas for some time . . . Bing Crosby has has been forced to cancel his proposed spring trek to Korea. Government orders!

On the romantic scene: Although Bob Sterling is heading for Gotham for career reasons, his heart remains in Hollywood. The gal in question is pretty Nancy Sinatra, who has become one of the most popular damsels in the film capital since her divorce from Frankie . . . John Agar, Shirley Temple's ex-husband, continues to be seen with the cream of the Hollywood crop. His recent dates have been with beautiful Patricia Medina, Richard Green's estranged spouse . . . Ronald Reagan continues to squire starlet Nancy Davis hither and yon in cinema city—and Piper Laurie and actor-producer Jerry Paris are becoming a frequent twosome at Hollywood bistros . . . If Les Barker has his way, he and Arlene Dahl will say "I do" in late January and not in the spring as planned. According to current plans, they'll honeymoon in Europe . . . Other twosomes making news in Hollywood this week include: Joan Evans and Carleton Carpenter—Betty Hutton and music arranger Peter Rugalo.

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 19)

went to sleep. While deep in slumber, Mitzi dreamed about the ring and visualized it in a bundle of soiled clothes she had sent out to the laundry. The following a. m. they went to the laundry. After rummaging through hundreds of bundles, they discovered their package. Reclining in the folds of one of John's unmentionables, was the ring. 'Tain't the first time Mitzi has had a dream that brought results. Wish we had that gift . . . PANCHO, the Maitre D at the DESERT INN, was a very disturbed man when shown last week's Review-Journal. According to the newspaper, "Pancho refused to permit 20 teen-agers to enter the dining room, stating they must be accompanied by their parents." That is a rule established by the hotel—not by Pancho. The article also said: "Pancho intended to make it a rule to protect the younger generation from all shows of questionable nature!" Pancho was really worried about his job. He didn't make any such statements. We feel the management of the D. I. will believe his story and not that which was printed without verification . . . A few weeks ago, ADELE FOX spoke to her husband, AL, suggesting they have their home repainted. Al agreed but requested a short wait of a couple of months. Hubby should have known better .His better half is a very determined person. Adele purchased paint and did the place herself. Many housewives do the same but Adele painted animals of various sizes in mural fashion throughout the house. Now, Mr. and Mrs. Fox have neighbors dropping in all the time, just to see the artist at work, creating murals which a finished artist would find difficult to duplicate . . . The lobby of the FLAMINGO HOTEL looked like the waiting room of a swank eatery in Hollywood. Engrossed in a serious discussion were motion picture producers — handsome JAN GRIPPO, of Bowery Boys and Valentino fame—NOEL SHERMAN, producer of the Tarzan pictures—and SOL M. WURTZEL, of 20th Century Fox. With these three big-wigs around, maybe one of our localities will be served a bit of stardust in their future. Well — you never can tell! . . . Almost a year has passed since we predicted a marriage for FRED TABOR, stage electrician at the DESERT INN, and JULIE PAGE, former member of the GEORGE MORO-RUTH LANDIS dancing group. It finally happened on Xmas Day. Congratulations, kids . . . The ELDORADO CLUB, downtown, has reopened, under new management. The new operators are EDDIE MOSS and JOHN HUGHES. Both men are well known by everyone and should make the place "go." Eddie is one of the hardest working guys in town. He runs the sports book in the PIONEER CLUB—and the faro bank in the GOLDEN NUGGET. Eddie and John have put out an S.O.S. for a new name. The person who submits the chosen one will receive $500.00 in cash. Contest for the name ends January 25th. If you have any ideas, get with it. That's a lot of moolah, just for a name . . . The YOUNG ELECTRIC SIGN CO. will convert their factory for war production purposes in a couple of weeks or so. All this is due to the allocation of materials they need and cannot receive. Because of this, Mr. Young had to lay off 80% of his help and is keeping only a few in order to service the signs they put up in town and on the strip. Their main plant, in Ogden, Utah, was closed last week and re-conversion work is now going on. What they are planning to make is not for publication—MILITARY SECRET! . . . Boy, if you're ever in a mood to listen to some real gypsy music, get over to the LA RUE and have JACK SCHOLL and his "Strollers" do the rest. You name it—they play it . . . Lovely BEVERLY QUINN, employed at the SILVER SLIPPER SALOON as a cocktail waitress, has good reason to complain. In the past six months she has had to move three times. Last time she had to move was when her "roomie," Ethel, married her fella. Now, all Beverly has to do is call the movers. They recognize her voice and ask, "O. K., Miss Quinn, where to this time?" . . . JOY FISHER HAMANN, lovely ex-Earl Carroll showgirl, wants to make Las Vegas her home. She's tired of just "horsing around" the M. G. M. studios. Husband is top trombone player. If he can get located with some ork in town, they'll stay. Her dad is BUD FISHER, of the Race Track Fishers . . . BOB BERGEN, pit boss at the D. I., is quite a linguist. Although he is 100% Irish, Bob speaks a perfect Yiddish. He's worked with Jewish people practically all of his life . . . We hoped it would happen and it did . Lovely SUE CARSON received a break when our town was loaded with picture producers over the New Year's holiday. This talented youngster will appear in one of JAN GRIPPO'S new pictures, just as soon as he finds a suitable part, even if it means making one. It's a wonderful break for Sue. Mr. Grippo, as we mentioned earlier, is the producer of all the Bowery Boys pix and co-produced the Valentino film with ED SMALL . . . ROD MORRIS, former

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DEAR MOM:

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friends of ours, Mr. and Mrs. McCormick, who operate the restaurant and bus depot in Glendale, Nevada, also the motel that adjoins it. They are quite a couple and have many outside interests in common. Dogs, horses, planes and good cars are their hobbies. Mack pilots a great air jaunt and "Snooky" his wife, likewise handles a car with the aplomb of a hot-rod racer! I should know! She drove me to Glendale once. I sneezed in North Las Vegas and before she could bless me, I was there. From now on I'll take my trusty pogo stick! They informed me that a fellow performer (pianist), name of Gene Cloud, a good friend of mine, is working for them as day deskman at their restaurant, and that he knowing that so many of the musicians who play Las Vegas, pass through the town at one time or another, would like to have them drop in to see him and cut up old touches. Gene is there for his health and is steadily improving, and I know he'd get a kick out of seeing some cronies who talk his lingo.

After they departed, I sauntered into the Cactus Room to partake of a light snack (the works), and as the place was jammed, I asked a lil gal if she'd mind my joining her at her table for two. In no time at all we were yaking as women do, and I found out that her name was Charlene Mosca, whose husband Jim works at the Chuck Wagon. She also mentioned that her mother is a patient at Edgecliff Sanitarium in Spokane, Wash., has been there over a year and is a columnist for the hospital's weekly, called the "Edgecliff News." Being that I'm interested in writing a bit myself, I told Charlene to tell her I'd be very happy to have her as a "pen-pal," mere selfishness on my part—maybe I can get some ideas from her, wish she'd drop me a line anyhoo!

Finding that I couldn't force another bite without "de-zippering" myself, I decided a long walk would do me some good. Soooo, I went to the Last Frontier to see my friend, Bess Heller, who was engaged at the moment in serious conversation with Don Appleford, daytime bartender, and wife, Daisy, feminine as they come, from head to toe, I found, is a gal to be reckoned with . . . They tell me she totes a mean bow and arrow. Seems she belongs to the Las Vegas Archery Club, and holds the title of the first lady to bag a deer this year, in Mt. Charleston. The president of the club, Bill McKolsky, wishes they could increase the membership, as it's a healthy game of skill and lots of fun! Remember meat rationing is coming up and don't be left holding the bag. Incidentally, Mom, do you still hang wet umbrellas on that monstrosity with horns that Pop accidentally hit a few years back. Yes, I know, Mom, you can't dispose of it because it's a symbol of his lodge. Guess we should be grateful he doesn't belong to the Loyal Order of Dinosaurs! Wish he could cultivate a taste for sable!

Thought after all, I should get a glimpse of what was happening down town, so patrolled myself to the main stem. Except for remaining Xmas decorations, Fremont Street looked the same, 'cause any ordinary nite in the year it looks like a condensed version of Broadway, and just as busy. First stop was in to see Betty Woodridge, gal 88'er at the Esquire Bar. It amazes me to see her comply with all musical requests, take time out to chat with the customers wtihout noticeable effort on her part, when I know she's had a full day, taking care of her tiny daughter, keeping house, and seeing that Father Billy gets off to his post at the Desert Inn on time. Who says women are the weaker sex? Next went to give well wishes to the boys who make with the hit parade tunes at the Shamrock Hotel. Sil Silvers, Roy Jarvis and Chuck Barbee. They're really sumpthin! I felt like dancing, but would look mighty strange doing a single, so got back into the jalopy and headed towards the strip. As I approached the "Bingo," I noticed a familier figure trudging along the road, bent over with a heavy bundle under his arm. It was my favorite newsboy ("Pops" to me) on his usual round of all the casinos from there to the Flamingo. The air was chilly so I asked him to hop in and keep me company. His name is Darby Kelly, not a youngster anymore, but possessing a rare sense of Irish wit and a storehouse of colorful tales concerning Las Vegas and its inhabitants that would put historians to shame. Kelly knows most of our leading citizens when they were "knee high to grasshoppers," and is grateful for the fact that none of them have forgotten him. So from now on, when I want to keep in tune with the times . . . I wait for Kelly.

My last stop was back at the D. I. to pick up my better half, only to find due to the enormous crowd still celebrating he would be holding the fort down till 7:30 a. m. . . . and as much as I hate checking out when things are still poppin,' my orbs were giving out on me . . . (that mascara weighs a ton!) So without further adieus, I told the lil man I'd see him on the late shift

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DEAR MOM:

(Continued from Page 27)

and stopped only long enough to say good lucks and goodbyes to the Eddie Edell Trio who are closing at the Inn to open at the Balboa Bay Yacht Club in Newport Beach, Calif. Eddie asked me, as a special favor, to get in touch with Jack Cortez to make sure that he sends him a year's subscription to his Fabulous Las Vegas magazine, as he doesn't want to lose track of all the swell people he's met and worked with here in L. V. . . . and them's my sentiments exactly.

Well, darlings, I'll wrap this up for the nonce, hoping you got a pleasant glimpse of the new baby just ushered in . . . and that it won't be too long before we and all the people everywhere can feel that our "baby" can be safe in our hearts for always under the shelter and guidance of the Father above. Love . . . Me!

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

new building of First National Bank down on Fifth and Garces Streets.

This practically assures us that Fifth Street will be the great business center of the greater Las Vegas. It is four miles from the corner of Fifth and Fremont to the Flamingo Hotel and that four miles already has some of the nation's finest hotels and motels and more gay neon lights than any other street I know outside Fremont.

Which reminds me that The Strip (Fifth Street outside the city limits) and downtown Fremont Street are working up a sort of a feud—at least a bit of too-intensive competition to be good for either section or for Las Vegas as a whole.

We naturally think of Fremont Street, with more neon lights than any other street in the country in seven blocks, as the mother of all this far-flung city of hotels and clubs and handsome motels and neon lights, and new bank buildings. When we begin to work up family fights we are apt to spill the beans and spoil the whole mess. My advice, if I were asked for it (which of course I won't be as nobody gives a whoop in purgatory what we old fossils think) would be to smooth your sore places over and not go around showing them to the whole world. If this goes on much longer somebody may begin to tell the whole truth about both of you which might not be so pleasant nor beneficial.

First Bank Building

Immediately after the auction sale of lots in Clark's Las Vegas Townsite, (May 15-16, 1905) we who were interested in the newly formed First State Bank, erected a fine, two-story building for it. It was about 20 by 30 feet in size, was painted a dark green and loomed up on the corner of First and Fremont Streets like the Waldorf-Astoria does over Park Avenue. We really were proud that Las Vegas had one building which was really imposing—something more than a slat frame covered with canvas or sheeting. The bank moved into its new building Monday, May 20. It was only a temporary building, of course, it being the intention to build the permanent building on the corner of Second and Fremont where the gas station is.

However, the first and temporary building was moved east about 50 feet and the building now occupied by the Bank of Nevada was erected on the corner. First State Bank moved into its new building in January, 1905—45 years ago just now.

A fine architect we had associated with us was C. Chamberlain, who became architect of the new building in which we all had some voice. My contribution to the plan was in having the front walls of the building set back from the street line, with the roof, supported by pillars, extending to the street line. Las Vegas Trading Company, of which I was secretary and manager, was the contractor and did a pretty good job. But you may have noticed that one of the big concrete pillars on the Fremont Street side (I think it is the second one from First Street) bulges somewhat where it should not bulge. We just could not build wooden forms strong enough to hold that heavy mass of concrete in place until it set. If you observe carefully you may still see an unplanned and unfortunate little bulge here and there.

However, I still think that old building is a pretty clever one. I am sure the banks it has sheltered all these years have had a large part in making Las Vegas what it is today.

U.E.C.

"Let's Get United"

UNITED ELECTRIC COMPANY

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DOWNTOWN:

(Continued from Page 15)

ord for patrons at the Apache Bar since its conception, which is some years ago. And it's o-o-only the beginning, according to Matt! As soon as a few things are settled, he plans to go ahead with the remodeling plans that will make the Apache Bar one of the most attractive on Fremont Street. If past accomplishments are to be taken as any indication, you may rest well assured that Matt Howard will do as he says . . . I wouldn't want to say that the installation of those new coffee urns and the "we grind our own" feature has had anyhting to do with it, BUT, the business of the Dixie Coffee Shop has been on the steady increase ever since that time. They use Major Coffee exclusively and grind it up one pound at a time as they need it, therefore it can't be anything **but** fresh! Nate Young, owner-operator, also tells me that more and more of the servicemen are taking advantage of the 10% discount he makes available to them when they are in town and choose to dine at the Dixie. Having been a dog-face during the No. 2 war, I was driven to the dole system quite often and know that a small cut in expenses here and there added up to extra smokes over the period of a month . . . Speaking of servicemen, one by the name of Corky Johnston is better off by $250.00 as of last Tuesday night when he tied for top honors at the Club Bingo Talent Opportunity Contest, along with Danny Sherrett, the lonesome cowboy. Corky is a singer of songs and has received special permission to appear at the club for the next 10 days as a guest star. Who knows, this may be the start of a new career for Corky besides that of being one my uncle's boys. All the luck in the world to both Corky and Danny . . . An extra large "E" for effort in the behalf of Tommy Tobin for the way he has been taking care of Walter South's interests as well as his own while Walter is laid up following a stroke a short time back. Tommy is at the Esquire Bar almost day and night since that time and is deserving of a lot of credit. We all hope that the new year will bring added speed to the recovery of Walt, who is mighty fortunate to have as a business associate, such a man as Tommy Tobin. At the keyboard of the Kohler each evening is Betty Wooldridge, who is becoming quite a caper cutter on that Lowery Organo attachment. This attachment gives the artist the capability of a full organ effect, organ and piano or piano alone as is desired. Someday I'm gonna have one for my broken down Wurlitzer . . . Bill and Joan Wasden got a noisy bundle the night of December 30th that weighed in at 7 pounds and 10 ounces. Late on account of the Christmas rush, I suppose, but more than welcome at any time, I'd say! We have it on good authority that the newcomer has his Mom's good looks and will wear his Daddy's duds some day. One thing sure, I hope that Joan took the ordeal better than did Bill. Frazzled is a **fancy** adjective compared to the way he looked when I spoke to him . . . Well . . . I've been sitting here looking like a tree full of hoot owls for at least 35 minutes and haven't come up with a single idea of anything interesting to relate . . . maybe you lost interest a long way back for all I know! . . . One thing I'd like to say is that it was with great satisfaction that I learned that so many of you enjoyed my description of the Christmas I had at home with my family. It seems that mine was as so many you have memories of having with yours, and I'm happy that I could paint a word picture that would enable you to relive those memories . . . So, for this week I'll come to a speedy conclusion and look for you Downtown during the week . . . JOHNNY.

DESERT INN:

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a cute ditty, and performs her famous strip tease . . . In the supporting spot is singing comedian, JACKIE GREEN, who introduces many novel tunes that are received well. When he does his impersonations, Jackie proves to be an excellent showman, tops in his field of endeavor. We never believed that Jackie could do anything to top his impersonation of Jimmy Durante—but—when he does the "Guiseppe La Motta" tune, written by SID KULLER (author of "Tenement Symphony"), he stops the show cold and has to beg off . . . EDDIE AND TONY are a wonderful record pantomime duo. Acts such as these don't seem to fare very well in show biz. They come and go. But—such is not the story of Eddie and Tony. The pantomiming they perform seems so realistic that it's difficult to believe there is a record in the background . . . The ARDEN-FLETCHER DANCERS, a bevy of eight girls, introduce three routines, dressed in exquisite costumes . . . CARLTON HAYES and his superb ork offer excellent backing for the show and continue same for patron dancing . . . At the LADY LUCK BAR, it's "SNOOPER" ROGERS, the popular pianist who is quite a favorite personality in our midst.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 26)

owner of the Hi-Life on the strip and the Hacienda Club in North Las Vegas, is dealing craps at the D. I. This ex-Marine had a couple of tough breaks with both places and we hope 1951 will be kinder to him. Rod is very ambitious and we'll wager he'll be back in action again as a club owner . . . As of last week, RAY HERBECK and his ork are broadcasting over NBC—coast to coast—from 9:30 to 10:00 p. m. They are heard on Tuesdays and Thursdays. This should be good news to his many fans in town and is a terrific break for Ray and his lovely vocalist wife, LORRAINE BENSON . . . We would like to say good luck and may you have many more to NINA and FRED SOLY. The Solys celebrated their fourth wedding anniversary on January 1st. This couple is a fine example of how wonderful marriage can really be . . . Latest Hollywood couple to add their names to the list of prospective parents are red-haired LUCILLE BALL and her spouse, DESI ARNAZ. They'll welcome Sir Stork in June. Incidentally, this impending event has forced lovely Lucille to bow out of her role in C. B. DeMille's "The Greatest Show on Earth" . . . Many friends have inquired as to the whereabouts of LEFTY JAMES, since he left the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. He is now employed by the Walker Liquor Co. in L. A. as a good-will salesman. The executives of the company couldn't have chosen a better man for the job . . . Speaking of good choices, we think the management of the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS made one themselves when they selected CARL COHEN as the new casino manager. Here's a guy who knows his job and does it well . . . One of the greatest advance publicity campaigns ever witnessed was performed by EPPY PEARSON of the CLUB BINGO. Eppy spent many untiring hours, covering the downtown area and the strip, distributing calendars, bearing a picture of SYRA, who opened in the BONANZA ROOM, January 3rd . . . We congratulate ERWIN NEUMANN for a great job in decorating the new addition to the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL. Those Indian bronze emblems and wood panel-carvings are something "out of this world." Mr. Neumann is known from coast to coast as an interior decorator of distinction and is the man who renovated the FLAMINGO ROOM, casino and mural room—not too long ago . . . Can BABETTE GEORGE sing? That is the question of the week. This ARDEN-FLETCHER cutie can really dance and her throaty speaking voice reminds us of songstress MILDRED BAILEY. Hence—the reason for our inquiry . . . A few evenings ago we ran into JACK COLLINS, the magnificent chef at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL. He was with two handsome young men. Jack beamed like a newly lighted Xmas tree when he introduced them as his sons who are leaving for the U. S. A. F. very soon. We never met a prouder Dad and we sincerely hope both young men, along with all the boys, will be home soon —and that's for sure.

WATCHBIRDS:

(Continued from Page 18)

where darlin' MRS. POMPEI cooks "buttons and bows." At Sally's you're "scarpetti," which when translated means to "dunk" and no finger bowls served.

RANDI ROBSON, who preferred her scrap book and dolls to her mink coat, finally got all three items back—she's tolerating the "old" mink until the "new" one arrives around January 15th. She has so many minks now that she's using her VERY oldest as a throw rug before her fireplace. Randi and BABS HUTTON share the same roof when these lovelies are in N. Y. They DON'T live together but both stay at the Hotel Pierre where Babs has the whole top floor and Randi a bedroom and bath on the 4th.

Platnum haired SELENE WALTERS won the custody of her daughter SCARLETT from her former husband, DR. ALFRED HUENERGARDT, prominent Hollywood physician . . GEORGE ABBOTT, producer and director of the forthcoming musical, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," is interested in casting BETTY JANE WATSON in the role of Katie . . . Strange film-fellows—or it couldn't happen to a nicer guy: DONALD O'CONNOR, who was teamed up with FRANCIS THE TALKING MULE, now makes love to a COW, dances with a GREAT DANE and in moments of great excitement quacks like a duck—this all takes place in "THE MILKMAN," his latest vehicle . . .

The ex-Arden-Fletcher dancers who did NOT open at Ciro's as we previously reported, arrived in N. Y. and will soon be winging their way over the Atlantic to join CHUCK and FLUFF and PAULINE SUTTERLY in Paris. This group includes **Joan "Cameo" Michaels, Irene "O. T. H." Coppers, Jeanne "Bad Girl" Malone, Merritta "The Captain" Moore and Nikki Saunders,** ex-cover girl. Bon voyage, dahlings, and say bon jour to the George Cinq bar for us—merci!

Coo . . . coooooo!



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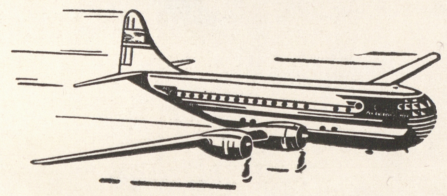
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