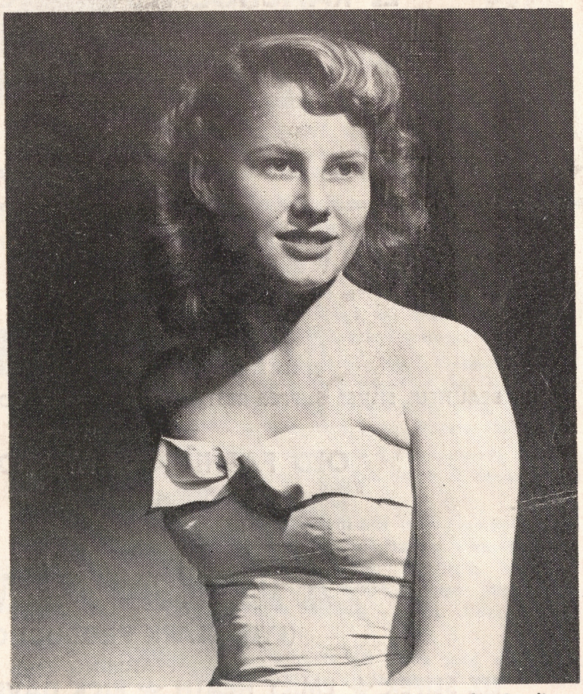
Jack Burks'

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PODNER !



—Photo by Nevada Studios.

EARLENE WHITT

Queen of the 1951 Police Show

(Story on Page 21)

February 3, 1951

15¢

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NOW IN THE ROUND-UP ROOM

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AND

BLACKBURN TWINS

DICK WESSON

TED FIO RITO

AND HIS ORK

CLIFF FERRE, M. C.

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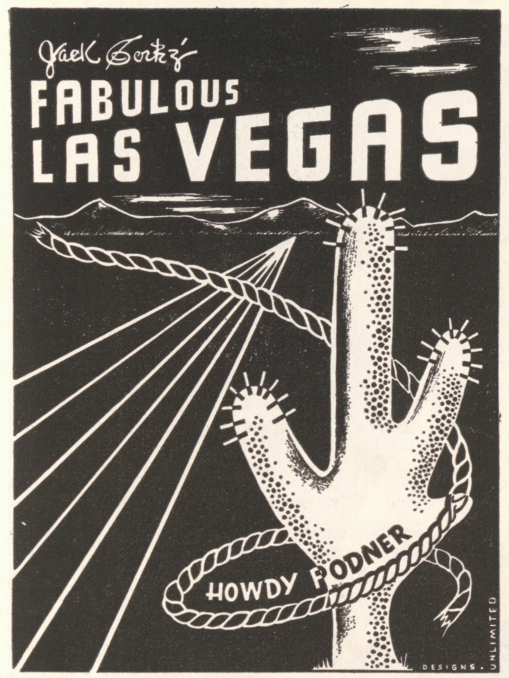
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BUSTER HALLETT ★ BOB LAINE

AT THE

Last Frontier Village



PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 2, NO. 42

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

VERSE, BY TUTOR SCHERER

FBI, BY J. EDGAR HOOVER

THE WATCHBIRDS

THE OLD TIMER, BY CHUBBY

CHESS, BY FRED SOLY

DOWNTOWN, BY JOHNNY

JACK CORTEZ, Editor and Publisher

JOHNNY UHLMAN, Advertising Manager

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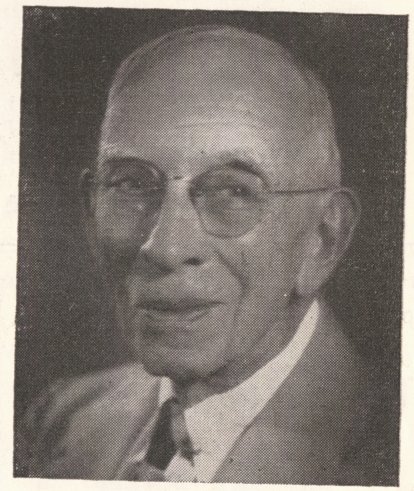
316 FREMONT STREET PHONE 1001

Jack Portz's
FABULOUS LAS VEGAS
HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 2 FEBRUARY 3, 1951 NUMBER 42

OBSERVATIONS . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

LAS VEGAS "JOURNALISM"



LAST week I mentioned some of the rather "raw" features of "Journalism" as practiced 45 years ago when Lydia Pinkham was one of the mainstays of the newspaper business. This week we have had some examples of "modern" journalism, in the shape of complete disregard of public and community interest in an effort to magnify trivialities into a sensation.

All over the world have gone stories of explosions of "Atomic Bombs" at "Las Vegas bombing range" and incidents intended to show that Las Vegas people are terrified and the city damaged by the terrific explosions. Those stories not only damaged the business of Las Vegas, deterring many people from coming to this "danger spot" for their week-end vacations, but caused unnecessary worry to some of our own people who were not familiar with the truth. The facts are that there is no atom bomb testing range "near" Las Vegas and that neither persons nor property in this city were damaged in the slightest by the explosions in the region known as Frenchman's Flat in the mountainous desert almost 100 miles northwest of here.

Moreover, only a few of the people of Las Vegas happened to hear or see the flash of either of the two bomb tests already made at the time this is written. A few persons who happened to be awake saw a light like a flash of lightning when the explosion lit up the far off sky and felt a little jolt when the spreading concussion reached Las Vegas a few moments later. The ground tremor was registered by seismographs as far away as Pasadena, we are told.

It seems to me that Las Vegas is paying a big price for a bit of petty notoriety to which we are not even fairly entitled and that it would have been much better journalism if newspapers and press associations had told the truth.

Which reminds me that journalism throughout the nation has adopted another foolish system of "conundrum" headlines. It used to be that newspaper headlines were intended to tell what an item or story was about. Now it seems to be the sport of the modern newspaper boys to write headlines which nobody can quite understand so that, instead of headlines telling what the story is about, it is necessary to read the story in order to understand what the headlines mean. While it sometimes makes quite a game that system is a dismal failure so far as imparting information goes.

Oh, yes! I see by the papers that claims for damages in Las Vegas by

(Continued on Page 33)

"THE LARGEST CLUB IN NEVADA"

STARTING SUNDAY, FEB. 4

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YVONNE MORRAY "MISS DYNA-MITE"

OPEN 12 NOON 'TIL ? ? ?

SHOW TIMES: 10:00 P. M.—1:00 A. M.—3:00 A. M.

CONTINUOUS DANCING AND ENTERTAINMENT - 8 P. M. 'TIL ?

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UNDERCOVER GIRL

ALEXIS SMITH - SCOTT BRADY

—ALSO—

KANGAROO KID

HUNTRIDGE PHONE 86

SUNDAY—MONDAY—TUESDAY

WEST POINT STORY

JAMES CAGNEY - VIRGINIA MAYO

SOUTHSIDE 1-1000

DUN DEFORE - ANDREA KING

VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS



"COMMUNISM"

With all the Kremlin's vicious lies
Where freedom dies replaced by spies,
With all their vile and needless hate
We sit while pacifists debate.

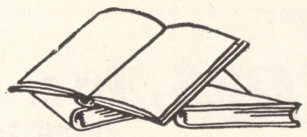
While hungry vultures would atone,
For gnawing marrow from the bone,
Where facts and happenings were so plain,
That propaganda was in vain.

Statesmen consider well this score
For we shall plead with you no more
Now we and China both have dead,
What's to be on the road ahead?

Nations rise while others crumble
Shall we watch, remaining humble?
China's graves will rise up never
Russia will survive, she's clever.

"SHINE ON"

Please shine brightly sun, let us all be gay!
Let us live each second of this short stay.



"GIVE HER FREEDOM"

Did it ever occur
When you're rubbing the fur
Of a kitten at play
You can rub the wrong way?

With a scratch and a bite
You'll find Kitty takes flight
Where there should be a purr
There'll be just a blur.

If you give her a squeeze
And then try to appease
Or just hold her too tight
You'll find Kitty gone from your sight.

"LIVING"

When you're really living there is no strain
Just an ending without regret or pain.

DISTINCTION

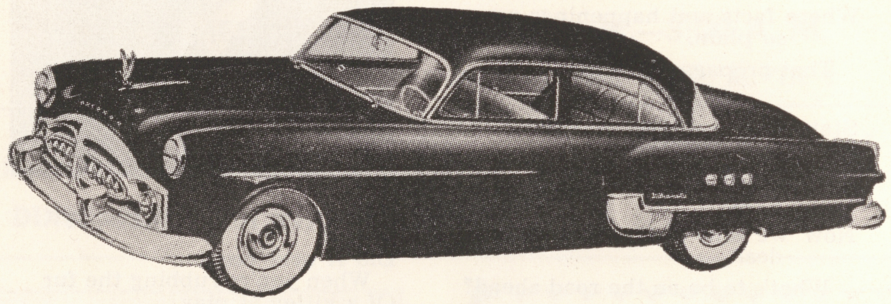
Distinction is not shown by death's dark grave,
For it will welcome cowards, or the brave.

DON'T FRET, BABY

You, Too, Can Get a Beautiful

'51 PACKARD

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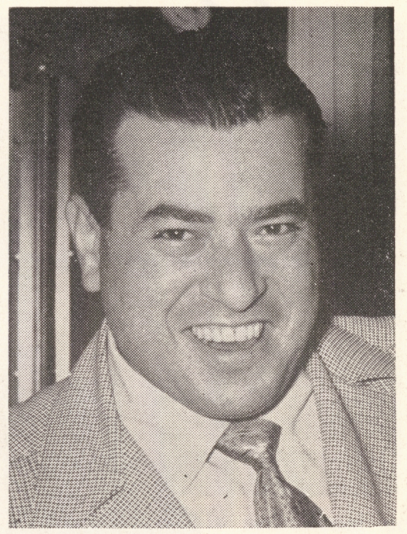
W. R. (BILL) KRUSE (OWNER)

THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ

LAS VEGAS is receiving lots of free publicity, especially since our area has been designated as a proving ground for the atom bomb and another secret weapon. Sunday's arousing reports certainly created quite a bit of comment, not only in Nevada, but throughout the United States. Many residents of this area have received letters from families, asking them to leave our "dangerous" town. All of this is uncalled for. There is nothing to fear. Our scientists and top military officials would not intentionally subject us to danger. This much-publicized incident was NOT an atom bomb explosion. The personnel at Indian Springs were experimenting with a new and highly secretive missile, controlled by radar. All the necessary tests were made with the A bomb and we doubt further experimentation. When the blast occurred, causing tremors, a few residents called the sheriff's office. An example of true American trust and spirit.

We recall JULES SARRETT'S meagre beginning on Fremont street, almost two and one-half years ago. His slogan was, and still is, "nothing but the finest in office equipment." He has progressed at a remarkable pace and is now one of the largest dealers in this line in Southern Nevada. His business "snowballed" so much, his quarters became cramped, causing the young executive to make a move. Last Wednesday, January 31, the Sarrett Office Equipment Company held a grand opening at their new and spacious location. Jules had a balcony constructed to house his office. There are also two sample show rooms on the mezzanine, providing suggestions as to the requirements of a modern office. We are mighty proud of this man who started "on a shoe string" and boomeranged into "big time." His employes now total 18. If business continues as in the past the staff will have to be doubled. We wish continued success to this conscientious. hard-woking guy and his associates. Mr. Sarrett's story is just one of the many of those to be found in Fabulous Las Vegas. . . . The most incredible games we have ever seen are a regular feature at LA RUE RESTAURANT ("sky is the limit.") "Nerves of Steel" STEVE PAPPAS takes all this action (win or lose) with a smile. We witnessed these fantastic games twice and left in a nervous state, convinced we could never make the grade as club owner—couldn't take the excitement entailed. . . . We received a



letter from MARY JANE, popular modiste of Las Vegas. She has spent quite a bit of time in New York and is returning with many new ideas to make her place of business more appealing to the feminine population. It will be good to see you back, Mary Jane. . . . JOE BLUMENTHAL and AL ABRAMS, co-owners of the FRONTIER TURF CLUB on Fremont Street, are taking quite a bit of action from their competitors with their slogan "From 50c and up. No bet too small or large." Joe and Al are in business to satisfy all. By the way, Mr. Blumenthal's brother-in-law is Joe "Bowser" Rosenberg, credit manager and co-owner of the FLAMINGO HOTEL. . . . Our compliments to AGNES WALTERS, in charge of the Enlisted Men's Service Club at the Nellis Air Base, for doing everything in her power to make the boys feel "at home—away from home." . . . One of the food waitresses in our town has "lost her heart" and shows it by sending flowers to the guy, who is starring at one of our hotels. We'd like to inform her that it's a lost cause. The guy is happily married and plans on remaining that way.

(Continued on Page 31)

'TUTOR'S DON'TS'

Don't Hold Las Vegas Short
Don't Worry — Watch Us Grow

Connee BOSWELL



Currently Appearing Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

I LOVE THIS TOWN YA' HEAR?

HARRY LEEDY
PERSONAL MGR.

WM. MORRIS AGENCY

WATCHBIRDS

. . by SIR JODY and LADY MICHAEL

LAST week your WATCHBIRD (LADY MICHAEL that is) was so busy rehearsing for the LOU WALTERS LATIN QUARTER REVUE which opened January 22 at the LOOKOUT HOUSE in Covington, Kentucky, that she missed THE COLUMN deadline and consequently feels real bad. So, with a very humble "excuse us" and a very legitimate excuse, we're off to press.

The Cincinnati patrons (which covers Covington, too) took us to heart and gave us wonderful notices and much applause. We'll say no more for the nonce as we'll let you fabulous LAS VEGANS judge for yourselves when we open at the DESERT INN some time in March. The other original D. I. darlings included in the show are the lovely JOAN MICHAELS, RANDI ROBSON and MERRITTA MOORE. Yes, we're on our way home, GRACIE HAYES!!!

The bandage on JIMMIE DURANTE'S head is nothing more serious than the former resting place of a mole, Jimmie didn't want it to compete with his nose. . . . DEAN MURPHY, whose wonderful mimicry you saw at the D. I. last spring, worked so hard and saved his money and has now bought a MIAMI BEACH hotel in partnership with one of the ROOSEVELTS. Which one? That's our little secret. . . . Rumor hath it that JIMMY RITZ will join the ranks of the country's disc jockeys and that it may emanate from LINDY'S restaurant on Broadway among all those wonderful cheesecakes.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEPT.: To GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR who was 71 on January 26. . . . Also to COLONEL PHILIP (FLIP) COCHRAN, fiance of LIZABETH SCOTT, an January 29. Phil is caricatured as Col. Flip Corkin in the Terry and the Pirates comic strip. . . . Also to MERRITTA MOORE, captain of the Latin Quarter Revue.

Labeled a JOKE—Best way for some gals to get along in Hollywood is to have their NO's remodeled.

IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO TWO NICER PEOPLE DEPT.: Congratulations to ELOISE and PAT O'BRIEN on their 20th wedding anniversary . . . BING CROSBY moved back into his Beverly Hills home and life couldn't be happier for him and DIXIE.

A pleasant afternoon interlude on KATE SMITH'S T. V. show were those ever so dancy DUNHILLS, LOU, BOB-



BY and ARTY. This sensational act played the EL RANCHO VEGAS last spring ,and incidentally they're WOW WOWIE when they dance with BETTY GRABLE in her new picture Call Me Mister.

Beautiful PATTI PAGE, who warbled at the THUNDERBIRD recently, should be named "Miss Jukebox of the Week." Her recording of Tennessee Waltz is THE best seller of the coin machines throughout the country.

HOW SAD, TOO BAD DEPT.: PAUL and GRACE HARTMAN, of the musical revue Tickets Please, have split up after 30 years of marriage. . . . The romance between JUDY GARLAND and SID LUFT has gone PHFFT. . . . MELVIN BELLI, famous 'Frisco lawyer, who handles divorces for ERROL FLYNN and PRINCE IGOR TROUBETZKOY, will need a lawyer himself when his wife takes it to the divorce court.

SHELLEY WINTERS is doing Madhattan with MARLON BRANDO and FARLEY GRANGER, who can't stand threesomes, is off to SUN VALLEY for his winter—skiing, that is.

QUESTION OF THE WEEK: What top movie mogul is making an idiot of himself over a drive-in waitress young enough to be his granddaughter? Don't write us for the answer as we don't know either!

Three Jacks and a Frank at JIMMIE RYAN'S nite club on West 52nd street—JACK DONAHUE, JACK HURDLE, JACKIE GLEASON and FRANK SINATRA . . . Times is sure tough . . .

(Continued on page 34)

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PAT AND MATT
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DEAR MOM . . .

. . . by MARDIE ROGERS



MUCH as the Chamber of Commerce will probably hate me for writing this, today is one of those dark, sultry days, interspersed with rain drops and small gusts of wind, which in Las Vegas is a rarity. Strange to relate, though, I'm enjoying every minute of it, and have accomplished more in the past four hours than I have in the last three weeks! It rather reminds me of those happy hours I spent on rainy days when I was a kid. You kept me out of school on wet days, as I was so susceptible to colds, and what a ball I used to have. More ideas were born on those days when I had to stay indoors, more games invented to keep me occupied and out of mischief! In this day and age, it works rather the same way, except that I no longer play at games, but believe me I am kept occupied.

Went through my wardrobe and found that I have been taking up hanging space with items that are still good, but that I'll probably never wear, so have piled them up and wil call up Fran Meehan tomorrow so that she may distribute them to the blind that she works for so tirelessly. After that, I took several layers of top-soil off the venetian blinds, catalogued my records so I don't have to hunt through the whole batch to find that special one, whipped up some ready mixed ginger bread and pineapple ice cream to accompany it, filled out my weekly contributions to creditors, cleaned my comb and brush set, worked a crossword puzzle and after knocking this off will be looking for something else to do. C'est la vie!

Had some friends here over the week-end. Mr. and Mrs. Hal Berger from Los Angeles. Mr. B. can no longer be termed as an ordinary friend, he is now a "celebrity," having made the L. A. headlines last week. Seems the nite club he owns on Santa Monica Blvd., had an unwelcome guest the other evening, a hoodlum who attempted to rob the establishment. He flourished a pistol at Hal and his bartender, but Hal tried to reason with the thug and moved toward him and the gee fired. It was luckily a miss. The gee fired again and the shot went wild and landed in the wall. During the confusion Hal grabbed the culprit and, with the aid of all too eager guests, managed to alter the contour of his face. When the police arrived they weren't quite certain as to what type of transportation to furnish him, the paddy wagon or an ambulance. So, one more second story man hits the dust. So next time, I hope Hal doesn't "make like the Lone Ranger." His wife, Roxanne, and all of us who know him like him best all in one piece. Didn't I tell you, Mom, my life is never dull!

Also had as guests Bob and Louise Hughes from Palm Springs, up to do the town and see some of their actor friends. Both Bob and Louise are performers, and there was hardly a spot we visited when they weren't called upon to do a turn or at least take a bow, Bob, who could easily double for John Payne, of cinema fame, has had worlds of experience, and for many months thrilled New York audiences singing the lead opposite Ethel Merman in "Annie Get Your Gun." Louise, his wife, does a great job when it comes to vocalizing, accompanying herself with piano or guitar. Wish some of our local talent scouts could find a suitable spot for them, it would be Las Vegas' gain! The whole crew of us went up to see Grace Hayes at the "Red Rooster." We've all known Gracie for quite a time and had a million laughs cutting up touches. Strangely enough, not a word was mentioned

(Continued on page 34)

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7/8 Mile South of Flamingo Hotel

I'm Jumpin' With Joy

Oh, Boy!

IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK

WITH ALL MY FRIENDS AT THE

Hotel **LAST FRONTIER**



Willie Shore

P. S.—I LOVE YOU ALL.

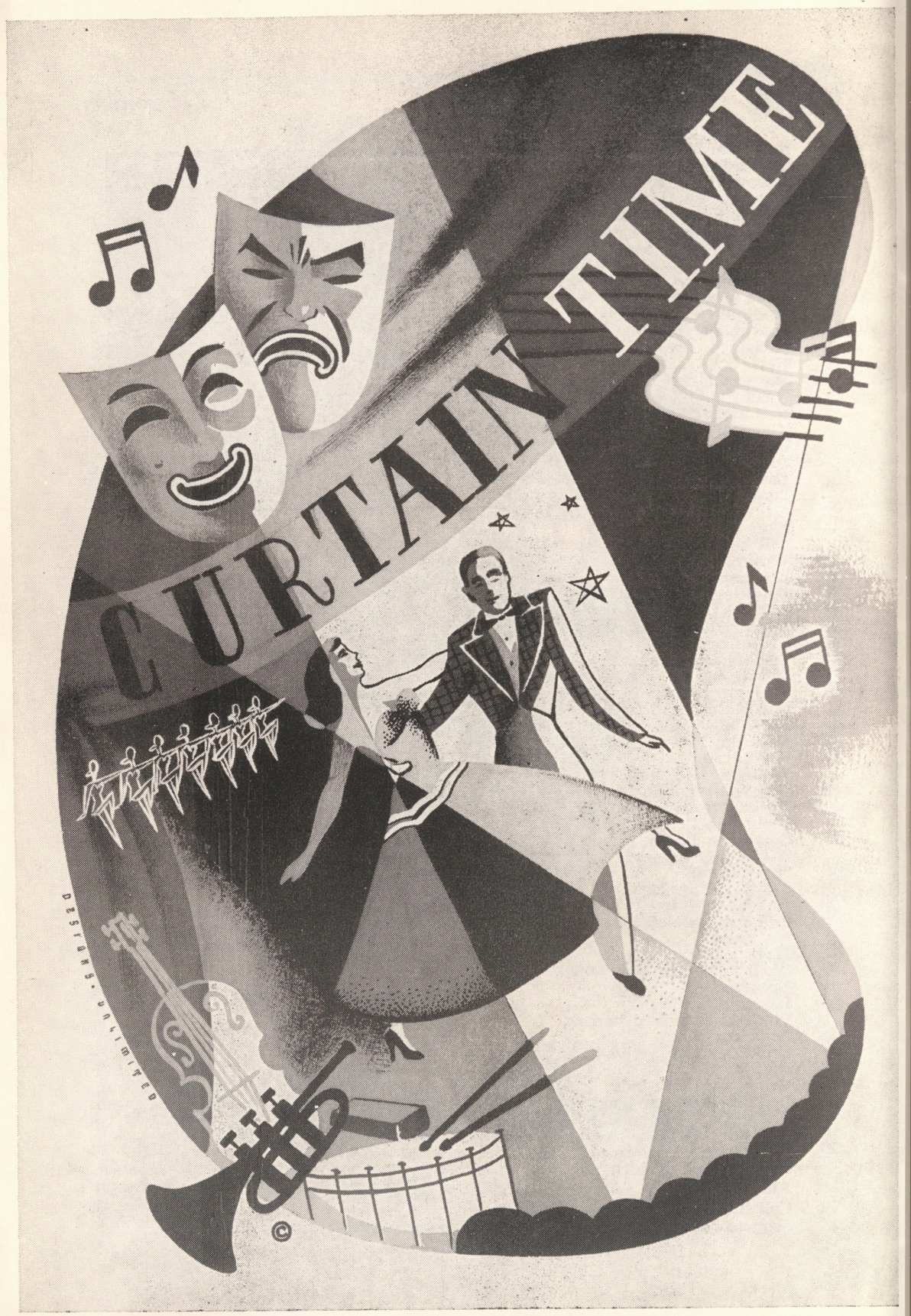
THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

Heartless Hollywood?
Last December I
Was working at
Republic Studio in
"Night Riders of Montana."
Sunday evening, December 3rd,
With the final scene
To be
Shot the next day,
I was in my room
Studying.
The phone rang.
It was
Maw.
She explained that she
Wasn't going to call but
Was afraid that
If she didn't, I'd
Raise the roof when I
Found out about it.
Then calmly stated the fact
That she was to undergo
A Caesarian operation the
Next morning.
"I'll be there," I said,
'N hung up.
It was wishful
Thinking.
I called Gordon Kay,
The Producer. Got him
Out of bed, and
Told him about it.
Did he say he
Was sorry but
The picture had to
Be finished the
Next day?
He did not!
What he said was,
"Do you want to borrow
My car to drive up?"
I told him I could
Catch the 1:30 a. m. plane.
"Need any money?"
"No," sez I.
"Well, get agoing
And be sure to
Call me and let
Me know
If it's a boy or girl.
We'll finish the picture
Tuesday."
I caught the
Plane and arrived home.
At 9:10 a. m.
Our Daughter arrived
But Maw
Was a very sick lady.
I called Producer Kay
And gave him the details.
While we were talking
He suddenly exclaimed
That he had an idea
And for me to
Call him in a



Couple of hours.
I did.
In the interim,
He had contacted
The studio technicians and
"Rocky" Lane (the star
of the picture).
They were all anxious
To help.
The idea?
Well, Tuesday morning
At 10 a. m. I
Was seated at a
Long distance telephone
In Las Vegas.
Three hundred miles away,
in a recording room
At Republic Studio,
Sat "Rocky" Lane
Wearing earphones and
Surrounded with the
Necessary equipment
And technicians.
At a prearranged signal
We started the conversation.
The complete scene was recorded
In that manner.
And to cover the visual part
A scene was added
Where an actor
Stood peeking through
The curtains of a window
And listening to the dialogue.
By doing it this way
I was able to be
With Maw until
She had fully recovered.
Don't let anybody ever
Tell you that Hollywood
Hasn't a
Heart.



HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS

January 31 through February 13

Lovely MARTHA STEWART and the handsome BLACKBURN TWINS are among the most novel acts in show biz. They have lots of comedy, refreshing material and enjoyable singing and dancing. Trio has lots of punch and they are gifted with sparkling personality. Act was formed a year ago and has steadily climbed that ladder of success. . . . DICK WESSON is a good comic and impressionist. His various characterizations are done very well. . . . World famous band-leader TED FIO RITO and his boys take over the podium, cut excellent show and play favorites for patron dancing. . . . The MORO-LANDIS DANCERS continue to amaze the patrons with their exceptional choreography and colorful costumes. . . . CLIFF FERRE is m. c. . . . LANDIS and DE STEFANO take over during intermission and play requestfully yours.

HOTEL LAST FRONTIER

January 26 through February 8

WILLIE SHORE is truly a great dancing comedian. His versatility as a dancer and comic will amaze you. We doubt if there is anyone who can surpass his soft shoe and ballet routines. He's as fast as a lightning bolt and just as effective. His comedy is tops and he stops the show with Joe Frisco and Pat Rooney numbers. Sensational is the only word we can think of to aptly describe Mr. Shore. . . NICK LUCAS, the original crooning troubadour, proves that nostalgic tunes are still the craze. He takes the audience back a few years ago with tunes he introduced such as "Four Leaf Clover," "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," and many others. . . . The lovely JEAN DEVLYN DANCERS introduce novel routines in beautiful costumes. . . . AL DONAHUE and his ORK supply excellent backing for the show and patron dansapation. . . . During intermission, it's DON BAKER at the organ.

FLAMINGO HOTEL

January 25 through February 7

DICK HAYMES, singing star of stage, screen and radio, is proving quite a magnet in this room. With AL

(Continued on page 33)

DESERT INN

January 23 through February 5

The one and only "America's First Lady of Song," CONNEE BOSWELL, is the gal we have trouble in discussing. No matter what we could possibly say about her, it would be anticlimax to what has been said and written about this ever famous songstress. To us, she is a most inspirational singer and a great showman. Words are truly inadequate. You **must** see Connee to know what we are trying to say. . . . On the same bill is comedian BILLY VINE, a guy born and raised

(Continued on page 34)

THUNDERBIRD HOTEL

February 1 through February 13
(Not a Review)

A Miniature Production, a la Broadway, holds forth with BOB HOWARD, of "Sing It Again," as the star. This song stylist of CBS radio and T. V.

(Continued on Page 30)

CLUB BINGO

February 4 through February 13
(Not a Review)

RED INGALLS and CO. would have those electric dancing girls on the marquee hopping all over the place, if they had their way! This "Zani-Music Man," formerly featured with Spike Jones, and his company of equally-crazy men of tunes, promises to have the BONANZA ROOM bouncing like a rubber ball. Anything goes in the Red Ingalls show —sooo—come prepared. 'Nuff said. . . . JAY SALERNO is your capable and hard-working m. c. . . . MIKE WERNER and ORK have really found a berth at this club—almost three years. Could be a steady job!

SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

GET up—GET out—and GET to see those old-fashioned melodramas. You'll have a good time hissing the villain and heaing some "corn" that's so old it's actually funny. These LYLE CLARK Productions are clever and entertaining. . . . There are three different plays, one for each performance. So, drop in and have some fun, seeing what grandmother used to enjoy. This is the last week—so—hurry—hurry—hurry!

LAS VEGAS • NEVADA

Fun In The Sun

9 • BOULDER CITY
33 • COLORADO RIVER
7 • HOTEL LAST FRONTIER
24 • RAILROAD PASS
21 • UNION PACIFIC R.R. STATION
12 • ELKS STADIUM
22 • ELDORADO CLUB
15 • WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN
23 • THUNDERBIRD HOTEL
14 • MT. CHARLESTON LODGE
34 • THE WESTERNER CLUB
6 • GOLDEN NUGGET
20 • SAL SAGEV HOTEL
26 • FRONTIER CLUB
10 • CLUB BINGO
31 • SANTA ANITA CLUB
3 • LAKE MEAD
28 • EL CORTEZ HOTEL
11 • McCARRAN AIRPORT
35 • LA RUE RESTAURANT
2 • BOULDER CLUB
27 • GREYHOUND BUS TERM.
8 • LAS VEGAS CLUB
16 • OVERLAND HOTEL
20 • MONTE CARLO CLUB
32 • EL RANCHO VEGAS HOTEL
4 • HOTEL ELWELL
19 • PIONEER CLUB
25 • NORTH LAS VEGAS
13 • HENDERSON
30 • FLAMINGO HOTEL

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1 • LAS VEGAS PARK RACE TRACK
17 • HOOVER DAM
5 • CHARLESTON PEAK
18 • NELLIS AIR FORCE BASE

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"HELLO"

JULES SARRET
OWNER

FRED SNYDER
SALES MANAGER

PHONES 3810 AND 3811

DOWNTOWN . . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN



Our cover this week is royally adorned with a likeness of "fabulous" EARLENE WHITT, 15-year-old local high school student who was recently elected QUEEN of 1951 for the Fifth Annual Police Show to be held this year in the dining room of the Thunderbird Hotel. The queen is selected each year from among the young ladies of the student body of Las Vegas High School with all girls being eligible to participate. The students of the school make the initial elimination by selecting six of the outstanding contestants, with the finals being conducted at the Wildcat Lair, at which time the judges are made up of prominent personalities in our city at that time. On January 19, the following judges: Paulette Goddard, Cy Howard, Herman (Cork) Bryant Jr., Maxine Lewis and Hal Braudis selected Miss Whitt to reign throughout 1951 as Queen of all Police functions. Miss Jeanne Marie Pettit, who was 1950 Queen, will be on hand the night of February 12 to turn over the crown of authority to the new queen. Miss Whitt was treated to a plane ride over the territory surrounding Las Vegas but due to the present government restrictions was unable to cover it thoroughly so at a future date will get another ride to do the job up right. The queen left last Thursday, January 31, for a four-day vacation in Hollywood where she and her official escorts will be the guests of Paul "Pappy" McWilliams of Warner Brothers Studios. While in the movie capital the party will visit all of the major picture and movie studios. The Las Vegas Police Protective Association has, since its inception in January 1947, grown to become one of the most progressive organizations in our town. The Annual Ball and Show provides the finances for the association's activities throughout the year; its main function being that of buying insurance for all of its members. At the outset the association could only afford to give its members a $500 policy and has grown to the point that it now gives the following coverage: $2000 life to each member and $500 to each member of his family with complete hospitalization for all, along with a $1500 polio policy for each member of the family. When specialists are needed they are brought in and all expenses are paid as long as they are needed. The committee for the 1951 Police Show are doing a wonderful job and deserve a lot more credit than anyone on any committee ever gets, and I would like to acknowledge them at this time. Carless Spencer, president and general chairman; tickets, George Allen; advertising, Elmer Gardner; publicity, Colby Peterson; program book, Wayne McDorman; entertainment, Jack Barlow. By the way, that yearly program book has a mighty wide distribution througout the 48 states, Mexico and Canada. The department has received complimentary correspondence from all over the country on receipt of the book. You still have this week to get your tickets to the ball and you should get them early if you want to attend, as they are going out mighty fast and the room will accommodate only 650 persons. The dinner will begin at 7:00 p. m. and the show will begin after the dinner is over so that you will be able to see the whole thing. And it will be well worth seeing as the artists from all of the hotels will be there to do their part in this worth while cause.

There is a well rehearsed and entertaining trio playing at the Golden Nugget Saloon these days by the name of the Stylists. Not only are these boys good comedians but they are also a trio of good musicians. Dick Barr is the man with the clarinet, Lou Styles squeezes the accordion and the man who pulls a lot of strings to keep his job is Tony Knight, he plays the bass. Tony possesses a great wealth in his sense of timing when he goes into comedy and is a natural if I ever saw one.

(Continued on Page 27)

THANKS TO
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DESERT INN
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HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS ... by MARTIN LEWIS

FROM Korea comes word that newcomer POLLY BERGEN has been chosen official sweetheart of the Seventh U. S. Cavalry—an honor any established movie queen would have given her favorite diamond bracelet to win!

Pert 'n pretty POLLY makes her screen debut with comic DAN MARTIN in "At War with the Army." A blue-eyed redhead, she stands 5 feet 5½ inches in her nylons; tips the scales at a curvaceous 120 pounds. She was "discovered" while warbling in **"fabulous" Las Vegas,** signed to a long term contract by Producer Hal Wallis and "loaned" to Martin and Lewis for a stint in "At War with the Army." Since then, Polly has had stellar roles in Nat Holt's "Warpath" and Wallis' "That's My Boy."

Ambition Achieved

If a gal is patient, she's almost certain to get her wish. For example, let's take the stellar case of screen star NANCY OLSON. Not too many years ago, when Nancy was a kid in Milwaukee, her wish was to become a featured vocalist with a dance band. But until last year, she had never even sung in public. Then Paramount bosses handed her a co-starring spot opposite BING CROSBY in "Mr. Music" **plus** a chance to warble with The Groaner himself. In a key scene of the venture, Nancy joins Bing, DOROTHY KIRSTEN and PEGGY LEE in a chorus or "Happy Birthday." Well, at least, it's a start.

That's a Joke, Son

It happened during the filming of Paramount's new romantic drama, "September Affair."

JOAN FONTAINE portrays a concert pianist in the film and as such, she pounded out Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 2 for an entire day from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. with an hour off for lunch. Needless to add, Joan found it a grueling and tiresome experience . . . The next day the blonde actress reported to Director William Dieterle with her 10 fingers swathed in bandages and both arms in slings. Naturally, it was a gag. "We're re-writing the script," he told his leading lady. "Tomorrow you will play the harp."

Yep, that was a gag, too—but it took a shocked Miss Fontaine several seconds to realize it was just a joke!

Dots and Data

Pistol-packing ALAN LADD has added another ring to his collection of wedding-band "covers." The new item



is a silver and onyx creation of Mexican design, which the star wears in his latest technicolor western, "Branded." Ladd fans will recall that Alan has always refused to remove his wedding ring since his marriage to SUE CAROL nine years ago. So for picture purposes, the studio prop department obtains an oversize ring appropriate to his screen role, then adds a "hidden hinge" which allows the ring to snap snugly over the wedding band. Thus the band is hidden from keen-eyed movie-goers.

Tunesmiths Victor Young and Ned Washington have turned out a ditty called "The Greatest Show on Eearth," which bouncing BETTY HUTTON is slated to sing in Cecil B. DeMille's "The Greatest Show on Earth." Young penned the theme of DeMille's current epic, "Samson and Delilah," and Washington won an Academy Award for his "When You Wish Upon a Star."

Last Minute News Items

On the travel scene: Clark Gable and wife Sylvia return to the film capital this week following a month's stay in Nassau. "The King" and his lady remain in Hollywood for a few days, then head for Oregon and a 10-day hunting trip . . . After a brief stay in New York, dancer Gene Kelly makes a trans-Atlantic crossing to Paris, where he'll vacation for an indefinite time. Meanwhile, Kelly's wife, Betsy, is emoting opposite Maurice Evans on the Broadway stage . . . Newcomer Peter Hansen, the promising young actor who makes his screen debut in Alan Ladd's "Branded," has been granted a leave

(Continued on Page 30)



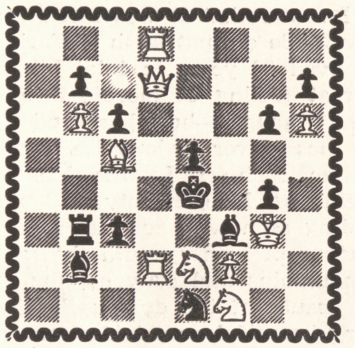
DOWNTOWN

CHESS » » »

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

PROBLEM NO. 87

Black 12



White 10

White mates in two.

Solution to problem No. 86: BxP.

AMSTERDAM GAMES

NIMZOVITCH DEFENSE

Kottnauer	Reshevsky	15—QxB	KR-K
White	Black	16—QR-Q	QR-Q
1—P-Q4	N-KB3	17—P-B5	N-Q4
2—P-QB4	P-K3	18—B-R	P-QR4
3—N-QB3	B-N5	19—N-B5	Q-N4
4—Q-B2	N-B3	20—N-N3	PxP?
5—N-B3	P-Q3	21—NxP	Q-R5
6—B-Q2	O-O	22—R-Q4	N-QB3
7—P-QR3	BxN	23—N-B6ch	QxN
8—BxB	Q-K2	24—RxN	Q-R5
9—P-K3	P-K4	25—P-N3	Q-K5
10—PxP	PxP	26—Q-N2	P-B3
11—P-QN4	B-N5	27—RxR	RxR
12—B-K2	P-K5	28—PxP	K-B
13—N-Q4	N-K4	29—Q-N	QxNP
14—O-O	BxB	30—Draw agreed.	

A professor in Maine has developed a strain of mice with a queer twist—when they see a woman, they jump on a chair.

One fifth will go into three with one to carry.

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MISSES' AND
WOMEN'S APPAREL

SICILIAN DEFENSE

Foltys	Reshevsky	21—B-K3	QR-Q
White	Black	22—R-Q2	R-Q2
1—P-K4	P-QB4	23—QR-Q	P-N3
2—N-KB3	P-Q3	24—B-B2	KR-Q
3—P-Q4	PxP	25—K-N	RxR
4—NxP	N-B3	26—RxR	RxR
5—N-QB3	P-QR3	27—BxR	N-R4
6—P-B4	N-B3	28—Q-B2	B-KB3
7—NxN	PxN	29—N-N5	Q-B3
8—P-K5	N-Q2	30—P-QN3	B-Q
9—B-B4	N-N3	31—N-B3	P-B4
10—B-Q3	P-K3	32—N-N5	N-B3
11—PxP	BxP	33—Q-Q2	N-R4
12—O-O	O-O	34—Q-B2	K-B2
13—N-K4	B-K2	35—Q-K2	B-B3
14—Q-K2	N-Q4	36—K-B	B-R5
15—P-QR3	R-N	37—K-N	N-B3
16—K-R	P-QR4	38—Q-B3	QxQ
17—P-B4	N-B3	39—PxQ	BxP
18—R-Q	Q-B2	40—P-R3	N-R4
19—R-N	P-B4	41—Resigns	
20—N-B3	B-N2		

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FLUFF and CHUCK in Paris

Le Cirque Medrano
72 Ter Rue des Martyrs
Paris, France
January 26th, 1951.

DEAR JACK:

Received some more copies of Fabulous Las Vegas—were they ever welcome! May I congratulate you on that wonderful Xmas edition. We also were very happy to receive another nice, NEWSY letter from George and Erma Barrett—they are certainly grand people and such treasured friends. Also a fruitcake and some candied walnuts from John and Cleon Carton, isn't it amazing how something from home has a value that is priceless in another country? Talk about a struggle—trying to hang on to my copies of FABULOUS LAS VEGAS!

Irene Coppers asked me to tell you all that she misses Las Vegas and the Desert Inn so much and that she will put some francs on the line in Monte Carlo in memory of Art Rozen. All of the girls have had some severe colds but are quite O. K. now. The sudden change of weather and heavy rehearsals, etc., were pretty hard on them. We've had a few hours of sunshine but every day is practically the same, very grey and cold and damp. The show is running smoothly now and I don't imagine it will be long before we start on tour. We still haven't had a chance to see Paris!

Johnny Romero says his "hellos" to everyone and told me that if he had his son (Johnny Romero Jr., of the Las Vegas Journal) with him, they would kill Paris with J. R. Jr's. take-off on Bing. Johnny, by the way, is doing a fine show.

Talk about red tape, it has taken all this time to arrange to send money to America. Man, they make it tough to send away French francs as American dollars!

Please excuse a bit of nostalgia. Last week I witnessed a funeral cortege—a hearse and group of mourners slowly parading along the Rue Joseph de Maistre. I found that it was last rites for a venerable old patriarch of Paris who had lived 83 years in total blindness. A great feeling of morose enveloped me as I thought—here has lived a man who has never enjoyed a complete freedom such as I, who has never known the love, beauty and understanding of a wife such as mine; the grandeur of scenery with the majesty of mountains and canyons; the great, still beauty of the desert; the fun of fishing beautiful mountain streams and silver lakes; the myriads of resorts with their comforts and pleasures; who, with wars raging over his head and around him, could only have experienced the tortuous, blind fear, which I, in my land, have never experienced. Who had heard gayety and grief but never had been able to see the why and wherefore. And who, I am sure, had he known these things, would wonder how we can allow so many of our youth to have their own lives cut short in a desperate struggle to preserve such a life and still allow in our very midst others who are blindly trying to destroy the things for which we are so fortunate. Goodnite, Jack,

FLUFF AND CHUCK.

MP (at main gate): "Come on, Joe, get your truck out of the way. What's the matter with you?"

Joe: "I'm all right but my engine's dead."

Marc Wilkinson
PRINTER
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DOWNTOWN:

(Continued from Page 21)

All three men sing and combine voices in some very good trio work. In instrumentals they voice the clarinet over the accordion and achieve the well known "Miller" effect which comes out mighty nice in my books. Miller was my boy! You're a cinch for an evening's entertainment when you go to the Nugget Saloon what with these boys and the Goldenaires to keep up the steady flow of yaks and good music. During the afternoon and the early evening hours you will find Marianthe Lombardo at the keys of the Kimball and playing your request the way you like to hear it played . . . Two people I know you would like as much as I do, are Phillip and May Bloom who are in for a visit from Chicago, Illinois. Here's the reason why: Phil is in the manufacturing business back east and whenever he meets someone and they inquire as to the nature of his business he explains that he is in the "seat cover" line. All this leads to many a humorous situation and turn, in the conversation that follows, until the unsuspecting newcomer is finally informed that the business concerns ladies' panties. You can't help but like people like that. It was two people of the same caliber that introduced me to the Blooms . . . Blanche and Edgar Whitlock, who spend more time in Las Vegas and at the Last Frontier than they do at their home in the east . . . The Clover Club is the new name for the old Eldorado Club located on the corner of Second and Fremont streets and with that name one Wm. C. Brissenden is $500 richer as of last Wednesday night, January 31. The name must be the right one for the club 'cause there were 40 submissions of that particular name. The remaining 39 submitters of the name "Clover Club" were given $5.00 each as a consolation prize whereas the club had intended giving away only 20 consolation prizes. All in all, I'm glad that I wasn't one of those who had to make the decision as there were many, many names with good reasons why they should be used. Judges of the contest were Judge Frank McNamee, Judge Walter Richards and Justice of the Peace Jimmy Downs . . . Last Tuesday's jam session at the Shamrock was the biggest yet! There were stars and music-men from all over our entertainment studded town spotted throughout the crowd. One of the highlights of the evening was the appearance of the Weavers on the stand to do a few numbers and before they were through they had everyone in the place singing the songs that have zoomed them to such high popularity in the country. Johnny Bosworth sang a couple of tunes with Corky (Mrs. J. B.) at the piano; then they did a couple of duets. Corky was the height of surprise in my "I didn't know" department, when I found out that she was on TV and radio in the east. One fellow that I don't envy in the least is Chuck Barbee whose job it is to try to get the musicians to get up and play. It's surprising how many bashful musicians we have in our town. They take their instruments to the session and then have to be pleaded with to get up and play. It seems that no one wants to be the first one on the stand. What with the union clamp, which someone was jealous enough to see to, it might not be a bad idea for you boys who like to blow to get your own little groups together and when one set is finished you can storm up to the stand in a body and take over to your heart's content. It's an idea anyway! . . . The new attraction at the Embassy Club in North Vegas is Miss Candy Kane (cute name, huh?). Candy performs her numbers with the greatest of charm and is fast becoming a favorite. Show times are still 10:30, 12:30 and 2:30 and for your dancing there is Maurice (Frenchy) Pellissier and his Band of Command, a little trio that plays with a wonderful beat . . . I would like to say "so long" to as fine a group of people as I've ever known in show business, the Kings and their Ladies, who close at the Flamingo Hotel this week and make their way to Florida where they will open at the Clover Club in Miami. As well liked as they are in our town I know that they will be back with us in the very near future . . . Matt Howard resigned as the manager of the Nevada Beverage Company last Wednesday, January 31, to devote all of his time to the operation of his Apache Bar and also to take over the running of the local Wranglers baseball team for the coming season, which will begin around May 1 this year. In this I wish Matt all the luck in the world and if anyone can put the Wranglers on their feet I know that he can . . . Congratulations to "Frenchy" DuPont and Miss Sue Fuller who tied the ever-lovin' knot last Thursday. Frenchy is on the plank at the Rendezvous Bar and Sue is at the Round-up Drive-In. I sincerely hope that the two of you find only the finest in the future as you work together at happiness which is the only way you'll ever find it . . . working together! . . . I'd better get this bit of literary shenanigan over to the printer before he greets me at the door with an A-bomb. I'm 'way late so for now I'll say a quick . . . 'bye . . . JOHNNY.

MANY THANKS
FOR A WONDERFUL ENGAGEMENT
AT THE
HOTEL LAST FRONTIER
★
NICK LUCAS
★
P. S.: SPECIAL THANKS TO HARRY FARNOW AND
AL DONAHUE AND HIS SMOOTH ORCHESTRA

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The Story of the FBI

. . by J. EDGAR HOOVER
CHIEF OF THE BUREAU

SHADES OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR

IN THIS crisis, the F. B. I. went to work. At a time when most people assumed that the Federal Bureau of Investigation was interested only in cleaning up the remnants of the criminal underworld special agents were taking off the gloves for the new underground fight.

Those were the days in which America was not war-conscious. The armament program for national defense was merely a "security measure." America was digging out from under the period of economic depression and her mind was on other things. For months F. B. I. agents worked feverishly to flank the forces of enemy intelligence. It was not enough to know there were spies operating in the United States—sufficient evidence had to be gathered to convict them in an American court.

On February 15, 1938, the "Rumrich case" broke. Guenther Gustav Maria Rumrich was among the first enemy spies to be arrested in this country. Then, red haired Johanna Hoffman; slender, thin-faced Otto Voss and a fellow traveler, Erich Glaser, were apprehended. The American public was startled! So was German Intelligence!

Fourteen agents, tied in with the German diplomatic service, fled the country. Nazi spies operating as messengers to the U. S. were removed from ships before they sailed. Fearful as to just how much the F. B. I. knew, Nazi Intelligence officers at Bremen were in a sweat. Almost immediately the German-American Bund prepared to go underground. The Japanese spies who laced their network of intrigue back and forth across the West Coast from Shinto temples to dark dives, became less bold in their prowling around military and naval bases.

Important information had to come to light. There was a fantastic Nazi plot to grab secret plans for the defense of the East Coast of the United States by luring a high ranking American Army officer to a N. Y. hotel room, overpowering him and seizing the papers. There was a plot to get confidential codes and maps of the U. S. Army Air Corps and complete blueprints of the newest aircraft carriers, the Enterprise and the Yorktown.

And then on Valentine's Day, 1938, a spy made an attempt to secure 35 blank American passports by impersonating an official in the Department of State. That spy was Rumrich and his arrest followed immediately! When brought to trial, Rumrich, Hoffman, Voss and Glaser were convicted. This was "peacetime" espionage and the sentences, for all four spies totaled 14 years.

It was soon apparent that the most effective way to counter-spy was to check the movements of prying enemy agents. Little was accomplished by arresting spies after their damaging work had been done. As later developments proved, it was necessary to know the innermost workings of enemy espionage—the extent of their networks, their plans for causing damage in our country through sabotage, their interest in certain highly confidential military information.

Enemy espionage not only required detection—it had to be prevented.

The President of the United States, recognizing the dangers ahead, undertook in the early summer of 1939 to prevent the confusion of World War I, when more than 20 agencies investigated the activities of spies and saboteurs. He designated the F. B. I. as the clearing house and coordinating agency for all matters bearing on our internal security.

F. B. I. agents received instructions to survey over 2,300 industrial plants which were beginning to pour out the implements of war. Other agents gathered and wove the threads of enemy espionage together. The Axis spies were making a last desperate effort to entrench themselves before the shooting war began.

Then on Friday morning, September 1, 1939, the powder keg exploded. Germany smashed into Poland with planes, tanks, mobile artillery and thousands of highly trained troops. The whole world was startled!

A general Intelligence conference was created with the heads of military and naval Intelligence divisions and the F. B. I. empowered to establish procedures on how best to protect America.

Weekly conferences were held by executives of the three Intelligence agencies. Police conferences were held throughout the nation to unite the entire law enforcement front for the show-down. The survey of war plants was speeding up. Specialized training in counter-spying and counter-sabotage was ordered for all F. B. I. agents. More F. B. I. men and more equipment were authorized by Congress. The public was urged to cooperate in every possible way.

On the Scene

If my humble opinion is accepted by those concerned, I'll feel pretty good. If not—well—you can't blame a guy for trying. The following has happened to most of us and I am not an exception to the rule.

Some time ago, I vowed I would get my 1951 license plates before January arrived. My good intentions went the way of all others. I never seemed to have sufficient time. Last Friday, January 19, I parked the family chariot in front of City Hall and noted the time was 8:55 a. m. I made a mental note that I would be home by 9:30.

The rude awakening came when I entered and saw the largest line of "plate seekers" I had ever encounterd. No, I wasn't last on line. Another latecomer accepted that post, directly behind me.

Why can't some sort of arrangement be made to provide chairs or benches for those of us who have to wait for our license plates? A person gets mighty tired, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. The only relief we had was when we were permitted to "take one giant step" forward. This "giant step" consisted of a one or two inch progress.

Everyone was impatient and showed it by whistling, jingling coins, or attempting a soft shoe routine. The man in front of me moaned and told me he had to go through this same routine since 1939. I forgot my own discomfort temporarily and sympathized with this person who had to contend with this nerve-wracking ordeal for more than 11 years.

While the first hour dragged slowly, I wondered why our license bureau couldn't be operated as others in big cities? There are five young ladies, assigned to take the applicants' names and other data. Why can't the applicants fill out their own cards, releasing these five women to help the three who collect and distribute the auto tags? This, in itself, would save many hours of waiting and work.

The present system may have been fine years ago when L. V. was a hamlet—but—not now. All cities have applications, to be filled out by the car owners, special windows where they pay for the plates, allowing them to perform the complete operation in a matter of minutes. Mr. Oglesby, couldn't we adopt that method for 1952?

I returned home two and one-half hours later, a frustrated driver who wanted to become a pedestrian.

THUNDERBIRD HOTEL:

(Continued from Page 17)

fame, doesn't require an introduction to anyone. If you think the guy is good on the radio, wait until you see him in person. He is a human dynamo with a big, black cigar, full of joy and song. . . . On the same bill is SONDRA DEEL, singing star of musical comedies. One of the most popular vehicles she appeared in was "Annie Get Your Gun." You're in for a treat with this de-lovely. . . . JOHN & RENE ARNAUT are a unique duo. They are garbed like birds and depict them so realistically you feel they must have done a lot of intense research to be so perfect. . . . THE DANSATIONS present excerpts from "Guys and Dolls," featuring BARNEY RAWLINGS and the NORMANDIE BOYS. AL JAHNS and his ORK are the boys in the background.

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS:

(Continued from Page 23)

of absence by Paramount to visit his ailing step-father in Detroit, Michigan. Hansen completed a top role in the George Pal science-fiction thriller, "When Worlds Collide" only last week.

On the romantic scene: From south of the Mason-Dixon line comes the report that there's a new love in actress Pat Neal' life. The lucky chap is Duane Maxwell, said to be a handsome blueblood from Knoxville, Tennessee . . . Pretty Colleen Grap, who scored as Bing Crosby's leading lady in "Riding High," is "thinking out loud" about tying the traditional wedding knot with Director Stanley Rubin. Film friends of the young actress predict an announcement of their engagement in the very near future . . . Benay Venuta and actor Fred Clark continue to be a steady twosome in movie-town—and the versatile Miss Venuta will probably become Mrs. C. as soon as her divorce from movie producer Armand Deutsch becomes final . . . Doris Day and boyfriend Marty Melcher are planning to honeymoon in New Orleans and Florida following their forthcoming marriage. The wedding ceremony, by the way, is slated to take place in April . . . Other twosomes making news in the film capital this week include: Marta Toren and Howard Duff—starlet Marie Ainslee and Jack Dempsey.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

. . . LIBERACE is at the WALDORF-ASTORIA in New York, very happy over the wonderful reception he and brother GEORGE received at their opening Thursday, January 25th. . . . Same goes for lovely DOROTHY DANDRIDGE at the Cafe Gala in Hollywood, and NINO MILO at Chi-Chi's in Palm Springs. . . . PACO scored another triumphant return engagement at LARRY POTTER'S SUPPER CLUB. He is the senor who did a terrific job when called upon to pinch-hit for GLORIA DE HAVEN at the DESERT INN. . . Aside to LADY MICHAEL, now appearing with the LOU WALTERS' REVUE at the LOOKOUT HOUSE in Covington, Kentucky: Everyone is anxiously awaiting your (coooooo) return. We hear the show is great and is doing capacity biz wherever presented. Regards to GEORGE TODD. He's "real people," Lady M. . . . One of the finest gentlemen whe know is HY GOLDBAUM, FLAMINGO Betting Commissioner. His party at La Rue last week, "for men only," is still the talk of the town. The following day Hy invited the same men and their wives, to be his guests for the Dick Haymes opening at the FLAMINGO HOTEL. We doubt if any club or hotel in the country could equal the elegance displayed by both of these spots. . . . When it comes to devising various ways of acquiring the monies necessary to fulfill the quotas for worthy causes our town witnesses the versatility of the chairmen for these campaigns. Those who attended the fashion show luncheon at the Flamingo on February 2nd will know what we are talking about. Las Vegans were given a preview of the "Lace Look" in swim wear. We dashed in to make our contribution. After a quick peek at the fashions we decided to leave before someone gave a report to the feminine head of our house. Lace swim suits! Well, how about that? Enough of the day-dreaming. The purpose of the show was to raise funds for the March of Dimes Campaign. Luncheon was served on a non-profit basis with FANNY'S covering the cost of putting on the show. . . . WILLIE SHORE, one of the greatest dancing comedians, currently at the LAST FRONTIER, was signed by KING BROTHERS FEATURES to co-star with MICKEY ROONEY in the new film, "SYNDICATE." They will portray jockeys. Mickey will be the one who falls victim to a gang of racketeers and Willie will be the wise-cracker who uncovers the "dirty work." Just call him "Shovel" Shore—Private Eye. . . . We wonder when this charming couple will confess and let the truth be known? Many say it is true that MARY MARSHALL and "Her Bill," BILL CLIFFORD, are Mr. and Mrs. in private life. What say, kids? Tell the truth and we'll make it easier on both of you. . . . Two welcome guests are BUCK HARRIS and WALTER MELROSE. Both are owners of the popular NORTH SHORE CLUB at Lake Tahoe and the shuttered 139 CLUB in Palm Springs. We have a hunch they are seeking a piece of a hotel and will probably achieve their goal. . . . BARNEY RAWLINGS, singing m. c. of the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL miniature productions, is preparing to leave our midst very soon—for the Air Corps. His rating will be that of a First "Louie" and he will be assigned to Special Service at the Nellis Air Base. His superior officer will be Capt. Quinlan, who is well-known among our natives. Lt. Rawlings is expected to don the khaki some time next week. . . . There was a time when we kind of hoped the tune, "Old Man River" would drown. The song has been worn out by all crooners. However, after hearing DICK HAYMES present it, with his special arrangement, we are quite willing to discard the life preserver and hear it over and over again. This guy is terrific. . . . This actually happened last week. Our witness? CHUCK BENNETT, a pit boss at the DESERT INN. We wandered into Wilbur Clark's hostelry about 7:00 a. m. and stopped to chat with Chuck. We noticed a man approach a dice table and remark he only had two $5.00 chips left and wanted to get rid of them. The relaxed players took their respective stations and the play began. Thirty-five minutes later the player cashed in his chips and collected $6800. Just one player at the table and no matter what he did, he was "right." As usual, we just watched. . . . Good luck, LT. J. G. REX LYLE! This handsome cashier of the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER left for the Navy last Thursday, Feb. 1st. By the way, Rex, we are certain your cousin, BILL HICKS, will look after your social obligations while you are away. You know, Bill is very cooperative. . . . CONNEE BOSWELL related this story during our interview over Station KRAM. It gave us a throat lump "that big" and produced many phone calls from listeners. A few years ago, this First Lady of Song was interviewed by the then First Lady of the Land, Eleanor Roosevelt. During the conversation, Mrs. R. asked Connee her favorite song. The reply was "Wishing." The songstress explained she believed if one wished long enough and strong enough, it would come true. At that moment a woman listener was contemplating

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

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suicide and taking the lives of her two children. After listening to Miss Boswell she changed her mind and started to wish. Connee received a letter from this woman a few days later informing her that she had saved three lives with her conversation. Miss Boswell also said: "I wish that all of the people in the world who can walk could be just half as happy as I—who can't." We think she has something there and agree with her that it might end personal squabbles and wars. . . . Here is a romance that began in Las Vegas and is still going full blast. MARIE WILSON and GARWOOD VAN are a steady two-some. While "Irma" was waiting for her "cure" at the FLAMINGO HOTEL, she was seen nightly, listening to Mr. Van's dance-able band. Garwood is currently at Chi-Chi's in Palm Springs and flies to L. A. every time he can, just to be near Miss Wilson—or vice-versa. Couldn't happen to nicer people. . . . The asbestos heir, TOMMY MANVILLE was supposed to have arrived in our town about 10 days ago. However, the playboy **should** arrive any day now to divorce wife No. 8, purchase a home and settle down. This we will believe **only after** we see it. . . . The scanty outfit worn by SENORITA GLORIA NOBLE, beautiful hat-check girl at LA RUE, has given her the sniffles. The abbreviated outfit is very unprotecting on these cool evenings, especially since the cloak room is so close to the door. "Another breeze —another sneeze," could be her new theme song. It's interesting to watch the indifference displayed by the "men of the world" as they check their coats. But when they are seated and feel they are unobserved, they ogle the gal without a let-up! . . . FRED SOLY, general manager of the popular MONTE CARLO CLUB, "home of more jackpots," seems to have aged since "Blackie," his 8½ year old collie, was hit by an auto last week. The animal's spinal cord was severed by the impact. Fred and his lovely wife, NINA, are doing all they can to save the canine's life. Every effort is being made to get him back on the road to recovery. . . . Yep! Those love birds, VERN WILLIS and lovely LOUISE LA FORTUNE are at it again. We saw them a few evenings ago, dancing cheek-to-cheek. Later, we saw them clicking glasses, making a toast while sipping tomato juice. According to the look in their eyes we would say WEDDING BELLS—very soon—or sooner. . . . MILTON PRELL, of the CLUB BINGO, is a mighty lucky man. His charming wife, DEBBIE, is certainly an asset to his establishment. Mrs. Prell seems to become lovelier by the day. It could be true that motherhood really "does things" for a woman. We'd like to have little Sheila for our own. . . . HENRY KOSTER, famous motion picture producer and director, is in town with his lovely wife, ex-actress PEGGY MORAN, the beautiful calendar girl who used to pose for her dad, the celebrated artist, EARL MORAN, now a resident in our fabulous city. Brother BUD is a dice dealer at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. . . . We wish to convey our personal thanks to MAJOR BROWN and CAPTAIN QUINLAN of the Nellis Air Base for the kind favors extended us last week. With men such as you at the helm, you should meet your quota of $3,000 for the March of Dimes Campaign. That was a great show you put on. . . . Congratulations Dept.: To—AL NISSELL, who celebrated his birthday Friday, February 2nd, in great style. Never saw any guy with as many friends as this business man. Al has shown remarkable progress in this town. We know his plans are to own a department store in our town some day. If hard work does it—Mr. Nissell is a cinch to succeed.—To RENEE HALLETT for her magnificent dancing with the Jean Devlyn Dancers at the Hotel Last Frontier. This Magyar Gypsy is featured in both routines and is great.—To JIMMY BROWN and LOUISE LINCOLN, married last Sunday (Jan. 28). Jimmy is a box man at the Hotel El Rancho Vegas and his lovely bride was a change girl in the same hotel. Romance entered their lives when "Brownie" met his "million dollar baby" while getting change for a bill. He hit the jackpot and has been walking on clover since. . . . Bouquet of Roses Dept.: Although sick in bed with a brain concussion she received a few weeks ago, charming ADELE FOX hasn't neglected her duties for one instant and defies her doctor's orders to remain quiet. Mrs. Fox is on the phone constantly, calling various business people in town and reminding them to contribute to the March of Dimes Campaign. Adele fought to have the phone near her bed in order to contact these people. To date, she has received quite a number of pledges, plus many checks sent directly to her to give to V. GRAY GUBLER, local chairman for the 1951 drive. Because of people like Mrs. Fox and her untiring efforts, victims of this dreaded disease will be given another chance to live like normal beings. Please give what you can, whether small or large. Remember, "A man is never as tall as when he stoops to help a child." . . . and that's for sure.

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

the atomic bomb explosions 100 miles away are rolling into the local insurance offices and the report comes from the San Francisco office of one great insurance company that its agency in Las Vegas has already received 50 claims for such damages and that the two companies are as yet taking no action on those claims while awaiting a report as to whether the companies are liable under their policies.

This whole story is the purest bunk and that company would do well to try to clear its skirts of the blame—if it can.

A canvass of some of the largest insurance agencies in Las Vegas reveals the fact that not one single claim for damages from atomic explosions has been received. One agent states that he investigated one possible complaint of cracked plastering and found that it was not caused by the atomic blasts at all. Other agencies report that they had no claims whatever for such damages and each declares that they know of no damage at all and have had no claims and do not know of even a broken window from such cause.

It really does seem that our publicity sensation seekers are making the community which supports them pay a high pice for a bit of cheap notoriety.

Las Vegas Chamber of Commece at its Tuesday noon meeting touched gently on the subject. They may with profit to the community (if they have any influence) try to arrive at an understanding that Las Vegas and her business enterprises should be spared such fiascos in the future.

By the way this thing is spoiling my morning's sleep. I manage to wake about 4 o'clock every morning and stay awake until 7 listening. I have not yet been able to hear anything, see any flash or feel any bump. In matters so closely affecting the Las Vegas for which I have labored for 46 years, I feel I should not be left entirely out!

Going Some

At Tuesday's meeting of our Chamber of Commerce, the principal speakers were three of the top officers at Nellis Air Base, Col. Avelin P. Tacon Jr., commander of the base; Col. Edwin S. Chickering, executive officer, and Lt. Grover Nobles.

Their combined statements told an interesting story of the growth and operations at Nellis Air Base and their importance to Las Vegas; especially of the large sums of money which flow from the Base into the business channels of Las Vegas. The approval in Washington of an appropriation of $600,000 for schools at the Base was of particular interest to our school executives, since it will relieve the city schools of hundreds of pupils for which just now there are very inadequate accommodations.

Col. Tacon aroused the high interest of many of us when he described the fighting power of the new F-86 planes which are capable of reaching top speeds of 625 miles per hour, cruising 9 miles above the surface.

Which reminds me that our friend, Col. Mason, before being tansferred from Nellis Base, told us that the planes we see operating in the Las Vegas area have a cruising speed of 550 miles per hour. A little fancy figuring with my ready-reckoner tells me that this is more than 9 miles a minute, and 625 miles an hour is almost 10½ miles a minute.

I well remember something like 50 years ago the report came from New York that the Twentieth Century Limited train operating between New York and Chicago attained the almost incredible speed of a mile a minute.

But now, 9 miles a minute—that surely is going some. No wonder it requires young men of the highest type to operate such planes. As Col. Tacon truly says, pilots of the United States Army and Navy are the best in the world and they fly the best ships ever developed.

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 17)

LERNER at the piano and LOU PAINO on the drums, the crooner is a "solid sender." He ingratiates himself with the audience by singing everyone's favorites, among which are tunes he introduced in screen portrayals. The personal touch Dick weaves around the sentimental ballads endears him to all. . . . THE MERCER BROS. offer above average support. Their routines are sharp and their challenge dancing done with accurate precision. . . . THE KINGS & THEIR LADIES offer four routines, two different ones for each show. Featured are CANDYCE and BUDDY KING (Mr. and Mrs.), a fine dance team. . . . BILL CLIFFORD and his ORK cut an excellent show and play your favorite hits for dancing. Blonderful MARY MARSHALL is the vocalist supreme with the band.

WATCHBIRDS:

(Continued from Page 11)

Washington 5 percenters have now jacked it to 7½ percent. . . . The lovely SELENE WALTERS is in New York and will make her night club debut at the Martinique as a stooge for BEN BLUE.

AROUND THE WORLD IN A MINUTE: We see that LENORE LEMMON (playgirl) is vacationing in Paris this winter. . . . HARVEY STONE will play the London Palladium in April. . . . BEATRICE KAY is playing a two week stand in Minneapolis. (Hi, Bea, sorry to have missed you in Vegas) . . . The MERRY MACS are in Glasgow, Scotland, where they found time to entertain the patients at the Gowglen hospital there. . . . MAXIE ROSENBLOOM had a call from the mayor of Sydney, Australia, about his yearly engagement there . . . and JACKIE MILES had a call from Loew's Shanghai which he rejected because of the current situation and also due to the fact that he hasn't brushed up on the language.

S. R. O.: DUKE ELLINGTON rocked the Metropolitan Opera House with his benefit recital for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. It wasn't all jazz either, which the Duke is King of, but you cats should have dug his long haired music.

A major Hollywood studio is dickering for RALPH YOUNG, whose platter, "I Like You Just the Way You Are," is on its way to the top 10 as the country's juke box favorites. Ralph is not only a very fine singer and an actor of merit, but his sense of comedy is equal to top funnymen anywhere.

Aside to our dear ED., JACK CORTEZ: GEORGE TODD, of LOOKOUT HOUSE fame, sends his warmest regards to you and ETTA and the WATCHBIRDS send you both a very Royal Coooooooooo.

DEAR MOM:

(Continued from Page 13)

concerning wine, women or song, the conversation piece was all about "Mike," Gracie's grandson, the offspring of Mary and Peter Lind Hayes. Upon entering the Hayes' Haven of Hilarity, your eyes are drawn, as if by magnet, to a large picture of "the slugger" in person, garbed in complete Western attire befitting a cowhand of one year of age (birthday gift from "Nanny"), but the emotion expressed on the face of the wearer is anything but one of happiness. Guess the cutie is used to those Eastern three-corner cutaways instead, in this case, of a Western "droop." With or without clothes he's Gracie's "sweetest lil' fella" . . . you look at that picture and know why! While we were there I did my usual roaming around with all ears open and found a bit of chit-chat behind fans! Seems fairly certain that another prominent name will be added to the group of gentlemen already working on the new Flamingo deal, that of Mr. Tom Hull, whom everyone here knows as the builder of the El Rancho Hotel and owner of the Hollywood Roosevelt in Los Angeles. Mr. Hull, and his undisputed knowledge in the hotel industry would be a welcome addition to the assembly who know the goal they are striving for, and the steps to be taken to achieve it. Hope this rumor will soon be confirmed.

Later we all went to the Desert Inn, and after going through the front doors, we gals just had to drift over to the "Smoke Shop." No, not to buy cigarettes, but to look at the gorgeous display of costume jewelry and lovely perfumes. In the center of the glass enclosed case was the most beautiful red satin heart all prettied up with crisp white lace and velvet ribbons. The display was made (all by hand) by the charming little blonde saleslady, Monique de Montigny. She's had so many compliments on it that we talked her into taking orders for them. Just lovely to look at on Valentine's Day, especially if underneath the cover one were to find a little jeweled trinket or two, something like a necklace with matching earrings, or a bracelet and scatter pins . . . or even a bottle of her favorite aroma. Naturally, we brought the boys over to look at the men's gifts, of course (catch on?) February 14th is not far off. I'm going to send "Snooper" his card this week, why not try it on Pop, it can't miss!

All for now, Mater. It's stopped raining now, just looked out the window and guess what? It's snowing! I'm telling you this town is FABULOUS! What will they think of next? Love.

ME.

DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 17)

in show biz. He sells himself 100% in everything he does. In our books he is "top-notch." Billy lends an air of nostalgia in a Harry Richman number and has you howling over an impression of Zero Mostel. You could almost swear it is Zero, himself, on the stage. . . . THE LAMBERTS do amazing feats in acrobatics and muscular control. . . . The ARDEN-FLETCHER DANCERS, JOHNNY BOSWORTH, as singing m. c., and CARLTON HAYES ORK help round up a marvelous show that spells entertainment in capital letters.



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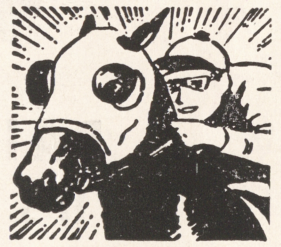
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