Jack Burke's

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PODNER !



HOWARD GALE

Prominent young business man of Las Vegas

(Story on page 13)

15¢

February 10, 1951

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 2, NO. 43

1600 South Main St.—Phone 4922

OBSERVATIONS, BY POP SQUIRES

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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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1

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Jack Portz's
FABULOUS LAS VEGAS
HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 2 FEBRUARY 10, 1951 NUMBER 43

OBSERVATIONS . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

NEXT Monday morning, February 12, 1951, it will be 46 years since I first discovered Las Vegas—or the place where Las Vegas would some day be built.

After spending some hours of a cold, dark and windy night with a little group of adventurers out on the open desert at a place which I knew in later years as "Jean, Nevada," a work train with a caboose coupled onto the front end, came along and picked us up.

The track then was on a temporary location called the "shoofly" straight down the valley from Erie siding to a point about five miles east of Arden, thence turning west and crossing the Vegas Valley to Arden. It was getting daylight when our train was approaching this great valley and I went out on the caboose platform and stood with the conductor.

The east was glowing with the approaching day when, suddenly the whole desert was flooded with a red and golden sunrise. Off to the west was the great range of sandstone cliffs with their gorgeous coloring brought out vividly by the brilliant sun.

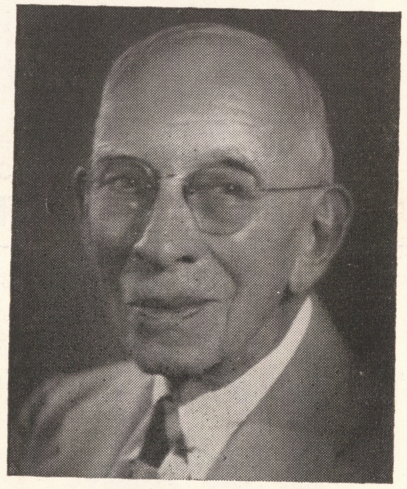
Far away across what seemed an endless expanse of desert, I saw a group of white spots. "What is that?" I asked the conductor.

"That is Las Vegas," he replied.

It took our work train another hour to reach our destination and when we stopped we found on a little spur track an old passenger coach to which was nailed a piece of board on which had been painted "Las Vegas."

This, we were told, would be the railroad company's Las Vegas townsite. The real city was then about half a mile farther on, "McWilliamstown," they called it.

Near where the train had stopped was



a new, white tent about 16x20 feet in size on which was a cloth sign, "Ladd's Hotel." That was the opening day of the hotel. Capt. James H. Ladd, with whom I formed a lifelong friendship, stood behind the rough boards forming the desk. He proudly pushed the hotel register to me and I registered under Feb. 13, my name and the names of three other members of my party "Frank A. Waters, C. N. Brown and J. R. Hunter."

I have that tan colored, cloth covered book marked "Journal," which was used by Capt. Ladd as a hotel register. The names of several who became permanent residents of Las Vegas are written in the old book. Two lines below where I registered on that historic February 12, 1905, was "Walter R. Bracken" who died less than one year ago.

That old register of Ladd's Hotel was given to me by Capt. Ladd a short

(Continued on Page 27)

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VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS



MAYA RUINS

The strings that played in Maya halls
Now lie mute 'neath crumbling walls.
The drums that beat with warriors' praise
Have turned to dust these many days.

And yet the music lingers there
Midst the ruins, and in the air
Round the world, culture of today
Echoes the music they did play.

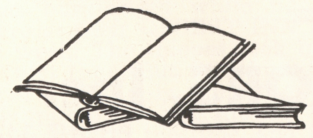
If these souls of old play there still,
Ether waves round the world will fill.
Then let the echoes well unfold
Ancient symphonies yet untold.

TOGETHER

Let love clasp love and seek dry ground.
Swimming apart they both must drown.

PREPAREDNESS

World peace is prevalent where there's urge and atomic power
For murder lurks around the world, and strikes most every hour.



MY HEART AT SUNSET

My heart is on a sunset spree
For sunset brings your soul to me
As you plan your charming castle
Making me both prince and vassal.

Enthroned in castle clouds of old
I watch your castle turn to gold
Midst clouds of crimson, mauve, now gray,
As we two stroll the milky way.

THE STATE OF GUERRERO, MEXICO

There's the murmur of the sea's sweet song
That lingers in one's heart so long.
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With no thought of passing hours.

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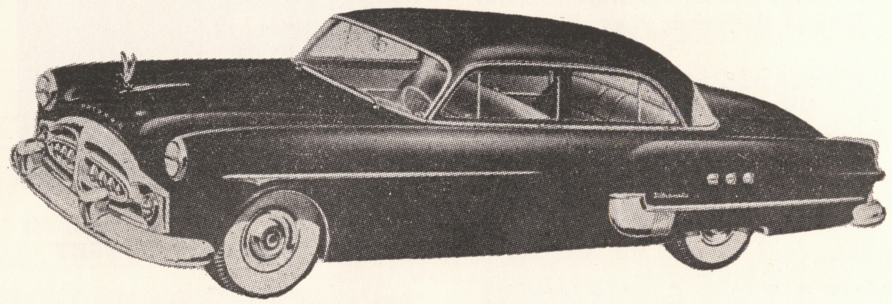

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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ

LAST week-end, our fabulous town played host to the largest crowd since New Year's Eve. You probably saw or heard about the great throngs. There were many who believed the visitors would avoid coming here because of the government-conducted tests. Whatever it is, that is the cause for the experiment, instigates a cloud reaction and glare that can be seen for many hundreds of miles. However, the men in charge insist that no injury or damage will result. On February 4 Walter Winchell publicized the fact that "the grandaddy of them all" would be set off the following day. "The thing" wasn't set off per schedule, due to unfavorable weather conditions. The following a. m., at exactly 5:50, we witnessed the sensational flash which lasted approximately three seconds before darkness prevailed once again. The only trace was a large white cloud that hung in the sky quite some time after daylight. We learned that "baby sister" was the item tested, not the "granddaddy" as was expected. The military officials in charge of all experiments at Indian Springs are taking all precautions necessary. If they feel impending danger they will forewarn all residents and tourists within the area. So there is no reason to fear.

You may recall an earlier item in this column, mentioning the sad news about both of NOLA HAHN'S children being vicitms of polio. The other evening, while conversing with him at LA RUE RESTAURANT, we saw his charming wife, RUTH, enter with their 9 year old son. The boy ran to his father and embraced him. You can just about imagine our feelings at this point. Nola know his son was on the road to recovery but hadn't dared to hope for such quick results. The new drugs that had been administered certainly performed a miracle. Now, to make their happiness complete, MR. and MRS. HAHN are praying their 13 year old daughter will also be able to leave her iron lung and run and laugh with her brother. . . . For the second time in almost two years, WILBUR CLARK'S home was burglarized while he and TONI were at their DESERT INN HOTEL last week. The thieves took quite a bit the first time. But this time, they were experts. The only thing they neglected to appropriate was the suit Wilbur was wearing at the time, and Mrs. Clark's outfit. Fortunately she was wearing one of her minks. Although they are greatly disturbed over their losses, the Clarks hope the house-breakers will return the keepsakes they received from all over the world. We sincerely hope their wish will be fulfilled. . . . Wonder why McKESSON & ROBBINS are having such difficulty in getting their wholesale liquor license in Las Vegas? It is one of the largest distributors in the country. They operate in Reno and have a Nevada state license. Why all the red tape? Politics? . . . Our sincerest good wishes to lovely NEDRI CLARK and CHUBBY BROCCOLI, who were married Feb. 3 at the FLAMINGO CHAPEL. Bride is the widow of the late Buddy Clark, beloved singer who was killed in a plane crash. Her first husband went berserk and slew his mother-in-law and their infant daughter. A few years later she became Mrs. Clark and soon became a widow through the air accident. Not long after her 7 year old daughter was critically injured by a car. We hope Nedri's bad luck has subsided and that she and Chubby will have complete happiness, from here on in. . . . Our "sister" city, Reno, received a great treat last week when the residents witnessed a tremendous polio benefit show produced by GEORGE MORO, whose lovely dancing girls are currently appearing at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. The production was presented at the University's huge auditorium. There were more than 4500 people present who gladly paid the $1.00 price of admission. We are quite proud of George for the part he played in this year's campaign for the March of Dimes fund. All the money taken in at the door, along with the added donations collected by his dancers from the audience, have been turned over for this worthy cause. This is another fine example of the extent to which human individuals will go, to help their fellow men. . . . A certain business man brought an item of interest to our attention. This executive was seriously considering a move to bring his factory to our town. However, he had to determine the desirability of freight and power. Investigation proved there was

(Continued on Page 28)

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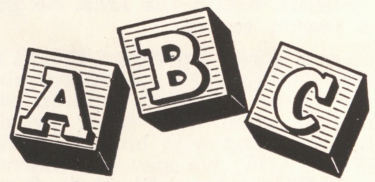

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DEAR MOM . . .

. . . by MARDIE ROGERS

HERE goes nothin'! If this letter is a bit jumbled and doesn't make sense it's all your fault indirectly. Due to your request in your last letter for an on-the-spot "ear-witness" report of the A-bomb happenings, I've scarcely had one night's decent sleep. For three mornings in a row, I've been setting my trusty "Big Ben" for 5:52 or thereabouts . . . and the alarm jolts me enough without going out of my way looking for more noise! Some clock, that one of mine! It's not exactly a Big Ben, in fact there's no trade name on it, guess the manufacturer was ashamed to take credit for it.

My guy "Snooper," who is a shrewd shopper, took advantage to grab up a bargain, as he predicts that in no time at all, there will be a shortage of this vital and necessary article, so he purchased it. Therefore, that's exactly what I have, NO TIME AT ALL! It's a pretty thing though, modernistic shiny black trimmed in gold, blends nicely with our Chinese Modern furniture, which of late looks more like Irish Antique. It has its advantages though. I don't rush quite as much as I used to. When the hands show 1:15, I heave a sigh of relief, cause I know in reality it's only noon. Don't ask me how I arrive at that solution, it just happens that way every day. I shouldn't kick though, he only paid 10 dollars of it. Imagine what it might have cost if they'd included the WORKS. But to get back to the bomb-catching, as I say, I'm startled out of bed, and it takes me several minutes to find out what town I'm in, by that time I have conveniently managed to stub my big toe, step on the dog's tail, and after drenching the house with light, wonder what I set the alarm for in the first place. I've got news for you, outside of a couple of rumbles I haven't seen or felt anything drastic yet. I think I'd do better by sending you a description of the next eclipse!

This just hasn't been my week. Have you ever had a series of days when everything you touch goes wrong? Discouraging isn't it? Every so often I pick up a "Good Housekeeping," or "Better Homes and Gardens" magazine, and after scanning the many colorful pages on how in seven easy steps you can make a veritable fairyland out of the "quonset hut" in which you live, I decided to do a little remodeling of my own. I have a clothes closet that is on the dull side, and it says in the book that with a little originality and little or no effort and some wallpaper,



you can "brighten up the corner where you are . . . blues!" Of course the wallpaper you purchase isn't the messy kind that requires mixing paste and all that sort of rot. You merely cut it to size, wet it in a sink filled with water, and slap in it on. No brush, no lather, no nuthin'! My girl-friend offered to help me, but I preferred to do it alone, as sort of a surprise to my better-half, who would have people believe that I am the "Irma" type. Wonder where he got that idea? I went to the store and selected a very simple pattern, figuring as how, after I had it papered, I could hang my wall vases with the real ivy on it and it would look kinda cute. However, I decided against this, when I realized that after I hung all the clothes back up, the vases wouldn't show anyway, and it being so dark in the closet with the door closed, the plants would die any-

(Continued on Page 30)

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SERIOUSLY, FOLKS, I MUST

THANK YOU

FOR TWO WONDERFUL WEEKS AT

WILBUR CLARK'S

DESERT INN



Connee

BOSWELL

DOWNTOWN . . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN



On our front cover this week is HOWARD W. (BUD) GALE, owner-operator of the SWISS VILLAGE RESTAURANT at 116 North Fifth street here in fabulous Las Vegas. Bud is another of the many who came to Las Vegas for a visit, saw its opportunities and lost no time in making it his home. But suppose we look into the background of Mr. Gale and bring you up to date on one of the most regular guys you'll ever want to meet. It was a cold December day in 1912 when this particular Gale blew into Battle Creek, Michigan, to become the pride and joy of his father, Fred Gale, who at that time was the owner of a dairy farm on the outskirts of the town. Bud was 12 when they moved to East Leroy where he finished most of his schooling; graduating from Lakeview High School in 1930, where he had majored in math, botany and agriculture and SPORTS! Bud was an all-around athlete but nowadays contents himself with a good golf game from time to time. The first job he got when he finished high school was with the Atlantic-Pacific Tea Company in Battle Creek where he became the produce manager and remained with the firm for the next 10 years. He might have been there yet had not the No. 2 World War come along and the man in the long striped pants hadn't pointed the well known finger at him. 1940 was the year and Bud was one of those selected(?) to become an infantryman. His outfit was the 7th Division, 159th Regiment and was stationed on Attu in the Aleutians. In 1943 he was transfered to the PX office and for the next 19 months operated eight PXs in the islands after which he was returned to the United States to train troops in the art of he manipulation of the MI and a bayonet; this in a cadre at Camp Shelby, Mississippi (remember?). Bud holds a high rating in the M1 with the points of 296 out of 300. After five years in the employ of our "Uncle" he made his way back to Battle Creek, Michigan, where he bought a cigar store-restaurant which he operated for a year and a half. In March 1948 he took that trip to Las Vegas and decided that this was it. He returned to Michigan, sold out and was back in Vegas inside of a month, bag and baggage. Mrs. Gale was "Miss New York Central Railroad of 1946" for the Centennial celebration of that huge organization and came to Bud through the courtesy of a mutual friend and a "blind date" arrangement. They hadn't been married quite a year when they came to Vegas. Since then two little "gusts" have arrived; first was Roger Floyd who will be two years old this June and little Miss Vickie Lou who got here 11 months later. Bud Gale purchased the Swiss Village Restaurant June 1, 1948, and puts out the best Swiss veal saute you ever sat down to enjoy. One of the things the place is becoming famous for is its Roquefort cheese dressing for salads. I know whereof I speak! And this has been your introduction to Howard W. (Bud) Gale, a man worthy of your acquaintance, operating an establishment well worth your patronage.

WOW! What a ball we had at the Shamrock jam session last Tuesday night! I just happened to think: I'm probably beginning to sound rather repetitious with my yakking every week about these sessions, but believe you me, if I wasn't enjoying myself I wouldn't be saying that I was. We have some very good musicians in the bands that are working in our town and you'd never know it if you didn't ever get to hear them blow once in a while the way they like to blow.

Oh, brother, look at the time! I can just visualize Marc Wilkinson sitting at his desk with a sawed off shotgun waiting for me to show with this column of mine; I'm that late. I wish I could trade places with the Kid (my dog). She gets fed, plays, sleeps and gets love and kisses from all the beautiful women while the only pleasure I get is just to say that she's mine. Come to think of it . . . it IS a pleasure . . . 'bye for now . . . Johnny.

SHOW REVIEWS by Jack Curtis

El Rancho Vegas

Show presented January 31 through February 13

Lovely **Martha Stewart** and the **Blackburn Twins** are among the novel acts in Show Biz. They have lots of comedy, refreshing material, enjoyable singing and dancing par excellence. Trio has lots of punch and are gifted with sparkling personality. Act was formed a year ago and steadily climbed that ladder of success! . . . **Dick Wesson,** a good comic and impressionist, co-stars on this same bill. His characterizations of various stars are done remarkably well. A bit we enjoyed very much was: A pantomime of a drunkard trying to get some action at a gaming table but unfortunately for him—too crowded! . . . **Ted Fio Rito** and his orchestra are the new band on the podium, cut an excellent show and play favorites for dansapation . . . **The Moro - Landis Dancers** continue to delight the patrons with their exceptional choreography and colorful costumes . . . **Cliff Ferre** is m. c.

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 hearing 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.

LAST FRONTIER

Show presented February 9 through February 22 (Not a review)

Dennis Day, "the voice America takes to its heart," headlines this show in the Ramona Room. This naive tenor of the **"Jack Benny Show"** does not require any introduction from us. His popularity and reputation is an established fact. He recently was third on a poll taken throughout the U. S. asking: "Who is your favorite singer?" No. 1 was Bing Crosby, No. 2, Perry Como, and third, **Mr. Day.** His Victor recordings have sold millions of copies and at present time he is under contract to 20th Century Fox Studios . . . The **Jean Devlyn Dancers,** seven de-lovely gals, will introduce two new routines. One a Valentine production at a fast moving clip and the other a jazz number of syncopated rhythms . . . **Al Donahue** and **his ork** supply the background music for show and dancing .

Flamingo

Show presented February 8 through February 21 (Not a review)

Myron Cohen, "king of all dialect story tellers," brought back by overwhelming demand, is all set to relate some new stories that will "rock" the Flamingo Room with laughter. Considered a "Johnny new-comer" in this field, Myron practically started at the top of the ladder. As a remnant salesman in N. Y. C. he was one of the top money earners in this field. He entertained the fabric buyers with stories, and they in turn did the purchasing. One day, a friend advised him to go on the stage and try his luck. He did—and a star was born overnight . . . On the same bill, are two young men we haven't seen in quite some time. We know them well but can't tell 'em apart. They are **The Treniers,** Cliff and Claude. Their dancing is acclaimed by all critics as the finest, whether it be precision, challenge or anything else you care to mention. You're in for a treat when the Treniers dance . . . A new group called the **Josephine Earl Dancers** promise to introduce choreography never seen in town before. Miss Earl, a dance director at Paramount Studios for many years, has earned a great reputation in the dancing field . . .

Wilbur Clark's DESERT INN

Show presented February 6 through February 19

Headlining this great show is a glamorous and most talented young singing



discovery, **Margaret Phelan.** From the moment she walks out on that stage, she "captures" you and doesn't set you free until the very end of her perfect presentation. Many of her tunes are original and sings them with remarkable ease. You can practically hear your neighbor's heart beat, when it's a torchy ballad, and feel the gaiety when tune is light such as, "I Became a Hussy to My Husband or You Can't Take It With You." Miss Phelan doesn't demand attention from the audience . . . **she commands it** the moment she sets foot on the stage. Her true graciousness and loveliness is most reminiscent of the Ol' South Plantation days, and projects itself to all who sit bewitched listening to her glorious voice . . . Occupying a top spot on this magnificent bill is **Paul Gray,** "America's distinguished diplomat of comedy." His gags and stories are refreshingly new and delivered with almost dead-pan countenance, marks him a No. 1 comedian. Paul is **not** an impressionist, does two or three impersonations, and have to admit, we've seen better BUT not funnier. He added a clever vivacious and beautiful acrobat to his act since his last appearance in town. Her stage name, ELISA JANE, who in private life is Mrs. Paul Gray. She must have caught the comedy angles from her husband and fares very

(Continued on Page 27)

Thunderbird

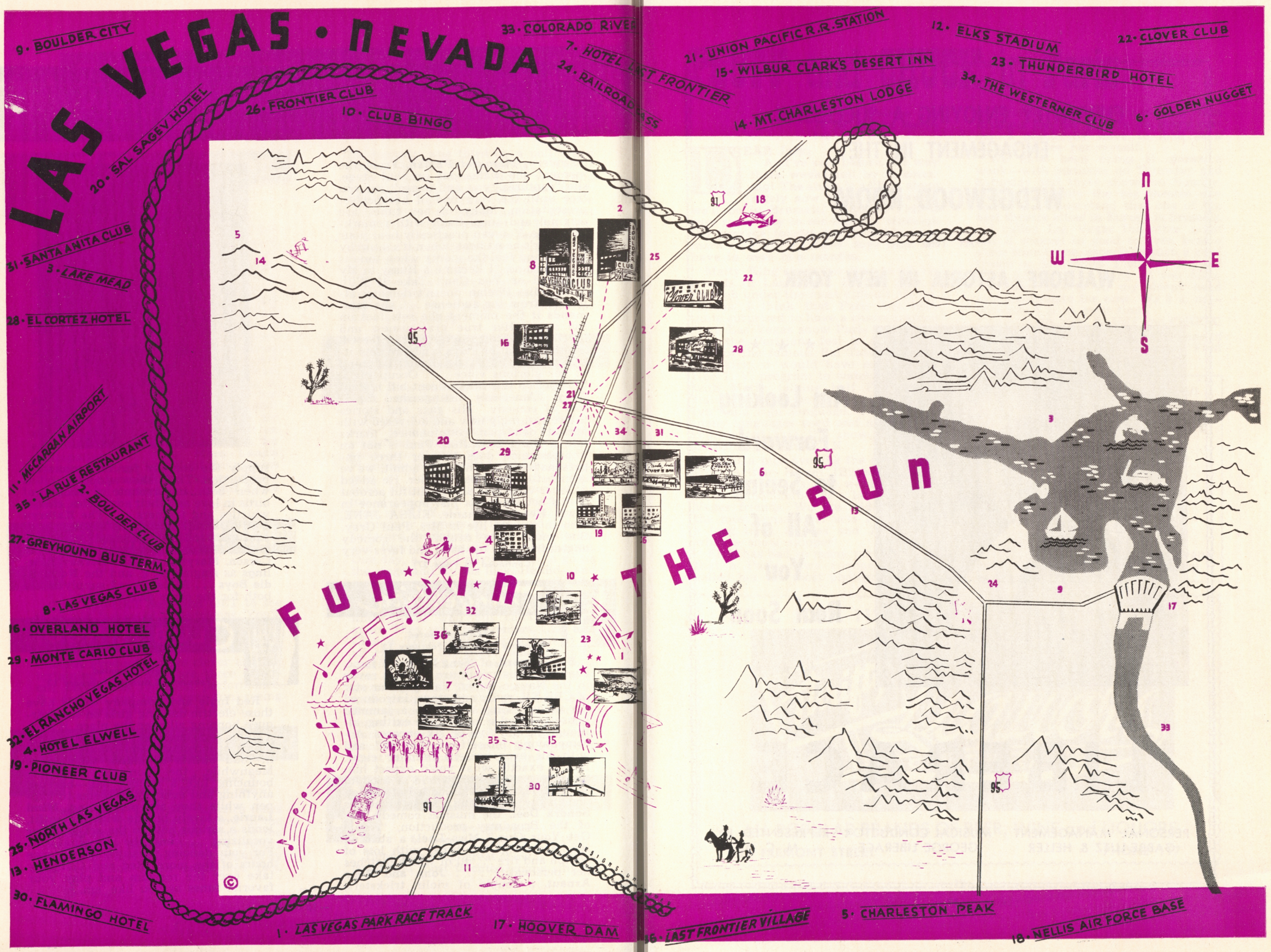
Show presented February 1 through February 13

Bob Howard, of "Sing It Again" fame, headlines this miniature musical revue in the Navajo Room. This popular star of CBS TV, radio and stage, introduced his unique song styling to a jammed house and had a tough time exiting, although he did five or six encores. Accompanying himself at the "88" and with his ever present familiar cigar, Bob is exactly what you'd expect him to be . . . a great showman, a treat to see and hear . . . As an added attraction and in the supporting spot is vivacious **Sondra Deel,** the musical comedy star of the Broadway production, "Annie Get Your Gun." Miss Deel, a striking red-head, sings her tunes with lots of oomph and fire . . . all of which matches her personality . . . **John and Rene Arnaut,** a couple of violin tricksters, supply the comedy for this miniature production. Their show stopping bit is when both impersonate a couple of birds in love and their squabbles, chirps, whistles and feathers . . . **The Kathryn Duffy Dansations** present two new, well executed routines, dressed in lovely gowns. Featured members are **Christina Carson, Maryann Welsh—Barney Rawlings** as singing m. c. and the **Normandie Boys . . .** Al Jahns ork supply music both for the show and dancing.

CLUB BINGO

Show presented February 4 through February 13

Red Ingle and Company would have those electric dancing girls on the marquee hopping all over the place, if such a thing were possible. They are a zany bunch of musicians and comics dressed in loud outfits to match their style. Meanwhile, the Bonanza Room is bouncing like a rubber ball—because anything and everything seems to happen while they are performing. **Mimi Laurie,** a lovely blonde with the outfit, lends a serious note to the act with her vocalizing . . . and she can sing! . . . For your dancing pleasure till the wee hours of the morn, Red and Company take over the rostrum and play your favorite tunes as you like 'em.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FUN IN THE SUN
9 · BOULDER CITY
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31 · SANTA ANITA CLUB
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28 · EL CORTEZ HOTEL
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25 · NORTH LAS VEGAS
13 · HENDERSON
30 · FLAMINGO HOTEL
1 · LAS VEGAS PARK RACE TRACK
17 · HOOVER DAM
36 · LAST FRONTIER VILLAGE
5 · CHARLESTON PEAK
18 · NELLIS AIR FORCE BASE
33 · COLORADO RIVER
7 · HOTEL LAST FRONTIER
24 · RAILROAD PASS
21 · UNION PACIFIC R.R. STATION
15 · WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN
14 · MT. CHARLESTON LODGE
12 · ELKS STADIUM
23 · THUNDERBIRD HOTEL
34 · THE WESTERNER CLUB
22 · CLOVER CLUB
6 · GOLDEN NUGGET
26 · FRONTIER CLUB
10 · CLUB BINGO
N
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WALDORF - ASTORIA IN NEW YORK



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REPRESENTED BY
M. C. A.

FLUFF and CHUCK in Paris

Le Cirque Medrano
72 Ter Rue des Martyrs
Feb. 2nd, 1951.

DEAR Jack:

As I've said before, the way these weeks roll by is amazing! The show is rolling along nicely now and in two weeks we'll be in Brussels, Belgium. This is sure some way to see Europe, although the average tourist has probably seen more of Paris in a few days than we have in over two months.

Matty King sends his best to all his friends in Las Vegas. He has done a fine job under the most difficult of conditions. I think that Paris has been quite surprised to have a choreographer from Las Vegas show Paris a Can-Can that the Parisians feel is superior to that of the famous Bal Tabarin. For a real kick, it would have made a terrific T. V. program to watch rehearsals with Matty talking half French and Italian and the rest in strictly "Brooklyn" and sign language. There are so many languages used and nationalities represented that the show should be billed as a second U. N.

Spent a nice evening the other night with Arthur Rosset (Billboard correspondent in Paris). He would also like to be remembered to a lot of his Las Vegas friends. We are adding one of the most sensational acts I've seen in a long time, Davras and Julia—man, what a show stopper!

Fluff has had so many pictures taken that a Paris news commentator has called her the most photographed girl in France. Jerry Medrano said that Brussels has her picture on every corner. I practically have to look at a picture to see her myself.

We have been doing 11 shows a week—with matinees on Thursday and Saturday and three shows on Sunday. Sunday is really the big theatre day in Paris. I understand that one of the best theatre cities in Europe is Brussels.

I called Las Vegas the other night and it seemed so good to even hear a voice from home, especially such a good friend as Mr. Hillis. I wished I could have talked to so many of you folks.

I guess this is all my sleepy head can accumulate for now. It's 3 a. m.—but only 6 p. m. your time.

Goodnight, kids. FLUFF and CHUCK.

P. S.—I'll be very happy when one of these columns will be headed "Fluff and Chuck in Las Vegas."

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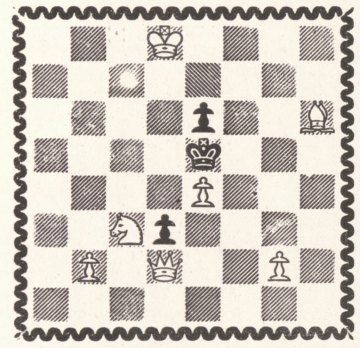
DOWNTOWN

CHESS » » »

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

PROBLEM NO. 88

Black 3



White 7

White mates in three.

Solution to problem No. 87: RxB.



SHEARER WINS COUNTY B CHAMPIONSHIP

By winning his match against Irving Keckhut with a score of 3-1, Orvil Shearer of the Hollywood Chess Group won the County League B Championship. The following was the second game of the match:

QUEEN'S PAWN OPENING

Shearer	Keckhut	18—B-B4	B-B
White	Black	19—QR-Q	N-K2
1—P-Q4	N-KB3	20—N-K5	Q-B
2—N-KB3	P-K3	21—Q-B4	Q-K3
3—P-KN3	P-QN3	22—P-Q5	Q-B
4—B-N2	B-N2	23—NxP	KxN
5—O-O	P-Q4	24—P-Q6ch	K-K
6—P-B4	B-K2	25—PxN	BxP(2)
7—N-B3	O-O	26—QxP	QxQ
8—R-K	QN-Q2	27—BxQ	R(Q)-B
9—PxP	PxP	28—B-K5	P-QR4
10—P-QR3	P-KR3	29—N-Q5	BxN
11—P-QN4	N-K5	30—PxB	PxP
12—Q-Q3	N(2)-B3	31—P-Q6	N-Q2
13—N-Q2	N-Q3	32—BxR	NxB
14—P-B3	Q-Q2	33—RxN	RxB
15—P-K4	PxP	34—RxBch	K-Q
16—PxP	N-B	35—PxP	Resigns
17—N-B3	R-Q		

CATALAN OPENING

Lilienthal	Stahlberg	17—Q-Q3	KR-Q
White	Black	18—P-K4	B-K3
1—P-Q4	P-Q4	19—N-N2	R-B6
2—P-QB4	P-K3	20—R-B6	Q-Q2
3—P-KN3	N-KB3	21—N-Q3	R-B7
4—B-N2	B-K2	22—Q-B4	QxQ
5—N-KB3	O-O	23—NxQ	B-B5
6—O-O	PxP	24—P-K5	N-N5
7—QN-Q2	P-B4	25—P-K6	PxP
8—PxP	N-B3	26—NxP	BxN
9—Q-B2	BxP	27—RxB	P-Q6
10—NxP	Q-K2	28—R-KB	K-B2
11—P-QR3	P-K4!	29—R-K4	N-B3
12—P-QN4	N-Q5!	30—R-K3	P-QN3
13—NxN	BxN	31—R-Q	R-B6
14—B-N2	B-N5	32—B-B	RxP
15—BxB?	PxB	33—BxP?	K-B!
16—KR-K	QR-B	34—P-N5	Drawn

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HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS ... by MARTIN LEWIS

CALL it another "it-could-only-happen-in-Hollywood" story —or whatever you wish, but the facts are: MONA FREEMAN'S screen career has been changed by her curves. What's more, Mona is quite happy that at long last she must act her age and so are the Hollywood wolves who like to whistle when a curvaceous "pretty" passes.

According to the popular Paramount actress, motherhood is responsible for the curvaceous alterations in her physical measurements. Since little Mona was born many months ago, Mona Sr. (who's Mrs. Pat Nerney in private life) has begun to bulge in the proper places. Or maybe the change is nature's rebuke at movie-makers for constantly casting Miss Freeman in immature roles. In any event, the blue-eyed beauty is looking forward to playing fewer flat-chested, narrow-hipped 'teen-agers on the motion picture screen.

"It won't be easy for me to play a bobby-soxer again," Mona remarked on the set of the technicolor saga, "Branded," in which she has a mature romantic role opposite ALAN LADD. Then she added, "I don't think I could get into the clothes anymore."

A quick check of Mona Freeman's movie career reveals that her picture progress has been a switch on the usual trend taken by a Hollywood player. She lost her first big role when she was 17 because she photographed like a child of 12. So she was cast as a youngster and won a measure of fame for her excellent performances as the troublesome "brat" of "Dear Ruth" and the sequel, "Dear Wife."

"My figure started to change after the baby was born," Mona explained. "I developed more mature curves, so I guess I'm growing up at last. I hope so . . . I used to fear that my daughter would become old enough to have dates, go with her boy-friend to a movie, point to a bratty bobby-soxer on the screen and say: 'That's my mother!' "

For the statistical-minded, Mona's measurements are now 5 feet, 3; 110 pounds; 33 inch hips and bust; and 23 inch waist . . . Needless to say, most males woud reduce these dull numerals



to one long whistle and let it go at that.

"I had fun playing teen-agers," admitted Mona, "and it kept my career alive. But I really prefer adult roles."

In "Branded," the Dresden-doll actress shares top honors with Ladd and CHARLES BICKFORD. As Charlie's daughter, she first thinks Ladd is her long-lost brother, then discovers he's an imposter and eventually falls in love with him. It's a mature part at all times, and Mona plays it with fire and spirit, and considering the traditional limitations of an old Western saga, with an adult romantic appeal. In fact, there's quite a clinch between Mona and Ladd in the final scene for "Branded." It is not one of those outdoor dramas in which the hero kisses his horse, and rides off alone into the sunset.

One sequence of the technicolor thriller called for a switch from the wide-open-spaces costume of jeans-and-sports-shirt. Thus, Mona had her big moment. She donned a low-cut white evening gown, grown-up earring and necklace, and sported an upswept hair-do. In other words, she looks all of 23—delightful, delectable, delovely . . . When Ladd walked onto the "Branded" set and saw his leading lady in her "glamour clothes," he cracked: "No one in the audience will watch me when they can look at anyone as beautiful as Mona. That is, not if they're in their right mind.

And the 100 males on the set that day agreed with the star. No longer do these movie men doubt that Mona is mature. The one-time teen-ager has had her triumph—she's a grown up woman with talent and sex appeal!

THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

BACK home again and so surprised. I was working at Republic Studios during the first three "Atom Bomb Tests" took place and "brother," the stories I heard! I thought the whole of Las Vegas had been wiped out, and the survivors were hiding in "Vegas Wash"; the shake had loosened the neon money from the sign over the Vegas Club, and it was running down Fremont street and didn't hit a person; the neon horses on the Santa Anita Club sign ran around the building and hid in the alley in back; the neon train on the Union Pacific Depot took off down the tracks but wrecked because it was a narrow gauge and the tracks are the conventional width. I tell you it was chaotic (the way rumor had it).

I was living the easy life of a participant in motion pictures the day the first one went off. Said easy life consists of arising at 5:30 in the morning, dressed by 6:00 and then to Eaton's Coffee Shop, around the corner, for breakfast about 6:15. Six other early risers were in deep conversation when I arrived and at the mention of Las Vegas I perked up my ears to ask questions. It seems, according to the story someone had told them they had heard over the radio, an atom bomb had been let loose in Las Vegas. Every window in town was broken, people were deserting the town en masse, there was food for only two days stock-piled in Clark County. Pandemonium reigned. I left my seat at the counter, reached the phone in one motion. I got the long-distance operator. "Please, Miss, is it possible to reach Las Vegas, Nevada, by telephone?" I asked, with my heart in my mouth. Cold-heartedly she answered, "What number in Las Vegas would you like, pleeeeze?" I gave her the number. Almost immediately I could hear the buzzing that denotes the phone was ringing. It rang and rang. The operater suggested that she try again in 10 minutes. I talked her into ringing for a while longer, I couldn't stand to wait for 10 minutes. I had visions of Maw loading the two dogs and the baby into the jaloppy and heading for the hinterlands. Or maybe she and the Rupps, next door, were hiding in a hole across the street from the house in that vacant lot. I hoped Al had dug the hole deep enough to afford them all adequate protection. The operator came on again and said, "I don't think—wait a minute, I have your party, go ahead, pleeeeeze." It was Maw. She sounded tired and worn out. "Are you and the baby all right?" I sez.



"Certainly we're all right, what's the matter?" Her voice was stronger now. I was amazed at the recuperative powers of a woman when she has a man to lean on, even if the man is on the phone 300 miles away. I told her that I would get home by the first conveyance available. "Have you finished the picture?" sez she, cool as a cucumber. "No," sez I, "but I'm sure they will make an exception in this case so I'll be there soon!" There was a slight pause and then Maw said, "Why?" "Why?" I repeated. "Why with Las Vegas in shambles from the atom bomb that exploded there this morning, with only two days' supply of food in town, with all the windows in town——" I didn't get any further. Maw took over. I can't remember all she said or in what rotation they came out but here is the gist of the remaining $5.21 phone

(Continued on Page 30)

BY DAY OR BY NIGHT
THE ATMOSPHERE
IS RIGHT
MATT HOWARD'S
APACHE BAR
PAT AND MATT
Corner Second and Fremont

The Story of the FBI

. . by J. EDGAR HOOVER
CHIEF OF THE BUREAU

THE KURT LUDWIG CASE

BACK in March, 1941 a tall, middle aged man wearing horn-rimmed glasses and carrying a brown brief case was knocked down and killed by a New York taxicab. Amazed spectators saw his companion reach down quickly, grab a brief case and disappear in the crowd.

The traffic victim was "Julio Lopez Lido," apparently a Spanish subject. His unclaimed body was buried by the Spanish Consulate.

FBI agents were keenly interested in "Julio Lopez Lido." He was not a Spanish subject. He was a German, Captain von der Osten, Nazi army officer who entered the United States via Japan to direct one of the cells of Nazi espionage.

The companion who had been so anxious to get away from the accident turned out to be Kurt Frederick Ludwig, an Ohio-born, German reared, leather good merchant.

Working in the background, the FBI found that Ludwig was extremely active in the United States as a German espioage agent. In fact, he stepped into the shoes of Captain von der Osten and took over control of the latter's spy ring. Friends of Ludwig said he once stood in high favor with Adolf Hitler, that he had been with Hitler in the Munich Beer Hall putsch before the Nazi rise to power.

Ludwig purchased expensive radio equipment and took a course at a radio school. He sent numerous packages to Germany. He kept in constant contact with the Bund and recruited his agents from the bundist "Youth Movement."

Accompanied by his 18-year-old secretary, Ludwig made a tour of the East Coast, visiting almost every army camp and airfield from New York City to Key West, Fla. He prepared reports for the Germans by using a secret ink, code and an 1834 system of shorthand which he thought no one but the Germans could read . . . but the FBI solved the riddle.

On June 28, 1941, when the Duquesne spy ring was arrested, Ludwig wrote to his superiors: "I had quite a fright." He was in a store where two of the spies were caught, but arresting agents pretended not to notice him and allowed him to continue his activities. At the first opportunity, Ludwig cabled Germany: "I missed a serious accident only by inches."

Ludwig fled to a mountain resort in Pennsylvania, and then left alone by automobile for the West Coast. FBI agents followed close behind. They saw him question soldiers at Selfridge Field in Michigan and change a tire at Wright Field, Ohio, where he would watch activities closely. He was arrested just as he prepared to embark for Japan from the West Coast.

Ludwig made a last desperate attempt to bribe his way to freedom by promising a guard $50,000. The trick failed. He was convicted of espionage and sentenced to 20 years in prison. All other members of his ring were also arrested.

Next week: The Planned Invasion of the Americas!

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Weekly Fashion Letter

from EDITH HEAD

Paramount Fashion Designer

From Hollywood, land of sun-kissed glamour queens and muscle-bound movie males, comes still another version of the old masculine standby, the suspender.

Unlike bygone "carbon copies" of the suspender, the 1951 version criss-crosses both in front and in back. Thus it becomes not just another "trick accessory" but an integral part of the feminine costume. Used to lend a one-piece look to a skirt and blouse twosome, the suspender of this season also can be used to spark spring and summer outfits with intriguing flashes of color and floral "frosting."

Vivacious Betty Hutton, who will model numerous clothes with the new criss-cross straps in Cecil B. DeMille's "The Greatest Show on Earth," carries the new style into her personal wardrobe, too. With a trim navy skirt and blouse, Betty alternates suspenders of navy, bright green and white plaid—and crimson suspenders which flash an unusual all-over design of the star's initials.

Pretty Polly Bergen, the red-haired songtress who makes her movie debut in "At War with the Army," teams criss-cross suspenders of grosgrain ribbon embroidered in straw with her trim sports dresses . . . For evening wear, Corine Calvet weaves a romantic story of lace and chiffon by wearing filmy black lace suspenders with a pale pink chiffon dinner dress . . . For tea-time enchantment, Joan Fontaine adds midnight blue velvet suspenders to a sky blue linen afternoon frock . . . And Dorothy Lamour sparks her deep-toned cocktail gowns with criss-cross straps of white velvet which flash her name in tiny black jet beads.

Weekly Beauty Letter

from WALLY WESTMORE

Makeup Director, Paramount Studios

Some beauty tips demand repetition. For example, nine out of 10 damsels who have reached the over 30 age must be reminded that the greatest enemy of age is fear. Every age has its own particular beauty. Thus if a woman realizes this and makes the most of herself within her particular age group, half the battle is won . . . Screen stars Ruth Hussey and Jessica Tandy offer proof positive that the over-30 woman can be every bit as lovely—in some instances even lovelier—than a pretty 20-year-old lass. Certainly close-ups of Miss Hussey in Bing Crosby's "Mr. Music" and of Miss Tandy in "September Affair" prove these facts without the slightest shadow of a doubt.

"Fortunately, most women realize that essential beauty habits are formed in the early 20s," remarked Paramount's Wally Westmore, world-famed beauty expert. "In the 30s, a woman should settle down seriously to a brutally frank estimation of her beauty. Without deviation, she should follow a routine with night cream and fundamental massage. If the neck is thin she should give ten minutes each day to stretching exercises to firm and tone the muscles. She should massage the neck and face each night with a rich lubricant, keeping in mind the upward, outward, circular motions she learned in the 20s. In addition, she should pay particular attention to the forehead."

Westmore also points out that in the 30s, make-up must be applied with extreme care, keeping cheek rouge out of the hollows and adding an upward tilt at the corners to combat the initial signs of an aging droop . . . Above all, a woman in her 30s should dress her hair in a style consistent with her age, but not aging.

THE

MARCH OF DIMES

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GIVE

WHAT YOU CAN TO AID

THE FIGHT AGAINST—

INFANTILE

PARALYSIS

Let Humanity Aid Humanity

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

time before he died, about 20 years later. I hope it may sometime be preserved in a "Clark County Museum" or some institution where it will be safe and where the curious may look over the fading names of some who came to know and love Las Vegas even before the days of our "Fabulous" resort hotels.

County Division

February 5, 1909, Governor Dickerson signed the County Division Bill for which Las Vegas had been fighting so strenuously for several years.

The bill created Clark County out of the south half of Lincoln county, with Las Vegas as the county seat. However, all was not serene, because taxpayers in both the old and the new counties thought the salaries named for proposed county officials were altogether too high.

To mollify the discontented we got up another bill amending the first in the matter of official salaries and managed to get it through the legislature. The amendment changed proposed salaries as follows:

Sheriff, from $1,800 per year to $1,500; Assessor from $1,800 to $1,200; Treasurer. $2,000 to $1,500; District Attorney, $1,500 to $1,000. Other proposed officials on about the same basis. I have not heard of any member of the 1951 legislature seeking to reduce salaries of present Clark County officials.

This remembrance was brought by Fred Wilson, old timer, who delights in picking scraps of Las Vegas' ancient history, when, the other day, he brought me a copy of the Las Vegas Age of date July 3, 1909. It contains the elaborate program for celebrating the greatest Fourth of July in Las Vegas' history and a two-column article telling of the organization of Clark County on July 1, 1909 and the swearing in of its officials, as follows:

County Commissioners, W. E. Hawkins, of Las Vegas; S. H. Wells of Muddy Valley and W. H. Bradley of Searchlight.

Sheriff, Charles C. Corkhill.

Recorder and Auditor, Frank Clayton of Searchlight.

Clerk, Harley Harmon of Las Vegas.

Assessor, W. J. McBurney of Muddy Valley.

Treasurer, Ed W. Clark of Las Vegas.

District Attorney, W. R. Thomas, Las Vegas.

County Surveyor, C. E. McCarthy, Goodsprings.

Public Administrator, Charles Ireland, Las Vegas.

Those men seemed mighty important to us 42 years ago. Only one, Col. Charles E. McCarthy, retired, remains with us.

But the issue of Las Vegas Age of July 10, 1909, tells of two important Clark County firsts:

A daughter, Dorothy, was born to Mr. and Mrs. David Farnsworth on July 3, the first child to be born in the new county of Clark.

The first case filed with the County Clerk's office of Clark County—a divorce case, Vine Cooper vs. William D. Cooper.

"Our" Atomic Bombs

Last week I was rather critical of those who tried to make it appear that atom bombs were being exploded at the Las Vegas testing range, so close to the center of the city as to endanger lives and property. Then I had not yet been able to connect up with the daybreak performance close enough to be a real observer. although one morning when I heard the bathroom door slam, Delphine told me that it was not the door, but an atomic bomb explosion.

After sacrificing my morning sleep for several days I at last on Tuesday morning saw the awesome blaze of light and, some five minutes later, heard the sound and felt the concussion of the explosion .

It was a show well worth getting up early in the morning for. However, nobody in Las Vegas was injured or even in danger and the damage was confined to a few broken windows, all of which would have been saved had the suggestion that a door or window in every building be left open at the time of the explosion been followed.

In an air line it is 41 miles from the center of Las Vegas to Indian Springs, and 22 miles farther to the middle of Frenchman Flat, a basin averaging about 10 miles in diameter the center of which is at an altitude of about 3,000 feet and the outer rim of which is composed of ranges of mountains 5,000 feet and more in height.

The people of Las Vegas were in no danger from the blasts and I still think it was unnecessary and unwise for the newspapers to try to frighten our visitors as they did. The explosions took place in that mountain-rimmed saucer at least 63 miles in an air line from Las Vegas.

DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 15)

well in producing laughs herself . . . The **Arden-Fletcher Dancers** introduce two lovely routines and as always wear very colorful and gorgeous costumes. . . . **Johnny Bosworth** proves to be more than just capable of handling the m. c. chores—does a good job singing the numbers for the production routines.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

enough power. BUT, our freight rates are too high. According to the tremendous freight charges he had to abandon his idea. This withdrawal meant that the 350 jobs that would have been made available are now out of the question. His quotation to us informed us the cost of shipping his commodity from here to L. A. is almost the same as a shipment from Utah to L. A. Our Chamber of Commerce should look into this matter and discover why our freight charges are so high in comparison to those of other cities. . . . Good news for CLARK DENNIS fans. The popular tenor is slated to open at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL March 1st. . . . "HAP" CLINE, pit boss of LA RUE RESTAURANT, sends a special "hello" to MRS. WILLIE COHEN, staying at the Westward Ho in Phoenix, Ariz. In case MAX COHEN sees this message in Wichita, Kans., the same goes for you. When are **you** going to pay us a visit? . . . HERB McDONALD, the new "praise agent" for the WESTERN VILLAGE, phoned and invited us to lunch. We stopped over to watch the progress in Convention Hall atop the SILVER SLIPPER. BOB & THELMA LODEN were busily engrossed in their work so we managed to get a peek. We can only say that when those two finish the job, it will be the most beautiful, this side of the Rockies. Then we went to Herb's office and saw a lovely '51 Parker pen set with a marble base. This item was given to him by JEANNE, BONNIE, DOROTHY, PAUL, and MR. and MRS. GUY LANDIS, the day before he left the EL RANCHO VEGAS staff. He's mighty proud of the gift and won't allow anyone else to use it. . . . In town for a few days and looking prettier than ever was HELEN CAPRI, dining and seeing the shows with hubby GEORGE. They make a very handsome couple. Mrs. C. is most anxious to complete her coastal commitments and settle down. These two "love birds" are on a perpetual honeymoon. . . . Those delicious cheese cakes will once again be featured on the CLUB BINGO menus. ANN BRINIG is back, after a four week vacation in Butte, Mont. The diners have been driving the poor waitresses frantic, asking about this item. Well, the gal's back, mink coat and all. **On with the cheese cake.** . . . CARLTON HAYES and his excellent ork, currently at the D. I., will close on March 5th and start at the FLAMINGO HOTEL three days later. We are very happy to know we will get more music "a la Hayes." . . . Here's a mystery we hope you can solve. A "hot" number that is **really** loaded is 36. It can be found at the MONTE CARLO CLUB, downtown. That's all we can say at the present time. . . . The new THRIFTY LIQUOR STORE on Fremont street is one of the cleanest and nicest spots we have seen. DAVE WOLZINGER, owner of the place, had it remodeled to accommodate his clientele. Manager of the "Thrifty" is DAVE ZIEDMAN, a real gent, loaded with personality. . . "Once a champ, always a champ," certainly applies to HARRY PILSINGER, operator of the SPORTS BOOK in the FLAMINGO HOTEL. It would be well worth your time to induce Harry to relate some stories about the good ol' days and the fight game. We don't promise you'll get him to finish a story. He's a mighty busy guy. . . . We often wondered why BOBBY KAYE, credit manager of WILBUR CLARK'S D. I., is called "Father" by the other executives. Now we know. Whenever the ARDEN-FLETCHER DANCERS find themselves short of funds, they go to the cashier's cage and ask for an advance on their salaries. If Bobby refuses, the lovelies take a stand and keep repeating, "C'mon Father, c'mon." In order to put an end to their pleading, Bobby grants their requests. Well, "Father" Kaye, we're going to try the same. Somehow, we feel we won't be as successful as the lovely ladies of the line. . . . BELDON KATLEMAN has started the first steps in the direction of re-beautifying the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. Those wooden sections in the lobby signify the enlarging process of the ROUND-UP ROOM. When completed (in approximately three weeks), this popular spot will seat 450 guests, with space for more tables. This is only the beginning. The entire hotel will undergo a complete "facial." The young hotel magnate is going "all out" and sparing no expense. . . . NO NEWS DEPT.: ZELL RUSSELL, platinum blonde Hollywood starlet, is ABE SCHILLER'S new "niece." This p. m. guy says it's the "McCoy" this time and a romance that can offer the A-Bomb some real competition. Ho-hum! Can't understand why we waste such valuable space—but—if HARRISON CARROLL can spare it, guess we can also. . . . It's always a pleasure and an exceptional treat to see MRS. HY GOLDBAUM. We've never seen her wear the same outfit twice. Her wardrobe must be one of the most elaborate in the country. She always looks like an ad out of BAZAAR. Ever notice Hy when he's with his wife? He struts like a peacock and is a very proud husband. . . . Every week seems like Xmas to MERVYN, 6, and lovely MERYL, 8, when Dad, MORRY MATORIAM, visits them on

(Continued on Page 29)

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 28)

Sundays. When they hear his footsteps, they charge and practically "bowl" him over. . . . To MR. MURPHY'S very efficient secretary, ELINORE WILEY, at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, we wish to convey this message: Thank you for being so cooperative. Sure would be a great world if there were more people like you. . . . That stunning woman you see in the nite spots with MR. and MRS. EDWARD COOK is MRS. MADLYN MARCUS, an ex-Ziegfeld beaut. Madlyn is a Chicagoan, vacationing here. We're certain Mrs. Marcus will have a wonderful time. The Cooks could easily qualify as official hosts. . . . **Now we know** and there isn't any necessity to ask, "is it true, CONNIE?" Yes, sir! She said YES! This popular change girl at the CLUB BINGO is the feminine half of a team that will soon answer the call of the wedding bells. Bushels of luck to you and your JIM. . . . Beautiful BEVERLY TYLER, Hollywood starlet, will probably replace MARTHA STEWART when she leaves her spot with the BLACKBURN TWINS to fulfill her motion picture commitments. Seems Las Vegas is the spot where RAYMOND & ROYCE change partners. When they were here a year ago, JANET BLAIR left the act to join the "South Pacific" road company. . . . This we heard, but doubt. Upon arising every a. m., MARTY HICKS goes out to the desert, takes off his shoes, bows three times in the direction of the sun, and says: "Thank you for sending HY GOLDBAUM to Las Vegas." Well??? . . . It's been a long time since "BASEBALL" LEO walked into a swimming pool at any one of our hotels. He's probably listening to some of the good advice given him by pit boss SAM DIAMOND, of the FLAMINGO HOTEL. . . . Any time you are in the SILVER SLIPPER SALOON, go over and watch (or participate in) the game of "crapless craps." When a player throws a two or a three, or any number up to 12, that is the point. You can lay the odds. You play "Against the house" all the time. There is no back line or betting against the dice passing. . . . JACK ROSEN and his beautiful wife, MILLIE, expect a visit from "the long-legged one," some time in June. The great joy MORRIS ROSEN displayed when he welcomed the beauty as his daughter-in-law a year ago, was nothing in comparison to the way he is priming himself for his "grandaddy" role. . . . BILLY VINE, the comic, always looks forward to an engagement in our town. It gives this city slicker a chance to wear his Western outfits, of which he has many. Our name for him, "Alta Cactus," looks as though it is going to stick. . . . Now it can be told. While driving to Las Vegas, the LAMBERTS and their young daughter were in an accident that caused their car to turn over three times. Without making mention of it, the Lamberts fulfilled their two-week engagement at the D. I., suffering from pain and fatigue after every performance. Like true showmen, they felt the "show must go on." IRVING BERLIN really hit the proverbial nail on the head when he wrote: "There are no people like show people." . . . PAUL GRAY, the scholarly-appearing comic of the D. I., tells his friends that he became so nervous after reading that Reader's Digest series on the "Dangers of Tobacco," that he smoked three packs of cigarettes. . . . CONGRATULATIONS DEPT.: To NINA SOLY, happy birthday, Feb. 6th. Husband Fred is general manager of the Monte Carlo Club.—To ANN ROSS and JOE CLEMMER, married Feb. 2nd. Ann is the popular switchboard operator at Hotel El Rancho Vegas and the groom is a cadet at Nellis Air Base.—To MR. and MRS. DICK WESSON, who celebrated their wedding aninversary and her birthday Jan. 31st. . . . **The 1951 March of Dimes is on. This year the drive must provide sufficient funds for the relentless battle against the mysterious killer, infantile paralysis. Your dimes, as many as you can possibly give, are urgently needed. The people of America must give more than before so we may take care of our own—so that this disease may some day be defeated and its threat forever held in check. . . . And that's for sure.**

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THE OLD TIMER:

(Continued from Page 23)

call (including tax). If it was my idea of a joke to get her up at 6:30 in the morning, she failed to appreciate the humor; she had fed Winnie Jr. her 4:00 a. m. feeding, both had gone to sleep, and now they were both awake, wide awake!!! She just wished I was there to put Junior back to sleep. Atom bomb! Fiddlesticks!! She wished she could smell my breath. If there had been an atom bomb, she would have known about it.

About this time the waitress held up a morning paper and the headlines read, "ATOM BOMB IN LAS VEGAS." I got Maw turned off long enough to read it to her. When I came to the part where it said Indian Springs, she signed in again and said, "You've lived around Clark County long enough to know how far Indian Springs is from Las Vegas. Next time read the entire article before you jump at conclusions!!" Then her voice changed tones and she said, "I am glad to know you worried about us."

So again I state, there is no way to figure out a woman.

DEAR MOM:

(Continued from Page 11)

way. It was a good idea, though, don't you think, Mom? I followed the instructions, but knowing he'd be home soon, guess I hurried a little too much. The leaves didn't come together in a lot of spots, but the accidental white borders running through it gave it a sort of nonchalant air. "Snooper's" not very demonstrative but he did say, "Mardie, I'll give you credit, it's different! "It's the first time I've seen ivy rambling upward without the aid of a lattice or string." He sweetly refers to it now as the "Jungle Room." Of course you know, I painted all three of my rooms myself, and not a bad job if I do say so. He was just dying to help me, but, poor fellow, he's allergic to paint fumes, you know. During the final week, however, he did contribute a rather unique item in the line of decoration to the place. I had painted the kitchen linoleum (can spell it, but can't say it) a drab gray, and he thought it looked rather plain. So, to match the bedroom closet, he went to the dime store and bought a gang of decals (also ivy) and put them on the linoleum, not in any particular design, just sort of scattered them around. Different, but a bit difficult whenever I sweep or mop, I'm never quite sure whether the floor is clean or if some of the desert foliage has accidentally blown in from the last sandstorm.

I'll interrupt this prattling now to tell you that I finally made it. Yep, I saw the A-Bomb test. At approximately 12 minutes to 6 this morning, quite suddenly the heavens lit up as if in sunny broad daylight, similar to a 4th of July rocket, multiplied by billions, going off in the air. Immediately afterwards the darkness was back again accompanied by a spiral smoky cloud in the spot where the flash had occurred. Three to four minutes later (traveling time for the waves) there were several tremors of the earth, as in a mild quake. Can't tell you much more, as it was so brief, but I'm glad I could witness, at close range, history in the making. I know, 'cause I was there!

Well maybe this has been quite a week at that! Yesterday while I was in Woolworth's, I saw something interesting in the way of campaigning for the "March of Dimes." On a table at the left of the entrance inside the store, was a table with 48 milk bottles, each bottle representing a state of the union, plus Hawaii. In these bottles were contributions from donors to their respective states. At a fast check up (couldn't count the money naturally) the bottle leading the race was California, with New Jersey and Utah close runners up. Now don't get me wrong, Mom and Pop, Nevada's doing her share. Why we've had more drives to aid polio victims, more benefits, more giving of time, energy and talent than you could shake a stick at . . . but we can still do more. You know, I go to the "five and dime" practically every other day, always need some little thing, and I betcha' the next time I go there I'll really have something to describe to you. It'll probably be about a quart bottle filled to the brim with the "milk of human kindness" . . . Hope for once Nevadans cheat a little by throwing in "foldin' money," you can get a greater measure that way!

Time for some fast shut-eye now, parents. Trying to keep up with the elements is too much for me, so will bid you a fond adieu 'till next post time. May I leave you with this clever bit of verse?

"Roses are red, violets are blue,"
It's nice to belong to folks like you.
Miss you . . . love you . . . think you are super,
Happy Valentine's Day from me and the 'Snooper'."

'TUTOR'S DON'TS'

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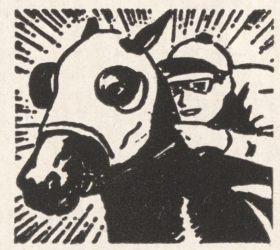

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Many Thanks to All at the Hotel Last Frontier for a Great Stay

I'm glad I'm living and very happy to be able to come back time and again, where the most wonderful people in the world seem to be.

Willie Shore

P. S.: Love and kisses to Al Donahue, Harry Farnow and B. B.