Jack Burby's

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PODNER !



Meet:

AL NISSELL

A Business Man in Our Town

(Story on page 9)

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February 17, 1951

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NOW IN THE ROUND-UP ROOM

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FEATURING

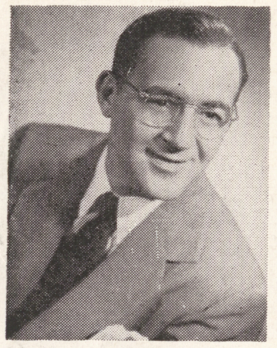
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GEORGE REDMAN — BUSTER HALLETT

AT THE

Last Frontier Village



PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 2, NO. 44
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
WHAT'S DOIN'?, BY JOHNNY

JACK CORTEZ, Editor and Publisher

JOHNNY UHLMAN, Advertising Manager

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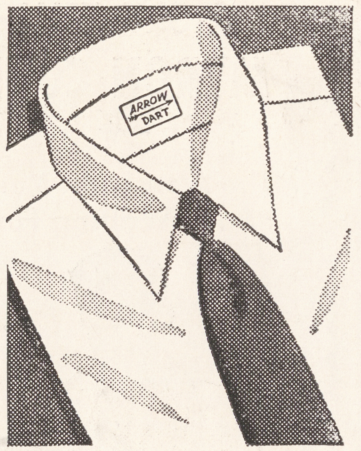
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SHOP 'TIL 9 SATURDAY NIGHT

Jack Cortez'
FABULOUS
LAS VEGAS
HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 2 FEBRUARY 17, 1951 NUMBER 44

OBSERVATIONS . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

NOT SO MANY Las Vegas people, it seems, are aware of the fact that Las Vegas has a municipal golf course, nor of the more important fact that the property is rapidly developing into a half-million dollar asset to the city, acquired at comparatively small cost.

Like most other forward-looking plans for civic betterment, the move by a few leaders to establish a municipal golf course was met by bitter opposition on the part of a few people who contended that the enterprise was a purely selfish one promoted by a small group solely for their own benefit and without any value, present or prospective, to the general public, but at great expense to the taxpayers.

Two small incidents of the past few days prompt me to this discussion of the Las Vegas Municipal Golf Course. One of those incidents was a casual remark by a well-to-do man who came to Las Vegas recently for a little vacation and likes the place so well that he has decided to make Las Vegas his permanent residence.

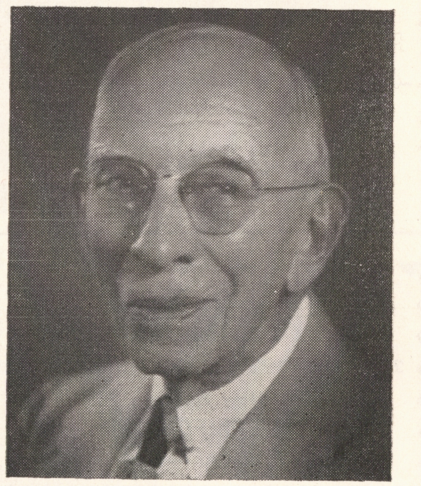
In discussing Las Vegas and its future he said, among other things:

"Las Vegas is neglecting one of its opportunities to attract tourists by not providing an 18-hole golf course with an 'all-year' greens."

The other incident was a really delightful party Delphine and I were invited to at the golf course club house.

Since it has been several years since any noticeable publicity has been given Las Vegas' Municipal Golf Course and something like 15 years since I have taken a golf club in hand, I wondered just what the present status of the institution is.

At first hand observation I learned that the Club House on the golf course has been greatly improved the past two



or three years and that it is now a very delightful place in which to stage a private party such as that given last week by "Bill" and Ruth Ferron to about 60 of the old-timers of Las Vegas.

The improvements include, among other things, the enclosure of the east terrace by glass, thus providing a large addition to the main room, and a similar addition to the bar, with plenty of small tables and chairs so that guests may sit in comfort overlooking the lovely fairways, the city and the vast expanse of desert valleys and mountains including our most lovely "Dasuika" Sunrise Mountain. These building improvements really make the Club House a delightful spot for rest and recreation without at all taking account of the "golf."

The two glass enclosures have been utilized by the caretakers, "Redd" and Ruby Kerr, as conservatories in which

(Continued on Page 34)

NOW: "THE LARGEST CLUB IN NEVADA" OPENING FEBRUARY 25th

YVONNE MORRAY
"MISS DYNA-MITE"
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210 SOUTH SECOND PHONE 98
Now Playing
SIERRA PASSAGE
WAYNE MORRIS—LOLA ALBRIGHT
COUNTER SPY MEETS SCOTLAND YARD

HUNTRIDGE PHONE 86
SUNDAY—MONDAY—TUESDAY
HALLS OF MONTEZUMA
RICHARD WIDMARK—WALTER PALANCE
DIAL 1119

This Season — as Always
For the Finest
in
Women's Fashions
It's
Florence Richards Magicscope
600 SOUTH FIFTH STREET

VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS



SACRED MOMENTS

Moments of real love never die
Memories sacred to you and I
Memories of love you can't deny
Moments you'll never shake—
don't try.

RISING MOON

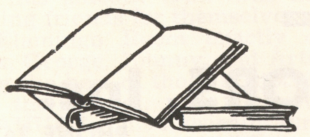
The sun sinks in a welter of
Saffron and red
With a golden moon, ever rising
In its stead

MEXICO

Bananas ripen in the glade
Coconuts turn a suntan shade
Papayas with their golden hue
Hang in clusters, awaiting you

MISSING

Where are the blue birds that once flew by
With a flutter of blue to match the sky
And a happy song for you and I
Could it be that blue birds sometimes die?



ONE MISTAKE

If ever you make one mistake
You'll find it very hard to shake
No matter what you undertake
It's sure to follow in your wake.

LONELINESS

No place to go
Just so-and-so
Can't find the light
By day or night
To left or right
Loneliness is my plight.

ALL'S NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS

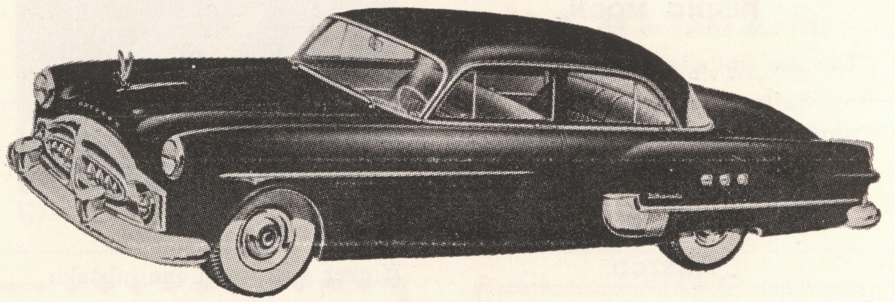
Happiness can be extremely sad
It all depends on the weight you add
Happiness will always have appeal
Until you learn how your neighbors feel.

"ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE"

and You'll Be Driving a

'51 PACKARD

Too!



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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ

Any one of our male readers who has ever spent time studying that fascinating geometrical design, the female figure, must surely agree that it doesn't take an industrial engineer to appreciate the nuances of dress and undress practiced by the modern Miss. However, here in Las Vegas, we have a former Lockheed aircraft engineer now specializing in clothing milady. AL NISSELL, proprietor of the shop which bears his name and outfits Miss and Mrs. Las Vegas from head to tastefully shod toe, spent the war years surrounded by bomber blueprints. How he made the jump from there to ladies' clothing, Mr. Nissell doesn't explain, but who can blame him? It wasn't long before Al had two shops in Hollywood, both frequented by stars from the film capital. As part of this success, we find our cover celebrity visiting our own Fabulous Las Vegas for a short vacation. It was then that the infectious magic of our town struck Al Nissell. He returned to Los Angeles but his heart remained somewhere between Fifth and Fremont. After some weeks of wrestling with himself, Al sold both his shops in Hollywood and returned to Las Vegas to start a small business on Carson street. Within five months, the Nissell touch showed up again, and Al was able to purchase part of the Joe Diamond shoe store on Fremont. It then took as long as three whole months for Al to prosper to the extent that he purchased the entire shop. What a pleasure it is to listen to Al proudly relate that business has increased 65 per cent and "improving all the time."

It has taken one and a half years to see "fabulous" Al Nissell's dream come true . . . that of his own successful ladies' clothing store on Fremont street. We say heartiest congratulations to Al Nissell, and "Welcome, Podner!"

HERE is one for the record books: We'll wager that nine out of 10 of our readers have heard and enjoyed the radio shows of the U. S. Army Air Force. But how many of you know that a Las Vegas newcomer was the man who produced those shows, 22 of them a week! For four years! Yes, it's a record that EDWIN MARTIN, highly capable director of publicity for WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN, can truly be proud of. And Mr. Martin is a man Las Vegas can be proud to claim as a citizen.

Our sports cap is off to a real man of determination, "JONESY," the night manager of the casino in the SILVER SLIPPER SALOON. About a year ago he made up his mind to run a mile every day on the Paradise Valley road, and by George, he's done it! The ritual starts at about 6 every morning. Jonesy looks and feels better than ever before, and says he'll be doing it in "nothing flat" before long . . . May we be among the first to congratulate JACK DENNISON and his captains of the FLAMINGO ROOM, GEORGE COSSOVEL, JOHNNY MORELLI, AND ARTURO STRAPLETTI, who celebrate their paper anniversary soon. On March 9th, Jack and his smooth crew will have been making friends for themselves and for the Flamingo Room exactly one year. Jack, George, Johnny, and Arturo are among the best of those aristocratic men with the menus . . . A bouquet to AL DONAHUE for his musically thrilling arrangement of SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE which features his orchestra and DON BAKER at the organ. Whether you are a New Yorker or not, you will enjoy the exciting big city mood Al and his men express in this composition . . . 'Twas a sight for these sore old eyes to see once again SANDY LEWIS, former GEORGE MORO dancer, when she visited our town a few days ago. Sandy is now studying radio and television in Hollywood. She has developed into quite a radio personality, and with her looks, should be a natural for TV . . . HY GOLDBAUM, that all-around great guy and one of the **Flamingo betting commissioners,** has a deal cooking that will surprise many. Can't say more now. Perhaps by next week's issue the deal will be consummated and we'll get the "green light." . . . MELVIN WOLZINGER, owner of the SOUTHERN NEVADA TRANSPORTATION COMPANY of South First street, will soon join the hundreds of others being called back into service. Melvin, a captain in

(Continued on Page 31)

CLOVER CLUB

RACE BOOK

(Formerly Eldorado)

OPEN DAILY

LADIES CORDIALLY INVITED

SECOND AND FREMONT STREETS

PHONE 2656

IT'S A THRILL

to Find that the 'Fabulous'

THE Flamingo HOTEL

Provides One With Such Fabulous Audiences



Sincerely,

MYRON COHEN

DEAR MOM . . .

. . . by MARDIE ROGERS

DEAR MOM: Just shoved a cherry pie in the oven, and during baking time shall try to knock off this letter to you, and keep my fingers crossed that the juice doesn't run all over the place. I couldn't stand much more confusion this week!

Several days ago my guy, "Snooper," received a letter from one of his buddies in Hollywood, stating that he was moving to New York and wanted to know what he should do about the trunk "Snoop" had stored in his basement some six years back. This was all news to me (before my time!) so I asked him why didn't he answer the fellow and tell him to give it to somebody or just kick it around till it got lost?

"Snoop" didn't think my last remark a bit funny, and hastened to inform me that an oversized H. & M. theatrical trunk is a rare item nowadays, that it should be in excellent condition, having survived several seasons of being used as a "bumper" from the States to Europe and back and that, although he couldn't list them offhand, there should be several valuable articles and souvenirs in it collected from his travels in Germany, Italy and France (scenic views, no doubt!)

I tried to argue with him about being cramped for room as it is, and that if we did decide to travel we have 17 pieces of standard luggage to cart around, not including the dog carrier, portable typewriter, six hat boxes and his metronome. (He'll kill me if he reads this!) All my talk, however, was to no avail. He answered the chap's letter and told him to send it C. O. D. It arrived bright and early Wednesday morning, looking like an ad for all the R. R. and steamship lines ever in existence. I was wrong about it taking up any necessary space, as you see, without making an opening where there wasn't one, it was too large to get in the house anyway. Lucky for us, though, we have a nice neighbor with a two-stall garage who sold one of his cars last week, so little "Excess" (my name



for it) is being sheltered there temporarily.

My guy didn't seem overly anxious to open it, so I decided to do a little "snooping" for myself. After trying about 30 keys, I found the right one (I'll never know what the other 29 are for) and after several tugs and kicks I managed to pry the thing open. Oh, brother! The contents therein are a composite of an old maid's dream and a junk collector's nightmare! This boy would put a "string and bag saver" to shame. Handier gadgets you've never seen; for instance, five champagne stoppers, especially made to keep the giggle water intact; three hair clippers dating back to the cigar-store Indian days; a Rolls razor purchased in England (made in the U. S.) which requires a hone and strop, several pairs of sun goggles sans glass, an electric pants creaser (just what I needed!), a midget dictionary on how to speak French (put out by the Singer people, no doubt), a pearl handled button hook and several boxes filled with tokens from a series of successful "26" games at the Croyden Hotel in Chicago (Peasant!) So,

(Continued on Page 26)

PHONE **911**

IT'S MUCH LESS TO CALL **"911"**

PHONE **911**

UNION CAB COMPANY

RIDE IN COMFORT . . . NO PARKING WORRIES . . .
. . . COMPLETE RELAXATION . . .

ONE WEEK ONLY

FROM SATURDAY, FEB. 17, THRU FRIDAY, FEB. 23

SKIRTS -- ALL STYLES

VARIOUS COLORS, SIZES 10 to 20

Reg. Price up to $8.95 NOW $4.95

AL NISSELL'S

LADIES' SHOES AND SPORTSWEAR

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WATCH THIS SPACE
FOR OUR MONEY SAVING VALUES

Southern Nevada's Only
Completely Feminine Shoe Store



"for feminine footwear
with a flair" . . . it's

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306 FREMONT
Las Vegas, Nevada

BY DAY OR BY NIGHT
THE ATMOSPHERE
IS RIGHT

MATT HOWARD'S
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IN DIAMONDS . . .
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COSTUME JEWELRY . . .
SILVERWARE . . .
AND . . .
100% RELIABILITY . . .
IT'S . . .

STATE JEWELRY CO.
104 FREMONT PH. 1670

WHAT'S DOIN'? . . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN

THAT'S RIGHT! I've got a new name for my column again! I held on to that "Downtown" monicker for quite a spell, though, at that. It seems as though people are always asking me those two words: "What's doin'?" so I figured it to be a reasonable name for my so-called column.

Those of you who aren't in complete agreement with this change in nomenclature of my weekly words of wisdom will please to pick up and fill out the dissension slip (Form No. 2-2-BAD) and mail to these offices immediately, along with a 1000-word thesis on "The Pitfalls of Plagiarism" and the box tops from two large size containers of Kellogg's Gro-Pup Dog Food. Better yet, send the containers, dog food and all, as the Kid is beginning to eat me out of house and home. I should eat as good as she does! Oh, yes—the column! Let's get back to the column!

The newest addition to the entertainment bill at the Embassy Club in North Las Vegas is Zadra, who does a series of dances during the evening's three show periods. Outstanding of these dance specialties is the Fire Dance which she does with the use of a bowl of live flame and fluorescent lighting. Held over by popular demand is cute little Candy Cane with completely new wardrobe changes, one of which is a beautiful full length Indian chief headdress. Oh, there's more to the costume than that if you look real close and when Candy dances that's the way you look . . . real close! One of the best treats of your trip to the Embassy Club will be in the nature of dancing to one of the bouncingest little trios in town, "Frenchy" Pellissier and his Band of Command (whatever that means!) Many of you know Frenchy as a "21" dealer but you never heard such breath control as this guy possesses on the tenor sax and the licorice stick. Besides having good music, they have the largest dance floor in town out there. Show times are 10:30, 12:30 and a special for the "rounders" at 3:15 in the ayem for you dealers, bartenders and waitresses who don't get off until around that hour . . . Had a nice crowd at the Shamrock jam session last Tuesday night. The boys keep the place jumping right along now what with one group standing by, waiting for the present one to finish playing so that they themselves can take over on the stand and blow some of the things they had been so diligently working on all week so that they could play them at the



sessions. Right? Ya know, most musicians don't care to listen to an accordion and, for the most part, I don't blame them in the least, but we heard some of the finest bop squeezed from out of those pleats when the Stylists took over the stand for a few numbers the other evening. Lou, Dick and Tony make a lot of music for a trio. By the way, they close this Saturday night, February 17, so if you'd like to hear them once more for this engagement, you'd better hustle down to the Golden Nugget Saloon tonight! Off-hand, I'd say that the Tuesday night tussle at the Shamrock Hotel is here to stay. At least, I hope their spaghetti is! . . . For the first time since I've lived in Las Vegas, which is over eight years, I visited the Railroad Pass Casino at Railroad Pass on Boulder Hiway. And was I ever surprised! That's a good sized place out there, and one of the largest dance floors, for a club, in this part of the state. Tommy Nelson and his Ork play for modern dancing each Saturday night and on Tuesday night there is square dancing to the music of Jack King, and the calling of Guy Mathis, starting at about 8:30 in the evening. I had the time of my life doing those old square dances again. The new owners, Phlete Martin, Jimmy Fellers and Les Jones, have installed a new bar-b-que pit and buy their hickory wood by the carload; in fact, Les says that they have enough of the stuff out in back to re-

(Continued on Page 27)

It is with a great deal of regret that we leave Las Vegas and our many friends . . . but we shall be nearby . . .

WE OPEN AT MERT WERTHEIMER'S RIVERSIDE HOTEL IN RENO, NEVADA, MARCH 8



THANKS TO ALL FOR GENUINE WESTERN HOSPITALITY

Bill Clifford

AND ORCHESTRA

ME, TOO: MARY MARSHALL, Vocalist with Group

WATCHBIRDS

. . by SIR JODY and LADY MICHAEL

WE SHOULD really call this the belated WATCHBIRD column as it seems it's never on time anymore . . . ah well, if any of our readers have been as snow-bound as we've been these past few weeks they will certainly understand WHY! We're so tired of tunneling out of snow drifts that we just hadn't the energy to punch a typewriter key.

Christmas comes twice a year! At least it did for GRETCHEN NORTH (our SLEEPY SUE SAW). She was gifted $50,000 worth of mink, sables and ermine by WIN ROCKEFELLER. LA! . . . HENRY FONDA, star of MR. ROBERTS, opened to enthusiastic Cincinnati fans, and after his show he and his lovely new bride, SUSAN BLANCHARD, were an enthusiastic audience at the LOOKOUT HOUSE ringside . . . JEFF and JERRY of CLUB BINGO fame are breaking all records at Cincy's LATIN QUARTER. In our backstage interview we asked them why they changed the name of the act to DANE AND COLLINS to which they explained that every time Jeff and Jerry was announced every one expected a puppet act. These talented kids have been offered the alternate nights on TV's BROADWAY OPEN HOUSE and will accept if their present bookings don't conflict . . . JERRY LESTER and COMPANY flew in to do his Broadway Open House program from Cincinnati. There was such demand for tickets to see the broadcast that they had to hire the city's largest auditorium and do two repeat performances the following day. After their evening show they all made a "B" line for the LOOKOUT HOUSE to see our show—NATCH! and the beautiful DAGMAR spent most of her time graciously signing autographs.

BETTY GRABLE, whose beautiful legs skyrocketed her to fame, is still No. 1 pin-up girl to service men—BUT—of the 75,000 photos sent out by her studio, 95 per cent are requests for head shots . . . LIZ TAYLOR'S first fiance, grid star GLENN DAVIS. will have married film actress TERRY MOORE by the time this hits the press. . . . DENNIS O'KEEFE is en route to New York for a month of TV with just a brief stop-over in Chicago . . . LITA GRAY CHAPLIN, silent star and mother of SIDNEY and CHARLES JR., will be JACK DEMPSEY'S TV agent.

IRENE COPPERS, who has always been a most enthusiastic booster of Paris or anything French, has finally arrived there and writes us "I want



out" or, when translated means, I can't wait to get back to America . . . Captain MERRITTA MOORE has planed to Chicago on company business. Or can it be to see her Doc . . . JACK COTTELL sends regards to his old yachting partner, SAM TUCKER.

HARVEY STONE, who has done so much to entertain our G. I.s at home and abroad, is airing his famous G. I. comedy routine at New York's Paramount Theater. On the same bill is the CONDOS and BRANDOW tap team who also sing, play trumpets, piano and "crack wise"—how talented can two people be?

Broadway scene: DENISE DARCEL being escorted to the stage door of the Strand Theater by six strong private dicks to keep her from being be-mobbed and denuded by roughneck fans . . . PATTI PAGE'S Tennessee Waltz has waltzed across the Atlantic and is now No. 1 on the British juke box hit parade, while pretty Patti is enchanting them with her chanteusing under the Moon Over Miami . . . BERT WHEELER, who used to do a private show for us at GRACE HAYES' RED ROOSTER during his sojourn in Las Vegas, just missed having a serious jaw operation

(Continued on Page 30)

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7/8 Mile South of Flamingo Hotel

SHOW REVIEWS by Jack Burns

El Rancho Vegas

Show presented February 14 to February 27

"King of Swing" BENNY GOODMAN and his famous sextette are the current headliners in the ROUNDUP ROOM. These famous recording stars fill the evening's bill with jazz and swing renditions of your favorite tunes . . . HERKIE STYLES dances, sings, and clowns his way into the hearts of his audiences while lovely wife, MARY HATCHER, star of film, "Variety Girl," and Broadway production "Texas Little Darling," adds her lively personality in swingful songs . . . Brought back by popular demand are the exotic NITA BIEBER DANCERS offering rhythmical routines a la Jack Cole . . . IRVING GOODMAN on the trumpet is featured with the sextette during the Bieber routines, and NANCY REED handles the vocal chores.

LAST FRONTIER

Show presented February 9 through February 22

Versatile DENNIS DAY is truly one of the greatest showmen ever to ascend the stage in the Ramona Room. This handsome, young veteran of stage, screen and radio, possesses so much talent that it causes one to say, "It just isn't possible!" This engagement is the tenor's first nite club appearance and he is what is known in show biz as "The Ten Percenter's Dream" and "A Club Owner's Salvation" to lift a place out of the red and into the blue. Each and every song he does, whether it be ballad or pop, is sung to perfection. His naive way of presenting jokes or impersonating some celebrity delights the audience. They just want to hear more of anything he chooses, as long as it's more of Dennis Day. Here is proof that talent recognizes no age. This youngster has a sure-fire formula for audience-pleasing with material that is new and most refreshing. His routines are all complete and each more wonderful than the one before. The audiences love him, they applaud until their hands are swollen, and as one, they keep calling for more. With only one more week to go, Dennis Day has broken the attendance record set by Phil Spitalny about two years ago. According to audience reaction this past week when the room was jammed for each show, this tenor is a cinch to walk away with all honors. . . . The JEAN DEVLYN DANCERS, clad in exquisite costumes, introduce two beautiful routines . . . AL DONAHUE and orchestra cut an excellent show, also offer your favorite tunes for dancing. A special mention to Mr. Donahue for his great arrangement of "Slaughter on 10th Avenue" with Don Baker at the Hammond Organ.

Flamingo

Show presented February 8 through February 21

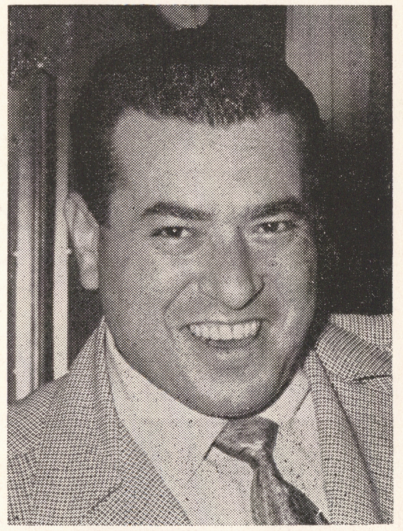
In our time we have been privileged to hear and see some of the greatest story tellers and dialecticians of this age, but we must enthusiastically agree that MYRON COHEN lives up to his advance billing as "king of all dialect story tellers." His laugh-loaded anecdotes once cajoled New York fabric buyers into purchasing with a smile. Now this comparative newcomer to show business and his hilariously fresh material are making the Flamingo Room a wonderful place to visit and revisit. If your life needs a lift, we recommend Myron Cohen and his true-to-life stories . . . The TRENIER TWINS, CLIFF and CLAUDE, are back in town and just as packed with talent and energy as we've ever seen them. These tireless Treniers combine great vocal ability with humor, jazz, and brand new arrangements to create musical entertainment at its best. Although the accent is not on dancing, we maintain that you would be in for a real treat if they would add a bit more terpsichore to their act . . . The JOSEPHINE EARL DANCERS, a bevy of 12 beauties, consist of five show queens and seven dancers, all costumed in gorgeous fashion typical of the famous Flamingo lines. These "eye-fillers" present four different and delightful routines, two in the first show and two in the second. . . . BILL CLIFFORD, MARY MARSHALL, and the orchestra smoothly and tunefully round out the evening with their songs and dance music.

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 she 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 . . . Oc-

(Continued on Page 30)



whose impressive act we shall not describe, but just say this is not to be missed. In person you will discover for yourself that she is truly "Miss Dyna-Mite." Sharing the spotlight are HERBIE SILL and JIMMY HOLLYWOOD, billed as the RADIO ROGUES, two expert mimics who have loaded their highly enjoyable act with comical and talented impersonations and impressions in song. Your favorite personalities are cleverly lampooned by these lads. MIKE WERNER and his DIXIELANDERS provide dancing from 9 p. m. till ?

Thunderbird

Show presented February 15 through February 28 (Not a review)

DUKE ELLINGTON, his world-famous orchestra and revue, open their first Las Vegas engagement this week direct from their world-famous concert at the Metropolitan Opera House and other musical show places of the world. Almost a legendary figure in American music, the Duke brings with him one of the greatest aggregations of soloists ever assembled in one unit. They will feature many of their recorded hits as well as new compositions and arrangements of the Duke and Billy Strayhorn, his musical right-hand man. Vocalists are Kay Davis and Al Hibbler.

CLUB BINGO

Show presented February 14 through February 24

Take our advice, you must visit the BONANZA ROOM to see the current headliner, MISS YVONNE MORRAY,

SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

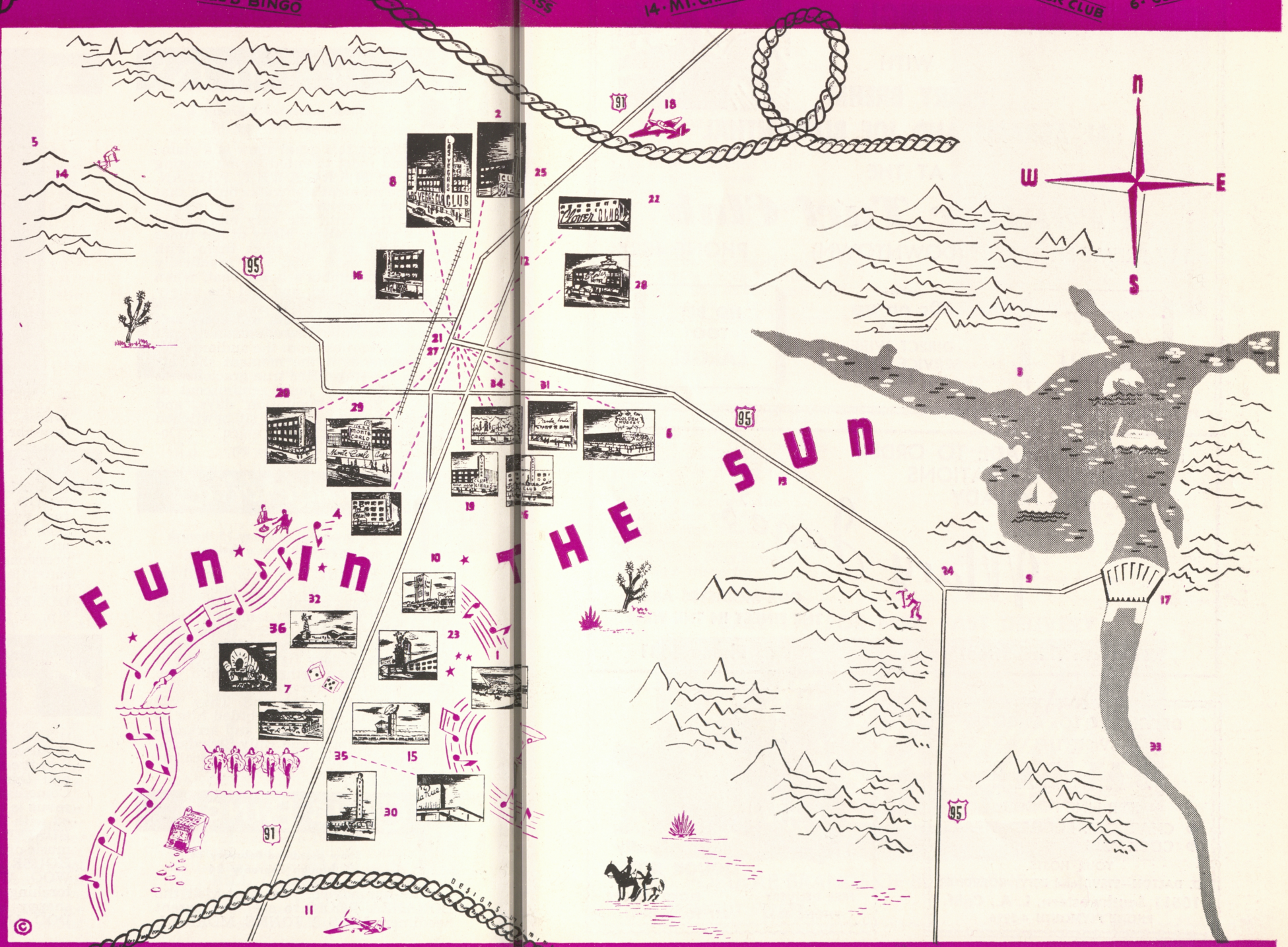
The SILVER SLIPPER SALOON features continuous entertainment from 7 in the evening to 5:30 in the morning and this is gay '90s fun at its best. Comedian HANK HENRY'S burlesque revue is the piece de resistance garnished with the old time piano renditions of BUSTER HALLET, the Dixieland dance music of BERNIE BILLINGS STATION HOUSE BOYS, the songs and banjo of WOO WOO STEVENS, the bartop torching of PAT MICHELS, and the snappy songs and bright sayings of DOC AND DALE.

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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
29 • MONTE CARLO CLUB
32 • EL RANCHO VEGAS HOTEL
4 • HOTEL ELWELL
19 • PIONEER CLUB
25 • NORTH LAS VEGAS
13 • HENDERSON
30 • FLAMINGO HOTEL

33 • COLORADO RIVER
7 • HOTEL LAST FRONTIER
24 • RAILROAD PASS
26 • FRONTIER CLUB
10 • CLUB BINGO

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



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

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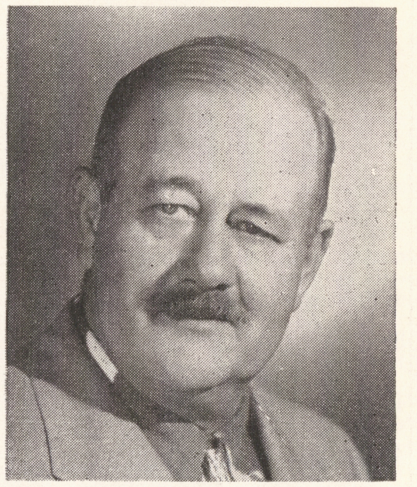


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THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

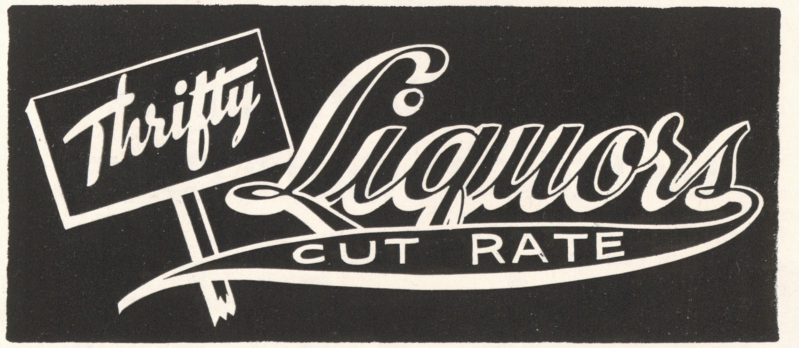
Six days in bed with
Pneumonia.
It's awful tiresome
With nothing much to do
And all the time in the world
In which to do it.
The radio got boresome
With its "Soap Box Operas."
Funny thing, though, back
In 1943
I was in bed with the "Flu."
Like now, I listened to the
Radio and will you
Believe it,
One of the same programs I
Heard then is still on
The air and
Not only that,
The situation is exactly the same.
Aunt May's niece is still
Laying in bed at the hospital
And everyone is trying to
Find a way to break the news to her
That her lover who
Was rushing to her side
Has been killed in
A train wreck.
They are afraid to tell her
Because they fear
For her health due to her
Delicate condition.
To my way of thinking they
Had better hurry up with
The news or it will be too
Late. She will
Probably succumb due
To irritation of bed sores.
I should crab about
Spending a week in bed
When Aunt May's niece
Has been there for



About eight years.
Read a few books.
One of them was
Especially good. Its
Title is,
"Miracle at Carville."
I've always been an
Avid reader so to
Pass the time I
Tried to remember
The first books
I had read.
The first I can remember
Was "Black Beauty."
Then came the
"Rover Boys." Now there
Were fellows

(Continued on Page 29)

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"Diplomat of Comedy"

— WITH —



ELISA JAYNE

"Scintillating Danseuse"

IT'S A 'NATURAL' TO BE BACK IN LAS VEGAS AT WILBUR CLARK'S

Desert Inn

On the Scene

WHY CAN'T THE CLOVER CLUB BE IN CLOVER?

Several days ago yours truly was approached by quite a number of dealers, formerly employed by the new Clover Club. They wanted to know if something could be done about regaining their respective jobs.

I admitted I didn't know what had occurred. I had been in the club the previous evening, and had noticed how well it was operating under the new management, after only about 30 days.

After listening to the stories these jobless men related, I drove downtown. The club was lighted and a display sign at the entrance stated: "Due to landlord difficulties, the management was compelled to lay off 135 men," or words to that effect.

I went inside and spoke to Dr. Bernstein, to discover exactly what had taken place. The Doctor had no comment to offer. All he could say was that he was sincerely sorry that 135 people had to lose their jobs. However he had no alternative in the matter.

In a short while the landlord of the property, P. O. Silvani, will be summoned to court to answer charges on four different counts. Dr. Bernstein was very upset over the sitution, so I left to continue my personal investigation.

I spoke to numerous employes who have been employed at this spot under various managements during the past four years—and dozens of others who are not directly concerned. They were all unanimous in their selection of questions. They wanted to know the answers to these queries: "What is P. O. Silvani's object? —What is he trying to prove?—What is his objection to the club being a success?—Doesn't he care about those of us who need our jobs at this spot?" While listening to all of this I recalled that during the four years in which I have lived in this town, there has always been dissension between the landlord and the various tenants in that building.

Why does something like this happen? Doesn't P. O. realize this constant arguing and bickering does no good?—especially for the 135 men who are out of work until this is righted!

At the present there is a skeleton crew operating—just to meet the requirements of the lease. The normal payroll of the Clover Club is $2000 daily. Now it isn't quite $200 a day.

Even the tourists' curiosity is aroused and they all wonder what is going on in this club. The remarks they have passed are of a nature that can do harm to our downtown area and to Las Vegas proper.

The important question is: What can we do to get these unemployed back on their jobs? Would it be possible to settle whatever differences exist by arbitration of a representative body in conference with the landlord?

It is an established fact that Mr. Silvani receives $4500 monthly for rent, plus other considerations, whether the club is or is not in full operation. Those so-called "other considerations" add up to quite a figure.

As a reporter it is my duty to be impartial in all of my summations. So, according to my findings, I feel it necessary to ask the following questions:

1. Is it possible that P. O. wants to create intolerable conditions so that any tenant will be forced to surrender the club to him, along with all improvements which come close to one-fourth million dollars?
2. Is P. O. deliberately trying to oust the present operator? (As a landlord, Mr. Silvani should be grateful for his tenant's success.)
3. Why is P. O. inflicting hardships upon his tenant, who pays him that very tidy sum of $4500 monthly?

And the last and most important question of all—doesn't P. O. care whether or not peaple work?

I'd like to add at this point that both landlord and tenant are very wealthy. Doctor Bernstein can afford to stand his ground and carry his complaints to court.

Mr. Silvani, of course, is losing nothing. He still receives the rent. The only ones who are on the losing end, and **can't afford** the layoff, are the 135 unemployed men, along with their wives and children.

From where "I sit, stand, or lie," they are the only losers. I only hope the layoff proves to be a temporary one, so their families can't be made to suffer.

It appears as though a "black shroud" enveloped this club from the time it was born and just won't permit it to breathe. In all sincerity, I hope this "shroud" will be conquered and removed.

The Clover Club, just as all other clubs in town, deserves the chance to exist and to prove it is capable of being a credit to Las Vegas . . . J. C.



DOWNTOWN

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS ... by MARTIN LEWIS

SOME Hollywood stars can fill any casting bill. Their versatility knows no bounds, their ability helps them to score in a wealth of varied screen roles.

Stellar example of this school is lovely GENE TIERNEY. During her 11 years in cinema city, the popular star has emphasized variety as the spice of her screen career. On several trips to the sound stages she has portrayed a woman of the Old West, a daughter of a Canadian fur trapper, an Arabian Princess, a Chinese girl, an English beauty, a modern American debutante, a Dutch damsel, and a cold-blooded murderess. In her latest movie venture, "The Mating Season," Gene portrays the daughter of an American ambassador who marries a penniless clerk. Her co-stars in this hilarious and frothy comedy are JOHN LUND, character comedienne THELMA RITTER and MIRIAM HOPKINS.

If the test of a good actress is the ability to play a dozen different roles with the utmost finesse, then GENE TIERNEY is tops!

Realism Strikes Home

So you think there's not enough realism in movies? Then listen to this. The other day Director John Farrow was shooting a scene for "Submarine Command," in which a submarine returns to port after several months at sea during World War II. To add realism to the action, Farrow used wives, sweethearts and mothers of the sub's actual crew as extras to welcome the men home. As the scene was being filmed, the movie-maker noticed an elderly, gray haired lady weeping unashamedly as she hugged and kissed one of the sailors, supposedly a son she had not seen for several years. When the "shot" was over, Farrow introduced himself to the lady and asked her if she could repeat the scene exactly as she had done it before.

"That will be easy, sir," she replied. "I've done this many times, you see, four of my sons were in the Navy and one of them didn't come back from Guam."

Stellar Trio to Headline Cast of "Shane"

Producer-Director George Stevens has set three of Hollywood's top headliners for stellar roles in his forthcoming picture, "Shane."

When Paramount cameras roll on the unusual western, popular JEAN AR-



THUR will step onto the sound stages to take over the feminine lead. This new stint, by the way, will mark the actress' first movie role since her clever portrayal of a Congresswoman in the Charlie Brackett-Billy Wilder venture, "A Foreign Affair." Teaming with Miss Arthur will be pistol-packing ALAN LADD, one of the film industry's biggest box-office headliners, and WILLIAM HOLDEN, who recently achieved new screen recognition as GLORIA SWANSON'S leading man in "Sunset Boulevard."

Production of "Shane" is slated to get underway in late April.

From the Hollywood Casting Office

Hollywood's greatest talent hunt in the past decade ended last week with the signing of Orangey Murray, a foul-tempered, overweight, alley cat, to co-

(Continued on Page 34)

DIXIE
COFFEE SHOP
(WE GRIND OUR OWN)
CHICKEN IN A BASKET
OR
SMALL NEW YORK STEAK
$1.50
24 FREMONT OPEN 24 HOURS

DEAR MOM:

(Continued from Page 11)

Mom, that gives you a rough idea of the hidden treasures of the Jolly Rogers! Heave ho! (And that's just what I'm going to do with it!)

Have been out of touch with my night life of late, so have been trying to catch up with all the wonderful stars that come down here . . . and there are a gang of them! You no sooner see one set of shows at the Strip's famous hotels when a new array of artists are presented for your pleasure. Most of these performers are importations from New York, Chicago, South America and Europe. I am wondering, however, if we aren't sometimes overlooking the local talent that is lying dormant in front of our very noses!

I just happened to be at the Desert Inn around 4:30 ayemish one morning last week, and accidently overheard some of the finest "twenty-three skidooish" comedy material I've heard in many a moon, delivered by two dapper chaps. If I were older I might sav their material was reminiscent of Gallagher and Shean.

One of the gentlemen must have had some theatrical experience 'cause I heard him mention having once played on the old "Leaky Roof" circuit. The other chap is also a card. He'd be a great bet for the pool. (Telling jokes around it, that is!) Naturally I can't mention their names around here. They are too well known, and I'm sure Mr. Clark would never forgive himself for spending so much money on the actors' transportation when these two fellows are already here. You see, Mom, they are both bossmen of the Desert Inn, having much to do with the slot machines and gambling casino, so it would not be cricket to tell even you who they are. I'll tell you this much, though, a Mrs. Jones and a Mrs. Neary think they're the best and, all jokes aside, so do we! (As boss-men, naturally!)

Finally got to Mr. Charleston on Sunday, our day off. We pulled in to our favorite gas station and inquired the way there. The attendant, who knows we've been in Las Vegas for quite some time, said he thought we were pulling his leg, but pointed out the direction and quipped: "You can't miss it—it's only about nine miles!"

I suggested that as long as it was still early in the afternoon we might as well see a picture first and get up there for dinner. We saw a picture all right, but whoever started the slogan "Movies are better than ever" is doing a great job of encouraging people to stay at home and listen to their radios, especially of a Sunday afternoon when by merely turning a dial you can hear Eve Arden, Jack Benny, Edgar Bergen and Amos and Andy, to say nothing of two solid hours of chiller-dillers. It would be our luck to bump into a Warner Brothers Grade Z opera, much ado about murderers and their molls, a bit of tripe that would insult the intelligence of an imbecile.

Fortunately they killed off the cast in a hurry, which somewhat shortened the sitting time, and then came the companion feature that was listed in the lobby by title only, and when we looked at the cast of characters, with all due respect, it read like an obituary column, it was that dated.

With that much of our afternoon wasted, we headed for Charleston Lodge sooner than we expected. The service station man was pulling our leg, we found out. The distance was 30 miles not nine, but the trip was nice. Snow was in evidence and it was cold when we got there. I wished for a time that I had worn my "snuggies," but when I went inside and sat before the fireplace I was as content as a kitten. I imagine if I went in for skiing or skating it would be great fun, but I haven't learned to balance a bicycle yet, so why tempt fate? . . . I'll still take my fun in the Las Vegas Sun!

Well, dears, next week at this time we will be in Los Angeles on business, but will only be there for a couple of days. Will send you a post card of the place I'll be staying, the lobby of the "Brown Derby"! . . . Till my next exclusive, just refer to me as Louella! Love . . . . Me.

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$5.00 PER YEAR

WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from Page 13)

model the place if they should so decide. Now that I've had my first visit to Railroad Pass you can bet base money that it won't be my last . . . Never have you seen such a change as there is since Jack and Noosns put in their piano-bar at the Rag Doll in North Las Vegas. The thing is only designed for eight stools, but you can usually see some of the "vocalizers" tryin' to squeeze in three or four more. By the way, Noosns, those new drapes around the outside wall do a lot in dressing up the place and, in case you folks didn't know it, she made them all by hand . . . Even though the Monte Carlo Club added 20 new machines to their ever-active slots, they still don't have enough to go around to all their customers, especially for those who play the "Indian and buffalo" type of coins. Most of them can be found playing three machines at a time. There's no need for me to go into a lengthy discourse as to why all these machines are kept so busy. Liberal, that's why! . . . Here's one I must tell that gave me a mild roar! I was in the Chatterbox talking to Whitey Stortroen when a gentleman at the end of the bar called him over and very seriously asked the question, "Where am I?" "At Main and Fremont streets," says Whitey. "That so?" was the reply, and after a moment came this query: "What city, though?" Whitey tells him that he's in Las Vegas, Nevada, and the guy says, "Then I'm not in Chicago after all, am I?" Now that was really a week-end "shot to hellina hand basket" for my money. . . . A new-comer to our town and a right guy is Sammy Cohen, who is now running the Race Book at the Clover Club (formerly the Eldorado). Sammy has been in the business most of his life and in all parts of the country, but never in Vegas. Just talking to the man and watching him work leads me to know that he will fit into the Vegas picture with no trouble at all. When Dave Gross and Sammy Lichter put the stamp of approval on someone, that's good enough for me . . . Back from the cold country, and beginning to thaw out, are the Copes, who own and operat the Bottle House Liquor Store on South Fifth street. "Gramma and Grampa" had been back East to see the new granddaughter, and only a grand and glorious occasion such as that would make them leave Las Vegas for any length of time at all. They've taken root here faster'n a shoot of Bermuda grass in a prize lawn. Floyd and Louise are our kind of people and you will like them the minute you meet 'em . . . I heard some real talent the other night at the Saturday night session on the West Side in the person of Damita Jo. A little gal loaded with personality and with a voice backed by feeling that permitted her to sing any type of a tune and present it in the manner in which it should be done. She was just up from L. A. for a few days to visit the Trenier Twins and Dean Bilbo at the Flamingo Hotel and, speaking of those boys, you should have heard the set they played at the session! Man, what a beat those guys can get! Sitting in with them was a young man by the name of Roy Hayes who is currently at the El Morocco Club over there and can he play one string guitar? WOW! At one point in the set he put the guitar above and behind his head and, so help me, he played just as well with it in that position as he did with the instrument down where it normally should be. You can't afford to miss any of these sessions at the Elks Lodge on the West Side 'cause you never know when you will witness something that you would maybe never get to hear again in a lifetime. Musicians play their best at a jam session. . . . Although a couple of weeks late, I'd like to wish the best of everything to a couple of very nice newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Billy Barber, who were married on February 2. Yes, they took that "big step" and Billy couldn't have taken it with a nicer person than cute and blonde Norma Green, the niece of Bill Green at the Nugget. Ya know, if this marriage business keeps up, Ted and I will be the only bachelors left out of the old group. What's that old saying about being unlucky at gambling and lucky in love or words to that effect? According to that, I could become the greatest gambler in the annals of the profession! Again congratulations, kids, from those of us who envy you your complete happiness . . . And that's about all there is for this week, so the next time you see me some place, stop and chew the fact for a while and lemme know **what's doin'!**

—JOHNNY.

'TUTOR'S DON'TS'

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

The Story of the FBI

. . by J. EDGAR HOOVER
CHIEF OF THE BUREAU

THE PLANNED INVASION OF THE AMERICAS

THE NAZI-FASCIST teaching of "Divide and Conquer" followed the same pattern in every territory marked for conquest. While Quislings tore down Norway's defenses and the Lavals were hard at work undermining France, the same "softening-up process" was under way in America. The Americas, however, awoke in time, and they were the only continents of the world where Axis bombs did not fall or Axis boots did not tread. But the enemy planned it otherwise.

There was never a time in modern history when the entire Western Hemisphere stood in greater danger from foreign invasion than during the critical period of 1941 and 1942. It is only 1685 miles from Natal, Brazil, to Dakar, North Africa . . . no further than a railroad trip from Boston, Mass., to Omaha, Neb. At one time in those long, anxious months when America was unprepared, German troops were ready at Dakar, awaiting the right moment to drive the Nazi knife into Brazil.

The Reich considered a direct attack on American defenses in the Caribbean. German and Japanese planes were to attack the Panama Canal, Colombian seaports and exposed overland pipelines. A fleet of 1000 huge submarines was to carry Nazi troops into Colombia and Venezuela.

A boat was to be sunk in a narrow channel in Dutch Guiana . . . thereby cutting off 60 per cent of a mineral necessary to United States industries. Brazil had over 200,000 Japanese. They were reported to be arming. Germans laid plans to smash transportation if Chile broke with the Axis.

The strike in the Bolivian tin mines was traced to a German consul. Slowdowns, fires, and destructive devices slowed the workers on United States bases in Brazil!

The situation had all the elements known in the Axis code of warfare as the preparation for a surprise attack.

At 1:25 p. m. Sunday, December 7, 1941, the Honolulu office of the FBI called headquarters at Washington, D. C. It was 7:55 a. m. in Hawaii. Jap bombers were blasting Pearl Harbor!

The first call sparked into action the nationwide war plans of the FBI. While bombs were still falling on the main United States Pacific Fleet, every FBI office from Juneau, Alaska, to San Juan, Puerto Rico, was alerted. Within one hour every FBI employe in each of the field offices was stationed at his post of duty and knew his job. FBI manpower combined with more than 150,000 law enforcement officers to crack down at the slightest sabotage gesture or attempted uprising of enemy fifth columns.

In the communications center of the FBI two officials, following FBI war plans worked out in advance, dictated directly to operators the vital messages going out at the same time to all continental field offices over the bureau's teletype network. Nineteen different messages flashed out in rapid succession and each special agent in charge passed on to cooperating police the latest security orders!

All Japanese known to be dangerous were immediately apprehended. Japanese were taken off planes. Communications in and out of the United States were stopped. Press services to occupied China and Japan were cut off. Protective guards were established at the Japanese, German and Italian embassies in Washington, and at their consulates throughout the country. Their mail and telephone services were discontinued, their funds were frozen.

On the day following Pearl Harbor 1771 dangerous enemy aliens had been arrested and delivered to the U. S. Immigration and Naturalization Service for detention. As formal declarations of war were announced, large-scale arrests of German and Italian aliens—all known or suspected to be dangerous—were made. The whole operation moved along according to plan. In all, over 16,000 arrests were made by the FBI.

Since the aliens considered "dangerous" were apprehended in a calm and orderly manner, the fears of honest, patriotic aliens were quieted. They saw that there would be none of the so-called "witch hunting" remembered from the last war.

Vicious rumors which flew thick and fast over Hawaii and later spread to the mainland were also quashed by prompt investigations. Official FBI announcements that the "latest stories" were pure rumor and not real did much to calm jittery nerves. Public fear was further prevented by a vigorous "Tell it to the FBI" campaign.

Thus the Axis fifth column was smashed before it could go into action. The panicky fear of it that gripped many Americans in the black days following Pearl Harbor soon disappeared.

THE OLD TIMER:

(Continued from Page 21)

Who really got around!
Then when I reached the
Ripe age of 14, Mother
Let me go to the "Ten-Cent Store"
Alone!
And pick out any
Horatio Alger Jr. book
That I wanted.
"Phil, the Fiddler"
"Tried and True"
"Paul, the Peddler"
No matter the name, they
Always contained the
Same plot.
The hero was always
A poor but honest fellow
(In rags)
Who ends up being rich
By the simple
Procedure of
Finding a purse in the street.
He opens it
And finds FIVE
ONE DOLLAR BILLS inclosed.
Does he touch one penny?
He does not.
Even though he hasn't eaten
Since he left the farm
Last September, he knows
That this money does not
Belong to him.
He finds an address in
The purse.
Not having money
Of his own to ride
In the horse car.
He trudges barefoot
To the house
And there
Virtue triumphs and honesty
Gets its just reward.
It just so happens that
The purse belonged to the
Daughter of the Bank President
Who talks her father
Into taking our hero in as
A full-time partner in the bank.
Yep, them were the days.
The next era was the
"Dime Novel" days.
"Dead-Eyed Dick,"
"Buffalo Bill."
"Pawnee Bill," to name
A few.
They were absolutely forbidden
At our house.
I wonder if anyone
Beside me ever hid them
In the bed.
Spring came and Mother
Changed the straw in the tick
On my bed and found
Six of them.
And when Dad came home,
Well, it was exactly
Twenty-two hops to
The woodshed.

Weekly Beauty Letter

from WALLY WESTMORE

Makeup Director, Paramount Studios

"Silver blue" is the intriguing hair shade which stage and screen actress Jessica Tandy displays in her new movie "September Affair." The Broadway star started to sport the unique color tone in the hit production, "A Streetcar Named Desire," and after her 18-month run in the play she found everybody expected her to remain a silver blue. "So I guess I'm stuck with it," says the former brown-head.

However, lovely as it is when sported by Miss Tandy, this beauty fad is not for the many, cautions makeup expert Wally Westmore.

"The crimes committed by women in the name of beauty are inexcusable, even though self-inflicted," says the world-famous beauty ace. "New trends in hair-shades certainly do not flatter women of all ages, all types and all colorings. Yet women from 16 to 60 stream into beauty salons demanding to be 'silver blue' or whatever the current hair fad happens to be. They have utter disregard of the aging effect, the harsh contrast to skin tone that a new hair-tone may cause."

According to Westmore, some hair shades emphasize every wrinkle, bring into greater prominence all under-eye shadows, give complexions a drawn look and even deaden all shades of make-up. The over-all effect is an appearance of unhealthiness. In addition, Wally classifies the current follow-the-leader craze for new hair-tones with that of the dead white skin, dark lipstick, lank of hair of several years ago, which reminds one of the big smear of mouth, the single hairline eyebrow.

"Women should remember that the ideal is an appearance of natural beauty," concludes Makeup Director Westmore. "Whenever cosmetics, dyes and tints are obviously unnatural in shade or application, beauty ceases to exist."

✔The advantage of being bald is that when her mother walks in all you have to do is straighten your tie.

WATCHBIRDS:

(Continued from Page 15)

thanks to miracle drugs, and will open his new act in Boston with HANK LADD.

At the Foreign Press Association World Film Festival banquet held at the Tennis Club in Palm Springs JANE WYMAN won the "favorite actress" award and GREGORY PECK that of "favorite actor." Two special "Henriettas" were awarded to IDA LUPINO for Hollywood Woman of the Year and JOSE FERRER as "most likely to step into favorite actor role in international circles"—WE cast ours the same . . . And then there's the story of the actor who spotted a scantily clad starlet on a musical comedy set and feeling solicitous of her well being he asked: "Aren't you cold?" to which she looked at him sultrily and replied: "I've never been accused of it."

BIG-BUG-EYES Department: Who has eyes for Eisenberg? . . . PERKY WINTERS of Cincy sends love and kisses to her uncle PHILIP PFEIL, one of the pit bosses at the Last Frontier . . . JOHN CONTE, NBC singer and ex-husband of glamorous MARILYN MAXWELL, says he passes so much time in small night clubs and juke box joints hunting for new faces to use on his show that he feels like an ABC board agent.

Ex-chorus boy (gypsy to the profession) HERMAN HOVER, boss-man of CIRO'S in Hollywood, thinks the international situation could be improved tremendously if the State Department was turned over to people in show business. They're trained to please people he says and when they no longer do, they become agents. How right you are, Mr. H. . . . ANN SHERIDAN'S $150,000 suit against her studio may have some amazing repercussions . . . Pretty petite JUNE HUTTON has been renewed on the FRANK SINATRA video show for an additional nine weeks.

She dreamed she went dancing in her maiden form—OR—they all held their breath at New York's EL MOROCCO and prayed SHE would too when the top of the young lady's gown fell to the floor. BUT—she went on dancing . . . Note from PHYLLIS ADAMS of Theatre Arts Magazine who says BETTY and JANE KEAN got such sock notices at the Copacabana that they're held over for another fortnit'. Bravo, Kids, and our love to Helen and Deidre.

ERNESTINE MERCER, singing star of the LATIN QUARTER revue at the Lookout House, turned down the gift of a six-carat diamond ring. NO, not from a loving fan—but from her loving uncle ERNEST ESLICK, a Texas oilionaire . . . Note to men over 40 WITHOUT waistlines: In Cincy there's a gym which is up three flights of stairs and NO elevator. When you get to the third floor there's a sign which reads: You've just had your first lesson!

Incidental Intelligence: VIC DAMONE to sing for his supper for his Uncle Sam . . . Luscious LENA HORNE trilling them with her trilling in chilly-Philly . . . Thrush DORIS DAY cited by the American Legion for her entertainment of service men . . . the newsboy who peddles his papers at the crossroads by SILL'S DRIVE-IN on Highway 91 will be happy to note his No. 1 idol, EVELYN KNIGHT, is at the Hotel Radison in Minneapolis . . . EDITH PIAF, the Parisienne gamin is getting a warm, warm welcome home in cold, cold Paris . . . Laughable, lovable JIMMIE DURANTE was elected honorary prexy of the Toucan Fanciers Society of Chicago . . . the famous CROSBY pipes are well enough for him to return to warble at Paramount. . . . VAN HEFLIN in New Yawk plugging the opening of his film Tomahawk. . . . Billie Eckstine is saying Aloha to Hawaii . . . JUANITA HALL back in the role of Bloody Mary after a two-week "stand" at the Lenox Hospital for surgery . . . The five DE MARCO sisters are airing perhaps the only bit of pleasant harmony in Washington this year at the Capitol . . . and hoping this leaves you with a few pleasant thoughts. until next time, may we say COOOOOOOOOO.

DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 17)

cupying 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, marking 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 JAYNE, who in private life is Mrs. Paul Gray. She must have caught the comedy angles from her husband and fares very 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 . . . CARLTON HAYES and his orchestra paint their usual excellent musical background.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

the last war, will receive his old rating and will train bombardier trainees. Only recently Capt. Wolzinger purchased a new home on Oakey Boulevard for Mrs. Wolzinger and their two children. A sad time to go, but "Uncle Sam" beckoned and there is no denying the gentleman in the top hat. DAD DAVE, owner of the THRIFTY LIQUOR STORE on Fremont, will take care of the bus company while son is away. And here's hoping the "away" is a mighty short one . . . Now to answer the many who have called to ask the whereabouts of TUTOR SCHERER. The "Poet" is mixing business with pleasure in L. A. Tutor calls us frequently inquiring about everyone, well, almost everyone, and always sends regards to all his friends. If it's important that you find the Laureate of Las Vegas, our reliable "underground" informs us that he dines every evening at the HOUSE OF MURPHY or BILTMORE. Now you know . . . Always jesting, EDNA GENIEVE, change girl at the D. I., tells customers she gives $11 for $10 every Monday. It's her day off. But wha' hoppens, Edna, if the management accidentally changes the day? . . . ABE SCHILLER is one man who should know the wisdom of that old saying: "It's easy to dish it out, but mighty hard to take it." Abe gets a big kick out of joshing people, but when on the receiving end, he sees red. What's wrong, Abe? . . . Here's a name to remember: JOE PRESLEY, 4½ years old. Joe has shown such a remarkable aptitude toward baseball, that MR. WELLS, baseball trainer and enthusiast, has taken the lad in hand to teach him the fundamentals. At present Joe is taking dancing lessons from GEORGE MORO in order to improve his coordination and reflexes. Here's a DiMaggio or Ruth that is really starting young . . . By the way, George Moro heads a group of Vegans invited to meet personally with the King of Greece sometime during 1951, homecoming year for all Greeks everywhere . . . May we add our few words to the big bouquet of warm wishes being sent by all her friends to MRS. J. C. LEWIS, hospitalized at Clark County General. Mrs. Lewis, as you know, is proud mother of the HOTEL FLAMINGO'S MAXINE and of DIANA POWELL, wife of WILLIAM, "THE THIN MAN." Here's hoping we see you on the Strip real soon, Mrs. Lewis, your old well and happy self . . . Good news from the mailbox for all members of the EPPY PEARSON fan club. The former BIG man of CLUB BINGO entertainment and his wife KAY are in Reno where jovial Eppy is currently delighting patrons of the GOLDEN HOTEL. The Pearsons send their best to you all . . . Same mailbox brings us word from DICK WINSLOW and ALICE TYRELL who moved from their headline spot at the BEVERLY COUNTRY CLUB in New Orleans to ART CHILDER'S swank LITTLE PALM CLUB in Miami. Dick and Alice are looking forward to that Florida sun after freezing weather in New Orleans. They call themselves "two homesick Las Vegas lovers." . . .Many thanks to BUNNY HARRIS, lovely change girl at WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN. She is not only kept busy changing big bills into little coins, but also the help hands over to her for safekeeping their copies of "FABULOUS LAS VEGAS" until they get off shift. Another chore but one handled with a smile by Miss Harris, who is, by the way, just as cute as a "Bunny." . . . GARY REESE and RALPH "KY" LAMB, partners in "crime," are two of the most conscientious deputy sheriffs patroling our busy highway"91". While making our rounds we always seem to meet and always receive a smile and hello from this friendly pair. Gary, a pilot in the last war and a reserve officer in the Air Corps, has received his "Greetings." Before you leave us, Deputy Reese, we'd like to say: We have indulged in a lot of mutual kidding, a bit rough at times, but always enjoyable. For you possess a priceless sense of humor which will be missed by all of us, your sidekick "Ky," and the many friends you have acquired during three years of highway patrolling . . . Which is the vocation and which is the avocation? We understand that a musician applying for a job with the HARRY JAMES orchestra will not be asked by Harry what instrument the musician plays, but what position on the baseball diamond. We told a friend of ours that BETTY GRABLE'S husband spends most of his time playing baseball. His answer: "Ridiculous!" Oh yes, Harry is quite capable with his

(Continued on page 32)

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 31)

trumpet too, as you can discover February 22 when he opens at the Flamingo . . . THUNDERBIRD HOTEL patrons have not only been enjoying the fine show starring BOB HOWARD, but also the infectious good humor of friendly HARRY WISOTZKEY, multi-millionaire owner of the MAPLE PRESS in York, Pennsylvania, and one of the nicest guys you'd ever want to meet . . . About a year ago ALIX MARLEY left our town to melt a little of that "Alaska Gold" out of the frozen North. She has just brought her lovely red-head and some lovely "green stuff" back home. One more trip back north to settle some unfinished business, then it's back to Las Vegas, never more to roam. Alix confeses she never realized just how great our town really is until she left . . . Film folk are chatting about the clever nursery gimmick in the Hollywood home of JUNE ALLYSON and DICK POWELL. Instead of the usual wooden door, entrance to the POWELL'S nursery is made of glass, thus enabling the stars to admire their baby at all times and not endanger the tot's health. Darn clever, these heroes and heroines of the celluloid . . . Another clever man and one of the best liked in San Francisco is JOE FARRELL, inspector of police in the Bay area and one of the top men in the entire department. His criminological solutions have earned him national recognition in the headlines and magazine articles. Quite by coincidence we were speaking of his work, when HARRY PELSINGER, operater of the SPORTS BOOK in the Flamingo Hotel, announced: "You bet he's a great guy. Joe Farrell is my son-in-law and I'm proud to call him MY SON!" In last week's issue we wrote about Harry and his experiences in the ring as a champion boxer. We'd wager that Inspector Farrell boasts about his "Dad" too! . . . Does HAROLD KOPLAR'S visit to our town mean that he is contemplating some business proposition here? He is owner of the CHASE HOTEL in St. Louis. Could be! . . . As Las Vegas was being rocked by the government's atomic bomb tests, Station KRAM's alert staff was on the spot, recording five broadcasts for 405 Mutual Broadcasting System stations coast to coast and to Hawaii and also four broadcasts for 192 National Broadcasting System stations coast to coast. This was quite a feather in the caps of ED JANSEN and TRUMAN HINKLE as well as Chief Engineer FRED YOUNG and announcer TOM PAINE . . . On the Romantic Scene: Hollywood gossips continue to link the name of ELIZABETH TAYLOR with that of the young star's new movie director, STANLEY DONEN. LIZ is reported to be having "steady" dates with the chap, who's rumored to be one of the most promising young movie-makers . . . Other twosomes making news in the film capital this week include IDA LUPINO and HOWARD DUFF, radio's SAM SPADE-turned-screen star; JANE WYMAN and song-writer JIMMY McHUGH, LIZ SCOTT and BOB PETERS, and (what again?) starlet ANNE STERLING and GEORGE JESSEL . . . A couple of theatrical agents, working as a team and accomplishing great results are HERSHEY MARTIN and BERL ADAMS, both from M.C.A. Hershey does the booking and Berl plans the programs for the artist. Both are more than capable and doing a great job. . . . Last Thursday while BILLIE SKOLSKY was prowling the Flamingo with her trusty camera, some low individual was prowling her apartment, ransacking it of all her clothes and jewelry. It's a cinch that the thief knew Billie works until 1 in the morning and that his thievery would go undisturbed. Bow how LOW can anyone become? This probably won't do a bit of good, but in the hope that some miracle may touch the heart of the party or parties involved, we'd like to ask that you give the gal a break. You can't possibly sell or pawn all of that loot. Billie works very hard for the money she earns and saves whatever she can to look "Flamingoish." And she succeeds. The clothes that were stolen represent years of doing without in order to have. Here's hoping that the age of chivalry, gallantry or miracles has not passed! Keep looking in those closets, Billie Skolsky, and we will all keep our fingers crossed for you . . . So you like to drive at high speeds? Well, next time that urge presses your foot down on the accelerator, remember the words of DENNIS DAY: "After '50,' even Saint Christopher leaves the car." . . . Last Friday multi-millionaire lumber king BILL JONES married lovely screen extra BONNIE BANNON at the "Little Church of the West," and quite a sight it was, too! Bill, height 6 feet 7 inches, weight 280 pounds, was flanked by best men JACK SULLIVAN and jockey king EDDIE ARCARO, height 5 feet 2 inches, 100 pounds plus. This is the fifth marriage for Mr. Jones, who says: "This is the real McCoy!" . . . MYRON COHEN, speaking about crew haircuts, says: "I used to have one of those, but the 'crew' bailed out!" . . . As the cigaret ads like to say, here is "proof positive" that a mother's premonitions are highly accurate. MRS.

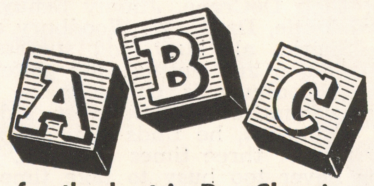
(Continued on Page 33)

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 32)

GISEL named her daughter "STAR" and that smiling cocktail waitress is well on her way to proving her mother right. Remember the Talent Opportunity Contest for the Desert Inn, held in the BONANZA ROOM of the CLUB BINGO? STAR GISEL walked off with first prize as easily as we'd eat a piece of apple pie. Mrs. Gisel's daughter has lots of ambition. If hard work can turn the trick, then this talented miss is due soon to join all the other "STARS." . . . Congratulations Dept.: to DENNIS DAY and his lovely wife, PEGGY, on the birth of their third son in three years of married bliss. Weight: 7 pounds 12 ounces. Date: Saturday, February 10, at 2:30 a. m. Aside to Peggy: Denny was a mighty worried prospective poppa, even though for the third time, and disliked being away from you at such a time. But, as you well know, that's Show Biz and the show must go on . . . To BILL CLIFFORD, his wonderful ork, and blonderful MARY MARSHALL. We'll all miss Bill and his "simpatico" group, for the entire outfit opens at MERT WERTHEIMER'S RIVERSIDE HOTEL in Reno March 5. That's not too far away, so drop down and see us often and soon, Mary, Bill and the whole gang! Say, Bill, before you leave, won't you and Mary confess to being Mr. and Mrs.? . . . To GEORGE MORO, show impresario and dance director, whose lovely gals have graced many of our stage shows. He was surprised and delighted last week when his dancers at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS remembered his birthday. George admits to 24, but acts like a young man who is at least 26 . . . To JACK PALACE, police officer and the "kids' delight," back on the job looking better than ever after being hospitalized by that belligerent wino and a bottle. Jack lost his nickname, "The Roly-Poly Cop," and 46 pounds in the hospital. Good to see you out enjoying our Vegas sun once again, Jack! . . . To BENNY GOFFSTEIN and his lovely JOYCE, who are expecting "Sir Stork" some time in April. Benny, always so-o-o cool and calm, is off on a mad spree buying infant equipment. If you have anything up there in the attic you can't use, the place to unload it is Benny Goffstein at the Flamingo Hotel . . . While still in the nursery . . . To MOLLY and TEX DIEHL. The proud papa passed out many a cigar at the Club Bingo the day Mrs. D. presented him with an heiress . . . To ROY BARNETT and the lovely ELENA DaVINCI, married last Sunday, February 11, at the home of Mr. and MRS. C. NORMAN CORNWALL, JUDGE FRANK McNAMEE officiating. The groom was that dark-haired, handsome baritone with the "Gambols of 1951." A recording contract with Monogram Records arrived just in time to be a very welcome wedding present . . . Special congrats to LORRAINE GAGNEBIN SR. for capturing the all-events title in the women's city bowling tournament. "Gag" really displayed her bowling prowess by winning out over all contestants. Keep up the good work, champ! . . . Folks, here is an appeal which must be answered by each and every one of you. It comes from the man entrusted by two Nevada governors with the responsible and critical task of directing the Veterans Administration program for the physically handicapped veterans, JACK "PAPPY" WALSH, manager of the Flamingo Hotel. Jack has received the distressing news that the VA offices in Las Vegas, Reno and Carson City are about to be closed, and all records moved to the Los Angeles office. This would be a grave injustice to the physically handicapped, for a man in need of medical or financial aid must apply in person, and that would require a costly and time-consuming trip to L. A., perhaps a trip that the veteran could not afford in the first place. Mr. Walsh has protested this "sell-out" of the Nevada veteran, but must have immediate help from you. How? Sit right down and send a letter or even a postcard of protest to Jack Walsh. Demand that the VA office remains in Las Vegas. 10,000 letters and postcards are needed at once, for only seven weeks remain in which to acquire the overwhelming voice of protest from the people of Nevada. The Las Vegas office of the Veterans Administration is needed here more than you can possibly imagine . . **and that's for sure!**

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POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

are many lovely plants, especially rare varieties of foliage plants. Ruby, especially, is an expert in the floral field, having what is sometimes called "a green thumb," which seems to encourage and stimulate anything which it may have a part in planting.

I really should have begun this story with Redd and Ruby, because they are really the most important parts of it. They took over the management of the Club House several years ago and have given their best efforts to its improvement and beautification. Redd, in addition to being a good golf player (which doubtless accounts for their being in their present position), is an excellent "mixologist" and a very genial companion. Ruby is a very delightful little lady, cheerful and gay and busy. She claims as her especial hobbies, bridge (she is a hum-dinger card player!), cocker spaniels and flowers. She, like Redd, is devoted to the work of making Las Vegas Golf Club House the most delightful place in town.

The golf club property embraces 80 acres on which the club house and the present nine-hole course is located, and an additional 60 acres to the west on which it is planned to build the additional nine holes to bring it up to the regulation 18-hole course. The 140-acre tract is finely located on high ground overlooking the whole area of city and valley.

The golf property is managed for the City by the Las Vegas Golf Association, a non-profit corporation, and all returns from operation (amounting to about $20,000 for the year 1950) are turned over to the city treasury. The Association, according to the terms of the agreement, will have the management of the property for nearly 15 years more. In the meantime they hope to further improve the Club House, add nine holes to the course, and do various other things which will add to the attractiveness of the property.

The board of directors of the Golf Association includes Gerald Crowe, president; Charles Teel, Roy McCollum, Dick DeCrane, Jimmy Schuyler, Lloyd Tritle, Dr. C. W. Woodbury and Ted Shorie, all busy and successful businessmen and enthusiastic golfers.

Dr. Woodbury is chairman of the house committee. Although an ardent golf enthusiast, he finds time to play only two or three times a month, but he is never too busy to take time to plan improvements in the physical set-up or the management of the course. I think I am privileged to quote him:

"It is my ambition to see that Las Vegas has one of the finest municipal golf courses and clubs in the West. I believe that when the present contract with the Golf Association expires we will be able to turn over to the city a fully improved golf property worth at least half a million dollars, which will have cost the city very little money, but will be a tremendous asset for bringing thousands of tourists and pleasure seekers to this city."

Personally, I think they are doing a grand public service and I for one do not bregrudge them the pleasure they may get out of golf, nor the satisfaction that may come to them through the feeling of having well performed a public service.

Now this is strictly on the QT!

It is rumored that City Manager Shelley and Park Superintendent Kenneth Hadland are planning to begin work on quite a series of golf course improvements during the next three or four weeks, including perhaps a new green or two and the renovation of the old ones, to make this immediately one of the cleverest nine-hole courses in this part of the country.

I do think, after all, that nine holes are all I could hobble to, even if I am permitted to skip numbers 10 to 18 and land comfortably at the 19th with my friend Redd!

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS:

(Continued from Page 25)

star with RAY MILLAND and JAN STERLING in the title role of the Perlberg-Seaton comedy, "Rhubarb." The upcoming film, which goes before the cameras this month, relates the hilarious story of a cat which inherits 30 million dollars and a major league baseball team. Based upon the H. Allen Smith best seller, "Rhubarb," the comedy will be directed by Arthur Lubin, who turned out the box-office sensation, "Francis."

Character actor ALAN MOWBRAY begins his three-hundredth movie role this week when he assumes a key role in the Pine-Thomas technicolor adventure film, "Crossroads." Mowbray joins a stellar cast which includes JOHN PAYNE, RHONDA FLEMING and FORREST TUCKER. Both cast and crew of "Croswinds" are currently on location near Homosassa, Florida, where most of the movie is being filmed.



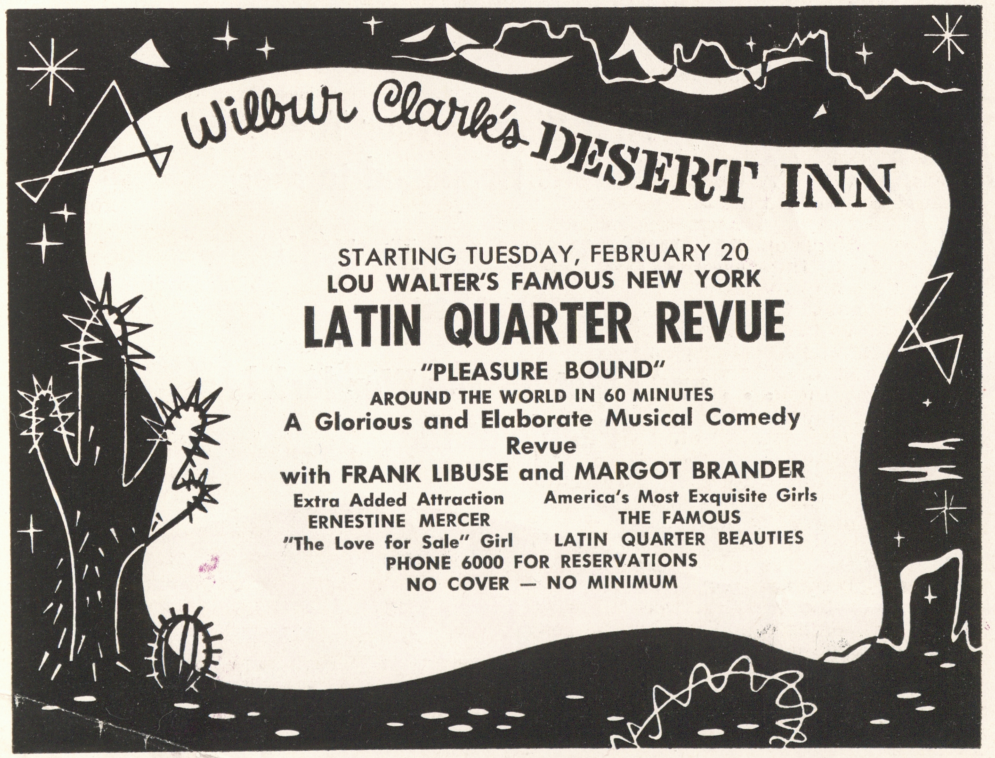
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