Jack Burby's

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PODNER !



We Salute

L. B.

TUTOR

SCHERER

The Official Poet Laureate of the STATE OF NEVADA

(Story on Page 9)

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15¢

March 10, 1951

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 2, NO. 47

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

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SHOP 'TIL 9 SATURDAY NIGHT

Jack Cortez'
FABULOUS LAS VEGAS
HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 2 MARCH 10, 1951 NUMBER 47

OBSERVATIONS

. . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

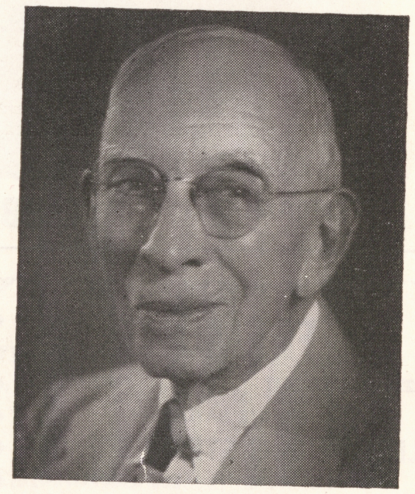
FORTY years ago just now we were in the turmoil of trying to incorporate Las Vegas into a city. The charter was passed by the Legislature and signed by Governor Tasker L. Oddie, March 17, 1911, so after a fashion we adopted St. Patrick as the patron saint of Las Vegas.

The principal reason why we were so anxious to incorporate was because we had reached a condition where we must make civic improvements, among the more important of which were improved streets and sidewalks and, most important of all, a sewer system. The whole soil of the townsite had become well impregnated with the overflow from cesspools and we knew we must remedy that condition to protect the public health, or give up the job of building a city which we had undertaken.

On June 22, the duly elected board of city commissioners met and organized the city government, J. J. Coughlin being made head of the department of Water Works, Sewage and Lights. Mr. Coughlin was superintendent of the Las Vegas & Tonopah Railroad, a good businessman and a highly respected citizen. With his family he lived in the home still occupied by his son Frank, on Fremont street just east of El Portal Theater. He was killed in a railroad accident several years later, but as long as he lived was a loyal and businesslike city official.

Please excuse a moment's diverson while I mention an item or two which I printed in the issue of the Las Vegas Age of date June 24, 1911, which seemed to prove beyond a doubt that Las Vegas was well started on her way to greatness.

One item began with the statement that "Cyril Wengert, son of Mr. and



Mrs. Frank S. Wengert of this city, has accepted a position in the First State Bank, the business of that institution having increased to such an extent that more help was necessary."

Another item headed "Branching Out" said:

"Mr. J. B. Robicheau, the shoemaker, has been doing such a lively busniess that he has found it necessary to install machinery to keep up with the procession . . ."

"M. M. Riley, who has been in southern California, has returned, bringing with him five thoroughbred horses for all-around work and two very heavy draught horses, besides an entirely new outfit of buggies, wagons, harness, robes and everything needed in that line . . ." All of which indicates that Mr. Riley's livery stable on Main street was modern in every respect. (Who's

(Continued on Page 34)

"THE LARGEST CLUB IN NEVADA"

STARTING SUN. MARCH 11TH

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STARTS SUNDAY

The Company She Keeps

with LIZABETH SCOTT — DENNIS O'KEEFE

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SUNDAY — MONDAY — TUESDAY

DALLAS

with GARY COOPER — RUTH ROMAN

— and —

UNDERCOVER GIRL

with ALEXIS SMITH — SCOTT BRADY

This Season — as Always

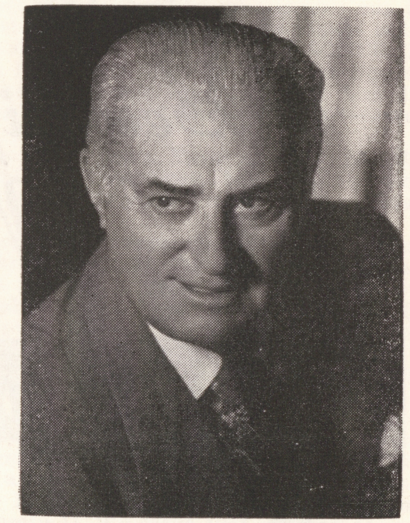
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VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF NEVADA



A GOOD BOOK AND YOU

A good book; then let the rain
Spatter on the window pane,
And I'm sure I'll not complain
If I find you there again.

STALIN'S SLAVES

Stalin woos his craftsmen
With a crafty smile,
Yet he subjects them to slavery
All the while.

A LAS VEGAS DAWN

Awake, Las Vegas, let's be gay!
For all about us dawns the day.

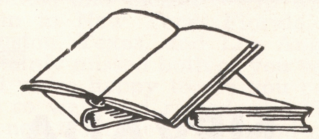
ARTISTICALLY BEAUTIFUL

I admire my lady, and there's a reason.
For she has a gown to wear in every season.
A figure beautiful with her clothes well fitted,
But more beautiful still with her gowns omitted.

HEARTS

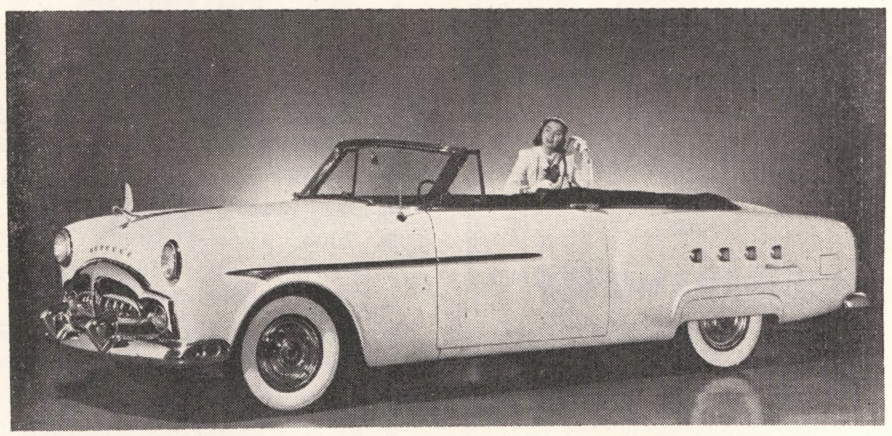
The true heart never feels regret,
It has done nothing to forget.

Think twice before you are untrue.
Sad hearts can be a long time blue.



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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ

I'm certain the residents and quite a number of the tourists who frequent our town do not need an introduction to the wonderful personality who graces our front cover. The extent of his popularity is so great that any thing I write would only be anti-climactic to what has been written and said about L. B. "TUTOR" SCHERER.

His friends range from the newsboy on the corner to world-famous figures of both continents. But for those readers and subscribers who may not know him, I will attempt somewhat of a story to acquaint you with "Tutor" and his most interesting and exciting life.

As a very young man and with no money in his jeans, Tutor came to Las Vegas when our population was about five or six hundred residents. He liked the excitement the town offered and decided that this was "the place" to settle, hang his hat and call Home, Sweet Home.

I wish I could relate some of the fantastic experiences he encountered during those early years, but each is a magnificent story in itself. Therefore, I shall reserve a more complete biography for another time, and get to the story which I believe is the climax . . . the greatest of all his accomplishments. Last week CHARLES RUSSELL, our esteemed governor, officially bestowed upon him the title "Poet Laureate of the State of Nevada." I must confess at this time that I never cared to read any kind of poetry. While in school the class I disliked most was Oral English. If my memory is correct, I had two periods of this a week, and generally found some alibi to miss both. Excuses were either football practice, wrestling coach wanted to see me . . . anything . . . just as long as I didn't have to sit through 40 minutes of poetry recitation. The reason I brought my autobiography into the story is explained by the following which took place one Sunday afternoon in August, 1949: Tutor and I were relaxing on the beautiful lawn of the Hotel El Rancho Vegas and trying to absorb some of that essential stuff called vitamin D. We were just making conversation about our town when the Poet pointed towards Sunrise Mountain and told some tales the Apache Indians believed were connected with this massive expanse of rock. He then asked for my notebook and in less than a half-hour, wrote and then recited his first poem, "Sunrise Mountain."

A few moments thereafter, Mr. Scherer was paged over the P. A. and hurried away to answer the call. In his haste he forgot about the poem written in my notebook. The following week, in our August 27, 1949, issue, "Sunrise Mountain" by Tutor Scherer was published and it was then that the action began.

The thousands of letters and comments were so overwhelming that I insisted he become a regular contributor. There were some who accused yours truly of ghost-writing for Tutor. When I denied this accusation, the skeptics seemed to accept it, but many still have that doubtful look, even to this very day.

Mr. Scherer's original "Poetry, Verse and Proverbs" became a regular weekly feature in the magazine. His ability to write has received nation-wide attention. Important publishers have phoned or come in person in order to get Mr. Scherer to write for their publications. They were turned down, but he always managed to get his column to me before deadline.

He is not the sort of person to quibble over iambics or pentameters, but nevertheless expresses clearly and forcibly the love of all of us for life and our Southern Nevada.

We are indeed very proud to bask in the reflected glory achieved by one of our writers. We offer our heartiest congratulations to "fabulous" Tutor Scherer, officially proclaimed NEVADA's POET LAUREATE, and that's for sure!

AL COOPER and EDDIE SHANE, two determined guys, threw a humdinger of a party a couple of nights ago. Reason for the celebration: The hard-to-get bamboo they had ordered for their almost-completed BEACHCOMBER RESTAURANT on the strip, has finally arrived from the South Sea Islands. STAN HARRIS, who is in charge of construction, can shift into high speed and prepare for the opening scheduled any time now . . . before Easter Sunday . . . "Welcome home" to PHYLLIS and ARNOLD CHRISTENSEN of Christensen's Men's Wear on Fremont street. They returned to town last week from an extended four-week business and pleasure trip which took them to New York, Florida, Havana, Houston, Texas, and Los Angeles. We certainly missed both of you very much and we're happy to see you back looking so well and rested . . . "Princess" phoned from New York and sends her regards. She hopes to be back home in time for the ETHEL SMITH opening at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. Boy, we certainly hope so! . . . Although the CLOVER CLUB is currently operat-

(Continued on Page 28)



NITA
BIEBER
AND
DANCERS

★ ★ ★

PERFORMING FOR THE
PEOPLE OF
LAS VEGAS
IS ALWAYS A
PLEASURE

★ ★ ★

Many Thanks to
HOTEL
EL RANCHO VEGAS



WE THANK YOU,
LAS VEGAS,
FOR OUR 5TH YEAR
OF RETURN
ENGAGEMENTS
TO

HOTEL
EL RANCHO VEGAS

★ ★ ★

Delta Rhythm Boys

WATCHBIRDS

. . . by MICHAEL NEALE
(LADY MICHAEL)

THE strange hush at nightfall—
The vast stretches of desert—
The white snow streaking the blue mountains—
The deep, lonely expanse of sky—
The melancholy drone of a solitary plane—
The weird peep of the night birds—
The shadows on Sunrise Mountain, kissed by lurid storm clouds—

No, it's definitely not a poem—it's a mood that struck us at sundown, after all, we all can't be TUTOR SCHERERS.

On Saturday, March 3, our dear friend MAVIS MURRAY married MAJOR THOMAS PARKENHAM at the Joan of Arc church. The reception was held in the officers club at the Nellis Air Base. Major and Mrs. Parkenham will reside in Washington, D. C., where he is stationed at the Pentagon Building. Very best of luck and much happiness, children! . . . Happy belated birthday (March 1) to Frontisek Behlohlavek (FRANK LIBUSE to y'all) . . . To Frank's nephew, First Lt. BOB NOVAK —All the Latin Quarter lovelies send wishes for you to get well real soon. The pictures are on the way . . .

BROKEN-HEART DEPT.: We'd like to wring the neck of the cad who stole FRITZY, the darling little dachshund pet who belonged to JOHNNY and EILEEN TEGLER of the Desert Spa. We all miss his smilin' face so much we could just cry . . .

RETRACTION DEPT.: The ARDEN-FLETCHER dancers were NOT stranded—they got their fare! . . . MIKE WERNER does NOT look like ERNIE T. JOHNSON. It's his sax player, WOODIE BUTLER, who does . . .

Insiders tell us that a certain prominent Hollywood marriage of last year went on the rocks because the bride's ambitious mother engineered the whole thing, overlooking a little point called LOVE. Mother DOESN'T know best . . The reason JANICE RULE, Life cover girl of a few weeks back, quit Hollywood for the Broadway shows was that certain "older stars" were jealous of her youth and talent, and made it highly uncomfortable for her . . .

NET REYNARD, Latin Quarter stage manager, REALLY bumped into a door and has witnesses to prove he came by his black eyes legitimately. He swears that on the impact he saw three bells—so where's the jackpot? Incidentally, Nat once did an act with GEORGE BURNS and when GRACIE ALLEN visited the Desert Inn they had many laughs reminiscing about the good old



vaudeville days . . . DICK WILLIAMS, one of the four Williams Brothers who used to sing in the $10,000 a week act with KAY THOMPSON, claims he is much happier as the vocalist with HARRY JAMES. His brother Bob always said that if he could quit show biz he'd take any kind of a job—even as a milkman. P. S.: Route 31 in downtown L. A. is his!

JEAN SADLOW of the Thunderbird, who does exquisite caricatures of famous celebrities with plain ordinary eggs (she doesn't throw them—she just paints faces on them), tells us that it's a good thing LANA TURNER didn't marry TURHAN BEY because then her name in Pig Latin would be banana!

THE VISITING FIREMEN: BETTY JAMES (GRABLE) down for the weekend to see her ever lovin' HARRY . . . Hollywood scrivener JIM HENNIGEN brought us regards from our X, HAL CONRAD. They have just finished collaborating on a movie scenario entitled General Hospital. And, by the way—happy March 3rd, Hal! . . . JUDGE AL LEIBERMAN of Weehawken, N. J., just back from Honolulu, claims the atmosphere of Vegas is much more to his liking . . . ANNETTE RITZ, sans her usual escorts, the three zany RITZ BROTHERS, here to quietly paint the town with her dear friend CHRIS FISK . . . ROD RODRIGUEZ, all the way from Mexico City. Rod is the son of a former president—of Mexico. of course —sillies! . . . ROBERT WALKER walk-

(Continued on Page 27)

★ AL NISSELL'S ★

Ladies' Shoes and Sportswear

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—— WHERE BUDGET-WISE WOMEN GO . . .

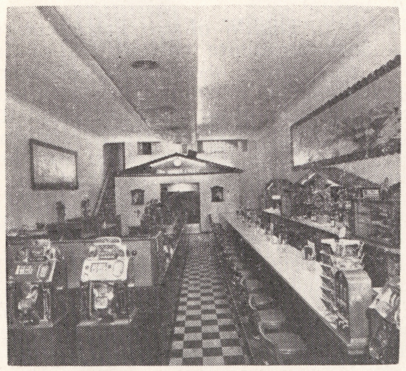
—— TO DO THEIR SHOPPING . . .

AL NISSELL'S

LADIES' SHOES AND SPORTSWEAR

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SWISS VILLAGE RESTAURANT



SWISS VEAL SAUTE

Wine-Mushroom Sauce

SWISS VILLAGE

CHICKEN POT PIE

(BUTTERCRUST)

COUNTRY STYLE

FRIED SPRING CHICKEN

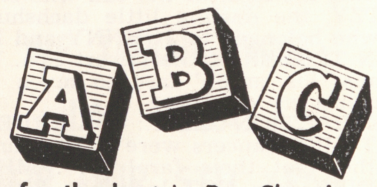
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DEAR MOM . . .

. . . by MARDIE ROGERS

DEAR MOM: Hope I can get this letter off to you before the roof falls in and everything in the house is blown away. For the past two or three days we have been going through a series of freak wind storms, and they really are something. I hope it lets up soon—wouldn't want the tourists to think it's an every-day occurrence. It would be an awfully false first impression!

Golly! Last night I had to meet some friends and figured I was fairly well groomed at my last glance in the mirror, but in the short time it took to get out of the car and walk to their front door I looked like something that should be attached to a long stick and anchored in the corn field.

At least I got laughs on my entrance. They said I looked something from a bazaar, and not Harper's, either! Luckily for guys and gals down here, everything is strictly informal. "Come as you are" is the Las Vegas slogan, but hope the weather man takes a hint that we don't want to overdo it. However, the same climatic condition exists this eve, so I decided to spend a quiet night at home with my pooch and a good book, and secretly laugh at the people who go out on a night like this if they don't have to, but, as Chester Riley would say, "What a revoltin' situation this has turned out to be." Here I am sitting alone and hearing more and more noises, the weird kind, than any sound effect man could ever hope to produce. Of course, having listened to about two solid hours of "blood and guts" murder stories hasn't helped any!

There are lots of other little sounds I'm noticing for the first time, thanks to the "big breeze." Seems the garage door bangs open and shut every two seconds. (Just gotta get that lock fixed some day!) The pooch is adding her two cents by baying like a Hound of Baskerville at the window drapes that are gently swaying back and forth due to the wall heater. They've been doing that ever since I lived here, but tonight she has to start being observant.

Out in the back yard there's a large pipe line stuck in the ground with a top covering of two huge sheets of metal which have suddenly become loosened and are clasing together, noisier than any of the atomic tests. Just now I looked out the back door to see if a P-38 had decided to drop in for tea, and I'll be darned if I wasn't slapped in the face with a hunk of sage brush that liked to have scared me out of 10 years' growth! All I need now is for the lights



to blow out and that will do it! I'll give myself to the man in the white coat gladly. Right now I am imagining that I'm the victim of one of the cops-and-robbers mysteries I heard earlier in the evening—trouble is I listened to so many of them I can't figure out who "dun" it, to who! And who cares? That is for kids! Being the brave adult that I am I think I'd better save my box tops and listen to Hopalong Cassidy.

Just remembered that I bought a Billboard (the actor's Bible) and hadn't had a chance to look at it as yet, so I've been taking out a little time from this to catch up with how the other half lives. First thing I read are rave notices over Robert Alda who's doing so great as the lead in "Guys and Dolls." Thought you'd be happy to hear about him after all the years we trouped around on the same shows. Last time I worked with him was at the Hollywood Canteen. He did light comedy and I did his "straights."

We had a grand reunion after the show. He was a bit discouraged about Hollywood kinda fluffing him off, and wished he could get a play—any old play, he said—and what a play he landed! You know something? He deserves every minute of it—he made it the hard way. If you and Pop make your usual trek to New York, try to see it, but better write or wire in for tickets a long time in advance or you won't make it.

Well, dears, the wind has sorta calmed down. Maybe, with luck, tomorrow I'll be able to hang some wash

(Continued on Page 34)

Soon! **Soon!**

Watch for the

opening

of



Al Cooper's

Beachcomber

Serving food delicacies of the Tropic Isles

Soon! **Soon!**

THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY



LAST week we left Frau Schnapps, our female Dachshund, on a nest of eggs, setting in for the hen who was out for a rest period.

I picked Frau up and took her to the car. She got away from me and quick as a flash she was back on the nest. We were in a quandary until brother Jess fixed it up. He took one of the nests, put three of the turkey eggs in it, and put it in the back seat of our car. Frau sat on them and everything was serene all the way home. That is, everything except Herr Schnapps, Frau's husband. He didn't ride high up on the back of the seat, or stick his nose out the half-opened window. He laid down on the back seat, his long face between his paws, and a very dejected look in his usual pert eyes. When we arrived home Frau refused to leave the nest so I carted it into the house and put the whole package in a corner, figuring Frau would come to her senses in a short while at home. I was wrong. Some way or other she browbeat Herr into setting on the eggs while she went out for exercise. Herr started to lose weight, he was continually hanging his head, and then came the final blow. One morning we heard the most unearthly noise imaginable. Frau was barking at the top of her voice. Maw and I ran in, expecting the worst. We found it. Perched on Frau's collar was the thing, a new born featherless turkey, the ugliest thing I had ever laid my eyes on. As I looked at Herr I said, "What is it?" Herr looked at me, looked at IT, and then slowly made his way into the bedroom and under the bed. I guess he thought I was blaming him. It was two days before we could get him to come out to eat. After a couple of weeks you could see that he had become resigned to fate, but he was just a piece of flotsam or jetsam on the sea of life.

Frau took over the training of "Turk." Turk had its own food dish and ate canned dog food the same as her foster parents. She went out doors when Frau did. Turk is sometimes very cute, like when we play ball. I roll the ball into to the front room and likety-split Frau and Turk take after it. The floor is waxed which puts Turk at a disadvantage when it comes to stopping. Frau having four legs, gives her plenty of breaking power, but Turk with her two spindly legs almost invariably crashed into the wall at first, but now she has a cute trick worked out. When she feels that she can't stop, she leans back, partly on her rump, partly on her thighs, using that thing "that goes over the fence last" for balance, much in the same manner that the kangaroo uses his tail. This leaves Turk's feet in position to take the shock of hitting the wall. It is a very amusing sight to see Turk in this position, sliding the length of the room, clucking at the top of her voice.

Herr doesn't take part in the games any more, even if Frau does try to ease the pain with a little extra attention. I try to make him forget by doing everything I can for him but I guess the injury is just too deep. Trickery didn't do any good either. I put some dog candy in Turky's dish and then acted like I was stealing it and gave it to Herr. He wouldn't touch it. He just gave me a look that seemed to say, "foolish man."

It won't be long before Herr can hold his head up among his fellow dogs again. I have a surprise for him. Out back I have a crate prepared. Also, I have made arrangements with my brother so I can pay Turk's board and room for life, and on the morning of March 25, into the crate goes Turk, down to the express office goes the crate, and then off it goes to Pomona, Why March 25th? Well, according to calculations, and on good authority, Saturday, March 24th, Herr Schnapps becomes a father in his own rights!

SHOW REVIEWS by Jack Burby

El Rancho Vegas

Show presented February 28 to March 13

The famous and wonderful singing quartet, THE DELTA RHYTHM BOYS, are the headliners of this superlative show in the ROUND-UP ROOM. These boys can boast in more ways than one, that their middle name is "Rhythm," for every number they do is loaded with an exciting and infectious beat. This is not the first Las Vegas engagement for the Delta Rhythm Boys, and after listening to the warm reception they received from opening night audiences, we are sure they will bring their great harmonizing back many more times . . . They say that in many ways Americans and Australians are very much alike. When you enjoy the clever routines of Australian ventriloquist, CLIFFORD GUEST, you'll discover that the American and Australian senses of humor are very similar. Clifford is one of the best of many comics with wooden partners. He has attained those essentials of ventriloquism: Fast timing, an excellent sense of separation between himself and his knot-headed partner, and very clever material . . . That exceptional dancing artist, NITA BIEBER, and her exotic tap and toe experts, the NITA BIEBER DANCERS, have been held over to weave again their rhythmical and colorful routines, to the music of TED FIO RITO and his orchestra, whose return to our town we all heartily applaud . . . It's good to hear Ted's sparkling music once again.

LAST FRONTIER

Show presented March 9 to March 23 (Not a review)

The new show in the RAMONA ROOM presents TV'S favorite son, laugh artist MOREY AMSTERDAM, who is not only one of the funniest of today's fast-talking, rapid-fire humorists, but also a producer, song writer and musician for radio and television Morey has composed a number of the nation's top songs, among which are: "Why, Oh Why Did I Ever Leave Wyo-

(Continued on page 33)

Flamingo

Show presented March 8 to March 21 (Not a review)

The rising new singing star of radio, stage and recordings, DON CORNELL, headlines the new show in the FLAMINGO ROOM. Getting his start with the Swing and Sway Music of Sammy Kaye, Don bids fair to follow in the famous footsteps of other former band vocalists like Haymes, Sinatra, and Como. Many of those who recall Russ Columbo maintain that this handsome young singer is a natural to fill that long-vacant niche. He also demonstrates his musical versatility by uncannily impersonating Vaughn Monroe, Frankie Laine, and many others. In this first appearance here, Las Vegans are privileged to witness another auspicious milestone in the growing and successful career of Don Cornell . . . DRESDEN and CABOT, who appeared with Cornell in his most recent engagement at the Ambasador Hotel in Los Angeles, are a distinctive dancing duo with flair . . . while for laughs, there is the Jolly Roger of Comedy himself, ROGER RAY. This clever comedy song stylist is as adept at almost every form of clowning as he is at playing the marimba . . .

(Continued on page 32)

Wilbur Clark's DESERT INN

Show presented February 20 to March 19

LOU WALTERS' LATIN QUARTER REVUE goes into its fourth big week on the stage of the PAINTED DESERT ROOM. Filled with a galaxy of stars, including FRANK LIBUSE, the hilarious mad waiter who, with MARGOT BRANDER, is so popular with everyone in and out of show business; ERNESTINE MERCER, the famous "Love for Sale" girl; the FOUR HURRICANES, a thrilling European acrobatic importation; MONS. PIROSKA, star of the Bal Tabarin dances in Paris; the personable songs and personalities of RALPH YOUNG and TONI CARROLL, and 15 exquisite girls, the Latin Quarter Revue is one of the finest, fastest

and most elaborate productions ever seen hereabouts. The theme is "Pleasure Bound" and you are swiftly transported to lands of romance, to the Orient, to Paris, to Harlem, and in the breath-taking finale, to bonnie Scotland. The CARLTON HAYES ORCHESTRA again does an excellent job of cutting this truly "all-musical" show, loaded with great entertainment value.

Thunderbird

Show presented March 1 to March 14

The current show in the NAVAJO ROOM stars a newcomer to our midst, AL BERNIE. This brilliant young comic has everything; an act that is loaded with new jokes and material, a very clever talent for mimicry and impersonation, but most important of all, Al Bernie is an individualist. His delightful sense of humor moves at a rapid pace on a true rampage of comedy. There have been comics in the world since time began, but it is always a great treat when a new one comes along. And Al Bernie is a great treat to his audiences . . . Co-starring and brought back by popular demand is CLARK DENNIS, one of the country's finest tenors, and star of radio, stage and records. There are those who claim that Clark's vocal cords are plated with silver. Well, we haven't investigated

(Continued on Page 33)

CLUB BINGO

Show presented March 7 to March 16 (Not a review)

BONANZA ROOM patrons are happy to welcome back "Mr. Show Business," ARTHUR WALSH, one of the most talented entertainers ever to roll 'em in the aisles at the Bingo. This refreshing and gifted comic has such a wealth of material, that no matter how many times you catch his hilarious act, you are not likely to see the same bits twice. Mr. Walsh works so enthusiastically and energetically that you're liable to believe you are watching four or five entertainers, instead of just one. And you will get four or five entertainers'



worth of enjoyment out of one, the only, Mr. Show Business, Arthur Walsh! MIKE WERNER and his DIXIELANDERS provide the show music and stand by for dancing with lots of bounce.

SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

THE SILVER SLIPPER SALOON gives you a full evening of entertainment starting at 7:00 p. m. and continuing till the early bright hours of 5:30 a. m. HANK HENRY, JO ANN MALONE and the CAVANAUGH QUARTET take you back to the burlesque theaters of the gay '90s, newcomer RUTH PETTY warbles old favorites like "Bird in a Gilded Cage," WOO WOO STEVENS unlimbers his banjo and voice to the delight of Slipper patrons, PAT MICHAELS is a picture right out of the Barbary Coast days with her torchy tunes from atop the bar, DOC STARR and DALE KERR, Las Vegas favorites, do their bright stuff with piano and song, pianists BUSTER HALLET and GEORGE REDMAN alternate with BERNIE BILLINGS and his STATION HOUSE BOYS to provide show and dance music the whole night through.

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10. CLUB BINGO
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
22. CLOVER CLUB
23. THUNDERBIRD HOTEL
34. THE WESTERNER CLUB
6. GOLDEN NUGGET

31. SANTA ANITA CLUB
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MILTON "CLUB" PRELL
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HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS ... by MARTIN LEWIS

HERE'S a switch. Actor's blood flows in reverse in the COREY family. According to tradition, actors derive their trouper inclinations from parents or older relatives who also emote. But in the stellar case of screen star WENDELL COREY, it's the other way around. Recently, Wendell's proud father, a retired Congregational minister, became an actor in his son's footsteps.

This odd situation came about during the filming of Nat Holt's new technicolor saga, "The Great Missouri Raid," in which Wendell portrays the legendary outlaw, FRANK JAMES. Seems the sheriff who arrests him in a key scene of the venture is none other than his real-life parent, MILTON R. COREY. The movie, by the way, marks the elder Corey's third role in what promises to be a fairly successful film career.

For Wendell, "The Great Missouri Raid" is No. 9 in a remarkable career on the Hollywood sound stages. Under contract to Producer Hal Wallis, filmtown's boldest and luckiest gambler with movie "unknowns," Corey has played stellar parts opposite the cream of the Hollywood crop. His leading ladies have included such established actresses as BARBARA STANWYCK, LORETTA YOUNG, JOAN CRAWFORD, LIZABETH SCOTT and MARGARET SULLIVAN. In his current venture the rugged ex-New Englander goes into romantic clinches with newcomer LOIS CHARTRAND, while the other romantic duo of the picture consists of MACDONALD CAREY and ELLEN DREW in the roles of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse James.

It has taken Wendell Corey just nine pictures to earn the reputation of being one of the finest actors and top stars in the movie business . . . This minister's son who was tapped on the shoulder by Hollywood's most successful star-maker won his ticket to cinema city via his light comedy chore opposite BETTY FIELD in the Broadway hit, "Dream Girl." However, before that stint, he had already produced, directed or acted in dozens of plays in summer stock and along Broadway's famed theatrical row.

Corey hails from Dracut, a small town near Lowell, Massachusetts. He comes from pioneer Yankee stock, his ancestors having fought in the Revolutionary War and risen to rank in the Continental armies. He can also trace his family tree back to two United States Presidents—John Adams, second Chief Executive, and John Quincy



Adams, the sixth. Seems his paternal grandmother was an Adams.

East Longmeadow, Massachusetts, was the scene of Wendell's first formal education, but he also wrestled with the three Rs in various other New England localities where his father's pastoral duties took the family. Evidently, the future screen star was a popular student for he was graduated from grade school as class president. Yet he never took an interest in school dramatics. His mother dreamed of Wendell entering the ministry like his father for the lad showed a decided knack for eloquent speech. For some time, he planned to become a lawyer, and a guidance advisor told him he had the makings of a good newspaperman. However, Corey did none of these things. He got a job in a Springfield department store selling refrigerators and washing machines.

As for his introduction to theatrical life, it was entirely unplanned. One night Wendell dropped in on the Springfield Repertory Players to pick up a friend. The group needed a recruit to play a Swedish janitor, Wendell did the part and got bitten by the show bug. He did many more little theater productions and met his wife, Alice Wiley, while touring with a WPA

(Continued on Page 34)

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The Story of the FBI

. . by J. EDGAR HOOVER
CHIEF OF THE BUREAU

(Continued) CRIME ATTEMPTS A COMEBACK!

ALTHOUGH busy keeping ahead of world-wide enemy espionage, FBI agents kept a sharp watch on the forces of the underworld. Just as had been feared, the same murderous, gangster-ridden interests which threatened the security of American life in the crime wave of the 'Thirties' promptly took advantage of the first chance to make a comeback!

Considering the nation too busy with the war to bother with criminal activities, these gangsters again proved that few criminals who betray their country in peacetime are changed by the threatened destruction of the nation by war! War simply added to their "opportunities." But this time, as the underworld empire began gathering its forces for action along the home front, it found a situation which its criminal cunning had not foreseen!

American law enforcement was better equipped, better trained, stronger and more determined than ever before in the history of the nation!

In New York an old time member of the "Dutch" Schultz gang led four of his henchmen on a hijacking raid involving $100,000 worth of merchandise! FBI agents came up as they found and gagged two truck drivers, before making off with the loot. Stopping the hijackers in their tracks, the agents released the truck drivers, recovered the merchandise and packed the surprised hoodlums off to be tried and convicted. Their sentences totaled 68 years!

In Pennsylvania and New Jersey, a $450,000 nylon hosiery black market was smashed as several racketeers tried to convert nylon intended for parachutes into nylon for 42,000 pair of stockings. In Chicago, Roger Toughy, Basil Banghart and members of their gang were captured after escaping from the Illinois State penitentiary. Two members of the gang, McInerney and O'Connor, tried to shoot it out. Both were killed!

Several thousand fugitives have been captured by the FBI since the outbreak of war. These have included such dangerous characters as Jacob Drucker, member of "Murder, Inc."; Irving Carl Chapman, gunman, bank robber and kidnapper who fired on special agents and was killed in the gun battle; Jack K. Meredith, widely known confidence man with more than a 100 different names; Kennie Wagner, hillbilly gunman and murderer who shot and killed five police officers. A few hours after his arrest Wagner squinted through the bars of a prison cell at Lynchburg, Va., and remarked to a fellow prisoner: "It's a mistake to break a federal law. They will hunt you down for a thousand years."

In his pocket Wagner carried a frayed cartoon. It showed a woman looking through the bars at a convict. She was asking: "Do any of your friends come here to see you?" The convict replied: "No, lady. They're all in here with me!"

Next week: STRENGTH THROUGH UNITY!

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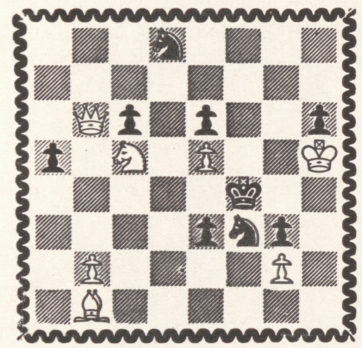
DOWNTOWN

CHESS » » »

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

PROBLEM NO. 91

Black 9



White 7
White mates in three.

Solution to problem No. 90: R-B6.

SICILIAN DEFENSE

Aronin	Geller		
White	Black	15—P-KN4?	B-B
1—P-K4	P-QB4	16—R-N	R-N5
2—N-KB3	N-QB3	17—P-QR3?	RxBl
3—P-Q4	PxP	18—QxR	NxNP
4—NxP	P-KN3	19—QxRP	P-K4!
5—B-K3	B-N2	20—BxN	BxB
6—N-QB3	N-B3	21—PxP	B-KB6
7—NxN	NPxN	22—Q-K3	P-Q5
8—P-K5	N-N	23—Q-Q2	BxP
9—P-B4	P-B3	24—RxB	RxR
10—PxP	NxP	25—R-K	R-B4
11—B-K2	O-O	26—N-K4	Q-R5
12—O-O	P-Q4	27—R-K2	B-B5
13—B-Q4	B-B4	28—Q-K	BxPch
14—B-B3	R-N	29—K-R	B-N6ch
		30—Resigns	

As Tournament Director, I am proud to announce that for the first time in the history of Las Vegas, the Nevada State Tournament will take place on March 23, 24 and 25 at the Ball Room of the Silver Slipper, through the courtesy of the Last Frontier Hotel.

Mayor E. W. Cragin will open the tournament by giving the contestants a word of welcome in the name of Las Vegas.

Any chess player resident of the State of Nevada is entitled to participate and can do so by entering his name



with me at the Monte Carlo Club and paying a fee of $5.00. Participants do not have to be top chess players and the Tournament Committee will like to have as many as possible. Every chess enthusiast should help us with his attendance and participation in the Tournament to make it a real success.

Besides the Nevada residents, there has been some players invited from California, Arizona, Idaho, Utah and Colorado. The Nevadan with the highest score will be declared the State Champion for 1951 and the player from out of the State with the most points, will be the Nevada Invitational Champion.

Several prizes will be donated by local merchants and Governor Russell has been invited to make the distribution of prizes at the banquet that will be held at the same Tournament Room Sunday, March 25, at 6 p. m. He signified his intentions of being present if possible to get away.

All the help I am asking from the Nevada chess players, especially the ones in Clark County is: Participate in the Tournament!

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

SO FAR the past few weeks the weather has run the gamut as far as types go; from hot to cold and accompanied with wind, rain and snow. I suppose that's the reason so many of us are still keeping company with the Kleenex box. At least, I know that I am. I begin to think that I have the thing licked and start feeling pretty good when all of a sudden I cut loose with a sneeze that would make the report of an atom bomb sound like that of a muffled cap pistol. I am back in the grip of the bug again. It was one day this past week that I woke up feeling like I could match the energy of the Lone Ranger and Tonto put together and within an hour I was a mess. There was quite a race going on between my eyes and my nose; each was trying to out-run the other! It came out a tie! So whattaya gonna do? At the moment my eyes look very much like a little boy's name in the snow and my nose like an aged tomato!



Even though the Clover Club isn't operating full scale in itself the same cannot be said for the race book. The inactivity of the club gives way to the hustle and bustle of eager horse bettors in the race book in the rear of the club. The greater part of these horse players are regular players of the Clover Race Book having no desire to wander around to any of the other books and why should they? Here they are treated like they were part of the family. There is an air of genuine friendliness here that is seldom found. At the moment, Sammy Lichter is on the sick list but still on hand is Dave Gross and the new comer, Sammy Cohen, who has the greatest outlook yet on the way that a race book should be handled. To him it is a business to be handled much the same as though he were handling some sort of merchandise. You are the customer and he the salesman; maintaining that a satisfied customer is still the best form of advertising in the world. They're the kind that do their shopping where they are treated the best. Sammy is really sold on Las Vegas and has made the decision to spend the rest of his days here with us and maybe to some day realize an ambition he has. That of sponsoring the establishment of an athletic club for boys where the small fry of our town could go to learn the fine arts of self defense, cooperation, sportsmanship and most of all, the teamwork that is necessary for the advancement and progress of our or any other community . . . I saw a little actress at work last Saturday in the window of the J. C. Penney Co. Some of the members of the Girl Scout Troops 50 and 51 of Paradise Valley were putting on a show at the time. Under the direction of Mrs. Pat Helm and Francis McCabe, and in the short period of a little over a week, these kids were presenting pantomime actions to the phonograph records of Beatrice Kay and doing a wonderful job of it, I might add. The little 12-year-old actress who portrayed Miss Kay was Miss Audrey Acten, who is in the sixth grade of Paradise Valley School. Now I've seen a lot of record pantomime artists but here was a little 12-year-old who seemed to feel each and every word she was supposed to be saying. Her eyes, her lips, her breathing, posture and even the way she held her tongue made it look as though she were actually doing the singing herself. If this little girl really has a voice of her own she could well become one of the outstanding entertainers of the future generation . . . It's good to see Al Nissell back at work in his shop on Fremont street after his recent illness. His absence was also quite noticable along the spots on the strip, too! Al is always "out amongst 'em" and this is one of the reasons he has built his business up to the status it enjoys today. One night when Al was having dinner at the Desert Inn he noticed that most of the waitresses were wearing white service oxfords and

(Continued on Page 27)

WATCHBIRDS:

(Continued from Page 11)

ed in, walked around and walked out. Maybe he walked home. too, for all we know. WHAT? All the way to Hollywood!!! . . . HOWARD HUGHES sneaked into town and caught the Desert Inn show with golden voiced, tall Texan ERNESTINE MERCER, his prime interest . . .

WHO'S WHO DEPT.: Who's still wan for Don? . . . Who's still sick about Dick but is THAT way about Ray? . . . Who is hung for Young? . . . Who's insane about Dane? . . . Who pants for Judy Grant? . . . Isn't it odd about George Todd? . . . Who's coolsville about Johnny Quill? . . . Who's a goner for Claire Conner? . . . Who plays musak for Mary Novak? . . . Pushcart blues: Who hates to have her apples touched? . . . Who sat at the bar for an hour with her green show shoes on? . . . Who is MARGARET TRUMAN's West Coast rival? He's tall and handsome and his initials are W. O.—she's tall and handsome and her initials are J. M. . . . Who does handsome LARRY KAUFMAN fly to New Orleans to visit so constantly?

SOCIETY AS WE REVIEW IT: AL COOPER's Monday brunch or brupper or what have you couldn't have been a veddy social success because it wasn't covered by the Watchbirds—Tah everso Al . . . ELEANOR DAY has just been promoted to managress of the FLAMINGO gift shop. Luck, dahling . . . TODDY and JANE DILLARD just back from Miami (if you'll pardon the word). Toddy once hoofed for the famous EARL CARROLL and Janie laughingly told us she, too, twirled a baton! Where? In a water show, natch!

The Thunderbird patrons will miss the terpsichory of pretty RUTHANN WELSH, who recently gave in her notice after a two year run. Could it have been a rhubarb that caused it? . . . Our strangest backstage visitor at the D. I. was COOKIE, the smoochiest little cockatoo in captivity. Bless her li'l bird heart! . . .

LADIES BEWARE: Of a certain would-be Lothario who inhabits the brighter "Strip" spots. This cad in wolf's clothes called a fashionable dress shop and told them he was sending over a young lovely and to give her any frock in the store and charge it to him. In the meanwhile they had a harmless "tiff"—and when the shopkeeper handed said young lovely her package she also handed her the bill . . .

Add sudden brilliant thoughts: HOWARD DUFF should change his first name to Dan—MARJORIE MAIN should change hers to WATER—NANCY GUILD should change hers to Theatre—ARLENE DAHL should change hers to Baby—ROBERT STACK to Smoke—WILLIAM HOLDEN to I'm—Funny, HUH? . . . Why don't they put ROBERT TAYLOR, LIZ TAYLOR and DON TAYLOR in a movie together and call it "The Story of the Three Little Taylors." All right! Joke's over!

RALPH YOUNG is learning a new tune which he predicts should go very far if shot out of a cannon—"I've got tears in my ears from lying on my back in my bed crying over you"—blues . . . President of the RICHARD GREEN fan club is mah own roommate, redheaded spitfire RITA POWERS . . .

WHEW!!! AH'M

COOOOOOOOOO.

WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from Page 26)

that some of them were using "tired" laces so the next day he sent a couple pair of service weight shoe laces to all of the waitresses at the night spot; not only as a gag but as a gift to these girls, most of whom are regular customers of his . . . Here's an item for you record collectors! Over on the Westside a new record shop was recently opened called "The Groove" which is owned and operated by your friend and mine, the one and only, Popeye. He tells me that he has most all of the top labels and practically all of those on which you will find some of the finest talent in the country. That type of talent which has yet to be recognized by the so-called big-wigs, but which is great, never-theless. "The Grove" is located at 413 Jackson street on the Westside in case any of you are interested in picking up some fine discs . . . Tanya, Til and Mac are doing one of the greatest jobs ever in the Rose Room at the El Cortez Hotel downtown. These three kids comprise the Dubonnet Trio who opened a couple of weeks ago and have befriended everyone who has patronized the room since that time. Not only are they all three nice people but they are also very good musicians, playing numbers ranging from kick tunes and ballads to those in the classical field. Their novelty Latin tunes are not only mighty amusing but delightfully danceable . . . Don't be surprised if one of these times you happen to drop into the Rag Doll Bar out in North Vegas and you find what appears to be a quick lunch counter instead of a bar. I was lucky enough to be on hand last Friday night when Noosns and Jack put on the feedbag for us. This time it was chili and beans and, man, was it tasty! Hoternell with chili powder but I like it that way. Every

(Continued on page 32)

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

ing with only a skeleton crew, the race book located inside is one of the busiest, especially since SAMMY COHEN took over. We spoke about this genial guy in last week's column, but realize that no matter what we said, it just wasn't enough! "A Real Right-Guy" is everyone's description of Sammy. By the way, he pays more than the tracks. If official prices are $4.80, he gives $5.00, if $2.90, Sammy pays $3.00, etc. Mr. Cohen claims it's too much trouble counting the exact amount due the player, and prefers to pay the extra 10 or 20 cents. He's happy to do business this way, and of course, so are the bettors. You must have heard about "QUINELLA," the new race game which Sammy introduced for the first time in Las Vegas last Wednesday. It's as easy to play as ABC . . . and lots of fun. Next time you're downtown, stop in at the CLOVER CLUB RACE BOOK and get to know this guy. You'll agree that SAMMY COHEN is tops . . . Spring is definitely here, especially when the MOTOR-VU DRIVE-IN THEATER celebrates its grand re-opening Friday, March 9. Manager HOWARD CAHOON spoke to us about the many new features that have been installed since last year, and which mean that you're in for a very pleasant surprise. For instance. in case you want to go to the Motor-Vu, but it's too early and too light; well, you can drive in early now and bring the kids. The management has installed a fully equipped playground in front of the screen for the children to play and amuse themselves until show time. Much remodeling and improving has been done since the doors closed for the winter season. All of it was done with just one purpose in mind . . . to make your "picture date" at the Motor-Vu Theater on Highway 91 more enjoyable! It's a spot you'll want to visit whenever possible! . . . Here's an idea that sounds like it's going to be lots of fun for some lucky Las Vegas couple. THE SOROPTIMIST CLUB is going to present a wedding party at the SILVER SLIPPER SALOON, a honeymoon and lots of gifts to the couple winning the contest based on the popular radio show "Bride and Groom." If you and the love of your life are planning to be married some time before March 26th, the bride, who must be a local resident, has to send her application to the club headquarters, located at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. The necessary requirements are: Letter must explain why you want to get married, why you want to win the contest, where you'd like to go on your honeymoon, and why? In other words, tell all! The best letter will be selected and the winner notified in ample time to get everything ready for the event. Come to think of it, there are only three weeks left to send your letter in. LOUISE FORTUNE, if you write in we believe you may win. That guy of yours, VERN WILLIS, does not need any persuasion. He seems to be waiting for you to say "yes!" Guess we'll play Cupid now . . . Aside to Vern: Louise told me, and we have proof, that since she's fallen in love . . . with a certain travel agent . . . her appetite has improved 100 per cent and she has never felt better! Well, what are you waiting for, fella? 'Tis well for you to remember "a faint heart never won fair lady!" Nuff said . . . In case you've wondered who that personable young man is at the LARUE RESTAURANT, who speaks with that "Deep South" accent, well, Ma'm, he's LEE McKEE, and he hails from STEVE PAPPAS' hometown, Joplin, Missouri. Lee and his brother own two jewelry stores down yonder, and when Steve left Joplin to open the LaRue, his buddy Lee just packed and left too, leaving Brother McKee to take care of the business back home. Lee is one of those few people you know you're going to like right from the first handshake and infectious, boyish smile. His duties are to take care of the books and records, and act as a host in his time off . . . Best of luck to JERRY WYNESS and COL. CLARK COLEMAN, who opened a real estate office in town last week. They are a "Win Parlay" if we ever say one. Jerry, a well known real estator in Boulder City, is just as well known in our town as in his backyard. We certainly hope they will fare well, especially with the handsome Colonel (ret.) as Mr. Wyness' very capable sidekick . . . We recently spoke to the lovely chanteuse, MARGARET PHELAN, who appeared at the DESERT INN last month and currently experiencing a sensational stay at the RIVERSIDE HOTEL in RENO. NEVADA. Margaret asked about various locals, but seemed most enthusiastic when she mentioned ALLARD ROEN, the executive secretary of Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn. Miss Phelan spoke about him for at least a half-hour and appeared to be concerned. She mentioned a number of times what a wonderful person he is, etc., etc., and had that certain something in her voice throughout the entire conversation. Mr. Roen, a very efficient secretary, must have tied Miss Phelan's heart into tight knots. Yes, sir, still water sure runs deep! . . . After many requests, lovely MARY JANE will keep her busy modiste shop open from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m. every day except Sunday. The added

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 28)

hours were installed this week to accommodate the ladies who work the "graveyard shift" in our hotels and clubs. Mary Jane and her dressmakers are proving beyond a doubt that you don't have to build a better mousetrap to have the world beat a path to your door . . . We finally had the pleasure of meeting "BIG JOE" ROSENFELD, who is considered the shrewdest "opinion man" in the country. "Big Joe" can only stay for a few days, and will leave for New York sometime tomorrow. but he promises to be back real soon. We have heard of him hundreds of times and the reputation he enjoys as being the man who knows the ins and outs of everything that goes on throughout the country, whether it be politics or any other field. One time a college professor, Mr. Rosenfeld is WALTER WINCHELL'S source of information. Any time this famous radio and newspaper columnist quotes various prices or makes a prediction, you can wager he received the information from "Big Josey" . . . Regardless of how we tried to find out what's happening, we failed. Reason for our curiosity getting the best of us is: There are more secret conferences going on at the CLUB BINGO between MILTON PRELL, JAKE KOZLOFF, MIKE SHAPIRO, and two more big-wigs from Los Angeles, than those meetings of the government scientists sent here to test the A-bomb! About five days ago, a special telegram which consisted of three pages, was delivered to these men by Sammy, the owner of the newspaper store on South First street. Well, whatever it contained, we guarantee it to be something hot in the way of news when they decide to tell all . . . In last week's column we asked whether MATT HOWARD, owner of the APACHE BAR, was taking over the SAVOY CLUB, now shuttered for more than a year. We spoke to Mr. Howard after the article appeared and he told us the deal was all set. Matt and some of his men were getting the place in order for a jumbo opening. But . . . the deal fell through when the owner in Cleveland changed his mind . . . We have noticed that many smart purchasers are dropping into THRIFTY LIQUORS on Fremont and are buying their liquor supplies by the case now as well as by the bottle, in order to take advantage of the big bargain being offered by DAVE WOLZINGER, proprietor of the newly-decorated package goods store . . . Good news for show-goers is the announcement that the JUNE TAYLOR dancers will return to the EL RANCHO VEGAS March 14. It is said that the terpsichore ability of this line of lovelies is topped only by their beauty. The nine girls have been recruited from such top Broadway productions as "Peep Show" and "Bless You All" . . . One of AL BERNIE'S quips we especially enjoyed during his Thunderbird Hotel act was his comment that most hotels in the country have a sign to remind their guests: "Have you left anything?" In Las Vegas, Bernie claims the sign reads: "Have you anything left?" . . . Aside to LORA WILSON, cocktail waitress at the Hotel Last Frontier: Thank you very much for being as sweet as you are. Your wonderful compliments and enthusiasm for our publication are certainly very much appreciated. It is people like you who make all this hard work and striving to do our best seem so worthwhile . . . DOROTHY BELZ is doing a terrific job as dining room hostess at the CLUB BINGO. It is amazing to hear the number of pleased comments since Dorothy returned to work on New Year's Day. Welcome back, Dorothy, you're looking prettier and younger than ever. And you can be proud of your lovely daughter, SHIRLEY, cashier at the EL PORTAL Theater, as we are sure you are . . . TRUMAN HINKLE is known here in town by several titles and names. Now we'd like to suggest another: The DON JUAN, or the Ladies' Delight. Every other day "Hink" can be seen with another girl on his arm. More power to you, "Commander!" . . . Many people have asked whether DOCTOR ALEXANDER COBLENTZ is still practicing or has he retired or just what is he doing these days? The answer is a definite "no!" Dr. Coblentz has not retired. His many friends and former patients should be happy to learn that the Dr. is taking postgraduate courses at the College of Medical Evangelists in Los Angeles, and is specializing in cacner. The subject is taught by the greatest medical professors in the world who come to this college in order to teach ambitious doctors who wish to learn as much as possible about this dreaded disease. It's inspiring to see such a popular physician give up his entire practice to improve his own ability and training in such a vital field. His daily routine is 6:30 a. m. to 10:30 p. m. every day except Sunday! We can have nothing but praises for such conscientious medical men as Dr. Alexander Coblentz, who will be a specialist in this field when he completes his course . . . We're certain that most of Las Vegas remembers the glorious contralto voice of lovely JEANNE PATE, who was featured member with the PHIL SPITALNY All-Girl Revue at the HOTEL LAST

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

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FRONTIER during the Christmas holidays. It was at that time that Jeanne met and fell in love with VERNON WELBORN, architect for the STAN HARRIS CONSTRUCTION COMPANY. When the four-weeks engagement was over, she left with the other members to complete their scheduled tour. She then submitted her resignation to Mr. Spitalny, "winged" back to town and filed for divorce from husband she hadn't seen for over a year. Last Sunday she and Vernon decided to remain together forever, and they were married in THE LITTLE CHURCH OF THE WEST. Jeanne, the lovely girl with the "most unusual contralto voice," gave up her stage career to be . . . just a housewife! Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Welborn! Aside to Vernon: You are a lucky man, sir! . . . The "always-welcome" mat is out for TODDY ano JANE DILLARD, those lovely and charming sisters, who returned from Florida. It's always a treat to see these gals who have more friends than "Carter has pills" . . . GEORGE TODD, bigwig of the LOOKOUT HOUSE located in Covington, Kentucky, recently arrived in town and received a most enviable welcome. It consisted of all the lovely show girls in LOU WALTER'S LATIN QUARTER REVUE, meeting and greeting him, and were they tickled pink to see him! Just before coming to Las Vegas, the same revue completed a very successful four-week engagement for George at his hotel in Kentucky. These de-lovelies will always remember the super-fine way in which they were received by Mr. Todd when they arrived in Kentucky. He tried his utmost to make all feel right at home and treated each like a star, whether they were a featured member of the troupe or not. Just another reason why we'll believe in the cliche, "The Bigger They Are, the Nicer They Are!" . . . JOCK PALACE, Las Vegas' own police officer of good will, was appointed chairman of the Clark County Auxiliary Police. A very popular officer of the law and highly capable, Jock's duties will be to direct a group of 200 men to work with the sheriff's office and the police department on a war emergency basis. If you fellas have extra time and are interested in helping, please contact Officer Palace or Col. McCarthy at the Civilian Defense Office in the court house, or the United States Marshal in the post office building. To date, only 200 men are needed, so let's try to fill this quota without hesitation. All of us hope that a war emergency committee won't be needed, but it is still better to be prepared to meet any eventuality, rather than be taken by surprise later. Let's prepare ourselves properly this time! . . . And in plenty of time! . . . We would like to suggest to our readers that they be on the lookout for petty racketeers trying to peddle 50-peso Mexican gold coins for $50. Most of these coins have been milled down, and 10 to 15 dollars worth of gold removed before these coins are sold. This is an old con game which has flourished for some time in Mexico and Los Angeles, and now they are trying their luck in Las Vegas. However, we believe that most Vegans won't fall for this very old and cheap trick . . . and hope that none of the visitors in town get taken in. We've seen this sort of thing happen before, and tourists blame us if they are taken by these petty thieves. Our law men have their eyes peeled for these guys and are hoping to catch them in the act . . . Here is another case to prove what a wonderful thing family love is: AL NISSELL, sick for two weeks, told us that the best medicine he ever had was a surprise visit from his sister, MRS. BENJAMIN WINTER, owner of three of the largest and most popular Manhattan hotels. Mrs. Winter looks like Al's younger sister, but isn't! He was a 1-year-old infant when she was married. And now, at 65, she is more like a mother to this popular Fremont street businessman, than a younger sister. Too bad Mrs. Winter couldn't remain in town a little longer. It was a wonderful treat for Al who idolizes her . . . One of our town's favorite citizens and movie actors, CHUBBY JOHNSON, is a pretty confused guy these days. Chubby, billed in Hollywood as the "Man with the Flexible Face," has recently been working on two pictures. In the first, he plays the part of a fearless and righteous sheriff who keeps law and order in the tough old West. In the other picture, Chubby had to characterize another sheriff, only this time a weak-kneed, yellow-livered hombre, afraid of his own shadow. We'd like to help Chubby solve his confusion by saying, "That's Hollywood, fella!" . . . Sorry to see her go, but good luck to MARY ANNE WELSH, lovely Kathryn Duffy Dansation, who screen tests for HOWARD HUGHES at RKO shortly . . . We were sorry to hear that EDDIE MELCHER, company manager for Lou Walter's Latin Quarter Revue at the Desert Inn, had to fly back to New York to be with his wife who is seriously ill. That well-known stage and night club personality, NAT RINARD, arrived from New York with his lovely wife to take over Eddie's duties. Mr. Rinard was once George Burns' vaudeville partner and for many

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

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years a Broadway headliner. He has managed some great shows and stars, and was interested in some of the New York night clubs. Members of the revue have found Mr. Rinard a most congenial and efficient man to work with. He will go on to Hollywood with the show when it opens at the EARL CARROLL THEATER for an 8-or 12-week stay . . . All who were at the VARIETY CLUB Induction Ball will remember CHILL WILLS. Last Monday, BENNY GOFFSTEIN, Chief Barker for Tent No. 39 of Las Vegas, received a check for $50 from Chill with the notation: "For the Kids' Fund." It is fellows like Chill who not only give unstintingly of their time and effort but follow through with a gesture like this for no reason except that they have so much heart. Such gestures as shown by Mr. Wills makes Variety the great organization it has grown to be . . . SHEILA, "cute-as-can-be" 5½-year-old daughter of DEBBIE and MILTON PRELL, told her mother that she has two especially big wishes. (1) She would just love to have a baby sister. (2) She would just love to take a trip to Mount Charleston. That's right! Mrs. Prell promised Sheila a trip to Mt. Charleston! . . . We dislike reporting items we're not sure about, but we've heard so much talk lately among those supposedly "in the know," that we feel there must be some fire where there is so much smoke. However, this is not official nor has it been confirmed, but we understand that SANTA ANITA interests may purchase the LAS VEGAS PARK RACE TRACK. We know that such a deal would affect many hundreds of Las Vegas citizens, so we will attempt to get a confirmation or denial of this information . . . and report it to you in a future issue . . . Next time you see PHIL ZION, one of the managers of the bingo parlor in the CLUB BINGO, please ask him what time it is. You're in for a surprise. Why all the precautions, Phil? Are the creditors looking for you? . . . According to the extensive publicity SENATOR KEFAUVER is receiving, we'd say he is doing a good job and has a terrific publicity man. But we'd like to ask, just what is he accomplishing? Is he really out to clean up or just to gain fame for himself? The Senator and his investigating committee is attracting the attention of the nation and the entire world. Why is Senator Kefauver confining himself to operations which, in comparison to some rackets, can be considered "petty larceny?" Why is the Senator traveling so much? He could stay in Washington, D. C., and start an extensive investigation which should start with the man at the very top and who holds the most important job in the country. The senator asks some witnesses how they made their money and he goes back as far as 25 to 40 years. The same query could be or should be asked of any Washington politician! But we know, the question wouldn't be answered. We're certain our esteemed Senator would uncover many skeletons and thousands of interesting stories and more hair-raising ones than those he is currently trying to unmask. We guarantee that the Senator would have a greater Hooper rating with his TV show called "THE KEFAUVER INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE" than all the comics plus all the TV shows in the country put together. Just picture, if you can, if Senator Kefauver would turn the spotlight of radio and television, as he is doing now, on the graft, high-class pressuring and "you scratch my back, I'll scratch yours," and the various maneuverings of the Washington big-wigs. Boy, what a swell job he'd be doing for our country and its citizens! That, of course, is only a suggestion which we never expect to see accepted. But it's great to d r e a m though! Then again it's so much easier to subpoena the ones he has chosen than big-shot politicians. We wonder whether the Honorable Senator would fell slighted if he knew that his name didn't appear on the front page of some of the coast's newspapers? What is the Senator trying to prove? His Hooper rating has probably gone up considerably since he went on television for all to see and hear the show. What's happening to the dignity of our Senate and its members when they go on road shows such as this? Our final question to the puzzler of the year: Senator Kefauver, are you cleaning up . . . or just stirring up? . . . After enjoying the lively and imaginative music of FRANKIE ORTEGA and his combo in the MURAL ROOM of the FLAMINGO HOTEL, we were sorry to hear that he and his boys are due to leave in the near future. Frankie's full and solid piano and the excellent and versatile trumpeting of BOBBIE PRUPAS make for a highly entertaining evening of listening . . . Welcome back to MAESTRO BILL CLIFFORD, his lovely and friendly vocalist, MARY MARSHALL, and the whole great group of musicians, once again on the bandstand at the Flamingo . . . A great big happy birthday wish to the GIRL SCOUTS OF AMERICA, celebrating their anniversary on March 11 . . . The mails bring us the unfortunate news that PAUL GRAY, witty and urbane comedian who appeared recently at the Desert Inn, is

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WHAT'S DOIN'?

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once in a while Noosns whips up a big batch of something or other and sets it up for who ever happens to be on hand at the time. And, believe you in me, if I knew when this was to happen again, I'd be on hand, that Noosns can **cook!** . . . I witnessed the wedding of two of the nicest people I'll ever have the pleasure of calling "my friends" when Mavis Murray and Tom became Major and Mrs. Thomas Pakenham last Saturday (March 3) at the St. Joan of Arc Catholic Church. Theirs was a romantic story that would make a book and I watched it grow from the beginning. It couldn't have happened to two finer people. They will make their home in Washington, D. C., where Tom is attached to the Pentagon with the Army Air Force, a fighter pilot in a swivel chair. Congratulations, kids, and may I say this; to Tom, may I be as fortunate, and to Mavis, contentment will be your fortune . . . Celebrating an anniversary while in our town will be Al Bernie and his lovely wife Charlene, who will complete the seventh year of a happy marriage while he costars on the bill at the Thunderbird Hotel with Clark Dennis. In order to be with her husband, Charlene gave up her own promising career as a chanteuse which is as it should be for continued happiness throughout the years. That's true love. There's something lacking when two people marry and still find themselves willing to be separated for long periods of time. Congratulations, Charlene and Al, and may you be able to be with us on many more of your anniversaries . . . Well, that's about the extent of it for this week. You want to know somethin'? I've used up almost a whole **roll** of "poor man's kleenex" since I sat down to start this column (ran out of the regular) and the lower slopes of my schnoz are about as red as the south end of a young robin . . . The next time you see me why don't you tell me some of **your** troubles? . . .

JOHNNY.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 31)

in a cast from his chin to his waist, after fracturing his back. He wrote, "Jack, this is no fun!" We can imagine, and wish Paul the speediest of recoveries. . . . CONGRATULATIONS TO: JULES HOLSTINE who took over the complete operations of the SILVER SLIPPER RESTAURANT as of March 8. Mr. Holstine, famous restaurateur from the coast is known throughout the country as an excellent host, and promises to introduce something new and different to the diners who frequent this popular eating spot on the strip . . . TO: TED MOSSMAN, noted pianist and composer, now starred in the SKYROOM of the DESERT INN, who will be honored Saturday, March 10, with a "Salute Day" in which radio, newspaper, and show personalities will join the music-loving public in a testimonial at the Woolworth store in downtown Las Vegas . . . One week ago we reported the information that multi-millionaire HOWARD HUGHES, famous industrialist, and the GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION had joined forces and formed a new corporation under the name "HEWSITE." This new company had purchased 40 thousand acres on the other side of Bonanza Village. We received so many phone calls and we heard so much comment on this news, that we promised to look into the matter further. Our latest findings are as follows . . . MARION CLAWSON of the Bureau of Land Management in Washington, D. C. . . . in complete charge of the West . . . has confirmed the Hewsite purchase of 40 thousand acres. However, Mr. Hughes informed the government man that the company will require at least 60 thousand acres. Now the Hewsite Corporation is trying to trade off 20 thousand acres of land near Elko, Nevada, for a similar tract adjoining their present holdings southwest of Bonanza Village. We learned that FRANKZEN LOOMIS, a very prominent attorney in Reno, is representing the Hewsite Corp. Stories are now that this new industrial development may be used as a storage depot for guided missiles. No. 1 information we received was that a giant plant was to be erected to manufacture secret war material for the government. According to all that land they are seeking, it's quite likely that this area will be similar to the ammunition storage depot of the Navy Department at Hawthorne, Nevada. Whatever occurs in the next few days, we believe it's for the best . . . and that's for sure!

FLAMINGO:

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JOSEPHINE EARL again presents her dancing starlets in brilliant new productions, and the whole show will be musically backgrounded by BILL CLIFFORD, his smooth orchestra, and blonderful vocalist, MARY MARSHALL, who have returned to the Flamingo after a much-too-long absence of two weeks.

LAST FRONTIER:

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ming?," "I Can't Get Offa My Horse," "Rum and Coca-Cola," "Yuk a Puk," and that current favorite, a New York City love ballad featured in "Guys and Dolls," and called "Sue Me!" . . . Extra added attraction is the London recording artist, beautiful and vivacious TERESA BREWER, whose pert voice has sent her recording of "MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC" over the million mark. This young songstress is known not only for her appealing and intimate style, but also for her fresh beauty. This engagement is the first for Miss Brewer and Mr. Amsterdam, and we foresee a most happy blending of music and humor . . . The JEAN DEVLYN DANCERS offer seasonal choreography in a green-costumed Irish reel and jig, and then they don their Easter bonnets for a rhythmical Easter parade. Both numbers feature lovely and agile CLAIRE WYNN. . . . AL DONAHUE is still your able master of music, while DON BAKER manipulates a mellow organ for intermision entertainment.

THUNDERBIRD HOTEL:

(Continued from Page 17)

that rumor, but we asure you that you'll be highly pleased by the silvery mellow tones of "If," "Wonderful," "Jealousy," and a wide variety of your favorite ballads. A new tune, at least one we haven't heard before, is "How Can You Buy Killarney?" Clark's lilting arrangement of this melody makes it a sure bet for the Hit Parade. Clark Dennis . . . welcome back to Las Vegas . . . On the same bill are TAMARRA and ORLOFF, who bring their Apache dances from the underworld of Paris. If you would like to witness some of the finest caveman tactics we've ever seen, then watch the forceful treatment Tamarra receives at the hands of Orloff. We enjoyed their act thoroughly, but we'd like to ask, What happened to that sweet, old, tame waltz? . . . The clever and colorful KATHRYN DUFFY DANSATIONS present "Vive La France," with JOY WALKER as the featured can-can girl. And they have held over that sensational choreography, SATAN'S DREAM, with CHRISTINA CARSON as the prima ballerina. Frankie Laine must have had Miss Carson in mind when he introduced the tune, "Satan Wears a Satin Gown."

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POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

afraid of "horseless carriages?")

Col. Fife, who owned the property where the Market Spot now is, passed away. A well was being drilled near Sandy in the Mesquite Valley. The Santa Fe round house, shops and 16 great mogul locomotives at Barstow were destroyed by fire with loss set at one million dollars and we felt perhaps the Barstow plant would never be rebuilt but our Clark Railroad might somehow take over and do the Santa Fe shop work at our new shops in Las Vegas.

Bill Laubenheimer, former employe of The Age, drilled a well and struck a big flow of artesian water on what now is Charleston Boulevard, a quarter of a mile west of the railroad.

That act of incorporation seemed to put new life and enterprise into all Las Vegas and our recently organized Chamber of Commerce was offering a bright, new, five dollar gold piece as the prize in its advertising "Slogan Contest." (If anyone were caught with a gold piece in his pocket nowadays, he could be thrown in jail as a criminal by our government.)

In that same issue of June 24, 1911, I wrote an editorial in quite a gleeful, not to say boastful spirit:

"It seems but yesterday that the writer was the object of ridicule because, as he stood on the desolate stretch of desert where is now the city of Las Vegas," (this was May, 1905), "trying to locate the stakes which mark the corner of Fourth and Fremont in the proposed city, he said: 'I can see in the not distant future, this new city filled with busy people and attractive homes. I can see cottages embowered in vines and roses, surrounded by cool green lawns and shaded by spreading trees.'

"At that time there was no green thing in sight, yet today, look in what direction you may, the eye now beholds in reality all those things that the beckoning future then held out to us . . ."

There was more of the same kind, all inspired, I suppose, by the fact that I was in 1888-9 trying to help create the city of Redlands, California, out of about the same kind of desert there was here.

When I started this little bit of gossip about the earlier days of Las Vegas. I thought that the story of how we finally built a sewer system in Las Vegas and staved off the death and decay which were trying to creep in on us and revert us to the desert from which we came, might interest some of you moderns who come to Las Vegas and find everything all fixed up for you.

However, I have used up all the space I am entitled to in this "Fabulous Las Vegas" and must save that story for some other time.

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS:

(Continued from Page 21)

Federal Theater troupe. When he finally reached the big-time, he endured a series of short-lived engagements and flops before hitting a winner. Eventually, the break came. Producer Wallis spotted him in "Dream Girl" and signed him to a contract. The rest of the Corey story can be told under the heading of: "Unknown Actor Makes Good in Hollywood."

Today, Wendell is an established headliner. And as the star of Nat Holt's "The Great Missouri Raid," he turns in another fine portrayal which reveals why he can claim the enviable distinction of being an actors' actor.

DEAR MOM:

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out on the line, as the place is beginning to look like McFadden's Flats, with socks and shorts and lacey unmentionables draped over towel racks, shower bar, and other makeshift drying contraptions. Had to take down the rope strung from door to the window—too many possible casualties for which I'm not covered!

Drop me a line soon and let me know how Pop is getting along until he gets his new teeth "like Clark Gable's," 'cause I can't imagine him "gumming his way" through all that good "home cooking" of yours. Send me some more recipes—mine are getting tired! Love!

—ME.

"Now, don't get excited, mother," said the pretty little blonde. "I know you heard him call me his amanuensis, but all it means is his secretary."

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