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HOWDY PODNER !



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April 14, 1951

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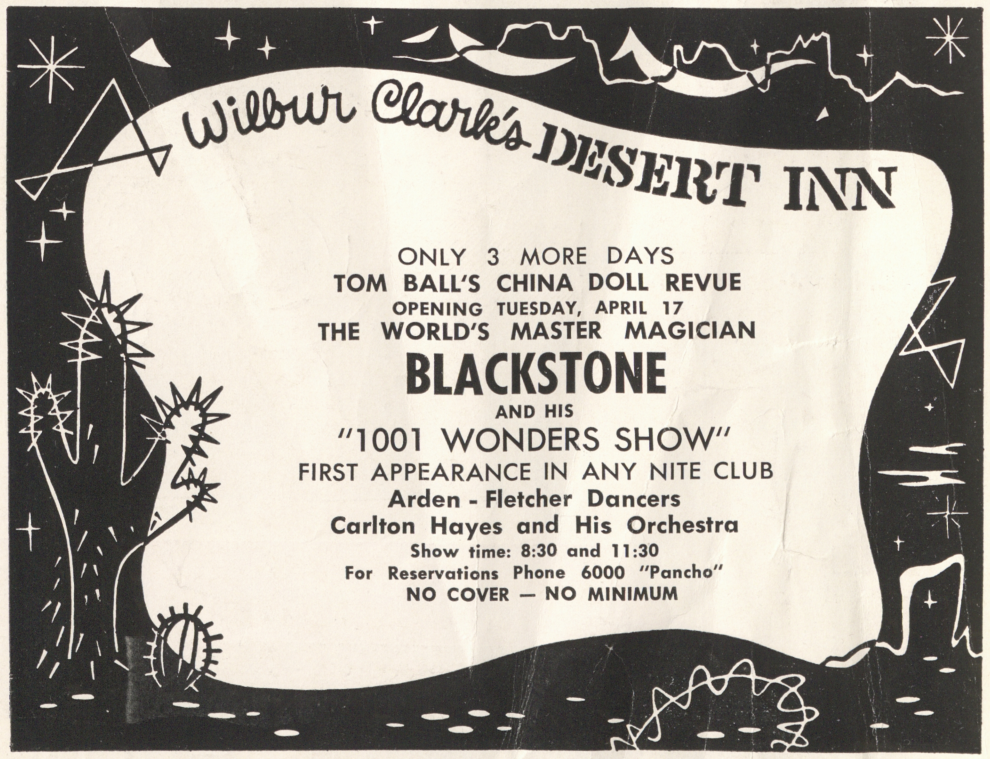
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 2, NO. 52

OBSERVATIONS, BY POP SQUIRES

"THAT'S FOR SURE," BY JACK CORTEZ

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

TABLE HOPPING, By MARY JANE BULLOCK

JACK CORTEZ, Editor and Publisher

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Jack Bortz's FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 2 APRIL 14, 1951 NUMBER 52

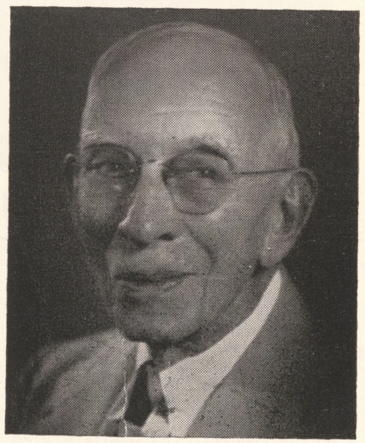
OBSERVATIONS . . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

THERE are still living but a very few persons who have a personal knowledge of the steps which led to the negotiations of the Colorado River Compact which took form in November 1922 under the leadership of Herbert Hoover, at Sante Fe, New Mexico. I was one of those who took part in nearly all those activities of the decade of the 1920s and have the impulse to recall to any who may be interested, some of those meetings which finally made it possible for the Bouler Canyon Project to be consummated.

I recalled last week how the Inter-State Compact idea was injected into the campaign, at a meeting of governors and their personal representatives in Denver in May, 1920. At that meeting it was agreed that we should meet again in August, each state to have ready its ideas on the feasibility of making a compact between the Colorado River Basin states.

Delph Carpenter, of whom I spoke last week, was really the leader of the Inter-State Compact idea, having already, at the suggestion of the upper Colorado River basin states, made a study of the subject. Up to that time only about three such compacts had been negotiated, the Port of New York Authority being the most important. The idea of getting seven "Sovereign" states (which at that time really valued their "Sovereignty") to agree to anything seemed almost fantastic, but there was no other way which, it appeared, would make possible the development of the Colorado River, in the waters of which seven states were vitally interested.

However, when we met again in Denver, August 25, 1920, we found that considerable progress had been made, Arthur Powell Davis, director of the



Bureau of Reclamation, had taken the problem of development of the Colorado River very seriously. He was, it will be recalled, a nephew of that great explorer, John Wesley Powell, after whom he was named, who made the first voyage down the Colorado River, in 1869.

At suggestion of Director Davis the League of the Southwest called a conference which was held at San Diego, August 3 and 4, 1920, which I attended to represent Governor Boyle. At that meeting William "Bill" Mulholland, builder of the Owens Valley Aqueduct, entered the picture. Sims Ely came into the discussions, representing Governor Campbell of Arizona. The meetings helped to crystallize public opinion and encourage the action which was taken at the next meeting of the states. State Engineer James G. Scrugham, Dr. Roy W. Martin, C. C. Ronnow and John

(Continued on page 32)

NOW . . .

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SONGSTRESS
MARGIE THOMPSON

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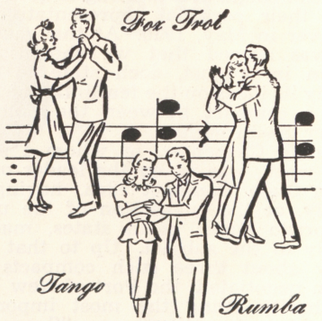
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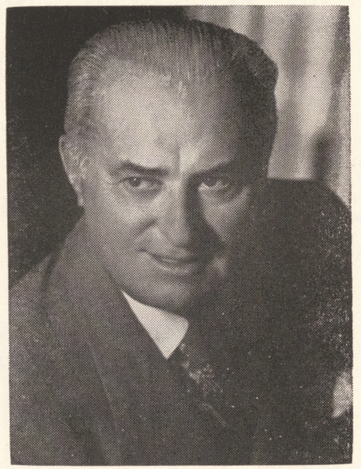
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VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF NEVADA



THE GAMBLER

I'm just a common gambler
A hustler and a rambler
Who has gambled everywhere
And gambled on the square
I love to deal my craps
To the wise guys and the saps
But I'm a player, too
For me it's nothing new
To get an urge to play
And oftimes lose my hay
Then I'll deal my games again
And if the suckers chance to win
As they do when the dice get hot
Sometimes triple what they've got
There's not a thing that I can do
But stand around until they're through
Then I count their winning pile
And I pay off with a smile
Put my chips back in the rack
Try to grind my losings back.

SHE'S SWEET

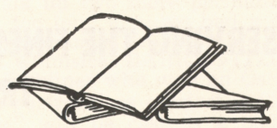
Brown eyes, red lips, teeth white as pearls
She has silky hair, with little little curls.
She's sweet, she's gentle, she's moral.
My mare is a dazzling sorrel.

PETALS THAT WINDS HAVE TAKEN

Farewell to all forgotten things
Old loves that pass on wearied wings
Dreams of hours, long forsaken
Petals that the winds have taken.

Days now past, were not regretful
Yet, time renders them forgetful
Tho the days were great in number
Best, we let them rest in slumber

And so we hear the echoes fade
While passing shadows, we once made
Never again will be portrayed
For they have withered and decayed.



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. . . because of our sincere friendship and admiration for the management of "Don, the Beachcomber Restaurants."

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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ

HERE we go again. There's something permeating the air, all around us. One moment, you feel completely indolent, unable to motivate. Then, in another moment, you discover untapped energy and try to accomplish a thousand tasks, in a matter of seconds. Wonder what it is? Could it be that seasonal disease? Yep! Guess it is. Old Man Spring Fever is back again, gripping each and every one of us. Boy! How we'd love to submit to him. It would be nice to just leave the column and go down to that corner lot and watch the kids at batting practice, and hear the youthful umpire shout: "PLAY BALL!" What a pleasant, lazy way to spend an afternoon. That sun looks so warm and inviting. But, the presses are humming and the copy has to be in before deadline. So, thoughts must be collected and an attempt at concentration must begin. Come on, fellas. Stop shoving, will you? (We'll be out a little later.)

SAMMY "QUINELLA" COHEN, the "Bookmaker's Bookmaker," has proved beyond a doubt that his race room in the CLOVER CLUB is the most popular in town. Architects are now in the process of drawing up plans to enlarge the room, to enable seating capacity for 150 to 200 more players. Mr. Cohen's geniality has won him a host of friends who jam the race room but are unable to be seated. We marvel at this accomplishment. Even though the Clover Club is not in full operation, the racebook, with Sammy at the helm, is extensively patronized by sportsmen and sportswomen . . . A few nights ago, a popular food waitress in one of our hotels quit her job because the sandwich chef was making her life miserable. This character merely wanted to toss his authority around and chose this gal as a scapegoat. Unfortunately, the girl in question has four children who rely upon her. We aren't going to mention any names. We'd love to, but we want to refrain from embarrassing the young lady. How can a man have such a vile nature? He picked on the wrong gal this time. Foolishly, he thought she would stand for his obnoxious attitude, in order to protect her job and her offspring. Too bad we couldn't see his face when she showed her independence. How irresistable did you think you were, you **self-made** boss? You never can tell, fella, you too may be among the unemployed soon . . . DANNY THOMAS will be presented in a special late performance (third show) on Saturday, April 14, at 2:00 a. m. The management of the FLAMINGO HOTEL had to arrange this extra presentation in order to satisfy our many local residents, tourists, plus the dealers, bartenders and waitresses who were unable to see Danny because of the S. R. O. signs or work during the regular show times. By the way, this engagement is Mr. Thomas' final cafe appearance for 1951. Television shows in the East have monopolized his entire schedule. So, if you haven't seen him and want to make certain you catch America's foremost comedian in action, Saturday is your last chance . . . When JOY WALKER, lovely dancer with the Kathryn Duffy group at the THUNDERBIRD, was with the Olsen & Johnson show in N. Y. last year, she became very friendly with blonderful CHRISTY PETERSEN. They were chorines in the same show and shared the same apartment. Later on, Joy was married and came out here to accept her present job. Through the theatrical grapevine, Miss Walker learned that her ex-roommate was on the coast. She spoke to Hal Braudis, producer of the shows, and requested he give Christy a job in the line. Now, the two chums are working together again and couldn't be happier . . . AL COOPER and EDDIE SHANE, two of Las Vegas' most eligible bachelors, were in all of their glory when they introduced us to the stunning and charming SONNY SUND. Miss Sund was their guest, while in our town, and to discuss some business matters with the two gentlemen. Miss S. is the owner and operator of the "Don, the Beachcomber" Restaurants, throughout the U. S. Al and Eddie are the very popular Chicagoans who left the windy city for our "Shangri-La." They are really working diligently and it won't be long before they open their eagerly-awaited POLYNESIA, tropical-style spot on Highway 91. Incidentally, the boys do not wish to be referred to as Chicagoans any longer. They want to be known as Nevadans. The Messrs. Cooper and Shane have decided to adopt Las Vegas as their "home" town. (Chalk up two more permanents!) . . . Not too long ago, we had a discussion with producer NAT HOLT. He told us that whimsical BARRY FITZGERALD, the Dubliner who won an Oscar for his fine portrayal as a priest in "Going My May," will be cast as a bad man on his next trip to the sound stages. The talented Irishman will fill the role of

(Continued on page 27)

Florence Richards Magicraye

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At 1:00 P.M.

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Jimmie Ames

Movieland's Mad
Comedian

TABLE HOPPING

. . . By MARY JANE BULLOCK

I AM flattered indeed, to be added to the staff of FABULOUS LAS VEGAS! Jack and I have been friends for several years, and have had many interesting chats together, but I was stunned at the suggestion I write a column! Being a designer and dressmaker, this is a little out of my line, but try I will! . . . So-o-o, here we go and sincerely hope you like "my stuff."

Had dinner at LA RUE'S Tuesday night, I so enjoy their food and sophisticated atmosphere, and I never fail to meet people I know—it's becoming a "late spot" for us locals. After a cheerful greeting from "store-owner" **Steve Pappas,** we enjoyed a martini with our old-time friend and bar-tender, **Morrie Matorian.** Too bad Morrie never wins. . . . **Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn** was well represented by three lovely cocktail waitresses, namely **Peggy Morris, Starr Gisel** and **Naomi White,** all looking lovely and ready for a big night off! **Eddie Fritz,** dealer—also of the **"Inn,"** was playing host, and loving it! Don't ever get Eddie talking on food, he really "talks" it up, and I might add, he is well-versed on the subject, having owned one of the largest night clubs in the country at one time!

Bumped into **Norman Khoury** and **Joe LaRocca** of Cleveland. Haven't seen them in Vegas for a year or so . . . had their heads together . . . wonder what they're cookin' up, now?

Mrs. Lee McAferty had her daughter, **Jenny Lou,** out cabareting at the **Silver Slipper**—honestly, Jenny Lou gets prettier every day, and her mother, Margaret, gets more proud!

Cocktail waitress **Betty Edwards,** of the **Silver Slipper,** entertained her two girl-friends, **Pat Venable** and **Kay Laffrenzeni** from Los Angeles. They were a happy, popular trio for the week-end! Betty looked lovely in her new lavender net dress! (Wish I could say I made it!) **Mrs. Grace Johnson,** of the CLOTHES HORSE, wasn't kidding



when she called Betty to say: "I have just the dress for you!"

Helen and Dean Whaley also have company at their house. Dean's mother, MRS. VIOLA CONWAY, has come to our town to enjoy some of our desert-sun! Helen is so busy at her job, as hostess at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, and Dean as bartender at the GOLDEN NUGGET, Mrs. Conway has consented to help me manage my dressmaking establishment (so I can do more TABLE-HOPPING!). She is a wonderful seamstress and has many new and original ideas. We're sure she'll make many new friends here to replace those she left when she sold her own shop in Monterey, Calif.

Herman Bryant Jr., ("Cork" to his many friends), finally persuaded his buddy and life-long friend JEAN HISGEN to pay him a visit at the much-talked-of "BRYANT'S RANCH." Jean hails from Indiana and he runs a close second in popularity (with the wimmin') to "Cork" himself! They have played "hookey" from their homestead, the THUNDERBIRD, lately in order to catch the **Fifi Dorsay** show before it closed at the EL RANCHO VEGAS. "Cork" loved the way FIFI called him "COR-R-RKY"! Diana Chudacoff was her always pretty self, modeling a cool navy-organdy dress with white trim, and completed with white accessories. Diana is an "accessory" to any party! Until next week, see you . . . table-hopping!

Singing for You Is My Treat and Pleasure



THANKS TO THE . . .

HOTEL LAST FRONTIER

For a Glorious Engagement

JIMMY

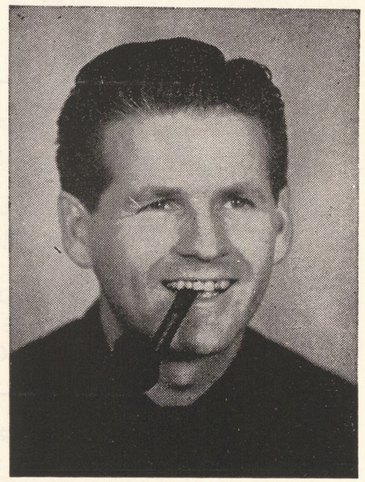
WAKELY

WHAT'S DOIN'?

. . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN

ORDINARILY I would be the last to throw cold water on any chance hug and squeeze that might be hurled in the general direction of these lonely shoulders of mine, but for the next few days or so I'll have to do just that. I'm tossin' my tender torso under the rays of Old Sol until I get myself a good tan, like I used to have when I was young and fancy free. You may have noticed the cruddy complexion of my kisser the past few days. Most any other time I could have called it a "ruddy" complexion, but with the wind blowing as it has been . . . CRUDDY!!

Time was when I was one of the fair-haired boys of the body-surfing crowd as well as being possessor of a proud pool-side manner! However; time marches on and nowadays I'm ashamed to unwrap the snow-white ripples around my middle, and I wouldn't dare go past the three-foot mark without wearing sturdy water-wings. When I watch these young bucks as they bound off of the high board it makes me want to crawl back up the steps, out of the wading water, put my bottle of baby oil under my arm and curl up in the corner of the nearest cabana . . . and just . . . reminisce!!! . . . This Sunday night (April 15th) you should hie you to the GOLDEN NUGGET SALOON and get a glimpse of the MUSICAL DONS as they open there that evening. The last time these boys played the Nugget they stayed on and on for months on end because of their high entertainment value, and promise to do more of the same during this engagement. Being held over for what is beginning to look like an indefinite period is JOE WOLVERTON and his DOG-PATCH COUNTY BAND featuring the one and only POLLY POSSUM. With these two groups alternating during the evening, I'm beginning to wonder where they intend putting all the people that come to see them, as I am certain that no-one will want to leave once they get in and get a seat. During the earlier part of the evening you'll still find your favorite, and mine, MARIANTHE, at the ivories of the new Baldwin piano that the Nugget has put on the stand. Ever since said buying and putting of said piano, said Marianthe has been in the clouds each time she sits down to play a set . . . 'nuff said!! . . . ? NOT 'nuff! She want to thank BILL GREEN and her bosses for making her job that much easier and happier 'cause she



didn't think it could be improved upon as it was! . . . According to FRANK DONOVAN and WHITEY STOER-TRON the recent rise in the thermometer is also responsible for a rise in the thirst of the multitudes, if one might use beer buyers as a barometer. Last week-end, in a period of less than forty-eight hours, they peddled more beer than a brewery at the CHATTER-BOX BAR. More than twenty-one cases of Schlitz beer alone! Personally, I wouldn't say that the bustin' of summer is responsible for the boom in its entirety, as I happen to know that Frank and Whitey are building up a good steady clientele there at Main and Fremont solely through their own efforts . . . Never have I seen so many squares in one room in this town before . . .! Wait a minute! I'd better put that in another way. So many of SQUARE DANCERS in one room. That sounds better. This would be at the free square dance last Friday night at the Silver Slipper Dance Hall at Last Frontier Village. Unfortunately I'm a very busy little Indian on Friday nights or I would have been right in the middle of the fracas 'cause I'm an old square dancer from 'way back. This dance looks like it might become a regular thing so to you who are of my generation; you haven't lived until you've learned and "committed" a few of those old time square dances. And

(Continued on page 23)

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THE WATCHBIRD

. . by MICHAEL NEALE (LADY MICHAEL)

LACKING rhetoric, or being lost in the hugh black chasm of backstage, whose only tangible landmarks are the warming up of acrobats who have spent a brief lifetime learning to do breath-taking tricks with the greatest of ease, or, listening with compelled interest to a golden throat running up and down scales and trailing off on a high note, which to one who has no golden throat is a constant source of wonder; and the brightest spot being the bouquet of rainbow-hued sweet peas that a stage hand presented to us in admiration, or perhaps with a touch of sincere kindness because we said we loved the lush vegetation of California. He grew these in his garden which he tends with loving care. The mood is definitely not for writing a facetious column, or, perhaps we've been reading too many books lately . . .

In the front - of - the - house chasm, where the bar is the only friendly oasis, we found RICHARD QUINE, a director for Columbia, comlpetely entranced with the alabaster-onyx beauty of JOAN MICHAELS, who was graciously signing autographs for four sailors on their first shore leave since returning from Korea . . . Good news and congratulations: Wedding bells will soon ring for MERRITTA MOORE and JEFF DANE, but partner JERRY COLLINS prefers to play a single (matrimonially speaking). DAME and COLLINS have been such a smash at BILLY GRAY'S BAND BOX that they have been held over indefinitely. We're glad, because last time we attempted to see them the ropes were up and although we said we knew the 'pope' (Billy of course), nobody let us in. We may try again . . . DAN DAILEY, just back from Kansas and looking just darling, was ring-siding at Earl Carroll's with big-bug eyes for TONI CARROLL (no relation) . . .

The whole town's raving about JOE E. LEWIS at the Mocambo. Among his new material are two crazy numbers, "A Picture of Dorian Schwartz" an da T.V. song, "The Lower the Neckline the Higher the Hooper." Joe calls himself a C.P.A. (Certified Public Alcoholic). "A lotta people," Joe complains, "say I get loaded when I work these joints. "And," he adds defiantly, "I resent it. I don't deny it—but I resent it!!" We saw Joe at the club next door, a private bistro called the SPHINX CLUB, where one can go and drink till the wee hours if one is a member and brings his own bottle. The club is beautiful, and a



charming young lady by the name of ANNE MOORE (accent ague over the last E) plays an out-of-this-world piano . . .

All this chatter about RITA HAYWORTH and ALY KAHN splitting up because she's here to rediscover America or vice verssa seems to us, rather sillay. Perhaps the lovely 'princess' believes in the old adage, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," being skeptics we add "for somebody else" . . . YVONNE DE CARLO, just back from London, is tempted to stay east because of tempting T.V. offers while her studio is attempting to lure this alluring lass back to the west coast with the promise of a substantial raise . . .

NEW YORK SCENE: JIMMY DURANTE has them hanging from the rafters in the Copacabana. He received such a tumultuous, spontaneous ovation on his entrance that he quipped, "I wish I could go off with that kind of a hand" . . . LUCIENNE BOYER, the French chantoosy, bowed into the Versailles where EDITH PIAF'S marathon was a franchise all its own, and left her audience with a sense of wanting

(Continued on page 32)

'TUTOR PREDICTS'

100,000 POPULATION IN LAS VEGAS BY 1954

DON'T WORRY—WATCH US GROW

SHOW REVIEWS by Jack Bourke

El Rancho Vegas

April 11 through April 24

America's youngest vocal heart throb, VIC DAMONE, is the headline attraction in the ROUND-UP ROOM. If our memory serves us correctly, it was only three years ago that he appeared on the Godfrey Talent Scout Show, won first prize, and since has steadily kept climbing the ladder of success. Vic thrilled the first nighters with many of the tunes he recorded. The youngster projects loads of personality and just loves to sing. Vic is hailed as a great favorite by everyone . . . PEGGY RYAN and RAY McDONALD are also on this "all-youth" bill. They possess a carload of personality and display more energy and talent than we could possibly describe. The entire show is loaded with "ZING" and that's for sure . . . The beautiful JUNE TAYLOR DANCERS introduce two refreshing routines, outfitted in colorful costumes. Featured in the numbers is BUSTER BURNELL, "Boy Dancer." This "boy" is good and could be a definite threat to many a starring entertainer . . . TED FIO RITO and his ORK, as usual, offer excellent background for the show and continue with danceable music to please the patrons.

LAST FRONTIER

April 6 through April 20

JIMMY WAKELY, handsome cowboy motion picture singing star, headlines the well rounded revue in the RAMONA ROOM. Jimmy appeared in our town a few months ago and did a great job. Now, he's better than we have ever seen him. Mr. W. has that warm, intimate style of presentation that enraptures the audience. He's an unselfish performer and insists that AL DONAHUE accompany him on the violin in a couple of numbers. Mr. Donahue plays real hoe-down fiddle that "rocks" the room. When genial Jimmy Wakely sings some of his popular recordings, there isn't a quiet hand in the

(Continued on page 29)

Flamingo

April 15 through May 2
(Not a review)

It's a double feature in the FLAMINGO ROOM. Co-headlining is handsome movie star JOHN CARROLL and BORRAH MINEVITCH'S HARMONICA RASCALS with JOHNNY PULEO . . . This is Mr. Carroll's initial appearance in Las Vegas and his debut as a singing star, in the cafe circuit. It's been revealed that Hollywood missed a good bet when they over-looked John's magnificent baritone voice. It is forecast that the film studios are preparing to re-discover him. Carroll is hailed as a rare singing discovery and has remarkable ability to vary the volume of

(Continued on page 29)

Wilbur Clark's DESERT INN

Opening April 17 through April 30
(Not a review)

BLACKSTONE'S engagement as the headliner in the PAINTED DESERT ROOM marks his first appearance in any night club. Hailed as the greatest magician in history, Blackstone will be the first of many stellar attractions to be featured at the D. I. during the celebration attending the first anniversary of Wilbur Clark's famous hostelry. Acclaimed for years as America's No. 1 magician, Blackstone is at the top in his unique profession and is hailed as the logical successor to Houdini, Thurston, and other noted mystifiers. He is supported by a large company of entertainers and assistants. Critics have labeled the Blackstone extravaganza as a complete magical revue, fulfilling its title of the **"Show of One Thousand and One Wonders."** . . . Brought back for an unlimited engagement are the popular ARDEN-FLETCHER DANCERS. These de-lovelies, outfitted in gorgeous costumes, are well prepared to present some snappy choreography . . . CARLTON HAYES and his ORK are the excellent aggregation of music men in the background . . . At the LADY LUCK BAR, it's that "Best in the West" outfit, the GROVER-SHORE TRIO, playing requestfully yours 'til dawn.

Thunderbird

April 12 through April 25
(Not a review)

Beauteous JANICE PAIGE, Hollywood singing star of stage and screen, headlines the **miniature musical production** in the NAVAJO ROOM. A clever comedienne, as well as an appealing vocalist, Janice is the gal who will make you sit up and take notice. This is Miss Paige's introductory appearance in town. According to the notices she has received, Thunderbird audiences are due for a pleasant surprise . . . On the same bill is comedian ALAN CARNEY who presents laugh-provoking stories and gags, the way you like 'em. He is known by theater-goers everywhere and is considered a top comic because of his extensive repertoire of humor and, **on the spot ad-libbing . . .** The KATHRYN DUFFY DANSATIONS, featuring CHRISTINA CARSON and JOY WALKER, will introduce two new routines, outfitted in breathtaking costumes. These gals are truly versatile . . . BEVERLY RICHARDS is the gal with the wonderful voice who adds so much color to the production numbers. As an added attraction ROBERT MONAY takes over the "Rawling's Spot" as your singing m.c.



CLUB BINGO

April 11 through April 21

"You'll love the comedy antics of the MITZI MEADE FOURSOME." That's what everyone is saying about this talented group since their opening in the BONANZA ROOM. The audiences keep cheering for Mitzi and demanding encore after encore. The Meade Foursome received many plaudits from critics all over the country and they richly deserve every adjective that has been dedicated to them . . . On the same bill is glamorous COUNTESS RICHKOVA, who presents intoxicating Oriental dance routines. We believe she is the best to appear in the Club Bingo to date. It won't be the drink that will cause you to reel. It's Countess Richkova—and that's for sure . . . MIKE WERNER and his "BIG" LITTLE BAND offer excellent backing for the show and continue to please the dance-happy patrons 'til dawn . . . JACK COON ("Hi, ya man") and his superb trumpeteering is featured in practically all of the numbers.

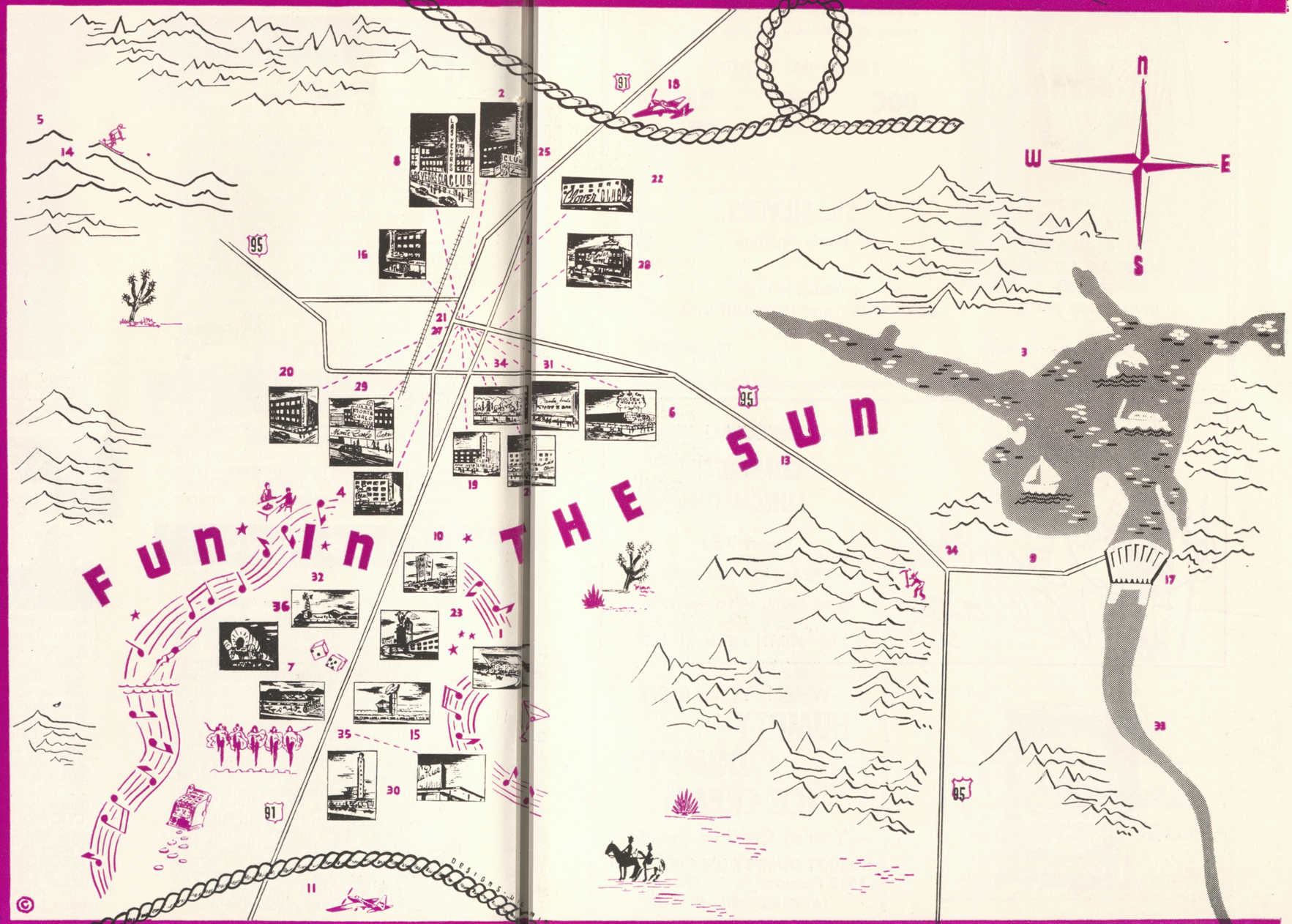
SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

Approximately five months ago, HARRY FARNOW booked the LYLE CLARK PRODUCTIONS into this room. The patron response was so overwhelming when they left that Mr. Farnow's desk was continuously cluttered with written requests to bring them back. Always an obliging sort of a guy, Harry complied and the OLD TIME MELODRAMAS are back. We feel that this will be a lengthy stay. There are three performances nightly—each one different. "Murder in the Red Barn"—"Who Stole My Olive?"—and "The Olio" are on the program. So, make it a point to see one of them. We guarantee laughs galore and you'll find out why grandma **"hissed the villain."** . . . As an added attraction, there are those very talented and entertaining COOPER SISTERS . . . PAT WINTERS and her Can-Can Girls who bring Gay Paree in all its glory to the West . . . GEORGE REDMAN is the accompanist for the show who makes the ordinary "88" almost sound like a complete ork, sans brass.

LAS VEGAS • NEVADA

9 • BOULDER CITY
20 • SAL SAGEV HOTEL
26 • FRONTIER CLUB
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 • GLOVER CLUB
23 • THUNDERBIRD HOTEL
34 • THE WESTERNER CLUB
6 • GOLDEN NUGGET

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.
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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



1 • LAS VEGAS PARK RACE TRACK
17 • HOOVER DAM
36 • LAST FRONTIER VILLAGE
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A chance to be a
Kid again by riding
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Middle-age tempo;
Land of modern
Cliff-dwellers,
Each house a little
Higher up the
Earthen ladder,
Much in the same way
The social stratas are
So definitely defined
Within the populace,
Where it is unthinkable
To eat dinner out
(Especially in the
(Hotels)
Unless attired in
Tuxedo,
The ladies in
Evening gowns,
Like a page out of
The past,
Living in their own
Untouchable world,
Unmindful that the
World has passed such
Superficial egoisms
And laid these costumes away
In limbo,
With other things of
The "Mauve Decade."
Perhaps I am too
Critical of how the
Other half lives.
But I am a Westerner
And I like the open-
Heartedness and camaraderie
Of the West.
I believe that it
Doesn't matter a hoot
Whether a person's
Ancestors came West
First-class in
A stagecoach
Or third-class steerage
Around the Horn, in
A boat whose cargo to
East
Had been a load of
Green hides, and
whose aroma still
Clung to the ship.
Ancestors, although necessary,
Do not count with me.
It's what you are and
How you act that
Add up in the
Final analyses.
By this theory
It has become very
Apparent that
The West ends
Fifty miles inland
From the Pacific Ocean.
But back to "Frisco"
And outside the pale
Of the presido elite
We find
No entertainment as we
Know it in Las Vegas
(With the exception of
(One spot)
Where the biggest
Business is done at
Spots which
Feature entertainers
Of the "half-world,"
Not those with just a
Touch of the
Hue,
But those fully engulfed
In a lavender fog,
Smug, and, like the
Other classes and stratii
Of this metropolis,
Seemingly ignorant of
Everything and everyone
Except their own.
San Francisco,
Where a member

(Continued on page 31)

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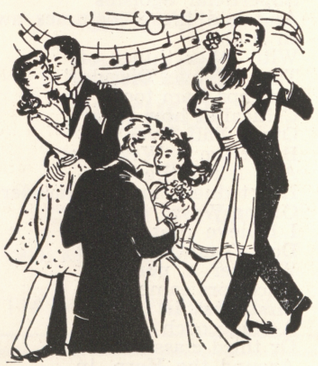
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STEVE PAPPAS — NOLA HAHN

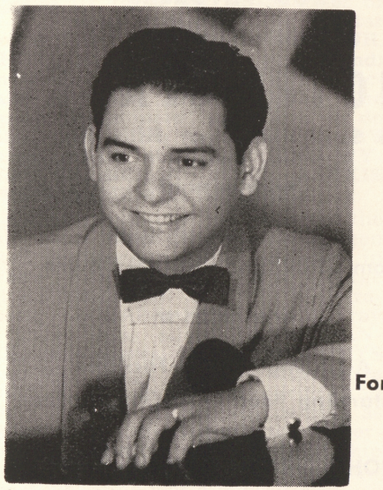
— MAITRE D' —

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WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from page 13)

to you who are of Mom and Dad's generation; throw away your corsets and canes, peel back your bunions and live AGAIN! When I stopped in for a quick look around last Friday night there were EIGHT SETS of dancers going at it strong, so even if you don't know how to do the routines, you could learn in a jiffy and wouldn't be standing out like a throbbing thumb while you were learning. Then of course, on Saturday nights there is a dance for all types who like to trip the light fantastically regardless of your particular era . . . GOOD NEWS for QUINELLA players!!! You can now buy those lucky little ducats for only a **buck apiece!** And buy as many as you like. In other words you may hold the only winning ticket, and for only one dollar you take the whole pot. F'rinstance, the other day the winners were paid off at odds better than 60 to 1! That's BAD? This act is only one more reason why SAMMY COHEN is pulling good crowds and STEADY players into the CLOVER CLUB RACE BOOK although the rest of the club lies practically dormant. He insists that all sport lovers receive the same cordial treatment whether they be placing a bet of four-bits or for hundreds, saying that the four-bits means as much to the one bettor as the hundred does to the other. How can you help wanting to play on a team with a guy like that? . . . Newest name on the billofare at the EMBASSY CLUB in North Las Vegas is JOAN ANDREWS whose beauty and suggestive costuming is all she needs to prove her point. She is a comparative newcomer to the realm of uncover-girls and one day should become one of the best, as she has definite ideas on just what she wants to do and is setting out to do it. I say "one day" because at present she has all the requisites except experience. When you go to see Joan some of you will remember her as a dancer with one of the lines at one of the strip hotels just recently. While viewing this show you will also see winsome KATHLEEN O'DARE, of the flaming hair and trick costuming department. Parting your hair with lively jump tunes, and a one-woman welcoming committee, is effervescent EADIE WALTERS, mistress of ceremonies who ties the show together with her quips and vocals. Music by FRENCHY PELLISSIER and his band who play with an unbeatable beat!! All this at the Embassy Club where the audiences not only **see** a show but

(Continued on page 33)



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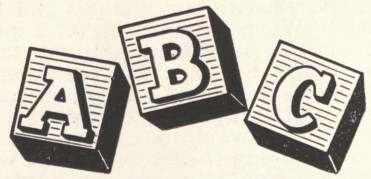
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HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS . . . by MARTIN LEWIS

CAST of BING CROSBY'S next movie, "Here Comes The Groom," has been augmented by three top personalities of show business. The all-star trio includes DOROTHY LAMOUR, BING'S road-traveling girl-friend; comedienne CASS DALEY and music-maker LOUIS ARMSTRONG. The popular "headliners" are slated to do "guest star stints" in this CROSBY picture, which also stars JANE WYMAN, FRANCHOT TONE, ALEXIS SMITH and JAMES BARTON.

Three comparative newcomers to the Hollywood sound stages have been inked to take over the top roles in "When Worlds Collide," the George Pal science-fiction "thriller" for Paramount. RICHARD DERR will portray an adventurous pilot. PETER HANSEN, who scores in ALAN LADD'S "Branded," steps into the role of a young doctor just out of college. And lovely JUDITH AMES will be seen as the daughter of the scientist who supervises construction of the rocket-ship destined to take fifty people to a new planet when the world is destroyed . . . ALLAN LADD continues to come out on top in polls conducted to determine filmland's favorite actor. Early this month, the blond star was named the most popular actor in the world for the third consecutive year by readers of Modern Screen Magazine. JUNE ALLYSON walked off with top honors as the most popular femme star . . . Now we've heard everything. Francis, the "talking" mule, has been insured to the tune of $250,000 . . . PIERRE CRESSON, current rage of the French screen, has been inked to a contract by Producer-Director Cecil B. DeMille and will probably be handed a top role in the epic-maker's new spectacle, "The Greatest Show on Earth" . . . Attention BOB HOPE and BING CROSBY. Newest golf enthusiast in Hollywood is CLARK GABLE, who's perfecting his "game" by playing with such experts as Gene Sarazen, Ben Hogan and Lloyd Mangrum . . . That new title, "My Fifty Years in Show Business," which was registered by Paramount last week, is really the life story of Adolph Zukor, founder of the Studio. It will probably be put on celluloid in 1951.

Ever wonder what the derivations "ham" and "turkey" are?

Wait a minute. This isn't a dissertation on food. It's a very informative one-minute interview with CHARLES COBURN, the monocled movie star who hits the silver screen as BING CROSBY'S "boss" in the upcoming Paramount hit, "Mr. Music."



COBURN is a chap who likes to get at the root of things. No, he's not an amateur gardener. He's simply interested in the history of theatrical slang. For example, take the word "turkey" applied to a show that's not too good.

"Back about 1890," COBURN explained to BING during a recess period on the "Mr. Music" set, "some promoters made a mint of money organizing one-night shows for presentation on the three turkey holidays—that is, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's. The earliest of these shows were good, but shady promoters were fast to cash in on the idea, and they hastily tossed together some really poor presentations. That's how a bad show was first dubbed a 'turkey.' And we still we still get 'em today."

COBURN starred on the stage with his wife for several decades before arriving in Hollywood and making his mark on the motion picture sound stages. So, being an old-timer, he can remember that at the turn-of-the-century, theatrical makeup consisted largely of a ham fat base. Seems there was no cold cream at the time. And that's why, says Mr. COBURN, that theatrical newcomers referred to the old-timers as "ham fat actors." Eventually, the term was shortened to "ham" and was used to indicate anyone of a melodramatic nature.

And that, boys and boys, is your lesson in thearical slang for today.

(Continued on page 31)



DOWNTOWN

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 9)

conniving, detestable heavy in Mr. Holt's new Western, "High Vermillion." This will be a far cry from his famous Father Fitzgibbon characterization . . . BILL CHELIOS, and his charming wife, are vacationing at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. He is the popular maitre d' of the Brown Derby on Vine Street in Hollywood. Mr. Chelios is nationally famous as the man who fed many of our present day stars in the days when they couldn't afford to buy their meals. Although he advanced quite a sum in this manner, he informed us it was all repaid . . . Our expectations proved to be correct. When LIBERACE returned to fulfill his engagement in his hometown, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the entire population turned out and gave him a welcome, befitting a sovereign. Needless to say, he and his brother GEORGE were overwhelmed by their reception committee. According to the local papers (Milwaukee), all of the hometowners are mighty proud of these two. We Las Vegans want you Milwaukee folks to know we share the same sentiments. It won't be long now (April 20), before we welcome "our boys" back again. After smashing all records in Milwaukee, we expect Liberace to do the same here. That's one thing that **is** a sure bet . . . Now there are **two** women in our town who bake cheese cake. MRS. ANN BRINIG does her baking for the CLUB BINGO and MRS. MOLLY SILVER takes her concoctions to the DIXIE DELICATESSEN on Fremont street. We have sampled both cakes and all we can say is—YUM! YUM! How can anyone choose one above the other. They are both d-e-l-i-c-i-o-u-s! . . . At this writing, BENNY GOFFSTEIN has stopped chewing his nails (he had to—he's up to the elbows) and is anxiously awaiting that "bundle of joy." Medics insist it will be "any minute." It would be a good idea if Mr. Goffstein could charter the services of the Flamingo Bird instead of the stork. . . . We are happy to see MARDIE and SNOOPER ROGERS back in town. Snoop is now tickling those ivories in the Gay '90 Bar at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER and we are anixously awaiting the return of Mardie's popular "Dear Mom" column. In behalf of Mardie R., we wish to thank the many who inquired about the absence of the column. If it doesn't make an appearance in this issue, it will, shortly . . . We can't help but keep wondering why our "city fathers" keep stalling whenever this discussion of building a high school auditorium is brought up. The latest excuse for the delay is a request to wait until the present Korean crisis is over. The members of the school board and P.-T.A. have only asked for an auditorium for **21 years** . . . This Saturday, April 14, at 1:00 p. m., FLORENCE RICHARDS' "MAGICEYE" will present a Mexican Fiesta Fashion Show in the SILVER SLIPPER BALLROOM. After seeing an advance preview, we can safely predict that our Las Vegas women will be "south-of-the-border" conscious when the Magiceye models introduce those colorful creations. Admission is $2.50, which of course includes a delicious luncheon. All proceeds will go to charity. Make it a date! . . . On April 20, Las Vegas will experience an invasion. Well, it won't be an **exact** invasion, but it will seem like one. There will be 660 women from the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company who will arrive to partake in the bowling tournament to be held at the NEW VEGAS BOWLING LANES on South Second street. The event will run from the 20th to the 22nd. We hope none of our local bowlers will try to reserve an alley for any of those days. **There just won't be one available.** After they finish their bowling, these gals will take over the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER and indulge in the famous Brunch specialties . . . About four or five months ago, we mentioned a sign that was to be constructed on top of the marquee of the PIONEER CLUB. Well, it is now being put together and might be completed when this edition hits the stands. Wait until you see the 62-foot replica of Vegas Vic, our "Howdy, Podner" cowboy. That TUTOR SCHERER really does things in a big way. He's a one-man Chamber of Commerce . . . MARGARET O'BRIEN, young motion picture star, had an exciting time when she spent three days last week in WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN. Margaret was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Gladys O'Brien, and her secretary, Mrs. Myrtle MacKinstry. She was the first celebrity to try out the hotel's new heated swimming pool. While driving back to Hollywood with family friends, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Dunbar, they had a narrow escape when they were involved in a three-car collision near San Bernardino. Miraclously none of them suffered serious injuries . . . On Monday, April 16, the FLAMINGO HOTEL will once again be turned into a Hollywood set, when RKO Studios set up their cameras and begin to film "The Las Vegas Story." BOB STEVENSON will direct the stars —VIC MATURE, JANE RUSSELL, VINCENT PRICE, AND HOAGY CARMICHAEL. There will be a call for extras. Who knows? There might be someone in our midst, ready to be discovered as a future star . . . VIC DAMONE, cur-

(Continued on page 28)

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 27)

rently at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, set a date with his draft board for early May. The young heart throb has been trying to jam a whole career into the past six months with picture commitments, theater dates, night club engagements, records, radio shows and TV. In fact, Vic would like to do "Skirts Ahoy" at Metro, if his Brooklyn draft board would o. k. it . . . Broadway donned its best bib and tucker last Sunday (April 8), to witness a special midnight showing of BOB HOPE'S new picture, "The Lemon Drop Kid," at the New York Paramount Theater. All proceeds went to the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund. Bob planed in from Hollywood to m. c. the revue, which offered such celebrities as FRANK SINATRA, BILLY ECKSTINE, JIMMY DURANTE, TALLULAH BANKHEAD, ETHEL MERMAN, and many others. This was the first time in N. Y. theatrical history in which all unions involved waived salaries and donated their services for this worthy cause . . . When the State Chess Tournament was held in the SILVER SLIPPER BALLROOM, our town enjoyed a great victory. Last week the club was re-organized with FRED SOLY as its president; FRED BEBB, secretary and treasurer; JIMMY McKAY (of Henderson) in charge of membership, and our 1951 champion, WILLIAM BENEDETTI, in charge of publicity. Good luck, fellas . . . To those of you who enjoy making a $2.00 wager on the nags once in a while, here's a bit of information that may prove to be worth something. Local millionaire sportsman, CORK BRYANT, will enter two of his thoroughbreds in the KENTUCKY DERBY. According to Cork—they have a good chance and just **might** end up "in the money." The horses are "Stagger In" and "Tiger." Don't let the name "Stagger In" stagger you. It just might be that "dark horse." . . . It's always a pleasure to run into FAY and MURRAY COOPER. We knew Murray way back, when he was a Brooklynite. We didn't see each other for a long time, until four years ago. We renewed our friendship when Murray was a dealer in the MONTE CARLO CLUB on Fremont street. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper do not miss New York in the least for they feel our town has so much more to offer. Fay is a tango dealer at the LAS VEGAS CLUB and Murray is a top-notch dealer at the EL RANCHO VEGAS. Casino boss, CARL COHEN can be mighty proud of his crew, with men like Murray on his staff . . . On Sunday, April 15, there will be a bathing beauty contest at the FLAMINGO HOTEL. To be eligible, a girl must be 16 or more and a resident of Las Vegas, Henderson, or Boulder City. Entries for the event will be taken by MAXINE LEWIS, from 10 a. m. on. We suggest you gals make certain you are there early, with your bathing suits. The selected queen will represented the hotel on their fabulous float in the Helldorado parade. Aside from this honor, the victorious gal will also receive many valuable prizes. So, if you'd like to be a contestant, make certain you are at the Flamingo, early in the morning . . . We were surprised to hear about the fracas G. I. JOE was involved in, last Monday at the G. N. We don't know what inspired the quarrel but we are hoping both men will shake and forget. . . . We want to extend warm congratulations to JOHNNY SARANTO, who was recently appointed maitre d' of the beautiful LA RUE Restaurant. If any of you gourmets want a salad dressing, par excellence, have Johnny mix his special Roquefort dressing and toss it on some greens for you. His addition of a "suspicion" of garlic places this dish high on **anyone's list.** (Okay, drooling time is over. Go get some.) . . . ARLENE ROTRAMEL, lovely auburn-haired cocktail waitress at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, is working part time at AL NISSELL'S LADIES' SHOP. Arlene likes to tote those drinks but also enjoys those extra four hours on Saturday afternoon. She claims she has lots of fun trying to help the gals make up their minds . . . Here is proof positive that our climate is of a curative nature to those who suffer from arthritis. Four months ago, JOE SCHUBERT arrived here, painfully crippled from this ailment. Today, he is cured and works as a salesman, selling PACKARDS for NEVADA MOTORS. Joe's charming wife, AMANDA, works as a nurse in the Clark County General Hospital . . . JOE BRINIG, of Butte, Montana, became a property owner in our town last week. A few months ago, he just stopped by to visit his good friend, MILTON PRELL, owner of the CLUB BINGO. Now, Mr. Brinig owns four units of two-bedroom homes, in the rear of the Nevada Nurseries. He furnished them with exquisite furniture and plans to build more "Mary-Ann" apartments . . . FRED SOLY, general manager of the MONTE CARLO CLUB, is extremely pleased because the Stock Car he sponsored won the "Beauty Contest," last Sunday at the LAST FRONTIER SPORTSDROME. There were many contestants, but Monte Carlo won an easy vitcory and virtually walked away with the trophy . . . Once in a while, we like to make a prediction. Right now, we feel there is a brilliant

(Continued on page 29)

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 28)

future in store for ORTEGA. This "Laureate of the Piano" is currently delighting patrons at the LA RUE. Make this spot a "must" on your list when out for an evening of enjoyment . . . **Bloodshed—heartaches—suffering of victims and tears of loved ones enshroud that thoroughfare—Highway 91. Accident upon accident is listed. Daily, there are more injuries and deaths catalogued in memoriam of this strip where death knows no holiday. How much longer are we going to have to just stand by and watch or read about this outrageous condition? The other evening we witnessed one of the many collisions and our hearts went out to those who were involved. If the highway had been properly lighted or patrolled, the disaster never would have occurred. With us was Ballard Barron, of the Hotel Last Frontier. Mr. Barron has often attempted to gain permission to hire a deputy sheriff to stand guard on 91 and direct traffic in front of his hotel. The insipid excuse that overruled this great gesture was that a deputy sheriff was not a highway patrolman and therefore couldn't serve in such capacity. Wouldn't it be humane to accept such a generous offer, in order to preserve life and prevent recurrences of such mishaps? The only time we see a uniformed patrolman directing traffic is AFTER an accident. Why can't he be there as a PREVENTIVE measure? Why can't we have a temporary traffic light or lights until those often-discussed plans are put into effect? Something must be done and must be done shortly. We guarantee that the people of Las Vegas will be up in arms soon. Our patience has been taxed to the breaking point. Each and every one of us drive along that road sometime, during the evening hours. Must we continue to wonder who will be next? Can't something be done to alleviate the minds of the Las Vegans and the tourists? Let's light up that "Suicide Strip," even if we have to use the old-fashioned lamplighter and his outmoded utilities. We must correct these hazardous conditions and offer safety for safety's sake . . . and that's for sure.**

LAST FRONTIER:

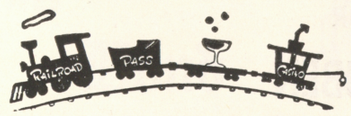
(Continued from page 16)

audience . . . Harmonica virtuoso, JERRY HILLIARD, brought back after a 2½ year absence, is on the same bill. **Remarkable** is the only word we can use to describe the type of music Jerry produces from this "outlaw" of musical instruments. He excels whether it be a classic or hep tune . . . PATRICIA BRIGHT, a sparkling young comedienne, opens this star-studded bill. This gal is most unique and clever. Why? Simply because her material is new and smart. She is very talented and knows how to reach your funnybone. Miss Bright is exactly that—"bright!" . . . The DEVLYN DANCERS present two spring routines that are colorful and pleasing to the eye. Featured in both numbers is lovely RENEE HALLETT, an exceptional dancer . . . AL DONAHUE and his boys excel in both the musical background and enjoyable dance periods . . . DON BAKER, "King of the Hammond Organ," takes over during intermission time to play "requestfully yours."

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from page 16)

his tones from the soft notes of a love ballad to the ringing chords of numbers, such as "Old Man River." . . . In the co-starring spot are the HARMONICA RASCALS, featuring JOHNNY PULEO. A mention of their famous names is sufficient introduction to these musical comedians who have parlayed a "toy" into a brilliant career . . . Rounding out the show are TED AND PHYLLIS RODRIGUEZ, a personable dance duo, loaded with grace and charm . . . DENNY BECKNER, the "Mad-Cap Merry-Maker," and his ORK, supply the musical background for the show and patron dansapation. For your late evening entertainment, the 3 Majors are featured in the MURAL ROOM.

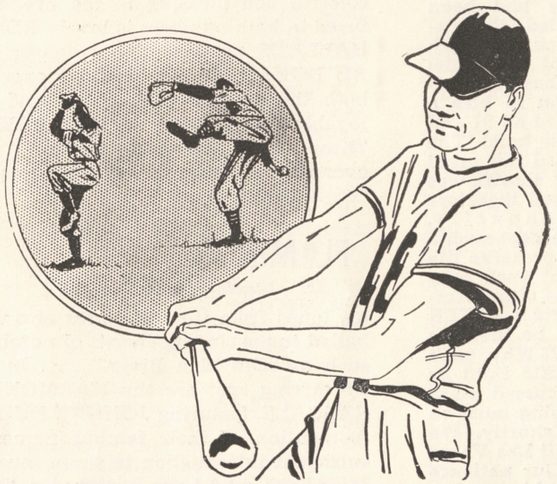


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THE OLD TIMER:

(Continued from page 21)

The Italian Colony,
Whose only possession of
A life of toil was
His fishing boat, and
Who, when returning from
The foggy sea with
His first big
Catch in years,
Almost to port
He saw a man in the water,
Stopped to pick him up.
Then he saw another,
And another.
He had come upon the
Survivors of that
Hospital ship that
Had been rammed and sunk.
His boat was low in
The water, as are all
Fishing boats.
Soon he had so many
Aboard that the craft
Started to take on water.
Overboard went his
Livelihood without a
Thought of selfishness.
For hours he worked.
Navy vessels took off
His human cargo,
And he went back for
The others.
For hours he toiled.
How many he saved I don't
Know, but I do know he
Injured his back.
He wasn't a young man and
When he reurned to
The sea, his working
Ability was so impaired
That he was only able
To bring in catches that
Barely furnished the necessities
Of life.
Soon his nets were beyond
Repair and with no money
To buy new ones, he
Was forced to put
His boats up
For sale.
He never bemoaned
The fact that when
The money from the sale
Of his beloved boat
Was gone,
He would have nothing
He had done his duty
As he saw it, and
As far as I could learn
Of the many lives
He saved,
He never once stopped
Before hauling any of them
Aboard,
To ask their
Nationality,
Their religion,
Or who their
Ancestors were.

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS:

(Continued from page 25)

It happened on the set of Paramount's Technicolor musical, "Let's Dance."

Six-year-old GREGORY MOFFETT was undergoing a severe case of the "fidgets" when our Hollywood Reporter arrived on the sound stage to watch the on-the-set activities . . . GREG makes his movie bow in the BETTY HUTTON-FRED ASTAIRE starrer, and heretofore he had displayed a remarkable ability to concentrate on his screen chores. But during this particular scene, he couldn't seem to stand still for more than two seconds at a time. He kept looking around the stage and constantly glanced toward the entrance, as though he were expecting someone.

"Better get his mother over here," Director Norman McLeod suggested after a couple of rehearsals had been spoiled by young GREG'S squirming. "Maybe she can find out what's wrong."

"My mommy isn't here today," GREG shouted. "And I've got a new baby sister at the hospital and I want to go and see her and I can't because I've got to stay here and work . . . and when is it going to be six o'clock?"

Director McLeod quickly promised GREG that he could leave the "Let's Dance" set as soon as he had completed the "shot." Needless to add, the upcoming "shot" was a perfect one!

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POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from page 5)

S. Wisner represented the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce. Phil D. Swing, of the Imperial Valley, took part in the sessions. Phil later became Congressman from the Imperial Valley, California district, and his name was joined with Senator Hiram Johnson's in introducing the various Swing-Johnson bills in Congress.

When the Denver meeting rolled around, August 25, 26 and 27, 1920, we thought things were progressing nicely. State Engineer Gillett of New Mexico introduced his resolution which sought to delay all development in the lower Colorado River Basin until all those projects proposed for the upper Basin had been surveyed and reported upon by the Bureau of Reclamation. This was laid aside to allow the Inter-State Compact idea to be developed. Delph Carpenter presented forms of an Act to be presented to Congress permitting the seven states to enter into a compact and to appoint members of a Colorado Commission with a representative of the National Government to act as chairman; also identical acts to be passed by the legislature of each of the seven states, providing for the appointing of members of the proposed Colorado River Commission.

Delph Carpenter soon after took the proposed Congressional act to Washington. Congress passed the Act. President Harding appointed Herbert Hoover as chairman and government member of the Commission.

It happened that the Legislatures of all the seven states met in January of 1921 and each of them passed the necessary Act providing for a Commissioner and authorizing the State to enter into a compact with the other six states of the Colorado River basin.

So we find that things had been clarified greatly in less than a year after that first great convention of the League of the Southwest. We were all set—we thought. Just a meeting or two of the Commission and all differences between the states would be smoothed out, a compact would be signed and then the Boulder Canyon Dam would be built! That any state would seriously oppose the idea of developing the Colorado River was unthinkable—to me.

We could not then imagine that it would still be 10 years before work on the project could begin. But it was.

To me the preliminary history of the long fight leading up to the passage by Congress of the Boulder Canyon Project Act, is a fascinating story.

I am trying to get my notes together so that I may write a little book giving some of the unwritten history of the great project. There are many interesting details which have never been made public.

WATCHBIRDS:

(Continued from page 15)

—notably—new songs . . . Adorable, AND talented PATTI PAGE subbed for BILLY ECKSTINE at the Paramount Theatre when the latter was stricken with that ole bug, virus . . . MAE WEST may bow into MONTE PROSER'S CAFE THEATRE (the site of the old Bop City) with Diamond Lil, following the now playing Roaring Twenties, which is a condensed version of the hit musical Billion Dollar Baby . . . TONY MARTIN and the Copacabana are having their hassel untangled before the A.G.V.A. board. The hassel being that the Copa claims Tony owes them five weeks from an old contract . . .

AROUND THE WORLD IN A FLASH: SAVANNAH CHURCHILL and the STRIDERS made their debut in London at the Palladium and were a quick-click . . . MARTHA RAYE headlines her own club in Miami Beach, the Five O'Clock, with JOEY ADAMS (author and T.V. star) as an added draw . . . BEN BLUE and the WHIPPOORWILLS closed at the Casablanca in Miami B. and will soon open at CHARLEY FOY'S in the Valley . . . "HARVEY" — the wonder bunny—is doing S.R.O. biz in Rome, in both English and the Italian dubbed version. Can't you just hear JIMMY STEWART speaking fluent Italian? . . . SLAPSIE MAXIE ROSENBLOOM is making **HIS** London debut at the Empress Club. Pip pip old boy, jolly good luck! . . .

Happy belated birthday to TONI CLARK. It was April 4th. Many, many more, darling . . . PAUL RENALDI'S dog Friday is in the hospital and is about to undergo surgery. We sent him a get-well happy-happy; a steak shaped like an orchid . . . A wag, seeing a sexy picture of LISA KIRK, cracked, "She leaves off where FAYE EMERSON put on!" . . . Hearing that TOOTS SHOR rode an elephant in the Heart Fund circus parade, same wag quipped, "An elephant riding an elephant!" . . .

ADAM FORD, owner of the Reseda theatre and a rising young actor who played in the Aldrich series and The Hasty Heart, has a big part in "THE LIFE OF ROSE MAY" . . .

WE WONDER DEPT.: Where are the DUNHILLS? . . . Has TERRIBLE HERBST arrived yet with his twelve pumps? . . .

WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from page 23)

sometimes ARE the show! . . .In order to more completely devote his efforts toward activity in his capacity as president of the Huntridge Development Co., TOM OAKEY has granted a long term lease on the Huntridge Theaters Inc., which include the Palace, Fremont, Huntridge and Western theaters, to the Nevada Theater Corp. This corporation is headed by Mr. PAUL SPERLING and Mr. ALBERT GOULD. Mr. Sperling comes from Los Angeles where for the past five years he has been connected with studio publicity; production of stage shows, musicals and motion picture theaters there. Mr. Gould comes to Las Vegas from the East where for over thirty years he has been connected with motion picture theater operation in New York and in Providence, R.I., and is known throughout the East for his activities in that field. These gentlemen of the NEVADA THEATER CORP. plan extensive improvements, among them being the reopening of the Western and possible operation of an all-night theater for the convenience of those who work the many swing shifts. The keynote will be "the best possible at all times! . . . Monday (April 16th) will be the beginning of this year's baseball season and you couldn't find a better book for taking your parlays, etc., than the PIONEER SPORTS BOOK in the Pioneer Club where SAMMY LICHTER and DAVE WILLNER now hold sway . . . Those of us who were at the session at the SHAMROCK HOTEL last Tuesday night were witnesses of some real fine alto tootin' what with a couple of technicians like RALPH GARAFOLO (Benny Short) and JOHNNY ROSS (Denny Beckner) on hand to do the tootin'. LUCKY HENRY was in fine fettle on trumpet and when Lucky is right he plays some of the screwiest bop patterns to which you've ever bent a good ear. Opening as regulars in the Shillalah Room that same night was DOC STARR and DALE KERR who have long been a couple of favorites in the town. Doc and Dale utilize piano and drums with Doc doing a mighty fine job on the vocals. Remaining at the piano to play your requests during intermissions is your old stand-by SIL SILVERS . . . Belated birthday bests to PAULINE STAFFORD, wife of mixmaster, JACK, who celebrated another turn in the road of life last Wednesday (April 11th) along with her young son, MIKE, who was born the same day as his Momma! HOWDIDAY DOOIT? . . . Also more of the same category of congratulatory greetings to one of the sweetest kids I know, Miss MARGIE RYAN who is one of the Jean Devlyn Dancers at the Last Frontier. She "won't say how old" this Saturday (April 14th) and I wish her many, many years of the happiness she deserves. I hope I'm around to say so in person for most of those years . . . WOW! I'd better get over to the office with this before the boss gets on the phone with his, "Wenya cumin ova?" . . . So, 'till we do it again next week . . . Smile and say "hello" to a stranger!! . . . Johnny.

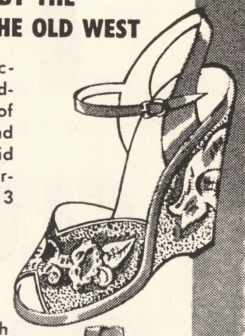
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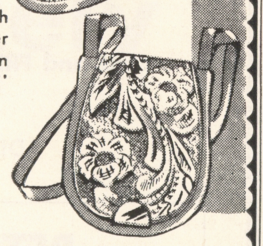
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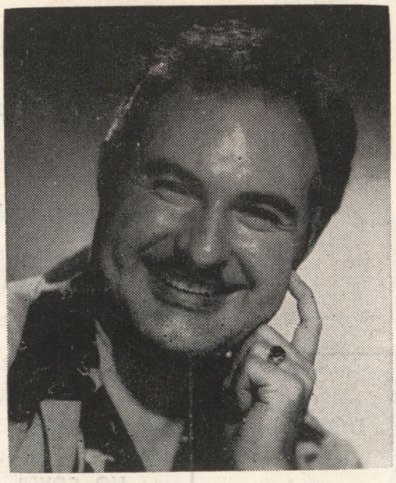
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