Jack Gorkz'

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(ory on Page 9)

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August 4, 1951

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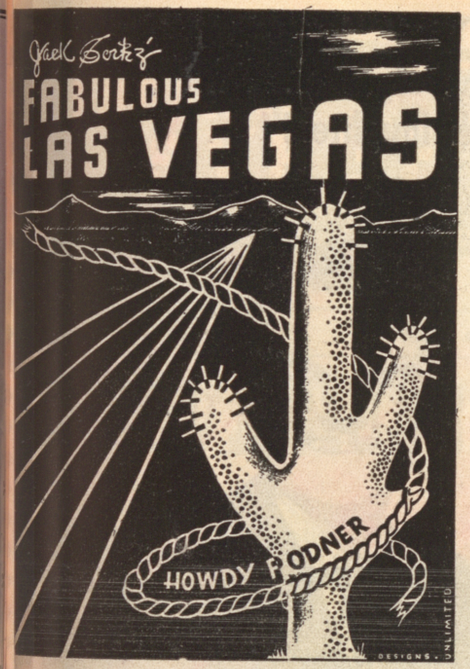

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OBSERVATIONS, BY POP SQUIRES

"THAT'S FOR SURE," BY JACK CORTEZ

HILLYWOOD HAPPENINGS, BY MARTIN LEWIS

VERSE, BY TUTOR SCHERER

REVIEWS OF CAFE SHOWS, BY JACK CORTEZ

RANDOM THOUGHTS, By B. B. BARTON

CHESS, BY FRED SOLY

THE WATCHBIRD, BY LADY MICHAEL

HIS YOU CAN BELIEVE, By PEARL BAILEY

WHAT'S DOIN'? BY JOHNNY

LAKE TAHOE, By HARRIET RESNIK

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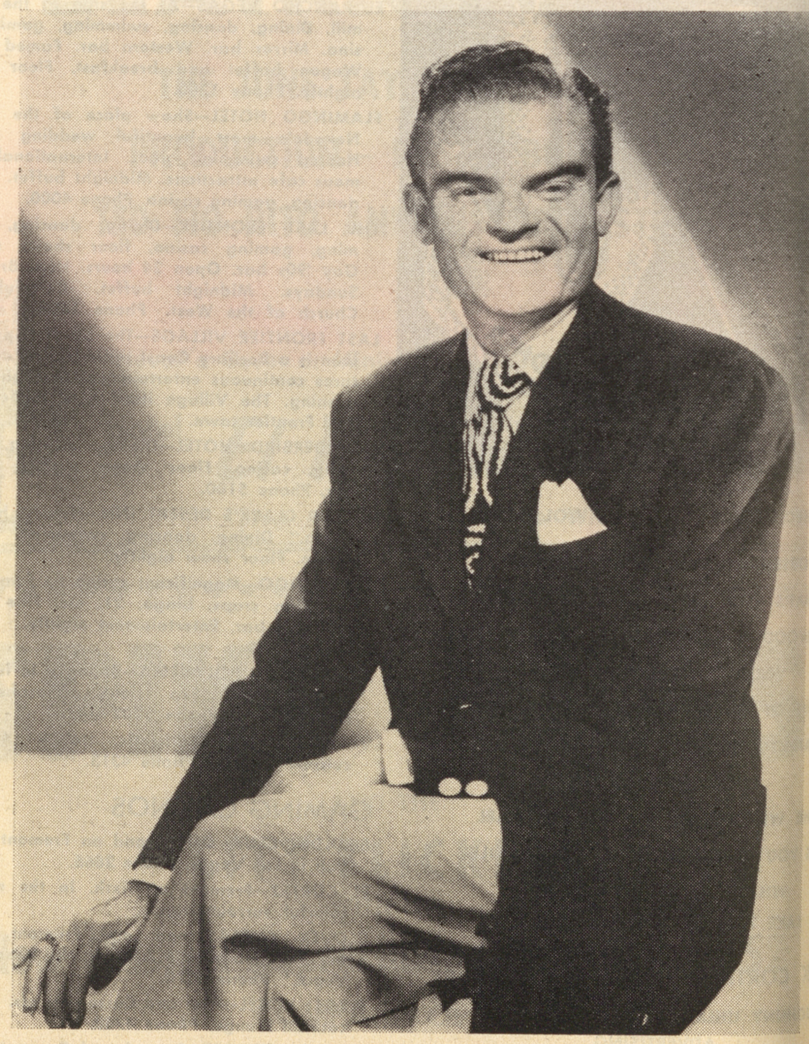

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FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 3 | AUGUST 4, 1951 | NUMBER 16

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

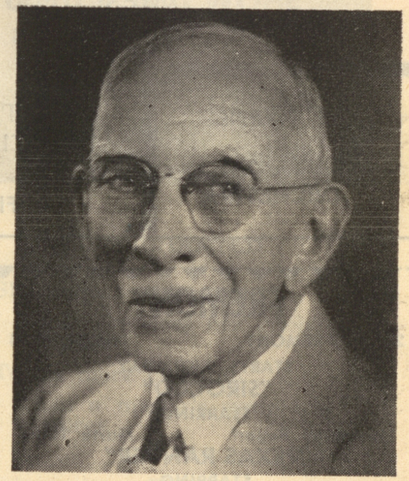
SOME PARTIES!

THAT wedding reception of our Poet Laureate, Mr. Luther Bacon Scherer, known to most of us 'Tutor' Scherer, and his lovely bride last Monday evening reminds me of some earlier parties in Las Vegas, although there was no resemblance between this very ultimate of all Las Vegas parties, and those of long ago when we were struggling to make the raw and rough place called Las Vegas, into a community.

The first party I attended in Las Vegas was a "Box Social" given by the women in a building partly completed on Main street where the Troy Laundry now is. It was in June, 1905, as I remember and a group of women and a few men appeared and sat ill at ease—all strangers. But the women had brought lunches in shoe boxes and each box was put up at auction. The bidding was about one dollar for the luncheon, which entitled the lucky purchaser to sit and divide the repast with the lady who had brought it.

I bid on a box and found I had for my partner a lady whom I had never before seen, Mrs. Charlie Ball. We soon became acquainted and so, almost a year before I had our home on Fremont street completed for Delphine, I became acquainted with a lady who is still, I hope, a good friend of mine, and who still is living in Las Vegas.

About the same time Fred Fleming, Las Vegas druggist, took unto himself a bride. He asked my help in arranging a wedding banquet so we got up a dinner in the dining room of Hotel Las Vegas, the big tent hotel of 30 rooms, at the corner of Main and Ogden, which was the center of Las Vegas activity. I sent to Los Angeles and had some flowers sent out and that really



made the affair outstanding. Think of it! A dinner in Las Vegas with flowers on the table and twenty-five guests present!

Then a little later came the really big splurge, when Mrs. J. O. McIntosh, wife of the owner of the Arizona Club, got out printed invitations to a grand ball in Aplin's Hall, on South Main street. Yes, that was the first time any social invitations in Las Vegas were put out in any other way than by word of mouth—the hostess had hand bills, six by nine inches in size, which were distributed in every place in town inviting the populace to attend.

That ball really became formal, opening at nine o'clock with a grand march. And we observed that some social snootiness was developing in Las Vegas, when an elderly lady attired in her showiest gown, inquired:

(Continued on Page 23)

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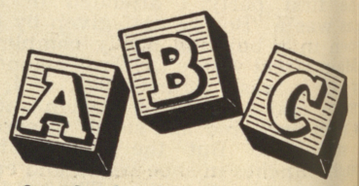

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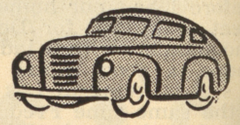

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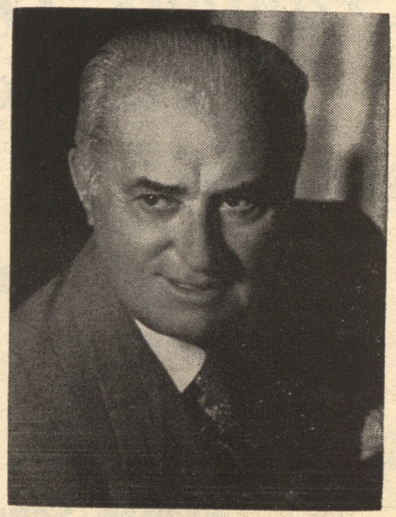
VERSE

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF NEVADA



MONEY AND HAPPINESS

Filthy lucre is no good, they say
Best have a little planted anyway
It buys medicine, but not health I've heard
Good health without a doctor is absurd,

You'll find joy if your family is in health
This accomplishment takes a little wealth
And if you want the greatest peace of mind
Don't let your current bills get too far behind.

Happiness and love don't live on thin air
So best you have a buck or two to spare
You don't get gelt without a little spunk
And without gelt, life is just the bunk.

Now here is a theory that I do contend
Money buys acquaintances but not a friend
But who wants friends, the kind that must be bought
That kind of friendship always comes to naught.

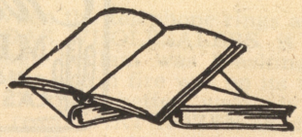
You may hold some money and still live in peace
But when you're in need your joys soon cease
Now don't make money your lord and master
For that could lead you to great disaster.

ENCHANTED

She hums sweet songs
While she does her kitchen chores
To me more beautiful
Than a master's symphony scores.

PLACES WILD

The lassitude of places wild
I cherish as I would my child.



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THAT'S FOR SURE . . . by JACK CORTEZ

During one of our recent visits with JAKE KOZLOFF at the GOLDEN NUGGET, ve raised the subject of his being appointed the chairman for the VARIETY CLUB ONVENTION to be held in our town in April, 1952. Mr. K spoke very en- husiastically about the impending event, while chewing on his ever-present cigar. Ie remarked that it was a wonderful opportunity for Las Vegas to have been hosen for the next annual meeting.

In the course of our conversation, Ye Editor decided to join Jake in a smoke nd reached for a butane cigarette lighter, residing upon his desk. While doing o, we became aware of a photograph of seven youngsters mischievously posed in ront of a pool, and had to question our companion about them. Jake's chest was bviously preparing to "outdo elastic" as he proudly explained that four of the oungsters were the offspring of his brother BILL and the remaining three were lis. The picture was taken at the Jake Kozloff pool, where the young heirs meet aily for a swim.

Bill Kozloff vacationed here about a year ago. When he returned to his home n Reading, Pa., he did a very commendable job in convincing his beautiful wife, IAXINE, to sell their Eastern home and settle in the glorious West. They sold neir lucrative beer distributing concern and made Las Vegas their new address, pproximately four months ago. Bill is the very capable cashier in the casino of ne HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, graveyard shift.

Reading from left to right in the back ow are: STEVE, 11; TEDDY, 9; MIKE, and CHICKI, 7. In the front row are ENNETH, 4; LEWIS, 2, and BURT, 3. eddy, Chicki and Burt are FERN and AKE'S "Three Golden Nuggets."

Jake answered one of our queries in his manner: "Fern and Maxine do not elieve in too much training. They raise ur sons the same way my mother aised four girls and five boys. Mom ever used too much training; she just sed many words of love." After see- ng the results turned out by the elder rs. Kozloff, we are certain the pres- nt generation will become great tizens of Fabulous Las Vegas . . . and hat's for sure.

Last Sunday, July 29, looked like Old Home Week" at the HOTEL EL ANCHO VEGAS. The occasion was a achelor dinner for TUTOR SCHERER, ranged by BELDON KATLEMAN, outhful owner of the hotel. It was ne of the finest we've ever attended nd a superb tribute to a man so greatly ved by all who know him. The wed- ng took place the following day, in a wedding chapel setting, in the home NINA and FRED SOLY. CLIFF NES, Lt. Governor of Nevada, was st man and Fred gave the bride away. A VEEDA'S matron of honor was AROL VAN DYKE. The reception was eld on the grounds of the Soly estate. verything looked beautiful, just like a Hollywood setting; lavish, but dig- fied. You've probably read about it the daily tabloids by now. We'd e to add that the bride looked ravish- g and the groom, handsome. We rvently hope the Scherers will enjoy a constant stream of happiness.

Breathes there an editor or artist who has never received an anonymous letter? Ugh! That's the first reaction when we hear about or see such an epistle. Most of the time we feel sorry for the individual who writes it. Either he is ashamed of the name his parents chose for him or he is afraid his argu- ment would have no foundation if his identity were brought to light. People in the limelight welcome criticism. Satisfying fans or a reading public is their prime objective in life. If a person fears seeing his name in print, he can simply request the withholding of his name and it shall be done, JUST LIKE THAT! If you have something to say; go ahead and say it; no one is going to toss you into the brig for it. We are still utilizing our freedom of speech and thought. Signing your name to a critical missive proves you are a person of your convictions and will stand up to them, if necessary. An unsigned letter is com- parable to the childish scrawls on a sidewalk; immature and often illiterate. If you have any self respect at all, don't place yourself in the category of the anonymous weaklings.

MAXINE LEWIS, lovely booker of shows at the FLAMINGO, left for a much deserved vacation. Destination? Secret!

When the telephone rings at the LAS VEGAS WHOLESALERS, it sounds as though bedlam was breaking out and a three alarm fire was on its tail. If we didn't know better, we'd say that was the reason ART ROZEN shed his curly locks. Wow! How loudly can a phone ring? Be careful of the fire department, Art. Someday they are going to be- lieve it's a signal for them. After all,

(Continued on Page 17)



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WHAT'S D'OIN'?

. . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN

SINCE the first of the year I have been gradually formulating a new aim for my aspirations in life and, as of now, I rededicate myself and my ambitions toward achieving that goal . . . I WANTA LEAD A DOG'S LIFE! If there be anything to reincarnation I'm sending away for the latest application blanks to submit my request that I might return to life in this cold, cruel world as a canine! Even the homeless hound that roams the streets is silently laughing up his canine cuff at the way we humans must go about life trying to keep up with or do better than the Joneses. It was around the first of the year that I got the Kid (my Doberman), and believe you in me, Riley couldn't hold a candle to the life she leads. I'm always knocking myself out to see that she is comfortable and has proper food. Worry when I have to leave her home for an hour or so 'cause I'm used to having her with me every where I go. Then, too, hardly a night goes by that she doesn't wind up with her kisser covered with pancake and lip rouge from the adoring affections of the passing horde of femininity that have come to know her and see her in the car at the various night spots. Lastly, but not LEASTLY, when the Kid is tired she sleeps! No matter where, when or how . . . she sleeps! If for no other reason in the world, that alone is enough of a towering feature in itself to bring me to make the statement that . . . I wanta lead a dog's life!!!

Man, what a pleasure it is to ride up Fremont street now and stay in the cab of my convertible without the aid of the safety belt. It is considered standard equipment to have a safety belt on the driver's seat for all who live in that section of the city where I've been batching for lo, these many years! As a matter of fact, I believe whole-heartedly that the reason we have been having this wet weather lately is because the city had begun to grade the streets out my way. All kidding aside, it's wonderful to see the work that is going on toward making our streets more pleasant to drive upon and more capable of handling the ever growing traffic that is coming to our town day after day. Personally, I'm anxious to see South Fifth and Hiway 91 made into a safe and beautiful highway. If that could happen I'd almost be willing to go on putting new leaves in my springs as I lose an occasional argument with a neighborhood chuck-hole! . . .



JIMMY BLAKE went almost through his entire repertoire of songs the other morning at the aftermath of the Tuesday night jam session. It was right around seven in the morning and there was a little party in progress in celebration of SIL SILVER'S birthday, cake and all! Jimmy is a favorite among the rounders here 'bouts and does a song in the greatest of style. The folks in the Shillalah Room wouldn't let him quit, and Jimmy, being the old trouper that he is, was enjoying it more than any of the rest of them . . . In case you hadn't noticed, that's CLARENCE WRIGHT who is managing the casino in the Shillalah Room these days. Clarence has been in Vegas for quite some time now and was employed for a greater part of it at the Flamingo Hotel. Those of you on the strip who may have wondered what happened to him will find him every night at the SHAMROCK HOTEL on North Main street . . . Saw your and my old friend, CHUBBY JOHNSON on the screen of the FREMONT THEATER thet other evening in the picture "Fort Worth" with Randy Scott. Chubby didn't quite look himself, however, 'cause he only had a dinky mustache marring the rotund beauty of his rugged contenance (wow!). As you know, his puss is usually covered from "ear to there" with an unruly mass of grey growth. Saw Chubby in person the other evening, too! Since he has been so busy

(Continued on page 32)

THE WATCHBIRD

. . by MICHAEL NEALE (LADY MICHAEL)

NEWS, VIEWS, AND ETC.: The social event of the season was the marriage of TUTOR SCHERER, poet laureate of Las Vegas, to the lovely LA VEEDA VARLEY. The ceremony took place in the home of MR. and MRS. FRED SOLY, followed by a reception in the garden. The bride was exquisite in a white chantilly redingote over a pink bouffant skirt and a chantilly Juliet cap. CAROL VAN DYKE was matron of honor. Champagne flowed so freely we virtually swam home sometime in the wee, little hours. My dears, may we say a very good time was had by all. . . .

CHARLIE MORRISON, of the Mocambo in Hollywood is suing HERMAN HOVER of Ciro's over a pair of monkeys. To those of you who don't know these simian sensations they are TIPPY and COBINA and are very talented. Morrison claims that Hover is trying to make a "monkey" out of hmi by luring the act into his bistro for more bananas — and Hover's retort was: "De minimus lex non curat." No. that's not monkey talk. You see Herman is a very educated man and just hapepns to speak Latin. . . .

Little TOMMY CANINO, whose daddy JOE and uncle TONY are dealers at the Desert Inn, is the smoochiest lad in town. He's captured all the feminine hearts, poolside . . . And speaking of the Desert Inn pool — those bikini suits worn by the Parisienne Follies beauties are wow wowie . . . SHERRY MORGAN, statuesque portrait artist from Portland, has just finished painting the children of Mr. and Mrs. CHESTER SIMMS. Miss Morgan is one of the contenders to do the portrait of ex-GOVERNOR PITTMAN. We hope she wins . . . We had a sneak-preview of the new apartments being built by LOUIE STRAUSS down behind the Desert Inn and may we say they're out of this world. They'll be ready for occupancy ever so shortly. . . .

JIMMY DURANTE, GEORGE E. STONE and PAT and ELOISE O'BRIEN were among the nine thousand persons who attended the opening of Del Mar if anyone has been wondering where these people have been lately . . . PETER LAWFORD is spending a week with his parents SIR SIDNEY and LADY LAWFORD in Coronado before leaving for his Nassau holiday, in case you haven't kept up with Peter's activities lately. . . . To those of you who have constantly asked the question: "What ever became of LENORE McGUIRE?" we



can now announce that Lenore is still an ARDEN-FLETCHER lovely and can be found filed under "C" for CHEZ PAREE in Chicago. . . .

Now that IDA LUPINO and HOWARD DUFF no lnoger see "stars in each other's eyes," Ida's toying with the idea of entitling her next pic "The Devil is a Young Man." . . . One of the songs MARK STEVENS will sing in his night club act is a satire on SEXY-REXY (HARRISON.) We hear it's a doozie and should do little to weld any friendship between these two. They almost came to blows on the Fox lot a few years back. . . .

For those of you who would like a trip around Italy but can't make the continent this summer. RALPH WOOD and new partner, DOMINICK VELONA, of the Villa Venice have a particularly delicious feast that will transport you there. Although you may not see the leaning tower of Pisa, the glory of Rome, the witchery of Naples or the Grand Canal you can have a gastronomical treat for a nominal sum. Minestrone soup, Italian salad, polenta, chicken cacciatora, olives, glass of vino

(Continued on page 32)

WHEN AT LAKE TAHOE
VISIT
DOUGHNUT DEN
STATELINE HIWAY 50

RANDOM THOUGHTS

. . . By B. B. BARTON

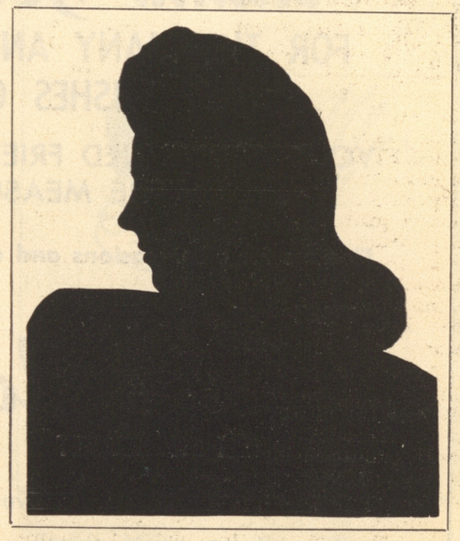
EDITOR'S NOTE — It is with great pleasure we welcome this new addition to our staff. We hope you will enjoy the thoughts and philosophies as presented by B. B. Barton.

AS WE TRAVEL the path of life, we encounter various tales and incidents that assist us in keeping our conversations light and interesting. I have always been particularly fond of the humorous anecdotes others have to relate about the situations with which young married folks have to contend. The one I have in mind could have had its setting in any household but chose to materialize in the minds of newlyweds. . . .

As a matter of fact, this episode began before the vows were taken. Babs and Bob were just one of the many couples preparing for their matrimonial venture. They sat down and began to cite the many snags that arose during the course of any marriage and attempted to plan their future and home in such a way as to provide the utmost comfort and happiness possible. When they totaled the amount of in-laws, they knew they were in store for headaches brought on by an overflow of house guests. . . .

Being modern, enterprising people, the pair of sweethearts had a secret passageway and guest room installed, during the construction of their honeymoon cottage. When undesirable in-laws invaded their privacy, they were offered an extremely uncomfortable living room sofa. After spending one night of torturous turning and twisting, the uninvited never returned for an encore. In this manner, the young couple retained their special guest quarters for certain friends and kept out the "well-wishing" in-laws. Clever? . . .

Even friends are prone to take as much advantage as relatives. Some people feel entitled to a berth in your home simply because you've been on speaking terms for a few months or more. Don't you just love those people who invite themselves to stay with you? They keep you up half of the night until you have to resort to sleeping accommodations for them in an effort to catch a few winks yourself. Then, when you are just managing to climb aboard that slumber cloud, you hear your guests stirring around in the kitchen (like the St. Louis Special), looking for some breakfast. Of course, if you were a brave man, you would cheerfully toss



them over a cliff. But, under the guise of civilization, you just grit your teeth and fall out of that newly-warmed bed, zip on a smile, and serve the food you hope will choke them. . . .

Fun is fun — but — guests should have a book of etiquette also. I often wonder where some people were reared. A majority of them act as though they never saw beyond the boundary of the cow pasture. You can't blame mother for going to bed with an aspirin after getting rid of the week-end guests. She just can't find anything funny about people who stomp out their cigarettes on the floor and grin slyly as they explain: "It's good for the rug." Why on earth do some folks think it's clever to make designs on the furniture and upholstery with wet glass bottoms? And, absent-mindedness is no excuse for permitting a cigarette to burn a trail of remembrance into an end table. . . .

Unbelievable as it sounds, house guests seem to feel you should devote **all** of your time to them. Why do they

(Continued on page 23)

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"Down by the ocean what a perfect view,
The joint is packed, thanks, dear public, to you."

LOOK out, Shakespeare, the ol' girl's steaming this week. Two guesses where Pearlie Mae can be located.

It's on the east coast approximately sixty-two miles from Philadelphia and and three hours from New York. The boardwalk has a very famous place named the Steel Pier located right in the middle of the ocean — it seems... They sell salt water taffy here like mad and folks walk around all day in bathing suits. Now I wonder where this could be. Right the first time . . . Atlantic City! Look out, my friends in Las Vegas, because you're going to be flooded with salt water taffy. It's the only thing I can send back, what with income tax, agent's fees and all... If you can't eat it please pass it on to the kids, they'll love it. My dentist said "no" for me. Course I could be stubborn and eat it anyhow but, good heavens, where would the glamour be with no teeth?

Ben Gartman arrived in Las Vegas before I left. Love that man, he's a prince. Taffy to you. Hope Mike Mars will win one more trophy so he can stop shining up the old one. Taffy to you. Now just a minute — That's two taffies already. Girl, stop spending that money. What money??? Was down on the boardwalk and had loads of fun. Never went near the water cause I still got that desert sand on me and so I love it.

We're playing the Yacht Club at Mississippi and Pacific Avenue. The show starts off with (attention night club owners) a nice group called The Betty Trio. Awful swell kids, Bob McGrath, Betty Hawkes (a swellegant gal with flaming red hair) and Bob Gilgore. Then the Herbie Lynn Line, a bunch of lovelies and a nice band under the direction of Jules Levant. Jeane Courtney was in last night. Nice person.

Nate Goldberg, the owner of the club, is an ex-school teacher. Lots of folks could learn something from this one. Hope when I get paid it's not in Latin. Please Mr. Goldberg, have pity. Next week some of your favorites will be here. Bert Wheeler, Hank Ladd and Gypsey and Ayres! Here's wishing them all good business.



Jackie Miles and Fran Warren are around the corner at the "500" Club. Jackie is one of the finest comedians in the business and what's so grand — clean material. What a pity some comics can't take a lesson from him. Vulgarity is never funny. Fran has some of the best records out and, Gee Whiz, I'm proud that her and hubby Harry Steinman are my friends.

Playing Reno starting August 9 for two weeks, so if any of my old friends are thinking of a place to go please drop up to the Riverside. Be only too happy to see ya. Flying back to Los Angeles August 3 — loads of friends there — Wait until Cobina Wright hears about this new venture of mine. This lady has always been in my corner so I know she'll be pleased. Stopping over in Las Vegas to see just how many teeth were left in from that gosh darn taffy. Until then stay happy, be real sweet and I betcha Jack Cortez thought Pearlie Mae would miss the deadline. Got news for ya, Jack — this knocks me out.

Love y'all. PEARLIE MAE

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GARWOOD VAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 9)

they are ONLY a few blocks away from you.

If you're in the mood for GOOD fried chicken, give JIM TATUM a buzz at 3780. He'll deliver your order right to your door. Oh, and don't forget the barbecued spare ribs. This man is one of the best chefs in preparing these foods. (Looks like drooling time again.)

PHYLLIS and HERB McDONALD celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary, July 30. Here is another example of a very happily married young couple. The McDonalds have two children: SHERRYL LYNN, 18 months, and GREGORY, 4 years. Herb is the managing director of the WESTERN VILLAGE in the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER.

One of the smartest dressers hereabouts is GENE WARNER, local Beau Brummell. His clothes are designed by the top fashion expert ALBERT MARIANI. Gene, of Persian origin, is true royalty, and always looks like a page out of Esquire.

While speaking with HEIDI HAMMER at the ALPINE VILLAGE INN, we learned that this enterprising woman needs one item to authenticate her chapel-home. If anyone has a bell, approximately 16 inches in diameter, please contact Heidi at the Inn on North 5th street. By the way, if you don't know her, this is a good way in which to make Mrs. Hammer's acquaintance. She is one of the most interesting and gracious persons in this world.

Speaking in behalf of CHUCK MERCER, bed-ridden in the tubercular sanitarium in Ottowa, Ill., we wish to thank the many who responded to our plea to send him well-wishes. Those messages of cheer are medicinal in themselves. Keep them coming—will you?

Isn't it amazing how well our "weaker sex" retains its youthful appearance? We were astonished to learn that MARIE SCHMIDT (cocktail waitress at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS) had a 20-year-old son. In fact, we had to ask the gal herself for a confirmation. 'Tis true. The son recently returned from Korea. How about that? How wondrous can the female species be?

Back in our town for a lengthy stay (we hope) are MARDI ("DEAR MOM") and SNOOPER ROGERS. The couple returned to the East to visit their folks. But, the "call of Las Vegas" is too strong to fight and they are back in our midst again. Good to see you!

We had hoped to include two certain items in last week's issue, but luck ran against us. First was the surprise marriage of lovely LOUISE FORTUNE and popular Boulderite EARL BROTHERS. We had thought Louise was to be pledged to another and were really surprised. The ceremony took place in Boulder Ctiy, July 28. Good luck, Mr. and Mrs. Brothers. The other item brings congratulations to DOROTHY and TONY LUCEY, who welcomed a baby girl to their household. Newcomer is LUCINDA, a pink bundle of sunshine.

DEBBIE PRELL is a mighty happy girl! On her birthday, July 30, hubby MILTON (of the CLUB BINGO) presented her with a handsome '51 Cadillac. Use it in the best of health, Debbie. You look mighty good behind that wheel.

Yes, sir! We're convinced (and how!) that TED FIO RITO, superb musician and song writer, is also the "Champion of Champions" on the roulette wheel. He often remarked that he occasionally receives "flashes" as to what numbers to play and, when he does, look out! One day last week, the maestro proved it to us and the graveyard shift at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. Those "flashes" came to him at practically every turn of the wheel and we never saw such amazing results. The "champion," always cool, did some ultra fancy collecting of chips. You may call it luck—but—ask PHIL CABIBI, the pit boss or any of the dealers on the graveyard shift, especially CAS who "spun and paid!" A short time later, after the session, Ted discovered that he had lost quite a sum of money from his pocket. Before he had a chance to even ask or look for it, MARIE SCHMIDT, the cocktail waitress, brought the money over to him and said she had found it near the table. A kiss and a generous reward for her honesty completed a PERFECT day for Ted; a day we guarantee he'll remember and speak about for years to come.

It's always nice to see SARI LE MAIRE in our town. She makes the annual trip from Hollywood every time TED LEWIS makes an appearance here. SARI and ADA LEWIS are friends of long standing.

One of the happiest couples we've ever met are DOLORES and LEONARD MARXEN. They recently returned from a second honeymoon in New York. Though married fourteen years, their love is so strong they will have a double-ring ceremony to celebrate their 15th anniversary, next year. There are two heirs in the Marxen household: JOHN, 10, and GARY, 9. The youngsters are mighty proud of their daddy, who is the auditor of the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. A lot of married folks could safely take some cues from the happy Marxens.

MIKE SHAPIRO, popular man about

(Continued on Page 27)

SHOW REVIEWS by Jack Gurtz

Flamingo

Show Opening July 26

When SPIKE JONES and his MUSICAL DEPRECIATION REVUE OF 1952 opened in the FLAMINGO ROOM, advance notices guaranteed new faces, new acts and twice the number of laughs. We were too busy laughing to count, but there certainly are NEW FACES and ROUTINES. Spike has assembled an amazing aggregation of highly skilled musicians with truly hilarious individual flairs for comedy, slapstick and mugging. Fortunately HELEN GRAYCO has returned this year, and Spike allows us to enjoy the beauty and "oomphy" singing of his beautiful wife. SIR FREDERIC GAS gets almost as many laughs as he has hairs on his head (that's a head?). GEORGE "Two Front Teeth" ROCK is our favorite two-tone tyke, while comics FREDDIE and DICK MORGAN dash about in relentless pursuit of king-sized yaks. They find plenty of them, too. In the new face department are PETER JAMES, the humorous madman who turns his own tie into a snake and his own body into throw-around dummy . . . and BILL KING, who ably illustrates why he is called "one of America's outstanding jugglers." The

(Continued on page 34)

Last Frontier

July 13 to August 9

Now in his fourth week and final week, the "Old Master" is still at it!" We're talking about the High-Hatted Tragedian of Song, TED LEWIS, who is delighting jam-packed RAMONA ROOM audiences with a sure-fire combination of nostalgia, comedy and music. In addition to his world-famous orchestra, Mr. Lewis' musical revue features ooh-la-la GERALDINE DU BOIS, a lovely miss whose enjoyable voice and personality are most entertaining whether in solo or clowning with Ted himself; PAUL WHITE and ELROY PEACE, provide one of the

(Continued on page 34)

El Rancho Vegas

Show Opening August 1

BEATRICE KAY, America's greatest song stylist and interpreter of the ever-popular Gay 90's songs, is the dynamic star of the show in the ROUND UP ROOM. When Bea appeared at this spot last year (November), we wrote that she surpassed any of her previous engagements. Well, we retract that statement and say: — Miss Kay is truly sensational NOW — more so than ever! The audience greeted her with thunderous applause and just kept demanding encore after encore until the inevitable "beg-off." She certainly maintains the staunch reputation she built with songs that grandma loved to sing and hear and is also as modern as the Mombo Jombo! SYLVAN GREEN, the gal's husband, is the gent at the "88" and, as always, does a magnificent job as accompanist and conductor of the FIO RITO ORK. . . . Production-wise BUSTER BURNELL, featured in both numbers, really outdoes himself in the staging and choreography for the lovely JUNE TAYLOR DANCERS . . . At long last, TED FIO RITO is given the spotlight in a "special salute." Celebrating his 25th year as a songwriter and ork leader, Ted plays some of the ever-famous tunes he wrote that made him a top man with ASCAP.

Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

Show Opening July 24

LOU WALTERS has brought to the PAINTED DESERT ROOM a gay and colorful potpourri of European entertainment with a Gallic flavoring, in a new and sumptuous revue, the PARISIAN FOLLIES. Look for the opening by lovely, titian-haired KATHY BARR who leads you on stage and returns throughout the full evening to display an impressive coloratura voice in solos and in duets with romantic baritone JEFFREY CLAY. Miss Barr's male listeners were more than eager to follow her "'Over the Rainbow." . . . Comic relief is in the deft and able hands of Europe's famous juggling comedian.

(Continued on page 34)

Thunderbird

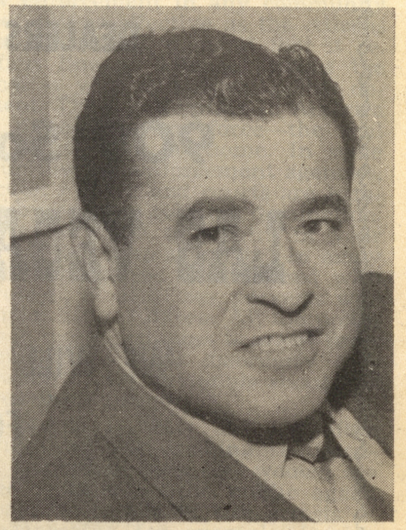
Show Opening August 2
(Not a Review)

Making his first appearance in Las Vegas, JIMMY DORSEY and his "DORSEYLAND BAND" will open a new show in the NAVAJO ROOM. Celebrating the 16th year of the Jimmy Dorsey band, he will bring Las Vegans their first "in person" taste of his Dixie- and music and long-time dancing favorites. Long a member of music's legendary "top ten," Dorsey now is at the peak of his career with his Columbia records reaching the top selling lists . . featured entertainers in the Dorsey troupe who will "give out" for the local audiences are lovely PAT O'CONNOR, songstress, SMILING SANDY EVANS, known for his excellent vocalisms with the band on Columbia records; and SHORTY SHERLOCK, one-time orchestra leader and featured trumpeter of the band. . . . As an extra added attraction, you will see that funny miss, ANN TRIOLA, singing comedienne cited by critics as being "One of the freshest personalities to ever grace the stage." . . . The KATHRYN DUFFY DANSATIONS will present two colorful routines.

Club Bingo

Show Opening August 1

This is a return trip to Vegas for the WEIDLER BROS. who had formerly appeared at another "strip" spot. However, this time, the boys are hitting their town with a different contract than the one they previously held. During this stint, they will have more of an opportunity to display their talented wares. The Weidlers have a varied amount of laughable comedy to dish out to the BONANZA ROOM patrons, topped with their smooth orchestrations and novel arrangements. If it's amusement and rib-tickling you're after, drop in and let the Weidler Brothers stimulate your humor. . . . On the same bill is a lovely, petite songstress, GLORIA GRAY. This gal is well trained in the art of keeping her audi-



ence entertained and attentive. What the Weidler Brothers lack in stage seriousness, Miss Gray offers in her sweet, attractive manner. . . . MIKE WERNER and his orchestra continue their usually mellow show backing and alternate with LARRY SOCKWELL for dansapating rhythms 'til dawn. . . .

Silver Slipper Saloon

Opening August 3
(Not a Review)

The new "Slipper" show opening this week-end is bound to be a "sure-bet" because it's compounded of "sure-fire" ingredients. Returning to town are two of the most popular young entertainers ever to play the Hotel Last Frontier and the Last Frontier Village . . . THE COOPER SISTERS. These stars of radio, stage and television will win your hearts, we guarantee, with their delightful combination of fine singing, fresh humor, and charming stage personality. Don't miss Audrey and Blanche! . . . Authentic mountain crooning and guitar plucking are the products sold so well by CHARLES PICKARD, Tennessee boy gone west. He's the second new addition to the bill of continuous entertainment

(Continued on page 33)

Art Rozen and Murry Nort

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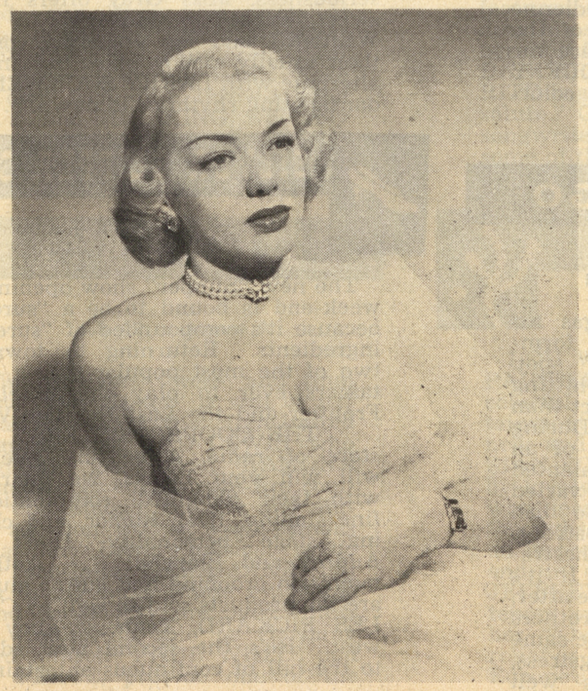

Beauteous

Fran Keegan

Currently Appearing with the JUNE TAYLOR DANCERS

AT THE

HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS

The Story of the FBI . . by J. EDGAR HOOVER

CHIEF OF THE BUREAU

WOMEN'S clubs and civic organizations might check the following as possible community projects: Are playgrounds and swimming pools adequate, or are they closed in midafternoon and school facilities darkened while youngsters play in the streets or spend their time in dull-lighted, cheap dance joints? Are boys and girls given opportunities for part-time jobs which develop character, industry and initiative, or are those who work pawns of greed and degradation? Is there a community-wide program on the part of Sunday schools and churches to attract attendance of boys and girls as well as their parents? Is it possible to extend church facilities to groups meeting during the week? Is there a vigorous Parent-Teachers Association which stresses the importance of home discipline and guidance?

And what about leisure time? Are there opportunities for sports? Does the community support such thoroughly worth-while projects as the Boys Clubs of America, the YMCA, Boy Scouts, Campfire Grls, the YWCA and other youth-serving agencies? If not, here is a fine opportunity for adults to invest their time and money. Several of the veterans' organizations such as the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars have turned in a fine account of their sense of community responsibility.

Every community should have some facilities for the problem child where parents can go for expert advice and guidance before it is too late. Are there adequate facilities to provide correct medical, surgical and psychiatric services? The physical defects of American manhood brought to light during the war are a national disgrace. The rejection of nearly 5,000,000 men out of 22,000,000 registrants between the ages of 18 and 37 is not a pleasant fact. A healthy body and mind make for good citizenship.

And what of the underprivileged—the boy or girl who is the product of homes that are unworthy of the name? The child who has been reared in an atmosphere of filth, moral degradation, intoxication and open warfare on the part of his parents often is better off in a foster home—in fact, if he is to be salvaged at all he should be removed from destructive surroundings. Does your community have facilities to care for the boy who told the judge, "I don't like my mother or father or the neighborhood where I live. I want to be sent away—anywhere!"?

Law enforcement in any community can be only as effective as the citizens in that community demand that it be. The first line of defense against the criminal is your hometown police department. There is no place in America for a national police force—the real responsibility rests at home. In some communities law enforcement agencies, prosecutor's office and courts are hamstrung by corrupt political domination. What is the state of affairs in your town? Are the laws adequate? In many localities, the police are harassed with the problem of adult sex perverts who prey upon little children. All the police can do in many instances is arrest them for simple assault or disorderly conduct, when such individuals should be removed from society.

Our parole systems are too often prostituted by well-wishing sentimentalists. Dangerous men and women are set free to prey on the public again. Newspaper accounts of the arrests of sex degenerates, for example, invariably reveal records of prior arrests and too often, prior parole and probation. Too many times sentences of the courts are nullified by ill advised parole or unwarranted pardons. The latest national figures, for example, show that out of 1724 rapists released from prison, 1291 were pardoned or paroled, or were the recipients of other forms of conditional release. The average rapist released from prison has served only two years, eleven months and six days.

Law enforcement exists for the single purpose of protecting society. The only gauge of its efficiency is the degree of protection afforded the citizens it serves. The certainty of detection, apprehension and punishment are the time-proven deterrents to the established criminal. Likewise, knowledge of the inexorable consequences of a youngster's delinquencies is also a deterrent. I have been forced to the conclusion that in most instances when juveniles are brought before the courts, we should go a step further and fix the responsibility for adult delinquency.

(Continued on page 34)

'TUTOR PREDICTS'

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COOPER SISTERS

(AUDREY AND BLANCHE)

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LAST FRONTIER'S SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

Editorial . . .

There are two dates that our generation will readily recall: December 7th, 1941 and June 25th, 1951. A few months short of a decade brought to the world the bombing of Pearl Harbor and the Red invasion of Korea. Both of those days have become infamous and will live forever in the annals of history.

Yes, we are leading up to something; something which cannot compare in global magnitude to those two world-shattering days but something which can, in a way, be similized with the "sneak attack" at Pearl Harbor or the "stab in the back" in Korea.

All of that caused universal controversy and attempts at unification. Now, we are confronted with a situation here in our town that concerns US, and primarily, one of our best known and loved citizens... Last week, our esteemed members of the State License Commission met in Carson City and refused to grant a gaming license to BENNY BINION, the same man who formerly owned the LAS VEGAS CLUB and WESTERNER CLUB on Fremont Street. Why should he now be refused after having two former "go ahead" signals? He has already spent thousands upon thousands of dollars on his magnificent club.

Everyone, without exception, is wondering aloud at the outcome and is repeating the same question: WHY? Las Vegans, from all walks of life, are anxious to know the reason for rejection. We are stymied ourselves and walk around asking, why? Anyone who has ever made any sort of contact with Mr. Binion has nothing but praise to accord him. We've NEVER heard any person "knock" him or say anything derogatory. The people with whom he has done business, former employes, customers and tradesmen have the utmost respect for his equitable nature and charitable ways. Mr. Binion is one of the greatest boosters and drawing cards that Las Vegas has ever known. His warm personality has drawn many vacationers and sportsmen back, time and time again, and has always established a steady clientele for the place that bore his name upon its shingle.

A situation that might best exemplify Mr. Binion's popularity took place at the Hotel Last Frontier recently. TED LEWIS was at the microphone and, in a joking manner, said, he was going to retire from the stage, enter the race for Governor of Nevada, and WIN! Looking directly at Governor Russell, who was in the audience, Mr. Lewis announced that his first official act would be to grant Mr. Binion's gaming license... The ovation his remarks received was tremendous. Remember, these sentiments were voiced by a man who visits our town only ONCE a year. Using that as a barometer, you can well imagine the feelings of those who remain here constantly.

Is there a hidden motive for this constant disapprobation? Why do the powers-that-be maintain such an adverse attitude while all of Las Vegas eagerly awaits the opening of a new Binion bistro?

B. B. BARTON:

(Continued from page 13)

resent your having to make an important call or keeping a vital engagement? If necessary, Mr. House Guest feels you should stand on your head, if there is no other avenue of amusement. This type of person knows no meaning of relaxation. Maybe this individual is afraid he isn't **really living** unless he is in constant perpetuation; reading, to him, is a method of stagnation. . . .

By comparison to the "snooper," all other guests are angels. This character isn't happy unless she goes through your closets and bureau, **just** to have something to do while you are busy elsewhere. This gal can take a one-way, no-stop trip to East Lynn and the world would never miss her. . . .

Maybe Babs and Bob had the right idea after all. When we build, we are going to have a secret guest room also. Or, better still, perhaps we won't have **any** spare room and spare ourselves from **all** house guests, desirable and otherwise. It might be the best way of keeping the home a happy one. . . .

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"Across From Chamber of Commerce"

LAKE TAHOE . . .

By HARRIET RESNIK

HI-HO FROM TAHOE

THE FIRST of August and all is well . . . speaking from our point of view . . . Golly . . . How time flies . . . it doesn't seem possible that there is nly a little over a month of Lake 'ahoe. Pretty soon, now, everyone will e packing and like the gypsies, will llently steal away.

Friday—the 27th—a gala event . . . ne opening of the famous Ritz Bros. t the Cal-Neva Lodge . . . Never be- ore have we witnessed such a tre- endous first niter . . . They were re- eived with great admiration . . . and nattering applause . . . and many en- ores . . . They are by far one of the reatest acts in show business. Please, bys, don't holla . . . I don't like it when ou HOLLA!!! They open at the Desert Inn just before Labor Day . . . You lcky people.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvan Green (Beatrice lay) in for an evening wtih Mr. and Irs. Jim McKay, owner of the Golden Iotel and Bank Club in Reno . . . Beatrice and Sylvan opened at the El Rancho Vegas, August 2 . . . We wish ou the best.

Mrs. Esther Sabboth and charmin' daughter Joann spending a week here, taking in all the sights . . . Hope you can stay longer than anticipated . . . 'cause I'm sure going to miss you when you leave.

Frank Ortega . . . popular pianist . . . and band closed at the North Shore on July 31 and will open at Balboa . . . We're all going to miss that dreamy music . . . but at least we'll know wherever you go . . . everyone else will be enjoying it too. So very nice to see Bucky Harris looking so well.

Nat "King" Cole Trio . . . star of the show at the Cal-Neva Lodge . . . playing nitely . . . three shows . . . Thanks to Phil Zalout, owner, for giving us such a wonderful table so we could drink up the terrific song stylings as only Nat "King" Cole can deliver. We especially enjoyed his renditions of old songs brought up to date . . . . "Little Girl" . . . and the unforgettable "Mona Lisa."

Drove to Reno last week to catch Dennis Day at the Riverside Hotel . . . Personality, good-looking and a beautiful voice . . . He left the audience breathless and spellbound . . . especially after singing two of his very famous recordings . . . . "Mr. and Mrs Mississippi" and "Too Young." Want to compliment the Riverside Dining Room for a wonderful dinner and their excellent service . . . Everyone works together . . . not a clatter of a dish was heard throughout the show . . . Missed saying "hello" to Ruby Mathis.

To the Mapes Hotel and the ever beautiful Sky Room where the Three Suns are appearing nitely . . . Popular trio of stage, radio and recording artist fame. The show recently appeared at the Last Frontier .

The Golden Hotel, featuring the Continentals . . . Five beautiful voices blended together to make every song they sing superb. The arrangements are original and the boys put everything they have into each song . . . Some funny . . . some sad . . . but the music all America loves.

Back to Tahoe by way of Truckee . . . What a long and boresome trip . . . Couldn't take a chance on the Mt. Rose road . . . Brakes are important and it seems that ours weren't working too well.

Open letter to Dorothy Landis and Dorothy Tsouros . . . Had a wonderful time with you gals, while you were here . . . Wish you both could have stayed the entire season . . . You loved Lake Tahoe but I know you were anxious to get back to Las Vegas . . . The Land of Sunshine!!!

Maish and all the boys at the Cal-Neva Lodge extend greetings to "Hock Fleish," Moe Miller and Family.

A very devoted couple . . . Benny Ball, dealer at the North Shore Club, and Georgia, cocktail waitress at the Cal-Neva. Beautiful cigarette lighter Benny bought you . . . and it wasn't even your birthday.

Time to say adieu until next week.

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GROVER-SHORE TRIO

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DESERT INN

"WHITEY" HAYES

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 17)

own, has now ventured into another nterprise. He will supply most of our otels with fresh fruits and vegetables. here is one man who will always be ctive in an active business. A fleet of efrigerated trucks will leave L. A. arkets daily for our town—guaranteeng the best in foods and service.

LOUIS STRAUSS, well-known locate, looks as though he is putting in nany tough days of work since he deided to build those apartments in the ear of the DESERT INN. Although he lidn't know much about it when he tarted, Louis can now almost qualify s a contractor. Places are almost ready or occupancy, with only one vacancy eft. If you're interested, better make beeline over there and grab it. Each partment is modernistic and looks like showcase of beauty.

Our best wishes to EVELYN FINLAYSON, real estater, and ART KINNEY, pianist at the POLYNESIA. This is the second altar trip for the couple who had previously taken the vows and then decided to sever the contract. We hope THIS ceremony will afford them more understanding and lasting happiness. They really deserve it!

You should see the gift that Lt. Governor CLIFF JONES received for performing the role of best man at the the TUTOR SCHERER-LA VEEDA VARLEY nuptials. It is a gold money clip, decorated with three gold coins of ten, five and two and one-half dollar denominations. Mr. Scherer certainly has fine taste! Any questions?

JOE WOLFMAN, owner of Radio Station WOKY in Milwaukee, invested in a foot refresher medication that will put "walking on clouds" to shame. It is a secret formula that was devised by Dr. Rice, a chiropodist in Wisconsin. The supply had been limited to the doctor's patients but is now being prepared for national distribution. Good luck, Joe and Dr. Rice. We'll be watching for it at our drug counters. From what you've said, this should be the answer to the problems of many "feet workers."

ORVILLE MILLER bought out J. H. CLARK and is now FRANK HIGGINS' new co-owner in the HIGGINS TRIM & AUTO SHOP, local "seat cover experts" at 1700 Fremont. Mr. Miller has been a lathing contractor for nine years and will take an active part in the shop. Looks like the place is doing a terrific business, ALWAYS full of cars.

We ask LUCILLE SCHREINER, now at the Anchor Hospital in St. Paul, Minn., to forgive us for being belated in extending our best birthday wishes to her. Miss Schreiner's natal day was July 31, and we hope it was a happy one. If the many greetings she received from her friends had any bearing on her reaction, we are certain the occasion held a lot of joy for her. The best always, Lucille!

JOHN MORELLI, captain in the FLAMINGO dining room, is a much relieved man since his wife, CLARA, decided to relinquish her cashier's job and stay home. Mrs. Morelli had lost a lot of weight and John, fearful for her health, insisted she get the rest she needed. We're gald to see you looking and feeling better, Mrs. M.

JIMMY MILLS and blonderful VICKI STEVES pledged their troth last week at Lake Tahoe, and after a brief honeymoon at this glorious spot, decided to come back "home," still honeymooning. Congratulations, folks, and may we add—you look deliciously happy.

Birthday greetings to MONIQUE DE MONTIGNEY—August 8, and BESS HELLER (Mrs. Joe Rosenberg) August 12.

Now we know why lovely BETTY EDWARDS, cocktail waitress at the SILVER SLIPPER SALOON, took those frequent trips back home. HE is JOHNNY HEMINGER, who works as an auditor with her dad in Cincinnati, Ohio. The lad followed his "old romance" back here, popped the question, and will make the gal his bride this Sunday, August 5th, at 4:00 p.m., at the Little Church of the West. This is an invitation for all to attend. Betty didn't have enough time in which to prepare personal invites. We hope this will serve the purpose and wish Betty and Johnny many years of marital bliss.

Wonder who that blonderful gal is who induced MURRY NORT to make a stop in St. Louis on his way back to Vegas, from Detroit? Nope! We're not mentioning her name. YOU guess.

Wedding anniversary greetings are on the agenda this week for MARION and ART FORCE, who celebrate their 16th year of matrimony. He is p.a. for the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER.

Saw JOE ROSENBERG, credit manager of the FLAMINGO HOTEL, and the guy looks better than ever since he and his charming wife took a two-week vacation. The Rosenbergs really "roughed" it and Joe had to learn to build a fire, boy-scout-style.

HOEFLY'S famous restaurants, of Long Beach, Calif., and New York, have leased the dining room at the CLUB BINGO, as of August 1st. They will attempt to supercede the excellent cuisine always served the Bingo patrons. We have a hunch the gourmets will really flock to this spot now. We have already had a sample of the new management's delicacies. Here indeed is food that can't be beaten . . . and that's for sure.



DOWNTOWN

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS ... by MARTIN LEWIS

ONLY once in a blue moon do Hollywood movie - makers have the privilege of introducing a fine actor like RALPH RICHARDSON to the American movie-going public. This British-born star is a perfectionist in every sense of the word — and his stage and screen performances have proved without the shadow of a doubt that he ranks with such twentieth century theatrical "greats" as JOHN BARRYMORE, GEORGE ARLISS and LAURENCE OLIVIER.



Richardson and his acting artistry probably aren't familiar to the average American film fan. For until recently, the distinguished gentleman has devoted his time and talents to a joint stage and screen career in merry old England. However, not long ago Ralph finally accepted a Hollywood offer. at the request of Producer-Director William Wyler.

Of course, it's interesting to note how an aristocratic chap who's been knighted by King George VI fits into the Hollywood way of life . . . In the informality of the sound stages, Sir Ralph was soon being addressed as "Mr. Richardson" - "Ralph" - or just plain "Hey, you." What's more, he rather enjoyed it — although he was a trifle amused when someone referred to him as "Sir Richardson" . . . The tall, tweedy Britisher had been in the states twice before for brief stage appearances, but his sojourn during the filming of "The Heiress" marked the first time he had been west of Chicago or actually had become a part of an American community.

Because Sir Ralph has long been known as a distinguished performer, members of "The Heiress" company were uncertain as to how he would fit into the easy comaraderie of studio life. But they soon had the answer. For despite his quiet dignity, the fellow revealed a fine sense of humor and an alert interest in American ways of work and life.

Within a few days after his arrival in the film capital, Richardson was sinking roots deep into Hollywood soil. He passed his driver's license without any trouble — although the gear shift on the steering shaft was new to him and he had difficulty in spotting the intersection lights . . . Like most visitors to the Untied States, Sir Ralph was quite curious about the much-publicized delicacy — hamburgers. Well, he finally tasted a hamburger and liked it. He also was enthusiastic about his praise for hot dogs — with mustard.

Throughout most of his stay in fabulous filmdom, Richardson was kept busy on "The Heiress" set — attempting to break-up OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND'S screen romance with her fortune-seeking boy-friend MONTGOMERY CLIFT. He did have a few holidays from his acting chores as the prominent New York medico of a century ago — and on these days he passed the time by playing his favorite game of squash, going deep sea fishing in the Pacific, watching several baseball games, visiting an amusement park and seeing the California landmarks via weekend motor junkets. In other words, the chap who is considered one of England's foremost actors did exactly what every other tourist does during a stay in America.

Yes, Richardson liked Hollywood — and Hollywood liked Richardson . . . After a few days of production, "The Heiress" crew was unanimously agreed that Ralph was a great actor. And Hollywood's matter-of-fact electricians, grips and assistant directors make up

(Continued on page 34)

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DOWNTOWN STORES

ALL PROCEEDS TO FLOOD VICTIMS

WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from page 11)

in pictures he doesn't get home but once in a seldom. He is working on a show with Harriet and Ozzie Nelson and he couldn't rave enough about the two kids, Ricky and David . . . Sure there's a strip tease show in town! Every night at the EMBASSY CLUB in North Las Vegas. Show times are 11:15 . . . 1:15 . . . and a late show at 3:30 ayem for the rounders. There is also new and different talent each week and a show every hour on Saturday nights. You've been wondering where to go in the early wee hours for late entertainment and this is an altogether different spot for you to see. Just go north on either Fifth street or Main street until you hit the middle of downtown North Las Vegas . . . As of Wednesday, August 1, RALPH WOOD has a new partner in the VILLA VENICE out on Hiway 91. New to the Strip is DOMINIC VELONA but far from new to the business, having been a noted restaurateur in the New England states and on the West Coast, as well as being connected with the tobacco business for many years. Retiring from the bistro are the CONIGLIOS, Louis and Mildred, who came to Las Vegas a little over a year ago and went into business here at the Villa Venice. Mr. Velona need only to match the methods of Mildred and Louis to insure his own personal success and the winning of many new friends in our town . . . You can watch for big things to begin happening at the THRIFTY LIQUOR STORE on Fremont street in the very near future. Johnny and Earl are looking for a new name for the place and as soon as they can decide on the one they wish to use they intend to really cut loose and let the town know WHO they are and WHERE they are! Drop in at your earliest convenience and see what changes they've already made in the place, with more to come. From what I've seen I know that Earl is a man who knows this business and with a conscientious guy like Johnny working along with him they're bound to build up an envious business at this spot . . . There are new owners at the FAMOUS SANDWICH SHOP on Fremont street, downtown, also. The Moores have sold out to VAUGHAN HAFEN and his lovely blonde wife, JIMMIE . . . that's right, her name's Jimmie! They took over a week or so ago but Bob Moore has been around helping them get things set and under control. Many of you may remember Vaughan as the partner of Harold at Harold and Vaughan's Cafe at the corner of First and Ogden. The Moore's plan to stay in Las Vegas and probably will go into the building business as they are licensed contractors and have done a lot of that kind of work in Phoenix before coming here. We'll miss Bob and Nita's welcome smiles at the Famous but they couldn't have been replaced more ably than by Vaughan and Jimmie . . . And once again we come to the end of the line or is it the end of the LINES, seein' as how I've run out of lines to write! So, I'll be glad to meet you the next time I see you if you'll only let me know who you are!! . . . 'Bye for now . . . Johnny.

THE WATCHBIRD:

(Continued from Page 12)

ice cream, coffee and a hearty belch — try it! . . .

We met an honest to goodness cowboy who knows life on the range, but during the off-season he's a deputy at the El Rancho. His name is TURK GREENOUGH . . . GROUCHO MARX chases two car-hops in "A Girl in Every Port." Their names: CHILI WILLIAMS and HELEN BLIZZARD. S'no foolin'. . . .

SAD NOTE: HUGH KNAPP of the Desert Inn suffered a heart attack while on his vacation and was flown back to Vegas. He's at Clark County hospital here and is resting comfortably. Get well cards from his many friends will certainly do a lot to cheer him up. . . .

GRACIE HAYES, of the Crimson Capon, has good counsel for all those whose torches light up the strip — "Love makes time pass — but — Time makes love pass." Amen . . . LILLIAN MOORE, former Latin Quarter doll (New York branch), is hand-holding with BOB BRITTEN and this should interest her former finance JACK BARRY. (Though we don't know why it should.)

RUTHIE FOSTER and PETER JAMES of the SPIKE JONES show at the Flamingo are really Mr. and Mrs. After their tour is completed with Spike they will do the first coaxial cable T. V. show from Hollywood and then start off on their next tour which will take them half way around the world and touch such places as Honolulu, Johnston Island, Guam, The Philippines, Tokyo and Australia. Don't forget to send post cards, kids. . . .

SOCIAL NOTES: BETH STEVENS spent a few days in Vegas en route to Mexico to rest before settling down to produce her own lines . . . EDIE POWERS is vacationing at the Cal-Vada in Lake Tahoe and husband BUD POWERS of the Thunderbird sends love and kisses to her and a big "hello" to PHIL ZALOUT, genial owner of the club. . . . Just arrived in town from

(Continued on page 33)

SILVER SLIPPER:

(Continued from Page 19)

which also holds over JIMMY HUSSON, the "Mr. Everybody" who has a joke for and about everybody; VAUGHN and WRIGHT, whose solid novelty musicianship comes to you bottled; The SILVER SLIPPER CORSET GIRLS who still make the bar a mighty interesting place to drink . . . and look! plus master of ceremonies JIMMY O'BRIEN. With a name like that, of course he's an Irish tenor . . . Add to that the pianistically famous name of GEORGE REDMAN, show accompanist, and BUSTER "88" HALLET and WHITEY'S TOPPERS during intermissions and you have that solid evening's entertainment which fortunately goes on and on at the "Slipper."

WATCHBIRD

(Continued from page 32)

Tahoe: the lovely GARIS KINGSTON, who will vacation here until she resumes her dancing career at the Desert Inn on August 21st. . . . DAISY PACE, mother of Mrs. FRED SOLY celebrated her 75th birthday July 24th. Have many, many more, darling. . . . JANE MC CULLER of the El Rancho brings regards to us from DOROTHY AND JACK EIGEN of New York. Jack is doing his disc-jockeying from Hutton's restaurant on Lexington Ave. . . . OLIVER WAKEFIELD, famous British monologist known as "The Voice of Inexperience," is making a hit with the smart set at One Fifth Avenue . . . MILDRED HUGHES — tallest gal in T. V. is on again, off again, gone again, FINNEGAN! . . .

The Patek Philippe that JIMMY DURANTE gave to JACK BARNETT has this inscription on the back: To Jackie—When I say "That's my boy" I mean you—Jimmy. . . .

EDWARD ROTHSCHILD, millionaire carpet salesman has a $5400 "A" bomb shelter behind his home in Hollywood. It boasts a 4¾ inch steel door built like a submarine entrance, four beds, telephone, escape hatch, geiger counter, radio, bottled water, canned food, bathroom, stove, safe, heater, hand generator and floor drain in case water rushes in. Let's hope he never has to use it. CLIFTON WEBB says: "I would never biuld one. If I did and saved myself I'm afraid I couldn't get along without an audience." . . .

QUESTIONS YOU CAN ANSWER DEPT: Is it true that the PHILLIP GELLERS (BILLY SKOLSKY) are becoming a threesome? . . . Have the CHUY REYES agreed to say "Adios" for good? She's SHIRLEY REYES of the musical comedy stage. . . . Who is the tall, dark, mustached stranger who's been following the Silver Slipper Corset Girls home? . . . Who was the gorgeous blonde ABE SCHILLER was escorting at the Thunderbird? . . . Whose nickname is "Never Lie?" . . . Who slept on a piece of wedding cake and got her heart's desire? Her dream-man materialized . . . For old times sake we'll close with — COOOOOOO

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from page 5)

"Who is that fine looking man leading the grand march with Mrs. McIntosh?"

"That," replied one of our more socially seasoned women, "is the gentleman who holds the contract for sewage disposal."

Thereupon the would-be society dame rose in indignation and left the ball to get along as best it could without her.

Our home on Fremont street was occupied by Delphine and the children on June 21, 1906, and Thanskgiving night of that year Delphine got up a gorgeous turkey dinner and we had twenty guests and several of the gentlemen wore evening clothes. About the first time such a snobbish thing was undertaken by the men, and about the last, except for the formal garb of the officers in some of our fraternal organizations.

Oh, yes. The very rawness of early Las Vegas spurred us to attempt to gather civilization to us and create something of social life. But who of us could ever imagine such an event in Las Vegas as the gay and gorgeous and beautiful wedding reception last Monday evening, at the lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Soly, 905 Cashman Drive.

I won't attempt to describe its beauties and its gaities and its lovely women in their most gorgeous gowns, nor the refreshments—I am just glad I have lived long enough to see Las Vegas so developed. It was the gayest of them all and will, I imagine, stand for long as the height of Las Vegas social life.

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STORY OF THE FBI:

(Continued from page 21)

That would be one way to drive home the responsibility of parenthood.

The peddler of obscene and lewd literature is far more responsible for the sex delinquencies of its youthful readers than are the youngsters themselves. The producers of pictures and radio programs which glorify the criminal and ridicule the law-abiding should not be permitted to escape the consequences of their work. Too often, gullible people reward such work by overpatronizing the box office and creating high popularity ratings.

When youth commits a crime, investigate. You will find that some adult has committed a more serious act of omission or commission. In the last analysis, juvenile delinquency is public delinquency. The wrongs of the past can be righted only by public indignation directed to compel constructive effort in the future.

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS:

(Continued from page 29)

a tough critical fraternity . . . As for the Britisher himself, he readily admitted he was nervous his first day before Paramount cameras. True, he's a polished performer. Nevertheless, he said he cannot completely relax when playing a character in front of a camera or an audience.

Asked for a definition of successful acting, the star of "The Heiress" replied — "The only test I know is whether an audience coughs or listens when you talk" . . . All of which proves conclusively that Ralph Richardson is a successful actor. When he talks, the audience always listens.

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 18)

WAYNE-MARLIN TRIO has carried the acrobatic art to a new and exciting climax. RUTH FOSTER, "Miss Bombshell of the South Pacific," explodes into a blonderful display of tapology. PAUL and PAULETTE, two handsome youngsters, soar off from their trampoline and make it seem as effortless as rolling out of bed, as graceful as a swallow in flight and as exciting as parachute-jumping . . . with a parachute. They lead into the finale of such Spike Jones' hits as "Cocktails for Two," topping off an evening of hearty fun for all the kids in town . . . aged 8 to 80. And the wonderful antics of "Stooge Man" MACK PEARSON, the best in the business.

LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from Page 18)

evening's highlights with their flashy dance routines and hilarious comedy antics. Paul is an excellent pantomimist who can convulse patrons with the flicker of an eyebrow; the BEN YOST COLLEENS continue the tradition of their famous mentor. Sound and scintillating harmonizing against a background of loveliness; DE RAY AND YOUNG are a couple of young and talented Occidentals whose exotic and authentic interpretation of Oriental dances makes one feel they must have lived and studied in the East. In answer to his world-renowned query: "Is everybody happy?" Ted Lewis is receiving a rousing "YES" from his pleased patrons at the Last Frontier. The old top hat may be battered and bent, but Ted Lewis himself is still in top form! . . . King of the Hammond, DON BAKER, is at the organ keyboard for intermission requesting.

DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 18)

GASTON PALMER, who makes not doing a trick even more enjoyable than the actual performance. . . . TANYA and BIAGI use the sharp edge of satire to cut up the well-known dance team clinches, and manage to shed their own clothes and composure while tickling patrons' funnybones. Tanya emerges in an eye-filling bit of black lace while Biagi bows off in a tattered white tie and tails. . . . The BOLIANA IVANKO FOUR are an adagio group well known on the Continent. They toss their petite and supple partner about with a derring-do that worries front-row patrons and grazes overhead rafters. . . . Supplying the traditional Apache dance are the RIVIERAS who delightfully and humorously dispel the old conception of woman as the "weaker sex." . . . JEANNE CHARLEBROIS tops her range of vocal impressions with "Alice Blue Gown" as it might be sung by a cute five-year-old. . . . A young and spirited pair from Paris' Bal Tabarin, LEILA LAMPI and ROGER STEFAN, whirl through a brilliantly-costumed can-can number with gay abandon while DAISYA DORSAL is a charming and graceful Parisian belle who finds her wedding gown too encumbering and does something about it. The 16 Ladies of the Line are costumed in what can only be described as spectacular fashion, even more enhanced by imaginative lighting. . . . The CARLTON HAYES ORK plays an intricate and demanding score with impressive competence and continues to fill the intermissions with danceability.

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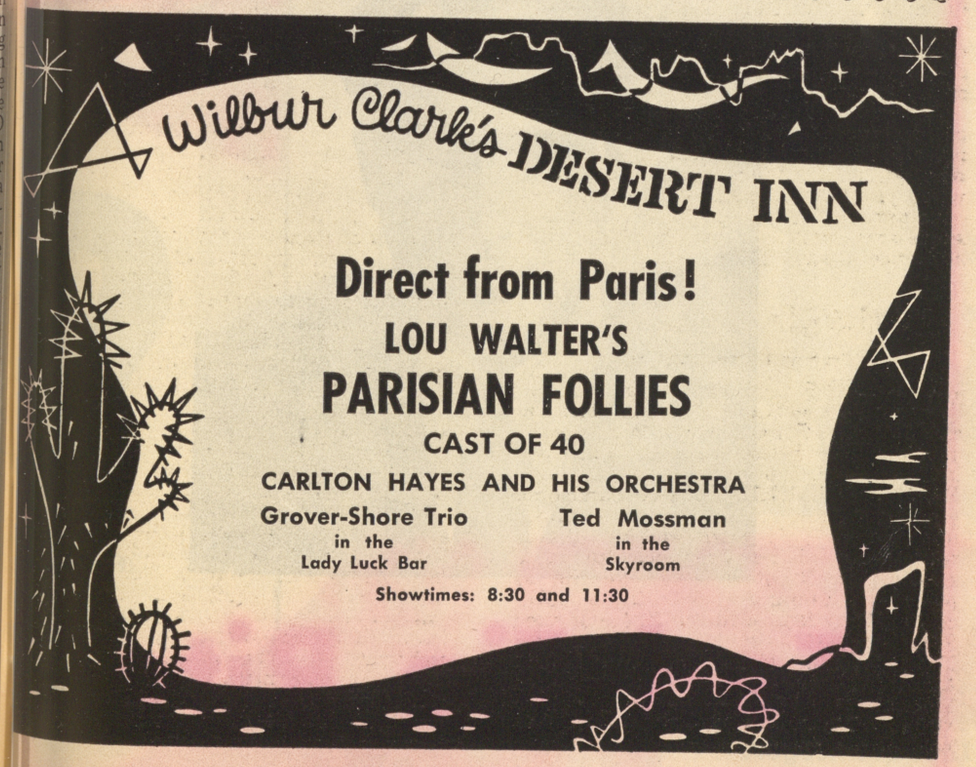

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