Jack Bortz

Fabulous LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PODNER



Enterprising

JOHNNY BADIK

(See page 9)

15c

October 6, 1951

NOW IN THE ROUND-UP ROOM

THE NATION'S "HAPPINESS" TEAM

JON and SONDRA **STEELE**

★ ★ ★

THE MAGNIFICENT IMPRESSIONIST

DICK BUCKLEY

★ ★

(HELD OVER . . . ! ! !)

BILLY DANIEL with LITA BARON

EL RANCHO GIRLS

TED FIO RITO AND HIS ORCHESTRA





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AMES BROTHERS

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— FEATURING —

Candyce King Gerie Nash

BOB MILLAR AND HIS ORCHESTRA

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Showtimes - 8:30 & 11:30 p. m.
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King of the Hammond Organ
For Intermission Music



PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 3, NO. 25

OBSERVATIONS, BY POP SQUIRES
"THAT'S FOR SURE," BY JACK CORTEZ
HOLLYWOOD 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
THIS YOU CAN BELIEVE, By PEARL BAILEY
WHAT'S DOIN? BY JOHNNY UHLMAN
ART DEPARTMENT, DENNIS STEPHENSON

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HIGH SPOTS

ON THE STRIP . . .

EL RANCHO VEGAS—At the sign of the windmill. Dining, dancing, swimming, gaming casino. Famed Wagon buffet and breakfast. Phone 1300.

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DOWNTOWN . . .

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EL CORTEZ HOTEL—600 Fremont. In the midst of colorful surroundings. Gaming, cocktail lounge. Phone 1500.

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HORSESHOE—Corner of Second and Fremont. Las Vegas' newest plush club with casino, bar, restaurant and race book. Phone 6547. Restaurant phone 6548.

MONTE CARLO—Bets 10 cents and up. Craps, roulette, 21. 15 Fremont. Phone 2750.

NEW LAS VEBAS CLUB—18 Fremont, same popular gaming club but in a new location. Featuring bingo games. Phone 28.

PIONEER CLUB—First and Fremont. Phone 583. Displaying 62-foot giant sign of Vegas Vic.

SHAMROCK HOTEL—600 North Main. Gaming, cocktail lounge. Jam sessions. Phone 2200.

WESTERNER CLUB—Rustic casino, in western splendor. Phone 5612.



DOWNTOWN

Jack Burtz's
FABULOUS LAS VEGAS
HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 3 OCTOBER 6, 1951 NUMBER 25

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

ANOTHER NEW BANK

THE BEAUTIFUL building at Carson and Fifth streets, just now built and occupied by the main office of the Bank of Nevada, reminds me that the banking business in Las Vegas has changed considerably since the town was born in 1905.

Of course, we are happy to join with all the rest of Las Vegas in congratulating the officials and stockholders of the bank on their fine enterprise in providing, not alone for present needs (those Saturday mornings at the banks are pretty strenuous even if you are not trying to borrow enough to make the week's payroll) but for the great future for which the present activity is only preliminary.

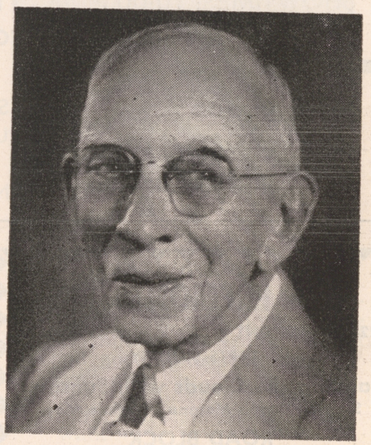
I recommended to Spence Butterfield that he order four thousand (that was the number of people I estimated would crowd into the new bank for the Sunday open house, and they did) twenty dollar gold pieces to give out as souvenirs of the happy occasion. So on Saturday night when the fellows were kind 'o casual like, thinking that, being a close friend of Weary and Spence and the rest of the boys, I would be presented with a preliminary issue of the souvenir and then on Sunday, would get in line and receive another.

To my great disappointment, Spence met me near the door and said:

"Charlie, there has been a mistake somewhere and the Federal Reserve Branch in San Francisco was slow in shipping the gold pieces. But I hope they will be in for the open house tomorrow."

So I rushed down Sunday to get in line before they were all gone and Spence met me at the door with a glum face and said:

"Charlie, there has been a mistake



somewhere, because the gold pieces have not yet arrived and I am afraid we will have to call that part of the celebration off."

Naturally, I was disappointed, not so much for myself, but because I am sure such a display of generosity would have brought them many customers. (Might be a few of the old customers would also call to take their money out). This is a sad world.

Las Vegas, even in the hours of her birth, was well off for banks. The one which my friends and I established was the First State Bank of Las Vegas, corner of First and Fremont. We framed it up in Los Angeles after our first visit here in February, 1905. Naturally, Mr. J. Ross Clark, vice-president of the new railroad, would be its head and we would all join in.

But it happened that in April, Capt.

(Continued on Page 27)

OPENING SUNDAY, OCT. 7

"THE LARGEST CLUB IN NEVADA"

OPENING SUNDAY, OCT. 7

Speedy Kopp Revue
FEATURING
CHUCK MITCHELL
NORA KNIGHT
•
MARTINETTE DANCERS
•
Fulton Burley
Singing M.C.



Speedy Kopp Revue
FEATURING
CHUCK MITCHELL
NORA KNIGHT
•
MARTINETTE DANCERS
•
Fulton Burley
Singing M.C.

OPEN 12 NOON 'TIL ? ? ?

SHOWTIMES: 10:00 P. .M - 11:30 P. M. - 1:00 A. M. - 3:00 A. M.

CONTINUOUS DANCING — 2 BANDS — TILL 5 A. M.

MIKE WERNER AND HIS ORCHESTRA

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MICKEY TERRY TRIO

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STARTS SUNDAY
'Painting the Clouds with Sunshine'
Starring Dennis Morgan - Virginia Mayo
"ROAD BLOCK"
Starring Joan Dixon - Chas. McGraw

PALACE
210 SOUTH SECOND PHONE 98
STARTS SATURDAY
"TWO DOLLAR BETTOR"
Starring John Litel - Marie Windsor
"BASKETBALL FIX"
Starring John Ireland

HUNTRIDGE PHONE 86
SUNDAY—MONDAY—TUESDAY
"THAT'S MY BOY"
Starring Dean Martin - Jerry Lewis
"The House on Telegraph Hill"
Starring Richard Basebart - Wm. Lundigan

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Ladies Apparel Shop
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VERSE

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF NEVADA



A PARADISE VALLEY HOME

Alone in the desert it stands
Built of blocks from the desert sands
This is not a vagabond home
Just a house on a sandy dome.

Looking out on a mountain range
Where you may watch the colors change
Until the twilight shadows fall
It's then you hear the night hawk's call.

And when the hour is growing late
The lonely coyote calls his mate
While stars twinkle through the Joshua
Bringing grotesque figures into play.

The owner of this house must love
This paradise home with stars above
And the moonlit nights that glow in fun
With a ray of light for everyone.

OLD MAN MOON

Laugh wrinkles around old moon's eye
Do somehow seem to testify
To the gratefulness of his mirth
From watching lovers on this earth.

CITY NOISES

Curfew bells that sound the hour
Howling cats, and motor power
Off-key notes from a male quartet
Loud goodnights from friends well met.

The milkman's shoes upon the walk
Cocktail parties and idle talk
Winged insects humming in their plight
The drone of aeroplanes in flight.

Bark of dogs in the early morn
The thoughtless driver's auto horn
At dawn's first light, night noise gives way
To the awakening noise of day.



If your feet could talk, they'd say: "It's taken some time, Boss. But glory be! . . . Here it is!"

Bostonian Footsavers

FRONTIER—roomy moccasin comfort in this Brown Angus Moc Front. Tops in style.



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SHOP UNTIL 9 SATURDAY NIGHT

★ Only 67 Shopping Days 'Til Xmas

THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ

On our front cover is JOHN BADIK, a young and progressive fellow who, along with many others, has invested in the future of our town. John was born in New Jersey and came to Las Vegas when he received his discharge from the Merchant Marine in 1946. When he visited our fabulous town, he decided he would plant his roots here and remained. John was schooled in the art of dealing and it wasn't long before he became a regular at one of the downtown clubs. When MILTON PRELL opened the CLUB BINGO, Mr. Badik joined the payroll. It was there he met DAWN LEAK, the girl of his dreams. Dawn worked at the club as a cigaret girl. After a story-book romance, they were married. Johnny and his wife love outdoor sports and put aside some time for fishing, golf and hunting. A few months ago (February), an opportunity presented itself. They learned the SPORTSMAN'S SUPPLY STORE was for sale. Without hesitation, the Badiks bought the place. Since then, they have not only doubled the business but have also increased the stock—10 times. Earlier, we mentioned that Johnny is a very ambitious fellow. So, in order not to be idle, he works at the Club Bingo on week ends, where he is considered a "regular extra." On October 7, the Badiks celebrate their FOURTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY, and we're happy to have this opportunity to wish them the best of luck and to express our hopes for continued happiness in marriage and business. We chose Johnny Badik for our front cover because we feel he is a good example of the type of person who has settled in Las Vegas and has done his utmost to advance, along with the town. People such as J. B. are the pioneers who induce progress and are scheduled for successful futures. Such perseverance and constancy of goal are always rewarded. It wasn't too many years ago that others came to this fabulous community, rolled up their sleeves, and pitched in with some earnest effort. We could name those people and you would recognize them immediately as leaders in our town. But, this is Johnny's week and we wish to devote this entire space to him. Our salute of the week goes to "fabulous" JOHN BADIK, whose ambition and determination best exemplifies our American heritage . . . and that's for sure.

JON STEELE is keeping his toes and fingers crossed, day and night. Reason? His very beautiful spouse, SONDRA, is being screen-tested by 20th Century, October 15. If she makes it (we're betting she does), Sondra will appear with JUNE HAVER, DAN DAILEY and DENNIS DAY in "Girl Next Door," directed by RICHARD SALE, whose most recent hit was "I'll Get By." How about a test for Jon while you're at it, Mr. Sale? He should make a terrific matinee idol!

Welcome home, TODDY DILLARD, lovely cocktail waitress at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. While vacationing in Yellowstone Park with her parents a couple of weeks ago, Toddy slipped and fell, suffering severe back injuries. However, she claims she feels wonderful now. At any rate—she looks like a million.

In town last week-end, looking like a modern Atlas, was EDDIE RIO, A.G.V.A. big-wig of the West Coast. After some persuasive arm-twisting, he unburdened himself and told all. What a story. It was difficult for us to picture such a situation between producer and entertainer. Mr. Rio's position is one of the toughest of them all. The situations and conflicts that confront him are something with which we could never cope. We're very anxious to learn the outcome. The problem was so important that JACK IRVING, assistant national administrator for A.G.V.A., flew in from Chicago to extend his help.

Most of the clever material, songs and skits, used by BILLY GRAY, PATTI MOORE, and BEN LESSEY, stars of WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN show, were written by JERRY SEELEN, TOM ADAIR, and SID KULLER. These three men are tops in their field. Here are only a few of their clients: DANNY THOMAS, EDDIE CANTOR, BING CROSBY, and BOB HOPE. Sparkling Patti's husband, SAMMY LEWIS, who is Billy Gray's partner in the Band Box in Hollywood, is also manager of the trio and producer of the entire show.

BOBBY PAGE and his ORK opened October 4 in the MURAL ROOM of the fabulous FLAMINGO HOTEL. The boys certainly put in a lot of practice for their successful debut. They have excellent musical arrangements and show great promise of becoming an outfit whose talents will be sought by many. Congratulations to vice president of the Flamingo, MOE SEDWAY, and MAXINE LEWIS, booker-of-shows, for recognizing the possibilities and hiring this outfit. Incidentally, the group now boasts bass player, BUDDY LADISH, who was formerly with XAVIER CUGAT.

Boy! Are we proud of our talented "Watchbird," beauteous LADY MICHAEL. This gifted gal's photo is on the back cover of the October 7 issue of the DAILY MIRROR, one of Gotham's most

(Continued on page 33)

THE Shamrock HOTEL

JAM SESSION
EVERY
TUESDAY NIGHT

— ★ —

LEE HARRIS
AT THE PIANO BAR

DANCING FROM 11 P. M. to 5 A. M.
WITH
NICK DEMON'S TRIO

RALPH and DOMENIC'S
Famous
VILLA VENICE
American - Italian Dishes
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DON CORTEZ Nightly at the Piano Bar
FOR RESERVATIONS
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TO LOOK YOUR BEST . . .
EL RANCHO BARBER SHOP
AND MANICURING
HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS
PERRY DI RIENZO, Manager
Pattie Phillips, Manicurist
HOURS 9:00 A. M. to 6:00 P. M. . . . FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE PHONE 1300

This You Can Believe . . . By PEARL BAILEY

HERE'S Pearlie Mae this week among the bags, boxes and furniture of her little (and I mean little), apartment. It will probably be very nice but it sure is something getting it together. What price decorating?

Tuesday night Harry Mayer, of the Strand Theatre (now called the "Warner"), called me to go on a benefit for the policemen at New Rochelle, New York. (Anything for the law.) Well, sir, I never had so much fun in a long time. Many performers were there of great talents (and I do mean great). Russell Nyke, Frank Marlowe, Jane and Betty Kean, oh yes, oh yes! Peter Lind Hayes and beautiful Mary Healy (the Mrs.). Peter and Mary are two fine artists and really wonderful folks. There may be a guest appearance by Pearlie Mae on their Sunday show. That would be just dee-lightful—dee-lovely. Like working with nice people.

Ladies and gentlemen, if you miss seeing Miss Lena Horne when she plays your town, you're crazy. Thursday night, we went over to Bill Miller's Riviera to see Lena. The joint (sorry), I mean that exclusive place (and t'is), was packed. Lights were dimmed, some blue, some red and then—good gracious alive—look at that beautiful girl that walked out. She went into her first number and the crowd went mad. Lena, doll, you're it. The only thing wrong with her act is it isn't on for at least two hours. One hour is not enough to listen to this great lady.

Friday night found the ol' girl on her way down to Washington, D. C. There we had one fine time. Wild Bill Davis (please remember this name), is the end, the better end. How this man can play an organ like he does is beyond me. He fairly rocks the joint. Sounds like a 14-piece band (just him) (oh, no! and a gone guitar player). Louis Jordan and Wild Bill have made some records together that are selling like hot cakes. The one that "just kills Pearlie Mae," is Decca's "Tear Drops From Your Eyes." Goose pimples take charge of the ol' kid.

Business certainly must be on the upbeat all over the country. The places are all jammed and the bars are happy.

Had a stop-over in Baltimore on my drive back to New York. Mr. Riley really has been getting around. (Sure, he was along.) Incidentally, he was a little ill for a few days from the trip but he's in very fine spirits. Never have I ever seen a puppy with so much life. Thanks again to Mr. Callahan and all



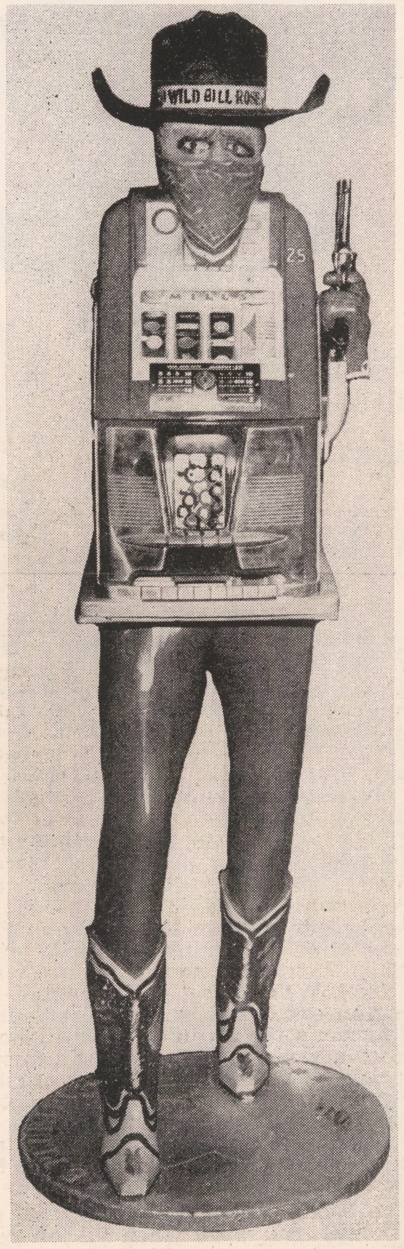
of the folks at the Beverly Hills Country Club for Mr. Riley.

Going back to see Lena Horne (again) tomorrow night. (Just gotta.) She closes Wednesday night and I think Dick Haymes follows. Doing the television show "Cavalcade of Stars" October 5, so please give a look see if you get a chance.

Going to Philadelphia (City of Brotherly Love), on 8th of October. Here's where Mama and all the folks are. Here's where Pearlie Mae went to school (dear William Penn). Frank Palumbe (my Philadelphia favorite person), will certainly have a nightly visitor (me). We're doing 11 days there, so come on out to see us. After Philadelphia there's the Latin Quarter in Boston for a week, then home again (more television). October 28, Lucky Strike program and November 3 Songs for Sale. Two shows are coming up soon, so it looks like this child will be **an actress** once more. This will let me be in New York where **I just love to be.**

The World Series are coming up, so wait until next week when I'll tell you who was **where**—with **what**—for whom. Love ya madly. —PEARLIE MAE.

'TUTOR PREDICTS'
100,000 POPULATION
IN LAS VEGAS BY 1954
DON'T WORRY—WATCH US GROW



The 15 Generous Gentlemen of the OLD WEST ARE HERE!

Come in and See . . .

- Black Bart
- Billy the Kid
- Peep O'Day
- Tiger Tracy
- Bill Rose
- Butch Cassidy
- Kid Cann
- Rattlesnake Bill
- Bloody Bill
- Death Charlie Hanks
- Black Jack Sam Curtis
- Handsome Bob
- Sundance Kid
- Slim Vegas
- Kid Curry

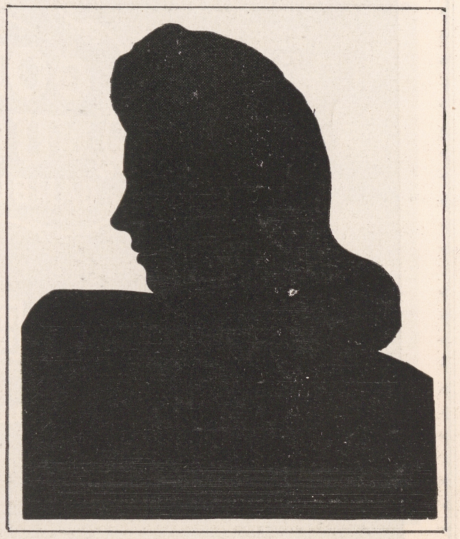
NOW AT THE

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18 FREMONT STREET — DOWNTOWN —

RANDOM THOUGHTS

. . . By B. B. BARTON



DID you ever sit down and have a nice, long chat with the animal known as "man's best friend"? Well, I must confess I did the other day. Some people will believe this statement was inspired by a whiff of some rather strong intoxicant but I can't even resort to such an excuse. This conversation actually transpired in an atmosphere definitely lacking bottled spirits. This is a soliloquoy that emanated directly from the lips of my favorite dog.

"I must refute a belief that is fast becoming common among the two-legged creatures." (This was said in all seriousness, while the pup's ears stood on end like pointing fingers.) "We just don't have more sense than humans. If we did, we'd worry more and suffer constantly, without relief. Can you imagine us submitting to such ordeals as you, wracking our brains over payment of food bills and the like? We are rather clever in a way. We don't pay extravagant rental fees in order to collect rent receipts for hard-earned cash. Can you imagine me saying: 'Migawd! I could have owned a house by now, instead of all of these pieces of paper?'

"Ours is a relaxed form of living; our masters do the fretting for us. Our height of bliss is chewing on some old, frayed slipper, a bone, or barking furiously at some intruder who is separated from us by a door. Brave creatures, aren't we?

"Yep! Our motto for living is leisure and play! We are quite disdainful of you creatures who exert yourselves constantly and then go to sleep, only to awaken to repeat the routine the following day. Wouldn't it be nicer if you could sleep whenever you wanted, as we—and play without a schedule in front of you to remind you of your next appointment?

"We don't mind not having our birthdays remembered with a piece of baked dough, topped with sugary stuff. If any canine wants to, he can obtain anything his heart desires. Not only can we look and act joyful, we also have an uncanny method of directing a penetratingly soulful glance at our mistress (she's usually of a softer nature than the master). No woman with an ounce of sentiment in her blood can refuse the appeal that flows from our eyes. Notice how the members of my race make you feel guilty when you're eating and ignoring us? What other type of creature could openly display such ravenous hunger without being termed a glutton? Oh, we don't even mind if you jokingly refer to us in that manner. We know you are just teasing us and we're ready for the hand that slips under the table with the juicy tidbit in it—**just for us.** If the glances don't accomplish our goal, we can always 'beg' for some rewards.

"Does my talking amaze you? It really shouldn't, especially since you walked into the room unexpectedly the other day and found me singing! Sure, all of us can talk when we want to but we prefer lazy. There are few occasions that arise wherein we are willing to display our vocal talents. Why should we? We leave the enunciation to parrots, parakeets, and you two-legged specimens.

"We enjoy watching your dramatic attempts. There isn't a thespian alive who can compete with a dramatic canine. We have a much higher sense of drama—**without lessons!** We can be regal and aloof or tear your sensitive heart to shreds with our doleful expressions. We can be cuddly and soft and win your affections quicker than a handsome or beautiful star. I guess Lassie and Rin Tin Tin sort of proved that point! Any challenges?

"We love playing the part of helpless creatures. A buddy of mine put it on so thickly his mistress must feed him with a fork if she wants to see him eat. Don't be silly! It's her own fault. She spoiled him and he decided to take advantage of it. Naturally, if he were on

(Continued on Page 31)



DOWNTOWN

This Season – as Always

For the Finest
in
Women's Fashions
It's

Florence Richards Magicraze

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FREE PICK-UP AND DELIVERY

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FOR THE FINEST IN MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT
THE
GROVER - SHORE
TRIO
APPEARING NIGHTLY AT THE
LADY LUCK BAR
WILBUR CLARK'S
DESERT INN

WHAT'S DOIN'?

. . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN

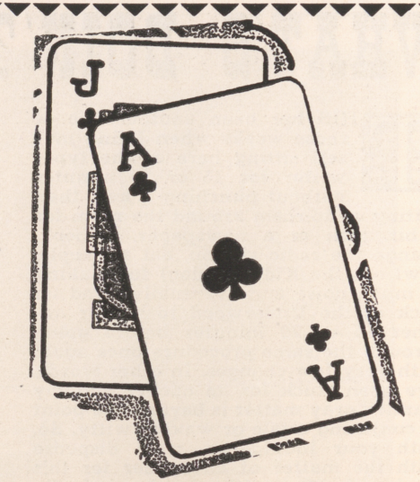
THIS has been another one of those weeks when I find myself sitting here at the typewriter for 15 or 20 minutes without punching a key, then getting up to roam around the room for a bit, look at a newspaper, a book, change the radio station, eat an apple, bawl out the Kid (my dog) for making so much noise and eventually wind up back at the Underwood to sit for another 15 or 20 minutes before going through the same procedure once again with very few changes. In other words, I've been stuck for an opener and my frazzled gray matter is beyond the point of conjuring a tale or waxing witty. So, with your indulgence, we'll dispense with the matter of an opener for this week and get on with what I quizzically refer to as . . . a column?



You rounders and musicians who like to listen to a real knocked out trio of musicians . . . I got news! Starting last Monday night at the SHAMROCK HOTEL on North Main street was a new group playing under the name of the NICK DEMONS TRIO. To those of you in the local musical circles or those of you who are as avid a fan of the jam sessions as I, I need only to tell you that the trio consists of NICK DRAGO on trumpet, formerly of the Tune-Toppers; FRITZ BECKER on piano, formerly with Al Jahns, and BUD CROUCH, also formerly with Al Jahns, Three top musicians, each a master of his own instrument. Here's the best part of the deal as far as I'm concerned. They play from 11 p. m. to 5 a. m. and the SHILLALAH ROOM has one of the largest dance floors in town. Any questions as to where you'll find me during the wee sma' hours? Had a fine turn out of musicians for the jam session last Tuesday night and they proceeded to "turn go" of a lot of fine "jam." Between TOMMY LUCAS and RALPH GARAFOLO you have never heard more alto sax in your life. Don't blame me if you're missing out on all of this 'cause it happens every week at the Shamrock and some weeks are even better than others. (I don't understand that statement **myself**) . . . I have to admit that I did a pretty fast "double take" as I drove past the LAS VEGAS CLUB the other day and saw the "one armed bandits personified" as they lurked among the machines inside the doors. Those bandana covered faces and bloodshot eyes give you a start if you aren't expecting the sight that confronts you. However, ART SCHELLANG tells me that these are the nicest bunch of guys you'd ever want to meet. Although they look like the men that their notorious names imply them to be, they really don't have the nerve to keep the money they take from you and do their best to give it back as soon as the opportunity presents itself. By now I'm sure you've read of the new machines I'm talking about but if you haven't seen them as yet you ought to do so. They are something to see! . . . Starting Sunday at the FREMONT THEATER will be a picture that uses Las Vegas as part of the background setting as well as the Helldorado celebration. The pic is "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine" starring DENNIS MORGAN and VIRGINIA (ah-h) MAYO . . . ! I was in on a little sneak preview of it with PAUL SPERLING (the boss) and I think you might like the picture too! . . . JOHNNY FUNK and EARL AKINS are more than happy with the ever increasing business and the many, many friends they have made since they took over the THRIFTY LIQUORS, located in the first block of Fremont. These two guys came into town cold, as it were, and by their own efforts and pleasing personalities have brought their business up to where it shows an increase every month over the previous month. The two of them worked day and night until the traffic got too much for them and now they have had to hire two more salesmen to work the floor. Their

(Continued on page 27)

ACTION!
ACTION!!



Play . . .

♥ FARO
♣ BANK

AT THE

HORSESHOE

BAR – RESTAURANT – CASINO
(ELDORADO CORP.)

DOWTOWN

DEALING . . .

HIGHEST LIMITS IN NEVADA

PAT COLLINS, GENERAL MANAGER

THE WATCHBIRD

. . . by LADY MICHAEL
(Michael Neale)

SIR JODY say: Since I have been away this column has been without a doubt . . . LADY MICHAEL say: Without a doubt since you have been away this has been a column! So from now on the eidtorial WE means US.

Now that FRANCHOT TONE married BARBARA PAYTON we can all settle down to a less sensational press. Or can we? Anyhow it took Barbara's going back to farm to turn the trick. Can't you just picture her glamorously posed in front of a plow with a haystack background? Hollywood gossip tells us that BA. PA. should have been run out of town on a rail, but her intimates tell us that she would probably love it.

Sir Jody thought that the Golden Wheel was still the Ranch House and barged in there loaded—with scripts? et al, to do a coo time broadcast, but when he found DANNY BASARIC (his favorite Indian) behind the bar he swore he was at the Thunderbird . . . Missing from the scene was the microphone, the spilled drinks, the special lavender spot, JOHNNY RYKEN, the band playing cacophony to our point-counter-point, which leaves this with no point . . . OR . . . chassepot.

GOURMANDS GUIDE: Recipe for "cheddite," a brand new drink which has replaced "velvet hammers." Two parts sodium chlorate, dash of nitric acid, one part hydrocarbon, top with maraschino cherry and serve in chilled glass. The effect is a blasting explosive. . . . We always thought cheddar was cheese but we've just discovered that it's an elementary school . . . by the same token, while we're looking under cee's, cheesecake ain't leg art at all, but a cake containing soft curds . . . And under dee's, d-i-x-i-e, which we always thought was south of the border, turns out to be an oval pot used by campers for boiling. WHAT? . . . and a dochandhorris is a Scotch night cap, introduced by ELLA LOGAN, and is taken internally and not worn upon the head.

ARE YOU READY FOR THIS DEPT.: SIR JODY and his lovely DORA of the "A" group set entertained a gang of friends at the D. I. Heading the list was MARION (who never looked lovelier) LEDERER, who tells us that her FRANCIS is now in England making a picture. DOROTHY and JOE PASTERNAK (of the Producer set). BYRNIE FOY (also of the Producer set). LARRY and SUZY DANNENBURG (she's Suzy sweaters and he's with her) and BULLETS DURGOM world famous,



and best loved ten percenter . . . A luncheon was tossed by the pool (some into it) in honor of our SISTER WINNIE. Sister Winnie is so smittten with this fair town that she is immediately putting her estate in California up for sale to move here permanently.

About that apartment. Sorry. Taken.

BILL BURLINGHAM, veep of the Lock-Nut Manufacturing Co. and prexy of the Amalgamated Screw Co., entertained his dear friends DEL MURON and WILLIAM O'CONNER (he's the assistant attorney general of California) at a too, too chic soiree.

Everybody has asked us who J. H. was in last week's chic-chat column. Ask NATHAN BLANK. He knows.

MAIL BAG DEPT.: Another card from IRENE COPPERS who says she is very nervous in BARCELONA. She dreamed she was a lady matador in her Maiden Form . . . DOROTHY EIGEN writes us that her husband JACK (America's number one disc-jockey) is now airing it at the Chez Paree in Chicago. Dorothy postscripts that DICK GOLDBERG (who is a plumbing tycoon) and JEANNE MALONE (who is a bird girl) send us their love. Tah everso.

SOCIAL NOTES: Avid readers of society news will be happy to note that PONY HERRIGAN, last year's only debutante, is now leader of the "young matron" set . . . what with PTA and choosing her hats for pouring tea and giving little talks at the Garden Club on such interesting subjects as "Now's

(Continued on page 29)

SHOW REVIEWS by Jack Burby

Flamingo

October 4 Through October 17
(Not a Review)

Musical royalty has arrived to headline the new offering in the FLAMINGO ROOM. Yes, sir! "Her Nibs," MISS GEORGIA GIBBS is here to treat her many listening fans to a personal appearance—and what an appearance! This lovely lady has as much eye appeal as she has ear appeal. Heretofore, most of our localites have had to be satisfied with a wax platter that brought her smooth song stylings to them. Now, for the first time in our town, the attractive songstress can not only be heard, but can be seen. The pleasure is definitely ours. The Flamingo Room should be on everyone's schedule during this engagement. . . . Television has finally released JOHN SEBASTIAN, allowing him some time in which to return to play before Las Vegas audiences once again. This "Harmonica Virtuoso" not only excels in the field of music, (play-

(Continued on page 23)

El Rancho Vegas

September 26 Through October 9

The ROUND-UP ROOM is once again crowded to the rafters with fans of that personable team of "Happiness," JON and SONDRA STEELE, headliners of this new revue. The suave Monsieur Jon and the exquisitely beautiful Sondra have brought along a lengthy addition of new tunes to add to their already extensive repertoire of established favorites, in order to supply you with the special brand of entertainment that made the light of success shine favorably upon them. Jon's pianistic endeavors cleverly provide the proper setting for Sondra's sophisticated wit and lovely voice. When these two favorites blend their talents, there's room for nothing but **sheer enjoyment.** . . . Adding his efforts to make for a pleasurable evening is DICK BUCKLEY. He does a clever bit that is a take-off on ventriloquism, with one exception . . . he uses **live puppets.** His contribution clears the way for hearty laughs. Mr. B's. audience participation routines lend an "at home" atmosphere. . . . Staying on for another engagement are the delightful team of BILLY DANIEL and LITA BARON. These youngsters provide zestful dance routines, topped with youthful song delivery. . . . Assisting Mr. Daniel and Miss Baron are the four lovely EL

(Continued on page 23)

LAST FRONTIER

October 5 Through October 18
(Not a Review)

Supper-clubbers throughout the country are as familiar with the name "Sam Lapidus," as they are with the comedian who established the popularity of that non-existent gent. Yep! LOU HOLTZ is back in town, starring in the new revue in the RAMONA ROOM. He is one of America's most famous dialecticians and his stories have done everything but created life for the characters he mentally creates. He has a definite knack for story-telling and can always be counted on for an enjoyable evening's entertainment. Happy to see you back, Mr. H. . . . On the same bill are those sensational spinners of harmony, THE AMES BROTHERS. Whenever these lads come to town, we immediately drop everything and rush over to treat our ears to the smoothest vocaliz-

(Continued on page 23)

Wilbur Clark's DESERT INN

October 2 through October 15

The PAINTED DESERT ROOM patrons extended a sensational welcome when the curtains parted, revealing the current headliners, BILLY GRAY, PATTI MOORE and BEN LESSEY. There are so many outstanding numbers performed by each of these great stars that it would be a terrific task to describe them individually. Instead

(Continued on Page 23)

Thunderbird

September 20 through October 10

Headlining the outstanding entertainment at the Thunderbird is one of the country's foremost vocal stylists, TONY PASTOR, and his orchestra. His is a manner of singing that has seen many attempts at copying but never quite achieving the bounce and spirit that only Tony seems to be able to put into whatever tune he interprets. The orchestra is one of the nation's greatest today and features the trumpeting of STUBBY PASTOR who also does a few duos with Tony at showtime. Lovely DOLORES MARTEL is the girl vocalist with the band and sings with an apparent ease that is rare . . . An extra headline attraction is DAY, DAWN and DUSK, comedy singing stars who are back in Las Vegas for another return engagement at the Thunderbird. Their amusing arrangements and satirical comedy along with true simple harmony in their singing has been the reason for their being held over on previous engagements because of popular demand. . . . As you watch this show at the Thunderbird you will see the performance of one of the smoothest dance teams in the business today. The DeMARLOS lose themselves in their interpretations of the dance and, at the completion of the routine, relax and become as one of the audience as they

(Continued on Page 29)

CLUB BINGO

Show Opening October 7
(Not a Review)

The BONANZA ROOM presents something new and different for its patrons. Opening on Sunday, October 7, will be the SPEEDY KOPP REVUE. Speedy is a versatile comedian who has a bag full of tricks and gags. He has a lot of amusing skits and comedy situations that make for an enjoyable evening's entertainment. The revue features CHUCK MITCHELL and NORA



KNIGHT and the MARINETTE DANCERS, all of whom come to our town wtih some mighty interesting advance press releases. . . . Held over is that genial Irishman, FULTON BURLEY.

(Continued on Page 29)

SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

September 28 Through October 12

Starring in this new talent-filled bill is MAE WILLIAMS, that lovely vocalist whose voice reaches out to caress your sentimental core. Here is a gal who is guaranteed to inspire any mood she sets out to achieve, whether lilting or dreamy-soft. . . . BRITT WOOD, the "Country Side Harmonica Humorist," offers a commendable performance and keeps the patrons amused with his dry humor and melodies. . . . HELEN GOLDEN is the Gay 90 comedienne of strip tease. You just can't describe this gal's appearance; she is more appreciated when viewed than when reviewed. . . . WILBUR HALL and RENEE perform some mighty interesting musical arrangements on trombone,

(Continued on Page 29)



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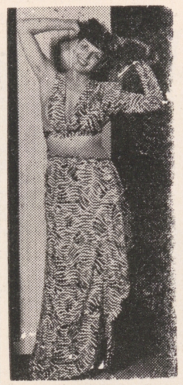
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FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 18)

ing the "outlaw" instrument), he is also considered one of the most amusing performers today. His delightful method of telling stories is most unique, hilarious and confusing. Don't stay away so long again, Mr. S.! . . . Rounding out this bill will be UNUS. Who is UNUS? We must confess—we just don't know! The management of the Flamingo Hotel is keeping mum about this performer and would only admit that Unus is a star of the Barnum and Bailey Circus. Our curiosity is so completely aroused, we can hardly wait for that opening night curtain. . . . AIDA BROADBENT'S 4 GUYS and 8 GALS will be on hand to offer their excellent choreography and colorful costumes . . . NAT BRANDWYNNE and his ORK promise to cut their usually fine background and provide danceable rhythms for your pleasure. . . . In the MURAL ROOM, it's the music of BOBBY PAGE and his ORK, playing your favorite tunes and requestfully yours 'til dawn.

LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from Page 18)

ing this side of "Gabriel's Horn." The mere mention of their recording, "Sentimental Me," will make you realize just how popular these boys are and the type of entertainment only they can provide. Their stage personalities are skillfully blended with good-natured comedy and youthful individuality. We're among the millions who rate them as tops . . . and that's for sure. The DEVLYN GIRLS present a stunning production number, "American in Paris," featuring the modern choreography of GERIE NASH, who dances with each of the lovelies for a can-can finale. CANDYCE KING joins Mr. Nash for a "jungle mombo" number. . . . BOB MILLAR and his ORK provide excellent show time backing and dance rhythms with DON BAKER at the Hammond organ to play requestfully yours, during intermissions.

EL RANCHO VEGAS:

(Continued from Page 18)

RANCHO GIRLS who offer clever routines that were devised by the very versatile Billy D. We derived a great amount of pleasure when the gals appeared in their stunning costumes and presented their skillful choreography. . . . TED FIO RITO and his ORCHESTRA do a wonderful job in cutting the background for the revue and offer dansapating rhythms for dance-minded patrons. . . . During intermission, GUY LANDIS and JIM DI STEPHANO play your favorite tunes. . . . PAUL GARDOS and CHUY MIRANDA are the roving troubadours in the Chuck Wagon Room.

DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 18)

of a lengthy review, we offer a synopsis. . . . BILLY GRAY, a superb comic (owner of the BANDBOX in Hollywood) makes this his first p. a. in seven years. His songs, gags and stories are hilariously funny and ORIGINAL. When he combines his fractured definitions with his side-splitting grimaces, it's enough to drive anyone to the land of hysteria. The crowning point comes when Mr. Gray chooses a woman in his audience to play his unwitting "straight man." . . . PATTI MOORE and BEN LESSEY are a most welcome twosome in our town. Supper-clubbers just can't seem to get their fill when it comes to the effervescent Miss Moore and the lighthearted BEN LESSEY. Their standard favorites are combined with new, specially-written tunes that will join their mile long request list. Moore and Lessey are a combination that will delight any lovers of levity. AND — when all three get together there's "hellzapoppin" and that's for sure . . . JUDY KELLY, a lovely miss, opens the revue with some might fancy acrobatics, splits, falls—and bounces (to quote Mr. Gray) "like my checks." . . . Handsome GENE GRIFFIN, m. c. and singer in the production numbers, does an a-plus job. Although a young man, he is always at ease and shows the qualities of a trouper. . . . The ARDEN-FLETCHER DANCERS present two routines that mark them as an outstanding group of talented de-lovelies. Featured in both numbers is FLUFF CHORLTON (Gould). . . . CARLTON HAYES' excellent ORK offers top backing for the entire show and for patron dancing. . . . CLIFF WHITCOMB is the lad at the piano, accompanying the hilarity. This comedy revue, starring GRAY, MOORE and LESSEY, should be a MUST on your list . . . 75 minutes of enjoyment.

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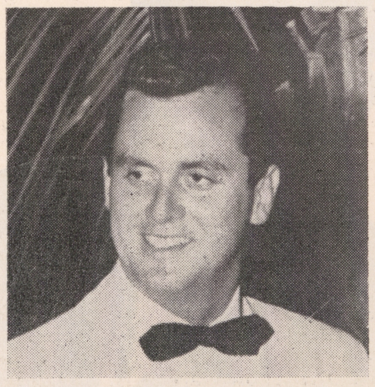
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ENJOYING MY 9th WEEK
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PAINTED DESERT ROOM
— OF —
WILBUR CLARK'S
DESERT INN
"THANKS"
to the MANAGEMENT and Our PATRONS
GENE GRIFFIN

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from page 5)

M. H. Walker and L. H. Farnsworth, of Walker Brothers Bank, Salt Lake City, were here looking over the prospects for a bank. The result was that we took them in (or they took us in) and we incorporated with M. H. Walker, president; Chris N. Brown, vice president; T. E. Gibbon, L. H. Farnsworth, J. Ross Clark, Frank A. Waters, John S. Park and C. P. Squires. We each paid in $1250 in cash, which made the paid up capital $12,500 with which we opened the bank for business in the latter part of April 1905, although our incorporation was not completed for our official opening until May 8, 1905. (I observe that my figures above just don't come out right— I think Capt. Walker and J. Ross Clark each put up $2500, which makes it come out right.)

So we built in May 1905, the first two story building in town, corner of First and Fremont and rented the upstairs for a Masonic Lodge room. That building was moved a few doors up Fremont street in the fall of 1905 and we built the fine building which is still occupied by the Bank of Nevada.

The First State Bank was absorbed in the 1930s by the state-wide First National Bank of Nevada which built for its business the very fine structure on Third street and its beautiful branch on South Fifth. And just here I am reminded that the pitiful little capital stock of $12,500 paid in, which seemed ample in 1905, has grown into a financial power of millions.

In 1905, in McWilliamstown (Westside) on Wilson street, the Las Vegas Bank and Trust Company, George F. Polenz, cashier, opened for business; authorized capital stock $30,000. This faded away after a few months when McWilliamstown had been deserted in favor of the railroad townsite (Clark's Las Vegas Townsite). I think the depositors, if any, got their money back all right.

Then along in May, 1905, a little wooden building, about 12 by 16, was put up on the corner of First and Fremont (where the Pioneer Club now stands). There the Lincoln County Bank, "Authorized Capital $50,000, Paid Up in Cash, $20,000," opened for business. The president was T. E. Pollock and M. I. Powers was vice president and cashier. They hung on for a few months and liquidated successfully. Mr. Powers was a fine chap who came from Flagstaff, Arizona.

The Bank of Southern Nevada, with Dan J. O'Leary, cashier and my old friends N. E. Williams and Frank A. Stevens, directors, was opened in one of the store rooms of the Nevada Hotel (Sal Sagev) with John F. Miller as the chief owner. It was opened in the early 1920s and did very well but was unable to cope with the strong competition of First State Bank, which by that time had grown strong financially and well established in business circles. So one day after several years, John decided to close up and quit the banking business. He notified all depositors to come and get their money, which most of them did right away. But a few depositors did not hear of the closing for several years and were much worried when they heard the Bank of Southern Nevada was closed. So they finally found John Miller to whom they decided to make their complaint. John said, "How much have you got in the bank?"

Receiving the information, John conculted a little note book, dug some bills out of his pocket and said:

"Here's your money." And that was the end of that chapter in Las Vegas banking.

What a difference in banks 46 years does make!

When I started this story I was going to make it all about Spence's new bank. Please excuse me for slipping, just as I excuse you, Spence, for bungling that souvenir matter.

WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from page 15)

shifts alternate, so whenever you go in, you will either meet CHARLIE HOLMAN (Kansas City man) or BILL WHITE. One trait that each and every one of the personnel possesses, including JOHNNY, the porter, is that of greeting everyone with a smile regardless of the nature of the order or the smallest request. How can these guys miss? . . . I've been writing about the piano artistry of DON CORTEZ at the piano bar of the VILLA VENICE on the Strip but it wasn't until this past week that I actually had the opportunity to si down and listen to him at length. Here is a man that **piano men** go in to hear! His improvisions and wild chord constructions are unbelievable. One reason he is playing so great right now is that for the first time in years, he tells me, he is able to sit down and play what **he** wants and play the **way** he wants to play it. There's no beating a man who is happy in his work! . . . The EMBASSY CLUB, in North Las Vegas, is the only club in these parts where the shows are ALL GIRL and ALL BURLESQUE! Currently appear-

(Continued on Page 31)

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THE WATCHBIRD:

(Continued from page 17)

the Time to Perk Up Tired Geranium Beds" . . . o r. . . "Stash Your Lettuce Where Cabbage Grows."

QUERIE DEPT: Who forgot his voice was dubbed in pictures and is now trying to sing in public? . . . Where were YOU when the coo hit the fan? . . . Who two flew, leaving one boo hoo, behind? . . . Who flipped . . . over Rip? Van Wynkle?

Most interesting proposal to date, said by JIMMY STEWART to MARLENE DIETRICH: "Won't you lie down on the men's room floor?" Quoted from our very good friend HENRY KOSTER'S picture "No Highway in the Sky," which oddly enough is the story of an airplane's tail.

O-P-P-E-Z spelled backwards is a guy who has a brother who looks like SHELLY WINTERS who spelled backwards has something to do with the Met in New York O-P-R-A-H you know.

Permanent Wave Dept.: W'eve just discovered that WILBUR CLARK has the TONI . . . JACK (DELILAH) NAUGHTON cut JIMMY SAVO'S hair off and it's become ELLA (SAMPSON) LOGAN and how are things in Glockamorra this fine day?

KISS OF DEATH DEPT.: CHEDDITE . . . SWAN SONG: SEPTEMBER SONG . . . THE KING AND I: KONG? OR HONG? OR WRONG? . . . KISMET: FAITH BALDWIN, HOPE DIAMOND, AND CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME . . . OR . . . plant your Dichondra now, before the hoar-frost sets in . . . OR . . . other things that set set in like: gangrene or rigor mortis.

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THUNDERBIRD HOTEL:

(Continued from Page 19)

chat back and forth with the customers. The DeMARLOS aren't new to Las Vegas audiences but are always more than a welcome addition to any show presented at our resort hotels. . . . The KATHRYN DUFFY DANSATIONS present two new routines that are very outstanding and feature the work of the wealth of solo talent that can be found in the group. JOHNNY O'BRIEN is your singing m. c., while the NORMANDIE BOYS add their usual great talent to the musical productions as well as playing for you in the lounge. The JACK MARTIN MEN take over for your dancing intermissions and also in the lounge in the wee sma' hours.

CLUB BINGO:

(Continued from Page 19)

Mr. Burley cleverly manipulates his chores as m. c. and keeps the show moving smoothly. Besides that, he has a terrific voice that has built quite a following for him. . . . Cutting the show is MIKE WERNER and his BIG-LITTLE BAND. . . . Alternating with Mike is the MICKEY TERRY TRIO who provide dansapating rhythms until 5 a. m.

SILVER SLIPPER:

(Continued from page 19)

violin and trumpet and coat their artistry with enjoyable clowning. . . . On hand are the SILVER SLIPPER GIRLS with their famous Bar Routine. . . . Your capable master of ceremonies is STUART KEANES who keeps the show moving at a smooth pace. . . . Accompanying the show is pianist GEORGE REDMAN, with WHITEY'S TOPPERS filling in during intermission, along wtih the "88" accomplishments of BUSTER.

WITH HEARTFELT GRATITUDE I SAY . . .

THANK YOU!

TO THE PATRONS, THE PERSONNEL AND TO THE MANAGEMENT OF

THE Flamingo

FOR A MOST HAPPY AND SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENT



Anne Shelton

WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from page 27)

ing is DOREEN, who just lately lost a lobe and is a darling when it comes to doffing her duds. A newcomer to the club is JENEE, a dark haired little French-Canadian gal who has some surprises. BARBARA BANKS is the singing emcee while CHUCK GLASSPOOL'S BAND supplies the background for the shows as well as rhythms for your dancing. Show times here are at 11 p. m., 1 and 3:30 a. m. and on the hour every hour on Saturday nights . . . It's a belated happy birthday to BUSTER HALLET, who was so surprised with the party given him by his lovely wife, RENEE, that he is just now getting his chin back up from the region of his belly button. This all took place last Tuesday night at the SILVER SLIPPER in the Last Frontier Village. When the time was right, Buster was ushered into Jules Restaurant where a table had been set up and a party of 25 or more did great damage to a beautiful birthday cake and watched as he opened the gifts. So how come all I ever get for my birthday is **lit?** Many more happy years, "Buzzoo!" . . . I hope some day I'm a "copy-cat"! A few nights ago I met a cute little blond by the name of CASEY MAXWELL and some day, God willing, I hope to meet the one intended for me so that we might have a little girl that I could call "Casey"! I think that is a terrific name for a cute little gal. Casey Maxwell is the 2½ year old daughter of EVE and EDDIE MAXWELL. Mr. Maxwell is a writer and has been here during the appearance of MARK STEVENS at the Flamingo Hotel, having written the material for Mark . . . Was sorry to hear that CLARENCE WRIGHT is on the sick list and is in Memorial Hospital for a hitch. Clarence has the casino at the Shamrock Hotel on North Main street and has a host of friends in the gaming circles of Vegas. Take care, "Clarency," and get back on your pins as soon as possible! . . . And that, li'l kiddies, brings us to the end of this week's bedtime stories. If you can't find anything better to do next week, I wish you'd drop around again and we could chew the fat once more. Better bring your own, though, 'cause mine's pretty well worn out! —JOHNNY.

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$5.00 PER YEAR

RANDOM THOUGHTS:

(Continued from page 13)

his own, he'd learn soon enough how to forage for himself. But, why should he strain himself when the hand is so willing to help?

"When I mentioned birthdays before, I forgot to say that we also hold no resentment over the fact that we receive no special gifts in celebration of our natal days. Look at the floor of my home, for instance. Bet I have more rubber toys to amuse me than some babies do. I have a weird master. He pounces on any toy that he thinks will stir me from my usualy supine manner. The playthings make such unearthly sounds, they stiffen the hair on my back. He probably compares me to a woman; something new gives that added lift—or so **he** thinks. You ought to know—he's **your** betrothed.

"There's so much we realize that is beyond your comprehension. Sure, we know we shouldn't do certain things. But, we hear you humans walking around, saying we have no memories. So, if we are chastised for doing something we particularly enjoy, we just sort of make believe we don't remember and repeat the performance. Then, if someone wags a finger at us, we just turn on that old, bewildered countenance. What a lifesaver that one is!

"Life really isn't difficult for us. We feast when you feast. If you don't feel like eating, we know you won't neglect us because you realize we can't open those cans of dog food ourselves. At Xmas, we have just as much fun as anyone. That's when we get to eat the candy canes that are placed close to the bottom of the trees, amidst the glittering tinsel and lights.

"We get our exercise by chasing every bicycle we see and barking furiously at the one pedalling it. Why? I don't know! Must race back to some ancestor of ours. (I'll have to see a psychiatrist about it.) Our guardians rave and rant when we do something of which they disapprove — but — just permit a thorn to pierce our paw, causing us to limp and all is forgiven in a shower of affection. Do you blame us for 'leading a dog's life'?"

What did I have to say when my favorite pooch ended this lengthy monologue? Not one single thing. I was completely speechless? Wouldn't you be? (And so, as I hold my crayon, I stare at the striped shadows on the floor and think and think and think.)



SINCEREST THANKS
TO THE
PEOPLE OF
LAS VEGAS
THE
THUNDERBIRD HOTEL
AND TO
HAL BRAUDIS
for a most enjoyable
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YOUR LOCAL CREDIT JEWELERS
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THIRD AND FREMONT
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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

popular newspapers. You can still get it at your favorite newsstand. She is a featured dancer at the DESERT INN, writes a weekly column for us, and is a nationally known model, aside from designing clothes. As the article read: "For the luvva M i c h a e l, isn't that enough?" Aside to Editor JACK LAIT: "Lady M" certainly can cook. Lest we forget, this week marks the end of the first year in which Michael's column has appeared in our mag. Here's hoping we celebrate many more anniversaries in the future.

Wonder what happened to that colorful mandarin beaded coat PAT GALLAGHER used to wear? Miss G., head hostess at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, had everyone doing double takes whenever she wore it.

We met DORACE McKENZIE and couldn't understand why she isn't working. Here's a gal who can be an asset in any club of hotel. She is an excellent organist; a point that was proven when she appeared at the CLUB BINGO for 12 weeks. Miss McKenzie would like to remain in our fabulous town and is now seeking employment. She would be ideal for providing musical atmosphere at an intimate club or for intermission periods. She can be reached at 4812W.

A coo-some twosome (apologies to Lady M.), are TRUMAN HINKLE, Veep and co-owner of radio station KRAM, and BEVERLY QUINN, popular cocktail waitress at the SILVER SLIPPER.

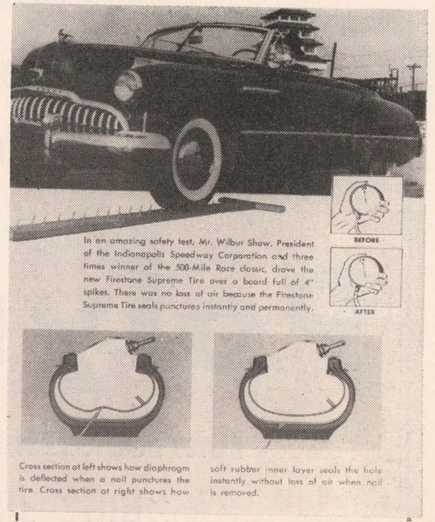
Answer to last week's question-of-the-week: YES! BUDDY GROVER did receive a butane lighter for his birthday.

Did you know that CHRIS, co-owner of the ORIGINAL STEAK HOUSE on South First (with GEORGE COREY), was one of the country's better known ballet dancers? He danced with PATRICIA BOWMAN for years before his retirement.

Next time you visit the THEATRE CHUCK WAGON in the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, ask PAUL GARDOS and CHUY MIRANDA (those excellent roving troubadours), to play the "Hungarian Bolero." What could be more relaxing than that melody and the comfort of those calf skin chairs? To

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HECHT'S
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MISSES' AND
WOMEN'S APPAREL



In an amazing safety test, Mr. Wilbur Shaw, President of the Indianapolis Speedway Corporation and three times winner of the 500-Mile Race classic, drove the new Firestone Supreme Tire over a board full of 4" spikes. There was no loss of air because the Firestone Supreme Tire seals punctures instantly and permanently.

Cross section at left shows how diaphragm is deflected when a nail punctures the tire. Cross section at right shows how soft rubber inner layer seals the hole instantly without loss of air when nail is removed.

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 33)

put it in jive talk, "it'll send you!"

ANNA SOSENKO, HILDEGARDE'S manageress, phoned to say that the chimes on top of the Minneapolis City Hall play, "Darling, Je t' Aime Beaucoup," daily—in honor of Hildy's first visit to that city.

The biggest game we ever witnessed took place at the HORSESHOE CLUB, Downtown. Every roll of the square cubes entailed a fabulous sum of money. Who won? Don't know! Couldn't wait! Those Texas oillionaires gave us a slightly inferior complex. Seriously though, if it's action you want, the Horseshoe Club is the place where the true gaming enthusiasts meet to do some fancy wagering.

Is that an "orange-blossom aroma" in the air? Looks like this is it for JACK BULLOCK (boxman at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER) and MARGIE (lovely hostess in the RAMONA ROOM). Jack's mother arrived from Texas a week ago and the couple have been doing quite a bit of window shopping. What gives?

Those "15 generous gentlemen" at the LAS VEGAS CLUB, Downtown. are creating quite a bit of comment. Congratulations to ART SCHELLANG, general manager and co-owner of the club, for going "all out" to bring something new and novel to our town and the patrons who frequent his club. Those "one-arm bandits" are an acuality and well worth a trip for a looksee!

Remember JACK (Hi-ya Man!) COON, sensational young trumpeteer who played with MIKE WERNER'S ORK at the CLUB BINGO? He and his lovely wife went to Hollywood a few weeks ago and he is working with studio orchestras. The Coons are now proud parents of an 8-pound 8½-ounce baby girl, born September 15. The little lass is LORRIE JEAN. Our sincere congratulations to the entire household. Hurry "home," will you?

Did you see that story by ALICE HUGHES (King Features), quoting BELDON KATLEMAN as saying a good looking Western gal can look better in a pair of jeans than some of the Easterners, when dressed their best? The AMERICAN magazine has selected Beldon for one of their "Interesting Americans" articles, and will have him in an early issure—FULL COLOR.

A card from lovely PEGGY WILLIAMS in San Antonio, Texas, asks us to convey regards to her many friends here. A resident here for nine years, Peggy left for Texas two months ago, to be with her lonesome parents.

Have you seen FLORENCE RICHARDS lately? Wow! And a double wow! (She is proprietress of the MAGIC EYE dress shop on South Fifth.) She has shed a lot of poundage, leaving just enough room to reveal a million dollar figure! Could be you're ready for that "leap," Florence? Wonder who the lucky guy is?

Las Vegas, Nevada, is certainly the mecca for contractors, architects, and builders. Practically every week of the year, there is a hotel, club, or restaurant being built or remodeled. If you doubt that statement, let's look at the FLAMINGO HOTEL, as an instance. They are now busily adding 101 more rooms. The DESERT INN is also building an addition of 101 more rooms, along with an 18-hole golf course. THE HOTEL LAST FRONTIER will soon alter the casino and dining room. EL RANCHO is doing a complete remodeling job of lobby and casino, and planning additional accommodations. The CLUB BINGO is now in the process of being made into a 250-room hotel. That is just what is happening on the strip. Downtown, it's the new J. C. PENNEY Department Store, almost completed. The lot on Fifth and Fremont streets will make room for a National Department store. The Penny Arcade on First and Fremont is being completely re-built and taking on the new name, CALIFORNIA CLUB. All of that plus the many improvements and building of new motels. Not bad for a town boasting a population of only 27,000, eh? Looks as though there will be that 100,000 population by 1954, as Tutor predicts!

GEORGE (man-with-ideas) SCHNURLE designed some colorful boxer shorts for men with slot machine motif. He sent samples to various distributors and orders are pouring in. The same man designed those miniature roulette wheels for WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN. These novelty shorts will bring Las Vegas national publicity when all men's shops and department stores throughout the U. S. feature them.

Broadway columnist FRANK FERRELL saluated TOM DOUGLAS (architect-designer who is re-doing the EL RANCHO), last week for being the first in his profession to figure out a free floor show for patrons. Mr. Farrell was talking about the new STEAK HOUSE at the Rancho, wherein every seat faces the stage door of the ROUND-UP ROOM and the chorus girls' dressing rooms.

Happy birthday to ANN BRINIG, October 4. Husband JOE, a salesman for CHRISTENSEN'S MEN'S WEAR on Fremont, surprised her with a 1951 Olds. Being a salesman must pay off! How come "boss man" CHRIS owns a Nash—and a '47 at that? Okay! We'll

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 35)

confess. Mr. B. owns a few copper mines in Butte, Montana. He likes to keep busy—hence—the reason for his job with Chris.

That charming saleslady you see in GERSHGORN'S JEWELRY SHOP in the lobby of HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, is BEA CHINAKIS. This lovely, prematurely-gray person was born in Reno and is one of the few native Nevadans we have encountered. It's a pleasure to buy when Bea is on the other side of the counter.

When BOBBY GORDON SR. (casino manager of the CLUB BINGO), asked Junior what he wanted for his seventh birthday (October 5), the young 'un spoke up with a request for one of those plastic cannons that all the young folk have or want. Being a conservative sort of a guy, Pop explained it's not practical because it breaks so easily. The 7-year-old replied he'd settle for one of platinum, if it was available. Nice going, Bobbie boy. Dad can probably fulfill your **meagre** request. We hope you have many more happy birthdays and bigger and better desires.

Employes of the MONTE CARLO CLUB, Downtown, had good cause for celebration when EDDIE, a dice dealer, and DUFFY, roulette croupier, became MR. AND MRS. BARRETT. They welded the knot September 26, taking their vows before JUDGE FRANK McNAMEE. The groom's parents arrived from Glendale to attend the ceremony. Our sincerest congratulations to a wonderful pair.

Our pride and joy went to press before we could learn the outcome of the city commissioners' meeting a day or two ago. We certainly hope they didn't ban smoking in theaters. The three movie houses that do allow smoking are completely fireproof, with loges for patrons who are inclined to light up and relax. Whenever we attend, we cannot completely relax and enjoy a movie unless we can have our cigarets. Theaters throughout the country allow smoking and it would seem highly irregular to abolish this practice in our town. If the "No Smoking" edict is passed, there will be more furtive smokers, with lookouts to see if ushers are in sight. Why encourage such action when it is unnecessary?

Saw MRS. SID SHEPPARD strolling along Fremont a few days ago. She and her hubby are proud parents of a lovely daughter and it looks like there will be another heir shortly. We feel they are hoping for a son, this time. Mr. Sheppard is that young man making a big success in the furniture field in our town.

Does lightning strike twice? Quite a few people in town were praying for it down at the HORSESHOE CLUB, recently. Last week, a sweet little lady of 77 took the galloping dominoes into her dainty palm and tossed them to make 33 passes. What action! A few days later, she returned and approached the same table where she made history. Alas! Poor followers! No repetition! The cubes must have been different ones or didn't realize who held them.

That was some wonderful nation-wide publicity WILBUR CLARK and his DESERT INN received in the current issue of FOCUS magazine. However, the writer was slightly confused and located the D. I. in Las Vegas, New Mexico—instead of Nevada. When did you move, Wilbur?

Certainly was nice of MR. AND MRS. FRANK PORTNOY to send us that wire. Hope you people come up here real soon. If you don't, then we'll have to travel over Palm Springs way to say hello.

NICK THOMSEN, owner of the FLAMINGO DRUG STORE, and HUGH CRONIN, formerly with CITY DRUG (nine years), formed a partnership and bought the DRUG AND TOBACCO SHOP in the casino of the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. Although they took over less than two weeks ago, many changes have been made. You'd be amazed at the immense stock of merchandise they have within that limited space. Good luck, fellas!

SPIKE JONES is doing a sell-out business in Boston where he is spearheading the new two-a-day vaudeville movement, presenting a big show and a movie for a dollar. Spike will wind up in Florida soon. Lovely frau, HELEN, is taking two weeks off to go home to Hollywood for a visit with their two youngsters.

RAY MIDDLETON is back in New York, making plans to get married. The gal's identity is strictly hush-hush!

Received a welcome letter from BILL DOLL, one of the country's best press agents who is now handling the new show, "TOP BANANA," starring comic PHIL SILVER. The musical comedy is currently doing a sell-out business in Boston. To date, it has a $300,000 advance sale for New York, when it hits Broadway. The "Doll" also sent us the first copy of a new song, entitled "THAT'S FOR SURE," written by JOHNNY MERCER, especially for that show. According to Bill, it looks as though it will be the hit of the show. Makes us feel kind of proud. When Phil appeared in town, he told us about this new show and of his desire to have Mr. Mercer write a song, using the title of our column. Yes, sir! We're mighty proud . . . and that's for sure.

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