Jack Berkz

# Fabulous LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PODNER




HAPPY THANKSGIVING

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22

(See page 9)

15c

November 17, 1951

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 3, NO. 31

OBSERVATIONS, By POP SQUIRES

"THAT'S FOR SURE," By JACK CORTEZ

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS, By MARTIN LEWIS

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

**JACK CORTEZ, Editor and Publisher**

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# HIGH SPOTS

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# A Happy Thanksgiving to All

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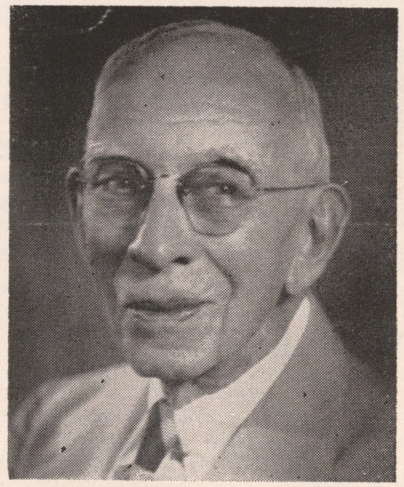


Jack Cortez's
FABULOUS LAS VEGAS
HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 3 NOVEMBER 17, 1951 NUMBER 31

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

**NOT THAT I know anything about sandstone, am I writing this, but because I notice that my very fine and congenial friend, P. A. "Pop" Simons, is trimming his fine new building at Third and Fremont streets with sandstone from his "Rainbow Quarries."**



This new building is the triumph of many years of effort and enterprise by this typical "Desert Rat," and if there is anything in this whole area which is built entirely out of the deserts of Nevada, it is this Simons Building.

I first knew of "Pop" Simons many years ago, when the wagon-track road from Tonopah to Mina, went north from Tonopah for about seventy miles and then turned westward about forty miles, over the mountains and down to Mina. About forty miles this side of Mina, we passed not far from a mine named "Simons Lead" property, owned and worked by this same Simons who had not yet reached the distinction of being called "Pop."

Something like thirty years ago, he came to southern Nevada with the mining bug still gnawing at his vitals, and worked some properties including the famous old Techatticup mine in Eldorado Canyon. Just when or why he left the canyon I do not know, but all of a sudden, along in the twenties when our Las Angeles highway was routed through Jean and Goodsprings, Pop blossomed out with a service station about two miles this side of Jean. And there he changed tires for folks, provided food and lodgings for those too tired to go further, sold a gallon of gas every now and then while his lovely daughter June served Las Vegas as secretary of our flourishing Chamber of Commerce.

Then Pop took old Father Time by the fetlock and bought that corner lot at Third and Fremont streets, from which in the course of years he collected $200,000 in rentals from a service station and had enough money to justify building this fine monument to a life of enterprise and industry.

When our Federal Building was erected on Stewart street facing down Third, I wrote editorials in the Las Vegas Age, predicting that some day the two blocks on Third, between Fremont and Stewart streets, would be business property. My friend Pop Simons and my other very fine friend across the street, San Friedman, are making that prediction come true.

As generally happens in this column, I go babbling on without saying anything about my subject "sandstone." So here goes for another little bit of history.

Soon after our railroad was built, a

**(Continued on Page 17)**

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OPENING NOV. 18

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Slick Slavin
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Held Over by Popular Demand
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Yvonne Moray
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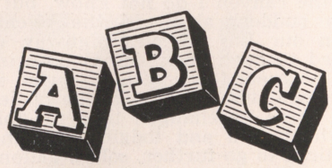



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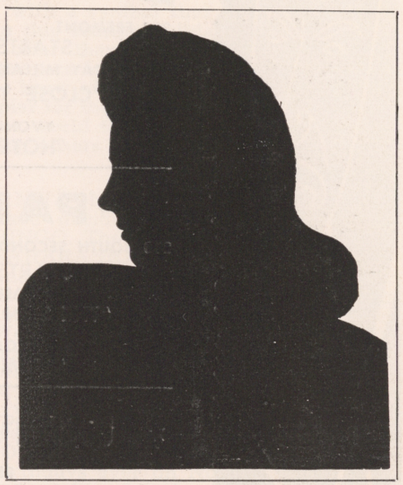

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# RANDOM THOUGHTS

. . . By B. B. BARTON

**A FEW years back, just about the time that turkeys cringe at the sound of approaching footsteps, I was walking along the streets of a metropolis, in quest of some Thanksgiving decorations. As I walked past a string of brownstone houses (the term applied to those buildings with long stoops, below - street - level - basement apartments, and no elevators), I noticed a seemingly dejected woman. It appeared that time had been unkind to her features which must have been extremely lovely once.**



A strong desire overcame me and I retraced my footsteps until the woman was directly in front of me. She was busily engaged in twining wire around flowers, forming corsages. She was so engrossed in her task and thoughts, it took quite a few moments before she realized she had company. When she looked up, she grinned and motioned me to a seat beside her.

This street-vendor of flowers must have instinctively sensed my curiosity but didn't immediately make any attempts to probe it. Instead, she spoke of the loveliness of her wares, people passing by, and the weather. When the atmosphere had become quite a friendly one, Bess (for that was her name) turned her head slightly and said: "Guess you're wondering exactly what someone like me has to be thankful for." My answer (though hesitant), was in the affirmative.

Bess continued working silently and then, after a lengthy silence, began to speak softly: "Quite a few of us, who have no other manner of income than vending on street corners, have the right to say it wasn't always like this. Despite what you may read in the lines of my face, I have known great happiness and my memories bring those moments back with amazing vividness. The greatest treasure on earth is a store of joyful remembrances.

"What do I have to be thankful for? Many things, my child. First, I am grateful to the Lord for giving me breath and eyes through which to see and watch the loved ones I once knew. Without eyes, you cannot fully appreciate the sorrows and raptures of others or the beauty of this world, which far surpasses all sordidness that may be prevalent at misguided moments.

"I am grateful too, for these ears that have brought to me a world of music and laughter. Did you ever stop to watch the youngsters playing 'catch' on the street and notice how their enthusiasm bursts through their tender lips, in gleeful merriment? Did you ever speak with the youngsters and hear their dreams pouring forth, while they dwelled upon the future and what it held for their particular selves? I've watched many grow into maturity with the satisfaction of being a confidante of their youth. That's almost as good as having been a mother, don't you agree?

"He who doesn't realize the hoard of wealth he has in his recollections, is still an adolescent. For, without memories, there would be many more willing to leave this world of basic goodness. I enjoy my holidays, even though they might be considered lonely ones now. I just walk over to that park there and sit on a bench, while I watch the happy populace traipse by. Whenever I sit on that bench of mine, my thoughts go back to the time of my childhood. Mother and Dad did their best to make those days memorable for me. We always had an abundance of good food and an aroma of flowers that permeated the entire house. Mother loved flowers; guess that's why I just naturally turned to this task when all others seemed closed to a woman of my age.

"I recall the pleasant feeling that went with a new dress or a beau and am grateful that I had the love of a wonderful mother, father and husband. An unfortunate accident took them all

(Continued on Page 37)



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RAY MILLAND - GENE TIERNEY

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YVONNE DE CARLO

"HOTEL SAHARA"

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JOHN DEREK

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# THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ

**We have decorated this week's front cover with a symbol that is reminiscent of Thanksgiving Day and what it stands for. On this coming holiday, let's all take a few moments from our busy activities and offer thanks for what we have, no matter how little. Let's devote some time to prayers for less fortunates and for the ironing out of the war wrinkles, disturbing the brow of the earth. Let us all devote some energy in making life and every day happier for those who need us. Let us give more than we receive. Let's make this a better world for our youngsters. There is something we can do to help others; in helping others we help ourselves . . . and that's for sure.**

Ringsiding at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, enjoying the marvelous song stylings of PEGGY LEE and comedy antics of MICKEY SHAUGHNESSY, were beauteous JOAN CAULFIELD, a male companion and JOHN GERSHGORN, famous Hollywood jeweler who recently opened a branch store in the lobby of the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. Joan could certainly offer beautiful competition to some of the fabulous gems John displays. She actually sparkles like a 10-carat blue-white.

Heard a real "funny" the other evening. While at EL RANCHO VEGAS, we ran into maestro TED FIO RITO, who was dressed real "Miami-ish." He wore a palm beach suit and accessories to match. We reminded him the evenings are a bit cool and he should be prepared for chilly breezes. In a very naive way, Ted replied: "I am dressed for it. See! I'm wearing winter undies!" He proved it by unbuttoning his shirt and revealing a heavy flannel undersuit. Well! So that's the way they dress in Miami, Fla.!

Oh, oh, looks like we slipped up again. Forgive us, please, PHYLLIS CHRISTENSEN, for not checking our calendar and noting your birthday on November the ninth. Saw you and hubby, ARNOLD (owner of the popular men's shop on Fremont), celebrating the occasion from a distance but couldn't get through the crowds to personally congratulate you. How about cutting the cake with us—next year?

ROBERT IRVING, owner of the PURPLE COW, is truly amazed at the wonderful business his toy and gift shop is doing. The unusual selection of toys and gifts are carefully chosen and have the customers returning for encores. What a large variety of perfumes he has. MRS. JOE LYON is the lovely manageress of the shop. Husband, FRED, is cashier at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. Joe used to be office manager of JACK YOUNG'S ELECTRIC SIGN COMPANY before she decided to sell gifts and toys. She sure does enjoy the job. Who wouldn't with all these **unusual** toys on display and aching to be tinkered with.

MILTON PRELL and his associates have decided to rename the CLUB BINGO. They have selected the name, SAHARA HOTEL, for the hostelry now under construction. They feel the new nomenclature fits the setting of our fabulous town. Good luck, people! We're very anxious to see what the place will look like. According to those plans, it's going to be nothing short of sensational.

We extend the most sincere wishes we possess in hoping that BENNY BINION will have one of the happiest birthdays ever on November 20. He is a true friend and one of the greatest guys we've ever had the pleasure of knowing. Benny owns and operates the dining room and bar in the very popular HORSESHOE CLUB, Downtown, fast becoming the rendezvous where everybody heads.

DEBBIE BLAIR, lovely Minsky-ite at the DESERT INN, is planning a marriage sometime next week. The groom, ROBERT FISHER (of the Boston Fishers), is winging out to take the vows that will make the gal his. Mr. Fisher, owner of a fleet of fishing boats, told Debbie they would marry upon her return to the East. However, he must have heard about the Vegas bachelors and decided on the change of plans. Congratulations, folks! Let us know when and where the ceremony will be held.

Special thanks to CHIEF GEORGE, the wonderful d. j. broadcasting over KENO. Saturday, our blonde cocker spaniel disappeared for hours and George repeatedly issued requests for assistance in realizing "Buster's" return home. Fortunately, we discovered the little imp and are grateful to George for his cooperation.

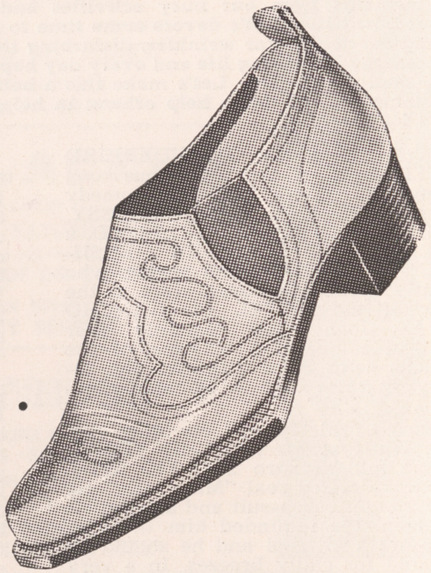
Aside to STAN McDONALD, pit boss of the graveyard at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. Thank you, for being a great guy. Your concern is proof positive that you're a friend indeed.

Belated congratulations to KAY and DANNY BASARIC, who celebrated their 12th wedding anniversary, November 9. Because he's so busy managing the GOLDEN WHEEL on Highway 91, Danny had to wait three days

**(Continued on page 33)**

# Square Dancers

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# THE WATCHBIRD

. . . by LADY MICHAEL
(Michael Neale)

**THE Minsky show is back on the strip with two very unexciting "peelers," and the usual lovely girls in lovely costumes. The weak spot in the show turned out to be the showstopper. Maybe we're wrong! but that's not likely. OUR big thrill was CORINNE AND TITO who are breathtaking. Corrinne is the loveliest thing on tiny bare feet, and Tito . . . WOW!!**

PANDEMONIUM DEPT.: Most exciting act to hit Vegas in a long time is the KIRBY STONE QUINTET at the El Rancho. Kirby Stone does the best version of "Old Man River" we've seen to date. Then there's a frantic guy named COW-EYES and a doll who plays the drums and is tabbed L'IL POISON. Go see what we mean . . . if you hurry you might just make it.

MAIL BOX: We had a long, newsy letter from ex co-columnist SIR JODY HUTCHINSON, which was written on the back of a Raleigh Room menu. Sir Jody has been on a whirl-wind personal appearance tour of New York City and has been on all the major T.V. shows such as the Stork Club show, the SARAH CHURCHILL show, and TED STEELE and KATHIE NORRIS shows. The latter is produced by our own dear Miss Exit, nee PHYLLIS ADAMS. Jody raves about PHIL SILVERS, whose fourteen carat sterling performance in "Top Banana" makes that show a smash. Aside to Sir Jody: We accept your apology for the paper, we've put a roll in the mail for you so that you need never get caught without again. . . . Note from LISA ROSE, who is doing her tour jete's for GEORGE MORO at the Riverside in Reno. Lisa writes, and we quote: "Reconverted to my chestnut brown lox (hair, idiots) but did not retain any red-head or old brunette traits . . . developed an entirely new set." Well, Lisa dear, we can't wait to see your new traits. . . . MERRITTA MOORE, who is now Mrs. JEFF DANE of the comedy team DANE AND COLLINS, writes us from her hospital bed. Merritta has been ill for the past three months and we hope she gets well real fast. Dahling, that's no way to spend your honeymoon. She also adds that JERRY COLLINS, the other half of the team, married PAT McGIVERN, peep show show girl. That's good news to us and good luck, children. Those wedding bells are breaking up that old gang. Isn't anyone going to stay single with Lady M.?

BITS AND PIECES: BELDON KATLEMAN and DOROTHY ARN-



OLD were in a big huddle in L. A. . . . discussing Las Vegas? . . . Dorothy will not remarry JOE DIMAGGIO. . . . ROSEMARY LYNN, Minsky show gal, and BOB, of the Visionaires, are seeing visions of their own. . . . WALTER THOMPSON, T.V. producer, spent last week in Vegas talking to WILBUR CLARK about a series of shorts starring Wilbur with the Desert Inn for a background. Wilbur is very photogenic . . . this should be terrific. . . . MARGUERITE HAYMES, artist manager and mother of singer DICK HAYMES, was in town to catch the opening of her protege, GENE NASH, at the Last Frontier. . . . There must have been a heavy dew . . . GENE GRIFFIN grew a mustache. . . . RON FLETCHER will NOT marry JANE KEAN. . . . BOBBY KAYE has switched from Barbara to Babs, and that's the Lockhart and Short of it. . . . HAROLD LLOYD, who came to spend two days, finally went home after spending two weeks . . . and another visiting fireman: JIMMY DURANTE, FRANK SENNES, and a chap named BALDWIN BALDWIN, from the Horseshoe Ranch in Benowawe, Nevada (scout's honor).

LITTLE SOCIAL NOTES: JERRY and ANITA KASTNER are back in town. Hold on to your hats . . . last year it was the Rancho Anita . . . this year it's the Holiday Inn. Good luck on your new venture. . . . ROBERT FISHER of the land of the bean and cod (that's down east talk for Boston) and DEBBIE BLAIR of the Minsky Revue will be wed in Wilbur's office

(Continued on page 19)

THINGS ARE ROCKING AT THE

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HOTEL

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WITH LOVELY

PAULA THORE

CRAPS — Just Turned "21" — POKER

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# WHAT'S DOIN'?

## . . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN

**SOME people might tell you that I'm a young man with a lot of ambition, but were they to gaze upon this fizzled physique today, theirs would be the height of complete disillusionment. I've got a lot of somethin', all right, but it certainly isn't ambition. It could be more rightly be described as known heavy metal, in that region of the anatomy which is generally concealed by that part of a man's clothing which embodies a couple of back pockets . . . or to put it another way, I'm listing aft from lead.**

I've made at least 10 trips to this typewriter and, after the first one, I accomplished nothing toward the completion of my column except the title, which in itself required a maximum of concentrated effort. And now that I've lampooned my lack of being lent to quick composition, it might be advisable that I continue with the rest of the column; seein' as how I've mastered the feat of staying awake on this trip to the keys . . . Was talking to DON CORTEZ and NICK DRAGO last Tuesday night at the SHAMROCK jam session and they were telling me that they plan to reorganize the TUNE-TOPPERS, which was good news to my ears as these boys are fine musicians. They plan to use piano, trumpet, guitar and bass and hope to go into rehearsal next week. I don't like to see good men like these leave town but, on the other hand, I know that they will do themselves a lot better as a group; and who knows, it may be that they'll be able to stay right here in Vegas. . . . Stopped into the HOUR GLASS the other evening to cut up a few old touches with my old friend SIL SILVER who is in charge of the ivory section of the piano bar, where he mixes your favorite tunes to suit your particular moods. This guy, Sil, has the patience of Job, and a few others I don't remember the names of, when it comes to going right on playing no matter what is going on around him. He can have 18 inebriants bending each of his ears with their own particular sob stories and he'll go right on playing "Cuddle Up a Little Closer." You'll find JIMMY BLAKE always behind the bar and DICK SHERIDAN always behind in his drinkin', but never in his story telling. I still think Dick should do a lot of writing. . . . In spite of the skepticism in this town, "JAGUAR" is beginning to pack 'em in every night in the SAHARA ROOM of the SANTA ANITA TURF CLUB.



Every night more and more skeptics are being convinced that there really is something to "all this hokum about hypnotism." I don't get to attend as many of the demonstrations as I'd like, but I happened to be there last week when some fellow denied the fact that anything was happening and remained steadfast right up until the end when Jaguar had the "unbeliever" and another woman remove their shoes and stand on the hypnotized body of a tall slim soldier as he was suspended horizontally between two chairs with his head on one chair and his feet on the other. After you have attended a few of these demonstrations you begin to understand what is going on and then you can enjoy it all the more. At the piano during the evening to do your requested song and piano stylings is MISS KAYE RONAYNE, who had a whole flock of names in these pages last week. Maybe she ought to change it to, say, Julie Jones or somethin'. All kidding aside, Kaye, we do apologize and we think you are a wonderful gal. . . . Have you heard the JACK KOGAN SHOW from the VILLA VENICE? It began last Monday morning at 1:00 a. m. and is on over KRAM each week day morning from 1 to 2 a. m. Over this air show you will hear interesting interviews with not only the show people who are in town from time to time, but with many of the nation's notables in general. Give it a lis-

**(Continued on page 19)**




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# This You Can Believe . . . By PEARL BAILEY

**"LA VIE EN ROSE"—that's all you gotta say opening night, Wednesday, October 30, I mean to tell ya. Never ever did you see so many people. Monte Proser's wonderful face was beaming, and Pearlie Mae was trembling for fair. Milton Blackstone (publicity man), (and a good one at that), had been getting the best ads in for two weeks prior to the opening and it sure paid off. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!**

Show business was represented; society was out in full dress, honey, 'twas a sight to behold. Big man Abe Lastfogel (William Morris) with Mrs. Lastfogel and oh! yes you gotta hear Mrs. Lastfogel sing "Toot, Toot Tootsie." (No A.G.V.A. card either, we'll see about that.) The show folks' name, well let's say Ethel Merman, Bert Lahr, Phil Foster, Joe E. Lewis, Jimmy Starr, George Hearst (of the Hearst clan), Charlie Morrison (Mocambo owner), Jimmie Durante, Phil Silvers, Kay Armen, Ella Logan, Eddie Fisher (soldier suit and all), honey, more than you could mention.

You ask were the critics there? Just give a listen: Earl Wilson (Post), Leonard Lyons (Post), Louis Sobol (Journal-American), don't ask more questions, please. All I tell ya is, IT WAS THE END. Every night looks like a big house party, really calls for socializing and mixing.

At the present time Monte Proser is cooking up a television show for this kid called "After the Club." May it come to pass, I pray. We're in for the winter, I hope forever. When you're in New York please drop in and enjoy yourselves.

Honey, if you're on your way to the "Apple," please bundle up, 'cause, Lawdy, it's cold here. Pearlie Mae put down those fancy fur jackets and put on that long boy. (Where, oh where is that Las Vegas sunshine.) Been doing a couple of television shows (trying to get Uncle's taxes), and it's been very tiring, but nice. "Songs for Sale," on Saturday night is nice to watch because it certainly is a break for ambitious songsters. These kids have such a hard time trying to get people to listen to their tunes, so here's a real opportunity.

Mr. Riley (my pup) is a real character. He's been in the vets two weeks getting his ears clipped and trying to solve his eating problem. Have you ever seen a puppy that wouldn't eat at all? What he eats one day, he wouldn't touch the next, yet his energy is the greatest. He's as thin as I'd like to be but he's still gay and playful. So what's the answer? The vet couldn't find out, so maybe some of you folks know.



Heard that the **Duke Ellington, King Cole, Sarah Vaughn** unit, the **Norman Granz Philharmonic** with **Ella Fitzgerald** (the greatest female singer in the world) (will explain later) and **Mr. B.** with **George Shearing** are burning up all the town doing terrific business.

Some nosey body wants to ask why I said Ella is the greatest. O.k.! I'll go even further and Bing Crosby is the greatest male vocalist. These two people, in my humble opinion, are the only two singers in the world who can sing anything from "Pistol Packing Mamma" to "Nearer My God to Thee," and, doll, that's a jump!

O.K.! I'll change the subject. Found the most insane perfume the other day. Girls, this will do the trick for ya: Nuit de Longchamps (French). Child, this is it. Try it and buy it, not too expensive, but so—so—$15 for little over an ounce. Be sweet, be sweet, my sweets. Love ya.

—PEARLIE MAE.


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**DOWNTOWN**



## POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from page 5)

sandstone quarry in Red Rock Canyon. about sixteen miles west of Las Vegas. was being worked by some enterprising souls who planned to build a red sandstone city of Las Vegas like the old City of Denver in Colorado. They opened the quarry and provided considerable equipment to operate it among other things two steam tractors with great seven-foot driving wheels, so large, theoretically, that the big machine would walk right across small gullies, hauling large trailers loaded with sandstone.

The theory was perfect, but the things just shook themselves to pieces and were constantly laid up for repairs. Beside that, the things were designed to make steam by burning wood. At first the men trying to run the sandstone trains could pull grease root and creosote brush along the way and there was a little scrub pine and mesquite, but the big tractors took too much fuel and were hard to operate and keep in repair, so the sandstone quarry folks finally gave up the ghost and the stone quarry with its spectacular approaches became a favorite place for occasional picnics and Mae and Jerry Coleman took up a ranch nearby.

When those sandstone fellows brought in their big equipment I was somewhat miffed because I, too, wanted to help build a city and the sandstone seemed the ideal building material. So when I noticed a reddish tinge on the side of Sunrise Mountain, off to the east, I was sure that there was another sandstone quarry ready to be opened, with a downhill haul into what one day would be the city of Las Vegas. I hired a team and buckboard from Charlie Ronnow and got Captain Hunter to go with me and started one bright morning in February, 1905, to drive over to that Sunrise Mountain sandstone and see what it was like.

We drove east from the old Stewart ranch and soon came into the mesquite forest lining the washes in the lowlands of the Valley. Those many washes made the going slow and difficult without any road whatever, so about noon the team was tired and it seemed that they just could not go farther. So I decided to walk the remaining "short" distance over to the mountain and climb up as far as the sandstone.

To make the story of a long walk short as may be, I finally reached the reddish rock and found it only a course, pinkish granite which would not be any good for building in Las Vegas, even if it could be quarried. I started

(Continued on Page 37)





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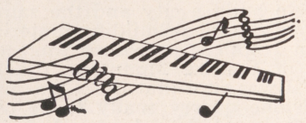
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LADY LUCK BAR
WILBUR CLARK'S
DESERT INN




## THE WATCHBIRD:

(Continued from Page 10)

in about two weeks. . . . PAUL BECKER and MARTY GIVOT of Chicago tell us that the other members of their party to Vegas couldn't make it because the Parisienne Follies hit Chicago about the time of the big snow there. The two gallant gentlemen who remained behind to keep those poor little French gals warm were DICK GOLDBERG (he's big in plumbing) and SHELLY ABRAMS (he's big in white fish). . . . DEAN MURPHY is off to the Capitol Theatre in Washing, D.C., to share billing with the premiere of Quo Vadis, DEBBIE RENOLDS, and MINDY CARSON.

We were very disappointed in our first trip to North Vegas. ROGER FOLEY had been there before us with his padlock and key.

EXCEPTIONALLY FINE HANGING: Don't get scared, not the rope around the neck kind . . . BUT . . . if you want beautiful drapes in your home we suggest you see MAX CHRISTENSEN of the Wayside Drapery Co. He's tops . . . we ought to know . . . he hung ours. And the price is right.

We were real excited when we heard that JIMMY STEWART was in town and at the El Rancho. We rushed down there and found, not the slow drawling papa of twins, and cinema fame, but a handsome silver-haired chap who handles publicity for Beldon.

DRESSING ROOM CHATTER: "Her legs match Dietrich's? They don't even match each other!!"

DICK CONTINO's parole was refused him despite the fact that he's a model prisoner. He'll do his full six months stretch which will let him out some time near Christmas. . . . COBINA WRIGHT, fellow blue stocking, came up with a dilly in her column when she referred to "wispee poo KATHARINE HEPBURN"!! . . . Frail BARBARA HUTTON, whose bank book is sturdy as an oak and who collects impoverished European royalty for husbands, is casting sheeps-eyes at German tennis ace Baron GOTTFRIED von CRAMM. Rumor hath it in the international set that the little American princess may soon switch her title.

TERRY DUGAN of the Minsky Revue tells us of the doll who gave her guy the sack, but kept the mink stole that came in it. . . . and JOAN MICHAELS and LADY are off to Palm Springs in the morning for a fortnight's rest. We plan to drive right through, but we may stop for gas and coffee.

## WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from page 13)

ten this morning! Better yet, why not drop out to the Villa Venice about that time each morning to see the action taking place in person. You'll be greeted royally by RALPH and DOMENIC with BUDDY TAYLOR behind the bar to mix your party potions. . . .In this atomic age NOTHING is impossible! Even a downtown casino was robbed! Of course, you've all heard all about it so there's no use of my going into the whole thing and maybe by the time this mag hits the streets the whole mess will have been cleared up. At the time, it looks to me like the job of more than a LONE bandit. . . . Because of all the popular requests the LAST FRONTIER STABLES are planning to continue their early morning breakfast rides which take place late Sunday nights or early Monday morning. At least they plan to continue for another month. If you're interested in joining in on the fun you should call RIP at 1800 and ask for the stables so you can place your reservation. . . . Congratulations to JIMMY and NELLIE HALPINE on the birth of a baby girl last Sunday, November 11. I would have said "a little bundle of joy" but this young lady tipped the Fairbanks at 9 pounds 14½ ounces when she made her debut. If this newcomer to the Halpine family grows up to retain her mother's smile and beautiful eyes, along with a combination of the pleasantness of character that is within both her fine parents, she need never worry about her place in life as her friends will be many. . . . And it is a belated happy birthday to LUIS SALDINA, maitre d' of the THUNDER-

(Continued on page 32)




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# SHOW REVIEWS by Jack Burtz

## Flamingo

**Show Openng November 15**

Returning to the scene of her original success, KAY THOMPSON stars in the new bill in the FLAMINGO ROOM, along with the WILLIAMS BROTHERS. Here is a combination that is extremely admired in Vegas and we could just sit and watch this quintet perform for hours on end. The captivating Kay is well-cultivated in the art of show business and has surrounded herself with four handsome gentlemen who are equally competent in presenting the type of entertainment we all yearn for on our "night out." We know you will thoroughly enjoy their singing and dancing. . . . On the same bill is that New York Gentleman of Comedy, GEORGE De WITT and his comic-wise partner SAMMY PETRILLO. This is their first appearance in our town and the various reports about them, start and end in adjectives

**(Continued on Page 31)**

## El Rancho Vegas

**November 21 Through December 5**

Looks like our town has taken quite a liking to the KIRBY STONE QUINTETTE, being held over in the new "OPERA HOUSE." The boys are popular radio and recording artists, who offer original musical interpretations of favorite melodies. Featured in the group is COW-EYES. How can your sense of humor resist this funster when he holds down the spotlight? Individually or collectively, the boys are accomplished musicians and do their utmost to please. . . . On this same bill is a lad who can be remembered by many as the young boy who lifted his golden voice to bring popularity to the tune, "Over the Rainbow." Yes, BOBBY BREEN is now a matured young man and we are among the many who were happy to see how well the child star grew up. Bobby has a warm, full voice and presents some mighty smooth renditions of favorites, new and past. Drop in and visit with him; you'll be glad you did. . . . The lovely EL RANCHO GIRLS seem to have a store of unused choreography at their toe tips and present something new in routines, garbed in costumes that delight the eye. . . . TED FIO RITO and his ORCHESTRA offer an excellently accomplished background of music for the show and, during inter-

**(Continued on page 31)**

## LAST FRONTIER

**November 16 Through November 30**
**(Not a Review)**

It is a pleasure, indeed, to announce that DOROTHY SHAY is back in town again, starring in the new revue in the RAMONA ROOM. This lovely songstress has been missed from the local scene for too long a time. The reason was her picture commitments and preparations for her own T.V. show which will make its bow in January. Miss Shay is well-known as the "Park Avenue Hillbillie" and is one of the smoothest sophisticates of song today. She can easily render an old English Madrigal, a mountain ballad or a "pop" tune. Miss Shay is an eye and ear treat, for sure. . . . On the same bill are MARTEZ and LUCIA, "rhumba equilibrists." Did you ever see a man dance a Latin rhumba on his hands? Martez does it. He and the beautiful

**(Continued on Page 31)**

## Wilbur Clark's DESERT INN

**November 13 Through December 10**

That uncontested group of beauties are back again and appearing in the MINSKY'S FOLLIES OF 1952, in the PAINTED DESERT ROOM. MAN! You couldn't possibly see so much beauty congregated anywhere else. HAROLD MINSKY, its show-wise producer, went all out to get the best there is for this Broadway revue. There

**(Continued on Page 31)**



## Thunderbird

**November 8 Through November 21**

We still maintain that PEGGY LEE is an outstanding example of a musician's vocalist. Besides singing her "up" tunes with a terrific beat she has the faculty of phrasing that could only be possible through her understanding of music and the "soul" of the particular song she is singing. Looking more lovely than ever, and with a trio of fine musicians behind her vocal stylings, Peggy is doing some fine work. . . . Up until he opened in the current show at the Thunderbird, MICKEY SHAUGHNESSY was practically unheard of in Las Vegas, but believe you us when we say that he will never be forgotten, and the local populace will be looking forward to his next engagement in our town. Mickey is a "mugger" from the word go and works with an air of independence that leaves the audiences clamoring for more with every show. He began in show business of this type a mere four years ago and is now well on his way to a successful picture career. All we can say is, "Don't miss Mickey!" . . . The KATHRYN DUFFY DANSATIONS present two new routines with Miss JOY WALKER doing an outstanding

**(Continued on page 32)**



petite funster dishes out her bubbling humor and selects songs that do tricks to your funny bone. . . . On the same bill is SLICK SLAVIN, the young chap who is doing a commendable job of

**(Continued on page 32)**

## CLUB BINGO

**Show Opening November 18**
**(Not a Review)**

A good session of comedy and beauty is in store for the patrons of the BONANZA ROOM for the next two weeks. That little tiny mite of dynamite, MISS YVONEE MORAY, has been brought back to satisfy the many fans who constantly request her return. Yvonne needs no introduction whatsoever to our residents and tourists. She has established quite a following and manages to increase the number with each engagement. This

## SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

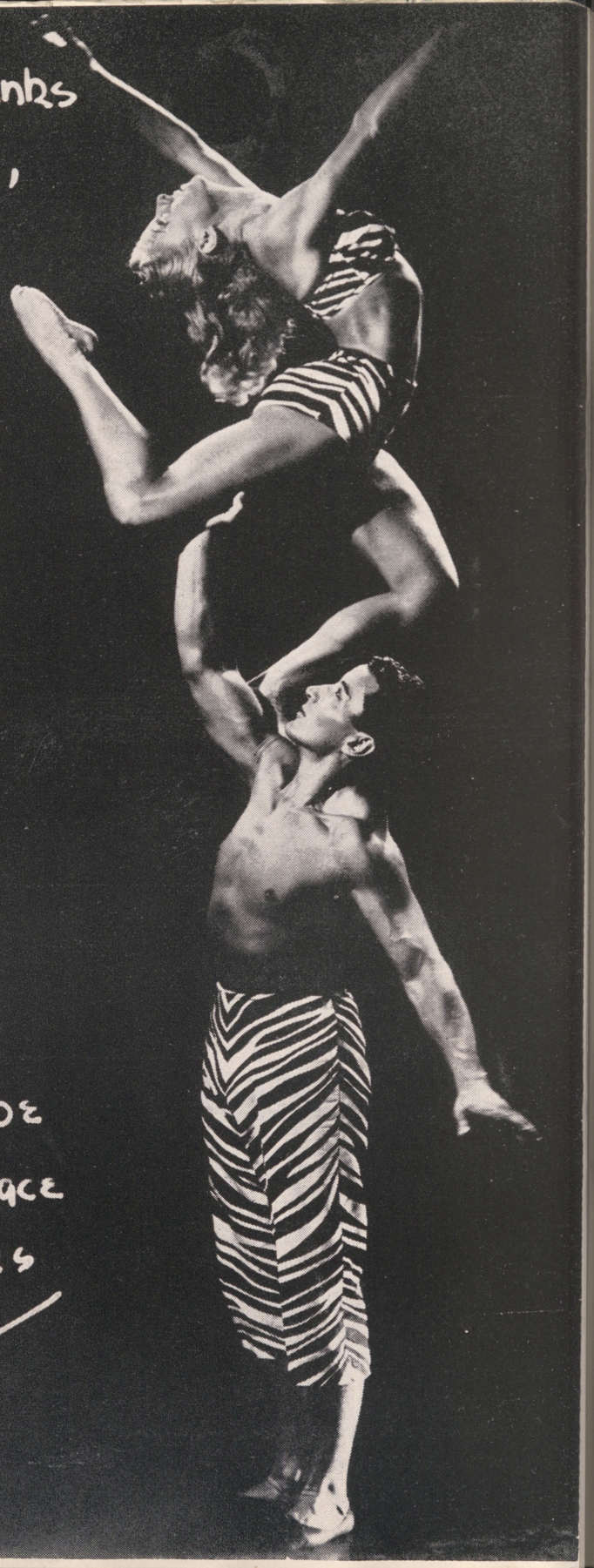
**Show Opening November 9**

There's a mighty interesting line-up of talent at the Silver Slipper. . . . Heading the bill is DON COREY, whose efforts have earned him the title of "mimicry at its best." Don is well equipped with oral funny-bone ticklers and the sense of showmanship that appeals to all onloookers. You'll be greatly entertained by this funster. . . . Hundreds of their followers have already welcomed back the WEIDLER BROTHERS. It's a pleasure to see these boys back on the local scene again. They are fine musicians and have some tricks up their sleeves that are both individual and diverting. . . . Rounding out the bill is ROBERTO and his "dazzling puppets." We repeat:

**(Continued on page 32)**

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## Favorite Recipes of the Stars

**From PAULINE KESSINGER**
**Manager, Cafe Continental, Paramount Studios**

Christmas has a trick of creeping up on folks. Before most of us realize it, the Yuletide is almost upon us, and we're busy-as-bees with gift-shopping and have little time to devote to collecting unusual cookie recipes.

Wise is the housewife who follows the example of movie newcomer Barbara Rush. This brunette and beautiful leading lady of the George Pal science-fiction thriller, "When Worlds Collide," devotes most of her free time in October and November to assembling "different" cookie recipes for use during the Christmas season. A recent addition to Barbara's collection is a recipe for delicious butterscotch wafers. Here is how they are made. You'll need:

¾ cup brown sugar
¾ cup all-purpose flour (sifted)
¼ cup granulated sugar
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cinnamon
1¼ cups rolled oats
⅔ cup chopped pecans
¼ cup hot water
½ cup melted butter or margarine
1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift granulated sugar, flour, salt, baking soda, nutmeg and cinnamon. Stir in rolled oats and chopped pecans. Add remaining ingredients and stir cookie batter until thoroughly blended. Chill dough in refrigerator for two-to-three hours. Remove dough from refrigerator and drop teaspoons of it onto greased cookie sheet. Bake cookies at 350 degrees for eight to ten minutes.

This recipe yields three-and-one-half dozen cookies.

---

Mother: "Why are you rolling the garbage can around?"
Willie: "To amuse the baby sitter."
Mother: "And where in the world is the baby sitter?"
Willie: "Inside the garbage can."
—Air University Dispatch

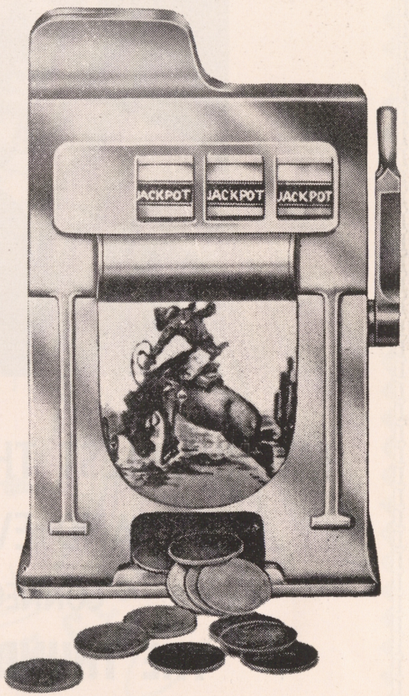
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Then there was the plumber who left the party and found that he had forgotten his wench.
—Ohio State Sundial.

---

He (reading): "Gravitational pull of the moon causes a variation of 60 feet in the distance between North America and Europe."
Him: "Ain't it a shame we can't get away from them and stay away?"
—Coed.


MINIATURE
SLOT MACHINE
• • •
SOLD IN ALL HOTELS
AND NOVELTY SHOPS

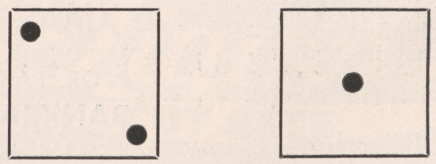



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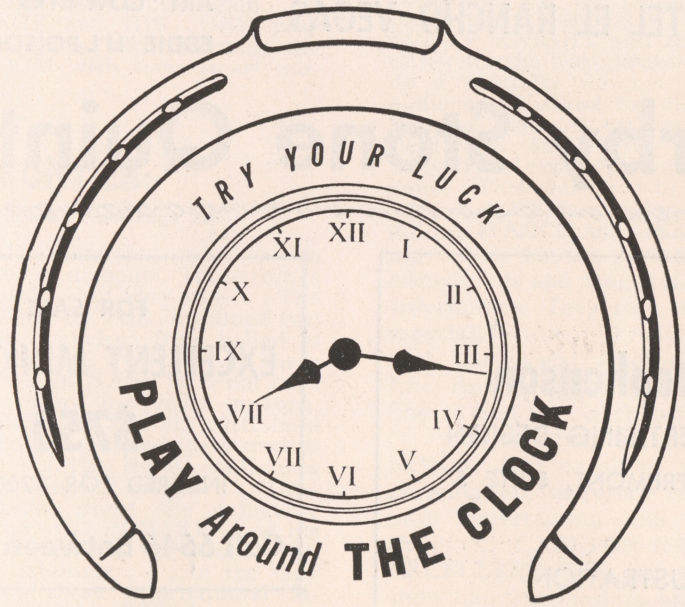
MICKEY SHAUGHNESSY



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## FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 22)

of praise. Their material of jokes and imitations of various stage and screen luminaries are rib-tickling and bound to please the patrons of this room. . . . The N. G. T. CALENDAR GIRLS have taken Vegas by storm, since their opening two weeks ago. Their exceptional beauty, exquisite costuming and superb production by DAVE GOULD, are beautiful to see and watch. Featured dancer of the group is that sizzling, blonderful bombshell, TERRY NORTH. 'Nuff said. . . . Handsome MICHAEL EDWARDS is the guy with a lot of baritone, featured in the production numbers and also m. c.'s the revue. . . . On the podium for show-backing and dancing is our good friend NICK STUART and HIS ORCHESTRA. Welcome "home," fellas. It'll be nice to hear your wonderful music again. . . . BOBBY PAGE and HIS ORK play requestfully yours and jamming the MURAL ROOM with their smart musical styling.

## LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from Page 22)

Lucia perform feats that cause you to rub your eyes in disbelief. Those things seem impossible—but very true . . . The DEVLYN GIRL REVUE introduce two new routines, traveling from ballad to jump productions. Featured in these numbers is GENE NASH who not only dances but offers his voice in song. . . . BOB MILLAR and his ORK hold down the podium and provide a smooth background for the show, continuing same for the dancers' delight. . . . During intermission time, the enjoyable musicalization of DON BAKER and his Hammond organ fill the room with pleasurable listening. . . . In the Gay 90 Room it's those international favorites, THE STAR-KINGS, who delight the patrons with their wide selection of classics, semi and pop. You just name the tune and these "gypsies" play it AND so beautifully.

## EL RANCHO VEGAS:

(Continued from Page 22)

mission, GUY LANDIS and JIM DI STEPHANO weave intimate musical magic for your listening or dancing pleasure. . . . PAUL GARDOS and CHUY MIRANDA stroll through the CHUCK WAGON ROOM to make your relaxing moments pleasant ones.

## DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 22)

is a great array of talented artists, each a star in his own field of endeavor. . . . LEO DIAMOND, harmonica virtuoso, offers superb styling on this "outlaw" instrument. His selections range from FRANZ LIZST to SPIKE JONES, done in champion fashion. . . . We believe RUDY CARDENAS is the youngest and greatest juggler we've ever witnessed. He's as fast as a thunderbolt and perfect in his tricks to the nth degree. One word can describe Mr. C.'s efforts on that stage: SENSATIONAL. . . . THE VISIONAIRES are a singing group of three guys and a doll. They are a versatile quartet, inject lots of humor, dance and present many novel and familiar tunes. COURT and SANDERS are the harmonizing duo who do such a wonderful job for the exquisite line and production numbers. . . . Lovely SUNNY KNIGHT and the MYSTERY GIRL are the body beautiful gals. Each do a specialty number that has the audience whistling for more and those familiar "take it off" outbursts. . . . CORINNE and TITO VALDEZ are truly THE exponents of the sensuous dance. This you have to see for yourself. A mere description would never do! . . . D'ARCO and GEE are the singing comics for the presentation. Their comedy bits and song styling are highly entertaining. They stoy the show cold, **especially** when D'ARCO gives out with the vocals! Another Lanza! Before ringing down the curtain, we'd like to add . . . each act . . . chorine . . . and showgirl, individually, or collectively, are excellent in their own presentation, therefore rounding up a most entertaining and **fast moving** show. . . . CARLTON HAYES and his EXCELLENT ORK cut this all music show like true masters, and are a credit to their profession. Take a bow, fellas! You're a "musician's musician." . . . And at the LADY LUCK BAR, is the Best in the West outfit . . . The GROVER-SHORE TRIO.


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MISSES' AND
WOMEN'S APPAREL

## WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from Page 19)

BIRD HOTEL, who celebrated last Wednesday, November 14, by spending the day at home with his lovely wife and two daughters. Luis has been in his present capacity at the Thunderbird since the day it opened its doors to the public which is a record to be mighty proud of. Luis modestly gives the greater part of the credit to the chef and the staff of able assistants he has around him; and, by that, he means everyone working in connection with the room. . . . Before signing off I'd like to give you something to start thinking about and the date of the something I mention will be a week from this Sunday, November 25. At that time there will take place in the VEGAS HEIGHTS ARENA a regular western RODEO under the sponsorship of Clark County Central Labor Council and the Clark-Lincoln County Building Trades Council with all of the proceeds to go toward the construction of the HANDICAPPED CHILDREN'S SCHOOL. There will be all of the events that go into making up an ultra interesting rodeo and you can't tell me that there is a more worthy cause. The time of the show will be at 1 p. m. and the price of admission will be a buck for big people and four-bits for boys and girls. In case you don't know where the arena is you can call 840 and they will be glad to direct you. . . . Now if you'll excuse me, I'll knock off my whiskers and get out amongst 'em again as there's more work to be done . . . G'nite! —JOHNNY.

---

Mickey: "My husband has been marvelous to me lately."

Dicky: "Whom do you suspect?"

—Missouri Ram-Buller.

---

Teacher: "What is a peace parley?"

Student: A parley is a parrot—a parrot is a bird—a peace parley is where nations get together and give each other the bird.

—Lackland Talespinner.

## THUNDERBIRD HOTEL:

(Continued from Page 23)

specialty to a beguine, while JOHNNY O'BRIENhandles the vocals and emceeing in his usual efficient manner. . . . Musical direction is in the hands of DICK PEIRCE, who also provides the dance music with his "easy to dance to" orchestra. The NORMANDIE BOYS also take part in the musicals while the JACK MARTIN MEN provide for your continued dancing pleasures.

## CLUB BINGO:

(Continued from page 23)

establishing an enviable reputation in the land of show business. This handsome comedian comes supplied with the type of material that keeps his audience interested and amused. For youth and freshness in comedy, it's Slick S. . . . Because there was such a demand for her services, Miss ROBIN JEWELL is being held over on this new bill. Those of you who already seen her will be treated to more glimpses of this lovely. Those of you who haven't, you're missing something if you don't catch her in this show. . . . Backgrounding the shows in their excellent fashion are MIKE WERNER and his ORCHESTRA who alternate with the MICKEY TERRY TRIO to provide lilting dance rhythms until 5 a. m.

## SILVER SLIPPER:

(Continued from Page 23)

Here is one act that appeals to everyone from the baby soap to the perfumed and lotion variety. What does Howdy Doody have that Roberto doesn't . . . Providing good background music for the show is GERRY MANN and his BAND, with GEORGE REDMAN at the ivories. Don't forget, the SILVER SLIPPER CHORUS is also on hand to provide choreography and pulchritude. PLUS the wonderful singing of PATTY WINTERS. What a gal! What talent.

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## THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 9)

before he could help his better half celebrate the occasion. The Basarics have four lovely children who could easily win out over all competition, if their parents entered them in a beautiful child's contest. Can you imagine the Basaric household when the three girls begin to mature and push their brother into the background, while climbing on daddy's lap, asking for new dresses? Ah, the ecstasies of fatherhood!

Aproximately two weeks before it happened, we predicted the FORTY-NINER on Fremont street would have its gaming license within the following fifteen days. The license arrived on November 1. We take this opportunity in wishing JIM PAPPAS and his associates lots of luck and many years of continued success on Las Vegas' "Street of Sunshine."

Every one of us believes he is one of the busiest in the world, but, we all take a back seat to DOMENIC VELONA. He is co-owner of the popular VILLA VENICE, along with RALPH WOOD. He also owns the SOUTHERN DISTRIBUTING COMPANY, in L. A., dealing in wholesale cigars, cigarettes, drugs, paper and candy. Every Sunday evening, Dom flies to the coast, attends to chain store accounts, and returns to Vegas on Wednesday. The Villa Venice is experiencing the busiest season ever since it opened in 1945. Dom and his beautiful red-haired bride of four months, BARBARA, are very happy with their adopted home. Her lament is that she doesn't see him as often as she'd like to—too busy!

Wonderful to see JOE ROSENBERG, credit manager of the FLAMINGO HOTEL, looking so well. Seems he did a lot of recuperating during that vacation he and BESS took a while back. Hope your health hits the par level from now on, Joe.

Look-alikes . . . TONI BYRON, lovely chorine with the Minsky Show at the D. I., and AVA GARDNER.

Handsome DICK GOLDRING is the newest member with the BOB MILLAR ORK at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. He plays the saxophone and is the featured vocalist. Dad owns the FRONTIER DELICATESSEN on Fremont street.

MARIANTHE, lovely pianist of the GOLDEN NUGGET SALOON, is celebrating her eighth month at that spot. She has made thousands of friends and her extended engagement is proof positive of her popularity. Good luck, Marianthe. Hope you'll stay with us for a much longer and continued period.

We were sorry to learn of the passing of a true pioneer spirit, MRS. ELLA WENGERT, mother of CYRIL. Mrs. Wengert was a very well-known figure in our town and her demise has brought a great amount of sorrow to all of her friends and relatives.

Aside to NAT BRANDWYNNE, who just completed a very successful engagement at the FLAMINGO HOTEL: Good luck to you and the boys when you open at New York's famous WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL, for your thirteenth consecutive year. We hope it will be best—but—hurry back real soon. See you in town, sometime around March?

We believe that JERRY TENNEY, desk clerk at the DESERT INN, is about the handsomest man in town. Hold it, girls. The guy is married. Lovely wife, MARGIE, is preparing for an heir, sometime in April. After three years of marriage, they confess they are looking forward to the happiest part of wedded bliss.

Our congratulations to BETTY and HAROLD HIND who celebrated their 10th wedding anniversary, Wednesday, November 14th. . . . Also to Betty's sister PHYLLIS and MAJOR NEIL GRAHAM, who were married four years ago on that same day at the LITTLE CHURCH OF THE WEST. Mother of the two gals, RUTH BIGGS, doesn't look older than her two beautiful daughters. P.S.: MR. HIND is credit manager of the Hotel Last Frontier.

This item should make quite a number of people very happy. The CLUB BINGO is once again featuring those 49c breakfasts that can't be duplicated for triple the price. The move was made last week, when MILTON PRELL once again took over the managership of the restaurant which had been leased out a few months ago. The popular LEE ROBBINS is still maitre d'. So, don't forget the spot for that delicious "beginning of the day meal." We usually indulge before retiring and can hardly wait for the next opportunity to have some of those delicious potato pancakes.

MARY ANN HALPINE made her earthly entrance on Armistice Day, weighing in at 9 pounds 14½ ounces. Dad is JIMMY, bar manager of the HOTEL EL RANCO VEGAS. Mom, NELL, and baby are doing fine while daddy hands out the cigars by the fistfull. Good luck, folks. You have the start of a wonderful family.

Although Las Vegas is a growing town, it is still small-townish in the respect it permits you to grow to learn the character you meet. One person we greatly admire is PAT COLLINS, general manager of the very popular

(Continued on Page 35)



THE FIVE

# DE MARCO

SISTERS

THE ODDS ARE

FIVE FOR ONE

IDEA!

WE'VE HAD A WONDERFUL

TIME AT

WILBUR CLARK'S

DESERT INN

THIS IS IT!

NEVADA'S THE PLACE

FOR ME!!

MY THANKS TO

WILBUR CLARK'S

DESERT INN

LAS VEGAS

AND

MERT WERTHEIMER'S

RIVERSIDE HOTEL

RENO

DEAN

# MURPHY



## THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 33)

HORSESHOE CLUB, downtown. Pat dispels any theories that ignorants may have of the men who run our gaming casinos. He is genial, cordial and most understanding. There are many more gentlemanly qualities resting on Mr. Collins' shoulders than there are in some people who believe gaming is the greatest of all sins. We are grateful for such friendships and can only wish there were more people such as Pat to make this world a better place in which to live.

While passing the time of day at the fabulous FLAMINGO HOTEL, a lovely red-head, wrapped in blue mink, passed by. A gentleman standing a short distance away, turned to his friend and remarked: "If there is such a thing as reincarnation, I want to return as a girl, or I'm just not coming back!" He wasn't kidding!

That SUZANNE (over at the JUNGLE CLUB) is constantly amazing people with the things she reads from an ordinary deck of cards. It's almost incredible to listen to her findings. Her revelations make us believe there is something to this practice!!

Looks like another unbeatable combination has gotten together. HARRY FARNOW and JOE SCHRAMM purchased Duffy's Tavern on South Fifth and will rename it, "THE PUB." Our best wishes for a flourishing business, gentlemen!

"Smiling" FRANKIE CARLE is visiting our fabulous town, stopping at the DESERT INN. When we saw Frankie, he seemed stunned. He had lost $20 on the slot machines within an hour's time. Yep! It's possible!

BOB GANS, popular pit boss at the FLAMINGO HOTEL, is preparing a much-deserved vacation. He leaves for New York, November 19, and will also visit his daughter, GEORGIA, a sophomore at GOUCHER COLLEGE, in Baltimore, Maryland. Have a good time but hurry back! We know many of the customers will miss your smiling countenance.

Popular BILL PECCOLE is back from a hunting trip. He bagged some real "honeys" and proved to be quite a sportsman. We knew that all the time. He excels in all he does—just needs a break to come his way.

Sure great to see our good friend, TINY BIGGS, dealing "21" at the HORSESHOE CLUB. That man has more friends than he could possibly remember. Perhaps that's the reason his table is always so crowded.

Did you hear about all of those beautiful birthday gifts MURIEL ROTHKOPF received on November 11. Husband, BERNIE, is the handsome pit boss at the D. I. Better not tell all the gals how generously hubby treated you, Muriel. If you do, the husbands in town will be calling on your mate to find out why he instigated a "more presents for wives" movement!

Perhaps you can find out what lovely GIZELLE STAR means when she says: "Must we get sick?" She never offers further explanation. We think there is a hidden reason inspiring the remark. Her hesitant laughter gives us a quizzical feeling. 'Fess up, will you, gal?

That mountainous funster, EPPY PEARSON, sends regrets that he won't be able to celebrate his natal day with us on November 21st. At present, Eppy and his charming KAY are in the "Big Town" of New York and we expect some mighty interesting news shortly in reference to some proposed T.V. shots. Lots of luck, buddy!

Those loving looks that passed between JESSIE and TOM NEARY on their 25th weddding anniversary were the envy of all onlookers in the PAINTED DESERT ROOM, November 14th. Tom is one of the stockholders of the D. I. and is in charge of the slot machines. How wonderful it must be to retain a growing love and companionship over such a number of years.

You have to "hand it" to TOM DOUGLAS, that sensational designer and architect from Hollywood. We had a lengthy looksee at BELDON KATLEMAN'S bungalow at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS and just can't stop raving over the magnificent job Tom did with the decorating. How much talent can one person have? Maybe some day we will be able to afford his services.

Sorry to hear that MARIAN FORCE (Art's charming wife) broke her right arm while tending her household chores. Although it's a slight inconvenience, Mrs. Force still manages to play her favorite game, bingo, using her left hand. Ambidextrous, eh? Art is that genial publicity man at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER.

Wait until you see that bombshell dancer, blonderful SHERRY NORTH, featured with the N. T. G. CALENDAR GIRLS at the FLAMINGO HOTEL. Sherry's costumes are made from the smallest sections of materials—and can she "step!" We believe MOE SEDWAY hit the jackpot with the N. T. G. girls. Each is beautiful and has some sort of a title she won in a contest.. What a bevy of loveliness!

Need a good pianist? DON CORTEZ (no relation), was pounding the ivories over at the VILLA VENICE until the management decided to introduce a disc jockey show. So Don is open to all

(Continued on Page 37)

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**15 WEEKS**, and it was my pleasure. Hope to be back in the Painted Desert Room before New Year's.

**Thanks to the Management and the Patrons of Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn.**

**GENE GRIFFIN**

HAPPY BIRTHDAY
BENNY BINION
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20
FROM
— A FRIEND —



## THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 35)

bidders. If it's a good pianist you're after, Don is the boy to fill the bill.

It was with great sorrow that we learned of MADISON MARTIN'S retirement, due to ill health. Mr. Martin was one of the general managers and owners of the GOLDEN NUGGET. We were informed that Madison intends to leave for his Indiana farm as soon as he completes all unfinished business. Hope his will be a speedy recovery and that we will soon see Mr. Martin back in our midst again.

RUBY, of WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN, is expecting his family to arrive from L. A. any day now to celebrate the Thanksgiving holidays with him. Wait until you see the youngest of his brood of four. Her name is ANNETTE and she is a tottering four. Last time she was in town, she mimicked each performer appearing in the Painted Desert Room, with amazing accuracy. Can't blame daddy for loving his little gal so deeply.

It's certainly wonderful to see MURRY NORT'S JUNGLE CLUB doing such wonderful business. The place starts "jumping" about 11 p. m. and continues until the sun is well over Sunrise Mountain. The J. C. HEARD TRIO is the outfit supplying the tantalizing rhythms for show and dancing. JAY SALERNO, the guy with the big voice, sings requestfully yours, while beautiful songstress, LINDA STEVENS, keeps the place very warm and cozy with her torrid songs. In approximately three or four weeks, LINDA will leave for the coast where PHIL MOORE will start coaching her for the big time. He's the guy who did so much for LENA HORNE, DOROTHY DANDRIDGE, and MARILYN MONROE, to name a few. Look for a new starlet in the person of blonderful Linda Stevens . . . and that's for sure.

## RANDOM THOUGHTS:

(Continued from page 7)

from me not too many years back. But, I am thankful not one of my beloved had to suffer. Naturally, I was wounded deeply by the loss but my loved ones had left a store of untarnished memories to help me through the years.

"I may not have the type of living quarters or apparel that are desirable to the young but they are all warm and comfortable and I'm grateful for retaining the full capacity of my senses and for being capable of making a living, no matter how meagre it may seem in another's eyes.

"Child, there is so much for which to be grateful and thankful. Look for it and you will find it. Be happy with what you have and you will learn the secret of inner contentment and bliss. Envy no one and you will sidestep what the wise men call 'neurotic tendencies.' Give of yourself and you will discover the recipient will longer remain your friend above all material donors. Respect your fellow humans and they will respect you. Above all, LOVE your fellow-man and you will be loved."

It was a much humbler young woman who finally arose and walked away from the "Lady of the Flowers and Memories." **For people such as this, I am grateful.**

## POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from page 17)

back down the mountain and before I reached the big wash and the mesquite forest, it was dark. I was sure I could go directly back to where I had left the team and Capt. Hunter, but somehow I missed the place. I walked up and down the bank of the wash until finally I saw a spark of light half a mile or so up the wash.

I finally reached the team and Capt. Hunter, who was much worried about me and built a fire and stood by to give me a chance to find him. It was nearly midnight when we got back to Las Vegas after one of the most tired, hungry and cold days I ever put in.

That about ended my search for building stone. It seemed better to make our own stone out of cement and gravel. After the auction sale of town lots, we started making cement blocks on the lot now owned by Von Tobel, Second and Fremont. There we made many cement blocks out of which were built the Bank Building and the Opera House block, First and Fremont; the John Park, Chris Brown and C. P. Squires homes on Fremont between Fourth and Fifth, the famed Arizona Club and several other saloons on First street; the Las Vegas & Tonopah Railroad depot in Rhyolite (now a "ghost city" resort) and some others.

Instead of a gay, red-sandstone city, Las Vegas started out as a cement-grey town. However, "Pop" Simons' Rainbow Quarries are adding a touch of color and cleverness to a lot of our store fronts.

This column this week I am happy to dedicate to a fine, congenial and most busy old friend, "Pop" Simons. I hope the new building is completely rented and that henceforth, if he wishes it so (which I am sure he does not), he will have nothing to do except to collect rents and take the money over to our four banks every morning so they may safely open for business. Hey, Pop! We salute you!

MURRY NORT'S

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"Torrid"

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