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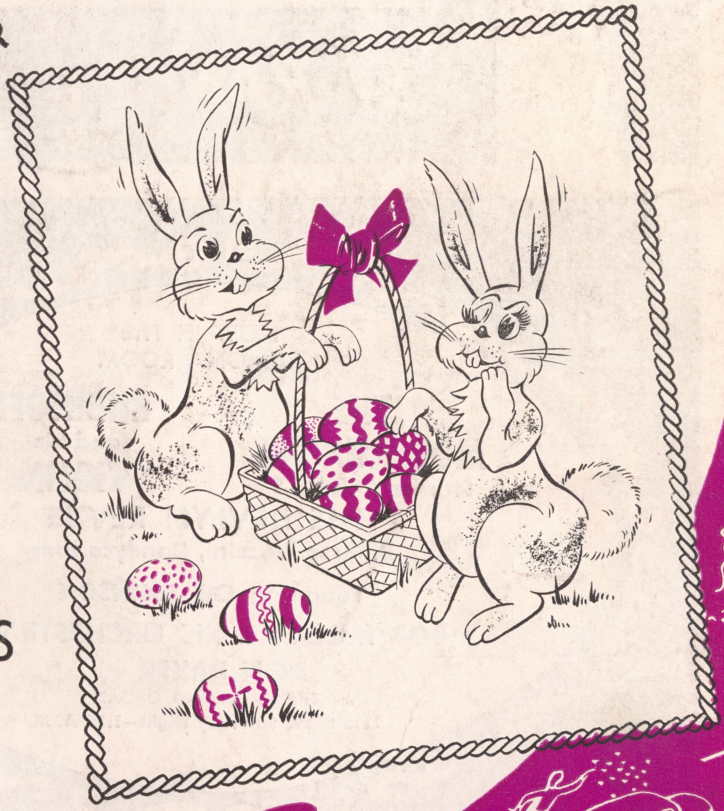

EASTER GREETINGS

(Story on page 9)

15c

April 12, 1952

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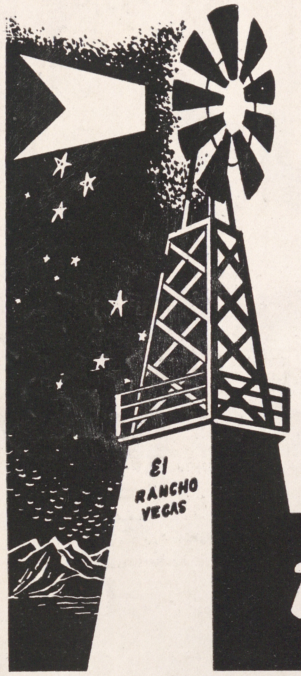

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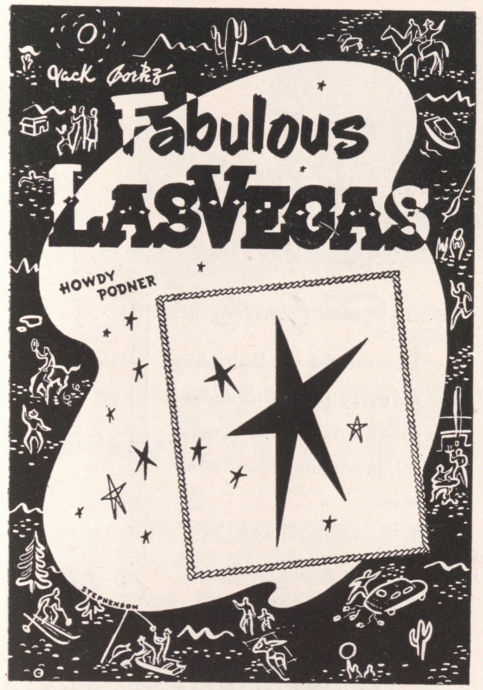

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OBSERVATIONS, By POP SQUIRES

"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

WHAT'S DOIN'? By JOHNNY UHLMAN

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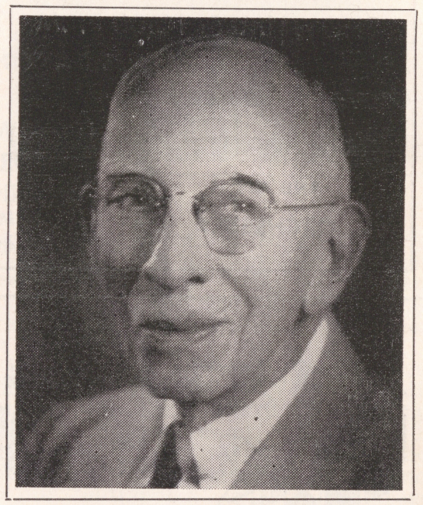
VOLUME 3 APRIL 12, 1952 NUMBER 52

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

OUR WESTSIDE



WESTSIDE Las Vegas, at least that part of the area west of the railroad given over, or taken over, by the colored people, a considerable area of which was covered during war years with unsightly shacks, was once the principal residential and business section of Las Vegas. Almost sixty years ago (in the year 1894) a young civil engineer came to this desert country and took up his residence at Goodsprings, an embryo mining camp, located about 41 miles southwest of Las Vegas Ranch. There McWilliams busied himself surveying and staking out boundary lines of ranches in Pahrump and Sandy valleys and surveying the many mining claims being developed in the Yellow Pine mining district.

When news came that Senator William A. Clark was planning to build a new railroad from Salt Lake City direct to Los Angeles by way of Las Vegas (where there were great springs from which water could be secured to supply the railroad and the proposed town of Las Vegas), Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stewart, owners of the Las Vegas Ranch and the water rights in the big springs, sent over to Goodsprings asking the young surveyor, McWilliams, to come over to Las Vegas and survey and mark the boundaries of their lands.

In the course of his work, McWilliams became imbued with the idea that Las Vegas might really become a town. He filed on an 80-acre tract adjoining the Stewart ranch on the north and west, hoping that some day, if the railroad ever was built, that he would be in position to profit.

In 1903 Senator Clark, after having jockeyed around for a year, bought 1800 acres of the Stewart ranch, covering the present "Clark's Las Vegas Townsite," and the water rights. People began to come to Las Vegas with varying ideas. Some hoped to establish business in a new town. Others wished to speculate in lots or land. Others (most of the businessmen) wanted to get rich quick by starting saloons and carrying on gambling games.

McWilliams moved over from Goodsprings and with the great energy which he always put into his enterprises, surveyed his 80 acres into lots. The demand was immediate and many of the lots in "Original Townsite of Las Vegas," as McWilliams named his subdivision, were bought by men waiting for the arrival of the railroad. During the summer of 1904, a town was created.

"Railroad Street," which paralleled the railroad on the west side of the right-of-way, became the thriving business center. There were several lodging houses, a store or two and half a

(Continued on Page 29)

NOW . . . "THE LARGEST CLUB IN NEVADA" NOW . . .

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BETTY ROWLAND
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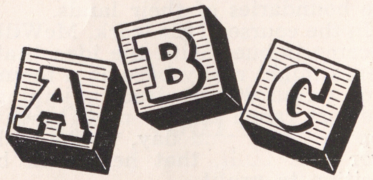

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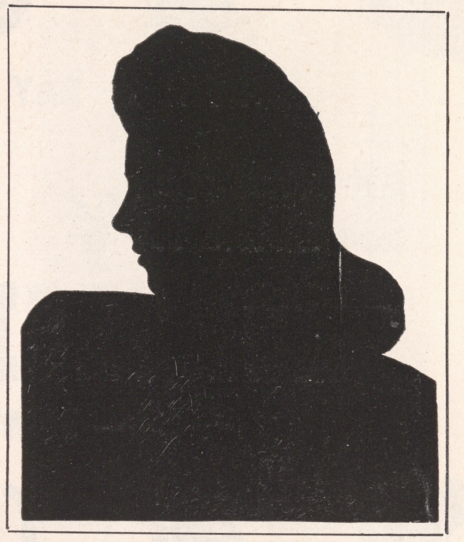
RANDOM THOUGHTS

. . . By B. B. BARTON

DO you think you have "Spring Fever?" You should see the beautiful magic carpet I'm walking on—at least fifteen feet from the ground. Without a doubt, Spring is one of the nicest seasons anyone can experience . . . Father will come home from the office with an extra lilt in his walk, feeling happy to be alive and proud to be a part of this wonderful, green world. If he suddenly develops rheumatic pains, it's only because mother has decided to serve cold cuts for dinner, leaving more time for a thorough job of housecleaning. One look from his better half and those aches disappear. A moment later, dad is wearing an apron and is either washing the windows or surrounded by a pile of accumulated junk that has to be separated into the "To Be Kept" or "To Be Discarded" departments. . .



I remember one vivid Spring in the past. During that certain season, this columnist lived in a midtown Manhattan hotel. The location was convenient. It was a simple matter to wake up, gulp a quick brunch and dash out for a television rehearsal or to fulfill modeling commitments. In case you don't know the situation, apartments and hotels in midtown Manhattan are the kind that do not come equipped with much space. Closets? Apparently, architects gave little thought to such necessities. The ultimate result was that my four-by-four closet was congested beyond belief. After giving the matter some serious thought, the only apparent solution was to line the shower rack with wearing apparel. Of course, when it came to taking a bath, you could only do so by carefully making an entrance between the blue and black numbers. Slightly inconvenient — but it worked out well. Finally, the hotel was given up and an apartment was located with FOUR closets. Felt like the proverbial manna from heaven. . .

You should have seen us in that hotel when an out-of-town girl friend came to spend a summer with me. To use the vernacular—it was the end! However, situations such as this make for many a humorous memory. . .

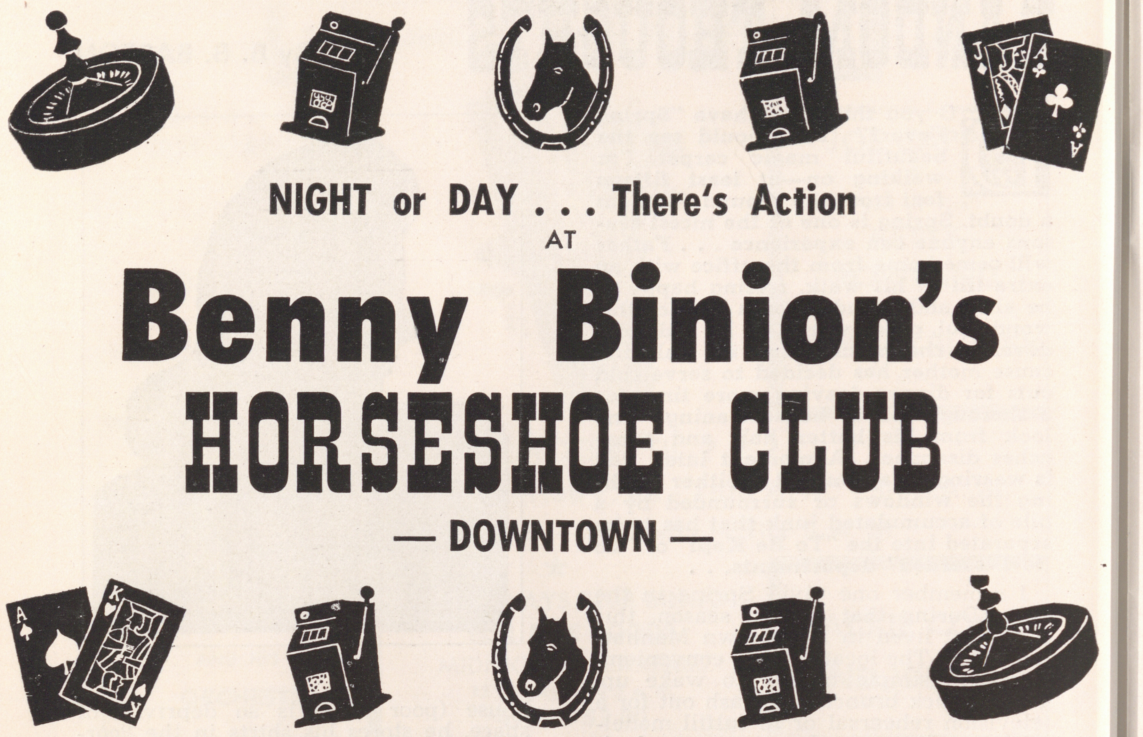
Both my husband and I are the type of people who love a varied assortment of clothes and are fortunate in being able to have a goodly portion of them. Aside from this, there are many surplus belongings we've acquired. We are in the "Do-not-want-to-throw-it-out" category. Therefore, we are living in the midst of cartons and extra closets and—no room for anything. The man of the house (poor dear) is so deprived of space, he stores his shirts in the "correspondence" file. Well, there is one consolation, he doesn't have to stoop way down when he wants a clean one to wear. . .

Sure do hope no one is shocked over this lack of orderliness. We're actually quite meticulous by nature and everything is in good repair, though not in its proper place. Many a tense moment has been shattered by reference to our "outlandish" system of storage. Until you've experienced the same, you'll never realize the hearty laughs that are yours when dad discovers the vacuum cleaner in his trouser closet or tries to locate his slippers which mother has placed among her own shoes. . .

Instead of griping about our lack of suitable space, we devote our time to each other and originating moments that will bring us happiness. In the near future, we expect to move to our own home. Wonder if we'll continue having as much enjoyment with everything where it is supposed to be? If we don't—then little miss Mix-it-up will have to turn the place upside down. Just one guess as to whom it will be behind that man-made cyclone! . . .

"Now I rank with General Eisenhower," bubbled the Pfc. as he sewed on the new stripes. "Neither of us will ever get any higher in the service."

—SCANNER.



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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ

ON THIS eve of that glorious day, EASTER SUNDAY, there are millions of children in millions of homes, watching their respective mothers preparing the necessary dyes to color eggs with brilliant hues. In many of the homes, adults are making certain the youngsters are asleep before unveiling the colorful candy baskets and placing them on mantel-pieces or dining room tables. Remember your childhood and all of the wonderful things that happened on Easter morn? Usually, the small-fry indulge in egg hunts with a special prize to the one returning with the greatest number of decorative eggs. One family we knew of had special joy on this occasion. The eldest sister prepared baskets for each of the youngest members of the household. When the youngsters awakened, there was a clue in verse awaiting him. With that slip of paper clutched in his eager fingers, he would proceed to make a methodical search in quest of his chocolate-laden basket. . . . No matter how you recognize this day, please take a few moments in which to offer thanks for your blessings and possessions. Remember it is still a memorial day to the Gentle One, whose story was one of the most tragic but inspiring of all that followed.

We're mighty proud of the story that our columnist, JOHNNY UHLMAN, turned out in reference to our "Princess," whose image graced our front cover, last week. Many remarked that the photo appeared different from the ordinary. Well, it was an action shot, taken by a New York Journal-American photographer. We couldn't get the bowling ball into the picture—therefore the stance seemed unnatural. But, as we were saying, we want to thank Johnny publicly for doing such a grand job in print. We're mighty proud of our "champion" and our columnist turned out a good report on some of her achievements.

Not too long ago, we ran a lengthy article, devoted to certain phases of television. It caused a lot of comment, favorable and otherwise. To those of you who scoffed when you read our remarks stating that sponsors would rebel at the costs of t.v. shows, be advised that WALTER WINCHELL has reported: "Many big sponsors have quit and more are about to cancel. These find that the costs are excessive and the sales results cannot catch up with them. The television boom is going boom."

On two successive Saturdays, April 12 (tonight) and April 19, at 4:30 p. m., the air show, "CAMEL CARAVAN," will be taped at the FLAMINGO HOTEL. Then, VAUGHN MONROE'S show will be heard via the rebroadcast method the same evenings at 7:30 p. m., on the NBC network. Tonight, our boys in uniform stationed at Desert Rock will be Mr. Monroe's audience. Our compliments to all concerned for providing more national publicity for our fabulous town.



Our heartiest congratulations to HARRY FARNOW and JOE SCHRAMM who threw the doors of their new DUFFY'S TAVERN open to the public on April 8. The new nitery overflowed with well wishes and friends. The floral tributes were superb! Wow! Duffy's was jammed to the rafters (literally) and it did our hearts good to see how everyone extended personal felicitations to the owners. Under the guidance of these two gentlemen, we hope that Duffy's Tavern will enjoy the height of success.

You've all seen or used the Kimberly ball-point pen at one time or another. We have quite a few in the office. However, it wasn't until this past week that we learned who it was that first placed these pens on the market. The original manufacturers of this product were NATE MACK and his son, JERRY, two local business men who are well-known to most of us. A few years ago, the Macks sold their patent to the Ever-

(Continued on page 27)

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CUSTOMIZED CLOTHES



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Jackets—$80.00 to $125.00 **Slacks—$30.00 to $42.50**

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WHAT'S DOIN'?

. . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN



SURE fire signs of the times! . . . "I only get about an hour a day!" . . . "Out every day of the week and look . . . nothing!" ' ' ' "Yeah . . . it's beginning to shape up pretty good now!" . . . "I still think I've got more'n you got!" . . . "Mine's longer'n yours by far!" . . . Now to a newcomer locally some of these statements could get rather shocking indeed, but to some of us old timers it merely means that Old Sol has finally broken through the clouds for a few days in a row and sun-tans are well under way and, also, that the fellows of the fuzzy-face field are beginning to get Helldorado beards that are beginning to amount to something. Personally, I've never grown a full beard for Helldorado but I keep saying I will one of these seasons. However, it'd take an architectural designer to figure out how to shape my beard after it got to that point because, although I've plentiful pin feathers on the greater part of my puss, there are areas here and there that are about as barren of facial foliage as the skin of a Jonathan apple! But as for sun tans . . . this I go in for! Due to a terrible life long habit of mine (an insistent longing for the luxuries of life; such as food and clothing) I am forced to work both night and day at my present vocation. This in turn forces me to seek a sun-parched epidermis in the early hours of the day. So I set my alarm clock for a few hours after sun up; slip into my swim suit and settle on the sod of my front lawn to snooze away another couple of hours. By administering this daily injustice to myself I am then able to face the world unabashed with a healthy (?) (I'm dying with a virus) . . . a "so-called" healthy glow on my kisser! . . . What we mortals won't do to keep up with Joneses!

The EMBASSY CLUB of North Las Vegas is still maintaining its well earned reputation of being "the show-place of North Las Vegas" by presenting their exciting floor shows four times nightly, seven days a week, or I should say seven **nights** a week. Currently appearing, and here for a return engagement, is the beautiful LILI LAMONT, billed as the "Alaskan Heat Wave." Lili was born and raised in that U. S. territory and, if there are many more up there like her, I'm packing my things first thing in the morning! Another repeater on the bill is that "Red-headed Bombshell" DOREEN who still lacks the lobe of her little left listener after the noted skirmish in the dressing room of this same club some time ago. The singing master of ceremonies is your old Las Vegas favorite, DOC STARR, who ties the show together with his songs and parodies as well as a few gags from time to time. The music is that of CHUCK GLASSPOOL and his BAND. This little trio has become almost traditional at the Embassy which is a tribute to their ability to fill the bill to the satisfaction of all concerned . . . MIKE RILEY and his boys are packing 'em in pretty good at the GOLDEN NUGGET SALOON since they opened there a week or so ago. He must use a highly chocked bore in the mouth-piece of that trombone to be able to play such triple treble choruses as he does. Appearing opposite him and playing some of the greatest violin in the world is the one and only JOE VENUTI who features in his quartet the lovely MARIANTHE at the keyboard of the Kimball, BUDDY HAYES on bass and ROY JARVIS on tenor sax. Very few of the patrons of this room are aware of the quality of entertainment they are receiving when they listen to this group . . . The Craner Sisters have issued the call for customers in the field of Helldorado togs as they are well stocked at THE DUDE with anything and everything you ladies will need in the way of western togs for that annual celebration which will be upon us inside of a month. It doesn't seem possible that Helldorado is so close, and if you are in need of new

(Continued on page 25)

FOR FUN AND PLEASURE, VISIT . . .

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JUNGLE CLUB

"WHERE IT'S SHOW TIME . . . ALL THE TIME"
THE GREAT
JOHNNY WHITE QUARTETTE
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HAPPY EASTER, EVERYBODY!
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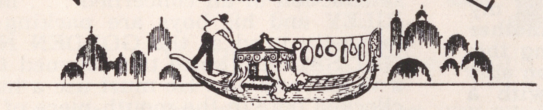

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THE WATCHBIRD

. . . by LADY MICHAEL
(Michael Neale)

ALTHOUGH we've been in the Latin Quarter Revue since April 2, many of our friends are surprised when we tell them we are. Darlings, you've got to look fast! When the show arrived in Vegas minus a girl, (due to the abundant marriages among the cast while in Miami) we got our pancake and false eyelashes out of mothballs and volunteered to supply the missing pulchritude . . . NOW THEN . . .

Everyone agreed that TONY MARTIN was too, too wonderful in his too, too brief engagement at the Flamingo, but cheer up. Tony will be back for a two weeks run following the VAUGHN MONROE show. . . And speaking of the Vaughn Monroe show, we note they gave billing to ZIGGY TALENT, The Moonmaids, the Moonmen, and forgot the Cool Pool Trio—ERNIE T., BUCKY T., and RICHIE T. . .

Department of Understatement: TALLULAH BANKHEAD was asked by JINX FALKENBURG: "Do you ever smoke cigars in public, or anything like that to attract attention?" Talloo replied: "No—I don't have to smoke cigars to attract atention. I just stay at home — and people wonder what I'm up to." . . .

OVER THE TRANSOM: HARRY BROWN, oil magnate from Miami, known to his intimates as "Brownie," is expected in Vegas momentarily to visit beautiful BABY LAKE of the Latin Quarter Revue. He named his most recent gusher "Baby" . . . The grapevine tells us that JENNINGS LANG is as good as new. . . When the L. Q. Revue closes at the D. I., MAJU SOAREZ will return to her home in Rio de Janeiro by way of Paris and Madrid. We'd like to go home the same way. . . Are LOUIS STRAUSS and NAOMI WHITE married? . . . PHIL DIAGARDI (Oxydol Sparkle) of the Horseshoe and MARILYN MAXWELL were a coosome-twosome when she was in town. . . There's never an idle moment for ORESTES D'ANNA of the Las Vegas Little Theatre group. He doubles as a bartender at the D. I. when he's not busy studying scripts. Orestes had a bit part in "Darkness at Noon," but will play the lead in the group's presentation of "See My Lawyer". . . Since our item about HICKEY KAMM'S engagement, all his other girl friends are



curious to know her name — we don't divulge it until Hickey does. . .

Bless beautician LIZZIE ARDEN for giving anti-poodlecut orders to all her salons: "Our customers must look like women—not dogs!" . . . We really don't gaveadamb, but — SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER has been secretly taking singing lessons, and this makes EZIO PINZA nervous. . . NOEL COWARD'S new special night club material for BEA LILLIE is too naughty for the networks. . .

Two hipcats met the morning after a real hard night. One said to the other: "Man, where'd you get them crazy red eyeballs?" O.K., joke's over. . . Then there's the one about the traveling salesman who spent the night at a farmer's house. The farmer had a very beautiful daughter who was married and lived in another state. The next day the salesman resumed his journey. . . Hmmn, Lady M. . . about your jokes. . .

The JANE WYMAN-TRAVIS KLEEFELD impending marriage does not have the complete approval of his veddy social mother. She'd rather they wear their ardor out in a long engagement. . . DOROTHY ARNOLD broke in her new singing act April 8 at a luncheon at the Embassy Room at the Ambassador in L. A. JODY HUTCHI-

(Continued on page 23)

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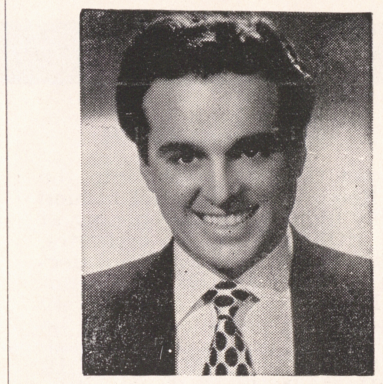
JEST WRITING

. . . by STAN IRWIN



PRAISE the sun and pass the suntan lotion and get sunburned free! For the past week, Las Vegas looks like Las Vegas . . . Sunshine days, warm nights, people at the pools, men in their swimming trunks. . . . Women in their bathing suits (now that I look again, I'm not so sure they're in their bathing suits) . . . Waiters and waitresses carrying tall, cool drinks . . . People getting oiled, by both internal and external methods . . . People at the tables are so healthy looking, it's practically impossible for a loser to turn pale.

Yes . . . swimming weather is with us, you can tell by the number of guests who don't go in.

Did you ever take a 22 month old child to a pool? I did.

Lanny, if you're a good boy, we'll all get dressed in our bathing suits and go to the pool.

Huh?

I said, if you're a good boy, we'll all get dressed in our bathing suits and go to the pool.

Huh?

I said, do you want to go to the pool?

Pool?

Yes . . . do you want to go swimming?

Swimbing?

Dear, did you hear him, he said swimming. Say it for mommy.

Huh?

Say "swimming" for mommy.

Huh?

I said, say "swimm....." — never mind. Maybe he'll say it later, Dear. Dress him.

We'll leave out most of the words that occur during this dressing period. . . . The printable ones are: Come back here . . . Stand still . . . Wait until I finish . . . Where are you running . . . If you're not good you won't go . . . And a constant increase in both volume of voice and disgust in expression when calling the child by name. In print it would look like this:

LANNY
LANNY
LAAANNNYYYY
LLLLAAAAANNNYYYYY

You know you had great affect upon him because he'll look at you and innocently say, "huh."

Now what do you take for a child to play with? Well . . . You first figure you should have a ball, a pail and shovel, some books to read to him, a few dolls, a few floating toys, extra swimming trunks and other changes of shirts, towels and slippers . . . When you're ready to leave . . . You find that you have taken so much equipment . . . you have to call a bellhop to carry either you, the equipment, your child or even your wife.

The first moment you arrive at the pool, you know you made a mistake. You brought a million and one things for him to play with, none of which he cares for . . . He wants to play with the lady's pocketbook on your right, or the man's mustache . . . which wouldn't be too bad, except the man happens to be asleep . . . but not for long. This isn't too embarrassing because you can move to the other side of the pool where, of course, he finds cuter things to play with . . . like bathing suit tops of perfect strangers who wish to remain just that . . . While they're pulling one side "up" . . . he's pulling the other side "down."

Naturally, everyone realizes he's only a child . . . having innocent fun. They are quite tolerant and the majority wouldn't do anything drastic . . . I know because I only had to jump in twice to rescue him. I didn't mind the first time . . . but the second person who threw him in the pool . . . threw him in the deep end.

My wife and I have an agreement now . . . We take alternate turns pulling him out. Excuse me . . . it's my turn again. See you at the Silver Slipper.

Consider the whale—the only time he gets in trouble is when he blows.

—HOWARD CRIMSON.

SHOW REVIEWS by Jack Curtis

Flamingo

April 7 through April 20

The Camel Caravan rolled into the Flamingo Room in the finest of fashion last Monday night with the opening of VAUGHN MONROE and his orchestra, "The Most Talked About Band in America." With no facial expression whatsoever, Mr. Monroe sells his songs purely through vocal interpretation, which he does with an ease that is to be envied. Along with the MOONMAIDS, THE MOONMEN and the band, Vaughn does a couple of outstanding production numbers, one of which is a medley of tunes covering the past 12 years which have been instrumental in part for the success of the organization. Starting with the old favorite, "Tangerine" they end up with their arrangement of that great hit, "The Ghost Riders in the Sky." Featured with the band is Ziggy Talent who does his famous "Rich Maharajah" . . . Mr. Monroe was fortunate in-

(Continued on page 23)

El Rancho Vegas

April 2 through April 15

The OPERA HOUSE-THEATRE RESTAURANT is welcoming capacity crowds who are clamoring for entrance to see the newest singing sensation of the nation, TONY BENNETT, currently starring in the new revue. Tony is a very gracious person on stage and presents a selection of popular songs that please everyone. When he renders his interpretation of "Because of You," the ovation is overwhelming. Mr. Bennett is a very unassuming personality whose fame hasn't dissolved the friendliness and sincerity that is apparently his. You've heard his fast-selling records but you'll enjoy him more when you see him. The lad is tops! . . . Co-starring on the same bill is the exotic Egyption dancer, SAMIA GAMAL. Her outstanding work in interpretive dancing has received raves from all critics. Miss Gamal has a warm personality, tinged with the proper exotic effect. . . Rounding out the bill is LORD BUCKLEY, the gentleman who breaks down any audience reserve with some interesting audience participation. His face is completely expressionless, making way for some good comedy and humor. He is fully equipped to make you laugh and enjoy yourself throughout his entire presentation. Watch closely or you'll

(Continued on page 30)

LAST FRONTIER

April 4 through April 18

The RAMONA ROOM'S Easter show is drawing crowds as easily as a magnet attracts metal. . . Headlining the bill is the acclaim of millions, RUBINOFF and his VIOLIN. The maestro makes his musical instrument cry, laugh, sigh, flirt and sing. He offers an extensive repertoire, including compositions that vary from the ballad to the classic. When Rubinoff plays his stirring rendition of "Warsaw Concerto," there is no other movement in the room. Tears of appreciation fill the eyes of the audience and after a moment of silence, a tremendous ovation is heard. Rubinoff's remarkable accompanist is PROFESSOR ALEXANDER, one of the most talented pianists to make an appearance. You will thrill to this great musical performance. . . Co-

(Continued on page 23)

Wilbur Clark's DESERT INN

April 1 through April 28

After recent successes in Manhattan and Miami Beach we find the Painted Desert Room graced with the beauty that is the trade-mark of all LOU WALTERS' productions, and certainly true of this one, "THE LATIN QUARTER REVUE," which has as its co-stars, two wonderful acts; DARVAS and JULIA and the perennial FRANK LIBUSE with MARGOT BRANDER. You'll catch your breath more than once when you see

(Continued on page 21)

Thunderbird

April 10 through April 24
(Not a review)

JAY JAYSON is the star of the show in the Navajo Room of the Thunderbird. Jay is one of the newest comedy finds of the year and is making his first Las Vegas appearance with this current show. From previous notices we are led to believe that he will live up to his billing of "Jest at Its Best" . . . Featured on this show will be the "Famous Funster" MAURICE COLLEANO, who comes direct from Paris, his troupe consisting of JOYCE, GEORGE and JAMES CARDWELL. This will be the first American appearance for these entertainers, having only recently arrived from Europe and they promise to bring a new type of acrobatic comedy . . . The lovely singing star of the show will be JAN NELSON who comes to Las Vegas direct from the Cotillion Room of Pierre Hotel in New York for her first appearance here . . . Held over through Sunday night (April 13) will be that greatest of all comediennes, MISS JEAN CARROLL, who has graced the Thunderbird stage for the past two weeks. If you've had the misfortune of not getting to hear her, you still have two more nights in which to make up for it. . . . The famous KATHRYN DUFFY DANSATIONS will hold over their present productions through Easter but will present a new revue beginning Monday night under the title of "Some Sunday Afternoon" which will feature MISS THELMA KING . . . The music department is filled by AL JAHNS ORCH, The JACK MARTIN MEN and the NORMANDIE BOYS . . . JOHNNY O'BRIEN is your gracious emcee!

—JOHNNY.

CLUB BINGO

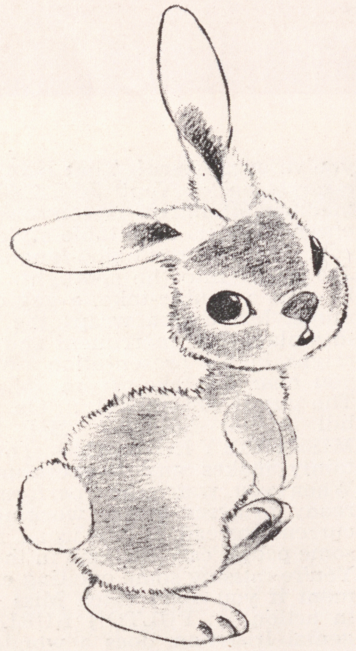
Show presented April 6

Whether in your best bib and tucker or in your jeans, head for the BONANZA ROOM. There you will be regaled with some of the most rapid humor you've ever heard! That man with the cigar is back! Yep! JOE CAPPO, the madman of mirth, is convulsing audiences with his inimitable style of comedy. You just can't stop laughing when Joe walks into the spotlight. Whether he uses a double-take, a gag or pantomime, Mr. Cappo wraps the audience in a blanket of merriment and laughter reigns in his presentation. Wait until you hear his take-off on Johnny Ray. The guy is sensational. . . On the same bill is that de-lovely "Ball of Fire," MISS BETTY ROWLAND. The gal certainly makes any temperature climb. When you watch her perform, you're ready to agree you're working on AC current instead of the usual red fluid some people carry around in their veins. You're missing some exciting entertainment if you don't catch Miss Rowland in action. . . FULTON BURLEY, that genial Irishman, does a wonderful job as emcee, keeping the show moving at a wonderfully smooth pace. His tenor voice is in great demand and he sings the type of songs that everyone wants t ohear. . . Backing the show is MIKE WERNER and his smooth "Big-Little" Band, alternating with the JACKIE COON TRIO to bring you dansapating rhythms until 5 ayem.

SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

April 11 through April 25
(Not a review)

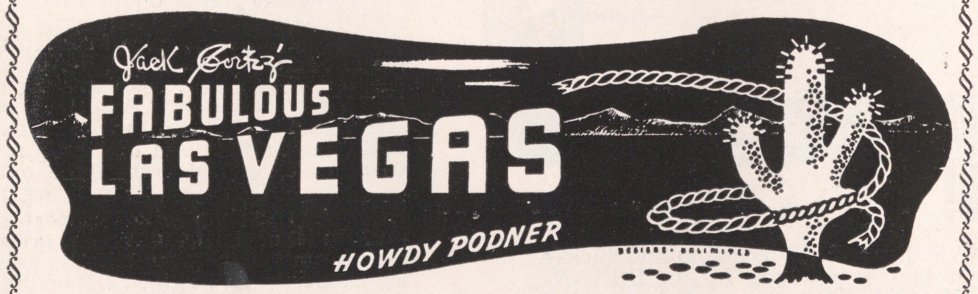
We're happy to report that our favorite, STAN IRWIN, has been re-signed for another engagement at the SILVER SLIPPER. Everyone who has seen this lad agrees he has a talent that is possessed by few. His comedy is sensational and his repertoire inexhaustible. He is one of the best laugh-evokers in the country today. . . On the same bill is ELLEN SUTTON, "America's No. 1 Hello Girl." Miss Sutton is an exceptional song stylist and has cut a record that is selling faster than the output. . . . Rounding out the bill is REGGIE RYMAL, the chap who can perform a multitude of tricks with an ordinary paddle and ball. You'll be amazed at his dexterity and skill. . . Backing the show is CHUCK GOULD and his ORCHESTRA.



A Pleasant Easter

TO ALL

From the Staff of



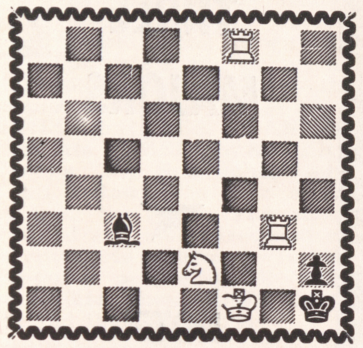
CHESS » » »

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



PROBLEM No. 123

Black 3



White 4

White mates in three.

Solution to problem No. 122: Q-N2

NIMZO INDIAN DEFENSE

Pomar White	Prins Black	Pomar White	Prins Black
1—P-Q4	N-KB3	17—Q-KN3	R-B2
2—P-QB4	P-K3	18—P-Q5	QBPxP
3—N-QB3	B-N5	19—B-B3	B-Q3
4—P-K3	P-QN3	20—P-B4	N-B4
5—N-K2	B-R3	21—PxBP	PxP
6—P-QR3	B-K2	22—B-K5	N-K5
7—N-N3	P-Q4	23—Q-N3	P-QR3
8—Q-B3	P-B3	24—N-Q4	B-B4
9—PxP	NxP	25—R-K	N-B5
10—BxB	NxB	26—QR-Q	Q-R2
11—B-Q2	O-O	27—Q-Q3	NxNP
12—O-O	R-B	28—Q-R3	NxR
13—KR-Q	P-QN4	29—RxN	BxNch
14—P-K4	N-N3	30—BxB	QxBch
15—QN-K2	Q-Q2	31—Resigns	
16—N-R5	P-KB4		

Prins White	Paoli Black	Prins White	Paoli Black
29—R-R3	K-K	41—BxN	RxB
30—R-R7	B-B	42—N-K3	R-B
31—N-Q5	N-R3	43—N-Q5ch	K-K
32—R-Q	BxN	44—K-B3	R(4)-N
33—QxB	QxQ	45—R(2)-R2	R-B8
34—RxQ	N-B2	46—R-R8	K-Q2
35—R-Q2	R-R4	47—NxPch	PxN
36—N-B2	R(1)-R	48—P-N7	R-B8ch
37—N-B3	R-B4	49—K-K3	R-K8ch
38—N-N4	K-K2	50—K-Q3	R-Q8ch
39—K-N2	P-N4	51—K-B2	Resigns
40—PxP	NxP		

SICILIAN DEFENSE

Prins White	Paoli Black	Prins White	Paoli Black
1—P-K4	P-QB4	15—N-N	N-K
2—N-KB3	P-Q3	16—N(1)-R3	N-B4
3—P-Q4	PxP	17—N-B3	R(3)-B
4—NxP	N-KB3	18—K-R	B-B
5—P-KB3	P-K4	19—Q-Q2	N-B2
6—N-N3	B-K3	20—P-B4	P-B3
7—P-QB4	QN-Q2	21—P-B5	B-B2
8—B-K3	P-QR4	22—P-KN4	P-R3
9—N-B3	P-R5	23—P-R4	B-K
10—N-Q2	Q-R4	24—P-R4	B-K
11—R-B	B-K2	25—PxP	B-B3
12—B-K2	O-O	26—BxN	QxB
13—O-O	KR-B	27—P-N6	B-K2
14—N-N5	R-B3	28—R-B3	K-B

PHILIDOR DEFENSE

Prins White	Giustolisi Black	Prins White	Giustolisi Black
1—P-K4	P-K4	16—Q-K3	Q-B3
2—N-KB3	P-Q3	17—P-B4	Q-K2
3—P-Q4	N-Q2	18—K-R	K-B2
4—B-QB4	B-K2	19—P-K5	B-B4
5—PxP	NxP	20—Q-R3	K-N2
6—NxN	PxN	21—N-K4	K-R
7—Q-R5	P-KN3	22—NxB	QxN
8—QxKP	N-B3	23—QxKP	QxBP
9—B-KR6	R-KN	24—Q-B6ch	R-N2
10—N-B3	N-N5	25—P-K6	Q-B4
11—Q-B4	NxB	26—R-Q8ch	RxR
12—RQ	B-Q3	27—QxRch	R-N
13—QxN	Q-K2	28—P-K7	Q-B2
14—O-O	B-K3	29—R-Q	Resigns
15—BxB	PxB		



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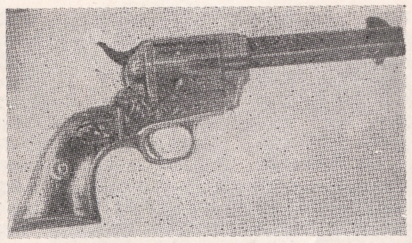

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HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS ... by MARTIN LEWIS

PORTRAIT OF A STAR

IF a chap named VAN HEFLIN had his way, Hollywood's leading picture personalities would come down off their pedestals and go on tours to distant pastures. HEFLIN, the polished performer who shares top honors with HELEN HAYES, DEAN JAGGER and the late ROBERT WALKER in Leo McCarey's "My Son John," advocates that his fellow film folk should get away from the glitter and glamour of Hollywood and make frequent visits to other cities. He believes by talking with movie-going people in all walks and ways of life, they would help themselves and their industry.

"In the early days," recalls HEFLIN, "it was traditional to weave a magic web around the stars. They were a kind of royalty. They weren't like normal people. But fads wear thin, and I think this one has died a natural death."

VAN believes theater-goers want realism in their films. If this is true, they get what they want in HEFLIN'S latest movie, "My Son John," for the picture tells the story of three fateful days in the life of a typical American family. Patriotic church-going products of America's public schools, the members of this family meet a crisis when one son becomes warped in his ideology and threatens the things the others stand for . . . HELEN HAYES fulfills the role of the mother, BOB WALKER the son. DEAN JAGGER, the father, and HEFLIN, an FBI man.

"I think the audiences want their stars to be natural, not different," VAN remarked as he watched Miss HAYES enact a key scene of the film. "People like to know that most Hollywood favorites are leading decent lives, that they love their children, that they're as concerned about the future of the nation as the next guy and, most important, that they're human."

HEFLIN bases this opinion on first hand information. He has done a lot of traveling, and he makes a habit of talking to the man and woman on the street.

VAN carried out this practice during his location junkets to Silver Springs, Maryland; Washington, D. C., and Monasses, Virginia, for key shots of "My Son John." He admits he tried to burst some of the idiotic bubbles that Hollywood and its stars have created.

"Too often," says the star, "I met people who thought all an actor was interested in was the size of a swimming pool. It's our job to let the audience know we accept the same responsibilities other people do."

HEFLIN says he never ceases to be surprised when a resident of a city far from the film capital meets him and remarks: "Why, you're like everyone else." He knows it's intended as a compliment. Nevertheless, the genial fellow who co-stars with HELEN HAYES in "My Son John" hopes the time will come when the public won't be amazed to discover that actors are human beings after all.

DESERT INN:

(Continued from page 16)

the sensational team of DARVAS and JULIA perform. Never before have you seen such an act. The sweet-faced Julia excells in ballet spins, contortional acrobatics and **nerve;** as well as trust in her partner, Darvas, who performs the unusual lifts with a sense of timing and balance that would otherwise render them impossible . . . Twice a night the Mad Waiter spreads pademonium among the guests of the room prior to each show. You'll roar at the antics of FRANK LIBUSE as he preys on the unsuspecting newcomers as they enter the room to be shown to their tables to see the show. That's why we advise your getting there early! During their part of the revue Frank Libuse and Margot Brander will keep up such a rapid fire string of antics that you won't have an opportunity to let go of your sides . . . Singing in the production numbers as well as doing their own solo spots are: MARILYN ROSS who does a terrific job on a medley of tunes to wind up on that old favorite, "Alexander's Ragtime Band"; ANDRE PHILLIPE is the good-looking young man who opens the show with an introduction to the Mardi Gras and COLLETTE FLEURIOT is the beauty who joins him in his description of Paris as well as occuping the solo spot during the finale, which by the way, is a wonderful number! . . . LES PABIOS is the mechanical man act and is one of the greatest enactments we've seen . . . Other principals include GENEVIEVE DAWN, GAY and HARRY WELLS, WALLEN TWINS, MULLEN SISTERS, LYN ALLEN, LEE PERKINS and, of course, those unsung heroines, the beautiful ladies of the chorus . . . CARLTON HAYES and his ORCHESTRA, as usual, cut a great show for this revue . . . At the Lady Luck Bar are the RIST BROTHERS TRIO and the orchestra of DANNY CASSELLA.

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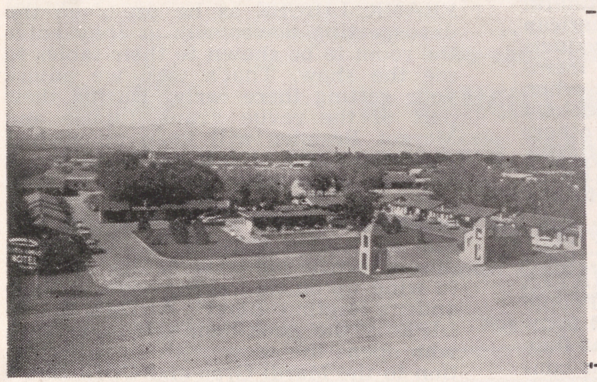

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WATCHBIRD:

(Continued from page 13)

SON designed the act. Dorothy supplied the talent. . . JACKIE KANNON, who just closed at the El Rancho, bowed into Ciro's along with the LOS GATOS TRIO and underwater stripper DIVENA and her hundred gallon tank. . .

WHERE AND WHEN: JANE FROMAN and PHIL FOSTER are the stars who will open BILL MILLER'S RIVIERA in N. J., April 22. . . MARTHA STEWART and ex-spouse JOE E. LEWIS will share the same bill at the El Rancho April 11. . . Handsome CARL RAVAZZA goes to the Mapes in Reno following his run at the Chi Chi in Palm Springs. . . The WHIPPOORWILLS into Billy Gray's Band Box April 14. . . BEDELL and MATSON, comic team who played the Silver Slipper—now have LISA ROSE, who is a natural. They will go to Montreal in June. . . Krazy KIRBY STONE QUINTET are doing the Coca Cola TV show five days a week. . . JOE CAPPO, who outstrips BETTY ROWLAND at the Club Bingo, will go to the Chi Chi next. . . . and . . . FULTON BURLEY, handsome singing emcee will open at the Palm Springs Palm House. . .

VISITING FIREMEN: Mr. and Mrs. LOUIS GOLD, sister and brother-in-law of BABE BUSHKIN of Detroit are visiting CARL and BETTY MAIER at their "Muck and Maier Ranch" in Paradise Valley. . . ROY MARKUS, of Cleveland brought BOBBY KAYE a happy-happy of six Knize ties. . . JONI TAPPS, HARRY COHEN and BUD ADLER of Columbia studios, week-ended at the El Rancho. . . LOU IRWIN, Hollywood ten percenter, was also on the scene. . . JOE PASTERNAK, of Metro, spent his weekend at the roulette table. . .

The WALLEN TWINS aren't really twins at all. One of the cuties is CAROL HOFFMAN who replaced TWINNIE'S sister WINNIE when she got married in Miami. Twinnie is the exuberant blond can-can dancer in the Latin Quarter Revue who squeaks. . . JACKIE GLEASON and CLARK GABLE'S ex-girl friend, VIRGINIA GREY, are a very serious romance. . . TONY BAVAAR, handsome hero of "Paint Your Wagon," has achieved the goal of all show-folk. He now has his name up in lights on the theatre marquee which is remarkable because this is Tony's first show. His recording contract with RCA-Victor has been upped from six months to a year, which indicates that the customers are buying his platters like hotcakes. . . CARLOS MOLINA'S orchestra follows TED FIO RITO into the El Rancho in June. . . Close friends hope it isn't true about ALICE FAYE anl PHIL HARRIS.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY to ELAINE KOLOD, who was 13 on April 4. . . To JAC LESSMAN, who was 21-plus on April 6. . .

QUESTION OF THE WEEK: Who stepped on DI-DI? . . .

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from page 16)

deed in lining up three wonderful acts for his current revue. The first to appear is ROY BENSON who is a comic magician and one of the best we've seen. With no illusions toward grandeur, this man combines cleverness with clean comedy and proves himself a great entertainer . . . Then comes pert little DOROTHY KELLER with a very unusual style of tap dancing and a wealth of "pixie-faced" expressions to match her dancing personality. She's cute, energetic, and comes forth with a lot of clean, rapid taps . . . DON CUMMINGS is the other act that Vaughn has brought in and you will find him highly entertaining. He does different shows each time so you should see both first and second shows to really see this man at his best. In one show he spins a rope, doing the usual tricks until you see him jump backwards through a spinning 3-foot loop; and he's a big man! Later he does a bit on a TV salesman who at a high point of inebriation attempts to demonstrate a lady's girdle . . . Don't miss this show! . . . In the Mural Room is the music of BOBBY PAGE and his Musical Pages.

—JOHNNY.

LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from page 16)

starring on the same bill are the popular MODERNAIRES. They are greater than ever before. The four men and a girl have some mighty fine new material, spiced with old favorites. Stirring nostalgic memories is their version of the "Dipsy Doodle." Proving many a moment of enjoyment is their impression of "The Customer Is Always Right." The Modernaires spark their vocal performances with fine comedy and are rightly hailed as one of America's finest singing groups. . . The DEVLYN REVUE present two fine routines. One is a romantic gypsy number. The other is a favorite of ours. It is "April in Paris," with DOLORES FRAZZINI displaying remarkable vocal talent and featuring GIL JOHNSON and CANDYCE KING in admirable choreography. . . BOB MILLAR and his ORK provide a fine musical background for the revue and equal their professional endeavors with fine dance music for patron enjoyment. . . For your relaxing pleasure, it's the THREE MAJORS in the Gay '90 Room and the STAR KINGS in the Carrillo Room.



My Thanks

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Betty

ROWLAND

Stephenson

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WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from page 11)

outfits for the season, now is the time to get with it while there is the widest selection . . . MATT HOWARD tells me he is more than pleased with the response you've given him with the opening of the HACIENDA CLUB in North Las Vegas under his name. Here's something you might not have known! Matt has been able to stock his bar with some of those "impossible to get" brands of scotches, etc. and, knowing Matt, I know he'll **continue** to have them in stock. There's dancing every night to the music of the Hacienda Tunetoppers who play from 9 p. m. to 3 a. m. . . . What with all this fine weather and the increased foot traffic on Fremont street, the slot machines and games of the FRONTIER CLUB are kept going at a steady pace both day and night. Another of the finer attractions of the club is that loud plaid cap that GEORGE TILLEY has been wearing for the past week or co. On the other side of the club you'll find the Frontier Delicatessen operated by LES GOLDRING, a little man who moves like greased lightning and never has a moment to spare. . . . When JOHNNY and EARL, of the THRIFTY LIQUOR STORE on downtown Fremont street, told me that they were going to do a little remodeling I had no idea that they would come up with such big change in efficiency layout as they have accomplished. There seems to be twice the room they had before and one man will be able to do the work of two men as under the old setup. By the way, there will definitely be a change of name for this dispensary of distilled drinks for doting indulgers within the immediate future so it might be well for you to watch for the announcement of same. You may have a good suggestion for a name for the place yourself. It's a cinch Earl and Johnny don't know what the heck to rename the place! . . . Across the street at the WESTERNER the construction of the restaurant is going ahead slowly but surely and when they finish it theirs will be one of the finer food foundries to be found on Fremont. Congratulations to the new owners who have only recently bought into the store, among them being my own good friends Nelson Mitchell and Joe Hart .. . The entertaining little trio at the SANTA ANITA CASINO and BAR who play in the Sahara Room nightly consists of lovely WINNIE WILSON who sings up a storm; BOB SEAMAN on piano and GORDON POLK on bass. They do a lot of special work as well as answering your many requests . . . HARRY TABAK of the Frontier Club informs me that MISS NOVA NICHOLS, a cocktail girl at the California Club, is in Queen of Angels Hospital in Los Angeles for a serious operation. I don't know what's coming off but there was some talk about a mustache and a goatee! . . . And it's a belated congratulations to BOBBY and BERNICE PRUPAS who celebrated their 12th wedding anniversary last Tuesday night (April 8). He is the terrific trumpeteer you listen to nightly in the Mural Room of the Flamingo Hotel and Bernice works as a cashier and change girl in the casino . . . A few of her co-workers gave a shower for GENE RIGNEY, former hostess at the El Rancho, with 50 friends in attendance. Their "1952 model" will arrive about the end of this month and all that Gene and Les will have to give it is **attention;** 'cause she certainly got everything else from her many friends at this shower. . . . And that about does it again for this week so, in case you're around this way again next week, look me up. I'll be at the same place! —JOHNNY.

"THE SIGN OF THE WINDMILL"

(EDITOR'S NOTE: In last week's mail box we received this poem—written by a young man who just likes to write poetry. "Mac" enjoys, and is very proud of) . . .

"The Sign of the Windmill"
Just south of town,
Means a Western hotel
The best to be found.

There's dining, dancing,
Gambling and fun,
Drinking, swimming and
Tanning in the sun.

The Chef, Max Weber,
And his efficient crew
Prepare each meal
Especially for you.

Whether salad, seafood,
Pastry or steak,
You will never forget
The impression he'll make.

For music and dancing
By soft candlelight,
Ted Fio Rito does the
Honors at night.

If it's the "wheel of fortune"
You like to spin,
There's roulette and dice
At which you may win.

For drinks that are fine
And mixed to perfection,
There's a picturesque bar
For your inspection.

For relaxing, dancing
Or a general thrill,
It's just south of town—
"The Sign of the Windmill."

—VIRGIL MacDONALD.
Bar Boy at Hotel
El Rancho Vegas.

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 9)

sharp Company. Why can't we invent something as useful as that? You can bet we're going to give it a lot of thought, the minute some spare time pops up on the schedule.

Now that there will be an approved sewerage system installed throughout North Las Vegas, just watch that town grow. We're betting it will begin to expand just as its sister, Las Vegas, has. With the new policy, F.H.A. loans are now available. That alone will give you an inkling of what the future holds for that community. Those seams will burst and you will see a growth that will eventuate into a prosperous locale.

What was always considered as being impossible actually happened. EDDIE FOX, advertising and publicity man at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, has survived the shock and will gladly relate the tale. Yep! Eddie feels as though he must have been "chosen." He actually met a Texan who DOESN'T own any oil wells in Texas. How about that? Can it be true?

RALPH WOOD, co-owner of the VILLA VENICE on Highway 91, must miss his old stand at Hollywood and Vine. Although he can't bring that famous section to L. V., he certainly is doing his utmost to create the same atmosphere. Wow! You should see those blood-red shoes he is sporting these days. You can close your eyes and picture Mr. Wood in Hollywood, in those shoes. Real snazzy—to say the very least!

JOHN MORELLI (that gracious maitre d' of the FLAMINGO HOTEL) and his captains, believed Monday would be a slack day as it is usually throughout the nation. However, April 7 found a terrific turnout of people, clamoring to attend the opening of the VAUGHN MONROE show. During the opening presentation, at least 100 or 150 children were in the audience. We considered this a wonderful compliment to Mr. Monroe. As a matter of fact, his two daughters, CANDY and CHRISTINA, were also present, in the company of the charming Mrs. Monroe. You should have seen these two young ladies display their appreciation for dad's vocal interpretations. It would have warmed the cockles of your heart.

FAY and MURRAY COOPER feel that life is really wonderful now that there is a youngster in their house. Three weeks ago, the Coopers adopted a baby boy in Los Angeles. At that time, the tot was less than a week old. Fay insists theirs is really a home now, especially with the diapers hanging up to dry. We're willing to wager it won't be long before their quarters are stocked with everything from skates to bicycle. Take it easy, kids, give the boy a chance to grow up first. (Incidentally, Murray is a dice dealer at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS and Fay is a tango dealer at the LAS VEGAS CLUB.)

MARILYN MONROE, Hollywood's newest bundle of blonde dynamite, is dividing her time between two of cinema city's most eligible males. The fellows are baseball's JOE DI MAGGIO and the screen's DAN DAILEY. May the best man win!

LOUISE and SAM TUCKER are back in our midst again. It's always a treat to see the beautiful Mrs. T. and her terrific husband in these parts. We're hoping they won't be in any hurry to return to their Surfside, Fla., home. If their local friends have anything to say about it, the Tuckers will make this trip into a lengthy vacation.

For jazz at its best, don't miss JOHNNY WHITE and his quartet at the JUNGLE CLUB. Some might remember that Johnny was a featured member of the popular BENNY GOODMAN sextet before he branched out on his own. To hear the boy and his group in action, one would be led to believe Johnny might be able to teach his old boss a trick or two.

MIKE and BECK BENEDICT of Philadelphia are visiting their old friends, FERN and JAKE KOZLOFF. Incidentally, the Benedicts are parents of ALLEN, who is the former Eastern collegiate swim champion. If his mon and dad can convince Allen to take a Western trip, the champ will put on an exhibition at the LAST FRONTIER pool. We'd love to see the form and ability that achieved national fame for the lad. Always did like to watch high-diving feats. Sort of fills us with awe and makes everyone wonder why it looks so easy and is so difficult when we try it!

KENNY DAY, who formerly worked on the graveyard shift at the CHATTERBOX, is now bartender on the swing shift at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL. He and his lovely wife, KELLY, are very happy about the arrangement for one big reason. Now, they both work the same shift and will be able to spend more time with each other.

In last week's issue, we carried an ad for the CAMERA and HOBBY SHOP on South Main street. The ad, featured Rolliflex cameras. Not long after we hit the stands, the cameras were sold out. Seems that almost everyone in town was anxious to purchase this type of shutter-box and was happy to learn

(Continued on page 30)

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 27)

where they were available. MARCUS DALY, owner, and manager MICKEY McCANN informed us they were swamped with orders. In case you want to obtain such a camera, please be advised that an order for them went right out and they will be back in stock by the time you read this item. We like to use the Rolliflex. It certainly turns out some mighty fine prints.

JOHN F. MILLER, owner of the SAL SAGEV HOTEL, downtown, is recuperating rapidly after his recent mishap. Reason for his marvelous recovery is the wonderful care being given him by his charming wife. Mrs. Miller is one of the grandest folk you could ever hope to meet. Through her efforts, it won't be long before Mr. M. returns to his business and associates.

Happy birthday wishes to ANN KELSEY, chief hostess at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. On April 9th, she was guest of honor at a surprise party given her by the waitresses at that bistro and her co-hostesses. What an array of gifts. All we can say is—it must be wonderful to be a woman when birthday time rolls around.

Everyone in town is talking about that sensational dance team, DARVAS & JULIA at the DESERT INN. That's no fib, either. The kids are terrific. They are Hungarian by birth and are brother and sister. They practiced various aspects of the dance from their childhood and never dreamed of performing professionally. However, a few years ago, their friends convinced them they should enter the spotlight. We thank those friends. Darvas and Julia perform beautifully and possess a talent that all should see. Breathtaking, is the word.

Whenever he is dealing "21" and discovers a customer has the same count in cards as his hand displays, BILLY FOGEL (on the swing shift at BENNY BINION'S HORSESHOE CLUB) lifts his cravat to indicate a "tie." After being in the gaming business for nigh onto forty years, we're certain Mr. Fogel must have worn out many ties in this manner. His attitude gives you cause to smile, whether you're winning or not.

If you want to see a fabulous collection of arms, valued at $100,000, drop over to see HARRY MANN in his gun shop in the Western Village. You could [illegible], just looking and listening to the stories that accompany the collection. Did you know that women carried "muff pistols" for protection in the Gay Nineties? Well, they did, and Harry will show you one of them. Some of the weapons date as far back as the Fifteenth century. We were especially intrigued with a gold-plated "16-shooter." Another pistol fired both ball ammunition and buckshot-ball from a nine-shot cylinder beneath it. Interested? Drop over and spend some time with Mr. Mann. What a fabulous collection of guns and stories!

ANNA and TEDDY CRAWFORD (he is co-owner of the PIONEER CLUB) have some great plans for the celebration that will mark their 40th wedding anniversary, on June 5th. Mr. Crawford claims it seems like 40 days, instead of 40 years. Cynics often remark that happiness never lasts in marriage. Well, glance in the direction of the Crawfords and you will find greater bliss in their faces than appeared in the earlier part of their matrimony. They really prove that love can grow and be retained throughout the years.

While over at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, we learned that maestro RUBINOFF'S seven year old son has been playing the violin for the past four years. When queried of his youngster's ability, Rubinoff remarked: "He doesn't play too good — but he sure plays LOUD!"

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. SHURTZ, of Ogden, Utah, will visit JUANITA and WES SHURTZ, owners of BOND STREET CLOTHIERS, for the Easter holiday. It will actually be a double celebration, for Wes' mother recognizes her natal day on the 16th of April. Juanita and Wes are really looking forward to the visit. There will be a wonderful old-fashioned celebration out their way when the entire family gets together.

PHIL GELLER is certainly a versatile young gentleman. He formerly operated the Health Club at the FLAMINGO HOTEL. Now he is a sandwich dispenser at the DIXIE WAFFLE & SANDWICH SHOP, downtown. His charming wife, BILLIE, takes those wonderful pictures of patrons at the Flamingo.

Not too long ago, we featured NATALIE and STAN FAYMAN on our front cover. Although we carried a thorough story to cover the couple, we missed out on the biggest scoop of their lives. After wondering why Mrs. Fayman wasn't making as many appearances in their store, BOND'S JEWELERS, we prodded Stan into revealing the reason. (Didn't take much arm-twisting, to be truthful.) The Faymans are preparing the blues and pinks for a September or October addition to the [illegible] doesn't [illegible] a bit, we don't think he'll be able to take the pre-natal period. Take it easy, will you, fellow?

That extraordinary musician, DAVE MATTHEWS, is now a steady with the

(Continued on page 30)

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from page 5)

dozen saloons and gambling houses along Railroad Street. Back on other streets were the big general merchandise store of Crowell & Allot, which sold large amounts of supplies to the freighting companies operating between Las Vegas and Rhyolite, Beatty, Goldfield and Tonopah, and great corrals in which were kept a thousand or more horses and mules used in hauling the great freight wagons over the desert roads.

All the business houses were tents or board frames with sides about three feet high, over which tents were stretched. The floors were made of 12-inch boards. When the rails were laid into and through Las Vegas in October, 1904, the new town was a thriving, rushing, vigorous community and all the business houses did a rushing business, especially the saloons.

When I first arrived in Las Vegas, in February, 1905, it was bitter cold, with a fiercely blowing wind. The cowpunchers from northern Nevada counties and from Utah, and the drivers of the big freight teams and their helpers filled the saloons evenings to get the benefit of the hot stoves,. They crowded about the gambling tables, with their money, mostly in one dollar bills, hanging over their belts. It seemed quite safe in this rather open position, because each man had a six-shooter in a holster at his side and among all those strangers, would have been quick on the draw if anyone took unnecessary liberties. Gambling would continue until the small hours, because the fellows did not relish the skimpy cotton bedding and the cold of the "lodging house" beds, and remained up as long as possible.

McWilliamstown did a big business and many lots were bought by the waiters, generally at prices of $50 or $100 per lot, with 25 per cent cash as the first payment. McWilliams was a good advertiser and he reported at one time that he had sold $200,000 worth of lots in Los Angeles alone.

Along in April, 1905, the railroad company surveyors staked out a site for the big building of the ice plant. Work was started at once and carloads of gravel and cement were brought in. Big trenches were dug and filled with massive concrete foundations. It was going to be a big building and its location was on the east side of the track, just across the railroad from McWilliams Townsite.

Of course, McWilliams was delighted to have this, the only industrial plant then proposed for Las Vegas, located just across from his townsite. It would bring a nice bit of business to his new town. And, as he gloated over the new development, he discovered an astonishing thing. The foundations were on the small triangle of the McWilliams land east of the railroad.

By that time nobody was buying lots any more, but were patiently waiting for the railroad townsite to be placed on sale. McWilliams and quite a number of those in business on his side of the tracks, were sure that the lot sale in the railroad townsite would be a fizzle and that the real Las Vegas would continue to grow on the west side.

When the lots in Clark's Las Vegas Townsite were auctioned, May 15 and 16, 1905, there were approximately 2500 people here, most of them from Los Angeles. Something like a quarter of a million dollars worth of property was sold. The evening of May 15, shacks and tents on wagons or skids, were being brought into the new Las Vegas from all directions. Lot buyers had their business houses on their new lots before dark. Ragtown, as the McWilliams townsite was already being called, was fading away.

It was not strange that Mr. McWilliams took his time about notifying the railroad company that they were building the ice plant on his property. Finally, when the heavy foundations were completed, at an expense running up toward $10,000, McWilliams took the train to Los Angeles. He visited the railroad company offices in the Pacific Electric Building, Sixth and Main, and told them of their mistake. And just to be fair about it he offered to sell his little triangle, foundations and all, for $5000. Everything was rosy.

The gang working on the ice plant building ceased work. Everybody was by this time in on the mistake and "Mac" was patiently waiting receipt of a check for $5000. However, after a week or two, surveyors again appeared and staked out the site for a new ice plant building at the south side of town, just where it now is. That was the end of the incident. Anyone interested in investigating, should walk up near the east side of the railroad track, just north of the Bonanza avenue underpass. By poking about a little he

(Continued on page 30)

UNION CAB CO. . . . . PHONE 911

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 28)

CHUCK GOULD ORCHESTRA at the SILVER SLIPPER. Dave did the arrangements and show conducting for KAY STARR for years before he and his lovely wife decided Las Vegas was the proper place in whcih to raise their adorable infant, DAVIE. Lots of luck, Dave. We hope it won't be long before we see you in front of your own orchestra!

Beautiful DIANE MYERS, cocktail waitress at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, looks lovelier than ever, while she awaits the visit from the long-legged bird. Husband, CORKY, is a dice dealer. If the baby resembles its mother, it's going to be ready to take all prizes in any contest.

OSCAR, well known around town, will celebrate his first anniversary as the Strip newspaper distributor, this week. Here's a man who has worked at various types of jobs. However, he readily admits, he never felt lighter at heart than he does now. The only shadow that crosses his face is his mother's illness. Mom is back in Pennsylvania and is just past the 70 mark in life. Oscar is hoping she will recover soon and will be able to join him here. We hope so, Oscar!

If you haven't heard DOLORES FRAZZINI sing her solo, "April in Paris" in the production number at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, please don't miss it. The gal really does a breath-taking job. Without the use of the microphone, Dolores' beautiful voice fills the room and this gal is a show stopper for sure. If anyone is Hollywood bait—it's Dolores!

LEFTY SELMAN is now back at his post as pit boss (swing shift) at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. He left that job in order to become general manager of the SILVER SLIPPER. Once he made sure that casino there was operating smoothly, he surrendered that job to ROY BABICH. Now, Lefty can relax a bit more and find more time for his secret love. Who is she? Can't tell! We promised.

LILA and MURRY COHEN of Los Angeles are amazing their friend BILL KOZLOFF. Bill tells us the couple are making so many "passes" at the gaming tables that they will probably win ownership of some casino before they return to L. A. Huh? Tell us another!

If you're planning to go to the DESERT INN, better get there about one-half hour before showtime. If you don't, you'll be missing some of the best fun that anyone can dish out. During that pre-showtime period, FRANK LIBUSE becomes the mad waiter and no one can imagine the deviltry he cooks up to spring upon the unsuspecting. When we stop laughing and regain control of our breathing ability, we'll mention one hysterical episode. The other evening, a veddy-veddy wealthy woman walked into the PAINTED DESERT ROOM, wearing an exquisitely expensive mink. It was hot—but—the woman loved her mink, we guess! Well, Frank dashed over to the woman, grabbed the mink from her shoulders and rushed away in the other direction. The woman was stunned momentarily. Then, forgetting her position in life and her veneer, she made a mad dash after him, screaming her lungs out, demanding assistance to catch the "thief." If you had been present, you would have been convulsed with laughter, as all of us were. That comedian, FRANK LIBUSE, can make a table laugh—and that's for sure!

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 29)

will still find remains of the old foundations.

Ragtown continued its decline for a time, but was still something of a business center. It had a large frame building "The Trocadero Theatre" under construction. One warm morning along about the Fourth of July, 1905, the big pine structure roared forth a mass of flames. It was on Clark (now Bonanza) avenue, near where the Gilbert store now is.

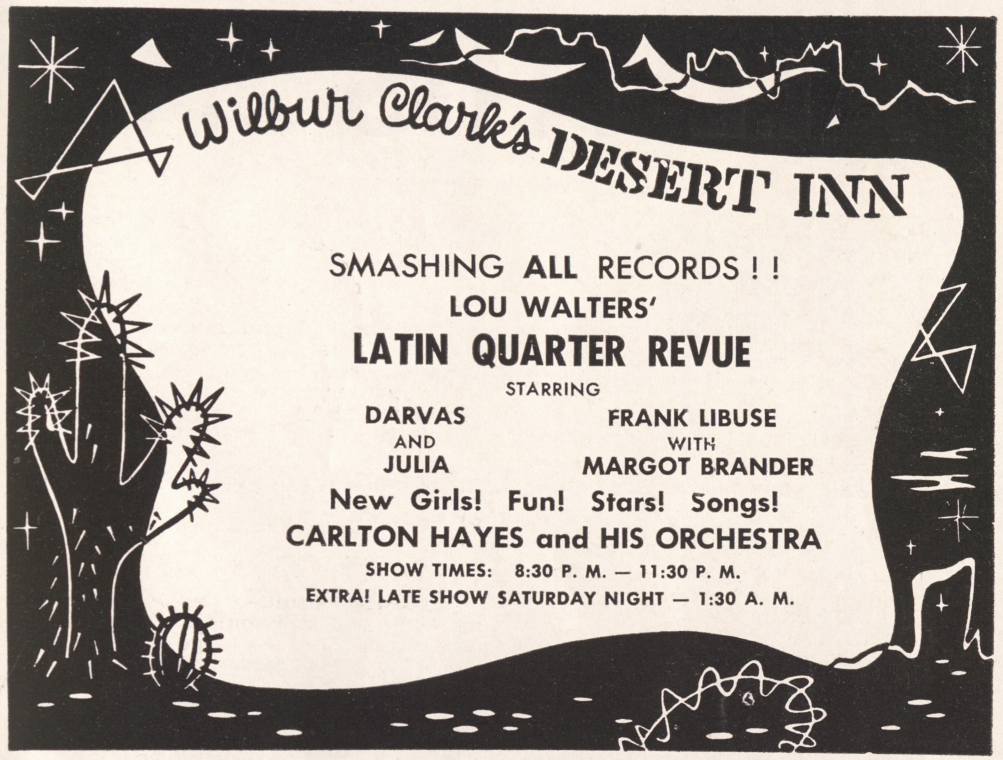
Then about September 5, 1905, there was a terrific fire which took the whole of the "business district" along Railroad avenue. There were still six or eight saloons and stores there desperately trying to make that the center of the new Las Vegas, but that fire wiped out all hope of supremacy for the "Original Townsite of Las Vegas."

Mrs. McWilliams still lives in her charming home on Wilson avenue, built almost fifty years ago when McWilliamstown was the whole of Las Vegas.

EL RANCHO VEGAS:

(Continued from Page 16)

miss some of the droll wit Lord Buckley dispenses. . . THE EL RANCHO DANCERS, featuring JOY WALKER and JERRY PEDERSON, introduce two new routines with clever choreography and stunning costumes. . . TED FIO RITO and his accomplished aggregation of musicians do a magnificent job with the background and dance rhythms. . . During intermissions, it's the smooth musicalization of GUY LANDIS and JIM DiSTEPHANO . . . PAUL GARDOS and CHUY MIRANDA strum their way through the CHUCK WAGON ROOM to make your relaxing moments pleasant ones until 6 ayem.





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my deepest thanks to

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for making this engagement a memorable occasion.