Jack Portz'

June 14, 1952

Fabulous LAS VEGAS Magazine

Remember
June 15th
is
the
DAY
for him!

(Story on Page 9)



15c

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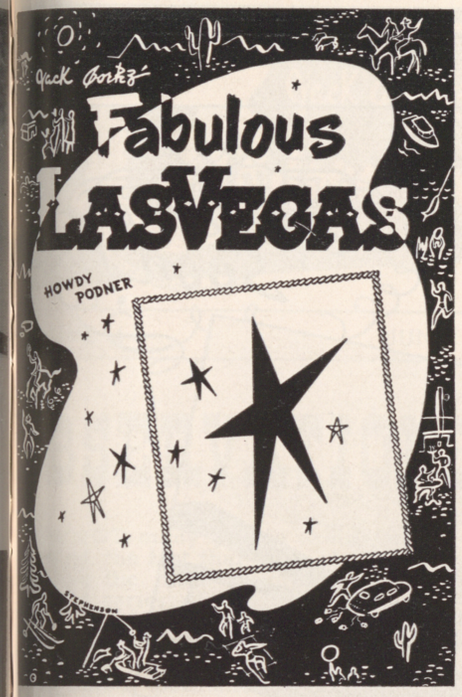

PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 4, NO. 10

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
THE WATCHBIRD, By LADY MICHAEL
WHAT'S DOIN'?, By JOHNNY UHLMAN
'NEATH THE PALMS, By GENE GRIFFIN
RENO BEAT, By GEORGE HEANEY
MEXICO, by LEE and GARY PICKARD
CROSS-COUNTRY WITH JAN & ETTA
by ETTA CORTEZ
GOURMET, by DOMENIC
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1

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ON THE STRIP . . .

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

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

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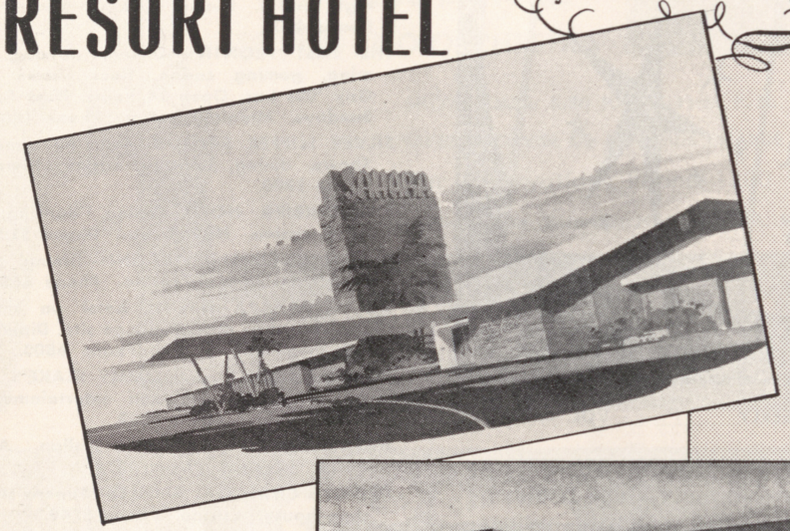

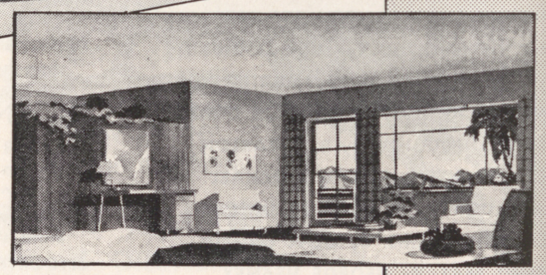

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LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

Jack Bortz' Howdy Podner

Fabulous LAS VEGAS

STEPHENSON

VOLUME 4 JUNE, 14, 1952 NUMBER 9

OBSERVATIONS

. . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

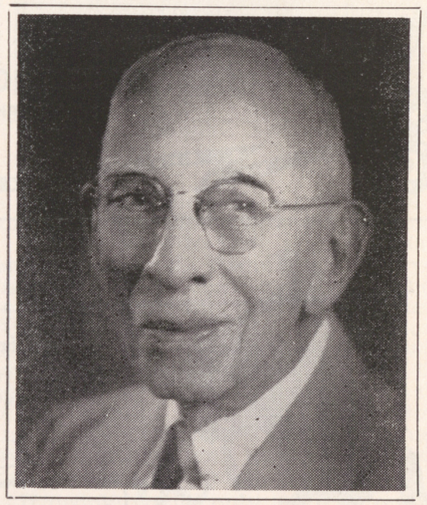
NOT many people are aware of the fact that June 14 is one of the most important anniversaries of Las Vegas. Three years from now we may properly commemorate the centennial of Las Vegas, because it was on June 14, 1855, that a permanent settlement of white people was established at Las Vegas.

Prior to that Las Vegas, because of its life-giving springs rising suddenly from the desert floor, had been known only as a stopping place where the infrequent travelers between Salt Lake and Southern California might stop for a few days, fill up with the sparkling pure waters and let their famished stock browse on the lush vegetation.

At that time, supreme as a leader of the Mormon people, was Brigham Young, striving to establish his people and his church as permanent institutions. Of all great leaders of history there was none whose devotion to his people and their cause was backed by greater faith and greater wisdom than was his.

Brigham Young had one supreme ambition—to establish his people and make them dominant in this savage country to which they had found their way under his leadership through so many hardships and discouragements.

On April 22, 1855, Brigham Young called together thirty men of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake and told them he desired to have them establish a mission of the church in a remote place called Las Vegas. Each man was required to outfit himself with all necessities for the desperate journey — teams, wagon, provisions, cattle for establishing new herds, implements for tilling the land and all the means of establishing at Las Vegas a Mormon Mission, a permanent settlement to be devoted



first to conversion of the savage Indians to Mormonism.

It was a tough and better pill those men had to take, but none of those hardy souls flinched from their service to their church and to their great leader. I think the names of those men should be prominent on the public records of Las Vegas:

James T. S. Allred, James A. Bean, Wm. Burston, George W. Bean, Wm. Bringhurst, Sidney Carter, Benjamin Cluff, Joseph C. Clowes, Wm. S. Covert, Edward Cuthburt, William Foster, Wm. Hamblin, Ariot L. Dale, Thomas R. Hulse, Richard James, Thos. H. James, Wm. P. Jones Jr., Albert Knapp, Wm. Maxwell, Joseph Milam, Ira S. Miles, Amada E. Miriam, Wm. C. Mitchell Jr., William Nixon, Stephen C. Perry, Thos.

(Continued on page 31)

SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

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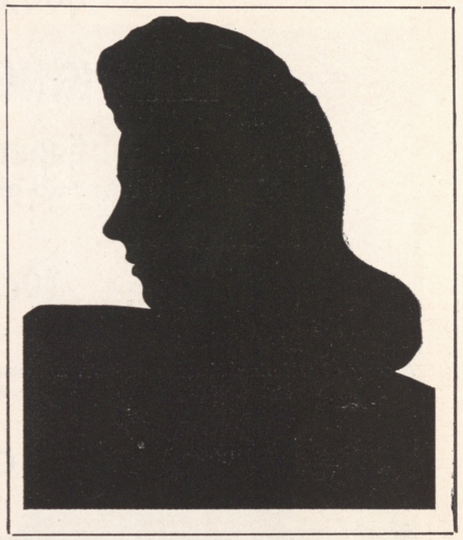
CHEF—WALTER WOLFINGER

RANDOM THOUGHTS

. . . By B. B. BARTON



HUMAN NATURE is certainly very strange, isn't it? We see something we want and do our best to obtain it. Once we possess that long cherished object, it doesn't receive the same sort of consideration and treatment it did at the beginning. The rule applies for an especially attractive cigarette case—a certain coat or any other material object . . .

Unfortunately, we humans seem to have a tendency to treat our mates in the same manner, after a certain period. You've probably been filled-to-the-ears by the skillion articles that have been written, advising women on the methods to keep their husbands interested—PERMANENTLY. We all know those pieces of advice by heart—or should. . .

How about the men? I know a few who have remained eternally gallant, adoring their respective spouses throughout their marriages. Some gals aren't as fortunate as others. A man definitely wants to give his wife the best things in life, once he announces his love and wedding bands have been exchanged. . .

In certain instances, a husband might try too hard to provide all the necessary comforts (in his estimation) and neglect the actual treatment his lady love desires. Did you know that a woman prefers an affectionate husband in preference to one who neglects her in order to keep the cash rolling in? An overambitious man usually has nothing on his mind but the question of making more money. When he reaches that stage, he is so absorbed with his goal, he doesn't even notice that his wife is watching him, waiting for some sign of adoration and wishing he were the sweetheart he was before marriage. . .

I know of one instance wherein a pair of true lovers married and learned the meaning of complete happiness. However, it wasn't long before the fellow became so engulfed in his desire to give his bride all that money could buy. It became such a fetish that his kisses lost their ardency and the sweet talk completely disappeared — paving the way for nothing but his overburning ambition. . .

Heck! Relax a little bit, fellow. The gal in your life prefers YOU to anything that will take you from her side. She wants to share your evenings with you; listening to the radio, going out for a drive, or even dancing in your own living room. . .

The aforementioned marriage is heading for disaster. The gal has reached a point where she will be susceptible to another man's kind words and actions.

It's so simple to keep your marriage on solid ground. Remember how you used to hold the chair to seat your better half before the vows were taken? And the way you would send her flowers, for no special reason? And the way you would sort of chuck her on the chin and say you loved her? And the way you used to let her see the love in your eyes? No need to wear a mask over that emotion, just because she bears your name now. . .

If people would only learn to remain sweethearts after their marriage, your divorce percentage would drop to a blessed low. Of course we all know how easy it is to give advice. Let's use a little bit of this logic ourselves, shall we? Someone just might be waiting for YOU to show your emotions haven't faded. . .

"Don't you want to kiss me? Don't I appeal to you?"

"It isn't that. I just don't want to throw my gum away, yet."

OHIO STATE SUNDIAL

"I feel like two cents."

"Well, everything is higher these days."

X-CHANGE

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OF
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A copy of Offering Circular and other material has been filed with the Regional Offices of the Securities and Exchange Commission, 630 Sansome Street, San Francisco, California.

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THESE SECURITIES ARE OFFERED AS A SPECULATION

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Because these securities are believed to be exempt from registration they have not been registered with the Securities and Exchange Commission, but such exemption, if available, does not indicate that the securities have been either approved or disapproved by the Commission or that the Commission has considered the accuracy or completeness of the statements in this communication.

The company holds clear title of three full lode mining claims (60 acres) situated 16 miles northeast of LAS VEGAS, NEVADA. One mile distant north of Union Pacific loading ramp; three miles distant from U. S. Highway 91, afforded direct access to the mine over a County roadway.

The main shaft has been sunk on the slope of the vein at 55 degrees in the ore shoot to the 200 ft. level. A sub-surface level at 30 feet exposes the ore shoot for a length of 50 feet. Cross-cuts expose widths of 4 feet to 15 feet of commercial ore on this level. The 100 foot level drifts 150 feet westerly and 100 feet easterly exposing 120 foot length in the ore shoot. On this station, widths in ore vary from 4 feet to 20 feet.

No person has been authorized to give any information or to make any representations other than those contained in the Offering Circular in connection with the offering contained herein, and information or representations not herein contained, and if given or made, must not be relied upon. The offering of these securities is made only by the Offering Circular. The Offering Circular is not an offer or solicitation in any state in which such offering or solicitation is not authorized by the laws thereof.

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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ

THIS week's cover is dedicated to the "forgotten man" — the guy who walks the floor, pays the bills, and performs all of the other duties that are expected and demanded of that "taken-for-granted" creature called Dad. Sunday, June 15, is Father's Day and this humble columnist has the following suggestions to make: Let's all make this the best Father's Day that dear old Dad has ever had and show him how much we really do appreciate him. As for Papa, our words to you are: "Relax and enjoy yourself!"—UNFORTUNATELY, it comes but once a year. And that's for sure.



We are very happy to hear that Jimmy Blake and Dick Sheridan are switching their recent show policy at the well known "Jungle Club" and are going back to the type of operation that they both know so well and which has made them so many friends. The new Tumult Room really proved a "tumult" and from now on the boys have decided to retain the old operation, adding a few new gimmicks that will make the Jungle Club the best after-hours spot in town. A policy including Jam Sessions on Tuesdays, dancing 'till dawn, music by Buster Hallet and his orchestra, added comfort, and the same old warmth provided by Jimmy and Dick. For a place to relax and enjoy yourself, the Jungle will be your best bet.

Comic Phil Foster, who has always been so proud of his bachelorhood, will give up that status and join the ranks of the ball and chain on June 26. The bride-to-be is Joan Featherston, lovely Conover model (Halo Shampoo) of New York City.

BEVERLY QUINN, cocktail waitress at the Silver Slipper, is just about the most traveling gal in these parts. Here is a young lady that heard the expression "See the world" and is making the most of it. She returned very recently from a two-week vacation in Hawaii and is now making extensive plans for a trip to Hong Kong, China. I wish that she would give us the formula.

CHICKI BERMAN'S chest was twice its normal size when we saw him at the DESERT GALLERIES this past week. Reason? He was escorting his pretty wife MARGE and their 9-year-old twins DONNA and DAVID, who just motored in from Minneapolis to spend some time with Dad. This visit is the best gift CHICKI could get for Father's Day.

To JOHNNY (What's Doin'?) UHLMAN, the very happiest of birthdays on June 13. May our relationship continue to be as pleasant as the thoughts I have for you on this, your day.

While waiting for the break at the Fremont Theatre the other night — we had coffee with JERRY MACK and his very lovely wife JOYCE. Jerry is the enterprising young fellow who is building so many of the new units in the Paradise Valley section. Here is truly a model couple and with their two little daughters make up a wonderful family. Mrs. Mack has a smile that lights up an area for a half mile and it was a pleasure to be in such fine company.

Orchestra leader GARWOOD VAN and beautiful JOAN MANNING, ex Silver Slipper dancer, exchanged vows at the Little Church of the West last Saturday. The couple are now honeymooning in Arizona, but will return to our town very shortly for Garwood's opening at the Last Frontier Hotel on August 22.

There were some long faces last Monday morning when PAUL SPERLING and LLOYD KATZ, operators of the Nevada Theatre Corp., were awakened by the police who notified them that during the night someone had entered the Palace Theatre and walked off with the vault. In talking about it, both Sperling and Katz agree that the loss of the safe is unimportant; however, the FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS that WAS in it is nothing to be sneezed

(Continued on Page 29)

Grand Opening!!

THURSDAY, JUNE 19th AT 5:00 P. M.

OF THE

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DOWNTOWN LAS VEGAS

El Cortez Hotel

600 FREMONT STREET — TELEPHONE 1500

EL CORTEZ SUPPER CLUB

JIMMY AMES ★ **NOBLE & KING**

Mad Man of Comedy — Royalty in Song

SHOWTIME . . . 9:00 P. M.

CONTINUOUS ENTERTAINMENT FOLLOWING DINNER SHOW

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510 SOUTH FIFTH STREET

FOOD TO TAKE OUT

WHAT'S DOIN'?

. . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN



AND THEN the wind began to blow! That sentence is beginning to become famous last words 'round about these parts of late. You'll hear an awful lot of people blaming the whole thing on the Atom Bombs, and they may be right for all I know about the delayed activities of nuclear fision and their tendencies toward affecting the natural trend and characteristics of the elements within a given area. I— uh,— ! Wotinell am I talkin' about? All I know is the wind has been blowin' more'n a Texas Liar's Convention for longer than I like to admit; on account of "I still likes Las Vegas the best" and I'll boost her as long as life and limb shall last. According to the latest reports there must be a few more people who have a lot of faith in the town, seein' as how there are a halfa dozen more hotels in the processing stage. Wonder what it would be like to have that kind of money? I've been here for almost ten years now and I haven't even saved up enough to buy a CACTUS plant!!!

The middle of next week will see the opening of the NEW El Cortez Hotel, and we do mean NEW! Just wait until you've seen all that has been done down there. You still won't be able to believe it! I saw a couple of the rooms, too, and they are doing a marvelous job of redecorating throughout, that will put them on a par with any hotel in town or on the strip. Unless I miss my guess, the new Supper Club is going to turn into one of the greatest little night spots to be found locally. The room itself is going to be beautiful and the manner in which it is going to be run meets with my approval 100%, as I am certain it will with you. There will be one complete dinner show at 9:00 p.m. Following this there will be continuous entertainment by the two acts and two bands for dancing until the wee hours. At midnight, hot buffet will be served to accommodate late crowds. Just having the Alice Hart Quartette back in town will be enough to take me there each night! That opening again is Thursday night, June 19 . . . All you need is a gunny sack and a little red wagon when you play the machines at BUCKLEY'S, located at 20 Fremont Street. That's how liberal the machines are there. Here's a bit of info I'll pass along to you; I was tipped off that the RACE HORSE MACHINES are your best play as far as percentage is concerned, so you can take it from there . . . only cut me in!!

If any of you fellows are looking for a partner when it comes duck hunting season, I can tell you where to look first and save yourself a lot of trouble. Go down to Buckley's and have a talk with ALAN KRAUSE. He tells me that he'd rather go duck hunting than eat; and this man has a big APPetite!! . . . The "off and on" jam session actually took place last Friday night out at the RED ROOSTER on Hiway 91 and the place was packed, too! According to last week's turnout, this week should see a really jam-up session even though it **is** Friday, the 13th!! The room is a perfect setup for such a whing ding— if properly handled it could become a great thing . . . Have you noticed the great influx of toy poodles around town of late! Most of this is due to one, "HAPPY OF HOLLYWOOD" who has "Poodles Consolidated." He has these toys in all colors and they're the cutest things you ever tucked into a coat pocket. I'm so used to the KID (my Dobie) that I'm afraid I'd keep losing such a small dog if I was to get one. However, for the average person, they make a wonderful house pet. You know, that's the first time I've mentioned the KID in a long time and a lot of people have been asking me about her. She's in fine shape and will be 19 months old come next Tuesday, the 17th. Seems like no time at all since I was carrying her around in-

(Continued on page 25)

Congratulations Dad!

SUNDAY

June 15th

IS YOUR DAY

Sincerely,

Phyllis and Arnold Christensen

Christensen's
MEN'S WEAR
316 FREMONT STREET
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

PHONE 1001

OPEN SATURDAY NIGHTS
UNTIL 8:30

THE WATCHBIRD

. . . by **LADY MICHAEL**
(Michael Neale)

NOW that the beetles and crickets left Vegas with JACK CARTER, we have been invaded by a new swarm of little creatures; however these are simply adorable. The aggregation arrived by dog-carrier (carried by HAPPY OF HOLLYWOOD) and by now you've guessed it — toy French poodles. BELDON KATLEMAN bought a brace of black ones, GLORIA DE HAVEN also bought one, MICKI SANS named hers "Gigolo," JOAN STEVENS calls hers "Domino" and our little fella' was blessed with the name "Apple"— don't laugh — it has a very special meaning. . .

The circus was FUN, and all those who missed it missed a wonderful evening of trained elephants, dancing bears, musical seals, aerialists and trapeze artists, unicycle riders, equestrians, peanuts, popcorn, cotton candy and the sweet symphony of delighted squeals of all the children in the audience. The moon was full, we saw a falling star, and for a few magic hours we were transported back to our childhood. . .

SHOW MAGIC: The superb voice of ALFRED DRAKE singing all the wonderful tunes from his Broadway musicals "Oklahoma" and "Kiss Me Kate" . . . The delightful whimsical quality of TED LEWIS. . . The explosive personality of MARIE "BUTCH" AUSTIN at the Jungle Club. . . The hysterically funny pantomime of DICK DRAKE, comedian and mandolin player at the Silver Slipper. . . The swan-like grace of MIGNON of the team of MANOR and MIGNON. . .

HAPPY PEOPLE DEPT:. Lovely BARBARA HOLMES married ARTHUR HARITOS at the Flamingo Chapel on June 10. The happy couple will honeymoon in Catalina. . . Happy birthday to you, happy birthday FRANKIE SOSKIN, happy birthday to you. . . and speaking of happy people, BOBBY KAYE is deliriously so over his new Cadillac. . .

SHOW FOLK HERE AND THERE: MITZI GREEN will be the next attraction into the D. I., now that she's finished "Bloodhounds of Broadway" for 20th. . . MAE WEST'S new play is aptly named "Sextette" and will open at the Princeton summer theatre late in June. . . ALAN GILBERT is one of the feature attractions in "Broadway on Revue" at the Macayo in Hollywood. DIANE GLOVER and UNA SHEPPARD are two reasons why the crowds are jamming the Latin Quarter in New



York. . . and speaking of Latin Quarter, LOU WALTERS will open a branch in Lake Tahoe this summer and is cherchezing for gals. . . HENNY YOUNGMAN guested on the BERLE show to visit his material. . .

DORA and JODY HUTCHISON are in town for a long weekend and are entertaining CHOO-CHOO SCHEFFER and DR. JOSEPH HUTCHISON (Jody's dad). After viewing the Grand Canyon, Boulder Dam and all the fabulous Strip hotels, Dr. Joe decided that the most impressive sight was Fremont Street after dark. . . HICKEY KAMM and the blonde department are O. K. again. . . All the patrons of the Last Frontier are delighted to see BETTY BROWN back on the job as cocktail girl. . . JACKIE COONS is tooting his trumpet with BUSTER HALLETT at the Jungle Club. . . JAKIE FREEDMAN, known from Maine to Spain as "The Little Man," is in town to check the progress of his new hotel — The Sands. . .

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY: ANN MILLER tossed a birthday brawl for BILL O'CONNER. . . and speaking of brawls — the TONI CARROLL-TOMMY ADAMS (these are girls?) fracas at CHARLIE FOY'S has business zooming. . . and all is not swell with VITTORIO and SHELL. . . JOE LEWISISM: "At my age all women look the came to me—good!" GRACE HAYES' favorite PETER LIND just recorded something called "Beware of the Bear with the Chartreuse Hair". . .

Toute de suite—short and sweet . . .

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'NEATH THE PALMS

. . . by GENE GRIFFIN

THE WHOLE TOWN IS GETTING PRETTIED UP for the SHRINE CONVENTION. Fezzes and turbans are being withdrawn from milady's millinery shops, for fear the conventionaires may regard the headwear as a burlesque. And in keeping with the Oriental motif of the Shrine, fellers who used to bring their girls corsages now bring plants imbedded in halvah.

There was truly gaiety at the Gayety, the night I visited the lively little club, north on Biscayne Boulevard. My wife and I had laughs galore, as a host of talent presented themselves before our ringside table. (You see, we rate . . . ha!). Tommy "Moe" Raft was at the top of the bill and the "Girl with the Green Hair" co-starred. Tommy, to me, was very funny because I like his type of material. He's a "what happens next" type of comic. Double-Talk comebacks and meaningless endings to stories, describe the general trend he follows. Every night, employees, working around him, break up, and this particular night the band couldn't play a note for at least three or four minutes. Tommy has no pattern and is a fast thinker, never caught without a line. He reminds me of Charlie Carlyle in the respect he works strictly spontaneously. Appearing in exotic style are OLGA, GEORGIA PEACHES, LAURIE, "GIRL WITH THE GREEN HAIR," and PARIS DE LAIR. The latter, and best of all, dance wise, turned out to be a man, much to my surprise. Believe me, I thought "he or she" was beautiful. It was a great impersonation. A Cuban lad named TRINIDAD serenades on his guitar between shows, dressed in native costume.

* * *

"I' been schick . . . Hic"

Medical science is confusing the layman with the reported discovery that alcohol can now be combined with barbiturates as a pre-surgery anaesthetic. It's getting tough to tell whether a guy is staggering because that was the purpose of the last Martini or because he's planning an early appendectomy.

HEAR SAY: THE VAGABONDS will get a five-figure fee to entertain the National Republican convention in Chi, next month . . . BEACHCOMBER reconsidering reopening, between June 17 and 25, with nite club policy and chorus line.

* * *

ADD SIMILES: As uncrowded as a Republican convention in Florida.



"THE LOVER" STARS IN A SHOW

Return of legitimate theater to Miami Beach commands the attention of show and other business, via the scheduled opening of FRANCHOT TONE in "THE PETRIFIED FOREST" at M.B.'s Cameo Theater on Monday nite. A theater starved populace of the Greater Miami area is expected to traffic heavily the causeways, according to a reported unprecedented advance ticket sale. Sharing honors with TONE in the ROBERT SHERWOOD classic, presented by SANDY SCOTT and NICK CONDOS, are movie star LAWRENCE TIERNEY and BETSY VON FURSTENBURG, under the supervision of the versatile Guy Thomajan. Slated for only one week, "The Petrified Forest" showing at the Cameo Theatre will be the first of a summer circuit tour of the piece. The production is the first of a series of big-time show ventures of Scott and Condos, bringing to the local area stars of Broadway and Hollywood in first line vehicles, at popular prices.

* * *

OPENINGS

Dancer JACKIE SAUL, who has been the star act at the last two Shrine Conventions, comes into the VAGABONDS CLUB Monday night . . . CARLYLE, dancer and choreographer, will be producing CLOVER CLUB'S "NIGHT IN HAVANA" review which opens Wednesday, June 11. . . .The GEORGE HINES, RONEY PLAZA ORK. opened

(Continued on Page 37)

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RENO BEAT . . . by GEORGE HEANEY

June 10, 1952

OUR CITY is beginning to look like it has come to life again with the Summer Season coming into its own. With vacations starting, the tourist travel has begun its annual trek East and West. Throngs of people are milling around on VIRGINIA and CENTER streets, in and out of the clubs. It really looks good.

LAKE TAHOE resorts are getting themselves in order after a very tough winter, lots of repair work due to the very heavy snows. Cal-Neva has opened and will OFFICIALLY get under way on June 13 with headliner JOE E. LEWIS who just recently entertained at the Riverside. Charles Resnick and Sanford Adler are on the job to see that their guests will be properly handled.

Talked with HERB CAEN, San Francisco Examiner columnist, got his okay to reprint article written on EDDIE SAHATI, owner of State-line Country Club, Lake Tahoe. EDDIE was recently convicted on a narcotics charge. Quote: "ALL ABOUT TOWN." By-Line, HERB CAEN.

CHARACTER STUDY: I've seen him around for years, a darkly handsome guy in the George Raft tradition. Olive skin. Strange, opaque eyes. Sleek black hair. Expensive clothes, and a taste for beautiful blondes. I've seen him presiding over his gambling tables at Lake Tahoe, "dealing" the dice for wealthy friends (and quietly slipping $10000 back to a loser he knew couldn't afford it). I've seen him mingling smoothly with the famed acts he bought for his casino—Lena Horne, Ted Lewis, Jerry Lester. And I've seen him, still soft-spoken and unmoved, after a three-day poker session with a rival gambler on Powell Street, in which he either won or lost $100,000—you could never tell by looking into those veiled eyes.

But I've never seen 41-year-old Eddie Sahati, high-roller, main-liner, federal prisoner, as I saw him Wednesday afternoon in his fifth floor room at Stanford hospital, awaiting surgery for cancer of the stomach.

The door said "No Visitors," but his weak voice said, "Come in." The room was filled with flowers and the raw smell of a hospital. But the bed was barely filled with Sahati, who has lost 100 pounds in the past few months.

"You don't mind if I go on eating," he smiled thinly, rolling his eyes toward the tube in his neck through which he was being fed intravenously. "They're building me up for the big shuffle tomorrow."

He talked about his troubles. "The pain, terrible pain in my stomach. Saw doctors all over the country—they said it was an ulcer. That's what the X-rays showed, they told me. But the pain went on. I took more and more stuff to keep going."

Then he shook his head. His eyes, big and blank, seemed to expand and contract every few seconds.

"They finally told me it was cancer down at that Texas hospital where the government sent me. But don't get me wrong. I've had a fast life—a gambler's life. I'll take what's coming to me."

On the eve of the operation, Sahati signed all the papers turning his Tahoe resort and casino over to his family. "Some things," he said, his thoughts on tomorrow, "you can't gamble on." Then a flash of his old bravado returned. "You got that story exclusive, kid," he said. "I'm not telling anybody else."

As I started to leave, EDDIE SAHATI stuck out his thin white hand and murmured:"Remember—I never hurt anybody." Only himself. End of quote.

Beautifully written about a nice guy. That's all now, see you next week.

Remember: "Come up and see us sometime. Regards.

—GEORGE.

Don't be afraid to use your brain. It's the little things that count.

KANSAS STATE COLLEGIAN

Teacher: "Junior, tell us why the Ambassador walks a step or two behind His Majesty?"

Junior: "Because the King has a hole in his pocket."

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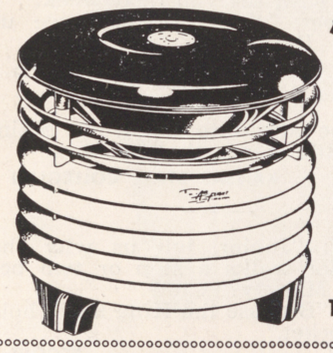

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CROSS-COUNTRY

WITH JAN AND ETTA . By ETTA CORTEZ

AFTER traveling for two glorious days on our cross-country trip, we placed a call to our ever-loving husbands and received a reaction, consisting of relief and chagrin. The relief was for our still being intact and the chagrin was because we had called at such a late hour. (Since when does a human consider 9:00 p.m. as late?)

Men should be born with as much faith in women drivers as we gals have in our male chauffeurs. Wellllll! No harm in dreaming, is there?

You may be wondering what the purpose of this is. Ye Editor's better half and JANET PEARL (wife of Dave, the personable bingo manager) left on Thursday morning (June 5) to drive from Las Vegas, Nevada, to New York City. Of course it took a great deal of arm-twisting to have the male members agree. Acquiescence was finally attained after the third casts were set. Husbands are such wonderful people; they are always ready and willing to keep their wives happy and contented. We NEVER have to do any convincing or conniving. We're modern and frank. Years ago, women dropped their naive eyes and blushed daintily. Today, a gal picks up a slightly used typewriter and there is mutual agreement. Isn't life wonderful?

Well, Mr. Cortez asked us to send in a report on our trip. Thus far, it's rather dull. But, when you have such a wonderful husband, how can you refuse? Please bear with us (dear readers. This tossed-together verbiage is strictly for the waste basket.

Our car headed for the open highway at 7:00 ayem, after we breakfasted at a restaurant with our respective mates. Five miles out of town, we noticed some speed demon come tearing down the road. You coudn't mistake the car. It was the cream-colored convertible in which the boys we had bade farewell were riding. Guess the lonesome twosome decided to escort us part way. We tried to convince them to dine with us in Albuquerque but they insisted upon returning to L. V. (Something about having to work and "someone has to make the loot in this family.")

We managed to get under way, with parting instructions: Don't drive over 40 miles—have your oil checked—come back soon—call us every single evening —don't talk to strangers—don't stop for hitch-hikers. That last one was rather ludicrous. Did you ever see two women traveling in a car? If you can find space enough for a third person, it would probably equal the measurements of an invisible toothpick.

At the end of our first day, we chalked up 603 miles. Our faces were rather smug. We managed to have that dinner in Albuquerque, after all. Nope! Correction: We ended the day there but we ate at a cafe on the Arizona-New Mexico border. If you're traveling in that direction, wait until you reach a large town. The food we were served could be bounced on the sidewalk, then richochet to L. V. and boomerang back to leave us with a couple of black eyes. Being a couple of died-in-the-wool New Yorkers, we graciously (with set teeth) returned the withered meat to the waitress and killed our hunger pangs with peppermints, gum and cigarettes. We also had to fill our tank at the same stop and the foul-smelling gasoline helped to dissipate our desire for food. There are many ways to stop thinking of your hunger. Best method is to travel and try the various dining spots.

Our first call to our husbands was placed at Lupton, Arizona. Now, the truth comes out. We told a little white lie, saying we had a motel for the night. Truthfully, the town was completely filled up—NO VACANCY. On we went to Albuquerque, New Mexico. After taking a quick look at Ye Editor's frau, Janet insisted upon completing that 80 mile stretch. Wonder why she thought her traveling companion was tired? Just because a gal sits Chinese fashion and her eyes are crossed right into the root of her nose is no cause for concern, is it? Lots of people drive in that condition. At least—that's what we've discovered so far.

Arizona sure has some mighty pretty country. The desert sands are so colorful but the mountains remind us of Nevada. They all look quite similar, don't they? Did you know there was a town named Santa Claus, Arizona? Cute as a bug's ear. Wish those people would do something about their snakes. Even though we were in a two-ton machine, we still shivered with crawling flesh when those squirmy things darted out onto the road. Ugh!

Never realized there were so many Indians in the U. S. Had quite a bit of fun, looking at and examining their had-made souvenirs. Oh, if we only had more room in the car. Maybe we could rent a trailer.

Well, we finally took the plunge and entered the state of Texas. Man! When the Texans brag about their country,

(Continued on Page 38)

SHOW REVIEWS by Jack Sobre

Flamingo

June 12 through June 25
(Not a review)

This new show in the Flamingo Room marks the first engagement in Las Vegas for the very talented JOHNNY JOHNSTON, whose mellow singing voice has become synonymous with good listening. Mr. Johnston was last starred as the singing sensation of the Broadway musical show, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," the hit tunes of which he has made into an album for the Columbia label. Mr. Johnston also has many hit recordings on the Capitol label. . . This is NOT the first engagement in Las Vegas for the one and only, JOE FRISCO, and we certainly do hope that he will return to us again, and again, and again! Practically every dancer in the business imitates the dance he originated and any who have seen it will never forget his portrayal of the rabid race horse fan in the betting room. . . The ROLLING ROBINSONS are a skating act that will thrill

(Continued on page 35)

LAST FRONTIER

June 13 to June 27
(Not a review)

FREDDY MARTIN, his "Singing Saxophone" and his Ork is the star of the new presentation in the RAMONA ROOM. The maestro was at this spot last year and has been brought back at this time by overwhelming demand. For his program, Mr. Martin promises to offer the patrons an excitingly different, glamorous musical variety show. Featured with the Ork and in the spotlight is STUART WADE, wonderful singer of your favorite tunes. . . The exceptional piano playing of MURRAY ARNOLD and the MARTIN MEN GLEE CLUB. . . We believe we're very safe in saying that the Ramona Room will be a mighty busy place these next two weeks. . . The lovely DEVLYN GIRLS will introduce two new rou-

(Continued on Page 35)

El Rancho Vegas

June 11 through June 2

Co-starring in the Opera House Theater Restaurant during the current sho are JAN MURRAY, comedy star f radio and television, and that fun-lo ing French female, DENISE DARCE. This show marks the first night clo appearance for Jan Murray in almo three years and he wasn't kidding whe he said that he was having the tim of his life. In this he wasn't alone, s he had the first-nighter audiences e joying themselves to the utmost durin his entire stay on stage. You'll espe ially like his bit on "Laugh, Clow Laugh"; at least he starts off with tha but, being an expert with the exten poraneous, the listener never know what to expect next . . . Miss Darce got off to a fairly slow start in he opening show but by the time she con cluded her performance she had wo over the entire audience with her won derful personality and winning way Outstanding was her "You Kiss M and I'll Kiss You," which she doe with a strolling mike. In this she ad libs with the ringsiders and winds th whole thing up with a very friendly atmosphere . . . The EL RANCHO DANCERS bring two new numbers into this show; "Mexican Hat Dance" and

(Continued on Page 35)

Wilbur Clark's DESERT IN

May 27 through June 23

Proving nightly that he is still, and always will be, one of the greatest showmen in the business is "The High Hatted Tragedian of Song," TED LEWIS, who is packing the Painted Desert Room with every show since the opening of his current revue three weeks ago. Mr. Lewis has banded together a group of entertainers in this show that makes it one of the best he has offered local viewers to date. He, himself, ties

(Continued on Page 35)

Thunderbird

May 29 through June 18

ALFRED DRAKE is the star of the present miniature musical which is being presented in the Navajo Room, and his warm personality and rich voice are well received by all who have seen and heard him since his opening here for the first time on any nightclub stage. One thing we appreciated was the fact that Mr. Drake has held his repertoire within the realm of musical comedy and does the songs we all want to hear him do, instead of "something different." In this field he is among the topmost performers. We also like the way he will set the scene before he sings each number. . . . There is only one MICKEY SHAUGHNESSY. We've seen the "four handed poker" bit many, many times, but it takes a "mugger" like Mickey to really do the scene justice. His great sense of timing is also best shown in his movie bit about Gene Autry and the "bubble gum section." You'll like Mickey! . . . LAS GATOS are a trio of young men who do a fast moving act of hand-balancing and tumbling that holds your attention from beginning to end. They jitterbug from the time they come on until they finish, even while performing their bits. You'll figure them to land in someone's lap when they descend from their

(Continued on Page 35)

SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

Show presented June 6

Starring in this revue is DICK DRAKE, handsome young comedian. His two-weeks contract was extended to four because of his popularity with the patrons. Drake has a smooth, quiet way of weaving yarns which draws hilarious reaction from the patrons, whether "7 or 70." . . . On the same bill is talented LEO DIAMOND, harmonica virtuoso. Leo certainly has the necessary qualities to keep the audience constantly interested. It is very amusing to watch the lad play those varied sort of "outlaw" instruments to perfection. You can't go wrong when you keep a date to see Leo, champion harmonica player. . . LOIS RAY, lovely tap stylist, makes a beautiful picture in the spotlight. She has an individual style of presentation and guaranteed to hold your undivided attention. We especially enjoy her "story telling tap routines." . . . Rounding out the bill is FLO ASH. The charming lady has a comely figure, a unique act, exceptional costumes, and specializes in the type of performance that art lovers admire. Need we say more?. . . JAMES CAVANAUGH is tops as MC and certainly knows how to make the customer feel "right at home." . . . For the show, it's CHUCK GOULD and his ORK, and GEO. REDMAN at the piano during intermissions.

El Cortez

Opening June 19 (Not a review)

When the beautiful new EL CORTEZ SUPPER CLUB opens its doors Thursday, June 19, first-nighters will be treated to hilarious comedy by that Las Vegas favorite, JIMMY AMES, who has been acclaimed on the continent as well as in the United States for his comedy antics, which feature "ridiculous situations" portrayals. Jimmy is now under contract to MGM and is much sought after for television appearances, having completed three successive guest shots on the Danny Thomas Show. . . Appearing also on this initial bill of fare is the outstanding music and stellar song stylings of NOBLE and KING. Because of their sound musical background they are capable of interpreting all types of numbers — ballads, rhythm tunes and novelty numbers, as they play and sing the best of the classics, pop tunes and operettas of the modern era. . . The INSTRUMENTALISTS return to Las Vegas after an absence of two years, at which time they worked during the opening of the Desert Inn. Although there are just three members in the group, they play at least twelve different instruments. . . . ALICE HALL, blonde bombshell of the accordion, also returns to Las Vegas after a long absence, with the ALICE HALL QUARTET, featuring drums, bass and two accordions. Miss Hall will be remembered for her sensational engagements at the Club Bingo. . . Following the 9:00 p. m. show there will be continuous entertainment and dancing until the wee hours. . .

—JOHNNY



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MEXICO

. . . By LEE AND GARY PICKARD

DEAR JACK:
This is supposed to be a co-operative column, you say, but since "mi esposo" (husband, that is) is engrossed with the bull fights on television, this is my chance to take the bull (no relation to the above bull) by the horns, and do a little composing on my own.

With your permission, Jack, I'd like to use this means to say thanks to all the wonderful people who made my recent two-week visit in **Las Vegas** so much fun. First of all, thanks to LES and ELSIE GOLDRING for the most exciting cocktail party we've attended in many a moon. LUCILE GOLDRING, our co-pilot from Mexico City to Vegas, was guest of honor. A more interesting group of people never congregated under one roof. There were the TUTOR SCHERERS, BETTY and HAROLD HINDS, attorney BILL ROBERTS, TOM OAKEY, INEZ HEFNER, just to mention a few. Nevada's biggest trial was represented by both sides and though a few tempers flared, everything was smoothed over by a round or two of LES' really fine martinis.

Thanks also to PEGGY WILSON and DOTTIE STEVENS for the tour of the Strip, and to the DESERT INN where we somehow managed a ringside table and a word from the management that "the drinks were on the house." How sweet it was. RUBY, you're a doll!!

T'was just like ol' home week greeting friends, BERT and EDIE SLIGHT, ANGE and JOE CANINO, ELI LUBIN, MIKE NICHOLES, JIMMY SCHUYLER and all the wonderful cocktail girls at the THUNDERBIRD. Biggest treat was hearing BOBBY PAGE and his MUSICAL PAGES out-mamboing PEREZ PRADO with PEREZ' own material in the wee small hours at the FLAmingo. Biggest laff, TIPPY and COBINA at the EL RANCHO.

But as the saying goes, all good things must come to an end and so as the sun sank slowly in the West, we packed the car with personal belongings which had been gathering dust at ATLAS STORAGE and took off for the LAND OF MANANA once more, loaded down like the Juke family going over Route 66 in grape season.

After two hectic weeks in LAS VEGAS there's nothing like a weekend in ACAPULCO for those tired jangled nerves. ACAPULCO, North America's answer to the Riviera. Cocktails at the HOTEL RIVIERA where we spied JEAN SOBLON and KEVIN O'SHEA enjoying a chat sans female company. Such a waste. GLORIA SWANSON lighting up an opposite corner surrounded by a host of new friends who all seemed fascinated by her every little movement. On to TEDDY STAUFFER'S (Hedy's ex) famous LA PERLA where the divers take your breath away twice a night diving from dizzy heights into the swirling sea one hundred feet below. GINGER ROGERS looking radiant with a golden tan after a day learning to water ski. Things seem almost too quiet without CHOO CHOO JOHNSON who is living it up, as only she can, in Japan. Friends from Taxco, resort town extraordinaire, relate funny story about GLORIA and LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI. Seems they arrived in TAXCO and announced they wanted no publicity or notoriety be. cause they were there for a rest. But every morning proceeded to run through the main streets of the town on their way to PACO'S BAR where they huddled together and cast suspicious glances at everyone as if they were a couple of Hemingway characters planning to blow up the bridge. On their way back to the Hotel again they'd break into a canter to the amazement, or should I say amusement, of all the natives. Such antics bring to mind the strange costume of PAULETTE GODDARD, which is still burlesqued at every opportunity. Seems our favorite glamour girl appeared in public, in this rather conservative village, wearing the briefest shorts, a tight sweater, gobs of jewelry and opera length gloves. "No pictures, please."

Down to the COPACABANA for a night cap. This comes close to being the world's most unique night club, and gets our vote for top romantic spot in ACAPULCO. One whole side opens onto the beach where couples dance barefooted under the palms, ankle deep in the warm surf. **This is it!!!!**

Back to MEXICO CITY and glad to be home after so much travel. Plane transportation being what it is nowadays, the world is getting smaller and smaller and with all the familiar faces we see here from Las Vegas, we feel right at home even if we are more than twenty-one hundred miles away. Saw Mr. and Mrs. STANLEY HARRIS of L. V. Saturday nite at a cocktail party given by LUCILE and IRA GOLDRING. The Harrises are apartment hunting and plan to make MEXICO CITY their permanent address.

A. C. BLUMENTHAL, "Blumie" to his many friends south of the Rio Grande, was guest of honor at a "grand

(Continued on Page 38)



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WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from page 11)

side my coat. Now I can hardly **lift** her!! I'd best get onto another subject or I'll **never** get this column completed!! . . . Your old friend, and mine, PAT MURPHY, is now playing nightly at Matt Howard's HACIENDA CLUB in North Las Vegas. Matt made a smart move when he put Pat in the room. Pat plays a lot of organ and he's doubling on piano which makes for good listening and good entertainment the way **he** does it. It has been close to six years since Pat worked Las Vegas. He did a wonderful job for Wilbur Clark when he owned the El Rancho Vegas and "Pappy" Jack Walsh was the manager of the place. I **know** you old timers will remember Pat after I tell you that much about him . . . JACK SNYDER has been after me ever since he came to town to come down to his place of business and let him make a pair of slacks for me, so the other day I found the time to do it. With such a big guarantee as he gives you, what could I lose. He says "if you don't like 'em, I'll give you double your money back" and he means just that!! He's been in business for quite a few years so I suppose he has a lot of satisfied customers! Anyway, if you have trouble getting slacks to fit, why don't you go down to SNYDER'S SLACKS at 421 South Fifth Street, and make Jack prove that he can give you a good fit. I did! . . . Pleasing the patrons nightly at the ESQUIRE is the little lady of the keyboard, MARIANTHE, who for over a year was seen in that capacity at the Golden Nugget Saloon, and lastly, as the piano artist with Joe Venuti's quartet. Marianthe plays entertaining piano which, along with her wonderful personality, enables her to do a good job no matter where she is working . . . You have but two days, or I should say NIGHTS, to get down to North Las Vegas to the EMBASSY CLUB to see the most beautiful TEMPEST STORM doff her duds to the tempos of torrid tunes. She will close Sunday night, June 15. Opening Monday night will be Miss PATTY BROWNELL, who, I'm told, will really be something to see. I can only say this; if she's anything likes her pictures—Bo-o-WANG-G-G!! Still on hand as your singing m.c. is the favorite DOC STARR, while the music is in the hands of CHUCK GLASSPOOL . . . It was Sunday afternoon, June 8, at 4 p. m. when the wedding bell of the Little Church of the West rang out the announcement of the wedding of CLEO AYRAUD to "CURLEY" SUTHERS

Continued on Page 34

TO THE MANAGEMENT OF THE

HOTEL LAST FRONTIER

AND ALL THE

"GUYS AND DOLLS"

"Aloha Nui"!

Signed

Ace and Smitty

SURPRISE HIM ON

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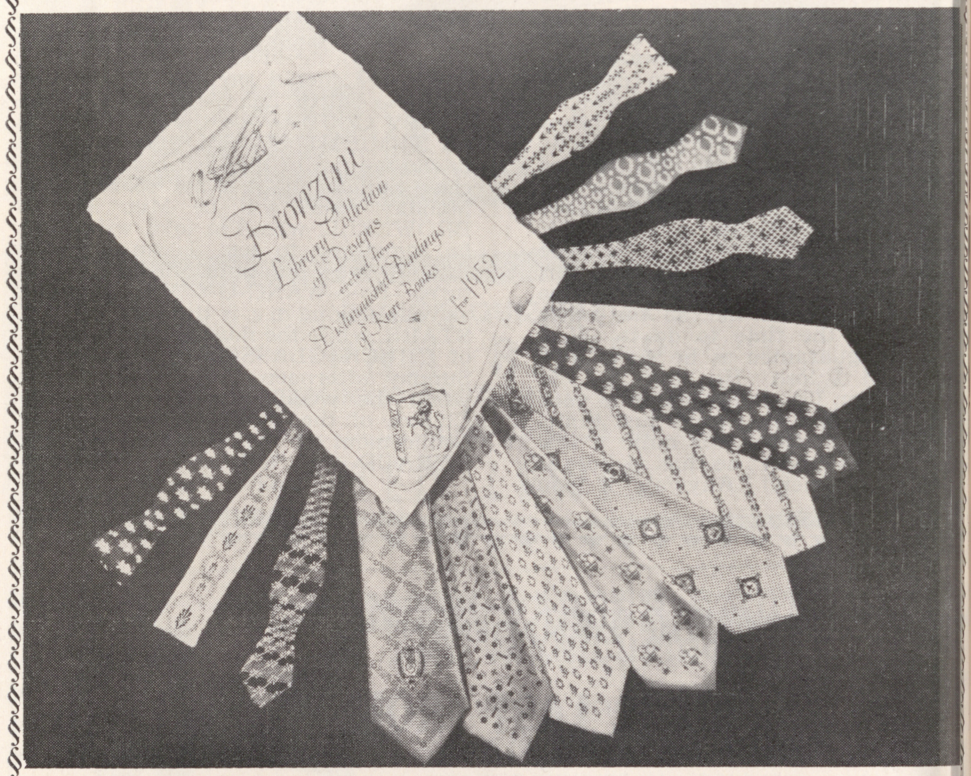

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. . . by DOMENIC

HOWDY PODNER . . .

HOWDY to all my friends whom I miss seeing as often as I did when I was a partner of Ralph at the Villa Venice. HOWDY, JACK CORTEZ, and thanks very much for this opportunity to let me scribble and maybe be of some help to the ladies in the matter of short cuts in the kitchen and giving them a recipe each week, which they can try on their unsuspecting husbands. If it proves a success they can beam with pleasure and take the bows, and if the good man disapproves, they can blame it on—Domenic.

HOWDY to Pop Squires, B. B. Barton, Lady Michael, Johnny Uhlman, Gene Griffin, George Heaney, and Dennis Stephenson—I hope you love me.

There has always been a need for the lady of the house to have something new to interest the palate of her man and family. In my years of experience, associated with food, there has never passed a day that a lady did not ask me for the recipe of a particular dish she was enjoying, especially if it was something new and foreign to her experience.

We know that each lady cooks food with which she grew up and uses recipes of her mother, who could have been Irish, Polish, Greek, etc. This is the reason why Specialty Dinner Houses are usually successful. They provide the need for an unusual menu, which could not be produced successfully at home. The lady is not accustomed to its preparations, due to the lack of experience and environment that is associated with, let's say—SCALLOPPINI . . .

What I am attempting to accomplish is to provide recipes that will represent traditional Italian and French cookery, in a simple, practical manner and it will be designed specifically so that you, the American housewife—beginner or accomplished cook—can follow with a minimum of effort.

You will find me completely eschewing the fancied-up type of cooking that so frequently passes for traditional French and Italian cooking—dishes which are too complicated for everyday use. The Gourmet will tell you how to make the genuine traditional dishes for which these Latin countries are so famous.

For my first recipe, I have chosen a specialty dish which I sincerely hope you'll enjoy—in preparing and, of coure—eating. The name—"Blouguette de Veau" in English simply stewed veal with white sauce. The ingredients are as follows:

Serving four to six persons.

2 pounds breast of veal cut in serving pieces.

2 cups thin white sauce.
1 onion, sliced.
1 teaspoon salt.
½ teaspoon pepper.
12 small potatoes, peeled.
1 egg yolk, beaten.
½ lemon, juice only.
1 cup cooked mushrooms.

Wipe the meat with a clean, damp cloth and cut in serving sized pieces. Place in a three-quart stewing pan with the white sauce, onion, seasonings, potatoes and mushrooms. Cover. Let cook slowly one hour. Put yolk in a warmed deep serving dish. Slowly add the sauce from the stew pan, stirring constantly, add the lemon juice, potatoes, mushrooms and meat. Garnish with thin slices of lemon and parsley (optional). Place in oven for five minutes and serve hot.

Happy appetite, folks . . . see you next week.

HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLAR HEADACHE

So you think you've got troubles! A front tooth almost cost Paramount a hundred-thousand-dollar headache during the filming of "The Atomic City." The tooth made a small appearance in the mouth of 8-year-old LEE AAKER, juvenile lead in this picture which has been dubbed the top suspense thriller of the year. Lee still had another week of movie-work, and if the tooth had come through far enough to be seen by movie-goers, it would have been impossible to match the lad's closeups with those already photographed. Entire action of "The Atomic City," it seems, takes place within four days; and there would be no accounting for Lee being toothless in some scenes and "with tooth" in others. Fortunately, Mother Nature cooperated with the movie-makers, and the tooth failed to grow to full size until a few days following completion of the movie.



To All Our Friends
in Las Vegas,—

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THREE of us—!

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

at. Both boys are now taking in laundry.

Pretty songstress Louise Burnett who recently ended a long engagement at the El Rancho is now heating up the air waves with a new disc jockey show of her own. Louise decided to make Las Vegas her home and with her 2-year-old son STEVE has become a permanent resident here. KRAM is the lucky station that has her, "Stop the Record" is the name of the show and 6:15 p. m. daily is the time to hear something new on your radio.

On Thursday, June 19, the newly decorated and remodeled EL CORTEZ HOTEL will open its doors to a wide-eyed public. BILL MOORE has done an outstanding job in bringing to downtown Las Vegas a top Class A hotel. It is our guess that the new El Cortez Hotel won't take a back seat to any other hotel in this area and will add greatly to the fine reputation already established by our hotel people.

Oregon's loss was our gain when DOCTOR LOCKITCH, celebrated surgeon from that area, decided to bring his family here and set up practice. The Doc likes our climate and living conditions (who wouldn't?) and promises to be a great addition to the ranks of Las Vegas. Good luck. We are most happy to welcome you.

Saddles are for horses and plush, comfortable seats are for people who like to spend a little time tilting a glass at a bar—so BELDON KATLEMAN, young owner of the El Rancho Hotel, threw out all of the saddle seats that were at the bar and replaced them with ultra-comfy ones. They sure do add to your drinking hours.

Happy birthday to Betty McGuire who beats a mean bass fiddle with the Belletones who are now appearing at the Golden Nugget Saloon. Betty says she has just turned 21, but we have it on good authority that she is fibbing and is really 22. Incidentally, this is a fine group and a positive must-see.

Some deal. Stan McDonald, pit boss at the El Rancho, received a beautiful sound and projector set-up from Harry Cohn of Columbia Pictures, along with some very fine old movies. He has set up a miniature theatre in his home and is now waiting for LEE HAYES (local head of the Projectionists Union) to pay him a visit. Local theatre operator Paul Sperling has already made a deal for the popcorn concession.

We saw George Rosencrantz the other night looking like a lost sheep in a vast meadow. Harry (owner of the Hollywood Furniture Co.) sent his wife to Portland to close their home and make all the arrangements for their permanent residence in Las Vegas. Here is a guy who is completely lost without his family. We hope that Mrs. R. hurries back with the children so that George will stop bumping into things.

Wonderful to see HARRY FARNOW and JOE SCHRAM doing so well at their Duffy's Tavern. Don't see how they can miss with the excellent food, service and atmosphere that they have to offer.

Lovely DOROTHY HERSHEY, a gal as sweet as the name she bears and wife of the popular dealer at the Flamingo Hotel, was made a very happy young lady when her spouse presented her with a complete new wardrobe for their eighteenth month anniversary. Lucky gal, lucky guy. We hope that Hershey can get away from his work long enough to be able to take DOT out on the town and give her a chance to sport some of her new creations.

A model birthday party was held for JEFF KATZ (3 years old) last Saturday when all the kids on the block were invited to the Huntridge Theatre for a big time. They had a special showing of a block of cartoons and all went home with full bellies, fond memories and dog tired. The parents, LLOYD and EDYTHE KATZ, spent the next three days recuperating.

A birthday party was also held for DAVE MATHEWS last Friday and although it wasn't in the same vein that the above mentioned party was held, it was also a big success. Dave is a very fine musician now at the Silver Slipper. Harry James and his whole band turned out for the occasion and a good time was had by all.

It seems as though everyone we meet these days is buying a new car. CANDY (Rosie) KING just bought a new Olds from Cashman; PAUL SPERLING a new Ford station wagon from Art Rosen; HYMIE FRIEDNASH a new Olds, and Jack Cortez a 1923 Essex—oh, well.

We're glad to hear that HARRY CLAIBORNE, prominent local attorney, is feeling better after his recent illness. Harry was bitten by a snake a few weeks back and it's taken a little time to shake it out of his system. It would be a good idea for people who happen to be out on the desert to take note and watch out for such things. . .

Great to see BILL MEEKER back on the job with UNION CAB CO. (day shift). An ex-police officer. Bill was away for three months visiting family in the East. . .

Congratulations to BILLIE and PHIL GELLER, who celebrated their first wedding anniversary Wednesday, June 11. It's difficult to believe that 365 days have passed since this couple took the vows. Billie is the loveable camera girl at the Flamingo Hotel.

(Continued on page 31)

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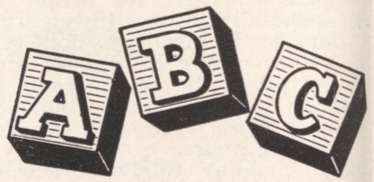

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POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from page 5)

E. Ricks, Wm. C. L. Smoot, George C. Snyder, John Steele and Wm. Vance.

Only one man of the group failed to comply with directions and fit himself out properly. Of him, we are told by the records of the church:

"Brother James, being illy fitted out, the brethren gave him twelve dollars in cash and some flour." Some little changes were made in the list a little later. We are told that James Dickerson was set apart May 9 to accompany the mission and William Burston was set apart by George A. Smith.

The company set out from Great Salt Lake Thursday, May 10, 1855. After getting properly organized they traveled in three sections, each under its own leader. They traveled in 40 wagons and ox teams, 15 cows and several riding animals.

You who have sped through this country in the comfort of automobile travel may have difficulty understanding and appreciating the troubles and hardships of this group. Remember that in 1855 there were no paved highways and no roads except trails here and there through the brush where some previous traveler made his way. There were countless trials, hardships and dangers, but, day after day, they kept moving along, each day a little way.

On June 11, 1855, the company reached the "Muddy" river. They rested there two days, June 11 and 12, and then, Wednesday, June 13, their president, William Bringhorst, and about half the company started to cross the desert, 52 miles, on which there was no water. They took all the water they could in their kegs and barrels for watering their stock on the way.

This party traveled all that day of June 13, all that night, and still struggled on through the blistering heat, their water all used up, until 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, June 14, 1855.

Their teams and some of their wagons, as well as the stock they were bringing, were pretty well used up, according to the official account. Nevertheless, early the next morning they sent the best team and wagon loaded with water back on the trail to rescue the remainder of the company. They met them about twenty miles out and distributed the water which, we are told, "revived the spirits of both men and teams."

About sundown the party already at Las Vegas sent back 11 yoke of oxen with more water and to help them into Las Vegas, the church record tells us, as some of the teams were about tired out. At midnight that night all of the teams had reached Las Vegas, except Brother William Vance's, they having camped a few miles back for the night. By Saturday, June 16, all the party were on the ground in safety.

The band of Mormon missionaries carried on faithfully and vigorously. They laid out the lands for distribution to the members of the party. They laid out the foundation of a fort which was afterward completed and the remains of which at the old ranch are still well worth a visit, under the care of Daughters of Utah Pioneers.

That journey from Salt Lake to Las Vegas I think was one of the outstanding journeys ever made in the west—filled with heroic and unselfish action. We in modern Las Vegas, some of us who have been here only 45 or 50 years and still have the audacity to consider ourselves as "pioneers," should study a little the story of those who founded the Mormon Mission in Las Vegas and carried on the next several years, raising what little they had to eat from the obstinate soil, until Brigham Young gave the mission up as a bad job and called the missionaries home to Great Salt Lake.

So today, June 14, 1952, I give you of modern Las Vegas a toast in which I ask that you join me:

"Here's to Las Vegas, gayest city of the West, on her ninety-seventh birthday, June 14, 1952."

THAT'S FOR SURE:

Continued from page 29)

WAYNE MARSHALL, director of the Arthur Murray Dance Studios, needs more room. They now have five suites in the Simon Building and are hoping one or two of the tenants on the same floor will move out. Latest course they are offering to their pupils: Florence Stevens School of Charm, supervised by MISS BRECKENRIDGE. Mr. Marshall is now making plans to open Arthur Murray Studios in Phoenix, Houston and Salt Lake City.

DOROTHY and SAMMY COHEN were having the time of their lives last Monday eve. (June 9). They celebrated their first wedding anniversary that night. Good luck, folks. Sammy is operator of the Race Horse Book, just outside the city limits of North Las Vegas.

RETRACTION!—In last week's issue, we wrote that JAKE KOZLOFF, general manager of the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, was leaving for Europe sometime this month—well—our buddy informs us that he is NOT going—but would have liked to take the trip very much. Too much work to be done at the hotel at this time that requires a lot of his attention. We're happy Mr. K. is not going—AND that's for sure.



THANKS TO THE

HOTEL LAST FRONTIER

(Especially Eddie Fox)

and the entire

SILVER SLIPPER PERSONNEL

for

Holding Me Over for this Happy Engagement

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A SALUTE . . . TO MILTON PRELL

a Broadcast on Radio KLAS

FOR A YEAR an empty building, originally designed for a night club but only half completed, stood desolate on Highway 91 just at the south edge of Las Vegas. The tall pylons, standing stark naked in front of the empty shell, were like sentinels guarding a ghost town.

People driving by wondered what ever would happen to the building. Would it continue to go to ruin until the desert wind and sand took it over completely? They looked at the sign in front: "For Sale: See M. D. Close" and most people shook their heads and said philosophically, "He'll never sell that!"

But that is where the people were in error. For they had reckoned not with the aggressive spirit of the man who was to come into Las Vegas five years ago from his Montana home, to enjoy a vacation himself at the gaming tables, then decide that here was where he would center his own business activities in the future.

The site of the forlorn building was that of Club Bingo, and the progressive man from Montana was Milton Prell.

When Milton Prell saw the possibilities of an ornate gaming club, with restaurant and nightclub entertainment, he wasted no time in buying the property. Then he wasted no time in rebuilding the structure into what soon became the largest club in Nevada. The ghostly pylons at the entrance became the symbol of glorified bingo games. A huge bingo card, with its twinkling numbers, flashed into the sky and lighted that previously abandoned stretch of Highway 91.

The restaurant was handsome in its highly polished wood. Soon the original bar that stretched along one side of the dining room was moved into a new nightclub theater annex, and new booths were installed in the dining room.

The entertainment features of the Bonanza Room, under personal direction of such nightclub stars as Eppy Pearson and Stan Irwin, brought entertainment in the early hours of the morning to those whose own work of entertaining at the big hotels kept them busy until 1 or 2 a. m. Club Bingo became the center of entertainment and dining for Las Vegas' show business.

Milton Prell constantly improved the facilities. One month there was new equipment in the restaurant or in the bingo parlors, the next month fine new, heavy carpeting was laid throughout the building. Business at times would be quiet, as the city's economy fluctuated, but Milton Prell and his staff never ceased giving better service to the city, its residents and its visitors.

Last Sunday evening this all had come to an end. With Saturday night's shows and dining room service, with the final bingo and casino games, the curtain had been rung down on Club Bingo. Its bingo tables were deserted. Chairs and tables in the dining room were stacked.

But in the Bonanza Room Milton Prell and associates were entertaining their friends in a last, farewell gesture for Club Bingo. Mike Werner and his famous little band were playing, and diminutive little Yvonne Moray, three feet tall, who had jokingly boasted that "it took me four engagements to do it, but I finally closed Club Bingo," was singing. It was Club Bingo's farewell to Las Vegas.

Wednesday the furnishings were sold, and workmen were already tearing out the front and making way for the facade of the new building that earlier had encompassed and dwarfed the old Club Bingo.

For on this site is rising another one of Las Vegas' famous strip hotels, a new enterprise which will offer Milton Prell new avenues for his genius. The Hotel Sahara, as exotic as its name, will open in August as the sixth of the big hotels now world famous as tourist attractions.

To Milton Prell, then, on the nostalgic closing of Club Bingo, and on the eve of the finest enterprise in his lifetime of building . . . to Frank Schivo, his assistant general manager . . . to Alexander Shoofey, his auditor . . . to Frank Burke, in charge of the bar and restaurant facilities . . . to Stan Irwin, who is coming back home to become entertainment director of the new Sahara . . . to the wonderful, loyal staff of Club Bingo restaurant, casino, theater and bar, all of whom have been offered posts in the new Sahara . . . with congratulations on what all of them have accomplished in the past with Club Bingo, and with anticipation of the glorious success of Hotel Sahara, Marc Wilkinson and his all-union printing staff of 23 tonight offer this salute.

"He studied so hard he had road maps on his eyes."

MARS COLLEGE HILLTOP

They are selling two-pants suits by stressing a new angle—now hubby can have a pair all to himself.

—Air University Dispatch.

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WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from Page 25)

(if we called him anything else no one would know who we meant). You've never seen such happiness as that which shown from Cleo's eyes when I met and congratulated them in the Canary Room of the Last Frontier, where the reception was held. Wonderful! Cleo's mother and brother came in from Salt Lake City for the wedding and the maid of honor and best man were ANN KELSEY and PERRY WHITT. Cleo is employed in the casino of El Rancho Vegas. May I say that I envy the happiness you must surely know in the future . . . And today, June 14, is the long awaited day for BARBARA LEIGHTON and TONY NAPP. They are to be married today in Los Angeles. Barbara worked with the Jean Devlyn girls at the Last Frontier for a long time. ANN SWEENEY, a life-long friend, has gone to L. A. to be Barbara's maid of honor. Ann coaches the girls at the El Rancho. The best of everything to you, Babs and Tony . . . Seein' as how I'm running out of space I'd better call this whole thing off for now, until next week again . . . 'bye . . .

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 20)

you no end with their rapid spinning and dare-devil lifts. The best of all is the surprise you will get at the end of the act. This you must see!. . . The FLAMINGO STARLETS reopen with this show and bring two new numbers which feature the voice of STEWART ROSE; one is a Gay Nineties theme and the other routine is set to the well-known waltz, "Lover". . . We also find this to be the return of the music of MATTY MALNECK and his ORCHESTRA. It is indeed a pleasure to welcome you back home, Matty. . . BOBBY PAGE and the Musical Pages do the entertaining in the Mural Room until the wee sma hours. . .

—JOHNNY

LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from Page 20)

lines, outfitted in exciting costumes. Featured with the girls are THE LEONARDS, a youthful talented dance team. . . FREDDY MARTIN and his ORK will be on the podium for patron dansapation. . . DON BAKER, "King of the Hammond," takes over during intermission time. . . In the Gay 90 Room it's the THREE MAJORS, who play your favorite selections. . . THE STAR KINGS, violin and accordion, offer "requestfully yours" until 6 a.m., in the popular CARRILLO ROOM.

EL RANCHO VEGAS:

(Continued from Page 20)

a routine in which the Army and Navy vie for "the gal." Both numbers are well done and feature Miss JACKIE SHIELS, BUDDY BRYAN and JIMMY SISKO . . . Show and dance music is once again ably furnished by the orchestra of TED FIO RITO . . . Intermission and Chuck Wagon entertainment music is well placed in the hands of GUY LANDIS and JIMMY DI STEFANO who alternate with PAUL GORDOS and CHUY MIRANDA until six o'clock in the ayem . . .

—JOHNNY

Wee Grandson: "When are you going to play football, grandpa?"

Old Man: "What an odd question. Why do you ask?"

Grandson: "Pop and mom say when you kick off we are going to buy a new house."

ARIZONA KITTY KAT

DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 20)

the whole thing together as he is either seen or heard throughout the entire production. . . GERALDINE DU BOIS is Mr. Lewis' perennial playmate in "The Body and the Face" number, which has become almost as much a part of his shows as his famous high hat. Miss DuBois also takes the solo spot in the "Pigalle" number where she is backed by the beautiful violin obbligato of SOL KLEIN. . . How Miss MERIBETH OLD ever manages to return to a proper perpendicular posture after the way she makes hair-pin turns out of the curves in her curvaceous chassis will always remain a mystery to us. Adding to our entertainment was the fact that everything she does is timed to a most complicated orchestral arrangement. Very good! . . . CHOP CHOP and CHARLENE add a bit of magical maneuvering to the revue with their matchless mystic. His work with a silver dollar on the spinning umbrella is very clever. In this act Mr. Lewis is very much in evidence as he attempts to duplicate some of Chop Chop's feats while lending his own brand of humor. . . . MANOR and MIGNON are the featured acts with this year's revue and their smooth dancing is wonderful to see. You'll especially appreciate their interpretation of the very beautiful melody "Evening Star." . . . The BEN YOST COLLEENS back Mr. Lewis throughout the show with their vocals and stand alone when they do "I Had a Dream," a la barber shop. . . ELROY PEACE gets his hand as the can-can dancer when he enters under black light. . . . The ARDEN - FLETCHER DANCERS open the show with a fast moving interpretation of "Broadway Rhythm," which features the fine dancing of FLUFF GOULD. The girls then appear intermittently throughout the show.

—JOHNNY

THUNDERBIRD:

(Continued from Page 21)

three-man pyramid. . . THE KATHRYN DUFFY DANSATIONS open the show with a new routine called "Things Are Gonna Hum This Summer," which features lovely LUCY LEWIN and the voice of JOHNNY O'BRIEN. In the closing production of "Nightingale" the featured dancer is CHRISTINA CARSON with the vocal backing by Johnny who also emcees the show. . . The NORMANDIE BOYS also lend their talents to these production numbers.

—JOHNNY

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS ... by MARTIN LEWS

EVEN an epic-maker can change his mind. A few weeks ago, Cecil B. DeMille announced his plans to film the dramatic story of Helen of Troy as his next celluloid spectacle. However, time changes many things and "CB" is currently reported to be plotting to glorify the Boy Scouts of America when cameras roll on his forthcoming epic for Paramount.

Meanwhile, DeMille's exciting circus extravaganza, "The Greatest Show on Earth," continues to break box-office records and snare awards from all corners of the globe . . . Bouncing BETTY HUTTON has turned thumbs down on a fabulous offer from London's world-famous Palladium. Instead of tripping the light fantastic and rocking the rafters with her slam-bang song style behind the footlights in merry old England, the bombastic star of Paramount's "Somebody Loves Me," will take it easy at her Hollywood home. When her hubby, Dance Director Charlie O'Curran, completes his chores on the BING CROSBY-BOB HOPE-DOTTIE LAMOUR comedy, "Road to Bali," BETTY says they will head out of Hollywood for a month's honeymoon at a secret destination . . . DEAN MARTIN and JERRY LEWIS, the zany comedy team of "Jumping Jacks," travel to Dallas, Texas, in the fall to be the stellar attraction at the Texas State Fair. The event is set for October 4 to 9 . . . From Paris comes the report that two of the screen's top heroes are giving French gals something to oh and ah about. The gents in question are WILLIAM HOLDEN and CLARK GABLE, both of whom are making the French capital their headquarters during their summer tours of the European continent . . . Paelo Alberghetti, seven-year-old brother of singing sensation ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI, has been set for a featured part in his sister's first starring film, Paramount's "The Stars Are Singing." The lad won the role as a result of the stir he created in musical circles a year ago when he conducted the one-hundred-and-five piece Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. In the new musical film, Paelo takes his place in a star-studded cast headed by his sister, LAURITZ MELCHOIR, ROSEMARY CLOONEY and newcomer, TOM MORTON.

ALAN LADD, the screen's Number One tough-guy, may be the top favorite of America's bobby-soxers, but he runs a poor second to another actor in his own household.



After finishing a day's work in Pa amount's exciting Technicolor filr "Red Mountain," some months ag LADD returned home and told his tw youngsters, ALANA and DAVID, abou the day's activities. He happened t mention that Jay Silverheels, a Mohaw Indian, was going to play an importar role in the film. The youngsters im mediately began to query their fa mous father about Silverheels, for the have watched him in his role of "Tonto on the popular Lone Ranger televisio series.

Every night until the completion o "Red Mountain" ALAN had to answe dozens of questions about "Tonto" an fulfilled the children's requests for pic tures of the Indian actor. At the re quest of ALANA and DAVID, he als brought Silverheels to his home to mee the tots.

"The fact that I'm starring in 'Red Mountain' didn't mean a thing to my family," laughed LADD. "The kids were only excited about the produc tion because I was working with their idol, 'Tonto.' "

DOTS AND DATA . . .

"Quick Magazine," popular pocket-sized publication, has named Paramount's suspense-packed "The Atomic City" as Movie-of-the-Week. Reviewers gave "rave notices" to JERRY HOPPER, talented movie-maker who makes his debut as a director of feature films with "The Atomic City," and nine-year-old LEE AAKER, exceptional movie moppet who has a key role in the thriller.

'NEATH THE PALMS:

(Continued from page 15)

June 7 in the hotel's BAMBOO ROOM where they will play nightly for dancing . . . comedy team of FREDDIE JULES and HELENE BEAUMONT are new in the VOODOO REVIEW at HELENE POLKA'S JUNGLE CLUB. . . . LIFE BAR adds "Wiggles" O'BRIEN, the Chattanooga Choo-Choo gal, to its girly show and held over are doffers LAVENDAR, MARTHA, GRESHAM, MIAMI WINTERS, LEE ROBBINS; songstress DORREE DALE; comic JO-JO GOSTEL; ARTIE PETERS band plays for dancing . . . PADDOCK CLUB adds hip-tossers ROZANNE and CONNIE DELMORE to the show, headed by comic FLASH LANE and including prancers, LITTLE EGYPT, CAMILLE FABULOUS FLO, and songstress DARLENE KELLAR . . . NINO RINALDO TRIO opens Wednesday in the CLOVER CLUB lounge.

* * *

COME TO THE CASBAH

The CASBAH, heralded as downtown Miami's newest "luxury club," opened last Thursday night, under the guidance of IRVING BERMAN, New York song writer and nite club owner. The CASBAH features continuous entertainment and dancing, with special emphasis on top-level restaurant catering. Added feature of club is nitely broadcasts over WINZ or DEE CAMERON'S dee-jay show, "Casbah Caravan."

* * *

DREAM BAR

DREAM BAR, in the JOHNINA HOTEL, is up front with audience attractions via its continuous entertainment policy from 10 p.m. 'till five in the morning. Prominent in the melange of talent is JACK KERR, fresh from New York's No. 1 Fifth Avenue, complete with sophisticated lyrics. KERR is said to be a veteran of swank spots in LONDON, PARIS and RIO, and a nine-time returnee at the New York nite spot. Sharing honors at the DREAM BAR are MARJORIE CAVANAUGH and BUDDY ANTHONY and TONY MATAS, with the clever cartoonist RANDUM contributing to a warm presentation.

* * *

This will be my final column from Miami, Florida, because Tana and I are going on the road and our first stop is PHOENIX CITY, ALABAMA. We will be in CHAD'S ROSE ROOM for two weeks and from there, who knows. I only hope JACK CORTEZ will permit me to continue writing, even if I do travel. If so, you'll be hearing from me through a new and different column. 'Till then I remain, Yours, . . . GENE.

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MEXICO

(Continued from Page 23)

soiree" feting the first anniversary of his successful operation of the CONTINENTAL REFORMA HOTEL. Congrats, A. C.

Town unrolled welcome mat for ETHEL MERMAN who arrived to rest and shed present mate, ROBERT D. LEAVITT. Did'ya think LAS VEGAS was the only place to take the cure????

Now that the bull fights are over and this column is coming to a screeching halt, mi esposito, Gary, wishes to join me in saying, LAS VEGAS is the greatest resort town of all, but if you're one of the fortunate ones who live and have "fun in the sun" the year 'round, why not try Mexico for your next vacation. Where the peso goes eight times further than your dollar. See Friend Vern Willis for all particulars. Hasta La Next time.

—LEE and GARY

CROSS-COUNTRY

(Continued from page 19)

we just have to agree. The countryside was magnificent. We saw some familiar bits of scenery. Those Texans actually have TREES! We saw their beautiful red soil and delicate wheat fields. Yep! Their scenery is to be envied — BUT — their drivers! Did you ever see a Texan in his car in his own home town? Not only is the Texan's chest expanded beyond belief, his car's chest expansion is so great, there's no room for an out-of-town driver on the road. Despite the obstacles in our path, we managed to get through Amarillo by using the side streets and bribing the cattle off the paths.

Right now, we are in Elk's City, Oklahoma. It was very nice of the localities here to receive us as they did. When our car made its appearance, they set off fireworks that formed the word, "welcome." We were so exhausted, we managed to avoid the celebrants and checked into a cozy, comfortable motel. Today, we traveled 450 miles and decided that was sufficient. It's true what they say about Oklahomans. The youngsters run around with bare tootsies. Lucky kids.

We're getting mighty weary, Mr. Editor. Mind if we sign off now and stop boring your readers? We hate to be directly instrumental for your subscribers demanding a rebate. Besides, we have a school of young frogs outside, leaping at our door. Wonder what on earth those little creatures want? We feel safer under the covers with the lights out. If we don't make any noise, they just might go and annoy someone else. The fellow next door is typing. Let **him** play host to the scaly ones. 'Bye now.

PRODUCTION OF LEAD

Production of lead, one of the strategic metals, is expected to start soon from a mine located within bailing distance of Las Vegas, in the very near future. The property is owned and operated by Lead King Mines, located a few miles north of Nellis Air Base, off the Salt Lake Highway, and one mile distant north of the Union Pacific loading ramp.

One shaft has already been sunk to the 135 foot level and another to the 230 foot level, exposing an ore shoot for a length of 50 feet. The company is making a public offering of one million shares of stock at 10 cents a share, through the stock brokerage firm of Kalmanir, Kline & Co. of Las Vegas, the prime purpose of the new financing being the purchase of a Sink-Float beneficiation plant and mill to be erected right at the mine-site. The predominating ore is lead, with small showings of silver and zinc.

It is the intention of the company to conduct an aggressive program of mechanization and expansion, and among the important equipment to be put into operation, immediately the funds are received from the sale of the shares, are heavy duty equipment for surface mining, conveyor-belt equipment, crusher, and a complete thousand ton per day Sink-Float beneficiation plant and mill. Hence, another industry has come to Southern Nevada and it might well add to the tremendous industrial expansion now in progress at Henderson.

"And if a man answers it's me—I'm quitting this job as a bearded lady tomorrow." —Polywog.

First Hillbilly: "I hear that the government might build the H-bomb factory in these here hills."

Second Hillbilly: "If they do I'm getting the H out of here."

—Ark. Traveler.

Length of life depends less upon the star you were born under than the color of the traffic light when you cross the street. —Scanner.



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