MARCH 25, 1950

Jack Cortez

Fabulous LASVEGAS

"HowdyPodner"



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★

VIEWS AND REVIEWS BY STAFF AND GUEST COLUMNISTS

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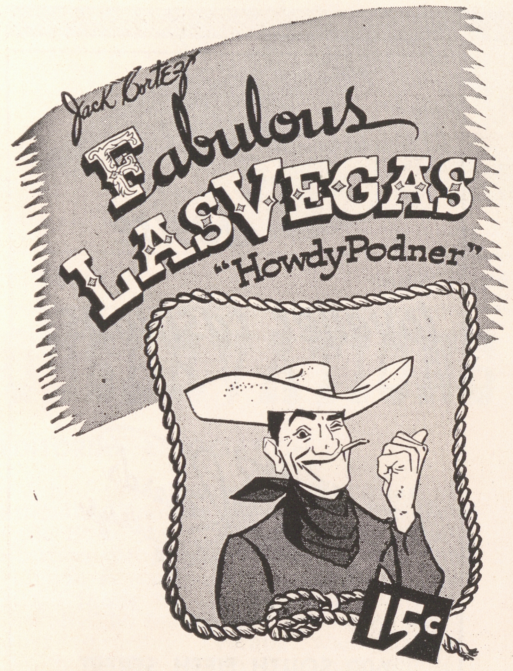
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NORTH VEGAS, BY JOHNNY UHLMAN

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Jack Cortez' Fabulous LAS VEGAS "HowdyPodner"

VOLUME 1 — MARCH 25, 1950 — NUMBER 50

OBSERVATIONS

. . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

I had the pleasure last Saturday of attending another meeting of the Nevada State Press Association, an organization composed of all the editors of Nevada newspapers and a few old fossils, I really should say barnacles, like myself. The feature speaker of the banquet Saturday evening was Claude Smith of the Fallon Standard, whose address was in honor of the 25th anniversary of the birth of the Nevada Press Association, I was happy to be able to add a little in the form of prenatal details, having attended meetings of the Nevada Press Association from five to nine years before its "birth."

I mention this only as an excuse for saying that Las Vegas' fine basketball team played the more husky and mature Reno team Saturday night for the state basketball championship and lost only after putting up a great game against odds. Like true sportsmen they took their defeat without rancour or ill feeling.

I am just now getting down to the kernel of the story. Because of the slap in the face the University of Nevada basketball team received at the hands of the very pure members of the National Association, some of the tainted thousand dollars was used to pay the expenses of taking the Las Vegas "Rhythmettes," the girls' high school drill team to Reno with their teacher, Miss Evelyn Stuckey.

The girls put on a show that was lovely and the many Reno people who attended the game were really charmed. Incidentally, one of our girls, Miss Elsie Kurtz, was voted the best cheer leader in the state, quite some honor when one sees the brilliance and charm of the high school girls of Nevada.

The whole trip was a grand advertisement for Las Vegas, both the boys and the girls keeping the name of Las Vegas right in the air. All made possible by the thousand dollars so kindly donated by Benny Binion in his effort to promote community spirit.

All of which makes me wonder if there really is such a thing as "tainted" money? I was taught that money, in itself, has no value, but that it is merely the measure of value, as a thermometer which does not keep us warm although a measure of temperature, or a yardstick which is a measure of distance, or a gallon which is a measure of quantity.

As a measure of value that thousand dollars measures much of value in the athletic life of Las Vegas high school. And I am sure that the scholarships of one thousand dollars each awarded annually by Harold's Club in Reno to one or more worthy students in each high school in the state to assist them to pay their expenses through the State University is good money and carries with it to the students or the University no taint whatever.

Dorothy Brimacombe and Ray Germain were the only other Las Vegas members to attend the Reno meeting of the Press Association.

Reno, although in the same state of Nevada as Las Vegas, is nearly 400 miles farther north than we are. Hence it is not difficult to anticipate that there may be quite a noticeable difference in climate.

Leaving Las Vegas last Saturday morning when lovely summer weather was busy putting blossoms on the garden plants and leaves upon the trees, we found ourselves at noon in the midst of fierce sand storms which, at Tonopah, became a gravel storm, the wind carrying sizable bits of rock from the old dumps with shot-gun force. At that time, we found out afterwards, there was a slight drizzle of rain and a flurry

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Gala Opening

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YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN

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VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS

COTTONWOOD TREES

Spreading boughs beneath the sky,
Just a tree to glorify
Winter; shaming naked limbs so bare,
Branches reaching upward as tho in prayer,
And so it stands 'til early spring.
Now nature a decided change will bring,
Buds unfolding, then leaves of green
Gently move to show their sheen.
Small puffs of cotton float upon the air,
As a melting snow storm in weather fair
Transformation wonderful to see,
Proving "only God can make a tree."
Foliage now checks the summer's burning glow
Giving shade and shelter to earthly things below.

ALL OF HER

He longed to be deep within the beauty of her looks,
To linger long within her intellect and fascinating nooks.

WITHOUT LOVE

Without love, you shall live among the dead,
Groping your way where happiness once tread.

The ocean's receding wave leaves a line of froth
Like the steel mill's danger line in its molten trough.



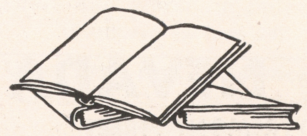
LOVE'S REINCARNATION

Many things may cause the brillance of a lover's day
To darken and depart for we know now how long a stay.

NO EQUAL

She has a hat.
They'll copy that.
A new dress so exquisite,
Without equal, or really, is it?

Her shoes, something just created,
Very soon are duplicated.
It matters not the time they waste
They'll never duplicate her face.

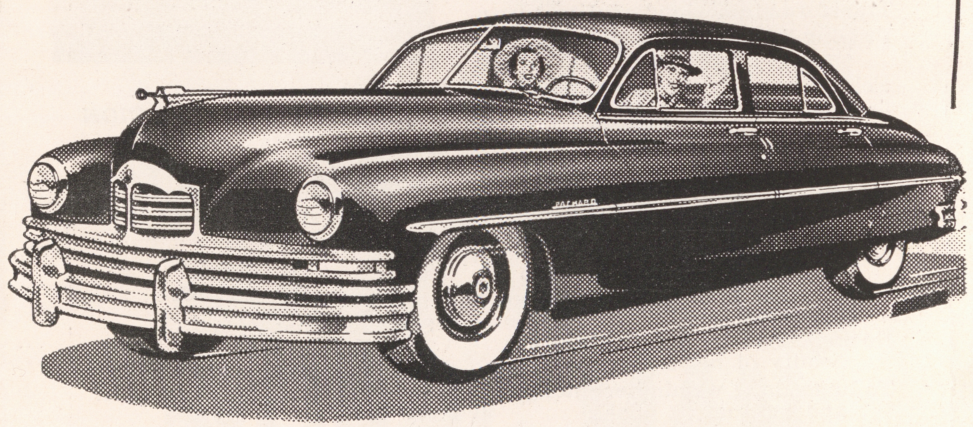


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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

. . by JACK CORTEZ

ONCE again we wish to convey our compliments to JUDGE FRANK McNAMEE, who is proving beyond a doubt to be one of the greatest jurists in the West. His unbiased and unprejudiced decisions in all cases are exemplary. For example: When he dismissed the the case of LEE SILVER last week, who was wrongly accused of a robbery charge, it was just another form of proving that Judge McNamee's decisions should be commended. By the way, why is Mr. Silver being persecuted by a few narrow-minded people in our town? The final decision was handed down by the Judge and Lee Silver's case was thrown out of court. Therefore, why must this man be made to feel that he must leave town because there are no jobs available to him? Men who have committed crimes and pay the penalty are given another chance in life. Why can't this man, who is "paying the penalty" for something he didn't do, receive the same chance? We would certainly dislike looking into the records of these people who have blackballed him. We know their lives are not above reproach. Therefore, we use this old adage which is most fitting in this case — "People who live in glass houses, shouldn't throw stones"

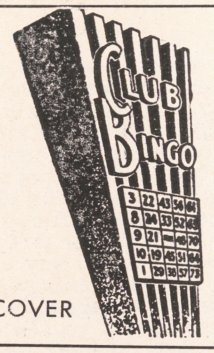
A prediction we made a couple of months ago that came true, was that KAY SCHAEFER, who was the cashier at the LUCKY LAS VEGAS CLUB, would have twins! Well, it happened. Kay presented hubby TOMMY SCHAEFER with two lovely daughters, Patricia Ann and Michele Frances. Our sincere congratulations . . . Visiting our town and having the time of their lives is VIC "SAMSON" MATURE and his lovely wife DOROTHY . . . MAX GOOT, who used to own Stoney's Loan on South First Street, bought himself a small interest in the race book at the EL DORADO CLUB . . . BUDDY BAER opened a niteclub in Reno, Nevada. When reading MAY MANN'S column, it is interesting to note that practically every other sentence is something about — Buddy Baer — HER HUSBAND . . . This is a success story we believe should be of interest to our readers. It concerns two young men, JAY BREWER and CHRIS CHRISTMAS, both ex-cab drivers in our town. Last year, on January 8th, Jay and Chris formed a paternership and started the UNION CAB COMPANY. Customers who rode their cabs always remembered their kindness and the courtesies they practiced. Because of such understanding, Mr. Brewer and Mr. Christmas own eight cabs today and have really established themselves in our community as a "top" organization. The Union Cab drivers claim that their bosses are the greatest fellows on this man's earth. That, to us, is the finest form of recommendation any employer could want. Complimentary remarks such as they receive cannot be bought. They must be earned and it is quite evident that Jay Brewer and Chris Christmas deserve them . . . We were invited by RAY PARKER to visit him on his job and watch him work. Mr. Parker is employed at the control tower located at McCARRAN FIELD and we never realized what kind of a job that is until we watched him operate. We can truthfully say it is tough. Each and every plane in flight, whether commercial or otherwise, must call him and he relays by transmitter, landing instructions. Private planes that have no radio, await his electrical beam signal. We spent and enjoyed a most wonderful two hours atop the control tower, watching but not learning how Mr. Parker operates these instruments. At least it is gratifying to know that experienced men such as he, are up there watching and giving instruction, and planes coming into or leaving Las Vegas are guided so expertly . . . BING CROSBY, ex-pickle packer, heads for ROYAL FRONT, VIRGINIA, at the end of the month, to attend the world premiere of his latest picture "RIDING HIGH." This upcoming event is set for Saturday, April 3rd, with America's top troubadour as guest of honor. The big shindig will climax a series of celebrations highlighting "Bing Crosby Day" observances which have been scheduled by citizens and officials of Front Royal and Warren Counties. Townsfolk will also dedicate their new Municipal Athletic Field to be known as "Bing Crosby Stadium." Said field was built partly with dollars Bing helped to raise two years ago when he launched the

(Continued on Page 28)

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FRONT ROW CENTER

. . by JOHN RYKEN

IN the course of events there are times when even the most outspoken critic has to eat crow and realize that a stage presentation has the makings of a long run hit. But those occasions are few and far between. Then there are times when a successful production team picks a dud and lose their collective shirts in trying to pull the show out of the mire left by the critics' caustic remarks.

Such an occurrence happened recently when the fabulous team of Rodgers and Hammerstein closed a play out of town. It was their first out and out failure since the opening of "Oklahoma." So it is hard even for the best of them to predict the outcome of a production that looks like a hit on paper . For the ultimate outcome is how the public and the critics go for it.

The world of the stage was saddened by the untimely death of Brock Pemberton last week. But the man will not be forgotten as long as "Harvey" the story of a 6-foot rabbit goes on playing all over the world. And the fabulous success of the drama appears to have the ingredient that will keep it running forever. A fitting memorial to the man who was its guiding hand.

So many thousand words have been written about "South Pacific" that I shall not take up too much space here concerning the outstanding success it has been in the year that it has been on Broadway. Suffice to say that every performance since the opening has been a sell out with the limit on standees being governed by the fire regulations. The music from the show has been a best seller since the first, with Billboard reporting that the album featuring the original cast going over the half million mark in a little over a year's time.

That in itself is a record. The road company starts next month with Janet Blair portraying the role that Mary Martin does on Broadway. So heavy is the advance sale of this one there is talk of forming a third and fourth companies to take care of the terrific demand for the production. So far the drama has taken in over two million dollars for the year breaking the record once held by the original "Showboat" presentation.

News from Here and There

Tex Beneke is reportedly unhappy with the brush off that Victor has given him in favor of Ralph Flanagan and wants out on the contract that still



has a run until the first part of '51. Several bands are competing for the position vacated by the late Glenn Miller. Leading the pack at this writing are Ray Anthony who once held down the lead trumpet in the Miller organization and now records for Capitol with his own band; Jerry Gray who was Miller's chief arranger up 'til the time of Miller's death, and now has his own band recording for Decca and backing the artists on CBS's "Club 15;" Tex Beneke who played lead sax in the Miller band and took over the reins of the Miller band after the war at the expressed wishes of Miller's widow records now for RCA-Victor, and Ralph Flanagan who had nothing to do with Miller but has added the Miller sound to his own orchestra and has inherited some of the original arrangements—records for RCA-Victor also. It is going to be a very interesting battle and the winner will inherit a fabulous legacy. . . . The long dormant Hollywood and Sunset Strip entertainment business has received a welcomed shot in the arm from of all things Dixieland jazz, and a revival of the Black Bottom craze. The boys who have been living from hand to mouth and playing music in dives have been overwhelmed by the

(Continued on Page 27)

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President

Fred Soly,
General Manager

Round the Clock with the Rounders

. . . by ALEX HENIG

WITHIN the next six weeks you can look for one of the most beautiful clubs to open. The spot will be called "The Westerner" and promises to be something out of ordinary. Yes, with Benny Binion at the helm you can expect nothing but the best.

Once again the golf course was the scene of plenty action. Russ (M. C.) Byrd, of the Hotel Last Frontier, has been playing sensational golf of late. JERRY (TWO DOLLARS I PAR AND TWO YOU DON'T) HIRSCHBERG KNOCKED WOOD FOR THE FAMILY JEWELS THE OTHER DAY AND FORTUNATELY SAVED THEM IN THE STRETCH. BETTER THINK TWICE NEXT TIME. At this same course you can find Frank (Right Field Hitter) Gordon playing daily with the Sunday scorekeeper Sammy, who never takes the worst of it—he has the pencil. . . . A wedding party not to be forgotten for many a day, was the Irving and Barbara Goldstein affair. Best men Jack Diamond, Ben Lawfer and Marvin Rosen were the backbone for this happy day. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Goldstein and Mr. and Mrs. J. Singer, the parents of the bride and groom, were all over the place to see that everyone was taken care of. Lots of luck, kids! . . . Head Steward Phil Manning, of the Golden Nugget casino, is one guy you seldom see but you sure know of his work. He has to see that all the departments at this club have everything they need, all the time . . . Visiting the Dave Pearls, from Los Angeles, Cousin Barbara Caldwell . . . A father and son combination tops with all: Tom and Yermo Enright, both of the Boulder Club. As we see it, "just two solid aces!" . . . Lots of luck to man-about-town Al Nissell, who just moved his ladies' sportswear shop to Fremont Street. Who were those two lovelies you were with the other day, Al? . . . Here to stay after looking over our town—Belle and Hughie Bowen. They came from Long Beach and tell this reporter that Long Beach will have to take a back seat for awhile. We're hoping Las Vegas will treat you with kindness. That's what we stand for here . . . To Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Holden, of the Golden Nugget casino, we wish you much happiness and good health for the next 30 years of married life. B. R. is the head of the maintenance department, which does good job keeping the Golden Nugget in tip top shape. . . . The fashion show at the Hotel Thunderbird was a very successful



event. Seen at ringside observing the latest in fashions were Mrs. George Henthorn (real estate), Mrs. Tui Weiner (your hat was sensational), Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Eileen "Cutie" Moss. . . . How lucky can one girl get, as "Sweater" Langer has been of late. The reason for all this luck is the one and only Bernie "Valentino" Resnik—with the mustache . . . Co-owner "Dapper" Bobby Gordon, of the Eldorado Club, is one man who fits his nickname. He always looks well dressed . . . Looking good and 50 lbs. lighter, Bar Manager Joe Gallo, of the Pioneer Club Cocktail Lounge. Yes, Joe, all your friends are happy you are on the road to recovery. At this same spot Dealers Les Thurblat and Harry Flynn are tops with all. Headman on the day shift, Colonel Charles Blake, is back after a well-deserved vacation and looking like a million. . . The New Las Vegas Club is beginning to draw many tourists and home towners these days. It must be those loose slot machines are the way the people are winning at bingo. Two dealers at this club who know their business are "21" Dealer Don Dunbar and Morrie Cooper . . . If any volleyball team needs a good man who can

(Continued on Page 27)

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JEAN CARROLL



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HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES

by MARTIN LEWIS

BILLY DE WOLFE VOICES SIMPLE GOAL

BILLY DE WOLFE, clever clown of stage, screen and the supper club circuit, admits he's a frustrated comedian. However, unlike the well-worn cliche, he has absolutely no urge to play Hamlet. All he wants to do is go through a movie role in a smart modern wardrobe without a mishap.

Certainly it's a simple goal and one that could be obtained rather easily. But the cards — and the costumes — are stacked against De Wolfe. Studio statistics reveal Billy's appeared in eight pictures and six of them were set in bygone periods, ranging from twenty-odd years to almost a century ago. The seventh was the war-time "Dear Ruth" . . . So when the Paramount funnyman was signed for a top role in "Dear Wife," he was a very happy man. According to the script, he was to sport a half-dozen wardrobe changes, including a tuxedo — all highlighting 1950 styles and of the quality and cut which an ambitious young bank executive would wear.

Well, Billy returned to Hollywood from a personal appearance stint in Chicago and reported at Paramount the next morning to join co-stars William Holden, Joan Caulfield, Edward Arnold and Mona Freeman. He arrived on the set garbed in one of his own two-hundred dollar suits . . . and Director Richard Haydn immediately okayed the outfit for his first scene . . . This scene, by the way, featured a comedy routine in which the actor frantically searched through his pockets for taxi-fare.

Naturally, De Wolfe went into his act with unrestrained gusto. But by the time he had finished the action, he had poked his hands through the pockets, torn the lining into shreds, crumpled and thrown the coat on the floor and stomped on it. The result? One coat ruined . . . During his next trip to the sound stages, a burly taxi-driver made a flying tackle at Billy when he thought the comic was running away without paying his fare. As this battle progressed, the "cabby" and the actor skidded across the floor — De Wolfe's trousers tore — and one suit "bit the dust."

So it went. Several days later, Billy arrived on the "Dear Wife" set garbed in a white summer suit for his stint in a barbecue scene. At Director Haydn's cue, he began devouring a huge platter of greasy spareribs which he handled with his fingers. As he ate, his napkin slipped unnoticed to the floor. So he absent-mindedly wiped his fingers on his trousers and coat. Naturally, he looked a mess and he had ruined still another suit . . . Finally, at the climax of "Dear Wife," De Wolfe had a row with a traffic cop. In the ensuing struggle, his suit and shirt took a beating, his tie was torn and one sleeve was ripped completely off his coat . . . That's what happened to the comic in his one modern picture wardrobe.

Off-screen, Billy has had an even more ironic fate in the matter of wardrobe. As film fans know, he alternates his movie-making with personal appearance engagements at smart supper clubs and big theaters. During most of his act, he cavorts in finely tailored evening clothes. But his stand-out skit is the "Mrs. Murgatroyd" routine. As the now-famous Mrs. M. . . . De Wolfe portrays a middle-aged woman-shopper who enters a neighborhood bar and proceeds to become tipsy. Because he doesn't wish to delve into the female impersonation category, Billy keeps his costume props down to the minimum — thus getting his characterization chiefly through his clever patter and gestures. Yet the entertainer claims he's met people who have seen the act and who swear he was wearing a woman's costume.

"They won't believe me when I remind them that I was wearing white tie and tails," says the "Dear Wife" player. And being an artist, he is appreciative of the fact he's created such a complete illusion. But it does add fuel to his wardrobe frustration.

Just for the record — and for your own information — the only feminine accoutrements which Billy De Wolfe uses as "Mrs. Murgatroyd" are a silly little woman's hat, eyeglasses of the pince-nez style and a bulging shopping bag.

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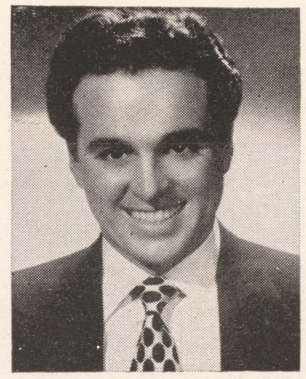
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'JEST WRITING'

. . . by STAN IRWIN



EVERY TIME you pick up a newspaper you read an account of how a group of people saw flying saucers. To this the government says "BUNK!" But try to tell the people who saw the saucers that they didn't see anything of the sort and you'll have an argument on your hands as hot as a Texan discussing the Civil War with a Brooklyn citizen. What could these saucers be?

Maybe they're saucers for all the tap dancers who perform to the music of "Tea for Two!" That means two saucers for every tap dancer and there are a million of them. Perhaps it's an atmosphereic reflection of the dollar that Washington threw across the Platonic . . . ah! Potomac River? Perhaps they're 'be-bop' records that irate parents have thrown away . . . after all, what more has the right to 'fly high' than a 'be-bop' record? Perhaps they're picture hats most recently stolen from some lasses' head by the wind and carried aloft? They might even be cans of films produced by Hollywood . . . the cans are going sky high to join the heights of the smell the pictures reached. Perhaps they're a combination of "ROUND about ways" people use? Perhaps that's what happens to a flat tire when it goes to heaven? Maybe they're the tears of the Man in the Moon; or perhaps they have something to do with the "Ghost Riders in the Sky"? On the other hand, they might be FLYING SAUCERS!!

If they are flying saucers, people expect them to come from Mars . . . which again puts Pa in the background. However, if it is a new invention, they have to come from Mars . . . since Mother is the necessity of invention . . . or is it the other way around? Oh, well, enough of that . . . the only time I saw flying saucers was when I tried to imitate a magician who pulled a tablecloth out from under a fully set table. He went over with a BANG . . . I went over with a CRASH!

Well, Spring is upon us as can be seen by the BLOOMING trees, the BLOOMING flowers and the BLOOMING idiots. Cows are getting that romantic glint in their eyes whenever they see a Bull Durham billboard, roosters are asking time and a half for overtime, the bees are buzzing and many a poor sucker is going to get STUNG.

The smell of sulphur and molasses fills the air as ideas fill our heads. People are walking around as dazed as they did on Income Tax day, but for a different reason. Income Tax day, they had to give it away . . . on the first day of Spring, they're trying to get it. On Income Tax day, you fill out a form and give it to the government . . . Spring, you look for a filled out form that you can keep. However, both these type of forms will cost you money . . . perhaps more in the second instance.

Baseball teams are going through heavy TRAINING to get back into shape and many a girl is going through heavy STRAINING for the same reason. Baseball fans will be yelling "PLAY BALL" and your wife will be yelling "PAY BILL."

SPRING . . . when every man's fancy turns to love and every woman turns to what she was thinking about all winter. That's what makes the world go round . . . and perhaps a few flying disks, too!!

LISTEN TO LOCAL
RADIO NEWS
LUCKY
LAS VEGAS CLUB
Downtown Las Vegas

Review of the Shows . . . and a View of Personalities

. . . by JACK CORTEZ



★ Flamingo Hotel

Show presented March 23rd to April 5th

One of the most brilliant dance teams of our time, MARGE & GOWER CHAMPION, are the headline act at the FLAMINGO HOTEL. For the first time in the history of the dance, two extremely talented performers are united and bring "Their Brilliant Dance Stories" to Flamingo patrons. Marge & Gower sing some very clever lyrics, do wonderful impersonations of Ray Bolger, Agnes De Miller and other ballet artists. The Champions (name describes them to a "T") unfold beautiful and original dance routines. Their dance stories are truly brilliant and the finest form of choreography we have witnessed on any stage. An important point we would like to bring to our readers' attention is, every Marge & Gower creation is an original theme, planned entirely by Mr. Champion.

Also on this great bill of fare is SUNNY SKYLAR, a famous composer and popular singer of songs. He is an outstanding showman, presents many of the tunes he wrote and made famous. When the ork strikes up a familiar chord, Sunny has to wait until the applause subsides before he can sing his songs such as, Besame Mucho, Amor, Amor, Put That Ring on My Finger, Waiting for the Train to Come In, Atlanta, Ga., and more too numerous to mention at this time. Mr. Skylar, although a young man, has gone a long way since your reporter met him as a vocalist with Vincent Lopez' ork. But — he'll go further — And that's for sure . . . THE KINGS AND THEIR LADIES present two very lovely dance numbers, dressed in gorgeous costumes. Buddy and Candyce are featured in both, each done magnificently . . . The new ork, under the capable direction of MATTY MALNECK, cut a good show and dansapation . . . THE WIEDLER BROS. take over during intermissions and requestfully yours in the Tally Ho Room 'til 4:00 a. m.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Hotel Last Frontier

Show presented March 24th to April 7th
(Not a Review)

Headlining this show at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER are BUSTER WEST and LUCILLE PAGE, the "silly sailor and the maid." They are a good and hilarious duo. Their comedy dancing have thrilled audiences at home and on the continent. Buster appeared in many Broadway shows, to name just a few: George White's Scandals, the Vanities, Follow the Girls, etc. Lucille's stage presence and ready wit establishes her as a natural for the spot. This zany comedy dancing team is in a class by itself.

On the same bill, RUDY CARDENAS, a handsome 19-year-old Mexican juggling genius. This youngster appeared at the hotel about a year ago and almost stole the show then with his sensational juggling routines. He is fast and performs like a real trouper . . . RUSS BYRD, the singing MC of this show, as always, does a good job in presenting the show and the acts. The AL WHITE dancers have established themselves as a group of young ladies who possess lots of charm and talent. They will present two routines, one of which will be "Dance Time," a fast stepping number . . . AL JAHNS and his orchestra do the background honors and present danceable music. Lovely Louise is the featured vocalist . . . DON BAKER, "King of the Hammond Organ," plays during intermissions and "requestfully yours."

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ El Rancho Vegas

Show presented March 15th to March 29th
(Full review in last week's edition)

The DELTA RHYTHM BOYS are the stars of this show at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. They are a wonderful singing quartet, possess a terrific beat, plus a good selection of songs. We are certain you will more than enjoy their harmonizing when you visit the Round-up Room. This is a return engagement for this quartet and their popularity seems to be greater now than before.

On the same bill and a newcomer in our midst, is JACQUELINE HURLEY, sensational acrobatic dancer. This gal is a looker with a pixie approach and has a "rubber body." Her unusual control, balance and terrific stunts on top of a table are a wow! This is Miss Hurley's first visit to our town but we are certain it won't be her last . . . Production-wise GEORGE MORO and his associate RUTH LANDIS have once again come up with two beautiful dance routines, in which the girls are dressed in magnificent costumes . . . CARLETON HAYES and his orchestra showbacks this new presentation, as always, in excellent style, and supplies the dance incentive . . . GUY LANDIS & PHIL GARD, "Las Vegas' favorite sons," play during intermissions and in the Chuck Wagon 'til 4:00 a. m.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Thunderbird Hotel

Show presented March 16th to March 30th

The THUNDERBIRD HOTEL presented their new show that should be billed a "Four Star Production" . . . CLARK DENNIS, a superb lyric tenor, is the headline act. His voice rings clear as a bell, has a refreshing personality and his various ballad renditions are tops. When Mr. Dennis sings for his encore "Jealousy" and "The Lord's Prayer," he literally brings down the house. What a voice!

In the co-starring spot is lovely JEAN CARROLL, voted America's No. 1 comedienne by show critics in the East. Miss Carroll has sensational comedy material. Her ad libs are applied cleverly and her self-kidding keeps the laughter coming. Jean has plenty of visual appeal in a strapless gown, which enhances her charm and her sock presentation adds up to — **"A New Star is Born in the West."** . . . THE PEIRO BROS. are a couple of Argentina jugglers who do very clever bits. Their work with Wands, Hats, Bells and Indian clubs almost steal the show. The routines they present are very different, but each and every one, truly great. . . . THE DANSATIONS, for their miniature review, have two colorful and exciting dance routines, especially the **Gypsy Airs,** a fast moving Hungarian Czardas, featuring Christina Carson as the Prima Ballerina, and Barney Rawlings doing the singing honors . . . CHUCK GOULD and his orchestra cut a magnificent show and play for your dancing pleasure . . . JACK MARTIN and his NORMANDIE BOYS play during intermissions and in the Navajo Bar "requestfully yours."

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Club Bingo

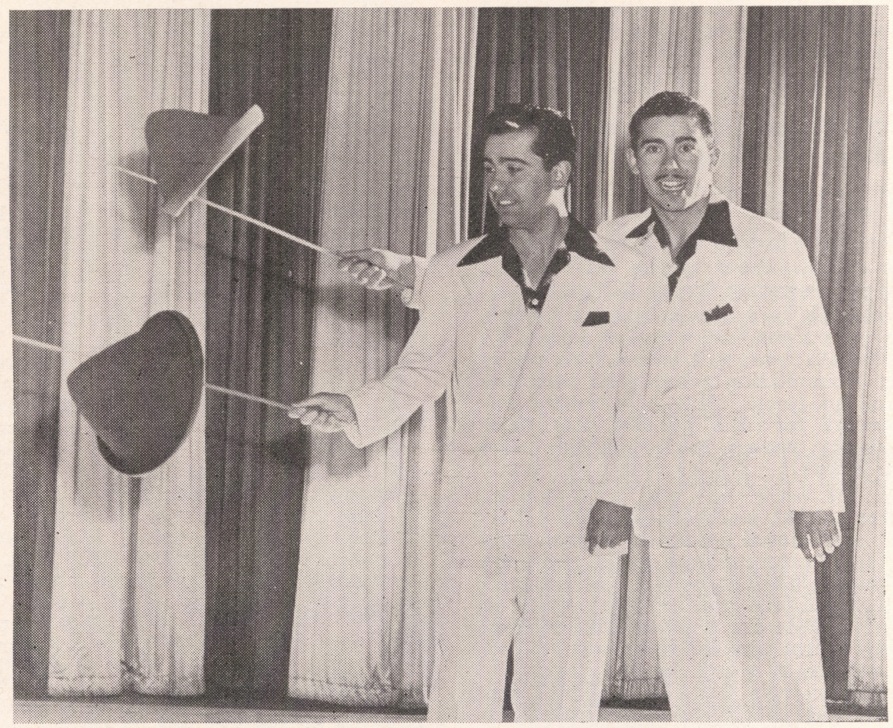
Show presented March 18th to April 1st

The "MADMAN OF MIRTH," JIMMY KENNEDY, is the headline act at the CLUB BINGO in this new show. Jimmy, a hard-working comic, knocks himself out and does everything to please the audience. We are serious when referring to Jimmy as the "Madman." He sure is, but with lots of comedy thrown in. Mr. Kennedy's monologue, imitations, and the way he kids the patrons, are all very entertaining.

On the same bill is SHIRLEY POWELL, a lovely pixie of songs. She has youth and charm on her side, which must and does add up to good presen-

(Continued on Page 30)

THE
THUNDERBIRD HOTEL
IS THE LAST WORD IN
HOMELIKE ATMOSPHERE



SO GLAD WE COULD
JOIN THE FAMILY

PEIRO BROTHERS

Weekly Beauty Letter

from WALLY WESTMORE

MAKEUP DIRECTOR, PARAMOUNT STUDIOS

Memo for members of the bobby-sox and bubble gum set:

Girls, if you want to be a glamorous movie star, heed your mother's advice. Eat that oatmeal, drink at least three glasses of milk a day and don't by-pass those nourishing vegetables. Go to bed when mama tells you, don't beg for candy and sleep with your window open.

These words of wisdom may sound pretty disgusting to you, but if you want to be a Hollywood headliner, you've got to have vitality—and plenty of it. Naturally, the best way to get vitality is to eat the "right" foods and get plenty of sleep . . . LIZABETH SCOTT and DIANA LYNN, stars of Hal Wallis' "Paid in Full," are very attractive damsels. But above and beyond that, they have a single quality in common. They both have a maximum of vitality—and it's apparent in each personality.

Liz Scott possesses a tremendous vitality. Her friends know her as a girl literally brimming over with eagerness and fun. It's this vitality which enables Liz to jump from one screen characterization to another. In her first film she proved herself a clever comedienne and since then, she's leaped from light roles to highly emotional portrayals.

Diana Lynn boasts a bubbling quality which has sparked her comedy roles. Her vitality made an immediate hit with movie-goers in one of her initial Paramount pictures, "The Major and the Minor." In succeeding years, she has continued to translate her vibrant vitality into dramatic roles such as her current portrayal of a tempestuous mixed-up young woman who tangles up the lives of Liz Scott and Bob Cummings in "Paid in Full."

Being a motion picture star is hard work. It demands good health, as well as talent and personality. So, youngsters, if you aspire to movie fame and fortune, build your own good health by eating wholesome foods, getting plenty of sleep and listening to the advice of your wise mother.

Weekly Fashion Letter

from EDITH HEAD

PARAMOUNT FASHION DESIGNER

Clothes may not make the woman, but they certainly help to make men notice her . . . To start your big spring offensive on the romantic front, Yours Truly suggests clothes which are spiced with a dash of old-fashioned charm and plenty of fresh, feminine appeal. For example, add embroidered flowers to your spring wardrobes a la Hollywood's favorite stars and you'll find they spell warm-weather enchantment in foot-high letters.

DIANA LYNN, who portrays a high-salaried model in Hal Wallis' "Paid in Full," has a wink-inviting evening blouse of pink chiffon which is embroidered in wild roses. With it, she wears a black dinner suit and a matching handkerchief embroidered in roses. . . . CORINNE CALVET, the shapely French import, wears a snug-fitting white linen blouse which is sprinkled with sprays of embroidered violets. She teams it with a deep-toned violet suit of silk taffeta and tucks nosegays of violets in the slash pockets.

MONA FREEMAN is adding a series of flower-embroidered camisoles to her spring wardrobe. One is frosted with daisies—another with rosebuds—a third with dainty sweet peas. The young actress puts these camisoles "on display" by wearing them beneath transparent blouses . . . LIZABETH SCOTT is sporting a cocoa linen dress—neatly tailored and embroidered with white lilacs. She accents the frock with a white straw cloche, short white gloves and spectator shoes. To her cocoa linen purse, she clips a spray of fresh lilacs.

Designer EDITH HEAD highlights a new grey flannel suit with embroidered strawberries. The red berries are set against the white background of a tailored shirt-maker blouse, and also flash from the corners of twin white hankies which are tucked into slash pockets of the grey jacket. Miss Head also carries out the theme with alternating blouses and hankies embroidered in cherries, tiny crab apples and bunches of grapes.

WE GIVE IT AWAY
BINGO
At Its Best
BOULDER CLUB
Downtown

I'M BACK AGAIN!

They say I'M crazy! The Club Bingo RE-SIGNED me!
NOW . . . WHO'S CRAZY?

My sincere thanks to . . .
Mr. Milton Prell



JIMMY KENNEDY
"MAD MAN OF MIRTH"

YES SIR!

Monday, April 24th

THE GRAND OPENING OF

Wilbur Clark's
DESERT INN

THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

JUST to prove my theory that all Las Vegans should take a trip at least once a year so that they can see how the other world lives and thereby proving to themselves that Las Vegas is the best place in the country to live, I went with a friend on an automobile trip to Reno. We started the trip about 6:15 in the morning, and in about a half an hour the sun was up and the desert was showing off. What might look like a pile of rocks to Eastern folks looked like a rainbow mountain to me with the many different colors of rocks and the shadow on the far side. The first town we hit was Beatty, a sleepy looking place, reminding one of a place to go when you wanted to retire and do nothing but meet at the store in the afternoon and evening and swap yarns of days gone by while you were waiting for the bus to bring the mail in. Then, after awhile, we hit Goldfield, one of the towns of the days gone by with its 200-room brick hotel, all of the rooms empty, deserted, and sort of pointing its finger at you and saying, "Don't get too rambunctious, this might happen to you." Then up the road for 29 miles to Tonopah, with its permanent buildings erected to curry to the business needs of a town of about 30,000, and now occupied by a population of about 2,000. Tonopah, where in 1900 Jim Butler stumbled on an outcropping of what they called worthless rock, but turned into a mine in which he sold a half-interest for $336,000.

The next stop was Hawthorne, a Navy town. It seemed funny to see so many men in the Naval uniform, smack dab in the middle of Nevada. Incidentally, they make the best chocolate ice cream sodas in Hawthorne that I've had since 1910. Then on up around Walker Lake. I guess if I hadn't seen Lake Mead I would have appreciated Walker Lake better. I went to sleep along about here and the next thing I knew we were in Reno. Ah — Reno. San Francisco with the gambling put in the front room. The place where they dress for dinner. Where some of the main entrances to the gaming halls are made through Douglas Alley. Harold's Club, with its unbelievable museum collection of firearms and ancient horse-drawn vehicles. Where the automobiles don't pay much more attention to the traffic signals than the pedestrians do here in Las Vegas. Where one of the prettiest sights is an island



of trees in the middle of the Truckee River between the Mapes Hotel and the Postoffice.

I traveled the town on foot, went in and out of every place I could find, and frankly, there were only two places in the whole city where I got the feeling of being at home. One was the Cal-Neva Club, and the other was Buddy Baer's place. Went into the Cal-Neva Club and thought I was back at the El Rancho of two years ago because I think every employee in there was from home. Morry Bodsky, "The Idea Man," was there doing publicity for the place, and he didn't look a day older. Sanford Adler owns the place, and they both descended on me like long lost brothers. It was a bit of Las Vegas in Reno. Then across the street is this Buddy Baer's place I was telling you about. It was the only place in the whole city that could compare with any of our plush establishments here. The first room you go into has the walls and bar fixed up with gold upholstered leather. The back bar is big enough so that it has a piano on the top with a fellow playing continuously. Thick carpets on the floor and the ceiling is done in what Lois Patte, the hostess, called "muted scarlet." Ain't that the name of a color for you? And then you go through an arch and get into the

(Continued on Page 27)

THINK, TALK AND
LIVE AMERICAN
LUCKY
LAS VEGAS CLUB
Downtown Las Vegas

"THANKS FOR BEING SO WONDERFUL . . .

HOPE TO BE BACK REAL SOON!"



GRATEFULLY,

MAE WILLIAMS

North Vegas

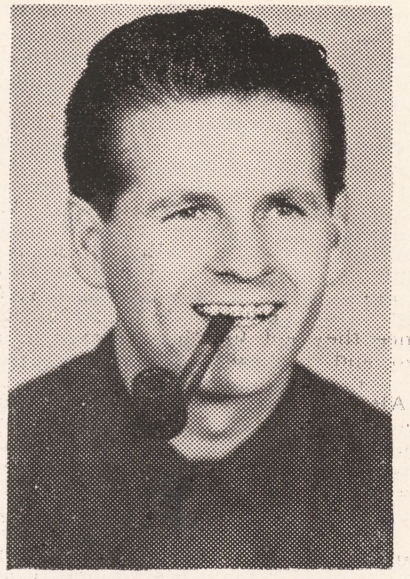
. . . by JOHNNY UHLMAN

EVERYBODY got into the act! Not to be conspicuous by their presence but, rather, because they all wanted to do their share. Naturally, I'm talking about the huge success that was the BARTENDERS BALL last Friday night at the North Vegas FUN CENTER. I'm sorry for you if you are one of the unfortunates who couldn't be there. (I realize that the last sentence was almost a waste of time 'cause, man, EVERYONE was THERE!!)

The bartenders of North Vegas are to be congratulated for a job well done. Like I said, "Everybody got into the act," so I won't attempt to name them all. However, one man who worked tirelessly and well deserves the reward he received through the success of his efforts, is ROD MORRIS. I say this sincerely, Rod, "Take a bow!" He, with eager help, moved in to the task and built tables to serve as a bar; arranged for chairs, music, stock for the bars, and—do you realize all that has to be done to be able to throw a shindig like that? Decorated the room for the occasion, too! It was AL HUTTON who cut out all those shamrocks you saw all around the room.

As for being a financial success that, too, came about with the coffers being swelled considerably by a donation from the WESTERN STATES CONST. CO. of North Vegas in the amount of $150.00, and one from LEWIS BALL for $500.00, to be divided equally between the Fun Center fund and that of the Junior Police fund. C. C. McDaniel donated a Crosley car to be raffled off and was won by BILL LA GRANGE of the Home Lumber Co. Bill accepted the car and then promptly turned it over to the Fun Center and Junior Police organization for either re-sale or such disposition as suited their choosing. How about that? All of which further signifies how intently North Vegas citizens are concentrating on the welfare of their young people.

There was so much happening at midnight that the committee saw fit to hold the band over-time for dancing. HELD OVER!! BERNIE HUMMER and his ORCHESTRA — "Bernie's Hummer Dingers." Seriously, I've known this fella Bernie for quite some time and up 'till now hadn't had occasion to hear his group work. You should hear 'em ride on "Wood-choppers Ball," "One o'Clock Jump," and others of the old standard jump tunes.



Yes, sir! The BARTENDERS BALL — WAS a BALL!!!

Johnny on the Spot . . .

Shure and it's the SHILLALAH ROOM where the Kellys find their "colleens" these days. (Ya say, shillaylee). 'Twas the evening of St. Patrick's Day that saw the opening of the SHAMROCK HOTEL, 600 North Main Street, an' it's shure I am that ye'll niver foind a more INTIMATE meetin' place for those late hour get-togethers!! The way that the lounge is arranged is the nicest that these tired old eyes have witnessed for some time . . . Our congratulations to the management for a job they've done well. May your efforts be well rewarded in the very near future . . . With men like JACK RAVETTI, JOE DEVEREAUX and RONNIE QUINN in the SHILLALAH ROOM, how can you miss? . . . Have you met MILLIE? Huhm? Millie Schwecke, working the swing shift at PETE'S LIQUOR STORE since Erlene has been away. PETE has done some "re-modeling" in his store, too! Knocked out a wall, enlarged the place and has put in one of those new "Twin Shuffle" bowling games!!

The DESERT OASIS CAFE is open for business now and what a treat it is to see the way that owner JOE STRAUSS has fixed up all the equipment in the place; re-painted and re-

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NORTH VEGAS

(Continued from Page 25)

decorated to boot. Joe has but one aim in his new establishment; that is, to prove to one and all that the food he serves is better by far than most places and never under par with ANY PLACE! The kitchen and equipment is open to your inspection at any time. The Desert Oasis Cafe is open twenty-four hours a day for your convenience and, unless he makes some changes, you can expect to find Joe there on the job all twenty-four!! If you drop in during the evening your waitress will be DARLENE DOHERTY, with a brilliant smile, flashing eyes and a personality to match . . . The new NEVADA RIDERS are beginning to show results since they got together a week or so ago, and the brand of music they play is really "toe-ticklin'." In fact, JOE MARCH takes time out from his managerial duties occasionally and has a dance. Then, after the casino closes down for the night, Joe and his wonderful wife, HELEN, stick around for another dance or two! . . . Nice people . . . WES PURCELL and JUDY (mama) took a few days off from the EMBASSY CLUB BINGO for a trip to South California to meet JUDY'S folks. Wes had no sooner gotten away than old demon "flu" got to MITCH and he's been in a heap ever since. Believe you me, Mitch, you have all my sympathy, 'cause it has gotten to me, too! 'Sno fun!! Hope you're back on the job by the time this edition comes out. So does RUTHIE!! . . . One of the busiest people at the Bartenders Ball last St. Patrick's Day was the one and only CURLEY HOLLIDAY. No matter where you happened to be looking at the time there would be Curley either "pickin up empties" or "hustlin' ", to swell the fund for the Fun Center. Curley is one in a million . . . come to think of it, maybe we are lucky that there IS only ONE like him in a million. At present he is noted "maintenance engineer" at the HACIENDA CLUB . . . HARLEY NOWLES, director of the North Vegas Junior Police, took his wards on a "bicycle hike" last Saturday at 7 a. m. The day's plans called for a trek out toward the Alamo airport for a picnic lunch and games on bicycles. Harley's only worry was whether he would be able to keep up with the kids or not!! . . . The next time you go into the TOWER CLUB take a look at the western shirts that SMOKEY MADDUX wears. His wife, MYRTLE, makes them for him and has made matching shirts for the NEVADA RIDERS as a group. If possible, just get a close-up view of the workmanship Myrtle does on them. You'd swear the double seams were done by a machine.

Maybe it's because it's spring and I've developed a case of the dropsy. Anyway, I can't seem to pass up an opportunity to drop into a chair at the least provocation and drop off to sleep. I'm kinda worried about this column this week 'cause, I must admit, I went to sleep three times while I was writing it !!! Are YOU still awake? You are very kind if you have stayed awake to finish it . . . Man, I gotta get some black coffee . . . look me up in about a week willya'? . . . Johnny.

THE
HACIENDA CLUB
WHERE
OLD FRIENDS
MEET
NEW FRIENDS
FEATURING
THE SUNDOWN
TRIO

EVERY NIGHT IS FAMILY NIGHT

$100.00 -- 18 NUMBERS OR LESS
CRISS-CROSS GAME
10 P.M. EACH NIGHT

$500.00 -- 54 NUMBERS OR LESS
BLACK-OUT GAME
12:50 A.M. NIGHTLY

EMBASSY CLUB BINGO

OPENING GAME 7:30 P.M. • SECOND GAME FREE TO ALL PLAYERS

ALEX HENIG:

(Continued from Page 13)

play this game like a champion, just contact us and we'll inform George "Volleyball" Kavanaugh. This guy is rated one of the country's best . . . When we were at the Club Bingo we spotted actor Victor Mature with his wife enjoying the show with friends. At another table Al Jenkins, Bill Clark and Sally O'Hara, all of Louisville, Ky., having lots of fun . . . The dice number that the Landis-Moro Dancers do in this latest show is one of the brightest we've seen in many a day. It sure gives the review lots of color and keeps the audience in a happy mood . . . If you want to see tops in dealing, then the next time you are out at the Flamingo Hotel, look for 21 Dealer Bruno Mark. By the way, Wheel Dealer Howard Lane looks younger since he's been getting those low golf scores. Howard is one of the most amazing men this reporter ever met . . . THE THOUGHT OF THE WEEK AND FOR MONTHS TO COME: GALS, HE'S HERE AND LOOKS GREAT, THE ORIGINAL LOVER WITH NO COMPETITION, MAC KRIM. HAVE NO FEAR, JUST GET TO THE HOTEL EL RANCHO WHERE MAC IS STAYING THESE DAYS. WE ONLY HOPE THAT HE CAN LAST THE NEXT MONTH. DETROIT'S LOSS IS OUR GAIN. See you soon—("Lucky") Alex.

THE OLD TIMER

(Continued from Page 23)

second room. That's the dining room. The booths are all leather and the walls are this same color, muted scarlet. Funny thing about the whole place, you don't exactly see it, you sort of feel it. It's true, your eyes do deceive you. In the first room they have a big picture of Buddy Baer. I thought it was a huge thing but I got Buddy to stand up beside it, and do you know, the picture was life size! Maybe I've got an odd sense of humor, but I thought it was funny to see Buddy and his partner, Fred Cullincini, discussing business. Fred is about half the size of Buddy. And, believe me, the steaks they serve there are out of this world. They're comparable to the ones Mr. Prell serves at the Club Bingo.

Well, on the trip back, we stopped at Carson City and saw the State Capitol with its silver dome, and then started for home. There was only one thing wrong with the home trip, I slept all the way and only woke up at the Mt. Charleston cutoff. It was night and I saw the lights of Las Vegas in the distance, and even coming out of a deep sleep, I recognized it. Boy, ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?

JOHN RYKEN:

(Continued from Page 11)

sudden spurt in their earnings and locations. Never in their wildest dreams did they ever consider there would be a rebirth of popularity for the music they loved and starved playing. Once again names such as Red Nichols, Pete Daily, Kid Ory, Ben Pollack are becoming as well known as Frank Sinatra, Dick Haymes, Joe Stafford, and Margaret Whiting. In the East and Middle West such places that were once the box office bonanzas for bands are dusting out the cobwebs and refurnishing for the expected onrush . . . "Variety" reports this week on the front page that Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn is negotiating with Jack Benny and his radio troupe to open the inn on April 24 for a reported 25 Gs for a three-day appearance. As stated, it still is in the negotiating stage and nothing definite has been arranged.

Musically Speaking

Freddy Martin has signed with CBS TV to do a show weekly on a local basis to go net if the show clicks. It coincides with his triumphant return to the Hollywood Palladium within six weeks time, an unheard of thing after an extended run of nine weeks. His pull was responsible for the best business the dancery has done since the war years.

Best records bets of the week:

"My Baby Loves Me," sung by Billy Eckstine on MGM.

"Darn It Baby, That's Love," sung in duet by Fran Warren and Tony Martin on Victor.

"Go to Sleep, Go to Sleep, Go to Sleep," sung in duet with Don Cornell and Mindy Carson on Victor.

"Third Man Theme," Ray McKinley and the orch on Victor.

"If I knew You Were Coming I'd a Baked a Cake," Art Mooney on MGM.

"Star Dust," Jerry Gray on Decca. Recorded in the best Miller fashion.

That is the news from our seat Front Row Center for this week. —J. R.

BE CIVIC MINDED
LUCKY
LAS VEGAS CLUB
Downtown Las Vegas

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

first fund raising campaign for the annual organized Warren County Front Royal Recreation Association. Citizens of this small Virginia town decided to invite Mr. Big of show business for a return engagement, when a majority of the 7000-plus residents voted him "The most popular entertainer of the half century" . . . Our congratulations to BILLY GRAY, who is getting married Sunday, March 26th, to lovely SHIRLEY BANNING. Billy is one of Hollywood's popular club owners and comedians. He is co-owner with MAX GOLD of BILLY GRAY'S BAND BOX in Los Angeles . . . JIM HACKETHORN had a very short business venture (two weeks), at the EL RANCHO RIO. Jim leased the place from Bob Brooks, was there two weeks and closed down. Reason? The checks he wrote and gave to Mr. Brooks just weren't any good, they had a tendency to bounce. "Must have been made out of rubber." However, Bob Brooks, the legal owner of this club, has some good ideas that he will introduce and hopes to put the place over. We certainly would like to see that happen. It is indeed much better to see a well-lighted club on the strip than a dark place. We are hoping it won't be too long before the Players, The Bar of Music, Kit Carson, and the El Rancho Rio clubs are reopened and bring some added life to our "strip," Highway 91 . . . COLLETTE LYONS, who headlined the show last week at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, received a telephone call from the Coast telling her that someone in her family was very ill and that her presence was most urgent. Miss Lyons informed Harry Farnow, who is in charge of production at the hotel, and because of this emergency released her from the two-week contract. Mr. Farnow, on 24 hours' notice, signed the RIO BROS., a comedy and dance team, to headline the same show. These three young men are considered tops in their field and Harry Farnow received terrific pinch hitters in this case. Those Rio Bros. hit a home run each and every show . . . Twentieth Century-Fox will release a picture very soon called "Panic In the Street." The stars of this film are Richard Widmark, Paul Douglas, and believe it or not — ZERO MOSTEL. The reason we say — believe it or not — in this film Zero, a sensational comic, plays a menace and a murderer. Somehow, we just can't imagine Zero even trying to playact this part, but it is so. We received a letter last week from **Harry Brandt**, bigwig of this studio, informing us that Zero practically stole the picture from Mr. Widmark . . . AL WHITE, director of the dancing girls of the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, is a busy man these days. He received a contract from Warner Bros. in Hollywood, to do the choreography in three forthcoming musicals they are producing. This contract keeps Al hopping from Hollywood to Las Vegas and vice versa, teaching new dance routines in both spots. He doesn't seem to mind either, because he always wanted this opportunity . . . CHUCK GOULD, orchestra leader at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, closes next Wednesday, March 29th. His very beautiful wife, LAURA BRUCE, will continue with the Dansations while her husband starts on a new career. Chuck will write musical scores for RKO . . . MR. and MRS. KAPLAN, owners of the Western Costume Company in Los Angeles, came to our town for a brief vacation. They were so impressed with all that they saw that Mr. Kaplan called his office and requested that two of his photographers come out here. When the photographers arrived, he instructed them to take pictures of our bellhops, cocktail waitresses, food waitresses and dealers (especially the ones at the Hotel Last Frontier). The company will make exact duplicates of the outfits they wore to keep in their regular stock. The Western Costume Company practically outfits all of the motion picture companies on the Coast. Mr. K. believes that the outfits worn by the employees in our hotels and clubs will make good filming when uniforms are asked for by various casting departments. So, don't be surprised, if some day you will see Betty Grable, Hedy LaMarr, etc., wearing an outfit that resembles the ones worn by the employees of our various hotels . . . THE KINGS AND THEIR HOLLYWOOD LADIES are being held over indefinitely at the FLAMINGO HOTEL. In the six weeks that this group of dancers have been performing at the Hotel they more than proved to be an asset to the establishment. Therefore this holdover . . . A novel idea is when HAL DAVIS, disc jockey at the Flamingo Hotel, has the chef of the buffet, HAL BOGERT, broadcast the great selections he offers in food over the air. By the way, congratulations to Mr.

(Continued on Page 29)

Make All America Proud
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LUCKY
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Downtown Las Vegas

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 28)

Davis, who was married Thursday, March 23rd . . . ART FORCE, newspaper man of our town, is taking over publicity chores at one of our better known hotels . . . TOM MAGOWAN of KENO, seems to be "nite-owling" since "Flower Pot" left for Reno and a week's visit with her parents. "Flower Pot," of course, is Mrs. Magowan . . . PAT & DIANE MOONEY are the new girls with the Candyce and King group . . . It is wonderful to see MORRIS ROSEN, co-owner of the FLAMINGO HOTEL and his lovely wife, ETHEL, in our midst again. Mr. and Mrs. Rosen are awaiting the arrival of their son, Jackie, who will spend the Easter Holidays with them. Jackie and his school chum, Johnny Ingamarot, both sophomores at Rutgers College, are expected anv day now. Guesting with the Rosens is LEE WITENBERG, charming sister of Morris Rosen . . . Our sincere congratulations to EDDIE and HELEN WASKOW, owners of the Desert Furniture Company on Fremont Street. The Waskows celebrated their 21st wedding anniversary last week . . . We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the WIERE BROS., three of our favorite comedians. They open at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS on March 29th. These highly talented comics are sensational laugh getters in our town and have received lavish notices in their tours. We still believe that Sylvester Wiere can almost pass as Mickey Rooney's double . . . The new maitre d' of the Flamingo Room is JACK DENNISON. Jack has worked in various places in our town and should be remembered by many of our natives. Mr. Dennison brought with him two men who will act in the capacity of captains in this room . . . DAN BASARIC will be the bar manager at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn when it opens on April 24th. They couldn't have chosen a better man for the job . . . The new addition to the Thunderbird Hotel should be opening up any day now. This building is three stories high and has 92 rooms. Each room is furnished differently with "Period" furniture. And while we're on the subject of this hotel, we believe that JACK COLLINS, the unparalleled Chef and LOUIE the Maitre d', are the "Babe Ruths" of the restaurant business. They are truly a great combination . . . BILL KRUSE, baby-faced

(Continued on Page 30)

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POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

of snow in northern Nevada and when we arrived in Reno we were in real winter again.

Back again in Vegas Sunday evening, we found doors wide open to the pleasant evening breeze and people living in summer again. For me Las Vegas has the finest climate the year 'round of any place I have ever seen. I am not willing to except the hundred and over degree heat of our desert summer, because we here on our hottest days are more comfortable than the millions of helpless souls who live in the terrible combination of heat and humidity of eastern cities such as New York, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans. Every time I hear somebody grumble at Las Vegas climate I wish I might send them back to their beloved eastern summers and winters. But even in Las Vegas, I do admit the climate is not always perfect. But I still believe we here have less miserable weather conditions than most other places in the world.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 29)

owner of the NEVADA MOTORS, and agency for those sensational PACKARD CARS, received the franchise for a new type of car: **that** FLIES. Bill has photographs of this new innovation to the motor industry and is now being perfected in Detroit . . . MAC "CUTIE PIE" KRIM is back in town. A word of warning: "Look out, girls!" . . . Congratulations to the LARRY ANDRUS, who celebrated their sixth wedding anniversary on March 18th. He is the manager of the Fremont, "new" Palace and Huntridge Theaters. Larry and his lovely wife are the proud parents of four children . . . BILL MOORE, general manager of the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, left for Los Angeles last week to have that nerve which is pinching his left leg, taken care of. Mr. Moore has been suffering quite a bit, couldn't stand it any longer, and had to leave his duties at the Hotel to rectify this painful condition . . . WINIFRED McGOWAN and ART COLE of Streeter, Illinois, will be married in a couple of weeks. Miss McGowan is the owner of Winifred's Beauty Salon on South 5th Street . . . DEAN MARTIN and JERRY LEWIS, those zany comics, will appear on the stage of the Chicago Theater in the Windy City for a two-week engagement beginning March 31st. This duo will cut a tidy sum of $5,000 a week, plus a percentage of the gross receipts during their footlight stint. They are scheduled to return to Hollywood in late April to start on their first independent movie "At War with the Army" . . . DONALD O'CONNOR left for home last week after spending a wonderful vacation in our midst. Donald told us that he will take his wife GWENN to Honolulu for a long delayed honeymoon. It seems that the day after the O'Connors tied the traditional wedding knot, Don went into Uncle Sam's Army, thus delaying the honeymoon they had planned. This film favorite says, "Better late than never and now is the best time." Luckily his broken hand gave him the perfect alibi to get away from the studio . . . Folks, it is never too late to join the Red Cross. Please do so now. Join this wonderful organization that seeks aid from us only once a year but they in turn work for us 365 days each and every year! **"and that's for sure."**

★ Club Bingo

(Continued from Page 19)

tation . . . MIKE WERNER'S 4-piece "big" band cut a good show and play "lots of music" . . . ALEX CLIPPER at the Hammond Organ takes over the chores during intermissions.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

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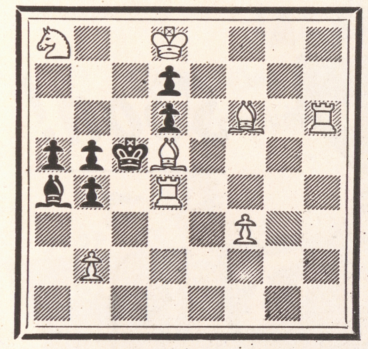
Hotel EL RANCHO VEGAS

CHESS » » »

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

PROBLEM NO. 44

Black 7



White 8

White mates in three.

Solution to problem No. 43: N-QB2.

Here is a real quick one that I played the other night against Jim Baker:

F. Soly	J. Baker		
White	Black	6—B-K3	Q-QN5
1—P-Q4	P-Q4	7—O-O-O!	B-N5
2—P-K4	PxP	8—N-N5!	P-K4
3—N-QB3	N-KB3	9—NxPch	K-K2
4—P-B3	PxP	10—QxP!	QxQ
5—QxP!	QxP	11—B-B5 mate	

I am writing this time about something that is of much interest to the chess enthusiasts in Nevada: The 1950 State Championship!

It will take place in Carson City, Nevada, from April 6 through April 10, in the Senate Chamber of the State Capitol, with Governor Vail Pittman opening the tournament.

Mr. Hal Kispert, of Carson City, is the tournament director assisted by Dr. Carl A. Watson and Mr. Wm. F. Taber, actual State Champion. This trio has been working very hard getting things organized and deserve our appreciation and support.

This will be the first time that Las Vegas will be represented in the State Championship and I predict a pretty close finish. So far the participants will be: State Champion William F. Taber, Dr. Carl A. Watson, of Reno; Ray Kilian, of Fallon; Charles H. Stewart, Idaho champion; Lou Page, champion of Utah; Dr. McInturff, of Sunnyvale, California; Dr. Henderson, of San Jose, California, and the Las Vegas delegation that includes Mr. Maurice Gedance, Mr. Clifford Chester and myself.



Here are the Nevada Chess Champions: William F. Taber—1930, Raymond Kilian—1931, Chas. H. Stewart—1932 and 1933, Dr. Carl A. Watson—1936, William F. Taber—1938 and 1939, Dr. Carl A. Watson—1940, 1941 and 1947, William F. Taber—1948 and ? ? ?—1950. It looks unusual that the championship has been held by only two men almost all the way through, but a real good chess player is hard to beat. It is true that Nevada is a small state (I mean in population, because in every other way is the greatest "for my money"), but even in Mexico with about 20 million people and lots of good chess players, Jose Joaquin Araiza has been the champion for that republic for 16 consecutive years!

I know it is not going to an easy job to beat the two Nevadans that have been champions several times, but maybe the Las Vegas delegation will give us a surprise. This we will find out within a couple of weeks.

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