May 20, 1950

Jack Ortega

Fabulous LASVEGAS

"HowdyPodner"



WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO SEE

★

VIEWS AND REVIEWS BY STAFF AND GUEST COLUMNISTS

★

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"OUTSTANDING TAPS"

IN THE GAY '90s BAR

GEORGE REDMAN

and

BOB LAINE

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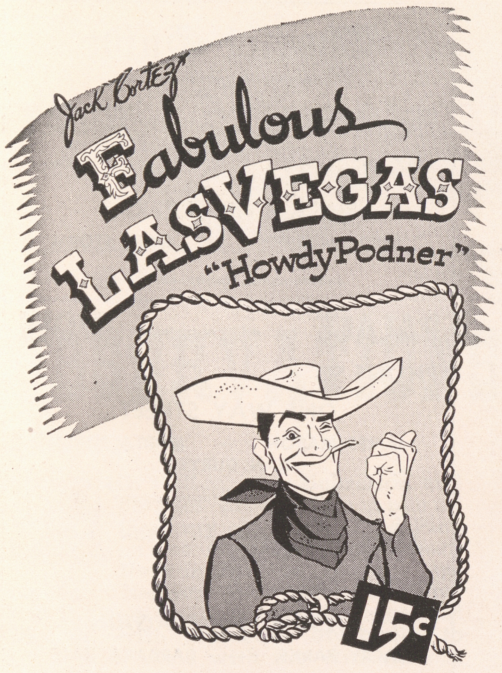
AL WHITE DANCERS

Hotel LAST FRONTIER

AL JAHNS and Orchestra

★

DON BAKER 'Organ Interlude'



PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 2, NO. 6

1600 South Main St.—Phone 937

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JOHNNY ON THE SPOT, BY JOHN UHLMAN

JACK CORTEZ, Editor and Publisher

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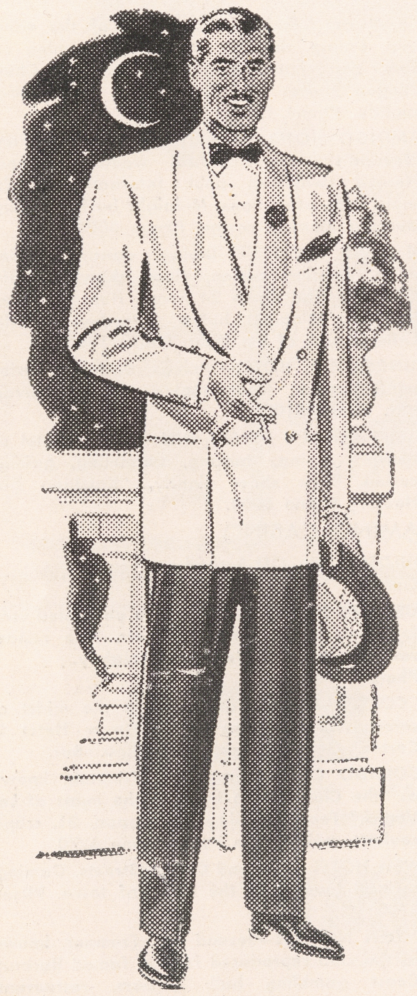
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Jack Cortez' Fabulous LASVEGAS "HowdyPodner"

VOLUME 2 MAY 20, 1950 NUMBER 6

OBSERVATIONS

. . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

OUR INDIANS

THE Helldorado celebration and parades brought comment from my old friend Fred Pine on the condition of Southern Nevada Indians and the apparent difference between our Piutes and the Indians of the northern part of Nevada with reference especially to those who came with the Winnemucca folks.

The Winnemucca Indians were neat, well dressed, well nourished, bright and up to snuff, able to march in the parade, keep step with the music and put on a show. Our Piutes, called the Moapa Indians, on the contrary were poorly dressed, apparently half starved, dirty and shiftless, barely able to shuffle along and keep up with the parade.

So Fred and I argued the problem. Was the difference due to difference in education and training and climate, or are our Moapas just poor stock? Or do the Indians just represent the type of education and training and care those of each section receive from the Indian Agents who represent the policies of the Indian Bureau? And is the Indian Bureau the powerful, inhuman, unfeeling instrument of the government at Washington and its agents interested chiefly in the important duty of cashing their paychecks with little or no care for the welfare of their wards?

I remember that in 1922 when the Colorado River Commission was holding its sessions at Santa Fe trying to create the Colorado River Compact, that same question concerning the Indians and the Indian Bureau was croping up and that "reformers" were fighting the bureaucrats and pointing to the deplorable condition of the Indians. And only a year ago last winter we were all crying our eyes out because the poor Navajo Indians of Arizona were starving and people took up collections and sent food to save the poor Indians from starvation.

I think Fred and I are pretty well agreed that the Indian question follows the pattern of everything else stemming out of too much government in Washington. Yet we can't help feeling that after a century and a half of feeding and pampering and coddling and educating by the government there should not remain so low a race of human beings as our poor Moapas have degenerated into.

PRANCERS

Whatever else our Helldorado may have done, it has developed the most gay and graceful group of prancers that ever trod a city street. The majorette is a rather modern development, it seems to me. A very few years ago a tall youth wearing a pom-pon and twirling a baton would walk with great dignity ahead of a school band.

In our Helldorado parades there are many bands, trying to outdo each other, not so much by the music they make as by the brilliant prancing of the towns' prettiest girls. Not one majorette, but groups of majorettes, twirling their batons in unison with their dance steps and doing athletic stunts which, but a few years ago, were unheard of even among the boys. It surely makes such a lovely picture of grace and beauty and prancing gaiety that we care nothing at all if the kids do play the trombones off key. We are rooting for our favorite prancers—what do we care about the music except to provide rhythm for our gay steppers?

OLD TIMERS

While on the subject of Helldorado, I feel it necessary to comment a bit on our parades. Perhaps we are getting old and experienced and passe, but the majority of our old-timers' parades seemed to me to be suffering from shiftlessness — too much bother — let's

(Continued on Page 30)

NOW . . .

The Hollywood Sky-Larks

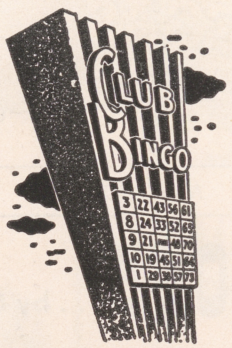
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NICK CASTLE

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PRESENTS



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VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS



I'VE BUILT A HOUSE OF DREAMS

I've found an island in my dreams
And you are with me there it seems,
While little waves from far off lands
Keep murmuring on the gilded sands, "I love you."
And you will learn to understand
The echos that repeat along the strand, "I love you."
I've built a hut of dreams come true,
Thatched tight with dreams I've dreamed of you.

THEN YOU'RE LIVING

When we sincerely love to give,
Then we can say we really live.

LOVE IS BLIND

Others may be groomed in art with talent keen,
Still not a single thing does all this mean.
Some may have station, others wit and art,
Yet from all this, you draw me far apart.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

An ad just begun, "Fun in the Sun"
"Try the sun, just for fun."
What a pun, my skin's undone.
My blisters run and I want to shun
The son-of-a-gun that calls this fun.
I'm like a baker's burned-up bun, I'm over-done.
I'll sure out-run the very first one
That dares to mention, "Fun in the Sun."

A POETIC NIGHT

Under such a moon, poetic fancies breed.
On such a night, the deepest love takes seed.

PLACES WILD

The lassitude of places wild,
I cherish as I would my child.

AL AND HIS GAL

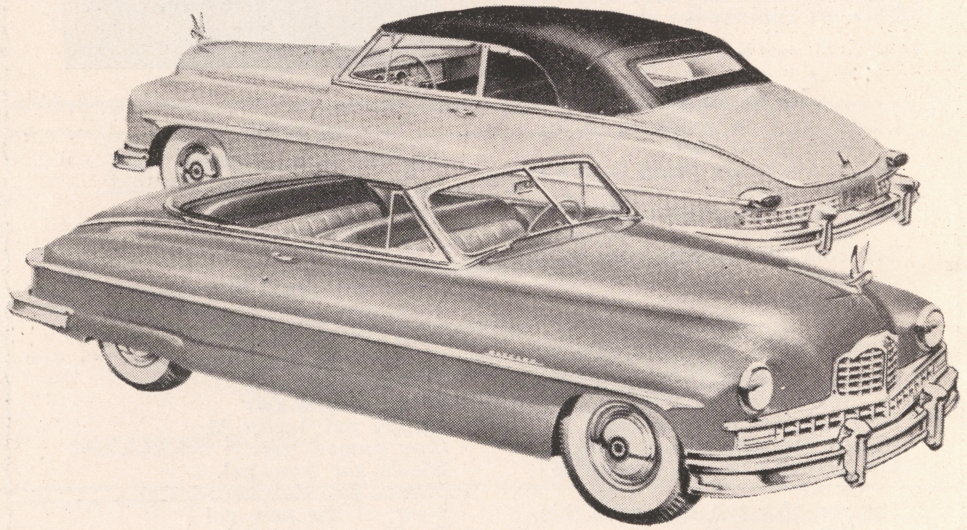
Al had a gal
And the gal had Al.
Now, Al had a pal
And pal liked gal,
So pal steals gal.
Happy pal; lucky Al.
Guy named Hal
Steals gal from pal.
Works gal, Hollywood, Cal.
Now Al has new gal
By the name of Sal
Sal loves Al
They have no pal
Just a little Al . . . "JR."

COLONEL CLARK COLEMAN, U.S.A.F.R., of 1100 Ralston Road (Bonanza Village), Las Vegas, has this to say about his Packard . . .

"I wouldn't trade my Packard Automobile for any car, regardless of make or model! Packard beats them all!"

—★—

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W. R. (BILL) KRUSE
(OWNER)

C. P. (CEC) MARKLAND
(GENERAL MANAGER)

THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

. . by JACK CORTEZ

SUNDAY, May 14, marked the conclusion of the 16th ANNUAL HELLDORADO event, which seemed to have been greater than the year before and the greatest of them all to date. These colorful celebrations seem to improve with each succeeding year and in all probability, will top this one in 1951. As each float majestically came into view, we wondered how the judges could possibly make their decisions.

Each entry was an individual masterpiece, and congratulations should go to the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL for their "SHOW BOAT" entry, which took first prize. THE HOTEL LAST FRONTIER took second place with their "TELL ME, PRETTY MAIDEN" float, and WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN entry "PAINTED DESERT" came in to show. It is gratifying to know that our various hotels can devote so much of their busy and valuable time to an annual event which is attracting so much attention all over the country. The effort they put into their yearly offerings is compensated to the fullest extent by the prizes they win. These prizes to them represent an "Academy Award Oscar," and cherished with like pride . . . When will the movie colony on the Coast come to the realization that LAS VEGAS is the "Garden Spot of the United States"? HAL WALLIS PRODUCTIONS have just completed a picture called DARK CITY, which was supposed to have been placed in our town, but it doesn't paint a pretty picture at all. Perhaps the headlines in the Los Angeles papers have blinded them to their own faults, so they looked Eastward. The old time silent flicker star, WILLIAM FARNUM, has one of the stellar roles, in which he is supposed to be a member of a notorious Las Vegas gambling syndicate. MIKE MAZURKI, also in the picture, plays that part of a murderer, who kills two gamblers and stalks a third, to avenge his brother's death. And all this is supposed to take place in Las Vegas, and once again we remind our readers that the title of the picture is "Dark City." By comparison, we have more lighted bulbs on two blocks than any other city has in its entirety. Crime is unheard of, gambling is run legitimately, and the sun shines each and every day. Isn't their locale a bit misplaced? . . . While DANNY THOMAS was en route East, he stopped off at the FLAMINGO HOTEL to see and visit with his many friends. His commitments in the East gave him a respite from his tours and bookings, and he was looking forward to a few days of sunshine and swimming. No sooner did he get his foot into the lobby when MOE SEDWAY nabbed him and asked him to complete the week as headliner of their show that closed last Wednesday and starred GOVERNOR JIMMIE DAVIS. After a bit of persuasion. Danny good naturedly gave in. There was no advertising, no ballyhooing, no time for newspaper spreads, but the news must have spread like a sage-brush fire. The first show, Sunday night, was jampacked to the rafters, and the "standing-room only" sign was put out in a hurry. This world's greatest comic was only here for four days, but the entire town seemed to turn out for that short engagement. When BILL CLIFFORD, the orchestra leader and m.c., introduced DANNY THOMAS, and the theme song, "Danny Boy," was being played, there was sudden hush, then thunderous applause, and the show was stopped cold **before** this magnetic personality even appeared on the stage. He was so humble in appreciation of this reception, he quietly said "Nothing can top that," and started to walk off. Then it seemed that all Helldorado broke loose, the audience stamped their feet, whistled, and started to call requests. Danny claims our town is the only place in the world where the audience makes the show, and not the star. His many jokes and stories are taken from his early experiences, proving all the time that truth is stranger and much funnier than fiction. We could go on and on but what's the use, you know what we mean. Danny Thomas is **dynamite,** and there's only one in the world. . . . Our sincere congratulations to MRS. NORMAN C. CORNWALL, who was elected President of the Service League. This lovely woman is a most ardent civic worker and will do anything at any time, day or night, towards the betterment of our city . . . A certain storekeeper in Arizona is due for the surprise of his life when he sees the

(Continued on page 32)

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SIL SILVERS

"Requests and Revelry"



FRONT ROW CENTER

. . by JOHN RYKEN

I'M all set to introduce a bill in Congress, through my representative of course, to set aside a week in honor of the old fashioned American pastime—that of the picnic. There are weeks now honoring the pickle, the donut, the hole in the donut, be kind to your mother-in-law, etc. But there is no week designated officially as honoring the picnic.

Now, in celebrating "National Picnic Week" there would be certain requirements needed to enter into the spirit of the occasion. These are listed in order below:

(1) A cold day is of prime importance or a Sunday when the temperature hovers in the 90s.

(2) Food that you wouldn't serve to your worst enemy goes fine at all such occasions, especially soggy potato salad, crumpled bread that is dry from exposure, too much of one item, such as frankfurters or egg salad sandwiches and not enough beer.

(3) When serving the above, make sure there are at least six kids ranging from 2½ to 5 years at the table, and also that it has been at least six hours since their last morsel of food was served to them.

(4) Have plenty of pop on hand for the aforementioned kids and cups that tip easily so when they are filled automatically the cups spill.

(5) Make sure that all the leftovers are collected at the end so there will be enough to serve all families present for at least a week afterwards.

The regulations are elastic and variations can be used to make the day different. Of course there would be a clause to the effect that everyone must enter into the fun or be fined. For what good is a picnic if there are no crowded highways, crowded picnic grounds or kids present?

On second thought I shall withdraw the bill and substitute a National Stay at Home Week!

Musically Speaking

The flood of record releases the recording companies send to their distributors weekly is staggering. Thus the retailers have a difficult time in ordering for they can't predict in advance what is going to move and what isn't. So many times they are cautious and order a sample lot. A tune buried in the pile catches on and the orders come in. The retailer then orders from the distributor and there is in due time a



backlog that can't be handled. So, a few retailers who were smart and had been working closely with the disc jockey in their area—know how the tune was received by the public—are smart and have their orders in way in advance. Consequently, other outlets in the same area are left holding a sack. By the time their orders are filled the demand may have slackened off for a particular tune and moved over to another. The gist of the above is, that more and more retail record dealers are tieing in with some particular disc jockey and governing their selections to the reception of records he plays. It has proved to be a highly accurate way of keeping the inventory flexible and the profits for the dealer correspondingly are higher.

Sometimes, of course, a slow moving tune works to the disadvantage of the above combination. But those occasions are few and far between.

The bitter feud between NBC and CBS has spilled over into the subsidiary record companies, Victor and Columbia. Talent raids by both outfits are occurring frequently and money seems to be of little moment. Their biggest concern in this feud seems to be the outcome of the speed war, 33½ vs. 45 RPM. The former Columbia's pet, the latter Victor's. With all other record

(Continued on Page 31)

You Can Get Everything
You Need in Las Vegas!
Patronize Local Stores!

TUTOR SCHERER

(with apologies to the composer of:
"PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER, THEY SPELL M-O-T-H-E-R")

N—is for this pair of '**N**'tertainers
E—'s for **E**ffort—in the shows we do—
V—is for Las **V**egas . . . and its **V**irtues . . .
A—'s for her great **A**udiences, too!
D—is for the **D**esert Inn—'**D**'lightful!
A—'cause they've **A**ccepted us so well;
—put them all together . . . it's **NEVADA**—
—where everybody treats ya SWELL!

W—'s for our **W**onderful employer . . .
I—is for his **I**deals—and his dream;
L—is for his **L**abor—to fulfill it . . .
B—means it's the **B**est—and 'on the **B**eam' . . .
U—is for his **U**nderstanding patience—
R—means it's '**R**'tistic—through and through;
—put them all together . . . they spell **WILBUR:**
—the guy to whom all credit's due!!



MANY THANKS, BOSS, FOR

INTRODUCING US TO YOUR

GREAT LAS VEGAS AUDIENCES!

Alice Tyrell and Dick Winslow

"A Refreshing Touch of Hollywood"

. . . see ya again soon . . . ?

THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

AT 2:30 p. m. the phone rang. "Hello," said I. "Chubby?" said the other end. "Yep" was my answer. Then came the magic words, "This is Grant, Herdan and Sherrell's secretary. You are to be at the Moving Picture Center Studio at 8:00 in the morning for make-up and wardrobe. You must be on the set ready for work at 9:30. Can you make it?" Could I make it? I told Grant that I would call her within a few hours from Burbank. I hung up and called the Willis Travel Agency. They couldn't guarantee me a seat on the evening plane but they would check. Suddenly I got an idea. I always stay at my sister Becky's in Pasadena while I am down there. The Long Beach Airport is just as close to Pasadena as the Los Angeles Airport. Onto the phone again I go. Could Julie get me on the 3:30 TWA for Long Beach? She could, did, and on the plane I went. Maw took me to the plane and called Becky when she got home.

Everything happened so fast that we were a way up there in the air before I realized that I, Chubby, the Old Timer, was riding in an airplane. "Look, Maw, no hands!" I peeked out of the port hole window, or whatever you call it, and by the pink-toed-prophet, there ain't nothing between me and the ground but a few thousand feet of nothing! I moved to the back of the plane where there wasn't any place to look out. Not that I was scared, but I'm the type that gets dizzy if I stand on a chair to hang a picture.

I tried to act very nonchalant. I didn't have anything to read and so, having my script with me, I decided to study my part. Those airline hostesses are sure smart. She came back to where I was sitting and offered me chewing gum, mints, and quieting conversation by saying, "Do you travel much by airplane?" I confessed I didn't. She explained that once a person got used to it they rarely travel any other way. I could see she was wise that it was my first trip so I asked her point blank if she knew. She did. I asked her how she could tell. Just what gave me away. She said it was my unusual way of reading, with the book upside-down. My laugh broke the tension and, being my usual nosey self, I quizzed her. She said her name was "Liz" Boon, and after a bit of continental repartee, i. e., "Liz Boon, from Portugal, no doubt." (I tell you, when Maw isn't around, I'm a card.) I found out, like I've always



said, that "everybody has a story that is interesting to other people" and Liz was no exception.

She came from Grand Rapids, Michigan. (You're wrong, Jack, other things besides pianos come from there.) She is 24 years old, 5 foot 6½ inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, blond, with a right pert short haircut. She served her nurses' training, worked in hospitals in Florida, Texas, Atlanta, Georgia, and then studied at Mayo Brothers in the summer. Suddenly she got the urge to go into aviation so she enrolled at the Air Hostess School in Los Angeles. When her course was almost completed, she was called to the school office and told to go to the TWA office at the Los Angeles Airport and contact the Personnel Manager for an interview. During this interview everything happened. The Personnel Manager explained that he might be interrupted now and then but that she was to pay no attention. After about five minutes, four fellows in mechanics' uniforms came in and Liz was speechless for a minute. The four were fellows whom she had dated, each in a different place, and as far as she knew, were strangers to each other. After introductions all around, they stated their business and made an exit, leaving Liz to ponder if they would compare notes.

(Continued on Page 31)

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State Jewelry Co.

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IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS PHONE 1670



GOING INTO MY

5th

CONSECUTIVE WEEK

AT THE

DESERT INN

★

Thank You, Las Vegas!

Johnny Martin

Round the Clock with the Rounders

. . . by ALEX HENIG

THE first Las Vegas invitational golf tournament will be held this coming May 20th and 21st. Golfers from Reno, the Air Base, San Fernando Valley, Trona, Wilshire, Lanchester and Salt Lake City country clubs will be competing. May the best man win and if you can make it, get out to the golf course. The winners will receive trophies, as this is amateur competition.

Congratulations to "Corky," dealer at the Club Bingo. His lovely wife presented him with a little 7-pound, 8-ounce baby girl. Speaking of the Club Bingo, we wish Eppy Pearson lots of luck on his new job as the boss of the Bonanza Room. He's a favorite in our town and can't miss . . . The Monte Carlo Club is where change girl, Terry Bell, can be found. This southern beauty is always on the job. When we were there, head of maintenance, Jack Pitts, was fixing one of the slot machines that went on the blink. You can bet your last buck that Jack is tops in this field. He's been with this club for over three years . . . As told to this reporter, cocktail waitresses Peggy Morris and Eadie Powers (swing shift—Desert Inn), are one of the best combinations around . . . Watching the beauty parade in front of the Pioneer Club we spotted Mrs. Ruth "Farmer" Page, Mrs. Edith Barrett and Mrs. Iris "Tutor" Scherer. This three charming women looked like they were enjoying every minute of this wonderful event. . . . The maitre d' and crew at the Flamingo Hotel are doing a terrific job since they took over. To the three Georges and two Johns, we say good luck! . . . The big move at the Eldorado Club is that Smiling Sam Lichtor will soon be in charge of the biggest race horse book this side of the Mississippi. . . . Emil Resnik will be leaving for Lake Tahoe (Cal-Neva Lodge), very shortly. We hope he will be back in Las Vegas soon. Daughter Harriett will be . . . this May 19. She's cashier at one of our downtown clubs . . . Visiting her dad for Helldorado Week, Sylvia Tell Gallo Jr. and her friend, Joyce Manzi. Proud father, Aurelio, reviewed his daughter who participated in the parade . . . The kids Western contest at the Flamingo Hotel was a success. Hundreds of these youngsters from near and far were entered but Jimmy and Lucy Manual's boy, Billy, (age 4½), won second prize. Lucy is at the Club Bingo and Jimmy is a dealer at the Golden Nugget casino . . . When the



blitz was on in London, England, during the war, dealer Joseph J. Scotti ran to a shelter for protection. In this shelter he met the girl, and married. She is Christina, the fry cook at Les Goldring's Frontier Delicatessen. Last week they celebrated her becoming an American citizen . . . Lovely to look at and eyes that are like blue white diamonds are that of beautiful Virginia Busch (Arden-Fletcher dancer) . . . Visiting his friends Sheriff Glen Jones, Under Sheriff Cyril "Soup" Stewart, Chief of Security Dave Chuven, and Chief of Deputies Don Borax, was Inspector of Detectives Jack Donahue with Detective E. W. Evard, both of the Los Angeles police department. Dave and Don are at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn. They told us they will be back soon as our little city is tops . . . Doing a good job are cocktail waitresses Eileen Achuff and Arvella Bookout, both of the Westerner Club. A standout at this club is floorman Bob Peccole, who is one of the best around. . . . Auditor C. L. Fleming and Special Officer Oscar "Red" Bray are solid citizens with the Pioneer Club. For years they have taken care of their jobs to the highest degree . . . If you rounders want to get those little ducks you see around town, then get to Bob Moore's

(Continued on Page 31)

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"LIFE IS SWELL . . .

WITH MY WIFE, TYRRELL' OR 'WITH MY EYES WIDE OPEN, I'M TEAMING' OR 'WE'D MAKE A PEACH OF PAR----ODY' by DICK WINSLOW

I was an actor by day—at the time—
An orchestra leader at night:
Seven years at the "Bar of Music"
Is still a record . . . that's right!
She was a serious singer, of sorts
A colorful coloratura—
When she sang "Strauss" . . . it brought down the house
(—and her high notes were heard in **Ventura!**)

I was impressed by her pipes, by cripes
(But the faces she made were a joke)
Her "C" above "C" did something to me
I praised her . . . appraised her . . . and spoke:
"You've got a voice and it's plenty choice
But for **comedy** . . . you've a **real** flair-
Please let me write you some songs that might
Excite and delight 'em—ya care?"
She agreed . . . and I then proceeded
To knock out some special material—
That was the start of our team—cross my heart!
Now her singing's **more** laffs . . . **Less** ethereal!
We fell in love: She said "yes" like a dove
So we married . . . and carried our dream
Into reality . . . 'cause . . . it simply was
To develop a **comedy team** . . .
I kept a-writing . . . it sure was exciting
To plan for a future in life
Where we'd be touring together . . . insuring
Careers . . . as a man and his wife!
Our **biggest** break was when we **did** make
Our first real appearance together;
A benefit show—honoring **Jolson**—yeah, bo!

Our hearts were as light as a feather—
Opening spot in a show **isn't** what
Performers prefer . . . (you'll agree!)
But we did o.k. . . . and on the **next** day
They offered us . . . the **"Chez Paree!"**
Anyone knows (in the booking of shows)
That this club is Chicago's **top** spot—
And not to **begin at** . . . for acts to "break in" at—
But that's just the break that **we** got!
A chance . . . you **must** take: So we made the break
From singer and orchestra leader—
We flew to Chicago . . . a scared "Umbriago"
With wife . . . (now I **knew** that I need her!)
That proved to be wise . . . we were real lucky "guys"
To find that our songs brought a "gleam"
Of enjoyment into . . . their eyes . . . when we'd do
Each comedy tune . . . as a team—
That was **March '48**—and we've been doin' great
In clubs from the east to the west—
We've traveled—rehearsed—"Saw America first"
And **now** we know **Vegas** is **best!**
While we've appeared in some spot that were weird
Most dates we've enjoyed veddy much:
From New York to Reno—**most** smart rooms that we know
Love comedy singers . . . as such!
We've slanted our stuff toward news . . . just enough
To keep our **own** repertoire "tropical"—
Our songs are satirical—commercially lyrical . . .
(We hope they're not **dull** . . . or **be-bopical!**)
This brings us right down . . . to **Las Vegas town**
Where we're **sure** enjoying our stay—
It's our **debut** visit . . . and we wouldn't miss it . . .
The Desert Inn's **great** . . . all the way!
We **almost** got here in March of **last** year
But Alice incurred laryngitis:
We canceled that date . . . but after a wait
Wilbur Clark was damn nice to invite us!
To our local pals . . . the guys and the gals
Who've made us most welcome: **Thank** yez!
They'll not have to **beg us** to come back to **Vegas!**
Adios!—and thank **you, Jack Cortez!**

Sincerely,

DICK WINSLOW

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

. . . by JACK CORTEZ



★ Flamingo Hotel

(Show presented May 18 to June 1)

America's No. 1 pantomime artist, the one and only HARPO MARX, is the star of the current show at this hotel. For many years this famous comedian has never uttered a word on the screen or stage, and he hasn't changed in the least! He just won't talk, but his pantomiming is so expressive, words are not necessary. His entire act consists of pantomime and enchanting harp playing. His routines and blackout sketches are side splitting to say the very least! . . . On the same bill JEANNE DETERMAN, a wonderful lyric soprano, who sings ballads and torch tunes . . . GENII YOUNG does "magical" acrobatic taps . . . A newcomer, and the first time on any stage, is MICKEY DE WOOD, Danny Thomas' protege, who possesses a powerful lyric baritone voice and sings your favorite tunes in great style. THE FLAMINGO ADORABLES, featuring the KINGS AND DICK MAITLAND, present two lovely routines, garbed exquisitely. A novel number they do is when each member of the line has a doll representing Harpo Marx on her finger and for the introduction of this famed comedian's entrance to the stage . . . BILL CLIFFORD and his orchestra cut a terrific show and play excellent music for customers' dancing. MARY MARSHALL is the vocalist supreme with the band.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Hotel Last Frontier

(Show presented May 19 to June 2)
(Not a review)

HERB SHRINER, comedian-raconteur-philosopher and harmonica wizard, is the current headliner in the RAMONA ROOM. Shriner was hailed by the critics for the freshness and originality of his topical material by mixing politics with cracker barrel wisdom . . . On the same bill is JIMMY VEY, outstanding tap dancer, who also does terrific boogie beat on an xylophone . . . The RAMONA GIRLS are superbly costumed as usual, and perform two dance routines with dexterity. AL JAHNS and his orchestra background the show, and play for your dancing pleasure, with lovely LOUISE in the feature spot. . . . DON BAKER at the Hammond Organ plays requestfully yours during intermissions.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ El Rancho Vegas

(Show presented May 10 to May 24)
(Full review in last week's issue)

The stars of this show are the HOOSIER HOT SHOTS and their "kitchen equipment instruments." These fellows are a marvelous musical and non-musical quartet. It is amazing that anything so "corny" can be so enjoyed . . . ARTINI and CONSUELO, outstanding ballroom creators of the dance, glide through their many numbers with artistic nimbleness . . . The GEORGE MORO DANCERS introduce two beautiful dance routines, and the outstanding one of the two is the "Hoe Down." Sensational! . . . CARLTON HAYES and ork provide excellent backing as usual.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

(Show presented May 21 to June 5)
(Not a review)

America's No. 1 song stylist of stage, screen and radio will headline this new presentation in the PAINTED DESERT ROOM. There is nothing we can say most of you don't already know, but we can add this: CONNEE BOSWELL is a treat to see and hear, so make this a must on your list . . . On the same bill and considered one of the country's greatest mimics and impressionists is DEAN MURPHY. His impersonations of world famed celebrities are so realistic, it is almost impossible to conceive it comes from one man. Dean Murphy adds much to this star-studded show . . . JOHSON AND OWEN are a novel comedy and dance team . . . The ARDEN-FLETCHER dancers with JOHNNY MARTIN as the capable m. c. of the entire show, offer two novel routines and with Johnny doing a wonderful job vocalizing in the production numbers. . . . EDDIE OLIVER and his orchestra ably background the show and offer excellent dance music for patron hoofing!

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Thunderbird Hotel

(Show presented May 11 to May 25)

America's outstanding cowboy singer, JIMMY WAKELY, brought back by overwhelming demand, is the star of this miniature production. He has that warm intimate style of presenting tunes which endears him to the audience. A feature in his act is the WAKELY-WHITING duet, with BETSY JONES substituting for Miss Whiting, and doing an excellent job . . . BOY FOY is a remarkable uno-cyclist, doing tricks from an uncanny height that would terrorize anyone trying to duplicate same on the ground . . . ART JAMES, an outstanding roller skating champ, travels at a remarkable rate of speed, spinning and twirling and performs many daring feats . . . BARNEY RAWLINGS is the capable m.c. and truly an asset to the show . . . SANDY SANDIFER backs this miniature revue in his capable manner, with BETSY JONES doing the vocals.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Club Bingo

(Show presented May 15 to May 27)

Eppy Pearson presented the new show in the BONANZA ROOM that stars an outstanding singing quintet, the SKYLARKS. This young and vivacious singing group touch off their musically perfect singing offerings with tricky dance routines, which were produced by NICK CASTLE, a famous dance director. Each member is an outstanding singer in their own right . . . As an added attraction, the TANTALIZING BINGOETTES do a nice job without benefit of eight or 12 in the line, as EPPY PEARSON so aptly puts it . . . MIKE WERNER and his orchestra cut a good show and provide dancing until 5 a. m. for the rounders' pleasure.

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ST. BRIDGET'S, Stewart at 14th.
Rev. Fr. Hugh P. Smith.

ST. ANNE'S, Oakey at Maryland Parkway.
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Bishop Thomas L. Adams, 210 South 10th.

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HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES

by MARTIN LEWIS

OFF-BEAT CASTING SCORES AT BOX-OFFICE

TYPE-CASTING is a thing of the past . . . Hollywood's ingenious movie-makers have tossed type-casting, for the screen's top leading men right out of the studio windows. Both industry bigwigs and the No. 1 male box-office attractions have discovered it's the off-beat type of casting which makes a movie heel out of a hero—a heavy into a comedian that causes the theater cash registers to play a jingle-jangle-jingle tune. The movie-going public seems to feel it's getting something new for its money every time it sees one of its favorite actors in a different type of role. The actor, in turn, jumps at the opportunity to show off his versatility —so everybody's happy and everybody benefits.

Good-looking JOHN LUND is a stellar example of a screen star who discovered that changing his histrionic spots is a boon to his career. The blond actor from Broadway's world-famed theatrical row arrived in Hollywood to play romantic leads opposite OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND in "To Each His Own" and bouncing BETTY HUTTON in "Perils of Pauline." Later, he executed a quick change of pace by turning a loony nitwit for "Miss Tatlock's Millions." Then he followed this nine-reel funfest by portraying a romantic cad in "A Foreign Affair."

Not long ago, Lund arrived on Paramount sound stages to emote as an understanding and serious-minded fellow opposite BARBARA STANWYCK in "No Man of Her Own." Next, he went off on another thespian tangent to portray the loud-mouthed, four-flushing boy-friend of scatter-brained MARIE WILSON in the soon-to-be-released comedy, "My Friend Irma Goes West." According to John, an actor who rolls from one character to another gathers no moss, which is a good thing since there seems to be no steady market for moss-backed players in Hollywood.

* * *

Certainly this year's Academy nominations for best-actor honors were significant of the trend of the times in the film capital . . . BRODERICK CRAWFORD, formerly a solid citizen of the cinema, played a rabble-rousing demagogue in "All the King's Men" and won an "Oscar" for his about-face act. . . . KIRK DOUGLAS, who had been doing suave, romantic leads, went primitive and sadistic in "The Champion" and wound up on the Academy ballot. JOHN WAYNE, rugged hero of numerous westerns, did a war picture and landed smack in the running, too.

Of course, there are many other cases of popular stars who have given their careers a shot in the arm by switching character in midstream. VAN JOHNSON is currently taking a vacation from the kind of boyish roles which made him the darling of the bobby-sox set. In his upcoming film, he plays a hard-boiled private eye . . . DICK POWELL is a reformed crooner who took up sleuthing and promptly became one of the screen's most popular and highest-paid crime-busters . . . Debonair RONALD COLMAN turned killer in "A Double Life" and continues to demonstrate his versatility by playing a screwball professor in a new comedy.

CLARK GABLE returns to light comedy in his latest picture. As a matter of fact, "The King" goes downright slapstick in many scenes of the film . . . BURT LANCASTER, certainly as hard a customer as ever made his way down the picture pike, does a swashbuckling, balcony-scaling role in his forthcoming picture. GENE KELLY, heretofore known to film fans as a dancing hero, has traded in his tap shoes for a detective's badge for his recent stint before the cameras . . . And ALAN LADD, two-fisted tough-guy of the underworld, headed for the cactus and the sagebrush to play the top role in Paramount's western, "Branded."

It's getting so a Hollywood hero's right hand doesn't know today what his left hand will be doing tomorrow.

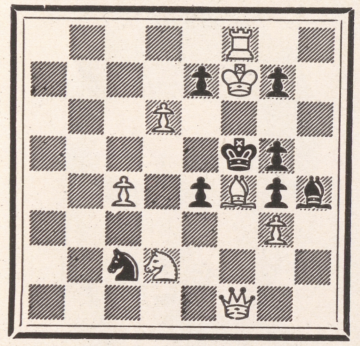
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. . . by **FRED SOLY**
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PROBLEM NO. 51
Black 8



White 8
White mates in two.

Solution to problem No. 50: B-N3.

Evans	Hearst		
White	Black		
1—P-K4	P-K4	19—QxNP	N-B3
2—N-KB3	N-QB3	20—PxP	PxP
3—B-N5	P-QR3	21—NxP	B-Q3
4—B-R4	N-B3	22—Q-B4ch	N-Q4
5—O-O	B-K2	23—N-K4	K-R1
6—Q-K2	P-QN4	24—Q-K4	Q-KB1
7—B-N3	O-O	25—P-QB4	N-B5
8—P-B3	P-Q3	26—BxN	RxB
9—P-QR4	N-QR4	27—Q-K2	P-KR4
10—B-B2	B-K3	28—N-K3	Q-B2
11—P-Q3	N-Q2	29—N-Q5	R-R5
12—QN-Q2	P-KB4	30—P-KN3	R-N5
13—P-Q4	N-B5	31—R-K1	K-R2
14—PxBP	NxN	32—Q-Q3ch	K-R1
15—BxN	BxP	33—R-R	P-B3
16—BxB	RxB	34—R-R8ch	B-B1
17—PxNP	PxNP	35—N-K3	R-N3
18—RxR	QxR	36—RxBch	QxR
		37—QxR	Resigns

Siemms	Pruner		
White	Black		
1—P-K4	P-K4	21—P-QN4	Q-Q2
2—N-KB3	N-QB3	22—N-N2	P-QN3
3—B-N5	P-QR3	23—R-Q1	QxRch
4—B-R4	N-B3	24—NxQ	RxNch
5—O-O	NxP	25—N-K1	N-B5
6—Q-K2	N-B4	26—K-B1	B-B4
7—BxN	QPxB	27—P-KN4	B-Q6ch
8—P-Q4	N-K3	28—K-N1	N-K7ch
9—PxP	B-B4	29—K-N2	RxN
10—R-Q1	Q-K2	30—Q-Q2	R-N8ch
11—N-B3	B-Q2	31—K-B3	B-B5
12—N-K4	B-N3	32—Q-Q8ch	K-N2
13—N-N3	O-O-O	33—P-KR4	R-QB8
14—N-B5	Q-B1	34—P-N5	RxPch
15—N-K3	B-R2	35—K-N2	P-KN3
16—N-B4	Q-K2	36—Q-R6	BxP
17—B-K3	BxB	37—QxRP	N-B5ch
18—QxB	K-N1	38—K-N1	B-Q4
19—P-B3	B-B	39—P-R5	R-B8ch
20—RxR	RxR	40—K-R2	R-R8ch
		41—K-N3	N-K7mate



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JOHNNY ON THE SPOT by JOHNNY UHLMAN

IN the outset of the column this week, I would like to take the opportunity to pay tribute to a very fine gentleman. For almost 36 years now I have known this fellow, and in all that time I have found no one that could come even close to approaching the heights that he has attained in the esteem and admiration of this lowly writer. Many times I have gone to him for counsel and have come away with the feeling that I had been given advice that was to shape my destiny. It was he, and that wonderful woman, his wife, that instilled into my heart the will, and the courage to attempt to lead my life according to the pattern for righteous living. That God-given pattern, The Golden Rule. Last Monday, May 15, this wonderful man reached the age of three score and four. May it be the will of the Almighty to grant many, many more happy years to . . . my Dad!

Another Helldorado has come and gone, and while a lot of us are sighing a big sigh of relief, I can't help admitting that I'm a little bit sorry to see it go . . . You ask me why? 'Cause a lot of people are going to dig out those "stuffed shirts" that they wear most of the rest of the year! Yes, I even went around last Monday without my usual blue jeans and cowboy boots, and this remark was heard more than once, "I see you're back in CIVILIAN clothes again." If yours truly had his way, jeans, boots and WESTERN GARB would be "civilian clothes" for every true Las Vegan. Be MODERN and PROGRESSIVE of mind, yes, but hold to the old western atmosphere that Las Vegas used to be widely known for and EXPECTED by the tourists who trek here from far and wide to SEE the "Old West in Modern Splendor." . . . Uh, . . . Blowin' my top again, wasn't I? And those of you who have seen the haircut I sport these days, know that I can't afford to blow MUCH of my top, either! . . . Well, come on, let's mosey around a bit! . . . The LAS VEGAS CLUB may have abandoned the pit at their club but they are doing a land office business with the bingo and slots in which they now specialize. The "House of Jackpots" they call it and it is rightfully named. The "mentor of the mint," TUTOR SCHERER, tells us that there are plans under way for some extensive remodeling in the not too distant future . . . While you're in the Las Vegas



Club during the swing shift, you might drop back and say "hello" to HARRY PIKE in the cashier's cage. Harry is an old timer in Vegas, having originally opened and operated the Zanzibar out in North Las Vegas a few years back. His lovely wife, MAXINE, is found out there these nights, dealing blackjack to the crowds that attend the EMBASSY CLUB nightly, since TRIPLE ACTION BINGO HAS BECOME THE THING . . . Say, where's all that PIANO coming from? Oh! It's JUANITA BURKE at the ivories in the TALK O' THE TOWN. She's been here for a long time now and when a person holds down a spot for a long time, it can only mean that there has been no one come along to knock 'em off that spot. . . . Nightly dancing at the EL CORTEZ HOTEL is beginning to become a welcome fact to a lot of us again. Man, how this place used to jump during the war! WOW! The MELLO-TONES are responsible for putting a lot of the old zip back into the place, and have

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Phone 5310M Dick Bell, Owner

added vibes to the combo, which is a welcome addition to any small group of musicians. The way that Chuck plays them REALLY makes it a welcome addition. "MAC" McMAHON has been given the managership of the bar and casino, and in view of the job he has been doing at the Railroad Pass Casino, out on the Boulder Highway, we feel certain that the El Cortez will become the favorite "meetin' hall" for many more of you rounders in the days to come . . . Did any of you happen to notice which way RAY SALMON went? Brother, I've tried to catch up to a lot of people in my short span of life on this earth, but let me tell you, this RAY takes the cake. Running a VERY close second is our old riend, JIMMY FARE. Getting back to Ray, though! The NEW YORKER seems to be a spot that will hold its own with any of the downtown clubs at any time, day or night. Speaking of nights, that's BUDDY TAYLOR who mixes things up on the swing shift. He not only mixes a marvelous "motion potion" to your liking, but he mixes the people together at the bar so that before long everyone knows everyone and, consequently, everyone ends up having a ball for themselves. I found SIL SILVERS kickin' the keys of the Kimball here the other night, too, which is news to many of his friends. Sil has been a regular "rounders' piano man" for a long, long time in these parts and can play practically any tune you can bring to mind. Yessir! Mr. Salmon and Mr. Shaw are seeing to it that they get the best in the business to bring their business to its best! . . . Don't blame anyone but yourself if you don't get down to ETHEL'S LIQUOR STORE in time to take advantage of the ridiculously low prices at which they are selling that stock. I'm set for a few New Year's Eves to come myself! Some things are 50 to 65 percent off! The new owners want to remove the stock so that they might start alterations on the building and it is to you that they give the advantage by offering that stock at such a price that you can't afford to let it slip by. I know this sounds a bit commercial coming from me, but I happen to mean it . . . MILLIE ANDREWS and JOE WOLVERTON are still doing a first rate job for those genial gin jugglers who own the ESQUIRE BAR, and take their own turns on the planks. Millie and Joe have worked out some pretty fair duets on the piano and guitar along with the outstanding solo work of each in his or her own right. PRETTY FAIR, did I say? That is amended to read, "darned good" . . . One of the neatest and finest of cocktail waitresses that I have ever had the pleasure of knowing is THELMA WADE, who is doing the swing stint at the CINNABAR for two great guys, JIMMY and BERTO! Regardless of how busy Thelma gets, or how busy she has been, I have yet to see her looking any other way except as though she had just come to work and nothing had happend as yet. Wonderful gal, that Thelma! . . . Stopped into the bowling alleys the other day to cool off and to chew an old shoe with one of the owners, ED RADZWEIT. Funny how people think that just because it is summer, it's too hot to bowl. Why it was so comfortable in that place that I bet I could have bowled 3 or 4 lines without even working up a sweat. Yeah, I might even manage to break a hundred! The summer leagues are in session now, but there are always a few alleys open so that the public might play at any time. . . . Off hand I can think of THREE REASONS why you should stop off at the lounge of the GOLDEN NUGGET SALOON at your very earliest convenience, and all of them are good. That's an odd name for a trio, isn't it? Have to admit that I like it, though. These three lovely little ladies play the livin' be-whatsis out of their instruments and are well worth your while to stop in and give a listen to. (Hm-m. Ended that sentence with a preposition. Gotta watch that.) The VARI-TONES are still at the Nugget lounge, too. These guys, BOB, SANDY and CHUCK are getting to the point where all you have to mention is the tune you would like to hear and in what manner you would like it played. They ride, pick corn, play long-hair, in other words, the boys are able to do for you most anything that you might be in the mood to hear. Go in and try 'em . . . Now that the weather man has seen fit to let us have some decent weather, that is, without the wind, the DESERT DRIVE IN on South Fifth is going to start staying open all night. Good news to most of us who are already regulars and enjoy the simple menu that is the pride and joy of this neat and efficient little spot. Never have you lapped a lip over a more "biteous" barbecue! . . . Oh! Do you think you could drop in again next week? Say, that's great! 'Til then . . . Look for the GOOD in people! . . . Alby sinew. —JOHNNY.

PETE'S LIQUOR STORE
North Las Vegas' Finest Selection
MILLIE SCHWEKE, MANAGER

YOUR NEIGHBOR

. . . by AUDREY LEE

NOVEMBER 1949 a very small variety and hardware store opened its doors to business for the first time on Fremont Street—that statement of itself is of no great importance—the story back of it is.

Six years ago two very young people came into Las Vegas, interested in finding a new place to start both a home and a career. They were farm kids—raised on farms near Pittsburgh—met during the war—married, and when Dick's war job was over they took off for new adventure. California was their goal—but driving through Las Vegas they both got sand in their shoes—simply could not shake it out—and after two months of California, turned, and headed for Las Vegas the second time.

Liking a place to live is one thing—getting into a position to earn a living is another—if that was or is a problem, neither Dick nor Wanda seemed to know a thing about it—they just liked Las Vegas—they were going to make it their home—they were going to work, and eventually get into a business of their own—they want to build a home here.

Dick had been a salesman in the east—had eight years in the National Guard, and four years in the Army Reserve—speaks of himself as "unfortunate" that he was held in his civil position by the government—therefore did not see active army service.

Fortunately, Dick's training as a salesman made it possible for him to obtain a part time selling job—it also meant traveling—while these people did not like it, they had a goal—so they were willing to work and wait.

During the weeks Dick was not traveling it meant being idle—no good, says Dick—the only job he could get without experience was as a bus boy—so, a bus boy he becomes. Why stop at being a bus boy, reasons Dick—cooks make more money—harder work, of course—but Dick learned to cook—in fact he became such a good cook he was able to take over and run a cafe while the chef made a trip east—gone two months, too—proudly announces Dick.

While Dick was busy in these various jobs, Wanda worked as a waitress at a local hotel. Always with their goil in mind they saved every penny possible—cutting corners—planning—dreaming.

Dick became restless—"I am going to find a partner, soem one who can invest a little money, I want to get started"—Wanda firmly announced he would "DO-NO-SUCH-A-THING." "Go direct to the wholesale merchants yourself, you know the business, you are honest and hard working, you have worked for some of these firms—I just-know-it-is the-best-way" and with faith and urging Dick took the big step—he was nearly floored when complete credit was extended—Wanda just smiled.

Now, that credit was established their dream started taking on real shape—a location to be found—rent deposited—shelves built—the store painted inside and out—and here, it seems to me, is where the real story comes in.

Dick and Wanda carried on their day time jobs—but at night, they built the shelves—painted the store—scrubbed the floor—unpacked merchandise—cleaned windows—worked night after night until they were just too, too tired to take another step—then up the next morning—put in a full eight hours on the job—to earn more money for their store.

"If it were not for Wanda I never could have made it," says Dick, while Wanda looks at her husband with star dust in her eyes and insisted, "All I did was just work a couple of years, and encourage him; it is his brain child, you know, and I think he has done a fine job."

It is much, much more than that—it is the faith of two young people in one another—it is their faith in a growing community—it is a guy and a gal—a cook and a waitress with a dream—a young merchant in Las Vegas who has made good from the ground up—it is the kind of a story I like to hear, and you like to hear—two modern pioneers of the west—DICK and WANDA BELL. Hasta Luego.

Give Time and Guidance
To the Children!
TUTOR SCHERER

Weekly Beauty Letter

from WALLY WESTMORE

MAKEUP DIRECTOR, PARAMOUNT STUDIOS

Wherever you go, whatever you do—spark your own particular charm with a dash of perfume.

"Perfume, like a woman's makeup," says beauty expert Wally Westmore, "should be unobtrusive. It should be an illusive presence that tantalizes an admiring public and not a distracting fragrance that's strong to the point of nausea."

According to Paramount's high priest of beauty, every damsel knows her own personality type and should study perfumes in search of one which will correspond with her particular charm. The wrong perfume-choice manages to destroy a smart illusion achieved via correct makeup, hair-styling and careful grooming. For young girls who are in a class with the teen-aged bobby-soxer MONA FREEMAN portrays in "Dear Wife," Wally Westmore suggests scents that are light and fresh in keeping with the youngster's qualities . . . For women who possess an exotic beauty, such as Hedy Lamarr displays in Cecil B. DeMille's "Samson and Delilah," the world-famous makeup expert recommends heavy, spicy and exotic perfumes.

However, even more important than the choice of scents is the application of perfume. Above all, it should be used discreetly. Many a man has found his romantic ideas routed by a hodge-podge of scents and waves of fragrance . . . Perfume should never be applied to wearing apparel, but to the body surfaces. LIZABETH SCOTT often applies her favorite perfume to the inside of the elbows. RHONDA FLEMING dabs perfume at the base of her neck. Petite WANDA HENDRIX applies it to the ear lobes and along the hairline. And GAIL RUSSELL likes to rub drops of perfume into the palms of her hands. Incidentally, these screen stars select a perfume that suits their personalities—then use it year after year until it becomes a distinctive part of them.

Weekly Fashion Letter

from EDITH HEAD

PARAMOUNT FASHION DESIGNER

Once again Hollywood's best-dressed damsels have dipped deep into the wardrobes of their favorite men-folk in search of a new fashion. This time their efforts were well-rewarded, for they have come forth with a refreshing 1950 trend—summer suspenders.

Thanks to the ingenuity of a half-dozen young actresses, there are now almost as many versions of this new style as there are versions of a choice bit of Hollywood gossip . . . LIZABETH SCOTT has a small collection of unusual suspenders which are originally designed for masculine wardrobes, but which have made their way into her smart array of warm-weather sports clothes . . . GAIL RUSSELL and DIANA LYNN match their gay plaid and print shorts and play-skirts with plaid and print suspenders . . . And pretty MONA FREEMAN has cast her vote for velvet suspenders. At a recent showing of the outstanding Paramount drama, "Sunset Boulevard," Miss Freeman teamed a pink afternoon dress of cracker-crisp organdy with black velvet suspenders. For floral appeal, she clipped petite nosegays of rosebuds to the black velvet bands.

Red-haired RHONDA FLEMING likes the King Midas touch, so she has selected gold kid suspenders to wear with summer dinner dresses . . . COLEEN GRAY, who sets a new style pace with her casual screen wardrobe in Bing Crosby's "Riding High," likes to alternate vivid linen suspenders with her dark-toned linen frocks. For example, with a black linen dress Coleen wears matching linen suspenders in geranium red. With a navy linen sports dress she alternates suspenders in lemon yellow and spring fever pink.

For the frivolous lass who likes to be different in what she wears, there are "sissy" suspenders which boast unusual buttons of all shapes and sizes and "attention getters" which are backgrounds for tiny scatter pins.

Donate to the American
Cancer Society
TUTOR SCHERER

'JEST WRITING'

. . . by STAN IRWIN

WELL, what do you know, you leave New York a few months and things change. When I left in March the reservoirs were only 47% full . . . I stay away two months and they're 87% full. I certainly must use a lot of water when I'm home. It was great driving across the country again on the ANDREWS SISTERS' HIGHWAY NO. 66. Every year there are improvements and within four years, you'll be able to drive from New York to California on four-lane split highways, by-passing bottle neck cities on modern express routes.

Now for our comment on HEADLINES:

"STABS HIS WIFE IS SHOT BY COP"—ladies first!

"BAKING HEIRESS MATE MAKE UP"—he likes the feeling of rolling in her DOUGH.

"LEFF TO PAINT KATE SMITH IN 12-FOOT MURAL"—lifesize!

AVA MARRY FRANKIE? YES, PERHAPS, MAYBE"—a typical Hollywood marriage . . . YES, PERHAPS, MAYBE? Most marriages are for RICHER, POORER, ETC.

"$16 MILLION SAVED BY PUPILS IN SCHOOL BANKS"—the money draws more interest than half of the courses. Now if the schools can only save 16 million pupils . . . !

"SIX PLANES LISTED THAT CAN OUTSPEED SOUND"—as soon as they hear from the pilots, they'll give their names.

"NAVY HITS 7500 MPH IN WIND TUNNEL"—Always knew the Navy was capable of more wind than the Army.

"WHITE HOUSE WORK EXPECTED TO LAST 300 YEARS"—hope the WORLD lasts that long.

"SHARES HOUSE WITH EX-WIFE AND NEW WIFE"—wouldn't it be fun-



ny if THEY end up together and throw him OUT?

"N. J. MAYOR'S SON, 14, BOPS MOM WITH ROCK"—practicing to be a POLITICIAN!

"REAR ENGINE AUTO TO COMPETE IN THE FAMOUS INDIANAPOLIS 500-MILE SPEED CLASSIC"—for fuel it uses SERUTAN . . . and the driver was always been a backward child.

"HOLD THOSE SEATS! CRY OPENS BIG DEMOCRATIC RALLY"—if you talk with your hands . . . you're goona have to let go! Maybe they want to go where the WILD GOOSE GOES?

"STUDY BANK ACCOUNTS OF HIGH POLICE OFFICERS"—the politicians are worried that they're losing out on something.

"WEDDING ORCHESTRA LOTS OF FUN SAYS VIOLINIST"—not as much FUN as the FIDDLING around that follows.

"AVA LOVES ME, SAYS BULLFIGHTER"—he might THROW it a little, too!

Listen to the
Local Radio News!
TUTOR SCHERER

"Farewell to Footlights"

. Says MR. BELVEDERE

CLIFTON WEBB has given up the stage "irrevocably and forever," he said today . . . "I have had my fill," he said. "I'm in pictures to stay as long as Darryl F. Zanuck will have me and after that I'm going to travel and bask in the sun.

"I know I have shocked my old friends no end. I have told them bluntly I will not be coming back. I was at a party one night with Lynn Fontaine, Alfred Lunt, Charles McArthur, Helen Hayes and some others, and they asked me why I didn't take a certain play I had been offered, and they were horrified when I told them I had no intention of ever again walking out in front of the footlights. They looked at me as though I were a freak.

"I know there are many stage actors who have a brief fling at pictures and don't care for them but I am not one of that group."

Webb recently finished his fifth year in Hollywood and his sixth picture, "Cheaper by the Dozen," in which he played the father of 12 children for 20th Century-Fox. His films, "Sitting Pretty" and "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," placed him 17th last year in the box office poll, far ahead of many of the handsome, bobby sox heroes.

"I began to realize when I was in "Blythe Spirit,'" he said, "that I needed new pastures. I played in that comedy for three years. Before that I spent a year and a half in a wheel chair in 'The Man Who Came to Dinner.' I found that a play which had such a long run took a great deal out of me, both in energy and enthusiasm.

"In pictures, you have an opportunity to go more swiftly from one character to another. Each new character is a challenge and by the time you have mastered it, you go on to another."

"He said there was also the question of vacations.

"I believe in them firmly," he said. "Now, in the movies, I get them frequently. After 'Cheaper by the Dozen,' I went to Palm Springs to relax. In a few weeks I will be going to New York to see the shows. I am all for more and better vacations—and I'm getting them in Hollywood. I have never been and do not intend now to become an eager beaver who must always be doing something—not even if I have to take up baby sitting eventually to earn my living."

For many years, Webb was one of Broadway's brighter dancing stars. He was in "Sunny" with Marilyn Miller, "She's My Baby" with Beatrice Lillie, "Treasure Girl" with Gertrude Lawrence and "As Thousands Cheer." When he signed his movie contract with 20th Century-Fox, he insisted on a clause that would give him the right to return to Broadway for one play every three years.

"At that time," he said, "I did not know how charming and pleasant movie acting was. I had heard tales and expected ogres to descend on me."

Be Civic Minded!
Work for Your
Community!
TUTOR SCHERER

A Free Press is
Part of Our Freedom!
TUTOR SCHERER

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

save our best for the bathing beauties.

There were some outstanding features of the old timers: The 20-mule borax team required a world of trouble and tribulation and months of careful training to educate 20 mules to respond properly to the jerk-line. It was a spectacle worth coming miles to see, something the art of which may soon be lost to the world for lack of practice.

Then for majesty of horse-flesh, the eight, perfectly matched Budweiser Clydesdales were amazing in their beauty and perfection. There were perhaps some other features which really showed care and effort. But seems to me most of the old-timers' entries showed a lack of painstaking care and gave the spectator the impression of shiftlessness.

THE CHILDREN'S PARADE

When Helldorado parades were first planned Las Vegas was short on both talent and material for parades So, what more natural that we should think our school children would make a good show?

That first Helldorado, 16 years ago, there was a group of maybe a hundred or two school children, herded along the street by Professor K. O. Knudson and a few teachers, but without any particular design. But last Friday afternoon there were millions and millions of kids of all sizes, shapes and colors in every fantastic costume one can imagine, herded into an intelligible parade still by "KO" and the teachers.

Well, to forego criticism I will withdraw that millions and millions estimate and come down to thousands and thousands, but not another bit of reduction in the estimate. The parade was full of new and original ideas. By the way, that group of colored kids in costumes of white satin waists, red satin short skirts with a liberal expanse of brown legs below was really striking.

BATHING BEAUTIES

The parade of the bathing beauties more than made up for any defects there might have been in other Helldorado events. The attention of us young fellows was divided between the gorgeous beauty of color and design shown by the floats and the grace and charm and beauty of the girls who rode them. Not equally divided of course, although we did notice that some of the floats were quite wonderful in their combination of graceful designs and contrasting colors.

The business enterprises of Las Vegas excelled all previous efforts in building entries and really made us proud to have been for more than 45 years a part of Las Vegas. Where in the whole world is there a city the size and age of Las Vegas that could come even near to putting on a show such as our Bathing Beauty Parade last Sunday evening?

LAS VEGAS ELKS

The other day I heard a remark concerning our annual Helldorado celebration which set my one-way mind to bucking. Standing in the crowd of anywhere from 30 to 50 thousand interested people after a bit of comment on the parade, a person remarked:

"Yes. it is quite an institution. It's too bad the community could not have it!"

Which showed me that the dirty old snort that some little souled persons put out several years ago still lurks like a garden slug under a damp rock. Somebody resented the activity of the Elks, feared they might get some benefit from their activities and tried to get our annual Helldorado turned over to the city officials or someone else.

I know something about why Helldorado was started; the worlds of hard work members of Las Vegas Elks No. 1468 put in each year without any monetary compensation. I have seen it develop into an event bringing thousands of people and untold thousands of dollars to the community each year. I have seen our splendid stadium and Cashman Field developed for the benefit of Las Vegas. The city board could not and would not have done it. Had they tried they would have made it impossible because of the expense.

The Elks have been acting purely from the motive of public spirit. The community has received the entire benefit from their work and when the last of the indebtedness of Helldorado Village and Cashman Stadium have been paid the community, nobody else, will enjoy the benefits.

Ad in Your Weekly Guide to Cape Cod: "ATTENTION all skiers! When you break an arm or leg, have your friends write their names on your cast. When removed, send cast to me. I will transform it into a beautiful, indestructible vase, lamp or umbrella rack. A treasured heirloom possession."

The Best Way to Prevent
Juvenile Delinquency is
To Avoid Parental Delinquency
TUTOR SCHERER

THE OLD TIMER

(Continued from Page 13)

There were several people in the room during her interview and the questions asked her sometimes were personal and not exactly kosher pertaining to the position of an air hostess. She answered all questions truthfully and this fellow seemed to know more about her than she did herself. There was a fellow seated in a corner whose head and hands were completely covered with bandages, and as she stood up to leave after the interview, he suddenly started to unwind the gauze. She stood transfixed for out of this cocoon came her father. The secretary on her left stood up, took off her glasses and combed her hair—it was her mother. The secretary on her right did the same thing and it was her girl friend from New Mexico. The four boy friends came back, dressed in street clothes. Everybody was laughing, and then it was explained to her that she had just appeared in Ralph Edwards' Radio Show "This Is Your Life." Everyone had been flown in and rehearsed in their parts, that is, all but "Liz." Ralph hired her subject to the approval of the TWA personnel manager who sanctioned her on the spot.

When Liz had finished her story she told me to fasten my belt. "What for?" sez I. "We're coming in" sez she. "But we just started" sez I, as I peeked out the window ahead. But she was right. We **were** there, and it didn't hurt a bit.

JOHN RYKEN:

(Continued from Page 11)

companies releasing their records at all three speeds, it seems only a matter of time until Columbia and Victor will settle their rivalry which not only will benefit them but the whole recording industry as well.

RCA-Victor is luring Dinah Shore back to that label from Columbia by offering a guarantee of $100,000 a year for five years in royalties and promotion, also to move to the NBC network under an exclusive contract. Columbia, on the other hand, is concentrating on the kids on their roster and giving the deserving ones a big build up, plus, at the same time, promoting their dance bands in the same manner as RCA-Victor.

The next year will see quite a struggle and the public will be the winner.

That is the the news for this week.

—J. R.

ALEX HENIG:

(Continued from Page 15)

Feed Company on the West Side. Bob is also our very popular city commissioner . . . Down to the Shamrock Hotel and into the bar for a cool drink. Dudie Harris was the charmer that served us our drinks. This spot is a must on the many rounders' lists . . . CLOSING WITH THE NAME OF BENNY BINION ON MY MIND. THAT ONLY MEANS "THE WESTERNER," DOWNTOWN'S NEWEST CLUB! WHERE YOU CAN BET 'EM HIGH, THAT IS: IF YOU WANT TO GAMBLE, PODNERS! . . . See you soon.

—ALEX.

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Good Schools Today . . .
Good Citizens Tomorrow
TUTOR SCHERER

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

movie "The Eagle and the Hawk." When this movie was filmed in his little town of Sedonia, Arizona, JOHN PAYNE, the star, went into the store to buy a few souvenirs. When he paid for the merchandise he bought, the owner told this "customer" that a movie company was in town, making a picture. He looked John Payne up and down carefully, then said: "You're a pretty fair looking young man, why don't you hop over to the movie set and try to make a few bucks for yourself." Mr. Payne assured him that he would make a try, and thanked him for his well wishes and thoughtfulness. As he walked out, the store keeper said, "Good luck, fella, when I see the picture, I'll look for you." . . . The critics in Dallas, Texas, VIRGIL MIERS, of the Daily Times Herald, and NATHAN WYLL, of the Dallas Morning News, sent us their rave notices concerning LIBERACE. He has had another sensational opening at the BAKER HOTEL in Dallas, and all previous records were broken. GEORGE LIBERACE writes that their return engagement at the Bellerive Hotel in Kansas City also promises to be terrific, as it coincides with the Kansas City Centennial celebration, and LEE will represent the Hotel in that big affair. In fact, President Truman will be in Kansas City on June 3, especially for this big event, which will make it their third performance for the President of the United States . . . If titles were handed out to who is the busiest bachelor in town, and we believe the most popular, we'd **knight** AL NISSELL, who seems to be everywhere, every night, with every pretty gal. Wonder what his "line" is? Some fellows say it with flowers, could this ladies' sportswear man be courting with strapless bras? (Only joking, Al.) . . . Where else but in this SHANGRI-LA of the United States could **Cinderella** come to life, and dreams come true. The latest fairy tale concerns FRANKIE BROWN, the marriage director at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER—or should we say—ex-marriage director, who eloped last week with an Oklahoma multi-millionaire oil man, Mr. C. Wright. It was a blind date for Frankie, made by one of her friends, which she was reluctant to go out on, but the evening was dull and killing a few hours appealed to her. The date proved to be enjoyable and interesting, and before the evening was half over, they both believed fate had brought them together. After a whirlwind courtship of one week, Mr. Wright presented Frankie with a five-carat diamond, a new car, and a fat bank account. When Mr. Oilman popped the question, Frankie readily said yes and off to Arizona they went. Not good publicity for the Wedding Chapel at the Hotel Last Frontier, but terrific for Frankie, who took no chances with so many glamour gals around our town. We wish this happy couple all the luck in the world. Then again, how can a marriage such as this be anything but successful, which brings us to the sad conclusion that the little fellow, who doesn't have an oil well in his backyard, **almost** hasn't a ghost of a chance. How "Wright" Frankie was this time! . . . An interesting sight for early morning risers is that of attorney ROLAND WILEY making preparations for his daily flight to his Pahrump Valley ranch. Roland loads his airplane to capacity with supplies every trip and is able to maintain his ranching operation with a minimum of effort . . . VERN WILLIS and JAMES CASHMAN JR. are putting more time on their aircraft every day. These boys are making a good many fast business trips that they would not be able to handle if they did not have a private airplane . . . JIMMY DURANTE recently came across the word "adolescence" while rehearsing a script for his Friday night show. Using the typical Durante method of opening his mouth and being as surprised as anyone at what came out, Jimmy pronounced the word correctly. Chagrined, the Schnozzola said, "Gee, if I pronounced that word right, my writers will tear out all their hair." . . . Another large television show has just moved from the East to Hollywood, and will remain there. ED WYNN, star of his own CBS TV show, last week moved into his new home in Brentwood, a star studded suburb of Los Angeles. This new California home makes final his decision to remain in Hollywood, where all his TV shows will originate. Brentwood seems to be quite a popular residential neighborhood. Blonderful JUNE HAVER is building a 16-unit apartment house there, and to date has received more than 1000 letters from people asking for apartments in her units . . . The movie stars and playboys, who stay at the FLAMINGO HOTEL, make their first stop the HEALTH CLUB which is

(Continued on Page 33)

Be Civic Minded!
Work for Your
Community!
TUTOR SCHERER

THAT'S FOR SURE:

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run by PHIL GELLER, master masseur. They claim he has the skill of an artist, and have tried to entice him to Hollywood many times, but Phil's heart is in his work here in Las Vegas . . . Congratulations to J. KELL HOUSSELS, LARRY HAZELWOOD, JIMMY YOUNG and CONNIE HURLEY, who bought into the BOULDER CLUB Tuesday, May 16. This new quartet of popular business men will assume active management, but the place will still be known under its old familiar name, the BOULDER CLUB, INC. There will be a reorganization of directors and no change in personnel for the present. We understand that extensive remodeling plans will take place soon, with more slots and games to be added . . . A cocktail waitress on the swing shift at the Flamingo Hotel, who is as pretty as a picture, with a peaches-and-cream complexion, is SALLY LAMASTER. This gal is oft mistaken for a movie queen . . . DR. ALEXIS PANTALEONI has prepared the Articles of Incorporation for his University, and has received communication from the Secretary of State of the State of Nevada that a Certificate of Incorporation is on its way to establish the legal birth of the University that the good Doctor is planning to build in Las Vegas, and which will be called LAS VEGAS STATE UNIVERSITY . . . A team that is causing a sensation with their act at the DESERT INN is ALICE TYRELL and DICK WINSLOW. This is their first Las Vegas engagement and we guarantee it won't be their last. Next time they appear in our town, they'll definitely be the headline attraction . . . Since JIMMY WAKELY opened at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, practically every day he's at JOE SCHRAMM'S door, asking for his new tune. MR. SCHRAMM, who is the executive general manager of the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER doesn't feel that his song is quite complete, and won't release it for publication until he can put more work into it . . . June 6th will mark for BILL CLIFFORD and his superb orchestra the end of a 37-week sensational engagement. BILL starts a three month stint at the CLAREMONT HOTEL in BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, on June 20. He will add three more violins, another trombone and a vocal group, which will bring his aggregation up to 26 members. Mr. Clifford's music will be broadcast nine times weekly out of that Hotel, from coast to coast, over the ABC network. We are inclined to believe that he and his orchestra will gain nation-wide recognition. He has the stuff it takes to achieve the fame he so rightfully deserves . . . The KINGS and their LADIES will close the following day, June 7, and open with LOU WALTERS at his PALM BEACH CASINO, in CANNES, FRANCE, July 10. JEAN DEVLYN, the boss of this wonderful group, received a telegram Monday, May 15, and when she relayed the news backstage, there was so much excitement one of the girls in the line forgot her little white skirt that fits over the cute pants in the Indian number. Good luck, folks, we'll miss all of you and your talented and beautiful line! . . . It is always nice to see GEORGE SADLOW, co-owner of the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, in our midst. This man is truly a "great guy" . . . MILTON DEUTSCH, director of the Western Village at the Hotel Last Frontier, is proving to his superiors that he is a very capable man for the job they entrusted him with. Milt is as proud of the Village as a youngster would be with a new toy. Each day sees a new innovation, such as the carousel, scooter cars, etc. The many tourists, who flock here, will definitely add this playground Mecca of the West to their list of "must-see." The framework of the two-story casino that will feature the Floradora era throughout, should be completed by the end of June . . . Approximately 12 years ago a Baptist minister, waiting for an assignment, took a job at Bullock's Department Store on the Coast. At that time ARNOLD CHRISTENSEN was the general manager, and he put this minister to work in the mailing department. When ARNOLD and PHYLLIS decided to get married, they thought they'd give this young clergy a chance to make a few extra dollars and had him perform the ceremony. Last Sunday, after the parade, a man walked over to CHRISTENSEN'S MEN'S WEAR to look at those sensational $5000 Tony Lama boots displayed in the window. Mr. and Mrs. Christensen were nearby and recognized him as the man who tied that knot almost a dozen years ago. Truly a small world . . . We like the cards FRANK CARNEY, owner of the race book at the DESERT INN, hands out to his customers. "Don't bet on horses, but if you must bet—bet me." Carney has been handing out these words of wisdom for more than 20 years, and has never discouraged a cus-

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A Free Press is
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tomer at any time. And while we're on the subject of Frank, we'd like to mention his lovely, demure and very sweet wife, TINY, who is as cute as a button. . . . The last time we visited the NEW YORKER BAR on South First Street, DANNY, the bartender, was trying to do a trick by tossing a glass and an ice cube at the same time and then trying to catch the cube in the glass. This was a week ago, and Danny hasn't been seen since. RAY SALMON, the owner of this rounders' rendezvous, and BRIG SHAW, the general manager, are probably busy using the adding machine—breakage has reached new heights . . . Handsome RAY RYAN, that multi-millionaire oil man from Texas and Oklahome, arrived in town last week looking like one or 10 of his fabulous millions. Ray has the reputation of playing in games of chance for any limit, and is the gamblers' gambler. He has never backed off from any game or limit, and is known to have been beaten very seldom. No sooner did he get into town when all the smoke signals went up and the gaming enthusiasts in our town started to congregate in hope of a little action. We believe that because the anxiety is so great, the chances are so small, and above all, Ray Ryan is just a happy-go-lucky—go-winner guy . . . CHUBBY JOHNSON, the old timer, just returned from Hollywood, where he appeared in a United Artist picture "THE DUNGEON." The stars of this picture are John Ireland and Mercedes McCambridge. This was No. 1 for our "Old Timer," and we hope many more follow. We were told he is loaded with talent . . . A new twosome around our town—MONTY, ex-flame of "BRILLO-TOP" ROZEN, and BERNIE RESNICK, ex-manager of the Bingo Department in the Eldorado Club. Seems that poor Art is being **"ex-ed"** like a tic-tac-toe game! . . . Although BENNY BINION'S WESTERNER CLUB has only been open one week, it seems like the place has been there forever. People strolling down the street, just naturally turn into this place that emanates such warmth and congeniality. There's always a smile and a cheery hello from every dealer and pit boss . . . WILTON "BILL" CORNEAL, a young fellow who came to our town with the Steve Hannagan organization, passed away last Saturday. God, in His infinite wisdom, has taken another man from our midst and we can do nothing but try to express ourselves in the only way we know how. Bill was a hard worker, and did a wonderful job in publicizing Las Vegas with the many pictures he took here, which were sent all over the world. Photography was his field and no one could do a better job. We spoke to Bill when he first entered the hospital and directed a get-well broadcast to him that same evening. He was so grateful, he called immediately after to thank us. So to Bill Corneal, if there is a hereafter: All of us in Las Vegas thank you for everything you have done in the past and in helping so much with your fine photos, to publicize our fabulous city. You worked unselfishly practically day and night, to help build a bigger and better Las Vegas, and THAT'S FOR SURE.

Every Mother, Every Father
Should be Active in
P.-T.-A.

TUTOR SCHERER

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Congenial Owner Benny Binion, leaning on huge floral boot, sent by Mrs. Catherine Hordon at grand opening of the Westerner, on Monday, May 8.