July 22, 1950

Jack Cortez

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"HowdyPodner"



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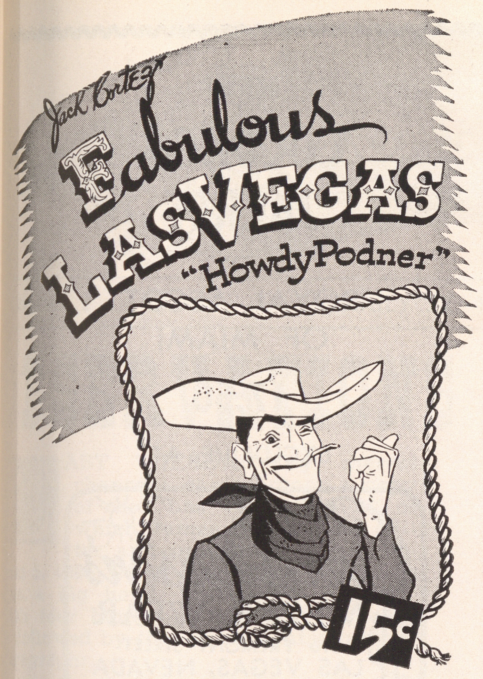
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JOHNNY ON THE SPOT, BY JOHN UHLMAN

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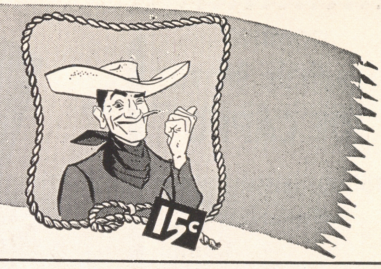
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Jack Cortez' Fabulous LASVEGAS "HowdyPodner"



VOLUME 2 JULY 22, 1950 NUMBER 14

OBSERVATIONS . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

LAST TUESDAY by merest chance I came across a copy of the "Las Vegas Times" of which James Brown was editor and publisher, dated August 5, 1905. What caught my attention was a big head, "SQUIRES FAITH" with four banks of subheads beneath it, followed by the editor's introductory paragraph:

"Charles P. Squires, who is largely interested in California and Nevada enterprises, in answer to a Times inquiry, 'What's the news of the night, Watchman?' gave the subjoined response.

Now such an introduction as that naturally makes me feel as if I must have been quite a fellow then, so I read further to find out what I really could have said about Las Vegas 45 years ago. This, remember, was three years before I bought the Las Vegas Age, June 1908.

If I do say it myself, that was a pretty good article and I hope you will pardon me for quoting some of it:

"The future of Las Vegas and its part in the upbuilding of that great undeveloped empire called the State of Nevada is a subject of intense interest, not only to us who have cast our fortunes here, but to all the West.

"'The Magic City' it has been called, and surely magic has been its growth from nothing on the 15th of May to a busy thriving town at the present date. Where can be found a record in the wonderful history the West, where a city has within two short months grown from being a name only to become an important factor in the upbuilding of a State?

"Yes, you say, we have accomplished much, but what will make Las Vegas great? Why our faith in its future? I believe in Las Vegas because nature intended a city here. In Las Vegas is every element necessary to our development. The soil is rich and productive and underneath is a reservoir of purest water to pour upon the thirsty land and bring forth in abundance at man's bidding.

"The climate is not excelled by any locality in the United States. The days are hot in summer, to be sure, but who that has been here during the past month has not enjoyed more comfort and better health with our hot days and refreshing nights than the heated millions of our eastern cities? And for a winter resort our climate is a delight, and will be sought for its bright, beautiful, bracing and health restoring qualities.

"Where else can the miner or prospector go to find himself surrounded by such vast stores of mineral wealth awaiting only the turn of the key of enterprise to pour forth a stream of golden treasure.

"Nature has surely done her part generously. Yet all this would avail nothing without the faith of men—their enterprise, capital and labor. Without these, nothing. With them, the future of our city is boundless.

"Then what of the men? Do you not have faith in those who had the nerve to spend their millions in building the Salt Lake Road? Their interest is ours. You may be sure they will make the most of their opportunities to build a city. They want the business. . . . Don't be afraid the railroad will kill the goose that lays the golden egg! They don't do that these times. Don't be childish and fretful because all obstacles are not overcome in a day. Great enterprises always take time. A great business came into being May 1, when the Salt Lake road began to operate. . . .

"And our men of Las Vegas—how about them? They are the real moulders of our destiny. There are some, it is true, who expected to reap a fortune

(Continued on Page 31)

COMING
JULY 26

JOE CAPPO

Hollywood's
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to 4 a. m.

JUST A FEW OF THE GUESTS WHO ATTENDED



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(AGE 5)

SUNDAY, JULY 9, 1950

In the Bonanza Room at The Club Bingo

VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS



SUPPER TIME IN CHIHUAHUA

She brews strong teas within her hut,
Dark red lips hold a well smoked butt,
Her drab dress boasts a gaudy sash,
Hands mold tortillas with a dash.

A tablecloth where colors clash,
Gourd cups made from the calabash,
Red pepper strings adorn the wall,
Adobe floor where children sprawl.

The pot sends out aromas strong,
She works and hums a native song,
This is her world, all else she scorns
Like a cactus blossom midst its thorns.

ALWAYS

Now what could take the thoughts of you from me?
Surely, my love, you read by telepathy,
No prison, though guarded by bars and men,
Could keep my lips from finding yours again.

KISS AND MAKE UP

Lovers' quarrels are so absurd.
So smile, then kiss without a word.

LIVE, LIFE

Live life strong,
Live no wrong,
Lift the weak,
Help the meek.

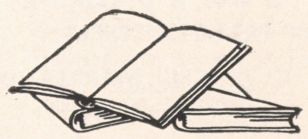
Live life straight,
Trust to fate,
Take and give—
Then you live.

MY SPRINGTIME DARLING

You are my darling of this spring,
My sunshine, flowers and everything,
Each word is music from your throat,
Like the mating birds' clear love note
Which always holds my heart so still,
As it stops, and bends to your will.

OLD MAN MOON

Love wrinkles around old moon's eye
Do somehow seem to testify
To the gratefulness of his mirth
From watching lovers on this earth.



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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

. . by JACK CORTEZ

MONDAY, July 31, a huge benefit for the physically handicapped children of Clark County will be held at the LAST FRONTIER SPORTSDROME. Much has been written and said about this affair, "THE NIGHT OF STARS," but there can never be enough emphasis placed upon the importance of such a worthy cause. The hotels on The Strip have made this project a personal issue, donating their shows and selling tickets. We can help by our attendance.

Ducats can be obtained at any hotel, clubs or theater, so let's follow the crowd to the Sportsdrome Monday, July 31, break all records, and give these 105 unfortunate youngsters the send-off they need toward a new school, teachers and other **"big"** necessities to make their lives more comfortable. . . .

JAKE KOZLOFF of the GOLDEN NUGGET and a co-owner of the new GUY McAFEE HOTEL to be built on The Strip in the near future, left for Los Angeles last week. When Jake arrived he was met by architect ARTHUR FROELICH and another member of the organization, and the three of them embarked on a trip, flying around the country, visiting various resort hotels. Their aim is to choose the best features of each hostelry so that when they are ready to go ahead with their project it will have every comfort and convenience a hotel could possibly offer. Mr. Kozloff, speaking for the corporation, says there is no rush to just build **another** hotel. This one will be different, and promises to be an edifice that will do much toward enhancing our already famous fabulous city. . . . REMEMBER: TICKETS FOR "NIGHT OF STARS," $1.50 to $5.00. . . . We were very surprised to learn that LEFTY JAMES, in charge of public safety at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, tendered his resignation last week. Reports have it that Mr. James went back to his home in Los Angeles to take care of a few business matters, but we have a hunch that it won't be too long before Lefty is back in our town again. . . . Last Tuesday afternoon, while relaxing at the pool of WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN, a sudden "twister" appeared out of nowhere, and hit with such force, although lasting for just a minute, it carried metal chairs, tables, towels and mats right into the water, as if hand-propelled. The entire hotel is still talking about this phenomenon which, luckily enough, caused no bodily damage. . . . NAT BRANDYWYNNE, famous orchestra leader, stopped off in Las Vegas for a few days last week and fell for the natural beauty that surrounds our town. Nat and his famous aggregation of musicians opened at the MAPES HOTEL in Reno a few days ago, for a limited engagement, but sincerely hopes for a booking here when his present stint is completed. . . . REMEMBER OUR "105" JULY 31! . . . Our sincere congratulations to DENNY INGSTEROM, dealer at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, upon the arrival of a baby boy last Monday at the Clark County General Hospital. Mother JEANETTE proudly stated that this little buster was the handsomest guy in the nursery, and Daddy is beaming all over. . . . JIMMY DURANTE WILL BE ONE OF THE STARS THAT "NIGHT"! . . . We saw a miniature painting of the huge mural that will be put up on the face of the WESTERNER CLUB. No neon lights this time—a different touch will be added, and one that will crowd the sidewalk outside just as it is inside. An oil painting, so exquisite and lifelike it can easily grace the walls of a museum or living room. . . . TED LEWIS and his lovely wife ADA will celebrate **35 years** of wedded bliss come October 7th. It sure looks like Mr. Lewis enjoys stardom at home as well as on the stage. . . . "There'll Be Some Changes Made" can easily be the theme song of the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS these days since BELDON KATLEMAN has joined the ranks of TUTOR SCHERER, VIC HALL et al. He's a swell guy, and has a few ideas of his own which seem to meet with the approval of his very capable associates. . . . COME AND LISTEN TO JANE FROHMAN JULY 31st! . . . The BONANZA ROOM of the CLUB BINGO was literally bulging at the baseboards due to the turnout for the **Talent Opportunity** program that was held Monday night, July 17, immediately after the second show. It was

(Continued on Page 28)

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Tutor Scherer



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Swimming Races — Swimming and Diving Exhibitions — Clown Acts — Water Sports
Register Now to Compete in Any of These Contests
2 Miles West Highway 95 Phone 6291

THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

GALLUP, N. M.

THE MEMBERS of the cast of "Rocky Mountain" do not have their cars with them here on location, so we are hampered in many ways for spare time entertainment. One day a few weeks ago three members of the cast, Sheb Wooley, Buzz Henry and Steve Dunhill, were seated on a rock waiting for their next scene. One of the three captured a horned toad which scampered across the rock in front of them, which is a feat in itself, as these race horses of the reptile world are small but very fast. Speed is their only means of survival, and this became the topic of conversation. From the discussion came a new sport, the racing of horned toads.

Before long every member of the cast was spending their spare time capturing these elusive little quadrupeds. Sunday being the day of rest, became the day on which these contests are held. The track is 60 inches in length on a large table. Quarter-inch lengths of wood separate the contestants, and up to eight participants can compete in any single event. Rules have been drawn up as to handicapping. The winner of a previous race is handicapped three inches, winner of two races six inches, winner of three races nine inches, ad infinitum.

The training of horned toads for racing is a very intricate endeavor. Training tracks of different lengths have been devised. The yearling, or beginner, track is 12 inches. Inasmuch as these reptiles subsist on flies, the training lure is a trout fly with the hook removed. With very little persuasion and a reward at the end, these toads soon run at a very fast gait. The distance is increased 12 inches at a time through interlocking tracks until they have reached the handicap distance of 60 inches.

It is a great spectator event and the purses increase each meet. At the present time there are two leaders in points, El Navajo, owned by Patrice Wymore, and El Toro, racing under the colors of Big Boy Williams. All in all, there are approximately 87 active participants and, strange as it may seem, Errol Flynn's "Nariz Fria" has been running in hard luck and is seated in 54th spot.

The only casualty to date is Zuni, which raced under the silks of Yakima



Canutt, who, by the way, supervises the care, feeding and training of all the contestants. Zuni, true to his (or her) namesake, would race but wouldn't respond to feeding. Due to his (or her) loss of weight, Yakima as racing commissioner ruled the only humane thing to do was to place it back in its natural habitat where nature would reinstate Zuni's self-respect and no doubt in a short while have it back to its status quo as to its weight and state of mind.

Each owner has his own colors, or silks as they are called. These are used both as a method of identification as well as a vanity outlet. The silks consist of tiny hair-like ribbons tied in a bow-knot on the second vertebrae of the horned toad's tail.

The Gallup Handicap, Kentucky Derby of horned toad racing, will be run the last Sunday of the location stay of the Warner Brothers unit. Through publicity given in the **Gallup Independent** by reporter Ed Gold, local sportsmen are considering taking over the race stables when the company departs with the thought in mind of perpetuating the sport and, each year at the Fourth of July rodeo celebration, have as a feature event the annual running of the blue-ribbon horned toad racing derby, and out of respect to those who brought this sport to Gallup this event will be known as the "Rocky Mountain Handicap."

You Can Get Everything
You Need in Las Vegas!
Tutor Scherer

Now I'm Really Unhappy!

I SPENT YEARS DEVELOPING MY STYLE
AND FOR THE PAST TWO WEEKS I'VE BEEN
"NOTHING BUT HAPPY"



and I blame the entire personnel of
HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS
for all my happiness!

Joey Bishop

"THAT UNHAPPY HUMORIST"

HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES

by MARTIN LEWIS

PORTRAIT OF A STAR

ONE OF Hollywood's most distinguished actresses has chalked up a homicide record that would put even the most hardened criminal to shame. She's JUDITH ANDERSON, the talented stage and screen star—and she actually admits she enjoys dealing in crime.

"Crime does pay," claims this versatile performer. "On the stage and in the movies, at least."

Miss Anderson knows what she's talking about, too. In fact, she's quite an authority on the subject. Many of her roles, and all of her favorite ones, have been malicious. She won initial fame on Broadway's world-famed theatrical row as Lady MacBeth—and on the silver screen as the sinister Mrs. Danvers in "Rebecca." Within recent months, this excellent dramatic actress played a savage mother who murdered her own children in the stage hit, "Medea,"—and a scheming widow who starts a bigger feud between WALTER HUSTON and his movie daughter, BARBARA STANWYCK, in Hal Wallis' "The Furies." However, in "The Furies," Miss A. pays for her villiany when La Stanwyck hurls a pair of shears into her face and disfigures her for life.

"I was up against a tough girl in that drama," says the star. "You know, Barbara has chalked up somewhat of a crime record herself."

Judith confesses she doesn't pretend to know just why villainy should pay off as handsomely as it does on stage and screen. She does suspect that there must be a certain fascination to crime that attracts movie-going guys and gals. In any event, as long as a weekly paycheck keeps rolling in, Judith Anderson is content to go along committing murder or any other evil chore the screen scribes dream up for her.

"My career in crime does frighten me at times," the actress told interviewers between scenes with Walter Huston and Barbara Stanwyck on "The Furies" set.

"You see, I've seen myself on the screen and, believe me, it was rather alarming," she continued. "I hope the movie-goers realize that I'm not that type of person at all. I'd hate to have people referring to me as 'that mean Judith Anderson.'"

In other words, the Australian-born player leads what could be dubbed a "double life." On the sound stages and behind the footlights she becomes what many film folk have called the meanest femme of all time. In real life she's as kind and understanding as your favorite neighbor.

When she isn't working in a Hollywood venture or a Broadway production she's spending her time at her newly acquired ranch near Carpenteria, Calif. There she caters to her favorite hobbies—gardening and raising rare flowers. Yes, the damsel who slays her own offsprings in "Medea" and who schemes and plots in Hal Wallis' "The Furies" is as different from the femme who saunters around a Carpenteria ranch as be-bop and Chopin.

These facts in themsleves constitute a rare tribute to Judith Anderson the actress. They point up her rare acting talent and her amazing ability to portray a convincing murderess.

"There's one little problem, though," announces this scene-stealing star of "The Furies." "One of these days Hollywood's clever movie-makers will cast me as a thoroughly respectable wife and mother. And, just from force of habit, I'll probably insist upon poisoning my husband and drowning my children."

Judith Anderson made her initial bow before movie cameras in 1933 in an opus titled "Blood Money." Since then she has appeared in such top productions as "Laura," "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," "All Through the Night" and "Then There Were None." Although she likes to emote on Hollywood sound stages, she prefers to perform on the stage.

Give Time and Guidance
To the Children!
Tutor Scherer

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YOUR NEIGHBOR

. . . by AUDREY LEE

LAS VEGAS has among her many fine citizens some of the most colorful and interesting people one can meet anywhere in the country. It has been my privilege, within the past few months, to become acquainted with one of the most interesting:

MR. DICK SHERIDAN is the gentleman of whom I speak. Dick has a flair for relating an ordinary every-day happening, with such pictorial quality, it is as if one were reading a story, taken from the pages of a book, written by the late beloved DAMON RUNYON.

The expressions Dick injects into a story are not only amusing, they are at times startling and even puzzling. Some of these singular expressions are the vernacular of the race tracks; most of them, however, are originals, coined by this witty story teller.

Recently, at a dinner party, Dick was pressed into telling a few stories, also to give some of his personal observations of character types. I have tried to capture, and put on paper, one story, along with a few of the pithy phrases he used.

I hope the following will give you a slight idea of why a particular group of Los Angeles visitors, seated at the DESERT INN the other evening, were howling with laughter.

"Far be it from me to detract from the exploits of the early pioneers," remarks Dick, with that sly smile of his, "but it seems their modern counterparts outdo them, **six ways from the ace.** I refer, of course, to that great and wonderful phenomena of our times, the **horse player.**

"Now a horse player, for the information of the vast, and numerous uninitiated, does **not** consider himself a gambler for, he will explain, at length, horse playing allows **him** to express his **own** opinion.

"Strange, but along this same line of thought, another segment of this dream world, the book maker, does not consider the horse player a gambler, either. He just considers him a **lead pipe cinch.**

"Now from many observations, pro and con, we are personally inclined to lean toward the book maker. Whoever heard of a horse player's wife wearing a mink coat?"

"The common enemy of the student of the Racing Form," continues Dick, "is a three-headed monster, made up **first,** of the book maker, **second,** the inn keeper, and **third,** bad racing wire informatoin. The **inside** refuses him credit, likewise the bartender, and the **third** is something which causes him to be continually on the alert, lest he wager his last **"hard American"** on some cinch, which he has handicapped for a hard track, only to learn too late that the track was **"off."**

"Many a horse player uses what is known to the trade as a **"tog."** A **tog** is a very thin disguise, used by a horse player, to confuse him with all concerned, as a legitimate working man."

"I recall a solid example of a tog-man, known to his intimates as MONSOON. This miserable, disreputable, old **tog** earned his odd cognomen for his truly remarkable resemblance to a fine grey mare of the Whitney stables. Both the **tog** and the mare were grey and dappled."

"Monsoon's shot was a pair of old beat-up garden shears. When in the act of putting "La Moridita" (Mexican for the bite, a touch, a small loan) on an unsuspecting "mark," my fine grey lad always had those shears prominently displayed, proving to the doubtful he really was a gardener. Of course, in the winter time, when there was little or no gardening being done, Monsoon, of necessity, became an unemployed railroader."

"This **tog** had a simple and direct way of beating the **nut.** Ulcers, caused by many years of unsuccessful handicapping, aided and abetted by somewhat less than the best (Cucamonga Tokay wine) had eliminated the eating problem. A quarter **"benny,"** taken at a propitious hour, canceled out the necessity of renting a room. His entire wardrobe consisted of two pairs of coveralls, one for working days (?), the second with a slight **peg,** were for Sundays.

"One day, not too long ago," says Dick, "I kibbitezed the following play. Monsoon approached a slightly **"luped mark,"** gives him a wary once over, and presents a proposition."

"Sir," announces Monsoon to the **mark,** with the proper mixture of servility and strong determination, "I

(Continued on Page 29)

Win or Lose, All Americans
Stick Together
Tutor Scherer

Cal-Neva Lodge

CRYSTAL BAY — LAKE TAHOE — NEVADA

PRESENTS

★ STARS FOR 1950 ★

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★ LIBERACE ★

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★ ★

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Round the Clock with the Rounders

. . . by ALEX HENIG

ATTENTION VOTERS: Have you registered? Did you register in your correct precinct? Be sure you do so, as your vote will be void otherwise on election day. August 5 is the last day for registration. It is your duty to play a part in local elections. Yours Truly is hoping to be your next Justice of the Peace. The only way that this is possible is through your vote. This is my first endeavor and I will try to prove to the utmost of my ability that I am capable. I want to thank all my friends for not only their vote but for the confidence that they have shown in me by telling their friends. On behalf of Las Vegas and myself, "Thanks a lot!"

In town celebrating birthday No. 5 is daughter Judy. Mother Estelle, son Larry and another daughter, Barbara, motored in from Los Angeles to be with father Harry (Doc) Klein. They will stay for a few weeks. . . . Action 24 hours a day at Al Abram's Card Room. Most of the pan, poker, bridge and lowball players can be found at this spot. Eddie Sigman, Lou Lavitt and Dave Wilmer take turns seeing that the players are comfortable while they play. Bring your lady friends, as they are welcomed! Oh, yes! Al's Card Room is located in the rear of the El Dorado Club, downtown Fremont street. . . . It just happened: Major John Kelly married pretty Zita Izzi. The major is in charge of the now famous shock troops in the Apache Bar. Everyone threw a deck of cards instead of the usual rice, as John is a 21 dealer. . . . The Bonanza Room at the Club Bingo is packed every night since lovable Eppy Pearson took over. He's the man responsible for its productions and the way the room is run. Easy dancing music is provided by Mike Werner and Orchestra, as well as the Roy Jarvis Trio. No kiddin', readers, these boys have what it takes. Having fun at a ringside table, we spotted Mr. and Mrs. Jake (Hickory Wood Bar-B-Q) Newman with friends. Also Al Nissell, local women's sportswear merchant, with no fewer than three young beauties. What goes, Al? . . . It's no wonder the Hotel Last Frontier is always spic and span. Orchids go to Miss Rushing, head housekeeper, and her "always on the job" staff. . . . Patrciia and "The Great" Jim Thorpe, world's greatest athlete, must feel lucky at the Pioneer Club, for the past week this club has been their home. Touchy "T," popular floor



boss, saw that they were treated to some Las Vegas hospitality. Dynamite Georgie Abdo, 21 dealer, was one of their favorite dealers when they were playing. . . . To City Manager Chet Shelly: CONGRATULATIONS. To Chief of Police Maxwell: OUR BEST WISHES. **Your job shouldn't be too hard, as the men under you are the best in the West. Our policemen are always helping someone and we have never heard otherwise.** . . . Calling 1329 West 63rd street, Des Moines, Iowa: You're expected in Las Vegas soon—we hope. Your many friends can't wait to see you. Don't fail the underground! . . . Thank you for your letter, Rosina McEvory of Leomister, Mass. This 81-year-old sweetheart wishes to thank the many who helped her spend her week's vacation as she did. The staff of Hotel El Rancho, plus publicity head Herb McDonald, get A-plus for doing what comes naturally. . . . Need anything in the printing line? Be sure you spend your money with a good man, Marc "Okay" Wilkinson. Phone 4330 for any questions you might want to ask. . . . Visiting from the University of Arizona, lovely Margie Doyle. Too bad, fellows, her heart belongs to a "football hero." Mother Shelia, with

(Continued on Page 31)

Think, Talk and Live American!

TUTOR SCHERER

Review of the Shows . . .

. . . by JACK CORTEZ



★ El Rancho Vegas

July 19th through August 1st

HARVEY STONE, master comic, is the headliner in the ROUND-UP ROOM, and from the way he was received by first-nighters, we'd say he's still sensational. Mr. Stone presents a "new look," but once he starts his fast line of patter you realize he's the same Harvey Stone who rocked the Rancho on previous occasions. He has all new material and gags that will keep anyone, from old-timers to teen-agers, howling from start to finish. We'd advise you to eat early, because the laughs never stop for a minute, which isn't good for your digestion. Mr. Stone never runs out of funny stories, and is a treat never to be missed. . . . On the same bill is a Latin American dance team, TEDDY and PHYLLIS RODRIGUEZ, one of the finest exponents of Latin rhythms we ever saw. Their renditions of the Brazilian samba, rumba and tango, beat out by their "bongo" drummer to torrid tempo, is fiery and terrific. Teddy and Phyllis are mighty handsome and a talented couple. . . . The GEORGE MORO DANCERS introduce two routines, a Scotch number, authentically costumed in kilts, tams, etc., and the other a "Cuban fantasy" dressed in colorful and entrancing regalia. . . . AL JAHNS and his orchestra, featuring lovely LOUISE on the vocals, supply music for dancing pleasure.

★ Hotel Last Frontier

July 14th through ——
For Full Review See Last Week's Issue

That master showman TED "HIGH HAT" LEWIS, his orchestra and revue are the current headliners in the RAMONA ROOM and for the next three weeks, like the last one, there's an SOS for "wall stretchers." Mr. Lewis needs no introduction or rave from us. He symbolizes show business, entertainment deluxe, and whether you're happy or not, his dulcet voice purring "Is everybody happy?" immediately puts a smile on your face.

★ Flamingo Hotel

July 13th through July 26th

For entertainment that will transport you into a new world, it's JACK COLE and his troupe of Oriental, exotic dancers, synonymous with perfection. The FLAMINGO ROOM is jammed nightly with natives and tourists, who have seen Mr. Cole before but never seem to get enough of his often imitated but never equaled choreography. The applause is deafening in each show, and patrons seem to forget that the routines Mr. Cole and his dancers do are perfection due to the fact that they work for months on just one number alone. Jack Cole and his famous troupe are internationally famous and a definite must on anyone's list. . . . On the same bill is 350 pounds of mirth and merriment called JACK E. LEONARD. He has a refreshing style and lots of good material. . . . BUNNY BISHOP, a blonderful songstress, who possesses lots of stage appeal and has become a favorite among our natives and regular tourists. . . . MATTY MALNECK'S ORK supply the music for the show and dansapation. . . . For intermissions it's the CHUY REYES TRIO, famous Latin American rhythmaires who continue in the MURAL ROOM till early in the morning, playing requestfully yours.

a View of Personalities

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

SAM LEVENSON, the home-spun hilarious school teacher, is in his second week in the PAINTED DESERT ROOM and will live in the memory of Las Vegas forever for his new and refreshing style of comedy. The stories he tells are actual experiences taken from his own childhood, which are universal, and not only put the audiences into stitches, but his own infectious laugh makes you feel the joke is always on himself. . . . A new act on the same bill are the NONCHALANTS, three young men who are experts in feats of slapstick and tumbling, with a flair for comedy. The finale of their act is a three-man pyramid, which renders the top man lost among the lighting fixtures. How he gets out of this predicament is something we won't divulge—it's worthwhile seeing for yourself! . . JOHNNY MARTIN, your capable m.c., does a medley of tunes and proves again that he's star material. . . . THE ARDEN FLETCHER DANCERS, outfitted in beguiling costumes, present two beautiful routines. . . . This show marks the return of that ever popular CARLETON HAYES, who was gone from our midst for about a month and was conspicuous by his absence. Mr. Hayes and his wonderful aggregation of musicians background this show in their usual capable manner, and play dansapation for patron pleasure. . . . For intermission it's that BUDDY GROVER TRIO . . . nuff said!

★ Thunderbird Hotel

July 20th through August 2nd
(Not a Review)

The new star in the THUNDERBIRD ROOM is PATTI PAIGE, that newest singing rage. This is Miss Paige's first engagement in Las Vegas, and from the moment she stepped on to that stage she stepped right into the hearts of the audience. Patti's Mercury recording of "With My Eyes Wide Open" really opened the eyes and ears of the music world when it was revealed that all four voices were Patti's own. Her rendition of "All My Love," a heart-throb tune, makes you feel the lyrics are directed solely to you. . . . On the same bill are the FONTAINES, a trio consisting of two fellows and a girl, performing precision hand balancing and acrobatics. Their grace and timing are awe-inspiring. . . . THE DANSATIONS present **new** routines, featuring BILLY DANIELS in a Parisian setting, with Billy and the girls dancing to such old favorites as "Just a Gigolo," "Merry Widow Waltz" and "Pigalle." RUTHANN WELSH and CHRISTINA CARSON are outstanding in this routine. . . . BARNEY RAWLINGS, your host and singing mc., takes an active part in the show presentation in his usual capable manner. . . . SANDY SANDIFER's Orchestra, featuring LOUISE on the vocals, cut this all-music show in great fashion and play your favorite hit tunes for dancing.

★ Club Bingo

July 15th through July 24th

Reappearing for the second time in Las Vegas, and doing a sensational job, are the MOONMISTS, four young men and a miss, whose cute dance routines and song stylings show the reward of many hours of ambitious rehearsing. Their initial appearance in our town, approximately six months ago, was one of their first professional engagements and their improvement in such a short time makes it self-evident that they promise to be one of the most outstanding vocal groups in show business. . . . On the same bill are the O'HARA SISTERS, two very lovely twin girls with a refreshing style of delivery. . . . EPPY PEARSON, the guy who produces and works out all the presentations, is doing a super job, as usual, in the BONANZA ROOM, with his friendly manner and jovial personality. . . . MIKE WERNER and his "big" little orchestra ably background the show and supply the dance music until 5 a. m.

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BONANZA ROOM at the

CLUB BINGO

TALENT OPPORTUNITY

BATTLE ROYAL OF THE 1ST PRIZE WINNERS OF THE HOTEL CONTESTANTS
IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE SECOND SHOW, 2:30 A. M.

$100.00 CASH

FROM THE MANAGEMENT OF
THE CLUB BINGO

$50.00

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CHRISTENSEN'S MEN'S WEAR
316 FREMONT STREET — PHONE 1001

$150.00 TOTAL

Thoughts on Vegas . . . Sam Levenson

WITH all the war news, I've figured out that the best place to hide from an atomic bomb would be under the DOLLAR SLOT MACHINE . . . it's never been hit YET! . . . Of course, I visited the dam. The Republicans call it HOOVER DAM and the Democrats call it BOULDER dam. It hasn't paid for itself as yet, but the government does make a reasonable amount of profit from the sale of picture post cards. One guy on our tour saw a lever, thought it was a slot machine, pulled it and hit 70,000,000 gallons of water!

The guide led us through seven miles of underground tunnels without food or water. We came out mumbling statistics about gallons of concrete, feet of rails, tons of steel, etc. I understand that several million gallons of water are pumped out each day. Still the most popular drink of the region is vodka and grapefruit juice. Such ingratitude!

The thing that impressed me most about Las Vegas is the air conditioned DOORWAYS. It's hot OUTside and hot INside, but the doorways offer a delightful breeze. The hot air is GOOD for your rheumatism, but the air conditioning is BAD for your rheumatism, so I solved the problem by sticking my rheuMATic parts out the window. I'm developing petrified metatarsels!

The surrounding hills get the beautiful coloring from the reflection of the neon signs in town. Some of the local residents haven't used their OWN lights in years, having availed themselves of the indirect lighting offered by the Golden Nugget sign.

The Joshua trees are named after Joshua Jones who stood out on the Strip one afternoon waiting for a hitch into town. Uh-huh! Stood so long he took ROOT!

Cars are supplied with air conditioners which suck the hot air IN from the desert. Hoover got the idea for his vacuum cleaner from this gadget.

You get used to the heat after a while. For the first few days the people don't dive into the pool. They merely collapse into it. It isn't **always** hot. Sometimes it's hot and WINDY! This afternoon we had a slight "gust of wind" which sent four tables and six canopies sailing into the pool. The people, like the mountains, change color every hour. In the East people's noses run. Out here they just PEEL! One guy at our place lost so much skin he had to have his suit taken in. Mrs. Fanny Jones, at the Desert Inn, stayed out one hour too long. For three days now she's been looking like a mirage. Of course, yuo can always take a salt pill. Next year I'm going to open a herring concession in town.

The air was so dense the other afternoon one of our guests dove off the high board and is expected to land this coming Thursday, weather conditions being favorable.

You don't have to gamble if you do not want to. They just hint at it by giving your change in two cherries and a lemon.

A kid in a checkered suit bent down to pick up a nickel and four guys placed chips on his back.

There was a quiet poker game going on under the awning when one of the men collapsed. The others looked at each other, stunned. One guy finally broke the silence: "What do we do, boys?"

"What do we do? Just take out the 2's and 3's!"

Sacha Guitry: The less intelligent people are, the more they are scornful, and the less they know about life, the more blase they are.

Have You Given Yet to Our New Library?

TUTOR SCHERER



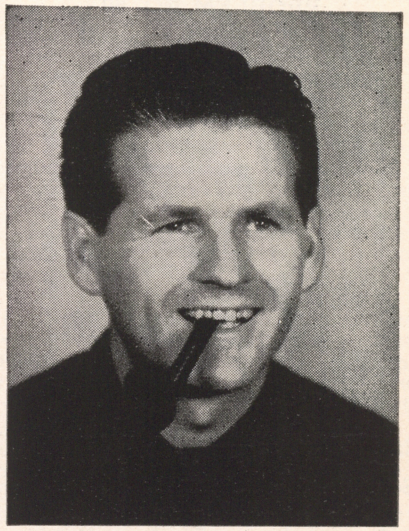
JOHNNY ON THE SPOT by JOHNNY UHLMAN

DO YOU SUPPOSE it's because I'm such a kid at heart (and I hope I shall always be) that I find myself eventually getting around to going to the CIRCUS every day to watch the MONKEYS? On the other hand, it may be solely the fascination of watching these athletic little anthropoids as they go into action with their seemingly impossible antics, and great display of agility. (Did that last line come outa ME?)

To put it so I'LL understand what I'm talking about: These furry little funsters put on a prolonged program of leaps, bounds, hand-overs and tail-swings, then assume a lordly position somewhere and look at you through the glass as though to ask, "If you thought that was so funny, I'd like to see you try the same routine!"

You ask me where I find a CIRCUS to attend every day right here in VEGAS? To counter the query with this simple statement, "Right here on FREMONT street!" The address is 28 Fremont street, the CIRCUS LIQUOR STORE and ARCADE. With a long name like that, you can easily see why I call it simply THE CIRCUS. The liquor store is operated by BOB and GEORGE RAPOPORT, along with their able partner, LARRY PAYNE, while the slot machines are in the hands of SAM DONIN. It won't be long now, either, until the concession will be open for business here offering you REAL HOT DOGS and "quickie" sandwiches. Yep, it's a CIRCUS for sure . . . MERRY-GO-ROUND and ALL! . . .

Here's an excellent opportunity for any of you who are interested in water sports to have yourselves a ball and also win a prize or two at the same time. The TWIN LAKES POOL is holding its second annual WATER CARNIVAL a week from this Sunday, July 30, with races, diving, clowning acts and all kinds of water sports. All you have to do is contact Mrs. Horgen out at Twin Lakes Pool. If you don't happen to find HER, look around for ACE TENNIS. He's the swimming instructor out there. You should've seen the mob of kids that were there last Monday morning for one of those FREE swimming lessons I was telling you about not so long ago. They were thrashing raound like a poke full of pussy-cats in a rain barrel! However, THESE kids are learning to SWIM! . . . Say . . . did I ever find a dinner



den downtown! EVERYTHING to a TEE! None other than CHRIS' ROTISSERIE. Just to be on the safe side, I looked up that word "rotisserie" to see what I was writing about, and you know what it said? "A fowl eating place." Now, if you happen to be reading this to someone else, please spell out that word "fowl" 'cause it's no trouble to see what a false impression it would give a LISTENER! I just GOTTA get a bigger dictionary than this "Little Giant" Webster of mine, that's all! . . . Have you noticed the evident increase in business at the BOULDER CLUB these days? Why, I dropped in there last Monday around noon and the place was literally HUMMING with activity. It seems like ever since they enlarged the pit and added those extra slot machines they've always had action in there. I suppose one of the MAIN reasons is that the help in the BOULDER CLUB go out of their way to try to make all comers feel as though they are as welcome as a G. I. bonus. . . . Ya know, I doubt if you'd lost a dime if you were to make a bet

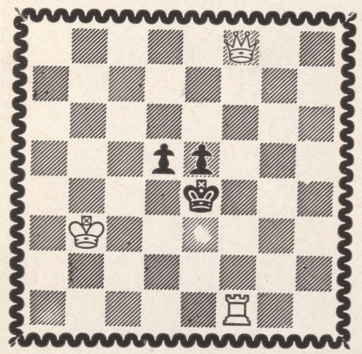
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From Them Come The Citizens of Tomorrow
Tutor Scherer

CHESS » » »

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

PROBLEM NO. 60

Black 3



White 3

White mates in two

Solution to Problem No. 59: R-B7

IRREGULAR DEFENSE

Reinhardt	Bisno	21—Q-N4	NxP
White	Black	22—R-B5	N-N3?
1—P-K4	P-KN3	23—R-R5	KN-B5
2—N-KB3	B-N2	24—BxN	RxRch
3—P-Q4	P-Q3	25—NxR	PxB
4—B-QB4	N-KB3	26—Q-N6!	B-R3!
5—N-B3	O-O	27—QxB	Q-K2
6—O-O	B-N5	28—QxP(B4)	N-Q4!
7—P-KR3	BxN	29—BxN!	PxB
8—QxB	P-B3	30—RxP	R-Nch
9—B-N3	QN-Q2	31—K-R2	Q-N2
10—B-K3	N-R4	32—Q-B2	Q-B2ch
11—QR-Q	Q-B2	33—K-R	Q-K2
12—Q-K2	K-R	34—N-B3	Q-K3
13—P-N4	KN-B3	35—K-R2	R-N3
14—P-B4	P-K4	36—Q-KB5	Q-N3
15—QPxP	PxP	37—R-Q	Q-B2ch
16—P-B5	N-KN	38—P-K5!	Q-B3
17—Q-B2	PxP	39—R-Q8ch	K-N2
18—QxP	QR-Q	40—R-Q7ch	K-R3
19—P-N5	P-B3	41—Q-B4ch	Resigns
20—P-N6	N-K2		

KING'S INDIAN DEFENSE

Bolesflavsky	Stahlberg	14—PxP	RxR
White	Black	15—RxR	Q-N3
1—P-QB4	N-KB3	16—N-R4	NxN
2—P-Q4	P-Q3	17—RxN	N-Q2!
3—N-KB3	P-KN3	18—Q-Q2	N-B4
4—N-B3	B-N2	19—R-R3	R-K
5—P-KN3	O-O	20—R-R8	B-Q2
6—B-N2	QN-Q2	21—RxRch	BxR
7—O-O	P-K4	22—P-R4	P-R4
8—P-K4	P-B3	23—B-QB3	B-Q2
9—P-N3	PxP	24—Q-B2	B-N5
10—NxP	N-B4	25—K-R2	N-Q2
11—B-N2	P-QR4!	26—Q-Q2	N-B4
12—Q-B2	P-R5	Draw agreed	
13—KR-Q	PxP		



SICILIAN DEFENSE

Keres	Bronstein	14—QxKP	B-B3
White	Black	15—R--Q	Q-N!
1—P-K4	P-QB4	16—UQxQ	KRxQ
2—N-KB3	N-QB3	17—N-N5	P-R3
3--P-Q4	PxP	18—N-Q4	B-K5
4—NxP	N-B3	19—QB4	KR-Q
5—N-QB3	P-Q3	20—B-K3	N-Q2
6--B-KN5	P-K3	21—P-QN4	QR-B
7—B-K2	B-K2	22—QR-B	P-QN3
8—O-O	O-O	23—N-N3	P-QR4!
9—Q-Q3	P-KR3!	24 — R-Q4	B-KB4
10—B-B!?	K-R	25—PxP	PxP
11—P-KR3	NxN	26—NxP	
12—QxN	B-Q2	Draw Agreed	
13—P-K5!	PxP		

An old lady dining alone asked the waiter about a gentleman at the next table. "That is Mr. Kreisler, madame," said the waiter.

Delighted, the old lady tripped over to Mr. Kreisler's table. "May I have your autograph?" she begged. "I've always longed to meet you and tell you what wonderful pleasure you've given me and my husband. You see, we had one of the very first cars you ever made!"

Smiling, Fritz Kreisler wrote on the menu card and returned it to her. It read: "Gratefully yours, Walter P. Chrysler."

hat over half of the evening business hat goes into PETE'S LIQUOR STORE ut in North Vegas do so because of he personal and interested attention hat is given them by VIRGINIA AIME who works that shift. And you could et the rest of your cash that the rest f the business come in to see VIRGINIA! That gal has a pair of eyes hat TALK! Nothing AUDIBLE, you nderstand, but, WOW, the PANTOMIME! . . . It seems as though a lot f things happened last Monday! The RANCH HOUSE RESTAURANT was he setting for the initial broadcast of "The Coo Hour" over KLAS, under the ponsorship of Sir Jody and Lady Michael, with Johnny Ryken doing the mixing and spinning the platters for he disc jockey end of the THREE-HOUR PERIOD of PANDEMONIUM! MILT SYDE and LARRY ARBON are your genial hosts at the RANCH HOUSE, and two VERY nice guys, believe you me. I've never seen a guy more consistently calm than Milt. It's a good THING, too, 'cause (try this one) his choice to channel "the Coo" s a condescension conducive to condolences and certainly cites uncondignness. (Quote Jerry Lewis, "Wadid I say?") All kidding aside, congratulations, kids, the program is fine and I hope it has a long run. . . . The roar of laughter was so sudden and spontaneous at the BOTTLE HOUSE the other day that it was picked up in Pittman! There was a fellow named BILL in the crowd at the bar who was giving out with unearthly sounds which indicated to all present that he was about to become the victim of a resounding sneeze. He raised his hand to his nose and face and SNEEZED, but GOOD, and OUT FLEW TWO TWENTY-FIVE CENT PIECES! A moment of astonished silence, then the roar of laughter. This was followed immediately by requests from those present for something of a LARGER denomination. Everyone seems to enjoy themselves here at the BOTTLE HOUSE and if you know LOUISE and FLOYD COPE (and you should) you would understand why. For the short time they've been here, they have more friends than most NATIVES. . . . Downtown, JIM PAPPAS has reopened his WHITE SPOT CAFE at the same address, 109 Fremont, nad what an improvement those "multiple remodelings" of recent months have brought about. Jim has a newly equipped establishment that is well worthy of your praise and patronage. The name of Pappas has long been synonymous with fine foods and proper preparation in Vegas, and Jim intends to see that the enviable reputation suffers no setback at any time. . . . By golly, those VARI-TONES are still playing nightly at the GOLDEN NUGGET SALOON, and well they may, too. What a VARIETY of music those fellows put out. They also go a step further in proving what I said in my column last week about local musicians being GOOD musicians. SANDY, BOB and CHUCK are all members of Local 369 and have been for a long, long time. Here's hoping they stay on so long that they begin to blend in with the woodwork. . . . At least they have started on the scaffolding at the WESTERNER CLUB that is in preparation for hanging the huge mural we have all been waiting to see. At least I have! MR. GEORGETTI says that it should be in place by the end of the month for certain. It SHOULD be a BEAUTIFUL THING! . . . The boys of the BUDDY GROVER TRIO now have brought their families out from New York so that they might enjoy our Vegas sunshine and see the sights. That is, MAX and LANNY have! BUDDY is still a lone wolf, girls, and as single as they come at the moment. And LONESOME! Since the other two have their families, Buddy is going plain fr----; MAN, he's lonesome! These boys play for your intermission enjoyment at the DESERT INN and have proved to be favorites with the entire populace of our night-clubbing town. . . . Did you folks know that "SNOOPER" RODGERS, who plays piano at THE LADY-LUCK BAR within the DESERT INN, did so for over six weeks with a broken third finger? He had a SPLINT on that finger of his left hand all that time but kept right on playing. Was always being accused of POINTING at someone. Now that he has the splint off he'll have to "break in" the broken finger all over again. You might say that Snooper is a super trouper, from the old school. . . . There have been a lot of queries as to where I got that blue denim cowboy slip-over shirt that I wear. If everything goes

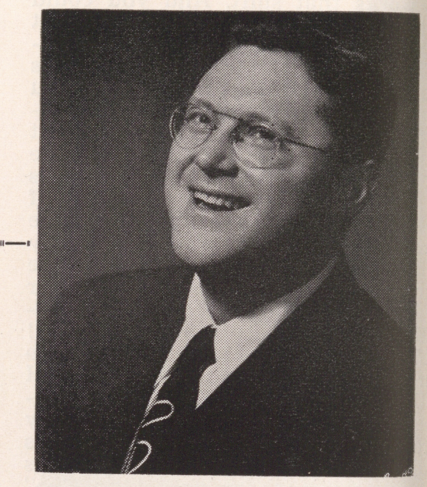
(Continued on Page 29)

DESERT MOTEL
1960 SOUTH MAIN STREET
BILL O'RIELLY — JULIE STARR

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

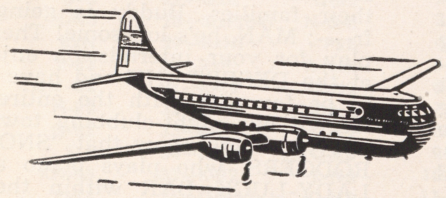
LAS VEGAS!

WHAT A PLACE TO
PLAY HOOKEY



Sam
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"THE HILARIOUS SCHOOL TEACHER"



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'JEST WRITING'

. . . by STAN IRWIN

THE DATE is July 10th and I am now two full weeks behind in the writing of my column . . . and the same goes for my sleep, for today is my son Lanny's first month old birthday. We celebrated it by having a party for him on Sunday . . . just a few CLOSE friends and DISTANT relatives, numbering over a hundred.

I doubt if he will remember it, he slept through most of it. Lanny was kind enough to condescend to our invitation to have him join us for dinner. He performed at his first dinner show by BURPING loudly and lustily for all. I won't mention what he did for an encore, but it was good for a CHANGE.

Affairs of this type are very good for the simple reason that you get to REmeet your relatives . . . and, believe me, some of them are really worth meeting, especially if they weren't related to you. Undoubtedly this lack of family get-to-gethers is a common fault of all of us. I find it most embarrassing because I never remember "who is who" and "who belongs to whom" . . . I introduced one fellow to everybody as my wife's cousin and, after the entire affair was over, I found out he was the man in charge of the banquet hall. Well, you can't blame me . . he ATE like a relative.

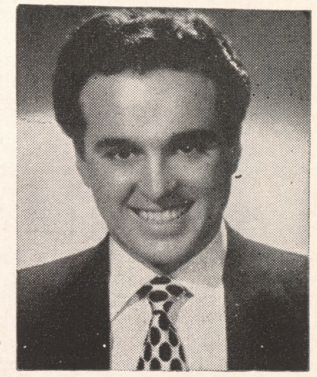
It's at affairs of this type you find out that cousins you didn't know were cousins who have already given you a second line of cousins for you not to know. You find out that people you remember as little kids are now married and while you feel happy for them . . . it begins to make you feel a bit old. The evening breaks up with everybody telling everybody else to call soon, not to wait so long . . . so everybody promises everybody else that they'll see them soon and more often . . . but they never do. That is, until the next affair when we go through the same thing again.

Here's a few headlines . . . ruined!

"3 WEEK PITTSBURGH MILK STRIKE ENDS"—for BUTTER or worse.

"COMES BACK FOR BACK PAY, HITS ARSON PAYOFF—Tall, handsome and stately, but with no money to burn, a former Coney Island handyman was charged with arson yesterday when he returned to a Surf Avenue rooming house seeking $8 in back wages."—I guess he didn't know the money was hot.

"FIRE DAMAGES RACING SERV-



ICE"—Win, place and SHOWER.

"HELD IN STABBING OF PAIR IN FRACAS"—What part of the body is that?

"SWEDISH DENTIST CAN TELL AGE BY LOOKING AT SINGLE TOOTH"—That's one way to make a woman keep her mouth shut.

"SUN BATHER UNDER BALLOON PAYS COVER CHARGE—Sunbathing at Point Lookout, L. I., with only a red balloon cost man $25 on disorderly conduct charge. Police charge he used the balloon to keep the sun out of his eyes."—I hope they didn't confiscate the balloon; next week he may go out again and have to use a grape . . . shading one eye at a time.

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

FLAMINGO NIGHT, and the three winners were: No. 1, RUTH CADWALLADER, telephone operator, who won first prize with her rendition of "Lonesomest Gal in Town"; No. 2: BOB LAWSON, bus boy, took over at the drums, beating out "The Sheik of Araby," and walked away with second honors. SALLY GRIFFITHS, food waitress, sang "Ace in the Hole," and received third prize. All contestants could easily have won first prize because the applause was so thunderous. EPPY PEARSON (the applause meter) had a tough job, but everyone seemed to be very happy. An interesting note: Ruth is the daughter of JEANIE COHEN, a food waitress at the Hotel El Rancho, who tied for first place five weeks ago when the employees of that hotel appeared and started the ball rolling. These two lovely ladies, if they tried hard enough, could probably find a place in show business as a sister act. . . . MAKE A DATE FOR JULY 31st! . . . A sight to behold is the JIMMY SPITTLER family, who reside directly in back of the SHAMROCK HOTEL. At every opportunity Jimmy takes his three daughters and son out on the lawn to play some baseball. His daughters are up at bat and Jr. does the catching. Mr. Spittler does the pitching and never has to field the ball because pliaying on his side, and the other member of the team, is "ROULETTE," a Doberman-Pinscher, who chases the ball every time it is hit, bringing it right back to Jimmy. They set up their own laws for the game. If any of the girls get on first before Roulette retrieves the ball, she is safe. At this writing, no one has made first base. Roulette seems to catch the ball in mid-air, or on the first bounce, and immediately brings it back to the pitcher. Next stop, major leagues for this "fuor-legged ball player," Roulette. She can field better than most players we've seen on shortstop, center field or outfield. Just a champion Doberman-Pinscher, this "doggy" player! . . . SIR JODY and LADY MICHAEL, the "Coo Hour" cuties, are disc jockeying every night from 12 to 3 a. m., directly from the RANCH HOUSE RESTAURANT on The Strip. This energetic couple are so well liked around these parts their program has become a "must" for stayer-uppers. . . . JACK KOHLER, chef extraordinaire at HOTEL FLAMINGO, can give us the "bird" any time. Many thanks for that luscious turkey, which **almost** looked too good to eat, but we

(Continued on Page 30)

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AUDREY LEE:

(Continued from Page 15)

have selected you, as a sound citizen, and am now going to release, just to you, for the small sum of one **"hard American,"** my personal **blue-chip special,** for this day."

"Yeh, well just what do I get for this thin buck?" loudly burped this rocking, swaying mark.

"Why," replies Monsoon, with considerable indignation, "this **blue-chip special,** I will bestow upon you, and just to you, cannot possibly lose. If perchance it does so, you will promptly have your money returned."

"Fair enough," mumbles the mark, digging deep into his jean pocket, "I will wager a **fast double."**

"First, that buck," replies Monsoon, with extreme caution. And now wtih the **hard American** in his hand, Monsoon strikes an attitude of deep mystery, then in a stage whisper, heard only as far as Boulder Dam, he gives the mark the name of a **"late scratch."**

"There you are, jockey," announces the **tog-man,** with much pomp, "That horse can't possibly lose," then makes a suddened and hurried exit.

The mark's chin drops a couple more inches, he gives forth with a couple deep burps, whirls fast to grasp at the fleeing **tog,** and winds up in a cursing heap on the floor.

"I heard not long ago," muses Dick, "that Monsoon had departed this mortal coil, and I will open him up at **"three-to-five,"** wherever he is, some mark among the Cherubim, Seraphim or the direct antithesis thereof, is feeling the weight of this **tog-man's check-rack,** and is being urged to make a bet on his "blue-chip" special of the day."

Who can possibly top this entertaining DICK SHERIDAN in getting the most humor out of a story? It is no wonder his desk is the one where the crowds always gather. DICK is the book-maker at the popular BOULDER CLUB, and the reason why a horse player can lose or win, and still walk away laughing . . . DICK SHERIDAN TELLS THEM A STORY!

Hasta luego!

JOHNNY UHLMAN:

(Continued from Page 25)

well, and the order comes through with no trouble, you'll be able to get them at THE ROWEL in the FRONTIER WESTERN VILLAGE right about now or the middle of next week. It's the first time I've found something like that whcih had any kind of a cut to it so that it looked like something after you got it on. Drop in on GLEN and VHADA there at the Rowel ANY TIME as far as that goes, 'cause it seems like they have a **lot** of things you've "been looking for." . . . Golly, look at the time! . . . I've been hours writing this column. It was so warm that I left the front door ajar and a little kitten wandered in, hungry, frightened and meowing like mad. Between lines here and playing with the kitten, I haven't accomplished too much. . . . You oughta see it JUMP! He . . . sh . . . (I'd better stick to "it") gets down to some serious stalking of something or other, then I scrape my foot and it will jump straight up and backwards for about TWO FEET. . . . I'm dying with laughter for . . . SAY! . . . I wonder if it belongs to anyone! Look about the same spot in the mag next week and we'll chin some more. . . . 'Bye now . . . JOHNNY.

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TUTOR SCHERER

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 28)

didn't do too much looking. The carcass should (if it could) speak for itself. . . . Last week we visited our new CHIEF OF POLICE, L. B. "JACK" MAXWELL at Police Headquarters. Do not misunderstand, it was purely a social call, not a command appearance. We had quite a talk with our chief, and he seemed a bit irked about the photograph which appeared in our Sunday local newspaper. It showed the new chief executive receiving his badge from ARCHIE WELLS, ex-chief of police, and part of the caption read: "The photographer asked Mr. Wells to smile and Mr. Wells replied, 'I don't feel like it!'" Contrary to what the caption said, the public could see very plainly that Mr. Wells was not only smiling, but beaming broadly. The ex-chief and the new one are getting along very well and Mr. Maxwell has some wonderful plans he hopes to put into effect that will definitely be for the betterment of our city. He proudly spoke about his record in California, where he was on the police staff from December 1, 1925 to July 15, 1950. Twenty-five years of topnotch and unblemished service. We certainly wish Chief Maxwell much success in his office and know he'll rereceive 100 percent cooperation from his men as well as the citizens of Las Vegas. . . . IT'S A DATE FOR MONDAY, JULY 31, 1950, LAST FRONTIER SPORTSDROME. . . . JOYCE McGANN, owner of **Joyce's Dressmaking Shop** on North Fourth street, must have had many disappointed customers last week. Her friend, lovely PAT ROSS, arrived in town and they were very busy reminiscing. Pat and Joyce used to be in show business together. They shared dressing rooms in the legitimate theater and also did bit parts in pictures. BUT that wasn't the only thing that kept them busy. Pat is the mother of a 3-month-old infant, STEPHANIE, a gorgeous little "butterball," and Joyce couldn't seem to tear herself away from this baby. Her orders weren't running on schedule and her customers had to be patient because Joyce and little Stephanie were busy getting acquainted. After all, an event such as this just doesn't happen every day. While Pat and her baby were here, Joyce felt that her many customers will understand and forgive her negligence. As soon as her guests left for their Los Angeles home, Joyce's Dressmaking Shop again became the beehive of activity it usually is. . . . RUN—DO NOT WALK—TO THE NEAREST TICKET SELLER FOR "NIGHT OF STARS"! . . . The AMERICAN AIR TAXI COMPANY proudly boasts of a world record they set on a flight from LAS VEGAS to DETROIT in **10 hours 15 minutes**. For the class of aircraft they operate, this is truly an accomplishment hard to beat. Meanwhile there are more and more people traveling the American Air Taxi way who have discovered that the prices are less than airline rates but the convenience is the same. . . . Belated birthday greetings to very lovely ROBERTA, a tango dealer at the Club Bingo, July 14th. . . . There's a lot of activity going on at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. Most of it is being kept **sub rosa.** One of the latest changes took place when LEO KIND sold out his interest last week, and is no longer connected with the corporation. It is also said that TUTOR SCHERER, "Poet Laureate of Las Vegas," will be in charge of show bookings at the hotel from here on. Tutor has booked some of the greatest artists in the world, in the various clubs he owned at one time on the Coast. We know that with Mr. Scherer at the helm there will be some stupendous offerings in the ROUND-UP ROOM, which is probably one of the reasons for their expansion program. . . . REMEMBER THE HANDICAPPED CHILDREN MONDAY, JULY 31! . . . We very seldom, if ever, use this medium for personal messages

(Continued on page 32)

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Local Newspapers!
TUTOR SCHERER

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

nd retire from an investment in one own lot. Fortunately, when such were disappointed they made their howl and scape simultaneously. But such do not uild cities.

"Our real businessmen are strong, nterprising, steadfast and true. Their aith they show by their actions. Determined, they press forward, undeterred by petty annoyances. . . .

"Don't croak and don't knock. Count our blessings and boost your town and eople soon will be rushing in to give ou a lift."

There was more of the same general entiment, which it is not necessary to opy here. I am glad I said it—it must ave given some poor devils like me a ttle more hope and ambition. Because remember as well as if it were yesterday that the summer of 1905 was ot a pleasant one. After the May 15 uction sale of lots by the railroad company, about four-fifths of the approximately 2500 people who were left, left s. Sanitary conditions were bad. The ailroad water system was not yet in nd everybody had to get their drinking water from shallow wells in their ack yards not far from their own or heir neighbor's outhouse. A case or wo of typhoid already had developed nd a half dozen of us organized a Sanitary Committee," made rules and nforced them. Several of our larger usiness establishments somehow had aught fire and were completely destroyed. Others were on the verge of ailure.

Crowell & Allott, Las Vegas' largest ercantile firm, was being questioned y the Los Angeles Board of Trade. hey owed our bank $2500, so I got apt. J. R. Hunter with a team and uckboard to take me to Eldorado Canon where the firm had several thouand dollars in outstanding accounts. gave every one of them receipt from rowell & Allott and replaced the acounts by notes from them to the bank.

Two nights and a day it took in that errible heat and dust! When I got ack the bank gave Crowell & Allott redit for those accounts. The next norning the Board of Trade men came n and closed the Crowell & Allott tore. Then they came over to the bank nd asked Mr. Park, the cashier, "How nuch do Crowell & Allott owe the ank?"

"Why," reported Mr. Park innocently, "They do not owe the bank anything at all."

That was the nearest I ever came to aving an agent of a Board of Trade drag me off to jail. But he just didn't dare to do it, I think. Las Vegas was a bit wild and wooly then and the nearest officers of the law were at Pioche, the county seat, 155 miles away.

Anyhow, I am mighty glad Hank Greenspun got off with a fine the other day. I thought his offense pretty well justified.

ALEX HENIG:

(Continued from Page 17)

her daughter, favor the Hotel Shamrock pool most every afternoon. . . . Solid, yes! We said solid! That's the only way to express the Bowery Four at Frank and Jerry's Bowery, Highway 91. Another treat at the club is bartender George "Red" Kavanaugh, the master mixologist. Blonde Jerrie Walker is one of the very capable cocktail girls. . . . Body Beautiful, and that belongs to Michael "Venus" Neale, Arden-Fletcher dancer. We'll go further. This wonderful gal is the winner: "Miss Body, 1951." . . . **Always a pleasure to let my readers know of swell people here in our town. Jack and Gertie Burke of the Flamingo Hotel get ours and many other votes for being just themselves.** . . . Audubon, Iowa, sends Marna Yates, cigaret girl (Club Bingo), as their goodwill ambassador. Not bad, not bad! . . . Belated birthday greetings to Helen Kettler and Jocelyn Robinson, both change girls at the big D. I. Girls, please don't be mad—Yours Truly was a victim of circumstances. . . "JODY HUTCHINSON," that all-fun-frolic characters, Main and Fremont street, Delander (Dick) What have you? Talk o' the Town. . . . Roy (The) Bell and his bride Terry spent their third anniversary somewhere in Heaven. When we last saw them, they were still up there! . . . Packard car and "Wild Bill" Kruse go together; could not think of a better combination. . . . If you're ailing, forget it and sort of get yourself to see the Ted Lewis show at Hotel Last Frontier. Doctor Lewis and his crew will cure all illnesses—that's for sure—right, Cortez. But to say Qui-Qui would be putting it mildly when we talk and close with a thought of "tres jolie" Andree (ze brunette) unquote. . . . See you soon . . . Register and vote ALEX HENIG for Justice of the Peace.

A Free Press is
Part of Our Freedom!
TUTOR SCHERER

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 30)

but in this case, if we may, we'd like to make an exception just this once. My deepest thanks to DR. JOEL G. HOLMES Jr., brilliant young physician in our town, for the very prompt service he rendered last Saturday night, and the wonderful life he actually saved. I shall always be indebted and grateful to Dr. Holmes for the genuine concern he showed and his untiring efforts. He is a credit to his profession. . . . We are certain many of you have heard EPPY PEARSON'S version of the tune "Talk of the Town." We recently learned that Eppy, in collaboration with TED LEWIS, wrote those lyrics and has used it since in all his personal appearances. This number is always a big hit. He and Mr. Lewis have been buddies for many, many years and the first stop Ted made upon his arrival in town was the Club Bingo, just to see Eppy and hear him sing "their favorite song." . . . Another letter from JOE ZEMANSKY in Reno makes us feel very good and we most certainly agree that "it pays to advertise." It is also very gratifying to know that Mr. Zemansky received so many responses through the mail and in person concerning the article we wrote about him and the miniature Bible he has carried in his pocket for 48 years. . . . REMEMBER "STAR-STUDDED MONDAY," JULY 31st! . . . AL ABRAMS, ace handicapper of the country, now operating the card room in the rear of the EL DORADO CLUB, is truly a homey host. Whether you're a player or not, you're welcome, even if you come in just to relax or kibitz. . . . BILL LOEB, a ten percenter, representing M.C.A. ARTISTS, Ltd., in San Francisco, informs us via post card that he and his very lovely wife are expecting a new addition to the family. They were married in Las Vegas last year at the LITTLE CHURCH OF THE WEST, and have only rosy memories of our town. Bill met Mrs. Loeb while she was singing with the SPIKE JONES band when they appeared at the HOTEL FLAMINGO. Our best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Loeb and their awaited stork arrival. . . . Since our boy ALEX HENIG decided to run for Justice of the Peace of Las Vegas Township he appears to have taken on a new aspect. At one time Mr. Henig was an ardent believer in our slogan, "Come and you are," and carried out the theme by always wearing a nonchalant looking pair of slacks and shirt, whether dating, dining or just on the prowl for news. But since seeking public office Alex has made BEAU BRUMMEL come to life again. Last week, downtown, in all our 120-degree heat, we ran into Mr. Henig (which is a rarity in itself), dressed to the teeth, stiff shirt, tie and jacket. He looked like he had just stepped out of Esquire Magazine—**well, almost.** If Alex isn't elected Justice of the Peace, he will at least have gained the reputation of being one of the bset dressed men who sought public office. . . . To WALTER JACOBS, owner of the LAKE TARLETON HOTEL in Pike, N. H., we appreciate your wonderful letter, and are very happy to know that you enjoy reading our magazine so much. We strive to please our readers at all times and delight in the knowledge that you are one of them. "PRINCESS" and myself also send our thanks to you and hope you'll be out our way real soon! . . . ALDO, captain at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, makes dining there an event. This man's personality and his charm must truly be a reflection upon the good judgment shown by LOUIS, maitre d', for his excellent choice in surrounding himself with such a crew, which, of course, includes chef JIMMY COLLINS, incomparable master of the cuisine. . . . In closing our column, we'd again like to remind our readers that the handicapped children need us desperately. What we do for them now will help shape their futures. There are only 105 physically incapable of walking to school and playing with the other youngsters, so let's give them their own little school, teachers, and busses for transportation. Make this event the biggest affair in the history of Las Vegas—you'll earn the undying gratitude and love of these children for the rest of their lives . . . **and that's for sure!**

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Weekly Fashion Letter

from EDITH HEAD

PARAMOUNT FASHION DESIGNER

Every self-respecting working girl, whether she's the boss-man's Girl Friday or a glamorous movie star, looks forward with great anticipation to her annual vacation. She knows these "few weeks with pay and play" give her a golden opportunity to rise and shine—to find new fun, new friends and even a new life.

Of course, every wise cosmopolitan realizes the value of a smart vacation wardrobe . . . For these young women, here are a few items plucked from the clothes collections of Hollywood's best-dressed actresses. If you like to sport the last-word in fashion, you'd do well to carbon copy these outfits.

For the beach, curvaceous CORINNE CALVET, the French siren of Hal Wallis' "My Friend Irma Goes West," selects a very brief play-suit of orange shantung. The bra-top features a halter neckline, and the little-boy shorts boast narrow cuffs and slashed pockets. For cover-up purposes, Corinne wears a short coolie coat with long-length sleeves, high collar and frog-closings. Because it's cut from fine black linen, this coat has nine lives and can be worn over afternoon and evening clothes—as well as over sports togs.

DIANA LYNN, another beauty who's "on display" in "My Friend Irma Goes West," has added a striking pair of lounging pajamas to her vacation wardrobe. For early morning or casual wear, she dons sea green harem trousers of soft rayon jersey and a matching bodice with wide v-neckline and no-sleeves. To this fascinating fashion, Diana adds a wide belt of leopard fur and a pair of leopard sandals.

MONA FREEMAN will make memories on her vacation when she wears her new short cocktail frock. Made of white organdy with an all-over embroidery design in scarlet, the dress is strapless with a snug bodice and full swing-skirt. To it, Mona adds the briefest bolero jacket of the season—criss-crossed sandals of scarlet and a matching envelope bag.

Weekly Beauty Letter

from WALLY WESTMORE

MAKEUP DIRECTOR, PARAMOUNT STUDIOS

Comes July and it's time to repeat the do's and don'ts of summer good-grooming to beauty-loving damsels everywhere.

To carry out this chore, Yours Truly consulted movie-actress GAIL RUSSELL. This leading lady of the Pine-Thomas drama, "The Lawless," is recognized as one of the best-groomed stars in Hollywood. Consequently, she knows the rules that go hand-in-hand with good-grooming and health.

"Because the month of July is associated with beaches and resorts," says Miss Russell, "every woman should remember to use only her own towel and permit no one else to use it . . . Keep an eye out for athlete's foot, too. It's a rapid worker and it's contracted most frequently on beach sands and in club-house showers."

Gail also cautions her fellow femmes against the borrowing of combs. She numbers this among the worst of beauty habits. Combs carry dandruff and infections to a normal scalp, reminds the brunette beauty . . . And because nothing can more readily irritate the skin and cause blemishes than a soiled powder puff, Gail suggests that every beauty-conscious damsel keep three or four on hand—and keep them clean. Above all, don't borrow your girl friend's puff. Better a shiny face than to indulge in such promiscuous use.

"Remember, too, that fingernails carry infection," reminds the young star of "The Lawless." "Keep them well-groomed and clean. But no matter how clean you may consider fingers and hands, always keep them away from eyes. Keep hand-towel and face-towel separate, too, each for its individual use, and change them often, along with your face cloth."

According to Gail Russell—and all beauty experts—cleanliness is all-important to the woman who aspires to be well-groomed throughout the summer months.

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

TUTOR SCHERER

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