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HOWDY PODNER !



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(BACH)

**BACHMANN**

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(Story on Page 9)

December 9, 1950

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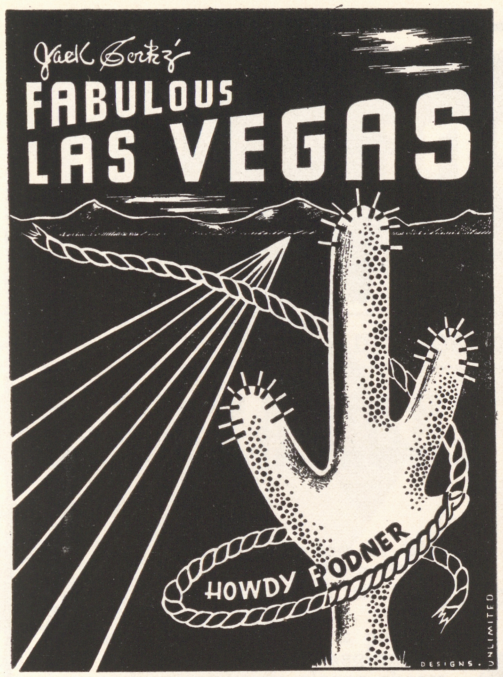
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 2, NO. 34
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"THAT'S FOR SURE," BY JACK CORTEZ
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THE WATCHBIRDS
FRONT ROW CENTER, BY JOHN RYKEN
THE OLD TIMER, BY CHUBBY
CHESS, BY FRED SOLY
DOWNTOWN, BY JOHNNY



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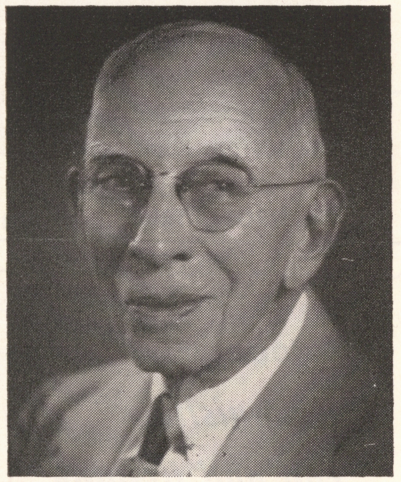



Jack Burby's
FABULOUS LAS VEGAS
HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 2 DECEMBER 9, 1950 NUMBER 34

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

## THE PRESS CLUB



**LAST Sunday evening at The Thunderbird, Las Vegas Press Club held its own little private dinner. The Club, as you may have noticed, is gaining celebrity by authoring, managing, financing and acting very clever shows each year under the guise of "Branding Iron Dinner." Those dinners have become the outstanding social events of Las Vegas. But Sunday it was a chummy little affair with about 50 members present, quite free from reporters, snoopers and politicians, so that I feel somebody should mention it—in a private sort of way.**

The chief business of the evening—if we may call it business—was the installation of new officers who will carry the responsibilities of 1951, including the gigantic task of creating another great Branding Iron Dinner Show. The great moment of the meeting was when Norman White, outgoing president, turned the gavel over to Ken O'Connell, who has taken on the great responsibility for next year's Branding Iron.

The idea, if any, which impels this little story, has to do with the tremendous influence, power and responsibility of this little group in this community and of members of The Press in general over the thoughts of the nation. On these newspaper people in reality depend the issues of war or peace; the perpetuation of our government and of our modern civilization. Upon their reports of passing events—their observation and reflection of world happenings—will depend the trend of that public opinion which rules nations and the world.

Not that the boys and girls of The Press settled any great international problems that evening, but they were very earnest in their attention to a grand dinner (in a private dining room at The Thunderbird) with Louie as author and producer, and lightened with Cresta Blanca by Jimmie Schuyler. However serious and gruff those world fashioners may be in print, they are a gay and social and friendly bunch when they get the down-to-earth human state of mind.

The fellows who really created the Press Club of Las Vegas are naturally the four fellows who took on the load of responsibility involved in serving as president since the timid little club was first formed. Ray Germain was first president and he worked the group onto the idea that they might really do something worthwhile. He was followed by Vern Willis, who took up a hard

(Continued on page 32)

STARTING Wednesday, December 13

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# VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS



### I RIDE ALONE

The moon is full, the stars are bright
The foliage glistens in the light
I ride through desert brush and bloom
Still my sadness seems to loom.

Tonight, mare and I ride alone.
It seems her friendliness has shown
The mare is champing on the bit
As though my restlessness to befit.

Dew glistens on the purple leaf
But does not give my thirst relief.
I thirst a presence which could give
Me life and love so sensitive.

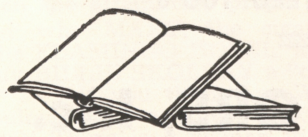
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A columnist just sits and scribbles
While the editor frets and quibbles.

---

### PROVERB

Stop and think: Have you now outgrown
Loved ones of old and friends, well-known?



### PROVERB

New friends, if true friends, are like gold
But priceless are the friends of old.

---

### WHEN I'M GONE

When I am still and cannot move
Then my loved ones it will behoove
You to stop and mourn, just one day
But do not loiter on life's way.

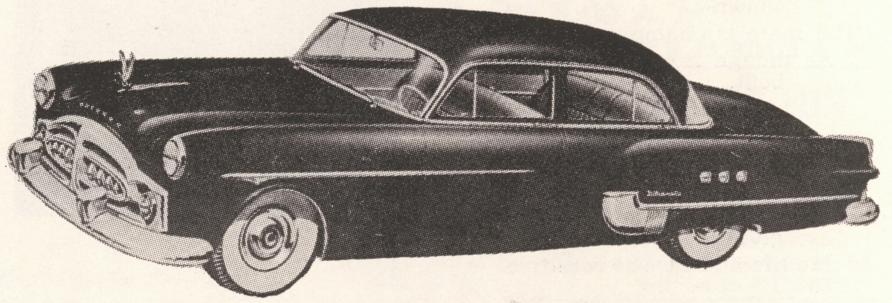
Let your life flow and vibrate clear
Think of me with love, shed no tear
Let your cup of life overflow
For any day, you too may go.

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# THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

On the front cover is "FABULOUS" ROLAND "BACH" BACHMANN, whom I met about three years ago, when he was working as the advertising and general manager of the shoe department at Johnson's. We became quite friendly and often discussed the future of our town.

"Bach," as he is called by everyone, is 38 years old and was born in Belleville, in the southern part of Illinois. He received all of his schooling in Springfield, Illinois. Since graduating from high school in 1929, "Bach" has devoted all of his time to the shoe business.

In 1935, "Bach" went to work in the Hollywood store for Mandel's of California. During his employment there he acquired many personal customers from the film colony. He has had the pleasure of fitting the latest in footwear on such notables as Lana Turner, Louise Rainer, Jean Parker and many others.

Three years later he was offered an opportunity to operate a family shoe store in Obispo, California, and didn't hesitate to accept. Whenever he looks back to 1938. pleasant memories refresh themselves, for that was when he met and married his wife, Elaine. The couple have two children—Jeff, 4 and Barbara, 3.

"Bach's" career was delayed temporarily by his indoctrination into the Navy in 1943. He spent two years aboard the aircraft carrier, U. S. S. Hoggatt Bay, and saw every action from Kwajalein to the occupation of Japan.

After receiving his discharge, "Bach" returned to work for Mandel's. This time he acted as manager of the downtown store in Los Angeles. However, after one short year, Las Vegas seemed to call him and Mr. Bachmann arrived in our town in July of 1947, to manage the shoe department for Johnson's. He still wanted to branch out and work for himself and bought out the shoe department in the Co-Ed Shop in 1949. His many loyal friends and customers patronized him and business prospered.

Then, "Bach" saw his chance to fulfill his lifelong ambition of opening a completely exclusive women's shoe store in Las Vegas. When he learned about the Sam Friedman Building being erected, he made the first bid and was granted a lease. Now, the JONBACH STORE is in operation and is one of the most attractive stores on Fremont Street.

**To you, "FABULOUS" ROLAND "BACH" BACHMANN, goes our SALUTE-OF-THE-WEEK for having enough intestinal fortitude to "stick-it-out" until you succeeded. We, along with all of Las Vegas, extend our heartiest felicitations and wish you continued success . . . and that's for sure.**

**NEXT time you go to WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN for the dinner show, you may notice a petite three and-half year old girl in the rear of the PAINTED DESERT ROOM. This tyke is ANNETTE, the very lovely daughter of RUBY, one of the owners of this bistro. While the performers are offering their presentations, Annette invariably sings and dances along with them. When the audience applauds the act, this youngster takes her bows, along with the performer. If the management doesn't watch out, Annette will certainly steal the spotlight. We have a feeling that Ruby's daughter will cut quite a name for herself in show business when she attains the proper age.**

Wonder why MARY, the cigarette girl at the FLAMINGO HOTEL, is going to buy BILLIE SKOLSKY a "crash helmet?" . . . If you think Las Vegas isn't fabulous, take another think (on the house)! There is a woman in our town who bakes cheese cakes and delivers them to the CLUB BINGO, in a mink coat. That is, the lady in question wears the mink, not the cake. The BRINIGS and the PRELLS were very good friends back in Butte, Montana. Mrs. Brinig developed a wonderful reputation for the marvelous cheese cakes she concocted. When she and her hubby arrived in town, they renewed acquaintances and spent many an evening reminiscing with the Prells. One day, Mr. Prell, in a joking manner, suggested Ann Brinig supply his club with her renowned delicacies. Mrs. B. jumped at the opportunity and her specialty is now being featured in the Bingo. So, when you are eating that delicious cheese cake, you'll know it was baked by a woman whose husband owns practically all of the copper mines in Montana! . . . Prentice & Hall, famous book publishers of New York and Chicago, have contracted LOUIS "SATCHMO" ARMSTRONG to write his life story for them. The trumpet king has submitted 78 pages thus far, and is still in the year 1918, referring to his first wife, Lulu Belle. According to "Satchmo," the book may run about 600 pages before it is completed. He claims he could write five editions,

(Continued on Page 25)

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**Photo — Artist's conception of the Las Vegas Park and how beautiful it will be when completed.**

# TRACK TALK

**. . . by JOCKEY, JR.**

**YOU can depend that the new Las Vegas Park racetrack will be studded with innovations designed to give horse players the most modern means available to pursue the sport of kings.**

O. L. McKenney, newly appointed operations manager for the track, told us about the first of the innovations on tap this week—a totalisator installation which will be introduced exclusively to western racing in Las Vegas, manufactured by the Automatic Totalisator Ltd. of Australia.

If you've been to the races in the past—and who hasn't?—you know how constantly you keep your eyes on the big tote board where the odds are posted and the number of bets registered.

You know, if you've attended any of the California tracks, how impatient you get waiting for the odds to change so you can make your bets with some amount of assurance. That's because all the old type tote boards only register new changes in odds every 90 seconds, and a minute and a half is a long time when you're eagerly waiting.

There won't be any waiting at Las Vegas Park with its newest type tote board. When any sizable bet is made at the ticket window here, the odds will immediately show on the board outside. No waiting! They'll be posted by the time you get away from the window. The board will give constant true odds. That's good service, brother!

Another feature of the new Las Vegas tote board system will be noted immediately by experienced horse bettors. Remember, when you were last at a track in California, if you wanted to make a show bet you had to go to the window marked "show." If you wanted to make a place bet, you hunted another different window. And if you decided to bet to win, you sought still another window.

You won't have that trouble at Las Vegas Park!

Manufacturers of the new type tote board have worked out a very neat system where you can get win, place or show tickets all at the same window. You won't have to do any shopping around.

Yes, science certainly is a wonderful thing and Las Vegas Park is using the latest scientific developments in every phase of the construction of the new track, buildings and equipment.

And when a race is over, newly invented mechanism will speed up transmission of the prices on each horse to the payoff windows so that you won't have to linger nearly as long as you used to in order to get your money—provided you hold the winning ticket.

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Jonbachs
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Southern Nevada's only completely Feminine Shoe Store

Pictured, is just one of the many beautiful

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# DEAR MOM . . .

. . . by MARDIE ROGERS

**DEAR MOM: Received your letter and so sorry to hear about the terrible weather conditions back home. That must have been some hurricane to knock out all the power lines like that. I hate to think of you sitting around a kerosene stove to keep warm, with only a couple of candles for light. How ever in the world does Pop find his jug of sherry you hide from him nitely? (Just for warmth, you know!) Hope by the time you get this letter you'll be living normally again. More and more I wish you'd taken my "invite" to come to Las Vegas with me. The weather here has been swell. Nippy enough at nite for plenty of "shut-eye," and the days are still oh sooo grand. If you should ever change your minds about coming down here, charter a dog-sled, yell "mush," and I'll send you the fare . . . that's from the bottom of me heart, angels!**

Have so much to tell you. The most wonderful thing happened to me this week. I GOT MY DRIVER'S LICENSE. Now that may not seem very important to you, perhaps it might even sound silly, but it sure means a lot to me. Thru accomplishing this daring feat, not only am I able to get around to see this Fabulous town, but I am now eligible to attend the MOTOR-VU THEATRE. (One of those drive-in, no-seat deals.) (Have missed more darn Westerns that way!) I was so thrilled when I found out that I had passed my test, that I decided to do something to celebrate this auspicious occasion. Went to my favorite beauty parlor to have a hair-do and manicure. Feeling like Mrs. Barney Oldfield, I parked the car (tires still intact) and proceeded to put some coins in the parking meter. I could be wrong but I swear there was a little dog standing there looking at the procedure, and he looked up at me and then at the meter and said, "Hell! You gotta pay now?" . . . Tres gay!

After having my pate renovated, thought I looked presentable enough to walk up and down Fremont Street and do some window wishing. Mom, you should see the stores. I sorta thought that because there isn't any snow down here that it wouldn't seem very Yuletidish, but I was wrong. The windows are so beautifully decorated, and everything is so tinsely and festive, that you just want to buy everything you see. However, being financially embarrassed 'till the eagle flies (sparrow to me), I settled on a huge purchase of



20c worth of rum-ribbon-candy. Yippie! Gotta keep the spirit, ya know!

Got back to my jalopy and started up the Strip to go home, when all of a sudden, for no reason at all, my car stopped dead in its tracks, and just as the light had turned green! There must have been a wedding party somewhere in the vicinity 'cause you never heard so many horns blowing in all your life. I was calm, though, just like it says to be in the Driver's Manual, and finally two knights with armor (badges to you) came to my rescue. Just like nothing at all, they found out what was wrong. I was out of gas! They solved my problem, though, and in no time at all someone was giving me a push! (Think I'll run out of gas more often as it was fun! Kinda reminded me of the time we drove those little cars at the park where you bump into everybody!) They pushed me right up to Andy Anderson's gas station at the Last Frontier. Andy and his four helpers, Gene Richardson, Ed Wahl, Benny Frand, and Wayne Anderson, really checked the car good. While waiting for the completion of this operation, I walked inside the station and found

(Continued on Page 34)

**HECHT'S**
419 FREMONT ST.
MISSES' AND WOMEN'S APPAREL

AMERICA'S FIRST LADY OF
THE VIOLIN



♥

Evelyn

AND HER
MAGIC VIOLIN

♥

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The Hour of Charm
ALL GIRL ORCHESTRA
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
PHIL SPITALNY

NOW HEADLINING AT THE
HOTEL LAST FRONTIER

Show Times
8:30 P. M.
—
11:30 P. M.




# FLUFF and CHUCK in Paris

**SAILED at noon, November 18, on the Ile de France—what a boat! Like a huge floating hotel—palatial salons, theatre and what food and service—a crew complement of 1,000 and being off the regular tourist season we had a small company of waiters and stewards to cater to our every whim.**

The crossing was very mild so we were able to enjoy every moment of the entertainment and cuisine. The president was on board so Fluff and I did a sort of command performance for the big Thanksgiving party. Introduced by Jules Romains de l'Acadamie Francaise. Fluff was presented with a lovely gold pin and I with a beautiful medallion. So many adventures on board ship it would take a book to relate them. Arrived at Le Havre, Saturday the 25th, and after the passport check via boat train (what a train! Out of this world and should be) to Paris. Were met by Jerome Medrano's representatives and relatives and whisked in one of the Paris taxis (pre World War I type) to our hotel. Afterward to a grand dinner and then a welcome rest. Living is very inexpensive here if arrangements are made by the resident French. Our hotel room, including room service with breakfast, etc., is 1400 francs per day or $4.00 American. The exchange being 350 francs per $1.00. One practically needs a briefcase to carry around the money. Good wines are as cheap as soda pop, but the coffee—wow! Airmail a thermos of American coffee.

Sunday, Jerome Medrano drove us around Paris in one of those long, foreign jobs, a Basatti, and last night to a famous little restaurant in the Montmartre district, called Le Mere Catherine. Another superb dinner and I, of course, would up singing American and French songs a la champagne! Seems like they like our style of singing as about everyone here sounds about like Maurice Chevalier. He is appearing in concert somewhat like his American tour and the big event is when he takes off his clothes during intermission. How's that for a twist on the strip tease? Look out, Gypsy Rose Lee!

Today, Monday, we start interviewing girls for the chorus—wanna help? We have to pick 36 girls and twelve boys. Also I have to select voices for an American style singing chorus—a la Fred Waring. Something entirely new here. Press interview this evening and every night to a new club or show to watch the Paris nights from every angle—or almost.

Could write pages of the wonderful cooperation, consideration and hospitality of Jerome Medrano. What a boss!

We will be in Paris several months, then to Monte Carlo, London, July in Stockholm, Vienna, etc., and then plan to bring a big, new show to America. Of course the clubs are fine and the Paris Opera and such palatial wonders are inspiring but I am sure that nowhere in the world are the extravagant hostelries and casinos of Las Vegas.

Will write more in a few days. By the way, I have lost my cognomen "Chuck" and must bear the so-called distinction of my full name—Charles Anthony Gould. Fluff has been given her real name Folliett with a slight change and is now Mademoiselle Folliett.

Oh, yes, the weather. Like our former home, Seattle and the famous French song, "All is Wetta—dammit—All is Wetta."

Love and kisses to all our friends and the Princess. FLUFF AND CHUCK.


U.E.C.

"Let's Get United"

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IT'S A TREAT
TO PLAY FOR YOU



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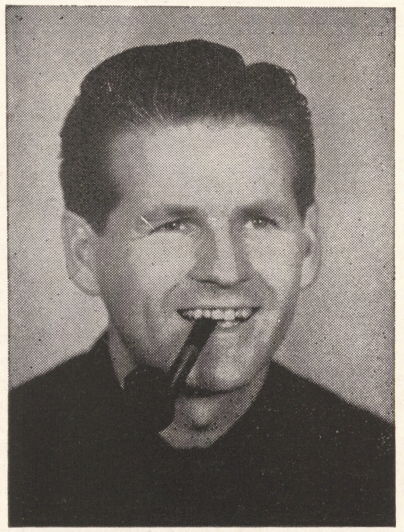
Louis Armstrong



# DOWNTOWN . . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN

**WONDERFUL "Fabulous" Las Vegas! Man, I'm tellin' you, the more I read the papers these days, the happier I am that I'm right here in our little ol' "hot and windy in the summer, cold and windy in the winter," wide open town of Vegas! It seems that they are having rotten weather every place in the country except right here. I might even expand that to include the whole world, for that matter, what with wars, starvation and strife in all the other countries. It was the Army that planted me here 'way back in 1942, and I, like all the rest, found plenty to gripe about at first. After a few months I became acclimated; climbed on the soap-box with the rest of the inhabitants, and became a walking one-man Chamber of Commerce. Nowhere in the world is there another town like yours and mine, VEGAS!**

Be back in a minute! I hear the coffee getting hot. Wish you were here to join me in a cup. I'm the only guy in this house that can make a good cup of coffee! ('Course I'm a bachelor) . . . Now, let's take a little look at the doin's Downtown as I happened to see it this week. Hold your hats and don't stand up! . . . I may have been crowing about my capacity to conjure a capital cuppa coffee, but I'm afraid I'll have to doff my dome-piece to one of our downtown dining spots come the first of next week (December 11th). That's the DIXIE WAFFLE AND SANDWICH SHOP! I look for Nate Young to change the name of the place to just Dixie Coffee Shop in the near future, 'cause few people are able to say the other name even with their own teeth! Getting back to the subject at hand, though, Nate is installing his own grinder, and new urns, so that he can grind the coffee beans fresh when he needs them. That, my friend, makes for a supreme cup o' mud in any man's language! He will also be using a special blend of MAJOR COFFEE that will be exclusive in his shop. If things work out right, you'll get a free cup of it next Tuesday to introduce you to its singular deliciousness (wow! get the words this kid is usin'). No matter how I said it, the fact still remains that it is darned good and you downtowners, who drink as much coffee as I do, will do yourself a good turn if you drop into the DIXIE COFFEE SHOP ("we grind our own") and lap a lip over a good mug o' mud! . . . The new management of the



SHAMROCK HOTEL got off to a flying start last week and it looks as though they are going to do all right, too! Duke Wiley is ably assisted and abetted by Howard Baxter and Charles Trumbly ("Chief," to you). These three have a lot of plans for the exploitation of the spot that, when put into effect, ought to put it high in the brackets of "rounders row!" You can get fed in the dining room "round the clock" and dinners start at the unbelievably low price of $1.50. Yeah! A dinner for a BUCK 'na HAF! Entertainment and dancing every evening, too! Last Saturday night, December 2nd, the Shamrock was the scene of the annual banquet of the IOTA NU fraternity of Woodbury College out of Los Angeles, Calif. There were 50 members present; 30 of them being pledges. These pledges were paraded down Fremont Street at 5 a. m. that morning, each toting a lighted candle, as part of their initiation into the frat. DON WOODS, of Wood's Maple House on the strip, was the instigator of these yearly get-togethers a few years back and, according to some of its members, it has become a much looked forward to event. The banquet is traditionally held at the Shamrock Hotel each year. Selected as "Miss Iota Nu" this year was Miss Donna Speeres of Las Vegas and reigned regally, she being the only bit of femininity present

(Continued on Page 31)

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

*. . . by JACK CORTEZ*



## ★ El Rancho Vegas

**December 6 through December 19**

One of America's all time great entertainers, GEORGIE PRICE, is the current headliner of the new show in the ROUND-UP ROOM. A favorite son of Broadway and Wall Street, he has been intimate with show-biz since he was an East Side youngster. It was in 1934 that Georgie decided to leave the entertainment world and go into the brokerage business. However, the lure of the spotlight and grease paint was so strong that he couldn't resist and that is why supper-clubbers are being treated to witnessing the great Mr. Price in action again. He is truly an excellent showman and combines the "land of stocks and bonds," with the "land of songs and blondes." His knowledge of both fields makes him the most enlightened entertainer in America. His repertoire includes special numbers, songs he originally introduced and unique satires on contemporary life. G. P.'s portrayals of Harry Richman, George Jessel, Eddie Cantor, and other well-known luminaries are the best you'll ever hope to

(Continued on Page 30)

## ★ Hotel Last Frontier

**December 1 through December 28**

Before going to press, I tried numerous ways to relate an accurate description of the PHIL SPITALNY "HOUR OF CHARM" ALL-GIRL ORCHESTRA and their sensational show, currently being offered in the RAMONA ROOM. All words seemed inadequate. Finally, I decided to describe what actually happened when my "Princess" and I went to the opening . . . We arrived at the hotel about 7:30 p. m. and had a delicious dinner. At precisely 8:30 the overture began. The silver curtain was raised, revealing 25 lovely young ladies in exquisite white gowns, trimmed with rose sequins. Their voices blended magnificently in a medley of Christmas carols, rendered more beautifully than ever before heard anywhere. MR. SPITALNY directed them with split-second timing. As they sang, it reminded us of past holidays, and stirred the memory of roasting chestnuts, the aroma of pine and families gathered around huge, glittering Christmas trees. . . . At the conclusion of their first presentation, the applause was thunderous and the ladies went to their respective chairs on the bandstand to form the all-girl orchestra . . . I looked

(Continued on Page 30)

## ★ Flamingo Hotel

LOUIS "SATCHMO" ARMSTRONG, the "Trumpet King of Jazz," and his ALL STARS are currently headlining the bill in the FLAMINGO ROOM. Each member in this spectacular group is truly a master musician and upholds his reputation as such when soloing. They also prove their remarkable instrumental genius when each practically tears the house down, whether performing collectively or individually. The ALL STARS present lots of boogie, Basin Street blues, be-bop and jazz. The group of artists consists of "SATCHMO" ARMSTRONG on the trumpet—EARL "FATHA" HINES on the "88"—JACK TEAGARTEN, slide trombone—"COZY" COLE, burning up those drum

(Continued on Page 30)



## ★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

**November 14 through December 11**

Smashing all records since their opening is this stupendous presentation called MINSKY'S FOLLIES! There are approximately four days left in which to see this No. 1 production, which has been causing gate crashing from tourists and natives alike. Once you see it, you'll be back for more. The Follies has everything that spells entertainment. There is a superb cast of 35, featuring the most beautiful girls in the world. Starring in this colossal production is the "Anatomy Award" winner, blonderful DARDY ORLANDO, who artistically performs the "Dance of Ecstasy." . . . TRUDINE, acknowledged as the "Quiver Queen of the Nation," really "shakes the room apart." . . . LEO DIAMOND, one of the country's finest harmonica virtuosos, makes an ordinary mouth

(Continued on page 32)

## ★ Thunderbird Hotel

**December 7 through December 20**

**(Not a review)**

MEL TORME, the "VELVET FOG" of stage, screen and radio fame, brought back by popular demand, is the headliner of this new miniature production in the NAVAJO ROOM. When he was here, seven months ago, he had the bobby soxers squealing and pleased the adults. His original and unique style is most appealing to all. Although young in years (23), Mel is a veteran of the stage, having started his career at the ripe old age of 4 . . . On the same bill, RICHARD and FLORA STUART, who really put the accent on dancing. They'll introduce smooth ballroom steps which should go over big. A specialty the Stuarts are noted for is a Spanish Cake Dance. It has received rave notices from all critics, coast to coast . . . The sensational three ROMANOS are a fast acrobatic trio, on the style of the Los Gatos or the Les Charlivels. Need we say

(Continued on Page 33)

## ★ Club Bingo

Currently starring in the BONANZA ROOM are DUSTY BROOKS and his QUINTET. They are five men who feature "2-beat tunes." Dusty and the boys sing many of your favorite tunes and offer lots of novel musical arrangements. These hepsters give out with lots of jive, bounce, boogie-woogie, and any other type of music you might want to hear. They really keep the room "jumpin'." . . . On the same bill is songstress JUANITA BROWN, whose pleasing, clear, strong voice carries quite a bit of projection. She offers a wide variety of your favorite hit tunes that stimulates the applause of the audience . . . MIKE WERNER'S ORK and the CHUCK BURGESS TRIO supply the music for your dancing pleasure from 8:00 p. m. 'til 5:00 a. m. The new policy of the club is four shows nightly:

(Continued on page 32)

## ★ Golden Slipper Saloon

BURLESQUE and lots of comedy is holding sway with HANK HENRY at the helm, on the old-new Gay '90s stage. Hank is a clever and versatile comic who keeps changing the skits and fadeouts for each presentation . . . JO ANN MALONE, his very charming red-haired wife, takes an active part in the skits and adds much feminine color to them . . . GERRY KNOX is the blonde gal with the throaty voice who sings many nostalgic tunes that stir your heart . . . THE GOLDEN SLIPPER QUARTET perform in a manner that makes you wish you could have been around to see the days when the barber shop foursomes were really popular . . . TURK MURPHY and his BAND play Dixieland music loud and good, the way it was played many years ago . . . GEORGE REDMAN, at the piano, plays wonderful accompaniment for each act on the bill . . . All members in the cast wear colorful and gay outfits, reminis- of the 19th Century . . . "SMOKEY" JOE LA DUE, a very popular personality in our town, is your friendly host in charge of the SALOON and RESTAURANT from 9 p. m. to 7 a. m.

● ROULETTE ● "21" ● CRAPS

● KENO

● POKER




● PAN

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# WATCHBIRDS

. . by SIR JODY and LADY MICHAEL

**BROADWAY LIGHTS: The BETTE DAVIS - TALLULAH BANKHEAD "feud," because of Bette's portrayal of Talloo in "All About Eve" has caused so much talk the girls have decided to keep it up—so expect some sort of 'atomic blast' from either camp.**

Beautiful LENA HORNE will star in a Broadway revue entitled "Two on the Aisle" with music by JULES STYNE.

SHOW SHOP: "Bless You All," a new musical revue which stars MARY McCARTY and PEARL BAILEY, is one of the most opulent shows in some time. The sets and properties necessitate five baggage cars, and during the course of a single performance the cast wears 475 costumes. Wowie! The first act finale is a revue within a revue and has 11 scenes of its own—and in spite of all this they have a HIT on their hands.

EL MOROCCO sets out in full force with diamond tiaras and stomachers seen on the scene—MISS BARBARA HUTTON in the Champagne Room trying her darndest to be incognito . . . and in the main room—ALEX D'ARCY of the cinema and cafes, and his well kept mustache . . . CHARLES WILSON, Englishman and his well kept bow from the hips . . . FANNY WARD and her well kept paste jewelry and various and sundry actors and actresses who were too numerous and would love us to mention them . . . so we won't . . . it was a gala evening . . . LA!

PHIL SILVERS, the funny man, making us ache with laughter at the COPA. Phil's big surprise of the evening was, on going by our table to do his stint on the floor, he tossed us the latest issue of the "FABULOUS LAS VEGAS" . . . and adorable JUNE HUTTON transported us right back to the Desert Inn with her nostalgic songs.

LUCILLE BALL, comedienne par excellence, turning down tempting TV offers unless they include hubby DESI ARNAZ. Lucille will star in a circus picture, "The Greatest Show on Earth," and will play the 'elephant girl" . . . others in the cast are DOROTHY LAMOUR as an 'iron jaw' girl and BETTY HUTTON as a trapeze artist.

Rumor strongly persists that DOROTHY ARNOLD may re-wed husband No. 1—his name? JUMPIN' JOE DIMAGGIO . . . Now that ERROL FLYNN'S married, whatever became of PRINCESS GHIKA? Errol's wedding breakfast had an unusual item on the menu—he was served with a summons charging him with seduction! The Happy Honeymooners "differences" almost made the French front pages twice.



FOR MEN ONLY: With all the bad news in the papers lately we found a bit of GOOD news which should make scanty topped Adonises delirious. A research lab announced the discovery of a hog hormone "that will grow hair where hair is supposed to grow." However, don't get your pate in an uproar as it hasn't yet been tested on humans and may not be available commercially for some time, so to those 'whom it may concern' we say: Hold onto your hats.

Coosome Twosome department: VIC DAMONE and LISA FERREDAY or is it MONA KNOX? GARY COOPER and PATRICIA NEAL, DAN DAILEY and BARBARA WHITING, RUTH ROMAN and MORTIMER HALL, JOHN BARRYMORE JR. and JO AN GILBERT . . . BICYCLE SET: MAX BAER JR., aged 13, and BARBARA DEMPSEY, daughter of JACK are a sundae item . . . Bookies are betting 6-5 on the MILTON BERLE-JOYCE MATHEWS No. 3 trip up the aisle . . . LARAINE DAY sad over the fact that LIPPY LEO DUROCHER will go to Korea to entertain troops in the DANNY KAYE unit. But she is delighted that it is such a worthy cause.

CLIFTON WEBB, who went to England for the Royal Command performances, calls himself "the dried up old Toast of London." He attended an intimate dinner party at Buckingham Palace, where he sat at the right of the Queen, and now the DUKE OF WIND-

(Continued on page 33)

Thanks to

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FOR A TERRIFIC ENGAGEMENT



Sincerely

PINKY LEE

P. S.—Special Acknowledgement to Garwood Van and His Ork. for Excellent Background.




# THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

**LEIGH GILSON and I were talking over the present Red Cross drive pertaining to the blood typing of all citizens of Clark county as a civilian defense measure. For some reason or other, in my mind, it is as much a self-protection defense as a civilian defense effort.**

The friendliness and neighborliness of the Old West is incorporated in the Red Cross work. In a hospital in Henderson, a veteran of World War II, with three children, lay bleeding to death. Plasma wouldn't do. He needed whole blood or, as they call it, contact transfusion. He didn't have the money for professional donors. He was in such a weakened condition he could not be removed to a veteran's hospital. His kinfolk were frantic. His mother-in-law asked the question, "Wasn't there anyone they could appeal to?" The Red Cross was suggested, so she contacted Leigh Gilson, the radio chairmna. Leigh confirmed the need with the hospital people, immediately called the radio stations, and the appeal was put on the air at approximately 6:35 p. m. The type of blood was given over the air and the people were asked to contact the Red Cross. Between 50 and 75 people didn't wait to contact the Red Cross. They immediately went to the hospital in Henderson from all the surrounding county. Two hundred other persons contacted the Red Cross.

The hospital was gratified and surprised, even though it entailed immediate blood typing of about 90% of the volunteers which would never have happened had the present blood-typing program been completed previously. In all he received thirteen pints and was released in a few days to return to his wife and three children. There is absolutely no doubt but that this donated blood saved the veteran's life. Even after publicity had been put out that he had returned home, the Red Cross was swamped with calls. The boys at the Air Base, whenever they came into town, continued to visit the white house on Mesquite Street, Red Cross headquarters, to see if more blood was needed.

One sidelight to this story pertained to a lady who went directly to the hospital. She arrived a little late and was informed by the others who were waiting outside that all of the donors needed had been selected. She seemed quite put out and as far as she was concerned, she had driven 25 miles. She



knew her blood type, it was the type needed, and inasmuch as she had driven that 25 miles, she couldn't see any reason why they wouldn't use it. They finally got her quieted down by explaining that the very next time her type was needed for just such a case, she would not only be notified but the Red Cross would send a car after her. All in all, I think this little episode demonstrates that Southern Nevada is inhabited by REAL folks, the same today as in the days of the early settlers when survival meant "help one another."

Frankly, the Red Cross blood typing program hasn't received the cooperation that it should. Must it take a disaster to bring people out? The story I've told is one of great human interest in my book, but let's just analyze a bit. Say the typing program was completed to the extent that is necessary. There would be no need for a radio appeal. The time saved would be immeasureable for I know that some of those donors who went to the aid of that serviceman left their work to do it. If the blood-typing program was in force, it would be only a matter of minutes after verification that the blood donors would be on their way in this manner:

(Continued on Page 33)


'TUTOR'S DON'TS'

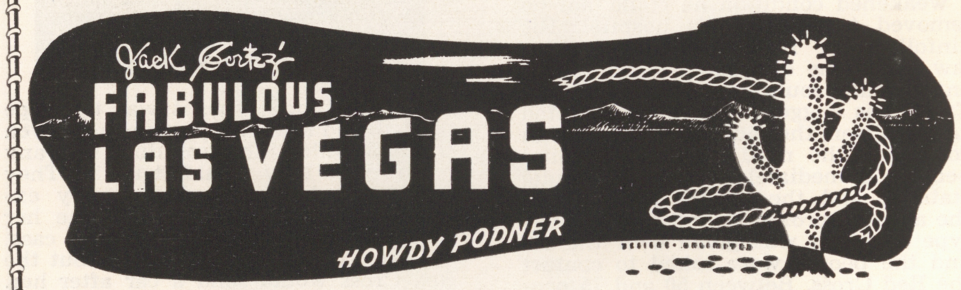
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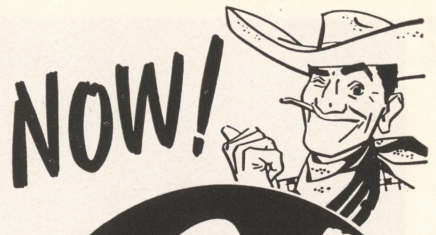



## THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

just about his five wives. He insists a short synopsis about each is not enough. We saw some of the manuscript and predict the tome will be a best seller. "The Armstrong Story" shows promise of making sensational reading . . . HUGH and RUTH BOULWARE were guests of honor at a surprise party given in celebration of their seventh wedding anniversary (Nov. 4) by the CHRISTENSENS of Christensen's Men's Wear. The fete was held at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. Hugh is now with Modern Cleaners and was formerly a Deputy Sheriff at the CLUB BINGO. Good luck, folks. May you have many more happily married years . . . We received this item from a very authentic source. REED WHIPPLE, Vice President of the First National Bank on South Third St., will be the President of the new branch, now being erected on South Fifth St. The official announcement will be made raound Christmas time. Mr. Whipple, who is also a city commissioner, will certainly have his hands full but is capable enough to handle both jobs well . . . CLAUDIA MILLER, about the loveliest little miss in town, will celebrate her third birthday this Sunday, December 10th. This adorable tyke has invited practically the entire kindergarten population to attend her shindig, which will also be a Xmas party. Proud mom is MAXINE, a dancer with the MORO-LANDIS group and dad is owner of the El Rancho Laundry. Happy birthday, sweetheart . . . We tip our hats to BOB and THELMA LODEN and their indispensable assistant, GABRIEL. This trio performed a beautiful job in decorating the RAMONA ROOM at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. The warmth one feels upon entering, could never be described. The finished product looks like something out of Grimm's Fairy Tales . . . If you are wondering where LITA BOWMAN, excellent chef who prepared those sensational dinners at Hoot Gibson's Ranch is, be assured she is still on the local scene. Lita purchased the Park Lane on the strip last week and is still serving those tasty morsels—just the way you like 'em . . . MONIQUE DE MONTIGNY, the "Mad Hatter of Las Vegas," is sparkling again. Her file is crammed with orders and she is designing new millinery creations for each customer. The holiday season has certainly given her and her business a much desired lift . . . EINAR PETERSEN, general manager of the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, can breathe a little easier now. His very

(Continued on Page 28)


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**DOWNTOWN**

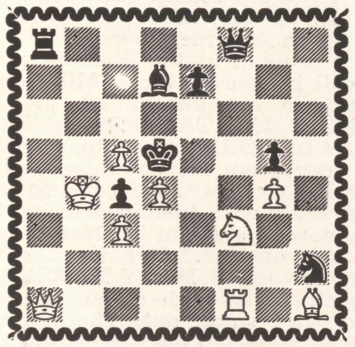


# CHESS » » »

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

## PROBLEM NO. 80

**Black 8**



**White 9**

**White mates in three.**

Solution to problem No. 79: R-B5.

### YUGOSLAVIA MATCH GAMES

**Here are more games from the first round of the recent radio match between the United States and Yugoslavia.**

**Second Board**

**KING'S INDIAN DEFENSE**

| Pirc | Fine | 16—N-N5 | B-B5 |
|---|---|---|---|
| Yugoslavia | USA | 17—Q-B2 | B-QR3 |
| White | Black | 18—B-K5 | Castles |
| 1—N-KB3 | P-Q4 | 19—BxB | KxB |
| 2—P-KN3 | N-KB3 | 20—QR-Q | P-R5 |
| 3—B-N2 | P-KN3 | 21—Q-B3 | N-N4 |
| 4—Castles | B-N2 | 22—Q-K3 | Q-B2 |
| 5—P-Q4 | QN-Q2 | 23—P-QR3 | QR-Q |
| 6—P-B4 | PxP | 24—N-B3 | R-Q3 |
| 7—QN-Q2 | N-N3 | 25—Q-K5ch | P-B3 |
| 8—NxP | NxN | 26—Q-QB5 | Q-Q |
| 9—Q-R4ch | P-B3 | 27—P-K3 | P-K4 |
| 10—QxN | B-K3 | 28—B-B | R-B2 |
| 11—Q-N4 | Q-B | 29—Q-B2 | PxP |
| 12—R-K | N-K5 | 30—BxN | BxB |
| 13—B-B4 | P-QR4 | 31—RxP | KRxQ2 |
| 14—Q-R3 | Q-Q | 32—KR-Q | Q-K2 |
| 15—Q-Q3 | N-Q3 | 33—Q-B5 | Drawn |

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**Third Board**

**RUY LOPEZ**

| Horowitz | Trifunovic | 12—N-B5 | N-B4 |
|---|---|---|---|
| USA | Yugoslavia | 13—B-K3 | B-B |
| White | Black | 14—Q-K2 | P-Q4 |
| 1—P-K4 | P-K4 | 15—R-Q | Q-Q2 |
| 2—N-KB3 | N-QB3 | 16—Castles | QR-Q |
| 3—B-N5 | N-B3 | 17—K-R2 | N-K3 |
| 4—P-Q3 | P-Q3 | 18—KN-R4 | N-K2 |
| 5—P-B3 | B-K2 | 19—P-B3 | N-N3 |
| 6—QN-Q2 | Castles | 20—N-N2 | P-B4 |
| 7—N-B | R-K | 21—Q-QB2 | Q-B3 |
| 8—P-KR3 | B-Q2 | 22—P-KR4 | R-Q2 |
| 9—P-KN4 | N-QR4 | 23—P-R5 | N(N3)-B4 |
| 10—BxB | NxB | 24—NxN | NxN |
| 11—N-N3 | N-QB3 | Drawn | |

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## THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 25)

efficient secretary, PAT FAUST, is back on the job again. She was a pretty sick gal but we are glad to report she is "fit as a fiddle" again . . . TRUMAN HINKLE and ED JANSEN, owners of Station KRAM, are really going "all out" to get top men in their employ. When they added GARY PICKARD to their staff, they chose one of the best. After watching him at work, we'd say Gary knows his business as well as, if not better than, any other man affiliated with radio . . . Comedian PHIL FOSTER will marry "RUSTY" CARGIL, a Powers' model, Friday, Decmeber 15th. It has been at least two years since Phil played our town and established himself as a favorite here. Perhaps this item will start the ball rolling and get Phil a local booking in the near future . . . On Sunday, December 17, MARIE WILSON, of "My Friend Irma" fame, will play hostess to approximately 1500 youngsters, during a holiday party which the management of the FLAMINGO HOTEL will sponsor. ABE SCHILLER will portray SANTA CLAUS (he should make a good one) and will have gifts for each of the lucky youngsters who manages to gain entry. There will also be entertainment. So—get your kids to the hotel early. First come, first served . . . Another nite spot that experienced great turnouts last week during its opening under new management, was MATT and PAT HOWARD'S newly acquired APACHE BAR on Fremont Street. Matt is the general manager of the NEVADA BEVERAGE and is very active in civic improvements for our town. To the Howards, we wish the best of luck and extend a sincere welcome to them . . . The DANNY THOMAS opening at the Chez Paree in Chicago was so terrific, it set a new record attendance for the club . . . It could have happened in Las Vegas. SPIKE JONES and his very lovely wife, HELEN GRAYCO, are preparing to welcome a playmate for SPIKE JR. . . . Speaking of "heavenly additions," TOM and MARGE MacGOWAN are also waiting for Sir Stork, who is expected **momentarily.** This will be their first image and Tom is really in a haze of a daze. The future father is the crack salesman and announcer for KENO, who did that remarkable job as narrator for the Branding Iron Dinner . . . We are sorry to learn that JIM LUNTZEL is no longer publicity agent for the DESERT INN. Good luck to you in Los Angeles, Jim. We will be looking forward to seeing you back in Las Vegas, pretty quick . . . Our best wishes to DUKE WILEY, CHIEF TRUMBLEY and HOWARD BAXTER on their leasing of the SHAMROCK HOTEL. The grand opening was last Friday, with gaming going on full swing. Duke and his partners have some wonderful plans which will be put into effect the first of the year. They will build 100 more rooms. (The Shamrock now has 103 and never a vacancy.) If you crave a good meal, such as a "plank steak," drop in at the Shamrock. The trip will be worth it . . . Although he is doing a magnificent job at TOM GERUN'S BAL TABARIN in 'Frisco, BILL CLIFFORD hopes to get back here very soon. He and his excellent musicians are currently causing raves on the coast with their versatility. The club's new production is Flora Duane's "Gambols of 1951." Bill, his ork, and his lovely vocalist, MARY MARSHALL, are featured in each scene and their names sure stand out. There are 10 elaborate scenes in the presentation and the show is considered the best in the entire Bay area. It would be wonderful to see the Clifford aggregation back in our midst again. Practically everyone asks about them and are hoping for their return . . . To JOHN DONAHUE, pit boss at the GOLDEN NUGGET, we'd like to convey this message of thanks and compliment him for being a real nice guy. Oh, yes. The men you are in charge of share our sentiments . . . BELDON KATLEMAN bought out the interests of five of his partners and is now the sole owner of the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. Beldon came into El Rancho when his uncle, Jake Katleman, passed away. Since then, he's made remarkable progress and plans big things for the hotel, plus many innovations. Our congratulations to you, Beldon. We hope all your plans materialize . . . MARDIE ROGERS, a newcomer to our town, was formerly known on the bill boards as MARJORIE ROYE and was quite a popular girl in show business. She appeared with such well-known performers as Rags Ragland, Phil Silvers, Bobby Morris and Joe De Rita and was also a vocalist on station WOR in New York City. Then, along came **"the guy"** and another gal gave up fame to become a happily married "better half." The guy is "SNOOPER" ROGERS and Mardie is our very own "DEAR MOM" columnist, of whom we are very proud, indeed . . . Among the proudest parents in our town are DOROTHY and TONY LUCEY. Last week, we saw them purchasing one of the finest typewriters money can buy for their 17 year old daughter, HARRIET FREEMAN, who graduates from Hollywood High School in a few weeks. Though only 17, Har-

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## THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 28)

riet wants to major in music and seek a career in that field. She is an accomplished pianist and teachers predict a brilliant future, with the proper training. Tony (her step-dad) has no children from his previous marriage, and wants to do his utmost to see she gets the best possible. When Harriet arrives for a visit, she puts on a special concert for Tony and Dorothy. Mr. Lucey wanted to pave the way for a screen career for Harriet but she negated the suggestion, explaining that she preferred the keyboard . . . We would like to extend belated birthday greetings (Nov. 4) to BARBARA KRUSE. Barbara is the lovely six year old daughter of Bill and Betty Kruse. Dad is the owner of the NEVADA MOTOR CO., exclusive dealers of the Packard car . . . In town with many members of his excellent orchestra is RAY HERBECK. The boys are relaxing while workmen are busily engaged in repairing the Riverside Hotel in Reno, Nevada. The flood up there inflicted a great amount of damage and this new spot (only open for five months) suffered a great deal. The Riverside will be ready for a grand re-opening on December 14th . . . MARION LEAVITT is that handsome young man employed at CHRISTENSEN'S MEN'S WEAR on Fremont Street. He is a darn good salesman, but is a much better singer and hopes to eventually become another Perry Como . . . A frequent visitor to our town, who is always welcomed by many of his friends, is RUDY HOLTZINGER, owner of the Flintridge Inn in La Canada, California. Rudy used to own the Players Club on the strip . . . Babee-Tenda, the miracle safety chair that saves babies from serious falls, is sold exclusively in our town by HUGH BOULWARE. This novel chair is "Doctor-Approved" because of its many safety devices. The manufacturers have never placed these chairs in stores, preferring personal representatives, and chose Hugh to handle this vicinity. During the first four days, after receipt of his franchise, Hugh sold eight of them. From all indications, he will sell many more. It is truly a unique device and is something we heartily recommend for all parents to purchase for their youngsters . . . Although it shouldn't—this may come as a surprise. You've been cautioned many times, to be prepared. However, just in case you've missed all those warnings, **remember**—there are **ONLY TWELVE MORE SHOPPING DAYS 'TIL XMAS — AND THAT'S FOR SURE!**

# Weekly Beauty Letter

### from WALLY WESTMORE

**Makeup Director, Paramount Studios**

**When movie-going women see lovely Frances Gifford in a form-fitting evening gown in Bing Crosby's new film, "Riding High," they don't have to be told that she possesses one of the finest figures in all Hollywood. Yet like most film favorites, Frances does not starve herself. In fact, she couldn't work before the cameras as she does if she deprived herself of essential energy foods.**

How do the movie actresses keep "figure-perfect"? The answer lies in massage and exercise. In present-day Hollywood the masseur has replaced the dietician. Of course, some dieting is necessary—but the rule is: Cut down instead of cutting out. Stars like Miss Gifford, Betty Hutton, Diana Lynn and Rhonda Fleming no longer limit their breakfasts to three grapefruit seeds and a cup of sugarless coffee. Drastic diets are as old-fashioned as grandmother's bustle. Film folk lead strenuous lives and they work long hours under hot lights. So they have learned to depend on masseurs to keep their figures streamlined.

Beauty-expert Wally Westmore explains that exercise "rubs off" excess poundage. While diet may shrivel a woman's arms and legs to mere pipestems, it may not take an ounce off the hips. Exercise, on the other hand, takes extra poundage away from any selected spot.

"The human body is as pliable as clay," says Westmore, "and it can be moulded as desired . . . Don't question your bathroom scale. The story it tells is true, not false."

According to Westmore, a woman's greatest fault is her failure to see herself as others see her. Many feminine film fans persist in doubting their own mirrors. **If** and **when** a woman looks in her mirror and recognizes her own figure faults—she should then take the necessary steps to eliminate those faults either by massage or exercise.

## LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from Page 18)

over to my bride to see what her reaction was and she seemed to be in a trance. Her beautiful eyes were filled with tears. I could see she was very proud of her sex. I took my "Princess'" hand in mine and, believe me, it was as cold as ice! . . . As the "Hour of Charm" progressed, my Princess seemed to be under a hypnotic charm . . . Various members of the ork were introduced and each was featured in what they excelled. For example: GLORIA, a soprano with a superb voice, sang a medley of gypsy tunes from Sigmund Romberg's operetta "Countess Maritza." JANET McLAIN, one of the country's finest and best trumpet players—LOUISE MEIZNER, whom we think of as the "female Liberace" of the keyboard—VIOLA SMITH, 5 feet 2 inches of dynamite, appears to have a dozen arms while playingher 17 drums—JEANNIE, the gal with the velvet voice whose singing we could listen to all the time . . . Then, America's First Lady of the Violin—EVELYN and her MAGIC VIOLIN. She played this sweet instrument in a manner that seemed to cast a magic web over the entire audience. Evelyn played four numbers that would have thrilled such masters as Heifetz, Elman or Kreisler beyond words . . . Then, as an added feature which delighted the entire audience, Mr. Spitalny introduced his newest and youngest member of the organization—5-year-old KAREN. This lovable young lady recited "The Night Before Christmas." Well, needless to say, she stole the show! Karen is a "mugger"—a real "ham"—who has show biz in her blood. Her mother is MARY KIRSCH, the bass-violin player in the organization . . . To Phil Spitalny, I must add: He is one of the greatest orchestra leaders in the world and discoverer of talent that has no equal. Only once before has our town been graced with such exceptional presentation. That was when the "Hour of Charm" All-Girl Ork appeared at this hotel, exactly a year ago! . . . Don't miss this treat.

## EL RANCHO VEGAS

(Continued from Page 18)

witness. In conclusion, we must add, not only is Mr. Price a great entertainer, but a most successful business man. He still has that seat on Wall Street and is a general partner of the firm of PRICE and DAVIS . . . On the same bill is DOROTHY DANDRIDGE, one of the country's most beautiful sepian songstresses. She possesses a "voice of beauty," which captivates the audience. From the moment she makes her appearance to encore time, Dorothy doesn't release her firm grip. A little warning to Lena Horne: Look out for Dorothy Dandridge—she's a definite threat and that's for sure . . . In the opening spot is MERIBETH OLD, a fantastic contortionist. It's almost impossible to describe the unbelievable gyrations she performs. Miss Old practically ties her legs and hands like the knots a sailor is taught during his basic training . . . The lovely COVER GIRLS present two novel numbers, dressed in attractive costumes . . . STERLING YOUNG and his ORK cut a very good show and play excellent music for dancing. Featured vocalist with the band is lovely BOBBY ENNIS, the gal with the voice that delivers "lots of song."

## FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 18)

skins—BARNEY BIGARD, clarinet and ARVILLE SHAW on the bass violin . . . Featured with these CLASS A music makers is "zoftig" VELMA MIDDLETON, whose voice packs a solid punch. When she duets with the Trumpet King —LOOK OUT! The place almost catches fire . . .The name "Satchmo" Louis Armstrong is a legend in American music and he is one of the greatest singers of jazz on the stage today . . . A sum-up: The ALL STARS are truly GREAT STARS and are a treat to watch and hear. "REAL GONE!" . . . On the same bill is PINKY LEE, wonderful comedy star of stage, screen and television. In fact, he is known as "Mr. Television of the West." The last time he appeared at this hotel, he was hindered a great deal by the headliner, Benny Goodman. B. G. just wouldn't give Pinky a break. This time, Mr. Lee receives every consideration and introduces a sharp act that has lots of comedy, dancing and xylophone playing. Oh, yes. He is also known as the guy who kisses his audience and does so whenever he leaves the stage and mingles with the patrons. It's good to see PINKY LEE in our midst again, along with his ad-lib antics . . . The GEORGE MORO-RUTH LANDIS DANCERS, a bevy of ten attractive girls, introduce two novel routines, outfitted in very colorful costumes . . . GARWOOD VAN and his ORK cut an excellent show and play music for dansapation that automatically raises you from your chair and sets your feet a'dancing, with or without the aid of Arthur Murray. . . . CHUY REYES and ORK continue to play your favorite tunes in the MURAL ROOM until 4:00 a. m.



## DOWNTOWN:

(Continued from Page 17)

at the banquet . . . JACK BIGGS is still cracking the whip at the Wittwer Cafe on North Main and what a spotless eatery he has there. Combine this with the years of experience Jack has behind him and you will easily see why he not only holds his old customers but is constantly gaining new ones. Jack seems to always be on hand to see to it that each and every dish that leaves his kitchen is as it should be, to guarantee your satisfaction . . . Say, I ran into an old friend of yours the other day, Cecil Lynch. He's located down in Fontana, Calif., where he and Spencer Best operate the EMPIRE CLUB, the main object being the operation of a Bingo game. A lot of bingo agents from here are with him. You may know some of them. Voyle and Lillian Sipes, Norma Wililams, Chuck and Rita Rehber, and Gene Lynch. The Empire Club is located on Highway 99 between San Bernardino and Ontario in Fontana. That's the next Hiway south of Foothill Blvd, and they open at 1:00 p. m. every day, so the next time you go to L. A. drop in and say hello to some of the old timers of our town who are doing a great job down there . . . Do you like to "sqwar" dance? Ruthie and Mitch are going to start giving 'em on the new and enlarged dance floor of their club in North Vegas, the EMBASSY CLUB. All this is to take place on Thursday nights, starting this Thursday. Tex Marshall and his Rodeo Ranch Hands are furnishing the music at the Embassy now and they are a real cowbow outfit. I hope those of you who do like to dance square dances will turn out and make these dances a big success 'cause it's "the more the merrier" where square dancin' is concerned, I always say . . . Yep! I always say that! . . . While passing the time of day with Eddie Moss, I was accorded the great privilege of meeting and talking to Jack Kearns, the great manager of the mighty Manassa Mauler during his heyday. Mr. Kearns is dickering with the Chamber of Commerce regarding the promotion of a heavyweight fight here in January of 1951. The way he was telling it to me, it looked as though it was a sure thing to come about. Personally, I'm of the opinion that it would be one of the greatest things to ever happen to us here in Vegas for quite some time now. The most probable site would be the grounds of Cashman Field. The fight, if as planned, would be held in the afternoon and in that way would not in any manner interfere with the action at the local casinos. Special sleeper cars would be pulled to a siding at the railroad to furnish quarters for most of the training personnel. This is to be a championship fight so there will be writers from all over the country to cover the affair. What a publicity activity for the town! There would also be a six week training period for the contestants with the camps being located in the city or nearby. I hope it happens! . . . As I stood listening to JOHNNY WHITE the other evening at the Golden Nugget Saloon I said to myself 'what a right hand the fella had' as he improvised a few choruses on September Song at the request of one of the customers. When he came off the stand my belief was confirmed. His main instrument is vibraphone. After a year or so with Benny Goodman and the Sextet, Johnny decided to go out on his own with a little group, which he has done for the past three years. Not long ago, however, he realized that there was a lot less worry connected with just doing a single and, in due time, here he is at the Nugget Saloon for Bill Green. For those of you who haven't figured it out yet, Johnny is at the piano from 3 p. m. until 9 p. m. every evening and is a light-weight Johnny Weissmuller . . . If you've nothing on your noggin but a glisten, and you would recreate that cranial covering, it may be that your man is to be found right here in Vegas. His name is Ronnie Gail, who claims that he has, in the past, attained that almost impossible feat of enticing a new growth of fuzz on the veritable billiard ball. However, he does say this, and I give him credit, all this isn't accomplished in an overnight revelation but only with the assistance of time and sincerity. He suggests that, if your forehead is looking for your shoulder blades, now is the time to go to work. At present he doesn't have his shop set up for business but if you're interested you might remember that name, Ronnie Gail, and call this office . . . Oh, brother! The sun just came up and in my window and it looks like another beautiful day. (I hope that last statement makes all my out-of-state readers jealous). So with that little poke in the ribs I'd better fold it up for this week and get out on the street again. Funny thing! No matter how much you do before hand; dead-line is always a rush hour . . . Fernowum kunuk allitkwitz oobineow! (read it fast) . . . JOHNNY!

## POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

task where Ray left off and produced and was the belle of the ball for the first famous Branding Iron Dinner.

Norman White, the quiet lad of the fertile wit, did the impossible by putting on the second Branding Iron Dinner, in which scorched places were left on many anatomies and yet really hurt nobody (fatally.) The amazing thing about it was that 650 people attended the dinner at $12.50 per person, drinks and funny business extra. Which broke all records for Las Vegas and raised quite a gob of money for somebody—which, naturally and properly was Las Vegas Press Club.

Now the question arises in many minds—what on earth do those impecunious intellectuals need money for. The question is answered here for the first time publicly so far as I know. It is like this.

One Bill Moore, the creator of that great and complicated resort known as Hotel Last Frontier, Golden Slipper and Frontier Village, got the idea that nothing is too good for the Las Vegas Press Club, so he tendered them rooms for a lovely club headquarters. At first it was supposed to be upstairs over the Golden Slipper, but when Bill was let off so gently at the Branding Iron, he just decided to build an entirely new and separate structure in which to house in the lower floor that century old Nevada newspaper, the Reese River Reveille, press, printing materials, furniture and all, and Las Vegas Press Club upstairs.

So there you are. The Press Club just had to raise a neat sum of money to properly furnish the joint. It was a grand idea for both the Press Club and Las Vegas, because the thing has blossomed into a very handsome and distinctive private luncheon club to which members will have the privilege of bringing guests for luncheon, refreshments, and to do their heavy loafing. What a really noble idea! In physical aspects it will vie with the Prospectors Club in Reno, sans floods and sans that urge for financial improvement indigenous to those Reno prospectors.

I am sure that the tidy gob of funds raised by our idea-slinging Press Club will provide quarters so handsome that the Shah of anywhere would be happy to drop in occasionally (on invitation) to have a drink with the literary boys and girls.

Now this little story in Fabulous Las Vegas was not promoted by our literary group. In fact they were so much afraid that somebody might think them forward and self-seeking that they blushed when I hinted that sometime I would like to write a little story about Las Vegas Press Club. So, realizing that each must have something in his life that he wanted to cover up, I quite agreed that the new and lavish Press Club rooms would be the best place in which to cover and forget.

Also, I understand that the club will maintain something called the Black Cat behind which our distinguished visitors may abuse his political opponents to his heart's content without danger of being quoted (in print.)

It will be as lavish and gay as the Rhyolite Club in the dangerous days of Tonopah, Goldfield and the Bullfrog, where I was a guest a few times in 1905-6. And with just as many damned lies—good ones—I hope.

## DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 19)

organ sound like a complete ork, especially with his excellent interpretation of Xavier Cugat and Spike Jones . . . New fade-out skits have been added for the balance of the engagement by STANLEY MONFORT, the stage manager and producer of the various scenes. In these skits, comedians JOE De RITA and BOBBY MORRIS keep the audience happy, especially with slap-stick patter . . . A pleasing addition is localite LEE SILVER, who portrays the heavyweight champ in the fight scene. (Note to Bobby Morris: Look out for that right, fella! Lee **was** a fighter not too many years ago.) There are many more outstanding acts too numerous to mention . . . As a "coup de grace," and a special added attraction, there is the one and only CARRIE FINNELL. Famous the world over for being the most unusual act in show biz, Miss Finnell was brought back from Paris to add her charms to the Follies . . . DON ARDEN and RON FLETCHER did beautifully in staging all those super dance productions . . . CARLTON HAYES and his excellent aggregation of MUSICIANS truly cut a marvelous all-music show.

## CLUB BINGO:

(Continued from Page 19)

9-11-1:00 a. m. and 3:00 a. m. P. S. Don't forget Wednesday, December 13, a new show—starring the "Mad Man of Mirth and Melody," JIMMY KENNEDY . . . AND the second edition of the Bingoettes, starring EPPY PEARSON with the ANN GARRI DANCERS. With this lineup we predict laughs, laughs and MORE LAUGHS from start to finish.



## THE OLD TIMER:

(Continued from Page 23)

The call would go to the Red Cross from the hospital, the blood type would be given, the files on that type would be consulted, available donors contacted, and the job would be done immediately and efficiently. And to you exservicemen who know your blood type, since you took off your dog tags, have you anything on your person that tells your blood type? True, the blood type never changes, but it would be a safe bet that you don't carry any blood type identification. When you are typed during this program, the Red Cross gives you an identifying card: put it in your purse with your driver's license, for you never know when you might need it. In case of an accident, you never know but that card might save a life and it might be your own, so—come on, folks. No matter where you are when you read this, make it a point to call your Red Cross headquarters and get the information on this blood-typing program.

## WATCHBIRDS:

(Continued from Page 21)

SOR calls him from Paris and the DUCHESS calls him from N. Y. for the latest palace gossip. Knowing Clifton's talent for "dirt," he has been dubbed the "ROYAL DISHER."

Dropped in at the Hotel Dorset bar and had a drink for NIKKI SAUNDERS (lovely COVER GIRL at the EL RANCHO VEGAS.) Everyone sent her their love . . . LONG OVERDUE DEPARTMENT: Has "TERRIBLE HERBST" arrived yet? . . . TOKYO FILE 22, a picture made in Japan will surprise Hollywoodites—it's THAT interesting. Those who saw the sneak preview have given it raves . . . PEGGY MALEY was completely forgiven by her Chicago 'boy friend' in the matter of persistently honking at a police car to get out of her way while driving her New York 'boy friend' around in a HOT Cadillac . . . CONDOS and BRANDOW are sliding and riffing around the room at the LATIN QUARTER.

Christmas Shopping Note for MEN: In presenting perfume to a woman a man should **not** select a scent suitable to her type, but one suitable to the type she would like to be. Experts say the great majority of women would like to be a "femme fatale," a woman of mystery who drives men wild.

In our mailbag we found a note from MRS. JAMES CORELY thanking us for arranging her wedding at the D. 4. C. Ranch a few weeks back. The Corleys are deliriously happy, and Mrs. C. said: Every girl dreams of a big wedding and she never expected to have one quite so large if it hadn't been for us. As we said at the time, we are extroverts and will take all the bows that ELOISE and PAT O'BRIEN deserved. You're VERY WELCOME, Mrs. C.

LOOK ALIKES: ARTHUR MARX, son of GROUCHO, and his uncle ZEPPO . . . LON McALLISTER and JEANNE CRAIN . . . BEN BLUE and LIZABETH SCOTT . . . the BLACKBURN TWINS . . . CAESAR ROMERO and GLORIA SWANSON.

PRINCE IGOR TROUBETZKOY'S lawyer, MELVIN BELLI, in the BABS HUTTON divorce case, is president of the National Association of Compensation Attorneys. He spends his time between the Hutton matter lecturing on famous cases at leading universities and is so good that his lectures are all S. R. O. He is facetiously known as 'the courtroom Barrymore.'

Had a wonderful letter from JACK and ETTA CORTEZ, who said they were besieged with phone calls about the missing Watchbird column and to please make the dead line, so off we go to airmail special this one out and say Tah Everso to all our darling readers who miss us, for we miss and love you too. For Jack and Etta, we did sprinkle cigarette ashes on Broadway for you and the people loved it—we think. Till next week, COOOOOOOO

## THUNDERBIRD HOTEL:

(Continued from Page 19)

more? . . . GIL JOHNSON, singer and dancer, evtraordinaire, is in the starring spot of the production numbers with the KATHRYN DUFFY DANSATIONS. These lovely, versatile dancers will introduce excerpts from the show "On the Town," featuring RUTH ANN WELSH and CHRISTINA CARSON . . . BARNEY RAWLINGS is your singing m.c. . . . AL JAHNS and his ORK supply background music for show and patron dancing.

SUBSCRIBE NOW TO
"FABULOUS LAS VEGAS"
MAILED WEEKLY TO YOU OR YOUR FRIENDS
$5.00 PER YEAR

## DEAR MOM:

(Continued from Page 13)

myself being stared at by four of the most beautiful German Boxers I've ever seen. Mrs. A. was there, and me, being a dawg-lover, proceeded to ask questions. Seems she and Andy raise them as a hobby, won't sell them or give them away. (Hope they have a large house). These dainty-dinosaurs, named "Toby," "Sinner," "Dandy" and "Ebony," pack away the measley sum of 34 pounds of horsemeat per week, to say nothing of the incidentals. Mrs. A. says they are wonderful watch-dogs at home, but at the station they are "hams" . . . always on and sooo friendly. (If any burglars are reading this, skip the last statement, I'm kidding.)

After getting gassed up (the car, I mean), hurried over to Clark County Hospital to visit an ailing friend of mine. Upon arrival, I found him being "exercised" in a wheel chair, and when he saw me he laughed and said, "Mardie, I feel just as if I was ready to play 'The Man Who Came to Dinner'." With a sense of humor like that, he won't be on the sick-list long. When visiting hours were over, I walked into the hospital's coffee shop for a sip of java, and several of the nurses were in there having a bite to eat. I noticed a couple of li'l "Ladies in White" asked for toasted sandwiches, but uncomplainingly settled for plain bread. After they left I was curious and asked the lady behind the counter why they couldn't have toast, it seemed such a simple request. I was informed the toaster had performed its last official duty, and as yet hasn't been replaced. Now they are very busy around there saving lives, and maybe the wee matter of a toaster will come to light if there's ever a lull, but I was just thinking . . . Xmas is comin', and wouldn't it be nice if Santa Claus, in the form of some grateful patient, would leave a toaster, or maybe a sandwich grill on the doorstep of these modern Florence Nightingales . . . a small gift of appreciation for those who give so much. Nuff sed!

Later in the evening, went to see Chuy Reyes to find out the verdict on the song-writers contest he's been broadcasting over KRAM. Chuy says the songs have been sent to Los Angeles and we should know the outcome by the first of the year. I'm excited 'cause the song me and my fella wrote, "Back Street Sorta Gal," is in the running.

Louise Jahns (Al's wife), a mean warbler in her own right, is very enthused about the tune. Says next to the new house trailer that Al just purchased for her, she likes it best. Keep your fingers crossed.

About this time my "gambolin' blood" started surging within me, so went down to see my friend, Effie Beland, who deals penny roulette at the Golden Slipper. (When I go, really go whole hog). Effie and her boss-man, Todd Waterman, with their friendly personalties, keep the same customers coming every nite, and don't let anyone kid you, you can make a mighty "pretty penny" there! While I was sitting there I heard Bob Laine, pianist, play a "Happy Birthday" request, which reminds me that I must send a belated congrats card to Tommy Meehan, whose birthday was November 29th, all his wife, Fran's, fault for not letting me know.

Left there and had my first chance to do a "good deed for the day" with the car. Gave a ride (the poor kids didn't know what a chance they were taking) to Naomi White, Edna Gisel, Barbara Saunders, Peggy Morris and Dorothy Appleby, all on their way to the swing and graveyard shifts at the Desert Inn. They sounded like a happy bunch of "magpies" making plans for the coming holidays. Have a merry time, kids, you deserve it!

Well no more for now, Mom. Gotta put on the feed bag. My mouth's watering for those potato pancakes they serve at the "Bingo." Maybe that's why "Eppy" is a trifle robust, shall we say? Write and let me know if the weather is improving, I'll be worried 'till I hear . . . Love, ME.

P. S.—Remember, Mom, when I was a little girl you told me that if I made a mistake to be big enough to admit it. Well last week I mentioned something about a favorite bartender of mine "Vin Perres" . . . I had the right guy, but had him in the wrong place. Vin works downtown at the GOLDEN NUGGET . . . NUGGET that is, probably one of the oldest and most popular spots in town. Aside to Mr. Bill Green.

Am I forgiven?


BOWLING

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES

DOUBLES

SATURDAY EVENINGS

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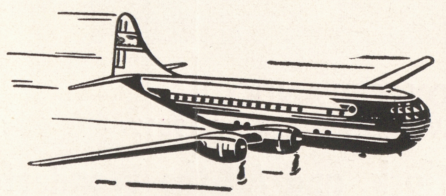
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