Jack Corbett

Fabulous LAS VEGAS

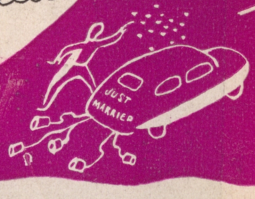
HOWDY PODNER



PAUL SPERLING

PRESIDENT OF THE NEVADA THEATRE CORP.

(See Page 9)



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September 29, 1951

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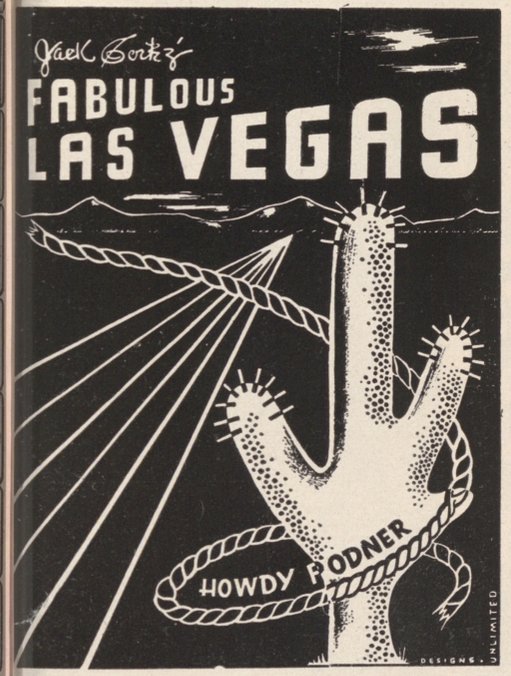
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 3, NO. 24

OBSERVATIONS, BY POP SQUIRES

"THAT'S FOR SURE," BY JACK CORTEZ

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS, BY MARTIN LEWIS

VERSE, BY TUTOR SCHERER

REVIEWS OF CAFE SHOWS, BY JACK CORTEZ

RANDOM THOUGHTS, By B. B. BARTON

CHESS, BY FRED SOLY

THE WATCHBIRD, BY LADY MICHAEL

THIS YOU CAN BELIEVE, By PEARL BAILEY

WHAT'S DOIN? BY JOHNNY UHLMAN

ART DEPARTMENT, DENNIS STEPHENSON

JACK CORTEZ, Editor and Publisher

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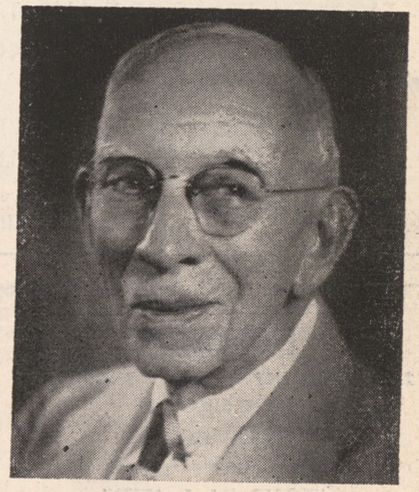
DOWNTOWN

Jack Bortz'
FABULOUS LAS VEGAS
HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 3 SEPTEMBER 29, 1951 NUMBER 24

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

RAMBLIN' ROUND



JUST now, while the immensity of the White Elephant BMI Plant, the squabble as to the share Nevada power should pay of the cost of power lines which it does not use, and the pressing need of Las Vegas Valley Water District for water, which some people think it cannot get are causing worry, I am moved to ramble in retrospect.

Twenty-three years ago just now, our "Boulder Canyon Project Act," through the untiring efforts of Nevada Senators Tasker L. Oddie and Key Pittman, working together with Member of the House of Representatives Sam Arentz, had pretty well shaped the legislation, which already had passed the House. But the opposition of the Arizona Senators Carl Hayden and Henry F. Ashurst was strenuous.

When Congress convened December 3, 1928, California, Arizona and Nevada Colorado River Commissions were on hand in force, prepared for the bitter fight which we knew confronted "our bill." Being the only member of our group who still remained on rather friendly relations with the Arizona senators, it fell to me to act as sort of go-between for our Nevada Senators and the Arizona opposition.

The bill as it read when Congress convened, contained many provisions of more or less importance, which were extremely obnoxious to Arizona. Very soon after the session began, it became obvious to the Arizona Senators that the bill would be passed in spite of their opposition and so they devoted themselves to the task of getting the best compromise they could in the way of amendments toning down the, to them, obnoxious features of the bill.

Most of the amnedments proposed by the Arizona senators were of very little account and were readily accepted by our Nevada senators. Others were of more importance and were the subjects of frequent conferences. But our policy at that time was to concede some small things for the sake of assuring the passage of the bill.

That 10 or 11 days between the beginning of the session and the passage of the bill were the most extremely anxious and distressing days of my career, but our troubles gradually cleared up. The Arizona Senators were pretty well satisfied with the modifications they secured in the wording of paragraphs of the bill and so it happened that about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the day beofre the bill was to come up for final vote, Key Pittman phoned me:

"Charlie, get Tasker Oddie, Carl Hayden and Henry Ashurst and come out to our house to dinner this evening and

(Continued on Page 31)

NOW . . . "THE LARGEST CLUB IN NEVADA" NOW . . .

Ish Kabibble
AND
Michael Douglas
COMEDY KING OF
Kay Kyser Orch.
—★—
Sally Kieth
Exciting, Exotic Dancer
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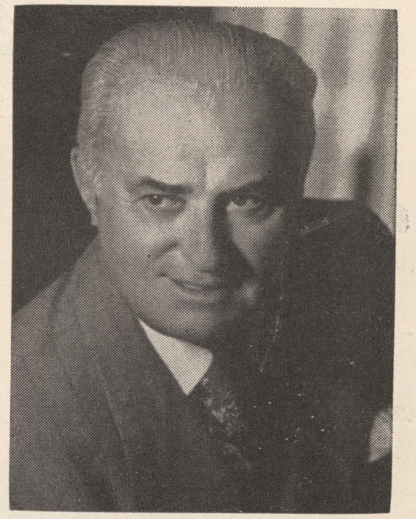
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VERSE

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF NEVADA



I ACCLAIM MY LOVE

I glory in this love of mine
My heart is wrapped in bonds divine
My love is bound in bars I feel
What more is there I could reveal?

It's high and strong, this true love wall
While heavy chains about me fall
I'm confident my love will last
With chains and wall to hold it fast.

If chains and bonds should fall away
I'm sure my love would never stray
For it will always be the same
This great love I now acclaim.

PRUNES MUST BE PITTED

If you are ready with your spoon
And just about to eat a prune
If the pit is not emitted
You and prune should both be pitted.

THE STUBBORN FOOL

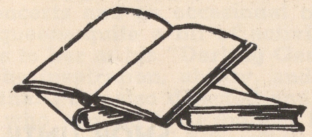
Who expects a fool to surmise
Or heed the warnings of the wise?
He leaves important life to fate
While all reasoning he will abate.

* * *

SUNDOWN

Sundown paints with a master hand
A picture that's easy to understand
Building romance in shades well made
With love, faith, and your hopes portrayed.

Soft blending colors for the eye
Well displayed on a canvas sky
Bid farewell to a closing day
And then they slowly fade away.



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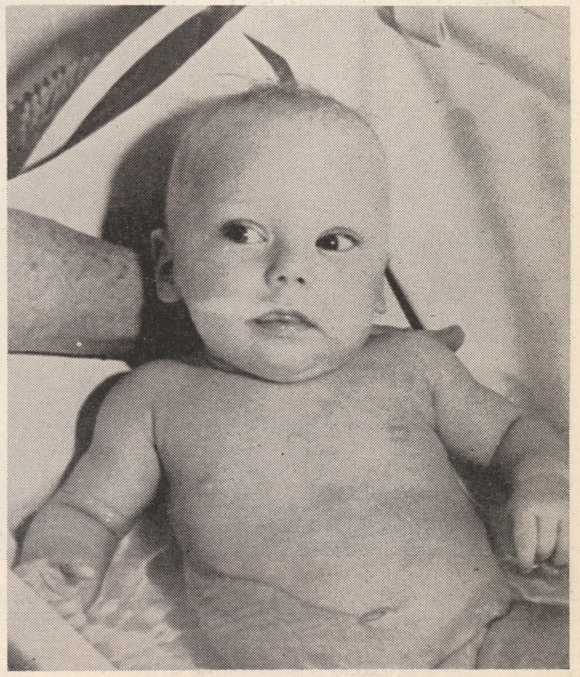
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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ



Here is a reprint of last week's "Mystery Gal." Have you recognized her identity yet? When we first saw this photo, we thought it would be cute to use it on our front cover so everyone would be at a disadvantage. (Aren't we awful?) Heretofore, we've used baby photos of people now fully matured. This time, we just couldn't resist using a recent child's photo to see if our citizens were "on the ball." Well, we had our little joke. As soon as our mag hit the stands, people began to offer such varied solutions they almost drove us to hysterics. However, some compliments are in order for the serious type of sleuths who actually guessed that the young lady is BENITA, born April 23, 1951. Her proud parents are JOYCE and BENJAMIN GOFFSTEIN. Naturally, some of the employes of the FLAMINGO HOTEL guessed our "Mystery Gal" immediately for Dad is in charge of publicity and is assistant to GUS GREENBAUM, president of that hotel. We were telling the truth when we said the young lady had a Paramount Picture contract, drawn by JERRY PICKMAN when the heiress was born. The contract goes into effect on April 23, 1967. Forgive us for pulling this switch. We just couldn't turn our backs to the temptation when we saw HONEY DOLL . . . and that's for sure.

That handsome countenance you see on this week's front cover belongs to one of the most eligible young bachelors in town, PAUL SPERLING. He has quite an extensive background of which we will only mention certain highlights, being limited to a certain amount of type. He derived a lot of practical experience while working in the publicity department of MONOGRAM PICTURES from 1946-1947. He went on to the production department of the same studio. Now, this enterprising young man is president of the NEVADA THEATRE CORPORATION. Having covered both film publicity and production, our "cover boy" decided to complete the cycle by entering the exhibiting end of the field. You can wager that this lad certainly knows the ins and outs of the cinema. Approximately eight months ago, Paul arrived to find out if Las Vegas was all that his friends claimed. Convinced, he seconded the motion and decided to settle here, a move that was made possible with the purchase of FREMONT, PALACE and HUNTRIDGE THEATERS. Mr. Sperling's main intent is to offer nothing but the finest movie reels that are available. During World War II, Paul spent 3½ years aboard submarines in Uncle Sam's service. After doffing his uniform, Paul headed for some healthful outdoor life in the form of hunting and golf, filling his spare time with concerts and an occasional opera. You must admit the lad has certainly managed to squeeze quite a bit of activity into 27 years. He is a great fan of his mother's and refers to her as his "Darling Gert!" Here's one son who attributes all of his successes to the inspiration, ability, and guidance of his mater. Oh, yes, almost forgot to mention that Paul also directed and produced a few stage plays last season. Some of the stars who worked for Producer Paul were Caesar Romero, Vincent Price, and Jane Wyatt. To you, Paul Sperling, goes our salute of the week, with our personal wishes for your success to know nothing but growth . . . and that's for sure.

Guess just about everyone in town is recuperating from the visit bestowed upon us by 5000 Shriners, who held their annual convention here. Looked like New Year's Eve again, with all the happy-go-lucky visitors never letting up for a moment. We're certain the

(Continued on page 29)



DOWNTOWN

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THE WATCHBIRD

. . . by LADY MICHAEL
(Michael Neale)

THE nicest part of going to L.A. for a few days is coming back to the desert, however we did have fun. We rode up on the plane with JAY MARSHALL who just closed at the Desert Inn. It's a small world when we discovered that Jay comes from Norwich, Connecticut, which is about 30 miles from where we once lived . . . HAROLD LANG and HELEN GALLAGHER, who were such a smash at the Thunderbird, were also aboard. We remember Harold's fine performance in the New York musical, "Look Ma, I'm Dancin' " . . .

Jay joined us for dinner at La Rue's before catching his plane for New York, where he'll concentrate on t.v. With our tummies full of wonderful food we tried to cover as many niteries as possible in that 2 o'clock sleepy time town . . . A must on anyone's list is to see MATT DENNIS at the Captain's Table. An added delight was Matt ad libbing duets with singer DICK HAYMES while NORA EDDINGTON applauded from the sidelines.

Whizzed out to the Valley to catch the show at CHARLEY FOY'S. NOONAN and MARSHALL were never funnier. They leave there shortly to open at LOU WALTER'S LATIN QUARTER in Manhattan . . . There's always ONE spot which in the future, distance will lend enchantment (to put it mildly). We tried to catch the show, and being slightly oblivious of time, came in on the very end whcih gave us time for one fast drink. When the check arrived it was somewhere in the vicinity of 10 dollars FOR ONE DRINK??? It seems this pseudo-chic bistro has a mental minimum charge because they sure didn't advertise it. Heck, we may as well tell you the name of it so you won't get stuck too—The Gala. We don't know the address, and couldn't care less.

Here's good news for you dwelling seekers—L. M. STRAUSS, ESQ., has one apartment available—FOR RENT—the queue forms to the right, and no pushing.

A delightful note from handsome DEL CASINO, whom we haven't seen since we played Bainbridge, Maryland, while on tour with the U.S.O. Del just closed at the Beverly Country Club in Cincinnati and returns to New York and his own t.v. show over CBS. Most of you will remember Del when he sang at the Flamingo a few years ago. Come on back, sweetie, Vegas is fine!

Super-comic, JOE CAPPO at the Club Bingo, had us in stitches with his zany antics. His take-off on AL JOLSON and EDDY CANTOR are perfect and speaking of take-off, Joe does one of the funniest strip-tease routines we've seen to date . . . LOUIE DIAZ, Hollywood 10 percenter, can well be proud of his new act—"THE KNIGHTINGALES." These four kids are not only good to look at, but sing beautifully. No need to predict a bright future—it's obvious.



CHIC-CHAT: NATHAN BLANK is secretly in love with J. H., who lives at the Desert Spa . . . LISA ROSE opens at the Riverside in Reno, October 4, for GEORGE MORO. Lisa will motor to San Francisco to visit with her brother for a few days. She will be accompanied by her mother, the gracious MRS. SLOAN of Atlantic City . . . Happy belated birthday to LYLE RUST, chuck wagon waiter at the D.I. Lyle celebrated it last Monday, but wouldn't tell us how old . . . Happy birthday, also, to BUDDY GROVER of the Grover-Shore Trio at the Lady Luck bar. Buddy celebrated his 33rd on Tuesday and was tendered a beautiful buffet supper by BARBARA LOCKHART . . . MRS. MITTIE AXTELL is here visiting with her lovely daughter JEAN of the same last name.

My, but the mail bag has been full this week. A card from NIKKI SAUNDERS, ex-Cover Girl, who cavorted at the El Rancho last year. Nikki's been in Europe since January and is spending a fortnit' in the Cote d'Azure in Cannes before returning to Paris and Rome. She then leaves for Bombay to make a picture. WHAT? All the way to

(Continued on page 25)

ACTION!
ACTION!!

PLAY..

FARO
BANK

AT THE

HORSESHOE

BAR – RESTAURANT – CASINO
(ELDORADO CORP.)

DOWTOWN

DEALING . . .

HIGHEST LIMITS IN NEVADA

PAT COLLINS, GENERAL MANAGER

RANDOM THOUGHTS

. . . By B. B. BARTON



WANT TO BE UNWELCOME?

EVERYONE agrees it's nice to be considered a welcome and desirable person. Many of us sort of overdo it when we are trying to make others feel we want them to like us. In friendship, as in theatre, it's always best to underplay the role you have chosen for yourself. Strangely enough, many have nothing but the best of intentions yet they sadly fall by the wayside in their efforts to prove themselves worthy of friendship. We human critters just don't seem to appreciate those who pester us constantly and try to force their attentions upon us, do we? The easiest method is to relax and allow your personality to sort of grow on those you elect for companionship, with some nice restrained effort. But, we'll discuss that further in time to come. Right now, we have some suggestions for those who wish to place their status as a guest on a haphazard basis. They may sound silly (in fact some actually are) but unfortunately, these things actually happen daily. Remember, these are ways in which to become an UNWELCOME guest!

For instance, whenever you're invited to spend a week-end, make certain you call your hostess about an hour before you're supposed to arrive. You'll probably awaken her from a much-needed nap or interrupt her last minute preparations. For this she'll adore you as she draws an imaginary knife across your distant throat.

When your invitation plainly stipulates that very few changes of clothing are necessary, don't pay any attention at all. Rush right home and pack your trunk; then hire a truck. A good idea would be for you to ship it ahead of you, C.O.D. Brilliant?

Dash breathlessly over to your hostess' home before schedule, drag her out of the tub, and tell her you think her furniture should be re-arranged. Time all this activity so the others will arrive while the hostess is in a fine, begrimed state. If you think this is exaggeration, you just haven't seen anything. I've walked in on such situations more than once.

A beautiful way of being blacklisted would be for you to have no regard whatever for household routine. Just because everyone else gets up in time to breakfast at 9:30, there's no earthly reason why you can't be an exception and sleep until noon. In that way, you couldn't be a bother. You have your brunch while the others have their lunch. This can do nothing more than create a bit of havoc in the kitchen. You can console yourself by complimenting the hostess on her ability to prepare two different meals at the same time.

When you hear the hostess tell her children they cannot have any candy before dinner, do something about it. Follow them to their playroom and stuff them with sweets while you stand guard and play "chiggy." It might teach the children the art of disobedience and perhaps make them a wee bit sick, but, don't let that worry you. After all, children will be children!

No matter how good the food may be, don't (whatever you do) compliment your hostess. She **may** become conceited. Instead, tell her how much better Mrs. McKurdilingson prepares her gravy and how much more picturesque Mrs. Galivantin's table always looks. You're in for a solid exit with this treatment.

If a door to one of the rooms is closed, don't knock or request permission to enter. Just barge right in. So what if you're intruding on someone's privacy? You can't help it if closed doors fascinate you, can you?

This one will really "make" you. If your hostess provides ash trays while coffee is being served, ignore them! A saucer is much handier for ashes and you don't want to strain your arm by moving it over an inch.

If your hostess has a cat, bring a dog along. Show her you can make a liar

(Continued on page 25)



DOWNTOWN

WHAT'S DOIN'?

. . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN

PEOPLE should go on more picnics! Mo matter how many cares or worries you might have in this troubled world of today, you will put them all behind when you embark on a good old fashioned picnic. I'd begun to think that the present generation had completely forgotten that pleasant pastime until the other night I was invited by a few musicians and show people from the Hotel Last Frontier to go along with them on an early morning wiener bake (wiener roast if you come from the east). We cast civilization aside along about 2:30 in the ayem and lit out for Mt. Charleston which is only about 35 miles from here.

So many visitors to our town never know that there is a mountain resort that close to Las Vegas. Anyway, we arrived at the spot where most human beings would ordinarily spread out the food and get at it; the well planned picnic grounds. But did we stop there? Never! We proceeded to wend our way on back up into the hills to a spot known to the Maker alone and after getting things well under way in a half dozen different spots we finally came to rest in the area that was just made for **us.** Isn't it strange how there is always a place to build a fire and a well constructed table waiting for you in these lonely spots? By now we were weak from malnutrition and I think that's the main reason why a wiener cooked to charcoal consistency always tastes as good as a juicy New York cut when you are on an outing. By the time you actually get around to eating, you would relish the harness section from Sears & Roebuck pressed between two slabs of Celotex. After your kisser is caked with mustard and you've stowed away a few of the afore-mentioned burned offerings, accompanied by bun and dill pickle, you find you are confronted with the marshmallow course. This becomes the **obstacle** course before you finish with it! Most people figure that a marshmallow is just right for eating when it has gone up in flames an average of three times. It takes a master to really **toast** one of those bombs without burning it. We had so many on fire there at one time that we looked like a general meeting of the Ku Klux Klan! All kidding aside; I don't know when I've enjoyed anything so much for a long, long time and I, for one, can hardly wait until I'm asked to be among those present at the next one.

What was I saying about the intimacy of a piano bar a while back? There are



a few of them around town but none of them are enjoying more success than the one at the VILLA VENICE out on Hiway 91. DON CORTEZ is the keeper of the keys and during the late hours you can count yourself lucky to be able to get a seat. They've really been having some sensational sessions in the room. People who ordinarily would only sing within the confines of their own shower stall find that they have no inhibitions whatsoever when they belly up to a piano bar with a bunch of friends. Even a stranger becomes one of the gang after the first 16 bars of an old tune. I guess by now you have figured out that I'm all in favor of piano and circular bars. You'll also find that RALPH and DOMENIC are two of the finest hosts on the strip with your first visit to the VILLA VENICE . . . MARK STEVENS, who is starring at the Flamingo Hotel this week, will also be starring at the FREMONT THEATER downtown in a vehicle known as "Little Egypt." In this technicolor pic Mark portrays the role of an American promoter who is engaged in promoting the sale of Egyptian cigarets. Part of the action takes place during the Chicago Fair of 1893 where he employs a dancer to do Egyptian dances with the thought of promoting his employer's product and . . . WOWEEE! . . . wait until you see the torso tossing done by Rhonda Fleming in this capacity . . . hmmm . . . oh! uh! The usual complications set in and it takes a flock of feet

(Continued on page 21)

SHOW REVIEWS by Jack Burby

Flamingo

September 20 through October 3

MARK STEVENS star of screen, radio and T. V., has done it again! He has scored another triumph—this time on a nightclub stage. He provides a smooth presentation of special material that is delightfully refreshing. His sense of humor is infectious and stimulates appreciation. Mr. Stevens' quick wit has discovered the type of comedy that night-clubbers seek. This engagement launches the handsome Mark onto a career that will follow the paved road of success in the supper club entertainment world. From the reaction of the first nighters here, no one will be able to suppress his quivering funny bone when Mr. Stevens takes over and gives you the type of entertainment you always seek and rarely discover. Here's a **must** for everyone! . . . Co-starring on this bill is England's gift to music lovers, ANNE SHELTON. This gal has

(Continued on page 27)

LAST FRONTIER

September 21 through October 4

America's foremost dancing comedian, WILLIE SHORE, is the current headliner in the RAMONA ROOM. Mr. Shore has done nothing but add about a thousand more names to his list of fans since his opening here. (That's bad?) Whether he is doing tap, soft shoe, or ballet, he proves he is one of the most accomplished exponents of the dance on stage today. No one could possibly top his impersonations of Pat Rooney, Sr., Joe Frisco, and other notables. These presentations are so adept they almost surpass the individuals being mimicked. Mr. Shore's sense of comedy is acutely good. We guarantee his versatility will amaze you. . . . On the same bill are CASS FRANKLIN and MONICA MOORE. Here is a team that is talented, attractive, and clever.

(Continued on page 27)

El Rancho Vegas

September 26 through October 9

The ROUND-UP ROOM is once again filled to overflowing with fans of that personable team, JON and SONDRA STEELE, headliners of the new revue in that room. The suave Monsieur Jon and the exquisitely beautiful Sondra have brought along a lengthy addition of new tunes to add to their already extensive repertoire of established favorites in order to supply you with the special brand of entertainment that brought them success. Jon's pianistic endeavors cleverly provide the proper setting for Sondra's sophisticated wit and penetrating voice. When these two favorites blend their talents, there's room for nothing but **sheer enjoyment**. . . . Adding his efforts to make for a pleasurable evening is DICK BUCKLEY. You've no doubt seen many impressionists in action but we can safely say that this lad is a refreshing member of the group of mimics. His contributions provide many hearty laughs and amusing deliveries. . . . Staying on for another engagement are the delightful team of BILLY DANIEL and LITA BARON. These youngsters provide zestful dance routines, topped with youthful song delivery. Theirs is a style that is different and more than welcome. . . . TED FIO RITO's piano and orchestral arrangements provide

(Continued on Page 27)

Wilbur Clark's DESERT INN

October 2 through October 15
(Not a review)

At long last, one of the West Coast's most favorite comics, BILLY GRAY, comes to town to headline the new show in the PAINTED DESERT ROOM, Tuesday. Although very well-known to most locals, this is Mr. Gray's first appearance in our town and it is certainly a great pleasure to see and hear this comic, whose gags and stories are

(Continued on Page 27)

Thunderbird

September 20 through October 10

Headlining the outstanding entertainment at the Thunderbird is one of the country's foremost vocal stylists, TONY ASTOR, and his orchestra. His is a manner of singing that has seen many attempts at copying but never quite achieving the bounce and spirit that only Tony seems to be able to put into whatever tune he interprets. The orchestra is one of the nation's greatest today and features the trumpeting of STUBBY PASTOR who also does a few solos with Tony at showtime. Lovely DOLORES MARTEL is the girl vocalist with the band and sings with an apparent ease that is rare . . . An extra headline attraction is DAY, DAWN and DUSK, comedy singing stars who are back in Las Vegas for another return engagement at the Thunderbird. Their amusing arrangements and satirical comedy along with true simple harmony in their singing has been the reason for their being held over on previous engagements because of popular demand. . . . Just returning from a European tour and for her first time in Las Vegas, is singing comedienne KAY BALLARD. Hers is the unpredictable type of comedy and takes a fast audience to keep up with the changes in tempo. Turn your head and you miss a gag. In other words, here is

(Continued on Page 27)

CLUB BINGO

September 26 through October 6

Starring in the BONANZA ROOM are ISH KABIBBLE and MICHAEL DOUGLAS. Both these young men were formerly with the Kay Kyser organization and were so successful with their song and comedy routines in radio, T. V. and theatres, they decided to go out on their own. Although a great musician, Ish has a magnificent sense of humor and his deadpan man-

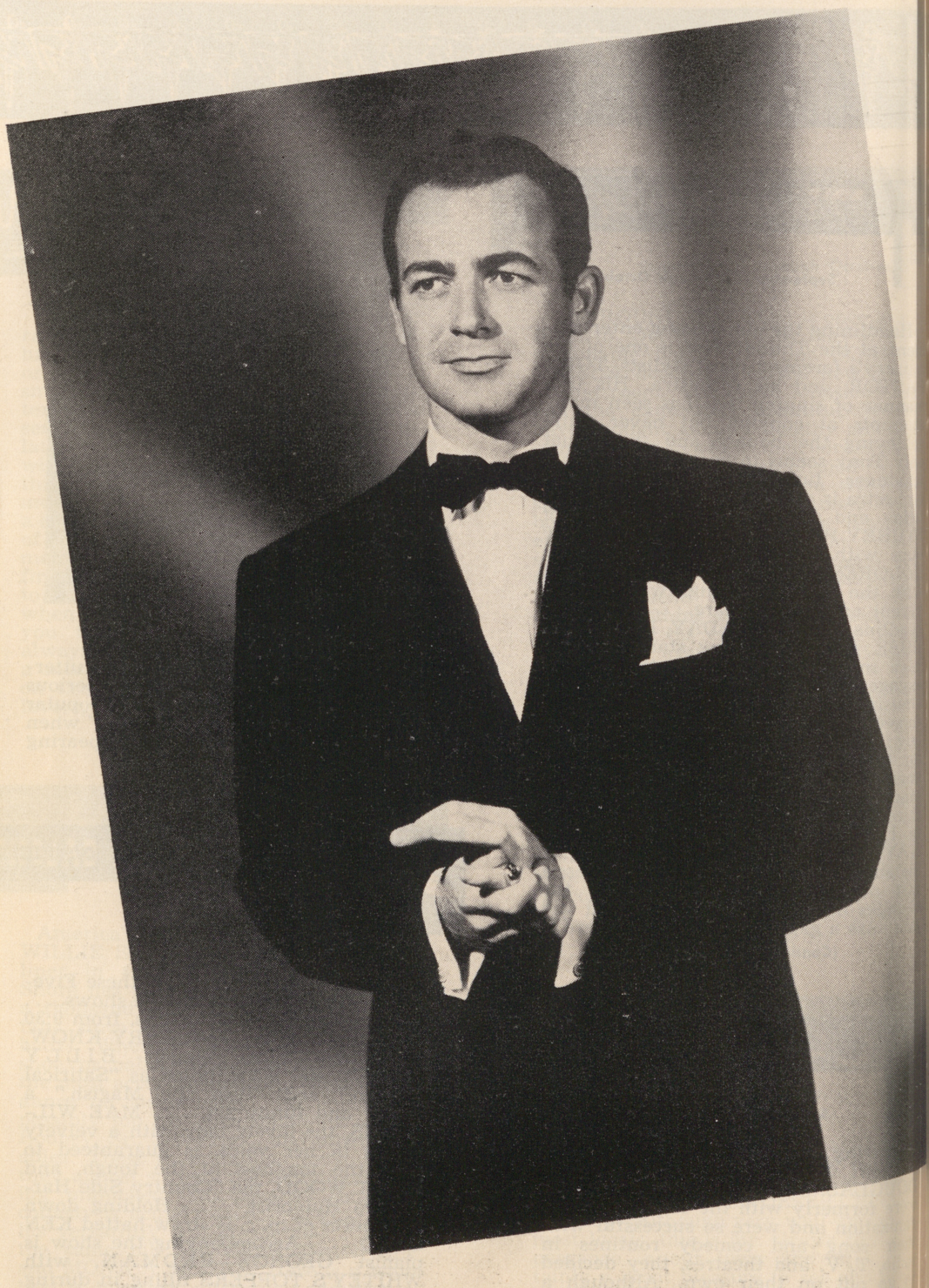


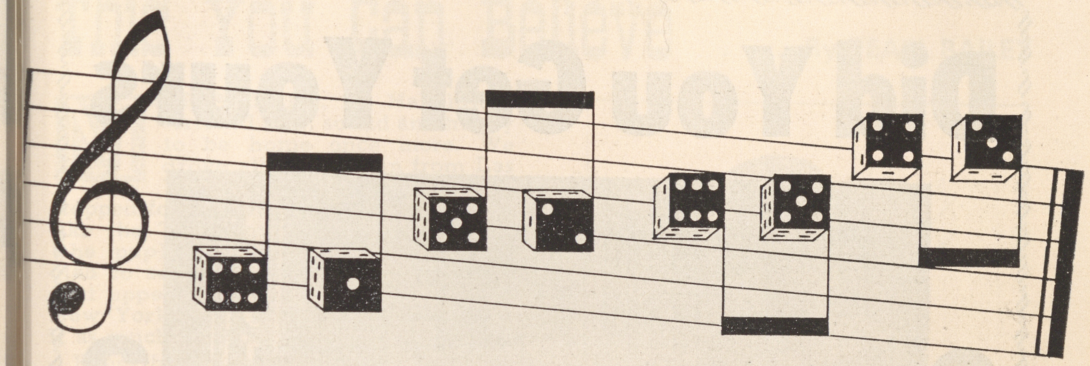
nerisms are humorous without an utterance. Partner, Michael, adds a serious note with his renditions of popular ballads. They really "go to town" when they blend their talents. . . . Appearing

(Continued on Page 27)

SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

You're in for a treat with these Five-Star, Five-a-Night vaudeville shows. . . . Appearing at different hours, from 9:30 p. m. until 5 a. m., are GERRY KNOW, low-down blues singer; BILLY BISHOP and ANN, billed as "Satirical Magico," and "Bish the Magish," a clever and funny act. . . . MAE WILLIAMS, the lovely lady with a velvety caress in her voice, is guaranteed to melt the toughest of the tough, and BRITT WOOD, the "Country Side Harmonica Humorist." . . . Holding down the chores of m. c. is straw-hatted KEN CARD. . . . Accompanying the show is pianist GEORGE REDMAN, with WHITEY'S TOPPERS filling in during intermission, along with the "88" accomplishments of BUSTER.





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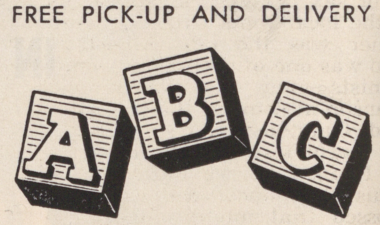
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This You Can Believe . . . By PEARL BAILEY

MANHATTAN . . . Hallelujah! Arrived safe, sound and happy to be home once more. We drove all the way in from Las Vegas and by the time we stopped for souvenirs and all we looked like the "Vagabond Kings." Mr. Riley (the pup), was fairly exhausted and glad to see his new home. This is his first appearance in "The Apple" (dear New York) and I sure hope he enjoys it as much as Pearlie Mae.

Everything is in an uproar here what with trying to decorate my house (two rooms, kitchen and bath). Must tell you some of the things that happened on our trip. After leaving Las Vegas (yes, we were there), we headed for New Mexico and points east. These souvenir places can certainly attract a person. Stopped in Albuquerque, then next Cklahoma City. What a place! How come I can't get one of those nice little oil wells? Heavens to Betsy, how the old girl could live. Caviar and all! The bed I slept in was a little hard, (a little —huh! I say! like a rock), but being tired and all it was perfectly all right. Onward we went to St. Louis, Missouri. Here they say, "you gotta show 'em"! Show 'em **what?** Gene Ammons, a fine tenor sax player, was appearing at one of the local spots with his band. Gene's father was the late Albert Ammons, who was one of the finest boogie-woogie pianists ever. He played with Pete Johnson at some of the best spots in the land. Only last year he passed on, and the world lost a great musician! After St. Louis (and we didn't hear the St. Louis Blues once), we headed for home. Crossed that mighty Mississippi. Gracious, that's the river! No wonder they wrote a song about it. What suffering it can and has brought will never be known. It certainly looks frightening. We passed Chicago (hate the place, but who cares), and went through Fort Wayne east. Kept right on going (such energy this one), until we were home. Now you know that a drive from St. Louis to New York is too much, but being the daring type, off we went, and made it! Somehow, you can travel all over the world but the "big town" is it. The bright lights, all the show business. AH! That's for me! It's the most fascinating place in the world.

What's this I hear about the "boss man" being ill? Now, now, Jackson, we'll have none of that out of you. Just get out of that bed and be well again. We need you happy and cheerful around us always. Please excuse sometimes if the column is a little topsy-turvy but this child travels so fast, sometimes she can't keep up with herself.



Hope to be around New York for a week or more so I'll be able to write you about loads of things and people. Hope Mr. Riley will like our city and hope to be in yours sometime soon. All my love and . . . Lawdy, but I'm tired! Love you madly, tired or not!

—PEARLIE MAE.

WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from Page 15)

of film to get the whole mess straightened out. However, during all that film you will see some of the finest color and costuming that you've ever sat in a "general" to see . . . JOHNNY BADIK was up to his ears in model airplanes that last time I stopped into THE SPORTSMAN'S SUPPLY to tear up the time o' day with him. Thought you model maniacs might like to know about it. Did you duck hunters drop in to look at those decoys he has? When not in use you can pack 'em away in no space at all. He also has a full stock of shells for you men who plan to go deer hunting and the season isn't too far away. Okay! So you're gonna hunt somethin' else; he's got the shells you need for that too! If you happen to have a sick shootin' iron you could stop off with it at the Sportsman's Supply and let C. R. WILLIAMS take a look at it. He has his shop in the rear of Johnny's place . . . Las Vegas and the Flamnigo

(Continued on page 25)

IT'S NEW!!! IT'S NEW!!! IT'S NEW!!!

STARTING SUNDAY

SEPTEMBER 30 AT 10 P. M. – UNTIL?

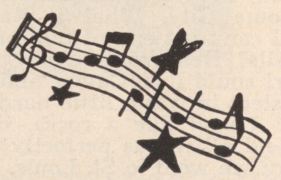
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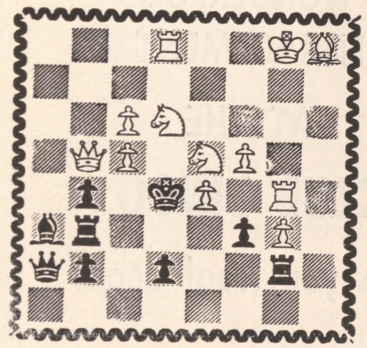
CHESS » » »

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



PROBLEM NO. 112

Black 9



White 12

White mates in two.

Solution to problem No. 111: N-K3.

STEINER GAMES

A special prize was awarded for this game, the best played in the recent international tournament in Reggio Emilia, Italy. The Canal game is from the same tournament.

Steiner White	Czerniak Black	Steiner White	Czerniak Black
1—P-Q4	N-KB3	30—BxR!	B-B
2—P-QB4	P-KN3	31—N-K3	QxP
3—N-QB3	B-N2	32—N-K2	R-N
4—P-K4	O-O	33—R-R	Q-N4
5—B-K3	P-Q3	34—B-B	N-N3
6—P-B3	QN-Q2	35—Q-R2	R-N2
7—Q-Q2	P-K4	36—B-R3!	Q-Q
8—KN-K2	N-K	37—P-N4	N-K
9—P-KN4	P-KB4	38—BxB	QxB
10—NPxP	PxP	39—P-B5!	Q-Q2
11—B-N5	B-B3	40—N-B3	N-B2
12—R-KN	K-R	41—Q-R3!	Q-K
13—O-O-O	BxB	42—PxP	N-N4
14—RxB	P-B5	43—NxN	QxN
15—R-N2	P-B3	44—Q-B8ch	R-N
16—K-N	Q-B3	45—Q-B3	R-K
17—P-5	N-N3	46—K-N2	K-N
18—P-N3	B-Q2	47—N-B5	P-N3
19—N-B	N-B	48—PxP	P-QR4
20—B-Q3	N-K2	49—P-Q7!	R-Q
21—QR-N	P-B4	50—P-Q6!	Q-K7ch
22—Q-KB2	N-B2	51—Q-B2	QxBP
23—B-B	Q-R3	52—Q-N3ch	QxQch
24—P-QR4	N-N3	53—KxQ	PxP
25—N-Q3	R-KN	54—P-N7	N-B
26—P-R4!	P-R3	55—KxP	K-B2
27—P-QR5!	QR-KB	56—K-N5	P-B6
28—P-R5!	N-K2	57—R-KB	NxP
29—NxBP!	RxR	58—NxN	Resigns

QUEEN'S PAWN GAME

Steiner White	Canal Black	Steiner Whtie	Canal Black
1—P-Q4	P-Q4	24—Q-Q3	R-Q3
2—P-QB4	P-K4	25—K-B	P-QB4
3—PxKP	P-Q5	26—P-N4	PxP
4—N-KB3	N-QB3	27—PxP	Q-K4
5—P-KN3	B-N5ch	28—R(6)-R5	Q-N2
6—QN-Q2	B-N5	29—R-KN5!	R(3)-K3
7—B-N2	Q-Q2	30—RxP	RxP
8—O-O	B-KR6	31—QxP!	R-K8ch
9—P-QR3	BxB	32—K-N2	RxR
10—KxB	BxN	33—KxR!	Q-R3ch
11—BxB	KN-K2	34—K-N2	R-K8
12—Q-R4	O-O	35—N-B	Q-B8
13—B-N4!	KR-Q	36—N-K3	Q-N8
14—BxN	QxB	37—P-B5!	R-N8ch
15—QR-Q	P-KN4	38—K-B3	R-R8
16—P-R3	P-KR4	39—R-N5	Q-R8
17—R-KR!	P-N5	40—Q-Q5	Q-B3ch
18—PxP	PxP	41—K-N2	R-QN8
19—N-Q2	NxP	42—R-N4	R-N7
20—R-R4	Q-K3	43—N-Q!	R-K7
21—QR-KR	N-N3	44—QxP	R-Q7
22—R-R6	R-K	45—P-B6!	Resigns
23—Q-B2	QR-Q!		



THANK YOU
FOR ANOTHER
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THE WATCHBIRD:

(Continued from page 11)

India? . . . IRENE COPPERS, who has been abroad as long as Nikki, sent her card from Barcelona, which should be in Spain. (Haven't looked lately.) The lovely Irene will tell us all about it personally when she returns to this country for the Christmas holidays.

DANNY BASARIC'S Golden Wheel seems to be **THE** spot for rounders, it jumps till the wee wee hours of the morning. It was there that we found two more "kissin' cousins from Connecticut." LES BURNESS, who plays the piano for TONY PASTOR, is from Hartford, and Tony himself, whose wonderful band is currently at the Thunderbird, is from Middletown, which is also in the nutmeg state.

FULTON BURLEY, who comes to us directly from Emerald Isle via Canada, is our bet for pictures. Not only has this handsome product of Erin a magnificent voice, but he can also tell a story in any dialect—. So UNCLE BOB and UNCLE LENNY send down those talent scouts. He'll remain at the Bingo for a few more weeks. We believe he'd enhance the Universal lot—to say nothing of its coffer.

QUESTIONS WELL CALCULATED TO KEEP YOU IN SUSPENSE: Who is known as Old Egg Face? . . . Who is known as Miss Bittersweet? . . . Who stubbed her toe and can no longer wear her Florsheim shoe? . . . Who is **THAT** way about a certain son of Eire and has given the air to every son of every other country? . . . Who makes a gypsy nervous? . . . who says: "You're the girl for me" to any girl who opens the door? . . . Stick around, these questions may be answered next week if **we** can find the answers.

RANDOM THOUGHTS:

(Continued from page 13)

out of the person who claimed that strange cats and dogs dislike one another. What harm would it do? It really doesn't matter if the dog chases the cat up to the top of her expensive drapes. You just explain that your dog has a nervous temperament or berate her for her cat's lack of discipline.

When others pack up to leave, wangle an invitation to stay on for a few more days. You have nothing else to do, why rush off? Besides, you've been studying their habits and household activities and have a few suggestions you'd like to make about readjustment.

Well, there they are. Take them or leave them. Personally, if you want to be thought of as a desirable character, just do the opposite of everything that was listed. However, if you've a desire to cut off all communications with other humans, just follow them to perfection and you won't have to worry about any more invitations.

WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from page 21)

Hotel has lost one of the greatest hotel men in the business! This past week JACK (Pappy) WALSH left Las Vegas to take over duties in Hollywood at the Hollywood Country Club on Rossmore and no one dislikes seeing him leave us any more than I do. It was during my days in the service that I first met Pappy and his lovable wife, Florence, and they took me to their hearts as though I were their own son. They did, in truth, soon come to be my Las Vegas "Mamma and Pappy." As they were then, and are now, they will always be a very close part of my life. I say again, I hate to lose them. Taking over Pappy's duties at the Flamingo is a very capable man whom I know all of you will find to possess a lot of the traits of his predecessor. LARRY LORIMER comes to us from the Brown Palace Hotel in Denver, Colo., and I hadn't talked to him for more than a few seconds until I knew that the management of the Flamingo had made a wise choice. He **looks** at you while he is talking to you. Do I make myself clear? You'll like him, too! BUDDY GROVER celebrated his birthday in part last Tuesday, the 25th, by having a cup of coffee with me at the Club Bingo. Says he's packin' a pistol for my boss because of the fact that, so far, no one has come up with the butane lighter he was hoping he'd get from someone. I loaned him a book of matches! Buddy is one third of the GROVER-SHORE TRIO who play nightly at the Lady Luck Bar located in the lounge of Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn. One of the finest instrumental trios you have ever had the pleasure of hearing . . . I'm having stomach trouble again! For the past hour or more that is. EMPTY, you know! Better cut these column capers and sidle over to the pots and pans department. I'm so tired it's 5 to 1 I'll wind up with batch of peanut butter, Ritz crackers and a glass of cow squeezin's. . . . See ya next week! —JOHNNY.

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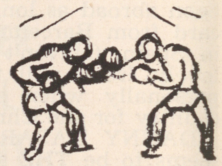


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FOOTBALL SCHEDULES

Saturday, September 29

CALIFORNIA	KANSAS STATE
PENNSYLVANIA	IOWA U.
DUKE	MARQUETTE
PITTSBURGH	WISCONSIN
U. C. L. A.	MICHIGAN STATE
ILLINOIS U.	MICHIGAN U.
WASHINGTON U.	OKLAHOMA A. & M.
MINNESOTA	MISSOURI
TEXAS CHRISTIAN	LOUISIANA STATE
NEBRASKA	ALABAMA (Mobile, Ala.)
SOUTHERN METHODIST	VANDERBILT
OHIO STATE	AUBURN
WILLIAM & MARY	CLEMSON
OKLAHOMA U.	RICE*
TEXAS U.	GEORGIA TECH
PURDUE	FLORIDA*
VILLANOVA	GEORGE WASHINGTON
ARMY	U. OF VIRGINIA
TEMPLE	GEORGIA U.
BROWN	NORTH CAROLINA U.
COLUMBIA	KENTUCKY
PRINCETON	MISSISSIPPI U.
SYRACUSE	MARYLAND
CORNELL U.	WASHINGTON & LEE
HOLY CROSS	MIAMI (Florida)
HARVARD	TULANE
NAVY	MISSISSIPPI STATE
YALE	TENNESSEE
TULSA	WAKE FOREST
CINCINNATI	NORTH CAROLINA STATE*
COLORADO U.	TEXAS TECH
NORTHWESTERN	TEXAS A. & M. (Dallas)
INDIANA U.	ARIZONA U.
NOTRE DAME	OREGON U.
IOWA STATE	DENVER
KANSAS U.	WYOMING
	UTAH U.
	OREGON STATE

SUNDAY PRO GAMES

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GR. BAY PACKERS	SAN FRANCISCO '49rs
PHILA. EAGLES	WASH. REDSKINS
CHICAGO CARDS	DETROIT LIONS

*Indicates Night Game

GOLDEN NUGGET SPORTS DEPARTMENT

129 FREMONT STREET

CLUB BINGO:

(Continued from page 17)

on the same bill is lovely SALLY KEITH. This gal presents exotic dancing and manipulates tassels in a manner we cannot describe. This is something you must see for yourself. Look out, Carrie Finnell—here's some strong competition! . . . MIKE WERNER and his big little band offer background music for the show and provide smooth dancing rhythms for patron enjoyment.

EL RANCHO VEGAS:

(Continued from Page 16)

good melodic backing for the show and dancing. . . . During intermission. Las Vegas' favorite sons, GUY LANDIS and JIM DI STEPHANO, take over and play your favorite tunes. . . . PAUL GARDOS and CHUY MIRANDA are the roving troubadours in the Chuck Wagon Room, who play until the wee hours.

LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from page 16)

Cass is a handsome lad that bobby-soxers classify as a "dreamboat" and Monica is graciously lovely. They have a wide, flexible range of musical comedy material with voices that blend beautifully to provide the utmost in entertainment. Try to see Mr. Franklin and Miss Moore before the close of their engagement; it will be their last appearance together and they are **too good to miss.** . . . The DEVLYN DANCERS, eight dancing girls and two show girls, present two exciting routines. They offer their versatility in a sophisticated number and return to "jive the room" with a clever rhythm. . . . Featured in both numbers is the talented dancer-singer, JIMMY PEDERSON, a young fellow destined to go a long way in show business. . . . BOB MILLAR and his ORK provide show time and dancing rhythms.

THUNDERBIRD HOTEL:

(Continued from page 17)

a little girl to watch and you will enjoy her clever comedy. . . . The KATHRYN DUFFY DANSATIONS present two new routines that are very outstanding and feature the work of the wealth of solo talent that can be found in the group. JOHNNY O'BRIEN is your singing m. c., while the NORMANDIE BOYS add their usual great talent to the musical productions as well as playing for you in the lounge. The JACK MARTIN MEN take over for your dancing intermissions and also in the lounge in the wee sma' hours.

DESERT INN:

(Continued from page 16)

fast and hilarious. Wait'll you hear some of his favorite dialect stories! They're out of this world! Yes, sir, Hollywood's popular Band Box Impresario has finally agreed to go on tour and exhibit his talents. . . . Co-starring on the same bill are PATTI MOORE and BEN LESSEY, who definitely need no introduction to Las Vegas audiences and night club habitues. They offer various renditions of hits of today and yesteryear and inject just the proper amount of comedy that keeps you begging for more. We still maintain that Patti radiates so much glow that a spotlight is virtually unnecessary. Ben's antics and pantomiming are so spontaneous you must keep your eyes alert in order not to miss a bit or two. . . . The lovely ARDEN FLETCHER DANCERS are scheduled to present their unique choreography and colorful costumes. . . . GENE GRIFFIN is your very capable singing m. c. and host. . . . CARLTON HAYES and his ORK will be on the podium to cut their usually excellent background music for the show and play favorite hits for dancing. . . . The "Best in the West" outfit, the GROVER SHORE TRIO, are the star attractions at the Lady Luck Bar. . . . There are just six more performances left to see the singing star of "Finian's Rainbow" fame, bewitching ELLA LOGAN—the superb comedy stylings of GIL LAMB—and the suave ballroom dancing of EILEEN & CARVER.

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from page 16)

a full range voice that doesn't need the magnifying of a mike. She has a terrific personality that reaches out and embraces her audience. Success has left her unspoiled with a sweet temperament that makes one feel she is a personal friend rather than a stranger in a spotlight. She certainly wowed them in New York City and she is "bowling them over" in Las Vegas! . . . VICTOR MARCHESE has one of the finest lyric tenor voices that ever reached these tender auricles. He has been compared to Mario Lanza but we think it only fair to say the lad has a voice that is individually his—and **good!** . . . AIDA BROADBENT'S GUYS AND GALS do some magnificent dancing, displaying perfect coordination and precision. Their outfits are tastefully selected and emphasize their talents. . . . NAT BRANDWYNNE and ORK are on the podium, cutting their usually fine background and providing danceable rhythms for patron enjoyment.

Art Rozen and Murry Nort

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Bond's Credit Jewelers "WHERE YOUR WORD IS YOUR BOND"

THIRD AND FREMONT "Pay As Little As $1 Weekly

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

Shriners will always remember the fine treatment and courtesy they received from our townspeople. We hope all of you will come to visit us again whenever the opportunity arises. The Shriners are about the happiest organization we've seen, and—orderly, too!

Received a letter from lovely GLORIA DE HAVEN, stating she has forsaken the film capital to take up temporary residence in New York. She intends to live in Gotham with her youngsters in order to do some t.v. shows and make some nightclub appearances. Well, Hollywood's loss is definitely New York's gain. We were kind of hoping this charming songstress and screen star would appear at one of our hotels real soon. Gloria's last local stint was at WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN, approximately a year ago.

Aside to WALTER JACOBS, at LAKE TARLETON CLUB in Pike, New Hampshire. Dear Walter: Sure was wonderful hearing from you. Don't you get a wee bit red in the nose from those 26 degree temperatures? We're not bragging—but—we still have our 100 degree average temperatures, daily. Makes for some nice suntans. The Princess is well and was enthusiastically surprise and delighted with your unique gift. Look out, man, if you keep on doing things like that, there'll never be an end to "how sweet Walter is!" Seriously, it was good hearing from you. We certainly hope you and yours are all well and happy.

Want to know who is the lonesomest guy in town? He's SANDY SAUNDERS, mixologist supreme at MURRY NORT'S CLUB POLYNESIA, on Highway 91. Always a cheerful sort of guy, Sandy feels lost since his beautiful bride BARBARA left for a two- or three-month vacation in the East. Medics prescribed the trip in the hopes of having "Babs" regain some of the weight she lost while ill, not so long ago. This is their first separation and it's going to be difficult for both of them. Sandy feels it will be 30 years of lonesomeness before the three months are ended.

We got our first glimpse at the new MEDICAL GROUP BUILDING recently completed on South Fifth and couldn't squelch the proud feeling it inspired. It is a beautiful place, well-managed, and as orderly an institution as you'd find in a much larger city. Our townsfolk can certainly commend the DOCTORS STARZYNSKI, RALPH and DAVID HEMINGWAY and EDGAR COMPTON for their foresight. These learned men planned the building for quite some time and then called on Doctor "Star's" brother-in-law, ROBERT IVERSON. Mr. Iverson is a wizard in the industrial world and is now retired, though still a young man. He became so enthused over the plans that he financed the "dream." The building is complete and consultation offices, laboratories, and examination rooms, dedicated to healing the ill and serving the community.

Never saw anything take on a new look as fast as the lobby of HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. Place doesn't even look the same since the removal of all the pillars. Seems that contractor TOM PLUMLEIGH found that much sought-after "wall stretcher" and put it to good use. When that place is completed, it will be an eye-catcher for sure.

As honestly as truth can be, we actually got a chance to rest right here in order to sample that delicious Pizza Pie that RALPH WOOD brought over from the VILLA VENICE, along with a bottle of delicious dry wine. Man! Nothing could be tastier than that pie, specially when it's topped with so many flavorful items as Italian salami and peppers and sausages. Are we making you drool yet? Take our advice—go over and have some. You'll be confirmed Pizza fans for life.

Met HERB FABAK the other day and almost completed a full conversation before we realized we had the wrong party. The guy looks so much like his brother HARRY, general manager of the FRONTIER CLUB, Downtown. Later on, we learned that many have been deceived by the amazing resemblance. Happens at least 20 times a day since Herb arrived six months ago. Herb was cashier at the PENNY ARCADE, now being torn apart to make way for the CALIFORNIA CLUB, scheduled for a November 15 (or thereabout) opening.

We extend a hearty hello to our good friend and buddy, GEORGE TODD, of the famous LOOKOUT House of Covington, Kentucky. He is vacationing here and stopping at the DESERT INN. George is one of the nicest guys in the business and is loved by all who know him. Hope you stay around for some time, fella!

Had a surprise that almost floored us while visiting with SPENCE BUTTERFIELD. This handsome and distinguished gent is vice president of the BANK OF NEVADA. During our conversation, he took out a pouch of tobacco and paper and "rolled his own." Before you could let out a sigh, the intricate operation was completed and the cigaret lighted! Yes, sir, podners! As fast as that. Spence's reason is a desire to cut down on smoking. When he buys the ready-made variety, he finds they are too convenient and

(Continued on page 33)

THE STAFF OF

Fabulous Las Vegas

WISH THEIR MANY FRIENDS

A Very

Happy and Prosperous

New Year

5712

Sincerely . . . **Charles P. 'Pop' Squires, B. B. Barton, J. Edgar Hoover, Wally Westmore, Tutor Scherer, Fred Soly, Lady Michael, Martin Lewis, Pearl Bailey, Dennis Stephenson, Marc Wilkinson, Johnny Uhlman, Harriet Resnik, Edith Head, and Jack Cortez**

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from page 5)

we will celebrate the passing of 'The Boulder Canyon Project Act.'"

Because of some previous engagement Senator Oddie was unable to accept the invitation, but Carl Hayden, Henry Ashurst and I were the guests of Senator and Mrs. Key Pittman at dinner the evening of December 13, 1928 and we celebrated quite happily the pasage of the bill which we were sure would be adopted by the vote of the United States Senate the following day.

This particular ramble 'round is moved by the fact that in looking over some old papers yesterday, I found my copy of the original bill, with the signatures of Nicholas Longworth, Speaker of the House of Representatives; Charles G. Dawes, Vice President of the United States and President of the Senate and the final and important

Approved December 21, 1928
Calvin Coolidge.

And so I came home to Vegas on Christmas Eve, 1928, happy that the bitter fight of eight years duration had finally blossomed into the bill that authorized the expenditure of $162,000,000 for building the dam and power plant. I had been working for that project ever since I first came to Las Vegas, but in the years between 1905 and 1920, the enterprise was considered by most people to be a crazy notion entirely beyond any possibility of attainment.

The first wide publicity for the Boulder Canyon Dam project came with the great convention of the League of the Southwest, of which Arthur Kruckman was the secretary and mainspring, held in Los Angeles April 1, 2 and 3, 1920. Among those from Nevada who were present were Dr. Roy W. Martin, E. W. Griffith, James Cashman, Congressman and Mrs. San Arentz and myself. Our very fine Governor Emmet D. Doyle, notwithstanding my urging that he take a prominent part in the Boulder Dam campaign, was still somewhat skeptical—the thing sounded too much like some of those crazy mine promotions which he had known. But he was cooperative and wrote me that he did not think it advisable for him to attend the convention, saying,

"You go and act as my personal representative."

So when the convention opened, I was introduced as "Governor Squires, representing Governor Boyle of Nevada," and the chairman of the convention appointed me a member of the Committee on Resolutions. And it happened that, because I was the only member of the committee who had taken notes during the two-day session of the committee, I was asked by Governor Dwight W. Davis of Idaho, chairman of the committee, to prepare a set of resolutions to present to the closing session of the convention. I was most happy to do this and wrote into the first paragraph of the resolutions the necessity for building a high dam in Boulder Canyon on the Colorado River.

About 1921 the Bureau of Reclamation sent Engineer Walker R. Young out to make borings in the bedrock at Boulder Canyon. This he did for two years. Then, at the suggestion of several of us, the Bureau asked him to also investigate the bedrock conditions in Black Canyon, 20 miles down the river from Boulder Canyon, with the result that Black Canyon was found to be much the best site for a dam.

However Boulder Canyon had received wide publicity and we, who had so strongly promoted Boulder Canyon as the dam site, were loth to lose the benefit of that valuable publicity by changing the name to Black Canyon dam site. Therefore, in drawing up the legislation passed in December 1928, we kept "Boulder Canyon" in the name and the short name of the Act was "Boulder Canyon Project Act."

There is much history of a rather personal nature connected with the building of the great project which is now worrying our officials, which I may try to recount some of these days.

In the meantime, I am sure that the taking over by the State of Nevada of the BMI plant, water system and townsite from the government was a wise move. Through the efforts of the Governor and the Colorado River Commission, great industries have been established in the BMI plant, bringing millions of dollars in investments and in payrolls to Southern Nevada. Perhaps it is now very desirable to turn the plant back to the government, but I can't help wondering if, with the government again in control, we would find ourselves soon in the same kind of trouble as we were before the state took over the plant. We would be powerless to exercise any control over it, and I am wondering if the taxes we could assess against the plant would compensate for the arbitrary control which government officials would exercise. Perhaps I should ask Governor Russell.

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 29)

make for heavier smoking schedules. Oh, well, such is life.

HEIDI HAMMER, lovable hostess of the ALPINE VILLAGE INN, has a baby's high chair that belonged to her grandmother and mother before she used it. It's made entirely by hand and can be converted from chair to rocker by a mere twist of a knob. This antique is one of Heidi's cherished possessions. She gets a big thrill out of having youngsters use this chair when parents decide to dine out with their offspring. Although over a century old, the high chair looks as though it were new and is more easily managed than some present day mechanisms.

Looking for a two-bedroom furnished house? If so, contact that wonderful comic, GIL LAMB, currently at the D. I. He decided to make this his permanent and bought a beautiful home in the vicinity of 23rd and Fremont streets. Because of the scheduled tour he is on, Gil will rent out the house to a reliable party with a one-year lease, no longer. At the end of that time, he will take over his investment and move in. However, we have a hunch the place could be rented for a longer period. Gil hasn't had any time off in four or five years. His appearances are always in demand.

If MARK STEVENS appears to be a bit nervous, it's because his very lovely frau ANNELLE, is preparing to welcome another heir or heiress. The event might materialize during Dad's current FLAMINGO HOTEL engagement. The Stevens are proud parents of a 5-year-old son, MARK JR., and are hoping for a girl this time.

Shades of Yesteryear: ANN SHERIDAN is again making all the rounds on the arm of her most familiar escort, STEVE HANNAGAN, who was her steady moment a few seasons ago. Steve is the famous publicity man who did a great deal in making Las Vegas better known throughout the United States.

The way is now clear for all who wish the best in art work. DENNIS STEPHENSEN, the artist who did that right fine job on our front cover, has now obtained office space in the Craner Building on Fremont street. He is open for business and we guarantee his work will satisfy any and all clients.

Wait until you see those "one-armed bandits" that General Manager ART SCHELLANG received for the LAS VEGAS CLUB, with exclusive rights for all of Clark County! They stand slightly over six feet in height, with the slot machine in the bandit's chest. Instead of the usual handle, you tug on the badman's arm which is holding an upraised gun in his hand. What a novel idea! It had a full page spread in LIFE magazine a couple of months ago! Yes, sir! No doubt about it! The "one-arm bandits" are at the LAS VEGAS CLUB and are there to stay!

In last week's issue we had an item stating the ground-breaking for the new hotel (at the CLUB BINGO) would take place around the 25th of this month. Skeptics said we were pipe-dreaming. However, the ceremonies did take place last Thursday, September 27. The architects' plans show that this hotel, when completed, will be a most elaborate place and will boast 250 modern rooms to accommodate the tourist trade. While we are on the subject, that writer in that Hollywood mag was slightly confused when he wrote: "The Club Bingo has undergone a change in policy. Lee Robbins, formerly of the Circus Room in Long Beach, has taken over and will build 100 rooms behind the casino." Un-huh! Don't know where you got your "flash," N. W., but you are wrong! LEE ROBBINS is the maitre d' in the dining room of the Bingo and the cuisine is par excellence under his supervision.

We've always considered it an ordeal to submit to the snip-snap of a barber's shears but have had to follow this accepted method in order to strive for a presentable appearance. While visiting the new operator of the barber shop at HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS we discovered a hair cut can be a pleasure when it is being done by PERRY DI RENZO, originally from New York. He works with the shears as an artist does with a brush. He is a true master and his patience shoud help him establish a good-sized clientele. Popular manicurist PATTI PHILLIPS is the lovely red-head who makes your nails glisten.

DIANA MEYERS, lovely cocktail waitress at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, has a handsome 3-year-old son who is as mischievous as Satan! During the day, Mother takes Charles to the pool to relax. However, the few hours they spend in the sun offers little relaxation. Here is the gist of the chatter: "Charles! Don't throw plates into the pool! Don't push the little girl! Leave that woman's towel alone!" That's just a mild sample of the amusement that onlookers derive from the constant battle between Mom and Son. If this "Huckleberry Finn" were turned loose at Frenchman's Flats, you'd probably hear: "Don't light that match! Don't touch that atom bomb!" What a great store of devilment is hiding behind that angelic countenance! Reminds us of Red Skelton and his portrayal of "Junior."

(Continued on page 34)

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 33)

AL NISSELL has certainly acquired a reputation as being Las Vegas' most eligible bachelor. Will he surrender his title for blonderful MILLI HEATH, Arden-Fletcher doll, currently at the D. I.? He and his "love" are seen everywhere we roam and have oodles of stardust in their eyes.

Looks like those marital plans will have to be delayed temporarily by JOAN BENNY (the "Thirty-Niner's" daughter) and VIC DAMONE. The young lady in question is determined to go to college and has enrolled at Stanford University.

Next Thursday, Oct. 4th, the MURAL ROOM of the FLAMINGO HOTEL will play host to the opening night of a newly-formed quartet of music makers who will, in all probability, jam the place as never before. The group consists of BOBBY PAIGE and his MUSICAL PAGES. He is the leader and the exceptional trumpet player known to many as Bobby Pruppas. Bobby's better half convinced him to start his own combo and it looks as though the move will make for a great deal of happiness. The other members (all local) are LARRY SOCKWELL, drums; JIMMY HENDRICKSON, piano and accordion; and MICKEY HEMBREE, bass and guitar. We have already heard these boys "give out" and feel that they'll make a good name for themselves, provided their talents are backed with some of the good breaks.

QUESTION OF THE WEEK: Did BUDDY GROVER ever receive that butane lighter for his birthday? We wonder!

The man whose pen turns out that clever material that is used by MARK STEVENS is handsome EDDIE MAXWELL, formerly of the SPIKE JONES organization. Today, Eddie is considered one of the best writers in the business. Remember, Ed, we are anxiously awaiting the arrival of your beautiful wife and two children. We'd like to get together for some reminiscing when the little lady arrives.

It just doesn't seem possible that a year has passed since JOHN McMAHON, former manager of the RAILROAD PASS CASINO, left to become one of the owners of the MONTE CARLO CLUB, downtown. Truly a great guy, John is in charge of the swing shift at the popular club and is the sort of a man who's indeed a friend to a friend.

Belated congratulations to SHIRLEY ANN KELLY and JESSE MIRANDA, married here September 22. The seventeen-year-old bride and eighteen-year-old groom looked like a couple of refugees from a truant officer but explained they were sweethearts since "childhood!" We hope they have as much happiness as their parents. Jesse's dad is CHUY MIRANDA, the wonderful guitarist who can be heard along with PAUL GARDOS in the Theatre Chuck Wagon of the EL RANCHO VEGAS.

We believe MURRY NORT, owner of the CLUB POLYNESIA, hit upon an idea that should go over as well as anything that's been attempted in any night spot. His club has the necessary decor for atmosphere. Starting Sunday, September 30, at 10 p. m., the Polynesia goes "south-of-the-border." A group of musicians will provide torrid Latin rhythms that should delight all lovers of rumba, tango, etc. Who isn't an admirer of this music that stirs the soul? We've yet to see anyone who can stay put when there's Latin music in the air. Though we'd like to tell you who the musicians are, we can't because we promised to keep their identities secret. Make a date with your favorite guy or gal and meet at Murry Nort's Club Polynesia, where you'll love to go "south-of-the-border."

SMALL WORLD DEPT.: BOB IVERSON, of the MESTA MACHINERY, is the fellow whom we mentioned earlier in the column as the chap who subsidized the MEDICAL GROUP BUILDING. Well, he went to prep school with BILL KOZLOFF, assistant general manager of the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. Both attended the Mercersburg Academy in Pa. While youngsters, they were great buddies but lost track of each other after graduation. Approximately 25 years later, almost 2500 miles from home, the two buddies met again last week when one of the pit bosses called Bill over to introduce him to Bob. Looks like the renewal of an old friendship. Bob's dad is president of Mesta, one of the largest in the world. Their only competitor is United Steel.

Las Vegas' COMMUNITY CHEST CAMPAIGN for 1952 begins October 1 and runs to the 13th. Minimum goal is $75,057. THOMAS J. McLAUGHLIN is chairman and we should all do our utmost to assist him to realize the figure, and even topping it. This is the American way of supporting youth in character building programs and is a direct means of showing our appreciation to men and women in our armed forces and veterans of past wars. Let's give and give what we can. One of the greatest pleasures a person finds in life is to give in order to help . . . and that's for sure.

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