



Louis J Hallis

March 9, 1925 - December 30, 2020

Lou a son of Greek immigrants was born March of 1925 in Hell's Kitchen NYC. Lou grew up in Bensonhurst Brooklyn, this was where he met his one and only sweetheart Betty whom he affectionately called "Vas". On his 18th birthday Lou signed up for the army and went off to fight in WWII. When Lou returned home from the war, he married his Vas in 1948. Together Lou & Betty raised their 2 daughters and were married just shy of 70 years. Lou was a devoted husband, father, and much loved "Uncle Louie" to many! Lou had a Brooklyn sense of humor, and definitely enjoyed a good poker game. Lou spent his career in the food service industry and airline catering, where he enjoyed running a tight ship, he was a No nonsense kind of guy. Lou & Betty moved to Nevada in 1997 where they spent their last years together with family in sunny Vegas.

Tribute Wall

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“ Dearest Paulette, I am so very sorry for your loss. Lou and Betty were always so very nice to me and my family. They were great neighbors...So many times I would ring your bell and your parents always welcomed me into their home. So many memories I've shared with them. BBQ's in the backyard. Easter dinner, or just watching tv in the basement . Lou was so brave he would even let you take his car so we can go cruising or out dancing. I miss those days very much ..But mostly I miss the people like Betty and Lou even more. Love you Paulette. If you need to talk. I am here. Love Lenore

Lenore - January 05, 2021 at 12:00 AM

ST

“ Dear Paulette, I'm sending a heartfelt condolence to you at this very difficult time. God Bless❤️

Susie Tucker - January 04, 2021 at 12:00 AM

JH

“ Our Uncle Lou was a larger than life character who knew all of the answers, even to questions that didn't exist yet. He loved his family fiercely, spoke loudly, and commanded a room when he entered it. His penchant for wearing silk socks on his hairless legs was a constant source of teasing by his Baltimore nephews. A sharp dresser, with a keen sense of humor he was always a crowd favorite! His uncanny parallel parking ability liberally using both his bumpers as well as the bumpers of cars parked in front of his and behind him was a sight to behold and hear. Driving with him In his latter years, I remember it to be, a death-defying act as his mis-estimation of the time it took to accomplish ahead of the oncoming car was purely the other car's problem to adapt to. Brooklyn swagger and bravado meeting the LA Vegas suburbs. No stranger to the kitchen, he was an accomplished cook and a deft carver of all meats...especially turkeys. Besides being (self-professed and asserted) as “1 of only 2 humans that ever lived who were EXACTLY & PRECISELY 6-feet tall in stature (the other was Jesus) “ he would put emphasis on his humorous points by shooting a finger gun at you while he loudly exclaimed “GOTCHA, BABY, GOTCHA!” He was my father's older brother. The guy that would call my Dad “Chaz”, “Meats” and “Meatball” as a term of endearment. A fictitious and (again self-proclaimed) accomplished Romeo with the ladies and a star of any/all sports....king of exaggeration, and embodiment of “Brooklyn Cool”.....he was my uncle, and I loved him VERY much! RIP, Uncle Lou...and say “hello” to “Meats” when you see him. Paulette is in good hands down here.

John Hallis - January 04, 2021 at 12:00 AM