June 24, 1950

Jack Cortez

Fabulous LASVEGAS

"HowdyPodner"



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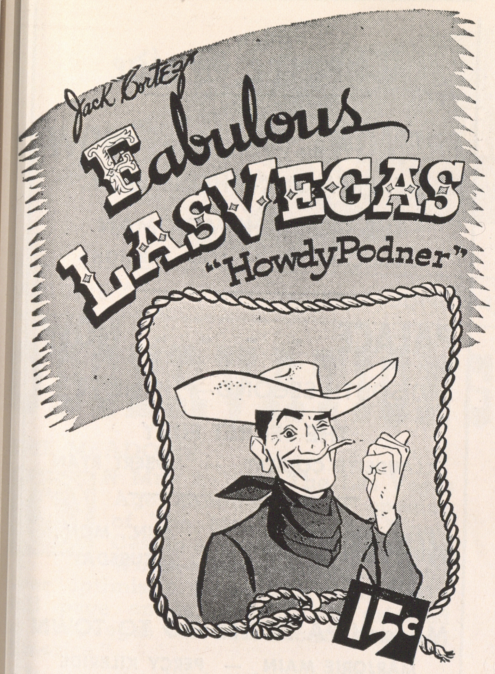
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 2, NO. 11

1600 South Main St.—Phone 937

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JOHNNY ON THE SPOT, BY JOHN UHLMAN

JACK CORTEZ, Editor and Publisher

JOHNNY UHLMAN, Advertising Manager

Subscriptions $5.00 per year

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Jack Cortez' Fabulous LAS VEGAS "HowdyPodner"

VOLUME 2 JUNE 24, 1950 NUMBER 11

OBSERVATIONS

. . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

THE MEADOWS

ON May 2, 1931, The Las Vegas Age announced the opening of The Meadows, the Finest Casino and Resort in America. Which sounds, perhaps, a little over optimistic, especially when in a full page announcement we referred to Las Vegas as "The Monte Carlo of America."

It was a really lovely place and did, so far as my rather extended observations go, rank well toward the top among similar places anywhere in the United States.

A few of us old timers remember The Meadows as something of a miracle which finally came true. For years we had been working and planning for something of the kind where Las Vegas people as well as our already considerable element of tourists, could gather of evenings, have a little social drink, dine well, dance and make merry. The Meadows was a really beautiful place, the food was excellent and there was room for quite a bunch of people with parking space for as many as 25 cars at one time.

We Las Vegas people really came to life, shook the long-caked dust from our shoes, put on our best suits and had some gay parties. The place really put new life and new hope into Las Vegas, fulfilling in a way the promises made in the name of Boulder Dam.

Three Cornero brothers were the moving spirits of The Meadows, Frankie, Louis and Tony. Frankie and Louis had personal charge of the enterprise, Tony coming only once in a while for a day or two so that only a few of us got to know him in those days, but personally I was very fond of Frankie and Louis.

The Meadows really started on the slide toward oblivion with a fire which took an addition which housed the help. The fire alarm brought the Las Vegas Fire Department out to the city limits, just beyond the junction of Fremont and Charleston, and there stopped and saw the fire burning furiously half a mile away. The Corneros were furious that the Las Vegas Fire Department did not continue to The Meadows and fight the fire. The Fire Department boys, backed by the City Commissioners, declared that a city ordinance provided that they should not go outside city territory. And so the Cornero Brothers lost interest in Las Vegas and closed The Meadows entirely.

Frankie died a little later in an automobile accident on his way to Los Angeles and the only useful function of The Meadows was to house the new radio station KENO which Max Kelch established there in November 1940.

Another stroke of night life enterprise came along about that time, in fact if my memory serves me right, two of them. One was The Red Rooster, four miles south on Highway 91, where it still is; the other the 91 Club, the name of which was later changed to The Pair o' Dice. The Red Rooster always had the reputation of being a little raucous and some of us can testify that the whisky was about the worst ever bottled. But the dinners were good, the music gay, and the dancing practically continuous.

The 91 Club was a really genteel place, to which our ladies considered it an honor to be invited. The dance floor was large and the music excellent and the place was large enough so that we could have some really large dinners, Rotary Club, Elks, Shriners, etc. That reminds me that the hospitality of Las Vegas being extended to visiting Shriners this week is nothing new. I read in an old volume of The Age a few days ago, an account of a group of Shriners passing through Las Vegas

(Continued on Page 29)

NOW . . .

Joan Brandon

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VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
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UNCLE ZECK SEZ

What I know of science
Is jest a little I have heard.
My knowledge of all science
I could tell you with a word.

Now they want to reach the moon,
And I know they're going to try.
That's some atmosphere to cover,
A-goin' through the sky.

It's never been accomplished
By the wings of any bird,
So they're usin' a new rocket,
Or somethin' that's absurd.

The mathematical problems
Have all been completed,
For their figures show both
gravity
And space defeated.

If they make the trip goin'
It's a long way to return,
Better take some extra rockets.
The kind that hiss and burn.

Suppose Mars is running smoothly
And hasn't got a care.
Why give them all our troubles
And our politics to share?

They sure ain't communists
And I don't think democratic,
'Cause they couldn't live so long
And be so damned erratic.

So let's forget the planets
And let them swing and sway,
'Til we can run our own world
In a more successful way.

VISION OF A DYING PROSPECTOR

In this desert glare
Even my ghost does not live.
Tho moving in the dancing heat,
He's negative.
Through the sight of scorching
eyes,
Just a fugitive.
Cloaked in mirage that vanishes,
To positive.

A WOMAN'S PREROGATIVE

I beseeched her repeatedly
And implored her with vain
endeavor,
She answered me so heatedly,
With a "Never, never, never."

But she changed her mind
completely
Now she answers me so sweetly,
In a way that's cute and clever,
With a "Yes; forever, ever."

MISTAKE?

A happy life is beckoning
While conscience does the
reckoning,
For love that nothing can erase,
Now awaits in sorrow's brooding
place.

Condemned to such a weighty
doom
Forgotten, in a torture tomb.

BEDFELLOWS

The sky
is that antique bed
in which the stars,
the moon and the sun
rest together.



"Howdy Pardners"

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Fred Skinner
AT THE PIANO

OPPOSITE THE HOTEL LAST FRONTIER

THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

. . by JACK CORTEZ

SUNDAY, June 25, is the SECOND ANNIVERSARY of the FLAMINGO HOTEL under its present ownership. We take this opportunity of wishing the management and all the employees of this wonderful hotel the very best of luck and continued success always. This "fabulous" hotel is indeed an asset to our town and we can certainly be very proud of the great work and good will the Flamingo Hotel creates here and throughout the entire country for FABULOUS LAS VEGAS.

The **amateur contest** that was held at the CLUB BINGO last Monday, and featured the employees of the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, was another huge success. Walking away with first prize was JOHNNY BATICK, a dealer, who sang "Blue Moon" in a most individual style. When Johnny completed his song, he literally brought the house down. We never heard such thunderous applause! Second prize went to RALPH KOEHN, bartender, who played the spoons and give "Brother Bones" some competition. Third prize was received by HELEN WHELAN, a lovely hostess, who sang "Chattanooga Shoe Shine Boy." Our congratulations to these winners and perhaps the start of a career in show business. Next week WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN will present their employees, and we'd like to remind our readers, once again, to come early in order to get a seat, because again there were many standees . . . JOE ZEMANSKY, well known in our town and operates HEANEY'S LOAN COMPANY in RENO, has carried a pocket Bible for 48 years, and is never without it. Joe received it as a gift from his wife when they were married. The pages are yellow with age, and practically fall apart each time it is opened. Mr. Zemansky considers this Bible one of his most precious and priceless possessions . . . Happy birthday to DOLORES FRAZZINI, June 28. Dolores is a lovely dancer with the GEORGE MORO group at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, and has a voice that nightingales would be jealous of. All of 20, and so much talent . . . The morning mail brought a letter from CHIC HECHT, now vacationing in PARIS, FRANCE. Quite understandably he writes: "Having a wonderful time—wish you were here. Please convey my regards to all. Will be back some time in August." . . . ARNOLD CHRISTENSEN, of CHRISTENSEN'S MEN'S WEAR, quite elated over the 11 month old blond pony he received for Father's Day. "MOMMY" PHYLLIS couldn't have picked a more appropriate gift, his love for horses is so great and No. 2 for the future ranch . . . MRS. BETTY KRUSE and her two lovely daughters left last week for BEMIDJI, MINNESOTA, for a two month summer vacation. Bemidji, a name we never heard of, is on Lake George, where the Kruses have a cottage and the spot they spend their anti-heat vacations. Mr. Kruse is the owner of the PACKARD AGENCY in town and the car that is causing so much talk. "Just ask the man who owns one" . . . HENRY LINDSEY, a resident of Victory Village, with his family, is one of the hardest working fellows we know of. He owns a little shop in the village where he manufactures custom made jewelry, and is an artist when it comes to cutting precious metals and gems. Because this work is of a sedentary nature, and keeps him confined to a work bench and chair all day, Mr. LINDSEY took the job of parking lot attendant at the FLAMINGO HOTEL in order to get some physical exercise. His hours are from 7:00 p. m. 'til 2:30 every morning. His very courteous manner has earned him many friends, and helped him to receive many orders for personalized jewelry . . . MOUGH CARSON, sensational masseur at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, started something new last week, that shows all indications of becoming quite a thing. Clients seeking a rubdown, always make their appointments in the evening. When 7 p. m. rolls around, Mough is besieged with calls and then comes a bottleneck. This situation had to be rectified, so he evolved a plan that is now in operation: A massage in the sun, a la solarium style. In most resort hotels, a solarium is part of the every day routine, but in our town, where hotels are built low and wide, ranch style, the

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TUTOR SCHERER

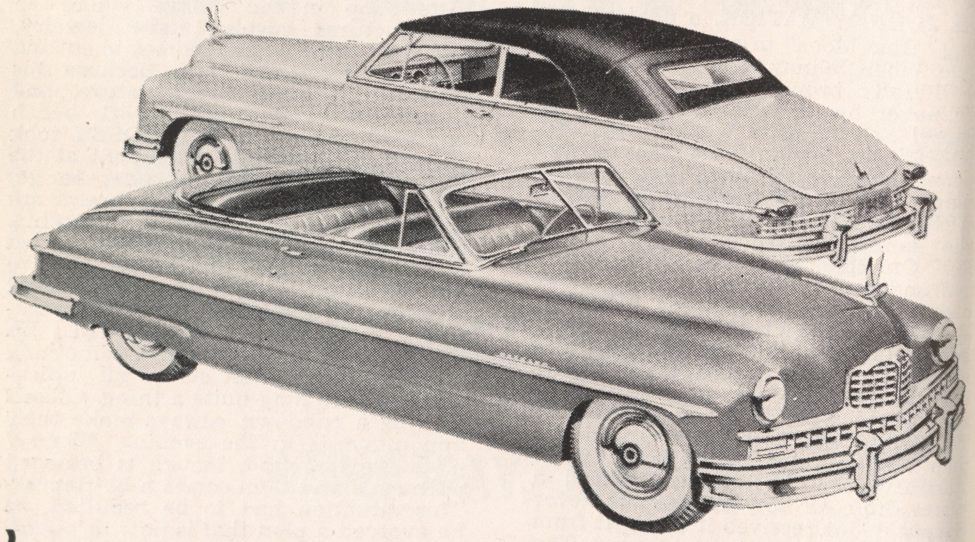
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THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

GALLUP, NEW MEXICO

NO, I haven't deserted Las Vegas but I've got something to tell you. Out of the clear sky, Mr. Jack Warner of Warner Brothers moving picture studio put this desert hill-billy into his next big western opus (picked that one up in Hollywood. Don't know what it means, but everybody uses it.)

That explains my sojourn into what the automobile licenses say is "The Land of Enchantment," New Mexico. I can't say at the present moment that I am enchanted, due to an extended period seated on a McClellan saddle situated on the vertebrae of a four-legged quadruped known as an equine method of travel. The horse looked all right, they say the McClellan saddles are good saddles so the weak point must have been the fault of my posterior. Yep, your Old-Timer is now a movie "actor" (there are those that could argue that point).

The name of the picture is "Rocky Mountain," according to the publicity man, Harry Mines said, I'm supposed to be sure and tell you people. "ROCKY MOUNTAIN" will be photographed in its entirety in New Mexico . . . There are no studio made scenes nor are there any interiors . . . all exteriors . . . one of the few pictures of this type produced . . ."

That fellow can sure sling words, can't he? But the odd part is, they are every one true. I can vouch for that, I am here. More about the story a little later on. I want to talk about a couple of people that are in the picture and being polite I shall mention the lady first. Put this little girl's name down in your little black book and mark four stars after it, because she will be a star just as sure as the sun comes up over Sunrise Mountain there at home. Her name is Patrice Wymore. And the leading man? Well, before I give you his name, I would like to say a thing or two about something I've harped on a dozen times—the fact that it is impossible to know a person until you have met them. That sounds like a colloquilism from the pen of Gertrude Stein. I'm not going to repeat the stories about this leading man because now that I know him personally, I am positive that they have been magnified to such an extent that I even wonder if they had any basis of truth at all.

Here are just a few of the happenings



not so much to show what I think of them, but I want you to feel the same toward him as I do. One of the location sights is approximately 55 miles from the hotel in which we all stay. Most of us ride the buses provided for us by the studio. Some have private cars. This gentleman has his car and he always sends it out to the location loaded with the fellows who are ready first and then turns around and rides with us guys on the bus. In the buses are prop men, electricians, horse wranglers, and all of those that go into the making of a motion picture.

This star of the first water rides with us. On location we eat what is known as a box lunch. The stars could easily have special meals prepared for them for they each have dressing room trailers at the site, that have cooking facilities, but our stars don't do that. They line up with us and eat the same things we do sitting in the shade of a truck or a camera stand even as I.

When it comes to fast riding on a horse, it is he who is on the horse and brother, can he ride! The other evening I was waiting for the bus as I'd finished my scene a little early—he had also completed his work. The wait would entail at least an hour and a half. I was tired and I knew he was too. He came over to me and said, "Chubby, I

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HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES

by MARTIN LEWIS

PORTRAIT OF A STAR

IF YOU'RE intrigued by truth-is-stranger-than-fiction tales, don't miss the Hollywood success story of rough and rugged VICTOR MATURE. It begins something like this:

Back in 1936, Cecil B. DeMille was plotting to put the Biblical ventures of "Samson and Delilah" before the cameras, and hottest contenders for the "leads" were HENRY WILCOXON and MIRIAM HOPKINS. Public interest in the casting of the roles had reached a terrific pitch. Strangely enough, a member of the "public" was an intense chap who thought there was a place for him in Hollywood film factories. He tried every angle, and at the same time managed to keep alive by washing cars and living in tents.

One day this fellow, Victor Mature by name, decided to try something in the nature of a desperate move. He parked his tent outside the DeMille offices smack in the heart of the film capital. To be sure the air was no bettter nor worse there than anywhere else in sunny California—except for one factor. DeMille was a producer and he was planning a story about Samson. Now everyone knows, the strongman of the Old Testament was a pretty fair-sized gent. Mature, on the other hand, is no midget himself, standing 6 feet 3 inches and tipping the scales at a robust 200 pounds. Vic put these facts together and thought to himself how astute it would be on "CB's" part to give him a chance at the role.

It was a noble try all right. But it got Mature nowhere. DeMille merely greeted him, then walked on. Apparently showman DeMille didn't recognize the showmanship of one Victor Mature. At any rate, plans for production of "Samson and Delilah" were abandoned —as was Vic's one night encampment outside Paramount Studios. He went his way and eventually, he got his spot in the movie world. Within recent years he has justified his early ambitions with notable performances in such hit films as "Kiss of Death," "Fury at Furnace Creek," "Red, Hot and Blue" and "The Chair for Martin Rome."

Fate, too, has given Mature his revenge—if it can be dubbed that—on epic-maker Cecil B. DeMille. "Revenge" in the form of the role of "Samson," Vic's biggest break in pictures. Yes, the unpredictable actor has made the grade and only a few yards away from the spot where his climb began.

Probably no other player has reversed the old formula of success as effectively as the popular ex-Kentuckian. Mature set his course for stardom ten years ago, then ignored the old recipes for cinematic fame and fortune. Unknowns usually follow a certain code—working hard, listening attentively to the director, cooperating with publicity men and keeping their pets at home. But not Mature. He gaily ignored all rules. Yet film folk liked his candor, his fun-loving attitude toward life.

In regard to his recent stint as "Samson," Vic feels the role is a turning point in his career. Movie critics agree on one thing. They say he is playing the role with depth and sincerity — and when he plays his parts that way he has tremendous audience appeal.

"Folks get the idea Samson is a brute, a king of muscular monstrosity," the star remarked between scenes of "Samson and Delilah." "Well, the way Mr. DeMille has him figured—and I agree —he was a big guy with a big failing. He had an eye for a girl. He was both judge and fool—a guy with a heart as soft as a kitten and as big as his chest measurement."

Vic "Samson" Mature's outlook on Hollywood is as realistic and refreshing as the fellow himself. When he recently was asked if he planned to continue his career on the motion picture sound stages, he shot back:

"Are you kidding? Give up a thing like this! Where can you make so much money for so little effort? Brother, I'm sticking around for as long as they'll have me."

And judging from the number of producers who are seeking Mature's services following his sensational performance opposite HEDY LAMARR in "Samson and Delilah"—that may be quite a spell.

Give Time and Guidance
To the Children!
Tutor Scherer

MY SINCEREST THANKS TO

LAS VEGAS

AND

WILBUR CLARK'S

DESERT INN



I HAD SUCH A WONDERFUL TIME!

EVELYN KNIGHT

EDITORIAL . . .

THAT big spread in LIFE MAGAZINE supposed to glorify LAS VEGAS and the opening of the DESERT INN, finally came out last week in their June 19 issue.

Story and pictures started on page 96, right through to 121—35 pages, hundreds of inches of space, all about gambling in the United States, and naming it the biggest racket in the world. On pages 98 and 99, there were photos and stories showing officers raiding clubs at various spots in the country and also a photo which we believe a very interesting one: GOVERNOR STEVENSON of Illinois, head in hands, in a most dramatic pose of frustration and almost prostration, saying, "Gambling has been my No. 1 headache." That pose, loaded with "ham," must have been for the benefit of the voters in that state.

Up to this point, these pictures are anything but glorifying. On pages 100 and 101, they inserted a large photo, which received a double spread, showing the entire personnel employed at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn. Sitting in the center is Wilbur, labeled president and general manager. Directly in front, a dice table layout with over a half a million dollars cash, casino checks and silver. All this to bring out the writer's story which delves strictly into the "gambling racket."

The photographers and writers of Life Magazine were invited to come out here by the Hotel and more than 200 pictures were taken. Many pencils were worn down taking notes and items, quite a few gallons of gas were used visiting our other hotels and clubs and always taking notes and pictures. What we fail to understand, or how it came about, is the fact that only **one** picture was used. We imagine the reason behind this entire layout: The editors of this magazine had no intentions whatsoever of glorifying or glamorizing our town or our beautiful hotels, and the various great attractions we have to offer the thousands of tourists who visit us each and every week. On pages 104 and 105, a story pertaining to the tycoons who supposedly run the gambling industry and their pictures—12 of them. We are thankful that none of them were Las Vegas residents or any of our hotel and club owners. If they had been, it wouldn't have made very much difference. We have read many exposes on gambling from time to time, but never anything as bigoted as this article.

When Life accepted Mr. Clark's invitation to attend the opening of the Desert Inn, they must have had this particular story set up, and only needed a little more background because their placing of just **one** picture from the many hundreds that were taken, is proof enough of their intentions. On the top of the page was a very small picture of GOVERNOR PITTMAN and **"Gambler" Clark**—not "Mister."

Why did they take so many pictures and only use one? They could have shown the actual beauty of the hotels—patrons swimming and enjoying themselves in the sun, tennis, playing, etc., but to do all that would have killed their 25-page story. Some of the subtitles on the stories they used were "Lowdown on the nation's biggest racket"; "Illinois strives to drive it out"; "Nevada brings it out in the open, and gets rich"; "Nevada loves slot machines"; "The tycoons who run the business"; "Policy racket preys on poor," etc. All these stories are as old as Methuselah himself. In fact, any normal child of 10 or 12 knows these things, but we are above board and do not have to sneak in alleys such as practiced in every city or hamlet in the United States!

Our answer to this co-called publicity the publishers of Life gave us is, "THANK YOU, HENRY LUCE, FOR NOTHING"! A staff of your photographers and reporters were guests of Mr. Clark's for almost a week, were shown every courtesy, wrote story after story about the Desert Inn as well as our other "fabulous" hotels, and the exceptional advantages offered to vacationers. For example—outdoor life, hunting, fishing, swimming, sensational shows, etc. What happened to these stories? Had you printed any of your reporters' stories and what they actually saw, and how thrilled they were with everything they had seen, you'd never have that 25-page story layout, but 50 pages of highly interesting news matter. By the way, three of your representa-

(Continued on Page 29)

Think, Talk and
Live American!
TUTOR SCHERER

IN FOND MEMORY OF
JAKE KATLEMAN

FROM THE MANAGEMENT
AND THE PERSONNEL

OF

HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS

Review of the Shows . . . a View of Personalities

. . . by JACK CORTEZ



★ El Rancho Vegas

(June 21 through July 4)

PATTI MOORE and BEN LESSEY headline the present revue in the ROUND-UP ROOM. They are a wonderful couple, specializing in original parodies and comical satires, all done in fast and clever patter. It is evident that the more this couple play our town, the more popular they become. Approximately a year ago, we said that Patti Moore radiates more personality than one of those generators at BOULDER DAM. We repeat that—but add—**another generator.** Their rendition of "Wait 'til the Sun Shines, Nellie," imitation of the Jack Cole dancers, and more bits of similar nature are outstanding. It required four encores to satisfy first nighters . . . On the same bill are the SENSATIONALS, a roller skating act, who perform feats of daring and amazing skill. Watching these gyrators and their defiance against gravity makes us wonder how any human can stand such mad twirling and twisting, and still come up smiling . . . THE GEORGE MORO DANCERS again introduce two routines very beautifully done. DOLORES FRAZZINO is the lovely girl featured in the "Alice Blue Gown" number . . . AL JAHNS and his orchestra, ably assisted by LOUISE doing the vocals, supply music both for the show and dancing.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Hotel Last Frontier

(June 16 through June 29)

PHIL SILVERS, famous star of stage, screen and radio fame, headlines this presentation in the RAMONA ROOM. He is one of the cleverest and most novel comedians seen in our town, or anywhere else for that matter. His material is most original, and above all, very funny. Phil, who always portrays the part of the leading man's best friend on the screen, does a few hilarious skits that are outstanding, in each one using the line "GOT THE STUFF IN THE CAR." We'll add to that and say: Phil Silvers "got the stuff," not in the car, **"but on the stage,"** with guaranteed laughs practically every minute on the minute . . . On the same bill is NICK LUCAS, strumming his familiar guitar, reintroducing nostalgic tunes of yesteryear and this year. Mr. Lucas of "Tip Toe Through the Tulip" fame, and other such song hits, goes over very well with the young and not so young audience. . . . SUJATA and ASOKA, the dance team, introduce quaint routines practiced in India and Tibet, are dressed in multi-colored and bejeweled costumes which should arouse many a jeweler's interest as to monetary value . . . In the opening spot, TOMMY DOWD, a witty magician, whose tricks aren't new, but his presentation is. His amusing chatter helps keep you entertained . . . NICK STUART and his orchestra, here just for two weeks, cut a wonderful all music show and play your favorite hit tunes for dansapation.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Flamingo Hotel

(June 15 through June 28)

That lovable star of stage, screen and radio, the one and only MITZI GREEN, headlines the current show in the FLAMINGO ROOM. This blonderful young lady, who caused a sensation as a child star, is even more so in maturity. Her impersonations of SOPHIE TUCKER, GEORGE ARLISS, FANNY BRICE, HILDEGARDE, and many others, are truly outstanding. Most of all, there's just **one** Mitzi Green, a great name and star that no one can impersonate or imitate . . . DAVE KENNER, at the piano, is Mitzi's able accompanist . . . On the same bill, a most novel act called the 5 TAYLORS, a teen-age group of acrobats—ranging from 12 to 19, who perform many tricks that require lots of muscular control. To watch these teen-agers and their remarkably well built bodies, should inspire our youngsters to do the same, but be careful—it's tougher than you think . . . The KURT JONS dancers, under the capable direction of JEAN DEVLYN, present two beautiful routines, a Samba and an East Indian number. They are exquisitely costumed with Kurt Jons featured in both . . . Last but not least, as m.c. of the show, GENE WESSON, of the comedy team THE WESSON BROTHERS, does a wonderful job as your host, plus a few imitations. This is something new for Gene, but he handles his chore very well . . . MATTY MALNECK and his orchestra, brought back by popular demand, cut an excellent show and offer music for your dancing pleasure . . .For intermission, it's the STAR KINGS, an instrumental duo, violin and accordion, playing beautiful music and requestfully yours.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

(June 20 through June 30)

SALLY AND TONY DE MARCO, one of the most graceful dance teams on the stage today, headline this production called "SUMMER NIGHTS" in the PAINTED DESERT ROOM. To watch this team is a thrill you can't afford to miss. The De Marcos dance like they love and enjoy every minute of it. Their style can never be duplicated, no matter how often tried by various dance teams throughout the country. **Perfection and superb grace** aptly describe Sally and Tony De Marco to a "T" . . . On the same bill is GEORGIE KAYE, a comic who starts off slow but gains laugh momentum as the show progresses. His psychiatrist skit is a hilarious routine . . . The ARDEN FLETCHER DANCERS, a bevy of 12 beauties, come up with two new routines, a **Bali Hai number,** and the **Blues,** in which all the girls are exquisitely costumed, with JOHNNY MARTIN, wonderful m.c., doing the vocals in both presentations . . . **"Mr. Babalu,"** MIGUELITO VALDEZ and orchestra knock out a mad tempo beat, with Mr. Valdez doing vocal solos on the conga drums in the show. Miguelito continues after curtain time for patron dancing . . . THE BUDDY GROVER TRIO, "greatest three-piece ensemble in the West," play lots of music and take over during intermission.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Thunderbird Hotel

(June 22 through July 5)
(Not a review)

THE INKSPOTS, a quartet of great singers, who definitely need no introduction, headline the current show in the THUNDERBIRD ROOM. Their many records have sold in the millions. They are the only act on the bill, but no more is needed. Audiences never get enough of them. The more you hear, the more you want, and those solos of BILL KENNY, especially when he goes into that "I Didn't Care" favorite, almost tears the house down with the thunderous applause. Each man, individually, has an outstanding style of rendition . . . THE DANSATIONS will present their miniature revue featuring both BILLY DANIELS, of motion picture "Wabash Avenue" fame, and CHRISTINA CARSON. The two numbers promise to be on the style of a Broadway production . . . SANDY SANDIFER and his orchestra, ably assisted by BETSY JONES, doing the vocals, supply both music for the show and dancing.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

(Continued on page 34)

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'JEST WRITING'

. . . by STAN IRWIN

IT'S a boy! It's a BOY! IT'S A BOY! Born on June 10 at 6:28 p. m., weighing 8 pounds 5 ounces and 20 inches long . . . name of Lanny Wayne. I am a DADDY . . . or as the "bopsters" say, "DADDIO." This, of course, makes my wife a MOTHER, our sisters become AUNTS, our respective parents . . . GRANDPARENTS and nephews and nieces become COUSINS. One child is born and right away, everybody changes titles.

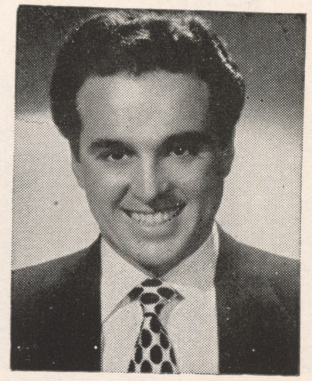
Here are my observations and faus pas on becoming a father.

First, if you tell people you weren't nervous, they don't believe you. Even if you're a non-smoker, you should have smoked at least four packs of cigarets . . . AND wear out the soles and heels of at least three pairs of shoes. I didn't smoke ONE cigaret, chewed three packs of gum instead . . . and the only thing I worn out was the seat of my pants from sitting. I was too tired to walk, I didn't have any sleep.

Second, when the doctor tells you that you are the proud father of a baby, you're supposed to say, "How's my wife?" I said . . . "How much did he weigh?"

Third, when you see the baby for the first time, you're supposed to say, "How cute . . . kitchee coo . . . da! da! . . ." At this point the child is supposed to cry, shedding tears. It seems that a new born baby should be wet at one end or the other. When I saw my son, I said, "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?" The boy looked at me, winked and ad-libbed, "That was no lady . . . that was YOUR wife."

Fourth, according to the better motion pictures, seeing your wife after she gave birth is one of life's most dramatic moments. You're supposed to slowly open the door to her room, gently sneak in. Your face should have an expression of complete love and adoration. Slowly



you walk to her as she lies in bed, her face a vignette, outlined by the white of the pillow case, her eyes are closed . . . her hair perfectly groomed and her face radiant because of exacting make-up impeccably applied. Her eyelids slowly part . . . she sees you and smiles. You smile in return, gulp as your eyes begin to tear, then you whisper . . . ever so tenderly, "Darling, he's beautiful . . . how do you feel?" Then you kiss for the first time as Daddy and Mommy. That's how it's done in the movies. The first time I saw my wife, after they delivered her from the delivery room to her room, her hair looked as if it was combed by a malted milk machine and the pillow case was a vignette outlined by the white of her face. Although her eyelids were closed . . . she didn't open them until long after I was gone. She was knocked out for the night from an injection most professionally administered. The first word I said was "hello" because she phoned the next morning.

So, all in all, even if the final stage of becoming a father isn't in accordance with the movies or public opinion, it's o. k., because the first stage IS!

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

TUTOR SCHERER



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Round the Clock with the Rounders

. . . by ALEX HENIG

HOME at last and plenty happy to be here in "fabulous" Las Vegas. Yes, with good news that my buddy and Dad is out of danger and will recover. To all you wonderful people who sent letters and cards: Thank you, YOUR PRAYERS WORKED!

New York life . . . Remember the names of Miller and Byron, those two have just started as a team. They are funny and this Miller can really sing. Hope to see them in Las Vegas . . . Spotted actor Ronald Reagan with pretty starlet Piper Laurie. She's the girl who eats orchids to keep beautiful . . . Packing them in as always, comic Danny Thomas at Bill Miller's Riviera. Danny had to beg off after coming back five times. He's the top comedian in this country . . . Old favorites of Las Vegas, doing a great job at the Roxy Theater, wish to say hello to all—dancers Mary Raye and Naldi . . . Song writer Irving Berlin talking to a friend on Fifth Avenue and 51st Street. It must be about Irving's newest song hits . . . Brooklyn's pitcher Ralph Branca to wed Ann Mulvey within a few weeks. Hope it helps Ralph's pitching—it's been on the bad side lately . . . A close friend of Sharman Douglas told this reporter that movie actor Peter Lawford is out as far as Sharman is concerned. Her love at present is Ed Friendly Jr. (lots of loot) . . . Coming out of Lindy's, the hangout for all the show people, comic Jackie Miles and Sid Caesar. Jackie had that Las Vegas sun tan. He sure looked good compared to those New York "ghosts" . . . We walked over to Hanson's Drug Store (alias: Snake Pit), on 50th Street and Seventh Avenue. The corner was loaded with the chain characters. Everybody is there to see if he can out-do an outdoer . . . The great trumpet player of many a year, Louis Armstrong, celebrates his 50th birthday at Bop City on July 4. This promises to be a gala affair, as Louis is the father of them all. . . . A very helpful young beauty is Estrella Rodriguez for service plus. Look this girl up, if ever you're in New York, she's at 70 East 45th Street, anything in transportation . . . Dancer Kay Coburn wishes to say hello to all the Arden-Fletcher dancers. At present she's working at the Riviera . . . The record king along Broadway is Milton Rosen who wishes to let you know of Tony Bennett's sensational rendition "Boulevard of Broken Dreams." It's an



oldie—with a new twist. Milton is the one who started the song "The Old Piano Roll Blues" rolling again . . . Joan Crawford's protege singer, Marion Morgan, is knocking 'em dead on TV. Her arranger is LeRoy Holmes who is one of the best in the business today. Hello Cortez and Chubby was the message . . . STAN IRWIN, LAS VEGAS' OWN WONDER BOY, IS JUST AS POPULAR HERE IN N. Y. C. . . . Coming out of the Barbizon Club (for women) beautiful newcomers to the East were Regina Reynolds (singer) and her friend Hetty Linden (?). You could still see the hay seeds all over them. We spoke about L. V.—fellows, watch out! . . . SOMETHING ABOUT LOS ANGELES. The big wedding party over last week-end took place at Sirocco's on the Strip. Charming Gloria Radovich and Milo Kujunjich (contractor) will be married this week. Brother Bill was famous for his football at Southern California and pro ball with the '49ers. Some of the guests were Sophie Katich, Bette Colich, Anna Marie Gogo (actress), Darlene Radulorich, Millie Pecel, Ann Brenton (CBS), Violet and Sadie Fearlin and the hostess Olga Skoro who saw that everyone was kept happy. A rumor that's worth telling about: Owner Leo Pavich and Babe Fearlin

(Continued on Page 31)

DON'T HOLD

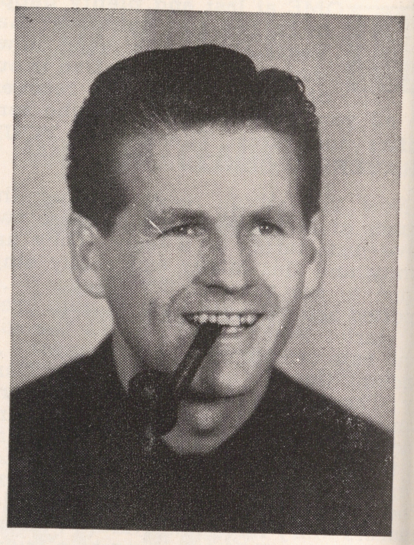
LAS VEGAS SHORT

Tutor Scherer

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT by JOHNNY UHLMAN

MORE evidence of the rapid manner in which this town of ours is growing, and the faith that men of vision have in its destiny! Next Wednesday, June 28, will see the grand opening of the RANCH HOUSE RESTAURANT here on the famous "Strip." The property has been leased from owner BOB BROOKS by three men who are specialists in their particular fields and have done a lot of planning toward making this project of theirs one of the most successful ever to come to our town.

It'll work something like this: ALFRED FRANK has been in the purchasing business for many years and will make it his personal aim to see to it that the best, and only the best, of meats and produce are ever used in the preparation of the dinners, etc., that come out of their newly remodeled and refitted, modern kitchen. How can anyone mention the kitchen without mentioning the chef? This spot is under the capable hand of chef FRANCOIS ROGALLE, long known for his delectable and delicious offerings. Now we come to LAWRENCE ARBON, well and favorably known restaurateur and night club operator of Hollywood, Miami and New York. The final preparation of the food and its presentation in the dining room will be under the personal supervision of Lawrence, who is well known for his long association with Slapsie Maxie's in Hollywood. Now . . . Combine the two features of smart buying with "know-how" in preparation and you can see how these men are going to be able to offer the patronizing public a complete SEVEN COURSE DINNER for only $2.50. Beat THAT, will you? Here's a feature that Lawrence told me about that I particularly liked! You will be able to order anything you want at anytime! Just name it and it will be prepared for you. The last of these three men that I want you to meet is no stranger to most of you: MILTON SYDE. It's up to him to see that everyone is made to feel at home and enjoy themselves. For instance, he has signed FRED SKINNER to play piano interludes, for your listening pleasure, on the newly constructed stage at the end of the bar. Fred is well known on the coast for his popular engagements at Earl Carroll's and the Florentine Gardens. At the RANCH HOUSE he will play for you from 11 o'clock in the evening until "you say



when." Well! What do you think? It looks to me like we are really going to have a "roundervoo" for ROUNDERS when the RANCH HOUSE opens its doors this Wednesday! Owner BOB BROOKS has big plans for this piece of property of his. In the not too distant future you will see them breaking ground at this spot for the construction of a 100-room hotel unit, with a swimming pool and an OPEN AIR DANCE PAVILION. What a happy day THAT will be! . . . While I'm talking about new construction: The LAS VEGAS THOROUGHBRED RACING ASSOCIATION is building new offices, too! You have no doubt noticed the new building going up out on the Strip just opposite the new road that has been cut through to the race track. That's it! The new home of the LVTRA. Curiosity got the best of me the other day, so I drove out to the track to see for myself just what was going on out there. It's a BEEHIVE! Most of the stables are done and they are in the process of putting up a lot of cement block buildings adjacent to the stables. The dust was too deep for ME, so I didn't leave the comparative protection of my beat up old bus to find out what these buildings were, but the fellows who were working on them were going as if they were getting paid by the BLOCK instead of by the hour. Yes, the place is beginning to take shape, and one of these days we will see what a lot of people said would never be: The most beautiful track in all the country . . . One of the biggest compensations for the long hours that are put into working on this magazine is the fact that I meet a lot of fine people and soon find myself calling them "friend." As the old saying goes, "It only takes one good one to make up for a lot of bad ones." I met a "good one" the other day! I stopped into THE ROWEL in the Frontier Western Village to see GLENN and VHADA WHORTON and met DALE BELL, their partner in this enterprise. Dale takes care of the store in Ely most of the time but came down here to let Glenn and Vhada go to L. A. for a few days. Usually there is at least ONE "stinker" in a partnership, but not this one. Look for THE ROWEL to become one of our most popular stores in the western gear and sportswear department. Nice people like these can't miss! . . . Try to remember those days when the Sunday School used to take all the kids out to the old swimming hole and have the annual picnic. How you would try to out swim everyone else 'cause your best girl or boy friend was there! That same keen competition is partially the system used by ACE TENNIS out at TWIN LAKES POOL when he gives his free class for kids from 6 to 16 each Monday morning at 10:30 a. m. Last Monday morning there were, if you can imagine, 51 kids in the water at one time, and each one trying to outdo the other. Ace told me that he was well satisfied with the results and felt that at least 80 percent of those kids learned a little more about swimming than they had known before they came in. It's nice to find people in this day and age that are still interested in teaching small fry some of the rudiments of self preservation. I say, "More power to TWIN LAKES POOL and their policies" . . . Have you been in as yet to meet FLOYD and LOUISE at the BOTTLE HOUSE on South Fifth? If you haven't, you are passing up a chance to meet two mighty fine people. I only met them a short time ago and already they seem like old friends of the family. If they represent a cross section of the kind of people to be found in Ellsworth, Wisconsin, which USED to be their home, then send us some more! If you haven't been into the store for a while you wouldn't recognize the place. When you go in the next time, notice the inlaid "Bottle House" sign in the linoleum on the floor. The first thing I notice when I stop in to see Floyd and Louise is the fact that the place is always as clean as a pin from top to bottom . . . About a year and a half ago I met a party at the El Cortez Hotel where I was working at the time. Because of the fact that she had more and more trouble trying to leave Vegas and go back home each time she just gave up and now has gone into business in North Vegas. She is making our town, her town! I refer to MRS. CLARA MITCHELL who just recently went into partnership with LYNN McKNIGHT in the ownership of the DESERT OASIS CAFE located next to the Zanzibar. Lynn is one of the partners in the Zanzibar, which has a door joining it to the cafe . . . If you really like to hear piano playing to satisfy your particular feelings or anyone else's, for that matter, I have just the man for you. BOB LAINE, playing in the Gay Nineties Bar at the Hotel Last Frontier, is the guy that can play practically anything you might ask for and play it the way you want to hear it played. I mean he plays almost every style there is to play. The REASON it sounds good? Bob likes to play for people who enjoy listening. He has a LOT OF TECHNIQUE! . . . And that about winds it up for this week, kids . . . I'm happy you could be here!

—JOHNNY.

This is woman's world! When a man is born people ask, "How is the mother?" When he marries they exclaim, "What a lovely bride!" And when he dies they inquire, "How much did he leave her?" — Mexican - American Review.

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

TUTOR SCHERER

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Tutor Scherer

FRONT ROW CENTER

. . by JOHN RYKEN

CARD games are a fascinating way of killing time especially if no money changes hands. In the past several years I have learned the intricacies of contract bridge, pinochle, gin rummy, Russian bank, but to me the newest card game I've heard is the most interesting.

I had heard from the followers of Canasta that once you learned the game it was worse than gin rummy—you couldn't put the cards away. Last Monday I became a member of the group and plunged into the learning of the game. One thing that I found to be true the game isn't difficult to learn but the fine points of the game aren't too easy. However it is a time killer that competes on an equal level with bridge. Socially the game is a great inducement to an entertaining evening for any guest who happens to drop over unexpectedly. The rules are available at any stationery store as are the directions. So, for those who don't know how to play, get busy and learn. You won't be sorry.

This week-end several hundred people will converge on Hotel Flamingo for the world premiere of "My Friend Irma Goes West." Included will be the stars of the production. John Lund, Corrine Calvet, Diana Lynn, the team of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis and, of course, Marie Wilson. Some of the scenes of the picture were actually filmed on the grounds of Hotel Flamingo. It should be a big affair all tied in with the second anniversary of the present management. More on this next week.

Radio Lines

The trade papers are full of radio deals and pending deals that always crop up during the hot weather months. It is during this period when the sales forces of the networks do their hardest work in either renewing clients or trying to sell new prospective clients on radio as an advertising medium with a greater impact than newspapers or magazines. This summer the competition is the greatest it has ever been. For there are less sponsors who think in terms of radio than ever before. TV is wooing many a long time AM client and the tremendous cost on TV is cancelling out the budgets that once were allocated to AM. Nevertheless, expectations are high that the '50-'51 season will be a lucrative one for NBC and CBS with ABC holding its own. Mutual still is selling their co-op shows successfully and can



be expected to show a slight profit. Radio is not dead as a sales force not by a long shot . . . Short Shorts: Bob Hope has been signed by NBC to a long term contract with Chesterfield picking up the tab . . . With Groucho Marx moving to NBC there is the difficulty of trying to find a time for him close to his CBS Wednesday time . . . Several long time sponsors are not saying whether they will renew or not, namely Johnson Wax on "Fibber and McGee" and Kraft Foods on "Great Gildersleeve" . . . With all the network confabs and worries most established independents are doing the best business they have ever done. Music, sports and news has paid off for years as an unbeatable three-way parlay . . . "Truth or Consequences" moves to CBS this fall and will probably be simulcast . . . ABC won the battle to retain the Metropolitan Opera on the air for Texaco who has sponsored it for many years. NBC was trying to get the business.

Musically Speaking

Traditionally, summer is a period of sales resistance in the music business. Records and sheet music find a slow market and business in general is slow. But Capitol Records have reversed that trend every summer for the past few years. This summer looks like there will be no exception. Two entries are break-

(Continued on Page 29)

DON'T WORRY — WATCH
LAS VEGAS GROW
TUTOR SCHERER

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

solariums aren't practical. Therefore, much to the delight of the onlookers, Mr. Carson does his "deep kneading and molding" in the sun. If the Mountain won't come to Mahomet, Mahomet comes to the Mountain. NOW, Mough is doing great business, everybody is happy at the Hotel El Rancho, and the suntans are spreading in copper hues. . . . This Sunday, the popular show, "Earn Your Vacation," will emanate from the FLAMINGO HOTEL, and may run into a brick wall, when JAY C. FLIPPEN, the m.c. of the show, will ask contestants "Where in all the world would you like to spend your vacation?" That query is going to be a tough one to answer. In our estimation, there just isn't a place in all the world more conducive to vacations than right here. Luckily, this air show will be taped for rebroadcast the following week, because we're almost certain every answer will be: "Thank you, but we'll stay in Las Vegas." . . . Congratulations to the CHET LAUCKS, who celebrated their **25th wedding anniversary** last week. The big event took place at WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN, with many celebrities attending the happy occasion. Mr. Lauck is the MR. LUM of that famous radio team LUM and ABNER. The Laucks were also mighty proud when they announced that they were soon to become grandparents . . . TITO GUIZAR recently wrote and recorded a new tune called "LAST NIGHT," that's as hot as a tamale. This recording shows all indications of being one of the biggest hits in MEXICO, and we feel it won't be too long before it catches on in the States . . . We like the new uniforms sported by the MIKE WERNER band at the CLUB BINGO. However, Mike is the only one who can't be matched as well as the members. He claims he has a tough time because "shrimps" need special fittings . . . Congratulations to MIKE, the barber in the WESTERN VILLAGE at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. His lovely wife Tess presented him with a daughter last week. When he dashed off to the Clark County Hospital, MILTON DEUTSCH, director of Western Village, posted a sign on the window of the barber shop reading "Went to the hospital, too nervous to hold a razor—will be back when all is over" . . . COWBOY BENNY BINION and FRANK CONVERSE sold their interest in the WESTERNER CLUB last Saturday. It was difficult to believe at first that these two gentlemen would

(Continued on Page 29)

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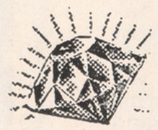
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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 27)

sell their interests after such a short time in that spot. Mr. Binion worked very hard and did everything to make a success of this venture. Both his and Mr. Converse's stock in this popular club were bought by "GUMBO" GEORGETTI, of Oakland, San Francisco, and also a very popular guy in Las Vegas. When we spoke to Mr. Binion that day, he said jokingly: "It's too warm to work in the summer, I'd like to relax a bit and be able to spend more time with my family, but I promise, if all is well, to be in business soon, in the near future." We wish Benny Binion, Frank Converse and Gumbo Georgetti the very best of luck and hope they find great success in whatever they do, AND THAT'S FOR SURE.

EDITORIAL:

(Continued from Page 15)

tives won a bit on the gaming tables while they were here and no one twisted their arms to play. **AND** that goes for anyone and everyone who visits any of the casinos in Las Vegas. Perhaps some day we will learn to check **first** on what a publication intends doing before we accord them any cooperation. It becomes mighty tedious and tiresome to be **used** all the time by hungry editors and publishers, who practice and love sensationalism in order to boost their circulation. The publicity and public relations staffs employed in our hotels always strive for a story or pictures and then send them off to various newspapers. But each item is news worth while. This story for Life Magazine was supposed to have been a big scoop, that turned out to be a **heck of a big dud,** and that's for sure.

JOHN RYKEN:

(Continued from Page 26)

ing for a big hit. "Mona Lisa" recorded by King Cole and "Blind Date" recorded by Margaret Whiting and Bob Hope. Right behind it seems that a sleeper may move out into the hit class. Advance orders are brisk for "Happy Feet," done by Dean Marin. The industry in general hopes to go along with Capitol. Mercury has a potential in Vic Damone's "Vagabond Shoes," Decca in "Zeena, Zeena, Zeena" recorded by Gordon Jenkins, Columbia with Doris Day's platter of "I Didn't Slip, I Wasn't Pushed, I Fell," and Victor with Tony Martin's "La Vie en Rose." If they all do become hits then the traditional summer business lull will not materialize.

That is the news for this week.

—J. R.

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

who were entertained at the 91 Club and had a wonderful time. That was the forerunner, I believe, of that greatest and most impressive ceremonial Al Malaikah Temple, Los Angeles, put on at the dam.

Eleven special trains brought about six thousand Nobles to the big show, which was supposed to start at midnight. One after another the trains made their way carefully over the U. P. branch line down into the canyon above the dam which then was about completed but was not yet impounding water. The railroad track was built along the canyon wall right to the up stream face of the dam. There was not enough trackage to accommodate all the trains and it was 2 o'clock when the six thousand Nobles sat expectantly on the rocks above the face of the dam. After what seemed an interminable wait, out of the darkness from the rim of the great canyon sounded the bugle call. Then a spot of bright light appeared in the sky far above the heads of the great and silent throng. The spot grew larger and brighter as finally the large platform all bright with flags and colored drapings, came to rest before us with the great face of the dam towering 550 feet above us for a backdrop. The Shrine Divan and officers and uniformed bodies solemnly and as silently as they had dropped out of the sky, stepped from the skip and went on with the work of the degrees. It was truly the most sublime and beautiful occasion of which any of those who were there could ever be a part—unless, perhaps. Al Malaikah should plan another historic ceremonial with the completed dam as a back ground.

Well, I see I have diverged from my story of night clubs in early Las Vegas. What became of The Pair o' Dice or the 91 Club? It is still here—the beautiful casino of Hotel Last Frontier.

The best way to prevent juvenile delinquency is to avoid parental delinquency!

Tutor Scherer

YOUR NEIGHBOR

. . . by AUDREY LEE

IF YOU ever find yourself a bit on the lonesome side . . . even if you are not lonesome or, just feel like having a nice neighborly chat, do drop into the GOLDEN NUGGET . . . walk up to the bar, and ask for BILL DUGAN. You will not only be graciously served, but in a few short minutes you hear more tall tales, about LAS VEGAS, its amazing wonders, and its astonishing growth, than you can ever learn reading six history books, all of them about NEVADA.

That hearty laughter you hear at Bill's end of the bar is no doubt due to some new joke he has just told, and make no mistake, that Irishman is the kind of a fellow who can put laughter into any joke.

Yes, Miss, and what will it be now?" just give Bill a friendly smile, and that first greeting will be followed by a wonderful chat, that is IF you can call it a chat . . . Bill does most of the talking. He never misses a customer, or an order, flies around behind the bar as if he were on wheels, knows how to mix any drink you can dream of, and is about the happiest person I have ever met, any where, in my travels.

"Just how did you pick LAS VEGAS as a place to make your home?" you ask most innocently, and it is then Bill gives you that sly Irish smile which says, "Now look here, me fine lass, I did not come here for anything, but good." Bill is now firmly launched into why he came to LAS VEGAS . . . where he came from . . . and what a FINE guy his boss is. "I have worked for GUY McAFEE for 11 years now, and GOD willing, I will work for no other man," proudly announces this genial gentleman.

The story goes something like this. Twenty-two years ago, the doctors gave Bill the saddest news in his life. His adored wife had been seriously ill for several years, the doctors gave her but little time to live, and it was a certainty she could never battle through another winter in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

This sad news was not the only below the belt blow for Bill, his was the very unhappy duty to break the news to Mrs. Dugan, and their families. There seemed just one chance left, they must leave the home and friends they had known all their lives, take their two tiny children, bid good-bye to their families, then seek a new way of life and health, in the far west.

No one, least of all the doctors, encouraged such a drastic step, very frankly they said the trip was much too hazardous, it was most, most doubtful if Mrs. Dugan could endure the rigors of such a journey. There were so many, many reasons advanced as to why the trip should **not** be made, never one, even slight, reason why it should be.

Bill Dugan was a bewildered, confused unhappy man as he had long talks with his wife, then their families, their friends, the doctors, and their priest. But after all the opinions were carefully weighed, these two brave people, **against all advice,** packed their bags, tucked the two kiddies under their arms, and traveled to that far off place, LAS VEGAS.

No, it was not quite so simple as all of that. Mrs. Dugan too ill to even sit up for more than an hour at a time, had to be carried onto the train, and was confined to her berth the full distance. Bill carried on all alone, as nurse to his wife, and nurse to the children. It was a very tired, harassed, weary, but courageous young man who alighted at the station, in far off NEVADA, with his little family.

The Dugans were very vague about what they were going to find at this end of the road . . . yes, they knew it was desert . . . there was plenty of glorious sunshine and dry air . . . no snow storms . . . no heavy clouds of smoke, hanging over the town for days . . . they knew there were miles and miles of open desert valley, surrounded by the most wonderful pine covered mountains . . . yes, all of this the Dugans had heard and read . . . but the town itself, and what it offered . . . that was X . . . the unknown quantity, offering a great mysterious new experience in living.

Ah, there was the second problem to be met . . . the small matter of earning a living. For 45 years Bill's parents had been in the liquor business. At one location in Pittsburgh Bill knew the liquor business with his eyes closed, but **just how many opportunities were there** for a man in this strange town, a town

(Continued on page 34)

Good Schools Today . . .
Good Citizens Tomorrow
TUTOR SCHERER

THE OLD TIMER:

(Continued from Page 11)

think I'll go in a little early this time. You're through, too. Why don't you ride in with me?" You people know I don't get nonplussed, but that stopped me. Here was a man, the idol of millions, going out of his way to offer me a ride to town in his car and I'd only known him one week.

In a moving picture, it is the right of every star to be the center focal point of attention and some are rightly jealous of that position and will fight tooth and toenail to protect themselves. An incident happened the other day that demonstrates why every person in the company thinks he is one in a million. He doesn't have any idea that I know this and he will probably pin my ears down for telling, but I'll chance that.

The scene was a charge against an Indian band by the star's men, who were stretched out in cavalry formation. Naturally, of course, the star was next to the camera car. Riding alongside him was a newcomer to pictures. I doubt very much if the star knew the boy's name but as they were riding full speed, and just before they reached the camera range, he turned to the boy and told him that when the camera car picked them up, the boy should get in front of him a little and in that way, the camera could see him better.

To those of you not in picture business, this seemingly simple instruction might have little or no meaning, but to those in the business this gesture was almost an unheard-of act where a star is concerned, for by doing this, he was not taking the center of the screen, but was sharing it with an unknown, which by the same token might, perhaps, further the boy's career by bringing him to the attention of other moving picture makers, who would view the picture when it is finished.

Yep, Errol Flynn is tops in my book.

Support the Activities of Your
Public and Parochial Schools
From Them Come The
Citizens of Tomorrow
Tutor Scherer

ALEX HENIG:

(Continued from Page 23)

have that glow in their eyes . . . Las Vegas life: Soon to arrive for a month's vacation, Jean Ray and husband. They will be visiting daughter Joan and her popular husband Pete Bomereta (Desert Inn boxman). We are willing to bet they stay longer . . . The Eldorado Club is now one of the coziest clubs in our town. The club is a must, even if you don't gamble. Plenty of comfort and as co-owner Bobby Gordon says, it's like your own living room . . . A SWELL GUY IS DEALER BUD BRENNER OF THE HOTEL FLAMINGO. Speaking of this Hotel, bellman Gig Levine and busboy Kinjo Yasuhara tell this rounder, they wouldn't trade jobs with President Truman. This is because of boss Gus Greenbaum and "THAT'S FOR SURE." . . . Celebrated five years of married bliss, Blackie and Lita Powell. Everybody knows "Blackie"—tops in everything. In the same party 21 dealer Danny Stein with a lovely red-head whose father is Pappy (24 Hours) Walsh (manager Flamingo Hotel). That Danny never tells anyone anything . . . After seven years of married life and now in good health, Mrs. Isabelle King will soon present hubby Blackie with a little one. Blackie was head of the sanitation department at Ford's motor plant for many a year. He's now head man at The Westerner. Hoping for the best as the proud Pop can't wait . . . Happy to see 21 dealer Tony Zarro and shill boss Nick (Greek) Atlas back working at the Pioneer Club. Both on the sick list . . . ORDER YOUR EGGS SUNNY SIDE UP—WE KNOW OF EXACT DUPLICATE IN REAL IFE . . . Look for the opening of the Ranch House—good food and a swell host, Milt Seida. Good luck! . . . To Captain Elton C. Stone, First Officer John S. Shakelford and Air Line Hostess Jean Stacey we say: A-plus—for the best airplane ride this reporter ever had. Viking Airlines DC-4 was the plane that took us cross country. This is the company that has all the major airlines sick these days. You see they save the public money and give you the same service you get with other companies. They call it nonshed flights, that come in on time and with the same comfort. Saul Coven of Federated Air Coach Systems, Incorporated, in New York City will tell you the same. Saul is one guy who knows his business . . . HI, DR. MORTON HUTT, THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU . . . See you soon.

—ALEX.

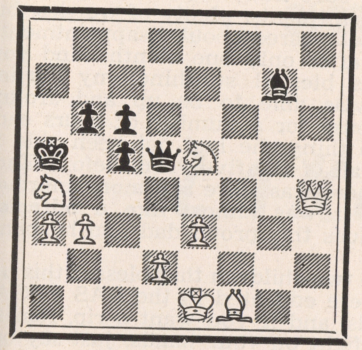


CHESS » » »

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

PROBLEM NO. 56

Black 6



White 9
White mates in two.

Solution to problem No. 55: N-B5.

WORLD'S CHAMPION CANDIDATE TOURNAMENT (Budapest, 1950)

GRUNFELD DEFENSE

Bronstein White	Boleslavsky Black		
1—P-Q4	N-KB3	24—Q-Q4	R-QB
2—P-QB4	P-KN3	25—RxRch	BxR
3—N-QB3	P-Q4	26—P-B4	B-N2
4—PxP	NxP	27—K-N	P-B4
5—P-K4	NxN	28—P-N3	PxP
6—PxN	P-QB4	29—BxP	Q-B4
7—B-QB4	B-N2	30—QxQ	PxQ
8—N-K2	PxP	31—N-B3	B-R3
9—PxP	N-B3	32—P-B5	PxP
10—B-K3	O-O	33—BxP	B-B5
11—O-O	B-N5	34—K-B2	N-N2
12—P-B3	N-R4	35—K-K3	N-Q3
13—B-Q3	B-K3	36—B-K6ch	K-N2
14—P-Q5!	BxR	37—P-N4	P-KR3
15—QxB	P-B3!	38—K-B4	K-B3
16—B-KR6	Q-N3ch	39—P-R3	B-N6
17—N-Q4!	B-Q2!	40—P-N5ch	PxP
18—R-N	Q-B4	41—PxPch	K-N3
19—R-QB	Q-N3	42—B-Q7	B-B7
20—BxR	RxB	43—P-R4	P-R4
21—P-KR4	R-Q	44—B-K6	N-B5
22—K-R	Q-Q3	45—P-Q6	NxP
23—N-K2	P-N3	46—N-Q5	BxP
		47—N-K7ch	K-N2
		48—Draw agreed	

KATALAN OPENING

Keres White	Najdorf Black		
1—P-QB4	P-K3	8—P-N3	P-QN3
2—P-KN3	P-Q4	9—B-N2	B-N2
3—B-N2	N-KB3	10—R-B	P-QR4
4—N-KB3	B-K2	11—N-K5	NxN
5—O-O	O-O	12—PxN	N-Q2
6—P-Q4	QN-Q2	13—PxP	BPxP
7—QN-Q2	P-B3	14—N-B3	R-B
		15—N-Q4	RxR
		16—QxR	Q-N
		17—P-B4	R-B
		18—Q-N	N-B4
		19—R-B	N-R3
		20—B-KR3	RxRch
		21—QxR	Q-QB
		22—QxQch	BxQ
		23—B-KB	B-B4
		24—P-K3	P-N3
		25—K-B2	N-N
		26—N-N5	B-R3
		27—B-Q4	BxB
		28—NxB	BxB
		29—KxB	P-R4
		30—K-K2	K-B
		31—K-Q2	K-K2
		32—K-B3	K-Q2
		33—P-QN4	N-B3
		34—NxN	KxN
		35—K-N3	K-N4
		36—P-R4ch	K-B3
		37—P-N5ch	K-Q2
		38—K-B3	K-B2
		39—K-Q3	K-Q2
		40—K-K2	K-K2
		41—K-B3	
		Draw agreed	

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(Continued from Page 19)

★ Club Bingo

(June 24 through July 4)
(Not a review)

Lovely JOAN BRANDON, America's first lady of magic, is the headline act in the BONANZA ROOM. Miss Brandon has carved quite a niche for herself on the stage and has appeared in almost every capital in Europe and the United States, practically hypnotizing her audience wherever she appeared. A word of warning—she's an outstanding magician, mentalist, musician, linquist and hypnotist. Most of this, she learned from her father, who was a master of this art himself, and taught her when she was hardly able to walk. Joan Brandon is a big girl now, and a champion in this mystery of hocus-pocus . . . Co-starring on the same bill is MICHAEL EDWARDS of musical comedy fame. He possesses a very rich baritone voice, has appeared in many Broadway hits, the latest of which was Mae West's "Diamond Lil." According to this line-up, we'd say that EPPY PEARSON, your genial host and m.c., has booked in a super-duper that should and will satisfy the rounders. Remember, "Pearson, invites you for fun and late hour hilarity." . . . MIKE WERNER'S orchestra in the background do very well in both cutting the show and dancing until 5 a. m.!

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TUTOR SCHERER

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AUDREY LEE:

(Continued from Page 30)

of very small population, for a stranger, in strange surroundings.

"Oh, sure now, there were plenty of disappointments, plenty of worries, but Miss, who cared about disappointments, when after only one month mind you, of this blessed sunshine, my darling wife was able to be up and around the house for a number of hours each day, a thing she had not been able to do in all of the five years before. Each day there was more and more improvement, **it was almost like a miracle,**" continues this proud dad and husband.

The two children that blessed this union were educated in the LAS VEGAS schools, and if you want a rip, roaring Irish fight on your hands, just say one small unkind thing about the local schools or teachers. Bill **knows** what a fine education a child can obtain in these schools, "If the parents take time to be good parents, the teachers will do more than their part, they are a fine group of hard working people," and Bill also gives you to understand that the kids in this town ARE BETTER ALL AROUND YOUNGSTERS, than in any town of its size, ANY WHERE.

Children do have a way of growing up, though, and leaving the home nest, and Bill will tell you with a shake of the head that "A home is just no home at all, at all," without a child in it.

Now, reasoned this fine couple, there must be a child some place who needs a good home, with lots and lots of loving care, and sure enough wouldn't you know it, those lucky Dugans found just such a child, seven years ago. "Why, Miss, she was just about the size of that pop bottle, when we first saw her, and don't you ever think, for one tiny minute, my wife has lost her touch with children . . . she just naturally knows what is best for them," brags Bill.

"You will excuse me now, Miss, please?" I could have kept Dugan talking for hours, "It is time for me to quit work, and that sassy wife of mine expects me home on time for dinner . . . nice to have talked with you, stop in again real soon."

That is Bill Dugan . . . a bartender at the GOLDEN NUGGET . . . a loyal LAS VEGAS citizen . . . a grand host, a real neighbor . . . let us title his story . . . "LOVE CAN CONQUER ALL."

HASTA LUEGO.

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