FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PODNER !



Souvenir Edition

of the New

Wilbur Clark's

Desert Inn

Las Vegas, Nevada

15¢

October 20, 1950

© designs-unlimited





PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 2, NO. 26
1600 South Main St.—Phone 4922

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JOHNNY UHLMAN, Advertising Manager

Subscriptions $5.00 per year

ART DEPARTMENT
LOUISE & IRV STONE — Designs Unlimited

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Staff Photographer—Phone 4000

Printer—Phone 4330

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Las Vegas High Spots

EL RANCHO VEGAS—At the sign of the windmill. Dining, dancing, swimming, gaming casino. Mirror bar. Western bar. Famed Chuck Wagon buffet and breakfast. Floor shows nightly. Phone 1300.

FLAMINGO HOTEL—Show place of the nation. Nevada's most beautiful wedding chapel. Heated swimming pool. Internationally famous cafe attractions. Midnight buffet. Dining, dancing, gaming casino. Phone 4000.

THE LAST FRONTIER—Dining, dancing, swimming, gaming casino, floor shows nightly. Gay '90s bar. Open 24 hours. Hunt Breakfast Sundays. Midnight buffet Saturday. Colorful Little Church of the West. Phone 1800.

THUNDERBIRD HOTEL—Dining, dancing, swimming, casino. Floor shows nightly. Navajo bar. Phone 5100.

WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN—Newest hotel on "Strip." Dining, dancing, swimming, gaming casino, floor show nightly.

GAMING CASINO

BOULDER CLUB—Off Second on Fremont. Oldest club in Las Vegas, featuring pan, faro, 21, roulette, poker, race book. Phone 2866.

CLUB BINGO—Magnificent casino on famed strip featuring craps, bingo, 21, etc. Fine restaurant and bar. Entertainment nightly. Phone 2456.

EL CORTEZ—Fremont at Sixth. In the midst of colorful surroundings of the new Hotel El Cortez. Gaming. Cocktail lounge. Bar.

ELDORADO CLUB—Second and Fremont, known as "the Club with a heart in the heart of Las Vegas." Featuring bingo, faro, pan, 21, craps, roulette, poker, race book. Phone 4970.

ELWELL HOTEL—First and Carson streets. Gaming, cocktail lounge. In the heart of town. Phone 4700.

GOLDEN NUGGET—Second and Fremont, known as the club reproduced from a famed Barbary Coast gambling hall; 3 bars, restaurant; craps, faro, 21, roulette, race horse keno, bingo, horse racing book, barber shop. Phone 3244.

MONTE CARLO—Bets 10 cents and up. Craps, roulette, 21. Horse racing book, bets 50 cents up. Bar with entertainment. 15 Fremont. Phone 2750.

NEW LAS VEGAS CLUB—18 Fremont, same popular gaming club but in a new location.

PIONEER CLUB BAR—Craps, 21, poker, roulette, pan, race horse keno, race horse book. First and Fremont. Phone 583.

WESTERNER CLUB—Rustic casino, in western splendor. Gaming, bar, race horse book, etc. Fremont street's newest club. Phone 5612.



His Excellency Governor Vail Pittman, of Nevada, officially opens Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn April 24, 1950.

VAIL PITTMAN
GOVERNOR

THE STATE OF NEVADA
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
CARSON CITY
May 3rd, 1 9 5 0

Mr. Wilbur Clark, President
Desert Inn
Las Vegas, Nevada

Dear Mr. Clark:

Many times Mrs. Pittman and I have spoken of the wonderful time we had on the occasion of the Desert Inn opening.

I have been pleased to tell the people of this section of Nevada of the beauty of the Desert Inn and its surroundings, and the wonderful hospitality you accord your guests. I want to express my appreciation for the many courtesies extended Mrs. Pittman and me when we were your guests. I especially want to thank you for the beautiful roses that were sent us. Your gifts of flowers and delicious fruit added to our knowledge of your cordial hospitality.

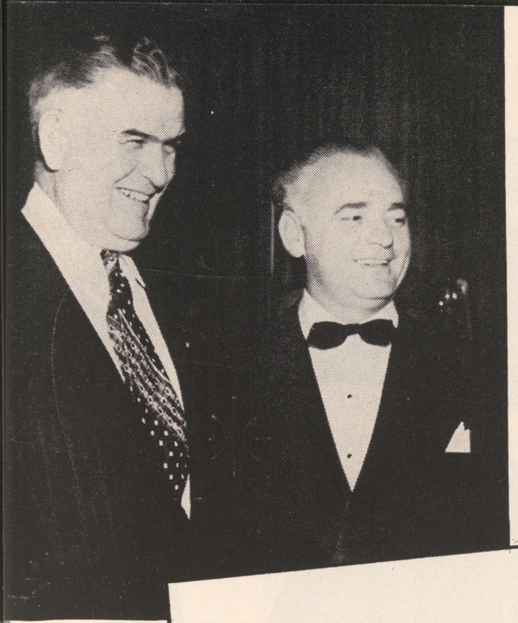
We had a wonderful time and wished we might have stayed longer to enjoy more of your fine food and excellent entertainment. Nothing was left undone by you and your associates and the members of your able staff to make our stay with you a very happy one.

The Desert Inn is a wonderful new attraction to Southern Nevada, and will certainly benefit Las Vegas and that section of our State. I believe you and your colleagues know how sincerely I wish you every success in your splendid enterprise.

Cordially yours

Vail Pittman

VAIL PITTMAN
Governor



His Honor Mayor Cragin of Las Vegas, takes time out from duties to wish his good friend Wilbur Clark much success with the Desert Inn.

E. W. CRAGIN
MAYOR

CITY OF LAS VEGAS
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

June 20, 1950.

Mr. Wilbur Clark,
Desert Inn Hotel,
Las Vegas, Nevada.

Dear Wilbur:

Congratulations to you and your associates. Your new hotel "DESERT INN" is beautiful. Words cannot describe it--it must be seen to be appreciated.

The people of Las Vegas are just as proud of this new addition as you and your associates are, and on behalf of them and myself, we offer our best wishes for a successful operation.

Yours very truly,

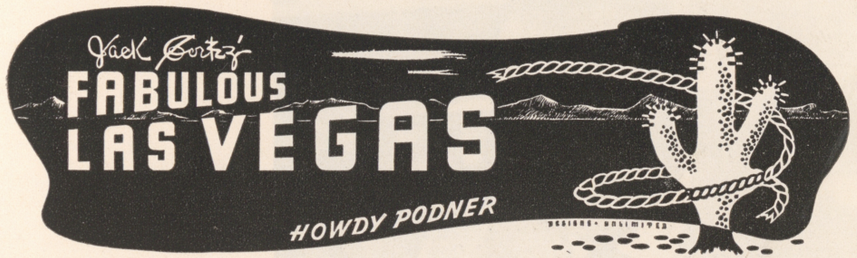
E. W. Cragin

E. W. Cragin,
Mayor.

Your Host...



WILBUR CLARK



THE STORY OF

BY CHUBBY JOHNSON.

WILBUR CLARK

Write a story about Wilbur Clark, said the Editor. I felt everything that could be written about him, has been. TIME Magazine, WESTERN HOTEL and RESTAURANT REPORTER, SPORT magazines, HEARST papers, TRADE papers all have carried stories, for it seems that everything Wilbur does, is news. I've known Wilbur ever since he bought his first hotel here in Las Vegas in 1944, even before he built the Monte Carlo Club. There was a Desert Inn then. Of course, it was only in his mind and in drawings on the walls of his office. People would look at them and called them a dream. To Wilbur they were a plan. April 24th proved it. To us of Las Vegas, Wilbur is a case of being "too close to the forest to see the trees."

In 1944 the outsiders, when they read news stories of the Desert Inn to be, put the idea down as a Wilbur Clark stunt to bring publicity to Las Vegas; an impossibility; a legend of the West to be filed alongside the story of the Lost Dutchman Mine. To those of us who know Wilbur, these thoughts were foreign. We have watched him work and expect the impossible. For four years the word around here was, "Wish Wilbur would hurry up and finish it." We consider him akin to the saying that "The improbable will be done now—of course—the impossible will take a little longer." So Monday night, per orders of the Editor, Maw and I went over to interview the Clarks. We have been invited several times but this was our first visit. Somehow I had never visioned Wilbur having a home, just a hotel. It isn't one of those desert palaces you see in the movies that takes an overnight hop to get from the gate to the front door. No. sir, it's a home. Inside and out, it reflects the personalities of Wilbur and Toni, his wife. Nothing gaudy or pretentious. Everything in good taste, smooth, adequate and liveable. Maw summed it up by saying afterwards, "That's the kind of a place I'd like to live in."

We sat in the living room and talked. And what did we talk about? This man who TIME Magazine called "Little Caesar" and one of the "New Bonanza Kings," this man who started his career in business by washing dishes, and parlayed a pair of dishpan hands into the ones that hold the reins and guide the destiny of a $3,500,000 hotel. This man who, when he visited San Diego, California, rated a three-column story in the San Diego Journal with a heading of bold type that proclaimed "EX-SAN DIEGO BELLHOP, NOW MILLIONAIRE, THRILLED OVER VISITING OLD SCENES," and of whom Ken Bojens, the editor of the item, stated, "He has mingled with stars of the entertainment and sports world, with business tycoons, mayors and governors. Twice he has visited with the President of the United States."

What did we talk about? None of these things. We sat on the floor and talked of his boyhood in a small Midwest town, a town off the beaten path, on a spur railroad line, where the train went up in the morning, and came back in the evening. He recalled memories of the Fall of the year, the return to the country schoolhouse, the first frost, the Fall leaves of yellow, brown, and red, the first slight freeze, and the little lacelike needles in the mill ponds that pointed out Winter was here. Halloween and the mystery of how a rubber-tired buggy always appeared on the top of the church spire overnight and how it took three days to get it down; the tipped-over outhouses that looked the next morning as if some giant had been playing "ten pins." And old "Pee Wee Johnson" who always loaded his shotgun and salt and beans to protect his "Chic Sales" and was successful in

(Continued on Page 26)



ALLARD F. ROEN

CORPORATION SECRETARY AND DIRECTOR

Youthful, energetic Allard Roen holds a top position at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, serving as secretary of the corporation and right-hand to Wilbur Clark. Born in 1921 in Cleveland, Ohio, Roen decided to make business his prime interest and attended Duke University where he graduated in industrial management. Upon graduation, he took a commission as ensign in the United States navy and served in the Pacific area throughout the major part of the invasions of Tarawa, Okinawa and others.

When Roen was discharged at the end of the war, he went into business for himself, locating in Palm Beach, Florida, as a general contractor. After constructing the famous Palm Beach Ambassador Hotel, Roen built his own apartments, The Palm Terrace.

It was in 1949 that he came on as expediter of construction of Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn. A stockholder in the corporation, he has been on the job day and night ever since, but has managed to find a little time to indulge in his favorite pastime, golf. He plays in the 70s.

Sports have always played an important part in his life, and as a high school student, was on the all-state football team of Ohio. He also won his letter in baseball at Duke and had an offer to play with the St. Louis Cardinals.



JOE BOCK

ASSOCIATE EXECUTIVE



THE

SKY BAR

★ The glass enclosed Sky Room affords a panoramic view of the entire grounds, the whole town of Las Vegas and the surrounding mountains stretching as far as the eye can see. The thick black and white rug, plush upholstery and twinkling electric stars on the ceiling all go to make it a breath-taking, beautiful room.





★ The beautiful figure-8 swimming pool as seen from the Sky bar is of Olympic size and the largest in Las Vegas. The up-to-date purification system keeps the water in the pool purer than the water you drink.



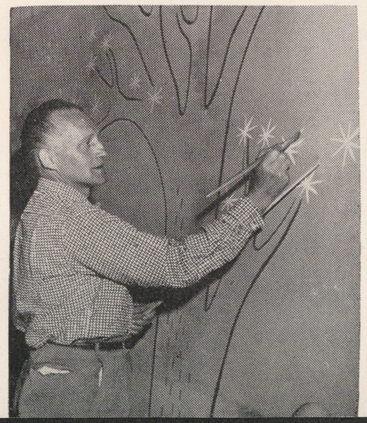
★ For complete relaxation between dips, The Terrace offers comfort equal to none. There are deck chairs and cots for sun worshipers and umbrellas for an afternoon snack or a spot to sip a cool-long-drink.

THE

PAINTED DESERT ROOM



● Designed to accommodate a crowd of some 450 hungry entertainment seekers, The Painted Desert Room has any number of added features that make it something new under the Las Vegas sun. The room is terraced to afford an unobstructed view of the stage from any table in the house.



● Charles Cobelle, as one of the leading contemporary artists, was selected to paint the murals in the Desert Room. Mr. Cobelle was inspired by the many flights he'd taken over the desert and excursions into the Southern Nevada desert. He came to this country from Germany in 1927 and is a resident of Westport, Connecticut, a famed art colony not far from New York City.

JAC LESSMAN...

● Jac Lessman, internationally known hotel designer and decorator, did Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn in Las Vegas, Nevada, in its entirety.

Jac Lessman started his career in Chicago, after finishing Crane Tech. He worked for a while in his father's shop of furnishings and interior decorations for the home and then took, as his first job, a position in the Contract Decorating Department with Albert Pick and Company, which at that time was the world's largest hotel furnishers. While there he handled the interiors for the: Pine Hills Hotel, a luxury resort-hotel in Pass Christian, Mississippi; Schroeder Hotel, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Marbro Hotel, Chicago, Illinois; Paramount Theatre Chain of Theatres, throughout the country.

After being with the company a while, he moved to New York to organize the contract Decorating Department of L. Barth & Company. Thereafter, he decided to sever his connections with this company and continue further studies in Europe.

Several days before leaving for Europe, he was asked to stay and do the Governor Clinton Hotel in New York City, and he took on this commission, which started him in business for himself. While doing the Governor Clinton Hotel, Jac Lessman was also given the contract to do the swank Delmonico Hotel on Park Avenue in New York City.

When Prohibition was lifted, Jac Lessman became very active in designing new bars and cocktail lounges and dance and supper rooms in hotels throughout the country, having done them for the outstanding hotels, including the entire chain of hotels under the direction of Ralph Hitz' management. These included: Hotel New Yorker, New York City; Hotel Lexington, New York City; Belmont-Plaza, New York City; Netherlands-Plaza, Cincinnati; Book-Cadillac, Detroit.

The rooms created by Jac Lessman met with such great success that he became internationally in demand by hotels and supper-club operators to do their new rooms. He did the French Casino, as well as the International Casino and the Mayfair Casino, which were the largest, most sumptuous 'theatre-restaurants' in the country.

Jac Lessman didn't confine his activities to hotels and restaurants alone. He also did some outstanding homes and showrooms. Jac Lessman interiors were known to hit the pulse of the public and had great cash register appeal. His interiors were unusual and practicable for the operator. Merchandising space is his strong forte.



Jac Lessman now holds the enviable position of being one of the outstandings consultants on design, decoration and merchandising of hotels, and in the past fifteen years has done some of America's most prominent jobs. His work can be seen at the following hotels: The Roosevelt, New Orleans, Louisiana; The Barclay, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; St. Moritz, New York City; Congress Hotel, Chicago, Illinois; Somerset Hotel, Boston, Massachusetts; Palm Beach Ambassador, Palm Beach, Florida; Hotel Schroeder, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; The Hollenden, Cleveland, Ohio; Netherland-Plaza, Cincinnati, Ohio; The Whitehall Club, New York City; Lido Country Club, Lido Beach, New York; Hotel Victoria, New York City; Hotel Lexington, New York City; Beverly Hills Country Club, Newport, Kentucky; Desert Inn, Las Vegas, Nevada.

Mr. Jac Lessman (standing), in just one of the many conferences he had with Mr. Clark during building time.

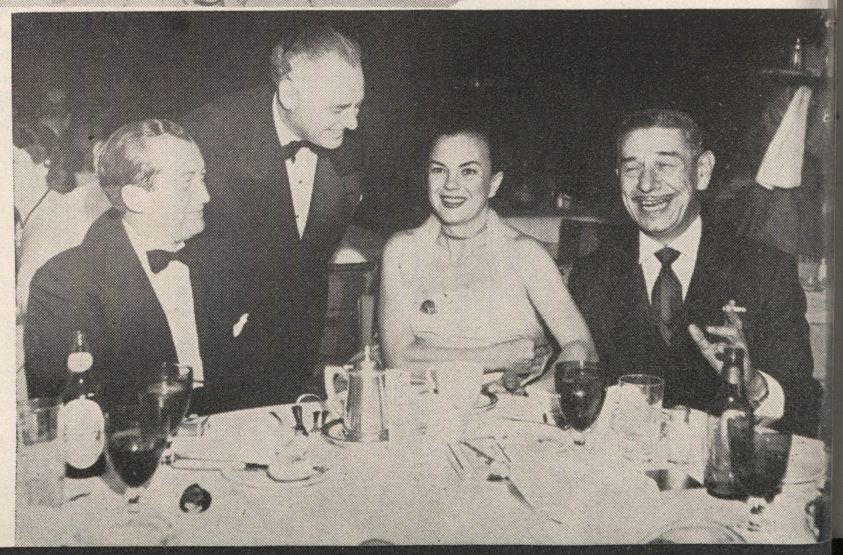
CELEBRITY SHOTS . . .



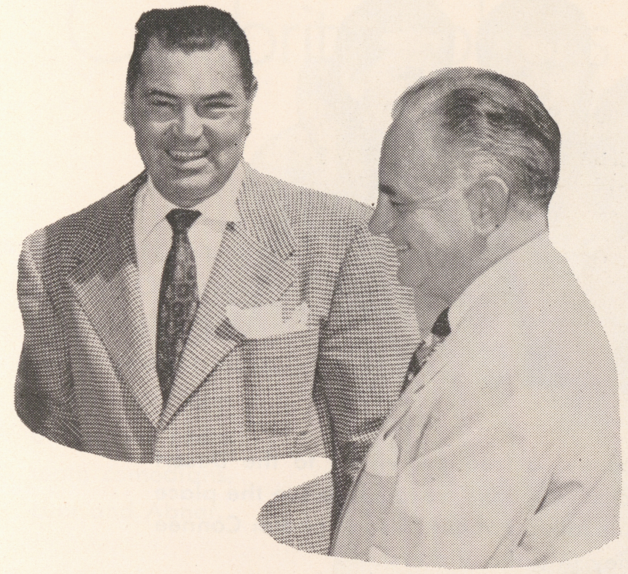
● Mr. Clark, always the perfect host, welcomes some of his movie colony friends at the opening. In photo, left to right, are: Wilbur Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Von Heflin, beautiful Evelyn Keyes and director-producer John Huston.



● Yes sir, that's our baby! Those zany Ritz Brothers, Al, Jimmy and Harry, try anything to get some attention from lovely screen star Martha Vickers (Mrs. Mickey Rooney) . . . AND who wouldn't!



● Famous Hollwood restaurateur Mike "Prince" Romanoff, songstress Ella Logan, and interior decorator Jac Lessman seem quite amused at a gag W. C. related. Sorry, we missed it!



● Jack Dempsey flew from New York to attend the eventful opening of the Desert Inn. Jack and W. C. have been good buddies for many years.



● Wilbur Clark, beaming like a youngster who finally saw his dream realized, proudly escorts screen star Ann Miller through his magnificent establishment.



● Governor Pittman left all political problems in Carson City when he made this opening address, welcoming the luxurious Desert Inn to Las Vegas. In photo is Mayor Cragin, Governor Pittman, Edgar Bergen, Lieut. Gov. Cliff Jones and former U. S. Senator E. P. Carville.



● Screen star Mickey Rooney, a frequent visitor to the Desert Inn, puts work aside for a few days' vacation to see the place all of the United States is talking about. Also in photo: Connee Boswell and Mrs. Rooney (Martha Vickers).



● Radio star Jack Benny had Rochester fill the "Maxwell" and came chugging into town to visit and wish W. C. great success. Looking on are Mr. and Mrs. Vic Mature taking "5" between pictures.



● Screen star Gale Storm strikes a pose for our roving cameraman after she and husband signed the register at the Desert Inn.

Celebrity Shots



● Youngsters critically observe Chet Lauck as he jokingly "Soda Jerks" just for kicks. Chet is Mr. Lum of famous radio team comedians, Lum and Abner.



● Enjoying the festivities are Lieutenant Governor Cliff Jones and beautiful wife Oklabelle, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Boss, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Shapiro and Mr. and Mrs. Tutor Scherer.



● One of our town's most beloved couples attending the function were Mr. and Mrs. Charles "Pop" Squires. "Pop" is the oldest (85) and most respected newspaperman in town. He was the owner of the Las Vegas Age and a true pioneer of our fabulous city. The Squires celebrated their 61st wedding anniversary this year.



● Having some "Fun in the Sun" are blonderful screen star Vivian Blaine, Vic "Sampson" Mature and master ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, shown holding newest addition to the Bergen household.

● First couple to be married at the Desert Inn were Bobby Green and Nancy Grief (first and second from right). Best Man and Matron of Honor were Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Morrison, owner of the famous Mocambo in Hollywood. Man in center is genial Wilbur Clark.



● Nils T. Granlund, (N.T.G.) world-famous producer, steals the spotlite as he compliments Mr. C. on the wonderful show productions in the Painted Desert Room. Onlookers include (l.-r.): Sam Marx, M.G.M. director; lovely Ann Temple; N. Y. Mirror columnist Lee Mortimer and interior decorator Jac Lessman.



Celebrity Shots



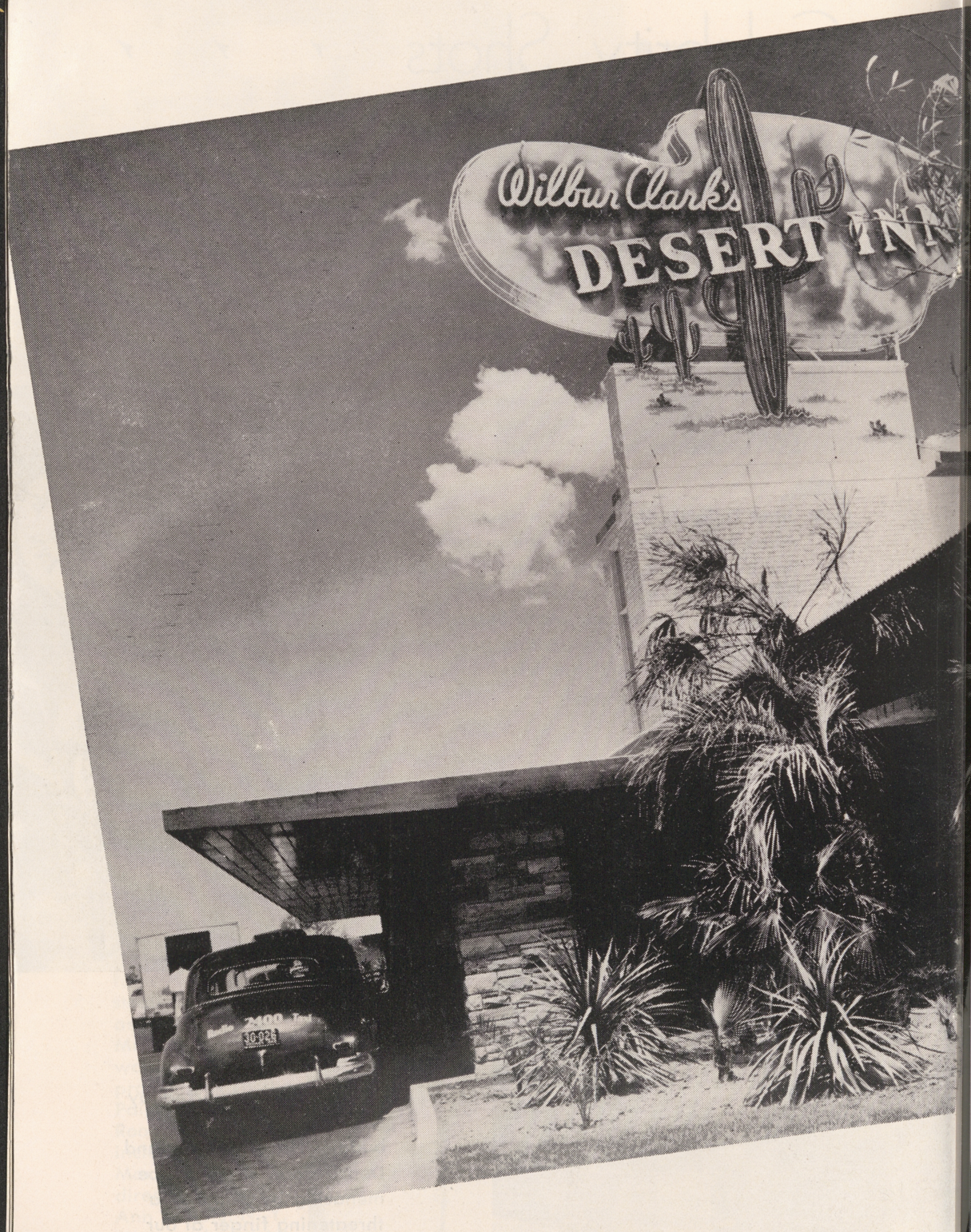
● Roving photographer shutters a candid shot of Tutor Scherer (back to camera), of the Hotel El Rancho Vegas; Benny Goffstein, Flamingo Hotel, and Marion Hicks of the Thunderbird Hotel.

● Jane Dillard, life guard, attracts many queries as to why she prefers her present job to that of being featured in Buster Crabbe's Aquacade. Screen star Mark Stevens stops for a chat before getting into a pair of shorts and that refreshing dip in the figure 8 pool.

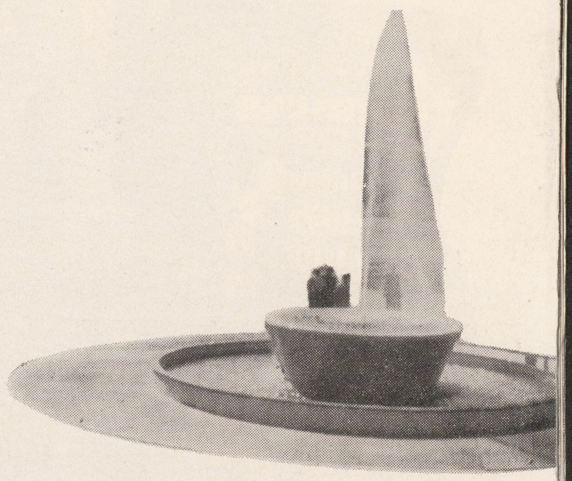


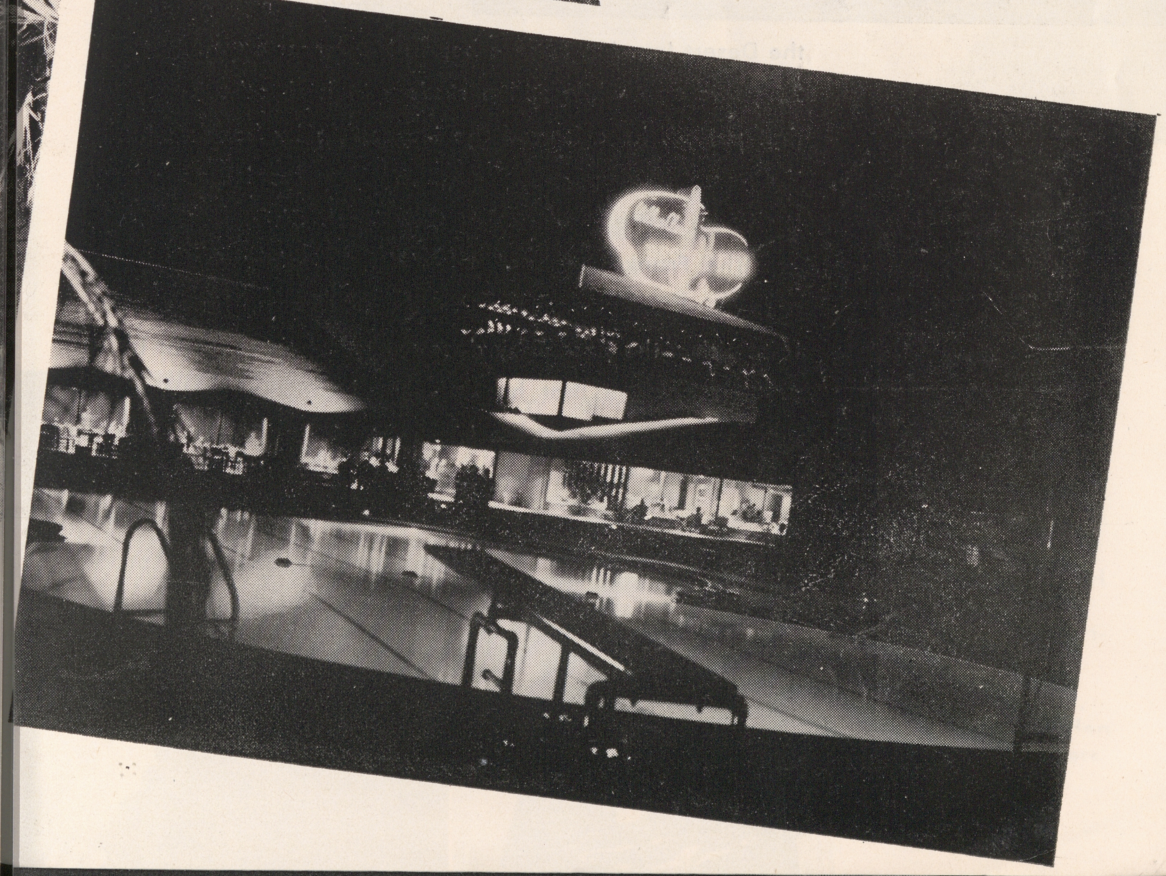


● Jac Lessman, dwarfed by two of his screen star buddies Nat Pendleton and Don DeFore, strives to be menacing by pointing a threatening finger at our unshaken photographer. All in fun, of course.


Wilbur Clark's
DESERT INN









FRANK SENNES

● Frank Sennes, famous booker of top-notch shows, is the man responsible for the successful and brilliant productions shown at the Desert Inn. Mr. Sennes began his career approximately 25 years ago while still a student in high school. During that period, he achieved the impossible by booking Rudy Vallee with his famous megaphone for a local Ohio dance. His home office is located in Cleveland, Ohio.

"The Frank Sennes Agency" books talent for 17 important clubs throughout the United States. He proudly boasts that the possibility does exist that there might be a major attraction that hasn't worked for him but that is very slight. However, the highlight of Mr. Sennes' career is the culmination in handling Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn.

To date Frank has booked some of the greatest talent available and the S. R. O. signs that are displayed practically every show time is a certain indication that Mr. Frank Sennes is tops in his chosen profession.



★ The opening shows presented at the Desert Inn beginning with April 24th (2 weeks).

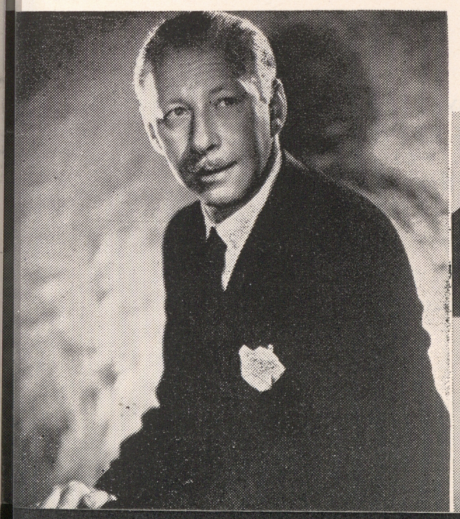
★ Charlie McCarthy rehearsing his assistants before show time. Star pupil is "Papa" Bergen who helped headline the show.



★ Vivian Blaine, lovely songstress, shared the spotlight with Charlie McCarthy. Above gag photo probably preparing for a Charleston contest.



★ The sensational LES CHARLIVELS, an importation from France, captured Las Vegas by storm with their versatility.



★ Ray Noble's orchestra supplied music both for the the show and dansapation for this 2-week stint.

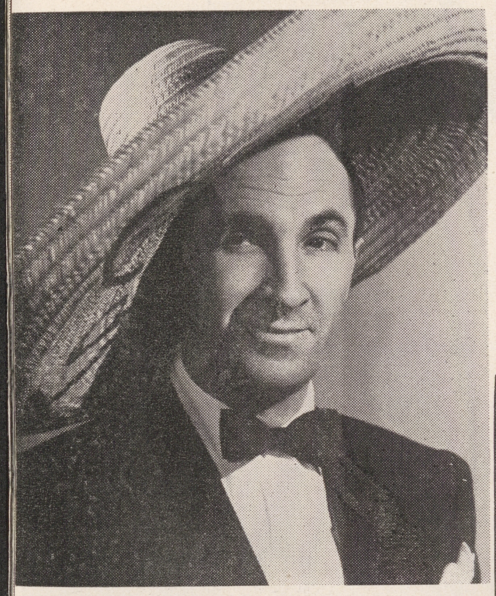


★ Pat Patrick, famous as "Ercil Twing," supplied the laughs for this gala presentation.

★ Johnny Martin, m. c., and Arden-Fletcher Dancers on same bill.

Desert Inn Presents . . .

Never a Cover or Minimum Charge



★ Ben Blue and company were the headliners, who opened May 8 for a 2-week engagement.



★ Featured on the same bill were Hollywood's favorite song stylists: Alice Tyrrell and Dick Winslow. Their clever patter and parodies received an overwhelming ovation.



★ America's No. 1 song stylist, lovely Connee Boswell starred in the brilliant production that opened May 23 (2 weeks).

★ Dean Murphy, master mimic and impressionist, was featured on the same bill.

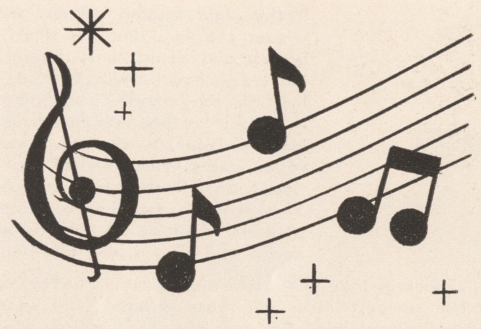


★ Both shows on this page also had those Arden-Fletcher Dancers and Johnny Martin as host and singing m. c.

★ Graceful and beauteous Evelyn Knight received spotlight honors when she headlined the revue from June 6 to June 20.







★ Sally and Tony De Marco, one of the most graceful dance teams of the stage, were the "Star Brights" from June 20 through July 3.

★ Miquelito Valdez and his orchestra appeared the same two weeks with the De Marcos and beat out some torrid below the border tempos.



THE STORY OF

WILBUR CLARK

(Continued from Page 7)

doing so for years until a certain boy with foresight and planning ability (Wilbur, to be sure), slipped in a week ahead of Halloween and tied a wire around the bottom of the edifice in a manner whereby it couldn't be seen, and running the wire a hundred yards to the railroad track. Halloween, at deep twilight, the train pulled into the station, and for the first time in history, no one, except the Station Master, was there to see it. Dutifully the loose end of the wire was tied to the caboose. The train started out—so did the outhouse. Only something happened that no one had foreseen. "Pee Wee' was in occupancy at the time, and the small structure hadn't gone 50 feet until the door flew open and out he came, his pants in one hand and the shotgun in the other.

On the heels of Halloween came the first freeze and with it skating on "rubber ice" and the game of "follow-the-leader" where only the swift survived, and it was inevitable that some timid soul would break through, and the human chain was formed to reach the victim and pull him out. Wilbur was always on the head-end of the chain because he was the lightest of his gang. Out came the victim and two of the older boys would get on each side, take a hand, and force him to run the mile home so he wouldn't freeze. Then the pond would freeze solid, and with it the night skating parties, with the roaring log fire on the bank, continuous wiener roasting, and the smart aleck who was always showing off by jumping barrels and doing fancy figure skating, but who never fell like most of the on-lookers wished he would. Winter, with the pie suppers and box socials that were held in the village schoolhouse. The spirited bidding on the boxes of food, especially the one that had been brought by the belle of the town, as well as the best-filled one, whcih was usually made by the girl on the opposite end of the social ladder. When one of their gang went sweet on a certain girl, Wilbur would find out by hook-or-crook which was her box, get the rest of his pals to chip in 20 cents each, and then outbid the luckless fellow, and thereby deprive him of the pleasure of sitting on a hardwood bench to eat with the light-of-his-life. A square dance was always held afterwards.

Thanksgiving, with the once-a-year "turkey and trimmings" and Wilbur's mother saying, "How can those children hold so much. I swear they must be hollow." Christmas, with the long black cotton stockings hung on the fireplace mantel, empty and limp Christmas Eve, but filled to the brim the next morning with sweets and nuts, a peppermint candy cane sticking out of the top, and the inevitable yearly orange in the toe. Presents weren't wrapped in those days, but each of the children had a chair on which Santa Claus placed their gifts, most were in the category called "sensible things." Clothing and shoes, with a game or two like LOTTO or OLD MAID for Wilbur and his brother Harold, and cut-out dolls or a pencil box for his sister Merle. It doesn't sound like a lot now, but the way Wilbur told it, it must have been the world then. The Christmas Wilbur was 12, he received his first pair of suspenders with the word "Police" on the metal holders. He disappeared from the house and his mother found him a half hour later, leaning against the front gate, in freezing weather, without a coat, thumbs hooked in his new "galluses" so any who passed could admire. He was as proud then of those "galluses" as he is now of his fabulous watchband.

In the winter he earned money by taking a little wagon to the railroad tracks, picking up the coal that had fallen off the cars while they were being switched, putting it in sacks and selling it to the neighbors. The Ground Hog had his day, and then came May 1st. You won't find it on the calendar as a holiday, but in Wilbur's town a ritual was performed, a rite as old as the town itself. Barefoot, and first swim-day of the year. What if there was a little snow on the ground. Off came the shoes and down to the swimming hole they went, and in nature's bathing suit, they dived in. Those who wouldn't were social outcasts, and those who did nearly froze wihtout a whimper. They could take it, those spartans of the "Ol' Swmmin' Hole." They learned to swim young in his town. Woe and betide the little kids that tagged along for the first time. They were bound to learn to swim that day in one "easy lesson" through the process of being unceremoniously pitched into the water and the ancient law of survival furnished the "know-how."

Then came Wilbur's favorite—the last day of school. All 23 of the students were there, everybody wearing their "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes and shoes, with their hair combed, faces of the little ones scrubbed to a shiny pink, speeches by the County Supervisor, and the teacher who acted as mistress of ceremonies. A poem by the "teacher's pet." Parents seated in the rear beaming as their "pride and

(Continued on Page 29)

MODIFIED WESTERN MOTIF

The Desert Inn's 300 beautiful rooms—every one an entity in itself—is the largest number available in any resort hotel in southern Nevada.

Although each room, except the lavish Hollywood suites, follows a modified western motif, they are all individually designed and furnished.

As for the Hollywood suites, well, there's just no other way to describe them—they're lavish. Two beautiful, large bedrooms, with separate bathrooms, are situated on opposite sides of an expansive living room, furnished entirely with the latest in modern furniture.

All the elaborate but comfortable rooms in the Desert Inn have three outstanding features in common with the others—outside exposure, individual thermostatic control in the room and a private shower.

Occupants will find that each room provides an interesting view of either the unique landscape on the grounds, the figure eight swimming pool or the beauty of the surrounding desert.

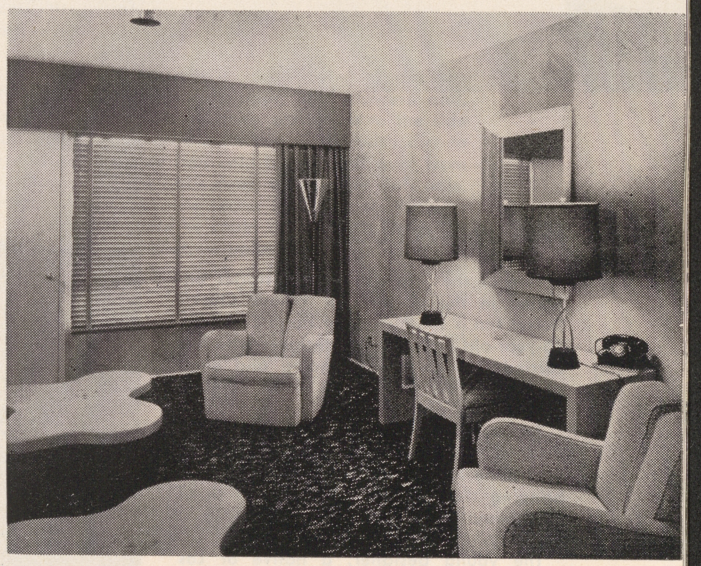
In addition, it will be possible to regulate the individual temperatures of all 300 rooms from within the room itself, by easily adjusted thermostats. The rooms will stay the year around, if desired, at the same constant temperature as set by the thermostatic control apparatus.

Each room has a uniquely designed shower with bright colored tile.

Furniture used in each room is designed to give the western or ranch appearance by the use of bright rugs, interesting paintings, furniture that blends smoothly with the over-all arrangement. At the same time, however, the room is extremely homey and possesses a comfortable bed.

An outstanding feature of several rooms is the private patio leading off from the rooms. These patios face the large swimming pool.









STAN HARRIS

A native of Virginia, Stanley Harris, contractor for Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, has "come up the hard way" and is proving that formal education isn't necessary to make a success in life, having only a high school diploma.

Harris, now a resident of Las Vegas, come to the Desert Inn job with a string of successful contracts behind him in southern California, including apartment and business buildings in Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Bel-Aire and Westwood.



HUGH TAYLOR

One of the "rags to riches" stories unfolded in the opening of Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn is the history of Hugh E. Taylor, 25-year-old architectural designer who has carried through the designing and engineering of the $3,500,000 resort hotel to a successful conclusion.

Taylor, a veteran of World War II, is credited with taking the rough sketches of Wayne McAllister, noted architect, and bringing them to fruition in the form of that beautiful hotel the Desert Inn as it is today.

The young designer, a native of Los Angeles, married and the father of two children, received his first formal education in architectural designing when he attended classes at Penn State during the war and later at the University of Southern California.

Economic pressure forced Taylor to leave USC and go to work in the office of a Los Angeles architect, Vernon Welborn, where he gained a great deal of practical experience.

"I guess I just learned quick," Taylor grinned in explanation of his meteoric rise in the field of architectural designing, for it wasn't many months after going to work for Welborn that he quit and started designing on his own.

During the two and half years he was in business for himself, Taylor designed many of the apartments built by Stanley Harris, contractor on the Desert Inn job, in exclusive southern California residential and business sections.

As completion of the Desert Inn was reached, Taylor, who admits he can't stay idle, started on rough plans for a hotel in Reno that Harris intends to build in several months.

"Someday," he mused, "I'm going to go back to school and get my degree, so I can get an architect's license."

But how many architects draw designs for multi-million dollar hotels like young Hugh Taylor?

THE STORY OF WILBUR CLARK

(Continued from Page 26)

joy" gave forth with a recitation (with gestures!). The only cloud of this otherwise "Day of Days" for Wilbur was the fact that he had a voice and sang at every commencement. Not that he wanted to, but because the idol of his childhood, his grandfather, liked to hear him sing. And so he did, accompanied by his mother on the piano. Wilbur kept his eyes glued on her, too self-conscious to look at the audience. Finally, the last speech of the day by some successful alumni, always the same no matter who gave it, whose opening line was "It seems like only yesterday that I sat where you graduates sit now" and ended with, "And I feel sure that those who sit here today on the 'threshold of life' will remember my words." Very few ever did except those who gave the same speech 20 years later.) That ended the festivities and everyone filed out, but as soon as the younger ones were able to twist out of Mama's hand, they took up that age-old chant: "No more slates, no more books, no more teacher's dirty looks." Summer was on!



TONI and WILBUR CLARK

The vacation time of youth. Days of hunting something to do. Playing games like "Duck-on-Rock," "Three-Hole-Cat," baseball, swimming, picking wild flowers and, a couple of days a week, after the morning chores were done, a trip out to the side of the barn to dig fish worms, and put them in an old tin can, filled with dirt to keep them alive, and into the house to get three or four cold biscuits left over from breakfast, fill them with jelly for a lunch, out the back door, pick up his fish pole, and a fishing he would go. Every boy had his favorite secret fishing spot. Wilbur's was a sycamore tree on the bank of the river where he could sit and lean back, his straw hat half over his eyes, his feet in the water, wiggling his toes now and then, and listening to the drone of the bees, the whistling of the whippoorwill and the catbird, and the rat-a-tat-tat of the woodpecker. In his own words, he was "King Wilbur, the First." And then he'd feel a little tug on the pole, and the bobber in the water suddenly showed action, not much at first, just a little bit of "jiggling." Then suddenly it would disappear under the water. The young man of action would jump to the problem at hand and, quicker than the eye could follow, there flopping around the bank would be a sunfish, or a bullhead, or even sometimes a channel cat that had to be taken from the hook very expertly or Wilbur would end up with a punctured finger, put there by the horns of the catfish. And that would cause work, for that would make him find a grasshopper so he could get him to spit tobacco juice on the wound which, in those days, was a sure cure. When this paled on Wilbur, there was the long return trudge, carrying the fish over his shoulder, his feet sinking into the powdery dust of the river road. It alwavs seemed twice as far home.

Watermelon time, Torn shirts from crawling under the barb wire fences that didn't leave room for both boy and melon. Picking wild blackberries and raspberries which Mother made into jellies "for winter." Red haws, hulling black walnuts, and smearing the juice on his face so as to look like an Indian, and then waiting weeks for it to wear off; putting potatoes and apples in the cellar for winter; the old cider mill with an "aroma so thick you could taste it"; the tin can that hung by the cider mill trough that the millman would give him to use so he could drink all the fresh cider a boy could hold, and that was no small amount. Harold and Merle had grown up and left home by the time Wilbur entered high school. High school, in those days, it meant the first long pants, combing your hair and shining your shoes without being told, staying up at night as long as the grown folks did, studying and the girl next door who helped Wilbur wtih his lessons, and who, afterwards, became a school teacher. It was Wilbur's high school days that made his Grandfather the most proud. Though the mayor of the town at $10 a month, and the town's only lawyer at an average of $3.00 a day, he didn't have a high school education, and in Wilbur he saw the fulfillment of his dreams. Wilbur didn't let him down. He always passed with high grades, and sang whenever Grandfather requested him to. Grandfather went so far as to buy him his class ring

(Continued on page 32)

THE CASINO

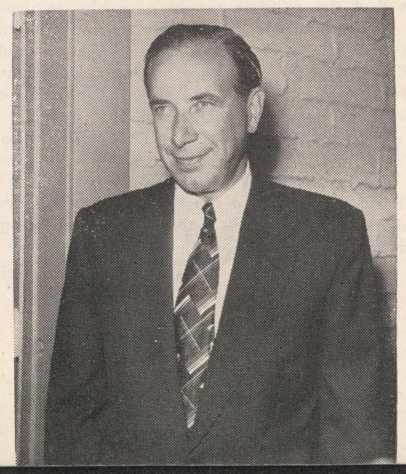


. . .is the largest in any Nevada resort hotel. Although large, its careful planning and decorative scheme make it a most cozy and intimate spot. In the daytime a race book, operated by Carnie Krausnick, is located to the rear for turf enthusiasts. A sports book, dealing with baseball, football, prize fights, etc., is a recent popular addition.



- Cornelius Jones, affectionately known as "Jonesy" to all his friends, is the casino manager. He is also a stockholder in the hotel.
- Vic Mandotte, a pit boss (day shift), is well known and a popular guy in Las Vegas.
- Robert Kaye, Ohio business tycoon, is credit manager. Mr. Kaye is also a co-owner of the Warren Electric Company in Cleveland.
- Chuck Bennett, known as everybody's friend, is pit boss on the "graveyard."







THE BAR



- Before we tell you about our 90-foot "Lady Luck" bar, we feel it's a must to show you the bevy of lovelies who serve you. We're inclined to believe that individually or collectively they are the best in their field. Head cocktail girl is Mary "Toddy" Dillard (extreme left, standing).



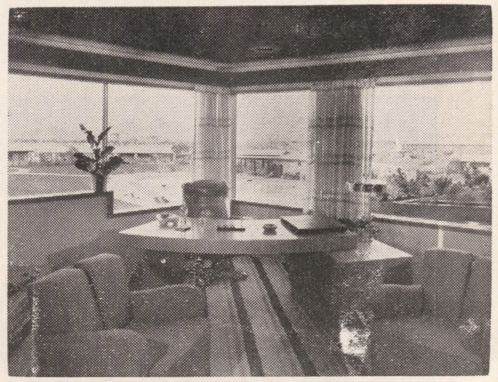
- The mixologists (bartenders, to you), are the professors of this business. Each drink they concoct is a masterpiece.

- Every hour on the hour a mammoth roulette wheel spins (center of bar, shown in photo), and when the ball stops on a number the corresponding digit in front of a bar patron lights up. At the same time a nude woman (Lady Luck) appears (painting) and drops handfulls of silver dollars to the lucky patron. Need we say more?



THE STORY OF

WILBUR CLARK

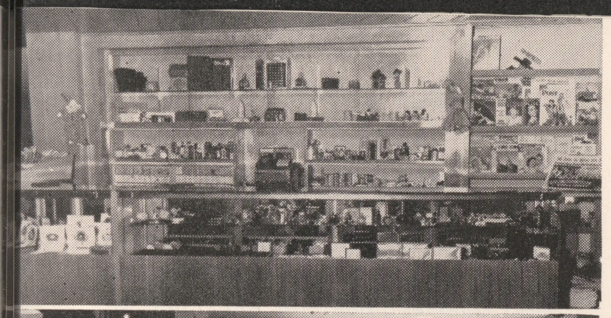


WILBUR CLARK'S PRIVATE OFFICE

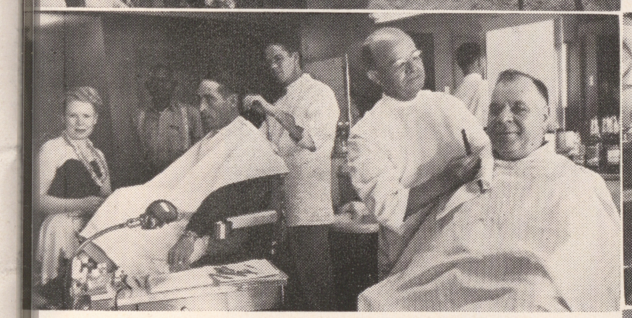
(Continued from Page 29)

two months before graduation day because he was sure his Wilbur would pass with high honors. Wilbur even promised to sing his favorie song at the exercises. But a month previous his Grandfather died. Graduation evening Wilbur packed his suitcase, and one for his mother, which he took with him to the ceremonies. That night he made his last public appearance as a singer and, true to his word, sang for his idol, "Oh, How I Miss You Tonight." When they handed him his diploma, he walked off the platform, down the aisle, picked up the two suitcases, his mother took his arm, and they went out the door. At 17 years of age, Wilbur was ready for the world without an inkling of what to expect.

That is what we talked about, that is the Wilbur Clark I now know. Is it any wonder he is a success, he who still retains so much of that Midwest boy in Wilbur Clark, the man. And I think, through this interview, I have solved Wilbur's secret of success in an ancient adage that says, "Our impression of the other person is only our own reflected image in the iris of their eyes." —CHUBBY JOHNSON.









HOTEL SHOPS

- To give the patrons every convenience, the management provided a small business section of attractive shops in the Horseshoe section, north of Main Lobby.
- Upper left photo is the cigar stand in the Lobby, operated by Dudley Lauck.
- Leading the "Block" is the Ladies' Shop, operated by Betty Boyle, carrying an exclusive line of dresses and original designs.





- Barber Shop is run by Leo Higgins, long time resident of Las Vegas.
- Next in line is the Men's Shop, operated by Jerry Kaye from Hollywood.
- The "Pill Box" is the Desert Inn Drug Store and operated by Dudley Lauck.
- Completing the row of shops is a cozy Gift Shop, operated by Bill Bauer. This shop specializes in Indian Jewelry for the benefit of Eastern visitors, plus other gifts of high quality.
- An unusually attractive Beauty Salon is operated by Lennie Shaeffer.

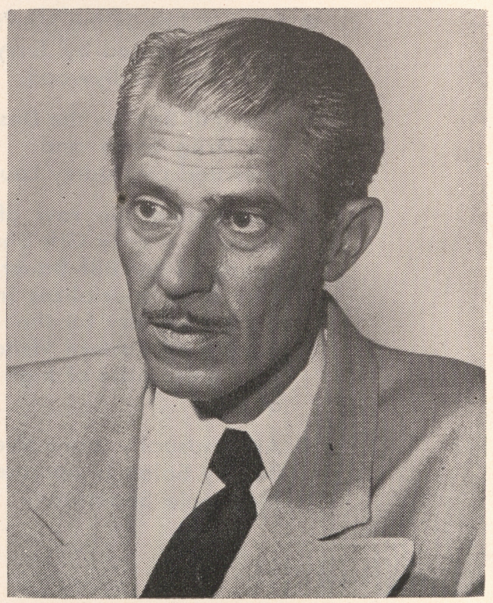


MAINTENANCE

JACK DOYLE, resident of Las Vegas, is in complete charge of maintenance and chief engineer for the Hotel. Mr. Doyle was one of the superintendents of construction the day ground was broken for the Hotel and holds the job because of the great work he's done and is doing.

JIM LUNTZEL

PUBLICITY DIRECTOR
AND
STAGE MANAGER



CHEF CHARLES HAS NOTABLE CAREER

More than 1000 meals a day can be served from the Desert Inn's ultra-modern kitchen, says Chef Charles Schillig, whose culinary skill has graced menus at the famous Embassy Club, New York; Whitehall, Palm Beach, and Sand Dunes Club, Naragansett Pier, Rhode Island.

Chef Charles was born in Switzerland and has a notable record of accomplishment in Europe. Among his credits are the Palace Hotel, San Moritz; Grand Hotel Palace, Locarno; Hotel Meurice, Paris, and the Savoy Hotel, London.





KITCHEN RANKS WITH THE BEST

The mammoth kitchen, with stainless steel equipment throughout, employs a staff of 24 assistants to Charles in addition to 10 dishwashers who handle automatic washing, rinsing and drying equipment designed to give the maximum in efficiency.

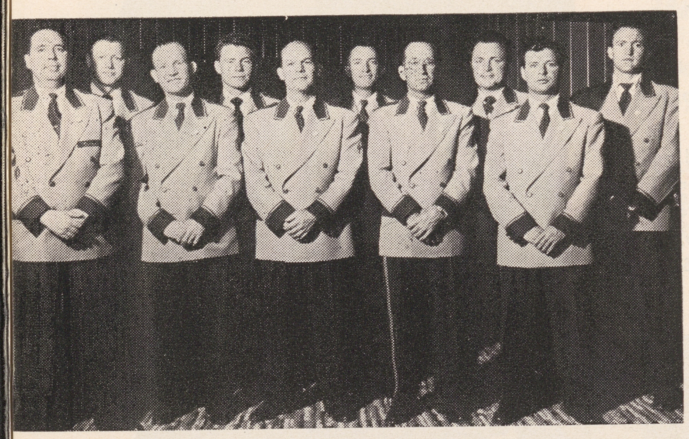
The kitchen has its own bakery and pastry ovens and the Desert Inn will be the only resort hotel to furnish patrons with freshly-baked French bread daily.

Deep freeze units assure diners of fresh meat and cold cuts and large cold storage rooms hold ample supplies of fresh vegetables to meet the most exacting needs of dining room customers.



PANCHO, maitre d'hotel, friend of Presidents, Kings, tycoons, movie stars. Pancho rules the dining room with distinction, efficency, courtesy and eclat. His presence adds a note of well being to your pleasure in dining.

Service just for you



For day or night service, beyond compare, our bellhops were carefully chosen and guarantee each to be perfect gentlemen.



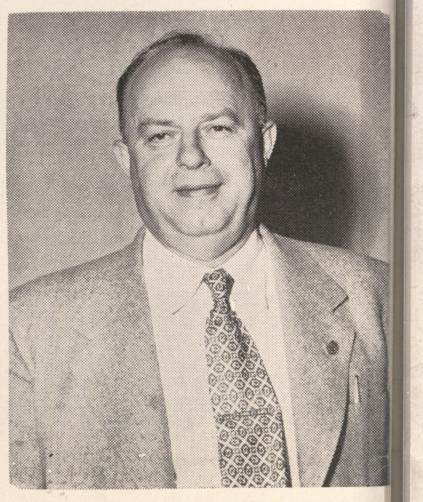
Dave Chuven (extreme right), veteran Denver, Colorado, police officer who holds great honors bestowed upon him in police work, is in charge of the special officers employed by the Hotel. He is assisted by Don Borax (extreme left), pioneer Las Vegas resident, former police chief and United States Marshal.

Below—from left to right—our capable desk clerks:

JACK HOWE, CARL WILLIAMS, DON CAMPBELL.









ROBERT B. STOCKING

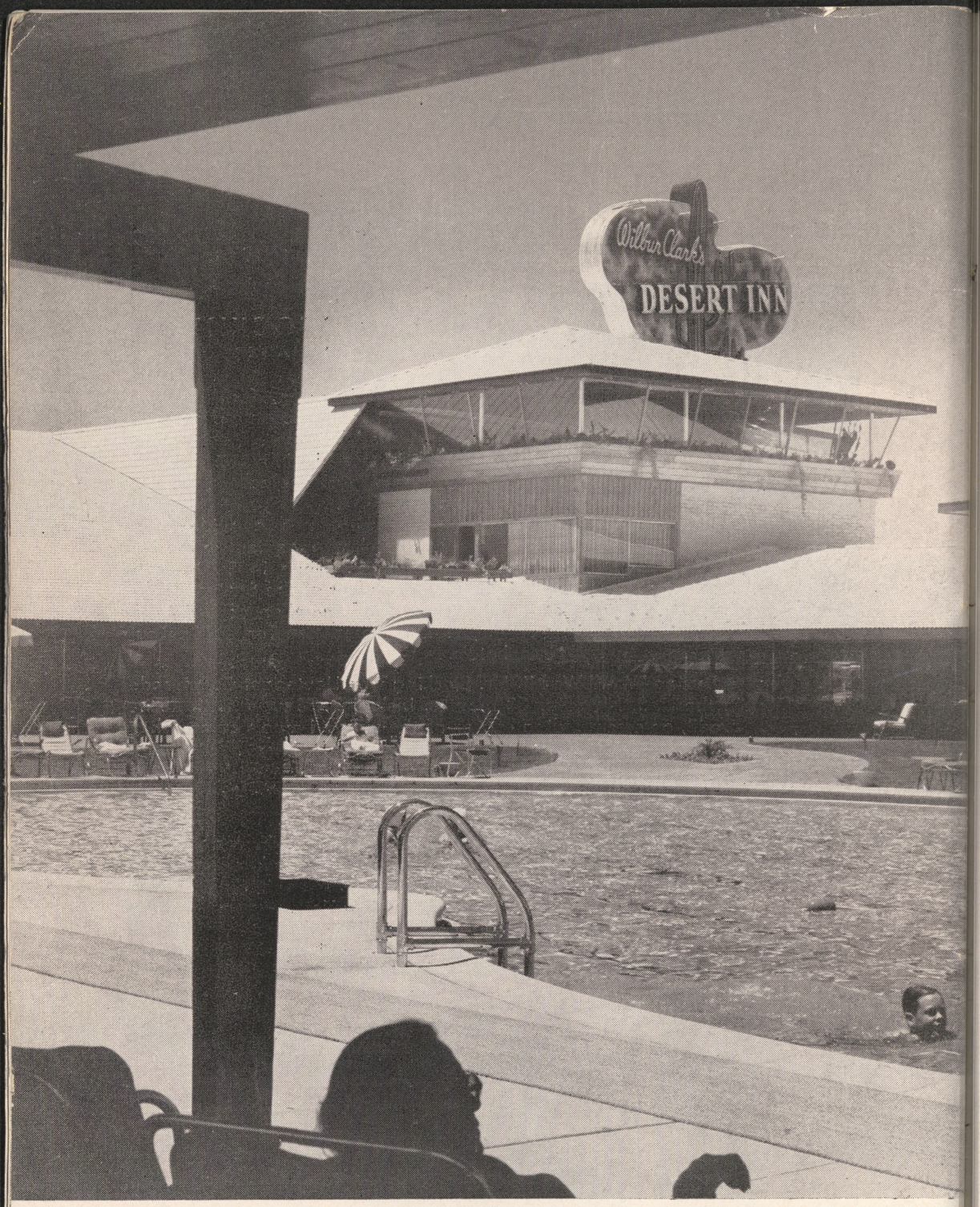
GENERAL MANAGER

Robert Bliss Stocking, formerly general manager of the Coronado Sheraton Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., has been appointed general manager of Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, Las Vegas, succeeding the late Nathan E. Hoffert.

Mister Stocking has a wide background of hotel management in the East and Middlewest. While in St. Louis he was vice president of the St. Louis Hotel Association and member of the Labor Negotiating Committee for all St. Louis hotels.

During World War II, Mr. Stocking was Lieutenant Commander in the U. S. Navy for 33 months, including 28 months in Recife, Brazil, as commanding officer of the enlisted men's camp where he had the responsibility of housing and feeding 1800 men in addition to managing the officers' club. For the final five months of his service Stocking was in charge of the officers' club at the New York Navy Yard, Brooklyn.

After leaving Cornell University in June, 1927, Mr. Stocking entered hotel work at the Lake Placid Club and remained for four and a half years, spending his winters in Lake Placid, Florida, and summers at Lake Placid, New York. Among his other posts were Essex House, Hotel Martinique, Hotel Whitehall, Hampshire House, in New York City, and Hotel Beaconsfield, Brookline, Massachusetts, and Wardell Sheraton Hotel, Detroit, Michigan.



Having opened Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn in Las Vegas less than six months ago, Wilbur Clark, president, revealed that Jac Lessman, internationally known hotel designer has been authorized to draw plans and let contracts for an addition involving 125 rooms and a Health Club. (Continued on Page 39)

A Special Message...

(Continued from Page 38)

The cost of the addition will be $1,250,000. The improvement will enlarge to 400 the number of rooms. The Desert Inn is now the largest resort hotel in Nevada.

The air-conditioned resort is actually a small village. A drug store and soda fountain; ladies' gown shop; beauty salon; network broadcasting station; men's haberdashery; barber shop and curio shop for the fun and comfort needs of vacationing guests, are among the present facilities.

Floor to ceiling glass doors, forever unlocked in keeping with Las Vegas' resort custom, form the entrance to the main lobby. Here many unusual decorative effects are used such as the Joshua Tree, hung with real orchids on gala occasions, a huge corner-wise, wood-burning fireplace, a gigantic chain-suspended lamp spotlighting an oversize cocktail table.

An 80- by 60-foot casino; cocktail lounge and 90-foot serpentine Lady Luck bar and chuck wagon adjoin the main lobby. Good Luck symbols decorate the walls and carpeting of the rooms. Recessed lighting, scientifically focused on game tables, eliminates shadows and provides full visibility. A life-size nude photo painting of Lady Luck hourly rains money on guests at the bar.

Adjacent to the casino is the Painted Desert Room, a terraced supper room with movable stage for dancing and entertainment. Adjoining this 450-seat auditorium is the picture windowed Cactus Room facing the figure-eight swimming pool and patio play court facilities. This room is open for meals throughout the day. Vibrant colors such as lipstick red, coral, chartreuse and yellow and spectacular wall murals are important features.

The glass-enclosed Sky Room cocktail lounge, located topside, provides an open vista of the desert and grounds. Twinkling pin-point stars in a midnight blue ceiling lend nighttime glamour. A stardust gold plastic upholstered oval bar and comfortable lounge chairs are further attractions.

Fun and work operations at the spa are clearly visible for Wilbur Clark in his private executive offices just below the Sky Room cocktail lounge. Floor to ceiling glassed-in walls, a small private terrace, dressing room, bath and a bar dominated by a life-size nude, done in the manner of old-time "saloon art" are highlights.

The Health Club, as designed by Lessman, will include Turkish Baths, an exercise room and squash courts. Solar glass will be used on the roof of the solarium so that healthful rays of the sun may be enjoyed in both summer and winter months.

Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn which opened with a week of fanfare on April 24 and has been enjoying capacity operation ever since is undertaking the new $1,250,000 addition to meet growing demands for more accommodations according to Wilbur Clark, president of Las Vegas' newest and largest resort hotel.



FAMOUS ARDEN FLETCHER DANCERS

Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn entertainment hits a consistent high level due in part to the Arden-Fletcher Dancers. Their beauty, their smart routines and costuming are an asset and a high point of every Painted Desert Room presentation.

Wilbur Clark's
DESERT INN