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FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PODNER !



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FLORENCE RICHARDS

OWNER OF THE Ultra-Modern

MAGIC-EYE

on

SOUTH FIFTH ST.

(Story on Page 9)

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December 2, 1950

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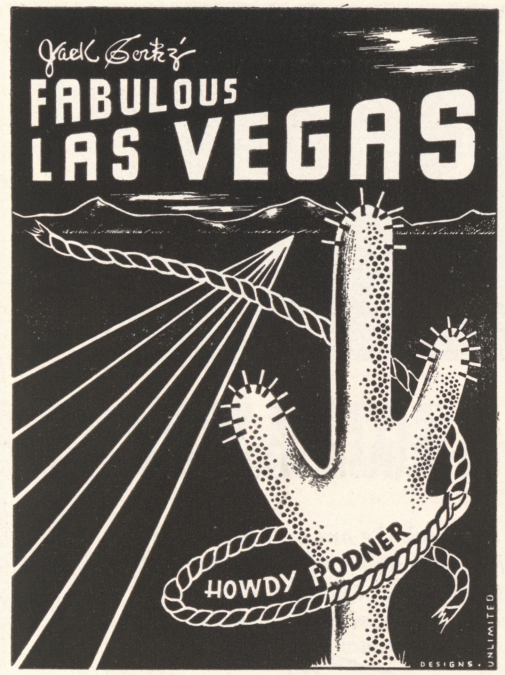

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OBSERVATIONS, BY POP SQUIRES

"THAT'S FOR SURE," BY JACK CORTEZ

DEAR MOM, BY MARDIE

VERSE, BY TUTOR SCHERER

TRACK TALK, BY JOCKEY JR.

ON THE SCENE

REVIEWS OF CAFE SHOWS, BY JACK CORTEZ

THE WATCHBIRDS

FRONT ROW CENTER, BY JOHN RYKEN

THE OLD TIMER, BY CHUBBY

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FRED BARSTOW

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

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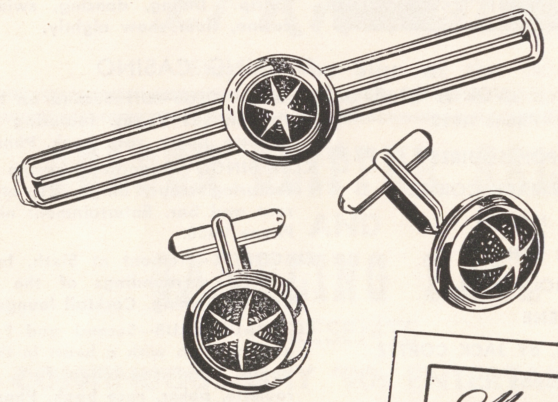



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Jack Cortez' FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 2 DECEMBER 2, 1950 NUMBER 33

OBSERVATIONS

. . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

ABOUT THE PONIES

SOME of the old-timers of Las Vegas began to promote a race track quite a while ago, although Joe Smoot was the chap who really made the thing a reality.

More than 38 years ago we were pinning our hopes for greatness on the race horse business. In the Las Vegas Age of date March 30, 1912, was a two-column front-page article with three banks of showy headlines, written "by C. P. Squires."

WINTER RACING LAS VEGAS
Land Adjoining This City Secured by Racing Syndicate
Eight Hundred Race Horses Will Spend Winter Months in This Balmy Clime

"Mayor Buol reports that Vegas may soon become the center of the racing interests of the West during the winter months.

"A powerful syndicate of racing men have leased from Messrs. Buol and Jackson a quarter section of land adjoining the Crouse ranch and will construct therein a race track with all the necessary adjuncts of stables, grand stands, etc., found in the great racing courses of the country.

"Beginning about Thanksgiving Day of each year, Vegas will be the headquarters for racing and training about 800 thoroughbred horses. This will bring an army of workmen and attendants as well as several thousand lovers of the sport from all over the world, to remain here until the weather will permit of opening the season farther north.

"Juarez, Mexico, is at present the winter training quarters of this circuit, and owing to the many disadvantages which arise on account of the location, the managers desire to establish quarters elsewhere. Las Vegas has been under consideration for some time as an ideal location for such an enterprise and Mayor Buol, while in Los Angeles, has succeeded in making the necessary arrangements to bring the matter about.

"At present the circuit comprises Butte, Montana; Allen, Idaho; Spokane, Wash.; and Salt Lake City, Utah, with Juarez as winter quarters. It is now proposed to winter in this city with a 110-day meet to fill in the time when it is impossible to race further north."

So you see, Mr. Joe Smoot, that you, 38 years after that gleam of high hope came to us who visioned Las Vegas as the ideal place for a race horse breeding, training and wintering enterprising, are nicely carrying out our plans, although, we admit, on a more elaborate and costly scale than we could in those days visualize.

That was not the only vision of racing in Las Vegas during the 45 years since the town was hatched. Dr. Roy W. Martin, for more than 35 years Las Vegas' most ardent dreamer and prophet of the Las Vegas of today, many times "almost" brought a race track to Las Vegas. That great man Leigh Hunt, one of the world's greatest thinkers, planners and explorers, came to Las Vegas in the 1920s, saw the wonderful possibilities for resort hotels, race tracks and health resorts, and bought for himself and associates a large amount of land. On that land, due to the cooperation of Mr. Henry Hunt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Hunt, the great racing enterprise now well along toward completion, is being built by Mr. Smoot.

It is with a mixture of satisfaction and sorrow that I look back on those

(Continued on Page 34)

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

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Florence Richards Magicscope

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VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS



LOVE'S ESCAPADES

Love is a mystery that so often brings
Happiness, sadness, and other strange things.
It often develops enchanting thrills
Then changes overnight to lovers' chills.

When anticipating a sublime goal,
Love often changes to darken the soul.
Nothing can sever a real love affair
'Til one of the lovers forgets to care.

Love's love has broken many a young life;
It has separated man and his wife.
If you are jealous, do not act too fast.
Try tolerance and you may make it last.

The green-eyed monster is always around
Where the happiest love affairs abound
For the monster likes to dish out pain.
Brush him aside or he'll drive you insane.

Love's ills should be given a test.
You'll find that patience is always the best
For most of the anguish that lovers endure
Is caused by thoughts that seldom mature.

Makes no difference if you plead or you mush,
Once she is through, she will give you the brush.
Love's escapades, too numerous to mention;
Love cuts capers beyond comprehension.

Love, at times, softens the most hardened heart
Then, if it wishes, just tears it apart.
Love is a thing only love can dissolve
But, science immortal, never will solve.

TIME HEALS

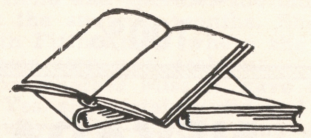
Joy is much stronger than all sorrow.

Sorrow turns to joy on the morrow.

CAUTION

Consider well before you have permitted

Your anger to cause an act, regretfully committed.



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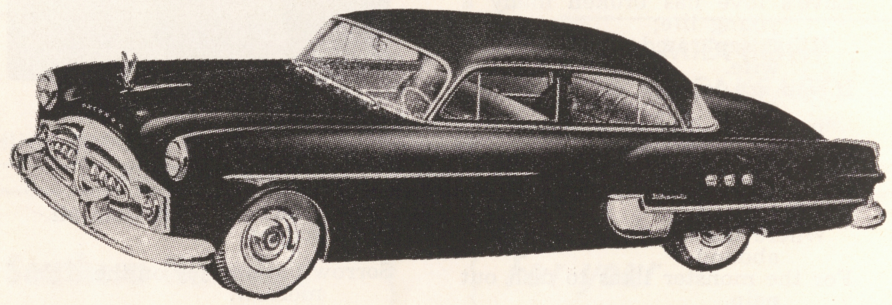
"I'M IN LOVE, YOU

PACKARD '51

WHEN YOU DRIVE THIS CAR

THAT IS

'ENCHANTMENT ON WHEELS'



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C. P. (CEC) MARKLAND
(GENERAL MANAGER)

W. R. (BILL) KRUSE
(OWNER)

THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

On the front cover is charming FLORENCE RICHARDS, fashion co-ordinator and owner of the MAGIC EYE, a unique name for a sensational ladies' shop in our town. From the start of her "Fabulous" career (about fifteen years ago), she was considered a "natural" for this business.

We met Florence when she purchased the Magic Eye in August of 1948, from William (Bill) Moore, executive vice president of the Hotel Last Frontier and Harry Farnow, in charge of entertainment at the same hotel.

When we entered this shop for the first time, there seemed to be a horde of salesladies; each busy with a customer. After a few minutes, one of them came over and asked if she could be of assistance. We explained there was no hurry but would like to meet the new owner, when she had a spare moment. We realized it was a bad time for a call, but it was too late to leave. The saleslady had informed the boss and Miss Richards was walking in our direction. How did we know it was she? Don't really know except for that quizzical look she had in her eyes. At that point we were trying to sell her an ad. In a friendly but aloof manner, she answered, "Not at the present time, perhaps at some later date." We are accustomed to such replies but were determined to get the account. We asked if it would be all right to browse around a bit to get an item for our daily column and permission was granted.

Approximately two hours later, business slacked a bit and we felt like a store fixture. Then Miss Richards invited us into her office. She seated herself at the desk, which looked as though it had been struck by a hurricane. Florence noticed us eyeing the unkempt piece of furniture and apologized for its appearance by explaining she didn't have five minutes to devote to it. Believing she was hinting or asking for aid, we offered our services and were more than grateful when not accepted.

Once again, our favorite topic (advertising) was brought up and it almost looked like a sale. BUT the phone rang just at the crucial moment and we were ready to surrender and try at some future date. This last thought seemed almost too unfair, especially after contributing so much time to our endeavor. This time we gave it all we had and insisted she have a bite to eat with us. After some (but not too much) persuasion, F. R. accepted and, over a sandwich and coffee, we learned some interesting things concerning her career.

As a teen-ager, she helped her Dad in his drug store in Utah, while mother, IVA MILLNARD, attended school, studying to become a pharmacist. (Mom was the first woman to pass the Utah examination for pharmacy.) When she graduated from high school, Florence went into business and started a gift shop next door to Dad's Waterloo Pharmacy. Miss Richards fared very well in this, her first business venture. When she sold the place she was asked to be the manager of a large dress house and accepted. A few years later another opportunity presented itself. Florence Richards became the dress buyer for the May Company of Los Angeles.

Florence remained at that job for 3½ years and left to become fashion co-ordinator and merchandise manager for the Hudson Bay Fur Co. This all-important position enabled her to do a lot of traveling, during which she visited the most important fashion centers in the nation. Miss Richards became well known in the industry and the reputation she acquired as merchandiser for Hudson Bay cannot be equalled to this day.

It was while on vacation that Florence Richards drove through our town and decided to come back at the first opportunity. Six months later she was a resident of our state.

Since her purchase of the Magic Eye, Miss Richards has branched out considerably. She is co-owner of the Magic Eye in Reno and operates the ladies' shop at the Cal-Neva Lodge in Lake Tahoe, during the summer months. She is also a co-owner of GOYA'S FIESTA SHOP on South Fifth Street where she and her partner, GOYA LA VALLE, create many of their own new fashions.

Say, we just realized that we didn't mention whether Miss R. gave us an ad on that eventful and never-to-be-forgotten day. Yes, she certainly did and "FABULOUS" FLORENCE RICHARDS claims she always will—just as long as she is owner of the MAGIC EYE—and that's for sure.

MOST of you may remember our running some "teasers" for a few weeks, last June, always asking the same question: "Is it true, B. G.?" We entertained certain suspicions but were unable to prove anything conclusive until last week. It took almost six months but we finally discovered "it" was true!

(Continued on Page 30)

500,000 UNITS

Las Vegas Thoroughbred Racing Association

A NEVADA CORPORATION

500,000 shares
cumulative preferred stock
($5.00 par value)

500,000 shares
common voting stock
(No par value)

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REGISTERED BROKER

AT THE OFFICES OF THE CORPORATION

Las Vegas Thoroughbred Racing Association

NEW OFFICES
HI-WAY 91
AT
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LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

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5488



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

TRACK TALK

. . . by JOCKEY, JR.

THERE will be a lot of news popping soon concerning the now a-building Las Vegas Park racetrack.

Up until now, all we have been able to talk about is the progress of construction which has been going on all year.

It should be pointed out that ever since ground was broken late in 1949, there has been no let-up in construction work. There has been vigorous activity at the racing site on Paradise Valley Road ever since the first shovelful of dirt was turned over at the dedication ceremonies; ever since the first nail was driven in the first stable.

Today with stables completed, plus all the necessary srtuctures which go with a stable area to provide for trainers, riders, grooms and the horses to be taken care of, that portion of the Las Vegas Park plant is ready to go.

In the meantime, the grandstand to seat and accommodate the thousands of spectators who will attend the meetings at such a track as this is becoming a spectacular sight. The steel beams which will frame and support the huge overhanging grandstand roof are now outlined against the distant mountains and will soon, according to the contractor's schedule, be ready for roofing.

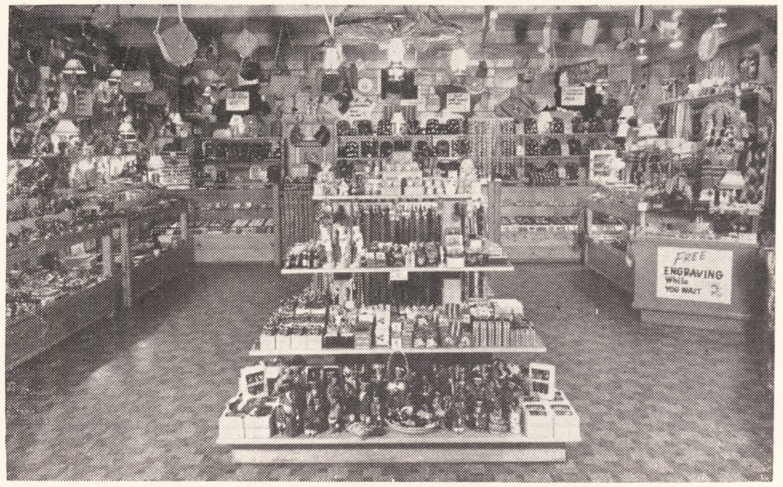
With the addition of O. L. McKenney, former operations manager for Del Mar racetrack, to the same job at Las Vegas Park, you can expect things to happen from now on.

There will be more news of horses and the people who will be coming here to handle many of the actual racing duties at the track which is scheduled to begin its first meeting on March 15. McKenney is currently back east making arrangements for the participation of notable horses and organizations in the festivities which are to come next year at the local racetrack.

The Las Vegas Thoroughbred Racing Association has been actively engaged of late endeavoring, in addition to McKenney, the best and most responsible racing officials available, Herman Sharp, well known at all tracks in southern California, will be racing secretary, according to a recent memorandum to track stockholders and formerly announced in these columns.

"With the Chamber of Commerce's Livewire Fund drive now about to start to assure another year of success for Las Vegas as a tourist center, Las Vegas Park will lend every effort to back the Chamber's program to see that tourists flock here in ever increasing numbers in 1951," according to Joe Smoot, the track's president.

We Pack and Ship Your Gifts Anywhere



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DEAR MOM . . .

. . . by MARDIE ROGERS

DEAR MOM: This is my "after Thanksgiving" letter to you and Pop. Don't guess I'll want to see another turkey for years. Even now, I have the cook-book out, trying to find disguises and am carrying around a tummy that's screaming for Bromo Seltzer . . . But, being as how I've only had "the bird" once this year, I guess I shouldn't kick.

Had some friends from Los Angeles here this week-end . . . Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Morris and their three remarkable children. Mr. M. is a well-known accountant and is one of the fastest and most competent men, regarding your "headache day," March 15th, to be found! What he doesn't know about taxes—isn't! Too bad you and Pop aren't closer so you could have him "figger out" how much you owe —to whom—etc.

Speaking of owing, had to pay a bill the other day and went to the Bank of Nevada to draw out some fresh loot. The place was jammed and packed as usual (after the holiday). While waiting around, being the snoopy character that I am, got to meet some of the people who keep the little mint a hummin'. For instance, there's Mr. Butterfield, vice president—Mr. Sutherland, head cashier—Mr. Rose, assistant cashier (aided by his capable secretary Margarite Cooper)—Earl Phillips, head of the note department—Johnny Oakes (who recently married a gal named Mary Lou)—Mr. Testolin, assistant chief clerk, and the most appropriate deal of all is a "teller" by the name of Mickey Dollar ($). If he was running at Holly Park, I'd put my bucks on him. How could you lose?

On my way out, stopped over at the Golden Slipper to see my little friend, "Vin" Perres, bartender, who has an 11-year record in the same spot. He works for Bill Greene who is part owner and manager of the bar. Got to talking with "Vin" and asked him whether he prefers catering to men or women—and, Mom—we gals are in the lead. (Tipping is about equal with both sexes, he says . . . all depends on the mood they are in.) "Vin" could probably write a book about all he sees and hears but prefers to remain just the quiet li'l guy that he is.

I couldn't help but notice "Silver," a very famous dog who makes the entrance of the Nugget her headquarters. I believe every columnist in the country has written about this tobacco-



chewing canine—from E. V. Durling, right on down. But, from "info" from her self-elected master, "Bruno," the gent who sells the papers, "she" is the mother of a son known as "Punky," who chews three sacks of "stuff" every week. "Silver," the mother, is known all over town and frequently wanders to far-off places. She always knows how to get back to the home front. She merely stands and waits for some friendly bus driver to pick her up (courtesy to canines) and she's back where she started from—some class, eh? Maybe that's why they say the country's "goin' to the dawgs!"

Speaking of friendly bus drivers, met the "tops" the other day. His name is Paul Wright and he patrols the South Fifth and Flamingo line. This li'l guy should be an m. c. or an ambassador of good will! He's got what it takes. Told me, before shoving off, about some of his cronies, Johnny Baird (the old-timer of the line), Art Clifton, Gene

(Continued on Page 33)

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

I GET

"That Old Feeling"

SINGING FOR YOU AT THE

Thunderbird Hotel

SHOWTIME 8:30-11:30



CAROL BRUCE

"Your Embraceable Girl"

WATCHBIRDS

. . by SIR JODY and LADY MICHAEL

QUOTES from a lonesome LAS VEGAN—or—what has MANHATTAN got that Las Vegas lacks . . . and the answer to that is—Nothing Really??? . . . BROADWAY is no more brightly lit than Fremont Street and Las Vegas hotels offer the same galaxy of stars that stud the theatres and restaurants of N. Y. Broadway is deserted and quiet after 4 o'clock in the morning except for a lonesome cab or delivery truck but VEGAS never sleeps—. What WE mean to say is—WE MISS YOU, LAS VEGAS!!!

Biggest surprise of the week was a letter from LISA ROSE—erstwhile dancer at the Desert Inn. Lisa is now Mrs. Ernest Baer Jr., of L. A., the ceremony was performed at WEE KIRK OF THE HEATHER on Nov. 12th, followed by a wedding breakfast at EL RANCHO VEGAS. We wish the bride and groom much happiness.

Ran into JAY LAWRENCE, who played the FLAMINGO with the VAUGHN MONROE band. Jay says he keeps in touch with goings on in Vegas by subscribing to this magazine and has it forwarded to him all over the country. Incidentally, VAUGHN is rearranging his entire schedule, cancelling some of his dance dates to make room for at least one appearance a week at a service camp beginning with the U. S. Naval Hospital in Philadelphia. To this we say BRAVO—VAUGHN MONROE.

VIVIAN BLAINE, who played the opening bill at the DESERT INN, is starring in a smash Broadway musical—GUYS AND DOLLS. We happened to catch the show in its tryout form in Philadelphia and were so delighted to see the elegant Miss Blaine play a little Brooklyn chorus girl so convincingly—a grand voice—and acting talent too!

PETER LIND HAYES, son of our first lady of show business, GRACE HAYES, premiered his new TV show on Thanksgiving—needless to add, it got raves. Another Thanksgiving premiere was EDGAR BERGEN and his wooden sidekick, saucy CHARLIE McCARTHY, but Charlie's laurels were stolen by Mortimer Snerd who not only talks but looks like a dope. RAY NOBLE, as always, plays the music.

LUBA MALINA, who charmed us in the ROUND-UP ROOM of the E. R. V., is very busy these days studying French. She has been approached to do a stint in one of the top spot in Paris and feels it's only fair to sing to the people in their native tongue. We agree.



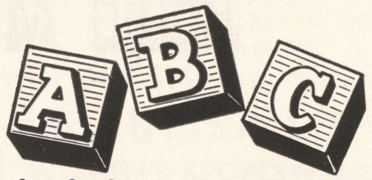
Nothing is quite so boring as to sit through an act and only understand a word here and there . . . BUDDY LESTER, proudly whipping out pictures of his baby son, says little angel is the reason he commutes from New York to his home in Detroit every weekend.

Handsome DICK CONTINO and beautiful PATTI PAGE, sensation of Ciro's in L. A. and the Copacabana in N. Y., are breaking all records at the Paramount Theater. Who goes to see the picture? . . . Theater party after the preview of JUDITH ANDERSON'S "Tower Beyond Tragedy" was hosted by MR. and MRS. FRED COE, Philco TV show exec. The merits of the play were hotly debated by ALEXANDER KIRKLAND and HURD HATFIELD (picture of Dorian Gray), with PHYLLIS ADAMS (Theatre Arts magazine), and FRANCIS LEDERER (Arms and the Man), as mediators.

All of the Broadway friends of ABE

(Continued on page 32)

FREE PICK-UP AND DELIVERY



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AT

THE GOLDEN NUGGET

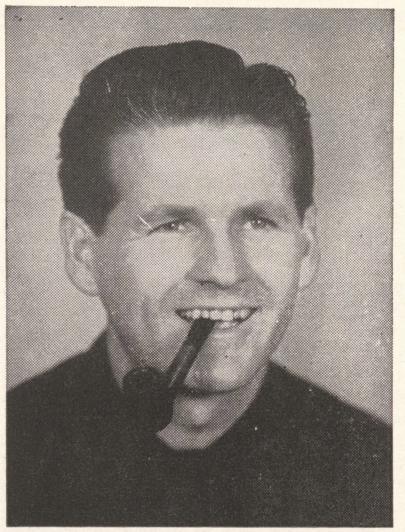
UNDER MANAGEMENT OF

Eddie Moss

AND

George Minas

DOWNTOWN . . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN



COULD it be possible that all columnists have as much trouble as I do in getting the first paragraph of their column written? It has been almost 45 minutes since I came in to start this thing and so far . . . NOTHING! Oh, I was farily busy when I first came in. You see, from the preparations I make to get ready to write this thing, you'd think there was to be a meeting of the United Nations Assembly here in my little kitchen, the main item being a fresh pot of black coffee at my right hand to assist in my remaining awake to finish the job. With the accomplishment of all of these preparatory maneuvers, I invariably find myself stupidly staring at the title and by-line for as long as 15 or 20 minutes before I can force myself off center enough to get at the situation. Hm-m-m . . . coffee's cold! Wait'll I put it back on the stove and we'll mosey around the metropolis a bit to see if we ran into any news this week (and the preceding impertinent palaver takes care of the opening paragraph . . . always thinkin', this kid!)

The SHAMROCK HOTEL on North Main Street is in new hands as of now and, according to those new hands, all purgatory will pop when they put into affect all the plans they have for the operation of the club. We say "new hands," but actually an old timer in our town is to be at the helm for this project. DUKE WILEY is the fellow who is to guide the policies of the nitery, and his ability is known to those of you who have been in Las Vegas during the past 10 years or more. There will be dancing and entertainment, dining and cocktails and, of course, your favorite in the line of gaming will be at your disposal. With proper handling this club could very well become THE spot for downtown rounders. It's been done before! I might suggest you drop in on Duke and his partners this weekend and give 'em a good send off in this new venture . . . Another popular place that is changing hands is Railroad Pass Casino. Taken over the first of December by Lester Jones and Phlete Martin. Jimmy Fellers is also in on the running of the establishment. Jonesy has been one of the more popular floor men around these parts for some time now, the last time being with the Westerner Club in Downtown Vegas. Phlete Martin will be remembered for his connection with the old Las Vegas Club when it was located where the Westerner is at present. These fellows have been dickering for this popular spot for the past four months, awaiting the settlement of the estate of the last Chic Fechser. All that these new owners have to do is try to equal the standards set up by Chic, when he operated the Pass, and their success is bound to be a certainty. To Les, Phlete and Jimmy we say, "All the luck in the world," and we don't say it as a matter of form; we mean it . . . Remember a while back when I was telling you about the big dance floor that Mitch and Ruthie had put in the Embassy Club out in North Vegas? Now the floor is TWICE as big as it was then, and a new cowboy band is on hand for your dancing and entertainment. Tex Marshall and his Rodeo Ranch Hands they call themselves. Tex isn't exactly new to the Embassy Club, either. He used to work for Mitch at this club back in 1947. He

(Continued on Page 31)

AL NISSELL'S

WOMEN'S SPORTSWEAR

PHONE 2916 313 FREMONT

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

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

. . . by JACK CORTEZ



★ El Rancho Vegas

November 22 through December 5
(Reprinted from last week's issue)

GORDON MacRAE, handsome and personable star of stage, screen and radio, is the headliner of this show in the ROUND-UP ROOM. His popularity is equally distributed among millions of bobby-soxers and adults. This smooth-voiced singer is revealing the reason for his success to the patrons, during this engagement. He ingratiates himself with the audience by presenting everyone's favorites, among which are tunes he introduced in screen portrayals. The personal touch Mr. Mac Rae weaves around the sentimental ballads endears him to one and all. It was really a feat for him to make his exit. The supper-clubbers refused to accept his last encore as the final one. Although this is Gordon's initial appearance in our town, we are certain it won't be the last, if public acclaim has any influence . . . Above-average support is offered by ANTHONY, ALLEN and HODGES, billed as the "Sophisticates of the Dance." This bill-

(Continued on Page 27)

★ Hotel Last Frontier

December 1 through December 28
(Not a review)

It just doesn't seem that a year has passed since PHIL SPITALNY'S sensational ALL-GIRL ORCHESTRA caused such a furore in our town. During their previous stint in the RAMONA ROOM hundreds of patrons had to be turned away, each show, day and night! So—a tip to the wise: Never has anything quite so beautiful and spectacular hit our town. PHIL SPITALNY'S masterful baton waving, EVELYN'S MAGIC VIOLIN playing, plus the 25 very talented music maidens in the ork, all promise to surpass and break their previous record . . . Here is a short rundown on what you can expect: **The** greatest music and singing you ever heard. Each girl in the orchestra is a graduate from a conservatory of music. Each girl in the ork is the greatest in her field. To name a few of them: EVELYN AND HER MAGIC VIOLIN can, in our estimation, equal Fritz Kreisler or Mischa Elman; JANET McLAIN, trumpet player, par excellence; LOUISE MEISZNER, the female Liberace of the keyboard; VIOLA SMITH, the gal with 17 drums, who "beats the skins" a la Krupa, and many more such

(Continued on Page 31)

★ Flamingo Hotel

LOUIS "SATCHMO" ARMSTRONG, the "Trumpet King of Jazz" and his ALL STARS, are currently headlining the bill in the FLAMINGO ROOM. Each member in this amazing group is truly a master musician and upholds his reputation as such, when soloing. There is lots of boogie, Basin street and be-bop—AND—jazz. The "All Stars" consist of "SATCHMO" on the trumpet, EARL "FATHA" HINES, piano, JACK TEAGARTEN, trombone, COZY COLE drums, BENNY BIGARD, clarinet and ORVILLE SHAW, bass-violin . . . Featured with these A-1 music makers is VELMA MIDDLETON, the zaftig gal whose voice packs a solid punch . . . The name LOUIS ARMSTRONG is a

(Continued on Page 27)

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

November 14 through December 11

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

(Continued on Page 27)

★ Thunderbird Hotel

November 23 through December 6

The new presentation that made its debut on Thanksgiving in the NAVAJO ROOM, stars lovely CAROL BRUCE, a new and bewitching personality to show-wise Las Vegas. This lovely singing star of stage, screen, and radio, captivated the audience with her charm, grace and superb voice. Miss Bruce's program consists of blues, ballads and bop—all done in fine taste. She knows what type of tunes the people like, is solid on song projection and dishes them out in tasty snacks. This engagement marks No. 1 for Carol Bruce—and we safely say look for No. 2 . . . In the supporting spot are three young men called the RED-HEADS. They turn in a slick performance and are versatile. They do music skits from the old and popular vaudeville era to now-a-day's fast living "Uranium Age." The three Red-Heads (and their all-new material). pack lots of punch and seem as solid as Boulder Dam . . . The opening act

(Continued on Page 27)

★ Club Bingo

After a most successful engagement in the BONANZA ROOM, MARTHA DAVIS, one of Las Vegas' favorite stars, concludes her current appearance at this spot. With "spouse" CAL PONDER beating out the rhythm on the bass, they are ready for any "big-time" job! . . . (Not a review), Opening Sunday, December 3, are DUSTY BROOKS and his QUINTET, who feature "2-beat tunes." These five men sing many of your favorite tunes and offer lots of novel musical arrangements . . . On the same bill is JUANITA BROWN, a lovely songstress, whose lovely, clear, strong voice carries quite a bit of projection. She offers a wide variety of your favorite hit tunes which should please everyone in the room . . . MIKE WERNER'S ORK and the CHUCK BURGESS TRIO supply the music for your dancing pleasure, from 8:00 p. m. 'til 5:00 a. m. The new policy of the club is four shows nightly: 9-11-1:00 a. m. and 3:00 a. m.

★ Golden Slipper Saloon

BURLESQUE and lots of comedy is holding sway with HANK HENRY at the helm, on the old-new Gay '90s stage. Hank is a clever and versatile comic who keeps changing the skits and fadeouts for each presentation . . . JO ANN MALONE, his very charming red-haired wife, takes an active part in the skits and adds much feminine color to them . . . Very lovely NORMA HUGHES sings ballads of yesteryear in a stimulating manner . . . GERRY KNOX is the blonde gal with the throaty voice who sings many nostalgic tunes that stir your heart . . . THE GOLDEN SLIPPER QUARTET perform in a manner that makes you wish you could have been around to see the days when the barber shop foursomes were really popular . . . TURK MURPHY and his BAND play Dixieland music loud and good, the way it was played many years ago . . . GEORGE REDMAN, at the piano, plays wonderful accompaniment for each act on the bill. All members in the cast wear colorful

(Continued on Page 27)

DELIGHTFULLY
DIFFERENT

WILBUR CLARK'S
DESERT INN



CARRIE FINNELL

COMEDIENNE

THE WESTERNER

GAMBLING HOUSE AND SALOON



DOWNTOWN "GUMBO" GEORGETTI (OWNER)

THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

LAST week I was speaking about Christmas cards. How old were you when you had your first Christmas cards to send out with your own name on them? I don't mean the kind where you were the "and family" part of it. I mean, that had just YOUR name on it. I'll bet it was a thrill, wasn't it? It gave you a feeling that "you were somebody," especially if you were a youngster. And even if you didn't get them until you were really grown up, think what a thrill it would have been.

Almost everybody has youngsters of their own or a younger brother or sister. Did you ever think of letting them have their own cards for Christmas? Not a Christmas present but just a little something "extra." I'll bet if you had some made for them they'd talk about it for months to come. If they aren't with you, pick out some you know they'd like and get them to them in time to mail them out. If they are with you, take them to your favorite stationery store. Treat them just like grownups. Let them pick out the ones THEY want and have their name printed on them. The printing is usually included in the price and they don't have to be expensive ones unless you want them to be. The kids will get just as much of a thrill out of the 25-for-a-dollar type as any on the market as long as their name is on them. Let them address them personally unless they are a little too young. It's a good idea.

While we were picking out our Christmas cards, Maw slipped off to the side and bought me one of those Parker "51" pens. Gosh, what I would have given to have had one when I went to school. The only thing we had then was an ink well up in the right-hand corner of a slanting desk and my pen was a hunk of wood with a pen point in it. Remember how we used to have ink on the thumb and first two fingers? That's done away with now. With these new pens. it doesn't get on your fingers and the ink dries as fast as you write. You don't need a blotter. Come to think of it, without blotters, wonder what the school kids of today have to chew the corner out of?

Got to get this story in before I forget it. I don't say it's true, I'm just repeating it. There was a fellow leading a pink elephant down Fremont street on a leash. Every one in a while the elephant would stop all of a sudden and blame near jerk the fellow off his



feet. This fellow put up with it all the way from Main street to Second and then he lost his patience, turned on the elephant and told him if he didn't quit acting up he'd pour him back in the bottle. Why do they always tell jokes on pink elephants, why not on red, blue, or a pale green?

Speaking of colors, reminds me of Jello. I like it with bananas. Maw always cuts the bananas into little dinkuses. She makes hearts, and diamonds, and squares, and all that sort of foll-de-roll and I swear it don't taste a bit better, in fact, I don't think you can even taste them. I got the idea that I'd like some made with BIG pieces of banana so a fellow'd get a real taste of them in the Jello instead of little "pretties to look at. So, what happens? Sunday night I buy a dozen bananas, bring them home, cut them up in big hunks, and I said, "Maw, make some Jello." And she did. The next noon I took a peek at it and it sure was pretty. I start to take it out of the icebox. Maw said, "Where are you going with it?" I said, "I'm going to eat it." Maw said, "No you ain't. That's for the girls when they come here for sewing this afternoon. And I say, "Them's for me." But they weren't. Maw's fellow hens helped her eat it. Tonight I'm going down to the store, get me a dozen bananas, two boxes of Jello, going to hide them outside until Maw's asleep, going to get

(Continued on Page 27)

JUST THANKS:

TO MILTON PRELL, EPPY PEARSON AND THE PATRONS OF THE

CLUB BINGO

For Another Wonderful Engagement



Martha Davis

Me, Too! Cal Ponder, "the Spouse," on the Bass Violin

ON THE SCENE . . .

MORE HECKLERS

This is indeed **a very** old story and, if brought to everyone's attention often enough, might **eventually** be eliminated. However, we doubt it because it always happens and **nothing is** done to rectify this gross wrong. A few nights ago, while making my **usual rounds,** I went to see a show for the second time. The dining room was filled **to capacity** with fun-seeking patrons who were intent upon enjoying a good **stage presentation.** The orchestra played the fanfare, the M. C. came out to **introduce the** first act—and then it happened—**again!** As though by prearranged **signal, two** women sitting in the middle of the room began conversing in loud, **irritating** monotones that carried from one end of the room to the other. The idiotic **discourse** lasted throughout the entire one hour and 10 minute show. Both of **these lovable**(?) women didn't see the presentation or know who was headlining **the bill.** However, they did accomplish one thing. These cackling "hens" made **everyone** in the room very uncomfortable with incessant, nonsensical chatter. **Now—the puzzler to end all puzzles:** Why can't the management ask such people **to curb** their voices—or better still—to leave the room if they are not interested **in seeing** the show? This move could be performed diplomatically. I'm certain the **persons** involved would not be insulted by the request. If they are, well that **should be** all right, too. Why spoil the pleasures of so many for just a few ignorants? **I was very** curious and watched the double tongue-wagging contest during the entire **show.** I noticed that each woman would take an occasional fast peek and turn **right back** to continue the conversation where it had been suspended (for **breathing.)** Finally, the show was over and—**BELIEVE IT OR NOT**—these two "hens" **didn't** have one solitary word to exchange. Both sat very quietly, eyeing the **people in the** room and eating their food which had become ice-cold. Why didn't they **speak** when everyone else was busily engaged in conversation? Seems that such **people** seldom do. They know and realize their voices wouldn't disturb anyone **because** they wouldn't be sufficiently audible for others to hear. When the second **show** was introduced, the same two women began again. This time, they were **noisier,** if that was possible. It appeared that the food they had eaten had provided **more** energy. I see heckling such as this and sometimes worse at some hotel or **club**—but—nothing is ever done to stop it. I believe it would be a wonderful **service** to all concerned if the management would only interrupt and ask such **people to** kindly **SHUT UP!** Not only do these "Ham Bones" ruin whatever efforts **an artist** expends to produce a good show, but they also spoil an evening of **pleasure** for the rest of the guests in the room. Next time you are out. watch for **these people.** You'll always find them in any crowd. Notice how they keep ogling **their** fellow-patrons with a certain look that appears to be sadistic and wild. I **call them frustrtaed exhibitionists** who should be placed in a cage. Wouldn't it be **great if** hecklers were placed on a stage with a spotlight hitting them and then **asked to** do what they seem to criticize so strongly?

"FABULOUS" LIBERACE

Nate Gross, famous Chicago columnist and author of the "Town Tattler," in the Windy City, **ran this** item about Liberace in his column, Wednesday, November 22, 1950. The story **is so** unbelievably remarkable that we must reprint it for those who didn't see it:

"They've been saying prayers of thanksgiving at the home of Al Matheny, the advertising man. Mrs. Matheny has been bedridden with arthritis for three years. She spent her time reading, listening to radio, watching television, and hoping to be able to walk again. For the past two years, Matheny wanted to invite his friend, Liberace, to dinner, but because of his wife, hesitated to do so. The other night, however, Liberace, the great pianist featured at the Empire Room, and his brother, George, dined at the Matheny home. After they had eaten, Liberace sat down at the piano. He played "Claire de Lune." When the number ended, he and the others became aware they had been joined by Mrs. Matheny, who for the first time in three years, had walked without aid. She had a request and wanted to make it personally. It was "September Song," which she had learned from an old friend, the late Walter Huston.

Thanksgiving **Day,** November 23, 1950. will be a day Mr. and Mrs. Al Matheny will always **remember.** It was a day a MIRACLE occurred in their home, greatly aided by our **favorite pianist**—"Fabulous" Liberace.

(Continued on page 32)

QUOTE MR. WILBUR CLARK:

"Leo Diamond is the greatest harmonica player I ever heard, barring none!"

Thanks, Mr. Clark! Praise, such as that, is certainly a great tribute.

Sincerely,



LEO DIAMOND

HEANEY'S

Loan and Jewelry

RENO, NEVADA

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?

DIXIE DEL.

FRONT ROW CENTER

by JOHN RYKEN

AS I begin this week's column, the radio is giving forth with some of the gravest news heard since the days of 1941. Reversals for the U. S. troops in Korea and an impending disaster in the making. Moving out of the realm of the entertainment world for just a minute it does seem that the situation calls for some very serious thought. For the past five years while we disarmed and tried everything in the book to appease the ideologies of a way of life opposed to our own, our weakness has been an open faith in a race that is dedicated to the extermination of freedom. We have blindly accepted the word of men whose word is not worth the paper it is printed on because after a hard war peace was accepted at any cost. Now they are out to destroy peace as if never existed. I don't pretend to know the whys and wherefors of our foreign policy. But it seems to me that it is time for the people of the United States to be brutally realistic and once and for all forget the normal way of life until the rest of the world that is committed to destroy us accept peace as a vital way of life—misery and suffering is going to have to be accepted until the democratic principles are so strong the whole world will adopt them. It may not come in our lifetime or it may never come at all. The tragedy of the 20th Century will be the fact that in the highest scientific development as well as social equality the people of the earth seemed destined to total destruction. And with the supposed intelligence that exists it seems ironic that no solution outside of total war can solve the economic differences that exist between capitalism and communism. The future holds a very dark outlook and the only thing that can bring back the light is honest prayer day after day. Everything else has failed so far.

The above is a bit grim but it was written in a grim frame of mind. Turning to something lighter, here are some radio notes:

Frank Sinatra (KLAS, 2:00-3:00 p. m. Sunday) has grabbed himself two more sponsors, leaving only the last quarter hour sustaining . . . The big news of the past week was the injunction RCA Victor obtained against CBS-TV in running color TV broadcast tests . . . CBS has raided NBC for more new business . . . "Charlie Wild, Private Eye" will move over to CBS on Sunday afternoons next January . . . One of the



pioneer programs in radio, "American Album of Familiar Music," has moved from NBC to ABC same time . . . AM business has picked up over the past weeks and now some of the salespeople seem to think that there is still a lot of life left in the old medium . . . ABC has sold four shows, while Mutual has come up with two new accounts . . . The TV manufacturers report that they may have to curtail the output due to national shortages. With the cost now up the sale of TV receivers still hops along at a merry clip . . . Amos and Andy, after so many years in the AM medium, have finally come up with a successful replica of themselves on TV which will hit the TV screens next spring . . . The surprise hit of TV this season is Burns & Allen, who have been in show business many years and were long time favorites on radio . . . Two of CBS dance bands and orchestras are making a commercial success with Frank DeVol turning them away at the Hollywood Palladium and Jerry Gray at the Meadowbrook. Frank DeVol backs Jack Smith, Margaret Whiting, Dinah Shore on the Oxydol show (Monday and Friday, 8:15 p. m. KLAS). Jerry Gray backs the gang on "Club 15" (Monday-Friday, 430 p. m. KLAS) . . . For those who like musical programs and have a good radio, a sug-

(Continued on Page 34)

'TUTOR'S DON'TS'

Don't Hold Las Vegas Short
Don't Worry — Watch Us Grow

SPECIAL OFFER

2 FOR 1!!

BUY TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR
THE PRICE OF 1! ! !

Keep the folks "back home" informed of the doings of your family and your town . . .

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OUR MAILING LIST INCLUDES EVERY STATE IN THE "48"

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EL RANCHO VEGAS

(Continued from Page 18)

ing belies their actual presentation. As "sophisticates," they certainly keep everyone highly amused with their multiple comedy antics . . . The lovely COVER GIRLS introduce two novel numbers, dressed in very beautiful costumes. The one we enjoyed most was the "Continental Dance," written by DICK WINSLOW on his last trip to our town. . . . STERLING YOUNG and his ORK cut a very good show and play excellent music for dancing. Featured vocalist with the band is lovely BOBBY ENNIS, the gal who sings "lots of song." . . . GUY LANDIS and JIMMY De STEFANO are the "Strolling Troubadours" who play during intermissions and "requestfully yours" in the Chuck Wagon Room 'til 4:00 a. m.

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 18)

legend in American music and he is one of the greatest singers of jazz on the stage today . . . On the same bill is PINKY LEE, wonderful comedy star of stage, screen and TV. The last time. (B. G.—two years ago), he was hindered a great deal by the headliner on the bill who just wouldn't give him a break! This time, Pinky receives every consideration and introduces a sharp act . . . THE MORO-LANDIS SENSATIONS, a bevy of 10 beautiful girls, introduce two novel routines in glorious, colorful costumes . . . GARWOOD VAN and HIS ORK cut an excellent show and play music for dansapation that automatically raises you from your chair and sets your feet a'dancing, with or without the aid of ARTHUR MURRAY . . . CHUY REYES and ORK continue to play your favorite tunes in the Mural Room until 4:00 a. m.

DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 19)

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

THUNDERBIRD HOTEL:

(Continued from Page 19)

is JACQUELINE HURLEY, a gal who twists her body in all sorts of indescribable formations. In order that all the audience receive a better view, Miss Hurley does most of her contortions atop a table. In some instances, she could pass as a pretzel, and causes one to wonder if her bones were made of rubber . . . The famous KATHRYN DUFFY DANSATIONS introduce two colorful routines, dressed in effective and beautiful costumes. MISS CHRISTINA CARSON, the Prima Ballerina of Las Vegas, is the featured dancer in the ballet number . . . A surprise addition, and we do mean surprise, is GIL JOHNSON, featured in the production numbers. This is his first engagement in our town, after a most successful tour of Europe which only lasted six years. We are glad Gil condescended to return so we could see his amazing prowess as a dancer and vocalist. He fits into these production numbers like a pumpkin pie on Thanksgiving . . . BARNEY RAWLINGS is your genial host m. c. and assists in the routines with his fine singing . . . AL JAHNS and his ORK cut a marvelous all-around holiday show and give out with dansapation in the best "society" style.

GOLDEN SLIPPER

(Continued from Page 19)

and gay outfits, reminiscent of the 19th Century . . . "SMOKEY" JOE LA DUE, a very popular personality in our town, is your friendly host in charge of the SALOON and RESTAURANT from 9 p. m. to 7 a. m.

THE OLD TIMER:

(Continued from Page 21)

them, make a pan of it, sit up 'til it gets hard, and then I'm going to sit down and eat it all myself. What's more, I'm going to leave the dirty pan so she can see just what I did. I'll show her!



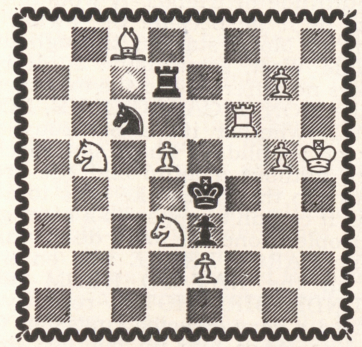
DOWNTOWN

CHESS » » »

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

PROBLEM NO. 79

Black 4



White 9
White mates in two.

Solution to problem No. 78: Q-N.

U. S. OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

The following games are from the U. S. Open Championship Tournament played in Detroit last month and won by Arthur B. Bisguier:

ENGLISH OPENING

Ohman	Steiner	24—N-B4	B-QB2
White	Black	25—Q-K2	B-Q4
1—P-QB4	P-B4	1—P-QB4	P-K4
2—N-QB3	P-KB4	27—BxN	PxB
3—P-Q3	N-KB3	28—Q-Q3	Q-R4
4—P-KN3	B-B4	29—K-B	QxP
5—B-N2	N-B3	30—K-K	Q-N8ch
6—P-K3	P-Q3	31—Q-B	Q-R7
7—KN-K2	Castles	32—R-B3	KR-K
8—P-QR3	P-QR4	33—R-R	P-QN4
9—Castles	K-K	34—P-R4	P-N5
10—P-N3	Q-K	35—R-B5	Q-R4
11—P-Q4	B-N3	36—K-Q	B-N3
12—N-N5	N-Q	37—R(5)-B	Q-B2
13—B-N2	N-B2	38—N-B4	B-B2
14—R-B	N-K5	39—K-Q2	P-B4
15—Q-Q3	P-B3	40—Q-Q3	B-K5
16—NxP	N(5)xN	41—Q-B	Q-B3
17—P-B5	P-K5	42—K-Q	PxP
18—Q-B2	B-B2	43—BxP	B-N3
19—PxN	BxP	44—N-Q2	B-B
20—N-B3	B-K3	45—PxB	RxP
21—KR-Q	R-B	46—R-R2	B-Q6
22—N-R4	N-N4	47—Q-R	Q-K3
23—N-N6	R-Q	Resigns	

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SICILIAN DEFENSE

Bisguier	Steiner	34—K-Q3	P-QN4
White	Black	35—P-B5	B-B5ch
1—P-K4	P-QB4	36—K-K3	B-Q4
2—N-KB3	P-QR3	37—B-Q8	P-B4
3—P-B3	P-Q4	38—PxPch	PxP
4—PxP	QxP	39—P-N3	B-B3
5—P-Q4	N-KB3	40—B-N4	K-Q4
6—PxP	QxP	41—K-Q3	B-K
7—B-K3	Q-B2	42—B-B6	B-N3
8—QN-Q2	B-N5	43—K-K3	P-K5
9—Q-R4ch	QN-Q2	44—PxPch	PxP
10—B-K2	P-K3	45—B-Q8	B-K
11—Castles	B-Q3	46—B-B7	B-B3
12—P-KR3	B-R4	47—B-Q8	K-B5
13—N-B4	B-R7ch	48—B-B7	K-N6
14—NxB	BxB	49—B-Q8	KxP
15—N-N6	R-Q	50—B-R3	K-N6
16—NxN	QxN	51—K-Q4	P-R4
17—QxQch	RxQ	52—K-K3	K-B6
18—KR-K	B-R4	53—K-K2	K-Q5
19—P-QB4	Castles	54—B-B7	B-Q2
20—P-B3	B-N3	55—B-N6	B-N5ch
21—N-N4	NxN	56—K-Q2	P-K6ch
22—RPxN	P-K4	57—K-K	K-B5
23—K-K2	P-B3	58—B-R5	B-B6
24—P-QN3	K-B2	59—K-B	K-Q6
25—B-N6	K-K3	60—K-K	K-B6
26—QR-Q	KR-B2	61—P-B6	BxP
27—K-K3	RxR	62—K-K2	K-Q5
28—RxR	R-Q2	63—B-N6ch	K-B5
29—RxR	KxR	64—B-R5	K-Q5
30—K-Q2	B-N8	65—B-N6ch	K-K5
31—P-R3	K-K3	66—BxP	P-R4
32—B-B7	P-KN3	67—PxP	P-N5
33—P-N4	B-B7	68—B-N6	Drawn

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

The initials B. G. stand for BEN GOFFSTEIN, co-owner of the FLAMINGO HOTEL. B. G. was married in Phoenix to JOYCE HILLMAN, lovely gal resident of our town. Congratulations, Joyce and Benny. We know you are happy and we also have a reason to feel good. One of our hunches FINALLY paid off!

BING CROSBY, who's as famous for his diplomacy as for his vocal capers, recently let down his hair long enough to name his three favorite femme vocalists. Winning places in "Mr. Music's" personal hall of fame are ELLA FITZGERALD, PEGGY LEE and DOROTHY KIRSTEN. "You just can't beat any of 'em," beamed Bing. "Ella's in a class of her own. Peg's tops in those novelties she writes, like 'Manana' and "Good Day.' And Dorothy is probably the No. 1 all-around versatility girl of the year." When asked to name his favorite male singers, Bing dodged the request with: "Why boost the competition? I'd only neglect some honored colleague and be humbled the rest of my life." . . . Practically every time you see MR. and MRS. BOB BLONDE doing the town, you can safely wager they are again playing host. Last week we saw this charming couple at WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN. The Blondes were entertaining Mr. W. T. Burns of Omaha, Nebraska — H. L. Lauby, from N. Y. C.—W. T. Price from L. A. and "Lucky" Lee Layne from Oakland, Calif. Mr. Blonde is assistant to the president of the railroad and their guests were all employes of Union Pacific . . . Whenever DICK WINSLOW has some spare time between engagements, he spends those moments in our town, visiting with AL JAHNS and his lovely wife, LOUISE. Dick recently completed a stint at EL RANCHO VEGAS. However, he is so crazy about our Las Vegas that he will visit it at the drop of a hat . . . MIKE MOTTUS and his lovely wife (on their way back to N. Y. C. from the coast) drove through our town in July of 1946. They looked around and decided to return soon. Exactly six weeks later, he and his spouse left their respective $100.00 weekly jobs in N. Y. and began their trek West again; this time to stay. Upon their arrival in Vegas, they purchased a gas station in North Las Vegas, which had been averaging 2,000 gallons a month. Within a short time, the same station was selling 17,000 gallons monthly—8 times as much. The clientele Mike built was drawn because of the exceptional service and courtesy he and his crew maintained at all times. About a year ago, Mike sold that station and now owns the THUNDERBIRD MOBIL STATION on Highway 91. The following he developed while at this spot is 20 times greater than that maintained by the former owner. Mike travels and makes a multitude of friends. It wouldn't surprise us if he became the owner of a chain of Mobil stations throughout the Middle West, some day . . . It really makes no difference to the management of the MONTE CARLO CLUB, DOWNTOWN whether it's a Saturday, Sunday or a holiday. Their slot machines work without a letup and the crowds swarm to this place like bees to a beehive. It couldn't happen to a nicer group of people. None are more deserving . . . While CAROL BRUCE was entertaining in the NAVAJO ROOM of the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL recently, she noticed a very dejected ringsider. Carol tried to cheer him up but her sincere efforts failed and she gave up. About two hours later, Miss Bruce decided to play some dice. Next to her was the disgruntled individual from ringside. Carol picked up the dice and made 14 passes, winning $14. Her melancholy audience was beaming at the end of her hand. He had regained all of his previous losses and returned to witness her next show with a party of 18 who gave her their devoted and gay attention. Seems easier for the winners to laugh, doesn't it? . . . On December 1st, RUTHE DESKIN, copy writer for Station KLAS, will leave that CBS network after working there for three years. She has obtained another position with ART FORCE, press agent for the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, and will serve as his secretary. Art is pretty lucky to acquire Ruthe's services. She is very efficient and a natural for this kind of work . . . MRS. E. UMANS, from Cleveland, Ohio, is in town visiting son GEORGE HARMON, "21" dealer at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. This is mom's first trip to our town and she just doesn't want to leave, especially after hearing about the nasty Eastern weatherman . . . "POP" SQUIRES, that lovable old gent who is one of the greatest newspapermen we have ever known, is busily engaged, writing a history of Las Vegas. When completed, "Pop" will have it published. According to some of the parts we read in his manuscript, we would say publisher and author alike should make a mint from the sales when it hits the book stands. Oh, yes, the entire story is "Pop's" own and is based on his experiences since he arrived here—45 years ago . . . SONNY MOORE, bar manager at the

(Continued on Page 33)

DOWNTOWN:

(Continued from Page 17)

left here and went to Bakersfield, Calif., where he has been working ever since at the SAME PLACE! Tex was saying that he just wanted a change of scenery and he couldn't think of a better place to get it than to come back to Vegas . . . Was talking to Bob Lee the other evening and learned that the first record of Cynthia's impending album is on the market now. It's on the Theme label, with these two tunes: "Saloon" and "Wise Guys." Her vocals are backed by the Bob Hennon aggregation and very well, we might add. The album will consist of old-time rounder tunes, some for which the music has never been written. Cynthia has learned them from some of the old timers who don't even know where they came from themselves. Sould be a very interesting album. Bob is working with the Chuck Burgess Trio at the Club Bingo on the strip at present . . . If you one are of those who has listened to the deejay show from the El Cortez as it is aired on week-ends, it is needless for me to tell of the brand of Dixieland music as it is built by the Dixie Tones playing in the Rose Room nightly. These boys have been together some months now, and are really beginning to get that special sort of blend that is needed to get a good solid Dixie sound. Maybe some day the management will hang the netting across that archway, as I suggested, and make the Rose Room into the inviting lounge that I'm certain it would become with that one augmenting feature. We'll see! Meanwhile, if you'd care to bang your bunions to a band with a beat, I'd suggest the music of the Dixie Tones at the El Cortez . . . Here's another spot that has just recently changed hands. The Apache Bar on Fremont next to the Eldorado Club. The new owner is Matt Howard, who is manager of the Nevada Beverage Company, and his lovely wife, Pat, took over about a week ago and, man, what plans they have for this spot. They plan to redecorate the interior in a way that will make it one of the most attractive relaxories in the downtown area. Matt is far from being a novice at this trade, having owned and operated bars in Agua Caliente, Tijuana and San Diego. It was while he was operating his place in San Diego that he was able to give a boost to two new bandleaders who are well known today, and very popular to all of Las Vegas. Garwood Van and Nick Stuart. Yep, both of them working resort hotels on our fabulous strip at the present time. Probably, by the time you read this little item, the lounge will have been all decked out in Yuletide arrayment for Matt by Bill Willard. To add to the spirit of the season, the new owners plan to set up champagne cocktails to the customers at regular intervals. Oh, yes, you can look for the Howards to make HOWARD'S a must on your trek downtown. That's to be the new name of the place: HOWARD'S. The GOLDENAIRES are gaining in popularity every day; or every night I should have said. They are taking turns with the Zany Acks in the Golden Nugget Saloon to keep you entertained. The line-up is as follows: SANDY is on the electric guitar, WALLY on bass, FREDDY on the vibes and accordion and his better half, MARGY, handles the vocals for the most part, except when Wally comes to the front for some of his interpretations; both of 'em good! For a newly formed group they perform very well, and you can expect to hear more and more of them as they go along. Diversified talent has to be recognized! . . . EDDIE MOSS and GEORGE MINAS have taken over the FARO BANK in the card room of the Golden Nugget just recently, too. I don't know George too well, but just the fact that he is associated with Eddie is enough for me. I believe that Eddie is one of the best liked gaming operators in all of the downtown area, or the whole town as far as that goes. He and Mel Exber have the sports book at the Pioneer Club and do a whale of a business with the prestige they have established, and the fact that they really mean it when they say that the sky is the limit, with the best odds you can get anywhere . . . And that'll about do it for this week. I'll rest the callouses on the tips of my pointin' pinkies (that's the way I type), and appease my appetite. I was wondering what this bulge was on my shirt front and just realized it was my backbone! Ah ain't et since yesterday evening and here it is 7 a. m. . . . 'Scuse me while I replenish my power plant! See you next week.

—Johnny.

LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from Page 18)

great talents. You should make it a must to see and hear them . . . GLORIA BENSON, a most attractive girl, possesses a soprano voice to match her beauty. JEANNE PATE has a voice that reminds us of an angel . . . We highly recommend parents to take their children to see this colossal production. If your youngster has any talent for music, this presentation will certainly inspire him to practice and be more persevering . . . DON BAKER, king of the Hammond Organ, plays requestfully yours during intermission.

ON THE SCENE:

(Continued from Page 23)

CHARMING MRS. SUMMERFIELD

A few evenings ago, an ultra swank limousine pulled in **front** of the Flamingo Hotel. The chauffeur hopped out and with the aid of another **man,** helped a very distinguished lady to her wheel chair. My curiosity aroused, **I followed** the party to the hotel lobby and waited until they checked in and **departed to** their respective rooms. I learned that the matronly woman was Mrs. Summerfield, owner of the Gotham Gold Strip Hosiery Mills. Well, an item such as **this** should interest a society reporter, then again, it may not seem too newsy **because** many "blue bloods" visit our fabulous city frequently. **But,** when I heard Mrs. Summerfield brought a retinue of six servants with her—**that** we thought **was** news. She insisted upon receiving the same accommodations for them as for **herself and** also requested they receive credit privileges and all charged to her account. **Consideration** such as this to employes is seldom heard. Since Mrs. Summerfield's **arrival** she became quite a roulette fan and her attending nurse distributes **the chips** on the layout. Unfortunately Mrs. S. is completely paralyzed and cannot **help** herself. Howard Laine is her favorite dealer and Bob Gans, pit boss, is **her other** favorite for offering and giving her every possible consideration. Mrs. **Summerfield** will remain in our midst for approximately two weeks—then—back **to her** palatial home in Beverly Hills. The reason for this lengthy story: Although **greatly** inconvenienced and apparently suffering, Mrs. Summerfield jokes with **everyone** and is truly one of the sweetest ladies I have seen in a long time. **Everyone** refers to her as "The understanding and charming Mrs. Summerfield."

WATCHBIRDS:

(Continued from Page 15)

SCHILLER, who remember him fondly sporting colorful western togs and 10-gallon hat, send their love . . . THE FOUR VAGABONDS, who made the FLAMINGO jump, opened at the Capitol Theatre along with the DUNHILLS and BOBBY BRANDT, whose acrobatic terpsichory delighted one and all, stopped the show cold at the Roxy.

JOAN MICHAELS (the Cameo), has missed being the bridesmaid for her dear friend RONAN YORK, of the Michael Todd Peep Show, who will be married December 3. Ronan will be remembered as one of the three lovelies on the cover of Life Magazine a few months back. Incidentally, Joan, along with RANDI ROBSON, IRENE COPPERS, EVELYN LEWIS and JEANNE MALONE, all ex D. I. darlings, are five of eight girls chosen to open at HERMAN HOVER'S CIRO'S December 1 for a two-week engagement. They will be billed as the CIROETTES.

SAM GOLDSTEIN, financial adviser to such Broadway biggies as LENNY KENT and HARVEY STONE, has given up the idea of his usual vacation in Florida where the weather is uncertain, for a sojourn in Las Vegas, the land of perpetual sunshine. Harvey arrives home Wednesday from a trip to Korea and Germany where he entertained our troops.

Those wonderful MOONMISTS, who played the CLUB BINGO, wish us to send their love to laughable, affable EPPY PEARSON . . . "Versailles," latest in Columbia's "**Cavalcade** of Broadway" series, is **now** playing the Criterion Theater. **This** short features the dancing of **Copsey and** Ayres, who did such a terrific **job at** the THUNDERBIRD . . . **Another set** of graduates of the NAVAJO ROOM are PEGGY RYAN and RAY McDONALD who are held over at the **Strand Theater** for another week . . . **Caught** TONY and SALLY DEMARCO'S **opening** at the Cotillion Room of the **Hotel** Pierre and then rushed to see **VICTOR** BORGE at the Persian Room **at the** Plaza . . . It's very funny out at **the Copacabana** where PHIL SILVERS **is rocking** them with yaks.

We're off **in our** best gown, with hair smoothly **coiffed,** and wearing our best jewelry, **(costume,** that is), to be the guest of **MR. and** MRS. JACK EIGEN, at **Jack's Guest** Room, to help celebrate their **15th** wedding anniversary. And by **the way,** the reason you Las Vegans missed **last** week's WATCHBIRD column **is simple** but scarey. While visiting **the home** of Dorothy and Jack, we all **trouped out** for a cup of coffee and **upon our** return found a suitcase on a **chair packed** with all of Mrs. E's furs **and jewels.** As we stared in amazement **the robber** emerged from the closet. **Needless to** say we shrieked and fled (down **10 flights** of stairs in high heels and **a tight** evening dress is some feat—try **it some** time), and so the roal hands **shook** so much for days that they made **little sense** on the typewriter keys, **and as** THIS column doesn't make **much** more sense. WE leave you with **a royal** but very shaky Coooooooooo.

DEAR MOM:

(Continued from Page 13)

O'Brien, Ray McConnell and Jimmy Staunchin (the Caruso of the Strip's Streamliner). These guys deserve medals. They get you where you wanta go, safely, and with a sense of humor to boot.

Boots, or shoes rather, remind me of something phenomenal down here. Right next to the Second Street Barber Shop, housing such tonsorial artists as Dan Crane, Jack King, Archie Wright, Buck and Jimmy (the best fishermen in town), there are two gals. They are Mary and Frances Cornell and keep "Shoes Shinin'," even tho' it's rainin' in Las Vegas. They have been at the same place for 14 years and are supporting their Dad who started the emporium that far back. From now on, my little tootsies are gonna be polished there.

Well, Mom, time's a'wastin'. Will mail this if I can borrow a stamp from Frank Donovan or "Whitey" Stortroen, over at the "Chatterbox." That name alone should be a fitting end to this missive, as I've over-run my quota.

Thanks for the recipes. Will send some of mine in exchange . . . and . . . if you find anything new involving turkeys, let me know . . . Love. **Me.**

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 30)

HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, received "the call" from the Navy for a physical examination. He will leave for San Diego sometime next week. Sonny says, "I never felt better in my life." So—it looks like anchors aweigh! . . . In approximately two weeks the "La Rue," that ultra swank eatery, should be ready for their grand opening. A couple of months ago we said the place would be set for a Xmas opening and some argued it wasn't possible. Owners of the "LA RUE" are NOLA HAHN, a distinguished gent about town, and BILLY WILKERSON, owner and publisher of the world famous Hollywood Reporter. This new attraction will definitely add a great deal of lustre to our fabulous highway . . . EPPY PEARSON, your host and manager of the BONANZA ROOM in the CLUB BINGO, wears a different tie each and every day. These ties are made by his charming wife, KAY, who cuts up Eppy's old ones, restyles them and, lo and behold, a Western tie, known as "Gambler's Style," is born. By the way, happy belated wedding congratulations (Nov. 23) Kay Pearson. Oh, yes, you too, Eppy . . . A very good cocktail waitress, and a good-looker to boot, is TESS WILLIAMS, working at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. Tess is keeping the home fires burning while hubby BILL is in Korea, defending the home front . . . Now that the SAM FRIEDMAN office building is almost completed, and our main thoroughfare looks like Fremont Street again, be prepared for more construction work. This time—across the street, where the Wilshire Gas Station is located on Third and Fremont. JOHN THOMAS, owner of the station, was asked to vacate the premises by the 30th of this month. (November). Landlord will build a four story building on that spot and four more stores. This should really make downtown the greatest shopping center in the West . . . Plans have been drawn by Hollywood architects for a new hotel to be erected on the site where the Diamond Lil was supposed to be before that idea was disbanded. This new hotel will be called THE SARATOGA and will be planned by STAN HARRIS, the same man who constructed the DESERT INN; that is, if materials can be obtained. There are rumors going around, connecting WILBUR CLARK with this new project, which will be situated across from the FLAMINGO. **But—it isn't so!** Mr. Clark informed us that he is definitely not affiliated with the Saratoga in any way and hopes his denial will put an end to these unfounded rumors. One feature we believe you will be interested in, as far as the Saratoga is concerned, is the plan for two five-tier, oval-shaped buildings and 586 rooms . . . JULIE STARR and BILL O'REILLY sold the DESERT MOTEL last week to CLARENCE and LOUISE CROSS. They are natives of California. When Clarence, an old school-chum of Bill, learned the place was for sale, he made the trip and purchased the place, lock, stock and barrel. Good luck to all . . . PACO, 20-year-old Mexican singing sensation, wrote a tune called NEGRA MANGA, while vacationing in our town. This number may turn out to be quite a classic. When CARLTON HAYES, ork leader at the DESERT INN, heard the tune, he said: "If Paco couldn't sing a note, he could be one of Mexico's greatest composers, if he devoted his time to music composition." During the balance of his stay in our town, Paco is studying American stage technique because of the wealth of talent displayed by visiting performers and stage directors. Our town can truly educate anyone with a desire to succeed in show business . . . and that's for sure.

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

with whom I worked, worried, hoped and prayed for the fine things Las Vegas people are doing today. Satisfaction that some of us with the spirit of optimism could believe in the future of Las Vegas. Sorrow that those men and many others who had the vision to see the future and the courage to spend their time and money to lay the foundations for modern Las Vegas, could not have lived to see the great mental picture they were painting become the solid reality of today.

I seem to be running to race tracks lately (just like the ponies) but to me the great enterprise rising from the sands of the desert half a mile east of Highway 91, a little way south of the city limits, is the flowering of our hopes. I do not apologize for the failure of Peter Buol's plans of 38 years to ripen. That was 38 years too soon, but it helped spread the ideas—the great foundations on which today's enterprises are built.

Now, with two million people within the city limits of Los Angeles and six million or more in all of Southern California, there is nothing lacking to insure success. A visitor to Las Vegas a few days ago remarked in my hearing, "How does Las Vegas expect to support such an expensive enterprise as this new race track?"

My answer would be, "Las Vegas does not have to support it. There are six million people, most of them lovers of horse racing, within five or six hours of Las Vegas, who will fill every hotel and auto court to overflowing during the time the Southern California tracks are not operating. The great problem for Las Vegas just now is to provide accommodations for the thousands of visitors who will come to us while the ponies are running."

Instead of competing with other lines of entertainment, the new track will bring additional business and prosperity to every Las Vegas enterprise. Which reminds me that my friend, Hank Greenspun, the other day was giving some "buy at home" advice to the people of Las Vegas which, for their own advantage, they should follow. It was both true and timely. The people of Las Vegas should realize the fact that in practically every line of merchandising they can find better bargains in Las Vegas stores than in Los Angeles.

The reason for this is obvious. Store rentals and expenses of operation are less here than in that teeming city of two million people. Merchants there pay the same wholesale price for goods as do those in Las Vegas. Las Vegas merchants have the advantage of all Los Angeles pre-season showings and often are able to avoid the "dead ones" which Los Angeles stores have tried out.

We knew, a while back, two clever women from New York who stopped in Las Vegas a few days. They were out for a vacation but, incidentally, planned to buy a lot of new clothes in Los Angeles.

After their Los Angeles vacation they stopped again in Las Vegas on their way hmoe. The women here were anxious to see what they had bought, and they answered:

"We decided to do our buying in Las Vegas. After canvassing the stores in Hollywood and the big city, we found we could save a lot of money by buying everything we want here. Prices are less and assortments just as good or better."

So they bought a lot of new clothes right here in Las Vegas because they could do better here. Hundreds of others have had a similar experience. This idea of running down to Los Angeles every time you want to buy something is to your own disadvantage if you really want to save money. I would wager (anyhow Hank would) that some of these days people will be dropping in from Los Angeles to take advantage of the bargains in our stores and incidentally go to the races in the afternoon and dinner and a show in one of our great hotels in the evening. We here in Las Vegas can offer everything Los Angeles can and a whole lot more. It may sound strange to some but it is so, nevertheless, and becoming more and more so. Besides, No Smog!

JOHN RYKEN:

(Continued from Page 25)

gestion here to tune into the Monday lineup on NBC from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m. The first half hour features Gordon MacRae in the "Railroad Hour," the second half the "Telephone Hour," with guests from the concert stage and Donald Vorhees directing the Bell Telephone orchestra. It's good listening, in keeping with the motto "Three chimes mean good tunes on NBC."

Musical Shorts:

The five top tunes this week point up one fact—the dearth of really top tunes —three of the top five were big hits several years ago and once again are showing their dependability.

1. Harbor Lights (revival).
2. All My Love.
3. Nevertheless (revival).
4. Thinking of You (revival).
5. Goodnight Irene.

That's all the news at this moment.



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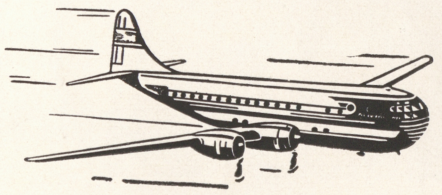

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