Jack Entratter's

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PODNER !



OWNER-
OPERATOR
of the
DIXIE
COFFEE SHOP

"Fabulous"
NATHAN
YOUNG

(Story on Page 15)

designs·unlimited

15¢

January 27, 1951

©

NOW IN THE ROUND-UP ROOM

Constance Moore

ALFONSO BERGE

TOMMY DOWD

CLIFF FERRE

EL RANCHOETTES

HENRY BUSSE ORCHESTRA



Never a Cover or Minimum

Call 1300 for Reservations

Show Times: 8:30 P.M., 11:30 P.M.

Hotel

El RANCHO VEGAS

"Stop at the Sign of the Windmill"

SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

AND

GAMBLING HALL

BEAUTIFUL SILVER SLIPPER RESTAURANT ★ COCKTAIL HOUR 5 TO 7 P. M.

—PRESENTS—

OLD FASHIONED MELODRAMAS

"Please Marry My Nellie"

"A Drunkard's Revenge"

(LYLE CLARK PRODUCTIONS)

FEATURING

LIZ SLIFER ★ EMILY HEATH ★ RICK DAVIS ★ JOHN SHEPODD

—ADDED ATTRACTIONS—

JAMES CAVANAUGH ★ GERRY KNOX ★ STEVE O'NEIL

SILVER SLIPPER QUARTET ★ GEORGE REDMAN ★ TURK MURPHY BAND

BUSTER HALLETT ★ BOB LAINE

AT THE

Last Frontier Village



PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 2, NO. 41

1600 South Main St.—Phone 4922

OBSERVATIONS, BY POP SQUIRES

"THAT'S FOR SURE," BY JACK CORTEZ

DEAR MOM, BY MARDIE

CHUCK AND FLUFF IN PARIS

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS, BY MARTIN LEWIS

REVIEWS OF CAFE SHOWS, BY JACK CORTEZ

FRONT ROW CENTER, BY JOHN RYKEN

FBI, BY J. EDGAR HOOVER

THE WATCHBIRDS

THE OLD TIMER, BY CHUBBY

CHESS, BY FRED SOLY

DOWNTOWN, BY JOHNNY

JACK CORTEZ, Editor and Publisher

JOHNNY UHLMAN, Advertising Manager

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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, resaurant; 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.



The STETSON *Open Road*

Unmistakably Western in style, with quality that can't be questioned—of course it's a Stetson. In the *Open Road* you'll find *your* kind of style, plus lightweight comfort. Come try it on today.

$12.50 to $25.00

Men of Discriminating Taste Choose to Buy at

Christensen's Men's Wear

316 FREMONT STREET PHONE 1001

Jack Cortez's

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 2 JANUARY 27, 1951 NUMBER 41

OBSERVATIONS . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

OLD JOURNALISM

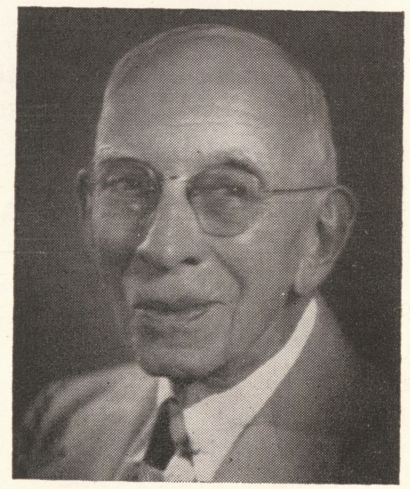
JOURNALISM, which I assume, and have assumed for many years, means the making of a newspaper, has changed much in the last 45 years.

In looking over the issues Las Vegas Age and Las Vegas Times dated January 20, 1906, I observe that front page advertising was then not considered so great a sin as it is nowadays. For example, in The Age on the front page are two-column ads for Harry Belgen's "Vegas Home Bakery," First State Bank, J. T. McWilliams ("for 12 years a surveyor in Southern Nevada") who advertises "Great Opportunities in Government Lands"; Las Vegas Mercantile Company, The Denton Hotel (Caliente) and two legal notices, with several liners advertising The Age.

In the Las Vegas Times there are double column ads on the front page, for Red Cross Drug Store, Ed W. Clark Forwarding Co., Ed Von Tobel Lumber Co., C. Ganahl Lumber Co., (A. W. Jurden); Busteed & Co. (Real Estate and Mining); and several modest liners.

Remember, all the above advertisements were on the front page, not because the editors wanted it so, but because advertisers were afraid their ads would not be seen if on the inside pages. The names on some of those ads bring strange memories to a few of Las Vegas' old timers. Ed Von Tobel and First State Bank, now part of First National, are the only firms still in business.

Both newspapers had "patent insides," which means that a country weekly would give its readers perhaps eight pages of good reading each week, four pages of which would be home printed, filled with local news and advertising. The other four pages were



printed by some large printing and publishing house in some nearby city, Salt Lake City or Los Angeles, for Las Vegas papers.

The local publisher would get his newsprint (one side printed) free, or at a very low rate, the city printer being paid by advertising (mostly of patent medicines.)

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was the most voluminous advertiser, and the ads would take the form of long dissertations on the qualities of the medicine, coupled with pictures and sketches of the life of the lady who sponsored the medicine. Other patent medicines advertised in those issues of the Las Vegas papers were California Fig Syrup, Sloan's Liniment, Anti-Gripine, Hall's Canker & Diphtheria Remedy, Pisos' Cure for Consumption, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and others and still others; once fa-

(Continued on Page 28)

NOW "THE LARGEST CLUB IN NEVADA" OPENING FEB. 4th

STAN JASON TRIO

★ ★ ★

PAULA D'ARCY



RED INGLE'S SHOW!

OPEN 12 NOON 'TIL ? ? ?

SHOW TIMES: 10:00 P. M.—1:00 A. M.—3:00 A. M.

CONTINUOUS DANCING AND ENTERTAINMENT - 8 P. M. 'TIL ?

MIKE WERNER'S DIXIELANDERS

YOUR SINGING HOST JAY SALERNO

MIDNITE BREAKFAST
12 'til 5:00 a. m.
49c to $1.00

FREMONT
224 E. FREMONT PHONE 3654
NOW PLAYING
OPERATION PACIFIC
JOHN WAYNE - PATRICIA NEAL

PALACE
210 SOUTH SECOND PHONE 98
— TODAY —
NEVER A DULL MOMENT
IRENE DUNNE - FRED MAC MURRAY

HUNTRIDGE PHONE 86
SUNDAY - MONDAY - TUESDAY
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE
CLIFTON WEBB - JOAN BENNETT
ROBERT CUMMINGS
THE NEXT VOICE YOU HEAR
JAMES WHITMORE - NANCY DAVIS

This Season — as Always
For the Finest
in
Women's Fashions
It's
Florence Richards Magicscope
600 SOUTH FIFTH STREET

VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS



THE SEEING DOG

The seeing dog leads the blind
through the dark
Never a whimper, a whine or a
bark
He holds his head high to improve
his sight,
Leading a master who gropes
through the night.
His every act no matter how slight
Is an effort to make his master's
road light.
His affection reaches into the
night
Where his master lives, consoled
to his plight.

MY HEART BEATS FAST

My heart is beating wildly fast
For my poor heart is just aghast
Now that your lips touch mine
at last
Love's sublime, I regret time
passed.

WHEN YOU LOOK IN VAIN

The rising moon now looks for
us again
Search often moon for soon you
look in vain.

"HAYSTACK ROCK"

(A famous rock resembling a haystack, located at Cannon Beach, Ore.)

A greying day on wings of night,
The high lands bare a winter
white.
The air is cold, with winds that
chill
Tinseled Christmas trees on dis-
tant hill.

The roar of a stormy sea
Carries beyond the highest tree.
The surf strikes rock, then break
and leaps
High upon haystack rock, which
sleeps.

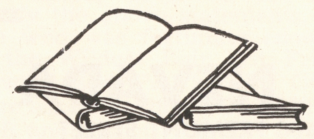
Haystack rock never sees or hears
Tho blind and deaf it comman-
deers
"Cannon Beach" and its happy
folk
Who laugh, and bear their winter
yoke.

THE MAYA RUINS

I roamed the spot where silent
ruins stand
With temples midst the stillness
of this land;
That sacrificial altar stands alone,
And once I thought I heard the
victim groan—

So traveling back these many
thousand years
I encounter sadness with all its
fears,
Now dancing warriors and the
drummer's din,
I am startled; my nerves are
getting thin.

Wait! I listen while from the
temples' throne,
The priests are chanting in a
monotone,
Bringing mystic cures in this
stillness,
For the healed are rising from
their illness.

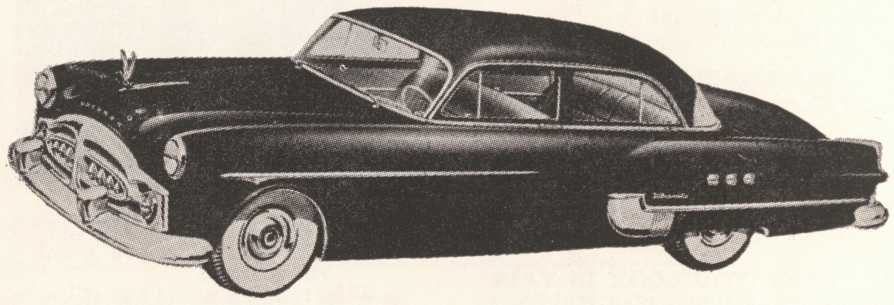


WHY DELAY?

YOU CAN PURCHASE YOUR

'51 PACKARD

NOW ON DISPLAY IN OUR SHOWROOMS



OUR SUPER SERVICE DEPARTMENT

WE SPECIALIZE IN —

- LUBRICATION
- MOTOR TUNEUPS
- OVERHAULING (All Models and Makes)
- ELECTRICAL WIRING
- WHEEL ALIGNMENT

AND ANYTHING ELSE PERTAINING TO MECHANICAL WORK

ALL JOBS GUARANTEED 100%

NEVADA MOTORS, Inc.

1600 FREMONT STREET PHONE 3477

W. R. (BILL) KRUSE (OWNER)

THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ

IN APPROXIMATELY 3 weeks, all the members of the Chamber of Commerce will be given a list of names of the candidates seeking the post as DIRECTORS OF THE BOARD. We read that list and saw quite a few names whom we believe are well qualified for the position. However, we did notice one or two monickers that surprised us quite a bit. They, too, want this honorary job. How could they do a good job in that capacity when they aren't capable of handling ANY JOB? They seek this position for the sake of "glory" or prestige the office may offer and give them the chance to boast "I AM A DIRECTOR OF THE LAS VEGAS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE."

Other than that, it would mean nothing and probably attend a meeting whenever convenient for themselves. We'd like to mention who they are and give you their case history—but believe it is unnecessary. Their past references on other jobs they held is all proof any of us need as to their unreliability! We urge each and every member to be certain of their selections and to please choose wisely and not hastily. Those, who will be elected, have great responsibilities facing them. "Why serve your guests stale bread when the cupboard is stacked with fresh loaves!" We'd like to mention the background of a few candidates who we feel are "top" men for the jobs—but that, as before, wouldn't be fair. In order to be write some case history about each of them would be too long—so we would like to present just one, as an example, whom we know is more than qualified for the job. He would work day and night if it were necessary. He'd do anything, as long as it were for the growth and betterment of L. V. His name: ARNOLD CHRISTENSEN and owner of Christensen's Men's Wear. He is a successful business man and never had any doubts whatsoever about our future. "Chris" is the kind of person we need and would like to see on the Board. Most important, whether you vote for him or not, please cast your ballot for A RIGHT GUY and not the ones who possess selfish motives and seek sickening glory.

It's a fact, GUY McAFEE, "big wig" of the GOLDEN NUGGET, Downtown, is dickering for one of the hotels on the strip. Deal may be consummated by the time this issue comes off the presses. Sorry, we're not at liberty to mention the hotel at this writing. . . . The suave and courteous maitre 'd at LA RUE RESTAURANT, is RICHARD HUBERT. His many successes in this field is really a "Who's Who." He is well known throughout the country. We're certain the management of this beautiful bistro were more than pleased when they were able to acquire his services. . . . You may doubt us about the following item but it's true! TONY LUCEY is busily engaged redecorating one of the rooms in his palatial home. He is placing fringes and lace and also designing all type of "tot furniture." The reason: His lovely wife, DOROTHY, is preparing to present him with an heir or heiress, sometime in June. Her wish is that the baby be born on the 13th, Tony's birthday. What a sensational "gift" this would be if it happened. It's possible! . . . When WILBUR CLARK and his associates obtained the services of EDWIN MARTIN as the PRESS AGENT for the DESERT INN, they certainly acquired THE BEST! Only 3 weeks on the job, he's given out more important and accurate information concerning the hotel than ALL the others combined who were employed in the same capacity. His "newest" was a 30-page brochure titled "What's Doing in Entertainment This Week at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn." Mr. Martin sent this information to hundreds of editors of various periodicals, all prepared for reference, use in columns, drama pages or radio programs. Work such as this entails lots of time, but this P. A. man intends to continue sending out these brochures each and every week. . . . "ROCKY" BIERMAN is back at her old job as cocktail waitress at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. This raven-haired beauty left our town about a year ago to re-marry her ex and give it another try, for the sake of their three children. Unfortunately the sought-after reconciliation did not pan out—so back home came Rocky and another "cure." . . . If CY HOWARD should ever decide to give up writing for a stage career, our desire would be to own just 10% of his contract. He has a natural sense of humor and possesses one of the sharpest wits we ever heard, on or off the stage. To clarify the above statements, ask anyone who was fortunate enough to be at the Wildcat Lair last Friday. Mr. Howard and PAULETTE GODDARD were asked by Officer CARLESS SPENCER and Detective JACK BARLOW to judge the beauty contest and select the Queen of the Police Ball, which is to

(Continued on Page 26)

NOW OPEN
IN OUR
NEW LOCATION

REX BELL

WESTERN STYLINGS
AND
SPORTSWEAR

304 FREMONT ST.

FEATURING

HYER BOOTS
STETSON HATS

LEVI STRAUSS
SHIRTS & FRONTIER PANTS

GAME & LAKE
SHIRTS

Southern Nevada's Only
Completely Feminine Shoe Store



"for feminine footwear
with a flair" . . . it's

Jonbachs
306 FREMONT
Las Vegas, Nevada

BY DAY OR BY NIGHT
THE ATMOSPHERE
IS RIGHT

MATT HOWARD'S
APACHE BAR
PAT AND MATT
Corner Second and Fremont

FREDDIE & VI
BARSTOW
STUDIO
PROFESSIONAL
WEDDINGS AND
CHILDREN
PORTRAIT
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA
PHONE 3050 522 SOUTH 5TH

DEAR MOM . . .

. . . by MARDIE ROGERS

DEAR MOM:

Just received your long newsy letter, complete with household hints, clippings from the local newspaper, the St. Christopher medal for my jalopy and a packet of stamps. The last two items are in use already! Also got a kick out of the little card you enclosed showing the two Nuns getting into a car with one saying, "Sister, you drive, I'll pray." Which only shows you that religion has its humorous side, too. I think one of the cleverest pictures I saw last year was "Come to the Stable," with Loretta Young and Celeste Holm as those adorable good-will promoters of the Lord. I saw the picture twice and have heard several radio adaptations of it, and I never will grow tired of it! So thanks again for everything, it was most welcome!

Turnabout is fair play so I'm sending you a list of some help-hints that I've found useful. The very first one is from Dorothy Ernst, an ex-WAC that I met at the El Rancho the other night. She was out of uniform, but I happened to be wearing a black wool suit, and kept complaining about how dark clothes seem to pick up everything. No matter how many times I brush it, it always has a smattering of lint or tiny white hairs from my shedding dawg, and I said I didn't know what to do about it. She told me that while she was in the service, the girls found something to ease that problem. Merely go to the drugtsore (PX in her case) and purchase adhesive tape (2 or 3 inch width), wrap a piece of its "sticky side out" around your hand mitt fashion, and gently glide over the parts of the material affected. It picks up all tiny particles and hairs in nothing flat. I've tried it and it works. Thanx, Dotty!

Secondly, if you have as much trouble as I do with key chains (specially those little "beady kind" they show) here's a way to avoid aggravation. Merely take one of those metal clasps that you use to hold up shower curtains, put your keys on it and then seal the clasp part with scotch tape and your problems are over. Large enough to find, and no repair work necessary. Lastly, if you have vines or sprigs of plants in small necked vials and don't change the water every day, add fresh water to them via a gravy baster, (the slender glass tube with the rubber bulb on the end) . . . it's easy and no spilling. Well there's my good deed for the day, so carry on from there!



Didn't do anything out of the ordinary this week to alter my schedule, except that I went out on an honest-to-gosh hen party. You know I think it does a gal some good to pull away from the steady tie and collar department once in awhile, kinda bolsters up the feminine morale, especially in a group of three you feel like such devils. We had planned to start the festive occasion at an early hour, but one of the girls had baby-sitting trouble, so that delayed us for awhile. After indulging in hors d'oeuvres (several times around) we decided we were too full to eat and would just go to see a show. We didn't want to get there ahead of time, and although we all had on new outfits, none of us sanctioned a late entrance for that purpose. Evidently our watches were not synchronized, for when we put in our appearance at the Desert Inn we heard the last eight bars of "Sophisticated Lady," beautifully sung by Billy Eckstein, and loved the way he took his bows, and then in practically a jiffy we had the place to ourselves. The show was over! After this the girls decided to do a

(Continued on Page 30)

HOME LUMBER CO.
OF NEVADA
EVERYTHING FOR BUILDING ANYTHING
430 NORTH MAIN — PHONE 348

THANK YOU,

HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS

FOR MAKING MY

3rd ENGAGEMENT

in your town truly wonderful!



Tommy Dowd

"THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE FOR A PADDED CELL"

SPECIAL THANKS TO: BELDON KATLEMAN, FREDDY ELSWIT AND THE WM. MORRIS AGENCY

THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

To paraphrase an
Old saying
About newspapermen,
"Moving picture actors
Meet the most interesting
Incidents."
Out at Warner Bros.
Studio,
We are working on
A picture titled,
"Fort Worth."
Dick Jones is playing
The part of an apprentice
Printer
Who wears a pair of
Glasses
A quarter of an inch
Thick.
Rehearsal for the
First scene went fine.
Dick was to climb up
To the seat of a
Covered wagon.
Came the take and
The property man handed
Dick the glasses.
He put them on.
Director Marin
(Who never says "action"
(But uses "Go"),
Said "Go."
Dick went, only
He missed the front
Of the wagon and
Banged into
Randolph Scott, who
Was horseback about
Six feet behind the
Vehicle.
Dick landed on the
Back of his lap.
"Randy" told him
Not to give up but
He would hold the horse
Still if
Dick would like to have
Another go at it.
The Director called
"Cut." Dick just sat
On the ground with a
Woe-begone look on his
Face.



What happened?" said
Director Marin.
"Couldn't find the
Wagon,"
Said Dick.
Then it dawned on everybody.
Although Dick has
Twenty-twenty vision,
Those glasses brought
It down to about
Zero-zero.
So now Dick gets
To the Studio an
Hour early to
Practice wearing the
Specs.
Another incident happened
While on location at
Gallup, New Mexico, during
The picture "Rocky Mountain."
One of the Navajos
Became a favorite of ours
Due to the fact that
Each morning he would
Scan the sky and then
Predict the weather.
"No rain today."
It wouldn't.
"Rain today."
It would.
He batted a thousand for
Two weeks.
Then one morning he
Was silent.
We waited. One hour. Two hours.
Then Rush Williams went
Up to him and asked,
"Think it will rain?"
Stoically the Indian looked
At Rush and stated,
"No can tell, last night
Radio broke."

THEY'RE OFF
AND BETTING!!



WITH
PERRY BREHM
AL ABRAMS AND JOE BLUMENTHAL
AT THE
Frontier Turf Club
117 FREMONT STREET (DOWNTOWN) PHONE 4884

NO BET TOO SMALL!

50c on up

DIRECT WIRE SERVICE FROM ALL TRACKS

NO BET TOO LARGE!

"JAMBOREE"
JAZZ
SESSION
EVERY TUESDAY
NIGHT

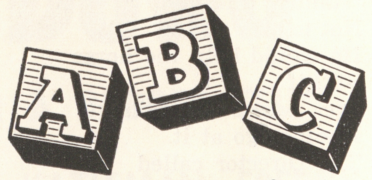


THE
SHAMROCK
HOTEL
600 NORTH MAIN STREET
EVERYONE
INVITED



Your Friendly
LIQUOR STORE
FREE DELIVERY PHONE 4342
FLOYD J. COPE 827 SO. FIFTH ST.

FREE PICK-UP AND DELIVERY



for the best in Dry Cleaning
10 EAST CHARLESTON BLVD.
Harry Basler, Prop. Ph. 4875

DOWNTOWN . . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN



On our front cover this week is shown NATHAN YOUNG, who was two years old when he came to this country with his parents from far off Kiev, Russia. They made their home in Chicago, Ill., and it was there that Nate got his schooling, working as an errand boy after school and during vacations. This running of errands was the inspiration for Nate's first business venture. On graduating from high school in 1928, he started a parcel delivery service which he built up to include the use of eight trucks within a year and a half after he went into business. He sold this business to take over the managing of the Silver Slipper Club, located on the outskirts of Chicago, and remained in that position until late 1930 when he made his way to Los Angeles, Calif., where he purchased and operated the Arrow Cleaning and Dye Works for the next three years. It was the death of his father that brought about Nate's return to Chicago in 1933 when he returned to take over the operation of the horse stables his father had owned. These stables furnished horses to the bakeries, peddlers, produce markets, etc. and it was during the late war the business really boomed. By the time Nate sold out in 1949 he had built the business up to almost three times the size it was when he had taken it over, and had 120 horses. It was in 1944 that a mutual friend proved to be a real friend when he introduced Nate to Marian Olson, who was a superintendent at St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago at that time. It wasn't any time at all until Young and Olson merged and now have a couple of young Youngs. First there was Sharron Jackie, who is now four, and then came Jerry Morris, who is two. In 1948 Nate got the urge to come West again and after going back and forth between Las Vegas and Chicago for a couple of years he finally found what he wanted when he purchased the Dixie Coffee Shop in April, 1950, from Dave Sirotta. Since that time he has continually grown in popularity among the business men of our town as well as the townspeople themselves. Some months ago Nate displayed his generosity by being the first and, as far as I know, the only business man to offer and give 10% discount to all service-men who patronize his establishment. A movement other businesses would do well to follow. NOW . . . during the present March of Dimes campaign, he furthers his contribution to the movement by the performance of this deed: Beginning at midnight Monday night, Jan. 29 and continuing on until midnight Wednseday night, Jan. 31 (two full days), he is turning over 10% of his GROSS receipts to the March of Dimes. A big gesture for a little business man! Here is an ideal opportunity for you to help in this contribution and at the same time get something in return besides the satisfaction of contributing to a worthy cause. During those two days when you are downtown and in the need of nourishment, do your bit and patronize the DIXIE COFFEE SHOP. I'll tell you this, you've never had a better cup of coffee anywhere! Meet Nate Young, whose presence in business on Fremont Street is a well placed addition to our fabulous town. You've met "Fabulous" NATHAN YOUNG.

I know this is a corny phrase, but "bigger and better" is the only way I can describe the way that the Tuesday night jam sessions are coming along over at the Shamrock Hotel, and it does my old heart good to see it happening, too. The atmosphere in the room is beginning to relax a bit and I believe that in a few more weeks the boys will be able to go over there and really blow to their heart's content. It isn't easy to get a thing like that started and there are few wrinkles that still need to be straightened out, but time will take care of these.

(Continued on Page 29)

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

. . . by JACK CORTEZ



★ El Rancho Vegas

January 17 through January 30

Constance Moore, lovely talented star of stage, screen and radio, is the headliner of the show in the Round-Up Room. Not too long ago, we saw her in a Broadway production and liked her style very much. It is definitely a treat to see and hear Miss Moore again! This blonde and striking songstress certainly impressed us as well as the other patrons in the room, as to her selling ability. Connie handles her special material and popular tunes with lots of style and truly possesses a lovely voice . . . On the same bill is that famous Frenchman, **Alphonse Berge,** who does more with mere remnants than anyone else we've ever watched. Appearing with three models, Mr. B. designs and drapes the gals in gorgeous gowns that could offer some real competition to a Hattie Carnegie Original . . . **Tommy Dowd** is a clever and witty magician who does lots of sleight of hand, accompanied with some clever chatter. This is his third trip to our town and is well liked by Las Vegans. Sharp as a tack on

(Continued on Page 28)

★ Hotel Last Frontier

January 26 through February 8

(Not a review)

Brought back for the fourth time is one of our very favorite comics, **Willie Shore,** "America's foremost dancing comedian." He is a true dancing comedian and can switch from a gag or a song into a well remembered tap routine at the drop of a song cue. His impressions provide him with the opportunity to show off his unusual versatility to its best advantage. On the same bill is that great crooning troubador of stage, screen and radio, **Nick Lucas.** He introduced and made famous such songs as "Tip-toe Through the Tulips," "Four Leaf Clover," "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," "Side by Side," "My Blue Heaven," and many more such never to die musical favorites . . . The **Jean Devlyn Dancers** will "Tip Toe Through the Tulips" in a fluorescent production of intricate steps depicting tulips. Second number will be a hep number and wait'll you see those slinky gowns. Featured in the first number will be **Renee Hallett,** who'd rather dance than eat. . . . Al Donahue and his ork supply the background and after show-time play your favorites on the hit parade . . . **Don Baker,** "King of the Hammond Organ," supplies "easy to listen to" dance tunes.

★ Flamingo Hotel

January 25 through February 7

DICK HAYMES, handsome and personable star of stage, screen and radio, is the headliner of this show in the Flamingo Room. His popularity is equally distributed among millions of bobby-soxers and adults. He ingratiates himself with the audience by presenting everyone's favorites, among which are tunes he introduced in screen portrayals. The personal touch Mr. Haymes weaves around the sentimental ballad endears him to all. It was a feat for Dick Haymes to make his exit. The supper-clubbers refused to accept his last encore as the final one. Although this is Dick's initial appearance in our

(Continued on Page 27)

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

January 23 through February 5

"America's First Lady of Song," CONNEE BOSWELL, is the lovely star headlining the show in the Painted Desert Room. To try and describe this great warbler is truly a task way beyond my capabilities. No matter how many adjectives I may choose to use, they would be anti-climax to what has been said and written about this sensational lady of song. She is the most inspirational singer on the stage today and one of the best showmen. Connee just makes you sit back, relax and take heed to the words. The tune may be old and you probably heard it before—but the way Connee does it—same song sounds brand new. I've seen Miss Boswell hundreds of times and heard her recordings more times than I could possibly mention—but I still get a thrill and chill each time I see her. As an

(Continued on Page 30)

★ Thunderbird Hotel

January 18 through January 31

The Weavers, three men and a lovely Miss, are currently headlining the all new, miniature musical production in the Navajo Room. With their recently recorded "Good Night, Irene," they have established themselves among the noted folk singers in show biz. This talented quartet specializes in musical folk lore tunes of all countries, They start their act off with lively Hebrew tune, Tzena—Tzena and many such favorites as well as medlies we never heard before but enjoyed very much. The Weavers show all indications that they enjoy their work. When they started to chant their style, or to phrase it correctly, their interpretation of "Good Night, Irene" it instigated audience participation. From that point on they were "safe at home plate" . . . In the supporting spot is 24-year-old **Sonny Howard,** winner of Arthur Godfrey's talent quest show about two years ago. His singing impersonations of Frankie Laine, Mel Torme, Clark Dennis and other are done very well, but we wish he'd do more with his own type of voice. We believe more singing a la

(Continued on Page 29)

★ Club Bingo

January 24 through February 3

The Stan Jasen Trio are the current headliners of the **Bonanza Room** in the **Club Bingo,** Stan, formerly featured with several of the nation's top bands, now heads his own trio. Act has versatility, zany comedy, vocals and all around original routines. The by line adopted by the group, "music with a sense of humor," fits the Stan Jasen trio to a "T." . . . On the same bill is exotic looking **Paula D'Arcy.** Again, as in previous cases, words are inadequate. One must see Miss D'Arcy in order to fully appreciate her . . . **Jay Salerno,** your singing m.c., does a good job in both capacities . . . **Mike Werner** and **his ork** supply the background music for show and play danceable tunes 'til the wee hours of the morn for your pleasure.

★ Silver Slipper Saloon

If you are sorry you were born too late to watch the enactment of the heroine, fighting off the advances of the merciless landlord, you can wipe that frown from your face. Pick yourself up and get over to the SILVER SLIPPER SALOON and GAMBLING HALL and **hiss the nasty old villain to your heart's content . . .** With intent to carry out their policy of being different, the management is now staging old-time melodramas. You will thoroughly enjoy "Please Marry My Nellie," and "A Drunkard's Revenge." (LYLE CLARK PRODUCTIONS) . . . Featured in these presentations are LIZ SLIFER, EMILY HEATH, RICK DAVIS and JOHN SHEPODD . . . Added attractions are JAMES CAVANAUGH, GERRY KNOX, STEVE O'NEIL, SILVER SLIPPER QUARTET, GEORGE REDMAN, TURK MURPHY BAND, BUSTER HALLET and BOB LAINE . . . If it's a good mood you're after, drop in and watch these antics. You'll enjoy them.

SINCEREST GRATITUDE TO THE

PEOPLE OF LAS VEGAS

AND ESPECIALLY THE MANAGEMENT OF

HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS

FOR A PLEASURE FILLED

SIX WEEKS' ENGAGEMENT



Henry Busse

AND HIS ORCHESTRA

On the Scene

WE HOPE, THE BEGINNING OF A CAREER

When Flora Duane's Gambols of 1951 played the Flamingo Hotel, the cast, which consisted of 45 talented singers, would visit LA RUE RESTAURANT practically every day. These visits became a habit and almost a must on every member's schedule. These talented youngsters enjoyed this spot very much, because of the inviting and cozy atmosphere which prevailed throughout the place. The moment they entered the room, they seemed to be right at "home," let their hair down and perform individually or collectively until dawn.

It was during these frequent visits that LILLIEN LE NIER was always asked by her fellow members in the show to warble a song or two. This lovely lyric soprano would oblige and sing to the magnificent accompaniment of JACK SCHOLL and His Gypsies.

Impromptu entertainment such as this became a steady diet at La Rue throughout the entire three weeks the "Gambols" appeared in town. The moment Lillien would walk into the place the patrons, management, dealers, bartenders and waiters would ask her to render one of their favorite tunes. Requests always ranged from the classics to pop, which she does very well. And also, that she can sing in five languages. At the conclusion of each selection, Miss LaNier would receive a thunderous ovation and everyone in the place calling for more encores.

On Wednesday, Jan. 24, a day before the "Gambols" closed their engagement, this beautiful red-head was approached by NOLA HAHN and STEVE PAPPAS, two of the owners of La Rue, and asked to remain as their star attraction. Because of her overwhelming popularity, this gorgeous restaurant will always feature "live" entertainment at all times.

Miss LaNier signed on the dotted line, making this her first professional engagement as a "single." We believe this is only the beginning for this gal who has "star dust" in her heart, voice and eyes. A thought to remember is: Many of our present day greats received their big chance the same way. Therefore, if we may venture a prediction: Look for Lillien LaNier to become a popular and perhaps famous singing star in the very near future.

LETTERS OF REQUEST

Have you ever seen some of the request letters our club and hotel owners receive each and every week? They add up to anywhere between 1,500 to 3,000.

We were shown one of these "priceless" messages the other day by Wilbur Clark. Letter was from a lady residing in Washington, Ill. The sender placed a dollar bill in the envelope requesting Mr. Clark to invest it in a game and please, please run it up to at least $1,500. Written on four sheets, she described the predicament she was in and hoped that she would receive the required amount within the following few days.

"Please remember to invest the $1.00 in what you believe is a safe gamble and will pay off. I'm certain you can do it, Mr. Clark, and I'll be anxiously watching for the mailman each and every day, until he delivers your personal check to me!" "Again I stress," she continued, "to make sure that the wagers you make will pay off!" With this ultimatum and a brief thank you, this fantastic woman from Washington, Ill., ended her very demanding "message from Garcia."

When we finished reading this what-cha-ma-cul-it our blood pressure must have gone up about 40 points. It must take quite a bit of nerve to write such a letter. You can't blame a person for trying, but the stipulated amount of $1,500 she wanted in return for her $1.00 is something difficult to believe—but we read it!

Mr. Clark took the lonesome dollar, placed in back in an envelope, informing the lady that he did as she requested, but the shooter threw a seven and wiped him out. However, he didn't want her to lose anything and is returning her original investment.

That letter is only one of the many thousands Wilbur Clark has received. All of them request the same. Only some do not put a bill in with their urgent message. They ask Wilbur to invest a bet or two for them with his own money—because he has so much, and send the winnings on to them—because he doesn't need it.

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FLUFF and CHUCK in Paris

Le Cirque Medrano
72 Ter Rue des Martyrs
Paris, France.
January 18th, 1951.

DEAR JACK:

Please forgive us for being a little late . . . last week was such a spin, with the opening and all . . . altho it seems to be a success, the opening was a little rough—to us—but with minor changes the show is running very smoothly. I've lost about 16 pounds which at my usual weight I can hardly afford. However, now that the show is going along O. K. perhaps I can get them back. Fluff is down to 110 but the people here seem to think she's the most terrific girl in Paris. It seems like she's busy every minute with P. A.'s and picture appointments.

Most of the American girls arrived about three days ahead of the opening and—was it rugged! Besides rehearsals we had so much time to take for publicity—T. V.—radio—news-reels and etc. Last night we had the press party and of course the different cinema and theatrical stars and producers were there. It is all quite an experience but also a lot of head-aches for all of us responsible. I know I'll enjoy the European tour and the sights as soon as we can have time for them—but, believe me, when we finally get back home it will take wild horses to drag me away from America again. There is nowhere on earth like our country. I have been asked many times, in letters from home, about the feeling of the French on the current situation. The main consensus is no more definite than a hope of no war and "we'll do anything to go to America."

Received a nice letter from Mon Wallgren, former Senator and Governor of Washington and now Chairman of the Power Commission. He said he and Mrs. Wallgren were in Las Vegas recently for an enjoyable but short stay. You know, it has been his favorite since he first used to represent the Senate and toured through there in the early days of the war. He says to thank all for the fabulous Las Vegas hospitality.

I received the Christmas issue of Fabulous Las Vegas and it was really somep'n. It seems so good to read about so many good friends and will seem even better to see them. When Fluff returned from N. Y. she brought me some Herbert Tareyton cigarettes—to anyone that knows my favorite they can appreciate what that means to me, especially my old band boys. I imagine that the new club Stan Harris was building is open by now. I bet it's real nice and wish all concerned the best of luck—they couldn't find a better place to start such a venture than **Fabulous Las Vegas**—(and, "THAT'S FOR SURE").

Till next week, so long . . . .

FLUFF AND CHUCK.

Mother: "Well, darling, how did you do in school today?"

Darling: "Oh, mother, I was so good the teacher gave me 'Horrible' mention."

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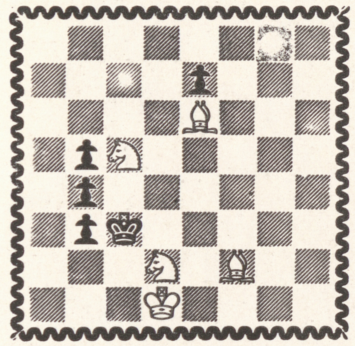
DOWNTOWN

CHESS » » »

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

PROBLEM NO. 86

Black 5



White 5

White mates in three.

Solution to problem No. 85: Q-N3.

A TOURNAMENT UPSET

Perhaps the greatest thrill to a chess player comes when he wins his first well-played game from a veteran player under tournament conditions. The following encounter from the first round of the current Los Angeles County Chess Championship Tournament is one of those games. J. Keckhut defended carefully and after a mistake in severe time trouble by William Steckel finished off the game in fine style. Both players are members of the Santa Monica Bay Chess Club, Keckhut playing on the 1949 B team.

COLLE SYSTEM

Steckel	Keckhut	17—N-K5	Q-N2
White	Black	18—NxN	QxN
1—P-Q4	P-Q4	19—N-R5	Q-K2
2—N-KB3	N-KB3	20—N-B4	B-N2
3—P-K3	P-K3	21—R-B2	KR-Q
4—B-Q3	QN-Q2	22—KR-QB	P-K4
5—QN-Q2	P-QB4	23—PxP	QxP
6—P-B3	B-K2	24—P-KN3	R-K
7—O-O	O-O	25—Q-B	P-QR4
8—R-K	P-QN3	26—B-B3	Q-N4
9—P-K4	PxKP	27—P-KR4	Q-N5
10—NxP	PxP	28—BxN?*	BxN!
11—PxP	B-N2	29—R-B4	B-B6!
12—N-N3	P-KR3	30—K-R2	BxR
13—B-Q2	B-Q3	31—B-B3	BxNP!!
14—R-QB	B-Q4	32—R-B4	Q-B3
15—P-QR3	P-QR3	33—BxB?	R-K8!
16—Q-Q2	Q-N	34—Resigns	

***Fatal mistake with less than a minute left to complete his first 40 moves.**



ENGLISH OPENING

Sao Paulo, 1947*

Najdorf	Allies	13—P-R5	P-R4
White	Black	14—PxP	BPxP
1—P-QB4	P-K4	15—B-Q5ch	N-K3
2—N-QB3	N-QB3	16—N-K4	BxB
3—N-B3	P-Q3	17—QxB	P-B3
4—P-Q4	PxP	18—BxNch	BxB
5—NxP	NxN	19—O-O-O	Q-N3
6—QxN	P-QR3	20—RxRP	KxR
7—P-KN3	N-B3	21—R-Rch	K-N
8—B-N2	P-KN3	22—R-R8ch	K-B2
9—P-N3	B-N2	23—Q-B6ch	K-K
10—B-N2	O-O	24—RxRch	K-Q2
11—P-QR4	N-Q2	25—Q-N7ch	B-B2
12—Q-Q2	N-B4	26—QxBmate	

***One of 45 blindfold games setting the world record.**

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HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS ... by MARTIN LEWIS

A GUY with a crew-cut and a gal with a pixey face have contributed something new to the terpsichorean art. It's "dancing minus grunts," the unique contribution of a young couple whose name is indicative of their dancing proficiency—the Champions.

Looking about as unlike ballroom hoofers as possible, Marge and Gower Champion make their screen bow in Bing Crosby's new star-studded hit, "Mr. Music." And there's nary a grunt as they trip the light fantastic in their clever routines.

"If there's anything I hate," says Gower, the 28-year-old man of the team, "it's the perspiring hoofer who finishes a number and says 'thank you (puff) ladies and gentlemen (puff) for your generous applause (puff)' and wipes his brow with a handkerchief as he makes his little speech. Marge and I control our breathing so we don't have to puff."

Dancing Mr. Champion of "Mr. Music" fame has been "hoofing" professionally since he was 15. Today he's married to his present partner, Marge Belcher, who's the pert 'n pretty offspring of a famous West Coast dancing teacher. . . . . Just to prove their point that dancing can be done without grunts, Marge and Gower usually entertain audiences with their dances-with-dialogue. Their routines tell a story, generally satirical but sometimes sweet. They also inject plenty of wordage in with their intricate footwork, yet the words are spouted clearly and without puffs. While they actually amaze onlookers by going through elaborate, tiring routines then spouting lines with hardly a trace of heavy breathing. Gower admits the burden of speech is usually placed on one of the two while the other illustrates the dialogue in pantomime dancing.

"The trick's in controlling the diaphragm," claims Champion. Several seconds before I'm scheduled to talk during a dance, I force myself to take a few deep breaths. This help considerably."

The Champions' rapid rise to the top as dance stars is due mainly to their story-telling technique. It paid off in the hit Broadway musical, "Lend an Ear," for which Gower created and directed the choreography although he didn't appear in the show. It also won him the triple chore of creating, directing and performing in elaborate production numbers of Bing Crosby's "Mr.



Music." Gower usually creates the routines, while Marge edits them. First, they get an idea, then they work it out in words and steps before a huge mirror.

"You've got to do everything these days," observed Gower. "You've got to act, dance, sing and write . . ." It's really getting tough to make a living."

But the fellow smiles when he says that. He admits it's difficult to imagine a better job than dancing, especially with his wife as his partner. . . . While the Champions have been compared to Astaire and Rogers, the Castles and other famous twosomes, they're actually as unlike the others as can be. Marge was the fairy-princess model for Walt Disney's "Snow White" when she was 12. Gower met her when he enrolled at her dad's dancing school in Los Angeles. When the war came along, he served with the Coast Guard. Following his release, he developed a talent as choreographer—and in "Mr. Music," he stages nine production numbers featuring such famed film folk as Bing Crosby, Groucho Marx, opera star Dorothy Kirsten, Peggy Lee and others.

In the future, the Champions plan to divide their time between movies and swank night spots. They're scheduled to appear in several forthcoming movies, but eventually they'd like to raise a family.

"But that might create a problem," announces petite and pretty Mrs. Champion. "Gower would have to dance solo while I was waiting for the baby, and I wouldn't like that. I don't want him

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HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS:

(Continued from Page 24)

to discover that he can get along without me very well!"

Last-Minute News Items

More travel talk: Luscious Lana Turner and her millionaire hubby, Bob Topping, head for Aspen, Colorado, this week to take in the winter sports. They'll join the Gary Coopers, who have a winter home in the thriving community and who rank among the first film folk to "discover" the now-popular resort center. . . . As soon as Gloria De Haven completes her current screen role, she'll train out of the film capital on still another personal appearance junket. This upcoming trek will find the young actress entertaining film fans in 14 cities across the country.

On the romantic scene: Since Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton have "called it quits," the brunette beauty has been having quiet dates with movie director Stanley Donen. However, Hollywood gossips would have folks believe that Liz would like to rekindle an old romance with a wealthy ex-boy friend down Florida way . . . Don't be surprised if Audrey Totter, the honey blonde who's a honey of an actress, ties the wedding knot wtih Armand Deutsch, when his divorce from Benay Venuta becomes final. Miss Totter and Deutsch have been a constant twosome about movie-town for many, many moons . . . Looks like another Britisher is giving Peter Lawford a bit of competition for the attention of charming Sharman Douglas. During her recent stay in Hollywood, Miss D. forsook boyfriend Lawford to have several dates with Michael Wilding, filmdom's handsome import from merry old England.

Other twosomes making news in Hollywood this week include: Lady Thelma Furness and Edmund Lowe—Wanda Hendrix and Art Director Bob Boyle—starlet Piper Laurie and Crooner Vic Damone — Rhonda Fleming and Dr. Lew Morrill—Liz Dailey, Dan Dailey's estranged wife, and Bob Neal—bouncing Betty Hutton and music-maker Pete Rugulo.

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

be held February 12th at the Thunderbird Hotel. This genius, who writes "My Friend Irma" and "Life with Luigi" series, had the crowd howling with original gags and comedy routines. . . . To FLORENCE CUNNINGHAM and PENELOPE "PETE" JONES, in Steubenville, Ohio: Our very best regards to you both and thank you for being so wonderful. . . . We were told that cocktail waitress BETTY EDWARDS, who works the swing shift at the SILVER SLIPPER SALOON, is most loved by her fellow employees because of her devotion and efforts to help all as much as possible. . . . If you're seeking a partner in business, we hope you'll be fortunate enough to find someone like BENNY GARTMAN and ROY FITZGERALD. These two gentlemen get along like "two peas in a pod." They've known each other for 25 years and never had an argument. . . . We can imagine the goings on at blonderful GAYLE CIRCLE'S home every day—especially upon rising. Recently this lovely miss took in four roomers to share the rent and expenses required to run a 7-room house. Only setback is, place has just one bathroom. The boarders are TERRY, BETTY, MARGIE and MAVIS, lovely dancing girls with the Jean Devlyn group. They reside on May street and if you want more information, we can't help you. Just contact any of these gals or Gayle, who is a cocktail waitress in the BONANZA ROOM of the CLUB BINGO . . . CHUBBY JOHNSON was in town for a few days and badly in need of a shave again. The Old-Timer could only remain for two days and back to Texas where Warner Bros. are shooting a new pic. Name of film is Fort Worth, in which Chubby portrays a back-slapping but double-crossing sheriff. Star of this Warner Bros. epic is Randy Scott. Oh, yes, the reason our "civer boy" needed a shave so badly is: the sheriff is supposed to look that way and the make-up men crop his whiskers every day with shears. . . . Two guys who appeared to be "lost," aren't any more since their "better halves" arrived three days ago from Wichita, Kas. The men are HAP CLINE and "MURPH" MURPHY, both employed at the MOST BEAUTIFUL RESTAURANT IN THE WORLD, as casino managers. "Real" right guys. . . . In case you're traveling to the Coast and get a hankering for a game of bingo—stop off at the Empire Club in Ramona, Calif. You'll see many of your friends dealing there. Manager of the room is ex-localite CECIL LYNCH, the guy with personality plus. . . . Boy, do we wish we were allowed to give you some of the applicants' names who are seeking the job vacated by HERB McDONALD at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. At this writing the long list has been knocked down to just three applicants, and the management is trying to decide which of the three is best suited for the position of public relations director and assistant manager. We have our fingers crossed and hope they choose the "right one!" . . . CHUY REYES, wizard of the keyboard, is sure missed by everyone who patronize the Mural Room in the FLAMINGO HOTEL. When the medics X-rayed in L. A., a couple of weeks ago, they discovered he was suffering from a brain concussion he suffered in an auto accident a few months ago. The pianist complained very often about headaches and decided to get a physical. Chuy is now recuperating at his home in Palm Springs and expected back on the job within three to four weeks. . . . In town for the "cure" is JEANNE, lovely vocalist with PHIL SPITALNY'S ALL GIRL ORCHESTRA. The maestro gave the most "unusual voice" girl the necessary time off in order that she get her marital problem out of the way. Jeanne is staying at the DESERT SPA and truly enjoying "Fun in the Sun." . . . Since ELDON, the barber at the Hotel El Rancho Vegas, received that $100.00 take, he's no longer called "Doctor." The fellas call him "the Professor." Regardless what name you use—he's still the busiest guy in town and can only "take you" by appointment. . . . Many customers of the CLUB BINGO are wondering what happened to Jess Hall, the white-haired, distinguished looking gentleman in the pit! He's vacationing on the Coast, his first in over a year and expected back on the job sometime next week. Meanwhile NATE SCHLAEFFER is making the rounds and pinchhitting for him. . . . Some people are inclined to believe when a person is fortunate enough to acquire money or position he seeks new friends and acquaintances and changes for the worse. This may be true, but fortunately we never knew or met anyone like that. If we did we'd pity them. The reason we bring that up is: When oil was discovered on LOU ERLICH'S hundreds of acres in Texas, he celebrated, just as you or we would . . . but didn't do so until he was certain that his friends were invited to share some of his happiness and monetary gain. Mr. Erlich fully realizes that true, devoted friends is a person's priceless possession and can never be

(Continued on Page 27)

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 26)

weighed or earned in terms of money. . . . We had the pleasure of hearing CHARLENE BARTLEY sing with the AL DONAHUE ORK last week. She used to be the featured singer with the band and left a short time ago to go out as a "single." Charlene has a sultry voice and sings as "sweet as honey." Would be a catch for some club or hotel as an attraction . . . Have you seen that super beautiful mink coat BLACKIE POWELL gave his gorgeous wife, LITA, as a belated Xmas gift? It's called "breath of spring," was designed especially for her by ALBERT SILVER, of BEVERLY HILLS. He's the same furrier who designs and makes those exquisite creations for the stars you see on and off the screen. Mrs. Powell has been the topic of conversation since Hubby gave her this coat. . . . If you want a '51 CAR, we suggest you get over to the NEVADA MOTOR CO. and pick up one of those sensational PACKARDS. Bill has 8 or 9 of them left and they are going like hot cakes. We're still waiting for a convertible and hope they arrive soon. How about it, MR. KRUSE? Don't you think we've waited long enough? . . . Vacationing in our midst is MAX FACTOR, whose genius with cosmetics glamorizes our de-lovelies. We weren't a bit surprised when we saw Mrs. F. sans make-up. She doesn't need it. What a beaut! . . . CONGRATULATIONS DEPT. . . . BENNY GOFFSTEIN, for getting a charter in the world famous Variety Club. We are now Tent No. 39 and B. G. the Chief Barker. The sole purpose of this organization is to help those in need, the underprivileged and the physically handicapped children of the world. To the following celebrities and stars who appeared on the show to make this event a colossal success, we doff our hats. We'll list them in the order of their appearance: Lt. Governor Cliff Jones, Gov. Russell, Mark J. Wolf, the International Chief Barker of all Variety Clubs; Benny Goffstein, receiving the scroll and inducted as Chief Barker; oath taken by new members in the organization who were in the audience; MARK STEVENS, famous screen star, did a great job as M. C. for this 2½ hour show; a production number by the Gambols of 1951; songs by BILLY ECKSTINE; comedy dancing by VERNON and DRAPER; ventriloquism by KARL & KING; jokes and stories by character actor CHILL WILLS; folk tunes, THE WEAVERS; lovely singing, CONSTANCE MOORE; the superb playing on the keyboard by the "Poet of the Piano," CARMEN CAVALLERO; America's first lady of song, CONNEE BOSWELL; a miniature production by the Kathryn Duffy Dansations, featuring Gil Johnson, Barney Rawlings and the Normandie Boys; special mention to Bill Clifford and his excellent ork, for cutting a great show with only a "walk-on" rehearsal; HAL BRAUDIS and Gail Robbins for putting this spectacle together; to all the five resort hotels for donating the food and liquor in order that Tent No. 39 could get off to a good start and begin this "charity begins at home" work. To MARJORIE PAPPAS, celebrated her birthday (21+) January 24. Husband Steve is oil-ion-aire and co-owner of LA RUE RESTAURANT. To HY GOLDBAUM, Flamingo betting commissioner, was surprised with an elaborate party at the same restaurant, same day, January 24. The champagne flowed like Niagara Falls and the command, "cease," was never obeyed. JACK SCHOLL and his Gypsies played everyone's request until—well, we never found out—had to leave in order to get this item into this issue. . . . EDDIE and AUDREY LEE celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary Moday, Jan. 22. . . MR. and MRS. TOMMY MEEHAN, always having fun and celebrating one thing or another. They never wait to do so on a particular occasion. Every day is happy time for Fran and Tommy—AND THAT'S FOR SURE!

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 16)

town, we are certain it won't be his last, IF public acclaim has any influence . . . Above average support is offered by the MERCER BROTHERS, who present comedy dancing and many feats in acrobatics. Their individual and challenge routines are done exceptionally well. We believe this is their first appearance in our town and can't figure out the reason—unless—they've been loaded with engagements throughout the East. The Mercer Brothers are a very good act and guarantee we'll see more of them, here on in . . . The KINGS and THEIR LADIES present two new numbers executed with marvelous precision. Featured in both routines is the fine dance team **Candyce** and **Buddy King . . . Bill Clifford** and his ork cut a magnificent show and play lots of music for patron dancing.

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

miliar names and a definite part of modern civilization as it was 45 years ago in Las Vegas.

Most of those names recall memories to some of us more or less "old timers." I well remember the great interest with which I read that quarter page article in the Las Vegas Times of January 20, 1906: "Who she was. Sketch of the life of Lydia E. Pinkham, and a true story of how the vegetable compound had its birth, and how the 'panic of '73' caused it to be offered for public sale in drug stores."

Perhaps modern advertising is not such a great improvement in the art of attracting attention, after all. Anybody who opens one of the old volumes of newspapers printed 45 years ago just can't help being interested.

Nowadays automobile and oil companies seem to be the backbone of newspaper and magazine advertising, having crowded the patent medicines practically out of the prints.

When I look over some of the old newspapers printed before the days of linotypes, I wonder how we ever had the patience and perseverance to get out a four-page locally printed sheet. We had to stand before a type case, in which each letter or character had its own little compartment and pick up, one by one, the small metal types and stand them up in a "stick" to form the words (reading backwards and upside down.) It took hours to set a full column of type, which now can be set in 15 or 20 minutes, when the stick full of type was "dumped" onto a galley. The handling of newly set type was very touchy—just a little unfortunate jiggle and the stickful was pied. Once in place on the galley the type was wet with a sponge so that the type was held together by the water. Just here is where the old time printer delighted to show the visitor who was viewing the wonders of printing, those strange little insects which still infest galleys of type and are called "type lice." They are not really related to the insects which my mother used to search my scalp for with a fine toothed comb, but they are interesting and visitors to modern printing plants still get a kick out of looking for them even in these modern shops if the printer will take the time to humor your curiosity.

Governor Russell

Charlie Russell, first Republican to be elected governor of Nevada since the election of Fred Balzar in 1926, is a fellow with a practical type of mind, who is looking for practical benefits to the state and the people of Nevada. He is, thank Heaven, far from the type of politicians who buy votes with promises to everybody of "something for nothing."

I am sure that any effort to read into his words a meaning that he did not intend will fall flat, because, being a very practical man, he says just what he means in words of one syllable which everybody can understand. If the Legislature and state officials will give him honest cooperation, much of the fancy trimmings with which our state government is all cluttered up, will be shorn away and we will have not only a better government free of its annoying red tape, but a cheaper one for the taxpayers to pay for.

By the way, I hear that Harold Stocker, chairman of the Republican state committee, is planning a Republican celebration on Lincoln's birthday, February 12. The event promises to be a record breaker for attendance and for the interest it will show in matters political, because it is no longer dangerous to disagree with the government at Washington. I observe that among the great and brainy men of the country, as many Democrats as Republicans dislike the Truman administration and its uncertain, shilly shallying policies. The "something for nothing" government must, inevitably, give way to the practical men who have read Emerson's Essays, especially the one on "Compensation."

EL RANCHO VEGAS

(Continued from Page 16)

stage, Tommy's "bird-cage" mystifyer has you wondering how and where did it disappear to? . . . The MORO-LANDIS DANCERS introduce two very beautiful routines. As always the choreography is outstanding. **Cliff Ferre** is the m.c. . . . **Henry Busse,** and his world-famous ork, close at the conclusion of this presentation. It's a treat to hear Mr. Busse play that sweet trumpet and his men cut a show, par excellence . . . **Guy Landis** and **Joe Di Stephano,** your roving troubadours, take over during intermission and continue pleasing the patrons in the Chuck Wagon until 4:00 a. m.

DOWNTOWN:

(Continued from Page 15)

One of these days the Shamrock Sessions will be a habit with everyone who likes good music. I pity anyone who appreciates only one or two types of music. I'm gone for any style, type or era as long as it's good. . . . The Westerner Club has a gem in the change booth by the name of Opal, with teeth like pearls (you've seen Pearl's teeth, of course.) I don't believe this little girl could keep a straight face if her life depended on it. Hers is one of those countenances that always contains the trace of a smile, and her eyes are the snapping kind that seem to always find the brighter side of the situation at all times. Opal was at the session the other night with a fellow that everyone looks UP to around here, "Topper" Mercer; not only because of his towering stature but his towering character as well. . . . It's good to see the enthusiasm shown by Art Rozen for the new business he has gone into along with his tall and attractive young partner, Murray Nort. They are at the corner of North Main Street and Bonanza, across from the Shamrock, and offer you some of the best in used cars to be found in these parts. The name of their firm is Las Vegas Wholesalers and with the location they have they should do all right in the future. They gave me a good offer for that pooped-out Packard I've had for the past 10 years, so if you're thinking of a trade in a short while I'd suggest you give them a try at working out a deal for you. . . . A short while back I had an item in this so-called column of mine about a girl who could deal all the games as well as any man I know and now I find that she can also dance. While she was apologizing for being out of practice, I was enjoying myself. There was some mention of getting old until she found out that I was a few years older than SHE was, then we got along fine! She's the gal with the sincere blue eyes and the pretty red hair, Sue Campbell, of the Monte Carlo Club. . . . Here's good news for swing-shifters and show people of whom there are plenty in our town. A few weeks ago Father Peter Fisher began conducting an early morning Mass at 3 a. m. on Sunday mornings with attendance being on the increase every week. Services are at the St. Joan of Arc at 315 South Second Street, and are of a half hour's duration. All are invited to attend. . . . Here's something you may as well know 'cause I've a sneakin' hunch that from time to time I'll be relating excerpts of her antics in these columns from now on, just as any other proud dog owner would do. Yeah, I've got the cutest Doberman pup you ever saw. She's only six weeks old and as clumsy as a Brahma bull in the ballet. I call her the "Kid the Second." You see, my last dog was called "the Kid." So, if from time to time you happen to hear me referring to the Kid during my conversation you will know wherefor I speak. Right at the present she is laying waste to a pair of my old socks, which for some time has been the only kind of socks I wear. The Kid is always with me if you'd like to see her. . . . At this time I would like to thank Mr. Roland L. Hill for including FABULOUS LAS VEGAS MAGAZINE among the listings of what he considers and best and recommends to the hundreds of thousands of readers of his famous HILLSWAY magazine which is a guide for tourists of the BEST places to EAT and STAY in the U. S. A. Rollie is recognized throughout the country as an authority on this type of information and since his thorough tour of Las Vegas he has become one of the biggest boosters this city ever had as he tours the country. He has written six books on his recommendations based on notes he began taking 20 years ago as a hobby only until he found what interest people showed in what he had to tell. Since then he has devoted his life to traveling and keeping his publications up to date. Hillsway sells for $1.00 and is a wealth of information of the entire United States, with the West Coast offices being located at 1620 East Second St., Long Beach, Calif. Thanks again, Rollie, for the nice compliment you have paid my boss and myself. . . . The Kid is about to draw blood on my ankle bone which may be an indication that she is about as hungry as I am. Why don't you stick around 'till next week and we'll have coffee together again? Right now I'm gonna EAT!

. . . JOHNNY.

THUNDERBIRD HOTEL:

(Continued from Page 17)

Sonny Howard will establish him as an individualist such as the famous stars he impersonates. This youngster really projects and warbles a heck of a good song . . . The famous **Dansations** introduce two lovely routines, attired in colorful costumes. Although both are done well, we especially enjoyed their latter, which is "Luck Be a Lady," a gambling scene and an excerpt from the Broadway musical hit, "Guys and Dolls." The gamblers are **Gil Johnson,** who does some nifty solo dancing . . . **Barney Rawlings** and the Normandie Boys. **Al Jahns and ork** offer good backing for the show and continue pleasing the patrons with their danceable tunes.

DEAR MOM:

(Continued from Page 11)

little gambling, not anything too heavy—we were using our own money, you see. Diane felt lucky and so did I, but when Jean opened her purse she found that from changing from the brown to the black bag she'd neglected to put in her wallet, so we both had to stake her to play, and I think that kinda broke the spell .We managed to save enough loot to indulge in the chuck-wagon, and had a perfectly giddy time discussing other women. Nothing catty, mind you, all constructive criticism. In nothing flat we had decided who should not wear off the shoulder dresses . . . who was wearing zircons and pawning them off as diamonds, who should definitely have a weekly "touch-up" or go back to that natural "mousey look," and who was wearing unmentionables in upper extremities that nature had not provided. Much later we all said "good morning," and went on our separate ways, making a solemn promise, that we'd have to do this again real soon. Now maybe I'm old fashioned, and I wouldn't want the gals or my guy to know it, but I'll skip the "feminine touch" any day, and sit quietly at home with my dog and her master even if it's only for a fireside chat . . . That's livin'!

This Sunday, my fella "Snooper's" day off, we're really going to do something different. We've been invited to go for a boat ride. Now, not being the outdoor type myself, and not being able to swim a stroke, I have been rather hesitant about the whole deal, but he assures me it is all going to be very jolly, invigorating, educational and la de da! If it turns out to be anything like my last communion with nature's wonderful charms, it's strictly for the birds! Once before he arranged a set-up similar to this and what a horrible finale. We went on a fishing expedition about 150 miles outside of Los Angeles. Our rod and reel expert, whose idea it had been, told us to wear something appropriate, and not take along any excess baggage, as we would only spend the night there and part of the following day, besides we had equipment to carry. This kid really travelled light, Army sleeping bags, tent, portable ice-box, radio, enough food for a clam bake and two fifths of I. W. Harper, which we had polished off before the crack of dawn. When we arrived at campsite, all the eager beavers found something helpful to do. That is, all except me n' "Snoop." I was just standing around in my peddle pushers, man's shirt and rubber boots, getting in everyone's way, when a voice in the distance, "Snoop's," yelled, "Mardie, come over here quick . . . look at the skyline." Always obliging, I tripped over there (literally and actually) right into a small whirlpool, which was nothing realy, a dog had only drowned there a week before. Sputtering, choking, gasping for air, I tried to reach for his friendly hand that wasn't there. Fortunately someone dragged me out and led me cold and drenched to the nearest rock to compose myself. Just then I saw my beloved approaching me, I know he was happy in the knowledge that I was safe. He grabbed me by both arms and said, "I never want to go through anything like this again. You've lost one of your boots and you know you can't swim. What the hell were you doin' down there?" . . . (I'll take back what I said a minute ago, it's better going out with the girls!)

Well, darlings, shall take leave of you now, hoping I shall still be here to write to you next week, weighing my usual 107 lbs., not soaking wet! Dish me some more dirt about the old hometown and what you two are doing for excitement. Till then, I remain, your ever lovin' Neptune's daughter . . . ME.

DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 17)

encore she does "I Ain't Got Nobody," accompanying herself at the piano. At this point I must criticize her and say: "Tain't so, Connee Boswell, you've got the LOVE of everybody," and that's for sure . . . On the same bill is comedian BILLY VINE, a very good comic and quite a favorite in our town. This engagement marks No. 3. His gags are really-easy-to-listen to. On some occasions he kids the audience, and is right at home at all times on the stage. I especially enjoy his version of a "drunk" with a heck of crying jag singing "Those Wedding Bells Are Breaking Up That Old Gang of Mine." **Billy Vine** sells himself 100 per cent in everything he does and is in our books **—a top-notch comic! . . . The Lamberts** are a husband and wife team, who actually had the first nighters gasping because of their breathtaking tricks. They introduce amazing feats in muscular control and their slow-motion routine is one of the best I ever saw . . . **The Arden-Fletcher Dancers** introduce (and this time they really do) two lovely routines and exquisitely costumed in both numbers . . . **Carlton Hayes** and **his ork,** as always, cut a super great show and offer sweet or swing music for your dancing pleasure.



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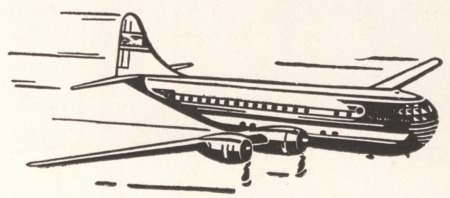
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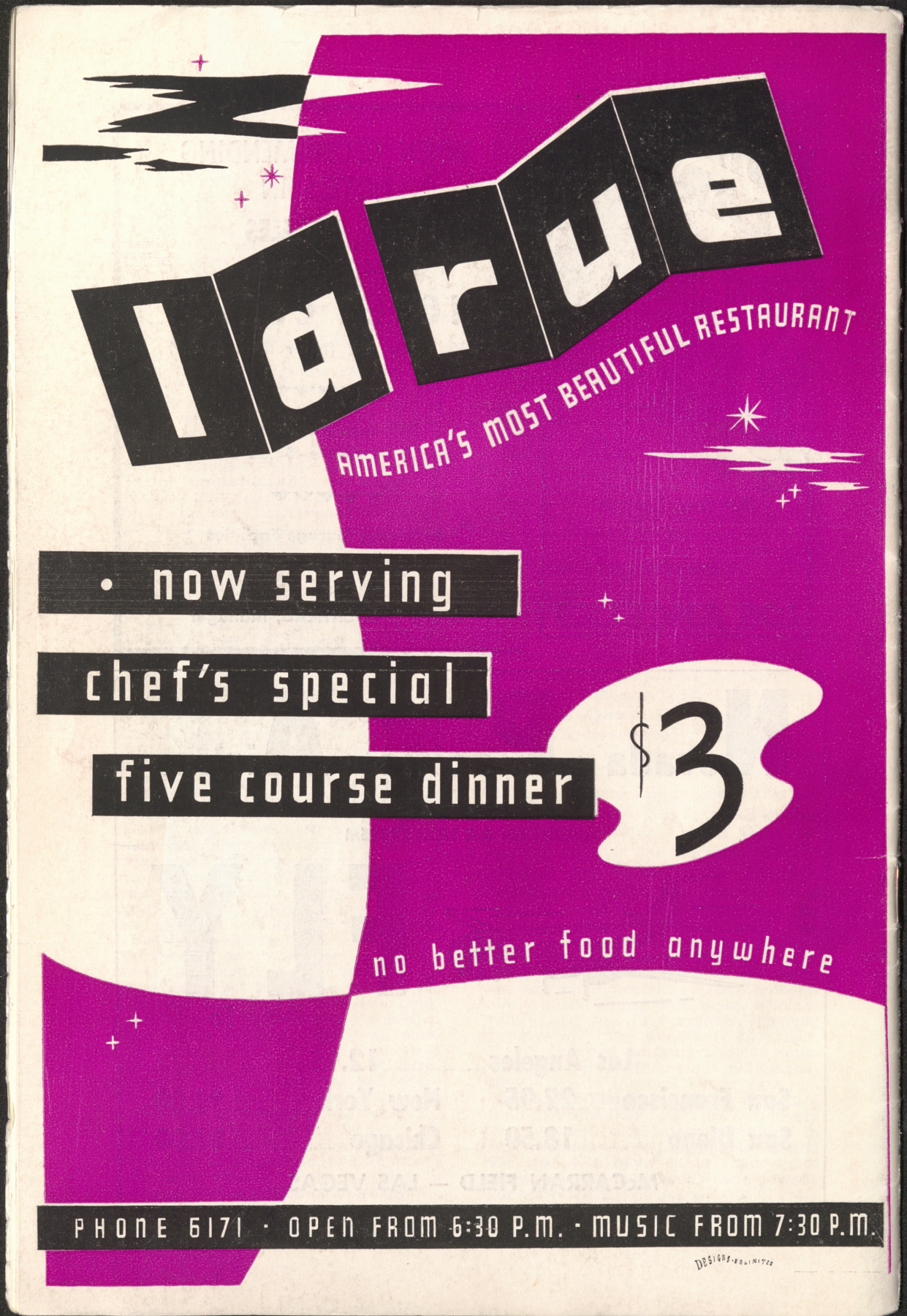
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