Jack Burby's

# FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PARDNER !

Happy Anniversary,

WILBUR CLARK'S

DESERT INN

(See Story Page 9)

Designs Unlimited

15¢

APril 24, 1951

Hotel LAST FRONTIER

PRESENTS

# LIBERACE

GREATER THAN EVER!

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MUSICAL CONDUCTOR

GEORGE LIBERACE

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PHONE 1800

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AL DONAHUE AND HIS ORCHESTRA

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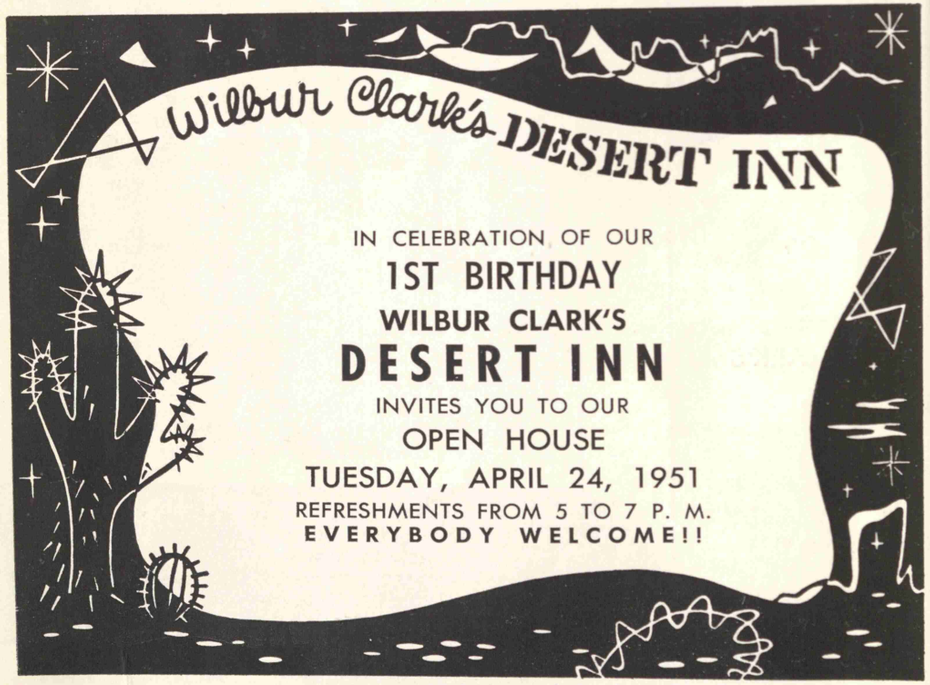




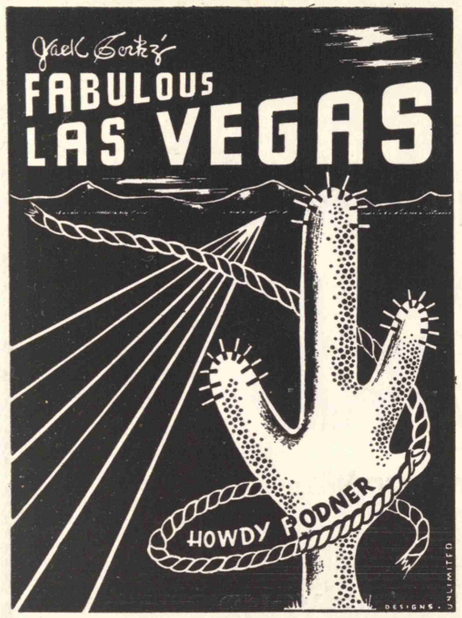



PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 3, NO. 1

OBSERVATIONS, BY POP SQUIRES

"THAT'S FOR SURE," BY JACK CORTEZ

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS, BY MARTIN LEWIS

REVIEWS OF CAFE SHOWS, BY JACK CORTEZ

WILBUR CLARK STORY, BY CHUBBY JOHNSON

VERSE, BY TUTOR SCHERER

FBI, BY J. EDGAR HOOVER

THE OLD TIMER, BY CHUBBY

CHESS, BY FRED SOLY

WHAT'S DOIN'? BY JOHNNY

TABLE HOPPING, By MARY JANE BULLOCK

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TO

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ASSOCIATES and

PERSONNELL

BEST WISHES ON YOUR

1st

ANNIVERSARY

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Christensen's Men's Wear

316 FREMONT STREET PHONE 1001

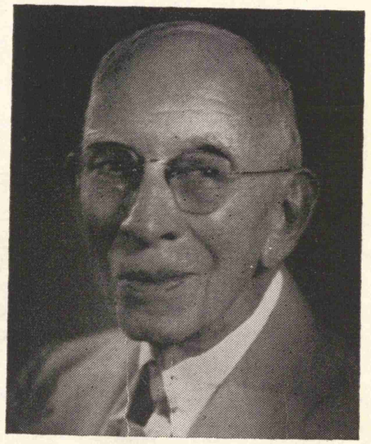
SHOP 'TIL 9 SATURDAY NIGHT



Jack Cortez'
FABULOUS
LAS VEGAS
HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 3 APRIL 21, 1951 NUMBER 1

# OBSERVATIONS . . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES



## HUMILIATED?

Stockton, California, April 10

**DEAR MR. SQUIRES: Las Vegas friends of mine frequently mail me copies of your readable little pamphlet, and once in a while I get a kick out of your comments on Ye Olden Days, with which you are apparently very familiar, even though you make too frequent use of the personal pronoun "I."**

Your latest dissertation on how YOU started "Boulder Dam" is readable, but the fact that you entirely left out the illustrious name of that grand and ultra good man, Herbert C. Hoover, indicates that you are probably one of those back-biting Democrats, few of whom have had anything to do with the real early days of Nevada. Read Comstock Lode data and ascertain WHO were the REAL accomplishers there.

"Democracy" was an unknown vexation in those "building days."

—J. McDonald.

---

J. McDonald,
Stockton, California
Dear Mc:

Thanks for your very humiliating and pleasant letter of April 10. I regret that you failed to include your address, in which case I might have concealed my humiliation from the readers of Fabulous Las Vegas. However, in my long life, more than 40 years of which has been spent in the newspaper business, much of the time writing a daily column and Republican editorials, I have gradually become more or less immune to criticism, expecting, of course, that many would disagree. Quite religiously I said "we" when I was trying to tell my side of a controversy.

Of course "we" realize that "we" use the first personal pronoun too frequently in Fabulous Las Vegas. But I (excuse me, "we") will tell you how it happened. When Jack Cortez urged me to write a bit about Las Vegas every week to the girls and boys who are making our great hotels such glorious places of entertainment, we naturally got a bit personal (just as they do on the stage) and lapsed into the use of the first personal pronoun. Besides, in telling the history of early Las Vegas we are telling my own story—oh, heck, Mc, please try to excuse me. When I tell about the early days of the Boulder Canyon project, I am telling the story of more than 10 years of my life which were spent almost exclusively working for the great project.

The "most unkindest cut of all," Mc, (two of them, in fact), are the charge that I entirely left out the "illustrious

Continued on Page 55

"THE LARGEST CLUB IN NEVADA"

STARTING SUNDAY, APRIL 22

**Eddie Smith Trio**

☆

EXOTIC DANCER

**CREME DELL**

STARTING SUNDAY, APRIL 22

**Eddie Smith Trio**

☆

EXOTIC DANCER

**CREME DELL**

OPEN 12 NOON 'TIL ? ? ?

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

**CONTINUOUS DANCING AND ENTERTAINMENT — 9 P. M. 'TIL ?**

**MIKE WERNER'S DIXIELANDERS**
FEATURING
**JACK COON ON TRUMPET**

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IT'S ALWAYS
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**MIDNITE BREAKFAST**
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VAN HEFLIN — YVONNE DE CARLO

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RUTH ROMAN — RICHARD TODD

This Season — as Always

**For the Finest in Women's Fashions It's**

Florence Richards Magicseye

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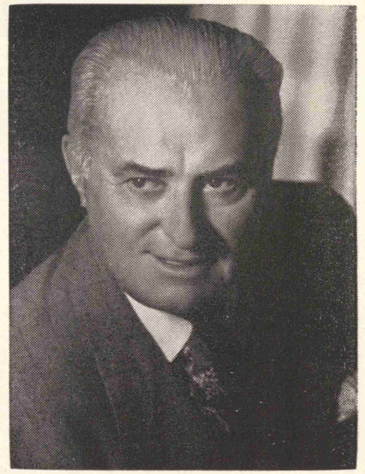
# VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF NEVADA



### THE COTTONWOOD TREE

Spreading bows beneath the sky
Just a tree to glorify
Winter; shaming naked limbs so bare,
Branches reaching upward as tho in prayer.

And so it stands until early spring.
Now Nature, a decided change will bring:
Buds unfolding, then tender leaves of green,
Breezes gently move them to show their sheen.

Small puffs of cotton float upon the air
As a melting snow-storm in weather fair,
A transformation wonderful to see . . .
Proving only God can make a tree.

Foliage now checks the summer's burning glow,
Giving shelter to earthly things below.

---

### LOVE'S RE-INCARNATION

Many things may cause the brilliance of a lover's day
To darken and depart, for we know not how long a stay.

---

HE:
If I should die, then you will see
There'll never be a man like me.

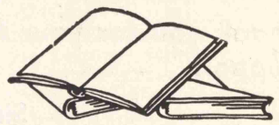
SHE:
If I should get one more like you,
I'd shoot myself, that's what I'd do!

### SPRINGTIME ON THE RANCH

The black crow caws, a rasping sound.
Far off, the barking of a hound.
The windmill sounds its lazy drone.
Cattle crunching hay just mown.

A family orchard, budding trees,
The busy humming of the bees.
Hawks soar high in a manner stark.
Across the meadow, sings a lark.

White puffy clouds against the blue,
Slowly they float the whole day through.
The birds are nesting while they sing,
For they have ushered in the Spring.



**Thank you for your friendship, your help and your support**

**Sincerely,**
**Your Host,**

# WILBUR CLARK

# THAT'S FOR SURE . . . by JACK CORTEZ

On Tuesday, April 24, the entire staff and personnel of WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN will be joined by Las Vegans and international friends and associates, in marking the FIRST ANNUAL ANNIVERSARY celebration of that world-famous hostelry.

We feel that our fabulous city received universal recognition when Mr. Clark and his associates established this Mecca for travelers and vacationers. It has received reams of publicity in an incalculable amount of newspapers and periodicals in all global countries. This far-reaching acclaim has effected vaster recognition of Las Vegas in one year than the Chamber of Commerce has achieved in the last decade. For that prime reason, all of us owe a sincere vote of gratitude to the owners of the Desert Inn.

It wouldn't surprise us in the least if the festivities accompanying the lighting of this first gigantic candle supersede the inauguration ceremonies. There were many famous celebrants at the opening. If we were to attempt to give you a complete listing of all notables present, this edition would consist of names, from cover to cover. That, in itself, should suggest the immense turnout to witness this event.

You can just imagine the pride and happiness and awe that followed the initial public opening of those now famous portals. The general consensus of opinion was (and still is) that JAC LESSMAN, hotel designer and decorator, and STAN HARRIS, constructor, outdid themselves in the completion of each and every detail, down to the last minute. Visitors from every corner of the earth admit the D. I. is one of the most outsanding landmarks they have ever visited. Another admission is that the decor is second to none. Despite the fact that the D. I. is in existence for such a short period, Mr. Clark and his associates are constantly at work, devising various methods of improvement. This eagerness for progress brings to mind an old adage that states (paraphrased): "Only the ignorant or the fool is ever satisfied."

Yes, MR. WILBUR CLARK, we, the people of Las Vegas, wish to extend our heartiest felicitations to you and all of your colleagues on the eve of the DESERT INN'S First Anniversary. We send you an ever-lasting salute for your commendable achievements and select you as the man who has done the most to further the advance of our fabulous Las Vegas . . . and that's for sure.

**HAP CLINE, genial pit boss at the LA RUE RESTAURANT, received a call from his wife in Wichita, Kansas, the other day. Mrs. C. informed him their belongings were on the van, on their way to L. V. A few hours later, another call. This one sort of shattered Hap's cheerful frame of mind. This time, Mrs. Cline told him their 3-year-old STEPHANIE had an old-fashioned case of the measles and their arrival would be delayed. Well, we're glad it isn't anything serious, Hap. Better make sure you arrange that furniture properly, or you'll have our sympathy when your better half arrives. It isn't fun to keep shifting everything around. (Take it from one who knows.)**

Although he acquired the title of "Pappy" two weeks ago, BRUNO MARX is still handing out the cigars. This "21" dealer must have distributed about 100 boxes of panatellas to date. If you want to see that infectious grin, just ask him how the baby is . . . JACK BENNY and his entire crew of writers and radio personalities were scheduled to arrive in town, while this edition was on the press. They will check into the FLAMINGO HOTEL and make all preparations for Sunday's (April 22) broadcast, which will emanate from the NELLIS AIR BASE . . . A letter from a friend in Hollywood informs us that a large number of film folk were surprised the other day when MARLENE DIETRICH kicked up her pretty heels and blasted the guys and gals who put her into the class of "Glamour Girls Over 50." La Dietrich happily admits she is a grandmother but offers her passport as proof that she has not yet reached 50. No matter what her age, that gal is really glamorous . . . We aren't trying to pry—BUT! We have a hunch there is a serious romance brewing, which just might culminate in the ringing of those "Old Wedding Bells." When BEVERLY RICHARDS arrived in town, everything else took a secondary spot in GARY PICKARD'S life . . . That man, LUCIUS BEEBE, is staying at the DESERT INN, and having the time of his life. Did you ever see a "What-cha-may-callit" walking? Well, we did. He dresses like something from Mars . . . TOMMY GUINAN, brother of the late TEXAS GUINAN, of "Hi ya, sucker," fame, is in town. According to the grapevine, he is looking for a nite spot. He might be interested in building or purchasing one on the strip, that is already operating. Anyone interested? . . . The SARATOGA HO-

(Continued on Page 37)

MANY MORE HAPPY

ANNIVERSARIES

TO

WILBUR CLARK'S

# Desert Inn

— FROM —

*Al Cooper's*

*Polynesia*

AND

ED SHANE

GALA OPENING SOON



## THE STORY OF

# Wilbur Clark

. . . By CHUBBY JOHNSON

**Editor's Note: The following story is reprinted from the special souvenir edition of Fabulous Las Vegas, Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn edition, dated October 20, 1950:**

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

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

We sat in the living room and talked. And what did we talk about? This man who Time Magazine called "Little Caesar" and one of the "New Bonanza Kings," this man who started his career in business by washing dishes, and parlayed a pair of dishpan hands into the ones that hold the reins and guide the destiny of a $3,500,00 hotel. This man who, when he visited San Diego, California, rated a three-column story in the San Diego Journal with a heading of bold type that proclamied "Ex-San Diego Bellhop, Now Millionaire, Thrilled Over Visiting Old Scenes," and of whom Ken Bojens, the editor of the item, stated, "He has mingled with stars of the entertainment and sports world, with business tycoons, mayors and governors. Twice he has visited with the President of the United States."

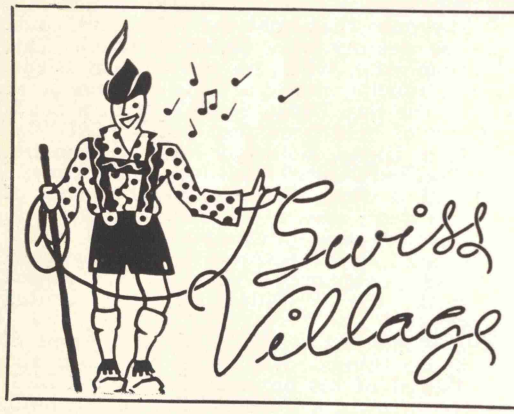
TONI and WILBUR CLARK

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

**(Continued on Page 53)**

# Janis Paige

**My FIRST Las Vegas Engagement Makes Las Vegas FIRST in My Heart**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**JULES RESTAURANT**
(SILVER SLIPPER)
**LAST FRONTIER VILLAGE**
HIWAY 91

OPEN 24 HOURS

Your Friendly
**LIQUOR STORE**
FREE DELIVERY
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FLOYD J. COPE
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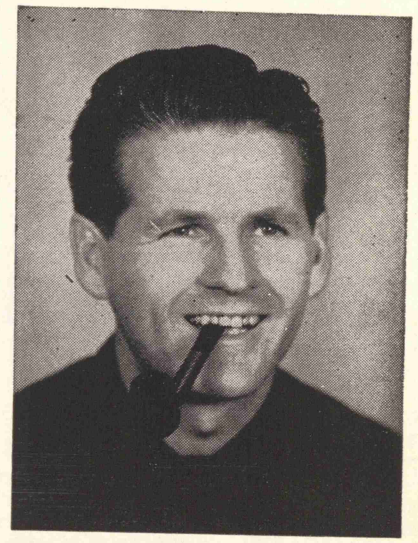
# WHAT'S DOIN'?

. . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN



D'YA realize that it is only three weeks 'til we'll all be goin' to HELLDORADO? The time when most of the town blossoms out in blue jeans and beards (the men, that is), and those who have a load of getus get out their fancy western falderall for the fashion of the festivities. Me, I dig out my dirty denims and clobbered cowboy boots and that's it! I ought to spring for a new pair of boots this year but seen' as how my bank-roll is all shot to half of the name of the celebration, I'll be lucky to be slipping around in sneakers before the whole thing is over. Oh, I wouldn't exactly say that I'm broke, but on the other hand, the amount of cabbage I carry around in my money clip wouldn't even make a midget round shouldered! On the opposite hand, I'm only kiddin' and I know lots of people who don't even know what a money clip is. I'm eatin' regular! If you ever get to feeling sorry for yourself, just stop where you are, look about you, then count your blessings.

Did you know that CHEF ROM is back at the RAILROAD PASS CASINO? Since they have that new divided highway on the way to Boulder City you can get out to Railroad Pass in nothing flat. 'Bout 20 minutes from downtown Vegas and you are there. I even drove out there in that tired old Packard of mine the other night and partook unto myself one of Chef Rom's world famous ORIGINAL CHUCK WAGON dinners (he IS the originator of the thing, you know). Let me pass the word along to you right now: You have never lobbed your uppers over anything more tasty in all your life. You walk through and serve yourself when you get this Chuck Wagon deal. Now, for a buck and a quarter you can have the following served right at your table: Roast turkey, barbecued ribs, broiled lobster, Chicago corned beef or spring chicken. Complete dinners for only $1.75 a copy. Here's something else: There is NO TAX AT ANY TIME at Railroad Pass, and with that "government gig" removed from the prices you'll find yourself removing less from your pockets . . . I was going to start this item by saying that the CLOVER CLUB RACE BOOK was going to the dogs but I would've been wrong so I'd better just tell the story. Some folks were in the race room the other day with their dog (a boxer), and when they decided to go do some shopping, the dog refused to move when they called him. With vocal persuasion getting no results they put the leash on him, and still had difficulty in dragging him out. Once outside they relaxed the tight grip needed to get him that far, at which point the capering canine broke away and returned to the spot he had been occupying on the floor of the race room. The folks decided to do the shopping later. When I left, the boxer was still lying contentedly on the floor holding a ticket in his mouth and looking anxiously at the results as they were coming in. A pooch playin' the ponies! I thought that was pretty cute. Ask the men at the counter if you don't believe me. Oh yes, in case you didn't know, the QUINELLA has gone back to the two dollar price, as it was in the beginning. SAMMY COHEN, who runs the book, found that it made a much nicer pot for the winners each day and the number of players each day is growing all the time . . . You down-

(Continued on Page 47)


*Al Nissell's*
**WOMEN'S SPORTSWEAR**
**SHOES**
PHONE 2916 313 FREMONT

TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1951

IS OUR

**1st Anniversary**

THANK YOU, LAS VEGAS, FOR A

WONDERFUL YEAR

*Ruby*

CASINO

WILBUR CLARK'S

**DESERT INN**



# The Story of the FBI . . by J. EDGAR HOOVER

CHIEF OF THE BUREAU

**THE CHURCHES are in the front trenches of America's crime prevention crusade! Never before has there been such a challenging need for aggressive, inspirational leadership for the boys and girls of this country. At the present time only half of the youth in America are being reached by the churches, and of those who are being reached, entirely too many are merely "on the rolls."**

This failure to make contact with the bulk of tomorrow's citizens is producing a fertile field for future juvenile crime. If America is to remain a Christian nation devoted to the fundamental ideals of the Beatitudes, the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule, then more adults must assume the responsibility of preparing young Americans for virile, dynamic Christian living.

Church attendance is a vital factor in the nation's crime prevention program. While serving as director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation during the past 20 years, I have been profoundly impressed with the fact that the "church-going people" are the most substantial group of citizens in the nation. Church attendance and crime appear to be like the ingredients of oil and water—they do not mix!

The churches have an excellent opportunity to fight the causes of crime. These are many and varied. Crime usually plants its seeds in the mind of a child during the early, formative years. It comes when there is a lack of something—lack of proper parental guidance, lack of wholesome companions, lack of discipline, lack of respect for the rights of others, disregard for parents and constituted authorities, the lack of emotional stability. The value of the church in filling many of these needs is obvious.

Through experience, we of the FBI have also observed that those who are active in some church are also the people who seem most interested in establishing a genuine "home" for their children. The greatest single factor in crime causation among juveniles today is the disintegration of the American home. In this respect the "home" front is not one-fourth as strong as it should be. Undoubtedly juvenile delinquency will continue to thrive until we are fervently determined to restore the home and "family unit" to their former position of importance as the fundamental social unit in our national life.

We need homes where the children feel inalienably attached to the family circle—a place where questions are answered, sympathy and affection received and frequent family activities promoted which allow expression and participation by every member of the group.

We need homes where children learn respect for their parents, respect for law, respect for God and the religious principles which must be perpetuated if America is to survive as a great nation.

In both the church and the home, children must be made to understand their individual responsibility for personal conduct. They must gain a personal appreciation of the law of compensation and retribution which is unequivocally administered in the Heavens. Children must be encouraged to acquire sufficient religious conviction to fortify their moral conceptions for later years when selfish aggrandizement, strong personal ambitions, dishonest associates or some other negative influence may seek to entice them into bartering their birthright as honest, forthright citizens for sordid careers of corruption and crime.

The monthly collection and analysis of crime statistics by the FBI constitute a national crime barometer which shows that the eternal conflict between the forces of good and the forces of lawlessness and destruction exist day and night, seven days a week, as a two-fisted reality.

Every 22 seconds throughout the past year a major crime has been taking place. During an average day, 27 criminal homicides have been committed, as well as 136 other felonious assaults. An average of 745 American homes have been burglarized every 24 hours, 124 innocent persons have been robbed, 2209 larcenies have occurred and 514 automobile owners have been deprived of the use of their cars by auto thieves.

If such trends continue, it will mean that during the normal lifetime of the average American 436,475 murders will be committed in this country, and 88,000,000 larcenies, burglaries, auto thefts and aggravated assaults will be perpetrated.

Of the 1,300,000 major crimes com-

(Continued on Page 51)

MY SINCERE APPRECIATION TO ALL

OF YOU FOR A MOST EVENTFUL

12 MONTHS

May the Following Years

Be as Exemplary

# C. J. Jones

"JONESY"

**CASINO MANAGER**

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THE

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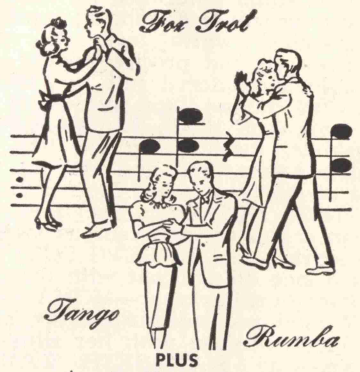


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# Weekly Fashion Letter

## from EDITH HEAD

**Paramount Fashion Designer**

Lace is telling a new story on the Hollywood fashion scene.

Gone are the days when the use of lace was confined strictly to fashion "frosting"—that is, to collars and cuffs, delicate trim on handkerchiefs and filmy nightgowns. Today, it is being used to lend simple elegance to clothes for every occasion. Exquisite laces of silk, cotton, wool and even straw are bringing a luxury look to spring and summer wardrobes. Women who are discrete in what they buy and wear will revel in the new lace overskirts and underskirts; coats, capes, stoles and hoods; sweaters, gloves, hose and bathing suits. Like sunshine after an April shower, the exquisite beauty of lace brings a startling and refreshing appeal to everyday wardrobes.

A preview of the new lace underskirt will be given by movie acress JANE WYMAN in her new Paramount picture, "Here Comes the Groom." The skirt is not just another petticoat, but a definite part of the star's dress. In addition, MISS WYMAN also attains a look of luxury by wearing a wedding dress of rich lace in a key scene of the film.

JOAN FONTAINE, who is currently setting new styles as the well-dressed leading lady of "September Affair," achieves simple elegance by adding a lace dinner suit to her spring wardrobe. Of starched white lace, the outfit possesses all the precise beauty of a meticulously tailored suit . . . BETTY HUTTON favors lace overskirts and has several of them. Unlike ordinary overskirts, they are styled like old-fashioned pinafores, and are cut from bolts of heavy starched lace. Incidentally, MISS HUTTON'S daughters have carbon copies of their famous mother's new skirts . . . LIZABETH SCOTT selects a lace dinner coat with matching hood for evening wear—MONA FREEMAN combines lace suspenders, and a full lace overskirt with her slim dark dresses—and ELIZABETH TAYLOR wears a lace bathing suit. Lace is indeed one of the most versatile fabrics of the new spring and summer seasons.

**Definitions:**

Off Day: The day after a day off.
Wedding Bells: Bachelor's curfew.
Acoustics' What you play pool with.
Gross Ignorance: 144 times worse than ordinary ignorance.

**—Air University Dispatch**

# Weekly Beauty Letter

## from WALLY WESTMORE

**Makeup Director, Paramount Studios**

For a key scene in the new GENE TIERNEY-JOHN LUND comedy, "The Mating Season," character actress THELMA RITTER was required to hitch-hike on a busy street in the outskirts of Los Angeles. Per script instructions, she walked and walked as a hidden camera recorded her actions on celluloid.

Finally, the day's shooting was completed and the clever comedienne, who's currently being acclaimed as the "screen's new Marie Dressler," stepped into a studio car with Makeup Director Wally Westmore — and immediately eased her tired feet out of a pair of heavy walking shoes. Always ready ready and able to lend a helping hand to Paramount actresses. Westmore proceeded to give Miss Ritter a few simple exercises to relax her tired feet.

First on Westmore's list was this exercise, which every woman can follow:

Stand with bare feet parallel, six to eight inches apart. Rise on the balls of the feet, twisting heels inward and trying to grasp the floor with the toes. Do this twenty or thirty times, slowly, both morning and evening.

For relaxing and strengthening the toes, Westmore suggests walking tiptoe, barefoot, until it is necessary to drop back on the whole foot. It's not simple, but it pays in results . . . Grasping a large marble with the toes and taking as many steps as possible without dropping it is another excellent exercise . . . For the lazy lady, Paramount's world-famous makeup director suggests this routine: lie flat on your back with knees stiff, feet and toes stretched out in a slightly pigeon-toed position. Count four and at the same time bend the ankles and bring the toes toward you as much as possible. In addition to aiding tired feet, this exercise aids the arches, toes, ankles and calves—keeps the feet in perfect condition.

Many a man seeks a girl for her pa value.



TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1951

IS OUR

1st Anniversary

THANK YOU FOR A

MEMORABLE YEAR

Billy Williams

CASINO

WILBUR CLARK'S

DESERT INN

To the Residents of Las Vegas or the Fun Seekers who visit with us - - I must admit I never met nicer or friendlier people than the patrons who visit our Hotel . . .

**Robert Kaye**

CREDIT MANAGER

**WILBUR CLARK'S**

**DESERT INN**

CELEBRATING ITS FIRST ANNIVERSARY

TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1951



# TABLE HOPPING

. . . By MARY JANE BULLOCK

**MY, MY, what an exciting week! Started it with dinner and dancing at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL. Love the gracious welcome given by PAT GALLAGHER and her assistant hostesses as you enter! And ALDO'S special attention just makes you feel they were waiting for you!**

Noticed HOBE'S new summer jewelry, on leaving the THUNDERBIRD lobby. JACK and MARY ERDMAN have done a good job; The window display is drawing much attention. Speaking of display, wanta' memo on what a few of our "local ladies" wear at a big party? "MR. THUNDERBIRD," (MARION HICKS), had a birthday, Friday, the 13th! It wasn't unlucky . . . for them . . . it was lovely! **Mrs. Clifford Jones** was stunning, in a black linen-lace top dress. **Mrs. Marion Hicks** in navy and white trim, with the very popular "duster." **Mrs. Harry Manente** wore a black sheer and **Mrs. Joe Wells** a summer print. **Diana Cudacoff** was vibrant in a flame organza and **Mrs. Marty Hicks** took all eyes, as "The lady in red." Party was a huge success, almost worth getting a year older for, huh, **Mr. Hicks?** LOUIE, the maitre d', did the most wonderful miniature of the hotel, for a centerpiece.

The HELLDORADO spirit has started! Really hasn't hit the "strip"—but downtown! Yippee! Thought someone "pushed the calendar up" a couple weeks, as I entered J. C. PENNEY'S downtown, Saturday! All their employes were decked out in their cowboy shirts and hats! Certainly gives you the western sage-brush feeling!

Saw ALIX MARLEY back in town for a short visit; pretty as ever—and with a girl-friend. Eleanor Stagno—who gave our ALIX some competition . . . in looks, I mean.

Thought I recognized familiar strands of music as I walked through the GAY '90s at HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. I did, it was SNOOPER ROGERS, back at his piano, making you want to sing and dance! Same tunes, same style—just a new setting! Good luck, Snooper, hope you like the FRONTIER as well as you did the "INN," and I'm sure you will!

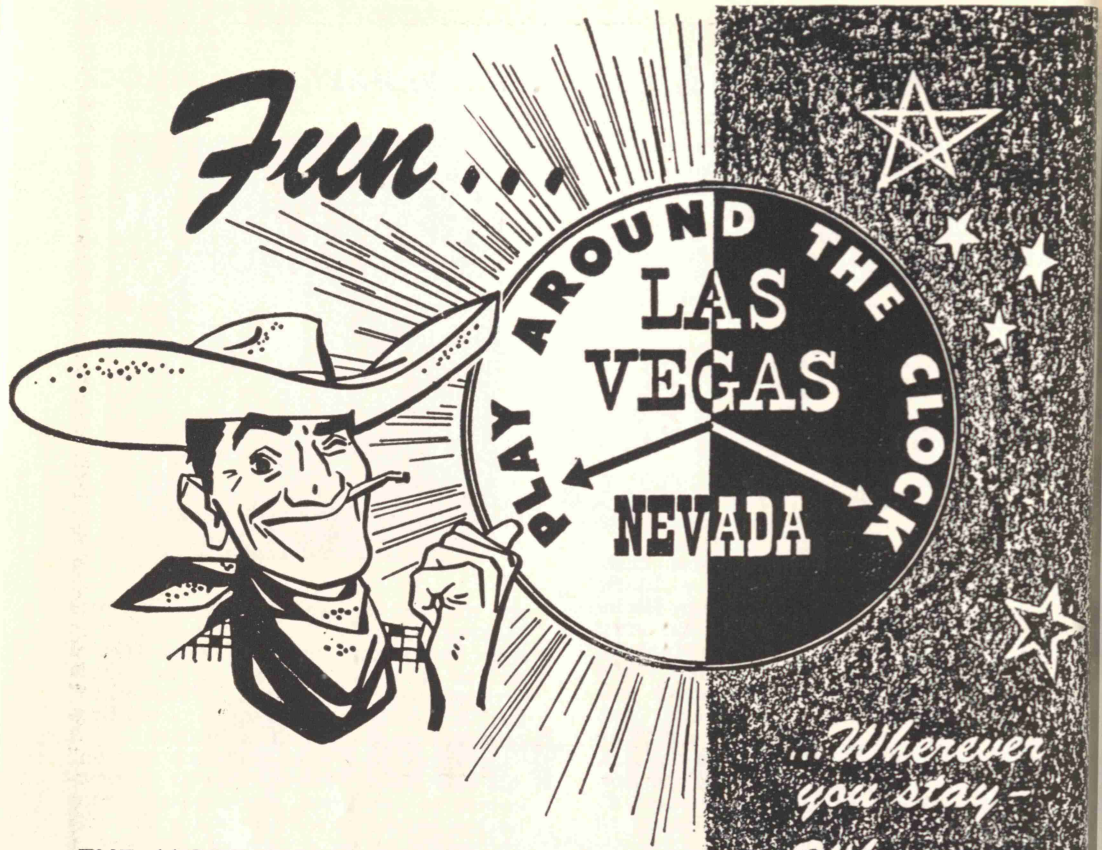
As I changed decorations in my front window, the other day, and gazed absent-mindedly at the passer-bys, I noticed two very "nice figures." Turned out to be BEVERLY QUINN and ETHEL JOHNSON, or I should say, EX-JOHNSON. Seldom see ETHEL since

she married and settled down. She was looking "peachy" . . . though I miss her, her eager smile, dancing feet, I am so glad to see one of the "kids around town"—happy in "home-life" BEVERLY is carrying on . . . waiting, (I believe), for the same future!

At this time I want to "pin a rose on" AL COOPER! Though he is a newcomer to our town, these past months he has mixed and made many friends! He wants to be a part of Las Vegas, his statements prove it! "I want the cocktail girls in my club to be local girls . . . I want it to be a meeting place for the people who live in Las Vegas." I like this . . . I think we all feel a little hurt when a new club opens, new owners, new "help" . . . usually IMPORTED . . . when we know "GUYS AND DOLLS" right here at home who need jobs, people we know from experience, people who have followings, people who own homes, here in Vegas! Thank you, MR. COOPER, I hope you will like us, as much as we are beginning to like you!

Can't close my column without mentioning **Florence Richards'** fashion show at the SILVER SLIPPER ballroom! The MAGICEYE is in the lead with some of the most outstanding . . . the most lovely styles I have ever seen! From play-clothes to evening attire . . . just gorgeous! TODDY DILLARD has definitely been tabbed a MAGICEYE MODEL. She really does justice to their ensembles. The younger set has entered JENNY LOU McAFERTY and a good addition to any style-show, we think!

That's it, ladies and gentlemen, gotta' rush . . . dress up . . . gotta' go TABLE-HOPPING!

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## DESERT INN

BEST WISHES ON THEIR

# 1st Anniversary

**TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1951**



# Sincere Best Wishes

TO

**WILBUR CLARK'S**

**DESERT INN**

ON ITS

# 1st Anniversary

FROM THE STAFF OF

## Fabulous Las Vegas

OUR MOST SINCERE
THANKS
to

★ VIC DAMONE ★ TED FIO RITO

HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS

LAS VEGAS

"EVERYONE"

FOR THIS PLEASURE-FILLED ENGAGEMENT

**PEGGY RYAN**
**and RAY McDONALD**

## HELLDORADO'S A-COMING!

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"Till the End of Time"
TO
WILBUR CLARK'S
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**TED MOSSMAN**
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**SKY ROOM**

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THE DESERT INN
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**FIRST ANNIVERSARY**
**DIXIE WAFFLE SHOP**
NATE YOUNG, Owner



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TO

Wilbur Clark's
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WE'RE PROUD TO BE A PART OF

SUCH A GREAT ORGANIZATION

*Vic Mandotte*

*Nick Donolfo*

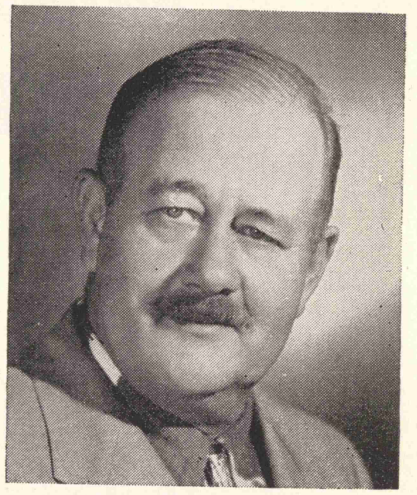
*Sam Solomon*

— PIT BOSSES —



# THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY



Suddenly realizing that
This issue marks the second
Anniversary
Of said "Fabulous" Magazine I
Decided to get out a copy
Of the first one and
Look it over.
I find that of the eight
Original writers,
(Not counting Ye Editor),
I am the only one
Still writing.
Decided to reprint my
First article, so here
It is.

Back to writing for a magazine again, and Jack Cortez says: "I want a human interest column." I looked the phrase up in the dictionary. It was very enlightening. It said "of interest to humans." An editor I used to work for described it as "something that hits you here." I'll take his definition.

Now comes the second step. What hits people here? Memories? Remembrances?

For the kids who grew up in the city, do you remember when you were a kid and the penny candy was all in one case 'n' how when you had a nickel you used to run your finger along the glass 'n' ask for a penny's worth of this 'n' that? The absolute matchless beauty of licorice whips, next to those candy bananas, which were next to the chewing wax whistles alongside of gummy stuff shaped like a clock with a paper face that you could never get compltely off without sticking it into the roof of your mouth, and erase it off with your tongue?

Didn't see any of those gumdrop balls covered with little pearls of multi-colored sugar drops, and a long rubber band on it. We used to bounce them back and forth until the candy ball came loose from the rubber and flew away to be hunted, found, picked up and, when no one was looking, rubbed over our pants or pinafore, to get the dirt off.

Now for us country folks, do you remember the games you used to play when you were a kid, like Duck-on-a-Rock, Run-Sheep-Run, Pom-Pom-Pull-Away, Three - hole - cat, Mumblepeg, Hide-and-Go-Seek? If it hadn't been for Hide-and-Go-Seek, Jack Cortez would never have learned his multiplication tables.)

There were several that were called "girl games," like Jacks, Hop-Scotch, and one I'll never forget. It was called "Poses." I "shied" away from that one because it was "sissy" for a boy to play it, that is, until the new girl moved in next door. That was my downfall. I agreed to play the game one night when she asked me, with a slight wink as a punctuation mark. To the uninitiated, it was played by one of the group whirling another around by the hand. Suddenly the swinger lets go. The pose you strike when your momentum comes to a halt is the one which you must freeze in. The one who held the pose longest was declared the winner and, as a prize, got to swing the others around.

This evening of which I speak, I was whirled, let go of, and took my pose. (Trying to impress the little winker next door) my pose was, without a question, artistic, not unlike the next to the last step from the Ballet "Death of the Swan." I froze in my tracks. Every muscle tense, I didn't move a a hair. I was bound to be the winner. About two minutes passed, several had fallen by the wayside but I still held on, more determined than when I started.

Finally there were only two of us competing and then, a voice. I paid no

(Continued on Page 51)

Anniversary Congratulations
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# SHOW REVIEWS by Jack Burr

## El Rancho Vegas

**April 11 through April 24**

America's youngest vocal heart throb, VIC DAMONE, is the headline attraction in the ROUND-UP ROOM. If our memory serves us correctly, it was only three years ago that he appeared on the Godfrey Talent Scout Show, won first prize, and then kept steadily climbing the ladder of success. Vic thrilled the first nighters with many of the tunes he recorded. The youngster projects loads of personality and just loves to sing. Vic is hailed as a great favorite by everyone . . . PEGGY RYAN and RAY McDONALD are on this "all-youth" bill. They possess a carload of personality and display more energy and talent than we could possibly describe. The entire show is loaded with "ZING" and that's for sure . . . The beautiful JUNE TAYLOR DANCERS introduce two refreshing routines, outfitted in colorful costumes. Featured in the numbers is BUSTER BURNELL, "Boy Dancer." This "boy" is good and could be a definite threat to many a starring entertainer . . . TED FIO RITO and his ORK, as usual, offer excellent background for the show and continue with danceable music to please the patrons.

## LAST FRONTIER

**April 20 through May 4**
**(Not a review)**

The RAMONA ROOM has done it again. Back for the ninth triumphant return engagement is "greater than ever" LIBERACE, nationally famous pianist supreme. There is very little that we could say about this artist, that we haven't said before. His sincerity and charm embrace his audiences and reach right into their hearts. Liberace's ability is as astounding as ever. From the extremist long-hair classic, he can swing right into the "boppiest" boogie, with the ease of a master. His transitions are remarkable and effortless. The enchanting and dramatic

(Continued on Page 58)

## Flamingo

**April 15 through May 2**

The FLAMINGO ROOM patrons are being treated to an enjoyable presentation, starring JOHN CARROLL, famous screen star. Most of us have seen Mr. Carroll in his various screen portrayals. Although we were given to understand that he has sung in pictures, we never actually heard him. However, we were extremely amazed when we did hear his superb baritone. This handsome star is filled with marvelous stage personality and a voice that is well-trained and prepared to capture every listener. John can vocalize in many languages and sells each song by adapting himself to the mood it calls for. JOHN CARROLL is a must for all . . . Co-starring on the same bill are the BORRAH

(Continued on Page 58)

## Wilbur Clark's DESERT INN

**April 17 through April 30**

BLACKSTONE, the magician with international fame, is the headliner in the PAINTED DESERT ROOM. This mystic is the last of a line of performers who ranked high in this field. (Among them were Houdini and Thurston.) Blackstone's illusions were gathered from all corners of the earth, in order to present his "Show of 1001 Wonders." Every type of audience is enthralled by these dazzling feats of magic. Blackstone uses thousands of props, many beautiful girls, and stunning costumes. You'll be amazed by what you see. One note of warning: Don't be frightened when you see the menagerie that is used in this act. Blackstone is truly a stellar attraction . . . The ARDEN-FLETCHER DANCERS are back. These charming gals are outfitted in gorgeous costumes and present some snappy choreography. . . . CARLTON HAYES and his ORK are the excellent aggregation of music men in the background . . . At the LADY LUCK BAR, it's that "Best in the West" outfit—the GROVER-SHORE TRIO, playing requestfully yours 'til dawn.



## Thunderbird

**April 12 through April 25**

The NAVAJO ROOM is playing host to another miniature musical production, starring lovely songstress JANIS PAIGE, of stage and screen fame. Although we've seen Miss Paige emote on the screen, this is the first opportunity we had to hear her vocalize. Her performance was a revelation to us. She has a wonderful voice. Immediately after Miss Paige's first number, we couldn't help but wonder why she hasn't sung in pictures. She excels in any tune, whether "light or torchy." It's certainly a treat to hear and, of course, see the dazzling Janis Paige in person . . . On the the same bill is ALAN CARNEY, who does his usual comedy bits and soap box impressions of "Fellow Workers." . . . The KATHRYN DUFFY DANSATIONS present two fast-paced routines, outfitted in attractive costumes. One is, "Forty-Second Street" and the other, "In Old New York," with JOY WALKER doing the specialty numbers. Beautiful BEVERLY RICHARDS and handsome ROBERT MONNET blend their voices a la Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, in these productions. Mr. Monnet also takes over the "Rawlings Spot" as your master of ceremony.

## CLUB BINGO

**Show opening April 22**
**(Not a review)**

The stars of this show are the EDDIE SMITH TRIO, consisting of Eddie Smith, Jimmy Miller, and Leon Mason. The boys present songs and instrumental numbers. According to the L. A. Examiner, "Their style of entertaining is stupendous. Original parodies, some of them blushingly frank." . . . On the same bill will be the exotic dancer, CREME DELL, who is coming to Las Vegas with advance publicity that says, "Everyone must see her" . . . MIKE WERNER and his "big-little" BAND offer backing for the show and continue to please the dance-happy patrons 'til

dawn . . . JACK COON and his excellent trumpeteering is featured in practically all of the numbers .

## SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

Approximately five months ago, HARRY FARNOW booked the LYLE CLARK PRODUCTIONS into this room. The patron response was so overwhelming when they left that Mr. Farnow's desk was continuously cluttered with written requests to bring them back. Always an obliging sort of a guy, Harry complied and the OLD TIME MELODRAMAS are back. We feel that this will be a lengthy stay. There are three performances nightly—each one different. "Murder in the Red Barn," "Who Stole My Olive?" and "The Olio" are on the program. So, make it a point to see one of them. We guarantee laughs galore and you'll find out why grandma "hissed the villain." . . . As an added attraction, there are those very talented and entertaining COOPER SISTERS . . . PAT WINTERS and her Can-Can Girls bring Gay Paree in all its glory to the West . . . GEORGE REDMAN is the accompanist for the show, who makes the ordinary "88" sound almost like a complete ork, sans brass.

# Happy 1st Anniversary

## Wilbur Clark's

# DESERT INN

MICHAEL SHAPIRO
SAM BOSS
EDDIE MOSS

HARRY KLEIN
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MORRIE KLEIN

DESERT INN SPORTS BOOK

CONGRATULATIONS
AND MANY MORE HAPPY
ANNIVERSARIES
TO
WILBUR CLARK'S
DESERT INN
IS OUR FERVENT WISH

*Bernie Rothkopf*
*Pete Brady*
*Marty Kutzen*

— PIT BOSSES —

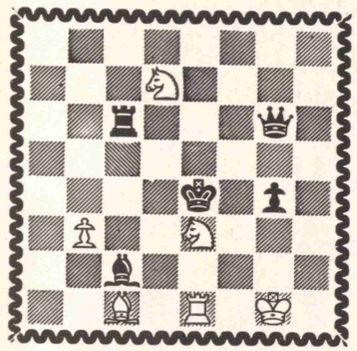


# CHESS » » »

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

**PROBLEM NO. 96**

Black 5



White 6
White mates in two.

Solution to problem No. 95: B-B6.

**WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP**
New York Times

NEW YORK—The ninth game for the world chess championship between Mikhail Botvinnik, the defender, and David Bronstein being played at the Tschaikovsky Concert Hall in Moscow was adjourned without reaching a decision after 42 moves had been recorded, according to Soviet news sources.

With a piece to the good, for which he gave up only one pawn, Botvinnik was believed to have good winning chances.

Botvinnik is leading by a score of 4½ to 3½.

The score of the sixth game, which Bronstein lost through a blunder on his 57th move, has been received here. It appears that the challenger, leading at that stage and with a certain draw in hand, failed to take advantage of a check with a knight at his disposal, and moved his king instead. This slight but critical misstep, immediately taken advantage of by the champion, caused Bronstein to resign at once. This tied the score and Botvinnik's victory in the seventh game next day gave him the lead.

The eighth ended in a draw. When the recess was taken after five hours of play, the situation was exactly even as to forces and positional alignment. When all was ready for resumption, Botvinnik proposed a draw and the challenger accepted. Forty moves had been recorded. Botvinnik has won two games, lost one and drawn five.

**1ST GAME — DUTCH DEFENSE**

| Botvinnik | Bronstein | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| White | Black | | |
| 1—P-Q4 | P-K3 | 14—Q-Q2 | PxP |
| 2—P-QB4 | P-KB4 | 15—PxP | B-Q |
| 3—P-KKt3 | Kt-KB3 | 16—QR-B | B-R4 |
| 4—B-Kt2 | B-K2 | 17—P-KKt4 | B-Q6 |
| 5—Kt-QB3 | Castles | 18—KR-Q | B-B5 |
| 6—P-K3 | P--Q3 | 19—Q-B2 | QxQ |
| 7—7KKt-K2 | P-3B | 20—RxQ | Kt-Kt3 |
| 8—Castles | P-K4 | 21—QR-Q2 | B-R3 |
| 9—P-Q5 | Q-K | 22—B-B2 | Kt-B3 |
| 10—P-K4 | Q-R4 | 23—R-B2 | B-Kt3 |
| 11—KPxP | BxP | 24—BxB | PxB |
| 12—P-B3 | Q-Kt3 | 25—R-K | Kt-K6 |
| 13—B-K3 | QKt-Q2 | 26—R-Q2 | Kt-B5 |
| | | 27—R-B2 | Kt-K6 |
| | | 28—R-Q2 | Kt-B5 |
| | | Drawn | |

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PILL BOX
and
SMOKE SHOP
WE'RE JUST ONE YEAR OLD, TOO!

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CELEBRATING ITS

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**TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1951**

*Chuck Bennett*

*Claude Williams*

*Joe Connino*

**— PIT BOSSES —**

**DOWNTOWN**

HAPPY 1 BIRTHDAY

Wilbur Clark's
DESERT INN

. . . and Continued Success, Always

*Jack Kalven*

*Frank Soskin*

*Bob Bergin*

— PIT BOSSES —




## THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

TEL, now under construction, is really beginning to show signs of progress. On Monday, April 16, 200 yards of cement were poured into the foundation. As soon as the required materials arrive, this five-story dream of STAN HARRIS' will start working its way skyward . . . Lovely BARBARA BINION was chosen as the beauty queen for the FLAMINGO float in the Helldorado Parade, to be held next month. Congratulations, Miss Binion! We sincerely hope you win the final contest and will be chosen as the Helldorado Queen of 1951 . . . "Mary had a little lamb" and so does AL COOPER of the POLYNESIA. Her name is CLAIRE LAMB and we must admit she is lovely. . . . Always improvement-conscious, ARNOLD CHRISTENSEN is making his men's shop on Fremont street one of the most inviting spots to patronize. He has installed specially constructed show and wall-cases on both sides of the store, topped with colorful awning. An eye-catcher if we ever saw one . . . DR. CARL KAUFMAN is not a newcomer to our town, even though the learned doctor has been here 20 months. Dr. Kaufman was a Major in the last war (II) and was stationed at our Air Force Base from 1942 to 1943. It was during those 12 months that Dr. Kaufman decided to eventually leave his New York practice and come back some day. Well, he did and we say, "Welcome, Doctor!" His son, Martin (Mickey) is an expert drummer and plans on starting a combo with the hope of playing some day real soon at one of our hotels or clubs . . . TONY LUCEY is all excited over the baby his charming wife DOROTHY is preparing to welcome in approximately two months. Tony has a hunch there will be triplets in the stork's bundle . . . In one of her column's (L. A. Mirror), this past week, FLORABELL MUIR stated again that the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER and WILBUR CLARK'S D. I. were for sale. Wonder where she gets her wrong info? Better get a new leg man, F. M. . . . Singer MARIO LANZA, of Metropolitan Opera fame, is on a current nation-wide concert tour. He lost 25 pounds during the past six weeks. His studio officials are concerned and have requested he discontinue the tough schedule and return to Hollywood for a rest . . . ARTHUR ROZEN and MURRY NORT are acquiring the reputation of being the biggest car dealers in town, specializing in new and used Cadillacs. We never realized that Arthur (Sir Gallahad) Rozen had so much pull with the U. P. One of his lovely friends missed the 2:25 a. m. streamliner to L. A. and had to be at her destination by 10:00 a. m. There were no other means of transportation. So, Art had the train wait at Jean, Nevada (33 miles from here), while he drove the lady in distress to meet it. What service! . . . AL DEMENT is now manager of the LA RUE. He supervised the building of the place and worked in it as steward and all around troubleshooter. Al is well qualified to handle the job. He was in charge of the old Trocadero, Ciro's, The Vendome and the La Rue in Hollywood. Good luck, fella! . . . BETTY JANE BLUM, heiress to the Blum Candy fartune, will arrive in town soon to celebrate her 21st birthday. Plans are being formulated to make this the most impressive party she ever had. On that day, Miss Blum will receive title to the millions that were left to her in a trust fund, until she attained this age. We understand that is a million for each of her years. Not bad, eh? . . . CLARK GAMMELL, handsome Las Vegas High School football hero, is studying diligently to pass the necessary exams for Annapolis. He is in Washington, D. C., and is praying his main ambition in life will be fulfilled. DAD LOU is in charge of public safety at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER and VILLAGE . . . Have you tasted any of those delicious pancakes that BOBBIE makes over at the CLUB BINGO? If you haven't, you're missing one of the most palatable dishes any chef turned out . . . MARY DUGAN, cigaret girl at the FLAMINGO HOTEL, decided to do something about the kidding she has taken from the patrons. Someone is always asking for tobacco brands she

(Continued on Page 39)


Wes' Bond Street

PHONE 3121

IMPORTERS OF WEARABLES FOR MEN

9 FREMONT STREET

HAPPY 1 ANNIVERSARY

AND

*Sincerest wishes*

*for continued success*

TO

WILBUR CLARK'S

DESERT INN

*E. M. O'Neil & Company*

2643 CLYBOURN AVENUE

CHICAGO 14, ILLINOIS



## THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 37)

never carried. So, Mary acquired some packages of Bull Durham (jestingly, requested) and keeps them on her tray. Then, when the request is made, it is granted, with a surprised look on the face of the patron . . . Is it permissable for police cars to be used for public conveyance? Wonder if Chief Maxwell knows about this **everyday practice?** . . . Elaborate plans are now being made by our VARIETY CLUB for the "Night of Stars" affair to be held at CASHMAN FIELD, Monday, June 11. RED SKELTON and other Hollywood celebrities will appear on the star-studded bill, along with those headliners who will be performing at our resort hotels and clubs. Let's have a large attendance so that our "School for Handicapped Children" can be constructed. Tickets will be on sale at all hotels and clubs. Make your plans and attend one of the greatest all-star shows ever presented in Las Vegas . . . PAT GALLAGHER, chief hostess at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, is more beautiful than we've ever seen her. Must be love. Pat denies everything but her eyes betray her . . . It is almost difficult to believe that those talented youngsters, PEGGY RYAN and RAY McDONALD, have children from their respective marriages. They are currently at HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. Peggy is the mother of a 3-year-old son and Ray is the father of three children—5, 3 and 1. . . . Congratulations to CHUCK and GEORGETTE ELBERT who celebrated their 22nd Wedding Anniversary last Monday, April 16. Chuck works at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER and Georgette is the charming lady who presides over the cigar counter at the D. I. . . . If you've been in L. A. lately, you must have seen or tasted some of those delicious frozen Bon Bons, manufactured by PAT DI CICCO, ex-theatrical agent. This confection has taken the coast by storm. Shops can't seem to get enough to supply the demand. While in Italy, last year, Mr. Di Cicco saw them at all social events and learned the recipe. (In Italy, it's all done by hand.) He returned and had an industrial engineer design a machine and now turns them out by the thousands, in various flavors. Pat plans to make the frozen bon bons the biggest discovery in the 48, since Seven-Up . . . RALPH GRECO is one guy who confuses us when it comes to his job. You figure it out. On certain nights, Ralph is captain in the dining room at the LA RUE. On other evenings, he is a waiter. Then, he is relief bartender when STEVE or MORRY take their day off. Someday we expect to see the lad "on the stick" . . . DAN AGUIRRE, bartender at the FLAMINGO (day shift), recently received his license as a pilot and makes flying a daily practice. In fact, the guy hops to L. A. practically every day just for the fun of being in the clouds. How about taking a passenger along, once in a while, Danny? . . . The guy with that sensational sense of humor, seen everywhere, and received royally by hotel and club owners, is TOMMY McDONNELL, boss man of the noted SINGAPORE RESTAURANT in Chicago . . . ROBERT MONNET, new m.c. in the NAVAJO ROOM of the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, had his own radio show in San Francisco, before coming to our town. He was heard over NBC, from coast-to-coast. The show was known as, "Songs of France and America." . . . NANCI CROMPTON, ballet dancer supreme, who recently appeared in our town, will marry the maitre d' of Ciro's in Hollywood, within the next two weeks. . . . We sincerely wish PHIL RIZZO, and his new Italian Restaurant on South Fifth street, much success, Phil excels in this type of cuisine and intends to satisfy all of his customers with the best at all times . . . DANNY THOMAS has an excellent reason for building the ST. JUDE HOSPITAL somewhere in Mississippi or Georgia. Not too long ago, a newspaper item stated that it took 17 hours for harried friends and relatives to locate a hospital that would admit a Negro who had been struck by an auto. Of course, the victim died because of this shameful neglect. Danny hopes to correct these conditions. He is holding a $200.00 a plate dinner in Chicago and a $100 plate dinner at the Copa in N. Y. C. He will also donate his salaries from TV and nite-club shows. It will take $1,000,000 and Danny is the boy, in our estimation, who will achieve that goal and begin on this much needed hospital sometime this year . . . We can't help but wonder why there are so many complaints about **one** police officer. We are refraining from the use of his name. BUT, if these stories continue, we promise to bring the person's identity to light. If the officer in question

(Continued on Page 55)

Our Spaghetti Is More Than a Meal

It's a Work of Art

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WILBUR CLARK'S

## DESERT INN

AND CONTINUED SUCCESS

ALWAYS

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HELEN DONOVAN
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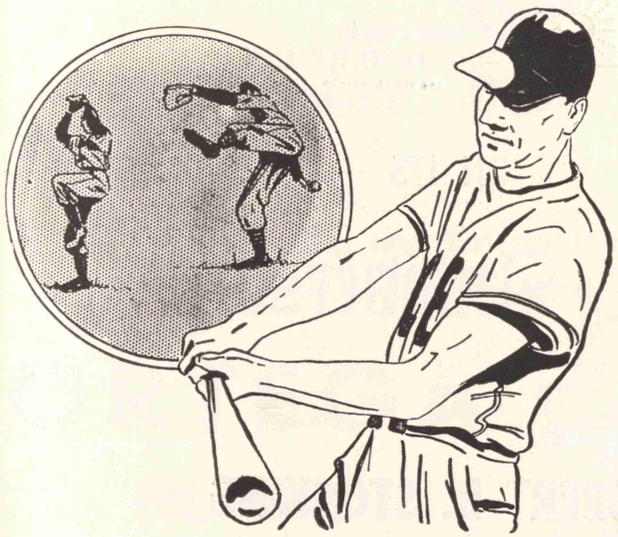
PATTY DEVERELL
ROBERT PADDEN
BELLA TYKTIN



HOTEL El Rancho Vegas

# SPORTS BOOK



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OUR BEST WISHES AND

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Wilbur Clark's
DESERT INN
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

ON ITS

1st Anniversary

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**LA RUE – Where Continental Charm Prevails**

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**"GOOD EATING TIME"**

AT

**AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL RESTAURANT**

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**Dancing and Entertainment**
**to the Enchanting Music of**

**ORTEGA**

**HIS PIANO**

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— YOUR HOSTS —

**STEVE PAPPAS — NOLA HAHN**

— MAITRE D' —

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WE OFFER OUR HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS IN HAVING BUILT UP AN ENVIABLE BUSINESS BY INTELLIGENT MANAGEMENT AND COURTEOUS TREATMENT TO YOUR CLIENTELE.

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**Where INSURANCE Is a BUSINESS, Not a SIDELINE**

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**OUR COMPLIMENTS**

**TO**

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**DESERT INN**

**M. J. LO MONACO & SON**

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TO

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# DESERT INN

**AND ASSOCIATES**

★

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★

*Arden - Fletcher Productions*

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**CONGRATULATIONS!**
**And . . .**
**Many More**
**Pleasant Years**

The Men's Shop

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April 21, 1951

Dear Wilbur,

Congratulations!
We're proud to share this first birthday with you and the Desert Inn!

Sincerely,

*Betty Boyle*

DRESS SHOP

CONTINUED SUCCESS TO

**WILBUR CLARK'S**

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**AND ASSOCIATES**

THE LAWTON COMPANY

TURF ROOM SUPPLIES

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HIGHEST QUALITY Westinghouse LAMPS

USED THROUGHOUT THE FAMOUS

**DESERT INN**

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LAS VEGAS . . . RENO

**YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S Westinghouse**

SINCEREST AND BEST WISHES TO . . .

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ON THEIR

FIRST ANNIVERSARY

ROACH DISTRIBUTING COMPANY

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# WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from page 13)

towners may have wondered what has happened to LAURA RAMEY who used to be the loudest "jackpot" screamer in the Western Club. I found her out at LaRue Restaurant the other night where she has the check room as well as the cigar and cigarette concession. . . . Within the next week or so the remodeling will begin to take place at JULES RESTAURANT in the Silver Slipper building of the Last Frontier Village. Jules plans to take out the huge barbecue pits and put in the equipment he needs to be able to offer his patrons the type of food he is planning to present in the very near future. When it is all finished Jules promises that he will have one of the finest plants in town with food to match . . . It looks like it won't be long until we will be viewing the opening of a lot of new business houses in the downtown area. BOND'S JEWELRY will be in the Friedman building at the corner of Third and Fremont. J. C. PENNEY COMPANY will be at Sixth and Fremont as will be ARDEN'S WOMEN'S WEAR and three or four more enterprises that I can't think of the names right at the moment but you've seen the buildings going up as well as I. Funny how you see the workmen begin laying out the foundations of a new building and then it seems like ages go by and nothing is happening. Then, all of a sudden, you find yourself driving by and the place is open and doing a whale of business. I wonder if there are any of you who, like myself, have been here for the past eight or nine years, have ever tried to envision just what the town would look like in another period of the same number of years. I'm hoping that I'm right, in what I seen in the future for our town. I want to be right in the middle of the whole shebang, too! . . . The MUSICAL DONS opened on schedule at the GOLDEN NUGGET SALOON last Sunday night and now between the appearances of the Dons and JOE WOLVERTON and his DOGPATCH COUNTY BAND and the pulverizing popularity of POLLY POSSUM there is hardly "squeezin' room" in the place let alone **standing** room! I defy anyone to try to get through that room during the height of the evening with less than steel-toed boots, and not emerge with a couple of mangled metatorsals (except a cocktail waitress—I'll never understand how they manage to do it). MARIANTHA is playing from 4:00 p. m. to 10:00 p. m. in the same room. Playing the piano, that is! The things she brings out of that new Baldwin they got for her will surprise you folks who don't go in for lady pianists . . . The SANTA ANITA TURF CLUB is beginning to rumble again in the last week or so with three games going good, the acquisition of a new cashier's cage and the putting in of a little entertainment; said entertainment being BUNNY CHRISTENSEN at the piano to play any and all requests you may feel like tossing in his direction. According to the management there are still more changes to be made in the near future and it looks like the place will really be on the map again for the local entertainment seekers. Some of you may remember when it was the Mandalay during the war! Wowie! . . . Remember a while back when I raved about the chicken pot pies at the SWISS VILLAGE RESTAURANT? Well, hang onto your "toopayz" 'cause I'm off at it again. I had another one night before last and, man, was it delicious! I thought that maybe I had just gotten an extra good one the last time but it appears that they are really consistent in the way they prepare those things. The meat in the pie is all the best part of the chicken—no keester cuts in these pies—and the crust is a butter crust. When I sat down to eat I was hungry enough to chew the south of a raw hog but, you know, when I finished that thing I was full up to here . . . and you'll know what I mean after you've had yours . . . I had the distinct pleasure of being a guest at the dinner honoring a good friend of mine, LOUIS SCHWAY, on the occasion of his birthday last Saturday night (April 14), at the Flamingo Hotel. All the more pleasant because I was acting as escort to two very lovely ladies, HELEN and NATALIE, who are sisters of Lou's wife, HILDA. Although toting a troubled tummy, Lou had to admit that he had a very nice birthday dinner. May you have many, many more of the same, Lou, and live long and happily. . . . A hearty welcome to RIZZO'S

(Continued on Page 58)

OUR SINCEREST

CONGRATULATIONS

TO YOU

**Wilbur Clark**

**THE DESERT INN**

**and Associates**

On Your FIRST Anniversary

**THE CHATTERBOX**

"WHITEY" SHORTROEN - FRANK DONOVAN

No 2 Fremont Street, Los Vegas

*Howdy, Folks!*

**IT'S SURE GREAT TO BE**

**BACK HOME AT THE HOTEL LAST FRONTIER**

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APRIL 24, 1951

## *B. C. Wills & Co.*

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GREETINGS TO MY
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Wilbur Clark's
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Lessman Interiors
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10 EAST 40th STREET
NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



## THE OLD TIMER:

(Continued from page 27)

attention. Three times the voice called, and suddenly the words penetrated my semi-hypnotic state. It said, "What on earth are you doing?" I turned. It was Mother, and I still haven't lived it down!!!

## STORY OF THE FBI:

(Continued from page 15)

mitted last year, 18-year-old boys and girls were guilty of perpetrating more than any other age group. And young Americans of less than voting age accounted for 65 per cent of all the car thefts, 55 per cent of all the burglaries, 39 per cent of all the robberies, 37 per cent of all the sneak thievery, 30 per cent of all the cases involving malicious destruction by fire, and 13 per cent of all the murders!

And the weakening of moral fiber demonstrated by these figures is not the only problem. The lethargy and apathy of parents and adults who have been directly responsible for young people failing to receive proper religious education or obtain a proper evaluation of the governing principles which have brought the American people to false philosophies of starry-eyed theorists and the nostrums of Utopian quackery. Failure of American parents to properly instruct their children in the fundamental tenets of their American heritage have permitted many "isms" to thrive like parasites, gnawing at the vitals of the constitutional government and destroying the ideals of liberty and "equal opportunity" for which America stands. The only "ism" compatible with the religious and freedom-fostered ideals of the United States is an alert, vigorous, wide-awake Americanism.

It has become imperative that every American arouse himself to the urgent necessity of instituting in each community a wide variety of activities, programs and policies designed to counteract the present trend. Respect for law, personal liberty, life and property must be preached, taught and practiced.

There must be a veritable "crusade" against crime. The churches have a vital task in making contact with our youth, in redeeming and restoring the American home, in providing inspirational religious leadership, to make America the law-abiding, God-fearing nation our forefathers designed it to be.

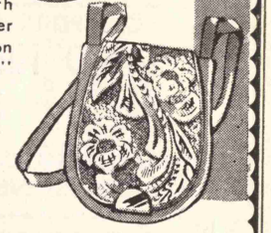
"VAQUERO"
STYLED BY illing OF CALIFORNIA
HAND-CARVED BY THE COWBOYS OF THE OLD WEST

Not tooled but actually custom, hand-carved by masters of the art in Nevada and Old Arizona. Full kid leather lined for perfect fit . . . in sizes 3 to 9, AAAA to B.

$16.95

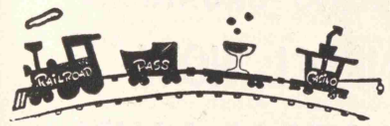
Matching bag with adjustable shoulder strap in the tradition of the "Pony Express" pouch.

$16.95
Plus Tax



Mail orders courteously invited . . . just send us your regular shoe size and add 20% to the bag price for federal tax . . . can be ordered separately, or as a set.

Jonbachs
306 FREMONT
Las Vegas, Nevada

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"On Your Way to Boulder Dam"

CHEF ROM IS BACK
HICKORY BARBECUED RIBS
Original Chuck Wagon
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NO TAX AT ANY TIME

Miller's
HIGH LIFE
*The Champagne of Bottle Beer*

Bürgermeister Beer
SIX PACK!
6 CANS in one
easy to carry
PACK!

To WILBUR CLARK

**and His Entire DESERT INN Staff:**

We send wishes for many years of continued success!

**NEVADA BEVERAGE COMPANY**

COMPLETE ITALIAN MEALS TO TAKE OUT — PHONE 5278

GOOD NEWS! AT LAST!

**RIZZO IS OPEN!**

**FEATURING COMPLETE LINE OF ITALIAN IMPORTED DELICACIES**
**ALSO SERVING DELICIOUS HOME-COOKED ITALIAN DISHES**

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| YOU HOST, PHIL, WILL GREET AND INTRODUCE YOU TO THE FINEST ITALIAN FOOD IN TOWN. | SPECIALTY OF THE HOUSE **ROAST CAPONETTE STUFFED WITH ITALIAN DRESSING** | OF COURSE WE HAVE A FULL LINE OF BEERS AND FINEST IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC WINES |

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**MEN and WOMEN**
**SUMMER LEAGUES**
**ARE BEING ORGANIZED**

ENROLL NOW

**NEW VEGAS LANES**

125 South 2nd Street Phone 606



## WILBUR CLARK:

(Continued from page 11)

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

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

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

In the winter he earned money by taking a little wagon to the railroad tracks, picking up the coal that had fallen off the cars while they were being switched, putting it in sacks and selling it to the neighbors. The Ground Hog had his day, and then came May 1st. You won't find it on the calendar as a holiday, but in Wilbur's town a ritual was performed, a rite as old as the town itself. Barefoot, and first swim-day of the year. What if there was a little snow on the ground? Off came the shoes and down to the swimming hole they went, and in nature's bathing suit, they dived in. Those who wouldn't were social outcasts, and those who did nearly froze without a whimper. They could take it, those spartans of the "Ol' Swimmin' Hole." They learned to swim young in his

(Continued on Page 57)

GOOD LUCK
**WILBUR CLARK'S**
**DESERT INN**
JACK FISHER and
JACK KLOEBER
**INDUSTRIAL SANITARY**
**SUPPLY CO.**
2690 WEST PICO BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES 6, CALIFORNIA

TO

**WILBUR CLARK'S**

# DESERT INN

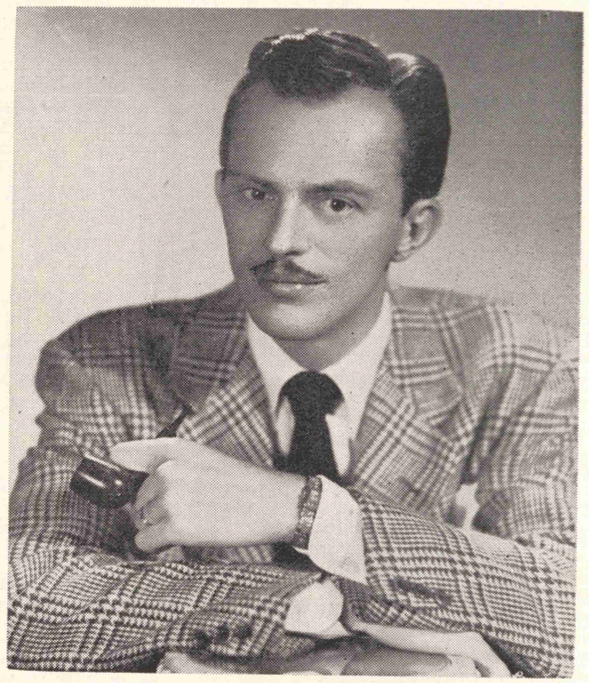
AND

## ASSOCIATES

(OUR GENIAL BOSSES)

## HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

HOPE TO BE WITH YOU FOR A LONG TIME



**Sincerely,**

# CARLTON HAYES

AND

## ORCHESTRA



## THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 39)

reads this story, and we pray he does he'll know who we man. Let's hope he stops tossing his weight around, under the guise of the **badge** he wears . . . "UNCLE BEN" will prove to be a surprise to FLAMINGO HOTEL audiences when he opens with ARTHUR LEE SIMPKINS on May 13. "Uncle" is about 11 years old and possesses loads of talent. If what we hear is true, he may steal the show from singer Simpkins and comic, LENNY KENT . . . We received a letter from JON and SONDRA STEELE, currently appearing at the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco. They send their regards to all and hope to be in town—real soon . . . Belated birthday congratulations to two wonderful friends, AL BARTON (April 7) and ETHEL BONTEMPO (April 12). We hope both of you enjoyed your natal day celebrations and also hope we might help you to celebrate the next ones . . . Our congratulations to BALLARD BARRON and the entire management of the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. Let's hope they are setting a precedent with their first move to make Highway 91 a safe road to travel on. Outside of the hotel, Mr. Barron had signs erected, notifying vehicles to stop and permit pedestrians to cross. The first step has been taken. Now, how about doing something about that lack of lighting? There is still so much that has to be done . . . and that's for sure.

## POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from page 5)

name of that grand and ultra good man, Herbert C. Hoover" which indicates that I am probably one of those "back-biting" Democrats, etc.

Now, Mc, just in confidence and for you alone to read, I voted for that great Republican leader James G. Blaine, candidate for President in the campaign of 1884, when I was only 19 years old. In that campaign one Burchard speaking for Blaine from a stair case in a hotel of Saratoga, New York, charged the Democrats with being the "party of Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." That turned against Blaine and defeated him, every liquor dealer, every Roman Catholic and every sympathizer with the Confederacy. And, notwithstanding, the fact that some of my very near and dear and most distinguished friends down through the years happened to be Democrats, I have been a most enthusiastic Republican and still am.

But about Hoover? He did not come into the Colorado River enterprise until he was appointed member and chairman of the Colorado River Commission early in the year 1921. So, until I mentioned him last week, he did not figure in my story of the Boulder Dam project. But for you, Mc, I assert that Herbert Hoover was more largely responsible for the "Colorado River Compact" and for the legislation in Congress which authorized the building of the Dam, and for the actual starting and carrying out the construction of the project, than any other person.

Over my desk hangs a framed photograph of Herbert Hoover inscribed "with my best," which he gave me in November 1922, in the very room in the Palace of the Governors, Santa Fe, in which General Lou Wallace had, some years before, written "Ben Hur."

I went to the Republican National Convention at Chicago in June, 1932, to help renominate Herbert Hoover, who I still think had been one of the best Presidents the country ever has had, and he was defeated only by the infamous "smear Hoover" campaign of falsehood written under the Democratic (Roosevelt) direction by Charlie Michelson.

Again, I went to the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia in June, 1948, and saw and heard my friend Herbert Hoover receive one of the most tremendous ovations ever given a political figure. Incidentally, at his suite at the Bellevue-Stratford, Herbert Hoover welcomed me into his private room where we had a most happy half hour of reminiscence, while many much more prominent citizens than I waited for a chance to catch a glimpse of him.

Delphine just went down to the Garden Center to buy some Herbert Hoover roses, so Mc, I think that qualifies me as a friend of that Grand Man you mentioned.

But, Mc, please don't call this Fabulous Las Vegas magazine a pamphlet. I find it has a circulation and an interest for people much farther away than Stockton, and is is a real magazine, perhaps of an entirely new type.

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## WILBUR CLARK:

(Continued from Page 53)

town. Woe and betide the little kids that tagged along for the first time. They were bound to learn to swim that day in one "easy lesson" through the process of being unceremoniously pitched into the water and the ancient law of survival furnished the "know how."

Then came Wilbur's favorite—the last day of school. All 23 of the students were there, everybody wearing their "Sunday - go - to - meeting" clothes and shoes, with their hair combed, faces of the little ones scrubbed to a shiny pink, speeches by the County Supervisor, and the teacher who acted as mistress of ceremonies. A poem by the "teacher's pet." Parents seated in the rear beaming as their "pride and joy" gave forth with a recitation (with gestures!). The only cloud on this otherwise "Day of Days" for Wilbur was the fact that he had a voice and sang at every commencement. Not that he wanted to, but because the idol of his childhood, his grandfather, liked to hear him sing. And so he did, accompanied by his mother on the piano. Wilbur kept his eyes glued on her, too self-conscious to look at the audience. Finally, the last speech of the day by some successful alumni, always the same no matter who gave it, whose opening line was, "It seems like only yesterday that I sat where you graduates sit now" and ended with, "And I feel sure that those who sit here today on the 'threshold of life' will remember my words." (Very few ever did except those who gave the same speech 20 years later.) That ended the festivities and everyone filed out, but as soon as the younger ones were able to twist out of Mama's hand, they took up that age-old chant: "No more slates, no more books, no more teacher's dirty looks." Summer was on! The vacation time of youth. Days of hunting something to do. Playing games like "Duck-on-Rock," "Three - Hole - Cat," baseball, swimming, picking wild flowers and, a couple of days a week, after the morning chores were done, a trip out to the side of the barn to dig fish worms, and put them in an old tin can, filled with dirt to keep them alive, and into the house to get three or four cold biscuits left over from breakfast, fill them with jelly for a lunch, out the back door, pick up his fish pole, and a fishing he would go. Every boy had his favorite secret fishing spot. Wilbur's was a sycamore tree on the bank of the river where he could sit and lean back, his straw hat half over his eyes, his feet in the water, wiggling his toes now and then, and listening to the drone of the bees, the whistling of the whippoorwill and the catbird, and the rat-a-tat-tat of the woodpecker. In his own words, he was "King Wilbur, the First." And then he'd feel a little tug on the pole, and the bobber in the water suddenly showed action, not much at first, just a little bit of "jiggling." Then suddenly it would disappear under the water. The young man of action would jump to the problem at hand and, quicker than the eye could follow, there flopping around the bank would be a sunfish, or a bullhead, or even sometimes a channel cat that had to be taken from the hook very expertly or Wilbur would end up with a punctured finger, put there by the horns of the catfish. And that would cause work, for that would make him find a grasshopper so he could get him to spit tobacco juice on the wound which, in those days, was a sure cure. When this paled on Wilbur, there was the long return trudge, carrying the fish over his shoulder, his feet sinking into the powdery dust of the river road. It always seemed twice as far home.

Watermelon time, torn shirts from crawling under the barb wire fences that didn't leave room for both boy and melon. Picking wild blackberries and raspberries which Mother made into jellies "for winter." Red haws, hulling black walnuts, and smearing the juice on his face so as to look like an Indian, and then waiting weeks for it to wear off, putting potatoes and apples in the cellar for winter; the old cider mill with an "aroma so thick you could taste it;" the tin can that hung by the cider mill trough that the millman would give him to use so he could drink all the fresh cider a boy could hold, and that was no small amount. Harold and Merle had grown up and left home by the time Wilbur entered high school. High school, in those days, it meant the first long pants, combing your hair and shining your shoes without being told, staying up at night as night as long as the grown folks did, studying and the girl next door who

(Continued on Page 58)


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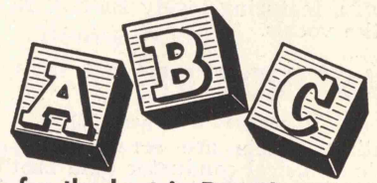


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## WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from Page 47)

ITALIAN FOOD RESTAURANT as it comes into being this week out at 1735 South Fifth street. If the rest of you are as ready as I am for Italian food there can't be too many restaurants of this type for you. The 1700 block! That would be right before you get to the intersection of Fifth and Main streets. . . . I couldn't possibly say anything that hasn't all ready been said regarding the anniversary of the Desert Inn, so I'll just add my own few little words of sincerity in congratulations to you, WILBUR CLARK, and the ideas for which you stand, and to you and your associates for making the Desert Inn one of the greatest hotels in the country today . . . And to all the rest of my readers—BOTH of you—I'll say so long for this week and just let you know that I'll be glad when I can take this contraption off of the Kid's head that holds her ears in place 'til they set. I had her auditory appendages altered to comply with the breed last weekend (clipped 'er ears). Ya know some thing, I think she'll be a lot happier about the removal of the contraption than I . . . Bye. —JOHNNY.

## FLAMINGO:

(Continued from page 28)

MINEVITCH HARMONICA RASCALS, featuring the "pixie-like" antics of JOHNNY PULEO. As usual, Johnny and the boys keep the onlookers happy with their delightful comedy and top it all with lots of music . . . TED and PHYLLIS RODRIGUEZ need no introduction to Las Vegas audiences. They are a suave dance team that presents smooth routines. Their performance is flawless and perfectly executed . . . BENNY BECKNER and his Comfort, Texas, ORCHESTRA cut a good show and play danceable rhythms for the crowds, featuring lovely BETSY ROSS on the vocals.

## LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from page 28)

lighting effects are arranged by his skilled musical conductor (and brother) GEORGE LIBERACE. For musical showmanship and a stage personality that has no equal, it's LIBERACE . . . and that's for sure . . . On the same bill is YVETTE, song stylist, who is also playing a return engagement. This charming and lovely songstress delights the listeners with her intimate way of presentation. May we add, she is also "easy on the eyes." . . . The JEAN DEVLYN DANCERS present two new routines. You'll like the Hawaiian number, featuring MARGIE RYAN . . . AL DONAHUE and his ORK have surpassed themselves in the background music and danceable rhythms . . . DON BAKER, "King of the Hammond Organ," takes over during intermission time to play "requestfully yours."

## WILBUR CLARK:

(Continued from Page 57)

helped Wilbur with his lessons, and who, afterwards, became a school teacher. It was Wilbur's school days that made his Grandfather the most proud. Though the mayor of the town at $10 a month, and the town's only lawyer at an average of $3.00 a day, he didn't have a high school education, and in Wilbur he saw the fulfillment of his dreams. Wilbur didn't let him down. He always passed with high grades, and sang whenever Grandfather requested him to. Grandfather went so far as to buy him his class ring two months before graduation day because he was sure his Wilbur would pass with high honors. Wilbur even promised to sing his favorite song at the exercises. But a month previous his Grandfather died. Graduation eveing Wilbur packed his suitcase, and one for his mother, which he took with him to the ceremonies. That night he made his last public appearance as a singer and, true to his word, sang for his idol, "Oh, How I Miss You Tonight." When they handed him his diploma, he walked off the platform, down the aisle, picked up the two suitcases, his mother took his arm, and they went out the door. At 17 years of age, Wilbur was ready for the world without an inkling of what to expect.

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

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