Jack Gorkz

Fabulous LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PODNER



Catherine 'KELLEY' DAY

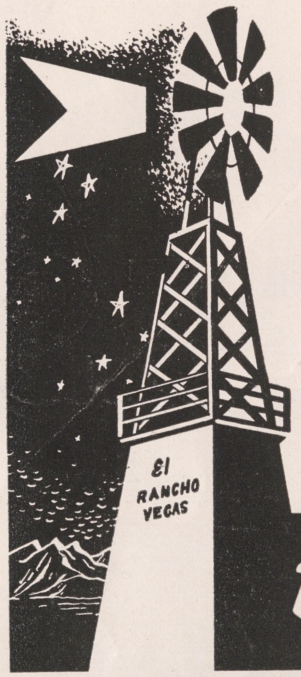
(Story on Page 9)

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January 12, 1952

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 3, NO. 39

OBSERVATIONS, By POP SQUIRES
"THAT'S FOR SURE," By JACK CORTEZ
HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS, By MARTIN LEWIS
REVIEWS OF CAFE SHOWS, By JACK CORTEZ
RANDOM THOUGHTS, By B. B. BARTON
CHESS, By FRED SOLY
THE WATCHBIRD, By LADY MICHAEL
WHAT'S DOIN'? By JOHNNY UHLMAN
ART DEPARTMENT, DENNIS STEPHENSON

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HIGH SPOTS

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VOLUME 3 JANUARY 12, 1952 NUMBER 39

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

WINTER RACING IN LAS VEGAS!

Land Adjoining This City Secured by Racing Syndicate

Eight Hundred Race Horses Will Spend Winter Months in This Balmy Clime

MAYOR BUOL reports that Las Vegas may soon become the center of the racing interests of the West during the winter months!

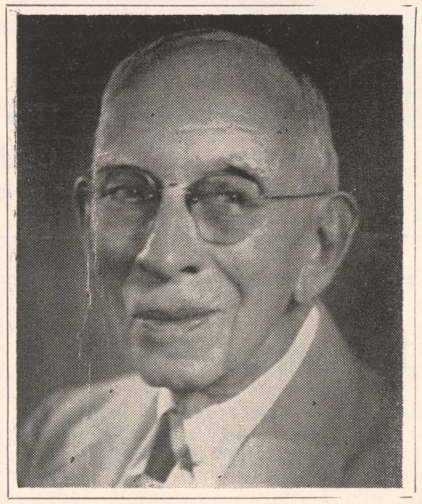
A powerful syndicate of racing men have leased from Messrs. Buol and Jackson a quarter section of land adjoining the Crouse Ranch and will construct therein a race track with all the necessary adjuncts of stables, grandstands, etc., found in the great racing courses of the country.

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

Juarez, Mexico, is at present the winter training quarters of this circuit and, owing to many disadvantages which arise on account of the location, the managers desire to establish quarters elsewhere.

Las Vegas has been under consideration for some time as an ideal location for such an enterprise and Mayor Buol, while in Los Angeles, has succeeded in making the necessary arrangements to bring the matter about.

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



That is what I wrote and printed in the issue of The Las Vegas Age, on March 30, 1912. It was not quite forty years ago that I was all pepped up with the belief that Las Vegas is by location, climate and natural surroundings, the ideal place for a great race-horse enterprise. I believed it then and I still believe it.

But just now I am beginning to wonder how many more periods of forty years I can and must wait to see that great hope of a race track in Las Vegas realized.

A year ago, just now, a little strike against the contractor cast a monkey

(Continued on Page 29)

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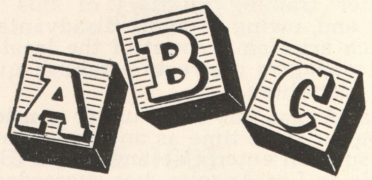
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RANDOM THOUGHTS

. . . By B. B. BARTON



CAUSE FOR ACTION

COMES a time in every woman's life when the sky suddenly becomes darkened and the future outlook is enshrouded in a melancholy cloak of gray. Suddenly, the gaiety and exuberance leaves her life and she is faced with the most momentous problem that ever challenged a member of the fairer sex . . .

She begins to gaze mournfully about her and to relive her past, calling forth every joyful moment ever known and dramatically eliding the unpleasant ones. Snatches of happy conversation drift forth from the years past, during which she enjoyed popularity and confidence . . .

What cause introduces this attitude? Well, there are many. However, the main reason is usually a sentence that stems from male lips; unguarded, cruel words. What a heartless creature is this so-called male . . .

Here this writer sits, looking back on her twenty-odd years, and wondering what she ever did to deserve such unmitigated affrontery. Into my happy, peaceful, contented, blissful existence, an eighteen-year-old lad suddenly made an appearance and shattered my complacency with a rude, unvarnished remark. Of course, you might not agree with my indignation but I have been cut to the quick and will never be the the same. Alas and alack! . . .

From here on in, I see myself limited to a neurotic, uneasy existence. Why? Simply because the aforementioned lad made this remark to an acquaintance: "She's well preserved for her age, isn't she?" Hmmph! The gall of the boy! Such a display of tactlessness. Here is one lad who will never become a member of our diplomatic staff . . .

Although there are some years before I turn thirty, I have already purchased a rocking chair for myself. When it arrives, I shall take great care in lowering my fragile, aged body into it. I must confess, however, my bones haven't begun to creak as yet. Could there still be hope for me? . . .

When I am settled comfortably in my rocker, I shall tune in to the past and recall more agreeable phrases. For instance, one New Year's Eve, a gentleman who was extremely sober (honestly) said that your columnist had lines that not even an architect had dreamed, as yet. Wasn't that sweet and generous of him? Please forgive an elderly woman her memories. When senility sets in, that's all she has left . . .

I can now look forward to draping the mirrors in our home so I won't be subjected to the wrinkles that will creep up and destroy the youthful skin that was once mine. Wonder what sort of a cane I should order, to help me hobble about? Perhaps my husband will be generous enough to install an escalator so his fading wife won't have to climb those five stairs every day? . .

One thing is for certain. As a woman ages others compensate. Think of all the garments I can knit for my friends' children. Isn't that a nice, consoling thought? Sometime, when I can find the strength, I shall devote a day to baking for my neighbors and bazaars. Doesn't that sound exciting? I only hope my heart will be able to stand the strain . . .

Then, there is my husband. He is quite a few years older than I. Wonder if he'll be able to cope with a woman who is falling apart at the seams? . . .

Foo and folderol! This is a lot of nonsense. Next time I see that youngster, I believe I'll put him over my knee and whale the hide off him. He has caused me a lot of doubtful moments but I'll be darned if I give in and act as though I were in my dotage. There's a lot of pep and energy left in this delicate frame. I'll show him! (With that, she adjusted her chin strap, applied hormone cheam to her "laugh wrinkles," used a prescribed eye lotion to stimulate the youthful twinkle, and made an appointment with her plastic surgeon. And so—to bed . . .)



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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ

If you know her, you'll agree that our cover girl is one of the nicest neighbors we could possibly have. We want everyone to meet CATHERINE (KELLY) DAY, cocktail waitress at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. The lovely lady is certainly a wonderful person. She spends a great deal of her time, listening to her vast collection of records. When not fishing or sun-bathing, Kelly is usually contriving some new menu for her hubby, KENNY, (bartender at the CHATTERBOX). Need we mention the ever-present Irish twinkle? Kenny and his charming frau have made quite a few good friends in the time they've lived here and all are ready to vouch to their personable qualities and endearing manners. . . . To you, CATHERINE (KELLY) DAY goes our welcome-neighbor-salute. We're mighty happy that you decided to settle here . . . and that's for sure.

Here's one for Ripley! We've always patronized the ABC CLEANERS, since we landed in this town and have received nothing but satisfactory service from HARRY and BUTCH BASSLER and their crew. The other day, when Harry's brother FERD returned our newly-cleaned garments, he handed us a $10 bill. When we questioned him, he explained it was found in one of the trousers. Oh, happy day! (Hey, Diogenes! Here's not just **one** honest man—but an entire crew! Bring that lantern to Las Vegas.) Thanks, people! You're a grand bunch!

Can it be true? Is that really television we see, looming over the horizon? We haven't received any definite news yet but we do know that TRANS-AMERICAN (the television corporation) has established offices here in town. This is one recreation many of us are looking forward to. We would personally like to renew our acquaintance with a t.v. set. What's doing, chums?

Fate certainly works in strange ways, doesn't it? Its machinations mean happiness for some and disaster for others. Although lives were lost recently in that horrible car accident, two people who are thanking their guardian angels are RUBY and RED KERR. Shortly before that cab made its fatal trip, the driver took Red to his home and then turned away and unwittingly headed for the scene of the disaster. Red is certainly grateful that he wasn't a passenger on that "last mile."

RUTH MacKERCHER is having the time of her life, squiring her Texas visitor around town. (R. M. is the gal who handles those lovely pieces of jewelry at GERSHGORN JEWELERS in the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS.) The lady being treated to our Las Vegas high spots is Ruth's mother, MRS. TACKABERRY. Never saw Ruth looking happier. Maybe the gal can talk her mom into making this a very lengthy stay?

ARCHIE LOVELAND, publicity head of the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, could very well change his name to Lovelorn (temporarily, of course). Archie's charming wife is in Acapulco, Mexico, enjoying a pre-season holiday and her mate is practically out of his mind without her. Mrs. Loveland had better hurry home before her favorite guy works his way into a booby hatch. Looks like that love is really here to stay! Incidentally, Archie passed along some information that we hadn't heard before. A short time prior to becoming the Hotel's press agent, JIMMIE STUART was discharged from the U. S. Navy as a full Commander. According to the way everyone likes Jimmie in his new post, he must have been a terrific guy while in the service.

Aside to CLARENCE (Big 6) GOSHERT: We were just wondering about a certain situation. Why was it that when you and BILL KOZLOFF used to haul malt to JAKE'S brewery in Lebanan, Pa., (15 years ago), Bill always carried much more than you? Doesn't sound quite fair. You're such a strong, husky character and Bill is such a frail fellow. How cum?

BEN SCOTT, of Chicago's IMPERIAL HOUSE, wired us the other day and reminded the staff of an anniversary we had slipped up on. We thought the occasion took place this week—but—once again, we must confess, we were caught with our inkwells dried. FRANK and ANN PORTNOY celebrated their 25th Wedding Anniversary in Palm Springs, January 5. Many happy returns, folks! Sorry we were late. If we had known the exact date, we would have driven out to extend personal felicitations. Apology accepted?

We wish to take this opportunity to wish HELEN and GUS COREY a lot of luck with the new venture they are planning. They are conferring with a Hollywood designer who has drawn plans for the restaurant they will open in the CINNABAR. According to the advance details, the place will be among the most attractive in town and will afford privacy in dining. The booths will be separated from one another in a novel manner, conceived by Mr. Corey. Looks like another favorite din-

(Continued on Page 23)



A Message

Dear Jack:

Your December 22, 1951, issue, one of the greatest I've ever seen.

Good Luck Always . . .

Happy New Year

to My Many Friends

and the Staff of

Fabulous Las Vegas Magazine

Sincerely,

Ada and Ted Lewis

THE WATCHBIRD

. . . by **LADY MICHAEL**
(Michael Neale)

MISSED US? Well, we've missed all of you, too. We've been flitting back and forth so much between here and L. A. that we could drive it in our sleep, as a matter of fact we usually do. Have you ever noticed how the highway suddenly narrows the minute you cross the California border? It becomes so narrow that every time you pass a P.I.E. truck there's just a soft shoulder on one side and the thick-of-the-paint on the other and a prayer in your heart . . .

A very nice (in the sense of looks) inspector at the checking station wanted to know if we had any fruit in the car (this right away could be a leading question). We admitted we had a bag of oranges which we were smuggling into California without smudge pots. His eyes immediately took on the keen look reserved for such gum-shoes as Sam Spade and he cagily asked us if we thought they had originally come from California. We said we'd make the test. We bit one. It bit us back. We both mutely agreed that it did come from the Golden State and drove on . . .

As we neared the busy little metropolis of Victorville we kept a wary eye out for a spot to refurbish our stomach and gas tank. The latter came first as it's not entirely paid for yet and we can at least call our stomach our own. "Sesond Lady Pass," which is the honorable title of our car, was now belching merrily down the highway when we jammed on the brakes upon seeing a sign which read: "Most authentic chili north of the border." We were beguiled, as well as starving. No senorita greeted us with dark and flashing eyes but a rather faded female of obvious Hibernian ancestry who drawled "Whatcha' all want?" An earlier version of "Westward the Women" must have played Loew's Dublin and this lovely damsel packed her toothbrush and the family's favorite recipes in a paper bag and came here via Texas. We smiled wanly under her sharp-eyed scrutiny as we tried to down her luke warm chili and tepid tamales. She turned her back once and we tossed our money on the counter and fled to the safety of a road-side stand where we blithefully munched "Mamma's Homelike Cookies" baked by the Mamma Cookie Company while our foot beat time to a tune called "Put Something on the Bar Besides Your Elbow" . . .

After Victorville we took our favorite shortcut through the land of dips



and joshua trees. In this forsaken middle-of-nowhere desert a very enterprising person had built a bungalow and was selling choice strips of land to unwary homesteaders. We didn't bother to investigate whether he'd sold any or not—we figured if anyone did, they deserved it . . .

SOCIETY AS WE FIND IT: by the Lady Cobina Michael. This little saga is entitled: "A Day in the Life of Jody and Deah." Cocktails (their day starts with cocktails) with SUSY and LARRY DANNENBURG. Susy creates those lush outfits known as "Susy Sweaters" but there are skirts to match (in Vegas, see BETTY BOYLE). PRINCE and PRINCESS THURN-TAXIS were also there. Alex and Lili are genuine royalty, but that didn't make pretenders take a back seat. Dinner at SCANDIA under the supervision of TEDDY HANSEN, who regaled the party with her exciting stories of her trip to Copenhagen. then on to a party at the home of CHICK and EDNA BROUSE (the Saks Fifth Avenue Brouses). At the party were JANE WYMAN escorted by TRAVIS KLEEFIELD, DOROTHY and JOE PASTERNAK, DICK and NORA HAYMES, MARION who never looked lovelier, and other types . . . Incidentally, Deah has temporarily given up auto racing until her M. G. (titled Beasty) emerges from the repair shop. Deah, known to the society world as DORA HUTCHISON, has a special plaid and pearl (cultured, that is) crash

(Continued on Page 31)



DOWNTOWN

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WHAT'S DOIN'?

. . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN



DEFINITELY no brass monkeys cluttering up the city clientele for the past few weeks. No self-respecting simian of the metal clan would dare venture forth into the cold weather we've been having here of late. Very few people besides "Pop" Squires can remember when it has been colder in these parts. Of course I can expect the Chamber of Commerce to be to the point of clobbering my ckull with a meat cleaver for such talk but it seems to be the general run of conversation nowadays.

However, (the buttering-up process) as I sat here writing this column last Wednesday, the weather outside was as beautiful as I can ever hope to see. I'm **inside** that day! By the time you read this I may be back in my balbriggans again. You've never **worn** balbriggans?? Suffer, man, SUFFER!! . . . The jam sessions are in force again at the SHAMROCK HOTEL over on North Main street and it looks like they are off to a good start on the road to recovery. As far as I know, this is the only session being held around here at this time . . . officially! It was around four o'clock in the ayem before I got there, but there was a goodly crowd on hand and some mighty mountainous mood music was coming from the boys on the stand. And not having been at any sessions of late, there were plenty of eager cats to blow. When one group finished a set there were more waiting to go on. I still don't like the setup of the stand. Maybe next week??? . . . Performing nightly at the SANTA ANITA, and with oodles of vivacity, is a blonde bundle by the name of WINNIE WILSON, with BOB SEAMAN at the piano, who also takes part in many of the vocals. Winnie and Bob come to Vegas from Hollywood where they've done a good bit of entertaining at the night spots in that city as well as doing a lot of band work . . . Here's one you won't believe! I was in the VILLA VENICE last Saturday night talking to BUDDY TAYLOR when I hear someone hit a score on one of the coin machines in the room. From habit you'll turn around to see what they hit, and . . . from habit, I did . . . BUT, the guy who made the hit just looked at the pay-off and turned around and walked away. I'm thinking of visiting an optometrist when Buddy makes mention to the tourist (what else?) that he'd left something behind. "Oh, it wasn't my nickel. I found it on the machine!" was the reply. One soul in a hundred who was hesitant to purloin the pay-off of another man's investment. With this I had to leave, Guess who lifted the left-over loot? . . . The new piano poet with the THREE MAJORS at the CALIFORNIA CLUB is a new-comer to town by the name of LOREN LONG (no kin to Oso and Ghetta). Loren hails from Cincinnati, Ohio, and already he claims he is a **native** of Nevada, henceforth! Not only that, but he plays pleasing piano. About the time Sweeney finds a spot to stand where he can be seen, Tutor will want to put 'em to playin' in the pit!! . . . There was a bit of a typographical error in these lines last week and when the ink dried out it read Bob Row. The name of the little graying guy who played Santa at the Horseshoe Club was the one and only, BOB BOW . . . Was talking to GENE DELMONT at the Thunderbird the other evening and during the course of conversation, there was comment on how many Christmas cards each of us had received and from people that we had no idea in this world would even give us a second thought when they were away from us. Gene was wondering if maybe I could, in some way, express his thanks to some of those who remembered him as he had no way of thanking them personally. Then I got to thinking it might not be a bad idea for me to do the same. But not to make it so he

(Continued on page 30)

NIGHT *or* Day

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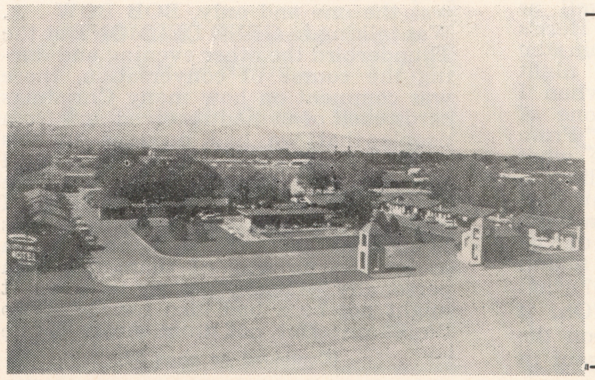
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MARY and MARINO BRANDOLINI

This You Can Believe . . . By PEARL BAILEY

LOVERS, all Happy New Year, and all the many good things for you in 1952. It was so cute reading Jack's list of happenings during the year. What floored me was his entry of the time Pearlie Mae joined the staff. Well, I mean to tell you it sure sounded mighty important like. Someday I'm going to work on my book (watch out, all local publishers) and, child, it will be "sumpin to read," believe me. The ole girl's been kinda under the weather, teeth extracted. It everything but killed me. You can't. Was headed out Las Vegas but all of this went wrong, so where do ya think I am??? Home, looking at Uncle Millie.



Kukla Fran and Ollie (they floor me), Perry Como (mm-mm-my type), Frank Sinatra (for him I swoon with silk stockings on) (not packs). Jimmy Durante (the greatest), Martin and Lewis (honestly I just about die with these crazy wonderful twosome). Danny Thomas (talent plus) and let's not forget the home-made, foreign made, all kinds of made movies. "Lady Hamilton" I personally know. (So many times they show this). It's a terrific movie with great acting (of just everything) but how many times I ask ya. Opening the Chicago Theatre, Chicago, the 11th to 24th of January. Haven't been there since 1946 with Cab Calloway. Quite a joint. Will finally come out to Las Vegas for a couple of days soon, (possibly the 27th or 28th). (Home again).

Sorry to read about Moe Sedway's death, "the best of friends sometimes must part." Are you wondering about my trip to Germany? Okay! Here's the truth, so help me: We couldn't get the clearance in time, so automatically this cancels the engagement again for a while. But, so help me, before the warm weather Pearlie Mae will be back, boys! Made some records for Coral the other day, and the session went very well. Haven't been recording for the last year because of tune picking trouble. Looks like Coral is off on the right track. Let's keep our fingers crossed. Need you ask me the titles? So sorry, but you're getting 'em crammed down your throat: "Birth of the Blues," "Nothing," "I Heard" (with Don Redman), and get this title: "The Eighth Street Association Barbecue and Fancy Dress Ball." Getting one? Gee, thanks already!

Our weather here has been the coldest yet. I suppose we're lucky because (as the English say) the West really HAD IT. Snow, blizzards, rain, sleet, heavens! what else? Better bring along the BOATS at this rate, huh! How's the weather in Las Vegas? Are you hot or cold? Oh, yes! And about the stock car races—are they still going on? Have a little joy there for Pearlie Mae. Next week you'll have ol' tales of Chicago. Personally, I don't care for that weather, brr, brr! There'll be no remarks about the zoo or the museums (for the season's not right) but more about the theatrical folks (as usual). Can't help it, but these folks sort of get under my skin. The "Book of the Month Club" (of which the kid is a staunch member) just sent the new selection for our reading and, honey, Lucy Mae (changed my name!) is gonna tear into this book and so absorb knowledge or perchance we may dig someone else's business. Well! Whatever the circumstances, good night, darlings, wherever you are, and my love . . . always . . .

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HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS ... by MARTIN LEWIS

FOR 40 years Charles Bickford has been a successful actor. Yet he spends considerable time protecting himself from his profession.

"Acting is a mighty tricky business," the gray-haired giant observed between scenes of "Branded," the Paramount western in which he shares top honors with Alan Ladd and Mona Freeman. "An actor is at the mercy of poor parts, poor scripts and the personal whims of producers and other film folk. This is particularly true now when good parts are comparatively scarce—and since I'm a free-lance actor with no studio constantly behind me, I must be especially careful."

Bickford's program for self-protection has taken a two-headed trend. For the past quarter century the polished performer has invested in small but profitable businesses. He started with a hog farm in Massachusetts which he still owns. . . . "Sure, there's nothing glamorous about hogs," admits Charlie, "but there's plenty of protection in the profits."

The player's second slant is to be as astute as possible concerning his career. He believes that a free lance actor can be too greedy. He must think of other things besides merely making money. According to the star of "Branded," the role is all-important. If it doesn't really further your career, don't take it regardless of the salary offered. If you do, you'll soon be rated as a chap who gets too much money for the parts he plays —and producers will pass you by.

Charlie himself finds one part which interests him out of every 10 scripts he's asked to read. Even then, he admits, there are times when the role doesn't work out the way he thought it would. Like most actors, he's had his share of disappointments. But he's also had many big parts since his arrival in Hollywood back in 1929. For example, in recent years he's been nominated for Academy Awards as best supporting actor in "The Farmer's Daughter," "Johnny Belinda" and "Song of Bernadette."

In "Branded," a current technicolor saga of the Old West, Bickford portrays a husky rancher who thinks Ladd is his long-lost son—then runs into two-fisted, two-gun action when he discovers it's a frame-up.

Charlie admits his outside activities make it possible for him to follow his unusual formula regarding parts. "I like to be independent," says the actor, "and I decided the best way was to own solid business projects." . . . So



Charlie bought the hog farm and later a 650-acre cattle ranch. Recently, he has gone into the home appliance business in Beverly Hills—peddling iceboxes, stoves, water heaters and such. In tune with the times, he also is in television in a big way as a business man instead of an actor. The genial gent has the biggest independent television maintenance company in Los Angeles. In addition, he once owned a filing station, parking lot and lunchroom setup, a furniture factory and racing stable.

As a general practice, Bickford prefers to either own outright or share a partnership in some comparatively small, going concern instead of investing in stocks or bonds or otherwise becoming involved with big corporations. He does own some stocks, however, and he occasionally takes a flyer—for instance there's the gold mine property he's owned for years but has never operated.

"An actor has time on his hands," explained Charlie. "I'd be unhappy loafing between pictures, so I spend that spare time on business projects. Some of my friends can't understand why I get a kick out of selling refrigerators, for example. Well, there's a lot more to it than that. In a way, it's a game. There are many brands, and you have to learn which ones to buy plus all the other facets of making it a successful business venture. Frankly, I enjoy it. Of course, in the long run I'm seeking security just like everyone else. I keep busy, and I have no worries. I don't have ulcers either!"



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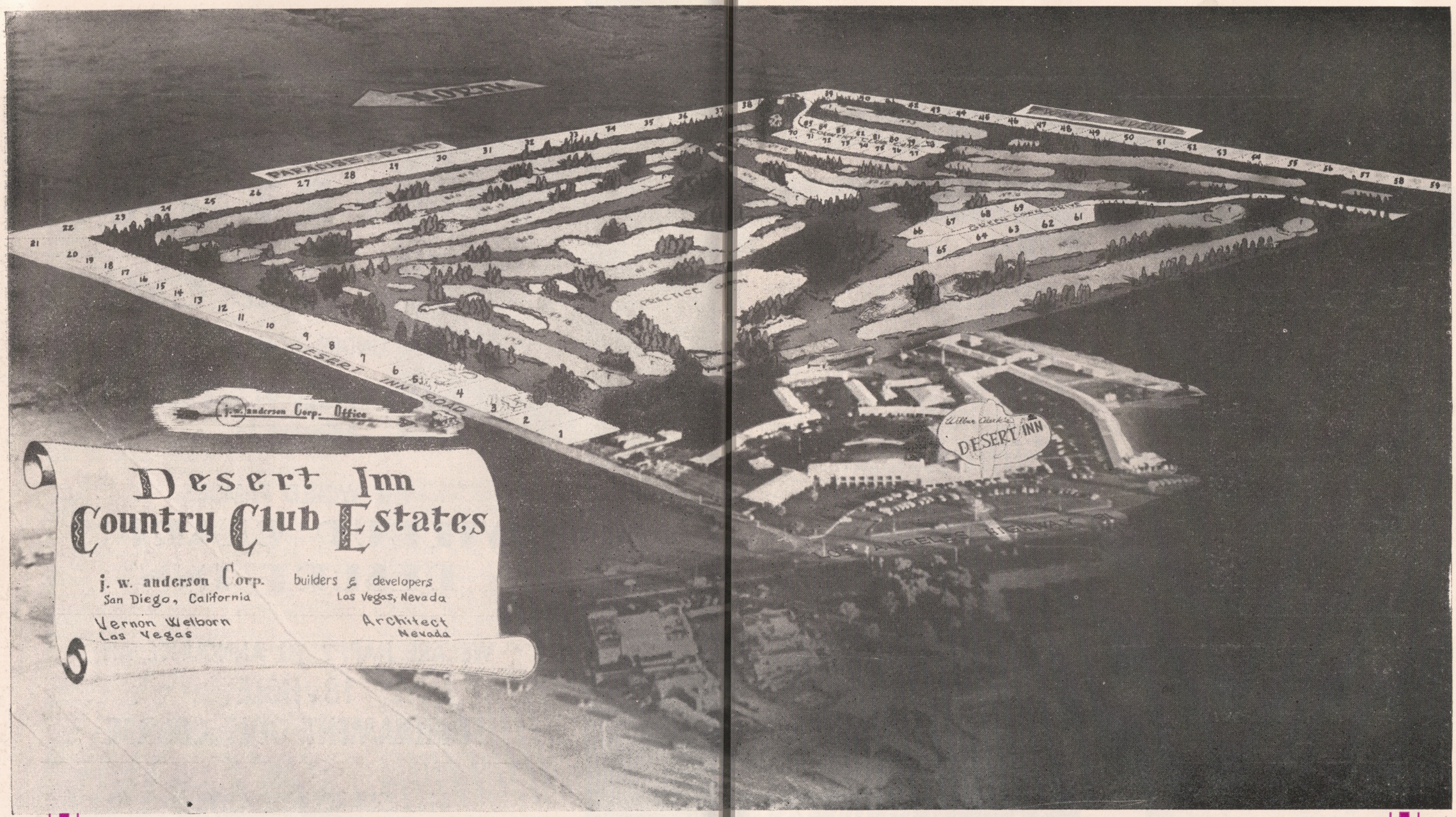
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SHOW REVIEWS by Jack Lorez

Flamingo

January 10 Through January 23
(Not a Review)

It sure does look as though the New York Winter Garden (lease and all) has moved to the FLAMINGO ROOM. A few years ago, while watching their shows about eighty-skillion times, we didn't even dream of doing a review on OLSEN & JOHNSON and their HELLZAPOPPIN REVUE . . . It's been such a long time since we saw this troupe of terrific showmen: too long. When Ole and Chick step on the podium, pandemonium breaks loose and there isn't a quiet moment. Every second is filled with action and laughs. Guns are fired freely and if you happen to see a Gorilla heading your way, don't fear, he's just a member of this uproarious cast . . . The funsters have a wonderful crew on hand to entertain you. You will see and hear TESSIE O'SHEA (who recently appeared here), MARTY MAY, J. C. OLSEN, THE KONYOTS, BILLY KAYE, pul-

(Continued on page 32)

El Rancho Vegas

January 9 Through January 22

Having been preceded by her fast-selling records, YMA SUMAC has finally arrived in Las Vegas to treat audiences here to a personal introduction to her unusual talents. Miss Sumac is one of the most amazing personalities of song that ever entered the professional world. Her voice range is most astounding. From the lowest notes imaginable, Miss Sumac adeptly travels to some of the highest notes ever heard by music lovers. She is a most remarkable personality and is acclaimed as one of the finest artists of our time. . . . You will enjoy the return of the BLACKBURN TWINS, introducing their new partner, PAM CAVAN. This is one act that always pleases and we must say that Miss Cavan is a welcome addition. The three youngsters offer some mighty interesting songs of original calibre, combined with finely executed dance routines. Their youth and freshness and ability make them favorites wherever they go . . . Rounding out the bill is that much talked about youngster, ANGOS PEREZ. This six year old lad is ingratiating himself with every member of his audiences. He can speak seven languages and does a fine job of singing and tickling the ivories. When you watch Angos, you don't see a child performing in a home parlor, you see an accomplished show-

(Continued on page 31)

Last Frontier

January 11 Through January 24
(Not a Review)

The "Poet of the Piano," CARMEN CAVALLARO, is the welcome headliner in the RAMONA ROOM. Although it hasn't been too long since we last saw Carmen, it is a pleasure to have him back on the local scene again. Mr. Cavallaro and his very educated fingers weave a spell of musical magic as you listen to the bewitching melodies that emanate from his pianistic accomplishments. All pianists will agree that there is only one Carmen Cavallaro and his style is unequalled. . . . On the same bill are the DEEP RIVER BOYS. These lads are masters of harmony and choose a range of tunes that are bound to include a few of everyone's favorites. They stir the nostalgic for many and introduce new tunes that are scheduled to join your

(Continued on Page 29)

Wilbur Clark's DESERT INN

January 8 Through January 21

We are happy to announce that society's singing favorite, ROSALIND COURTRIGHT, is starring in this new show in the PAINTED DESERT ROOM. Miss Courtright is a very clever songstress, choosing specially-written tunes that have won her a special niche in the land of music. Combining the original numbers with popular favorites,

(Continued on page 29)

Thunderbird

December 27 Through January 16

Once again it's the MILLS BROTHERS in the Navajo Room of the Hotel Thunderbird and once again they are packing the room to the rafters. Here is a group that, no matter how often they return to play the town, seem to play to capacity audiences. Their greatness of popularity lies in the fact that their choice of tunes and the way they interpret them is understandable to each and every one present. Plain, old fashioned harmony. These boys need no build-up; they're tops in their field. . . . Appearing for the first time in America and directly from Paris is FEDI and FEDI, a novelty act that will give you quite a surprise. One which requires the greatest amount of coordination of mind and body. To explain the act would spoil the illusion. See for yourself! . . . Because of their

(Continued on Page 31)



worth the price of a Broadway play. This kid is great . . . and that's for sure . . . FRANKIE RAPP is remaining

(Continued on Page 29)

Club Bingo

Show Presented January 9

That miracle man of comedy, ARTHUR WALSH, is back in the BONANZA ROOM, just wowing his audiences with his unlimited amount of material and terrific showmanship. Here is a lad we could rave about until the end of time and we still wouldn't do him any justice, even after all the adjectives were exhausted. Arthur has so many humorous situations prepared and so many costume changes that it's difficult to believe he is just one person. How much talent and ingenuity can a single individual possess? We are trying not to relate any of the humorous episodes Arthur presents but we can't help mentioning that he has added a new bit that will tear your poor tummies to ribbons. Wait until you see his version of Lili St. Cyr—props and all. It's sensational! That scene, along with his "Hunchback of Notre Dame," is

Silver Slipper Saloon

January 4 Through January 18

This bill at the SILVER SLIPPER certainly makes for a very entertaining evening. Starring in this miniature production are the MERCER BROTHERS. The boys are extremely versatile and are adept in drawing your approval, whether with song, dance or comedy. Don't misunderstand, they just don't brush through their routines. They are specialists in each and every presentation. With every version of entertainment, the Mercer Brothers please all onlookers. We repeat: You have the type of diversion you desire when Mrs. Mercer's boys take over the spotlight . . . On the same bill is that beautiful lady of the dance, LOIS RAY. Miss Ray makes a fetching picture of charm and grace. She is an enthusi-

(Continued on page 32)

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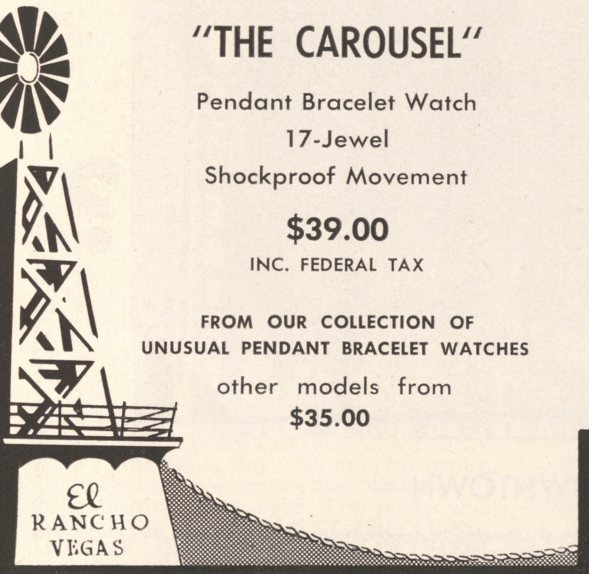
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LOBBY - HOTEL *El Rancho Vegas*

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 9)

ing spot will be checked on the list of those who prefer dining out. We know, from past experience, that the Coreys will serve nothing but the best available. What a clientele is awaiting the opening of this spot. Do we have to reserve a booth for the opening, kids?

Looks like we have a double-header of some sort in town. Two visiting gentlemen are being mistaken for one another because they bear identical names. One is a cousin of DOMENIC VELONA (of the VILLA VENICE) and the other is a famous violinist, now at the GOLDEN NUGGET. Yep! You guessed it! The name by which both these fellows are known is JOE VENUTI. That must be a slightly confusing situation.

Heard a terrific new tune the other day. It's "WEDDING BELLS," written by CHUCK GOULD, orchestra leader at the SILVER SLIPPER SALOON. Looks like Chuck has a definite hit. Unless we miss our guess, it will become a standard. The melody and lyrics are terrific. Maybe if you ask him nicely, Chuck will have the boys play it for you.

Ah ha! Have you noticed that contented look JACK DENISON (owner of the JUNGLE CLUB) is wearing, of late? The handsome gent is in his glory now that beautiful LOIS RAY is back in town. Well, Jackson? Did we hear you say you were going to settle down?

One of the nicest couples took their vows on January 3. The groom is handsome DICK SHERIDAN and the lovely bride, TRUDY WILLIAMS, the model whose picture has adorned a great majority of our national publications. LEFTY SELMAN was Best Man and WINNIE BEDOL was Matron-of-Honor. (Mrs. Bedol's husband, HYMAN, is a "21" dealer at the SILVER SLIPPER GAMBLING HALL.) The wedding party was at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, where CARL COHEN presented the couple with a tremendous wedding cake and the "house" provided unlimited champagne. Acting as unof-

(Continued on page 25)

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1952
ORIGINAL DESIGNS
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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 23)

ficial assistant to the host was EUGENE WARNER. We hope the Sheridans will some day invite us to their Golden Wedding Anniversary. How's about it?

We certainly enjoyed a revelation the other evening while chatting with BETTY and CONSTABLE WOODY COLE. With us was GUY McAFEE, top brass of the GOLDEN NUGGET. Mr. McAfee astounded everyone by reciting poetry written by the masters. To be perfectly frank, we thoroughly enjoyed this deviation from our usual routine and could have listened for a longer time but were afraid of tiring the gentleman. Here's hoping there will be an encore soon.

Know who the best pin-ball machine player in town is? He's RALPH (Casey) JONES, "21" dealer at the VILLA VENICE. Anytime there is a lull at his table, Casey can be found at the machine—always winning. What's the combination, Mr. Jones?

That popular architect, VERNON WELBORN (of the DESERT INN COUNTRY CLUB ESTATES), certainly had a fine time and a wonderful group to help him celebrate his birthday in high fashion January 6. The party was held at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, with MR. and MRS. JULIO LUCCHESI making certain that all guests were served properly. Happy, happy, fellow! Wish we had known about the great event earlier!

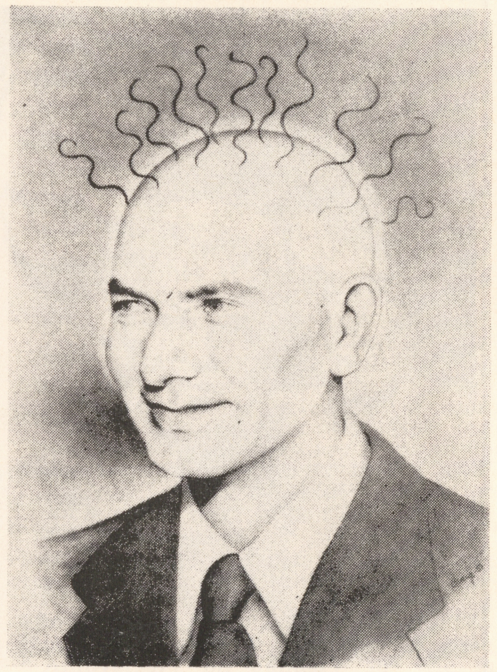
Among the many famous names on the register of the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS is that of WILLIAM SAROYAN. Seems that Mr. Saroyan is so hepped-up about our fabulous community, he heads in this direction whenever there is a lull in his busy schedule.

Ye Editor and his better half had quite a few anxious moments until their favorite purp, TONI, was given the okay signal. The little rascal suffered anguish because of a hit and run driver and we were heartbroken when we discovered what had happened. If a driver would escape from such an accident without attempting to make a report, he would probably do the same if he struck down a child. Unfortunately, we have no way of knowing the identity of this heartless excuse for a human. If we did, we would take matters in our own hands.

Looks like HERB McDONALD is doing a very good job, booking the shows at the SILVER SLIPPER SALOON. The room is packed for each and every one of the four shows featured at that spot. Nice going, Herb. Glad to see your efforts receiving some reward.

We were honestly regretful when we heard the GOLDEN WHEEL had to

(Continued on Page 27)



(CURLEY?)

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HENRY LINDSAY

P. O. BOX 391 — HENDERSON, NEVADA

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 25)

close, despite the earnest efforts of DANNY BASARIC. Danny, known to many whom he served in his capacity as bartender at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, thought he would lease the place and perhaps provide a better future for his wife. However, it seems that hard, persevering work wasn't sufficient to keep the place going. Too bad, Danny. We were all rooting for you.

There's "open house" over at the TULE SPRINGS GUEST RANCH today, January 12, from 7:00 p. m.—until? PAT and CLIFF DeVANEY and P. J. GOUMOND have prepared a wonderful buffet with every cocktail imaginable to please their many friends and future supporters. Our best wishes for success. We'll drop in for a soda, if you'll have a couple for us.

CHARLES CAMPBELL is certainly stirring up a great deal of local comment with his wonderful copper and brass creations. The works of art are prominently displayed at the HOUSE OF ENCHANTMENT (Hotel El Rancho Vegas) and the GARDEN CENTER on South Fifth street. If you enjoy this type of workmanship, make it a point to browse through these stores and have a personal preview. It's well worth the time.

Received a communication from AL DONAHUE. He and the boys are having a fine time, fulfilling a contract on the sunny shores of Hamilton, Bermuda. Lucky boys! However, we must confess they miss our town and are looking forward to a return engagement in the near future.

There is a sign on the door of the 49'ER CLUB stating the place is now closed for repairs. However, we have a strong hunch that when the club reopens shortly, it will be handled by a different management. We hope all concerned will arrive at a satisfactory agreement.

Those crowds milling around the BONANZA ROOM at the CLUB BINGO put us in mind of the people who used to stand in line, during the second World War, in order to purchase cigarets. The talented ARTHUR WALSH is doing a terrific job over there. This comedian has so many different phases to his act, he could do 30 shows a day, without a repeat.

Here's a record we recommend to all music lovers. Try to obtain a disc of FERNANDO VALENTI, playing BACH'S "FANTASY AND FUGUE." We guarantee it will become one of your favorites with just one audition.

We have another apology to extend. This time it's for MARTY PAES, LORRAINE GAGNEBIN, and BOB HANEY, the kids who are doing such a wonderful job on the bowling team we sponsor. Our work has kept us away from our rooting section but we are going to do our darndest to get over to the NEW VEGAS LANES more often to offer our support. Keep those strikes coming, will you?

This is one of the few times during which we can "jump the gun" and offer **early** congratulations. We're delighted to hear that SARAH and HARRY TABAK will celebrate their 21st Wedding Anniversary on January 18. (He is general manager of the FRONTIER CLUB on Fremont street.) In our home, we can only hope to share just a measure of the happiness that reigns in the Tabak household. May your joy continue through the years.

Many were the saddened hearts when news was received of the passing of MOE SEDWAY, former vice president of the FLAMINGO HOTEL, INC. Mr. Sedway's last journey was recorded in Florida, January 3. Moe's demise is a loss, indeed, for here was a man who had done his utmost to assist all the needy and to insure comfort for the performers who appeared at the Flamingo. Never was there a more thoughtful or charitable individual. We shall miss this little man with the big heart . . . and that's for sure.

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POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from page 5)

wrench into the gears of a fine-running organization which, it appeared certain would complete the plant and have racing under way in March of 1951.

One little trouble led to another; the forgery of a certificate of stock, in itself a very unimportant incident in a great enterprise, brought in the Securities Exchange Commission which stopped activity for the five months they took making a detailed audit of the books. Following that, charges were made against Joe Smoot in an effort to oust him from the management and just now there is a squabble in the board of directors for control of the organization.

Which reminds me again that life for the race track promoter is just one thing after another. Peter Buol, first mayor of Las Vegas, was a go-getter—that is, he was always on the go but did not always get. Forty years ago Peter made a valiant effort to bring horse racing to Las Vegas.

Other attempts were made from time to time and came to naught, until Joe Smoot undertook the present enterprise. He planned the race track property on a grand scale—more complete and beautiful than we had ever before dreamed of. I am still of the opinion that if he had not been harrassed by one thing after another the track plant would now be complete and operating successfully and that no stockholder would have lost a cent.

I think Joe Smoot has made and still is making a valiant fight. I think he accomplished wonders in planning and construction of the plant, so far as it has gone.

I have not now and never have had one share of stock in the present enterprise, but more than forty years of hoping for, wishing and thinking of a race track in Las Vegas has convinced me that it is the greatest asset for which this area can hope. I hope it will be carried to conclusion speedily as it should be under the genius and leadership of Joe Smoot.

CLUB BINGO:

(Continued from Page 21)

in the Bonanza Room for this show, just to play host for Arthur and the customers . . . MIKE WERNER and his "Big-Little Band" alternate with the MICKEY TERRY TRIO for patron dancing.

DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 20)

Miss Rosalind offers a presentation that endears her to her audiences. She is sophisticated and cordial, at one time. Her stage personality and talent are proving that Rosalind Courtright is truly the "Darling of Song.. , . . On the same bill is BOBBY SARGENT, a personality known to many who used to view him on the screen as a child actor. Bobby has grown into a very talented, accomplished young comic, with an uncanny know-how of tapping your sense of humor. His wit is adroitly developed and his sense of timing couldn't be better. Bobby's choice of material is fresh and desirable, as evidenced by the terrific following he has created. . . . THE COLSTONS are a pretty terrific dance team who bring you an unusual method of entertainment. They are actually a terpsichorian catastrophe in action. This is the type of act you cannot aptly describe. The kids must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. Their form of dance will intrigue and please you . . . The ARDEN-FLETCHER lovelies appear in two stimulating routines, garbed in stunning costumes . . . Featured in the production numbers and handling the M. C. chores is the very capable ALAN GILBERT . . . CARLTON HAYES and his ORCHESTRA prove exceptional in the musical background for this revue . . . In the LADY LUCK BAR, it's the "Best in the West" combo, the GROVER-SHORE TRIO and their tantalizing rhythms.

LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from Page 20)

list of personal preferences. What a combination . . . The high-stepping JEAN DEVLYN DANCERS have two brilliant routines prepared for this new revue. Featured in the production numbers is MR. GENE NASH and MISS CANDYCE KING . . . BOB MILLAR and his ORCHESTRA are the genial gents who cut the wonderful show background music, alternating with DON BAKER to bring you musical dancapation.

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100,000 POPULATION IN LAS VEGAS BY 1954

DON'T WORRY—WATCH US GROW

WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from page 13)

and I would steal the whole show, why not let me say that I'm very thankful that there are so many people left in this mixed up world that will take the time to drop a note of good will and cheer to some friend they've known, even though he or she may not be "near and dear" . . . thanks! . . . It's good to see JOHNNY HARRELL back in circulation again in the pit at the California Club. Since he left the Frontier he has been busy just taking care of his little enterprise on Fremont Street, the KEYHOLE BAR . . . BUDDY HAYES on bass, and JAY REARDON on tenor, are the two new men with JOE VENUTI now playing nightly in the saloon of the GODEN NUGGET, downtown. At first, the music of Joe was over the heads of a good many of the bar barons that frequent the Nugget, but now they are all as hep as they come and he is doing a good job of packing them in every night. Of course, the NUGGETEERS are still on the job and playing the kind of music **everyone** understands. Then, in the earlier part of the evening there is the piano artistry of dark-eyed, and sweet smiling MARIANTHE, a real connoisseur of keyboard capers . . . WOODY is doing more business in the Rose Room of the EL CORTEZ than anyone to precede him, since during the war days. This wholly unpredictable cut-up sits at his piano and keeps up a line of chatter that will keep you in an "informal get-together" mood for the entire evening. He was at the Clover Club in Miami for three years and it looks as though he might set some kind of a record in Las Vegas right there in the Rose Room. For your dancing whims in the same room, there are the HARMONAIRES, a local foursome that has become one of the "most danceable to" groups in town . . . I met AL DAVIS coming out of a stationery store downtown last Wednesday and he was wearing a grin from ear to yonder. (Many of you may not know Al, but he is the guy that **runs** the Shamrock Hotel). He had just bought a huge anniversary card for his wife, ROBERTA, and was in the process of making great plans for the evening to celebrate the occasion. Here's the kind of a guy he is . . . when I asked him how long he had been married he answered, "For nine years and four sons!" and strode off down the street; still wearing the grin, and with his chest stuck out just a wee bit further. . . . I got a call late last Wednesday evening from some friends of mine who told me that dinner was ready and for me to hurry over. We-e-ll you just holler "come and get it" at me and I've "gone to get it!" When I arrived I found that they had contacted a derrick from Wells Cargo, Inc. to lift the turkey from the oven, it was that big!! The festive occasion wasn't in my honor, however. It seems that IRENE and VERNE (Jim) MYERS were celebrating their 28th wedding anniversary and the proud possession of three wonderful children, now grown to man and womanhood. The one that you and I know is "the blonde that sells cigarettes at the Rancho," NADINE MYERS, beauty through, and through! . . . Have you ever met "Lavender Lu?" My pooped-out Packard faltered and failed during the holidays and I am now at the controls of a '47 Plymouth that is painted the goldarndest color you ever saw! This is Lavender Lu. She's a going concern mechanically though . . . and it'll turn around on a tax token!! . . . Wanna buy a Packard?? . . . See ME!! . . . 'Bye now!! Johnny.

Said the friendly Eskimo: "Drop in some night and we'll chew the fat together."

—N. Y. U. Varieties.

STEP OUT OF THE WORKADAY WORLD . . .

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AMERICAN PLAN W. I. CURTIS, Manager

WATCHBIRD:

(Continued from page 11)

helmet designed by REX, and ADRIAN has executed the chicest duster to match. However, wind deflection was so great from all the pearls that she placed fifth in her last race . . .

Speaking of racing, what working bookie wants to book this "sure thing"? Lady Michael is running her maiden race at Tropical Park sometime this month . . .

BELATED CONGRATULATIONS: To comic GEORGE DE WITT who recently made his second trip to the altar . . . To MARION LEDERER, who read a book from which she gleaned this stupendous bit of knowledge that: "the world is getting warmer all the time." . . . To ELLIOT S. EVANS of Industrial Metal Products for his quiet "charity" . . .

SOCIAL NOTES: RITA HORAN is off to her home in Miami Beach, Fla., and we shall all miss her . . . PAULINE SUTTERLY has been the house guest of CHUCK and FLUFF GOULD. Fluff is known in the theatre as FLUFF CHARLETON and is the premier dancer at the Desert Inn . . . MARGIE BAKER, recently of the team of COPSEY and AYRES, is back in town to replenish her bank account to further her dramatic studies. Too bad the days of "patrons" are a thing of the past. This gal has so much talent . . . LILY FAIR is an added asset to the Dansations at the Thunderbird . . . The lovely BARBARA SHORT will shortly join the line at the Flamingo . . .

WON'T IT BE WONDERFUL WHEN: RITA HAYWORTH gives up playing her current role of temperamental princess and settled down to being a normal little girl of show business and be a credit to the trunk she was born in? . . . When NICKEY HILTON gives BETSY VON FURSTENBURG that engagement ring so that we will hear the end of it? . . . When SHELLEY WINTERS stops acting "off screen"?

QUESTION OF THE WEEK: Who's been away so long that his wife gets letters addressed to Mary, when everyone knows her name is Marion, and she never looked lovelier? . . .

THUNDERBIRD HOTEL:

(Continued from Page 21)

flawless work and outstanding popularity the MARVELS were held over from the last show to take part in the New Year's Revue and the management couldn't have been wiser. Known as the "virtuosos of the teeter board" this troop goes through a routine of tumbling and teeter board stunts that you won't believe even as you watch. On special occasions the audiences are given the pleasureful treat of seeing the little MARVELETTES perform. There are the children of the members of the troop and range in age from two to seven. These little tykes invariably steal the show with every performance; and what performers they are . . . The KATHRYN DUFFY DANSATIONS are presenting two new routines which feature the voice of Johnny O'Brien and the dancing of Christina Carson.

EL RANCHO VEGAS:

(Continued from Page 20)

man . . . Offering their inimitable perfection in show backing are TED FIO RITO and his talented crew of musicians . . . During intermissions, GUY LANDIS and JIM DI STEPHANO present their intimate songs and music for your listening or dancing pleasure. . . . PAUL GARDOS and CHUY MIRANDA stroll through the CHUCK WAGON ROOM, creating smooth melodies of song for your relaxing moments.

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FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 20)

chritudinous JUNE JOHNSON, MAURICE MILLARD and the MIGHTY ATOMS. What a host of talent is in store for you. Here is one show that you can't afford to miss; it contains the type of comedy and entertainment that will bring a lift to your life . . . The N.T.G. CALENDAR GIRLS will be on hand with their effervescent beauty and dancing, with MICHAEL EDWARDS. Production manager is DAVE GOULD . . . Backing the show will be WILL OSBORNE and his ORCHESTRA, with BOBBY PAGE and his BOYS entertaining you in the MURAL ROOM . . . Don't miss this one!

SILVER SLIPPER:

(Continued from Page 21)

astic tap stylist and her talents match her scintillating beauty . . . GORDON CURRIE offers a presentation that every human will definitely enjoy. He is the world's fastest caricaturist. Armed with chalk and slate, he does a remarkable job of "imaging," right in front of your eyes. He brings community laughter and pleasure because the audience becomes part of his act . . . Rounding out the bill are the favorite SILVER SLIPPER GIRLS. No show is complete without the dancing lovelies. PAT WINTERS is featured in this presentation . . . Your capable M. C. is JIMMY CAVANAUGH . . . Backing the production is CHUCK GOULD and his ORK, with GEORGE REDMAN at the ivories.

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A SALUTE

to . . . FATHER ROSSON

ON RADIO STATION KLAS

SHORTLY after the turn of the century, when Las Vegas was hardly more than a little hamlet full of dust, wind and great expectations, a handful of communicants organized the town's first and only Anglican church. Several were one-time members of the Church of England, others had been reared in the daughter church, the American Protestant Episcopal.

As the little congregation grew, a site at Second and Carson was chosen for the church edifice, a corner now busily surrounded by downtown business but then still in the comparative wilderness of the desert.

From the stone quarries of Charles Pember Squires, a lay leader in the new church, came the fine rock with which the structure was built and which through all these years has stood with imposing dignity. Today the Church of Christ, Episcopal, is the oldest of God's temples in the city of Las Vegas.

Ministers have come and gone. Some have found high niches in the hierarchy of the Church. Six years ago the vicar, the Reverend Father Theodore H. Kerstetter, was elevated to the archdeaconate of the Diocese of Nevada and transferred to the Cathedral in Reno.

In his place came a slender, studious, quiet-spoken young man only recently ordained to the Cloth. His name was the Reverend Father Reginald G. Rosson, a native of England, ordained to the Episcopal clergy in this country and, before his assignment here, an assistant to the dean of the Cathedral in Phoenix. With his young wife and child, he established his home in Las Vegas. Later his parents and sister joined him here.

Six years Father Rosson has faithfully served Christ Church. During his time in Las Vegas, the congregation has grown from a vicarage into a full-fledged parish.

During the six years Father Rosson has seen the edifice rebuilt and redecorated and its altars beautified. The parish school activities have been increased, centered in the old rectory where lay teachers instruct now that the Sisters of Holy Nativity have been transferred to other fields. Attendance at the masses has increased. Work among the Indians on the Moapa Reservation has been accentuated.

But now, as to all good things, has come an end. Father Rosson has accepted a call to All Saints Church in Watsonville, Calif., and he and Mrs. Rosson and their family, now grown to three kiddies, are leaving to make their home in California.

Father Rosson is leaving Christ Church and Las Vegas better because of the six years he and his wife have labored for the greater glory of God and the uplift of community and parish. Their place will be difficult to fill.

For having been a good citizen, for having led Christ Church safely through the days of public inattention . . . for leaving the parish better and larger than he found it . . . to Father Rosson on his departure for a new field and a higher place in the hierarchy of the Church . . . with Godspeed for him and his family, and with best wishes for the continued success of Christ Church under a new rector, Marc Wilkinson and his staff of 20 offer this salute.

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52 ISSUES

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HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS:

CLEAN SHAVE

It happened on the set of William Wyler's "Detective Story."

Broadway actor HORACE McMAHON, who plays KIRK DOUGLAS' superior police officer in the tense drama, was working up a lather over his first scene. Literally, that is—for when the camera catches him, he is seen shaving in a private washroom of the precinct police station . . . Director Wyler, always the perfectionist, demanded many realistic rehearsals and many "takes." At his instruction McMAHON applied the lather and pulled the razor through the soap again and again . . . After a dozen "shaves," Wyler was satisfied but McMAHON was uncomfortable. His face was red and raw. To help ease the sting, KIRK DOUGLAS handed him a bottle of lotion, and as McMAHON applied it vigorously, KIRK cracked:

"Well, that's a detective's life for you. Cleaning up one scrape after another."

FACTS AND FANCIES

Here are more facts and fancies about your favorite screen stars and the pictures they make:

DEBORAH Defies Death

Darn clever, these movie heroines. Take the case of DEBORAH KERR. In her recent pictures, the red-haired actress has defied death no less than three times. She evaded death in darkest Africa during a recent jungle epic, was almost eaten by lions in a current spectacle, and escaped death by machine guns in Paramount's forthcoming thriller, "Thunder In The East."

BING Joins Ballet!

BING CROSBY has done just about everything during his twenty years in show business. But there's always room for something new—and in his new Paramount musical, "Famous," he marks another "first." As a top-flight Broadway producer and composer in this Technicolor venture, which co-stars JANE WYMAN and ETHEL BARRYMORE, the Groaner will sing and trip the light fantastic in—of all things! — a modern ballet.

Competition for BING?

Not to be outdone by BING CROSBY, BOB HOPE dances a smooth tango with lovely HEDY LAMARR in the current comedy, "My Favorite Spy." Just in case you haven't heard, Old Ski-Nose was once a hoofer on the vaudeville circuit.

Weekly Beauty Letter

from WALLY WESTMORE

Makeup Director, Paramount Studios

Wise is the woman who resolves to be lovelier during the New Year.

There's still plenty of time to make another resolution for 1952. So why not resolve to improve your appearance and grooming as the next 12 months roll by?

Last year at this time, BARBARA RUSH, brunette and beautiful member of Paramount's exclusive Golden Circle, teamed with makeup expert Wally Westmore to compile a list of beauty resolutions. Barbara, who's literally "rushing" toward film stardom as the leading lady of "When Worlds Collide," offers these suggestions for beauty-conscious ladies to follow:

1. I will face my mirror truthfully.

2. I will learn my face type, and how to dress my hair and apply make-up accordingly in order to make the most of my looks.

3. I will recognize the importance of cleanliness and correct cleansing.

4. I will give my skin the necessary attention to retard wrinkles and lines, and will keep my hair healthy, shining and lustrous.

5. I will recognize that personality is an integral part of beauty.

6. I will know that all beauty is based on good health, sufficient sleep and proper diet.

7. I will be well-groomed from head to toe at all times.

8. I will r e c o g n i z e my age and choose hairstyles and clothes accordingly.

9. I will spend the necessary 15 minutes daily for careful and correct make-up application.

10. If I can't be pretty, I will be smart in appearance.

Do you gain weight? You're not the only one. Engineers say that airplanes gain weight while in service. Some believe they gain as much as 10 per cent yearly and they attribute this to the weight of improvements, repairs and revisions that take place constantly.

—Talespinner.



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