

April 22, 1950

Jack Cortez

Tabulous LAS VEGAS

"Howdy Podner"

WHERE TO
GO
AND
WHAT TO
SEE



VIEWS
AND
REVIEWS
BY
STAFF
AND
GUEST
COLUMNISTS



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262

"THE INCOMPARABLE"
MARTHA RAYE

AND A MUSICAL PRODUCTION
 FEATURING
THE GUARDSMEN THE KINGS

Flamingo Adorables

A JEAN DEVLIN PRODUCTION



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 BIGGEST SHOW IN
 TOWN



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NEVER A COVER OR MINIMUM

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 & CO.
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**BILL
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MARY MARSHALL

NOW IN THE RAMONA ROOM

CHARLES FREDERICKS

"WORLD FAMOUS BARITONE"

OLLIE FRANKS

"SINGING COMEDIENNE"

ESTELLE SLOAN

DANCING STAR OF "NIGHT & DAY"



AL WHITE DANCERS

IN THE GAY '90s
 BAR

**GEORGE
 REDMAN**

and

**BOB
 LAINE**

**AL
 JAHNS**

and
 Orchestra



DON BAKER
 'Organ Interlude'

Hotel **LAST FRONTIER**

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 High Spots*

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

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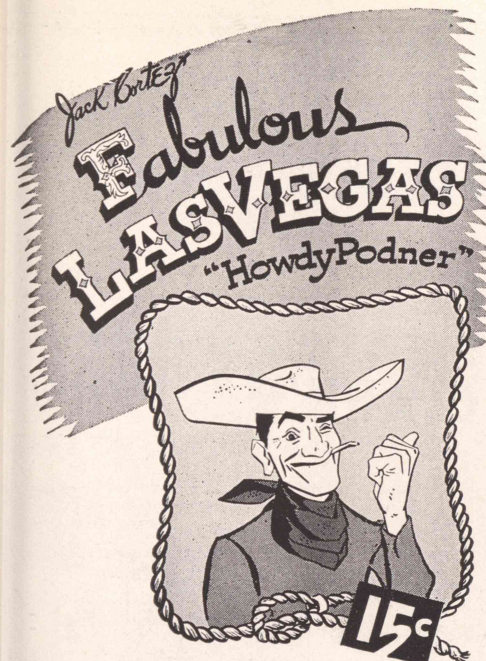
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 2, NO. 2
 1600 South Main St.—Phone 937

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VERSE, BY TUTOR SCHERER

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WEEKLY FASHION LETTER

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SPIKE JONES

FRANKIE LAINE

CHESS, BY FRED SOLY

NORTH VEGAS, BY JOHNNY UHLMAN

JACK CORTEZ, Editor and Publisher

JOHNNY UHLMAN, Advertising Manager

Subscriptions \$5.00 per year
 payable in advance

LOLA BROWN

Staff Photographer—Phone 1960

MARC WILKINSON

Printer—Phone 4330



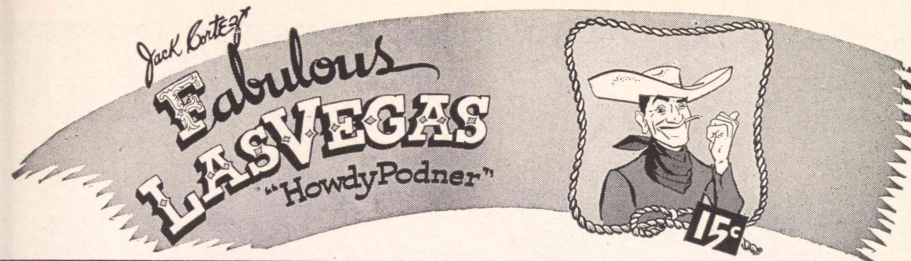
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BEST WISHES
TO
WILBUR CLARK'S

DESERT INN

AND
ASSOCIATES

FROM



OBSERVATIONS

.. by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

NEXT WEEK, CONGRATULATIONS

LAS VEGAS may very properly congratulate herself every day next week! Because next week, all the week, is opening week for another great enterprise which establishes Las Vegas beyond all doubt as the most fantastic and fabulous resort town in all the country — Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn.

It must be a source of supreme pride to Wilbur Clark that, in the face of many obstacles, he has been able to bring his dreams into reality and so to do his large share of the work of making Las Vegas in very truth "The Land of Enchantment."

So, while we may feel like congratulating Las Vegas on this outstanding event, every individual, business enterprise and service organization in the city should extend most hearty congratulations and good wishes to the creator of Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn. It is a civic event of much more than ordinary importance, and adds greatly to the prestige we already enjoy.

I, personally, in this little column of Fabulous Las Vegas, am happy to add my voice to the general chorus of approval.

While the northern portion of Nevada and practically all of the west, the Mississippi Valley and the east have been feeling the sharp teeth of blizzard blasts, Las Vegas has been glorying in its bowers of roses.

It was in May, 1905, that John Park, Chris Brown and I—walked out thru the brush and weeds of the desert over what had just been staked out as Fremont street. We went what seemed to be a long way out into the desert, until the old railway coach which was serving as a depot, and the three or four little tents clustered about it were almost out of sight.

We said to each other that we wanted

to select lots on which to build our homes, because we—at least I—had decided that Las Vegas should be my home. We looked at the survey stakes in the brush and found that we were way out at the corner of Fourth and Fremont streets.

Mr. Park remarked, I would like a corner lot with a south front and chose the lot where Corey's is. I immediately cut in to say that I did not want a corner — our home in Los Angeles was a corner with 50 feet frontage and 130 feet on the side street, which was more lawn than I wanted to cut. Chris chose the other corner, where the Cornet Store now is, and I chose the three lots adjoining.

John and Chris goodnaturedly jibed me because of my reference to lawns in Las Vegas, but I answered right back with some indignation:

"You fellows will see the time when there are pleasant homes in Las Vegas with lawns and shade trees and climbing roses."

It seemed at the time a bit far-fetched. But when, one blistering hot day that summer I noticed something green at the top of a post which Mrs. Smith had set in the ground to support her clothes line in the rear of the Palace Hotel, now part of El Patio hotel, I knew the tree problem was, in a measure at least, solved for us. The coming winter I planted several cottonwood posts back of our home then being built and they all sent out green twigs and grew into great and beautiful shadetrees, one of which may still be seen lifting its head high between the Cornet building and the Professional building.

Soon we did have roses also. Then about the year 1909 we got the people to take part in tree-planting on "Arbor Day." Everybody turned out and cottonwood posts were set on First and

(Continued on page 57)

Lots of Success

to the

Desert Inn

from

"Lucky"

Las Vegas Club

VERSE . . .

. . . by **TUTOR SCHERER**
POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS

YOUR GLANCES

My days are trances,
 My nightly dreams run in restless
 streams
 Of your delightful glances.

DEPTH

Every word is music from your lip
 Songs of love and companionship,
 Though you may be far from here,
 Your thoughts are music to my
 ear.

**TO OUR FRIEND KAY AND
 "HER TWINS"**
 (A Dedication)

Our God from his heavenly
 bowers
 Brought to birth two sleeping
 flowers
 Then a guiding angel from other
 lands,
 Issued a couple of pert commands.
 "Deliver now these priceless
 pearls
 In forms of precious baby girls."
 From Fairyland the stork flew in
 Bringing a daughter and a twin.
 And placed two jewels before
 Kay's eyes,
 Which she was quick to recognize,
 Thus a new love was understood
 At the dawn of motherhood.

PROVERB

Thoughts to which your heart
 gives birth,
 Tell the story of your worth.

PROVERB

As you look into lives larder,
 Hungering morsels of yourself,
 Started, you find both greed and
 selfishness.
 There upon your shelf.



FASCINATION

Thoughts like crazy quilts you
 weave
 Fascinated, I listen; I cannot
 leave.
 Enchanted with your thoughts,
 I sit,
 Absorbing all the benefit.
 You cannot take my gain away,
 Your presence does so richly pay.

"HER HUSBAND'S BIDDING"

She loves to do her husband's
 bidding,
 Does she really, or are you
 kidding?
 Yes, when she is able,
 Playing bridge, across the table.



WE WISH
EVERY SUCCESS
TO
WILBUR CLARK, HIS ASSOCIATES
AND THE
DESERT INN

EL CORTEZ HOTEL
J. KELL HOUSSELS, OWNER

Success to: WILBUR CLARK'S
GARDEN CENTER **DESERT INN**
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA **AND ASSOCIATES**

ROBERT C. SCHMUTZER, LANDSCAPE ARTIST
1800 SOUTH MAIN STREET PHONE 3333

THEATER GUIDE

★ **FREMONT** - - **STARTS SUNDAY** ★
BARON OF ARIZONA OPERATION HAYLIFT
VINCENT PRICE ● ELLEN DREW NEVADA'S OWN STORY

★ **PALACE** - - - **TODAY** ★
FRANCIS (She Talks)
DONALD O'CONNOR ● PATRICIA MEDINA

★ **HUNTRIDGE** - - **SUN., MON., TUE.** ★
MY FOOLISH HEART PORT OF NEW YORK
DANA ANDREWS ● SUSAN HAYWARD SCOTT BRADY ● K. T. WILLIAMS

LOCAL SOFTBALL . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Bartenders' Baseball Club is a club composed entirely of local bartenders, all working in clubs here in Las Vegas. Through the generosity of Johnny DeLuca, local Pabst Blue Ribbon distributor, and Randy McElhone, local Pabst representative, the club received its initial financial support. The 18 clubs and bars whose names appear on the back of the uniforms contributed to the support of the team.

Through the co-operation of the Elks Club and Berkeley Jones, manager of the Wranglers, the club was able to arrange to play all its home games at Cashman Field. (Schedule of games attached.)

Arrangements are now being made to play the regularly scheduled games for any worthy benefit. Anyone wishing to raise money for a local cause, please contact Jack Stafford, 1041 Bracken, Phone 3653-J.

All season ticket holders for the Wranglers home games and all servicemen will be admitted free to any Bartenders' games not played for any benefit.

PLAYER	BARTENDERS' BASEBALL CLUB PLAYERS	SPONSOR
LLOYD FORBUSS, CAPTAIN	CINNABAR
CLAUDE CASEY, CO-CAPTAIN	GOLDEN NUGGET
WES PURCELL	EMBASSY CLUB, N. L. V.
"TUCK" TUCKNESS	TOWN CLUB, N. L. V.
MORRIE MATORIAN	DESERT INN
OSCAR YEPEY	EL RANCHO VEGAS
PEE WEE BEALE	TALK O' THE TOWN
DICK DE LANDER	TALK O' THE TOWN
SYL GREGORY	TIVOLI BAR
KENNY DAY	THUNDERBIRD
BILL HEARN	FLAMINGO
LEE PARISI	MONTE CARLO
RAY BOLEY	LAS VEGAS CLUB BAR
JIM SHEA	SHAMROCK HOTEL BAR
DEAN PICKETT	APACHE BAR
CHUCK GETTS	KEYHOLE BAR
LEON ZAROLIS	HACIENDA CLUB, N. L. V.
DON KIMBLEY	PLAYLAND
JACK STAFFORD, MANAGER	HOTEL LAST FRONTIER

BARTENDERS' BASEBALL CLUB SCHEDULE

Sunday, April 23, 1950	Westside	3 P. M.	Away
Sunday, April 30, 1950	Las Vegas Air Base	Night	Home
Friday, May 5, 1950	March Field	Night	Home
Wednesday, May 10, 1950	Las Vegas Air Base	Night	Home
Wednesday, May 17, 1950	Las Vegas Air Base	Night	Home
Wednesday, May 24, 1950		Night	Home
Wednesday, May 31, 1950	Boulder City	4 P. M.	Away
Wednesday, June 7, 1950	Henderson	Night	Home
Wednesday, June 15, 1950	Williams Field	Night	Away
Wednesday, June 21, 1950	Westside	Night	Home
Wednesday, June 28, 1950	Hamilton Field	Night	Home
Wednesday, July 5, 1950	Las Vegas Air Base	Night	Away
Friday, July 14, 1950	El Toro Marines	Night	Away
Wednesday, July 18, 1950			Away
Wednesday, July 26, 1950	Boulder City	Night	Home
Wednesday, August 9, 1950			Away
Wednesday, August 16, 1950			Away
Wednesday, August 30, 1950	Lawyers	Night	Home
Tuesday, September 5, 1950	Las Vegas Air Base	Day Doub.	Home
Wednesday, September 13, 1950	Wranglers Exhibition	Night	Home

WELCOME AND
GOOD LUCK TO
**Wilbur Clark's
DESERT INN**

AND ASSOCIATES



**CLUB
BINGO**

NOW IN THE BONANZA ROOM

FUN & FROLIC

GLENN GREGORY
"VENTRILOQUIST"

ROBERTA LEE
"SONGSTRESS"

Mike Werner's Ork

CONTINUOUS DANCING 'TIL 4:30 A. M.

HELD OVER
BY POPULAR DEMAND
**JEFF AND
JERRY** LAUGH!
RIOTS!

HOLLYWOOD GIMMICKS . . .

From the trans-Atlantic cables comes the report that luscious RITA HAY-WORTH has purchased a swank abode in Paris and is in no particular hurry to return to Hollywood and her motion picture career. Intimate chums of the glamorous red-head predict Rita will remain abroad until late Fall—but only time will tell if their predictions are accurate . . . WENDELL COREY, New England's gift to movietown, continues to be the hottest actor in the industry. He's just been signed to co-star with MACDONALD CAREY in Nat Holt's production of "The Great Missouri Raid." Both Corey and Carey are slated to portray the infamous James Boys, Frank and Jesse, in this recreation of a historical railroad robbery and the subsequent apprehension of the criminals. Cast and crew of "Missouri Raid" head for Sonora, California, on May 15 to film location shots for the picture . . . Producers BILL PINE and BILL THOMAS have handed the feminine lead of their next film, "Passage West" to titian-tressed ARLEEN WHELAN. The young actress, who recently scored as "the other woman" in "Dear Wife," will appear opposite JOHN PAYNE and DENNIS O'KEEFE. Incidentally, Miss Whelan is scheduled to team with Payne on an eight-city personal appearance tour in connection with the actor's new Technicolor venture, "The Eagle and the Hawk" . . . Cowboy star ROY ROGERS gave filmdom its "sight of the week" when he rolled Easter eggs on the lawn of the world-famous Ambassador Hotel on Easter Sunday. Proceeds from the egg-rolling event go to the Los Angeles Crippled Children's Hospital . . . Harvey, the invisible rabbit of Broadway fame, will be seen by movie-goers when the film version of the hit play invades the screen. In fact, the animal will even wear an Orry-Kelly wardrobe in the upcoming comedy . . . Now it's Chief Ma-Kashe-Na-Dized-D Ladd. Seems ALAN LADD and his two youngsters, Alana and David, were made honorary members of the San Carlos Apache Indian Tribe last week, and the aforementioned ton-

gue-twister is the Indian version of "Chief Cowboy Ladd."

PICTURE PEOPLE PROVE TO BE GOOD PARENTS


So Hollywood stars live on the front pages? . . . Sure, it's true that a few actors do hit the headlines, but a vast majority of film folk keep out of print and in their homes. In fact, Hollywood has become such a home-loving spot that night club owners depend on tourists for their profits, and there are more film faces in church on Sunday morning than at the ringside tables on Saturday night.

Most important of all, picture people are good parents. Offhand, it's impossible to recall a single instance of a star's child getting into trouble. But newspapers feature plenty of stories about youngsters in other communities diving into deep, hot water . . . Last year BOB YOUNG was named Father of the Year in a nationwide poll. The actor has four daughters, and he's close to them all. He's also so active in school affairs that he's been made a board member of the college one daughter attends.

BING CROSBY doesn't want his small fry growing up in the shadow of their dad's fame, so he moved the family to a new home 250 miles north of Hollywood at Pebble Beach. There the lads don't associate with movie people or the offsprings of movie people because there are so many people around. The kids visit the studio only once a year—with this year's visit occurring during the making of "Mr. Music." However, the junket was made on a Saturday so they wouldn't miss school.

Probably the top family man in film-dom is JOHN FARROW, director of the forthcoming movie, "Copper Canyon," starring RAY MILLAND and HEDY LAMARR. He and wife, MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN have six children—and they want more. Does that sound like

(Continued on Page 55)

Cock 'n Bull

Collins

THE LATEST Cock 'n Bull STORY

- NEVER TOO SWEET!
- NEVER TOO SOUR!
- ALWAYS JUST RIGHT!

AT YOUR FAVORITE BAR

Heartiest Congratulations
to the
DESERT INN

WILBUR CLARK MOE DALITZ

from

Mocambo

AND

CHARLIE MORRISON



CARL

RAVAZZA

IT SEEMS LIKE
OLD TIMES
BEING HERE WITH YOU!

Signed
PEDRO AND I

NOW APPEARING
HOTEL
EL RANCHO VEGAS

SEE YOUR LOCAL
SIMMONS DEALER
for
BEAUTY-REST MATTRESSES
and
HIDE-A-BED SOFAS

Your Furniture Store of
● STYLE
● QUALITY
● SERVICE



EDW. and HELEN WASKOW, Owners

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Southern Nevada's Newest and
Most Modern Printing Office

FRONT ROW CENTER

.. by JOHN RYKEN

THE acting profession lost one of its brightest lights last week when Walter Huston passed away after a short illness. The stars who eulogized him did so in glowing terms which boiled down to this: Walter Huston was the best in his profession and he was at home with equal facility on the stage and before the camera.

Not long before his passing the composer of the tune that has been associated with Walter Huston (September Song), gave up writing earthly songs to take up the task in the Great Beyond. His name was Kurt Weill, and he was of German extraction. But the European continent lost his musical genius to America about the time Hitler was starting his notorious program. Since the '30s his music has been heard almost every season on Broadway. So the show world mourned the deaths of two of its outstanding leaders. It has been a sad year, for some of the brightest lights have been dimmed and it still is hard to realize they are gone. Richard Dix, Frank Morgan, Sam Wood—they are now performing before a much bigger audience. But show business goes on and new faces and names take the places of those gone and pretty soon force into obscurity the men and women who once were a household word. Today, few can recall the big names of 10 years ago. Carole Lombard, Dudley Digges, Carole Landis, W. C. Fields—remember them? Or going back to the '30s the names of Will Rogers, Ted Healy, Chic Sales, Jean Harlow come to mind. But they are just a dim memory in the minds of most of us. Yet at the time they made us laugh or cry or snarl with rage. They entertained till their last breaths and then someone else took their place in our lives. Sometimes it does make one stop and think of how unimportant our lives are except to ourselves. I bet if you could take a poll of the forgotten people of yesteryear they would say that the audiences they have now are much more appreciative of their efforts and they don't forget. So they prefer the stage or screen where they are now. In some ways I think that I too would prefer their setup.

Musically Speaking

The corn has been resurrected out of the music bin once again and now is a going concern. The late '30s saw the word coined to fit a particular type of music in music polls conducted by



"Downbeat," and "Metronome" Magazines. It referred to the commercial music that Guy Lombardo and Jan Garber were purveying at the time and still do. The leading swing bands of the era have gone by the boards but the corn that was Lombardo and Garber has become big business with both bands doing well even in the vocalist era. The corn that has come out this time has its origin before the polls were ever conceived in testing band and singer popularity. It has to do with the heyday of the piano rolls, when anybody could play the piano simply by adjusting a few knobs and starting the roll. The perforations on the roll tripped some levers and the piano keys played without human hands touching them. In the music business there are cycles when one special type is more popular than another.

So we find today that having undergone the "Mule Train" and "Riders in the Sky" craze, barrelhouse piano type of music is popular beyond the wildest dreams of the music publishers. They in turn are now dragging out their old piano rolls, dusting them off and coming out with new arrangements to songs such as "Why Do They Always Say

(Continued on Page 53)

Support the YMCA

"LUCKY"

LAS VEGAS CLUB

Downtown

Las Vegas

CONGRATULATIONS
 AND BEST OF LUCK TO
 WILBUR CLARK
 AND ASSOCIATES
 OF THE BEAUTIFUL
 DESERT
 INN

from

Monte Carlo
 Club

The life story of "Mr. Rhythm"



FEATURE writer on a monthly slick magazine recently described Frankie Laine as an "unassuming guy." That is an understatement comparable to finding a resemblance between the Atomic Bomb and a Fourth of July squib. Laine would rather have people carry on for pages on the fact that he is the eldest of seven children, whom he eagerly names in respective order, adding which ones are married, which ones are still living at home, and how many "kids" the married ones have — than to succumb to the idea that he's the guy we want to know about. "Who, me," he says, "I just like to sing." Modest? Unpresumptuous? Pick your own adjective.

This delightful and rare faculty for a singer who is bound to become the number one boy on anybody's hit parade within the next year, undoubtedly dates back to one of the toughest struggles any star ever made to convince the public that he knew he could sing, because he "liked" to sing. Frankie Laine "sings," and he's kept right on singing through one adverse condition after another. Through a diet that by financial necessity consisted of four candy bars stretched over a period of four days. Through four nights spent sleeping on a bench in Central Park. Frankie "likes" to sing.

The Italian boy's life started in an ordinary enough fashion. He was born in Chicago, March 30th, 1913, in the heart of Little Italy. He went to a parochial grammar school and later to Lane Technical High School. The only difference between Frankie and half a dozen other kids in his neighborhood was that no matter what else he tried to do, he couldn't stop singing.

At fifteen he spent most of his time in and around the Merry Garden Ballroom admiring and imitating the musical greats of that time. Frankie had sung as an altar boy. The neighborhood gang knew that he had an exceptionally good voice. One night when Joe Kayser's band was playing at the ballroom, his crowd insisted that Frankie get up and sing with the band. This was his first experience at singing popular songs, and one he will never forget. Dave Rose was at the piano, Gene Krupa beating the drums, Muggsy Spanier trumpeting. The featured singer was Frank Sylvano, who according to Laine, "was so good, he used to knock me out." The next time he sang at the Merry Garden was as a guest



singer during a marathon dance contest. With his knees knocking together, he sang four encores. He was still "scared to death" at the end of the fourth, but wound up with his first job. The group was composed of Jess Stacey, Frank Teschmaker, Vic Abbs, and LeRoy Buck. He was with them for eight months.

In 1937, a buddy of his introduced him to Perry Como. Como was impressed with his voice and managed to place him with Fred Croloyes band in Cleveland, which he was leaving to join Ted Weems.

Frankie couldn't get used to working as a soloist. He started out again as a single, in a little spot on Cleveland's East Side. His accompanist was Art Cutlip, who he claims plays "more" piano than some of the most publicized men in the field. Through a friend of Cutlip's, working on the shook the hand that shook the hand theory, Frankie went on another trek to New York. This time with a letter of introduction to one of the top publicity men in radio. He felt secure in having only forty dollars in his pocket because everything was supposedly "all set." It took him three days to get in to see the "big boy," and exactly fifteen minutes to get the "brush off."

Four cents jingled in magnificent loneliness in Frankie's pocket. But not for long. He bought four penny candy

(Continued on Page 39)

Support the RED CROSS

"LUCKY"

LAS VEGAS CLUB

Downtown

Las Vegas

The whole darn gang
of **YOUNG
ELECTRIC SIGN
CORPORATION**

Extends Greetings
to



SALES & MANAGEMENT

"Dub" Norman Vaughan Cannon Jack Young

OFFICE

Betty McPherson Ardith Stelter Don Van Hoy

DESIGN

Hermon Boernge

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GLASS DEPT.

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ELECTRICAL DEPT.

Lee Gibbs Ed Glover
Jack Pavell Johnny Williams
Elmo Murphy Warren Wylar



Feature Story

A WORD detective goes over every script before the cameras roll . . . She—most of these word sleuths are women researchers—is hunting for expressions that weren't in use at the time of the tale. If Viv Mature is playing a frontiersman of the early 1800s, he can't say, "I don't get it," because that phrase didn't come into common usage until 1910 but he can say, "Count me out," because that bit of wordage dates at least to 1808.

Those Sam Spades of the scenarios may spend weeks in tracking down certain expressions or their origin. Although they usually "get their word," occasionally they—like the Mounties—have to give up.

"We consulted several top etymologists about the slang phrase, 'mud in your eye,'" said Frances Richardson, head of 20th Century-Fox's research library, "and failed to find any definite proof of its origin. So we tell writers of period tales that it's better to leave the expression out of the script. In an instance like this, you usually can get guesses but not the kind of proof we need."

Miss Richardson and Katherine Lambert recently completed a "shadow job" in the best Sherlock Holmes manner on a film of the 1892 era, "Wabash Avenue," a musical which takes a glimpse in Technicolor at Chicago's Columbian exposition.

"We did a lot of detective work on that one," said Miss Richardson, a sparkling-eyed, enthusiastic individual who tracks down words with all the zest and determination of the best "private eye."

"There's one scene in which Vic Mature and Phil Harris talk about frisking. So the director, Henry Koster, wanted to know if 'frisk' wasn't modern slang. No, we told him, frisk dates to the 18th century.

"Betty Grable, we found, could say, 'that's mighty white of him,' without getting ahead of gay '90s. That's a good American expression that became anglicized in 1885, seven years before the time of the story."

Other slang terms that were "investigated" were "cheesy," of 1850 vintage, and "till the cows come home," which was a favorite of the '90s. Although "buy yourself a chaser" wasn't coined until the turn of the century, the writers retained it in the script, deciding that cheating by such a few years wouldn't upset anyone's enjoyment of

the picture. Two other terms—"java" and "Oh, boy"—were dropped out, though, when it was discovered they were born in the early 1900s.

"We do such extensive word sleuthing for two purposes," she said. "In a picture like 'Wabash Avenue,' it's surprising the number of people living who were young then and remember the slang they were using. Or if they're hazy about it, they will go to the library and do some detective work of their own.

"The main purpose, however, in such research is to capture the mood and flavor of the period, and the writers want to catch phrases of the day as accurate as possible. A term like '23 skiddoo' may add a lot to the zest of the dialogue."

Quite a few movie fans write caustic letters to the studio, she said, about modern slang words that have been used in a period picture.

"They don't realize," she went on, "that while most slang is ephemeral, seldom lasting more than a decade, there are expressions which stay with us for years.

"We have had complaints about such colloquialisms as 'to chisel,' meaning to cheat, 'to grease,' meaning to bribe, 'don't give me any of your lip' and 'to make her feel cheap.' These, believe it or not, have been a part of our language since the 1820s and the '30s. They are perfectly correct when used in frontier talk."

"And incidentally," said Miss Richardson, "your age may be showing if you aren't careful of the expressions you use. If you call people chumps and tell your friends to keep their shirts on, the chances are you were a pretty hot number between 1900 and 1910. If you overwork words like amusing, devastating, sophisticated and swell, you were probably getting out of high school around 1920.

"But if you refer to a pretty girl as whistle bait and say she's neatly stacked, you were being graduated exactly five years ago."

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Good Citizens Tomorrow
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' JEST WRITING '

... by STAN IRWIN

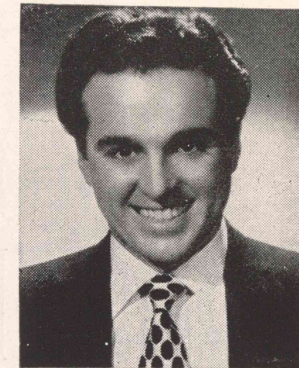
WHEN I left Las Vegas last November, I headed East . . . this time, I headed West. What took five days in the Fall took five hours in the Spring and instead of landing in New York, we parked our car in Hollywood. Hollywood, where men are men and women are women but the difference is hard to tell. This is where a wife ran away with her husband's best friend which made the husband angry because he misses HIM.

Is Hollywood so different from any other city? The answer is definitely NO! Is Hollywood more lax in its morals than any other city? The answer is . . . NO! Does Hollywood have more scandalous divorces than any other city? The answer is the same. Does Hollywood have more wild parties than any other city? The answer is DITTO! (After reading this you have to come to one conclusion . . . every other city is in a pretty lousy condition, TOO!)

Sending a "Morals Man" to Hollywood would be most fair if they let Hollywood send an inspector to Washington to reciprocate. After all, sometimes it takes more than money to sway a vote . . . and some people know HOW, WHERE, and WHAT to sway in order to sway that which must be swayed. (I'm getting DIZZY from all this swaying.) What ever goes ON in Hollywood, goes ON in Washington and what ever comes OFF in Hollywood, comes OFF in Washington. (Of course, in D.C. they may have to put it to a vote.) You cannot judge a group, a profession nor a race by the actions of a few individuals . . . it's too bad so many of us DO!

Hollywood has perfect weather at all times . . . if it's not PERFECT for SWIMMING, it's PERFECT FOR ICE SKATING! The movie stars this year are thinner than usual . . . not studio orders but rather studio out-of-orders . . . no JOBS.

Everyone who comes to Hollywood wants to get into the movies. The least expensive way, financially and mentally, is to pay ADMISSION. They have a novel way to keep you from becoming a movie star. You can't get into a picture unless you've made at least one and no one will let you make one unless you've already made one. (I'm working on this too . . . if you figure it out before I do . . . explain it to me.) If you happen to sneak through on that, they have another plan which



makes the Army Obstacle Course look like a pleasure.

There is a part open and you apply . . . right away, you're too short. If you're the right height, than you're too light. If you're the right height and color . . . you're too ugly. If you're the right height, color and appearance . . . they're not going to do the picture. This plan is the closest you get to anything NEGATIVE and that's POSITIVE.

Anyone who comes to Hollywood with the thought in mind that it's easy to get into pictures should have his head examined. Do you think I'd try to get into pictures, especially without background? Do you think I'd try to get into pictures, especially when I don't know anyone who is influential? Do you think I'd try to get into pictures, especially when things are so slow? Do you think I'd try to get into pictures, especially when I know all the heart-aches and troubles involved?

YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT I'M GOING TO TRY!

BE CIVIC MINDED

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THAT'S FOR SURE by JACK CORTEZ

THE buzz around town, that has increased to a hum, is now bursting into a spontaneous roar, as we near the finish line that marks the opening of **WILBUR CLARK'S** glorious **DESERT INN** on Monday, April 24. Yours truly and secretary, Molly Silver, have erased, torn up, destroyed, rewritten, re-hashed more copy than you can possibly imagine, **BUT**—words fail us. Wilbur Clark's "Enchanting" Desert Inn is so exquisite, so captivating that mere descriptive phrases are inadequate. Many of us have heard or read about the bewitching "Garden of Allah," but no one has actually seen it. The "Garden" must have been a figment of someone's imagination but Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn—once a dream—**IS NOW A REALITY**. Many hours have elapsed since the start of this column (Marc Wilkinson and his printers are waiting impatiently), so this humble introduction to a great edifice will have to do until a better one comes along. To Mr. Clark and his associates, we wish to convey our sincere congratulations on their gala opening. If we may, we'd like to express the sentiments of the people in Las Vegas: "All of us are pleased and very happy that you chose our 'fabulous' town in which to build your entrancing Desert Inn" . . . **AND THAT'S FOR SURE.**

MONSIGNOR EMPEY is affectionately referred to by many as the **PADRE OF HIGHWAY 91** . . . **FLORENCE STEVENS** opened her own interior decorating shop last week in Judd's Furniture Shop on South Main Street. Mrs. Stevens is the very talented woman who decorated each and every room in the Hotel Last Frontier when it was built, and also decorated the homes of many localites. Her ambition was to have a shop of her own, but was always too busy working in various cities all over the country. Now that Mrs. Stevens has finally settled in our midst, we want to wish her much success and spread that welcome mat wide. Husband Steve spends his working hours in the cashier's cage at the Hotel Last Frontier. They're a mighty popular couple. Good luck, Mrs. Stevens! . . . Overheard at one of our hotels: "Show business is so rough now-a-days in New York, Chicago, etc. that **DUNNINGER**, the mind reader and master magician, is reading his own mind." . . . The reason singer **CLARK DENNIS** didn't open at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco as scheduled was the management

wanted to pay the Top Notchers off, the act that was appearing there, but the trio wouldn't let them out of their contract. After much deliberation, the Fairmont Hotel had to keep the Top Notchers, and postpone Mr. Dennis' opening until May 9 . . . Newlyweds **CURLY** and **EULIE THORNTON** stepped out in all their finery for the first time since their marriage two months ago. Both are employed by the Flamingo Hotel, he as a box man, and Eulie as a cocktail waitress. We must admit that never have we seen a more lovable and happy couple. The happiness they emanate is rare indeed. We asked Curly and Eulie over with the hope that some of that stuff would rub off and perhaps we would be lucky enough to catch some. Somehow, it doesn't happen that way. . . . That wonderful song and dance pair, **GEORGIA LEE** and **GENE NASH**, were asked by Ed Wynn to appear on his television show on April 29. This is the break these 21 year old youngsters wanted and received. Oh yes, they open at Larry Potter's Supper Club in Los Angeles on April 25. Aside to Mike Kraike at Universal Pictures: Here's your chance to pick up a team with sure-fire potential screen material . . . **CHUBBY JOHNSON**, famous as the "Old Timer," a fellow scribe, received from Mrs. Gilson, chairlady of the American Red cross, a pin in appreciation of the magnificent work and aid he offered in the Red Cross Drive . . . Here's some news for the **DANNY O'NEILL** fans in our town. He is currently appearing in Chicago, making television shots. Last week, a wealthy man in that vicinity gave Danny \$50,000, **in cash**, as a guarantee to receive one-fourth of his income for the next five years. Explanation: Danny, when working steady, receives approximately \$1000 per week. If he works 52 weeks a year for the next five years, he will receive a total of \$260,000, giving the man a profit on his \$50,000 investment a total of \$15,000, or \$3000 a year. That is if Danny works **52 weeks** for the next **5 years**. What a sweet proposition that

(Continued on Page 37)

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Good Luck to Wilbur, His
Associates and the
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THE OLD-TIMER

... by CHUBBY

EVERYBODY has a double somewhere in the world, they say. I think almost everyone has had the experience of going up to a person that they hadn't seen for sometime and saying, "Well, what are you doing here? I haven't seen you for years. Clara, I'd know you anywhere." Only to have the person turn around and, during the ensuing conversation, find that it wasn't Clara whom you used to know in California, but Gloria from Bangor, Maine, who was making her first trip west of Green Mountains. It sure is embarrassing, ain't it?

Now you take me, the other night. I had a similar experience. Maw wasn't feeling up to snuff, and when she feels that way, she always tells me to "Go somewhere" on account I get in her way, so I did. I went out on The Strip. I stopped at the Club Bingo, the show was going on, and I always like to see it from the start, so I figured on sticking around for the next show. While I was talking to Mr. Prell, the curtains of the Bonanza Room came apart and a girl came out into the casino. You could have knocked my eyes out with a feather. It was Bernice. I went right over to her, took her hand, shook it, and said, "Hello, Bernice." She smiled very sweetly, and squinted up her nose in that tantalizing manner like she always did, gave me a nice "Hello," smiled, and went on.

I could see from the second look she gave me that she couldn't place me. Well, thinks I, I'll have a little fun with her if she comes back. She came back, and I went up to her, right pert-like, and said, "How's your Maw and Dad?" "n she said, "Fine, thank you." She still had a funny look on her face so, knowingly, I said, "You don't remember me, do you?" She gave me that same open-eyed quizzical look she used to use so effectively, and said, "I don't think I've had the pleasure of your acquaintance." Boy, I was enjoying every minute of it. I was so tickled my toes were "squincing" up in my shoes. She still was the prettiest girl in 10 counties. Well, she was too sweet to keep her guessing any longer, so I came right out and told her my name. And do you know, there wasn't a single bit of recognition in her eyes? She just looked at me and said, "Pleased to meet you." She still didn't get it. It was getting a little embarrassing along about this time so I decided to end it quick, "Aren't you Bernice Holmes who used



to live on Ferguson Hill about three miles northwest of Terre Haute, Indiana?" A mischievous smile came into her eyes. I figured I had scored until she said, "I'm sorry, but my name is Georgia Lee. I've never even heard of Ferguson Hill before. I think you must have someone else in mind." Came the bolt of unchained lightning! It couldn't be Bernice, I hadn't seen Bernice since our school days, 35 years ago! She was a young lady then and Georgia is a young lady now. She and her partner, Jene Nash, are appearing at the Club Bingo. Georgia and I are going to pull a fast one on Maw. I coached her on Bernice and Maw and Ferguson Hill, so you can imagine what will happen. I'll let you know about it later.

I know that every newspaper in the country is going to write about the Wilbur Clark Desert Inn. They're going to use all of the adjectives in the book and undoubtedly invent a few more to describe it, but I'd like to say a thing or two about the motivating force behind this adjective-inspiring desert Taj Mahal. When you go through it, and when you read about it, give some thought to what put it there. Who was responsible for it? Some men have imagination, some artistry, others determination. There are those with experience, and those with sentimentality,

(Continued on Page 55)

THINK, TALK AND
LIVE AMERICAN
"LUCKY"
LAS VEGAS CLUB
Downtown Las Vegas

North Vegas

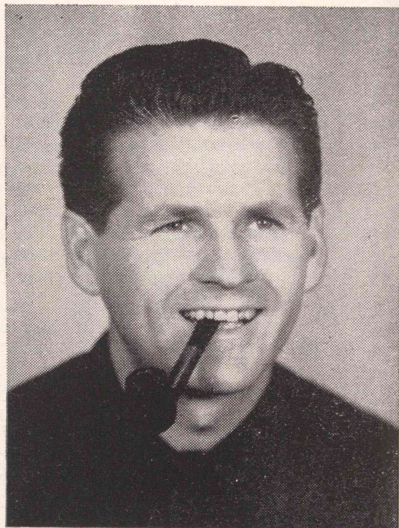
... by JOHNNY UHLMAN



NE of the finest men I will ever know, is opening the door to his dream, and welcoming the public to come in and find their share of the "homey grandeur" that will be theirs for the taking. Needless to say, I refer to WILBUR CLARK and the grand opening of his DESERT INN. And addition to our fabulous Silver Strip that should be the prize attraction for quite some time to come. It doesn't seem like any time at all, though it has been six years, since your pencil pusher heard Wilbur say that one day he would build a hotel in this great town of ours that would be COMPLETE! If you will look up that word "complete" in your family "Webster," you will find that the definition you read will be the DESCRIPTION of WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN! Yes, an atmosphere is captured here that is sincerely sought, but seldom seen. That of being able to offer the guest the epitome in luxury, and yet make him feel that he can relax and enjoy those luxuries. We are certain that Wilbur Clark and his associates will set a mark that will remain high in the annals of resort hotel history. May I, in my own humble fashion, just say "Welcome, Wilbur! I'm mighty glad you're here!"

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT . . .

Just call him "HAPPY JACK!" "NOOSNS" is back! All of those RAG DOLLS that are strewn around that friendly bar (of the the same name) seemed to be weeping wads of kapok all the time that Noosns was gone, and Jack certainly looks like new people since she got home. I wonder what it would feel like to take a vacation? I guarantee you, if I took one I'd get caught and have to put it back! . . . We bend over backwards in our thanx to MYRA MILLER for her thoughtfulness. It's so nice to know that there are still some people that appreciate the "little things." To this little blonde, we say, "bokays!" . . . Prouder than a peacock these days is OLIE ERICKSON, and rightfully so, with the Desert Inn nearing its completion. His business, the



UNITED ELECTRIC COMPANY, was awarded the electrical contract, and the other day he took me all through the place from the attic to the basement. He showed me the job that he and his men had done, and we say again, "He is RIGHTFULLY proud!" Unless you have seen all that we saw, you can't imagine what a thrill it must be to men who start with nothing and install the "nerve system" we'll call it, of a project of this size, and then slowly see it materialize into a workable thing upon which the entire project is so dependent . . . The SHILLALAH ROOM of the SHAMROCK HOTEL is fast becoming the regular roost for rounders

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in the wee sma' hours of the morning. And why not? It is one of the most intimate and congenial lounges we have seen. By the way, RONNIE QUINN is walking the swing shift planks now, for the enlightenment of those of you who know him for the friendly cocktail shaker that he is. You know, Ronnie was born for the job in this room! Yep! He was born in IRELAND, no less! JACK RAVETTI has taken over the day duties behind the bar, and here is a fellow who rates way up high in our books. Truly a gentleman possessing an endless eagerness to try to make everyone feel at home at all times . . . We still maintain that SMILEY HIGHTOWER is one of the best solo guitar artists that we have heard. Rapid fingering with little or no effort. 'Course if he doesn't watch that Helldorado mustache of his, he may wind up taking a few bars of a chorus on his "handlebars" and not be able to tell the difference! . . . We may be wrong, but the DESERT-OASIS must be making a lot of money 'cause it seems that every time that we drop in, we invariably find JOE STAUSS counting money! Are we in the wrong racket?

JOTS BY JOHNNY . . .

About the most entertaining piano bar that we've found to tuck our size eight loafers under, is the one at the ESQUIRE BAR where you'll find MILLIE ANDREWS at the keyboard, and JOE WOLVERTOWN playing a lot of solo guitar. If you don't enjoy listening to them, you just don't like music. TOMMY TOBIN and WALTER SOUTH are to be complimented on their latest improvement at this popular club—THE GOLD ROOM! . . . Right across the street we got our boots shined up into a class A-1 condition by MARY CORNELL. She and her sister, FRANCIS, have operated this shoe shine stand since September 1945 and have a clientele of customers who wouldn't think of getting their shoes shined anywhere ELSE. Anyone but myself would have THROWN AWAY the boots I wore in

there with the nerve to inquire about a shine, but, brother, you'd have sworn I was wearing new boots when I left. Those shoe shine sisters are sensational! . . . I new instrumental trio opened in the lounge of the Golden Nugget Saloon the night of the 10th, The NAT CONWAY TRIO. Mighty fine, mighty fine! Those old stand-bys, the VARITONES, are still there, too! CHUCK, BOB, AND SANDY are well into their third month at this spot. Next time you go in, ask them to play an old old-fashioned hoe-down for you. They'll get their kicks and so will you . . . A spot that's beginning to hit its stride on the strip these days is the new DESERT DRIVE-INN (looks like a big orange with a front porch). The first thing that we noticed when we went in, was that everyone was wearing a SMILE! How can owner, JOE GUILLIAMS, miss being a success with his venture, when he realizes the value of a smile, and insists on getting his money's worth. You'll get YOUR money's worth, too! The Desert Drive Inn has a MITEY menu but it's MIGHTY GOOD! . . . Saw JOHNNY (of the Phillip Morris program) "shooting it out" at the Frontier Shooting Range the other day (with the aid of a soap box). He said that it beat playing the slot machines and that he certainly got more "kick" out of it! . . . That "mound of muscle" that took over the life guard position at the Last Frontier Monday, the 10th, is BOB CADWALLADER, who was formerly with the Biltmore in Arizona, and also at the Hotel El Rancho Vegas a while back. "Welcome home, Bob!" . . . GEORGE SOLSKY used to run his own

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AND ASSOCIATES

JOE JOE
GUILLIAMS FAUSONE
SOUTH MAIN

Round the Clock with the Rounders

... by ALEX HENIG

THE beauty of Las Vegas will be seen on all CBS television stations all over the United States! This lucky break comes through the efforts of Abe (Publicity Head, Flamingo Hotel) Schiller. One of the movie shorts is about movie star Jane Wyatt enjoying her vacation at the Flamingo Hotel. As Jane puts it, our town is the nearest thing to heaven. Is she kidding? "This is heaven!"

Get this for an advance date. Sam "The Lover" Lichtor has a date with lovely Ducky Abrams to go to the Mardi Gras in New Orleans next year. This important pact was signed by both parties . . . When you're out to have a good time and want to relax, make sure you go to Frankie's and Jerry's Bowery Club on the Strip. This newest of clubs is something different and the price is right . . . VISITING OUR "LITTLE CITY" AND HAVING THE TIME OF HER LIFE IS VERY PRETTY JEAN RITCHIE, OF DES MOINES, IOWA, (U.S.A.) WITH THIS YOUNG LADY IS HER CHAMPION LONG-HAIRED MINIATURE DACHSHUND, WHO HAS WON SIX FIRST PRIZE RIBBONS AT THE DOG SHOWS. THE LUCKY HOTEL IS THE EL RANCHO VEGAS . . . The Dixie Del is where you get those extra fine corned beef sandwiches. Day manager Bill Lynch is the man responsible for this fine treatment. At this same spot food waitress Juanita is a favorite with all . . . Congratulations to Dale Hayes on his promotion to room service waiter. This go-getter should go a long way at the Flamingo Hotel . . . Bingo agent Lucy Manvel of the Eldorado Club, Downtown Second Street, is on the way to recovery after her car accident a few weeks ago. She fractured her ankle and it is now in a cast. Her husband is Jimmy, a dealer at the Golden Nugget casino . . . Enjoying our famous hospitality and staying at the Hotel Last Frontier is Dorothy Allen. She is the owner of the original Dude Ranch night spot in Atlantic City, New Jersey. Her father is the originator of the "Miss America" contests held every year at this famous resort . . . THE DESERT INN'S GENERAL MANAGER IS CAPABLE AND VERY MUCH RESPECTED NATE HOFFERT. HE IS WELL KNOWN AMONG HOTEL PEOPLE AND WE ARE SURE THAT THE DESERT INN HAS PICKED THE BEST MAN OF THIS IMPORTANT JOB . . . Into the Monte Carlo Club



where your nickel can grow into dollars and more, with those liberal slot machines. By the score board the slots in this place have paid out 3200 jackpots to date. As we left dealer Don Parry was calling out the lucky seven-elevens for the many customers at the table . . . For the past month bartender Ray Eschenbaum has been mixing drinks at the Keyhole Bar. This is to let his many friends know where he spends his time . . . Just arrived and raring to go are "Just Call Me" Webb (boxman), and Wayne Watson on the wheel who will be at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn. By the way, girls, this Wayne is a lover, so watch out . . . A swell guy who deserves mention is W. E. Dutton (custom tailoring). He's tops in alterations and remodeling. Besides being very reasonable to all the rounders . . . Another combination hard to beat is boxman Max Shore and his lovely wife, Lil. He's out at the Thunderbird Hotel . . . Here for a few months—daughter Gladys with her two sons, Jerry and Gary, also wife Sadie, of one of the best here in Las Vegas, Morrie Klien, boss of race horse book in the New Las Vegas Club. This won-

(Continued on page 57)

Give Time and Guidance to
Children . . . Less' Juvenile
Delinquency
"LUCKY"
LAS VEGAS CLUB
Downtown Las Vegas

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

... by JACK CORTEZ



★ Flamingo Hotel

(Show presented April 20 to May 3)

The incomparable, the one and only, MARTHA RAYE is the star of this new musical production in the FLAMINGO ROOM. This singing comedienne of stage, screen and radio fame is not only a treat for the eyes but to the ears as well. Her inimitable renditions of various tunes, to put it mildly, are sensational . . . This lavish presentation is staged and set by JEAN DEVLIN. Featured in this extravaganza, are the GUARDSMAN, BUDDY AND CANDYCE KING, plus those beautiful FLAMINGO ADORABLES . . . Brought back by popular demand, and we do mean popular, BILL CLIFFORD and his orchestra, who cut an excellent show, with marvelous dansapation. A special "hello" and "welcome" to both Bill Clifford and his beautiful vocalist MARY MARSHALL.

★ Hotel Last Frontier

(Show presented April 21 to May 5)
(Not a Review)

CHARLES FREDERICKS, one of the country's most important singers in the Civic Light Opera series, is currently headlining the act in the RAMONA ROOM. He possesses a rich baritone voice and was the star of such great musical, semi-classical shows as "Red Mill," "Show Boat," "Great Waltz," etc. . . . On the same bill is lovely OLLIE FRANKS, a sparkling comedienne. She has superb timing, and her approach is all the more effective because she is undoubtedly one of the prettiest in the business . . . ESTELLE SLOAN, brought back by popular demand, is considered one of the greatest tap dancers in America today, and does much towards making this an S.R.O. show . . . The AL WHITE DANCERS will introduce two new dance routines, beautifully costumed . . . AL JAHNS and his orchestra round out this offering with his usual fine background and dance music. . . . DON BAKER takes over at the Hammond Organ during intermissions.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ El Rancho Vegas

(Show presented April 12 to April 26)
(Full review in last week's issue)

CARL RAVAZZA is the wonderful singing star in the ROUND-UP ROOM. His renditions of nostalgic tunes, plus the modern ones, are truly of superb quality . . . especially "LEETLE PEDRO," his Calypso friend . . . On the same bill, the JAYWALKERS, three young men with clever comedy skits, done in original style. The Jaywalkers never "jaywalk" while on stage . . . THE GEORGE MORO DANCERS, beautifully gowned, present two lovely routines that feature RENE MOLNAR and MARIE ROE . . . CARLETON HAYES and his orchestra provide excellent backing for the show and patrons' hoofing.

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

(Show presented April 24 to May 8)
(Not a Review)

EDGAR BERGEN, master ventriloquist—star of stage, screen and the Chase and Sanborn hour—together with his two buddies, CHARLIE McCARTHY and MORTIMER SNERD, will headline this new production when the Hotel has its gala opening next Monday, April 24 . . . On the same bill, vivacious and lovely songstress of screen fame, VIVIAN BLAINE, as co-star . . . PAT PATRICK, "Ercil Twing," will provide the comedy . . . LES CHARLIVELS, a trio imported from France, and currently the sensation of the country for their acrobatic ballet dancing . . . The DONN ARDEN dancers will offer routines that he is so famous for, and the line consists of . . . get this, fellas . . . 18 girls . . . RAY NOBLE and his famous orchestra will ably assist the acts in the background, plus the music for your dancing pleasure.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

★ Thunderbird Hotel

(Show presented April 13 to April 27)

Lovable ELLA LOGAN, the Scotch Lass, is the singing star of the miniature musical review at this hotel. This vibrant and magnetic songstress of stage, screen and radio, holds the crowd spellbound with her glorious voice and expressions. Ella doesn't make singing a commercial business, it's part of her; she lives it; breathes it, and loves it . . . On the same bill of fare are a ballroom dancing couple, TED AND RITA DUANO. This team possess grace and personality, as they smoothly glide in and out of tricky rumbas and waltzes. . . . The DANSATIONS, beautifully dressed, present two routines which feature lovely THELMA KING and CHRISTINA CARSON . . . SANDY SANDEFOR and his orchestra cut an excellent show and play for your dancing pleasure, aided and abetted by BETSY JONES, the vocalist with the band.

★ Club Bingo

(Show presented April 22 to May 3)

Held over by popular demand are those zany comics, JEFF AND JERRY, who have been rocking the room since they opened two weeks ago. We predict a very brilliant future for these very clever newcomers to the stage. Their material is original and very funny . . . On the same bill, GLEN GREGORY, a youngster who delves into the arts of ventriloquism, and for a young fellow cuts quite a niche for himself . . . Also in the show is a lovely songstress who sings like a nightingale . . . MIKE WERNER and his orchestra play continual dance music until 4:30 a.m. for the stayer-uppers.

— FABULOUS LAS VEGAS —

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Edgar Bergen
 AND THE REST OF THE SUPERB ACTS
 ON THE OPENING OF
**WILBUR CLARK'S
 DESERT INN**



JIMMY WAKELY
 P.S. I'll See You at the Thunderbird Hotel
THURSDAY, MAY 11

HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES by MARTIN LEWIS

"THE CHASE LIVES ON . . ."

HOLLYWOOD'S celluloid products have undergone many changes since the days of D. W. Griffith and the silent flicker era. There have been transformations in movie sets, make-up, technical equipment, costumes, even the stars themselves. But that old standby, the motion picture chase, is as popular today as it was years ago when staged by such bygone stars as William S. Hart, Pearl White, Charlie Chaplin, and Mack Sennett.

Sure, there have been a few changes made in the chase sequence. In 1950 Hollywood, script-writers beat out their brains trying to dream up unusual locales or gimmicks for their chases. Directors even move their troupes to actual sites to give them a ring of realism.

Today's current and forthcoming motion pictures offer numerous examples, some bizarre, some merely new twists which achieve intrigue and suspense . . . Pistol-packing ALAN LADD seems to have spent most of his movie career either as the pursurer or the pursued. In "Chicago Deadline" the chase was staged in an actual downtown Los Angeles five-level garage with cars zooming down the ramps adding to the complications. During the filming of his latest thriller, "United States Mail," Alan scrambled through the huge, hazardous steel mills on location at Gary, Indiana. And although his current opus, "Branded," is a western, the chase sequences are actually being staged on the Arizona-Mexico border with the international line playing an important part in the sagebrush saga.

In "Union Station," railroad detective BILL HOLDEN pursues his quarry through the tunnels under the station itself and during a cattle stampede. The exciting shots were made "on the spot" in Los Angeles' famed Union Station and at the Los Angeles stock yards and

they constitute the most exciting "chase" sequences in many moons.

Of course, it would be futile to try and list all the top chases of today and yesterday. In bygone years, any "western" hero could enthrall movie-goers as he rode hell-to-leather while the theater pianist pounded out the overture to "William Tell" . . . Mack Sennett, master of the chase technique, used it effectively in such melodramas as "Barney Oldfield's Race for Life" or in the Keystone Kop comedies . . . There were the chase scenes which highlighted the hairbreadth humor of Harold Lloyd, the horror of Lon Chaney, the across-the-desert-sands rides of Rudolph Valentino and Agnes Ayres and the Pearl White escapes in "Perils of Pauline."

Although usually used to build climactic suspense, chase sequences also can be used effectively early in a film to establish locale, to get the plot rolling or to have Boy meet Girl. A stellar example is Paramount's "Sunset Boulevard," which opens with BILL HOLDEN being pursued by two finance men trying to repossess his automobile. Holden drives about Hollywood, dashes down world-famous Sunset Boulevard and ducks into a driveway which leads to Gloria Swanson's gloomy mansion. From this chase the movie gains atmosphere through the fact that all scenes were filmed on the streets pictured.

There have been some odd variations of the chase, too. Some decades ago, D. W. Griffith appeared as an actor in a pioneer film titled "The Eagle's Nest." The megaphone master spent most of the film footage chasing an eagle which clutched a child in its talons. True, the eagle was a stuffed phony, but in those old days, the suspense was real . . . The motivation in "The Lost Weekend" was RAY MILLAND'S chase for a drink—and the climax in "National Velvet" was a steeple-chase.

The chase is as old as the motion picture, but it's currently staging a revival by leaving its well-worn formula.

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SPIKE JONES

"DANCE OF THE HOURS"

IN gathering some facts about Spike's recording of "Dance of the Hours" I was introduced to the thought process that led to its birth . . . According to Webster," said Spike, "the word 'sequel' means a gamble." He went on to point out how many novelty songs were introduced to the public, attained smash proportions, and then, when followed by another in the same groove, written by the same authors and composers, recorded by the same artist or artists, and released to the public with the same ballyhoo, flopped unceremoniously.

There are, of course, exceptions, but they are few and far between . . . "Gambling blood," Spike continued, "is better than no blood at all, however, and so all of us are often eager to upset tradition rather than have tradition upset us . . ." That last phrase of Spike's led into a chronological presentation of events, some of which I shall relate, for they have to do with a sequel to his great RCA recording of "THE WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE." The aforementioned featured Doodles Weaver and his own particular "Harvey," in this instance, a horse named "Feetlebaum," as you no doubt know, has never lost a race on stage, screen or radio . . . This very fact was responsible, I'm sure, for Spike's decision to find and record a sequel . . . In other words, a parlay . . . This all came to being when he paid special attention to another of Doodles' routines in which he incorporated a psuedo-announcer's description of the Indianapolis 500-mile race . . . He noticed that even the winner of the automobile race was a horse named "Feetlebaum" . . . "There's nothing," Spike said, "like betting on a winner." So casting hoodoos to the four winds along with his copy of Webster's dictionary, Spike Jones, his City Slickers and Doodles Weaver, found and recorded his RCA Victor waxing of "Dance of the Hours." This decision was a winning ticket, for "Feetlebaum," owned by Spike Jones and ridden by Doodles Weaver, captured the public's fancy, and just as "Feetlebaum" has been so many times a victor and in the winning circle here was another winning circle—and if

you'll permit another pun—still a Victor—RCA, that is!

I asked Spike to tell me something about Doodles Weaver and the fateful events that led to his discovery . . . It seems that Doodles was appearing at a Los Angeles night club called the Band Box. Spike saw and heard him there, and liked him tremendously, but at that time his glowing compliments were only the praises from one performer to another. For Spike hadn't yet begun to concertize and his bookings were limited to 55 minutes on stage presentations in movie houses . . . Some months later, however, our hero decided to expand operations into the two and one-half-hour format he follows today and in seeking cast additions, he thought of Mr. Weaver. He phoned Doodles in New York and during the conversation, asked him if he could sing. "I don't know," answered D. W., "I've never tried, but let me call you back in an hour and we'll see." With that, he hung up, but in exactly an hour, Spike's phone rang. He answered it and in exchange for his "hello," he was treated to, or subjected to, the questionable voice of Doodles Weaver, aided and abetted by orchestral accompaniment. After about two minutes of executing a song (for which he should have been executed) it came to an end and Doodles asked, "Well?" Spike, who had never heard anything so utterly horrible said, "Doodles, I really don't know what to say." "Well," said Doodles, "make up your mind real fast 'cause this phone booth is pretty warm." "Phone booth," repeated Spike, "where are the musicians?" "They're in the phone booth too," Weaver yelled, "that's why it's so warm . . . and besides the bass player is heavy."

Spike and Doodles came to agreement, the tuba player got off of Weaver's lap and here, years later, is another happy indication of the fruits of success. Spike Jones and his City Slickers, featuring Doodles Weaver in their wonderful rendition of "DANCE OF THE HOURS."

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 23)

is. We'd say that Danny received one of the greatest of his career. We hope that both Mr. O'Neill and his \$50,000 angel prosper from this "deal of the century." . . . Campaign button manufacturers are holding all plates and dies containing the name of—EISENHOWER . . . Congratulations to MARION HICKS, president and owner of the Thunderbird Hotel. He was pleasantly surprised with a huge party given by many of his friends last Thursday, April 13. Many happy returns of the day . . . Blonderful BETTY BOYLE, script writer for those very funny comics of radio fame—LUM and ABNER, is of this date a resident of our town. She leased and will be the proprietress of the ladies' shop in Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn. Betty purchased one of Phil Shipley's Crestwood Homes, and is having all her belongings sent up from Los Angeles via express. California's loss is most certainly our gain. . . . If you are a dog lover, and who isn't, take a look at those two collies owned by Ed and Helen Waskow of the Desert Furniture Company. CHUM and LUCKY are father and son, and are as inseparable as any two humans. They are truly magnificent animals, and can give Lassie competition any old time . . . JUANITA is the lovely organist employed at the El Cortez Hotel. She is an "a la Roy Whittaker," playing the Hammond organ with one hand while beating out the melody on the piano with the other. This lovely miss is truly an accomplished musician . . . Last week, in our column, we mentioned a bit about a lovely Miss, who was working as a waitress in the Dixie Delicatessen. Since then this refreshing youngster, NANCY RADCLIFFE, took a job in the right direction. She is now working at the Bowery, the new club on the "Strip," and is singing to her heart's content . . . Every time BETTY QUINN wins a \$5 bet, \$3 of it goes to the dealer with this remark, "Lock it up." She has justly earned the title of "Lock It Up, Quinn" . . . One of the nicest and most congenial day cashiers in town is WALTER GRAHAM, taking and paying money at the LUCKY LAS VEGAS CLUB. Walt is 6 feet 2, and weighs some 200 odd pounds, and has every characteristic of an ex-pug. But his disposition belies his appearance. He's a sweet guy . . . We received a letter from JIMMY KENNEDY, the "Madman of Mirth," with the happy news that he is starting with Harry James Road Show on May 22 to June 11, as the featured comedian. The tour

starts with the Hotel Astor, through Florida, on to Texas and back to the Coast. One of Mr. James' agents got Jimmy when he appeared at the Club Bingo . . . Congratulations to GENE ELLIS, charming hostess at the EL RANCHO VEGAS HOTEL, who was married on Wednesday to LES RIGNEY, at the Little Church of the West. Best man and matron of honor were Tommy and Kay Shaeffer, proud parents of newly arrived twin girls. What better inspiration can anyone want . . . Did you know that beautiful GINGER ROGERS works in our town as a cashier! This lovely lady's name is the same as the famous screen star, but our "Ginger" is not in films, although her beauty equals that of her namesake. The one we're referring to, is employed by Jimmy Mills and Arthur Rozen, owners of the White Spot Arcade. Las Vegas' Rogers arrived here three weeks ago for that well known diploma, but we hope she doesn't leave upon graduation. She is the kind of a gal that is definitely an asset to our town . . . BILL KRUSE, owner of the Packard agency, is doing such a terrific job in salesmanship, that he purchased a used car lot in 1704 Fremont street last week. Business has been so good and those trade-ins are coming in so fast, that the used car lot became an absolute necessity. AL DENTON, the super used car salesman, is the fellow in charge of the lot. We believe that Bill, the baby face ex-school teacher of Boulder City, really made a switch when he went from classes to chassis. . . . MOE SEDWAY, owner of the property next to the "Fabulous" Flamingo, is also contemplating building a hotel on that property. This, however, will be strictly a hotel, no casino or gaming. Moe has been in conference with Paul Williams, his architect, for past few days, and is about ready to start on his new project. This "Little Giant" is really doing big things . . . TOMMY INTRAVALIA, trumpet player with BILL CLIFFORD'S orchestra, went to Chicago for his four-week vacation and informed us that the Merriel Abbot Dancers will be on their way to Paris, France, very shortly for a six month engagement at the Bal Tabarin. By the way, it's sure good to see Bill

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IRA GOLDRING

LAS VEGAS

MR. RHYTHM:

(Continued from Page 17)

bars, rationed them for four days, and latched on to a bench in Central Park for sleeping accommodations. On the fourth crucial day, another friend came through with a loan that held him over until he landed a job on WINS, a small New York station. It was customary to sing free on the smaller stations, but Jack Coombs, program director, realized Frankie's financial predicament and worked out a five dollar a week salary for him. His program consisted of three half hour shows per week. His room rent was five dollars a week, so he sang for his supper, literally, at a Spaghetti House on 49th Street and ate on the cuff there for four months.

Frankie was still meeting people and making more friends. About this time he met Jean Goldgette, famous band leader of the earlier days. Goldkette liked Laine, and they made a personal management deal. Laine was sure that this was a definite step in the right direction, but as his luck would have it, it turned out that Goldkette was in the throes of making a comeback himself, and actually did not have time to really manage the singer. He, however, landed a job for Frankie on NBC, as a staff singer doing sustainers, and the boy was all set to start on September 3rd. Fickle Lady Luck was evidently having a romance elsewhere for the day that Laine was supposed to start was the day war was declared between England and Germany and all sustainers were pulled from the station. That was that.

Frankie worked at what he refers to as "odd jobs" from September until May, 1940, when he received word from Frank Walsh, Al Donahue's manager. Walsh had decided to use him as m. c. on a South American boat cruise. This was strictly not hard to take and Frankie started preparing for the cruise immediately. Another letter came in the next mail. This one was from Frankie's brother Sam, happily announcing his marriage plans and inviting his brother to be best man. The news delighted Frank. He headed for home promptly, planning meanwhile to return in time for the m. c. job. All of which would have been too simple for fate's plan for the Laine guy. While he was home, he hurt his knee in an accident and was operated on and a convalescing period of eight months followed. Thus he stuck a pin in the dream bubble that held the South American cruise.

Everything was going to be peachy after all, for Frankie had heard from his old friend Art Cutlip who had a

job waiting for him in Cleveland at the Sterling Hotel. He hitch-hiked to Cleveland to find—that through a misunderstanding Art had quit his job to go back to school.

Laine had enough money to last the week out and during that time a waitress he knew suggested that he try out for a job in a cocktail lounge on the East Side. He talked the manager into giving him a tryout and the job lasted four days. He went from one cocktail lounge to another, until as he says, "he had worked every joint in town." The agencies weren't interested in him and it seemed that once more he'd hit a blank wall.

In February of 1941, Frankie had definitely made up his mind to give up singing for all time. He found himself a job in a defense plant. Working in a machine shop was different than anything he had done before and he found that it was interesting. Interesting to Frankie mostly because he worked the graveyard shift, from 12 midnight to 8 in the morning and the noise was so terrific that he could sing "his fool head off," he says, "and not bother a soul." Between singing and the "machine shopping," Frankie felt the urge to write a song. One night he hit upon a phrase he particularly liked and within an hour the song was finished. He called it, "It Only Happens Once," and put it aside and started to write others. During the next two and a half years Frankie had written over 12 songs.

Frankie arranged for a transfer to a defense plant at Southgate, and trekked on to Hollywood. Months went by and Frankie waited patiently for something to happen.

The future star concentrated on promoting his song, which he had every reason to believe was good. His opinion of "It Only Happens Once" was confirmed by Nat Cole, who became interested in it enough to transcribe the number on Mac Gregor transcriptions. Cole left for an Eastern tour a few days later. In the meantime, Laine met Al Jarvis while they were entertaining servicemen at hospital shows and nearby camps. It took about three months for him to get a dub of Nat Cole's transcription and when he did, he asked

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MR. RHYTHM:

(Continued from Page 39)

Jarvis to play it. Laine was not aware of the great friendship between Jarvis and Cole. It was a terrific surprise to him when he found out that he had taken the transcription to the one person who would, as Frankie put it, "go all out on anything by Nat." Several of the disc jockeys took a liking to the number and they began to feature it frequently. Laine believes that Gene Norman, also on KFWB, was one of the song's best "pluggers."

Frankie Laine quite obviously has a genius for running into the right people at the right time. The next episode that looked like the all-time break was an introduction to Carl Fischer, song writer and pianist. He liked Frankie's song and they collaborated on another, "We'll Be Together Again." They found that it was practically impossible to get a publisher to publish either one of their numbers. There was only one thing left to do, and they did it. Carl Fischer and Frankie Laine formed their own publishing firm.

Al Jarvis was, in the meantime, starting a new program called "Can You Tie That," a record grading, reviewing and discussion type program. On one of his shows, the same week Nat Cole arrived in town. Jarvis played "It Only Happens Once." The judges that week were Jo Stafford, Johnny Mercer and Frankie Carle. The song came out triumphantly with a score of 80, 90, and 80. Nat Cole had heard the show and was convinced that he should record the tune, but pronto.

Fischer and Laine tossed their publishing business aside in favor of a publisher who liked "We'll Be Together Again" and "It Only Happens Once," and they made a deal. The Pied Pipers record on "Together" came out first, and that's the song they went to work on. Fate was still wagging a wicked finger at Frankie, and the firm that had published his songs decided to dissolve after eight months. They never did get around to working on "It Only Happens Once," and as far as Laine knows, the record on the song by Nat Cole is still taking up space on a shelf at Capitol.

March of 1946, Laine's luck took an unexpected turn, this time for the better. For once and for all things started looking up. Frankie started singing again. This time at Billy Berg's night club in Hollywood. Berg has a reputation for recognizing talent, and for the first time in his so far tempestuous existence, Laine had a chance to sing and really give out the way he likes to. There was no interference in any manner, and word got around that Frankie

was one of the best new singers in the game. People like Carl Hoff, and Anita O'Day and Herb Jefferies were bringing their friends in to hear the Laine boy warble. Frankie was making up for the 10 years he'd spent trying to convince people that he could sing. That he did, and that he's still doing.

Berle Adams of Mercury caught Laine's show (at Billy Berg's), became so enthused over the way Frankie sang that he asked him to back the other side of "Pickle in the Middle" by Milton DeLugg, a platter which Adams was holding in the files. The tune was "I May Be Wrong," and Frankie was in solid. He was, as he says "lucky as all heck when my next song 'That's My Desire' turned out to be a sleeper." His next good break was a spot on the Chesterfield show guesting with Jo Stafford. Sam Lutz and Dick Gabbe took over his personal management, and he went from Berg's to the Club Morocco.

In the past year, Frankie has been surprising people right and left. Probably no one, however, was more surprised than he was when he came out third, right up there with the big boys, in a contest held by Bill Anson, Hollywood disc jockey, to determine the listeners' favorite vocalist. Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra came out on top, but Laine was close enough in the running to give him good reason to keep right on singing. Frankie had come through in a remarkable way, and amazingly enough, without publicity.

From the moment Frankie recorded "That's My Desire" for Mercury records, things began to happen for him. He was working at the Morocco directly across the street from the National Broadcasting Company in Hollywood. And it was during this engagement that the platter was released, the year he'll never forget, 1946!

Unlike most artists Frankie wanted to get on the road and meet the people that were directly responsible for his rapid rise to success and so in August, 1947, he started his lengthy tour that took him from the Million Dollar Theater in Los Angeles to the Paramount Theater in New York City.

From Philadelphia to Canada, in and out of the east, from one spot to an-

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MOE SEDWAY
 (FLAMINGO HOTEL)

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 37)

Clifford and his wonderful aggregation of musicians back at the newly decorated Flamingo Hotel . . . NANCY SINATRA'S birthday gift of a mink coat last week did not come from Frankie Boy, but was bought and paid for by Nancy herself. Incidentally, the debut the "Voice" was supposed to have made at the famed Copacabana Club in New York City was jammed and exciting but not because of Frankie. He is suffering from a so-called "sore throat." Funny, somehow, a singer doesn't seem to get a "sore throat" unless he is making five or ten thousand dollars a week. Did you ever hear of a hundred fifty buck-a-week struggling troubadour getting laryngitis as an opening date excuse. Never happens! . . . Someone told us about an item that was printed in READER'S DIGEST Magazine about a month or two ago. Said story was supposed to have been about publicity people having only 1 per cent I. Q. I wonder how they arrived at that figure—or could it be that the writer at one time or another was guesting at a hotel or club and the publicity director of that place failed to "comp" him. Maliciousness is borne of envy. We never believed that a magazine of that integrity would publish such a ridiculous story. . . . JUNE HAVER, currently starring in "I'll Get By," for 20th Century Fox, needs only three solo hours to earn her pilot's license . . . We wish to welcome a very dear friend in our midst, MRS. EVA SEITZ of New York City. Upon her arrival, Mrs. "S" caught the influenza bug and has been bedded since. This is a heck of a welcome, but we're certain that by the time this magazine hits the press, she'll be okay and ready for a little night life . . . HUGO CITTI, maitre d' and bar manager of the Hotel El Rancho Vegas, is rapidly becoming a favorite in our town, with his congenial and most hospitable ways . . . CHIC FECHSER, owner of many enterprises in our town, looks like a million since he shed that avoirdupois. He wants to make it a nice round figure of 50 pounds, having only 32 more to go. The diet he is following so religiously is the simplest we have ever heard of and works like a charm. Chic lost the 18 pounds in a week and a half and has inspired yours truly to try some of the same, which he will do—sometime. Dr. Lindlar, the dietitian of radio fame, sent this pound destroyer to him and this is the formula. Eat as much as you desire of fruits and vegetables, but lay off starches and those "highballs." According to Chic, this is as simple as

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Weekly Beauty Letter

from WALLY WESTMORE

MAKEUP DIRECTOR, PARAMOUNT STUDIOS

Girls, before you go in for the new Lorelei look, listen to what a half-dozen Hollywood personalities have to say on the subject of this strange combination of ultra-short hair, heavy eyelids and an overly-lipsticked mouth.

"I think it's the funniest thing I've ever seen," says the one and only BING CROSBY. "If my daughter used it—that is, if I had a daughter—I'd laugh until she got back to normal."

Then the singing star of Paramount's "Riding High" added, "Why must women try to paint themselves up to look like ancient Egyptian mummies? Why can't they be normal, sweet things like Heaven intended?"

BARBARA STANWYCK says she would never use the Lorelei look herself. It may be—and she accents the "may be"—okay for formal wear, but it should be taboo on the street, in the office or at the shop. Barbara admits she can't think of anything more ridiculous than a heavy-eyed gal diapering her baby or cooking corned beef and cabbage.

"Neurotic, self-centered females may adopt it," observes WILLIAM HOLDEN, "but the stable, feminine, intelligent girl will skip the Lorelei look entirely. What most women need is more common sense and less paint."

Stylist MARY KAY DOBSON, the clever damsel who created the screen wardrobes of JOAN CAULFIELD and MONA FREEMAN for Paramount's "Dear Wife," believes this new look is okay only for very young lassies, and then only for evening wear. It gives a costume effect that may be okay for swanky dinners.

VICTOR MATURE, film-town's good-looking "Samson," thinks cosmetic companies have grabbed a chance to make women look even wackier than they already do—his own wife excepted, of course. . . . And there you have it, ladies. Evidently, all males and some females are ready to give the raspberries to this so-called new look in makeup. Most film favorites say it's strictly for laughs.

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Weekly Fashion Letter

from EDITH HEAD

PARAMOUNT FASHION DESIGNER

This season the doting mother won't have to tell her darling daughter to "hang her clothes on a hickory limb, but don't go near the water" . . . If daughter likes to swim, she undoubtedly has selected a bathing suit that is meant for action—for the 1950 bathing togs have been designed to meet the needs of both the swimmer and the bathing beauty who likes to watch others swim. However, because there are almost as many styles in swimming suits as there are famous lakes, wise is the damsel who selects her outfit to flatter her figure as well as to suit her personal needs.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR, who reveals her beautiful figure via a bathing suit in George Stevens' "A Place in the Sun," has perfect shoulders so she favors strapless suits. Her favorite is a white jersey creation which has a pleated bustline, high hug-me-tight waistline and a pleated skirt. For "cover-up" purposes, Miss Taylor wears a snug-fitting middy blouse in midnight blue jersey.

LIZABETH SCOTT has a streamlined figure, as movie-goers will discover when they see the actress in the new Hal Wallis drama, "Paid in Full." To display her figure to its best advantage, Miss Scott selects a two-piece suit of red and white print. Designed for action, it also boasts a halter-top redingote in black which Liz wears when she basks in the sun beside her favorite pool or at the beach.

CORINNE CALVET, the French beauty with the million-dollar chassis, wears a white sharkskin suit that hugs her curves like a second-skin. It highlights a single shoulder strap and dips to a deep "v" in the back. With the suit, the star of "My Friend Irma Goes West" teams an over-skirt of pleated sharkskin.

For the young woman with beautiful shoulders, the strapless suit is tops. For the woman with a flat tummy, the two-piece outfit is ideal. And for the damsel with generous hips, a suit with a flared skirt is recommended.

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SHOW PEOPLE

"THERE'RE NO PEOPLE LIKE SHOW PEOPLE"

Don't judge the Hollywood stars by the roles they play on the screen.

EVE ARDEN probably ranks as film-dom's top portrayal of caustic femmes, but she's quite the opposite in real life . . . For proof, we cite this bygone incident:

When the comedienne starred on Broadway a few years ago in "Let's Face It," her understudy was an ambitious lass named Carol Channing. Week after week Carol waited patiently—always ready to go on if Eve should become ill. But the star had an iron constitution and didn't miss a single night for over a year. Then one evening she telephoned the theater and moaned into the mouthpiece that she was sick. Miss Channing went on instead, scored a hit and immediately found herself launched on a career as a nightclub entertainer in Gotham's better cafes.

Recently, the two actresses arrived on the Paramount sound stages to emote in the LIZABETH SCOTT-BOB CUMMINGS-DIANA LYNN movie, "Paid in Full." Between scenes Eve unintentionally

revealed what Carol had long suspected . . . She hadn't really been sick on that eventful night back in New York town. She had merely "played sick" so Carol could realize her dream of starring in a Broadway show . . . Well, Eve's faith in the young girl has been repaid, for today Carol is the star of the sensational Broadway hit, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Yep, as Irving Berlin says in his song, "There're No People Like Show People."

DOTS AND DATA . . .

Tough-guy ALAN LADD uses the same freak rifle-revolver which shot him to fame in "This Gun for Hire" during highlight scenes of his new venture, "Captain Carey, U.S.A." . . . While BING CROSBY was on the East Coast for the premiere of "Riding High" early this month, he was made an honorary colonel of Randolph Macon Military Academy at Front Royal, Virginia. Now it's Colonel Crosby, if you please.

✓Drunken driver's alibi: "I didn't know I was loaded."

✓Describing his prefabricated house, Victor Moore said: "The living room fits me too snug around the hips."

BLOW THAT HORN . . . FOR A NEW STAR IS BORN

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WILBUR CLARK AND ASSOCIATES
AND THEIR "NEW BABY"**

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DESERT INN

UNITED ELECTRIC COMPANY

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AND

ASSOCIATES



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way.
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Bishop Philip Empey, 1219 Pittman
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SECOND WARD, Eighth and Linden.
Bishop Johnson E. White, 529 North
10th.

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Bishop Thomas L. Adams, 210 South
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you as to hour of service.

**Good Luck
WILBUR!**



**ROSCOE
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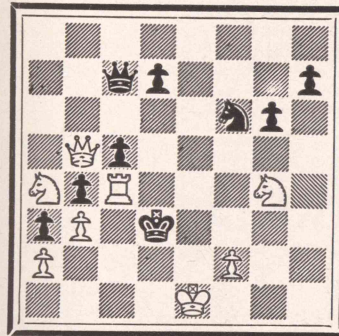
**BEST WISHES
TO
WILBUR
CLARK**



**MERRIEL
ABBOTT
DANCERS**
PALMER HOUSE CHICAGO, ILL.

CHESS » » »

PROBLEM NO. 48
Black 9



White 8
White mates in two.

Solution to problem No. 47: R-Q8.

KING'S INDIAN DEFENSE

Solana	Levin	19-B-Q6	P-KN4
CC	UCLA	20-PxP	NxP
White	Black	21-N-B5	B-N5
		22-R-Q3	QR-Q
1-P-Q4	N-KB3	23-Q-Q2	P-N3
2-P-QB4	P-KN3	24-N-R6	R-K3
3-N-QB3	B-N2	25-P-B5	Q-N3
4-P-K4	P-Q3	26-N-B7	R-B3
5-N-B3	O-O	27-B-K7	N-B6ch
6-P-KN3	QN-Q2	28-BxN	RxR
7-B-N2	P-K4	29-QxR	RxB
8-O-O	R-K	30-Q-Q8ch	K-R2
9-PxP	NxP(4)	31-R-K	P-B3
10-NxN	PxN	32-Q-Q2	Q-R4
11-Q-B2	P-QB3	33-PxP	PxP
12-R-Q	Q-K2	34-Q-Q8	Q-R6
13-P-KR3	B-K3	35-N-K8	R-B4
14-P-N3	P-KR3	36-NxPch	RxN
15-B-K3	N-R2	37-R-K3	B-B6
16-N-R4	N-N4	38-RxB	RxR
17-P-R4	N-R2	39-QxP	R-Q6
18-B-B5	Q-B3	Resigns	

**QUEEN'S PAWN TCHIGORIN
DEFENSE**

Waronzo	Martin	13-P-QB4	P-Q5
White	Black	14-PxP	P-K5
1-P-Q4	P-Q4	15-N-K1	NxP
2-N-KB3	N-QB3	16-QxP	N(2)-B3
3-B-B4	B-B4	17-N-N3	N-K7ch
4-P-QB3	P-K3	18-K-R1	Q-B3
5-P-K3	B-Q3	19-N-B2	QR-N1
6-B-Q3	Q-B3	20-Q-Q7	N-K4
7-KBxB	QxB	21-Q-Q2	N-B5
8-BxB	PxB	22-N(2)-Q4	KR-Q1
9-Q-N3	KN-K2	23-QR-K1	NxBP
10-QN-Q2	O-O	24-Q-B3	QR-B1
11-Q-Q	P-K4	25-Q-N3	N-Q3
12-PxP	P-K5	26-P-B3	R-K1

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



GOOD LUCK



LANNY ROSS

BEST ALWAYS
TO
WILBUR CLARK'S

DESERT INN

AND ASSOCIATES

TUTOR SCHERER

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 43)

eating "apple pie" . . . We were sorry to learn that ART SCHELLANG'S brother is critically ill on the Coast. Art, co-owner of the Lucky Las Vegas Club and Frontier Club, is a mighty worried man, and is commuting between Las Vegas and Los Angeles practically every other day. It's a treat to see such rare devotion between two brothers. We sincerely wish Art's brother a speedy recovery . . . JACK DENNISON, the matire d' at the Flamingo Hotel, seems to be strutting like a peacock since the Flamingo Room was re-beautified. Those of you who have been there know what we mean; the others still have a treat in store for them. The rug that is being laid at this writing took a year to make and has a special design. Each square consists of a "Howdy Podner Cowboy", a "slot machine", a "Roulette Wheel" and a "Flamingo Bird" motif that was hand woven into the rug in multi-color schemes. What a clever idea . . . MILDRED BENAJAM liked our town so much, she came back for another cure . . . Not to be outdone by any of our hotels on the "Strip", MILTON PRELL, owner of the Club Bingo, will start an extensive remodeling program of his Casino, sometime this week. We must concede one thing. In all our tours and travels, never have we seen more gorgeous and elaborate dining rooms, clubs, etc. as our town has to offer its natives and visitors . . . At the rate our town is progressing, HIGHWAY 91 will not be known as the "Strip", but "HOTEL ROW", and we do mean "row". Another outfit is negotiating now for the property between the Thunderbird Hotel and the Desert Spa. Asking price is \$150,000, and it looks like a deal. More about this in our next issue . . . BING CROSBY'S four sons have a full summer ahead of them while their father is in Europe. They will wind up the current school year and then head for the Crosby Ranch at Elko, Nevada with Dixie Lee, their mother. The months of June, July and August will be spent haying, with the lads working as ranch hands at regular pay and no special favors accorded them. Oh yes, while Bing was on the East Coast for the premier of "Riding High" early this month, he was made an honorary Colonel of Randolph Macon Military Academy at Front Royal, Virginia. So now, it's "Col. Crosby", if you please. . . . Your eyes are not playing you any tricks when watching the ADORABLES, because there is a set of identical twins in the line and their names are JEAN AND JOAN COR-

BETT, 5 ft. 11 in., of femininity. . . . Please don't miss CELEBRITY CAVALCADE, a show presenting a galaxy of world famous entertainment stars of stage, screen and radio, who are donating their talents through the courtesy of the Hotels on the "Strip". This affair is sponsored by the Disabled American Veterans of Chapter Eleven in Las Vegas, and the proceeds will be used for the rehabilitation and welfare of all local disabled veterans and their dependents. Ducats can now be obtained at popular prices at the Air Base and from local veterans. This huge benefit affair will be presented Friday, April 28th, at 9:15 p.m., in the War Memorial Building. So, let's all be there to give these boys a helping hand. They certainly gave us a lift when we needed it, and THAT'S FOR SURE.

JOHN RYKEN:

(Continued from Page 15)

No," "The Old Piano Roll Blues," "Spain," "Down on San Francisco Bay."

So with the above named and the current Dixieland craze the ballad department is lost in the shuffle although there are scores of ballads being released and superior ones, too. Thus, maybe one out of 50 will make the grade. That's the music business for you. You'll never know what the public will like next.

Records of the Week

"Hoop-De-Doo," Kay Starr on Capitol and Perry Como on Victor. Both are top notch.

"Roses," Sons of the Pioneers, and Sammy Kaye, both on Victor. Outstanding tune written by the Spencer Brothers of the Pioneers.

"Juke Box Annie," Sammy Kaye orchestra with Eddie Cantor and Lisa Kirk on Victor.

"Moonglow," with Phil Moore and the orchestra on Discovery, fine piano work by a gent who knows orchestrating as few else do.

That is the news from Front Row Center for this week. —J. R.

**THINK, TALK AND
LIVE AMERICAN
"LUCKY"
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Downtown Las Vegas

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CALIFORNIA

BEST OF EVERYTHING TO
WILBUR CLARK'S

Desert Inn

AND ASSOCIATES

SARRET OFFICE EQUIPMENT

MR. RHYTHM:

(Continued from Page 41)

other he traveled, returning a year later to the world famous Cocanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles in July of 1948, very much a thrilled man. Frankie still couldn't believe that the public had accepted him after the year after year of struggle. The self-preservation to exist. It was just after all Hollywood had applauded him encore after encore that he wanted someone to "pinch him" just to make sure he wasn't dreaming.

After a very successful engagement at the Ambassador Hotel, Frankie headed for Vancouver, B. C., and then to the Fairmount Hotel in San Francisco. From there he headed east again, after a month's vacation in October, the first in 17 years. He returned to the Paramount Theater in New York City November, 1948, and then returned to Los Angeles in time for Christmas with his family.

He still believes in traveling, and for the next couple months will play engagements from coast to coast, and after that embark on a tour through the United States and Canada.

Frankie's going to keep right on singing in his own original fashion, and will undoubtedly remain an "unassuming

guy" in his own original fashion. He's certainly reached the top in what could hardly be referred to as anything but an original fashion. His latest album for Mercury was appropriately named. It's called "Frankie Laine Sings."

THE OLD TIMER

(Continued from Page 25)

but when you have all these attributes combined in one man, as they are in Wilbur Clark, it is an inevitable conclusion that the product of this fusion will be as if spiritualistic ectoplasm has been transformed into a solidified object such as the Wilbur Clark Desert Inn.

Hollywood Gimmicks:

(Continued from Page 11)

the much publicized way of life in Hollywood? . . . BILL HOLDEN and his family live in suburban Toluca Lake where Bill belongs to the Parent-Teachers Association and takes an active role in community doings. "And what's so unusual about that?" queries the star of "Sunset Boulevard." "Because I'm an actor, should I take less interest in my family or my community?" . . . There it is—the other side of life in Hollywood—the side that never hits the front pages because it's the routine of any average citizen.

SHOOT - SHOOT

LATEST IN .22's - CASH PRIZES

300 ANTIQUE GUNS ON DISPLAY

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Hotel
LAST FRONTIER

And the Wonderful People of Las Vegas for
18 Wonderful Weeks in Your Fabulous City!



"WE'LL MEET AGAIN"

RUSS BYRD

NORTH VEGAS

(Continued from Page 27)

private transportation system between here and Los Angeles for each of the AL WHITE DANCERS on their days off but NO MORE! George married the very lovely IRENE SOKOL last Tuesday a week (April 11). Although a bit late, we extend our most sincere congratulations and also add our wish that your new found happiness might last on into eternity . . . We hold out the hand of welcome to MISS DOLLY DEE, who comes to Hotel Last Frontier to assist Al White in the direction of his line of girls. On second thought, let's hold out the ARMS of welcome to Dolly. WOW! . . . The BAR of MUSIC held its opening last Monday night (April 17) and what a buffet spread they had for their first nighters. WAY-MAN RHODES is the new chef here, and from what JOHNNY KNUEHMAN tells us, the rounders will be able to find real bargains on the menu that they are lining up. Co-owner PAULA DE ROCCO is about the best looking bartender we ever hope to see behind any bar, or in FRONT of one for that matter . . . GOOD LUCK, kids! . . . Most of you rounders know KING BOW, a shill at the El Rancho Vegas, but some of you may not know that he is the father of the "IT" girl of some time back, MISS CLARA BOW. Thursday, April 13, Mr. Bow celebrated his 75th birthday, and do you want to know how? He contributed that day's wages to the Red Cross Fund! "KING BOW" as he is known to his friends, and we are proud to be among them! Robert Bow is a KING!

Man, I gotta get up and walk around a bit! My hip knuckles are numb from sittin' here for so long . . . aisle sia necks weak!
—JOHNNY.

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

Second and Third streets. All the next summer Mrs. Park and Delphine and two or three other members of the Mesquite Club dragged garden hose up and down the streets to water those trees and keep them alive. On some of those streets the cottonwood trees then planted still form arches of green shade over the streets. The pleasure and comfort they brought to us in those days when our houses stood without any shelter in the burning summer heat, is beyond understanding. We started lawns and planted roses—now I say that Las Vegas with its bowers of roses and spreading lawns and gardens of brilliant flowers is really a beautiful residential city.

All of which brings us back again to the great resort hotels of Las Vegas with their perfectly charming and beautiful lawns and shade trees and flower gardens—lovely enough to appeal even to those tourists from California, the Land of Flowers.

Just a week or so ago, I noticed them scraping off the brush and leveling the land about Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn. I felt sorry that they had not started their lawn-making sooner so that there would be at least a little greenery about this great hotel when it opens. Then going past there again early this week—I could hardly imagine such a transformation!

There were spreading acres of smooth, green lawns, the grass already long enough for the cutting. And there were great gray-green olive trees growing as contentedly as if in their native Italy, and oleanders and shrubs of every kind including rose bushes which soon will be blooming.

It really is wonderful what modern gardening methods can accomplish. By the way, I noticed something particularly charming in the massed roses all of the same variety in front of Hotel Last Frontier. There are hundreds of red roses of one particular variety blooming like the pattern of a Persian carpet. To me an unusual development in rose-gardening.

Yes, our early experience with lawns and trees and flowers in Las Vegas came the hard and uncertain way. But modern skill in gardening and landscaping have added much to the beauty to this Land of Enchantment.

ALEX HENIG:

(Continued from Page 29)

derful family hail from New York City. Speaking of the Las Vegas Club race horse book, we must let you know of two good men, Charlie Boua and Frenchy Laudumiey, both capable ticket writers . . . We hear that the most popular bus boy is Nick "Shorty" Rosetti, at the Thunderbird Hotel. He's a hard worker and is liked by all . . . Seen having fun at the Hotel Last Frontier, Louis and Gertrude Du Bois who own the restaurant out at the Las Vegas Air Base. Wife Gertrude is a real native—she's been here for 18 years.

**THINK, TALK AND
LIVE AMERICAN**

"LUCKY"

LAS VEGAS CLUB

Downtown

Las Vegas

THE STAFF OF

FABULOUS

LAS VEGAS

SALUTES

WILBUR CLARK'S

"ILLUSTRIOUS"

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INN

AND ASSOCIATES

»» NOW APPEARING ««

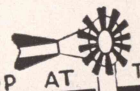
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EDGAR BERGEN

WITH

CHARLIE Mc CARTHY



VIVIAN BLAINE



PAT PATRICK

AS

"ERCIL TWING"



LES CHARLIVELS



DONN ARDEN DANCERS

RAY NOBLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA



Come As You Are

