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(Story on Page 9)

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 2, NO. 22

1600 South Main St.—Phone 4922

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CHESS, BY FRED SOLY

DOWN FREMONT STREET, BY JOHNNY

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Jack Cortez' FABULOUS LAS VEGAS
HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 2 SEPTEMBER 16, 1950 NUMBER 22

OBSERVATIONS . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

BIG TOWN STUFF

IT WAS 45 years just now that the sickly little town of Las Vegas, Nevada, enjoyed its first big dose of stimulant—really had a party in fact.

Hatching out of the shell on May 15, 1905, when the Las Vegas Land & Water Company (subsidiary of our new railroad), auctioned the town lots, the little town came to life in the midst of heat and dust and flies. Most of those brave souls who had bought lots, changed their minds about wanting to pioneer this desert, and deserted. They tried to sell their lots but could not because noobdy wanted to buy into this mess of grief. For those of us who remained the summer had been one long struggle with old man trouble, not the least of said troubles was the failure of some of our seemingly most prosperous business house, all of which were selling plenty of merchandise but collecting very little money.

Crowell & Allott, leading grocery house of Las Vegas, failed. Borax Smith, who had started to build a railroad from Las Vegas to the borax mines in Death Valley and had graded the road from Las Vegas as far as Tule Springs, had a row with the Clark railroad, pulled off his gang and quit. The railroad (Las Vegas Land & Water Company), was just getting around to build its water system from the Las Vegas Springs to town (wooden mains, wrapped with wire), but we still, after four months, had to get our water for domestic use by dipping it out of the creek in buckets. The promise of the company to grade and oil some seven miles of Las Vegas streets was just being carried out. The great piles of dirt scraped off the streets in process of grading were dumped on vacant lots all over town, making the very bad plague of flying dust which we had suffered all summer, still more intolerable. The Lincoln County Bank (the only bank surviving except the First State Bank, now First National), gave up the ghost and closed. As if all those things were not enough to worry the few of us who stuck with Las Vegas so far, the latter part of August and the first week in September were hotter than usual—from 105 to 112 every day.

So, when it was rumored that an Aerie of Eagles, a fraternal organization, would be organized in Las Vegas, we chirked up a bit. Up to that time there had not been much fraternity in Las Vegas—dog eat dog had been the accepted practice—and when Con Ahearn, a high official of the Eagles organization, approved the proposal to establish an Aerie in Las Vegas, everybody thought it might help some.

Practically the whole town got behind the movement and something like 60 applicants signed up. The preliminaries were worked out and Con came down and duly instituted Las Vegas Aerie 1213 Fraternal Order of Eagles. By the way, one unhappy note in the proceedings was the loss by Con of a valuable diamond-set watch chain, for the return of which he offered a reward of $25 without, so far as I can remember, any result.

Our hopes that the Eagles might put new life into Las Vegas were fully justified. The Aerie became the center for all social activities, especially among the men and every civic movement was first discussed by the Eagles and then, if approved, the whole town got behind it.

(Continued on Page 33)

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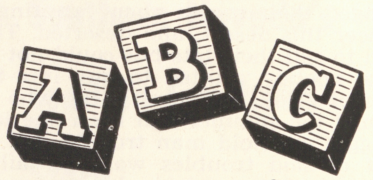

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VERSE . . .

. . . by **TUTOR SCHERER**
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I love to deal my craps
To the wise guys and the saps
But I'm a player, too
For me it's nothing new
To get an urge to play
And oftimes lose my hay
Then I'll deal my games again
And if the suckers chance to win
As they do when the dice get hot
Sometimes triple what they've got
There's not a thing that I can do
But stand around until they're through
Then I count their winning pile
And I pay off with a smile
Put my chips back in the rack
Try to grind my losings back.

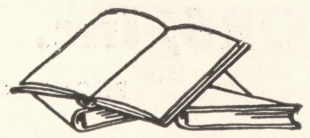


THE NURSERY

High on a hill top
The fairy queen lives
With beautiful thoughts
And love which she gives
Children who sleep
Then rise on the morrow
With gay little hearts
Free from all sorrow.

A FREE HEART

He who lives life smoothly with a heart that's free
Is like a floating gull upon a placid sea.



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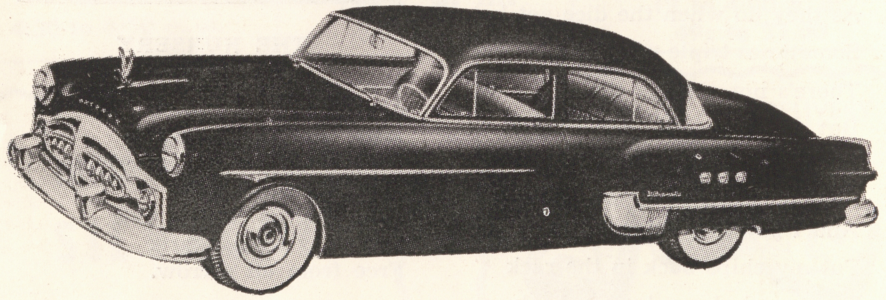

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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

. . by JACK CORTEZ

On the front cover is MORREY BRODSKY, general manager of the CAL-NEVA enterprises, taking the "LOYALTY OATH." Reno's Justice of the Peace LAURENCE LEHMAN left his marryin' duties to do the honors. "SIGN, OR GET OUT," Brodsky informed his 105 pit bosses, dealers, waitresses and janitors employed at the club. The gambling executive, who hates communism with a vengeance, explained, "That's not much to ask of any American." He hopes the Loyalty Oath fever will sweep through every business and professional establishment in the nation. Meanwhile, the idea is spreading rapidly throughout the business district of the "Biggest Little City in the World." Employers and their employes alike are taking the oath "I AM NOT A COMMUNIST."

"FABULOUS LAS VEGAS," our magazine, is primarily devoted to and for entertainment as well as local and visiting personalities. We dislike delving into politics, but there are times when we will deviate, therefore this story.

The problem confronting us today is a challenge to all Americans—young or old.

We'd like to believe as many of you would, that all who live and enjoy our American way of life are "TRUE BLUE." Unfortunately, it isn't so, and we know that. We feel that those who would refuse to take an oath of allegiance to our country—well, it should be something for our Government officials to decide upon and what to do.

A news commentator recently said via radio, "The French Government issued a proclamation, warning ALL communists to get out of the country within 24 hours or suffer the consequences." We hope our Government will react the same way. Those who believe and are followers of communism are definitely our mortal enemy, and should be turned out.

Why do we tolerate these lovers of ISMS? Our FBI and secret service agents know many of them, keep close tabs as to what they do and where they go. We recall certain incidents that occurred not too many years ago. Communists would boast about their beliefs and make speeches from soap boxes. Those radical exhibitions caused us to wonder why they were allowed to talk as they did. An officer of the law, told us at that time, as long as the speaker had the American Flag in view he was allowed the constitutional rights of free speech. A great American privilege abused by these rebel mongers, who inwardly would laugh at what they can say and get away with.

There are communists in every walk of life who always ridicule our American way, but still take advantage and enjoy our great freedom. Let's smoke them out and ship 'em to their monster dictator Joseph Stalin in Red Russia.

The current drive "CRUSADE FOR FREEDOM" is similar to the "Loyalty Oath." Let us give both crusades our whole-hearted support and help drive communism and all it represents from our glorious LAND OF LIBERTY—that's for sure.

SHOW business, one of the most intricate and fascinating businesses of them all, has a fate all its own. For some it's "heartbreak," and for others, that lucky break—the chance to fill in and perhaps achieve sudden success. Such was the case of GLORIA DE HAVEN. Last Saturday night, between the first and second shows, this lovely screen star, who was headlining the revue at the DESERT INN, received a wire stating that her mother had died of a heart attack. Miss De Haven, as expected, greatly grieved, was unable to go on and took a plane to Los Angeles immediately. A visiting personality, staying at the hotel, stepped in with only a 10-minute rehearsal with the orchestra, and stopped the show cold. He is Mexico's newest singing star PACO, a handsome 21-year-old youngster who was "around" at the RIGHT TIME. We predict a brilliant future for this songster from Mexico Way, who was looking for such a break in our country, and the chance to show what he could do. Because of the unfortunate incident that occurred to Gloria De Haven, Paco, who could have been the understudy, stepped in and, in an echo of a song, became a STAR.

SANTIAGO REACHI, Mexico's No. 1 motion picture producer, was staying at the Desert Inn at that time, heard and saw what the boy could do and offered him a starring part in a film he's contemplating doing. The management of the Desert Inn know a good thing and signed Paco to headline an all Spanish Revue in November, plus the many other great breaks that will come his way now. Such is show business. A singing star the country will know and hear about very soon, was born overnight in "fabulous" Las Vegas. . . . THE LANDIS-MORO SCHOOL OF

(Continued on Page 21)

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

TRACK TALK

. . . by JOCKEY, JR.

THAT 480-acre expanse of desert just off Paradise Valley road is beginning to look more like a race track every day. A lot of people who, several months ago, didn't think Las Vegas Park track would be completed, apparently forgot that anything can happen in "fabulous" Las Vegas.

The race track has gone ahead steadily ever since it started late last year, and is still going ahead. Stables, employees' cafeteria, harness and plater's shops, garages, and other such construction is practically 100 per cent complete.

The grandstand and club house foundations are also completed and the magnificent superstructure will soon be seen arising over the skyline.

Joseph M. Smoot, president of the Las Vegas Thoroughbred Association, builder of the track, is the nation's leading race track impresario. His vision brought forth such famous plants as Hialeah, Gulfstream and Santa Anita, and is now bringing into being the nation's newest track, Las Vegas Park.

He has announced it will be ready for the opening meeting by next March, and since the announcement, applications for stable space have been arriving by telephone and telegram in increasing numbers.

Stock sales, which have always been steady, are continuing, glamorized at intervals with purchases by show people, including Romo Vincent, Ercil Twing, Brenda Marshall, Bill Holden and others.

Making it a really western operation, Smoot has announced that the first event of each day's program will be a quarter horse race, to appeal to the large fraternity of quarter horse enthusiasts in Nevada and the surrounding states.

When it is completed, a tremendous amount of just ordinary individuals will own Las Vegas Park. Smoot wanted to make it truly a horse players' track, so he arranged for the stock to be made available in small amounts within reach of the "little guy's" pocketbook, on the basis that everyone would like to own a piece of a race track.

The light in Joe Smoot's eyes grows brighter every day as his vision of a horse players' track is transformed into steel and concrete as he looks across the desert from his office at the Las Vegas Thoroughbred Association on Highway 91 at Las Vegas Parkway.

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A PLEASURE
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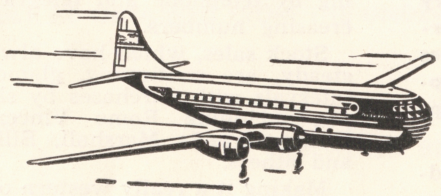
EL RANCHO VEGAS



Sincerely,

Rudy Vallee



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THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

WELL, the axe has fallen, so to speak. For the past eight months and three motion pictures, your "Old Timer" has sported a beard. Not one of those fancy or well-trimmed ones, but simply an uncut, untrimmed, unsightly full-grown 1867 western tonsorial adornment. A semi-permanent Helldorado "beaver." Everybody, including me, figured I was stuck with it for good, on account of the fact that in pictures they "type" you and inasmuch as I made my debut in whiskers, I was "whisker type." Lo and behold, I received a phone call from my twin Svengalis, Lew and Jerry (my agents), stating that the next picture would be "bare faced" and that I could cut off the appendage.

That night I happened to mention the forthcoming operation to Ken Frogley, maestro of the Desert Sea News Bureau, and what happened? Immediately the wheels started turning in that inventive mind of his. At the same time he extracted a promise that I wouldn't remove it until two days later because he had a swell idea on how to use it for a Las Vegas publicity deal. I asked him what it was and he evaded the question by stating that he didn't want to tell me until he was ready to put the stunt into action. Frankly, I don't think he had an idea of how to use the beard when he said that, but you know Ken. As far as he is concerned, everything in Las Vegas has a potential news value that will bring publicity to our town. It doesn't matter if it's a barefoot boy with a rag wrapped around a stubbed toe, or a well-known figure. All Ken has to do is to find the way to form it into a presentable manner so as to get national coverage with the story (and pictures).

Just to show what I mean, one evening I met him in a market. Pat, his wife, had asked him to pick up some vegetables for dinner on his way home. I saw him standing, looking off into thin air. "Day dreaming?" sez I. "No," sez he, "just trying to figure out what Pat told me to buy." "You'll remember," sez I, as I went about to buy some potatoes before I forgot what Maw sent me for. After I got them I had to pass Ken on the way out. He was just standing, looking at a stack of melons under a water spray playing over it on one of the racks. Now to you and me, they would be just what they were, a stack of melons. But not to Ken's analytical mind. No, sir! "Pat want melons?" sez I. "No," sez Ken. "See a bug?" sez I. Then he started a conversation that was mostly one-sided, with Ken giving both the questions and answers. As near as I can remember it ran something like this. "There must be some way to make a national story out of that pile of melons. How about a beautiful girl—in a bathing suit, seated on top, with the water spray playing water over her head as well as the melons?—no, that woludn't do! How about six girls in bathing suits, lying on the floor, in a circle, with their feet touching the melons—or better still, have them in that position with their legs in the air, balancing one of the melons on their colective toes?—no, that wouldn't do, the melons weren't grown in Las Vegas—What kind of melons are they—I know, they're Casabas—what else do they call Casabas?" I only had time to shrug my shoulders, when he continued with an enlighting gleam in his eyes, "The sportswriters call a basketball a Casaba—Basketball could be played in a swimming pool with two teams of beautiful girls—the baskets could be nailed onto the diving board at one end of the pool, and to a standard at the other end—Bob and Thelma Loden could paint a basketball to look so much like a Casaba melon that even the vine wouldn't know the



(Continued on page 34)

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Heigh-Ho . . . by Rudy Vallee

THE GRAPEFRUIT STORY

PEOPLE with long memories, and people who believe that nearly everything they read that is theatrically fantastic, flamboyant, or unreal, is usually publicity.

The ask me "What was the story behind the grapefruit episode in Boston?" For the benefit of those of you who may be wondering what I'm talking about: Incident occurred about 10:30 in the evening, January of 1930. An entertainer stood on the stage of the METROPOLITAN THEATER in Boston playing the tune of "OH GIVE ME SOMETHING TO REMEMBER YOU BY" on the saxophone. He sang a chorus, and then returned to the playing of the melody on the saxophone, when a large grapefruit whistled through the air.

It was no publicity stunt, and any person who has a mind that not only thinks but follows through from cause to effect, from action to results would realize why it couldn't have been a publicity stunt, because the individual who was playing the saxophone and singing "Oh, Give Me Something to Remember You By" was **yours truly.** The band and I were in our fifth show on the stage of the Metropolitan Theater. I had just finished singing a chorus of that song, when I heard the terrific and dissonant crash of a cymbal. I knew it must be the drummer of my band ,and knowing him to be a very temperamental individual, 6 feet, 7 inches tall, wearing a size 14 shoe, a man who never believed in the simplicity of music as I presented it (even though he'd seen the fruits and rewards which came to us for our straight and simple style of performance), I could only assume that he had lost his temper and had taken a vicious swing at the cymbal.

It was our final number of the fifth show, opening day, as I said previously and as the curtains were brought together by the two men who always bring them together, I turned to go back to rebuke the drummer, but he came toward me holding in his hand a large grapefruit, almost cut in half. Instantly I sensed what had happened. It had been thrown from the audience, struck the cymbal with such force that it practically cut the grapefruit in half. The two men holding the curtain looked at me questioningly. The audience outside was in an uproar. They were yelling, applauding and whistling. Mostly, I think because they'd enjoyed the performance, partly because some had noticed the grapefruit and wanted to let us know that they wanted no part of such an action.

The men holding the curtains looked at me and very quietly I said, "Open up," and because I interpreted the throwing of the grapefruit as a reflection upon my performance, thinking that it was perhaps too callow, too mamby-pamby, too effete, I decided to give them a bit of virility, and I went into an impression of AL JOLSON. Oh yes, I used to do an impression of Al Jolson.

With all the gestures and mannerisms which had been taught me by Con Conrad who wrote "MARGIE," and who knew Jolson and every personal mannerism that Jolson used in a performance, I got down on my knee on the second chorus and did all the pleading that Jolson does. And, of course, the fact that I moved around as Jolson does wasn't bad either. Wasn't it W. C. FIELDS who said, "You can't hit a moving target?"

Nothing else came from the audience. We finished our show and the curtains came together with a finality. Of course, they rushed the boy out of the theater, because evidently a great many people had seen him stand up and throw the grapefruit, and I suppose in the minds of some people he seemed something of a hero, or a fellow with a good sense of humor. It seems laughable enough on the surface when you think of grapefruit. Who was it that said, "There's a thin line between tragedy and humor"? The grapefruit weighing at least one pound, gaining momentum coming through the air (it was thrown from the balcony), had it struck low on the sax that I was playing at the time, would have unquestionably broken all the teeth in my head. Had it struck the goose neck of the upper portion of the sax that goes into the mouth with a mouthpiece, it might have driven the sharp mouth piece right through the

(Continued on page 34)

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FRONT ROW CENTER

. . by JOHN RYKEN

NOW that the Labor Day holiday has come and gone the vacation season has been put in moth balls for another year. But the situation in the world today may prove serious enough to forestall another season like this one next year. Earlier in the year talk from the entertainment world was a lessening of the restrictive burden of the excise tax on night pleasures. In fact, the theaters, night clubs, dance halls and bars with small combos had all banded together to fight the continuance of the tax which was keeping the patrons away in droves. But now the government, which three months ago was in favor of a cut all along the line, has completely reversed itself and is promising heavier levies. In fact, everyone will be affected by the increases. But for the entertainment world there is some hope of recovery for the defense plants are once again active as is the war time regulations on installment buying. So the money that could be spent on hard goods undoubtedly will be channeled off into the night clubs and bars. The owners hope so.

An interesting item appeared in Billboard the other week to the effect that long shuttered Florentine Gardens in Hollywood was being taken over by the Hollywood Canteen. It was a preliminary move to have the machinery set up in case of an emergency. The Canteen still was on an inactive status.

Radio Lines

The fall line-up of radio programs with sponsors is pretty definite proof that radio is here to stay for a long while. With the war situation being what it is several sponsors who were set to go into TV have changed their minds and instead are pouring the coin into radio. The main reason shortages of commodities necessary for national defense. So, once again, the news commentators are earning big money for there is a demand for their services. Radio can bring spot news so rapidly that TV is lost in the shuffle, although the TV nets are doing yeoman work in getting films from the battle area and processed within three days. But everyone agrees that the radio nets will do their greatest business this fall, even with TV being such potent competition.

NBC has come up with an idea to combat the big audience that CBS enjoys with "Our Miss Brooks," "Jack Benny," "Amos and Andy." The NBC show is called "Your Dream Show"



and is an hour and half in length with roving artists appearing each week such as Bob Hope, Groucho Marx, Fibber McGee and Molly, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, Fran Warren, Don Cornell, Tallulah Bankhead, etc. The net stands to lose a lot of money each week but feels that if they can successfully make inroads into the CBS listening audience it will be worth it.

Radio Shorts

Camels picked up the tab on CBS Saturday football roundup paying off an experiment that was started two years ago.—Frank Graham, top free lance announcer in Hollywood, pulled the old switch by taking his life because of an implausible romance with a Hollywood beauty.—Don Otis, one of the oldest disk jockeys in Hollywood, making the transition to TV with fabulous results. His hour long TV show from the Palladium grabbed a sponsor after the first broadcast just on the merits of the broadcast.—Ciro's has once again brought in Johnny Grant to do a two-hour remote from the lobby six nights a week.—Now that the elections are over, the three local stations

(Continued on Page 31)

U.E.C.

"Let's Get United"

UNITED ELECTRIC COMPANY

1829 N. Main St. Ph. 1694

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

. . . by JACK CORTEZ



★ El Rancho Vegas

September 13 through 26

That ever popular and great song team, "MR. AND MRS. HARMONY OF SHOW BUSINESS," JON AND SONDRA STEELE, are the current headliners of this show in the ROUND-UP ROOM. They are definitely a treat and should be a **must** on your entertainment list for the entire family to see. Jon and Sondra are truly tops and deserve a **triple A** rating for excellent showmanship. This engagement marks their eighth consecutive appearance in our town and their popularity is greater than ever. The ovation they receive from fanfare to encore is thunderous. The way they kid each other and joke with the audience is something to behold. We could go on and on, but what's the use, there just aren't enough adjectives, or at least we can't find the right ones to fit Jon and Sondra Steele, whose **"Harmony** spells HAPPINESS" supreme . . . On the same bill is BOB WILLIAMS, a guy who works with

(Continued on page 32)

★ Hotel Last Frontier

September 8 through 22

Headlining this presentation in the RAMONA ROOM, and through the courtesy of JACK BENNY, are the SPORTSMEN, who introduce lots of "PERSONALITY IN HARMONY." These boys need very little introduction because of their amazing success with the JACK BENNY SHOW. Last Sunday we heard the radio program, and if the Sportsmen would add the MILITARY MARCH number to their show, the audience would never allow them off the stage. A special bouquet to these fellows for the great improvement they've shown in their act since appearing here two years ago . . . The other act on the bill is MARIO AND FLORIA, who do a great job in introducing their classical and popular ballroom technique. Their routines consist of not only popular and ballroom numbers, but such folk dances of Greece and Ireland, and our very own—but not folk dance—Charleston . . . The JEAN DEVLYN dancers skip through two routines that feature MARY STATZ. . . . For intermission music, it's that ever popular DON BAKER, offering organ interludes.

★ Flamingo Hotel

September 7 through 30
(Re-printed from last week's issue)

A rarity in the annals of booking by the management of the FLAMINGO HOTEL is the almost immediate return of America's daffiest, zaniest and unpredictable quartet, THE VAGABONDS with ROSE MARIE, extraordinary comedienne and song stylist. These three "RAVIOLIS and a PINEAPPLE," were asked to extend their engagement when they were here two weeks ago, but were unable to do so because of previous commitments to appear at LAKE TAHOE. To satisfy the many hundreds of patrons who frequent the FLAMINGO ROOM, they were signed up at the earliest date possible, which is now. Reservations are coming in constantly,

(Continued on page 32)

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

September 5 through 18

A star was born over-night when PACO, Mexico's newest singing sensation, stepped in at a minute's notice to headline the show in the PAINTED DESERT ROOM. Reason for this unexpected change was GLORIA DE HAVEN'S mother died and she had to close immediately. Paco was around at the **right time,** stepped in and now we venture to say, a most brilliant future and rosy outlook for this 21-year-old singer, who opened with a bang and is continuing to do the same for each and every show . . . On the same bill is NIP NELSON, a personable young fellow, formerly with the RADIO ROGUES. Nip does imitations of CLYDE McCOY, the HARMONICATS and many more outstanding celebrities in a highly entertaining manner . . . TONY MARKS, a sleight of hand expert, does miracles with thimbles, silk handkerchiefs, cigarets and cards. The climax of his act is when he produces from practically nowhere, a live and enormous rabbit. . . . THE SHERRILL SISTERS AND MOODY blend their voices and present Western and modern hit tunes of today. Moody, at the piano, takes a solo and plays lots of music on the keyboard . . . The ARDEN FLETCHER DANCERS, dressed in exquisite costumes, do two very lovely routines . . . JOHNNY MARTIN and his wonderful singing add much to snap the show along and keep it well paced as your m. c. and host . . . CARLETON HAYES and his orchestra do a great job as always, and make it easy for the acts to appear at their best.

★ Thunderbird Hotel

September 14 through 27
(Not a review)

JOHNNY O'BRIEN, a guy who possesses a dry sense of humor, regales the audience with home-spun yarns, plays

(Continued on Page 33)

★ Club Bingo

September 9 through 18

Four crazy guys, who are as unpredictable as the climate in LOS ANGELES, are the current stars of the show in the BONANZA ROOM. They sing, clown, jump and truly live up to their name, the FOUR JOKERS. It's been a long time since we heard such hearty laughter emanate from the patrons. Many of their gags and skits are original and come fast and thick, and you've got to be on your toes every minute in order not to miss those punch lines. The walls of the Bonanza Room sure rock with the antics of these four jokers, and we are inclined to believe they won't be satisfied until the roof starts swaying . . . HELEN BOICE, for boisterous time, continues in her own inimitable way to entertain with her own tunes, something we guarantee you never heard before . . . EPPY PEARSON, the man who works harder than any two or three m.c.s, is your genial host and m. c. and gives his all to please the many patrons who frequent the Bonanza Room . . . MIKE WERNER and his DIXIELANDERS do a great job for the show and continue on for dancing until the wee hours.

★ Golden Slipper

HANK HENRY, a burlesque comedian, is the m. c. of the shows presented at the "old" new gay '90s stage. JOE ANN MALONE, his charming redhead wife, takes an active part in the fadeout skits. Very lovely NORMA HUGHES sings ballads of yesteryear, the way you love to hear them. GERRY KNOX is the blonde gal with the throaty voice, singing the old timers such as "Some of These Days," "Bicycle for Two," and other nostalgic tunes. THE GOLDEN SLIPPER QUARTET headed by JAMES CAVANAUGH, mustache and all, sing the songs you expect to hear from a BARBER SHOP foursome, all done in grand style . . . THE TURK-MURPHY band play real Dixieland music, loud and good, the

(Continued on page 33)

QUOTATIONS ON ALL SPORTING EVENTS

ELDORADO

SPORTS SERVICE

128 FREMONT STREET

(In Downtown Las Vegas)

AL ABRAMS AND HYMIE MILLER

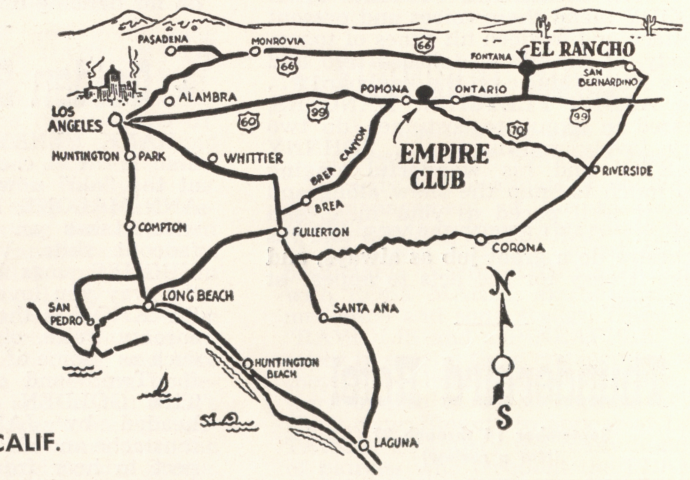
CALL COLLECT
PHONE 9876

LOCAL PHONE
NO. 5787

WHEN IN CALIFORNIA . . . VISIT THE FINEST

THE EMPIRE CLUB

POMONA, CALIFORNIA



Open
Every Day
from 1 p. m.
'til — ? ?

CECIL LYNCH
YOUR HOST

½ Mile East on
Hiway 99

IN FONTANA, CALIF.
IT'S THE

EL RANCHO CLUB

Hiway 66

GENE LYNCH
YOUR HOST

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

DANCING started their Fall season last week, with studios located in the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. They're quite elated because of the many who are enrolling. Teachers are NANCY WILLIAMS, specializing in tap, Spanish and ballroom classics; DOLORES FRAZZINI, ballet and toe, and ANN SWEENEY as the ladies' physical culture tutor. Wtih such talent, we're almost tempted to enroll (private class). . . . Belated congratulations to BOB PHILLIPS and FRANKIE SCOTT, who were married at the LITTLE CHURCH OF THE WEST August 29. Bob is a deputy at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER and Frankie, a cocktail waitress, graveyard shift in the GOLDEN SLIPPER SALOON. JIMMY BOOKER did the honors as best man, and LAREA RYAN, matron of honor . . . Sunday, September 10th, GEORGE COREY bought a partnership in CHRIS' STEAK HOUSE on South First street. Many natives may remember that George originally started in this spot during World War II and had the customers waiting in line for hours because of his reputation for serving the finest food. We are hoping the same happens again and our sincere congratulations to both gentlement, and what appears to be an unbeatable partnership . . . Too bad about the BOWERY on the "Strip," shuttering their doors last Monday a. m. FRANKIE and JERRY tried to make a go of it, but— . . . THE 4 VAGABONDS and the team CONDON & BRANDOW, currently appearing at the FLAMINGO HOTEL certainly play lots of music, but here's an interesting bit about them. None of them ever took a music lesson. It's almost impossible to believe, but nevertheless very true. In that case, the magnificent Flamingo stage would have been overrun with geniuses—and —while on the subject of the Vagabonds, we wish DOMINICK, a member of the "Vags," a very happy birthday (September 10)! . . . Did you know that GLENN HARRELL, dealer at the HOTEL EL RANCHO is known from coast to coast as "KID BUTTER TOAST"? We don't know reason for the reputation, perhaps the "Kid" (?) can tell you . . . Last Monday, September 11, the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER threw a heck of a shindig for the employees of all the hotels on the "Strip." The affair took place at the COVERED WAGON CIRCLE between 11 p. m. and 3 a. m.— **four** hours of funfare. There was a campfire, wienie roast, beer, lots of cowboy music and singing such as seen only in Western film extravaganzas. If the management of the Frontier continues with such parties, **"Cupid"** will be a mighty busy little man. What romancing—oh yes, that natural orange moon was no backdrop . . . A wonderful friend of ours arrived in town the other ayem. It sure was good to hear how great JACK LA RUE was doing on his personal appearance tours. Jack just completed a most successful engagement at the PALACE THEATER IN NEW YORK, and before that, apjpeared in England for 12 months, known as the "MERCHANT OF MENACE," he pulls many a switch and surprises each audience with his comedy and sincere ways. Jack's kid sister, 21-year-old, Emily, is the other half of the act and possesses a magnificent voice. It won't surprise us if in the near future, the headliner in one of our hotels will be—JACK LA RUE & COMPANY . . . The other evening, while visiting the HOTEL EL RANCHO, we heard GUY LANDIS and PHIL GARD play a tune that sounded sensational. A couple sitting ringside, requested Guy to sing it and we sat in awe and listened. When the number was over, we called Guy and asked the name of it. He told us it was an original, by himself and Phil, with lyrics by TUTOR SCHERER. This song is truly a wonderful ballad, called "ON A SOUTH SEA ISLAND WITH YOU." We have a hunch it will find a spot on the "Hit Parade" before long. . . . TOM MAGOWAN, super salesman for STATION KENO, was asked by HAL BRAUDIS, of the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, to m. c. their stage shows while BARNEY RAWLINGS is on a much deserved vacation. He began his m. c. chores last Friday. Tom doesn't dance, nor sing, but certainly has super stage presentation. There's just one hitch in Mr. Magowan's busy schedule. How can he arrange the hours of the day and night to get at least four hours sleep, and spend some time with his lovely wife "FLOWER POT." That's the problem of the day in the Magowan household . . . We were shocked to learn that LARRY FISHER suffered a heart attack and was in the hospital for quite a spell because of it. Reason for the attack was seven abscessed teeth which were sadly neglected. At this writing, he is well on the road to recovery and recuperating at home. Mother and Dad are **Mr. and Mrs. Bert Fisher** of the Las Vegas Race Track Fishers . . . LISA ROSE, lovely dancer with the ARDEN-FLETCHER GROUP, is another gal who upsets the theory about chorus girls—"just good to look at." She is seriously contemplating going back to college to study dramatics or complete her course in psychology. If she continues with her psychology

(Continued on Page 23)

HELD OVER
FOR
12 MORE WEEKS

THANK YOU
LAS VEGAS
for making the past 12 so enjoyable!



Chuy Reyes

My sincerest gratitude to the entire personnel
of the FLAMINGO HOTEL for just being
themselves . . . wonderful!

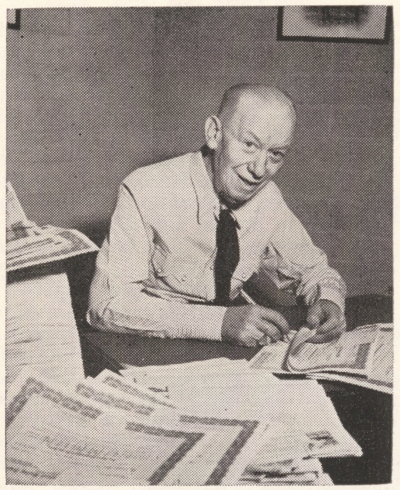
THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 21)

studies, Lisa will graduate in two years with a Master's Degree. However, the lure of the theater may sidetrack her into a course of dramatics, which may lead this lovely miss on to success on the legitimate stage. Whichever direction Lisa Rose follows, she's another member of a dancing group who has the combination of **beauty** and **brains** . . . Lovely LOUISE JAHNS, vocalist with husband's ork, received a six-week contract as the featured songstress in the "Wabash Avenue" production. Show opened Tuesday, September 12, in Frisco and a wire from Louise said "Superb audience reaction—entire revue big hit." Same notice was given when Wabash Avenue was presented at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, which GAYLE ROBBINS and HAL BRAUDIS produced and directed . . . Last Sunday, we attended a huge farewell party given for WILBUR and TONI CLARK, who are leaving for Europe on the luxury liner, QUEEN ELIZABETH. Hundreds of guests were there to bid this popular couple bon voyage. The Clarks left last Wednesday; first stop Chicago, then on to Washington and New York, before sailing on Thursday, September 21, for the Continent. A visit Mr. and Mrs. Clark will definitely make is the MONTE CARLO and perhaps compare some notes with that world famous gaming casino and their Desert Inn. Have fun, folks—see you back in about six weeks . . . AL SMITH, a roulette dealer at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, was literally crowned by his co-workers and pit boss, Mr. Freedman, last Wednesday night for establishing what they believed to be the world's record on throwing No. 11 six times out of seven rolls. Mr. Freedman said "In 30 years' experience in this business, I have never seen or heard anything like it." Although many were playing the wheel at the time, no one ventured a bet on that lucky number. . . . **We received letters department:** FREDDIE MARTIN, famous ork leader, currently in New York, was signed by Universal International for more "pics." . . . JACK SMART, network star, now in Hollywood to start on film debut, "THE FAT MAN," based on his popular radio show of the same name . . . MARK STEVENS, apologizing for not being able to pay us a visit this weekend as promised. Just signed to do the lead role in "PRISONER OF WAR," and has loads of script memorizing to do. "Business before pleasure" is his closing sentence . . . Our sincere congratulations to lovely DAPHNEY LUND and WELLS JOHNSON, to be married Friday, September 22, at the LDS TEMPLE in Salt Lake City. Daphney is MARC WILKINSON'S little "printer's devil," and the gal so instrumental in keeping the columns rolling . . . FRANK DE VOL, famous band leader, is offering a $1000 cash prize to anyone who can suggest a good tag-line for his orchestra. He cites an example such as "Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye," or Jan Garber's "Idol of the Airwaves." If you have any ideas to suit, send your suggestions to Frank De Vol, Capitol Records, Sunset and Vine streets, Hollywood, California, and perhaps a check for $1000 will come your way—a sum that would make any day **a sweet day.** Offer is good only until October 1. Better get started . . . FREDERICK PONS, sensational artist from California, is now operating a studio art gallery in our midst and specializes in portraits from life. In his studio on South Main street there are originals by well known artists, such as desert scenes, seascapes, landscapes and still life. Reports from art enthusiasts who visited the studio say — it should be a **must** for all to visit and see. . . . It will either be this month or October before the film "WELCOME TO PARIS" that stars VIC DAMONE will get under way. Meanwhile, Vic as well as MEL TORME are in constant touch with their draft boards. Both are eligible for military service and expect to be called momentarily . . . To LORRAINE BENSON HERBECK: We're very unhappy to hear about your illness. Everybody in our town loves and misses you and we sincerely hope this message will bring some cheer and help to put you on that "road to recovery" very, very soon. So what d'yu say, POKEY, let's get busy . . . Those lovely red shoes worn by the majority of the cocktail waitresses at the FLAMINGO HOTEL were bought at AL NISSELL'S Women's Sport's Wear Shop, formerly the J. Diamond Shoe Store. It certainly pays for Al to get around as he does, because the contacts he makes is a boon to business . . . Good luck to RAY HERBECK and his Music of Romance Ork, re-opening at the RIVERSIDE HOTEL in Reno, Nevada, September 21. He and his music makers did such a wonderful job that MERT WERTHEIMER, owner of the hotel, requested him back, and this time for an unlimited engagement. Ray would like to come back to Vegas at some not too distant date and start enjoying home life with his family, in their lovely home on Peyton Drive . . . We were very sorry to hear about the passing of LOU CLAYTON, although we knew his malady was incurable. Somehow,

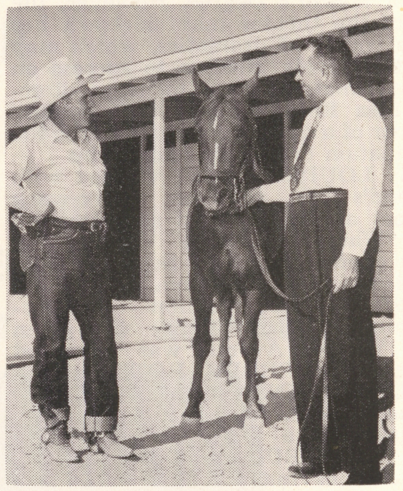
(Continued on page 34)

SIGN CERTIFICATES!



JOSEPH M. SMOOT, currently selling shares in the forthcoming Las Vegas Park race track venture, made the price small to attract average "little guy." Smoot wants it to be a horseplayers' track.

FIRST HORSE AT TRACK!



Simulating actual conditions at the track, ROY FLIPPEN brought out his thoroughbred Arabian "Zobe" to try out the barns for size. By next March hundreds are expected to be on the premises. At right is O. L. McKENNEY, Del Mar track official.



Racing commissioners J. KELL HOUSSELS, left, and ERNIE CRAGIN look over an early construction scene at Las Vegas Park track. Buildings shown in background are now completed.

Round the Clock with the Rounders

. . . by ALEX HENIG

HI, PODNERS! Downtown Fremont street made a few changes. this past week. The important one was when sportsmen Mel Exber and Eddie Moss moved their sports headquarters from the Eldorado Club to the Pioneer Club—just down the street. The spot vacated by Mel and Eddie was taken over by Al Abrams and Hymie Miller, well known throughout the West Coast. You can also find Harold Klein at Al and Hymie's sports department. Good luck, fellows!

The party given for Carnie and Tiny —Toni and Wilbur Clark—the other day, topped them all. Well over 250 well wishers for a wonderful European trip attended. The whole set-up was perfect. Plenty of every thing and, believe it or not, the hamburgers were made from filet mignon, plus cases of imported champagne. Hoping for the best and hurry back to Las Vegas! . . . Be sure and stop in for a cool one—drink, that is—with your old friends, Whitey Stortroen and Frank Donovan, corner of Fremont and Main, formerly the Talk o' Town and now the Chatterbox . . . Pop Connelly's brother Mike Bannas, internationally known as one of the straightest and fairest men in the gambling business, is visiting our fair town for a few weeks. A quick friendship between Mike and G. I. Joe Copeland, who is showing Pop's brother the town . . . That was Judge Frank McNamee giving a helping hand to a few old timers outside the county court house the other day. This isn't the first time we've heard about this sort of kindness . . . Creating a mild sensation these days at the Pioneer Club, is little Chris, the cocktail waitress. She's fast becoming a solid favorite with all. Assistant bar manager Jim Ryan is still hard to beat. Jimmy never has time to knock anyone, only has high praise for the crowd . . . Jim Corey and his Dad now own the famous Corey Restaurant outright. They bought it back and will still serve the best in foods, as always. Corner of Fourth street and Fremont is where they are located . . . For you rounders who care for the best in sports wear: Try Christensen's Men's Wear Shop. You can get the best for less at this spot. See what we mean, friends, and drop in at 316 Fremont street soon . . . By popular demand, Randy "Red" Robson was held over until further notice. The Broadway play has to be re-written and then our Randy will leave. Her roommate,



Dreamy Michaels, has cancelled her ad for a companion as well as a roommate. To be outspoken, we are happy that it turned out this way. Poor Dreamy was so-o-o-o-o upset . . . If anyone knows where one can get a French poodle, please drop us a line. It's a matter of one's forthcoming happiness—or is it? . . . Soon to return from Florida is Vickie Nolan, dear friend of the Marty Kutzens. Vickie was here not too long ago celebrating her friends' wedding anniversary. Marty wouldn't tell how many years he was married, but he did say he felt it was only yesterday that he got hitched . . . Just a reminder to those who read this column, that Pete "Soft Touch" Brady is still our bet for any Hollywood studio. If ever there was a sure bet for success—Brady is the man . . . While passing the Boulder Club, Ted Lawson, business agent for the Operating Engineers Union, waved hello. Ted is tops in this man's book. Also spotted Chester Blue, Apache bartender, hitting a jackpot at the Monte Carlo Club. Chet is on vacation and needs the spending money. Hit another one, pal, Fred Soly don't mind . . . May we say that "Queenie" sure looked good the other night, all dressed in white. We know she wanted everybody

(Continued on Page 33)

THE "LINDY'S" OF LAS VEGAS
CLUB
BINGO
HIWAY 91



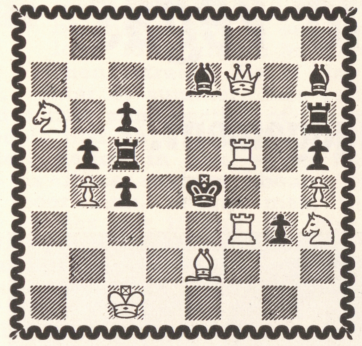
CHESS » » »

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



PROBLEM NO. 68

Black 10



White 9

White mates in two.

Solution to problem No. 67: B-B4.

SLAV DEFENSE

Dr. Schwartz	Martin	11—NxN	QXNch
White	Black	12—Q-K2	BxBch
1—P-Q4	P-Q4	13—KxB	Q-Q4ch
2—P-QB4	P-QB3	14—K-B2	O-O
3—N-KB3	N-KB3	15—NxBP4	N-R3
4—N-QB3	PxP	16—Q-Q2	Q-QB4
5—P-QR4	B-B4	17—K-N?	KR-Q1
6—N-K5	P-K3	18—Q-K1	N-N5
7—P-KB3	B-QN5	19—Q-K2?	Q-B4ch
8—P-K4?	BxKP!	20—K-QB1	N-Q6ch
9—PxB	NxP	21—Resigns	
10—B-Q7	QxP		

QUEEN'S PAWN GAME

Steven	Cockrell	10—O-O	BxN
White	Black	11—NxB	P-QR3
1—P-Q4	P-Q4	12—P-QR4	R-K1
2—P-QB4	P-K3	13—P-KB4	N-KN5?
3—N-QB3	N-KB3	14—BxPch!	K-R1
4—B-N5	QN-Q2	15—R-KB3	P-KN3?
5—P-K3	P-QB3	16—BxNP	K-N2
6—BPxP	BPxP	17—BxKBP!	R-R1
7—B-Q3	B-QN5(a)	18—Q-N6ch	K-B1
8—Q-QB2	Q-R4	19—BxKP	Resigns
9—KN-K2	O-O		

(a)—B-QN5 and the following get into a pseudo-Cambridge Springs Defense. KN goes to KB3 in the real Cambridge Springs and does not help the defense as well as the text. Not good for Black.

PACO



CURRENTLY
WILBUR CLARK'S
DESERT INN

Thank You

Hotel El Rancho Vegas

for a wonderful engagement.

We are now playing your favorite tunes at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL



DANCE BY AND SAY HELLO

Al Jahns

AND ORCHESTRA

Down Fremont Street . . . by JOHNNY

THE heart and pulse beat; the backbone and nerve center of Las Vegas is, and always will be, that section of our "fabulous" town known as "Downtown Fremont street." Be it day or night, winter or summer, here can be found a true cross section of the kind of people that have made America the greatest nation in the world today. Such as those sayings about: "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief; them as has got it and the guy on relief." Then there's the butcher, the baker, and the fellow that makes candle sticks. Just sit still on downtown Fremont street for a while and they'll all pass in revue. In case you haven't been able to "sit still" lately, lemme bring you up to post time on a few of the things I noticed in the last day or so . . . Hold your hats and don't stand up!

When I stopped into the WESTERNER CLUB last Monday to chew the fat, the best offer I got was someone with a bone to pick. Times being what they are, I accepted with a relish. Come to think of it; there wasn't even any relish! Anyway, it seems that a few weeks back I made mention of how attractive the new costumes were that the cocktail girls were wearing here at the WESTERNER. I was now being duly informed that ALL the girls employed at this real western spot were given the uniforms to wear and are THAT PROUD of them that they wanted it known that they ALL wear the same outfits. I felt like a crime committer receiving judgment, seeing as how the lovely little lady I was talking to was seated on the "bench," better known as the stronghold of the change girl . . . Why should I have been born a mere male? It seems that the female of the species has the edge on us fellows when it comes to the breaks in this town. It becomes a "federal case" for most any one of us to arrange for an extra day off, whereas these gals, it begins to appear, are able to cut out most any time for just about as long as they wish. A month or two means nothing! LILLIAN HUMPHREY, one of the bingo agents at the LAS VEGAS CLUB, is leaving this weekend for New York for four or five weeks. Her roommate, ROBERTA CHUTTERTON, is also going along and they will stop off in Detroit to see her folks before going on to the "big town." Sincerely though, kids, have a good time and hurry home! . . . I ran into a fella the other day that has almost become a stranger to some of us. JOCK PALACE was made the city jailer a few months ago and he of the pompous puss has been sorely missed by those of us who had been so used to seeing him on our streets with the traffic department for so many years. It would really be a treat for most of us to one day see this prize personality back on his mechanized tricycle and out on the streets again where we could get more of a chance to talk to him. Jock has been quite a worker in the community for many years and a heavy favorite with the small fry of our town . . . It was my pleasure to catch a comely change girl using the jingling of jackpots as background rhythm for an impromptu tap routine in the MONTE CARLO CLUB the other day. When she noticed my attentiveness, the smile she flashed was not one of embarrassment but rather one of a gal who seemed to be having a good time at what she was doing. I have to hand it to FRED SOLY and his associates for their ability to pick 'em for personality as well as looks, AND the fact that all of the employees appear to be having a good time while they work proves the bosses' realization that "happy" employes are "good" ones! RITA PRINZELL is the tap terpsichorean we speak of here (wonder if I spelled that right!) Anyway, Rita has the smile and flashing eyes to go with her charming personality . . . By the time you read this, EDDIE MOSS and MEL EXBER will be all set up and doing business with their sports book in the PIONEER CLUB at First and Fremont. These great guys were the pioneers of this idea in Las Vegas and have proven their integrity as well as their ability to bring you the correct information on any and all sports at all times. I know of no one who has been or is connected with gaming in our town than has more real friends and is any better liked than Eddie Moss, and for a man who understands all sports, there is none more expert, than Mel Exber. If it's action you want,

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AL'S CARD ROOM

(Rear of Eldorado Club)

PAN GAMES

25c - 50c - $1.00 Condition

LADIES INVITED

THE STAFF OF

Fabulous Las Vegas

WISHES THEIR MANY FRIENDS

A Very
Happy New Year
5711

Sincerely . . . CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES — TUTOR SCHERER— CHUBBY JOHNSON — FRED SOLY — MARTIN LEWIS — WALLY WESTMORE — EDITH HEAD — ALEX HENIG — IRV AND LOUISE STONE — BILLIE SKOLSKY — MOLLY SILVER — JOHN RYKEN — MARC WILKINSON — STAN IRWIN — JOHNNY UHLMAN and JACK CORTEZ

RAG DOLL BAR



AIRION AND JACK JOHNSON
OWNERS
JACK O'NEIL, DAY BARTENDER
North Las Vegas'
Most Novel Bar

✔"What's a sachet?"
"A bag filled with perfume."
"Well, live and learn; I was out with one last night."

✔Advice on the bulletin board of a vacation hotel: "Send your clothes to our laundry and get to know the names of your neighbors."

AL'S CARD ROOM
(Rear of Eldorado Club)
MOST COMFORTABLE
AND QUIET CLUB ROOM IN
LAS VEGAS

VISIT THE
CLUB BINGO
HIWAY 91

'TUTOR'S DON'TS'
Don't Hold Las Vegas Short
Don't Worry — Watch Us Grow

DOWN FREMONT STREET:

(Continued from Page 29)

spot to do your best concentration, nor a more likeable guy than AL for a host. I might mention that about the only time that I've ever witnessed bedlam in this serene card room was one time I happened to be on hand when some dim wit trumped his partners play at bridge. THEN you couldn't hear the SLOT machines for a moment! . . . CHRIS has taken in a partner at his ROTISSERIE and STEAK HOUSE on South First street. GUS COREY is the fellow of which we make mention, and making mention should be enough to most of you readers who have been here in Vegas for any length of time at all. Gus has been in the cafe and restaurant business in town for many years and really knows his business. Need I go on about what two guys like Chris and Gus will be able to accomplish together? It should mean perfection in palate appeasers for people with particular appetites! (Man, that was a JUICY one!) . . . To date I've only found one thing wrong with BOB BASKIN'S set up at the EL CORTEZ COFFEE SHOP and RESTAURANT. Although there are plenty of counter seats and booths there still doesn't seem to be enough room for the rest of us. The seats are taken most of the time. Other than that I have no complaint to make. The food is the finest, the prices are better than right, the help is the most courteous and the place is CLEAN! Not only clean out front but in the kitchen as well. And the bakery goods are OUT OF THIS WORLD . . . We heard from HANK SCHAINK a few days ago. The man with the long white beard asked him to join him a couple of weeks ago, so he's BACK IN! Hank will go through six weeks of training and then be off to Germany where he will be in charge of food supply. He's a captain in ordnance. With his promise to keep in touch with us we may be able to bring you bits of news once in a while as to the welfare this fellow who made so many friends among us in his capacity as maitre d' at the GOLDEN NUGGET RESTAURANT . . . FONG is the friendly little fella who has opened the SNACK BAR in the BOULDER CLUB and it's quite an adhere are the boys to see. Drop in and see their new setup at the PIONEER CLUB . . . There Is a place in town where you can sit and play at cards to your heart's content without the distraction of the ever present slot machine noise and good rowdy crap games. AL ABRAMS has opened his card room at the back of the ELDORADO CLUB and you couldn't ask for a more perfect dition to the establishment. Now it's possible to spend all the time you wish in this ever popular club and have everything you might want right at your finger tips. It's good to see TOM ENRIGHT'S arm out of that contraption he had to wear while his shoulder was on the mend. You know, Tom is about as stable and dependable as that wonder of the world after which the club was named: Boulder Dam. I saw CONNIE HURLEY and JIMMY YOUNG with their heads together the other afternoon and you can bet that they were dreaming up some new innovation for the service to the public within this pleasure palace they are operating. Everyone connected with the place is doing a better than good job in their own departments . . . WOW! . . . Look at the time, and I haven't eaten breakfast yet! Time now for an all out invasion of the refrigerator. Excuse me 'til next week willya? I'll see you up 'n down Fremont street. —JOHNNY.

JOHN RYKEN:

(Continued from Page 17)

have returned to their normal schedules and radio entertainment is once again with us.

Musically Speaking

Some fine records for the Fall season: With "Moonglow" by Harry James, "You've Got Me Crying Again" with Jan August, "Au Revoir Again" Mitch Miller on Columbia, and "Orange Colored Sky" with Nat Cole and Stan Kenton on Capitol, just a few of the many. Next week we will have a complete run down on what is what in the record business.

That's all for now. —J. R.

AL'S CARD ROOM
(Rear of Eldorado Club)
Dealers' Headquarters
OPEN 24 HOURS)

Where Show People Meet
THE
CLUB BINGO
HIWAY 91

EL RANCHO VEGAS

(Continued from Page 18)

three dogs, performing feats that are not only amazing, but truly comical. Whoever said that animals are dumb creatures, this act offers a direct challenge, because these dogs do practically everything but talk! . . . In the opening spot are the DE MARLOS, "the Storytellers of Dance," a young couple who perform intricate dance steps flawlessly. This attractive pair offer fast and graceful dancing in which they display their talent and versatility. Each routine is a masterpiece in ballroom dancing . . . THE GEORGE MORO DANCERS introduce two very lovely routines dressed in beguiling costumes, each number done to perfection. In the first routine an Irish number featuring lovely DOLORES FRAZZINI on the vocals . . . The new orchestra on the podium is CHICK FLOYD, and in his first engagement in our midst, cut a wonderful show and present excellent music for your dancing pleasure.

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 18)

and as their last engagement this too promises to be another sensational two weeks . . . Co-starring on the same bill is that "bundle of dynamite" ROSE "BABY" MARIE. The Vagabonds and "Baby" proved to be such a successful combination wherever they appeared in the last year and a half, that the only way to describe them is "They're a Natural." The kidding and gags relayed between these two acts are hilarious . . . On the same bill are a couple of guys who possess an enormous amount of talent, JERRY BRANDOW and STEVE CONDOS. While they recently appeared in our town, Steve and Jerry were the talk of the show. Condos and Brandow are excellent tap dancers, play the cornet in "hot-lip" style, and their piano playing low-down boogie Harlem style. It's great to possess such outstanding talent as Steve Condos and Jerry Brandow can boast of—and what happens at the finale of the show is nobody's business, but look out. The Flamingo actually flies. We have a hunch this is going to be an all time package show that will travel as a unit. . . . GARWOOD VAN and his orchestra do a great job in the background, plus excellent music for your dancing pleasure . . . THE MURAL ROOM has taken an altogether new prospective since CHUY REYES, BRANDOW AND CONDOS, THE VAGABONDS AND ROSE MARIE join in the festivities and make the room look like a New Orleans carnival.

Weekly Fashion Letter

from EDITH HEAD

Paramount Fashion Designer

If diamonds are a girl's best friend, then costume jewelry must rank No. 2 on her list of synthetic acquaintances.

With a minimum of effort and maximum of ingenuity, a fashion-wise miss or missus can add dramatic smartness to her wardrobe by means of striking pieces of costume jewelry. Of course, there are a few rules to follow in adding jewelry to daytime and after-dark outfits . . .

Theresa Wright, the pretty actress who shares top honors with Ray Milland and Joan Fontaine in "Mr. and Miss Anonymous," says: "The costume a woman wears should never be dominated by her jewelry. Most people notice jewelry before they notice anything else. Consequently, the wrong piece in the wrong place can be disastrous."

Designer Edith Head, who created Gloria Swanson's fabulous wardrobe for "Sunset Boulevard," observes: "A woman can't go wrong if she just remembers her jewelry must be an integral part of her ensemble—unless, of course, she's lucky enough to own the HOPE diamond. In that case, she could wear a sack and get away with it."

Miss Head likes to secure scatter pins on the ends of a ribbon or fabric tie, then teams it with a tailored blouse. Screen star Diana Lynn often accents a pair of breast pockets with twin clips. Newcomer Nancy Olson, on the other hand, attaches a tiny scatter pin on either glove. She also likes to attach an important gold and silver pin to a single glove.

Gail Russell, the gal who reaches a new high in dramatic portrayals in "The Lawless," uses hankies as backgrounds for her favorite scatter pins. She stuffs a hankie into the pocket of a sports dress, blouse or suit—then studs it with a trio of clever pins. . . . For an eye-stopper, Corrinne Calvet adds a pair of clips to the cuff of a tailored suit. . . . Jewelry can work for or against you, so keep your wits about you and use the tricks on simple, basic clothes.

AL'S CARD ROOM
(Rear of Eldorado Club)
LOW BALL
RAKE BY THE HOUR

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

For several years Las Vegas Aerie 1213, F. O. E., was the mainspring of the town and I have for many years looked backward to that date of September 15, 1905, as the time Las Vegas received the first dose of the medicine of civic pride which stimulated her over the dismal years of the young city.

Down through the years the Las Vegas Eagles have prospered, but with the coming of various other fraternal organizations they have not always maintained the community leadership which they had during the first few years of the organization. They have grown in numbers with the city and now have something like 400 active members. They have prosperod financially, owning a two-story block on Fremont street adjoining the Golden Nugget. The lower floor they have leased at something like $1000 per month, while they use the upper floor for offices and their lodge rooms.

Dr. Martin, who will ever be remembered as one Las Vegas booster who never wavered in his faith nor faltered in his efforts to bring prosperity to Las Vegas, was one of the enthusiastic founders of Las Vegas Aerie 1213 F.O.E. How I wish he might have survived to see the fabulous Las Vegas of today! There are several others still with us who were part of that first Eagles' Aerie, among them Ed Von Tobel and John F. Miller. Lloyd V. Smith, still living in Oakland, California, I think, was another of the charter members.

I have always been sorry that I also did not join the Eagles at that historic meeting of September 15, 1905. The reason was that I had already made out an application for membership in the Masonic order and thought that one such enterprise at a time was sufficient for me.

ALEX HENIG:

(Continued from Page 25)

to see her new outfit. Her skirt and sweater made a big hit—even if it nearly broke anyone around at the time. Better luck next time, fellows. The kid's no less than a spoiled brat. Say Queenie better put that showoff outfit away and be your own sweet (? ? ?) self . . . Don't forget Air Taxi and our pal, Bob Davidson, who likes to be awakened at any hour of the night. He will fly you anywhere at a big saving. . . . Wish I were money rich—I'd buy a Packard —'cause it's the best car out today—'cause it has the best owner, Wild Bill Kruse—'cause you get the best deal—don't fail yourself when it comes to buying a car—Packard is the name . . . When in California visit Bridgo Bingo and Cecil Lynch. He's at Pomona, California, where the food's free—plus big prizes to the bingo winners . . . Want a fair and square deal, then buy your used cars at Nevada Motors, 1725 East Fremont street . . . Trader Bill's is the place to get all your western and Indian novelties, besides Bill is easy to trade with. Remember, this is souvenir hunters' heaven. . . . Carhop Connee Coleston, of the Desert Drive Inn, gets our vote, for being on the ball always . . . Visit Charlie at the piano—Shamrock Hotel . . . Hello to Ken O'Connell who I think is a gentleman and a scholar. Try us anytime on something that needs helping, Ken . . . Closing with the name "Tutor" Schere—why, the man's phenomenal. He never stops helping the underdog. Tutor, may I suggest you grow a beard and represent Uncle Sam, which only means Mr. U. S. A.—that's you! See you soon.

—"TEX" HENIG

THUNDERBIRD HOTEL:

(Continued from Page 19)

the harmonica, and always comes through with a doubting and shy way "It's Possible." The last time Johnny appeared in our town, he did a wonderful job and we expect the same now. . . . On the same bill is VIC and ADEO, two young fellows from Brazil, who we understand made quite a reputation for themselves when they traveled with the FRANKIE LAINE show as a unit. . . . Held over by popular demand, are DAY, DAWN and DUSK, three gents who present good harmony and are truly seasoned entertainers of the stage. This trio also do such outstanding numbers as "No, John, No," and a calliope tune, reminiscent of circus days . . . AND, direct from across the street, evidently a top favorite in our town, AL JAHNS and his orchestra, supply the music in the background and provide their usual excellent dansapation.

GOLDEN SLIPPER

(Continued from Page 19)

way it was played many years ago . . . GEORGE REDMAN, a super pianist, can even make that old time piano sound good, and plays the accompaniment for each act. All members in the cast wear colorful and gay outfits, reminiscent of the 19th century . . . "SMOKEY" JOE LA DUE, a very popular personality in our town, is your friendly host and in charge of the SALOON from 9 p. m. to 7 a. m.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 23)

with the strides the medical profession is making, year after year, we feel that some day this horrible killer of mankind—cancer—will be a disease scientists know how to cope with. Until then, we can only feel regret and unhappy over the passing of so many famous and wonderful people such as Lou Clayton . . . Belated birthday greetings to JOHNNY MARTIN, m. c. and host at the DESERT INN, Friday, September 8! . . . Sure great to see DANNY BASARIC back on the job as bartender at the **Thunderbird Hotel.** Danny was sick for over a month and missed by the majority of the patrons who frequent the NAVAJO ROOM. Let's cut that stuff out, Danny, you know it's important that you be on the job all the time . . . The only way we can describe the outfits worn by the cocktail waitresses in the GOLDEN SLIPPER SALOON is—flashing silks of the dance hall girls with something new added. A sheer nylon skirt that displays a rosebud garter, so popular and wicked (?) in the "good old days." Now that our evenings are a bit chilly, these gals are feeling the cool breezes more than the rest of us. Take the case of blonderful GRACE LAWRENCE, whose knees can be seen knocking together—well, almost. A suggestion—how about fur-lined garters to keep 'em warm? . . . HY GOLDBAUM, popular betting commissioner at the FLAMINGO HOTEL, back on the job after visiting the medics on the Coast. Mr. Goldbaum was under doctor's care for 10 days, lost 8 pounds, due to a strict diet, to which we hope he adheres for health sake . . . Two officers, who patrol our highways and do a most magnificent job, are CAPTAIN OWEN, undersheriff to GLEN JONES, and ROY TRAHAN, his partner. That saying "on the ball" must have originated with them. "Cap" and Roy are always there, when needed or called . . . JOE WOLF, 21 dealer at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, celebrated his birthday last Thursday, September 7, in a fashion befitting a king. Congrats, and if 55 is the round true figure—where is the "Fountain of Youth"? . . . Everything looks ancient at the WESTERN VILLAGE, but dark and delovely DIANA HUNT, camera girl, is a direct challenge to that century with her modern beauty . . . This week is the JEWISH NEW YEAR. The staff of FABULOUS LAS VEGAS takes this opportunity to wish all their friends and neighbors, here and everywhere, a most happy and prosperous New Year, and that's for sure!

THE OLD TIMER:

(Continued from Page 13)

difference—Excuse me, I've got to go to the office and make up a set of rules on how to play the game—got to get two teams of girls, got to make arrangements to take the pictures—" With that he went out the door.

And there you have it. It won't be very long until you will be seeing the product of this fertile mind in papers and magazines all over the nation. I'll bet it will make the part of the papers that is almost the impossible—the sport sections! He sort of has me hopped up on it. I can visualize a picture of a bevy of beautiful girls in one of the hotel pools, perspiring in a hotly-contested game, and, underneath, the caption "Las Vegas, Nevada, inaugurates a new sport that threatens to sweep the nation. It is called 'Water Casaba Ball.' The rules are—etc.," Now I'm wondering, what did he use as an explanation to Pat when he came home late, minus the dinner vegetables that night?

RUDY VALLEE:

(Continued from Page 15)

back of my neck completely. Of course, he never thought about that. Suppose if it were a publicity stunt, suppose I was "in" on it, suppose he didn't intend to hit anybody, but aiming badly, did?

I met the boy later on in 1932, when GEORGE WHITE SCANDALS was on tour and we played Boston. Even then he seemed to have no idea of how close he came to injuring me for life. He was as careless, debonaire, affecting the turned-up coat collar that college boys do and the crown hat with the band badly stained (which is a mark of collegiate superiority or something). He came to my dressing room, and we chatted. Possibly the death of his father may have affected him deeply, but he was a debonaire and careless individual if I ever met one.

In the best BILLY ROSE fashion, I must close this incident with a story. You will enjoy it only if you remember that I went to Yale. I have a song-writer friend who is related to a professor at Harvard. The professor was telling my song-writing friend that he was one of the board who passed on the suspension, and suspended the young boy for throwing the grapefruit. My friend said to his relative, "So you suspended him because he threw the grapefruit?" "No," said the Harvard professor, "because he missed."



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