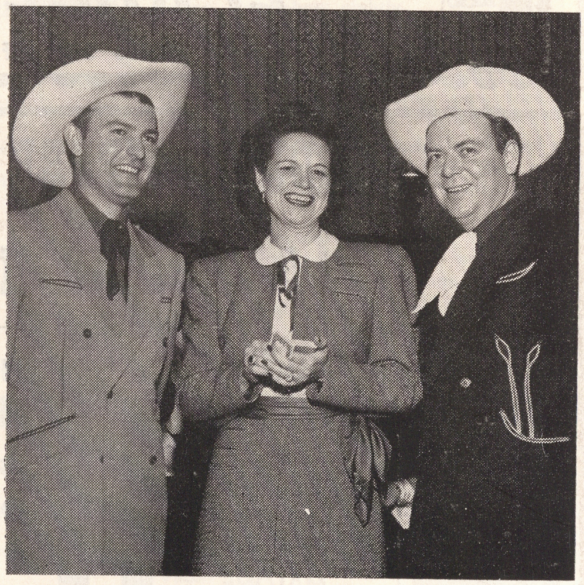
Jack Bertz'

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PODNER !



"Fabulous"

IRENE INGALLS

Las Vegas Bowling Star

(Story on Page 9)

November 11, 1950

15¢

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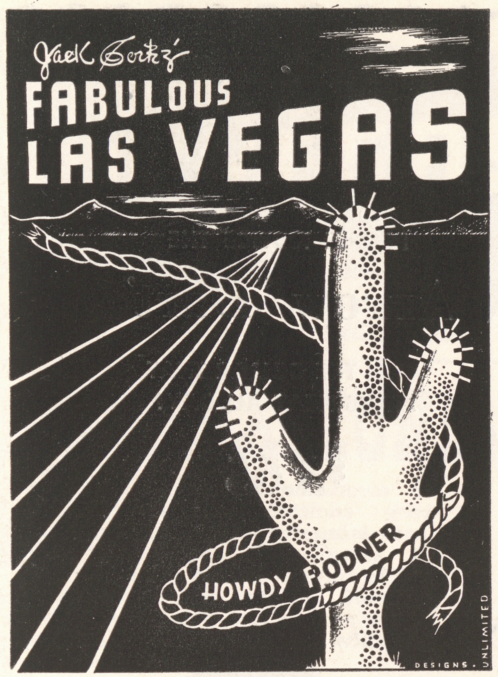
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 2, NO. 30

1600 South Main St.—Phone 4922

OBSERVATIONS, BY POP SQUIRES

"THAT'S FOR SURE," BY JACK CORTEZ

VERSE, BY TUTOR SCHERER

WATCHBIRDS, BY SIR JODY AND LADY MICHAEL

TRACK TALK, BY JOCKEY JR.

ON THE SCENE

REVIEWS OF CAFE SHOWS, BY JACK CORTEZ

FRONT ROW CENTER, BY JOHN RYKEN

THE OLD TIMER, BY CHUBBY

CHESS, BY FRED SOLY

DOWNTOWN, BY JOHNNY

JACK CORTEZ, Editor and Publisher

JOHNNY UHLMAN, Advertising Manager

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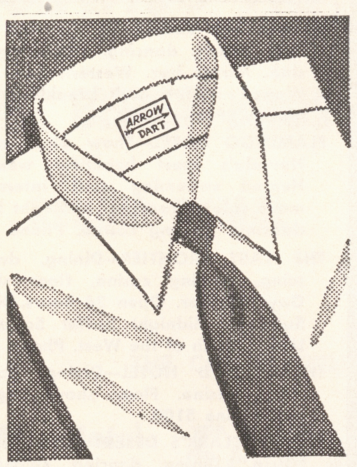
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FABULOUS LAS VEGAS
HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 2 NOVEMBER 11, 1950 NUMBER 30

OBSERVATIONS

. . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

MY FIRST remembrance of Presidential elections goes back to 1876—Centennial year. My father, Dr. James P. Squires, was a veteran of the Civil War with the rank of Surgeon Major and his health was broken as the result of having the cholera while in the service.

So it was quite natural that we—in fact practically all the people of the North—should be rabidly Republican, because, rightly or not, we blamed the Democratic South for the terrible war.

The Republicans were then suffering from the "Carpet Bagger" charges—that is of sending officials from the North into the South to rule. Unfortunately there was good reason for the people of the South to resent the rule of the carpet-bag officials, and the sentiment was heated both in the North and the South at election time. How the South did hate the "carpet-baggers"!

When the results of that 1876 election were announced after some weeks of claiming and pulling and hauling on both sides, the Electoral College took its poll and announced the result — Hayes, Republican, 185 Electoral Votes; Tilden, Democrat, 184 Electoral Votes, thus electing the Republican President by a majority of one vote.

Immediately the cry went up from both sides of crookedness in the vote count. The Republicans could not imagine how the Democrats could drum up such a great vote (so soon following the war for which they were blamed) and the Democrats just as vigorously charged the Republicans with falsifying the returns and robbing Tilden of the Presidency to which, they believed, he had been legally elected.

It really appeared that the South would again secede and that the Civil War would be renewed and fought over again. However, President Hayes was inaugurated, the situation, as unfortunate as it was, accepted by all the people and peace was resumed. The sensible people of the country decided that public office was not sufficient reason for another destructive war and President Hayes finished his term in peace. (As a lad of 11, I really felt that we should fight it out and put the South in its place.)

The election of 1880 was not quite so bitter as I remember it. I was then a lad of 15, quite mature of course, and had absorbed the idea that good sportsmanship required that the vanquished should submit and go about their business in peace. James A. Garfield, a very able, distinguished and peace-loving statesman from Ohio, was the Republican candidate for President, and Gen. William Scott Hancock, distinguished General in the United States Army, was the Democrat. As I remember the situation a majority of the people, remembering the rather happy-go-lucky administration of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant immediately following the Civil War, wanted no more military presidents, and so James A. Garfield was elected President by a vote of 215 in the electoral college, to 155 for Hancock.

Garfield, according to my youthful memory, was an ideal president, fine, dignified, upright, distinguished — the very model of what a President of the United States should be. His assassination by a crank named Charles Giteau in the summer of 1881 brought a return of the Civil War bitterness. I heard the news as I was going fishing for bullheads with a hunk of raw beef for bait in my pocket, and was all for raising another army and refighting the Civil War. Anyhow my day's fishing

(Continued on Page 31)

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VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER

POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS



(Editor's note: The Branding Iron Dinner is the Las Vegas social event of the year —sponsored and produced by the Press Club. Its purpose: To review all the happenings of the year, with ridicule for the principals.)

THE BRANDING IRON ROUND-UP

Each year the Press comes riding down

To round-up and brand Vegas Town.

They cut and rope unbranded steers

Then press the iron, 'til it sears.

They never brand an unweaned calf

For that would never raise a laugh.

These hands are from the ranch of fun

Their branding iron is just a pun.

They'll ride all year to see what's done

Then round you up in '51.

So watch your step if you have thrived

You'll be branded, if you've arrived.

HELL ON EARTH

The black of night now covers me

If death is death, it is to be.

And though my head is finally bowed

I shall not plead or cry aloud.

There is no cause to shed a tear

There is no cause to warrant fear.

My debt to hell has long been paid

So why should I now be afraid.

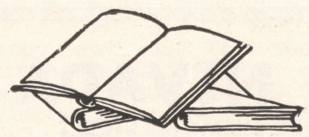
PATIENCE

If you would care to attain
Start your action and be sane.
Concentrate, but do not strain
Be diligent—you'll obtain.

JUST ONE

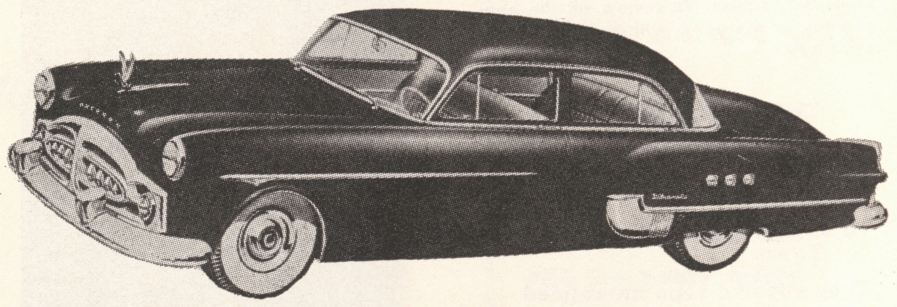
Where e'er you look, you'll find a maiden fair

But you'll find just one for whom you care.



3 - Way WIN Parlay

- 1 -



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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

On the front cover is IRENE INGALLS, the singles bowling champion of Las Vegas. With Irene are two western stars from Republic Picture Studios. We will discuss the occasion that inspired this photo later on in our story.

Mrs. Ingalls is a very charming sportswoman who has made a definite impression on Las Vegans since settling here with hubby ALBERT, a couple of years ago. They are now residents of our "Shangri-la" and have established the International Life Insurance Company, on Carson Street.

Nine years ago Irene picked up a bowling ball and, after one game, decided that was the sport for her. Her ten-pin career began in Phoenix, Arizona. From that city the Ingalls moved to Los Angeles and Irene really began chipping the polish off of the pins. She maintained an average that fluctuated between 175 and 180. If you wonder how good that is, we suggest you ask any man. The so-called "stronger sex" will readily admit it is pretty difficult to sustain this sort of an average which can be referred to as being "man size."

This keglerette really made history in 1947 when she bowled a gigantic 289 game. She began with a spare, topped by ten perfect strikes and was cheated out of an eleventh by the obstinate "four" pin which refused to be cowered. By the way, "our champ" uses a regulation 16 pound bowling ball and throws an enthusiastic "hook" that is envied by many.

Many people labor under the misapprehension that bowling is a rough and tumble recreation, meant only for clumsy and hardened individuals. We would like to disprove that theory. Just take a stroll over to the New Vegas Bowling Lanes some Monday or Wednesday and watch Irene in action. This bowling star has the practiced grace and rhythm of a dancer, attributes that are vital in the making of a champion.

In Los Angeles in 1947, Irene won the "Parade of Queens" tournament, sponsored by Tex Williams and held at the Sunset Bowling Center. If you look closely at the picture on the front cover, you'll notice she is holding her prizes, a one hundred dollar bill and a diamond medal. Irene bowled a 189 average for 12 games in order to gain victory over 83 other hand-picked women bowlers from the Los Angeles area. Believe us when we say that that was quite an accomplishment.

Mrs. Ingalls not only won our city bowling championship, but boasts the highest average carried by any woman in our town during the last season. Last year she bowled in the Women's National Tournament in Columbus, Ohio, and she and her partner, "Tommy" Thomas, placed 13th in the doubles. Another honorable record, considering the thousands of women who participated. Irene also bears the distinction of being given first honorable mention on the Western All-Star Team by Western sports writers and "300" magazine. The team consisted of female bowlers living west of the Rockies. Many other titles are accredited to this consistently good bowler and we predict she will add more as time progresses.

We would like to congratulate you, "FABULOUS" IRENE INGALLS, for your remarkable bowling record and offer our sincere wishes for many more notable achievements—and that's for sure.

MORE good publicity for our town. DUMONT TELEVISION sent a crew of technicians to "kinescope" our "fabulous" hotels, shows, clubs, fishing, horseback riding, swimming, etc., for future showings on TV programs. Film will be titled: "LAS VEGAS — AN IDEAL VACATION SPOT." At last we will be shown at our best instead of the tripe recently propagated in some parts of the country by some "hard up" periodicals.

RAY RYAN, "oillionaire" from Texas (natch) and a frequent visitor to our town, showed us some photographs of his amphibious PBYA plane that carries a Chris-Craft motor boat and an automobile beneath its wings. This aircraft has all the conveniences of a home, plus the "two spares" he takes along just in case he decides to go fishing or for a casual spin around town . . . "If you wish hard enough and long enough, it may come true," paid off for ARTHUR ROZEN, co-owner of the ELDORADO CLUB. For almost a year Art hoped to meet a pretty blonde who would "bowl him over." It finally happened in the person of GRETCHEN NORTH, our "Sleepy-Saw" gal. This romance is hotter than a pistol for they only have eyes for each other . . . BOB PERO, one of the finest master mechanics to come to our town, is now employed as shop foreman at NEVADA MOTORS, your PACKARD AGENCY. Bob was

(Continued on Page 17)

500,000 UNITS

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500,000 shares
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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.

FIRST truckload of fabricated steel needed to complete the already half finished grandstand at Las Vegas Park track arrived here today from the Consolidated Steel Company of Torrance, California, it was announced by the Las Vegas Thoroughbred Association.

Further truckloads, carrying the track's entire order, were reported en route as the McNeil Construction Company, builders of the plant, stood ready to rivet them into place atop the already built concrete pilings and framework now standing more than 50 feet high.

Officials of the track, represented by President Joe Smoot, point out that this material is not being taken from any supplies needed for any other projects; that it has been on order for many months with delivery timed so that it could be used here immediately upon arrival.

So keep your eye on Paradise Valley road. You'll be seeing tall spires of steel arising as the days go by, outlining themselves against the autumn sky, and presaging the day when the entire Las Vegas Park area will be teeming with thoroughbred horses, jockeys, trainers and all the excitement that goes with a successful race meeting.

Meanwhile, with the new steel arriving on schedule and being piled in huge stacks in front of the 55-foot high concrete foundations and pilings of the half-completed grandstand, the first rivet will be driven with due ceremony today (Saturday, November 11).

By now all stockholders will have received the Las Vegas Park progress report, which we told you about last week, indicating the great strides being made to complete the plant on schedule and have it ready for the first meeting on March 14.

Stockholders who have been reading the newspapers and this publication should also now be aware of Senator Pat McCarran's report, as received from Washington, D. C., that no government production ruling will interfere with delivery of building materials already on order. And in the case of Las Vegas Park, that means every necessary.

(With Apologies to Ogden Nash)

WE've played here beFORE—just ONCE:
Now we're BACK . . . within FIVE MONCE!
It's been SWELL, EL RANCHO VEGAS—
(Come BACK??? you won't have to BEGAS!)
THANK YOU for two happy weeks
(we got TAN on our physEEKS)
—Tried some BLACKJACK . . . and rouLETTE
(still—we're LUCKY! out of DETTE!)
We grown FAT . . . and still we're BRAGGIN'
All about this fine CHUCK-WAGGIN'
Friendly AUDIENCES, too;
BOSSES? GEE!! we'll sure miss YOO!
SWIM and LOAF . . . and take your leisure—
(working here ain't WORK . . . it's PLEISURE!!)

Back to HOLLYWOOD we go—
(Gonna do a T.V. sho)
But we'll see YOU soon again—
—and we'll let YOU KNOW . . . just whain;
During MARDI GRAS we'll be
at New Orleans' "BEVERLE"—
LONDON'S paging us, next spring . . .
. . . so aBROAD . . . we'll have a fling!
Whether over THERE . . . or HERE . . .
No place brings the fun and chere
That LAS VEGAS does . . . it's SLICK!
SO LONG, PODNER!!

Alice and Dick



(TYRRELL & WINSLOW)

THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

BY THE pink-toed-prophets, every day something comes up to show me just how different things are here in our town. Had a kink in my shoulder blade the other day and the doctor took X-rays, etc., and came up with the analysis that it must be the muscles had been injured by strain. (Can't figure out why. I never do anything any more strenuous than blow a whistle when I want Frau and Schnapps to come into the house.) The doctor said to rub it each night with some salve he gave me. While I'm on the subject, will someone please tell me why it is that whenever the doctor prescribes a salve, it always smells so bad? This stuff stinks to the point that Maw says she would make me sleep in the dog house if she thought she could get the dogs back into it after my shoulder gets well. I said,"So you prefer the dogs to me, eh?" and she said "Yes! Especially with that salve on you I do." You see what I mean?

Well, anyway, I asked the doctor if there was anything I could do to help the cure along. He suggested that I spend at least ten minutes in the morning and ten in the afternoon letting the sun hitting it. So I am. This afternoon, about four-and-a-half minutes along in my sun abstersion, seated fore-end-too, my chin hanging over the top bar of the back of the chair, watching the last ant of summer scurrying toward winter quarters, when something suddenly dawned on me. Where else in this country could a doctor prescribe sitting in the sun every day and be sure his orders could be carried out? No where but Las Vegas and vicinity. Don't try to tell me that you could in Florida because I have been there. The Florida sun is as harsh as the check in a Miami night club.

One time down there, I tipped my hat to an acquaintance. Before I could get it back on my head my bald pate was a cherry-red and I had a mild case of sunstroke. The next day a hurricane. (These are called a Florida zephyr down there.) Yep, Florida does have something we don't. Hurricanes. If you haven't been through one, you haven't lived. But one is enough, at least it was for me. They even give them names. This one was "May." A few days before "May" got there, they told everybody she was on her way. A lot of people headed north or west but not me, big brave Old Timer. I had been through an earthquake in California, a forced landing in an aeroplane, a boat trip to Catalina, and not only that, I've faced Maw at 8 a. m. after spending a night out with the boys. Me afraid? Huh! Let her rip. She did. Brother! First it grew calm, sort of like time out at a football game. Then it started to blow, gently at first to tease you along.



The place where I was staying had a special cellar for these things and the lady of the house said I had better get below. Not me, I wanted to see this "May." I did. About two minutes later I made a swan dive at the cellar just in time. Windy old cuss was "May." Boy, did she blow! I peeked out once. It sure gives you a funny feeling to see a chicken coop, full of chickens, floating past, 10 feet in the air, looking for some place to land.

After what seemed like a couple of years, the wind stopped very suddenly. I went outside. It was so calm, it felt that if you were to place a piece of paper two feet from the ground, it would just stay sthere. It was so hot that the transpiration didn't break out, it jumped. I started for the house when the landlady wanted to know where I was going. I told her I was going to pack and head for Las Vegas on the first plane. She grabbed my sleeve and pulled me into the cellar, said she'd tell

(Continued on Page 29)

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ON THE SCENE . . .

(Ed. Note: A new weekly column we hope you will enjoy)

HOME TOWN BOY RETURNS

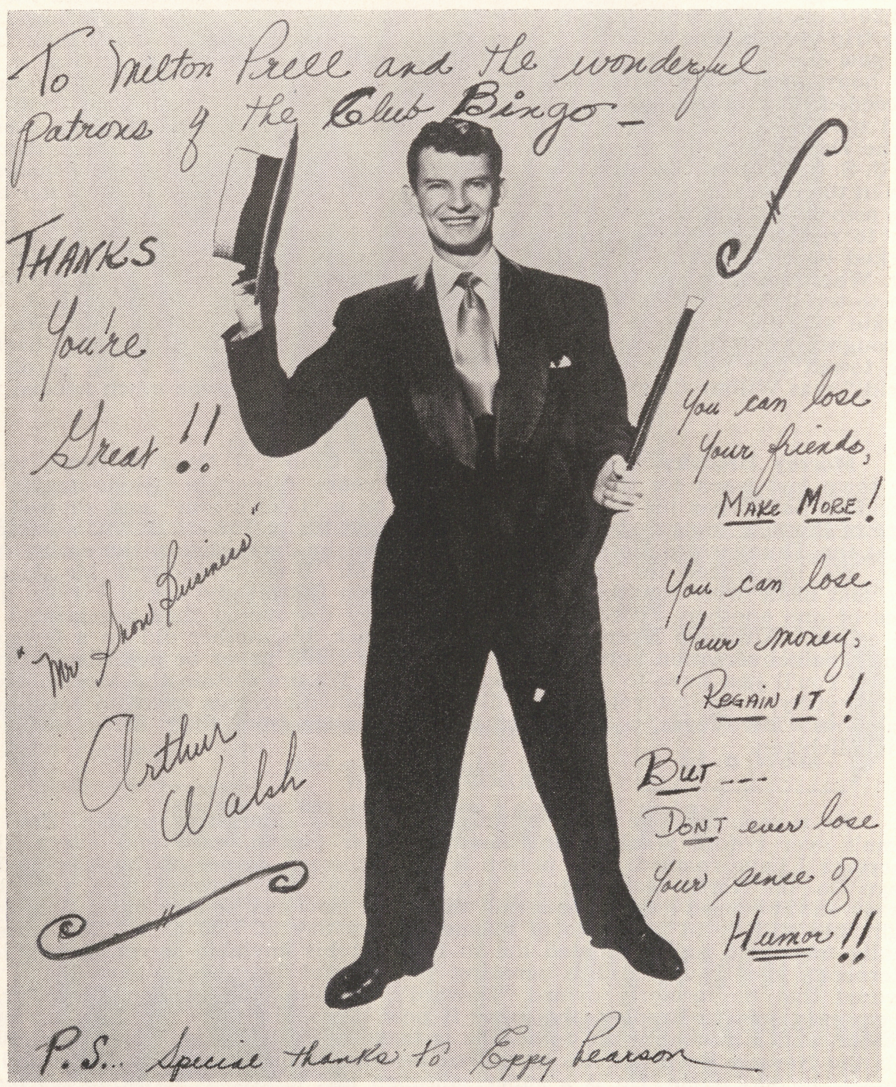
Our townfolk certainly paid Wilbur Clark ("the Little Caesar") a great tribute last Sunday. A few hundred people gathered at the Union Pacific Railroad Station at 2:30 a. m. to welcome him, his lovely wife Toni and Mr. and Mrs. Carney from their trip abroad. The foursome were amazed when they debarked from their train and saw the brass band and welcoming committee. Although they arrived in the wee hours, they were escorted to one of the waiting cars and the motor caravan proceeded down Fremont Street. Out of nowhere, the street bcame lined with excited spectators—all calling out "Welcome home, Wilbur!" When the party arrived at the Desert Inn, the reception was even greater. We doubt if the President of the U. S. would have been received more graciously. One could denote the thankfulness in their eyes for this outburst of enthusiasm from their many friends and business associates. Approximately 10 hours later, we finally cornered Wilbur and asked him to relate some of the experiences they had while in Europe. Mr. Clark remarked he could write a book about each country, including what they did and saw. Wherever they went, they were treated like visiting royalty. Later we asked him to tell us which was the greatest thrill of the entire trip. Wilbur replied, "The private audience we had with His Holiness, the Pope, in Vatican City. We also thoroughly enjoyed seeing the Statue of Liberty, as the S. S. Queen Elizabeth was towed into her New York City pier. No place like the U. S. A. in all the world!" was Wilbur Clark's remark as he and Toni left for some much needed rest.

A FIRST MEETING

Morrey Brodsky, general manager of the Club Cal Neva in Reno, visited our town last week for the first time in two years. Although a Reno-ite, he still considers Las Vegas his home. We took him on a "Cook's tour" and showed him some of the new spots that had opened since his last trip. Toward dawn, we stopped off at the Thunderbird Hotel where we were met by Jack Metler, the casino manager. We introduced the two gentlemen and Mr. Brodsky thought Mr. Metler's face and name were familiar. They are both from Detroit and asked various questions of one another. Fifteen minutes later, they discovered they are related and are cousins. Although Morrey had never met Jack, his mother did on a few occasions. The conversation between the two cousins could never be described in mere words. You'll just have to use your imagination. We are certain the Messrs. Metler and Brodsky, long-lost relatives, will always remember this eventful meeting in "Fabulous" Las Vegas, a couple of thousand miles from their home town, Detroit, Michigan.

ADOPTED SON

As a reporter, one can certainly meet many interesting people. However, I can't ever before recall seeing **one** particular person, each and every night, wherever I have roamed. This person is Matt Howard, owner of the Nevada Beverage Co. on North Main Street. I've heard that Mr. Howard is a very busy person and it caused me to wonder all the more. How can he stay out so late every night and still be at his place of business every day at 7:00 a. m.? My curiosity finally took hold and prompted me to find out his enviable secret. A couple of afternoons ago, I visited this amazing person and learned quite a bit. I discovered that he formerly owned "Howard's," a nite club in San Diego, which he recently sold to Bradley, the name it now bears. His taste for show biz never left him and is probably the reason he is tagged "First Nighter." Mr. Howard admits the Nevada Beverage has prospered because of his flair for nite life and the contacts he has made. He is a super salesman and is always hawking his wares, no matter what time of day or night. He made a statement that threw me for a loop. This Thanksgiving, November 30th, will be exactly **one** year since he, his wife and youngster came to our town. I was always under the impression that it took that long to become acquainted or settled in a strange town. But—not Mr. Howard! This genuinely established person is the kind of a guy you just take to—"right off the bat." Mr. Howard is very active in various civic groups and recently was appointed chairman of the 1950 Las Vegas Community Chest drive. Yes, siree, we can be happy because Matt Howard chose our "Fabulous" city for his home. I know Las Vegas is sure proud of her adopted son.



THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

a road-tester for the Packard company in Detroit for 15 years before coming West. BILL KRUSE, the baby-faced owner of the agency, convinced Bob to come out here and work for him during one of his frequent visits to the motor state. Mr. Pero conceded and is now a westerner from "stirrup to Stetson" . . . Belated birthday greetings to LARRY METLER (Nov. 2nd) on his 13th birthday. Pop is casino manager in the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL and is planning a huge Bar Mitzvah party February 3rd, 1951. According to the Hebrew calendar the ritual cannot be held until then . . . Two other birthdays: HELEN WHALEY and FLORENCE McDONALD, both born on the same day, November 4th. The gals really did it up big, in a sort of hoop-de-doo fashion. Both are employed at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL. Helen is a hostess in the dining room and Florence, a food waitress . . . Birthday congratulations are in order for KAY FOGEL (Nov. 7), wife of CLAUDE, who did such a great job painting and decorating the GOLDEN SLIPPER SALOON in the WESTERN VILLAGE . . . The entertainers at the GOLDEN SLIPPER SALOON are as "happy as larks" since the dressing rooms in the rear of the stage were completed last week. They now have every convenience a theatre or night club could offer to its performers. In fact, the various stars who headline the revues in the RAMONA ROOM feel cheated. Their accommodations do not compare with the newly-built ones . . . A visitor to our town, staying at the BOULDERADO RANCH for the required six-week period, is BETTY MONTGOMERY, wife of movie star and radio commentator ROBERT M. She confirmed their rift and claims the cause of their split-up is ELIZABETH HARKNESS, wealthy eastern socialite . . . Thank you, "MOM" STEINBAUGH, for your most wonderful letter. The way you describe FRAZIER PARK and your fireside home leads us to believe it must be "heaven on earth." We'll take a rain check on that home-made apple pie, pickled pig's feet, light bread and everything else you make so well. Maybe we'll make that trip (5,000 feet up in the mountains) in the near future with EPPY, if he can get some time off from the CLUB BINGO . . . Someday, if you have some spare time, watch the way JIMMY CONTRATTO operates and the courtesies he offers **all** of his employees at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. Because of people such as her, our faith in human beings holds strong. Unfortunately, there are many so-called "big shots" who treat the strangers most beautifully and their help like slaves (before Lincoln.) Such individuals fool no one but themselves. Their superiors quickly discover their erroneous choice and make the proper changes. "Real" bosses want and always seek "real" help. If all employes spoke as highly of their employer as his do about Mr. Contratto, there could never be any dissension. We certainly tip our hats to you, Jimmy, and admire the adage you believe and practice: "Do not step on anyone while climbing the ladder of success. You may meet that same person coming up the ladder while you are descending." . . . One of the largest assortments of watches we've seen is at the STATE JEWELRY CO. on Fremont Street. You name the make and they'll produce it. KEN LYNCH, the manager, boasts the greatest array of timepieces this side of the Rockies . . . We are surprised that a tavern owner or a wide-awake bar manager of a hotel with an eye peeled for extra business, hasn't contacted or "grabbed" MORRY MATORIAN, mixologist supreme. He has many followers and friends who would patronize him no matter where, even if it meant "going out of their way." He is a natural and is one of the best guys in the business . . . A cop missed by natives and tourists alike is JOCK PALACE. This rotund, jovial officer was given the post of jailer at police headquarters a few months ago and is only seen on rare occasions now. If CHIEF MAXWELL could hear as many stories and gripes as we do Jock would be back on his motorcycle and directing traffic during school hours. We would like to offer a suggestion to our readers: Drop the chief a line and request that Mr. Palace be given back his "outside job." He is an asset to our town and a good-will ambassador for our "Fabulous" city . . . AL'S CARD ROOM in the rear of THE ELDORADO CLUB, will install a new game pretty soon. Meanwhile, those Pan Games are going day and nite, plus the regular crew of kibitzers who stand around and cause you to worry whether or not you're throwing the right card. We generally trump our partner's ace in a bridge game. Our excuse: "Thought we were playing pinochle!" . . . Last week our phone rang many times and countless inquiries were made as to the well-being of MOE SEDWAY, "The Little Giant of the FLAMINGO HOTEL." He was a pretty sick fellow but the excellent care he received at the

(Continued on Page 29)

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

. . . by JACK CORTEZ



★ El Rancho Vegas

November 8 through November 22

A great favorite of all supper-clubbers is back in the star position in the ROUND-UP ROOM. The person to whom we make reference is none other than that petite gal with the dynamic voice, BEATRICE KAY. She is one of America's greatest song stylists and interpreters of the ever popular Gay '90s songs! The audience, to a man, greeted her with thunderous applause and demanded encore after encore. Bea's appearance belies the reputation she built by specializing in the songs that "Grandma loved to sing and hear." She is dazzling, curvaceous and as modern as the present day "Charlestonbug." This is her fourth engagement and we can safely say it surpasses any of her previous, excellent appearances. Beatrice Kay, along with hubby SYLVAN GREEN at the piano, is truly sensational . . . In the second spot are those unrivaled BERRY BROTHERS. Known throughout the nation as the fastest stepping dance stylists, they sure live up to their reputation. The amazing

(Continued on Page 34)

★ Hotel Last Frontier

November 3 through November 16

The headliner of the show in the RAMONA ROOM is VICTOR BORGE, brought back by popular demand. This "clown prince of the keyboard" has a most remarkable sense of humor which is as "dry" as the finest imported wine available. His timing is without fault and his presentation is individual and can not be compared to that of any other performer. Mr. Borge possesses a unique sense of satire and his pianistic endeavors receive raves from audiences and critics alike. For smart entertainment, it's Victor Borge, artist extraordinaire . . . On the same bill are "THE CONTINENTALS," five young men who offer brittle comedy with subtle overtones. Their act is backed by sound musical arrangements, and one of the freshest acts in show business. They made their initial bow in the entertainment world about a year ago at this hotel and, since then, have gone a long way. As a singing group, "The Continentals" defy tradition by deviating from their harmonizing to do some precision dancing and sharp, novel routines . . . THE DEVLYN DANCERS present two new numbers, executed with marvelous precision. They wear costumes imported from New York

(Continued on page 34)

★ Flamingo Hotel

November 2 through November 15

STEVE GIBSON and his RED CAPS are headlining the revue in the FLAMINGO ROOM. These popular recording stars blend their harmonious voices and sing to audiences who just can't get enough. The patrons keep calling for more and more requests. Selections are shouted to them from every part of the room. The five Red Caps are wonderful musicians and add lots of comedy to their varied song routines. Each member of this quintet could easily do an individual act, but, together, they can't be beat . . . On the same bill is an adagio team, LUCIENNE and ASHOUR, who truly make this roust-

(Continued on Page 34)

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

October 31 through November 13

A couple of "champs" named BAER and ROSENBLOOM are the headliners of the show in the Painted Desert Room. The "Maxies" pull pranks on each other, stage a slugging match—with ribs, insults and heckling aimed at themselves. At times it sounds like "kidding on the square" and the audience loves it. The former ring champions possess a great sense of humor and show the same enthusiasm as a couple of mischievous kids . . . Co-starring on the bill is lovely and vivacious ANNE TRIOLA, who really arrived in BIG TIME with this engagement. She certainly proves that she can take over cafedom and definitely is set for recognition. An eyeful with a knockout wardrobe, Anne introduces many original tunes, each a solid click . . . THE RUDELLS are a TRAMPOLENE ACT and one of the best in the "bizness." These brothers introduce amazing feats of acrobatics on this bouncy mechanism, plus lots of comedy, "Bobby Clark" style. A person may believe it would take time to set up or take

(Continued on Page 31)

★ Thunderbird Hotel

November 9 through November 22

(Not a Review)

According to the lineup, we'd say another "Hit Show" in the NAVAJO ROOM. Headlining this bill, and his first trip West is Professor IRWIN COREY. This young man practically "rocked" the East Coast wtih his flair for comedy and, according to reviewers' reports, Mr. Corey is the "world's greatest authority . . ." We'd like to predict that the Prof. will add another conquest on his list of victories with this appearance . . . On the same bill three young men who do not require an introduction because of their popular recordings and motion picture stints are the PAGE CAVANAUGH TRIO. Be-

(Continued on Page 31)

★ Club Bingo

EPPY PEARSON, manager and booker of shows, signed a young man into the BONANZA ROOM who broke all records held by any previous entertainer. His name, ARTHUR WALSH (remember the monicker) and the amazing star who caused all the furor. This gifted youngster of cinema fame is a spectacular showman and breaking in a new type act for nite clubs. He has such a wealth of material that for eight consecutive shows he never repeated a single performance. That in itself is somewhat of a record. Each was new, different and astounding. There is absolutely no doubt in our minds when we say ARTHUR WALSH is one of the cleverest acts we've seen on any stage —bar none. He has nothing—BUT TAL-

(Continued on Page 31)

★ Golden Slipper Saloon

BURLESQUE is still holding sway with HANK HENRY at the helm, on the "old-new" Gay '90s stage. Hank, a most versatile comic, keeps changing the skits and fadeouts for each presentation. JO ANN MALONE, his charming red-haired wife, takes an active part in the fadeout skits and adds much color to them . . . 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 Built for Two," and other nostalgic tunes . . . GOLDEN SLIPPER QUARTET sing the songs you expect to hear from a barber shop foursome, all done in grand style . . . TURK MURPHY and his BAND play real Dixieland music, loud and good, the way it was played many years ago. GEORGE REDMAN, at the piano, plays the accompaniment for each act on the bill. 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 is in charge of the SALOON and RESTAURANT from 9 p. m. to 7 a. m.

Desert Inn . .

"I love you"

THE ENGAGEMENT WAS TRULY A VACATION



Anne Triola

WITH

GEORGE FINLEY AT THE STEINWAY

— • —

See you at the Mark Hopkins in S. F.

DOWNTOWN . . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN

IT SEEMS a shame but it's really the weather that's to blame! This Friday night, November 10th, will be the last of the DOWNTOWN block parties until the return of warmer weather. The date set for the reopening of the now-famous parties is APRIL 6, 1951. Long underwear weather has brought an untimely end to a lot of our earthy pleasures, but I really hate to see these parties go out of season just as they were beginning to catch on like wildfire. However, the DOWNTOWN Casino Committee isn't going to be caught napping when it comes to offering new and different events for the entertainment of the people of our town, not if Dick Day has his way about it!

I mentioned last week about a novel gimmick he was working on that would bring national advertising to our fabulous town and it looks very much like the idea is going to materialize. All parties have been contacted and all are very much interested in the whole thing. It may be that by the time this publication hits the street the "go" sign may have been given. Sorry I can't tell you more about it but I'm the kinda guy that doesn't like to bally-hoo something that hasn't been confirmed, even though it might be the greatest thing to hit the public since "sehvnup." Dick had hardly finished telling me about this plan when he set another plan before me that would top them all. An ENDURANCE CONTEST to end ALL endurance contests. Once again I am forced to withhold the nature of the thing but just you believe in me when I tell you that it's a corker. It would be possible for the thing to run all winter! The prizes that the winners would get would be the envy of contest winners for all time to come. Oh! I almost forgot! The radio quiz contest, "HI, LO, JACK or FUN," will continue as usual even though the block parties are not. The exact place where they will be held is as yet undetermined, but I'd suggest you keep your eyes and ears open for this information so that you won't miss out on the next airing of the program . . . Had quite a long chat with NATE YOUNG, the little guy with the big heart, who now owns and operates the DIXIE DELICATESSEN and WAFFLE SHOP in the first block of Fremont Street opposite the Westerner Club. Nate bought out the place some



months back and, by all evidence, is doing a big job with a small shop. He's working on an idea now that will give you the best cup of coffee that you ever had the pleasure of dipping a lip into. Couple the cream of the crop in a cup of coffee with the fact that you can get the best sandwiches ever built, and then tell me where else you could get a better deal for that "downtown snack" than the DIXIE DEL. Personally, just give me a bucket full of kosher dill pickles and I'm a happy li'l Indian! . . . Stopped into the CINNABAR on North Second Street to collect that venison steak from BERTO the other evening and stayed quite a while just to listen to HARRY ZODY play the organ. Harry came to town some weeks ago and has made a host of friends at the spot, mainly because he plays your favorite tunes the way you like to hear them; softly, full of natural harmony, and with the proper phrasing. Yes, JIMMY FARE and BERTO made a good move when they brought Harry in from the coast to play in their popular downtown bar . . . It's good to see SIL SILVERS back at the keyboards of the Steinway under the huge shamrock bar at the hotel of the same name. The SHAMROCK has new shirts for their bartenders that are really knock-outs. They are a western style shirt with a

(Continued on Page 23)

U.E.C.

"Let's Get United"

UNITED ELECTRIC COMPANY

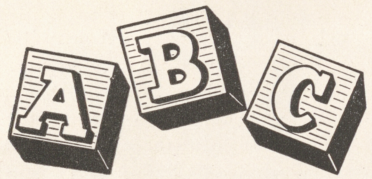
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SLOT MACHINES • • • • SPORTSBOOK

DOWNTOWN:

(Continued from Page 21)

bright green shamrock embroidered on the front along with the name of the guy who is inside. I give JACK RAVETTI a lot of credit for the way he has plugged along in this spot and brought it to the front the way he has, even without the help of my boy, RONNIE QUINN. Yeh, I got a letter from Ronnie the other day and he is now eyeing the Eskimo of the specie. He's on Adak, the next to last island of the Aleutians. And some of us think we are having a rough go of it! I'd like to quote a few of his comments but I'm afraid they wouldn't pass the eye of the censors; effen your ketchin' my meanin'! . . . If you haven't been in to see GEORGE and CHRIS as yet, don't blame me 'cause you haven't been able to get a steak prepared the way you like yours done. I've been dropping the subtle hint for these past few weeks now. Not only dropping hints, but dropping IN! You have only to open the front door of the ORIGINAL STEAK HOUSE on North First street and your appetite does a double flip, leaving you drooling all over your vestments. Chris is the genial gent who usually meets you and seats you, then it is George Corey who performs the feat of preparing the meat. (Now wasn't that a corny compilation of phrases?) Anyway, a better piece of meat ya ain't et yet! . . . You've heard of those "rolls that would choke a bull?" (My wife used to bake one kind of 'em.) The kind I speak of here is the kind that embodies that rustle stuff; means of monetary remuneration consummating sizeable purchase; loot; etc. . . . I SAW one of those rolls the other day. Now I know what MEL EXBER and EDDIE MOSS mean when they say that the "sky is the limit" when you wish to make a bet with them in their PIONEER SPORTS BOOK. They got the geetus to back it up! I wonder if any of you saw Eddie and some of the boys having a private football game of their own on South First street next to the club at the wee sma' hour of 5 a. m.! . . . You know, FRANK DONOVAN and WHITEY STOERTRON have been so busy gradually fixing up the CHATTERBOX at Main and Fremont that I don't think they fully realize exactly what a big change they have brought about in making it a smart little lounge. You and I can tell in a jiffy as soon as we walk in. Everything is painted and polished, clean and shining, and Frank tells me they have a new rug on order for the place, too! I forget what make of juke box they have in there but the one they have does about the best job of tone reproduction that I have heard. The room is small so the gain has to be a way down, and still you can hear everything there is to hear. You can't help but like Frank and Whitey. I'm glad to see them doing so well with their establishment . . . JIM and GRANPA JOHN COREY have settled down so you can talk to them now, if you have any business to see them about. There for a while, right after the arrival of little JAN, I was beginning to wonder! The cafe had to get along as best it could those days. That's COREY'S FINE FOODS I'm talking about. I must admit, though, that KATIE, Jim's sister, knows the business about as well as either he or Granpa do. This popular spot of theirs is at Fourth and Fremont and 'round meal time you'd better get there a few minutes early to get the seat you want. Even if you have to wait a bit it is still well worth the waiting . . . Well, the ZANIACS are everything that the boys in Bob Manners' group said that they were. They opened at the GOLDEN NUGGET SALOON the first of the month and already everyone is talking about their antics. They go on at 10:30 in the evening and go on into the night. About the best thing I can tell you is—DON'T MISS! . . . I suppose elections are necessary, and I KNOW that VOTING is, but blessed be the moment that the whole thing is over and we are told who WON! To me, all of this "who is winning" and "who is losing" all night long, is not only annoying, but also just another way of ushering in another unannounced ulcer to some of the more notorious notice nursers! How-so-ever-be-it, I was one of the ones who was downtown watching the returns on the big board at the corner of Fremont and First last Tuesday evening; so, how come I'm tooting my tonsils with a gripe like that? . . . Now; short and sweet . . . Bye!

—JOHNNY.

OUR SINCEREST GRATITUDE TO
THE MANAGEMENT OF

THE Flamingo HOTEL

AND THE PEOPLE OF LAS VEGAS



We've Had a
Very Happy
Engagement

THANKS!

to a very
sweet person

MAXINE
LEWIS

LUCIENNE

AND

ASHOUR

WATCHBIRDS

. . by SIR JODY and LADY MICHAEL

WE ARE celebrating Thanksgiving early this year by declaring this the Watchbird Thankful Week. We are thankful to Jack Cortez for giving us the chance to err our talents in his fabulous magazine, and to the readers of it who thought it good enough to pass along to others where it eventually fell into important hands, which in all probability will result in your finding a Watchbird syndicated column throughout the country and also on TV.

We say Tah Everso . . . Sir Jody planed to Cleveland to supervise the preparation of the production of his original musical comedy Penny on the Drum to be presented there by the Cleveland Playhouse, and then on to New York to confer with producers and talent about a forthcoming Broadway review . . . ANN TRIOLA, who is chock full of musical talent, has made the FLAMINGO her nightly hangout and sits enraptured by the music of CHUY REYES. Incidentally, Chuy will sojourn in Mexico when he finishes his stint in Vegas.

Most Beautiful Commuter Dept.: LOIS ANDREWS back with us for another weekend visit, just can't stay away . . . Did You Know Dept.: That LIL MO (LILLIAN MOORE), GEORGE MORO dancer, was the lovely chosen to throw the first dice which introduced the American game of les craps in Europe's famous Monte Carlo? . . . SNOOPER ROGERS does not spend all of his time at 88 keys. During the day he sits at 48 typewriter keys writing his memoirs which will be printed under the title of Faces I Have Looked Down Upon.

ANITA and JERRY KASTNER of the RANCHO ANITA are back from a trip to Chicago, and now Jerry is off for a trip to British Columbia for the salmon run . . . There are a group of people who never go near the water when the temperature hits 100 degrees, but now that it's turned nice and brrrrrrrr the Las Vegas POLAR BEAR CLUB is out in full force, headed by MAXIE BAER. Some of the other cavorters are: JACK DENISON (who can't get his silver fox hair wet), JOAN MICHAELS (who is made of alabaster), IRENE COPPERS (who is O. T. H.), ARTHUR ROZEN (who works at the Eldorado during the hot spell), and BELDON KATELMAN (who is just too too busy) . . . JOHNNY and EILEEN TEGLER are one of the



most popular couples of the "young married set" in this town. Under Johnny's very capable management the Desert Spa has become "the place to stay" for most of the show people who are working in or just passing through Vegas . . . THE CADILLAC SET: Baby Doll, blonde with a black top, is the last Caddy to be shipped into Vegas and belongs to CHRIS FISKE whose boss-man, CORY BRYANT, is a gentleman who prefers blondes . . . and . . . on Trick or Treat night SIR JODY accordion pleated his Blue Juke Box, which goes to prove that when you're CARELESS you're also CAR-LESS.

FOR SALE: A rare collector's item, eight sides on 12-inch discs recorded by N. B. C. of D-Day, with many famous commentators. This is one of only 50 albums in existence, so hurry, hurry and call LARRY KAUFMAN at the Desert Spa. Incidentally, Larry will be away for a week for a much needed vacation which makes everyone very happy . . . Mrs. IRA GOLDRING is off to L. A. for a few days' shopping for a wardrobe for her trip to New York where she'll really go on a shopping spree . . . Lovely GHISLAINE HYMES, Belgian actress, is here for the cure . . . LISA ROSE, Arden-Fletcher dancer, is waiting to hear from her lawyer who recently informed her that she became an heiress. All that and money, too! . . . Whose room looks like a florist's shop because an ardent admirer keeps it stocked daily with fresh bouquets? It is rumored that she had to rent the room next

(Continued on Page 27)

THANKS TO THE

CHAMPION AUDIENCES

who came to see us at

WILBUR CLARK'S

DESERT INN



MAX BAER

AND

"SLAPSIE"

MAXIE ROSENBLOOM

WATCHBIRDS:

(Continued from Page 25)

door just to live in! Wow, baby, wow!

Our Saturday night ride to the HOOT GIBSON RANCH proved as exciting this week as it did last. Highlights planned were hoe-down dancing and cook your own steaks over the outdoor open fire. But this week we had another big surprise. A group of camera men, light men and grips swarmed out there and photographed the scene which is to be sent out over TV in L. A. and many other cities. The stars that night were JOHNNY HILL, riding instructor at TEX and FREIDA'S Last Frontier Stables, and MARY STATZ, one of the DEVLYN DANCERS, who exhibited a real old fashioned square dance, and IDAHO ELLISON, who performed his famous rope tricks. Among the spectators enjoying the show were CARY MIDDLECOFF, JIM DEMARET, JACK WALSH (manager of the Flamingo), and ED CROWLEY (manager of the Town House in L. A.) These illustrious golf pros had their own show the following day when they played a tournament for the benefit of the underprivileged children . . . GEORGE and LUCY SCHNURLE also on the scene. George makes those beautiful roulette wheels which are museum pieces. one of which is on display at the D. I. . . . MAURY KLEINMAN, back from an extensive trip to New Orleans and New York, where he attended the world series—he's all smiles, his team won! . . . STANLEY CORTEZ, who photographed "The Man on the Eiffel Tower" and winner of several motion pictures awards for photography, dined with Mr. and Mrs. DAVID HOPKINS, son of HARRY HOPKINS.

Mr. and Mrs. PAT MANNING of Chicago, she is the former VIRGINIA VAN SANT, enjoying the tricky terpsichory of the PAYSEES at the THUNDERBIRD . . . SAM NEUFELD, director of the forthcoming film, The Adventures of Skipalong Rosenbloom, conferring with said MAXIE about a further series under this title . . . KEEFE BRASELLE cocktailing with NORMA and MERVIN ROSENTHAL, who were once his employers at the MONTE CARLO CLUB where he played drums and sang . . . BILL BLOWITZ, publicity director for BERT LANCASTER, says Bert plans on spending his next vacation in Vegas . . . What BIG political figure in New York keeps calling much-sought-after RANDI ROBSON who can't hear well from that long a distance? . . . LEE PARISI, bartender at the VILLA VENICE, is not only a champion bowler, but also a champ at mixing those delicious vodka martinis that bowl us over . . . Happy, happy birthday to ALAN GILBERT, who celebrates it November 6th, and who leaves us on the 13th to motor to cinemaville to test for an important part in films.

The Desert Inn was vertiably empty for about an hour last Sunday night—the BOBBY MANNERS band was missing and the few who sat around drank their drinks hurriedly and wondered what impending doom would fall—it was an odd atmosphere for Sunday night at the D. I. or any other night for that matter. Bartenders' faces were grave and dealers and pit bosses looked at each other askance, one could hear a nickel drop in a slot machine. We wondered if it were the end of the world or if the sky was falling—the chef at the Chuckwagon wept into his souffle, the cocktail girls stood idly by with quizzical looks on their pretty faces, and PANCHO looked as though he'd already served the last supper. Then suddenly, a fanfare of music swept through the room, people crowde back in through the doors and shouted and sang and danced about—everyone was smiling and happy to welcome TONI and WILBUR CLARK back home from Europe! And may the WATCHBIRDS also add their welcome to these two wonderful people . . . and so with a fond farewell to all our dear readers and a royal wave of the hand we say coooooooooo.

SUBSCRIBE NOW TO

"FABULOUS LAS VEGAS"

MAILED WEEKLY TO YOU
OR YOUR FRIENDS

$5.00 PER YEAR

HELLO FROM LONDON!

HOTEL SAVOY



TO MY MANY FRIENDS IN LAS VEGAS

AND AT

WILBUR CLARK'S

DESERT INN

Bernice Parks

P. S.—I'm missing that "Fun in the Sun"

THE OLD TIMER:

(Continued from Page 13)

me when it was safe to leave. I said, "May's gone now." She said, "She'll be back in a few minutes. I said, "What for? Did she forget something?" Guess "May" did for back she came, same procedure, only in the reverse direction. After "May" had picked up or smashed the things she missed on her first go-round, she went away leaving as if in remorse for what she had done, leaving in her wake her tears in the form of a rainstorm as if to settle the dust. Suddenly it was all over and the sun came out. "May" was on her way back from whence she came, and when the first west-bound plane took off at the Miami airport, so was I.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 17)

CLARK COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL brought him out of it fast. Mr. Sedway was dismissed last Monday and given a clean slate. He was warned by the medics to take it easy or else play a "return engagement" . . . Because of her loveliness, JOAN MERRITT, cocktail waitress at the DESERT INN, has had her photo in many national periodicals. The latest is a two page display of stories and pics which appeared in last month's "US" magazine. What a pretty target for some Hollywood talent scout to shoot at . . . If you are in the vicinity drop in at the NEW VEGAS LANES on Second Street and look at the beautiful quilt they have on display. It was brought to our town by MARGE THURNBLAD for the purpose of raising money for the Women's Bowling Association. The quilt is hand-appliqued and quilted through and through. It was made by the members of the Relief Society of Tooele, Utah. and won a blue ribbon at the 1950 Utah state fair. A one-dollar investment for a "chance" will win this magnificent counterpane for some lucky person. This is really one of those "once-in-a-lifetime" bargains . . . On November 18th and 19th the QUARTER HORSE RACES will be held at PITTMAN PARK. There will be seven big events each day, with some of the finest bred horses in the country as entrants. Tickets are one dollar each, including taxes, and proceeds of the event are for the Clark County Sheriff's Mounted Posse. It is for a good cause and is a great way to get some of that "Nevada sun." Tickets can be obtained from any deputy. If he is sold out he will get as many as you want. There will be three or four betting booths at the track. So, if it's action you want, next Saturday and Sunday are the two days we guarantee will appease the hungriest of appetites . . . Recently VIC DAMONE underwent a series of medical treatments for athlete's foot. Although this malady has been subjected to many a humorous twist it can be quite serious in some instances. He was pretty fortunate in having his Hollywood physician treat it before it spread and became too painful. Vic's O. K. now and will be able to fulfill all of his commitments, including a picture for MGM called "A Boy From Paris" . . . Aside to WILBUR CLARK: Thanks very much for that St. Christopher medal you purchased in the VATICAN CITY and had blessed by THE POPE. I shall treasure it at all times and will always be thankful to you for your generosity . . . Our congratulations to GENE MIGNON, new owner of the "STRIP" on Highway 91. Gene has many new ideas for the place that will offer much comfort to rounders. JUANITA BURKE is the gal at the piano, playing requestfully yours and lots of "mood" music. We hope Gene makes a "go" of the "Strip." All he asks is some cooperation from us. He'll do his part. Stop in and say hello, won't cha? . . . FRANK DONOVAN and WHITEY STORTROEN, owners of the CHATTERBOX on Fremont and Main Streets, have really done some miraculous interior decorating. Frank and Whitey deserve much praise for offering their patrons genuine Western hospitality . . . We became involved in a very interesting discussion a few evenings ago. The subject of the conversation was the methods some entertainers have used in order to receive enthusiastic response from their audiences. We recalled the time when HORACE HEIDT always featured an enormous police dog in his stage shows. If the audience didn't care for Heidt, out came the dog—and you know what a show-stopper a canine can be. VINCENT LOPEZ was another headliner who used a smart gimmick. At the close of his show a small American flag was raised on top of his piano and the ork played "My Country 'Tis of Thee," or some other patriotic song. Audiences became wise to these tricks and the acts had to cut the extra-added features. Talent was the only thing an act could depend on to get him across. If HEIDT and LOPEZ were confronted with their former tactics they might deny them. It was pulled quite a few years ago—but they practiced it! **These are facts**—and that's for sure!

RCA VICTOR RECORDING ARTISTS



WITH DEEPEST OF THANKS TO
THE PERSONNEL AND PATRONS OF

THE Flamingo HOTEL

FOR A PLEASUREFUL ENGAGEMENT

DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 19)

apart this lg. prop. On the contrary—with a snap of the wrist they're on or off! . . . The ARDEN-FLETCHER DANCERS repeat their "Blue Skies" routine and introduce a new number, "Dream Sequence," which features ALAN GILBERT on the vocals . . . CARLTON HAYES and his superb ork continue as always, to provide musical support both for the show and patron dancing . . . THE BOB MANNERS QUARTET, a lively group, offer solid entertainment at the LADY LUCK BAR, alternating with SNOOPER ROGERS at the "88."

THUNDERBIRD HOTEL:

(Continued from Page 19)

cause of their many commitments this popular musical group were unable to get here sooner. But we are satisfied. They finally made it . . . As an added attraction, COPSEY and AYRES, those "fabulous" dancers, are featured on the star-laden bill. Since their first engagement in our town the couple did a great job in interpretive dancing. This trip there are three of them which should undoubtedly mean three times as good! Understand their new version of "Frankie and Johnny" will have you mumbling to yourself . . . America's most versatile dancers, THE DANSATIONS, will introduce two new routines which will add more prestige to their reputation as tops in choreography and gowns . . . AL JAHNS and his ork supply the music for the show and dancing. Lest we forget—welcome back, BARNEY RAWLINGS, as m. c. and singer in the production numbers. Your versatility and genuine friendliness to all is your trade mark.

CLUB BINGO:

(Continued from Page 19)

ENT! Although this edition comes off the press on his closing night, we'd like to wish the best of everything to such a wonderful artist whose destiny is STARDOM! Opening tomorrow, Sunday, November 12, "The Maniac from Hollywood," JOE CAPPO (remember his Charlie Chaplin routines?) and a lovely songstress, PHYLLIS INEZ. singing songs the way you want to hear them. Although these two kids follow Arthur into the room we know they'll do a grand job entertaining you. Next week's issue will carry their review.

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

was completely ruined.

Chester A. Arthur, vice-president, became President to succeed Garfield. He was a big, handsome chap with spreading side whiskers, as I saw him as he stood on the rear platform of a train in Minneapolis when, as a member of Company G, Minnesota National Guard, I was helping to celebrate the building of the Great Northern Railroad by Henry Villard, from St. Paul to Seattle. President Arthur did not register strongly with me because of his wide spreading stylish appearing whiskers.

My great moment in youthful politics came in 1884 when James G. Blaine of Maine, a great statesman and orator who appealed to my youthful imagination as "The Plumed Knight," was nominated by the Republicans for President, against Grover Cleveland by the Democrats. Cleveland was a big, fat, jolly character, with the scandal of an affair with a lady friend floating around him. I joined a "James G. Blaine" club. All the members wore a light grey plug hat during most of that summer and we sure did look spiffy and very dignified. Evenings, in addition to the plug hat we each wore a cape made of black oil cloth and carried a torch in the torch-light processions which were the great feature of the campaign.

Of course, as we marched carrying our torches, with the oil cloth capes wrapped close around us to keep the grease off our clothes, chanting with the music of the band, "Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine," we had him well elected up to the time, about two weeks before election, of The Borchard Incident. A preacher named Borchard spoke in behalf of Blaine at a political meeting in Saratoga, New York, charging that the Democratic party was "the party of rum, Romanism and rebellion."

All hell broke loose and it soon became evident that Blaine was ruined. Every sympathizer with the rebellion of the South, every Roman Catholic

(Continued on page 34)

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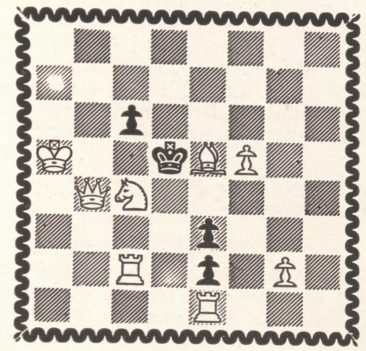
DOWNTOWN

CHESS » » »

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

PROBLEM NO. 76

Black 4



White 8

White mates in two.

Solution to problem No. 75: Q-KN.

BUDAPEST GAMES

Here are more games from the recent World Championship Candidates Tournament held in Budapest.

NIMZO-INDIAN DEFENSE

B'leslavsky	Lilienth'l		
White	Black		
1—P-Q4	N-KB3	21—N-B3	Q-B2
2—P-QB4	P-K3	22—Q-Q3	N-K4
3—N-QB3	B-N5	23—NxN	PPxN
4—Q-B2	P-QB4	24—Q-Q6	Q-N2
5—PxP	O-O	25—N-Q5	B-N4
6—B-N5	N-R3	26—QxPch	P-B3
7—P-QR3	BxBP	27—QxKP	BxR
8—N-B3	P-QN3	28—RxB	QR-N
9—P-KN3	B-N2	29—QxBP	QR-K
10—B-N2	Q-B	30—P-K4	Q-B3
11—BxN	PxB	31—P-B5	PxP
12—O-O	B-K2	32—RxP	Q-K3
13—KR-Q	P-B4	33—QxQ	RxQ
14—Q-Q2	N-B4	34—P-B3	R-K4
15—N-Q4	BxB	35—P-N4	QR-K
16—KxB	B-B3	36—N-B7	R-Q
17—Q-K3	P-QR3	37—K-B2	R-Q7ch
18—QR-B	K-R?	38—K-N3	R-R7
19—K-N	P-Q3	39—R-QR5	R-B
20—P-QN4	N-Q2	40—N-Q5	R-B3
		41—P-KR4	K-N2
		42—K-B4	Resigns

Honey went away to school and left Fowler, her small town sweetheart, with a promise that she would write often. Then came college life. It was books, boys, study, boys, football, boys, classes, boys, study, boys.

Finally she found time to write Fowler a postcard:

"What's the matter with you, Fowler? You're so hard to remember, Honey."



CATALAN OPENING

Flohr	Stahlberg		
White	Black		
1—P-Q4	P-Q4	14—B-N2	Q-B2
2—P-QB4	P-K3	15—N-Q2	KR-Q
3—P-KN3	N-KB3	16—Q-K2	KR-Q
4—B-N2	B-K2	17—BxB	QxB
5—N-KB3	QN-Q2	18—N-K4	Q-N
6—O-O	O-O	19—NxBch	NxB
7—Q-B2	P-B3	20—PxP	PxP
8—R-Q	P-QN3	21—BxN	PxB
9—P-N3	B-N2	22—RxRch	RxR
10—N-B3	R-B	23—R-Q	P-B4
11—P-K4	NxP	24—RxRch	QxR
12—NxN	PxN	25—Q-K5	Q-R4
13—QxP	B-KB3	26—P-KR4	Q-N3
		27—Q-K3	Q-Q3
		28—Draw agreed.	

Marc Wilkinson
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EL RANCHO VEGAS

(Continued from Page 18)

running splits they perform and "individual challenge" routines is guaranteed to offer one and all a thrill a minute . . . In the opening spot, a young man, REGGIE RYMAL, appears with a "paddle ball," and presents a most novel and unusual act. His intriguing manipulations with the "toy" and clever chatter is a new one for our books, to which we might add, **most refreshing!** Reggie uses up to three "paddles" and winds up catching each of the balls in his mouth. The complicated tricks he does from start to end could never be described. He's a real **champion,** who must be seen in action . . . The lovely COVER GIRLS introduce two new routines, done beautifully to rhyme which features each girl in the group . . . The new ork, under the masterful direction of STERLING YOUNG, cut a magnificent show and really play "lots of music" for patron dancing . . . GUY LANDIS and JIMMY DE STEFANO, bass and accordion, take over during intermission and play "requestfully yours."

LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from Page 18)

City and are truly breath-taking as they glide over the stage. In the second number, a quick change is made by the girls, for the "Charleston," featuring KEN SNYDER and MARY TRASK, two wonderful dancers . . . "The man with the band from movieland," NICK STUART and his ORK, play for the show and present your favorite hit tunes for dancing . . . DON BAKER, "King of the Hammond Organ," takes over while Nick and the boys take "5."

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 18)

a-bout dance most artistic. Their excellent timing and "reverse around" procedure is something to witness. The beating Ashour takes from Lucienne has the female patrons feeling sorry for him—well—almost! . . . The Moro-Landis Sensations present two novel routines and the costumes worn by these 10 lovely dancers are the most beautiful we have ever seen—especially their second change. Their white lace, Spanish-style gowns are something you would only expect to see in a most exclusive ladies' shop. NANCY WILLIAMS, danseuse extraordinaire, is featured in this number and she excells in her interpretation of this age old folk dance. During this routine the patrons are treated to an introduction to the voice of one of our local residents. He is GABRIEL and sings "Granada" with all the expression necessary to do justice to this great classic . . . GARWOOD VAN and his MUSIC MEN cut an exceptional show and play your favorite hit tunes for dancing . . . CHUY REYES and his LATIN AMERICAN ORK play requestfully yours in the MURAL ROOM 'till the wee hours of the morning. Both bands are really great and a treat to hear or dance to.

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 31)

and every person in the United States having any interest in the liquor business, rose up and condemned Blaine. No disclaimer was of any account—and Cleveland was elected by a vote of the electoral college, 215 to 182, in spite of the fact that I, Charles P. Squires, in an effort to save my hero, voted for James G. Blaine for President when I was only 19 years of age. This is not as bad as it sounds because then elections were quite informal and almost anybody having the urge, was at liberty to vote—and they voted "early and often."

Cleveland made one of the best Presidents this country ever had, I think, although he was defeated in 1888 by Benjamin Harrison. I have often wished that some of our later Democratic Presidents had the decisive courage which President Cleveland showed on several occasions. (No, this is not a political editorial.) In deference to Jack Cortez I have not attempted to drag this Fabulous Las Vegas Magazine into politics this campaign, although I am writing this on election day before the returns started coming over the radio.

And, as I think back over my more or less useless life, the thing I think of most often regarding political matters is that it has always happened that some of my very closest and dearest friends have been Democrats.

(Day after election — Here we go again, and the Republicans still live.)

'TUTOR'S DON'TS'

Don't Hold Las Vegas Short
Don't Worry — Watch Us Grow



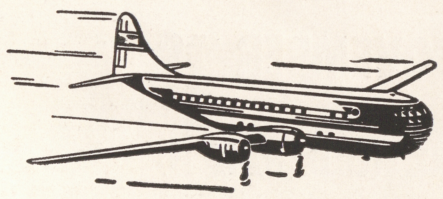
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