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"Fabulous"

DOLORES FRAZZINI

(Story on Page 9)

15¢

November 18, 1950

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 2, NO. 31

1600 South Main St.—Phone 4922

OBSERVATIONS, BY POP SQUIRES

"THAT'S FOR SURE," BY JACK CORTEZ

DEAR MOM, BY MARDIE

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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Jack Burtz's
FABULOUS LAS VEGAS
HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 2 NOVEMBER 18, 1950 NUMBER 31

OBSERVATIONS . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

ANCIENT POLITICS

JUST what the politics of 50 or 75 years ago has to do with this "Fabulous Las Vegas" of 1950, I cannot explain with any great satisfaction, except by saying that politics is in the air just now. What I have for many years called my mind is filled with memories so interesting to me that I really must share them with some of the boys and girls who read this "Fabulous Las Vegas." Of course, this being a purely personal column, I recall that during the primary campaign of 1944, Mrs. Robert A. Taft, whose husband was then a candidate for the Republican nomination for President, was present at a political meeting in Reno. Of course I met her and in a moment of gaiety, I asked her to be my partner for a dance at the inaugural ball in the White House. Of course she accepted very politely. The result of the 1944 election, I assumed, cancelled the dance engagement.

However, when I met her four years later she made me feel that she remembered me and that the engagement was still on. Which, of course, was quite complimentary, but the 1948 election is still Dewey in my mind. But—1952 is still a long way ahead. Senator Taft is now "Mr. Republican" and is, I believe, most likely to be the nominee for President in 1952. I really must find the patent leather dress shoes I bought in 1896 and see if another coating of "jet oil" will do them any good.

There you see, I have just naturally worked my way back to the time (in 1889 I think) when I was a member of a committee of two citizens of the then aborning city of Redlands, Calif. The other committeeman was Scipio Craig, editor of the "Redlands Citrograph." It was our duty to go to Colton and meet the special train bringing President Benjamin Harrison to the west.

It was in May or June and a really hot day. The President appeared on the rear platform, mopped the perspiration from his brow and said sadly:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you have given me a very warm reception." Then Scipio, being an editor, conveyed the compliments of the people of Redlands and the President, who never had heard of Redlands, reached down and shook our hands. Somebody gave the signal and the presidential special left the heat of Colton and rolled on toward Los Angeles.

Harrison, Republican, you may know as an item of history, had defeated Cleveland, Democrat, in the election of 1888, and his visit to California was really part of his campaign for reelection. However, Cleveland, after an absence of four years, was again returned to the White House, in the Democratic landslide of 1892 and I felt that the country would be entirely ruined.

That election of 1896 promised to be a humdinger—and it was. The unexpected featured the campaigns of both parties. On the Republican side the nominee was Congressman William McKinley, a leader of the protective tariff policy in the Congress.

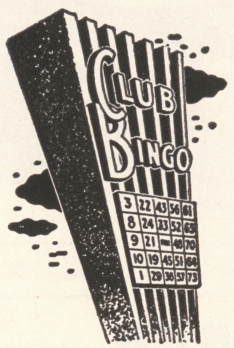
The Democrats surprised themselves and everyone else by nominating one William Jennings Bryan for President. Bryan had not been widely known in national politics. The previous administration under Cleveland was marked by hard times, closed industries and economic troubles all over the nation, which the Republicans claimed were the result of the free trade policies of

(Continued on Page 31)

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VERSE . . .

. . . by **TUTOR SCHERER**
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COMMUNISM

If Stalin could conquer every nation,
His next move would be regimentation
Folks would be herded, like a flock of sheep
No liberty of speech, just eat and sleep.

All freedom of press and speech, destroyed
With mental progress cast to the void.
Then the world would walk with aimless feet
No incentive for anyone to compete.

Just millions of robots, these peoples all
Subject to communism's beck and call.
Never a new idea, would you dare raise
Never a reward or a vote of praise.

Thus a life, always bound with servile bands
To warp the mind, make drudgery for the hands.
You'd live with just one subject being taught,
Communism would be your only thought.

And so you would live,
From your birth to death
With never once,
A private move or breath.

PROVERB

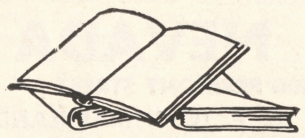
You can't teach an old dog new tricks,
For old age and new ways won't mix.

DEATH IS EQUAL

The little pauper and the millionaire
Have one cooperative task to share
For it is an unavoidable must
The act of turning bodies back to dust.

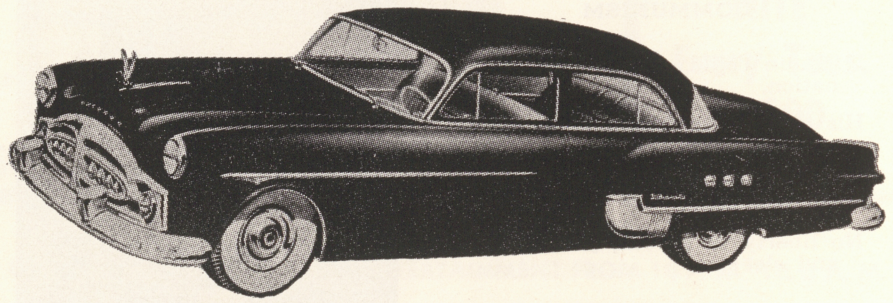
Sincere endeavors, tho meant right
Often pass in unmentioned flight
While each mistake, tho very light
Will face a spotlight, glowing bright.

The rounder with his ten thousand airs,
Is as silly, as the stupid squares.



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- 1 -



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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

On ths week's front cover is 20-year-old DOLORES FRAZZINI, a lovely miss who possesses a most glorious singing voice. She is originally a Chicagoan but has been a resident of our town for approximately eight months, during which time she has fared well. However, this youngster is determined to become a professional songstress. If hard work and persistency has anything to do with it, Dolores Frazzini can't miss.

A couple of months ago her Mom and Dad came out here from the windy city to visit their daughter, who is their only child. At that time Dolores was employed by George Moro as a dancer in the line at the Hotel El Rancho Vegas, and was occasionally featured in the routines. While speaking with her parents we learned that this young lady's singing career began at the early age of six, when Mom enrolled her in a vocal school. As she matured, her voice showed such great promise that Mrs. Frazzini sacrificed small luxuries in order to obtain the services of the finest vocal coach in all of Chicago. Because this is a highly competitive field, Dolores could only manage to get infrequent jobs as a vocalist. Despite the fact that she sang publicly, Miss Frazzini never was given the opportunity to completely reveal the full extent of her prowess as a songstress.

While on a trip to Chicago Mr. Moro heard her sing, watched her dance, and signed Dolores to appear here in his stage productions. Although she has been heard by countless thousands who have frequented this spot, Dolores is still "undiscovered." She is currently with the Devlyn Dancers at the Hotel Last Frontier. When a number calls for vocals, this lovely gal is brought to the fore.

Our "salute of the week" goes out to you, "FABULOUS" DOLORES FRAZZINI, and we sincerely hope you will soon realize the fulfillment of your life-long ambition . . . and that's for sure.

ALTHOUGH we wrote about a certain fellow quite some time ago, we feel he deserves many more mentions. We have reference to Tom Payne, record spinner for station KRAM, heard nightly from 11:00 p. m. until 3:00 a. m., through the sponsorship of the Flamingo Hotel. Tom is the most liked and talked about D. J. we know. Practically everyone you meet will say "Best in the country," or ask, "How come Las Vegas was lucky enough to get this young man?" The nicest thing about the lad is that he is a natural and truly enjoys his work.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Neary who celebrated their 24th wedding anniversary last Tuesday, November 14. Wilbur Clark was their host and we enjoyed hearing Wilbur refer to his friend as "Two-Gun Neary, the working girl's friend" . . . Quite a few inquiries have been made as to the origin of the vests and jackets being worn by the bartenders and piano players in the Golden Slipper Saloon. If you would like one for your private(?) use, contact Perry on North 4th. He is the manufacturer and makes them to order . . . A couple of weeks ago we wrote about the good fortune that befell Lisa Rose, a chorine with the Arden-Fletcher Dancers at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn. In case you missed it, here is a repeat: About a month ago, Lisa inherited a large sum of money and property when a distant relative passed away in New York. When she heard the news Lisa purchased a 1950 convertible Cadillac and lived up to the title of heiress. Last Saturday Miss Rose met a handsome young clothing millionaire, Ernie Baer Jr., and had her name changed—three hours later . . . Handsome Dick Contino wears a gold locket around his neck and considers it his most valuable possession. In the locket is a piece of wood from the original cross upon which our Savior expired. This priceless memento was presented to Dick by Father Leonard of Cincinnati. There are only six such chips in existence. Small wonder that Lloyds of London have insured this treasure for such a high figure . . . We like the way Al Nissell renovated his shop on Fremont Street. The women's wear is now located in the front of the store and the shoe department in the rear. Now, more than ever, women find it a pleasure to shop at Al's place . . . Lots of best wishes to you, Bud Woolsey, with your Talk 'o the Town bar, located in the Twin Dragon on Highway 91. Mr. Woolsey has retained the services of the Union Cab Company. If you should ever want to visit Bud and find yourself without personal means of transportation, just call for a Union Cab. Mr. Woolsey is really giving the customers something for nothing. Your fare to and from the Talk o' the Town will be subsidized by the management . . . Whenever Edward Waskow, owner of the

(Continued on Page 17)

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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.

THEY pounded the first rivet on the grandstand steelwork this week at Las Vegas Park race track, and with due ceremony, too.

No less a celebrity than Senator Pat McCarran was on hand to officiate, coming down from the north especially for the occasion.

Passersby today will note the already towering steel beams rising tall above the concrete grandstand foundations and forming into the shape of terraced seats. Steelworkers have been busy all week accomplishing miracles of fast construction despite winds and sandstorms which threatened to delay them at times.

Senator McCarran was highly enthusiastic over the future prospects of the track, pointing out that it constitutes further assurance that Las Vegas will maintain its position as the top play spot of the nation; that it was a big, added attraction to a resort already well set up to bring in the tourist dollar.

Further assurance that Las Vegas Park will attract good horses of high caliber keeps cropping up as the Las Vegas Thoroughbred Racing Association receives applications for stable spaces almost daily from well known owners of racing stock.

A number of first class jockeys have also signified their intentions of being on hand for the first meeting March 15.

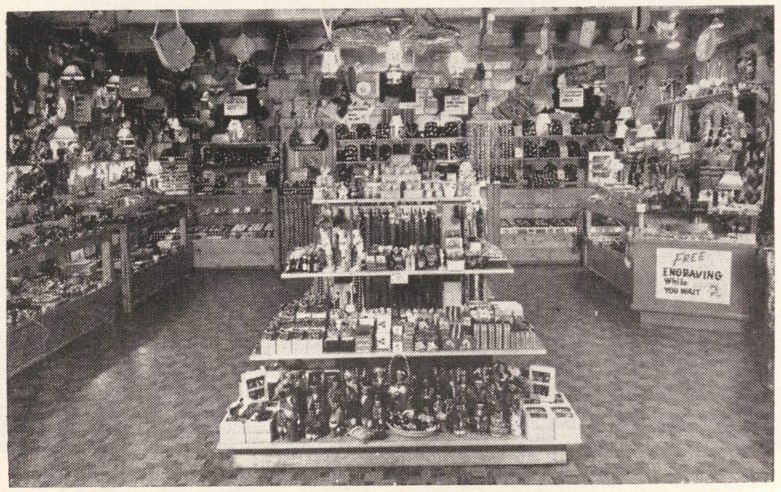
Publicity resulting from the track's first meeting will, of course, bring nationwide attention to Las Vegas in the sports pages of most of the nation's newspapers and national racing publications.

All of the leading sports pages will be running the entries and results daily and Las Vegas will become a byword. That was one big reason why the track's founders named it Las Vegas Park, to include the name of our town.

Regarding the contemplated no-limit heavyweight championship fight which promoter Jack Kearns, former manager of Jack Dempsey, is trying to book for early spring at Las Vegas Park, Jack called long distance from Chicago the other day to say that he is hard at work trying to make a match and will have an announcement to make on the subject one of these days.

Meanwhile the nation's press, stimulated by stories from the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce news bureau, is giving a lot of publicity space to discuss the possibilities of such a finish fight here.

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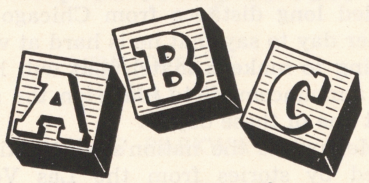
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FREE PICK-UP AND DELIVERY



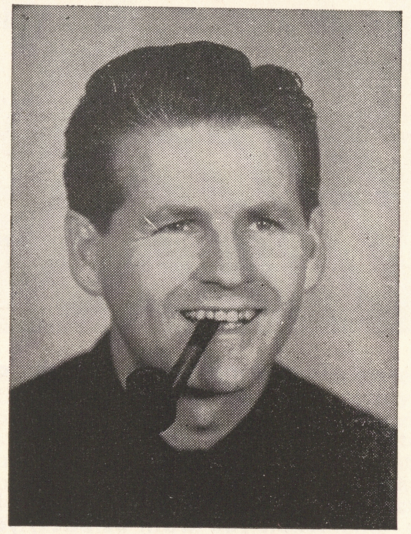
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SKOLSKY
AT THE FLAMINGO HOTEL
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DOWNTOWN . . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN

AS SOON as I defrost my frozen fingers I'll get at typing out my poor little column. Maybe I am a "fair weather fiend." At least I've plenty of company here in Vegas. Most of the entire population has taken up permanent residence here because they like the weather, with its heat and dryness. Let a little winter weather come along and a good part of us are an uncomfortable lot. To a real northerner it may not seem cold but, to me, it has been at least 10 degrees colder'n a well-digger's pookeeta, and man, that's cold! The Chamber of Commerce will disown me for a disloyal citizen if they get ahold of this bit of derogatory palaver, but I gotta call 'em as I sees 'em! Now, let me take off my gloves and I'll get on with the rest of the story.

A lot of you "downtowners" will be interested to know that Dick Day has been laid up with a pretty bad case of pneumonia since a week or 10 days ago. He worked so hard and so intently on his job of putting on those Downtown block parties for you that he let himself run down to where his resistance was too low to ward off "the bug" when it bit him. However, that's the way Dick works: All out! . . . The new card room at the Golden Nugget has worked out so well that an ordinary stranger wouldn't know but what the place had been there all these years. Lots of action, too! The tables are always crowded to the hilt. Now, what they ought to do, is to name that section of the club "kibitz korners," 'cause it seems that no matter how many players there are they are always outnumbered by the kibitzers, and that none of the players seem to mind is the wonderful part of it. The plush and comfortable atmosphere of the new bingo section of the Nugget is simply unbeatable. The room gets an abundance of play and always room for one more, it seems. There is an air of relaxation about the room that makes it an enjoyable occasion each and every time you might choose to go in and rest awhile after a rough shopping tour downtown . . . Bill Elwell was telling me that he has the last word in Italian food at the restaurant of the Elwell Hotel, located at the corner of First and Carson Streets. The eatery is under new management. New to some perhaps, but old friends of ours in the persons of Filipo Rizzo, who handles the catering, while Antonio DeAngelis takes over in the pots and pans department to concoct some of the most delicious Italian food, as well as some of your favorite French dishes, that you ever sat down and tucked in a napkin before. Bill's Hotel Elwell is the newest and one of the finest of our downtown hotels with adjacent conveniences that make it one of the most popular commercial hotels in the city . . . Now that winter weather is with us you will want a way to while away those cold wintry nights in some activity that is relaxing and yet not expensive. I can think of no better means than through bowling, and where else but the New Vegas Bowling Lanes on South Second Street. If, at present, you don't happen to be a bowling fan or enthusiast, you will rapidly find yourself becoming one if you just go in and take a seat for a while and watch as someone else bowls a line or two. There is an undefinable fascination in watching that ball roll down the alley and blast the devil out of the ten pins. Mine usually rolls down the gutter and the devil with the blasted pins! The first evening I went in was just for the purpose of chewing the fat with Ed Radzweit and wound up spending most of the evening watching the bowling; finding myself twisting and turning inside in a futile attempt to help guide an erring ball



(Continued on page 32)

From:

Bob Manners' Music Makers

AT THE DESERT INN

MIKE SEZ:

In this kind of business you're inclined to roam,
But we'll always feel that Vegas is home!

DON SEZ:

Of all the places we've ever been,
We've had the most fun at the Desert Inn!

BOBBY SEZ:

To you and you, and you and you,
This goin' away is makin' us blue!

AND BOB SEZ:

To the Desert Inn and the people of Vegas:
When you want us back, you won't have to beg us!

SO LONG

PODNERS!



THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

REX BELL, one of Las Vegas' favorite sons, is going over with a "bang" in television in two ways. They're showing the silent pictures he made when he was the "Roy Rogers" of his day, and every week on ABC Television Network he does a 30-minute live show called "Rex Bell's Ranch." Both mediums are special favorites with grown-ups and kids alike. He flies to Hollywood, does his live show, and then returns. Through the medium of aeroplanes, he is gone one day and night.

Due to my commuting between here and there, we are sometimes plane partners. On one flight a few weeks back, we taxied to Hollywood together. Naturally we were discussing Las Vegas and wishing television would hurry and get here. On the way to the hotel on Hollywood Boulevard, we passed the theater called the "Cinema." It is the one that plays the old silent pictures and on the marquee, on this particular night, there was a big banner announcing that they were showing a special feature starring Clara Bow. I don't know if Rex noticed it or not, but it struck me sort of funny, she in a return engagement, Rex still at it and going strong.

Rex has been in television for some nine months now. Said he'd really like to take a vacation. To be helpful I suggested that he let Tony, his eldest son, take over the show for a couple of weeks. I know Tony and I know he'd do a bang-up job. Rex said that very idea had come to his mind several times, and after thinking it over, he has a very good reason for NOT letting Tony take over the show, said if the producers ever saw Tony in his part, he, Rex, would be out of a job. He was kidding, of course, for Tony has his sights on being a physician and surgeon, and I'll lay anybody 10-to-1 he makes it, but I will say this, I firmly believe that if Tony ever wanted to be an actor, that he, with his wonderful personality, good looks, and such talented parents, would become a star of the first water. He is one of the best teen-age boys I have ever met, polite, considerate, pleasant and studious. He'll be embarrassed to death if he reads this but I fully mean what I say. He's the kind of boy every parent would like their son to be.

Over a year ago, on the OLD TIMER RADIO PROGRAM, I originated the idea of erecting the new library in our City Park in opposition to the Wildcat



Lair site at Fourth and Stewart streets. Believe you me, there was plenty of opposition at that time but as I understand it, the City Commissioners took up the idea, augmented with a bit of outside help, and the City Park is where the library WILL BE erected. Fifty years from now residents will talk of the farsightedness of the Library Board in locating it there. It won't be long before you see folks sitting on the grass, reading in the shade of the trees that will be planted. A great deal of the North and East tourist travel will always go out Fifth street and, believe me, it will be a story for the tourists to take home with them, to tell how, in the middle of the desert, the inhabitants of a much maligned metropolis spend at least a portion of their time reading, not the paper-backed "hack stuff," not the "pulps," not the so-called "comics," but the same books that are carried in the libraries of their own home town, the ones they wish their home folk would read. Yep, that library is going to be an asset to us in more ways than one. (And what's more, there will always be plenty of parking room, and don't think that won't be conducive to the popularity of the institution.)

Had another case of being too close to the forest to see the trees pulled on me last week. Stuart, our Air Corps son, was home for the first time in two-and-a-half years. He is stationed now up at Merced, California. He had a three-day pass so he drove down to see us. We drove out on the "Strip" and spent most of his time pointing out the places that "weren't here when I left." After the grand opening of an edifice, we seem to forget they're new and just

(Continued on Page 33)

ON THE SCENE . . .

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

Chuck Gould, the orchestra leader, and his beautiful red-haired wife, Lora Bruce, received a wonderful opportunity when Joseph Medrano, owner of "Le Cerque Medrano," of Paris, visited our town last week. The famous impresario came to America in search of a talented pair of "show-wise" people who could write, direct and take general charge of a large production. When Mr. Medrano mentioned his plans to Olsen & Johnson, they recommended the Goulds very highly and Mr. M. planed out here. Upon contacting the couple negotiations and contracts were drawn without any hesitation. Two days later they flew to New York and are continent-bound on the S. S. Ile de France which left its New York pier Friday, November 17 at 7:30 p. m. Mr. and Mrs. Gould have a five month contract with options. If things turn out as well as we hope, they will enjoy an indefinite run. "Fluff" (Mrs. Gould's nickname) will be in charge of the choreography and will also be the featured dancer in the 35-girl line. Fifteen other American acts were signed also and Mr. Medrano hopes to eventually bring the entire revue to our shores as a package show. Because of the talent these two stage veterans possess—Chuck for composing music and "Fluff" for dancing—they should offer the Folies Bergere some real competition. Mr. and Mrs. Gould certainly received their "chance of a lifetime" and we wish them every success in the world.

HOLLYWOOD CHAMPS

Long before embarking on acting careers many of Hollywood's best known profiles tried their luck in the prize ring. True, none of them were professional fighters for any length of time, but they endured long enough to pick up some valuable pointers in the art of self-defense. For example, John Payne, husky 6' 2" star, turned to professional boxing to help finance his two years at Columbia University's School of Drama. The family funds were low so John found it necessary to locate part time employment. Because of his size and agility, Payne became a boxer and fought several professional bouts. He displayed exceptional talent but retired from the ring when he left the university to accept his first role in a Shubert production. Swashbuckling Errol Flynn gained his fisticuff experience as an exhibition fighter with traveling carnivals in Australia. Cleveland's Bob Hope once swapped leather with some of Ohio's best amateur boxers. The comedian confesses he had hopes of becoming a world champ but gave up the idea when he ran into a few straight rights. Rough and rugged Bob Preston distinguished himself in the ring before becoming an actor. While a student at the world famous Pasadena Playhouse he won a medal as a Golden Glover. Kirk Douglas became the light heavyweight champ of St. Lawrence University and worked during summer vacations as a carnival wrestler. Victor McLaglan was an outstanding fighter some years back and George O'Brien chalked up a title during his stint in the Navy. Robert Ryan was a boxing champ at Dartmouth University. George Raft, Bob Mitchum and James Craig are others who boxed for a living at one time. So—a word to the wise: Don't pick a fight with any screen hero unless you are handy with your "dukes." If you aren't, chances are you will wind up on the short end of your argument with a Hollywood champ.

WINTER SPORTS IN LAS VEGAS

John Mario, an enterprising young man who has established nation-wide fame for inaugurating winter sports, came to our city and constructed an ice-skating rink, a ski-run and a ski-lift. The latter is operated by two one-hundred horsepower Mercury motors. According to the figures he has compiled Mr. Mario declares there are 350 ski devotees in Los Angeles who travel through Las Vegas on their way to Utah and other sections of our country where the snows fall. He, himself, has visited all of the well known winter sport regions—and—as an expert—states he has never seen such wonderful ski territory as is situated in Mt. Charleston. All he asks is the cooperation of our hotel and club owners. If they will lend their assistance in a drive to make Mt. Charleston appealing to the winter sport enthusiasts, we will have many more visitors to our town. Mr. Mario hopes to draw one out of every seven skiers from the Los Angeles area. That entails 50,000 sports-minded people. And, just as a reminder, Mt. Charleston is a mere 33 miles from Las Vegas.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

Desert Furniture Company, comes up with a sale, you can be certain of one thing—you are going to save money. We watched him preparing for his S. P. M. (small profit margin) sale and saw him mark prices down to an unbelieveable level. If he kept his merchandise at that cost he would have to go out of business. He wouldn't be able to pay the light bills, let alone his assistants . . . Elinore Harris, food waitress at the Hotel El Rancho Vegas, was a mighty happy gal last week. She won the $1,000 cover-all game at the Club Bingo. Elinore was finally calmed down and remarked: "I've been 'cased' many times but when the announcer called my number I couldn't even breathe for a sixteenth of a second. Then, I managed to scream." We can imagine that shout (and the excitement) was heard downtown . . . Last week we had quite a conversation with Cork Bryant, the gent who purchased the land alongside the Desert Inn about six months ago. He and friend Howard Hughes are most anxious to build their hotel. That is, if they can get the necessary material. They are both making negotiations with various builders but the construction is still on the question mark side. Knowing the Messrs. Bryant and Hughes and their influential ways, we would say they will start building soon . . . Mr. Bollinger, owner of the Silver Dollar Saloon on Fremont Street, has hired Betty Randolph as manager for his establishment. Miss Randolph's slogan will be "a home away from home." Congratulations, Betty. We're sure you will do a grand job . . . Aside to Gretchen North, our "Sleepy Saw" gal: Get well fast. All of your friends miss you and your sunny smile. Las Vegas doesn't seem the same without you. W'ell be looking forward to seeing you back on your feet soon . . . Although we have participated in many card games and have watched many more, we learned something the other night that sort of amazed us. Lou Ehrlich and Max Goot, in charge of the race book in the Eldorado Club, can do something that seems incredible. They will allow a spectator to shuffle the cards and then deal them. Then, one of these two gentlemen will take a hand and anyone can hold the other cards. After looking over his own hand, and before a discard can be made, Mr. Goot or Mr. Ehrlich will identify the suit and value of approximately seven of his opponent's eleven cards. Sound fantastic? Drop in at the Eldorado and get your proof . . . Evidently things are looking up for Georgia McDonald, cocktail waitress at the Thunderbird Hotel. It's wonderful to see her around town in her new 1950 Lincoln . . . The Whisky Brokers of America, comprised of 30 men, arrived in town last week. They stayed at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, where Sam Tucker played the perfect host. They meet semi-annually and always select a different resort. This was their first trip to our town. Philip Marshall, president of the organization, informed us they had heard a great deal of comment about Las Vegas and came to see for themselves. They are 100% convinced and from now on they will hold each and every one of their conventions here. These men actually run the liquor industry of the U. S. The good times and western hospitality accorded them will eventually prove to be a great advertisement for us . . . The management of the New Vegas Bowling Lanes celebrated their first year in the business recently. Frank Belding, former cashier at the Boulder Club, and Ed Radzweit, formerly in the hotel business, are the current partners and really have done a great deal to popularize the sport of bowling. We are certainly happy to note the progress they have made . . . A world famous celebrity who has established himself in our town is Earl Moran, painter extraordinaire. You've all seen his paintings of beautiful women on calendars, match folders, etc. . . . Our mail box: Tony Martin, working on pic "Two Tickets to Broadway," is happy that Frau Cyd Charisse is coming out of retirement to play opposite Ricardo Montalban in "Don Renegade." . . . Fred Soly, manager of the Monte Carlo Club, downtown, informs us that he and his lovely wife Nina are now in Mexico City and leave for Havana, Cuba, soon. They send love and regards to all . . . Gloria DeHaven opens at the Casablanca Hotel in Florida, January 17, and will be followed by Patti Page on January 31 . . . Johnny Martin is in Montreal, Canada, where it is getting colder every day. He really misses our warm climate and writes that the people up there are as show-minded as we are . . . Mae Williams, lovely songstress, opened at the Latin Quarter in Boston with the Ritz Bros. She has changed her name and is known as Marilyn Murray. Her new agents, Talent Representatives, Inc., decided upon the new monicker . . . Buddy Grover trio took the trip to New York mainly for television shows in the big city, but they are once again "hitting the road." The boys opened at the Theatrical Grill in Cleveland. At the end of this engagement they hope

(Continued on page 34)

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 "Charleston-bug." 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 running splits they

(Continued on Page 34)

★ Hotel Last Frontier

November 17 through November 30

(Not a Review)

Harry Carroll, famed composer-pianist and Polly Baker, pert comedy star of song, are the headline duo in the Ramona Room for the following two weeks. Harry is known for such outstanding hits as: "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "By the Sea," and other hit tunes. Carroll and Baker recently wrote some new melodies which they will introduce at this engagement. With the recommendations this wonderful couple have to offer in talent and shows, we'd say Las Vegans are in for a treat! . . . In the supporting role is Joyce Bryant, 22-year-old new singing sensation. She has a vocal range of nearly four octaves and a way of giving songs dramatic treatment. Miss Bryant can skip from the classics to the blues with remarkable ease . . . The Stuart Morgan Dancers, renowned adagio group, are something different on the entertainment horizon. These dancers have

(Continued on page 34)

★ Flamingo Hotel

November 16 through November 29

Frankie Laine, "Mr. Rhythm" himself, is the headliner of this presentation in the Flamingo Room. Frankie, who is genuinely one of the greatest song stylists in the nation, marks another most triumphant engagement with this appearance. We've seen many a singer but we truthfully can't mention any other who loves to sing as much as this vocal artist. With Carl Fisher, his "can't do without" at the piano and Stanley Kay on the drums, Frankie Laine is greater today than ever. His program consists of many new tunes which he's introduced since his last appearance in our town. However, he literally tears the house down with ever-famous and popular "That's My Desire," and "Shine." Those are the tunes that sky-rocketed Frankie to his much deserved fame and fortune. Since then "Lucky Ol' Sun" and "Mule Train"

(Continued on Page 34)

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

November 14 through December 11

Minsky's Follies, with a superb cast of 35, featuring the most beautiful girls in the world, is currently being shown in the Painted Desert Room. We have always boasted that the greatest talent money can buy has been brought to and displayed at our sumptuous hotels. But this No. 1 production, from overture to finale, is in reality a "Broadway show." On opening night, although cut in spots, the Follies ran one hour and 45 minutes without an intermission. Each second of the presentation was a solid hit . . . Starring in this colossal production is the "Anatomy Award" winner, blonderful Dardy Orlando, who artistically performs the "Flamingo Dance" . . . Trudine, acknowledged as the "Quivver Queen of the Nation," really "shakes the room apart" . . . The Zerbys, a handsome couple, dance most gracefully . . . Leo Diamond, one of the country's finest harmonica virtuosos, makes an ordinary mouth organ sound like a complete ork. especially with his interpretation of Xavier Cugat

(Continued on Page 31)

★ Thunderbird Hotel

November 9 through November 22

"Professor" Irwin Corey, a very funny man, is headlining the new show in the Navajo Room. This is the "Professor's" first trip west, after many victorious appearances in the East. Now we realize why it took him so long to get out here. He walks slower than a turtle. He speaks with authority on —well—he just speaks with—! We don't know, you see, he never finishes a sentence. This man keeps hopping from subject to subject—item to item —and never completes anything but he is mighty humorous to hear. "Professor" Corey, dressed in tails, striped trousers and sneakers, boasts a wardrobe that is never cleaned or pressed. Now you should have a faint idea of

(Continued on Page 31)

★ Club Bingo

Joe Cappo, tagged as one of Hollywood's favorite comics, is headlining the new show in the Bonanza Room. Joe made such a hit in this room when he appeared in August that within three months he was called back by popular demand. Here is a quick rundown on Mr. Cappo. He is a wonderful comic, does sensational impressions and lots of slapstick. His is the only impersonation of Charlie Chaplin wherein the impersonator looks more like Chaplin than Chaplin himself. Sounds confusing, doesn't it? But—it's the truth! If Mr. Chaplin entered the room while Joe was impersonating him he'd think he was seeing things. Joe Cappo is truly a very funny and clever comic. . . . On the same bill is Phyllis Inez,

(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, continuously 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 . . . The 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 LaDue, 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.

● ROULETTE ● "21" ● CRAPS ●

● KENO ●



● POKER ●

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WATCHBIRDS

. . by SIR JODY and LADY MICHAEL

NEW YORK . . . New York . . . It's a wonderful town . . . The Bronx is up and the Battery's down . . . but the whole town is filled with people whose hearts belong to Las Vegas! The AMES BROTHERS are packing them in at the Paramount Theater . . . Saw lovely PATTI PAGE at the Copacabana where she is merely sensational and wishes to be remembered to everyone at the Thunderbird.

NOONAN and MARSHALL are the top attraction at the smart La Martinique and their eyes filled with tears at the thoughts of the Desert Inn and all the sunshine and laughs in Vegas . . . VAUGHN MONROE, whose television show is one of the biggest successes over at NBC, asked about everyone at the Flamingo and was very disappointed not to have been able to come back for that planned month's engagement . . . LENNY KENT is yaking it up at the Havana Madrid . . . One of the greatest shows ever done on TV was performed by none other than everybody's favorite — JIMMY DURANTE! The whole theatrical world is so excited about his performance in this new medium that it is hard for anyone to talk of anything else . . . BILLY ROSE dedicated his whole column, of Pitching Horseshoes, to the Young and Rubican Agency to just let Jimmie go on and forget about writers, producers and gimmics . . . Just give us nothing but Durante in any shape, form or angle . . . .BETTY and JANE KEANE are the biggest comedy team in TV and are readying their own show while laughing it up on the JACK CARSON show . . . The girls send their love to everyone in Vegas and want to be especially remembered to EINAR PETERSON . . . EL RANCHO'S BUDDY LESTER is screamingly successful on TV and we saw him at the Copa while visiting PATTI PAGE . . . Ran into CORNELL WILDE and his beautiful wife at the Plaza while watching the antics of wonderful ELSA LANCHESTER . . . DANNY STRADELLA host of the fabulous new hangout for show people . . . DANNY'S HIDEAWAY should be a must for any Las Vegans visiting N. Y. Danny is a sensational little guy who is an ex-jockey, ex-boxing champion, ex-Harvest Moon dance champ, a purple hearter and a favorite of everybody who is anybody. . . . On the night before the election all three candidates for N. Y. mayor were in his restaurant—in three different rooms—and none of them knew the others were there . . . that is diplomacy!



PHYLISS ADAMS, of Theatre Arts magazine, hosted a birthday cocktail party for yours truly S. J. with a guest list that was star studded! FRANCIS LEDERER, who is having great success in G. B. Shaw's Arms and the Man . . . CHARLES CHAPLIN JR. who is "T Veeing. LINDA STEVENS, of Universal Pictures, who now has her own video show . . . ALEXANDER KIRKLAND, who writes, produces and directs the Philco Television Theater . . . MARGARET PHILLIPS who is currently starring in T. S. Elliot's play "The Cocktail Party" and can be seen with LANA TURNER in "No Life of Her Own" . . . MILDRED HUGHES, of "Tickets, Please" . . . HAL TUNIS whose disc jockey show over WMGM is catching on like wildfire . . . CHARLES KORVIN and SAM WANNAMAKER who are both appearing on Broadway . . . BETTY and JANE KEANE who were the life of the party . . . Beautiful CAROL SAROYAN, wife of the famous William . . . MR. and MRS. WARD MOREHOUSE . . . Our own JOANIE BLONDELL who looks more wonderful than ever and says she still loves Vegas! (and no one else!) and the treat of the evening was the arrival of wonderful GYPSY ROSE LEE and her artist husband JULIO DIEGO . . . Most of the party moved on to Danny's Hideaway for a late dinner and a wonderful birthday cake with one candle (if you count by 30s) . . . Impossible accomplished: Saw South Pacific but from seats that made the show

(Continued on Page 29)

Just a Message from the Palmer House in Chicago to our many friends in Las Vegas

Happy Thanksgiving

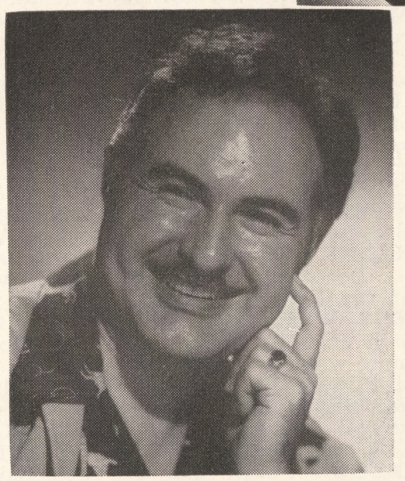
FROM

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AND





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MUSICAL CONDUCTOR

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GABBE, LUTZ & HELLER

REPRESENTED BY
M. C. A.

DEAR MOM . . .

. . . by MARDIE ROGERS

Miown Motel
Las Vegas, Nevada.

Dear Mom: Here I am in Las Vegas! Would have written to you sooner, but was a little confused as to the name of this place. Everybody down here (especially radio announcers) refer to this as "Fabulous Las Vegas" . . . I heard the word Fabulous so much, I thought maybe I had an old map, or that they had changed the name of the town. It's okay to write to me now tho, it's still Las Vegas . . . they haven't changed a thing.

What a spot! Nothing like it! Anybody who is anybody in show business plays here. They run the gamut of emotions right on down from Bergen and McCarthy to the two Bears "Slapsie and Maxie"! What kicks! The other nite Beatrice Kay and hubby Sylvan Greene were over having a confab with Anne Triola and her accompanist . . . and maybe you don't think the wit was flying . . . you'd have loved it, Mom.

Had a chance to sit in on a rehearsal of the new Minsky Show now at the Desert Inn. Twenty chorus girls, funny comics, lovely featured ladies, and a score of music, deftly executed by Carlton Hayes. This is a new idea presented in Las Vegas and I hope one that will catch on. Joe de Rita and Bobby Morris are comedians with a world of experience behind them, two cute guys with what it takes to make for "laffs." The Army scene should be enough to make any guy or gal chuckle, especially in these worrisome times. Carrie Finnell (a dead ringer for Sophie Tucker) garners a million laffs with her two surprises! For eye-filling appeal "Trudine" and "Darla Orlando" are on hand, but don't worry, Mommies, you can bring the kiddies and your hubbies, too.

Only been here a week, but I sure am getting around. Coupla nites ago went over to see Grace Hayes. She has a jernt called "The Red Rooster." All the show kids go there 'cause you can really let your hair down and relax. Gracie is the Mom of the famous Peter Lind Hayes that you see back home on Television. She's lots of laffs and "regular." Loves the poor l'il workin' gals and guys . . . all in all, it's a spot to go to on your nite off . . . or any nite for that matter.

Mommy, just sent in a song to Chuy Reyes of the Flamingo Hotel. Seems they are having a song contest, and anybody who wins gets a three-day sojourn at the above hotel for free. Don't know what I'd do with the vacation, as I am down here anyway, but if B. M. I. (song publishers) would give me a look-see, I'd be happy. I sang the song last nite surrounded by the chuck wagon and the chap I'm collaborating with, Snooper Rogers (pianist at the Desert Inn), and we both got a lusty "hand" in appreciation. Who knows, maybe we can become another "Rogers and Ham" . . . erstein! Will let you know!

Mom, you don't know these people but I've go to tell you about them. Being a pianist yourself, you'd love listening to Bess Heller. She opens at the Last Frontier on November 18th. She plays mighty pretty piano and is well known about town. I got this information from Fran Meehan (Tommy's wife). You wouldn't know it, but she's so instrumental in taking care of the blind in our town. Incidentally, Mom, if you have any extra clothes that you're not using (yours or Pops) Fran could sure use them down here . . . it's such a worthy cause.

Well, darling, am going to close for now. Try to find time to write and dish me all the dirt back home. I don't know too many people as yet but hope to soon. I'm trying to mingle but after seeing all the gorgeous clothes the women wear down here I'm kinda scared. Mink coats are like a "dime-a-dozen," and I'd be willing to wear my old squirrel that you sent me, but it's open season now, and I wouldn't like some hunter to take a pot shot at me (could you use it in front of the fireplace?)

No more news for now. Wish you could be here. All my love to you and Pop.

Mardie.

P. S.—Have a new camera . . . will have someone take a picture of me so you can see what I look like . . . next week.

Me.

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FRONT ROW CENTER

by JOHN RYKEN

ELECTIONS are over for another two years and yours truly sighs with relief. One reason this column was missing last week was the pressing business of the last minute electioneering. It left no time for anything but sleeping or eating. Now that apologies and excuses have been expressed let's go on to other items.

The biggest item to come to the attention of the entertainment world last week was the debut of Jimmie Durante on TV. And to say he was an unqualified smash is an understatement. The TViewers and reviewers ran out of adjectives to describe their feelings on the subject. But it amounted to this: Jimmie Durante came into TV like very few other performers. He was completely natural and at ease and socked over the old routines as very few had seen him since the days of the Club Durante during prohibition days. This is in contrast to the views of the critics on such other natural comedians as Danny Thomas, Fred Allen. The jury is still out on their future, but with the Schnozz no question about it. He ranks with Eddie Cantor and Milton Berle as Mr. TV himself. As John Crosby, the eminent radio critic, put it, "After consulting with the restraint department I think it was the best show I ever saw on television." Which is praise indeed from Allah—to paraphrase a well known quote "It couldn't happen to a nicer guy."

Radio Notes:

The color TV controversy promises to be a lulu when hearings reconvene in Washington the latter part of this month. Several major manufacturers are going along with the idea that color is premature and have voiced their views to the effect that the FCC stepped out of bounds granting CBS the right to go ahead with their system. This prompted the chairman of the FCC to rise up and blast the major companies for what seems to be a conspiracy on their part to prevent the reception of color TV. The verbal blows continue and it may develop into the fight of the decade. The question being just how much power the FCC has in allowing or refusing the sending of certain systems.

Music as Written:

The quirks of the record buying public have often been so out of line that the boys in the know sometimes wonder why they remain in the music business. Reason it is so unpredictable.



An example of the above came out last week with a record Patti Page had made a few days before. A distributor heard an advance recording of her "Boogie Woogie Santa Claus" and told the Mercury people that if it were backed with a fairly saleable tune he would give an advance order of 47,000 copies. The tune had created some interest the year before via a recording made by Mabel Scott. So Patti's manager and the Mercury people searched around. They couldn't seem to come up with a tune that had what the distributor wanted. Then at the last moment they got wind of a tune that Erskine Hawkins had recorded for the Coral label and had created some excitement. So Patti recorded with her voice dubbed in to give it the highly successful duet gimmick and the rest is history. "Tennessee Waltz," a favorite of western fans, was an overnight sensation due to Patti Page's rendition. The distributor who had wanted 47,000 copies of the record now declared he wanted 91.000 as an initial order. And this reception was accorded the tune all over the country.

Other examples of the "B" side all of a sudden sprinting for the hit class:

"Goodnight Irene," Gordon Jenkins and the Weaver. The supposedly big side was "Tzeena, Tzeena."

"Sentimental Me," Ames Bros. The supposedly big side, "Music, Music," which died very quickly.

There are more to come and gray hair is an established thing in the music business. The executives always seem to hit the counters with a sleeper they had no idea would come through while the favorite tune was lost in the backwash. That is the news.—J. R.



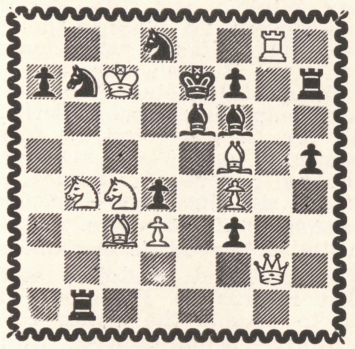
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. . . by FRED SOLY
PRESIDENT, LAS VEGAS CHESS CLUB

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2—P-QB4	PxP	26—PxR	KxR
3—N-KB3	P-QR3	27—PxN	P-N3
4—P-K3	B-N5	28—N-B3	N-Q2
5—BxP	P-K3	29—P-R3	NxBP
6—Q-N3	R-R2	30—Q-Q4	Q-Q2
7—N-K5	B-R4	31—Q-K5	Q-B3
8—N-QB3	B-Q3	32—N-N5	K-K2
9—O-O	N-KB3	33—N-Q4	Q-Q4
10—P-B4	O-O	34—Q-N8	K-B2
11—B-K2	BxB	35—Q-B7ch	Q-Q2
12—NxB	P-B4	36—Q-B4	Q-Q4
13—R-Q	Q-B2	37—N-B3	K-N2
14—B-Q2	P-QN4	38—Q-B7ch	Q-Q2
15—P-R4	R-N2	39—Q-B3	Q-Q8ch
16—RPxP	RxP	40—K-R2	Q-Q3ch
17—Q-Q3	R-QB	41—K-N	K-B2
18—RxP	RxP	42—P-R4	Q-Q8ch
19—RxB	RxB	43—K-R2	Q-Q3ch
20—RxR	QxR	44—K-N	Q-Q8ch
21—R-B2	Q-N3	45—K-R2	Q-Q3ch
22—PxP	RxP	Draw	

When the frost is on the pumpkin
And the corn is in the shock
Is when I start to figure how
To get my coat from hock.

There are two kinds of friends: One takes you as you are, and the other wants to find something wrong with you first.



NIMZO-INDIAN DEFENSE

Reshevsky	Weaks	16—P-QB4	N-Q6
White	Black	17—R-N	NxB
1—P?Q4	N-KB3	18—KRxN	QR-Q
2—P-QB4	P-K3	19—R-N3	R-Q3
3—N-QB3	B-N5	20—B-N	P-QN3
4—P-K3	O-O	21—N-B	Q-Q2
5—B-Q3	P-Q4	22—K-R2	N-N5ch?
6—N-B3	P-B4	23—PxN	BxP
7—O-O	N-B3	24—P-B3	BxP
8—P-QR3	BxN	25—PxB	R-R3ch
9—PxB	QPxP	26—K-N	Q-R6
10—BxP	Q-B2	27—BxP	Q-R8ch
11—Q-K2	P-K4	28—K-B2	Q-R5ch
12—P-Q5	P-K5	29—K-N	Q-R8ch
13—N-Q2	N-K4	30—K-B2	Q-R5ch
14—P-KR3	B-B4	Draw agreed	
15—B-R2	KR-K		

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HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES by MARTIN LEWIS

HOLLYWOOD'S Blonde Bombshell and the screen's Sarong Queen have been set by epic-maker Cecil B. DcMille for top roles in his forthcoming circus spectacle, "The Greatest Show on Earth." The veteran producer-director handed Betty Hutton the prize part of her career last week when he cast her in the role of Holly, trapeze artist and blonde enchantress who complicates the lives of the male performers and nearly wrecks the circus. At the same time, DeMille announced his selection of Dorothy Lamour for the important role of Phyllis, the "iron jaw" girl whose saucy wit enlivens much of the technicolor venture. Incidentally, for the benefit of movie-goers who are unfamiliar with circus jargon, an "iron jaw" girl is a performer who spins from a trapeze bar while hanging by her teeth! Production of the star-studded opus is slated to get under way in mid-January in Sarasota, Florida — winter headquarters of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus.

Movie hero Ronald Reagan chalked up some sort of a record the other day down Tucson, Arizona, way when he personally danced with two hundred co-eds from a local state college. The gals arrived at Reagan's hotel en masse and invited Ronnie to dine and dance with all of them. The leading man of "The Last Outpost" quickly snatched up the invitation saying: "This is too good a thing to miss. Believe me, I was never this popular when I was in school!" . . . Hollywood film folk are chuckling about this recent conversation between Laurence Olivier and Maurice Evans, probably the two greatest actors in the world. Olivier, it seems, met Evans at a Hollywood party and asked the fellow: "Tell me, old boy, do you really enjoy acting?" . . . "Not particularly," replied Maurice . . . "Neither do I," remarked Olivier. This, mind you, from two polished performers who have forgotten more about acting than most stars have ever learned.

Facts and Fancies

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

Pity the sad plight of movie hero Montgomery Clift. Although this handsome gent ranks as one of the top leading men in Hollywood, he has never won the girl in any of his films. He received the cold shoulder from Olivia de Havilland in "The Heiress," was bewitched and deceived by a German beauty in "The Big Lift" and keeps up his record as the ill-fated beau of Shelley Winters and Liz Taylor in George Stevens' "A Place in the Sun." In real life, Clift's heart belongs to Mira Letts, a Russian actress.

Chalk up still another honor to the one and only Bing Crosby. Early this month, Mr. C. was voted the favorite performer of some 17,000 members of the Bobby Soxers of America. "Mr. Music" is still the King—with small fry as well as grown-ups.

From the Hollywood Casting Offices

Tall, blond and handsome Sterling Hayden returns to Paramount next month to assume the stellar role in Nat Holt's action-packed western, "Devil's Canyon." He'll portray Tex McCloud, a rancher whose place is burned out and herd stolen, in this saga of villainy and romance.

Versatile Arthur Kennedy, popular star of stage and screen, has been inked by producer Hal Wallis to co-star with Alan Ladd and Wendell Corey in "Quantrell's Raiders." The picture is currently before the technicolor cameras near Gallup, New Mexico—with Kennedy portraying a Confederate veteran of the Civil War, Corey as Quantrell and Ladd as his lieutenant.

Newcomer Lyle Bettger, who scored in "Union Station" and "No Man of Her Own," has been added to the stellar cast of "Dear Brat." He joins Mona Freeman, Billy de Wolfe and Edward Arnoid to play the role of an ex-convict who's rehabilitated by pretty Mona.

Billy de Wolfe, the adroit comedian who's as funny off the screen as he is on, kept cast and crew of Paramount's "Dear Brat" in a gay mood the other day with his series of "do-you-know" gags. Between scenes as the stuffy small town banker in the comedy, Billy gave out with this one:

"Do you know what mixed emotions are?" he asked pretty Mona Freeman. "That's what you get when your mother-in-law drives over a cliff in your brand new automobile."

Blossom Seeley, the unforgettable singer of a generation ago, and husband Benny Fields arrived in the film capital last week to confer with producers William Perlberg and George Seaton regarding the elaborate musical based on Miss Seeley's career. Vivacious Betty Hutton is set to star in this movie which is slated for 1951 production.

(Continued on Page 33)

HOLLYWOOD . . .

All because of a couple of close-ups of Linda Darnell's legs the bill for the star's stockings exceeds the cost of her entire wardrobe for 20th Century-Fox' "No Way Out."

The stockings aren't diamond-encrusted, hand-embroidered or even especially woven. They just happen to be the sheerest variety made—half-thread, 65-denier, in a color known as "smoky velvet," and they only set the wardrobe department back $3.95 a pair.

Linda plays a carhop with a limited and shabby wardrobe, but with a noticeable vanity about her shapely legs and feet—an understandable pride since, in real life, the American Institute of Art named Linda's "the world's loveliest limbs" last year.

As a result of her characterization in the script, studio stylist Travilla outfitted Linda via the bargain basement, five-and-dime and second-hand stores to the tune of $57.93 for four outfits. But he gave her a pair of flimsy, high-heeled red sandals and the sheerest hosiery as her only grooming extravagance in the film.

The trouble was that the first close-up of Linda's legs shows her snagging her stockings during the junkyard race riot sequence, and the following scenes had to match.

Since Linda has a habit of crossing her legs, and the buckles of her sandals caught on her stockings, she constantly got runs that didn't match the originals. Also, she did a fainting scene in which she sagged to her knees, and it took 11 rehearsals and takes before a take was okayed.

"Every time I sagged, the stockings snagged," she said.

Then there are her running scenes.

"The stockings ran even faster than I did!" says Linda, who admits one-threads are the sheerest she wears in real life.

Every time there was a mismatched snag or run, wardrobe girl Josephine Brown had to remove the ruined pair as proof they were useless, turn them in to the wardrobe department to keep their inventory straight, and make out a requisition for a new pair. Then there'd be the job of making the new pair run to match the close-up runs.

It took 37 pairs of stockings to keep Linda in the matched-run sheers. The tab, at the aforementioned $3.95 a pair, is $146.15, which doesn't include the cost of bookkeeping on the runs, or the labor involved in matching the runs.

The stockings so far cost $88.22 more than the total cost of her wardrobe—which consists of one skirt, one green sweater, one polka-dot scarf, one beat-up bathrobe, one second-hand leather man's lumber-jacket, and the jacket of a suit Joan Crawford wore four years ago in a picture called "Daisy Kenyon."

Wardrobe figures the final cost of keeping Linda's legs in the cobwebby sheers will be close to $500, when the overhead is figured in.

Linda's comment to that estimate is a classic:

"Gollies, you'd think I was Betty Grable!" she exclaimed.

WATCHBIRDS:

(Continued from Page 21)

more of a rumor than a reality . . . but with help of binoculars and hearing aid enjoyed it immensely . . . but sat front row center at Gentlemen Prefer Blonds . . . Growing pains! The Watchbird column was picked up by Panorama magazine of Miami Beach, Florida, and the Toronto, Canada, newspaper The Daily Mail . . . from west to south to north we go . . . How about that? Welcome to the strip . . .MINSKYS! DEAN MURPHY just finished a stint at the Paramount and flew off to his home in Miami to roost before returning in the Latin Quarter . . . Had dinner with MR. and MRS. TOMMY DORSEY AND RORY CALHOUN at the Versailles where we were enchanted by the enchanting EDITH PIAFF . . . Tommy and Rory are both appearing at the Capitol Theatre . . . Lunch at "21" with FAYE EMERSON and SKITCH HENDERSON, who had just announced their engagement . . . Supper at SARDI'S with TEDDY HANSEN, of the sensational Scandia Restaurant of Hollywood, who was stopping over in N. Y. on her way to Copenhagen, Denmark, for a three-months vacation . . . Special attraction on the air waves was our guest stint on JACK EIGAN'S program emanating from his new club the "Guest Room" . . . Just as many New Yorkers were as confused by "Coo Time" as were Las Vegans . . . Mr. and Mrs. Zachary Scott enjoying the two piano tuning of EDIE and RACK at the Blue Angel, then on to Glennon's bar on Third avenue with John Springer, of RKO, and Michael Steel and Alex March . . . This is the bar where "Lost Weekend" was written and also was filmed in the picture. We carried on from there . . . Crick in the neck department: Sure are tall buildings they got here! Cooo!

Weekly Beauty Letter

from WALLY WESTMORE

Makeup Director, Paramount Studios

For ambitious women who constantly are on the look-out for new tricks to improve their grooming, here are the personal beauty tips of three Hollywood glamour girls.

Lucille Ball says she learned a new way to keep her hair in place during the filming of Bob Hope's Technicolor comedy, "Fancy Pants." Luci sports several elaborate coiffures in the picture, and to keep them looking smooth, she "lemonized." She sliced two lemons, placed the slices in a small pan and covered them with water. Then she boiled the water for about ten minutes, strained the liquid and used the remaining fluid as a lacquer, applying it to her tresses with a small brush. According to Miss Ball the lemon lacquer is not only economical, but safe for all types of hair.

Joan Fontaine finds time for a brisk walk in the great outdoors every day because she knows that proper breathing in the open air is vitally important to skin beauty. The leading lady of "September Affair" takes a 15 minute walk day in, day out—come rain or shine. As she walks. she remembers to use her lungs to the fullest extent by holding her head and shoulders erect and breathing slowly, deeply and evenly. Incidentally, Joan's movie close-ups prove conclusively that correct breathing results in a healthy glowing skin.

After a summer in the sun, Rhonda Fleming gives her hair frequent hot oil treatments. She heats a small amount of olive oil, parts her hair off in sections, applies the oil to her scalp with a cotton pad, then uses the fine end of a comb to distribute the oil from scalp to hair-ends. Next, she dips a bath towel in steaming water, wrings it out and wraps it around her head, allowing it to remain there for several minutes. The red-haired beauty of Paramount's "The Redhead and the Cowboy," repeats this process three or four times, then shampoos her locks.

Weekly Fashion Letter

from EDITH HEAD

Paramount Fashion Designer

For a smooth blend of smart sophistication and striking simplicity, Hollywood's fashion-wise screen stars are accenting their fall outfits with fabric muffs.

Frankly, this new trend should be like manna from Heaven for the hard-working girl on a pinch-penny budget who heretofore has looked with envy upon the luxurious fur muffs flaunted by her wealthy sisters without money worries. Styled to be practical as well as pretty, these muffs boast inner pockets to house feminine necessities and are made of practically every material on the fabric chart.

Diana Lynn has a knitted muff which she uses as a perfect foil for an oxford gray tweed suit. The muff is crimson in color and is woven of heavy nobby wool threads. Wtih the suit, the pert leading lady of "My Friend Irma Goes West" wears a nobby-knit sweater of matching crimson wool . . . Marilyn Maxwell arrived on the set of Bob Hope's new comedy, "The Lemon Drop Kid," wearing a deep green top-coat lined in lobster red and green plaid. With it, she teamed a huge square muff of matching plaid wool.

Joan Fontaine received long, low whistles of approval from the males when she attended a recent showing of her new romantic drama, "September Affair." Her whistle-provoking gown was a figure-hugging cocktail dress of rich gold and black brocade—her muff, a pouch-shaped accessory of matching brocade lined in black velvet.

Glamour version of the fabric muff is being displayed about Hollywood by Ruth Hussey, who romances with Bing Crosby in "Mr. Music." She carries a fan-shaped "muff" of black Chantilly lace when she wears a strapless black evening dress which boasts a cascade of flounces at the hemline.

Once again, the film stars set the styles for all the world to follow.

DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 19)

and Spike Jones . . . George Moore is a good tap stylist . . . There are many more outstanding acts, too numerous to mention at this time. As a "coup de grace," and a special added attraction, is the one and only Carrie Finnell. Famous the world over for being the most unusual act in show biz, Miss Finnell was brought by Mr. Minsky from Paris, France, to add her charms to the Follies . . . We must give special mention to Donn Arden and Ron Fletcher for staging all those super dance productions . . . Carlton Hayes and ork cut all the music for the show like masters . . . Special mention also to Harold Minsky and his brilliant direction of this fantastic production. The name Minsky has been synonymous with show biz for as long as we can remember. With revues such as the current Follies Mr. Minsky has carved another niche . . . and that's for sure.

CLUB BINGO:

(Continued from Page 19)

a lovely songstress who sings the tunes you want to hear, the way you love to hear them. Her variety of selections is bound to please all . . . Rotund Eppy Pearson, manager and host of the Bonanza Room, has come up with another humdinger with this presentation. Always on the lookout for new acts, we'd say Eppy is batting 98% in getting the best in shows all the time . . . Mike Werner and his Dixielanders cut a fine background for the show and play for your dancing pleasure until 6:00 a. m.

THUNDERBIRD HOTEL:

(Continued from Page 19)

what this absent-minded professor looks like—and you're right! A humorous bit he does is a record pantomime of an opera star, straining his vocal chords, singing an aria from the "Barber of Seville" . . . In the co-starring spot are the Page Cavanaugh Trio, of screen and recording fame, who introduce mellow harmony done beautifully. Their selection of tunes are well chosen and are the latest on the Hit Parade. Act consists of bass, guitar and Page at the "88s" singing many solos. A surprise innovation to this act is the appearance of two of the members' wives who take part and present 5-way harmonizing, plus many unique arrangements done in great fashion . . . On the same bill are those East Indian dancers Copsey and Ayres, attired in exotic sequenced costumes. They present two routines we enjoyed watching . . . The lovely Katherine Duffy Dansations introduce two new miniature productions. One is a masquerade and the second a colorful rumba. Featured in both are Christina Carson and Sherry Scott . . . Barney Rawlings is your m. c. and the singer for the numbers . . . Al Jahns and his ork cut a good show and play your favorite melodies for dancing. From waltz to mombo-jombo rhythms is the variety the maestro offers.

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

the Democrats.

So it happened that Bryan espoused the cause of the poor and unemployed and made his famous address to the Democratic convention in which, referring to the Republicans and their protective tariff policy, he said:

"They shall not press upon our brow the crown of thorns, nor crucify us upon a cross of gold." At least that is how I remember the great orator's address which stampeded the convention and made him the Democratic nominee on a newly introduced political plank:

"Free coinage of silver on a ratio of sixteen to one." It was Bryan's theory that the thing to do was to promise everybody something for nothing, by giving the United States Treasury the power to buy silver, which was then very cheap, and coin it into money at the ratio of sixteen ounces of silver to one ounce of gold. That was very popular in the west.

McKinley made his campaign on the platform of "sound money" and no monkey business in the treasury department. "Protect the infant industries of the United States" was the Republican battle cry.

I well remember the day of McKinley's election, in whose campaign I marched in the mud and rain. I was gratified because from that very day prosperity came to the nation and lasted until the disastrous bank panic of 1907.

Bryan was persistent in seeking the presidency for the next dozen years. He was a wonderful and delightful orator and people admired him personally, but were afraid to trust him in practical business matters.

Which brings me up to the election of half a century ago, 1900. McKinley had been assassinated and Teddy Roosevelt, vice-president, became President. Teddy gained wide admiration

(Continued on page 33)

DOWNTOWN:

(Continued from Page 13)

to the proper spot like an avid pinball player . . . Once again I now have all kinds of sports jackets and coats, and got the surprise of my life at the same time. I had my closet jammed with these things, but all of them with some little thing wrong with them that made them useless as they were, such as the sleeves too short on a few, and one favorite coat with an elbow that was blown out by excess abuse at bars in days gone by. A few weeks ago I began to wonder what I was going to use to keep the winter breezes off my shoulder blades this season when I struck on this idea. I took all of these "gone garments" down to Willie Dutton on North Second Street for an estimate and almost flipped when I found how little it was gonna cost me to put them all back into operation. Now you know why it is that I have been wearing "clothes" again here lately instead of the usual "denims." Now it's just possible that you have some "skeletons" in the closet that could be used by you, or someone else, with just a smattering of rejuvenation and you couldn't take 'em to a more conscientious guy to fix them than Willie at Dutton Tailors on North Second Street . . . Have you caught the jackpot arrangement at Georgetti's Westerner Club as yet? When someone hits a jackpot you would think that someone had at the same instant given the downbeat for the intro music to Gang-busters! Lights, gongs, people yelling and a general scurrying about of interested parties. Then there's that Penny Roulette where the pitiful penny can go to dimes, then dollars in the short span of a few minutes . . . Friends of Harry Zody will be glad to hear that he has been held over at the Cinnabar for an indefinite period where he will continue to perform on his Hammond Electric Organ for your listening pleasure. Had quite a talk with Harry and learned that he is also quite a composer of note with 15 of his compositions having been published. "Starlight Waltz" is one of them and another is "The Football Blues" which was introduced last year on ABC by Lawrence Welk and his fine organization. About the best way I can think of to describe Harry Zody is to tell you that he is a past president of the Hollywood Optimists Club and the District Secretary-Treasurer of the same. That alone tells you what a go-getter he is . . . At last the Friedman Building at Third and Fremont is emerging from behind the "peep-hole" fence and it looks as though it is really going to be a fine addition to our "fabulous" Fremont. You know, it takes so long to get the rough work done that you begin to think that nothing is being done. Then all of a sudden the "peeling" is taken off and from there on in you can see the progress from day to day and you realize that there is an enormous amount of work goes into building a building of that sort. The same goes for the Race Track out on Paradise Valley Road. Next time you drive out South Fifth just cast an eye to the left and take note of the two huge cranes at work now with the steel rigging that has arrived. The thing is getting up to where you can see the progress now . . . Do you realize that Sandy Claws time is on us again? I wonder how many of you have last year's stuff paid for? Only five weeks 'till Xmas! Here's an item that might interest you. If you're one of those who has a host of friends around the country to whom gifts must be sent you can solve most of your problems by putting them on the shoulders of Trader Bill at the corner of Fourth and Fremont Street. He will pack and ship to any place you name and what a selection of items he has in that little place of his for you to choose from. Now is the time to get at it, too, if you know what I mean, and I'm sure you do! . . . KENO is airing a "deejay" show from the Rose Room of the El Cortez Hotel every Friday and Saturday night, giving you an opportunity to hear that fine Dixie combo that plays there nightly, the Dixie-Tones! I must admit that these boys were a little rough around the edges when they began but now they are smoothed out and polished into one of the finest Dixie groups you'd ever want to hear, giving you a dancing beat that's hard to beat . . . So, between sniffles, I think I'll knock it off about here for this week. Yeah, it looks as though I'm about to join up with the rest of the people I know and submit to the "bug" after all. I don't know! About the only thing I can think of that I could take to keep from getting a cold would be arsenic, and I wanta be around to turn into "old people" so I suppose I'll just have to go on having my semi-annual cold. Don't worry, Mom, I'm a big boy now! . . . Where's that Kleenex box? . . . Johnny.

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 31)

when, in the Spanish-American war, he organized a regiment of volunteers which he led personally in the Battle of San Juan Hill, in Cuba.

It was natural that we brash young fellows should admire the audacious Teddy. So in the campaign of 1900, a few of us young politicians formed an organization of a new type, particularly intended to dramatize Roosevelt. We called it "Teddy's Terrors" and limited our group to 100 young men and a 50-piece band. Our uniforms were khaki trousers and canvas leggings; blue flannel shirts and red bandanna handkerchiefs knotted about our necks with belt for ammunition, holster and six shooter. Of course, we used only blank ammunition, but still had a few casualties, the most notable being "Frank" Frankenstein, leader of the Orpheum orchestra, who was disabled for a time by a batch of wadding which lodged under his arm.

In the campaign parades this organization was spectacular. When they marched down the city streets at night firing their revolvers by platoons of eight, "Crash — crash — crash, crash, crash" and the band playing one of Sousa's inspiring marches, it was really quite thrilling. I helped Lester Robinson, Bob Wade, J. Wallace F. Diss and a few others pick the members. We campaigned by special train, to Santa Barbara, San Diego, San Bernardino and intermediate points, taking two or three days for each trip. Frankenstein learned to play patriotic tunes like "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" on the sliding steam whistle of the locomotive and at every station we were greeted by great crowds and made speeches. It was at Azusa or Monrovia or one of the towns along there I made my first political speech from the rear platform of the train when I was pushed out onto the rear platform as the train stopped and, quite unprepared, was faced by a large crowd of school children and adults.

I had at first frightful stage fright, which was relieved in a moment when a couple of the boys came around to the rear of the train bearing a huge bouquet which had been presented—I think at Monrovia, and this station was Azusa. My fright faded and, with all the grace I could muster I thanked the good people of Azusa for the honor they were doing us and through us, to the immortal Teddy Roosevelt. Which took well. Then I told how the policy of protection of our infant industries was more apt to give employment to our people, than was any tricky policy like 16 to 1.

Gene Biscailuz, sheriff of Los Angeles county, is one of the very few members of Teddy's Terrors still surviving. When I call on him in his office in Los Angeles, we put our arms about each other's shoulders and go into his private office where hangs a large photograph of Teddy's Terrors taken in 1900, showing both of us in the picture.

THE OLD TIMER:

(Continued from Page 15)

figure they "belong." To us they seem to have always been there. I didn't realize that the Thunderbird, Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, the Last Frontier Village, and El Rancho Vegas Hotel sign were so new. What gets me is, he swears up and down that I didn't write and tell him. Come to think of it, I didn't take him out and show him the new Race Track. Oh well, he'll be "home for Christmas."

HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES:

(Continued from Page 28)

On the romantic scene! If pretty Jean Simmons can obtain boss man J. Arthur Rank's permission, she'll prolong her stay in the States until Christmas. The British actress arrived in Hollywood some time ago to plug her new stellar vehicle, Somerset Maugham's "Trio," and to see boy-friend Stewart Granger. Incidentally don't be surprised if Miss Simmons and Granger trek to nearby Santa Barbara to tie the traditional wedding knot before many days pass . . . Greta Garbo caused eyebrows to be lifted way up to here when she arrived at a small dinner party in the company of handsome Pat Di Cicco. He's the chap who was recently engaged to tennis star Gussie Moran . . . Other twosomes making news in Hollywood this week include: starlet Judy Clark and Marlon Brando.

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EL RANCHO VEGAS

(Continued from Page 18)

perform and "individual challenge" routines are guaranteed to offer one and all a thrill a minute . . . In the opening spot is a young man, Reggie Rymal, who appears with a paddle ball and presents a most novel and unusual act. His intriguing manipulations with the "toy" and clever chatter is decidedly new in our books—and most refreshing. Reggie uses as many as three paddles and winds up by catching each of the balls in his mouth. The complicated tricks he does from start to finish could never be described. He's a real champion, who must be seen in action . . . The lovely Cover Girls introduce two new routines, featuring 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)

delighted audiences everywhere with their remarkable agility and rhythmic coordination . . . The Devlyn Dancers will present two new routines, a "Continental Polka" and a "Liebestraum Ballet," featuring Mary Statz . . . Nick Stuart and his ork are the music men in the background who play a "hit parade of tunes" . . . Don Baker takes over during intermission and plays your requests on the Hammond organ.

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 18)

have added more cement to a stronger than ever foundation. The continuous outbursts from the patrons demanding more encores and requests are a sure sign of a very successful engagement. Yes, sir! Frankie Laine is just loaded with that stuff called rhythm and style, which has no equal . . . On the same bill is a unique Oriental magician named Tung Fin Soo, who brings many tricks guaranteed to mystify you. His ways are simple, but those tricks—! "Darn clever, these Chinese" . . . The Moro-Landis Sensations again come forth with two super dance routines, exquisitely costumed. Garwood Van and his "men of rhythm" cut a wonderful show and play the kind of music that makes you want to dance . . . Chuy Reyes and his Latin American ork hold forth to the delight of the patrons in the Mural Room. (How about that, "Oink-Oink?")

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 17)

to audition for a five-day week, 15 minute TV show, which is in the process of being scripted . . . Joe E. Lewis explaining how he was honored by the Friars Club (November 3) with most of the notables in show biz paying him a great tribute. Benny Davis authored a special tune called "We Love You, Joe," which was sung by the one and only Sophie Tucker. Joe E's closing remark was: "I'm glad all this was said while I am still alive" . . . Dick Contino at the New York Paramount, stopping all five shows cold on his opening. Letter was from "Pop" and we sure agree this young "squeeze box" genius is sensational . . . Belated birthday greetings to Phyllis Christensen (November 9) of Christensen's Men's Wear on Fremont Street. Husband Arnold surprised her with large birthday party at the Thunderbird Hotel. Also belated birthday congratulations to Chris' mother (November 11) . . . For special kindness we would like to compliment Blinky, the pit boss at the Eldorado Club. He is the type of person anyone would be proud to have in his employ . . . The more we get to see and know Seymour Vories the more we like him. This young man has an ingratiating personality. You just can't help but admire him . . . The owners of Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn originally called upon Irv and Louise Stone to decorate the walls of the Painted Desert Room, but these young artists couldn't comply because they were too busy with other commitments. Because of that Charles Cobelle, one of the leading contemporary artists, painted the murals in the dining room. Recently the management decided they needed two partitions to complete the necessary effect. Again they turned to the Stones and this time their services were available. Not only did Irv and Louise do a skillful job, but their work blends beautifully with the murals and only a master could discern the difference. We are very proud of our art department . . . and that's for sure.

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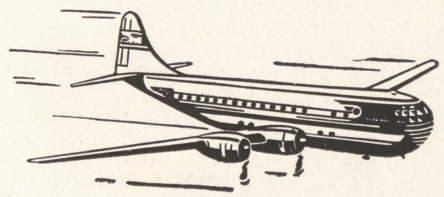
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Beatrice Kay