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HOWDY PODNER !



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W. R. (BILL) KRUSE

OWNER OF NEVADA MOTORS, INC.

(Story on Page 9)

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 2, NO. 32

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OBSERVATIONS, BY POP SQUIRES

"THAT'S FOR SURE," BY JACK CORTEZ

DEAR MOM, BY MARDIE

VERSE, BY TUTOR SCHERER

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

Subscriptions $5.00 per year

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Jack Portz's FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 2 NOVEMBER 25, 1950 NUMBER 32

OBSERVATIONS . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

A GREAT PROJECT

BEFORE we get serious about this really great project in the Las Vegas world of entertainment which has so quietly developed that people are just now beginning to realize its greatness, I am compelled to yield to the Thanksgiving spirit and recite a verse or two (as I remember them) from Bill Nye's famous poem on

AUTUMN LEAVES

The autumn leaves are falling
They are falling everywhere;
They are falling through the atmosphere
And likewise through the air.

The autumn leaves are falling
They are falling pro and con;
They are falling, falling, falling
They are falling off and on.

Bill Nye was one of the very jolliest humorists of the last half of the nineteenth centry and, on his lecture tours, would recite such inane verses with a seriousness which made his audiences roar with laughter. The quality of our humor seems to have changed of late years. An entertainer nowadays seems to think he must be loud-mouthed, raucous and vulgar in order to be popular. Of course we girls and boys who read the more or less noble columns of "Fabulous Las Vegas" are no longer so childish as to particularly enjoy vulgarity—although we do think the story of the colored preacher who lost his bicycle is really good.

Now let's see if we can get back to our subject.

I was amazed recently to see the towering steel framework of the grandstand at the new race track as it loomed up when seen from Highway 91. It was much more impressive than a couple of months ago, so I asked permission to prowl about the place a bit to find out what is going on.

The most important change is in the track itself which, of course, is not seen from the highway. The great oval, which in its mile-long sweep will soon be trod by some of the greatest race horses of the nation, is undergoing various processes of spreading, wetting, kneading and rolling the various materials of which great tracks are built.

In charge of this important work is one of the nation's outstanding experts on track building, Mr. C. D. McClellan, who joined forces with President Joe Smoot in the designing and building of race tracks more than 27 years ago.

Among the great tracks which the combined genius of Joe Smoot and C. D. McClellan have built and which have been and still are splendid examples of success both financially and as entertainment for vast numbers of people are the nation's very best: Hialeah Park and Gulfstream in Florida.

Other tracks in which Mr. McClellan had a hand in construction are Thistle Downs in Cleveland, River Downs in Cincinnati, Laurel in Maryland, Ak-Sar-Ben (guess where! since the name is "Nebraska" spelled backward it must be in Omaha), Sunshine Park in Tampa, Florida, and others. If you chance to meet Mr. McClellan, talk to him about race tracks. He has a most interesting fund of knowledge.

The grandstand, of which I told a little a month or two back, is now looming up as they erect hundreds of tons of fabricated steel on the concrete piers. At this time about one-third of

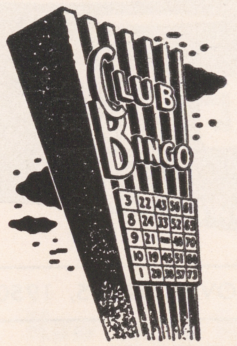
(Continued on page 34)

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VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS



CABIN YARD

Dark brown leaves, o'er the grounds are strewn

Gray snowbirds, chirp without a tune

Faint beams of sun, 'tho want is lost

Crumpled grass, bearded white with frost.

The rugged weed has turned to rust

Caked hard with dirt, once summer dust

The cabin's banked with cord-wood high

It's always so, when winter's nigh.

"Stick with what you know"
or
"Stay in your own racket"

A carpenter can't build a shoe

In other crafts this rue hold true

If you're a cobbler, stick to your last

Houses built by cobblers, crumble fast.

PROVERB

Alas, I have changed marriage in my house,

Divorced gambling and taken verse to spouse.

Never again, will I give advice

I don't care to be a sucker twice.

Waste no hour in vain pursuit

Where endeavor will bear no fruit

If your hour gains some pleasure

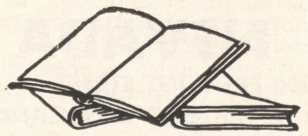
It's an hour you should treasure.

Try not to escape my spirit's call,

My soul's your treasure all in all.

Shed what tears you have to give,

Two spirits linked shall always live.



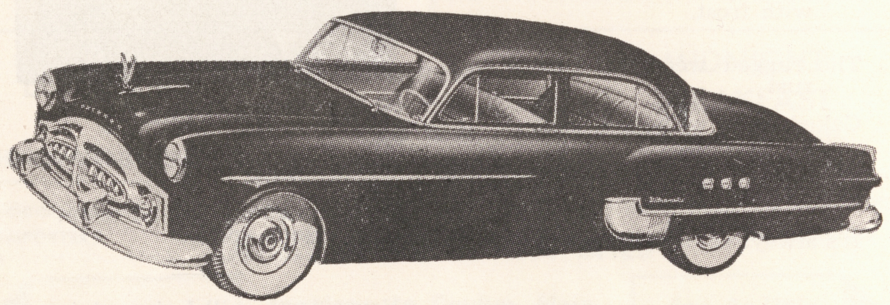
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C. P. (CEC) MARKLAND (GENERAL MANAGER)

W. R. (BILL) KRUSE (OWNER)

THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

On the front cover is W. R. (BILL) KRUSE, who in our opinion, certainly deserves much credit as a "top" business man in our town. The good will and many friends he's acquired is all the proof we need for the above statement. Bill, who is jokingly referred to as "BABY FACE," is a very shy, unassuming person and seldom, if ever, speaks about himself. There isn't much we can write about, but what we DO KNOW should make good reading. Like our previous "front cover victims" W. R. will, in all probability, blush when story is brought to his attention. Only 30 years of age, he is originally from Vinton, Iowa, where his Dad is publisher and editor of the Cedar Valley Daily Times. Bill majored in English at Iowa State University and received his B.S. degree upon graduation in 1942. Three weeks after the "gown and cap event" he married BETTY, who was his sweetheart since childhood. He worked with his Dad as a cub reporter and ad salesman for five years. During this time his very lovely wife presented him with two beautiful daughters—MARY ANN and BARBARA, who are now 7 and 5 respectively. It was at that time (1947), when Bill told his Dad, he just didn't care for the printers' ink profession and wanted to become a school teacher. He loaded the family chariot to the hilt, drove to Nevada and became a resident of Boulder City. Bill placed a teacher's application with the board of education and soon thereafter was hired to teach his chosen subject at Boulder City High School. For 2 years, Mr. Kruse was to his puplis, the kind of a guy who made going to school an event instead of a chore. In January of this year he learned that the owner of NEVADA MOTORS, INC., wanted to sell because of illness. Bill resigned his position and bought the place the first week in February. Nevada Motors have the exclusive franchise to sell PACKARD CARS in Southern Nevada and since have acquired same for the WILLYS JEEP and JEEPSTER. It is only 10 months since Bill Kruse took over this company, but he and his general manager "CEC" MARKLAND have done a remarkable job, selling Packard Cars in Las Vegas. In the first four months and at the time, when new cars were plentiful, he more than tripled sales of the year 1949. Nevada Motors would have had more sales to their credit but Packard Company in Detroit were completely sold out of and were assembling the '51 model for the market. "Baby Face" Kruse increased his office staff, sales staff and service department quite a bit since he took over. His higgest business problem today and something which seems to bother him considerably is: Will he be able to get enough '51 PACKARDS to sell his many customers, who are patiently waiting for their next on "that list?" Somehow, we're inclined to believe he'll get them—because ambition such as "FABULOUS" W. R. BILL KRUSE possesses can only spell one word—success—and that's for sure!

MARIE WILSON, the not-so-dumb blonde of "My Friend Irma" fame, arrived at the FLAMINGO HOTEL last Friday for that six-week "cure." In order to continue with her popular radio portrayal, she will fly to Hollywood every Monday and return on the same day. Miss Wilson is allowed to do this as long as she isn't out of the state over 24 hours. "Irma" is shedding husband ALLAN NIXON, a movie star who is well known to screen fans. By the way, CY HOWARD, the guy who authors the "Irma" series, may wed lovely PAULETTE GODDARD, the latter part of January in New York City. Mr. Howard, truly a genius for originality, recently completed another type of story and sold it to HAL WALLIS for the tidy sum of $100,000! A sweet nest egg to start them off to a happy union.

JOHNNY REPANAS, service bartender at WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN, is a brokenhearted man since his German Shepherd was killed by an auto last Saturday night, on Charleston boulevard. The dog was a great pet for his lovely wife, MALBA, and baby daughter, LANETTE. Johnny would like to get another dog but it must be a German Shepherd. So, if you know of anyone who has one, contact him at the D. I. or phone 3181R. You can make three people very happy . . . Tuesday, November 21, was EPPY PEARSON'S birthday. We take this opportunity to wish this jovial guy a most happy natal day and hope he celebrates many more. Since Eppy was hired by MILTON PRELL to operate and book all of the talent into the BONANZA ROOM of the CLUB BINGO, the place has become a **"must visit"** on everyone's list—especially for the natives. In fact, the Bingo is the "Lindy's of Las Vegas" since most of the performers appearing at our various hotels seek their entertainment and relaxation at this spot. O. K., Eppy! You're doing great! You have more friends than Carter has pills—well—almost as many . . . Most of you know or have heard about this couple. They came to our town about

(Continued on Page 29)

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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.

L. McKENNEY, who began his career as a gatekeeper at Santa Anita Park and worked his way up to the position of operations manager for Del Mar Racetrack, today took over in the same capacity for Las Vegas Park, it was announced by Joseph M. Smoot, president of the Las Vegas Thoroughbred Racing Association.

Mr. McKenney, who was born in Virginia, is a soft-spoken man with a head for facts, figures and a memory to back them up.

It is prior to the actual race meeting that most of his headaches materialize —getting things ready for the crowds who storm the gates during every day of racing, keeping them well served and happy during every minute while the races are going on.

He is one of the most respected and well liked horse racing figures in the entire Southwest.

With the new Las Vegas plant rapidly nearing completion, McKenney immediately went to work with plans to set up totalizator equipment for pari-mutuel betting, restaurant facilities, ticket offices and the score of other details necessary to operate the racetrack, scheduled to open with its initial meeting on March 15.

McKenney estimated it would take a crew of upward of 200 to handle operations at Las Vegas Park to do the variety of jobs necessary to control crowds, maintain the plant and equipment, gardening and track maintenance, selling of pari-mutuel tickets, programs, etc.

Reiterating Sen. Pat McCarran's recent assurance from Washington, D. C., that current government controls would in no way affect the completion of Las Vegas Park due to lack of essential materials, McKenney said that, at the present rate of progress, the plant would be completed by January 1. All materials, he said, had been ordered early this year.

Meanwhile, the steelwork on the new grandstand was forming out the overhanging roof structure against the skyline, and the clubhouse similarly shaping up alongside.

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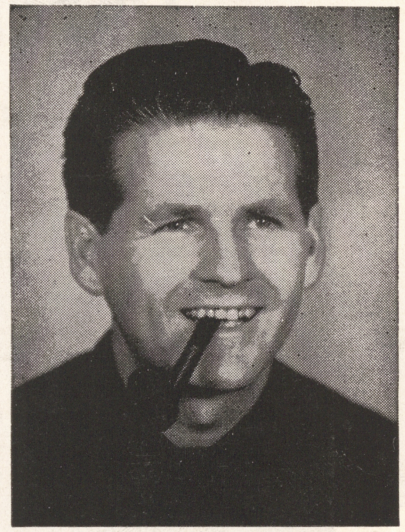
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DOWNTOWN . . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN

IT WOULD appear as though the weaher man had read the quip about the frigidity of my pinkies as I so stated in my column last week. Leastwise, who could ask for more beautiful weather than we have enjoyed for the past week? And here it is "turkey time" again! Those of you who know me well are more aware of the season of the year due to the fact that I've begun to let my crew cut grow out to the "lay down" length. There are those who do their spring planting and fall harvesting according to the thickness of the thatch on my noggin! Well, maybe not that drastic, but it has become legendary to a certain extent.

Thanksgiving! And some of you may wonder what, if anything, you have to be thankful for. I've asked myself that self same question many times in the past few years and find very little difficulty in finding the answer. All it takes is a few moments of my time. Take a look at the crowds as you walk slowly up one side of the business section of our town and then down the other. Take an excursion down some of the side streets. Watch the people come and go at the employment agencies. Stop at the hospitals, you needn't go in, just visualize! Now go home and count your many blessings, no matter who you are. There are hundreds in your own home town who haven't the happiness that is yours, regardless of who they are, or what you think they have. If the truth were known in most cases, those you envy, envy you! Just be thankful for what you have and be glad you live in the land in which you live . . . Hang on to a belt loop and we'll mosey around the town! . . . Firstly, let me offer a word of warning to those of you readers, here in Vegas, who are at the moment troubled with the common cold sore or chapped lips. If this be your plight, hold off for a few days before you go into the Golden Nugget Saloon to see the ZANY-ACKS. You'd crack your kisser wide open from laughing as you watched these three guys go through their routines. Aside from being screwballs they are good musicians, too! BILLY,on accordion, performed numerous recitals in Carnegie Hall not too many years ago, and EDDIE, on bass, is one of the very few I've heard that can play slap-string bass to the point where I was glad to listen. RICK has only been playing the electric guitar



for a little over three years and performs like an old veteran. Add showmanship to this talent and you have a group that offers entertainment that will keep you interested. Now you know what to expect, so when you go down to see them you are on your own! . . . I stopped into the Pay-Less Drug the other day to make a small purchase (the only kind I ever make any more) and thought I had taken a side trip into the Carlsbad Caverns. Merchandise was stacked here and there like so many stalactite and stalagmite sentries. (Wonder if I spelled those right?) I expected a resounding echo as I spoke to the attendant. Brother, if this store doesn't have the item you have in mind, you might just as well go home and order it from the manufacturer as I'm certain that no one else will have it, either. Give me a few bucks to blow and I'd go hog-wild in that place. Santa shouldn't have much trouble supplying all of the needs of Las Vegas with just what he has in this one store alone, to come under the classification of Xmas gifts . . . There's a new photography studio out on South Fifth Street. Well, not exactly new, either, the studio is the one that was formerly Dio's Photo Shop, and the people who are running it used to work for Dio a couple of years ago in the same quarters. They are Freddie

(Continued on Page 27)

TO THE MANAGEMENT AND PATRONS OF THE

Flamingo Hotel

"I'm gonna love you 'til I die!"



Sincerely,

Frankie Laine

THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

FRED TRION, of the Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, has been dealing roulette for a number of years but he ran into a new angle the other p. m. All dealers have seen the people who claim they put their money on the number that just came up. They always just know somebody knocked their chip off of the number for "that is the only one" they ever play.

Fred had a fellow with a chip on No. 17. It hit. So he started to pay off. The fellow refused to take the pay, "Oh no you don't. I have been playing 16 all night and if 16 had hit, I'd have made you pay so that isn't my money. I won't take it!" Fred didn't know what to say. Marty Kutzen, the pitboss, came over to see what was going on and, "Solomon" that he is, settled it by telling the fellow to put the whole lot on 16 the next roll and if it won, the player could pocket the profit. So you see, there is something new under the sun. (No, I don't know if 16 came up or not. I didn't stay.)

Some women get the darndest ideas. Wednesday night, at the Golden Nugget, there was a couple that had just been "hitched." You could tell by the gardenia she wore, and the champagne they were drinking. The lady was a slight bit in her long-stemmed glass, you might say, when she got the idea that she wanted one of those "Peter Pan and girl friend" statues that hold up the canopy over the bar. The fellow tried to persuade her that she didn't want it, but she did. Finally in exasperation he said, "Don't be silly." That set off the fireworks! Said the bride, "Mother was right about you. She said you were a big bluff and you are. You promised if I'd elope with you to Las Vegas and be married, you would give me anything in the world. Now you won't even get me a little old wooden statue." With this she started on a crying jag. I'll bet he felt like parting her hair with some champagne without removing the bottle.

"DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY!" That's certainly a nice phrase and I firmly believe in it. No, I haven't done my Christmas shopping yet, but that doesn't stop me from admiring that axiom. Ran into D. D. Brimmie this morning and that brought it to mind so I went into her place and started to look at her catalog of Christmas card samples. There were several others sitting there and I got to figuring that you can tell something about a person by the way they pick out the cards. Now there was one lady there, the type who, on the radio when asked her profession answers "Just a housewife." She was going through each and every one, picking only those whose rhymes were very sentimental. Another, rather overdressed, was picking out the ones with humorous poems. Another, with a very studious look, was counting the words in each line to make sure the metre was correct. Each one's choice a give-away to their personality. Me, I always pick them for their pretty pictures but after seeing the infinite care with which the three above were making their choice, I decided to read some of the poems. They were right interesting. Some were humorous—some sentimental, religious, maudlin, plain words or fancy sayings. Whatever the style, they had one thing in common—the sentiment of good wishes for the other fellow—and I got to thinking, why do we have to wait for Christmas to do that? Why don't we use those thoughts every day? I don't mean going over-



(Continued on Page 33)

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FRONT ROW CENTER

by JOHN RYKEN

WITH Thanksgiving now passed, everyone is now preparing for a Christmas as usual. Probably the last one the American people will enjoy for a long time to come. Congress is certain to pass new tax laws that will affect everyone to the extent there will be less spending and less saving.

How this will affect the entertainment business no one can say. However, TV will certainly be more of a draw than ever and with no reduction in the federal entertainment tax night clubs and theaters may find the load even more desperate than last year's crisis. One thing is certain, a tightening of the belt by everyone is a foregone conclusion and grimmer thoughts will occupy the public's mind. TV, as stated above, will be the big draw because its cost is so inexpensive. More and more of the name stars are making the trek east to be available at all times. This, of course, will cut down on their appearances in theaters, night clubs and perhaps movies. Though the movie industry is still paying more shekels—but with diminishing returns at the box office, the pay scale may be changed.

Some weeks ago figurse were released proving that the entertainment field is not as lucrative as the majority of people think it is. The average performer earns less than $2500. The scale was set at $2000 and some earn less, which in this day and age hardly is a living scale. The big names, of course, earn huge sums but they are the names that have been familiar the past 15 years. Newcomers very seldom make a name for themselves, hence the small salary. But the lure of the bright lights seems to compensate for the lack of money in the majority of cases. It has been that way since time immemorial and no doubt it will continue.

The color controversy in TV goes on unabated with both sides gathering a battery of lawyers to fight it out to the finish. The public generally seems to be in favor of color TV now, but they wonder if maybe their sets will become obsolete; thus, throwing out an investment of several hundred hard earned dollars. Though there has been assurances to the contrary, the public still is confused and sales of TV receivers have dropped, not to an extent where profits suffer. The demand still outstrips the supply available.

Word has come from the record dealers that waltzes are in favor once again



with the record buying public. So the release of waltz tunes has been stepped up. Some of the better new tunes include "Patricia" by Perry Como on Victor, Sammy Kaye on Columbia "My Heart Cries for You," Dinah Shore on the Victor label (her first since moving over from the Columbia label), and Guy Mitchell on Columbia. "Petite Waltz" recorded by a flock of names. "I'm in the Middle of a Riddle" also recorded by a flock of names. There are more to come. Meanwhile, Christmas songs continue to sell briskly with "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer," last year's big song, drawing as well this year. The standards of former years are selling well while the newer songs seem to be destined for oblivion.

Outside of the Christmas music the biggest song to hit the public in months is a screwy tune called "The Thing," written by an RCA-Victor recording executive, Charlie Grean. Phil Harris recorded it and by the end of the first week the Victor people had released over 300,000 copies. The "Thing" is never identified and the Victor people are cashing in on promotion for the tune by running a nation-wide contest just what the public thinks "the thing" is. The answers received locally show that the public is certainly imaginative.

One of the better music shows heard locally is broadcast nightly from the Thunderbird Hotel from 12 midnight to 3 a. m. Monday through Friday on KENO, with Chief George as host. Musical tastes are satisfied with a wide assortment of tunes from the very hot variety to the very sweet, well balanced throughout. Chief George, himself, is a smooth an m.c. as the music he presents. That's the news for now. —J. R.

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

. . . by JACK CORTEZ



★ El Rancho Vegas

November 22 through December 5

GORDON MacRAE, handsome and personable star of stage, screen and radio, is the headliner of this show in the ROUND-UP ROOM. His popularity is equally distributed among millions of bobby-soxers and adults. This smooth-voiced singer is revealing the reason for his success to the patrons, during this engagement. He ingratiates himself with the audience by presenting everyone's favorites, among which are tunes he introduced in screen portrayals. The personal touch Mr. Mac Rae weaves around the sentimental ballads endears him to one and all. It was really a feat for him to make his exit. The supper-clubbers refused to accept his last encore as the final one. Although this is Gordon's initial appearance in our town, we are certain it won't be the last, if public acclaim has any influence . . . Above-average support is offered by ANTHONY, ALLEN and HODGES, billed as the "Sophisticates of the Dance." This billing belies their actual presentation. As

(Continued on Page 34)

★ Hotel Last Frontier

November 17 through November 30

The new stage offering in the RAMONA ROOM certainly hits the bell, for good entertainment value. In the starring spot are those great favorites of Tin Pan Alley, HARRY CARROLL and POLLY BAKER. Both are universal favorites and have appeared in the Ramona Room practically every year since the hotel opened. Mr. Carroll is a famed composer and pianist and wrote such great hits as "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," "By the Sea," "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and many more too numerous to mention. Harry was honored by ASCAP a few months ago and was made a double "A" member. That, in itself, explains what we are trying to say about Mr. Carroll, who started his composing career in 1912, 39 years ago. It is a great treat to see and hear these two ever-great veterans of the stage—Harry Carroll and Polly Baker . . . In the supporting spot, a young miss who is hailed as a new singing sensation throughout

(Continued on page 34)

★ Flamingo Hotel

November 16 through November 29

FRANKIE LAINE, the "Mr. Rhythm" of stage, screen and radio, is the great singing star headlining the current show in the FLAMINGO ROOM. He is geniunely one of the greatest song stylists in the nation and marks another triumphant engagement with this appearance. We know of no other singer who loves to "give out" as much as Frankie Laine. He is in greater voice today than we have ever heard him. His presentation has more "bounce" than a championship tennis match. With CARL FISHER, Frankie's "can't do without," at the piano and STANLEY KAY on the drums, Mr. Laine tears the house down. He introduces a new tune, "I'm Gonna Live 'Till I Die," which we think will shatter the mark set by "Lucky Ol' Sun" and other melodies associated with him. Yes, sir, Frankie Laine is loaded with

(Continued on Page 31)

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

November 14 through December 11

Now in a third record-breaking week in the PAINTED DESERT ROOM are the MINSKY'S FOLLIES, playing to capacity houses every show. PANCHO, the MAITRE D', has to relinquish his day off because of the crowds. 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. There is a superb cast of 35, featuring the most beautiful girls in the world. Starring in this colossal production is the "Anatomy Award" winner, blonderful DARDY ORLANDO, who artistically performs a harem routine . . . TRUDINE, acknowledged as the "Quiver 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 interpre-

(Continued on Page 31)

★ Thunderbird Hotel

November 23 through December 6

(Not a Review)

The one and only "Julie" of Rogers and Hammerstein's Show Boat is the headliner of the new show in the NAVAJO ROOM. Her name, CAROL BRUCE. This is her first visit to our town. We saw and heard this lovely songstress perform many times in the East and always enjoyed her sultry voice . . . On the same bill are the REDHEADS, a trio of good musicians who present lyrical satire, impressions and many songs guaranteed to please all . . . JACQUELINE HURLEY will amaze you with her flexibility and many acrobatic tricks. This is a return trip for this gal who appeared in our town in March. Those pretzel tricks

(Continued on page 34)

★ Club Bingo

MARTHA DAVIS, super-charged personality gal of the piano, is currently headlining this show in the BONANZA ROOM. Always a great favorite, Martha certainly gives the patrons more than their money's worth with her "classic" singing and piano playing, from Bach to boogie. For rhythm that will rock you to and fro, don't miss MARTHA DAVIS. 'Nuff said! . . . On the same bill is another great showman, famous on the West coast, the "SCAT MAN." This entertainer is in rare good form and is, as the hep cats would say, "a real gone guy!" We doubt if anyone could describe "scat" music. So we aren't going to try—but—heartily recommend you go to the Club Bingo and

(Continued on Page 33)

★ Golden Slipper Saloon

BURLESQUE is 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 very charming red-haired wife, takes an active part in the skits and adds much feminine color to them . . . Very lovely NORMA HUGHES sings ballads of yesteryear in a stimulating manner . . . GERRY KNOX is the blonde gal with the throaty voice who sings many nostalgic tunes that stir your heart . . . The GOLDEN SLIPPER QUARTET perform in a manner that makes you wish you could have been around to see the days when the barber shop foursomes were popular . . . TURK MURPHY and his BAND play Dixieland music loud and good, the way it was played many years ago . . . GEORGE REDMAN, at the piano, plays wonderful 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 in charge of the SALOON and RESTAURANT from 9 p. m. to 7 a. m.

GREATEST TURF AUTHORITIES IN UNITED STATES

WILL RUN THE LAS VEGAS PARK RACE TRACK



Joe Smoot, President of the Las Vegas Thoroughbred Racing Association, is shown welcoming O. L. McKenney, the Operations Manager of the track. Mr. McKenney is known from coast to coast as one of the best in the business. He comes here direct from a successful season at Del Mar.

Willard H. Wingate, well known figure in the operation of mutuel machines at Santa Anita, Hollywood Park and Del Mar, will be Manager of Mutuels at Las Vegas Park track.

Wingate, who began his career at Churchill Downs 37 years ago, has been handling cash for leading race tracks throughout the nation ever since, and is regarded as one of the most experienced mutuel operators in the horse racing industry.



Shown as it arrived direct from Consolidated Steel Co., Torrance, Cal., is this truck-trailer with steel for the Las Vegas Park Grandstand. The sign reads: "Another load of steel for Las Vegas Park." Further shipments of the fabricated beams are arriving daily as grandstand is rushed to completion.

Herman Sharp, racing secretary at Del Mar and field judge at Santa Anita, will be racing secretary for Las Vegas Park track here, according to a recent report to track stockholders.

Another recent appointment to a key position at the Las Vegas plant included that of Billy Mills as chief starter, according to the report. Both men are well known in their respective fields at Santa Anita and Hollywood Park tracks.



Above photo shows the buildings of the Las Vegas Park as they grow steadily toward completion. These buildings utilize only a small portion of the 480 acres of land which will also hold the vast parking area and the one mile track, a section of which can be seen at the extreme left in the picture.

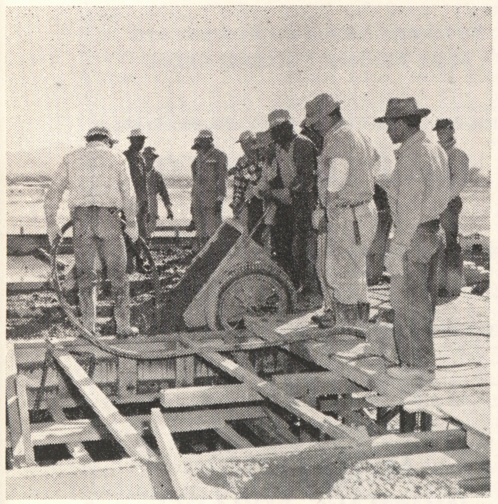


Photo to left shows workmen as they pour cement into the immense forms to construct the base for the Las Vegas Park grandstand.



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DEAR MOM . . .

. . . by MARDIE ROGERS

DEAR MOM: Here is my second letter to you from "FABULOUS LAS VEGAS." This time a picture is accompanying it. Remember last week I told you that I had bought a new camera? . . . Well, it didn't work out so good. I tried to rig it up so I could take a self portrait and wound up looking like the leaning tower of Pisa, or something even Dali wouldn't have nightmared-up! To be quite frank, I think the pinball set would have quoted me as tilted!



Not wanting to disappoint you, at a suggestion from Johnny Uhlman (L. V.'s crew-cut correspondent . . . and a good one, too), I patroled myself up to the Flamingo Hotel where they have an ace camera gal by the name of Billie Skolsky . . . "the female Maurice Seymour of this town." She's probably photographed more "celebs" than any of Hollywood's top "still men" . . . but due to the fact that I was sans "falsies" (artificial eyelashes to you), I'd say she did a good job on your "Plain Jane"! Hope you and Pop like it!

Had to wait for a little while to have the snap developed so decided to go down to the Desert Inn, and I'll tell you why. They have the nicest people working there, and nice people in every hotel for that matter in this town) . . . They work so hard, work so long ("graveyard shifts" etc.), and move so fast that I guess people who drop in for a game of skill or a few drinks to kill never get to know them . . . But they are important . . . they are the guys and gals who "take care of your cares." For instance, up in the "Sky Room," they have a bartender named Billy McCann. (Ask Pop about him, he'll know of his brilliant background.) He was one of the world's greatest boxers . . . and for everybody's dough he's still the champ! Billy hasn't lost any of his finesse he had in the ring . . . the proof of the pudding is he jams the spot nitely with his incomparable Irish wit and sense of humor. Ably assisting him is Claire, a pretty auburn-haired cocktail waitress, who informed me that she once was a hair-dresser back home in San Diego, but would rather work at what she's doing to be near her husband Al, genial mixologist at the Lady Luck Bar downstairs. They are such a regular couple. Figured about now my picture should be ready, so I started back to the Flamingo, but couldn't resist as a parting gesture to myself, dropping a few pennies (dollars would be closer), in what "Las Vegans" laffingly call "one arm bandits." Met the fellow who has charge of all of 'em. His name is Tommy Neary . . . who keeps practically a morning and night vigil at the slot machines. Tommy says he's never had his name in print, but maybe someday someone will give him a long-deserved mention, along with all the other "old faithfuls," Bill Williams, Cornelius Jones, and so many others I haven't had the pleasure of meeting yet.

Went downtown the other day to do a little errand for a couple of friends of mine, George and Betty Blasko who manage the Otillia Villa out on the Strip right next to Maggie's Pantry. Incidentally, if any of our friends are coming out this way tell 'em it's a great place to stop. George and Betty knock their brains out to make everybody comfortable and happy. They're especially nice to show folks, and the spot is located practically within walking distance to all the nite-life action.

While I was downtown stopped into the Esquire Bar, to see "Curly" (one of the boys behind the bar, who keeps the joint jumpin' for Tommy Tobin and Wally South). While I was there "Snooper Rogers" (pianist at the Desert Inn), stopped by to see Curly also. Seems they both have a horse in common called "Jack Snooper," who only wins when the guys haven't covered it. Friday with nothing on the line the nag paid $42—it really let the guys down. Curly could have paid off some old "football bets," and "Snoop" could have eased his mind financially about opera-

(Continued on page 33)



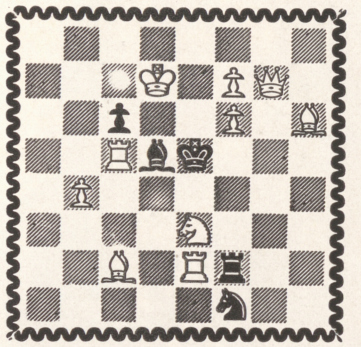
DOWNTOWN

CHESS » » »

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

PROBLEM NO. 78

Black 5



White 10

White mates in two.

Solution to problem No. 77: N-Q2.

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP

Here is one of Jimmy Cross' games from the recent Junior Championship Tournament in Milwaukee. The new national junior champion won all his games except the final one.

QUEEN'S PAWN OPENING

Cross	Otteson	13—Q-R4	P-K4
White	Black	14—PxP	NxP
1—P-Q4	P-Q4	15—O-O	P-QR3
2—P-QB4	P-K3	16—N-Q4	R-N
3—N-QB3	N-KB3	17—KR-Q	P-QN4
4—B-N5	B-K2	18—Q-B2	B-N2
5—PxP	NxP	19—N-B5	Q-B3
6—BxB	QxB	20—RxRch	QxR
7—N-B3	O-O	21—R-Q	N-Q2
8—P-KN3	NxN	22—Q-B3	P-B3
9—PxN	P-QB4	23—Q-N3ch	K-B
10—R-QN	PxP	24—Q-N4ch	K-N
11—PxP	N-B3	25—Q-N4	P-N3
12—B-N2	R-Q	26—N-R6ch	Resigns

QUEEN'S PAWN GAME

Goodman	Otteson	17—N3xN	QPxN
White	Black	18—Q-K2	N-Q4
1—P-Q4	P-Q4	19—Q-R5	NxBP
2—P-QB4	P-QB3	20—PxN	BxPch
3—N-QB3	N-B3	21—K-R	BxB
4—PxP	PxP	22—R-Q	R-B
5—N-B3	N-B3	23—QxRPch	K-B2
6—P-K3	B-B4	24—Q-R5ch	K-K2
7—B-Q3	BxB	25—Q-R4ch	B-B3
8—QxB	P-K3	26—Q-K	Q-B2
9—P-QR3	B-K2	27—Q-B	KR-Q
10—O-O	O-O	28—R-K3	Q-B7
11—N-Q2	N-K	29—R-K2	B-B6
12—P-B4	P-KB4	30—R-B	QxR
13—P-QN4	N-Q3	31—QxQ	BxN
14—B-N2	B-B3	32—Q-Q	R-B8
15—R-B3	N-K5	33—Resigns	
16—R-R3	N-K2		



Clarence E. Bleicher, president of the De Soto Division, Chrysler Corporation: When I have a tough job in the plant and can't find an easy way to do it, I have a lazy man put on it. He'll find an easy way to do it in 10 days. Then we adopt that method.

La Rochefoucauld: Why must we have memory enough to recall to the tiniest detail what has happened to us, and not have enough to remember how many times we have told it to the same person?

Bob Hope: People who throw kisses are mighty near hopelessly lazy.

Future: It isn't what girls know that bothers parents. It's how they found it out.

Do you know of a house that doesn't have at least one dripping faucet? The son of a friend of mine asked himself that question late one June. Next thing he knew he had a vacation business. He bought an assortment of rubber washers, a valve-refacing tool, an adjustable wrench and a screw driver, then went from house to house offering to fix any leaky faucet for 15 cents, to dress any valve seat (thus saving the customer from buying a whole new faucet) for 25 cents. First day out, the boy made $3.80. By the time he went back to school in the autumn he had cleared $300.

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS ... by MARTIN LEWIS

BOUNCING Betty Hutton marked her 10th year with Paramount last week by penning her signature to a new movie contrcat with the studio which brought her to Hollywood from Broadway and elevated her to film fame. The pact calls for an "exclusive" on the HUTTONTOT'S talented services and automatically prohibits her from accepting any outside picture deals. Incidentally, the coming 12 months will probably be the most eventful in the HUTTON movie career. In a few weeks BETTY hits the screen as FRED ASTAIRE'S dancing and warbling co-star in "Let's Dance." She follows this stint with the role of Holly, the trapeze artist, in Cecil B. DeMille's next epic, "The Greatest Show on Earth." Then she steps into the part of Blossom Seeley in an upcoming super-musical, which will be based on the life of the unforgettable vaudeville star. Yes, the little blue-eyed lass who used to sing for her supper on Michigan street corners has gone a long way in Hollywood.

Latest scuttlebut about JUDY GARLAND hints that the singing star will step into MARY MARTIN'S role in "South Pacific" when the Texas lass goes on vacation . . . On the travel scene: RONALD REAGAN heads out of Hollywood for a New York vacation as soon as he completes his leading role in the Pine-Thomas production, "The Last Outpost" . . . COLEEN GRAY goes to North Carolina this week to headline the annual Freedom Festival in Charlotte . . . And petite WANDA HENDRIX invades Gotham in search of a Broadway show. The gal says she's tired of saccharine movie roles and wants a part with plenty of guts!

Chuckles of the Week

BING CROSBY, one of the best story-tellers in Hollywood, received plenty of laughs on the set of his new picture, "Mr. Music," when he related this truth-is-stranger-than-fiction tale.

One morning BING'S stand-in, Alan Calm, wasn't certain he would be needed on the "Mr. Music" set. So he picked up the telephone and dialed the studio to learn his orders for the day.

"Hello," said a voice on the other end of the line.

"Hello This is Alan Calm," replied BING'S alter-ego. "Are you expecting me today?"

There was a brief pause. Then the distant voice answered:

"What do you think I am? A fortune teller?"



"Well, isn't this the Paramount casting department?" questioned Calm.

A roar of laughter came from the other end, and the unknown voice answered:

"It certainly isn't . . . This is Pierce Brothers' Mortuary!"

NANCY OLSON, the ex-coed who makes a bid for film fame in "Sunset Boulevard" and "Union Station," says this gag is side-splitting to members of the saddle-shoe set. "In Africa," reports NANCY, "an elephant's teeth are firmly imbedded in his jaw. But in Alabama 'Tuscaloosa'!"

On the set of the Pine-Thomas venture, "Tripoli," leading man JOHN PAYNE gave out with this definition of alimony. "Alimony," cracked PAYNE, "is the high cost of leaving" . . . "You're wrong," remraked co-star MAUREEN O'HARA. "Alimony is the high cost of loving!"

Last-Minute News Items

On the family scene: Latest film folk to add their names to Hollywood's list of prospective parents are the JAMES STEWARTS. The lanky actor and his socialite wife have dated the stork for a visit in May. Incidentally, the arrival

(Continued on page 33)

'TUTOR'S DON'TS'

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

DOWNTOWN:

(Continued from Page 13)

and Vi Barstow, specializing in portrait work. Oh, they do the other work, too, such as weddings, children's pictures and other profesisonal photography, but portrait work is the main forte. You see, a couple of years ago Freddie and Vi went away to school on this thing. They were already good photographers but they wanted to do better work. Freddie took up the special training on his G. I. Bill of Rights and here he is, back in Vegas ready to go to work for your approval of the fact that there is a lot more to portrait photography than merely just the snapping of a camera. Vi specialized in the "re-touch" end of the game, so between the two of them they should be able to do good work. BARSTOW STUDIO is located at 522 South Fifth Street and the phone number is 3050 . . . Now that Dio has someone else in his photo shop he is devoting the greater part of his time to his market. DIO'S STANDARD MARKET, that is, and it's located in the 600 block on South Fifth. This Dio to whom I am constantly referring. is Frank Dio Dato, an old time resident of Los Vegas and a pioneer of the now famous Strip on Hiway 91. I remember when, what is now (or was) the Ranch House Restaurant across from the Last Frontier, was about one-fourth as large as it is and was Dio's home; across from NOTHING! He had a bar set up in one of the rooms and served to his friends and an occasional stranger who happened to find out what the unpretentious little place had to offer. Once in a while Dio could be persuaded to take a group into his living room and entertain them with an impromptu concert on his grand piano, which was royal entertainment for he had many times entertained European royalty with his piano artisty. To get back to the present day, Dio just recently bought out the Standard Market and has been introducing innovations into the business that has brought it to become one of the uppermost of the popular markets in that section of the city and draws its customers from other sections as well . . . Ran into "Noosns" and Jack Johnson out on the Strip the other night and, as usual, the sparks were literally flying from those black eyes of Noosns.' What an ignition system that gal has! Regardless of where she is, the whole area becomes ignited with the charm of her personaity. Jack couldn't lose at the tables so the sky was the limit. Up 'till now I don't know if the two of them have landed as yet or not. They own and operate the Rag Doll Bar in North Las Vegas where every night is family night. At least once or twice a week "Noosns" conglomerates up a batch of chili-beans, or spaghetti, or the like; carts it down to the place and sets it up to whoever is lucky enough to be on hand at the time. Yep' it's real home folks you'll meet at the Rag Doll Bar! . . . If you've listened to Chief George's deejay show from the Navajo Room in the wee sma' hours you have no doubt heard a few disks he cut on the Bob Manners Music Makers before they left town. They were at the Desert Inn, ya know. We're all hoping they get back here after the first of the year as planned. None too soon for us, either! . . . The Westerner Club is going great guns downtown these days. I was speaking to Bob Peccole about the big climb in its popularity and he told me that he attributed it solely to the personnel of the crews on the floor during the various shifts. Now there is a tribute for you! When the value of "employee personality" is realized by the management and they go to great lengths to hire those kind of people. In the first place "Gam" Georgetti knew what he was doing when he put Bob in charge of the place 'cause Bob is one of the nicest fellows I've yet had the pleasure of working with in business matters. He never tries to belittle any suggestion you may have to offer. The Westerner will do all right with these kind of men at the helm . . . Al Nissell is a business man after my own heart. That guy is a real go-getter. I dropped into his store for a word or two the other afternoon and he had half of the girls from Minsky's Follies in there looking over his bargains. He has also rearranged the interior of his store to the advantage of more convenience and attractiveness. Al not only goes after his business but has the necessary merchandise on hand when they come in to see if he had the lines or was just GIVING one! . . . And so, at this point, li'l kiddies, I'm gonna take the props from under my eyelids and put 'em on that ever-lovin' pillow I get to use once in a while when I manage to chalk up a little sack time! . . . Guhnyeet! . . . Johnny.

✓ Mark Twain: We like a man to come right out and say what he thinks, if we agree with him.

Samuel Butler: You can do very little with faith, but you can do nothing without it.

ON THE SCENE . . .

THE MARRIAGE PROBLEM

Do you think the first year of marriage is the toughest? There are many who do believe "Year One" is most crucial and will determine whether the "Union of Vows" will survive. A few months ago, we were engaged in quite a discussion, involving this subject. There were many varied opinions and, when one of the group remarked: **"The first year of matrimony is the toughest of them all,"** quiet conversation ceased and heated debate began. We intentionally added more fuel to the discourse with this reply: **"The first year should be a snap. Marriage becomes or should become more complicated in the later stages of matrimony, as possessions and responsibilities grow."** At the conclusion of this clever (?) statement, there was much more confusion and many more conflicting thoughts and ideas. About two harrowing hours later, after many pros and cons, all of us were afflicted with sore throats and decided to end the debate. By the way, it terminated just as it began. **("We travelled the world over and saw nothing.")** However, someone in the party suggested we appeal to our readers for **HELP!** Therefore, this urgent message—a plea to you. We hope you will honor us with a letter or post-card, concerning this age-old problem We will print your letter in part, or entirety, and withhold your name upon request. A tally will be kept just as long as the mail brings your letters. At the end of six or eight weeks, we will repeat the above item once again, along with the general consensus of opinion as to what year—or years—are the most difficult to overcome in order to enjoy a "perfect marriage." Your view on this subject is most important. Please write to us: Fabulous Las Vegas, 1600 South Main Street. Thanks a million.

WILL-POWER

C. J. Jones, casino manager at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, used to smoke 30 to 40 cigars, every day of the week. As an appetizer (that is—between cigars), he would chew three to four packs of chawin' tobacco. "Jonesy" just **had to have** his tobacco. Exactly four years ago, he suddenly realized what this luxury was costing him and decided it was time to stop. The habits were discarded, right there and then. Since that day, Jonesy has used neither of them nor carried any supply on his person. Jokingly, Mr. Jones remarks: "The money I've saved by not smoking or chewing tobacco helped me accumulate enough to purchase a piece of the Desert Inn." That's a good reason for any one to quit the nicotine habit. Mr. Jones has proved to himself, as well as other skeptics, that he had sufficient self-control. Smoking didn't have as strong a toe-hold on him as it has on so many of us. C. J. Jones is certainly a man with lots of determination and will-power.

SCOOP

During a midnight snack at the Club Bingo, my wife and I were blatantly interrupted by three enthusiastic cocktail waitresses from the Flamingo Hotel. These radiant girls were bubbling over with some very important tidings which they called "their scoop." When we heard the news they had to impart, it dawned upon us how much stronger the foundation of friendship is in a town like ours, by comparison to that in a metropolis. We base that statement on our own experience, built on a lifetime in a big city. We can easily verify that frequent observation: "One can live in a vastly populated district for years without becoming acquainted with his next door neighbor." While listening to these charming ladies, we were pleasantly amazed to note how quickly, and without much provocation, they had achieved a profound and sincere association. Forgive our rambling. We just can't help admiring sincerity in any form. Oh, yes—the scoop! Lorene and J. L. Jimmerson have shared eight blissful years of matrimony. Finally, their prayers have been heard and answered. Sometime around March, J. L. will be passing out the cigars.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

2½ years ago and proved their ability as show producers for two solid years at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. A couple of months ago, they left that spot and moved over to the FLAMINGO HOTEL where their lovely dancing girls are currently doing a great job. The duo we are talking about are GEORGE MORO and RUTH LANDIS. Their partnership was so ideal that they "took the vows" in Carson City, September 18. They kept it secret until a few days ago. George and Ruth are considered great in their field of endeavor. Now, as MR. AND MRS. MORO, we certainly can expect "greater productions." . . . We would say that IRA GOLDRING is one of the busiest contractors in town. The management of the GOLDEN NUGGET has him and his men working day and night, just remodeling their sumptuous gaming casino. The various jobs have kept him downtown for three months and he is preparing to tackle the biggest of the lot very soon . . . Did you read the classic item which appeared in our local paper? It went something like this: "A dormitory-type building is being moved from Davis Dam to a 'hot spot' out on Boulder Highway." (We changed a couple of words.) . . . FRANK SENNES, outstanding booker of shows, recently purchased the COLONIAL INN, a famous nite-spot in Florida. He visited us last week for a few days and had to leave to get his new place in shape for the winter season. The Florida hurricane (a few months ago), caused some havoc and repairs are needed before the club can be officially opened . . . Expected to leave our midst any day now is ALLARD ROEN, the executive secretary of the DESERT INN. He owns an apartment house in Palm Beach, Florida, which he is anxious to sell so he can come back to settle here permanently . . . By the time this item hits the press blonderful BETTIE BELL will be back in circulation again. She is working week-ends as relief change girl at the EL RANCHO VEGAS. Meanwhile, AL NISSELL is seriously thinking about hiring this beauty as a saleslady in his women's sportswear shop on Fremont street. Bettie would be a "natural" for the place . . . Belated congratulations to BOB ROBERTSON and JOY WALKER, who were married in New York City, October 6. Bob, a sax player with Al Jahns' ork at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, took two weeks off, drove to the big city, and made Joy quit her job as a chorine with Olsen and Johnson's show, "Pardon Our French." Love conquers all! Meanwhile, Joy (she's loaded with J-O-Y), joins the Moro-Landis dancers this week . . . JACK BURKE and his charming wife GERTRUDE are one of Las Vegas' msot delightful couples. Jack, who is a co-owner of the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, and TRUDY act like newlyweds and are two of the nicest people a person can ever hope to meet or know . . . When the LAS VEGAS RACE TRACK has its official opening March 15, 1951, their daily take will be a cool 12 per cent, plus "breakage." This is the biggest percentage allowed any track, including the ones that are now in operation throughout the nation. Other state officials allow their tracks a 6 per cent and "breakage," at the very most. With such information, we would say that those who own shares in our Las Vegas Race Track can (and should), expect dividends on their investment even sooner than they imagined when they obtained their shares . . . Many have wondered who that lovely blonde, living at the DESERT SPA, is. We will try to enlighten you as best as possible. Her name is MAI LINNE HELLBERG and she hails from Stockholm, Sweden. This gal has everything—beauty—brains—and talent. She has appeared in a few pictures as a featured actress, is an authoress, and recently completed her second novel. Her No. 1 book was a big seller in her native land and this one shows all indications of exceeding their record. While in our town, Mai is writing daily stories about us for a newspaper and magazine that have the largest circulation in her country. To top all this, Miss Hellberg is also a commercial artist and designer. Some of her paintings could easily equal those done by Petty. It must be a wonderful feeling to be so gifted and possess such beauty. Wow! Now we know why so many males have asked us about Mai. . . . Special thanks to JOHN MORELLI, captain at the FLAMINGO HOTEL, and ALDO, at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, for the special favors and courtesies they showed some of our friends who visited our town last week. They are always that way! Your position, influence or financial status have no bearing on their attitude toward you. Both are perfect gentlemen . . . Aside to ALICE TYRRELL and DICK WINSLOW: We sent the copies out to you that same week. Hope you received them by now. If not, drop us another line and we will try again. Meanwhile, we enjoy hearing from you at all times. . . . SALLY La MASTER, gorgeous cocktail waitress at the FLAMINGO HOTEL, has gone out on dates with only three men in one year. She stopped

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 29)

seeing them when the fellows didn't seem to take any interest in her two children, or even suggest seeing them sometime. Sally, who is 22, is a very devoted mother to BEN G., aged 5 and SALLY, aged 2. Their happiness is uppermost and no one will ever cause her to think otherwise . . . You haven't seen anything until you see the way the maangement of the DESERT INN glorified the set of dice that made the 28 passes, costing the house approximately $150,000. The "jumping dominos" are in a glass show case, such as can be witnessed in a museum or ultra jewelry store. The cubes are set on a plush white satin cushion and glow under neon lights. This is a set of dice that achieved immortality in fabulous Las Vegas . . . It almost happened when SEYMOUR HELLER and BILLIE REYNOLDS came to town for the FRANKIE LAINE opening. Seymour and lovely Billie became engaged a few weeks ago and we tried our utmost to get them married but the "nays" won out. We excused them when Billie explained that her folks had made arrangements for the ceremony to be held at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. Invitations to their many friends and relatives were sent out—so it just couldn't happen! Miss Reynolds is Mr. Laine's secretary and Mr. Heller is one of the partners of Gabbe-Lutz and Heller, managers of the popular song sylist. . . . We often wondered what happened to MARCELLE BENDER and found out a couple of days ago. She has been designing and manufacturing the gorgeous costumes worn by the Dansations at the Thunderbird Hotel. It was great talking to her and we were very happy to see her in good health. Mrs. Bender is a very conscientious worker and those elaborate gowns, worn by the girls, are the reason we didn't see her for almost 1½ years . . . Well, folks, we are running a bit too long this week. So, we will close now and hope all of you had a HAPPY THANKSGIVING . . . and that's for sure!

Weekly Fashion Letter

from EDITH HEAD

Paramount Fashion Designer

Just as variety is the spice of life, so variety in skirts is proving to be the spice of the 1950 fashion world.

Wardrobes of best-dressed damsels already boast the over-skirt, the wrap-around skirt and the apron-skirt. Now, a newcomer can be added to this trio of skirt-innovations. It's a skirt-panel, a fraction of an ordinary skirt which is destined to enjoy a brilliant fashion future. This new style is usually added to dresses which highlight peg-topped skirts and is attached to the waist via ties or a belt. It can be full or slim—match or contrast your favorite summer frock. Wear one or two at sides, front or back. The skirt-panel is a glamorous accessory which can turn a smart dress into a memory-making creation.

Movie actress Nancy Olson, who shares top honors with Gloria Swanson, William Holden and Erich Von Stroheim in Paramount's "Sunset Boulevard," has added a new panel skirt to a simple afternoon frock of white raw silk. The panel is cut of matching white silk, lavishly embroidered in real coral beads and worn at center-front.

Betty Hutton swings into summer with two dresses which feature over-panels. To a black linen frock she adds double panels of white linen with an over-all design in tiny black beads. To a short evening dress of crimson chiffon, the blonde star of Paramount's "Let's Dance," adds a generous front panel of paler crimson.

Yours truly (Designer Edith Head) has teamed the new over-panel with a summer linen dress of pale cocoa. The dress is sleeveless and has a high neckline, peg-topped skirt and deep slashed pockets. The over-panel is in matching cocoa linen, cut along circular lines and smartly embroidered in white strawberries. With it, Miss Head wears white shoes, gloves and handbag—and a cocoa linen hat.

FLUFF and CHUCK in New York

DEAR JACK: This has been a "bustle!" We left Las Vegas last Monday night on Western Airlines along with Abe Schiller and Pauline Sutterly of the Desert Inn. We had 20 minutes to TWA from L. A. to N. Y. and arrived after a beautiful flight (no bumps) Tuesday morning.

We checked in at the Edison and set out to see as much of New York as possible and our many friends here. Fluff had never been in N. Y. before so was in quite a dither.

Wednesday night we were feted to a going away party at the Copacabana by Frances Langford and Jon Hall, Gertrude Niesen, Joe E. Lewis, Rory Calhoun, Patti Page, Mario and Floria and of course, Milton Berle. I believe most of the conversation was about Las Vegas and how you could put most of these clubs all together in one of our fabulous hotels. Paris should see them.

Thursday—down to the hospital to see our good friend Ole Olsen who is convalescing with his broken leg. However, the crowd in his room still reminds one of backstage after the show. He gave us a lot of Olsen and Johnson advice. Guested that night at their show "Pardon My French" with Denise Darcell—h'm. A good show enjoying sell-outs—evidently people still like to laugh. Chick Johnson uses a gag about the town and calls it "Los Wages, Nevada." Drew terrific laugh. Town and Strip certainly publicized here. After the show up to Dario's Martinique with Jane Harvey on the bill with Noonan and Marshall and a rave dance hit, Johnny Conrad and the Conrad Girls—A sort of Jack Cole presentation, five beautiful girls and terrific dancing of Conrad. Stole all the critic raves and would be a "natural six" throw for one of our clubs.

Sail on the Ile de France Saturday noon and already homesick for our adopted town—Will write all about the sailing in our next letter on arrival in France. Our best regards to you Jack and all our friends. Back to my French lesson from Fluff from our English-French dictionary—Expect to come back speaking fluid American with a French accent.

Aw River,
FLUFF and CHUCK GOULD.

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 18)

that stuff called RHYTHM, UNIQUE STYLE, and something no one can equal . . . On the same bill is a magician who knows his magic—from A to Z. He is called TUNG FIN SOO but we know him as CHOP CHOP. He is ably assisted by CHARLENE, a lovely young lady who is quite a magician in her own right. Among their mystifying and highly entertaining tricks, they introduce a novel puzzler. There are two bubble-producing machines with Chop Chop creating all the confusion. Everyone who sees them wonders **"how do they do it?"** May we add, "Darn clever, these Chinese!" . . . The MORO-LANDIS SENSATIONS, a bevy of 10 beautiful girls, present two lovely routines. One is a calypso and the other

DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 19)

tation of Xavier Cugat 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 back from Paris to add her charms to the Follies . . . DONN ARDEN and RON FLETCHER did beautifully in staging all those super dance productions . . . CARLTON HAYES and ORK cut all the music for the show like masters.

—a semi-strip tease. (Seems to be the fad this season.) This number is really a surprise and is done in good taste . . . 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 are beyond any doubt the Champions of the MURAL ROOM. That room is always jammed when they are on the podium.

A

Happy Thanksgiving

To All

from the entire staff of

Fabulous Las Vegas

DEAR MOM:

(Continued from Page 23)

tions for his mother in Canada who has recently gone blind. Guess he'll have to make it the hard way plunking the "88s." However, to break up the situation . . . we all got up and did some tunes at the piano bar, and by the time we warmed up we had a cheerful group who put worries behind.

With all the afternoon's fun stopped in to the Supermarket to get the ingredients for a spaghetti dinner, and remembered I'd ordered a gift that I bought and had to be picked up at Bertha McConnell's home decorative shop . . . way down at 126 South Fourth street. What a place! Mom, you could spend hours in there and go into spasms over the beautiful glassware, bric-a-brac, ceramics . . . and oh, just everything. Wish I could have bought out the store, but hope you will settle for the little something I'm mailing. (Surprise for you and Pop.)

Must tell you about a little gal I met coming out of the store. Her name is Cathy Washington and she used to be a coffee-girl at the Desert Inn. At present she is unemployed, and if ever a girl deserved a job she does. She is competent, capable and has one main goal in life, to be able to make her brother (who has been confined in a wheel chair since War II), walk again. She's a charming one, a junior Lena Horne, and such a willing worker. If anyone could find a spot for Cathy I'm sure Jack Cortez would be willing to pass on the word from the Monte Carlo Motel where he's located. (You see, Mom, I haven't a phone as yet so I couldn't help.)

Time out till I go into raptures about my favorite hangout. It's a little grocery store (I call it the Cracker Box), located at the San Souci Trailer Camp. (They don't have the coverage of an A & P, but have all the necessities and little things you forget.) **(I forgot the tomato paste.)** What a world of friendliness is found there . . . it would do your heart good. It's operated by Margaret and Bob Reeves . . . (Marg in her spare moments is a school teacher with a sense of humor like "Our Miss Brooks") . . . When they aren't holding down the fort, the place is taken over by Mrs. McKinney, affectionately known as "Mack" . . . by the time she finishes with her cutie-pie stories, you buy more groceries than you intended to get . . . that is, if the proceedings aren't halted by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Diamond Beetley. (Mrs. D. is the one to see if you are looking for boys' wear at Ronzone's). Mr. D. is a draftsman and constructor . . . a lot of laffs. Hope they invite me to another weenie roast—anything's an improvement to my home cookin'!

Well, darlings, no more for now. Keep yourself well and happy and write when find time, I don't have too much of it the way things move down here . . . from now on to me it's FABULOUS . . . FAST . . . and delightfully FURIOUS . . . LAS VEGAS! —(ME).

THE OLD TIMER:

(Continued from Page 15)

board and being a Pollyanna and saying everything's just fine and dandy and nothing is bad or not quite good because that wouldn't be true as long as we have that thing called "human nature" to contend with, but it might be an idea to try the every-day use of a small smile and saying "Howdy" to the people we find just looking at us. We don't have to know them but just a nod and keep going. It doesn't take much effort and I'll bet many people would get a lot of good out of hardly any effort on your part. Of course you won't know if it does or doesn't but at least you can say you tried. I'm going to take a whack at it tomorrow!

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS:

(Continued from Page 26)

of the tot will bring the family brood to three since Mrs. Stewart already has two sons by a former marriage . . . HARRY CAREY JR. and his pretty spouse will herald the arrival of their third child in April. CAREY, by the way, makes his bid for screen prominence as MONA FREEMAN'S romantic interest in Paramount's exciting technicolor western, "Copper Canyon" . . . From the EZIO PINZA abode comes this news: If the expected PINZA baby is an heir, he'll be christened Antonio, after a famed Italian composer. If it's an heiress, she'll be named Gloria . . . The youngster is slated to make its appearance 'round December!

CLUB BINGO:

(Continued from Page 19)

see the show . . . MIKE WERNER'S ORK and the CHUCK BURGESS TRIO supply the music for your dancing pleasure, from 8:00 p. m. 'til 5:00 a. m. The new policy of the club is four shows nightly: 9-11-1:00 a. m. and 3:00 a. m.

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

the steel has been erected, making an impressive showing even from the highway half a mile away.

It is of some interest to those who have followed the rapid growth of Las Vegas, to know that there will be more structural steel in this grandstand than in all the other buildings in Las Vegas put together. An amazing structure surely—340 feet long, 140 feet wide and 100 feet in height!

The paddock, which the last time I was at the track was just some lumber forms and concrete foundations, is also taking form. It is circular in shape, with rooms for horses and jockeys and will be approached from the grandstand by way of an overhead structure so arranged at various levels that everybody may see the parading animals without crowding over each others' shoulders.

The club house is not yet beyond the concrete foundation state, but it, too, will advance rapidly and make a noble show within the next few weeks. The plans show a beautiful structure with restaurant and bars within, and boxes and outside tables for dining and refreshments outside.

The stable area also shows great progress. The 16 great stables, each with 80 stalls each 10 by 12 in size, with all the adjuncts of tack and feed rooms, are now being painted, the color what I would describe as a light olive green. The hardware and plumbing seem to be all installed. Here again I learned a bit about race track stables —a special type of hardware has been developed so that there are no corners or sharp projections on which a cantankerous animal may possibly cut, scratch or injure himself.

Of course there is a world of work yet to be done. I notice stacks of water and sewer pipe and fittings and great spools of electric wire, miles of fencing and a few hundred acres of sandy soil which will be "pinned down" by the planting of lawns and shrubbery.

I somehow never have room enough to say all that I would like to say in this column. But I can't close this time without mentioning that indispensable person, L. George Adkins, assistant to President Smoot, who seems to be able to do the hundred and one things that none of the others have time to do, such as taking sight-seers to look over the plant.

EL RANCHO VEGAS

(Continued from Page 18)

"sophisticates," they certainly keep everyone highly amused with their multiple comedy antics . . . The lovely COVER GIRLS introduce two novel numbers, dressed in very beautiful costumes. The one we enjoyed most was the Continental Dance, written by DICK WINSLOW on his last trip to our town . . . STERLING YOUNG and his ORK cut a very good show and play excellent music for dancing. Featured vocalist with the band is lovely BOBBY ENNIS, the gal who sings "lots of song" . . . GUY LANDIS and JIMMY De STEFANO are the "Strolling Troubadours" who play during intermissions and requestfully yours in the Chuck Wagon Room till 4:00 a. m.

LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from Page 18)

the nation, JOYCE BRYANT. This sepian songstress has a sweet, delightful voice with a range of nearly four octaves. She skips from classics to the blues with remarkable ease and her rendition of "La Vie En Rose" is about the most beautiful we ever heard . . . For a thrill a second, it's the STUART MORGAN DANCERS. They are three men and a petite lady who is tossed about the stage like a rubber ball. Their remarkable coordination, sharp precision and grace make you hold your breath . . . THE JEAN DEVLYN DANCERS present two numbers. Each girl in the group has a featured spot, portraying various folk dances from the continent . . . MARY STATZ and KENNY SNYDER wind up the presentation with a sensational jitterbug routine . . . NICK STUART and his ORK are the music men in the background who play a hit parade of tunes . . . DON BAKER, king of the Hammond Organ, plays requestfully yours during intermission.

THUNDERBIRD HOTEL:

(Continued from Page 19)

she performs atop a table are truly sensational . . . The lovely DANSATIONS always present novel and beautiful routines, dressed in beautiful costumes . . . BARNEY RAWLINGS is your singing m. c. and one of the best in town. How about "Granada," Barney? . . . AL JAHNS and ORK supply the music for the show and favorite hit tunes for dansapation . . . For intermission it is JACK MARTIN'S ORK, a quintet of fine musicians.



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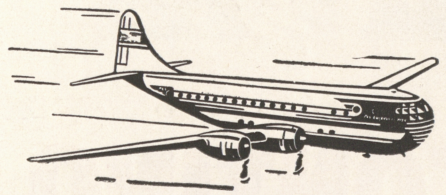
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Many thanks to all my friends in Las Vegas for the good wishes I received at the Paramount Theatre in New York City. They certainly made me get out there and play like "mad."



DICK CONTINO

P. S. Best regards to all at the
Hotel El Rancho Vegas