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December 16, 1950

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AT THE

Last Frontier Village



PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 2, NO. 35
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
TRACK TALK, BY JOCKEY JR.
CHUCK AND FLUFF IN PARIS
ON THE SCENE
REVIEWS OF CAFE SHOWS, BY JACK CORTEZ
THE WATCHBIRDS
FRONT ROW CENTER, BY JOHN RYKEN
THE OLD TIMER, BY CHUBBY
CHESS, BY FRED SOLY
DOWNTOWN, BY JOHNNY

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Sorry, Jack . . .

✓ No fancy or picture ad this week . . .

✓ We just want to remind everyone that

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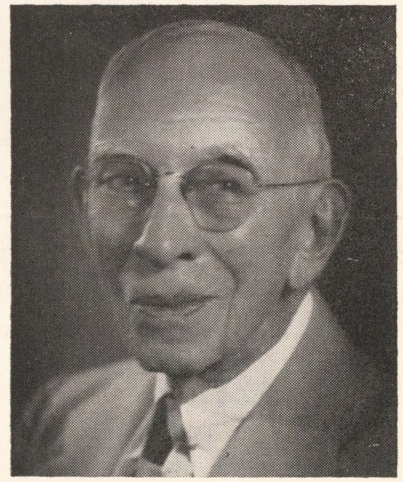
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Jack Cortez'
FABULOUS LAS VEGAS
HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 2 DECEMBER 16, 1950 NUMBER 35

OBSERVATIONS

. . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES



WHAT A CHRISTMAS!

I WONDER if ever there was a Christmas with so much of dread and fear and uncertainty fililng the souls of the peoples of the world! War and threats of war; communism, tyranny, barbarism and hatred—all the forces of savagery and ignorance seem to be crowding this Christian civilization under which we here in the United States have been living so well, so comfortably and so usefully, out of existence.

Oriental hordes are driving our armies out of Asia. (I can't help wondering if, after all, we really had any right to be in Asia.) United Nations with the Russian-Chinese-Communism almost in control, is gradually taking over the government of the United States. The administration at Washington has sunk to a depth of inefficiency, uncertainty, wastefulness and petty political rowdyism never before dreamed of. What next in the line of degradation must we expect!

Perhaps it is just the broiled lobster at Hotel Last Frontier the other evening! Perhaps a disordered digestive apparatus is causing me to see things darkly! More likely, as Delphine and Florence sometimes agree, I am a bit dopey in the head, with too many good dinners and penny ante parties. Yet nothing in all this could or should make me forget the delights of Phil Spitalny's lovely girls with their "Hour of Charm" and their glorious Christmas carols!

Perhaps, after all, that Christian civilization with its churches, its music, its wonderful literature we call the Bible—is the ruling power of this uneasy world! Perhaps it will take another few centuries of religious faith and martyrdom to straighten things out! Perhaps it will take defeat and death at the hands of world savagery to give the Christian world the strength and courage it must have.

But Christianity must be the foundation upon which mankind will finally build a more perfect world. Until that time comes humanity must do the best it can to fight communism and all the forces of destruction.

I must thank the "Hour of Charm" for bringing me some new strength and courage to face the unknown. Strangely, on the stage in these "Modern Times," this delightful entertainment was given us without one word of vulgarity or indecency. A thing almost unprecedented on the modern stage, where it has come to be almost an unbreakable rule that to gain applause one must resort to "smut."

Oh, yes, during the entertainment I heard a lady at a nearby table exclaim,

(Continued on Page 31)

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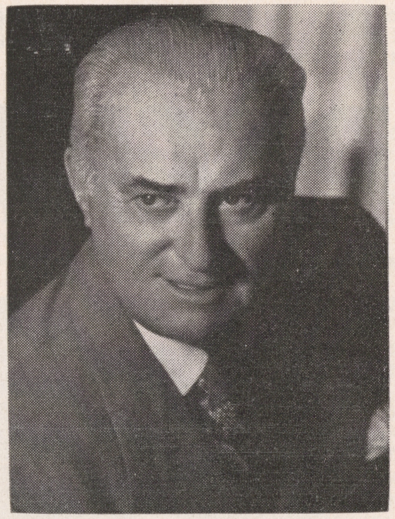
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VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS



IS IT A SIN

I sent my soul into the darkness of sin
By and by it returned, pure and calm within.
Yet, this has proved to me for sure
That a touch of sin will keep one pure.

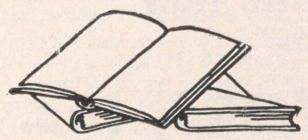
Conscience is the thing your sin must fight
An honest mind makes acts wrong or right
So don't feel too awfully sad
If your sins are not too bad.

Never let your sins get vicious
Try to keep your mind judicious
In that way you'll always know
Where to stop and how far to go.

As through these many sins you stroll
Your thoughts will purify your soul
For if your acts are not too mean
You will find your soul is always clean.

Culture progressed through the ages
Moving forward by slow stages
To change belief of every kind
Forcing man to improve his mind

Who is to judge the rules of sin
To frighten men of thoughts so thin?
You'll find those ancient stupid rules
Were introduced for serfs and fools.



If you've been looking for that ideal mate
Relax, don't worry, it may be a long wait.

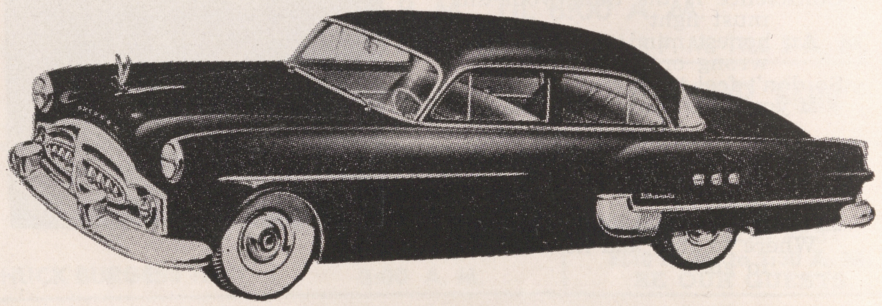
AMEN

Yes, only God can make a tree
For He molded a girl for me.
Yet, I feel He made one mistake
He made my heart for her to break.

Love made well on a planet far away
Like years beyond the orb where stars now play
Yet, until He wills to re-incarnate,
No loving soul shall leave His Golden Gate.

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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

This week's front cover is dedicated as a reminder that there are only six more days in which to select your gifts. Let's all try to make this yuletide a very happy one for everyone. There are quite a few youngsters in our town who won't know the joy of a visit from St. Nick. Won't you seek one out and bring a smile to his face with some small remembrance?

Our newly formed unincorporated town of PARADICE, NEVADA, has certainly created a lot of comment. However, the so-called comment appears to be from a couple of editors' point of view. All of us know, that in the past, these same members of the Board of Paradice, and their associates, have always given freely of their time and effort to create a bigger and better Las Vegas and Southern Nevada. It is our belief that we should definitely give these men a chance to prove what they can accomplish in creating a bigger resort area. We find it most difficult to believe these men would do any harm whatsoever. We have watched them work tirelessly; sometimes pitching in our small share in order to publicize Las Vegas. We watched them expend unpublicized thousands of dollars to promote this area. All this has paid off magnificently. Our Las Vegas has prospered and grown and will continue doing so, with men such as them at the helm. We believe their past performances speak best. They have proven, beyond a shadow of a doubt, they are interested, not in the welfare of their own organization, but in their employes at large. This means you, as well as us. AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, there are always individuals who feel slighted. They were neither consulted nor asked. These individuals have set themselves up on a pedestal and believe they should declare: "Stop" and "Go." To them it seems to be unimportant whether PARADICE, Nevada, is a good thing for Southern Nevada. Their egos have been flattened because they just weren't asked to help in making the decision. As a result, they offer no help —AND MUCH CRITICISM. Our suggestion to you constant critics: Under our democratic way of life and government, people file for some public office and, if elected, can see to it that their viewpoints are either enforced or enacted. Until then, let's be fair in our judgment and give the Board of Paradice our whole-hearted support. They are most anxious to see a bigger and better Las Vegas. A thought to remember—PAST PERFORMANCES SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES . . . AND THAT'S FOR SURE.

A YEAR ago, we ranted and raved about having our strip widened and well-lighted. We received all sorts of "Hallelujahs" for it because it was "an impossible thing to do!" We were kind of stubborn. Instead of surrendering our ideas, we continued on our little old bandwagon. Last week, the strip became an unincorporated town and now the hotels have many plans to beautify the thoroughfare. A wooded center island is planned and highway lights that will really glisten. From now on, just call our strip PARADICE, Nevada, instead of Highway 91. Just wait'll you see what is in the offing. We doubt if there will be any boulevard in the country that will match ours, when completed.

Our congratulations to DAVEY O'BANNON and TWIN HADCOCK, lovely couple who were married Monday, December 11th. Davey is a dealer at the FLAMINGO HOTEL and the lovely bride a food waitress in the SILVER SLIPPER. Best man was VINCE STECKER and lovely ETHEL JOHNSON was maid of honor. By the way, it looks as though the best man and maid of honor may take that step very soon, themselves . . . Starting this week, the GOLDEN SLIPPER SALOON and GAMBLING HALL at the LAST FRONTIER VILLAGE will be renamed the SILVER SLIPPER SALOON and GAMBLING HALL. MR. MOORE, executive vice president of the Hotel Last Frontier, purchased that name from the owner last week and the re-titling will be made official soon. MR. KOZLOFF, of the GOLDEN NUGGET, asked us to convey special thanks to Mr. Moore and his associates for the revision which will help eliminate confusion. Negotiations, such as this, prove there is room for everyone . . . It's a boy for "FLOWER POT" and TOM MAC GOWAN. The baby arrived December 9th at the Clark County General Hospital, weighing in at 7 lbs. 14 oz. Mother and new-born are well now, although it was pretty tough going for a while. Pop is a nervous wreck and insists (as so many others) "never again" . . . We had the pleasure of meeting a gal with the courage and grit that constitutes our American womanhood. Unforunately, this young

(Continued on page 32)

THE WESTERNER

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MAJOR COFFEE
"WE GRIND OUR OWN"

ALMA
IS BACK!
AT
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WATCHBIRDS

. . by SIR JODY and LADY MICHAEL

WITH the Christmas season rushing on us New York has taken on its usual festive air. Park Avenue is one long line of gayly decorated trees, the Fifth Avenue shop windows are unbelievably beautiful and the skaters in Rockefeller Plaza skim along beneath the shadow of a giant Christmas tree that has even the grownups breathless . . . but we wonder what Christmas is like on the desert.

Operation TIFF: Still-a-bride LIZ TAYLOR went 'home to mother' after her big battle with NICKY HILTON . . . Ironic title of her next picture "Love Is Better Than Ever" . . . And still-a-bride LISA ROSE packed and left her new apartment and new husband in Los Angeles—now, how silly can you be, Lisa? He loves you and forgives this silly feminine tantrum, so toddle along home now . . . and, MICKEY ROONEY, pint sized star, battled with tall, terrific wifey MARTHA VICKERS, and HE went home to mother . . . Now our hair is really green.

After reading last week's WATCHBIRD column where we reported luscious LUCY BALL will play an elephant girl in "The Greatest Show on Earth," Lucy wired back "YOO HOO! SABU! . . . BETTY REILLY, who is GRACIE HAYES' protege, is terribly Irish but speaks terribly fluent Spanish. Lived in Mexico for many years the pretty colleen told us in an air interview at JACK EIGENS' celebrated GUEST ROOM. Betty has just finished engagements in Cleveland and Pittsburgh and will do T. V. here for a while.

The chilly temperature soared above 90 degrees on Pier 90 when the KISSIN' WINDSORS (the Duke and Duchess to you all) embraced upon his return to our shores . . . The Freckles and Redhair Fans are delirious now that VAN JOHNSON is in N. Y. . . . New name for the drive-in theatre on Highway 91 —PET SHOP . . . TONY DEMARCO just bought a mink coat for his miniature Doberman Pinscher. The pooch was shivering in its smooth skin and Tony just couldn't stand it.

Most far-fetched duo of the week, "PRINCE" MIKE ROMANOFF and HOPALONG CASSIDY dining together on 'esterhazy tokany' which, the Prince says, is veal stew to the common folk . . . JOAN BLONDELL and MIKE TODD together again. Joanie went back to Todd when he had all that trouble . . . incidentally, Mike is making the



behind-the-scenes arrangements for a weekly half hour T. V. show starring the lovely Joan.

Open note to the editor of a famous New York daily—Dear Ed: In section Number 1 an article reported that Hollywood has hurled back the T. V. challenge in the matter of necklines, saying that the video gals who wear gowns cut way down to HERE simply ain't chic and that in order to be in high fashion a high neckline is called for. AND in Section Two, on the other hand or other side of the ocean, a little style center known as Paris, reports the 'plunging neckline' is plunging lower and lower and owes its ever downward trend to natural 'oomph girls' who have resented her 'false' faced sisters with synthetic oomph, which leaves US on a flat note—and speaking of flat notes only MAGGIE TRUMAN'S **notes** are flat. Do you think we'll get a hot note on stationery marked H. S. T.? That's four ulcers!

Universal will nominate the invisible rabbit in "HARVEY" for the best supporting player in the Academy Award. (He'll probably win, too!) . . . EDDIE BRACKEN back before the footlights in "Mike MacCauley"—it will be his first stage appearance since 'Too Many Girls' . . . The JACKIE COOGAN story will soon be filmed. Jackie's young daughter, wearing a Buster Brown wig, will impersonate him in the early sequences.

A famous comedienne has become such a heavy drinker she's dispensed with the formality of the cocktail glass.

(Continued on Page 34)

THE PRIDE OF

The Hour of Charm



AMERICA'S FIRST LADY OF THE VIOLIN

♥

Evelyn

AND HER

MAGIC VIOLIN

♥



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THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY



FOR want of something better to do the other night, I was doing, what I call, "encyclopeda-ing," that's where I pick out an encyclopedia book at random, set it on the table, and wherever it opens that's what I read. This time it opened to "insurance" and it seemed right interesting to me.

The first known form of insurance was in the days of the Roman Emperor. All the owners of one type of business would band together and assess each one a certain amount each month to guarantee any one member against loss from fire, robbery, or other calamity. These were a fixed contribution. Marine insurance is one of the oldest types of insurance as a business. In 1435 the Magistrates in Barcelona in Spain issued an ordinance relating to the insurance business. About the middle of the 18th century, a bunch of scandals were brought to light and in England in 1774 a ruling was made prohibiting all life insurance except those taken out by a person actually interested in the life or death of the person insured. That measure marked an important step in the devolpment of the insurance business. And from then on, measures for control and conduct of insurance companies were under, as a rule, government supervision. In fact, some countries, like Italy, had the whole business of insurance in the hands of the government. In New Zealand the government enters into competition with the public companies in insurance. In Australia, there is no direct supervision of insurance. The oldest insurance company in the United States is the "Presbyterian Ministers' Fund of Philadelphia," chartered in 1759, but the first company to do a general life insurance business was not incorporated until 1812. Between 1843 and 1859 several companies were formed, and many others were established during the Civil War and the subsequent period of reconstruction. From 1875 to 1885 two distinct systems of life insurance appeared, both of which have played an important part in the development of the insurance business.

I also found out that in the 18th century, the early colonists formed the American Fire Insurance Companies. These American insurers were immediately faced with the problem of putting fire insurance on a sound basis. They didn't have any previous experience to guide them. Each company wrote their own kind and they were novel and varied. It ranged all the way from some companies insuring only houses without trees around them . . . that was on account of the fact that they believed trees would attract lightning . . . and would also interfere with firemen in the event of a fire. Other companies were more for gambling and would insure houses that had trees.

The real test of fire insurance in America came with the Chicago fire in 1871. This largest of all fires in the 19th century brought confusion and destruction to Chicago citizens. The grief-stricken city, counting its dead and overwhelming loss of property, soon found peace in the prompt loss settlements made by the fire insurance companies. Unfortunately, all the companies were not able to withstand this shock loss and a few persons found their policies worthless. But a majority of the people who were insured in the good "old line" companies received loss settlements in full. The rebuilding of the city was hastened and assured because of insurance.

At the turn of the 20th century, disaster again struck, this time at San Francisco in 1906. It was a nerve-shattering, ground-splitting earthquake followed by a severe fire. Once more a heavy toll of lives and property. Again, a few insurance companies failed to meet their full loss liability and went out of business, but all of the financially strong capital stock companies came through. It was their prompt loss settlements that hastened the rebirth of this Pacific Coast metropolis. The

(Continued on page 34)

ROULETTE ● "21" ● CRAPS

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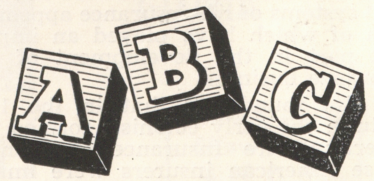
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DEAR MOM . . .

. . . by MARDIE ROGERS



WHEN you get this letter, try to visualize that I started it way back last Sunday (the day of rest) and after bucking my way through the swarms of Xmas shoppers all week long, believe me, I need one. When I got home Saturday nite I was a mess . . looked liked the east end of a horse going west. When I started my shopping spree early that morning, I figured I was fairly well groomed, had my list of gifts all in order, and faced the world with a resolute "Peace on Earth —Good Will to Men" approach, but I was due for a rude awakening! The pace the crowd had set was so fast that I started out to buy a blouse at Ronzone's, and wound up purchasing a bar of Lava soap at F. W. Woolworth's before I knew what had happened. During the melee I never knew so many fragile females could emit left-jabs that would put Joe Louis to shame, and the way they haggled over the counters, one would think they were attending a 1 cent sale at the Payless Drug Store. Don't think for a minute the men were any shrinking violets, in fact they were worse. I saw two well-dressed chaps almost come to blows trying to purchase the same lounging robe for their respective wives. Being two knights of the green table, they decided to play high dice to settle the matter amicably, but both shot box cars. Coming fully prepared for the skirmish, they took out a pack of dog-eared cards and proceeded to play draw poker (one hand . . . nothing wild). Nothing was wild except the gent who lost, so I took a powder before it reached the "pistol whuppin'" stage.

From there I went to the M. W. Davis Jewelry Store to find some little gift for Aunt Mamie. All the clerks were busy, the shop was that jammed. One clerk was showing an exquisite engagement and wedding ring set to a shy and blushing couple, another was displaying "Mickey Mouse" and "Hopalong Cassidy" watches to an impatient papa, and still another explaining the intricate secret compartment to be found in Milady's Jewel Box they are featuring there. Suddenly from out of nowhere a very charming lady, whom I later found out was Mrs. Davis in person, waited on me. With her graciousness and understanding I'm certain she could solve anyone's Xmas problem . . . and voila! Aunt Mamie's gift was found. She also told me that if I was in the mood for pottery, delicate chinaware, ceramics or any of the lovelies that make a house a home, to visit her other store, the Merchandise Mart, just up the street. I did, and it's truly beautiful, and took care of five other names on my list.

Had a couple of little folks to remember (Cousin Anne's two kiddies, you know). Randy is five and John is six and they have practically everything in the way of clothes and toys, and just sending them money has always seemed a little cold. I remembered tho' that Anne bought them a phonograph last birthday and that presented an idea to me. Why not buy them some suitable records? Sooo, I moved the now weary body over to Garehime's Music Store, which never ceases to delight me . . . so much is happening all at once. In one room you may find Bob Laine working on a new kick, listening to the works of DeBussy or Ravel, in another you might locate Bernie Resnik (not a musician but the chap who runs the Bingo Game at the Vegas Club), trying to find a record by Al Duffy, violin man, but being informed by my fella to "dig" a character named Eddie South if he wants something terrific. Don Swan-

(Continued on Page 30)

'TUTOR'S DON'TS'

Don't Hold Las Vegas Short

Don't Worry — Watch Us Grow

It's with sincere gratitude that I thank the management of the

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El Rancho VEGAS

AND THE PEOPLE OF LAS VEGAS



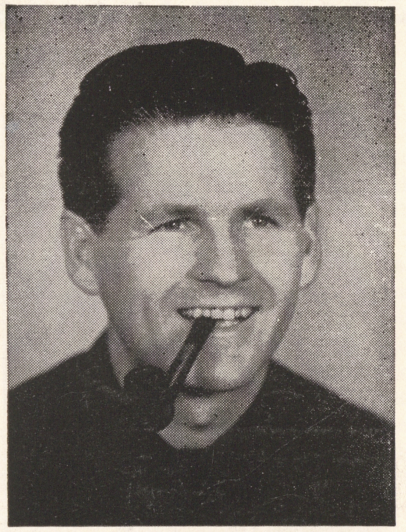
For a Very Happy Engagement

Dorothy Dandridge

DOWNTOWN . . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN

THREE-THIRTY in the a. m. and my poor posterior is complaining about the pace! Yep, my fanny's draggin'! Trying to crowd my Christmas shopping in along with my usual day's routine and also keep up with all the weddings that have been taking place here 'bouts 'tween friends of mine who can't wait 'till June. It seems that everyone's getting married but ME these days. I still have hopes of finding "that doll" one of these days. Being a bachelor as long as I have is beginning to get pretty darned lonesome, and then, on the other hand, it's mighty nice to be able to do as you very well please; WHEN you please. Come to think of it, though, if the partnership is right, that trouble wouldn't arise, would it? One thing I know, when the one of my dreams does come along, she'll have to bowl me over with a ball bat to make me know it!

Biggest brow raiser of the bunch was the surprise we got when ex-cohort, Alex Henig, wedded the beautiful Brandy Bryant, of the Minsky Show at the Desert Inn. My boy, Alex, has always been full of surprises, but this one topped them all. Heaps of happiness to you two kids, and I'm certain within myself that you will prove to one and all that this isn't one of those fly-by-night doings . . . It seems that all of these recent weddings were in some way a surprise, at least to me they were. There was Davey O'Bannon and "Twin"; a romance I knew nothing about. Davey's a dealer at the Flamingo and "Twin" is a food waitress at the Silver Slipper, Last Frontier Village. Then there was Johnny Harrell and little Terry. Talk about surprises! Johnny's the day pit boss at the Hotel Last Frontier. Saw them out the other night and they were cutting up like . . . newlyweds! One of the nation's social events took place at the Little Church of the West last Tuesday evening with the wedding of Jody Hutchison and Dora Whitney Stillman, of the ultra social set. Mrs. Francis Lederer was matron of honor with John C. Lee best man. The wedding had been postponed until the return of Mr. Lee from Europe where he had been on a talent search for the motion picture studios. Mel Torme, currently at the Thunderbird, sang "I Love You Truly" preceding the reading of vows by Rev. E. A. Wessel. Jody, co-writer of "The Watchbirds," will begin his own TV show out of New York in January, under the sponsorship of the Dumont people, who manufacture the "Rolls Royce" of the TV sets. Also, opening January 23rd in Cleveland, Ohio, will be a play written by Jody under the title of "Penny on the Drum." The reception was in the Sky Room of the Desert Inn and was a howling success . . . everybody howling! Ted Mossman, at the piano, played every tune imaginable, and someone in the group sang the lyrics. Compliments to Billy McCann and Vince Corabi, bartenders, for keeping the glasses filled! Could this little incident be an indication? Jody picked a horse that afternoon called "My Error." The winner! . . . "Hot Rocks!" . . . So much for Cupid's Corners, let's go DOWNTOWN . . . You just have tonight, December 15th, and tomorrow night, to listen to the Zany-Acks before they leave the Golden Nugget Saloon for a sojourn in the east. These boys have really taken the Downtowners by storm with their zany antics and can't return to us too son. 'Course, when they do come back they will be minus Billy, the accordionist. Uncle Sam has him by the nape of the neck at the moment, along with a host of others in his age category. I'm beginning to wonder if an old man of 36 is even safe at this stage! Unless I miss my guess, these fellows



(Continued on Page 28)

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

. . . by JACK CORTEZ



★ El Rancho Vegas

December 6 through December 19

One of America's all-time great entertainers, GEORGIE PRICE, opened as the headliner of the new show in the ROUND-UP ROOM. A favorite son of Broadway and Wall Street, he has been intimate with show-biz since he was an east side youngster. It was in 1934 that Georgie decided to leave the entertainment world and go into the brokerage business. However, the lure of the spotlight and greasepaint proved so strong he couldn't resist. That is why supper clubbers are being treated to witnessing the great Mr. Price in action again. He is truly an excellent showman and combines the "Land of Stocks and Bonds" with the "Land of Songs and Blondes." His knowledge of both makes him the most enlightened entertainer in America. His repertoire includes special numbers, songs he originally introduced and unique satires on contemporary life. G. P.'s portrayals of Harry Richman, George Jessel, Eddie Cantor and other well-known luminaries are the best you'll ever hope to

(Continued on Page 28)

★ Hotel Last Frontier

December 1 through December 28

Before going to press, I tried numerous ways to relate an accurate description of the PHIL SPITALNY "HOUR OF CHARM" ALL-GIRL ORCHESTRA and their sensational show, currently being offered in the RAMONA ROOM. All words seemed inadequate. Finally, I decided to describe what actually happened when my "Princess" and I went to the opening . . . We arrived at the hotel about 7:30 p. m. and had a delicious dinner. At precisely 8:30 the overture began. The silver curtain was raised, revealing 25 lovely young ladies in exquisite white gowns, trimmed with rose sequins. Their voices blended magnifiicently in a medley of Christmas carols, rendered more beautifully than ever before heard anywhere. MR. SPITALNY directed them with split-second timing. As they sang, it reminded us of past holidays, and stirred the memory of roasting chestnuts, the aroma of pine and families gathered

(Continued on Page 27)

★ Flamingo Hotel

December 14 through December 27

HAROLD STERN, his $100,000 Stradivarius and ALL STRING SOCIETY ORK, headline the XMAS SHOW in the FLAMINGO ROOM. Mr. Stern and his superb musicians appeared at this spot about three months ago, created a mild sensation, and were asked to come back at this time. From the moment the maestro and his string ork appear on the stage, playing their theme, "La Vie En Rose," to the final beat of the quarter note, the audience is spellbound. Their playing of gypsy tunes causes your heart to skip a beat. We must requote what we previously said about this group: "Our town is famous for being fabulous, fast and furious, but, when Mr. Stern presents his program, he certainly proves that we appreciate the artistry he and his men exhibit . . . Co-starring in this great musical treat is very talented and de-lovely TONI ARDEN. This songs-

(Continued on Page 27)

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

December 12 through December 25

ROMO VINCENT, "The Magnificent Obstruction," is the singing star of the show in THE PAINTED DESERT ROOM. This is his seventh stint in our town; the more you see of him, the more you want. Romo's popularity seems to increase with each visit. Mr. Vincent is a down-to-earth artist, and gives one the feeling he's singing for you just as he would in your own sitting-room. We certainly enjoyed his presentation of songs. Always "on the ball," Romo has a large variety of tunes, most of which are new and very entertaining . . . On the same bill is LESTER COLE and his four DEBUTANTES. They are a fine singing group of semi-classics and popular numbers. We especially enjoyed their rendition of Victor Herbert's masterpieces . . . THE PAUL STEFFEN DANCERS, three males and two females, are specialists in East Indian routines—a la Jack Cole. . . . Direct from France is CHOPPY. the artist who introduces a very novel act and something we've never seen before. He paints portraits on the backs of women. The women, of course, are his assistants—not volunteers from the audience . . . CARLTON HAYES and his excellent ORK cut an excellent show and play super-fine music for patron dancing.

★ Thunderbird Hotel

December 7 through December 20

MEL TORME, young singing sensation of the country, affectionately called "The Velvet Fog," is the star of the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL'S new stage offering. Mel possesses a unique voice and style and is quite a favorite of the bobby-soxers and adults alike. He knows the value of lyrics and their proper delivery. As a result, each tune has added impact. Torme holds his audience easily and, always show-wise, leaves the stage with the audience call-

(Continued on Page 27)

★ Club Bingo

December 13 through December 22

JIMMY KENNEDY, "The Mad Man of Mirth and Melody," headlines the current show in the BONANZA ROOM. Most entertainers give their "all" to please the audience, but this guy practically kills himself. One never knows what to expect from this mad man but, whatever he does, it goes over BIG. He is a terrific comic and the dream boy of tailors from coast to coast. He wears a different suit for each performance. At the conclusion of his stint, the neatly pressed outfit looks as though it went through a wringer. Jimmy just completed a very successful cross country tour with the Harry James show and the notices he received top anything Mr. James and crew could produce. Look out for Jimmy Kennedy, who guarantees to keep you laughing from start to finish . . . On the same bill are the ANN GARI DANCERS, or the second edition of the Bingo-ettes. To quote EPPY PEARSON, genial manager of the room, "Expense no object. We bring you the finest dancing girls this side of the Rockies." They consist of three and Eppy, with Eppy as star, of course. All joking aside, although they are only three, the gals do a lot

(Continued on Page 27)

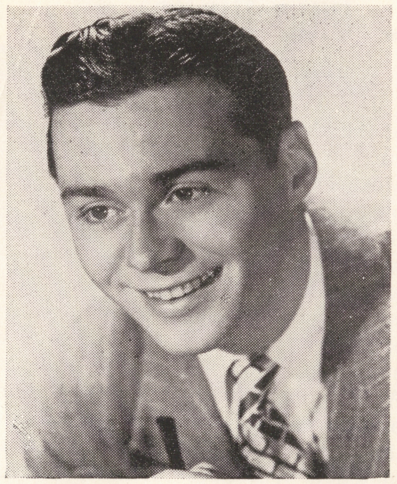
★ Golden Slipper Saloon

Here is something new in the way of entertainment for our town. The management of the FRONTIER VILLAGE has a real old-fashioned minstrel show, with a cast of 20. HANK HENRY is the star of the entire revue and the "Mr. Bones" of the productions. Songs and gags are plentiful. The stage is loaded with star-studded entertainment that spells a full evening of fun . . . Featured on the bill with Mr. Henry

(Continued on Page 31)

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FLUFF and CHUCK in Paris

ARE we in a spin? We have to have 36 girls for our production line and, believe me, it's about as probable as a nine the hard way . . . continually amazed at the lack of real talent and looks in Paris. Looks like we'll import girls from Hollywood. Saw Folies Bergere . . . beautiful costuming and scenic productions a la in the nude . . . but believe us for dancing we'll take the men's chorus at the Branding Iron show.

If you want a real chuckle you should see the French version of Annie Get Your Gun or Annie au Far West. The Indians are doing ballet and the male lead would be one of the background chorus boys in America altho some of the character parts were well portrayed. The art of make-up has certainly been buried deep in the Montmartre Cemeterie. Star act at the Folies is the Three Peters Sisters and terrific. Our show to be one of biggest staged in Paris with main reason for quality being European tour and then to America. Fluff already having nightmares . . . PAGE DANSATIONS. Plan publicity campaign with Air de France flying chorus girls from Hollywood. Ask Toni and Wilbur Clark how they liked Paris taxis. We're most anxious to receive copies of "Fabulous Las Vegas." Paris stores and streets very crowded, certainly no buying depression. Finally found American grill near Place de l'Opera . . . BINGO. Bought a beret the other day and the store manager under impression that Americans continually wear hats because of our movies . . . wanted to open hat store in Hollywood . . . HA!

Understand Paris not as brightly lighted as bfeore the war . . . government owned as also railroads, etc . . . without private competition and in terrible condition. Good lesson to Americans who foolishly favor government ownership. Styles and fabrics are very beautiful and along with perfumes are much cheaper by American dollar comparison. People stare at Fluff as tho something out of this world . . . which of course she is. Will soon see Paris Ballet which, we hope, will redeem our faith in Parisian talent. Paris is entertainment mad, so a good show should do terrific. Will spend July in Stockholm, which should be an experience. Matty King doing choreography in our show and also having nightmares. I will have a fine orchestra . . . only problem being American phrasing. Also am writing entire music and book and have a singing chorus to train . . . Hallelujah! . . . S'il vous plait service chambre couche cafe l'Americaine (or —for the love of Mike please send me some American coffee in bed).

Love and kisses, Fluff and Chuck.

Husband: "There's an old superstition that whatever happens to you at midnight, New Year's Eve, will happen to you throughout the new year."

Bong! Bong! Bong!

Wife: "Quick, honey, give me money."

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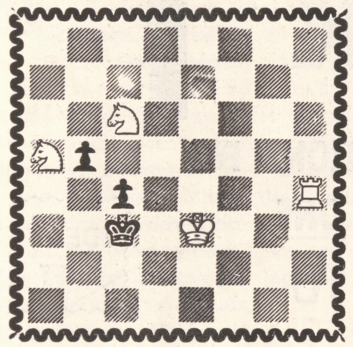
DOWNTOWN

CHESS » » »

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

PROBLEM NO. 81

Black 3



White 4

White mates in three.

Solution to problem No. 80: QxRch.

KING'S INDIAN DEFENSE

Kevitz	Milich	11—P-QN4	P-QR4
U.S.A.	Yugoslavia	12—P-QR3	P-N3
White	Black	13—KR-Q	PxP
1—N-KB3	N-KB3	14—PxP	B-N2
2—P-B4	P-KN3	15—N-K	KR-K
3—N-B3	B-N2	16—B-K3	QR-Q
4—P-K4	P-Q3	17—Q-N2	N-B
5—P-Q4	Castles	18—P-B3	N-K3
6—B-K2	P-K4	19—N-B2	N-Q5
7—PxP	PxP	20—B-KB	N-R4
8—B-N5	QN-Q2	21—N-K2	NxNch
9—Q-Q2	P-B3	22—BxN	N-B5
10—Castles	Q-B2	23—B-KB	Drawn

Eighth Board

SICILIAN DEFENSE

Kostich	Byrne	20—N-B3	P-N5
U.S.A.	Yugoslavia	21—PxP	PxP
White	Black	22—N-N	B-N3
1—P-K4	P-QB4	23—K-R	KR-Q
2—N-KB3	P-K3	24—N-Q2	P-Q4
3—P-Q4	PxP	25—P-K5	B-R2
4—NxP	N-KB3	26—B-B3	R-Q2
5—N-QB3	P-Q3	27—P-R4	KR-B2
6—P-KN3	P-QR3	28—P-R5	B-N4
7—B-N2	Q-B2	29—Q-N2	N-Q2
8—Castles	B-K2	30—P-B5	RxP
9—B-K3	B-Q2	31—P-N6	NxP
10—Q-K2	N-B3	32—RxN	RxB
11—QR-Q	QR-B	33—PxRPch	K-R
12—P-KB4	P-QN4	34—P-B6	P-N3
13—NxN	BxN	35—PxP	PxP
14—P-QR3	Castles	36—QxP	R(B8)-B2
15—P-KN4	Q-N2	37—R-N5	RxPch
16—B-B	P-QR4	38—K-N2	Q-QB2
17—P-KN5	N-Q2	39—B-R5	Q-KB5
18—N-Q5	B-Q	40—N-B3	Drawn
19—KR-K	N-B4		



✓Neighbor: "What sort of man is your husband?"

Wife: "Oh, the ordinary sort: 42 around the chest, 92 around the golf course, and a nuisance around the house."

✓One wife: "When my husband insisted on going to Sun Valley for our winter vacation I insisted on coming South."

Another wife: "That's the way to handle him."

One wife: "I'm not so sure; now that we're on the beach I found he bought his swimming trunks before the question came up."

✓A beetle can lift 500 times its own weight—it is not known what breakfast food it uses.

Thanks Everyone!

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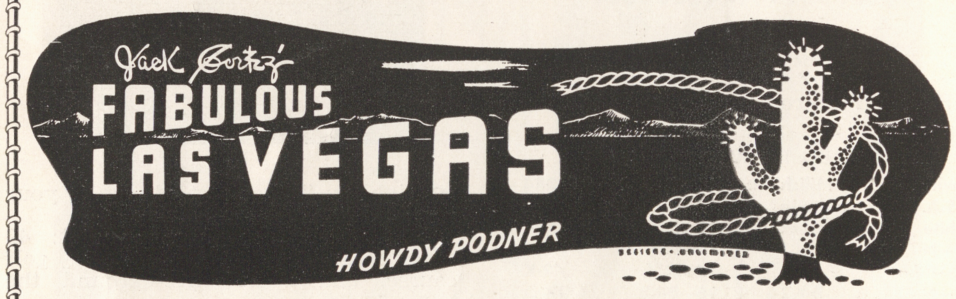
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HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS ... by MARTIN LEWIS

HOLLYWOOD is the FBI's best friend . . . or so it seems.

Every time the FBI boys launch a crusade to wipe out some particular racket, Hollywood gets into the act. Movie-makers promptly lend their support by means of films which point up the rackets of bootleggers, counterfeiters, bank robbers and so forth. Then they release their celluloid productions at the same time that the government men are conducting heated campaigns against the afore-mentioned criminals.

Right now, the FBI lads are carrying on a crusade against organized crime, which seems to have reached its peak within recent years. According to such public leaders as President Harry Truman and J. Edgar Hoover, the national crime syndicates will seize control of all city and state governments unless something is done to stop their activities—and soon! Realizing the seriousness of the present situation, Hollywood is once again cooperating with the FBI. As a result, a series of films covering all phases of organized crime is hitting and will continue to hit the nation's screens.

Latest of these "crime does not pay" ventures designed to acquaint the movie-going public with the manner in which the crime syndicates operate is Hal Wallis' new drama, "Dark City." It headlines Lizabeth Scott, Viveca Lindfors, Dean Jagger, Don Defore and introduces Charlton Heston, television's gift to the Hollywood sound stages. "Dark City" is a romantic melodrama with a gambling background and describes gambling and bookie operations in Chicago, Las Vegas and Los Angeles. For added touches of realism, Producer Wallis sent movie men to each of these cities to obtain authentic background shots for the film.

Feature Story

"The Black Hand," another recent Hollywood picture, relates the story of the notorious Mafia, secret underworld society which has been named by many police officials as the real backbone of the national crime syndicate. Although this society has been in existence for many years, release of the production



marks the first time that its activities have been exposed on film.

Paramount Studio gets into the act with the forthcoming Alan Ladd drama, "United States Mail." The picture is a realistic venture of murder and a million dollar postal theft — with the screenplay based on true episodes from government files. Filming the action-packed movie marked the first time that the United States Post Office Department gave complete cooperation to a film concerning the tough and tenacious postal inspectors. To insure absolute authenticity, the department permitted Harold Ambrose, special assistant to Postmaster General James M. Donaldson, to act as technical adviser on many aspects of the production.

Tough-guy Alan Ladd is also slated to star in another crime-busting venture. The picture, "This Is Dynamite," will find Ladd in the role of a young prosecuting attorney who breaks up an underworld syndicate which controls life in a major American metropolis . . . "711 Ocean Drive" deals with the new-famous "wire" service, the lifeline of the national bookie syndicate . . . "The Damned Don't Cry" tells the tale of the head of a ruthless crime ring which controls slot machines and various other illegal enterprizes from coast to coast . . . And "Murder, Inc." concerns the story of the infamous murder ring which flourished in Brooklyn a few years ago.

The FBI and Hollywood are putting the finger on "organized crime"—and movie-goers are being reminded that in the end "Crime Does Not Pay."

FRONT ROW CENTER

by JOHN RYKEN

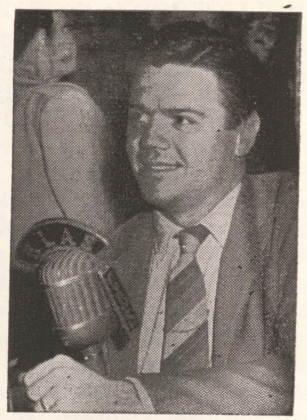
XMAS is only 17 days away as this goes to press and the rapidity that the day approaches alarms many who haven't done their shopping as yet. Last year I devoted some time and space to the perils and tribulations that confront the average shopper. This year the thought arises that maybe the family should take some steps to make sure that the whole process is completed a long time before the day is here. There is one drawback, however, and that is ready cash.

Knowing the situation monetary wise in our family I imagine that other families are faced with a similar difficulty. Especially those families that have two or more children. This year my daughter has reached the age where every toy that crosses her line of vision she wants for Xmas.

The other day we were visiting toyland at Sears and to hear her talk she could easily take care of everything in sight with no trouble at all. And her brother, who is a year younger, is at the stage where he sees everything through his sister's eyes. So Sears' toy department offered him the opportunity of expressing his wants from Santa Claus. Just wrap up everything.

Of course the above poses a big question. Where is the money to come from? Not for every toy but just a few. This year taxes are heavy and they promise to be even heavier. The cost of living is at an all time high in every phase of life, including the purchase of toys. What little money there is will go for the kids' Xmas but the imp that lurks in the back of my mind keeps asking what will the Xmas in 1951 be like. It's a thought that defies the imagination. It may be that the Christian world will return to the basic ideas that have already been condemned by communism as an archaic belief influenced by the imperial designs of capitalism. Centuries past Xmas came to mean a joyous time where the world celebrated an anniversary more memorable than any other that had ever taken place. But in recent times the season has taken on an air of commercialism that increased with each passing year. This year Xmas will be a happy time in our family for it will belong to the true benefactors of the season—the kids. It has always been that way and it will continue that way as long as there is any to celebrate.

True they won't have nearly as much as they would like and we would like to give them. But the outlay of cash



that could go into maybe an investment or a savings account will be more than worth the sacrifice just in the light that will appear in the children's eyes and the ecstatic expression on their faces. For in seeing the above the true Xmas spirit is brought home. It is more blessed to give than to receive.

IT'S A GIRL!

Belated congratulations to Chubby (The Old Timer) and Winifred Johnson on the arrival of their new nine-pound daughter, who has promptly been named, along with a string of four other names, Winifred. Chubby airplaned home from his movie lot in Hollywood to help welcome the young lady.

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LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from Page 18)

around huge, glittering Christmas trees. . . . At the conclusion of their first presentation, the applause was thunderous and the ladies went to their respective chairs on the bandstand to form the all-girl orchestra . . . I looked over to my bride to see what her reaction was and she seemed to be in a trance. Her beautiful eyes were filled with tears. I could see she was very proud of her sex. I took my "Princess'" hand in mine and, believe me, it was as cold as ice! . . . As the "Hour of Charm" progressed, my Princess seemed to be under a hypnotic charm . . . Various members of the ork were introduced and each was featured in what they excelled. For example: GLORIA, a soprano with a superb voice, sang a medley of gypsy tunes from Sigmund Romberg's operetta "Countess Maritza." JANET McLAIN, one of the country's finest and best trumpet players—LOUISE MEIZNER, who we think of as the "female Liberace" of the keyboard—VIOLA SMITH, 5 feet 2 inches of dynamite, appears to have a dozen arms while playing her 17 drums—JEANNIE, the gal with the velvet voice whose singing we could listen to all the time . . . Then, America's First Lady of the Violin—EVELYN and her MAGIC VIOLIN. She played this sweet instrument in a manner that seemed to cast a magic web over the entire audience. Evelyn played four numbers that would have thrilled such masters as Heifetz, Elman or Kreisler beyond words . . . Then, as an added feature which delighted the entire audience, Mr. Spitalny introduced his newest and youngest member of the organization—5-year-old KAREN. This lovable young lady recited "The Night Before Christmas." Well, needless to say, she stole the show! Karen is a "mugger"—a real "ham"—who has show biz in her blood. Her mother is MARY KIRSCH, the bass-violin player in the organization . . . To Phil Spitalny, I must add: He is one of the greatest orchestra leaders in the world and discoverer of talent that has no equal. Only once before has our town been graced with such exceptional presentation. That was when the "Hour of Charm" All-Girl Ork appeared at this hotel, exactly a year ago! . . . Don't miss this treat.

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 18)

tress divine registered so strongly with the audience on opening night that the patrons just wouldn't allow her to beg off. Miss Arden has a magnificent voice and delivery that spells perfection. She definitely has the makings of a great star. It would be a waste of time for us to try to describe what type of voice Miss Arden has. One explanation we can offer: We could listen to her sing forever and love every second of it—and that's for sure . . . A dancing group brought back by popular demand are THE KINGS AND THEIR LADIES. Featured in both of the routines are BUDDY and CANDYCE KING, dancers supreme. They are outfitted in lovely costumes and their choreography is tops . . . GARWOOD VAN and HIS ORK present excellent backing for the show and continue playing your favorite hit tunes for patron dancing . . . CHUY REYES and ORK continue their long run in the MURAL ROOM.

THUNDERBIRD HOTEL:

(Continued from Page 19)

ing for more . . . RICHARD and FLORA STUART are the suave dance team on the same bill. Their by-line, "Accent on Dancing," is well phrased. The Stuarts are a smooth ballroom team. Their specialties, Spanish folk dances (castanets and all), are performed beautifully . . . THE THREE ROMANOS are really the last word in tumbling and acrobatics. The act consists of lots of comedy and the fastest motions we have seen on any stage. At first, we believed the Les Charlivels were the quickest. Then, the Los Gatos topped them. Now, it's the Romanos. It will take an awful lot of maneuvering to top the sensational Three Romanos, and that's for sure . . . THE KATHRYN DUFFY DANCERS present excerpts from the Broadway show, "On the Town." starring GIL JOHNSON. The DANSATIONS are outfitted in beautiful costumes and perform flawlessly. Gil Johnson, the continental favorite, adds a great deal to the miniature musical production. Featured in both routines are MARY ANN WELSH and CHRISTINA CARSON . . . BARNEY RAWLINGS is your capable m. c. . . . Rich backing is provided by AL JAHNS ORK, which continues to share the dance assignments with JACK MARTIN'S ORK and the versatile NORMANDIE BOYS.

CLUB BINGO:

(Continued from Page 19)

of hoofing and wear attractive outfits. . . . MIKE WERNER and his ORK supply good backing for the show and patron dancing 'til 5:00 a. m., alternating with the CHUCK BURGESS TRIO.

DOWNTOWN:

(Continued from Page 17)

won't be long away from Vegas! . . . Across the street Matt and Pat Howard are doing a wonderful business with their newly acquired Apache Bar. Was going in there the other afternoon and, as I came to the door, a couple came out saying that they couldn't buy a drink in the place. This I wondered about! It turned out that a certain gentleman had been buying rounds for the house faster than they could be put away. This couple had just come in and ordered a drink without knowing this. After a few rounds they were ready to leave and were astounded when the bartender told them they didn't owe anything for the drinks. Pat and Matt have only been in our town for about a year and they have, by far, more friends than a great many who have lived here most of their lives. That's the kind of people they are! Both loaded with personality and a readiness to make your happiness their pleasure . . . Marie Diane is one of the most versatile violinists I have ever heard. She can play anything from an up tempo "Fiddle Faddle" to "Fudd's Fandango in F-Sharp." In her trips in and out of town with various bands and in other musical capacities, Marie has finally come to be a confirmed Las Vegas subject and wants to stay. At present she is working for her good friends Jack and Noosns Johnson at the Rag Doll Bar in North Vegas. Working with her as accompanist is Tommy Sargent on guitar. Although the two of them had never worked together previously to this engagement, they blend their artistry in a manner that would ordinarily indicate a long time association. Tommy is soon to tie that knot with one Ruth LaSalle, who is in our town undergoing the "CURE." The music of Marie and Tommy has the folks who frequent the Rag Doll Bar staying on 'till the wee hours just to enjoy the entertaining variety of melodies they have to offer . . . Here's an item for readers other than residents of Las Vegas. Last Tuesday night the Boy Scouts of America, Troop 70, held a Court of Honor for the presentation of awards to troops in the Boulder Area. The Boulder Area of this organization includes all of southern Nevada. Troop 70, comprised of 25 members, under the sponsorship of the local B'nai B'rith, took top awards in two important fields, that of attendance and advancement. This accomplishment is due in great part to the great interest taken in the work by the men behind it. At least two or three times a month the boys are taken on trips or hikes by their master, Burt Navis, or assistant master, Chick Hecht. Quite often the boys are accompanied on these outings by men of the committee, which is made up of some of our top business men. I am constantly amazed at the ignorance of the nation as to the true picture of life as it is actually lived here in Las Vegas. Even in states as near as neighboring California there are thousands of people who still labor under the illusion that we inhabit a rip-roaring lawless frontier town. We are a modern city of schools, churches, fine stores and friendly people who range from dreamers to diamonded dowagers, auto mechanics, dime store clerks, and . . . Boy Scouts! Visit sometime and see Las Vegas, the city where 30,000 people live liberal, normal lives . . . In case you hadn't surmised as yet . . . I like it here! . . . Little did I realize until the other day just what a wide scope of duties there are entailed in being a cocktail waitress in a downtown casino. The men in the pit are constantly sending out for a snack to eat and, for the main part, leave the selection of same up to the little gal who goes for it. Here's how I became aware of the fact. As I sat talking to Nate Young in the Dixie Coffee Shop, a girl came in, looked around, made a thorough survey of visible foodstuffs and called out an order. On asking "Who?" by no more than raising an eyebrow, Nate explained that the girl was Gwen Robison from the Pioneer Club (been there for years). Gwen knows, mostly, what certain fellows like and dislike. So after a scrutiny of the bill of fare, she goes about ordering what she knows will be the best for the one for whom she is ordering. Drink delivery, and an occasional drunk, isn't all that goes the job. This I found to be true during a series of cups of coffee with Nate at the Dixie Coffee Shop (best java in town) . . . Well . . . I'd like to slip into the sheets for a short snooze, but the sun's up and I gotta start another day. Oh, well, I'll have nothing to do BUT sleep after I get this prize bit of literary lingo to the printer this evening . . . See you right about here next week . . . Johnny.

EL RANCHO VEGAS

(Continued from Page 18)

see. In conclusion, we must add, not only is Mr. Price a great entertainer, but a most successful business man. He still has that seat on Wall Street and is a general partner of the firm of Price and Davis . . . On the same bill is DOROTHY DANDRIDGE, one of the country's most beautiful sepian songstresses. She possesses a "voice of beauty," which captivates the audience.

(Continued on Page 31)

MAIL BOX . . .

North Las Vegas
December 11, 1950

Mr. Jack Cortez, Publisher
"Fabulous Las Vegas"
Dear Mr. Cortez:

Practical joking—at which I, personally, almost work overtime—is all right in conversation, but has no place in print, especially so where the reader is given not the slightest hint that it IS a joke.

In your last issue you refer to Mr. Brinig, formerly of Butte, as owning "practically all the copper mines in Montana."

This may be funny to Mr. Brinig, also to yourself, myself and others who know the facts, but to the 30 or 40 thousand residents of this community who may know nothing about Montana or its people or industries, the item is accepted at face value. Giving such misinformation is serious business, and I think this little joke should be corrected.

Butte, of course, is the home of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, the world's largest copper producer, with mines and allied interests spread over two continents. If anyone owns "practically all the copper mines in Montana," it surely is the Anaconda company, or the "A. C. M.," as it is known up there, and NOT Mr. Brinig.

Mr. Brinig, incidentally, is a very fine gentleman and I am glad to know that he has located in Las Vegas. The greatest possible boast that Las Vegas could get would be a large influx of Butte people. They would make a real city out of this place in a hurry. Incompetency and hick-town methods have no place in their lives. But above all else, they exemplify the spirit of "help the other fellow."

There are literally scores of successful businessmen there today who will tell you that they are there by accident. They were just passing through, 20, 30 or 40 years ago, with no idea of more than an overnight stop. But were so taken by the spirit of helpfulness towards the stranger that they immediately cancelled all plans for going further West and decided, on the spot, to locate in Butte. One man, who later became one of the city's best known physicians, was one of these. He was an overnight guest at the best hotel, but lost all his money in a private poker game. The next morning, unable to pay his bill, he happened to mention to the room clerk that he had $200 in a Washington, D. C.. bank.

"Well, write a check on it," said the clerk. "I'll cash it."

"That was enough for me," this doctor told me years later.

Former Senator B. K. Wheeler is another who had a similar experience. He, too, lost all his money in a poker game while waiting between trains. A man who knew of his plight offered him a job sorting potatoes in his warehouse. Wheeler took the job and later opened a law office. Thirty years later he made that man postmaster of Butte.

Well, enough about Butte. Think your magazine is a jim dandy and never miss an issue. More power to you.

P. E. BURKE
1927 Harvard Ave.
North Las Vegas, Nev.

P. S.—Pop Squires is your standout contributor and undoubtedly is responsible for much of your wide circulation.

EDITOR'S NOTE—J. B. item was meant as a pun and hope our readers realized it as such. We do not intend to misinform anyone. "That's for sure!"

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mailed to Wilbur Clark and forwarded to us. We just had to print this letter. We're sure proud because very few magazines receive a visa for the Queen Elizabeth.

BENJAMIN S. KATZ
President, the Gruen Watch Co.
Time Hill, Cincinnati
December 2, 1950
4:20 p. m.

Mr. Wilbur Clark
Desert Inn
Las Vegas, Nevada.
Dear Wilbur:

On Pearl's and my return on the Queen Elizabeth, the other day, from our plants abroad, your Fabulous Las Vegas magazine was handed to us with your good-looking self on the front cover.

Please, at this late date, accept our sincerest wishes for your greatest success in this fine institution of yours.

Some day we hope to surprise you and stop in to see you.

With best regards in which Pearl joins me, I am,

Sincerely yours,
B. S. K.

DEAR MOM:

(Continued from Page 15)

der ("Deep in the Heart of" composer) ordering some new sheet music to keep up with his nitely requests at the Thunderbird . . . In the far corner someone's junior is trying to conserve enough breath to give forth with a lusty blast from a shiny trumpet and even Mr. Garehime himself, is demonstrating the new Hammond Organ by appropriately playing "Adeste Fidelis," much to the surprise of the prospective customer who is amazed to find that it can be played so simply and beautifully without any previous knowledge or without having taken a lesson. Really fantastic. Put all thees sounds together and it reminds one of the tune-up just before the Philharmonic goes on the air. But to get back to the kiddie records, they are so cute, and just right for their ages. Disney records, fairy stories, Winnie-the-Poo, Peer Gynt Suite, etc. All great for the small set.

That being accomplished while in the neighborhood, stopped in at the Wright-Marinello Beauty Shoppe, to see my favorite hair-dresser, Alma. She's the gal I told you about who has been so very ill, but is now back to work and keeping her customers happy. I have a big nite coming up next week end and—as my fella is going to take me out—I want to look especially good. I told Alma what I was wearing, color, kind of jewelry, corsage (take a hint will ya, fella?) . . . that's all important, ya' know, and she takes it from there. With a twist of her wrist she can make a lady look like what she ain't! Her up-do's are simply lush and not so complicated that it takes a couple of small boys to trample barefoot thru them the next day to get them desnarled. Glad I got in ahead of the Xmas and New Year's rush!

Next stop was across the street at Hecht's! Saw a sign on the window telling of formals being reduced to $15.00, so thinking about Dotty going to her first big dance decided to give a look-see. Oh what dreams, just oodles of gowns to turn sub-debs into starlets. There were still many to choose from, but I'm glad I got there when I did as they are picking them up like hot-cakes. Finally selected a pretty gold satin with butterfly sequins and a draped bolero to match, and if she's not the "belle of the ball," I'll miss my guess. All in all I think I had a fairly full day.

Had a good time over the week-end. Got into my jalopy and drove down to the Desert Inn to say adieu to some of my old friends in the Minsky Follies. The show, in its final week, was still packing them in and I was having a hard time finding a space to park, when I say "Old Faithful" Bert Wile, deputy on the lot outside Wilbur Clark's famed spot, come into view. Bert has been a servant of the public for a record of 14 years, so I'm told, and still is as reliable and conscientious as ever. He makes each car his own property to safeguard, and is ready at all times to help if needed. On nights when we are all inside nice and warm, he still patrols the beat uncomplainingly, as once I overheard him say, "This is my Las Vegas, come rain, or shine I still love it!" Just one of the many unsung people who keep the wheels a'movin!

Went inside and said gooybyes and noticed Allard Roen, corporation secretary and director for the D. I., busier n' a bee in a huddle with Kay Fox, publicity woman, and a gentleman from the staff of Life Magazine. I doubt if Mr. R. ever walks the full length of the casino without being halted by someone to straighten out some situation, and after a few brief, well-chosen words, the questioner smilingly walks away confident that he or she knows exactly what must be done. Sort of a youngish father adviser to his little brood who make it a must on your chart of "places to see!"

Later on in the ayem, was invited to go to a jam session with Wayne Watson and other music lovers, to hear Louis Armstrong and his cats taking time out to shake the rafters at the Elks Club. It was really somethin' . . . jammed and packed . . . with Mel Torme proving the surprise of the event . . . that boy can really play drums . . . what a beat! He sure "thumped his way" right into the hearts of the ladies. (Put him in my stockin', Mummy, that's what I want for Xmas!) "Wingy" Mannone came over to cut up a few touches, and we talked about Louis' new autobiography, soon to hit the stands, and hoped he wouldn't omit any of hectic and hilarious items that are so much a part of his life.

Yesterday had a date with a very special friend of mine. An eight-year old youngster by the name of Paul Blasko, a student at St. Joseph's school. Paul is quite a lad and I feel honored that he has adopted me as one of his pals. Wisdom which comes from the mouths of babes, must have originated with him. He cooks up more deals. He heard me mention the fact that I needed more Xmas decoration in a certain corner of my little abode to make it complete. Next day he came knocking at my door with an armful of "punks" (cattails to us). Said he found them growing over near a pond, and told me

(Continued on Page 31)

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

"there goes my bridge!" Right in the middle of the Hour of Charm too! A little later in the evening I heard her gently humming Spike Jones' favorite tune, "All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth!"

I am now sure that somehow between Spike Jones and the Hour of Charm civilization will be saved.

KINDNESS FOR CHRISTMAS!

I observe that kind-hearted people here and there are suggesting that Las Vegas see that every child shall have a very Merry Christmas and every home the things needed to prepare a generous Christmas dinner.

It's a grand idea, but by no means original to modern Las Vegas. On every Christmas since the town was started, that has been the unanimous thought and hope of our people.

On Christmas, 1905, when the town was a poor, shivering, hungry infant, that was the cry in unison by all our people.

Las Vegas Aerie of Eagles, which had been organized September 16, 1905, the first fraternal organization in town, was by common consent asked to take charge of the task of a community Christmas with every child in Las Vegas remembered with a gift on the Christmas tree and the makings of a Christmas dinner for every family needing help.

The Eagles brought a pine tree from Charleston Mountains, a serious undertaking then, before the days of highways and trucks. The big garage, near the corner of Main and Stewart, erected by the Motor Stage Company, which had folded up some months before), was borrowed for the occasion. A most "generous" Christmas program was staged with many musical numbers and a play "The Snow Man." It really made our hearts swell with pride that Las Vegas could put on such a gorgeous and mammoth entertainment. It continued until about midnight.

The community Christmas tree entertainment was, after that first Christmas, staged at the corner of First and Fremont for many years, sometimes in the rain; at least once, 1909, in the snow, but always with a Christmas cheer that brought hope and faith and courage to everybody.

The Annual Charity Ball has been staged by Las Vegas Lodge of Elks, No. 1468, since its organization in Las Vegas. It has always been one of the most delightful social events of the year, and has provided the money with which a Christmas basket with turkey and all, was left at the door of every needy family in Las Vegas every Christmas.

We old timers who helped make our Las Vegas Christmases merry in the early days, welcome all those who have the urge to help. In spite of the growth in population and wealth Las Vegas has enjoyed in recent years, there are still many who would not, without your kindly aid, have a Merry Christmas.

DEAR MOM:

(Continued from Page 30)

if we painted them, one red, one green, one white, etc., then shellacked them we'd have something pretty nifty. We filled a huge vase with sand and stuck the longs stems in it, and lo and behold, I have an original ornament which only cost a few pennies to produce. Thanx, lil' guy . . . hurry and grow up, maybe we can go in business.

Well, dears, have rambled on long enough. Must get to the Post Office and mail the gifts, also pick up some more Xmas seals, I've been using them like mad as I know how much they help towards fighting T. B., and thanks to the thought you and Pop passed on to me many years ago, I shall always remember that since the beginning of time, till time ends, at Yuletide it is more Blessed to give than to receive, and I'll try to follow thru . . . Love . . . ME.

EL RANCHO VEGAS:

(Continued from Page 28)

From the moment she makes her appearance to encore time, Dorothy doesn't release her firm grip. A little warning to Lena Horne: Look out for Dorothy Dandridge — she's a definite threat—and that's for sure . . . In the opening spot is MERIBETH OLD, a fantastic contortionist: It's almost impossible to describe the unbelievable gyrations she performs. Miss Old practically ties her legs and hands like the knots a sailor is taught during his basic training . . . The lovely COVER GIRLS present two novel numbers, dressed in attractive costumes . . . 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 with the voice that delivers "lots of song."

GOLDEN SLIPPER

(Continued from Page 19)

are JO ANN MALONE, GERRY KNOX, THE SILVER SLIPPER QUARTET, JIMMY CAVANAUGH and many more . . . GEORGE REDMAN supplies the background for the minstrel productions with his excellent piano playing.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

lady is a widow, though she can't be more than 23. She has two youngsters, one aged three and the other only 15 months. Her name is EVELYN FUGITT and she is sorely in need of a job in order to support her offspring. Evelyn has had experience as a cocktail and food waitress and would certainly grace any establishment for which she worked. If there is any club or hotel owner in need of a good, persevering worker, contact this blonderful miss at 3058-R . . . Localite JANIE DILLARD, beautiful life-guard at WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN, hit the magazines and headlines again. In the Dec. 19th issue of the miniature publication, "People Today," there is a double-page spread, showing Miss Dillard on the diving board—sunning near the pool—and playing the roulette wheel. Jane and her equally lovely sister, TODDY, are currently vacationing in Florida and are expected back shortly . . . This item is aimed directly at the members of our Chamber of Commerce (mainly the officers). At one time, our town had a business men's association. It was discontinued about a year ago, when the Chamber volunteered to take over and promised to see that their interests and needs were attended. Well, the Chamber presented the shop keepers of Fremont Street with a beautiful let-down this year. Their needs were neglected miserably. Three days **after** the merchants officially launched the holiday season, with longer hours for shoppers' accommodations, workmen were still trimming Fremont Street, with quite a bit of the stem left undecorated. Even if we must have the same old tinsels (at least three years old), why can't they be displayed on time—at least for the launching of the season by the downtown merchants? Smaller cities have their "Main Street" glittering, weeks before Xmas, why not fabulous and prosperous Las Vegas? The answer is obvious. Most every city has a business men's association that gets things accomplished. We hope our business men do the same. If they do, we guarantee our Fremont Street will display the Yuletide colors four weeks in advance of the big day . . . Screen star JOAN LESLIE'S doctor has advised her to buy two layettes in preparation for her forthcoming blessed event. The medico is predicting twins when Mr. Stork makes his delivery, sometime in January . . . Our sincere congratulations to JOE D. HUTCHINSON, better known to all of us as SIR JODY, and lovely DORA STILLMAN, who were married December 12th, at the Little Church of the West. The reception was held in the SKY ROOM at WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN. Miss Stillman is sole heiress to the National City Bank millions, founded by her late grandfather, James Stillman. The Hutchinsons plan to honeymoon in Hollywood, New York, Florida and Cuba. Good luck, folks. Everyone wishes you bundles of joy and happiness. By the way, Jody, don't forget the deadline for your column—**every week** . . . ALAN LADD, famous stage and screen star, received a three year old filly from his wife and children for Father's Day, last June. The thoroughbred's name is ALANA DAVID and she is scheduled to make her debut at Santa Anita, next month. The filly was flown from Ireland to Hollywood and has been training for this event constantly. Mr. Ladd suggests a small $2.00 bet on her nose. That amount can't hurt anyone and just might return some sweet dividends . . . There is a gal in our town, one of the many women feeling the direct effects of the Korean situation. She is the wife of DICK CONWAY, the handsome policeman who is well-known around Las Vegas. Dick has been in Korea for approximately 80 days and his wife, JOYCE, is preparing t present him with an heir within the next two weeks. Before he left the states, Dick and his wife completed the construction of their new home. Unfortunately, they haven't had a chance to live in it together, as yet. Joyce moved in recently. Because of Sir Stork's impending visit, she would like to have some girl share her home and sort of help her a bit. If there is a gal looking for a place to stay, here is your chance to live in a completely new house and also bring a little comfort and happiness to a wonderful person. Mrs. Conway's phone number is 6021-M. Due to the circumstances, we'd advise your calling between 11:00 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. You'll find it's gratifying to help someone else while you are helping yourself . . . We're certainly very happy to report that MAXINE LEWIS is coming along fine at the Clark County General Hospital, after an imperative operation. Miss Lewis, wonderful booker of shows at the FLAMINGO HOTEL, was sorry to miss the employes' get-together last Wednesday and the much planned children's Xmas party this Sunday, December 17th. Since Maxine took over the entertainment duties at the hotel, she's never missed any of these affairs. Doctors SMITH and CROSS, her physicians, assured Miss Lewis she will definitely be up and about for the **BIG**

(Continued on Page 33)

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 32)

New Year's Party . . . The new pianist in the SKY ROOM at WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN, is TED MOSSMAN, a famous composer of more than 75 published tunes. Just to mention a few of the hits he wrote: "Till the End of Time," "Full Moon and Empty Arms," "When I Write My Song," "Polly Wally Doodle," and many more similar outstanding favorites. He is one of the most successful men in the musical field. The management of the Desert Inn was pretty fortunate in obtaining the services of this young genius who has already cut a notable niche for himself . . . A couple of weeks ago, we asked for mail on the query: "Is the first year of married life the toughest and most crucial?" The letters indicate an almost unanimous affirmative. Two sensible people know that both must become acclimated to one another and their individual idiosyncrasies, during that crucial period. An effort on the part of both concerned will pave the road for a happy and successful married union . . . JIMMY WAKELY, Capitol recording star, and a big favorite in Las Vegas, was informed by The Cash Box, record trade magazine, that he had again been chosen by the Juke Box Operators of America as the Number One cowboy artist of the year. Wakely won the same honor for 1949 . . . If you haven't seen WILLIE ALDERMAN wheeling his four year old son around town, you're certainly missing a lot. His greatest joy and pride is taking this daily stroll with Wm. Jr. Mr. Alderman is co-owner of the FLAMINGO HOTEL and is a real nice guy . . .Don't you just love those pennyante wise guys who tease the camera girls? These young ladies are on their jobs, trying to make a living. Why do they have to be subjected to these so-called "big shots" who take up their time by relating stories that should have been buried with Frankenstein's monster? . . . Las Vegas is really becoming the location for congenial folk. This is evidenced by the many friendly and humane individuals who are settling here daily. As an example, we would like to cite JOHN SEGRETTI, bar manager at the NEW VEGAS LANES. Whether you stop in for a soft drink, or the other kind, John always has a cheery greeting and a bit of interesting conversation for you. He just likes people . . . We are pleased about this item because it directly concerns Las Vegas and its progress. As soon as secret negotiations can be made, meeting with the approval of all parties concerned, the LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT in Los Angeles, will move their immense factory to the BASIC MANGANESE PLANT in Henderson. Officials of the aircraft company were requested (by government agents) to move because of the smog which is a constant peril to the men who make those hazardous test flights. However, the transfer is not 100% definite as yet. It looks like a 98% proposition, which seems pretty concrete to us. At any rate, we hope that Lockheed does bring that much-needed private industry and enterprise to Southern Nevada. This action would be a great boon to all concerned . . . GEORGE WHITE, one of the country's greatest all-time producers of musical shows, arrived in our town for the first time this week. We spoke to this man who produced all of those famous scandal shows on Broadway and his acclaim, concerning our town, was most superlative. He just can't get over the shows and sumptuous nite spots we have. Although Mr. White didn't affirm, nor deny it, we feel he was asked to come out here to produce extravaganzas in his own inimitable way, for one of the spots on the strip. So, let's start preparing for GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS in Las Vegas—perhaps at the FLAMINGO HOTEL. Could be? . . . We had an interesting conversation with STEVE PAPPAS, handsome 34 year oillionaire from Texas, who is one of the co-owners of the LA RUE RESTAURANT, now nearing completion on our strip. When we asked if the place would be opened soon, this is what Steve replied: "It's quite possible. All I know is what I hear from my partners, NOLA HAHN and BILLY WILKERSON. Whenever I question the progress, they assure me everything is fine. A few more days are needed and a few more thousand dollars. However, I'm certain when it is completed, it will be one of the most beautiful in the country. We are doing all we can to make everyone proud of it—'and that's for sure.' Unquote" . . . CHIC HECHT received his army physical last week and passed with flying colors. He expects to leave after the first of the year. Chic's father and their customers of the popular HECHT'S LADIES' SHOP on Fremont Street will certainly miss this youngster when he leaves. We sincerely hope and pray that the present conflict will end soon . . . The other evening we dropped in at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, just as GEORGIE PRICE was leaving the stage. We noticed a small girl, sitting on the steps of the stage, filled with awe as she watched the Cover Girls. When the show ended, the

(Continued on Page 34)

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 33)

orchestra began to play dance music. The young tyke went on to the stage and danced. Boy! How she danced! Everyone seemed glued to their chairs and all eyes followed her every movement. After 15 minutes of constant performance she left the stage, receiving a tremendous ovation. We approached the talented youngster and asked some questions, which she answered like a seasoned "ham." Her name is MARCIA HAZARD and she is six years old. Mother is PAULINE, a cocktail waitress at this hotel. Marcia takes lessons at the Roberts School for Dancing and she aspires to become an actress. If a talent scout had witnessed her performance, she would have been placed under contract—pronto! By the way, Marcia looks like Jane Wyman and we sort of have a hunch she will hit that peak she wants, as soon as she becomes of age . . . EILEEN, the "hissing" cigarette girl, is sorely missed by all who steadily patronize the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL . . . If you ever feel lonesome or "down in the dumps," we recommend you stop in at the CLUB BINGO and indulge in a few games of Tango. The boys and girls who work in that section of the club are the most cordial we have ever met. They always have a smile for you and share your happiness whenever your hand goes up, signifying you have a winning card . . . By the way, MR. and MRS. BORLA, can't we have "dreamboat" under our tree this Xmas? . . . It's wonderful to see how that popular husband and wife team, PHYLLIS and ARNOLD CHRISTENEN, run their men's shop on Fremont Street. They really make spending a pleasure. We think they are turning out the handsomest Xmas packages in the city . . . STANLEY MONTFORT, former stage manager for Minsky's Follies, has remained here and is now official stage manager for the DESERT INN. Mr. Montfort did such a magnificent job with the Follies, that the management of the D. I. took special attention and practically had to bribe him to stay on and be in charge of all productions that will be shown in the PAINTED DESERT ROOM . . . We have finally heard the utmost from the "realm of the ridiculous." Some shop owners in town honestly **insist** they have **"too many customers"** and have no need for drawing more business. Isn't that a pity? We'd advise these so-called business people to be more careful of what they say. Their clientele might hear from the "grapevine" and start a deserting movement . . . Before we "sign off" we'd like to remind **you once** again that it would be so **nice to help** some unfortunate to **enjoy the** full meaning of Xmas. December **25th** has become recognized as a **day for** giving—not only gifts—but **happiness,** in various ways. There are some, **perhaps** in your own neighborhood, **to whom** you could bring cheer. Or, you **can** contact a welfare worker, or the **head** of your parish. Let's **really pitch in** and make this a pleasurable **holiday** season. **Somebody, somewhere, needs you . . . and that's for sure.**

WATCHBIRDS:

(Continued from Page 11)

Takes HERS **straight** from the bottle now! . . . A **must on** all lists of visitors to New York is **the** LATIN QUARTER restaurant on **Broadway** and 48th Street. Beautiful **girls** in exquisite costumes and top **entertainers** . . . sheer delight.

POCAHONTAS CROWFOOT (yes, that's her name), **all**-American girl Indian, and MONTGOMERY CLIFT are shopping for **teepees** . . . Curvaceous canary JULIE **WILSON** has quite a crush on FREDDY SMALL, stage manager of Born **Yesterday** . . . Rumor is strong that **FRANCHOT** TONE and BARBARA **PEYTON** will join the rush of famous **couples who** plan to marry in Mexico during **Xmas.**

LINDA DARNELL has had the walls of her bathroom, **even** the shower, paneled with mirrors **from** floor to ceiling —"it's a brutal, **but** effective way of keeping slim"—**WOW** BABY, WOW!

We hear that **lovely** DOROTHY ARNOLD is ailing . . . **get** well real soon, darling . . . **and WE** also hear that JACK BENNY **is really** 39—plus 18 . . . and WE **really** must go now, so we hay Tah **Everso for** being so very patient and COOOOOOOO

THE OLD TIMER:

(Continued from Page 13)

Chicago and **San Francisco** fires were milestones in **the development** of insurance in **general.**

You know, **you just** can't please a woman. Maw **keeps telling** me I should write something **enlightening** so I wrote about **this subject** and now Maw says it's dry. I **tried to** explain that it seemed **interesting to** me and I might have some **insurance** salesmen readers. She says it **ain't likely.** Yep, there's no way of pleasing **a woman.**



At the Center of Everything

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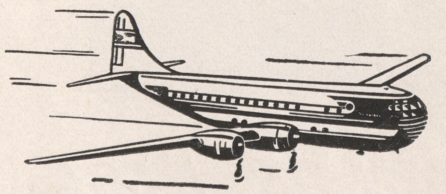
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WE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE BEEN HERE FOR CHRISTMAS BUT WE WILL BE IN CHICAGO AT THE PALMER HOUSE, SO—

MERRY XMAS EVERYONE

ROBERT — NINO — ARMANDO



The Romanos Bros.

OUR DEEPEST THANKS TO EVERYONE AT THE THUNDERBIRD HOTEL

WE'LL SEE YOU NEXT SPRING!