Jack Burby

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PODNER !



Happy New Year 1951

December 30, 1950

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— PRESENTS —

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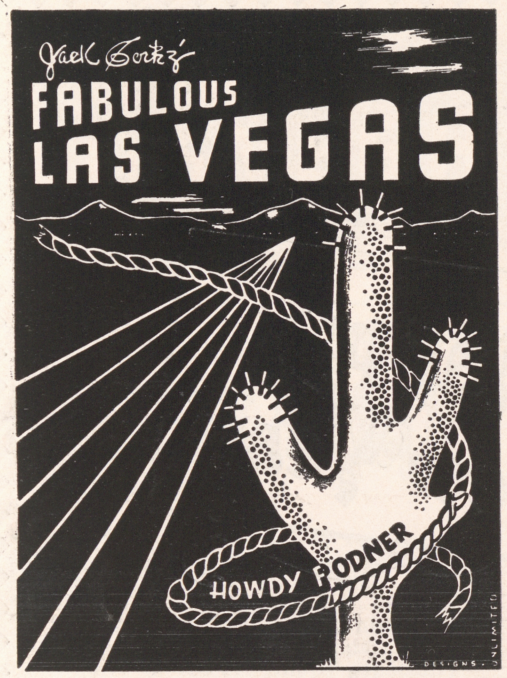
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 2, NO. 37

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

CHUCK AND FLUFF IN PARIS

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS, BY MARTIN LEWIS

REVIEWS OF CAFE SHOWS, BY JACK CORTEZ

FRONT ROW CENTER, BY JOHN RYKEN

THE OLD TIMER, BY CHUBBY

CHESS, BY FRED SOLY

DOWNTOWN, BY JOHNNY

JACK CORTEZ, Editor and Publisher

JOHNNY UHLMAN, Advertising Manager

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Let us awaken to the new opportunities before us this year.

Phyllis and Arnold

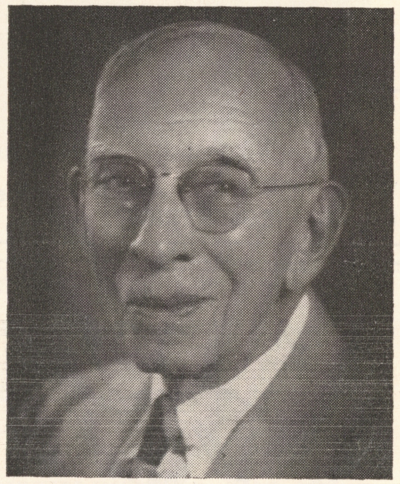
Christensen's
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316 FREMONT STREET
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

Jack Cortez's
FABULOUS LAS VEGAS
HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 2 DECEMBER 30, 1950 NUMBER 37

OBSERVATIONS . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

A HAPPY NEW YEAR



TO ALL of the many readers of this "Fabulous Las Vegas" I wish a most Happy New Year.

Happy especially because our fears for a dark future are proving unwarranted—perhaps just a night-mare in Korea. Happy especially because our thousands of young fellows have been rescued from fearful death and are now in comparative safety.

Happy because great men like Herbert Hoover dare stand before the nation and give of their wisdom to those in our government who seem to be swirling aimlessly in the whirlpool of indecision. Happy because the narrow partisanship of those who long have ruled our country seems to be giving away to the calmer and clearer belief that ideals and principles are of too much importance to be traded for votes.

In times of darkness our nation has knelt and asked the guidance of our God. It is now time for us to kneel again in supplication that we be spared another World War and in Thankfulness that this America we have known and loved so well is comparatively unchanged.

So, solemnly yet hopefully, I wish you all A MOST HAPPY NEW YEAR! Especially for you boys and girls of the world of gaiety and entertainment who are far from those dear to you, may this New Year's Day in Las Vegas bring you great happiness. You bring gaiety to all of us—we give it back to you in wishing you THE MOST HAPPY NEW YEAR EVER!

New Year, 1906

January 1st, 1906, brought renewed courage and brave thoughts to the little group of us who were striving to keep the new town of Las Vegas alive and give it the strength and vigor to become a factor in this desert country.

In the previous May Clarence Rasor, engineer for "Borax" Smith, owner and operator of the great borax mines in Death Valley, announced that Smith would build a railroad from Las Vegas to Death Valley to provide cheap transportation for his mines.

With no delay men and teams with dirt-moving equipment arrived in Las Vegas. Clarence Rasor and his surveying party laid out the line from the depot of the S. P. L. A. & S. L. railroad, sweeping southwesterly in a great circle almost to what now is Charleston Boulevard, then taking its course to the northwest.

Work on the grading progressed rapidly and in July or August, when coming down from our "Lucky Strike" mine, to my amazement I saw a vast cloud of dust near Tule Springs (now the show place of our friend P. J. Gou-

(Continued on page 35)

NOW . . . "THE LARGEST CLUB IN NEVADA" OPENING JANUARY 3RD

WALLACE and COFFEY
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DAN DURYEA - GALE STORM
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HUNTRIDGE PHONE 86
SUNDAY ● MONDAY ● TUESDAY
MY BLUE HEAVEN
BETTY GRABLE - DAN DAILEY
WYOMING MAIL
STEPHEN McNALLY - ALEXIS SMITH

VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS



FRIENDSHIP, A KIN TO LOVE

Friendship with association every day
Brings laughter, work and play.
While companionship with stars above
May turn friendship into love.

PRIDE

Though raised with mental toil
Pride is a tender plant
Quick to wither in soil
Where self-esteem is scant.

His love, a harp upon which her fancy played
Music to soothe her moods, which his love had made.

It was with ecstasy, I dreamed
For you were part of me, it seemed.
And yet it did not satisfy
You were miles away and there was I.

HATRED KILLS HE, WHO HATES

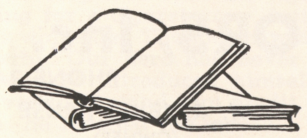
Pray, check your hateful jealous ways
Or pay the price in future days.

BE STRONG

Be strong, only the weak talk of another wrong
Good-will to all, flows from the strong.

The wasp of time is deadly with his sting.
And the wasp of time is always on the wing.

Death, like snow upon the desert's smiling face
Will melt as quickly and never leave a trace.



A TOAST

If toast you must, hold higher the cup
Make your remarks, before you sup.
Now, best wishes must be uttered
If you wish your own toast buttered.

DISCIPLINE AND THE CHILD

When discipline to father becomes a bother
Father's child becomes father of the father.

TOO LATE

It's always too late, when she finds the clue
That divides the false lover from the true.

CONTENTMENT

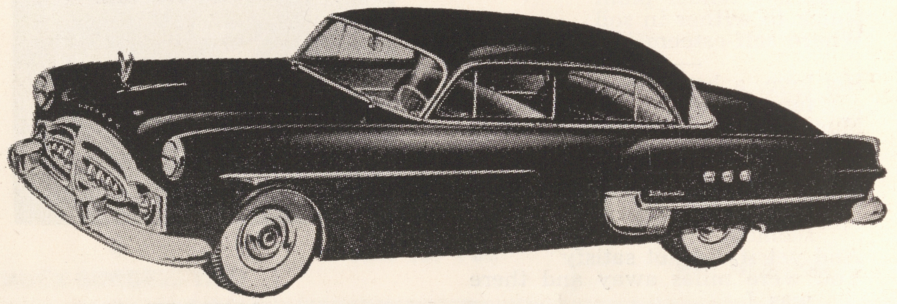
Give her diamonds, furs and silk.
Contented cows give rich milk.

FOR A

HAPPY NEW YEAR

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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ

This is the fifth sheet of paper I have placed on the desk, during my attempts to begin my column. I've already doodled my way through four others. That should have given me enough time in which to find an excuse for disbanding the project. However, holiday or not, the printers are waiting and words must be written.

Suppose I just wish everyone a very happy, prosperous and (most important of all) peaceful new year? That isn't considered column material. It's fine for a beginning or an ending—but—how about the "in-between" stuff?

Perhaps writing about present world conditions would solve the problem. The war in Korea or Joseph Stalin, dictator of Russia, might make good copy. We could go into lengthy details, reminding everyone how lucky we are to be living in the good old U. S. A. That wouldn't fill the bill because all of us DO realize how fortunate we are. Besides, that is out of my field. I don't pretend to know anything about politics. I only know what I see and hear, just as you do.

Say, would you be interested in some of the resolutions I've made for 1951? No, I guess not. I haven't been faithful to the ones I've made in previous years. Why should 1951 be different?

Time out for another cigaret. An idea is bound to come along shortly. Wow! That ash tray is really crammed full with butts; better empty it and make more room. I don't know why I'm so impatient. It's just 7:30 a. m. now and I started at 5:30. Two whole hours without an idea!

How about this? I could start by thanking the many hundreds of people who called to compliment us on last week's magazine (the Christmas issue that contained 166 pages). The mailing charges were between 15 and 20 cents per copy. Did you know the post office charges according to the zone of the recipient! We have subscribers from all of the 48, so we "hit" all zones. It cost quite a sum. No, can't write about that. No one will be interested.

Do you suppose I should mention the fact that accommodations in all hotels, motels, and private dwellings, are completely filled for this holiday week-end, and have been since October? Thousands of inquiries for lodgings had to be returned, along with the "No Vacancy" stamp. Same thing occurred last year, and the year before, but it does not discourage tourists. They arrive in town, speculating on last minute cancellations. Unfortunately, they are disappointed and usually park the family chariot in the desert, in order to catch the necessary 40 winks. Last year, the sheriff's office stated that the occupants of more than 1000 cars had to resort to this method of securing slumber.

No, I shouldn't write about that. I did that last year, and the year before. If I follow the same theme, you might believe I simply re-wrote the story in order to have an "out" this year.

I'll just take time out to light another cigaret. Maybe this time an idea will hit. Wonder if anyone smokes as much as I? Four packs of Parliaments sure disappear rapidly. Let's see—four packs at 35 cents add up to $1.40 daily—$9.80 weekly—and a grand total of $510 annually. Say! That's a lot of money. Never before did I take time out to figure the cost. It wouldn't have done me any good—I couldn't economize on this item. The Parliament Tobacco Co. ought to pay me some sort of commission for the many that have switched brands, after trying one of mine.

I just caught myself arguing with ME! What about? About minimizing my cigaret habit. I have some will power (as much as the next guy), and always believed that enough effort would help anyone achieve his purpose. That's true, but, concerning me, I'm stuck with "Mr. Nicotine" and have to like it.

I have a friend who used to smoke four packs of cigarets daily. He gave it up because of an embarrassing situation, 12 years ago. Let's refer to him as Mr. M. He is one of the country's most prominent architects and is greatly responsible for some of New York's mammouth structures.

M would leave his plush office every day, for an hour or so, to see how construction was progressing. Whenever he arrived on the scene of action, he'd remove his expensively tailored clothes and get into a pair of coveralls. During one of these changes, he forgot to take his cigarets and pocket money from his street clothes. His craving for a cigaret grew, but, he was too embarrassed to "borrow" one from any of his workmen. The locker was too far away, so M decided to visit the sidewalk stand nearby. Our hero had never patronized the place, so the owner didn't know who he was. M introduced himself and explained his predicament. He suggested that the vendor extend him credit for two packs and promised to make restitution as soon as he reached the locker.

(Continued on Page 19)



Your friendship is the

finest coin we know

this New Year

-and always.



1951

Robert Kaye

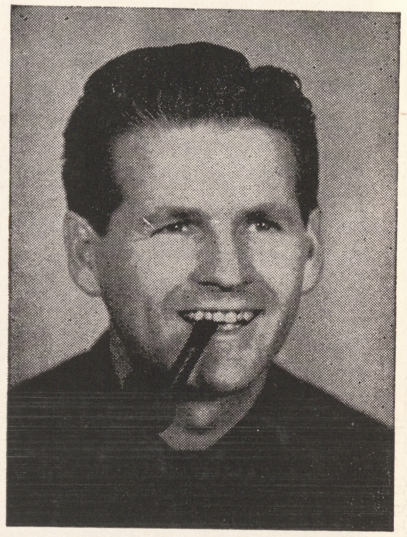
CREDIT MANAGER

WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN

DOWNTOWN . . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN

NO MATTER who you are, I had a better Christmas than you did! The first reason being that I got to go home to spend it with my family, and secondly, because for the first time in I can't remember when, I made the entire trip, to and fro, without encumbering consequences being put upon me by that cream convertible I call "The Boiler;" 'cause it's always heating up to that point. Even with bemoaning bearings and pooped-out piston rings I still made it in 6 hours each way. Of course I changed the oil twice . . . a few quarts at a time. It was about noon the Sunday before Christmas that I panted in Bellflower, Calif. and home, and I mean I was panting, too, along with the Boiler. I learned later that the temperature that day had been equal to the 21 year old, and all time record for December 24th, hitting a high of 83 degrees. Of course, the California weather reverted to type along about evening and the fog came in on schedule to remain overnight.

To get back to the family, however, it was the first time I'd seen any of my neices and nephews for two years and the things that had happened were astonishing to say the least. Janet had gotten married to one of the nicest fellows you'd ever want to meet, even if they did go to Yuma instead of coming to Vegas. Carolyn, (11) and still as figgety as a handful of worms on a hot rock, has developed into one of the wittiest little characters I've run up against in a long time. Invariably, when one of us adults had pulled what we might have considered one of our most choice bits of witticism, Caro would add a few lines of her own that would out-punch the punch. Then comes a lad that in time I learned to look up to. I began to tire of looking at his chest when I spoke to him. Roger is only 13 in the age department and is pushing 6 feet, in height that is. Below he is pushing two feet encased in king-size brogans that come close cousins to packing cases! I figger him to be quite a man when he gets full grown. WOW! All I need to say about the Christmas dinner is that MOM prepared it! No one can tantalize the tasters of the prodigal son with anything to equal a meal fixed by his Mom. The part that always releases my emotional trigger when the Uhlmans have a home-coming is when we all gather around the piano and sing. We are a



musical family, with practically every member being able to sing any of the harmony parts. So with yours truly seated at the ivories (F sharp is my key), we eased into the Christmas carols one at a time until the room was filled with resounding voices from my Dad's deepest of deep bass to the piping soprano of the little neice. We sang them all in a symphonic fashion and if the rest of them didn't know then, they will know when they read this, that I had a lump in my throat THAT BIG! I suppose by now you must realize that I'm mighty proud of my family. A pride almost equalling that of two of the finest people this old world will ever know . . . my Mother and Dad. My Dad will soon be 65 and is still playing for dances once or twice a week. Take his music and you'd take his life . . . Golly, look at the space I've taken so far and all I've done is brag on my folks; just as though

(Continued on Page 33)

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WORLD FAMOUS

HOUR OF CHARM ALL-GIRL ORCHESTRA AND CHOIR

We Wish Our Many 'New and Old Friends'

A Very Happy New Year

HOPE TO SEE ALL OF YOU AGAIN IN 1951

Phil Spitalny

AMERICA'S FIRST LADY OF THE VIOLIN



★ OUR UN-RIVALED STAR OF THE HOUR OF CHARM ★

EVELYN

AND HER

MAGIC VIOLIN



THE VELVET VOICE OF

JEANIE



THE GOLDEN VOICE OF

GLORIA

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS ... by MARTIN LEWIS

FROM dapper FRED ASTAIRE, the chap who lifted himself to stardom by the laces of his patent leather dancing shoes, come these words of warning:

"Think twice, men, if you're planning to retire in the near future," cautions the King of Taps. "Retirement isn't what it's cracked up to be. Before long, you'll find yourself wishing for the good old days when you were on an 8-to-5 work schedule."

Take it from Astaire, retirement sounds wonderful, but it can become very monotonous. Fred knows what he's talking about, too—for that's exactly what happened when he retired from the motion picture sound stages a few years ago. At the time, the leading man of Paramount's new technicolor musical, "Let's Dance," had no intention of returning to the screen following the wind-up of his co-starring stint with BING CROSBY in "Blue Skies."

"I was never more serious about anything in my life," claims the genial gent who trips the light fantastic with BETTY HUTTON in "Let's Dance." "I had been dancing for so long that I decided it was time to retire. After all, dancing isn't the easiest way to make a living and I wasn't getting any younger. Then, too, Lady Luck had been kind to me and I had no money worries. So I decided to stop worrying and enjoy the life of leisure that every hard-working guy and gal spins day-dreams about."

So what happened? Everything went along as smooth as honey for the first half-dozen weeks. Astaire played a lot of golf and he caught up on his reading. Then the inevitable happened. He became restless. He delved into several new hobbies but none of them held his interest and before long, he didn't know what to do with all the leisure hours on his hands.

Then Fate stepped into the picture. GENE KELLY broke his ankle during a dance rehearsal for the musical, "Easter Parade," and studio bosses sent out an S.O.S. to Astaire. Actually, the retired dancer didn't need much persuasion to return to the sound stages and take over Kelly's role opposite songstress JUDY GARLAND.

"I was happy as a kid with a new toy when I resumed my dance routines," Fred confessed to a well-known



movie scribe between scenes of Paramount's "Let's Dance" . . . "I was finally convinced that retirement was not for me. Sitting around at home doing nothing sounds great when you're working, but it's a different story when you actually try it. Even golf becomes boring when you play it every day—day in and day out."

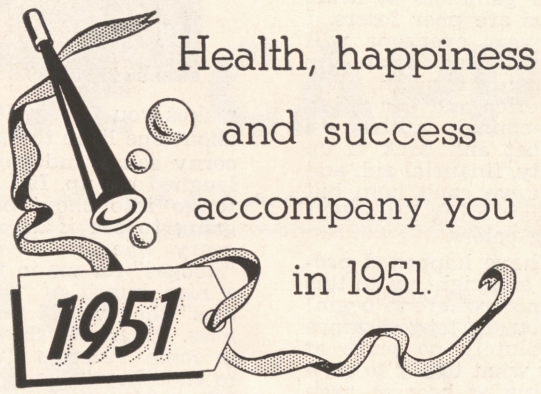
Maybe things would have been different if Fred's friends had retired at the same time. But, unfortunately, it didn't work that way. Thus when Astaire met his movie chums, he discovered he had nothing in common with them—nothing to talk about. He even resented the fact that they were busy all day and of course, the film friends probably hated to hear Fred talk about his afternoon siestas at the golf course or his leisure hours at the track.

Astaire believes that semi-retirement —that is, a set-up which permits a fellow to work only two or three days a week—would be ideal. But this type of arrangement is next to impossible. A top-notch dancer like Fred either works full time or retires completely. And, according to the world's best-known dancer, retirement is the greater evil.

Before facing the cameras in his role of a dancer with high-flying ideas about becoming a successful promoter in "Let's Dance," Fred spent eight weeks rehearsing six routines—four with Betty Hutton and two solos. "I loved every minute of it, too," said the dancing star. "Retirement is not for me. It may improve your golf game, but not your disposition."



HAPPY NEW YEAR



Health, happiness and success accompany you in 1951.

- SAM SOLOMON
- FRANKIE SOSKIN
- BOB BERGEN
- VIC MANDOTTE
- MARTY KUTZEN

PIT BOSSES

WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN

DEAR MOM . . .

. . . by MARDIE ROGERS

DEAR MOM: Am starting this letter to you on Christmas Eve, as naturally I am thinking of you and Pop and wishing that we could all be together down here to witness the dawn of my first Christmas in the desert. You probably won't receive it until long after the man with the white beard and sickle in hand has disappeared to make way for the kid in the three-cornered pants, wearing a banner with the numbers 1951, firmly implanted upon it.

To Las Vegans, and to people from all over the world who visited our town, numbers play an integral part in their lives. On a large or small scale, I imagine we are all gamblers at heart . . . but most of us are poor losers. I hope this coming year everyone will prove his or her sportsmanship, by gambling and following through, on a sure thing . . . America and her allies. Even with odds, seemingly against us, if we insure our bet and back it up with courage, loyalty, financial aid, and grim determination we can't help but win, and in that way bring little 1951 through with flying colors.

So many things have happened previous to Christmas and right up to this point that I don't know where to begin! I wanted to call you up long distance (which makes absolutely no sense at all, we never know what to say to each other, or start crying at hearing each other's voices), so thought it best to leave the lines open, as there were so many service men and women just hanging on to say one little word to their loved ones "back home!" I had a chance to hear a little first hand information on what it meant to some of the returned men over at the Nellis Air Base, to know that they would be able to say just a few words at least, to their families in various sections of the country. A group of entertainers from the Desert Inn, namely The Eddie Edell Trio, Lester Cole and the Debutantes, Stanley Montfort, Ted Mossman, Monsieur Choppy, "Snooper" Rogers, and me (yeah, I got into the act, too!) had the pleasure of performing for those boys and it would have done your hearts good to see the smiling appreciative faces. I don't think any one of us would have traded the cordial reception they gave us for an opportunity to do a command performance. Think we've got troubles? When you know how much these boys have gone through and still maintain the rare sense of humor they possess, it



makes you feel guilty when you gripe about one little thing. I tossed in a few corny songs and gags and they really laughed me up. If I should ever decide to go into show business again, I'm going to see if I can't hire each and every one of them as "plants" or "stooges" for me in the audience. What a nice bunch of "Milton Berle Mammas" they would make . . . I couldn't miss. After the show, we all indulged in some Yuletide Yummys . . . talked to the "boys" for a while, and finally left, hoping that we had spread a little sunshine to a bunch of guys (not forgetting nurses, doctors and attendants) who so rightfully deserve it.

Later on that evening, attended a benefit, held at the Flamingo Hotel, proceeds of which were given to the widow of a musician (Hal Stern's Band), who was fatally injured by a hit-and-run driver only a few nights before. Although it was a somber occasion, it was also, if this be the word, a heartwarming one, proving that Las Vegans are always ready to take over in a crucial moment on practically a minute's notice. Every musician, actor and producer appearing in town was on hand to give of their time and talent and those who couldn't appear sent messages via phone or wire with accompanying contributions. With so very little time for adequate publicity other than word of mouth and the constant plugging of the capable announcers of KRAM, the place was jammed. Thanks to everyone attending, when I left at 3 a. m. the total amount collected was

(Continued on Page 37)

Happy New Year

AND ALWAYS
HAVE FUN



JOE CAPPO

"202"

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OF
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AT
HOTEL ELWELL
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FLUFF and CHUCK in Paris

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Paris, France

DEAR JACK: Just finished writing and arranging a waltz ballet for orchestra and chorus so am taking time out for our weekly correspondence. Outside of costume and prop meetings, I haven't been able to do a thing this week but write all day and most of the night on the production numbers.

Fluff has been busy every day interviewing girl and boy dancers . . . We have finally found 12 good-looking French Can-Can girls and we are bringing 24 girls from London. We have hit the jackpot on good boy dancers. A few speak some English so that helps as we are still a little rugged. Matty King and Jerome Medrano have been all week in London selecting the girls . . . Our rate of pay is higher than in clubs in London and Paris . . . If girls in U. S. knew what top girls in clubs here are paid they would give up . . . Have received many nice letters from our friends in Las Vegas and it sure makes us homesick . . . They all tell of reading our column in your magazine.

Our favorite restaurants are the Chef Graff and Weplers, near the Rue Pigalle . . . Weplers has a large Balalaika orchestra and a string ensemble. . . . When Medrano comes back tomorrow, I suppose we'll be in the nightclub swing again . . . Am anxious to get copies of Fabulous Las Vegas so we'll know what is doing at HOME . . . Snowed again today, a little, so suppose we may have a White Christmas. Food is excellent here but quite a chore to order—everything a la carte, even the butter, the check looks like a business ledger—charge for table-cloth, silver, dishes, and the waiter's service charge or tip. Talk about tips! Am afraid to ask the TIME! Thought we had the COFFEE problem licked when I bought a can of NESCAFE—hurried home and fixed some with hot water. HORRORS! it was specially prepared to taste like that *!"|*:;„?- French coffee, so right back to tea and chocolate.

The taxi drivers are a riot—traffic here more congested than N. Y. . . . Drivers continually talking to themselves and cussing other drivers—they open the doors and scream and holler vindictives (at least, that's a nice word to call them) and ram their cars into the others . . . Some life when you're in a hurry!

The lights are the old fashioned, yellow type—if I come home with thick lens glasses, you'll know why.

MERRY CHRISTMAS to everyone and we sure miss you all.

—FLUFF and CHUCK.

Weekly Beauty Letter

from WALLY WESTMORE

Makeup Director, Paramount Studios

A word to the wise should be sufficient . . . Direct from Wally Westmore, world-famous Hollywood makeup expert, come these words of advice for beauty-minded damsels who are coping with a dry-skin problem.

"There's help for dry skin," says the beauty ace who supervised the movie-makeup of glamorous HEDY LAMARR and pert MONA FREEMAN for their performances before the technicolor cameras in Paramount's exciting outdoor saga, "Copper Canyon."

"Many dry skin complaints," continued Westmore, "are due to hard water used for cleansing purposes. "Hard water contains minerals, interferes with the lathering of soap, causes soap to curdle and may irritate the skin of some women."

When Miss Lamarr and Miss Freeman were required to go on long distance locations during the filming of "Copper Canyon," Westmore went along. In addition to checking their makeup, he tested the water supply to ascertain whether or not it would be injurious to the stars' flawless complexions.

"Any woman can test water," explained the expert. "First, shave some soap into distilled water to make a solution, then let this solution stand for a few hours, shaking at intervals. Now, take two glasses and put the same amount of clear water from your faucet in one and distilled water in the other. To each, add three drop of soap solution and stir. The distilled water will give a good lather and last a few minutes. If the faucet water is soft, it, too, will lather and persist. If it's hard, it will require much more of a soap solution to give a lasting lather . . . If you find the faucet water in your home to be hard, and you're suffering from dry skin, start bathing your face with bottled, distilled water.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

The owner of the stand didn't believe the story and, in a loud voice, replied: "MISTER, IF YOU AIN'T GOT NO MONEY, DON'T SMOKE!" Harrassed over being refused for such a small sum, my friend crawled away. Bankers would gladly extend a loan of millions but his credit wasn't good for two packs of cigarets.

He went back to his locker to get his own cigarets but the words of the little man had made an impression. Suppose he didn't have enough money to buy cigarets? What would he do? Would anyone give him any credit? Answering himself in the negative, he decided to quit, right then and there, and hasn't smoked since. One cigaret company lost a very good customer.

While writing this story, I smoked two more cigarets and am on my third. The only way I could do without them would be through a shortage or a law, prohibiting distribution.

At this rate, I'll never get started with my column and, I know Marc Wilkinson is waiting for it, in order to lock up the presses. Gosh, now I'm getting hungry. It's hard to do anything while your stomach is growling.

Do you suppose I could get away with it if I wrote a small article, saying I was ill? I guess not! I'll keep trying. Maybe I'll think about something to write, while having breakfast. In case I don't, I want you to know that I sincerely wish everyone a VERY HAPPY AND PEACEFUL NEW YEAR . . . and that's for sure.

THE LA RUE Restaurant had its grand opening last Saturday. Practically everyone was there to see the "Most Beautiful Eatery in All the World." You just can't imagine how magnificent the place is. No one could possibly describe it to someone who hasn't seen it. Of all of the famous restaurants we've visited throughout the country, there isn't one that could come close. The uniforms worn by the two doormen are exact duplicates of those worn by French gendarmes. The petite outfits worn by the cocktail waitress are oo-la-la! And the special outfits worn by the dealers—excuse, please—croupiers, can put Monte Carlo (Europe) outfits on the BACK LINE. EMERY MURPHY, new in our town, is casino manager and has made many friends in the short time the place is in operation. He's very friendly and is a gentleman from the

(Continued on page 34)

HAPPY NEW YEAR

FROM

AL ABRAMS AND JOE BLUMENTHAL

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

. . . by JACK CORTEZ



★ El Rancho Vegas

December 20 through January 2

KAY THOMPSON and her TROUPE are currently headlining the holiday show in the ROUND-UP ROOM, the same spot where she made her debut (with this type of presentation), in August 1947. Since then, Kay Thompson has become world famous for the type of singing and dancing she presents. All the material she uses is either original, or has a touch of originality added. Whether a parody, a satirical, or a serious number, all are performed in production form, with dancing interludes combined with outstanding arrangements. The three young men who ably assist Miss Thompson are GEORGE MARTIN, BUZZ MILLER and JIMMY THOMPSON, each a stylist and individual artist in his own right. . . . Also featured on this great holiday bill of fare is a comparative newcomer to the field of ventriloquism. He is DANNY O'DAY, the MAHOGANY KID, dynamically assisted by JIMMY NELSON and their pal, HUMPHREY HIGSBY. Jimmy's mastery of his vocal

(Continued on Page 31)

★ Hotel Last Frontier

December 29 through January 8
(Not a review)

The RAMONA ROOM proudly presents JACK CARSON and COMPANY. Every radio listener and movie fan has seen or heard this star of comedy and drama. Mr. Carson has a very popular television show in New York and ranks as one of filmdom's most reliable comedians with a box office draw that guarantees success for the film in which he appears. We've laughed at Mr. Carson's antics on the screen and radio and feel confident he will measure up to past performances, during his stay in the Ramona Room . . . Featured in this company is YVETTE, lovely blonde song stylist. She delights audiences with her original song stylings and her intimate renditions of popular tunes. Yvette has appeared in many top-flight radio shows and TV productions . . . The HONEY BROTHERS are also members of this famous company. They are a comedy-acrobatic dancing trio, who you might recall from the Edward G. Robinson picture, "Mr. Winkle Goes to War" . . . Assisting Mr. Carson is TOMMY WELLS. Mr. C. is very lucky to have such an ace straight man as T. W. . . . We are happy to welcome AL DONAHUE and his ORK. This aggregation is nationally known and famous for introducing many popular tunes such as "Deep Purple" and "Music, Maestro, Please." Mr. D. and musicians are rated among the top 10 favorite bands in the country. 'Nuff said . . . Your favorite organist, DON BAKER, plays your requests and favorites during intermission.

★ Flamingo Hotel

Show presented December 28
(Not a review)

TONY MARTIN, the nation's favorite and at the peak of his popularity, will be the hotel's surprise package for the New Year's holidays. The management of the Flamingo deviated from its usual methods of booking entertainment in bringing this great artist in at

(Continued on Page 31)

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

December 27 through January 8

GYPSY ROSE LEE, of stage and screen fame, is the star of the new show in the PAINTED DESERT ROOM. Miss Lee has a very novel act. She appears at the very beginning and introduces the company in her act, four lovely girls, dressed in cold-inspiring outfits. We knew Gypsy was a gal with loads of talent, but never realized the extent of it. She takes ordinary, colorful silk remnants and, before you can say "Las Vegas," she creates a lovely gown for each girl. Miss Lee appears again in the starring spot, dressed as a demure 1900 lass, sings a cute ditty, then performs her famous strip tease, done very coyly. . . . In the supporting spot is singing comedian JACKIE GREEN, who introduces some novel tunes that are received well. But when he does his impersonations of Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, and Jimmy Durante, Jackie proves to be an excellent showman . . . EDDIE and TONY are a wonderful record pantomime duo. Acts such as these do

(Continued on Page 36)

★ Thunderbird Hotel

December 28 through January 10
(Not a review)

Those very popular MILLS BROTHERS, brought in as a special treat for the holiday crowds, are the current headliners at this spot. We doubt if there's anyone in the country doesn't know of them. They've appeared in numerous motion pictures—countless radio shows and are one of the most sought after nite club acts in the biz. The Mills Brothers have introduced hundreds of tunes and we'd say, approximately 98 per cent of them were BIG hits, both in sheet music and records. This quartet has an extra beat (or something like that) and a very distinctive style which puts them all the way out in front of the parade. You just want to stamp your feet, clap your

(Continued on Page 31)

★ Club Bingo

December 23 through January 2

JERRY WALLACE and RED COFFEY are the duo headlining the show in the BONANZA ROOM. Their byline, "Two Funny Guys," is no lie. They certainly live up to it! They must, otherwise EPPY PEARSON wouldn't have booked them back so soon. They appeared at this spot just about five months ago. As comedians, they are definite individualists. These kids keep your funny bone working, from start to finish. If you're allergic to laughter, we don't advise a visit with Wallace and Coffey. But, if you're like most of us, and want an evening's fun, don't miss M. and C. These boys are funny—and no fooling . . . On the same bill are the TERRY TRUE DANCERS. We've been told that this dancing trio are honest-to-goodness sisters. That is easily believed. Each one of these blonderful gals is beautiful and they dance as though they were one. You can't beat that kind of timing . . . MIKE WERNER and his ORK supply good backing for the show and play for patron dancing 'til 5 a. m., alternating with the CHUCK BURGESS TRIO . . . Patrons are in for a treat on January 3, when the CLUB BINGO will present RUSSELL and HOWARD, experts in satire and comedy, and the famous SYRA.

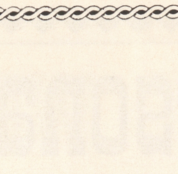
★ Silver Slipper Saloon

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

greetings 1951



When the old year departs, may all your cares go with it.





MORRIE AND HARRY KLEIN

DESERT INN SPORTS BOOK

The Story of the FBI . . by J. EDGAR HOOVER

CHIEF OF THE BUREAU

MACHINE GUN KELLY was a product of the wave of lawlessness which swept over the nation in the early '30s. Kidnaping, murder, bank robbery and many other crimes of violence occurred daily. Dangerous outlaws enlisted the petty thief, the small-fry hoodlum and the ex-convict to form powerful gangs.

Professional killers were hired to eliminate honest law enforcement officers, civic-minded citizens and members of rival gangs. Shady characters willing to provide temporary shelter for gangsters in the larger cities joined up. Bullet proof vests, stolen sub-machine guns and high-powered get-away cars were rated as necessary equipment.

To check this wave of lawlessness and bring security to the nation, Congress swiftly pased many new laws to increase the authority of the FBI. In 1932 the federal kidnaping statute, making it a crime to take kidnaped persons from one state to another, was passed. During the following year the FBI solved every kidnaping case referred to it. Among these were the Cannon, Ottley, Urschel, Boettcher, Luer, McElroy, Hart, Bremer and Hamm kidnapings, in which ransom demands totaled $782,000!

Next came the federal extortion act, by which the writer of a threatening letter could be put in prison for as long as 20 years and be fined $5000!

Bank robberies by notorious gangsters on a nationwide basis were met with the federal bank robbery act, which now extends its protection to all national banks, federal reserve banks, and banks whose deposits are insured by the Government.

In 1934 Congress had finished the task of building the FBI into the general investigative agency of the Federal Government. In the same year additional duties were assigned. The federal reward bill authorized payment of as much as $25,000 to persons helping capture dangerous criminals or giving information leading to their arrests.

The national stolen property act made it a crime to take forged and counterfeit securities or stolen property valued at $5000 or more from one state to another. The federal anti-racketeering statute made it unlawful to interfere with trade between states by force or violence. The unlawful flight to avoid prosecution statute made it a federal offense for persons to flee from one state to another to avoid prosecution for certain serious crimes or to avoid testifying in court in important criminal cases.

In the years that have followed, other laws have been passed designed to better protect the citizens of the United States.

Now the FBI is responsible for the investigation of violations of more than 100 federal statutes, ranging from bankruptcy to treason.

NEXT WEEK: ORIGIN OF THE F. B. I.

Weekly Fashion Letter

from EDITH HEAD

Paramount Fashion Designer

Probably the best way to win the attention of an admiring public is to spark your fall outfits with a flash of color.

In the fabulous city of Hollywood, the screen's favorite stars and starlets are placing an accent on color by using rosettes of ribbon as background for their favorite jeweled clips, trinkets and scatterpins . . . Whether you're city slicker or country cousin, you're familiar with the rosette-like designs which are evident in the blue ribbon awards at the county fairs. Well, many movie queens are using identical designs in fine ribbons as "fashion frosting" for their 1950 clothes. Sometimes ribbon rosettes are pinned onto lapels via glittering stick-pins and sometimes they do a "single act."

JOAN FONTAINE likes to pin a "rosette" of sapphire blue satin to the cuff of a cocoa gabardine suit . . . Vivacious BETTY HUTTON, who sets half-dozen new styles as FRED ASTAIRE'S leading lady in Paramount's "Let's Dance," often clips a miniature ribbon-rosette to the lapel of her fall suits. She wears a rosette of wine-bottle green at the lapel of a scarlet sport suit—a rosette of crimson velvet at the lapel of a black broadcloth suit—and a rosette of lemon and navy plaid to the lapel of a smoky-blue dressmaker suit.

At a recent showing of BING CROSBY'S new hit, "Mr. Music," pert MONA FREEMAN sported a rosette of lipstick red velvet at the side of a navy velvet beret . . . RHONDA FLEMING, on the other hand, wore a colorful rosette of grey, ivory and "hot pink" velvet at the collar of a simple ivory wool frock.

For a spark of originality, Yours Truly recommends ribbon-rosettes for fall and winter outfits.



We hope your happy New Year



1951 will snowball into great good fortune.

MR. AN MRS.

MICHAEL SHAPIRO

AND FAMILY

DESERT INN SPORTS BOOK

THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

I'LL have to miss the Rose Bowl game this year for the first time since I can remember so it naturally brings memories of New Years past.



The time Roy Regal ran the wrong way in the Rose Bowl and one of his own men tackled him just before he made a touchdown for the opposing team. I'll let you in on a little secret, Roy wasn't the only one who was mixed up. I was there rooting for the West and I really got mad when that fellow tackled him. Somewhere along the line I got my directions mixed up also and didn't realize it until my sister Becky got me calmed down enough to explain what happend.

Crashing the gate at old Tournament Park, across from Troope Tech (now California Tech) to watch Harvard and Oregon battle it out and listen to the old timers tell how much more exciting chariot races were than football. You see, it hadn't been long since the tournament officials had discontinued chariot races as the main event of the Tournament of Roses.

The longest completed pass in the Rose Bowl history happened during the game of 1921 between California and Ohio State. Brick Mueller of California passed to Stevens a heave that went 53 yards in the air and gained 37 yards from the lime of scrimmage. This record has been kicked around for years but the measurements are the official ones.

Speaking of Brick Mueller, during his last school year at Cal, they worked up a psychological trick that to my mind won many games for Cal before the starting whistle blew. As is the custom, time is allotted for each team to limber up. Three or four squads run up and down the field in a sort of dummy drill. This year, instead of taking the time allotteed for the team to limber up, nobody would show except Brick Mueller and three of his team mates (the rest of the team would be hidden out in the back of the stadium or in the tunnel, duck walking and doing other calisthenics for a warm-up).

Brick and his partners on the field would run around just enough to catch attention. Then Brick would stop on the 40-yard line. One of his teammates would stand between the goal posts and Brick would heave a couple of passes to him. Then he'd move back five yards, throw a couple more; then another five yards back which would place him on the 50-yard line. At this point one of the fellows that cames out with him would place himself on the 25-yard line and the ball would be relayed back to Brick. Then, after each throw, he'd move another five yards back. (Of course, the people were watching Brick so no one seemed to notice the receivers fudging up a few yards each throw.) Sixty yards out, another team mate came in, thus making three relays to get the ball back to Brick. They had this stunt timed to the nth degree so that when he reached his limit, the whistle would blow and Brick would have to come in for last-minute instructions, and nobody ever know if he could have thrown the ball the 80 yards he was all set for, or not. I'll always believe he could have.

The most nonchalant player I've ever seen in Rose Bowl competition was "Ernie" Smith of the size 14 shoe. Ernie would tackle an opponent, knock him down, pick him up, brush him off, then walk back to the line of scrimmage with his arm around the opponent, talking to him as if he were a big brother, telling the little one he mustn't try and hurt big brother 'cause big brother will be forced to slap him down, but hard.

Even if the score didn't show it, I think Tennessee was one of the fightingest teams that ever showed in the Rose Bowl. Their game against USC tabbed them as the toughest gang of would-be giant killers a person could wish for. If it hadn't been for two USC players, John Ferraro and John Pehar, the "Vols" would have met "Troy" on

(Continued on Page 38)



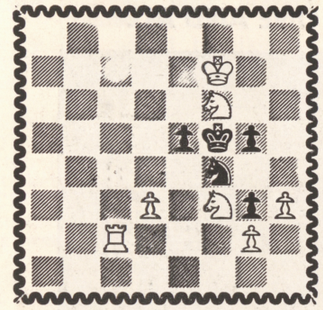
DOWNTOWN

CHESS » » »

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

PROBLEM NO. 83

Black 5



White 7

White mates in two.

Solution to problem No. 82: R-B4.



EUROPEAN GAMES

Here are more games from recent European tournaments:

CATALAN OPENING

Bogoljubow	Barden	13—Q-B2	B-Q2
White	Black	14—QN-N5	P-N3
1—N-KB3	P-Q4	15—P-K4	N-B3
2—P-Q4	N-KB3	16—B-B3	QR-B
3—P-KN3	P-K3	17—QR-Q	KR-Q
4—B-N2	P-B4	18—P-K5	N-Q4
5—Castles	N-B3	19—N-K4	NxB
6—P-B4	B-K2	20—PxN	B-K
7—PxBP	BxP	21—R-N	Q-B2
8—P-QR3	Castles	22—N-B6ch	K-N2
9—QN-Q2	P-KR4	23—NxBch	RxN
10—PxP	NxP	24—Q-R4	NxP
11—N-K4	B-K2	Drawn	
12—B-Q2	Q-N3		

DUTCH DEFENSE

Trott	Duthilleul	9—P-N3	P-QR4
White	Black	10—B-N2	N-B3
1—P-Q4	P-KB4	11—KR-K	P-K4
2—P-QB4	N-KB3	12—PxP	PxP
3—P-KN3	P-K3	13—P-K4	P-B5
4—B-N2	B-K2	14—PxP	B-QB4
5—N-QB3	Castles	15—P-B5	N-KN5
6—N-B3	Q-K	16—R-KB	N-Q5
7—Castles	P-Q3	17—Q-B	NxNch
8—Q-B2	Q-R4	Resigns	

RUY LOPEZ

Schmid	Reifenberg	13—N-Q4	P-QB4
1—P-K4	P-K4	14—NxB	PxN
2—N-KB3	N-QB3	15—B-B2	N-B5
3—B-N5	P-QR3	16—Q-Q3	R-B4
4—B-R4	N-B3	17—P-B4	NxB
5—Castles	NxP	18—QxN	R-B2
6—P-Q4	P-QN4	19—Q-R3	P-N3
7—B-N3	P-Q4	20—QxP	P-Q5
8—PxP	B-K3	21—B-K4	R-R2
9—P-B3	B-K2	22—P-B5	PxP
10—B-K3	Castles	23—RxP	B-N4
11—QN-Q2	NxN	24—RxR	RxR
12—QxN	N-R4	25—B-Q5	Resigns

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WATCHBIRDS

. . by SIR JODY and LADY MICHAEL

THE WATCHBIRDS wish HAPPY HANGOVERS to all their darling readers and we hope that all their prayers are granted for 1951.

Every day would be like HAPPY NEW YEAR if . . . all movie companies turned out pictures like "All About Eve" . . . More performers turned in consistently good performances like JUDY GARLAND . . . more books were written like "THE DISENCHANTED" . . . tickets were easy to get for SOUTH PACIFIC . . . MORE politicians lived up to their election promises . . . more taxis were available on a rainy night . . . New York had LAS VEGAS' wonderful climate . . . more athletes had JOE DIMAGGIO'S class . . . a few more actresses of silent films made dramatic 'returns' like GLORIA SWANSON . . . prices and taxes went back to where they were in the '30s . . . more big stars were as unpredictable as TALOO . . . every guy could buy his doll a mink coat . . . more television shows had the warmth of JIMMY DURANTE'S . . . GARBO would stop being so all alone . . . more women would devote themselves to humanity like SISTER KENNY . . . somebody would find out what "The Thing" is . . . MARK HELLINGER and DAMON RUNYON were still writing about "THE BIG TOWN" . . . someone would write some more haunting melodies to match LAURA and SEPTEMBER SONG.

GINGER ROGERS put GREG BAUTZER on the bottom of her list of best non-professional male dancers. What a silly place to put the TOP MAN in her life . . . MARTHA RAY sporting a fur hat reminiscent of Daniel Boone's famous headgear. Martha and NICK CONDOS were among the many celebs at the VAGABOND guest night at the Martinique . . . JOHNNY HARTMAN, former vocalist with DIZZY GILLESPIE, will marry LA FAWN GUMBS (yes, that's her name).

AL KLINGER sends love, kisses and holiday greetings to GRACE HAYES . . . JOE MOUKAD asked us to say "hello" to LAS VEGAS lawyer MADISON GRAVES . . . JACKIE MILES, who used to rock them at the EL RANCHO VEGAS, airs his droll stories at the Strand Theatre on Broadway . . . A New York panhandler with a sense of comedy holds out a battered top hat in which sitting snugly is a tiny Chihuahua. "Hasn't eaten in weeks," he cries, "he was once a Great



Dane," then he grins and no one with a sense of humor can resist.

GUY AND DOLL DEPT.: PRINCESS GHIKA is aflame over TURHAN BEY . . . lovely SELENE WALTERS faces a court battle with her ex-hubby over the custody of her 2-year-old daughter, SCARLETT . . . PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S letters are being banned in Boston . . . A place called MARIA'S CIN-CIN (in Greenwich Village) is becoming famous for its—UGH—purple martinis . . . BARNEY ROSS, ex-boxing champ and Marine hero of Guadalcanal, had a knock-out opening for his little bistro called the VENETIAN LOUNGE on Lexington Avenue and 57th Street. It's an upper-class grog shop catering to the show world and sports crowd. HIZZONER and MRS. IMPELLITTERI were on hand to give their blessings opening night along with various other notables.

One of the sponsors on ELEANOR ROOSEVELT'S commentary is EMERSON, the radio manufacturer. The commercial was recited by her son, ELLIOTT, who advised that "no home should be without an Emerson"—and who should know better than FAYE EMERSON'S ex-husband! Are you in SKITCHES! (OKAY, Joke's Over). Third in the FRANCIS, THE TALKING MULE, series will be Francis Goes to Washington, where his words of wisdom would be welcome there at this particular time.

On the Island of Malta PRINCESS ELIZABETH got stuck between floors in an elevator at the BLUE SISTERS

(Continued on Page 31)



AND

THANKS FOR 'LUCKY 7'
ENGAGEMENT IN LAS VEGAS

NOW AT EDDIE'S – KANSAS CITY

THEN

NEW ORLEANS FEBRUARY 8

EL RANCHO VEGAS

(Continued from Page 20)

cords is aptly displayed at the highlight of the act when he utilizes three distinct voices in the performing of the tune, "Rag Mop." We know you've seen lots of ventriloquists, but we suggest you put JIMMY NELSON on your must list . . . This show also marks the return of the MORO-LANDIS DANCERS to the ROUND-UP ROOM, after a two-month absence, following a two-year run in that room. They present two new routines in exotic costumes, featuring lovely JOY ROBERTSON. The outstanding number is done in a modern vein, set to original music by BILL REDDY, muscial arranger. We more than welcome the Moro-Landis Dancers beck to El Rancho and are certain the management feels the same . . . Opening with this show, for the first time in Las Vegas, is HENRY BUSSE and his fine aggregation of musicians. The manner in which they cut the show is proof enough of their artistry, while music for dancing is their forte. Need we say more? . . . GUY LANDIS and JIMMY De STEFANO take over for your continued dancing and listening pleasure. . . . We wish to compliment the management for bringing in such a fine show for patron pleasure, during the holiday season.

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 20)

this time. They asked their clientele, "WHO WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE FOR NEW YEAR'S?" The name Tony Martin was unanimous. As a result special arrangements were made with Howard Hughes and RKO Studios for Tony to come here and star in this New Year presentation. Mr. Martin is assisted by HAL BORNE at the piano . . . In the supporting spot are the ASIA BROTHERS. Three Oriental guys who are amazing audiences wherever they appear with their remarkable acrobatics. Each trick they do is a feat but these brothers seem to relay a message when performing. "It's as easy as eating applie pie" is what they try to put across! Don't try them unless your muscles are as flexible as rubber . . . THE KINGS AND THEIR LADIES have really worked this time in order to present novel routines. The ladies are outiftted in exquisite costumes and featured in both numbers are CANDYCE and BUDDY KING . . . GARWOOD VAN and HIS MUSIC MEN play a super neat brand of music both for the show and play your hit parade tunes for patron hoofing . . . CHUY REYES and ork continue to please the patrons in the Mural Room 'til the wee hours of the morn.

THUNDERBIRD HOTEL:

(Continued from Page 21)

hands or whistle, when they get into a jive number . . . and when ballading . . . a sneeze from a patron in the room would almost sound like a bolt of thunder went through the place. With such recommendation need we say more? . . . On the same bill is lovely SUE CARSON, comedy songstress. This gal possesses a rare sense of humor and appeared at the same spot 10 months ago (February). At that time she created quite a stir and lots of good comment. She impersonates many famous radio, stage and screen personalities—MALE or FEMALE, and receives "big hand" for each . . . THE DANSATIONS have another miniature musical in the offering and this time from the Broadway hit show, "GUYS AND GALS." Featured in all numbers are GIL JOHNSON, CHRISTINA CARSON, RUTHANN WELSH and BARNEY RAWLINGS, who also handles the m. c. chores. AL JAHNS and HIS ORK are the outfit in the background, supply good backing for the entertainers on the bill.

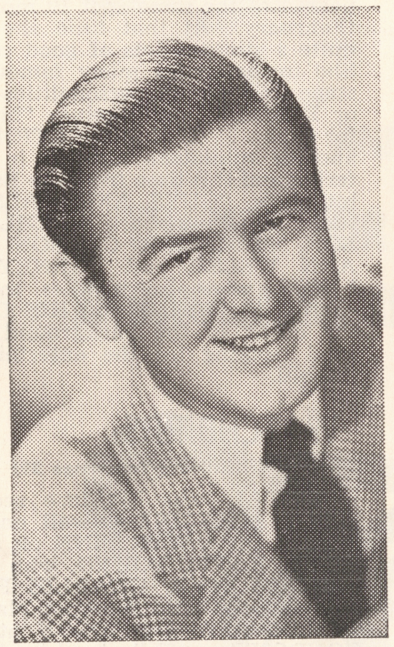
WATCHBIRDS:

(Continued from Page 29)

HOSPITAL—was her face red! . . . BILLY ECKSTINE is well enough to open at the DESERT INN on January 9th . . . PATTY YOUNG, who won his last fight from CHARLIE FUSARI, enjoying the wild trumpet playing of "WILD" BILL DAVIDSON at EDDY CONDON'S . . . Tallest gal in show-biz, MILDRED HUGHES (6 feet, 3 inches in stocking feet), tossed a pre-New Year's cocktail party for some of her smaller friends, and when we checked two days later, the party was still in progress.

LADY MICHAEL takes this opportunity to wish her co-writer SIR JODY and his lovely bride, the former DORA STILLMAN, much happiness on their marriage in Las Vegas on December 12th. My only complaint is that I wasn't notified in time to scoop our dear editor, JACK CORTEZ, who scooped me instead. Have a happy honeymoon, kids, and I repeat Jack's plea to not forget our Sunday night Watchbird deadline, so get on your broom . . . and cooooooooo.

Happy New Year



AND BEST WISHES TO ALL THROUGH THE NEW YEAR

RAY HERBECK

AND ORCHESTRA

NOW AT THE RIVERSIDE HOTEL—RENO, NEVADA

DOWNTOWN:

(Continued from Page 11)

you aren't equally as proud of the ones you call your own . . . You'll have to tell me about them some time and we'll compare notes . . . I suppose it's about time I talked of a few people you might know, so if you're still reading at this point, fall in beside me here, and we'll mosey around together for a while . . . The main topic of conversation when I stopped into the Westerner Club last Tuesday was the Christmas eve party that was given members of the swing shift by their boss, Bob Peccole. About 30 of the employees made the trek over to Bob's home after the shift Christmas eve where he and his wife, Echo, had set up a buffet table that could have put any of the hotels to shame. All the food and drinks they could hold, and Bob and Echo saw to it that everyone got their share of the set-up. It would really be rather difficult to determine which were the happier of the lot, the guests or the host and hostess! Bob has told me many times how he felt about the people he had working with him and this gesture of inviting them all to his home all the more proves the point that it is far greater to have your employees working WITH you than FOR you! . . . Having been born and raised around these parts, Carl Amante has many friends who will be interested to know that he has taken over the tables at the "202" Bar located in the Elwell Hotel at the corner of First and Carson Streets. I first met Carl at the Nevada Biltmore where he was a member of the association operating the hostelry at that time. Up until that time he had been with the Pioneer Club for seven years. His jocular quips and down-to-earth mannerisms give him the knack of being able to make even the most distant of persons feel right at home. At your earliest convenience I'd suggest you drop in to say "hello" to Carl and his crew at the "202" Bar and make yourself at home . . . Stopped at the Steak House to wish Chris and George a Happy New Year and ran into a couple of friends I'd met through Alex Henig. Sam and Lil Rosen were on their way back to the coast from Chicago and were celebrating their 22nd wedding anniversary here in Vegas. They'd heard about the Original Steak House and had to investigate for themselves. Sam is one of Hollywood's ace camera-men and just finished a picture built around that top-notch basketball team, the Harlem Globetrotters. That's one I'll have to put on my "must" list. I've seen the Globe-Trotters play many times and those colored boys are mighty flashy on the court . . . The Monte Carlo Club has added more slot machines to their already busy bandits and now have a total of 100 operating. It was easy for me to understand why they installed these new machines because many times I have seen people standing in line to get at the machine of their choice. People waiting to play because the liberality of the club's machines is becoming widely known in southern Nevada. Because of the limited space and the general lay-out of the club, the race book has been abandoned and the casino moved further back. Don't know but what I like it better this way myself, not that the management is greatly impressed with my pleasure in the matter. Those boys know what they are doing without asking anyone anything, believe you me! . . . To the friends and readers who sent me Christmas cards I want to express my deep-felt thanks and offer apologies for not having sent out one single card this year. So don't think for a moment that I'd forgotten any of you that I had in my address book. Being a bachelor I couldn't turn the job over to the little woman and trying to get the super-size "Fabulous" out for Christmas, I just didn't have the time. I'm only sorry that some of them arrived with no return addresses. Got one from Ronnie Quinn and he's still in Adak, Alaska. I had begun to wonder 'cause he hadn't answered my last letter. I figger those boys up there had a white Christmas but I wonder how many of them ENJOYED it? . . . As you've no doubt noticed the lack of downtown doin's in the column, it can easily be explained by your remembering the first half of the column and also the reason for no cards, and besides, who snoops for news when re-living Christmas and nudgin' New Years Eve? By the way. have a happy one and don't drive if you're drinking! Too many murders here lately by drunk driving. Well, . . . I'll see ya next year! . . . Johnny.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 19)

word "go." The mixologists in the place are ELIAZAR STEVENSON (just call him Steve), former bar manager of Ciro's of Hollywood and LARRY AGUILAR, also from Hollywood. We won't say they are better than the bartenders in our town—but—they are just as good. How's the food? Well, Podners, that's the question we can't answer. We have been searching for an adjective but can't find one that would do a complete justice. Treat yourself to one of these meals and you'll know exactly what we mean. For Messrs. HAHN, WILKERSON, PAPPAS and GOOD, we have a message from the folks of Las Vegas. Everyone hopes you experience great success and that the LA RUE becomes an absolute MUST on everyone's list. Oh, yes, if any of you guys are looking for a romantic spot to share with your best gal, look no further! This place is an intimate and very cozy one, with five strolling troubadors. Need we say more?

CHUCK BENNETT, popular localite and pit boss at WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN, remarried his ex, lovely NINA CLARK, last Wednesday, December 27. Chuck and Nina thought their divorce, eight months ago, was the necessary evil to overcome the silly squabbles they were having. After their divorce, they learned that mutual reasoning overcomes all difficulties. So, congratulations, kids! We hope your new marriage vows will prove everlasting, this time . . . A local story, guaranteed to make national headlines, is scheduled for release within the next 14 days. We spoke to those concerned a couple of days ago. When we learned of the enormity of the situation, we were stunned. We dislike keeping secrets but will extend the information when we are given the "go ahead" signal. We are keeping our promise and hope our informants keep theirs . . . An almost real Santa Claus, sans white beard and red suit, arrived in town a day before Christmas, spreading cheer in every club and hotel he visited. Name: VAN KIRK. Occupation: Owner of SQUIBBS LABORATORIES. Dun and Bradstreet rating: ? ? millions. Mr. Kirk visits our town frequently and knows practically everybody. Everybody on the strip and downtown knows him and the fast route he travels. We watched him check in at 7:00 a. m. By 8:30 he had given the lucky employes at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, a near total of $1000 in tokes. You can't miss him. He makes lots of live conversation at the gaming tables. A huge crowd watches him play. His action can either be a sweet dream or ugly nightmare to casino owners. Depends entirely upon the cards or dice. Whether winner or loser, Van always takes care of the help . . . Film chums are betting 6 to 1 that film star JACK CARSON will middle aisle it with pretty LOLA ALBRIGHT as soon as his divorce becomes final, next week. We might know more about this in time for next week's column. Mr. Carson and company started their two week stint at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, Friday, December 29 . . . JOHN LOCHHEAD, former general manager of the HOTEL EL RANCHO, and now a coowner of the CLARK HOTEL in Los Angeles, is preparing the necessary infant items again. His beautiful wife, LORETTE, presented him with a daughter last April. Now, Mr. Stork is expected to drop in again, during the same month, maybe the same day. John is as happy as a conquerer and hopes it will be a boy this time . . . PHIL SPITALNY and the lovely EVELYN wrote a tune, especially for Las Vegas. We believe the song would be sensational as our own theme. Here are the words:

The greatest little city in the world
Las Vegas, Nevada
It's tremendous, stupendous, gigantic
Titanic
It's fabulous, everything is fine
It's the greatest little, it's the greatest
little city in the world.

Where there is gold in the hills of
Nevada
They say
Where there's chances to win in the
games you play
It's the greatest little, the greatest
little city in the world.

The girls are the prettiest
The boys are the wittiest
The climate is the healthiest
The ranchers are the wealthiest
Divorces are the easiest
The married folks the happiest
In Las Vegas, Nevada.

The days are delightfulest
The nights are excitefulest
The summers are the breeziest
The jackpots hit the easiest
The games are the temptiest
The pockets are the emptiest
In Las Vegas, Nevada
The greatest little city in the world
L A S V E G A S . N E V A D A
The pride of the U. S. A.

GREG BAUTZER and beautiful GIN-

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POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

mond.) As I drew nearer I could make out a great cavalcade like a circus procession. The hundred or so horses and mules were being driven to Tule Springs for water. The railroad grade was completed 13 miles out from Vegas. Our town was now, surely, on its way to become a railroad center!

Then the incredible happened. All the men and teams and dirt-moving equipment were brought back to Las Vegas, loaded on cars and taken away. Clarence Rasor, speaking for Borax Smith, announced that they had abandoned Las Vegas and would build their railroad from Ludlow, on the Santa Fe, crossing the Salt Lake road at Crucero. They stated that the San Pedro road (Senator Clark) had broken its agreement to give them "construction rates" on the materials they were using. That seemed unbelievable to us who thought the Borax Smith road would be a great asset to the Clark road as well as to Las Vegas.

Being asked what the reason was that "Borax" Smith had taken his railroad away from Las Vegas, Senator Clark coolly replied:

"I am going to build that railroad myself."

"Borax" Smith built and operated for some 10 years, his "Tonopah & Tidewater" railroad into Death Valley junction, with a narrow gauge road from there to Ryan, in Death Valley. He gave Las Vegas the cold shoulder until our former mayor, Peter Buol and associates, sold him the Borax mines near Las Vegas which for some years "Weary" Wilson operated for him.

That new year of 1906 saw track laying on the Las Vegas & Tonopah railroad of Senator Clark at the rate of a mile a day. Our fears were allayed —Las Vegas would yet become an important railroad center. We visualized the building by the Santa Fe of a line to Las Vegas by way of the mining camp of Searchlight and the ultimate extension of the L. V. & T. road into California (neither of those dreams ever came true.)

But the Las Vegas & Tonopah road lived up to our expectations—almost. Much of the bullion from the mines of Goldfield, worth millions of dollars, came over its rails on its way to the smelter or the mint. One particularly valuable shipment, estimated at something like $535,000, was accompanied by five armed guards. However, while the merchants of Las Vegas reaped some benefits from trade with Goldfield, none of the bullion stuck to our hands as it did to those in Reno. Their profits from the Goldfield mines were spent by stockholders in new buildings and various other enterprises, putting that happy little city still farther ahead of Las Vegas in growth and development.

Along about the time World War I ended, the mines of Goldfield were worked out. For several years the L. V. & T. operated at a loss of from 10 thousand to 25 thousand dollars a year. Then came the announcement in 1918 that operation of the road would be abandoned and the rails removed. We protested, of course, as did other places on the line, but to no avail.

Finally the rails were taken up in 1919 and shipped away, leaving the old ties lying on the right of way. We were told that Senator Clark had sold the steel rails, which when laid cost him $30 per ton, to an English s yndicate for $130 per ton and were used in building a railroad in China—perhaps the very railroad now transporting the Chinese communist armies into Korea.

However, the destruction, after an operating period of more than 10 years of the Las Vegas & Tonopah railroad, was not without its blessings. The old ties—hundreds of thousands of them—left on the right of way, were eagerly seized upon by people of the adjacent mines and towns (including Las Vegas.) Many small homes were built with the ties, standing on end and chinked or plastered by adobe-like mud. Some of these are still standing in Las Vegas.

The partly rotted ties, not good enough for building purposes, were gathered, stacked in piles a block long and sold for fire-wood. Our fireplace in our old Fremont street home was warm with glow from flames of old railroad ties each winter for perhaps ten years.

And, to those of us who have traveled this desert country for 45 years, the Las Vegas & Tonopah Railroad still exists. On your way to Reno by automobile you travel most of the first 114 miles to Beatty on the L. V. & T., its old roadbed having been taken over by the State Highway Department as right of way for Highway 95. During the more than 12 years the L. V. & T. was operating, we enjoyed many delightful trips to Rhyolite, Beatty, Goldfield, Tonopah and thence to Reno. Trains left Las Vegas about 9:30 every morning, traveled at the rate of about 25 miles an hour and reached Goldfield about 7:30 in the evening. There the comfort and luxury and brilliance of the famed Goldfield Hotel welcomed us. Next morning at 7:30 the train on the Tonopah & Goldfield railroad left Goldfield, always with a Pullman club car and a very polite colored attendant in

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POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 35)

charge to serve the luncheon and mix the drinks. This time it was a 12-hour day on the train and we would reach Reno at 7:30 in the evening—two days travel by train from Las Vegas, but very pleasant travel. Nowadays we jog along by automobile at 60 miles per hour and make the same journey in 8 hours that used to take us 36.

How times do change with this succession of Happy New Years!

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 34)

GER ROGERS flew into town to be present when the LA RUE Restaurant officially opened its doors, last Saturday. Greg is the famous attorney in the film capital and Ginger is the gal with the danciest pair of legs in all of filmdom . . . LOUISE FORTUNE, ALLARD ROEN'S lovely secretary, has a new idea on **how not to forget** an important engagement or detail. She simply puts her watch on her right wrist. She almost always forgets the reason for the switch and spends an entire day trying to remember. There **must** be an easier way . . . Back from an extensive six-week vacation in Mexico, Florida and Cuba are NINA and FRED SOLY and TUTOR SCHERER. Fred, general manager of the Monte Carlo Club, met Tutor in Mexico City, accidentally. From there, they traveled together. Fred was born in Mexico and made things pretty easy for Tutor when it came to ordering Spanish dishes or speaking the language. Before they left for Cuba, Fred and Tutor purchased a couple of lots in Acupulco, where they plan to build cottages for summer vacations at this romantic sea shore vacation land . . . Here's good news! "Gambols of 1951," big musical comedy show currently being offered to San Francisco nite clubbers, will open at the FLAMINGO HOTEL January 4. The reason we feel it is good news is because the orchestra in the background is none other than BILL CLIFFORD'S, with MARY MARSHALL as vocalist. We wrote about this production about five weeks ago, when it first opened at Tom Gerun's Bal Tabarin. Bill and Mary are featured in all scenes. It's certainly going to be great to see these popular kids "back home!" . . . Lovely NAOMI WHITE, cocktail waitress at the DESERT INN, is taking flying lessons. Her ambition is to be as good an aviatrix as Jacqueline Cochrane. We say: "She ought to be in pictures" . . . Belated birthday greetings to ROMO VINCENT (December 25) . . . JIMMY PETERSEN, hostess in the SILVER SLIPPER RESTAURANT (December 25) . . . and the "Little Caesar" of Las Vegas, WILBUR CLARK (December 27) . . . and MRS. ALICE BIERMAN (December 25) . . . Just a message of thanks to a great guy. He is deputy sheriff R. V. TEX BONNETTE and works on the swing shift at the FLAMINGO HOTEL . . . As of last week, RAY HERBECK and his ORK are broadcasting over NBC, coast-to-coast, from 9:30 p. m. to 10. They are heard on Tuesdays and Thursdays. This should be good news to his many fans in town and is a terrific break for Ray. Many of our current big name bands received their first chance in exactly this manner . . . Almost a year has passed since we predicted a marriage for FRED TABOR, stage electrician at the D. I., and JULIE PAGE, former member of the GEORGE MORO-RUTH LANDIS dancing group. After all this time, it finally happened on Christmas day. Even though it seemed a long time to us, it must have seemed much longer to **them** . . . TONY MARTIN was unable to open at the FLAMINGO HOTEL on Thursday, as scheduled. Retakes had to be made on his pic "Two Tickets to Broadway" . . . For determination that can't be equalled, we doff our hats to lovely NANCY RADCLIFFE. She has a beautiful voice and her ambition is to excel in show biz. When she heard that GYPSY ROSE LEE needed a couple of lovelies to appear in her production, Nancy applied and was hired. Unfortunately she doesn't sing in the show. She is used as one of the models upon whom Gypsy drapes a gown from ordinary pieces of silk remnants. We still feel Nancy will make the grade, some day . . . and that's for sure.

DESERT INN:

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not usually fare very well in show biz. They come and go. But, such is not the story of Eddie and Tony, who we believe are tops in this field. The pantomiming they perform seems so realistic that it's difficult to believe there is a record in the background . . . The ARDEN-FLETCHER DANCERS, a bevy of eight lovely girls, introduce three routines, dressed in exquisite costumes. . . . CARLTON HAYES and his superb ORK offer excellent backing for the show and continue same for patron dancing . . . At the LADY LUCK BAR, it's the EDDIE EDELL TRIO, three talented musicians who play your favorite tunes, alternating with "SNOOPER" ROGERS, the popular pianist who is quite a favorite in our midst.

DEAR MOM:

(Continued from Page 16)

$1200 and may have jumped up a little more after that. Now maybe you can appreciate why I love Las Vegas so much. It's a "TOWN WITH A HEART!"

Las Vegas is also a town containing people who have unusual occupations, although they are not actually known for them. Do you remember a few weeks back when I told you about meeting a driver on the bus marked "Flamingo," that goes up the Strip? The guy with the sense of humor? His name is Paul Wright and he has a hobby that should strictly be turned into a paying proposition. I was sitting with Helen Kettler, change girl at the Desert Inn, the other night when he barged in with a box containing the most beautiful cake I have ever seen, barring none, and he made it with his own little hands! The baker at the Waldorf has nothing on him. Honestly, it was a sight to behold. In keeping with the holiday motif, he had decorated it with huge red roses supported by "Christmas-green" leaves (made of icing, of course), that looked so real and natural that I had to sniff them just to make sure they shouldn't be put in water. Not being satisfied with the elegant appearance of the product and being slightly skeptical as to the "innards" of the production, we threw poundage to the winds and let him talk us into sampling a piece. If a feather is light, this was lighter. After thoroughly acquainting us with the various types of cakes he makes and decorates to suit the occasion, Helen and I are firmly convinced he should do something about it! So if any of you ladies would like to get in touch with Paul to perk up a bridge or birthday party, look up Helen at the D. I., you may be promoting a new business venture. We've even thought of a name . . . "PAPA PAUL'S PASTRIES" . . . better than Mama used to make. Give this Doctor of Dough a try-out, it might be worth your while.

Am still getting Christmas cards and am almost running out of Scotch tape and "sticking-up-space" in which to put them. You know what a sentimental goon I've always been when it comes to saving cards, bits of poetry and special notes. Time and time again, I've had to pay an extra overweight tax on my luggage and trunk just because of carrying them around, but I've found out what to do about them now. The other day I ran into a lady by the name of Stella Lochrie, who is a saleswoman at "Sybil's Dress Shoppe." During our conversation she told me that for years now she has been saving match covers, greeting cards of all kinds, gift wrappings and colored pictures from magazines. When she accumulates enough of them, she ties them in a neat package and sees to it personally that they are distributed to hospitals, day nurseries and private homes where there are shut-ins. She says that through "thank-you" notes she has received, the children and patients are so happy with them. They tend to hurry away many a dreary hour while convalescing, or being unoccupied, and several of the recipients have made some novel and ornate gifts and creations from them. I think Stella has a wonderful idea there, most people I know dispose of cards and magazines as soon as they have read them, and after hearing about this, it's like tossing someone's pleasure away. Mom, why don't you speak to your lady friends at your "Secret Pal" Club, it would take such little time and effort. I'm going to try to get it going down here. Let me know what happens!

To get back to Christmas Eve, I certainly was reminded of home. Had the radio tuned to a pre-Christmas broadcast from St. Bridget's Church. The choir and organ under the direction of Marion Talley was heavenly, and it made me think of you playing the chimes at approximately the same time back in our little church in Whitesboro. I had to hurry downtown to attend Midnight Mass, and as I was driving along, the night and the streets took on a different meaning. Everywhere lighted trees peeked out of shiny windows, and those that weren't illuminated were given a special neon treatment from up above. I was thinking of all kinds of things. Of the little kids finally succumbing to sleep after trying in vain to await Santa's arrival . . . of the patient salespeople facing an undemanding bed instead of impatient customers . . . of the sisters, priests and doctors of divinity preparing their offertory so that the world might relive the coming of the Christ Child, of the wealthy who can easily afford the joys that Christmas can bring and of the poor, to whom Christmas means just another day in the struggle to survive. The latter group, however, had this Christmas (as they had last year), brightened and cheered by being invited to be the guests of Wilbur Clark at the Desert Inn. At noon, on Christmas day a large number of men, women and children sat comfortably in the warm and holiday-spirited dining room of the D. I. and were served a "soup to nuts" dinner, turkey and all the trimmin's . . . saw a wonderful "Merry Morale Building Show," topped off by

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DEAR MOM:

(Continued from Page 37)

the appearance, for the young and old alike, of Santa Claus, played by "Bowl-full-of-jelly-Eppy." I may be wrong but as the afternoon's activities went on it seemed the eyes grew brighter, the smiles broader, and the voices lustier, as they all joined in the singing of Christmas carols led by ladies of the Phil Spitalny choir, and at the completion of the program they left in friendly little groups, heads held high with a bouncing lilt to their feet, and somehow our Christmas was happier, too.

On my way out to the casino discovered that two other great occasions were being celebrated. The birthdays of Bobby Kaye, credit manager, and Herb McDonald, chief auditor of the D. I. Tough luck, boys, it has to be all on the same day, but think of all the horrible neckties you're probably avoiding.

Went home and opened my presents with the help of my guy and my dog "Pigeon." E v e r y t h i n g was "JUST WHAT I NEEDED!", quite a difference from last year when I mentioned the fact that I was being troubled with a wisdom tooth and received five heating pads for my effort. Should have sent four of them to you during your recent cold spell. Thank all the friends and relation for me until I get around to writing them individually. I finally donned all the gifts that were wearable regardless of color scheme and hastened to call on all the people who had invited us to drop in and have a snack and a look-see at THE TREE. Our first and last stop (couldn't drag ourselves away from the goodies and friendly atmosphere), was at the Hank Henry's Hank and his wife, Jo Anne Malone, are the laugh provoking team of funsters who appear nightly at the Silver Slipper Saloon, at the Last Frontier, and who with a large group of clever performers are currently doing a real "knock out" old time minstrel show . . . complete with tambourines, burnt cork, "who was that woman I saw you with last night" gags and plenty of dark-town struttin. Kinda gives you nostalgic notions. Anyhoo . . . we had quite a ball over there with all of the cast, Turk Murphy and his band boys, Helen Hall, Jerry Knox, Jimmy Cavanaugh and the Slipper Quartet, plus the normal people (not actors) . . . Mr. and Mrs. Harry Farnow, Douglas Farnow and wife, Pete and Mrs. Bommerito, J. Craig Hille and frau Bobbie, George Redmond (show's pianist) and his better half, Smokey Joe LaDue, Hank's very swell sister Ceil, "Snoop" and me, and five million kids moving too fast to call by name. Opening act: "Caviar and Carstairs" . . . Finale: "Cold Cuts and Cutty Sark." You said it! "There's no people like show people!"

Am home again now, still out of breath from the excitement of the past few days, and it may take me quite some time to recuperate. So I'm going on a one-gal health kick to try to condition myself for the night of December 31. I have fortified myself with a hot cup of Ovaltine, set my new "wake up to music" alarm clock for much later than noon, have smoothed out my "Mo-Valley sheets and pillow cases" and am now crawling into my trundle bed armed with the latest volume of best sellers, "The Bobbsey Twins in Havana" (doesn't Aunt Mamie know my age yet?), and hope that I can get some sleep interrupted only by pleasant dreams of bells, and sleighs, and reindeer an . . . zzzzzzzzz. G'nite all. I'm

THE OLD TIMER:

(Continued from Page 25)

even terms. Incidentally, that Ferraro ran Ernie Smith a close race for the Nonchalant Player Award.

I'm not much for going out on a limb, but am afraid I'm going to pick California to avenge the 1902 defeat of Stanford by Michigan but not by any 49 points. Let's say just three points.

"A TOAST"
(For New Years?)

Here's to the moments we've stolen
For stealing is certainly wrong
But, after those moments are stolen
To whom do they really belong?

For, if your wife doesn't come to claim you
And my husband doesn't make a fuss
Can't we hold our heads up proudly
And say, they belong to us!

For, if a neighbor had an orchard of apples
And was willfully letting them rot
And a friend came along and took some
Would that be stealing? Certainly not!

For apples were made to be eaten
And moments were made for delight
And that's what we'll tell our conscience
If we can't sleep tonight.



At the Center of Everything
LOS ANGELES

WHEN RECOMMENDING HOTELS IN
LOS ANGELES
MENTION THE
HOTEL CLARK
426 South Hill (Near Fifth Street)

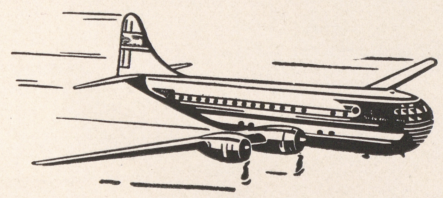
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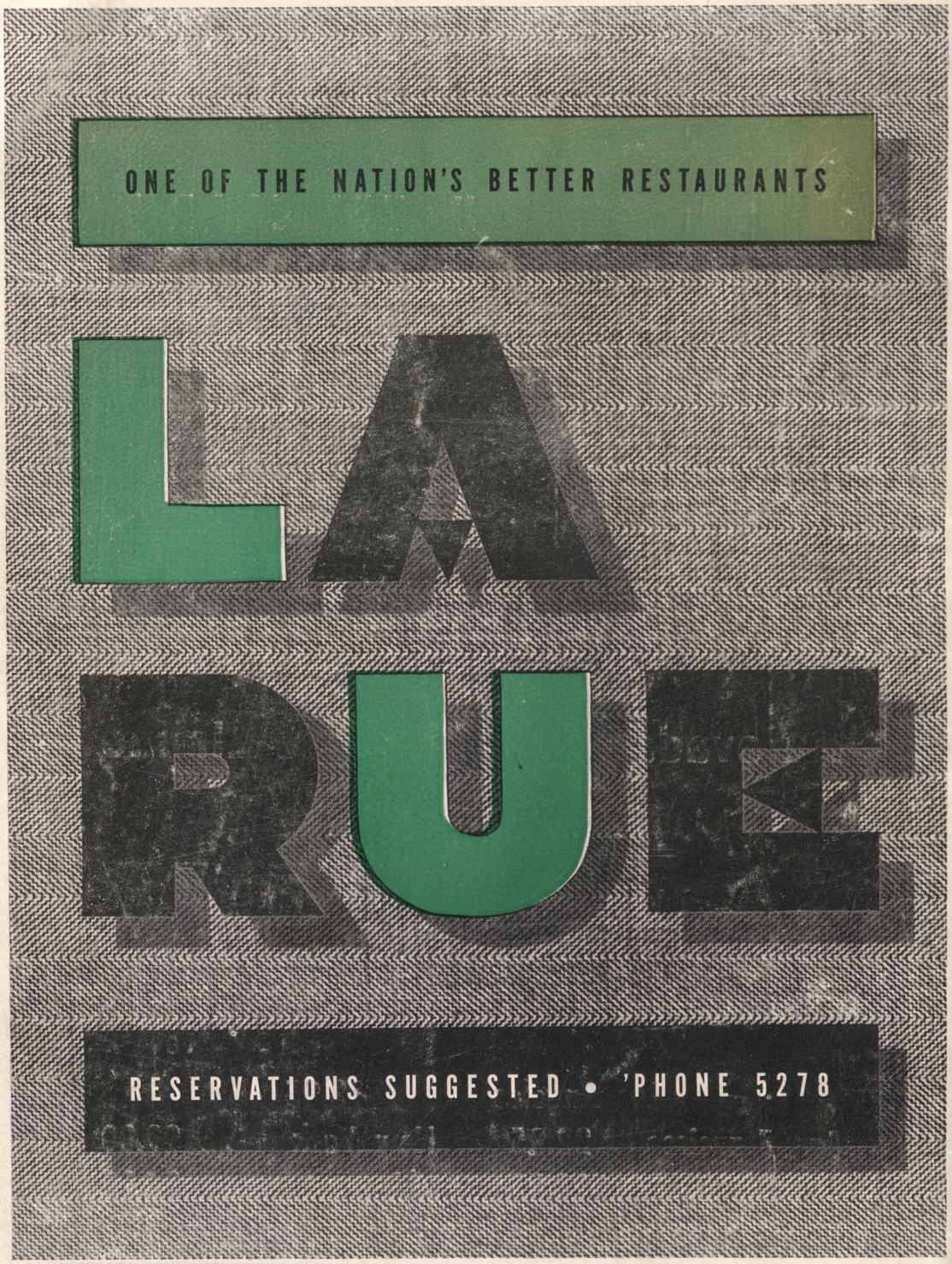
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