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Tells the world that, regardless of conditions, I am doing well!

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Is nececcasry to hold the HEART of show business!

(Story on Page 9)

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January 13, 1951

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AT THE

Last Frontier Village



PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 2, NO. 39

1600 South Main St.—Phone 4922

OBSERVATIONS, BY POP SQUIRES

"THAT'S FOR SURE," BY JACK CORTEZ

DEAR MOM, BY MARDIE

CHUCK AND FLUFF IN PARIS

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS, BY MARTIN LEWIS

REVIEWS OF CAFE SHOWS, BY JACK CORTEZ

FRONT ROW CENTER, BY JOHN RYKEN

FBI, BY J. EDGAR HOOVER

THE WATCHBIRDS

THE OLD TIMER, BY CHUBBY

CHESS, BY FRED SOLY

DOWNTOWN, BY JOHNNY

JACK CORTEZ, Editor and Publisher

JOHNNY UHLMAN, Advertising Manager

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Jack Cortez'
FABULOUS LAS VEGAS
HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 2 JANUARY 13, 1951 NUMBER 39

OBSERVATIONS . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

THAT HOOVER SPEECH

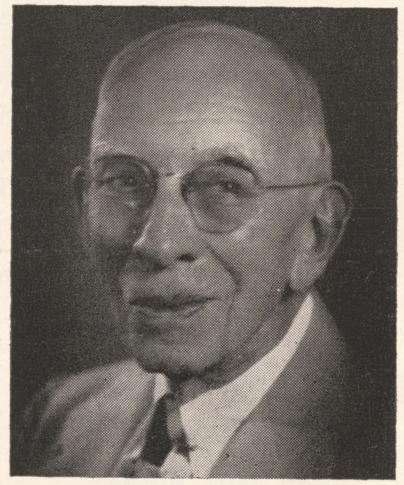
NEWSPAPERS and political speeches are, these past few weeks, using thousands of words either in approval or criticism of the speech made December 20 by Herbert Hoover.

No address in modern times has reached so many people as did this one and no speaker in all history has, by his courage to stand before the world and his clarity of thought and simplicity of expression, placed his imprint on so many souls throughout the world.

As was to be expected, the administration at Washington buries its ostrich-like head in the sands of uncertainty and indecision and cries out for "unity," while itself refusing to see or consider the truth in Mr. Hoover's words. And the clique about the White House seems to be quite as much interested in a "smear Hoover" campaign as was Charlie Mikelsen when, at the instigation of Democratic party fanatics along about 1930 he began his campaign of hatred and falsehood.

I suppose this little Fabulous Las Vegas magazine desires to keep out of politics and devote its columns entirely to the entertainment and amusement of our people and our guests. Yet, because Herbert Hoover is more largely responsible for the existence and prosperity of Las Vegas than any other person, living or dead, it seems but right that we in Las Vegas should know and recognize something of his greatness, and realize that he, after a lifetime of public service, is still the leader of thought in America.

So, perhaps, some day I shall try to write a little of the history of the Boulder Canyon Project, with which for some years I was intimately connected, and tell the facts which, for partisan



reasons, have so long been kept from the people of Las Vegas.

Just now all I have space to say is that the administration in Washington continues to "smear Hoover" when it charges that he is "an isolationist" and would abandon our friends among the European nations to communism. Nothing could be farther from the truth and an intelligent reading of Mr. Hoover's speech clearly proves it. Remembering that even before World War I Herbert Hoover was a world traveler and leader in enterprises throughout the world; remembering his outstanding world services in feeding starving people in Belgium and France; in saving millions of helpless children from starvation in Greece and the Middle East, we have no reason to doubt his sincerity. So I hope you will ponder these lines I quote from Mr. Hoover's address of

(Continued on Page 31)

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LOTUS WING

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STAN JASON

TRIO

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SUNDAY — MONDAY — TUESDAY

ALL ABOUT EVE

BETTE DAVIS—ANNE BAXTER—CELESTE HOLM

EDGE OF DOOM

DANA ANDREWS—FARLEY GRANGER
JOAN EVANS

WATCHBIRDS

. . by SIR JODY and LADY MICHAEL

NOW that 1951 is here officially it managed to bring cold weather with it and also a cold in the head. All the cold remedies and new fangled histamines did little to help till friends sent in the following cold remedy which was found in a 17th Century English book and proves rather educational: "Hang your hat on the bed post, drink from a bottle of whisky until two hats appear. Then go to bed and stay there." Now we'd like the cure for the hangover!

Hollywood will start raising funds this year to build a top rate mental institute there, so the dips and psychos won't have to be sent as far away as the Menninger Clinic in Kansas . . . THELMA RITTER, who was sooo great in "All About Eve," is being groomed by Paramount as successor to MARIE DRESSLER . . . LIZABETH SCOTT and Air Force Ace PHIL (FLIP) COCHRAN, are sniffing orange blossoms . . . MERLE OBERON now a red head—NO!

EDDIE CANTOR is looking for an actor to portray Eddie Cantor in the movie biography of Eddie Cantor—why not stop looking and play it yourself, Eddie? . . . HEDY LA MARR, who has great respect for a buck, is quoted as saying: "I still feel insecure financially, that's why I've put away a million dollars for each of my children and a million for myself. . . . CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER says she is always being asked: "What is your hobby?" So she plans to pretend to have one. "I'll say I weave Panama hats under water." For ESTHER WILLIAMS to wear, no doubt.

MAE MURRAY may be the next star of yesteryear to do a film along Sunset Boulevard lines. Those in the know say those recent raps at glorious GLORIA SWANSON are inspired by other studios who'd like to knock her out of the Academy Award race (she figures to get the femme award for Sunset Blvd.) HENNY YOUNGMAN saw MILTON BERLE off to Miami and his goodbye gift was a case of grapefruit. . . . GAYLORD HAUSER, who used to be a coosome twosome with GRETA GARBO, denies that he had plastic surgery done on his jowls in Switzerland. He just looks young because he eats that "wheat germ." We'll have another helping, please.

The AVA GARDNER-FRANK SINATRA romance is such a burning issue she's selling her Hollywood home to



spend as much time as possible with him in N. Y. . . . EDWARD ARNOLD is preparing a romantic announcement with a May-December flavor. . . . Are LANA TURNER and BOB TOPPING acting silly? . . . SIDNEY SHAW, self-styled "genius"—really must be—he's been "between shows" for 5 years and sports the yummiest vicuna overcoat—(vicuna to males is what mink is to gals) . . . Newest mad-fad among men in the super-chic set is bright scarlet socks with their tuxedos.

It's Sweet to Live in the U. S. A. Dept.: Britain has just spent 10,000 G's filming a tourist-attraction "Welcome to Our Table." The pic shows typical English couples eating thick steaks, fresh fruits, etc., to kill the idea that a trip to Britain would mean sharing their austerity. The irony is that the English will never see the film as it would be bad for their morale—now really.

Necks craned at the Weylin bar and all heads turned to watch a magnificent blonde matron enter. She turned out to be JOLIE GABOR, mother of the three Gabor beauties, and GEORGE SANDERS . . . the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. LOUIS CATES (he's head man at the Phelps-Dodge copper outfit) has corroded and she's Las Vegas bound.

Approximately 60 million ties were purchased for Xmas gifts, so you ain't the only one, brother, and women did 80 per cent of the buying. . . . Winter prediction by PETER DONALD, the Broadway Farmers Almanac: Snow, followed by lots of commodities being frozen. . . . Although T. V. has prac-

(Continued on Page 27)

THANKS...

HOTEL
El Rancho VEGAS
WESTERN AMERICA'S FINEST

YOU'RE

"REAL GONE GUYS"



Nellie Lutcher

THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ

The Man of the Week—not only this week, but every week—is the Variety Club Barker. The Barker is featured on our cover this week because on January 22 the Variety Club's Induction Ball will be held at the Flamingo Hotel at which time the officers and board of directors, better known as "The Crew," will be installed. Dignitaries and officials from the Variety Club International will be in attendance, as well as many famed and well-known stars of the entertainment world.



The stars from all the resort hotels will also be on hand, and an outstanding evening's entertainment is again in the offing for all of Las Vegas.

The proceeds from this Induction Ball go—as in all Variety functions—100 per cent to the Heart Fund of Variety.

The Variety Club's No. 1, first and foremost reason for being is CHARITY, and principally for the little ones. CHARITY is its very life blood. Variety was the same as any other group organized strictly for friendship of men until a little baby was left for the group to care. Variety grew when other clubs of a social nature were closing their doors. Its greatest growth was in the depression.

Secondly, Variety is a social club and the social part of it is so much more interesting when members are bound together to help the less fortunate and PARTICULARLY LITTLE ONES who can't help themselves.

Variety unites fraternally male persons of proper age and of good social and moral character and good business reputation of the amusement business in a society conducted for the beneficial and protective purposes of its members.

Variety provides a place where men engaged in different and varied professions of the amusement business may meet and congregate for the purpose of discussing matters of interest to the welfare of themselves and the public.

Variety is also for the purpose of concerted effort on the part of the men in the amusement business to place their business on the highest possible plane in each city, and to make that business through the Variety Clubs, the most important from a community standpoint and of service to its City, State and Federal Government in all of its requirements.

In addition to all this, Variety stands as an organized force consisting of showmen, athletes, actors, publicists, musicians, sports promoters, etc., who can go to the aid of those who need help in or out of our business, but particularly the outside interest. THE VARIETY CLUBS OF AMERICA . . . THE HEART OF SHOW BUSINESS . . . THE HAVEN OF THOSE LITTLE ONES WHO NEED HELP, AND THE BIG ONES TOO.

The initial project of Tent No. 39, Variety Club of Southern Nevada, is the School for Handicapped Children—the completion of which will make all of Las Vegas mighty proud . . . and that's for sure!

EVEN though this happened last Monday, we feel it isn't "old news." We attended the belated Christmas and New Year's party given for the 500 employes (and wives or sweethearts) of the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER and SILVER SLIPPER SALOON. This shindig was delayed because that popular "boss man" BILL MOORE had been hospitalized for some time. Realizing the affair wouldn't be complete without Bill, the celebration was deferred until his return AND the completion of the newly built Convention Hall, over the Silver Slipper. Apparently weak from a series of spinals, Mr. Moore stood at the "mike" and delivered a welcoming speech that will be remembered for a long time. The ovation he received was proof of the respect and loyalty he has garnered from the people. Tons of food and liquor were consumed by the celebrants. Then, it was show time. HARRY FARNOW was the m.c. and kept things moving at a fast pace. JOE SCHRAMM sang his favorite, "Ace in the Hole" and had to deliver many encores before he was allowed to leave. The JEAN DEVLYN DANCERS did some fine choreography and DOLORES FRAZZINI, one of the lovelies in the group, brought down the house when she sang "Embraceable You." This kid is really loaded with talent. MRS. BERT BENNETT, wife of the box manager at the Frontier, displayed wonderful singing

(Continued on Page 29)

Looking for Action?

SKY'S THE LIMIT WITH...

HYMIE MILLER and **BILL RUBIN**

(FORMERLY AT THE ELDORADO CLUB)

NOW OPERATING THE
SPORTS BOOK
AT THE

HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS

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"JAMBOREE" JAZZ SESSION
EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT

THE
SHAMROCK HOTEL
600 NORTH MAIN STREET
EVERYONE INVITED

Southern Nevada's Only Completely Feminine Shoe Store



"for feminine footwear with a flair" . . . it's

Jonbachs
306 FREMONT
Las Vegas, Nevada

THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY



SO I WENT out on a limb and sawed the limb off, or rather California did the sawing. I predicted California by 3 and I was right. I can prove it. At 3 p. m. California was ahead by 6 points. A little after 3:00, California lowered the boom in reverse. I know, "I was there." The first half was a football game. The second half was a comedy of mistakes. The biggest mistake was on the part of California. They should have stayed in the dressing room after the half time intermission and refused to come out to play the second half. True, in that manner, they would have forfeited the game but by this procedure they would have saved face, and no one would have learned just how stupid the team was when it came to the choice of plays, not to mention their non-existent defense against passes. **There is some talk here of the P. C. C. discontinuing the Rose Bowl game. Why not? California set the precedent January 1, 1951.**

There is no substitute for brains or intestinal fortitude as proven by the ride Jockey Guerin gave the race horse, Your Host, in last week's Santa Catalina handicap. When the saddle came unfastened at the half-mile post, no one would have blamed Guerin if he had pulled up and not finished the race, but did he? He did not. He won the race and set a new track record—did it under some of the greatest handicaps a jockey ever had to contend with in any previous race. Ten top-notch contenders, high weight of 130 pounds (which consisted of enough lead to reach that poundage). At the half-mile post, the saddle slipped. There was great danger of falling off and under the oncoming hooves. He could have pulled up, but he didn't. In a flash he improvised a manner of riding, semi-standing in the stirrups, shifting his weight from one side to the other to keep the saddle right side up, holding onto the lead weight with his legs to keep it from falling (which would have disqualified him had he lost it), passed three horses and won the race. When the pickup pony "picked him up," like the old "One Horse Shay," everything let go. The lead fell off and the saddle fell, but Eric Guerin still was topside up, and inasmuch as it stayed as one unit until past the finish line, was declared winner of the race.

Compare the endings of these two contests and you will see why I was "miffed" at California. I'm not saying they should have won the Rose Bowl game, but I do say they should have tried (if they had the ability). It's come to a pretty pass when the third grade team of the Big Ten, beaten three times, visits the Coast and makes a monkey out of our P. C. C. No. 1 team who went through their schedule undefeated.

While in Pasadena I looked up some records of Rose Bowl games past and found some more interesting happenings. Here they are as space permits.

The California team defeated Alabama on January 1, 1938. Perry Schwarz in that game made perhaps the hardest tackle in Rose Bowl history. It occurred when Schwartz went downfield covering one of Sam Chapman's punts and hit all-American Joe Kilgrow, who was blocking for the Tide's Mosley, so hard that he knocked Kilgrow into Mosley, causing Mosley to fumble. Then Schwartz went on to recover the ball which had rolled about 7 yards away from the scene of action.

In the California-Georgia Tech game of 1929, as California's Benny Lom punted, the ball collapsed in mid-air. Some claim that the kick was partially

(Continued on Page 25)

'TUTOR'S DON'TS'

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

HELLO! JUST CALLING TO SAY . . .

DOG-GONE



EPPY PEARSON

AT LIBERTY — PLEASE WRITE: BOX 13, FRAZIER PARK, CALIFORNIA

DOG-GONE

I'M GOING TO MISS YOU ALL!

★★★★★★★★

In order to supplement my load
I've simply got to hit "The Road."
I love this town and hate to go
You've been real "NATHAN"
Let's say no "MO"!

(APOLOGIES TO T. S.)

THANKS, MILTON!

("POPS")

My Sincere Appreciation to the People of Las Vegas,

and Special Thanks to the

HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS

for a Wonderful Engagement



Gali-Gali

DEAR MOM . . .

. . . by MARDIE ROGERS

DEAR MOM: After putting in a week like this past one, you and Pop are lucky to be hearing from me. It's not because I've been rushed, or that I'm fatigued, but I'm worn to a frazzle from all the hectic predicaments I've been in.

First of all, I promised to visit some friends of mine, who live quite a distance away, to join them for a Sunday breakfast after Mass. To be there at the appointed time, it meant that I must leave my abode at 5 ayem while it was still dark. I was all excited at the prospect of the journey, not so much for the meal, I could have whipped that up in nothing flat right here at home, but I did want to see my pals and meet their Uncle who was to be visiting them all the way from the Capital of this fair United States of ours, and too, it would be the first sort of long trip I'd be taking since I got my driver's license. At Saturday midnite, being the impatient soul that I am, I turned on the radio, thinking that some music would help to while away the hours till my morning departure, when suddenly a flash came over the air. Seems everyone was warned to be on the alert for a dangerous criminal at large, who had, up to date, murdered six persons. Up to this hour, he had carefully and cunningly eluded the police, and all attempts to overtake him were futile. The listeners were then given a lengthy description of the 23 year old murderer, as to height, weight, coloring, type of clothes, tattoo marks, etc., and were told that he might well be headed in any direction driving a black sedan bearing a Washington license! Under no circumstances should we call the radio station, but contact the local police or F. B. I.! Now, me, being a devotee of the higher type of entertainment, such as "Inner Sanctum," "Suspense" and the "Unexpected," and having lulled myself to sleep many a nite with the "Memoirs of Jack the Ripper," and "Murders of the Rue Morgue," all this "who dun it" folderol seemed like mere child's play to me and I promptly put all thoughts of this nonsense out of my head. The night was wearing on all too slowly, so I decided to make a batch of fudge for my friends . . . didn't want to go there empty handed. The result of said fudge is now lying in state in a glass jar in the Frigidaire, to be used as sauce over ice cream for the ensuing days. After that I melted the contents of



several old tubes of lipstick, to save buying a new one, but that didn't work out so well either, as the pan in which I was performing the operation sprung a leak and it took almost an hour to dig the remains out of the coils in the burner with a meat skewer. So four cups of coffee and 30 solitaire games later, the time finally approached to hit the road. I faced my mission like Joan of Arc or a lion at bay, well fortified wih all the necessary equipment for a woman driving alone at nite. The items included a pin-point flashlight (to find the hole for the keys, provided I didn't lose them), an extra pack of Luckies accompanied by a "flame in the wind" Ronson lighter, a large two gallon paint can full of gas (should remember to take a funnel next time) a dog-eared map of Upper New York State (must have gone to the wrong automobile club), and sheer determination to make the excursion or bust!

At that hour of the morning traffic was light with only an occasional truck approaching to break the monotony. Quite suddenly, after having just passed a marker informing me that my destination was only seven miles off, I heard the honk of a horn from out of nowhere and a man in a car passed me. Even with all the available space, I had pulled over close to the shoulder and expected the passer to zoom way ahead of me, but to my surprise, it remained at a comparatively slow pace directly in front of me. Out of curiosity I stared at the back of the vehicle and

(Continued on Page 27)

ALOHA, VEGAS!
Howdy, Podner
See You Sunday
at the
CLUB BINGO



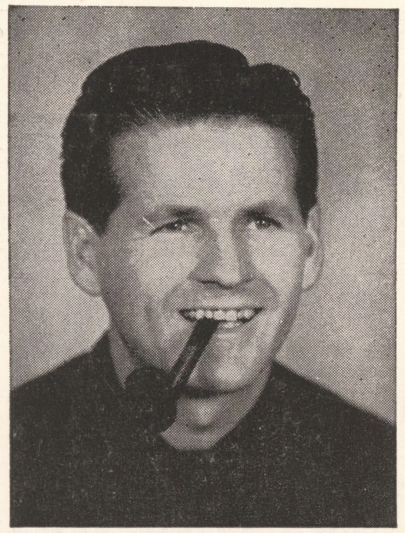
THE
TOP - NOTCHERS
EDDIE — AL — FRANK

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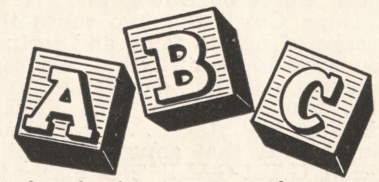
DOWNTOWN . . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN



YA KNOW, I'm a little surprised and yet a whole lot pleased at what I've noticed in the past two weeks. I had expected activities to simmer down to a semi-shush around town but, on the other hand, it has held up very well, according to those to whom I have talked. Of course the evening ozone has been about 10 degrees colder than a penguin's pockets this past week, so I can't blame too many people for huggin' the home fires. That reminds me, I ought to introduce that pooped-out Packard of mine to some anti-freeze before I blow my block. However, Old Sol brings the daytime temperature up to where he has a goodly number of people pool-side before the completion of his daily heavenly hike. (Okay, C. of C.?)

Well, if you're still with me and have nothing to do for a little while you may a swell stick around and tour the town with me. Won't take long! . . . Last Tuesday night was the first jam session at the Shamrock Hotel but certainly not the last. It's to be a regular thing from here on in as long as the boys want it. Naturally a couple of things happened that should never happen at a jam session and brought about a lull right at the wrong time. **However,** next week will see a few changes and for the better, according to Duke Wiley and Chief. A nice gesture on the part of the management was the serving of a spaghetti dinner to the musicians attending and, brother, what spaghetti! I was fortunate enough to get a little of it and it was smothered in a super sauce that set my taster to tingling. This is a good deal for the musicians in town and I'd like to see the thing get going strong every week. It's a nice room, nice location and, adding greatly to my own personal pleasure, they have one of the best dance floors in town over there at the Shamrock. Dee and I danced our dogs to a frazzle last Tuesday night and enjoyed every minute of it. Just let me say this, and to you musicians, a session is no session without **you,** and this is intended to be your party where you can take your wives and sweethearts, blow your brains out and live a little, which is a real outlet after tootin' "mickey mouse" night after night. And I know there are a lot of boys in the bands here 'bouts that like to blow. Needless to say, I'll be there looking for you next Tuesday night again. . . . You might say that I'm prejudiced, and I may be, but the constant improvement of the Goldenaires at the Golden Nugget Saloon is really gratifying. I've known the members for quite a few years and was glad to see them get together some months back, and even happier to see them getting better and better all the time. All four of them sing, individually or as a group, and with different styles that make it possible for them to do almost any type of tune in the manner in which it should be done. Margy, besides being Freddie's wife, possesses a voice of most unusual pleasantness and a quality that is all her own; Freddie sings the jump and novelty tunes; Sandy sings the western tunes and

(Continued on Page 33)

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10 EAST CHARLESTON BLVD.
Harry Basler, Prop. Ph. 4875

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

. . . by JACK CORTEZ



★ El Rancho Vegas

January 3 through January 16

NELLIE LUTCHER, newly returned from a tour of Europe, where she scored one of the greatest triumphs of her career, is the star attraction in the ROUND-UP ROOM. No matter where she appeared, Miss Lutcher received the acclaim of critics as one of America's great song and jazz stylists. She really enjoys singing and performing on the stage. While watching her, you can't help but react accordingly. The singing star introduces some new tunes but **really** "rocks the room" when she warbles "Hurry on Down" and "He's a Real Gone Guy," the two songs that sky-rocketed her to fame and fortune. If you want to hear rhythm that can't be equalled, see and hear Nellie Lutcher, the true showman, who literally sparkles on that stage. . . . In the supporting spot is that amusing Egyptian magician, GALI-GALI| This marks the third engagement for the mystifying gent who continues to create lots of confusion with his tricks. Those chicks, eggs, and cards he produces from mid-

(Continued on page 34)

★ Hotel Last Frontier

January 8 through January 26

The RAMONA ROOM is fast building up a reputation as a center for the best in musical entertainment. Recently, this stage played host to such artists as: Jan August, Liberace, and Phil Spitalny's "Hour of Charm." Now, making his very first appearance as a single in any night club, is the "Poet of the Piano," CARMEN CAVALLARO, **pianist supreme.** The "Poet" is really "at home," while at the keyboard. Truly one of the most versatile pianists in the country today, Carmen plays classics, semi-classics and the popular tunes from your hit parade. When he begins his special arrangements of "Jealousie," "La Vie En Rose" and Chopin's "Polonaise," plus the others he literally brings the house down. Mr. Cavallaro had to "beg off" after encoring many times. . . . On the same bill is a brilliant and refreshing dance team—MAURICE and MARYEA. Always favorites in our town, they specialize in romantic dances. The handsome couple display effortless coordination and present super ballroom dancing. Their exceptional choreography is accentuated by the very soft music played by AL DONAHUE and his ORK in the background. Maurice and Maryea do not

(Continued on Page 31)

★ Flamingo Hotel

Show presented January 4

FLORA DUANE'S "GAMBOLS OF 1951," a highly entertaining musical comedy, with a superb cast of 45, is the headline attraction that should draw the patrons to the FLAMINGO ROOM. The presentation is fast moving and contains beautiful music, reminiscent of the Gay '90 era. There are semi-classical tunes, written by Victor Herbert, Sigmund Romberg and other great masters. The costumes are very colorful and befitting of the fabulous Flamingo. The choreography is tops. We are using a lot of superlatives, aren't we? Well, it can't be helped. That is the general consensus of opinion, main-

(Continued on Page 34)

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

Show presented January 9 through January 22

BILLY ECKSTINE, America's No. 1 singing stylist, is the headline attraction and what an attraction in the Painted Desert Room. Very few singers, making their Vegas debut, register as strongly or so deservedly with first nighters as Billy did. His voice is rich and vibrant. His delivery, excellent. Each of Billy's offerings such as: Beware My Foolish Heart, I'm in the Mood for Love, Caravan, I Like It Here, and

(Continued on Page 34)

★ Thunderbird Hotel

December 28 through January 10

Those very popular MILLS BROTHERS, brought back by overwhelming demand, are being held over for a third week in the packed NAVAJO ROOM. We doubt if there is anyone in the country who hasn't heard them sing, either in person, or on recordings. They have appeared in numerous motion pictures, countless radio shows, and are one of the most sought after night club acts in the business. The Mills Brothers have introduced many tunes, of which approximately 98 per cent were BIG hits. These four men and a guitar are internationally famous and have a distinct style that sets them apart from all others. You just can't "stay put" when these boys are performing. According to the tune, you feel like singing or keeping the beat along with them. When these hepsters sing a ballad—that's all, brother . . . On the same bill is lovely SUE CARSON, a wonderful comedy songstress. This gal posseses a marvelous sense of humor and presents material that is ultra refreshing. Miss Carson appeared in this same room in February and made a terrific impression. However, she surpasses that performance with this engagement. Her impressions are really sensational. It's a treat to watch Sue Carson at work . . . The DANSATIONS introduce another miniature musical, containing excerpts from the current Broadway musical comedy hit, "Guys and Dolls." They present fine choreography, dressed in colorful costumes. Featured in these numbers are GIL JOHNSON, CHRISTINA CARSON, RUTH ANN WELSH and BARNEY RAWLINGS . . . AL JAHNS and his ORK supply good backing for the show and same for patron dancing.

★ Club Bingo

Show presented January 14

The TOPNOTCHERS, Al, Eddie and Frank, are back again and the BONANZA ROOM **has them!** The zany, musical trio have finally returned, after an almost two-year absence from the local scene. These fun-loving guys seem to thoroughly enjoy their chosen vocation and are well-schooled in the art of provoking hilarious laughter from the audience. Their music and vocalization is well-spiced with the comedy that supper-clubbers seek and **all new material!** . . . On the same bill is another example of MILTON PRELL'S desire to please his patrons. The "Beauty of the Orient," LOTUS WING makes her debut in our town. She is another personage who must be seen to be appreciated. Your eyes can describe her more aptly than our words . . . The musical trio in the background is MIKE WERNER'S ORK, who cut a good show and play dance music 'til ?

★ 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.

Our Sincerest Gratitude to You:

THE PEOPLE OF LAS VEGAS

and to You,

The THUNDERBIRD HOTEL

FOR OUR THIRD AND HAPPY

RECORD BREAKING ENGAGEMENT!



THE

MILLS BROTHERS

"Four Boys and a Guitar"

Weekly Fashion Letter

from EDITH HEAD

Paramount Fashion Designer

Someone once said: "Fashion Is Fiction." But don't you believe it. Certainly there's nothing fictitious about the "newcomer" that's made its way into the accessory field in fabulous Hollywood.

This "newcomer" is the detachable epaulet—as smart as a movie queen's wardrobe and twice as practical. Usually fashioned of coarse silk braid, the epaulet is used in pairs and is another accessory that will lend additional intrigue to suits and simple yet elegant dresses. . . . Several of the screen's best-dressed leading ladies have added epaulets to their fall wardrobes. They often team them with matching, detachable pockets and the effect is as eye-catching as a shapely glamour girl.

JAN STERLING, the blonde actress who makes her bid for stardom in Paramount's "Union Station," has added epaulets to a new black "casha" suit. The skirt is pencil-slim; the jacket slightly flared. To it, JAN pins braided epaulets which are studded in tiny rhinestones and a pair of matching patch pockets.

GAIL RUSSELL brings this new accessory into the parade of after-dark casuals by pinning twin epaulets of cording and jet to a black velvet dinner suit. The talented leading lady of Pine-Thomas' "The Lawless" also wears white epaulets with a sleek white-wool evening coat. She repeats the "white-braid" theme by means of two large, detachable pockets.

For late afternoon and evening wear, MONA FREEMAN selects a black dressmaker suit of soft cashmere. Pockets and epaulets consist of black braid which has been inter-woven with flashing gold and silver threads. With this striking outfit, MONA wears earrings, necklace and bracelet of tiny gold and silver nuggets.

If you like originality and unusual accessories, the detachable epaulet is a "must" for your wardrobe.

Weekly Beauty Letter

from WALLY WESTMORE

Makeup Director, Paramount Studios

Why is it that once a woman has her man, she lets herself slide downhill in the matter of her personal appearance?

According to beauty expert Wally Westmore, the most careless group of women are those between the ages of 20 and 30—and the great majority of these damsels have been married only a short time. It's as if each bride has heaved a prolonged sigh of relief that the chase is over, and has settled back to rest on the little gold ring, third finger, left hand.

In discussing this situation on the set of Paramount's new musical, "Mr. Music," with movie actress NANCY OLSON, who's one of Hollywood's loveliest and most talented brides, Westmore pointed out these facts:

"Brides should realize that it's the period immediately following their weddings in which they set up patterns of conduct, which will prevail throughout their married lives—and the length and success of that married life is dependent upon that conduct. There is no compensation for lack of personal neatness. Unkempt hair, sleepy eyes and lack of makeup at the breakfast table are cardinal beauty sins."

To these sins, popular NANCY OLSON added still another . . . "To go to market sloppily clad, with a drab and colorless face, or with make-up that has been slapped on without care, are steps toward personal disintegration, and hazards to marital happiness," observed BING CROSBY'S leading lady in "Mr. Music."

Both NANCY and Wally Westmore agreed that there's no excuse for lack of good grooming. That little gold ring needs protection, said NANCY. It's capable of slipping off just as easily as it's slipped on. Makeup and care of the hair take only 15 minutes a day. Certainly that's a small investment for big returns.



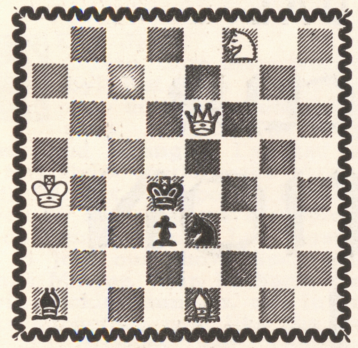
DOWNTOWN

CHESS » » »

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

PROBLEM NO. 84

Black 4



White 4

White mates in three.

Solution to problem No. 83: R-B2.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT—TARRASCH DEFENSE

Steven	Croy	30—RxR	QxN
White	Black	31—B-K6	Q-N6ch
1—P-Q4	P-Q4	32—Q-N2	QxQch
2—P-QB4	P-K3	33—KxQ	N-KB3
3—N-QB3	P-QB4	34—BxRch	KxB
4—BPxP	KPxP	35—B-N4	B-B4
5—P-KN3	P-B5	36—R-K7ch	K-KN3
6—B-N2	B-N5	37—RxQRP	P-N5
7—B-Q2	N-KB3	38—R-QR6	K-R4
8—P-QR3	BxN	39—P-R4	PxPch
9—PxB	O-O	40—KxP	B-K5ch
10—N-KB3	N-QB3	41—K-N3	K-N4
11—N-Q2	B-KB4	42—B-Q2ch	K-B4
12—O-O	P-QN4	43—R-QB6	B-QB7
13—P-QN3	R-QB1	44—P-R5	B-R5
14—NPxBP	NPxP	45—R-QB7	B-QN4
15—P-KB3	R-K1	46—K-KB3	P-KN4
16—R-K1	R-K6	47—R-QN7	P-N5ch
17—R-QB1	Q-QN3	48—K-K3	P-QB6
18—N-KB1	R-K3	49—RxB	PxB
19—P-KN4	B-N3	50—R-QN1	N-K5
20—P-KR4	P-KR3	51—P-R6	N-QB6
21—P-KN5	PxP	52—R-B1ch	K-K3
22—PxP	N-Q2	53—P-R7	P-Q8 (Q)
23—B-R3	R-K2	54—RxQ	NxR
24—Q-Q2	QR-K1	55—K-Q2	N-B7
25—P-K3	P-KB3	56—K-K2	N-K5
26—N-KN3	PxP	57—P-R8 (Q)	P-N6
27—N-KB5	R-KB2	58—Q-QB8ch	K-Q3
28—N-Q6	NxQP!?	59—Q-KB5	K-B2
29—PxN!	RxRch	60—K-KB3	Resigns



EVANS SCORES VICTORY

Larry Evans had as his first opponent in the international team tournament held at Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, recently, Herman Pilnik of Argentina. After an up-and-down game. Evans was able to neutralize his opponent's advanced QP, at the same time pushing through on the Q's flank.

RUY LOPEZ

Pilnik	Evans	24—QR-B	N-K
White	Black	25—BxN	QxB
1—P-K4	P-K4	26—B-N3	Q-R2
2—N-KB3	N-QB3	27—P-Q6ch	K-R
3—B-N5	P-QR3	28—P-Q7	N-N2
4—B-R4	N-B3	29—R-B8	B-K2
5—O-O	B-K2	30—Q-B2	Q-N2
6—R-K	P-QN4	31—R-B7	Q-N3
7—B-N3	P-Q3	32—N-Q2	R-R2
8—P-B3	N-QR4	33—RxR	QxR
9—B-B2	P-B4	34—Q-B8	R-Q
10—P-Q3	O-O	35—N-B	P-QR4
11—QN-Q2	N-K	36—N-K3	P-R5
12—N-B	N-B2	37—B-B7	P-N5
13—N-K3	P-N3	38—Q-B2	B-B4
14—P-Q4	P-B3	39—P-KR3	B-Q5
15—Q-K2	B-K3	40—B-K8	NxB
16—R-Q	Q-K	41—PxN(Q)	RxQ
17—PxBP	PxP	42—N-Q5	R-QN
18—N-Q5	B-Q	43—R-N	P-N6
19—B-K3	Q-B3	44—PxP	PxP
20—P-QN4	N-N2	45—RxP	RxR
21—PxP	NxP	46—QxR	Q-R8ch
22—P-B4	BxN	47—K-R2	BxP
23—BPxB	Q-Q3	Resigns	

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FIRST ANNUAL

VARIETY CLUB

INDUCTION BALL



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MONDAY, JANUARY 22

8 p. m.

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$7.50 per person

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FLUFF and CHUCK in Paris

Le Cirque Medrano
72 Ter Rue des Martyrs
Paris, France
Dec. 28th, 1950.

DEAR JACK

Man, how these weeks roll by! But it is a pleasure to stop and write something besides music. The original music and arranging I've had to do for this show would make about two South Pacifics. I suppose it is not news to you by now that we are flying, via Air de France, a lot of Las Vegas lovelies to join our show. Such gals as Jeanne Malone, Joan Michaels, Evelyn Lewis, Vickie Saunders, etc. In fact it looks altogether now like the Desert Inn, El Rancho and Thunderbird Hotels will be well represented in Europe. Will send news items, pictures and etc. as they are printed.

Received a welcome letter from Chubby Johnson (the Old Timer). Tell him I'll have to look up that "Princess." Matty King and Fluff have really got the kids hopping here, with rehearsals about 12 hours a day. Fluff is continually having to pose for some darn picture or other and averages about 5 hours sleep a day. Some change for a gal that always needed 12.

A big carnival has set along the Place de Clichy, with all their sideshows, lotteries, merry-go-rounds and etc. How in blazes they pick this time of year for such a thing I'll never figure out. Maybe it figures though—the French never seem to heat their homes or hotels much—they just dress warmer in winter. So I suppose that riding a scooter-car or somep'n would be warmer than sitting in the darn house.

I imagine you all had a grand Christmas and by the time you receive this letter, will have celebrated the New Year in Las Vegas' Fabulous Fashion. Hope to hear all about it. I sure enjoy all the columns and get a kick out of the "Coo Kids."

Johnny Romero has just arrived to join the show and also Rose Gould (Gold) who appeared in Las Vegas recently with the Circus show at the Frontier Stadium. Wait 'till these French see our girls and Irene Coppers (who we used to call Miss Community Chest of Nevada!)

Mr. Medrano has arranged for hairstylists to continually keep the girls in first-rate coiffure. That will be a novelty here in itself. My singing chorus is really good and should lend a lot of class to the show.

I notice that Chuck (health-kick) Burgess and his Trio are at the Bingo now. I suppose that old Sock Sockwell is there, too. The best of luck, fellows, and I wish I had you here. A lot of my boys are really spread around Vegas hotels now. Boy! I'd like to send plane tickets to all of them—Nate Kazebier, Bobby Prupas, Glenn Stainer, Fritz Becker, Louis (Papa) Columbo, Paul Trovillion. I think, about a year ago today we were rehearsing the Marion Hutton show?—and not recovered, completely, from the Branding Iron dinner.

Mr. Hillis has kindly taken care of my car and believe me, it would never be the same here if I tackled this spider-web of traffic. Well, I suppose George Barrett and Jimmy Schuyler are still making big money out of little slot machines. I expect to see them here 'most any time. I should have one here so I could explain more about Las Vegas.

Once again—Happy New Year to everyone.

FLUFF AND CHUCK.

THE OLD TIMER:

(Continued from Page 11)

blocked, others maintain that it collapsed when Lom kicked it. The kick resulted in an 18 yard loss for California, Georgia Tech recovering on the Bear 9.

A record that will never be beaten, probably never equalled, is the 180 minutes playing time chalked up by Bob "Horse" Reynolds of Stanford in three consecutive Rose Bowl appearances, 1934, '35, '36.

Rose Bowl thrills can seldom be matched with Frank Aschenbrenner's 75 yard run for a T. D. in the opening minutes of the 1949 game, only to be followed on the next scrimmage play by a 67-yard touchdown gallop by California's Jackie Jensen to tie the score.

LEATHER CARVING OF ALL KINDS

HAROLD SOUDER

SPECIALIZING IN CUSTOM MADE BELTS WITH NAME ENGRAVED

116 North First Street

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS ... by MARTIN LEWIS

NOW that the final tally of arrests has been made, of the Los Angeles Police Department's special drive to keep law and order during the recent holidays, it develops that not one single member of the Hollywood movie industry was arrested for intoxication or reckless driving! This ought to give pause to those who are always so ready and willing to brand Hollywood a "city of sin."

BING CROSBY pulled a "turn-about-tales" on the disc jockeys of America. All this month they have been heaping praises on "Mr. Music" in celebration of his 20th anniversary in show business. Last week, der bingle recorded a special program via a long distance telephone from a New York disc jockey. In this program, BING paid high tribute to platter-spinners and attributed the fact that what success he has had, is due primarily to their efforts. . . . GLORIA SWANSON, who made movie history with her sensational "return to the screen" in SUNSET BOULEVARD, is making theatrical history now on Broadway, co-starring with JOSE FERRER in a revival of the famous play "Twentieth Century." This is the first time GLORIA has "trod the boards" in many a moon, and the other night backstage in her dressing room she confided: "Only a fool who knows as little about the theatre as I do would have cheerfully agreed to play this role with only three weeks rehearsal before opening cold on Broadway." . . . BURT LANCASTER broke a long standing rule and allowed himself to be photographed with one of his children for the MARCH OF DIMES campaign! The lad had just recovered from polio! . . . DOROTHY LAMOUR'S found a new cure for even the hint of a double-chin! She's been spending hours every day hanging **by her teeth** at the end of a long rope while spinning merrily through the air! She's getting in shape for her starring role as an aerialist in C. B. DeMille's forthcoming technicolor epic . . . "THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!"

On the Set with Your Hollywood Reporter

Great practical jokers, these Hollywood film folk. Here's what happened during the filming of ALAN LADD'S new western, "Branded."

It was 6 o'clock and Director Rudy Mate' was preparing to shoot the last scene for the day. The "shot" was a "close-up" of young PETER HANSEN,



who makes his screen bow in the Technicolor picture—with PETE reclining in bed, supposedly reocvering from a gun wound.

"You're unconscious," explained Mate'. "You must breathe heavily and under no circumstances open your eyes. The camera's right on top of you. There's no dialogue so wait for me to tell you when the scene is over."

Being a hard-working and conscientious chap, HANSEN listened carefully to the director's instructions. Then he leaped into the bed, pulled up the covers, closed his eyes and started his labored breathing.

"Fine," remarked Mate'. "Now, let's have some action."

The Technicolor cameras rolled silently and PETE began to emote per the director's instructions. Seconds ticked away—then minutes. Some moments later, PETE began to think that his "close-up" was taking an unusually long time. Yet Director Mate' had not informed him that the scene was over, so he didn't dare open his eyes. Naturally, the set was still for that's the way it was supposed to be. Finally, PETE couldn't stand it any longer. He slowly squinted through one eye and his suspicions were correct. The "Branded" set was deserted. Members of the crew had silently slipped away and headed for home—and Mate' long since had exposed all the film he needed for the scene.

Picking himself off the sound stage floor, HANSEN looked into the dark recesses of the sound stage. And there,

(Continued on Page 27)

DEAR MOM:

(Continued from Page 15)

a bell started ringing in my little pointed head. My orbs were focusing on a dirt-splattered license labeled Washington. (D. C. or A. C., it didn't make any difference). I remembered in a flash the radio warning of several hours before, and all of a sudden my own private panic was on. In a fleeting second I became a composite of a blonde "Black Dahlia," and a Barbara Stanwyck doin' "Sorry, Wrong Number." Having neglected to bring along my "walkie-talkie" (not enough box-tops) I couldn't very well get in touch with the F. B. I. so I figured it best to stay in back of him rather than to pass him and find myself riddled with bullets. After several ad-libbed prayers to the Maker, the sun started to rise and from out of nowhere a gas station appeared and I knew I had hit the "town." I pulled towards the pump and was about to blurt out my story to the approaching attendant when the murder car, which had continued on, turned around, and as it drew up near me, the grey-haired driver stuck his head out of the window and yelled, "Hey, Buddy, can you tell me how to get to Jim Larsen's house?" The station-master replied, "Well, now, you must be as slow as some of them there fellas down in Congress. You're Uncle Ole, aintcha? Jim's been expecting you for three days. Just go straight, two more blocks, turn left, first house on the right." After this bit of information he pulled out, leaving me with my mouth open. With newly found courage I still followed Uncle Ole, the fugitive, because I knew sooner or later he'd lead me to the scene of the Sunday breakfast we were both attending, at Jim and Gerta Larsen's.

Well, darlings, time to get some victuals on the table for the "Snooper," who comes home at 8 o'clock from his cocktail session at the Desert Inn, simply ravenous, he says, from the fumes of the hors d'oeuvres they serve there. I'm trying to eliminate his elevated lap, and he's trying to promote an extra lamb chop! What connivers these men are! Which reminds me . . . how's Pop? Write soon. Love . . . ME.

WATCHBIRDS:

(Continued from Page 7)

tically destroyed the art of conversation in the living room, there's good news for those who live in the gap area now that American Telephone and Telegraph Co. will provide full time coaxial cable service. . . . Education Is Marvelous Dept.: The POULTRY SHOW at Grand Central Palace advertises: "See baby chicks hatched before your eyes." WHAT, NO BEES!

The national RUDOLPH VALENTINO fan club, made up of former flappers, has replaced the idol of the roaring '20s with VINNI DE CAMPO, who is roaring 23 (years of age, that is). He's the new crooner of the KATE SMITH T. V. hour whose resemblance to Valentino is so close matrons stop him on the street thinking he's the great lover's ghost.

BEN BLUE'S opening at the Martinique was a riot and attracted many famous stars, among them were BUD ABBOTT and LOU COSTELLO here to do T. V., JERRY COLONNA, MAXIE ROSENBLOOM, NICK CONDOS (Wifie MARTHA RAYE was at home, baby sitting), LOU SPENCER, of the famous DUNHILLS, PEPY WIENER (big wine tycoon), PUPI CAMPO, mad-Latin band leader. The WHIPPOORWILLS who once were the Moonmists, drew tremendous applause and sent their love to EPPY DARLIN' PEARSON, as did ROBERTA LEE as do WE to all our Las Vegas friends whom we hope to see real soon. Watch for a SURPRISE when the LOU WALTERS LATIN QUARTER REVUE comes to the Desert Inn around February 19. . . . Bye, Darlings and Coooooooooo

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS:

(Continued from Page 26)

he spotted several pairs of eyes watching him, patiently waiting to see when the newcomer would become aware of the "gag" and open his eyes. . . . It was all a bit of an initiation for newcomer PETE HANSEN.

Last Minute News Items

On the romantic scene: TED BRISKIN, estranged husband of film star BETTY HUTTON, and JEAN WALLACE, ex-wife of FRANCHOT TONE, a new twosome at the Hollywood night spots! . . . CHARLES BLACK, SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S recent bridegroom, shopping for a house in the San Fernando Valley. Claims he wants SHIRLEY to live in HIS house . . . not her husband to live in HER house as was the case with JOHN AGAR. . . . Rumor has it that JUDY GARLAND will seek a quick Mexican divorce from VINCENT MINELLI so that she can marry SID LUFT, recently shed by his mate, LYNN BARI. Both JUDY and SID have been seeing quite a lot of each other out Hollywood way, and it's claimed

(Continued on Page 31)

The Story of the FBI

. . by J. EDGAR HOOVER
CHIEF OF THE BUREAU

BY 1934, the gangs had discovered that the rich days of the underworld's empire were passing. One by one, the gangland bosses were being given new forwarding addresses—prisons at Alcatraz, Atlanta, Leavenworth. And, backed by cooperating local officers and an aroused public, the FBI was sweeping the alleys of the underworld.

Newspapers headlined the violent deaths of "public enemies" who chose to fight it out, rather than surrender.

On July 22, 1934, John Dillinger was killed on a Chicago street, while resisting arrest. On October 22, 1934, "Pretty Boy" Floyd met death on an Ohio farm, while resisting federal arrest. On November 27, 1934, "Baby Face" Nelson, murderer of three FBI agents, was mortally wounded in a gun battle on an Illinois highway, while resisting arrest.

On January 8, 1935, Russell Gibson, member of the powerful Barker-Karpis gang, fell under a hail of lead in a Chicago alley, after he had fired at a special agent who demanded his surrender. On January 16, 1935, "Ma" and Fred Barker, leaders of the Barker-Karpis gang, who were hiding out in a Florida cottage, answered the agents' demand for surrender with bursts from Thompson sub-machine guns. The Barkers were killed in the gun battle.

On October 12, 1937, G-men were fired upon by members of the Brady gang at Bangor, Maine. An FBI agent was wounded by Alfred Brady and Clarence Shaffer were killed and the gang smashed. On October 7, 1938, Adam Richetti was executed in connection with the slaying of four law enforcement officers, including an FBI agent, in the "Kansas City Massacre." Vernon Miller, also wanted for the same crime, was clubbed and shot to death by underworld "pals" who, by that time, considered a federal fugitive of his type too dangerous to have around.

In the desperate war with the gang trigger men, several FBI agents lost their lives, but, the fearlessness of the agents in gun battles and their straight shooting, soon caused the word to be passed in underworld circles that it did pay to "shoot it out" with G-men.

Within three years after the FBI received general investigative jurisdiction over federal crimes, 11,153 persons had been arrested and convicted. Of these, 4897 were car thieves, 350 kidnapers and extortionists, and 152 bank robbers. Bank robberies dropped 75 per cent and—six years later—had gone down 95 per cent. The day and night work of determined investigators was driving the gangsters to cover. Their contacts were broken, communications disrupted. It became dangerous to "deal" with wanted criminals.

Not satisfied with the main figures in crime, FBI agents dug deeper for the doctors who "rebuilt" criminals' faces and tried, though unsuccessfully, to change telltale fingerprints. The FBI went after "fences" and business contacts who handled stolen bonds, cash and securities, the loot from car thefts, rings and stolen interstate shipments, and the "hot" bills from kidnapings.

Owners of gang hideouts, where notorius criminals and killers were knowingly harbored, received their share of attention. The underworld invented the term "G-heat" to describe the discomfort of pursuit by the FBI. No case was marked "closed" until the wrongdoer was detected, apprehended and brought to justice.

(Next week—"Threats From a New Sector.")

Marc Wilkinson
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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

ability with several Irish selections. SMILEY, well known local figure, gave forth with folk tunes performed on instruments made from kitchen utensils. Naturally, the "topper" of the show was the appearance of the "Poet of the Keyboard," CARMEN CAVALLERO. He makes notes breathe—that's all. A pleasant surprise was HERSHEY MARTIN, former drummer boy, now with M. C. A. He and Carmen had the joint jumping. We're certain a hearty vote of thanks was given to all who made the party possible.

Wonder why AL NISSELL, bachelor-owner of the Ladies' Sportswear Shop on Fremont Street, takes those frequent trips to L. A.? Practically every Saturday, after closing the shop, he rushes to board the plane and returns the following evening. The only reason we can think of is—**romance!** In fact, we expect Mr. Nissell to return with his bride one of these days—that is—when she says **yes.** . . . No matter where you've been, or how many sights you have seen, there is nothing that could compare with what we witnessed at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS last week. If a photographer had managed to snap the shutters, every newspaper in the country would have carried it on the front page. Squibbs prexy, VAN KIRK, was "indulging" at one of the tables, and having the time of his life. He had made an appointment with the barber for a shave. When the scheduled time arrived, he didn't want to leave. Instead, Kirk asked "DR." Eldon to come to him and work on the whiskers, while he continued his play. The task was difficult but the job was miraculously completed without any mishaps. Not even a "nick'." (Wonder if Squibbs shaving cream was used?) After this, there can never be any doubt in anyone's mind about Western hospitality. What a "Fabulous City." . . . It happened again—one of those sensational hands you usually just hear about. But, this time—we actually saw this miracle of chance. MRS. JESSIE, a housewife whose husband is a contractor in our town, picked up those jumping dominoes at the CLUB BINGO, last Saturday, and held on to them for 58 MINUTES. That's the exact time, estimated by MILTON PRELL, owner of the club. Period of time is so accurate because the dealers change stations every 20 minutes. Mrs. Jessie started when a certain dealer was on Station 1, and she relinquished the dice when the same dealer was on Station 3, with two minutes left before his 20 minute relief. The spectators would have made the subway rush in N. Y. C. seem tame by comparison. Everyone who was lucky enough to get near the table won a sizable sum. Mrs. Jessie, very happy indeed, counted her winnings which totaled $15.00. ME—I only watched. Oh, yes, to top everything, a beautiful blonde, playing Bingo in another part of the club, won the criss-cross game in 15 numbers, and received $200.00. Yes, sir, we know this lovely gal, too. Her name is ETTA and she is married to a guy called Cortez. Again, as before, we only watched—and **saw her pocket** the winnings. Mr. Prell paid—and—paid—and paid—Saturday night. . . . Here is a message to all of the dancers appearing at the various spots in town: If you notice a fellow watching your rehearsals, checking on your days off, and maybe sending you an orchid backstage, you don't have to wonder who he is. As of last week, Las Vegas welcomed back MAC KRIM, the polo-playing owner of the Krim Theatres in Detroit. Here is a playboy that is not only admired by the ladies, but well-liked by the men. Welcome "home," Mac. It's really good to see you around again. . . . Quite a few radio and t. v. salesmen come here to sell our Hotel Committee Men the idea of purchasing some time on their respective stations for publicity purposes. Through this medium, they claim we would get a higher increase of tourist trade. We aren't contradicting these gentlemen. They have a good idea. But, if such were the case, we could devise a radio show that would beat any they could posisbly dream up. Suppose we put on a broadcast every week, for an hour, featuring the headliners, currently appearing at the hotels. We're certain some network would pick it up and air it from coast to coast. We would reach millions and it would be a boon to our town. So, if it's a radio show, let's put on our own, which would be the envy of all networks. . . . HARRY SAVOY, the comedian of "Gambols of 1951," currently at the FLAMINGO HOTEL, tells a gag that we heartily enjoyed. Quote: "Vishinsky, Russian ambassador to the U. N., is ailing. **Probably something he agreed with is eating him!** . . . EPPY PEARSON, the genial manager of the CLUB BINGO'S BONANZA ROOM, turned in his resignation, effective Tuesday, Jan. 16. Eppy was hired by Mr. Prell eight months ago, to manage and book the shows in this room. The Grade A job he did was evidenced by the crowds that jammed this spot. Mr. Pearson did everything possible to make the patrons comfortable and is well liked by 99 and 9/10 per cent of the natives in

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 29)

our town. We are alowing the 1/10 per cent— just in case there is someone who isn't one of the majority. We are certain Eppy wil be missed and hope it won't be too long before he returns. Who knows, maybe he will come back as an attraction in one of our hotels? . . . PAY WYLAND and GARY PICKARD are a steady two-some with **that look** in their eyes. Pat is the de-lovely, employed by Western Airlines and Gary is program director for Radio Station KRAM. Both excel at their respective jobs, and would, in all probability, do all right if a life-long partnership were formed. C'mon kids—why waste time? . . . As of Saturday night, MILTON DEUTSCH, who was managing director of the LAST FRONTIER VILLAGE, is no longer employed by that hotel. We were very sorry to hear this. Milt was well-liked by all—but—apparently he couldn't get "show biz" out of his system. Before taking this job, Mr. Deutsch was in complete charge of the West Coast for A. B. C. (Associated Booking Corp.), and will probably be back at this job again. We wish him the very best of luck in whatever he decides to do. . . . CHARLES AXELROD, real estate operator of New York City (now at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL), will leave for the big town to start building the largest housing construction ever attempted by any one person—**at any time.** About three months ago he purchased four square blocks in the slum area of Harlem. The old buildings have been torn down. Now everything is ready for him to begin his life-long dream project, which, when completed, will be a "city within a city." There will be 1280 modern apartments, at low rentals. There will be room for approximately 6,000 people, with every modern convenience the architects can contrive. Mr. Axelrod has been here for that "six-week cure." Las Vegas impressed him so completely he promises to return as soon as possible. (Maybe to begin a similar project for our West Side). . . . LILLIAN LA NIER, lovely red-head with the "Gambols of 1951," is a duplicate of Jeanette McDonald, as J. M. was 15 years ago. Lillian is also just as talented. To POLA VAN ESSA, musical comedy ingenue in the same show, we offer our sincere congratulations. She was married the day before the opening, Wednesday, Jan. 3, to GEORGE MELLON (no relation to Andrew). The couple had a one-day honeymoon. The groom had to return home for business reasons. . . . This happened last week. On his day off, a dealer from one of our clubs, dropped in to the MONTE CARLO CLUB, Downtown, seeking some relaxation. He played 25c craps. Three hours later, he discovered he had won $6,000. Can you blame him for getting excited? Our blood pressure would have gone up quite a bit if we had experienced the same. Speaking of excitement, we visited FRED SOLY, general manager of the Monte Carlo, and saw Charles Axelrod, that millionaire real estate operator, playing the 25c slot machine. Mr. Axelrod hit four jackpots, netting him approximately $140.00. In this case, money was inconsequential. It was the thrill of seeing those bars line up in the proper places—and hear that voice shouting—"Jackpot!" So, if hitting jackpots can affect a man of wealth, you can just picture the enthusiasm of a $20.00 a day dealer, after spending three hours, and winning a year's salary of $6,000.00. . . . We took a trip out to where STAN HARRIS and his workmen are preparing the foundation for the 540 room, 5-story oval-shaped SARATOGA HOTEL (on Highway 91). We found out that Stan is accepting reservations for Thanksgiving dinner, Thursday, November 22, 1951—in the Saratoga. We certainly hope everything goes per schedule. . . . Whether or not he sells his BOND STREET SHOP, "dapper" LES BODER has to leave at the end of this month. After six years at this spot, Les was lured away by an offer to fill the job of vice president of the London Chain Stores in California. Good luck, fella. . . . Wonder if it was a coincidence when two miniature publications, rivals for first place in circulation, carried lovely LENA HORNE'S picture on their front covers? ("Quick," Jan. 8 and "People Today," Jan. 16). Lena is scheduled to co-star with Bert Lahr in a Broadway musical, opening next month. Motion picture studios are clamoring for her services and she can choose her own story. It pleases us to note that Miss Horne has caused Broadway and Hollywood producers to sit up and take notice. . . . The other evening we spoke with K. O. KNUDSEN and were shocked to learn that our very good friend, BILL HENRY, was seriously wounded in Korea. He is in a base hospital. According to reports, he lost an eye and has suffered other injuries, as well. Bill is a Navy man and was recalled to service last October, received a few weeks training and was shipped "over there." We are certain most of you remember this popular young man as a screen star and writer of "Ad Libs" for our mag for many months. He is engaged to the very lovely screen star-

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HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS:

(Continued from Page 27)

their dating began back in New York last August!

On the travel scene: Look for DAVID SELZNICK and JENNIFER JONES to depart these shores for Europe any week now if conditions permit. Now that JENNIFER has finished her film "CARRIE" for William Wyler, she is free to make another picture. Selznick, on the other hand, has several on the fire to be filmed abroad . . . and what more natural than that at least ONE should star his beautiful wife! . . . MARGARET WHITING, Capitol Records thrush, off to cheer the returning wounded vets at hospitals around the country. . . . HOPE EMERSON, currently appearing in Paramount's COPPER CANYON, off to New York next week for TV shows and to discuss the possibility of co-starring with FRANKLIN PANGBORN in a new Broadway musical.

Added "reelism": For the terrific earthquake sequence in Paramount's thriller "When Worlds Collide," the entire movie-set was built on rollers and hit with terrific force by a steam-ram. Players in the scene weren't told when and what would happen . . . and when it did . . . BROTHER, the fear on their faces isn't all acting! Several members of the cast found desks, file cabinets, chandeliers and what-not literally cov-

(Continued on page 32)

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

December 20 last:

"We are not blind to the need to preserve western civilization on the Continent of Europe, or to our cultural and religious ties to it. But the prime obligation of defense of Western Continental Europe rests upon the nations of Europe.

"The test is whether they have the spiritual force, the will and acceptance of unity among them by their own volition. America cannot create their spiritual forces; we cannot buy them with money."

Most of us remember when Britain was a great and prosperous nation, with interests in every city in the world, its navy the undisputed ruler of the seas—leader of all nations in literature, the arts, social and religious movements.

France once was forceful, brave, brilliant, a nation of fighters and leaders.

Socialism, stepping stone to communism, has taken both nations over. They have learned to expect something for nothing and their will to work is gone. Mr. Hoover fears, as we all should, that only by their own efforts will they ever again regain their virility as nations.

Mr. Hoover goes on:

"You can search all the history of mankind and there is no parallel to the effort and sacrifice we have made to elevate their spirit and to achieve their unity. To this date we have failed. Their minds are confused with fears and disunities. They exclude Spain, although she has the will and means to fight. They haggle with Germany although she is their frontier. They vacillate in the belief that they are in little danger and they hope to avoid again being a theatre of war. And Karl Marx has added to their confusions. They still suffer from battle shock. Their highly organized communist parties are a menace we must not ignore."

Red herrings?

Well, if any of you boys and girls have read thus far in Fabulous Las Vegas, I hope you will pardon me for taking so sober a subject. But I am remembering how Bolshevism treated the people of Russia following the Revolution. The first act of the bloodthirsty hordes was loot and rapine, followed by the murder of all the millions of "intellectuals" in which class you, of the entertainment world, are a large part.

You and I both, I take it, love our country as it is and have no stomach to meet destruction, disorder, starvation and the murder of millions of Americans.

Mr. Hoover hopes that Western Europe may yet be brought out of its bad dreams. If not we must make America stronger than we ever imagined a nation could be. But Hoover cannot be charged with being an isolationist, because for more than 40 years he has been a citizen of the world.

LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from Page 18)

demand attention while performing, they command it. . . . The JEAN DEVLYN DANCERS, seven pert, precision dancers, introduce two lovely routines, dressed in beautiful costumes. Featured in these numbers are TERRY TRUE and DOLORES FRAZZINI. AL DONAHUE and his ORK offer excellent backing and continue same for patron dancing . . . During intermissions, patrons enjoy the soothing music of DON BAKER at the organ. . . . For a show loaded with lots of entertainment, don't miss this one!

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 30)

let, localite BARBARA KNUDSEN. . . . COLE SWEENY, former singer with top-notch bands such as Kay Kyser, Carmen Cavallero, Shep Fields and Freddie Martin, is now working in the food concession at Mayfair Drugs. Cole has been in our town for two years and likes it well enough to remain, placing it above his desire to be in show biz. . . . Belated birthday greetings (January 7) to LES THURNBLAD, crack dealer at the FLAMINGO HOTEL. Les and his wife, MARGE, are two of our town's most popular "citizens." . . . Our condolences to MORTON SAIGER, "21" dealer at the SILVER SLIPPER SALOON. Father, Isaac, passed on, December 26, in L. A., after a long illness. When BALLARD BARRON, Morton's boss, heard of the loss, he purchased 15 trees, to be planted in Israel, bearing plaques, inscribed in this manner —"In Memory of Isaac Saiger." When the employes heard about it they "chipped in" and purchased 10 more, making the total 25. The love and respect accorded Morton by Mr. Barron and his friends is something he will long remember and cherish. . . . COLONEL AVELIN PAUL TACON JR., is the new C. O. of the NELLIS AIR FORCE BASE. The Colonel, now in full command, possesses an outstanding U. S. Air Force record. . . . "CARNEY," who operates the race book at the D. I. with BERNIE ROTHKOPF, will leave for Long Beach, California, with his lovely wife, "Tiny," sometime next week. The couple expect to spend four or five months there. We know they will be missed as much as they were while they were abroad with TONI and WILBUR CLARK. . . . A couple of years ago, WALTER WINCHELL aired an urgent message from Florida, pleading with someone to aid a desperately sick man, suffering from internal hemorrhages. A special type of blood was necessary. Immediately, all phone circuits in the country became congested, and Americans just couldn't seem to do enough to get help to the one who needed it. Airlines delayed planes that were southbound, in the event the right type of blood donor was found and hundreds of people crowded the hospital to have their blood typed. Finally, the donor was located and everyone breathed a prayer of thanks. Not one individual stopped to question the color or race of the ailing man. Each person was ready to assist, without query. We sincerely hope the day will arrive when ALL of humanity will share the same sentiments. THEN, AND ONLY THEN, will the nations of the world be able to live in peace -and that's for sure!

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS:

(Continued from Page 31)

ering them . . . but no one was hurt seriously.

Nancy Olson Inked for Feminine Lead of "Submarine Story"

Newcomer NANCY OLSON continues to add to the amazing record she's chalked up during her brief but extremely successful career on the Hollywood sound stages.

In her first four films, the taffy haired actress has co-starred opposite such stellar movie males as BING CROSBY, WILLIAM HOLDEN, BARRY FITZGERALD and RANDOLPH SCOTT. Now, Paramount bosses have handed her the feminine lead in "The Submarine Story," which headlines three top-flight actors — WILLIAM HOLDEN, JOHN LUND and WILLIAM BENDIX. The picture will deal with the adventures of the submarine crews during peace time and is scheduled to go before movie cameras late this month. John Farrow will handle the directorial chores—with Joseph Sistrom producing.

From the Hollywood Casting Offices

Young and beautiful RUTH HUSSEY takes over the most unique role of her career when she steps onto the Paramount lot to portray JERRY LEWIS' mother in the Hal Wallis comedy, "That's My Boy." Miss Hussey will enact the part of an ex-swimming champ, with Lewis emoting as her weakling son. DEAN MARTIN, Jerry's partner in comedy, will play Lewis' college pal in the venture.

MINNA GOMBELL, one-time "tough blonde" of the screen, gets a change of pace in Frank Capra's "Here Comes the Groom." In the forthcoming BING CROSBY starrer, she will play a Boston society woman . . . ALAN REED, the versatile character actor, will be seen as Miss Gombell's husband, the impresario of the Boston Symphony . . . By the way, Crosby will be grey-at-the-temples for his role of an American newspaperman in the Capra film. The "greyness" is intended to establish the fact that Bing's portraying a gent in his late 30's.

A Chicago girl sued for annulment of her marriage on the grounds of fraud. She said her husband pretended to be a $40-a-day bricklayer when he was only a banker.

Marriage isn't such a bad institution for a man—after he has become a trusty.

DOWNTOWN:

(Continued from Page 17)

Wally takes over in the ballad department. . . . If you thought there was action in the Monte Carlo Club before, you ought to go into the place now since they added the new slot machines to what they already had to bring it up to a total of 100 slots. One hundred machines, most of them in constant action, set up a din throughout the club like the assembly room of a busy boiler factory, with jack-pots falling every few seconds or so. . . . Rex Bell's Western Store should be open by next week again, only this time he will be on Fremont Street in the new Friedman Bldg. His shop will be next door to Jonbach's Shoe Store, which opened just a few weeks ago. This move should bring about a nice improvement in Rex's business, being on the main street instead of the side street. Foot traffic past a front window is great advertisement. I was in the old shop the other day to talk to the boys and watching him tear out the old fixtures one could well re-name him "Rex the Ripper." Crow-bar in one hand, hammer in the other and dust and dirt from his dome to his "D" widths. It was easy to understand why this man, Rex, has attained success in practically all he has undertaken. . . . How do you like the new decorations in Howard's Apache Bar at Fremont and Second Street? Those are **clouds** that the body beautiful is reclining upon, or had you noticed as yet? At first glance I took them to be various lips in various stages of various puckers! Some of 'em would've made a super smootch, I admit. The place looked as naked as a new born robin after the holiday hassle was removed, but with the new decor the festive feeling becomes perpetual. Yep! The Howards know their business when it comes to making their customers feel at ease and maintain interest. . . . Although a week late I'd like to offer birthday bows to Dick Sheridan of the Boulder Club Race Book who was "thumphengigsy" years old last Saturday, Jan. 6th. Anyway, that's what it sounded like he said so I asked him again, to which he replied that he had at least an "eight length lead on the pack." I figured I'd better forget about the question. Dick is a natural born comedian and has the entire group in the palm of his hand when he is out among friends, of which he has plenty! Many happy mutuals, Richard! . . . As long as I'm in a congratulatory mood, I'd like to offer my best to the newly established Mr. and Mrs. Ed Parham who were **bitten** a few weeks ago and **knotted** a few nights ago. She is the former Miss Dorothy Gunn, who came to Vegas a few weeks ago to establish an office of the Graphic House, a news service agency out of Hollywood. Dotty says that there is actually more ready material right here in Vegas than there is in Hollywood. It might be said that she really found some ready material when she met Ed and the two of them fell into that bottomless pit from which many never return. That pit of "love," into which the deeper you fall the brighter it becomes. Then it becomes the well of happiness and those at the bottom are to be envied. Ed plans to take a week off from his duties as tennis pro at the Desert Inn for a honeymoon into Mexico for him and Dotty. Man, do I feel sentimental right now! Wow! . . . Speaking of the Desert Inn, a new musical group opened there last week by the name of The Instrumentalists and they are just that, too, believe you me. There are only three of them in the group but in the course of the evening, or even in the course of one tune they will utilize over a dozen instruments; swapping back and forth as the arrangement calls. The fellows have been together for around seven years so you can imagine what arrangements they have. . . . Bud Woolsey, ex-Talk O' the Town man, is now operating the Strip on the strip, having bought the lease from Gene Mignon just recently. Bud reopened last Monday night, so all of you who go for Bud's brand of humor will be able to find him there nightly from here on in. Good luck, Bud. . . . I don't know! Maybe I need some of Lydia Pinkham's Pepper-upper Pellets or something but I can't seem to keep my eyes open here lately. I mean even on the nights I do get to go to bed like an ordinary human being I'm still a dead dodo all next day. Of course for a couple of nights before the dead-line, that bed of mine is merely a fixture of furniture around my apartment that I might use to lay my jacket on for a while. When I do turn down the bed I have to **bend** the blankets back, they have become so used to being in one position. At least that's the way it seems! On the other hand, when I **do** get time to just sit around the place, it drives me nuts, I get so lonesome, so out I go to wander around the places I know and the faces I know. Sahelluva life, but interesting. In this instance, as soon as I get this bit of literary ingenuity over to the printer it's back home and sack-time for son John, 'cause I've banged my beezer on the Underwood too many times while I wrote it, what with the nodding head and the half mast eyelids. . . . Sia nex weke . . . JOHNNY.

EL RANCHO VEGAS

(Continued from Page 18)

air and nowhere, are very humorous and amazing to behold. Without knowing what is happening, some of the audience is brought into the act. We still maintain that Gali-Gali is one of the finest magicians in the country. . . . On the same bill is CLIFF FERRE, your capable m. c. who does a good job in that capacity. We especially enjoyed his opening and closing singing numbers. . . . The GEORGE MORO-RUTH LANDIS dancers really "hit the bell" this time with two new and excellent routines. NANCY WILLIAMS is the lovely Miss, featured in the colorful Spanish number. . . . HENRY BUSSE and his ork supply good background music for the acts, and continue same for patron dancing. . . . GUY LANDIS and JIMMY DE STEFANO, bass and accordion, are the "roving troubadours" who play your requests during intermission.

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 18)

tained by the audiences. Here is a production that everyone, no matter the age group, will enjoy. . . . HARRY SAVOY, the "Prime Minister of Mirth" is just that. . . . KARL and KING, two young men, expert in the art of ventriloquism, present extraordinary voice manipulation. They start their act with two dummies and wind it up with six, with a different voice for each. This accomplishment amazed us so much, we didn't know whether to watch the dummies or the boys. The FLORA BELLES are eight beautiful girls who sing magnificently and dance like "champions." We enjoyed their number, "The Wheel of Fortune," in which each girl represents a game of chance. . . . The ASIA BROTHERS are held over. They are three Orientals who do amazing feats in the art of balancing. . . . The HARMONEERS are a quartet who live up to their chosen name, and present good harmonizing — "Barber Shop Style." . . . A French "Can-Can" number, done by the KINGS and their LADIES, is very colorful and features BUDDY and CANDYCE KING. . . . There is so much more we could mention, but, because we simply don't have enough space to give complete justice, we'll just say, "go and see the 'Gambols of 1951.' We are certain you will agree that you saw a show, worthy of a Broadway theatre, at $4.40 a seat." . . . Oh, yes, we can't conclude this review without complimenting and welcoming home BILL CLIFFORD and his fine aggregation of musicians. The excellent backing of Mr. Clifford's Ork has a lot to do with the success of this 100% all-music, fast-moving production. It's also a treat for the eyes, and ears, to see blonderful MARY MARSHALL on the podium again, singing your favorite tunes as only she can. CHUY REYES and HIS LATIN-AMERICAN ORK are the men who make that MURAL ROOM "bounce."

DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 19)

many others, has added impact. With his dazzling smile, superb voice and remarkable presentation, Billy Eckstine holds the audience in a vise-like grip and doesn't release the pressure until his final beg-off. . . . On the same bill, in the supporting spot is a newcomer to show biz, comedian PAUL GILBERT. His material has an original brand of humor and his gags loaded with comedy. He is of top-notch caliber and has you chuckling right into the next act. Paul surprises all with his amazing feats in acrobatic, with humor added and sings a good song too—but injects some good comedy in his selections. In other words: How talented can any ONE person be? Yes sir, **Paul Gilbert** has a heck of a future in show biz and that's for sure . . . The PEGGY TAYLOR TRIO are an Apache dancing group who introduce some smoth tricks to tango rhythm. Act consists of two guys and a gal (Peggy) who is tossed about like a flapjack—but lands where she's supposed to. Their routines are as smooth as satin and are grace personified . . . THE ARDEN-FLETCHER DANCERS introduce two new routines attired in exquisite costumes. JOHNNY BOSWORTH is the m.c. and also does the vocalizing in the production numbers. Rich backing for the show is provided by CARLTON HAYES ORK, who certainly hold the record for long engagements in our town, more than two years —these excellent musicians are a top aggregation!

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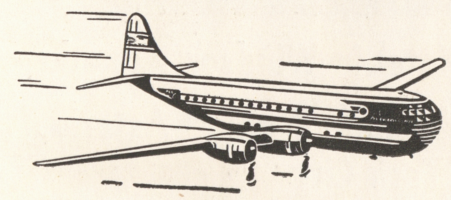
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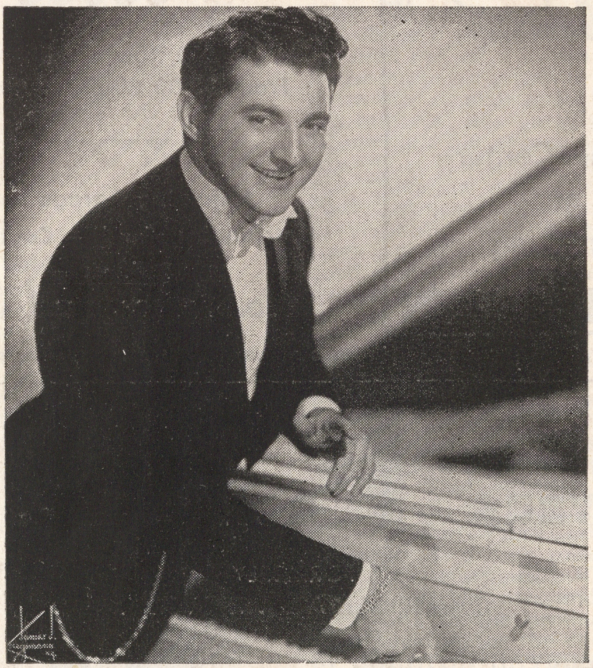


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