Jack Burby's

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PODNER !

"Fabulous"
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popular
businessman
and rancher

(See story on page 13)



Etching by J. Craig Hille

January 20, 1951

15¢

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ALFONSO BERGE

TOMMY DOWD

CLIFF FERRE

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Last Frontier Village



PUBLISHED WEEKLY **VOL. 2, NO. 40**

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

Subscriptions $5.00 per year

ART DEPARTMENT

LOUISE & IRV STONE — Designs Unlimited

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

FRED BARSTOW

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Jack Burtez'
FABULOUS LAS VEGAS
HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 2 JANUARY 20, 1951 NUMBER 40

OBSERVATIONS . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

LIBRARY FUND BALL

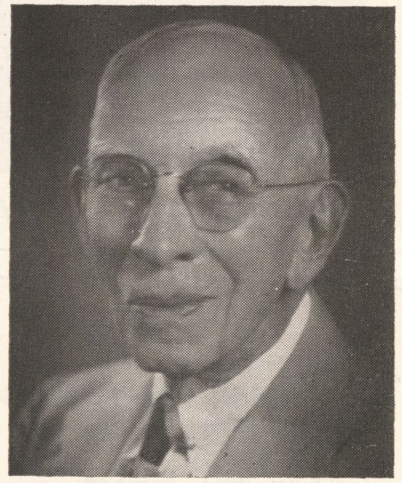
THE ball for the benefit of the Las Vegas Public Library fund was one of the outstanding financial and social events of recent years. The ladies in charge, Mrs. Ballard E. Barron and Mrs. C. Norman Cornwall, gave much of their time, efforts and talents to the affair, making it a grand success, with something like 1,400 persons in attendance. The financial returns amounted to something like $5,000, completing the sum necessary to insure building of the new building.

Delphine and I, naturally, are much interested in Las Vegas Public Library. Delphine was, as I remember it, responsible for the first beginnings of the public library movement. She served as a member of the library board for more than 30 years. The late Mrs. Walter Bracken was the second member of the little group which gave long service to the infant library.

These women succeeded in getting the Board of Las Vegas City Commissioners to appropriate the handsome sum of $75.00 per month to pay the salary of a librarian and buy books.

Attorney Art Ham, still one of the leading attorneys of Las Vegas, and Ed. E. Smith, locomotive engineer, became members of the library board and gave faithful service for many years.

Ed Smith drove the locomotive which brought the first regular passenger train into Las Vegas, May 1, 1905. He later became a member of the state senate from Clark county and was prominent in various things. He died about 25 years ago and his will left $1,000 to the Las Vegas Library fund, on condition that the City Commissioners would match that sum. It was a hard tussle, but the city board finally managed it.



Much credit for the success of the ball is due to Bill Moore and his associates in Hotel Last Frontier, who donated the use of the beautiful, new Silver Slipper Ball Room. It is a grand auditorium and ballroom and fills the bill especially for large conventions, for which, heretofore, there have been no adequate accommodations in Las Vegas.

Las Vegas Race Track

It was unfortunate that the great project being built by Las Vegas Thoroughbred Racing Association was caught in the controversy between two other interests, in which it had no part. It does seem that anything really worth while must have its share of grief.

Really the work stoppage, beginning December 20 and ending on January 12, came at the very time when delay in construction of the great enterprise caused the least damage. The two weeks

(Continued on Page 29)

NOW

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OPENING JANUARY 24

The Topnotchers

"Musical Jamboree"

★ ★ ★

LOTUS WING

"Beauty of the Orient"



STAN JASON TRIO

★ ★ ★

PAULA D'ARCY

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SUNDAY—MONDAY—TUESDAY

JACKPOT

JAMES STEWART—BARBARA HALE

WALK SOFTLY, STRANGER

JOSEPH COTTEN—VALLI

VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER

POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS



(Editor's Note: A few weeks ago we asked which was the most crucial year of marriage. Mr. Scherer chose to answer the above query in verse.)

There is no crucial year or hour.
But there is a problem—i. e.—

Marriage is what you make it
When you can't hold or shake it
And you find you can't take it
Your problem is to break it.

AUTUMN

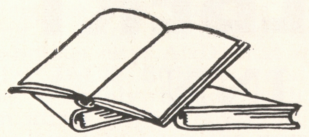
Summer nights, then autumn days
With foliage all ablaze
Winter days will slowly go
Too soon, summer hours flow.

THE LIFE SAVER

If some dunce didn't drop out of grade school
And get a business going
Who would employ all the learned graduates
That make such a showing?

ON YOUR FEET AGAIN

Stay on your feet and keep on trying
When going's rough, there's no use crying.
Do not worry if your shoes get thin,
When they're gone, you're on your feet again.



ACAPULCO

Oh! Young and old take my advice
Build a house in Paradise
Acapulco's the building site
A Shangri-La with bold delight.

A place God has designed for love
Where strand reflects the stars above
A turquoise sea on silver sand
Lends beauty to this gracious land.

A gilded moon shines super fine
O'er gaudy blossoms on the vine
Romantic voices hum and croon
While guitars play a native tune

Acapulco, where lovers sigh
Rest in peace 'neath a lazy sky
My Acapulco, don't you cry
If I am with you, when I die.

FIRST ENGAGEMENT IN LAS VEGAS

and Coming Back Soon (to Get Even)

HONEST -- IT'S BEEN GREAT



—PHOTO BY KURT THORMANN

PAUL GILBERT

DESERT INN

Many thanks to our new friends

THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ

WELL, our buddy, HERB McDONALD, has done it again! He is now Promotion Manager of the LAST FRONTIER VILLAGE, succeeding MILTON DEUTSCH, who resigned two weeks ago, in order to go back to his "first love," as an Artist's Representative (agent). Mr. McDonald's continuous rise, since he came to our town five years ago, is truly phenomenal. Herb was the Publicity Director for Music Corporation of America for the West Coast. He fell in love with our town, during a visit, and decided to remain. MILTON PRELL hired him as the Advertising Manager and booker of shows for the CLUB BINGO. He remained in this capacity for two years, then went over to the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS as Director of Public Relations. A few months ago he was advanced to the position of Assistant Manager, retaining his other duties. Herb resides at 1814 South 7th street with his very lovely wife, PHYLLIS, and their two children, GREGORY, 3½ years, and CHERRYL, 10 months. We know Herb will do his utmost at his new job and wish him all the luck in the world.

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! The Review-Journal was correct in quoting BOB GANS, concerning his views on the Atom Bomb, to be tested in Southern Nevada. However, the periodical listed Bob as a "21" dealer. Sorry! Correction please! Mr. Gans is **still a Pit Manager.** Now his friends will no longer have to show concern. Bob is still "top brass" at the HOTEL FLAMINGO. . . . ARTHUR ROZEN is back in town after an extensive (and expensive) buying trip to Detroit. He purchased many cars and will open a used car lot on North Main street, opposite the Shamrock Hotel. Art has a wide range of friends and acquaintances and should prove to be real competition when he opens the doors to his new venture. . . . It's certainly great to see so many of our locals and tourists patronizing LA RUE, America's most beautiful restaurant. The food served at this bistro is exceptionally good. They are now featuring $3.00 dinners. The captains and waiters are very courteous and do everything to bring continental charm to our fabulous city. AND, that music played by JACK SCHOLL and his GYPSIES certainly blends with the European atmosphere. They play anything you want to hear, the way you want to hear it. Each member of the group is truly an artist and excels at his respective instrument. We enjoy the playing of PAUL GARDOS, the pianist-accordionist. Your hosts, NOLA HAHN and STEVE PAPPAS, are always on the job, making certain your evening at LA RUE is a pleasurable one. . . . Walter Winchell's Sunday night broadcast (a few weeks ago) started a flood of conjectures as to the possibility of Miami Beach hotels being requisitioned by the Army for rehabilitation of returning Korean veterans. When leading hotel owners were questioned about this supposition, they stated it was a small enough sacrifice, compared to what our boys were doing "over there." However, as yet, there is nothing official from Washington. . . . The KINGS and their LADIES close at the FLAMINGO HOTEL on February 7th and open at the CLOVER CLUB in Miami Beach, Fla., February 14. . . . We are pleased to report that BILL CLIFFORD and his ORK have been held over until the 21st of February. . . . MYSTERY OF THE WEEK: We understand he is in town—but not one person seems to know where he is hiding. How is it possible for the famous, party-throwing, "Asbestos King," TOMMY MANVILLE to go unrecognized? Could his visit mean a divorce from wife Number 9 or 10 or 11? (We've lost count). . . . CARMEN CAVALLARO was a very disappointed man when he learned his lovely wife, WANDA, was unable to visit him last week-end. She offered **three excuses:** Dolores—14 years—Paul—7 years—and Anita—two years old. Mrs. C. couldn't locate a week-end baby-sitter. Well, maybe this Saturday, Carmen. . . . Practically everyone is interested in the future race book on the Santa Anita Handicap, to be run on Saturday, March 3, 1951. Well, you can find the listing of all the horses (57 of them) at the FRONTIER TURF CLUB, downtown. The board is always on the wall with quotations posted at all times. Pay or play with PERRY, AL or JOE, the betting commissioners of this popular club. Don't forget their slogan on daily races: "Fifty cents and up. No bet too small or too large." If it's action you want, these sports-minded guys are very accommodating. . . . MILTON PRELL, owner of the CLUB BINGO, tossed a farewell shindig for EPPY PEARSON, his departing manager of the BONANZA ROOM. The affair was a highly successful one and drew the many friends and fans that Eppy made, during his eight-month stay at this club. Unfortunately,

(Continued on Page 20)

Looking for Action?

SKY'S THE LIMIT WITH...

HYMIE MILLER and **BILL RUBIN**

(FORMERLY AT THE ELDORADO CLUB)

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APACHE BAR
PAT AND MATT
Corner Second and Fremont

THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY



I'VE been listening to the amateur hours on the radio for a long time and I've come to the conclusion that the only number amateur violinists know is "The Bee." And another song that is a "must" in this kind of a program is "The St. Louis Blues." I've never heard one without it. I've listened to it being played on harmonicas, zithers, wash boards, piano, bickle pumps, balloons, saws, in fact, you name it and I've heard them play it . . . but the "tops" in musical endeavors, as far as "The St. Louis Blues" is concerned, happened a few nights ago when an amateur played it by hitting himself on the top of his head with a hammer. This is not a "gag." It's the truth. The announcer didn't explain whether the sound came from the hammer, or the fellow's head. I kinda think it must have come from the hammer because a fellow who didn't have any more sense than to do that must have a head that is so hollow, it would only give out one note. There must be more notes than that in "The St. Louis Blues."

Speaking of radio, there was a show here in Hollywood, called "Humans Are Peculiar" or some such thing. For a "gag" one night they gave a fellow 10 $5.00 bills. He was to go down on Vine street and try to sell them for a dollar each and for every one he sold in 15 minutes, the program would give him $10.00 when he got back. They sent another fellow with him. They went to the corner of Hollywood and Vine street in Hollywood, returning in the allotted time. Do you know how many he sold? Huh uh . . . one.

I was up by the school on South Fifth street the other day when "school let out." I watched the uniformed policeman there helping the kids cross the street, 'n I got to thinking . . . those uniformed policemen are the "unsung heroes" of the Police Department. Their work is about as glamorous as a woman without makeup. They are heroes to none except to those kids they "big brother" across the street. Helping the kids during the crossing hours is only part of their job. In between, they are called on to do everything from chasing a drunk driver down the street to taking their life in their hands and capture a man in the act of holding up a place of business, or settling a family quarrel, yet they are as gentle with those kids as if they were their own. It's not a high-paying job, this work horse of the police force, so I guess they must like the work, for I can't imagine anyone in any other line of work risking their life one minute and "guardian angeling" kids the next for a pay check of around $250.00 a month. I know what I'm talking about. I used to be on the police force.

He: "Whisper those three little words that will make me walk on air."
She: "Go hang yourself."

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ANOTHER

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DOWNTOWN . . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN



On the front cover of this week's magazine is your friend and mine, REX BELL, popular local business man and rancher. In his original etching, Mr. Hill has captured the true character of Rex, making it easy for all to see why his friends range from the most important people of the nation down through you and me. Rex and I have been acquaintance for years but not until I sat down to gather information for this item did I get to know the real Rex Bell. Let's look at a little of his story. Rex was born in the early part of our century in Chicago, Illinois, where his dad was the owner-operator of the largest horse stables in town. He was the fellow who supplied the railroads and other large operations with the horse-power needed for their work. Along came progress, and mechanical horse-power, which forced Mr. Bell to sell out his power-horse business and move to California where he went into the building business. This was in the year of 1915 and by now Rex was big enough to wield a saw and hammer to good advantage, so he became a carpenter and worked along with his Dad. After graduating from Hollywood High School in 1923 Rex went to work for the George L. Eastman Bldg. Co. and within a couple of years was handling the estimates for the concern as well as doing a lot of traveling for the company. In his traveling and selling Rex was put into contact with the motion picture studios quite often and it was in 1928 that he went to work for Fox Studios, playing in westerns, along with Buck Jones. After a year of doing supporting roles, he proved to be such a natural on a horse, and in western roles, that he was starred for the next 8 years, after which he retired to raising cattle on his Walking Box Ranch in Searchlight, Nev., which he had bought in 1930. 1931 was the year Rex married the "IT" girl, Clara Bow, who was the super sex sensation of the screen at that time. They have two sons who attend the Elsinore Naval and Military Academy located at Lake Elsinore in California. Tony was 16 last December and his younger brother, George, will be 13 next June. Rex returned to pictures in 1941 for Harry Sherman, who made all the "Hoppy" pix. The picture was "Tombstone," in which Richard Dix and Rex co-starred as the infamous Earp brothers, Wyatt and Virgil. The last picture made by Rex was with his old friend, Buck Jones, with a verbal contract to do a series of westerns on Buck's return from a vacation in the East. However, Fate took a terrible hand and counted Buck Jones as one of the victims of the unfortunate Coconut Grove fire in 1943. For the next three years Rex operated his cattle ranch for the most part but still found time to run for U. S. Congress in 1944, losing a close race to Berkeley Bunker. Finally, after much prompting from friends, Rex opened a store for sports and western wear in Las Vegas. This was at 118 North 3rd street, a location he has occupied for the past four years along with his brother, Hod, who is a full partner and general manager of the business. Rex is kept pretty busy what with television commitments in Los Angeles where he has a weekly Sunday show over KECA-TV on ABC, as well as his western pix being revived and shown on all stations. For the past two years Rex has been the president of the Boulder Dam Council of Boy Scouts of America, which has under its jurisdiction well over 1,500 boys in an area covering parts of Nevada, Arizona and California. This position has been a great source of satisfaction to Rex Bell, a man who will always be a boy at heart. Never too great nor important to recognize and appreciate the little things in life, and holder of an undying sense of humor. This brings you and me up to date on the man on our cover this week: Rex Bell, the man, sportsman, humanitarian, businessman, actor, builder, organizer, politician and . . . friendly cowboy! This week marks the move of Rex

(Continued on Page 30)

THANK YOU! . . . THANK YOU!



For Your Overwhelming Response! You Certainly Made Us Very Happy at the Club Bingo—

See You Soon!

EDDIE – AL – FRANK

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DESERT FURNITURE AND CARPET COMPANY . . .

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BILL MARTIN—Your M.C.

MAURICE PELLISSIER

THE BAND OF COMMAND

PHONE 1633

WATCHBIRDS

. . by SIR JODY and LADY MICHAEL

THE cold New York scene: Thousands of people cramming Grand Central Station and LaGuardia Airport bound for their annual two weeks in Miami's dubious sunshine, and on the streets here and there a deep tanned face in the crowd of pallid Manhattanites, the badge of those who had already BEEN THERE, and among them FRANK SENNES, booking agent for the DESERT INN, who sneaked his tan in from LAS VEGAS.

THE OPENING SCENE: DANNY THOMAS' COPACABANA opening was toooo much to bear. One of the toppers in his field, with more class than most, Danny had them literally screaming for more when he was back in his dressing room. The rest of the show is great, especially MADAME BERTHE'S new gowns for the Copa lovelies. Madame Berthe executes most of the gorgeous creations you see in the top shows around the country. . . . Glamorous JULIE WILSON'S opening at the ST. REGIS MAISONETTE was no less than sensational. Her NEW material and wardrobe has the town raving.

SEEN ON THE SCENE AT TOOTS SHOR'S: DANE CLARK of the movies, FRANK GALLUP of the airwaves, JACK EIGEN of the GUEST ROOM and JOYCE MATTHEWS BERLE, who is supposed to be in Miami remarrying Milton for the 'steenth time.

MIDDLE AISLE SCENE: Comic strip Joe Palooka's father, HAM FISHER, has that "I do" look in his eyes. . . . JACK BARRY, of radio's Juvenile Jury, and LILLIAN MOORE, will swear to love, honor, and cherish any day now. Incidentally, Jack gave Lillian a pair of breeding monks as an Xmas gift—OPTIMIST! . . . Insiders have info that BARBARA STANWYCK and ROBERT TAYLOR have come to their senses—and have that second honeymoon look.

WHAT'S WITH — the VAN HEFLINS? She's EX-TEX NEAL of the Broadway shows . . . RAY MACDONALD, who flitted about the RAMONA ROOM at the THUNDERBIRD last summer with his partner, cute PEGGY RYAN, is begging his estranged wife, ELIZABETH FRASER, to call off the divorce. . . . One-half of a brand new comedy team IS that-a-way about a certain showgirl while his wife and brand new baby are taking it to the divorce court. . . . It seems LIZ TAYLOR can't get along with ANY ONE—she left her parents' home after a large



quarrel and is seeking her own apartment. Tsk. Tsk. Her romance with her current director is BLAZING!

TEMPUS SURE DOES FUGIT DEPT.: MARLENE DIETRICH pramming her youngest grandchild in Central Park while her eldest clings to the skirt that clings to her gorgeous gams. . . . And WESLEY RUGGLES JR., son of ARLINE JUDGE, enters Notre Dame next month.

LAUGH OF THE WEEK: They were talking about the time that JOANNE DRU worked as a dancer in a Broadway show—and her romance at the time was the producer. He was so enamoured of her that he even sent her to his dentist and paid her bill. One day he learned that she was dating a poor, but talented singer, and became so angry that he notified the stage manager to deduct so much from Joanne's salary every week until he was paid back for the dentist's bill. He explained—"Nobdy is going to laugh at me with my own teeth."

CUFF NOTES: SONJA HENIE will do the Charleston—on SKATES when her ice show opens at Madison Square Garden next week . . . FRANKIE LAINE and the KEAN SISTERS open at the COPA when Danny Thomas bows out. . . . DICK HAYMES into the FABULOUS FLAMINGO January 26. . . . Beloved PAT O'BRIEN back in N. Y. for T. V. and to ready his act for a tour of top clubs around the country. . . . KAJA SUNDSTEN, the brand new MRS. BURGESS MERE-

(Continued on Page 29)

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

. . . by JACK CORTEZ



★ El Rancho Vegas

January 17 through January 30

CONSTANCE MOORE, the lovely talented star of stage, screen and radio, is the headliner of the show in the ROUND-UP ROOM. Not too long ago, we saw her in a Broadway production and it is definitely a treat to see and hear Miss Moore again. This striking songstress certainly impressed the first nighters as a wonderful showman. She handles her special material and popular tunes with lots of style. Constance Moore is simply terrific—and that's for sure . . . On the same bill is that famous Frenchman, ALPHONSE BERGE, who does more with remnants than anyone else we've ever watched. With his three lovely models, Mr. Berge designs and drapes the gals in gorgeous gowns that could offer some competition to a Hattie Carnegie original. A suggestion to the women: It would be worth your while to try to get him to teach you his amazing secrets . . . TOMMY DOWD is a clever and witty magician who does many tricks, accompanied with some clever chatter. This is his third

(Continued on Page 28)

★ 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 nightclub, 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 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 28)

★ 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 is drawing 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, maintained by

(Continued on Page 27)

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

January 23 through February 5
(Not a review)

CONNEE BOSWELL, America's lovely "First Lady of Song," is being brought back to the PAINTED DESERT ROOM, by popular demand. Miss Boswell was cited by national polls (twice) as "America's No. 1 Female Vocalist." This famous gal will sing blues, spirituals, ballads, rhythm, and even Western tunes . . . Sharing headline honors is Hollywood's favorite comic, BILLY VINE, hailed as a bright comedy star. Billy has been in Las Vegas twice before. We guarantee his fans are anxiously awaiting this engagement . . . On the same bill is that great novelty acrobatic act, the LAMBERTS . . . Gracing the stage with their dance production numbers, are the lovely ARDEN-FLETCHER dancers with JOHNNY BOSWORTH, the singing master of ceremonies . . . Backing the show is the very capable CARLTON HAYES and his master musicians . . . Upstairs in the beautiful Skyroom, TED MOSSMAN, pianist-composer, entertains with music as you like it . . . Downstairs in the casino, it's that favorite "SNOOPER" ROGERS, who alternates at the LADY LUCK BAR with the INSTRUMENTALISTS . . . BILLY ECKSTINE, the sensational recording star, stars in the current bill, ending January 22. On the same bill is PAUL GILBERT, the very popular new comedian and the famous adagio team, THE PEGGY TAYLOR TRIO.

★ Thunderbird Hotel

January 18 through January 31
(Not a review)

THE WEAVERS, three men and a lovely Miss, are the headliners of this miniature revue, presented in the NAVAJO ROOM. Just in from N. Y. C. where they experienced enormous success, the quartet is hitting on "8" supercharged cylinders. Just in case you

(Continued on Page 27)

★ Club Bingo

January 14 through February 3

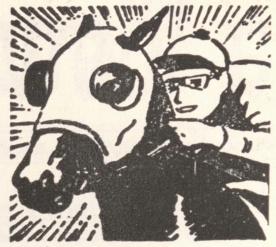
THE TOPNOTCHERS, Al, Eddie and Frank, are back again and the BONANZA ROOM **has them!** We're certain the Club Bingo has one of the hottest and roaringest musical combos in show biz today! The act contains lots of music, loads of comedy and something many outfits to strive to have—that is TALENT! Just back from Hawaii, the Top-Notchers enjoyed a long and very successful engagement on that Island of Romance. They are truly a great trio, guaranteed to put a smile on your lips and laughter in your hearts . . . On the same bill is that beautiful Oriental, LOTUS WING, who dances in scant garb, after performing a semi-strip. Words are inadequate as descriptions go. You just have to see her . . . JAY SALERNO, formerly with the BOBBY TRUE TRIO, is the new m.c. in the room. He starts a couple of numbers to start the show rolling and keeps it moving at a fast pace . . . MIKE WERNER

(Continued on Page 25)

★ Silver Slipper Saloon

If you are sorry you were born too late to watch the enactment of the heroine, fighting off the advances of the merciless landlord, you can wipe that frown from your face. Pick yourself up and get over to the SILVER SLIPPER SALOON and GAMBLING HALL and **hiss the nasty old villain to your heart's content . . .** With intent to carry out their policy of being different, the management is now staging old-time melodramas. You will thoroughly enjoy "Please Marry My Nellie," and "A Drunkard's Revenge." (LYLE CLARK PRODUCTIONS) . . . Featured in these presentations are LIZ SLIFER, EMILY HEATH, RICK DAVIS and JOHN SHEPODD . . . Added attractions are JAMES CAVANAUGH, GERRY KNOX, STEVE O'NEIL, SILVER SLIPPER QUARTET, GEORGE REDMAN, TURK MURPHY BAND, BUSTER HALLET and BOB LAINE . . . If it's a good mood you're after, drop in and watch these antics. You'll enjoy them.

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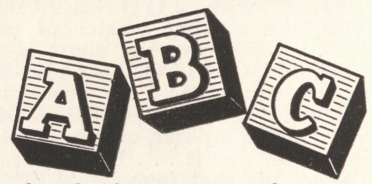
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DEAR MOM . . .

. . . by MARDIE ROGERS

DEAR MOM: Have just finished the remaining chores of "my day." Defrosted the Frigidaire, sprayed the clothes closet just in case it's spawning season for "silverfish," watered the ivy which is now growing as fast as my guy's hair, thanks to the plant conditioner you sent me, so now, if I write a long letter, with several rest periods to indulge in coffee and cigarets, I should be able to eliminate the thought of doing any more housework for the night. Guess I just was never built for domesticity.

You are absolutely right, Mom, when you say things would be so much easier for me if I only had a "system" . . to quote you, "Clean things up as you go along!" Guess I'll never learn. Every night after dinner, if it were necessary, I could take inventory of every item I own in the kitchen, as it's right there in front of me. Knives, forks, spoons, dishes, kettles, pots and pans leer at me from every nook and cranny with careless (and I do mean careless) abandon. The only utensil that wasn't on display tonight was the meat grinder and that's 'cause I was starting a new week and had nothing left over to make hash! I really shouldn't complain, though, 'cause some people haven't got a pot to cook in, and I'm loaded! Three hours since dinner have passed, however, and the "jernt" is now spic 'n span as it should be and I shall now concentrate on this letter to you.

Las Vegas has been a busy one this past week. There was a big celebration held in the ballroom of the Silver Slipper to officially announce the building of a library for the townsfolk, and from all I could gather it will really be something! Everybody, big or small, directly or indirectly connected with it, joined in the festivities from the Governor and his Lady, right on down. I wasn't there but from the transcription I heard of the affair over the radio the event was a huge success . . . socially and financially. This town is advancing so rapidly that it's hard to keep up with it. Seems like every day I wake up something new in the line of improvement is happening. Wish you and Pop would give it a visit, just to prove to yourselves that I'm not prejudiced! They are making it mighty hard for Las Vegans to find an excuse to leave town for any form of diversion, 'cause it's to be found right in their own back yard.

An item that had me agog this week,



too, was the fact that the Little Theatre Group will soon be under way again, only bigger and better than ever! This is a civic group composed of localites who have smell of grease paint in veins and are devotees of the drama or comedy or what have you. The production and direction is under the capable hands of Richard Mansfield, who is not exactly a newcomer here, having acted in the same capacity a few seasons back. Thanks to the cooperation of Bill Moore, of Last Frontier fame, the plays will be presented in the "Opera House," on the site of same. The first vehicle (although not completely cast as yet) will be that hilarious comedy "Born Yesterday," and will be presented for six nights, beginning February 12. You know, how I love show business, Mom, so I'll be right in there rootin' for all our home town thespians. Hope they have a great turn out . . . after all, half of the big-name stars that we rush to see at the leading hotels, all started on their roads to fame via opportunities such as these, and through the charity in the hearts and hands of the people they entertained, recognition was made

(Continued on Page 28)

LEATHER CARVING OF ALL KINDS
HAROLD SOUDER
SPECIALIZING IN CUSTOM MADE BELTS WITH NAME ENGRAVED
116 North First Street

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

there just weren't enough tables to accommodate the guests. For that, Mr. P. wishes to extend his regrets. Mr. Prell's farewell gifts to Eppy were his old ties. No, it wasn't a gag. Eppy has been hounding him for his old cravats so Kay Pearson could cut them down and make them into the gambler-style ties. In addition to those, Mr. Prell chose a beautiful set of pigskin luggage that made everyone's eyes open wide. We can vouch that the entire party was handled in a very nice manner and everyone really had fun. However, we are all going to miss **both** Eppy and Kay and hope it won't be too long before we see this happy duo back in our midst again. . . . While attending this farewell get-together, we saw BERNIE and DAVE GROSS. Wonder if there are many people who know that this popular couple have a daughter who will celebrate her first birthday within the next few weeks? Her name, by the way, is TWO GROSS. Honest! Cross our hearts! If you have any questions, stop in at the DESERT INN and ask her mother, Bernie, who is a hostess there. . . . We don't want to be different so we are going to extend some advice to those of you suffering from colds. Perhaps this remedy will help. If not, you might as well go back to the one you usually depend upon. This advice was found in a 17th Century English book: "Hang your hat on a bed post, drink from a bottle of whiskey until two hats appear. Then, go to bed and stay there." Sorry, they didn't mention the hangover the following day. . . . Hey, "Cutie Pie" KRIM, better hurry back! Margie and Betty, dancers with the DEVLYN GIRLS, have a gift for you. It's for being a swell guy. Can't tell you what it is, but it sure is nice. . . . In our mail box—a letter from ARREN and BRODERICK, stating how busy they are in Chicago and sending regards to all their friends. Another letter from DICK CONTINO, telling us he opened at the L. A. Orpheum on the 18th for one week and will go on to the Mark Hopkins in 'Frisco. . . . Chemin De Fer, famous and popular in Europe, has been added to the gaming of LA RUE RESTAURANT. Mr. Hahn showed us his collection of mother of pearl chips, which he purchased a few years ago. They are the most beautiful we have ever seen. Mr. H. paid $10,000 for the set and it would be impossible to duplicate today, at five times the price. . . . One of the happiest Dads in town is MORRIS ROSEN, co-owner of the FLAMINGO HOTEL. Mr. R. arrived in town from New York last week, bringing with him his son, JACK, and a beautiful addition to the family. Jack was married back East, recently, and has trouble keeping his lovely MILLICENT at his side. Seems Morris is so proud of his daughter-in-law that he keeps parading her all over, introducing the new bride to everyone in Las Vegas. Personally, we don't blame him. Millicent would most certainly be an attribute in anyone's family. . . . GARY PICKARD, Program Director for KRAM, is the new Spanish teacher for the Howe Business College. Gary is a graduate of Cornell University and majored in languages. The school is pretty fortunate to get his services, even for just a couple of evenings a week. A couple of students who enrolled for the course are LA VEEDA VARLEY and NINA SOLY. . . . Remember to attend the VARIETY CLUB INDUCTION BALL to be held Monday, January 22, at the FLAMINGO HOTEL. Ducats are $7.50 per person, including dinner and one of the greatest shows ever put on in the West. Special flights have been chartered just to transport the many stars from Hollywood who will appear on the supercolossal show, along wtih those now appearing at our hotels. All proceeds taken in will go into the fund for the building of schools for handicapped children. According to the Chief Barker, BENNY GOFFSTEIN, the affair shows all indications of being a sell-out. So—get your tickets and make your reservations as soon as possible. . . . We've had so many inquiries concerning the GEORGE MORO "S. P. B" of a couple of weeks ago. We must inform you that Mr. Moro, or his wife, RUTH, are the only ones who can reveal the secret meaning. We're sworn to secrecy until then. . . . One of the most unusual "torchy" voices in our town belongs to none other than MAXINE LEWIS. You should have heard that gal warble "Where or When" and "Night and Day," a few evenings ago at La Rue, with Jack Scholl's Gypsies in the background. Great! . . . Honestly, we aren't bragging, but are very proud about a prediction which finally materialized. Almost three years ago, we wrote: "Dick Dildine and his ork supply wonderful music for the patrons at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL. He has as his vocalist, one of the finest girl singers we ever heard. Her name is POLLY BERGEN and we predict a brilliant future for this beautiful redhead." About 8 months later, Polly headlined the show at the CLUB BINGO. At that time we wondered: "What's wrong with present day talent scouts?" A year ago, we almost gave

(Continued on Page 26)

FLUFF and CHUCK in Paris

Le Cirque Medrano
72 Ter Rue des Martyrs
Paris, France
Jan. 4th, 1951.

DEAR JACK:

I hope this won't arrive too late. Boy! Have we been in a spin. It has been so difficult to rehearse and prepare the production at the speed the French are used to. And am I lonesome! Fluff had to fly to New York Thursday night, the 5th, and was due to bring the American girls, via Air de France, and arrive here Sunday, but now nine of the girls will arrive on Sunday and Fluff and three others on next Wednesday. Understand delay because of passport difficulties.

Even though I write almost all day and night I find myself very lonesome. The show is scheduled to open January 13th, so the U. S. girls will have about three days for rehearsals, hair-styling, pictures and costume fitting. We have had to switch a lot of the difficult numbers to the English girls and they and the French are in so many that they will meet themselves exiting.

One of our biggest difficulties is rehearsing with the French rehearsal pianists. They play very well but it is very hard to explain to them, quickly, the parts to go over. When I can be there to point out the parts it is OK, but Matty King has one *|:;('?! of a time. By the way, he is doing an excellent job and we should have a great show. I bet these French girls have never worked so hard. You ought to hear them holler! My chorus is very good although I had my difficulties with them, too. In France there is no harmony singing, everyone sings the melody. If you have 50 voices they all sing melody. When I handed them some six part harmony (a la Fred Waring) they had nothing but blank looks. You'd be amazed how they sound now and all of them are very eager to practice. A lot of the lyrics are in English which also is difficult for them. I have had to compose an almost entirely new musical score and luckily I have found some good copyists for my arrangements or I would be set for the booby-hatch.

The whole production is very much American style and opens with a number called "So Long to Hollywood and Hello Paree." I shudder to think of the enormous expense to Jerome Medrano of this show—WOW! But with such a grand boss everyone is knocking themselves out to make this show sensational. There is absolutely nothing to ask for that he won't give us. Such cooperation is unique, to say the least.

I still have the Christmas tree up as I hate to tear it down. Received a lovely card from Chubby and Mrs. Johnson and the new baby—thought that was a very cute way of announcing the ARRIVAL. Also a card from John Carton (who supervised the landscape engineering at the Desert Inn), he is up at Rogue River, Oregon, where he has a sportsmen's motel and (by the way is anxious to get copies of Fabulous Las Vegas) is running under the name of Cottage Motel. I haven't received copies for a few weeks now. I realize that the mails are slow but news from home is better than GOLD.

I hope you all had a wonderful New Year's Eve. We were so busy that Fluff and I celebrated by having champagne in our room. Received many wonderful gifts here on New Year's. Was so surprised to find that they celebrate more than at Christmas with gifts. Christmas kept as more of a religious holiday.

Till next week—we miss you all,
FLUFF and CHUCK.

HECHT'S
419 FREMONT ST.
MISSES' AND
WOMEN'S APPAREL



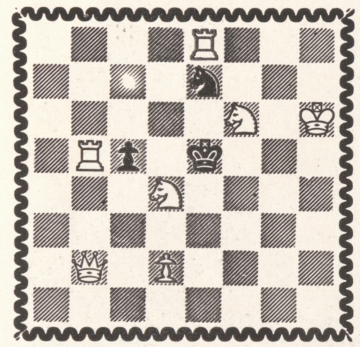
DOWNTOWN

CHESS » » »

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

PROBLEM NO. 85

Black 3



White 7

White mates in two.

Solution to problem No. 84: B-B2.

SHORT WAVE GAMES

Some interesting chess can result when two strong teams on opposite sides of the continent sit down at their boards and play a match by short wave radio. Here are two games from the recent encounter between the Santa Monica Bay Chess Club and the North City Chess Club of Philadelphia which the former won, 3-1. On the western team were Ray Martin, California State champion, Arthur Spiller, State open champion, William Steckel and George Steven.

SICILIAN DEFENSE

Cotton	Spiller	26—RxQ	RxRch
White	Black	27—KxR	RxBP
1—P-K4	P-QB4	28—RxRP	RxRP
2—N-KB3	P-Q3	29—B-B5	RxR
3—P-Q4	PxP	30—BxR	P-KB4
4—NxP	N-KB3	31—K-K2	K-B2
5—N-QB3	P-KN3	32—K-Q3	K-K3
6—P-B4	N-B3	33—K-B4	B-B1
7—NxN	PxN	34—B-Q4	P-R4
8—P-K5	B-N5!	35—B-B3	B-Q3
9—Q-Q4	PxP	36—K-Q3	K-Q4
10—QxKP	B-N2	37—B-Q2	P-B5
11—B-K2	O-O	38—B-B3	B-K4
12—Q-QB5	Q-Q2	39—B-N4	B-Q5
13—O-O	R-K	40—B-Q2	B-K4
14—P-KR3	BxB	41—B-K	P-N3
15—NxB	QR-N	42—PxP	PxP
16—QR-N	P-K4	43—B-B2	B-Q3
17—PxP	R-N4	44—K-K2	K-K5
18—Q-B4	R(N4)xKP	45—B-K1	B-B4
19—N-B3	N-K5	46—B-R4	P-B6ch
20—RxN	R-N	47—PxPch	PxPch
21—Q-N3	P-KR3	48—K-B1	K-Q6
22—Q-KB3	P-N4	49—B-K1	B-Q5
23—P-QN3	R-K7	50—B-R5	K-B7
24 B-R3	R(K1)-K6	51—P-N4	K-N6
25—QR-Q1	RxQ	52—Resigns	



QUEEN'S PAWN GAME

Steven	Gibbons	22—N-R5	Q-KB2
White	Black	23—P-KN4(b)	N-R3
1—P-Q4	N-KB3	24—R-KN2	Q-K2
2—P-QB4	P-K3	25—K-B2	K-N1
3—N-QB3	B-N5	26—QR-KR1	K-B2
4—P-QR3	BxN	27—P-KR4	R-KR1
5—PxB	P-QB4	28—B-QB1	N-N1
6—P-K3	N-QB3	29—RPxKNP	BPxP
7—B-Q3	P-Q3	30—K-K1	P-KR3
8—N-K2	P-K4	31—P-KB6!	Q-Q2
9—P-KB3	O-O	32—N-KN7	R-QN1
10—O-O	P-QN3	33—BxNP!	QxQRP
11—Q-QB2	Q-K2	34—R(N2)-R2	BxQBP
12—B-QN2	N-QR4	35—N-KB5	R-Q1
13—N-KN3	B-R3	36—BxB	NxB
14—Q-K2	QR-B1	37—NxRPch	NxN
15—P-Q5	QR-K1	38—BxN	Q-R8ch
16—R-KB2	Q-Q2	39—K-B2	QxQBP
17—P-QR4(a)	K-R1	40—P-N5	Q-Q5ch
18—P-K4	P-KN3	41—K-N3	QR-KN1
19—P-KR3	N-KN1	42—B-N7	RxR
20—P-KB4	P-KB3	43—P-N6ch!!	KxP
21—P-KB5	P-KN4	44—Q-N4ch	Resigns

'TUTOR'S DON'TS'

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

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS ... by MARTIN LEWIS

MOVIE-GOERS just love her warm friendly face, and whenever tourists see her shopping in Beverly Hills stores, they stare and whisper: "There's our funny little friend of the movies." Yet few film fans know the lady's name.

Fortunately, this situation is being remedied with the release of BING CROSBY'S new entertainment extravaganza, "Mr. Music," for audiences are howling themselves hoarse as the clever antics of talented IDA MOORE. This sixty-plus actress has made more than 70 pictures in some six years, ranging from "walk-ons" to key roles in big-scale productions. Consequently, it's hard to believe her when she says she originally came to Hollywood on vacation, and the holiday simply hasn't stopped.

"Life's just a lark," carols the tiny, laughable lady whose antics have saved many a movie. "I hail from Newark, Ohio—not New Jersey. As most moviegoers know, I'm not exactly a HEDY LAMARR. My mother realized this, too. She used to look at me and mumble, 'Mummy's baby has such a big mouth' or 'Mamma's baby has such a funny face.' "

Actually, it's this funny face which has proved to be Ida Moore's fortune. RICHARD HAYDN, who directed her through the "Mr. Music" stint, says she has eyes like boiled gooseberries, which is hardly a flattering description of a movie queen. But Ida never tried to be a queen, movie or otherwise. And there's where she displayed good old fashioned common sense. She decided to use her talent for fun—or as she put it, she played the lemon in the garden of love. Her earliest job was warbling accompaniment to silent films, and she was so bad the customers thought it was a novelty act. She toured England, then South Africa. When she returned to the States, she did musicals like "Dew Drop Inn" and the roles on the road that Beulah Bondi played on Broadway. Paramount was about to test her for a film years ago when her aged mother became ill and Ida headed for the homestead in Columbus, Ohio.

For the next 10 years, Ida ran a Bohemian-type restaurant, engaged in amateur theatricals and tended her mother. When the lady passed on, the would-be actress headed for Hollywood on a pleasure junket . . . "And it wasn't long until I was back in the harness doing 'Arsenic and Old Lace'



on the stage," reports the "Mr. Music" actress. "Then I won my first movie role playing a tippler in 'To Each His Own,' and that started me on my screen career."

Ida did more B pictures than she can count and always managed to do some little "bit" with the star. In fact, the secret of her success has been her ability to stooge for the stars . . . For example, in Paramount's "Mr. Music," she has important scenes with such famous people as Mr. Crosby, newcomer Nancy Olson and Richard Haydn, the actor-turned-director.

Unlike most film folk, Ida Moore has never been to a Hollywood party and fans seldom ask for her autograph. Nor does she associate with other character actors. She claims they're all jealous of each other. Anyhow, actors bore her.

"They all talk about the drahma," she fusses. "Heck, I'm no actress. I'm a vaudevillian who just got sick and tired of traveling, so I decided to settle down in Hollywood."

Despite this, Ida makes more money than many of filmland's romantic heroes and heroines. What's more, her stint in Bing Crosby's "Mr. Music" will make things even easier for her. In this new venture, she portrays a flighty, busybody auntie who tries to further her niece's romance with the inimitable Mr. C., and people all over the movie houses are asking each other, "Who's that little old lady? Isn't she a scream!"

Thanks to "Mr. Music," Ida is about to graduate from the Miss Anonymous class into the character star category.

(Continued on Page 25)

The Story of the FBI .. by J. EDGAR HOOVER
CHIEF OF THE BUREAU

THE twilight of the gangs was already in sight when, on May 1, 1936, the newspapers of the country headlined the capture of Alvin "Old Creepy" Karpis, in New Orleans. He had sworn he would never be taken alive and had threatened, in a letter to me, to invade the G-Men's headquarters with a machine gun before special agents could get him!

The raid was led by yours truly. Karpis turned white as he faced his captors. A waiting plane flew him to St. Paul, and there he was convicted of kidnaping and sentenced to spend the rest of his life in Alcatraz. This marked the end of the Barker-Karpis reign of terror in the Midwest and was hailed as a major victory over crime.

But there were new worries. To tip the scales for law and order and smash the crime wave of the '30s had required every ounce of fighting power the FBI could muster, day and night schedules, constant risk in dangerous raids assignments away from home for months at a time, more than a million hours of overtime a year by a small group of men.

Here and there, the strain was beginning to show, but there was no rest. By then, the FBI knew that the coasts over the United States had been penetrated by enemies as sinister, in their way, as Alvin Karpis, John Dillinger, or "Pretty Boy" Floyd. The United States was being invaded by enemy spies. The war against Democracy had begun.

Though few people knew it, the Battle for the U. S. was fought in every city, town and village. It was an underground war, with the future of the country at stake.

By 1936, the people of Manchukuo already knew the cruelty of the invading "Sons of Heaven." In the U. S., the "Sons" were polite copycats with great interest in our inventions. At the same time, stiff-hipped goose-stepping Nazis were merely newsreel novelties.

But the FBI was learning about these undercover enemies of Democracy. Its widespread network picked up bits of information from Europe, South America and the Orient. Alert special agents found significance in a nickname, an address, a drunken boast, the sly insinuations of foreign "tourists." Pieced together, the reports verified suspicions of FBI officials and proved that the Axis powers were preparing to divide the world!

In a Long Island aircraft factory, a tall, grim-faced man stole blueprints of new bombing planes. On board the S. S. Europa, a redheaded girl and a swarthy male companion transported little packages, oddly written messages, maps and blueprints from American shores to a busy office in Hamburg.

Key designs of new American fighting ships disappeared. Blueprints of a plane factory at Bristol, Pa., and another at Buffalo, N. Y., were transmitted to Nazi intelligence officers in Bremen.

In Madison Square Garden, the growing strength of the Nazi-inspired, German-American Bund impressively revealed itself as 18,000 bundists and their friends saluted with upraised arms and heiled Hitler to the roll of drums and the parading of swastika flags.

At Mitchell Field, Long Island, the American Air Force code was copied secretly, and in New York, an attractive blonde girl received promises of rich rewards if she would enter a Nazi spy-ring. Into her hands was slipped a strangely marked match case, containing a Nazi code.

In Seattle, a Japanese laundryman played host to Prince Konoye's brother. Down South, a nervous, thin little man sought desperately to secure the confidential maps of Panama Canal fortification. Espionage, just another word for spying, had become a major problem.

Next week:
"Shades of the First World War!"

CLUB BINGO:

(Continued from Page 17)

and his ork supply the background music and continue pleasing the patrons with their danceable tunes 'til the early hours of dawn.

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS:

(Continued from Page 24)

But she has no plans for mansions or automobiles or mink coats. She just wants to keep busy—and with her new assignment in BOB HOPE'S "The Lemon Drop Kid," she's doing just that.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 20)

up trying but gave it another crack when Miss Bergen was signed into the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS to sing with the CARLTON HAYES ORK. Again we plugged. Well, it finally happened. Miss Bergen is a big success in the film capital and just completed three pix, with more on the way. Watch this delovely, now under a long-term contract with Paramount. become one of screendom's favorites. . . . Another prediction: Two gals who can't miss if the right breaks come along are POLA VAN ESSA and LILLIEN LA NIER, two lyric sopranos, currently appearing with FLORA DUANE'S GAMBOLS OF 1951, at the FLAMINGO HOTEL. Let the cameras roll, fellas. Here are two more candidates: One a lovely blonde and the other—a redhead. "BATHLESS" BECKY is very happy since her very good friend, PEGGY BROWN, arrived in town from the Bay City. Becky's visitor is so amazed with us that her only regret is she didn't get here sooner (years ago). Welcome, Miss Brown. We know L. V. will reciprocate your feelings. Meanwhile the gal needs a job. How about it—somebody? She's a live Chamber of Commerce "ad." You can contact Becky at the SILVER SLIPPER, where she is a cocktail waitress. . . . We'd like to simply ask a question of CONNIE, the change-girl at the CLUB BINGO. Is it true? . . . One of the most amiable and pleasantest people we ever met is NELLIE LUTCHER, the rhythm singer. This gal has one of the nicest personalities anyone could develop. We certainly hope it won't be long before she returns. . . . Did you ever meet one of those fellows who take you literally and tells you—and tells you—and tells you—exactly how he feels **when** you ask? Well, **we** did. He was a big shot. Our question? What's new? We found out! Boy! Never again! . . . EXPOSE! BENNY BENNETT is not his name. The real nomenclature is GRAHAM TAYLOR BENNETT. You should see his son, TAYLOR, 2½ years old. This handsome lad looks and walks like Hoppy (Hop-a-long Cassidy). . . . EDWIN MARTIN, who recently took over as Publicity Director at the DESERT INN, has received the full approval of his employers. In the short time he is here, he has proven himself to be one of the top-notch men in his field. Every job he handles is performed to full capacity. He leaves nothing undone. No detail is forgotten when E. M. is on the job. He has our vote of thanks for his thoroughness. . . . The nicest sight in town is that recently returned couple, PHYLLIS and ARNOLD CHRISTENSEN. The Christensens were in L. A., combining business with pleasure. During the week they were gone, their absence was most certainly felt by their many friends and customers. Welcome home, folks. Don't leave us anymore. We miss you too much. . . . CONGRATULATIONS DEPT.: MR. and MRS. JAKE KOZLOFF (GOLDEN NUGGET), who celebrated their 10th wedding anniversary, January 12. . . . ROD STARR, box man at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, and lovely JO HART, desk clerk at the same spot. Couple announced their engagement last week and set the date for February 14th at the Little Church of the West. . . . ILENE MERRIGAN, the hissing cigarette gal at the THUNDERBIRD, and STANLEY WISE of L. A. Couple are honeymooning in Reno and should be back when this comes off the presses. . . . JACK STAFFORD, temporary bar manager of the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, taking SONNY MOORE'S place while Sonny goes into the Navy. . . . FRANK SCHIVO, General Manager of the CLUB BINGO who purchased a three bedroom home in Crestwood. All that's needed now is a wife to take care of the place and fill the extra rooms with more Schivos. . . . MR. and MRS. LOUIS CONIGLIO, co-owners of the VILLA VENICE, celebrating their anniversary, Sunday, January 21. . . . BILLIE and SEYMOUR HELLER, who were married last Sunday, January 14, in Hollywood, Calif. He's personal manager of Frankie Laine, Liberace, and many other outstanding artists. Bride was Frankie's secretary . . . MRS. BEA BARRON, for the great job she and her "Fuller Ladies" did in raising funds for our new Public Library. Fund is now $76,000 and the P. L. is ready for construction. . . . MORREY BRODSKY, newly appointed General Manager of all of Sandford Adler's enterprises. List includes the California spots. . . . JIM CONKLING, new president of Columbia Records. He's youngest to hold such a big job. Jim is married to one of the lovely KING SISTERS. JOYCE and DICK CONWAY, proud parents of a 6 lb. 8 oz. boy, born January 9th and christened RICHARD ALLEN. Dad is in Korea and was a cop in our city until Uncle Sam beckoned. We'll wait for Dick's homecoming to get that cigar. . . . My wife asked me to stop in at the store to purchase a jar of cleansing cream for her. This isn't a method of informing you Mrs. C. uses this product. Her requets led me to a startling discovery. Being a very thorough woman, she informed me of the

(Continued on Page 27)

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 26)

cost of this item. When I picked up the jar, I noticed the price affixed to it was 30 cents more than my Princess had quoted. I'm not one to quibble over prices. However, my curiosity got the best of me and I thought that this was a good opportunity to show my better half she could be wrong. When I questioned the saleslady, she told me something that amazed me so, I just can't stop thinking about it. This small item received a price increase of 30 cents during the past few days. When I heard that, I made a one-man investigation and discovered that practically each and every item in that store is now costlier than it was last week. Can you imagine how much heavier the cash registers are going to be at the end of a working day? In this store alone, there are thousands upon thousands of items. If just one jar of cream will bring in 30 cents more than it did, I wouldn't even attempt to figure the increase in profits on all of the various products. That is just one store alone. My head began to swim when I contemplated the gains that will be made by the store dealers. It is understood that all available products are going to be more expensive. It's beyond all comprehension that such conditions should prevail, especially at this time. The government is seriously contemplating increase of personal income taxes. Instead of lending their energies in that direction, why don't they get busy and start working on a bill to fix prices? A bill such as this would be invaluable to our nation. Prices should be set to match those the consumer was paying before the Korean situation, without possibility of increase. If all merchants would cooperate and not try to capitalize on the present unfortunate situation, it would be beneficial to them, as well as the consumer . . . and that's for sure!

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 16)

the audiences. Here is a production that everyone, no matter the age group, will enjoy . . . HARRY SAVOY, the "Prime Minister of Mirth," really lives up to his title. If anyone can "roll them in the aisles," Harry can . . . 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 . . . CASS, TOPSY and OWEN are a very humorous slow-motion comedy combo. Of the group, Topsy is featured and really provokes the laughs. . . . VERNON and DRAPER are another team that keep mirth rippling through the audience with their comedy dance routines . . . 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!' 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 percent 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."

THUNDERBIRD HOTEL:

(Continued from Page 17)

haven't heard of the Weavers (impossible), we'll name just one of the tunes they introduced, which is still selling like tea in China—"Goodnight, Irene." LEE HAYES, one of the top arrangers in the country is with them and prepares all of their special material . . . In the supporting spot is SONNY HOWARD, a comparative newcomer to show biz and acclaimed the new discovery of the year for comedy and impersonations. To quote the N. Y. critics: "Watch Sonny Howard—one of the finest new comedians on the stage today." . . . Always production-wise, the famous DANSATIONS do two new excerpts from the show "Guys and Dolls." Featured in the routines, "If I Were a Belle" and "Luck Be a Lady," are GIL JOHNSON, THE NORMANDIE BOYS, and BARNEY RAWLINGS . . . AL JAHNS and his ORK supply the background in this all music show. A special welcome to lovely LOUISE who joins the band as vocalist on week-ends only. Nice to see you back, Louise.

DEAR MOM:

(Continued from Page 19)

possible. Let's then remember, charity begins at home!

Yesterday had to go downtown to have some alterations on a new suit, but on my way stopped in to the Pill Box (drug store) at the Desert Inn and bought several articles which I didn't really need, just to get a chuckle from my favorite offstage comedian Buddy Lawler! He should be the answer to an apothecary's prayer. Personally, he could sell me plaid hair dye, tooth enamel remover, or "Eau de Garbage" and I'd buy it because the tax-free repartee that accompanies it, is priceless! I wish some of these over zealous salesmen could watch Buddy operate, it's a pleasure. He always has a non-prop smile and has time to throw in a quip to start your day off right. One thing you don't need when you leave there, is a potion to relieve that grumpy feeling. You know what I mean, Mom, after that I didn't mind having a fitting at all, even though the gal spun me around until I was dizzy and stuck me with enough pins to make me feel like a perpetual blood donor!

After that, I stepped into the Golden Nugget to mark a couple of Keno tickets . . . I felt lucky! Had to wait for the result so treked into the saloon part and heard some mighty purty piano play by a mighty purty gal. Her name is Marianthe Lombardo and, although no relation to Guy, she makes some of the "sweetest music this side of any place" we've heard in a long time. She plays from 3 until 9 p. m. so from now on, when I'm downtown and musically inclined, I'll be there.

Walked out of the Nugget and bumped smack into Hank Henry and wife Jo Anne, who were bursting with news to tell me. First of all they are taking a month's vacation from their duties at the Silver Slipper as comic and comedienne, but will return at the end of that time, with a new long-term contract from boss man Harry Farnow, with some spanking new material. Secondly, they will become natives of L. V., having just purchased a ranch-style house out near the golf course, complete with bar-b-que 'n everything. Hope they have a house warming as big as their Christmas party. Gee, maybe I shouldn't wish that, huh? I'll wrap up an old "blackout" for them! Happy Hacienda Henrys!

Speaking of hacienda, it's time to get back to mine. Yesterday we had "fuse confusion!" The electricity went dead and it wasn't due to "storm trouble"! Having one, "Snooper" Rogers, mechanically-minded handy man at my disposal, I had nothing to fear . . . except fear that I would be without food, heat or lights until General Electric decided to do some gambling! "Snoop" assured me that the whole thing could be straightened out by the process of elimination. After an unsuccessful half hour I wasn't quite sure of what he was trying to eliminate . . . me, or one or all of the fuses. It seems, he says, in a crisis like this, one must have steady nerves, patience and grim determination! The proof of that statement lies in the fact that an hour later I could have had all the toast I could have eaten and listened to several hours of long-playing records without batting an eyelash. However, it was too dark to see, and I was too cold to appreciate either of the luxuries. The overhead lights and heaters were on another circuit! Several swear words and two cases of pneumonia later, with the help of the landlord's son (aged 9) we no longer moved around in a braille-like atmosphere . . . and finally thawed out. Guess I forgot to thank my guy properly for getting us out of our dilemma, 'cause ever since he's been humming, "It's So Nice to Have a Man Around the House." Bless 'em. We can't live with them or without them. Incidentally, how's Pop? Write. Love . . . ME.

EL RANCHO VEGAS

(Continued from Page 16)

trip to our town and he has developed quite a following. Sharp as a tack on that stage, Tommy's birdcage mystifyer has you wondering how he does it and where it goes . . . Held over is CLIFF FERRE, who does a good job as m.c. and is featured with the MORO-LANDIS DANCERS in their routines. The girls' numbers, as always, are outstanding and their original costuming is truly gorgeous . . . HENRY BUSSE and his excellent ORK cut a magnificent show and play your favorites for dansapation.

LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from Page 16)

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!

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

which include the Christmas and New Year holidays, in the very nature of things, are the least productive of any other two weeks in the year and if a work stoppage had to come it came at the time when it could do the least harm.

Joe Smoot, when I asked him about it the other day, declared that the track would be ready for racing March 15 as previously announced. None of the government restrictions on buliding construction apply to this enterprise, for which all the material was long since purchased and delivered. It is our belief that the next two months are ample time to do the rest of the big job. The construction has made amazing advance since I saw it last about two months ago. If they come anywhere near doing as much in the next two months as they have done in the last two months, opening day for Las Vegas Thoroughbred Racing Association will be as brilliant as anyone could wish.

Engine Number Two

Forty-six years ago, January 20, 1905, Las Vegas was greatly encouraged by the arrival of Las Vegas & Tonopah Railroad's "Engine No. 2," which was put to work with No. 1, on construction of the new railroad.

The track laying crew had already reached a point a short distance beyond Tule Springs and the additional engine gave hope that rails would be laid at the rate of a mile a day. It was predicted that the rails would reach Beatty by June but that prediction failed by about four months.

Another article in the January 20, 1906 issue of Las Vegas Times is the first mention I have known of one who became great as a power in the United States Senate—Key Pittman.

My old friend, Pat J. Sullivan, contractor, who built our home on Fremont street in 1905-6, had met Key in Tonopah and was his ardent admirer at that time, almost 10 years before Key began his outstanding career in the United States Senate, to which he was elected in 1914. Quoting Pat, the Las Vegas Times said:

"A man of brain, one of those who carve their names in strong letters upon the history of any community, is Key Pittman, attorney, mining man and enterprising Nevada citizen.

"He is mentioned by his friends as a suitable man to succeed Congressman Van Duser at Washington. Pittman ranks high in his profession, is recognized as a man of keen ability and is one of those strong factors who are shaping industrially and politically the destiny of the sage brush state."

Just about every time I go into the lobby of Hotel Last Frontier, I go over and pay my respects to Key Pittman, whose most life-like and true portrait hangs there. It was painted by an artist named, I think, Hans Myerkassel, who lives in Carson City and who should achieve fame through this painting if he produced no other.

When you are in Hotel Last Frontier, just stand in front of this great painting and say "Hello" to my old friend. He will, almost, speak to you in return, the picture is so perfectly true to its subject.

WATCHBIRDS:

(Continued from Page 15)

DITH, is knitting tiny garments—already—?

A rose to HEDDA HOPPER for her discussion of the ten best dressed women of America. "Who wouldn't be best dressed?" quoth Miss Hopper, "since the ten were all wives of very rich men. Even without perfect taste one could be best dressed with all that money at their command." I wish someone would start a list of ten best dressed girls who spend very little on their clothes. Find out what models, show girls, aspiring actresses who have plenty of "liberty," etc., or any other gal making fifty to seventy-five dollars a week does for dressing, who always looks chic—it's a matter of ALL TASTE and NO NONSENSE.

TRUE STORY: One of the best shows on radio is TALLULAH BANKHEAD'S BIG SHOW. It is television's first real competition. NBC is so delighted with the show's big Hooper that they are doing everything in their power to keep Talloo happy. Last week they sent her a big console, which has a radio, TV screen and record player. She was so excited with the gift that she immediately had it connected, and the BIG LAUGH of the BIG SHOW'S mistress of ceremonies was that NBC gave her the set and the only channel she could get on the screen was CBS!

RUMOR HATH IT: That HARRY RICHMAN will come out of retirement and open a cafe in Hollywood. . . . SIMONE SIMONE, who has been away from these shores all too long, will do a show. . . . RITA HAYWORTH will be back in Hollywood sooner than expected and may stay longer than expected. HOPALONG CASSIDY really wrote the Hopalong Cassidy March which has just been published.

Don't forget the big February SURPRISE due at the Desert Inn.

Coooooooooo Y'all.

DOWNTOWN:

(Continued from Page 13)

Bell's Sports and Western Wear to its new location at 304 Fremont street in the newly constructed Friedman Bldg., wishing the greatest of success to him and his "couldn't do without" brother, Hod. A welcome addition to fabulous Fremont is "FABULOUS" REX BELL.

It was almost three ayem before I got to the jam session at the Shamrock Hotel last Tuesday night, or shall we say, Wednesday morning? Needless to say, by that hour the place was beginning to rock to the rafters. The events of the evening went off real smooth this week and everyone present had a ball. The spaghetti was delicious, as usual, and it was your own fault if you didn't get any. There were musicians and artists there from practically every entertainment spot in town to take part in and enjoy the blowing of not only their own particular instruments but those of the others who took part. One of the outstanding sets of the session was that when Carmen Cavallaro sat in at the keyboard ably backed by men from all the bands in town. On this particular set were two altos, a tenor, two trumpets, a clarinet, drums and bass which made a nicely balanced set. I only wish I had the space here to mention the names of the individual artists who played, for believe you me, a great number of the band boys in our town with the various bands are just that . . . artists! Maybe next week I can run in a few names, or better yet, why don't you drop out there next Tuesday night and be among 'em yourself? You can bet your bottom buck that I'll be there. . . . It's show time at the Embassy Club in North Las Vegas again after about three years absence. At 10:30 . . . 12:30 . . . and 2:30 each night you are in for 40 minutes of fun and frolic at the largest club in North Vegas. Ruth and Mitch plan to bring you a new star every two weeks. At present the starring artist is Ginger Hart, who enticingly and revealingly displays her artistry in a variety of fashions. Each performance being different. Also on the bill is the blonde and curvaceous Dawn O'Day, performing well executed tap routines, while Bill Martin ties the show together with his antics as emcee. Backing the show is a fine little trio in the hands of Maurice "Frenchy" Pellissier, who furnish some of the best rhythm for dancing that I've heard for a three-piece combo. This Frenchy plays a lot of tenor and is no slouch on the little black stick, either. There's plenty of room to dance at the Embassy, too, which is a great feature in itself. . . . While we're talking about North Vegas, I'd like to mention that Jack and "Noosns" have put a piano bar in the Rag Doll that is proving to be quite popular. At present the gal giving out at the keys is Wanda Daniels, who seems to have no end of knowledge when it comes to being able to play the tunes that are requested of her. She carries a good beat for those who like to dance to boot. Hm-m! Whoever danced to "boot"? Anyway, be you in a morbid mood or seeking sensation she will play your tune for you. On the other hand, who ever heard of anyone in a morbid mood in the Rag Doll? Most of the time the atmosphere comes closer to hitting **hilarious!** . . . Here's a bit of luck that struck me as unusual! Mrs. Frank Fench was up from Los Angeles this past week to visit with friends who are connected with restaurant La Rue. After seeing the show at the Frontier they crossed over to the Desert Inn for a moment and shortly after her arrival Mrs. Fench noticed that she had lost a very valuable antique pin. Everyone, from Wilbur Clark to the bus boys were looking it when one of the party decided to retrace their steps back to the Frontier. He found the pin lying on the veranda of that hotel, a few feet in front of the main door. No telling how many people had gone in and out that door in the past half hour and yet the pin lay there in full view and **unharmed.** Brock's of L. A. estimate the pin at being more than 125 years old. It goes without saying who was the happiest and **luckiest** woman in Las Vegas that night. . . . Al Nissell is having his January clearance shoe sale at the present time and you deserve none of my sympathy if you miss out on the bargains he has to offer, such as $16.00 items for only $6.00. There's a saw-buck you could sock away. Almost any time you go into Al's store you can find a few of the ladies of the leading lines at our hotels as well as many of the waitresses and these gals look not only for bargains but for quality as well. That should explain it pretty well to those of you who don't quite know where to go to shop. . . . Oh, brother, look at the time! I've got a million and one things to do today, too, so I'd better knock off for now and get at it. However, you'd have a good bet if you went along with the fact that I get the **one** thing done and let the million go. . . . Don't forget to smile and say "hello."

JOHNNY.



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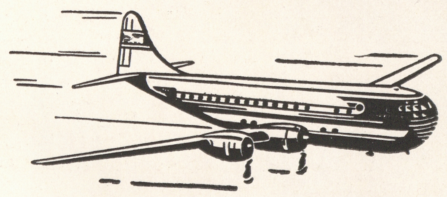
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