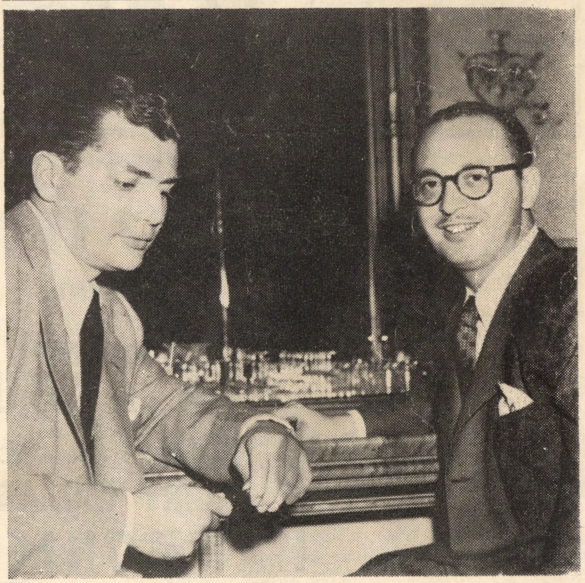
Jack Burby's

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PODNER !



Meet

AL COOPER

AND

EDDIE SHANE

Polynesian Personalities

(Story on Page 9)

May 19, 1951

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 3, NO. 5

OBSERVATIONS, BY POP SQUIRES

"THAT'S FOR SURE," BY JACK CORTEZ

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS, BY MARTIN LEWIS

REVIEWS OF CAFE SHOWS, BY JACK CORTEZ

VERSE, BY TUTOR SCHERER

FBI, BY J. EDGAR HOOVER

THE OLD TIMER, BY CHUBBY

ONE YEAR AGO THIS WEEK

CHESS, BY FRED SOLY

THE WATCHBIRD, BY LADY MICHAEL

WHAT'S DOIN'? BY JOHNNY

TABLE HOPPING, By MARY JANE BULLOCK

JACK CORTEZ, Editor and Publisher

JOHNNY UHLMAN — GARY PICKARD
ADVERTISING

PHOTOS OF AL COOPER'S POLYNESIA OPENING BY DOROTHY PARKHAM

Subscriptions $5.00 per year

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION
1600 SOUTH MAIN ST.—PHONE 4922

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AL COOPER'S POLYNESIA—Dining a la luxury in colorful South Sea Island atmosphere. On Highway 91.

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ALOHA!!

AL COOPER'S

Polynesia

TO

Las Vegas

Christensen's Men's Wear

316 FREMONT STREET PHONE 1001

SHOP 'TIL 9 SATURDAY NIGHT

Jack Goritz'
FABULOUS LAS VEGAS
HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 3 MAY 19, 1951 NUMBER 5

OBSERVATIONS . . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

LAS VEGAS' BIRTHDAY

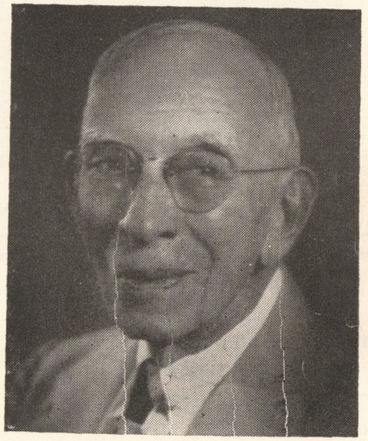
THE fifteenth day of May, 1905, is very properly called the Birthday of Las Vegas, because on that day this modern city was born.

After delays and postponements which to some of those who came here in the summer and fall of 1904 to "get in" on the lot sale, seemed never-ending, the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad Company took over the operation of the railroad from the contractors, beginning to run regular trains on May 1, 1905. The Clark road officials had announced that lots in the new townsite at Las Vegas would be sold to purchasers at the "upset" price in order of their applications. John S. Park, who came to Las Vegas in the expectation of being cashier of a new bank, the organization of which was under way and of which railroad officials, Frank Waters, Chris Brown and myself were stockholders, was appointed to register the applications. All was going swimmingly when a message came to Mr. J. Ross Clark, who represented his brother, Senator William A. Clark, financier, in the management of the new railroad. It read:

"I think you had better sell the Las Vegas town lots at auction. Bancroft."

Now Mr. Bancroft was a distinguished gentleman, a great railroad executive, in whose hands Mr. Harriman, President of the Union Pacific Railroad, just then being rehabilitated, had placed the management of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, the Union Pacific's lines in the northwest.

Mr. Clark at once replied to Mr. Bancroft, explaining that it was impossible at that late date to change the method of sale because it had been advertised and hundreds of would-be purchasers already had registered and paid deposits for their choice of lots.



Now Mr. Bancroft was a sweet and gentle character whose career as a railroad officials started when, as a boy working at a cheerless railroad station in the far west, he had cultivated and brought to bloom a lovely red rose which caught the attention of a passing official. So he answered Mr. Clark softly, as a distinguished gentleman should:

"I prefer that the lots be sold at auction thus giving everybody an equal chance. Bancroft."

Again Mr. Clark replied explaining that it was impossible to change the method of sale at that late date.

Next day came the answer, which proved what a few had suspected as the outcome of that "Right of way war" north of Caliente which, fifty years ago

(Continued on Page 47)

NOW . . . "THE LARGEST CLUB IN NEVADA" NOW . . .

HARRY RANCH
AND COMPANY
"Music With a Sense of Humor"
YOUR HOST AND M. C.
Jimmy Kennedy



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CLUB BINGO
FOR
FIND FOOD

MIDNITE BREAKFAST
12 'TILL 5 A. M.
49c to $1.00

FREMONT
224 E. FREMONT PHONE 3654
SUNDAY
MY FORBIDDEN PAST
Starring ROBERT MITCHUM—AVE GARDNER
TARGET UNKNOWN
Starring MARK STEVENS

PALACE
210 SOUTH SECOND PHONE 98
STARTS SATURDAY
AIR CADET
Starring STEVEN McNALLY—GAIL RUSSELL

HUNTRIDGE PHONE 86
SUNDAY—MONDAY—TUESDAY
ROYAL WEDDING
With FRED ASTAIRE—JANE POWELL
GAMBLING HOUSE
With VICTOR MATURE

This Season — as Always
For the Finest in Women's Fashions
It's
Florence Richards Magnique
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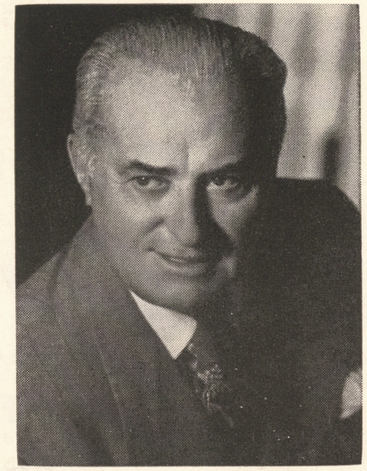
VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF NEVADA



A WISHING STAR

A star slid down the milky way
While other stars were there at play
And as this star went speeding by
Burning a path across the sky

I wished a wish that you were mine
Then wished once more that I were thine
And I feel sure it will comply
I saw a twinkle in its eye.

'IN VEGAS'

You'll find romance and love in sway
For little cupid is there at play
In Vegas.

Lawyers, undo human matches
Then mend them with marriage patches
In Vegas.

You can kibitz, or make a bet
At "21," "craps," or "roulette"
In Vegas.

You'll see the top shows of the land
Also hear every big name band
In Vegas.

You'll have your fun in the sun
Then dine and dance 'til night is done

AMEN

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

'NEARING THE END'

What is the tumult in my mind
Seems all a waste, these years behind.
Hours to come seem a waste of thought
And all and all, seems just for naught.

I fear no impulse of delight
Unless it be an urge to fight.
Now my hate—is a greater hate
Avoid my path, or share my fate.

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

OUR HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS

TO

Al Cooper's Polynesia

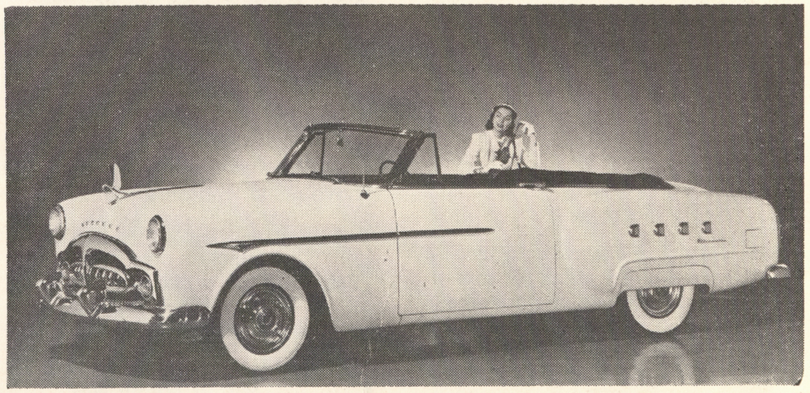
FROM

BILL KRUSE

OWNER OF NEVADA MOTORS, INC.

HOME OF THE

PACKARD CAR



THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ

On our front cover this week, we are happy to present two newcomers who are settling down to becoming native Las Vegans. They are AL COOPER and ED SHANE, owners of the new and truly magnificent POLYNESIA RESTAURANT, on Highway 91.

First, let's talk a bit about Al Cooper. This amicable gentleman hails from St. Louis, Missouri. He majored in journalism at the University of Missouri. (Aside to Marc: Please make sure all of the punctuation is correct. If it isn't, we'll never live it down.) Al came to Las Vegas in September 1950. When he saw the town, he joined the rest of us and decided—"this is it!" Mr. Cooper was never previously affiliated with a venture similar to this one. However, he saw the opportunity for such a business and decided to discuss it with his friend, ED SHANE.

Mr. Shane is a bachelor, but we don't believe he will remain one for very long. He established an enviable reputation as the world's most gracious host, while at the Oklahoma Bar and Restaurant of the Surrey Hotel in Miami Beach, Florida.

The two friends decided they would establish a completely original type of setting in their enterprise. After seeing it, you'll agree they achieved their goal. Aside from the unusual atmosphere in the POLYNESIA, the food is equivalent to the Nectar of the Gods, with down-to-earth prices. Here is an intimate rendezvous for natives and tourists alike.

Both Ed and Al are known for their charitable qualities and civic-mindedness. They plan to do their utmost to make Las Vegas proud of her newly acquired "sons." Their lists of friends sound like the contents of "Who's Who." Through these two restaurateurs, many of their acquaintances are going to be introduced to our fabulous town. We won't be surprised if quite a few decide to remain, following the pattern set by Ed and Al.

To you, AL COOPER and ED SHANE, we extend our salute and also our hand in welcome. May you, and the POLYNESIA, read the fulfillment of success . . . and that's for sure.

LAS VEGAS' seventeenth ANNUAL HELLDORADO celebration was terminated on Sunday, May 13th, with the magnificent Parade of Floats. We can truthfully say we still don't know how the judges could arrive at their decisions, after viewing the decorative creations, enhanced by the beauty of youthful, feminine majesties. If it had been left to our judgment, we would most certainly have created a "First Prize" for each and every one of them. If you were there, you can well understand our reaction. If you weren't we hope you will be fortunate enough to see the review in your local theatre or papers. How can so much beauty be centralized in one location? Seems almost impossible to believe.

While we are on the subject of that parade, we would like to say, we saw a young lady who will be worth watching in future years. She is adorable NAOMI SUE, twelve-year-old daughter of GEORGIA JENKINS. Mom is the gal who is an integral person in MILTON PRELL'S office, over at the CLUB BINGO . . . NORMA ROSENTHAL, one of our very special citizens, is ailing. This wonderful gal's illness is disturbing all of her friends. Here's hoping she recuperates shortly and returns to her stomping grounds, feeling hale and hearty . . . This Sunday, May 20th, will prove that chorines can cook. Many eye-fillers from the Strip Hotels will compete at the home of ART ROZEN and MURRY NORT, owners of the LAS VEGAS WHOLESALERS used car lot. The gals are CHARLOTTE BERGMEIER, CONNIE HAMILTON, MICHAEL NEALE, JOAN MICHAELS, RANDI ROBSON and BETTY RICE. They will each specialize in one course. In competition with them will be a mere male! Art will toss a few pies together for the occasion. JACK DENISON of the FLAMINGO HOTEL will be the Maitre D'. Here is one instance where showmanship in the kitchen will excel over beauty and brains . . . We've just received word that JACK BISHOP, "black gold" expert, will be arriving here in town soon. He has developed oilfields in South America and Southern California, and has recently become interested by reports that Nevada is rich in oil deposits just waiting

(Continued on Page 49)

For PIZZA Supreme . . .
IT'S
RIZZO'S
Phone 5278 1735 South 5th St.

WELCOME TO
AL COOPER'S
POLYNESIA



Exotic, exciting RAYE GITS, Las Vegas' own Polynesian Beauty, enhances the charm of the

HALI AINA ROOM



John Carroll, famous stage and screen star, made a special trip to wish his good friend, Al Cooper, great success.

THROUGH THE WILDS OF "POLYNESIA" WITH PEN AND CAMERA

. . . by Gary Pickard

At one time or another, most of us have wanted to cut the old ties, drop civilized raiment, and take off for South Sea Strands, there to comb a beach or pluck a palm for sustenance; boil up a betel-nut brew, or dance off with a dusky damsel for entertainment. Cancel your reservation on that tramp steamer, Friend. The Pacific Islands have come to you. Stroll with me while I introduce you to beachcombing the "easy way" in AL COOPER'S POLYNESIA—the newest and most exotic wildflower to bloom in this Desert Oasis.

As you approach, neat patterns of bamboo lead the way toward the welcoming entrance hall, where soft, deep rugs underfoot, remind one of the green cushions of tropical undergrowth, trod by the belles of Bali H'ai. Moonlight filters down from fluorescent fixtures ingeniously hidden among the bamboo rafters. In such a scene, you'd expect to see Dorothy Lamour, in her sarong, standing among the ferns and palm-fronds. No Lamour—but—sarongs we have. Six of them!—So cleverly wrapped around the protesting curves of our



"Ladies of the Lounge" take time out for some monkey business (left to right) Joyce, Vicki, Lorrie, Phyllis and Edie visit the Monkey Mansion.



Vicki Steves, cocktail waitress, acclimates herself to the Okoli-Maluna bar.

Polynesian hostess and her five ladies of the lounge.

Now, you have your choice of going directly forward to the Okoli Maluna Bar, where the smoothest rum potions this side of Pitcairn Island are served up in delightful variety, taking your ease in the outdoor Tropical Garden, where a family of apelets frolic and romp in their Monkey Mansion, or stepping down into the sunken splendor of the Hali Aina Room, where you dine on exquisitely prepared Polynesian food.

All the exotic native beauty of the Islands is gathered together in "The House to Dine." Here, your citified senses come alive! Fishermen's nets drape the low, intimate ceiling and add the tang of salt sea and white beaches. Woven coolie hats and louvered fans disguise an air-conditioning system which wafts the fragrance of jungle flowers and greenery. In place of windows are glass aviaries housing parakeets, love birds, mynahs, and cockatoos, whose songs gratify your ears. In rhythm with their feathered neighbors, gaudy tropical fish glide through their underwater ballet.



The love birds get competition from de-lovely Edie Walters.





Tommy Mills, Polynesia's radio host, interviews Bill Willard, local columnist, and Jack Cortez, ye editor.



(L. to R.) Eddie Shane, Woody Cole and Al Cooper, "Shake for luck."

By now, you've forgotten that you aren't wearing tattered white duck trousers and pith helmet. If it weren't for the comfortable cushioned-bamboo chairs, you'd probably prepare yourself for a real "Luau" by sitting cross-legged while the Ladies of the Lounge serve you. Las Vegas is thousands of miles away. Now, you're really enjoying beachcombing the "easy way" — in "Polynesia" . . . Aloha—Kama-aina!

TO THE "ROUNDERS"

WE COULDN'T CONTACT YOU PERSONALLY...

HOWEVER WE'D LIKE TO GREET YOU PERSONALLY

Your Friends,

Al Cooper

Eddie Shane

WHAT'S DOIN'?

. . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN

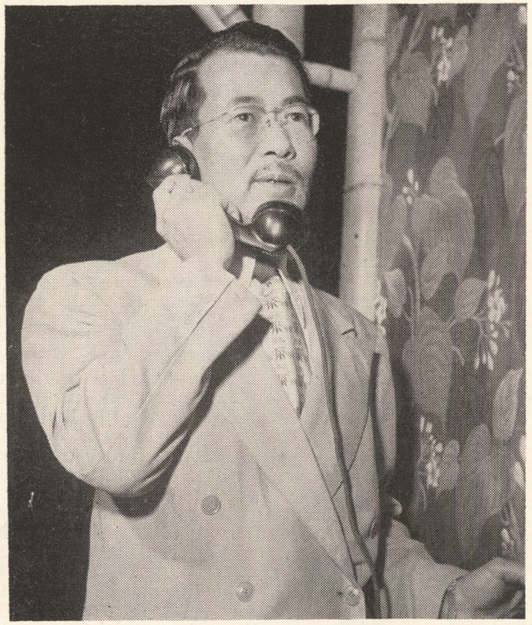


SO WHAT COULD be doin'? What's to follow Helldorado week? Even an atomic blast in the middle of Fremont street would rate second billing. I think what made this year's celebration so much more important to me was the fact that this is the first time that my Mother and Dad had been here to see it. I'd been telling them about the whing-ding for all these years but this was the first one they were able to attend. Naturally, I was a walking wealth of information on the whole she-bang and would ramble on with a lot of palaver about the why's and wherefore's and "used to be's." The folks would stand as a group and smile, nod their heads and listen politely as I went into great detail about something of which they knew nothing, and could have lived out the entirety of their remaining years quite happily WITHOUT the facts and figures I was so enthusiastically heaping upon them about "my town." Those of you with the good fortune of meeting my folks can now realize that I have the right to swell with pride as I say, "Ain't I the lucky guy?"

To that class of people who think that all cab drivers are hoodlums: A little over a week ago one of the Lucky Cab Co. drivers returned to his station to check in and when he swung open the rear door he found a man's wallet lying there with over three hundred dollars in it. Investigation proved it to belong to a G. I. he had taken to the post at Nellis Air Base a few fares back. The driver drove back out to the base and the dog-face was summoned to the gate to retrieve his wallet. He knew he had lost it but didn't think that it could have been in the cab. The G. I. insisted that the driver accept a modest reward; not so much for bringing back the money but for saving him that horrible fate of having to renew all of his I. D. cards, licenses, phone numbers and duplicate copies of poetry and prose type-written on tissue paper. The driver asked that his name be withheld. There stlil are a lot of PEOPLE in this world! . . . Heartiest congratulations to ANNABEL TOWNSEND, waitress at the Hotel El Rancho Vegas, for the great distinction of being selected as the "Waitress of the Month" at that hostelry. This is to be a monthly affair with the hostesses acting as the judges, and what a wonderful idea it is. Annabel has been employed in this capacity at this hotel for over four and a half years and, speaking from my own viewpoint, I believe the hostesses made a good choice for their first waitresses. The group held a party of celebration at the VILLA VENICE where the winner was presented with a beautiful corsage from the hostesses, a $15.00 check from the hotel and also an evening at any of the resort hotels for her and her escort. You can imagine what this little idea is going to do in the way of bringing about an even better degree of service than already exists among the fine food waitresses of our resort hotels. It wouldn't surprise me in the least to see all of the hotels take it up as a regular feature. . . . Opening last Thursday night at the SANTA ANITA TURF CLUB BAR was the very entertaining musical group of HERMAN MITCHELL TRIO as well as the vivacious vocalizing of the lovely MAURI LYNN, who is looked upon by many as another Lena Horne. By the way, the Herman Mitchell trio backed the vocals of Miss Horne for some time prior to going on the road for themselves. Have you seen that back room of the Santa Anita since they made the changes? You'd never believe it! During the day it is the same old race book. BUT, come nightfall and transformation time and the room becomes a warm cocktail lounge. Curtains are drawn and lighting is changed; presto, a lounge! Go in and take a reading of your own and let me know if you, too, don't like the novel

(Continued on Page 41)

MEET
FONG FOO
GENERAL MANAGER OF AL COOPER'S POLYNESIA



The accompanying photo is Las Vegas' initial introduction to FONG FOO, the man who will preside as the general manager of the most unique establishment in the West, Al Cooper's POLYNESIA.

Fong Foo was born in Honolulu and came to the States for his education. This benign gentleman attended the University of Southern California and graduated with honors, majoring in law.

Mr. Foo represents a certain group of people that have proved themselves rare in the annals of employment records. This skilled representative was employed by the management of the Don the Beachcomber Restaurants for 18 consecutive years, from 1933 until 1951.

He probably would have gone on to further extend this unusually lengthy period but Mr. Cooper is a mighty persuasive person and a fellow to whom it is difficult to say "no."

From all outward appearances, Fong Foo plans to match his loyalty to his previous employers. His wife, Marie, and daughter, Sue, are making arrangements to settle in our fair city.

Fong Foo is one of the many on the staff of the Polynesia who exemplifies the meticulousness displayed by Al Cooper in selecting his personnel.

Mail Box . . .

May 14, 1951

Dear Jack:

Last week I noted a small note hidden away in your column to the effect that the "Princess isn't going to like this" but you were so proud of that 244 game she rolled in the women's match game championship roll-off that you just had to mention it.

I repeat, now what are you going to do?

Your Princess, and, incidentally one of our favorite people, showed a house full of spectators, including one Jack Cortez, that she had everything it takes to be a champion, when she performed in some of the finest bowling this writer has seen in Las Vegas. Now, you just have to forget that the "Princess might be angry" because there are some 300 bowlers in this town who are just as proud as you are of the remarkable bowling your Princess did Saturday night.

With only two misses in nine games, she shot a total pinfall of 1705 for a 189 average. Her games were 198, 167, 166, 217, 207, 188, 213, 185 and 164, which combined to give her a first place in the roll-off. Now, of course, she'll bowl in the finals, three blocks of eight games, starting next Saturday night. Marge Goodin, a consistent veteran bowler herself, placed second with a 178 average; Marge Belding third with 172 and Helen Corey, fourth with 169. Oh yes, those buttons flying through the air were off one Jack Cortez' jacket as he literally burst with pride!

Now, Jack, let me say one more thing about your Princess. Being a wonderful bowler is one thing. It takes skill, concentration and iron nerves. But, being a wonderful person is another. That takes charm, personality and character. For the bowlers of Las Vegas let me tell you that your "Princess" is both!

Will we see you Saturday night at Vegas Lanes?

Sincerely,
Ruthe Deskin

(Ed. Note: Thank you, Ruthe, we sure appreciate this letter—saves us a lot of explaining to the Princess and that's for sure.)

Box 13, Frazier Park, Calif.
May 1, 1951

Dear Jack:

How time flies. Just think, a year ago today I was on my way to New York and I happened to stop off in Las Vegas. All the boys around town had long beards and were raising old ned in general celebration, a little thing called 'Helldorado.' I was loaded on a leapin' lena Ford of some sort, escorted downtown, put on public display in the lock-up, until a big clammy hand reached into my pocket and extracted some loot. Then the same big hand pinned on me a Helldorado badge, which gave me the permission to roam the wilds of Las Vegas, protected and unbearded. How time flies. That same night I had a little talk with Uncle Miltie (not the one on T. V.), the L. V. one, and I did the thing I will never regret. I settled down in my favorite town. How time flies.

Well, Jack, I am on my way again, I am leaving for N. Y. This time I am not coming through L. V. for fear I might not get away again for another year. I am writing this little note from Frazier Park, sitting in front of the fireplace. Yes, snow is on the ground, and my Mother, Dad, Kay and Hattie all send their best to you and yours. Dad and Mom look forward to the day each week that the nice little book arrives from you. My Mom has a big stack of them in the corner. How time flies.

Now for some more news about the fat boy: I did some time at the Golden Hotel in (if I may say a dirty word) Reno, and then to Bimbo's 365 Club in San Francisco, for a six week run.

Please give all the gang a big hello for me and an extra special to the princess. Will drop you a line from N. Y.

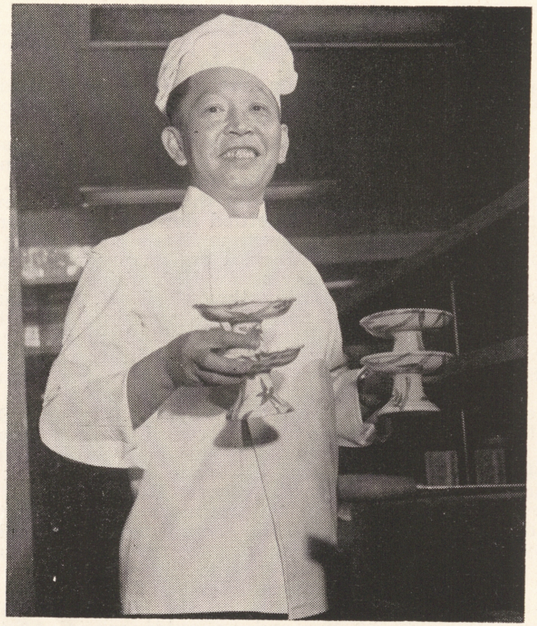
Regards,
Eppy Pearson

Weekly Fashion Letter
from EDITH HEAD
Paramount Fashion Designer

For young streamliners and worldwise cosmopolitans who wish to keep their coiffures looking smooth and sleek during wind-blown summer months, several of Hollywood's favorite actresses recommend the use of veils. Circle wide strips of veiling 'round your pretty head—tie them 'neath the chin, at the nape of the neck or smack in front. Select colors to match or accent the color-tone of your favorite frock, and spark the veils with jeweled clips, flowers or flashing studs. They're pretty as well as practical.

When MARILYN MAXWELL drove to a recent showing of her new BOB

(Continued on Page 45)



Introducing the Internationally Famous CHEF Now at AL COOPER'S POLYNESIA

HUE SUEY LEE will proudly tell you that his birthplace is Canton, China.

This chef, of noteworthy international fame, left his native land and debarked to Honolulu, where he built up a tremendous clientele for the Don the Beachcomber Restaurant, via his inimitable knack of turning out delicacies that no gourmet could resist.

When news of Mr. Lee's accomplishments reached the states, Hollywood, in the form of Mocambo, beckoned and our citizens joined in the parade of praise that fell upon his ears.

Now, we are extremely happy to say Las Vegans will have the opportunity to sample the cultured dishes that only Hue Suey Lee can create.

THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

Daylight saving time.
I'm sort of used
To it by now but
It sure caused an
Uproar at our house at
First.
You see,
Our daughter, Sisty,
And her girl-friend, Gloria,
Were home for a visit and
We planned a trip to
The Valley of Fire
The Sunday morning
Of the time change.
Figured on getting up
At 4:30 A. M. to
Start.
Maw and the kids fixed
The food basket Saturday
Eve with all the "usuals."
Hard-boiled eggs, colored
In beet juice, and seasoned
With vinegar,
Jillions of sandwiches,
A cake, and some
Cookies,
Soda pop, and a
Thermos bottle full
Of coffee,
Some potato salad and
Another kind made of
Kidney beans and chopped
Dill pickles.
After they fixed up
The lunch, the
Girls went out to
The "Strip" to see
Liberace.
Maw went to the
Picture show and I
Stayed home to
Baby-sit with
Maw Junior and
Dog-sit with
Herr and Frau
And the six little
Schnoppses.
About ten I got
Sleepy so I
Set the clocks up
One hour per
Instructions over
The radio
And went to bed.
Maw woke me when she
Came in to tell me
About the picture.
(She always does.)
I just got back to sleep
When
The girls came in.
They kept me awake for
Another hour.
Why is it, when two
Girls get to bed, they



Have to whisper just
Loud enough to keep one
Awake, but
Not loud enough for a
Person to understand what
They say.
Giggling is another
Sleep-stopper that all
Girls indulge in.
Finally I explained to
Them,
In my most dulcet tones
(Which is one note louder
Than the bass volume
(On a pipe organ), that
If they expected to
Get up early to go
On the trip, they
Had better get some
Sleep.
They assured me not
To worry, that
They would be up
And around long
Before I was.
They weren't!
I no more than closed
My eyes when the
Alarm went off.
Maw got right up

(Continued on Page 54)

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



ARTURO

Maitre d'

of the

POLYNESIA

That pleasant countenance, depicted in the above photo, is the one that will greet you each and every time you drop into the POLYNESIA.

The gentleman behind that friendly expression is ARTURO, popularly known as the "Vagabond Maitre d'." This appellation was earned over a long period of travel throughout the world.

Arturo has what we commonly refer to as "the itch." He has never been able to remain in one particular place for too long a time. He served as captain in the dining room of an Italian luxury liner—worked in the Chez Paree in Chicago for five years—spent three seasons in the employ of the Colonial Inn in Hollywood, Florida, and was employed in all of the leading dining rooms throughout the country. In between, he took time out to serve five years as a physical training instructor in the Army Air Corps.

Confidentially, despite Arturo's roving qualities, he's going to settle down in Las Vegas and stay a while.

TABLE HOPPING

. . . By MARY JANE BULLOCK

HAVE lots of TABLE HOPPING for you this issue, since I'm covering two weeks . . . the magazine was just "sold out" (for which we're grateful) over HELLDORADO WEEK!

My, the town seems so quiet after so much excitement! Is each HELLDORADO bigger, better, or do I just enjoy them more each year? I do know the big Sunday parade was the best ever! . . . Only wish more attention had been given to the EMBLEM CLUB'S Valentine float . . I thought it was the most original, the prettiest of all! . . . After the parade we visited all the downtown clubs . . . Lucky enough to get in on a "buy the house a drink" by TUTOR SCHERER at his famous PIONEER CLUB . . . said "hello" to GEORGIE ABDO and RAY MULCAHAY (dealers) on the way out.

Couldn't pass the WESTERNER CLUB without stopping a minute to visit the FARO BANK . . . yes, I played "single-out" . . . "yes, they "doubled-out!" . . . Might as well tell all . . . I did not "call" the last turn, either!! Thank goodness . . . for . . . tomorrows!

Have you seen this "dumb waiter" comedian they have at the SILVER SLIPPER? If not, take it from me, don't miss him!! . . . He is known as "REGGIE" and when he keeps the bar tenders and the cocktail girls in stitches, not one, but every show . . . he's got to be good! . . . I left there aching from laughter!

What a pleasant surprise to walk into the RAMONA ROOM of the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER and be greeted by my old friend JOE HILEK. He is the new MAITRE D' . . . Besides doing a wonderful job, he is one of the most popular, well liked men in this field! . . . Another pleasant surprise . . . JERRY FROST is back! Welcome home, JERRY!

Thought I'd hit a few balls (rusty from two years' absence), so drove out to our local golf course. First familiar face was JOHNNY DiFLOURE in the Pro Shop, then RUBY KERR to "hostess" us back in the fold. She even told us some of the old "fish" stories, and discussed her ever-lovin' dogs . . . Made us feel so welcome again! . . . Gee, the improvements! . . . Isn't the clubhouse lovely now? . . . And the greens! . . . So good to see so many "locals" interested in our most popular of the outdoor sports.

Last week's wedding was: LES HEEDWEHLS of LONG BEACH,



CALIF., honeymooning at HOTEL THUNDERBIRD. Congratulations! . . . Happy people!

Wanta hear a cute story I heard? Gentleman GENE DELMONT of THUNDERBIRD HOTEL was practicing for HELLDORADO week by wearing his first boots . . . After two days of this pedicurean discomfort, asked his pal, GEORGIE ROSEN (also of THUNDERBIRD CASINO) "if he could borrow a pair of shoes?" GEORGIE, more than glad to do it, did it! . . . Little later that same evening Gentleman GENE purchased the last REVIEW JOURNAL at the newsstand and was scanning the sport page when GEORGIE (above mentioned) asked for some of the paper; GENE refused . . . But upon GEORGIE'S insistence, GENE handed him the funnies. This riled GEORGIE so much he said, "Either give me some other section or I take my shoes back!"

Cutest cowgirl seen on the "Strip" last week was NAOMI WHITE of WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN . . . The DUDE couldn't have picked a better model for their Western attire than this charming lassie!

I meant to mention a beautiful big

(Continued on Page 54)

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POLYNESIA

CONSTABLE
WOODY COLE

All of Las Vegas is well acquainted with "WOODY" COLE, our constable. Now, Mr. Cole will be hanging his famous Western sombrero in the executive room of the POLYNESIA.

Along with AL COOPER and ED SHANE, "Woody" is affiliated with this truly magnificent bistro. When he says he is "proud to be associated with" his partners, you know he is sincere.

"Woody" has served two former terms in his capacity as Constable and proved himself sufficiently competent to be elected to a third.

We sort of have a hunch about this new relationship. We feel "Woody" is going to do a lot in building a vast clientele. He is extremely popular and is a member of the Footprinters and the Elks Lodge, among other organizations.

We've all extended our best wishes to "Woody" in his official post. Now, we extend our best congratulations to him in this venture. Las Vegas will do its utmost to make it a successful and enduring "term."

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Lee and George Liberace

THE WATCHBIRD

. . by MICHAEL NEALE (LADY MICHAEL)

LADY MICHAEL
WISHES
TREMENDOUS SUCCESS
AND GOOD LUCK
TO
AL COOPER
AND HIS
POLYNESIA



WE SIMPLY hated to say fare-thee-well to the Desert Spa which has been home to us these months, but three was a crowd in 129. We are now ensconced in a snug little haven known as the B-Bar-J Ranch. This beautiful guest ranch is run by BEE and JIM FULCHER, two of the most charming people we could possible meet, who are smothering us with kindness and that particular brand of hospitality typical of the West and of Las Vegas. So to LARRY KAUFFMAN, HOWARD and the TEGLERS of the Desert Spa we say—Tah everso for being so very nice to us—we are not far away.

Instead of printing a picture of photogenic RITA HAYWORTH with the story of her divorce from ALY KHAN because of his high gambling habits, a certain local newspaper ran a picture of a pair of dice (crap twelve), and the hard way at that . . . POCAHONTAS CROWFOOT, who used to be a girl dancer, is now a girl comic. She's changed her name to CAROL LANGLEY and is teamed with VERA FERGUSEN who will play straight man for her, (in this case should we say straight girl?) Anyhoo, this team will do take-offs on the country's top comic teams: MARTIN and LEWIS, and NOONAN and MARSHALL . . . speaking of girls graduating from the "line," (chorus, to the layman), we have MISS JACKIE FONTAINE, who used to be a tap dancer and is now a singer at the SILVER SLIPPER, and great we hear.

If you have been wondering who that attractive couple is around the Desert Inn they are AL and BETTY GARBER of Chicago. Betty, who is tall, tan and beautiful, can easily make JANE RUSSELL take a back seat. Al is in the air-conditioning business and is moving his plant to Los Angeles . . . BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE: Charming MR. AND MRS. ROBERT STOCKING lend that air-of-distinction and great warmth to the D. I. . . . LARRY BERNS, who produces "Our Miss Brooks" on the CBS airwaves, was here with BRUCE MANNING, who writes and produces pics with JACK SKIRBALL, says the Las Vegas atmosphere is so conducive to work that they could spend eight hours over a hot crap table and still knock off more scripts than they ever did in L. A.

Overheard at the Desert Inn: "I have a beautiful wife, and I love her very much; I have a gorgeous girl friend who wants for nothing, she's away right now—what are you doing later tonight baby?" . . . Overheard at the Flamingo: "I enjoyed 'Cyrano' very much, but I don't dig JOSE FERRER with such a bouffant nose" . . . Overheard at the El Rancho: "My bookmaker has a heart of gold—it's hard and it's yellow!"

BOO HOO DEPT.: BERNIE GROSS is no longer with us. She was one of the main reasons service was so smooth in the Cactus Room at the D. I.

(Continued on Page 43)

COMPLIMENTS OF . . .

?OHW SSEUG

HOTEL LAST FRONTIER



RAYE GITS



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Hoot Gibson

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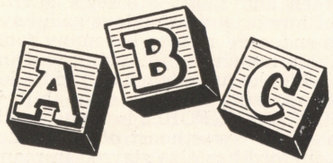

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SHOW REVIEWS by Jack Curtis

El Rancho Vegas

After an unfortunate week's delay which disappointed their thousands of fans here in Las Vegas, America's favorite singing quartet, THE INK SPOTS, have ironed out a booking tangle and opened the new ROUND-UP ROOM show. These masters of harmony have completed the four-way triumph of show business with star billing in the fields of stage, screen, radio and recordings. Though their distinctive song treatments have been imitated thousands of times, there is only one Ink Spots! Opening night audiences listened with hearty approval to BILL KENNY and the boys vocally blending old radio and jukebox favorites as well as the new crop of song hits. From Bill's high tenor to the low bass reminiscing that is the Ink Spots signature, these talented boys range the field of tunes to create a most enjoyable evening of listening . . . BUSTER BURNELL, boy dancer, again captains his bevy of lovely JUNE TAYLOR DANCERS with songs and twinkling toes . . . all set against the background of TED FIO RITO'S outstanding piano and orchestra music.

Flamingo

Show opening May 17
(Not a review)

MICKEY ROONEY, of Hollywood fame, will open in this new revue in the FLAMINGO ROOM. He is the lad with the everlasting youthful zest he injected into his portrayals as Andy Hardy, on the screen and radio. Mickey's terrific sense of humor and infectious grin have always endeared him to his many fans. We have a hunch his following will increase when he unveils his bag of tricks. . . . Co-starring on the same bill is FRANCES LANGFORD, known to millions as "The Sweetheart of the G. I.s" Miss Langford has also starred in many films and her records are prized by the nation. This petite and charming lady of song has a sultry, contralto voice that is famous . . . In the supporting

(Continued on Page 45)

LAST FRONTIER

May 18 through June 1
(Not a review)

HARRY FARNOW, booker of the shows in the RAMONA ROOM, has done it again. Once again he has brought back to Las Vegas the individual piano stylings of JAN AUGUST. Jan's recordings have proved his freshness and imaginative quality in presenting his talent. For "Piano Magic" it's Jan August . . . Co-starring are JERRY MURAD'S HARMONICATS. Mr. Murad does all the arranging for his group. The Harmonicats are a lively group. They have a vast collection of harmonicas and top their performances with their own brand of comedy . . . On the same bill are LES ZORIS, who are famous for their "Dance of the Leopard." Wait until you see this adagio dance team in action . . . The JEAN DEVLYN DANCERS will introduce two new numbers . . . Backing the show will be the very competent AL DONAHUE and his ORCHESTRA . . . During intermission, it's DON BAKER, the King of the Hammond.

Wilbur Clark's DESERT INN

May 15 through May 28

As far as this reviewer is concerned, all Marshall Plan aid to Britain would be repaid if they'd send us permanently their foremost singing star TESSIE O'SHEA, who opened this week as co-star of the new PAINTED DESERT ROOM show. Although this is Miss O'Shea's first American night club appearance, she soon bridged that small but important gap between the English and American idioms and senses of humor by dint of her tremendous and warm personality. She has an advantage over most English performers on the American stage in that her father was a Bostonian and able to give her a closer appreciation of stateside audiences. He has also given us the privilege of calling her half ours. When you see Tess and hear her rich voice, you'll agree

(Continued on Page 45)



Thunderbird

May 10 through May 23

There is a thoroughly enjoyable show in the NAVAJO ROOM. Sharing starring honors are TENNESSEE ERNIE, the "Shotgun Boogie Boy" and "Quiver Lips" IRENE RYAN. . . . ERNIE is a home-spun lad, who is right at home in-the-spotlight and can easily relax an audience with his rich baritone voice. In between songs, Ernie floods the stage with his friendly personality and relates some of the humorous anecdotes he remembers from his home state of Tennessee. Yes, Sir! This boy is talented. He's just as handy with a gag and guitar as he is with a folk tune or ballad. . . . IRENE RYAN should be well known to her audience, after many years of stardom on screen and radio, as half of the famous team—TIM and IRENE. Her billing: "The Gal Who Made Bob Hope Laugh" is easily comprehended. This gal can make **anyone** laugh. Miss Ryan is a polished comedienne, with material beautifully tailored to her talents, which include an expressive and capable singing voice—a faceful of amusing looks, expressions and quivers, topped with a perfect sense

(Continued on Page 45)

CLUB BINGO

Show opening May 16
(Not a review)

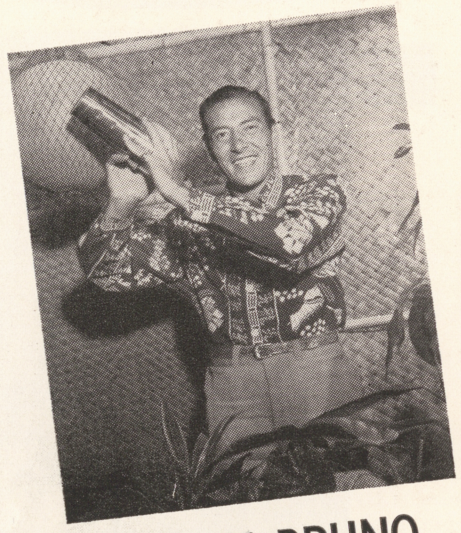
The CLUB BINGO has been consistent in its policy of bringing to Las Vegas and the BONANZA ROOM, fresh talent in a wide variety of entertainers. Another first brings HARRY RANCH and his Music With a Sense of Humor as headliners of the new show which opened this week. Here is another musical combo which has hit pay-dirt by combining natural exuberance and good humor with professionally excellent music. Harry and Company take songs apart to see what makes them tick, and in the process, discover what makes audiences laugh. It always takes a fresh approach to discover the humor in a situation. Harry Ranch brings just that to his first Las Vegas engagement, and



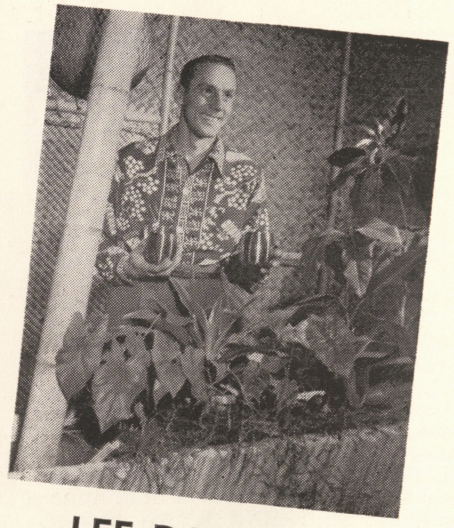
according to advance reports, late showgoers are in for an enjoyable treat . . . JIMMY KENNEDY is still genial host and hilarious m.c. for the entire Bonanza Room presentation. Jimmy's clowning is a bright spot in this town's night life . . . MIKE WERNER wields his rhythmical drumstick and leads his orchestra in dance music from 8 p. m. to 4:30 a. m.

SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

PAT WINTERS and the CAN-CAN GIRLS, DUDE KIMBALL, the Country Plumber, and REGGIE DVORAK are the line-up of entertainers who supply continuous diversion in the SILVER SLIPPER SALOON. Pat and the girls keep their tunes and themselves bouncing in Gay Paree and Gay '90s fashion . . . An enjoyable clown and MC is Reggie Dvorak, whose middle name should be Mayhem, Inc. This lad tears an audience apart, then puts it back together again, and patrons love it! He's an entire show in himself and a wonderful example of the fine art of pantomime . . . GEORGE REDMAN, the "88" expert and BUSTER HALLETT'S tight little Dixieland group alternate in furnishing dance and production tunes.



FRANK BRUNO



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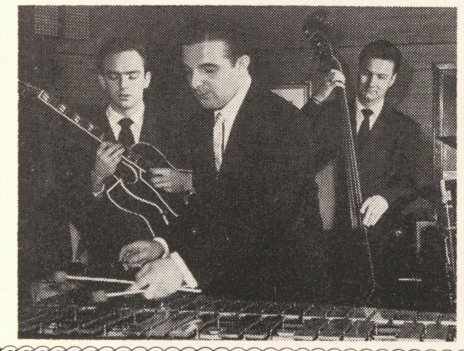

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CHESS » » »

. . . by FRED SOLY
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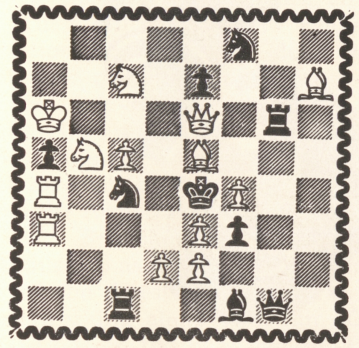
PROBLEM NO. 99

Black 10



White 13

White mates in two.

Solution to problem No. 98: N-K4.

World's chess champion Mikhall Botvinnik retained his title in the closest possible finish, when he scored 12 points and the challenger also had 12 points. According to the tournament rules, Bronstein had to have more points in order to get the crown.

The sixth game Bronstein lost through a blunder on his 57th move. It appears that the challenger, leading at that stage and with a certain draw in hand, failed to take advantage of a check with a knight at his disposal and moved his king instead. This slight, but critical misstep, immediately taken advantage of by the champion, caused Bronstein to resign at once.

SICILIAN DEFENSE

Bronstein	Botvinnik	15—R-B3	Q-QB4
White	Black	16—Q-Q2	B-B3
1—P-K4	P-QB4	17—R-K3	Q-R4
2—Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	18—B-B3	Castles QR
3—P-Q4	PxP	19—Q-Q3	R-Q2
4—KtxP	Kt-B3	20—P-KR4	K-Kt
5—Kt-QB3	P-Q3	21—P-R3	B-Q
6—B-KKt5	P-K3	22—K-R2	Q-QB4
7—Q-Q2	P-KR-3	23—R-K2	P-R4
8—BxKt	KtPxB	24—P-R4	BKt3
9—Castles	P-R3	25—P-QKt3	R-QB
10—P-B4	B-Q2	26—Q-B4	QxQ
11—K-Kt	B-K2	27—PxQ	R-R
12—B-K2	KtxKt	28—K-Kt3	QR-Q
13—QxKt	Q-R4	29—R-Q3	B-Kt8
14—KR-B	P-R4	30—KR-Q2	K-B2
31—Kt-K2	B-B7	45—RxP	K-B4
32—R-Q	B-B4	46—P-K5	R-Q5
33—Kt-Kt3	QR-KKt	47—RxR	KxR
34—Kt-K2	R-R2	48—Kt-Kt4	BxP
35—P-B5	P-K4	49—P-K6	PxP
36—Kt-B3	B-Q5	50—P-B6	B-K
37—RxB	PxR	51—K-Kt3	P-K4
38—RxP	KR-Kt2	52—P-B3ch	K-K5
39—Kt-K2	RxP	53—Kt-R6	K-B5
40—BxR	RxB	54—P-B7	BxP
41—Kt-B4	R-Kt6ch	55—KtxB	P-K5
42—K-Kt2	R-Kt5	56—Kt-Q8	P-K6
43—KtxP	RxRP	57—K-B6*	K-Kt6
44—KtxP	K-Kt3	Resigns.	

*Kt-K6ch would lead to a draw.

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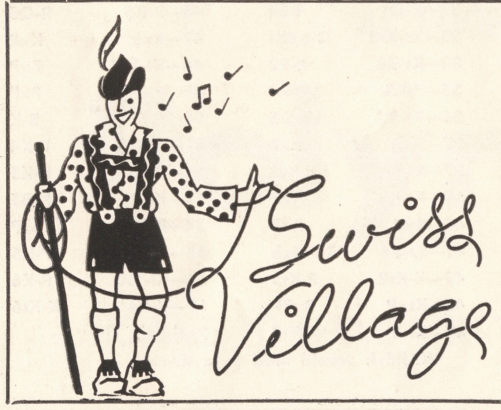

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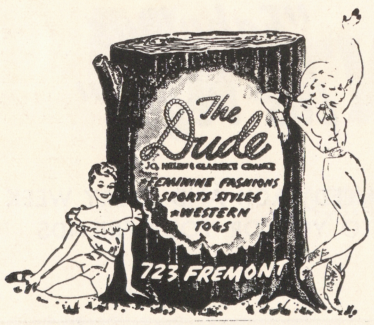

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WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from page 15)

set-up . . . Tuesday night is the night off for the BOB WALTERS TRIO who play at the Lady Luck Bar in Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn. So what do they do? They scurry down to Hollywood to station KNBH-NBC to do a weekly 15 minute program along with a little gal some of you may remember, Miss Georgia Lee, who played the Club Bingo some time ago. Bob had been the musical director on her recent program called the Armed Forces Revue. No reason why Bob shouldn't go to the top with this trio as it now stands, as he has two of the finest musicians I've ever heard working along with him; GENE ENGLUND on the bass and HOWARD ROBERTS on the guitar. Bob, you know, plays piano, vibes and clarinet. This makes for a nice combo . . . Good to see JOE WOLVERTON and POLLY POSSUM back on the job at the Golden Nugget Saloon. They've been enjoying a few days off for a change. BILL GREEN told them to take about four days off and rest up 'cause they've really been doing a grand job for him there. Now Joe, Polly, Jaynie and Lilly look as fresh as a bottle 7-UP (kinda green, thin, watery and full o' bubbles) . . . only kiddin', kids! . . . You know somethin'? I was talking to Mr. Stutz, manager of ARDEN'S, and he tells me the response of the people of Las Vegas to their enterprise has rocked the whole firm back on its heels. The main office doesn't believe what they know is happening here. A couple of weeks ago on a week-end, this new store was placed second in volume only to the huge outlet in Seattle, Washington. Try to tell me that the ladies of Las Vegas don't know values and style when it's put in front of them. DRESS FOR LESS is the idea behind every price tag in the store . . . The FAMOUS SANDWICH SHOP, although only open for a couple of weeks, had to close down this last week to do a bit of remodeling. They found that their original set-up just wasn't sufficient to handle the volume of business they were doing. By the time this mag hits the streets they should be open and ready to do business again as well as having added a few very interesting items to their already delicious menu. The Famous is a semi-serve-yourself idea. You get your grub at the counter then go to your seat and build your own "Dagwood" just the way you want it built. This I **like!** I'm a Dagwood diner from 'way back! . . . Proofa tha puddin'! I've been sending folks out to RAILROAD PASS to enjoy CHEF ROM'S food for some time now and I have yet to ever hear a wrong word about the meals that he puts in front of you out there. The original chuck wagon, the barbecue, fried chicken; all of it is of the highest caliber. JACK, JONESY and PHLETE give Rom a free rein in the dining room and it has brought back customers time and time again. With that new divided highway between here and Boulder City you can make it out to Railroad Pass in about 20 minutes these days. I'll bet there are a lot of the people of Las Vegas that haven't been over that new highway as yet. Go have a look and stop at the Pass for some of the best food you ever tasted . . . JACK GOLDBERG, manager of Leed's Shoe Store, has really become "permanent party." Got himself a house, bought in the family from Phoenix, joined the C. of C. and in general has made up his mind that there is no other town to hold a candle to our Las Vegas; now HIS! He was beginning to look about as forlorn as a chuck-a-luck dealer 'til he got his family up here. Now all is okay! . . . I'm happy to see LOUIE CONIGLIO beginning to get around like the Louie we knew before he had that operation a few weeks back. Couple of more weeks and you won't be able to hold him down. The lovely little lady who greets you at the door these days is daughter LORA ANN, here to help out her Dad and Mother, MILDRED, who looks more like a sister than a mother. . . . Had a real old fashioned sing-fest at GRACE HAYES Red Rooster the other night, and this is the place to do it. You just naturally let your hair down at this club whether you have any to let down or not. Tennessee Ernie was there and it was the first time we'd been able to sit in for some old time harmony since the war days when he was stationed out here at this air base with me back in '45. At that time he and I and a couple of other men would snarl up the traffic so badly in the El Rancho when we sang that the cops would have to break it up for reasons of safety. Those days I'll never forget! . . . Somethin' else I'd better not forget is to close this column and get out amongst 'em; 'cause we've got a big book this week and a lot has to be done somewhere else besides sitting reminiscing at a typewriter . . . Now suppose you drop all else and meet me at AL COOPER'S new POLYNESIA out on the Strip! . . . 'bye for now!

—JOHNNY.

ALL MY THANKS FOR OPENING YOUR
WARM AMERICAN HEARTS
TO AN ENGLISH VISITOR



Tessie O'Shea

WALLY DEWAR, MY MUSICAL ADVISOR,
ALSO JOINS ME IN SENDING YOU WARMEST WISHES

CURRENTLY AT WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN

THE WATCHBIRD:

(Continued from page 25)

Bernie will take time off to decorate her new home which should be ultra-chic if she plans it the way she plans her ultra-chic wardrobe . . . HAPPY BIRTHDAY to JANE BERGMEIER of the El Rancho, who celebrated it May 9 . . . and to MAURY NORTE who celebrated his May 12 . . . WELCOME HOME: LOUISE TUCKER, just back from Miami (oops), we meant, just back from the south.

RON FLETCHER, who everyone knows does those wonderful routines at the D. I., will leave here for Pennsylvania where he will take charge of production and dance-direction of the Lake Taminent Dance Theare. One of the ballets he has created which should revolutionize the school of modern dance is entitled "First Lady Forward" . . . ABE ADLER, who used to deal for MERT WERTHEIMER, when he bossed the Colonial Inn in Hollywood, Florida, back in its hey-day, is now lending that man-of-distinction look to the crap tables at the D. I. . . ASIDE TO OUR EDITOR NOTE: No, Cutie Pie MAC KRIM did not walk the lilac strewn aisle, at least he hadn't when we last saw him in L. A.

JUST HOW GAUDY CAN YOU GET DEPT.: We hear from a reliable source that DIAMOND JIM MORAN of New Orleans (who emulates JIM BRADY of yesterday), wears a diamond brace on his teeth, diamond eyeglass frames and a diamond zipper on his pants with a diamond horseshoe on the top—or the bottom, which ever the case may be. This latter is to impress the men's room attendant, no doubt . . . BENNY, the SMILING IRISHMAN, raised a lip-rug for Helldorado and likes it so well on himself he's loathe to shave it off now that Helldorado has been put in mothballs for another year. Benny—put your rug there!

FRANCESCA DE SCAFFA filed suit for a divorce (charging mental cruelty) against one ETIENNE PELLISSIER DE BUJAC. No wonder, with a name like that. Anyhoo, we were nonplussed for a minute until we got out the French-English dictionary and translated it into BRUCE CABOT . . . If any of you are L. A. bound, a MUST on the agenda is the Cocoanut Grove to see the inimitable LENA HORNE. Her version of "Frankie and Johnny" with an off-stage choral background is too, too out of this world! . . . A large package of dynamite sent here from England (not lend-lease) is music hall favorite MISS TESSIE O'SHEA, currently rocking the Painted Desert room at the D. I. She's a doll and we know you'll agree when you see her.

No column would be complete without our coosome twosome dept. so we peeped through various keyholes and came up with these: CONNIE HAMILTON and DICK SHERIDAN—RANDI ROBESON and EDDY THOMPSON—ARTHUR ROZEN and BETTY RICE (who will open her own modeling studio here).—Who has BOBBY KAYE got big-bug-eyes for? If anyone knows the answer to this, tell us as we'd like to know too.

JONESY, of the D. I. casino, never says goodbye—just good day—and a fast track!

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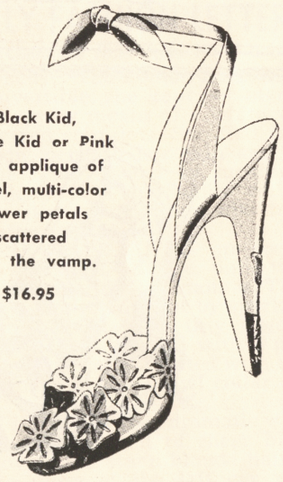
especially for you . . .



Black Kid,
White Kid or Pink
with applique of
pastel, multi-color
flower petals
scattered
over the vamp.

$16.95

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Las Vegas, Nevada

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Completely Feminine Shoe Store

ARDEN'S

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Women's Apparel

518 FREMONT STREET

NOW SERVING THE LADIES OF LAS VEGAS

"DRESS FOR LESS"



AN ORCHID TO YOU

Al Cooper

ON THE OPENING OF THE

Polynesia

WE WISH YOU EVERY SUCCESS!

VILLA VENICE

ON HIGHWAY 91

THUNDERBIRD HOTEL:

(Continued from page 29)

of timing. . . . The husky MARTELLS return with a new variety of ways to toss petite MIGNON across the stage and into the rafters of the room. This tiny, well-proportioned mademoiselle flies through the air with the grace of a swallow, bringing gasps from the audience with her three-point landing. . . . The KATHRYN DUFFY DANSATIONS outdo themselves with a "Bushel and a Peck" routine, starring JOY WALKER, blonderful and talented young dancer. Ballerina CHRISTINA CARSON whirls through a colorful gypsy and tambourine number which features the singing of POLA VAN ESSA and m.c. ROBERT MONNET . . . AL JAHNS and his ork cut an excellent show and supply "Music That Charms" for patron dancing.

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from page 28)

spot are the WILL MASTIN TRIO. This threesome consists of an uncle, father and son. Featured in the act is SAMMY DAVIS JR. You'll enjoy his impressions of various well-known personalities and the trio's dance performances . . . DENNY BECKNER and his "Happy-Time" orchestra cut the background for the show and provide their usual dansapating rhythms for patron enjoyment.

DESERT INN:

(Continued from page 28)

that there's enough of this lovable personality to go around on both sides of the Atlantic. One of the friendliest gals in town, she kids herself and her audiences with a light touch and agile comedy dance steps. Tessie does wonderful things to "Slow Boat to China" although not what the composers originally intended. For straight singing, she is truly enjoyable on such numbers as "Some One of These Days" and "St. Louis Blues." Don't miss Tessie O'Shea, the most exciting stage personality to come out of England in many years . . . Sharing top billing with Miss O'Shea is JACK DURANT, known as Broadway and Hollywood's favorite comedian. This engagement is old-home week for Jack and Tess, for they played together in England. Jack is a fast-talking comedian with an amazing ability to take a fall or handstand and still come up looking like Clark Gable after a hard night." A mighty versatile wit is Jack, with screen, radio, night club and musical comedy experience to his credit. Although he makes mothers-in-law the special brunt of his jokes, Jack kids himself as much as his relatives. He has every type of gag in his rapid-five routine, so you're certain to find your own personal funny-bone being tickled . . . THE LANGS are one of the most exciting acrobatic groups to appear on any stage. From their diving tower and teeter board, they throw themselves about with gay abandon for life and limb. Triple and quadruple somersaults have their audiences gasping one moment and skillful clowning keeps them laughing the next. The Langs are at the top of their field in professional excellence and have gone that one step further which makes the most lightning-fast acrobatic routines look easy . . . for acrobats! . . . JOHNNY MACK, following in footsteps of his famous father, helps to round out a full evening's entertainment with his snappy tap routines . . . WALTER RENNER, new master of ceremonies, sings to the perenially smooth rhythms of CARLTON HAYES orchestra while the ARDEN-FLETCHER DANCERS display their luscious tans and eye-filling costumes to good advantage.

WEEKLY FASHION LETTER:

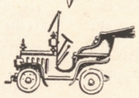
(Continued from page 17)

HOPE comedy, "The Lemon Drop Kid," in her convertible, she kept her blonde locks in place by means of a white veil with huge red coin-dots. She tied it in a large bow beneath her chin and repeated the "veil" theme by tucking a small hanky of red and white veiling into the pocket of her white silk-shantung of afternoon dress.

CORINNE CALVET fits an orchid veil over her sleek coiffure, pulls it to the back of her neck and knots it. Then she achieves added interest by sparking the veil-like cloche with tiny jeweled violets. She teams the veil with a purple faille suit, which is frosted with tiny jeweled violets at the shawl collar and cuffs.

BETTY HUTTON goes dramatic when she wears a mask-veil of sheer black lace. It covers the star's blonde hair, is clipped in place at the left ear with a trio of ruby and diamond hearts and highlights a small lace mask which covers the eyes. With this unique coiffure "protector," the leading lady of Cecil B. DeMille's "The Greatest Show on Earth" wears a short evening dress of matching lace that fits her like a second skin and has a wide v-neckline, brief sleeves, a flaring hemline and tiny jeweled hearts which march from top to bottom.

BEST WISHES TO
AL COOPER'S
POLYNESIA
FROM
ART ROZEN AND MURRY NORT



USED CARS
LAS VEGAS WHOLESALERS
Prices are Born Here
And Raised Elsewhere
N. MAIN and BONANZA TELEPHONE 5950-M

SALUTATIONS AND
GREAT SUCCESS TO
AL COOPER'S
POLYNESIA
FROM
SARRET'S
OFFICE EQUIPMENT COMPANY
427 FREMONT STREET TELEPHONE 3810

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from page 5)

now, was being fought, and as a result of which Senator Clark found himself unable to continue construction of his railroad from Utah into Nevada without permission of Mr. Harriman, President of the Union Pacific. This time Mr. Bancroft laid aside all pretense of softness and, like the proverbial bear trap, snapped :

"Auction or nothing. Bancroft."

Sadly, at direction of Mr. J. Ross Clark, Mr. Park began to refund the deposits on lots and to cancel the applications to purchase which had been made by so many weary sojourners. Then Mr. Clark announced that the lots would be sold at auction beginning at 10 o'clock in the morning of May 15, 1905.

Secretly, I was a bit pleased at the few days delay which enabled me to get our big, 30-room, tent "Hotel Las Vegas" ready for guests before the sale. The evening of May 14 every room was occupied. The big new range in the 16 by 20 kitchen was smoking. The spacious dining room, 20 by 40 feet, was filled with dining guests who were nicely waited upon by a half a dozen waitresses sent out to us by the old Hollenbeck Hotel (Second and Spring, Los Angeles).

The weather had ben cold and windy the first part of the month and about the eighth or tenth of May, rain began to fall early in the evening and continued all night, just at the time I had furniture, bedding, mattresses, and everything going to make up a hotel, scattered over the ground near the corner of Stewart and Main streets. I worked all night in the rain with a crew of men trying to get the big bundles out of the hollows (full of water) on to higher ground and things were pretty dreary. But that day it cleared off and warmed up a bit and our stuff dried out until it was fit for use by the time the hotel was opened for business.

The morning of May 15, after breakfast in the new Hotel Las Vegas, we all went across Main street and up toward the freight house a little way, to a big mesquite tree where a frame covered with sheeting and bunting had been erected by C. O. Whittemore, head of the Las Vegas Land & Water Company, who was in charge of the auction sale. Auctioneer Ben E. Ward did the selling. Bidding was fast and furious and we soon realized that the day was hot. In fact, ever since that all-night rain, it had been getting hotter every day and by the time adjournment of the auction for the noon luncheon came, I was quite happy to think what a fine thing I had done for the big crowd by providing the cool shade of the new hotel where we could go and enjoy a cool drink and a nice lunch.

I reached the front door of the hotel just ahead of the crowd, feeling that I should welcome them to the cool comfort and cold beer of Hotel Las Vegas. When I opened the door to go in a hot blast struck me. I strode on into the unbelievable heat and over to a thermometer I had thoughtfully hung on one of the tent supports. As near as I could see through my heat-blurred eyes, the temperature stood at 128 degrees. That great expanse of canvas had admitted and stored the heat of the sun until it was unbearable.

What a discouraging blow after all our hopes! Somehow we managed to get through the day. That night I slept on a blanket on the ground out back of the Hotel. The next day the auction was finished.

Las Vegas really was born before sundown of that May 15 when we could look off over the desert and see tents and shacks on wagons being drawn to where the owners thought their lots were located.

I went to Los Angeles and bought enough canvas to cover that entire 40 by 130 main hotel room and built a second roof eighteen inches above the first, which made the new hotel at least livable during the terribly hot, dusty and fly-plagued summer of 1905.

That in brief, is how Las Vegas was born, but the new baby was poor, scrawny and sickly—how completely miserable but few people except Fred Pine and Ed VanTobel, who were here with me then, can imagine. I lived in a 12 by 16 foot tent near the corner of Main and Stewart streets until I had our fine home at 408 Fremont street completed, and brought Delphine and the children out from Los Angeles June 21, 1906.

That started, for me, a new era of comfort in Las Vegas. Almost forty years we lived there and enjoyed that home—until encroaching business houses drove us out onto Seventh.

There with some of our children and other relatives who are coming, we are going to celebrate another birthday next Tuesday, about which I may tell you next week.

'TUTOR PREDICTS'
100,000 POPULATION
IN LAS VEGAS BY 1954
DON'T WORRY—WATCH US GROW

THE BEST OF

EVERYTHING TO

AL COOPER'S

POLYNESIA

FROM

DON

THE BEACHCOMBER

1727 NORTH McCADDEN
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

101 EAST WALTON
CHICAGO, ILL.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 9)

to be brought to the surface. We understand Mr. Bishop may form a corporation to facilitate exploitation of this new and lucrative source of wealth . . . JIMMY SPITLER, insurance agent in our town, told us his brother, WALTER, gave mom a 1951 Packard sedan for Mother's Day. A wonderful gift for a wonderful gal . . . JULES HOLSTEIN, owner of JULES RESTAURANT in the SILVER SLIPPER SALOON, is the creator of dishes considered supreme in their line by restaurants and chefs all over the world. He was the first man to marinate a herring—and you know what a delicacy that has become. Jules is also accredited with creating the "Wiener Schnitzel a la Holstein." At last we have discovered the man who is to blame for our eating more than we should. How can a mortal resist such delectable concoctions? . . . Here's something amazing. The water in the DESERT INN'S swimming pool is actually **purer** than drinking water. The water is completely filtered three times a day. Small wonder it is classified as an "A" pool by the Board of Health. . . . News for Rounders: The LA RUE management has disclosed that this popular rendezvous will present late shows to their patrons. WILLARD ELLIS will be the m.c. From what we hear, the talent will be worthy of the atmosphere . . . RALPH PAULIE is the new Captain at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL. Mr. Paulie helped BILLY WILKERSON found the famous Trocadero. Good luck, Ralph . . . MOE SEDWAY, of the FLAMINGO HOTEL, claims he knows an actress who is so old she used to work for **19th** Century Fox. Wellllllll! . . . There are approximately 1,000 boys in the Ice Cream League in Brooklyn (U.S.A., that is). Believe it or not, the originator is POP SECOL. (Honestly) . . . FAITH BACON, of fan-dance fame, is about to launch a comeback, via Chicago . . . Remember those Summer Leagues being formed at the NEW VEGAS BOWLING LANES? Don't feel that you would be exerting yourself too much because of summer weather. The air-conditioning is extremely comfortable . . . After many years at Stewart and Ogden, KOST'S MOBILE SERVICE STATION moved to larger and more modern quarters at 1000 South Main. Now, Bob Kost is planning sleeping quarters and a restaurant for the convenience of long distance truckers. When television arrives, we wouldn't be surprised if Bob installed sets in the units. What a guy! . . . RUTH LANDIS (Mrs. GEORGE MORO in private life) is in Los Angeles, knitting the pinks and blues for the impending arrival of Sir Stork. The doctor has been pretty strict with Ruth and we hope it won't be long before the entire family returns to L. V. . . . EDDIE RIO gets our vote as the No. 1 Trouble Shooter with A.G.V.A. Here's a man who really accomplishes what he sets out to do. Nice going, Eddie. . . . Beautiful JANIS PAIGE is residing at HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. This glamorous gal is here for the six-week cure. . . . Here's an item that makes us pretty happy. MARTIN LEWIS read our reviews and raves about the talented and lovely BEVERLY RICHARDS. When she returned to L. A. he contacted her and made arrangement for Miss Richards to be interviewed by Paramount Studio executives. Good luck, Beverly. Here's hoping this is your "big break." . . . We got a look-see at the improvements that were made at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER STABLES and liked what we saw. TEX and FREIDA GATES are to be commended for their persevering efforts to please the equestrians and equestriennes. . . . Aside to LLOYD WALSH, of the CLUB BINGO. Did you say 39 was in the third or the fourth row? . . . sincere congratulations to J. KELL HOUSSELS, LARRY HAZELWOOD, JIMMY YOUNG and CONNIE HURLEY. These fine gentlemen celebrated their first anniversary (May 16) as owners of the very popular BOULDER CLUB. . . . HANK HENRY, whose name is associated with his performances at the SILVER SLIPPER SALOON, has purchased a ranch on Tonopah Highway. His lovely wife's name is Jo-Ann. So, the place now bears the nomenclature, HAN-JO RANCHO. . . . Forgive us if we boast a bit about the little woman. Last week, in the bowling semi-finals, our gal, Mrs. C., came through with a 189 average to top the other three contestants. The other semi-finalists were: MARGE GOODIN, HELEN COREY, and MARGE BELDING—all top-notch keglerettes who made it an interesting and close match. On Saturday and Sunday (May 19-20), our Princess and

(Continued on Page 51)

FOR YOUR WEDDING FLOWERS—
RAINBOW FLORIST
Where Flowers Are Fresh and Prices Right!
Phone 6216 232 South 5th St.

GOOD LUCK

Al Cooper,
Eddie Shane

AND YOUR

POLYNESIA

Restaurant

TOMMY McDONNELL

AND

FRANKIE HOWARD

SINGAPORE RESTAURANT

1011 RUSH STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued rrom Page 49)

MARGE GOODIN will roll the first two blocks of the finals to determine the Las Vegas Women's Single Match Game Champion. If you see these tired old arms in a sling, it will be because we didn't stop chewing at the end of the fingernails. . . . BUD KEAST, watch expert at the new BOND'S JEWELRY STORE in the Friedman Building, is a real time-saver. Our time teller was running a little fast and we dropped in to see Bud. He has an electrically-impelled watchmaster that can determine whether or not a watch is missing the slightest fraction of a second. No excuses now. The watch is perfect. Wonder what reason we can use now? . . . All of the Rounders have welcomed CHUY REYES with open arms. This terrific musician is not only drawing the patrons, but all of the other musicians as well. . . . The popular COOPER SISTERS left L. V. May 14 for a series of engagements that will take them to Chicago. The gals will be back again in August. Hurry back, will you? . . . CARL WRIGHT and SLIM CHANEY, of the RAINBOW FLORISTS are introducing a revolutionary move. They are offering more flowers for less money. Thanks, fellas! . . . ZINN ARTHUR, the fair-haired boy with a camera is in town. He arrived to photograph the Helldorado Event for Collier's Magazine. Needless to say, Zinn is slightly bewildered at this point. What about it, Mr. Arthur? Do we, or don't we, have some pretty terrific scenery in these-here-parts? . . . Speaking of scenery, did you kids see the beautiful CHILI WILLIAMS posing for pix at the DESERT INN pool the other day? Wow! . . . Among the first nighters at all the show openings, you will almost invariably see HYMIE and ROSE MILLER. We enjoy watching them as they greet their many friends. The Millers are a wonderful couple, indeed. . . . We were introduced to our first peek at a Mynah Bird a few days before AL COOPER'S POLYNESIA opened its doors. Through our minds went fleeting pictures of having one in our apartment. Then, our dream-bubble was rudely shattered. Mr. Cooper innocently informed us he paid $600.00 for this bird with the human voice. So, back to earth we came. Wonder how much Mrs. C. has in her piggy-bank? (Perhaps there will be a different reason for the arm-in-the-sling?) . . . JACK and RITA HOWE sold their namesake and will relinquish their Business College to JOHN LINTON, of Reno, on June 1. Jack is going to cashier at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER and RITA wants to be quoted as "having retired." . . . It's good to see DAVE PEARL back at the CLUB BINGO, as the manager of the Bingo Parlor, day shift. Nice to see your smiling face again, lad! . . . BOB and NITA MOORE have a wonderful spot in the FAMOUS SANDWICH SHOP. Just drop in and taste their beef, or pork, or ham, or ——. Oh, heck! Why torture ourselves? We're taking time out, right now. . . . MICHAEL CRAIG, fifteen-year-old Las Vegas High School student, is making plans to visit his mother in Alaska, this summer. Mike is the boy who won first place laurels with his trumpet-playing in the Music Festival. He has been playing for three years and received four months of instruction from BOBBY PRUPPAS, who performs with ORTEGA at the LA RUE. Bobby claims that Mike will be a demon someday if he continues progressing as well as he has been. . . . DICK SHERIDAN of the race book at the BOULDER CLUB sent a beautiful pearl ring to CONNIE HAMILTON from L. A. Connie has been displaying it as proudly as though it were an engagement ring. Is it true? We haven't been to a wedding in a long time. How about it? . . . Did you ever taste the delicious steaks turned out by Chef COLLINS at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL. If you haven't—take a tip from us and savor some. Mighty good! . . . Time out to extend hearty felicitations to HARRIET RESNICK on her birthday (May 19). Hope we aren't telling tales out of school—but—you'll be surprised again this year, H. R. The least we can do is keep the location secret. . . . (G. I.) JOE COPELAND and MOE TAUB are the new owners of JAY'S JEWELRY & LOAN CO., formerly known as MACK'S J & L CO. Joe and Moe are well known in this vicinity and we hope they will receive the support of everyone in their new endeavor. . . . We're certain the "powers that be" in Carson City are intelligent enough to realize their issued statement, concerning bets called in from out of town, is much too broad. Maybe the committee will realize this and alter their decision accordingly. A few changes might prove to be better for all concerned. . . . In closing, we would like to relay Al Cooper's personal message to Las Vegans and tourists. Make it a point to drop into the POLYNESIA and be among the many who will spend pleasant moments feasting their eyes on the attractive scenery and their innards with delectible, appetizing food. You won't be disappointed . . . and that's for sure.

BEST WISHES

TO

Al & Eddie

FROM

Ben Scott

IMPERIAL HOUSE

50 EAST WALTON PLACE

CHICAGO, ILL.

Good Luck

to the

POLYNESIA

John Marshall

Darlene Marshall

THE OLD TIMER:

(Continued from page 19)

But I did have a
Little trouble with the
Girls.
It was pitch-black
And Sisty kept yelling
That it was too dark
To see where we were
Going.
I explained that we had
Lights on the car, and if
We wanted to see the
Sunrise, we had
Better "get a'gettin'."
So we got.
Passed the
Lost Village Museum,
And into the Valley.
We parked and waited.
It was still dark.
Sisty and Gloria went
To sleep, so did
Me and the Baby.
Maw stayed awake.
She can't sleep when
She's cold.
Don't know how long we
Slept, but Maw
Woke us up with a start
By shaking and saying,
"Here it comes."
We sat and watched the
Sky change from
Ultra-marine blue to
Almost all the hues of
The rainbow, until old
Sol took over in
Person.
The girls declared they
Were hungry.
I,
Not having my watch,
Asked the time.
They consulted their
Wrist watches.
"Six," said Maw.
"Seven," said the girls.
Now I've lived here for
Some time and
I never even heard of
The sunrise being that
Late.
I told them so.
They said that with the
New time, the sun came
Up later.
"Not that late," sez I.
I looked at the clock
On the dashboard.
It never kept good time.
It showed 4:15.
By some skillful
Questioning, I
Got to the bottom
Of the mystery.
I had taken care of the
Hour, set up when I
Went to bed,
So had Maw, and
So had the girls.

TABLE HOPPING:

(Continued from page 21)

party last week, since "we" were absent. I didn't . . . I will now . . . even though it was nearly two weeks ago . . . it was the big dinner party given by TED SHORIE for his wife Ruth . . . it was her birthday . . . 24 of their close friends helped them celebrate. RUTH was so pretty in her "Alice blue gown!" Cutest couple, at the same party, was MAYNARD and BERYL HARRIS . . . BERYL wearing the most sensational sun tan of the year! . . . and with that blonde hair, WOW! . . . Many more happy birthdays to you, RUTH SHORIE!

Enjoying the week end and HELL-DORADO activities here were ART and FRAN RAMBO of SANTA ANA, CALIF. . . . their friend and buddy, HARRY WISOTZKEY, certainly showed them the town! . . . to quote them: "Las Vegas IS FABULOUS!" . . . Shucks, we knew it all the time!!

May I take this time to thank all you COCKTAIL GIRLS for your inquiries to my Editor, and to me . . . "WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR COLUMN" . . . I am so glad you missed me . . . and thanks too for your frank approval on the "BOSSES WIVES" "beef" I wrote about, in my last column . . . I was sincere . . . I hope it did some good . . . This is such a friendly town . . . let's work . . . on keeping it that way!!

Hey, I'm late, gotta go . . . Tonight it's TENNESSEE ERNIE and IRENE RYAN at the THUNDERBIRD! . . . See ya' . . . TABLE HOPPING!

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Gratefully,

Al Cooper

&

Eddie Shane

LAS VEGAS

NEVADA

HIGHWAY

91

AL COOPER'S POLYNESIA

(NEXT TO DESERT INN)