Jack Bortz'

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

HOWDY PODNER !



LET'S GUESS AGAIN

(See Page 9)

15c

August 18, 1951

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 3, NO. 18

OBSERVATIONS, BY POP SQUIRES

"THAT'S FOR SURE," BY JACK CORTEZ

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS, BY MARTIN LEWIS

VERSE, BY TUTOR SCHERER

REVIEWS OF CAFE SHOWS, BY JACK CORTEZ

RANDOM THOUGHTS, By B. B. BARTON

CHESS, BY FRED SOLY

AN OPEN LETTER, BY MAXINE LEWIS

THE WATCHBIRD, BY LADY MICHAEL

THIS YOU CAN BELIEVE, By PEARL BAILEY

WHAT'S DOIN'? BY JOHNNY

LAKE TAHOE, BY HARRIET RESNIK

JACK CORTEZ, Editor and Publisher

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DOWNTOWN

Jack Cortez'
FABULOUS LAS VEGAS
HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 3 AUGUST 18, 1951 NUMBER 18

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

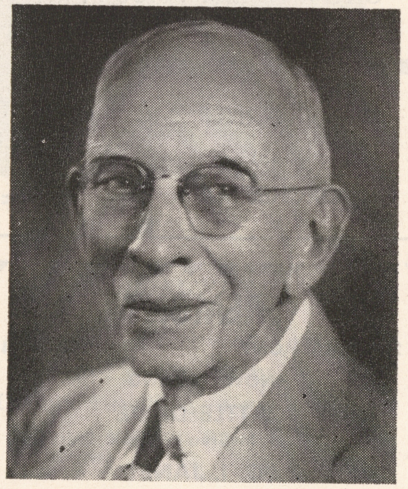
ANNIVERSARIES CREEP BY

DELPHINE and I are just awakening to the fact that the sixty-second anniversary of our marriage is practically upon us. It was the 21st of August, 1889, that we were married in Seattle and that evening boarded the fine old steamer Walla Walla enroute to San Francisco.

That was soon after the great Seattle fire which destroyed a large part of the city and the harbor was full of floating logs and other debris which had not yet been brought under control. Trying to make its way out of the port the Walla Walla struck a mess of floating logs and had quite a hole stove in her bow. However she went on that night to Victoria, where the next day was devoted to the work of patching up the damage so that she could proceed that evening out through the foggy straight of San Juan de Fuca.

The ship's pumps were working during all that voyage to San Francisco and there was considerable nervousness among the passengers. However we arrived safely in San Francisco about ten o'clock on the morning of August 25, 1889. At the pier we secured one of the old-fashioned (but then at the height of style) hansom cabs with the driver of the old horse sitting up above us. We drove over the cobblestone pavements of Market street into the great rotunda of the beautiful old Palace Hotel, around the circular drive until the horses stopped right at the desk where, for the first time I proudly registered "Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Squires."

For some years we have every year visited the Palace Hotel on our anniversary, but this year we are just quietly staying at home with a little



family party. Oh, no! Not getting old or anything like that! Just taking things easy as we go along. But come to count them over on our fingers, sixty-two are quite a batch of years for two people to have lived together in peace and contentment.

MY LADY OF THE GRAPES

A year ago (August 5, 1950) I wrote in "Fabulous Las Vegas" a little story of "My Lady of the Grapes," just as I had done each year when Mrs. J. T. McWilliams sent us a box of grapes dripping with sweetness, from the trellace in the yard of her lovely little home on the West Side.

This year again we have been remembered by this kindly and friendly lady whom Delphine and I have known and loved for so many years. And the sweet, purple grapes which she grows

(Continued on Page 43)

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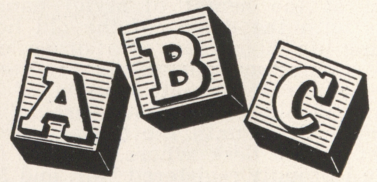

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VERSE

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF NEVADA



HE OWES IT TO A BERET

He trips through Hollywood in his beret
It's been just a year since he got that way
He was a football star a year ago
And could taks slaps on the wrist, blow for blow.

Each night from a stool in a gay gin mill
He displayed muscles that flexed to his will
A movie director saw at a glance
His beautiful muscles and loose wrist stance.

This rated a test on the silver screen
Which showed his muscles in a bathtub scene
Now he's the greatest star of the day
With his cute producer and a chic beret.

TO LA VEEDA

You are more beautiful than any flower
You are more precious than the most precious hour
A gorgeous princess in all but birth and name
Yet your grace would put all titled ones to shame.

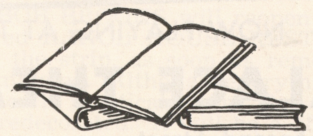
THE UPRIGHT CITIZEN

He passed through the door
Didn't see the waxed floor
He was an upright citizen
But he ain't no more.

FOR ALWAYS

I take you not for wealth or fame
As I give you my father's name
Humbly I make you my own
Placing you on my selfish throne

Love will come often from my voice
While I worship you and rejoice
For all my life I will cherish
A love which will never perish.



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CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES — AT POPULAR PRICES

THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ

Well, it looks as though we have a bunch of frustrated detectives in our midst. Last week's front cover mystery man (WILBUR CLARK) certainly stimulated the imagination of a great number of people. The reaction was so gratifying that we are going to to continue the theme to satisfy our friends and readers. For this week's riddle, we have selected what we consider a real "dilly!" That is not meant in an insulting manner; rather, we feel that this one will present more of a problem for your thinking caps. The boy whose face appears within the circle on the front cover is this week's mystery man. If anyone guesses this one quickly, it will shatter the faith we have in keeping the identity anonymous for at least a few days. As last week's mystery man, this person is also well-known to most of Las Vegas. He is also successful in business. We think we'll give you an extra hint this week. He is what we would term a suave, dignified gent! Of course, we KNOW this clue will be of tremendous importance in assisting your suppositions. (Don't bet on it.) Time for you people to oil your thinking gear and set it in operation. The first one to approach the correct person and ask him to identify himself will be treated to a drink or meal. You name your choice, it will be yours . . . .and that's for sure.

There's a shadow hovering over the domicile of MR. and MRS. SAMMY COHEN. Said shadow is the forecast of the future guest-of-honor, who will be escorted by the popular Mr. Stork. Mrs. C. is the former DOROTHY BUCKLEY, who recently left her job as "21" dealer at the SANTA ANITA TURF CLUB. The tense "daddy" is manager of the Race Book in the HORSESHOE CLUB. Though he has only been here a short time, Mr. C. has acquired an enviable reputation as the best "book" in the business. Good luck, folks! We know the little bundle of joy will be the "Quinella" of the year!

GILDA GRAY is negotiating with LIBERACE'S agents, in an attempt to get the king of the "88" in a role in the movie version of her life. She was the first to discover him years ago, when "Lee" was trying to get a footing on that first rung of the ladder of success.

We've always wondered why MIKE BRADY, box-man at the DESERT INN, is referred to by everyone as "one in a million." Well, we discovered the reason for ourselves. By the way, Mr. Brady speaks six languages fluently. We heard him having a nice chat with some of the members of the Parisian Follies cast, in their native tongue. How about that? Talented and humane!

The many changes that are taking place at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS have us fascinated to the extent of daily visits, to see just what the progress is. It's remarkable to see how the hotel consistently adopts a new look, every 24 hours. TO PLUMLEIGH and his construction crew are doing a sensational job.

It was "old home week" when BOB MILLAR and his ORK opened at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER on August 10. He and his aggregation were accorded a star's ovation when the curtain rose at show time. Many of our localites turned out en-masse to welcome the favorite music boy. We enjoyed Bob's remark: "It's a privilege to be back in America's friendliest city."

During our "rounding around" the other ayem, we saw MR. and MRS. HY GARDNER. He is the famous newspaper and radio personality from N. Y. C. The Gardners were enjoying a brief respite from the working world at the fabulous FLAMINGO HOTEL.

When the sun rises on August 23, it will mark the fifteenth wedding anniversary for DEBBIE and MILTON PRELL, owners of the CLUB BINGO. We would like to be the first to extend our heartfelt congratulations. Will you people join us in a toast when next we meet in the Bonanza Room?

At this writing, DOROTHY PASSAREOLLI is undoubtedly packing her "receiving garments" and infant-wear for the impending visit from Sir Stork. Husband, Joe, is a dealer at the WESTERNER CLUB, downtown.

'Tis fine to see MICKEY McCANN feeling fit and tending the patrons who frequent the LADY LUCK BAR of the DESERT INN. He is an ex-pugilist with a heart of gold and a sunny disposition to match. McCann was the mixologist in the Sky Room at the same hotel—until management learned he'd be a big asset at the Lady Luck—and HOW right!

BOB BROOKS will reopen the shuttered RANCH HOUSE RESTAURANT on the strip, as soon as remodeling is completed. Although everything in the place is practicaly new, Bob will have it redecorated. It will be a "first-class" steak and chop house when he gets through with it. Mr. Brooks owns the famous and popular "SEVEN SEAS" on Hollywood Blvd. in Movietown.

(Continued on Page 39)

Art Rozen and Murry Nort

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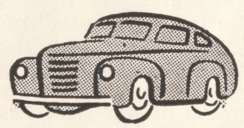

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WHAT'S DOIN'?

. . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN

BELIEVE ME when I say that I've been sitting here for fully 30 mniutes with a terrible battle raging inside me because my mind wants to say something and my heart says I should not. Suffice it to say that the old adage seems to still hold true that it takes all kinds of people to make up a world; that is, BIG and SMALL, both in stature and WAYS!

Day by day I find myself more thankful for a mother and dad who did their best to teach me that it was better to "do unto others" even though you might get another bruise when you turn the other cheek! Time is the element which brings forth the winner!

The VILLA VENICE, now known as RALPH and DOMENIC's Villa Venice, is doing an ever increasing business as of the last few weeks, which proves that they are upholding their one and only policy: To prepare and serve only the BEST food obtainable, accompanied by doing all in their power to see to it that you receive the utmost in service. The Villa Venice has just recently obtained the services of HARVEY BROOKS who entertains with piano melodies during the late evening and early morning hours. Mr. Brooks is composer of many hit tunes, some of which you are undoubtedly very familiar with, such as "A Little Bird Told Me," "That's the One for Me," which was recently recorded by Frankie Laine and Jo Stafford. Another was "I Don't Want Your Money, Honey!" Mr. Brooks has also done quite a few musical scores for pictures, among them the score for Lena Horne's first picture. He comes to the Villa Venice after an extensive run at Mike Lyman's in Hollywood and is happy to be with Ralph and Domenic again. The three of them have been friends of many years' standing. You will find it really relaxing to while away the time at the piano bar now that Harvey Brooks has taken over in that department. . . . Starting Friday at the PALACE THEATER was that great motion picture and even greater love story of the one and only "CYRANO DE BERGERAC" and, even if you know the story frontward and backward, you still shouldn't miss the picture with Jose Ferrer starring. I saw the trailers and in one scene where he is challenged to a duel he looks at the guy and says, very dramatically and poetically, "You shall die exquisitely!" And wait until you see the balcony scene! . . . The new man in the pit at the Desert Inn is DEMP-



SEY FOSTER, who is taking over Chuck Bennett's spot. Here, believe me, is a nice guy! He's always a calm, cool and understanding gentleman. He may be new to many of us here in Vegas but he has known and worked with WILBUR CLARK and BILLY WILLIAMS for many years. Another thing: I wish I had his nice grey hair! . . . The newest spaghetti palace on Fifth Street is TOMMY's, located at 825 South Fifth. ABE and ROSE FELLER took over this little eatery about a month or so ago and have stocked it with the best that money can buy in true imported Italian products, as well as many imported products from all over the world. TOMMY and HENRIETTA are the cooks and these two (Mr. and Mrs.) really know the "ins" and "outs" about authentic Italian cooking. Their sauce they prepare in small quantities from time to time and cook it for from 18 to 24 hours before they serve it. Very good! This from the pen of one who has sampled same! Yep! Open 24 ARZADAY! . . . Sump'n outa Nothin' Dept.: Some months ago saw JOHNNY BADIK taking over the

(Continued on Page 46)

'TUTOR PREDICTS'

100,000 POPULATION
IN LAS VEGAS BY 1954

DON'T WORRY—WATCH US GROW

WE HOPE THE MANAGEMENT

AND PERSONNEL OF THE

HORSESHOE

GAMBLING HOUSE

SALOON and RESTAURANT

HAVE LOTS OF LUCK . . . AS THEIR

CHOSEN NAME IMPLIES

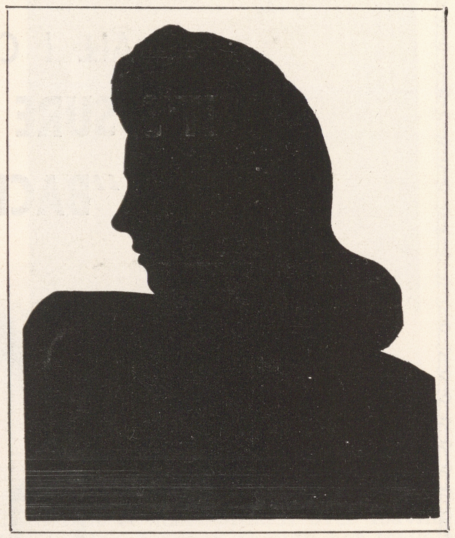
Sincerely,

Christensen's
MEN'S WEAR
316 FREMONT STREET
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

SHOP 'TILL 9 SATURDAY NIGHT

RANDOM THOUGHTS

. . . By B. B. BARTON



WHY is it that there are so many among us who say we are TOO BUSY to allow ourselves time for happiness? Some people refuse the opportunities for present happiness, with the idea of storing it for future use. They just don't realize that in pushing it aside, it may eventually become elusive and stray beyond reach. The only method in which happiness can be stored is in fond recollection of past indulgences; not in the hope of welcoming it when we have TIME for it. How futile such an idea! . . .

I remember an interview a famous writer had with a more famous millionaire. This man had devoted his entire lifetime to his work and the building of his financial resources. At 80 he was asked what he would change if life were his to relive. The reply was: "If I had it to do all over again I would take time out to develop more friendships. The money I have made cannot sit down and talk to me during the lonely hours of my old age." . . .

Many women have sacrificed a desire in order to save that extra money for the future. An elderly woman now wishes she **had** bought those "silly little things" for her home. Now she is old, without the many pleasant memories she might have had if she indulged herself in those inexpensive, joy-producing whimsies she entertained when she was younger and newly married. . .

I've seen many homes break up because the gal was too penurious in handling her spending money. Strange as that may sound, it is true. The type of woman to whom I refer is the one who would rather go around the house with her hair looking like an unrung mop, rather than spend a few cents at the beauty parlor; the type of woman who would rather patch up that old dress and make it do instead of shopping around for a bargain that would stir that old flame in her husband's eyes; the type of woman who feels those run-down shoes will hold out for another week before she has to have them repaired. Oddly enough, this type of woman can afford the small luxuries but avoids them because she feels she might need the money for something else—later on. If only this woman would realize that her excessive stinting might cause her husband to look in another direction, eventually severing the marital ties. But, unfortunately, she can't see beyond her constant scrimping. . . .

An indulgence in a bit of frivolity now and then will help any gal to revive her husband's listless attention and bring him back, along with that chance for present happiness. Taking advantage of the "present happiness" will open the gateway to future happiness. That is why it can't be stored but **must** be given a free rein—now! . . .

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THANKS, FOLKS

ALL I CAN SAY IS:

IT'S SURE SWELL TO BE

"BACK HOME"



Bob Millar

AND ORCHESTRA

IN THE RAMONA ROOM OF THE

Hotel LAST FRONTIER

THE WATCHBIRD

. . . by LADY MICHAEL
(Michael Neale)

THE CUBANS are here! The chips are down! And the sirocco is blowing like h---! We have retrieved our copy from the Tunderbird pool five times to be exact, so if the pool is full of carbon and the printer can't read our soggy copy blame it all on kismet! . . .

For those of you who want a very special treat when you get to Los Angeles, we are delighted to announce that NOLA HAHN is reopening the old Savoy that was in Beverly Hills. The new SAVOY, which opens September 12, will now be located on the Sunset Strip, and will be the smartest and most beautiful room in L. A. . . . KING FAROUK of Egypt lost 150 thousand to DARRYL ZANUCK playing chemin-de-fer at the Palm Beach Casino in Cannes. This particular bit of high finance made front page news throughout the world—but in our own fabulous Vegas such things are too trivial to mention as it's a daily occurrence. . .

We reiterate, the Cubans are here! POMPEI and SANTIAGO DE CLARET of Havana are here to do a little sightseeing and have a little fun in the sun. Pompei was named after his uncle of the same name who in turn was named after an old Roman general who is famous for his "last days." Santiago is named after an old Cuban town. . . .

We have seen the SPIKE JONES show at the Flamingo many times but have always missed the lovely HELEN GRAYCO. She is a delightful eyeful who sings a great song with an inimitable style. . . .

AD INFINITEMS: MOE MILLER, tonsorial artist, is now plying his trade at the Desert Inn and ABE SADLER is his first asssitant. . . . GREG BAUTZER flew in—crapped (dice, you fools!)—and flew out. . . . OSCAR BELINDA, the "strip" newsboy who played the role of the carney barker in "Ace in the Hole," along with KIRK DOUGLAS, has a millionaire friend who drives him up and down the strip in his club deville Cadillac while he delivers his papers. . . . LEE MORTIMER, fellow member of the fourth estate, spent his Honolulu honeymoon in the hospital there. The doctors finally diagnosed his case as an occupational disease—caviar and champagne poisoning. . . .

THE VISITING FIREMEN: CYRUS FISHER of Park Ave. in New York is here for the holidays—whatever holiday it is. . . . MAX BRAVER of the Selma Winery and Great Northern Wine Co. of N. Y. is escaping the heat of Gotham by staying at the delightfully air-cooled Flamingo. . . . ETHEL BECHER is heart-broken over leaving the El Rancho even though her traveling itinerary will take her to Paris and Rome before she goes to Miami Beach to reopen her home there. Have a happy trip, dahling, and we'll see you soon. . . .



BIG SURPRISE: Our own dahling LARRY STORCH is due at the Thunderbird August 16—"Charlie's been drinking again!" . . . Lord knows I've tried! . . . SAMMY LEWIS, who took over the BAND BOX from Billy Grey, is doing a sensational business. At the Band Box, of course. Sammy, in case you apples aren't aware of the fact, is married to the lovely PATTI MOORE of the comedy team of LESSEY AND MOORE, who will open at Beldon's little bistro in a few weeks. . . .

This should be under the heading of big surprise department, too, but we'd like it under its own paragraph. The ever-so-gracious host of the Polynesia, AL COOPER, who is a living doll, gave us the most beautiful leather-bound notebook which, incidentally, we truly needed, with our name embossed in

(Continued on Page 41)

WHEN AT LAKE TAHOE
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AN OPEN LETTER

. . . By MAXINE LEWIS

THE DATE, August 14th. The time, 3 o'clock. The phone on my desk rings. It is Jack Cortez, who says: "Welcome home from your vacation, and where did you go?" Well, was I glad he asked me that! I started to tell him, and because I had so much to talk about, he asked me to put it all down in writing. So . . . here goes!

I flew on the Bonanza Air Lines to Reno, Nevada, to spend what I would say was the most perfect vacation in my life with two of my dearest friends in show business, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Richman, on their ranch called "Big Canyon Ranch," located 55 miles from Reno.

First I must tell you I arrived on Monday night and spent the night in Reno at the Riverside Hotel. Mr. Allen, the manager, met me and showed me to my room which overlooked the pool. Need I tell you it took me only 10 minutes to put on my bathing suit and take a swim! I saw George Moro, that wonderful dance producer, rehearsing for the new show which was to open on Thursday, August 9, with the one and only Frank Sinatra. I still believe Mr. Moro is one of the best dance producers in the business.

That evening I dined in the beautiful dining room of the Riverside Hotel and was happy once again to hear Dorothy Shay, the star of the floor show. After having a delightful dinner I spent two hours with the "Park Avenue Hillbilly" talking about Las Vegas and her future engagement at the Hotel Last Frontier. I just had to see the second floor show in which she sang quite a few new numbers for me. Of course, I had to take in the hotel's beautiful gambling casino and there met Mert Wertheimer, the owner. We compared various stars who had worked for him and for us at the Flamingo Hotel.

Later Nat Brandwynne and Willie Shore, from the Mapes Hotel, joined me. They invited me over to see their beautiful dining room and visit with Jean Devlyn, who is the dance director. Jean asked if I would like to take a ride. I accepted and found myself at Tahoe in the Cal-Neva Club. It was very crowded and there was lots of laughter going on, due to the fact that the stars were the three Ritz Brothers. I was certainly surprised and amazed at the beauty of the Cal-Neva, and the drive coming back in the a. m., with the sun coming over the mountains, was breath-taking.

The next day I took an hour and a half drive along Pyramid Lake and came upon a sign which read "Big Canyon Ranch." After turning left of the sign, I suddenly found myself in "Shangri-La." It was the ranch of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Richman.

Believe me, it was most thrilling to drive into a canyon and see this tremendous layout. Four huge boxer dogs greeted me with much barking and jumping. A bronze man came into sight and said: "Welcome to our little shack!" A slight young miss of a hundred pounds and flaming red hair greeted me as a long-lost sister. Then Harry and Mrs. R. (Yvonne) took me on a tour of sixteen rooms and the most beautifully decorated living room I had ever seen. A collection of authentic antique guns adorned two walls, and a collection of Damon Runyon's antiques plus a collection of walking canes, which belonged to Harry Lauder and other great notables, graced the third. Next came a tour of the ranch and a workshop of Harry's that would outdo any hardware store. Five diesel engines supply electricity and a hobby for Harry ,who likes to take them apart and put them back the way they were.

At seven o'clock the triangle bell rang and there was spread a beautiful dinner table with the most luscious food I had ever tasted, cooked by the small and dainty hands of Mrs. Yvonne Richman. At 9:30 a selection of records started to play and I found myself on the living room floor doing exercises with Yvonne. It lasted an hour and a half, in order to work off the amount of food I had consumed for my dinner. **That** took place every single night for two weeks until I thought I would be walking home on crutches.

It seems as though I upset their schedule, since they arise at six a. m. and retire at nine-thirty every evening. Leave it to me to keep them up much later as we had so much to talk over and the time seemed so short to get everything in, which, as a ranch girl I wanted to do.

(Continued on Page 45)

HECHT'S

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TO . . .

Delphine

AND

Charles P. Squires

ON THEIR

62nd Wedding Anniversary

(AUGUST 21)

. . . THE HEART MAKES A RECORD OF EVERY SHINING THING AND PLAYS IT BACK LIKE MUSIC THROUGH ALL THE YEARS . . .

LAKE TAHOE . . .

By HARRIET RESNIK

HI-HO FROM TAHOE! Ah-choo! 'Scuse me! Seems everyone here has the sniffles and who are we to be left out in the cold? Oh, to be a doctor. $5.00 for a shot (if you're lucky) plus 20 patients a day. A thriving business. . . . EDDIE SHANE, popular co-owner of the POLYNESIA, having an ever-so-charming time at Tahoe, visiting the RITZ BROS. The boys closed at the CAL-NEVA LODGE, Thursday evening. Their final evening was as sensational as their first night. We all miss you and terrific shows you put on in the casino and on stage.

GRACE FRANKEL, pianist at the FORTUNE BAR, composed a song to the famous words, "DON'T HOLLA!" As soon as lyrics are written, the famous brothers will cut a record so we can all enjoy it on the turn-table. . . . Lost and Found Dept.: Two sets of lower teeth were left in the steak house at the CAL-NEVA LODGE, August 4th. Always know the steaks were tender, but, how tender can they get? . . . Cute two-some seen around town are FRANK LANDECKER and CAROL RAULEFSON. I hear a bell—or—is it two or three? . . . One of the nicest dance teams we've met are the "KINGS (BUDDY and CANDY) and THEIR LADIES," currently at the CAL-VADA LODGE. The numbers are beautifully staged with costumes to equal all dances. Glad to know you'll be here for the duration of our season. . . . NAT "KING" COLE TRIO have lived up to all expectations as being one of the greatest trios in the country. . . . JAYNE MANNERS opened the new bill at the CAL-VADA LODGE and the room is packed nightly. . . . THE JOE VENUTO TRIO, musicians of the CBS musical staff, opened at the NORTH SHORE CLUB this week with petite JUNE BARTON as their featured vocalist. Miss Barton sang with Cugat at the Waldorf-Astoria in N.Y.C. Also on the entertainment list is ALFREDO GARMO and his Latin-American Rhythms, as well as BOB DURWOOD at the piano, in the small hours of the morning. . . . SAM BOYD and family here for a few days, enjoying the many daytime activities that the lake has to offer. Sam is the very capable pit boss from the THUNDERBIRD. They left for Canada and Mexico and we know they will enjoy their vacation in Ensenada. . . . Open letter to MAX SHORE: We all expected LIL up here before this. How come she hasn't taken that long-deserved vacation? Only a few more weeks left for this season. Come on, Maxie, let Lil take a rest from her many household duties—hmmmmmm? . . . There was quite an accident on the Truckee Highway the other night. The injured were JACK and LIL DANFORTH, dealer and change girl at the CAL-NEVADA LODGE. Our thoughts are with you both for a speedy recovery. . . . TED LEWIS opened at the CAL-NEVA for two weeks, beginning August 10. A great entertainer, loaded with talent and a favorite out West. . . . JOE CAPPO, comedian at the CAL-VADA LODGE, is a favorite for all who visit this warm and friendly room. His impersonation of CHARLIE CHAPLIN will never be topped by anyone in the profession, with the exception of C. C. himself. Many of his fans will be interested to know he opens at the CLUB BINGO soon. . . . A Cotton-Festival Fashion Show was staged by the JOSEPH MAGNIN and NORMAN PIXLEY SHOPS last Saturday at the CAL-NEVA. Approximately 350 men and women enjoyed the beautiful display and excellent luncheon. EVELYN HUGHSON, manager of the Magnin Shop, did a splendid job of describing the fashions during the program. The last show of the season is scheduled for Saturday, August 18. Don't miss it!

Until next week — adieu!

JOSÉ FERRER as Cyrano de Bergerac



A drop in the bucket soon fills the pail!

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OPEN 6:00 P. M.

This You Can Believe . . . By PEARL BAILEY



MONDAY night, Aug. 6—What a wonderful night for your girl, Pearl. I went to see "The King and I," and if you miss seeing this play, you're crazy. Rogers and Hammerstein really went to town on this one.

The theater was packed to capacity, as usual. To get a ticket one performs a miracle. (But keep trying, it's worth it.)

Gertrude Lawrence is wonderful in the part of the English school teacher in Siam, teaching the King's children (and there are many of them). Here's a woman that really knows her theater. Such charm and dignity are given to the role by this great actress.

Then there's the "King." The mighty King. If ever there was an actor in the theater that could move an audience, this is the one. A few years ago I met Yul Brynner in Chicago, Ill., playing in "Lute Song." At that time I said to me, "Pearlie Mae, this man is out of this world." Believe me, he never came back, because now he's three times as great. His name is on everyone's lips in New York. He's the end. There's a wonderful quality about him that fame will never be able to disturb. What a king!! What a man!!! May you never leave the theater, Yul Brynner, for you'd certainly be missed.

Stopped in Sardi's (Jimmy Daniels and I) for a cold bit of brew, and ran into a man I love, Leonard Lyons. This man never stoops to dirt gossip for his column. The man has a mind worth a million dollars and a heart worth two million.

After our refreshment ('twas refreshing) we (Jimmie, Leonard and I) went over to the Blue Angel on East 55th. This is the kid's stomping ground. Marlene Dietrich came in and to coin a phrase, "Lives there a beauty with soul so alive," or sumpin' like that. Her face is enough to attract so much attention, her figure the envy of many a female, and honey! Mercy! Those diamonds! (They MUST be a girl's best friend and family!) My eyes fairly jumped out of my head.

Mr. Jacoby, one of the owners, is now in Provincetown, Mass., operating a room for the summer. Don't be alarmed, he'll be back to the Angel after Labor Day. Mae Burnes, Garland Wilson and Daniels went up to work a three-week stint. Money will fairly pour in for that period as these three are favorites up here.

This has been one of the worst weeks for New York for weather in years. It has rained for six consecutive days and at this moment it's pouring down. Working at a seashore, hearing the rain and the roar of the ocean—brother! What a drag. The room is beautiful, but oh so spacious. Looks like an airplane hangar. Lupi Campo has one of the best rhumba bands around these parts or for that matter, any part. What a personality he has. At the mild age of 33, this ol' girl is hardly hep to the samba and all the fancy stuff, but when Lupi plays the music the ol' one dances.

From here, catching a plane to Los Angeles to pick up that "sense of humor" girl, Pearl, the auto, and head back east to Newport, Kentucky. (Beverly Hills Club.)

If you got any friends around the circuit in show business you'd like to know about, just drop me a line and I'll see if I can find them for you.

Personal regards to Lady Michael, and a happy opening to you.

Best wishes and love to all you readers, love ya. —Pearlie Mae.

"The Horseshoe Club
Is My Masterpiece"



Good Luck!

Stan Harris

BUILDER

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS ... by MARTIN LEWIS

WHEN is a lady not a lady? When she's a movie star, of course! Recently two leading ladies of the silver screen threw caution to the wind and acted anything but ladylike on the set of Frank Capra's new chuckle packed film "Here Comes the Groom."

The damsels in question were Academy Award winner JANE WYMAN and statuesque ALEXIS SMITH . . . Seems the gals were called upon to impersonate lady wrestlers in a key scene of the opus. The main event occurs during the rehearsal of a high society wedding in which Jane is supposed to wed FRANCHOT TONE.

BING CROSBY wants to stop her, so he connives with Alexis to raise Jane's Irish temper and start a wrestling match. According to the script, Bing had taught Jane the trick holds of the trade back in their childhood days, and he's positive she won't refuse the challenge.

Director Frank Capra spared no expense to insure the authenticity of the scene. He realized that too many movie going guys and gals have watched the grunt-and-groaners on television and know the difference between a step-over-toe hold and a wrist lock. Consequently, he employed Clara Mortensen and Wanda Crellin as technical advisers. Clara holds the world's lightweight championship in the ladies' division, and Wanda is the champion of Nebraska.

Although the gals aren't permitted to rassle in California, they have appeared regularly in nearby Arizona, Nevada and often tour the Middlewest, where folks take to women wrestlers like a sailor takes to a Hollywood blonde.

When Clara and Wanda arrived on the "Here Comes the Groom" set they proceeded to show Jane and Alexis the do's and don'ts of the grunt-and-groan business. First they demonstrated the airplane spin. Then Jane and Alexis went into action. Alexis grabbed Jane, neatly whirled her around her shoulders and sent her crashing into a nearby bush. Next the stars tried the Irish whip.

After this bit of brutality, Jane came out fighting, threw Alexis to the ground, grabbed her blonde hair, pulled her to her feet, grabbed her arms and whipped them 'round in a circle.



"Don't grab the ears!" warned Clara, the world champ. "Grab the hair!"

At the expert's instructions, Jane and Alexis went through the action in slow motion, then at a fast speed.

"That's it!" Clara cried. "That was professional!"

But Director Capra wasn't satisfied. So Jane and Alexis took their places again. Jane grabbed, whipped, tripped and sent Alexis sprawling again and again. Finally she called to Capra:

"Frank, this gray in my hair isn't makeup, you know! I'm getting too old for this sort of thing."

Nevertheless the stars went through their action again and again. Eventually they arrived at the final hold—a complicated toe-hold with Jane twisting Alexis' shapely gams into a somewhat grotesque position and, per script instructions, making her call "Uncle" as a sign of surrender. It was evident to everyone on the set that the gal's cries were real.

"That's the toe-hold Frank Gotch made famous," explained Wanda. "It will make you yell all right. In fact, you can break a leg with that hold."

In the final "take" Jane and Alexis went at it "tooth and nail." They struggled, Alexis screamed and called "Uncle!"—and Jane was named the winnah. Of course, as sometimes suspected in real westling matches, it was a foregone conclusion that Miss Wyman would triumph over the sophisticated Miss Smith.

"After all," observed the star, "it said so in the script!"

SHOW REVIEWS by Jack Curtis

Flamingo

August 16 to September 5
(Not a Review)

The new show which opened this week in the fabulous FLAMINGO ROOM is one which has won thousands of smiling friends in past performances. America's daffiest, laughiest sing quartette, THE VAGABONDS, are again happily teamed with POLLY BERGE I. Martin and Lewis, motion picture leading lady. Three of the boys are from Italian families and one from Hawaii, so it's quite natural that they should be called affectionately the "three raviolis and a pineapple." Whatever you call it and however you slice it, The Vagabonds and singing comedienne, Polly Bergen, are most enjoyable entertainers while turning out those two magical sounds, music and laughter . . . Another gentleman well known in our town and well versed in the fine art of humor is GENE BAYLOS, whom we welcome back after an absence of two

(Continued on Page 45)

El Rancho Vegas

August 15 to August 28

The ROUND-UP ROOM dons a bright sash and goes West Indian with the introduction of KATHERINE DUNHAM and her 20 world-famous dancers to Las Vegas audiences. These outstanding exponents of native dances flew here directly from Haiti, one of the richest sources of their authentic Afro-American themes. for their only appearance in the United States this year. Pulses pound. temples throb, and long-forgotten instincts are aroused when Miss Dunham brings primitive emotions and sensuous expression into sharp and colorful reality on the El Rancho Vegas stage. Through her interpretive genius. we are transported to the moody hills of Haiti where the boom of distant drums and the slap and pat of bare feet are the exciting diversions of a jungle culture. Without a doubt this is a highlight on the Las Vegas entertainment calendar and a lucky one at that, for the Katherine Dunham dancers leave here in two weeks for a flight to Europe and a fall and winter of personal appearances in the capitol cities of the Continent. . . . TED "25th Anniversary in Show Business" FIO RITO is the master of piano and orchestral moods which backs the Dunham Revue and provides dancing for those patrons inspired to wiggle a hip by Miss Dunham's breath-taking movements.

LAST FRONTIER

August 10 to August 24

A queen of records from the nation's musical royalty, MARGARET WHITING, headlines the new RAMONA ROOM show. For the first time, Vegans are privileged to hear and see in person, the charming Capitol Records star whose discs are topping sales, radio and juke-box lists all over the country. "Maggie," who has warbled many a tune into hit status all by herself with that winning combination of highly personalized style and rich, expressive voice. She has a way of sounding friendly to all her listeners yet intimate with each individually. Particularly enjoyable was her warm treatment of Irving Berlin waltz hits and nostalgic reminiscing through her father's (Richard Armstrong Whiting) many unforgettable songs such as "Sleepy Time

(Continued on Page 38)

Wilbur Clark's DESERT INN

Show Opening August 21
(Not a Review)

Everything movable of value has been nailed down and all hatches battened down in the PAINTED DESERT ROOM in preparation for the hurricane of hilarity which is about to hit! Those zany RITZ BROTHERS are headed this way and all lovers of knock-down, drag-out humor are headed toward the

(Continued on Page 38)

Thunderbird

August 16 Through August 29
(Not a Review)

Once again the Thunderbird is proud to have as the headliner of their current show that comedy favorite of Las Vegas, LARRY STORCH, who claims that "comedy is a serious business." Larry has been in Las Vegas many times before and believe it when we say that he has a style of comedy that is all his own. His is truly a case where the word "inimitable" can be rightfully be used. Being able to use various brogues, lingoes and accents makes it possible for Larry to tell tales and interpret them to the fullest. A "must" for your list at all times. . . .This is the first time in Las Vegas for the sultry "Satin Latin," MONICA BOYAR, from Puerto Rico. Miss Boyar possesses an almost husky mezzo-soprano voice which lends itself beautifully to the Latin type tunes in which she specializes. Her repertoire of tunes ranges from the cutest of Calypsos through the Cuban, Mexican and Latin styles. . . . Also on this entertainment packed

(Continued on Page 38)



the front row of the BONANZA ROOM, for Phyllis may sing just to you and then you'll be sizzled to a delicious crisp. . . . Backing the show on the podium is the little-big band of MIKE WERNER, who also alternates with the LARRY SOCKWELL TRIO for intermission dancing.

CLUB BINGO

Show Opening August 12

By the time this issue reaches you, there will only be a few more days to see one of the newest and freshest comedy teams to come West from New York in many a day. We speak of MICHELS and HICKEY, two young men with a piano, personality and a terrific sense of humor. Whether beating out some mellow jive for the cats; carressing a ballad for the sentimental, or horsing around adlib fashion with the audience, Ralph and Larry turn their songs into fun and enjoyment . . . On the same bill is returnee PHYLLIS INEZ, curvaceous songstress with a beat all her own and a load of songs both Latin and American. Don't sit in

SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

New Show Starting August 17
(Not a Review)

There have been a couple of changes in the SLIVER SLIPPER SALOON line-up of entertainment, but don't worry, your friends, the COOPER SISTERS, have been held over. The presence of these two cute and comical singers assures the enjoyment of many hearty laughs, the type they've been providing their audiences on radio, stage and television for many years. A young man with a fine voice and a Will Rogers-type sense of humor from the Tennessee Hills, CHARLES PICKARD, has also been held over. And a fine hand he is at Latin tunes, folk ballads, or popular songs of the day. . . . The SILVER SLIPPER CORSET

(Continued on Page 38)

THE

GRAND OPENING

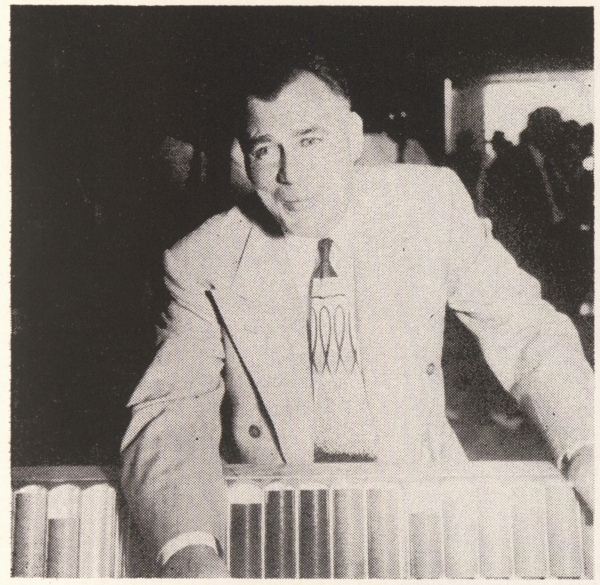
of the

HORSESHOE CLUB



Tuesday, August 14, at exactly 11:00 A. M., His Honor, C. D. Baker, Mayor of Las Vegas, proceeds with ribbon cutting ceremonies—officially opening the magnificent Horseshoe Club, downtown.

—ALL PHOTOS TAKEN BY RAY (PAPPY) VINCENT



PAT COLLINS

Popular localite, is the General Manager of the Gaming Casino, operated by the Eldorado Corp.

MR. BENNY BINION

OWNER OF THE BAR AND RESTAURANT in the Horseshoe Club, is congratulated by very good friend, Nick Dandoulis, better known as "Nick the Greek," world famous gaming figure.





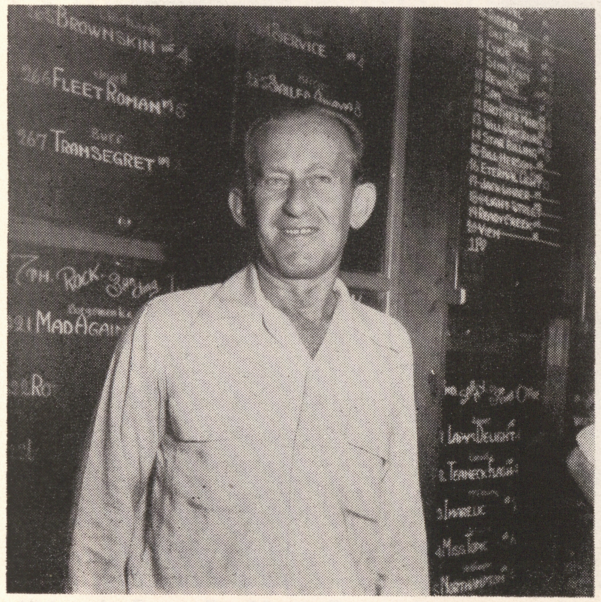
FRANK CONVERSE

BAR MANAGER, has an extensive background, having had operation of two successful bars in Billings, Montana, and also the Crystal Lounge.

JIMMY KING

ASS'T BAR MANAGER, is popular localite. Tentative list of bartenders include: Jake Collier, Steve Stevenson, Roy Schultz, Bill Payne, Morrie Moritorian and Pete Caton.





SAMMY COHEN

Former operator of the Clover Race Book, is MANAGER of the plush Horse Room in the Club.



Photo of Race Book Section in the Horseshoe Club. Did a landslide business . . . and comfort, too!



Our alert cameraman "shutters" a happy group entering the Horseshoe to help celebrate opening.



Crowds reminded us of famed Grand Central Station in N. Y. C. on a 4th of July weekend.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHER GOES A-ROVIN'



Enjoying a refreshing drink are (l. to r.) Harry Swerdlow, attorney for Eldorado Corp., Dr. Monte Bernstein, President, Mayor C. D. Baker and P. O. Silvagni, owner of Apache Hotel.



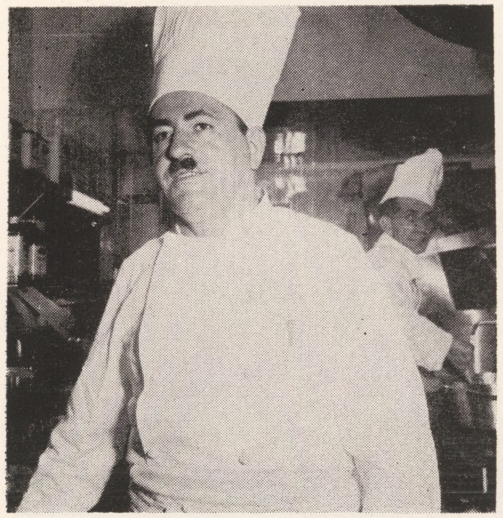
"Pappy" couldn't resist taking pic of a floral tribute sent by the Flamingo Hotel. This is just one of the hundreds received by the management of the Horseshoe Club.



"Cowboy" Benny Binion seems a bit exhausted as buddy Nick "lights up."

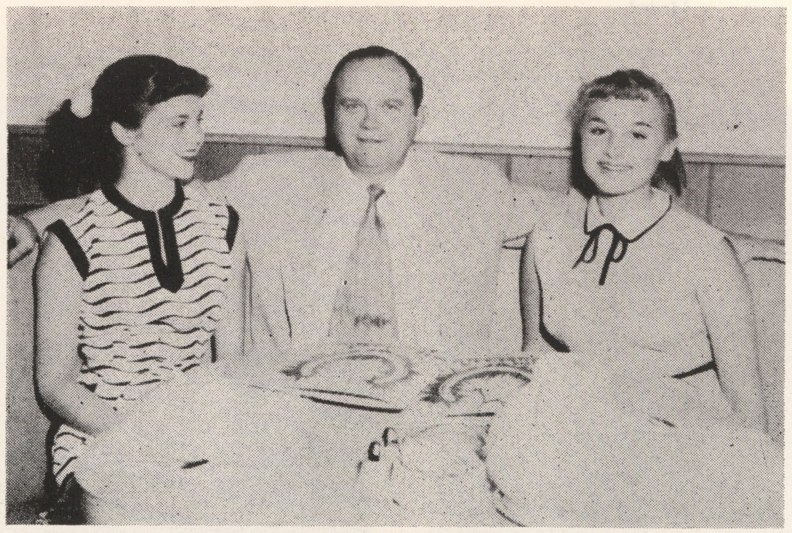


Eyecatching, flowered "Vegas Vic" was sent by Pioneer Club!



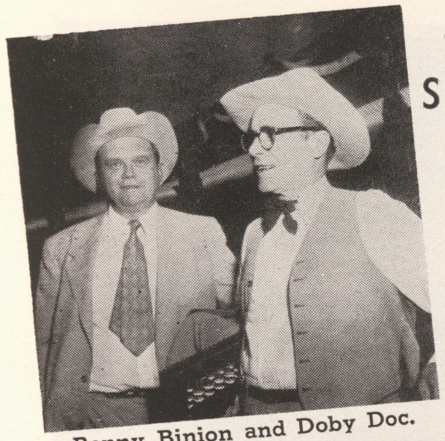
ARTIST OF COOKERY

CHEF FRANCOIS ROGALLE, of Paris, France, a master at preparing fine foods, is in charge of the Horseshoe Club's exquisite restaurant. His specialties are sauces, salads and pastries.

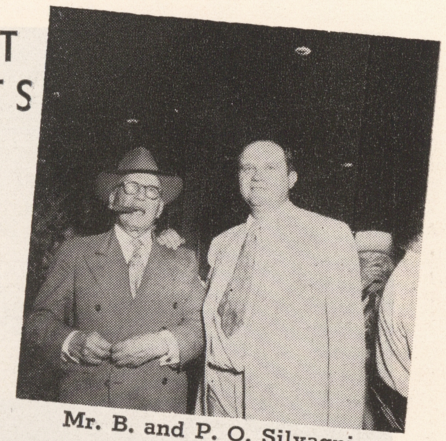


Benny Binion, beaming as beautiful daughter Barbara ((left) and Pat Silvagni (right) are among first customers in restaurant. (Daddy paid the check!)

SPOT SHOTS



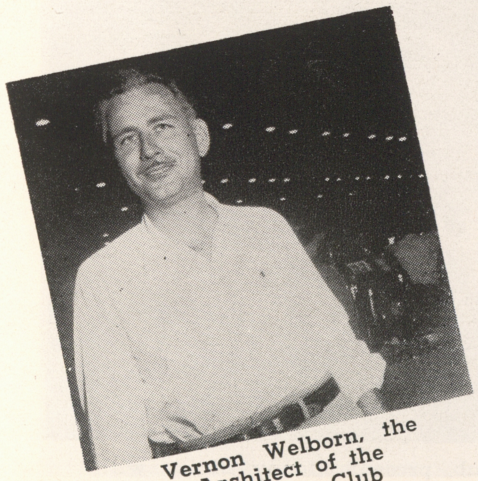
Benny Binion and Doby Doc.



Mr. B. and P. O. Silvagni



Everybody's friend, Mr. Benny Binion



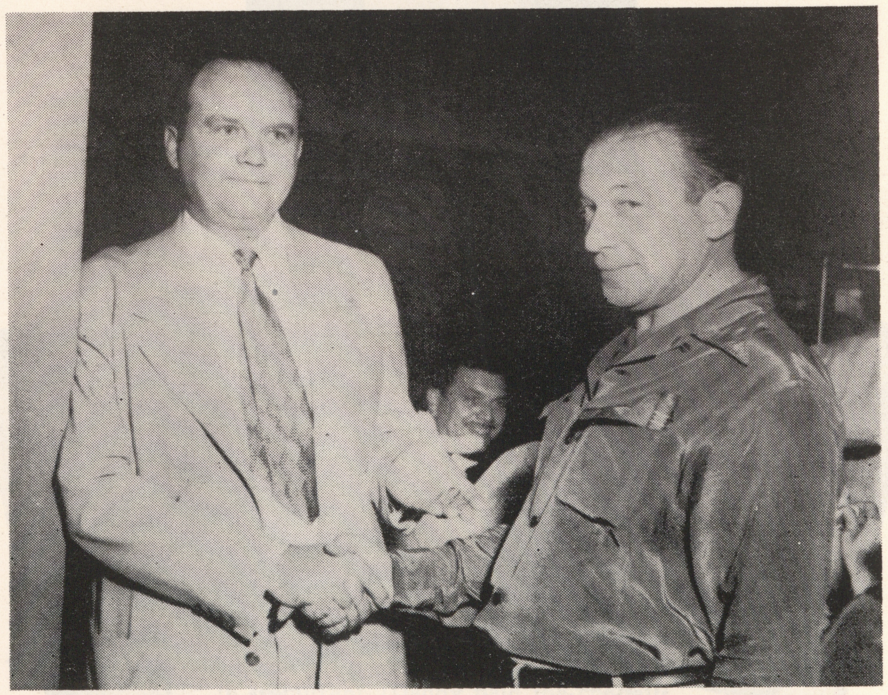
Vernon Welborn, the Architect of the Horseshoe Club



Maitre 'D—Stephan Harrison



Above photo shows Maitre d' Harrison admiring a floral gift from one of the clubs wishing the Horseshoe success.



Stanley Harris, builder of the club, presents Benny Binion with Gold Horseshoe.



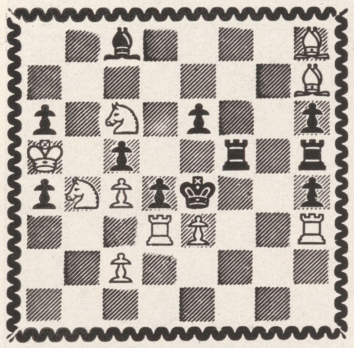
Crowds . . . and more crowds all through the night . . .



CHESS » » »

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

PROBLEM NO. 107
Black 11



White 10
White Mates in Three

Solution to Problem No. 106 B-K6



ROUND 6 — CHESS OLYMPIC
YUGOSLAVIA, 1950
Finland vs. U. S. A., 1½-2½

RUY LOPEZ

Book	Horowitz	Book	Horowitz
Finland	U.S.A.	Finland	U.S.A.
White	Black	White	Black
1—P-K4	P-K4	22—P-QB4	P-KB-3
2—N-KB3	N-QB-3	23—B-Q3	N-B5
3—B-N5	N-B3	24—B-B2	K-B2
4—O-O	NxP	25—K-B	N-N3
5—R-K	N-Q3	26—RxR	RxR
6—NxP	B-K2	27—R-K	RxRch
7—B-B	NxN	28—KxR	N-R5
8—RxN	O-O	29—K-B	P-KN3
9—P-Q4	N-K	30—P-B4	B-K2
10—P-Q5	P-Q3	31—K-B2	P-KR4
11—R-K	N-B3	32—P-KB5	NxBP
12—N-B3	P-KR3	33—BxN	BxB
13—P-QN3	R-K	34—NxB	PxN
14—B-N2	B-Q2	35—B-K3	P-B3
15—Q-Q4	B-KB	36—K-B3	PxP
16—B-Q3	N-N5	37—PxP	B-B
17—P-KR3	N-K4	38—B-B4	K-K
18—B-KB	N-N3	39—K-K3	K-K2
19—N-K4	Q-R5	40—K-Q4	K-Q2
20—N-N3	QxQ	41—P-QR4	K-K2
21—BxQ	P-QN3	Drawn.	

DUTCH DEFENSE

Shainswit	Ojanen	11—B-B4	P-QN4
U.S.A.	Finland	12—P-N3	R-B
White	Black	13—P-QR4	P-N5
1—N-KB3	P-K3	14—N-R2	P-QR4
2—P-KN3	P-KB4	15—QR-B	Q-R4
3—B-N2	N-KB3	16—P-B3	P-B4
4—O-O	B-K2	17—B-K5	QPxP
5—P-B4	O-O	18—RxP	PxP
6—P-Q4	P-B3	19—RxR	RxR
7—N-B3	P-Q4	20—BxP	Q-K
8—N-K5	QN-Q2	21—P-K4	B-B4
9—NxN	BxN	22—BxB	RxB
10—Q-Q3	Q-K	23—R-Q	PxP
24—PxP	P-K4	30—NxR	Q-B6
25—P-R3	Q-QB	31—QxQ	PxQ
26—P-N4	P-R3	32—B-3	N-Q2
27—Q-K3	B-K3	33—B-B2	N-B4
28—B-B	R-B7	34—K-B2	K-B2
29—R-B	RxR	35—Drawn.	

GRUNFIELD DEFENSE

Evans	Heikinheimo	18—Q-N3	Q-N3
U.S.A.	Finland	19—QxQ	PxQ
White	Black	20—N-2	B-B
1—P-Q4	N-KB3	21—N-B4	P-QN4
2—P-QB4	P-KN3	22—N-N6	P-N5
3—N-QB3	P-Q4	23—NxR	PxN
4—N-B3	B-N2	24—N-N6	PxP
5—Q-N3	PxP	25—QR-N	B-B4
6—QxBP	O-O	26—RxP	N-K5
7—P-K4	N-R3	27—P-N4	B-B
8—B-K2	P-B4	28—B-QN5	R-Q
9—P-Q5	P-K3	29—R-B2	B-N2
10—O-O	PxP	30—BxN	PxB
11—PxP	Q-N3	31—NxB	RxN
12—R-Q	B-B4	32—P-Q6	B-B
13—P-KR3	KR-K	33—P-Q7	R-Q
14—N-KR4	B-Q2	34—P-B3	N-B3
15—B-K3	QR-B	35—R(2)-Q2	B-K2
16—P-R3	Q-Q	36—B-B4	Resigns
17—N-B3	Q-R4		

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LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from Page 24)

Gal," "Louise," and "Japanese Sandman." Husband LOU BUSCH earns his seven dollars a day in slot-machine money by arranging Margaret's songs and conducting the orchestra, so she says. . . . Another Vegas first is "Artistry in Light" as produced by the clever electro-magician, MARVIN ROY. The air fairly crackles with electrical energy as Mr. Roy has light bulbs of every size appearing and disappearing, flashing on and off in most mysterious fashion, and floating across a darkened stage in eerie fashion. In an ingenious improvement on Houdini's famous needle trick, Mr. Roy swallows a length of electrical wire and several bulbs, then coughs them up, not only connected, but fully lit! Thomas Alva Edison could have used this boy! . . . A special salute to JEAN DEVLYN for unusual and highly imaginative choreography in Broadway musical production style. She has combined the singing and dancing talents of JERRY PEDERSEN, the statuesque beauty of DORIS GORDON and CHARLOTTE BERGMEIER, and the famous DEVLYN line in the "Syncopated Clock" and a cocktail number which might be subtitled: "A Bartender's Dream." Lovely DOLORES FRAZZINI displays her triple-threat talents of beauty, voice and dance in singing "Quarter to Nine," then dueting with Mr. Pedersen. . . . A hearty welcome back to smiling and personable BOB MILLAR and his orchestra, present podium personalities, with a host of friends in our town. . . . DON BAKER at the Hammond for intermission requesting.

DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 24)

Desert Inn. The three comics have starred in movies, on stage, and on the air for so many years that there are few folks left who have not seen and enjoyed their antics. Take a parody of the Andrew Sisters, and three Danny Kayes, several sets of mobile features and pop-eyes, a comical sense of humor that won't stop, and you have a weak approximation of the Ritz Brothers all charged up and waiting to explode on the Desert Inn stage. You can be sure we'll be there for the big BOOM! . . . Italy sent them over and now the American stage wants to keep them! And for good reason too! The ROMANO BROTHERS are three of the fastest tumblers ever to do a back-flip or take a fall. Their entire act is done in faster-than-jitterbug tempo and bodies fly through the air with mad speed yet amazing precision. We're looking forward to the return of the Romanos after an eight-month absence. . . . Bachelors, attention! The ARDEN-FLETCHER DANCERS return to the PAINTED DESERT ROOM once again with this show to add their beauty of face, figure and costume to an already full evening's entertainment. . . . CARLTON HAYES, mustachioed maestro, makes with the music for patron dancing and show backing. . . . In the Lady Luck Bar, "The Best in the West," the GROVER-SHORE TRIO holds forth wtih bass, drums, piano and vocal stylings.

THUNDERBIRD HOTEL:

(Continued from Page 25)

bill is TEDDY HALE who displays his artistry in taps. Acclaimed by show people as one of the top exponents of taps in terpsichory. . . . The KATHRYN DUFFY DANSATIONS present a new miniature musical which will be called "Minstrel Memories" and will feature Miss KAY TAPSCOTT. For their second number they are repeating the ever popular "Deep Purple" number which features Miss CHRISTINA CARSON. The vocals for these productions will be in the capable hands of Miss Pola Van Essa and Mr. Johnny O'Brien. After a wonderful two weeks vacation we welcome back to the stand the fine music of AL JAHNS and his ORCHESTRA. Filling out the entertainment bill at this hotel are the JACK MARTIN MEN and The NORMANDIE BOYS.

SILVER SLIPPER:

(Continued from Page 25)

GIRLS are still prancing the bar with their eye-filling exuberance and are aided by the return of KEN CARD, banjo-plunkin' master of ceremonies. . . . New to the "Slipper" stage is CLAUDIA JORDAN, New Orleans bombshell, and from what we hear, you'll want to be there when she lights the fuse! . . . Of especial interest to Vegans during our current housing boom is the act, The JERRY COE BUILDERS, subtitled: "How Not to Build a House." This we've got to see! . . . GEORGE REDMAN is at the upright for show times while BUSTER HALLETT takes over for intermissions with WHITEY'S TOPPERS at the piano and bass. . . . BERNARD DUESSEN is the backstage mastermind of switches, ropes and wires.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 9)

A letter from our good friend, EARL WILSON, tells us he and his "B. W." are finally preparing to debark on that 30-day flight around the world. Good scouting, fella. Hope those shots didn't hurt too much.

We're always happy to see our good friend, BEN SCOTT, owner of the famous IMPERIAL HOUSE in Chicago and also the newly-opened spot (same name) in the Bel Air Hotel in Beverly Hills. That de-lovely with Ben is his 17-year-old daughter. Dad will take her to Hollywood when he concludes his business here in town. If the movietown moguls have any eyes at all, they will obtain Miss Scott's signature on a long-term contract, but fast!

MAURICE KLEIN, well-known artist and art critic of N. Y. C., recently visited Las Vegas to absorb some of our local color . He is now in Los Angeles where he appeared on the BILLIE BURKE T.V. show, in his capacity as art critic. The L. A. art world is discovering his dynamic ideas to be highly stimulating. We have a hunch Mr. Klein is going to make quite a few changes in that town.

FAYE RUSHALL, SILVER STATE RESTAURANT & SUPPLY CO bookkeeper, and JOSEPH K. LANE of the race book at the FLAMINGO HOTEL, were married on August 8 at the HITCHING POST. Lots of happiness, newlyweds !

Another letter from HARRY RICHMAN discloses he is all set for "bigger and better" things. He has new material and songs and will begin a new fall program at the CHEZ PAREE in Chicago. Good luck, Harry. Here's hoping the new "business" bowls 'em over.

Are there many of you who can recall the famous radio program starring the PICKARD FAMILY, approximately fifteen years ago? Well, CHARLES PICKARD, held over at the SILVER SLIPPER, was a member of that group, which was originated by his dad. There was a program everyone enjoyed. It presented homespun humor and folksongs. Wish we could hear something like that now. Ideas, anyone?

Looks like a photo-finish to determine who the first person was to identify last week's mystery man as WILBUR CLARK of the D. I. While Ye Editor was conversing with BEATRICE KAY, Mrs. C. was engaged in serious discourse with DEBBIE PRELL. Simultaneously, Miss Kay and Mrs. Prell revealed the identity of our front cover query. Wilbur informs us he was kept busy answering those who approached him. Looks like EVERYBODY loves a mystery.

ELSIE and LES GOLDRING, owners of the FRONTIER DELICATESSEN on Fremont, are making some plans for a special event that will take place the latter part of this month. The date is August 27th and th eoccasion, a 25th Wedding Anniversary. Nice going, Mr. and Mrs. Goldring. That's a record anyone would be happy to cherish.

Belated birthday greetings to PATTY PHILLIPS, lovely manicurist of the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS BARBER SHOP. She used a deep rose hue to tint the town last Saturday, August 11th. Was it the 21st, Patty?

Not - so - rotund police officer JOCK PALACE(everybody's buddy) is counting the hours until his vacation begins on the first of September. Jock and his charming wife are going to take that long-awaited trip to New York City. Don't forget your promise to write and inform us of your cross-country and big-city experiences.

"Up in the morning, out on the lawn, work like the devil with the hose," is the song that BENNY GOFFSTEIN (of the FLAMINGO HOTEL) is singing these days. Of course, the words are set to the tune, "Lucky Ol' Sun." One fine afternoon at 4:30, Mr. G. told the head of the house, Mrs. G., that they were moving. By 7:30 the same day, the Goffsteins were in their new home. It is a much larger place than their former residence and has a home-lover's **ideal** lawn. Yes, Mr. G. is thrilled (?) beyond all expectations over his wonderful, **tremendous** lawn. Of course, he is experiencing mild sensations of pain throughout his muscles and is eagerly looking forward to mowing his beautiful grass. Ah! For the life of a domestic husband.

By the time this edition hits the stands, all of Las Vegas will have seen the exquisite interior of the newly-unveiled HORSESHOE CLUB on Fremont street. So, this is for the eyes of our many subscribers. We want to boast a bit about our newest and most modern casino and restaurant, located in the downtown area. It fulfills the imagination of a movie director in quest for a plush setting. We truthfully couldn't do justice in our humble attempts to describe this magnificant place. However, we would like to offer a bit of advice, if we may: When in Las Vegas, make it a point to visit the resplendent HORSESHOE.

If you're in a movie-mood and wish to see a really **good** picture, treat yourself to a couple of hours of fine entertainment at the PALACE, now featuring CYRANO DE BERGERAC. Here is moviedom at its best. Laurels to PAUL

(Continued on Page 41)

Lou Walters

EXTENDS HIS THANKS TO

Wilbur Clark

AND THE STAFF OF THE

Wilbur Clark's
DESERT INN

FOR

ANOTHER WONDERFUL ENGAGEMENT

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 39)

SPERLING and AL GOULD, co-owners of the FREMONT, PALACE and HUNTRIDGE THEATRES. Al is doing a magnificent job of selecting the best films available. He attends all the previews and uses his personal judgment in deciding what you would like to view as you relax in one of the show houses. The Messrs. Gould and Sperling are really interested in satisfying their public.

What a sense of humor MADGE O'CONNER, of the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, has. She related the occurrences that took form during a trip to Mount Charleston. Wish we could go into detail and pass the situations along to you—but—we wouldn't have enough room. Ask Marge and we guarantee you'll enjoy numerous hearty laughs.

That long-legged bird is certainly being kept very busy. His season begins with the first second of the New Year and lasts right on through to the same period of the following year. One of his recent schedules (August 12th) brought him and an eight pound boy to the home of MR. and MRS. GENE LYNCH, in San Diego. Most of you will remember Gene as the genial bingo dealer from the LAS VEGAS CLUB. The new daddy is now working for HAROLD CLARK in S. D.

What a pleasant surprise it was to walk into the CLUB BINGO and receive a smiling welcome from BOBBY GORDEN, in full charge of the casino in this bistro. Owner, MILTON PRELL, is extremely busy traveling to and from L. A., conferring with architects, and considering plans for the erection of a hotel. Therefore, Mr. Gorden's services were imperative. Good luck, Bobby. It's good to see you "doin' what comes natcherly."

From reliable sources (we hope), we heard that TOM PAPPAS. NICK SYNDER, and CHARLES SHERMAN will soon begin drilling for oil at the south end of Arden, between Erie and Goodsprings. A rig is being imported from Oklahoma to start the operation at one of the chosen sites, at an approximate cost of $250,000. We've discovered that these men, who have productive oil wells in seven states, found sand stone containing petroleum gas and also oil seepage in water wells. Due to these revelations and certain fossils. they are inclined to believe that oil will be a reward for their efforts. They will drill down to 5,000 at the first of the scene of operations. With such determination and backing they should hit a **gusher's gusher!**

MARGARET WHITING, lovely songstress, is currently starring at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, in the Ramona Room. Her dad, RICHARD WHITING, one of the biggest song writers in Tin-Pan Alley, wrote such favorites as, "MY IDEAL," "JAPANESE SANDMAN," "HONEY," "TOO MARVELOUS FOR WORDS," and many others. Musical talent just naturally reigns in that family . . . and that's for sure.

THE WATCHBIRD:

(Continued from page 15)

gold. How about that! . . . Another item that should be under the heading of "big surprise" is the third edition to the JOHNNY RYKEN family. He is named MARC and he weighed in at 11 pounds. Those of you who remember "COO TIME" will know how close Johnny is to us. . . .

Our friend CHARLIE FOY. who plays host to the best, is now playing cupid. He was instrumental in the "kiss and make up" of SLAPSIE MAXIE ROSENBLOOM and GLADYS PARKER, cartoonist who created "Mopsy." . . . MITCH LEISEN played host to the RORY CALHOUNS the other p. m. when BILLY DANIELS (the dancer) gave a preview of his new act. Billy's partner in the act is LITA BARON, who is Mrs. Rory Calhoun in private life. . . . One of the most beautiful blondes in America, SELENE WALTERS, has turned traitor to Vegas and is now doing the hot spots of Miami Beach with the ex of RITA HAYWORTH. His name is (HA! wouldn't y'all like to know?' . . .

Now that FRANK SINATRA is in the state of Nevada taking the "cure." the bobby soxers are too, too excited. He'll be at the Desert Inn following his engagement at the Riverside Hotel in Reno and, although it won't be for a couple of weeks, they've lined up at the stage door there already. . . .

BEATRICE KAY (who doesn't want her name mentioned in Sheboygan because it's the biggest little town in the West), is on her way to the biggest little town in the East—namely, New York—so that she can finish all those recording engagements, so that she can go home to her magnificent "home in the West." (The Beatrice Kay Guest Ranch) in Reno, Nevada, you sillies! . . Live and be happy, Beatrice, you living doll! And we mean this from the heart!

QUESTIONS OF THE WEEK: What certain "Dealer" from Miami by the name of A. C. should get out of town? BUT FAST! The moon over Vegas is different from the one over Miami and the dolls here are, too! . . . Who eats sugar coated parsley? . . . What Thun-

(Continued on Page 45)

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POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from page 5)

so well have a finer flavor because of the loving care she gives them.

By the way, I wonder if anybody now in Las Vegas knows that Las Vegas grapes took first prize at the Chicago Exposition in 1893, for sugar content? Mrs. Helen J. Stewart, then owner of the Las Vegas Ranch which was afterward bought by Senator Clark as the site of his new Townsite of Las Vegas and division terminal of his new railroad, sent the grape exhibit to Chicago, I understand. After the award was made there were great hopes that Las Vegas might be enriched by extensive vineyards and wineries, but nobody up to now has ever had the patience to do much about it.

Over forty years ago, Frank Buol, brother of Pete Buol who was elected first Mayor of Las Vegas and among the most enterprising of our early citizens, left Las Vegas, buying himself a ranch in Pahrump Valley, in Nye County and going into the wine business. For many years he was engaged in the making of wines in a small way, but never on a scale sufficiently large to command a profitable market. But every once in a while I was recipient of a bottle of fine wine from my friend Frank, who, by the way, has been for many years one of the assemblymen from Nye County in the State Legislature.

I recall another little incident about grape growing and wine making in this region. Along in the 1860s Charles W. Towner, traveling with our old friend Sam Yount from Oregon down through Nevada driving a band of horses, was stopped in this part of the country by unfriendly Indians. He came into possession of the Indian Springs Ranch, about five miles northwest of Las Vegas, built him a home and started on the business of making a living out of the soil.

Among other things, Towner took pains to get cuttings of choice wine grapes and planted and cultivated a fine vineyard at Indian Springs.

It happened that among Towner's nearest neighbors were the Kyle Brothers, who owned a ranch three miles north of the Las Vegas Ranch, where they already had a fine vineyard and were making considerable good wine.

Unfortunately Las Vegas was far from any market for wines, but this defect was partially remedied by Kyle Brothers becoming the best and most enthusiastic consumers of wine from the Kyle Brothers Vineyard.

The outcome of this situation was that there were frequent wild revels on the Kyle Ranch, during one of which the two Kyle Brothers had a violent falling out. One of the brothers with his rifle in hand, had been hunting rabbits, and as he approached the house, his brother, who was on the porch, saw him coming and making threats. He stepped inside the house, seized his rifle, opened the door, aimed and fired, then stepped inside and slammed the door.

The brother out in the yard fell, mortally wounded, but he still had the strength to raise his rifle and fire through the closed door of the little house. As fate would have it his bullet found its mark and the brother in the house was instantly killed. That bullet hole in the door was one of the interesting things shown to newcomers. I wonder if it is still an interest of the Boulderado guest ranch?

It happened that Charles Towner was just then making a journey down from his Indian Springs ranch, arriving at the Kyle Ranch just in time to be called as one of the little group who established themselves as a coroner's jury to inquire into the cause of death of the two Kyle Brothers.

Mr. Towner returned to his Indian Springs Ranch deeply affected by the terrible Kyle Brothers tragedy. Soon after reaching home, he hitched one of his horses to a plow and plowed down the long rows of growing grape vines, uprooting and killing every one. After that, for many years, there was not one single grape vine on the Indian Springs Ranch where Delphine and I spent much time each summer, after the ranch was bought by Mr. and Mrs. Ira MacFarland. Mrs. MacFarland still lives on the ranch quite undisturbed by atomic explosions and jet plane activities, although Mr. MacFarland died about ten years ago.

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WATCHBIRD

(Continued from Page 15)

derbird dealer is a living doll? His name is Hickey and he doesn't know the definition of the word. . . . What well-known actress by the name of VIRGINIA FIELDS smokes Corona-Coronas, or are we being too, too repetitious? . . .

GEORGE ROSEN of the Thunderbird is the proud "pappah" of 14-year-old SANDRA, who is a champion diver. Sandy has won blue ribbons all over the country and is now vacationing here at the Thunderbird Hotel which is the reason why we go into the pool at the children's end. Not to embarrass Sandy, by wading in. . . .

HAVE YOU EVER DUG? A full moon over Las Vegas? . . . A song called "We kiss in the shadows"? . . . A gourmet like COOKIE? . . . A redhead like RANDI ROBSON when she swims? by moonlight? . . . Moet et Chandon '21? . . . the new Horseshoe? . . A new shade of hair called Lisa Rose? . . The "looks" that pass between BARBARA LOCKHART and BUDDY GROVER? . . . A bride as lovely as EVELYN ROEN? . . . A ranch as beautiful as the B-Bar-J, which was built by two of the most beautiful people in the world, BEA and JIM FULCHER? . . .

OPEN LETTER

(Continued from page 17)

The next morning I found a beautiful white horse named "Baby" waiting at my back door, with French bangs cut and styled by Mrs. Richman. I renamed him "Old Smoky." Unless you saw it for yourself, you'd never believe the amount of ranch work that Harry does from six a. m. until seven p. m., even though he has a foreman and two assistants who work the same hours. A few days passed and we had the pleasure of having our first visitor, the very popular comedian, Willie Shore, who will be on his way to Las Vegas in the near future. Well, talk about laughs! If only you could have been on the trip with Willie, Harry and myself, in an open truck going straight up a mountain on dirt roads which Harry had made himself! Ninety-five hundred feet above the ranch where his 500 Hereford cattle graze! After much laughing, with Willie almost falling off the truck, we came to a sudden stop to drink cool, clear mountain water and to see a breath-taking view of Pyramid Lake. Then back on the truck to drive three more miles down the mountain to see a hand-made lake which Harry and his foreman were building.

Later, back to the ranch to find another spread on the dining table, consisting of their own home-grown onions, cucumbers, corn-on-the-cob, potatoes, beef and watermelon . . . the like of which you never tasted. We said "adieu" to Willie and promised to see the floor show in which he was sharing headline honors with Connee Boswell.

Much excitement on August 10! Found out it was Harry's and also my birthday . . . **and** . . . the show opening of Frank Sinatra. Of course, Harry, Yvonne and I drove into Reno to celebrate the occasion. Frank's opening was sensational! After the usual "Happy "Birthday" singing and huge cake presented to us by Mr. Wertheimer, we adjourned to the cocktail lounge where we were met by all the performers in town: Dr. Giovanni, Harrison and Fisher, Artini and Consuelo, Connee Boswell, Willie Shore, Nat Brandwynne, George Moro and A. S. Lyles from Pine & Thomas Productions, on location at Feather River Inn. Although Yvonne and I had to serve toothpicks to keep Harry's eyes open until the wee small hour of 6 a. m., we think and hope he had a happy birthday . . . one he'll always remember.

My vacation was at an end last Sunday. I took my last horseback ride, said farewell to the dogs: Ritz, Lucky (incidentally, these two were named after Harry's most popular tunes), Puddin and Tuffy, and was driven to the airport by two of the most gracious hosts I have ever known.

And so, Jack, this is but a brief outline of my most memorable vacation. I am back at my desk to try to book the best "name" entertainment for the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas . . . and . . . just waiting until August of 1952 . . to once again visit "Big Canyon Ranch" and Mr and Mrs. Harry Richman . . . on top of "Old Smoky" . . . that's me! MAXINE LEWIS.

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 24)

years. During that time, Gene has been knocking them dead across the country with especially successful engagements in L. A. and Miami. . . . Backing this entirely new show is the internationally famous maestro and pianist, NAT BRANDWYNNE and his orchestra. Known to millions through his recordings and transcriptions, Nat's stylings are sure to entice dance fans to the Flamingo dance floor. . . . And, of course, CHUY REYES, his piano and quartet, are still filling the Mural Room evenings with music and fun.

WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from page 11)

SPORTSMAN'S SUPPLY CO. at 406 Fremont Street and, I kid you nay, it was **nothin'**! Since that time Johnny has built up the stock in all departments until now once again the store is enjoying a good business. He has CHARLIE WILLIAMS as his gunsmith and his is a reputation of long standing in that capacity in this part of the state. Johnny's shop is also the home of the RECORD CENTER whose motto is: "If you can't get it . . . WE CAN!" . . . The casino located in the ELWELL HOTEL is now under the management of the hotel itself, Bill tells me, and running two shifts. That bar and lounge is one of the most relaxing rooms in the downtown area. Far enough off of the main drag to be a bit more quiet and yet not too far so as not to be frequented by the patronizing public. Of course, those prepared meals called "Frigidinners" are something you'll have to see and experience for yourself to understand the full gist of the things. In no time at all you have a full dinner and at a very reasonable price. . . . Orchids to WILBUR CLARK and the Desert Inn for their treatment of the young gentlemen who dropped in so unexpectedly the other day. THIRTY ONE of them! These were Boy Scouts from two counties in the state of New York, with the greater number of them being orphans. For two **years** these young men had been saving their money so that they could take this trip as a group. Each member had to accumulate $350 to pay for the seven-week trip. Their bus pulled up to the Desert Inn and in no time the place was deluged with khaki-clad boys of all sizes who were drawn to, and looked longingly at the pool. Would they **like** to? SURE! Did they have suits? SURE! The hotel threw open their facilities for changing and for an hour those boys were, each in his own way, "king for a day." Then they were all served cokes before they dressed again and, as a crowning feature, Mr. Clark lined them all up and presented each one of them with a silver dollar as a souvenir of his visit to Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn in Las Vegas, Nevada. All the while this incident was taking place the so-called **calloused** gamblers of this so-called city of **iniquity** were lined on the promenade with their hearts pounding and lumps in their throats that were THAT BIG. The lump in mine was a little larger, I thought! . . . It's good to see our old friend SAMMY COHEN back in action as he manages the race book for the newly opened HORSESHOE. Sammy has been out of action since the closing of the old Clover Club and is as happy to be back in the harness as you and I are to see him there. As a matter of fact, you'll see a lot of old familiar faces at work in this new club which will make a few hundred families a lot happier because of it. . . . If you're really hungry you'll find your "Ace in the Hole" at JULES' SILVER SLIPPER RESTAURANT, located in the Last Frontier Village out on Hiway 91! His only trouble so far is that he can't keep enough of them in stock. I'd try to explain the idea to you but it would only spoil the kick you'd get out of ordering one, so for a real treat stop in and get your "Ace in the Hole" and see what we mean! . . . PEOPLE: JACK COKER is on his way to Korea with the Air Forces. He's the son of Mrs. K. A. JOHANSEN (Herb McDonald's mother-in-law) and before he left they all spent a week up at Lake Tahoe. Jack was a very popular boy in the local high school and all of his friends wish him the best of luck and a speedy return to home. . . . Here's our idea of a regular gal! BETTY JOHNSON, a cocktail waitress at the Thunderbird Hotel, felt as though she'd like to give a party for the friends she'd made here in Vegas so last Sunday night at 1 ayem she practically took over the Shamrock Hotel for the remainder of the evening and threw a super swimming party. Hired a dance band, had a huge buffet prepared, and drinks for all present. Needless to say, it was a whale of a whing-ding! . . . GEORGE CAMERON was in town for a few days with a group of friends and we wonder if it's true that he may put N. T. G. back into the Florentine Gardens? . . . DR. WILLIAM WEISS was in for a few days, also, and was telling us that he was also "in" for a few "bills," and well worth it The doctor says that he feels so good in this climate that it wouldn't surprise him if he could live to such a ripe old age here that Methusaleh would appear as a New Year's cherub! . . . Then there was PAT (used cars) BURKE, in from Miami after almost three years of absence, and it was good to see him in this new position . . . vertical! Seriously, I give the man a lot of credit and more should accomplish what he has done. . . . And 'at's 'at for this week, little kiddies, so until we see eye to eye again next week . . . Smile and look for the **good** in people . . . there's some in all of 'em!

. . . JOHNNY.

Wilbur Clark's DESERT INN

OPENING TUESDAY, AUGUST 21

RITZ BROS.

THE

ROMANOS BROS.

MATTI SOND!

CARLTON HAYES AND HIS ORCHESTRA

ARDEN FLETCHER DANCERS

GENE GRIFFIN, SINGING M. C.

Showtimes: 8:30 and 11:30

Hotel LAST FRONTIER

PRESENTS

CAPITOL RECORDS BIGGEST SELLING ARTIST

MARGARET WHITING

MARVIN ROY

Artistry in Light

DEVLYN DANCERS REVUE

BOB MILLAR AND HIS ORCHESTRA

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Showtimes - 8:30 & 11:30 p. m.

NO COVER — NO MINIMUM

PHONE 1800 FOR RESERVATIONS

DON BAKER King of the Hammond Organ For Intermission Music

. . . BECAUSE OF YOUR MAGNANIMOUS WELCOME, OUR GALA OPENING LAST TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, WAS TRULY GRATIFYING

THANK YOU!



BAR – RESTAURANT – CASINO

OPERATED BY ELDORADO CORP.