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HOWDY PODNER



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December 8, 1951

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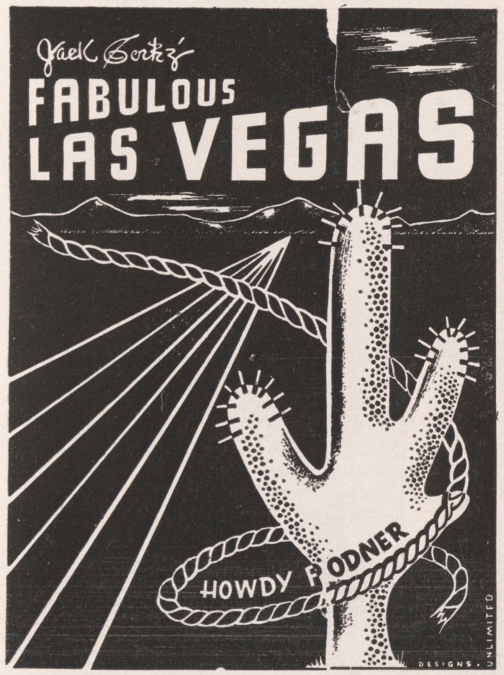
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LAS VEGAS, NEVADA



PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 3, NO. 34

OBSERVATIONS, By POP SQUIRES

"THAT'S FOR SURE," By JACK CORTEZ

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS, By MARTIN LEWIS

REVIEWS OF CAFE SHOWS, By JACK CORTEZ

RANDOM THOUGHTS, By B. B. BARTON

CHESS, By FRED SOLY

THE WATCHBIRD, By LADY MICHAEL

THIS YOU CAN BELIEVE, By PEARL BAILEY

WHAT'S DOIN'? By JOHNNY UHLMAN

ART DEPARTMENT, DENNIS STEPHENSON

JACK CORTEZ, Editor and Publisher

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DOWNTOWN . . .

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DOWNTOWN

Jack Burke's
FABULOUS LAS VEGAS
HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 3 DECEMBER 8, 1951 NUMBER 34

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

CHRISTMAS, 1855

AT THIS time it is fitting that we recall the celebration of first Christmas in Las Vegas of which we have any record —Christmas in the year 1855.

That day of Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Man, was the first Christmastide on which civilized Christian people lived in Las Vegas. It is most interesting to read how the celebration of that sacred day was carried out by the hungry, weakened, tired, but not discouraged souls who were struggling to establish a settlement which, 93 years later, became this modern, bright and gay city of Las Vegas.

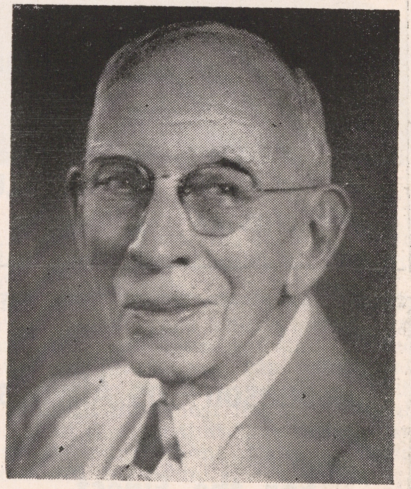
That little group of Mormon people, 30 in number, from Salt Lake, had been sent out from Salt Lake City by their great leader, Brigham Young, to establish a mission of The Church in a remote region known as Las Vegas. They started May 10, 1855, and arrived in Las Vegas nearly dead from thirst and hunger, June 14. All through that terribly hot and merciless summer, they struggled to keep the spark of life burning and only their supreme devotion to their Church enabled them to do that.

Those men kept a very concise report of their daily lives and here is what they said of Las Vegas' first Christmas:

"December 25: Christmas. This was the coldest morning that the brethren had experienced in Las Vegas. The ground froze hard enough to bear up a horse and rider.

"During the night the Indians stole a quantity of squashes, corn, etc., out of Brothers Michell and Carter's house They entered the fort at the unfinished portion, took the loose adobes out of the window and carried the squashes off, unperceived by the guard.

"This being considered a licensed holiday, the brethren mustered for a



wolf hunt on horseback. About a dozen went out and after chasing around a few hours, returned without success.

"In the forenoon President Bringhurst and Smoot went out and located the Indian farm for the coming season on a little stream two miles north of the fort. Some of the brethren enjoyed themselves at a game of ball in the fort."

It is interesting to remember that the spot chosen by President Bringhurst for the Indian farm was the historic Kyle Ranch, recently known as the Boulderado Guest Ranch.

That is enough to give one a slight idea of the desolation which those men who came to Las Vegas in 1855 had to fight. Now we will turn to a more modern Christmas, the first after Las Vegas became a little settlement housed in tents beside the new railroad —Christmas of 1905.

During the previous summer, a

(Continued on Page 41)

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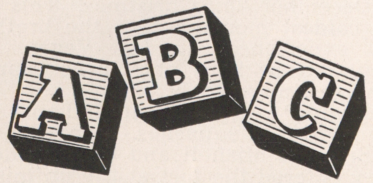


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RANDOM THOUGHTS

. . . By B. B. BARTON

SEEMS as though there are a lot of people complaining they just have "average ability," and can't do the things they want to do. Why is it that most of our young men insist that only a genius can accomplish what he wants to do? This is such a fallacy!

Many great men who are now prominent in their chosen endeavors didn't have more than their share of "average ability," when starting out. In fact, the majority of successful men attained their positions through their own tireless perseverance and effort. Of these men and women, I've met many who couldn't afford to go through high school; some didn't even manage to go through the eighth grade. It wasn't because they had no desire—but because they hadn't the finances for school study. They were willing to work their way through school but, unfortunately, they couldn't. Every penny they earned had to go toward the support of their families.

However, this proved no drawback. It may have held them up as far as their schooling was concerned, but it helped strengthen their desires to achieve later goals in life.

The type of individual who bemoans the fact that he has nothing more than "average ability" is the one who sits back and waits for a knock on the door and an open-armed welcome from opportunity. 'Tain't no such thing! You have to help create your gateway to success.

The successful man is called a genius, merely because he has used that grey matter stored in his cranium. His success was brought about by combining his so-called "average ability" with a great amount of endless effort; the sacrificing of trivial time-wasters, and a generous amount of faith in others, while touring the school of hard knocks. He didn't sit back and wait for that lucky break. He went right out and created the conditions that led to his success.

One point I'd like to stress is the faith in people. That, to me, is a pretty important one. If you don't have faith in others, it means you don't trust them. And, if you don't trust others, they certainly aren't going to trust you. Your confidence in people will build up your own self-confidence.

Personally, a bit of optimism in the person striving for success will be an extremely helpful factor. Pessimism is deterrent, insomuch as it causes a person to feel he can't do anything. Whereas, an optimist, with his open mind, will attempt to try every available approach until he succeeds.



If you know of a young man who believes his "average ability" is holding him back, sit down and talk it over with him. Maybe you can point out a few things to him that he hasn't thought of himself. But, most important of all, point out the fact that "average ability" is the basic ingredient of any and every successful individual.

"Pardon me, but are you taking the right hat?"

"Do you think I'd take a hat like this if it wasn't my own?"

—The Pointer.

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Starring Margurite Chapman
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"LOVE NEST"
Starring June Haver and William Lundigan
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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ

No news could have been more welcome than that which we received, informing us the powers-that-be had finally granted BENNY BINION his gaming license. After five months of unnecessary delay, official recognition was finally achieved on Saturday, December 1. The grant has made not only Mr. B. happy, but virtually every individual in town, including the butcher, baker and candlestick-maker.

With special permission, we are reprinting an article, written by RICHARD H. NORES, which appeared in the Pioche Record, Thursday, Oct. 25, 1951. It fully bears out sentiments and we feel it will prove most interesting to you. Here it is, verbatim:

"The various stories that have been appearing through press releases, about BENNY BINION are malodorous to put to shame the wildest efforts of a dime novelist.

"The fact remains that Benny Binion is a gambler. Well, so what? Insofar as gambling in Nevada is a licensed enterprise to which privilege so many patronize, and from which the state receives a much needed and handsome stipened through taxation, then, why is it that any individual who becomes successfully engaged in this licensed enterprise must in turn be made the target of scatter-brained sensationalism?

"It is becoming obvious that the esoteric element of villification in Binion's case is of a competitive source; figuratively speaking, 'the pot calling the kettle black,' which in itself is a practice so damaging to the unity of Nevada's most generous freedom that it portends abolition. Should abolition be instituted, then, indeed, the fraternity has no recourse other than to blame its own members for the destruction of a legitimate enterprise in which, it seems, is a place for everything except unity.

"The stories propagated about Binion verge upon the ridiculous, one of which has come to the notice of the Record and appeared in the October 18 issue of the Nevada State Journal under the by-line of Robert Laxalt, United Press Staff Correspondent. The grossly misinformed correspondent drivels through a vapid story of an attempt to rub out Benny Binion whom he has dubbed a Texas gambling "King," and closely associated with various underworld characters.

"Mr. Laxalt chronicles a report, which is as stale as the opening of King Tut's tomb, with a bizarre background of furtive gunmen, firing a barrage of shots at Binion's car in which the gambler was riding with Russian Louie Strauss. This report, however, did come out some months ago and eventuated into a police investigation which disclosed an entire absence of evidence to give credence to the slightest insinuation that the incident actually occurred. What, no bullet holes?

"Moreover, we believe that by such allegations, Mr. Laxalt is liable to incur the displeasure of the trigger-boys who may be chagrined by the report that their marksmanship was so inadequate that they could not score at least one hit on the broadside of an automobile, or perhaps it could be that Mr. Laxalt is reading the wrong kind of thriller-dillers. Therefore, we refer him to True Detective and other legitimate crime periodicals from which he can learn that trigger-boys don't use cap pistols; that they don't hang around street corners and shoot at passing automobiles; that trigger-boys play cinch bets by making the rub-out in the surest possible manner in order to collect the blood-money from those who are smart enough to hire experts, not tyros. No wonder Binion and everybody else, who has sense enough to put on a raincoat when it rains, got a belly laugh out of Mr. Laxalt's attempts to write a one-night stand melodrama, thrill-packed with allegations of the polyglot underworld characters with whom Binion associates: of his bodyguard; of his round-the-clock brilliantly lighted and fortified mansion and, oh, yes, his fierce Great Dane dogs, so vicious that one of them scarred Mrs. Binion for life.

"Now, if Mr. Laxalt could come out of his dither of misinformation long enough to visit Mr. Binion's residence on Bonanza Road, he would find the gate wide open, and five dogs would rush out, not to tear him to pieces, but to greet him with much tail-wagging and barks of welcome.

"If Mr. Laxalt were not suffering too acutely with his dilemma, he would in all probability be petting the dogs, all of which are various breeds not in the least resembling the Great Dane; namely, a pointer, a setter, a Doberman Pinscher, an English pug and a Boston bull, the respective pets of Mrs. Binion's three lovely daughters and two sonc, ranging from the ages of 6 to 17. In a nearby corral, our deluded reporter would discover Shetland ponies and saddle horses, also, the pets and property of the Binion children, which in-

(Continued on Page 13)

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WHAT'S DOIN'?

. . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN

WHATAYA mean we're having lousy weather? Take a look at the newspapers and then ask yourself if we're having a rough time with the elements! Yeah, I know, I was griping as long and loud as anyone else until I stopped and thought a little bit. Then I began to realize just how little bad weather we do have around here and I began to feel as though I were a deserter to my chosen home. You know; anyone can leave these parts any time they choose if they don't like it here. I'm STAYIN'! Okay, so the wind blows now and again . . . it beats putting up with a blizzard, flood, tornado, earthquake or a combination of all four. Yep! I likes it here! . . . Come along and we'll mosey around the metropolis if you've got the time.

One of the most famous fiddle-faddlers of all time is now at the GOLDEN NUGGET SALOON and, brother, don't miss getting in to see him and his group. None other than the guy who has as many or more friends than anyone else in show business. JOE VENUTI. Here is a fabulous character who plays that violin of his in any style you want to hear it played. So you want a hoedown . . . a hoedown you get, and the BEST. Maybe you lean to the classics. Joe will not only lean with you, but will bowl you over. Along with him is a fine group of musicians, namely: DAVE MATHEWS on tenor with a mellow tenor tone and an easy style that any reed man will admire. BILL COOPER on bass with a wonderful conception for playing the "roots" and fingering that shows study. On the piano is BYRON LONG who looks like a freshman in high school and plays like a veteran of many years at the keyboard, with a light touch and a flare for block chords. Jine the four of 'em up to once and you're listening to a "going concern." Joe bowed some four string fiddle the other night that was like nothing you've ever heard. Appearing alternately in the same room are the NUGGETEERS with GENE SANDUSKY featured. These boys answer any and all requests. Playing from 3:30 in the afternoon until the other boys come on, is MARIANTHE, who cavorts around the keyboard to interpret tunes in such a way as I've never heard any other woman do. In other words, there is better than 12 hours of continuous entertainment in the GOLDEN NUGGET SALOON. . . . Well, JIM finally made it! The 49'er CLUB had its grand opening last Monday afternoon and



you couldn't get into the place for the crowd. What an attractive little spot it is, too! All brand new from the front to the back with a fine little bar and SNACK bar. It's really good to see this club open again. What with the new sign out front and the bright lighting inside it is a welcome addition to the brightest two blocks in the world. We say, "GOOD LUCK" to you and your associates, JIM PAPPAS! . . . I know a lot of you folks have a little "pride and joy" who has passed the tricylcle stage and is now a full fledged grown-up and entitled to the dignity of a **bicycle.** Man, do I remember my first bike. Whata I mean, **first** bike? I only had one when I was a kid! Anyway, should you be in the market for a bike for the chubby cherub, you could do yourself a favor by taking a look at those on display at Cashman's FIRESTONE before you BUY. As a matter of fact, somewhere in this magazine you will find their ad which is worth $5.00 toward the purchase of a bike, and they have got some dillies down there, both for boys and girls in 20" — 24" — and 26" wheel sizes. Prices run from $47.95 to $68.95, then you knock off the $5.00 you get for taking in the ad and you've got a good deal! . . . Had to cut my quibble to a minimum this week as the magazine tightened up real quick (printers' lingo). Had a lot to say I'll say next week! Bye! —JOHNNY.



Evelyn and . . .

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

dicates that the Binions are animal lovers, and why not, insofar as Binion is a stockman who owns and operates a large cow-spread in Montana on which range he runs 5000 head of cattle?

"Upon entering the Binion residence, our reporter would be instantly intrigued by the decorous atmosphere, Mrs. Binion's reserved charm, and a princely hospitality offered by Mr. Binion into which is insinuated the social traditions of the old South, including fried chicken by an imported colored cook.

"No doubt, after our deluded one's departure from the Binion home during which time he found it unnecessary to climb over barricades, step on the toes of bodyguards and fight off vicious packs of Great Danes, his ears will be of a brick-red hue, and there'll be blood in his eyes with his heart crying out for vengeance on the reefer-smoker, cokey, or escapee from Sparks who had contributed to his disillusionment in regard to Benny's private life. It could be that he would buy an axe and do what he should have done in the first place.

"Taking all of this into consideration: Breathes there a sporting man, newspaper man (including Mr. Robert Laxalt) or any individual who deals with the public who can truthfully say that he has never found it necessary to deal with individuals of questionable character?

"After residing in Dallas, Texas, 24 years, the 47-year-old Binion came to Las Vegas four years ago. He bought half-interest in the Las Vegas Club with Kel Houssels, one of Nevada's most reputable sporting men and a pioneer resident of Las Vegas. The partners sold the establishment to Tutor Scherer after which Binion built the luxurious Westerner Club which he sold to Emilio Georgetti, after successfully operating it for some time. He is presently interested in the new Horseshoe Club, which is one of the busiest clubs in the city and ably managed by Pat Collins and 'Doby' Doc, formerly of the Last Frontier Village and a character of the colorful boom days of Tonopah and Goldfield.

"Binion is a sporting man in every sense of the word, and doesn't assume it to be a military secret. His personality is decidedly dynamic, his disposition extremely affable. However, he admits that his limitations are as numerous as those of the other fellow, one of which is denied by him, extolled by his friends and a constant thorn in the side of his enemies—that is generosity, if you choose to call it a limitation.

"Charitable organizations hail him as a philanthropist, and unfortunate individuals look upon him as the sweet prince of 'touch.' The fact remains that the man is successful—to so many a benediction, to a few—a rub!"

What more could we possibly say? Good luck, BENNY BINION, to you and your fabulous HORSESHOE CLUB. We are all happy for you . . . and that's for sure!

MRS. C. NORMAN CORWALL, in charge of the library drive, is a thoroughly disheartened woman. The reason is one which falls into the unbelievable-but-true category. When the drive for library funds was in full swing, Mrs. Cornwall received many pledges. Unfortunately, those who gave their pledges in apparent good faith, have not fulfilled them. PLEASE, friends and neighbors, those among you who promised monetary donations, kindly forward your checks to Mrs. C. The libary cannot be completed without your cooperation and it is a project that is sadly needed in our fabulous town. We need a complete library to complement the many other advantages our famous community has to offer. How about it, folks?

Looks like that "talking-to" that Ye Editor gave his loving wife had some effect, after all. (Calls for a celebration. First time that ever happened.) When Mrs. C. chalked up her 597 series in the ten-pin realm, we chided her in the column, asking why it wasn't at least 600. Well, the little lady certainly made up for it last week. In case you haven't heard, our favorite blonde rolled 190-269-194 for a total of 653, which is the highest series and highest game ever rolled by a woman bowler in Las Vegas. Incidentally, in that second game, our "Princess" rolled ten consecutive strikes. Wow! Thank heaven we weren't present. A total collapse would have followed the results, IF we could have lived through the tension. Nice going, Doll!

Want to hear about some real gall? A few days ago, a couple of real estate brokers went to the offices of J. W. ANDERSON, builder and contractor of the DESERT INN COUNTRY CLUB ESTATES. They wanted to buy some lots for speculation purposes. The answer was a polite but emphatic **NO!** The project is not for brokers to buy land and then re-sell for a sweet profit. The estates are strictly for the customer and the individual home to be built. We congratulate Mr. Anderson, GORDON BELL and VERNON WELBORN for their ethics and for refusing to allow such magnificent sites to fall

(Continued on Page 15)



Evelyn and her . . .

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 13)

into the hands of agents who seek that "profit above all principles."

A message to all gift shoppers: Drop in at the HOUSE OF ENCHANTMENT, located on the grounds of the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. If you mention reading this item, RITA GOLDSTEIN, proprietress of the shop, will have you fill out a card. Then, come Christmas Eve, Miss Goldstein will hold the drawing. The lucky winner will receive a SILVER SERVING DISH. You needn't be present to win. Don't forget, in order to be eligible for the drawing, you **must** mention FABULOUS LAS VEGAS MAGAZINE. That prize is a beauty and we're sincere in suggesting you take a trip out to see it and enter your name.

When our Poet Laureate, TUTOR SCHERER, decided to take over the casino in the CALIFORNIA CLUB, his first act was to hire his good friend, GEORGE THERMAN, pit boss at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS (graveyard shift). Mr. Scherer's partner in this enterprise is EMERY DRAKE, manufacturer of gaming equipment, with offices in Reno and San Francisco. JOHN HUGHES will be general manager. The entire town is keyed up, anxiously awaiting the unveiling of Tutor's latest enterprise. Our good friend PHIL COPLEY (the guy who dreamed of winning the blackout game at the CLUB BINGO and then went out and did it) leased the snack bar. What progress! We believe that Fremont street, with those fabulous signs by JACK YOUNG, is giving New York's Broadway a lot of competition.

Those of you who might have been in the audience when this event took place must agree that JEAN WELBORN now has a voice that exceeds all of her previous efforts. Mrs. W. was formerly with PHIL SPITALNY and his ALL-GIRL HOUR OF CHARM. When her co-performers arrived in town, Jean and her hubby, VERNON (the well-known architect), dropped in to see the show. When Phil saw her in the audience, he requested her to do a number and she was received with a tremendous ovation. Despite a cold, Jean sang more beautifully than anyone has ever heard her. Even her husband admitted a slight case of electrification. Since she left the troupe, Jean has been studying here with MRS. SONIA COBB, a marvelous voice and theory teacher. Mrs. Cobb is preparing Jean for a concert which bears the HOLLYWOOD BOWL at the head of the list. We believe the tour will be highly successful and can only regret Las Vegas may not be a stop. What a thrilling voice!

NOW we have heard everything! Do you know what a loving, devoted husband does for his charming wife every Saturday night? Well, if you really love your better half, you'll give her a manicure, just as WES SHIRTZ performs on JUANITA'S slender digits. We always knew he was a good salesman and were surprised to hear that Wes could qualify as a professional manicurist. How about us? You could hold our hands while you taper the nails. Interested, Wes?

HERBIE SCHWARTZ, pit boss with PHIL LONG at BENNY BINION'S HORSESHOE CLUB (day shift), left his job to migrate to Cuba where he will operate a Chemin-De-Fer game. He will be missed by many, especially Paul, with whom he has worked in close association for some time. The vacated spot is filled by JOHNNY HAINES, well-known sportsman. (Honestly, now—doesn't it look good to see that name: BENNY BINION'S HORSESHOE CLUB?)

In last week's issue, we advised present race track share-holders not to sell or sacrifice their shares. We can't use stronger words than those without burning the presses. There is a deal pending that just might raise the value of your shares, if it materializes. A meeting between the present track operators and the interested parties will take place on December 7. Unfortunately, this date will be a few days after we go to press and we can only hope the sale will be consummated. If so, you'll see a rapid completion of the track and the share investors will lose nothing—not one cent. Keep your fingers crossed, people!

REMEMBER THE KEY TO THE HOUSE OF ENCHANTMENT: FABULOUS LAS VEGAS MAGAZINE!

We can't remember feeling such deep regret at any other time as we did upon learning of the demise of BARNEY GOODMAN. He had a fatal heart attack while attending the prize fights in Los Angeles, November 14. As most of you know, Barney owned and operated 21 of the country's finer hotels, among which were the BELLERIVE in Kansas City, Mo., and the SANTA RITA in Tucson, Ariz. All of his friends in Las Vegas will long mourn the passing of a wonderful person.

Monday (December 3) at 4 p.m., THE 49er CLUB, on Fremont street, opened its doors to the public. There were crowds all through the day and into the wee hours of the morn, keeping the personnel very busy. The 49er is a small club and very comfortable place. They have a nice bar, sided with a snack bar, serving delicious sandwiches and what-not. We wish JIM PAPPAS

(Continued on Page 17)



Evelyn and her Magic . . .

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 15)

and his associates great success. Incidentally, it's nice to see JOHNNY GEORGE as graveyard boss man at this spot. It's an important job and Johnny is the one who can handle it well.

Received a surprise call from PEARL BAILEY in New York, during which she told us how busy she is with T.V. commitments and rehearsing for a new play. She will open at N.Y.'s PARAMOUNT THEATRE, December 12. Miss Bailey promises to send her column in every week, beginning with the following issue and apologizes to the many who have inquired as to the absence of her newsy revelations. Hurry, gal. We need the copy!

Now that the land has been leveled at the CLUB BINGO, it won't be long before a tremendous crew of men will become active in building the new SAHARA HOTEL. MILTON PRELL and BOBBY GORDON are two of the busiest men, tending necessary details. What a beautiful place it will be! We can't pass that architect's drawing. It fascinates us! You can be pretty certain we will be among the many "sidewalk superintendents" who will be lined up to watch the stages of progress.

Goll-ee! Have you had any of that CHUCK WAGON at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER lately? Never before have we sampled such delicacies, which are flown in from the East and West coasts. CLARENCE GOSHERT is the fellow responsible for the purchase of the food. He was previously the purchasing agent at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL and worked for JAKE KOZLOFF 20 years ago, in his brewery, back East. From the results, we'd say Clarence is doing an excellent job.

Poor, tired HARRY BASSLER, owner of the ABC CLEANERS, will be able to get a bit of rest now that his brother has arrived in town. FERD gave up his insurance business in Cincinnati to join Harry. Lots of luck, fellas! This looks like the partnership that spells cooperation and success.

REMEMBER THE KEY TO THE HOUSE OF ENCHANTMENT: FABULOUS LAS VEGAS MAGAZINE!

LARRY LORIMER, that distinguished manager of the FLAMINGO HOTEL, has but one lament. Since he and his wife became residents in our town, they've had one ambition that has gone unrealized. All Larry would like to do is take his lovely frau to a movie and hold hands. But, the fellow is so darned busy, there's no time for such pleasure. Bide your time, Larry. The time will come.

In January of 1931, when JOE HILEK (maitre d' of the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER) took as his blushing bride the lady of his heart, he sported a manly impression of a mustache. Since that memorable occasion, there has been a bare upepr lip on his friendly contenance. In commemoration of the orange blossom date, Joe will once again grow the Charlie Chaplin trademark and take a picture with his wife and three children. This will make a nice comparison in the family scrapbook.

Our magnifying glass went on a solo trip and tracked down the whereabouts of the traveling ALEX HENIG. The lad is now a producer on the Borscht Circuit and is in charge of Jewish melodramas in Miami Beach, Fla. If any of you plan a trip to those climes, give him our best wishes, will you?

PATTY WINTERS and the SILVER SLIPPER GIRLS will certainly be missed. The kids are extremely talented, each a specialist in her own right. We know the male populace is quite sad to learn they won't be seeing these lovelies for a while. Here's hoping theirs will be an early return.

GAYLE CIRCLE is back in town after a vacation in Florida. According to the radio, WOODY WOODBURY is also back, at the EL CORTEZ HOTEL. These kids appear to have a lot in common and we wouldn't be too surprised if secret preparations for two-on-the-aisle were being formulated.

When EVELYN MATON showed up at the NEW VEGAS LANES for league play, the other evening, the gal looked as though she was going to burst into tears at any moment. Strangely enough, her, poor, tired eyes didn't change all evening. Finally curiosity got the best of the other gals and they asked for a reason. Evelyn explained she had seen "THE BLUE VEIL" at the FREMONT THEATRE, shortly before, and it was such an impressive flicker, she just couldn't forget it. We have a message for those of you who missed that showing. The picture will be shown at the HUNTRIDGE THEATRE in approximately four weeks. Don't miss it. Everyone is talking about it and the wonderful cast who appeared in the film.

We are very happy to learn that WHITEY ALLEN, "21" dealer at the FLAMINGO, is on the road to recovery, after a serious heart attack four months ago. Lovely wife, BETTY ALLEN, received a job working as a shill at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER until the master is well enough to deal 'em again at his place of business.

REMEMBER THE KEY TO THE HOUSE OF ENCHANTMENT: FABULOUS LAS VEGAS MAGAZINE!

What rejoicing! CAPT. TOM MOORE is back in town after an intensive study of financing, out Indianapolis

(Continued on Page 37)

Evelyn AND HER Magic Violin



"FABULOUS"

Star of the

HOUR OF CHARM

All Girl Orchestra and Choir

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

PHIL SPITALNY

AT THE

Hotel Last Frontier

THE WATCHBIRD

. . . by LADY MICHAEL
(Michael Neale)

WE MUST admit that our little home in the west is shaping up real nicely despite the fact that Kleimer's delivered the wrong divan. And after the fuss they made about bringing it in through the kitchen; they wanted to tear out the plate glass window. This divan belongs to some people named FISH—but there are six Fishes in the phone book and we couldn't get hold of any of them. If any of our readers know of anyone by that name who has a sofa that doesn't belong to them, tell them to take it easy till we contact the movers.

Ho hum, between dishes and drudgery our hands are a wreck—you see, our water's hard—what we wouldn't do for a bucket of soft water. And the silver fish—how long does it take before their damage shows? Wonder when the painter will get through with the pullman sink in the bathroom? He's already dribbled green paint on our white rugs, and left more paint on our nice, new, fluffy towels. Will the laundry be able to remove that? There's a little hole in the wall that's been waiting these many weeks for the phone company to send a man out to install our communication system with the outside world—we reiterate—how long, etc.? We got a lamp shade today—no lamp—just the shade, and it occupies a choice spot in the middle of the living room floor. Tomorrow we may be lucky—we may get the lamp. Know what was meant now when HE said, "Let there be light." Our readers may think we're complaining—honestly, we're not—this is all known as a stream of consciousness. You see—we're very happy.

In the picture "Starlift" which recently played the Fremont Theater we were tickled silly at TOMMY NOONAN doing his "chef bit" in which he makes a pousse cafe cake. It really is THAT funny . . . We'll take a flyer at answering our editor's querie as to why PRESTON FOSTER took such a beating in "The Big Night" which was co-featured with Starlift. The reason was because he wouldn't marry the guy's sister. No—she wasn't pregnant. He couldn't marry her because he was already married, which you don't find out till the very end. This adds suspense to the story. Maybe someone can tell us why they carted him off to jail in handcuffs in the end, when he was innocent of the crime (this is another crime which he didn't commit). Made the police force look like bums. Anyway, to us this whole bit of turkey hash was all



a setting for JOHN BARRYMORE JR. to run the gamut of his emotions and to show his delightful profile. We got tangled halfway through those emotions and never could untangle the story—if there was one.

INTRODUCING JACK GARN TO VEGAS AND VICE VERSA: Actually Jack needs no introduction to the sartorically splendid as he had his own men's wear shop in Beverly Hills for years and did fine custom tailoring for such stars as RAY MILLAND, ROBERT MITCHUM, TOM DRAKE, etc. He came to Vegas at the special request to take care of the needs of the town's fastidious men (are YOU fastidious?). Jack wasn't always in male fashions, but was once part of the fabulous world of show business. He used to be dance director in England for Gaumont British, and in this country directed such shows as "Manhatters of 1930," "Greenwich Village Follies," and the "Bandbox Revue." We're happy you found your way to Vegas, Jack—we know Vegas is happy to have found you!

DAFFYNITIONS: Quicksilver—what the Lone Ranger says when he's in a hurry . . . Lady—one who doesn't use loaded dice in a crap game . . . Man—part of the familiar saying, "Man who gets too big for his breeches will be exposed in the end." . . . Gold-digger—one who uses the males to defraud . . . Embarrassment—when two eyes meet through a keyhole . . . (Oh, we've got a million of them.)

IN AND ABOUT LAS VEGAS AND

(Continued on page 33)



DOWNTOWN

CASINO-RESORT OPERATORS!

Nevada-California STATELINE spots have 'clicked' unfailingly with big profits long before fabulous Las Vegas came into its own. Here is the LAST and ONLY Stateline site available! Beautifully situated but a few miles South of Reno and Lake Tahoe, where 2½ million visitors play annually. Located on magnificently scenic High Sierra highway 395 (short-cut all-year route from So. Calif., and never closed as Tahoe winter roads often are); comprising 55½ acres resort building site which begins RIGHT AT STATELINE, on Nevada side. Every Casino operator senses such NON-COMPETITIVE and STRATEGIC advantage! Directly faces beautiful TOPAZ lake, famous for its huge Trout, Hunting, Boating and vacationing. Also INCLUDES EXCLUSIVE boating privileges for entire waters of this large, popular lake. Considering such strategic superiority (thereby assuring huge annual profits), its incapacitated Owner will sell reasonably, with terms one-half cash. I urge you—BUY RIGHT NOW and build in readiness for big 1952 Season! Owner, J. K. McDONALD, RED ROSE DRIVE-IN, Stockton (5) California.

PEOPLE I KNOW . . . by ANNE STERLING

STAR LIFT

IT IS always nice to write about a personality who has not had to go hungry, as the saying goes. But, nevertheless, there is always a personal strain in building a successful career.

To watch the ease with which GORDON MacRAE works, you would think this artist never experienced those old "before the curtain jitters."



GORDON MacRAE

But, Gordon will be the first to tell you this isn't true. He is one of the most refreshing personalities anyone could hope to know or meet. To this young man, each and every show is the first one. His aim to please and to be liked is almost childlike. Perhaps this is because he has something to work for.

There have been numerous articles written about many stars and their devotion to families — but — I feel very safe in saying I don't believe you will find a more appreciative husband or father than "Mac."

That, in itself, is a switch, for Gordon is **not** the "star" of the family. He will tell you it wasn't until Sheila came into his life that he knew what he wanted to do. Sheila is Mrs. Mac. Not too many years back, she was doing the lead in a Christopher Morley play, in which Gordon was singing in the chorus, along with a few other aspiring young actors, including Jeff Chandler and Jack Carter. The inevitable happened and the leading lady and chorus boy fell in love.

They continued playing summer stock together, after their marriage. Then, as now, the only thing that could have separated these two would have been something drastic. A war in any language is drastic.

When Gordon returned from the service, he had been replaced by such stars as Perry Como, Jack Smith and Mr. Sinatra. He was informed there was no place for him at the radio station where he had worked before the world crisis. However, the radio moguls condescended to pay him a year's salary.

Sheila decided to go into action. She put a show together, in which both participated. It was so good they were both signed to long-term contracts which were interrupted when Mrs. M. learned of the impending stork's visit. Gordon kept on with his singing and was finally "discovered" by the ever great Warner Bros.

There is a song that Gordon includes in his club date repertoire: "Luck Be a Lady Tonight." This gal must have been the one who stepped in to assist this wonderful couple. After 12 years of marriage, they have been lucky and deservedly so.

Gordon is now Warner Bros.' shining star and Sheila has just resumed her career in a moderate way. Nothing will ever separate her from her family. (Proud hubby is the one who wants the world to see the prize he won.)

One thing is certain: These two will never lack a good audience because they have their own in the three younger MacRaes: Meredith, Heather and Gar. Could anyone ask any more of life besides love, wealth and "chosen audiences" at all times?

Ah, show business! It should happen to us all. If we all could only have the luck and the beautiful singing voice of MR. GORDON MacRAE.



OUR HORSES ARE A GOOD BET

PHONE 1800

LAST FRONTIER STABLES

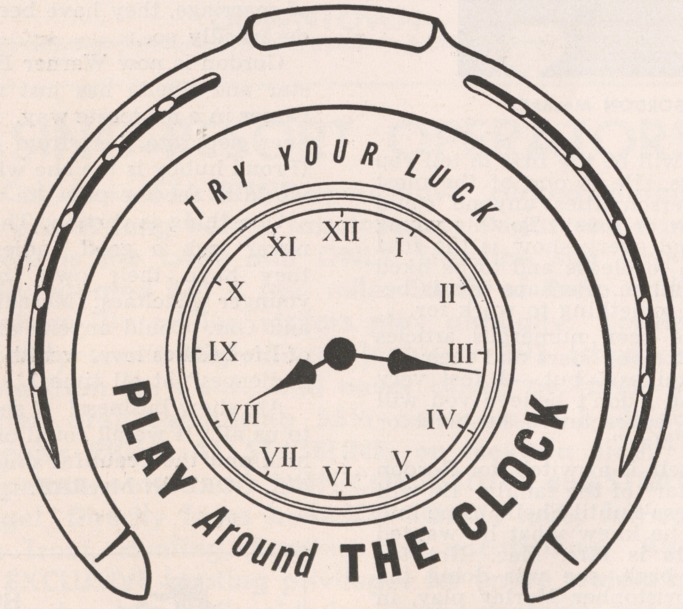
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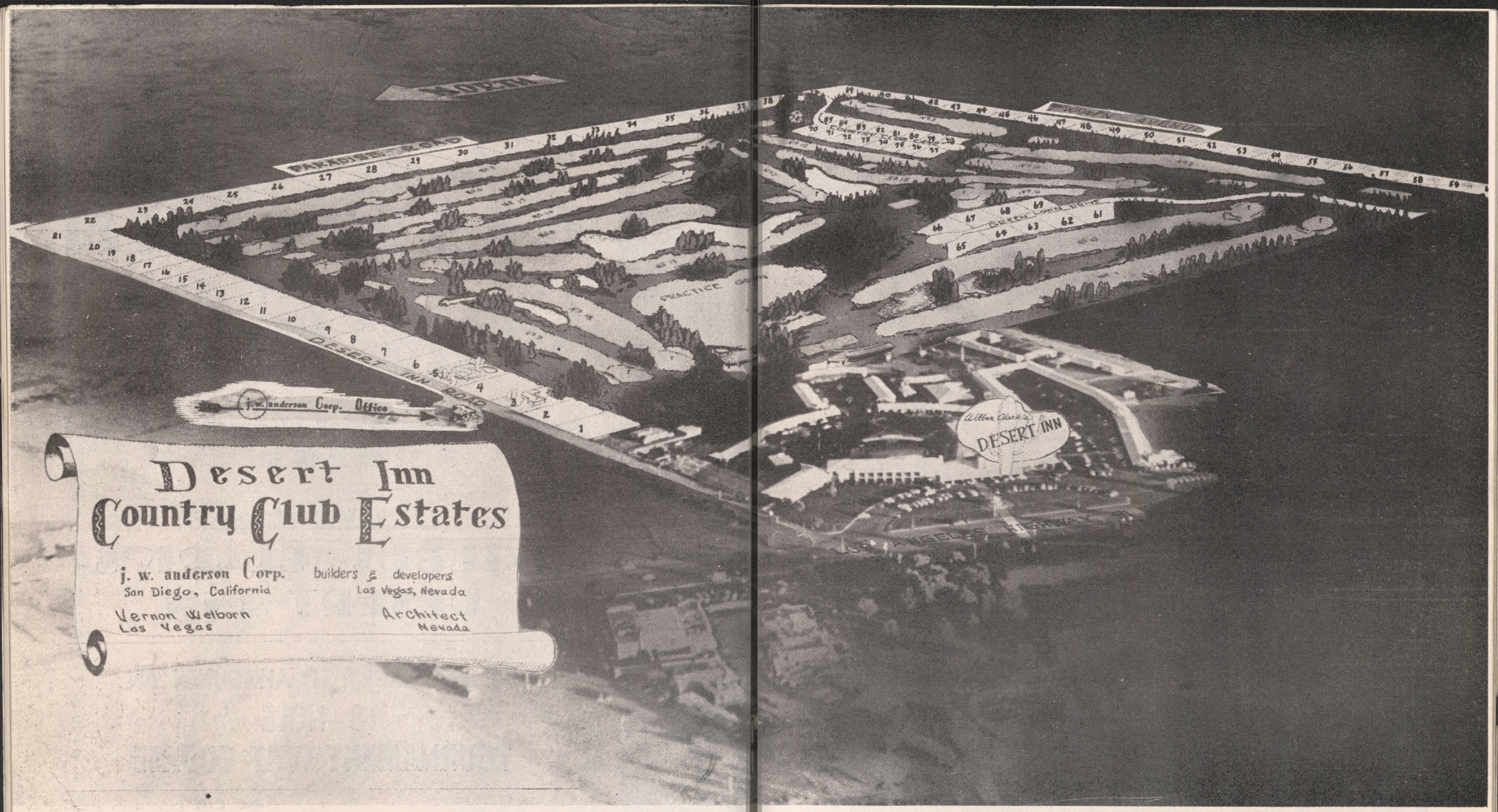
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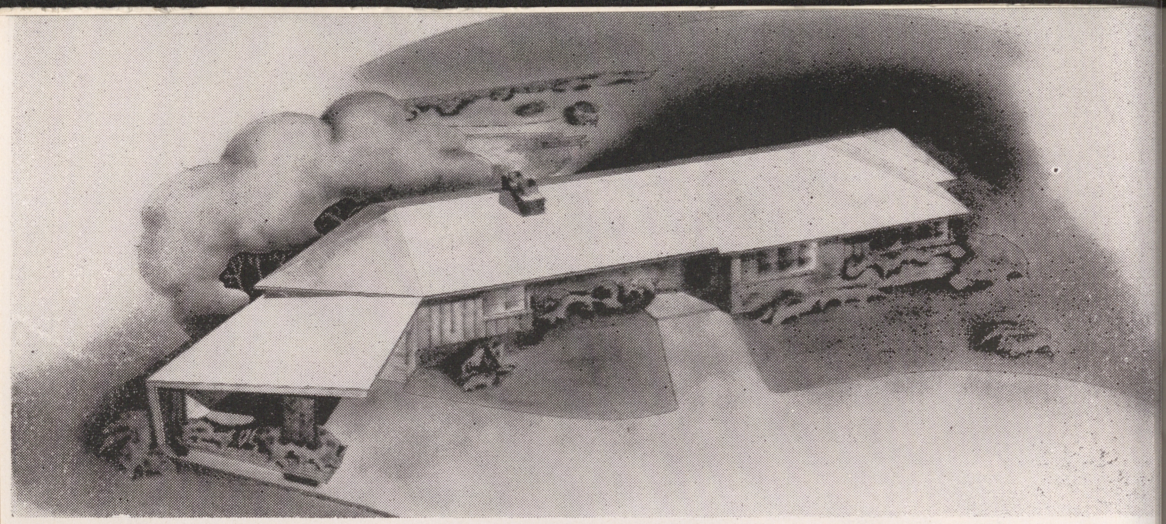
FACTS PERTAINING TO "YOUR SHANGRI-LA"

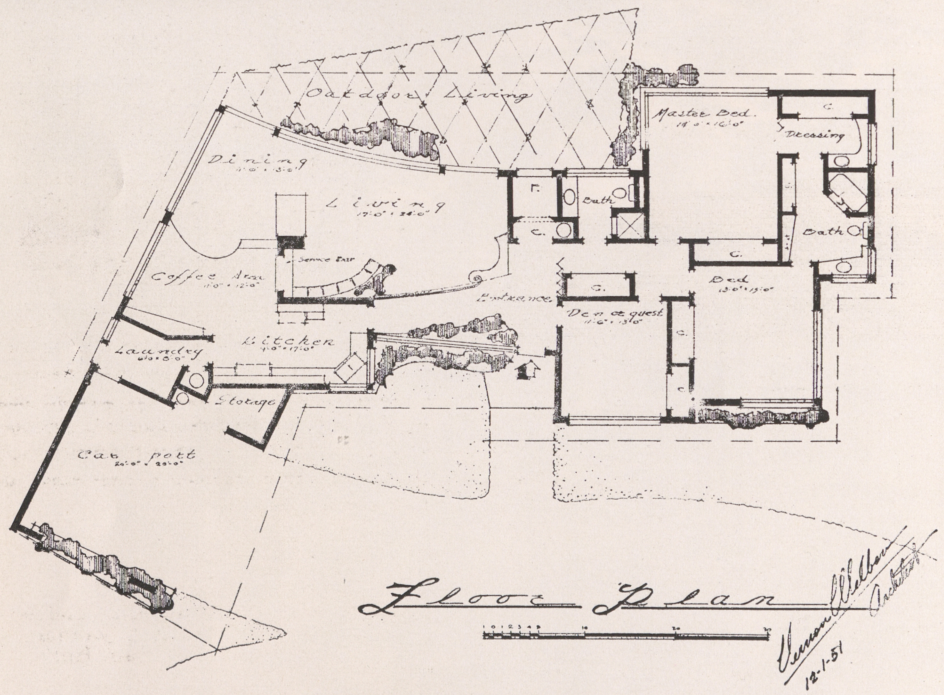
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- **Central hall planning.**
- **Three-way fireplace with custom built lounge and service bar.**
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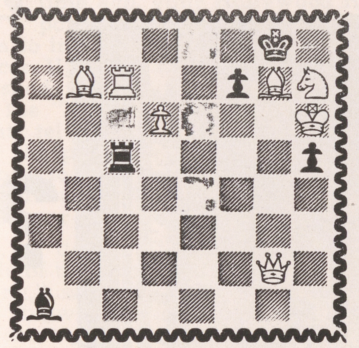
284 DESERT INN ROAD **PHONE 287-R — 6441-W**

CHESS » » »

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

PROBLEM NO. 117

Black 6



White 6

White mates in two.

Solution to problem No. 116: RxP.

SICILIAN DEFENSE

Mengarini White	Reshevsky Black	Mengarini White	Reshevsky Black
1—P-K4	P-QB4	15—P-B5	QPxP
2—Kt-KB3	P-Q3	16—B-QB4	Q-Kt7
3—Kt-B3	Kt-KB3	17—PxP	Kt-KB3
4—P-Q4	PxP	18—PxBP	B-K3
5—KtxP	P-KKt3	19—BxB	KtxB
6—P-B4	Kt-B3	20—R-Kt	Q-R6
7—B-K2	Q-Kt3	21—RxP	KR-KB
8—B-K3	B-Kt2	22—K-R	RxP
9—P-K5	Kt-Q2	23—QxP	R-Q
10—Kt-B5	QxP	24—QxKt	RxB
11—KtxBch	K-B	25—Kt-K4	Q-K6
12—B-Q2	Kt-Q5	26—RxKP	R-Q2
13—O-O	QxBP	27—QxRch	Resigns
14—Q-K	KxKt		

The following is the game which won the brilliancy prize at the Utah Tournament of 1951:

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED

White Clark	Black Benedetti	Clark White	Benedetti Black
1—P-Q4	P-Q4	5—P-QN4	P-QR4
2—P-QB4	P-K3	6—Q-R4	P-QN4!
3—N-KB3	P-QB3	7—PxP e.p.	BxPch.
4—P-B5?	N-Q2	8—B-Q2	NxP
		9—QxBPch.	B-Q2
Black threatens P-K4		10—Q-B2	B-B1
which is the basic		11—Q-N3	B-R5
aim of Black in this		12—Q-Q3	R-B8
opening.			Mate



This game shows how to exploit a weak opening move. White's fourth move, P-B5 weakened his center and was a waste of precious time. The brilliance on Benedetti's part was adjudged to be his swift way of refuting White's faulty technique. In chess literature a short game like this is called "Chess Caviar."

There's only one thing that makes a man give a mink coat to a woman. A woman. —Missouri Ram-Buller.

A businessman reports that he took a walk through the hosewares department of a large store and saw two small boys busily setting all the mouse traps in a long counter display. —Escort.

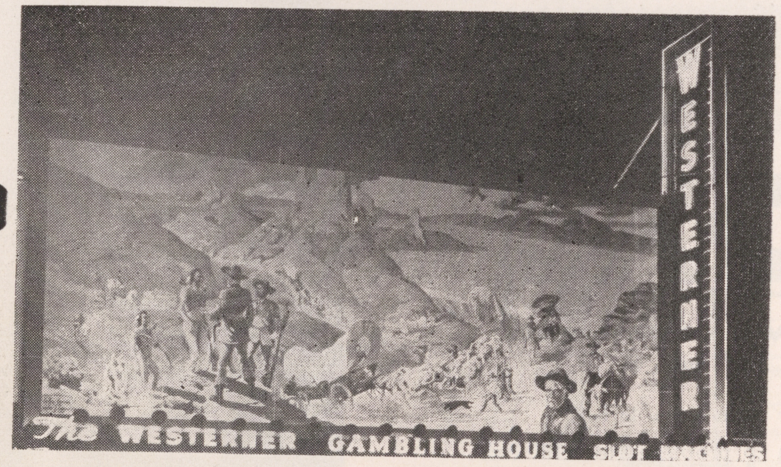
He: "Why, darling, your eyes are blue."
She: "Well, it's about time you looked at my face." —M.I.T. Voo Doo.

"Maybe my girl isn't Venus," said the happy sergeant, "but she's a reasonable fascsimile." —Wood Wind.

When first frost kisses the trees,
The golden sun and misty breeze
Spread tidings through street and town;
She is come, Autumn Brown.
—Ill. Wes. Argus.

Did You Get Yours

?



?

— DOWNTOWN —

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HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS ... by MARTIN LEWIS



ANYTHING can happen, and usually does, within the walls of a movie studio. . . . Some time ago, your Hollywood Reporter visited Paramount studios to interview a prominent movie producer. Upon his arrival, the reporter was asked to wait in the outer office while the "big" man concluded an important telephone conversation. Evidently the producer was unaware that the door to his "inner sanctum" was open, for our movie reporter was startled to hear these words:

"No, I don't think he's the man capable of blowing up the Empire State Building," said the firm voice of the movie "bigwig." "His technique is bad." "And don't you think the explosion in Times Square is going to cause nothing but smoke?"

Needless to say, yours truly was ready to put in a call to the proper authorities as the producer continued:

"What about Greenwich Village? Well, most of the buildings there are old and a few well placed blasts would knock over the entire neighborhood. . . . Now, about Wall Street. I'm not sure it can be done but I have the feeling that the boys who handled that explosion some years ago by planting the dynamite in the vegetable cart had a good idea. . . . The Brooklyn Bridge will have to go, too. What I have in mind is enough nitro-glycerine in a taxicab to blow up everything within a radius of hundreds of yards. Let's see what we can do along this line, then give me a call."

As a very frightened screen scribe prepared to make his "escape," an observing secretary noticed his panic and quickly explained her boss' strange telephone conversation. Seems we had eavesdropped on Paramount Producer George Pal as he discussed the special effects necessary for his science-fiction thriller, "When Worlds Collide," with director Rudy Mate.

GOODBYE, GLAMOUR

Hollywood movie queens are bidding "adieu" to pure, unadulterated "glamour roles."

Back in the silent flicker era, screen sirens like GLORIA SWANSON, THEDA BARA and POLA NEGRI ruled the roost in the fabulous film capital. But time has a habit of changing many things and today, movie-going guys and gals want their glamour spiked with a dash of comedy. Consequently, the modern celluloid beauty has been called upon to cultivate a sense of humor.

As a result of this new trend, glamour girls are becoming accomplished comediennes. No longer do they face the cameras for scene after scene of dignified poses. No, indeed. These days, the gals are photographed in shabby or laugh-provoking gladrags, with smudges on their pretty pusses and snarls in their hair.

For example, JANE RUSSELL and HEDY LAMARR blend glamour with broad comedy as BOB HOPE'S leading ladies in the comedian's latest pictures, "Son of Paleface" and "My Favorite Spy." In "Son of Paleface," the shapely MISS RUSSELL is involved in several hilarious slapstick chases with the ski-nosed comic. HEDY LAMARR also invades the field of slapstick in her first film with HOPE. To disprove the old belief that broad comedy will ruin a glamour girl's career, HEDY allows BOB to kayo her by a right cross to the jaw. In retaliation, she bops him over the head with a vase, hurls a lamp at his head, kicks him in the seat of his pants and punches him in the stomach. Later, she takes part in a wild ride through the streets of Tangier on the back of a fire engine and gets tangled up with the entire fire department. All of these hilarious antics occur in "My Favorite Spy"—a picture which will offer proof positive that HEDY LAMARR is a clever comedienne as well as a fascinating beauty.

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WATCHBIRD:

(Continued from Page 19)

ITS SUBURBS (L. A.): BENAY VENUTA, the G. I.'s darling, is starring at the Flamingo and doing a wonderful job. We haven't seen Benay since we appeared together in the ill-fated "Nellie Bly," also known as a musical, in which she was one of the stars and we were part of the chorus. It was no great show but the cast sure was . . . AL NISSELL — about your picture — December 1st issue of this magazine. You look as though you were getting a permanent wave and the operator took French leave . . . One of the sweetest guys to mix a chocolate malted is Marine Corps vet JIMMY WATSON, now manager of the Pill Box at the D. I. It's a pleasure to do business with you. . . . DICK BUCKLEY has said farewell to all the natives of Palm Springs and is now pleasing the patrons at CHARLEY FOY'S in the Valley.

Because we were away so long, and since being back have stuck pretty close to home we've missed a number of little events that we usually run into during the course of the week. Via Jack Cortez' column we see that SHERLOCK FELDMAN and FRITZ GERSICH have been promoted to boxman and pit boss, respectively. We wish to add our congratulations to two fine guys!

Happy birthday (December 3) to DOROTHY EIGEN, wife of JACK EIGEN, famous disc-jockey now appearing at the Chez Paree in Chicago. While talking to Dorothy via long distance, we were discussing a certain well known personage when she commented: "He sure is versatile—he's been a flop on stage, screen, radio and t. v.!"

We neglected to mention last week that funny man JOE CAPPO is now appearing at the Zamboanga in Holly-

(Continued on Page 45)

"Fabulous Las Vegas"

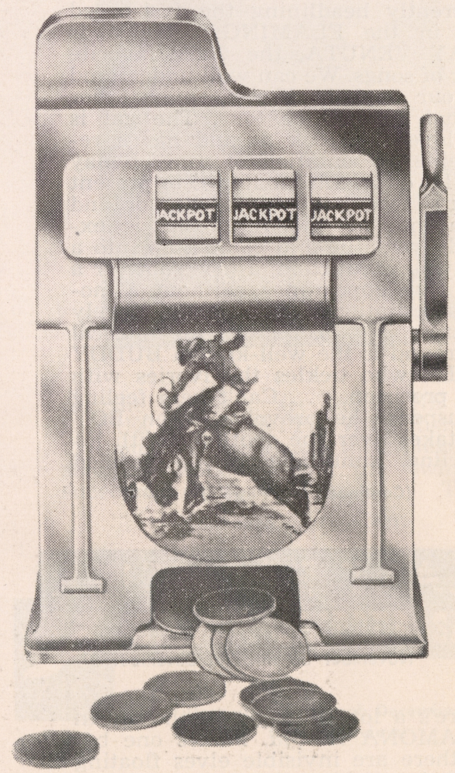
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FOR PARTICULARS WRITE

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LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

SHOW REVIEWS by Jack Burtz

Flamingo

November 29 through December 12

Currently headlining the fast-paced show in the FLAMINGO ROOM is BENAY VENUTA, the G.I.'s favorite singer of songs. We can well understand why our boys in Korea enjoyed her personal appearance tour. The gal is very lovely to look at and has a remarkable presentation of song. Benay has a lot of original material to present and injects quite a bit of humor and drama into her delivery. She is extremely versatile and could step into a Broadway production, a t. v. show or a night club appearance, without a moment's hesitation. Don't miss this lovely songstress. . . . Directing the musical background is the well-known BUDDY PEPPER who tickles the ivories with adept precision. . . . Can't help feeling the suspense he provokes when BOY FOY takes over the spotlight with his unicycling, simultaneously performed

(Continued on Page 39)

El Rancho Vegas

Show presented December 5

The ol' mustang, LENNY KENT, is featured in this all-star show, currently in the OPERA HOUSE. This would-be Texan is armed with two-barrels full of gags and stories that he fires smack into the center of your sense of humor. Always a favorite with Las Vegas' audiences, Lenny once again proves himself quite adept in the land of amusement. . . . Newcomer BEVERLY HUDSON scored a great success in New York's Copacabana and Hollywood's Mocambo. She has a distinctive song-style and seems to live every number she presents. For a small gal, she certainly has a big voice. Miss Hudson really looks like stardom material. . . . Once again those youthful favorites of song and dance, PEGGY RYAN and RAY McDONALD, have returned to our local scene. We never seem to get enough of these kids and their vivacious talents. They are thoroughly enjoyable whether performing separately or together. We've never seen so much enthusiasm centered in one person as Miss Ryan possesses. What a personable team. . . . TED FIO RITO and his aggregation of music makers cut a precise background for the show. Their musicalization is beyond reproach and keeps the show moving smoothly, from start to finish. . . . During intermission,

(Continued on Page 43)

LAST FRONTIER

November 30 through December 27

There's a lot of magic in the air in the RAMONA ROOM. Makes one believe there are invisible elves floating around, bewitching the patrons. However, there's no witchery involved at all. The magic in the air is the thrilling performance of PHIL SPITALNY and his HOUR OF CHARM, consisting of the famous all-girl orchestra and choir, featuring America's first lady of the violin, EVELYN and her "Magic Violin." . . . Never before have the onlookers feasted their eyes on a more delightful sight than the one that is revealed at curtain-time. When those shimmering drapes part, you see beauty in all its splendor, highlighted with supreme talent and festive spirit. . . . The gracious EVELYN is unsurpassed when she lifts her enchanted bow and

(Continued on Page 39)

Wilbur Clark's DESERT INN

November 13 through December 10

There are just three, short days left in which to catch the current show in the PAINTED DESERT ROOM. The stage is overflowing with the talents of MINSKY'S FOLLIES OF 1952. You couldn't possibly see so much beauty congregated anywhere else. HAROLD MINSKY, the show-wise producer, went all-out to get the best available for this

(Continued on Page 43)

Thunderbird

November 22 through December 12

Headlining the current cast of stars in this Thunderbird production is the ever-popular KAY ARMEN, who has established herself even deeper in the hearts of the people of Las Vegas with her performances during the past week. Kay's type of voice and her ability to use it, enables her to interpret most any type of tune that there is on the market today, or has been any other day. Her repertoire consists of "up tunes" and waltzes. blues, ballads and religious songs. She does them all to perfection. . . . ARREN & BRODERICK are back for another return engagement and are enjoying their usual successful run. Theirs is an act of surprise that (through their unexpectedness), sets you back on your heels until the finish, when you get the biggest surprise with a bit of artistry that leaves you wanting more. . . . For the first time in L. V., the LES DASSIE; a couple of young men from Paris, France, who do an exhibition of tumbling and comedy that is something you've never seen. In their act, they use a table that is no bigger than the one in your kitchen. The things they do with this prop will amaze you. . . . The KATHRYN DUF-

(Continued on Page 43)

ing the Treniers, are the GENE BILBEAUX QUARTETTE. After listening to them, we are aware their clever instrumentations inspire the twins to successful presentation. . . . TONY

(Continued on Page 43)

CLUB BINGO

Show presented December 5

Once again, the patrons of the BONANZA ROOM are treated to an entertaining bill, starring the TRENIERS. These lads are honest-to-goodness twins and are loaded with ability in the field of song and dance. The boys are sensational dancers and when their feet pick up the stirring rhythms of modern swing, look out! That room is doing to rock right off its hinges. We thoroughly enjoy their unique harmonizing. With such identical talent, here is an act you shouldn't miss. . . . Accompany-

SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

December 7 through December 21
(Not a review)

Two of Las Vegas' favorite exponents of comedy, BEDELL & MATSON, will be back to treat their fans to another appearance, with this new revue. The lads are cleverly skilled in the art of mirth and offer you the type of pantomiming that lifts you right into the realm of laughter. . . . MISS HELEN HALL brings musical memories and a talented voice to Silver Slipper patrons. . . . RIMI RUDINA is billed as a "Young Girl With a Violin." Due to our never witnessing this performer before, we must wait until we catch the act before we can pass along any information. . . . Backing the show is CHUCK GOULD and HIS ORCHESTRA, with GEORGE REDMAN at the ivories.



IT'S MARVELOUS
BEING HOME AGAIN
AT THE
THUNDERBIRD
HOTEL
FOR THE THIRD TIME!

Special Thanks to
Hal Braudis

ARREN and BRODERICK

FOR THE YOUNGSTERS . . . THOUSANDS OF

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(Santa Claus' Annex in Nevada)

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AND FOR OLDER "KIDS" . . .
ELECTRIC TRAINS . . . GUNS . . . AMMUNITION
FISHING EQUIPMENT . . . AND MORE
USE OUR CHRISTMAS LAY-AWAY PLAN

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 17)

way. He is stationed at NELLIS AIR BASE as Budget and Fiscal officer. That weight certainly becomes him. Wife is lovely MARGARET MOORE, secretary to JAKE KOZLOFF, of the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER.

Since our publication carried that ad (last week) showing the owner of that women's shop on Fremont street, and that head of hair (that's hair?), AL NISSELL'S name is now CURLY TOP. Nice gimick. Should be a good trademark for Curly, whose surprise sale is making Macy's Dept. Store look like "small stuff."

Sweetest racket of them all belongs to VERN WILLIS. It is called the TRAVEL AGENCY. We spoke to the handsome lad a few days ago and asked about the two-month vacation from which he recently returned, after an extensive tour of Europe. Here's why we arrived at our opinion that this "biz" outshines all others. In return for business the travel agencies sent to the continent, the operators of these places were invited to take a trip—ALL EXPENSES PAID—by the governments of the countries visited. Hosting was performed by government officials. For two months these boys lived like nobility. Upon returning to the U. S., Mr. W. took inventory and discovered (to his chagrin) it cost him $400, most of which went toward the purchasing of gifts. How sweet it is!

It's great to see BERT BENNETT on his feet after a six-month illness. Bert is dealing at the HORSESHOE and is a real asset. To make ends meet, while Bert was bed-ridden, his charming wife, LETA, took over the selling duties at the FLAMINGO FLOWER SHOP, owned by the PATIO FLORISTS. Keep well, Bert!

CARLTON HAYES' ORCHESTRA and TED FIO RITO'S ORK have gone "Early American!" Each of the musicians received one of those 64-inch silk string ties, created by DOAGIE DEVINE. Mrs. D., wife of radio and screen star, ANDY DEVINE, always made these novel ties for her favorite guy. Friends liked them so much, they simply helped themselves. One day, BING CROSBY suggested she manufacture them. Two months ago, Doagie did exactly that and the article is now a big seller in many large cities. In "STAR LIFT," the film that recently appeared at the FREMONT THEATRE, PHIL HARRIS wore this type of tie. We own a few of them now and enjoy wearing them. They're so comfortable and easy to knot. If business keeps on as it has, Andy will have to retire to help his gal run this tremendous venture.

PAUL STERLING, youthful prexy of the NEVADA THEATRE CORP., announced the appointment of LLOYD KATZ as corporation secretary and general manager. Mr. Katz is moving his famiy to town from San Francisco. (Anyone know of a nice house for them?) Incidently, Lloyd has a wonderful background in this field. He headed the Eagle-Lion Films on the North coast and was head buyer and booker for one of the largest West coast theater chains. Looks like movies will be better than ever in L.V.

REMEMBER THE KEY TO THE HOUSE OF ENCHANTMENT: FABULOUS LAS VEGAS MAGAZINE!

Members of the JACK WALSH fan club will be happy to learn their favorite is now managing the popular ARROWHEAD SPRINGS HOTEL in Calif. He has ben in charge of the HILTON HOTEL for two weeks now and his personality and know-how are so greatly appreciated, he'll probably remain there for a long time to come. Nice hearing from you, J.W.

Never saw GOVERNOR RUSSELL enjoy himself as much as he did the opening night of PHIL SPITALNY'S HOUR OF CHARM in the RAMONA ROOM. When Phil announced the Nevada Song, he invited to Governor to conduct the orchestra. To the amazement of all present, he did a remarkable job. To quote Mr. Spitalny: "Any one with such music in his soul is a great person and could become an accomplished conductor." KAREN, the youngest member of the feminine group, made such an impression on the Governor that he presented her with an almost-human doll. Never saw a toy that could do so many things without owning a real heart.

Aside to NORVEL WOOD, circulation manager of the REVIEW-JOURNAL. Thank you for your kind words, sir. It was a distinct pleasure, meeting you. We were quite surprised to learn that it is your charming daughter who is married to CARL PAIGE, program director of Station KLAS. Please give our regards to your charming wife. If our memory serves

(Continued on Page 39)

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JACK
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J. C. HEARD TRIO

JAY SALERNO
AND OTHERS

EVERY SUNDAY

RHUMBA-
MAMBO
NIGHT

10 P. M. 'Til Dawn





THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 37)

us correctly, she was telling us something about her housing problems last year. Right, Mr. W.?

We're happy to see LUCILLE WEST working again, even though it's just a part-time job. Lucille is assisting BETTY (SMOKY) at the cigar and perfume counter of EL RANCHO VEGAS. While chatting with the kids, we noticed a very unusual perfume presentation offered by the MARY CHESS CO. It is a bottle of perfume, in the shape of a chess-man. Say, that should interest FRED SOLY, general manager of the MONTE CARLO CLUB, downtown.

Belated, but bountiful, are our best best wishe for GERT and JACK BURKE, who celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary, December 5. He is one of the owners of the FLAMINGO HOTEL. Mrs. Burke is affectionately known as "Zieskeit" (phonetically spelled, of course). Translation: Sweetness. A wonderful celebration for a wonderful couple.

What a pleasant sight, watching TRUDY MILLER in her new position as hostess in the RAMONA ROOM. What a personable gal! Trudy was formerly a food waitress at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL and we are more than happy to see her move to this higher position. Much happiness with your new position, T.M.

REMEMBER THE KEY TO THE HOUSE OF ENCHANTMENT: FABULOUS LAS VEGAS MAGAZINE!

If you haven't heard the STAR KINGS (the violin-accordion duo in the GAY '90s ROOM of the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER), you're missing a good bet. The boys are superb musicians. BILLY STARKELL and MORRIS KING met while in the U. S. Marine Corps, eight years ago. While entertaining their buddies, they decided to unite forces when discharged and have been a very successful team. Billy's accordion is one of the finest available. King has two violins, one of which is a $20,000 Stradivarius. Written praise cannot equal what you can only appreciate by listening. Take a trip out to see the boys. It will be time well spent . . . and that's for sure.

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

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from page 34)

with his juggling. At times he looks as though he has more than two arms. His movements are swift and accurate, creating the illusion of a four-armed gent. When he appears on his 40-foot high one-wheel cycle and commences juggling way-up-there, look out! Brother! That's enough to frighten a sitting audience. . . . The TONG BROTHERS really have an exceptional act. They specialize in hand balancing and virtually all their presentations are breath-taking. It is really exciting to watch these boys go through their various maneuvers. What skill. . . . The N.T.G. CALENDAR GIRLS, under the able direction of DAVE GOULD, offer two routines that entail some clever choreography. Those costumes are beautiful. Lovely SHERRY NORTH does an excellent job, featured in the Mombo-Jombo number. CHRIS CARTER is spotlighted in a Spanish Cape dance. . . . Dynamic baritone, MICHAEL EDWARDS is featured in the production numbers and does a wonderful job as m. c. for the entire revue. . . . NICK STUART and his "Band From Movieland," offer an excellent background for the show and supply pleasurable melodies for dancing enjoyment.

LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from page 34)

creates musical strains that fill your heart with happiness and poignant pleasure. If you are one of the few unfortunates who never had a home holiday celebration. Evelyn's magic violin will transport you to such a place, with all the trimmings reaching your senses. . . . The velvet voice of NORMA will charm you. MISS NORMA delivers two fiery songs that embrace the listeners to the final note. What a rendition of "Sorrento!" Beautiful! . . . LOUISE, the featured pianist, proves her prowess by traveling from light popular tunes to the depths of the classics. An excellent musician! . . . Blonderful contralto, MAXINE, renders "Night and Day" in such a convincing manner, you are prone to believe you are in the midst of a Hollywood set. . . . TOBY is a live bundle of dynamite. She specializes in novel tunes and rhythmic bounce. . . . VIOLA and her 17 drums will fascinate you. Her dexterity in action is unequalled. . . . Under the adroit direction of PHIL SPITALNY, the HOUR OF CHARM is one of the most talented productions open to the public today. Make it a DEFINITE MUST on your list. You'll be grateful for the opportunity and will retain the memory for all time to come.



WITH HIS
SWING VIOLIN
AND
THE
VENUTIANS

Joe Venuti

APPEARING NIGHTLY

GOLDEN NUGGET SALOON

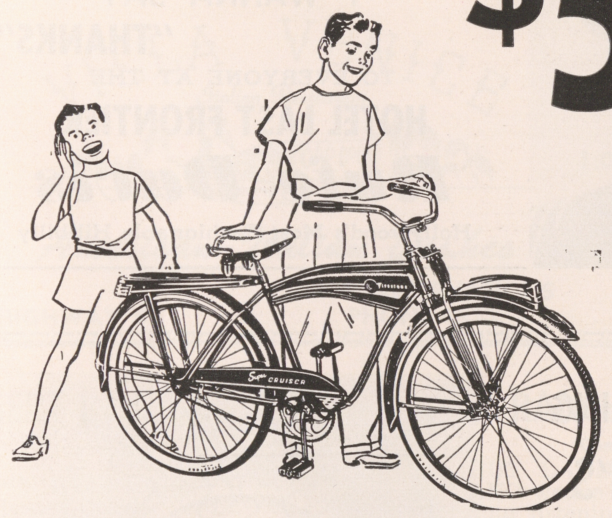
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THE NUGGETEERS
with GENE SANDUSKY

MARIANTHE
AT THE PIANO

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POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from page 5)

group of us trying to promote some activity which would keep life in the little settlement, encouraged the idea of forming an Aerie of Eagles. A distinguished member of the order, State Deputy Grand President, Con Ahearn, one of the notable characters of Virginia City, with whom I formed a close friendship which lasted until his death, came down to see what this new settlement was like. He decided that it might survive and was pleased to officiate in chartering an Aerie of the Fraternal Order of Eagles in Las Vegas. The great day was September 15, 1905, and the place was the room over the First State Bank in the little frame building. So strong was the enthusiasm that about 75 joined—practically everybody in town except a few of us who had planned to join with John S. Park in forming a Masonic Lodge. So far as I can learn there are but three of the Charter members of Las Vegas Aerie No. 1213, Fraternal Order of Eagles, still living. They are Ed Von Tobel, Sr., and John F. Miller of Las Vegas, and Lloyd D. Smith of Oakland, Calif.

So at last we had organized effort in Las Vegas. The Eagles were active and eager, taking the lead in most public enterprises and when the holiday season approached it was but natural that we should all turn to them for leadership.

The Eagles took hold of this first Christmas celebration with vigor. A group of them took a team and wagon and made a hard and dreary trip to the mountains and brought back a young fir for a Christmas tree. The big building, near the corner of Main and Stewart, which had been put up to accommodate the automobile stages of the illfated transportation company (whose cars would not stand up under the shocks of desert driving without roads), was used for the celebration.

It was a most glorious occasion for the little new town of Las Vegas. The Eagles had presents on the tree for every child in town. An elaborate program of plays by the children, musical numbers and recitations, was carried out under direction of Miss Alma Tuttle, the school teacher.

There are still a few in Las Vegas who took part in that Christmas program, and there are a few of the Charter members of the Aerie of Eagles, still with us—not very many, I am afraid.

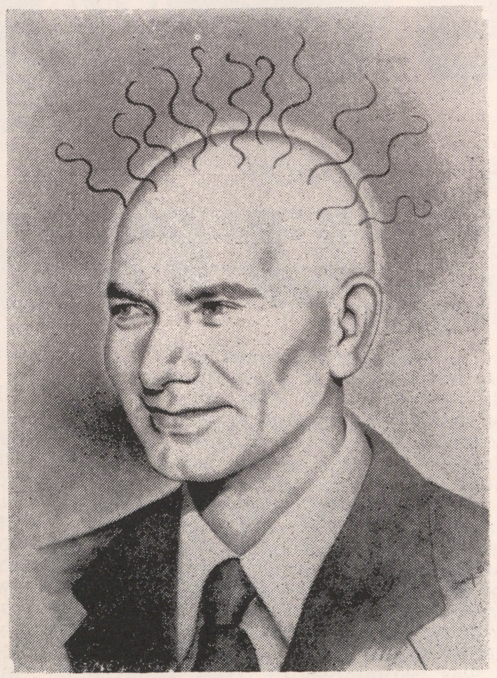
But I am sure that in all the history of Las Vegas from 1855 to 1951 there was never a more soul inspiring and satisfying celebration than the two I have mentioned.



I MAY BE BASHFUL BUT
I WANNA SAY
"THANKS"
TO EVERYONE AT THE
HOTEL LAST FRONTIER
Rufe Davis
Hollywood's Most Fashionable Hillbilly

I AM SELLING
WOMEN'S
APPAREL
AT PRICES SO LOW
THAT IT MADE
MY HAIR
CURL!

AL NISSELL'S
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WHERE YOUR WORD IS YOUR BOND
THIRD AND FREMONT
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NIGHTLY IN THE
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THE
JACK KOGAN
SHOW
1:00 a.m. to 2:00 a.m.
STATION
KRAM
OPEN 6:00 P. M.

DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 34)

Broadway revue. There is a great array of talented artists. . . . LEO DIAMOND, harmonica virtuoso, offers superb styling on his "outlaw" instrument. His selections range from Franz Lizst to Spike Jones, done in champion fashion. . . . We believe RUDY CARDENAS is the youngest and greatest juggler we've seen. He's as fast as a thunderbolt and perfect in his tricks. One word for his efforts—sensational. . . . THE VISIONAIRES are a singing group of three guys and a doll. They are a versatile quartet, with lots of humor, dance, and novel tunes. . . . COURT & SANDERS are the harmonizing duo who perform so wonderfully for the exquisite line and production numbers. . . . Lovely SUNNY KNIGHT and the MYSTERY GIRL are the body beautiful femmes. Each does a specialty number that has the audience whistling for more. . . . CORINE and TITO VALDEZ are true exponents of the sensuous dance. See this for yourself. Descriptions wouldn't suffice. . . D'ARCO and GEE are the singing comics for the presentation. Their comedy bits and song styling are highly entertaining. They steal the show cold! . . . Before ringing the curtain down, we'd like to add that each act, chorine and showgirl is excellent. . . . CARLTON HAYES and his excellent ORK cut this all-music show like masters and are a credit to their profession. Take a bow, fellas! . . . At the LADY LUCK BAR, it's the "Best in the West," the GROVER-SHORE TRIO.

Definition: Ice—water scared stiff.
—Patuxent Tester.

EL RANCHO VEGAS:

(Continued from Page 34)

GUY LANDIS and JIM DI STEPHANO weave intimate musical magic for your listening or dancing pleasure. . . . PAUL GARDOS and CHUY MIRANDA strum their way through the CHUCK WAGON ROOM to make your relaxing moments pleasant ones.

THUNDERBIRD HOTEL:

(Continued from Page 35)

FY DANSATIONS present two new routines with the Gypsy number, "Tamborina" being the outstanding. This number features the voice of JOHNNY O'BRIEN and the dancing of CHRISTINA CARSON. . . . Taking part in the production numbers and playing for your intermission pleasures are the NORMANDIE BOYS. . . . For your in-between-time dancing and entertainment in the NAVAJO ROOM, it's JACK MARTIN and the MARTIN MEN.

CLUB BINGO:

(Continued from Page 35)

MARTINEZ, a Latin from Manhattan, has a very fine style of song delivery and captivates the audiences with his fine vocalizing of popular tunes. This handsome lad is a good showman and looks as though he's going to lengthen his list of fans. . . . MIKE WERNER and his ORCHESTRA cut a fine background for the show and alternate with the MICKEY TERRY TRIO to provide lilting dance rhythms until 5 a. m.

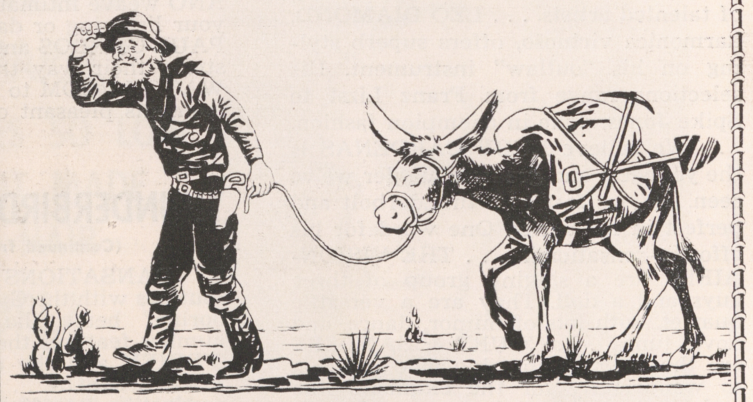
THANK YOU, . . . LAS VEGAS

FOR THE WONDERFUL WELCOME YOU GAVE US
ON OUR RECENT OPENING . . . !

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to
$1000.00

El RANCHO VEGAS

GERSHGORN *Jewelers*

LOBBY - HOTEL *El Rancho Vegas*

WATCHBIRD:

(Continued from page 33)

wood. We always get a big laugh at the way Joe tosses his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other while doing his comedy routines. To us Joe's piece de resistance is his AL JOLSON bit, which he does in blackface made possible by strobelight. In the good old days of vaudeville when Joe was young (and we were but the eager gleam in papa's eye—ahem!), Joe was the second half of a hoofing team called Wallace and Cappo, but gave up the ankle shuffling to do his present day single. . . . On the same bill at the Zamboanga, but on leave of absence to complete her latest picture, is lovely JACQUELINE FONTAINE whom you all remember from the Silver Slipper. . . . ANNE TRIOLA will be one of the headline attractions in "My L. A.," the musical revue due to open at the Forum Theater December 7.

Now that the poodle-cut (2 inches short all over the head), has taken such long-hairs as FAY EMERSON and DENISE DARCEL by storm, the moisture ladened cloud hovered over Hollywood and sprinkled MARLON BRANDO. He celebrated his departure from cinemaville by getting a crew cut. "I just wanted to get rid of my hair," he commented, "I only wear it long when I'm working." Despite the "mouthful of hot mashed potatoes" diction he favored in "Streetcar Named Desire"—we found him terribly fascinating.

BOB MITCHUM wrote a song titled "Love Never Happens to Me." It's about the only thing that hasn't. . . . Then there's the story of the Hollywood actor who fell off the wagon so hard he wound up in the hospital with the D. T.s. In the midst of a fierce battle with imaginary lions and tigers, the doctor asked him if he wished to see his wife. "To heck with my wife," he cried, "get me FRANK BUCK."

For HIS Xmas



SLACKS . . .
TIES . . . ACCESSORIES . . .

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BENAY VENUTA
MUSICAL DIRECTOR
BUDDY PEPPER
BOY FOY
"One Wheel Juggler"
TONG BROS.
Superlative Chinese Entertainers
N. T. G. CALENDAR GIRLS
Production Staged by DAVE GOULD
FEATURING
MICHAEL EDWARDS
NICK STUART and ORCHESTRA
SHOW TIMES: 8:30 P. M. - 11:30 P. M.

Wilbur Clark's DESERT INN

LAST 3 DAYS!
HAROLD MINSKY PRESENTS
MINSKY'S FOLLIES OF 1952
A STAR-STUDDED REVUE
FEATURING
A STAGEFUL OF THE WORLD'S MOST EXCITING GIRLS
CARLTON HAYES and HIS ORCHESTRA
GROVER-SHORE TRIO at the Lady Luck Bar
Showtimes: 8:30 and 11:30

BENNY BINION'S



Horseshoe

(DOWNTOWN)

THE CLUB OF ACTION