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HOWDY PODNER



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(Story on Page 9)

15c

January 5, 1952

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 3, NO 38

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
WHAT'S DOIN'? By JOHNNY UHLMAN
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HOWDY PODNER

VOLUME 3 JANUARY 5, 1952 NUMBER 38

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

WHAT PRICE PEACE?

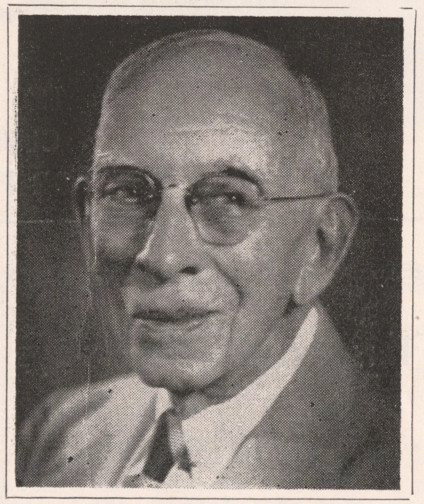
I HAVE been thinking and wondering recently (no, this is not partisan politics, because Grover Cleveland—one of the very greatest Democratic presidents of the United States—was at the head of our government sixty odd years ago, at the time I am thinking of.)

During the campaign of 1884, when Cleveland was elected the first time, some of us Republicans and some of the Democrats also, sought to discredit Cleveland because of an affair he was alleged to have had with one Maria Halpin. Perhaps that little incident gained Grover enough of sympathy and support among us men (I was 19 then) to elect him.

However Cleveland may have been elected (he was the first Democratic president since the Civil war) the Republicans were suspicious that he might have a little streak of disloyalty or at least a sympathetic leaning toward the defeated Southern Confederacy.

When the powerful British government made claims on the government of Venezuela and threatened to send her powerful fleet to the ports of that South American country to enforce her demands, fear swept through the minds of many Americans. This it seemed might be but an excuse for our then traditional enemy to establish herself in the Americas and use Venezuela as convenient base for war on the United States.

Immediately there were two conflicting opinions among the people of the United States. The Civil war was still fresh in the minds of millions. The country was still filled with broken soldiers of the Civil war, many still wearing their faded blue uniforms. "Peace! Peace!! Peace at any price;"



cried thousands of people assembled in mass meetings. "Don't offend England. They might attack us and we can't fight a war now, so soon after the four long years of Civil war."

Grover Cleveland apparently did not hear them. He was neither a coward nor a quitter. So without even pausing to listen to the voice of fear, President Cleveland called the attention of the British government to the Monroe Doctrine, stated by President Monroe, in 1823 when he declared to the world that the United States government would view as an unfriendly act any attempt of a European nation to intervene in the affairs of any American nation.

And, Cleveland continued, "If the British fleet enters the waters of Ven-

(Continued on page 33)

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Frankie Rapp
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Pepper Sisters
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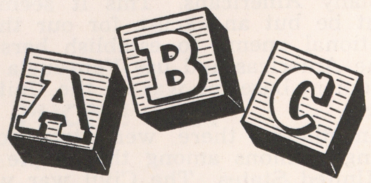

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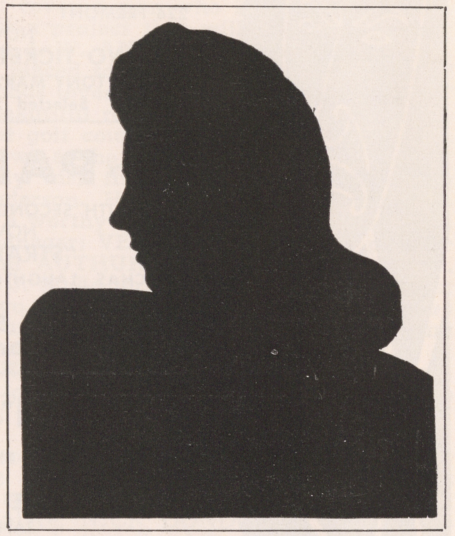
RANDOM THOUGHTS

. . . By B. B. BARTON



THINKING IT OVER

HAVE you had enough holiday? Over our way, we haven't had a tinge of it yet. Guess I shouldn't say that. We've had some of it in the form of decorations and wonderful people calling us and dropping in to wish us well for this new year . . .

Ledgers, statements, etc. can certainly pile up and overcome business people while others are out on a round of merriment. Truthfully, we didn't mind the work because of the feeling of accomplishment that folows. I think you guys and gals who brave the storm of human herds on New Year's Eve deserve a special medal of some sort. How do you do it? . . .

The revelers take hours in which to make certain gowns are pressed just so and the creases set properly in trousers. Every hair is in place and woman's mask looks newly-made. From the perfection revealed in the mirrors, you kids walk sedately to a waiting car and drive to your destinations. Upon your arrival you find everyone is just as you; trying to look and feel comfortable in outfits that aren't broken-in yet and shoes that cause you to wince. Ah (you smile to yourself) but it is New Year's Eve and there's bound to be some fun.

After a soda or two (spiced by something stronger in the more sophisticated set), you feel the seams of your self-consciousness relaxing and your tongue has a mind of its own. Isn't it strange how that perpetual noise maker of yours can go off on a rampage without you telling it what to say? . . .

The conversation is usually entered upon by a brilliant query: "What is your New Year's resolution?" After a bit of prodding, you suddenly gush forth with oodles of things you should do, this coming year. They are all made up on the spur of the moment, as you haven't really given them a moment's thought. After you've reviewed your special resolutions, you sit back in a warm glow, thinking how clever you are and knowing darned well you'll never live up to what you've said. Well, content yourself with the fact that it sounds good, anyway . . .

Comes the witching hour and everyone (male and female alike) looks like a band of Indians, wearing warpaint. Oh, those lucky cosmeticians. How they must enjoy the results of this holiday with the wear and tear on the make-up. Wish I had a percentage in any one of these companies. Then I'd sit home on New Year's Eve and just clip my coupons . . .

After the congratulatory process is completed, the mirrors would shudder to see what returned. **Not** a hair is in place and the trouser creases have suddenly disappeared, only to reappear in the formerly sleekly-groomed gowns. Wonder who the magician is who performs this feat? It **has** to be magic! . . .

Then, my merry children, when you return to your respective domiciles, and awaken the following morning, do not suspect the growth of an extra head, as answer to your leaden feeling. That's still your original pate, sitting on top of your shoulders. You simply must pay the price of merriment. Don't be bitter on that "morning after." Smile and remember the fun you had, if you can. By some strange process, the previous evening just might be obliterated from your memory. If so, dream up the type of enjoyment you would have liked to have, had you had a choice. Dreams are free, anyway . . .

Although there might have been a word of truth in the preceding paragraphs, it was meant in jest. Honestly! I really hope you had one dandy time in welcoming the new year. How about trying to retain that zestful feeling right on through? Everyone can stand a steady dose of happiness and elation . . .



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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ

We are mighty proud to have on our front cover a man who has displayed such faith in Las Vegas, that he has brought to it a project that will assist our steady progress and beautify our local scene. He is J. W. ANDERSON, well-known San Diego contractor and builder. Mr. Anderson placed so much stock in the future of our town, he decided to build the already famous (even before completion) DESERT INN COUNTRY CLUB ESTATES. In this beautiful residential area, there will be 84 homes surrounding an 18-hole tournament golf course. These luxurious estates are being sold rapidly and the area will be known as the "Park Avenue of Las Vegas" or the "Shangri-la of the U. S." We can only wish that everyone could have the opportunity to meet and speak with Mr. Anderson. He is a remarkable man who has never refused to lend a helping hand for a worthy cause. . . . His able associates are GORDON BELL, general construction manager; VERNON WELBORN, popular architect; JULIO LUCCHESI, draftsman, and AUTHUR KISTLER, foreman. . . . In the short time they have been working, the J. W. Anderson Corporation has almost completed two homes, with plans to begin two more, this coming month. . . . There are other plans on the agenda but we gave our solemn word not to reveal anything until J. W. gives the O. K. The nature of these plans will amaze and please all of Las Vegas. . . . To you, MR. J. W. ANDERSON, goes our salute of the week. We are grateful to you for the beauty you bring to our town. It is a pleasure, indeed, to know you . . . and that's for sure.

JOHNNY BACHEMIN (now at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER), is not only a sensational tap dancer, he is also the high-diving champion of 1951, a status he earned last July in Detroit, Mich. Johnny is preparing to enter the same contest in Los Angeles, this year. Personally, we feel the lad is due for a repeat. You have our best wishes, lad.

FRANKIE RAPP (at the CLUB BINGO), is actually a native of our town. Approximately a year or so ago, he purchased a home and apartments here and now feels it's the wisest investment he ever made. His mother takes charge of the property while Frankie is traveling. . . . Speaking of the BINGO, construction progress continues daily, despite the adverse weather conditions we've had recently. If the work continues to go well, the owners expect to open their new SAHARA HOTEL around June or July. We can hardly wait to see the results as the Bingo makes way for the SAHARA HOTEL.

If you're in the vicinity, drop in to the NEVADA MINE DEVELOPMENT CO. on Fremont St. There you will see a beautiful mural created by our own artist, DENNIS STEPHENSON. It's truly a work of art. In nine consecutive evenings, Dennis completed this masterpiece, measuring 3½ feet wide and 29 feet long. DUARD WRAY, owner of the company, is mighty proud of the mural and displays it to any and all who come a'calling. (We're very proud of our boy, also).

When we saw him at EL RANCHO VEGAS, it felt as though we were meeting a long lost brother. Yes, we mean NATE SCHLAEFFER, now a pit boss (graveyard shift) at that club. There's one fellow whose presence makes any spot seem brighter.

After many years of tiring questions as to why he didn't open his own place, NICK DONDOLAS, (famous as "Nick the Greek") will start building his own club within a short period of time. It will be known as NICK THE GREEK'S GOLDEN PALACE and will be located across from the FLAMINGO HOTEL. We know there are many who will be happy for Nick in his new enterprise, as we are.

Last Thursday, RALPH and DOMENIC gave a party for all the show people on the Strip at their popular eatery, the VILLA VENICE. What a great amount of food and wine was consumed. Looked like another New Year's Eve with all the contented smiles. This spot is fast becoming a "must" on the list of all who dine out and a favorite haunt of show people who drop in to have one of those delicious Italian meals. (We're off that diet!)

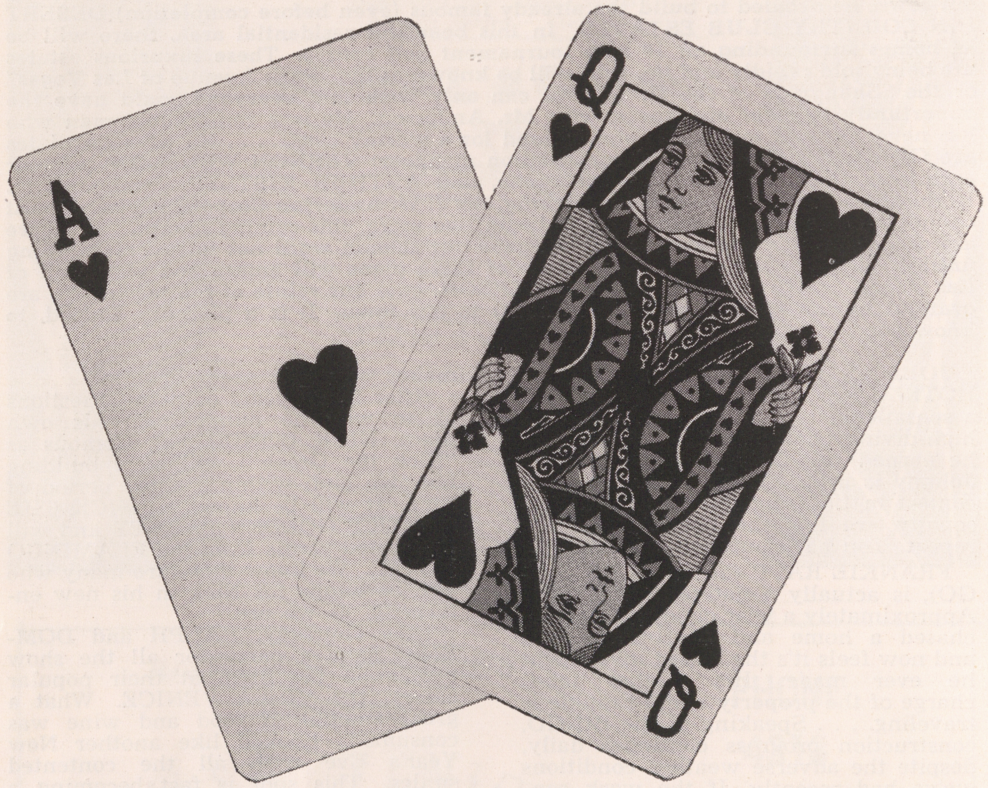
Well, AL RITZ, of the zany RITZ BROTHERS, is now definitely a Las Vegas resident. He purchased lot No. 6 at the DESERT INN COUNTRY CLUB ESTATES and will soon begin building his home. His brothers, JIM and HARRY look interested enough to follow suit. JACK RAEL, PATTI PAGE'S manager, is now in the process of negotiating for a lot also. If those lots keep selling so fast, they'll be gone pretty quick. Better get yours now!!

HERBERT TABAK, of the CALIFORNIA CLUB, devoted so much of his time and energy toward making the opening a successful one that he collapsed, the day before the doors offi-

(Continued on Page 15)

★ ★

APPEARING NIGHTLY AT WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN



PERSONAL MANAGEMENT

PATTI PAGE

★ ★

WHAT'S DOIN'?

. . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN

I met a kid in three-cornered pants last Monday night that looks as though he may grow into quite a man before he turns in his uniform. He was introduced to me as the "number fifty-two boy of the nineteen hundred series" and when I first saw him he was chasing an old gink with a shriveled-up "fifty-one" on his night shirt.

As a matter of fact, the whole thing **did** seem to be a sort of nightmare after a certain point! The old man with the hand scythe brings one of these "new-borns" around every year about this time and we all throw a riotous whing-ding to welcome him in and then **dare** him to show us if he can be a better man than the guy who just left the job.

It would be a lot better if we all pitched in and helped the kid out, since he's new in this work and he met so many people the other night that he is bound to forget a few of us!

It's amazing how people can be so like sheep from time to time in these civilized (?) times. The new CALIFORNIA CLUB opened at midnight last New Year's Eve and when they opened the door the wave of humanity swept everything that got in the way as it surged to the rear of the room; there to pile up like sheep behind a hay stack in a wind storm. Gaming tables were shoved around, floral displays massacred and people fainting or fighting during the rest of the night. How-so-ever . . . it's a good looking club and the men who are behind the scenes are to be congratulated for the job they have done with the remodeling. The THREE MAJORS are supplying the music from the stand nightly and, if you were there opening night, that was COLE SWEENEY behind the flowers with the guitar. I'm happy to see JOHNNY HUGHES back in action in our town. There's a guy that I'm sure doesn't have an enemy in the world. . . . Here's an item given me by a friend of mine who thought it ought to come to light. LOUIGI's BROILER was packed to the portals over the past week-end festivities and, what with the presence of one Jack Frost, everyone was wearing their heaviest coats. This friend of mine was lending a hand by operating the check room and, naturally, the toke tumbler was filled to overflowing. It was decided that these tokes should be given to the Handicapped Children's Fund. When the employes heard of this, they agreed to turn over a good percentage of their



tokes for the week-end to the same fund. The management, LOUIGI and HOWARD, then offered to match the grand total with a like amount. The last I heard was that the personnel of the BROILER was thinking of unofficially adopting one of the unfortunate children to see that it received everything it needed from time to time. That's what I call a glass of small coins snow-balling into a great and grand gesture. . . . Speaking of gestures, there's a grand little guy working as a shill at the HORSESHOE CLUB downtown who yearly derives the greatest of pleasure from seeing to it that those who work with him are remembered at Christmas time. He sets aside a little money all year long and when the time comes he presents gifts to all with whom he associates; from the dealers and pit bosses on through the porters, maids and waitresses. They all receive something. This wonderful little man is your friend and mine, BOB ROW. . . . FLOYD COPE of the BOTTLE HOUSE LIQUOR STORE has been having a little trouble keeping that ten gallon hat of his from popping off the top of his head here lately due to the fact that his women's bowling team is heading the league at the moment. He's mighty proud of those "bowling babes of the Bottle House!!" Floyd and Louise received Christmas calls from

(Continued on page 34)



DOWNTOWN

Charles Campbell

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This You Can Believe . . . By PEARL BAILEY

HAPPY New Year, everyone, and God's blessings to you one and all. The holidays have really been here and gone. Here we are in another year and happy to be. Gee, whiz, when you were young didn't it seem strange to even hear someone speak of dates like 1940 or 1950? Seemed like a fantasy; and now here 'tis 1952.

Time flies, doesn't it? We have had many unfortunate things happen in "51"—however, we've had some pretty nice things going for us too. We lost many wonderful people this last year, our latest being Mildred Bailey. What a loss. One of the greatest singers of all times. Bye, Bye, Mildred, and just keep sitting there in your "ole rocking chair." Show business and the world will miss you.

Back to La Vie En Rose, we went to double from the Paramount Theatre. Business was jumping (thank goodness) and we got back in our good ole groove. This is really **the** room in New York, so drop by when you're in town.

Tony Bennett (that wonderful singer) and such a great guy, opened the Paramount Theatre Christmas Day and Lawdy, did he pack the joint! This boy has so many songs that you start to wonder which one is no one. (Figure that out). There's no stopping him and who should want to. Many wonderful things have been planned for the future and though we hate to plan, sometimes it's loads of fun. Ever since June we've been promised back to the boys over in Germany. Every time we get our bags packed something else happens, but no more. On the seventh of January we'll be off and happy as birds. This time we hope to get into the northern part of Germany and Italy. Folks always tell me that Rome and Florence (for that matter, most of Italy) is so beautiful. Taking along ye ole movie camera. (Know nothing about photography). Made the first batch of records for CORAL on the 28th and certainly hope we get a winner out of the four sides. On January 6, Pearlie Mae will undertake something new in her career. There's a great writer, James Weldon Johnson, who wrote a book of poems based on the sermons of the old preachers. This is such an interesting book that Fred is going to present it on television. (Only a minister, Pearlie Mae and the Pennsylvanians. (Glee club). We will recite the poems while the singers will do the background work. This I hope will come off good as I've never attempted anything quite so dramatic. The name of the book is, "God's Trombone." Give a listen and look please, from 9 p.m. to 10 p.m. Although television and radio will let you reach quite a few people it's still a great thrill to get out and be among the people. To me it's the greatest part of the business. Always I want to be able to reach out and touch the folks. That's the feeling that I try to project on television so I hope it comes to you like that because, gee, but I like to be near you.



Always,

PEARLIE MAE.

Freshman: "Where away?"

Roommate: "I'm going to buy me some tuberculosis stamps."

Freshman: "Good idea."

Roommate: "It sure is. Every winter I get myself fifty cents worth and stick them on my chest and I never have any trouble with colds.—Ram-Buller.

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 9)

cially admitted the public. Hope you have a speedy recovery, Sir. We're looking forward to seeing you on the job, soon. Incidentally, the opening of the California Club brought such a turnout that MAXINE McMICHAEL said: "I entered the club at 12:01 A. M. and left at 12:02 A.M." She explained that everyone was so anxious to get inside, she was just carried through one door and out the other. We're happy for the owners and hope they will always receive such a vast amount of visitors.

Vacationing in our midst are FAY and HENRY SLATE. Henry is one of the three SLATE BROTHERS, that comedy-dance team that used to wow vaudeville audiences. If you saw the flicker, "Rhubarb," you'll recognize Henry as the ball player who didn't like the cat until the very end of the film when the feline finally enticed him to his side.

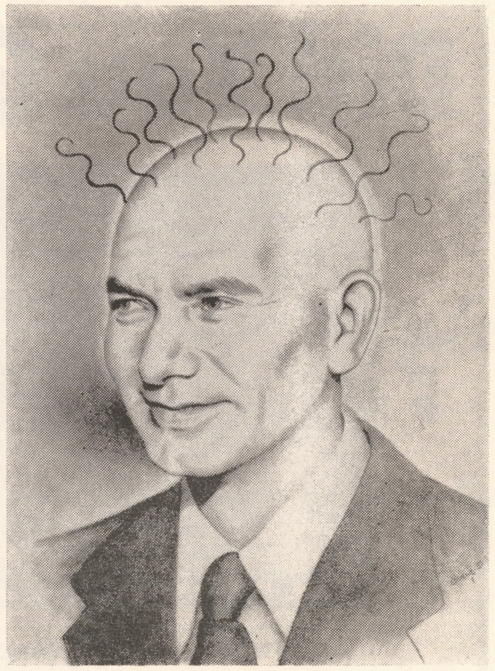
A guy who has the unquestionable right to walk around with his chest snapping his buttons is proud papa, HARVEY UNROT (box man at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, graveyard shift). His 14 year old son devised a process whereby compressed water can be used for combat in case the ammunition supply is exhausted on board our fighter ships. Upon receipt of the plan, the War Department wrote that it had been registered and they are seriously considering it for active use. More power to this young genius. His town and country will someday be very proud of him.

It's been a long time but MARY BECKER, cigarette girl at the FLAMINGO HOTEL, is finally back on the job and very happy over the warm "welcome home" with which her many friends are greeting her. Mary broke her arm at home in October and had to be very careful since. Although that arm is still in a sling, Mary is toting that tray around with her good arm, along with a great, big smile.

No matter when or where you see them, JUANITA and WES SHURTZ look as though they are on a perpetual honeymoon, despite the fact they have a daughter who is already dressing for masculine attention. The couple own BOND ST. CLOTHIERS on Fremont St. and have built up a remarkable trade in the short period they have been here. Isn't it wonderful to see such true love and devotion? (Now, now, kids! Stop that debating! Didn't you read what was written?)

A letter from a lieutenant's wife informs us that blonderful PEGGY LEE

(Continued on page 21)



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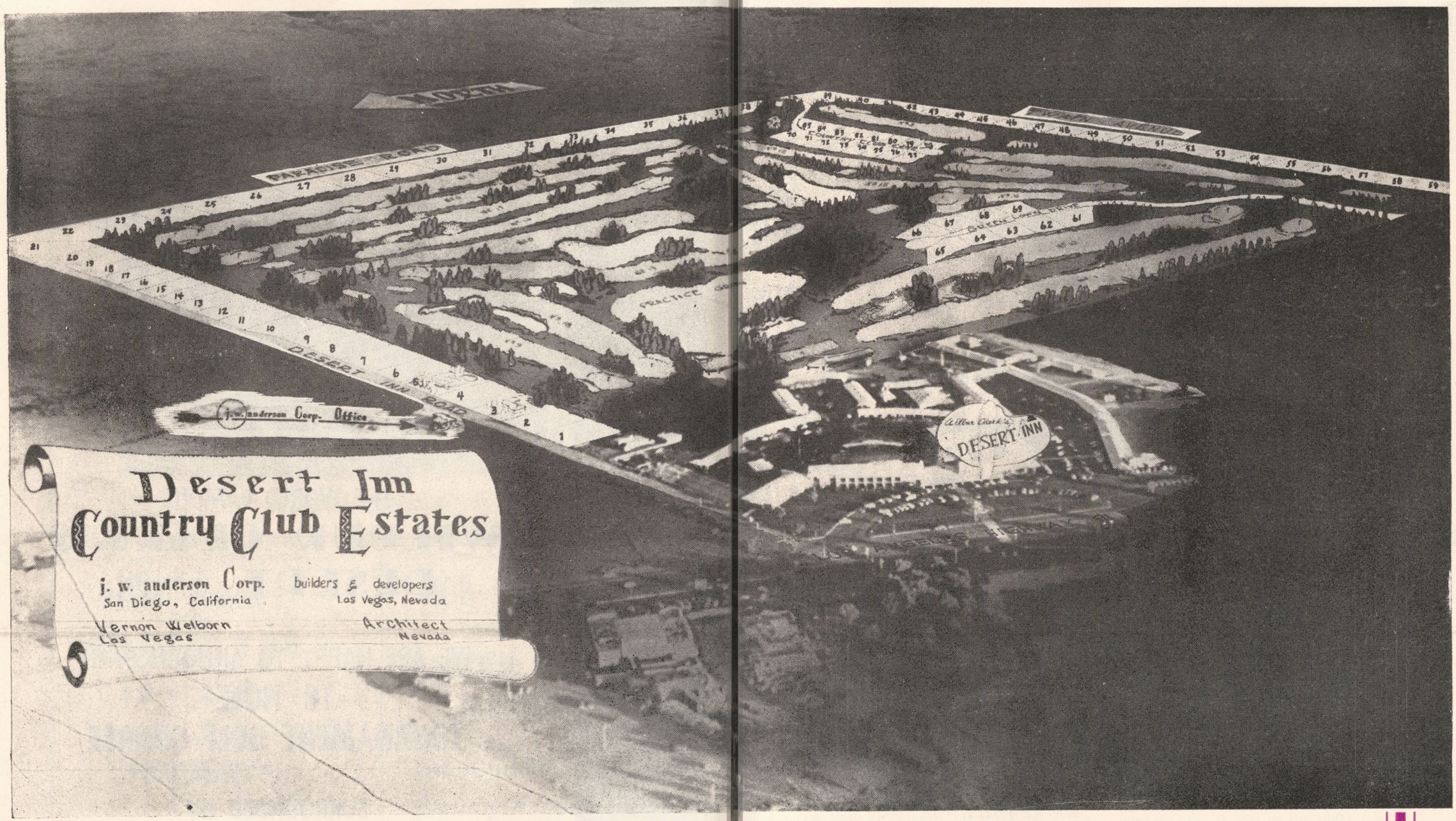

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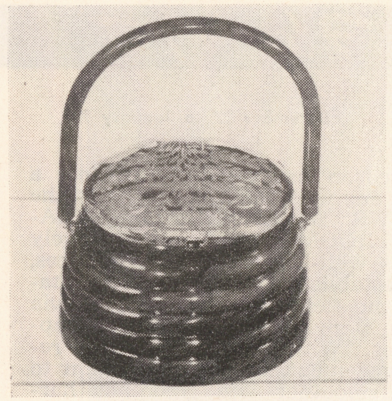

El RANCHO VEGAS

GERSHGORN Jewelers

LOBBY - HOTEL *El Rancho Vegas*

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 15)

has been chosen the favorite pin-up girl of the SECOND ENGINEER BATTALION in Korea. You lads have chosen the right inspiration. Hope you receive the magazine in good condition and that Peggy's photos have arrived by now. Thanks for the lovely letter, MRS. AYRES.

As you know, HOWARD WERNER and LOUIS CONIGLIO, owners of LOUIGI'S CHARCOAL BROILER, were swamped with the over-capacity holiday crowds. When she saw how much space the coats and wraps were occupying, Louis' daughter LAURAN, decided to pitch in and help by checking them, making way for more customers and comfortable seating. While carrying out this chore, Lauran hit upon a wonderful idea of donating all the monies taken in to the VARIETY CLUB and their SCHOOL FOR HANDICAPPED CHILDREN. Mr. Werner was so pleased with the youngster's suggestion, he immediately offered to match each dollar she took in, thereby doubling the donation. Knowing BENNY GOFFSTEIN as we do, he'll be a very humble gentleman when he accepts the sum for this worthy benefit. Wish there were more people like Lauran Coniglio, a gal who thinks first with her heart.

We are anticipating the world premiere of the "LAS VEGAS STORY" at the FREMONT TREATRE, sometime next month. It will be the biggest local event this town has ever witnessed. Stars of the film, VIC MATURE, JANE RUSSELL and HOAGY CARMICHAEL will attend.

If you dropped into the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER recently, you can't have missed noticing the genial MR. and MRS. GEORGE ALTMAN. Here's another wonderful couple who are set on making Las Vegas their permanent residence. Incidentally, George is a member of the Salt Lake City VARIETY CLUB TENT No. 38. He has already

(Continued on Page 27)

SHOW REVIEWS by Jack Curtis

Flamingo

December 27 to January 9

The season has certainly become a brighter one with the appearance of the ANDREWS SISTERS in the FLAMINGO ROOM. This trio of lovely lassies is well-known to all audiences, having established an enviable reputation in the field of entertainment, via recordings, movies and personal appearances. With each and every return engagement, the damsels seem to develop smoother and smoother harmony. Any song they sing becomes a favorite, instantaneously. The Andrews gals are vivacious and spice their song presentations with delightful squibs of comedy. You're in for a definite treat with that unsurpassed harmonizing . . . On the same bill is JIMMY VEY, an extremely versitile young man. This chap actually provides twofold entertainment, simultaneously. He taps on the highly polished floor while

(Continued on Page 29)

El Rancho Vegas

Show presented December 28

We repeat last week's warning. Better dig up some good protective coverings for your funny bones before you head for the OPERA HOUSE THEATRE-RESTAURANT. Those zany, laughable clowns of delightful comiclore, the RITZ BROTHERS, are panicking audiences nightly. There is no fuller method of enjoyment than the ones that can be had by a visit to see this frolicsome threesome. Their enthusiasm, coupled with their unequalled talent, is bound to inspire you with happiness and good feeling. No other trio could possibly bring you the zestful, infectious entertainment the Ritz boys provide. They are so exhilarating, one is led to believe their bodies are charged with A-C current, instead of the ordinary red fluid. Dynamic is a word that must have been coined expressly for these, the favorite comedians of millions. . . . On the same bill are the SKYLARKS; three fellows and two lovelies. These youngsters are an enthusiastic group of singers who deliver fine tunes, with dramatic gestures. Their delivery is unusual and their voices blend in superb harmony. Their blues rendition is highly outstanding . . . GLORIA LE ROY is a bundle of loveliness who proved to be a surprise package. She reminds us of

(Continued on Page 29)

Last Frontier

December 28 through January 10

Without a word of exaggeration, here is a production that is worthy of anyone's time, whether king or commoner. Starring in the RAMONA ROOM is that beautiful former lady of the sarong, DOROTHY LAMOUR. Miss Lamour's appearance proves a unique point. The lady is much more beautiful in person than on the screen. (One for Ripley's column). She is a most enchanting personality and does a remarkable job in offering songs, especially arranged for her. Her telegram gimmick is warmly received by the audience. If anyone wants you to prove that beauty and talent exist — take them to the Last Frontier for an eyeful and earful of Dorothy Lamour . . . On the same bill is JOHNNY BACHEMIN. Wow! Can

(Continued on Page 29)

Wilbur Clark's DESERT INN

December 25 through January 7

That singing rage, MISS PATTI PAGE, is winning the hearts of all who hear her in the PAINTED DESERT ROOM. Patti, looking as lovely as the ideal American sweetheart, sounds like a heavenly creation. She has a glorious voice and a personality that draws her listeners close to her, in friendly atmosphere. Her personal appearance

(Continued on Page 31)

Thunderbird

December 27 Through January 16



Once again it's the MILLS BROTHERS in the Navajo Room of the Hotel Thunderbird and once again they are packing the room to the rafters. Here is a group that, no matter how often they return to play the town, seem to play to capacity audiences. Their greatness of popularity lies in the fact that their choice of tunes and the way they interpret them is understandable to each and every one present. Plain, old fashioned harmony. These boys need no build-up; they're tops in their field. . . . Appearing for the first time in America and directly from Paris is FEDI and FEDI, a novelty act that will give you quite a surprise. One which requires the greatest amount of coordination of mind and body. To explain the act would spoil the illusion. See for yourself! . . . Because of their singing accomplishments cause many feminine hearts to flutter . . . LOTUS WING brings us an aura of mystery

(Continued on Page 31)

Club Bingo

Show presented December 30

Starring in this new revue are the PEPPER SISTERS, the gals who were featured on the Horace Heidt show for three years. That is a commendable record for any cast and practically guarantees you're in for a fine evening's entertainment. The gals dish out some mighty soothing harmony that is bound to place them at the head of your list of favorites . . . Co-starring is FRANKIE RAPP, show business' gift to fun-loving audiences. He is truly an artist of mimicry and can successfully make the saddest person break into a heartfelt grin. Just can't beat that type of comedy. Frankie also does a fine job as M.C., keeping the show moving smoothly . . . On the same bill is JACK POWERS, a guy who has a good stage personality and admirable voice. His

Silver Slipper Saloon

January 4 to January 18
(Not a review)

Here's a little tip for showgoers. This new bill at the SILVER SLIPPER looks as though you're going to be in for a mighty entertaining evening. Heading the list of newcomers are the MERCER BROTHERS. These lads are quite versatile. Whether it be song, dance or comedy, you'll have all you desire when Mrs. Mercer's boys take over the spotlight . . . On the same bill is that talented damsel, LOIS RAY. Miss Ray makes a fetching picture of charm and grace and is an enthusiastic tap stylist . . . Here's an act everyone can enjoy: GORDON CURRIE, billed as the world's fastest caricaturist. If our memory serves correctly, Mr. Currie enters the podium, armed with chalk and slate and does a remarkable job of imagining, right in front of your

(Continued on Page 31)



NO MATTER HOW WE

LOOK AT IT . . . .

WE SURE LOVES YA!

Happy New Year

FROM

AL, HARRY and JIMMY!

The

RITZ BROS.

Gentlemen...

Thank you for your patronage in 1951.

We hope to continue pleasing you in 1952.

★

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9495-97 SANTA MONICA BLVD.
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 21)

begun the motion of transfer to our local tent No. 39. Welcome, folks. We love having you.

JACKIE GREEN, the terrific comic currently at the DESERT INN, is keeping close tabs on his agent, making certain he will have no engagement to keep him from an important date, March 9. On that day, Jackie's parents will celebrate their 50th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY in New York City and nothing will keep their son from helping them have fun on this auspicious occasion. Toast them for us, will you, Jackie, boy?

We have a hunch that BEN HOGAN, the world's greatest professional golfer, may be pro at the DESERT INN COUNTRY CLUB ESTATES COURSE. If so, it will certainly mark another step of progress for those men who are doing their utmost to bring nothing but the best to our Fabulous City.

Popular TODDY DILLARD is making a very attractive picture in her new capacity as hostess of the CHUCK WAGON at HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. Glad to see you on your new job, Toddy. Don't forget to make sure you save some of our favorites.

We're glad when anyone makes another step up the ladder of success. BILL EAKINS, formerly a pit boss of the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER, is now the operator of the gaming room in the CINNABAR on North Second St. His pit boss there is SHIRLEY COLLINS who used to deal "21" at the WAGON WHEEL (now the JUNGLE CLUB) before it closed.

HAROLD KLEIN and TOMMY KALMINAR are preparing to open offices as stock brokers in the Friedman Building. Tommy, as sports-lovers know, is the backfield for the RAMS, Los Angeles' champion football team.

We're sure most of you know CHIEF JOE PAPPIN, assistant to the floormen (daytime) at the GOLDEN NUGGETT. Not too long ago, the Chief was rated among the top U. S. golfers. He always shot under par, in every contest and has a Class-A rate from the Professional Golfers' Association. That means he ranks along with Bobby Jones, Ben Hogan, etc. With a little practice, Mr. Pappin could retain his former status. How about a lesson or two, Chief?

If you can convince him to show you, try to get BELDON KATLEMAN (owner of the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS) to let you have a look-see at the unique Christmas gift that TOM DOUGLAS (the hotel's designer) presented him. It is the most novel pitcher and tumbler set we've ever seen.

Newest twosome in town are CORK BRYANT (dark horse presidential candidate) and BEVERLY QUINN, cocktail waitress of the SILVER SLIPPER GAMBLING HALL.

Belated congratulations to PATTI ANDREWS (now appearing at the FLAMINGO HOTEL with her two lovely sisters) and pianist-conductor, WALLY WESCHLER. The couple were married in Los Angeles, just two days before the girls arrived to fulfill their contract here.

While up north, LES SCHWARTZ of C. C. McDANIEL'S USED CAR LOT, was rated as the top auto salesman and appraiser in Reno. When he vacationed in our town, he decided to give up the four seasons of Reno for our vacation-weather land. A wise choice, indeed. Many call him "Little Caesar." Could it be because he resembles Edward G. Robinson?

New Year's eve brought a double celebration for MINNA and HARVEY ROBINSON. (He is a box man at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS). The happy couple chalked up 27 years of wedded bliss on that evening. From the looks of it, we're counting on an invitation to attend the 50th wedding anniversary. Are we invited?

One evening, PHIL SPITALNY and Ye Editor went over to catch FLORIAN ZaBACH'S performance, while he was at the FLAMINGO. After listening to Florian's violin, Phil remarked that ZaBach would be the sensation of the HOUR OF CHARM, if only he were born to wear skirts. But, alas, Phil's group of talent is limited to the feminine gender, with all males (but the maestro) excluded.

JULES HOLSTEIN is no longer with the SILVER SLIPPER RESTAURANT of the LAST FRONTIER VILLAGE. He turned the operation of the restaurant back to the hotel and is now looking for a new, intimate location. Knowing his dreams as well as we do, we be-

(Continued on page 29)

FOR THE FINEST IN MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT
THE
GROVER - SHORE TRIO
APPEARING NIGHTLY AT THE
LADY LUCK BAR
WILBUR CLARK'S
DESERT INN



I'm so happy that I could start the New Year in this fabulous city of Las Vegas! My thanks to the Andrews Sisters and to Maxine Lewis for a wonderful two weeks.

JIMMY VEY

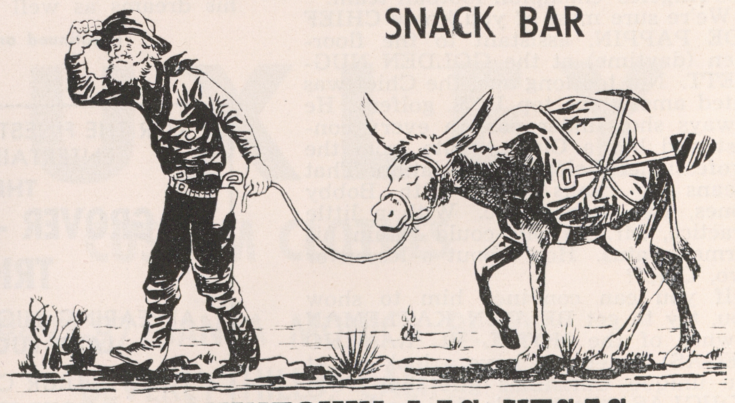
49'er CLUB

"WHERE YOU'LL MAKE YOUR STRIKE"

CASINO

SLOTS

SNACK BAR



DOWNTOWN LAS VEGAS

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 27)

lieve he might be considering the introduction of an intimate Hungarian restaurant. If so, just guess who his first customers will be?

The crowd of fun-seekers who welcomed in the New Year of 1951 set a record that seemed virtually impossible to beat. But, it seems there is no stoppping the record breakers. This year, when the clock tolled the coming of 1952, there were so many more celebrants than 52 weeks ago, the town literally looked like the human equivalent of an ant hill. If we continue drawing such crowds, it won't bel ong before Times Square (of New York City) just moves in and takes over. What throngs! From their merry attitudes. we know everyone had a wonderful evning. You know, that's one night it's a pleasure to really get out among your fellow-men. It's worth the milling crowds to see a smile on each and every face. Wonder if we'll host a larger crowd next year? According to past statistics, it looks like we will. Every year, we add more apartments and rooms to the available list. When the builders complete their schedules this year, we're almost certain the 1952-1953 influx will be greater . . . and that's for sure.

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 22)

playing the xylophone. Think it's easy? Try it! Aside from this Mr. Vey also possesses a very fine voice . . . The lovely N. T. G. CALENDAR GIRLS have some novel forms of dance presentation and make their appearance in bewitching costumes. . . . Featured in the production numbers is baritone MICHAEL EDWARDS . . . Our welcome to WILL OSBORNE and his clever aggregation of music men. It's their first time in Las Vegas and we feel the group has registered a favorable impression with their show backgrounding and patron dance rhythms. . . . In the MURAL ROOM, your listening pleasure is provided by BOBBY PAGE and his ORK.

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

LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from Page 22)

this kid dance! We've seen and admired other "tapsichoreans" but this lad has they all beat—by a landslide. Johnny puts every ounce of his energy (and more) into his super tap routines. We're ready to believe he can tap as many beats as Liberace can play in his record-breaking numbers. It's a pleasure, indeed, to watch Johnny Bachemin make dancing history . . . The DEVLYN REVUE have two exciting and nostalgic numbers to offer you, featuring the voices and dancing of GENE NASH and DOLORES FRAZZINI. The kids really outdo themselves in this extravaganza . . . BOB MILLAR and his ORCHESTRA are the genial gents who cut that wonderful show background, stepping from the podium long enough for DON BAKER to fill the air with his soothing Hammond organ rhythms (for intermission).

EL RANCHO VEGAS:

(Continued from Page 22)

dolls that are so elasticized, their legs can be brought over their heads. Miss Le Roy is so agile, the onlookers are caused to show concern when she tosses her lithe body through her routines . . . Backing the show is that favorite maestro, TED FIO RITO, ably assisted by his talented crew of musicians . . . During intermission, GUY LANDIS and JIM DI STEPHANO weave intimate musical magic for your listening and dancing pleasure . . . PAUL GARDOS and CHUY MIRANDA make your relaxing moments pleasurable as they stroll through the CHUCK WAGON ROOM, creating smooth melodies of song.

Emeralds and rubies, diamonds and pearls
And a yacht on the bounding main,
Will never replace true love, sweet girls,
But, oh, how it eases the pain.
—Coed.

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IT HAS BEEN THE GREATEST OF PLEASURE
TO HAVE DANCED AND ENTERTAINED ON
THE SAME BILL WITH THE GLAMOROUS
DOROTHY LAMOUR



Johnny
BACHEMIN

THANKS TO JAKE KOZLOFF FOR BRINGING ME
TO THE LAST FRONTIER DURING THE HOLIDAYS

DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 22)

is ample proof of the reason she headed the list of favorite singers of 1951. To hear her is to love her . . . and that's for sure . . . On the same bill is that amiable funster, JACKIE GREEN. He possesses a first-rate sense of timing and is an unusual comedian. He can twist an audience around his little finger with original song parodies, exceptional wit and his superb impressions. When Mr. Green mimics Jimmy Durante, there just isn't a cool hand in the audience. He "tears the place down." . . . Rounding out the production are LEWIS and VAN, a couple of guys who are exceptional in the field of dance. Here is a team that displays marvelous skill and showmanship. We were highly entertained by their "shine" selections. In our estimation, we have as yet to see annother duo equal Lewis and Van in the "land of dance." . . . Once again the stage is filled with the charm and grace of the enticing ARDEN-FLETCHER DANCERS who display two attractive routines and enhancing costumes . . . Featured in the production numbers and handling M.C. chores is MR. ALAN GILBERT . . . CARLTON HAYES and his ORCHESTRA are exceptional in providing the musical background for this revue . . . In the LADY LUCK BAR, it's the "best in the west" combo, the GROVER SHORE TRIO and their tanalizing rhythms.

SILVER SLIPPER:

(Continued from page 23)

eyes . . . Rounding out the bill are the favorite SILVER SLIPPER GIRLS. No show is complete without the dancing lovelies and featuring PAT WINTERS . . . Your capable M.C. is JIMMY CAVANAUGH . . . Backing the production is CHUCK GOULD and his ORK, with GEORGE REDMAN at the ivories.

THUNDERBIRD HOTEL:

(Continued from Page 23)

flawless work and outstanding popularity the MARVELS were held over from the last show to take part in the New Year's Revue and the management couldn't have been wiser. Known as the "virtuosos of the teter board" this troop goes through a routine of tumbling and teeter board stunts that you won't believe even as you watch. On special occasions the audiences are given the pleasureful treat of seeing the little MARVELETTES perform. These are the children of the members of the troop and range in age from two to seven. These little tykes invariably steal the show with every performance; and what performers they are . . . The KATHRYN DUFFY DANSATIONS are presenting two new routines which feature the voice of Johnny O'Brien and the dancing of Christina Carson.

CLUB BINGO:

(Continued from Page 23)

that envelops the Orient. She is as exotic as the flower whose name she bears and as lovely to behold . . . Two bands provide dancing from 9 p.m. until the wee hours of the morn.

Instructor: "Use the word 'fabric' in a sentence."
Freshman: "You would pass out cold if fabric hit you in the head."
—The Old Maid.

Most women would rather be two-faced than double-chinned.
—The X-Change.

Vulgarity is what other people do.
— The Ram-Buller.

The trouble with our country is that there are too many wide open places entirely surround by teeth.
—Houston U. Cougar.

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POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from page 5)

ezula, I will send the United States fleet in after them and destroy them."

Well, after that there was no cowardice, no fear of war in this country. The courage of a great man was all that was necessary. The British fleet never went near South America and the British government promptly apologized and disclaimed any warlike intent.

So, now after the United States government has sacrificed more than a hundred thousand of our boys and countless millions in treasure fighting the Communists in this "police action" in Korea, I can't help wondering what the result would be if we had at the head of our government a man of the greatness and courage of Grover Cleveland.

I can imagine Grover Cleveland saying to Stalin:

"Get your forces out of Korea at once or I will blow Moscow and Stalingrad and Petrograd and all your bases in Manchuria off the map before next Tuesday noon."

Yes, there would be no police action in Korea and Stalin would be as gentlemanly as could be, instead of pouring insult after insult and committing every sort of international crime against the United States government.

"FOXHOLE"

I have a friend whom I meet occasionally when passing the corner of the school grounds at Fifth and Bridger. By his friends and associates in the Veterans of Foreign Wars, this patient police officer who devotes much of his time to helping school children across the busy streets and protecting them from the dangers of swift-flowing traffic, is called Jack "Foxhole" Hollings.

The nickname comes down to him from World War I, because of his service on the field of battle and is pinned on him permanently by his comrades of the organization of Veterans of Foreign Wars, of which he is the commander.

"Foxhole" has lived 10 years in Las Vegas and during that time has helped many veterans in countless ways and he is now one of the most widely known of the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

He wears the military order of the Purple Heart and is honored by a lifetime Honorary Membership in the VFW. And not long ago he was cited by Governor Russell for "service to the people of your community, whether they be ex-service men or not. It is rare that you find a man who is willing to give of his time and talents to others.

"In light of the work you have done and the service you have performed, it is my pleasure to add a word of acknowledgment and congratulations. Nevada is proud to have you as one of her citizens," said Governor Russell.

We might add that the hundreds of little children who pass that corner every school day are proud to have him escort them safely across the busy traffic-filled streets and they greet him:

"Howdy, Foxhole. Be seein' ya."

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS:

By MARTIN LEWIS

To practically no one's surprise, the exciting George Stevens production for Paramount, "A PLACE IN THE SUN," was voted "The Best Motion Picture of 1951," by the National Board of Review. Enthusiasm for the ELIZABETH TAYLOR - MONTGOMERY CLIFT-SHELLY WINTERS starrer is running high in Hollywood, too, where members of the Cinema Capital are beginning to weigh the pros and cons of the 1951 picture-crop for Academy Award Nominations . . . Speaking of ELIZABETH TAYLOR, incidentally, there are those in Hollywood who insist that as soon as both are free to do so, she and MICHAEL WILDING, the British star, will tie the knot. The rumor that they would have a Christmas wedding in Mexico is completely false, however.

MARGE AND GOWER CHAMPION, the dancing stars, were the first people in Hollywood to start the Yuletide season of parties and more parties. They entertained some forty famous names at their hill-top house where they had not one, but TWO pianos. At one, CASEY ADAMS was giving out with the score of "TOP BANANA" (the producers Paula Stone and husband Mike Sloan were there) . . . at the other, downstairs, Harriet Lee was accompanying GORDON McRAE! . . . Just before Christmas, BOB "MY FAVORITE SPY" HOPE'S dressing room on the Paramount lot looked like a department store! In keeping with his annual custom, BOB had a present for every single employee at the studio, from the top brass right on down the line! . . . A great disappointment in Hollywood was the news that, instead of coming to the coast right after New Year's, JUDY GARLAND will continue her record-breaking performance at the New York Palace Theatre until the first of March . . . IDA LUPINO is kidding her chums that her latest production will have no budget problems and only one star! She's referring of

(Continued on page 34)

WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from page 11)

their kids back east where the outside ozone registers twenty below. Around these parts we nearly freeze when it hits twenty on **top** . . . I popped into the SHAMROCK HOTEL to partake of a portion of the punch bowl potion the management had fixed up for their open house celebration for New Year's Eve. Opinion . . . uh-HUH!! Kinda keep your eye on this spot in the future 'cause I got a rumor that something is slated to take place there in the next week or so! . . . Across the street from the Shamrock is a new little drive-in called D. & D. DRIVE-IN (wonder what the deeundee stands for?) As soon as the equipment is installed and the weather permits they will also make and serve frozen frosty falderall here . . . I knew this would happen sooner or later! LES FUNK bought some property in town. Some time ago son, JOHN, went into partnership in the THRIFTY LIQUOR STORE with EARL AKINS and the old man has been less and less of Whittier, Calif., ever since. A short time ago he bought the building that houses the Dixie Dell and Jay's Jewelry. With MRS. Funk's phenomenal gambling luck I look for them to latch onto a casino any day now. These are wonderful people to know and you should meet them when you get the opportunity. . . . You've all heard the old story of the little boy who cried "wolf." Last Saturday night, December 29, some prize jerk thought it would be smart to play a trick on the Thunderbird Hotel and so proceeded to call the police and ambulances to the hotel lobby immediately. Not just a few of them; ALL of them! Saturday night when the streets were slippery with the rain and the possibility of a **real** accident or emergency, and some "pin-head" cries "wolf." I only hope the knuckle-nut who did it reads this! . . . Speaking of pin-heads . . . as a reporter I've got my nose in my hip pocket (or close by.) I found out the other evening that my boy, BUDDY TAYLOR, was married over two months ago to the very attractive GINNY BALLARD, who totes toddies at the Pioneer. Ginny descended from Cedar City, Utah, a while back and last October 24 she and Buddy caravaned to Kingman, Ariz., to tie the knot. Belated blessings to Buddy and Ginny!! He's the swing mixer at the VILLA VENICE bar for Ralph and Domenic . . . Another surprise knitting was that of an old Las Vegas favorite, PAT BURKE, who came in a few weeks ago to spend the holiday season and wound up with a new bride in the person of LILY LaMONTE, who was appearing at the Embassy Club in North Vegas at the time. They were married last Monday, the 30th, and leave tonight to return to Miami, Florida, where Pat has an Oldsmobile agency . . . SUNNY IVINGSTON had a big Christmas party at her home on Christmas day and the best present she could have gotten she now proudly displays on the third finger, left hand. The diamond donor, and Sunny's delight is JAY BREWER of the Union Cab Co. of Las Vegas. So far they haven't set the date for the **big** event. All I can say is that it couldn't have happened to two nicer people . . . And now I'm gonna have to cut this thing off quick to keep an appointment; so to those of you I may have missed seeing New Year's Eve . . . may happiness and health be your greatest wealth in the days that are to follow . .

—Johnny.

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS:

(Continued from page 33)

course to the blessed event she and husband HOWARD DUFF are expecting.

MONEY TO BURN

Ever day-dream about having enough money to burn? Movie hero RICHARD DERR not only dreams about it in Paramount's science-fiction thriller, "When Worlds Collide," he actually does it. That's right, the crazy guy burns money!

According to the ingenious movie script, the world is about to be smashed to pieces by a wayward planet. Only a few people know that the fatal day is just ahead, and one of the few is DERR. With the knowledge of this impending doom, he squires leading lady BARBARA RUSH to a night club for an evening of fun. During the evening, he uses a "twenty dollar bill" to light BARBARA'S cigarette.

"Someday I'd like to do this scene at Ciro's or one of the other swank Hollywood night spots," cracked DERR. "I wonder what would really happen."

LADD Turns Back The Clock

Tough-guy ALAN LADD turns back the clock for his two new movie roles. In George Stevens' western, "Shane," the pistol-packing star plays a cowboy of 1890 vintage—and in the soon-to-be-filmed drama, "Botany Bay, he emotes as an American colonist who is unjustly convicted in England and sent to Australia on the schooner, Charlotte, in the early 1790's.

Wilbur Clark's DESERT INN

THAT SINGING RAGE
MISS PATTI PAGE

JACKIE GREEN
COMEDIAN

LEWIS and VAN

Arden-Fletcher Dancers
Alan Gilbert, M.C.

Carlton Hayes
and Orchestra

GROVER-SHORE TRIO AT THE LADY LUCK BAR
Showtimes: 8:30 and 11:30



THE Flamingo HOTEL

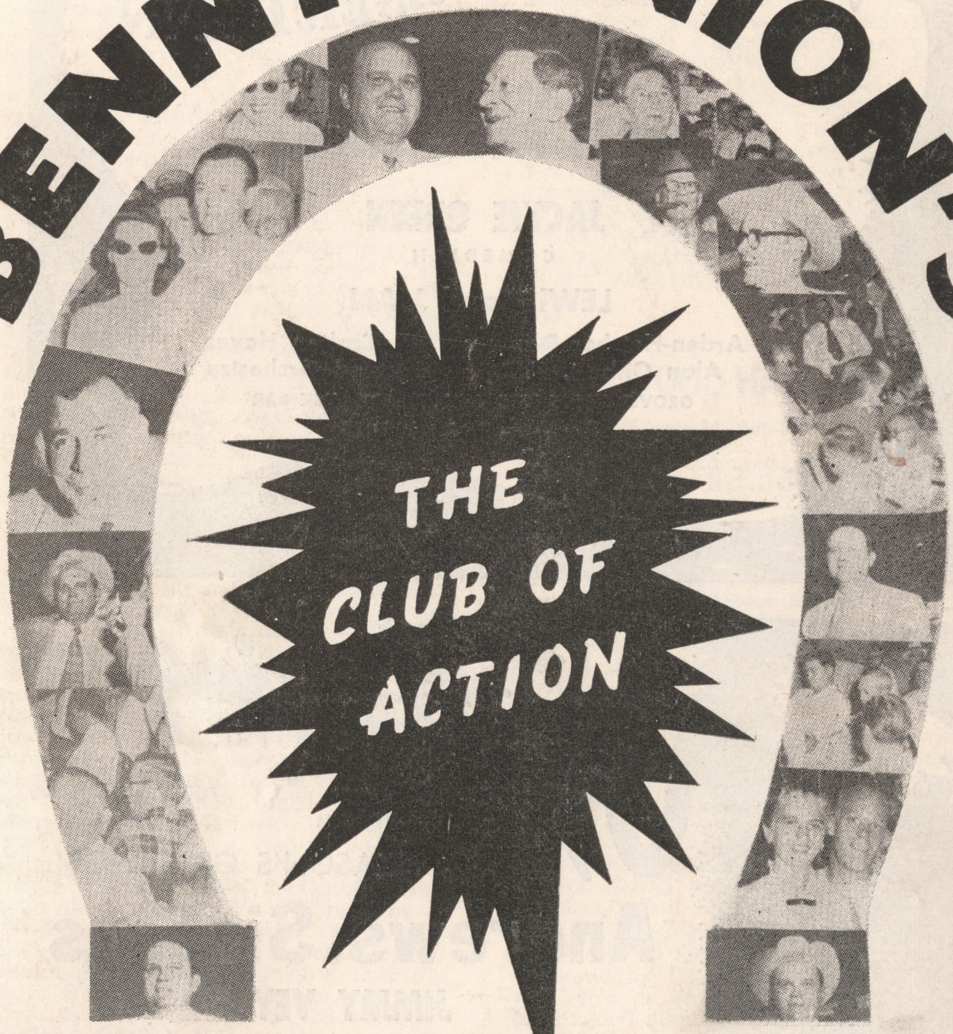
NO COVER OR MINIMUM

FOR RESERVATIONS PHONE 4000

SEASON'S GREETINGS

Andrews Sisters
JIMMY VEY
N.T.G. CALENDAR GIRLS
FEATURING
MICHAEL EDWARDS
WILL OSBORNE and ORCHESTRA
BOBBY PAGE and ORCHESTRA
IN THE MURAL ROOM
SHOW TIMES: 8:30 P. M. - 11:30 P. M.

BENNY BINION'S



Horseshoe

DOWNTOWN