Jack Bortz'

August 9, 1952

Fabulous LAS VEGAS Magazine

"Major Domo"

(Story on Page 9)



Photo By Billie Geller

15c

STEPHENSON

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LAS VEGAS, NEVADA



PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 4, NO. 18

OBSERVATIONS, By POP SQUIRES
"THAT'S FOR SURE," By JACK CORTEZ
REVIEWS OF CAFE SHOWS, By JACK CORTEZ
RANDOM THOUGHTS, By B. B. BARTON
THE WATCHBIRD, By LADY MICHAEL
WHAT'S DOIN'?, By JOHNNY UHLMAN
MEXICO, by LEE and GARY PICKARD
GREETINGS FROM N. Y. C. by ETTA CORTEZ
GOURMET, by DOMENIC

ART DEPARTMENT, Dennis Stephenson

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Jack Gortz' Fabulous LAS VEGAS — Howdy Podner

STEPHENSON

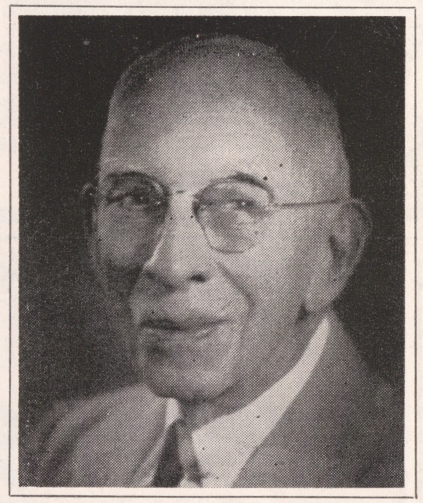
VOLUME 4 AUGUST 9, 1952 NUMBER 18

OBSERVATIONS

. . . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

OUR LADY OF THE GRAPES . . .

EACH summer in Las Vegas of late years there is a pleasant incident for Delphine and me when a lady appears at our front door with a box of lovely grapes, peaches and figs. She is Mrs. J. T. McWilliams, who has lived in this country longer than any of us and whose husband was tops among the early developers of Las Vegas.



It was early in the 'nineties when the young surveyor and engineer came to this country and settled at the promising mining camp of Goodsprings, about forty miles southwest of Las Vegas springs and ranch. There was considerable activity then in the mining camp and a surveyor was needed to mark the boundaries of mining claims and the route for a water canal here and there to water the ranches of Pahrump Valley.

McWilliams found plenty of employment for his engineering talents even at that early day, one call coming to him from Kingman, Arizona. At Kingman he met and married the little lady who every summer brings us fruit from her lovely home on Westside, Las Vegas, and took her to Goodsprings, about the year 1894, I am told.

When the rumor that Senator William A. Clark was planning to build a railroad from Salt Lake to Los Angeles became generally known, it was assumed, of course, that it would pass through Las Vegas where the great springs would provide ample water for railroad operation and for a new town. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stewart, owners of a couple of thousand acres of land here and the right to the water of the great springs, naturally were very much interested. So they sent to Goodsprings and asked McWilliams to survey and mark the boundaries of their large Las Vegas ranch. Mac came over and did the work. And, since rumors of a railroad continued, he took up an 80 acres of land adjoining the Stewart Ranch.

In 1902 Senator Clark paid Mrs. Stewart $2,000 for an option for one year to purchase 1,800 acres of the Las Vegas ranch with the rights in the waters of Las Vegas Springs. Everything was "Jake" with Las Vegas then. The railroad was surely coming and Las Vegas would be made a division point, it was reported on good authority. And about that time Mr. and Mrs. McWilliams moved over to Las Vegas from Goodsprings and camped on their 80 acres of land.

The year rolled around—and Senator

(Continued on page 25)

SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

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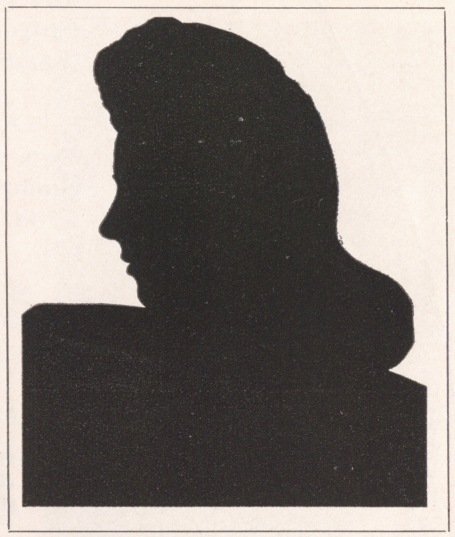
RANDOM THOUGHTS

. . . By B. B. BARTON

DO you have a set routine that you follow when you get out of bed, every morning? Well, prior to turning in every evening, I mix my favorite mouth wash and leave it in a convenint place. The following morning, I literally stumble out of bed and force of habit propels me to that glass. A refreshed mouth is a good incentive for wakefulness. Up to that point, the strongest pliers wouldn't pry the sealed eyelids apart. . .



The other ayem, my human radar (instinct) helped me grope my way to the eye-opener. As I took a good man-sized swallow of the mouth wash, my eyes popped open so fast, you'd think the roof had caved in on my pate. My stomach developed the queasiest feeling it has ever known. With cheeks puffed out, I rotated my eyes slowly, seeking familiar objects, hoping I was in the midst of some dream that would soon fade. When full realization dawned upon me, I brought the glass quickly back to my lips and expelled the fluid—with gusto! . . .

Looking down, I was horrified to see an object sink slowly to the bottom of the glass. I don't mind telling you that the feel of it against my palate had startled me beyond my years. Recognition finally brought relaxation to my tense frame. Seems my dear sister had her girl friend remain overnight in our house. The guest had discovered my glass of mouth wash and decided it would be a good place in which to park her removable dental bridge. Thank goodness it consisted of only one tooth. What would have happened if it were a complete set of uppers? Ugh! There's some sort of a moral in that, isn't there? Perhaps it would be wise to open your eyes before you open your mouth? . . .

If you look on the humorous side of that tale, you might feel it would be a good method to use on hostesses who won't take "no" for an answer. Are you troubled by casual friends who continually insist you visit them? If so, the only way you'll put an end to their constant invitations is to plan a visit and plan it carefully. If you want it to be your first and list visit, you must arrive completely prepared to leave your manners behind. For a lot of folks, this will call for a good deal of acting ability. . .

The hostess will undoubtedly have her good silverware reclining upon her best damask tablecloth. Now, let's see —what could you do with her proud possessions? Well, you might walk into the apartment chewing a good-sized slab of bubble gum. When introductions are made, don't forget a blow a few bubbles with the gum. Exploding the bubbles will have a most desired effect. . .

When everyone finally sits down to the table, tuck your napkin under your chin. That's always a good sign of refinement. Then practice making various designs on the silverware, using your gum in place of paints or crayon. . .

Ignore the small fork presented with the shrimp cocktail. Advise your hostess it always tastes better when you can just scoop up the shrimp with your fingers. When she watches you with horrified eyes, you'll know your name is mentally crossed off her list of future guests. As an added safety measure, allow the gooey red sauce to drip all over her tablecloth. . .

When the soup is served, just sneer at it and say you haven't seen so much grease since you last looked into your wife's cold cream jar. That's a BEAUTIFUL compliment, in anyone's language. . .

Oh, there are so many nice things you can really do to impress your hostess. Just send your meat back to the kitchen, first claiming it's too rare, then saying it's like a piece of leather. If

(Continued on page 21)

THE GOOD LUCK GENIE SAYS . . .

OPEN SESAME . . . unfold a panoramic vista of awe inspiring splendor. BEHOLD! the mystic intrigue of the SAHARA has blended with the sparkling excitement of LAS VEGAS . . .

A new, SUMPTUOUS resort hotel has been born, dedicated to making all who seek true hospitality the most PAMPERED GUESTS in all of the world.



HOTEL SAHARA

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ



ON OUR COVER this week is JOHNNY MORELLI, genial maitre d' of the Flamingo Hotel. Maitre d' Morelli is originally from New York City, but his interesting career has taken him to many far-flung places. During World War II he was a staff sergeant in the armed forces, and upon his discharge became a captain at the La Martinique Supper Club in New York. When he was offered the position of Maitre d' at Slapsie Maxie's in Hollywood, Johnny's wanderlust got the better of him and he accepted with alacrity. Upon the termination of that job, he and his lovely wife Clara and their 10-year-old son decided they'd like to see just how fabulous Las Vegas really was and arrived here in March of 1950, where he was employed as one of the many captains in the beautiful Flamingo Room. His adept manner, capable handling of people and anticipation of the needs of his customers, as to their comfort and enjoyment, soon made him the most popular captain in the dining room, and his following became legion. Two years ago he was promoted to his present status of "Majordomo," and has done much to add to the smoothness and comfort of the well-run dining room. He is well loved by his crew, who find working with Maitre d' Johnny Morelli a great pleasure indeed and that's for sure.

Did you hear about the gift SPIKE JONES gave his beautiful wife and vocalist, HELEN GRAYCO? It's a tremendous diamond surrounded by 60 chips. He gave her the ring as a token of esteem for her fortitude in accompanying him on "61" one-night stands. The maestro and his Musical Depreciation Revue of 1952, is currently knocking them out at the Flamingo Hotel, and the sparkle from over the footlights is not only due to the beautiful present Helen received from her spouse, but from her sparkling personality on stage.

All his friends are happy to see Smilin' JOE DEVEREAUX, popular mixologist, whenever they drop into Domenic's. Joe's on the late shift there, and his jokes and hearty greetings make late imbibing a pleasure at this popular dining rendezvous. Our good friend BUDDY TAYLOR is on the early shift, where the rush for pre-dinner cocktails keeps him working at lightning speed.

At one time JAKIE FRIEDMAN, known from Main to Spain as "The Little Man," spent $200,000 to redecorate just three rooms in the Domain Privee, his palatial estate in Houston, Texas. This beautiful mansion is of imposing southern Colonial architecture, with tall Gothic columns, set in a faultlessly landscaped park. That was back in 1950. Now in this year of 1952, Jakie is building the soon-to-open Sands Hotel here on the Strip, which will be even more fabulous than his Domain Privee, and will be run with the same flawless courtesy and impeccable service that was the Little Man's badge of merit back in Texas.

We're delighted to see JOY WALKER'S name in lights. She is the talented, featured dancer who does such a magnificent job in the production numbers at the Hotel El Rancho. We predict she could easily step into BETTY GRABLE'S shoes. Joy and BILL SKIPPER (dancing partner) make a terrific team, and both are headed for stardom, whether singly or as a duo. They just can't miss!! Talent scouts better take a look-see. Here is your chance to catch "lightning in a bottle."

HARRY (JUNIOR) FARNOW, formerly of Duffy's Tavern, is now producing the "shows" at the California Club. Harry at one time was in charge of productions at the Hotel Last Frontier. His "Girl in the Fish Bowl" is attracting swarms of people to this downtown spot. . . Notice to all pretty girls: Mr.

(Continued on Page 27)



EL CORTEZ SUPPER CLUB

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WHAT'S DOIN'?

. . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN



YOU wouldn't believe this, but it has been almost three hours since I slipped the paper into my typewriter to start writing my column for this week, and somehow just can't seem to get started with it. Got a million things on my mind, but nothing I could put into print that would be of any interest to anyone but myself, and most of them have proven quite uninteresting to me, too!! In between innumerable trips to this chair I have fed my dog, fed myself, read the evening paper, read most of the last Readers Digest, smoked three pipes, cleaned up the dinner dishes, and here I am again, back in front of the Underwood, pecking away at nothing, with my mind thousands of miles away. Maybe I should just go to bed for a day or two. Such a thing would help a lot of people I know.

Have you been in to browse with BONNIE BEST? I stopped in to chat with Bonnie again the other day and they have a lot of new things that have come in from her Beverly Hills shop. Things you ladies of all ages ought to stop in to see! I must have been there for over half an hour just looking at the merchandise she has in stock. Not that BONNIE BEST'S is a large shop, but because I'm a stickler for detail and finish work. All this I found to the 'nth degree in the things I looked at; especially the decorative sweaters and skirts . . . very smart!! I asked Bonnie if she had a lay-away plan, 'cause I know a lot of the gals around town and the Strip are always picking up something they've had on lay-away for months, and she says she'd be mighty glad to do it for whoever would ask for it. . . I ran into an old friend of mine from Los Angeles a few nights ago as he sat playing a nickel slot machine at BUCKLEY'S on Fremont St. He and his friends were just about to leave for home when they decided to play a few of the machines at this new place (new to them). They were thrilled to high heaven! They'd all been coming to Las Vegas for some time but had never hit jackpots like they had at this sitting. Between the four of them they had hit EIGHT in a little over a half an hour. While we were talking, the party at the next machine told us of a friend of hers that had hit SIX jackpots within a half hour ON THE SAME MACHINE!! I guess you can live any way you like and still get lucky at BUCKLEY'S. . . Dan Cupid cut quite a quick caper with the hearts of DEBBIE DEAN and ERNEST WINGO. They were married last Monday after having known one another only a few days, but from the way they look at each other it really looks like they've done the right thing. Ernie is in the cashier's cage at the Thunderbird Hotel and the new "Mrs." is MISS DEBORAH DEAN, currently appearing at the EMBASSY CLUB — "The Showplace of North Las Vegas." So to Mr. and Mrs. Wingo I offer my sincere congratulations with a heart filled with envy of any man who finds his own . . . for keeps!! . . . A lot of things are happening there at the Embassy: DOC STARR is going on a short vacation; CHUCK GLASSPOOL is quitting the music profession . . . and Mitch got a chance to sit down and rest the other night. . . What with the multitude of lights that go into the makeup of the new WESTERNER marquee being added to the already existing thousands of lights on downtown Fremont street, all the club owners will have to do for heating this winter will be to open their front doors and turn on a few exhaust fans out the back. Wonder what happens to the huge mural on the face of the building, now that it is mostly hidden. Too bad that so many thousands of dollars spent with good intentions wind up wasted. Meanwhile, GAM'S RESTAURANT, located in the Westerner, is where you'll find

(Continued on page 21)

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THE WATCHBIRD

. . . by **LADY MICHAEL**
(Michael Neale)

IT was a soggy, hot day last Sunday, and when we were invited for a trial spin out on Lake Mead on a new Lear sailboat, we accepted with alacrity. We were anxious to see this revolutionary boat in action, as it can do 18 knots with a "fair wind aft" (that's our version of nautical talk). The sailboat is actually not a new design, as it was first built by the Hawaiians about two thousand years ago. It's almost square, and is built with two side runners like an old-fashioned sleigh, which makes it practically impossible to capsize, and carries a mainsail and jib. Well, we packed a lunch and went aboard — GENE MURPHY, publicity director for the Desert Inn; DAVE LEES, photographer; our Skipper PAUL and yours truly. A gentle breeze wafted us out to the middle of the lake and then a calm descended, such as no sailor ever experienced in the Goldrums. Lake Mead took on the burnished look of a plate glass mirror, and there we sat and sat and SAT, until some kind soul with a motor towed us into the yacht basin. Needless to say that on Monday morning when we stepped out of doors, a stiff breeze almost knocked us flat on our flat little face. . .

S—C—O—O—P (J. C.): It was merely by chance that we read part of your column before it went to press this week and discovered we both had the same item, but you were missing some of the important facts. Our item, to wit: MORRIS and GISELLA KLEINMAN celebrate their 35th wedding anniversary on AUGUST 19TH. Morris is giving Gisella a medal of honor studded with 35 diamonds for putting up with his foibles for that many years. . .

And speaking of anniversaries: It was a year ago on August 8th that EVELYN and ALLARD ROEN and MURIEL and BERNIE ROTHKOPF were married in a double ceremony in WILBUR CLARK'S office at the Desert Inn. We wish both happy couples many more to come. . .

GEE GEE LEES, who manages the Flamingo Beauty Salon, was a grandmother for the second time, when her daughter LOIS BORSAK gave birth to an eight pound boy on August 1st. The surprising note to us was that Gee Gee looks much too young to be anybody's grandmother at all. If you don't believe us go up to the Flamingo and ask to see her—she sure is a terrific ad for her beauty salon. . .

EINAR PETERSEN, manager of the Thunderbird Hotel before he was re-



called into the air force, is once more out of the service. He will shortly assume an executive position with the Anheuser-Busch Beer Company. (Our favorite brew, is a cold bottle of "Bud" too!). . .

LEE MacGREGOR, handsome young actor who just completed "What Price Glory" and "Toughest Man in Tombstone," married ALICE PETERSON, cocktail waitress at the Last Frontier. Lee was an office boy for DARRYL F. ZANUCK in 1946 when he was discovered by HOWARD HUGHES in D. F. Z.'s office—now D. F. Z. is cussing and trying to woo him back. No go. . .

BITS AND PIECES: The Desert Inn has invited FAROUK, ex-King of Egypt, to be their guest at his convenience and to sample some of the gaming in the western world. Farouk is famous for his enthusiasm at the tables. Just bring a fez-full of shekels, Your Royal Highness . . . BOB GOLDSTEIN has just arrived back in Hollywood from a combination business-pleasure trip to New York and Europe. . . . JACK ENTRATTA resigns as general manager of the Copacabana night club in New York, August 15, and will take over a similar position at the Sands Hotel. . . When asked if she was happy about her new recording contract, PEGGY LEE beamed: "Happy? I get up every morning and bow three times to Decca!". . .

KERNELS FROM THE WATCHBIRD CAGE: PEPY WIENER (he's big in Manichevitz Wine), stopped off for a

(Continued on page 30)



WHERE PITCHIN'S BEST!!

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MEXICO

. . . By LEE AND GARY PICKARD

SPRING is in the air, tra la . . . Yes, we know that up there the mercury is up in the hundreds, but down here the rainy season is almost over and spring fever is running rampant. One of those smitten was our favorite columnist, HENRY McLEMORE. who recently announced his marriage to MARY HEG of SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, in TEMIXCO, State of Morelos, Mexico. To hear him tell it, is as comical as reading one of his columns which appear daily in the REVIEW JOURNAL. Henry says, "On reaching the Municipal Hut, we only gave them the bare facts. Two clerks worked two typewriters and wrote out more words than there are in GONE WITH THE WIND. There were no 'I do's,' nor 'I do promise to obey's' . . . They just stamped the long list of papers in a moment when Mary was looking at the picture of ZAPATA and I was looking in my wallet. And sure enough, the bill was TWO HUNDRED PESOS and all I had was 135 . . . so I left my watch and went looking for the rest. . . Then I burroed it back, with Mary walking behind, for eight miles; after all, we were now on our way to our honeymoon in CUERNAVACA. I gave Mary a second-hand rebozo as a wedding gift and she gave me the dickens!!"

TOTTY AMES, HOLLYWOOD covergirl and TV actress, is brushing up on her Spanish in preparation for her tour of MEXICO. TOTTY is boating to LA PAZ where she will remain for two months before taking in MEXICO CITY and ACAPULCO in the fall. . . ATTENTION, VERN WILLIS: Your term MEXICAN FOX TROTS, which you coined for those dreaded "touristas," has been modernized. Those now in-the-know refer to them as the "AZTEC-TWO-STEP." For those of you who are in the dark as to what we mean by "touristas," just ask the man who's had them.

We understand there is a new band being formed in VEGAS by one TORRIS BRAND, who hails from BILOXI, MISSISSIPPI. He writes his own arrangements, directs, and plays fine sax. According to MATTY MALNECK and CARLTON HAYES, who sat in at rehearsal at the DESERT INN one afternoon, the bunch are great, and should go far if given the right breaks . . . while we're on the subject of band leaders from down south . . . Whatever happened to that guy from "COMFORT STATION, TEXAS"—DENNY BECKNER???? Hey, BOBBY PRUPAS!!!! Aren't you and the MUSICAL PAGES breaking some kind of endurance record for consistently good music in the MURAL ROOM?

Half the fun of being away from home is running into friends from there. The other nite at a party we could hardly believe our eyes when the door swung open and in walked PAUL RINALDI with STANLEY HARRIS and SID WOLFE. PAUL was one of the first people we met in LAS VEGAS back in the days when he managed the old PLAYERS CLUB, before the DESERT INN was built. Currently called the JUNGLE CLUB, the place has changed management and names several times since then, but those who remember a few years back still get that nostalgic feeling whenever they recall the PLAYERS CLUB. We used to refer to it as the FLAMINGO ANNEX, because after 2 A.M., 90 per cent of the hotel's employes could be found there til daybreak, whooping it up with Mory Matorium back of the bar.

It would be interesting to witness the reaction of a LAS VEGAS audience, considered by many entertainers to be the world's toughest, to the current rage, JOHNNY RAY. . . He might find them agreeing with him when he says, "Man, there is one thing I'm smart enough to realize—I have no talent. I sing as flat as a pool table.". . . At any rate, such modesty is refreshing after some of the people in show-biz who have more fortitude than talent.

CY HOWARD sez, if he's late for his appointment once more, his psychoanalyst threatens to start without him. . . . TEDDY and PHYLIS RODRIGUEZ drew 1,000 potatoes per day to entertain at the launching of the multi-million dollar S.S. United States. . . We for two hope it's not true about Sheila and Gordon McRaye—two such nice people.

LUCILE and IRA send their regards to BABY BANKHEAD, BETTY HINDS and their old friend DIOSA COSTELLA. We send ours to all of you, and especially to Texas' little darlin' PEGGY JOY WILSON, GRASSHOPPER, and MYRA DAVIS, who wants it known that she is NOT the same MYRA DAVIS, striptease artist known as "MEXICO'S HOTTEST TAMALE."

Hasta la next time,

LEE and GARY.

"CURTAIN TIME"

Flamingo

August 7 through August 20
(Not a review)

The 1952 edition of the "Musical Depreciation Revue" is upon us once again with new acts . . . new laughs . . . and new numbers brought about by that ever great entertainment group of SPIKE JONES and his City Slickers. With each and every engagement it seems that spontaneous Spike, and the wonderful group of entertainers that he has organized around him, manage to break all existing records of previous engagements in the room. Holding the spotlight from time to time will be the ever lovely "Mrs," HELEN GRAYCO; top trumpeter GEORGE ROCK, who we hope will once more come forth with his request to St. Nick to please replace his missing incisors; SIR FREDERIC GAS (the Toni didn't take) and his mystic violin; FREDDY MORGAN who takes time out from his banjo to relate the plight of the Oriental driver of a string of inbred equines; a comedian

(Continued on Page 29)

El Rancho Vegas

Show presented August 6 through August 19

The spell of "Black Magic" is being cast over the audiences of the Theatre Restaurant each night as the one and only BILLY DANIELS weaves his way in and out of his interpretations of all types of tunes, assisted by BENNY PANYE at the piano. Most people think of Billy as strictly a sexy ballad singer, but, believe you me, this man sings and sells any type of song. When he does "Yiddisher Mamma" you could hear a pin drop at forty paces. Then he may go into a rhythm tune that will rock the room to the rafters. Many singers attempt to imitate Billy Daniels in jest, but when he himself takes over,

(Continued on Page 29)

Wilbur Clark's DESERT INN

July 29 through August 18

The exciting Latin-American Revue "MARDI-GRAS IN RIO" which stars that Puerto - Rican Bombshell, DIOSA COSTELLO, only this lively little lady is more like a "BOMB" than a "bombSHELL"!! Miss Costello is in and out of the revue from beginning to end with her vibrant personality and explosive animations. Her lyrical discourse on how "Sam Levine Does the Rhumba" is a stand-out as well as is the "Peanut Vendor"; but a real highlight is when she does the excerpt from South Pacific, in which she did the part of Bloody Mary. With the assistance of the chorus of eight girls and four boys she sings the thrilling "Bali Ha'i" in original wardrobe. Very effective! DON REYNOLDS is the handsome and full-voiced high baritone who sings with her in this number and who earlier in the show takes his own solo spot to prove that he is a young man to watch for

(Continued on page 21)

LAST FRONTIER

Show presented August 8 to 22
(Not a review)

The Ramona Room presents a sparkling show starring HERB SHRINER, comedian - raconteur - philosopher and harmonica wizard, who is one of the country's foremost exponents of homespun tales. Herb comments on topics of the day and small town life rooted in actual experience gained while traveling the nation and from his native Indiana. He is acclaimed one of the finest humorists to reach the entertainment field since the late Will Rogers, and follows in his tradition of being able to poke fun at our national scene without malice and in good taste . . . The BEN YOST ROYAL GUARDS spe-

(Continued on Page 29)

Thunderbird

July 31 through August 27

The MILLS BROTHERS aren't just breaking all of their own records at the Thunderbird during this engagement, but all records set by anyone else up to the present time. "Four Boys and a Guitar" is the familiar billing by which they are known the world over and loved wherever they go, as they sing their recording hits and all time favorites. I believe the greatest secret to their success is the fact that they present their songs with simplicity, sincerity, humbleness, and more than any other, their own personalities and personal joy in singing seems to flow right off the stage and into the hearts of the audience. . . The PEIRO BROTHERS do a little of everything it seems! Hector begins by singing a fine old South-American tune, while Teddy accompanies him on a gadget known as a "bandonion" (looks like a square concertina) and I can't see how he knows which key to push next. They both juggle; at one point exchanging Indian clubs while tossing conical hats back and forth, catching them on their heads each time . . . impossible! Their bit

(Continued on Page 29)

SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

The "Silver Slipper Gaieties," a musical comedy extravaganza, is now going into its eighth big week! . . . The star of the show is KALANTAN, exotic dancer, whose "wavering rhythm" has her patrons' unwavering attention and admiration. . . Funnyman HANK HENRY is back with us once more with many new comedy skits. . . WOO WOO STEVENS and his banjo has his fans stomping and applauding throughout his entire act. . . ROBERTO, puppeteer extraordinaire, uses both small and life-sized dolls, and one of his little "artists" actually draws a picture. . . . ISABEL DWAN, reminiscent of Sophie Tucker, gives forth songs, comedy patter and surprises her audience with her nimble dancing, which for a performer of her size is completely unexpected. . . Singer JIMMY CAVANAUGH emcees the show and is also a perfect foil for comic Hank Henry. . . DOLLY DEE'S DANCING DOLLS are four D's who rate four A's in any show. . . . GEORGE REDMAN'S Orchestra plays for the show and your dancing pleasure. . .

El Cortez

July 31 through August 13

That funny femme, HELEN BOICE, is appearing nightly in the new Supper Club. Her fast chatter and "riskay" songs will keep you waiting on every word to get their double meanings. Helen is joviality personified from the time she walks on stage until she leaves and her timing while doing her material is terrific. However, she is so extemporaneous that you are never sure whether she is doing material or just talking. . . The SHOWTIMERS are one of the most bright and refreshing acts we've seen in some time; even performing in cramped quarters and with only a piano for accompaniment! They have youth and are loaded with talent. With all new material by Jeff Bailey and Roland Dugree; music by Arthur Segall and a few good breaks in the right direction, these kids should click their way right up the ladder. The SHOWTIMERS are made up of blonde DOLORES BOUCHE, with a Betty Hutton kisser and manner; LOREN WELCH, handsome, well trained singer; JOHNNY PERRI, for comedy bits; and all three sing, dance and act. The young man at the piano who is their musical director is PETE MATZ. . . Opening each show is the ALICE HALL QUARTET with some rapid fire music that gets everyone out on the edge of their

(Continued on Page 21)



AUGUST 7 THRU 20

HARRY RICHMAN

BETTY AND JANE KEAN

BILL CLIFFORD & HIS ORCH.

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THE GOURMET

. . . by DOMENIC

A METHOD of cooking as old as time and as new as television, is the use of an open fire or flame for roasting, frying, barbecuing, etc. As long ago as history recalls, when man became less animal and no longer desired raw meat, and for thousands of years hence food has been prepared in this way.

We've almost forgotten this ancient art but, fortunately, it's being revived and revised (i.e., the barbecue and chafing dish) to fit into our daily lives. 'Tis only our modern-time push-button improvements which have made us more and more unaware of the perfection of this method.

Don't be wary! We're not suggesting you gather sticks and leaves, start a fire in your back yard and stand over it holding a skewer thrust through a leg of lamb! But for anyone possessing two hands to stir, a normal sense of smell, and reasonably active taste buds, the mystery surrounding some delectable dish is easily dispelled.

The chafing dish, though rare in most homes, is by no means new to the gourmet, nor will it ever supplant your kitchen stove or patio barbecue. It will provide, however, an adequate means of preparing many wonderful, exciting dishes for you and your guests.

These are but two of the hundreds of dishes you may evolve before the raptured gaze of your hungry guests.

CHINESE CHICKEN

Rub the top pan of the chafing dish with a crushed clove of garlic, then place 2 tablespoons butter in it. Let melt over an open flame. Blend in 2 tablespoons flour slowly, plus 1 cup chicken stock. Keep stirring while mixture heats and thickens. Add a teaspoon soy sauce, ½ teaspoon paprika, salt and pepper to taste, and 2 cups cooked chicken. Arrange a layer of boiled rice over the top, cover, and after the whole has heated, serve at once.

And for dessert:

CHERRIES JUBILEE

In the top pan of the chafing dish over water jacket, place (until heated thoroughly) 2 cups canned, pitted cherries with their juice. Add 3 tablespoons brandy, and when heated ignite it. While still flaming, ladle the fruit over vanilla ice cream or sponge cake. Peaches may be used in the same manner.

Good health, good appetite!

Not all girls are interested in boys. Some are interested in men.

—Naval Air Gosport.

"Are you homesick?" her aunt asked a small girl, away overnight for the first time.

"No," the child sobbed, "I'm here sick."

—Naval Air Gosport.

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RENO!

BETTY AND JANE KEAN

Thanks to our many good friends in

Las Vegas for a great two weeks !

We hope to see you soon !

RANDOM THOUGHTS:

(Continued from page 7)

corn is served, your guardian angel is at your side. Sink your molars into it and chop away from side to side, imitating a typewriter. After munching on a few rows, allow the cob to slip from our grasp. If you practice at home, you can govern the direction of it, causing it to land in your hostess' gaping mouth. How delightful! . . .

Think you have enough with which to get started? If not, just drop me a line. There's no charge for this "professional" advice. . .

WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from page 11)

a lot of the local chefs and maitre d' of local nighteries going for an occasional night out. That should mean something to those of you who are in search of good food!! . . . Opening in the Buccaneer Bar of the EL CORTEZ next Thursday night will be the DICK BARR TRIO and the THREE COMMANDERS, who will furnish continuous music from 5 p.m. 'til 5 a.m. for the patrons of the room. Something tells me that the existing cocktail lounge is gonna be too small to accommodate the crowds one of these days. . . Didn't I say something last week about the late hour crowds beginning to build in the Gay Nineties Room of the Hotel Last Frontier? You can hardly get a seat between the hours of 1 a.m. and 4 a.m., most nights. A lot of this is due to the maneuverings of the STAR-KINGS!! . . . And speaking of jam sessions, everyone gets into the act at the JUNGLE CLUB since DORITA has taken over in the entertainment department. There are all kinds of Latin rhythm instruments lying around for anyone to play who might so choose. And what with BOBBY RAMOS' band and the Mardi Gras In Rio crowd, there are plenty of people who do care to play said instruments. Dorita plays the piano and the place goes wild. Our good friend JAY SALERNO is in town and was sitting in the last night I was in. . . In town for the week end and visiting GLORIA and DANNY STEIN were their very good friends from Chicago, Ill., SONNY MARCUS, his attractive wife and their two daughters, LYNN and KAREN. Mr. Marcus owns and operates the FIRST STATE PAWNERS in Chicago, the largest firm of its kind in the city. Wouldn't surprise me a bit if Glo and Danny don't wind up talking the Marcues' into moving out here. . . Here's another frequent visitor I ran into. Mrs. HENRY A. ARNOLD is in town staying with George Altman and family for a week or so. Mr. Arnold is in the metal awning and storm window business there in Salt Lake City where they NEED them. . . And that about winds up the session for this week, little kiddies. So until next week about this time this is your old story teller cuttin' his quackin' short, and there's nothing quite as soothing to anyone as a teller of stories with a shortened quack. . . so I'm told!! G'nite!

—JOHNNY

DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 18)

future stardom. . . The exciting Flamenco dancers are ROBERTO & ALICIA, who with much stomping and intricate heel clicking interpret the bull fight . . . This style of dancing, though quite difficult, is cleanly conveyed by this young couple. . . The comedy quota of the show is well filled by very versatile LOLO & LITA. Wearing ski-toed shoes, Lolo manages to dance up a storm; then does a bit of juggling; feverishly keeps six kitchen plates spinning at the same time and winds up by presenting the audience with all sorts of animals and various fowls made up of small balloons. . . This show marks another successful return for the dance trio of ANTHONY, ALLYN & HODGES. They begin as a smart and smooth adagio team and then things begin to happen!! The contortions the three of them contrive will keep you wondering what can happen next; and it'll happen!! . . . The man at the drums during the show is the young director of music for the show, JAMES NAVEIRA, who has one of the greatest show bands in the country with which to work, CARLTON HAYES and his ORCHESTRA. Well done!! Well done!! . . . The lovely ladies and the young men of the dancing ensemble present an attractive picture in their colorful costumes and lustrous black hair and they all DANCE! . . . At the Lady Luck Bar are the RIST BROS. and the DANNY CASSELLA ORCH with the CONTINENTALS in the Sky Room. . .

EL CORTEZ:

(Continued from page 17)

seats and ready for anything that might happen. Alice is the greatest female accordionist I've ever heard. I'll hate to see them leave! . . . Alternating with a distinctly different style of music are three fine musicians by the name of THE INSTRUMENTALISTS. These men play EVERYTHING! . . . Late listening at the Buccaneer Bar is in the hands of OLGA PEREZ. . .

bonnie best

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RENO BEAT . . .

by ART STEAGALL

MY SINCERE THANKS to Jack Cortez for his nice welcome in "That's for Sure" . . . however, it is always nice to call the boss' attention to his errors. It was really the ORIENTAL THEATER in CHICAGO that I was in charge of, Jack. No harm done, but maybe the boss man at the CHICAGO THEATER wouldn't like it . . . and, speaking of likes and such, we STEAGALLS are quickly falling in love with this country and all its friendly people!

AGVA: EDDIE CANTOR in town for a few days, hurrying to the SKYROOM at the RIVERSIDE. He was here in conjunction with the new movie on the life of WILL ROGERS . . . LEONARD SUES, conductor for the OLSEN & JOHNSON show, saying goodby to his lovely and talented bride of six weeks, MARTHA KING. He is off to CHICAGO to conduct for MILTON BERLE while at the CHEZ PAREE there. Martha goes on to HOLLYWOOD to look in at MGM . . . MARY MULLEN, one of the gorgeous MAPES SKYLETTES, became the bride of EARL BYERS of OAKLAND in a quiet wedding the past week-end—our best wishes to both . . . BOBBY BREEN forced to cancel out of his opening at the NEW GOLDEN because of a bad throat . . . JOHN GREGORY, from NY, a RENO stop-over last week on his way to an assignment at 20th CENTURY, spent several hours in a huddle with the FOUR ACES, working out new routines . . . BEATRICE KAY and SYLVAN GREEN at their ranch here for a few days after closing at the DEL MAR HOTEL. They go to COLORADO SPRINGS and then return to CAL-NEVA at LAKE TAHOE on August 20 . . . HARRY RICHMAN back from FLORIDA, opening at the RIVERSIDE Thursday . . .

CURRENT SHOWS: GOLDEN, Hoosier Hotshots, Bob Hopkins, and Curry, Byrd & Leroy . . . MAPES: The Marx Brothers (Chico and Harpo), Estelle Sloan . . . RIVERSIDE: Harry Richman.

PEOPLE: MERT WERTHEIMER, of the Riverside, off again for more fishing . . . JACK STREETER, Washoe County D. A., in and out of Washoe Medical Center with a bad back . . . It was good to see BILL STEAD in the MAPES again, almost fully recovered from his bad boat mishap . . . ANN CAMERON looking ever so lovely window-shopping on Virginia Street. Ann is one of the attractive Mapes Skylettes . . . MYLDRED CORDES, Reno rodeo queen, in town on a shopping spree, from the ranch of her parents, near Gardnerville.

NITE BEAT: Bad cloudburst and slides keeping many people in RENO last week . . . Don't miss ANNE MORRE at the Reno CAL-NEVA—she's only great . . . the late show at the GOLDEN always seem overbalanced—there are more showpeople in the audience than there are on stage, and what a receptive group they are!

SUDDEN THOUGHTS: Driving south on Virginia Street, your thoughts run along this line—"What makes RENO the Biggest Little City in the World?" After all, you have just driven under the arch that says so . . . You pass the many shops that offer so much to so many, the famed gaming rooms where so many people find fun and diversion each year, on past the Mapes and Riverside hotels, the beautiful inviting pool at the Riverside, you cross the Truckee River, now and then a little cloudy from all the heavy rains in the mountains but never too cloudy for boys, large and small, to cast a line in right in the heart df the city, many times pulling out a good sized trout. On south you pass the court house—oh, what tales those old stone walls could tell! They would tell you that more people by far are married there each year than are divorced. You see the Chamber of Commerce Building, where well trained, helpful workers find homes and housing for many hundreds of visitors each year, and on past "Auto Row"—all makes of cars, new and used, are offered to buyers in all price brackets. On past the markets, and super markets, the many fine motels, you see Airport Road that takes hundreds of visitors in and out of the city. Now you are leaving the city limits, but not the things that make RENO great! You drive out to the PALOMINO GUEST RANCH, a beautiful well-run home for many people away from their own home. You stop to say hello to the MILTON STEARNS, only to learn that they have some of their guests out for an evening of entertainment. You drive on to MOUNT ROSE ROAD, turn right and up to THE MESA. There, over a fine steak, you realize that what you have just seen are a few of the things and places that make RENO the BIGGEST LITTLE CITY IN THE WORLD.

Let's do this again next week—I'll try to take you to another section of our little city—perhaps then you'll agree! Thanx for reading.

ART STEAGALL.

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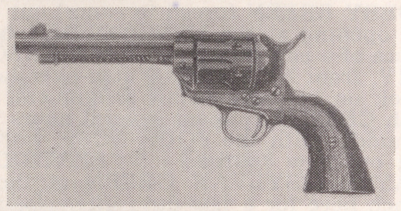

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POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from page 5)

Clark forfeited his $2,000 option payment. Railroad engineers got busy surveying water canals in Moapa Valley, where the Muddy River provided plenty of water. Everybody saw at once that Las Vegas had been fooled. Those who had camped in and around Las Vegas Ranch, pulled up stakes, loaded their belongings on burros and made the long, hot, dry trip to Moapa, so as to be there when the new town was opened.

Again something unforseen happened. Senator Clark through his agent again approached the Stewarts and opened the subject of buying the Las Vegas Ranch. Thinking that perhaps their former price of $65,000 for the ranch had been considered too high, the Stewarts offered to sell for $55,000. The offer was promptly accepted and the "sooners" retraced their weary steps back from Moapa to Las Vegas.

By this time McWilliams had his land all surveyed into lots and filed his subdivision as "Original Townsite of Las Vegas." This was annoying to the railroad people who were planning the "Original" townsite of Las Vegas as the name of their subdivision. However, McWilliams sold hundreds of lots at $50 each. A thriving town of shacks and tents sprang up, with half a dozen prosperous saloons and other business houses. So strong was sentiment in favor of McWilliams' subdivision that it was the general impression among those in Las Vegas that the railroad had been beaten — that the railroad townsite never would be able to compete with the big start that the "Original Townsite of Las Vegas" had.

The railroad, after several annoying postponements and delays, got around to holding its auction sale of lots in "Clark's Las Vegas Townsite" on May 15-16, 1905. The railroad brought in a few hundred people who bought lots. The evening of May 15, 1905, teams and wagons loaded with shacks and tents and merchandise and household goods were seeking the surveyors' stakes showing the locations of the lots they had bought at the auction. The activity was great along First Street in Blocks 1 and 16, and along Fremont Street between Main and Second, although there were really no streets, just surveyors' stakes in the desert.

In a few days there were several frame buildings housing saloons (in Block 16) and stores on Fremont, including the first little building of boards at First and Fremont, which housed First State Bank.

But McWilliamstown refused to give up. A theatre, "The Trocadero," quite pretentious for that time, was planned for McWilliamstown, to be completed about July 1. Other buildings were planned and those who had been in business there for several months still believed that McWilliamstown would be the real business center for Las Vegas.

During that long, hot, dusty, flybitten summer of 1905 there was rivalry between Clark's "Las Vegas Townsite" and McWilliams' "The Original Townsite of Las Vegas," which through the months had become more and more shabby until it had not the ambition to resent the appellation "Ragtown" applied to it by some of the scornful residents of Clark's Las Vegas Townsite. The end of what had been the real live Las Vegas came in the evening of Tuesday, September 5, 1905. Jim Brown, editor of the Las Vegas Times, wrote of it in his florid style:

"The Old Town is but a memory. It does not even bear today the significance of a deserted village.

"In its day it was a roisterer with all the vitality and spirit of a typical frontier Rag Town. Bustle, hustle, and jostle was its lot when it was in the heyday of its existence. All this is gone. It was—it is—a has-been. The ending of it was characteristic of its time, because it had fire, and fire consumed it. The cry went forth, 'The Old Town is burning up!'

"What excitement, what intensity of feeling it aroused. Pell mell they all rushed. With a crash and a roar, the flames with an intense luridity shot skyward. How grand the fierce fiend looked at his work! As it swept and blazed and rushed, it left in its trail destruction and ashes of what once had been the scene of vigor and life.

"It is but to relate, the Original Las Vegas has had its day. The demon fire gave it its finishing touches. Railroad street, the once busy mart, is but ashes. No hope that, Phoenix-like, it will rise again."

My old friend, Jim Brown, long since crossed the dark river. I hope he is able to look down and see the city of today, Westside, where Ragtown once was! What changes time has wrought!

What I am trying to say is that Mrs. McWilliams still lives in the lovely home her husband built for her many years ago and every summer we hear from "Our Lady of the Grapes."

Marc Wilkinson

PRINTER

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We wanted you to know what a most wonderful time you gave us at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS

THANKS!



THE MARY KAYE TRIO

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 9)

Farnow has need of half a dozen or more attractive "model" type young ladies—those interested, apply to him at the California Club.

STAN IRWIN, dynamic P.A.D.E.C.P. (Stan to unscramble) for the beautiful Hotel Sahara on the Strip, which will open any day now, has his million dollar smile permanently glued on. The reason being his lovely wife RUTHIE winged in from New York City to spend a week with him. She couldn't stand the long separations from her man Stan. Mrs. Irwin must return to Gotham, though, to sell their house and get rid of all their effects so that she and their son LANNIE can join him and make L. V. their permanent home.

"Devastating" DORITA was just the shot in the arm the JUNGLE CLUB needed to turn it from a hot-spot into a TORRID one. Her south-of-the-border music is packed with dynamite, and has attracted all the enthusiasts of the South American beat. The place really jumps when Dorita passes out the clavis — bongos — and maraccas to the guests, who accompany her as the mood strikes them, as she plays her exciting Latin-American rhythms. The tempo is so compelling, it's hard to sit still and DICK SHERIDAN and JIMMY BLAKE no longer walk—they rhumba and mambo through the place.

Happy belated birthday to lovely JEANNE BROWN, secretary to our accountant, C. P. A. DAVE MESSING. Jeanne celebrated her natal day last Saturday, August 2, with a party and presents galore.

Whenever we have a few minutes to spare when on the Strip, we like to drop into the Desert Galleries and browse among the objets d'art gathered there, and chat with JACK SCHWARTZ, one of the genial owners. Mr. Schwartz, a connoisseur of precious gems, showed us an amazing collection of the most exquisite jewels he's designed. He has a complete workshop in the back, where his artisans carry out his ideas in unusual jewelry. The impression we gathered is that there are bargains galore to be found at the Desert Galleries. Stop in and see 'em all for yourselves. You'll be amazed.

It's sure nice to see JOHNNY WHITE, maestro of the "88," playing at the Hotel El Rancho on the mini-stage in the bar every day from 3 to 9. Johnny was once with the famous BENNY GOODMAN band before deciding to settle down and call Las Vegas "home." But, look out, Gals—handsome Johnny is a happily married man, whose wife just presented him with a third edition to the family.

QUESTION OF THE WEEK: Lord deliver us from these: It seems to us that drunks, frustrated ham-bones and characters of that ilk always request ringside tables, and when obliged, very seldom watch the presentation, but usually put on a "show" of their own. They are loud, raucous, annoying to the entertainers, the patrons, and their only interest in the presentation is: HOW CLOSE CAN THEY GET TO THE STAGE AND THE SPOTLIGHT? When will maitre d's throughout the country ignore this obnoxious type of person and not seat him at the ringside? Still better—keep him out of the room entirely—BUT—that is wishful thinking. We notice that when the show is over this same drunk always grabs his date (victim) and rushes up on the stage first, to give an exhibition of how great his prowess is as a dancer. He pumps his arm and uses his partner as a battering ram to race around the floor—knocking everyone else aside without an apology for hats knocked awry and mashed toes. We reiterate: Lord deliver us from this type of fool! . . .

PEARL BAILEY, our own Pearlie Mae—Columnist who hasn't been "columning" lately, will wing into town to pick up her new 1952 Cadillac from BENNY GARTMAN, otherwise known as the Smiling Irishman. Pearlie will then drive like fury to get to Covington, Kentucky, by August 15, where she'll open at the Lookout House there. Say "hello" to our good friend GEORGE TODD, and tell him "long time no see" . . . By the way, congratulations to Benny Gartman are in order—his wife is infanticipating, and the little cherub is expected to make an appearance about Santa Claus time.

Belated birthday greetings to our very good friend ELI LUBIN, "21" dealer at BENNY BINION'S HORSESHOE CLUB, and popular man about town. Eli celebrated his natal day on August 1st, with a lavish party given for him by his many friends, at Lake Tahoe, where he was vacationing at the time. Sorry we missed it, fella', but accept our hearty good wishes for many more to come.

ASIDE TO JOE CANINO: Remember the wager with CLAUDE WILLIAMS that number four would be a boy? Well, we hear she arrived wearing pink booties. We just happened to see some very fine shirts in Christenson's Men's Wear and we know Claude wears a size 16. Wish we'd taken you up on that bet too—well—just our luck to only bet on a sure thing.

Being slightly indisposed last Satur-

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 27)

day, we called PERRY DI RIENZO, tonsorial artiste at the Hotel El Rancho, to come-ona our house and give us a much needed shave and hair cut. Perry approached the gate but wouldn't enter—and we went to the door when a voice shouted: "Jack—how do I get in?" We patiently explained how one unlatches the gate and walks up the path. "But the ferocious dogs?" You see, Perry had read our sign: KEEP GATE CLOSED, BEWARE OF DOGS, and he took it literally. We laughed to think of anyone being scared of Toni and Buster—two friendly Cocker Spaniels who won't even bite their own fleas. Our reason for posting the sign is so people will close the gates when they enter or leave so Toni and Buster won't be tempted to go walking together on the busy highway in front of the house. While Perry gave us a shave, we finally convinced him he didn't just have a "close-shave" with the "Hounds of the Baskerville" . . . Aside to PATTIE PHILLIPS, manicurist at Rienzo's tonsorial parlor—many happy returns of the day, August 11—we think your boss-man Perry is presenting you with a pair of brand new, genu-wine nickel plated nippers . . . and lest we forget, thanks a million, Perry. 'Twas a favor we'll always remember. . .

A happening that shouldn't: A popular artist who has appeared at one of our Strip hotels numerous times and who is much greater today through concert, public appearance tours and through the medium of TV, feels that now he's reached "the pinnacle." Because of this stupendous height, he's much above his many friends who gave him a helping hand on the way up that ladder of fame. Talk is rampant how he's outwardly snubbed people who were his close friends as recently as last year. Those who are in the know are the most disappointed of all. He should remember that reaching stardom is very difficult—BUT—once attained it is much more difficult to remain up there. We hope he'll come back to earth soon, before he slips and starts skidding—downward!

BILL KOZLOFF threw a very lavish surprise party at the Hotel Last Frontier for his lovely wife MAXINE, who celebrated her birthday August 4th. We're sorry we missed tasting the cake, and toasting your health and many more happy birthdays to come, Maxine, so please accept these belated but sincere wishes.

Always a truly delightful event, is dining at the Hotel Thunderbird. Maitre d' LOUIS SALDINO, under whose capable ministration one can relax and enjoy the finest of service, always has a genuine smile of welcome and can greet most of his customers by name. Beautiful head hostess PAT GALLAGHER, is more than just a lovely decoration—she anticipates her patrons' needs and always remembers their favorite drink and how they like their food served. And speaking of food, Chef JACK COLLINS, whose reputation is on the level with the best of them, can prepare almost any dish you can desire within a reasonable space of time.

EVELYN and ALLARD ROEN (he's an executive at the Desert Inn) celebrate their first wedding anniversary on August 8. It seems as though they took their vows but a few short months ago—tempus fugit. We wish this wonderful couple continued bliss and happiness for many, many years to come.

A hearty welcome home to JUDGE FRANK McNAMEE from his extensive European five-week vacation. Judge McNamee spent the summer touring the capitals of the continent, and visiting with many friends of note, whom he hasn't seen in quite a while. A truly great guy, whose smiling countenance was missed by one and all during his sojourn abroad, we can't wait to hear some of the fabulous stories and anecdotes he has to tell. Wish he'd write 'em out. We'd sure like to print them. What do you say, "Your Honor"?

DENNIS STEPHENSON, "our own" art editor of Fabulous Las Vegas Magazine, is one of the finest commercial artists on the west coast. Not only are his layouts and posters greatly admired, but his murals are excellent in every respect. Dennis celebrates his birthday August 13, and two days later is the natal day of his foster son, JOE, who is in the armed forces and stationed in Japan. Dennis' lovely wife, LIBBY, bingo checker at the Las Vegas Club, anxiously awaits her son's return, so that the family can be united once again. Although they are half a world apart, we add our good wishes that next year will find the three of them together again.

It was with heartfelt sorrow that we

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FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 18)

with little or no regard for his own life and limb, PETER JAMES; The WAYNE - MARLIN TRIO, two young men and a blonde (body by Fisher) who display unbelievable muscular control; pretty RUTH FOSTER with the rhythmic pedal digits performing rapid precision taps; DICK MORGAN, BILL KING, JOE SIRACUSA, DICK GARDNER, THE SLICKERETTES, BERNIE JONES, ROGER DONLEY, PAUL LEU, BILL DEPEW, JOE COLVIN, FRANKIE LITTLE, and many more, too numerous to mention in these spaces . . . FORTY-FOUR in all!! . . . Needless to say, if you've ever witnessed a SPIKE JONES SHOW you are well aware of the fact that you have an evening's entertainment in store for you when you see this new 1952 Revue!

LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from Page 18)

cialize in stirring songs that ring the bell with fine voices, great showmanship and excellent choral effects . . . THE NITA BIEBER DANCERS run the gamut from the tempestuous violence of the Cuban dance to the delicate rites of the far east . . . The DEVLYN DANCERS open the show with a fencing number to introduce the Royal Guards and close with a "barn dance," both of which feature the adept dancing of JIMMY SISCO . . . BOBBY RAMOS and his ORCHESTRA capably play the show and will delight you with dance music in Latin-American tempo. . .

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 28)

read the telegram from CISSY GREENE, informing us of the passing of her beloved husband JACKIE GREENE, on August 2. It was but a month ago that we informed many of his friends through this column that Jackie had cancer of the bone. This clever little guy will be a big loss to show business, and his passing will leave a spot that's hard to fill. Billy Gray of the Band Box in Hollywood had planned a benefit for his dear friend. Although in his early thirties, Jackie had been in show business for 24 years, having started at the age of 11. He was a hard worker and his wonderful talent for mimicry, plus his gift of making people laugh, made him successful early in his career. He was a devoted son, and bought his Mom and Dad a delicatessen in New York. We know the whole show world mourns, as do we, the passing of Jackie Greene.

The MARY KAYE TRIO can be justly proud of the sensational job they did at the Hotel El Rancho. It was just two short years ago that this talented group of artists appeared at the Gay Nineties Bar in the Hotel Last Frontier in an impromptu show. At that time we predicted their meteoric rise to stardom—which they did when they returned here as headliners.

Cancer strikes one person out of every five. But YOU can strike BACK by giving only a small part of your earnings to help conquer it. The money you give to the YEAR-ROUND Cancer Crusade is the only means of continuing research, education and service involving its treatment. Your contribution will allow scientists greater scope in their research, so that one day it WON'T be "one out of five" people who find themselves victim of this merciless disease. There are Cancer Crusade boxes conveniently placed everywhere — DON'T ignore these boxes. Their contents will save many lives—and that's for sure.

EL RANCHO VEGAS:

(Continued from Page 18)

you're on **his** side. . . The El Rancho patrons are in for a big treat with JOHN and JUNE BELMONT, individual dancing personalities. According to the releases we've read and the raves we've heard, these outstanding dancers are tops in their field and we know their Las Vegas debut will add fresh laurels to those they've arleady achieved. . . BILL SKIPPER and JOY WALKER, delightfully refreshing young team featured in the production numbers, are backed by a new line of exceptionally beautiful girls. . . TED FIO RITO and his ORCHESTRA capably play for the show and for your dancing pleasure. . .

THUNDERBIRD:

(Continued from Page 19)

with wooden bricks is great! They've also added a bit of chatter to their act since last appearance. . . Held over by popular demand is comedian JAY MARSHALL who, in all seriousness, and in strict military manner, field strips, gives the nomenclature of, reassembles, and points out the many uses of a new secret weapon. . . an ordinary hand mop! . . . Many of you are familiar with Jay's little friend, "Lefty"; in this show he introduces "Righty" and proceeds to do a bit of ventriloquism between himself and his TWO pseudo rabbit friends! . . . The famous and versatile KATHRYN DUFFY DANSATIONS present three well-done productions in this show which features the dancing of CHRISTINA CARSON; the voices of DONNA PHILLIPS and JOHNNY O'BRIEN (your genial emcee), and the NORMANDIE BOYS. . .

THE WATCHBIRD:

(Continued from page 13)

bit of "21" en route east from attending the TONI CARROLL-DAVE WOLPER nuptials in Hollywood. Pepy's comment on the game: "Wouldn't you know I'd sit next to a guy who drew to a 20. From now on I'm only making mind bets—so all I'll lose is my mind." . . . Mr. and Mrs. JOE CANINO'S fourth child turned out to be an "heiress." Now everyone's happy, especially their three handsome sons. . . . ABE SCHILLER'S back from Havana, where he bought the Sans Souci Revue, which will play at the Flamingo for four weeks around the end of October . . . and MAXINE LEWIS is back from Chicago, where she bought a flock of new fall clothes to wear as soon as the temperature stops boiling over . . .

WHERE AND WHEN: Two Jacks on the same bill, with plenty of talent. JACK CARSON and JACQUELINE FONTANE opened at the Stateline in Tahoe August 4 for a two week stint. . . . In case you givadamb, JANE RUSSELL will "cover" SEE MAGAZINE's 10th anniversary edition in November. . . . JAY SALERNO, wonder boy on the bongo drums, is back from Miami's shores and is now a host at Domenic's Restaurant. . . . APRIL STEVENS, lovely songstress, will bow into the Ramona Room at the Last Frontier on September 5 . . . TED FIO RITO, music maestro at the El Rancho, has signed an exclusive management contract with the Lew and Leslie Grade Agency . . .

GEORGE JESSEL, who is forming his own independent film company, will make a musical extravaganza starring JIMMY DURANTE. It will be entitled "Rip Van Winkle Jr." and Jimmy will play the dual role of himself dreaming he is Rip. Jessel is negotiating with Met Opera soprano HELEN TRAUBEL to play Mrs. Rip. . . . When asked why he's been making so many appearances on television, BOB WELCH, BOB HOPE'S producer for "Son of Paleface," said: "My appearances on T.V. accomplishes one thing—they frighten viewers back into the movie theaters!" . . . GINGER ROGERS is not in Europe as the papers say; she's in Chicago doing loops with JIM KIMBERLY, Cellulose exec. . . . ARLENE DAHL has been signed for a new edition of the famous Ziegfeld Follies" on Broadway, so the word goes. So what's LEX gonna do? . . . When ETHEL BARRYMORE was asked why she never went to see herself in pictures, she said: "Why should I go to see myself on the screen? I've never seen myself on the stage." . . . Oh, well!

ONE FOR THE ROAD: The Arden-Fletcher Adorables at the Chez Paree in Chicago look as though they bet on a long shot that came in. Six of the nine girls are sporting new mink stoles. LYNETTE BROWN prefers silver-blu, ABBA SMITH likes hers champagne colored, to match her taste in beverages, MARION SCOTT says natural wild mink is most suitable to her coloring, and LISA ROSE is devastating in the fabulous black-diamond shade. Ye gads, Lady Michael, you're in the wrong town! . . . and, incidentally, tah everso to Ann Penington, Rose and Eva Tanguay Brown for that portrait of yourselves when you were just getting started in show business. It's amazing! You never seem to change . . .

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