Jack Cortez

January 17, 1953

Fabulous LAS VEGAS Magazine

How Sweet It Is!

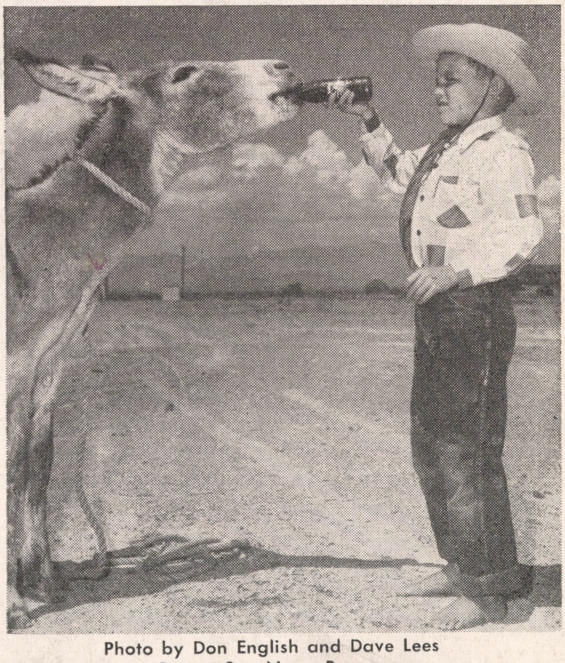


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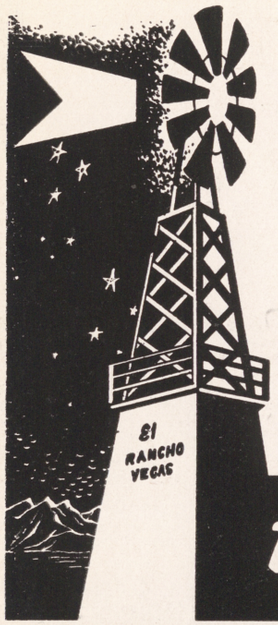
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JANUARY 17, 1953
PUBLISHED WEEKLY VOL. 4, NO. 41

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RANDOM THOUGHTS by B. B. BARTON
THAT'S FOR SURE by JACK CORTEZ
WHAT'S DOIN' by JOHNNY UHLMAN
WATCHBIRD by LADY MICHAEL
RENO BEAT by ART STEAGALL
★ SHOW REVIEWS ★
HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES by MARTIN LEWIS

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HIGH SPOTS

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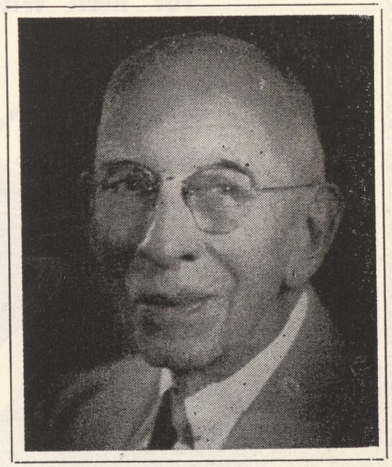
PIONEER CLUB—First and Fremont. Phone 583. Displaying 62-foot giant sign of Vegas Vic.

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

FREMONT'S TRAIL



ONE of the great exploration parties of all history, I think, was that headed by Gen. John C. Fremont and 39 men, which left the little town of "Kansas" near the junction of the Kansas and Missouri Rivers on the morning of May 29, 1843. They had the rather extensive field comprising all the vast unknown country between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast in which to amble around and about which they would inform the United States government. And they pretty well covered the assignment.

The camp equipage and equipment was carried at first by 12 carts, each drawn by two mules, and a light covered wagon in which to carry more safely their instruments. Later the carts were discarded and the entire outfit carried on pack animals. They were not looking for any particular place and had never heard of Las Vegas, but they found it nevertheless and Fremont, so far as I know, was the first to leave a definite record of the place in which we moderns are so proud to live.

The general route of the expedition was through the Rocky Mountains somewhere in the vicinity of Pike's Peak. On July 23 the party was joined by that famous scout, Kit Carson, who accompanied the expedition on all the remaining portion of the journey.

On September 6 they first saw Great Salt Lake and on the 9th Fremont and Carson made a dangerous voyage in a little rubber boat to an island in the lake.

From Great Salt Lake they made their way westward via Fort Hall and American Falls to the Columbia River, which they followed down to The Dalles. where they camped November 18. On November 25 their company was delighted when informed by Fremont they were about to start for home. But it required months of privation and suffering to cover the route he had selected. They did not know it, but they were going home via Las Vegas.

They started southward, down through the northwestern portion of what now is Nevada, past Pyramid Lake and up the Truckee River to where Reno now is, thence, after terrible hardship and several futile attempts, crossed the Sierras by way of what is now called Carson Pass and finally reached Fort Sutter, now Sacramento.

After resting a while at Sacramento, the party resumed their travels, going down the Sacramento River to the San Joaquin, thence up the San Joaquin past the present sites of Fresno, Bakersfield, Tulare, over Tehachapi Pass, on to the vast Mohaje Desert. When they reached a point near the northern end of Cajon Pass, they discovered the old Spanish Trail and joyfully turned northward, because they realized that old trail would at last take them toward home.

Last Sunday we took a little trip, following the recently improved highway which leaves Highway 91 about 10 miles south of Vegas, crosses the railroad a short distance north of Arden and runs thence westerly near the location of the old Potosi Mine Road, to the pass where the improved portion of the highway ends near Mountain Spring.

The new highway is an excellently engineered and constructed job and will be continued from the summit (about 5500 feet altitude) on into Pahrump Valley and ultimately to and through Death Valley. Near the summit are several handsome cottages, one owned by Paul Warner, one by Sid Martin and four or five others, either completed or in course of construction. There is also a small motel and bar. It is a delightful country and has historic interest, because there, on the evening of May 1, 1844, Fremont, Kit Carson and their followers camped. As usual, Fremont wrote a complete

(Continued on Page 33)

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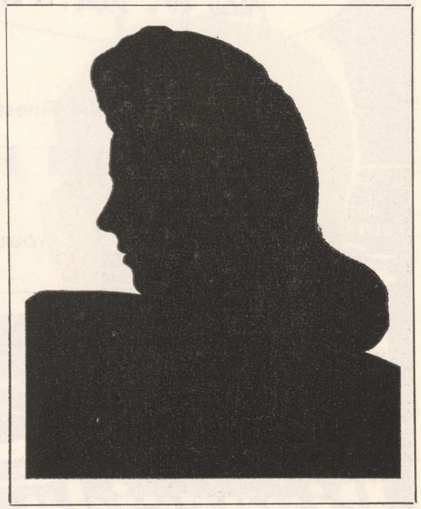
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RANDOM THOUGHTS

. . . By B. B. BARTON

POTPOURRI



HI! SURE hope you're in the mood for a few interesting yarns 'cause that's what we're going to talk about today. I could spend hours on end, just exchanging interesting anecdotes with a group of friends. If you're in the same category, just lend an ear.

Breathes there a person in this world who doesn't doodle while speaking on the phone, listening to the radio, or just waiting for another? The habit proves to offer a degree of relaxation to most folks—but—there's one chap who will regret the practice as long as his memory is active.

Seems this fellow went to Reno, Nev., a town where you can toss a pair of cubes or play any one of a number of games of chance, without having a lookout on the job, to warn of approaching lawmen. Like so many other enthusiastic sportsmen, our friend had what he thought was the infallible system; the system that would bankrupt any gaming palace he chose. Armed with his plan, an overabundance of self-confidence and a small amount of cash, the dreamer entered a well-known establishment.

With the cocky assurance of a pathfinder, he sat himself down at a table and applied his system to the roulette wheel. Well, Fate must have been in a sour frame of mind and it wasn't long before the meagre funds were dissipated. He managed to obtain more money by sending telegrams home to the folks but even that source was limited.

Instead of realizing that further course of action would have the same sad results, the deluded individual decided he could get money at the Western Union office, without benefit of an incoming money order. He entered the busy office (seems a lot of people receive money orders in that particular town) and waited until there was no one present except the clerk and himself.

Throughout his patient wait for the proper moment, the gaming-crazed gentleman pretended to be composing a telegram. Well, sir, when he saw his opportunity, he convinced the clerk to hand over a nice, big wad of money. However, his joy was terribly short-lived. Within an hour, detectives arrested the culprit in his own home, just as he had finished counting his "loot." Now, I don't know how efficient the police are but such quick results are nothing short of miraculous. There was no mystery attached to this arrest. The poor fool doodled, while he waited for the office to empty of customers. In his scribbling, he unconsciously wrote down his name and address on the pad. How easy could he have made it for the local gendarmes?

Many are the fascinating occurrences that materialize within the walls of buildings that are set off by green globes. Someday, I hope a police station will rid me of my frustrated desire to sit in on some of the sessions that occur before the desk and also behind the scenes.

Out on the island (Long Island, N. Y.), there is one police force that encountered an unforgettable experience. A strapping young fellow applied for a job with the force in one of the towns. Routine called for fingerprinting among other things. The lad was constructed like an Adonis and his constitution was equally commendable.

But, alas and alack, when the FBI sent in its report, the police department discovered its potential addition was wanted in a western state for passing bogus checks. Guess this poor boy was sort of tired of being sought and decided to join the hunters, just for a change of pace.

Speaking of fingerprints, two doctors

(Continued on page 31)



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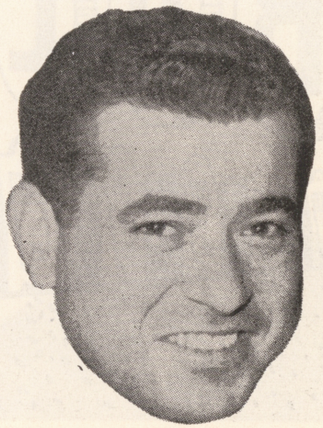
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THAT'S FOR SURE . . . by JACK CORTEZ



IT IS always most disheartening to learn of a friend's illness, especially if that person has always been very active. We were sorry to learn that BERNIE GROSS, one of our popular localites, has been hospitalized at the Southern Memorial Hospital. The lovely young lady was last employed as a cocktail waitress at the SANDS HOTEL. Her former co-workers have taken a collection for her, hoping to alleviate the financial angle of her present condition. There is an attempt being made to have Bernie moved to the City of Hope in Los Angeles. For as long as she has been in our fabulous town, Mrs. Gross has worked in various hotels and clubs. As a result, she has acquired a great amount of friends and is loved and admired by all. We have a hunch the person who will miss her the most while she is receiving medical attention is her daughter TWO. Get well soon, will you, B. G.?

Well, looks like the HOTEL SAHARA has set another record. A great deal of the credit goes to LAURITZ MELCHIOR. During his closing show at that bistro, Mr. Melchior performed to 675 people. It was a most memorable sight to witness, with people standing and crowding each other in order to enjoy the presentation of the outstanding star and his company. PHIL RIZZO, President of the LAS VEGAS OPERA ASSOCIATION, was on hand to present MILTON PRELL with a scroll, in appreciation of his providing our town with such a talented aggregation of singers and beautiful music. It will be a long time before another performer comes along to shatter this attendance record.

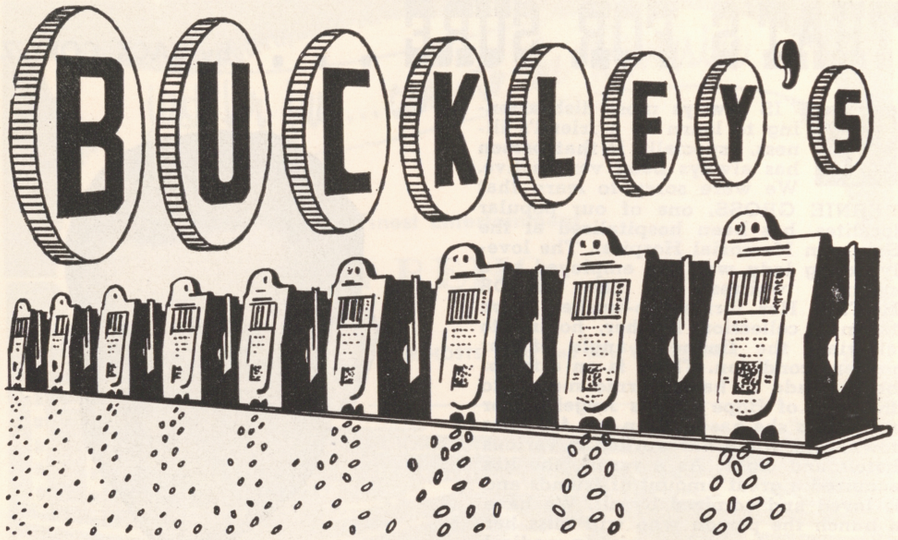
Seems that bad news comes in huge chunks. We also learned that SHERIFF GLENN JONES is quite concerned with the welfare of his wife, ORLEAN, who is in a Los Angeles hospital. As soon as Mrs. J. is strong enough, DR. JOHN JONES (no relation) will operate on her. He is the amazing physician who performed that startling heart operation on a network television show. (Dr. Jones is the brother of C. J. JONES. Casino Manager at WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN.)

A few issues back, our LADY MICHAEL ran an item in her column about JAKE KOZLOFF (of the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER), in which she wondered how the busy executive found time for sleep, after undertaking so many extra tasks. Well, feeling the necessity for answering the gal's query, we did a bit of investigating. Most of us require a bed in which to get our vital rest and sleep. Not Mr. Kozloff. The eminent gentleman manages to indulge in a routine that slightly resembles Yogi-ism. Whenever he discovers he has a few minutes in his busy schedule, he just sits down in his office chair, relaxes completely and snoozes for five or 10 minutes. When he awakens, you'd swear he had slept for eight hours. How we wish we could do the same thing. Some people are just born lucky, we guess!

If you happen to walk into the FLAMINGO HOTEL while TORRIS BRAND'S orchestra is playing some dance music, you might take a second look at the drummer and wonder who it is who looks so much like MICKEY ROONEY. Well, it isn't a twin—it's Mickey, himself. The lad loves to play the drums and sits in on as many dance sessions as he can. When that happens, everyone has a good time.

Our sincere condolences to SADIE ZEMANSKY, whose husband JOE passed away in Reno, January 10. Not too long ago the couple celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary. Mr. Zemansky was very well known in sports circles. At one time he owned the FORTUNE CLUB in Reno and was one of the men who originally introduced gaming to Caliente, Mexico. After her birthday celebration at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, SOPHIE TUCKER motored to the northern city to pay

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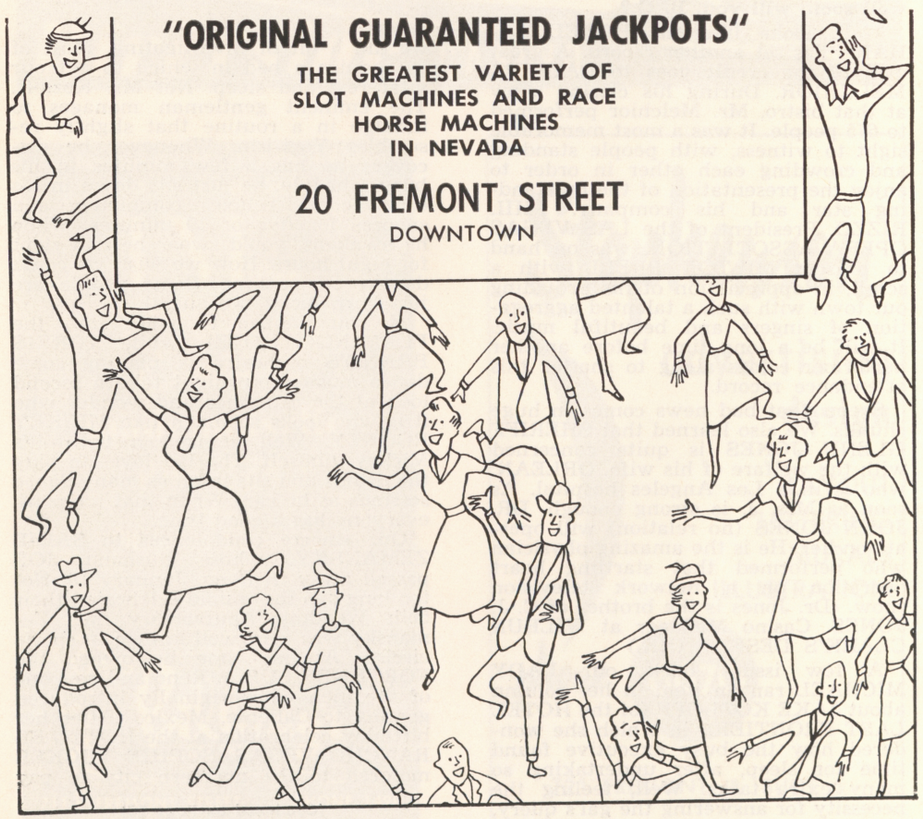


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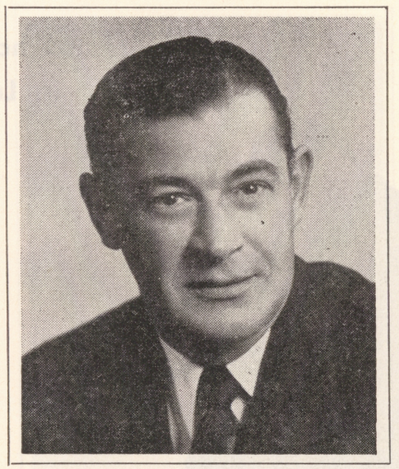
DOWNTOWN



RENO BEAT . . .

by ART STEAGALL

TELEVISION returned to Reno this past week, this time at the MAPES HOTEL, where a very unique experiment, and only an experiment, was conducted. The Hoffman TV Manufacturing Company set up a miniature TV camera in the SKYROOM, picked up the regular show and sent it eight floors below, where it was seen on several TV sets placed around the main floor bar and Casino. The picture was brilliant and the sound quality good.

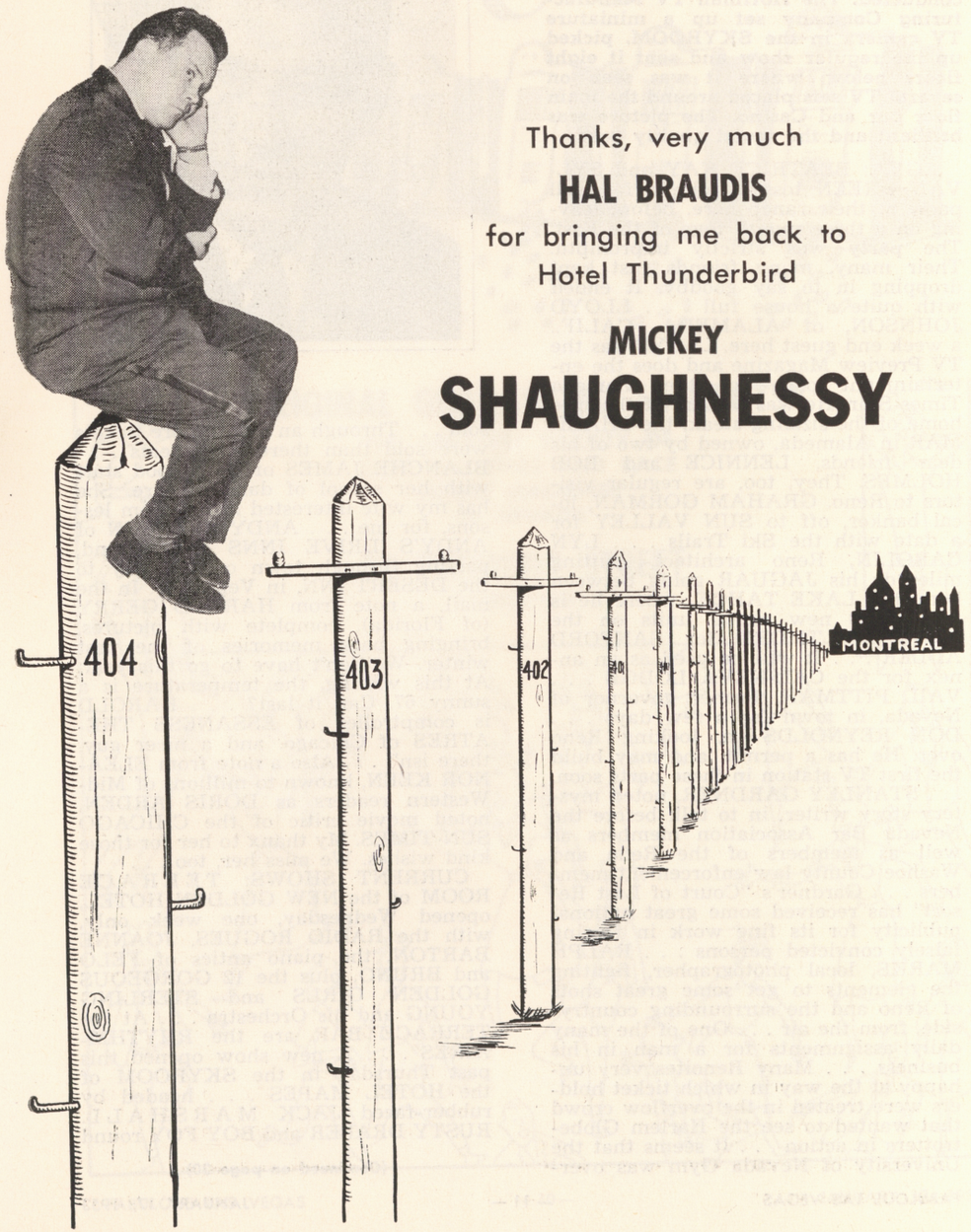


AGVA: BEATRICE KAY and SYLVAN GREEN tossed quite a farewell party at their ranch here, before leaving on a three month tour of the East. The party was strictly impromptu. Their many, many friends just kept dropping in to say goodby. It ended with quite a house full . . . LLOYD JOHNSON, of ALAMEDA, CALIF.. a week end guest here. LLOYD has the TV Preview Magazine and does the entertainment page for the Alameda Times-Star. He was talking of the true home of the sizzling steak, the SHALIMAR in Alameda, owned by two of his dear friends, LENNICE and BOB HOLMES. They, too, are regular visitors to Reno. GRAHAM GORMAN, local banker, off to SUN VALLEY for a date with the Ski Trails . . . LYN CAROLIN, Reno architect, putting miles on his JAGUAR going between here and LAKE TAHOE, where he is putting 60 new rental units on the TAHOE-BILTMORE for SANFORD ADLER . . . It will be used as an annex for the CAL-NEVA LODGE . . . VAIL PITTMAN, former governor of Nevada, in town for a few days . . . DON REYNOLDS in, looking Reno over. He has a permit, and may build the first TV station in these parts soon. . . . STANLEY GARDNER, noted mystery story writer, in to talk before the Nevada Bar Association members as well as members of the Reno and Washoe County law enforcement members . . . Gardner's "Court of Last Resort" has received some great national publicity for its fine work in freeing falsely convicted persons . . . RALPH MARKS, local photographer, fighting the elements to get some great shots of Reno and the surrounding countryside, from the air . . . One of the many daily assignments for a man in his business . . . Many Renoites very unhappy at the way in which ticket holders were treated in the overflow crowd that wanted to see the Harlem Globetrotters in action . . . It seems that the University of Nevada Gym was oversold . . . Through an error, more tickets were sold than there were seats . . . BLANCHE JAMES off to a good start with her school of dancing here. She has my wife interested in ballroom lessons, for me . . . ANDY SVENSON of ANDY'S DRIVE INNS in Oakland, passing through town on his way to the DESERT INN, in Vegas . . . In the mail, a note from HAROLD GERRY (of Florida), complete with pictures, bringing back memories of the past winter. We don't have to go this year. At this writing, the temperature is a sunny 67. Can it last? . . . HAROLD is comptroller of ESSANESS THEATRES of Chicago. and a nicer guy, there isn't . . . Also a note from ELEANOR KEEN, known to millions of Mid-Western readers as DORIS ARDEN, noted movie critic of the CHICAGO SUN-TIMES. My thanx to her for those kind wishes. We miss her, too . . .

CURRENT SHOWS: TERRACE ROOM of the NEW GOLDEN HOTEL, opened Wednesday, one week only, with the RADIO ROGUES, JOANNE BARTON, the piano antics of FELO and BRUNO, plus the 12 GORGEOUS GOLDEN GIRLS and STERLING YOUNG and his Orchestra . . . At the TERRACE BAR are the RHYTHMAIRES . . . A new show opened this past Thursday in the SKYROOM of the HOTEL MAPES . . . headed by rubber-faced JACK MARSHALL. RUSTY DRAPER and BOY FOY round

(Continued on page 30)

This happened to
the guy in Montreal
and
it also happened to me
in Las Vegas!

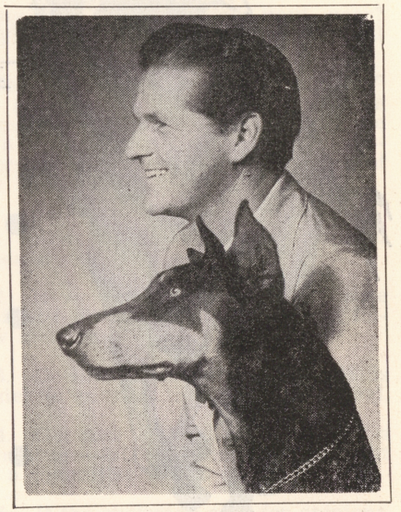


Thanks, very much
HAL BRAUDIS
for bringing me back to
Hotel Thunderbird

MICKEY
SHAUGHNESSY

WHAT'S DOIN'?

. . . with JOHNNY UHLMAN



THIS IS another one of those times when I just can't seem to get started writing anything for my column. If you'll remember, I've had this trouble before! How I envy that dog of mine. You see how alert she looks in the picture? Means nothing! Here I'm racking my feeble brain for some sort of sharp material to write, that you would find interesting, and she's flaked out on the floor in front of the heater sound asleep. Should the heater prove a little too warm at some time, she moves over into her bed. ME? I'm sittin' here at this faschtoonkin' typewriter, eatin' NoDoz tablets by the minute! . . . By the MINUTE? I've been messin' around here for the last hour and a half or more. Maybe if I keep talking I'll come up with something worth your reading!

One thing I must mention; and offer an apology . . . once again! I'm to blame for the wind and rain storm this past week; and we were having such wonderful weather there for a while. I felt like a heel the whole time I was having my car washed 'cause I knew what was going to happen the very next day. Washed my car Monday . . . rained Tuesday! I'm beginning to get queries through the mail from local garden planters and small truck farmers regarding this. They want to know if they should go ahead and irrigate, or am I going to wash my car! It looks as though I'm going to have to leave Lavender Lou looking as though we'd just driven in from Oklahoma so that I can hold my head up among my friends. I'm being pointed out to tourists as "juicy weather Johnny"! Word has also gotten to me that every time I wash the car, the department stores get a run on raincoats and rubber boots! . . . Are you listening to any of this? Moreover, do you BELIEVE any of it? I told you in the beginning that I didn't have anything to write about, and by now I should have you convinced! However, I do have a few items to mention and I'd better get on to them. Stick with me if you will.

"Cold, hard-hearted and 'dog eat dog'" seems to be the opinion of the poor unenlightened masses of the country, regarding our town. However, I know of no place that gives more readily, and unselfishly, to help someone who is deserving . . . and in need. At the moment I am thinking of the folks at the Sands who chipped in to form a sizeable fund to give to one of their cocktail girls who became quite ill. At present she is in a local hospital but we are hoping that she will be able to gain entrance to the wonderful CITY OF HOPE FOUNDATION at Duarte, Calif. Sometimes we stop and wonder why it has to be that so many **good** people get bad breaks. Then we are reminded that Providence sometimes works in strange ways to accomplish a proper ending. Her many friends hold nothing but good thoughts and best wishes for her well being . . . BERNIE GROSS.

Just sit tight in Las Vegas and you'll meet people that you haven't seen for years. This town is really becoming **the** crossroads of the country! . . . Was in for a chat with an old school chum of mine at the newly named DOWNTOWN LIQUOR STORE (used to be Thrifty), when in walked a fellow by the name of HOWARD RUPPERT, whom I hadn't seen in 20 years. We graduated together from high school. He'd heard that JOHNNY FUNK had the store but didn't expect to find me there. We cut up touches by the ton! If you think the high school kids of today are a bunch of rowdies, just try sitting down and remembering a few of the things **you** did when **you** were a kid! Ahem! . . . Along with changing the name of their store, Johnny and Earl have changed their policy a bit, too. They have taken out the beer bar and are going to

(Continued on Page 29)



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THE ALLEY CAT . . . By MAXINE McMICHAEL

I WONDER how many of us are guilty of thinking that rules are made for others, not for us, personally? . . . We, in the sport of bowling have so many rules to remember. First and foremost are the rules and by-laws set up by the Woman's International Bowling Congress (W.I.B.C.). These rules supersede all others made by the City or State Associations or those made by the leagues themselves.

One rule the W.I.B.C. does stress is the Golden Rule. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." I wonder how many of us give much though to this rule? If we stop a moment to do some thinking, we can all realize how difficult this rule is to uphold. So many things come to mind as you think. Do we talk maliciously about a fellow bowler when she can't defend himself? Are we always courteous to others? When a bowler is set for delivering her ball, do we scream or use other methods to distract her? Do we always delay a game by running around all over the place and not being in the pit when it is our turn to bowl? Do we constantly find fault with others and overlook the faults in ourselves? These thoughts could go on and on. Are YOU guilty of breaking the "Golden Rule"?

Also the State and City Associations have certain by-laws that one must try to learn, without thinking that a City rule is a State rule and vice versa.

Each individual league also has a set of rules. One league does not necessarily have the same rules that another has. If you bowl in four or five leagues, these rules could really be confusing. Wonder why a group of girls couldn't draft a set of rules that would be applicable to the majority of the leagues and therefore do away with so many different ones?

A few years back, one rules committee spent a lot of time, thought, and trouble into drafting a set of rules for a league and when the rules were voted on and passed by the majority of the girls, a few girls just had to find all sorts of things wrong with them. I guess that is to be expected though since you can't please everyone all the time. So many of the rules that were worked on so tediously had to be discarded because a few of the bowlers felt that the rules did not embrace them.

It is still the same this season. How many will be discarded next year? Maybe rules are made to be broken!

The following "Ten Commandments" are good things to think about. These commandments (slightly revised) are by a Milwaukee Realtor and were published in the December 1950 issues of the Hotel Journal.

1. Always have something to do when a meeting is called.

2. If you attend a meeting, be sure to find fault with the officials and fellow members.

3. Decline to hold office as it is easier to criticize than to be criticized.

4. Get sore if you are not put on a committee—BUT—when you are put on a committee fail to serve.

5. If the chairman asks for opinions, by all means keep silent—but later tell others what should have been done.

6. When a few fellow members roll up their sleeves to help things along, always preach that a clique is running the organization.

7. Stick to telling what you have done in the past for the organization, never look to the future.

8. Be sure to get a few members behind you to keep discord in the organization. A few "yes" men always help.

9. Never bother about assisting new members—"Let George Do It."

10. Be sure to refuse to cooperate or help anyone you dislike—especially if cooperation will benefit the organization.

Members of the Las Vegas Woman's Bowling Association, these are good things to bear in mind but DON'T LET IT HAPPEN TO US.

Our organization is a good one but, as in all others, there is some discord. This can be overcome if we all pull together to make our Association stronger and more united instead of trying to tear it down.

Remember, girls, UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL.

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STOCK FOR

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NEW STOCK — NEW FIXTURES ARRIVING
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WE NEED THE ROOM

A SALE OF FINE

MEN'S WEAR

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Wes' Bond Street Clothiers
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OPEN FROM 9:30 TO 6:00 P. M.

THE WATCHBIRD

. . . by LADY MICHAEL
(Michael Neale)

WE WERE just about to put away our pancake and pack our eyelashes in mothballs since our seventh retirement from the Desert Inn, but held them over for a few more days in order to blink out from under them in our usual myopic fashion on the runway at the BETTY BOYLE-LEO RITTER style show. Everything shown was so beautiful we'd like one of each, and after wearing Topaz, Jasmine, Cerulean and Lutetia mink, we can't seem to go back to our plain old everyday last years mink. To quote Mr. Ritter: "The fur coat and wrap are part of the invest-in-the-best trend which are both a necessity and a luxury in the average woman's wardrobe today." Them's precisely our sentiments, Mr. Ritter, especially about the necessity, but so far Topaz, Jasmine, Cerulean and Lutetia have all turned a pretty deaf ear. (sigh)



Now then . . . not a review, merely a rave. Such gowns, such arrangements, such a figure, such gestures and facial expressions, such lush lyrics, such a hush from the audience, such style, such singing. Of course LENA HORNE. Who else? We ran the gamut of emotions and perhaps invented a few. Her newest "I Love to Love" had them standing and cheering, but our perennial favorite "Beale Street" had us walking the ceiling. We asked Lena about her European tour and she told us she was never more thrilled than the way she was received by the Swedish people. When she arrived at her hotel in Malmo there was a huge American flag flying in front of the hotel. She had been following Margaret Truman's tour of that country and assumed that the flag was in her honor. When she entered the lobby to register she was handed a smaller flag of embroidered silk. Lena was deeply touched. She thanked them for the tiny flag and remarked that the large one must be in Miss Truman's honor. "No," they beamed, "It is in your honor Miss Horne and shall fly every day that you are in residence." . . .

LOCAL BRIEFS: El Rancho publicity gal TRICIA HURST and brand new hubby BOB SANDBACH will honeymoon in New York for a month . . . RAY SINATRA'S happiest surprise was the surprise visit of his two handsome sons . . . Delighted to see that our neighbor DR. ROBERT GATEWOOD is well again after his recent operation and is enjoying a rest at home before getting back to work . . . We had a very gracious "hello" from BURT LANCASTER, who never seems to get too important to speak to little people. "Come back little Burtie," real soon . . . And a brief and veddy intellectual nod from LEO DUROCHER . . . DONN ARDEN and RON FLETCHER flew in from Hollywood for a much needed rest . . . JUDGE BEJOSA is off to Cairo by autogyro for eleven weeks . . . Mr. and Mrs. MARK C. BLOOM spent the weekend at the Sands . . . So did PATSY FLICK . . . DOROTHY BEALE could only manage one day . . . MACK GORDON, who came down for the express purpose of resting his skinny body, spent most of his time writing a song entitled "So What Have You Done for Me Lately?" . . . JAKIE FREEDMAN, who made the expression "from Maine to Spain" famous, has now made Las Vegas famous from Main to Spain . . . The Desert Inn Ice Capades, which introduced skating shows to Las Vegas is one "Cool" show that received very warm applause . . .

WHERE AND WHEN: JEFF CHANDLER, who has bared as much of his manly torso on the screen as censors will allow, now has a yen to bare his tonsils. He claims he has a "crazy" voice—high baritone, crooner type! Yes? . . . DORETTA MORROW is be-glittered from eyelids to hemline at

(Continued on page 30)



Thanks to Everyone

of

THE Flamingo HOTEL

for your wonderful
cooperation and help –
Your Friend,

P. S. – This goes for Alice Tyrrell, Dick Winslow and Ukie Sherin, too!

P. S. S. – We are also happy that we've had the DeWaynes with us.



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BEAUTY SALON

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Prepared to serve Mi-Lady with the
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PROUDLY ANNOUNCE THE OPENING OF THEIR

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NOW THROUGH JANUARY 20

RADIO ROGUES
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12 GORGEOUS GOLDEN GIRLS

Sterling Young and His Ork

Continuous Entertainment Daily from 4 p. m. to 5 a. m.

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Terrace Bar - Slot Machine Bar
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Terrace Room

HOTEL GOLDEN BANK CLUB IN RENO

Bill Graham - Dave High
Managing Directors

"CURTAIN TIME"

SHOW REVIEWS OF STAGE AND SCREEN PERSONALITIES APPEARING THIS WEEK IN FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

Flamingo

January 11 through January 21

Show: Mickey Rooney, Alice Tyrrell and Dick Winslow, Ukie Sherin, The DeWaynes
Line: Flamingo Starlets
M. C.: Herb Flemington
Orch.: Torris Brand
Mural Room: Bobby Page and Orch.

Here is one of those shows that you can see over and over again because no two shows are exactly the same! No member of the cast is ever sure what the others are going to do! MICKEY ROONEY stars in this laff-package and is his greatest in his portrayal of a speech by "Senator Swindlegrafter." This young man has talents he hasn't touched . . . The whole show appears as being impromptu; people wandering on stage from the audience and "getting into the act" . . . One such is Miss ALICE TYRRELL who then joins her partner, DICK WINSLOW, to prove themselves a smooth working musical comedy team. The material is smart, fast and properly presented . . . UKIE SHERIN is the first to "interrupt" the

(Continued on page 31)

LAST FRONTIER

January 19 through February 1
(Not a review)

Show: The Sportsmen, George Gobel, Bud and Cece Robinson
Line: The Devlyn Girls, featuring Jerry Antes and Dolores Frazzini
Orch.: Bob Millar
Gay '90 Bar: Tommy Doyle Trio

THE SPORTSMEN comprise a group that has become vastly popular on the airwaves, via the JACK BENNY radio show. They were signed to one appearance with the leading comic. Their burlesqueing of a commercial proved so successful, it resulted in a seven-year contract with Mr. Benny. Fans of the motion pictures, recording companies and radio are all familiar with the outstanding group. They deal in enjoyable comedy and are accompanied by pianist CHARLIE BAGBY, who has been with the Phil Harris orchestra for 17 years. . . . GEORGE GOBEL is a young chap who specializes in humorous monologues. He manages to fill the audience with loud laughter, without any apparent effort, whatever. You're bound to wear a perpetual grin while George is in the spotlight . . . BUD and CECE ROBINSON have come a long way since they teamed up for childhood competition in Virginia. They have fulfilled engagements in all top spots in this country and leading cities in Europe. Their zestful dancing stirs all audiences to applause . . . We're happy to welcome BOB MILLAR and his ORK back to the podium of the RAMONA ROOM. We missed you, fellows!

El Rancho Vegas

January 14 through January 27
(Not a review)

Show: Jimmy McHugh and His Singing Stars of 1953, Lenny Kent, Nanci Crompton
Line: The El Rancho Dancers
Orch.: Al Gayle
Intermission: Guy Landis and Jim De Stephano
At the Bar: Paul Gardos and Chuy Miranda

JIMMY McHUGH, the gentleman who has scored tremendous success in the field of song writing, brings his singing stars to the El Rancho. He is the one responsible for the nation singing "I'm in the Mood for Love"—"I Can't Give You Anything but Love"—"On the Sunny Side of the Street" and other favorites. Jimmy features the lovely voices of JUDY—DARLA—DOROTHY—BEVERLY and EVE in a musical extravaganza that promises to be completely captivating. Not only do the gals turn out easy-listening-tunes, they all boast admirable traits of pulchritude . . . Back again is that funny man, LENNY KENT. Lenny is a favorite of Las Vegas audiences and man-



ages to gain many more supporters with each engagement. His hilarity always proves infectious with the introduction of new routines and gags . . . NANCI CROMPTON is a petite ballerina. At the time we go to press. we have been unable to witness her performance but are given to understand that she is a leading exponent of the dance . . . This is another of TOM DOUGLAS' WINDMILL REVUES and we are grateful to him for gathering such a stellar group of talent into one tremendous package.

Wilbur Clark's DESERT INN

January 13 through February 9

Show: "Calendar Capers"—Adele Inge, Eric Waite, Diana Grafton and Company of 15
Orch.: Carlton Hayes
Lady Luck Lounge: Grover-Shore Trio, Danny Cassella Orchestra

"CALENDAR CAPERS," the first ice show to play our town for many years . . . and it is a fast-moving, colorful, well presented spectacle! The show is in 12 parts, each depicting a month of the year. ADELE INGE displays an abundance of both grace and agility as she expertly executes her two spots in the show. Hers is a wealth of talent in both ballet and acrobatic. Sensational in view of the confining floor space . . . ERIC WAITE is the comedy factor of the show, first appearing as "Queen of the May"; however, the laff riot is his second shot in which he "learns how to skate" . . . this takes an expert! . . . DIANA GRAFTON is the comedienne and shows her prowess on the thin blades in her tussle with the turkey in "November" . . . CHARLES and LUCILLE provide the love interest at Valentine time in February and get married in June. Due to lack of space they are limited to mostly spins and lifts, but in these alone they prove that they need take a back seat to no team of like talents. They further prove this at Halloween . . . YVONNE BRODERS and GEORGE ZAB take an imaginary vacation in August and depict dances of various countries . . . "White Christmas" is the December theme and is performed by the entire company. This is beautiful in white bejeweled costuming and graceful choreography by DOLORES PALLET and HELENE VINSON . . . Two young people who carry the entire show with their dialogue and vocals are FERGUSON and COLBY. Bill Ferguson emcees the show and it is he and Evelyn Colby who put words into the pantomiming mouths of the performers on ice. A great job well done! . . . More credit to CARLTON HAYES and his ORCHESTRA who play steadily for the entire production . . . and flawlessly.

SAHARA

January 13 through January 26

Show: Bob Crosby's "Club 15 Revue"
Line: Moro-Landis Sa-Harem Dancers, featuring Gene Nash
Orch.: Cee Davidson
Casbar: Mike Werner, Three Major and the Bernie Lang Trios

One of the smoothest editions of musical production is drawing the crowds to this spot. Congenial BOB CROSBY has brought a highly desirable package of entertainment with him. He, himself, furnishes some mighty euphonous popular and novelty tunes. Being the brother of a top-notch singer, proves no hindrance to this handsome lad. He has a distinctive style of his own, with a marvelous sense of showmanship. Mr. Crosby presides over the evening's entertainment and proves equally capable as the master of ceremonies . . . THE MODERNAIRES just can't seem to plug up their constant flow of clever ability. They are just so great, you can't resist joining in the deserved applause. When the four gentlemen and PAULA KELLY introduce their Juke Box routine, they stop the show. During this number, the group offers various imitations of other leading singers and they are sensational . . . Canada's gift to America is a highly welcome one. GISELE MacKENZIE brings with her the su-

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The Sands

January 9 through January 29

Show: Lena Horne, Consolo and Melba
Line: The Copa Girls
Orch.: Ray Sinatra
Silver Queen Bar: The Rist Brothers

One of the most fascinating women of show business has returned to star in the Copa Room. She is the exquisite LENA HORNE, a young lady who can send a bachelor's temperature soaring to immeasurable heights, without even moving her dainty pinky. We always marvel at the unanimous quietude that settles upon her audience, as Miss Horne quietly (but most effectively) purveys her clever selection of tunes. Everyone is aware of her poise and the sparks of fire in her eyes as she sings. Her pageant-like interpretation of songs bears culture and we doubt that there is any other performer who could achieve the same result, through mimicry. When women applaud her performance (along with the men) you just know the gal is GREAT . . . CONSOLO and MELBA are extremely

(Continued on page 31)

Thunderbird

December 31 through January 21

Show: Mills Brothers, Mickey Shaughnessy, A. Robbins, Jr.
Line: Kathryn Duffy Dansations
M. C.: Johnny O'Brien
Navajo Lounge: Jack Martin Five, Normandie Boys

Packing them in twice a night are those most famous of all singing brothers, the MILLS BROTHERS! The number of times they have played in Las Vegas is the number of times they have broken previous records! Theirs is a style of singing that is easily understood by all and any who listen . . . the secret of their sensational and continued success. You'll thrill to seeing and hearing "the Skipper," as he lends his booming bass voice to the harmonies of his three "boys" . . . As Irish as Patty's porker is MICKEY SHAUGHNESSY, a comedian who says, "there's nothing to laugh at." Mickey does a routine about the small fry who attend the local theater to see Gene Autry in the current chapter of a serial . . . this we have seen umpteen times but will never tire of same. His "mugs" of the kids are great . . . A. ROBBINS, Jr., is "The Banana Man," a circus type clown who continually seems to be pulling bananas out of his pockets, along with about everything else you can imagine . . . and some you CAN'T! This is his first appearance on a local night club stage, although he has appeared on many teevee shows, and in clubs throughout the country . . . CHRISTINA CARSON is featured with the KATHRYN DUFFY DANSATIONS in the production, "Nightingale" which is well done vocally by Johnny O'Brien, emcee.

SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

January 16 through January 29

Show: "Gals, Giggles and Guys"—10 acts
Line: Hollywood Cover Girls
M. C.: Jimmy Cavanaugh
Orch.: George Redman

SHE'S BACK AGAIN! After an absence of little more than four months, KALANTAN is back for a return engagement by poular demand! This exotic emotional dancer casts a spell over her audiences with her beauty; and the exciting rhythms of her dance has everyone calling for more . . . "Gals, Giggles and Guys" is a miniature musical comedy revue that gives you everything in the book! It's old time vaudeville, burlesque and the heart of real show business. As usual, HANK HENRY proves himself to be one of the master comics of all time for this type of entertainment; well assisted in the boxing scene by his opponent, SPARKY KAYE . . . WOO-WOO STEVENS winds up 34 weeks on completion of this show. He and his

(Continued on page 31)

What more can we say other than:

"Maude, it's been a grand 7 weeks!"

To all the wonderful people
who spelled out Las Vegas for us.

Tom Douglas

Beldon Katleman

Carl Cohen

Archie Loveland

The El Rancho Girls

Joanne Gilbert

Sophie Tucker

Peggy Ryan and Ray McDonald

and all the employes of the



DOODLES and SKEETER

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

her last respects and attend the funeral of this, one of her dearest friends. We will be among the many who will miss the philosophies and observations of the wonderful Joe Zemansky.

From a reliable source, we have learned that ETHEL and HARVEY STONE have gone their separate ways. We understand a divorce was granted in the not-too-distant past.

One of the nicest people you could hope to know is MR. C. J. F. HANNEMANN of Brooklyn, N. Y. The benign gentleman is retired from "New York City's Finest" — the police force. He never neglects to remember a holiday by sending some of the delicious SCHRAFFT'S candy chests to our residence. Not too long ago, he sent Ye Editor's wife a miniature police badge and it has become her prized possession. Thanks, C. J. F., for being such a grand friend.

Since "party bingo" was introduced at the SILVER SLIPPER, fans have beem jamming the card and bean center, daily. They say we people don't appreciate a good investment—but—that is fast becoming a fallacy in this establishment. Bingo players pay a small amount of money at the beginning of a session and that subsidizes the cost of their cards for the balance of the afternoon (or evening). You'd believe that the winnings would be meagre—but they aren't. How on earth do they manage such generous payoffs?

MARIO'S BEAUTY SALON (of New York and Florida) is now comfortably ensconced within the SANDS HOTEL. Managing the beauty center is MISS DORIAN, with MICHEL adding his personal touch and offering advice on the proper hair style for milady. Quite a few women in town enjoyed the services offered at Mario's Eastern salons and are making appointments to patronize his newest venture.

At the closing of the BOB CROSBY show at the HOTEL SAHARA, GEORGE MORO will be granted the wish of his professional career. He has long desired to weave productions around a group, consisting of 20 girls. Now, the MORO-LANDIS SA-HAREM DANCERS will boast that number onstage and a dream will have been realized. There are tremendous, outstanding presentations being planned and we have a hunch the results will be well worth the effort.

There is a familiar Eastern face in our midst. He is JIMMY VERNON, who owned the famous LA MARTINIQUE night club in Manhattan. (It was at that spot that Jimmy signed DANNY THOMAS to his first New York appearance.) Mr. Vernon can be seen at the LADY LUCK BAR of the DESERT INN, where he is head of Guest Relations. Welcome, J. V. It certainly looks as though New York is moving to Las Vegas.

We're going to impart a bit of advice—well in advance of PAUL (Pops) WHITEMAN'S opening at the HOTEL LAS FRONTIER, June 1. Even if it is six months away, we'd suggest your making your reservation just as soon as you can. Mr. Whiteman is a famous discoverer of star material and will have a prominent cast of talent accompanying him. Don't say we didn't warn you, if the reservation desk cannot find an empty table for you during this specific engagement.

On January 26, the LITTLE THEATRE GROUP will present "See How They Run," at the War Memorial Building. The vehicle will star ANNABELLA APPLEGATE, popular localite. The play was written by PHILLIP KING and enjoyed tremendous success in London. VOLNEY HOPKINS, who has chalked up 30 years in show business, is the talented director.

Just can't resist tossing a bouquet over at the FLAMINGO HOTEL. We admire the chic outfits being worn by the waitresses at that spot.

SYLVIA and JACQUE SCHWARTZ (owners of the DESERT GALLERIES) have a pet who is astounding. It is a parrot that boasts 30 years of life. Not only can this incredulous bird talk, he can carry on complete conversation, recites nursery rhymes and sings songs from beginning to end. The owners of the parrot have had him for 10 years and insist they never attempted to teach him anything. He apparently is self-taught. We're going to send our cocker spaniels and poodle over there for some first hand information.

Did you know that BOB HOPE, BING CROSBY, JERRY LEWIS and DEAN MARTIN collectively pay enough income tax yearly to subsidize the salaries of the President, Vice President and ALL the members of the Senate? (So—what are you complaining about?)

JESSICA SIMMONS sold out her interest in the SANDS BOTIQUE (at the SANDS HOTEL) to DOROTHY BEAL, of Palm Springs. KATHERINE DOUGLAS will be the new manager of the dress shop and her assistant, JANE SALZMAN. A couple of years ago Miss Douglass was at the ladies' shop at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. Miss Salzman's dad is a famous local architect.

BILLY MEYERS, a prominent attorney from Butte, Montana, and his

(Continued on Page 28)

ROUND THE CLOCK . . .

SERVING THE FINEST FOOD IN THE WEST

Everybody Stops here

HORSESHOE SPECIALS

Grilled Choice Cut Top Sirloin—a la Carte
Steak, Onion Rings.....$1.90

Roast Tom Turkey, Walnut
Dressing, Cranberries..... 1.40

Pan Fried Mountain Trout, Butter
and Bacon..... 1.40

Boiled Kosher Corned Beef and
Cabbage, Jiggs' Way..... 1.25

Stewed Chicken Fricassee', Tender,
Egg Dumplings..... 1.35

Delicious Fresh Shrimp Louie,
1000 Island Dressing..... 1.35

Roast Prime Rib of Choice Corn
Fed Beef, au jus..... 2.75

Half, Pan Fried Spring Chicken,
South Style, Cream Gravy..... 1.65

Benny Binion's

Horseshoe

DOWNTOWN LAS VEGAS

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS ... by MARTIN LEWIS

ALL HOLLYWOOD heaved a sigh of relief when it was learned that the fire which destroyed part of "Pickfair" was confined to one room in the servants' quarters. Pickfair, as you know, is the "white house" of Hollywood and contains priceless relics of the movie industry in the days when MARY PICKFORD and DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS were the reigning stars of Filmland. Miss Pickford was in residence there at the time of the fire, but not one was injured.

Bouncing BETTY HUTTON is off once more making personal appearances doing the act which was so sensational last year at the New York Palace Theatre and the London Palladium. Betty's added several supporting performers to the act making up a full three hour show and opens shortly in San Francisco . . . The three hundred guests who celebrated the New Year at the brand new home of producer HARRIET PARSONS arrived just as the last workmen were leaving . . . Harriet, using two shifts, had the entire house painted, papered and furnished in less than three weeks to get it ready for the New Year's Eve shindig! . . . DONALD O'CONNOR and his wife GWEN invited some friends over for a farewell dinner prior to said friends taking the midnight plane for Hawaii. After dinner, on the spur of the moment, Donald and the Mrs. decided to go along to the Islands on the same plane. You never saw such feverish last-minute packing in your life, but they made it! . . . JUDY GARLAND, who was listed as "attending" the dozen big end-of-the-year premieres in Hollywood was actually in New York. She went to sing at Barbara Warner's coming-out party for more than five hundred guests including the Duke and Duchess of Windsor . . . JAN STERLING is now convinced she's jinxed as far as riding planes is concerned. Twice, earlier in 1952, Jan was aboard airplanes which made emergency landings by the skin of their teeth. Now, it's reported, the plane on which Jan and her husband PAUL DOUGLAS were flying to spend Christmas in Korea got a clogged fuel line and limped back to Anchorage, Alaska, where the flying field was lined with ambulances, fire trucks and a Chaplain! Jan says: "Never again"!



THE BIGGEST MOMENT OF MY CAREER — BING CROSBY

There comes a moment . . . a fleeting few sceonds . . . in the career of every great performer when the whole picture changes and the road ahead becomes smooth and straight. It's interesting to discover from the stars themselves exactly what is the "biggest moment in their career," and so, we're going to bring you, every week, a description of that moment in the words of the stars themselves.

Take BING CROSBY, for example. When Bing was filming "The Road to Bali," Paramount's technicolor musical extravaganza in which Bing co-stars with BOB HOPE and DOROTHY LAMOUR, some one put the question to him about the biggest moment in his career. Here's what Bing said:

"I've been lucky all during my lifetime, and I guess I've had more than my share of good breaks. However, I think all of us in show business best remember the key incidents during the early stages of our career, the things that more or less proved to be the turning point. That's why I've got to go way back to 1927 for my top thrill."

Bing went on to explain that he was doing a song act with Al Rinker at the time, and they were appearing at the old Metropolitan Theatre in Los Angeles. One day, they received a note backstage from Paul Whiteman, whose band was in town at the time.

"We thought it was a gag at first," Bing laughed. "Our ambition was to join a big-name band like Paul's, and

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 25)

charming frau are vacationing in our town. They are visiting their friends of long standing, DEBBY and MILTON PRELL, of the HOTEL SAHARA.

At the completion of Jimmy McHUGH'S engagement at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, TOM DOUGLAS will undergo surgery. From his hospital bed, he will plan tours for his WINDMILL REVUES. That's the price that talent must pay; he can't take a rest but must convert his hospital suite into a temporary office. We just hope Mr. Douglas takes time out to recuperate, in between his activities.

On January 11 there was a gigantic birthday celebration at the FLAMINGO HOTEL for SIDNEY FOX, owner of Station KDYL in Salt Lake City. Twenty-six people enjoyed the mammoth birthday cake that was topped with a facsimile of a radio tower transmitter. Mr. Fox celebrated his natal day in conjunction with that of MARION NELSON, owner of an advertising agency. Seated next to Sydney was his 91 year old mother. Needless to say, the occasion saw a great amount of rejoicing and happiness.

Another gentleman who enjoys national acclaim has chosen Las Vegas for a brief respite. He is LEO DUROCHER. The fellow looks extremely well and one would imagine he is in training. It's good to see "Lippy" again.

DOROTHY BELZ is now the daytime hostess in the Garden Room of the SANDS HOTEL. Her daughter, SHIRLEY, became a beautician, not too long ago. However, the young lady discovered she was allergic to the chemicals used and had to surrender that vocation. At present, Shirley is now affiliated with the reservation department of the HOTEL SAHARA.

When BELDON KATLEMAN returns from his honeymoon in Honolulu, he will make plans to add more rooms to his HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS apartment. Since his family has now grown in number, the Katlemans will need larger living quarters.

WES SHURTZ is indulging in some extensive remodeling at his BOND STREET CLOTHIERS. Prices of his current stock of merchandise are boasting drastic reductions. Wes plans to convert his store and deal exclusively in sportswear for sportsmen. The sale was a vital factor and was introduced to dissipate his stock and make way for new fixtures and different commodities. There are a lot of bargains anyone would purchase, without hesitation.

Seems like old times to see MR. and MRS. MIKE SHAPIRO back in our fabulous town again. Not too long ago, Mr. Shapiro was affiliated with another local spot. Now he is co-owner of the SANDS HOTEL.

On January 16, GENE NASH fulfilled the ambition he expressed last year. At that time he appeared at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER as a featured dancer in the production numbers. During his 1952 birthday celebration, Gene wished he would duplicate the affair, the following year. Well, his wish was granted and Gene had a lot of friends help him to toast his birthday this year. Incidentally, he will now receive an inheritance that was detained until he reached his present age. Gene is currently featured at the HOTEL SAHARA. Many, many more happy ones, G. N.

On our list of subscribers is a gentleman we'd very much like to meet the next time he heads in this direction. He is JAMES C. FERGUSON. Mr. Ferguson is 85 years old and can probably spiel a list of yarns that would interest anyone. He spent 25 years in the Klondike and knew such fabulous personalities as Soapy Smith, Lilly Langtree and Klondike Kate. What a treasure of memories must be stored in his mind. Mr. Ferguson's niece is married to JOE HILEK, former maitre d' of the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. Incidentally, Joe is now associated with the HOTEL MIRAMAR in Santa Monica.

Times have certainly changed since we left the bachelor category. At that time dates were made for dancing, theatre patronage or perhaps swimming and drives to a favorite suburban spot. The other day we overheard a girl remark: "I have a gaming date next Tuesday." Yep! Times have certainly changed . . . and that's for sure.

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WHAT'S DOIN'?

(Continued from Page 13)

concentrate strictly on the liquor sales, so you might keep your eyes open for some real bargains in the very near future.

After all these years it looks as though the RED ROOSTER has flown the coop and we'll see a newly remodeled and renamed club in its place. (Seems a long time since Walt Butterly ran the Rooster, 'way out there in the desert.) The new proprietors are completely remodeling the interior and have great plans for the place; shows. dancing, food . . . and the circle bar stays IN! You won't recognize the place when they finish with it. They plan to have their opening along about the first of the month.

Although it has taken months of work and waiting, more work and more waiting, the SPORTSMAN'S CLUB in Pittman has finally finished up with all they sat out to do in the beginning. EDDIE BLAKE, along with JOE LaDUE and DAVE PEARL, now offer you THE SPORTSMAN'S BAR-CASINO and 5c BINGO on Hiway 95 in Pittman, Nev. They're opening their bingo games this week-end with a parlor that seats almost a hundred players. Located on the north side of the Hiway, they have a brand new building and a complete set-up for giving you a full evening's entertainment. Congratulations, men, and the best of luck to you!

Have you stopped in for a snack o' chow at the restaurant in THE FORTUNE CLUB? The "dealers' special" is served around the clock and is one of the best buys to be found downtown. 'Course that husky hamburger is a good go, too! Let's see, I think it's called the "BIG 6."

The TOMMY DOYLE TRIO is well into its FIFTH MONTH in the Gay Ninties Bar at Hotel Last Frontier and going stronger all the time. Play a lot of music, those men! . . . Over at the Desert Inn DANNY CASSELLA and his group passed the ONE YEAR mark at the Lady Luck Bar . . . BOBBY PAGE and his Musical Pages are well past their first year in the Mural Room at the Flamingo . . . GUY LANDIS and JIMMY DeSTEFANO go with the fixtures at the El Rancho, having been there for SEVEN YEARS or more. All of the hotels have these musical groups for your entertainment in the lounges and you ought to just sit and listen sometime. Most people take them for granted while they are on the gripe because "the place is dead" when they take a breather. I've only mentioned a few of them here, but all told there are approximately 18 such groups playing for your entertainment each night ON THE STRIP ALONE! There are many more downtown! Too bad there aren't more places to dance!

BERNICE PRUPAS staged a surprise party for her husband on his birthday last Sunday night (January 11). His Musical Pages were there with their wives and heart interests as well as a few friends. This all took place over at the home of BOBBY PAGE and we wish him a belated happy, happy!

Now that the wind has quit blowing outside, and the KID has decided to come to life (she's been lying there in front of the heater panting and blowing like a winded race horse, but too lazy to get up and move), I think I'll wind this little weekly missive to a hasty conclusion, slip on my shoes and get it to the printers . . . I may run into you out on the strip but forgive me if I didn't shave! . . . Your ever lovin' . . . —JOHNNY.

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THE WATCHBIRD:

(Continued from page 17)

the Cotillion Room at the Pierre Hotel. N. Y. C. . . . And LARRY STORCH is making them laugh loud and long at his crying jag at the Paramount. (Charlie's been drinking again) . . . The laugh insurance trio at the Copacabana are BETTY and JANE KEAN and MYRON COHEN . . . The JERRY LEWIS scooter-scatter caused water on the knee. They may have to operate—not amputate . . . British comic OLIVER WAKEFIELD had the DUKE OF WINDSOR rolling in the aisle at the Alvin. The show is "Two's Company," BETTE DAVIS is also in it . . . MARIO LANZA sang "Trees" at the Kennel Club show and nearly got drown . . . HERMAN LEVIN, producer of "Gentleman Prefer Blondes" is still recouping from his hectic Las Vegas New Years. He's quietly stashed himself away at the Cavelier in Westwood, Calif. The big hangover has subsided enough to allow him to start research for his next musical . . . SHELLEY WINTERS wears nothing but blue denim maternity clothes under a mink coat. Terribly chic, terribly chic, Shell. . . . TURNLEY WALKER, whose recently published book "Roosevelt And The Warm Springs Story" has the foreword written by ELEANOR ROOSEVELT. Turnley himself is a victim of polio and is one of the nations staunchest supporters of the March of Dimes. Don't forget your contributions. The drive is on now . . .

PAULINE SUTTERLY has the most interesting job in Las Vegas—that of a tights tightener. She tightens tights for all the glamorous Copa gals at the Sands, and especially for RANDI ROBSON who has slimmed down to a size ten . . . SAMMY LEWIS is packaging the GEORGE RAFT nitery show that debuts here in March . . . Busiest man in town is CHARLIE KANDEL. He is associated with the Sands Hotel and is still an active partner with Corrado-Greenhouse, Inc.. men's tailors in New York City. Charlie commutes back and forth every two weeks . . . The day before JEANNE MALONE was to fly to Los Angeles (she only flies when the sun shines), she went around praying to the gray skies, "Come out tomorrow Sol Doll!" . . .

TWO QUESTIONS OF THE WEEK: (Submitted by MIKE IRELAND) Who is Sidney Greenstreet with music in his soul? . . . Who looks like Gene Baylos in drag? . . .

RENO BEAT:

(Continued from page 11)

out the show with the LOVELY MAPES SKYLETTES and EDDIE FITZPATRICK and his orchestra . . . THE RIVERSIDE is in its second week of the current show . . . a well-paced show that brings the "LADY IN RED," WINI SHAW to Reno for the first time. MISS SHAW, a great entertainer, returns to the stage after a few years retirement. She has lost none of her charm, ability or pleasing voice. Her style is most unique. She is great as the opening night audience proved with their response to her show. In the show with MISS SHAW are the CARSONY BROTHERS, three boys who will amaze you with their balancing feats; and—one of HORACE HEIDT'S finds, accordionist DANNY FARRO; also the singing voice of STEWART ROSE; the dancing of the RIVERSIDE STARLETS; and the brilliant music of ERNIE HECKSHER and his Orchestra. ERNIE and his boys replaced BILL HEATHCOCK, as of this week . . . The RENO LITTLE THEATRE opened Monday with "BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE" . . .

SEE YOU NEXT WEEK . . . ART STEAGALL, RENO, 2-2658.

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FRONT COVER, January 17, 1953—With sleet, snow, rain and hail covering the majority of our nation, we just couldn't help but boast about the fabulous Las Vegas climate with this picture. Our afternoons are so balmy that CHRIS FROGLEY (son of KEN, Managing Director of our Chamber of Commerce) had to soothe his burro by feeding him a bottle of pop. Aren't you sorry you aren't here?

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 21)

show. He and Mickey play it so well you'd swear it was the real thing. Mickey, Alice, Dick and Ukie combine their real "show biz" talents to do shots from the various teevee channels and get howls from the audience . . . The DeWAYNES are a teeter-board troupe that will do things that you've never seen before. Three-man pyramids where the third man leaves the board and does a back flip before landing on top. Husky TED DeWAYNE supports the weight of FIVE MEN, each **jumping** into position and totaling approximately 800 pounds . . . The FLAMINGO STARLETS bounce to a boogie on "The St. Louis Blues" which is sung exuberantly by HERB FLEMINGTON.

THE SAHARA

(Continued from Page 22)

perb stage personality that won her some coveted spots on various air shows. She is a gifted lassie who is extremely skillful with a song. Miss MacKenzie is one performer who doesn't need any tricks to delude her listeners. Her voice is well-trained and pleasing to the ear . . . Cute and refreshing are the DUPREE TRIO. The youngsters gaily zoom through various modern dance interpretations. Their delightful performance is infectious and stirring. They add the proper touch to this fast-paced production . . . As usual, the SA-HAREM DANCERS have prepared two colorful, commendable routines . . . CEE DAVIDSON proves an expert as his boys cut a difficult show that challenges their every skill.

SANDS HOTEL:

(Continued from page 23)

adroit in their dance sequences. As you watch them, you are reminded of the gentle ripples on a sleepy lagoon. They move with infinite grace and are outstanding in a field that is packed with dancers. Their bubble production is beautiful and receives a tremendous, well-deserved response from the audience. We heartily endorse your making a reservation for this current show.

SILVER SLIPPER:

(Continued from Page 23)

banjo have made thousands of friends for the Slipper . . . In the vocal department the BEAU JESTERS remain with us, and these four men are singing better than ever . . . Wanda Smith's HOLLYWOOD COVER GIRLS offer two new numbers in conjunction with the new show and are a lift to any man's morale . . . Assisting in the scenes are brown-eyed JO ANN MALONE, BILL WILLARD and your smiling master of ceremonies, JIMMY CAVANAUGH.

RANDOM THOUGHTS:

(Continued from page 7)

embarked on a series of tests in France, quite some time ago. They wanted to discover whether or not a person could successfully change the little lines of their fingers. The two learned gentlemen went through a great deal of suffering to prove their theory. Their fingers endured agony in boiling water, scalding oil and were seared by pressure against hot plates. The various processes managed to destroy the marks on the obvious layer of skin but didn't penetrate any deeper. When the burns healed, every detail of the original fingerprints returned.

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HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS:

(Continued from page 27)

we suspected that some other member of the troupe was pulling a rib on us. We couldn't afford to ignore the note, however, so we looked Paul up immediately. Sure enough, the note had come from the great man himself, and he signed us to a contract that same day."

Although Bing didn't become a big-time name on his own until he left the Whiteman organization and branched out as a "single," he still regards that incident as the big moment of his career.

"My career REALLY began that day," he declares. "I might still be singing for peanuts if Paul Whiteman hadn't come along at that moment."

Weekly Fashion Letter

from EDITH HEAD
Paramount Fashion Designer

Everyone in Southern California was convinced that the Weather Man must have been suffering with the gout or something because recent months have given Southern Californians ANYTHING but the much-touted sunshine. But for some reason, the Weather Man reversed his trend, and lately, the blue skies and warm sun have delighted everyone. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that Spring has hit Hollywood earlier this year than usual, at least from a clothing and style point of view.

This fact doesn't mean that the stars are necessarily going in for summer clothes already, but some of them are wearing their "first touch of spring" to be sure. Everywhere you'll see small gay white or flowered hats with matching gloves . . . and white or gayly colored blouses are being worn with their suits.

A new accessory for the one-piece dress is a very long flowered gay scarf made of taffeta or crepe. It can be plain with the costume accent derived from the color, or it can be printed. The scarf is worn around the neck and then pulled through the belt at the front and left hanging as a pair of panels. Since this panel effect can be varied in length or position, this device is certainly handy to "cheer up" winter clothes when the day looks and feels like Spring.

POLLY BERGEN, currently being seen on the screen co-starring with DEAN MARTIN and JERRY LEWIS, and MARION MARSHALL in the hilarious comedy "The Stooge," "cheers up" her cocoa wool jersey dress with a long taffeta scarf of white, printed in cocoa and black. This, with white gloves, immediately gives her a seasonal change. MARION MARSHALL, with her short-cropped hair, is wearing a series of tiny flowered skullcaps. One is of pale yellow violets with matching pale yellow gloves. Another is of white pique leaves with white pique gloves. She wears these with her navy and black winter suites . . . and "Presto Chango" . . . SPRING!

Weekly Beauty Letter

From WALLY WESTMORE
Makeup Director, Paramount Studios

Well, 1953 has been with us more than a week now. But have YOU made YOUR New Year's Beauty resolutions? RHONDA FLEMING is considered one of Hollywood's most outstanding beauties, and we think you'll agree when you see her in Paramount's technicolor movie "Tropic Zone," co-starring with RONALD REAGAN. Yet Rhonda always makes up a list of resolutions every year and checks herself against them constantly. Here is Rhonda's list, and perhaps you may want to utilize some of her resoultions for yourself, especially after you see "Tropic Zone"! Rhonda says:

1. My mirror will be my guide, and I will believe what I see in it without fooling myself.
2. I will re-examine my face-type, making sure that I am continuing to dress my hair properly and applying my makeup correctly.
3. I will continue to be fastidious in all personal care since I recognize the importance of cleanliness and correct cleansing.
4. I will, as I've always done, give my skin the necessary attention to protect it from wrinkles and retard those which may have appeared. And I will, of course, make sure my hair is always healthy, shining, and lustrous.
5. I will never allow LESS than 15 minutes daily for careful and correct application of my makeup.
6. I will always remember that personality is an integral part of beauty and that beauty is not skin deep, but one's entire being.
7. I will keep myself aware that without good health, promoted by sufficient sleep and proper diet, no makeup in the world will make one beautiful.
8. Above all, I promise myself to be well-groomed at all times and will never be lazy about my attire or makeup.

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

description of the place, with particular attention to water conditions and the flora of the region.

In 1924, long before anybody had even dreamed there might some day be a paved automobile highway through this country, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Cashman, with Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Boyer, Delphine and I, drove home from a trip through Death Valley, across the Pahrump Valley and over Mountain Pass. Then we had no idea that Pahrump Valley would ever become a cotton producing country—or anything else.

Now the situation is quite changed and it seems very likely that the valley will become populous and important and the Mountain Springs, or Mountain Pass station will be an ideal place for summer cottages, as well as a delightful stopping place for travelers.

From Mountain Pass (where they camped May 1, 1844), the next day, Fremont writes: On a short but rough ride of 12 miles, we crossed the mountain and descended to a small valley plain, encamped at the foot of the ridge in the bed of a creek, where we found good grass in sufficient quantity and an abundance of water in holes. The ridge is extremely rugged and broken, presenting on this side a continued precipice and probably affords a few passes. Many Digger tracks are seen around us, but no Indians are visable. (My friend, Fred Pine, says he knows the exact spot where this camp was and promises to show me the place.)

May 3, 1844—"After a day's journey of 18 miles in a northeasterly direction, we encamped in the midst of another very large basin at a camping ground called Las Vegas—a term which the Spaniards use to signify fertile or marshy plains. Two narrow streams of clear water four or five feet deep, gush suddenly, with quick current, from two singularly large springs; these, and other waters of the basin, pass out in a gap to the eastward. The taste of the water is good, but rather too warm to be agreeable, the temperature being 71 degrees in the one and 73 degrees in the other. They, however, afford a delightful bathing place."

So you who are visitors in Las Vegas today, may gaze westward from our great hotels with their broad plate glass windows, their beautiful swimming pools, their wide expanses of green lawns and every luxury that human effort can provide, and see those great sandstone cliffs standing like a protecting wall along the westward side of our valley.

Then, if you shut your eyes you may see in imagination that tired and dirty band of indomitable men, still, "going home" after traveling a weary couple of thousand miles since they left the banks of the Columbia River. You may see them on that day's march of 18 miles to Las Vegas Springs, which when we first saw them were exactly the same as when Kit Carson and General Fremont found them the evening of May 3, 1844.

Fremont, on April 15, when the party had reached the great Mojave desert after crossing Tehachapi Pass, described his party as follows:

"Our cavalcade made a strange and grotesque appearance and it was impossible to avoid reflecting upon our position and composition in this remote solitude. Within two degrees of the Pacific Ocean, already far south of the latitude of Monterey; and still forced on south by desert on one hand and a mountain range on the other; guided by a civilized Indian,, attended by two from the Sierra, a Chinook from the Columbia; and our own mixture of American, French, German—all armed; four or five languages heard at once; above a hundred horses and mules, half wild; American, Spanish and Indian dresses and equipment intermingled—such was our composition.

"Our march was a sort of procession. Scouts ahead and on the flanks; a front and rear division; the pack animals, baggage and horned cattle in the center; and the whole stretching a quarter of a mile along our dreary path. In this form we journeyed, looking more like we belonged to Asia than to the United States of America."

Now, perhaps, you may know what to look for as you gaze westward to the sandstone battlement which guards Las Vegas on the west and through which Fremont led his party to Las Vegas almost 109 years ago.

I am sure your drive between Las Vegas and Southern California will be better worth while if you remember that you are traveling a country of tragic history which Fremont and Kit Carson helped open for you.

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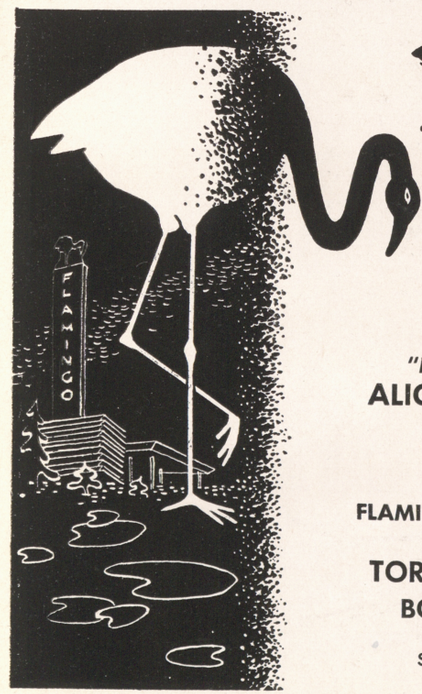
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