

Bob Kortez

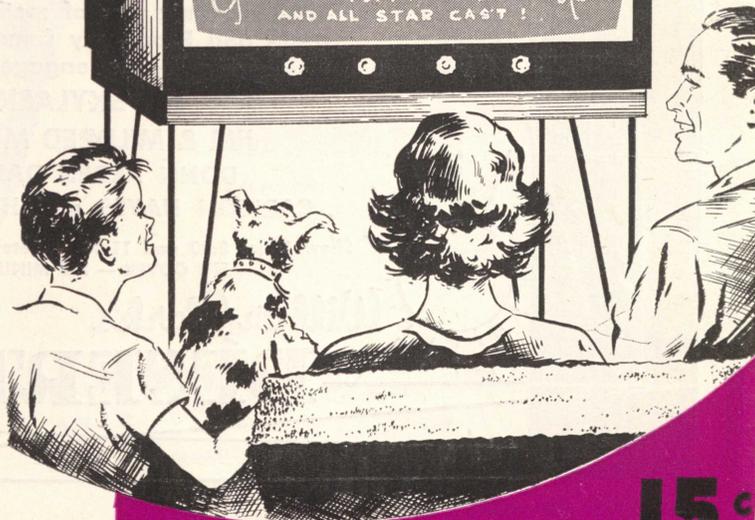
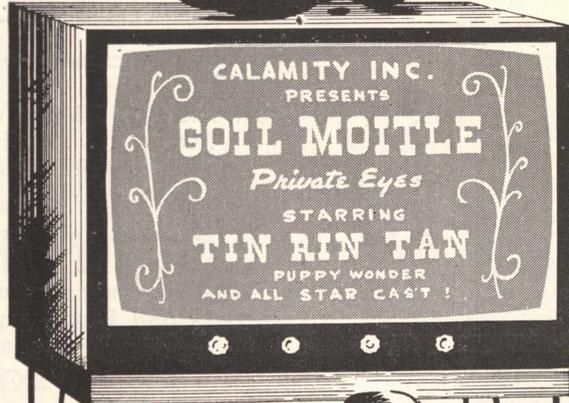
July 18, 1953

Fabulous

LAS VEGAS

Magazine

WELCOME TV!



IN THIS ISSUE
—
MAJESTIC
LAKE TAHOE
BY
BOB MILLAR
— PAGE 15 —

15¢

IN THE OPERA HOUSE - THEATRE RESTAURANT . . .



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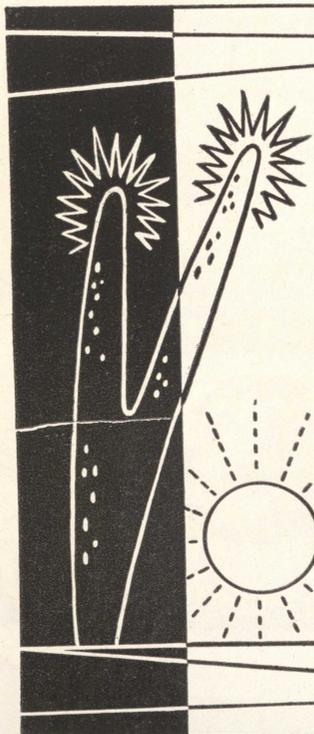
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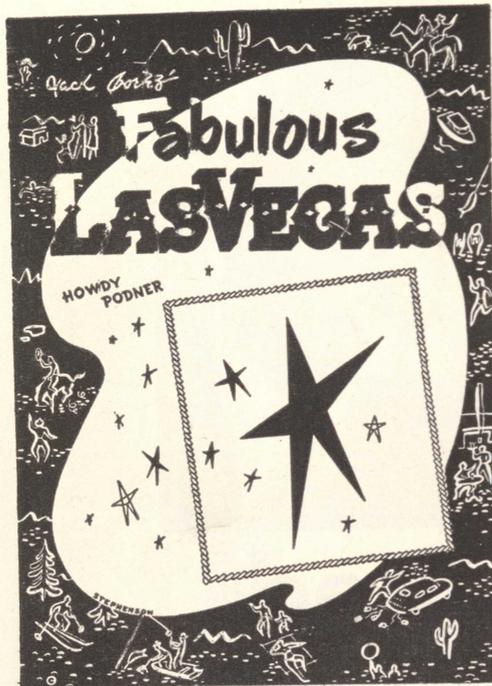
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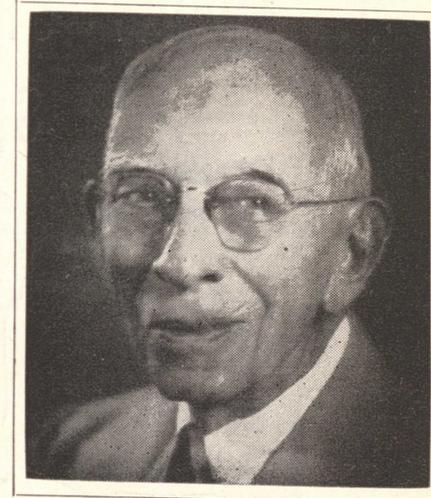
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OBSERVATIONS

by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES



FROM THE TIME that Father Garces of the Franciscan order started westward from Santa Fe, New Mexico, in 1776, Fate seems to have had her eye on Las Vegas, guiding her and taking care of her preparatory for the glorious title city of today.

Father Garces did not have an easy time plodding through the unknown Grand Canyon and desert waste, but because he and his little band of perhaps 10 or a dozen Spaniard soldiers, while conquering the land of the Incas and building the old city of Santa Fe, were impervious to hardship, they assumed this duty of searching for the great river which they were sure flowed from the Rocky Mountain range westward into the Pacific Ocean by way of the Bay of San Francisco as a matter of course.

So when, after a journey full of hardships and suffering, they reached the great, muddy stream of the Colorado River at a point we now call Yuma some of those early Spaniards called "Uma" (they thought they had really accomplished the main object of their

Of course they wanted to follow the river down to the Pacific Ocean but were driven back by the great "tidal waves" which twice each day came roaring up the river, sweeping everything before them. So they thought they might have better luck if they tried traveling up the river.

In accomplishing this ambition they had two serious problems, the most difficult of which was making friends of the Yuma Indians and fashioning boats out of logs found floating down the river. Garces and his soldiers hewed away at the logs and finally had some pretty good boats. Then they made ropes of whatever material came to hand and soon had the Indians convinced that hauling the white men's boats up the river against the current was great fun.

They did a pretty good job of bucking the current until, after months of work, they came to the steep, forbidding walls and strong current of Black Canyon. There they gave up the job in disgust and were pleased with Father Garces' suggestion that they camp a mile on a flat piece of ground above Colorado Canyon.

The matter of food wasn't the serious problem we would imagine it to be, because Father Garces had learned much from the Indians, who taught him to eat and keep alive on a diet of

lizards and snakes, grasshoppers, beetles and bugs and an occasional bird or rabbit when they were fortunate enough to secure one. And Garces was proud of his ability to live with and like the Indians and it was a powerful bond, cementing the friendship between the two races.

Of course, some of the Indians of the Iat tribe, who claimed the territory adjacent to the Colorado River as their own, mingled with the Yumas. Among other interesting bits of gossip they told of green meadows created by streams of brilliant, clear water gushing from two great springs in a desert valley about two or three days journey from the Colorado.

When the story reached the ears of Father Garces he was filled with the ambition to find this beautiful country. Taking a couple of his men with him and leaving the remainder in camp to keep the Yumas from stealing all their meager belongings and leaving them without help, Garces traveled westward until he came into a singularly large valley.

Encouraged by this fulfillment of the story told by the Iats, they hurried on. Suddenly, from the brow of a hill he saw a large area of green grass and cottonwood trees. Crying: "Viva Las Vegas," Garces fell to his knees and gave thanks as was the custom of those Spanish explorers when they first saw any of the wonders of nature.

When they finally entered the green country of "Las Vegas" and found the

(Continued on Page 37)

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quickie.

The only reason I took a ride with this truck was because the driver said he would be going to Reno immediately after dumping the one-armed bandits. Going from Nevada to California and then back to Nevada is really nothing. All you have to do is cross the border twice. Going north to Reno makes one realize that the only change you're left with is the weather. I could never understand why a city like Las Vegas, where the weather is so hot that even the shade perspires, gives the weather weary traveler relief by plugging their hotels along the baking highway.

Did you ever think of what the names of the hotels does to the motorist, driving through scorching desert heat, the radiator of his car boiling over, who hasn't passed a garage for over 200 miles, whose tongue is wiping the windshield and then, through smog soaked eyes, he reads: "RELAX AT THE SAHARA!" "ENJOY THE SANDS," "COME TO THE DESERT INN," "STOP AT THE LAST FRONTIER."

Now, I don't want to tell these bosses how to run their places, because you and I know they're making a go of it . . . but why not names that will brighten up the well-done driver and make him look forward with relish as he nears the desert paradise of Las Vegas. I recommend names like "HOTEL ICE-BOX AWAITS YOU!" "YOU'LL BE COOL AS A BREEZE AT THE DESERT FREEZE!" "HAVE A BOTTLE OF BEERO AT HOTEL TWENTY BELOW ZERO!" I guarantee that people will be so cold you'll never notice the dice. And they won't even have to bother shaking them.

Now, Reno, where I checked into Louie's brother's place, takes the weather as an important part of gambling. The weather here is so nice that they have outdoor gambling. If you're playing the slot machine, for example, and you hit two lemons, you can take them out and put them in your iced tea!

You recall the flood they had here several years ago when the water in all the casinos was as deep as three feet? Do you think they stopped gambling? Not for one minute. They

(Continued on Page 36)

WAS HANGING the "PLEASE DISTURB" sign on the outside of my hotel room door when suddenly the phone rang. So I walked across the hallway, naturally, if you've read any of my previous columns, you just know it was CORTEZ. Those of you who haven't read any of my previous columns, the next time you play bingo, hope you lose by ONE number! Those of you who have been following these amazing adventures of mine know that Cortez is my boss. He owns this magazine FABULOUS LAS VEGAS, zee? Well, going from "z" back to "s," Cortez commenced his fabulous howl. "About your next column," he barked, "I've got good news for you!" I thought he was funnier than Gabriel. Better. Unfortunately, he continued. "Barry, your column has developed into such a hit here in Las Vegas that we're sending you to Reno!" I hung up. I was so stunned at this phone call that I didn't even bother to search the coin slot. I rushed to the pawnshop to pack my things.

Louie the pawnbroker gave me the address of his brother in Reno, so I could continue to do business with the family. It was wonderful of the staff of the magazine to give me a farewell party. There we all were, standing on the Strip, where they had found a great spot for me to hitch-hike north. As if this wasn't enough, they had all gone to the trouble of preparing a box lunch for me . . . chuckle on leftovers. Let me tell you something, this stuff tasted pretty good after four weeks of the hors d'oeuvres they serve for free in all the

These tasty tid-bits they serve for are prepared only by chefs who have been fired from another hotel. Their way of getting even. The only thing good about them, however, is that they give you heartburn right so you don't have to get up at 3 the morning.

The ride north was very interesting as we were headed south. I got a ride in a truck that was transporting old slot machines to California, where they sell them on the wheels on them and sell them to the farms. The handle rakes up the dirt and the farmer can look in the slot machine and see what his next crop is going to be. Lemons, oranges, plums, peaches, etc.; and, if he hits a bar, the fruits work and heads for the near-by interior decorating saloon for a

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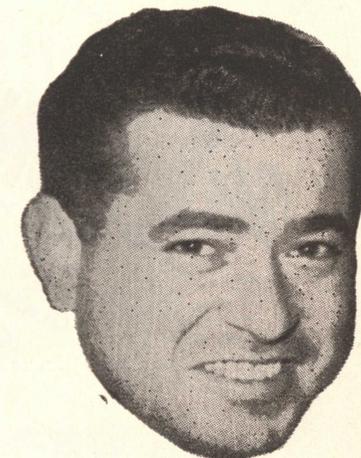
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WHAT'S FOR SURE . . .

by JACK CORTEZ

ALTHOUGH we are datelined July 18, we are extending an advance welcome to the newest of entertainment mediums in Las Vegas—television. From all reports and absolute assurances, our sets should provide us with introductory programs on July 20. We are hoping there won't be a snag in the debut of T.V. in L.V. KLAS-TV is ready to present many interesting highlights over its Channel 8. Perhaps it won't be too long a time before the other channels on the dial will be open to local viewers. Whatever the progress we extend a hearty greeting. This is one thing we've looked forward to for quite some time . . . and that's for sure.



There's something in the air besides the elements! We're wondering what secretive arrangements are being discussed by two gentlemen who are well known for their investments and ventures. Quite a few huddles are being shared by BARNEY VAN DER STEEN and TUTOR SCHERER. (Barney recently sold his SENATOR HOTEL in Seattle, Wash.) The whispering indicates big plans a-brewing and we just can't sit on our curiosity much longer!

By now virtually everyone is aware of the party LENA HORNE hosted at the SANDS HOTEL for MILTON PERLE. The attendees were primarily composed of stellar personalities. But one of the celebrities took a back seat when ARTHUR WALSH escorted his "baby" into the room. The "baby" proved to be a six-week-old chimpanzee who actually cuddled up in this editor's arms for a short snooze. Man! Did you ever try to break the hold of such an animal? (Incidentally, you can see Arthur and his zany antics with the SKE JONES revue at the FLAMINGO HOTEL).

While he was in our midst, JACK BENNY made a special trip to the Cas- of the HOTEL SAHARA. He was intensely interested in VING MERLIN and his VIOLINS. Mr. Benny was completely captivated by the music and he used to use Ving and the girls on his show in the fall.

PAUL SPERLING (youthful prexy of NEVADA THEATRE CORPORATION) spends every available second out on the golf course. If anyone attempted to rouse this lad from his slumber, out would come the shotgun. When the golf clubs beckon, Paul is a-running—even if it's 6 a.m. By the way, you must realize the boy is contentious in his love for this sport and

has devoted a great deal of time to it. Now—here's another chap we'd like to introduce. He is STAN FAYMAN (owner of BOND'S JEWELERS). Stan just dabbles in the sport. He likes it but doesn't go overboard in his admiration. In fact, Stan has played most infrequently. Well, sir! Paul has been itching for a match with Stan for the longest time now. In order to keep peace in their friendship, they finally set the date and teed off last Sunday. Yep! You guessed it! Mr. Fayman won the nine-hole competition by two strokes. (Here's a bit of news for you, P. S.: Stan happens to have been a champion athlete in college. He mastered many tournaments. Perhaps this active background made a "natural" golfer out of the boy?)

Even though his birthday is looming in the very near future (July 20), DR. REUBEN LOCKITCH is a very glum gentleman. His wife and three children are up in Portland, vacationing with relatives. So the popular physician will be kinda lonesome, come his natal day. However, unless we're grossly mistaken, the absent members of his family will run up a high long distance phone bill on that day, and indulge the good Dr. Lockitch in a belated celebration upon their return. Smile and be happy, Doc! You're welcome to share a Melo-Zet with us. We'll even put a candle on it!

JAKE KOZLOFF is renovating the Gay '90 Room of the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. Plans are being made to include a stage in the center of the

(Continued on Page 23)



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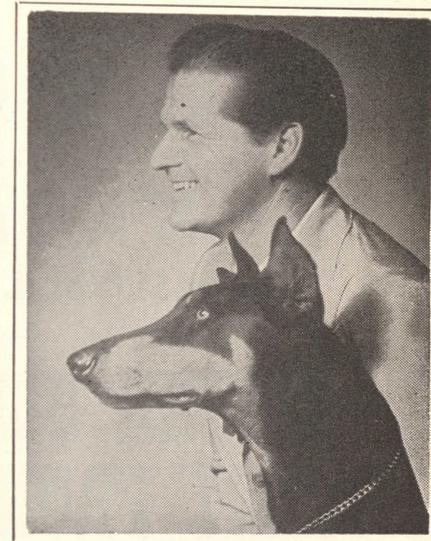


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until August 3rd

DO YOU REALIZE that over half of this year is gone already? Whir nelda zatamgo? Maybe your way of life is a drag, and consequently time drags for you; but I'm on the go most of the time and don't realize that time is passing so rapidly. Then, on occasion, I'll take a LONG look at the calendar and say to myself: "What happened to last month?" Here it's already just the middle of July and it seems a long time since I finished cleaning up the list of the fir tree needles and artificial snow that seeped off my poor little Christmas tree! CHRISTMAS! Now's the time to start thinking about that time again! That's what most of us do anyway, isn't it? We start thinking about it along about now, or in a month or so, and don't DO anything about it until the last week before the Old Man slides down the chimney with the gummy sack. My Christmas to me this year will be a home of my own for the first time in my life. If God is good to me, He may help me find the things that make a house a HOME . . . Some bachelors pretend to be happy!

The EMBASSY CLUB in North Las Vegas has done it again! "MITCH" has booked in a couple of real cuties for the current show. Topping the bill is shape-NEVE PAREE. Billed "The Continental Sweetheart," this little lady of torso-sing entertainment has only recently come to this country from Europe, and has a very subtle style of dancing. On the same bill is "The Girl of the Golden Gait," MARLENE KING, who comes to the Embassy direct from smash engagements in San Francisco. DOC STARR is the perennial master ceremonies at the club, and has more ways to tell that fit the situation than anyone I know of . . . and sings a fine song when he is of the proper frame of mind to do so. Music is by the band of BOB LEE, a trio consisting of BOB, FRANKIE AYRAUD and MURRAY GOODMAN. There are four shows a night with a couple of late ones for "late ones" like you and myself . . . 2 4 ayem . . .

The management of the FORTUNE CLUB downtown is looking forward to the day when the newly installed casino will start going for THEM. So there have been mostly winners on the other side, since they opened a couple weeks ago. The old adage is, however, that a slow beginning is a good omen. Aside from this angle, the bar and lunch counter have been doing a terrific job in this place. "Tiny"



MASHBURN just recently went on the planks for the Fortune Club, in case you were wondering where he went from El Cortez . . .

The little lady who plays so soothingly at the COLONIAL BAR, located on The Strip at THE COLONIAL HOUSE, is a fine person by the name of IRENE; plays here nightly and plays the old tunes, ballads, moderns, most anything you'd like to hear . . . Here's an interesting bit about one of the desk clerks at the Colonial. "Buzz" BARTON lives in one of the cabins at Mount Charleston and makes the drive back and forth every day on his motorcycle. This guy really loves that bike . . . he'd have to make a run like that every day . . .

Maybe you've more will power than I, but I can't resist those candied assorted nuts that are on sale right on the counter at the VILLAGE SWEET SHOP in the LAST FRONTIER VILLAGE. Those things I could eat by the ton . . . and that's the way I'd soon be weighing myself, I'm afraid . . . by the ton! As it is, I manage to take on a "handful worth" almost every time I go in to say "hello" to KATIE and DON . . .

Also located in the Village are the LAST FRONTIER STABLES operated by those two grand persons, "TEX" and FRED GATES, who seem to be

(Continued on Page 15)

MUSIC

SONGS

GIRLS!

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MAJESTIC LAKE TAHOE

... by BOB MILLAR

THE FOURTH OF JULY really got the Tahoe summer season into high gear with resorts on both the north and south shores reporting tremendous increase in business. We made the trip over to the south shore spots during the Big Week-end to say hello to a few friends in the various shows there, but the crush was so terrific we gave up early and decided to return during the middle of the week. Added reason for getting back there this week: NELLIE HUTCHER at Sahati's. Speaking of Sahati's, the STERLING YOUNG ork is currently doing the shows and the fine music at that popular spot. STERLING is another Last Frontier alumnus and an old friend of ours.

LOUIS HECHT staying at Cal-Neva Lodge this week. LOUIS looks great and is full of enthusiasm about CHICK HECHT'S plans for a new shop right next door to HECHT'S of Fremont Street. Good luck, Chick!

THE KIRBY STONE QUARTETTE is the current rage of the north shore. These guys have not only killed Cal-Neva audiences nightly but have made the Wednesday night jam sessions at the Biltmore a ropes-up affair. Kirby and the boys are so versatile they can send the wildest cats and the dimmest squares . . . no mean feat.

SANFORD ADLER is bringing them to the Cal-Neva Biltmore for a two-week engagement the night after they close with MARILYN MAXWELL at Cal-Neva lodge. The Biltmore is offering a great entertainment bargain, what with the fine WILLIE FISHER comedy act, THE PLAYBOYS, and the peerless FOUR DUKES and CLIFF FERRE to complete the line-up with KIRBY STONE. All that and a sensational midnight buffet that is the talk of the lake.

About those gals CONNIE BARLEAU and GRACIE FRANKEL at the North Shore Club! Just the greatest. Connie has so much style and good taste as a singer . . . every song gets intelligent treatment. Grace is not only an accomplished pianist but a performer as well. BUCK HARRIS has the gals hold forth at a piano bar, alternating with the fine dance music of the ALLIANCE group. It's a perfect combination. You Las Vegas folk may soon see Connie and Gracie in the Sky Room at the Desert Inn . . . just the right place for them!

AL KING COLE did a great close-up show at Tahoe. His many fans in the area were all on hand for the last

performance and it looked for a while as though it would run until daybreak. A very generous guy with his talent. FRANKIE LAINE follows Nat into the spot, supported by DANNY CRYSTAL, the JEAN DEVLIN GIRLS (CANDYCE KING and BILLI MARCEL, refugees from the Ramona Room, send their best) and the DICK PIERCE Ork.

BEVERLY ALBERS and LEE STANLEY doing a bang-up chore at the piano bar in Cal-Neva Lodge casino. Beverly and Lee also do a between-shows stint in the Indian Room of the lodge. They have a terrific repertoire and present everything they do with animation and polish.

Great opening for KAY THOMPSON and THE WILLIAMS BROTHERS and ARTHUR LEE SIMPKINS at Cal-Neva. BEATRICE KAY and SYL GREEN send their love to ya'all . . . they will come up to the lake for a two-week stay at Sahati's beginning August 14th. The Beatrice Kay Guest Ranch near Reno is a perfect spot for relaxation . . . hated to leave it.

Hate to go to rehearsal too, but it's just about that time. See you next week!

—BOB.

PAGE "13":

(Continued from Page 13)

spending most of their time up at their ranch in Utah these days. The very attractive brunette you see in charge around the stables most of the time while "Tex" and Freda are away is a little number by the name of EVE BENNETT, who loves to ride horses . . . and mambo! . . .

The new group opening this week-end in the Stage Door Lounge of Hotel El Rancho are THE AFRO-CUBANS, four lively fellows and a girl singer—the powers that be are talking of moving the stage back out by the fireplace where it was in the beginning . . . a good move for business. (Wonder how many drums they use?)

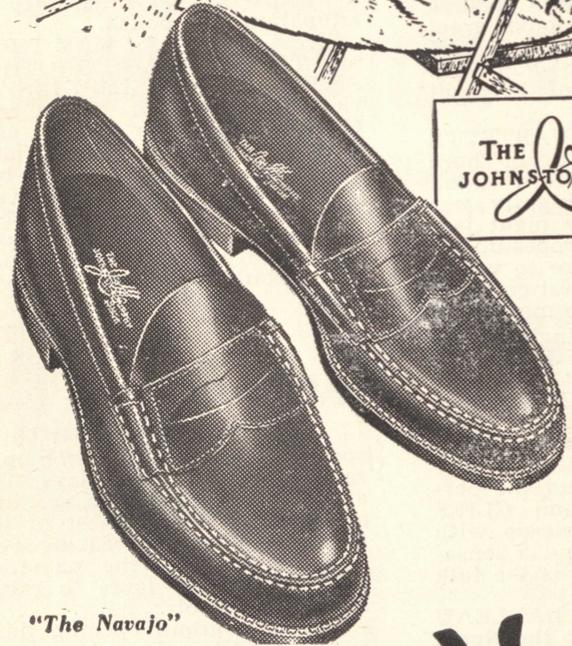
By now you all know, of course, that JACK SNYDER did it! (There must be hope for me!) It's been a couple of weeks since he and the very wonderful Mrs. SCHWARTZ were married, and sewed up two tailoring establishments. SNYDER'S SLACK SHOP is at 717

(Continued on Page 29)

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HILLSWAY

... by ROLAND HILL

Editor's Note: In his 14th article, Mr. Hill continues with his impressions of Algiers and dwells on beautiful Paris).

BTROLLING along Rue Michelet of an evening, after the sun is down, is a pleasure I wish every American could experience. Outdoor cafes under trees, beautiful French mademoiselles and their mamas and pappas, mysterious veiled Arab women with beautiful eyes that you wonder who ever started the fad of covering what must be real beauty with these paper-like contraptions.

Speaking of diapers, forgive me for pressing again, but it reminded me of my little Harry Hopkins. He came to Africa on a mission. When he saw the poverty and filth he wrung his hands in grief, much like I imagine a cannibal does when he is waiting for his white victim to stew to a delicious tenderness in the cauldron over the fire. I could see Harry's face getting brighter and brighter. Having been a New Deal devotee myself in Washington, I knew the worst was coming. And, sure enough, when Harry got back to FDR they both agreed that Africa was fertile and ready for a WPA, the likes of which we had never known in our own country.

Harry, I presume, had spent at least billions on his return trip—that is, in his visions. It wasn't long before the first shipload of literally thousands upon thousands of diapers arrived for the little bare kids all over Africa. The first thing we knew all the beautiful Arab Moresques were wearing these diapers as veils. I wouldn't have been surprised to learn they had been giving friends these were imports from America. That ended Africa's WPA and was good it turned out this way because we might still have been WPA-ing in grand style—over there.

Here again you must arise early and go to the AIR FORCE TERMINAL, along with the ALLETI at 6:15 a. m., and you board the plane at Maison Blanche at 7:00 to take off for gay Parea. Lunch on board ship was served in courses and the flight over the Mediterranean, parts of Spain and Southern France was delightful. At 12:25 we landed at Algiers and I took a taxi to the STOCKHOLM HOTEL, where my room had been reserved for me by LINJEBUSS. This hotel is a fairly new one, just a block from the ARC DE TRIUMPH on Champs Elysees. You



couldn't ask for a better location. The Scandinavian countries have taken over this hotel and use part of the ground floor for their various travel agencies. And LINJEBUSS starts from here, too. Breakfast comes with your room and is served in the cozy little cocktail lounge off the lobby. I paid less than \$3.50 a day here for room and breakfast, so don't let your friends tell you how expensive Paris is. It isn't!

Changed money into francs and received 350 for a dollar. First of all, and I say this without reservation, YOU CAN DEPEND upon any restaurant in Paris that is clean—with tablecloths. So—any you see that looks inviting, try it! The food is excellent all over. Like New Orleans or San Francisco, they are so highly-rated for food, any and every food establishment has to serve good food to keep up the reputation.

Of course, there are some places better than others and I will tell you about them. I think the food in Italy is tops on the Continent and then comes France. The bread and the fruit in these two countries! I'm drooling now, thinking of it! LE PERIGORD, at 5 Avenue Matigon, furnished my first Parisian dinner. Cost 740 francs. Be sure to take a subway (Metro) ride. Paris has the finest underground railway system in the world. You cannot get lost and you can go all over town for about 5 cents.

(Continued on Page 25)



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"CURTAIN TIME"



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

Flamingo

June 25 thru July 22

Show: Spike Jones' "Musical Insanities of 1954," Company of 35

Musical Room: Bobby Page and Orchestra

Give more days!
SPIKE JONES' "Musical Insanities of 1954"! To those of you who have seen previous Spike Jones revues the open comment should be sufficient. Here a company of 35 past masters in the of timing; the feature that seems make these productions reach the all too soon! Featured in this company are some of our old performers and some new ones. One of the most outstanding numbers of all of their many interesting productions is the Hawaiian spectacle which features SPIKE on the drums. In a number a maximum of fluorescent lighting is used in a general display of

(Continued on Page 33)

Skelton and Milton Berle splitting ribs throughout his performance (and that's a tough assignment, mister!) When a comedian makes his contemporaries laugh, it's as good as Mr. Rockefeller's endorsement on a blank check. Herb has no props, no facial contortions, no pratfalls to embellish his repertoire of witticisms. He stands in one spot throughout his performance, head hanging, eyes looking at the floor, timing his punch lines to perfection in a wry, pleasant, quiet manner, throwing his audience into hysterics. His comedic insight makes a big impact. A heavy dosage of rustic humor covering the gamut of realistic monologizing about the barber, the baker, the butcher, the candlestick maker contacts the "grass roots" dormant in every man. His snide comments on Berle and Skelton brought plenty of hurrahs. "Red and I come from the same town," drawled the Hoosier. "Nobuddy dreamed Red'd ever be famous. He wasn't particularly outstanding at school. Strong feller, though. You know them tests we all had to take—puttin' them square pegs in little round holes? Well, Skelton

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El Rancho Vegas

EAST FRONTIER

July 13 thru July 26

Show: Herb Shriner, Mary Kaye Trio, Estelle Sloan

Line: Devlyn Dancers, featuring Dickie Lerner, Joy Walker, Dolores Frazzini

Orch.: Skinnay Ennis

Gay '90 Bar: Buster Hallett, Billy Britt and Art Barduhn Trios

July 15 thru July 28
(Not a Review)

Show: Vic Damone, Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander

Line: The Johnny Conrad Dancers

Orch.: Bob Ellis

Stage Door Lounge: The Afro-Cubans, Landis and DeStafano, Miranda and Gordos

Once again Las Vegas patrons of our fabulous hotel entertainment will thrill to the soothing voice of that young master VIC DAMONE. This young man has a baritone voice that makes you just want to sit back, relax and listen. Vic comes into his opening here with a wealth of new material, and a backlog of the old tunes for which he is so well known; and for which, we feel certain, he will receive many requests. It was in this very room that Vic played his last engagement before go-

That wasn't an H-bomb you heard Monday night on The Strip. That HERB SHRINER drawing belly from a packed house as he stepped through his first nitery flight two-week stint at the Ramona. Parlaying his nostalgic reminiscences of "back home in Indiana" into a monologue. Hoosier Herb had top-drawer comedians as Red



"CURTAIME"

ing into the service of our "Uncle" for a session. We welcome back and wish him the best of everything for his resumed professional career . . . You will get a real lift from the dancing of the par excellent BAMBI LINN and ROD ALEXANDER. These two are the essence of peak ballet, and perfection in their field. You will "feel" the mutual devotion and admiration they hold for one another as they dance; and live each story through their apparent interpretation . . . The JOHNNY CONRAD DANCERS are exponents of the modern dance, and we might add that Johnny, himself, is an "expert" exponent in almost any phase of dancing. We feel certain that you will enjoy the precision work of these accomplished dancers . . . The excellent orchestra of BOB ELLIS backs this show and also supplies the music for your dancing.

DESERT INN

Willbur Clark's
DESERT INN

July 7 thru August 3
Show: Betty Hutton, The Skylarks, Jim and Mildred Mulcay
Line: Donn Arden Dancers
Orch.: Carlton Hayes
Lady Luck Bar: Grover-Shore Trio, May-Caruso Trio

BETTY HUTTON! Just say that name while you're alone and you'll remember some of the greatest moments you will ever experience! We attended Betty's supper club debut and were immediately tossed into the vortex of the Hutton personality. The blonde star gives a performance that your memory will tenaciously retain for the rest of your days. She is a goddess of emotion and a bombshell of unbelievable talent. Every fibre of her being is attuned to a heart overlaid with the desire to be the showman of her youthful vagaries. Does Miss Hutton succeed? We can still hear the applause, shouts of appreciation and see the unashamed tears sparkling in the eyes of viewers who were proud to welcome a gal who

(Continued on page 35)

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

SAHARA

July 14 thru July 27
Show: Red Skelton, Anna Maria Ghatti, Five Christobels
Line: Moro-Landis Sa-Harem featuring The Cavaliers
Orch.: Cee Davidson
Casbar: Three Majors, Al Day Loco and his Mambo group starring Ving Merlin and his

A giant firecracker exploded in the Congo Room and RED SKELTON erupted unscathed to the audience around his mischievous pranks. Here is a master of comedy in multiple form. He can make you laugh over the prankish nature of a "brat" or elicit unrestrained laughter with his impression of an old man who was blessed with a plastic face

(Continued on Page 35)

The Sands

July 15 thru July 28
 (Not a Review)
Show: Milton Berle with Leonard J. Ross, Betty George, The Mounties, The Fleetwoods. Extra attraction: Sid Gary
Line: Copa Girls and Boys, featuring singer Charles Nelson
Orch.: Ray Sinatra
Silver Queen Bar: Johnny White Stewart, starring Walter Stewart Trio

Even though we go to press the eve of his opening, we've seen MILTON BERLE often enough to realize that he will be a smash Las Vegas performer. "Uncle Miltie" has been hailed as America's greatest cafe comedian and everyone agrees his local appearances promise to be an event of

importance. What in Webster's dictionary can be said about a man of whom critics have written the highest praises? When Mr. Berle packages a show, every second the spotlight shines upon it is filled with fast-paced comedy. For this engagement, Milton Berle brought with him an all-star cast. You will be regaled by the talents of EDWARD SUES, BETTY GEORGE, THE MOUNTAINEERS, and THE FLEETWOODS. We'll see you at curtain time . . . An extra added attraction is SID GARY. He is featured as a baritone on this, his first Las Vegas appearance . . . The Copa Girl-Boys have prepared another musical number to round out the evening's entertainment . . . RAY SINATRA and his ORKestra will be on the podium, giving the evening a smooth send-off with their incredible musical background.

Thunderbird

July 2 thru July 22
Show: Gale Storm, Mata and Hari, John and Rene' Arnaut, Jay Marshall
Line: Kathryn Duffy Dansations
Orch.: Al Jahns
M.C.: Barney Rawlings
Lounge: Jack Martin Five, Normandie Boys

"Little Margie," of Phillip Morris radio and TV show, made her debut before Las Vegas footlights last week and immediately became the heart of everyone who has seen her come into contact with her and her engaging personality. Aside from this, this cute and perky blonde can sing. She sang, showing a versatility that possessed by very few vocalists . . . such diversified selections as "Theme from Moulin Rouge," "One Day" from Madame Butterfly, the "Cow Boogie" followed by that beautiful French ballad "Three Bells." We all enjoy the personality, beauty and talents of "My Little Margie" . . . GALE STORM . . . Something entirely

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FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

El Cortez

July 16 thru July 29
 (Not a Review)
Show: Martha Davis and "Spouse," Roberto, Mardoni and Louise
Orch.: Jimmy Oliver
Buccaneer Bar: The Instrumentalists, The Star-Kings

HELD OVER for an additional TWO WEEKS is the powerful entertainment duo of MARTHA DAVIS and "Spouse," who have been loading the Pirates Den of El Cortez with each and every show for the past two weeks. The power and speed in Martha's pudgy pinkies is unbelievable. but one thing you are cer-

(Continued on Page 35)

SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

July 17 thru July 30
 (Not a Review)
Show: Kalantan, The Savoir-Faires, Hank Henry, Sparky Kaye
Line: Marah Gates' Palominos
M.C.: Jimmy Cavanaugh
Orch: George Redman

Here SHE is again, and . . . WOW! KALANTAN is back, and the "heavenly body" has onlookers soaring to astral heights. This little lady is one of the finest exotic dancers we've ever had the pleasure of witnessing. When last here her performances of "The Dance of Desire" and "Cobra" would weave a spell over each and every audience with her tantalizing interpretations and hypnotic musical backgrounds . . . The SAVOIR-FAIRES are new to the Slipper, but not new to Las Vegas showgoers . . . However, it will be interesting to see and hear exactly what these

(Continued on Page 29)

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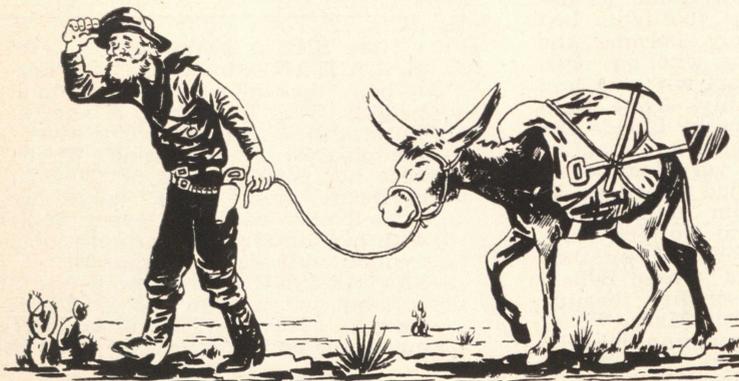
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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 9)

room. At the conclusion of their engagement in the Ramona Room, the MARY KAYE TRIO will bring their singing and comicy to patrons of the Gay '90 Room. It looks as though the local hotels are not only giving each other stiff competition in their dining rooms but are turning their cocktail lounges into objects d'rivalry. Whatever the reason, late rounders are definitely gaining with this provision of late entertainment.

Collectively, we feel that our hotels are the most beautiful that can be seen in the West. However, we still maintain that the FLAMINGO HOTEL will be the most picturesque at the completion of its "face-lifting." The builder-architect designing the changes has been given a free hand and is molding the realization of an oft-recurrent dream. When the last pail of paint is stored, we'll see if you agree with us.

Looks as though ZSA ZSA GABOR and GEORGE SANDERS are finally determined to break the chain that binds them. At present they are discussing the settlement. Next step is the court; then comes freedom.

Rave all you want about the short hair styles adorning (?) the heads of the gals, the shortest one yet is being sported by MAE PARKER, of the RINGLETTE WAVE SHOP. The only one who has her beat is the youngster down the block, with his "butch" haircut.

There's a new combine in town, ready to take the plunge in construction and sale of houses. Comprising the professional union are C. J. Jones (casino manager of the DESERT INN), CLAUDE WILLIAMS (pit boss at the same bistro) and LEE COCHRANE, Los Angeles contractor and builder. The trio purchased all available land in the vicinity of 17th Street and Oakey Boulevard. Within the next two-week period they will begin the groundwork for the erection of their 82 homes. (This should help the housing problem tremendously). The buildings will boast two and three-bedrooms. Each house will contain a fireplace. VERNON VELBORN, prominent architect, is busily engaged in formulating the plans. Vern has a big job on his hands because each home will be individually styled. This will definitely NOT be a housing tract, with identical structures. In order to devote as much time and effort as possible to this undertaking, Mr. Williams works at the D.I. only on Friday and Saturday, to alleviate the pressure of these rush periods.

BELDON KATLEMAN, young hotel

magnate (owner of the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS), showed tremendous pleasure at a birthday party in his honor July 15. His charming wife MILDRED played hostess at the get-together and many of the Katlemans' friends congregated to toast Beldon and the successful years before him.

JIMMY BILBRAY (of BILBRAY'S SHOE SALON) and JERRY COOK (manager of the Fremont store) are a couple of the hardest workers in town. Jimmy takes special pains to paint Milady's shoe to the exact tone required for her special costumes. If a customer requests a shoe that isn't in the Fremont store, ANN BILBRAY exchanges pleasantries with her over a coke. Before the soda is completely consumed, Jerry dashes out to the Bilbray shop in the COLONIAL HOUSE and returns with the style footwear desired. What teamwork!

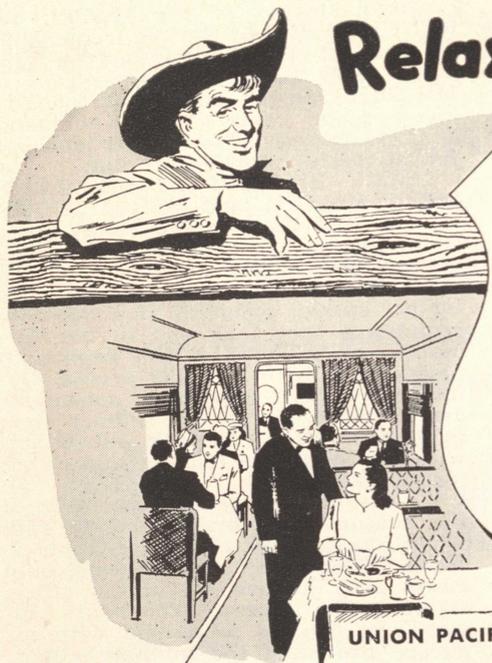
We believe we've stumbled on one of the reasons that makes the SANDS HOTEL a favorite of supper-clubbers. JAKE FREEDMAN is a man who could easily shut himself up in his office, counting the proceeds for hours. Instead, he chooses to mingle with his guests, providing the intimate atmosphere that only a condescending host can stimulate. Mr. Freedman ingeniously surrounded himself with a crew of men who carry out the same theme. They are all terrific!

The happiest man in town is BUD MORGAN. Reason for his felicity is that Bud's wife EMMA is now recuperating at home after a prolonged illness. Mrs. Morgan certainly had a wonderful welcoming committee in her husband and three children. Now that the family picture is complete, Bud can be seen smiling through his job as purchasing agent-part owner of the HOTEL SAHARA.

MR. and MRS. HARRY FARNOW (he is general manager of the CALIFORNIA CLUB) have finally succumbed to the travel bug. The Farnows joined a group of friends who left for Honolulu last week. Even though they won't be gone for too long a period, we're going to miss them.

The impressive addition to the GOLDEN NUGGET has had GUY McAFEE'S schedule so filled he has had time for little else than a hurried sandwich and hot beverage. Mr. McAfee has spent most of his days and evenings supervising the new saloon and cocktail lounge. Believe it or not, Guy was actually seen using a hammer during the preparations. Incidentally, the official opening for this lounge is July 22, at 6 p. m. To acquaint you with the new layout, we'd like to inform you that a plush casino will stand where

(Continued on Page 27)



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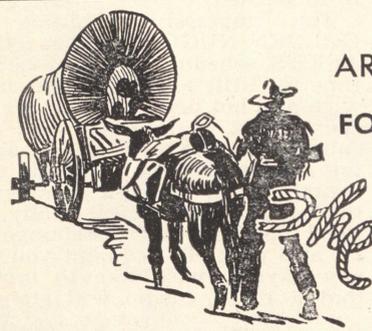
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HILLSWAY:

(Continued from page 17)

The next morning I went at once to the American Express to get my mail—located at 11 Rue Scribe right near the Opera House. The little VETZEL RESTAURANT, around the corner from the Express at 1 Rue Auber, served a good lunch.

I left everything to American Express and that afternoon they put me on a bus tour to Versailles, costing only 100 francs. At 6:30 I went to the Arc de Triomphe to watch the "pouring on of the oil" ceremony and parade. This happens nightly when some organization comes to keep the Eternal Flame burning at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, underneath the arch. So you are sure of seeing a Parisian parade and hearing a band every night of the year. Had dinner at the SAVAGE RESTAURANT at 73 Avenue Marceau which cost 1000 francs.

Be sure to take the PARIS AT NIGHT-NIGHTCLUB TOUR which can be arranged by your porter at our hotel. There are several offered. I implore you to take the most expensive—the deluxe one. It is well worth the 5000 francs. It picks you up at your hotel at 9 and returns you there at 5 a. m. You visit PETIT BALCON nightclub, the LA VILLA nightclub, THE PHINX on Rue Pigale, and CAPRICE—they progressively become more refined and in better places. You end up at the LIDO, which is now rated the top spot on the Continent. Here alone would cost you more than the \$15 you have spent for the entire tour. So, you see what I mean in suggesting you take the most expensive tour.

You get champagne in each place and see a terrific floor show, complete with each one, ranging from exotic African natives in costume to sophisticated continental shows. If you saw the recent LATIN QUARTER REVUE at WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN you know about what you will see at the LIDO. In fact, some of the very acts which I saw. The Lido also has an ice show, comparable or better than we have in our country. After the show around 4 a. m. at the Lido, your bus takes you to LES HALLES MARKET for French onion soup for breakfast, before returning you to your own doorstep at 5 a. m. What a night! You'll never forget it!

The next morning at 9 I took the AMERICAN EXPRESS TOUR to Chantilly, Compeigne and Pierrefonds. We reached at the PALACE HOTEL in Compeigne and arrived home at 7 a. m. and you are in and out of palaces,

castles and gardens 'til you wonder how there can be so much to see in any one country. Had dinner at PAM PAM. It is sort of a Pig n' Whistle affair in France. We took a horse and buggy ride to Pigale and walked around all evening, peering in at various naughty shows and cabarets, holding onto our wallets all the while, of course.

The next day we met at the American Express and took the PARIS MORNING TOUR for 700 francs and the HISTORICAL PARIS TOUR in the afternoon for about the same \$2. In between tours we wangled our way into the American Embassy with about 1000 other Americans for lunch and had CORN ON THE COB—believe it or not. Food cost only 200 francs here.

In the evening we ate at TOUR D'ARGENT RESTAURANT and I have forgotten what numbered duck I had. This is one of the top spots in Paris and well worth the price. Then we went to the FOLIES BERGERE. Cost was \$4.50 for sixth row orchestra and the show started at 8:30, ending after 12. It was magnificent, truly spectacular and wonderful.

The next day we lolled around, taking pictures, lunching on the second landing of the Eiffel Tower and then riding to the top for more picture taking and thrills. It costs 300 francs to go up and you change elevators three times in the ascent.

Restaurants and hotels in Paris that HILLSWAY lists in its Fifth Edition (just off the presses) are: PALACE HOTEL, MAXIM'S RESTAURANT (not to be missed), PRUNIER RESTAURANT, DROUANT RESTAURANT, FOUQUET'S RESTAURANT, ROTISSERIE DE LA REINE PEDAQUE RESTAURANT, LIPP RESTAURANT, BEULMAN'S RESTAURANT, WEBER BRASSERIE, and ESCARGOT D'OR RESTAURANT. The VENDOME HOTEL is very good, too, but expensive and, of course, the restaurants I told you about before this last listing. And—you can take it from there!

I had a filet mignon at Maxim's for \$3.50 our money. Now I ask you—is that expensive? The same thing would have cost 10 times as much at CHAMBORD'S in New York. Of course, it is expensive if you order all the trimmings, champagnes, etc., in these fine places but look at what it would cost you to do the same thing back home. The tours I mentioned show you all of Paris so I am not elaborating on what you should see—you already have. No wonder they say that Paris is the most beautiful city in the world. It just is!

(More about Europe next week.)

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 23)

the bar was previously. The room in which the bingo was formerly is now the lounge. Three other gentlemen who have worked with extreme perseverance on this enterprise are ART HAM, Sr., JAKE KOZLOFF (of the HOTEL EAST FRONTIER) and BILL GREEN, manager. Although he has been recuperating from his recent operation (having lost 30 pounds), Mr. Ham Sr. has been ever-present also. Mr. Green has some wonderful ideas for entertainment that will appeal to the general public.

REX BELL'S chest measurements have added proportions since son TOM returned to town from his studies as freshman at Notre Dame. Even though dad would rather see the boys just chilling during the summer, his sons insist upon working their way. Tom is driving a truck, making local deliveries, and 15-year-old GEORGE works as a bus boy at the SILVER SLIPPER RESTAURANT. It's a heart-warming note to see the ambition displayed by youngsters who could be completely dependent upon well-to-do parents but prefer to spend their summers working.

A welcome smile in our midst is being worn by CHARLES KANDEL, one of the owners of the SANDS HOTEL. Mr. Kandel spent two weeks in the east visiting friends and relatives. However, he is another confirmed Las Vegas and just couldn't wait to return to his adopted home.

Although ELI LUBIN and MORT EVITCH have been in business (LAINE FURNITURE COMPANY) for a short time, they are expanding additional quarters on North Second Street. Their annex will only feature CA television sets—nothing more. Their main store on East Charleston will still provide some of the greatest furniture buys you can imagine.

Las Vegas just doesn't seem the same when PHYLLIS and ARNOLD CHRISTENSEN are out of town. (They are the owners of CHRISTENSEN'S MEN'S WEAR and ARNOLD'S LTD.) The couple recently returned from a business-pleasure trip to the East. Chris and his lovely wife left by train but returned in the front seat of a new Dodge which they purchased in Detroit. Welcome back, folks!

We spent many interesting hours in the company of our friend MILTON BEE, publisher of the "Panorama" magazine, a publication printed in Miami Beach, Fla. Milton's visit was a short one but he will undoubtedly return more frequently in the near future.

RUTH LANDIS and her proud husband GEORGE MORO (producer-chorographer of the HOTEL SAHARA) are in the midst of another great production. Their household will be blessed with another arrival some time in December. Ruth is praying the entry in her diary will be made on the 14th of that month, which happens to be her own natal day. Congratulations, nice people! We're very happy that your son will have a playmate soon.

SPIKE JONES (starring at the FLAMINGO HOTEL) and his manager, RALPH WONDERS, have formed another company—the WONDER MUSIC COMPANY. Slogan for the new outfit is: "If it's on the Hit Parade—it's a Wonder!" Pretty cute, hmmm!?

It certainly is wonderful to see LILLIAN D'ALLIATI ambulating again. (Hubby PANCHO is maitre d' at the DESERT INN). A few months back Lillian was involved in an auto accident that removed her from the active scene. Now you know why Pancho is smiling so happily.

Once again we have news of which we cannot give too many details because of our deadline and its scheduled time. July 18th is RED SKELTON'S birthday. At this writing MILTON PRELL (general manager of the HOTEL SAHARA) informs us that a gigantic shindig will be held to commemorate the event—after the second show, Friday, July 17. Using a bit of imagination, we believe it will be one of the greatest events of the season for many of Red's friends will be on hand to offer felicitations and impromptu entertainment.

The ZARAPE CAFE on South Fifth Street is fast becoming a popular spot for the many who crave the finest in Mexican dishes. Adding to the drawing power of the spot is its disc jockey show, heard over KORK nightly. We heard MILTON BERLE on the show Tuesday evening and honestly feel that no other program ever received a more inspiring "send-off."

MAUREEN WHITE proved to be a very grown-up young lady as she sat next to her grandfather, CAPPY EDWARDS (credit manager of the GOLDEN NUGGET), on July 14, her ninth birthday. It was also the birthday of ESTHER COOPER (hubby TEX is casino manager at the same location). The gentlemen arranged a dual celebration that these two ladies will remember for a long, long time.

Our sincere congratulations and wishes for success to AGGIE and HENRY. (Don't ask us their surname. We can barely say it—let alone spell it). The couple opened their new SAFARI MOTEL on East Fremont

(Continued on Page 29)

ON THE SUNNYSIDE OF LAKE TAHOE

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SILVER SLIPPER:

(Continued from Page 21)

ve young singing stars can really do. composed of three young men and two attractive young ladies, you can expect to hear some mighty fine vocal blends when you hear the Savoir-Faires. All of which brings us to a group of entertainers who are becoming more popular nationwide than any other group in Las Vegas; for the work they have been doing in this room over the period of many, many months: THE SILVER SLIPPER STOCK COMPANY PLAYERS . . . HANK HENRY evokes years of laughter by merely walking on stage, a master in every phase of comedy . . . SPARKY KAYE runs a close second and is a perfect partner for Hank; being a distinct opposite . . . JIMMY CAVANAUGH and BILL WILKINSON take supporting roles in all the scenes and act alternately as masters of ceremonies . . . Marah Gates' PALOMINOS have danced their way right into an almost permanent thing here at the Slipper and do a wonderful job in their roles in the scenes . . . GEORGE REDMAN and his fine little group of musicians continue to do a BIG job with the music for each of the FOUR weekly shows.

WHAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 27)

Street. Not too long ago, Henry and his wife left Chicago to visit BARBARA and NICK FRAZZINI here. The ol' gal bit them and they returned again to buy property and build their motel. Again—our best wishes for a successful future! Strange as it may seem, DICK POWELL'S first attempt as a movie director resulted in a greater barrage of fan mail than he ever received as an actor. We aren't underestimating his thespian ability, it just seems that Mr. Powell's directorial talents are much greater. This most certainly is a month of birthdays, isn't it? Right now, we're being time out to send a great big birthday kiss to SUSAN SHORE, Susan's dad LANNY is a member of the GOVER-SHORE TRIO, currently in the Lady Luck Bar of the DESERT INN. The young Miss Shore and her mother HILDA are planning a party on July 23 and there is a lot of fun on the agenda for that day. If you want to see unadulterated love in the eyes of a young couple, take a look at DONNA REYNOLDS and SI-MON. (She is a featured dancer with MORO-LANDIS SA-HAREM troupe at the HOTEL SAHARA. He is

the stage manager at the same spot). Donna and Si are so happy they are making their marital plans somewhere up there on Cloud Eight.

There was a lot of speculation on the chances that wedding bells would ring for ROSEMARY CLOONEY and JOSE FERRER. Although disbelief was prevalent, the show personalities exchanged wedding bands on July 13.

'Twas a whirlwind romance that ended in matrimonial plans for SANDRA HARRIS (niece of the MILTON PRELLS of the HOTEL SAHARA) and TEDDY MORGAN (whose brother Bud is a co-owner of the same hotel). The gal came to town for a visit and acquired a fiance, plus a five-carat square-cut diamond. Fabulous town, you say? You're so right—and that's for sure.

PAGE "13":

(Continued from page 15)

South Fifth Street, across from the grammar school . . . Congratulations, belatedly, to you and yours, Jack! . . .

There's ridin' horses at Mt. Charleston, too, you know! An old friend of mine is operating the stables up there . . . EDDIE HODGES, who used to play drums with George DeCarl at El Cortez. It's nice and cool up at the lodge this time of the year, and something I didn't know until just recently—the lodge is open 24 hours now . . .

OSCAR'S back in town! Peddling the Citizen-News out along The Strip. He's been on a long vacation back East where he visited his sister, ELSIE STERLING, who manages Orsatti's in Philadelphia, Pa. Oscar tells me he had dinner with Grace Hayes on one occasion, and with Ted Lewis on another, while in New York . . . then spent some time in Florida. He's glad to be home!

Sal and Rusty's AMUSEMENT PARK was the scene of a shower for KAROL SERINO last Wednesday morning along about 4 a. m. Seems like an odd hour for a shower, but it so happens that most of her friends work the swing shift and get off around 2:30 or 3 in the morning, so JOAN WALLEK set up a nice buffet in the patio at Sal and Rusty's and the gals really took over the place . . .

Belated birthday to BELDON KATLEMAN, the man behind the wheel of Hotel El Rancho Vegas. He celebrated his on the 15th of this past week.

While we're in a birthday mood, it's many more happy ones to a great guy who opened at the Sahara this past

(Continued on page 37)



DICK SHERIDAN'S
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- Results From All Major Tracks
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MY SINCEREST
THANKS TO —

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- JAY MARSHALL
- MATA AND HARI
- AL JAHNS' ORCHESTRA
AND
- HOTEL THUNDERBIRD

FOR A THRILLING
AND EXCITING
NIGHT CLUB DEBUT

GALE
STORM

RENO BEAT

by ART STEAGALL

My guest columnist this week is LYNN POOLE, director of public relations of the Johns Hopkins University, way back East in Baltimore, Md. Lynn is also creator, producer and moderator of the award-winning "Johns Hopkins Science Review," the WAAM-DuMONT NETWORK weekly television show which celebrated its fifth anniversary last March. In his spare time Lynn, aided by his versatile wife GRAY, writes books for McGraw-Hill . . . so far they are SCIENCE ON TELEVISION, TODAY'S SCIENCE AND YOU and the next one, YOUR TRIP INTO SPACE, due to roll off the press in September — ART STEAGALL.

THANKS to Art, my wife, Gray, and I have a chance to rave in public about this wonderful city, Reno, and wonderful county, Washoe. United Airlines winged us in on Thursday, July 2. From thousands of feet in the air we got our first Reno surprise. We thought it was bleak desert, sorry! Before we landed we knew that we were going to holiday in a green valley . . . and this; with superb hot-day, cool-night climate in place of the plain weather we are used to back home.

Our welcome at the airport had us sort of choked up because there were two of our dearest friends, Beatrice Kay and Sylvan Green. Just being with them would have been enough to make any vacation perfect but dozens of other people, all new friends, have piled on the cake. We'll soon run out of adjectives just trying to say thanks. All of you for hospitality, friendliness, warmth and kindness we've never known from so many so quickly.

From the airport, where we met our first Reno rancher, Bill Stead, we drove to the BEATRICE KAY GUEST RANCH. City clothes and all, we had to tuck our every inch of the ranch before we settled into the MAPES cottage, Reno home. Then we began to live. We've sound a little giddy . . . we are!! RENO RODEO, our first anywhere, left us breathless. Gray says that the highlight of the RODEO was JACK SWEETER, Reno D. A., riding expert during the whole program. She claims he is the handsomest D. A. in the United States. We-e-e-l-l.

From RODEO opening, where we met Bill McKay and his glamorous wife Sue, until now it's been two things for another . . . all fun. Shopping for western clothes at PARKER'S and MR. DOCK'S. Buying our films at Bill Williams's CAMERA AND HOBBY SHOP. Catching, as they say, all the

shows at THE MAPES, THE RIVERSIDE and THE GOLDEN. Brief, warm reunion with our old friend, Jimmy Durante. We saw him last back-stage at the London PALLADIUM where, as always, he wowed the customers. First time we met was at a Peabody Award luncheon in New York where we each received one of the coveted television awards.

Frankie Laine, expert in his line, giving a great show. Gambling, shoestring type, counting the nickels in great surprise. Making a real quarter slot machine faux pas. We are too red-faced to tell the story; if you want it, just ask Red Mundley, pit boss at THE MAPES, who only chuckled when by rights he could have laughed us right out of the place. HAROLD'S CLUB . . . if you haven't read the book they published, PIONEER NEVADA . . . it's a must on your reading list.

Thanks to Harold for his boundless hospitality and warm welcome. Never will forget the fascinating anecdotes spun by his brother, Ray Smith Jr., with his charming wife Olga. This was one quiet afternoon at the Beatrice Kay Guest Ranch bar, where we have spent many happy hours, sipping and chatting with newly-made, long-lasting friends.

At HAROLD'S CLUB ran into HARRIET GEORGE, late of WAAM, the Baltimore TV station where our show originates. Surprise all around. Met Harriet's husband, SIG EICHER, also a hand at Harold's. Long gabfest with two planned before we leave. Steak dinners to remember long on long winter evenings at our own Baltimore fireside at GUY MITCHELL'S delightful CHRISTMAS TREE, at the WILLOWS and at JOHNNY'S OPEN DOOR where Johnny himself showed us the mahogany with which he fires the steak pit. Everybody has time to show you anything, to answer question . . . and we've had plenty of those about history, customs, agriculture and on and on.

The sage of VIRGINIA CITY, URSULA McHENRY, gave us a whole day . . . seeing the sights of that unbelievable, fascinating little town, telling us true tales straight out of its history, dragging out records and files so that we could see history on the written pages, taking us to call on her witty aunt, the Irish colleen NORA DESMOND. Jean and Irv Romm of

(Continued on page 37)



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MT. CHARLESTON

NEAR
LODGE

STABLES

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from Page 19)

the wide versatility of the members of the company. The illusion of SPIKE having four arms during a portion of his drumming is the greatest . . . ELEN GRAYCO was never more beautiful and is acquiring a definite style as she sells herself and her songs . . . ARTHUR WALSH is an uninhibited comedian whose talents know no end. His burlesque show is a "sell-out" . . . GEORGE ROCK is not only a great trumpet man, but has become famous for his tiny tonsilling of "All Want for Christmas" and now "Three Little Fishes" . . . Scene stealer supreme is FREDDY MORGAN. His pantomime bit with the banjo during "Poet and Peasant" is an all-time treat! . . . Due to time limitations, JIMMY KENNEDY only takes part in scenes and bits in this show, but is capable of a complete show within his own talents . . . The WAYNE-MARLIN TRIO seems to be even better than ever. The ease with which they perform belies the skill needed to accomplish the things they do . . . Although EARL BENNET (the hair) is clowning most of the time, and is an excellent comedian, he also possesses a fine singing voice . . . BILL KING is the epitome of timing and precision as he juggles three double-edges axes (which really have edges) and, in complete blackout, handles all sorts of lighted torches . . . DOLORES GAY taps her way through the very difficult "Whirling Dervish," and THERON NAY is the vocalist who sings "while the show goes on" . . . LA VERNE PEARSON sings beautifully as the "Queen for a Day" winner, and FRANKIE LITTLE manages to steal his share of the laughs throughout the show.

powerful romantic baritone the perfect blend. In addition to performing with utmost skill on instruments (guitar, piano and accordion) each member of the trio make a big click with individual vocalizing. Frank Ross has a gifted set of trick vocal chords and his Louie Armstrong impersonation of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," complete with miniature trumpet, stops the show. Individually these kids are outstanding, together they are spectacular. A greedy audience released the perspiring troupers reluctantly after numerous curtain calls of "Old Black Magic," "Birth of the Blues," and a fast-paced "Some of These Days." Prediction: An indefinite engagement!

ESTELLE SLOAN could draw lines if she just stood on stage and displayed her shapely gams but, when those stems start moving with breathtaking verve and commanding technique of the dance, the audience is spellbound. The little lady of the red hair and flashing green eyes, you'll swear, is a Pixie right from an Irish woodland. She can bleat with the best of the thrushes and shows definite ability to command a whole show of her own if necessary. Her tap-dance impression of a big league ball game is amazingly realistic, as is her "Syncopated Clock" routine. The little dancing dynamo wraps it up with her impression of an "Israeli Folk Dance," a pot-pourri of all nations. The DEVLIN DANCERS present a "French Poodle" production, featuring Dickie Lerner, diminutive dancing genius, which is the most original choreography seen on The Strip in some time. An "Up and Down" mambo whams and whirls into a hoop-de-la finale, leaving the audience with wonderful memories to discuss for many a moon. SKINNAY ENNIS, genial master of the baton, continues to frame weekly shows with finesse and great showmanship, with devotees of dance rhythms jamming the stage between shows.

LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from page 19)

could take it." "Milton Berle is a mighty feller, too! Went to a party he gave last night, celebratin' his 45th anniversary — of the same jokes." The MARY KAYE TRIO, direct from a non-stopping engagement at Hollywood's Mocambo, paraded their specialties, "LONESOME ROAD," "I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU," and "WHERE IS YOUR HEART," with Frankie Ross providing the comics, Mary Kaye the wailing tones and brother Norman Kaye's

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LAS VEGAS
MAGAZINE

"ANYWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES"



POST OFFICE BOX 748

DESERT INN:

(Continued from Page 20)

made history in show business. Betty Hutton is an incontrovertible addition to the hall of spotlight fame . . . Supplying the superb vocal background for the blonde sensation are the SKYLARKS. These youngsters accompanied the great star on a European tour and are constantly proving themselves among the elite of singing groups. Not only do the kids sing, they introduce some mighty outstanding choreography. The Skylarks and Betty Hutton go together like coffee and cream. CHARLES O'CURRAN did a highly commendable job, staging and directing Miss Hutton's performance.) . . . JIM and MILDRED MULCAY offer stiff competition to any orchestra when they perform on their amplified harmonicas. The duo display a lot of zest and aptitude. Outstanding is Mildred's interpretation of the "Second Hungarian Rhapsody." . . . The sophisticated DONN ARDEN DANCERS create dream sequences with mundane equipment. Featured with the group are FLUFF COULD, JOY SKYLAR, JEANNE MALONE, JIMMY BARRON and GORDON WEST. Production vocals are projected by ARTHUR JOHNSON . . . Words of praise for CARLTON HAYES and his ORCHESTRA. These gentlemen of music really extend themselves to handle a highly difficult score.

SAHARA:

(Continued from Page 20)

can easily direct to achieve the proper pace for each and every one of his interpretations. Situation comedy is his forte, and long-practiced satires emerge spontaneously for the irrepressible Mr. Selton. Not only is Red an accomplished comedian, he is also a beloved personality whose popularity will ever reign . . . ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI is a young lady whose future in show business can well be envied by young hopefuls who dream of stardom. She is a sweet, unspoiled performer whose voice spells g-e-n-i-u-s. Miss Alberghetti rendered the classics with such powerful projection that it was difficult to believe the notes were emanating from the throat of a teenager. Here is one young lady you will see and hear of very, very often . . . and that's for sure . . . THE CHRISTOBELS are truly amazing. The three gentlemen and two ladies perform some of the most outstanding acrobatic feats ever witnessed. We held our breath as we

watched the fellows toss one of the gals around as though she were a bowling ball. We are still trying to figure out how her legs and arms were affixed in their proper positions when the twirling and heaving came to an end . . . The MORO-LANDIS SAHAREM DANCERS once again induced patrons to frenzied admiration with their striking routines. Their "hands in the darkness" routine (our name for it) will give you a chuckle along with your appreciation. Featured in the production numbers are THE CAVALIERS. They are four gentlemen whose voices well deserve the applause they never fail to stimulate . . . CEE DAVIDSON and his men of music once again prove their command of formidable background arrangements.

THUNDERBIRD:

(Continued from Page 21)

new and different are the interpretive routines executed by the internationally famous stars of "The Show of Shows," MATA and HARI. They perform on their own raised platform so that everyone can see every move they make . . . and during their dance of "Puppets Without Strings" they move plenty. Their timing in the "Symphony" is immaculate . . . JOHN and RENE' ARNAUT return to this stage after a long absence, to do some funny fiddling with their two violins. They are the greatest we've ever seen in their "Birds in Love" business . . . JAY MARSHALL is also back, and more than ever proving himself to be one of Las Vegas' favorite comedians. With him is "Leftie," the riotous rabbit whose outbursts are unpredictable with each performance . . . The famous KATHRYN DUFFY DANSATIONS close with a production of "Watermelon Weather" which features Gale Storm, Jay Marshall, and your singing master of ceremonies, BARNEY RAWLINGS.

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DAVE BARRY:

(Continued from Page 7)

started floating crap games! You had to wait until the dice came to the surface for the third time before you knew what your point was.

But I'm going to like it here in Reno. I'm visiting at a ranch called the LAZY A. No telephones for Cortez to threaten me. Just a nice easy life where I can take all the time in the world figuring out how I'm ever going to get out of debt!

EL CORTEZ:

(Continued from Page 21)

tain of is the fact that here is a gal who clearly defines, describes and demonstrates . . . RHYTHM! Martha's personality when she sings is definitely

her own and incomparable. "SPOUS by now a very essential part of the gets a tone and depth out of the he plays that few bass players accomplish. Between the singing and play of these two you will find that you being treated to some really royal entertainment . . . About MARDON LOUISE! A portion of their act is fast and unbelievable mind reading session that displays some of the finest mental telepathy you'll ever see. It is another return engagement for an entertaining couple. We've heard a lot of explanations of "how they do it" . . . but no one has caught them with anything so far as we know. ROBERTO is a prime puppeteer and sure-fire entertainment. One of his amusing puppets is the artist who draws a caricature from the stage. It is an act that can be enjoyed by young and old alike . . . JIMMY OLIVER and his fine orchestra remain on the stage to cut a fine show and to play for dancing moments . . .

TOP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

two great springs pouring their vast flow of clear waters over the thirsty lands, he was delighted and, we imagine, took full advantage of the warm waters to wash away the dirt of years from their tired and sore bodies. Yes, Las Vegas in Spanish means "The Meadows." It must have been with pangs of regret that Garces and his party left Las Vegas, but in those days business was business. Garces returned to the camp near the mouth of Eldorado Canyon, launched the boats and made an easy journey downstream with the current until they reached Yuma. Soon word came that the Spanish government had authorized Garces to establish two stations near Yuma. So he split his party into two groups of ten or eight men each, and established two settlements about eight miles apart. The Spaniards devoted themselves to teaching the Yumas how to live and made a very sincere effort to instill into their souls the teachings of their Church. All seemed to be friendly and peaceful for a time and then the Indians began to complain that they were not reaping the benefits and advantages they had been promised. History tells us that no one suspected the tornado of destruction which was brewing. All the life of the camp, of the Yumas and of the missions went on with the same apparent smoothness, but it was only a delusion, suddenly and horribly dispelled on the fateful morning of the 17th of July. Without a sign of their intention of wreaking their wrath, the Indian chief, aided by his Spanish friends with the aid of "Captain Palma," and all his band showed piety to the winds and exterminated with clubs most of the men in the two camps. Garces and his assistant were at first spared. Even the conscience of Palma hesitated to murder the good and amiable Garces, who had never been to him and his people anything but a kind and generous friend, but the rabble begged that these two were the worst of them and, under this pressure, Palma yielded to the rabble. The merciless murder of the kindly Father Francisco Garces was the last terrible scene in the drama. The curtain came down and the lights out in the life of the great man who gave the name to "Las Vegas," the Meadows, to this fabulous city. Perhaps some day we will erect a fitting monument to his memory and be calling the street named after him a Garcia street.

PAGE "13":

(Continued from Page 29)

week, RED SKELTON. Red celebrated this Friday, July 17.

LENA HORNE threw a real big shindig for the event of MILTON BERLE'S birthday last Sunday, July 12. Everyone in show business was there at the Sands that night. A belated congratulation to you, Uncle Miltie!

You know I'd love to stay longer, but I really have to run. As a matter of fact, I'm gonna have to run like . . . FAST, to get this to the printing office to beat that old devil "deadline" . . . It's a race every week here lately, but so far I've been able to just barely beat it . . . So right now . . . I'll beat it! Your ever lovin' . . . JOHNNY.

RENO BEAT

(Continued from page 31)

CARSON HOT SPRINGS, western-style hospitality from two newly-transplanted Easterners. A swim in their one-of-a-kind pool.

Joined some place along the way by ROBERT AND MELISS KELIER of Los Angeles. Dear and long-time friends from college and Air Force days, parents of a three-year-old godson of ours; Bob is a prominent attorney in L. A. The four of us agog at LAKE TAHOE and thrilled by Ski Chair ride at SQUAW VALLEY. The TRUCKEE RIVER . . . we love it! We waded in it way up above TAHOE and fished in it at handsome JACK FUGITT'S DONNER PASS RANCH; admired it from the MAPES SKY ROOM. Jolly times at KENNIE KENDAL'S JOLLY JOLLY CLUB.

Things we'll remember, too . . . the smell of alfalfa being harvested, the palominos; hundreds of cute children dressed western; sheep being unloaded up in the mountains and their belled-goat.

People we won't forget . . . Joan Bramwell . . . Bill Clifford . . . Brad Smith . . . Joan Wheeler . . . and SO MANY OTHERS. MARY WHEELER at Beatrice Kay's . . . the same Mary we loved since New Jersey days. And Mother Kay, the most beautiful woman in Reno. Art and Ruth Steagall, who have added to the pleasure of every day at the B. K. Guest Ranch. Love and kisses, BEATRICE and SYLVAN, we will never forget a minute of this vacation which you have made P-E-R-F-E-C-T. Good luck at COEUR de LIENES.

RENO . . . ask us back, please!



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JULY 28

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Thunderbird

JULY 23

NORMAN BROOKS
HENNY YOUNGMAN

El Rancho Vegas

JULY 29

HARRY JAMES
AND HIS
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The Sands

JULY 29

RED BUTTONS

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THE FIRST LAS VEGAS APPEARANCE OF
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America's Greatest Cafe Comedian
Starring in Mr. Television's Own COPA
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LAS VEGAS

YES SIR-R

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. . . and it is
my extreme
pleasure
to be here
with you
at

The *Sands*



**MILTON
BERLE**