Jack Bortz'

October 10, 1953

Fabulous LAS VEGAS Magazine



MEET
LISA STARR

See Page 9

15c

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SOMETHING like 15 years ago, when the Business and Professional Women were first organized in Las Vegas, they had a lovely banquet at the Union Pacific "Beanery" and invited me to speak to them. I was pleased to accept and spoke as follows. I hope the readers of Fabulous Las Vegas will pardon this dishing up of old material instead of writing something new:

More than 50 years ago I was fully qualified to speak about women, for then I knew all about them. But as the years went by my knowledge dwindled until I know nothing whatever about women.

Sam Davis, a distinguished character, a newspaper publisher and writer, once came to Las Vegas as a candidate for state controller with a considerable party of Democrats. Those seeking the higher and more important offices dragged their speeches at the meeting that night out to almost interminable lengths, telling what great services they had performed for the dear people and how much better they were for the political jobs than their opponents. So that it was late when the chairman of the meeting finally introduced Mr. Sam Davis, candidate for state controller, who so and so and so.

Finally Sam did get the floor and said to the fast fleeing crowd: "Hold on a minute, folks—I won't keep you. I just want to tell you that the office I seek requires very little brains and no ability and I think I can just fill the bill. The remnants of the crowd gave a cheer and left the hall in high glee and Sam received an overwhelming majority of the votes of Las Vegas and was elected.

So, knowing nothing about women, I am perhaps qualified to speak to you. I am taking as a type of modern, yet not too modern, woman, one whom some of you knew.

Women cannot be criticized for wanting to be modern; for wanting to fill a useful place in the business and professional life of the country and wishing to be something more than merely a mother of children.

Modern civilization with its labor-saving devices, its new methods of entertainment and travel; lightened demands of home work on a woman's time and better health and means of education for her children, has just naturally given women more time for pursuits in literary work, music and the arts, as well as in business and professional life.

Yet, I hope, these new activities do not require that women should cease to be the ministering angels of our homes; the mothers of our children, the encouragement and comfort of their families.

I fear, in fact I am sure, that I am old-fashioned. I believe that, whatever place she may have in business and professional life, a woman's supreme kingdom is the home. If women are to remain the most important foundations of civilization women must make them.

No man ever was able to make a home. Men could build houses and plant trees and grass and pave streets, but no man ever lived who could make a home. And, to prove that I am an old fogey (if proof is necessary, which I am sure it is not with you who know me), I think men still want their women to be sweet and lovely and gentle and kind. To minister to them in sickness; to comfort them in time of trouble, and to share with them in the joys of life.

(Continued on Page 33)

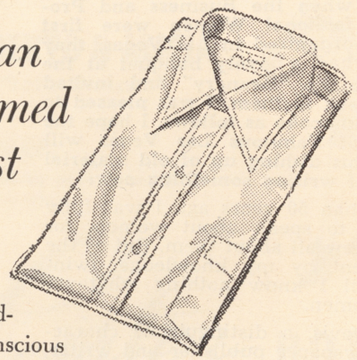
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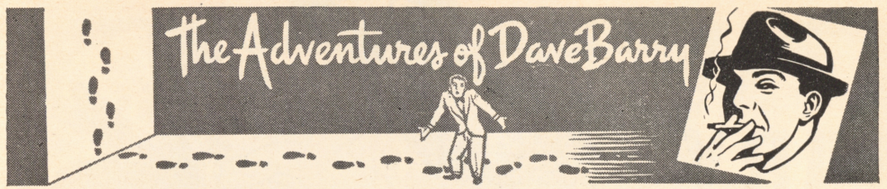
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I propose that the Federal Government, which collects a tax from a gambler's winnings, PAY a tax to all the losers. The Government has nothing to lose. This payment could very well help the loser win back his bankroll so he is in a position to pay back his Uncle Sam. I believe it is high time that this situation be recognized and acted upon. It is urgent, I personally could use the money.

The word taxes has become a dirty word around my house. If this measure were passed, every gambler and horse player would utter the word "TAX" with reverence. I also believe that it's time the Government stopped feeding the world and start feeding the needy in Las Vegas. What we need in Nevada is Federal Chuck Wagons!

If Washington looks after all the losers we have nothing to fear. Postmen will be making the rounds of all the casinos delivering sandwiches. Government agents should be strategically spotted so they can cover any loser who is dying of hunger. These men should wear badges to identify them on sight.

"T Men" means they have tuna fish sandwiches, "S" means salami, and "TS Men" will mean they've run out of sandwiches.

"G Men" will offer ground round steaks, and there will also be men wearing a label reading "DBAPALSFTOG" which means "don't be a pig and leave some for the other guy."

PROTECT THE LOSER! That's my platform, fellow voters, and if you send me to Washington I promise that after I get mine I'll look after yours! I'm qualified to represent the losers of Las Vegas. I've been losing since I was knee high to a crap table. My father lost before me and his father before him.

My ancestors were the first crap shooters that came over on the Mayflower. Why, our family's debts go back for years and years. The dollar that Gen. George Washington threw across the Potomac River was picked up by my great-great-grandfather and parlayed into a fortune, which he lost in Texas when my great-great-grandmother divorced him. "REMEMBER THE ALIMONY!" she cried.

Yessir. My kinfolk are losers from way back, and I'm proud of it. And what's more we've been turned down for credit by every reputable loan company in the nation. This should qualify me to represent you.

The time is now! Soon may be too late. I may win, then you'd have to get someone else. We must all act together. Go to your unemployment insurance office immediately and ask for an advance. If you have a job—quit!

Send your life's earnings to me and I will lose it for you through shrewd investments. We'll call our organization "THE LCSERS PARTY."

Gad, think of the millions of members we have already. Losers all over the country would rally behind me. Roulette losers, slot machine losers, crap grame losers, blackjack losers, horse race losers. (If I have left out any other type losers, please forward a complete description of how you lose and my sympathy will be cheerfully extended. Be sure to enclose a three cent stamp for return postage.)

Let me, then, as head of "THE LOSERS PARTY" carry our banner to Washington, D. C. (D. C. means "Don't Come.")

Think of all the reforms I can enact. Just think about it, I really won't do it. My slogan will be: "THREE PASSES FOR EVERY CRAPSHOOTER!" or "A DAILY DOUBLE FOR EVERY SINGLE MAN!"

Losers, what have we got to win? (WHAAAT?) Think of the sandwiches in your future. The next breadline will have meat on it. There's a pot of beef stew at the end of your rainbow, if you act like an idiot.

Vote for me and, with me looking after your losses, your worries just begin. Why wait until it's too late and you have money. Now . . . now . . . now. (Sounds like a cat with asthma.)

I have already chosen my cabinet. Only the most consistent losers will be on my staff. Nominations are still open although it will do you no good. I've made up my mind. As secretary of finance, I've chosen a man, who for years has proved that he doesn't know how to hold on to a buck . . . JOE FRISCO!

The Interstate Losses Department will be headed by JOE E. LEWIS. And the CHIEF OF ALL LOSERS DEPARTMENT by ROLAND LA STARZA.

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THE BEAUTIFUL young lady on this week's front cover was mentioned in Vi Taylor's column in last week's edition. When folks read Miss Taylor's wonderful profile on "Doc" Starr we received so many personal and telephoned inquiries we decided to run this photo for identification. She is LISA STARR, whose Dad "Doc" is M.C.-comedian at the Embassy Club in North Las Vegas. Lisa is in show business also and can currently be seen on the stage of the Silver Slipper. In the most recent past Lisa used the stage name of "Patty O'Day." Aside from her obvious stage talents, Miss Starr is the proud mother of a 4-year-old son. People always believe "Doc" is indulging in some good-natured teasing when he introduces our cover girl as his daughter. Perhaps this written introduction of Lisa will convince the skeptics that "Doc" and this lovely lass are really blood kin. One good feature of this doubt persisting about such a youthful appearing man being the father of such a grown daughter (and a grandfather to boot!) is that it gave us a good reason to feature such an attractive cover this week. If it's true that show people possess eternal youth, then "Doc" Starr is a leading example . . . and that's for sure.

The reason that MAXINE LEWIS (booker of shows at the FLAMINGO HOTEL) is looking so glum these days is her mother's hospitalization at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, Calif. HETTIE suffered a heart attack and has to remain in bed for approximately 12 weeks. We're terribly distressed to hear this news but feel confident that Mrs. Lewis will soon fight her way back to good health. The little lady earned a reputation for herself locally as "Queen of the Jackpots" and was often seen pulling the slot handles at BUCKLEY'S JACKPOT CLUB. It will be good to see her back and indulging in her favorite pastime once more. Incidentally, it would be a very good idea for all of her friends to drop her a cheer-up note at the hospital. We know of no better medicine than welcome letters from friends.

It's been two years since CARRIE FINNELL first introduced Las Vegas audiences to her "educated anatomy." Now the jovial gal is playing to capacity audiences at the SILVER SLIPPER. It's good to see Miss Finnell in our midst again. She has such a warm sense of humor, a crowd can always be seen hovering about her chair.

This past week's dual show opening on Wednesday evening stimulated our thoughts on the coincidence involved. At the same time DOROTHY DANDRIDGE opened at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, a short distance away the NICHOLAS BROTHERS made their first night curtain at the SANDS HOTEL. Very few people know that Miss Dandridge was formerly married to the youngest of the Nicholas Brothers. We understand they haven't seen each other in quite some time. However, from all reports, their reunion will undoubtedly be a friendly one.

Time out to extend a very cordial welcome to ACE BALKIN, a friend of long standing from our New York days. Ace is a talented young man who made a mark for himself in the modeling field and established himself as a polished actor in television on both coasts. Among his versatile accomplishments Ace is also a fine pianist and is seeking a job in that capacity here. (Incidentally, this lad also worked for New York C.B.S. for many years.) Elsewhere in this magazine you will see VI TAYLOR'S column on FRANK HOWARD, the young production singer who was recently beaten unmercifully. Frank and Ace are cousins and have been more like brothers, sticking together through hardships and good times. Now that Frank is unable to work, Ace is sorely in need of a job in order to keep the creditors happy and to help Frank get back on his feet. (If anyone knows of an opening for him please call us at 4922.) Fate certainly plays strange tricks at times. Mr. Howard was set to audition for the leading role opposite BETTY HUTTON on October 20th. He has all of the qualifications to fit the demands for the proposed musical but will lose out now because of his incapacitation. Here are a couple of boys who can use a good morale boost.

JOHNNY DESMOND (currently at WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN) is rehearsing daily for his lead role in the

(Continued on Page 25)

EDDIE FOX PRESENTS

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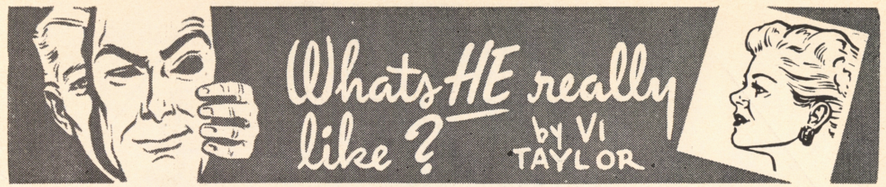
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PAUSE a moment and reflect upon the worst nightmare of your experience. You're being choked to death by an unknown person; or perhaps you are drowning and no one will save you; you're being chased by a man with a long knife; or perhaps you're in the hands of the police accused of something you didn't do. You wake up with sweat leaking from every pore and you have difficulty orienting yourself to the safe environment of reality. You're limp from the experience and the dream stays with you for several days.

Consider, then, if when you awakened you discovered it was no dream. You try to convince yourself it is a dream. Then you feel your face and your fingers come away dripping with blood. Your head is roaring like ten thousand jets and a voice far away says: "He's got a fractured skull." You try to focus your eyes, but they won't open, so you feel your left eye and discover it is one gigantic lump of flesh distended from severed nerves. You touch the cheek and you feel nothing. Someone says: "His face is paralyzed." That sandpaper taste in your mouth is chipped enamel from your teeth all mixed up with sand and blood. You blank out and hope to God again that it's all a bad dream. You can't scream, you can't cry, because you're a man.

You can't do anything but lie there and wonder why and how it happened. You see your whole career shattered. You want to die. You summon forth in apparitional procession the events of your life that began in Yonkers, N. Y.

You're a kid studying piano, voice, commercial art. Your parents are good solid stock, members of the country club set, not rich, but in better than moderate circumstances. There are five children and each one is given a college education; although your mother was widowed when you were quite small, you remember she managed to give each of you many advantages.

You decide at 18 years of age to go to Manhattan College and major in commercial art, but on the side you'll work as a guide at Radio City to help Mom out. You meet celebrities there and they tell you you're a handsome young man with a wonderful voice. Kay Thompson signs you up to be a member of her rhythm singers and you get into a Broadway show.

It's 1936 and time for big-wigs in your state to choose young men to give appointments to Annapolis. You're chosen and you're proud of your heritage and grateful for parents who molded your character to the end that you could be thus honored. Studying hard and making good grades was worth it now. At Annapolis you are spotted by a movie company making a picture called "Shipmates Forever," starring Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler.

They choose you as the typical clean-cut young American student at Annapolis. They make another picture, "Annapolis Farewell," starring Richard Cromwell and again you're chosen for a part. The second time's the clincher—you've got show biz in your blood for keeps . . . You span some time now in your reflections.

You're with Charlie Spivak's orchestra as a featured singer at Glenn Island Casino, with five radio spots a week. Paul Whiteman hears you sing and is so impressed he signs you up for 10 years . . . Movie studios think you're a find. but the war has come along and because you're of draft age they have to table their plans for you.

You join the service and become an officer in the Air Corps. You're a first lieutenant. You buck to go overseas, but superiors explain to you how important it is to have really good instructors. You instruct in bombadiering and navigation, flying eight hours a day over the plains of Texas.

You are so good you instruct instructors. You feel a great sense of responsibility toward your students and you teach so graphically you're a great favorite. You're proud of the record you are making. . . . Then one day you crash and land in a hospital.

You stop reminiscing a moment. You say to yourself: "That's what this is all about. I was just dreaming about that crackup again. This is all a dream."

Then you try to smile but the muscles won't give and the top of your head is a road map of deep red cuts and gashes. You try to put the pieces together in your mind.

(Continued on Page 23)

GETTING THERE
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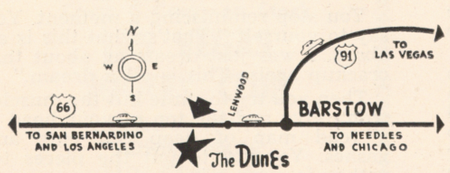
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ACCORDING to the thermometer in the wee hours of the mornings here lately, it's about that time of the year when the brass monkeys migrate in a southerly direction for the duration of the winter. Cold, huh? 'Course it hasn't really gotten cold yet, but the signs are coming 'round, and a couple times here this ayem, as I sat here working, I've been tempted to dig the electric heater out of retirement in the closet, and let it begin earning its keep once again. Another sign of the time of the year is that the Kid rarely deserts her bed for more than a few moments during the nocturnal hours. Whereas, during the more tepid temperatures of the summer nights she'd sleep on the floor. Sometimes I think that Doberman out-ranks me in intelligence. I'd say she has to go, only I'd be lost without her. It's really rough when the only thing a guy has for winterizin' equipment these cool evenings is . . . a dog!

The new NEVADA CLUB is open and we offer our congratulations to BOB KING, and the ADAMS BROTHERS, for the great job of rejuvenation they've done on what used to be the old Santa Anita Turf Club. They really tore that place down to bedrock to remodel it into what you now see when you visit their club. During the remodeling some of us old-timers in Las Vegas saw signs reminiscent of other times; such as the scenery on the walls of the old Mandalay Bar, and before that the old Sweet Shop. Now the club is one of the most modern to be found. Lighting and coloring is great. The place is open 24 hours and has a lot to offer . . . from front to back, as you go, there are the liberal slot machines, the casino, the bar and the cafe. Everything is NEW here. They even rewired and re-plumbed the place. You will find a few of the old employes around, though, and among them is JOE WOLF, who is acting in a managerial capacity with the new owners. Good luck and great success in your new venture, gentlemen!

I saw some of the finest materials. and a wide selection of each, that I've ever seen in this town when I dropped in to pick an argument with JACK SNYDER a few days ago. Couldn't get up an argument so we started talking about the woollen goods he has on display . . . and the PRICES! You men who are paying from two to two and a half bills for your suits will be amazed to learn that you can get the same thing from SNYDER for an average of one and a quarter. The SAME MATERIALS! Another thing . . . slacks . . . for what you're paying from 50 to 100 percent more for in ready-mades . . . you can get here TAILOR made . . . Tailor made slacks for 25 bucks . . . for men or WOMEN . . . Jack is in his new shop in the 400 block on South Fifth Street.

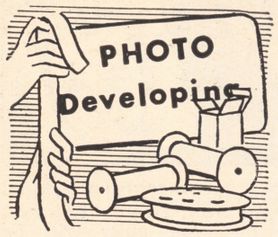
Following VI TAYLOR'S story on her life in this magazine a few weeks ago, KAY PARSONS has been receiving mail from all parts of the country from friends of hers. Hers is a great story, indeed, and is being considered for publication in one of the most widely circulated weekly national publications. Kay carries on her untiring efforts to make people happy each night at her piano bar at the PLAY-LAND downtown.

KATIE and DON operate the SWEET SHOP in the Last Frontier Village and are becoming nationally popular right along with the village. Tourists who go through the place and make purchases at the Sweet Shop very often turn out to be regular customers and friends from their own home town via the postal services. This is easy enough to understand when you get to know these two people and the way they conduct their business.

Little LINDA let herself be known last Saturday (3rd) and made two people very happy. She came into the lives of AVIS and NORMAN JANSEN, both of whom are well known in local gaming circles. Avis was in the Las Vegas Club bingo room and Norman is with FANK WEISS at the sports book located in DICK SHERIDAN and JIMMY BLAKE's popular STRIP RACE BOOK . . . a spot on The Strip where you can relax and play your ponies or pull for your favorite sports club. Congratulations, Avis and Norman, and may your little newcomer grow to be as lovely as her attractive mother.

The three shows nightly in the Golden Nugget Saloon are becoming well known around town, and as show time

(Continued on Page 33)



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(Continued on page 30)

LAST FRONTIER

October 5 through October 26
SHOW: Sammy Kaye and his Orchestra, featuring his internationally famous radio and TV personalities, Jeffrey Clay, Sally Ann Summers, the Kaydets and the Kaye Choir; Paul King, and extra added attraction, comedian Bobby Sargent.
LINE: Merriel Abbott Dancers.
GAY '90s BAR: Starring the antics and music of the Mary Kaye Trio.

That man with the infectious grin and personality as well known to American homes as the postman or the next-door neighbor made his debut at the Ramona Room and the applause was a clap of thunder! Yep, Mr. SAMMY KAYE, with 17 musical artists and versatile entertainers molded into a show window routine sufficiently different from that of any other dance band that has performed here, delighted a large and enthusiastic audience that was on hand to "Swing and Sway." Following his familiar theme as the curtains opened to applause, KAYE began with a cut time rhythmic overture type of popular selection which offered the brass and percussion sections ample opportunity at the outset and set the rousing atmosphere of an audience that rose to patriotic ecstasy with the stirring rendition of "Dixie." (Obviously many Southerners to "Nevady.") Baritone JEFFREY CLAY singled with "No Other Love Have I" and registered mightily, encoring with "Voya con Dios," duoing with one of the cutest Canadian product this reviewer has seen in many a day, Miss SALLY ANN SUMMERS, who encored with "P. S.: I Love You." The little girl from Montreal is headed for the Big Time—she has everything—sex appeal, a gorgeous set of pipes, and the ability to sell it all. The audience seemed disappointed that she did not have more time on the boards. PAUL KING, sepia tap dancer

(Continued on Page 30)

El Rancho Vegas

October 7 through October 20
(Not a Review)
SHOW: Ben Blue and Company, Dorothy Dandridge.
LINE: Dottie Dee's El Rancho Dancers.
ORCH: Bob Ellis.
STAGE DOOR LOUNGE: Steve Gibson's Red Caps, Landis and DeStefano.

So successful has been BEN BLUE and his "New TV Revue" that they have been HELD OVER for an additional two weeks! These next two weeks will see new blackouts and routines added to the show. Ben has surrounded himself with an array of talent that keeps the show moving at a rapid-fire and entertaining pace. Such artists as Miss MURIEL LANDERS . . . 5 feet in all directions and a natural for bits with Ben . . . TONY FONTAINE . . . as fine a singing voice as you've



heard, and a good delivery . . . JOAN ELMS . . . supplying the chanteuse chores of the revue . . . GEORGINE DARCY will hold the attention of all as she dances suggestively to the rhythm of a blues beat . . . SID FIELDS is synonymous with Ben Blue and his

(Continued on Page 30)

Wilbur Clark's DESERT INN

September 29 through October 12

SHOW: Jimmy Nelson and Danny O'Day, Johnny Desmond, Raul and Eva Reyes.

LINE: Donn Arden Dancers.

ORCH: Carlton Hayes.

LADY LUCK BAR: Grover-Shore Trio, Bob Baring Trio, Herbie May Trio.

After trimming a near two-hour extravaganza down to "Las Vegas show time," you can be sure you're seeing the meat of a good show. And this is such a show! After a long absence from Las Vegas, during which time he has scored great successes on TV, JIMMY NELSON has returned with Danny O'Day to score equal successes in the Painted Desert Room. This young ventriloquist has amazing maneuverability of his vocal chords, without the least audience perception. His material is smart and entertaining. During his act you will meet and love "Farfel" the talking dog, and "Humphrey Higsbye" for whom Danny has a gross dislike. A wonderfully entertaining act . . . JOHNNY DESMOND bowed into Las Vegas for the first time and received a reception that predicts many return engagements. Johnny is a good looking young man with a full, easy-going personality that ingratiates him to everyone. Talk about your singing! This fellow knows what he's doing every second he stands before the footlights! . . . RAUL and EVA REYES have been held over from the last show and set a fast pace with their Cuban novelty number, "Shoeing the Wild Mare." Where this lovely Cuban gal gets all her pep we'll

(Continued on Page 29)

SAHARA

September 22 through October 19

SHOW: Lauritz Melchior, George Roth, Angelene Collins.

LINE: Sa-Harem Dancers.

ORCH: Cee Davidson.

CASBAR: Mary Wood Trio, Ty Coleman Trio, Al Day Trio, Sando Deems, Three Majors.

LAURITZ MELCHIOR returned to the Congo Room in a blaze of glory. The great singer of the Metropolitan Opera again introduces some of the nation's outstanding youthful singers. His Festival of Music features the pianistics of GEORGE ROTH, whose rendition of Ravel's "Bolero" establishes Mr. Roth as one of the country's top pianists. Mr.

(Continued on Page 29)

The Sands

October 7 through October 27

Not a Review

SHOW: Frank Sinatra, Nicholas Brothers.

LINE: Copa Beauties, featuring dancer Roy Palmer and singer Charles Nelson.

ORCH: Ray Sinatra.

SILVER QUEEN BAR: The trios of Ernie Stewart, Teddy Noell, Gene Englund.

Since his last appearance in our town FRANK SINATRA's success star has climbed immeasurably and he is becoming one of the most sought-after performers of the day. He recently completed a smash engagement at Bill Miller's Riviera and broke all records with that contract. Everyone who has seen his impact-full performance in the flicker "From Here to Eternity" has



been so completely impressed with his portrayal his name enters more conversations than ever before. He unveiled a new Frank that wasn't known, previously. Frank's "Eternity" acting has slated him for a potential oscar and we are hoping he does get an Academy award. He certainly deserves it . . . This is the initial Las Vegas appearance for the NICHOLAS BROTHERS, but it is not going to be the last. These boys have danced their way to stardom on screen, stage and television. The lads are more than sensational in their dancing accomplishments. You've seen dance groups come and go but you'll sit up and take notice when the Nicholas Brothers dance into the spotlight. They are highly outstanding in their field and will have you begging for encores . . . The COPA BEAUTIES will be on hand to

(Continued on Page 29)

Thunderbird

October 8 through October 28

(Not a Review)

SHOW: Helene Francois, Homer and Jethro, The Marvels.

LINE: Kathryn Duffy Dansations.

MC: Barney Rawlings.

ORCH: Al Jahns.

NAVAJO LOUNGE: Jack Martin Five, Normandie Boys.

For the next three weeks you will thrill to the captivating enchantment of HELENE FRANCOIS, whose exciting French and English songs are coming to Las Vegas for the first time. Another "first" for the Thunderbird! This very chic chanteuse of international fame, according to advance releases, should supply you with many moments of enjoyable entertainment and easy listening . . . Another first! Now it's HOMER and JETHRO, radio stars of "National Barn Dance," "Don McNeil's Breakfast Club" and also recording artists for RCA-Victor with such smash hits as "That Hound Dog in the Window,"

(Continued on Page 29)

El Cortez

October 8 through October 21

Not a Review

SHOW: Felo and Bruno, Ted Smith, Roberto and Alicia.

ORCH: Eddie Skrivanek's Sextette from Hunger.

BUCCANEER BAR: The Instrumentalists, the Star-Kings.

FELO and BRUNO are two most excellent pianists from the rhythmical land of Cuba. They have toured South America, Europe and all the Latin American countries and had their own television program in Havana. Included in their repertoire are selections of long

(Continued on Page 29)

SILVER SLIPPER SALOON

October 9 through October 22

Not a Review

SHOW: Carrie Finnel, Hank Henry in an Eddie Fox presentation, "Hawaiian Holiday," with a cast of 17.

LINE: Marah Gates' Palominos.

MC: Jimmy Cavanaugh.

ORCH: George Redman.

Written and staged by HANK HENRY and BILL WILLARD, this current laff riot continues to be another sell-out for every performance for ALL FOUR SHOWS each nite . . . New to the revue this week is one of the most unusual acts in show biz . . . the one and only CARRIE FINNEL. This fun-loving and mirth-giving lady has appeared in Las Vegas only once before, and was a show stopper at every performance. You are certain to be enjoyably surprised with the entertainment she has in store for you. . . . RUSS CLARK and his puppets

(Continued on Page 32)



To all of you - - -

A Million

"Thanks"

THESE TWO WEEKS AT

Wilbur Clark's
DESERT INN

have been a thrilling and exciting
high point in my career

JOHNNY DESMOND

NEVADA Club

Las Vegas' Newest Downtown

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24 HOURS EVERY DAY

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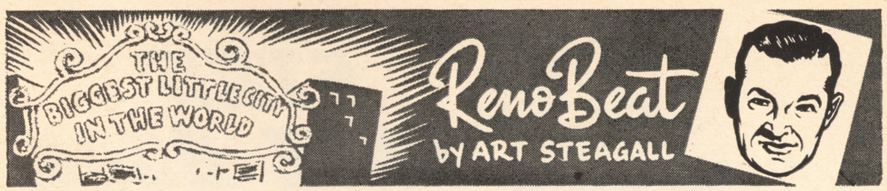
SLOT MACHINES

FUN, FRIENDLINESS and FINE FOOD
ARE WAITING FOR

YOU

Won't you join us?

113 FREMONT STREET



TV invades Reno! Station KZTV, on channel 8, kicked off its program Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The initial telecast was very successful. Good, clear reception was reported in all sections in and around Reno, and the immediate effect on the buying public was a rush on TV dealers, the families who had waited being anxious to bring this new medium into their homes. . . .

The station has lined up many outstanding programs for Renoites, the most outstanding this week of course being the telecast of the baseball classic which started at 9:45 a.m. on Wednesday, a direct telecast. MR. DONALD W. REYNOLDS, owner of STATION KZTV, is to be congratulated on his courage of investing one-third million dollars to bring TV to this area. He has lined up the four networks to bring in the pick of their programs along with shows of local origin. . . .

AGVA: CARMEN CAVALLERO, set for the MAPES SKYROOM. . . . GLEN THORNE, assistant manager at the Mapes Hotel for the past three years, has resigned to accept another that will give him some much needed time to travel in connection with his VFW. Glen is state commander. . . . BILL CLIFFORD back on the bandstand at the RIVERSIDE. . . . MR. and MRS. NAT SONTAG, of Barnett Film Service out of Beverly Hills, mixing business with a rest, spending a week in Reno. . . . 200 members of the Nevada Beverage Dealers Association into near-by Carson City for their first annual meeting. . . . JACK STREETER, Washoe County DA, BILL STEAD, DICK GIPE and WARREN HURSH, all of the Reno JCs, to Las Vegas over the weekend for a state meeting. WARREN is state president. . . . Reno is getting set for the sport car races to be held at Stead Air Base October 17 and 18. The Sports Car Club of America estimates that at least 150 cars will be entered. Among them will be Cadillac-Allard entry by GEN. CURTIS LE MAY. . . . BETTY STODDARD, of KATO, busy setting up her fall programs. . . . BEATRICE KAY has a bowling team way up on top, bowling for her guest ranch. . . . MRS. OLGA SMITH was hostess to a group of 20 ladies at a luncheon at the BEATRICE KAY GUEST RANCH as somethin' real different affair. . . .

CURRENT SHOWS: NEW GOLD ROOM of HOTEL GOLDEN, into second week of this show, featuring the terrific pianos of FELO and BRUNO, lovely and petite YVONNE MORAY, the dancing of the GARCIAS, plus the fine singing of FULTON BURLEY, the GOLDEN GIRLS and STERLING YOUNG and his orchestra. . . .

THE SKYROOM of the MAPES HOTEL is in the final week of the FORREST TUCKER show. FORREST, working with TONY ROMANO, does a great job with his comedy and songs. You are sure to hear a great deal more from this team. Lovely musical comedy star MARY McCARTY scores time and again with her delivery of special material in her own style. I think she is tops. The lovely MAPES SKYLETTES and the music of EDDIE FITZPATRICK round out a truly terrific show.

THE THEATRE RESTAURANT of the RIVERSIDE HOTEL opened Thursday with a new show. DOROTHY SHAY, the PARK AVENUE HILLBILLY, takes over the top spot. With MISS SHAY in this latest MORO-LANDIS PRODUCTION is BOB WILLIAMS and his canine capers, the RIVERSIDE STARLETS and BILL CLIFFORD and his orchestra. . . .

SEE YOU NEXT WEEK. Don't forget "MR. ROBERTS" at the Reno Little Theatre. . . .

—ART STEAGALL, Reno 2-2658

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WHAT'S HE LIKE?:

(Continued from page 11)

You remember a cowboy boot kicking your eyes out viciously after you've been knocked down from behind. You feel a hard object coming down with great force on your skull and you black out into a sea of darkness. The nightmare is back.

You can't talk, so you go back to reliving your life. Where were you? Oh, yes. In the Air Corps. You've been in four years now and you're honorably discharged. You've got to get back into show business. Will your friends remember you? You return to New York and Paul Whiteman hasn't forgotten. He gives you a sustaining program on ABC.

You also go to dramatic school under the GI plan. You work with Harry Conover as a model. You do TV commercials on the Camel show and many others, including the Fred Waring show and bits in Studio 1.

You're on your way up. You're studying hard and you're going to make up for those lost war years. Bad luck is laying for you. Old wounds kick up and you're hospitalized again. You recover and decide to try Hollywood.

You're booked at the Club Gala for a two-week stint and are held over two more. More TV shows and bit parts. Not good enough. You go to Palm Springs and are booked at El Mirador and later at the Dunes. Beneath the pounding of pain you hear the applause. You see Maxine Lewis catching your show and offering you a job as a production singer at the Flamingo in Las Vegas.

You've always been a single, but this might develop into your big chance. Bad luck sneaks out of her cave and grapples you again. Your car is stolen with all your clothes in it. A bad start, but you've whipped bad breaks before and you'll do it again, hoping you do before people start calling you "the Hard Luck Guy."

You're serious about your career. You live a decent, quiet life. You mind your own business—then WHAM! You walk a girl home who means nothing to you because she asks you to. You leave her at her door and walk away and within seconds you're attacked by an unknown assailant from the rear. And it's no dream — it's for real.

You're bloodsoaked, you have four fractures, and the nerves are damaged on the left side of your face, paralyzing it, damaging your eyesight and leaving you with double vision. You'll need plastic surgery. The doctor tells you maybe, just maybe, in time the paralysis will leave — but not for a long time, unless expensive surgery is done.

You remember your appointment with a major studio for tests and a TV audition. But that's all over and done with now. You're through.

They tell you your mother, who is now in her 80s, has had two strokes, she's dying. and here you are disfigured and maimed for a long time, and you can't let her see you — the sight of you would really kill her. You can't write home for money, either, because every cent is needed at home for her.

Your friends stay away. The shock is corrosive to your self-respect as this one and that one tell you the false things being said about your dilemma. You wonder why the authorities aren't taking any action. You wonder why your friends have forsaken you. You feel whipped. You try to get hold of yourself and recall some things you learned from your education.

The words of John Clark, who said: "A man hath many enemies when his back is to the wall." Carlyle's statement: "A mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one." You try to bring into focus these great philosophies that have saved man's equilibrium from the beginning of time; to know that broken bones will knit; plastic surgery can correct disfigurement; that the slow wheels of legal justice can right the wrong done you; but that you, and only you, can save yourself from the psychological shock of being maltreated in a completely innocent situation that so many wish to build into something unsavory about you — you who have tried to live a self respecting existence all of your life.

You try to avoid looking in the mirror; to reject the impossibility of raising the vast sums necessary to save your face and career; the long months of confinement. You force yourself from the negative and concentrate on being grateful for the friends who have made salt sweet and blackness bright with their kindnesses.

Bill Moore, who let you stay at his hotel. Phil and Lola Rynn, who came and got you out of the hotel and dug deep in their pockets to pay for an apartment the first month. The kids in the show who took up a collection of $115 — long since depleted. These kind people make up for the indifference of those you considered your friends.

(Continued on Page 27)

"GET LUCKY WITH BUCKLEY"

WIN A JACKPOT WITH ANY 3 OF A KIND AT BUCKLEY'S

JACKPOT CLUB

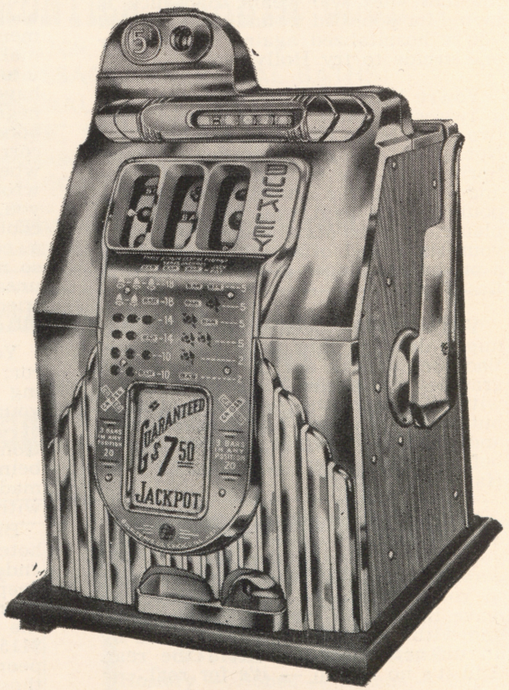
20 FREMONT STREET

— DOWNTOWN —

★

We've increased our 5c Jackpot Payoff from $7.50 (as shown on photo) to

$8.00 to $10.00



THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 9)

flicker "Prisoner of Love." In that film Johnny will portray RUSS COLUMBO.

Show people are still talking about the way AL FREEMAN, publicist for the SANDS HOTEL, steals the scene from RITA HAYWORTH and DICK HAYMES. In this week's issues of "Life" and "Time" magazines the wedding of the famous pair receives a lot of space and pictures. However, there seem to be more words devoted to Al than to the newlyweds.

We're happy to report that our columnist DAVE BARRY is back at BIMBO'S 365 CLUB in San Francisco for another return engagement. Letters are streaming in, telling of his success there. On the same bill with Dave is that lovely little terpsichorean LOIS RAY. This little gal is a favorite in local circles and we hope it won't be long before they return and appear at one of our "spots."

Comedian PAUL GILBERT is so happy he looks as though he's reaching the bursting point. Reason for the delirium is his recently signed seven-year contract with NBC-TV in Hollywood.

Our congratulations to MICKEY COLAHAN. Mickey was recently appointed casino boss at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. This gentleman has had a lot of experience in the gaming field and will do a good job in his new post.

When JACKIE KANNON opened at the FLAMINGO HOTEL most of us wondered why his beautiful bride wasn't with him. We later discovered Mrs. K. had to remain in New York to fulfill certain TV commitments. However, the blonde lovely joined her husband this past week and Jackie is wearing a perpetual smile.

You'll notice we're making quite a few mentions about our VI TAYLOR. She deserves every plug anyone could ever give her. When her profile on KAY PARSONS appared in this publication it took but a short while for WALTER HOWEY (bigwig with the HEARST outfit) to wire Kay and tell her the article was in the hands of the "American Weekly," the magazine section of the Hearst journals. Both Vi and Kay are extremely enthused with the results and it makes us feel like a "Proud Poppa."

Those sensational dancers DARVAS and JULIA set a financial record when they appeared on ED SULLIVAN'S TV "Toast of the Town" on September 27. For that one appearance the couple received $5000, the highest figure ever paid to dancers on television. And they have a commitment for a second appearance within nine months at an identical salary. Incidentally, Darvas and Julia open at the DESERT INN this coming Tuesday.

We could never determine why some people leave their manners at home when they vacation elsewhere. Our local hotels are beautiful creations, constructed to provide the utmost comfort and luxury for guests. Every so often someone comes along and seems to forget that there will be future guests occupying the same quarters. Recently, an occupant of one of the Strip hotels took a shower and left the water running after he left his room. The constant stream of water weakened the floor, causing the plaster to collapse in the room below. (Luckily no one was hurt.) It is difficult for us to believe this was anything but an accident. Still, we're certain no person would leave his home before he made sure his own faucets were secure. Carelessness is the greatest destructor of all.

Despite our reputation for being the playground of the nation, we still have our serious activities. A project taking a lot of time and effort is the proposed CITY OF LAS VEGAS DAY NURSERY, founded and built by the VARIETY CLUB. VERNON WELBORN has been chosen as architect for this building. We hope that construction will soon begin and reach a speedy completion.

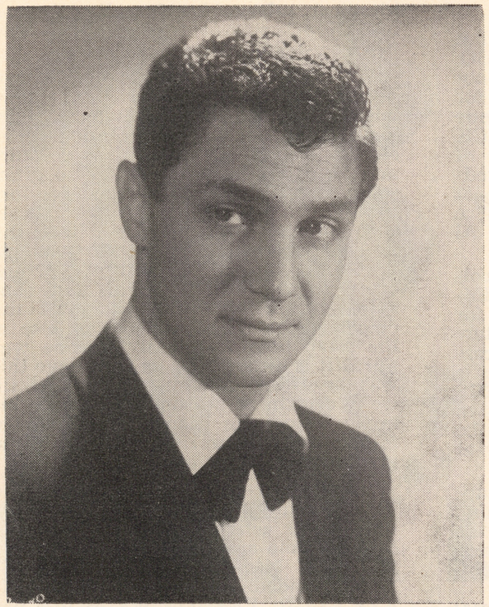
What wonderful pleasure is available to all who enter the portals of the GOLDEN NUGGET. There you can listen to the greatest jazz violinist of the era, JOE VENUTI. He and his group turn out some of the most inspiring music we've ever heard. This Venuti man is plain terrific.

Congratulations are in order for MAXINE McMICHAEL, recently appointed secretary of the LAS VEGAS WOMEN'S BOWLING ASSOCIATION. The association made a wise choice. Maxine is the type of gal who can squeeze 20 extra duties into an already filled schedule.

JACK GOLDMAN is liquidating all of his Eastern assets (including his Miami Clover Club and his New York and Florida Hickory Houses) and is returning to Las Vegas as a resident. Mr. Goldman is planning to devote all of his efforts to the building of his HOTEL CASABLANCA here. Construction is expected to begin the early part of December with the opening date set for Labor Day of 1954. The Casablanca will resemble an Eastern structure in that it will consist of tiers. The very

(Continued on Page 27)

I feel so good in Las Vegas - - - - -



that I'd like to thank all my friends - - - and even my enemies!

BOBBY SARGENT

HOTEL
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Your Local Credit Jeweler

PAY AS LITTLE AS
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THIS IS YOUR
"GIRL O' YESTERDAY,"
Vacationing after
TWO SOLID YEARS — KENO and KLAS
JOIN ME NOW
EVERYBODY SING!
PLAYLAND
PIANO BAR
KAY PARSONS

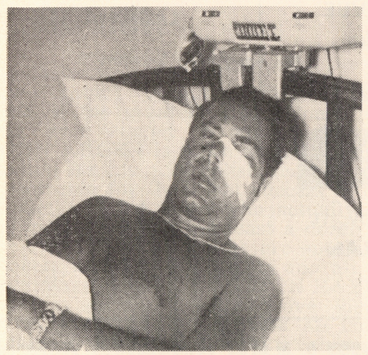
WHAT'S HE LIKE?:

(Continued from page 23)

You glance at a photograph of yourself when you looked like this:



and then you force yourself to look in the mirror and it reflects you like this:



and you say to yourself: "Nothing justifies such brutality. Cruelty proceeds from a vile mind and a cowardly heart. I no longer look like FRANK HOWARD on the outside, but I'm the same man on the inside. I will have my day again, God willing."

COLUMNIST'S NOTE: The great heart of show business never has been known to let its own down. Let us examine our conscience carefully and reflect that, through a caprice of circumstance, any one of us could be another Frank Howard. A distorted mind out of control could attack you. and you, and you. Only a faithful friend can provide the medicine of life. Send your contributions to . . .

THE FRANK HOWARD FUND
c/o Vi Taylor
Fabulous Las Vegas Magazine
Box 748
Las Vegas, Nevada.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 25)

least it will be will be three stories in height, with a possibility of five stories.

BARBARA and NICK FRAZZINI are back in town after a vacation on the Coast. While in Los Angeles Barbara celebrated her birthday, September 28. We offer our belated greetings and still insist we can't understand what happened to that piece of birthday cake she sent to us. The Frazzinis spent their first evening back in town watching lovely daughter DOLORES dancing with the SEYMOUR FELIX productions.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES sending the cast of "Johnny Dark" here to complete their picture, starring PIPER LAURIE and TONY CURTIS, on the grounds of the FLAMINGO HOTEL. The theme of the film centers about stock-car racing. This is the 11th major film that has utilized the Flamingo for its setting. Sounds like a record to us!

Here is an item that was too late to make last week's column. DANNY VARRONE, ex-mixologist of the WESTERNER CLUB (now in real estate), went back East to see the world series. Danny intends to bring his Dad back with him to convince him that Las Vegas is a wonderful place in which to live.

The shirts finally arrived for our FABULOUS LAS VEGAS bowling team and we understand they caused a lot of favorable comment in the league last Monday. We're mighty proud of them. Our girls are wearing black outfits this season with stark white lettering on the back. All of the girls are bowling very nicely but our little PATSY GAINES was the star of the team last week when she turned in a nice 507 series. Nice going, ladies!

One of the best friends a person ever had is BEN SCOTT of Chicago's IMPERIAL HOUSE. All we can say is thanks, Scotty! We just don't know how you do it.

After last week's edition hit the stands we encountered GENERAL HAMILBURG in one of the hotels. The general expressed such great appreciation for our printing his picture on the front cover of our magazine. He insisted it was the "nicest birthday present" he had ever received. Although we hadn't known it, the general's natal day was October 2. Belated greetings, sir!

JACK BRANNON, formerly with the FLAMINGO HOTEL, is now bar manager at BENNY BINION'S HORSESHOE CLUB.

(Continued on Page 29)

Coming Attractions
ON THE FABULOUS STRIP

Flamingo

OCTOBER 15 thru OCTOBER 28

SHELLEY WINTERS
FOUR RAMSES

DIRECTED & PRODUCED BY SEYMOUR FELIX

LAST FRONTIER

OCTOBER 26 thru NOV. 15

OLSEN & JOHNSON
in 'OPERATION, FUN'

El Rancho Vegas

OCTOBER 21

BILLY DANIELS

DESERT INN

OCTOBER 13 thru NOV. 23

LOU WALTERS'
FOLIES BERGERE

SAHARA

OCTOBER 20 thru NOVEMBER 2

HORACE HEIDT
HIS ORK & REVUE
for Lucky Strike

The Sands

OCTOBER 28

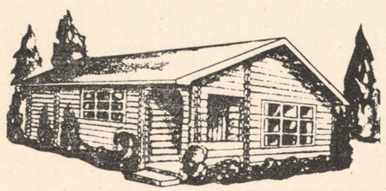
JEANETTE McDONALD
LARRY ADLER

Thunderbird

OCTOBER 28 Thru NOV. 11

MARGARET PHELAN
NEJLA ATES

RUSTIC HOMES



THIS CAN BE YOURS
Erected on your
Lot for only $1985
MODEL 400
Others from $690
Multiple Units — to
Available. $3556
727 SOUTH 5th STREET — ROOM 5
Call Joe Hughes
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OLD FASHIONED CANDIES

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POST OFFICE BOX 748

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 27)

When JACKIE KANNON walked into the FLAMINGO HOTEL for the first time this trip, he saw someone whose presence almost floored him. The person who created the surprise is a dear friend from the East, MAC HARRIS. Mack is now a captain at that bistro.

How we wished there was such a thing as a magic carpet last Wednesday. If we had access to such transportation we would have made a fast trip in to New York to catch BETTY HUTTON'S opening at the PALACE THEATRE. We know that Miss Hutton and the SKYLARKS will make the blase New Yorkers sit up and take notice. They'll set such a torrid pace that it will be hard for anyone else to equal their record . . . and that's for sure.

DESERT INN:

(Continued from page 16)

never know . . . Of course, you see some of the greatest production numbers ever staged in any nightclub. DONN ARDEN is to be highly complimented for his accomplishments. Truly responsible for the great success of his productions are those who actually do the interpretations. At least a dozen of the dancers in his troupe are specialty dancers in their own rights and all do exemplary jobs . . . CARLTON HAYES and his great orchestra prove themselves a match for any and all challenges in supplying fine musical backing for the show.

THUNDERBIRD:

(Continued from Page 17)

"Your Clobbered Heart" and many more paradoxical parodies . . . Returning to the local scene are those Las Vegas favorites THE MAR-VELS, "Virtuosos of the Teeter Board." Here are a half dozen acrobatic artists who will have you sitting on the edge of your chair before they've finished with their stint of stunts in this new show . . . Of course, the ever-popular KATHRYN DUFFY DANSATIONS will provide another of their spectacullar miniature musicals featuring the versatility of their complement . . . BARNEY RAWLINGS sings the production numbers as well as acting as your master of ceremonies . . .

THE SAHARA

(Continued from Page 16)

Roth, in conjunction with BILL HEATHCOCK, orchestrated the entire musical revue . . . The fiery ANGELENE COLLINS, lovely soprano, is another featured veteran of the Melchior company. Coming into her own spotlight as an outstanding songstress, Angelene's voice is beautifully thrilling and her delivery carries the true emotions of a great star. Lauritz Melchior's voice is as outstanding as ever and his dramatic-comedy ability makes him one of the finest singing-entertaining personalities in the multiple field of show business. Melchior has the magic perception of knowing people and music. He has another hit to the liking of the public in general . . . The show is divided into two sections, with each artist displaying his outstanding and beautiful voice . . . GEORGE MORO again shows his great artistry and production ingenuity by intermittently weaving the talented Sa-Harem Dancers throughout the musical extravaganza . . . The CEE DAVIDSIN ORK has been augmented by the Melchior string section, backing a difficult show to perfection.

SANDS HOTEL:

(Continued from page 17)

display a remarkable combination of pulchritude and choreography . . . Playing the musical score will be RAY SINATRA and his men of music.

EL CORTEZ:

(Continued from Page 17)

hair, boogie and Latin tunes which they perform in a precise and crisp style. For a change of pace they switch pianos in the middle of their selections, dance, mug it up a bit and also sing. A lot of life and drive . . . TED SMITH, known as "The Poet of Comedy," returns to the Pirates Den for his second engagement with this show. A clever comedian and a great master of ceremonies, this young man will practically kill himself if he thinks you might enjoy it! . . . Also included on this new bill are the Latin dancing styles of ROBERTO and ALICIA . . . a young team of performers whose talents displayed are certain satisfaction . . . Remaining on the stand for show backing and great Dixieland rhythms is the famous aggregation of EDDIE SKRIVANEK and his SEXTETTE FROM HUNGER . . .

FLAMINGO:

(Continued from page 15)

fastest rising comedians of our time. Fast with the original quips, and raises the laff level of every show he has done. Loaded with surprise lines! New material is refreshing! We still like the India bit, with the egg in the bag . . . ('scuse me, madam!) . . . Thirdly, you will see the interpretations of one of the smoothest ballroom teams ever . . . VELOZ and YOLANDA. They open with a gliding, gracious Viennese waltz, and close with their unequaled Tango Yolanda. In between you will thrill to the graceful artistry of their simultaneous movements and, with quickened heart-beats, will join in when they ask you to supply the music, as they dance delightfully to "Whispering." . . . The productions of Seymour Felix have been a delight to every audience as the show is opened with the surprising events of "Keep It Clean," featuring the dancing supremacy of Miss BARBARA PERRY. The DUPREE TRIO also adds to the tempo of these numbers as well as doing a fast spot of their own. We wonder what would be the results if the statuesque BETTY LYNN and CAROL LEE KELLY had a few more introductions to make! This you will understand when you see the show . . . TORRIS BRAND and Orchestra masterfully make the music.

EL RANCHO VEGAS:

(Continued from page 16)

bits, having been together in them, off and on, for years . . . The "little round one" is PHIL ARNOLD . . . also an accomplished comedian . . . As you may have guessed, you are in for a lot of laffs with BEN BLUE & CO. . . . Opening in this new show is the fast rising Miss DOROTHY DANDRIDGE, "The American Beauty of Song" . . . This little lady presents a picture that is lovely to behold when she comes on stage . . . a cross-section of sex and sweetness! Backed by great arrangements and a newly acquired air of presence on stage, Miss Dandridge will have you asking for more of the thrilling entertainment she has to offer . . . A ten-fold attraction in beauty and pulchritude are the Dottie Dee EL RANCHO DANCERS, who perform pleasing routines in eye-catching wardrobe . . . BOB ELLIS and ORCHESTRA continue to supply their fine brand of musical backing . . .

LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from page 15)

with 6 feet 4 dimensions, tapped on everything he possesses, except his noggin. If this reviewer believed in ghosts, I'd swear "Bojangles" Robinson had a holiday from Cloud 9 and come to the Ramona Room. Crystal clear tapping is trite but true description. This lanky bean combines tapping, acrobatics and comedics with the speed of a needle nosed jet, with breath left over to deliver lines well timed and registering—but solid! SAMMY KAYE, the KAYDETS and the KAYE CHOIR make a transition from the bombastic to sweet swing in a medley of hits of yesteryear, "Harbor Lights," "It Isn't Fair," "Hey, Daddy!" and "Mission of St. Augustine." JERRY MESSNER (loverboy) is featured in the "It Isn't Fair" number and stopped the show. The audience yelled "More" until they were breathless, but the unforseen bigclick of the very personable saxophonist did not permit of an encore. This lad has stage presence plus and projects that inexplicable something that makes for stardom. We predict SAMMY KAYE will lose a good saxophonist 'ere long, when some eagle eyed scout grabs "loverboy" to groom for headlining. The psychological effect of the medley of songs on the order of KAYE'S "SUNDAY SERENADE" program, with the pianissimo legatos of the woodwinds predominating in the soft, smooth passages, was in pleasant contrast to the bombastic first half of the show, a technique for which the great maestro is famous. BOBBY SARGENT, Broadway's and TV's newest comedian, shook the rafters with his magnificent material. "Joe Dobervich," a Ukrainian dialetic interpretation of a newcomer to our shores, "The Bookmaker" and a "Groucho Marx" routine is indescribable, in that words cannot do justice to this genius of laughter. "The best comedy comes from real life," he states, and proves it by delivering "The Modest Beebop Disc Jockey" that make the audience roll up in their seats. You'll have to see several shows to grasp all of his lines, for the waves of laughter and the shrieks of appreciation drown out many of the top puunchlines. The "SO YOU WANT TO LEAD A BAND" gimmick, now in its ninth year as a part of the KAYE package, and doubted by many as proper material for Las Vegas, made monkeys out of the doubting Thomases. From the moment the first contestant latched on to the baton to try his prowess with "Swing and Sway" this feature clicked. EVELYN DUNHAM, a nurse from Portland, Ore.,

(Continued on Page 32)



NOW that we have been through Europe together let's get right into SEEING AMERICA FIRST. Must admit it has been fun re-living that trip again with you and writing about it has almost convinced me I should be off again to some foreign parts.

However, don't feel too badly if you are not one of the fortunates who can take off at the drop of the hat for foreign lands, because believe me when I say that we have EVERYTHING right here at home, and, while traveling in strange lands has a fascination and charm, you have to put up with a lot that you wouldn't put up with were you confronted with it in the states.

One trouble, however, with traveling in America is that you have too much comfort and you are too prone to just want to stop at the first spot you hit and "sit it out" while in Europe you do not find that comfort and you keep on the go seeking it. At least that is my trouble this summer.

I had fully intended to travel "hell-bent for election" this summer all over the northern part of the country—well, I haven't. I arrived back in my native Minnesota only to find it the greenest spot on earth this summer, and what with rains every day even the Emerald Isle cannot compete in lush and velvety greens.

Never before in the history of the state has there not been a golden brown stubble in mid-August, but now it is still as green as in the spring. It is wonderful! Then, too, I am ensconsed in a pent-house, high atop the multi-million dollar Union on the University of Minnesota campus in the Campus Club which is for bachelor professors—how I got in I will never know, except that I qualify as a bachelor.

The view is tremendous—to the left, my picture windows overlook the Mississippi and the Minneapolis sky-line about a mile away with its famous landmarks—Foshay Tower, Rand Tower, the N. W. Bank Weatherball, and the famous Pillsbury and Gold Medal flour mills, and to the front of me stretches the University Mall, lined with Grecian-like buildings.

At the far end is the Coffman Memorial Auditorium that houses the famous Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.

Guess I should pay attention to omens because last year (believe it or not), after having attended 16 different colleges, I finally picked up enough of the "right" credits to get a bachelor's degree and then took off for Norway where I lived in the dormitory on the Oslo University campus and this summer I am here on the Minnesota campus and I feel this should mean I should forget all my traveling and become a part of some institution of higher learning.

Minneapolis has been alive with activity this summer, what with the 14th annual Aquatennial and its huge parades, hundreds of activities and sports events all the way from sailing regattas on its 16 lakes to the Aqua Follies at Wirth pool that boasted the tops in swimming and diving acts and ballets.

Summer concerts and operas at Lake Harriet, community sings in all the parks, and country club activities centered at the ultra-smart Minnekahda Club overlooking Lake Calhoun, all go to make Minneapolis the summer capital of the nation.

Minneapolis' sister city, St. Paul, has a lot to offer, too, with its "longest nice street in the world," famous old Summit Avenue and its summer pop concerts in the auditorium that have now become world-famous.

Here you sit around red checkered tablecloth-covered tables at ringside, eating and drinking right on the ice and watch some of the finest ice skaters in the world performing to the strains of a 50-piece symphonic orchestra and a 25-voice chorus in the background—all of which goes to make one of the very most enjoyable evenings you could ever imagine.

These concerts are held three times weekly—Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. And St. Paul comes through in the wintertime with its huge Winter Carnival. Also St. Paul annually puts on one of the top golf tournaments in the nation—the Kellar Open.

And St. Paul has its summer bedroom, WHITE BEAR LAKE just 10 miles out of town, the same as Minneapolis has its LAKE MINNETONKA that is so much heralded in song. And with the mighty Mississippi winding its way through both cities, I cannot think

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LAST FRONTIER:

(Continued from page 30)

walked off with the first prize, a magnum of champagne, perfume, cigaret lighter, ad infinitum, and earned every bit of it. This nurse to a psychiatrist is a natural born comedian and IRENE RYAN can move over any time she pleases, for the Dunham gal is her double. Seasoned reviewers were holding their sides—and what better test is that for a successful gimmick? The MERRIEL ABBOTT DANCERS give critics more to rave about and MISSY DORAN, featured acrobatic dancer in "GOLD" and "VACATION" routines, merits plenty of accolades. The girls have brand new haircuts, gorgeous costumes, backed up with dncing ability unsurpassed anywhere. You'll be kept in a high state of ecstasy throughout the SAMMY KAYE SHOW, a solid package of entertainment that marks his debut in Las Vegas . . . "return engagement" again and again!

SILVER SLIPPER:

(Continued from Page 17)

return to the stage of the Slipper with the revue this week, also, and if you saw this man and his little people perform on his last visit, you needn't be told that the entertainment value is high in that field. . . . You will see an exhibition of Tahitian knife dancing such as you've never seen before when you see the artful MANU perform this ritual dance of the islanders . . . and those knives are SHARP! . . . Pretty little DIANA LIND does a soft and smooth interpretation of the beautiful Hawaiian dance, as well as singing a song of the islands in the native tongue . . . Also new to this stage is an old friend of yours and mine, JOHNNY O'BRIEN, as well as a beautiful addition to the scenery under the name of LISA STARR . . . Don't think we've forgotten our favorite funny man, HANK HENRY, without whom there would be no Silver Slipper, and that "Big Little Comedian" SPARKY KAYE who, along with Hank, makes up one of the finest comedy duos of all time . . . In the all-important master of ceremonies section we have the ever present, smilin' JIMMY CAVANAUGH . . . The HOLLYWOOD PALOMINOS supply the buck and whing-ding part of the revue and these tow-headed ladies of the line have become a big part of each and every show . . . Last, but far from least, is the music of GEORGE REDMAN and his fine little aggregation of musicians who cut these nightly shows to the 'nth degree of perfection.

HILLSWAY:

(Continued from page 31)

of a more enjoyable place to spend a summer if one has to be right in big cities.

And also with 10,000 lakes within a day or two drive right in the state, what more could you want. And if you do want more, a 15 minute drive brings you to the border of Wisconsin which is equally charming and blessed with woods, rivers, lakes and play spots.

My idea of LIVING is to spend the summers in the UPPER MIDWEST and the winters in the SOUTHWEST with much of the time spent in good old Las Vegas, of course.

And, by the way, speaking of Las Vegas, here is warning that when I get back to Las Vegas this fall I am going to make a bee-line for the Chamber of Commerce and see that I am given some official recognition as official or non-official Ambassador of Good Will for that town, because I certainly have the game and can see no reason why I should not have the name also.

I am interviewed on the radio, TV, by newspapers and magazine reporters constantly and the first question asked is: "Mr. Hill, what is your favorite spot in the country?" and I have never wavered in my answer: "Las Vegas."

Then I go on to tell that the very best food in America is served there, the very best accommodations in hotels and motels is found there, the most fun is found there, and the most reasonable of vacation spots is Las Vegas.

Every interviewer accuses me of being a member of the Chamber of Commerce, which I am not but which I certainly should be.

I have sent hundreds upon hundreds of people to Las Vegas, and especially the "nice" people who have always felt before that any spot that had gambling was a den of iniquity. I do not hesitate in laying claim to the fact that I have "converted" more of the so-called religious folks to the idea that legalized gambling, clean floor shows, no swearing, no carousing, and NO DRUNKS in Las Vegas all go to make it the very best family resort town in the entire nation.

I only wish all of you Las Vegas people could hear my travel lectures that I have been giving constantly in every corner of the nation when I tack on my 35 colored slides, showing your fine hotels, pools, Lake Mead and your attractive sign-posts heralding your coming attractions—all this after my European talks and pictures, and they love it.

I AM your No. 1 booster and, sad to say, without pay! 'Nuf sed!

POP SQUIRES:

(Continued from Page 5)

We remember the old maid who had considerable justification for her position when she answered the question as to why she did not marry and who said: "I have a parrot who swears, a monkey that chews tobacco and a cat who stays out all night. Why should I get married?"

Perhaps the incident may bring to mind the more modern woman of the poetic couplet, which I believe you have all heard so there is no impropriety in my recalling it:

"There ain't no justice in this here lan',
I got a divorce from my old man—
Gosh, how I laughed at the judge's decision
When he gave pa the kids—and they ain't hisn."

So, in this spirit of modernism which seems rampant in the world today, I hope you business and professional women will still find time to be the sweet, gentle and lovely beings for whom men have always been happy to serve and ready and willing to die.

And I hope I will not live to that time when the spirit of chivalry in men is dead; when men cease to love and respect womanhood and treat them as equals. Because in the gentler qualities of women there is a strength which "equality" can never replace.

So in all your worthy and desirable activities I hope you will remember that men do not want their women to be manly. And I hope, in the interest of peace and quietude, women will in their search for equality not become so dominant but that mere man can wedge his way to the saloon bar for one more drink!

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PAGE "13":

(Continued from Page 13)

approaches it becomes ever increasingly rough to find a table, or place of vantage from which to view the extravaganza. JOE VENUTI and his troupe of fine musicians are about as big a draw as anything else on the bill.

Orchids to BETTY LYNN for the unrelentless work she has been doing in behalf of her friends who were victims of a serious accident recently. Her co-worker friend, Miss ZONA SIGGINS, as well as arranger VIC SCHOEN, have needed repeated blood transfusions and Betty has arranged for many donors to supply the needed life giving fluid. It seems that the greatest amount of trouble is in getting the hospital to accept these donors, however! Also, a note of commendation to Mr. AL WINTER for his contribution of a sizable sum toward the hospital expenses of the ill-fated Zona, this in view of the fact that he has never met or seen the girl.

Another friend of BESS HELLER was here from Omaha, Neb., this last week. LELA MEDLEY, who is assistant manager of the HOTEL LOYAL of that city, was in for a week to visit with Bess. We won't mention any dates, but it seems that Bess and Lela were chorus girls together some 20 years ago.

A little over six and a half pounds of feminine pucker-tude arrived last Tuesday for ANN and CHUCK MAXON (trombone with Carlton Hayes). She signed the register at the County Memorial Hospital that afternoon at 1:30, and I hate to have to tell you, but I'm told she looks like Chuck. Come to think of it, little Melody also looked like him, but now at the age of 2 she's beginning to look pretty, like her mother. Great happiness to all of you!

According to the clock, and the level of my eye-lids, I'd better knock it off right about there for this week. I'll look forward to meeting you again next week, and hope you'll feel the same. If you'll turn to Page 13" about that time we'll do just that! . . . So until that time . . . your ever lovin' . . . JOHNNY.

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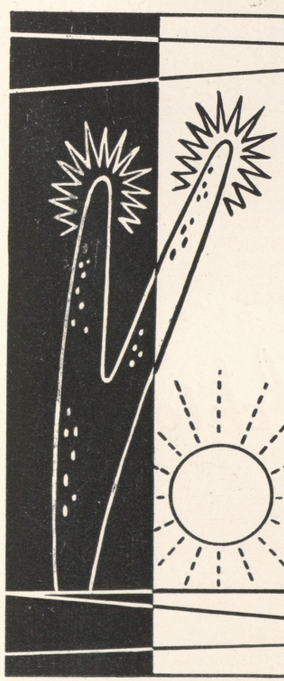
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AND HIS SHOW

AT

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