

DECEMBER 25, 1971

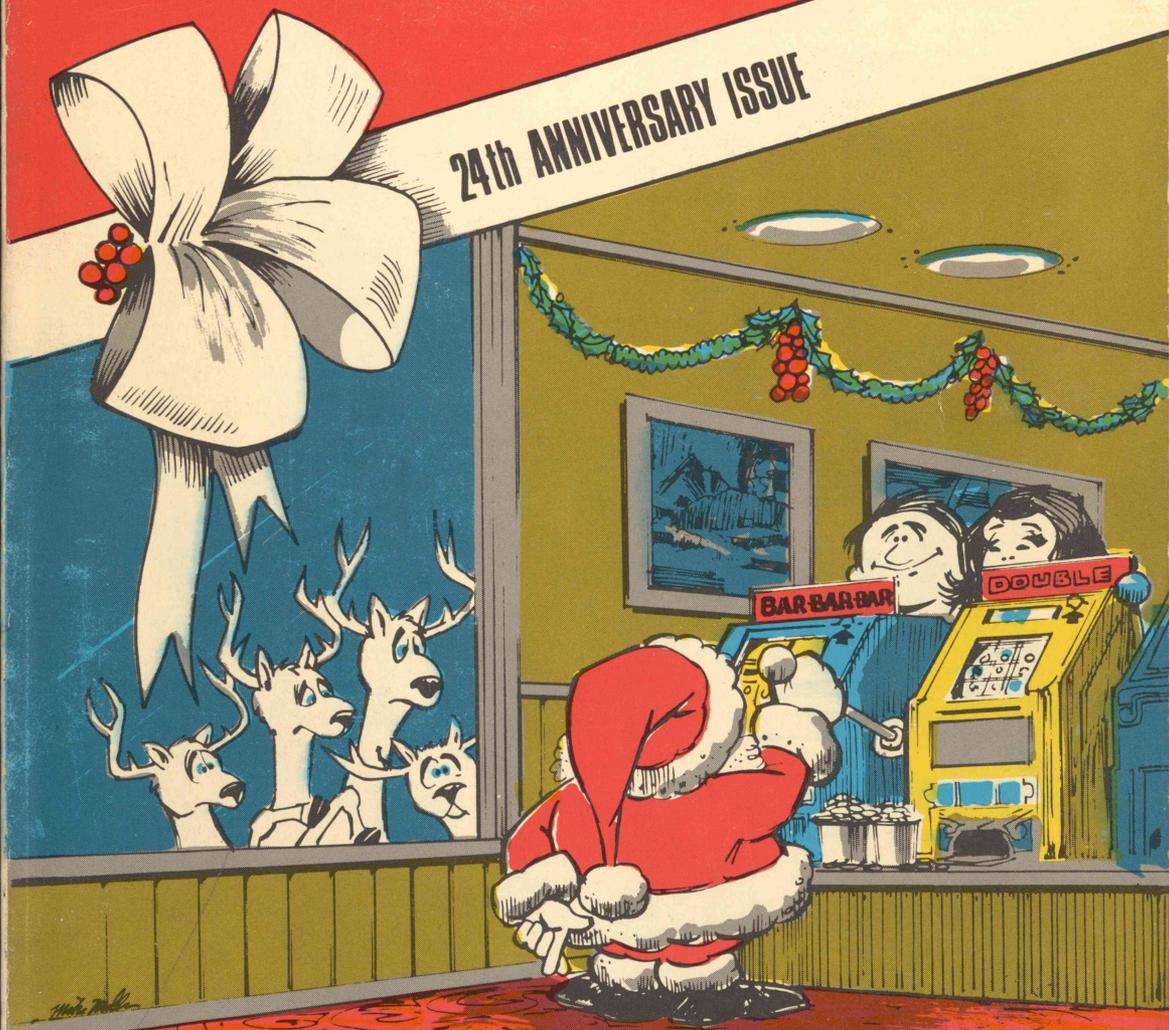
JACK CORTEZ'

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# Fabulous

LAS VEGAS  
MAGAZINE

24th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



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# Fabulous

## LAS VEGAS MAGAZINE

P. O. BOX 748, LAS VEGAS, NEVADA 89101

Volume XXIV, Number 45 December 25, 1971

### On the Cover

... Santa's reindeer were in a quandary, attempting to distract the benign gentleman long enough to remind him their job was not yet finished . . . Either Santa ran out of coinage, or suddenly remembered those anticipative faces of youth, for he ultimately completed his rounds on schedule . . . We trust he dropped by to make yours a FABULOUS CHRISTMAS. (Special cover art by MIKE MILLER.)

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### BIRTHDAY-ANNIVERSARY CORNER

... Many talents share the magnificent birthdate that is heralded world over . . . On our FABULOUS records, we find notations to greet the following who were born on Christmas Day — Dorothy Brooks (Jack Kogan's sister, a newspaper Publisher from Kensington, Pa.), Cab Calloway, Howard Hughes, Bobby Kaye (one of Wilbur Clark's original partners in the D.I.), Rudy Lauber (Sahara Pan Room Host), singer Tony Martin (Flamingo Hotel contractee), gamer Bill Schwartz and Rod Serling (writer-moderator for the tube's 'Night Gallery') . . . Esther and Joe Kelley, regarded among the most popular and admired couples in town (he is Prexy of the Showboat Hotel), mark the third decade of their matrimonial happiness on the blessed day of Christmas . . . Television, nightclub entertainer, composer Steve Allen joins singer Danny Costello for a birth date on the 27th . . . Comedian Paul Gilbert enjoys telling friends he and Marlene Dietrich were both born on the 27th . . . Beautiful Noelle Nelson (El Cortez Publicity Directress) was born on the 27th but her parents still named her Noelle, even though she missed the ex-

pectant date by two days . . . Among those who may be deprived of special birthday gifts because their dates are so close to Christmas, add Bernie Blum, Barbara Crosby (wife of Gary Crosby), Natalie Romani (Chief Pharmacist-S. N. Hospital) and choreographer Flo Walters, who celebrate theirs on the 28th . . . John Anderson (former Commander of Nellis AF Base — now with the Convention Authority), Red McIlvaine (who converts the monotony of early rising into an interesting event via his KORK radio programs) and Molly Mirabelli (peerless wife of Showboat Lanes Manager Frank Mirabelli) are targets for birthday toasts on the 29th . . . Mitzi and John Hughes (Sahara Casino Chief-tain) add another tender leaf to their Wedding Album on the 29th . . . Send birthday cards to Sandy Koufax, Barbara St. John and Eddie Warren (Sahara Director of Security) on the 30th . . . Soul Singer Odetta listens to her birthday tune on the 31st . . . Closing out the month and year with their Anniversaries on the 31st are Allegra and Walter Rabitaille, along with Geraldine and Don Todd (Sahara casino exec).



THE STATE OF NEVADA  
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER  
CARSON CITY, NEVADA 89701

MIKE O'CALLAGHAN  
GOVERNOR

HOLIDAY GREETINGS BY THE HONORABLE MIKE O'CALLAGHAN  
GOVERNOR OF NEVADA

The holiday season in Nevada is a special time of recalling old friends and reviving old memories. All men greet the season in their own ways, with a brotherhood and compassion common to all.

It is my hope that these wondrous moments will remain as a part of all our lives. The wish is as old as mankind--may peace go with you as we begin a new cycle of the seasons, and may you know the comfort and warmth of God's world.

Sincerely,

*Mike O'Callaghan*  
Mike O'Callaghan  
Governor of Nevada

December 25, 1971

# CRISWELL PREDICTS YOUR NEXT TEN YEARS



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Hollywood, Calif.

My dear Etta and Bruce:

Where did the time go?

Only yesterday, it seems, we wrote for the special Holiday issue of **FABULOUS!**

And here it is time again?

1971 saw many changes in our world . . . and more is promised for 1972.

Many who read these lines will prosper beyond all comprehension in 1972!

Rulers will be deposed and new ones take their place.

The roulette of time is spinning and we must all take our chances!

Father Time, we in California cannot stand another quake, another series of heat and cold spells, and the pile up of traffic!

I predict that Las Vegas will prosper and become the number one convention city of all times! Some of the bitterness will be erased and you will find that all Vegans will work together for a bigger, friendlier and happier Las Vegas!

Let us be grateful for the favors from Madam Fortune and hold ourselves expectant of greater things to come in 1972.

I do hope to see all my friends again in Las Vegas but in the meantime enjoy good health, good laughter and all that prosperity can bring!

Gratefully,

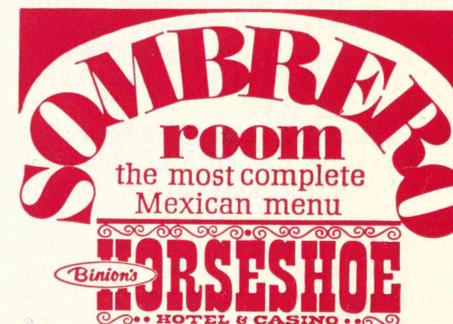
*Criswell*

My dear Friend: Greetings from Hollywood for the Holidays! It is this time of year that my mind travels into future Holidays but also remembers Holidays of the past! My home town of Princeton, Indiana fairly threw themselves into the Holiday spirit

with one social planned after the other — where family dinners and get-to-gethers lasted from the 15th of December until New Year's Day! Each church, each school, each social circle not only had an annual Christmas Play but parties to go with it! Where did we find all the time to do so much? And not one boring moment!

## THE HIGH POINT

I remember our 5th grade play directed by our teacher, my Aunt Mayme Criswell, where I played the tall wise man (I was the tallest and most awkward in the class) and had all the lines to speak in spite of a brief stuttering. I do recall the bustling backstage while the manger was being prepared and lit with a blue spotlight. We three Wise Men made our entrance from the back of the room singing "We Three Men Of Orient Are!" when suddenly I noticed that they were not quite prepared for us. I stopped suddenly and in a loud voice said "Go back you fools, Baby Jesus is not born yet!" That was one scene I never lived down! A high point! Years later I appeared in the Radio City Music Hall in New York in a manger scene and the Wise Men entered too soon!



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**FESTIVE AIR**

Our town took on a festive air with garlands of real holly strung here, there and everywhere! At night the merchants around the town square facing the Court House all had a candle burning in each store window. The townsfolk would walk around the square admiring each window. My Aunt America would take us on a tour with Clara Helen, William, John Henry, Mary Elizabeth, Rob Roy . . . Marjorie and Helen not only remarking about each window but the owner and his family, giving us juicy bits of gossip meant for adult ears only! Truly the holiday spirit 100%!

**THINGS TO EAT**

Plato claims that man's memory remembers first the taste of things! I know that is true, for I have an instant feast when I think of the fudge walnut candy, the hot buttered pop corn, the spice cakes and the mince or pumpkin pies! The Chef at the Waldorf paid \$100 for the recipe of the mince and pumpkin pies enjoyed by

local citizens, as they were so unusual and unequalled anywhere! **Real Indiana cooking!**

**THE DAY BEFORE**

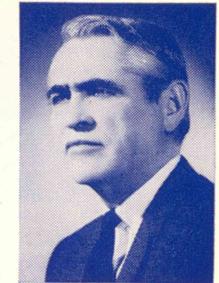
The day before Christmas was a mighty prelude to the joyful crisis when we all went ice skating on the Brick Yard Pond! Those too young to skate were pulled on sleds and the whole town was on skates, skimming over the ice. I have seen all of the editions of the **Ice Follies** but I feel that our own Ice Folly was better! To warm you up we had gallons of steaming black coffee with just a nip of apple brandy with an amazing aroma plus an amazing reaction for everybody there!

**THE DAY OF CHRISTMAS**

After our stockings were hung, we slept feverishly, only to awaken to rush in and find our presents under a lighted tree! Even tho we did recognize old **John Angells** as **Santa Claus**, we said nothing as he was so jolly and he thought he fooled us! Then

*(Continued on Page 28)*

CITY OF  LAS VEGAS



*HOLIDAY GREETINGS!*

*"Peace on Earth . . . Good Will to all Men"*

*The ages-old message which heralds the approaching Holiday Season conveys perhaps better than any other the true spirit of Christmas, when we commemorate the birth of the Giver of all things to all mankind.*

*As citizens of Las Vegas, each of us can count the many acts of goodness and kindness bestowed upon us during the year now drawing to a close, and each of us is given renewed faith and hope for an even better future when "Peace on Earth . . . Good Will to all Men" shall become a reality for all. May each of us this Christmas rededicate our lives to that purpose.*

*As Mayor of the City of Las Vegas, may I extend to one and all my very best wishes for a Happy Holiday Season, and that the coming years will bring each an abundance of happiness and the fulfillment of your fondest dreams.*

*Sincerely,*

  
 ORAN K. GRAGSON, Mayor  
 City of Las Vegas

FRANK SINATRA JR.

JERRY VALE

in the CIRCLE THEATRE

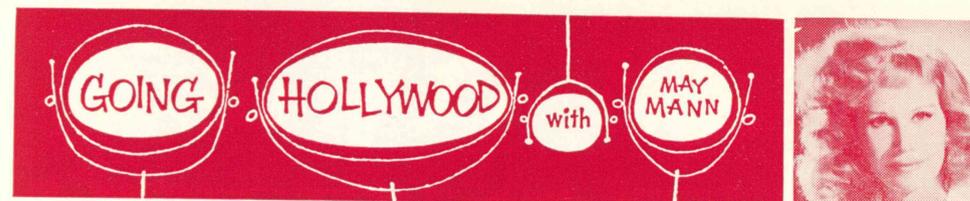
FRONTIER HOTEL December 2-29

### Origin of the Christmas Tree

There are many versions of the beginning of the custom of having Christmas trees, some based on fact, others on legends that have been handed down through the years. There is one particularly beautiful tale that dates back to that night in Bethlehem.

According to this ancient legend, on the first Christmas Night all the trees came to the manger in Bethlehem to pay their homage to the newborn Saviour. In grand array came first the native palms, then the foreign hemlocks, beeches, birches, maples and oaks, mingled with beautiful magnolias, slender poplars, graceful eucalypti, giant redwoods, and majestic cedars. From the far away frozen north came a small fir, which appeared like a homely Cinderella, among the other statelier trees, which did their best to hide the modest little fir tree from the eyes of the Holy Child.

Suddenly there was a movement among the stars in the sky. They began to fall to the earth, and star after star, as it fell, settled upon the pointed branches of the little fir tree, until it shone brilliantly with hundreds of celestial lights and received a smile of benediction from the Heavenly Babe in the manger.



MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . MERRY CHRISTMAS LUVS. MAY THIS ONE BE YOUR BEST CHRISTMAS EVER.

HERE it was almost Christmas, and no snow. That was just about the worst thing I could think of — no glistening, soft, purry white snowflakes. The Cathedral bells rang in grand tones summoning the Yule. The silver spires of the pines rose majestically in the gardens. It was frosty cold, and the kids wore mittens and snowsuits, but still no snow. Even dewdrops froze into icicles but the sleighing hill was bare.

Mama and Grandmama really hoped so much for snow, since Grandmama's grand niece, a genuine Countess, was coming home for a real old-fashioned Christmas. T'would be such a disappointment — no snow.

The Countess stemmed from the famous side of Grandmama's family tree. An American, she was beautiful and looked like Maria Montez, with great brown eyes that had so completely captivated an Italian count when Lisa went to Milan to study voice. There had been Hazel Dawn, who starred in "The Pink Lady" on Broadway, and her sister, Metropolitan opera star, Margaret Romaine, who cut over fifty RCA Victor records and Margaret Tout, a diva who sang for all of the crowned heads of Europe. And then came Lisa, with a golden voiced talent too. Except no one ever dreamed young Lisa would fall in love with an Italian in sunny Italy and up and marry him! It was quite a shocker in the family. But now Lisa, who was Grandmama's favorite grand niece, was bringing her Count home to see an old-fashioned Christmas in Utah. Everyone wanted everything to be special! Even Aunt Rosemary

Mabel, who was the persnickety wife of Mama's elder brother Ted, seemed excited about this social event about to take place in Grandmama's house Christmas day.

Naturally I wanted to help, as I always did. Except Aunt Rosemary Mabel and I were never affinities. She thought I was precocious and was always dreaming up wild, way out things that got her one and only precious son, my cousin Taylor, Jr., a year old than me, into trouble! Actually I was just imaginative and generous hearted, said Mama in my defense. However, five years hence Aunt Rosemary Mabel persuaded Uncle Taylor, Sr. to move to California permanently to remove cousin Taylor, Jr. from participation and any contamination of my enterprising ideas. Aunt Rosemary Mabel was just too much. I felt sorry for cousin Taylor, Jr., who had such a domineering and non-understanding Mother. But now she was not going to interfere since Grandmama upheld my idea for Christmas night, to do something special to entertain our royal Countess cousin, Lisa.

Three days before Christmas, Lisa and her Count Carmelo Contiano arrived in great style. With them came two Italian servants. Everyone began learning to curtsy and whatever you do to acknowledge royalty properly. At the reception honoring them at the country club, I was astonished to see the Count, who did not look like our vegetable and fruit man Tony, at all. In fact, Count Contiano was extremely handsome and young, and looked not unlike the late Rudolph Valentino. He had great charm and, wonders, he spoke English. More, he fully appreciated my personality and paid rapt attention to me when I was presented. I fully decided then and there



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to set my sights one day on an Italian Count and forget the marimba player who'd come from South America with his band to play one of the concerts at town hall that Summer. The society pages ran a picture of Lisa and her Count and Grandmama and Mama at the reception. It was all exciting.

Mama and Grandmama began conferring about a musical ensemble for entertainment after Christmas dinner. Or just what, they pondered. I had come up naturally with my own brilliant idea. I would stage a theatrical event with cousin Taylor, which would be sure to be a delight? They listened attentively. It would be nice to have children entertain, being Christmas night. No piano solos but a real stage presentation I envisioned. The Countess would sing later. A noted concert pianist friend, Igor Stanlowsky, would play. So why not a child's act first, reasoned my peers. I could product my own original short, one-act play. Naturally, who should be my leading man but cousin Taylor.

He was the only boy I knew who would meekly take direction - from me.

"The Way With A Maid, A Boy and A Bakery" was the title. I had already written this skit for school and it had been highly approved. Now I wrote in my cat Fluffy for a role, mostly atmospheric. It would require three pies for props. The premise of the play being a maid with a bakery selling pies, and a prince asking for every kind, which she did not have. Of course, with her winsome personality, she was able to sell him a gooseberry pie, even though he wanted apple. A very simple script indeed. But with musical effects from the phonograph and innovations from "Fluffy" and all, it was to be witty and clever repartee.

Now nine years old, I had never had my faith in Santa Claus shaken the least little bit. Even though some kids at school tried to disenchant me, I was loyal to the jolly old man who  
(Continued on Page 39)

## Lights of Las Vegas



By PHIL SOLOMON

ENTERTAINERS playing the Nevada playgrounds are the best paid. No place in the world can a performer match the salary of Las Vegas, Reno or Lake Tahoe.

There is a definite rise of salaries for good entertainers who have reached superstar status and some are asking as much as \$80,000 a week. An Elvis Presley, Barbra Streisand, Dean Martin, Tom Jones or Englebert Humpernick could demand upwards of \$100,000 a week and get it most of the time.

Main showroom stars salaries begin at \$25,000 a week. Presley's last stand earned him a reported \$175,000 a week at Sahara Tahoe and they were happy to pay it when he drew capacity crowds at every show.

Most of the hotel operators claim all showrooms are a losing proposition unless you have a performer that can sell out every show and charge \$15 for a dinner show. If a showroom can break even, that is all they're asking for. When you draw people, it lures gamblers to the casino and this is where the money is made. If no people show up, the casino becomes a morgue.

In order to get name entertainers with box office appeal a hotel has to spend money. The same performer can do a one night concert and get \$25,000. This is what is killing all the showrooms in Nevada. There is no ceiling on salaries and all the places outbid one another for that star.

A headliner's salary is not the entire cost of the show. In most cases there is an opening act and this costs anywhere from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a week. The talent director must buy as reasonably as he can and it's a matter of supply and demand as there are only so many superstars.

Everytime a new hotel is built it must be competitive and in some cases they have to pay more money to get the star wanted. Entertainment buyers try to get the performers who can fill a showroom and that is not plentiful.

Behind the scene costs like stage managers, scenery movers, lighting men, orchestra, cooks, waiters and maitre d's do not come cheap today.

There are three things a hotel must consider. First is a budget, secondly the performer at your price, and third the type of entertainer for the particular showroom.

The general range in salaries for entertainers is anywhere between \$40,000 and \$125,000 a week. It used to be \$15,000 and \$25,000. When Frank Sinatra first started working at the Sands Hotel he received \$15,000 a week and when he left to work for Caesars Palace his salary was \$100,000 a week and he had to pay an opening act plus extra musicians.

One year ago, the Carpenters could have been bought for \$2,200 a week and today it's doubtful whether they would accept \$50,000 because they are selling out in one night concerts



**EL CORTEZ**  
HOTEL & CASINO

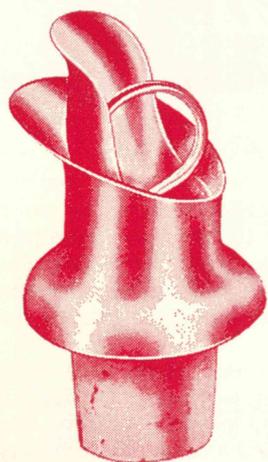
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across the country. They can make almost as much playing one nighters as they can earn in a week, so why play a club or hotel?

Remarkable appreciation has resulted in performers being overpriced. The public can't support them financially and the minimum prices keep people away.

Some of the entertainers have requirements that are very costly in addition to salary, like extra musicians plus extras, and the hotel must pay it or lose their services.

The average couple that comes here, Reno, or Lake Tahoe, have to figure that it costs \$100 per day for hotel, food tips, two main showrooms a night plus transportation. Most of them can't afford the tariff asked and instead of making three or four trips a year only make one.

Lounge acts are pricing themselves out of the picture by asking \$15,000 to \$20,000 a week and that is why most of the major lounges have closed or will close. They cost too much to run.

If prices for performers keep going up in the main showrooms, the entertainer will be looking for work elsewhere.

Many of the major hotels plan to work out their long term pacts with the various entertainers and eventually turn to production extravaganzas with no name stars. The only other solution to the existing problems would be to form an association and abide by the rules with a minimum and maximum salary for all performers.

JACK CORTEZ

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# Charles P. Squires

revisited

(Editor's Note: The late Mr. Squires came to Las Vegas in 1905 and his contribution to the early "Meadows," has recorded his name in our history. In answer to many requests, we are reprinting some of the columns he wrote exclusively for FABULOUS Magazine. You will observe that each is preceded by the date of its appearance, not necessarily in sequence.)

December 8, 1951  
CHRISTMAS, 1855

At this time it is fitting that we recall the celebration of the first Christmas in Las Vegas of which we have any record — Christmas in the year 1855.

That day of Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Man, was the first Christmastide on which civilized Christian people lived in Las Vegas. It is most interesting to read how the celebration of that sacred day was carried out by the hungry, weakened, tired, but not discouraged souls who were struggling to establish a settlement which, 96 years later, became this modern, bright and gay city of Las Vegas.

That little group of Mormon people, 30 in number, from Salt Lake, had been sent out from Salt Lake City by their great leader, Brigham Young, to establish a mission of The Church in a remote region known as Las Vegas. They started May 10, 1855, and arrived in Las Vegas nearly dead from thirst and hunger, June 14. All through that terribly hot and merciless Summer, they struggled to keep the spark of life burning and only their supreme devotion to their Church enabled them to do that.

Those men kept a very concise report of their daily lives and here is what they said of Las Vegas' first Christmas:

DECEMBER 25, 1971

"December 25: Christmas. This was the coldest morning that the brethren had experienced in Las Vegas. The ground froze hard enough to bear up a horse and rider.

"During the night the Indians stole a quantity of squashes, corn, etc., out of Brothers Michell and Carter's house. They entered the fort at the unfinished portion, took the loose adobes out of the window and carried the squashes off, unperceived by the guard.

"This being considered a licensed holiday, the brethren mustered for a wolf hunt on horseback. About a dozen went out and after chasing around a few hours, returned without success.

"In the forenoon President Bringhurst and Smoot went out and located the Indian farm for the coming season on a little stream two miles north of the fort. Some of the brethren enjoyed themselves at a game of ball in the fort."

It is interesting to remember that the spot chosen by President Bringhurst for the Indian farm was the historic Kyle Ranch, recently known as the Boulderado Guest Ranch.

That is enough to give one a slight idea of the desolation which those men who came to Las Vegas in 1855 had to fight. Now we will turn to a more modern Christmas, the first after Las Vegas became a little settle-

*'Music in the Morgan Manner'*

# RUSS MORGAN ORCHESTRA

WITH **JACK MORGAN**

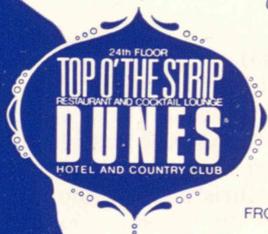
featuring  
RALPH BREWSTER  
and GUS EHRMANN

ART and  
DOTTY TODD

Never a cover or minimum



*Starlight Dancing*



GOURMET DINING  
FROM 6:30 PM TO 10 PM  
RESERVATIONS 734-4769

ment housed in tents beside the new railroad — **Christmas of 1905.**

During the previous summer, a group of us trying to promote some activity which would keep life in the little settlement, encouraged the idea of forming an **Aerie of Eagles**. A distinguished member of the order, State Deputy Grand President, **Con Ahearn**, one of the notable characters of Virginia City, with whom I formed a close friendship which lasted until his death, came down to see what this new settlement was like. He decided that it might survive and was pleased to officiate in chartering an Aerie of the **Fraternal Order of Eagles** in Las Vegas. The great day was September 15, 1905, and the place was the room over the **First State Bank** in the little frame building. So 75 joined — practically everybody in town except a few of us who had planned to join with **John S. Park** in forming a **Masonic Lodge**. So far as I can learn there are but three of the Charter members of Las Vegas Aerie No.

1213, Fraternal Order of Eagles still living. They are **Ed Von Tobel, Sr.**, and **John F. Miller** of Las Vegas, and **Lloyd D. Smith** of Oakland, California.

So at last we had organized effort in Las Vegas. The **Eagles** were active and eager, taking the lead in most public enterprises and when the holiday season approached it was but natural that we should all turn to them for leadership.

The **Eagles** took hold of this first Christmas celebration with vigor. A group of them took a team and wagon and made a hard and dreary trip to the mountains and brought back a young fir for a Christmas tree. The big building, near the corner of Main and Stewart, which had been put up to accommodate the automobile stages of the illfated transportation company (whose cars would not stand up under the shocks of desert driving without roads), was used for the celebration.

It was a most glorious occasion for  
*(Continue don Page 32)*

# MIGHTY MIXTURE

By GARY STEVENS

DATELINE: NEW YORK:

**TALES OF THE TOWN:** **George Post** was a dashing haberdashery salesman. His clothes, as well they had to be, were tastefully tailored. As part of his trademark, he would change his necktie two and three times a day. Perhaps that was his only immoderate gesture. Soft spoken and helpful at all times to all comers, his manner befitted his bachelor status. In his line of work, his real line — we'll come to that, the French would have summed it up with *tant mieux* and let it go at that.

Each year **George** split his vacation period. Ten days in the Winter, eleven or twelve days in the Summer — always, however, to Europe. Paris, London, Brussels and Amsterdam and maybe Madrid one time and Rome the next. Pretty nice living, old boy.

After 16 such trips in 8 years, always solo, one conjured up wild, fantastic stories about **George**. After all, the transoceanic sojourns cost three to four thousands dollars a year. For a salaried man with commission he sure wasn't pinching pennies or putting away umbrella money for a rainy day. Maybe an older woman was meeting him on the continent and footing the bills. No? Then what about the inheritance from his family — the one he never talked about. Not that? Well, could be his fare, always first class and the European maintenance, the very best hostelrys and then only suites, came from winning OTB tickets. Hardly.

On the last trip in the Summer of '70, **George Post** in a particularly jovial, relaxed mood returned on BOAC from London. As he stepped off the plane at JFK Airport his personal beacon was a striking, red and blue cravat. It gave individuality to the

man and set off his blue on blue suit as sheer sartorial splendor. And so to whisk through customs as he had done on fifteen other occasions. Ah, but as some masseur or **Shakespeare** had said — "there's the rub," the U.S. agent making the usual bag check became an immediate admirer of the colorful foulard.

"My wife should see this," began the inspector, "she's always yelling at me for the dull, drag neckwear I pass off as ties. Sue me, I'm conservative. Where did you get it? It's the best looking one I've seen on this job," he continued.

Then, the sad denouement. With true curiosity Uncle Sam's rep helped himself to a look at the label. His hand touched the inside of the nattily knotted silk. Oops, he felt the stones. Fortuitous, you say. For whom? **No more merry England or gay Paree for George.**

There is a moral somewhere, that's a certainty. Perhaps it is this. If you're a diamond smuggler, for Pete's sake and your own, too, always wear gray stained, solemn, single hue ties when you pass through the inspection point — especially if the precious rocks are sewn in the lining.

★ ★ ★

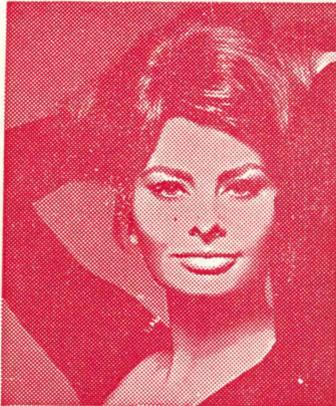
**Dolly Forbes**, early thirties, blonde, attractive, rather pretty, soft-spoken, intelligent. Her business — call girl/madam.

She operated discreetly out of a small, expensively furnished East Side apartment.

Usually she had a dinner date for the evening — worth 100 to 150 bucks for favors extended. In the afternoon, she generally played hostess to at least one gentleman caller — worth about 50 simoleons a visit. Her big income came from an extensive tele-



THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER



Avedon Miss Sophia Loren

Learn cancer's warning signals. You'll be in good company.

1. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. A sore that does not heal.
4. Change in bowel or bladder habits.
5. Hoarseness or cough.
6. Indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
7. Change in a wart or mole.

If a signal lasts longer than two weeks, see your doctor without delay.

It makes sense to know the seven warning signals of cancer.

It makes sense to give to the AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY



phone vocation, which made her the central contact for Johns and ladies of the evening. These arrangements, referrals, as she called them, netted her, in commissions, anywhere from 50 to 150 a day. So you can see the take was huge and the income, san tax. Once upon a vacation upstate, Dolly met a nice man — all of 45, well dressed, a gentleman. The chance meeting was played legitimately. After all, she was having a hiatus from work.

It was a real catch. He liked her a lot; she showed response. Later he came down to N.Y.C. They dated. They exchanged letters. They became engaged. He solidified his intentions by placing a \$5,000 ring on her fourth finger, left hand. A wedding date was set. Another month to clean up odds and ends and she was through forever in the play for pay world. A few more active tricks, that's all.

A big party was set. Three well-to-do executives from upstate were coming to Manhattan. They wanted the works for two days. Dinner at the Colony and Côte Basque; the shows at the Copa and Plaza and three friendly, willing-to-please girls. Five hundred dollars for the female companionship. How could Dolly refuse that. Her end, plus commission came to nearly 300 clams.

At the Rabelais meets Sade party, during a session, one of the girls obliged by taking pictures. Everybody had too many drinks to care.

Oh, that Polaroid.

How did you guess? One of the men turns out to be Dolly's fiancé's best friend.

Time lapse.

(Continued on Page 47)

SUPPORT YOUR MENTAL HEALTH ASSOCIATION



# A Mary Christmas



By MARY RETTIG

Little furry creatures figure prominently on many Christmas cards, which has made it like Christmas much of the year at our house. If we could "talk to the animals," we'd have learned a lot!

It's hard to recall the order of arrival, but certainly the most unusual visitor was the monkey. We first learned we had company when one of our neighbors, Saharo Congo Room Captain Ray Marquez, called us on the phone.

"If you'll go out in the yard," said Ray, stifling a laugh, "you'll see a monkey sitting on your roof."

So it was — not one of your ordinary; jungle variety, rhesus jobs but a larger specimen that we fancied looked like a baboon . . . As soon as he saw us he came closer, but not close enough to capture. Perching on the stairway to the roof just beyond reach, he readily accepted such offerings as bananas and peanuts, which he deftly shelled. During the subsequent several days of his visit he also found plenty of provisions for himself, like tree leaves, flowers, and garden vegetables. Once I found him sitting on a step eating an apple — have no idea where he got that — and as he munched he was swinging one leg, like a child eating something he's especially fond of.

Like most residents of this show business town the monkey was a bit of a ham. When we looked at him he went into sort of an act, winding his arms around his head and peering out coyly. But he also had many special interests. He loved the pond my husband recently built, which may have reminded him of the jungle, and he was very fond of my car. One of his favorite pastimes was sitting on its

top, while carefully removing rubber gaskets, discarding them on the ground the way he did banana peels. Our garage mechanic eventually found the spots where most of the gaskets belonged, once he recovered from his hysterics at hearing that a monkey had removed them.

Our simian friend was finally reclaimed by his owners, who live nearby, after a wild monkey safari and much coaxing.

The cats came next, lots of cats. We think some feline must have left a paw print on the door, indicating that the Rettigs are easy marks. We've been buying food for relays of cats for months. There are two current resident kittens, a beautiful long-haired black baby with a white vest and paws and extraordinarily long tail, and a small gray tiger, also with elegant white paws, who first appeared — soon after her eyes were open — in a box in the garden store room. Naturally we couldn't neglect what seemed to be a doorstep baby, and the little one, called "The Carpenter" for her interest in all my husband's construction projects, is now a pampered member of the household.

Both kittens have recently taken an interest in watching television. Heavens, I hope they aren't going to grow up to become cat critics!

Then suddenly there was a rabbit, a large, tame, elderly bunny we first discovered nibbling on grass in the side yard. She stayed a couple of months, eating cat food when the usual bill of fare of peaches and carrots became boring. As suddenly as the rabbit had arrived, daylighting under the cars until coaxed out with

(Continued on Page 51)

**SATURDAY — December 25**

- TBA (3) NFL/AFC Divisional Playoff
- 6:00 (13) Cartoons (c)
- 7:00 (8) Cartoons (c)
- 8:00 (8) Cartoons (c)
- 9:00 (5) "Frankenstein 1970"
- 10:00 (8) NFL Football (Time Tentative)
- 10:30 (3) Christmas Day Service
- 11:00 (5) "Last Days of Pompeii"  
"The Cheaters"
- 12:00 (3) Think (c)
- 12:30 (3) Forrest Duke Show (c)
- 1:00 (3) "The Bluebird" (c)
- (8) Cartoons (c)
- (13) "Distant Trumpet" (c)
- 2:00 (8) Ear To Youth/Jobortunity (c)
- 2:30 (3) Championship Bowling (c)
- (5) Christmas Is (Spec.) (c)
- (8) Strategy/Resumen De Noticias(c)
- (13) Wide World of Sports (c)
- 3:00 (5) Bench Racing (c)
- (8) Safari Adventure (c)
- 3:30 (3) UNLV Rebel Scouting Report
- (5) Nevada Outdoors (c)
- (8) NFL Game Of The Week (c)
- 4:00 (3) The Saint (c)
- (8) This Week In Pro Football (c)
- (13) Movie
- 4:30 (5) Roller Derby (c)
- 5:00 (3) Flipper (c)
- (8) Boxing From The Forum (c)
- 5:30 (3) News/Weather/Sports (c)
- (5) Ski Scene (c)
- (13) Death Valley Days (c)
- 6:00 (5) Wrestling (c)
- (8) News/Roger Mudd (c)
- (13) The Country Place (c)
- 6:30 (3) "Dog Of Flanders" (c)
- (8) Lawrence Welk Show (c)
- 7:00 (5) I. Mann's Stand Up & Cheer (c)
- (13) Truth or Consequences (c)
- 7:30 (5) Contact
- (8) Chicago Teddy Bears (c)
- (13) Rollin' On The River (c)
- 8:00 (3) The Partners (c)
- (8) All In The Family (c)
- 8:30 (3) The Good Life (c)
- (5) Spotlight (c)
- (8) Funny Face (c)
- (13) Movie
- 9:00 (3) "Far From Maddening Crowd"  
(Pt. 1)
- (5) The Avengers
- (8) Dick Van Dyke Show (c)
- 9:30 (8) Mary Tyler Moore Show (c)
- 10:00 (5) News/Weather/Sports (c)
- (8) Mission Impossible (c)
- (13) The Persuaders (c)
- 10:30 (5) Twilight Zone
- 11:00 (3) "Francis Assisi" (c)
- (5) "House On Haunted Hill"
- (8) "Robin & The 7 Hoods"
- 11:15 (13) Joe Delaney (c)
- 11:30 (13) "Monster From The Deep"
- 1:45 (3) Movies 'til Dawn

**SUNDAY — December 26**

- TBA (3) NFL/AFC Divisional Playoff
- TBA (3) Sunday Matinee
- 6:30 (3) Eyewitness Perspective (c)
- (8) Golden Years (c)
- 7:00 (3) Faith For Today (c)
- (13) Cartoons (c)
- 7:30 (3) Rex Humbard (c)
- 8:00 (8) Kathryn Kuhlman (c)
- 8:30 (3) Oral Roberts (c)
- (8) Trinity Temple (c)
- 9:00 (3) Insight (c)
- (5) "House On Haunted Hill"
- (13) Children's Gospel (c)
- 9:30 (3) Treenhouse (c)
- (8) Football (TBA)
- 10:30 (13) Issues and Answers (c)
- 11:00 (5) Spotlight/Pet Post (c)
- 12:00 (5) "Mexican Spitfire's Blessed  
Event"/"The Man In The Dark"
- (13) "Charlie Chan In London"
- 1:00 (13) Roller Game Of The Week (c)
- 2:30 (5) Leave It To Beaver
- (8) "Billy Budd" (c)
- (8) "Rio Conchos" (c)
- (13) Wonders Of The World (c)
- 3:00 (5) Day Of Discovery (c)
- (13) Untamed World (c)
- 3:30 (13) The Bridge (c)
- 4:00 (3) The Saint (c)
- (5) Buck Owens Show (c)
- (13) College Football '71 (c)
- 4:30 (5) "Day Of Triumph" (c)
- 5:30 (3) Flipper (c)
- (13) "Ball Of Fire"
- 6:00 (3) The High Chaparral (c)
- (8) CBS 60 Minutes (c)
- (10) Great American Dream Machine
- (13) E. Humperdinck/K. Ballard (c)
- 6:30 (5) The World Tomorrow
- 7:00 (3) Wild Kingdom (c)
- (5) "Rembrandt"
- (8) Circus
- (10) Civilization
- (13) Dr. Simon Locke (c)
- 7:30 (3) Wonderful World of Disney (c)
- (8) "D-Day, 6th of June" (c)
- (13) Nanny & The Professor (c)
- 8:00 (10) Firing Line
- (13) The F.B.I. (c)
- 8:30 (3) Jimmy Stewart Show (c)
- 9:00 (3) Bonanza (c)
- (5) The Goldiggers
- (10) Masterpiece Theatre
- (13) Movie
- 11:00 (3) "Good Morning Miss Dove" (c)
- (5) "3:10 To Yuma"
- 11:15 (13) Joe Delaney (c)
- 12:00 (8) Merv Griffin Show (c)
- 1:00 (3) Movies Thru The Night

**ALL PROGRAMS SUBJECT TO STATION CHANGES**

**MONDAY — December 27**

- 2:00 (3) Bright Promise (c)
- (8) Secret Storm (c)
- (13) Perry Mason
- 2:30 (3) Somerset (c)
- (8) I Dream Of Jeannie (c)
- 3:00 (3) "Taza, Son Of Cochise" (c)
- (8) Fiesta Bowl (from Phoenix)
- (13) That Girl (c)
- 3:30 (5) I love Lucy
- (13) Bewitched (c)
- 4:00 (5) Bozo's Big Top (c)
- (13) Flying Nun (c)
- 4:30 (3) Daniel Boone (c)
- (13) News/Weather/Sports (c)
- 5:00 (5) Dick Van Dyke Show
- 5:30 (3) NBC Nightly News (c)
- (5) Phil Donahue Show (c)
- (10) Misterogers' Neighborhood (c)
- (13) N.Y.P.D. (c)
- 6:00 (3) Eyewitness News (c)
- (8) Total Information News (c)
- (10) Sesame Street (c)
- (13) North/South All Star Game (c)
- 6:30 (3) Dragnet (c)
- (5) Can You Top This
- 7:00 (3) Wild, Wild West (c)
- (5) "Immortal Sergeant"
- (8) Here Come The Brides (c)
- (10) Electric Company
- 7:30 (10) Thirty Minutes With . . .
- 8:00 (3) Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In (c)
- (8) Gunsmoke (c)
- (10) Four From Chicago
- 8:30 (5) David Frost Show (c)
- 9:00 (3) "Far From Maddening Crowd"  
(Pt. 2)
- (8) The Lucy Show (c)
- (13) World of Sports Illustrated (c)
- 9:30 (8) Doris Day Show (c)
- (10) Book Beat
- (13) "Girls Of Pleasure Island"
- 9:55 (5) Ralph Pearl Show (c)
- 10:00 (5) News/Weather/Sports (c)
- (8) Sony & Cher Comedy Hour (c)
- 10:30 (5) Twilight Zone
- 11:00 (3) (8) News/Weather/Sports (c)
- (5) "Brigham Young"
- 11:30 (3) Johnny Carson Show (c)
- (8) Merv Griffin Show (c)
- (13) News-Night Report (c)
- 12:00 (13) Movie
- 1:00 (3) Cinema Scene
- (8) "The Forsythe Woman"
- Movies Thru The Night

**TUESDAY — December 28**

- 2:00 (3) Bright Promise (c)
- (8) Secret Storm (c)
- (13) Perry Mason
- 2:30 (3) Somerset (c)
- (8) "Gidget Goes Hawaiian" (c)
- 3:00 (3) "Circle of Deception" (Pt. 1)
- (13) That Girl (c)
- 3:30 (5) I Love Lucy
- (13) Bewitched (c)
- 4:00 (5) Bozo's Big Top (c)
- (13) Flying Nun (c)
- 4:30 (3) Daniel Boone (c)
- (8) Gilligan's Island (c)
- (13) News/Weather/Sports (c)
- 5:00 (5) Dick Van Dyke Show
- 5:30 (3) News/Weather/Sports (c)
- (5) Phil Donahue Show (c)
- (10) Misterogers' Neighborhood (c)
- (13) "Winter Carnival"
- 6:00 (10) Sesame Street (c)
- 6:30 (3) Dragnet (c)
- (5) Can You Top This
- 7:00 (3) Primus (c)
- (5) "I Am The Law"
- (10) Electric Company
- (13) Truth or Consequences (c)
- 7:30 (3) Sarge (c)
- (10) Knock Your Antiques
- (13) Mod Squad (c)
- 8:00 (8) News (c)
- 8:30 (3) The Funny Side (c)
- (5) David Frost Show (c)
- (8) Hawaii Five-O (c)
- (10) The Advocates
- (13) Movie
- 9:30 (3) Nichols (c)
- (8) Cannon (c)
- (10) Black Journal
- 9:55 (5) Ralph Pearl Show (c)
- 10:00 (5) News/Weather/Sports (c)
- (10) Firing Line
- (13) Marcus Welby, M.D. (c)
- 10:30 (3) Monty Nash (c)
- (5) Twilight Zone
- (8) Doctor In The Hhouse (c)
- 11:00 (3) (8) (13) News-Weather-Sports
- (5) "Captain From Castille" (c)
- 11:30 (3) Johnny Carson (c)
- (8) Merv Griffin Show (c)
- (13) Dick Cavett Show (c)
- 1:00 (3) Cinema Scene (c)
- (8) "Roughly Speaking"
- Movies thru the Night

*Lady Luck Lounge*

Thru January 3, 1972

**HARRY JAMES**

**MURRAY ARNOLD**

**DESERT  
INN**

*Monte Carlo Room*

**Bob  
Williams**

6:30 P.M. to Midnite

**WEDNESDAY — December 29**

- 2:00 (3) Bright Promise (c)
- (8) Secret Storm (c)
- (13) Perry Mason
- 2:30 (3) Somerset (c)
- (8) "King Of Khyber Rifles" (c)
- 3:00 (3) "Circle of Deception" (Pt. 2)
- (8) "To Hell & Back" (Pt. 1) (c)
- 3:30 (5) I Love Lucy
- (13) Bewitched (c)
- 4:00 (5) Bozo's Big Top (c)
- (13) Flying Nun (c)
- 4:30 (3) Daniel Boone (c)
- (8) Gilligan's Island (c)
- 5:00 (5) Dick Van Dyke Show
- (8) I Dream Of Jeannie (c)
- 5:30 (3) (8) News/Weather/Sports (c)
- (10) Misterogers' Neighborhood (c)
- (13) "Roseanna McCoy"
- 6:00 (10) Sesame Street (c)
- 6:30 (3) Dragnet (c)
- (5) Can You Top This
- 7:00 (3) College Basketball Finals (c)
- (5) "Face Of A Fugitive"
- (8) Hee Haw (c)
- (13) Truth or Consequences (c)
- 7:30 (10) Consultation
- (13) Petticoat Junction (c)
- 8:00 (8) Carol Burnett Show (c)
- (10) The French Chef
- (13) Bewitched (c)
- 8:30 (5) David Frost Show (c)
- (10) This Week
- (13) Courtship of Eddie's Father (c)
- 9:00 (8) Medical Center (c)
- (10) Great American Dream Machine
- (13) Smith Family (c)
- 9:30 (13) Shirley's World (c)
- 10:00 (3) Night Gallery (c)
- (5) News/Weather/Sports (c)
- (8) Mannix (c)
- (10) Masterpiece Theatre
- (13) The Man & The City (c)
- 10:30 (5) Twilight Zone
- 11:00 (5) "Gentleman's Agreement"
- 11:30 (3) Johnny Carson (c)
- (8) Merv Griffin Show (c)
- (13) Dick Cavett Show (c)
- 1:00 (3) Cinema Scene
- (8) "Pepe"

**THURSDAY — December 30**

- 2:00 (3) Bright Promise (c)
- (8) Secret Storm (c)
- (13) Perry Mason
- 2:30 (3) Somerset (c)
- (8) "Brigand"
- 3:00 (3) "To Hell & Back" (Pt. 2) (c)
- (13) That Girl (c)
- 3:30 (5) I Love Lucy
- 4:00 (5) Bozo's Big Top (c)
- (13) Flying Nun (c)
- 4:30 (3) Daniel Boone (c)
- (8) Gilligan's Island (c)
- 5:00 (5) Dick Van Dyke Show
- (8) Peach Bowl Classic (c)
- 5:30 (3) News/Weather/Sports (c)
- (5) Phil Donahue Show (c)
- (10) Misterogers' Neighborhood (c)
- (13) "The Last Holiday"
- 6:00 (10) Sesame Street (c)
- 6:30 (3) Dragnet (c)
- (5) Can You Top This
- 7:00 (3) Star Trek (c)
- (5) "City Of Fear"
- (10) Electric Company (c)
- (13) Truth or Consequences (c)
- 1:30 (10) Book Beat
- (13) Hogan's Heroes (c)
- 8:00 (3) Flip Wilson Show (c)
- (8) Bearcats (c)
- (10) Thirty Minutes With . . .
- (13) Alias Smith & Jones (c)
- 8:30 (5) David Frost Show (c)
- (10) Washington Week In Review
- 9:00 (3) Ironside (c)
- (8) CBS Correspondent's Report (c)
- (10) Hollywood Television Theatre
- (13) Longstreet (c)
- 10:00 (3) Dean Martin Show (c)
- (10) World Press
- (13) Owen Marshall (c)
- 10:30 (5) Twilight Zone
- 10:45 (10) Littlejohn/Critic At Large
- 11:00 (3) (8) (13) News-Weather-Sports
- (5) "Arsenic & Old Lace"
- 11:30 (3) Johnny Carson (c)
- (8) Merv Griffin Show (c)
- (13) Dick Cavett Show (c)
- 1:00 (3) Cinema Scene (c)
- (8) "Dark Victory"

**FRIDAY — December 31**

- 11 AM (3) Gator Bowl (c)
- 1:00 (13) East/West All Star Game (c)
- 2:00 (3) Bright Promise (c)
- (8) Secret Storm (c)
- 2:30 (3) Somerset (c)
- (8) "Big Gamble" (c)
- 3:00 (3) "Smoke Signal" (c)
- 3:30 (5) I Love Lucy
- 4:00 (5) Bozo's Big Top (c)
- (13) Flying Nun (c)
- 4:30 (3) Daniel Boone (c)
- (8) Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl (c)
- (13) News/Weather/Sports (c)
- 5:00 (3) Orange Bowl Parade (c)
- (5) Dick Van Dyke Show
- 5:30 (5) Phil Donahue Show (c)
- (10) Misterogers' Neighborhood (c)
- (13) "The Relentless Four" (c)
- 6:00 (10) Sesame Street (c)
- 6:30 (3) Dragnet (c)
- (5) Can You Top This
- 7:00 (3) The Virginian (c)
- (5) "Black Arrow"
- (10) Electric Company (c)
- (13) Truth or Consequences (c)
- 7:30 (10) News Report (Tentative)
- (13) Lassic (c)
- 8:00 (8) Cinderella (Spec.) (c)
- (13) The Brady Bunch (c)
- 8:30 (3) Friday Night Movie
- (5) David Frost Show (c)
- (13) The Partridge Family (c)
- 9:00 (13) Room 222 (c)
- 9:30 (8) CBS Friday Movie
- (13) The Odd Couple (c)
- 9:55 (5) Ralph Pearl Show (c)
- 10:00 (5) News/Weather/Sports (c)
- (13) Love, American Style (c)
- 10:30 (3) The D.A. (c)
- (5) Twilight Zone
- 11:00 (3) (8) (13) News/Weather/Sports
- (5) "Devil's Bedroom"
- 11:30 (3) Johnny Carson (c)
- (8) Guy Lombardo from N.Y.
- (13) Dick Cavett Show (c)
- 1:00 (3) Cathedral Of Tomorrow (c)
- (13) Movie

**MON. thru FRI.**

- 6:00 (3) Educational/pub. Service (c)
- (8) Sunrise Semester (C)
- 6:30 (3) "Think" (c) (Mon. only)
- (8) Yogi Bear-Huck Hound (c)
- 7:00 (3) Today Show (c)
- (8) CBS/Local News (c)
- 8:00 (8) Captain Kangaroo (c)
- 9:00 (3) Dinah's Place (c)
- (5) Dick Van Dyke Show
- (8) Romper Room (c)
- (10) Instructional Prog. ('til 3)
- 9:30 (3) Concentration
- (5) I Love Lucy
- (8) Beverly Hillbillies
- (13) Galloping Gourmet (c)
- 10:00 (3) Sale of The Century (c)
- (5) Movie
- (8) Family Affair (c)
- (13) All My Children (c)
- 10:30 (3) Hollywood Squares (c)
- (8) Love of Life (c)
- (13) Let's Make A Deal (c)
- 11:00 (3) Jeopardy (c)
- (8) Where The Heart Is (c)
- (13) Newlywed Game (c)
- 11:30 (3) Who, What, Where (c)
- (5) Mike Douglas Show (c)
- (8) Search For Tomorrow (c)
- (13) Dating Game (c)
- 12:00 (3) Today At Noon (c)
- (8) The Edge Of Night (c)
- (13) General Hospital (c)
- 12:30 (3) Days Of Our Lives (c)
- (8) As The World Turns (c)
- (13) One Life To Live
- 12:55 (5) Ralph Pearl Show (c)
- 1:00 (3) The Doctors (c)
- (5) Muriel Stevens Show (c)
- (8) Love/Splendored Thing (c)
- (13) Love, American Style (c)
- 1:30 (3) Another World (c)
- (5) "Mother Wore Tights" (M)
- "Pimpeneel Smith" (Tues.)
- "I Aim At The Stars" (Wed.)
- "Nicholas Nickleby" (Thurs.)
- "The Dolly Sisters" (Fri.)
- (8) The Guiding Light (c)
- (13) Password (c)



### ALADDIN

736-0111 Maitre d' John Marshall  
**BAGDAD THEATRE**—Dec. 24-Indef.  
 Minsky's Burlesque '72, with a cast of 35.  
 Rudy Egan Orchestra.  
**SINBAD LOUNGE**  
 Lenny Martin (From 10 P.M.)

### CAESARS PALACE

734-7431 Maitre d' Jess Kirk  
**CIRCUS MAXIMUS** — Dec. 18-Jan. 2  
 Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme;  
 Freddie Roman; Nat Brandwynne Ork.  
 (8 P.M. & Midnite)  
**CLEOPATRA'S BARGE**  
 Pupi Campo; Jana Mitchel & Vaccaro (9  
 P.M. to 3 A.M.)  
**BACCHANAL**  
 Jimmy Grippo (8 P.M. to Midnite)

### CIRCUS CIRCUS

734-8181  
**MAIN ARENA**—Indef.  
 Don Basham; Berosini Jungle Fantasy;  
 The Cavarettas; Flying Farfans; Gigi;  
 The Hildalys; Hillarys; Le Lisa; Ronnie  
 Lemus; Los Latinos; Palacios; Randels;  
 The Rigettis; Sabrina; Tanya The Ele-  
 phant; Aerial Ballet; Ringmasters Mike  
 Hartzell; Clarence Hoffman and Tommy  
 Rundell (1 P.M. to 1 A.M.)

### DESERT INN

735-1122 Maitre d' Robert Miranda  
**CRYSTAL ROOM**—Dec. 28-Jan. 24  
 This room will be dark until Miss Juliet  
 Prowse opens with her show on the 28th.  
 Carlton Hayes Orchestra (8 P.M. & Mid-  
 nite)  
**LADY LUCK LOUNGE**—Thru Jan. 3  
 Harry James (10 P.M. & 2 A.M., 3rd  
 Show Sun. at Midnite); Murray Arnold  
 (Mon. thru Sat. 9 & 11 P.M. & 1 A.M.)

In a suburban area where homes were quite close together, a man was overhead saying: "I want some consideration around here. I want a little kindness. I want some respect. And I'm tell you, I want plenty of hot water. I won't wash dishes in cold water for any woman."

### DUNES

734-4741 Maitre d' Murray  
**CASINO SHOWROOM** — Dec. 24-Indef.  
 All New "Casino de Paris," starring Fay  
 McKay. Earl Green Ork. (7:45 & 11:45  
 P.M.)  
**SULTAN'S TABLE**  
 Arturo Romero & his Magic Strings (6  
 P.M. to 11:30 P.M.)  
**TOP O' THE STRIP** — Dec. 24-March 23  
 Jack Morgan with the Russ Morgan Or-  
 chestra (Dancing 10 P.M. to 4 A.M.); Art  
 & Dotty Todd (8:30 P.M. to 2:15 A.M.)  
 (Closed Sunday)

### EL CORTEZ

**VIP LOUNGE** — December 2-29  
 The Coulter Twins; King Henry Explosion  
 (8:30 P.M. to 6 A.M.)

### FLAMINGO HILTON

735-5646 Maitre d' Ralph Greco  
**FLAMINGO ROOM**—Dec. 23-Jan. 19  
 Jack Jones; Myron Cohen; Paul Lowden  
 Ork. (8:15 & Midnite)  
**CASINO THEATRE**—Thru Jan. 5  
 B. B. King; The Treniers; Brother Love  
 (7 P.M. to 5 A.M.)  
**SPEAKEASY**  
 Kirk Stuart (7 P.M. to 1 A.M.)

### FREMONT

384-3851 Maitre d' Al Abram  
**FIESTA ROOM** — Dec. 24-Jan. 6  
 Jeannie C. Riley; Pat Buttram; Bob Lu-  
 man & his Nashville Sounds (8 P.M. &  
 Midnite)

### FRONTIER

734-0110 Maitre d' Roy McNeely  
**MUSIC HALL**—Dec. 23-Jan. 26  
 The Wayne Newton Show. Musical Con-  
 ductor, Don Vincent. Jackie Kahane.  
 Bobby Thomas. Al Alvarez Ork. (8:15 &  
 Midnite)  
**CIRCLE "F"**  
 Frank Sinatra, Jr. (11 P.M. & 1 A.M.);  
 Jerry Vale (10 P.M. & 2:15 A.M.) (Dark  
 Sunday)  
**CABARET**  
 Mariano Moreno (9:30 P.M. to 3:30 A.M.  
 Dark Monday)



### HILTON INTERNATIONAL

734-7777 Maitre d' Emilio Muscelli  
**INTERNATIONALE**—Dec. 24-Jan. 13  
 Barbra Streisand; Robert Klein; Joe Guer-  
 cio Ork (8 P.M. & Midnite)  
**CASINO THEATRE**  
 12/15-1/11 — Sarah Vaughan (Sun. thru  
 Wed. 11:45 P.M. & 2:45 A.M. Thurs. thru  
 Sat. 10:15-12:30-3 A.M.) 12/24-1/2 —  
 Redd Foxx (Sun. thru Wed. 10:15 & 1:15  
 A.M. Thurs. thru Sat. 11:30 & 1:45 A.M.)  
**CROWN ROOM**  
 Soup (9:30 P.M. to 5 A.M.)

### LANDMARK

734-9110 Maitre d' Sam Barbee  
**THEATRE** — Dec. 29-Jan. 25  
 Room will be dark until Abbe Lane and  
 Charlie Callas open on the 29th. Tommy  
 Martin Ork. (8:15 & Midnite)  
**NIGHTHAWK LOUNGE** — Thru Jan. 2  
 Pat Collins (10 P.M. & 2:30 A.M.) Happy  
 Hour 5-7 P.M. with Stacey Carroll  
**SKY BAR**  
 Tommy Martin Quartet (9 P.M. to 3 A.M.)

### RIVIERA

735-8533 Maitre d' Marty Klein  
**VERSAILLES ROOM** — Dec. 17-Jan. 6  
 5th Dimension; Norm Crosby; Jack Cath-  
 cart Ork. (8:15 & Midnite)  
**DINO'S DEN** — Thru Jan. 2  
 Libbi McGuire (off Monday); Ernie Stew-  
 art (off Sunday) (8:30 P.M. to 3 A.M.)

### SAHARA

735-4242 Maitre d' Leon Harbert  
**CONGO ROOM** — Dec. 24-Jan. 3  
 Jack Benny; Della Reese; Jack Eglash  
 Ork. (8:15 & Midnite)  
**CASBAR THEATRE**  
 Jackie Gayle; FABULOUS Entertainers;  
 Dailey & Wayne; Key Howard (4 P.M. to  
 4:30 A.M.)  
**BEACHCOMBER**  
 Charlie Shaffer (7 P.M. to 1 A.M.)

Reader: "So you make up all these jokes yourself?"

Editor: "Yep — out o' my head."

Reader: "You must be."

### SANDS

735-3464 Maitre d' Phil Goldman  
**COPA ROOM** — Dec. 15-Jan. 4  
 Dionne Warwick; Marty Brill; Antonio  
 Morelli Ork. (8:15 & Midnite)  
**CELEBRITY THEATRE** — Thru Jan. 4  
 Louis Prima with Sam Butera & The Wit-  
 nesses, featuring Little Richie Varola and  
 Jimmy Vincent (10-Midnite-2 A.M.)  
**REGENCY ROOM** — Thru Dec. 25  
 Bob Sims Trio (9 P.M. to 3 A.M. Dark  
 Sunday)

### SHOWBOAT

382-7575 Host, Johnny Paul  
**MARDI GRAS** — Dec. 21-31  
 Eddie Lawrence; Harry Wham; Johnny  
 Paul (8:30 P.M. to 4:30 A.M.)

Newcomer **Eddie Lawrence** will be reviewed in our next issue . . . Anyone who tunes in to **Harry Wham** is turned on for a life membership in his fan club. You can say he sings . . . you can say he plays a dozen keyboards . . . but when he calls upon his 30 thousand dollar electronic equipment, you have to label him a creator. This is a Van Gogh of the ivories, with every tune stroked into a masterpiece. The setting is spellbinding, with a mirror reflecting all the wonderment of the multiple sound effecters . . . Adding to the intrigue is **Johnny Paul**, a formidable triple-threater. He contracts the entertainment and challenges the staid image of host with humorous interjections. When time permits, he table hops to delight patrons with the magic of his educated hands.

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### SILVER SLIPPER

734-1212 Maitre d' Sven Levin

**GAIETY THEATRE** — Indef.  
Barry Ashton's All New "Wonderful World of Burlesque '71" with Tommy Moe Raft, Lou Ascol, Janet Boyd, Angelique, Gordon Cornish; Martin Gavin and Marina Maubert; Tommy Hodges Ork. (10 P.M.-12:30 A.M.-2:45 A.M.)

**RED GARTER LOUNGE** — Thru Jan. 2  
Jim Garis Trio (11 P.M. to 5 A.M.)

Barry Ashton, in his dashing style, has assembled the right amounts of flesh and fantasy to make his new edition of "Wonderful World of Burlesque '71" another potent winner. The flesh is all there in his beautiful dolls parading their sumptuous charms and the fantasy is in the collection of blackouts, presided over by that extremely funny man, **Tommy Moe Raft**. The little guy does it all in the old burlesque tradition and the howls roll in, one on top of another . . . He has an excellent second banana in **Lou Ascol**, another vet in the art of grabbing laughs . . . **Janet Boyd's** novel way to take off her costume of rough motorbike female down to nearly zero gets plenty of attention, along with the slithering in and out of a black cage . . . More ecdysiastic novelty is presented in statusque blonde **Angelique's** parade as Cleopatra, although Cleo never did a fan dance like this one — or did historians fail to report another interesting side of the Nile Queen? . . . More a-peeling novelty is in the arrival onstage of a member of the audience, a drunk amateur matron  
*(Continued on Page 26)*

### STARDUST

732-6327 Maitre d' Matty Antonucci

**CAFE CONTINENTAL** — Indef.  
Le Lido de Paris "Pourquoi Pas." Eddie O'Neil Ork. (8 P.M. & Midnite. 3rd show Saturday 2:15 A.M.)

**STARDUST LOUNGE**  
The Novelites; The Kimberlys; "A Bare Touch Of Vegas" (9 P.M. to 4 A.M.)

### THUNDERBIRD

735-4111 Maitre d' Eddie Martin

**THEATRE** — thru Jan. 10  
"Latin Fire '72" with Freddy Manjon, Manolo Torrente, Tun Tun, Teresita Rodriguez, Clarita Diaz, George Hernandez Ork. (Weds. thru Mon. 8:15 P.M. & Midnite. Off Tues.) — (Tuesdays: 6 P.M. to Midnite — Pete Loza; Bob & Vicky)

**LOUNGE**  
Vic Garcia Trio (4 P.M. to 10 P.M. — Off Monday); Bob Fletcher & Vicky Lano with Hank & Company (10 P.M. to 4 A.M. — Off Sunday).

This edition of "Latin Fire," marked by circa '72, is quite a bit more commercial than the last south-of-the-border holocaust that singed the T'Bird. In other words, the tunes in the zippy production numbers are very well known oldies, fitting into  
*(Continued on Page 27)*

### TROPICANA

736-2022 Maitre d' Bruno Mondini

**THEATRE** — December 25-Indef.  
The 'Never Before' "Folies Bergere," starring Audrey Arno, with Gus Augspurg & his Girl Friends; Bizarro Brothers; Albert Lucas; George Schlick; Vassili Sulich; Janelle Urbina; Carolyn Everette; Felicia Atkins; Joyce Grayson; Rudas Acro Dancers; Les Mannequins; Tropicana Dancers; Tropicana Singers; Si Zentner Ork (8 P.M. & 11:45 P.M.)

**BLUE ROOM**—Dec. 25-Jan. 1  
Jack Carter (Sat. thru Thurs. 10 & Midnite. Dec. 31 — 11 P.M. & 1 A.M. Jan. 1 — 10-Midnite-2 A.M. Off Mon. Possible time change 12/25.)

**CASINO**  
Red Norvo; Dave Burton; Eddie De Santis Trio (9 P.M. to 5 A.M.)

### UNION PLAZA

386-2110 Maitre d' John Morelli

**SHOWROOM** — Dec. 21-Indef.  
"Fiddler On The Roof" returns, starring Bob Carroll with Fritz Burr. Sam Caplan Ork. (8 & 11:15 P.M.)

**OMAHA LOUNGE**  
The Kimberly Diamonds (Noon to 6 P.M. except Tues.); Jay Orlando, 6 P.M. to Midnite except Weds.); Paul Littlechief (1 to 7 A.M. except Tues./Weds. A.M.)

We wish all of our  
friends everywhere  
a most delightful  
Holiday Season --  
bright with the cheer  
of Christmas --  
alive with the promise  
of a wonderful  
New Year!

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## Coming Attractions

### ALADDIN

Bagdad—December 24  
**MINSKY'S  
 BURLESQUE**  
 '72

### CAESARS PALACE

Circus—January 3-12  
**PENDING**

January 13-Feb. 9  
**JERRY LEWIS  
 SERGIO MENDES  
 BRASIL '77**

February 10-March 1  
**PAUL ANKA**

Barge—Current

**PUPI CAMPO  
 MITCHEL &  
 VACCARO**

Bacchanal—Current  
**JIMMY GRIPPO**

### CIRCUS CIRCUS

Arena—Current  
**EXCITING  
 CIRCUS  
 ARTISTS**

### DESERT INN

Crystal—Dec. 28-Jan. 24  
**JULIET PROWSE  
 SHOW**

January 25-Feb. 21  
**BOBBY DARIN  
 GOOD HUMOR  
 COMPANY**

February 22-Mar. 20  
**PENDING**

March 21-April 3  
**DEBBIE REYNOLDS**

Lounge—Thru Jan. 3  
**HARRY JAMES  
 & HIS  
 ORCHESTRA  
 MURRAY ARNOLD**

### DUNES

Casino—December 24  
**"CASINO DE PARIS"  
 starring  
 FAY MCKAY**

Sultan's—Current  
**ARTURO ROMERO  
 MAGIC STRINGS**

Top—Dec. 24-Mar. 23  
**JACK MORGAN with  
 RUSS MORGAN Orch.**

### EL CORTEZ

VIP—Dec. 30-Jan. 26  
**TOMMY DEERING  
 INNER CIRCLE**

### FLAMINGO HILTON

Flam. Rm.—Jan. 20-Feb. 16  
**CONNIE STEVENS  
 LONNIE SHORE  
 Feb. 17-March 15  
 MARTY ALLEN  
 March 16-April 12  
 SANDLER & YOUNG**

April 13-May 10  
**DON HO**  
 Casino—Jan. 6-Feb. 2  
**WAYNE COCHRAN**

### FREMONT

Fiesta—Jan. 7—OPEN  
 February 4-17  
**BRENDA LEE**

### FRONTIER

Music—Jan. 27-Feb. 23  
**SUPREMES  
 Feb. 24-March 22  
 JIMMY DURANTE  
 EDIE ADAMS**

"F"—Dec. 30-Feb. 16  
**RAY ANTHONY  
 SHOW**

## Coming Attractions

### HILTON-INT'L

Int'le—Jan. 14-25  
**PENDING**

January 26-Feb. 23  
**ELVIS PRESLEY**

Casino—Jan. 12-Feb. 8  
**KENNY ROGERS  
 & THE  
 FIRST EDITION**

### LANDMARK

Theatre—Dec. 29-Jan. 25  
**ABBE LANE  
 CHARLIE CALLAS**

January 26-Feb. 15  
**BARBARA EDEN  
 FRANKIE AVALON**

Lounge—January 4-31  
**DAVIS & REESE**

### RIVIERA

Versailles—January 7-20  
**PHYLLIS DILLER  
 JOHN DAVIDSON**

January 21-Feb. 1  
**VIKKI CARR**

February 2-15  
**DEAN MARTIN  
 (Tentative)**

### SAHARA

Congo—Dec. 25-Jan. 3  
**JACK BENNY  
 DELLA REESE**

January 4-17  
**JOHNNY MATHIS**

Casbar—Jan. 17-Feb. 13  
**STEVE DE PASS**

### SANDS

Copa—Jan. 5-Feb. 1  
**AL MARTINO**

February 2-29  
**JERRY VALE**

March 1-16  
**ROBERT GOULET**

Ballroom—Dec. 31 only  
**SAMMY DAVIS, Jr.**

Regency—Dec. 31 only  
**SONNY KING**

### SHOWBOAT

Mardi—Dec. 31-Jan. 23  
**BILLY KAY &  
 CHAPTER ONE**

### SILVER SLIPPER

Red G.—January 4-23  
**FEMALE SPECIES**

### STARDUST

Cafe—Current  
**Le Lido De Paris  
 "POURQUOI PAS?"**

Lounge—January 7th  
**NALANI KELE  
 BIG TINY LITTLE**

March 10  
**ROYAL SHOWBAND**

### THUNDERBIRD

Theatre—January 12  
**GEISHA'RELLA  
 ORIENTAL  
 REVUE**

### TROPICANA

Theatre—December 25  
**The New  
 "FOLIES BERGERE"  
 returns for an  
 indefinite run**

### UNION PLAZA

Showroom—Current  
**"FIDDLER ON ROOF"  
 (Indefinite run)**

### SILVER SLIPPER

(Continued from Page 24)

who wants to take it all off. She does and to many a laugh, finally emerging as **Marilyn Robertson**, one of the fantastically gorgeous showgirls . . . **Martin Gavin** and **Marina Maubert** are sensually exciting in their adagio ebbs and flows, hitting a peak in the Bordello number, **Miss Maubert's** body is something to behold and it can be beheld for there is little costuming to impede the eye traveling over her lithe figure . . . **Gordon Cornish** not only sets up scenes with his singing or

spoken introductions, but dances with the girls and is an altogether useful and handsome guy to have around . . . All the **Larry Maldonado** choreographic touches are superlative, from the opening camp of Broadway, circa 1930, to a 1940 whirl, but the Bordello bash is the hottest of all. The femmes know how to move well, in or out of the well-designed costumes by **Lloyd Lambert** in front of the sparkling settings of **Fred Aldrich** and **Tony Montleone** . . . **Tommy Hodges** has charted fine production arrangement and his **Orchestra** plays them faultlessly. (Bill Willard)

### THUNDERBIRD

(Continued from Page 24)

the nostalgia trend this side of the border. Otherwise, the various soloists brighten up all turns with familiar tunes as well. The combination of **Freddy Manjon** and **Manolo Torrente** as "guiding lights of LF '72" carries over, with **Manjon's** lead male dancing smooth as always and **Torrente** selling his songs with special vigor . . . Many ohs and ahs are expelled for the revealing undulations of **Teresita Rodriguez** as she chirps a tune or two and disrobes what meagre covering

she has for some steppery . . . **Clarita Diaz** is very svelte with her topless lead dancing, and with **Manjon**, the only disappointment being the brevity of their eye-catching adagio in the "Cafe Torero" number . . . **Tun Tun** is a diminutive three-footer who sprinkles the spicy revue with humor. Among his impersonations, the take-off on **Sammy Davis, Jr.** is the greatest yock getter . . . Settings are bright and colorful for the dozen choryphees, half doing their patterns sans too much adornment. Topless, si! and the rest of the six moving very well in the Man-

  
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**LAS VEGAS**  
 Sahara Hotel  
 Dunes Hotel

jon designed displays of Mexican folklorico and other Latino maneuvers . . . The **George Hernandez Orchestra** provides the fiery background music with a fervor that bears constant spontaneity. (Bill Willard)

### CRISWELL PREDICTS

(Continued from Page 8)

came breakfast in the hotel dining room, honey wheat cakes with pure maple syrup, ice cold milk and home made sausage cakes! The big meal was at twelve with turkey, ham, chicken, ten vegetables, three kinds of pie with snow ice-cream! We children were permitted eggnog made with Irish whiskey which seared your throat all the way down! Promptly at two, we left for the **New Princeton**

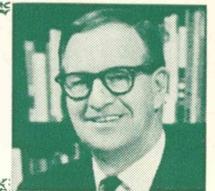
Theatre where we were the guests of the Elks with our two uncles **Roy King** and **Clay Mulhall** (exalted rulers) as the hosts. We saw funny films, sang songs and on our way out were given a pound box of candy. Every child in town attended as it was the thing to do!

### A SHORT HISTORY OF THE FUTURE

When our Historians look back at the year 1971 they will ponder at why we did so many things! They will marvel at the **United Nations** and try to explain it in common sense language! . . . I predict that **Ireland** shall at last be free! The Protestants and the Catholics will unite and free themselves from the Crown, making a **United Ireland!** This century old struggle will end in complete victory for the Irish! . . . I predict that **Franco** will step down in Spain and return the nation to a **Monarchy!** I predict that **Ramano Mussolini** will come into active politics in Italy and will help to restore the glories of that nation! . . . I predict that **France** will return to the **DeGaullist** regime thru his followers and bulwark the **Common Market**, embracing **England** in an iron clad treaty! . . . I predict that our **Federal Capitol** of **Washington, D.C.** will move to **Wichita, Kansas** for a more central location and one of more security! This has been whispered for many years but in 1972 we shall see the start of the reality! . . . I predict that we will not falter in our exploration of **Outer Space** and many shocking discoveries will be made public in 1972! . . . I predict that **Russia** will open wide her borders to five million Blacks in a new international drive for population and progress! This could be one of the stories of the year! . . . I predict that the undersea volcanoes will bring up amazing creatures which we now hold to be legendary, but they will be with us again, breathing, living and splashing.

The one time you can generally win an argument is when you are coaxing one of your wife's relatives to stay for dinner.

## "ELLAY - FIVE TAPES AWAY"



By **BILL WILLARD**

**IMAGINE**, driving to L.A. from Las Vegas on only five tapes!

You see, I have this thing for music, different kinds, and it always bugged me about daytime radio reception on long desert runs. Tuning in any clear station is an impossible chore and when some stations do come in, the music is utterly dreary.

Then along came the greatest innovation of our mobile age, the tape or cassette. With the tapes came players for cars, stereo no less, that somehow sound better inside the car than a lot of the rigs in apartments and homes.

So, I got hooked on this wheeling sound via an Aiwa combination 8-track tape and cassette player that changes tracks or reverses automatically and expels the tapes when finished. It is quite an intricate gadget and has a mind of its own from time to time, but with gentle firmness, I have learned how to control it.

Okay, we have the player, what about the tapes? The way I and Aiwa eat these things up per trip can be an expensive experience. Pre-recorded tapes are abundantly available almost anywhere. Anyone who has purchased a gang of them knows the astronomical figures the collection can tally at \$6.98 per, provided you don't shop for discounts. Or join a tape club. Or buy bootleg tapes. Or something.

I veered toward the latter expedient to the greatest extent. I want for something else, tried and true and especially grooved to my musical experience of some 40 years. In the early days, I was a jazz buff, dedicated to such an extent that few ordinary bands or combos could enter the record collection. Later I shared this collection and borrowed others for a 36-

part series on a history of jazz for the show called "**Downbeat**" for **Armed Forces Radio**.

That was one form of musical attachment. The other was a growing love for classical music that started in the late '30s and surpassed the feeling for jazz. During the **Armed Forces Radio** days, I also produced the **Hollywood Bowl** series and later in Las Vegas hosted a program titled "**Concert Hall**," on old **KENO**, now a bank on Las Vegas Blvd., South. True, the first shot I had on local air was a jazz show, using some old **Downbeat** scripts and my prodigious collection on **KRAM**, located in the beginnings of **Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn** — about three cement block buildings amid piles of lumber, building materials and partly laid foundations. **Wilbur** needed \$90,000 to put up the motel portion, and was finding it tough to land any takers.

Most of the jazz collection went to **Bob Joyce** in '67, after I had taped the shellacs on many a 7½ reel. Bob, the **FABULOUS** lounge expert and maestro of trivia and old movies, was delighted with the unexpected acquisition and set up many a brilliant program, spinning my beloved ex-disks. Why did I give them away? They took up too much space, boxes of the 78's, and my classical collection was gradually superceding most of the space and attention.

With the classical collection of LPs and reel-to-reel tapes numbering into the thousands (I had also given away and sold a formidable amount of 78 albums of the classics that had traveled with me through the Army and beyond, prior to the thirty-three-and-one-third revolution) both in mono and stereo, here was indeed the per-

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fect stockpile for my hobby of wheeling peripateticism.

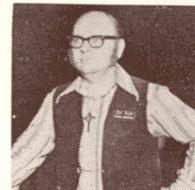
Taping programs for the road became almost an obsession after a while — and not an inexpensive one at that. First, there was the choice of which mode to record most extensively. The 8-track configuration didn't suit the extended movements of symphonic works, concerti, ballets and the like, so that was reserved mostly for buying pre-recorded jazz, bossa nova, pops and rock. The decision being made for cassette recording principally for the classics, a small Panasonic became the workhorse for many an hour's programming. There are some 90 minute and two-hour programs, but these are at a minimum because of technical problems that can come

about in longer-running cassettes.

To those who are on the edge of taping their own collection for the road, a few tips may be offered in the spirit of helpfulness.

For on-the-road cassettes, with limitations of frequency in players and speakers, wind and motor noise, it isn't necessary to buy top of the line tapes. These are the high-energy or chromium dioxide tapes that are best for reproducing all of the frequencies for critical home listening. Such tapes demand special bias switches on recorders for essential capture of feed-in sound and the ultimate in playback. These, with the **Dolby** hiss-noise reduction system in some recorders, or as extra components (**Advent**, **Teac**, **Concord** and others on the way) ele-

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vate the cassette sound to "state-of-the-art" plateau, which is very high indeed.

Sticking with the lesser expensive tapes is fine, although caution must be observed by not buying cheapies, off-brand tapes good only for speech and experiment. A few of the name brands suitable for car-cassette programming are medium priced (below \$2.00), **Tony**, **Irish**, **Norelco**, **Ampex**, **Audio-Magnetics**, **Keystone**, **Bell & Howell** and the best buy while the sales are on, **TDK** brand.

As for recording equipment, the advance is so meteoric at this stage of cassette oncoming popularity that the advice would be to buy a machine above \$100. My personal choice for the best of all possible cassette re-

orders is **Advent 201**, followed by the **Sony 165**. Close on to these are **Teac A-24**, **Harman-Kardon**, the new **Panasonic 275US** and the **JVC**. All of the manufacturers are on board the cassette express now, it's that popular with everyone.

What are my five favorite hour programs to L.A.? Out of nearly 200 tapes, enough for quite a long journey, I always begin the roll down Interstate 15 with an 8-track of **Santana**. That sets the happy mood, and my wife, **Lucky**, freaks out on this group, which is always a good way to start something. After **Santana**, we get down to cassettes, the programs recorded from the collection and the favorites could well be — whatever **Lucy** chooses from the various cata-

logued cassette books and mini-luggage designed to hold a couple of dozen of the wonder-plastics.

Five cassettes to Ellay, we're rolling and enjoying every note and every minute, sound all around, realizing that getting there with our music is most of the fun.

## CHARLES P. SQUIRES

(Continued from Page 15)

the little new town of Las Vegas. The Eagles had presents on the tree for every child in town. An elaborate program of plays by the children, musical numbers and recitations, was carried out under direction of Miss Alma Tuttle, the school teacher.

There are still a few in Las Vegas who took part in that Christmas program, and there are a few of the Charter members of the Aerie of Eagles, still with us — not very many, I am afraid.

But I am sure that in all the history of Las Vegas from 1855 to 1951 there was never a more soul inspiring and satisfying celebration than the two I have mentioned.

December 16, 1950

### WHAT A CHRISTMAS!

I wonder if ever there was a Christmas with so much of dread and fear and uncertainty filling the souls of the people of the world! War and threats of war; communism, tyranny, barbarism and hatred — all the forces of savagery and ignorance seem to be crowding this Christian civilization under which we here in the United States have been living so well, so comfortably and so usefully, out of existence.

Oriental hordes are driving our armies out of Asia. (I can't help wondering if, after all, we really had any right to be in Asia.) United Nations with the Russian-Chinese-Communism almost in control, is gradually taking over the government of the United States. The administration at Washington has sunk to a depth of inefficiency, uncertainty, wastefulness and petty political rowdiness never before dreamed of. What next in the line of degradation must we expect!

Perhaps it is just the broiled lobster at Hotel Las Frontier the other evening! Perhaps a disordered digestive apparatus is causing me to see things darkly! More likely, as Delphine and Florence sometimes agree, I am a bit dopey in the head, with too many good dinners and penny ante parties. Yet nothing in all this could or should make me forget the delights of Phil Spitalny's lovely girls with their "Hour of Charm" and their glorious Christmas carols!

Perhaps, after all, that Christian civilization with its churches, its music, its wonderful literature we call the Bible — is the ruling power of this uneasy world! Perhaps it will take another few centuries of religious faith and martyrdom to straighten things out! Perhaps it will take defeat and death at the hands of world savagery to give the Christian world the strength and courage it must have.

But Christianity must be the foundation upon which mankind will finally build a more perfect world. Until that time comes humanity must do the best it can to fight communism and all the forces of destruction.

I must thank the "Hour of Charm" for bringing me some new strength and courage to face the unknown. Strangely, on the stage in these "Modern Times," this delightful entertainment was given us without one word of vulgarity or indecency. A thing almost unprecedented on the modern stage, where it has come to be almost an unbreakable rule that to gain applause one must resort to "smut."

Oh, yes, during the entertainment I heard a lady at a nearby table exclaim, "there goes my bridge!" Right in the middle of the "Hour of Charm" too! A little later in the evening I heard her gently humming Spike Jones' favorite tune, "All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth!"

I am now sure that somehow between Spike Jones and the "Hour of Charm" civilization will be saved.

### KINDNESS FOR CHRISTMAS!

I observe that kind-hearted people here and there are suggesting that Las Vegas see that every child shall

(Continued on Page 71)

## "IS THIS WHAT IT'S COMING TO"?



By WOODY WOODBURY

(Written expressly for  
Fabulous Las Vegas Magazine  
1971

Christmas Issue)

Dear Al,

Sue and I received your letter yesterday (Tuesday). The children are fine; I trust Mary and your youngsters are equally well.

We would have gotten your letter on Monday, but since the Congressional change, it didn't arrive until yesterday.

\$1.10 seems a little high for normal air mail postage, but I like the stamp. Think postage will go up again?

Our new Federal calendar got here today.

It sure looks funny to see all the holidays on Mondays, or is it just me?

I know it's just a matter of time, but somehow, I can't get used to Thanksgiving day on Monday. The Monday after Thanksgiving, for 20 years, was always "Left-over Turkey Time." The Turkey soup was just right on that Monday after Thanksgiving.

But the law is the law. I still get the feeling, however, that Sue's wonderful Turkey soup just doesn't taste the same on Thursday. Thanksgiving Thursday just seems like an empty November day.

The worst thing about it is the laws. In the old days, they'd get here Wednesday and leave Sunday. That was enough.

Now they get here the Friday before Thanksgiving and somehow they managed to screw me and stay through two complete week-ends.

And my Mother-in-law is murder — especially with the television set. She won't let us watch the Army-Navy game. Seems odd to see them play on Monday morning.

I'll bet when ABC-TV finds out the

new Federal Thanksgiving day on Mondays is kicking the hell out of their Monday night football, they'll switch to Tuesdays.

Of all the national changes, Thanksgiving on Monday has really made me gloomy. At least the Peace Police should let us get used to the change.

According to the newspaper, there have been a lot of minor isolated cases, but they were really rough on the Olsens down the block. Mrs. Olsen gave the police plenty of proof that it was against their religion to celebrate Thanksgiving on Monday, but no dice. Old man Olsen got 90 days. Hard labor.

I think they could have gone a little easier on him. After all, he is 77 now.

We've all pitched in for Mrs. Olsen to keep their sidewalk shoveled while he's away. Of course, with the new official weekend now beginning every Wednesday at 11 a.m., it gives us a lot of time to help her.

But I guess there's no sense in complaining. We're lucky to be alive. The president says we've got to accept these new modern changes.

Newspapers here had one account of an old couple shot because they resisted arrest. The Peace Police Inspector claimed he smelled fresh Turkey on Thursday when he walked by their house. When the old couple wouldn't let him in, he and his partner broke in and shot them. It was in Cleveland, I think. Did you read about it? I'll have to admit, though, that the medals they gave the two policemen on television were just as sharp as could be.

I'm too old for halloween, Al, but somehow, trick-or-treat with the youngsters coming by was always more or less a friendly thing for us. We used to love to give out the

# Season's Greetings



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goodies and see their wonderfully silly little Halloween costumes.

Now, with Congress having voted that the kids must do their trick-or-treating between 5:00 and 5:30 p.m. on the last Monday in October seems kind of tough on them. We had a lot of them come by crying. Their little goodie bags weren't even half-filled and they have to split everything they collect with the Peace Police.

In my neighborhood, Al, they were cruising six men in every car.

At least when we were kids, we could wear costumes and funny clothes and it seems kind of silly to let children only up to the age of 7 go out trick-or-treating.

I really think that's the reason the little kids were crying; they got upset when the Peace Police kept stopping them to check their ID cards. They only have a half-hour, you know. Little Karen next door got stopped four times in 20 minutes. All she had gotten was an apple and the last Peace Policeman who checked her took it. He told her she was lying. He also tipped her wheelchair over. But she was on the grass and I guess it didn't hurt her.

Christmas on Mondays is O.K., I guess, but with the new law going into effect closing all stores the preceding four days is sure going to raise hell with last-minute shoppers like me.

But Christmas is the birth of Christ and even though we're not allowed to use his name any more, it's still a time of happiness.

Sure got to give the Government credit for handling the new Easter the way they did. Right?

Holy Thursday on the first Monday in March and Good Friday on the second Monday.

Palm Sunday on the third Monday kind of stretches it a bit, but Easter Sunday on the last Monday is right on.

Of course, it does leave the rest of the week through Wednesday noon to get a lot of regular work done.

Lumping Washington's and Lincoln's Birthdays is O.K., I guess, because nobody ever really celebrated them like they do Christmas. Having both birthdays on the first Monday in February along with the 5 a.m. rifle salute by the Peace Police is really patriotic. The noise is a little much, but then it's only once a year.

(Continued on Page 57)

JACK CORTEZ'

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# The Hollywood Chef



By LANEGRASSE

Here I am again with a new name and lots of easy ways to enjoy the Holiday Season. For the past four years I have told you what I had planned for Christmas and New Year's. This year, let's talk about the days in between.

As I tour the country doing my cooking presentations to clubs in all areas, I have people tell me they get bored with the leftover Holiday Foods. We all have too much food and get our fill of Turkey Sandwiches. As for me, I hate hash made of leftover fowl. I don't believe hash was meant to be made of fowl of any kind. There is no reason not to enjoy all the leftovers as the week progresses through the Parades and Games of New Year's.

This year, as in all years past, I'll be involved with a lot of extra entertaining during "The" Season. Living in Southern California we always have out-of-city guests regardless of the time of year. So the day after Christmas I'll make a **Turkey Tetrazzini** with the leftover turkey meat both dark and light. I find that this casserole prepared in advance and kept over night in the refrigerator is better the second day, as the spices and herbs penetrate through the turkey and pasta.

## Turkey Tetrazzini

3 tablespoons flour  
3 tablespoons butter  
½ teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon white pepper  
½ teaspoon paprika  
2 cups milk  
½ teaspoon dry mustard  
½ cup Dry California Sherry  
1 lb. fresh chopped mushrooms  
3 lbs. turkey meat  
1 lb. Parmesan Cheese  
1 8 oz. box vermicelli

Make a white sauce, melting butter in a pan adding flour, making an even paste by constantly stirring, gradually adding milk and salt. Continue stirring until the consistency of gravy. Add pepper, dry mustard and Sherry. Bring sauce to a boil. In a skillet, sauté chopped mushrooms (stems as well as caps) in a tablespoon of butter until wilted. Boil Vermicelli according to directions on package. I do mine until al dente (firm, about two minutes). Mix the turkey, mushrooms and sauce together. Pour mixture over Vermicelli tossing all together as you would a green salad. Place mixture in a large greased casserole, top with Parmesan Cheese. Bake in a 425 degree oven for twenty minutes. Serves 12.

On Christmas Day, I'll serve a gelatin salad. I choose this because it's easy, attractive and can be made well in advance. It will last and I find myself about the third or fourth day using it as a dessert for Lunch. It's very Southern plus very good.

## Cherry-Cola Salad

1 lb. can Bing Cherries (seeded)  
½ cup Coca Cola  
3 ounce box Cherry Gelatin  
½ teaspoon salt  
3 ounces cream cheese frozen and  
grated  
13 ounce can pineapple chunks  
½ cup chopped pecans

Drain cherries. Take syrup from cherries, add Coca Cola and then enough water to make two cups. Boil. Pour over gelatin, stirring until dissolved. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in rest of ingredients except cream cheese. Pour into 5 cup mold or 8 inch square pan. Then cover with grated cream cheese. Chill until firm.

(Continued on Page 59)

# Merry Christmas



JERRY LEWIS, *National Chairman*  
SCOTTY SWIFT, *National Poster Child*  
Muscular Dystrophy Associations of America, Inc.

## DATELINE—LAS VEGAS



By KEN O'CONNELL

### FAITH FROM FIRST SIGHT

The FABULOUS Las Vegas success story had an unusual beginning — it began with a hotelman's flat tire and his faith at first sight. Here's how it happened . . .

In the hot Summer of 1940, Mr. Tommy Hull of the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel was going through Las Vegas enroute to Salt Lake City when he had a flat tire on the highway now known as the Strip. While his friend went to town to get the flat fixed, Tommy noticed the flow of traffic passing his car on the side of the road. Totally impressed, he delayed his trip to Salt Lake and counted cars for two days. Returning to Los Angeles he called a board meeting and said "Gentlemen, I want to build a resort hotel in Las Vegas, Nevada." They said "Tommy, you've lost your mind. Who would ever build a resort hotel in that hot desert." He said, "That's just it." He told them the story about the flat tire and remarked, "We'll put a swimming pool with real cool looking water right in front of them and it's just got to stop traffic." They said, "Tommy, you don't know anything about gambling." Tommy replied, "We'll just build the hotel and lease the gambling." Tommy built Las Vegas' first resort hotel and it opened in October 1941 with 80 units — Hotel El Rancho Vegas.

That same year we were fortunate that a man by the name of Bill Moore, Jr. had plans in his car and was traveling to Albuquerque to build a big hotel. He was so impressed with El Rancho Vegas and the possibilities of Las Vegas that he, too, delayed his trip, went back to his people in Texas and said, "I want to build the Last Frontier Hotel." The Last Frontier opened in late 1942.

Then came World War II and when it ended in 1945 Las Vegas had its two resort hotels. A Chamber group believed that in the post war years people would travel again. They began to figure ways and means to keep the tourist flow the number one economy factor for Las Vegas. The Live-wire Fund was created and after 26 years it still exists as a major factor in sustaining the Chamber's Las Vegas News Bureau. But back to the beginning —

A very competent advertising agency was hired, J. Walter Thompson and later, West Marquis. Both agencies had a lot to do with making our town famous. A slogan was adopted, "Howdy Podner, Come as You Are to Las Vegas." The momentum did a tremendous job in launching Las Vegas into the tourism industry. In the meantime, in 1947, the Flamingo opened its doors and we remember the skepticism of those present in the opening ceremonies. The general opinion was "It's too far out and we already have two resort hotels — how will we ever get enough people to fill the rooms." The skepticism was ill-advised and Las Vegas was well on its way to becoming a top tourist attraction.

In 1948 we were fortunate, through the cooperation of Union Pacific Railroad, to secure the services of Steve Hannagan, a national publicity and advertising firm. Steve had promoted Sun Valley and Las Vegas was a natural for his expert staff. Las Vegas, Nevada began to appear in hundreds of newspapers from coast to coast — Deadline, Las Vegas was a reality.

The Strip began to take shape as the desert cactus and yucca were bladed away to build hotel after hotel.

(Continued on Page 65)

Merry Christmas to all!

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*Fay McKay*

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## GOING HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from Page 12)



Illustration from STOKES' WONDER-BOOK OF MOTHER GOOSE  
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### When Jack and Jill fell down the hill,

it was just a clumsy tumble. But when a child with muscular dystrophy falls, it means his diseased muscles are becoming so wasted that his legs can no longer hold up his body. A young dystrophy victim progresses with tragic swiftness from supportive braces to wheelchair to complete helplessness in bed . . . and early death. Until scientific research finds a cure for MD and related neuromuscular disorders, many thousands of children will continue to suffer this grim fate. Please help them by contributing to THE MARCH AGAINST MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY

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always made my Christmas perfectly wonderful. This would be two Christmases that Papa was away to recover his health. I had become accustomed to the idea. Mama always looked so brave and sad at the mention of his name. When a chauffeur brought one of Papa's Cadillacs from the garage to drive Mama or me to a party, it brought back Papa at once. He loved his cars, and there were five of them in the garage waiting his return. They were kept polished and so new — and all of them were Cadillacs. Sometimes I'd go and visit them at the city garage, where Papa's lawyer had them kept nowadays. Three of them had their tires off and were mounted on blocks to preserve the wheels or something. Mama, of course, didn't drive. Papa didn't believe in lady drivers of cars. He had thoughtfully left arrangements that whenever we needed a car, we only had to call the garage and a chauffeur quickly brought one around. Now we put one at the disposal of Lisa and Count Contiano.

I had a new dress of white silk and pink cerise bows. My shoes had been dyed to match and I felt ever so adult for the children's elegant Christmas party two days before Christmas. Cousin Taylor, Jr. was escorting me. In spite of Aunt Rosemary Mabel, Taylor, Jr. and I were great friends. Grandmama kept a box at the Orpheum and each Saturday matinee would find Taylor, Jr. and I there in great style.

"Lands, but you do look like a little Lord and Lady," Florabel, our long suffering maid said, wiping her eyes to hide tears (but what for, it would be such fun) as we departed. Soon we were at the country club, doing our best exercises of our dancing lessons at school. There were chaperones and suddenly, a spotlight was turned on the stage, and there was Santa Claus himself. He came to each child and asked, "What would you

# Merry Christmas

## To all of my friends

### SERGIO FRANCHI



like for Christmas?" I was too shy to say what. I'd rather have had a Japanese doll in a traditional silk kimono in the top of his pack. But it seemed too expensive. I murmured, "Whatever you'd like me to have." Santa handed me a hand-painted Japanese silk fan instead. Taylor, Jr. said, "You are always shy at the wrong times."

Back home I went straight for the kitchen for a snack. Mama always said never to eat much at a party; it wasn't ladylike. In the service pantry I overheard Florabel talking to a cousin of her's visiting her. Florabel, on a ladder, was handing down the Christmas patterned china from some upper shelves. "These are to be washed and then covered with tea towels to be ready for Christmas dinner service," Florabel was saying. "Will the Mister be here this Christmas?" To eavesdrop is a terrible thing I knew. Said Florabel, "The poor man will probably be dead before too long. He'll never get well. 'Tis a pity, he was such a handsome man too," she sighed. "Always kept his control, never lost his temper, was always charming. And he dressed so beautiful — the Mister did."

My heart leapt in alarm! My Papa would likely be dead before long???? I froze. This had never occurred to me. Mama always said he'd come home as soon as he was well. I cried in my pillow, but I never let anyone know.

Before Christmas I had worked out the surprise finale. Each guest would draw for the precious prize gift to take home, after our final bows, Christmas night. The priceless gifts were kept a big secret. Not even

Mama nor Grandmama knew what they would be. I had to enroll cousin Taylor, Jr. to great secrecy too. Also, Tommy, who lived up the block. Tommy's parents had gone to New York and his Grandmama had come to stay with him. I needed space in his basement to hold my surprise gifts the night before Christmas. It was all so secret!

Christmas morning we awakened to find snow had been busily falling all night long. Here it was, heaping the pine boughs and even the tiniest twig of the great sycamores and the buckeyes glistened as though ridged with pearl drenched with diamonds. The sun shone faintly, a winter sun through the window set in a wreath of snow. Mistletoe hung in the great entrance hall. The oak paneled library was hung with Christmas garlands. The great Christmas tree was already glistening in the drawing room, awaiting Santa Claus' gifts. It was going to be a marvelous Christmas, so full of expectations. We had rehearsed our show, cousin Taylor, Jr. and I, repeatedly.

Protocol, I warned Taylor, Jr., must be observed in the presence of royalty. Aunt Rosemary Mabel had bought herself a tiara to wear even though any royal blood in her veins went back so many generations, no one was sure it was even blue. While Mama, who had been given the royal crest brooch from Papa's Grandmother's German Princess grandmother, took it out of the safe deposit. It was emeralds and rubies and diamonds and it was exciting to see it on her violet velvet dinner dress which was trimmed in

*(Continued on Page 45)*

JACK CORTEZ'

# Fabulous

LAS VEGAS magazine

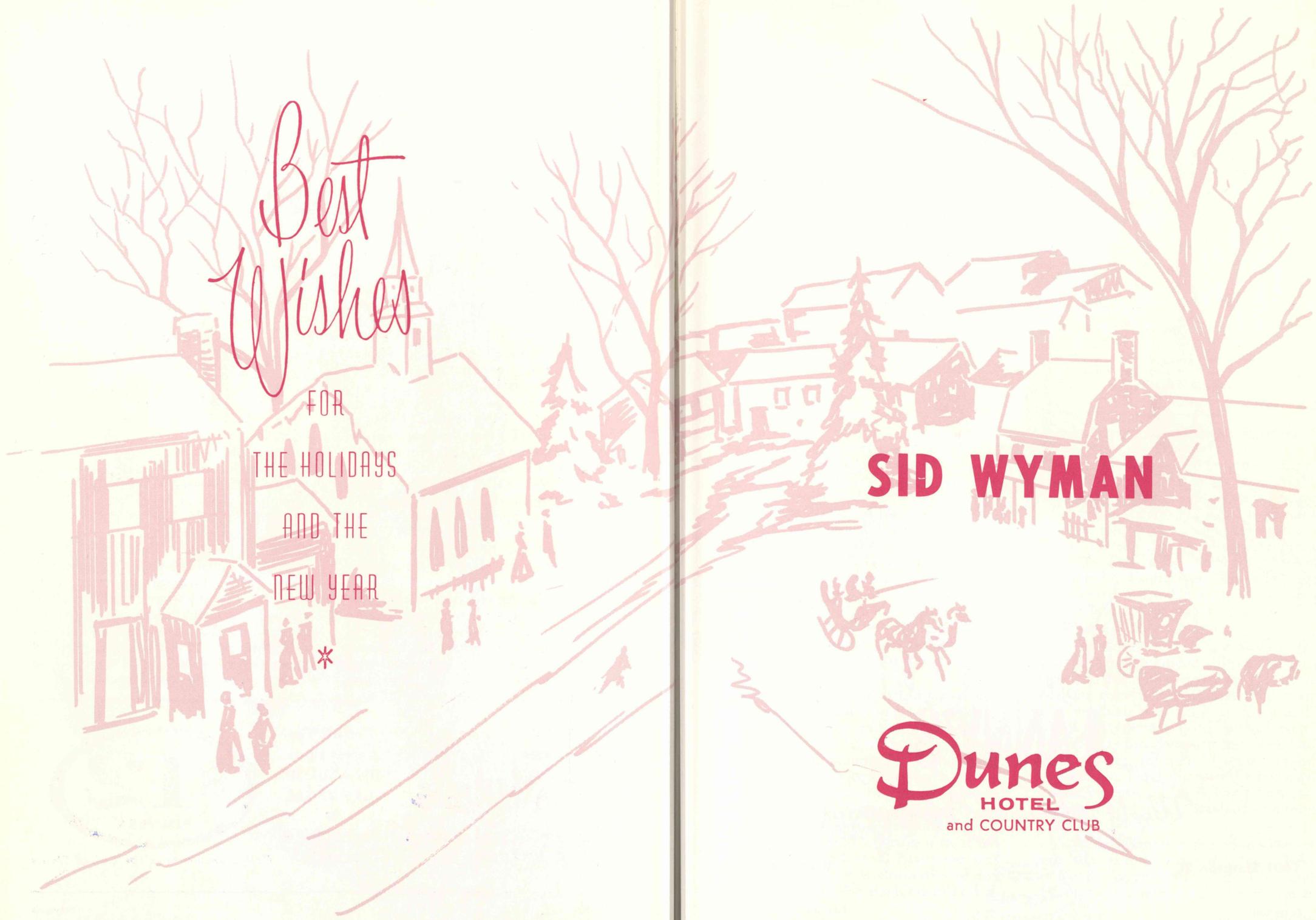
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# Greetings

From

## FANNY'S

World Famous Restaurant

1601 Simpson St.

Evanston, Illinois

Forty-four

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

## GOING HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from Page 41)

sable. OOOooohhh, Christmas was going to be too elegant and memorable for words.

Mama had her dressmaker whip up a lady's baker outfit for me, a royal prince's costume for Taylor, Jr. with royal crests, and a tiny coat with a crest for Fluffy. And a page boy costume for neighbor Tommy.

"Never turn your back on royalty. Bow out of the room." Taylor, Jr. was perfect. He could bow himself backward, clear across the sixty foot drawing room. Even so, I put markers, as they do on the stage, so my initial production would be flawless. My most severe critic would be Aunt Rosemary Mabel, of course.

Our Christmas dinner feast was just that. Count Contiano remarked that it was just as he had envisioned an American Christmas dinner. All thirty-five guests were afterwards seated in the drawing room. A horn sounded from the hall. Tommy announced our play. Two spotlights marked our make believe stage. Its set: a long box with a white cloth and three pies, and a sign "The Royal Bakery." My entrance was modest. I walked behind the counter. Cousin Taylor, Jr., as a prince, had Fluffy my cat on leash. Our dialogue began with him asking for an apple pie. My delightful repartee, witty and to the point, was to sell him any kind but apple, which I did not have. There was a slight murmur of appreciation from our captive audience.

In the middle of my dramatic scene, in walked Tommy with a big black cat. Fluffy's tail went three sizes and hissing, she leaped on my pie counter smack into the lemon pie. It was sheer bedlam! Count Contiano came to the rescue, secured the black cat who was giving chase to make mincemeat out of Fluffy. "Why?" I demanded from Tommy. "You said to bring it in at ten o'clock," he protested. Everyone was laughing. The great dramatics of my play were lost. We decided to end it.

DECEMBER 25, 1971



The Season's Best to All  
My Friends in Las Vegas.  
We're spending the  
Holidays in Miami Beach.

**Paul Roussos**

MAITRE D'

**AMERICANA HOTEL**

Bal Harbour

Cousin Taylor, Jr. bowed backwards out of the room and in his haste, right into the pie stand and smack on top of the gooseberry pie! Aunt Rosemary Mabel muttered how this was another one of "May's foolish ideas" and took Taylor, Jr. off to the bathroom to clean up. Count Contiano, however, said I had a hit! He hadn't had such a good laugh in years. That did it. Everyone laughed.

After Countess Lisa sang and Igor played, I announced the Christmas drawing for my surprise gifts. "Each of you who win will just love your gift — which you can keep for years!" With that, on cue now, he had come too soon before because his clock had been wrong, in came Tommy again! He had the black cat and we had two boxes of cute, little mewling kittens—twenty-three, which we had obtained from the pound.

Strangely, some of the winners were not too exactly excited about these perfectly purry gifts. But Lisa and Count Contiano hushed up Aunt Rose-

Forty-five



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mary Mabel when they said, "How sweet. We'll take ours back to Italy!"

Next Christmas time they wrote, "We never had orange and white cats in Italy before. But Tom Pussycat from America had populated all Milan with orange and white kittys. Thanks to you."

"And to think, these purry little pets are for free at the local pound," said I. Only Aunt Rosemary Mabel snorted that it was terrible, imposing cats on people!

Papa, on the telephone from the sanitarium in Switzerland, said it was truly the spirit of Christmas — giving love. Alas, cousin Taylor, Jr. was restricted from any more of my plays or schemes forever by Aunt Rosemary Mabel. Cousin Taylor, Jr. said, "One word of advice — you get shy at the wrong times. Maybe it would be better for you to be a taker — not a giver!"

Oh well, you can't please everyone!

Merry Christmas . . . Everyone!

### MIGHTY MIXTURE

(Continued from Page 18)

He's at the wedding.

Would he tell?

Who knows?

But Dolly dug up those pictures and let him know that one good squeal deserves another. "You tell Harry and I'm going to see your wife," she sneers.

Nobody told anybody anything. That was nearly four years ago. Dolly and Harry are living happily, even after.

\* \* \*

Back in 1955, Broadway was all agog over the playwright, William Inge. His work "Bus Stop" was a solid hit. Good notices from the critics, packed houses and all the sundry things associated with acclaim. Twentieth Century-Fox purchased the property. Who did the studio have in mind for the part of "Cherie," why nobody else but the belle of the box office, Marilyn Monroe. Better than



WHEREVER YOU ARE, WALK IN THE  
WARMTH OF CHRISTMAS AND KNOW  
ITS DELIGHTS THROUGH ALL OF 1972.

**GEORGE HERNANDEZ**  
MUSICAL CONDUCTOR

*Latin Fire '72*  
THUNDERBIRD HOTEL



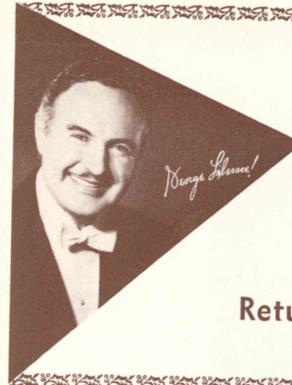
tedious reading of a script it was suggested that during a New York trip Marilyn attend a performance, absorb the play and get an understanding of the role from the skilled interpretation of Kim Stanley.

One evening Miss Monroe, already up to her pretty ears with explicative advise about the property, came to the theatre in the company of one Abe Lastfogel. To the trade, he is the czar of a booking office. For the artist represented by the ten per centary, little Abe is the personification of experto credite (second year Latin, meaning — believe in the expert.) The head of the William Morris Agency, a dynamic salesman, is a small version of Toulouse-Lautrec. Had he kept his weight down and knew how to handle horses the way he held the reins on people, Mr. L would have been an all time great jockey.

Picture the scene, The Music Box Theatre, two on the center aisle, and radiant Miss Monroe, escorted by her esteemed representative. The audi-

ence reacted with whispers and stares. After all, here was Hollywood's sex goddess, live in New York. Sixteen years ago the magic of the film star in public places was far more potent than it is today.

When the curtain came down after Act I, the nonchalant aisle roamers, the gapers, the pavid signature seekers made their way toward Marilyn. She and Mr. L. never left their seats. A surprisingly well-mannered bunch, nobody stuck a pad and pencil near la Monroe. Only hundreds of eyes were focused on her. But during that first intermission a strange scene took place in the front part of the balcony. A group of teen-agers, orderly, clean and enthusiastic were clustered in one row. Surely, they thought of going downstairs on the way back from the rest rooms for a peek at a movie star. But they didn't; they just talked about her, her dress, her looks, etc. Before the stage action started again, a man in his late thirties approached them. The conversation went something like



## Musical Season's Greetings

George Liberace

Returning to WOODLAKE INN • SACRAMENTO  
January 1, 1972

### A MARY CHRISTMAS

(Continued from Page 19)

food, it vanished, leaving us with only the cats, squadrons of birds, and the fish in the pond.

this — “Pardon me, but you seem to be enjoying the fact that Marilyn Monroe is here this evening. I wonder if you’d care to have some fun. The man sitting with Miss Monroe is one of the most important theatrical agents in the world. His name is Abe Lastfogel. The public certainly doesn’t know him. Would you, the nine or ten of you, during the intermission before Act III go down to that row and use your programs and a pen and converge on Mr. Lastfogel and ask for his autograph. Not Marilyn’s, mind you, just Mr. Lastfogel’s. In this way, you’ll get a first hand look and this unsuspecting man will be taken by surprise. Here’s a ten dollar bill for your trouble. Have some fun later this evening on me. Remember, bypass Miss Monroe, just Mr. Lastfogel is the one you approach.

They agreed.

After the second act the unorganized troupe did exactly as told. Mr. Lastfogel, aghast, was surrounded by the young horde. A man, grinning widely, stood in the balcony aisle doing wide angle lip reading and howling inwardly at the sight of things. Lacking binoculars he couldn’t see Marilyn’s expression. But she had to suspect a put on.

It was an original, harmless practical joke. All we ask at this late date is impunity.

Woman trying on mink coat, and speaking to sales girl: “If my husband doesn’t like it, will you promise to refuse to take it back?”

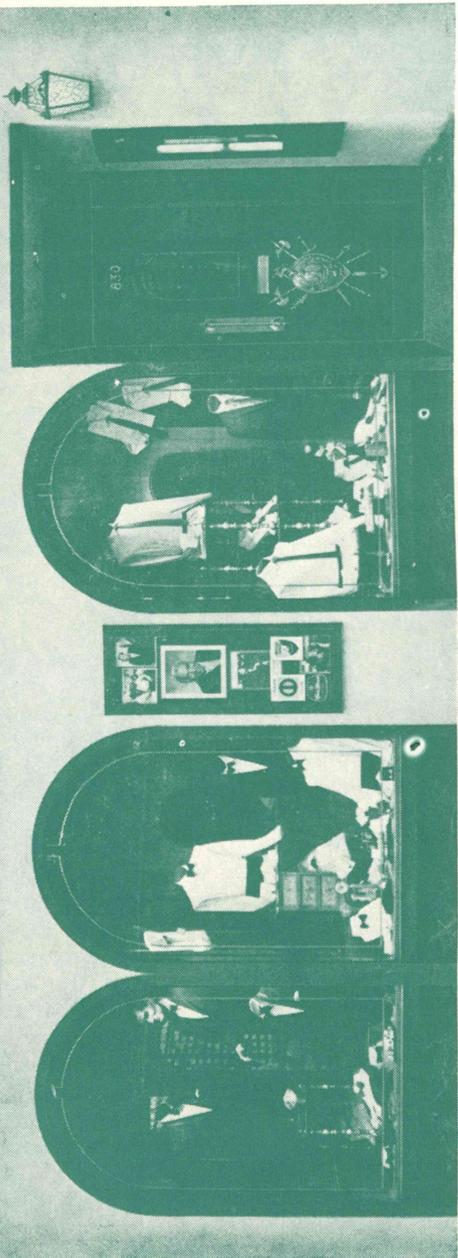
So that’s life at the Rettigs, a bucolic existence tourists would find hard to credit in this glamorous area. But then tourists, most of whom don’t really believe anyone but other tourists live here anyway, are an interesting breed, bless ’em! And what would we do without them? Don’t answer that question — it’s depressing. At any rate, they come to Las Vegas in droves at the most unlikely times of year, like during our extreme hot spells, when they sun themselves by swimming pools as if being parboiled is enjoyable, or during last Winter’s extreme cold snap, when they marched down The Strip, in their resort clothes, looking like frozen popsicles.

Still, they had no way of knowing we’d have such “unusual” weather, and the lucky ones have been here during the glorious Spring and Fall seasons, when the weather is so beautiful it’s wished it could be bottled and saved for the rare rainy day.

One thing, regardless of the season, there is never a dearth of super entertainment. After nearly twelve years as a Las Vegas resident, I’m still impressed by the number of great names on marquees, and on our stages, simultaneously. Of course as a publicist for entertainers, and as one of the reviewers for this magazine, I’ve been exposed to lots of show business and I’ve developed some pet peeves, one

# lew magram

SHIRTKMAKER TO THE STARS



*BEST WISHES FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON  
TO ALL MY FRIENDS EVERYWHERE* Lew Magram

# Season's Greetings

AND  
BEST WISHES FOR A  
GREAT NEW YEAR!

## Norm Crosby

Love from Joanie  
and Daniel, too!



being the performer who stays on much too long.

Opening nights this is not only forgiveable but understandable. The entertainer may not have had the opportunity to time his show accurately, or he wishes to test a lot of new material to see what plays or works best. Then, judging from the first nighters' reaction, he can tighten the act.

The ones who disturb me are those, into an engagement, who are either reluctant to leave the stage because the audience is good and he (or she) is having a good time, or who find the audience cold, and is determined to stay on until he "gets" them. Regardless of the reason, the fact is that the attention span of Las Vegas audiences is limited. If they are kept well beyond the allotted time for the show a permanent hostility can develop toward the performer. I personally could name several such internationally famed stars I would rather not

see again, knowing I am going to be exhausted before the hammy ones can tear themselves away from their captive crowd.

Although it would be presumptuous to advise such entertainers, I do feel there is one simple test. If, as they take their bows at the end of the planned program, they see members of the audience getting to their feet and putting on their wraps, they can figure it's time to get off. That's not the psychological moment to say, "If you haven't anywhere to go, I haven't either, and I feel like singing a couple more songs" or "telling some more stories." It's then hostility sets in, if it hasn't already. The bromidic advice to "leave them hungry" didn't become an old saying without a lot of saying.

Among the many advantages and interesting features about living here and knowing the people we do, is learning incidentals that never reach print. For example, did you know that one of the world's most illustrious

# Shalom

**LARRY SNOW**  
AND  
**JOEL SNOW**

**-CAESARS PALACE-**

CASINO

BACCARAT

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HOLIDAY SEASON  
and throughout the New Year

**IRV CARLSON**  
& THE STAFF

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stars, for decades, can sun himself in a hotel patio without being spoken to or asked for a single autograph? How does he do it? It's easy — he just takes his teeth out! No one ever recognizes him without them.

And then there are the domestic details, such as the fact that **Robert Goulet** not only has the two beautiful dogs that always travel with him, but he's also fond of cats. He and his wife **Carol Lawrence** have adopted and domesticated a number of kittens born to strays that inhabit the grounds of their California home.

And the **Sergio Franchis** raised a tomato plant in their Las Vegas garden that threatened to take over the world because delightful Mrs. F. heard fish emulsion was good for plants but she didn't know how much was enough.

And their nearby neighbors, the **Pat Coopers**, in their first experience with non-urban living, were afraid the desert chipmunks would eat their new garden hose. At least Pat said he was worried, but you know how he jokes.

And if you don't know singer **Jerry Vale**, another neighbor, you are missing something, because he's funnier offstage than most professional comedians.

I can't decide whether it would be good or bad for fans to know such details about their favorites. Would it detract from their glamorous images, or enhance them, letting people know how delightfully human they really are? Certainly it casts a different light on Las Vegas show folk, who are folksy as your next door neighbor, and in this unusual town they well may be your next door neighbors!

The many sides of entertainers match the many sides of this area—the peace of the desert landscape, the ever-beautiful, ever-changing light on the mountains, in contrast to the glittering nearby excitement of the great hotels. That this is one of the most fascinating places in the world to live is obvious, and it is never more so than during the gala holiday season. **Happy Christmas to you all!**

Love, Mary

A Special Merry, Merry  
(add one more) Merry Christmas  
to all of our wonderful friends  
in Las Vegas!



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WILLIAM C. JORDAN, President



**WHAT'S IT COMING TO?**

(Continued from Page 34)

I don't quite understand why the flags cannot be flown on that day, but what the hell.

I don't mind giving up New Year's Eve, Al. I think it's really a good idea that only members of the Peace Police should celebrate New Year's.

The new Valentine's Day emblem of the crossed sub-machine guns seems a little strong, but I suppose next year they might abolish that day altogether.

Having ten Labor Days each year leaves me cold. But that's what the Congress decided and after all, we're the ones who vote them in.

I'll admit I was pretty surprised when Congress abolished the Fourth of July, Memorial Day and Veteran's Day. I know they were running out of Mondays, but they could have squeezed them in somehow.

I've always liked the Fourth of July. It sort of sent chills up my spine when the flag went by, but the law is the law.

The Mother's Day Parade on the third Monday in May is ridiculous. My mother is really too old to parade. A lot of guys have lost their mothers and I think parading older women wearing men's boots and wearing those Peace Police arm bands is not fair. Especially with the flag upside-down.

Still and all, Al, aren't we lucky to be alive?

What is your candid opinion, by the way, of the new national slogan, "Peace, or I'll kill you?"

Somehow, it just doesn't ring quite true to me, but I guess we all have to try to be good Americans.

Regards to the family and don't forget to burn this as soon as you read it.

Your Buddy,  
Elroy

P.S. — I'm sure glad the Supreme Court ruled in favor of:

1. Must be at least 90 years of age to be on the bench.
2. Each Supreme Court Justice's salary to be \$500,000 per year.

JACK CORTEZ'

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# SEASON'S GREETINGS

TO ALL OUR FRIENDS

ROY McNEELY, Maitre d'

FRED FREDRICKS, Assistant Maitre d'

& Captains

JACK BEAULIEU

EDDIE COLLINS

MIKE FIELDS

PAUL FRANKS

BILLY KRAVENKO

AL MONTE

TONY PADUANO

ARMANDO PEREZ



Music Hall

FRONTIER HOTEL

## THE HOLLYWOOD CHEF

(Continued from Page 35)

Makes 10 servings I don't serve a dressing other than sour cream seasoned with a little nutmeg, as I find it enough as is. So I suggest you be the judge.

The dessert I share with you this year comes from **Helen Corbitt**, the Director of the **Neiman-Marcus Restaurants** in Dallas, Texas. To me this lovely lady is one of the best Hostesses and Party Givers of our time. This recipe is so easy your child could do it to help you out, at the same time making him feel a part of all the festivities. One thing I suggest that I like better than a regular crust, as **Mrs. Corbitt** suggests is a vanilla wafer crust. It's so easy to make and gives the pie an altogether different taste.

### Helen Corbitt's Marshmallow Chocolate Pie

20 marshmallows  
¾ cup milk

2 tablespoons cocoa  
Pinch of salt  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 tablespoon rum  
2 cups whipped cream  
½ cup chopped pecans

Cook the first four ingredients in a double boiler, until a smooth consistency. Take off heat and cool. Then add the vanilla and rum. Fold into 1 cup of whipped cream and pour into shell. Cover with rest of cream and sprinkle the nuts over this. Chill. Serves 8.

For New Year's Eve I plan to have my appetizers mostly in chafing dishes this year, so there's no worry about drop-ins. I believe that this is the only way if your house is like mine, you'll have drop-ins beginning in the afternoon (don't forget New Year's Eve is on Saturday this year), continuing into the early morning. If there's anything left, it can be frozen for later or served the next day.

I find my trusty Ronson Table Chef handy for my Buffets as well as so

# Holiday GREETINGS

from Frank Modica  
and the entire  
LANDMARK family!



*May You be Blessed With  
A Joyous Christmas  
and a New Year of Peace  
and Happiness*

*Nick Lucas*

Accent Records

useful for my demonstrations at the different Clubs that I appear with more frequency. If you have one you can fill the fuel pot with butane, regulate it to the heat you wish and forget it for at least 10 hours. One of the many hors d'oeuvres will be a hot dip I call: Ensenada Red.

#### Ensenada Red

- 1 lb. ground round
- ½ cup chopped onion
- ½ cup chili sauce
- 1 tablespoon chili powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon black pepper
- 2 8-oz. can red kidney beans
- 1 tablespoon cooking oil

Brown meat and onions in hot oil in skillet. When onions look transparent, stir in chili sauce, chili powder, salt and pepper. Pour beans and liquid from the can into skillet, Take a potato masher and mash altogether, like a paste. After this has thoroughly heated, pour into chafing dish. Garnish with one cup of shredded cheddar

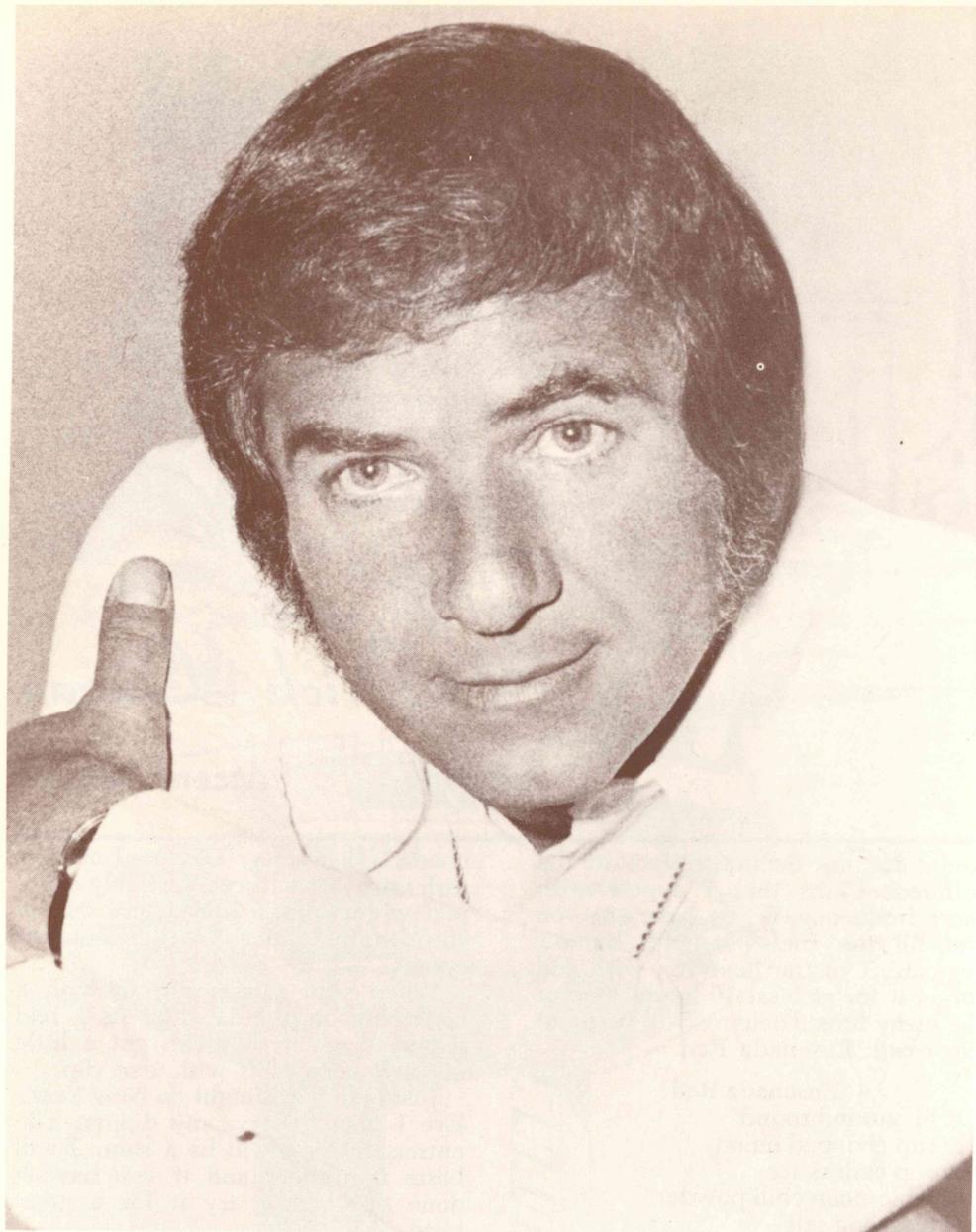
cheese. Then cover center of chafing dish with one half cup of finely chopped white onions. Pile a half cup of sliced stuffed green olives in center of onions.

When your guests dip in with a corn chip or tostada chip, its a real circus to see if they can get a little of each on a chip with one dip.

Just before Midnight on New Year's Eve I plan to serve my dinner. The entree this year will be a Ham. I will baste it in Beer and if you haven't done this before, try it for a great taste.

On New Year's Day I'll take about a pound of this ham and cook a pot of Black Eye Peas to serve with Texas Corn Bread and a tossed green salad.

One of the San Fernando Valley's loveliest matrons, my good friend, Mrs. E. P. Clark, every year has a few close friends in for cocktails around five. The only hors d'oeuvres she serves are small individual pots of black eye peas and chunks of Texas Cornbread. It seems in some sections of

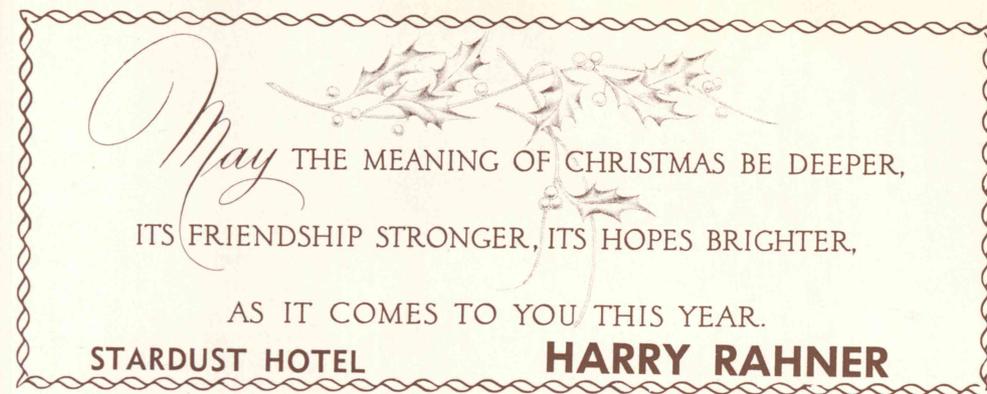


## HAPPY HOLIDAYS

To everyone, everywhere  
Especially to my friends  
At the Riviera Hotel

See you again in 1972

# PAT HENRY



the South ever since reconstruction time on New Year's a family served black eyed peas and corn bread. This was a thanks to the land and to God for giving them the basic needs. I think in this day and age to find people still steeped in tradition, refreshing. Mrs. Clark's friends look forward to her party and ever since I've known her I have had a pot of Blackeyed Peas on the stove for drop-ins. I go one step further and have a pot of steamed white rice to serve them on as is the custom in my native Louisiana. Try it, it's very effective and believe me after a week or more of rich fattening food, it is great to have a simple basic food.

### E.P.'s Blackeyed Peas

1 lb. Blackeye Peas  
1 medium green bell pepper diced  
1 medium white onion chopped  
6 cups water  
1 lb. chopped cooked ham  
salt and pepper to taste

In large sauce pan cover peas with water. Bring to a boil, then cut heat down. Add seasonings and cover pan. Let simmer for about three hours.

Occasionally stir.

My recipe for Texas Corn Bread is easy and should be done in a flat pan, so your slices will be thin and crisp. I believe Corn Bread should be crunchy.

### Vern's Texas Corn Bread

1 cup corn meal  
½ cup flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon sugar  
1½ cups milk (sweet or butter milk)  
2 eggs  
1 tablespoon baking powder  
½ teaspoon soda  
¼ cup bacon drippings

Mix all the dry ingredients and sift into a bowl. Mixing thoroughly. Beat eggs separately and add to milk and oil, then mix all ingredients together and pour into a greased pan. (I use bacon drippings for this also). Heat pan in oven before pouring corn mixture in. Place in oven and bake at 450 degrees until brown and done. The bread should be moist.

I know 1972 will bring good health and a good appetite. I also wish you peace and love.

JACK CORTEZ'

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Love to all from **Tessie O'Shea**  
P.S. Special love to Barry and Wolf

Drink deeply from the cup  
Of happiness this fine Holiday!

Cheers

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### DATELINE - LAS VEGAS

(Continued from Page 37)

In sequence the rest went like this. **Hotel Thunderbird** 1948; **Desert Inn** 1950; **Sands and Sahara** 1952; **Dunes** 1955; **Riviera** 1955; **Tropicana** 1957; **Stardust** 1958; **Tally Ho** (now the **Aladdin**) and **Castaways** 1962; **Caesars Palace** 1966; **Frontier Hotel** and **Bonanza Hotel** 1967.

In 1969 the **International** opened its doors and the **Landmark Hotel** also became a Las Vegas attraction. Still on the Strip, in the motor hotel category, the **Royal Inn** began operations in 1970 and this year the **Royal Las Vegas** opened.

As the Strip scene took shape, Downtown Casino Center saw an ever-changing skyline as new hotel-casinos became familiar Fremont Street attractions. **Hotel El Cortez** was the beginning in 1942, followed by the **Showboat** on Boulder Highway in 1954. Next came the **Fremont** in 1956; the **Mint** opened in the Spring

of 1965, followed by the **Four Queens** in 1966. The last addition to Casino Center's **FABULOUS** neon-lighted Fremont Street is the **Union Plaza** which had a gala July 4 opening this year.

Under construction on the Strip is the **Circus Circus Hotel** with a scheduled 1972 opening. Nearing completion is the **Holiday Inn - Center Strip** and **River Queen** casino ready for opening in February 1972. Newly announced is a resort hotel to be built by the Lums people at the present **Southwest Gas Headquarters** location at the beginning of the Strip. And of course the headline attraction in resort hotel planning will be the proposed 2,000 room **MGM** complex at the present **Bonanza Hotel** site.

Many of the men who pioneered the Las Vegas resort hotel-casino success story are gone and the corporation replaces individual hotel ownership. Those pioneers are certainly deserving of a salute for they were the ones who really "gambled" on the fu-

# Season's Greetings

from the

## CASINO STAFF

at the

*Fabulous*

*Flamingo*

*Hotel*

MOE MILLER, Vice President & Casino Manager

CHARLES RESNIK, Administrative Executive

JACK LEONARD, Credit Office

HY PORTER, Credit Office

VERN VERNON, Baccarat Manager

NATE BALOR, Ass't. Baccarat Manager

MIKE MOTTUS, Slot Manager

CHET GONCE, Keno Manager

GEORGE CHAPMAN, Shift Boss

DON SCHARER, Shift Boss

GEORGE DeVERELL, Shift Boss

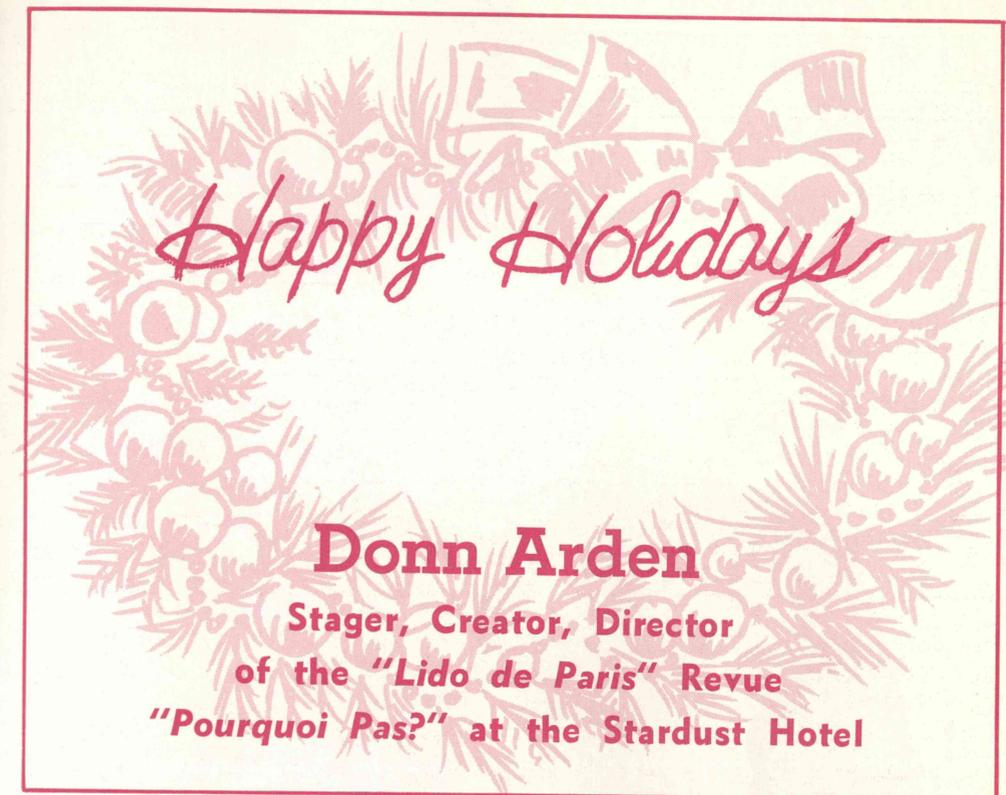
MACE SICKLE, Shift Boss

ARTHUR HARITOS, Shift Boss

CARL HASTIE, Keno Shift Boss

JAMES ROUSH, Keno Shift Boss

JOHN UTZ, Keno Shift Boss



**Donn Arden**  
Stager, Creator, Director  
of the "Lido de Paris" Revue  
"Pourquoi Pas?" at the Stardust Hotel

ture of Las Vegas by investing millions of dollars based on their faith that the fame of this city would spread worldwide attracting global visitors.

The Chamber's Las Vegas News Bureau continues to tell and sell the Las Vegas story as competition becomes more keen in the leisure industry.

Closely allied to tourism and completely compatible is the Convention Industry which has kept our economy balanced and in a short decade has made Las Vegas one of the top 5 contenders in convention business booked. As this is written, Las Vegas offers convention groups in excess of 28,000 first-class hotel and motel rooms and no other city can make this boast.

In addition, each hotel's convention facilities outshines those found in any other city.

Rightfully deserving its place in the sun is the Las Vegas Convention Center, now undergoing expansion so that its sales staff can sell it to the major league organizations.

Woven in the pattern of the Las Vegas success story is the fact that our city is the Entertainment Capital of the World and this feature attracts more visitors and convention delegates than any single fact in competition with resort spas and convention capitals throughout the world. The leisure industry in a few short years will surpass any other single industry and Las Vegas certainly has an edge with its already established fame as a favorite vacation-convention spot.

That's the 30-year Las Vegas success story from 1941 to 1971 and that's just the beginning. Despite the parking meter pessimists and "prophets of doom and gloom," this city is destined to dominate the leisure and convention scene. The rest is up to us, for nothing builds repeat customers more than the original Las Vegas brand of hospitality and courtesy which was born when El Rancho opened its doors more than three decades ago.

The way to fight a woman is with your hat. Grab it and run.

Season's Greetings to all –  
And I do mean to you!  
May you be where it is –  
In Seventy two!

*George  
Kirby*



---

## THE ADVENTURES OF DAVE BARRY

---

### Christmas in Las Vegas!

Probably nowhere else in the world can you capture the same holiday spirit. Children singing songs like "I Saw Mommy Kicking the Slot Machine" or "Santa Claus Is Coming Out for a New Number" or "Rudolph the Red Nosed Dealer" – yes, all this makes Las Vegas so different for Christmas.

Only in Las Vegas do you find the true Christmas spirit of **GIVING** so plentiful! The colors of Christmas, red and green, are found everywhere. Red dice and green complexions. Christmas trees in this desert paradise are decorated with ornaments you don't find in any other city. Pawn shop balls hanging from each branch!

The night before Christmas is truly an event, perhaps more exciting than in other places. There, outside the window, are a group of carolers gayly singing the most popular Las Vegas tune, "All I Want for Christmas Are My Markers Back!"

Then the children are quietly tucked into their motel beds and they find it difficult to fall asleep. Daddy is back every 20 minutes from the casino breaking open their piggy banks. And Mommy is back every 21 minutes breaking open Daddy's head.

What a joyous Christmas spirit. Unfortunately no bottles are around to celebrate with. They've all been brought to the store to get the deposit back.

Well, the kids have dozed off now, and the Sands man is leaving, followed by the Sahara man, the El Rancho man, the Thunderbird man, the Last Frontier man and the Flamingo man.

This is the night before Christmas and we're all waiting for Santa Claus to show place or win. We've heard rumors of late that Santa Claus might not come to Las Vegas this year be-

cause the Atom Bomb blast might frighten his reindeer.

However, we are happy to report that the Atomic Energy Commission has arranged to postpone any tests for the holidays and the only explosions you'll hear will be from wives when they learn how much of the old man's loot went down the drain. That makes the coast clear for Santa to include Nevada in his itinerary this year.

I understand that Santa has been having a tough time figuring out what to give Las Vegas for presents, besides MONEY. I have a few suggestions, in case he's interested.

In every stocking, I would put a return trip ticket. This is one thing **EVERYBODY** wants but they never seem to get.

To all the investors in the Las Vegas racetrack, I would give . . . a **NEW** racetrack.

To every girl I would give a guy who will pay some attention to her while they're in Las Vegas. To every dealer, **ONE** player who doesn't complain when he drops a bundle. To every bartender, a bar all his own. To every shill, the right to keep **ALL** the money he wins.

To every hotel owner, a perfect floorshow with no headaches. To every show producer, acts who are satisfied with their billing. To every desk clerk, early check-outs. To every cocktail waitress, a **MILLIONAIRE**. To every **MILLIONAIRE**, a cocktail waitress.

To every hitchhiker, a ride. To every chuck wagon eater, **NO HEART-BURN!** To every crap-shooter, seven straight passes. To every slot machine player, **ONE** jackpot. To every blackjack player, an unlucky dealer.

To every roulette player, a **SUCCESSFUL** system. To every comic,

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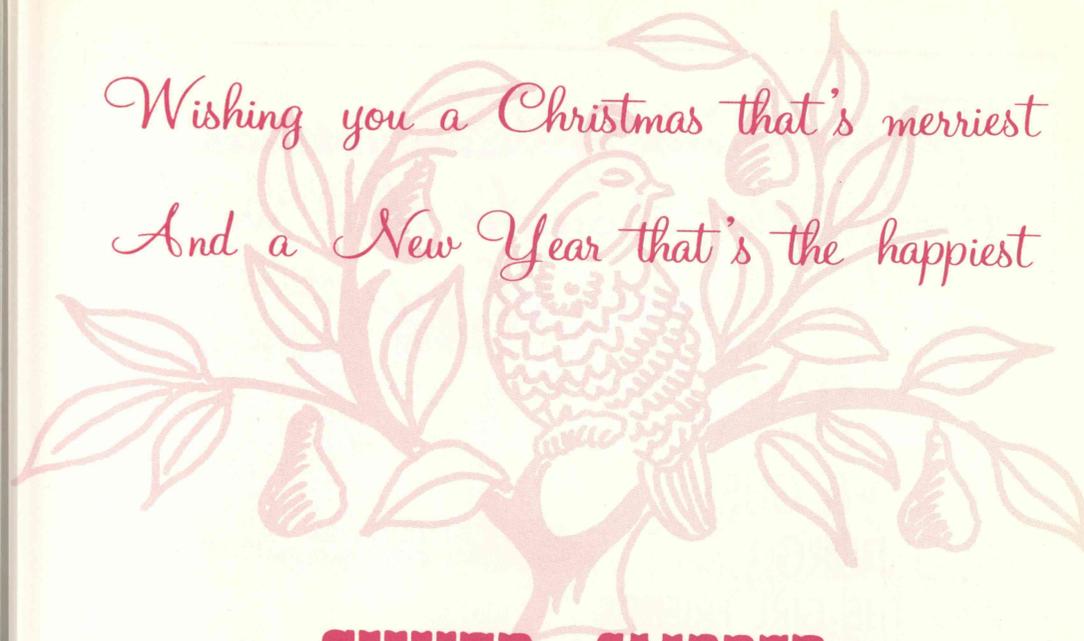
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NEW jokes!

If **Santa** would only leave the North Pole with a bagful of these presents he'll make this the happiest Christmas ever! And, seeing as most motels have no chimneys, I recommend that **Santa** use a helicopter this year and just lower away. Everyone will be high anyway so all you have to do is reach up.

I do hope that **Santa** won't mind my suggestions and be generous to the folks down Las Vegas way.

Last year I heard some unlucky stories. One woman hung her nylons on the Christmas tree, and someone stole them! A crapshooter hung his sock on the Christmas tree and next morning the tree was dead.

But I've been reading the Reindeer Racing Form and I'm happy to report that all the reindeer are in good shape. **Santa's** at the post, and he looks like a sure winner.

When approaching schools, use your eyes and save the pupils.

**CHARLES P. SQUIRES**

*(Continued from Page 32)*

have a very Merry Christmas and every home the things needed to prepare a generous Christmas dinner.

It's a grand idea, but by no means original to modern Las Vegas. On every Christmas since the town was started, that has been the unanimous thought and hope of our people.

One Christmas, 1905, when the town was a poor, shivering, hungry infant, that was the cry in unison by all our people.

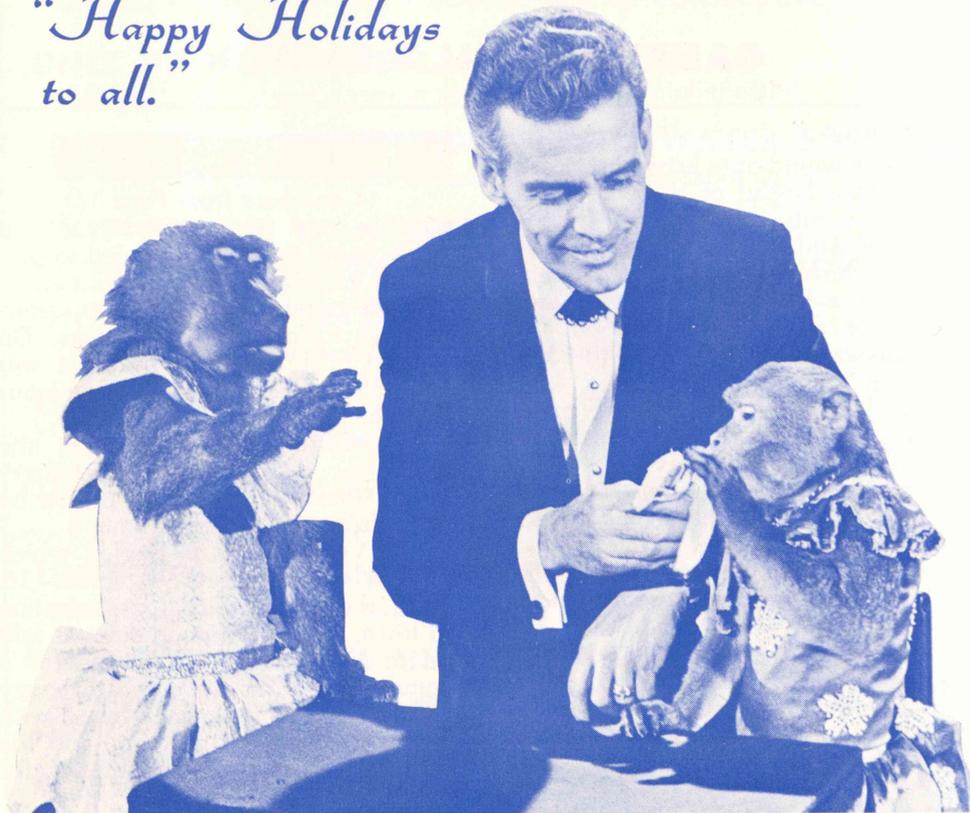
Las Vegas Aerie of Eagles, which had been organized September 16, 1905, the first fraternal organization in town, was by common consent asked to take charge of the task of a community Christmas with every child in Las Vegas remembered with a gift on the Christmas tree and the makings of a Christmas dinner for every family needing help.

The Eagles brought a pine tree from the Charleston Mountain, a seri-

*"The charm of Christmas lies in the thought that we live in the memory of our wonderful friends."*

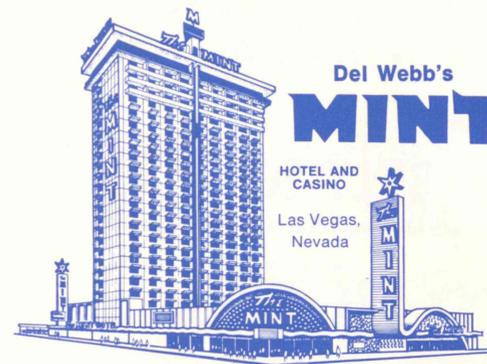
CASEY & GUS  
AUGSPURG  
AND THE GIRL FRIENDS

*"Happy Holidays to all."*



SEE YOU AT THE TROPICANA IN THE "FOLLIES OF '72"

# Warm Holiday Greetings



1972	SMTWTFS	1972	SMTWTFS
JAN	2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	JUL	2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
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Del Webb's

**MINT** Hotel and Casino

ous undertaking then, before the days of highways and trucks. The big garage, near the corner of Main and Stewart, erected by the Motor Stage Company, which had folded up some months before, was borrowed for the occasion. A most "generous" Christmas program was staged with many musical numbers and a play "The Snow Man." It really made our hearts swell with pride that Las Vegas could put on such a gorgeous and mammoth entertainment. It continued until about midnight.

The Annual Charity Ball has been staged by Las Vegas Lodge of Elks, No. 1468, since its organization in Las Vegas. It has always been one of the most delightful social events of the year, and has provided the money with which a Christmas basket with turkey and all, was left at the door of every needy family in Las Vegas every Christmas.

We old timers who helped make our Las Vegas Christmases merry in the early days, welcome all those who

have the urge to help. In spite of the growth in population and wealth Las Vegas has enjoyed in recent years, there are still many who would not, without your kindly aid, have a Merry Christmas.

\* \* \* \* \*

## December 15, 1951 COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS

In the year 1915, the outlook was not very bright for the little city of Las Vegas. True we had in the few preceding years accomplished so much that it seemed the future of Las Vegas would be assured. The prosperity for which we had for ten years been working and planning and praying, was about due to hit us.

We had succeeded in dividing the county and creating Clark County in 1909. In June of 1911, driven by the necessity of providing a sewer system, we had incorporated the City of Las Vegas. In 1912 we had succeeded in carrying a \$40,000 sewer bond issue. We had built the big school building on Fourth street after an angry dis-

## Join The INIMITABLE MR. "B" for a BIG NEW YEAR'S BASH!



HOME OF . . .

Mint "400" — March 19-21, 1972

Free Behind Scenes Tour

Free Gaming Lesson

25th Annual Mid-Winter  
Trapshooting Tournament  
(February 8-13, 1972)

Ambassador Room - Embassy Lounge

Grand Buffet

New Year's Eve  
New Year's Day Night

Starring . . .

**BILLY ECKSTINE**

and his memorable nostalgic song stylings

\* \* \* \* \*

**RIP TAYLOR**

Guest Star of Dean Martin Show  
and Star of "FUNNY FARM"

Call for Reservations . . .

**385-7440**

pute between factions of our people. We had succeeded in a campaign to vote \$75,000 in bonds for the new court house. We felt, with some reason, that we had done right well by our little Nell, Las Vegas.

However, in 1915 we were, like many other communities, suffering from the effects of World War I. Money was scarce and the fear of war discouraged all enterprises. Building and such developments seemed to be at low ebb. There was poverty and suffering in Las Vegas and we were anxious to do what little we could to help out, but no great movement appeared on the way to assure prosperity.

As if created for that especial emergency, **The Mesquite Club** (women's social and civic organization), stepped forward, picked up the reins and took over the job of driving. The club was still a young organization, its chief accomplishment to that date having been the starting of a public library on a very, very modest scale,

which however down through the years finally culminated in the present fine organization, which shortly will move into its fine new building. They had also organized an "Arbor Day" and were instrumental in having some two thousand cottonwood trees planted along our streets. Not dodging their personal responsibility, the women dragged sections of garden hose up and down the streets all through the hot summer months, to water the cottonwood posts which today, in some parts of town still add to the beauty and comfort of our city.

So it was just the natural thing for us poor old geezers of tired out men to welcome the activity of the **Mesquite Club** women.

Our daughter (now Mrs. C. C. Boyer) was active in the work of the club that year and she was made chairman of the general committee on Community Christmas Tree for Christmas of 1915. Among those who took active part in the work, and still living in Las Vegas, are: Mr. and Mrs.



The medical staff, employees and management of **SUNRISE HOSPITAL** join in wishing you Good Health, Happiness and Prosperity during this Holiday Season and the year to come

Ed Von Tobel; Judge A. S. Henderson (then principal of the infant Las Vegas High School); Mrs. C. P. (Emily) Ball; Colonel Charles E. McCarthy (who soon after that enlisted in the armed forces and is now again a resident of Las Vegas, after serving his country for more than thirty years in remote parts of the world); and, of course, **Delphine** and I, helping where we could.

Some money was raised. A few fellows (probably members of the **Eagles**) went to the mountains and got a big fir tree which was mounted on a platform, built at the intersection of First and Fremont streets (then the most prominent business corner in the city). Bags of candy and popcorn, oranges and apples were placed on the tree for every child in the city.

That year **Mesquite** women canvassed the city visiting every family and deciding which were destitute and a committee of **Stray Elks** assumed the very heavy burden of providing big baskets of groceries and

some luxuries, and distributing them to every needy family. That is a custom still kept up by the **Elks**, financed largely by the sale of tickets for the annual **Charity Ball**.

The members of the **Volunteer Fire Department** started the collection and reconditioning of toys and provided most of the help in constructing the platform and decorating the tree with lights and fancy trimmings. **The Firemen's Band** provided the music, **A. S. Henderson** acted as Master of Ceremonies, a short program carried out with community singing of the Christmas carols. The children's gifts were distributed and there were no enemies nor cliques nor bitter partisans in Las Vegas that night.

After the tree ceremonies were completed, the band played spirited music and we all danced on the rough surface of Fremont street. Later the firemen held a grand ball in the hall upstairs in the building where the **Pioneer Club** now is.

You Las Vegas resident of 1951



FROM ALL OF US AT THE



**SHOWBOAT**  
HOTEL & CASINO

2800 EAST FREMONT ST. 702/382-7575



LOVE,  
JAYNE & STEVE

may not think so much of that simple Community Christmas held in 1915 at First and Fremont. But I am sure that none since has equalled it in the display of Christmas spirit. Even our modern New Year parties in our great hotels at \$25 per person do not bring such supreme satisfaction as did that of the first Community Christmas Tree planned and carried through so successfully by the women of the Mesquite Club in 1915.

That Community Christmas was repeated many times down through the years, always with pleasure and satisfaction to the people of Las Vegas. The last one, as I remember, was held on the Court House grounds in the late 1930's or 1940's. Then we began to be too big and prosperous, I suppose, for such simple matters.

Oh, Yes! The Mesquite Club women this year, as they have each year for many years, hold their own Christmas party. May we congratulate them on the many fine things they have done for Las Vegas and wish them a

VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS!

\* \* \* \* \*

April 15, 1950  
LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

There must be something in the air of this Las Vegas that gives the strength and courage to those who come to fight the desert wilderness. We do not have to go back to the time the infant Las Vegas was born out of the sand and dust and mud — the icy blasts of Winter and the blistering heat of Summer, that trying year of 1905.

There were other modern pioneers, among the first of these moderns being Tommy Hull and his sister Sally, who came here to do the thing that others of us had been trying for and hoping for ever since we came to this challenging country. Tommy announced that he was going to build a palatial resort hotel which would provide luxurious shows, lawns and flowers and swimming pools rivaling in beauty anything we had dreamed of. And so came Hotel El Rancho

*Merry Christmas*

*Happy New Year*



**Thank you,  
Circus Circus for  
a wonderful  
two years**

## *May Peace and Happiness*

BE WITH YOU TODAY

AND ALL THROUGH THE YEAR

**Vassili Sulich**

Vegas — everything they said it would be and even more charming than we had imagined it could be.

That anyone would have the audacity to try to rival El Rancho Vegas seemed most unlikely — until came those vigorous characters from the Southwest, R. E. Griffith and Bill Moore and started to work, quietly — almost secretly. When we inquired about rumors that they also would build a resort hotel, we had a bit of doubt hidden back in the dark corners of our minds — for how could there be anything to compare with El Rancho Vegas? And if they should build another resort hotel would there be people enough in Las Vegas to fill it? It was just sheer foolhardiness in the minds of some of our leading pessimists. I was thinking of that the other bright morning when we attended Jack McElroy's "Welcome to Hollywood" radio program. Hotel Last Frontier was bright and gay and beautiful and filled to the very limit with people from every part of the world.

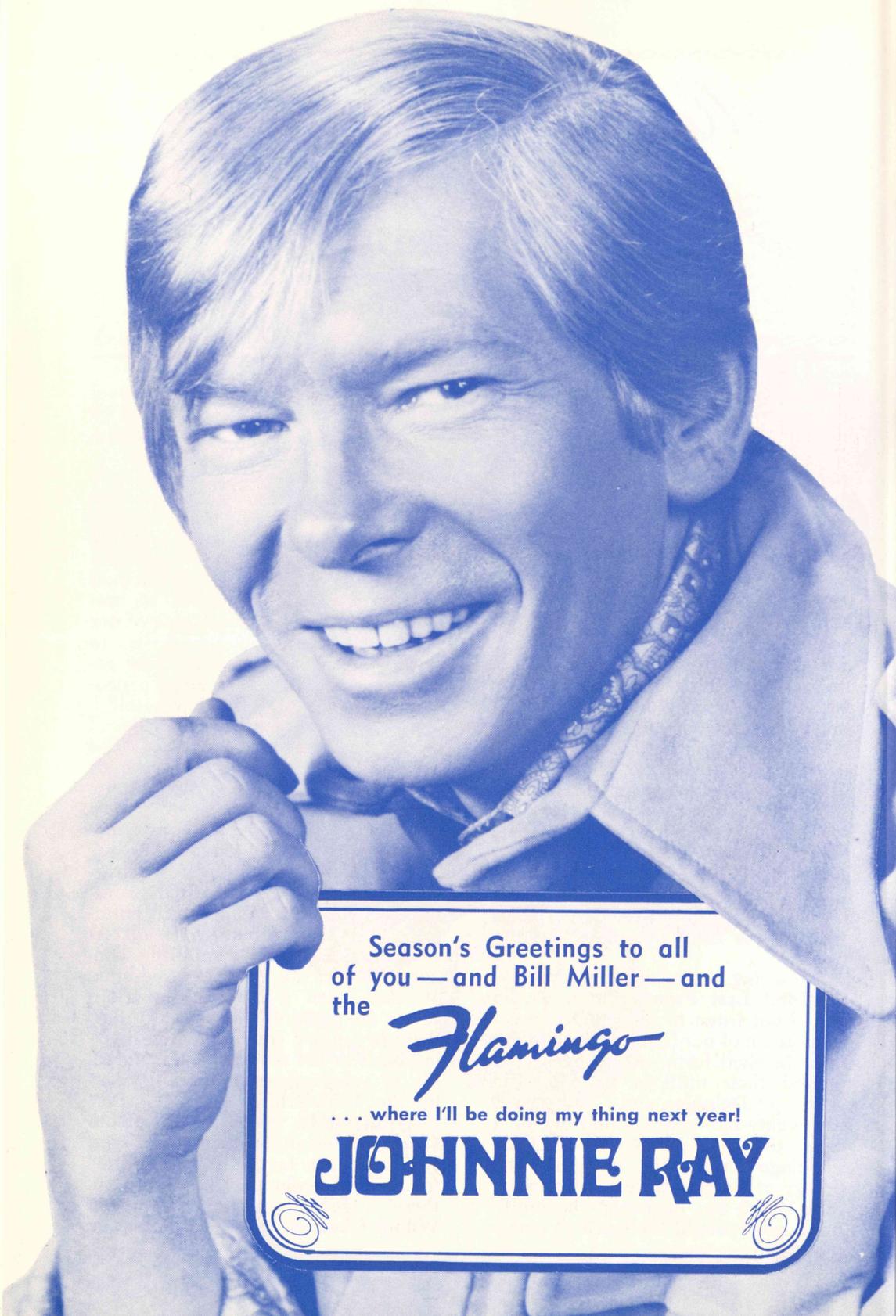
So, seeing the outstanding success of Hotel Last Frontier, others who would not listen to the note of pessimism some of our (almost) leading citizens belched forth, others came and poured their millions into the old gravel pit Delphine and I had owned for twenty-five years — and out of it came the more than "FABULOUS Flamingo" with the comfort and beauty of which our very dear friend Jack Walsh has beckoned the multitudes and brought the spirit of gaiety

to untold thousands. Our old gravel pit is still there, but now filled with beautiful blue water and the curvaceous beauty of Hollywood stars.

Then, determined to bring new charm to Las Vegas came our fine friend Marion Hicks who had made a success of the downtown El Cortez Hotel, and made plans for another great resort which he hoped would rival in charm and beauty all its predecessors. What use, said some of our almost enterprising citizens, to try to compete with all the other fine resorts; and, again, where are the people coming from to fill a new hotel?

Easter Sunday morning we enjoyed the famous "Bracer" breakfast at "The Thunderbird." There were hundreds of gay people in the lovely dining room and the Terrace Room — just about all they could possibly accommodate and the thought came to me that Marion Hicks and Jimmy Schuyler and Cliff Jones and all those associated with the Thunderbird enterprise have done a marvelous job. As we looked across the beautiful swimming pool to the great new addition of more than a hundred luxurious rooms the press of business has forced them to build, I could not help thinking back to the mourners who a couple of years ago were feeling sorry for the Thunderbird.

All of which brings me to Wilbur Clark and his almost-complete Desert Inn, which, in fact, is the inspiration for this little column. I happened out there a few days ago and found Wilbur Clark the very busiest man in



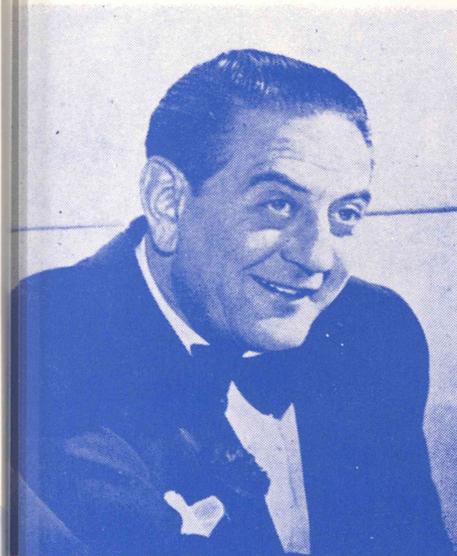
Season's Greetings to all  
of you — and Bill Miller — and  
the

*Flamingo*

... where I'll be doing my thing next year!

**JOHNNIE RAY**

We hope this will be your  
**Sweetest Christmas**



*This side of Heaven*



*Guy Lombardo  
& his  
Orchestra*

the United States just now, directing the efforts of hundreds of workers, artists and artisans who are giving their inspired best to the effort to make the **Desert Inn** worthy of Las Vegas and those great hotels we have mentioned. They are all animated by the ambition to get it all ready for its opening, Monday evening, April 24.

It is hard for a common fellow like me to even imagine the stamina and courage that **Wilbur Clark** has shown in planning, financing and building this new palace of enchantment. In the face of every possible discouragement he has forged ahead with his plans to make the **Desert Inn** the peer of anything yet done in Las Vegas in the Resort Hotel line. And as impossible as it seems that anything could possibly equal in charm and beauty and comfort those great resorts we already know so well, a glimpse here and there where the army of workers would permit, shows me that this new creation of **Wilbur Clark's** will be something entirely dif-

ferent from any of the others — the very peak of enchantment, a creation by artists, architects and artisans of a new beauty such as we never before had imagined.

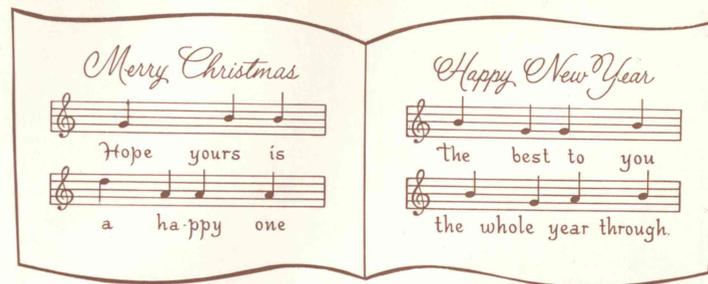
**Hank Greenspun**, trying to give me some definite ideas about the **Desert Inn**, tells me that the official opening will be the evening of Monday, April 24, but that the whole week really will be the official opening with distinguished guests from every part of the country. Among those who will be on hand to assist **Mr. Clark** in the happy welcomes will be **Charlie McCarthy** and his friend and social advisor, **Edgar Bergen**. Incidentally (as well as necessarily) **Mortimer Snerd**, **Charlie's** intimate friend, and **Ercil Twing**, reputed great lover of all the girls, will constitute part of the **Bergen** family talent.

**Vivian Blaine**, charming singer, **Les Charlivals**, from France, on the q.t. said to be quite thrilling, and the **Donn Arden** dancers, with the enticing dance music of world-famed **Ray**



*May the Holiday Season  
bring you these treasured gifts of Happiness  
Joy, Cheer and enduring Friendships*

**JIMMY DURANTE**



## *Jon & Sondra Steele*

Noble and his great orchestra will appear on the official program. Yet I still am sure that the great show will be **Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn**, with its new and spectacular beauty creating another amazing picture in this Land of Enchantment.

For such a great event it is quite natural that the place shall be practically taken over by stars of the makebelieve world, all of the more than three hundred beautiful rooms having been long ago engaged. But there will still be room for all latecomers to dine in comfort in the **Painted Desert Room** so wonderfully muraled by that internationally-famous artist, **Charles Cobelle**.

Come on in, folks, if you want to have a good time and be part of what will be a really outstanding event in the resort-hotel lore of America.

\* \* \* \* \*

### **April 22, 1950 NEXT WEEK, CONGRATULATIONS**

Las Vegas may very properly congratulate herself every day next week! Because next week, all the week, is opening week for another great enterprise which establishes Las Vegas beyond all doubt as the most fantastic and **FABULOUS** resort town in all country — **Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn**.

It must be a source of supreme pride to **Wilbur Clark** that, in the face of many obstacles, he has been able to bring his dreams into reality and so to do his large share of the work of making Las Vegas in very truth "The Land of Enchantment."

So, while we may feel like congratulating Las Vegas on this outstanding event, every individual, business enterprise and service organization in the city should extend most hearty congratulations and good wishes to the creator of **Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn**. It is a civic event of much more than ordinary importance, and adds greatly to the prestige we already enjoy.

I, personally, in this little column of **FABULOUS Las Vegas**, am happy to add my voice to the general chorus of approval.

While the Northern portion of Nevada and practically all of the West, the Mississippi Valley and the East have been feeling the sharp teeth of Blizzard blasts, Las Vegas has been glorying in its bowers of roses.

It was in May, 1905, that **John Park**, **Chris Brown** and I — walked out thru the brush and weeds of the desert over what had just been staked out as Fremont Street. We went what seemed to be a long way out into the desert, until the old railway coach which was serving as a depot, and the three or four little tents clustered about it were almost out of sight.

We said to each other that we wanted to select lots on which to build our homes, because we — at least I — had decided that Las Vegas should be my home. We looked at the survey stakes in the brush and found that we were way out at the corner of Fourth and Fremont Streets.

**Mr. Park** remarked, I would like a corner lot with a South front and

IT'S BEEN A KICKY

1971

Happy Holidays



RUSTY



JONATHAN



ALLYN



FANNY



MUFFIN

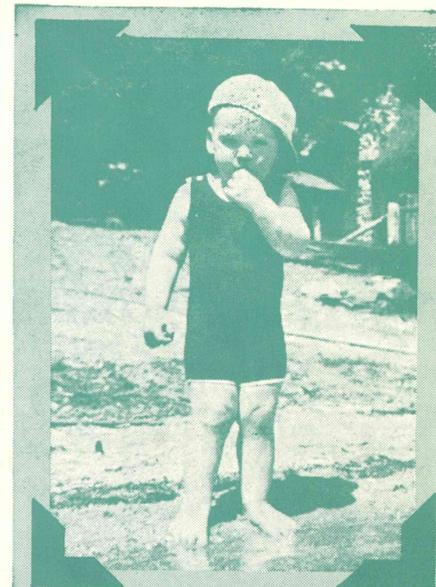
chose the lot where Corey's is. I immediately cut in to say that I did not want a corner — our home in Los Angeles was a corner with 50 feet frontage and 130 feet on the side street, which was more lawn that I wanted to cut. Chris chose the other corner, where Cornet Store now is, and I chose the three lots adjoining.

John and Chris goodnaturedly jibed me because of my reference to lawns in Las Vegas, but I answered right back with some indignation:

"You fellows will see the time when there are pleasant homes in Las Vegas with lawns and shade trees and climbing roses."

It seemed at the time a bit far-fetched. But when, one blistering hot day that Summer I noticed something green at the top of a post which Mrs. Smith had set in the ground to support her clothes line in the rear of the Palace Hotel, now part of El Patio Hotel, I knew the tree problem was, in a measure at least, solved for us. The coming Winter I planted several cottonwood posts back of our home then being built and they all sent out green twigs and grew into great and beautiful shadetrees, one of which may still be seen lifting its head high between the Cornet building and the Professional building.

Soon we did have roses also. Then about the year 1909 we got the people to take part in tree-planting on "Arbor Day." Everybody turned out and cottonwood posts were set on First and Second and Third streets. All the next Summer Mrs. Park and Delphine and two or three other members of the Mesquite Club dragged garden hose up and down the streets to water those trees and keep them alive. On some of those streets the cottonwood trees then planted still form arches of green shade over the streets. The pleasure and comfort they brought to us in those days when our houses stood without any shelter in the burning Summer heat, is beyond understanding. We started lawns and planted roses — now I say that Las Vegas with its bowers of roses and spreading lawns and gar-



Once upon a time,  
THERE WAS A LITTLE BOY NAMED BOBBY.

He liked to run and jump and flex his muscles. He especially liked to go swimming. When he wiggled his toes in the water, he wore a bright red woolen bathing suit considered "the cat's pajamas" way back then in the 1920's. And he wore his cap at an "Oh, you kid" angle on his head. His mother and father dubbed him "Sonny Boy." Bobby was very healthy too, not counting measles and mumps... and poison ivy. Today he's a strong middle-aged man called Bob (even Robert). ...Needless to say, Bobby *did not* suffer from muscular dystrophy — the tragic muscle-wasting disease that ruthlessly cripples youngsters (mostly little boys). If Bobby had been attacked by dystrophy during his growing-up years, he wouldn't be alive today...Modern scientific research is working overtime to find a cure, to give dystrophic children a tomorrow. Won't you please support this urgent effort. Please contribute generously to

THE MARCH AGAINST  
MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY

Muscular Dystrophy Associations of America, Inc.  
1790 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019

WITH ALL  
GOOD WISHES  
FOR

Christmas

AND

THE  
NEW YEAR

**BOB RICE**

**Dunes**

HOTEL

and COUNTRY CLUB

*With many good wishes  
for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year*

**TOM STIRLING  
TOM JAGGERS**

**MAC McKINNON  
MAYNARD HARRIS**

**JIMMIE MAHAR**

**Swing Shift**

**SILVER SLIPPER**

dens of brilliant flowers is really a beautiful residential city.

All of which brings us back again to the great resort hotels of Las Vegas with their perfectly charming and beautiful lawns and shade trees and flower gardens — lovely enough to appeal even to those tourists from California, the Land of Flowers.

Just a week or so ago, I noticed them scraping off the brush and leveling the land about **Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn**. I felt sorry that they had not started their lawn-making sooner so that there would be at least a little greenery about this great hotel when it opens. Then going past there again early this week — I could hardly imagine such a transformation!

There were spreading acres of smooth, green lawns, the grass already long enough for the cutting. And there were great gray-green olive trees growing as contentedly as if in their native Italy, and oleanders and shrubs of every kind including rose bushes which soon will be blooming.

It really is wonderful what modern gardening methods can accomplish.

By the way, I noticed something particularly charming in the massed roses all of the same variety in front of **Hotel Last Frontier**. There are hundreds of red roses of one particular variety blooming like the pattern of a Persian carpet. To me an unusual development in rose-gardening.

Yes, our early experience with lawns and trees and flowers in Las Vegas, came the hard and uncertain way. But modern skill in gardening

and landscaping have added much to the beauty to this Land of Enchantment.

\* \* \* \* \*

**May 6, 1950**

**FREMONT WAS HERE!**

On May 3, 1844, **General John C. Fremont**, with his famous guides, **Kit Carson** and **Godey**; with more than one hundred horses and pack-mules and perhaps forty or fifty men of all nationalities, including a few friendly Indians and several wild ones whom they compelled to accompany them as a matter of safety, broke camp at the **Cottonwood Ranch**, Southwest of Las Vegas and after a weary march of eighteen miles camped at Las Vegas.

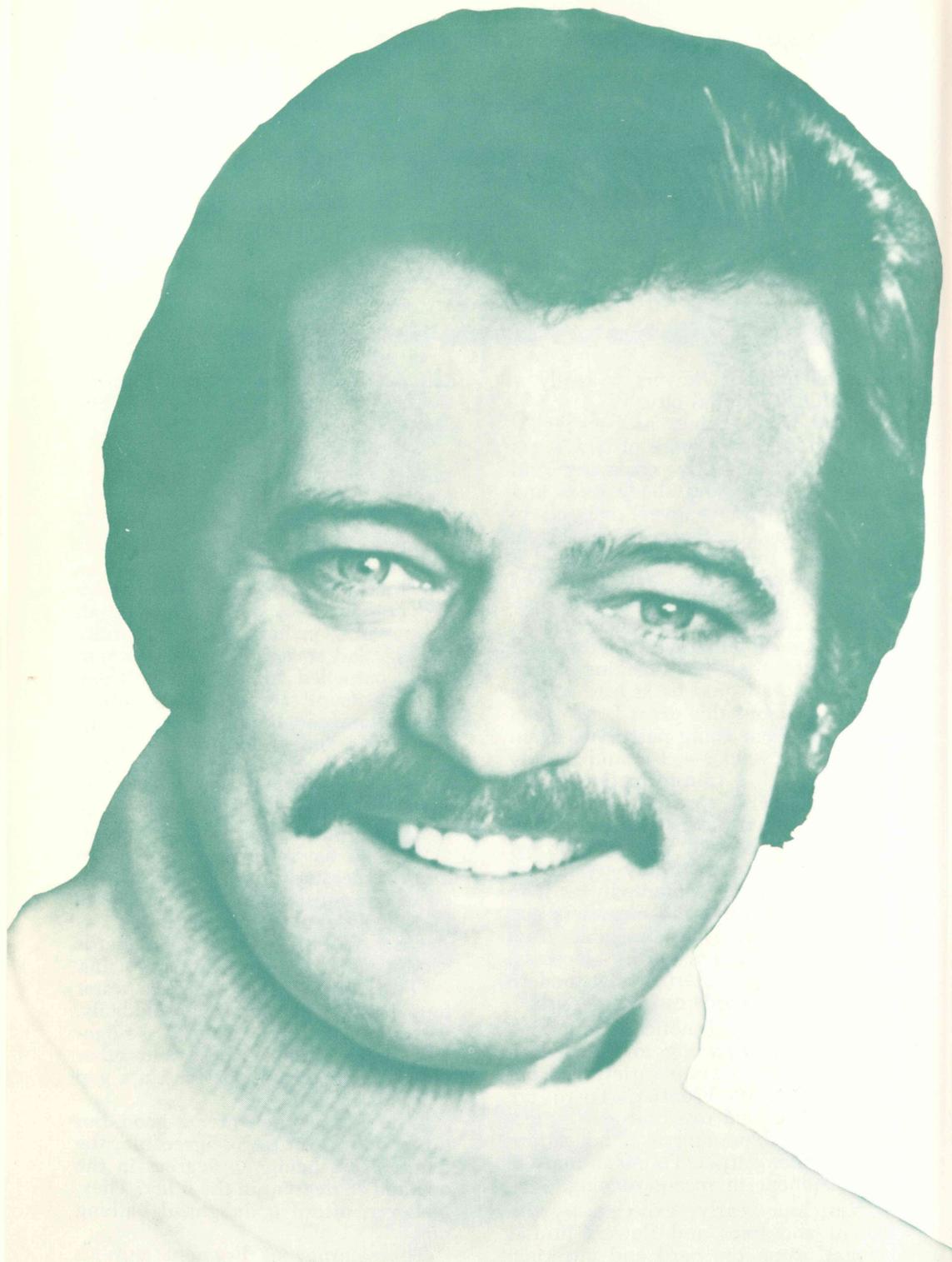
Here is what **General Fremont**, in his careful and methodical way, said:

"After a day's journey of 18 miles in a northeasterly direction we camped in the midst of another very large basin at a camping ground called Las Vegas — a term which the Spaniards use to signify fertile or marshy plains.

"Two narrow streams of clear water four or five feet deep, gush suddenly, with a quick current, from two singularly large springs; these and other waters of the basin, pass out in a gap to the Eastward.

"The taste of the water is good, but rather too warm to be agreeable; the temperature being 71 degrees in the one and 73 degrees in the other. They, however, afford a delightful bathing place."

That journey of **Fremont** and his party of adventurers, was a notable



# Silent night

Christmas belongs  
to everyone, regardless  
of faith or religious creed.

It is the symbol of all  
that is good and generous,  
and indicative of the  
spirit of humanity . . . it is

GOOD WILL  
to all men!

**ROBERT GOULET**



# CHRISTMAS Greetings

To each of you — for  
your own kind of  
Christmas observance—  
to be filled with all the  
joy and the many  
blessings of

Christmas Day!

## CHARLES RICH

one, especially so because every evening at the close of the day's march, he wrote in some detail the results of his trained observation, describing as he went along, the scenery, the character of the vegetation and every natural feature of the country.

Fremont and party had started from the little town of Kansas, near the junction of the Kansas and Missouri Rivers in the spring of 1843, made their way across the forbidding Rocky mountains; stopped and explored Great Salt Lake; reaching The Dalles of the Columbia in the Fall. He sent a little party to Fort Vancouver for necessary supplies.

On November 29, 1843, the party was all excitement at the prospect of starting "for home." But the route they chose gave them months of hardship and suffering. They turned toward the south from The Dalles, coming down through Northern Nevada past Pyramid Lake, which Fremont describes, to the vicinity of what years later was known as Carson City. They tried to cross the great Sierra Nevada mountain range, in several places, but failed until they found what is now named Carson Pass.

After incredible hardships, they at last found their way through the heavy snows and on March 8, 1844, reached Fort Sutter (Sacramento) near the junction of the Sacramento and American Rivers.

After recuperating the party left Fort Sutter March 24, 1844, resuming their journey toward "home." Finding it impossible to recross the Sierras, they continued down the Sacramento to the San Joaquin; thence up the San Joaquin valley; over the Tehachapi mountains into the Mojave desert.

Turning Eastward toward Cajon Pass, they were delighted when they came to the Old Spanish Trail well marked, running Northerly and Southerly. Turning toward the North the tired travelers were overjoyed again to surely be "going home" now.

So now you travelers stopping in Las Vegas at any of our great tourist hotels may look out across the country Southwesterly toward the great range of sand-stone cliffs, close your eyes and envision that fantastic party on their journey of eighteen miles from Cottonwood to Las Vegas.

The great springs which Fremont so well described in a few words made it possible for men a hundred years later to build the modern and beautiful City of Las Vegas. I wish the spirits of Fremont and Carson might follow up The Strip past The Flamingo, The Last Frontier, Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, The Thunderbird, Hotel El Rancho Vegas, across that street called Carson, then down that gay way called Fremont. Their wonder could be scarcely more than that of the few of us who came to Las Vegas before the townsite was surveyed and have seen this really FABULOUS Las Vegas grow from nothing at all into one of the wonders of the nation and the fastest growing small city in America.

General Fremont, we salute you! You surely will ride in the spirit at the head of the Old Timers' Parade of The Helldorado so that all may pay homage to those who were really explorers and adventurers!

February 18, 1950  
*(Editor's Note: Mr. Squires owned the "L.V. Age" newspaper which event-*

JACK CORTEZ'

# Fabulous

LAS VEGAS magazine  
P. O. BOX 748 — 89101

For All The  
Latest News  
of FABULOUS  
LAS VEGAS

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**\$12**  
PER YEAR

Mailed anywhere in the United States



MAY THE HOLY SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS  
BRING REST TO THE MIND  
JOY TO THE SOUL  
AND PEACE TO THE HEART

**DANNY THOMAS**



BEST WISHES  
FOR THE *Christmas* SEASON  
AND THE COMING YEAR

**MITZI and JOHN HUGHES**  
(CASINO)

HOTEL **SAHARA**

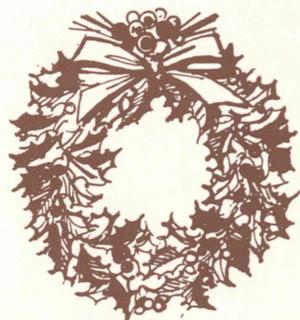
ually became the "L.V. Review Journal.")

In the years 1908, '09 or along there, when I was trying to learn how to make a little newspaper like the *Las Vegas Age* help to build a great city like the Las Vegas of today, I conjured up a bit of community advertising. It was gratis and its sole purpose — or should I say double purpose? — was to create community spirit and also fill some space in *The Age*, which in the absence of sufficient advertising I would otherwise have to fill with typesetting by hand, one letter at a time, picked out of a case. The title of my creation at that time was "Las Vegas, The City of Destiny," under which I did a little fancy writing about Las Vegas' estimated 1250 inhabitants, including a set of live up-to-date business men conducting among other things: General merchandise stores (5), clothing (4), cigars and confections (3), hardware (1), millinery and ladies' wear (1), barber shops (3), meat markets

(2), physicians (2), attorneys (5), picture show (1), and some other important lines of business and, best of all — 200,000 acres of fertile land.

In reading your "FABULOUS Las Vegas" of February 11, 1950, I began to realize that the 200,000 acres (more or less fertile) will soon be used up for lawns for our great hotels, including Wilbur Clark's beautiful *Desert Inn*, and that Las Vegas surely is a City of Destiny. Your gay little magazine proves to me better than anything else that Destiny for Las Vegas is right here and your "That's For Sure" broadcast helps give it both color and flavor. By the way, Jack, I noticed that your "That's For Sure" expression is now being adopted by some other radio programs and stations.

At the *Flamingo* last week when you asked me to write a column for your "FABULOUS" magazine, I thought I would explain to you and Jack Walsh that Mom and I had owned the forty acres covered by that



Our sincerest greetings to one and all for a joyous Christmas and a happy New Year.



*a very Happy Holiday and a good New Year*

OLIN ASKEW

hotel for quite a few years. We paid something like \$8.75 for the 40 (which was far too much) and some twenty years later sold it for far more than it was worth. That particular forty acres I bought for the sole purpose of its gravel supply, quite a batch of which I sold to the contractor who was grading and gravelling a road which is now Hi-way 91 — THE STRIP. After owning the gravel pit for more than twenty years and watching it grow, what I believed constantly more worthless, I was stunned one morning when a fellow asked me what I wanted for the forty acres. To this surprise offer I named a price far more than the land was worth, hoping the would-be purchaser would make me a low offer so I could come down a little. But, again, I was disappointed. The purchaser said, "I'll take it. Be at the bank at 10 o'clock and get your money." I was and I did.

All of which goes to convince me that I was not such a liar in 1908 as I thought I was; that Las Vegas and the Flamingo, where this gravel pit of mine existed, are today both "FABULOUS" and that the City of Destiny really came true.

Thanks for the invite to write, Jack. I had begun to wonder if I had been left completely buried in a prehistoric age and if possibly "FABULOUS" meant "not true." I know now that it

doesn't and I will look forward to writing for your publication with great anticipation every week. Good luck . . . For Sure.

\* \* \* \* \*

February 25, 1950

**A GREAT NEVADAN**

The passing of former U.S. Senator Tasker L. Oddie brings sorrow to every Nevadan who had been fortunate enough to know him during the years when Tonopah and Goldfield were pouring their millions into the prosperity of Nevada, while the still greater and more permanent wealth to be created by the Boulder Canyon Project Act was still but a hope in the minds of the comparatively few of us who had been moved to interest ourselves in it.

Tasker Oddie was one of the triumvirate representing Nevada in Congress, during the 1920's, who for 10 years gave most of their time to the hard work of creating and passing the Boulder Canyon Project Act. The triumvirate who will forever occupy a prominent place in the history of Nevada were Senators Tasker L. Oddie and Key Pittman and Congressman Sam Arentz, to whose steadfast faith and patient efforts the beginning of Colorado River development is due.

I am moved just now to relate a few of the incidents of Oddie's life which made an imprint on the history of Nevada, beginning with his early life in the state. One which impressed me with the courage and determination of the man was his mining experience in the camp at Belmont where he sank a shaft more than 40 feet through the solid rock with his own hands without aid from any other human being. The first few feet of the shaft when it was shallow enough so that he could throw the

JACK CORTEZ

*Fabulous*

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PER YEAR

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*Mailed anywhere in the United States*

**HAPPY  
HOLIDAYS**



*Juliet  
Frouse*



**P.S.**  
and thanks for making my  
year so rewarding.

*May your Christmas be filled with  
true joy and happiness*

**SANDS HOTEL**

broken rock out of the hole with a shovel was comparatively easy. But when the shaft became too deep for that it was different.

**Oddie** rigged up a windlass and bucket. He would drill the holes in the bottom of the shaft, put in the charges of giant powder, light the fuses, climb up the ladder and out of the way before the charges exploded, let down the bucket, climb down the ladder, fill the bucket with the muck, climb up the ladder, raise the bucket with the windlass, empty the bucket, let it down, climb down the ladder, fill the bucket and so on, for 16 hours a day.

In May of 1900, **Jim Butler** camped on the slopes of what later was named **Mount Oddie**, following one of his burros which had strayed away up the mountain, he picked up a piece of rock to throw at the straying animal and noticed it was heavy with mineral. So he put that and a few other small pieces of rock in his pack and in due time returned to Belmont.

There, being busy with his duties as District Attorney, he showed the samples to **Oddie** and asked him, since he planned to go to Austin after grub soon, if he would get them assayed. **Oddie** was fresh out of money, but said he would see what he could do and **Butler** volunteered that if **Oddie** would get the assays made he would cut him in for a half interest if worth while.

**Oddie** threw the samples in the corner of his cabin behind the door, not much interested in the proposal,

**MARY & BUCK HARRIS**

but a few days later when packing his burro, remembered his promise and stuck the samples in the pack.

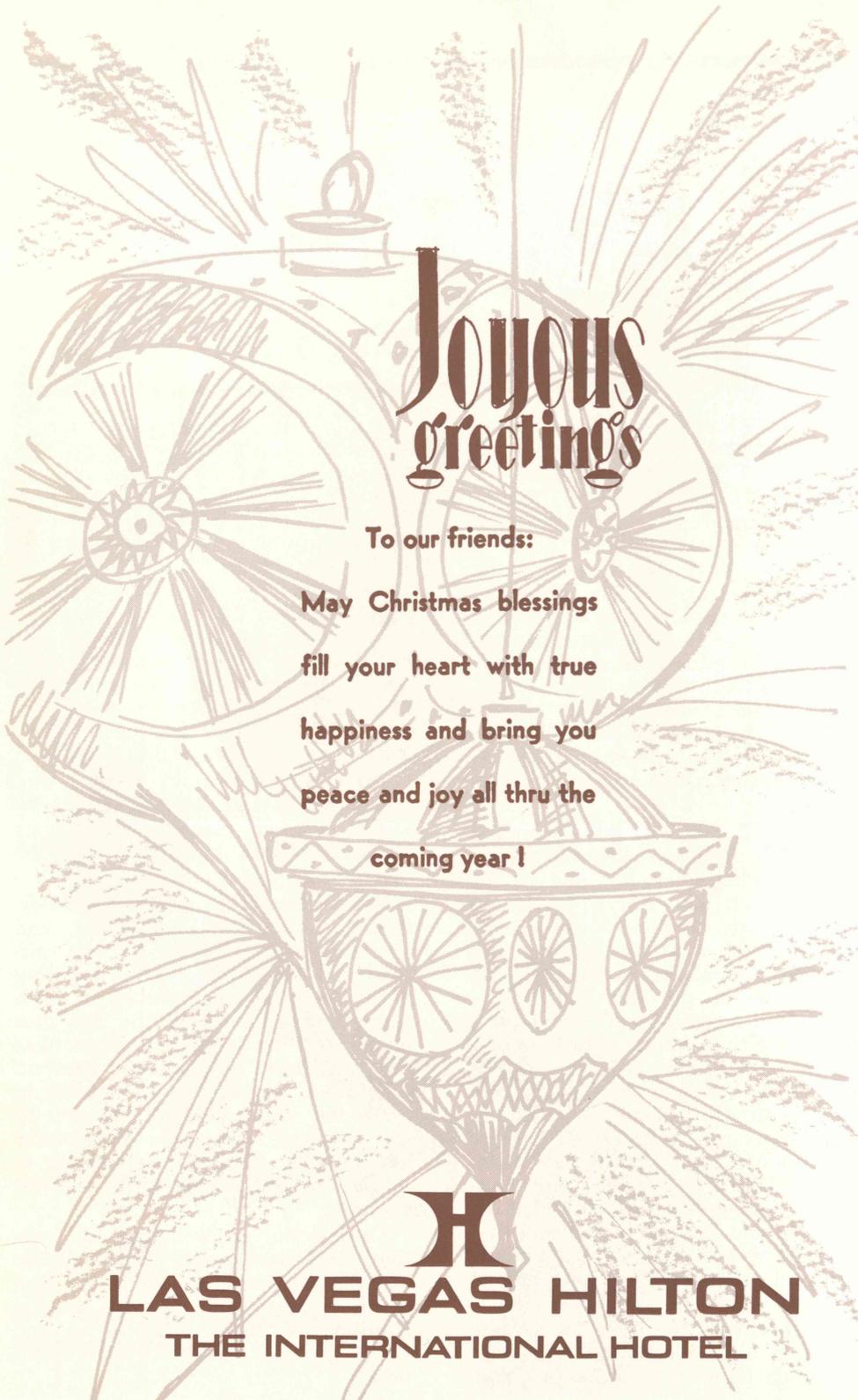
**Oddie** turned the samples over to the assayer, **W. C. Gayhart** in Austin and in turn promised to cut him in on his share if worth while. The assay showed more than \$200 a ton in gold and over 600 ounces in silver.

**Oddie** returned to Belmont and found **Butler** away on another prospecting trip. So it was not until August, 1900 when **Butler** and **Oddie** set out to try to find the place where **Butler** had picked up the samples.

After some trouble they found where **Butler** had camped that lucky night, located claims which later yielded millions and established the townsite of Tonopah.

Prospectors came by the hundreds, staked claims, started working, and the boom was on. There was no railroad and everything for the building of a town had to be hauled in with teams and wagons and the rich ores hauled out the same way. There was no bank but, by common consent, **Oddie** was chosen by the miners to make the shipments, sell the ores to the smelters, make the settlements and turn the proceeds amounting to millions of dollars over to the rightful owners.

During the years before the railroad and banks, etc., came, **Oddie** was the one person on whom the miners felt they could depend. In the handling of those millions no one ever expressed distrust or dissatisfaction.

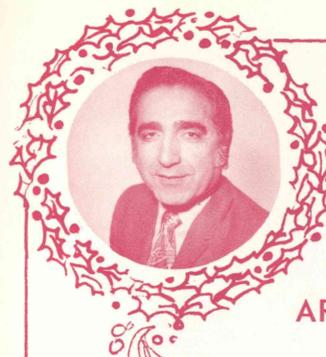


# Joyous Greetings

To our friends:

May Christmas blessings  
fill your heart with true  
happiness and bring you  
peace and joy all thru the  
coming year!

**H**  
**LAS VEGAS HILTON**  
**THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL**



AL  
ARAKELIAN

PETE  
GAGLIARDO



A HOLIDAY WISH FOR

Peace and Happiness

AND GOOD CHEER

NEW *Copa Lounge*

46 Convention Center Dr.

735-3553 or 735-4474

My friendship with Oddie began in 1901 when I made a vigorous campaign in The Las Vegas Age for "Oddie for Governor." He took office in 1911 and was active in public life for more than 30 years.

A humorous incident Tasker often related occurred in 1910 when he was making his campaign trip to Las Vegas over the desert wagon tracks. One evening he reached the MacFarland Ranch at Indian Springs and Mrs. MacFarland came out of the house to speak to the stranger.

There was a great pile of watermelons in the field and Oddie politely said:

"Madam, could we buy some watermelons?"

"Oh, help yourself. We're feeding them to the hogs," replied Mrs. Mac.

And for 40 years that was a favorite story told often by Senator Oddie and Alice MacFarland, who is still living on the Indian Springs Ranch.

Tasker Oddie, God rest his tired soul, was a truly great and lovable man.

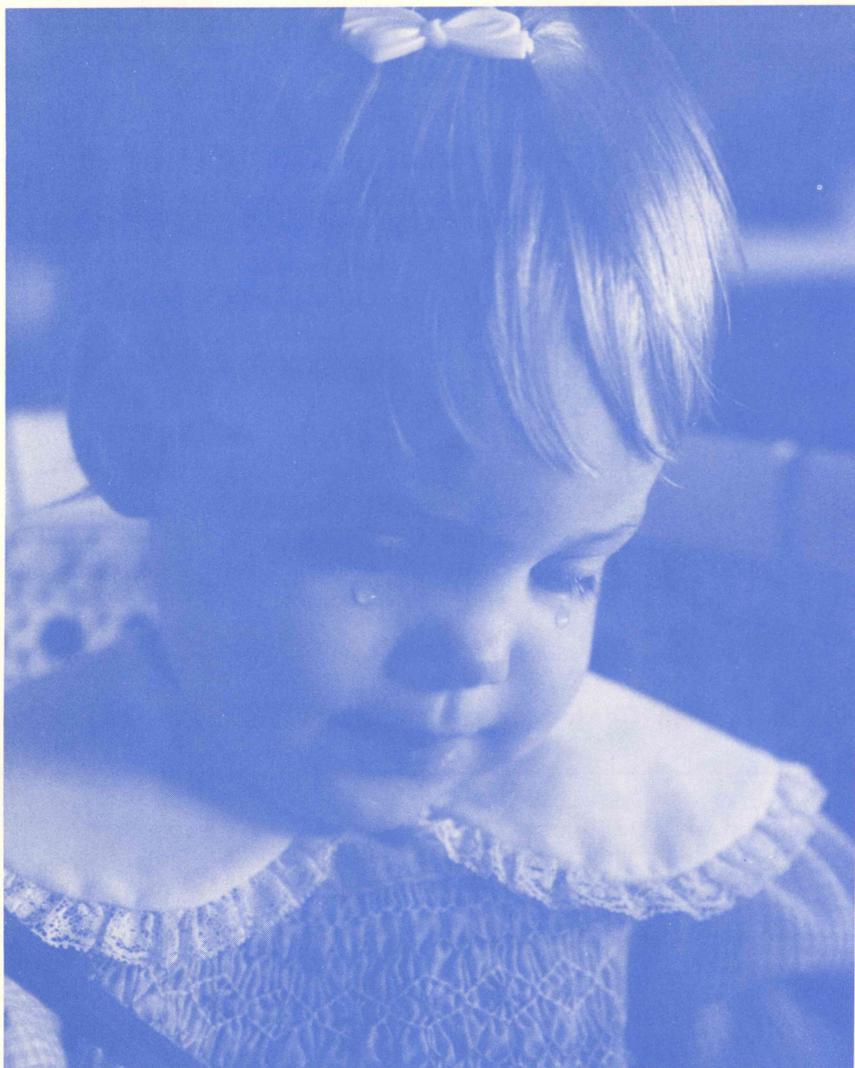
\* \* \* \* \*

March 4, 1950  
BLOSSOM TIME

Forty-five years ago, the few of us who expected to make our homes in Las Vegas had visions of great pastures of alfalfa and contented cows; a vast area planted to cantaloupes which would pretty well glut the market and push California right out of business as a melon raiser, and great orchards of peaches, apricots and all manner of deciduous fruits with raisin and wine grapes taking up what land there was left over.

Soon after I came to Las Vegas, in 1905 or 1906, I wrote an article for "The Arrowhead," magazine of the railroad, in which I showed conclusively (I thought) that Southern Nevada would soon become the leading agricultural area of the Southwest.

A lot of people started ranches and made strenuous efforts to make good. About 1908 or 1910 Charlie Kaiser, prominent sheep raiser of Utah and Southern Nevada, secured the range rights to a large area of the Spring



MOMMY AND DADDY WISH YOU  
SEASON'S GREETINGS  
AND ME TOO!  
THE COOPERS, PAT, PATTI AND PATTI JO

Mountain range, west of Las Vegas, and sent some 3000 sheep here to feed on "the luxurious growth" of wild grass, etc. **E. G. McGriff**, horticulturist from Ogden, bought 160 acres of land (now the **Roy Roger Ranch**) and by about 1915 had 65 acres of peach orchard in bearing, and beautiful peaches on the market every Summer. Various vegetable gardens were established to supply the local stores.

But we just could not compete in fruit and vegetables with the California growers who could ship their products to Las Vegas and sell them cheaper than local farmers could raise them. Most of our cattle and dairy ranches finally centered in Moapa Valley. **Charlie Kaiser**, after seeing his flocks starving to death for a year or two, shipped what were left of his sheep back to the north.

**Mr. McGriff**, after several years of hard work during which he established a market for his very beautiful peaches with leading hotels of New York which contracted for his entire crop, was forced to give up. The Imperial Valley, Salt River Valley, San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys just forced Las Vegas agriculture, horticulture and stock raising out of the market, except for local consumption.

Nevertheless, I still think **McGriff's** early Elbertas the finest peaches ever grown, but when I remember how **McGriff** had to get up before daybreak to pick a few crates of peaches, then haul them to town with a horse and buggy over eight miles of just-bedded wagon tracks (the round trip taking all day) I can't blame him for quitting.

This whole complaint over our fate as an agricultural district comes from the sight of the snowy-white blossoms on our young apricot tree and the pink blossoms of the early and late Elbertas in our back yard. In spite of our failure commercially, I still think Las Vegas raises the most flavorsome fruits and vegetables I ever tasted. And if we can't all be successful farmers, we can at least enjoy the pleasure of fruits and flowers in our backyard gardens.

*A Joyous Christmas*



**RUDY LAUBER**

**SAHARA PAN ROOM**

Our rose bushes are just now sending out beautiful dark red, young foliage and soon will be covered with the most gorgeous roses grown anywhere.

Like a horse, I can accommodate but one idea at a time, so I am now asking if you knew that grapes from the old **Kyle Ranch** were given an award as being highest in sugar content of any grapes exhibited at the **Chicago Exposition** in 1893?

And that reminds me again that most of my readers (if any) never heard of **Kyle Brothers** and how they killed each other after a bout of wine drinking on their ranch three miles north of Las Vegas. **Charles Towner**, then owner of the **Indian Springs Ranch**, was making a journey to Las Vegas at that time (along in the 1880's I think) and was one of the coroner's jury inquiring into the double murder.

**Mr. Towner** once told me the story which concluded with the narrative of how he returned to his home on the **Indian Springs Ranch**, 45 miles from Vegas, after witnessing the fatal effects of wine on the **Kyle Brothers**, took his shovel and uprooted every vine of the considerable vineyard he had planted there. To this day I believe there are no grapes grown at **Indian Springs**.

Which reminds me that **Mrs. MacFarland**, of whom I spoke in my last week's little story, still lives in her pleasant home on the **Indian Springs Ranch**. We visited her last Sunday and found her quite well and contented and planning to visit some of



# Greetings

We extend our thanks to everyone for our success and growth throughout the year, and wish one and all a most Happy Holiday Season

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Sunday through Friday

Across from Hotel Sahara  
One Hundred Two

10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

## HARMONIOUS HOLIDAYS AND A SWINGING NEW YEAR

BILL PORTER

VIC BERI

FRANK HOOPER

VEGAS MUSIC INTERNATIONAL  
and UNITED RECORDING

her Las Vegas friends in the near future.

I wonder if people notice the few trees, most of them dead, planted by the highway department as part of one of the "highways beautiful" ideas of the New Deal along about 1935. For approximately a mile along both sides of Highway 91, shade trees alternating with palms were planted at considerable expense, with the hope that someday 91 would be an avenue of shade. Like most of the New Deal fallacies it was a total waste of effort and money. But I noticed the other day that a few of the trees are still alive in spite of many years of neglect. Soon, they will probably all be uprooted to make way for widening 91 into a six-lane, modern highway.

Switching the subject a little, it seems to me that Wilbur Clark has made a noble fight to give Las Vegas another gorgeous and beautiful resort hotel in his "Desert Inn." He should have the unanimous support and encouragement of Las Vegas and should not be the victim of attacks by some petty-souled individuals such as those who sought to discredit him recently.

The Desert Inn, according to all indications, including a glimpse of the plans, will be another splendid enterprise, just as outstanding and beneficial to Las Vegas as were Hotel El Rancho Vegas, Hotel Last Frontier, The Flamingo and the Thunderbird, each of which in turn placed the entertainment and hotel features of Las Vegas on a still higher plane, and each of which will benefit by the

additional prestige which Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn promises. I do not believe that any of our local hotels or resorts would be a party to any attempt to discredit this latest enterprise. On the contrary, Wilbur Clark has the support and encouragement of all of them. The whole criticism I imagine came from some smart-Aleck newspaper fellow attempting to dig up a new sensation.

Which, in turn, gives rise to the hope that someday newspaper enterprise will consist of giving clearly and concisely the news of the day without so many headlines of the conundrum type (guess what this item is about) and in the abandonment of the almost universal effort by newspapers to create a cheap sensation, generally of the sex-crime variety.

March 18, 1950  
TAINTED MONEY?

That Kansas City bunch in charge of the National Association of Intercollegiate Basketball Tournament must be mighty pure fellows. Because Benny Binion of Las Vegas, a man of large interests in oil and ranching in various parts of the west, as a public-spirited citizen, offered a thousand dollars to help defray the expenses of the University of Nevada basketball team to Kansas City as entrants in the national tournament, the officials of the association at once withdrew their invitation to Nevada to compete in the tournament.

They inferred that the \$1,000 was tainted, because the donor, in addi-

DECEMBER 25, 1971

One Hundred Three

## Greetings From



## Casino Personnel

JOHN ASHY • NATE AUERBACH  
BILL BARBOUR • CHRIS BECKER • BILL BOSTWICK  
PAUL BRASCIA • EDWARD BUCCIERI  
FRANK CUTI • RICK DAVIS  
ED DICKERMAN • LOU DEZARN • PAUL ETTINGER  
BOB GANS • JERRY GENGLER  
JOHNNY GEORGE • CHICO GRAXIOLA  
JOE HOUSTON • WESLEY KAEBUSH • JESS LENZ  
JAY LOVE • AL MARSHALL  
BILLY MAXWELL • JERRY MESROBIAN  
EMMETT MUNLEY • JAKE NEWMAN • GEORGE PARISI  
BEN PETERS • AL PORTUGESE  
KENNY REED • SAMUEL SAMS  
PETE SAVAGE • BILL SHINDLER • JOHN TEGANO  
MIKE VELARDO • PAUL VERCHECK  
NICK VUCETA • VIC WAKEMAN • BILLY WILKINSON  
BILL WOOFER • DAVID YICK  
  
AL FACCINTO, Casino Manager

*Holiday Greetings*  
TO ALL OUR FRIENDS

From

**JACK MORGAN**

and  
the **RUSS MORGAN ORCHESTRA**



Sincere thanks to  
Major Riddle for the  
Best Christmas gift of all . . .  
Extended Contracts for

*“Music in the  
Morgan Manner”*

at the top of the strip

**DUNES HOTEL**

Las Vegas, Nevada



One Hundred Six

Additional Greetings  
and thanks to  
Jo Melland, Jean Magowan,  
Maitre d' Gino Pardini  
and his entire staff  
and all our friends at  
the **DUNES Hotel**

*Jack*

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

HOLIDAY HAPPINESS

**ORCHID**

CLEANERS & LAUNDRY

1241 E. Charleston Blvd.

384-5506



tion to his other enterprises, is investing a large sum of money in a new gambling club in Las Vegas. “We are too pure to associate with anybody who accepts money made in gambling,” they say in effect.

All of which infers that Kansas City and other cities of the effete east are shocked by the spectacle of gambling, open and above board in Nevada.

I, personally, writer of this little column, have done a little fancy prowling around and observing during my short existence (I won't be 85 until May 27). My first sinful experience with gambling began in Austin, Minnesota, the city of my dear old friend **George A. Hormel**, where he created that great enterprise, the **Hormel Packing Company**, of which **George's son, Jay Hormel**, is now the head.

A few of us sinful young bucks organized a **Poker Club**. We met every Saturday night in the offices of **Richardson, Day and Pierce**, leading attorneys. Each fellow got out his cigar box with his stock of pennies — real money, mind you — and we played our best until midnight.

Now, poker is that game which you do not have to have a good hand to win — although I admit it sometimes helps some, and I have often looked back on that penny poker game as a most valuable part of my early training and education. And I pity the poor simpleton who has never experienced the joys of penny-ante.

Perhaps that is why I am prejudiced in favor of the way the State of Nevada handles gambling. In the state of the **Pendergast** gang and the **National Association of Intercollegiate Basketball** tournament, there is, I have no doubt, more gambling within a mile of the office where the offi-

cial met and found themselves pure, than there is in the whole state of Nevada. Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and other cities of the middle-West and the East have been the hot-beds, the hatching places of the gangsters and racketeers. But there is a marked difference between gambling in Missouri and gambling in Nevada.

There the clubs are hidden away in dive-holes in the back alleys. If you want to try your luck, as almost everybody likes to do occasionally, you sneak into a back alley, slink along until you rap at a certain door where the mysterious eye scans you and then, perhaps, lets you in.

You buy a stack of chips and play a little game — and lose inevitably, because those fellows are trained in the art of taking away your money by fair means or foul. And we must admit that a clever dealer can rob us simple guys right in front of our faces whenever they please and we have no means of protecting ourselves. If a victim has the foolhardy nerve to protest too vigorously, he is beaten up, knocked out and dumped into the alley.

The victim has no recourse. If he appeals to the law he is told that he is a lawbreaker and not entitled to the protection of the state. The policeman who picks you up and sends you home will do nothing for you because he is on the payroll of that and a dozen other similar clubs.

Perhaps gambling is a vice. If so we have all the more reason to approve the manner in which it is handled in Nevada. Here the clubs are brilliantly lighted and thronged with amusement seekers. The dealers are quite meticulous in paying each player his rightful winnings. The games are absolutely fair and square. A

DECEMBER 25, 1971

One Hundred Seven

may CHRISTMAS BRING  
 Joy and peace  
 to all



dealer who cheats endangers the very valuable license privilege of his employer. Besides it is not at all necessary for the house to cheat — that little fellow who is on the job working for the house with every whirl of the ball, every throw of the dice, every turn of a card, twenty-four hours a day, every day in the year, "little Yehudi Percentage" does plenty well for the house.

That is the reason that rarely in Nevada since gambling was licensed, have there been crooked games. To be sure some of those Kansas City or St. Louis or Chicago or New York racketeers have an idea they can get rich quicker in Nevada than they can in their own crooked lives. But they are not welcomed by the legalized gambling houses. They are recognized by the club operators as crooks who, if permitted to thrive, would soon give a bad reputation to Nevada gambling, and are soon encouraged to move on — to pure Los Angeles, probably.

Perhaps gambling is a vice, like drinking and some other widely practiced pursuits in which us young bucks sometimes have the urge to engage. But I am willing to gamble a big, round buck that Las Vegas gamblers and gambling money are very much more honorable than those of Kansas City; also that there is not a University in the whole 48 states of the Union in which the athletic activities are carried on in a more straightforward and honorable a manner than in Nevada.

The only criticism I can see properly coming to Nevada in this "tainted money" controversy, is the fact that

newspapers played up the incident as gambling money supporting university athletics.

True enough, Nevada has put a fancy price on licenses which those who fancy the casino business must pay. Which has two obvious effects. Nevada games must be honestly operated, giving a fair chance to win to the customers. Which in turn, attracts tourists and makes the business so profitable that it pays a large part of our governmental expense and support for our schools. It also goes outside those purely legal requirements by providing scholarships of one thousand dollars a year to put worthy students through the University, as well as donations to our grade schools, our lodges, our social organizations and our churches.

"Honesty is the best policy," is an old saying. If Nevada can keep gambling open and honest, we have gone a long way toward removing my yearly penny-ante game from the realms of vice.

\* \* \* \* \*

March 25, 1950

**EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION**

I had the pleasure last Saturday of attending another meeting of the Nevada State Press Association, an organization composed of all the editors of Nevada newspapers and a few old fossils, I really should say barnacles, like myself. The feature speaker of the banquet Saturday evening was Claude Smith of the Fallon Standard, whose address was in honor of the 25th anniversary of the birth of the Nevada Press Association. I was happy to be able to add a little in the form of prenatal details, hav-

JACK CORTEZ'

**Fabulous**

**LAS VEGAS magazine**

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FREDDIE MANJON  
MANOLO TORRENTE

AND

**Latin Fire**  
72

**WISH YOU A HAPPY HOLIDAY SEASON!**

**CURRENTLY AT THE THUNDERBIRD HOTEL**

ing attended meetings of the Nevada Press Association from five to nine years before its "birth."

I mention this only as an excuse for saying that Las Vegas' fine basketball team played the more husky and mature Reno team Saturday night for the State basketball championship and lost only after putting up a great game against odds. Like true sportsmen they took their defeat without rancour or ill feeling.

I am just now getting down to the kernel of the story. Because of the slap in the face the University of Nevada basketball team received at the hands of the very pure members of the **National Association**, some of the tainted thousand dollars was used to pay the expenses of taking the Las Vegas "Rhythmettes," the girls' high school drill team to Reno with their teacher, Miss Evelyn Stuckey.

The girls put on a show that was lovely and the many Reno people who attended the game were really charmed. Incidentally, one of our girls, Miss Elsie Kurtz, was voted the best cheer leader in the state, quite some honor when one sees the brilliance and charm of the high school girls of Nevada.

The whole trip was a grand advertisement for Las Vegas, both the boys and the girls keeping the name of Las Vegas right in the air. All made possible by the thousand dollars so kindly donated by **Benny Binion** in his effort to promote community spirit.

All of which makes me wonder if there really is such a thing as "tainted" money? I was taught that money, in itself, has no value, but that it is merely the measure of value, as a thermometer which does not keep us warm although a measure of temperature, or a yardstick which is a measure of distance, or a gallon which is a measure of quantity.

As a measure of value that thousand dollars measures much of value in the athletic life of Las Vegas High School. And I am sure that the scholarships of one thousand dollars each

UNLIMITED, INC.

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*"Bonne Année"*

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*LeBon*

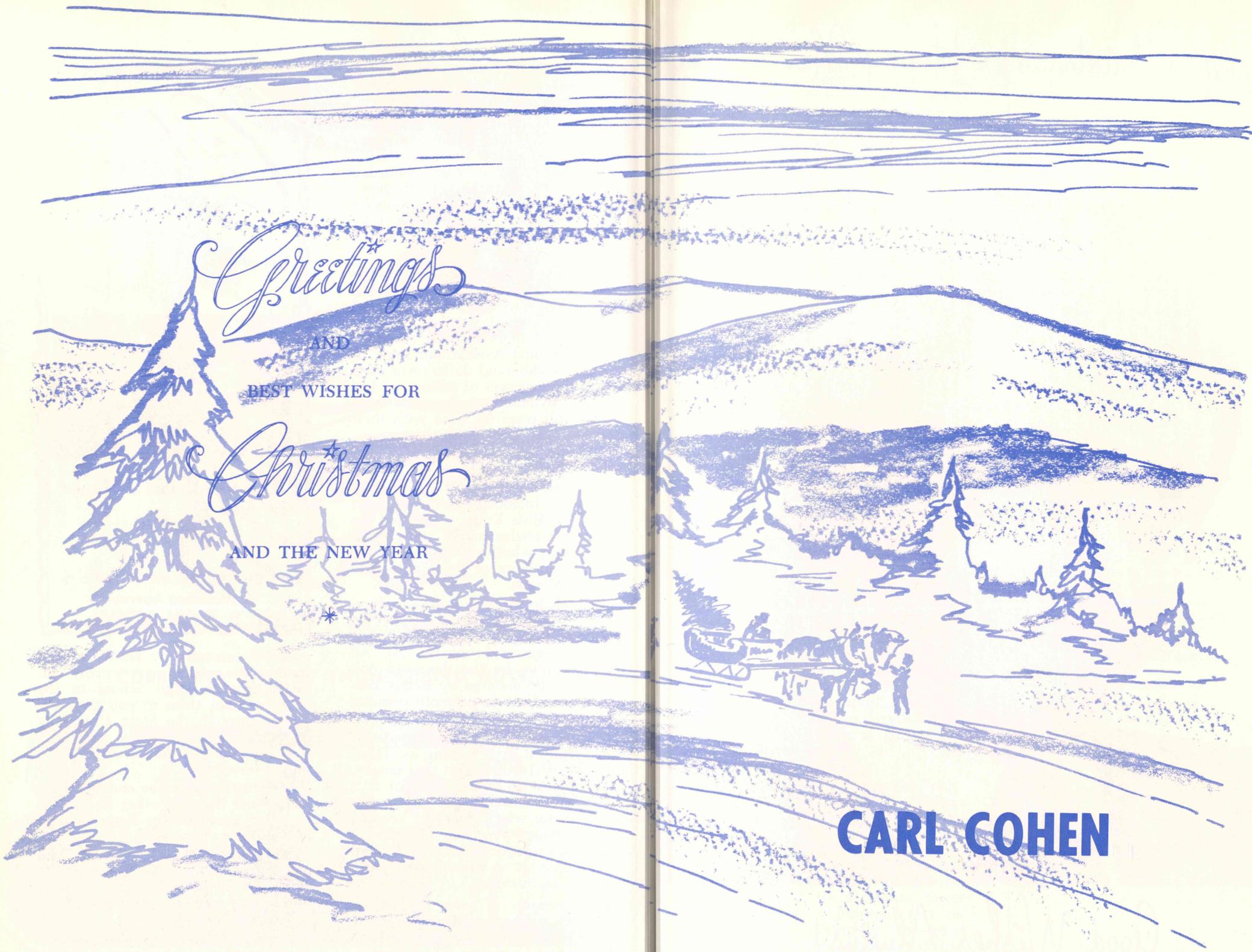
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Modeling Agency

awarded annually by **Harold's Club** in Reno to one or more worthy students in each High School in the state to assist them to pay their expenses through the State University is good money and carries with it to the students or the University no taint whatever.

**Dorothy Brimacombe** and **Ray Germain** were the only other Las Vegas members to attend the Reno meeting of the **Press Association**.

Reno, although in the same State of Nevada as Las Vegas, is nearly 400 miles farther north than we are. Hence they may be quite a noticeable difference in climate.

Leaving Las Vegas last Saturday morning when lovely Summer weather was busy putting blossoms on the



*Greetings*

AND

BEST WISHES FOR

*Christmas*

AND THE NEW YEAR



**CARL COHEN**

Merry Christmas! Happy New Year!



Good Wishes Always!  
**JOHN BYNER**

garden plants and leaves upon the trees, we found ourselves at noon in the midst of fierce sand storms which, at Tonopah, became a gravel storm, the wind carrying sizable bits of rock from the old dumps, we found out afterwards, there was a slight drizzle of rain and a flurry of snow in Northern Nevada and when we arrived in Reno we were in real Winter again.

Back again in Vegas Sunday evening, we found doors wide open to the pleasant evening breeze and people living in Summer again. For me, Las Vegas has the finest climate the year 'round of any place I have ever seen. I am not willing to except the hundred and over degree heat of our desert Summer, because we here on our hottest days are more comfortable than the millions of helpless souls who live in the terrible combination of heat and humidity of Eastern cities such as New York, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans. Every time I hear somebody grumble at Las Vegas climate I wish I might send them back to their beloved Eastern Summers and Winters. But even in Las Vegas, I do admit the climate is not always perfect. But I still believe we here have less miserable weather conditions than most other places in the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

April 1, 1950

#### THESE CHANGING TIMES

Passing the Court House Square where work is being carried toward completion on an addition to our Court House, my mind reverted to Court Houses in general, particularly to those I have known and in which I had a personal interest.

The first in memory was the "palatial" Court House in Austin, Mower County, Minnesota, erected about 1879 or 1880. In comparison to any other building I had ever seen, that was perfectly majestic and beautiful, with its great court room on the second floor and its elaborate tower reaching about a hundred feet toward the sky. Naturally that great height was an immediate challenge to us boys. When the builders man-

DECEMBER 25, 1971

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER



Mr. Rock Hudson

Learn cancer's warning signals. You'll be in good company.

1. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. A sore that does not heal.
4. Change in bowel or bladder habits.
5. Hoarseness or cough.
6. Indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
7. Change in a wart or mole.

If a signal lasts longer than two weeks, see your doctor without delay.

It makes sense to know the seven warning signals of cancer.

It makes sense to give to the  
**AMERICAN  
CANCER  
SOCIETY**

One Hundred Fifteen



*have a*  
**\* WHITE Christmas**  
*and a togetherness*  
**New Year**

*Slappy*  
**\* WHITE**

## *Season's Greetings*

from

SAUL LEBEAU

Phoenix, Arizona

aged to get the 12 x 12 inch timbers 30 feet long, which were to form the ribs of the tower, stood on end and anchored ready for enclosing, several of us managed to climb to the precarious top to view the town from what really was a dizzy height. If we were scared, which we really were, our worry was nothing to the worry, fear and distress of Mr. Alsop, the contractor, who saw a very probable suit for large damages if and when one of us should lose our hold and fall. However, we managed to worm ourselves down the slivery timbers safely and promised to heed the irate contractor's demand to "get the hell out of there and stay out." I, for one, really intended to heed. But when the building was about finished, it was a wonderful place to play hide and seek. So it happened about twilight one Summer evening, speeding through the recently hung great oaken doors of the court room, I swung the door open with such force as to break it from its hinges and it fell with a crash.

I knew I was in for trouble and was immediately faced with a vital problem — how to dodge the responsibility for the crime which, I was sure, would cost the contractor hundreds if not thousands of dollars. My father, I remembered, had often admonished me, "Charlie, whenever you get into trouble, come and tell me." It was advice hard to follow, but I know the contractor would soon find the criminal anyhow, so I hurried home and sought Father and made a clean breast of the thing. "Hmmm—" he said. "Guess I better go and see Mr. Alsop in the morning."

Father took me with him to see Mr. Alsop and told the whole terrible story. "Hmmm—" said Mr. Alsop. "It's a wonder that door didn't fall on you and kill you." Then he and father had some private conversation — and that ended my adventures with the new Mower County, Minnesota, court house.

Then in 1887 and 1888, in Los Angeles, I saw the old high school building moved from the top of a hill at



Merry  
Christmas

AND A HAPPY 1972 ...

**FRANK  
SINATRA JR.**

Executive Producer: TINO BARZIE  
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# Happy Holidays



*Judith E. Bayley*

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD  
**HACIENDA**  
HOTEL AND CASINO

Temple Street and Broadway where the very ornate red-sandstone court house was soon to be built. To me that building with its high, square clock tower and its elaborate carved sandstone ornamentation was the in architecture. Later, from 1895 to 1905, as an employee of the **Los Angeles Title Insurance and Trust Company**, I spent ten years of my work-day life in that building and then, some years ago, saw it being torn down as out-moded. Now they are fighting over plans to build a multi-million dollar Los Angeles court house several blocks away from the Civic Center.

In 1905, soon after arriving in Las Vegas, I was called as a member of the Lincoln county Grand Jury to the county seat at Pioche. There I became acquainted with the old **Lincoln County Court House** built in the 1870's. After the demonetization of silver by Congress (the crime of 1873 they called it) Mining practically ceased at Pioche and its 10,000 or more people gradually scattered. But those who remained determined to nail the county seat to Pioche for all time by building a permanent Court House.

A bond issue of \$20,000 was voted. However, it was soon found that nobody wanted to buy Lincoln County Bonds. One enterprising contractor finally agreed to build the Court House for \$20,000 and take the bonds in payment. After the building was completed, in a fit of aesthetic public spiritedness, they made another contract to build a little ornamental balcony on the front of the Court House. One would judge the balcony would cost perhaps \$200.00 but, the contractor being willing, they gave him \$2,000 in the worthless bonds in payment.

To make the story short, the County had no money down through the years to pay the bonds or the interest on them. So once in a few years, in a spell of hopefulness, the cards would be reshuffled. New bonds were issued to cover principal and interest and the old bonds retired. The process was repeated occasionally until in 1909 when we managed to create

the new county of Clark out of the south half of Lincoln County.

In 1909 when we were fighting to divide Lincoln County and establish the **County of Clark**, we made some foolish promises to the voters. One was that the new County would be at no expense for a Court House for at least five years. So we Las Vegas men contributed to a fund, raised \$1,800 and built a little Court House which later, with an addition, became the present Public Library. It had room for the County Clerk and the County Treasurer, the other officers doing the best they could for a while, but long before the five years were up we saw the need for a real Court House.

So after a year or two of vigorous fighting, we got the voters to vote a \$75,000 court house bond issue. On December 10, 1913, the contract for the building construction was let for \$46,400; plumbing and heating \$4,426, a total of \$50,826. Later contracts for electric wiring and fixtures, and some other features were let, the whole cost of the building below \$65,000, leaving more than \$10,000 for furnishing and equipment.

That Court House is still a fine building, in good condition and attractive in architecture; our old friend **F. J. DeLongchamps**, erroneously called "F. J. DeLongchant" on the Reno Court House, being the architect.

In the corridor of the building is a plaque commemorating those who were responsible most largely for the building:

---

JACK CORTEZ 

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# Merry Christmas Liberace

## CLARK COUNTY COURT HOUSE Erected 1914

### County Commissioners

C. C. Ronnow, Chairman  
George A. Fayle  
John M. Bunker

E. J. L. Taber, District Judge  
Harley A. Harmon, County Clerk  
O. J. VanPelt, District Attorney  
Sam Fay, Sheriff

Ed W. Clark, Treasurer

Frank A. Doherty, County Recorder  
S. R. Whitehead, Assessor

I. C. Johnson, Public Administrator

F. J. DeLongchamps, Architect  
Campbell & Turner, Contractors

C. E. McCarthy, County Surveyors

That Court House, with its marble corridors and staircase, its fine tile floor and its spacious offices (still not spacious enough) has a warm place in my heart, perhaps because some of those near to me were in it. My son, James, now deceased, had the electrical wiring contract and did a good job. Frank A. Doherty, county recorder, was my son-in-law. He also has "gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns." F. J. DeLongchamps, architect, still lives and is active in Reno, although there they had the inhumanity of spelling his distinguished name, carved in stone on the Washoe Court House as "DeLongchant."

All the County officers whose names are on the Clark County Court House plaque, save our distinguished friend Colonel Charles E. McCarthy, have passed to their reward. He entered the military service of the United States at the beginning of World War I, served in two World Wars with distinction, was retired and came happily back to Las Vegas to round out his career in the place he loves the best.

I guess I am getting to be old fash-

ioned, but I still love the old Court House for its associations, among these being the fact that my daughter Florence served six years as County Clerk there. I had supposed the addition would really be an addition, but my first inspection of it is very disappointing. Yet I understand the addition is costing more than three times what the original old Court House cost.

\* \* \* \* \*

December 29, 1951

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

For all those who read this little column in FABULOUS Las Vegas, I wish, with all my heart, A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR! And for all those who do not read it, I wish the same. We all unite in the hope that 1952 may be a better year for us and the world than was 1951. Many of us look back at 1951 as an unsatisfactory year for the United States as a Nation, although for most of us personally it has been fairly satisfactory. Most of us have had enough to eat and to wear and a shelter to keep us comfortable, yet hidden away in the inmost recesses of our minds has been the fear that things are not well either with the World or with our Nation.

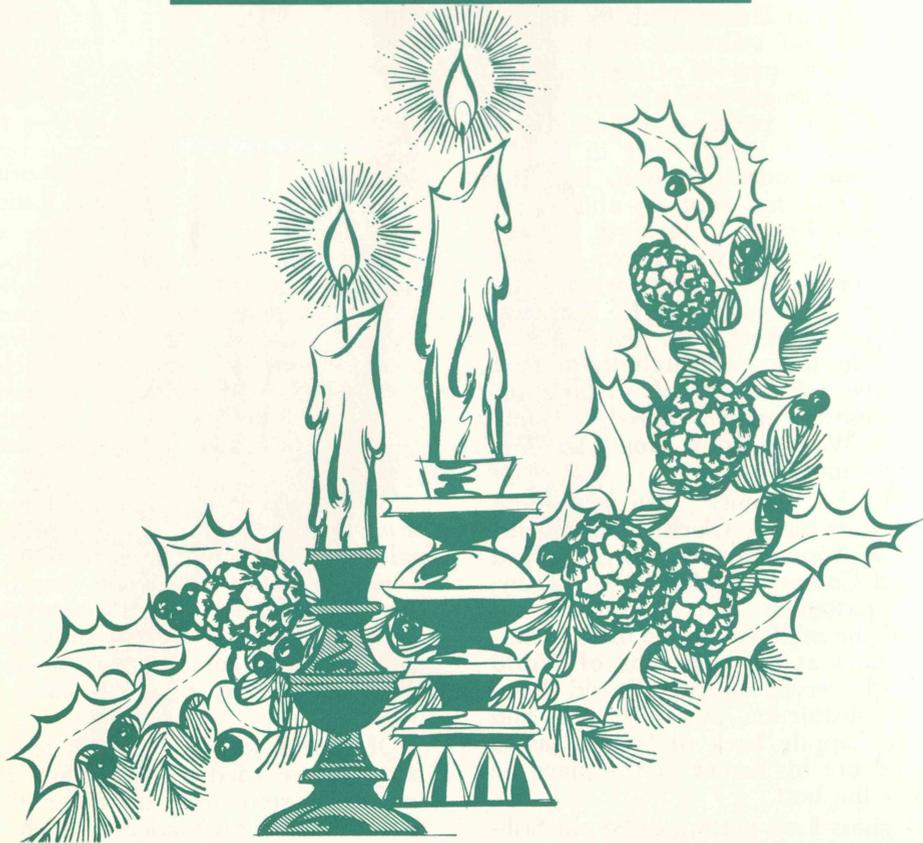
For the first time in history we have witnessed the shameful spectacle of our government accepting with little more than timid protest, sameful and insulting treatment from other nations. We see high officials besmirched with fraud and petty graft and others, guilty of disloyalty, carefully protected by our government.

We have seen a full year of indecisive warfare boost the toll of casualties among our American boys in Korea to more than one hundred thousand. We have patiently endured the waste of hope that in some way America could come out of the sorry mess with at least a semblance of honor.

Of course we want Peace, so our people have tried to be patient during nearly six months of "negotiating a truce" with governments which we

# Season's GREETINGS

from  
**THE BINION FAMILY**



are certain have no intention of keeping any promises they may make to us, and are simply gaining time for greater armament and more men and supplies with which to kill more of our boys.

We have surrendered our power as a nation to a world organization, most of the members of which are not our friends, but are bleeding us white for their own selfish ends.

Both our National Power and our respect and influence among world nations (except what our money buys) are reduced to a minimum, and we face the world with a sorry smile and the silly excuse that we are sacrificing all "for the sake of Peace."

America, which should be the greatest power and influence for Peace in the whole world, has been reduced to the role of suppliant for mercy from the Communistic nations. In truth, we are all plagued with the

fear that our government at heart is in sympathy with the destructive and terrible doctrine of Communism.

Since Roosevelt recognized and honored Communistic Russia we have seen the trend toward Communism in our government running constantly stronger and stronger. We can't help wondering where it will end.

Nineteen Fifty Two will in truth be a **Happy New Year** if America shall again get her feet on the ground and stop trying to swing herself into glory on the pale moonbeams of Socialism and Communism.

What would we not give to see in the **White House** a year from now another strong man of the type of Grover Cleveland or Theodore Roosevelt?

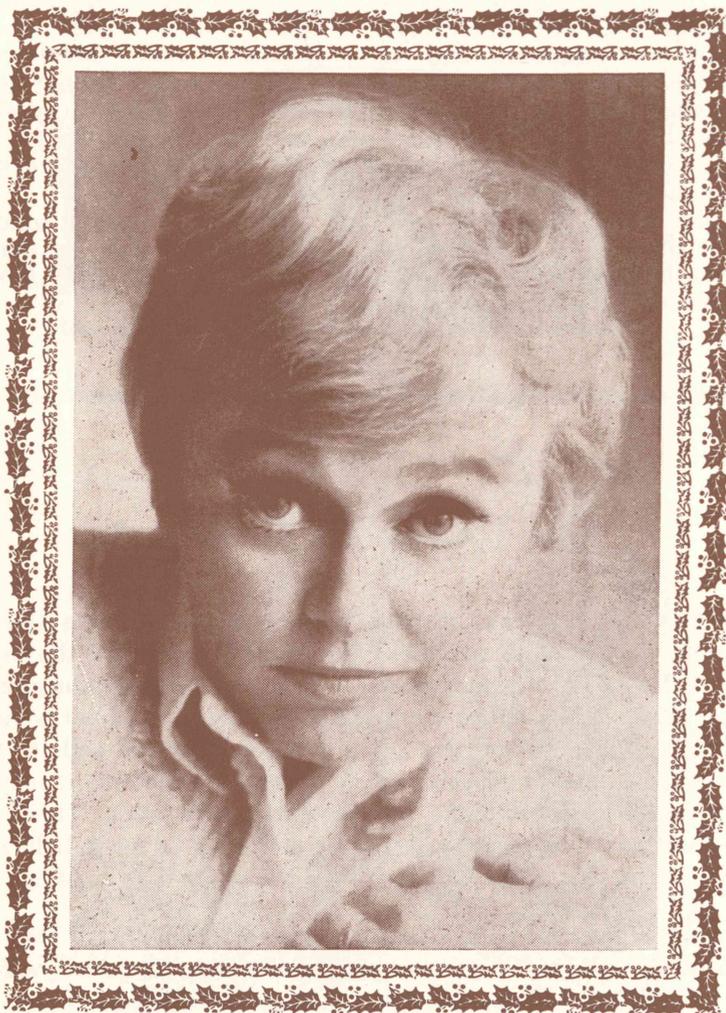
For this great but muddled nation of the United States that would indeed be **A MOST HAPPY NEW YEAR!**

## *The Unknown Benefactor*

A certain young man has made a habit each year before Christmas of spending a considerable amount of his spare time around the toy department of a large downtown store. He circulates inconspicuously among the customers, and whenever he sees a child looking wistfully at some toy but obviously too poor to have any hope of receiving it, he nods to the salesgirl, and she takes the coveted doll or bunny or whatever it may be, and gives it to the child with the compliments of the store. Then, after the happy child goes out, walking on air for sheer joy at the unbelievable gift, the young man slips around and pays the bill at the cash register.

For several seasons, he has had an arrangement with the store to allow him to do this and to keep his secret. In this way, over the years, he has spent his Christmas bonuses, thereby bringing unexpected joy to scores of poor children, while remaining anonymous.

Joy and Peace  
To Everyone



**PAT CARROLL**

**INFORMATION FREE!**

By Arnold E. Hagen

**WHAT'S COOKING HERE?:** Everybody loves macaroni products — which include spaghetti and egg noodles — but do you know how to cook them properly? Simple basic directions come from: *National Macaroni Institute*, Dept. IF, P.O. Box 336, Palatina, Illinois 60067.

**MOBILE HOUSING PUBLICATIONS:** A catalog that lists and describes Mobile Housing Publications. *Mobile Homes Manufacturers Association*, Public Relations (IF), 6650-North Northwest Highway, Chicago, Illinois 60631.

**HEALTH CAREER INFORMATION:** A referral list of source agencies and their career fields. Excellent source of free and inexpensive career information. *National Health Council*, Dept. IF, 1740-Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019.

**TEENAGE BEAUTY BOOKLET:** Teenage gals will glean much useful information from a free booklet now available from Sea Breeze called, "Beauty Is." The booklet is crammed with timely hints on health and nutrition, personal hygiene, make-up methods and formal and informal dress fashions. It explains how to look and feel your best no matter what the season of the year. For your free copy of "Beauty IS," write and send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: *Sea Breeze Laboratories, Inc.*, Dept. IF, 3126 Forbes Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15213.

**SAFE BOATING POSTER:** The National Safety Council, as part of its efforts to promote National Safe Boating Week, is offering, free of charge, a "Safe Boating Is No Acci-

dent" poster. The vivid orange, green, and white poster measures 17" by 22½" and is printed on heavy enamelled paper. Ten safe boating rules are given, as well as general boating tips. For your free posters, write to: Public Information Dept. IF, *Boating Poster*, *National Safety Council*, 425 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

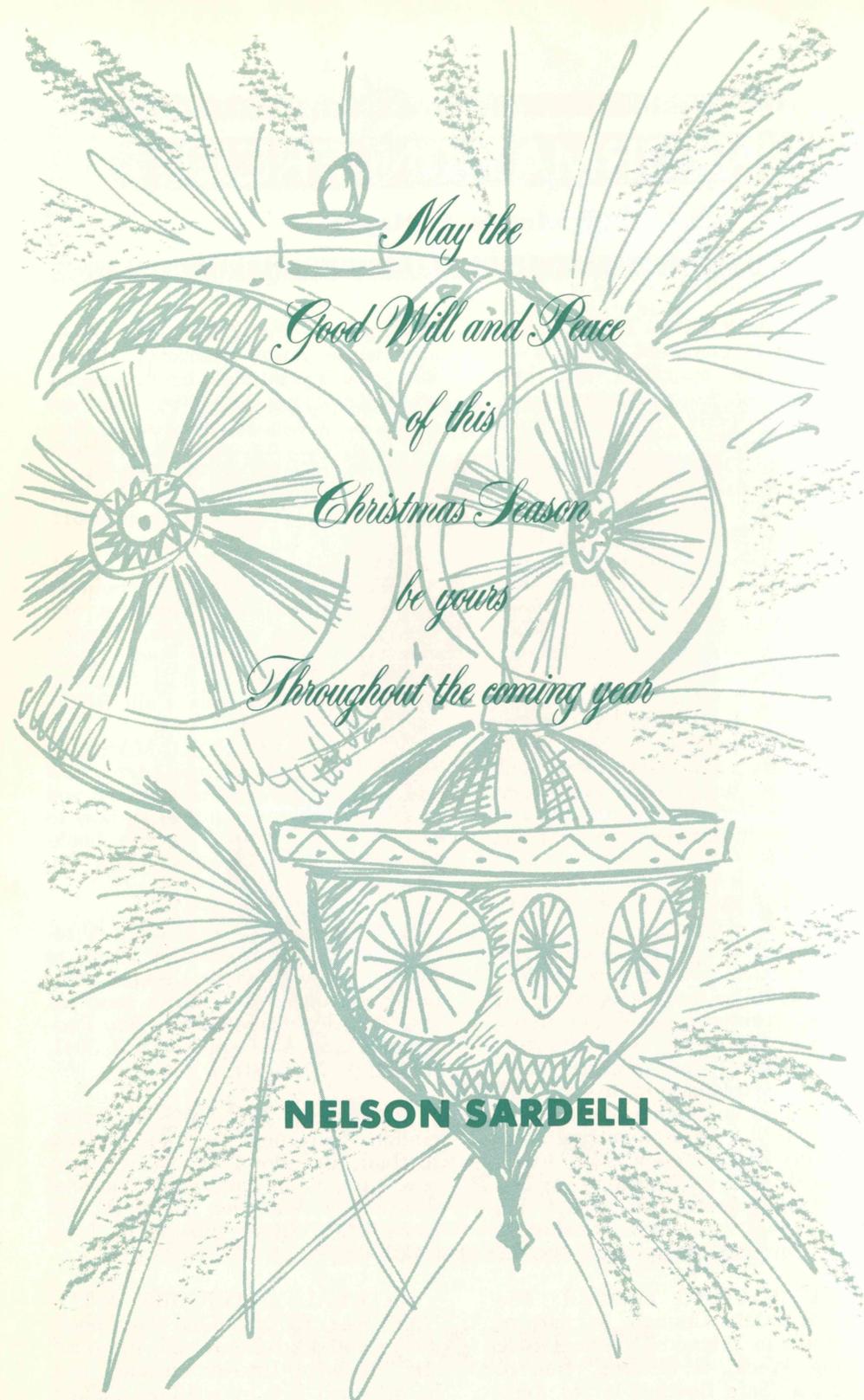
**TALKING BOOKS FOR ALL AGES:** New catalog with complete listing of audio books, cassettes, and reels including children's, literary classics, and religions. *Audio Book Company*, Dept. IF, 301 Pasadena Avenue, South Pasadena, Calif. 91030.

**FLOOR CARE INFORMATION:** Before you go out shopping for a new resilient floor, it pays to learn all you can about the types available, how to install them, etc. Send for free booklets. *Armstrong Cork Co.*, Dept. IF, Lancaster, Pa. 17604.

**SAY PUDDING, PLEASE:** A recipe booklet that contains ideas to make family desserts deluxe. For more exciting meal endings send for this free idea-recipe booklet. "*Say Pudding, Please*" — Dept. IF, Box 3041, Kankakee, Ill. 60901.

**FOOTBALL HANDBOOK:** Information concerning pro and college football. Includes illustrations, facts, schedules, etc. 25c per copy. *National Research Bureau, Inc.*, Dept. IF, 424 North Third Street, Burlington, Iowa 52601.

**NATURAL INTERIORS WITH NATURAL REDWOOD:** Two booklets devoted to "Redwood Interiors" and "Redwood Interior Finishes" may be obtained free by writing: *Califor-*



May the  
Good Will and Peace  
of this  
Christmas Season  
be yours  
Throughout the coming year

**NELSON SARDELLI**

---

May you and all  
whom you hold dear  
be graced with the Blessings  
of Good Health and Happiness  
Peace, Freedom and Security  
at this Holiday Time  
and in the Coming New Year

**DAVE GOLDSTEIN**

CASINO

**DUNES HOTEL  
AND COUNTRY CLUB**

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nia Redwood Association, Dept. IF,  
617 Montgomery Street, San Fran-  
cisco, California 94111.

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"ANSWERING YOUR OWN  
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Covers the cancer field for the lay  
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and A form. *American Cancer Society,  
Inc.*, Dept. IF, 219 East 42nd Street,  
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WHAT THEY WORE: A collection  
of panel cartoons. The series of Car-  
toons has appeared in newspapers in



49 states with a total circulation of 90,000,000 over the last 5 years, and regularly in more than 85 labor publications. Excellent material for students of history. 10c per copy. Union Label Dept. (IF), *International Workers' Union*, 275 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001.

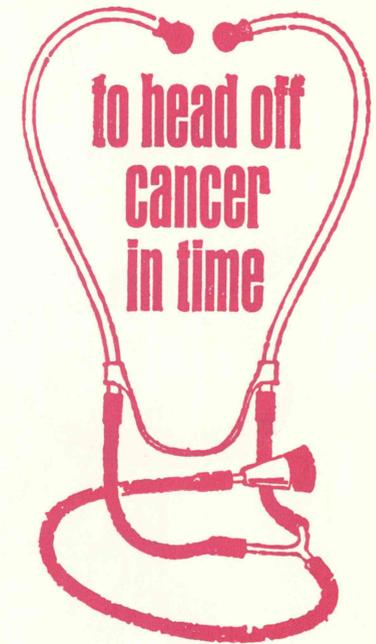
**HOORAY FOR THE HOT DOG:** History and current facts on America's favorite food are now written up in this little booklet. Send for your free copy. *Consumer Services, Oscar Mayer & Co.*, Dept. IF, P.O. Box 1409, Madison, Wisconsin 53701.

**ASSORTED LAMB RECIPE FOLDERS:** These recipes have been thoroughly tested in the kitchens of the American Lamb Council, and makes use of all cuts of lamb. Also a free chart — Lamb Cuts & How to Cook Them. *American Lamb Council*, Dept. CO, 200 Clayton Street, Denver, Colo. 80206.

**HOW-TO-DO-IT-BOOKLET:** "Specifications for Covering Existing Interior Walls and Ceilings with Gypsumboard Products." The eight-page illustrated manual describes methods for covering walls and ceilings which have been decorated with lead-based paints. *Gypsum Association*, Dept. IF, 201 North Wells Street, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

**"WE LIVE HERE TOO":** A brochure explaining the position of the gypsum industry in the area of pollution control. As its title implies, the publication points out the ecological responsibility the industry feels toward protecting our environment. *Gypsum Association*, Dept. IF, 201 N. Wells Street, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

**WORDS OF WISDOM:** Famous personalities throughout history, including a few who got burned, stress the theme of fire prevention in a series of safety aids issued by the snuff and chewing tobacco industry. The two-colored posters are offered free of cost to sportsmen's clubs, conservation groups, government agencies, indus-



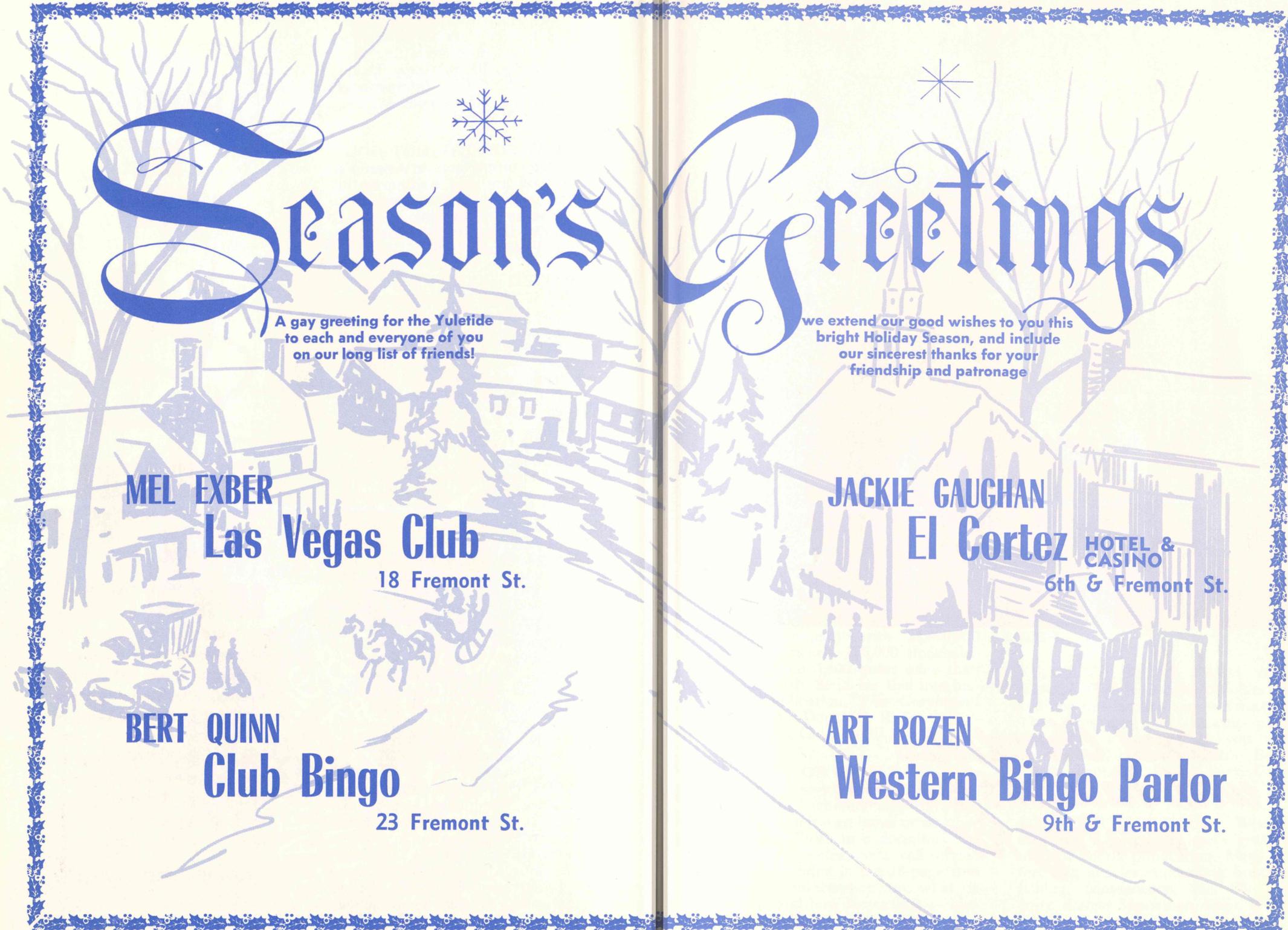
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See your doctor every year for a thorough health checkup, no matter how well you may feel.

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See your doctor immediately if you have any one of Cancer's Seven Danger Signals that lasts more than two weeks: (1) Unusual bleeding or discharge (2) A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere (3) A sore that does not heal (4) Change in bowel or bladder habits (5) Hoarseness or cough (6) Indigestion or difficulty in swallowing (7) Change in a wart or mole.

**AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY**



# Season's

A gay greeting for the Yuletide  
to each and everyone of you  
on our long list of friends!

**MEL EXBER**

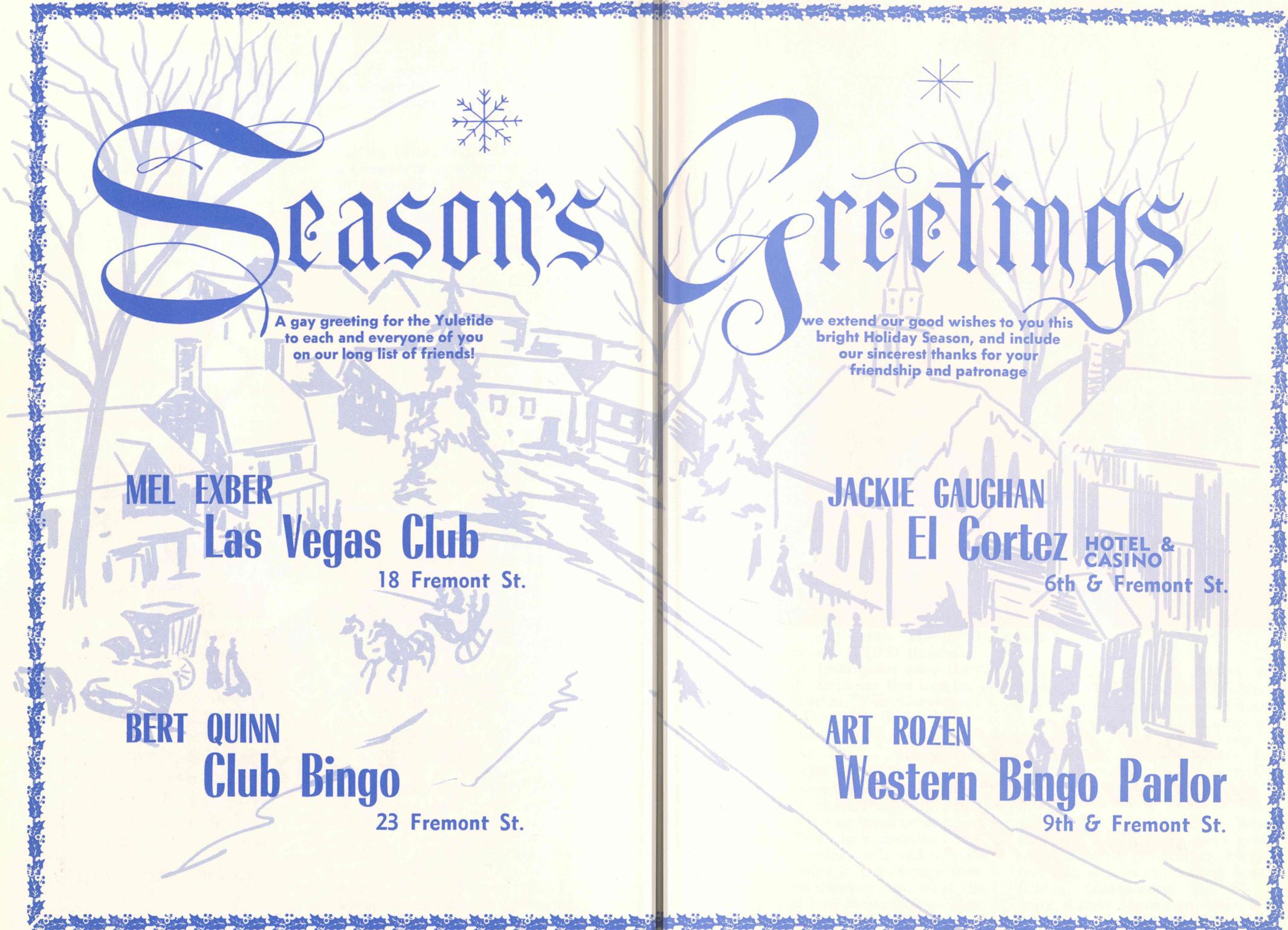
**Las Vegas Club**

18 Fremont St.

**BERT QUINN**

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23 Fremont St.



# Greetings

we extend our good wishes to you this  
bright Holiday Season, and include  
our sincerest thanks for your  
friendship and patronage

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CASINO

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**ART ROZEN**

**Western Bingo Parlor**

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# JOE WILLIAMS

## WORTH WAITING FOR ...



BLUE NOTE

*and Christmas  
with fabulous is worth  
waiting for.*



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trial firms, trade associations, and other organizations concerned with outdoor and on-the-job safety. For gratis copies and enrollment in the continuing program write: *Smokeless Tobacco Safety Bureau*, Dept. IF, 18 East 48th Street, New York, New York 10017.

**THE JOYFUL SOUND:** A pamphlet that contains Dr. David Hubbard's sermons from the previous months' broadcasts. They are available free on a month-to-month basis to anyone who writes to: *Gospel Broadcasting Association*, Dept. IF, Box 123, Los Angeles, Calif. 90053.

**AN ERA OF EXCELLENCE:** It began in 1914 — up in windswept Hibbing, Minnesota. Greyhound, as it was to become known, had but two employees. Today, Greyhound is a diversified company with 34,000,000 employees, nearly 125,000 stockholders and about 5,400 buses more than it began with. Send for this free historical publication. *The Greyhound Corporation*, Dept. IF, 10 South Riverside Plaza, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

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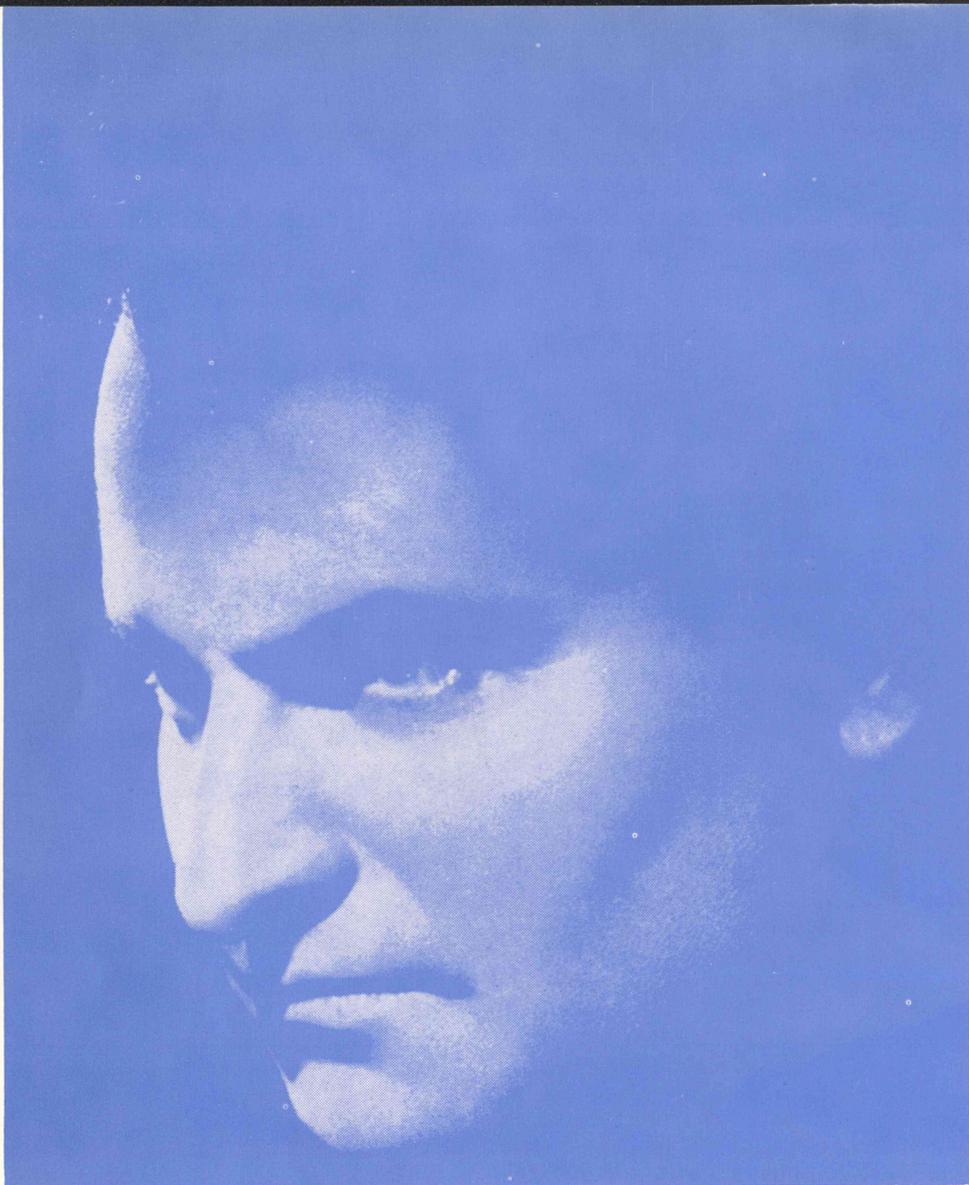
the best results. Write: *Consumer Information Center*, Dept. IF, The Maytag Company, Newton, Iowa 50208.

**HEALTH RETIREMENT GUIDE:** Emphasizes the necessity of a carefully balanced and nutritionally sound diet and offers diagrams of exercises specifically developed for older citizens. The 38-page booklet also gives tips on dental, ear and eye care. *AARP*, Fulfillment Department, IF, P.O. Box 199, Long Beach, California 90801.

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**KNOTT'S BERRY FARM AND GHOST TOWN:** A colorful folder describing this famous tourist attraction. This interesting and historic place should be a must when you visit Southern California. *Knott's Berry Farm*, Dept. IF, Buena Park, Calif. 90620.

**BADGER SPORTSMAN:** Wisconsin's and Upper Michigan's greatest outdoor sports publication. Many interesting articles concerning hunting, fishing, conservation, etc. 25c per copy. *Badger Sportsman*, Dept. IF, 19 E. Main Street, Chilton, Wis. 53014.



Have a Heavenly Christmas

and a Joyous New Year

**JIMMY GRIPPO**

*A joyful Christmas*

*and a*

*Bright New Year*

**HARRY JAMES**



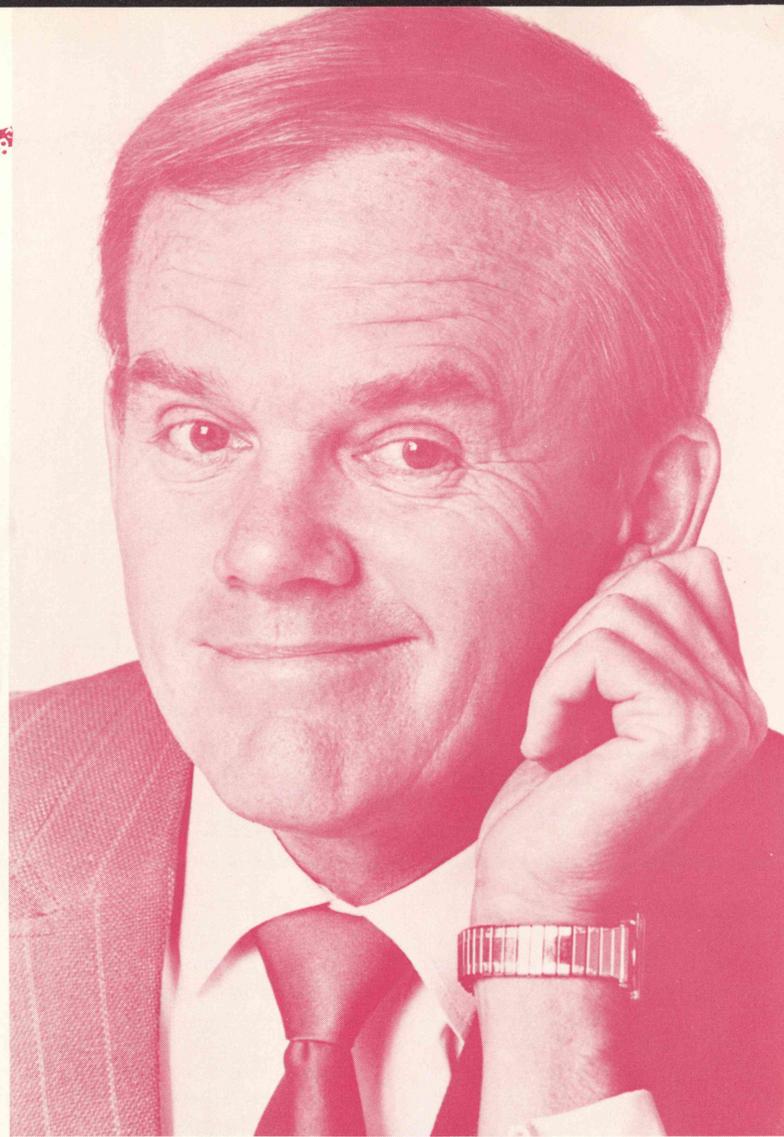
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**"SONG OF NORWAY" TOURS:** Theatre patrons who enjoyed "Song of Norway," a film epic depicting the life of Norway's great composer, Edvard Grieg, can now make their own tour to the very places where the film was shot. Illustrated tour folders and a list of the principal Song of Norway shooting areas in Norway and Denmark are available from: *Scandinavian National Tourist Offices*, Dept. IF, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017 and also . . . 612 S. Flower St., Los Angeles, California 90017.

**WHAT YEAR IS IT?:** A guide which helps take some of the mystery out of determining the age of its look-alike Beetles. Now in its ninth edition, the 12-page booklet highlights major improvements made in the bug-shaped car each year since the first few came out of the factory at the end of 1945. Write: *Volkswagen of America's Public Relations Department IF*, Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632.



Warmest wishes  
for every happiness  
During the Holiday Season

Woody Woodbury

**COMPUTERS, CAREERS AND YOU:** Covers general career opportunities in computing plus consumer guidelines which should be followed in the evaluation and selection of a private EDP school — should the individual elect to choose this route for entering the computer field. The booklet also presents general information concerning the applications of computers and their nature. 25c per copy. Write: *American Federation of Information Processing Societies*, Dept. IF, 210 Summit Avenue, Montvale, N.J. 07654.

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**GOSPEL FILMS CATALOG:** A listing of available rental films. Use these excellent films for your meetings. *Gospel Films, Inc.*, Dept. IF, Box 455, Muskegon, Michigan 49443.

**CONSUMER INFORMATION GUIDE:** A booklet that contains facts and figures on home management, food facts, and home economics. Many facts and illustrations. 25c per copy. *National Research Bureau, Inc.*, Dept. IF, 424 North Third Street, Burlington, Iowa 52601.

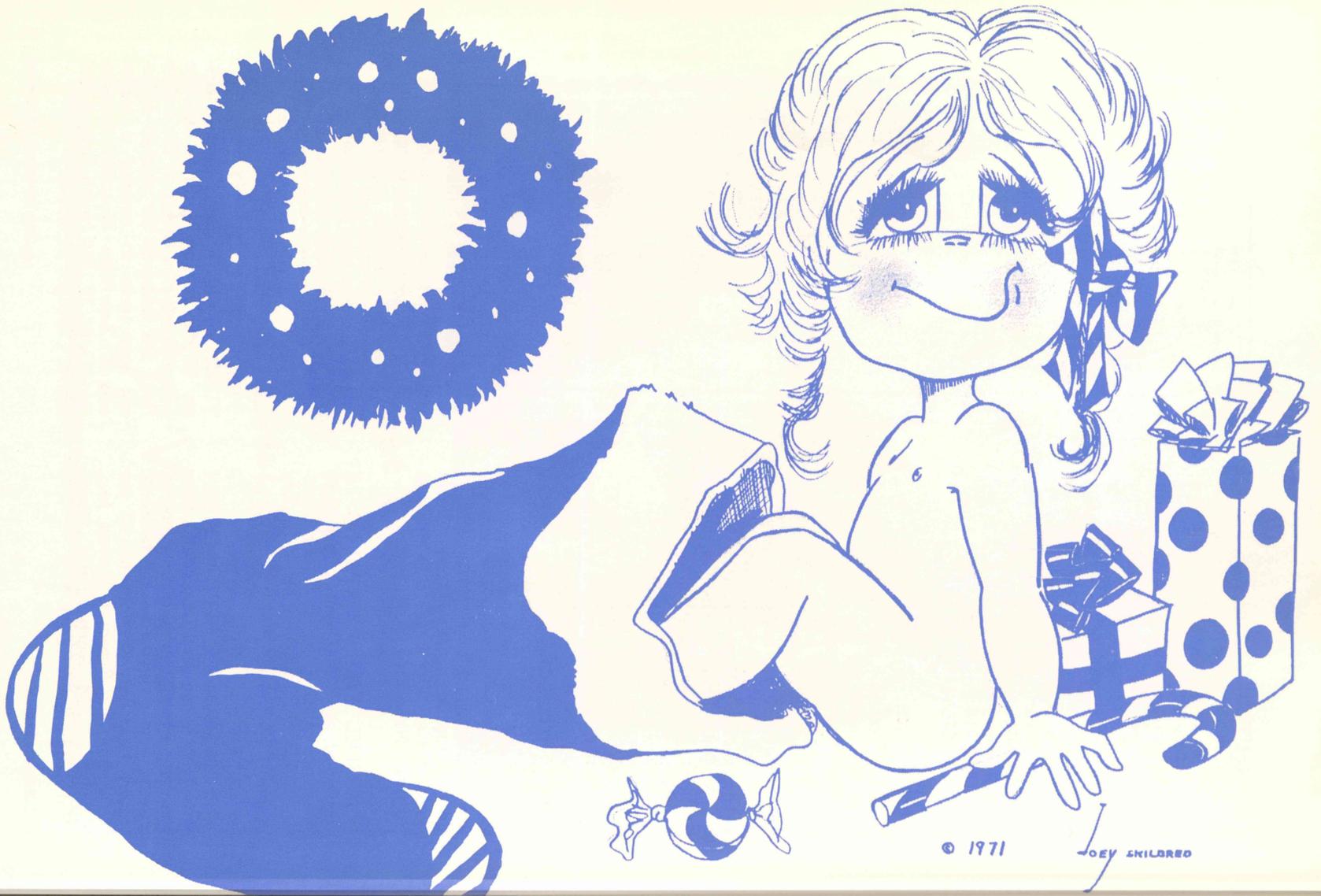
## "Go, Love"

There is no heartbreak  
in him yet.  
He is too young,  
this "little creature,  
formed of joy  
and mirth,"  
to understand why  
he cannot walk  
like other children,  
why he must  
spend his days,  
braced and strapped,  
in a wheelchair.  
He loves,  
as Blake enjoined,  
and is loved . . . and,  
for the moment,  
that is enough.  
But his future is  
bleak unless *you* help.



Please contribute to the  
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**PARENTS, LOOK TO THE FUTURE:** This leaflet describes the variety of career opportunities and the advantages to be found in the health field. It's designed for parents to assist teen-agers in making a career choice. *American Hospital Association*, Dept. IF, 840 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60611.



1972

JANUARY							FEBRUARY							MARCH						
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1972

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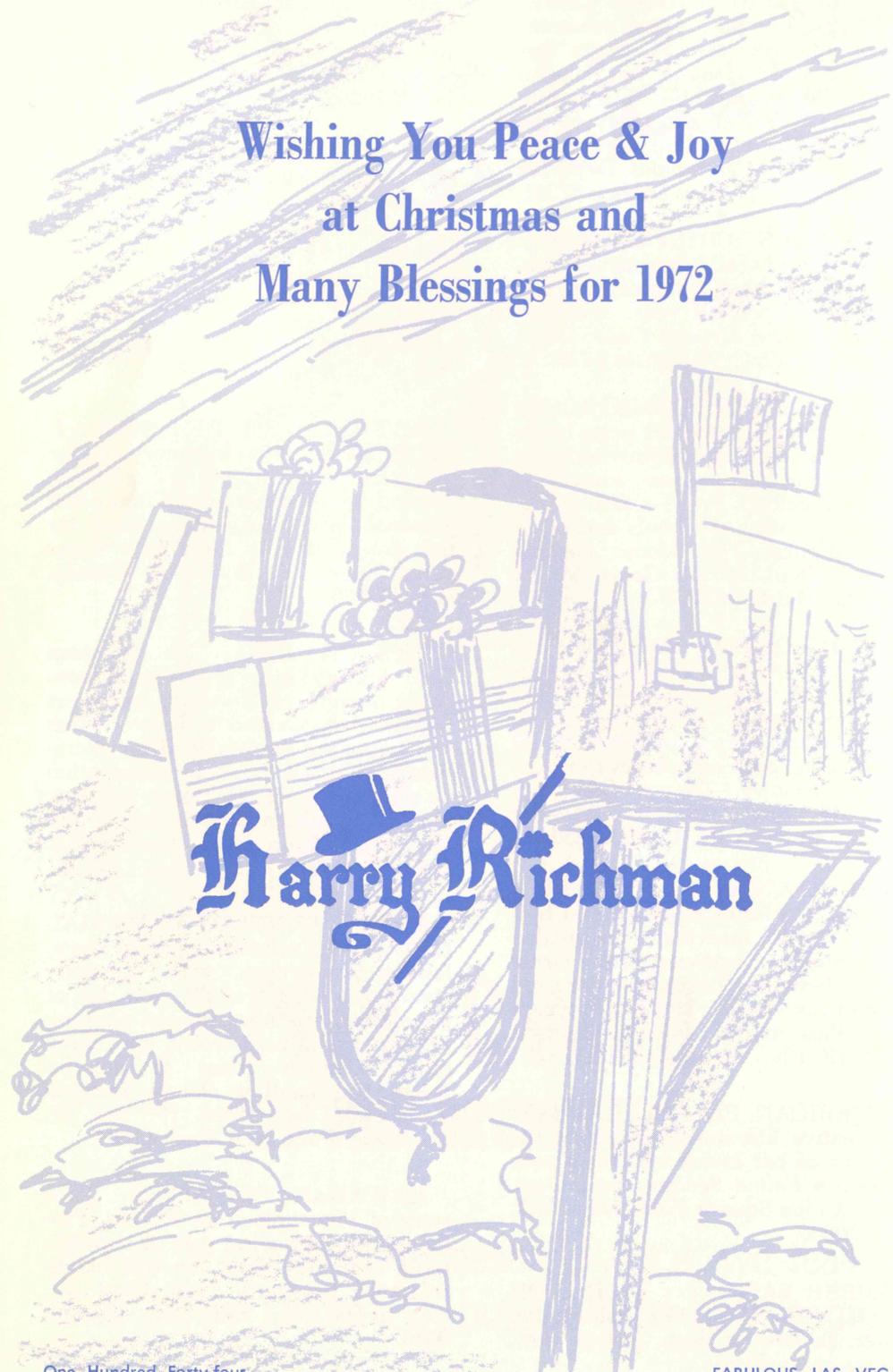
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One Hundred Forty-three

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THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER



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and your treasure  
throughout the New Year  
the mills brothers



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of Peace and Happiness*

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for the  
Holiday Season



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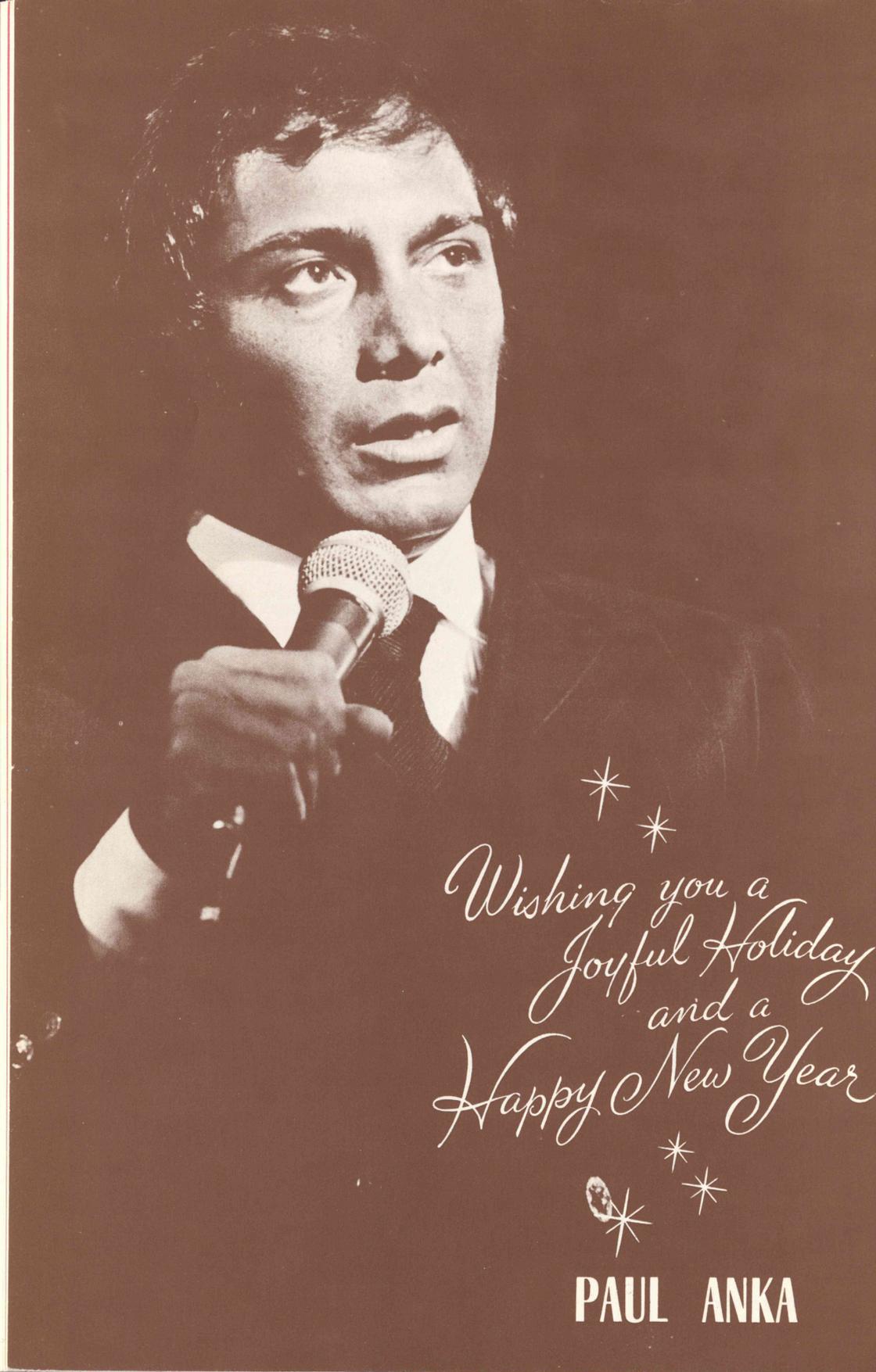
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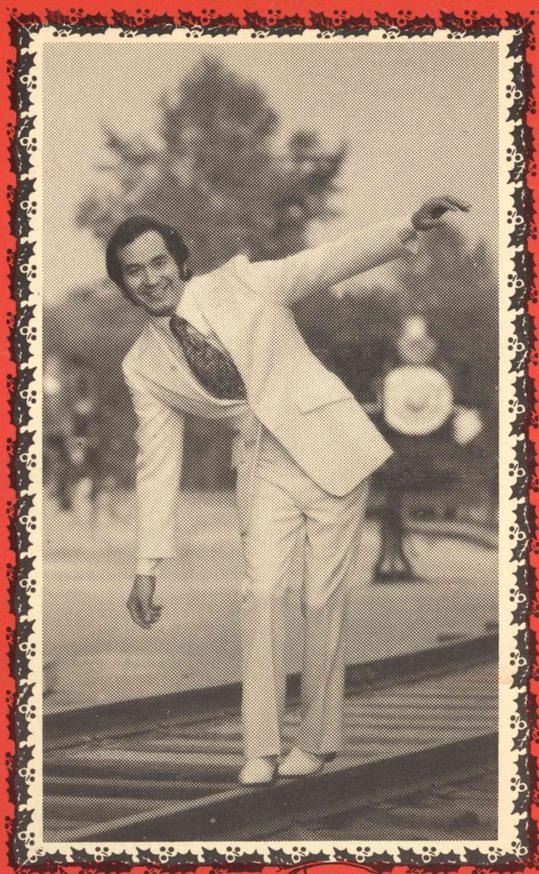
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