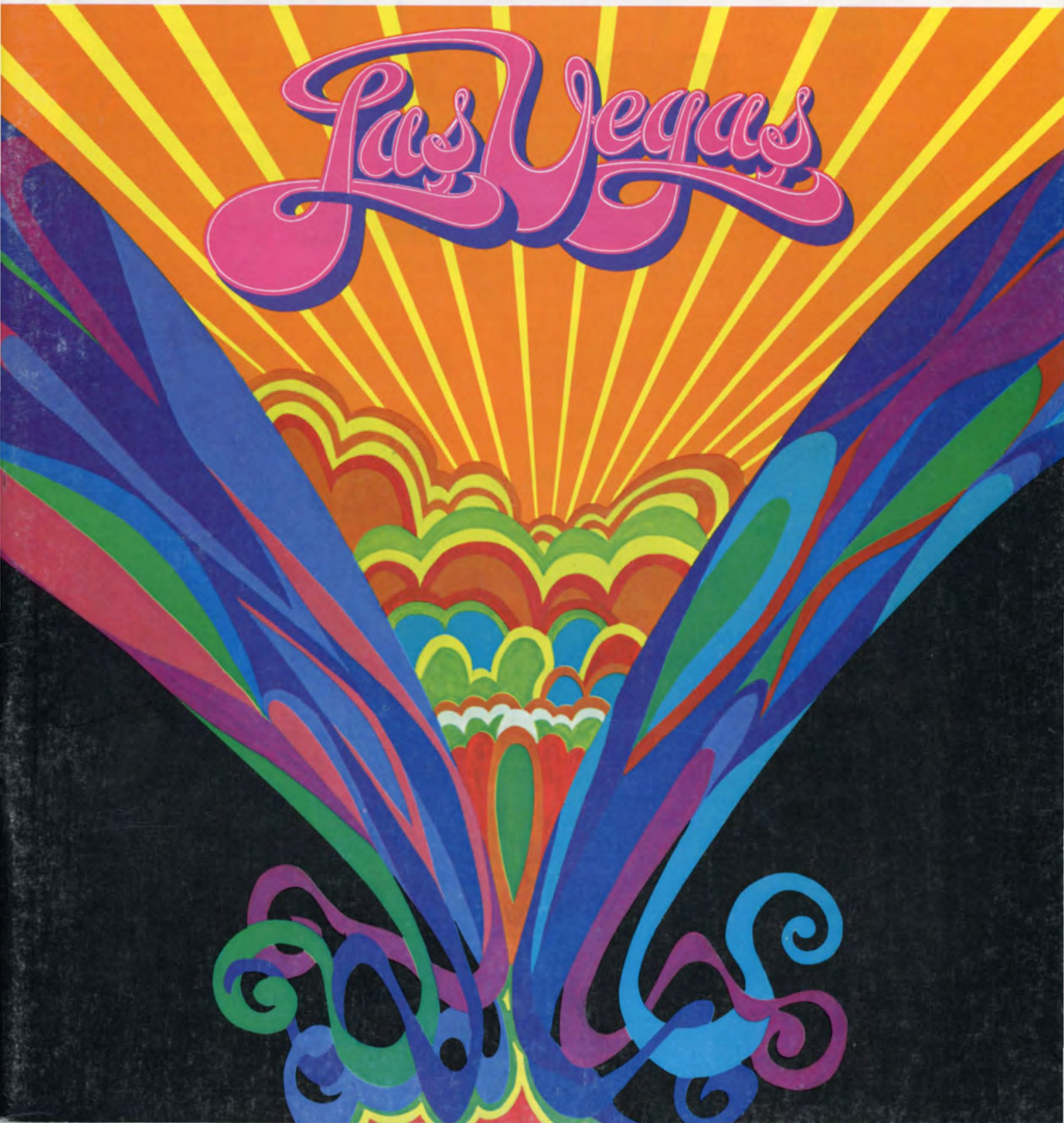
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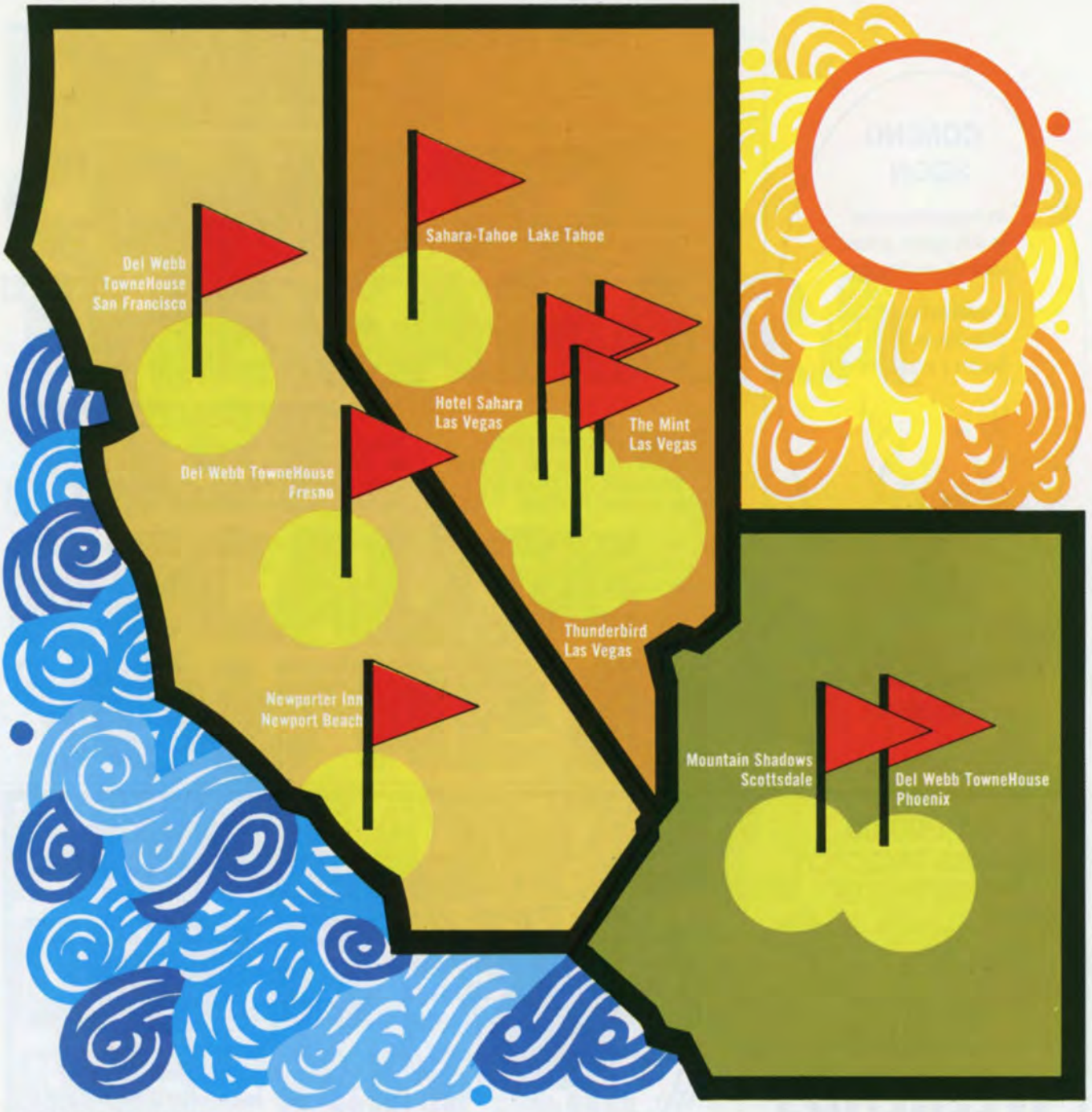
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NEVADA

Spring 1972 Volume 32, Number I

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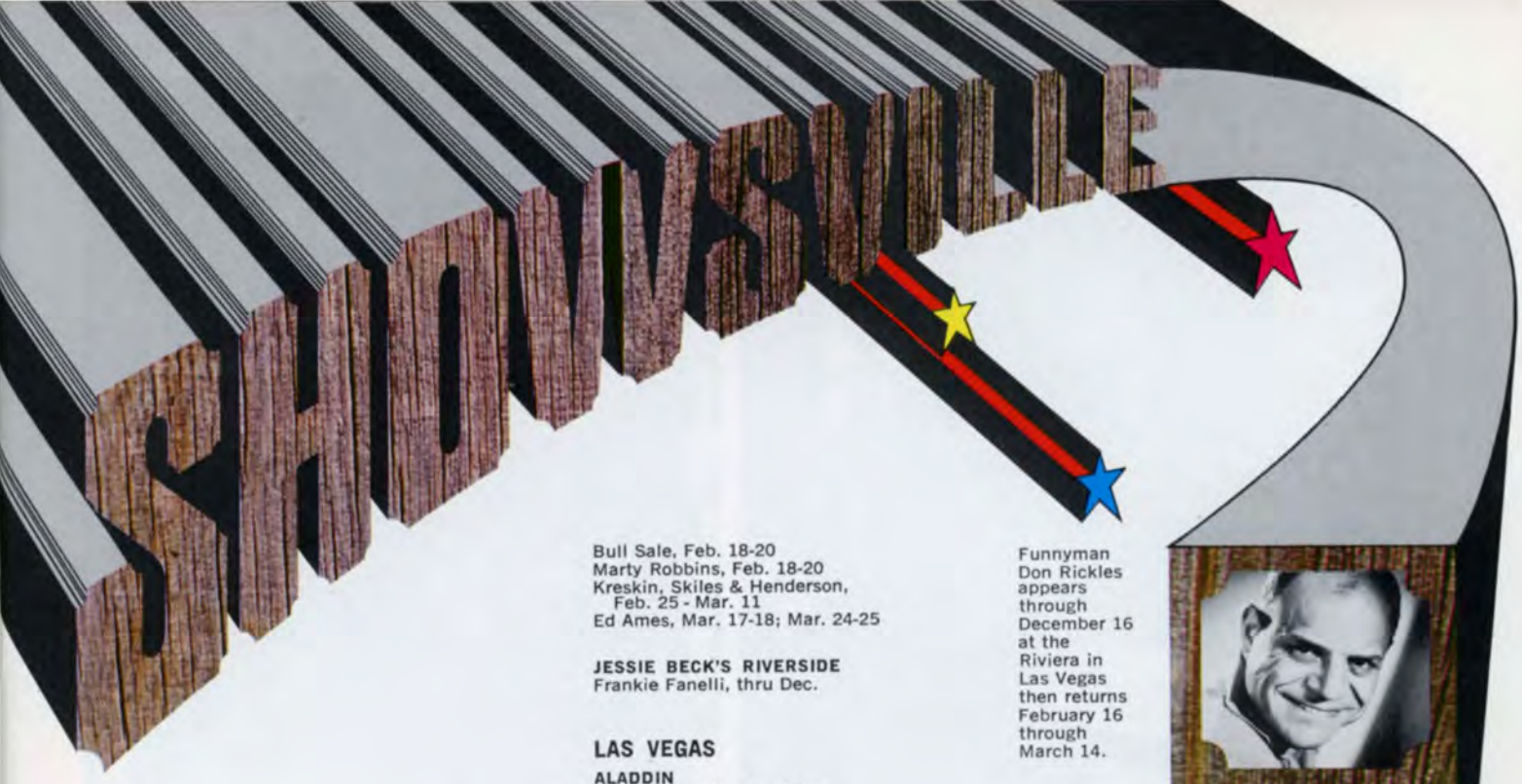
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LAKE TAHOE

HARRAH'S
Glen Campbell, Dec. 24-27
Jerry Lewis, Dec. 28 - Jan. 1
Sammy Davis Jr., Jan. 2-9
Debbie Reynolds, Jan. 21-23

HARVEY'S
Ron Rose, thru Dec. 25
Lenny Herman, Dec. 26 - Jan. 12
Good Vibrations, Dec. 9-21
Virgil Gifford, thru Dec. 21
Esquires, thru Jan. 4
Marshmellow Company, Dec. 17 - Jan. 4
Sherman & Leigh, Dec. 22 - Jan. 11
The Family Tree, Dec. 23 - Jan. 12
Leon Smith and The Basics, Dec. 23 - Jan. 12

SAHARA TAHOE
Andy Williams, Lennon Sisters, Dec. 24 - Jan. 2
Al Bello, thru Dec. 20
Rossie & White, Dec. 20 - Jan. 2
Sound & Co., Dec. 21 - Jan. 11
Fabulous Entertainers, Dec. 2-19
Cortez Greer, Dec. 20 - Jan. 9

RENO - SPARKS - CARSON CITY

CARSON CITY NUGGET
Jack Reeves Show, Dec. 14-26
Virgil Gifford Show, Dec. 28 - Jan. 9
Garn Littledyke Show, Jan. 11-23
The Spectacles, Feb. 8-20
Darrell Allen, Feb. 22 - Mar. 5
The Buckshots, Mar. 7-19

HAROLDS CLUB
Dick Roman, thru Dec. 13
Ray Malus, Dec. 14 - Feb. 7

HARRAH'S
Bill Cosby, Leslie Uggams, Dec. 24 - Jan. 6

HOLIDAY HOTEL
Tony Austin, thru Dec. 19
Charles Gould & His Satin Strings, Ind.

JOHN ASCUAGA'S NUGGET
The Music Made Famous by Glenn Miller, Dec. 31 - Jan. 2
Tex Beneke Orchestra
The Modernaires
Ray Eberle
Skiles & Henderson
Bull Sale, Feb. 18-20
Marty Robbins, Feb. 18-20
Kreskin, Skiles & Henderson, Feb. 25 - Mar. 11
Ed Ames, Mar. 17-18; Mar. 24-25

JESSIE BECK'S RIVERSIDE
Frankie Fanelli, thru Dec.

LAS VEGAS

ALADDIN
Funny Farm, thru mid-Dec.

CAESARS PALACE
Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme, Dec. 18 - Jan. 2

CIRCUS CIRCUS
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Continuous Circus Acts

DESERT INN
Tex Beneke, thru Dec. 16
Harry James, Dec. 17 - Jan. 3
Juliet Prowse, Dec. 28

DUNES
Casino de Paris, Ind.
Russ Morgan Orchestra with Jack Morgan, Dec. 24 - Mar. 23
Art & Dotty Todd, thru Jan. 13
Ted Noell, Jan. 14 - Mar. 9

FLAMINGO
Jack Jones, Myron Cohen, Dec. 24 - Jan. 19
Connie Stevens, Jan. 20 - Feb. 16

FRONTIER
Jerry Vale, thru Dec. 29
Frank Sinatra Jr., Dec. 2 - Jan. 1
Wayne Newton, Dec. 23 - Jan. 26
The Supremes, Jan. 27 - Feb. 23
Ray Anthony, Dec. 30 - Feb. 16
Jimmy Durante, Feb. 24 - Mar. 22

HACIENDA
Topless Folies featuring The Korean Kittens, Ind.

LAS VEGAS HILTON
Barbra Streisand, Dec. 24 - Jan. 13
Sarah Vaughan, Dec. 15 - Jan. 11
Kenny Rogers, First Edition, Jan. 12 - Feb. 8

LANDMARK
Connie Francis, Charlie Callas, Dec. 29 - Jan. 25
Barbara Eden, Frankie Avalon, Jan. 28 - Feb. 15
Jimmy Dean, Feb. 16 - Mar. 14
Frankie Laine, Mar. 15 - Apr. 4

THE MINT
The Expressions, thru Jan. 2
Jades & J'Adorables, thru Jan. 2
Eddie Cash, Jan. 3-30
Lisa Marne, Jan. 3-16
The Maori Quin-Tikis, Jan. 17- Feb. 13
The New Zealand Trading Company, Jan. 31 - Feb. 20
The Garfin Gathering, Feb. 14-27

Funnyman Don Rickles appears through December 16 at the Riviera in Las Vegas then returns February 16 through March 14.



Harrah's Tahoe offers antics by Debbie Reynolds January 21 through 23.

RIVIERA
Don Rickles, Marilyn Michaels, Dec. 10-16
The Fifth Dimension, Norm Crosby, Dec. 17 - Jan. 6
Phyllis Diller, John Davidson, Jan. 7-20
Vikki Carr, Jan. 21 - Feb. 1
Dean Martin, Feb. 2-15
Don Rickles, Feb. 16 - Mar. 14

SAHARA
Super Sahara Celebrations, Dec. 14-24
Jack Benny, Dec. 25 - Jan. 3

SANDS
Dionne Warwick, Dec. 15 - Jan. 4
Louis Prima, Dec. 15 - Jan. 11

SILVER SLIPPER
Wonderful World of Burlesque, Ind.

STARDUST
Le Lido de Paris, Ind.

THUNDERBIRD
Giesha-Rella, Ind.

UNION PLAZA
Fiddler on the Roof

TROPICANA
Folies Bergere, Ind.



Bill Platt, President of Pacific Gallery Chairs of Reno, arranges following day's schedule with secretary.

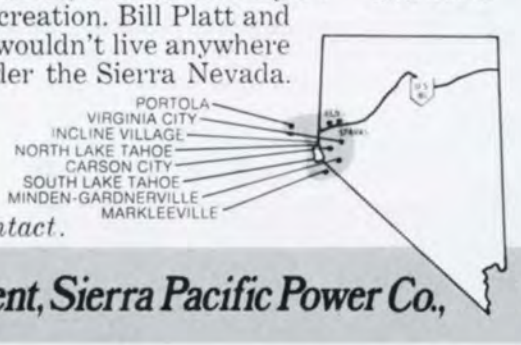


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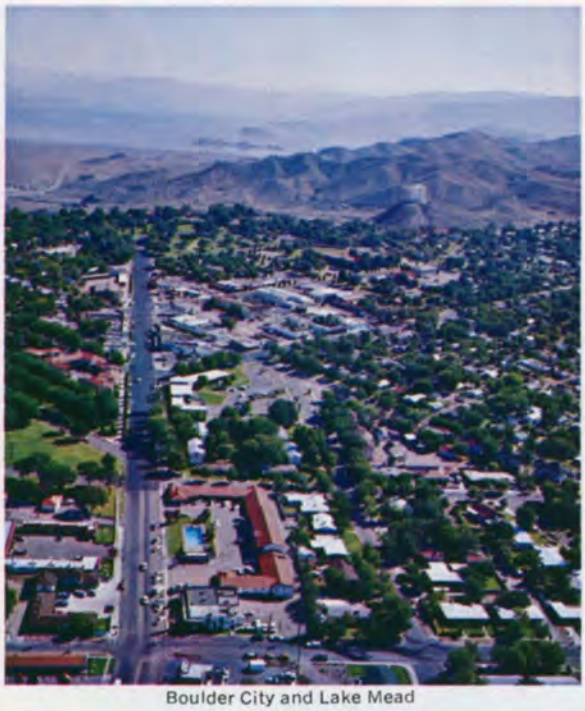
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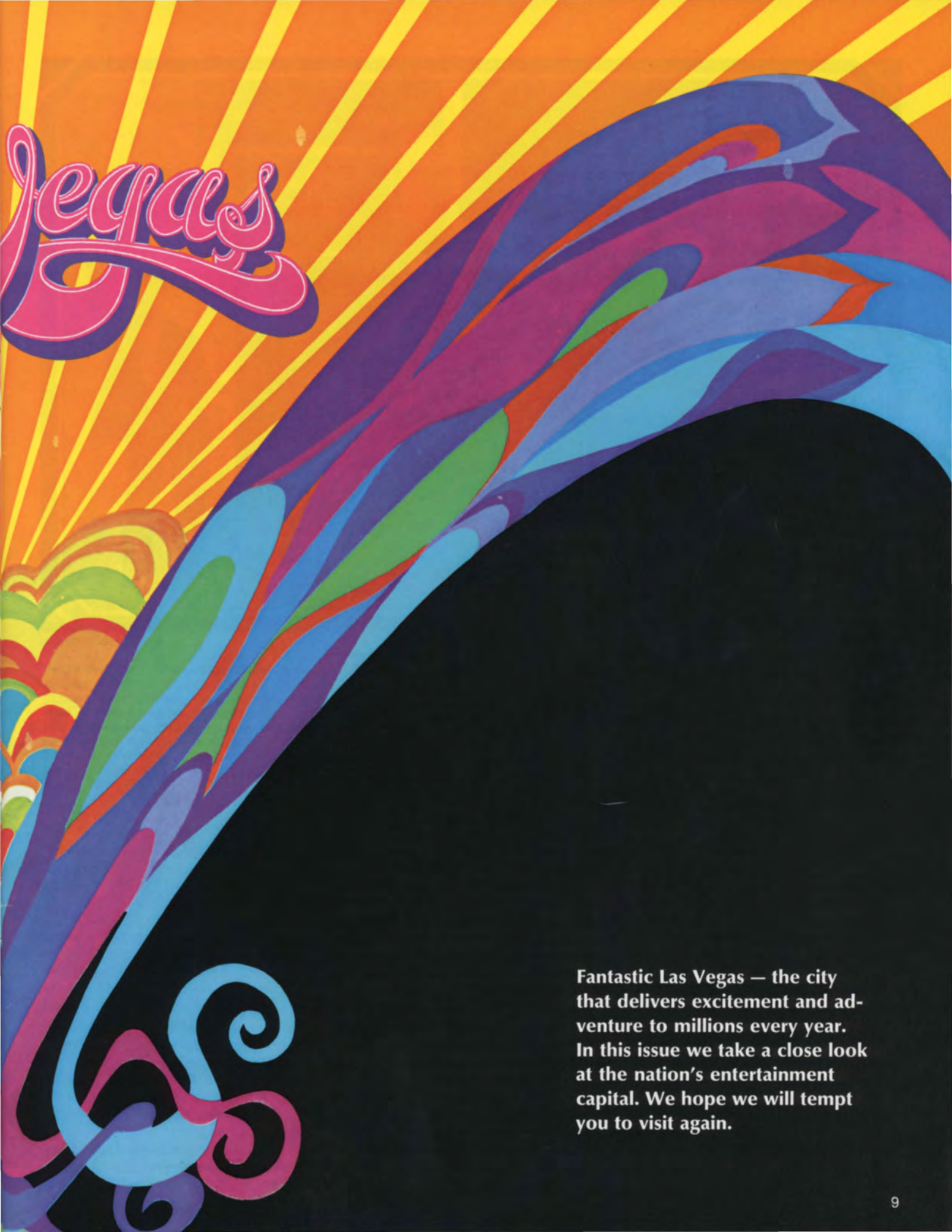
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Fantastic Las Vegas — the city that delivers excitement and adventure to millions every year. In this issue we take a close look at the nation's entertainment capital. We hope we will tempt you to visit again.



Here to Stay

By Joe Digles

Ralph Bellamy and the city of Las Vegas were born the same year. But Vegas isn't reaching for the Geritol.

When she looks into the mirror Las Vegas isn't searching for wrinkles. More likely she's seeking her own identity.

For, come what may, like it or not, Las Vegas has become a city.

A real, here-to-stay place. Not a row of sheiks' tents about to disappear in the desert night.

Rather, a city of 127,000 surrounded by a county which more than half of all Nevadans call home.

It's happened with a swiftness difficult to describe, even harder to understand. Like many another beautiful woman, Vegas has never run to form and has succeeded, ultimately, in deceiving even herself.

Oh, but don't think for more than a turn of a card that Las Vegas is slipping into some sort of middle age. That may never be. For the city, perhaps like no other in America, has a character straight out of a Scott Fitzgerald novel. Born restless, she acts on whim, thrives on excitement, and takes life one full, 24-hour day at a time.

Yet even the Beautiful People pause for reflection, however fleetingly. And Vegas is doing just that.

Becoming a city usually happens to a community only once. Now, how is Las Vegas going to follow that act? Even in a place where the colossal gets second-billing, this transition has been an eye-blinker. Like going from "Ma and Pa Kettle" to "Gone With the Wind" in just a reel change.

The immediate and uncommon challenge is the matter of a confrontation with reality in a city too often and too imprudently cast as unreal. The fact is the time has come for "the city without clocks" to take itself seriously. And that should be fun.

History dealt Nevada into statehood with a marked deck.

Las Vegas wasn't even in the game, looking on from Arizona's side of the table. Then when the cards came her way, Vegas drew one of a kind.

From the beginning there has always been movement.

Scouts and explorers padded and creaked their way over the territory, quite probably cursing the same sun which



LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU

Faces from the frontier. Above—Customers willingly left their glasses to pose for a passing photographer. Look carefully at their costumes and try to guess their various professions! Right—The lady and the sign, neither very serious about the situation. This photo, we think, was probably taken in Jean.



LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU

now supplies tanned bodies for return to New York City. Streets and schools in Las Vegas are named after wanderers like John C. Fremont, Kit Carson, and Jim Bridger.

The Mormons rolled in as the wave of the frontier lapped toward the Pacific. Green settlements sprouted. The influence of these sturdy, family-oriented pioneers continues to play a role in the social, economic and political affairs of Southern Nevada.

A new kind of movement clanged and chugged its way into the Las Vegas Valley as the 19th Century ran out of time. Lots were auctioned off around a place where Iron Horses would take a breather. Las Vegas became a speck on the map in 1905, a railroad town with a railroad outlook: the giant engines loomed as

JERRY ABBOTT — LVNB



Hank Greenspun, publisher of the Sun.

awesome symbols of stability, but their sole purpose was to move, to keep in transit.

The great depression struck relatively isolated Nevada late. The counterpunch for Las Vegas was construction of Hoover Dam. Again, movement. Machinery and muscle to do what never had been done before in the world—30 miles from Las Vegas.

So-called "wide-open" gambling was approved by the state in 1931. It merely transferred to the front room what had been taking place in back rooms without the state and local governments getting their fair tax cut out of the pot. But, truth to tell—and envious nonsense aside—revenue from gambling was a nickle-and-dime affair for more than a decade, particularly in Las Vegas.

Through World War II Vegas contented herself with modest growth, a hideaway for Hollywood types where Clark Gable and Carole Lombard could shoot craps, where Hoot Gibson was host to disaffected wives at his (say it slowly) D4C guest ranch.

Then, movement the likes of which the American West had never seen. The post-war rush to the Pacific made Los Angeles a metropolis and put Southern California on the way toward becoming a megalopolis.

Las Vegas, less than 300 miles away, was irresistible to the war-weary, well-heeled New Californians. And Vegas didn't play coy. Resort hotels proliferated. They put their best foot forward with the leading performers in show business—and the casinos were only a step away.

Suddenly it all came together. Swift air service at the right price made Las Vegas only hours away for most Americans. The nation's attitude toward marriage and divorce was shifting; Vegas accepted the change and accommodated it. A vast force of scientists and workmen was marshalled just to the north for nuclear testing. High-rise hotels began forming a skirmish line on the Strip. Las Vegas, incredibly, had fluttered her lashes and found herself an international queen.

Boom was accompanied by bad mouth. Vegas was maligned by the best in the worst way. "The world record in human eccentricity." "A jet-age Sodom." "The American Mecca of bad taste." Yet the critics were confounded. There was a direct ratio, it seemed, between the amount of abuse and the growth of Las Vegas. They coincided.

In late 1966 puzzlement leapfrogged into a national, even global, guessing game. Howard Hughes established Las Vegas residency and began buying hotels, ranches, raw property, air terminals, a TV station, and mining claims.

What was he up to? Everyone had a guess. They still do, even after Hughes' leavetaking for the Bahamas and the backwash of a struggle for control of his Nevada holdings.

Most important perhaps is the plain fact that Hughes did come to Las Vegas at all. The impact of that act will reverberate in Vegas and Nevada for years.

Equally significant was the coincidental surfacing of the corporation in Nevada gaming. Viewed on one hand as acceptance of business life as it is, corporate gaming is seen by some as a threat to control and abandonment of a successful "home-owned" principle. The fact is there is no turning back from corporate gaming; whatever its influence, Las Vegans will live with it.

Is there another city with as many wonderfully complex hangups as Las Vegas?

Vegas has been yanked from desert whistlestop to watering hole for jet-setters with traumatic abruptness. She has every reason to have a pronounced dual personality. And she does.

It's where Wayne Newton makes his home and has literally sung the praises of a woman hotelowner at a testimonial. Where Bob Cosby can perform for probably six figures a year and still bum rap the town.

Vegas, where the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Ramsey, would spend two days on a busy American tour, remarking: "It is a place of great spiritual opportunity. When people are away from their homes and their work they become very conscious of their own spiritual troubles."

The place that Harry Truman, en route from another state, would call "a black spot." And upon arriving he would visit old pal Jimmy Durante for an evening of piano-playing and conversation.

Where hotel executives include retired generals, ex-FBI men, and kings of construction. The same place that spawns a legislator who rises on the Assembly floor, angered at a political doublecross, to exclaim: "Mr. Speaker, our friendship has went."

The incongruities run on and on. But if this dual personality has a microcosm it may be in the city's newspapers.

Two separately owned papers—the Review-Journal and the Sun—slug it out ferociously seven days a week, a rarity in itself in the dwindling competition of American journalism.

They have pulled the stops: colored headlines (red, blue, and one election night, would you believe red, white, and blue?), an "extra" airlifted to the site of a sporting event by helicopter, and the Sun—its plant burned out—printed in California and flown in for daily distribution for months.

Yet for all the flash and big-city derring-do, the small-town style clings, a legacy too tenacious, perhaps too fitting, to give way without a scrap. A local front-page column; page-one treatment of high school graduations; priority to local news that will be read by, say, New Yorkers whose editors back home can't recall where their own city hall is located.

Las Vegas' dual personality: captured in a drum of printer's ink?

The whiphand of circumstance is driving Las Vegas toward a new era even as she is becoming adjusted to the present one.

The 1960 Federal Census disclosed that only 18.8 per cent of the Las Vegas pop-

Don Digilio, editor, and William V. Wright, general manager of the Review Journal.



JERRY ABBOTT — LVNB



LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU

The Strip at dusk, looking toward the center of the city ☐ Opposite—The business district in the thirties. And a view of Boulder City as it was being built.

ulation was born in the state of Nevada. This was the lowest percentage for any Standard Metropolitan Statistical Area (basically, cities of more than 50,000) in the United States.

At least one study made after the Census revealed an alarmingly high rate of residents did not consider Las Vegas as their "permanent" home.

These factors, of course, coincide. The resulting attitude of transientness was come by naturally. Just as naturally as the attitude existed in an older American West, where there were always those who were going to move on, where strangers weren't to be trusted but there always seemed to be plenty of strangers.

Yet that's no solace to city-builders who have to plan for the schools, the streets, and the taxes to pay for them.

Perhaps inevitably, events are today stripping away this question-mark of transiency.

Size of itself plays a part. Today there are about 275,000 people living in Las Vegas and surrounding Clark County, the anchor of Nevada. By current and con-



LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU



LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU



Fremont Street around forty years ago, looking toward the depot.

servative estimate this figure will double by the end of the century. But, of course, there's a lot of elbowroom. Clark County's 7,900 square miles can comfortably accommodate the land mass of the entire state of Massachusetts. Or swallow up Connecticut, Delaware and Rhode Island combined.

A socio-economic area of this dimension obviously isn't going to be whisked away with the next dust-devil.

Numbers are normally followed in lockstep by political authority. The reapportioned Nevada Legislature will reflect the fact that 56 per cent of all Nevadans live in Clark County and the torch of political power will be passed to their representatives.

Whatever else it brings, this shift of political weight will carry with it a burden of responsibility never before shouldered by Southern Nevada. The sobering realities of this stewardship should further erode the transient attitude.

Then there is the heartbeat of Las Vegas – the resort hotel and casino industry.

On the Strip alone, more than 20,000 are directly employed to house, feed and entertain the city's most important person – the tourist. These employes in turn are directly affected by the health and well-being of the resort hotels.

In the late 1960's a firecracker-string of ownership and managerial changes among the hotels was numbing and, to the average employe, unsettling. Now, seen in relative calm, the experience was worth it.

What had to happen did. The new replaced the old. Corporate structures took command of businesses grown too large to be run by methods effective in their infancy. The resort industry was quite simply retooled to perform tasks it had never faced in the past. The end product has been stabilization – and a sense of normalcy in a business which at best seems a little off-center.

Another development that's taking the wheels off the road show is conventions. They're a business by themselves: competitive, fickle, yet worth the effort. Conventions and association meetings brought 250,000 delegates to Las Vegas in 1970. They spent $63 million and the odds are that one in every four of those meetings will return.

Most Vegas hotels have convention facilities of their own; however really large gatherings are held at the Las Vegas Convention Center. In yet another indication of the city's changing view of it-

LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU



Downtown today. Replacing the depot at the end of the street is the luxurious new Union Plaza.

self, a bond issue was passed in 1970 to expand the Center, putting more than half a million square feet of meeting and exhibit space under its saucer-shaped crown. The major leagues in conventions — after an embarrassing series of expansion bond rejections by the voters which surely struck glee in the hearts of cities with far less allure to conventioneers.

Aware of it or not, Las Vegas is taking down the "transient" sign.

It probably seems curious to those outside Vegas that the city to this point has never really taken herself as seriously as she's had a right to. For that matter, the hard-core of civic and community leaders might deny this. We put our faith in the future of the town, they could contend, and it's paid off. The fact is the leadership isn't in dispute. Rather it is the reluctance of the mass to follow the leader, to take root, that until now has been the curiosity and the concern.

It remains that in the city of Las Vegas there is no—not one—public statue. A few muted monuments, yes. A statue of anyone, no.

Is this significant? Yes, because there will be statues just as surely as there are more than 60,000 children attending school in Southern Nevada. The deep breath of a new way of looking at things is taking hold.

For what Las Vegas, Nevada, is doing is finally seeing herself as a resort community with full credentials, not some kind of freak. That went out when Del Webb, Hughes and Hilton came in. It's serious fun and it's about time.

With programmed impatience Vegas is pouring $23 million into modernization of McCarran International Airport. She has underscored the "international" by gaining status as a federally acknowledged global port-of-entry. In 1972 the football team at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, plays the University of Miami, one of the nation's leading independent powers. Meanwhile at UNLV the College of Hotel Administration is on its way to supplanting Cornell as the national leader in this area of education.

Vegas doesn't have time for wrinkles. She's mink stole and hot pants rolled together. Quite a package to pass by the mirror. And if she pauses to glance, she just might wink. With confidence. No case of mistaken identity now. Las Vegas is a city. □

Las Vegas

THE Entertainment Game

By Mark Tan

Photographs by Jack O'Grady used throughout this issue are courtesy of United Airline's Mainliner Magazine

Not the only game in town, but certainly one of the most exciting, colorful and changeable—not to mention nerve-wracking—is the game of Entertainment as played and plied in the city of Las Vegas. "Playing Las Vegas" not only becomes the means to an end but the end and standard of "making it" in the show-business world. A Las Vegas credit is worth its weight in rubies but performers will settle for play dates and contracts, and happily, in cities and clubs, theaters, cabarets and stages throughout the world.

It's a hectic, helter-skelter business at best. In Las Vegas, the most astute, experienced and savvy entertainment director knows he is taking a gamble every time he changes his marquee. He'd have a better chance of outguessing the roulette table than outguessing the public's preference and star favorites of the moment. Entertainment directors' jobs—one of the most coveted and rewarding—are by nature and the natural course of hotel casino business, one of the most unstable. This month's "here" can just as easily become next season's "loser." The old saying, "You're only as good as your last show," applies to the talent buyers as much, if not more, than it does to the talent itself.

The history of talent buying and indeed, entertainment, in Las Vegas has as many versions and variations as the people who delve and deal in it. There was a time, not so many years ago, when the game of entertainment was played with almost wild and reckless abandon. There were just so many rooms to be played, just so many acts to be booked, and just so many many names and semi-names available and eager to perform in the pleasure palaces of the ever-growing gambling spa. Entertainment was strictly a throw-in extra—something to attract the visitors to the very serious and important business of gambling. Dusk to dawn, afternoons, early morning—any time was a good time for a show, a revue, a star performer to take his turn on stage. The price could not be more right. Stars' salaries—considered astronomical then—barely made a dent in the endless cash flow. A top attraction dragging down, say, $25,000 for a week's work could be recouped by the casino operation in a matter of hours. Give the star the hard-to-resist salary, and give the show away to the public and the hotel guests. It was a merry-go-round of fun, frolic and pure escapism. The high rollers rolled in from every part of the country, and why

not? The players and their guests—which, incidentally, ranged from one to a retinue that would stagger a pasha—were "comped" with everything from suites to sweets. When the high rollers rolled, their guests made show-stopping an easily acquired habit.

HIGHEST STATUS

As more and more hotels appeared like architectural mirages along the glittering Strip, the entertainment panorama expanded and Las Vegas seized—and still holds—the title of Entertainment Capital of the World. For years, the non-stop excitement of beautiful bets, beautiful girls, and spectacular entertainments continued. The hamlet became a village, the village a town, the town a city. In every hotel, even today, there are the "old-timers" still eager to add to the burgeoning storehouse of recollections, reminiscences and remember-whens. Long before the "super-stars" and mind-boggling weekly salaries became the norm, Las Vegas had its regulars, enduring favorites. Where the stars played, the public followed. That much of the Las Vegas entertainment picture is still the same. Places have changed, disappeared or evolved into even more stately mansions. But the names and faces—and there are hundreds of performers that pass through clockless, often dazzlingly appointed showrooms every year—have achieved the highest status in the realm of showdom.

THE ROAD TO LAS VEGAS

The method by which an entertainer becomes a Vegas attraction has changed considerably since "the good old days," a vague period of time which in Las Vegas can mean anything from last summer to twenty years ago. There's a more sophisticated manner to talent buying today, though—make no mistake—there are still bookings made because of old time's sake, "juice" (that indefinable, sourceless "in" that reckons to no embodied power), favors for a variety of past, present and future considerations, and sometimes just because the hotel and star have time to fill at a price that is agreeable to all concerned. In the main, however, talent buying is as much an art as it can be an artifice. Entertainment directors face a daily assault of managers, agents, producers, performers and well-intentioned friends and "touters." Without the benefit of a direct line to Delphi, entertainment directors have the unenviable task of trying to determine stars of the near tomorrow, gauging the potential drawing power of newcomers as well as firmly established albeit fading stars, and then trying to make allotted budgets if not exactly balance, at least to be justified by the showroom counts. There are no official budget figures for the various hotels; in fact, there's an almost unwritten agreement NOT to discuss salaries being paid out to various attractions. Sometimes, an overly zealous press agent will let slip that one of his clients has been signed for, say, $75,000 a week at one of the hotels. The ramifications of such news items are instantaneous. Other stars of the same hotel galaxy are up in arms and put their managers and agents on the wire, demanding, cajoling, crying or at least asking for an equal salary hike. It's a highly competitive and sometimes purely egotistical ploy. Certain stars will insist on a "limit clause" in their contract, meaning that no other act will be paid more while their contracts are in force. A breach of such a clause can—and has—caused many a head to roll and a rumble



JACK O'GRADY



JACK O'GRADY



BOB HOOPER



BOB HOOPER

that could be heard from Broadway to Beirut.

WHAT IT TAKES

What makes a star or an act a "Vegas attraction"? What forces conspire to make one star a "must see" and another, maybe hundreds of yards up or down the Strip, a total disaster? When a star—particularly a headliner—bombs in Dallas, Miami or any of a dozen major cities, it's always disheartening to be sure, but not fatal to the star's career or future drawing power. But when a star bombs in Las Vegas, it becomes the world's worst kept secret with even good friends loudly lamenting the bad luck, other not-so-good friends gleefully spreading the news, and agents of the star burning the midnight oil, all while graying rapidly and trying to find new ways to define their client's sure-fire hit potential to out-of-town buyers. Most disconcerting of all, there's just no rhyme, reason, season or sure thing to foretell what any single entertainer might do in a particular showroom in a particular hotel. Sometimes it's just a matter of playing in the right room with the right act at the right time. Contrary to popular belief, not every star wants to be tied down to long-term hotel contracts; not every star wants to headline or co-headline a main room when there are multi-week pacts to be had in a suitable and popular lounge; and, finally, not every star even wants to take the chance of playing Las Vegas to begin with!

Over the past several years something of a "star pattern" has evolved, at least with regard to the peculiarities and preferences of Las Vegas showrooms which have marked certain names as embodying all that Vegas has to offer.

Of the many many feminine stars who played Las Vegas, certainly Mitzi Gaynor must be considered the prime example of what makes a hit! Since her debut at the Flamingo in July 1961 the glamorous and versatile Mitzi has come to the desert Strip at least once a year to dazzle the critics and win vociferous public accolades for her high-spirited revues. There's no counting how many a femme star since Mitzi's appearance has been dispatched by fans and critics with a "Well, she's no Mitzi Gaynor." Favorite catch phrases used by publicists in describing another star are: The new Mitzi Gaynor, the black Mitzi Gaynor, the Polish Mitzi Gaynor, and so on, ad nauseum. The point is that Miss Gaynor has set the precedents and pace for dozens of lovely ladies who have followed. The Gaynor "gimmick" in addition to her undeniable multi-talents—and her tenure as a top drawing star proves the formula—is a mixture of glamour, comedy, singing, dancing, personality and sheer pzazz.

THE LONG RUNS, THE SUPER STARS

A comedy musical revue like "Bottoms Up," Las Vegas' longest continuously running production and most recently the champion afternoon entertainment attraction, faces a raft of imitators and would-be copycats. Again, it's a formula that has won over critics and public alike year after hilarious year. Producers Breck Wall and Joe Peterson take a three-month hiatus from Las Vegas each year to refurbish and rewrite the show. Members of the cast, which has had only minimal changes since the show's inception, combine talents to write, arrange, choreograph, costume and so on; yet they still find time to pursue individual careers. A comedy star like Shecky Greene, who until this year insisted on playing the Riviera lounge rather than accept any one of mainroom offers, is comparatively unknown outside of Las Vegas. Yet his shows are consistently packed with celebrities and hundreds of turn-away tourists. Shecky's long career in comedy is at its zenith in Las Vegas and his is considered the most brilliant comedy mind in show business by many. As always, the lounges provide the most fertile ground for new talents, but few have caught on or maintained the impetus of a Shecky Greene.

In any discussion of stars, star categories, and calibers, there are bound to be disparities, debates and subjective flavoring. Veterans like Jimmy Durante, Danny Thomas, Sammy Davis Jr., Phil Harris, Buddy Hackett—to mention just a handful—have been playing the Vegas cabarets for years without any appreciable decline in popularity and drawing power. These are the stars who made Las Vegas the desert Bablyon it has become in its short—comparatively speaking—life. Categorically speaking, then, stars come in a variety of guises, price ranges and talents. There are *Las Vegas* stars. This is, at first, a rather curious appellation that upon closer examination indicates a phenomenal drawing power in Las Vegas, and a more than just-passing interest from press and public. Las Vegas stars are sometimes "discovered" in Vegas, sometimes they are elevated to superstar status, regardless of what their actual potency might be in other areas or other media. More often than not, a Las Vegas star ultimately expands his audience to include television, motion pictures, sometimes recordings, and becomes linked to a worldwide cafe circuit. Shecky Greene, Don Rickles, Wayne Newton, Louis Prima, Norm Crosby, Totie Fields, and Sandler and Young are among the more recent batch of Vegas stars who have since gone on to bigger and wider audiences. Yet they keep coming back to Vegas for a taste of big money and, more importantly, that "hometown" reception. Las Vegas stars are entertainment directors' aces in the hole, so to speak. Any time of the year, in or out of season, good times or bad, Las Vegas stars are so popular with localites and steady Strip patrons they do business when other

JACK O'GRADY



SAMMY DAVIS
AND MEL TORME
HINES, HINES & DAD
SHECKY GREENE



JACK O'GRADY





JACK O GRADY

"bigger" names in glossier productions are still wondering why the crowds evaporated. As Vegas names move upward and outward, others are steadily building a following to take their places. Actor-impressionist Jim Bailey knocked around for several years before his Vegas debut last year at the Flamingo. This year, he's one of the hottest newcomers in the business. Other Vegas stars who matured on the spot might include The Checkmates, Jackie Gayle, The Kim Sisters, and certainly the long-running record-breaker, "Bottoms Up."

THE OTHER GOOD ONES

Other categories of stars would include movie stars Ann-Margret, Mitzi Gaynor and Debbie Reynolds who are prime examples of the never dimmed lure of a movie name at any Strip hotel; television stars or performers who became known for dozens of TV guest appearances before tackling the oft'times blasé if not jaded audiences that swarm to the lights of neon ribbon stretching from the Hacienda at the south end of town to Fremont Street and even Northern Las Vegas where the entertainment is known to be rowdier, perhaps more raw and less expensive. Television stars like recording stars, have on-again, off-again marquee magic. Series stars such as Andy Williams, Dean Martin, Johnny Carson and Glen Campbell have little difficulty in maintaining the SRO sign when they find time to return for live appearances. Other TV favorites who have managed to shift their tube personalities to the stage with even more impact include such names as Joan Rivers, Alan King, Bob Newhart, Kay Ballard. Las Vegas can also resurrect the reputation of a fading recording and even keep a former top-ten discer going for years and years without a new hit record. Johnny Mathis, Connie Francis, Trini Lopez, Jack Jones, Vikki Carr, Harry Belafonte, Patti Page, Pat Boone, Brenda Lee, and dozens more have "name value" regardless of their top-forty standing.

continued on page 30

MITZI GAYNOR



Culture? In Las Vegas?

By Mollie Gregory



JIM REINHELLER

"Culture is the record of man,
and from that record we discover ourselves."
Professor Harris

"The culture of Las Vegas is quite simply what you find there."
Dr. Nielsen

Culture is often defined as "good but boring," consisting of a thread of creative efforts (in the Western world) from Greek tragedies through Jackson Pollock. So though known for many attractions, Las Vegas has never been heralded as a cultural center. Yet, in the most meaningful—and broadest sense of the word—Las Vegas not only reflects its own version of contemporary pop art American culture, but cossetted between the neon and the baccarat, an increasing and promising ornamentation of the traditional arts complements the city's more manifest ideals. They lend Las Vegas a depth and enrichment it would not otherwise display. As Paul Harris, Professor of Theatre Arts at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, said: "From the arts we get the artist's vision of his own expression of the times in which he creates. By his creative process he distills our everyday experiences so we can get some insight into our times, our nation and ourselves."

Whether Las Vegas actually encourages artists remains to be seen—few cities in America do. But it does encourage traditional cultural gems: a fine symphony, a Young Audiences program, a burgeoning university (which supplies major the-



The fast-expanding Las Vegas campus.

atre presentations, art exhibits, music ensembles, choral works, and even opera); a new county library complex, not to mention myriad other local cultural organizations. So Las Vegas begins to take on a more complete dimension as a city caring about the arts and at least harboring artists.

Many people are NOT enticed to a community devoid of these cultural achievements. Dr. Donald Baepler, Vice President of UNLV and Secretary of the Las Vegas Symphony Association, pointed out the recruiting value of the symphony: "It helps to say there's a lot more to Las Vegas than the Strip. The Strip is an asset to this community, not a disadvantage, but when you mention we have an active community concert association to prospective faculty, and a symphony orchestra, and that the university is building a Performing Arts Center, the point is driven home that this community provides a spectrum of cultural events just like any other community its size."

But cultural arts and Las Vegas still seem very strange bedfellows indeed. Our surprise is only a measure of our short-sighted sense of history. Omitting the presence of go-go girls, the symphonies of Mozart, the plays of Racine, the paintings of Mignard, and the opera of Puccini went hand in glove with light entertainments of all kinds, glimmering chandeliers, marble and mirrored palaces (not unlike casinos), and gambling by the rich who had nothing better to do with their money. So although culture and Las Vegas seem diametrically opposed, it's only recently—within the 20th Century—that ART (good-old, serious-old), entertainment, and life have been placed in separate bailiwicks. ART has gradually become something exterior to us and special (and expensive), whereas entertainment has become a gay, mindless, carefree escape from shattering responsibilities. Perhaps this attitude accounts for the real surprise many have felt to learn that some musicians who play "light junk" on the Strip all night came to Las Vegas fresh from the Cleveland or Boston symphony orchestras.

MUSIC, THE AIR IS FILLED WITH

Young Audiences, in its tenth year in Las Vegas, has a tenacious record of introducing serious, live music to elementary and junior high students. Supported by community membership, the Nevada State Council on the Arts, the Las Vegas Musicians' Local, and various grants both national and local, YA sallies forth each school year to tour the schools in percussion, brass, string, woodwind and vocal ensembles. From a total of 22 performances for Las Vegas in 1961, YA concerts have skyrocketed to 257 for 1970-71. It has even extended its performances to Searchlight and Good Springs, whose children could conceivably rise to adulthood without once meeting a live musician face to face.

"The Clark County School District does not sponsor YA as a program," says Mrs. Jeanne Paff, President of YA in Las Vegas. "Rather, they leave it up to the individual schools who pay a small sum to help YA cover the costs. But the schools' responses have been terrific."

"And in 1971-72, the program will be even more important in terms of the need it fills," says Mrs. Maxine Peterson, executive secretary for YA. "According to a state arts survey, there may very likely be no music or art teachers in the elementary schools here until special funds are granted for specific art programs."

Most fascinating are the comments of the children: "Was it hard learning to swallow the trombone tube when you pull it back to your face?" "The air was



WESTLAND MALL

Competition was fierce when a new shopping center (Westland Mall) invited everyone to a paint-the-fence art show. Lt. Governor Harry Reid was one of the judges.

full of music and so exciting I could have just started to play myself."

Las Vegas is one of the last outposts in the United States where a professional musician can still earn a livelihood. Until the late 40's, bands toured the nation on a scale unknown today, so Las Vegas remains—literally—a musical oasis in the desert. Young Audiences, the Symphony and other programs draw on a core of competent professionals unavailable perhaps in any city in the US except New York and Los Angeles.

Ken Hanlon, Chairman of the Music Department at UNLV: "Last year we doubled the number of concerts on campus, and inaugurated the first contemporary music festival for this area. It's designed for performances of 20th Century music, particularly music of the last decade, including premiere performances of Lukas Foss, Virko Baley, George Crumb and an art song of mine."

The value of contemporary music performances is outstanding. For instance, sometime in 1972, the University will premiere Baley's First Symphony and Don Vincent's Symphony in One Movement—both Las Vegas musicians and composers. If they were to present such a concert by themselves, the cost alone would be prohibitive. But the University is able to receive grants and the Nevada State Council on the Arts (chaired by Merle Snider of Reno), encourages the performance of new works.

Besides the contemporary festival, the University presents the student band, two or three major choral works (directed by Douglas Peterson), the string quartet, and

The crowd at the Convention Center when the Archbishop of Canterbury visited.



LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU

the orchestra, including a foray into staged opera. In addition, the Saturday Conservatory, a musical prep school for junior and senior high students, has been revived, taught by professionals from the UNLV staff or the Strip. This, too, has been made possible through a grant from the Nevada State Council on the Arts.

Into its fourth year, with a new conductor (Arthur Lief, from New York City), and drawing about 12,000 to 14,000 Clark County residents per year, the Las Vegas Symphony is composed entirely of Strip musicians. Supported by local contributions from fund raising, and some help from the Convention Authority, the symphony is an expensive proposition: each concert season costs about $65,000 for just five concerts—the high cost of fine music. But its patrons know the community benefits from a good symphony on many levels, and in terms of the money spent on a single television ad in the East, $65,000 is cheap.

"As our population grows," comments Dr. Baepler, "we begin to attract top notch professional people who come from cities with art museums, symphonies and opera. These are the people who support the cultural events and who know their value."

Although much goes on in the city, the University has become the cultural center of Las Vegas. Throughout the year on campus, chamber music, theatre, dance, art exhibits are all an integral part of the life. The number and variety of these events surprise new Las Vegans who know the city only by its popular entertainment image.

THEATRE

Rising out of the sand on the western side of the campus is the nearly completed first lap of the Performing Arts Center: a 600-seat legitimate theatre, built under the aegis of "fantastic community support," says Prof. Harris. He and Dr. Stephen Nielsen, Professor of Speech and Theatre Arts, outline an ambitious season: "The best scripts from the Greeks to the most contemporary. The students must learn different theatre techniques and styles, and the Las Vegas community should have access to those plays they otherwise would not see: Genet, Strindberg, Chekov, Pinter. Eventually, we will do them all in the new theatre."

Always an active theatre department, Dr. Nielsen reflects the attitude of the Theatre Arts faculty when he speaks persuasively about the need for an increased liaison between his department and the



DON ENGLISH — LVNB

Photographed in front of the imposing new library building are Earl Monsey, member of the Library Board and Chester Davis, acting director.

Strip. "There is an exciting range of possibilities, for the Strip, of course, has some of the most modern theatrical equipment, lights, costuming and makeup. Our department is in an enviable position to provide its students with creative and technical expertise including an apprentice program in strip theatres for lighting or costuming majors."

In talking to Professor Paul Harris, Stephen Nielsen, Ken Hanlon and Erik Gronborg (Chairman, Art Dept.) it is easy to pick up their over-riding sense of commitment and responsibility for providing not only their students but the Las Vegas community with the major facets of theatre, art and music on a broad scale, not just the "extremes of culture."

ART, ART, ART

Art, as a way of perceiving and commenting on man and his actions, is part of a new inter-departmental ecology-oriented course at UNLV this term: "Man and His Environment." It brings together the Sciences, Social Sciences, Art and Architecture. Erik Gronborg sees his part of this course as "an attempt to show connections between a visual appreciation or lack of it, and our acceptance of environmental deterioration."

Although the UNLV Art Department focus is on students' creative abilities, frequent gallery exhibitons, an active Gallery Guild and significant participation in the UNLV Spring Arts Festival is a strong second. Since Las Vegas, strangely, has no art museum as the term is commonly understood (outside of the innovative but small Las Vegas Living Museum), the exhibits offered by UNLV and elsewhere are especially valuable. Erik Gronborg has exhibited his own work there, which has won him an impressive national reputation and international prizes.

In an improved gallery, the range of 1971-72 exhibitions: ceramic sculpture by artists of the stature of Arneson and de Satebler; air brush paintings (Tom Holder); an invitational photography show; surrealist painting exhibit by Curtiss; and several student shows.

But art in Las Vegas is not limited to the university gallery. There are regular exhibits in Lorenzi Park by local artists, and the new Clark County Library complex houses a spacious gallery hall, directed by Shirley Oakes, an art major from San Jose State College, known locally for her watercolors and collage.

The gallery exhibits—sustained in part by Friends of the Library—revolve around specific themes. "The theme idea for exhibits was conceived as a way of introducing the public to art," said Shirley Oakes. "Since we do not have a chance in Las Vegas to see original art presented in this way anywhere else, the exhibits are selected to help us see the relevance and continuity of art with real life *outside* the gallery."

One of the most popular shows was "Rope" in which ropes of all kinds were presented imaginatively. "Clay" presented the work of three local potters, photos of pots being thrown on the wheel, and examples of Indian pottery from the Desert Research Institute. All exhibits are drawn from the work of local artists.

LIBRARY/CULTURE CENTER

The new Clark County Library, built from Fleischman Foundation funds, provides a multi-faceted center which is just beginning to be developed. Hardin Smith, former director. "We're not just trying to serve the reading public, but we're opening our rooms and the exhibit hall to groups in an effort to fulfill other aesthetic needs as well." Besides the large special collections on art, music and theatre, conference rooms, an auditorium for guest speakers, and a small stage will help develop the library into the general resource and cultural center planned. A series of plays by the Clark County Recreation Department are under way, and framed art reproductions on the walls may be borrowed as well as long playing records. There are no quiet

Below—Judges at the Westland art show, Lt. Gov. Harry Reid and local art instructors, Ron Jensen and Bill Camp.



WESTLAND MALL



1



2



3

Las Vegas was a press agents' paradise in the early days as these photos will testify. They worked overtime when the Strip was in its infancy to extol the virtues of the shows, the climate and the games. What creative genius, one wonders, dreamed up that cozy, deliriously smiling group (1) at the Riviera? They just happened to bring along — look carefully — tennis racquets and golf clubs. And that one confused lass in the background apparently thinks she is on the golf course! Then there were the Rhythmettes (3), high-kicking high school girls who

PHOTOS COURTESY LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU



4



5

danced their way to fame in behalf of Las Vegas.

(4) Polly Bergen was a symbol of Show Biz in the early sixties. (2) Two other symbols in one of those for-immediate-release poses, none other than Dagmar and Jerry Lewis. And, (5) glamorous excitement of another era, a movie premier on Fremont Street.

What do all these publicity gems prove? Nothing much, except it was baffoonery like this that put the town on the map.

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signs, and as few restrictions as possible. "We want people to feel at ease here," said Mr. Smith. "We want to get away from the static concept of a library as much as we can. The building lends itself to this: it's light and airy, there are large open spaces with comfortable lounge furniture where people can relax and enjoy paintings, books and music, or meet their friends."

ACTIVE MISCELLANY

The Allied Arts Council is composed of representatives of all the cultural organizations and fine arts groups in the Las Vegas area. According to its President, Olympia Lloyd, it provides the link between all these groups, which run the gamut from ceramics to dance. Publishing a monthly calendar of events for the local press, the need for such a coordinating group is obvious.

It is curious, though, that in all this activity with a city—born in the 40's, a child of the 50's, and a young adult in the 60's—that Las Vegas has not fostered a group of serious experimental or professional filmmakers. Las Vegas is electrically, visably modern, and it would seem in character that instead of adopting so many aspects of traditional culture, it would some where along the line create film and television arts. *If* the medium is the message, it would seem natural that the medium of neon and brass and Strip would produce an electronic-cinematic message. Not so.

As much as playwriting and oil painting, filmmaking and television can be arts. And although planned for the university in the future, no full professor or course of study of filmmaking is yet a reality in the pop art city.

Except for this one void, Las Vegas is surprisingly cultural—past sense and present. I remember when I first started work on this article, someone said to me: "*Cul*ture? In Las *Vegas*? Where are you going to look for it? Under a rock somewhere?"

Sometimes it's fashionable to run down the cultural efforts of a young and smallish city. And sometimes, too, it might be better if young cities created 'original culture' instead of looking for traditional ornaments. But the efforts of the Las Vegas community who care about the creative experience, and the integration of art into our everyday asphalt, automobile, smoggy, business, tract home existences are considerable, evident, and vitally needed.

The only experimental film programs are shown by the Art Department at UNLV. And although planned for that department in the future, courses in filmmaking as individual expression are not yet a reality in the pop art city. □



JERRY ABBOTT — LVNB

Youngsters in rapt attention listen to a concert sponsored by the Young Audiences program. Below—They enthusiastically compete to answer a musical question.



DON ENGLISH — LVNB

Youngsters have their own comfortable reading room in the new public library.



JERRY ABBOTT — LVNB

continued from page 23

Broadway and theater stars step out of hits (or even flops) and can make a splash in Vegas. Robert Goulet, Carol Channing, Juliet Prowse, Phil Ford and Mimi Hines, among others, are in steady demand by entertainment directors.

CAFE ATTRACTIONS

A more difficult area to assess and accurately profile are the out-and-out nightclub stars, cafe attractions in the United States, Europe, and further. This is the division that makes or breaks a superstar. Foreign-born stars like Anthony Newley, Tom Jones, Raphael, Petula Clark, Charles Aznavour, Tommy Steele have had varying degrees of success on this side of the road. International stardom can surprisingly be translated to mean "international but not including Las Vegas." Recognized as superstar attractions, artists like Barbra Streisand, Elvis Presley, Engelbert Humperdinck, Tom Jones, Perry Como and Marlene Dietrich write their own tickets for nightly SRO business. Dozens of other stars who perform primarily in nightclubs and cafes—as opposed to movie and television stars who've created acts expressly for Las Vegas—comprise the solid, staple, middleground of Vegas luminaries. Established stars like Abbe Lane, Connie Stevens, Paul Anka, Diahann Carroll, Alan King, Ella Fitzgerald, Peggy Lee, Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme, Marty Allen, Rowan and Martin, Phyllis Diller and Bobby Darin can and do breeze in and out of Vegas as often as four times a year. They are in continual demand year after year not only for their proven track records but because these are the stars that are constantly and continually expanding, revising, adding to and trying new approaches to live performances. For instance, as many times as one might see Paul Anka, he's always a surprise, always just a bit better than he was last time around, and constantly growing. It is this group of working stars that, in effect, keep the nightclub business going all around the country.

NEW NAMES, FADING NAMES

Entertainment directors choose from these categories of stars to play the year-'round, never closed showrooms. At the same time, talent buyers have a limitless selection of unknown, untried, unproven

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JACK O GRADY



BOTTOMS UP
WAYNE NEWTON
TOTIE FIELDS



CONNIE STEVENS

Las Vegas

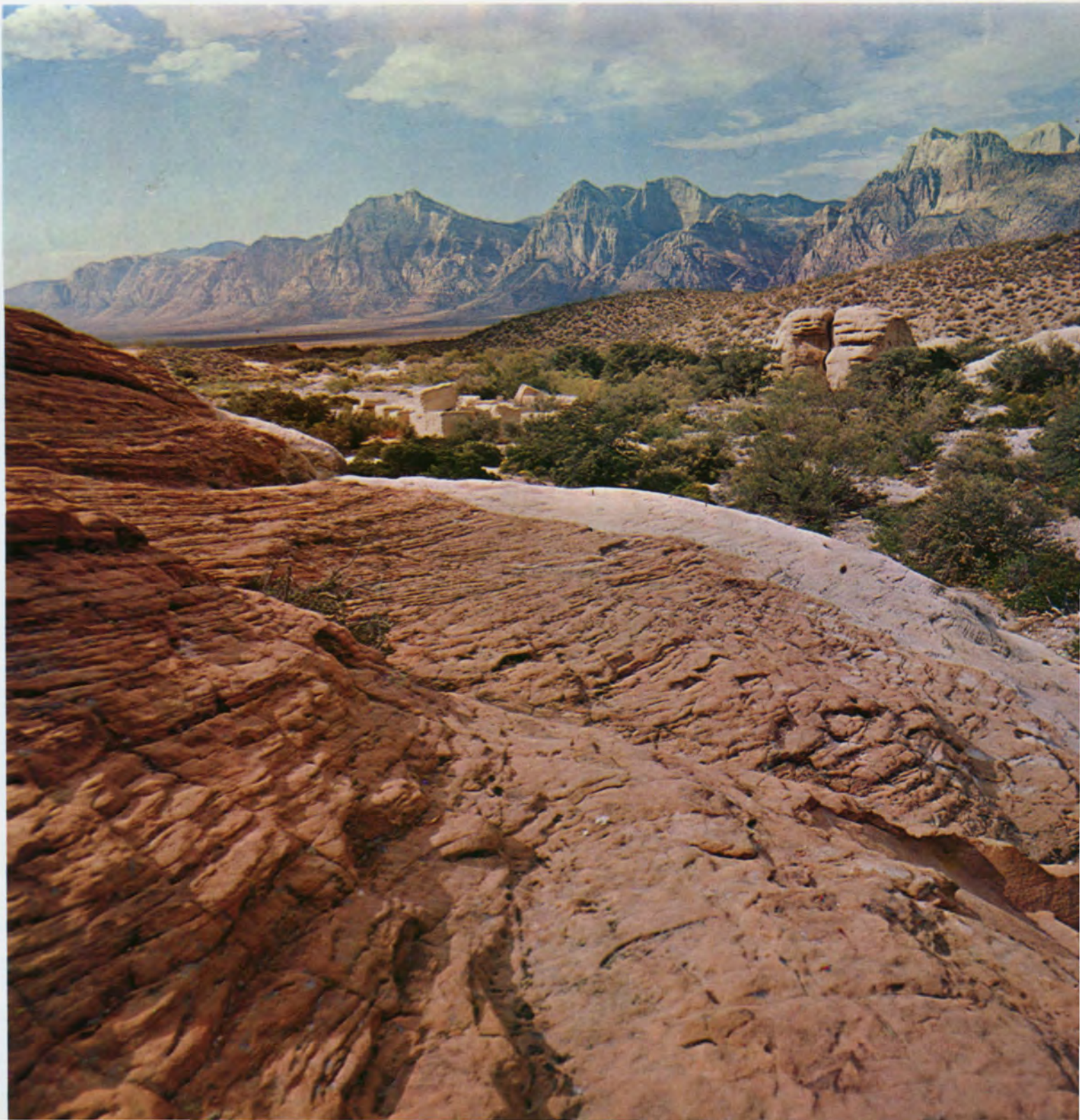
THE Scenery THE Playgrounds

JAMES D. WEINLAND



Left—A striking view of the eroded hills near Lake Mead. Below—The imposing pink-to-red cliffs in the Red Rock section.

LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU



JIM REINHELLER



OUT ON THE WATER

A big boat kicks up a monster wake against a cliffy wall above the lake ☐ Three kids live it up in their tiny but elegant boat under an improbable umbrella ☐ Another improbable prop—a beach ball almost as large as its container ☐ One of the busiest boating places in the West, Lake Mead offers superb sailing.





PHOTOS COURTESY LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU







One of those endless Lake Mead panoramas provides a background for boat and skier □ Water skis and boats awaiting—promise of a pleasant afternoon of sport.

LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU



DON ENGLISH — LVNB

JIM REINHELLER



LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU

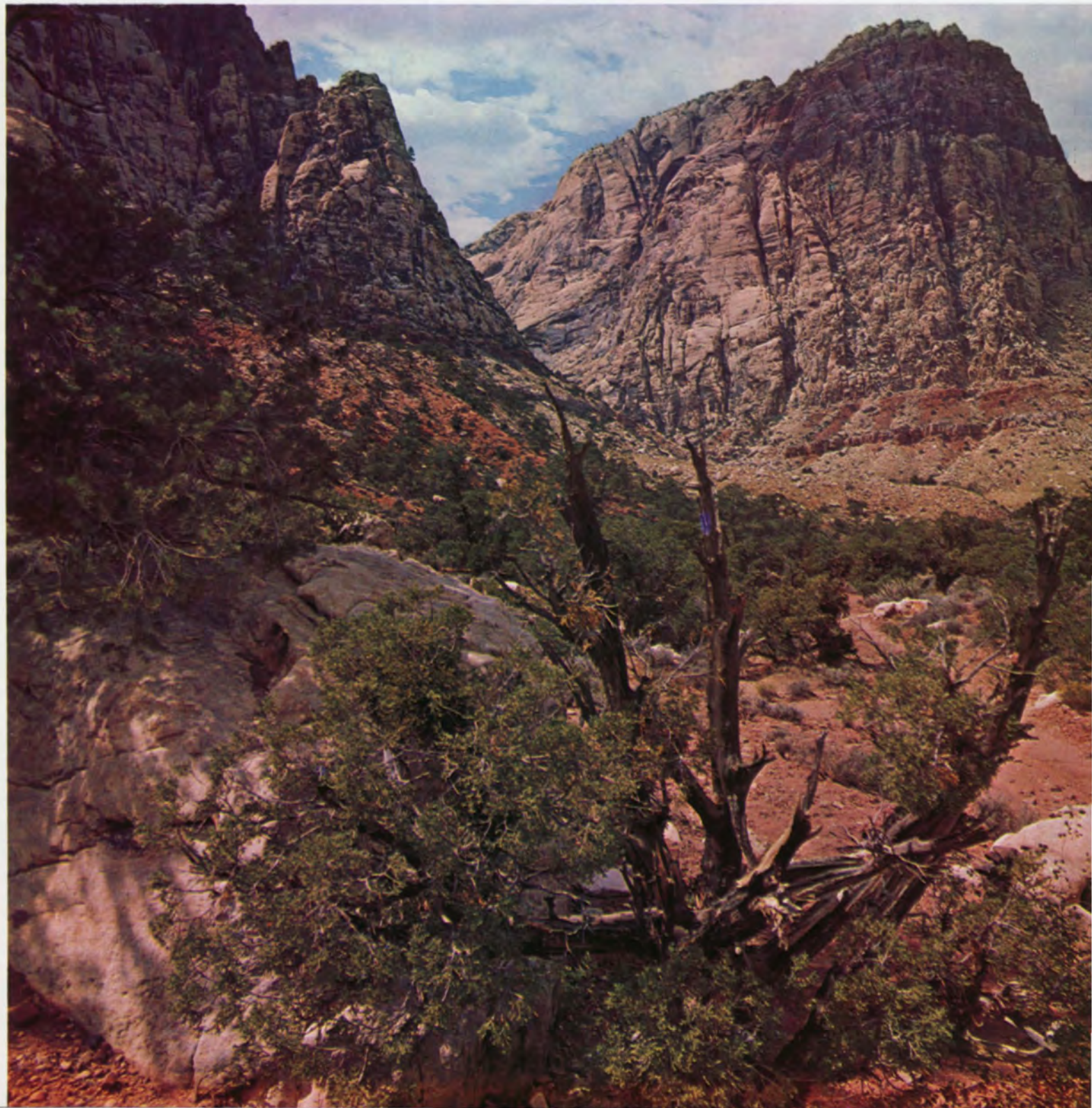




BACK TO THE LAND

Petroglyphs provide an interesting prize at the end of a hike in the Keyhold Canyon area ☐ Hikers in what appears to be an almost translucent chamber in Keyhold Canyon country ☐ Another look at Red Rock country. Could that peak really be made of sugar? ☐ For a change of pace, a winter scene. The skiing is great up on Mt. Charleston ☐ Inviting hiking trails abound in the Red Rock recreation area.

LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU



LESLIE UGGAMS
LOUIS ARMSTRONG
PERRY COMO



JACK O GRADY



JACK O GRADY



JACK O GRADY

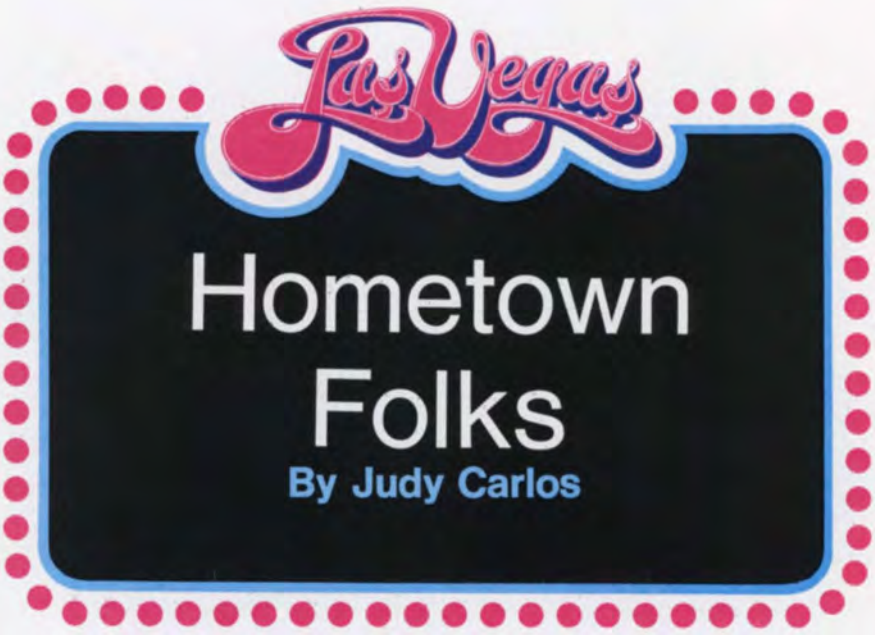


JACK O'GRADY



JACK O'GRADY

ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK
ELLA FITZGERALD



Hometown Folks

By Judy Carlos

Pete Crump sheds his green apron and adjusts his eyes to the noonday sun before heading for the ranch.

Frank Bella, who removed his tuxedo at three in the morning and donned sweatpants for a Karate workout in suburbia, is awake early. He plans to take in his sons' Little League game today.

One man's day has ended and another's is just beginning. One was born in the sun-filled canyons of the West and honed on the back of a bucking horse. The other hung around the edges of cigar smoke at the top of the stairs of Stillman's Gym in New York.

They are sophisticated men who fought in the fame-game arenas but chose instead the life of husband, father, and nervous taxpayer.

Home is Las Vegas, Nevada.

At midnight Pete deals 21 at the Las Vegas Hilton Hotel and the brash young-old actor herds the customers into the Stardust Hotel's lounge.

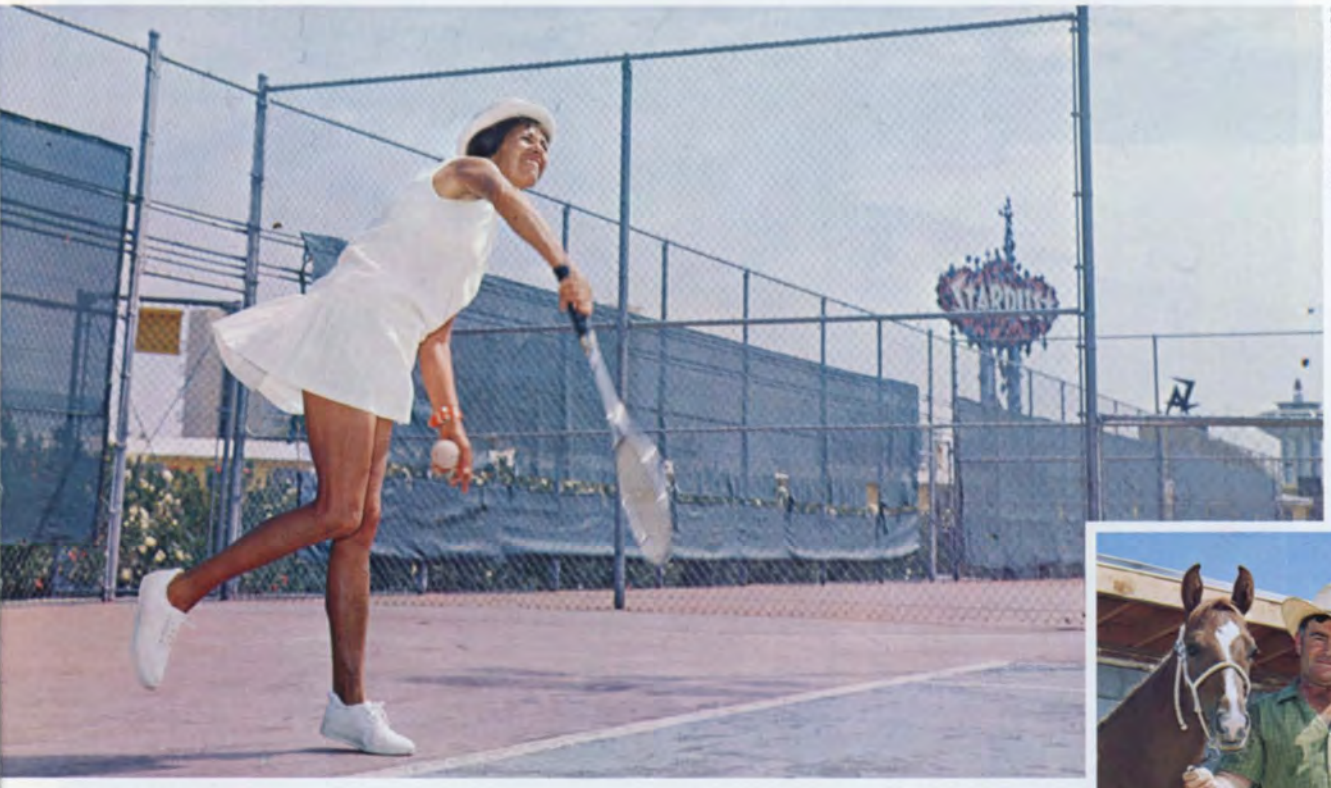
Chances are you barely gave them a glance the last time you came to play in the sun. However, men like Pete and Frank, and nearly 300,000 other people have given Las Vegas a diversity and vitality rare in American cities.

JO SCHWIKERT, TENNIS PRO

If you saw Jo Schwikert in her white billed cap and tennis shorts at high noon you might believe she was just another hotel guest waiting for a doubles partner—a nice companion for coffee at your breakfast table, a little dull around the edges, a homebody.

She is that. She is also the plucky hometown girl who went from nurse's training in Baltimore to the U.S. Air Force, and the bloody Pacific Islands of World War II.

She is the girl who cried at the sight of birds flying through a bombed-out



JERRY ABBOTT — LVNB

JO SCHWIKERT



PETE CRUMP

sanctuary—not on a Hollywood soundstage but on a real island called Leyte.

Jo, the little girl from San Diego and Washington, D.C., really did marry the gallant pilot, retire, and embrace the quiet life of housewife and tennis pro at the Stardust Hotel.

Why did they choose Las Vegas?

PETE CRUMP, EX-COWBOY

"Many is the time I set three or four days in a poker game at the Boston Gardens," Pete Crump says. "What else can a cowboy find to do in Boston? When I got crippled up, it was natural to start dealin' And I got a little spread about nine miles from the hotel where I can raise horses."

He was born just outside of Helena, Montana, and won $36 in his first "kid's steer riding." Without a glance back at the safe life, he hit the rodeo circuit.

Pete made close to $200,000 in his day. He rode his first bronc at Madison Square Garden when he was sixteen years old, and broke his leg 11 times in his career. Damage to his inner ear slowed him down long enough to cost him the cowboy championship his last year. He came in second.

"I tried going back a few times. But being bucked was like dropping a watermelon off a roof. I was dizzy and I was fat and I knew it was time."

He never saved a dime, and with a laugh he admits he would do it again.



MILT PALMER — LVNB



JOHNNY DIXON

JERRY ABBOTT — LVNB

"Lu" Crump, who held her growing family together and fought to keep 200 head of cattle alive in the winters of Washington and Idaho while Pete barreled around the country, knows she is home to stay.

FRANK BELLA

Frank Bella was a familiar face on most television sets in the 1950's.

Barney Ross, champion, war hero and former drug addict, liked the tough and tender innocence of Frank Bella. He brought him to Hollywood to play in his life story.

As Captain at the Stardust Lounge his biggest problem is explaining to a drunk "what time the midnight show goes on."

Wife Sue, a Georgia beauty who was an actress, was barely surprised when the children asked for a Karate lesson and Daddy ended up in the hospital.

"They said, 'Daddy, are you ready?' Sure. So everybody pulled," Frank grins. "To be a Captain you have to be a diplomat and control your temper. So when do I lose mine? At the ballpark. I thought my kid hit a home run and they threw me out."

In his first motion picture the director kept telling him, "Back, back," and he nearly drowned in a mudhole with forty pounds of G.I. gear on his back.

"Drunks are happy and easier," he laughs. "Food service is big in a leisure society. I would be happy if any son of mine chose it as a profession."

BACK TO JO

"Strange as it seems, I don't do much these days," Jo Schwikert says. "I like my feet on the ground. My children are almost grown. My son, who goes to college

in San Diego, is a fine tennis player. Jill is ranked 25th in Junior Women's Singles, and Joy is 28th. In doubles they are ranked third."

"On this job you must be a diplomat and a social secretary," she continues. "Players come in without opponents and I try to set up matches for them with townspeople. They can see we are real people here who raise fine families."

She says she used to "feel funny" about letting her twin girls trot through the hotel on their way to courts. Then she noticed security guards always seemed to call to her, "Hey, they went thataway."

"I have never felt more safe and secure in the world. Where else can you find superb tennis and nice guys?"

"Listen," Jo declares, "there is no town quite like this. I know because I've been in many. Monte Carlo may be the dullest place in the world. Nobody smiles or laughs, or cares."

MEET SAM BOYD

Sam Boyd cares.

When he was eight he ran errands for a drugstore in Enid, Oklahoma and when he was sixteen he was picking up bingo cards at a Long Beach fun palace "on the Pike" to help his widowed mother.

Today Sam Boyd, president of the Union Plaza Hotel, newest of the luxury gaming palaces, has a wall full of plaques from every charity and civic organization in Nevada.

At thirty-five he was a medical officer on troop trains where the other enlistees called him "Dad."

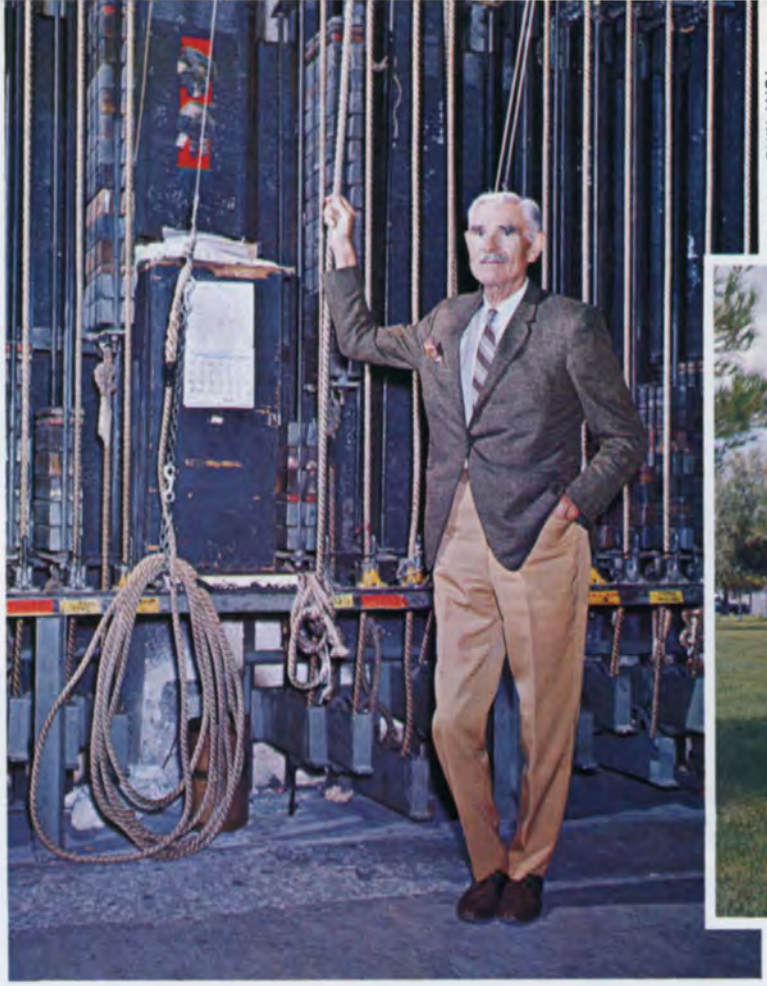
Labor Day was the thirtieth anniversary in Las Vegas for Sam Boyd and Mary, his wife of thirty-two years.

"Of course after I got all the money I found it didn't mean so damn much," this shirtsleeve executive says. So when Sam pulls himself away from the hotel he goes out to make money for others. He raised $750,000 for a Phoenix, Arizona Boys' Club he had never seen. He was the first Nevadan to receive the coveted medallion award of the Boys' Clubs of America.

When he was delivering prescriptions in some of the tough sections of Enid the doctor who owned the store offered him a job at the counter of his new drive-in department. Sam liked the tips with the delivery job. So he made a deal — for both.

He says he profited even more from the lessons in human nature which came with the jobs.

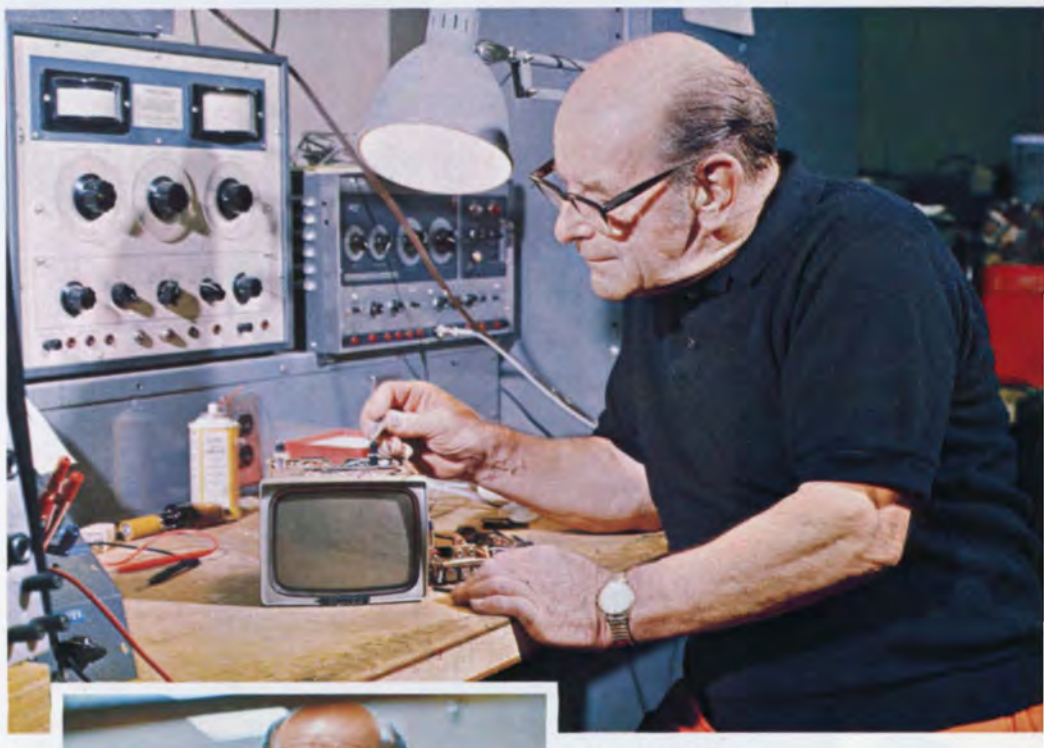
That first deal was followed by many



TONY KING — LVNB



WALT SHANER



HARRY GRAFF



JERRY ABBOTT — LVNB



JERRY ABBOTT — LVNB



FRANK BELLA

EMILIO MUSCELLI

others. Sick of trying to survive in Enid, his mother loaded her sons in an old Dort automobile and headed for California. Two years and a long string of hardships later they came to Long Beach.

There was no social stigma in working around gambling or liquor in pre-prohibition times. So Sam's mother thought little of the matter when a school counselor sent her son to apply for a job in a bingo parlor.

"I made so much I never went back," Sam says. His brother Jack went to sea for the Matson Line and when he died last year he was its Chief Steward.

After sailing on the gambling ships off Newport, Balboa and Honolulu, Sam Boyd took a job in the old Jackpot Casino where the construction men at Boulder Dam lined up at the bar.

Sam Boyd is one of the few hotel-casino chiefs who worked his way up from dealer and every job in the casino. He takes great pride in "understanding the gambler's way of life and his special way of communicating," and he thinks the owner who misunderstands will lose money.

But Sam Boyd would rather discuss the success of his son Bill, an attorney and founding director of the Nevada State Bank, or his pride in his equally successful nephews.

"I take the greatest pride in the fact that I am the only gambler to be elected president of the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce," he adds. "And I was president of my Rotary Club at Henderson."

Sam Boyd, the Oklahoma kid who always held two jobs at once, gets up every day of his life at 5:30 a.m. If you believe it is only for money, then you don't know Sam Boyd and you don't know Las Vegas.

Illness curtailed his golf long ago, but it also gave him time to stand in the pit and counsel his staff who come to him with their private problems.

This is the man who defied the critics who said the Broadway play, "Fiddler on the Roof," was "too classy for crapshooters." He booked the show into the Plaza for its opening this summer.

"I just thought people were ready for inspiration and meaning. I thought they would identify with these characters who suffer and smile through hardship."

They did and they stood in line for the pleasure.

MILT PALMER — LVNB



SAM BOYD

JOHNNY DIXON

There is a casino shift manager at the Frontier Hotel who knows another side of Las Vegas better than many men. He is Johnny Dixon and his job enables him to fulfill the ambition to write the definitive book on the artifacts and projectiles of men who lived in the Southwest 11,300 years ago.

Johnny Dixon's vast collection includes a Clovis projectile point which is believed to be the oldest found thus far in this hemisphere. It represents weaponry normally found near a mastodon or mammoth kill site.

The twenty years Johnny Dixon spent on the graveyard shift in Las Vegas has also given him a kind of anthropologist's eye view of modern man at play.

He was born in Lawton, Oklahoma and moved to Nevada 35 years ago. An Oklahoma boy yearns for the hills and whenever he could Johnny hiked the back country. Gradually his study of Nevada history led him to amateur archaeology, and friendship with M. C. Blake.

Hisako, his soft-voiced, delicate wife who once taught the tea ceremony in Tokyo, has become a hardy western wife who can scramble over a desert boulder as fast as Johnny. She also helps him keep extensive records on the Dixon-Blake discoveries.

"One thing I have learned both as an amateur archaeologist and gambler is that survival is trial and error," the lean and tall Nevadan says.

Johnny Dixon walks through the neon canyons in the same manner he imagines the giant mastodon must have stalked thousands of years ago—very carefully.

HARRY GRAFF

Harry Graff went back to school because he had some ideas for utilizing computers in the hotel industry.

Standing in the cashier's cage across from Johnny Dixon, the former bandleader and pianist for Jack E. Leonard, numerous vaudeville pit bands and radio shows, he hardly ever looks back. At 64 he still believes in a bright future.

When he was two years old he was struck down by infantile paralysis, and despite an operation when he was seven he still walks with a stiff right leg.

Yet he managed to play football and keep up with other boys in his Chicago neighborhood. Without formal training he won a job at seventeen as a product engineer for the Majestic Radio Company, and when the depression took that company away, he became a piano player who had the sum total of three years of lessons.

When war came Harry Graff wanted in and he took his handicap right into a job with government ordnance "just to help out—some way."

Today he is a grandfather of one four-year-old and his life is totally unlike the studied confusion of a thousand opening nights.

Still there are times when nostalgia grips him and Harry darts into the Cabaret Lounge when he leaves his job at three in the afternoon. He leans slightly

continued on page 57



JACK O'GRADY

ONSTAGE ACTION



JACK O'GRADY

FRANK SINATRA, JR.



ABBE LANE

BOB NEWHART



JACK O'GRADY



JACK O'GRADY

TOMMY MO RAFT



JACK O'GRADY

DON ADAMS

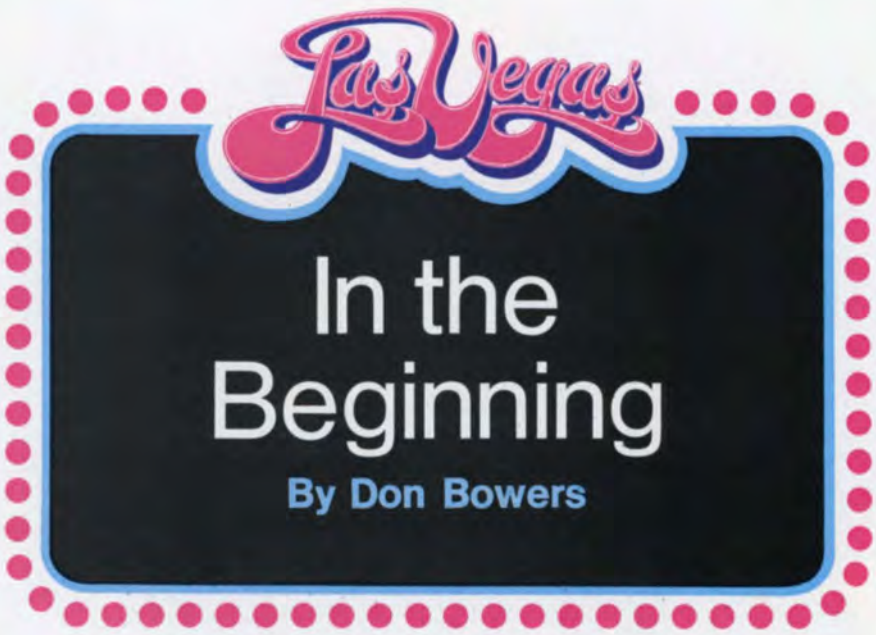
RIP TAYLOR



SMOTHERS BROTHERS



JACK O'GRADY



In the Beginning

By Don Bowers

Las Vegas was founded on May 15, 1905, when the Union Pacific held a land sale near its new depot, offering for purchase 1,200 vacant downtown lots. A crowd of several hundred people turned up at the auction on that blustery day to take part in the spirited bidding.

Why had they come, these people, to this auction in the middle of nowhere? Dreams, no doubt. Most of them had arrived with dreams in their pockets and little else—this, plus their abiding belief that a town could actually materialize here. Also, it must be added, most of them came to the auction because the railroad had cagily offered a special fare of $22 for the round trip between Las Vegas and Los Angeles where the sale had been widely advertised, and further had offered to refund the full price of that fare to anyone who paid a small down payment for a $25 lot. This was a deal that was hard to resist. As Union Pacific had wisely anticipated, the auction was a success and Las Vegas was firmly in business as a town in a matter of two or three days.

It was a barren and dreary place in 1905. A few people were then living at the green oasis known as the Stewart Ranch a short distance from town. A few others were located over in Westside where several makeshift buildings served as headquarters to the teamsters hauling supplies up to the mining towns of Goldfield and Rhyolite. Otherwise there was nothing here but the new railroad, mesquite and creosote, and confidence.

Although Las Vegas is a johnny-come-lately among Nevada towns, the history of southern Nevada begins much earlier. Prehistoric peoples dwelt here along the shores of the Colorado for many centuries, leaving artifacts and traces of prehistoric dwellings.

The first white man to enter Nevada was Peter Skene Ogden, a British fur trader who came down from Oregon to explore northern Elko County in June 1826. But to Clark County goes the distinction of welcoming the first American into the state – Jedediah S. Smith who crossed southern Nevada in 1826 on the first of two remarkable expeditions through the state.

In 1829, a Spanish party of 31 men left the outpost of Albuquerque bound for the California missions with woolen goods they proposed to trade there for horses and mules. Headed by Antonio Armijo, the party followed the Virgin River into Nevada as Jedediah Smith had done, but departed from his southward



The opening of the Boulder City spur, the line that built Hoover Dam. LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU



The auction platform of 1905.

trail to take a shortcut directly across the southern tip of the state. The trail was then further shortened, bringing it into the famous springs area which the Spanish named Las Vegas—*The Meadows*. A few Spanish families came to settle here about this time to do trade with the caravans which crossed between New Mexico and California during the next two decades.

Traffic on the trail by now was becoming quite heavy. Over it came parties of trappers, Spanish and American colonists heading for California, and even some well-known outlaws and horse-thieves of the day, including the notorious Pegleg Smith who once managed to drive 3,000 stolen horses from California over the trail through Las Vegas. Over the trail also traveled the John C. Fremont party in 1844 returning from California and, in 1847 and later, came the hearty Mormon scout, Jeff Hunt, leading parties between Salt Lake City and California.

With the coming of the Mormons to Salt Lake, the nature as well as the name of the trail changed. The eastern end of the route was abandoned after the Mexican War while the western end of the route now became known as the Mormon Trail as travel picked up between Salt Lake and the California colonies.

THE MORMONS ARRIVE

In 1851, a few Mormon settlers arrived in Carson Valley to establish the first town in Nevada, Mormon Station, later called Genoa. In May, 1855, 30 men led by William Bringhurst left Salt Lake to form a settlement in Las Vegas. Traveling with 40 wagons, they arrived at the meadows and established a camp not far from the springs, and by July had built fences and corrals, planted crops and were working on an adobe fort. Early the following year, a number of the men returned to Salt Lake for their families.

Shortly after their arrival in Las Vegas, the settlers learned from Indians in the area about a rich body of lead in the Potosi Mountains. Word of the discovery quickly reached church officials in Utah who decided that the ore should be mined, and sent a party under the command of Nathaniel Jones to undertake the project. His arrival set off a jurisdictional dispute which ended abruptly but bitterly when Brigham Young dismissed Bringhurst as president of the mission and installed Jones in his place.

Early Fremont Street and the old fort.





LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU

Trouble between the two men was accompanied by other difficulties at the fort. The thieving Paiutes, bothersome from the first, were now becoming a serious threat. Worse, the crops failed so badly that in 1857 Brigham Young sent word allowing the colonists to leave the mission and return to their former homes in Utah. They postponed their departure until 1858, then abandoned the settlement they had labored so hard to establish in the desert. In the brief but productive period they were there, the Mormons had opened the first post office and the first school in southern Nevada and built Nevada's first smelter.

After the Mormons left, the land and water rights at the fort were acquired by O. D. Gass who operated a ranch there until he sold it in 1882 to Archibald and Helen Stewart, formerly of Pioche. When they took over the ranch it was a profitable but demanding operation, with thriving alfalfa fields, orchards and gardens. Mrs. Stewart was a well educated and industrious woman who continued to operate the ranch herself after her husband was killed by an outlaw in 1883. She lived there until she sold the place in 1903 for $53,000 to the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad Company, later called the Union Pacific, which was then starting to build the line through Las Vegas. After she left the ranch, Mrs. Stewart moved across the road from the old place and remained there until her death in 1926. She was known to everyone in the town which grew up around her as the beloved "first lady of Las Vegas."

The Stewart ranch in its heyday embraced most of the land now lying along Las Vegas Boulevard North with its center near where Cashman Field now lies. Still to be seen here are some of the remains of the old Mormon fort. Traces can be seen, too, of the orchards and vines which the industrious Mormon settlers planted over a century ago.

Most of the towns in Clark County were also founded by Mormon settlers. Dudley Leavitt and Edward Bunker headed the group which settled in Bunkerville in 1877, laying out ditches for irrigation which made cotton and other crops possible. Logandale, Mesquite, Moapa and St. Thomas—the latter now under the waters of Lake Mead—were others of the communities which the Mormons carved out of the desert. Callville, also entombed by Lake Mead, is one of the most interesting of these early settlements. For many years church officials in Salt Lake had dreamed of bringing boats up the Colorado to serve the missions of southern Utah. In 1865, a group of Salt Lake businessmen formed a navigation company and Anson Call was sent to build, above Las Vegas Wash, what became known as Call's Landing where small steamboats docked during the several years they made regular sailings up the river.

Further south, El Dorado mushroomed as a mining town after silver and gold deposits were found by soldiers camping along the river about the time the Civil War was starting. Rich mines were quickly developed and three of them, the Wall Street, Techatticup and Savage, earned millions from ore which was hauled down the Colorado. A mysterious incident once taking place in El Dorado has been described by both Mrs. Helen Stewart and Mrs. Delphine Squires who recorded much of the early history of the area. They recall that shortly after the town was founded a group of gaily dressed Spanish and Mexican young men sailed up the river, docked at the mouth of El Dorado Canyon, and made their way without hesitation to the spot where the Wall Street mine was operating. Greatly disappointed to find that the prize had already been claimed, the foreigners displayed a yellowing map, unmistakably indicating the site of the mine, which they had discovered in an old church in Mexico City.

The story of Las Vegas would be incomplete without mention of Clark County's beginnings. When Nevada became a state in 1864 its eastern border was located near Ely and its southern border near Beatty. In 1868 Nevada assumed its present shape when Congress extended its borders to include the eastern strip and all of the southern triangle. Out of this newly acquired real estate Lincoln County was formed and shortly thereafter Pioche became the county seat. After Las Vegas was settled in 1905, people in the town increasingly resented having to travel 200 miles to reach their courthouse, and a drive was soon under way for a split from Lincoln County. Efforts of the Las Vegans were successful, with the result that Clark County—named after U. S. Senator William Clark who built the railroad—was established by the Legislature in 1909.

Now, with a county as well as a city on their hands, the people in Las Vegas were hard pressed for money to run their two governments. The town grew slowly at first but it grew steadily, and its determined residents gradually worked out their many problems. Recent growth of the area has been watched with almost disbelief by Nevadans in other parts of the state. Accustomed as they are to booms and boom towns in this traditionally boom state, they have never seen anything like Las Vegas. First came the big construction years during the thirties when Hoover Dam and Boulder City were built. Then followed the huge defense and industrial plants into Henderson in the early forties, bringing an unheard-of surge in population and prosperity. Then, after World War II, came the amazing growth of the Strip and the Las Vegas entertainment complex which set off a growth cycle that continues to spiral dizzily to this day. □

(Note: This brief history of Las Vegas was published in this magazine in 1962.)

Hertz

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COMMENT

THE PICTURE BOOKS & LEAR

Western photographer Ray Atkeson has acquired an incredibly large and diverse collection of landscape photographs while tramping woodland trails, grassy plains and the rocky coast; climbing clefts and crags and high peaks of the Pacific Northwest, always carrying his weighty camera gear and shooting photographs of surpassing quality.

After a boyhood spent on an Illinois farm Ray Atkeson worked his way west to Portland, Oregon, where he became a professional photographer and an ardent mountaineer. His photographs have appeared in many leading magazines, several one-man shows and in four or five spectacular volumes recently published by Charles H. Belding of Portland, Oregon. Designed by Robert Reynolds and printed by Graphic Arts Center, these large format pictorials sell for twenty-five dollars each.

Oregon, first of the series and now in its fourth printing, features the superb photography of Atkeson with a text by Carl Gohs, fervent Oregonian, and a free-lance writer, an expert in the history of his state. In selected color photographs is "Oregon at Random," a study in contrasts. The Oregon Coast is shown, rocky and fog bound with winter storms and violent gales to a hundred miles an hour toppling trees and rocks into the sea. After the storm blue and green glass fishing floats from Japan are often found on the shore; agate beds and fossils are uncovered. Text and photographs portray the City of Portland, pulp and paper mills on the Columbia River, lakes and waterfalls, the uplands of Oregon lying east of the great Cascade Range.

Extolling the lofty Cascades another Belding volume, *Northwest Heritage-The Cascade Range,* with more than one hundred and fifty color photographs and accompanying text by Atkeson, maps by Dee Molenaar, shows the vital importance of the mountain range. Reaching into British Columbia to the north and south through Washington and Oregon into California, the great, rugged range is a scenic wonderland.

Ray Atkeson's color photographs feature dramatic peaks of the Cascades. Photographs of incomparable loveliness include Washington's Mount Rainier, highest and largest peak in the Cascades.

Washington, another luxury volume, photography by Atkeson and text by Carl Gohs, is a cogent reason for visiting the Pacific Northwest. More than one hundred beautiful color photographs picture great rain forests, the open sea, the rivers and the Sound, Cape Flattery and the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Carl Gohs writes of the Olympic Mountains, "The Olympics are an extraordinary wilderness. In but a few miles a hiker may rise from a dark, humid rain forest to a sharp ridge in glacial chill. One may walk from the eerily silent green world of jungle to the edge of land, to the Pacific and endless breakers driving in—never calm—altering only to diminish or increase in force, or to the ebb and flood of tides."

Cities are pictured—Tacoma with the long ribbon of the Narrows Bridge; Seattle caught between Puget Sound on one side and three lakes on the other, a city of hills and water sports with Mount Rainier on the skyline.

"Washington, east of the Cascades," writes Charles Gohs, "is desert and scab rock; it is seemingly endless orchards and high, undulating, grain covered hills; it's broad, irrigated fields of potatoes and sugar beets. Cattle graze lowland meadows and upland range lands. In the North and in the southeast corner, mountains rise to five and six thousand feet—a high country of open, pine forests. Through all of it runs a great river and its tributaries, watering the fields, lighting the cities, powering the industries, and freighting the raw materials and products."

Taking leave of the Northwest wonderland, Belding presents his fourth volume, *California,* with exquisite color photography by Atkeson and David Muench plus sixteen pages of text by David W. Toll. Readers of Nevada Magazine will need no introduction to David Muench and David Toll. In the words of Editor Donald Bowers, "David Toll began his career with us and is successfully selling now to various western publications such as Westways and Arizona Highways. His first joint assignment with David Muench was for Nevada Magazine and since then the two have roamed many miles together."

As a boy, David Muench, traveling the West with his father, Josef Muench, a distinguished photographer, learned to love and respect the land and nature while receiving a basic education in landscape photography. After training in advertising and fashion photography he left this field to make western landscape photography his specialty. His library contains more than thirty thousand color photographs of the West, many of which appear in Arizona Highways, Audubon, National Wildlife, Nevada, Westways and other magazines and commercial publications.

Atkeson and David Muench while photographing the Golden State discovered there are many Californias. Their striking color photographs show California's contrasting faces in unbelievable variety. Flowers in a mission garden—freeways threading city patterns. Fog swept cliffs of Big Sur coastline and at Pebble Beach a golf course by the sea. Vineyards and groves, a carrot field in Coachella Valley —the skylines of California cities. Rain

forests and arid deserts; towering mountain peaks and in Death Valley, Badwater, two hundred eighty-two feet below the level of the sea.

The text by David W. Toll consists of historical sketches of mass migrations to California, from the early Spaniards to refugees from the Dust Bowl in 1936. As Toll describes the later newcomers and their trappings, "They came clattering out of the deserts in antique sedans and flapping-fendered pickup trucks bought from ruthless second-hand dealers back home. Front wheels nod crazily from side to side as the old crates churn along the lonesome straightaways and wheeze up the gentle slopes that separate the ash-heap mountains from one another."

Two errors are noticed in *California;* Ballona is erroneously spelled Bollona on page 24. The new Water and Power Building, pride of the City of Los Angeles, is mis-labeled "County" Water and Power Building on page 8.

Arizona, fifth spectacular volume published by Belding, is presently a bargain—twenty dollars until January 1, 1972 when the price moves up to the twenty-five dollars charged for companion volumes.

The breathtaking photographs in color are by David Muench who shows the beauty of a sun-haloed spiny cactus, the blue of a desert tank in Peralta Canyon by the Superstition Wilderness Trail; a Navajo hogan with a flock of sheep and goats grazing nearby. Here are the sandstone buttes and pillars of Monument Valley; the petrified remnants of a prehistoric forest; the old mining towns of Tombstone and Jerome, the urban areas of Tucson and Phoenix; beautiful Oak Creek Canyon and one of the wonders of the world, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Cliff dwellings inhabited in the 12th and 13th Centuries may be viewed, Mission San Xavier del Bac, the historic Gila River and the Painted Desert. David Muench knows the glories of Arizona and these are his pictures. But where are the birds of Arizona? Not even a vulture skimming the desert sky. A history of Arizona is presented in David Toll's text.

These beautiful Belding books belong on a tall shelf with other splendid volumes: Lucius Beebe's *Central Pacific and Southern Pacific Railroads,* The Sierra Club's *Exhibit Format Series,* Lane Magazine & Book Company's Sunset Books, *National Parks of the West* and *Beautiful California; The American West* by Ann and Myron Sutton; *The Tetons and the Yellowstone,* another Ansel Adams-Nancy Newhall production.

There comes a poignant wish that our great West could again be the West these books portray. In reality the cities of our land are smirched with smog, the little desert hills gouged by heavy wheels, the remnants of a million lunches thrown to the wind. Can we close our eyes to the browning forests and polluted water, the oil slicked birds and dying fish? Progress need not result in devastation, decay and death. In the words of Robinson Jeffers, "Corruption never has been compulsory."

Air pollution in our urban areas may be decreased by present Lear operations at the former Stead Air Force Base in Lemmon Valley, ten miles north of Reno, Nevada. Victor Boesen, an authority on pollution and the author of numerous articles in the Los Angeles Times' "West Magazine," in his exciting biography of William Lear describes some of the problems and solutions encountered in getting a space age steam car equipped with the new low-emission Lear Vapor Turbine Engine ready for the road. The book, *They Said It Couldn't Be Done: The Incredible Story of Bill Lear,* published by Doubleday & Company sells for $6.95.

In a letter to the White House, Bill Lear wrote: "We are spending billions to explore space. It ought to be worth a little of that to clean up the small space close to home, no higher than 50,000 feet, which most men will never leave."

William Powell Lear was born in Hannibal, Missouri, on June 26, 1902. He and his mother moved to Chicago where Bill spent his childhood years. At fifteen he found a job with Rotary International, later enrolling in high school to continue his education. In school he proved to be that rarity – a student who knew more than his instructors.

Hoping to see the world as offered by the United States Navy, Bill then joined up and found himself right back in Chicago at Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Here his boyhood interest and study of wireless, aroused by the use of radio in rescuing many passengers of the sinking Titanic in 1912 proved helpful. The Navy took advantage of his specialized knowledge, advancing him to instructor in wireless which meant increased pay and freedom.

The following years found Lear busy with his inventions, developments and innovations; a B battery eliminator, a dynamic speaker, a car radio which he and his partner named Motorola. When his earnings reached $35,000 a year Lear decided he could afford an airplane. After two and a half hours flying instruction he flew off on his own—no trouble except difficulty in locating himself. Following the railroad tracks was expedient until they disappeared into a tunnel. And which field was the airport? This quandary was later solved by Lear's aircraft direction finder, the Learoscope.

After three unsuccessful marriages Lear met and married his present wife, Moya Olsen, daughter of comedian Ole Olsen, in 1942. The Lear family, Bill, Moya and their four children, Shanda, (a name selected by comedian Grandfather Olsen) John, David and Tina, have lived in a varied assortment of beautiful homes, even as distant as Switzerland.

Grand Rapids, Michigan saw the start of Lear's automatic pilot for which he received aviation's highest award, the Collier Trophy in 1950.

In Wichita, Kansas, "Air Capital of the World," Lear built his business man's airplane, the Lear Jet. Despite $52,000,000 in sales the first year, money for the Lear Jets failed to come in fast enough to satisfy the creditors and Bill Lear sold his company to Gates Rubber Company.

With retirement bringing only depression and ill health Bill Lear, seeking a new interest turned to steam as a possible answer to air pollution. Owning 3,500 acres and facilities at old Stead Air Force Base near Reno, Lear decided to build his steam car on the premises and find new quarters for his family. River House at Verdi was his choice. The river is the Truckee, flowing from Lake Tahoe high in the snowy Sierra to containment in Pyramid, Nevada's beautiful desert lake.

Victor Boesen in his biography of Bill Lear, tells one of the inventor's favorite stories. An Indian chief called his people together at the end of the harvest season and told them he had some good news and some bad news. "I'll give you the bad news first," the chief said. "The harvest was poor and we didn't gather enough to see us through the winter. We'll have to piece out with buffalo chips. Now I'll give you the good news. We got plenty of buffalo chips." □

Addendum: The Encyclopedia of American Automobiles, edited by G. N. Georgano and published by E. P Dutton & Co. is a *must* book on the automobile buff's list. Alphabetically listed are more than 1,640 makes of cars built for sale in the United States and Canada over the past eighty years: their descriptions, hundreds of black and white illustrations and twenty-one delightful color plates.

At this writing no firm price for the encyclopedia is established; probably it will be in the neighborhood of $12.50.

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ENTERTAINMENT
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and new talent to mix and match with established performers. New comedians would trade their best joke for a chance to open with a top-name singer and, of course, singers need comedy and variety stars to break into the mainroom ranks. The trick is to match the right stars for maximum appeal. At just about any given time, a Vegas visitor can drive up and down the Strip looking at millions of dollars' worth of talent listed on the splashy, bright marquees. But, it will be a rare visitor indeed who doesn't ask himself who the new names are—and wonder why some of the old names aren't there.

In answer to the first question: the informed guide can usually rattle off a list of impressive credits for every name. Huge country stars may be completely unknown to the entertainment-hungry visitors, but country music fans are among the most loyal and enthusiastic. They'll turn out in droves for a Ferlin Huskey, a Tammy Wynette or a Roy Clark. And more often than once, an entertainment director who might be thinking he's bought a pig-in-a-poke ends up having scored the sleeper-hit of the month by booking an unfamiliar (to him) name star The other "who's that" might be a million-selling rock or soul artist or group. This category, though not a household word as yet, brings fans in from several hundred miles away just to "be there" when the performer makes his long-awaited (and in the fan's eyes, long overdue) Las Vegas debut. The fact that the same performer may never ever turn up in Las Vegas again is a moot point. On the other hand the performer may be a big-city attraction unknown to thousands of conventioneers amassed for an annual convention. But just watch the crowds from San Francisco, New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles pour in to be among the glittering first-nighters.

The second query always involves a touch of nostalgia, a little sadness for a much-beloved favorite of many years' standing, or an equal amount of bewilderment about a highly publicized, overly-promoted talent who faded as quickly as he surfaced on the showbusiness horizon. In most cases, however, it is the performer's choice to absent himself from Vegas, even after many many years of being a regular attraction. Jack Benny, Red Skelton, Harry Belafonte, Mil-

continued on next page

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The GRAY LINE

CALIFORNIA-NEVADA GOLDEN TOURS

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ton Berle, Jerry Lewis and Eddy Arnold pick and choose their engagements with greater care. They work Las Vegas only when they feel like it, where they choose, and usually at a most persuasive fee. Others are absent for less lofty reasons, such as not being in demand any more, asking too much money for too little drawing power, or just extended unavailability.

MORE ABOUT THE GAME

A favorite entertainment game played with equal finesse by talent buyers, stars and members of the press might be dubbed the Guess-who's-coming-to-Las Vegas Game. Top names who have absolutely never even considered a Las Vegas appearance suddenly turn up in the local and even national scuttlebutt as "prepping a nitery act," "listening to a fat Las Vegas offer" or "mulling three offers from Strip hotels." It sounds good and reads well. Howsomever, it's rarely more than a gambit to draw attention to a currently "hot" star in another media, to a rapidly "cooling" star, or to shake up competitively bidding hotels. On the other hand, there is a popular axiom in Las Vegas that apparently applies to not only live talent but to the structures that will showcase them as well. That is: "Never say never" and "Everything in Las Vegas is for sale for the right price." Empires are really built on sand in more ways than one. Hotels change hands as rapidly as the next shuffle at any blackjack table. Stars switch hotels for any number of reasons, mostly having to do with the kind of "green" that can be felt in the green felt playground. And any entertainment director who's been around the course a few times will insist that every star has his price. Elvis Presley's return to live performances after more than a dozen years triggered an explosion of rumors about stars who heretofore were completely unavailable for the gruelling twice-a-night, seven-days-a-week showtime schedules. Exceptions to that schedule have been relatively rare although Frank Sinatra, Judy Garland and Marlene Dietrich asked for and got special contracts for one show a night during their limited engagements. Perry Como made his first nightclub appearance in more than 25 years at the International Hotel (now the Las Vegas Hilton). Jona-

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than Winters returned after twelve years, Johnnie Ray made a startling comeback after a ten-year absence. Holdouts to the lure of "any price—any conditions" offers from various Las Vegas hotels (not to mention the progressively declining lack of motion picture and television exposure in recent years) have made practically every name part of the GWCTV game. Doris Day, Lucille Ball, Jackie Gleason, Bob Hope have remained adamant about their refusal to play Vegas but the grapevine buzzes with offers and reports of offers to superluminaries like Katherine Hepburn, Gloria Swanson, Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni and the endurable Mae West.

THE WAY IT IS TODAY

Las Vegas entertainment has changed considerably since the early 1960's. Partly because of economic conditions, partly because of consolidation of hotel and casino interests and the emergence of "corporation control," and partly because of the dynamic growth and power of various entertainment-oriented unions, there has been in the past decade. a gradual disappearance of the 'round-the-clock entertainment that distinguished Las Vegas from every other tourist center in the world. Lounges, an intrinsic part of the Vegas scene, have declined rapidly in recent years. Many hotels have done away entirely with a "second showroom" (lounge) policy. Caesar's Palace, the Dunes, Riviera, Fremont, Thunderbird—with others to come—have shuttered their lounges in favor of expanded gambling areas. Longtime observers of the Vegas scene are forever optimistic. This group, as opposed to a battery of professional if somewhat hysterical soothsayers who bemoan the decline and predict the fall of the Las Vegas empire, insist that the changes and radical reversals of operating procedures can only aid and abet the popularity and growth of the "Place in the Sun." Certainly major corporations and worldwide hotel interests sustain belief in the future of Las Vegas as more and more hotels break ground in the disappearing desert.

From an entertainment, entertainers' and entertainment directors' standpoint, Las Vegas is and always will be the pinnacle of live entertainment. In the not-

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too-distant future, as the hotel facilities are expanded and designed to include every phase of entertainment (including Las Vegas firsts like opera, ballet, Broadway shows and even pre-Broadway tryouts), hotel entertainment buyers will be in a position to choose from hundreds of stars, properties and shows. Economic conditions, both internally and nationally, will, of course, influence the rapidity of Las Vegas' spiralling growth. Population experts predict an increase in Clark County to well over one million people by the end of the 1970's. Tourism has been flourishing and increasing despite rising transportation costs and conventions are accounting for more and more of the yearly flux of visitors.

Entertainment costs have climbed in the past dozen years. Stars that once commanded ten to twenty thousand per week are now demanding sums that have varied from incredible—a hundred thousand per week!—to unreasonable. Stars who formerly asked for thirty to seventy-five thousand per week are more than tripling their demands anywhere else in the country and, consequently, are finding it more difficult to land two-to-four year contracts on the Strip. In recent years, however, there's been a levelling of star salaries, and most recently one hotel chain imposed an ironclad ceiling on entertainment fees. Showroom tabs have increased from "no minimum" (once one of the biggest lures) to as much as twenty dollars per person. The staging of a "spectacular" which usually has a cast of 40 to 140 people zoomed as union, material and construction costs went higher and higher. Lavishly created spectaculars such as "Casino de Paris," "Folies Bergere" and "Lido de Paris" remain major attractions and inevitably will be joined by others as hotel executives discover the advantages of long running spectaculars as opposed to multi-changing-star policy.

There's a concentrated effort being made by Las Vegans to stabilize the city's economy and position as the world's most unique, exciting and extravagant tourist attraction. It's a determined objective with entertainment and its myriad of possibilities an always intriguing part of the games of chance ceaselessly played and so provocatively packaged. □

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forward on the bench, grins to himself, and glides into an elegant "Penthouse Serenade." A customer may drift in and sit down for several minutes before he discovers the bar is closed at that hour. But nobody ever says, "Hey, Harry, stop the music."

EMILIO OF THE HILTON

An elegant and handsome figure stands at the door at the Las Vegas Hilton's "largest showroom in the world."

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"You work six weeks without a day off like when Elvis is in town and you know that someday you must find a less demanding job," Emilio Muscelli says. "We all grow old. My wife Joan has learned to live with my absence. But still

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HOMETOWN FOLKS
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I wish I could spend more time with my Perry and my Gina."

His son Perry, a junior at Valley High School, was named Most Valuable Player on the golf team when he was a sophomore.

"My boy is six feet two. You know he is a well-fed American. Right. And science-inclined. He built a complicated stereo set when he was thirteen. Smart. And my Gina—we adopted her on a trip to Italy—ah, well, you see her and you know she is the best thing I ever did."

Emilio holds a degree in agriculture from the University of Rome but he has never been a farmer. He was in the Ministry of Agriculture when an uncle in the U.S. died after the war and had no one as a direct heir.

Emilio was dispatched immediately. By the time the lawyers and administrators were through with this man who spoke little English, the estate was gone.

Emilio turned down the U.S. government's offer to set up an experimental farm in North Carolina for $3,700 a year. He feared he knew too little of the language.

continued on next page



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HOMETOWN FOLKS
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Instead he became a bus boy in the Catskill resorts. Then the late Jack Entratter befriended the young Italian boy and made him a captain at the Copacabana.

When Entratter moved west to the Sands Hotel he brought Emilio with him. Later Emilio was named Maitre d' at the Flamingo Hotel and he remained there for nine years until hotelman Alex Shoofey brought him to the International.

"Some people think the Maitre d' is a rich man who lives the glamorous life. They are wrong. The important thing is I am giving my children what nobody can take away, right? Education."

Still Emilio sighs. Sometimes friends believe he has brushed them off at the door. But, no.

"Two seconds to say hello can mean a party of ten may not be seated before the curtain. Everything must be split second decisions," he declares, waving his arms in frustration.

Dusk is falling. Marquees are alive. The phone rings persistently. "Ah, yes, madam. You must be kidding. Six for tonight!"

WALT SHANER

Backstage at the Stardust Hotel Walt Shaner prepares for an evening performance as if it were his first opening night or the last game of the World Series.

Both worlds have been his home. He played left field for the Cleveland Indians, the Boston Red Sox, and the Cincinnati Redlegs in the days of Ruth, Cobb, Tris Speaker and Walter Johnson.

But now, instead of managing rawboned farmboys with strong right arms, Walt Shaner is in charge of 85 actors, 34 stagehands, 10 electricians, 19 wardrobe mistresses and 21 musicians whose efforts all go into the dazzling production known as the Lido de Paris.

Walt is a native of Lynchburg, Virginia and a graduate of Virginia Polytechnic Institute. He was an army officer and began his theatrical career as a stagehand after he left organized baseball.

For many years he built sets and managed the R. L. Grosh and Sons Scenic Studio shop, and then he worked for RKO pictures. Producer Frank Sennes made him the stage manager of the Lido show before it opened in 1958.

His day has no beginning or end. With two shows a night, cast and costume duties in the daytime, and a third show on Saturdays as well as bookwork, he has to play golf or tend to personal affairs on the run in the heat of the day. At 66 he is still trim and athletic.

Wife Wanda is studying art at a gallery not far from the glittering Strip.

Seated in a battered chair and staring into a fish tank atop his desk, Walt reflects on the life of a stage manager.

He decides he must be carpenter, electrician, engineer, psychologist, father, and ringmaster, or a workhorse nut.

"Yes, I guess you might say I'm grandfather in residence for the chorus girls," he laughs. "But the truth is they have a captain to keep them in line. My wife used to be ribbed about my job and the girls. But I don't think she ever thought it was too funny."

Walt Shaner becomes impatient with those who speak of temperamental artists.

"They have to be on edge to do a good show day after day," he says. "These girls work tremendously hard. You have to be dedicated and disciplined. We run two years at a stretch with the same people night and day. Physically they must be in as good a shape as an athlete. They can't take on weight, and they must get their sleep, and be in the right position and smile all the time. It takes brains and stamina."

Although the show and the cast grow larger each year they retain the family spirit. Only recently the Lido "showfolk" sponsored a benefit performance of the motion picture "West Side Story" and raised $5,000 for a girl who was stricken with cancer.

For Walt Shaner it is these contradictions of the human spirit—that pzazz and heartache, triumph and defeat—which bind him to the City of Chance.

He is not alone in his fascination. □

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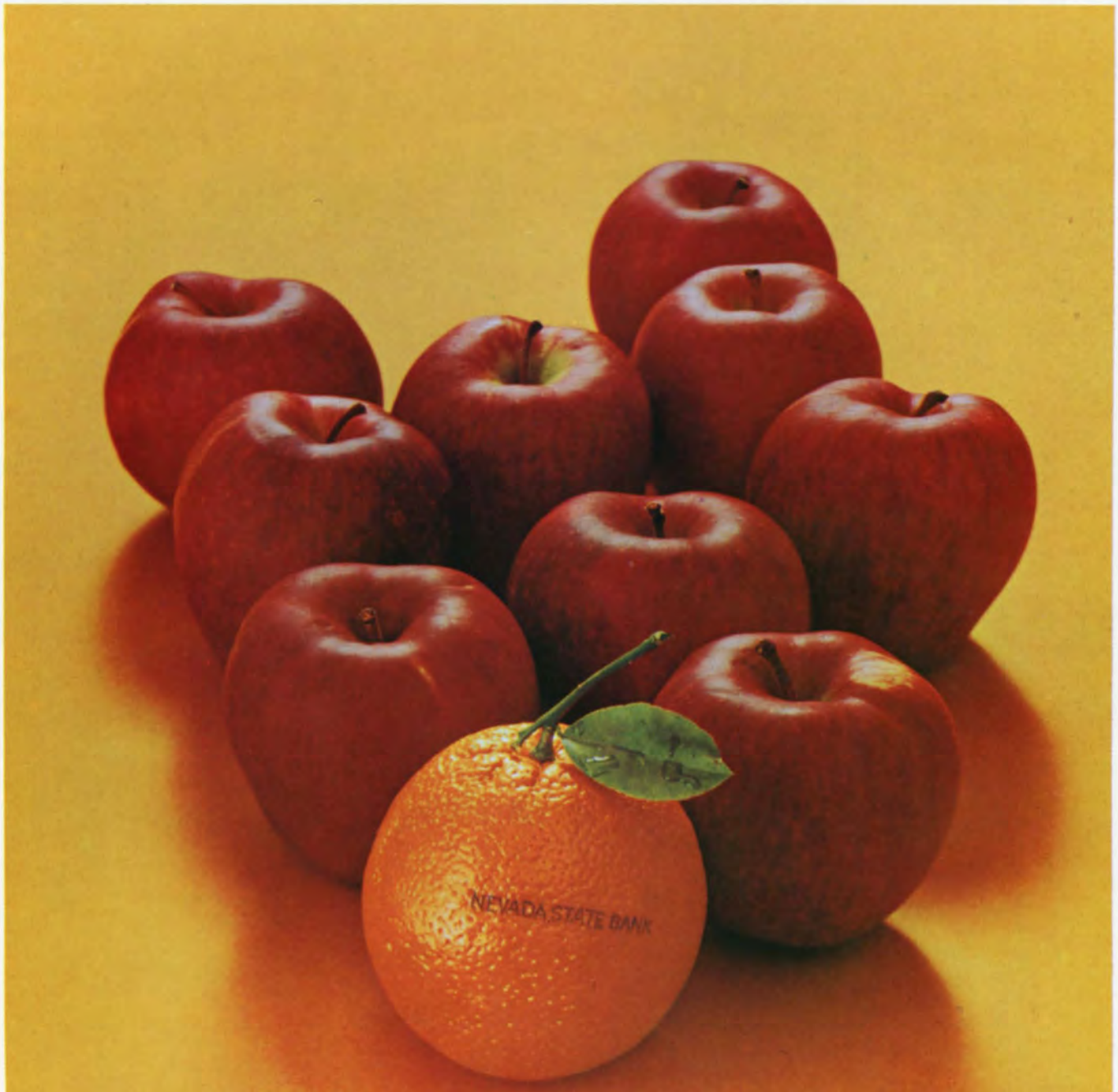
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