

EYE IN THE SKY

SUMMER
1980
EDITION
★★★

The Insider's Guide to Vegas

JANICE HASTINGS

*The Showgirl
Everyone Is
Talking About*

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW – PART ONE

*“People think they know
what it’s like to be a showgirl.
Most of them don’t.”*

ALSO INSIDE:



JIM “THE JEWELER” COLLINS
Blackjack Tips from
the Man with a System



DEAN MARTIN
Draws Another
Sellout Crowd



**RUMORS FROM
THE OASIS LOUNGE**
Who’s Up, Who’s Down,
and Who’s Leaving Town



**THE EYE IN THE SKY
WATCHES THE STRIP**
What Casino Surveillance Sees
That You Don’t



ADVICE FROM VERONICA
Q&A from Readers

WHERE
VEGAS
TELLS ITS
SECRETS

FROM THE WORLD OF
THE SHOWGIRL

THE PEOPLE. THE ACTION. THE SECRETS BEHIND THE NEON.

JANICE HASTINGS

The Most Talked-About Showgirl on the Strip



“When I see an interesting man, I make the first move.”

— Janice Hastings

👁️ You're one of the most talked-about showgirls on the Strip. What's your secret?

JH: I work out and eat right.

👁️ What's the biggest misconception about showgirls?

JH: That we crave attention.

👁️ You don't?

JH: We spend hours on stage wearing feathers and sequins. Of course we like attention. The misconception is that attention is all we want.

👁️ Meaning?

JH: People forget we're human beings. They think we're part of the scenery. Trust me, we're a lot more than that.

👁️ What's the best part of the job?

JH: Walking on stage and hearing the audience react. For a few minutes, you feel larger than life.

👁️ What do you do for fun when the show is dark?

JH: Right now, my new hobby is learning blackjack.

👁️ Any good?

JH: Ask my teacher. Trust me, it's a memorable story.

👁️ How often do men hit on you?

JH: Not very. Most are intimidated.

👁️ What's the worst pickup line you've ever heard?

JH: A guy looked at my costume and said, “Now that's the Iraq I'd like to invade.”

👁️ What did you say?

JH: I said, “Then prepare for a long war.”

👁️ So, how does a man get your attention?

JH: Usually he doesn't.

👁️ That's not very encouraging.

JH: When I see an interesting man, I make the first move.

👁️ You do?

JH: Absolutely. Life's too short to wait around.

👁️ Did that ever work?

JH: Maybe you should interview Jim.

👁️ is there a right way to ask out a showgirl?

JH: Step one: don't tell her she's the most beautiful woman you've ever seen.

👁️ Why not?

JH: Because she's heard it six times before lunch.

👁️ Step two?

JH: Be interesting.

👁️ That's it?

JH: If I knew a step three, I wouldn't be single.

👁️ So you're available?

JH: Only in Kindle or paperback.

JIM ON BLACKJACK

Advice from the Man Who Knows the Game

★ ★ ★



Insurance

The first time I sat down at a blackjack table in Las Vegas, I thought insurance sounded like a pretty good deal.

The dealer showed an ace. I had twenty. The man beside me leaned over and said, “Kid, you’ve got to protect a hand like that.”

So I bought insurance.

The dealer turned over a six and drew out to twenty-one.

I lost my hand and my insurance bet.

Welcome to Las Vegas.

Insurance in blackjack is a lot like insurance in life—usually a losing proposition.

Some gamblers, like the one who advised me, will tell you to insure a good hand and decline it on a bad one. That’s Vegas folklore. The cards don’t care what you’re holding.

Here’s the reality: insurance pays 2-to-1, but there usually aren’t enough ten-value cards left in the deck to make it a profitable wager. In the long run, the casino keeps the edge.

The exception? When you’ve counted the cards and know the deck is rich in tens. Then insurance can become a winning bet.

Until then, remember this:

“*If insurance was such a great bet, the casino wouldn’t offer it.*”

— Jim “*The Jeweler*” Collins

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A TOAST TO THE KING OF COOL



Few entertainers own a room the way Dean Martin does.

The house lights dim and a wave of anticipation rolls through the Celebrity Showroom. Then Dean appears.

The applause begins immediately.

There is no dramatic entrance. No elaborate choreography. Just Dean Martin strolling to center stage with the effortless confidence of a man who knows exactly who he is.

Tanned, impeccably groomed, and dressed in a perfectly tailored black tuxedo, he looks every bit the superstar. A drink in hand, he opens with *When You're Drinking*, his playful adaptation of *When You're Smiling*. The audience laughs before the first chorus is finished.

Dean's secret has never been his voice alone. Plenty of singers can hit the notes. What makes him special is the feeling that you're spending the evening with an old friend who just happens to be one of the biggest stars in America.

The jokes are loose. The timing is flawless. The bourbon is real. And somewhere between the laughter and the music, the room remembers why they call him the King of Cool.



Dean Martin's Vegas magic
lives on in the pages of
THE SHOWGIRL.



RUMORS

FROM THE

Oasis Lounge



Rumor has it a certain blonde showgirl and a visiting schoolteacher became the unexpected stars of the evening at **HOGS & HEIFERS**. Witnesses describe the spectacle as an improvised dance routine that was entirely unforgettable. Both parties have declined to comment, though neither has denied it.



A mystery lady brought down the house right here at **the OASIS LOUNGE** this week.

Witnesses describe her as glamorous, confident, and possessing a voice that stopped conversations cold. Speculation about her identity is running rampant, though regulars seem convinced they've seen her somewhere before.

The Eye is watching.





EYE

IN THE SKY

WATCHES THE STRIP

★ WE SEE WHAT OTHERS MISS. ★



**CONFIDENTIAL
INTELLIGENCE**

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA
DISCREET. SELECTIVE.
ALWAYS WATCHING.




FILE #17: THE COUNT ROOM

Rumor has it a hidden cocktail room tucked somewhere inside the **Flamingo** has become the late-night gathering spot for entertainers, bookmakers, and a few gentlemen who prefer not to appear in photographs.

If you're invited, don't ask who owns the place.

If you're not invited, don't ask where it is.



FILE #23: THE CATALOG

Rumors continue to circulate about a mysterious catalog passed quietly among a select group of wealthy men.

Most dismiss the stories as another Las Vegas urban legend.

Others insist the catalog is very real—and that the women listed inside aren't entertainers, cocktail waitresses, or showgirls.

They're merchandise.

The Eye in the Sky has been unable to verify the existence of the catalog.

Then again, if it were easy to find, it wouldn't be much of a secret.



CLASSIFIED OBSERVATION
The Eye sees what others miss.



ADVICE

FROM

Veronica

JANICE'S CAR HAS OPINIONS.
Unfortunately, she shares them.



Dear Veronica,
My boyfriend plays more on a hand of blackjack than he spends on me on a date. Should I put my foot down?
— *Feeling Undervalued*



Veronica:

Honey, if he's tipping the dealer better than he's treating you, the dealer is his real girlfriend. 



Dear Veronica,
How do I know if a man is serious about me?
— *Seeking Signs*



Veronica:


If he introduces you to his mother instead of his bookmaker, you're making progress. 



Dear Veronica,
When I get sexually excited, I can only speak German. Any advice?
— *Desperate for love*



Veronica:



Relax. Most men aren't listening that closely anyway. 



Dear Veronica,
My boyfriend says I'm high maintenance.
— *Worth It*



Veronica:


Honey, in Las Vegas, the fountains are high maintenance too. People still line up to see them.  



Dear Veronica,
My husband says he goes to the casino strictly for the food. Is that possible?
— *Hungry for Answers*



Veronica:


Of course. And people visit Vegas for the fresh air. 



Dear Veronica,
I accidentally gave my phone number to two different men in the same casino.
— *Mixed Signals*



Veronica:


Vegas was built on risk-taking. You're simply diversifying your portfolio. 



Dear Veronica,
A man told me money can't buy happiness.
— *Curious*



Veronica:


That's usually something men say right after they've run out of money. 



Dear Veronica,
Every man I meet says he's different.
— *Not Convinced*



Veronica:


That's funny. Every slot machine says the jackpot is due. 



Dear Veronica,
My mobbed-up boyfriend dumped me and left me with a gun and a copy of *THE SHOWGIRL*. I don't know what to do.
— *Virginia*



Veronica:

Leave the gun. Take *THE SHOWGIRL*. 



Never take relationship advice from a man who thinks blackjack is an investment strategy.

