

Barney Glazer's Glazed Bits



During a fast trip to Las Vegas for Milton Berle's opening at the Sahara Hotel in the Sahara's first legitimate production, "Nevada Too Late," I visited Rona and Russ Cantor's home where I became completely captivated by the charms and musical talents of six-year-old Marla, second-grader and eldest of five beautiful and personable children.

I laughed when this delightful tike walked over to the piano but my laughter soon turned to amazement. Her dad propped her high atop books stacked on the bench and without benefit of customary parental coaxing Marla's tiny fingers flew up and down the keyboard of the venerable upright as if she had never heard of Ampara and Jose Iturbi.

I chuckled as she studied her music seriously with an intent look on her cherubic and tiny face and her chubby little hands reached out and gathered in notes as if by magic, putting them together into difficult chords that would frustrate many adults with years of lessons and practice behind them.

The scene carried me back to the days when her father Russel Cantor, no senior citizen by any means (he just turned 25), displayed the same talent (some call it genius) when he was only four.

Billed as "Russ Cantor and His Stringettes" (I pride myself as author of their title), Russ is now playing his remarkable strings with four beautiful and talented young ladies in the Rivera Hotel's lounge where they have installed themselves slowly but surely as favorites.

In the living room of his Las Vegas home, Cantor demonstrated diminutive Marla's absolute pitch. Asking the beautiful youngster to stand and face away from the piano, Cantor picked out chords.

As fast as her father played them, the youngster sang out the chords, quickly and easily distinguishing the majors from minors from the diminisheds and even naming the single notes in each chord.

"Watch this," said Russ. "She has never dealt with sevenths before."

He coached her for exactly three minutes, mixed some chords and Marla proceeded to pick out the sevenths from the majors, minors and diminisheds as if she had studied and known the sevenths for months.



MARLA CANTOR

"That isn't all," said her proud father. "She can listen to a television theme, rush to the piano and play it right through. She transposes so naturally and easily to another key, it's uncanny."

"She has a remarkable facility and reads music as if she was born to it." I'm sure she was.

Take it from a fellow who has studied music for years, has attempted to play piano, mandolin, banjo and guitar, and has wound up with the firm conviction that he is

either solidly stupid or has ten baby fingers and all of them thumbs - double-jointed to boot.

I MET Johnny Carson's wife, Joanne, in a penthouse atop the Sahara Hotel where the press and showfolks had gathered.

Pretty, slim and charming, Joanne said, "Johnny and I have purchased a home here. It's our get-a-way house where we hope to run once a year."

She said that when she appeared alone in Las Vegas, newsmen immediately asked the obvious question, "What does this mean?"

"I'll tell you what it means," Joanne told them. "I am not establishing residence to divorce Johnny. It means we now own a home in Las Vegas."

ARABS BUY FLORIDA LAND

MIAMI (JTA) -- A Dade county investment farmer disclosed that a Middle East syndicate of sheiks and Arab bankers has purchased some 15,000 acres of farmland in South Dade country for about \$22,000,000.

The transaction, one of the largest in South Florida history, is expected to be completed by April 15, William Sottile, the owner of the property, reported. He said the syndicate was headed by Jamil K. Boullos, chairman of the board of the Investment Bank of Lebanon. The syndicate is made up of 11 wealthy Arabs who reportedly were concerned about the explosive situation in the Middle East. The purchases were meant to stabilize their multi million dollar holdings. The other ten members are investors from Lebanon, Kuwait and Saudi Arabia.

Joseph Strougan, a representative of the Seaboard Continental corporation of New York, said that his firm was approached by the syndicate eight months ago, seeking "American investments to balance and stabilize their holdings elsewhere. He said his firm recommended about 60 investments sites in the United States.

Sam Carrison, a Miami investment counselor who assisted in the transaction said that the syndicate's total investment fund for South Florida totaled approximately \$35,000,000. He said the rest of the fund would be used for investments in Florida apartment buildings, land, hotel and other interests. Boullos plans to live in Miami for six months each year.



Harry Golden's "Only In America"

BIG NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA

Every time I write a column about California I get a lot of protesting mail.

But now I have some pleasant news about California which I feel I should pass along to readers who do not live in Paradise but in such prosaic places as Scranton, Miami, and Bangor.

California has a new Senator, George Murphy and Senator Murphy has come to Capitol Hill with a lot of new ideas. Chief among these is his insistence that our Olympic athletes get a better break. He feels it is an imposition for these young stalwarts to have to come to the qualifying meets in their own station wagons, paying their own tolls and their own lodging. You see how far ahead of us Senator Murphy is? I thought the Olympic athletes ran to the meets carrying aloft o'er highway and dale a flame that never went out. But they drive their own stations wagons, no less, and Republican Murphy is a democrat at heart; he wants to give them 8 cents a mile like everybody else.

California police are also cracking down on the luncheon strip tease joints. It seems that while a businessman is enjoying his blue-plate he can also indulge his voyeurism by watching a lady take off her clothes which would distress me if I were eating clams. I say California is getting police protection second to none.

The poolroom owners of California are lobbying to get repealed an antiquated law which prohibits the shooting of straight pool, Chicago eight-ball, rotation, or billiards by anyone under the age of 18. Since this law has been stringently enforced in California, all the poolroom owners have to face a mile after dismaying mile of empty pool tables.

At one time poolrooms were infested with gamblers and panderers and they were good places out of which to keep the kids. The panderers have all turned agents now, getting their girls jobs in luncheon strip tease joints, and the gamblers have been absorbed by various syndicates such as Cosa Nostra. It is time we let the kids back in the poolroom, for indeed, it is young man's game. If you can't spot a pool

shark at 10, heaven help you when you are 33.

It is true that Herbert Spencer said, "Proficiency at billiards is indicative of nothing but a misspent youth," but the compulsory education law effectively stills his complaint. Bravo to the poolroom owners.

Californians have to their credit given up bowling. The bowling flood of the '50's has become the drought of the '60's. There are whole compounds of miracle miles which have become literally depressed areas because no Californian comes in to roll the ball down the alley.

Champion bowlers remind me of precocious children who can play "Chopsticks" with two fingers.

California strides on. It will be the American wonderland with athletes on expense accounts, the girls out of the restaurants, the bowlers out of the alleys, and the kids back into the pool halls where they belong.

ASPIRATIONS

The town council for the first time in several decades hurries through its agenda. It leaves an hour free during which it listens to the richest doctor in town tell them about the debilitating effect of dope and narcotics on teens.

"Is this a problem now in our high schools?" asks one of the councilmen.

"No," chorus the sophisticates on the council. "But let's do something about it before it is."

They tell the police about the fears, organize citizen committees to study the problem and report back and involve the PTA.

This kind of thinking merely obscures the problem.

These councilmen are not only putting in the time to help the community over the virulence of dope addiction, they are also putting money aside for junior's education should he by dint of their efforts, escape the effects of pot and horse.

Imagine their surprise when Junior announces, "I don't want to go to Yale. I want to be a photographer."

If Daddy thought all dope came in cigarettes, Daddy's got another thing coming. Wanting to be a photographer today is like telling my father I wanted to become an ac-

tor. He told me, "The world is work," and didn't speak to me for three months until I got over this aberrant manifestation of youth.

"Why do you want to be a photographer?" asks the modern father. "What's wrong with being a lawyer or a doctor or an anthropologist or even for that matter a sculptor? You always liked making model airplanes."

"I get quicker results with photography," replies Junior. "It will only cost \$9,000 to set me up with the cameras and the film I need."

There are, of course, worse things. One of them is folk singing. It is true the guitar is cheaper than a good camera. But folk singing produces physical ravages the like of which a camera never disguised nor even narcotics ever produced.

First there is the long-hair which makes a lot of the boys look like Prince Valiant or worse. And the beard.

Some of the kids effect the Yukon prospector growth and some the Fu Manchu delicacy of whiskers. And all of them play the records so they can imitate to perfection their models.

You see, it is the age of the amateur. Narcotics provide an amateur sinning, meaning it takes no work or imagination. Photography takes skill but no true creation and folk-singing takes no training at all.

WHAT OF OUR TEACHER?

Dr. Ernest O. Melby, former president of Montana State College, says, "Our teachers are middle-class people with middle-class attitudes. They usually do not want to teach the culturally deprived and when they do, their attitudes keep them from helping the deprived child."

These teachers are also deprived. Deprived of the richest reward of any teacher, that of helping to free good minds to reach fulfillment. I recall that great sentence from Don Quixote, "The mountains breed learned men, and philosophers are to be found in the huts of shepherds."

Genius is often born in a slum but what chance does it have without a dedicated teacher? Here is the greatest opportunity of the century for rewarding careers that no automation can defeat and in which all change is for the better.

NEW CHINESE CUSTOM

In an article in the reliable "Manchester Guardian," their correspondent, Robert Guillain, from Hong Kong, after studying Communist China for one year, stated:

"Chinese fathers told me that the master of the house is now the youngster. 'When we hear the noise of his slippers we all stop talking.' Even 6,000 miles away it is frightening."

THE LAST SAD RITE

When a beloved friend or relative dies, the funeral is very sad, but it is usually in the hands of trained people and is not as poignantly painful as the most final rite which must be done, cleaning out the desk of the departed.

The little things that expressed his personality, the trinkets, clippings, mementoes, even a crumpled candy wrapper express everything we found lovable and unique, and clearing away these things is the final farewell.

IF YOUR BUSINESS CANNOT AFFORD TO ADVERTISE THEN ADVERTISE IT FOR SALE IN THE LAS VEGAS ISRAELITE.

MISS BOBBIE'S

TEENS & PETITES
Hard Sizes To Fit - - 3 - 5 - 7
TREMENDOUS STOCK
110 North 4th
Free Parking At Coopers

NOW APPEARING! JACK ENTRATTER PRESENTS

Double Magic in the Copa Room!

JAN MURRAY CAROL LAWRENCE



ANTONIO MORELLI AND HIS MUSIC

The most beautiful girls in the west • Two shows nightly at 8:15 and midnight

The Sands

HOTEL RESERVATIONS: 735-9111 • SHOW RESERVATIONS: 735-3464

In the Lounge: Red Norvo & Betsy Duncan/Bob Snyder & Pegge Kaye/David Allen/Ernie Stewart

FANTASTIC FAIR
DELICATESSEN
and Bar-B-Que
OPENING SPECIAL
Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, and Sunday

1/4 lb. Lox } 90¢
1/4 lb. Cream Cheese }

Full line of kosher and kosher style meats.
Full line of cheeses, rolls, bagels and baked goods.

Party Trays - Fish and Meat

Hors-d'oeuvres by the 100's.

Barbecue Chicken and Ribs.

CALL 870-4462

and ask for Jimmy, Maxie or Jimmy.

HOURS:

Monday thru Friday - 10 am to 9 pm
Saturday & Sunday - 10 am to 7 pm