



Harry Golden's "Only In America"

THE TOPLESS DANCERS

England recently held a Commonwealth Arts Festival which was staged in Trafalgar Square. Among members of the Commonwealth invited to display their native arts and culture was Sierra Leone. Sierra Leone dispatched 60 dancers to demonstrate African ballet. The so-called ballerinas of this troupe expected to display their talents in native dress. In Sierra Leone apparently neither dancers nor civilians wear brassieres.

Desecration hovered over Trafalgar Square.

An official of the Ministry of Public Works and Buildings rushed to the rescue. He ruled that the 60 dancers could not appear in their topless costume. He explained he had no objection to their appearing in the legitimate theatre sans top, but to appear in Trafalgar Sq. they had to be suitably dressed.

The ballet master, a Mr. John Akar, was outraged. He said, "If we are not allowed to appear in our traditional dress we will not appear at all. It would be entirely against the aesthetic appeal of our dancing. This Commonwealth Arts Festival is a cultural event. It would

be entirely against our principles to change our costume."

One never knows the principles for which one must eventually stand. It is one thing to urge the United Nations to get together, and perhaps the same to urge the Commonwealth to get with it.

While England is a land of freedom, like the United States it cannot shed its hypocrisy about sex. Can 60 Sierra Leone dancers, performing their native steps, be any more sexually suggestive than a milk man making his rounds? Less probably, for the philandering milk man is already part of our folk culture as it were.

The moral climate in London these days in permeated with concern about homosexuality. Every theatrical performance refers to it and the fags themselves parade endlessly up and down the streets. British laws heretofore have dealt harshly with male homosexuality but in no way diminished its ever-growing popularity. Why the Ministry of Public Buildings and Works thinks bare breasted dancers will corrupt Trafalgar Square and the Commonwealth Festival and homosexuals not is a mystery.

If I had a bit of advice for

Londoners I would say the more bare breasts, the better.

CHARLOTTE BAR WAR

The Methodists and Baptists of Charlotte, N.C., have promised to fight to the death to prevent the establishment of open bars in our city. Any place where a fellow can purchase a shot of rye or bourbon, for that matter, is bound to bring vengeance on his home town. So say they.

Of course the Chamber of Commerce is for open bars, so are all the restaurant owners who struggle manfully to make a profit on scrambled eggs in the morning and fried steak in the late afternoon. And so am I who would like a bit of companionship on those afternoons when I fell the need to blow the dust off myself.

I recommend to the local Methodists a word from the Mother Country, a pronouncement of the Vicar of Lord Hill in England, the Rev. Geoffrey Heal who, to help raise the money for a new church, has taken to bartending in those free hours not spent with his breviaries or beside the bedside of the sick. "I enjoy pubs," says the Vicar, "and the convivial atmosphere one finds in them. You meet Christianity wherever there are people."

I am only sorry I don't live in Lord Hill so I could go to this fellow's church now and then for a bit of comfort.

The pub is certainly better than some of the speakeasies which from time to time proliferate in Charlotte.

Barney Glazer's Glazed Bits



Hollywood, Calif. (TCNS)-

In a Las Vegas hotel lounge, RCA Victor's recording artist Si Zentner stands on stage for 35 minutes while other acts perform. "The trick," said the popular orchestra leader, "is not to stand around with hands dangling but to keep moving like an Avis-Rent-a-Car, constantly doing something." That's Si Zentner, always swinging for motivation.

When Mel Torme finished his vocals, Zentner leaned over and whispered the supreme compliment for any singer, "He's a great musician."

The two Jewish personalities are close friends.

Torme followed with a drum solo. It sounded perfect, great. Asked, "Professionally speaking, how does Torme work at the drums?" Zentner replied, "He's one of our best. This is no hobby. He played with the major bands, you know." We confessed we didn't.

When the Velvet Frog and the Swinging Eye teamed, it proved a dream mating of the drums and trombone.

Said Zentner, "Big band drumming is a lost art. There's a big difference between playing for the big band and the trio. In a big band, the drummer is always subservient to the man sitting alongside. He hold the right to play a solo only after he has learned how to be subservient.

"First, he has to play the notes with his eyes. Next, the most important stage with a big band is to start playing with the ears."

"Would you hire Torme today as your band drummer?" "Right now," replied Zentner.

"What is exactly the purpose of the big band leader?" Said Zentner, "The leader is the catalyst who gives the band individuality and concept and makes it identifiable. When radio listeners recognize a band after hearing a couple of bars, that's good."

LIBERACE'S mother, Frances Liberace, 73, sat in the lobby of the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas. At the moment, her son stood on stage

in the nearby Versaille Room entertaining the customers with his flamboyant act. One of Lee's jackets was so wild it made NBC-TV's peacock look like a plucked chicken.

Momma Liberace sat there at peace with the world. That is, all but for one complaint, "Eddie Fisher hugged me tonight," she said. "He killed by beautiful corsage."

BACK TO Si Zentner, he told the story about a woman who boarded a bus, dropped a dime in the box and asked in Jewish, "E-metza ret Yiddish doo?" "Does anyone speak Jewish here?" A man in the rear of the bus raised his hand and said in Jewish, "Otodu oh, Vost vilst doo?" ("I do. What do you want to know.") The woman then asked in perfect English, "What time is it?"

Si brought up the subject of oyngedepts (gedehmte flaysh, roast meat.) "I learned something odd about oyngedepts," said the band leader. "Gentiles can't make it but Negro chefs can. I've never been able to understand that."

Added Frances, Si's char-

ming wife, "If oyngedepts aren't in your blood stream, you can take all the ingredients and forget it."

For an American boy, born and raised in America, Si Zentner is a rarity. When he speaks Yiddish, many say of him, "Ehr shtinkt noch foon ship" (He still smells from the ship") His wife calls him a "goldenah nshooma" (golden soul, not a bad bone in his body)

Si love the story about the man who dropped into a Union Square (N.Y.) cafeteria and asked for a glass of milk with a drop. "A drop of what?" asked the counter man. "A drop of coffee" said the customer. "Just for the taste."

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