

Barney Glazer In Hollywood

While Mickey Katz, the Yiddish comedian, was riding the crest of popularity, his son, Joel Katz, 10, attracted the attention of Eddie Cantor. Joel made his debut in his sub-teenage days on the old Colgate Comedy Hour. From there, he worked his way through most of the live variety shows including Dinah Shore and Ed Sullivan. When 19, Joel headlined the Copacabana.

After Las Vegas, Miami and the London Palladium, young Mr. Katz studied acting with Sanford Meisner and Wynn Handman and arrived at the foregone conclusion that, "Theatre is my destination."

By this time, I should make

it clear that young Joel no longer bore the name Katz. He had dropped it along the way in favor of Joel Grey.

More than anything else in the world, Joel wanted to star on Broadway in a play or musical that he had starred in from the beginning. It seemed that it would never happen. He was always replacing others in parts they had created - Anthony Newley, Tommy Steele, Warren Berlinger.

When Joel starred on the road in Newley's original role in "Stop the World - I Want to Get Off" it was hard to imagine how Newley could have been any better. Grey will tell you that he

worships Anthony, he loves the man's characters and songs. He doesn't come right out and say that he can't manhandle his idol's performance but you get the feeling he would be the first to admit that Newley is the master, the master rules and he, Joel is content to stand in his shadow.

It finally happened - that is, "Cabaret" happened to Joel Grey. He created a Broadway role, he won the Tony Award for Broadway's best musical performance and many other awards. To prove what the Great White Way thought of the little guy, it placed his name atop the title of the play. That's as close to Heaven as one can get in showbiz around New York. He made it last April, just when he turned 35.

Funny thing about Joel's accomplishment in "Cabaret" lies in the oddity that he's onstage so briefly. Actually, you feel his presence more than you see him. His performance while he's on is so strong it carries over when he isn't on.

Grey has been residing out here in California, at Malibu, to be precise, for a brief vacation. While here, he taped an appearance with Dean Martin. He wants to get back to "Cabaret" but fast. He misses it that much. It closes its tour Jan. 31.

When "Cabaret" reaches Los Angeles eventually, young Grey won't be in it. That's our loss. At that time he'll be on Broadway portraying song-and-dance man George M. Cohan in Michael Stewart's new musical, "George M." Joel is studying tap dancing for that one. He finds it tough and challenging, much different than the dancing he has managed so well for so long.

He's excited about "George M." to be directed by Joe Layton. He's as wild about the old Cohan songs as he is about the mod Newley tunes. It would have been fitting and proper had he portrayed a segment out of the life of Eddie Cantor, the man who gave him his first professional break. The time and reciprocity may come.

Henny's In Town

by Jack Tell

Henny Youngman, at his most hilarious, is back and this time Caesars Palace has him.

Henny is handling the comedy chores in the sock Tony Bennett show at the best store in town, and never before in his career of four decades of telling jokes have his one-liners been more effective. Even the old, old one "My boy is ten going on eleven, if we let him" had the sophisticated customers rolling in the aisles. That's one line this writer has been breaking up over since era 1935. Matter of fact if Henny left it out of his routine, we'd demand a refund.

Most long-time performers play around with their act, adding a piece of business here, inserting a prop there, not Henny. He's been delivering the role straight, without deviating, since he started. The adamant Youngman, violin under his arm, walks out to the mike, looks the audience straight in the eye, and commences belting out the one-liners with rapidity, barely waiting for the laughter to die down between quips.

There is no continuity to Henny's monologue. "I told Sinatra to fight if he wants to - but never with Jews in the desert." A woman patient visiting a doctor for the first time was told she had the ugliest body he had ever seen. "That's what my own doctor told me," she ad-



HENNY

mitted. "So why did you come to see me?" he asked. "I wanted another doctor's opinion."

We asked Henny why he didn't stick to a routine, like other comics, you know, the mother-in-law gags, the golf quips, the run-down on the Irishmen jokes, etc. "It's not fair," he answered. "There are some who do not appreciate or even understand the humor attached to certain circumstances, even if the jokes themselves are funny. Why spend five minutes of a 20-minute act on a specific subject when there is a probability some may not be interested?"

He's got something there. We've been bored by portions of even extremely funny comedians' routines because we were ignorant or disinterested in the subject matter. Not so with Young-

man.

He swings from one topic to another with rarely a missout. "My wife put a two-day mud pack on her face. She looked good for two days -- until the mud fell off." Henny scanned the audience. "I told my doctor it hurts when I do this" (raising his arm.) "You know what my doctor advised me? Don't raise your arm." "A robber came up to me and said; Stick 'em down." "I said: You mean stick 'em up." He replied: "No wonder I have not made any money all day." "Officer may I park here? The cop snapped: No, I asked What about those other cars? "They didn't ask." "I told my mother-in-law to feel right at home. My house was her house. So she sold it."

Watching the Caesars Palace audience wax hysterical over every line, made us glow. At last, we started to tell ourself Henny has come into his well-deserved recognition. But that didn't seem 100% accurate. Henny hasn't come anywhere. He's always been the same. We've always howled at his antics, as did many, many others through the years. Now that he's captured unanimous approval didn't mean that Youngman had changed. Nothing of the sort. It was the public that had achieved adulthood in its taste for humor.

The accolades didn't disappear with the laughter and applause in the show room. In the lounge, the casino, the coffee-shop, even in the elevator going up to his room (Continued on Page 7)

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