

# OF THE STARS

## WAYNE, DAVE, WE LOVE YOU

By JACK TELL



### TELLING IT LIKE IT IS

Don Tell



HENNY

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This is a kind of a delayed story about two entertainers who should have received acclaim over and over again in this newspaper.

It comes at a time when their combined efforts bring one of the best shows, ever, to the Las Vegas Strip. We're talking about Wayne Newton and Dave Barry at the Frontier.

Wayne is a favorite of the Tell household since he appeared gratis at our son Mike's Twin Lakes Twist, the first teenage night club in Las Vegas, eight years ago. It was Wayne and Jerry then and we have followed their rise to stardom, as we anticipated, punching and hoping and supporting them every step of the way.

Dave Barry we met about six months ago as he was coming off a radio session with Jack Cogan. After becoming acquainted, we felt, as we did with Wayne, here is a decent, honest human being, who deserves to be brought to the attention of pleasure seekers. After the interview, which we found most enlightening, we found Dave was closing that night at the Flamingo.

This engagement,

with Wayne is the first appearance since locally, but he has been coming to Vegas for the past 20 years.

Barry, a thorough, accomplished stand-up technician of straight delivery with fresh, clean material, convulses his audience, as he has been doing for 35 years in vaudeville. He tells of his wife, Ginny, their 30 years of marriage and their five children, four boys and a girl: "I have one son who just graduated law school and another son who may be his first case." What the admiring audience does not know is that Ginny Barry, former singer, just completed 25 years as a Pioneer Women of America. She produced benefit shows and has been on many, many Bond selling tours.

The Barrys moved to Calif. from Brooklyn 30 years ago. He appeared in 20 films, including the Marilyn Monroe hit, "Some Like It Hot." He is a strong adherer of our Faith and very well informed on the progress of Israel.

Our darling, Wayne Newton, as always, comes on strong with refreshing new material that stimulates excite-



WAYNE



DAVE

ment with every note of song and every word of comment. His spectacular delivery, that knows no brother, generates enthusiastic response from even the most sophisticate of viewers. The standing ovation he gets at every performance is never more deserved.

When Newton showed Barry four reviews from local critics, Dave said its not complete until they get the one from the Israelite. Wayne said: "What's the Israelite?" Now he knows.

As an opening act for Newton, Barry sets the mood for a beautiful evening of fun. The customers know, and when Wayne comes on in his own inimitable performance, the result is complete satisfaction.

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Continued from Page 1  
star of the show. But my money goes on Henny to keep it all together.

The laugh-a-thon opens with Berle blasting (a la Don Rickles) at every ringside customer in sight. To a chap in front, he says, "I know you. You have got to be the worst blackjack player in town. He draws on a 19, ladies and gentlemen, (delay)--and he makes it."

After some more friendly insults to the spectators, Berle attacks the celebrities. "Georgie Jessel was supposed to be here but he's in Israel. In his honor they're uprooting a tree." "Ed Sullivan is in town with his widow, Sylvia."

Berle's definition of a Jewish circumcision, "A bris is a medical function which my people turned into a catered affair."

Uncle Miltie then goes on as master of ceremonies to introduce a 17 year old singing sensation named Julie Budd. We should all be hearing a great deal more about this newcomer some day. At first you would think she is trying very hard to emulate Barbra, New York accent and all. But you gradually see her sing like Connie Francis, "Whose Sorry Now," then Pet Clark, "Downtown," and Dionne Warwick, "Alfie." When she finally does her impression of Barbra, a song from Funny Girl, you know Miss Budd is a winner. Miltie and Julie combine for a cute duet of oldtime songs that has you snapping your fingers.

Finally Miltie announces the man that: "Needs plenty of introduction," Henny Youngman. The snorts and guffaws which are caused by Henny last for over half an hour.

Henny tells of an old Jewish gentleman who is seriously injured in an automobile accident and is lying in the street in pain. A policeman gently covers him with a blanket and asks if he is comfortable. "I make a good living," says the man. Henny announces that he is married 43 years yesterday to the same woman. "Where have I failed?"

For all who know and love Henny, his routine hasn't changed for 20 years. But he is the master of the one-liner delivery. His gags roll out like pretzels on an assembly line. His style is very much similar to the format adapted by the nationally heralded tv show, Laugh-In, a program on which Henny has appeared many times. When you think Henny is through, out pour another five jokes. His depth of merry-making is bottomless. His humor, like the sea, is antiquated yet is natural and teaming with life.

Berle and Youngman then combine for a friendly tennis game of witticisms. The game seems friendly enough but the natural clash of two funny minds turns some of the set material into an adlibbing session. I say Henny Youngman is the better wit and certainly comes up with quicker comebacks than Berle.

Uncle Miltie as usual must dominate the show. That is his style and his personality. You can't knock him for it. I just wanted to see more of Youngman.

The finale brings Berle together with the Royal Quartet, a group that has appeared on every Berle show for many years. Here's where you must leave the children home as Berle goes into some pretty nifty and naughty motions with the buxom female lead of the group.

For a good deal of adult fun and laughter, don't miss Berle and Youngman at Caesars Palace. The show only lasts 10 days, so try and make it there.