

CAPSULE COMMENTS ON CURRENT SCENES: 'Tis the summer season and those of you who head for the large rooms to escape the Video reruns will have the choice of either the Parisian revues or the "opportunity" to watch one of the top TV performers in person.

MITCH MILLER has his "SING ALONG"

show in the refurbished big room at the DESERT INN while JOHNNY CARSON aided by JOHN BUBBLES (Remember BUCK AND BUBBLES, a great act?) and JANUARY JONES, who made her first Vegas impact in the DUNES lounge, are at the SAHARA. JIMMY DEAN, a fine performer, is joined by DOROTHY LOUDON for a run at the FLAMINGO.

RED SKELTON, one of the glants of any media, finishes up at the SANDS and is replaced by DEAN MARTIN and whatever members of the

'pack' who happen to be passing through.
GEORGE BURNS (remember BURNS AND) ALLEN?) emcees an entertaining session which includes JANE RUSSELL, CONNIE HAINES and BERYL DAVIS plus the KUBAN KOSSACKS. This all takes place at the RIVIERA until the KINGSTON TRIO takes over later this month. Be sure to catch them if only to enjoy DON SHERMAN, who made a big personal score while

WOODY HERMAN was at the CASTAWAYS.
Also on the strip are the three French type productions listed in the order of our own pre-ference: FOLIES BERGERE at the TROPICANA, LIDO DE PARIS at the STARDUST and, if you dig stage settings primarily, CASINO DE PARIS at the DUNES. If you are at the DUNES and have seen the show in the main room but feel that you can stand more of the same minus the Octarama setting, then stop in the lounge and catch VIVE LES GIRLS

The THUNDERBIRD is marking time with an excellent production of HIGH BUTTON SHOES with PETER MARSHALL and the extremely funny IRV BENSON. If you haven't already, we suggest you catch HBS before the ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1964 takes over shortly.

LES POUPEES DE PARIS, an unusual puppet presentation, is just completing its first year at the HACIENDA while further north on the Strip at Doc Bayley's other spot, THE NEW FRON-TIER, the main room has an unpretentious but pleasant package headlining DENNIS MORGAN (Dennis Morgan?) and in the lounge the ever wonderful CLARA WARD GOSPEL SINGERS plus the town's only ICE REVUE, notable mainly



NANCY WILSON CRASHES ADVERTISING BARRIER

SONGBIRD NANCY WILSON recently crashed a barrier that had repelled all other Negro entertainers throughout the entire history of radio and television up to now. An advertising agency signed her to a year's contract for all fields of spot commercials.

Nifty Nancy will sing the virtues of Thunderbird Wine, Del Monte Foods, Hamm's Beer and Campbell's Soups. In some cases she will decorate magazine ads. Except for special deals aimed at Negro audiences, no other Negro artist has ever been signed on this basis.

In discussing Nancy's career in his syndicated newspaper column, published locally in the Las Vegas Sun, jazz authority Leonard Feather commented that it was ironic that the Charles B. Stern agency, who signed Nancy, is a Hollywood firm. Madison Avenue, "still scared of its own shadow," according to Feather, "has yet to follow this unique initiative."

Feather, author of "The New Encyclopedia of Jazz" (Horizon Press), recalls that Nancy Wilson arrived in New York in June 1950. Sho

Wilson arrived in New York in June 1959. She was free, beige and 21. She got off the bus and called Cannonball Adderley, with whose group she had sung one night back home in Columbus,

THROUGH ADDERLEY she met his manager, John Levy, who also manages George Shearing. Through Levy she soon had a Capitol record contract. Within two years she had moved upward with the thrust of a Saturn launch. Now second only to Ella Fitzgerald in the national popularity polls, she has nine albums to her credit (including one with Shearing's quartet and one with Adderley's).

Most significantly, she has moved entirely out of the jazz club orbit and now plays places like the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles, where she recently opened.

Every time a jazz singer achieves this sort of success, there is a near-certainty of losing

for the comedies of WICK AND BRAND, could

tie you up for a well spent evening.

BOTTOMS UP, which we still haven't seen (but intend to) has been extended indefinitely at the CASTAWAYS. Out on Boulder Highway, the SHOWBOAT will follow the very funny SPIKE JONES SHOW with FRANK YANKOVIC AND HIS YANKS, polka purveyors who rank among the best in their field.

CASINO CENTER, remains the same with JUDY LYNN at the GOLDEN NUGGET; HENRY (HOT LIPS) LEVINE at the EL CORTEZ; HONG KONG SCANDALS alternating with ARTISTS AND MODELS at THE MINT; THE TAHITIAN FESTIVAL at the NEVADA CLUB and the FRE-MONT with the usual in the lounge, but if you are a dancer, try the SKY ROOM for a nice eve-

THE STRIP LOUNGES feature DON RICKLES at the SAHARA; KIRBY STONE at the T'BIRD; RAY ANTHONY at the RIVIERA; BEN BLUE and JOHNNY PULEO at the DI; ESQUIVEL is back at the STARDUST; SONNY KING, VIDO MUSSO plus a RED NORVO group at the SANDS; the ever swinging HARRY JAMES at the FLA-MINGO; while THE VAGABONDS, DENIS AND ROGERS and the MALDONADO DANCERS are worth your while at the TROPICANA.

GEORGE JENKINS is romping at RUBENS and we neglected to mention that hardy perennial, EARL (FATHA) HINES, who has just a short while to go at the THUNDERBIRD.

There is your new check list. Have yourself a ball until next week. Your old bearded buddy intends to. Anon!

the critics' approval. Predictably, one writer, who shares Nancy's last name but not much else, attributed to her the "slack, chrome-plated sound of insincerity," while another said "she decided the road to artistic success was not necessarily the one to commercial success, and she chose the latter.

"Nonsense!" says Nancy, a very pretty, willowy young lady with a highly self-possessed manner. "Those jazz critics all wantyou to sing their way."

"That's par for the course," Feather said. "Don't forget the old definition of a critic--a

legless man who teaches running."
"WHAT BUGS ME," said Miss Wilson with
a faint smile, "is that if you're some funky
down-and-out, working in a noisy, smoky joint, they're liable to rave about you. But just you get cleaned up and buy some new clothes and work the big hotel rooms and begin to sell records, and they'll turn against you for being 'commer-

"So I'm selling hundreds of thousands of records, and I project on the stage and sell my songs. That's not artistry? I'm sorry. Nobody likes me except the public-so I couldn't care less about the critics. After all, what do you get into this business in the first place if not to become a success?

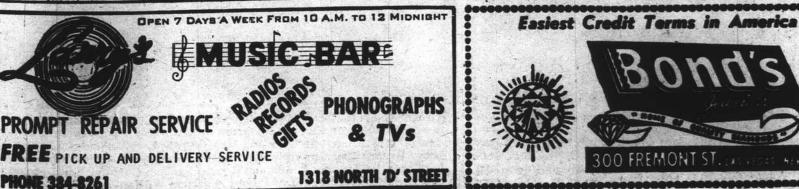
"My style hasn't changed basically, except that I hope I'm singing better. And nobody can tell me what to sing, or how. I'm tired of hear-ing people limit themselves."



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