

Entertainment



Popular ventriloquist Willie Tyler and his side kick Lester are living it up in Las Vegas these days. They are presently livening things up at the Riviera, where they are the opening act for Dolly Parton.

One of the better ventriloquists around, Tyler has long been diverting audiences with his witty chitchat carried on with the amusing Lester. Their present date at the Riviera runs through July 1.



Loretta Holloway

LORETTA HOLLOWAY STARS AT DUNES

By Joe Cross

It would be easy, awfully easy, to pour on the adjectives when it comes to talking about Loretta Holloway.

What the heck. In just a year's time, she's risen from a showcase hopeful to one of the top lounge/supper club singers in Las Vegas. You don't do that sort of thing in this highly competitive entertainment market if you don't have a lot of adjective-provoking talents.

She's putting them on display these nights — 'cepting Mondays — at the Dunes Hotel's Top O' The Dunes.

It also should be noted that during that year, she's received plenty of the kind of reviews you like to send home to the folks. And, wouldn't you know it, while she is more than grateful, the

thought of some criticism doesn't bother her in the least.

"I would much rather have a critic be truthful," she said. "If there is something wrong with my show, I want to know so I can change it."

These comments, mind you, after she had just wowed yet another audience with a blend of music styles — something that's a must in a tourist-dominated setting. That is not as easy as it sounds. It takes exceptional talent to be able to learn styles that aren't comfortable and carry them off as though they were the most natural thing in the world.

For instance, her version of Kenny Rogers' great "You Decorated My Life" is as good as any female country

See STAR, Page 7

BILLIE ROWE'S NOTEBOOK

WHAT PRICE PULITZER SURPRISE?

I just have to put my 2¢ into the hue and cry and the debate raging over reporter Janet Cooke's monstrous punishment for faking a story about a non-existent "Jimmy", an eight-year-old drug addict; nobody has considered firing the editors of the Washington Post. Surely some blame should be attached to those who approved and, some say, contributed phrases during the editing process to bolster the prose of 26-year-old Janet, a writer who acknowledged fabricating the article which had won her newspaper the Pulitzer prize. She resigned her job, the Post returned the Pulitzer and she faded into obscurity terminating a promising career.

Oh, the horror of it all, making her the whipping girl while sanctimonious editors luxuriate in a climate of feigned propriety about First Amendment rights being threatened by the workings of a cub reporter when they virtually led her by the nose. Janet is Afro-American and therefore expendable. The editors had laboriously gone over her script, upheld the "unnamed source" supplied phraseology, made a calculated judgement to display it on the front page AND considered Janet's heart-wringing tale so full of pathos and truly representative of a way of life in the ghetto that they submitted it to the Pulitzer Prize committee confident they would judge it the best feature story

See ROWE, Page 7