Jack Cortez'

Fabulous

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PEARLIE MAE

★ STARS ★

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"FOURTH ESTATER"

JACK CORTEZ
Fabulous LAS VEGAS
magazine
Circulated in every state of the "48"

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

July 21, 1951

Well, I do declare, this IS a surprise; Pearlie Mae, writing a column. All my life I wanted to write but no one ever asked but the minute this opportunity popped up, boy! Did I start to scribble.

Right now I don't know exactly what's happening here, as I've just returned from England and Germany. The soldiers were so wonderful, and we enjoyed it so much that the "ol' girl" tried to be inducted. Somehow they didn't want the kid.

First stop was Frankfurt, from there to Nurnberg. Too bad there isn't space to insert some pictures of that historic city with its old castles and ruins. We arrived the 4th of June and played the Nurnberg Opera House. Adolf (excuse the expression) Hitler always occupied a special box here at all times. Guess he would have collapsed had he heard "Tired" there.

Afterwards, we were off to all the bases in and around that territory, had a chance to see Heidelberg (thank you "Student Prince"). Thanks to the U.S. Army for the treat, and a salute to Richard Banaham, Capt. Hall, Lt. Kress and Don Angel for their courtesies. 'Twas so great yours truly will return August 30 for three weeks.

Oh! You asked about England. My deah! My deah! Danny Kaye just wowed the folks at the Palladium for eight weeks. On the bill were the dancing Dunhills and can they pick 'em up and put 'em down.

Heavens, I almost forgot (silly girl), going over on the boat there was a funny and awfully nice man, Bob Hope plus Marilyn Maxwell, and Isaac Stern, the concert violinist. (Always wanted to play one of the dern things, but couldn't). Bob, Marilyn and I did two concerts on the boat. One was down in the engine room which the crew had named "The Pig and Whistle." There wasn't a pig in sight, but, lucky girl of 33, I got a couple of whistles. The other was on the main deck for the passengers. Robert Hope was but sensational. He really was "rockin' the boat." Marilyn received a wire just before the show, saying her mother died; yet, she



went on and performed like a real trouper. We salute you, Marilyn.

Bob and his troupe opened at the Prince of Wales Theatre and Pearlie Mae (that's my real name) opened at the Colony and Astor. Please don't be puzzled by this two club deal, it's not more money. They are next door to each other and under the same management. One show at each club, 11 p.m. and 2 a.m. Still easy for an actor that's used to five-a-day or three-a-night.

Kay Thompson was at the Cafe de Paris and Beatrice Lillie was opening there after her . . . There was another wonderful person on the boat (going over) I'm sure you'd like to meet, Mr. Leopold Stokowski. Nice man — great man!

Have you asked yourself, "Who's the 'we' that is constantly mentioned? Well, it's Lloyd Phillips, my pianist, and a girl with a wonderful sense of humor, Pearl Sawyer. Together, we go about our work, each enjoying his individual job. After approximately eighteen years of vaudeville, I think I like it better than anything — mainly because folks like you are out front watching.

To the folks who read our magazine and come out of your homes to applaud the performers, thank you and God bless you. Next week, please remind me to tell ya' about the engagement at the Desert Inn and all the nice people in deah (pardon me) dear Las Vegas. By for now . . . Pearl.

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

July 28, 1951



Gee, but it hurts to say goodbye to some of the nicest folks in the world. It has been so wonderful working in Las Vegas. Each time this town grows dearer to me.

The show at the Desert Inn was one of the greatest I've ever been in. Everyone backstage was warm and friendly and out front — you're out there, so you know. Last time I played here, Wilbur Clark was in Paris (lucky man), but I had the pleasure of meeting him this trip. This is a gentleman.

Ted Mossman holds forth with the music in the Sky Room. With all the song hits he's made, this kid must be loaded with d'argent (French for money — I think).

Do you know what happened to Pearlie Mae? I passed the Friendly Irishman and there sat a beautiful Cadillac. What made that car deliberately beckon to me I don't know. Couldn't afford it, but Mr. Fitzgerald is so nice and Mike is such a salesman. Bye the bye, Mike won the trophy at the stock car races last Monday. This affair was to help get money for the local baseball team, so congratulations to all the drivers and the folks who attended.

In between shows at the inn, we went down to the Flamingo where Count Basie was jumping with joy. How a man can tease a piano like that, I don't know (and he's got the maddest personality).

Folks kept asking me about a dancer at the Flamingo that is out of this world. We resemble each other so much, teeth and all. Natch, we're brother and sister. This is Bill's first appearance in Las Vegas and each night he raves about this town — our town. Bill Bailey, you're a heck of a dancer. More power to you and your dancing feet. Hurry back, Willie (that's the real name), we enjoyed you.

Thelma Carpenter opened Wednesday night. Here's a girl with a terrific style and voice. And aside to you Thelma, I envy your figure: 36-38-40. Pearlie Mae: 60-80-100. Love that girl.

Wardell Gray, with the Basie band, is playing more horn than ever. He was here with Benny Goodman about a year and a half ago. Keep it up, Wardell, and keep that lovely wife, Dorothy, along with you.

One of the greatest thrills came the other night when I received a note from one of the great ladies of the stage, Dorothy Shay. That note goes in Pearlie Mae's scrapbook for ever and ever. Thanks, dear lady.

Mr. Cortez came to visit and gave me a good send-off for the column. You'll never know how much this means to me, Jack, bless you. This is only one-third of the nice things that happened in Las Vegas, but now I must get the scribbling in, so I must close. The tears are dropping on the paper because I hate to leave, but next week I'll write to you from Atlantic City — a nice long letter.

Bye for now, Las Vegas, and remember, I love every one of you.

Pearlie Mae

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

August 4, 1951



Down by the ocean what a perfect view,

The joint is packed, thanks, dear public, to you.

Look out, Shakespeare, the ol' girl's steaming this week. Two guesses where Pearlie Mae can be located.

It's on the east coast approximately sixty-two miles from Philadelphia and three hours from New York. The boardwalk has a very famous place named the Steel Pier located right in the middle of the ocean — it seems. They sell salt water taffy here like mad and folks walk around all day in bathing suits. Now I wonder where this could be. Right the first time . . . Atlantic City! Look out, my friends in Las Vegas, because you're going to be flooded with salt water taffy. It's the only thing I can send back, what with income tax, agent's fees and all. If you can't eat it please pass it on to the kids, they'll love it. My dentist said "no" for me. 'Course I could be stubborn and eat it anyhow but, good heavens, where would the glamor be with no teeth?

Ben Gartman arrived in Las Vegas before I left. Love that man, he's a prince. Taffy to you. Hope Mike Mars will win one more trophy so he can stop shining up the old one. Taffy to you. Now just a minute — that's two taffies already. Girl, stop spending that money. What money??? Was down on the boardwalk and had loads of fun. Never went near the water 'cause I still got that desert sand on me and do I love it!

We're playing the Yacht Club at Mississippi and Pacific Avenue. The show starts off with (attention night club owners) a nice group called The Petty Trio. Awful swell kids, Bob McGrath, Betty Hawkes (a swellegant gal with flaming red hair) and Bob Kilgore. Then the Herbie Lynn Line, a bunch of lovelies, and a nice band under the direction of Jules Levant. Deane Courtney was in last night. Nice person.

Nate Goldberg, the owner of the club, is an ex-school teacher. Lots of folks could learn something from this one. Hope when I get paid it's not in Latin. Please Mr. Goldberg, have pity. Next week some of your favorites will be here. Bert Wheeler, Hank Ladd and Copsey and Ayres! Here's wishing them all, good business.

Jackie Miles and Fran Warren are around the corner at the "500" Club. Jackie is one of the finest comedians in the business and what's so grand — clean material. What a pity some comics can't take a lesson from him. Vulgarity is never funny. Fran has some of the best records out and, gee whiz, I'm proud that she and hubby Harry Steinman are my friends.

Playing Reno starting August 9 for two weeks, so if any of my old friends are thinking of a place to go please drop up to the Riverside. Be only too happy to see ya. Flying back to Los Angeles August 3 — loads of friends there. Wait until Cobina Wright hears about this new venture of mine. This lady has always been in my corner so I know she'll be pleased. Stopping over in Las Vegas to see just how many teeth were left in from that gosh darn taffy. Until then stay happy, be real sweet and I betcha Jack Cortez thought Pearlie Mae would miss the deadline. Got news for ya, Jack — this knocks me out.

Love y'all.

PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

August 11, 1951



Enroute to the Borscht Circuit, Upstate New York.

Get in your car (or somebody's), go up the Westside Drive to George Washington Bridge, cross over to the Jersey side, take route 17, and you're on your way to the greatest entertainment circuit left in the business.

Approximately thirty-six miles up the road that good mountain air starts to work on your appetite.

Even if you don't get hungry, you must stop here because at this point stands "The Big Apple." This is a huge restaurant where just about everyone enroute stops to eat, chat, and the crazy people (the actors) greet each other. Here one discusses at which hotel he or she will play, raise their salaries (in their minds) and natch — we eat. Some of the biggest names in show business congregate here. Most of them started right in "these heah hills."

Who do you think just walked in? Red Buttons, Joey Bishop (craziest guy and the nicest) and Billy Vine. Red and Joey are playing Grossinger's and Billy the Concord. We enjoy a lovely meal (ham on rye with coffee) and dessert if the figure allows. Now we all head for our respective jobs, after stealing a few mislaid jokes. There are so many people going this way it looks like an army on the move.

First big place we passed belonged to one of the greatest women in the world, Jennie Grossinger. Name of the place? Well, honey, natch it's Grossinger's. Played there many times and will never forget the hospitality. If any of these resorts would run entertainment weekly (instead of just week-ends) you'd know where to find every actor in the world. A few more miles up the road is the Concord. This is one of, if not the largest, places on the circuit. Checked into a lovely room and dived into bed. Most folks go to hills for the nice fresh air — me, I just go to sleep. So peaceful, and the mattresses—Boy!!! Around 10 p.m. is show time, so it begins to look like Grand Central Station on the 4th of July, with the rush for seats.

After an hour and a half of show, you're given a choice of going to bed or going to the bar. So after the sixteenth drink (remember you're here for your health), to bed you go — or wander around in the dark until you bump into another hotel . . . There must be a thousand here (all crowded). Lo, the poor actor! As soon as the mascara and pancake have been washed off, back to New York we go. Same routine, stop at the Big Apple, tell how sensational you were and how they're begging for you to return next week for more money. Ha! Ha! Ha!

What a terrific week-end.

Last week I mentioned coming to Reno. Changed booking, so Ella Mae's daughter, Pearlie Mae, is playing that new and beautiful Club Capri, at Atlantic Beach, L.I. Billy Daniels is appearing there now, and simply slaying 'em.

Rain or shine, snow or sleet, this child is heading west August 13 to get the sand between her toes. Didn't ever tell you this (real secret), I never wore shoes in the daytime in Las Vegas, only at night when I went to the beautiful Desert Inn, did the glamor start. Just an outdoor girl, that's me. Love ya always, miss you madly, see you soon.

— Pearlie Mae

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

August 18, 1951



Monday night, Aug. 6 — What a wonderful night for your girl, Pearl. I went to see "The King and I," and if you miss this play, you're crazy. Rogers and Hammerstein really went to town on this one.

The theater was packed to capacity, as usual. To get a ticket one performs a miracle. (But keep trying, it's worth it).

Gertrude Lawrence is wonderful in the part of the English school teacher in Siam, teaching the King's children (and there are many of them). Here's a woman that really knows her theater. Such charm and dignity are given to the role by this great actress.

Then there's the "King." The mighty King. If ever there was an actor in the theater that could move an audience, this is the one. A few years ago I met Yul Brynner in Chicago, Ill., playing in "Lute Song." At that time I said to me, "Pearlie Mae, this man is out of this world." Believe me, he never came back, because now he's three times as great. His name is on everyone's lips in New York. He's the end. There's a wonderful quality about him that fame will never be able to disturb. What a king! What a man!!! May you never leave the theater, Yul Brynner, for you'd certainly be missed.

Stopped in Sardi's (Jimmy Daniels and I) for a cold bit of brew, and ran into a man I love, Leonard Lyons. This man never stoops to dirt gossip for his column. The man has a mind worth two million.

After our refreshment ('twas refreshing) we (Jimmie, Leonard and I) went over to the Blue Angel on East 55th. This is the kid's stomping ground. Marlene Dietrich came in and to coin a phrase, "Lives there a beauty with soul so alive," or sumpin' like that. Her face is enough to attract so much attention, her figure the envy of many a female, and honey! Mercy! Those diamonds! (They MUST be a girl's best friend and family!) My eyes fairly jumped out of my head.

Mr. Jacoby, one of the owners, is now in Provincetown, Mass., operating a room for the summer. Don't be alarmed, he'll be back at the Angel after Labor Day. Mae Burnes, Garland Wilson and Daniels went up to work a three-week stint. Money will fairly pour in for that period as these three are favorites up here.

This has been one of the worst weeks for New York for weather in years. It has rained for six consecutive days and at this moment it's pouring down. Working at a seashore, hearing the rain and the roar of the ocean — brother! What a drag. The room is beautiful, but oh so spacious. Looks like an airplane hangar.

Lupi Campo has one of the best rhumba bands around these parts or for that matter, any part. What a personality he has. At the mild age of 33, this ol' girl is hardly hep to the samba and all the fancy stuff, but when Lupi plays the music the ol' one dances.

From here, catching a plane to Los Angeles to pick up that "sense of humor" girl, Pearl, the auto, and head back east to Newport, Kentucky. (Beverly Hills Club).

If you got any friends around the circuit in show business you'd like to know about, just drop me a line and I'll see if I can find them for you.

Personal regards to Lady Michael, and a happy opening to you.

Best wishes and love to all you readers, love ya. — Pearlie Mae.

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

August 25, 1951



Kentucky, U.S.A.: Two weeks! Three miles across the Ohio River (not the Swanee) from Cincinnati is a little town called Newport. Mind ya! This is not "my little ol' Kentucky home," but my "blue grass state job." Many famous night spots are located in this small area, one in particular being the Beverly Hills Country Club.

Really a gorgeous room. This you could dream in. Has a capacity between 580 and 700, yet it has an intimacy about it of a room that seats 200. Believe me, dear friends (and night club owners), I'm not a traitor, but the audience is so gone you tremble after you leave the stage (the applause frightens you). Merriel Abbott's Dancers are so versatile and have three show stopping numbers. One routine has a lot of acrobatic business involved. It simply kills the ol' girl to even watch these stunts! Oh! Oh! My back!

Coming your way soon is a fine act, Dick Drake. Don't miss this clever performer. He asked a lot of questions about Las Vegas and what could the answer be but "It's the greatest town ever!"

The most wonderful thing happened t'other day. A man was in conversation with me about our magazine. Well, sir, it was quite a thrill, and Kentucky is so far from Las Vegas. (Stretching out we are!) The circulation must be going up, and that's a good deal. More the merrier!

Confession to make in order to keep the column title clean: "Honesty is the best policy" or, subtitle: "Who cares?"

Remember my telling you about that trip to Los Angeles and back I was making from the 13th to the 17th? (You don't! Get last week's magazine — now you see! OK!)

It seems the tale goes like this: After six rainy, busy (excuse the word) days at the Club Capri in Long Island (this child — Child ha!) just couldn't take it or make it. Every bone was aching. So home to bed.

Monday was cleaning, cooking, washing and scrubbing day. (Fellows, do ya hear that line-up — good housewife!) A photographer would have had a priceless picture what with the pedal pushers on and all. This you couldn't have printed or pictured! Next day Pearlie Mae collapsed to an eight bar strain of "Tired." Went to Baltimore Wednesday, when Joe Louis was fighting Jimmy Bivens. By now you know he got the decision.

Ran into Ike Williams and Bob Montgomery. Ike feels confident he'll win the title again. Luck to you, Ike, and success in anything you try. Bob was so busy didn't have a chance to talk at length with him or about his future plans. Back to New York, left for Cincinnati Thursday.

On my honor (I cannot tell an untruth-ha!) this is the tale unfolded, so once again the column can honestly be called "This You Can Believe"!

Taking a tour of Cincinnati for next week's job, and will tell you about the interesting sights — museums, theaters, ball games, shopping centers (the cheap ones)! Watch out! Pearlie Mae's on the prowl to see what makes the town tick!

Love ya, miss you — why don't you write to me, huh? I'd love to hear from all of you!

PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

September 1, 1951



Cincinnati, Ohio, and Newport, Kentucky combined . . . Living one place, working the other; paying rent one place, making money the other. "Life gets tedious, don't it?"

This community, from state to state, nightly gives one the feeling of doing a great deal of traveling, yet it's only a matter of a few minutes and there you are. Spent a lot of time wandering around Cincinnati trying to see what was going on. The Reds (ball team) are out of town (and may I add, being beat soundly) so things are sort of slow. They've got some grand shops here for all you folks to spend your hard-earned money. Mabley and Carew is one of the best, and afforded me the pleasure of buying a REASONABLY PRICED pair of shoes. Thank goodness. Do you remember when $3.98 and certainly $5.98 meant a nice pair of shoes? My dears, those days are gone forever. Been telling you about this age of mine, so I guess you'll believe it now with that talk about shoe prices.

At night when you get in from Newport, the actors (not many around) go to the Purple Cow or Thompsons's restaurant for that late chat and snack. Really been enjoying myself this week; rehearsing new numbers, relaxing and my! my! reducing. The aim is to get back to size 12. It's been so long. No diet is involved, just pushing back from the table and eating sensibly. Dreams come frequently of ham, potatoes au gratin, lima beans . . . stop it, you're killing me, you beast, you already thin monsters. Please have pity and don't mention food around this kid for about one month more . . . then lo! the glamour will have arrived.

Went to see "Cyrano De Bergerac" with Jose Ferrer. Good gracious, what an actor. If you've never heard verse spoken, beautifully spoken, go see this picture.

Got the nicest gift this week a human could ever get from some of the nicest folks a girl could know — my bosses at the Beverly. You know, it's so wonderful when people are nice to you. Oh' about the gift. You want to know what it is, okay! I'll share my happiness with you anytime. A beautiful seven-week-old Boxer (fawn). Named him Theo (yes, it's a him), so from now on look out for the exploits of Theo (should be lots of them). Bought him all the rubber toys, but so far shoes are his favorite. A little ol' mother I'm gonna be. Jean Terrel (friend from the east), who is visiting me, is the official aunt. Oh! this is a big deal.

Would love to stay over and see Buddy Rogers open, but unable to do so as this one is opening Ciro's in Los Angeles September 2. Filmland will really be a welcome sight as it means going for long drives to look at the beautiful homes. This, to me, is a great kick. It means seeing some very dear friends, mainly Miss Cobina Wright, of whom I'm very fond. She's been doing lots of traveling this summer. Certainly hope she'll tell me some interesting things to put in my column. Will also see Mr. and Mrs. Mamoulians, Ray Evans and his charming wife, Wynn, and Jay and Lynn Livingston. Ray and Jay won two Academy Awards in succession; one for "Buttons and Bows," the other for "Mona Lisa." Nice folks, they deserve the best.

Will be writing you next week out on the patio, I hope (if it's not raining or cold). Love ya and getting closer to ya all the time.

— PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

September 8, 1951



I took a trip on a plane and I thought about you, you, especially you down on the ground from Cincinnati to Chicago to Los Angeles. When we landed in Chicago it was just "Too Darn Hot" (song from "Kiss Me Kate") for words. The weather is so uncertain in that town. After a brief period on the ground, we took off for the lovely west. Weather conditions weren't so hot, so we had to change our route UP THERE. Pearlie Mae NEVER cared for flying and for them to start mapping out routes that high is very unpleasant for this girl.

My puppy didn't like the trip at all and so proceeded to raise the devil with the pilot, co-pilot and stewardess. I've changed his name from Theo to Mr. Riley (that's the permanent monicker). Sure hated to leave "ye good ol' Beverly Hills Club." Arrived at 5:30 p.m. Friday (two hours late and oh! so nervous). Went to see Martha Raye Saturday in "Annie Get Your Gun." That is the funniest woman in the world. She has the rare quality which goes to make a great artist. The line between laughter and tears is very thin, but hard to cross. Only great artists are able to achieve this point. One moment she has you in stitches, the next you're feeling so sorry for poor little Annie Oakley. Enjoyed it to no end. After the show we went to see Cortia Nelson, Robert Clary, Bobby Short and Bob Troupe at the Club Gala. Clary is a tiny Frenchman (about five feet), with a sense of time to make some people hang their heads, and what a voice! The show is so good and any night club owner could gather up the whole bunch and put them in his club or YOURS or YOURS. (See, there's three jobs for ya kids already). Home to bed after night clubbing to get ready for Sunday's opening.

Folks, the joint was packed and jumping, which was something because normally this is a bad opening day. Then, too, there was the Labor Day week-end with folks leaving town, going hither and yonder. Honest, it was fairly leaping. The cash register was really on the ball, I mean to tell ya. Some of my favorite people were there, Mr. and Mrs. Jamison, Dean Martin and wife, Jerry Lewis, Julie Wilson, Gordon MacRae and his lovely wife, Shelly Winters, Mr. and Mrs. Joy Livingstone and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Evans. Just loads of 'em. Oh yes, Mr. H. D. Hover, the boss, was ringsiding. At the end of the act Pearlie Mae decided to go into her Charleston act, and not wanting to be alone got a couple of folks on the floor with me. Who do you think they were? Dean and Jerry. Believe me, these are the craziest two people ever. Jerry Lewis ended up the dance by taking bows for the three of us. The audience went crazy. My sides ached so from laughter. They're making the money and deserve it plus some more. Everyone went home happy. Now all we've got to do is wait for the press (us actors do these things).

Forgot to tell ya Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey come to town on September 10. Boy, that's for me. Love the circus because it helps keep me young. It looks like a happy time for Pearlie Mae in this town. Come on out to see the circus and stop in Ciro's and catch the show. Love ya always.

— PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

September 15, 1951



Folks, here's Pearlie Mae, still in California, having the bestest ol' time ever. All of movieland has been out (almost, or at least some) and it's certainly a great feeling to see all these people. Been "socializing and mixing" like I was losing my mind.

Got a lei of carnations that were too, too beautiful and the card read: "There must be something better than Pearl, but there isn't." It was signed BETTE DAVIS. Honey, I flipped! This is my favorite actress (or didn't ya know?) and boy, oh, boy! Was I thrilled! She was in with her husband, GARY MERRILL. (He's too handsome — jealousy — that's all). Bette has charm that's never been used.

Ciro's has been hopping and leaping every night. Want to know some of the folks that were in already? O.K. I'll tell you a few. Glad you want to know. (Was gonna tell you anyhow!) There were TOM NEAL, BARBARA PEYTON, BRUCE CABOT, THE JAMISONS, RENEE DE MARCO, as pretty as ever and telling us about the three kids and four, mind ya—four, dogs, her husband, PAUL V. COATES (columnist on L.A. MIRROR), HARRISON CARROL, (what a nice man and fine writer), GEORGE ROOSEVELT, ARTHUR LOEW, JR., TED BRISKIN, ELLA LOGAN, MARTHA RAYE and, oh, honey, Soooo many more . . . Must tell you about Ella Logan and me doing our act together. We sang "Ol' Rocking Chair." Brother! And the chair did rock. The ad libs were "the end" and doll! — That buck and wing dance! Ella is such a personality. She's coming to the DESERT INN very soon so please don't miss this great performer.

Sunday, we went to Ella's to cook chicken and dumplings. The diet and figure were forgotten — 'twas that delicious!

Martha Raye came in Sunday night and that mad woman and Pearlie went into a routine worth $8.85, or a trifle more (perhaps). (Oh! This week-end has been "the end"). Our business consisted of two choruses of "Exactly Like You," and one fast shim-sham-shimmy dance. Folks, that Martha is priceless—but yes!

Going to the circus again, this time to take some moving pictures of all the acts and animals. Maybe the ol' girl will watch the film later on and try some of the stunts . . .

The ICE FOLLIES opened here and was very well attended. I can hardly stand up on roller skates so that ice skating business, I could never make.

Closing Saturday night, so we're headed for Tiajuana, Mexico, next Sunday at dawn to have a look at the town. It has always been my desire to see them play Jai Alai. Must be a very fascinating game. Then, too, there are the races and having only seen a few (one) in my life, I'll enjoy that also. For one day, this gal will be "Senorita Bailey." Hope I can learn "Tired" in Spanish or pick up one of their red hot tunes. Speaking of "red hot," we'll also have some tamales and enchilladas. (Correct? ne c'est-pas? That's French.) Wish you could go along but, don't worry, you'll hear about everything from . . .

— PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

September 22, 1951



Saturday was closing night at Ciro's and a fine time was had by all. It was quite a turnout and Pearlie Mae just turned out with them. (Sure had a wonderful time.) Sunday morning (a la 7 a.m.) Mr. Riley (my pup), Katie Curtis (friend from Baltimore), faithful Pearl and Lloyd, the pianist, went south of the border down Mexico Way. There we bought souvenirs (spent more money than we could afford); took pictures on a donkey, ate hot tamales, etc. My feet were killing me when I got back to Los Angeles.

Packed the trunks, packed the car and, lo! We're off to the nice city of tall buildings, bright lights, and the George Washington Bridge, little ol' New York. We start out on route 66 (from the song of the same name and the King Cole record). The heat was very intense all of the way. Burning up, it was. Got the camera out and took pictures of the orange and lemon trees for the home movies. MGM may not like my photography, but it's always good for home use, believe me. "That's Good Enough for Me" (a plug, record collectors). Can just picture the long winter nights (let's hope not unemployed) before the fireplace (cooking), and looking at the superduper films. Must have a couple of cowboys for luck and authenticity (is this word for real?) Saw a lot of my old friends and went to the stock car races as usual when I'm in Vegas. This is so very exciting. Everyone was going through the fence, running into the grandstand, etc. Oh! Just about everything. Such excitement like this does Ella Mae's child, Pearlie Mae, lots of good. And so on with our journey — slack, et al.

Gee! It will be exciting to see the Painted Desert, Petrified Forest and all of the wonderful sights one sees going cross country. The Indians always attract me very much. Their faces are so poker and such a delight to look upon.

Somehow you just can't resist buying Indian jewelry, rugs and different trinkets, spread out for our willing souls (tourists). Oh! Yes, and how about the zoos all along the way. Each one I go in so you can imagine the trip was a little longer than anticipated. "Dragged along, I'd say."

Folks go traveling all over the world to look for beauty when here it is right at home. The beauty of California, the mountains that seem to be shaping various pictures against the sky and heavens to Betsy how frightening they can look sometimes. Where can we find a highway like our "Pennsylvania Turnpike."

I've been on the Autobahn in Germany and it was never so great as our "Turnpike." All I gotta say is this, folks, stay home and see your country first. Mr. Riley (my puppy), even enjoyed part of it (the coolest parts) and folks that's beauty seen through the eyes of a dog.

Hope the opportunity comes to do this again soon. In New York and happy as a bird. Wish there was more space to write, but there's not, and Pearlie Mae's tired, so au revoir (French) 'til next week. Love ya.

— PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

September 29, 1951



Manhattan . . . Hallelujah! Arrived safe, sound and happy to be home once more. We drove all the way in from Las Vegas and by the time we stopped for souvenirs and all we looked like the "Vagabond Kings". Mr. Riley (the pup), was fairly exhausted and glad to see his new home. This is his first appearance in "The Apple" (dear New York) and I sure hope he enjoys it as much as Pearlie Mae.

Everything is in an uproar here what with trying to decorate my house (two rooms, kitchen and bath). Must tell you some of the things that happened on our trip. After leaving Las Vegas (yes, we were there), we headed for New Mexico and points east. These souvenir places can certainly attract a person. Stopped in Albuquerque, then next Oklahoma City. What a place! How come I can't get one of those nice little oil wells? Heavens to Betsy, how the old girl could live. Caviar and all! The bed I slept in was a little hard, (a little — huh! I say! Like a rock), but being tired and all it was perfectly alright. Onward we went to St. Louis, Missouri. Here they say "you gotta show 'em"! Show 'em what?

Gene Ammons, a fine tenor sax player, was appearing at one of the local spots with his band. Gene's father was the late Albert Ammons, who was one of the finest boogie-woogie pianists ever. He played with Pete Johnson at some of the best spots in the land. Only last year he passed on, and the world lost a great musician!

After St. Louis (and we didn't hear the St. Louis Blues once), we headed for home. Crossed that mighty Mississippi. Gracious, that's the river! No wonder they wrote a song about it. What suffering it can and has brought will never be known. It certainly looks frightening. We passed Chicago (hate the place, but who cares), and went through Fort Wayne east. Kept right on going (such energy this one), until we were home.

Now you know that a drive from St. Louis to New York is too much, but being the daring type, off we went, and made it! Somehow, you can travel all over the world but the "big town" is it. The bright lights, all the show business. AH! That's for me! It's the most fascinating place in the world.

What's this I hear about the "boss man" being ill? Now, now, Jackson, we'll have none of that out of you. Just get out of that bed and be well again. We need you happy and cheerful around us always. Please excuse sometimes if the column is a little topsy-turvy but this child travels so fast, sometimes she can't keep up with herself.

Hope to be around New York for a week or more, so I'll be able to write you about loads of things and people. Hope Mr. Riley will like our city and hope to be in yours sometime soon. All my love and . . . Lawdy, but I'm tired! Love you madly, tired or not!

— PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

October 6, 1951



Here's Pearlie Mae this week among the bags, boxes and furniture of her little (and I mean little) apartment. It will probably be very nice, but it sure is something getting it together. What price decorating?

Tuesday night Harry Mayer, of the Strand Theatre (now called the "Warner"), called me to go on a benefit for the policemen at New Rochelle, New York. (Anything for the law). Well, sir, I never had so much fun in a long time. Many performers were there of great talents (and I do mean great). Russell Nyke, Frank Marlowe, Jane and Betty Kean, oh yes, oh yes! Peter Lind Hayes and beautiful Mary Healy (the Mrs.). Peter and Mary are two fine artists and really wonderful folks. There may be a guest appearance by Pearlie Mae on their Sunday show. That would be just dee-lightful—dee-lovely. Like working with nice people.

Ladies and gentlemen, if you miss seeing Miss Lena Horne when she plays your town, you're crazy. Thursday night, we went over to Bill Miller's Riviera to see Lena. The joint (sorry), I mean that exclusive place (and t'is), was packed. Lights were dimmed, some blue, some red and then — good gracious alive — look at that beautiful girl that walked out. She went into her first number and the crowd went mad. Lena, doll, you're it! The only thing wrong with her act is it isn't on for at least two hours. One hour is not enough to listen to this great lady.

Friday night found the ol' girl on her way down to Washington, D.C. There we had one fine time. Wild Bill Davis (please remember this name), is the end, the better end. How this man can play an organ like he does is beyond me. He fairly rocks the joint. Sounds like a 14-piece band (just him, oh, no! and a gone guitar player). Louis Jordan and Wild Bill have made some records together that are selling like hot cakes. The one that just kills Pearlie Mae, is Decca's "Tear Drops From Your Eyes." Goose pimples take charge of the ol' kid.

Business certainly must be on the upbeat all over the country. The places are all jammed and the bars are happy.

Had a stop-over in Baltimore on my drive back to New York. Mr. Riley really has been getting around. (Sure, he was along.) Incidentally, he was a little ill for a few days from the trip, but he's in very fine spirits. Never have I ever seen a puppy with so much life. Thanks again to Mr. Callahan and all of the folks at the Beverly Hills Country Club for Mr. Riley.

Going back to see Lena Horne (again) tomorrow night. (Just gotta). She closes Wednesday night and I think Dick Haymes follows. Doing the television show "Cavalcade of Stars" October 5, so please give a look see if you get a chance.

Going to Philadelphia (City of Brotherly Love), on 8th of October. Here's where Mama and all the folks are. Here's where Pearlie Mae went to school (dear William Penn). Frank Palumbe (my Philadelphia favorite person), will certainly have a nightly visitor (me). We're doing 11 days there, so come on out to see us. After Philadelphia there's the Latin Quarter in Boston for a week, then home again (more television). October 28, Lucky Strike program and November 3, Songs for Sale. Two shows are coming up soon, so it looks like this child will be an actress once more. This will let me be in New York where I just love to be.

The World Series is coming up, so wait until next week when I'll tell you who was there — with what — for whom. Love ya madly.

— PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

October 13, 1951



Oh! What a beautiful, but tiresome week I had. Went to see "An American in Paris." (The maddest.) Gene Kelly really outshines all of his previous work. What a dancer, what a face, what a MAN! The real thrill was watching George Guitary. George and I were in "Arms and the Girl," in 1949-50. It was his first American appearance and he was magnifique (French).

Strange things happen in movie pictures and plays. He's a Greek, born in Egypt, raised in France, discovered in England by some folks and brought here to play the part of a Hessian. Now, if that's not getting around, I'll eat my hat. To George, an American message . . . "Stay with us!"

Caught that show, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." Never had I seen Shirley Booth, and now that I have, all I can say is, **I've been a foolish girl!** This woman — this woman! Just takes the audience in the palm of her hand. The whole show is very good. Johnny Johnston should do more musicals. They need good voices like his (they need the good looks, too, incidentally!) And the acting ability.

Oh! . . . The old girl is really getting around these days. Losing weight and feeling, oh, so fine . . . Caught Dick Haymes at Bill Miller's—my first time seeing Richard and you know what? That man can holler! Nice face, too; very pleasant and real. Katie, Jeanie and I had a few sips and enjoyed the show thoroughly, I mean thoroughly!

All work and no play makes Pearlie Mae a dull girl. And another thing — you can't enjoy yourself with no change. And the kids need change (loads of it).

Went to work Friday (the 5th) on "Cavalcade of Stars" (a TV show), with Jackie Gleason. Jackie's doing a terrific job and getting thin (everybody's trying to get into this thin act). Horrors! Let me tell you what happened. I had never tired of the number "If I were a Bell," so I did it, and I'm nervous like a child. So scared I was, what do you think? The first song (Bells) I didn't forget; the second "Good Enough for Me" (been doing it for six years) I FORGET! Right away come the ad libs from every place. Told the folks being on TeeVee I couldn't stop and I didn't. Was my nervous system upset? Tell me, wouldn't yours have been? Well, it's over now and I've aged at least fifty years (wait a minute . . . two years), then I read in Nick Kenny's column the next day, "It was terrific." (Honey, shut my mouth).

By now you should know who won the World Series, but that last play-off game between the Dodgers and the Giants really paralyzed the nation (I'm not sure about the nation, but I know about Pearlie Mae). That was what you might say in jive talk, a "drag," a real "drag." My opinion (as if anyone cares), is that Don should have stayed in, it couldn't have been any worse. Everybody wants to know what happened! What happened? They hit a home run! Them Giants are really playing some ball, but since the Dodgers didn't win . . . who cares! Never say anything again until after the last inning, please, never again! . . Commuting between Philadelphia and New York (one hour and forty minute ride), so will write you from the train, plane or car . . . Love ya madly . . .

PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

October 20, 1951

Mercy — Mercy — this child is still commuting from New York to Philadelphia and believe me, I wonder where the energy comes from. The club is really jumping, folks packed in like sardines. This place (Club Ebony), formerly was the Rathskeller. The boss (label) (some name, huh?) Speigel is now connected with the new Sugar Hill in New York. The man is making loads of money.

Philadelphia (the city of brotherly love and beautiful clothes) (yes, ladies, they do have gorgeous clothes), is talent packed this week. One of your favorite acts is here, the Mills Brothers. Here's a group of artists that prove class will tell. We did a crazy finale at the club the other night when the boys dropped in on Pearlie Mae. Remember that old song "Nagasaki." You don't, youngsters you are. Well sir, we danced and pranced all over the joint.

A very sad note must be injected this week, much to our regret. The death of a very great dancer shocked the theater world last week. Ananeas Berry, of that wonderful team the Berry Brothers, dropped dead. Warren (the younger one), completely broken up over his brother's death, is in the hospital and couldn't attend the funeral. I met these boys when I was fourteen years old and they were starring in "Lew Leslie's Rhapsody in Black." What a nice threesome. Goodbye, Ananeas, the folks will certainly miss you. This all reminds us of the song "Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall."

Looks like we're going to have a cold, cold winter. New York has been quite breezy lo! these last few evenings, and doll didn't take out the heavy cloaks from storage yet (but, ah, tomorrow).

What with Sunday blue law, Pearlie Mae had a day off. Dearie, I went crazy. Went to Sugar Hill (who doesn't in N.Y.) and the show is OUT and IN this world. Walter Winchell, Sugar Ray Robinson, Sophie Tucker, Milton Berle (just a few of the nightly visitors) are all raving. The grapevine says (and I'm not one for loose gossip), the show will go on the road after a run in the club.



All of the credit for this revue goes to a fellow named Larry Steel. Larry has been (for years) an unrecognized top-flight producer. Well, you can all recognize him now, because this is it. Such a refined person. I've got news for ya (nightclub owners). If you don't book this revue (should it ever get a chance to go out) (such business) (money in the bank), honey, you're out of your normal mind.

Name of the cast — o.k. — got your pencils out — here goes. The Fontaine Brothers (they're the greatest), Marion Bruce (beauty with a voice), Derby Wilson (dancing like he's crazy), Rose Hardaway (this honey upsets folks' nerve), Four Tunes (great record and sight artists), Jimmy Tyler (man, where did ya get that band?) Yup! This revue comes complete (band and all) and last of all the nicest, sweetest (words can't describe Butterbeans and Susie). These are the darlings of show business. Don't cry, girlies of the ensemble, Pearlie Mae didn't forget ya. What show could be complete without a beautiful (o.k. pay off) line of dancing, happy (you're working, so I know you're happy) girls.

Folks, I had a ball. Went from there to see Ella Logan at the Riviera. That's it. She was but sensational. That's all. Now what do you mean I don't know what to do with a day off. (Oh! Union, I'm calling you.) Sunday's over, Monday again — work — money — ah! money (and you). Love ya.

— PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

November 3, 1951

Beans, beans, BOSTON BEANS! How this kid gets around. Paul Revere had the horse but he never moved so fast. They say that Philadelphia closes early but, brother! That's soooo wrong. At 1:00 a.m., honey, if you haven't, you won't. The sidewalks fold right up and tuck themselves away. Let's not be too hard on the town because the folks are nice and it is a wonderful historic city (only dead after 1:00 a.m.).

We find some of the oldest buildings and oldest laws here in Beantown. I hear you can't kiss your wife on the street (how about that, husbands? Glad or sorry?). If you girls or fellows are thinking of buying some crazy shoes, come here. Really — they have the greatest shoes you've ever spent a dollar on. Hotels (some of the best, the Statler, Copley-Plaza, Ritz, Bradford, Touraine—oh! loads of 'em). Now don't kid yourself about the town being too dead because there's still a little life in it yet. A performer can come here and work a year (plenty of spots). All of them don't have the big name policy, but, honey, change is change! (So — "Come on' a Boston.") The Latin Quarter is the most popular place, and there must be a hundred more.

This week we have a stupendous (never used the word before) (probably never will again) show: Johnny Coy, Billy Vine and the kid. Oh, the Arden-Fletcher dancers and Al Martin, M.C. That Johnny can dance like nobody's business. Such artistry! Billy Vine? Well, don't ask! When he does the drunk act — you scream! Oh! I forget to ask ya — do you like Chinese food? You do? Great! Ruby Foo's original place is here in Chinatown and I'm telling you — that food! That food! Pearlie Mae's on a strict diet, but one time this week, LAWDY!

There's some wonderful folks here on the newspapers. One of them is my favorite, George Clarke. What a newspaper man! What a cook! He had me over to meet the wife (Helen) and the baby, Georgia, a honey! To say he put the pot on is putting it mildly. All in all, you'll find it's not too bad here (honest!).



Mr. Riley (the puppy — my child), is in the hospital to get his ears cut and it is certainly breaking my heart. It's like taking the first curl from a kid's head. He looked so sad when the Doc put him in the cage. I cried (cross my heart). I'll always love Mr. Callahan and all the folks at the Beverly Hills in Kentucky for giving me that dog. He'll be ready to come home when I finish here. Happy am I! (Oh, the trials of motherhood!).

Next Sunday, will be like D-Day on the Lucky Strike "This Is Show Business" t.v. show. Opening the same night at Monte Proser's "La Vie en Rose." Guess I gotta learn the song. (Well, it's a pretty one.)

Why don't you write to me folks? I write you every week — it's unfair! Bless Mr. Fields and Mr. Oxman (the bosses) at the Latin Quarter for this week so I can pay these new taxes Harry just thought up. See you in New York. Love ya, but mad at ya for not writing!

— PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

November 10, 1951



Tired, tired child, I am tired. Not from the song of the same name, but from the bottom of my heart. I'm tired! We came down the highway from Boston (just coasting) and arrived in New York at 5:30 a.m. (exhausted). Rehearsal for the Lucky Strike program at 2 p.m., then the show at 7:30.

The opening of "La Vie En Rose" has been set back to Wednesday, November 30. Yesterday I went over to look at the room. It was in an uproar, hiring waiters, spotlights being put up and taken down; well, honey, it was a real beehive. What a beautiful room. They've got two pianos in each corner of the room and Pearlie Mae will work in the center of these. Oh, this ol' girl will really carry on in such a joint . . . (I mean supper room).

Somewhere in the program this kid is gonna sing with the three pianos. Lloyd Phillips (my pianist) and the other two pianists will accompany the old girl to the tune of "I Get a Kick Out of You." Lord help us, all.

Tell the truth, folks, didn't your eyes get kind of watery that Friday night when Joe Louis got knocked out? The man is such a wonderful person that you really had to drop one tear (if you've got any heart at all). Of course, you've got to give the winner credit and wish him luck, Rocky Marciano. For fifteen years Joe was a great champion and somehow I think folks will always love this guy. You never know what's in the mind of a man, so none of us really know why Joe fought again (and again). Let's hope he retires so he doesn't have happen to him what has happened to so many other fighters, actors and people in all walks of life.

You don't have to feel badly, Joe, because you're still a great guy with the public. Mainly, because you've always been a guy with a heart.

Winter is just around the corner, so please take care of yourselves. All of you living dolls in Las Vegas are pretty well fixed up, what with the warm weather almost the year 'round. Last night a breeze passed through New York that was the bitter end. Doll, here, had a flimsy lace dress and a fur (not saying what kind) jacket. Never again will I take such a chance. The LONG ONE from now on. At this rate it won't be long before Thanksgiving turkey will be on the table. 'Course with the diet, I won't be in on it.

Merciful heavens, I've skipped over Halloween. Years ago (not so many) Pearlie Mae used to dress up in the maddest get-up and go out into the street, ringing doorbells and pulling all of the tricks. Oh, to be young again. As always, us old folks never believe that the kids of today have as much fun as we had, but perhaps they do. Time certainly flies, doesn't it?

Bet'cha life, we'll have loads of good and fresh news to tell ya in the next four weeks. We'll be seeing lots of folks from every walk of life, old friends and new. Methinks 'tis time to part (Shakespeare or somebody). So 'bye for now. See you next week. Love ya.

— PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

November 17, 1951



La Vie En Rose — that's all you gotta say opening night. Wednesday, October 30, I mean to tell ya. Never ever did you see so many people. Monte Proser's wonderful face was beaming, and Pearlie Mae was trembling for fair. Milton Blackstone (publicity man), (and a good one at that), had been getting the best ads in for two weeks prior to the opening and it sure paid off. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Show business was represented; society was out in full dress, honey, 'twas a sight to behold. Big man Abe Lastfogel (William Morris) with Mrs. Lastfogel and, oh! yes, you gotta hear Mrs. Lastfogel sing "Toot, Toot Tootsie." (No A.G.V.A. card either, we'll see about that). The show folks' names, well let's say Ethel Merman, Bert Lahr, Phil Foster, Joe E. Lewis, Jimmy Starr, George Hearst (of the Hearst clan), Charlie Morrison (Mocambo owner), Jimmie Durante, Phil Silvers, Kay Armen, Ella Logan, Eddie Fisher (soldier suit and all). Honey, more than you could mention.

You ask were the critics there? Just give a listen: Earl Wilson (Post), Leonard Lyons (Post), Louis Sobol (Journal-American), don't ask more questions, please. All I tell ya is, IT WAS THE END. Every night looks like a big house party, really calls for socializing and mixing.

At the present time Monte Proser is cooking up a television show for this kid called "After the Club." May it come to pass, I pray. We're in for the winter, I hope forever. When you're in New York please drop in and enjoy yourselves.

Honey, if you're on your way to the "Apple," please bundle up, 'cause, Lawdy, it's cold here. Pearlie Mae put on that long boy (Where, oh where is that Las Vegas sunshine.) Been doing a couple of television shows (trying to get Uncle's taxes), and it's been very tiring, but nice.

"Songs for Sale," on Saturday night is nice to watch because it certainly is a break for ambitious songsters. These kids have had such a hard time trying to get people to listen to their tunes, so here's a real opportunity.

Mr. Riley (my pup) is a real character. He's been in the vet's two weeks getting his ears clipped and trying to solve his eating problem. Have you ever seen a puppy that wouldn't eat at all? What he eats one day, he wouldn't touch the next, yet his energy is the greatest. He's as thin as I'd like to be, but he's still gay and playful. So what's the answer? The vet couldn't find out, so maybe some of you folks know.

Heard that the Duke Ellington-King Cole-Sarah Vaughn unit, the Norman Granz Philharmonic with Ella Fitzgerald (the greatest female singer in the world) (will explain later) and Mr. B. with George Shearing are "busying" up all the town doing terrific business.

Some nosey body wants to ask why I said Ella is the greatest. O.K.! I'll go even further and say Bing Crosby is the greatest male vocalist. These two people, in my humble opinion, are the only two singers in the world who can sing anything from "Pistol Packing Mamma" to "Nearer My God to Thee," and, doll, that's a jump!

O.K.! I'll change the subject. Found the most insane perfume the other day. Girls, this will do the trick for ya: Nuit de Longchamps (French). Child, this is it. Try it and buy it, not too expensive, but so-so-$15 for a little over an ounce. Be sweet, be sweet, my sweets. Love ya.

— PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

November 24, 1951



Did you ever hear of a game called "Bagatelle Billiards"? Now there's one for ya. Seems as though it was played years ago (and it's still being played) in "Merrie Ol' England." All of the balls are played from one end of the table. They're going to put it on the market soon for home use. Oh! How bad the guys are gonna feel when they can't use that excuse about "just going to the corner to shoot a game of pool." Now, darlings, you can just go to the living room and do the same. Some clever guy will think of a way out of this one, too. Betcha.

Good news, good news, going into a new (or is it old) Broadway show called "Shuffle Along." Remember this one, kiddies? (kiddies??) I don't, so please don't look at me. Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake wrote this show years and years ago. There was a great star in the chorus at the time, Josephine Baker, and another very great woman now deceased, Miss Florence Mills. Many folks will remember this show as being a terrific one. Let's hope it will work out that same way again. Rehearsal starts the early part of December and will open in BEANTOWN (Boston, for the squares) on New Year's Eve. Just left that town.

What did you ask me just now? Was "La Vie En Rose" closed? Heck, no. We're packing them in like sardines every night, even Sundays, which is truly something in New York. James Mason (my secret passion) was in the other night with his lovely wife. I was thrilled, but terribly jealous, you know. Liz Taylor and Montgomery Clift also strolled in for a show or two. Oh! This club is IT in New York these days. Went to Leon and Eddie's Sunday night and believe me that Eddie Davis is a real sweetheart. So many famous people were there to honor two fine newspaper men, Danton Walker (of the N.Y. Daily News) and Hy Gardner (of the Herald-Tribune). Sammy Davis of the Will Mastin Trio just killed 'em. John Barrymore Jr. (what a profile nothing, this kid's got a whole face, but yes). Fran Warren (what a singer), Lee Mortimer ("confidential," N.Y., Chicago and etc.) Marcel Lebron (that new and handsome Frenchman at the Waldorf), McDonald Carey, Frankie Marlowe (that guy is crazy), and oh, just scads of folks. Yours truly and Russel Nype, of "Call Me Madame," did "Just in Love." That's all, brother.

Sure would like to be able to have all my show business friends in on these good times. Wonder how my good friends out in Las Vegas are doing these days? Every time we pick up a paper they're dropping another atom bomb. Please, please, don't spoil my desert, because Las Vegas in my book is the town where someday I'll live.

Is Mike Mars still going through fences, I wonder, or is he staying on the tracks and winning races (stock car)? I hope. How's the weather? Beautiful, I bet. Don't ask about the eastern weather. Lawdy, no don't, please!

Losing weight so Pearlie Mae will be on the ball for this new revue. Mr. Riley (the pup), is asleep and looks so peaceful that I'll join him in a little slumber, so until next week (now I'm yawning), good night! Love ya.

— PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

December 15, 1951

Dear friends, people and citizens: The unforgivable thing in journalism happened for the last two weeks. Pearlie Mae neglected to send in her "little ol' column." There are many apologies I could make, but what the heck. I'd still be wrong. So let's not have any apologizing, just don't do it again, ever. (Yes siree, never again).

Folks, things have been happening so fast and furious that it'll take years to catch up with the news. Still at "La Vie En Rose" (French, you know), and we're really packing them in. (Six weeks).

Everybody from everywhere has been in the club and having a ball, you bet'cha. Marlene Dietrich dropped in the other night (dropped in — I mean swept in) looking like (now let's see) well approximately eight million bucks. You mean to tell me you have grown daughters and look so good? This woman really upsets a place when she walks in by just — uh, by just — uh — what the heck — by just walking in.

Monte Proser (the nicest man) is really in there pitching with this place and let's hope he continues, and has success. He's a wonderful man, believe me. Enough about our place 'cause we must tell you about our New York weather. Now, this is really it. Folks are walking around without top coats on it's so warm; perspiration running off of you like July. Wonder what the devil is happening??? Soon the snowflakes will come and probably scare us all silly.

If no one in the whole world is enjoying this, then give a listen please — they're crazy. Only one beef Pearlie Mae's got and here 'tis. A few weeks ago in the column, I was telling you my sad tale of woe about the heavy cloaks being in storage. So "whata happen," out comes the coats and the weather's so warm, who needs 'em?? I ask ya? "Life gets tedious, don't it?"



Mr. Riley (my pup) is having the time of his life, getting fat, being in show business (oh, yes, he makes every show) and enjoying the heat. He's the real joy of this ol' gal's life. Course you folks out Nevada and California way shouldn't be too jealous or is it snowing in Los Angeles?? (I ask you?)

Sure would like to make a mad dash out that way and see what's going on, but gotta make the tax money you know. Haven't seen too much outside of the club because we've been, (as I said, and probably repeat) busy, but will be able to make a few rounds soon. Have lost considerable weight, feeling good, and dying to see you one and all at some of the old familiar haunts.

Television has let many of my friends see me, but I sure would appreciate it if television could be perfected to the point that I could see you, cause, my babies, I love and miss you all, really.

— PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

December 22, 1951

POETRY (OR SUMPIN')

Opening Chorus:

I

Goodness gracious, what ya "spose"
Closing at "La Vie En Rose."
(Well, I had to rhyme it didn't I.)

II

Six weeks work, not a bad count,
Next job the New York Paramount.
(Oh, Pearlie Mae, cut it out, cut it out!)

III

After that, are you asking me?
Well, I'm sailing off to Germany.
(That's all, sister).

IV

Forgive, forgive my piece of prose.
Now I'm stuck and must rhyme prose with nose.
Please don't get ill, I'll stop it soon.
Oh no! Perhaps I'll try writing a tune.
Think this is bad, I've written worse,
But, brother, at least it wasn't in verse.
Girl, you're fired (and this you can believe).

Gee, that was fun.



We're following Miss Patti Page in the Paramount Theater and hope to do a good job. Went to see "Four Poster," a terrific show and it was such a thrill. Jessica Landy and Hume Cronyn. What artistry, but superb. The direction of Jose Ferrer is simply marvelous. Don't miss it even if you have to catch a plane to fly in and see it. All of New York is getting excited about the coming of Laurence Oliver and Vivian Leigh in "Caesar and Cleopatra." Such an advance sale — unheard of in the theater — it is. Somebody is gonna make a little change.

Suppose you heard your girl was to do the lead in "Shuffle Along." (Remember this years and years ago.) (I don't, so don't start counting my age.) At the present time they're having book trouble and not in rehearsal. Small belief of mine is that you shouldn't present people with the wrong kind of material knowingly so it will be rewritten.

After the Paramount (24th) we're leaving the 26th for Germany, England and France to entertain the soldier boys for the holidays. Christmas and New Year's will practically be over, but it's always a holiday for the boys when folks take time to come see them. Really need a vacation, but I ask ya could ya take a better one than this. I only wish they were coming home to us.

Everyone is scurrying around doing their Christmas shopping and it's a frantic mad town. Fifth Avenue store windows are so beautiful and child, my child, are things expensive. It would take billions to buy presents for all the people you'd like to. Getting a small tree because there's no Christmas without it, what with hanging it and all; such fun even for us old folks. About hanging the stocking (they're so expensive you can hardly afford to wear 'em.)

There's a Santa Claus on every corner ringing his bell and the little kids' faces when they stare into Santa's face is a real thing of beauty. Ah! To be young again! ONLY THREE MORE DAYS. Isn't it strange that no matter how long your list of names for presents is there's always someone you find you've left out? (But usually TOO LATE.) You're all on Pearlie Mae's list, but because of a mad shortage of change, may I send you my best love? Have a good time during your shopping and buying the turkeys and what nots, because after all it only comes once a year. So live, honey, live. Love ya.

— PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

January 5, 1952



Happy New Year, everyone, and God's blessings to you one and all. The holidays have really been here and gone. Here we are in another year and happy to be. Gee, whiz, when you were young didn't it seem strange to even hear someone speak of dates like 1940 or 1950? Seemed like a fantasy; and now here 'tis 1952.

Time flies, doesn't it? We have had many unfortunate things happen in "51" — however, we've had some pretty nice things going for us too. We lost many wonderful people this year, our latest being Mildred Bailey. What a loss. One of the greatest singers of all times. Bye, Bye, Mildred, and just keep sitting there in your "ole rocking chair." Show business and the world will miss you.

Back to La Vie En Rose, we went to double from the Paramount Theatre. Business was jumping (Thank goodness) and we got back in our good ole groove. This is really the room in New York, so drop by when you're in town.

Tony Bennett (that wonderful singer,) and such a great guy, opened the Paramount Theatre Christmas Day and Lawdy, did he pack the joint! This boy has so many songs that you start to wonder which one is no one. (Figure that out). There's no stopping him and who should want to.

Many wonderful things have been planned for the future and though we hate to plan, sometimes it's loads of fun. Ever since June we've been promised back to the boys over in Germany. Every time we get our bags packed something else happens, but no more. On the seventh of January we'll be off and happy as birds. This time we hope to get into the northern part of Germany and Italy. Folks always tell me that Rome and Florence (for that matter, most of Italy) are so beautiful. Taking along ye ole movie camera (Know nothing about photography). Made the first batch of records for CORAL on the 28th and certainly hope we get a winner out of the four sides. On January 6, Pearlie Mae will undertake something new in her career. There's a great writer, James Weldon Johnson, who wrote a book of poems based on the sermons of the old preachers. This is such an interesting book that Fred is going to present it on television. (Only a Minister, Pearlie Mae and the Pennsylvanians. (Glee Club). We will recite the poems while the singers will do the background work. This I hope will come off good as I've never attempted anything quite so dramatic. The name of the book is "God's Trombone." Give a listen and look please, from 9 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Although television and radio will let you reach quite a few people it's still a great thrill to get out and be among the people. To me it's the greatest part of the business. Always I want to reach out and touch the folks. That's the feeling that I try to project on television so I hope it comes to you like that because, gee, but I like to be near you. Always,

— PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

January 12, 1952



Lovers, all Happy New Year, and all the good things for you in 1952. It was so cute reading Jack's list of happenings during the year. What floored me was his entry of the time Pearlie Mae joined the staff. Well, I mean to tell you it sure sounded mighty important like. Someday I'm going to work on my book (watch out, all local publishers) and, child, it will be "sumpin to read," believe me. The ole girl's been kinda under the weather, teeth extracted. It everything but killed me. You can't. Was headed out Las Vegas, but all of this went wrong. So where do you think I am??? Home, looking at Uncle Miltie.

Kukla, Fran and Ollie (they floor me), Perry Como (mm-mm-my type), Frank Sinatra (for him I swoon with silk stockings on) (not packs). Jimmy Durante (the greatest), Martin and Lewis (honestly I just about die with this crazy wonderful twosome). Danny Thomas (talent plus) and let's not forget the home-made, foreign made, all kinds of made movies. "Lady Hamilton" I personally know. (So many times they show this.) It's a terrific movie with great acting (of just everything), but how many times I ask ya?

Opening the Chicago Theatre, Chicago, the 11th to 24th of January. Haven't been there since 1946 with Cab Calloway. Quite a joint. Will finally come out to Las Vegas for a couple of days soon, (possibly the 27th or 28th). (Home again).

Sorry to read about Moe Sedway's death, "the best of friends sometimes must part." Are you wondering about my trip to Germany? Okay! Here's the truth, so help me: We couldn't get the clearance in time, so automatically this cancels the engagement again for a while. But, so help me, before the warm weather Pearlie Mae will be back, boys!

Made some records for Coral the other day, and the session went very well. Haven't been recording for the last year because of tune picking trouble. Looks like Coral is off on the right track. Let's keep our fingers crossed. Need you ask me the titles? So sorry, but you're getting 'em crammed down your throat: "Birth of the Blues," "Nothing," "I Heard" (with Don Redman), and get this title: "The Eighth Street Association Barbecue and Fancy Dress Ball." Getting one? Gee, thanks already!

Our weather here has been the coldest yet. I suppose we're lucky because (as the English say) the west really HAD IT. Snow, blizzards, rain, sleet, heavens! What else? Better bring along the BOATS at this rate, huh! How's the weather in Las Vegas? Are you hot or cold? Oh, yes! And about the stock car races — are they still going on? Have a little joy there for Pearlie Mae. Next week you'll have ol' tales of Chicago. Personally, I don't care for that weather, brr, brr! There'll be no remarks about the zoo or the museums (for the season's not right), but more about the theatrical folks (as usual). Can't help it, but these folks sort of get under my skin. The "Book of the Month Club" (of which the kid is a staunch member) just sent the new selection for our reading, and, honey, Lucy Mae (changed my name!) is gonna tear into this book and so absorb knowledge or perchance we may dig someone else's business. Well! Whatever the circumstances, good night darlings, wherever you are, and my love . . . always . . .

— PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

January 19, 1952



Chicago Theatre, Chicago: Where else? Please forgive me one and all if I tell ya this town does nothing for me. Not saying I'm doing anything for the town — but — at least, WE'RE trying. The WE are Mr. Riley, Lloyd Phillips (pianist), Katie (my right hand) and P.M. Like Danny Thomas always says: "You gotta give us an "A" for effort."

The weather is very warm, which is a shock. But, honey, who knows what tomorrow will bring. This is Chi — you know. (Twenty-seven inches of snow, or sumpin'). Last week, they had twenty-five inches — so what's wrong with adding two more? Heavens to Betsy, I hope we miss it!

Believe me, I'm not picking on the town (not much). Just expressing myself (and how). Folks have been saying they think this kid is in love with Las Vegas (with the sunshine and all). Well, dolls, you've never been more right.

Someday the ol' girl is gonna go out there and live in that wonderful climate where she'll wear no shoes (that's really it) and enjoy life. Quite a few years worth of taxes away are these dreams. You've heard of these things (taxes), haven't you? If you haven't, don't worry because they'll make themselves known to you.

Maybe some of you folks wondered where Pearlie Mae was that she didn't appear on the Fred Waring show, January 6. Tell you wha' hoppen! With the doctor treating her and the dentist pulling the teeth, P.M. just about ended it all. The ol' war horse is finally "tired" from the song of the same name. All right, here's the rest of the story. The doctor, dentist, plus the agents, knew this was a physical impossibility, so off to Las Vegas started the kid for the first vacation and rest of her life. Into our office go I to get a check cashed (actually not to borrow) (this time) and — as I start out the door waving a weak, but happy farewell, the phone rings! Here's the conversation with me in the doorway.

Mgr: Yes — yes!

P.M. (Listening)

Mgr: Oh, she's here now.

P.M. (Ears perk up)

Mgr: (Aside to P.M.) Chicago on the wire, wanting to know if you'll (interrupts to listen more), but she's already packed. What? Wait! I'll ask her. (To P.M.) Would you? P.M.: Yes, I'll go.

AND SO THE LONG VACATION ENDS. Enjoyed my stay very much. Long story — but very true.

Appearing on Ed Sullivan's T.V. show, "Toast of the Town," February 3. I'll wave at ya.

Joey Bishop (one of our favorite persons) is at the Oriental Theatre, down the alley from the Chicago Theatre, with Eddy Howard. Never met Eddy, but just love his singing. Joey's little boy, Larry (four years old) is the cutest trick and please get him to do his act for you. This is really the bit.

Going home to N.Y. after this and rest up (laugh) for a few days, hang a few curtains, cook a bit (just love to eat) and gaze at T.V.

Thought the Christmas issue of our magazine was terrific, but I think that every one is great. Hope to see you all soon in the different spots around the country. Until then, remember . . . I just loves ya.

— PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

January 26, 1952



Chicago Theatre, Chicago: It won't be long now. Want to know what that means? Well, I'll tell ya. By doctor's orders, Pearlie Mae's gotta take a rest, so she won't be too weary (in later years) to do her job, which is entertaining folks. Mind ya now, there's no broken bones or nothing like that (thank God), just weary, after eighteen years without a week off. (Still 33 years old.) Believe me, I wasn't making money, but — Doll, I was in show business and loved it!

Take a tip, kids! Enjoy your work, put your heart and soul into it, but get some rest so the mind will stay alert. There's no illness — only weariness!

Where do you think the ole girl's gonna rest? One guess! You're right — Las Vegas (Nevada—that is). Last report was it's had a little rough weather along with California — but, honey — could be twenty-three degrees below zero and it would still be o.k. with me.

Every day, I can put on the blue jeans (depending on the weight problem) moccasins, and walk over God's earth, loving the wonderful things we so seldom get a chance to enjoy (that is — us folks behind the footlights.) There, one can see the desert in all its beauty; ride up to Mount Charleston; have a wonderful picnic, roasting hot dogs (food on the mind) and mingle with the town folks who have great simplicity and warmth. Did I hear right? Someone asked if I was leaving show-business? Are you kidding? Or crazy? Carrying loads of songs and material to rehearse so we'll be fresh on our return. "Shuffle Along" script is also being sent (they say) to be read; if right — to be learned for a spring opening. Reports are that it's a fine story. Leaving February 3, right after the Sullivan T.V. show (which we hope goes fine) and will be jumping over that familiar route 66.

Danny Thomas just closed at the Chez Paree with a smash (as usual!) Gee, I sure love this guy; but then, everybody does. He was followed by The Ames Brothers, who have been doing all right for themselves. Talked to one of the Deep River Boys, by phone in Vegas from Chi and they like MY town as much or more than I. (C'est possible? French). Met those fellows years ago and they're just as real now as they were then. Mighty fine performers, too.

Tell me sumpin! Why is it that the little fellow in most singing groups (nine out of ten) is the bass? Answers expected from all quartets. Hope I didn't start a controversy. Will drop you a note just before we start on our long trip west. No — not by covered wagon! You know how I feel about all of ya — ya don't? Well . . .

I love you —

— PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

February 2, 1952



In New York City and that's all, brother. Strange how this town can attract people; go any place in the world, but there's no more New York. London, Paris, Germany, name 'em all, Doll, 'tain't there. Everytime you leave it you say, "Goodbye, good riddance" then you return and see that skyline (and 'tis beautiful), so comes that warm feeling inside. Grand Central Station is the grandest, the busiest, the greatest. (No lawsuits, please, this is only one opinion).

There are many places I've never visited in the city, however, someday the grand town of New York will be made. One thing really thrills me about "The Apple" (it has been called that, you know), is the great number of legitimate shows one can see. The kid is a real playgoer from her heart. This season hasn't been one of too many hits, but there's enough to keep folks happy, "Four Poster" is one of the great plays. Caught "The Moon Is Blue," and was just bowled over. Some day I wish F. Hugh Herbert will give me a part in one of his plays and Otto Preminger will direct it. Going to catch Dane Clark (love that child) in "The Number" and "Stalag 17." These will keep the ol' girl in good spirits while she's out of circulation.

One night I had the opportunity to visit (excuse the expression) Brooklyn. Now don't start a fight because this report is gonna be good. (You say it better be, well, o.k.) Like most folks, my feathers fell when the Dodgers lost, so you see I'm not an enemy or outsider. My glimpse of Brooklyn was one of beauty and one I'll never forget. Have you ever seen ships at night in the harbor with the water lapping at their sides? The water beats a steady rhythm against it and the boats take on the appearance of a child being rocked to sleep. When you look across at the lights of New York you say, "what beauty!" Another thing that impressed me very much was the quietness and cleanliness. Somehow folks associate a great deal of noise with this settlement. Is this because of the clamor they make in the summer when the Dodgers are home? Certainly hope their team wins everything this year so the people will be rewarded for their faithfulness. Long live Brooklyn!!! Long live the Dodgers!!! Long live that view of its waterfront!

What's wrong with Pearlie Girl here? Must be getting sentimental 'cause she's leaving dear ol' New York, and laying off for a while. Ya know every day I sit and think how will it feel being away from work and it's rather frightening. Lots of kids have said, "Oh! you'll have a grand time." That's to be seen. Yes, I admit it's fine where I'm headed for, but what the heck will happen when that urge to Buck Dance steals up on the kid??? Perhaps I'll go out on the desert and shout to the high heavens, "Tired," or do a fast Charleston then come back to town feeling fine. Never mind all of these fears, these things are certain and they are, GO, I MUST, and GO, I WILL, but always you'll be with me so really I'll never be alone . . . Love ya madly.

— PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

February 16, 1952



Had a week's rest and — ya know what — "NOTHING!" That's the name of my new record (CORAL LABEL). Can't blame a person for putting a little ol' plug in for themselves in order to sell a tune. Nobody asked me, but the other side is called (get this) "The Eighth Street Association Barbecue and Fancy Dress Ball." (Short title—huh?).

'Twas dern nice, coming across the country (for the 99th time), but Lawdy! was a glad to see the lights of Las Vegas! How this town is growing! Every place ya look, new buildings, etc. and sunshine! Course, I didn't know the wind could blow so strong. Gracious, it frightens me.

No sooner had this child arrived than comes the work. (Is that bad?). Opening the DESERT INN (my favorite place), February 19 for two weeks, so look out for "ye old buck and wing dance." Don't have many new songs, but Pearlie Mae's got a few new tricks. (No magic, either). Be good to work with girls like LADY MICHAEL again. The first engagement there, we worked together. So, you see, the world is really round and folks keep meeting again. Can you imagine two PROMINENT (that's all, brother) columnists on the same bill? (Watch out for the billing problems).

Ya know, I got to thinking the other day, about what a swell place this world is to live in. At times, it seems like NO — yet when you think of some of the nice friends — ya say YES. There are loads of wonderful folks around, helping this ol' world to keep spinning on its axle — but RIGHT! Couldn't name all of 'em — yet — it wouldn't hurt to name a few — would it? Here goes:

1. HARRY and ALICE WHITE—D.I. GIFT SHOP. — They are DEMOCRACY IN ACTION.

2. MARTIN and LEWIS. — Because of their ability to be (without trying) mighty, mighty funny.

3. WILL MASTIN TRIO — So wonderful and I do love SAMMY for staying a great, down-to-earth boy.

4. ETHEL WATERS—This is a great woman with amazing courage.

5. JOHNNY UHLMAN — How did ya get the nerve to let your hair grow back? Folks with nerve like yours — the world needs. I'M SCARED!

6. JACK CORTEZ — Who just goes around being nice — 'cause what else could he be?

7. SOPHIE TUCKER — Who has been a star and real person for so long.

8. JIMMY DURANTE — How could ya have a world without this sweetheart?

9. ROBERT MITCHUM — Never met, but have seen and like his face.

10. ELLA LOGAN — Your coming over from Scotland was our pleasure.

11. DUKE ELLINGTON — Who keeps giving us such beautiful music.

12. LOUIS ARMSTRONG — You are my world — a perfect masterpiece — an artist — a gentleman.

13. MARTHA RAYE — Gives the world that rare quality of crossing the thin line between laughter and tears.

14. MR. RILEY, my pup — Because he asks nothing and gives real devotion.

15. MR. FITZGERALD — I just like you — that's all.

16. WORK — 'Cause it keeps me alive — paying taxes — eating — happy — tired — and — most of all, running around the world, seeing you.

17. ALL THE BOYS IN OUR ARMED SERVICES — Because you are dying to make this a better world to live in. May we soon bring you home and never send you away again.

All my love to ya,

— PEARLIE MAE

This You Can Believe

. . . By PEARL BAILEY

February 23, 1952



Children, every muscle in Pearlie Mae's tired body is aching, yes, even the finger. This child is, oh, so sore! At the tender age of thirty-three (and I spell it to believe it myself), P.M. decided to play golf. This game has always fascinated me, but no one would bother to show me one swing. Well, sir, one fine Sunday morning out to the golf course I drive, announce my intentions, and I'm on my way to the first lesson. They say (wonder who THEY are?) in a few days all will be well and the soreness will be over. Honey, if it don't, P.M. will be in a state of collapse. Alcohol, wintergreen, liniment, everything in the drug store, has been purchased to use in this mad venture. Of course we must not create TOO much jealousy when we get back home with this small waistline (which GOLF must bring about). One would think I was Sam Snead, what with the golf clubs, shoes, hat, gloves . . . Oh doll, the real outfit!

We opened at the "deah" (English) Desert Inn on Tuesday night and it was just swell. The joint ('scuse the expression) was packed to capacity and things went rolling along fine, although the electrician put PINK on the 'ol girl, which is not too good for No. 31 pancake. Billy Vine was, as usual, his great self, and let me tell you sumpin' — This guy is one of the nicest people in "Show Business." We worked together in the Latin Quarter (Boston) and had a great time, like all show folk should have (no petty jealousies and stuff like that there).

Having loads of fun — wish they could last for a year. (Attention, owners and public). If there's any place we love, it's Las Vegas (called "Lost Wages" by some — by MANY).

Quite a thing at the Last Frontier Wednesday night, given by the Westside Community Center. I heartily agree that the Westside needs MANY, MANY improvements; sewage, housing, lighting, oh, so much, there's not space to mention. This town is growing too fast to have such a terrible condition as what exists over on that side. When performers come here to stay; and please remember, these folks have some pretty nice places they call "home," so are not used to such conditions. Then, too, how about the folks already calling this "home"? All I gotta say is something should be done to let ALL our wonderful town grow together. Since this happens to be "Brotherhood Week," what's wrong with starting now?

Gee whiz! Excuse me for sort of jumping around, but I sure meant to mention some of the folks who were out (and dressed to kill) at the opening. Harry and Alice White. (Alice in a beautiful orange jersey). Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Gartman (Friendly Irishmen). Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Uhlman . . . to make it real big, let's say "Oh, thousands were there"! The first meeting with "the profile" (Mrs. Cortez) and ya know something? She's real people. (Only takes a glance to know nice people when you see 'em). Must not forget to mention the Arden-Fletcher Dancers, Allan Gilbert and Carlton Hayes, for therein lies your show. Don't ever believe (newcomers to show business or OLD ones) that it doesn't take EVERYBODY to make a good show. See you next week at the same place — Desert Inn . . .

— PEARLIE MAE