

Entertainers Weave Magic Moments

Bill Norvas, Toni Arden Cast Spells at Mariner

By RED LOCKWOOD

Rarely do we relax our guard to expose ourselves for others to see, preferring to hide to spare the hurts we fear would come when others see us as we really are.

Entertainers probably expose their true selves more often than the rest of us because, to express the talents which they rely upon for a living, they must give of themselves to others.

And it is good that they do.

Every now and then there comes a magic moment when an entertainer, caught in a flood of emotion, bares himself with complete abandon for all to see.

They Are One

The magic is a close, even intimate, communication between audience and entertainer, almost as though they are one, and all of humanity.

Such a moment can happen anytime, any night in the Leisure Land of entertainment and often comes when least expected.

When one does occur, it is unforgettable.

Last Thursday night at the Mariner (2450 Pacific Coast Hwy.), not one but two of those moments of magic happened, one right after the other.

The first took place during the second show of the evening.

Bill Norvas was on stage. He had been singing familiar songs, some old, some fairly new.

A couple was dancing. A hum of conversation could be heard from those at the tables and in a group at the bar.

Bill paused for a second, then spoke hesitantly into the microphone, "I may not be able to do this, but I'm going to try."

Bill's Own Song

As soon as he began to sing "One Sided Love Affair," a feeling grew that this was his song, that he had written it.

The dancers stopped caught by the emotion coming from the depths of Bill. The hum of conversation died.

All eyes turned upon the man at the microphone.

There was Bill Norvas, the man who is reluctant to talk about himself, opening wide his heart for all to see what's inside.

As the last note died, the room was caught for an instant in a hush that unrestrained applause soon shattered, and the moment of magic had passed.

Sitting at a table by the door with Jack Kelly (Bart of Maverick fame) and his wife (actress May Wynn) on one of their regular visits to the Mariner was Toni Arden, one of the top girl vocalists in the nation.

The Kellys and Toni had finished dinner and moved from the dining area into the lounge to hear Bill and

the lovely Lori Mattis. As a guest star, Toni was invited to sing.

She opened with "I've Grown So Accustomed to Your Face." Those who were there could see and hear for themselves the artistry of Toni Arden.

Throaty Wisher

She uses her voice much like a virtuoso plays a violin. Toni can mute down to a throaty whisper that's experienced, or sensed, more than actually heard, then swell the volume until her voice envelops the entire room and all who are there.

She sang another, then another . . .

Suddenly, the spell returned for the second time when Toni Arden began to sing "You're Nobody Until Somebody Loves You."

The fingers of Toni's left hand moved liquidly ever so slightly with the rhythm within her to send unseen little messages to the trio.

Although she had not ever sung with those musicians before, the illusion grew in that moment that they had been together always.

A tender glow lighted Toni's face, etched clearly against the backdrop of a wide-brimmed black hat to silently repeat the feeling she so deftly was phrasing with emotion-filled voice.

Eloquent Lips

A black veil slipped, baring the whiteness of soft shoulders. Her entire being became vibrant, though motion flowed only through arms, hands, and those eloquent lips.

She seemed pulled as though by a magnet toward the microphone there to merge into a blur lighted only by her face — then sight vanished as raw emotion of the cry from within her completely possessed the mind.

Too soon the second moment of magic ended at the Mariner that Thursday night.

Outside, the stars of the clear California night seemed also to hide the mystery which the inner selves of Bill and Toni cried out to know, the mystery which lures us to quest in vain for the secret of life that is not destined for us ever to know.

But it is good there are those like Bill and Toni who can tell us that we do not quest alone.



MR. AND MRS. JOHN BOWEN, of 1327 Post Ave., were the first to buy tickets at the new United Artists Theatre at the opening in Torrance last Wednesday night. Selling those first tickets was Mrs. Phyllis Ross of 2537 Ridgeland Road, Torrance. The sale of the first tickets culminated a team effort to complete the theatre on scheduled time.

Teamwork Brings Theatre to Reality for the Bowens

The first person to purchase a ticket at the new United Artists Theatre was Mrs. John Bowen of 1327 Post Ave., Torrance, followed closely by her husband who got ticket No. 2.

That moment last Wednesday night was the target of many men working many hours bringing the theatre from an architect's conception on the drawing board to reality.

Even that same morning a look inside the theatre made one wonder how it would be ready for the evening's performance. In the afternoon, just a few hours before Mr. and Mrs. Bowen purchased their tickets, it seemed hardly possible.

Neatly Finished But when the Bowens stepped inside the foyer, the entire theatre was neatly finished down to the last touch and a stranger to the place would have thought that it had been ready for weeks instead of minutes.

Heading the team for United Artists Theatre Circuit were Frederick F. Kunkel, Western division manager; Roy Evans, assistant division manager, and Carl Burns, the mana-

ger of the new theatre. The building was developed by Airport Plaza, Inc., 1840 S. Elena Ave., Redondo Beach, and constructed by Metro Construction Co., 2930 W. Imperial Hwy., Inglewood.

Plumbing Team

The Metro team was headed by George Graziadio, with Lee Munsil in charge of the project.

Plumbing of the theatre and the Airport Plaza Office Building, of which it is a part, was done under the supervision of Robert L. Proffitt and W. A. Durnell of Proffitt and Durnell Plumbing, Inc., 170 N. Hawthorne Blvd., Hawthorne.

Other suppliers who took part in creating the theatre so that the Bowens could step into the foyer at the exact target moment to see the opening performance included Aetna Sheet Metal Co., 4416 W. Jefferson Ave., Los Angeles; Diamond Builders, La Mirada; Coast Elevator Co., 13007 S. Main St., Los Angeles; B. F. Shearer Co., 1964 S. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles; and Mowery-Thomason, Inc., 2929 Knox St., Los Angeles.

Mike Clifford to Sing in the 'Y-Bowl'

Mike Clifford, currently appearing at Caesars (4111 Pacific Coast Hwy.) will be among the stars who will appear at the "Y-Bowl," Saturday morning in the Hollywood Bowl.

The appearance will benefit youth activities in the Los Angeles area. Several bus loads of Torrance youngsters will attend. Art Linkletter will be master of ceremonies.

Mike is now in his second week at Caesars and after he closes next Saturday night (the same night of his Bowl appearance), Mike will leave for New York for another recording date with United Artists.

Close to Million

One of his records on that label, "Close to Kathy," has sold nearly one million copies.

Young Clifford, the son of Cal Clifford who once played with such orchestras as those of Isham Jones and Tommy Dorsey, combines the stage presence and drama of a much older performer with the fresh and intense appeal of youth.

The Ronnie Donath Trio is on the same bill with Clifford at Caesars this week, playing for dancing between Mike's appearances.

Ronnie Donath is on piano. Eddie Aparicio plays drums and Glen Dewese strums the bass viol. Next Monday night, Sylvia Mora returns to Caesars with the Freddie Estrada Trio. Since leaving Caesars she has appeared at the Beverly Hilton Hotel and has signed to sing at Mr. Kelly's in Chicago.

Vignettes

There were two couples who had just finished eating dinner at The Palms (1925 W. Carson St.) and were relaxing, listening to Lila Lee Smith at the piano bar.

One couple was observing their 9th wedding anniversary, the other their 16th.

"It was such a wonderful dinner," said Mrs. Sixteen, adding wistfully, "now if there just was a place we could go to dance, like we used to."

She looked around the piano bar.

"Does anyone know where we could go?" she asked.

"Why, yes, ma'am," was the reply. "In alphabetical order, we recommend Caesars, the Mariner, and the Sands — and perhaps on such a memorable night as this, you will have time to visit all three."

Tommy Carlough had an extra special fan visiting him one night last week — it was his mother.

She sat at near Tommy as possible at the piano bar of the Sands (4721 W. Torrance Blvd.) It was obvious to all who saw that she was very proud indeed.

It was equally plain to see that Tommy was proud to have her there, sending a son's affection through his eyes each time they fell upon her during the evening.

And, somehow it seemed that the warm and friendly Tommy Carlough was even warmer and more friendly last Thursday on his mother's night out while his father was being honored at a bowling banquet.

Silver Dollar, Anyone?

It is really not necessary to go to Las Vegas for silver dollars these days.

The cartwheels abound at the Mariner (2450 Pacific coast Highway), in the lounge where Bill Norvas and Lori Mattis entertain nightly except Sunday, and on Sunday from 7 p.m. the world of the Hootenanny prevails.

How Capt. Tom Chevoor and his crew came by these treasures isn't known, but they say the cruise of the Mariner includes some very treasurable moments.

Charles Bright Discovers Torrance Leisure Land

"It's amazing," said Charles Bright in his neat and precise tones as he clipped red hair in neat and precise clips, "how things can happen under your very nose, and you really don't know they are happening."

Charles paused to survey his work, pivoted the chair to look at the head of hair from another angle in the mirror.

"My wife and I," he said, "for years drove up to Restaurant Row on LaCienega. We like to dine out because we both work, and we'd drive way up there."

The chair pivoted again,

and Charles tightened his eyes as he evened out a spot that bothered him.

"Then," he said, "we found that the restaurants almost right in our front yard were every bit as good as those along Restaurant Row.

Getting Famous

"We discovered, too, that others found that out, too," said Charles. "When we go to the Wayfarer, to Caesars, or to the Mariner we always find a lot of company."

Charles placed an expert hand on a dispenser and then placed lather precisely around the hairline of the sideburns, over the ears and down the neck.

"One night," he said as the razor slid softly in neat and precise strokes, "we were in the Mariner and Maverick (Jack Kelly) was there.

"Yes, I guess we're getting famous here, and we didn't even realize it. It's real nice what is happening to Torrance."



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