

LOUIS SOBOL

# MORE ON JFK?

In publishing circles, the talk is that William Manchester, author of "The Death of a President," is contemplating a sequel which will include the expurgated portions of the current book—will give in detail the questions and answers during his 10-hour interview with Jacqueline Kennedy . . . Ziva Rodann, the Israeli sexpot, now in Rome working in a film, has had a tough time putting her heart in her chores. Her fiancé, David Shefler, a Montreal businessman, was killed in a plane accident, the other day.

In the next issue of McCall's, comedienne Carol Burnett confesses openly: "I had never been close to my poor, tragic, defeated mother" . . . Still missing for months from the casinos and private gambling get-togethers in Vegas is Nick the Greek—reported still gravely ill in Beverly Hills . . . Hayley Mills, now 20, finally has realized a long standing ambition—just got herself her own apartment in the Chelsea section of London . . . One of the country's

outstanding jockeys has a problem—his wife is a compulsive gambler—loses money almost as fast as he earns it.

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It is altogether probable that Jacqueline Kennedy could affect femme fashions—but would you believe she might influence realty prices? Well, property holders in Albufeira, Portugal, are waiting to see what she plans to do with her acreage there. If she decides to build, I am told land prices will soar . . . Buff Cobb, granddtr. of the late writer Irvin S. Cobb, heads the Strang Clinic hoedown scheduled for New Year's Eve at the Regency—and wants me to let folks know that Strang is dedicated to preventive medicine . . . This is the time of the year that some faces that seem familiar greet you at the department stores—actors and actresses "at liberty" taking sales jobs for the Christmas rush.

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I had myself an evening full of laffs at the opening of "Don't Drink the Water"

—Woody Allen's stage offering and am ready to paste two gold stars on the foreheads of a couple of deft farceurs—Lou Jacobi and Kay Medford. What a fine team they make! . . . Later, we invaded the Copa for an evening of song with Jerry Vale—a lad who ignores the gimmickry of pepped up "special arrangements," and sings out his ballads the way the composers wrote them. The session's giggles were provided by a doleful-looking but effective young comedian, Lou Alexander.

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At the Lambs' night for Fred Waring in tribute to his 50 years as a bandman, Shepherd Harry Hershfield told the story of the lad who approached a gal at Arthur and asked her to join him in the watusi. "I'm sorry," she said, glumly, "I'm only waltzing these nights—I'm still in mourning." (Peter Lind Hayes emceed the affair) . . . The dancing lass at the Chateau Madrid who dropped one of her castanets during the action had it re-



ZIVA RODANN

turned with a smile by a ringsider whom she didn't recognize—but we did—Prince Sadrudin Aga Khan.

Jeremy Steig, 22-year-old son of the New Yorker cartoonist, Bill Steig, is coming along handsomely as a painter—but the musical group at the Red Onion respects him for something more than his art—insists he is even more proficient as a jazz flutist.