

village calendar

WEDNESDAY (today): Graduation exercises, NYU Division of General Education, Morris Ernst, Commerce Building, 8 p. m.

THURSDAY: Talk, Earl Brown, Know Your City, Tilden Democratic Club, 8:30 p. m.

FRIDAY: Discussion meeting, Dr. Elana Goll, Federation of the Handicapped, 211 West 14th St., 8 p. m.

Trinidad Steel Band, Swapping Song Fair, Cherry Lane, midnight (12:40 a. m.).

SATURDAY: George Saltzberg Club discusses "Is Poetry Freedom and Order?", Tervin Gallery, 29 West 14th St., 8:30 p. m. Ed McCurdy, the Kosoy Sisters, Eric Darling, singing American folk songs, Swapping Song Fair, Cherry Lane, midnight (12:40 a. m.).

SUNDAY: Outing, Greenwich Village Good Neighbor Club, 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.

Nissa presents: Gladys Young in a program of songs of blood, lust, and gore, Cafe Demitasse, 4 p. m.

First Presbyterian Church

Fifth Avenue, 11th and 12th Streets

Ministers

REV. JOHN O. MELLIN
REV. JOHN B. MACNAB

SUNDAY, JUNE 17th

11 A.M.—MR. MELLIN

3 P.M.—LAWN SERVICE
MR. MACNAB

Day Care, Children Age 6-12
Month of June, \$10 per week
Vacation Bible School
Included free of charge
June 11-22.

Call or Write: Sheldon Flory,
c/o St. Luke's Chapel, 487
Hudson St., WA 4-0562.

Grace Church

Broadway at Tenth Street
LOUIS W. PITT, D.D., S.T.D., Rector
SUNDAY: 9 A.M., Holy Communion
11, Morning Prayer; Sermon, Rector
Tues. and Wed., 12:30, Noon Prayers
Thurs. 12:30, Holy Communion

St. John's in Village

218 West 11th Street
SUNDAY
8 A.M., The Holy Communion
9:30 A.M., Family Eucharist
11 A.M., Choral Eucharist and sermon.
THE HOLY COMMUNION
Wed 7:30 A.M., Thurs 10 A.M.

FATHER'S DAY SPECIALS



VILLAGE MENS SHOP

74 Christopher Street
MANHATTAN SHIRTS
INTERWOVEN SOCKS

Commercials You'll ENJOY by Village's Bob (of Bob and Ray)

In a comfortable duplex on West 9th Street a three-man team began plotting how to turn out television commercials that the public would want to see.

The team—Bob Elliott, 33; Ray Goulding, 34; and Ed Graham—have turned the trick once with animated commercials (for Piel's beer) which became so popular that Piel's advertising agency began to list the times at which the "Bert and Harry" commercials could be seen. Elliott and Goulding—better known as the radio team of Bob and Ray—depicted the voices of Harry and Bert in the commercials, which were devised by copy-writer Graham. Now the three have incorporated legally to produce commercials in a similar vein.

"We first realized that the Piel brothers were catching on when people who knew us began to ask if we did them," Elliott told The Voice at his home last week. "Elevator men and people like that. It began to seem as though everybody had started watching commercials! I think they were intrigued with the low-pressure approach."

"Then the columnists started to mention us—very unusual for commercials—and then Piel's beer sales started to rocket."

At the Casbah, Too?

To allow themselves more time for commercial work in future, the comedy team last month ended their two-year early-morning show over WINS, but plan to incorporate many of its better-known features—including "Mary Backstage, Noble Wife," a satire on soap operas—into the weekday-afternoon show which is heard over 520 Mutual stations and 40 stations in Canada. Transcriptions of this show are also heard over the Armed Forces-Radio networks in Europe and other parts of the world. A friend of Elliott's wrote that he heard the pair every day in Casablanca.

Boston-born Bob Elliott joined



up with Goulding when both were working at a Boston radio station 10 years ago. Their light-hearted ad-libbing (and commercial-ribbing) was heard by an NBC executive who brought them to New York in 1951. After awhile they went off NBC, but returned at least partly when the week-end show "Monitor" began last fall. Currently they tape 15 spots a week for "Monitor"—ten of them written by a man in St. Louis whom we've never met," says Bob.

During a recent week-end for example, Bob was involved in three-minute sketches with "Crawford Paisley," a TV critic who'd just discovered Dave Garraway; as "Mr. Science," who set his laboratory on fire; as "Sam Finch, unsung hero of the police force"; interviewing a man who sold newspapers; promoting the "Bob and Ray crime-of-the-month club"; and juggling with "Arkansas Eddie," his unsolicited summer replacement.

Elliott, who came to the Village two years ago, is a keen amateur painter, and the walls of the duplex he shares with his blonde wife, Lee, three daughters, Collie, Amy, and Shannon, and a spaniel called Forbush, are lined with his works. "He's my favorite artist," says Mr. Elliott.

the village square

by John Wilcock

The most colorful collection of sights, sounds, and smells in New York at this moment can be found on Sullivan Street between West Houston and Canal Streets. Officially the Feast of Saint Anthony, it's actually a delightful mixture of bands, street dancing, sidewalk wheels of fortune, frying Italian sausage, sizzling calzones (something like doughnuts), illuminations, colored balloons, and happy people. Difficult to believe it's really taking place in a big American city. Continues every night through Thursday.

The Seltzer-Bottle Mambo

One of the first times I ever listened to WOR's all-night disc jockey Jean Shepherd, he was talking about hard-top automobiles.

"There's no such thing as a hard-top convertible," he kept repeating. "Get it out of your head." His theory, it seemed, was that the only people who would buy a pseudo-convertible were schizophrenic phonies who wanted to look sporty but hadn't the guts to commit themselves.

The whole subject was a fairly typical Shepherdism, though not necessarily one of his best. Frankly, I don't know what's been his most interesting topic; he ad libs for about 70 per cent of his nightly 5-hour stint, and it's rarely that I catch more than two or three out of the hundreds of subjects he must touch upon.

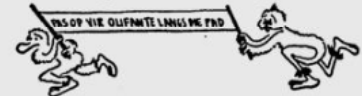
The Village is one of Shepherd's favorite localities—it forms the geographical backdrop to many of his anecdotes—and though he lives in New Jersey, he spends a great deal of time in Washington Square and points not far west. By the time we met for a beer last week (in the Rochambeau), my collection of early-morning Shepherdiana dated back about one month.

"Well, there's this man who sits outside of Mammoth Cave in Kentucky" (he said one night) "and he sells stalactites as souvenirs. But they're not really stalactites. As a matter of fact, they're not even souvenirs of Mammoth Cave; they're souvenirs of Chillicothe, Ohio, where this man has a factory and makes them out of plaster of paris. Everybody knows this, but they buy them just the same . . ."

Last Friday as we sat over our beers in the Rochambeau, Shepherd gazed moodily into his glass and asked: "Did I ever tell you about the man who was a connoisseur in ice cubes?" He didn't wait for an answer. "This man," he continued, "used to swirl the cubes round in his drink and then he'd take a little sip and look thoughtful. 'Yes,' he'd say, 'that would be from a Frigidaire '48 model—one of the rear trays.'"

During the hours when all-night shows are on the air there are no Hooperatings, so that nobody knows what sort of an audience is listening. Shepherd knows he has one, though, because people call him all the time to tell him about new stunts they've devised to shake the faith of the overconfidently smug.

I was listening a few weeks ago, for example, when a



caller reported that he'd disturbed the equilibrium of a Liberty Music shop by flashing in to ask for "The Seltzer-Bottle Mambo." Frantic search of catalogues. "The Seltzer-Bottle Mambo," sir?" the clerk asked. "Yes—by the Excelsior Five on the Dogmatic Label." Further searching; then: "I'm very sorry, sir . . ."

And I was listening to Shepherd again last Thursday as he reminisced about one of his traumatic experiences. "Look out for those radishes," he said. "They're habit-forming. I know, I really know. I used to get all radished up on Saturday nights and reel about and fall down and knock lamps over."

"No one can help you when you get it bad; you have to cure yourself. I cured myself. It's been over six months now. I haven't touched a radish since . . ."

That Art Show Again

An exhibitor in the Washington Square Outdoor Art Show who reported to Mercer Street police station that one of his pictures was missing, was told that five or six paintings are stolen from the show every year. If the thief concentrates exclusively on this show, can't you just imagine what the walls of his apartment must look like?

THE ANIMAL'S KINGDOM Special Sale



Hide, a form of
Kitten Litter
43c
Usually 49c

"Your Pet's Beauty Salon"

35½ Greenwich Avenue
between 10th and
Charles Streets
WA 9-6431



GIFTS FOR
FATHER
Modern Jewelry
mugs, ashtrays,
etc.
182 W. 4 St.
WA 4-9220
1-9 P.M.

GROSVENOR LTD.

SPRUCE UP DAD
AROUND THE HOUSE
OR ON THE BEACH IN
A HOPPY COAT FROM
JAPAN—\$5.95 TO \$7.95

OTHER GIFT ITEMS
FROM \$1.50

451 6th Ave. (Bet. 10 & 11 Sts.)
AL 5-9339

NEXT WEEK

The June 20 issue of The Village Voice will contain a supplementary section with special features devoted to hi-fidelity.

NEW COTTONS ARRIVED FROM SWITZERLAND THIS WEEK

Breath-taking organdies, etc. Far below wholesale mill prices.

You furnish the drud, we furnish the dressmaker.

Our clearance on all cottons continues.

MILL END IMPORTS

74-78 East 11 St. GR 7-3596

TIP TOP CLEANERS

Tops in Cleaning

A new store in our
neighborhood at 284
8th Ave. near 24th St.

FREE PICK-UP
AND DELIVERY SERVICE

DRAMATICS COUNSELOR

also waterfront ARC instr.
Girls camp Adirondack Mountains. Fine
opportunity for young girl who enjoys
working with children ages 7 to 16. Ex-
cellent facilities for simple productions.
CONGENIAL STAFF
TOP SALARY OFFERED
For information call Academy 2-8726

CLOSING DOLLAR SALE

Antiques and otherwise

FLYING SAUCERS

199 West 10 St. basement

CHINALIER

FINE CHINA — POTTERY — GLASS & DINNER-
WARE AT A FRACTION OF THEIR ORIGINAL
COST. ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW AND DIFF-
ERENT. 37 GREENWICH AVE, NY, OR 5-9595
OPEN TILL 11 P. M.