



Singing comedian hits articulate high with tongue-twisting Dinah

# KING KAYE

## *In the Palace*

In a 90-minute footlight frolic Danny ranges from rambunctious to romantic

**S**HOWMEN are finding it as hard as bookmakers to clear a dollar nowadays. Emphasizing talent instead of trimmings, however, producers have found one solution to their profit problem—Broadway's latest version of the one-man show. The trend toward productions built around a single personality, launched when Judy Garland played New York's fabled Palace Theater last season, got a further boost from the current comedy hit, *An Evening with Beatrice Lillie*. Now the Palace is expectantly polishing up its stage for an eight-week run with the git-gat-gittle man, Danny Kaye.

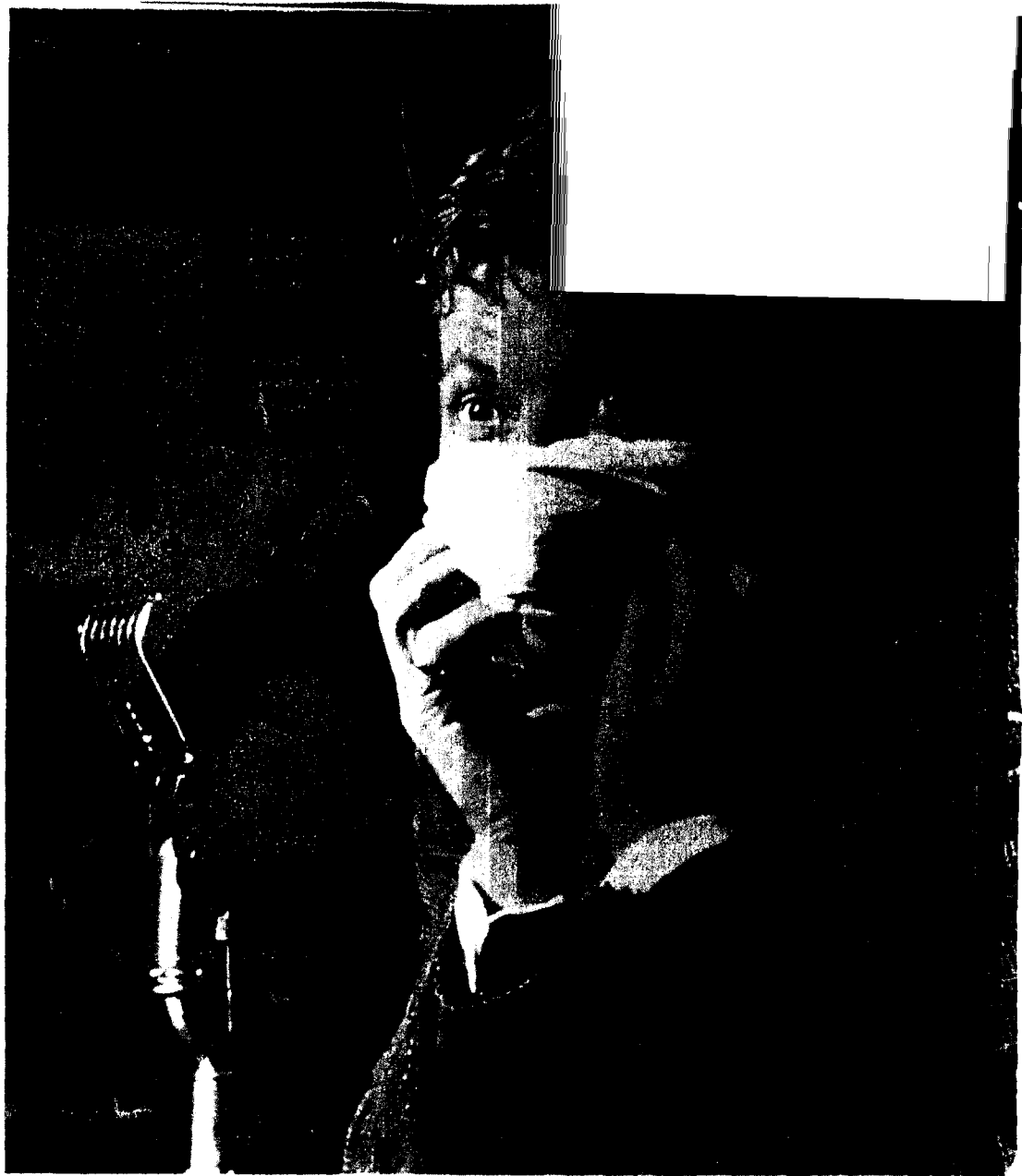
On January 18th, Kaye will subject a willing public to one and a half hours of articulate panto-

mime—the same sort of show with which he first wowed London six seasons ago, and in recent months San Francisco and Dallas. His material stems from 22 years of kudo-copping clowning on stage and in films. Scat songs—such tongue-twisting classics as *Dinah* and *Minnie the Moocher*—will alternate with wistful melodies from his movie and Decca record success, *Hans Christian Andersen*; a tap dance and a Harry Lauder bit with a crushing take-off on Continental concert singers.

Kaye spares no muscle or emotion in establishing rapport with his public, as these pictures taken in San Francisco will show. They do not indicate, however, the working agreement he had with fate

during one performance there. Midway through the show Danny dropped down to the footlights for a breather. Puffing on a cigarette he had filched from the audience, Kaye chatted of inconsequential things. "You people," he said, "are too sensitive. Whenever anyone refers to your city as Frisco, it upsets you. Now, why should you resent that? I think it's because you're insecure."

Whereupon, with masterful timing, the whole theater shuddered and the giant candelabra swayed as the city was struck by one of its worst quakes in years. Taking another puff, Danny finished: "I guess we're all insecure. And now that I'm rested, let's get back to work." ▲▲▲



With unbridled instinct for clowning, Danny Kaye adds surprise bits of business to every performance. Here, for no reason, he peers owlishly over handkerchief



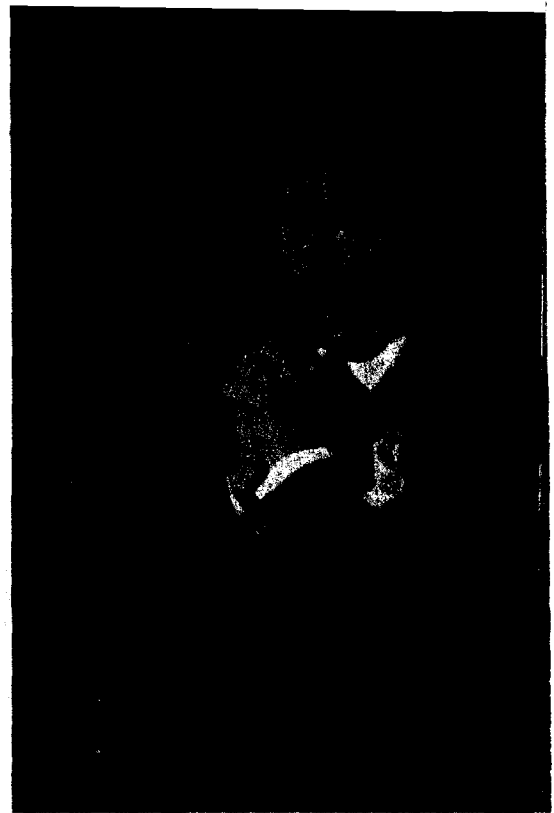
His git-gat-gittle songs give way to a gentler mood as Danny sings version of hillbilly ballad, *Candy Kisses*



Part way through each show, Kaye interrupts act and moves toward stage rim for a smoke and chat with audience

Kaye's hands are eloquent as his face. In *Thumbelina*, one of the songs he sings in the current film hit *Hans Christian Andersen*, he narrows antics down to one expressive thumb

Hands alone get the spotlight in mid-show as Danny, after dismissing orchestra, does off-beat duet with accompanist Sammy Prager. Kaye pantomimes to melody of Prager's piano



Rowdy rhythms of typical scat classic *Minnie the Moocher* bring audience and Kaye together in chorus of *Hi-de-hos*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

As windup to an hour and a half of magnetic showmanship, Danny Kaye, in usual stage costume of brown sport jacket and dark string tie, settles down for an intimate session of songs from *Hans Christian Andersen*. Kaye's debut at the Palace, coincidentally, falls on his fortieth birthday





LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

As I dressed, he sat in a chair and said, "You can't be doing so hot. This is a fleabag"

# Strictly from Hollywood

By STEVE APRIL

**T**HIS beefy joker was busy shaking me awake. I looked at his ugly face and thought it was all a nightmare. The guy flashed a badge and growled, "Get your clothes on, Bogart." He really growled.

"What is this?" I said, sitting up and looking at my wrist watch. It was almost two in the morning.

"Got some business for you," the cop said. "Ain't that something, a real cop bringing business to a crummy private eye like you? On your feet, Cagney."

"Take it slow. What's—?"

"You Charlie Dalls, a private detective?"

"Yeah. So what?"

"A certain friend of mine has work for you—now—so get dressed and stop beating your gums. I ain't got much use for you private bloodhounds."

I was wide awake, but I still didn't know what it was all about. Buster had a badge—a good one, obviously official—and he looked far too big and stupid to argue with. As I dressed, he sat in a chair and said, "You can't be doing so hot. This hotel is a fleabag."

"I'm from Iowa," I said. "Don't even have a license to work in New York. I just got in from Europe."

"Don't worry about a license; nobody'll bother you. On a case in Europe?"

"Yeah," I said.

"All the way to Europe—you must of got big dough."

"Just my expenses."

Bully boy shook his potato-head. "So what you get out of the deal?"

"Trip to Europe, chance to travel," I said.

He grinned, or maybe it was a sneer. "You private eyes! Strictly for the comic books."

He had a prowl car waiting. When we got into the car, I asked where we were going, and he grunted, "See your client; he's in jail. Why he wants to bother with a yokel like you beats me, but that's how he wants it."

"Who is 'he'?"

"George Walker—Mr. Big."

I suppose my mouth dropped open, or should have. Walker was a well-known gambler, a big wheel in a lot of machines. It had been whispered that he was on the boat, but I'd never seen him. He was traveling first class.

Walker wasn't in a cell. He was in the office of the precinct captain, sitting in the captain's chair, his feet up on an open drawer. He was a large man, plump, everything about him smooth and expensive except his voice. That was brittle. "You come in on the Corsair yesterday?" he asked me.

"Yeah," I said. I almost said, "Yes, sir."

"Remembered seeing your name and occupation in the ship's paper. Here's the pitch: Another passenger, a Franklin Allen, was killed in his apartment here in New York a few hours after we all left the boat yesterday afternoon. The cops think somebody on the ship did it, and they're holding me because they got a crazy idea I may have had a motive: we gambled, and he welsed. I'm hiring you because you know most of the people on the ship and that gives you a start over any other dick."

"Did you play cards with him?"

"Sure, but not for real dough. Forget me, I don't murder people. That's for punks. I got to get out of this fast. I'm coming up before one of those Senate committees in a couple days; don't want no bad publicity. That's why this has to be cleaned up fast." He took out his wallet and carefully placed ten hundred-dollar bills on the desk. "There's your retainer. Give me speed, and you get a couple grand more."

I picked up the long green slowly. "What makes the cops think one of the ship's passengers did the killing?"

"Because Allen was a retired professor, the quiet type," my buddy, the copper, put in. "And he'd been out of the country for over three years, Bogart." He was watching the money in my hand with greedy eyes.

Walker said, "Show me fast action and—I won't forget you."

"I'd like to see Allen's apartment," I said.

The cop cut me off with a harsh laugh. "Thought you'd solve it without getting out of your chair." Turning to Walker, he said, "He's a movie dick. All these private eyes think they are. He—"

Walker glanced at him, and the copper stopped talking abruptly. Walker said, "Get going."

I followed the fat copper out the door. I didn't have the smallest idea of what I was going to do. Falling into this deal cold was rough enough; I was way over my head. I was just a small-town detective, never handled anything bigger than divorce or skip-tracing before. Walker was big; Walker meant an office in New York—if I could solve this.

In the car, the cop started needling me again. My buddy didn't like me because if I made it, I'd be one more joker Walker would be carrying. There'd be less gravy for the others, and I'd be playing it legitimate, too. If I made it . . . Still, at the moment, I was Walker's boy with his grand hot in my pocket, so I tried an experiment: I turned to the copper and said, "You got a noisy mouth."

It worked. I didn't collect a faceful of fist.

Franklin Allen's apartment was in one of those modest apartment hotels off Central Park West. From the desk clerk I learned that Allen had cabled from Paris the month before for a two-room apartment. The rooms were neat and conservatively furnished. The detective on duty stared at me and growled, "Who's this?" These boys could really growl.

"Don't you recognize Hump Bogart?" my copper said with a false smile. "He's a private dick working for Mr. Walker."

The body had been removed, but the detective told me Allen had been beaten to death with two blows of a blunt instrument, probably a hunk of pipe. The killer had cleaned himself up in the bathroom; there were traces of blood in the washbasin. The murder had taken place in the bedroom, as Allen was unpacking, and since he'd let the killer in, it meant Allen had known him, or her.

I nodded and looked around, trying to make like a big-time dick. Something about the bathroom bothered me, but I didn't know what. "Can I see another bathroom on this floor?" I asked my cop.

"What for, Sherlock? Same maid does them all. Okay, come on, we'll look."

When we returned to Allen's apartment I said, "Find out if the guys at customs were expecting a shipment of diamonds, or maybe dope, coming in on the boat. Oh, and arrest Allen's cabin steward; he did the murder." I said it all very calmly.

My buddy stared at me with hard eyes. "Just like that? You kidding?"

"What's the steward's name?" the detective asked.

"How the devil should I know?" I asked, heading for the door. "But arrest him. Walker—Mr. Walker—doesn't seem to like jails."

**I**T WAS starting to get light, about seven o'clock, when Walker shook my eager hands, pressed into them a lot of hundred-buck bills, and told me, "Charlie, forget about leaving New York. After I get some sleep, we'll have a long talk. What an angle that steward had, slipping a package of dope in Allen's bag, the old gent taking it through customs, without even knowing he was in the act, the steward in the clear all the way."

"He didn't have to be a genius. It was a small package, and remember he had access to Allen's luggage all the way over," I said.

Walker shrugged. "Only mistake he made was Allen's catching him going through the bag in the apartment. How did you figure it out so fast?"

I should have told them then that it was a lucky guess, remembering that stewards on the ship are sent to school where they learn to clean all cabins just so. When I saw the hand towels in Allen's bathroom folded and hung diagonally, they reminded me of the ship. Force of habit made the steward fold the towels like that after washing his bloody hands.

But I simply couldn't help looking my beefy pal, the cop, straight in the eye and saying softly, "It was a cinch. Merely figured what Bogart would do in a spot like that—and I did it!"