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The Promise of Gangster Glamour:

Sinatra, Vegas, and Alluring, Ethnicized, Excess

Laura Cook Kenna

Las Vegas has been linked with Frank Sinatra since the 1950s. The highly-publicized performances of the Rat Pack (consisting of Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis, Jr., Joey Bishop, and Peter Lawford) at the Sands crystallized the image of Las Vegas as a place that mingled economic mobility with excess. This excess was often associated with ethnicity and frequently linked to crime. It was, however, the excess that made Las Vegas and Sinatra glamorous to many audiences.

Keywords: Las Vegas, Rat Pack, Gangsters, American Ethnicity

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In 1962, a travel writer reminded his readership in that "Las Vegas has a long history, despite any impression you might have gotten that it was discovered by Frank Sinatra shortly after World War II."[1] Frank indeed was tightly associated with the Strip and its pleasures in the public mind. Like the Strip, Sinatra's star persona also comingled mainstream aspirations for economic mobility with displays of excess. This paper investigates the ways that both Sinatra's and Las Vegas' reputations for excess often were associated with ethnicity, frequently tainted with criminality, and yet nonetheless functioned as crucial to their glamorous appeal to midcentury Americans.

Often it was displays of personal excess—usually in his spending or in his temperament—that placed Sinatra's Italian-American ethnicity at the foreground of his persona. The singer's extravagance with money, for example, afforded him a reputation as a gentleman in some circles, while simultaneously and indelibly branding him as a gaudy ethnic, whose mentality reflected something like the mafia's system of favors and pay-offs. Reported the *Los Angeles Times,* "Associates swear his generosity is unequaled, but they also say that 'if Sinatra doesn't like you, watch out.'"[2] The *Times* also reported how Sinatra spent over a quarter of a million dollars on his private jet, making it the most expensive privately owned plane. Sinatra managed to re-code his luxurious private jet, a ready symbol of his membership in the most exclusive of social sets, by

deploying the language of ethnic exclusion in the plane's name: he called the airliner "El Dago." Insistence on ethnicity—by the press and Sinatra himself—kept him marked as working-class and urban, and potentially connected to the underworld—but also it marked him as non-elite—a representative of the expanding middle class and its expanding access to glamour that could not be cordoned off by "old" money or newer, Cold War disciplines. This wasn't inherited wealth or the education of the upper-sets. Somewhat akin to hot streak at a Vegas gambling table, the story of Sinatra's economic success symbolized a meteoric rise. This fantasy Sinatra embodied was a fantasy of going from humble roots to making it big, an American dream that wasn't centered just on hard work, but also on pleasure and indulgence.

In the case of Sinatra, his speech patterns, his reputation for a "Sicilian temper," even the make-up of his Rat Pack entourage put an ethnic accent—literally and figuratively—on his pleasure-seeking brand of American success. The Rat Pack, after all, combined a Jewish man, the illegitimate son of a British Lord, two Italians, and a half-Puerto Rican, half-African American who converted Judaism—all of whom made jokes about ethnic and racial difference a feature of their routine together. Off stage, gossip column coverage of Sinatra often emphasized his Italian-ness through by linking him to criminal or otherwise illicit behaviors. On one hand, there were rumors of the mafia helping Sinatra out of his contract with Tommy Dorsey or photos of Sinatra hanging out with Lucky Luciano in Cuba. On the other hand, even the press coverage that did not focus on these alleged incidents, still related Italian-ness to his spending habits, emotionalism, and relationships. As performers in and ambassadors of Las Vegas, Sinatra and his Rat Pack brought with them their own public image—one full of fast-living and big-spending that also looked over-the-top and ethnic.

Of course, even before Sinatra's heyday there, Vegas reputation for opulence and pleasure also was inflected with innuendos about ethnic criminal activity. However often debunked, popular legend then and now held that Bugsy Siegel, who opened the Flamingo hotel in 1946, was responsible for part of the town's vision and for initiating a flood of "illegitimate" investors into the development of Las Vegas casino resorts.[3] Furthermore, the dubious Teamsters Union was investing their pension fund monies in the local hospital and other projects throughout the 1960s.[4] The notion that organized crime might be underwriting the pleasures and peccadilloes of Las Vegas' visitors was treated as more of an open secret than an insider's speculation. By 1963, a new book-length report by investigative journalists Ed Reid and Ovid Demaris put a detailed account of criminal interests in Vegas into the hands of American readers across the country. Entitled *The Green Felt Jungle*, the exercise in muck-raking recounted a history of Las Vegas casino by casino, tarring every establishment on the Strip with accusations of gangster ownership, management, or financing. News reports in *Life*, *Reader's Digest*, the *New York Times* and other national press echoed these allegations throughout much of the late fifties and sixties.

Nonetheless, illicit underworld connections were far from the only thing for which Las Vegas was famous. *The Saturday Review*, in 1960, pronounced that Las Vegas was no longer procession of relatively barren dessert lots, inviting its readers to instead picture a set of up-to-date resort hotels boasting supper clubs "complete with the best talent that big money [could] buy."[5] Vegas developers created a location that utilized and tropes of upper-class privilege and success such as airplane travel, air conditioning, headliners of Broadway and Hollywood acclaim, golf courses, and resort hotels. The price tag, however, was still relatively modest, democratizing these usual symbols of indulgence. The *Washington Post's* travel writers emphasized the affordability of Vegas from its buffet meals, its "luxurious accommodations at surprisingly

moderate prices." The *Post* also praised the value of being able to see great shows for either the price of dinner or drinks at a supper club or even for free in a lounge.[6] The abundance and affordability of Vegas amenities promised to undo injunctions toward disciplined spending and undermine strictures of propriety and refinement. In a 1964 *Esquire* essay, Tom Wolf publicized the Las Vegas ethos by alluding to the illicit reputation of the city as well the Strip's promise of unfettered access to the good life.

> "Las Vegas has become, just as Bugsy Siegel dreamed, the American Monte Carlo—without any of the inevitable upper-class baggage of the Riviera casinos. At Monte Carlo there are still Wrong Forks, Deficient Accents, Poor Tailoring, Gauche Displays, Nouveau Richness, Cultural Aridity—concepts unknown in Las Vegas."[7]

Wolf's article typified a trend in travel writing of the time to promote Vegas as a place where the rules of the social scene were less hierarchical and the pleasure of excess was participatory.

Looking at how midcentury Americans related to Frank Sinatra and to Las Vegas reveals some dense historical overlaps suggesting that each affected how the other was being understood. Vegas and Sinatra both beckoned to mid-century Americans a promise of access to alluring excesses—from conspicuous consumption and personal pleasure to public displays of ethnicity and even criminality. *Gangster glamour* is the term I have devised for this overlap of the illicit and the enviable. In his study *Ways of Seeing*, John Berger suggested that the lure of glamour comes from something fairly specific. Glamour accrues to objects or places or people not just because they look good but because of what they bring in out in us: a bit of envy. For the purposes of this paper, I want to follow his lead, assuming that it is not just being expensive, or good-looking, or high quality that makes something glamorous. Glamour adheres to those things, places, or people that conjure up a longing to be transformed into more ideal versions of ourselves.[8]

This is one reaction I want to suggest is crucial to understanding the appeal of "Rat Pack" Sinatra and Vegas in the historical moment of the early to mid-1960s: a kind of envious admiration. Still, the glamour of this social set and the desert oasis involved more than just great clothes, beautiful people, beautiful spaces, and the conspicuous abundance of, well, everything. It also involved a kind of suspicion that all the glamour was underwritten somehow by an illicit element. In adding the modifier *gangster* to glamour, I am proposing that we must keep in view the ways that all of the material and sensual excess of Vegas and Sinatra were also tied to excesses like illicit behavior and ethnic distinctiveness. There was an illicit quality to Vegas partly because gambling in all forms—even lotteries—were still illegal everywhere else but Nevada. But some of the good living and self-indulgence modeled by Sinatra and Vegas might have also had that allure of the illicit because of the broader American Cold War ideals of conformity and restraint. In this era, responsible spending and self-discipline were supposed to cultivate personal virtues but also national strength—weapons against communism, ways of building a strong American future.[9] Purely through their focus on spending and behaving for nothing but personal pleasure, Vegas and The Rat Pack would have had the flavor of getting away with something.

On one hand then, the purpose of putting *gangster* before *glamour* is to remind us to keep that rule-breaking element in view. On the other hand, this heuristic is useful because of the ways that *gangster* connotes not just a criminal but an ethnically or racially distinct man. The glamour of Vegas and the glamour of Rat Pack were never separate from their reputations as enterprises dominated by cabals of ethnic men. This, too, would have somewhat separated the city and Sinatra from dominant cultural values. Scholar of Italian-American culture, Thomas Ferraro has summed up the midcentury ideal

writing that, "ethnicity was something you were supposed to leave behind, if not entirely then a least when you went out in public."[10] Further, tying glamour to ethnicity in this period would have also meant tying it to working class backgrounds. In this way, gangster glamour is distinct from "regular" glamour because it hints at its own recent construction. It is the glamour of the "recently arrived," and rather than seem formal and restrained, its aesthetic is more showy–like "nouveau riche" but with an ethnic edge.

Frank Sinatra and Las Vegas did not pioneer this link of visible ethnicity and the illicit with glamour, however. In fact, old newspaper coverage of Al Capone used to comment on how great his suits were and his penchants for opera and fine hotels. Even as reporters cataloged his dangerous criminal exploits, news stories also left open the possibility to envy his lifestyle as glamorous. Early gangster films tended to reproduce this mix of opprobrium and admiration. In *Public Enemy*, for instance, moviegoers watched Jimmy Cagney get fitted for his new, custom-tailored suits and pick up the sexy Jean Harlow while cruising around in a fabulous touring car. Still, in early news and fictional treatments, the gangsters' lack of restraint with money also was treated as a symbol of his lack of good taste. Excessive spending and self-display were usually coded as something like ethnic tackiness. Historian David Ruth has observed that the conspicuous consumption of gangsters marked them as "pretenders to respectability" rather than respectable members of society.[11]

While Vegas and Sinatra were not the originators of this phenomenon, they represented something new in the way they encouraged Americans to participate in gangster glamorous goings-on. Both the Rat Pack and Las Vegas mixed symbols of exclusivity with a logic of participation. That is, they both signaled the high life but did so with one hand out to the audience in an offer to join in the good time. This signal of access and interaction, this is the "promise" of gangster glamour: the promise to participate. After all, Vegas was the place where what was criminal elsewhere was perfectly legal. This meant that audiences or potential visitors were encouraged to relate the Strip's entertainment—including Sinatra's Rat Pack—in a fundamentally different way than to other representations of gangsters and their lifestyle up until this point. Specifically, this was a radical departure from law and order narratives from 30s films through to 60s TV gangster stories, that encouraged audiences to root for the police and then restored the good of society by emphasizing the gangster's gruesome, unenviable fate. Vegas and Sinatra, by contrast, not only highlighted their gangster-glamorous appeals but also promised the possibility to participate. They offered to make good on the promise of gangster glamour—on that fantasy of the transformed self—as they held out opportunities to take part in the behaviors, pleasures, and spaces whose excesses marked them as usually marked them as illicit as well as elegant. Shared "gangster glamour" and a shared "promise" in terms of how their entertainments worked—these are the twin lenses I want to use to sharpen our view on the joint allures of Sinatra and of Vegas.

Perhaps no happening in Las Vegas better typified this participatory promise of gangster glamour than the Rat Pack's shows at the Sands Copa Room. In addition to the steady parade of showgirls, slot machines, and sumptuous accommodations, patrons were also drawn to Vegas by the promise of famous Angelinos carousing as guests not just performers. This was particularly true of the reputation of the Sands hotel, the Las Vegas home of the Rat Pack, which promoted itself as home to a whole family of stars. The Sands celestial family" included not only Sinatra and the boys, but Danny Thomas, Nat King Cole, Red Skelton, Lena Horne and Carol Burnett. On top of the reputation of the whole town for accessibility, the reputation of the Sands explicitly traded on glamorous images of guests' hob-knobbing with the stars. A particularly concrete example of Las Vegas' participatory logic was the quarterly

magazine the *Sands Times.* It perpetuated the hotel's reputation as playground—not just showplace—for the stars. Yet, it also managed to create a visual narrative of visitor access to celebrities and to celebrity-grade travel luxuries rather than an image of patron exclusivity. The publication was free to all Sands guests—or anyone else, for that matter—who asked to be included on the mailing list. Light on text, this slim magazine, treated readers to a feast of photographs, transporting them back to the fun and sun of the Strip. The content and layout of the magazine were designed not only to stoke yearnings for a Vegas getaway but also to provide support for the promise that the Sands was "where you mingle with the STARS." One page might feature Yul Brynner and Edward G. Robinson catching a Sinatra performance in the Copa Room. The next page might feature photos of happy conventioneers including plumbing contractors, salesmen, or Shriner's Clubs members. Pages entitled "Sands Guests" displayed simple collages of smiling, well-dressed patrons creating an easy jumble of photos of celebrity patrons like the Sultan of Malaya and Ira Gershwin alongside shots whose captions included no such prominent names and cited guests' hometowns as Kansas City, Missouri; Sewickley, Pennsylvania; and Wichita Falls, Texas. The *Sands Times* helped to foster the widely held impression that coming to Vegas—particularly to the Sands—was not only a chance to gamble guilt-free, but a chance to be part of a glamorous, celebrity-speckled environment. [12]

At the Sands casino resort, the spaces themselves mirrored Las Vegas participatory ethos as well as the hotel's singular reputation as the most star-studded of The Strips venues. The legendary Copa Room itself, perhaps, best communicated the intimacy with glamour that the Sands provided its visitors. The Copa Room, by today's standards, was a shockingly small venue for hosting such enormous show biz names. Most sources put its standard capacity at a mere 500 seats, hardly what our contemporary imaginations expect when we picture a stage for top-selling recording artists and dominant stars of film and television. [13] The Copa Room was not only intimate in its size; it was intimate in its layout. The table arrangements we almost cramped affairs seating patrons in something like a "family-style" fashion—that is, grouping parties into settings for eight or more rather than providing separate tables for couples or foursomes. The room offered two tiers of seating. The first was nearest the stage and sat diners just about eye-level with the footlights. Photographs of a full Copa Room show some patrons in this tier even resting their elbows on the stage itself, they were so near to the action.[14] The second tier still provided a remarkable illusion of intimacy with performers as its floor was set very near the level of the stage itself. The result was that customers dining at stage left or right had a view as though they were themselves on the stage. The modest, closet-set furnishings also meant that the Copa room had no distinct VIP section. While they were often seated in the tables at the foot of the stage, celebrity visitors were seated in the same general sections, in the same tight spaces and long tables as the rest of the patrons. Surely there were still "bad seats" with somewhat obstructed views of the stage, yet the atmosphere of proximity and familiarity with celebrity would have been palpable in the very configuration of the nightclub space.

This intimacy with the crowd was amplified further by the performance style carved out by maybe the Copa's most glamorous stars: The Rat Pack. Glowing reviews of the original January 1960 "Summit Meeting" recounted that "the stars sat in the center of the room like tourists" at the start of the show and then "all the boys came from the audience," climbing onto the stage from seats among the dinner patrons when it was their turn to wrest the spotlight. This aspect of the performance and the coverage it received cast Sinatra and friends as fellow visitors-at-play in Vegas, not just Vegas attractions. Columnists' recaps of these

ensemble shows also regularly remarked on the star-studded audience drawn by the Rat Pack, an added attraction for non-celebrity Vegas visitors *and* a confirmation that Vegas floorshows were, indeed, glamorous places to be. It was a convention of The Sands Copa room for performers to acknowledge other stars in the audience. At the opening of one Rat Pack "Summit" Dean Martin offered to solve the problem of introducing all the VIPs by simply having the whole room stand.[15] This blurring of for whose enjoyment the show was being performed—the audience or the Rat Pack themselves—and who counted as a VIP—the stars or everyone in attendance—furthered the alluring, "insider" experience of a Rat Pack show.

The show itself was conceived as a spontaneous free-for-all, an on-stage meeting of whoever of the Clan could drop by, an ad-lib hang-out session to which guests were privy. The Rat Pack's shows relied upon the convention of sharing "inside" jokes—like using nicknames and slang and personal barbs at one displaying the intimacy amongst the performers into which the audience was temporarily invited. In these shows, songs would be begun and interrupted, even utterly abandoned as the Rat Pack members heckled one another. Comedic lines were stolen and preemptively delivered by another performer. Laughter at their own bawdy jokes and barbs at each other was the standard. Friends physically pushed one another from their microphones, jumped on one another's backs, or threatened each other with fake blows. Drinks were poured in abundance from a bar on stage. The effect, many nightclub reviewers noted, was allowing the audience to feel like they were simply watching the men hang out. It was a performance that sold itself as a *lack* of performance. For example Las Vegas Sun columnist Ralph Pearl pinpointed the pleasure of the show saying: "It's like eavesdropping on a stag party with binoculars."[16] In the Copa Room with the Rat Pack the promise of participation was being fulfilled: the town, the venue, and the act itself were all about bringing the lifestyle and the good times of the celebrity set into the vacation of the middle-class tourist.

After the sets of songs that most prominently featured the famous singers of the group gave way to all-out heckling, the comedy-oriented portion of the Rat Pack routines would commence in earnest. This section of the show would have been replete with examples of how the group's "gangster glamour" traded on a version of excess that looked like breaking the rules of conventional society and getting away with it. At this point, whoever had been off-state would now make their return wheeling the Rat Pack's infamous on-stage bar. This was a large cart outfitted with ice buckets, high-ball glasses, at least three bottles of liquor, and a small assortment of mixers like club soda and Coca-Cola.

Usually, there was little pretense of anyone actually attempting to sing a solo or complete a dance number by the time they got to this part of the show. The men poured themselves cocktails and sometimes even pulled up stools in front of the piano, just sitting around drinking and bantering with one another. Joey Bishop once quipped during this portion of the routine, "Folks, you can get drunk just by watching this act."[17] One recording of a Rat Pack engagement in 1962 features Dean and Frank trading suggestive one-liners and rewriting popular song lyrics into sex jokes in a back-and-forth that goes on for over ten minutes. Crooned Martin, "You are too beautiful for one man alone/so I brought along my brother." Shortly thereafter, Frank followed with, "You made me love you/I didn't want to do it/You woke me up to do it." In the drinking and the humor, they behaved as agents of excess who were as over-the-top, under-the-influence, and off-the-cuff as they liked.

But sex wasn't the only "impolite" topic that Sinatra and friends used for fodder. With nicknames for Martin and Davis like "Dag" (short of the slur, Dago) and Smokey, the group made a habit of pointing out, poking fun, and potentially challenging ideas about ethnic and racial hierarchies and the desirability of assimilation. They highlighted ethnicity, race, and social hierarchy

frequently. As if to explicitly pooh-pooh people with conventional claims on social and economic privilege, son of a British Lord Lawford was nicknamed "Charlie Snob."[18] Sometimes this meant their humor was fairly political—challenging the audience to laugh at prejudices as the butt of the joke. Many such jokes came from Davis. Talking to a crowd in St. Louis in 1965, he said:

> It is true that I'm an American Negro who adopted Judaism as a faith. But I'd also like to let you know something that you're probably not aware of. My mother is a Puerto Rican. My mother's maiden name was Alvera Sanchez. So that means I'm colored, Jewish, and Puerto Rican. When I move into a neighborhood, I wipe it out. That's it. The whole neighborhood. Ain't nobody left baby.

Davis' multiple-overlapping affiliations fueled a good bit of the troupe's humor. When comedic material poked fun at Jewishness, part of the gag was that Sammy would respond along with Joey Bishop. Davis also sometimes used his identity as a convert to Judaism as a way to claim the relatively higher social position of a Jewish person over an African American in the 1960s. When one of the gang teased Davis about riding in the back of the bus, he countered with the quick retort, "Jewish people don't sit in the back of the bus." Frank agreed saying, "Jewish people own the bus."[19]

Other references to ethnicity were less about it being the stuff of politics or humor and more about it simply being the stuff of everyday life, a defining characteristic of who these men were. Dean's tendency to do Italian-heavy solo sets—for instance following the song "A Evening in Roma" with "Volare" sung in Italian—was just one way that ethnic identity also showed up as something "normal," not just something funny. Similarly, when singing after Dean in January of 1963, Sinatra would sometimes take the mic and introduce himself simply saying, "I'm the other Italian." This ethnic way of thinking about Dean and Frank was emphasized at one point on the Sands marquee itself. During one engagement in 1962, it read: "Dean Martin ass't by his Italian friend Francis."[20]

Indeed, that signboard symbolized rather neatly how ethnicity was a marquee issue in Vegas—whether through performers like the Rat Pack or through its many Jewish and Italian proprietors. Either way, staying visibly ethnic was one of the "excessive" personal behaviors that were allowed in Vegas, even during the midcentury era that historians now call "cultural constraint." Of course, for many Jewish and Italian Americans maintaining ethnic distinctiveness also meant living with an illicit association. Let alone all the underworld myths, they had a reputation for the providing access to pleasurably indulgent, over-the-top ways of being, an association that they shared with Vegas and the Rat Pack. Putting the *gangster* next to the *glamour* allows us to put a name to the special brand of a excess that was promised to Las Vegas' visitors and helps us better understand the appeal of city, the appeal of Sinatra, and the ways that the Singer and the Strip reinforced one another's allure in the late 50s to mid 60s.

Laura Cook Kenna is a Visiting Assistant Professor of American Studies at George Washington University.

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Notes

[1] Richard Joseph, "Las Vegas Is the Place Where the Action Is Not Governed by the Clock," *Esquire*, October 1962.
[2] John L. Scott, "Sinatra Thrives on Killing Pace," *Los Angeles Times (1886-Current File)*, January 25 1959, p. E1. Similarly, the code to "Love and help your friends and punish your enemies," was attributed to Frank's Hoboken, New Jersey childhood in James Bacon, "Sinatra Show Set for Kennedy Inauguration," *Los Angeles Times (1886-Current File)*, January 15 1961, p. F13.
[3] An excellent examination and debunking of the Siegel/Flamingo legend has been is in David G. Schwartz, *Suburban Xanadu: The Casino Resort on the Las Vegas Strip and Beyond* (New York: Routledge, 2003), p. 51-5. Contrast, nevertheless, the full chapters devoted to Siegel's and Meyer Lansky's roles in the formation of Las Vegas in Sally Denton and Roger Morris, *The Money and the Power: The Making of Las Vegas and Its Hold on America* (Vintage Books, 2001).
[4] By 1963 the Teamsters Pension Fund had invested sixty percent of its assets in real estate, a huge departure from the 2.3 percent typical of comparable investment strategies of the period. Hal Rothman, *Neon Metropolis: How Las Vegas Started the Twenty-First Century* (New York: Routledge, 2003), p. 10-8.
[5] Horace Sutton, "Cowboys and Croupiers," *Saturday Review* 1960.
[6] The report puts the daily cost of food around. $3. Kermit Holt, "Las Vegas Is a Real Eye-Popper of a Town," *The Washington Post, Times Herald (1959-1973)*, May 7 1961.
[7] Thomas K. Wolfe, "Las Vegas!," *Esquire*, February 1964, p. 102.
[8] John Berger, *Ways of Seeing* (New York: Penguin Books, 1977).
[9] At midcentury popular and political discourses linked restrained, "proper" consumption to civic responsibility, emphasizing personal discipline as a way to participate in the construction of the nation's success and a way to construct oneself as a fully acculturated American. See especially Lizabeth Cohen, *A Consumers' Republic: The Politics of Mass Consumption in Postwar America* (New York: Vintage Books, 2004) and Elaine Tyler May, *Homeward Bound* (Basic Books, 1999).
[10] Thomas Ferraro. *Feeling Italian: The Art of Ethnicity in America.* (NYU: 2005) p. 91
[11] Ruth notes that *Scarface* and other 1930s movies portrayed their gangsters in elegant trappings that could not actually disguise their inferiority to the legitimate upper sets. David Ruth, *Inventing the Public Enemy: The Gangster in American Culture, 1918-1934* (University of Chicago, 1996), p. 75. Jonathan Munby makes a similar argument about the screen gangster of the 1920s: "If leisure had been stigmatized as the realm of the 'other" (as an amoral sphere populated by the wrong kind of Americans), here was that realm's most feared representative." Jonathan Munby, *Public Enemies, Public Heroes: Screening the Gangster from Little Caesar to Touch of Evil* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1999), p. 33.
[12] *Sands Times* (issues from 1965 and 1966) in Sands Hotel Collection, Special Collections, UNLV Libraries, University of Nevada, Las Vegas
[13] One Sands press release from 1962, however, mentions packing up to 1050 people into the room for a standing room only show, during which additional tables were added to the floor. Al Freeman, "Entratter Marks Sands Tenth Anniversary with Special Danny Thomas Shows (Press Release)," 1962 in Sands Hotel Collection, Special Collections, UNLV Libraries, University of Nevada, Las Vegas
[14] Sands Hotel Collection, Special Collections, UNLV Libraries, University of Nevada, Las Vegas
[15] Les Devor, "Vegas Vagaries," *Las Vegas Review Journal*, January 21 1960. Hedda Hopper went so far as to list seventeen celebrities by name in her review of the opening night's show and its attendees. Hedda Hopper, "Sinatra's Vegas Show Terrific," *Los Angeles Times (1886-Current File)*, January 23 1960, p. A6.
[16] Quoted in Shawn Levy, *Rat Pack Confidential: Frank, Dean, Sammy, Peter, Joey and the Last Great Showbiz Party* (New York: Broadway Books, 1998). p 118-9.
[17] Forrest Duke, "The Visiting Freeman," *Las Vegas Review-Journal*, June 23 1961.
[18] Earl Wilson, "Sinatra Clan Summit Makes Hilarious Comedy," *Las Vegas Review-Journal*, June 13 1961.
[19] In another version of this joke—part of the Sands show—Frank recounts that when Sammy declared that he wasn't black but Jewish, the driver told him to get off the bus. Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, and Sammy Davis, *The Rat Pack Live at the Sands* (Recorded Live at The Sands Hotel, Las Vegas, NV, September 7, 1963: Capitol Records, 2001), CD.
[20] Sands Hotel Photo Collection, Special Collections, UNLV Libraries, University of Nevada, Las Vegas.