



“Sinatra” (Photo: National Archives and Records Administration;
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Frank Sinatra at Girl's Town Ball in Florida, March 12, 1960

“Hi-yah, Frankie!”

Sinatra

Theodore Jerome Cohen

“Hi- yah, Frankie!”

“Hey, kid. What brings ya to the Strip?”

“Thought we’d take in your show at Caesars.”

“Terrific. Here’re some tickets for tonight’s performance. Just make sure Joyce dresses on da demure side; I can’t be distracted, ya know!” [Winks.]

“Listen, Frankie, she’s the epitome of propriety! Though there was that one time—”

[Both men laugh.]

“By the way, Frankie, any plans for Thanksgiving?”

“Oh, yeah . . . going to Patsy’s Restaurant in Midtown Manhattan. Salvatore would have a fit if I didn’t show up.”

“Well, you’ve certainly been loyal to him all these years . . . what’s it been?”

“We go way back, to the early 1950s. Man, I’d hit rock bottom, then. I mean, it was rough, personally and professionally. Things between Ava and me was goin’ down fast. I was in Patsy’s the night before Thanksgiving, and no one—NO ONE—would even give me the time of day. When I left, I told Salvatore’s grandfather, old man Scognamillio, that I would be back for Thanksgiving dinner. Well, he made me a reservation without even hesitating.”

“Why wouldn’t he?”

“Well, what I didn’t know was, the restaurant normally was closed on Thanksgiving. But God bless him, the old man didn’t want to hurt my pride. So, he told the staff to bring their families for dinner, called other people to fill the restaurant so I wouldn’t notice, and when I arrived at 3 p.m., the place was jumpin’.

“I never forgot that.”