



# QUOTH THE MAVEN

BY BEVERLY KING POLLOCK

## Organization Gal

I guess I'm what you might call an organization gal because for years I've been going to meetings. Mostly neighborhood groups which work for a real cause and usually Jewish-motivated.

I have served and suffered and felt rewarded as a fund raiser, telephone committee, cleanup party and Veep. And I've memorized hundreds of statistics showing the worthiness of my various special projects.

Now all of a sudden I find your executive position or duties can be changed radically once you're called to be The Speaker at The Meeting. Particularly if The Meeting is not in your neighborhood and you don't know many of the members.

Frinstance I found when I'm officially "speaking," I'm not expected to empty ashtrays, count heads, pour coffee or even do dishes. But though I'm not supposed to, from force of habit I find myself sitting by the door greeting members as they come in to make sure they feel at home.

Like last week I was sitting down sipping tea when in came this Someone who reminded me exactly of my Cousin Nora except Cousin Nora has blue eyes.

Anyhow this Someone without blue eyes plopped down on a chair dog tired. "I just got back from Las Vegas," she said.

"No wonder you're so tired," I said. "I've never been to Vegas but I understand...."

"That's not it at all," she said. "I was worn out before I got to Vegas."

I sympathized out loud. "I know. You felt you just had to get away from the kids...."

"That had nothing to do with it," she said. "I wasn't tired until we decided to go away. Then I broke my neck scrubbing down walls, washing and ironing, going through the old clothes, throwing out and mending...."

"You didn't happen to have a Bar Mitzvah before you left home?" I said. "You know I did all those things and not one person asked to see my basement or even the linen closet."

She sighed. "No Bar Mitzvah. It's on account of the airplane flight."

I said, "The airplane flight?"

And she said, "The airplane flight. God forbid something should happen my kids would never think of cleaning up the house...."

I said, "you mean...."

And she said, "Of course. They'd sit Shiva in a dirty house for all the neighbors to see and remember me like a big slop."

"I know how you feel," I said. "My neighbor had to go buy new drapes for her son's room"

# Notable Nevadans

(THE STORY OF A PERSON WHOSE FAITH, COURAGE AND FORESIGHT WAS A DETERMINING FACTOR IN NEVADA'S GROWTH)

## Meet Dr. "Heart"

BY JACK TELL

A great deal of personal satisfaction is derived when a man, you have respected many years for his kindness and understanding as a human being (who happens to be a brilliant medic), is finally honored with public recognition he deserved all along.

That is why we glowed when Gov. Mike O'Callaghan named Dr. Oliver Wendell Shelksohn to the State Board of Osteopathy.

Circumstances presented the opportunity for this reporter to become acquainted with Dr. Shelksohn shortly after he commenced practice in Las Vegas in 1962. We were covering a story involving the strange death of a Strip motel clerk, when the doctor arrived on the scene. In minutes, he ascertained a bullet wound under the hair in the back of the scalp and the Sheriff's office pronounced it a murder

-- same reason -- and her son hasn't been home in two years."

All of a sudden it dawned on me why I like to go to meetings. Because every person there is a maven. And we mavens just sort of stick together. You might even say we're clannish.



DR. SHELKSOHN

(which, incidentally has never been solved.)

We marveled at the dexterity of Dr. Shelksohn's immediate, positive appraisal, and dismissed the matter from our mind.

Not long thereafter, we were formally introduced to Dr. Shelksohn by Dr. Harry Bernstein, who, in his late seventies, was leaving our town to study and teach at the University of Mexico. It was Dr. Bernstein who alerted us to the outstanding attributes of

Dr. Shelksohn. "If I knew half as much as he does," said Bernstein, "I'd be a great doctor." It was the highest compliment that could be bestowed on a man in the same profession.

It was then we began to closely follow the career of Dr. Shelksohn, enough to make us an authority of the subject. It has been with much delight and almost reverence, the time spent socially at dinner or in a cozy living room with the good doctor and his adorable wife Lois.

We learned that Dr. Shelksohn has depth. He is one of the last of the vanishing breed known as a general practitioner, who can spot with some immediate certainty the difference between a gallstone and a pesky appendix. His 20 years in Ely, prior to Las Vegas, gave him expertise in all facets of medicine, from setting a broken leg to delivering a baby.

For body aches and muscle soreness, he has no peer. Dr. Shelksohn knows, more than anyone we can imagine, the texture, setting and proximity of every bone in your body, and how to reach it when it is causing pain. His manipulation of your neck or shoulder to quell an ache in a lower spinal disk is almost miraculous.

Here is one instance for the record.

When we were handling the local promotion for the Patterson-Liston heavyweight championship fight, Patterson's lawyer, Julius November, an admitted hypochondriac, asked if we could recommend a doctor in town. When November came out of Shelksohn's office, he marvelled as we were returning to the hotel. "I've visited doctors in Switzerland and all over Europe, in South America and Africa, and" he raved, "never have I met a man with the knowhow, perception and diagnostic talent of Dr. Shelksohn."

A native of Kansas, Dr. Shelksohn graduated from Valparaiso University in Indiana, and Kansas City College of Osteopathic Medicine. He interned at the Rocky Mountain Osteopathic Hospital in Denver.

He is a three-time past president of the Nevada Osteopathic Medical Association, and served as secretary-treasurer of that group for nine years. He served a term on the state board earlier in his career.

In 1941 Dr. Shelksohn was inducted into Psi Sigma Alpha, honorary scholastic fraternity. In 1946, he was awarded Certificate of Specific Osteopathic Technic and Efficiency from Denver Polyclinic and Post Graduate Hospital.

In 1961 Dr. Shelksohn was awarded Certificate of Designation to U.S. Federal Aviation Agency, and later that year, Physicians and Surgeon's Certificate from Nevada State Osteopathic Board.

In 1964 he received Certificate of Mechanical Training from U.S. School of Medicine, Federal Aviation Agency. In 1969, he was awarded Certificate of Appreciation from Health Planning Advisory Council, State of Nevada.

Earlier this year he was granted Certificate from American College of General Practitioners in Osteopathic Medicine and Surgery.

Add to all these achievements, membership in Aerosphere Medical Association and six Certificates of Appreciation from American Osteopathic Association.

So now you know why we appreciate and are proud to proclaim the merits of an outstanding man of letters. If you need further testimony, drop by his office and ask any of his capable staff of nurses, Sandy, Stephany or Jessica.

Their's will be a redundancy of our views.

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