part the big scare was just that.

the world looks sweet again.

pleasant report by a doctor. This will require careful watching of diet and attitude for the

next two to three years. But when you are told

that you are free from the dreaded "C." all

The petty problems of the day are laughed at. The big lump in the throat comes when you

look up to God and say thanks for the second

The big things don't seem that big anymore.

CONNIE STEVENS AT FLAMINGO

Connie Stevens, the winsome

movie-star -Hotel.

turned - cabaret - head liner, opens a four week stay in the main showroom of the Flamingo of the brightest new the test came and the news was good. No

trace of carsonoma just an ulcerated colitis of the left portion of the colon. The cancer scare was over. It left in its wake a bunch of jittery, thankful people, but for the most attraction and Now don't get me wrong, an ulcerated colitis condition in a 33-year-old man is not a

in 1968. numerous motion pic- doors.

Appearing with Miss AT FREMONT Stevens will be Lonnie Shorr, the drawling young comic who was try's most exciting young singer, returns hailed by critics as one to the Fiesta Room of performers to debut on the Las Vegas Strip the Fremont Hotel during 1971.

Lovely, vivacious Miss Stevens was Brenda has appeared at well established as a the Fremont's \$1 miltop Hollywood box office lion Fiesta Room TV several times in the luminary before making past, and has woven her her initial cafe appear- spell on showgoers. ance at the Flamingo Standing only 4 feet 10 Up to that inches tall, she has a time she had starred in voice as big as all out-

Brenda Lee, the coun-

BRENDA LEE

tures and reigned as the Joining Brenda in the No. 1 cover girl of the Fiesta Room is funny-Joining Brenda in the fan mags. She also had man Stewie Stone. two enormously suc-Known for his excellent cessful TV series to her comedy delivery, Stone credit: "Hawaiian Eye" is sure to delight the and "Wendy And Me." special guests,



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bowel movements were taken for a stomach flu and forgotten. I was bothered by a worsening case of diarrhea and my body felt like it was dissipating down to nothing. My appetite left

me completely.

Our family doctor first thought it was a case of contracting the bug, amoeba, which leaves the victim in a sickness much like All the symptoms were there, loss of weight (by the end of the first month I was down 20 pounds), loss of appetite, nausea and diarrhea. It made sense and we all went along with the diagnosis. The only thing that puzzled me was that the people I heard about that had caught amoebas all were out of the country at the time. A couple got the bug in Mexico, a father-daughter team caught the mess while visiting Venezuela. I had not been out of the country in over three years. So in back of my mind I was still concerned.

The illness was tricky. In December it took a turn for the better then faltered and I was back in bed once again. In the beginning of January I was starting to show signs of strength and a renewed appetite. But the old body was certainly not breaking any healing

records.

So we decided to take some barium X-ray tests to see if the intestines were clear and if I definitely had amoebas or whatever. The tests over in less than an hour, we brought the film to our local doctor for a report. There we were in his office, with my guts the main focal point on his viewing machine, when he told Rita and I that I was a possible victim of carsonoma. What is that lasked? Carsonoma is a cancer of the colon. I would have to have further tests in five days.

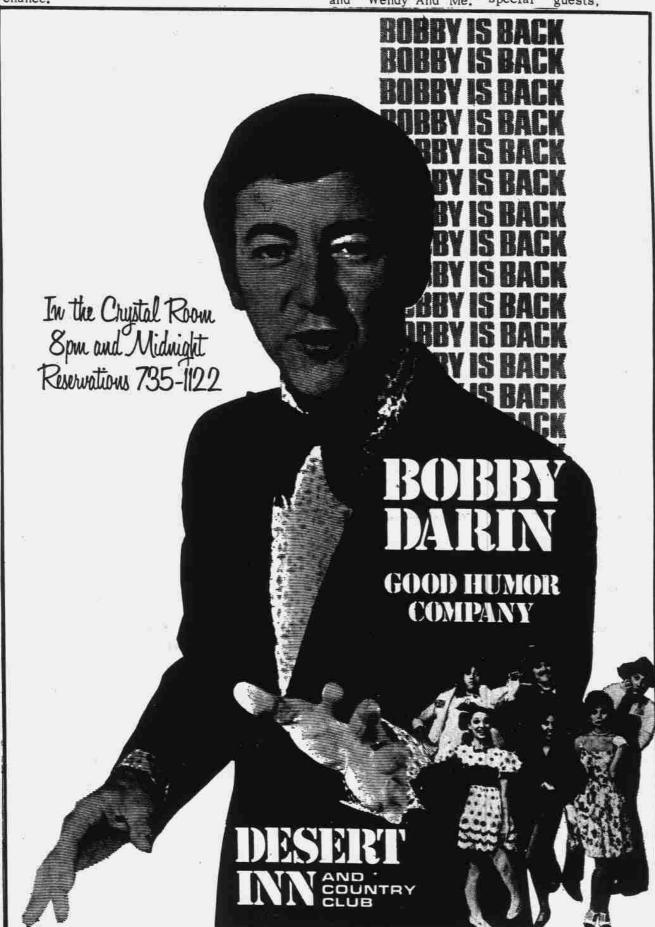
What a sickening feeling. To any of our readers who have been told by their doctors that they have a black spot on their X-ray film that would have to be tested further, you know the feeling Rita and I experienced. There it was right in my lower left colon area, a dark spot the size of a walnut which appeared

on three of the X-rays taken.

The doctor, who we love, told us not to be alarmed. He was pretty sure it was not a carsonoma but both he and the X-ray physician agreed they could not rule out the possibility.

Needless to say, for the next four days Rita and I were walking mummies. We were numb to feelings, to words, to hopeful encouragement and to people. The test was all that mattered. To spare any more dramatics, the day of





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