

There is little to report in the way of current news from our favorite fishing hole, Lake Mead. The chilly winds of Winter curtailed practically all fishing activities during the past week. Our local weather man, after threats of being exiled to outer Sireria, if he did not bring in more balmy reports, has promised better

conditions for the coming week.

Only the intrepid and the daring ventured out last week. Other than the gulls, and other birds, who must hustle wish to survive, the only others, we have heard about who took to sea, were Red Marion, and Long Winded Sid Bishop. Red knew better, but he just couldn't wait another day to try out his new Merc 1000. Red was as restless as a one armed paper hanger with the itch. He couldn't stimulate any of his usual cronies to go along to see how "Corky" per-formed with its brand new powerhouse, so he shanghied Daddy Luther, first mate of the "Ina Marie", and made a raid on Sidney's private bait tank, just before he took off for Temple Bar, Sidney, after detecting the shortage in his minnow tank, hooked up "Miss Mary", and took off in rapid pursuit.

They both knew that I was short handed with the Voice, and could not go fishing, even though I would have been fool enough to have gone. Being the good sport that I am, I wish, for both Sidney and Red 50 mile winds and zero tempeature, and no fish in any of the coves protected from the heavy winds. If that won't do the job, I might also stir the witches' pot, and ride the broom that Red won't be able to get his new motor started, and that Bishop runs out of gas. I might also add that I hope the game warden stops them both and they find that they and left their licenses at home. Other than those things, I hope they have a

nice trip.



Visitors At Boys Clubs: Shown on this picture are a group of the noted persons who were on hand to aid in giving the youngsters a night of fun and laughter. Left to right: Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Paglia, developers of Briar Root Acres, Lionel Hampton, Robert Reid, Boys Clubs Director, Judge David Zenoff and Patrick O'Neil, Dula Center Supervisor.

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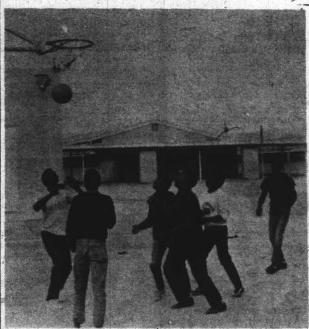
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Young Boys at Play, Left to Right: Glen Myers, William Shaw, Louis Washington, Richard Holmes, Don Demartre.



SCENES FROM THE BOYS CLUB



Ted Williams, with baseball's Spring training about to get under way, has levelled one of this lusty left handed swings at the stupidity of major league baseball powers. The Splendid Splinter powered a screaming line drive at the powers for their failure to consider the hitters, in planning and constructing base ball's major league arenas. Thumping Theodore said that the ball parks are designed to help the pitchers while confusing the hitters. He struck an analogy of the unfairness of shining a spot light in the eyes of The Poet Cassius as he faced Lethal Liston, in Miami February 25th. (Ed note: Gaseous Cassius will see both lights and stars, just before he blacks out under the thunderous bonbardment of the Bear.)

The former Red Sox Hall of Famer claims that the hitters are not provided with an adequate background. against which they can get a true picture of the ball. The hitter must try to pick up the flight of the flying horsehide as it blazes plateward against a background of waving white shirt sleeves, bill boards, or flower-ing plants with white flower at that.

Terrible Ted cited the plight of the sluggers in the 1963 World Series, which was a four game starring medium for pitchers only.

Many fans of the national pastime will support the Splendid Splinter in his blast of discrimination against the hitters. It is certainly no secret, not even to a blind man, that the sports going public goes for the long ball hitters. The people who pay the freight like to see men run the bases. They like to see home runs, and they like to see the lead change hands several times in the nine stanzas. The fans like action in every game, and they stay home in droves when the action is slow. This formula applies to baseball, just as it does to football, basketball, prize fights, and every professional sprot.

It is quite true that ball fans everywhere love to watch a great pitcher take his turn on the mound, once or twice a week, However if all pitchers had the success of Sandy Koufax, it would not be long before baseball would be played in empty arenas.



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