

We've Been WONDERING...

WHY there aren't any canine psychiatrists (or should it be, "psychiatrists for canines?") available around town? Barbara McSwain swears the doggie her husband, Roderick, gave her has an inferiority complex or something and really needs help.
 WHY (or how) a certain Strip porter who fractures the "King's English" was able to talk himself out of a fine for a traffic violation? (His own explanation was: "Ain't nuttin' to it when yo' knows how to 'offend' yo' self in co' at."
 WHY no one seems able to locate that "chick farm" where playboy Henry F. (a real

(EDITORIAL, from p 16)

have been reluctant to go for a larger share of the rich Westside consumer market by cutting in your community newspaper for a tiny sliver of THEIR advertising dollar.

We can assure you that prejudice plays an insignificant role in this strange and thoroughly uneconomic state of affairs. And although we have received solid support from the smarter, more progressive colored merchants in the area, our VOICE would have been stilled long since had we found it necessary to rely on Negro-owned businesses to survive. There simply aren't enough of them.

No, the trouble seems rooted in the fact that too many Westside residents, either through force of habit established before the VOICE came into being or for some equally untenable reason, spend part of their consumer dollar with business people--white and black--who have not seen fit to advertise in the VOICE. And the most logical reason WHY these people do not advertise in the VOICE is because they continue to see Westside residents patronize their stores--however small that patronage may be in terms of cash compared with what the same consumers spend with VOICE advertisers.

In other words, many of these merchants feel they don't need us because they are content with a measly share of the Westside market while their more enterprising competitors go after new customers in this fast-growing community by advertising in the VOICE.

So if you're sincere about wanting to help us, we'd like you to do us a little favor. It won't cost you a thin dime and you'll actually be doing everyone concerned a favor in the long run--including yourself. All we ask is this:

The next time you can't find what you need in the advertising columns of the VOICE and you patronize a non-advertiser, put a little "bug in his ear" when you put your money in his hand. Nothing so crude as a blunt, "Say, why don't you advertise in our community paper, the VOICE?" Tsk, tsk--no! What we have in mind is something more subtle; like, "I don't believe I've seen your ad in the VOICE lately?" Or maybe, "Don't you advertise your specials in the VOICE anymore?" Get it?

All kidding aside, we don't care how you get the message across--we'll leave that up to your own good judgment. But we would appreciate anything you can do to impress ALL business people with whom you come in contact that YOUR community newspaper could use a little more support in its efforts to promote the general welfare of the colored community and thereby make a substantial contribution to the overall well-being of the Southern Nevada area. And you might also point out that it's just good business to advertise in a paper YOU, a consumer, read and enjoy.

Well, as we said before--YOU asked what you could do to help. So now you know. Our future--and to some extent, YOUR OWN FUTURE--is largely in YOUR hands. We're doing the best we can with the equipment we've got. Help US get more equipment and we'll do a better job for YOU.

LET'S ALL GROW, TOGETHER!

(Oh, yes. If you happen to tip us off to a potential NEW advertiser and one of our salesmen is able to close a deal, we'll be only too glad to cut you in for 50 percent of the regular sales commission as soon as the account is settled. Fair enough?)

gentleman, incidentally) gets all those "Zanzibeauts?"

WHY "security chief" Benjamin Fleming has such a "soothing" effect on would-be trouble-makers? (Could it be the quiet, diplomatic way Ben handles difficult situations--or are the rowdies properly impressed by his 350 pounds of conspicuous authority?)

WHY more mixologists don't take a few lessons from neat, efficient George Grundy?

WHY a lot of people were "ooohing" and "aahing" about all that green stuff a famous entertainer was supposed to have dropped at a local gaming spot when the guy actually came out well ahead, tipped the help handsomely and everyone was happy--except the owner? (At least, that's how we heard it.)

WHY the sequences of 5-15-25-35-46-55-56-80 and 8-28-38-40-48-50-51-61 are supposed to be lucky for people born in the months of May and October?

WHY the growl of the tiger can be heard strong and clear all over town ever since Eddy Kim joined the Valley View Estates staff?

(Maybe that's why they call them "Tiger Homes.")

WHY the owner of that coin laundry in the Golden West Shopping Center wears those spectacular red shoes? (Is it true he's color blind and thinks they're really green?)

WHY Mike Weiner, the popular owner of Michael's Shoes, located next door to the above-mentioned washery, has a strange glint in his usually kindly eyes whenever he spots his neighbor's flashy footwear?

WHY that hard-working local citizen didn't hit the ceiling when his less enterprising brother asked him for two bucks? (It so happens that just before the request was made, the first brother, who had bought a new car, offered his still useful old car to his wheel-less brud with the suggestion: "It's yours for free. All you have to do is go down and transfer the title for \$2.")

--HENRY 'P.' (for 'Puzzled.')

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