

(BOMB, from page 11)

pair that ever hit the Vegas Strip. When the doll would cuddle up to Tex and kiss him passionately on one of his big red ears, he would light up like Fremont Street along Glitter Gulch. And every-time Tex would peel another yard note off his gargantuan bundle, Lulanah would glow just like a vine-ripened real tomato. The sight of that bale of loct fired the doll up with the thought of a life-long dream come true. The thought, and even more, the sight of the long green had always brought out the best in Lulanah, and believe me, she was a living doll that night.

The night passed quickly, and before either of them realized just how rapidly tempus had fugited, it was high noon the next day. Another few rounds of booze, and a few more flings at Dame Fortune with the cards and craps used up the balance of daylight. When the crowd began filing in and lining up to catch the dinner show, Tex and Lulanah had been on a frantic whirl for more than 24 hours. The doll's feathers were beginning to wilt, and Tex was beginning to sag a mite, sort of like a tired old swayback horse.

THE GLAMOUR gal was having great difficulty keeping her mascara-smears eyes open. She had made several trips to the powder room to freshen up. The lady usher of the flusher had put a bucket of ice in the powder room to pack the tomato's face which had begun to show every inch of mileage on this vivacious old broad. Each application of ice pack did a little less for the doll than the one before. Her trips to the lady's "John" became more frequent and lasted a little longer each trip.

Lulanah could see her big chance sprouting wings. She fell off into a deep sleep several times as she tried to keep up with Tex, drink for drink. Once she fell asleep holding a bottle of sparkling burgundy which emptied itself in Tex's pocket. So stoned himself, Tex never realized what had happened.

A moment later, when Tex looked down and saw that he was standing in a puddle, he remarked "I must be drunker than I thought I was. It's been a damn long time since I boozed enough to wet myself".

THIS PUNCH LINE hit the doll as one hell of a joke. She laughed herself almost back to consciousness, but again she caught herself up just as her eyes sagged closed, and her head dropped almost on the bar. She awoke with a snap, and suddenly her face became radiant with a sparkling smile as from a promise of rich rewards. It had just come to her that moment that she had a dexie buzz bomb in her purse. She had put it there nearly two days before in anticipation of the very thing that was happening.

The warm, sneaky expression that fell on the countenance of this weary chick as she fingered and fumbled through her purse (slyly concealed beneath the apron of the bar) beggars description. Her face lit up just like when they throw the switch down in Glitter Gulch--brilliant, bright, and colorful enough to challenge the rainbow.

The doll's probing fingers had found the cap in the bottom of the bag. Carefully selecting a moment when she thought no one was noticing, she sneaked the "saver" from her bag, popped it into her mouth and washed it down with a sip of wine. An expression of smug success appeared on her puss as she relaxed on her bar stool in fond anticipation of the charge she would get when the buzz bomb turned her on.

LULANAH HAD a sorry surprise coming. She had plumb forgot about the yellowjacket she had also put in her purse. Just as the ole broad's luck had been in the past, so it was once more. She had taken the sleeping cap and not the benny. Once more, she excused herself, and dragged her weary chassis to the powder room where the attendant was waiting with the icepacks.

Hours later, Tex raised up and stretched all 6'4" of his big frame skyward. "Where in hell is my gal" Tex said over and over again. "Have

you seen my honey?", he asked everyone who passed.

A couple of Lulanah's old side kicks from show business had been riding Tex's gravy train, boozing up the free drinks. Sharing his concern about the doll, they went in search of her, assuring Mr. Money Bags that they would fetch his gal back to him pronto. The old show buddies made for the "John".

"Is Princess Lulanah here in the powder room? one of the free-loaders asked the usher of the flusher.

"If you mean that drunk who has been here for the past two days, she has been sitting on the throne in that metered can for the past four dollars and fifty cents--at least, that was what the meter read the last time I looked at it", the attendant answered. "She also owes me two dollars for the ice and skin freshener she used", she added. "If you have the money to pay her toll for the pay 'John', I'll open it up".

Quick as a flash, one of the doll's pals split back to the bar to find Tex and put the beg on him for Lulanah's throne fee. Tex peeled off a double sawbuck and handed it to the Princess's gal pal whose first stop enroute to the powder room was the cashier's cage. She broke the twenty and deftly tucked a sawbuck into her treasure chest. Entering the rest room and flashing the other ten, she said, "Here you are sweetie. Open up the can so we can get our girl friend".

The maid opened the door to find, sitting there sound asleep, the Princess Lulanah. Stepping aside with eyes popping, she whispered "With them fancy red garters on her knees, that gal sure looked just like an Edsel coming at you".



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