

We've Been WONDERING

WHY so many people are scared that our Guv is goin' to blow the election? Guv will come out of Clark County with a bulge of 11,000. He will get a plurality of 4500 from the Tan precincts alone. Them Cow Counties will have to vote a lot of Cows for that other guy to overcome them 11 big ones from down here. They better throw in the Bulls too--that G.O.P. guy digs that 'bull'.

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WHY City Hall don't put their Bronzeville 'contact' on a swindle sheet (expense account) so he won't be smoochin' on the people he is snitchin' on.

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WHY Pauly Boy thinks it is constitutional for Whitey to buy a house, or live wherever he chooses, but that it would be unconstitutional to extend this same privilege to Soul Folks? He is the 'stand-up' guy who wants to be Governor of Nevada. He don't stand very high in my eyes.

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WHY the wheels who run the City, as well as the County, don't start cleaning them Birchers out of police work? Maybe we need some new wheels, cause these we got ain't turning fast enough to avoid the danger ahead.

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WHY that sepia nut, who has by some mistake landed on a lofty perch, says the lowest things about the people who got him up there? Somewhere in the Good Book it says something about a thing which is crooked, cannot be made straight, but you can bet Poor Henry, that this nut ain't long from being cracked--and crooked, too.

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WHY "Shortcakes" and them other golfin' buddies, don't stop that dapper duffer from graggin' about how he "took" them on the greens, the other day? The truth is that they let the duffer win a little bread in the a.m., so that he could get to his grits in the p.m. Shortcakes and Co. knew they would have to feed the Cat if he lost.

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WHY that party podner who was dubbed "Fast Flite" by her buddies, don't stop upstaging my buddy pal "P"? Fast Flite wanted to compare her chocolate gams with "P's" off-white stems. (Jack Spratt liked fat--or did he?)

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WHY some behind-the-times Charlies (the kind that slap you on the back and call you a 'good boy') still think that Bro is supposed to crack-up, scratch his head, and do a shuffle, everytime they tell a corny joke? It just ain't like that no more.

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WHY that phoney friendly fuzz and his gal Friday froze in their tracks the other day during the questioning of a prisoner? When the fuzz asked the Cat if he had any scars, and the guy said, "Yes"--fuzz asked, "where"? The prisoner answered, "all over--my color is black." Would you believe this really happened--it did for true.

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WHY that handsome barrister, doing his bit for Charity, after giving with a fair set of pipes on "Ole Man River", apologized for changing the lyrics a little? Instead of the line, "when the white folks play", the mouthpiece sang, "the other folks play". If he thought some of the audience was thin-skinned, he was right, they were.

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WHY any sepia church would open its doors to a guy who closed his doors to sepia lobbyists who wanted to appeal to him to support a Civil Rights Bill in the Nevada Senate? If he did that as the Lt. Governor, wonder what he would do if he got to be Governor.

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HENRY 'P.' (for 'Puzzled')

The Scene and The Seen



GLAD TO SEE YOU--Now here is the kind of smiling welcome that makes customers keep coming back...Matching any entertainment the COVE offers as 'crowd pleasers' is the service of Alice Fuller, Manager Ben Plummer, and Freda Jones.



IF YOU DON'T KNOW it's Fire Prevention Week, you just haven't been reading the VOICE--there's many reasons why we've been plugging it so wholeheartedly--One of the less serious reasons being dimpled LARRY POWELL (left) shown here with two fellow workers getting those engines ready for far too much action. Since this photo was made, Larry earned a promotion as is reported elsewhere in this issue.



SUCH A NIGHT IT WAS--Monday night's birthday party for Phyllis Olivier (seated) and Dorothy Albert at Ruben's Supper Club was ring-a-ding-ding...Celebrants at the swinging event shown here are (from left) Mary Thomas, Dorothy Albert, Lawrence Albert, Bennard - ? (Well, the reporter-photographer was having a ball, too--sorry Ben), and Henry Feltus (seated).



PEOPLE MAKE THE PARTY--and this convivial trio were very much a part of the happenings at that fun birthday party at Ruben's. Jackie Wilson, Carl Wilson, and Mary Thomas told the picture-taker "O.K.", but make it in one take, please?"



JESSE TIDWELL, who misses very little of the happenings in his town, and photographs a good deal of them himself, rests his camera equipment to partake of the tasty comestibles at Phyllis's party, and gives an amateur picture snapper a chance...Jesse is an excellent photographer.



THE WEEKES GIRLS--Las Vegas' own Gwen Weekes is 'bout the happiest gal in town these days because her kid sister, Doris, is visiting her from Atlantic City (Yep, that's our gal's hometown)--From the sea to the desert...Everybody's getting in on the reunion act and Doris will have a lot to tell the family about sis Gwen's popularity in her adopted home.



ONE OF LAS VEGAS' finest is Walter Allen--Always referred to as a Police Officer; never a Cop...With personnel, such as Allen, who performs his duties faithfully and maintains the respect of even the wrongdoers, EVERYBODY could subscribe to the 'Support Your Local Police Program', particularly if it is taken from the auspices of the J.B.S.

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