We've Been WONDERING

WHY that certain would-be last of the big spenders, "Mr. Big Shot", (forgot to dot the i) doesn't stop off at his run-down diggins and check the happinins there before making the King-for-a-day scene when the Eagle Flies. The little ones are using cardboard to keep their toes warm, and the whole brood has a chronic case of miss-meal cramps.

WHY too many employers fail to check and protect their tax dollars. Thousands and thousands are spent by the Government to train persons for better jobs and brighter futures and when the trained ones apply, many times they are told experience is a must. (Wonder where one would obtain experience)

WHY those too many thoughtless horn blowers fail to recognize that Vegas is a 24-hour burg and people work, play and sleep around the clock. Could it be that they need "chairing up"--like having one wrapped around their heads.

WHY Joe (Loverboynic) Johns doesn't give Red, Forrest, and Dapper Dude his nurse's phone number--they all could use a little help, including Kitty.

WHY it is always the dumb broads and stupid fellers that usually reach the top and stay there and (to let them tell it) the really smart, smart ones hardly ever whiff the delicious aroma of success.

WHY the sequences of 1-7-8-11-13-16-22-25, and 26-27-35-36-39-42-48-67, are supposed to be lucky for persons born in December, January and February.

WHY that certain professional Doll doesn't realize the tangled mess she has made of her love life is, in no way, the responsibility or concern of her friends. They have problems also--with the difference being--they do not involve or burden others.

WHY those avid knockers of the "Voice" policy don't write to the editor or drop by the office and make with the complaints, instead of sounding off in the local Bistros? We know when you tell us how we are doing it wrong and would appreciate being told how to do it right.

WHY that "Charlie" truck driver (recently from the Gulf Coast), who is currently serving the Bronzeville Area, doesn't wise up before he's wasted. Imagine coming on with jazz like "don't you know how to speak to a "white man" when the Bag Boy didn't address him as Mister!

WHY those petty thieving punks (candidates for a sand blanket) had to pick on our Podners, Ray Blankes and Carl Wilson? We've got news for them—the Gendarmes are hipped to them and the Fence. Also Long. Hurt is aching to get in the act.

WHY that certain Hipper-Dipper, after taking an oath swearing he had never ever used Cannabis Satival (Marijuana) didn't know what it looked like, its effects (etc.), when asked how much a match box sold for, without batting an eyeball, readily answered, \$5.

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

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The Scene and The Seen



A RARE DAY OUT for a very rare personOperation Independence Director, Mrs. Lubertha Johnson is welcomed to Sunday's
NAACP Installation program by ERC Executive Secretary, Bill Wynn (probably coaxing
the hard-working, dedicated community
worker--"Now that you're out, relax and enjoy yourself")



HOLDING HANDS at midnite (or any other time) is nice work if you can get it as attested by Joe Johns and Dee Allen who don't mind having their picture taken, at all. Pretty people don't.



TOO POOPED TO POP--but never too busy to be gracious are Mr. and Mrs. Till Toms who obligingly stopped to smile at the picture snapper after having gorged themselves on the deservedly vaunted soul-food served up at Tau's "Chitterling Strut"--Mrs. Toms is Regional Director of Gamma Phi Delta Sorority, and organizer of the two local chapters.



EVIDENCE THAT THE FOOD WAS GREAT is clearly seen even if the service was lacking—who cares that the empty plates have not been picked up as Leola and Bryn Armstrong are engaged in conversation with "Soror" Lucille Gee (right) at Gamma Phi Delta's Tau Chapter's swinging "Chitterling Strut" Saturday night.



AND GOOD FOOD, TOO--Nothing but kudos for the success of NAACP Installation program--no small part of them went to Mrs. Helen Anderson, chairman of the refreshment committee.



JUST ABOUT A "YARD"—popular gourmet chef, the one and only "Mr. Bates" gave the professional touch to the serving up of the world's greatest delicacy—"Chitterlings" at Tau's no holds-barred fund-raising event, Saturday at Texas Pit Bar-B-Que.

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