

"Many favors which God gives us ravel out for want of hemming through our unthankfulness; for though prayer purchases blessings, giving praise keeps the quiet possession of them."

ENJOY A BOUNTIFUL HARVEST

For Your Thanksgiving

LAS VEGAS

Voice

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"PUDDIN HEAD"



"TELL'N IT LIKE IT IS--- AND PUTT'N IT WHERE IT'S AT"

Baby, if you want to work down that big Thanksgiving dinner (still gassin' you) then, hear me well, Blood. Make the scene at the Elks Lodge Harvest Moon gas-out Friday night. Them Cats goin' to be gassin', baby, and all the little pretties will be there sassin' with them mini skirts and things. The Elks goin' to ball on Friday night, and if you ain't stone off your bird, you will be rat there ballin' with 'em baby.

The Harvest Moon Ball was a gas last year. It's goin' to be a double gas this year, baby. The Elks goin' to crown a groovey Queen that's so pretty she can't make a ugly face in a looking glass. Blood, if you think ole Puddin is just putt'n you on, then make the scene tomorrow at the Elks, and pick up on the happenins. If it don't knock you out, baby, the tab is on Puddin. You know po Puddin ain't got nothin' to throw away, cause what po Puddin gets from the VOICE ain't enough to get Puddin to his grits.

Get up tight here, Blood. Puddin got a small bug to drop on you, baby. When you make the scene at the Elks Friday night, ease up real cool to the bar. Ask for Monroe, and whisper soft in ole Monroe's ear, "Puddin sent me, baby." Then stand back a mite, Blood, and look real casual as you give Monroe your drink order. He goin' to give you two for the price of one baby when you lay it on him that Puddin sent you.

ONE MORE boss tip, baby--watch that Monroe fellow real careful he lays that first double on you. You know po Monroe and them po Elks ain't got nothin' to throw away either. They po as Puddin--maybe poer. The next time that Cat might try to get even with you and drop a taste of yeast in your check. Watch it, Blood.

Then go on and have yourself a groove, Blood. They goin' to be cookin' at the Elks.

JUMP FOR JOY



James V. Lehmann

The Thanksgiving night opening of Duke Ellington at the Flamingo Hotel's Driftwood Lounge is the "frosting on the cake" for local Ellingtonia buffs who observe the American Holiday in its truest sense as a day set aside to give thanks for one's blessings. Even the necessary flaw for perfection extant in the fact that the Ellington aggregation's appearance here is for a limited one-week engagement is no restraint to the unrestrained enthusiasm of anticipation over the event... So What's to Say? Long ago, the most ardent definitive critic learned Ellington is beyond description.