

Cager Champs Of Doolittle Pre-Holiday Tourney

(PUDDIN, from page 1)



C.V.T. GILBERT CAGER TEAM - Winners of sixth grade competition in Doolittle Center's recent Basketball tournament are presented trophy by Jo Mackey School Principal H. P. Fitzgerald (left)... Champion team players are (from left) Cleveland Kennedy, Joe Hall, Richard Dixon, Carlton McCollum, Herman King, Bennie Webb, Rickey Love, Freddie Walton, and Team Coach Richard Minyard.



MATT KELLY BASKETBALL TEAM with proud coach Kermit Booker, Jr., are shown with individual trophies as Doolittle Recreation Center staff member Gloria Brown presents 5th grade division winners with championship trophy--Players, from left - front row, are Calvin Washington, Tony Thornton, Henry Vereen, Kenneth Guice, Gregory Towers, and Tony Curtiss.... Standing, from left, are Robert Johnson, Melvin Green, Gerald Snowden, Steven Findley, Theodore Curtis, and Michael Lewis.

of it back. Pass the message to all your podners, baby.

IT LOOKS like them Bank People think that some of your black has rubbed off on your loot, and they ain't too particular about havin' your black money in their white banks. They stone sure ain't making no pitch for your business by givin' you the message in your paper, the VOICE. Maybe they want you to hide your loot under the rug, or stick it in an old sock, which wouldn't be such a bad idea if it wouldn't get us all knocked off by a bunch of creeps who would be tryin' to snatch our bread.

Now, about them Insurance People, all of them except the Austin Agency at 213 South 7th Street! They bug you damn near stone with their constant knockin' at your door, tryin' to get you to buy insurance, but they must think you can't read. They damn sure don't spend a dime with your paper. The next time one of them cats knocks at your pad, tell him off and then put him off until they start puttin' some of your dollars back into circulation in Soulville by advertisin' in your paper, and hirin' more of your kind. That's the only way you goin' to get the message to Whitey, baby. He hard of hearin' but he can feel the dollar pinch just like we been feelin' it all the time. When you pinch his pocket, baby, he can hear you loud and clear. Pinch Whitey and make him get the message, baby.

You got to keep the faith, baby, and you got to hold onto your loot until we get some of the bunko out of this Equal Opportunity. They ain't been givin' your VOICE no opportunity, except to drop dead, which ain't never goin' to happen.

MAN, WE even got some big business right in our own ball park that are takin' our money and ain't got the common decency to thank us for it. They ain't spendin' a damn crumb of bread with your newspaper. Put the names of Food Fair and Wonder World right up on the top of your skunk list. They are some different kind of stinkers, baby. They like the Dead Sea, they take all but give back nothin'. They got some new kind of nerve to insult us right in our own backyard.

Puddin really didn't plan to blow his cool the first day after comin' back home from his rest cure, but, baby, when Puddin hears mention of Fremont Street, he is about ready for them cats who come for you with them white coats and them jackets will all them straps on them. You could fry an egg on Puddin's punkin head when he hears the name of Fremont Street. Them merchants along Glitter Gulch got to be stone off their bird, baby. They can't afford not to advertise in your paper. If all the Soul money suddenly stopped from getting into them cat's cash registers, them things would get cobwebs on 'em. The merchants on that street would be hurtin' real bad, baby, if you cut off your loot. You would cut off their water if you cut off your spendin' with them cats. Fremont Street stores couldn't make it without your business, baby.

Hear me well, Blood. You are the monkey that makes them go on Glitter Gulch even with your tainted loot. If you cut off your spendin' which makes their cash registers ring, the VOICE telephones will start to ring. Get the message good and pass it on to all your podners, and your paper will get some action from them cats.

If you knew how to run one of them computer gadgets, you wouldn't be able to count all the Soul money that is spent at Vegas Village north store. They been gettin' more of our bread than any two or three businesses in the whole town. They salt down at least a couple of million of our green every year, but they only been throwin' your paper a few crumbs. They ain't spent enough money with the VOICE to pay our smallest salary. At least 25% of their North Store business is Soul, but way less than 1% of their advertisin' is spent with the Soul paper. They only been givin' the VOICE a tiny taste of tokenism.

Blood, we got about a zillion business people around town who run for political office every time they have an election. That's the only time the VOICE ever hears from them. Come election time they start acomin' to talk political advertisin' with us, but they don't even talk the right amount of money then. They want our votes but they expect to get them for peanuts. Just as soon as the politickin is over, all them cats vanish from the scene until the next election. In between elections, we can't even get to talk to them cats. It ain't right, baby. More about it later.

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Before starting out on a snowy or ice pavement, it's a good idea to "get the feel" of the road, according to Nevada Highway Safety Coordinator, E. H. (Bud) Miller. He advises trying the brakes gently or accelerating carefully to see whether the wheels skid or spin. This gives a good clue as to just how slippery it is. Then adjust your speed and driving habits accordingly.

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