

THE SOUTHWESTERN SPORTSMAN



by "Whitewater Dick" Miller

NO MINT FOR JULEPS

THERE ARE days when it doesn't pay to leave home and hearth. Everybody had one now and then. But I seem to have more than my share. And my bad days don't limit themselves to just 24 hours; they sometimes last a week or more. I guess what I'm trying to say is that my bad days far outnumber the good days.

Actually, I can't understand why that is. I'm certainly not the type to fumble in the clutch. In fact, I'm dashing and debonair, worshiped by women and envied by men, equally at home in drawing room and boudoir as on the great university playing fields. (I've just got to quit reading those romantic novels.)

My favorite pose is standing in front of a great fireplace, my elbow on the mantel and a glass of brandy in my hand, holding guests enthralled with my sparkling conversational wit. I must admit that the last time I did this the impression I made upon my guests was perfect, except for one slight flaw. While I was talking the fire began burning merrily up one pantleg. I was equal to the crisis, though. Displaying great presence of mind I attempted to extinguish the blaze by dousing it with the brandy. Unfortunately, I had forgotten that brandy is flammable, and...really, I'd rather not even talk about it.

So you can see, I rarely make mistakes. That's why it's so strange when now and then something I've organized turns out not exactly as planned.

FOR example, not long ago I made a slight navigational error while driving my car and I bogged it to the axles in a remote wash near the lakeshore. If it hadn't been for Dean Brassfield, John Utter, and Joe Morrow (who, incidentally, is the pancake eating champion of UNLV. He ate 143) who came along and helped pull me out with a spare length of anchor line I'd be there yet.

Then, last weekend I lost my favorite rod and reel over the side of the boat. I was fishing near the Gyp Beds out of Chuck Shaw's new IMP. Vic Gennari, Chuck and I were baitfishing when a gust of wind caused the anchor to drag. I layed the rod across the engine housing while I went forward to handle the anchor line. You guessed it. The hook snagged on the bottom and before I could stop the drift the whole rig went over the side.

I'll go back later with a mask and dive for it, but for now I'll have to do without my Mitchell "400". If I had a dollar for every time I've warned other people about laying down their rods, I could...Oh, never mind.

THE ODD thing is that Doc, fishing the same day but in a different boat in another section of the lake, lost his rod in much the same way. Drat!

Later the same day, Vic and I decided that we couldn't watch the Kentucky Derby without having a Mint Julep in hand. One must observe tradition, you know.

We made the rounds of most of the nurseries in town trying to find a fresh mint plant. Every racing nut in Vegas must have had the same idea because we got the same story everywhere we went, "Sorry, just sold the last one."

Would you believe it? We finally found all we needed in my own back yard. My wife had planted a crop of mint in her garden, and I didn't know about it. There has definitely been a failure to communicate here, somewhere.

I've been searching for a suitable name to give the new fishing boat I'll be getting soon.

MARBLE CHAMPIONSHIP WINNERS



About 30 young mibsters showed up Saturday at Doolittle Center to compete for the all-city Marble Championship with the top boy and girl shooters winning new bicycles.

The championship was sponsored by the Las Vegas Recreation Department under the supervision of Joe Haynes (center).

Joe Glasper and Carla Johnson rode away on sparkling new Schwinn bikes donated by The

Willow Cycle Shop. Other winners were: Rafael Holguin, 3rd; Milton Fisher, 2nd; Paulette Earl, 2nd, and Melanie Behler, 3rd, (as pictured). Last year Holguin captured the City title and a chance to compete in the nationals at Wildwood, New Jersey. He placed 20th in a field of 39.

This year's nationals will be held June 15-20 again in Wildwood, N.J.

LISTON TKO DULL, MOVES UP TITLE LADDER

by Rollo S. Vest

In light of the way things have been going lately, perhaps I'll call it "The Spirit of Laurel and Hardy."

It should be stated just for the record that at least one endeavor of the past few days was not a failure. I'm referring to the Mint Julep. It was a masterpiece of teamwork. Vic crushed the ice and dissolved the sugar in the main ingredient while I ventured into Miss Wu's garden to become a mint-plucker.

Amazingly, nothing went wrong and the result was a cool, delightful drink. Watching the Kentucky Derby was never more fun. But someone should have told my horse. He finished fourth.

IT TOOK Charles (Sonny) Liston almost five rounds Monday night to get into a sweat, and seven rounds to earn a TKO victory from a totally over-matched 212 California fighter with the eerie name of "Scrap Iron" Jackson. An estimated four to five thousand fans plunked down ducat fees at Convention Center. "The Bear" tipped the scales at 217.

Liston showed rolls of blubber around his mid-section but was amazingly sharp in his dull round-to-round encounter with Jackson, who looked all like a sparring partner who showed nerve enough to mix, occasionally, with the boss.

There were reports that Sonny's next opponent would be Jimmy Ellis, one of the currentshare-the-title champs. And maybe this could be a better match than Monday night although, off-hand, we can think of several boys who might dust the 39-year-old ex-champion off and retire him to pasture.

There is a Detroit-heavy called Al

"Blue" Lewis who is worthy of consideration, as is 9th ranked Leotis Martin. Big Buster Mathis is sometimes mentioned but the word is around he is not especially strong on moxie. Joe Frazier stands out like a strong contender but smart money continues to indicate there may be more to be heard from the direction of Cassius Clay.

In years of covering fights at Madison Square Gardens, Yankee Stadium, the ole Polo Grounds, Chicago Stadium, Detroit's Olympia and what is now Tiger Stadium, never have I been treated in as shoddy a manner as administered by Promoter Bill Miller. From his impatient attitude he might do well on the Lecture Circuit. He offered far more unfounded advice than fact, but he had the floor and possession, I am told, is 90% of the game.

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