

BILLY ROWE'S NOTEBOOK

WRITE ON THE MIGHTY

Charlie Siffort, the veteran tee to green gent was barred from the annual Sammy Davis, Jr. Greater Hartford Open. Allegedly he failed to meet the "Personal Registration Time Limit of 6-PM on the day immediately Preceding the Qualifying Round." Just a few minutes late, Charlie did go away mad enough to take on a bear right out of winter hibernation. This is the scene of Charlie's greatest triumph, he won top honors here in '67. The green acres barrier breaker has been threatening to nix the grassy expanse for neigh-on to 5-yrs., and may just do that now to devote full time to his personal owned golf complex in Cleveland . . . Some of Melba Moore's staunch admirers, me among them, wondered h'cum she failed to lift artistically talented voice against the selection of "Miss South Africa" as "Miss Universe." As a judge of that fiasco in Acapulco she should have cried out in protest against the inclusion of Margaret Khoali as a contestant from a country which denies people their human dignity and their just rights as human beings. Odds are that the white judges would have stepped aside and yelled to hi'heavens if Idi Amin's Uganda had entered a contestant. Wondah whose ego talked Memba into such a deal. It certainly wasn't a peachy one.

The Gladys Knight Pip'less deal with Columbia Records may or may not have confirmed a long ago assumption here that the group has become so individually well known the thought is for separate star billing. In a many million dollar legal hassle with her old wax works, Gladys told friends she's been off the charts for too long and needed to make a move to stay in her fan's ears . . . Tony Brown's admirers are wondering h'cum he jumped write-over Amb. Andy Young in that News World Forum article about that "Political Prisoner" statement. It read strange to us who believe that Amb. Young is the first statesman that has been produced in this country in generations. To us Tony is a talented teevee pioneer, but a political analysis he's not! . . . The push for full DeeCee representation has been dubbed the major Civil Rights issue of '78. Get on your "write hand" and urge your Senator to get on the ball and back this amendment . . . Rev. Ralph P. Powell, D.D., and unrelated, has legally taken his book, "The Harlem Idol, Adam Clayton Powell, Jr.," from Harper & Row. He's waiting for the right publisher to come along. The tome is about the sex life, love affairs and women of the late immortal minister and activist Congressman. I always thought that the one was no good without the other. Perhaps His Reverence is aware of something I am not.

AND THE GOOD TIMES ROLLED---Mike Burke and Sonny Werblin, the rim & hub upon which Madison Square Garden gains momentum threw a monster all day bash at the posh Lake Isle Country Club in W'chester to spotlight the addition of another spoke, Don King, to the wheels of that institution. As the Barnum & Bailey's Circus is the greatest show on earth, Sammy Davis, Jr. is the world's greatest entertainer, Don King is the admitted greatest promoter this galaxy has ever seen. At the kick'off press conference he reiterated this fact and promised to restore the "tradition of the house which Jacobs, Louis and Norris made fight famous. But he gave us foods with fancy names for lunch, hours to swim, play golf or tennis, poker or solitaire. Intriguing tasting hors d'oeuvre, of lobster and crabmeat, clams on the half shell, shrimps, caviar, bar-b-spareribs and other tidbits, with more beauty than soul, before dinner and the chance to dance into the nite. Lloyd Price, changing from guest to entertainer, offered just the right touch to send the past thirties home in a state of nostalgia. The purpose which brought the invited was a historic one, the first black promoter in the long history of Madison Square Garden, and well worth drinking too, and was there booze, but no drunks.

BIG MOUTH WITH NO FOOT--Song stylist Margie Joseph denies that her current tour is another comeback filing, but has refused to deny or confirm that she and her N'Orleans spouse have struck a sour note . . . Milton Williams has pulled himself up by his paint brush and can now boast of no less a patron

than Dr. Anna Roosevelt, kin of the late rough riding Prez Teddy. When he started at the Indian Museum, on upper B'2a6, as a handyman he never dreamed that one day he would be an artist. He has since been promoted to the mail room, is a member of the Students' Art League and his work will be exhibited during the Echoes of the Drum's art show at the U.S. Customs House, starting in mid-Aug. . . Diahann Carroll had more tee watchers talking about her effervescent performance before the sponsors and their guests for the Sammy Davis Greater Hartford Open than about pars and birdies. The was something else again with Bob Hope who filled for SDJ who was trying to "Stop The World" in Chgo. The lovely Diahann wasn't even upset when asked what she thought about "Miss South Africa" winning the "Miss Universe" contest. Somebody chipped in a word that it must have cost that stinking old apartheid nation a bundle to have anybody adjudged anything or anybody that's a part of it as beautiful . . . From the writing on the invitation "The Wiz Celebrity Disco Splash Ball" at the Int'l House in DeeCee a Thursday ago must have been a gas. Dig: "In the spirit of grand events, this one is intended to Salute the coming of the "Wiz" to Washington. It will combine the electrifying rhythms of disco music, live entertainment, exotic sunshine and beautiful people to establish one of the most entertaining social evenings in the history of the Capital City. The Omnibus House Group invited the folks at 10-bucks per, but warned there was only room for 150. They said it was an evening fit for the absolutely adventurous. The most special guest, the cast from the Wiz. Attire? Designer, chic, or better still, wear it, if you dare it, we can bear it. Sorry we could not make it, but the last time we got caught up in the imagination of a similar fab invite, the party was dull as hell.---STAY LOOSE.

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