


LAS VEGAS SUN
Sunday, July 3, 1966



The SUNDAY Scene



1027 20



SUTRO TUNNEL COMPANY.
 CAPITAL STOCK \$12,000,000 1,200,000 SHARES 10 DOLLARS PER SHARE


FULL PAID STOCK.

This Certifies that *C. W. Trull* is the owner of *Twenty* Shares in the Capital Stock of **SUTRO TUNNEL COMPANY.**

This certificate is valid until the first day of January 1870, when it shall be null and void, unless the same shall be renewed by the directors of this company, and the same shall be subject to the same conditions as the original certificate.

In Testimony Whereof *San Francisco March 23rd 1870*

William Allen SECRETARY *John W. Trull* PRESIDENT



W.K.
70
1870

'Labor of Love'

Restoration of Comstock's Famed
Sutro Tunnel Eyed by Historian

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File 13

Judy Edsall

SUNDAY SCENE

EDITOR ED ONCKEN

PHOTO CREDITS

SUN Staff Photographers Ken Jones, Rene Germainier, Mike Gordon
Las Vegas News Bureau Sherwin Gorside Nevada Historical Society Union Pacific Railroad Ulforn Studio

We've had controversy on the cost of living and revolution over the cost of dying. Now it comes time to worry about the cost of just surviving the bills for surviving.

A friend of ours, Murphy the Teamster jack of all trades, called us from his hospital room at Southern Nevada Memorial Sunday. Murph and the guy in the next bed, Mr. Jacqua, had a bill they wanted to read.

It seems that Mr. Jacqua and his son were in an automobile accident. Lawmen called an ambulance service that has a city contract. The boy rode in the front seat. Mr. Jacqua occupied the slab in the back.

But it was Mrs. Jacqua who had the relapse. She got the bill. It read, \$33 for father, \$33 for son for the ride; and \$5 for the red light for Dad; and \$5 for the red light for son; and \$6 for the siren for Dad; and \$6 for the son's use of the siren.

Wailed Mrs. Jacqua, "I've got great lungs and for that next time I'll run ahead, and yell." The horn blows at midnight.

Cabbie Abe Prote assays the proposed taxicab rate increase would cost the dealer who takes the roller coaster ride from the heights to Casino Center each day about 20 to 40 cents more.

Checker Cab has proposed a continuously live meter—that is it does not stop for lights, traffic tieups and other inconveniences.

It also proposed a \$6-per-hour waiting time; a 60 cent drop in the meter for the first fifth of a mile; and 10 cents for each additional fifth of a mile traveled.

At present the rate is 50 cents for the first quarter mile and 10 cents for each additional quarter of a mile; a \$4 per hour waiting time; and no live meter.

Some cabbies are more worried about the tips. The last

rate increase made the average trip about 90 cents. So you throw the cabbie a buck and run.

The new increase will wipe out some more tips, according to some drivers.

Some would say there is nothing funny about a \$200,000 personal injury suit. But even Judge Clarence Sundean laughed recently when a juror told the most longwinded attorney of record:

"Nah, I didn't hear your questions for these other guys. I was asleep most of the time."

After two days of jury selection the longwinded defense attorney finally accepted the last juror. Just as the court room heaved a sigh there was an omnipotent clap of thunder over the Court House.

There's been a lot of high diddle diddle going on in West Las Vegas.

Moon Mullin's threatened entry in the assembly race had the wires hot.

Mullen is supposed to have told some West Las Vegas politicians, "Get with it and endorse one guy or I'm gonna jump in and run you all out."

Rumors about Moon, coupled with the jarring clatter of old alliances coming unglued, can be a sign that West Las Vegas voters can finally find true harmony.

It can also be a dirge.

The little dog laughs to see such fun.

Laugh of the week: The Fair and Recreation Board suddenly found a \$500,000 surplus the boys had overlooked.

California 'Refugee' Has 30-Year Lease to Revive Sutro Tunnel

Editor's Note: Former SUN Sports Editor Ross Tucker is currently in Reno attending the University of Nevada and completing work on a master's degree with a minor in history. Following is an intimate account of his visit to an out-of-the-way spot which played a major role in the early

history of this state — the Sutro Tunnel.)

By ROSS TUCKER

Part of that grand old lady of the Comstock Lode isn't dead — not yet, anyway.

Nestled only a stone's throw (downhill) from its gawdy counterpart — Virginia City — lies the almost slumbering hamlet of Sutro and its most fabulous attraction: the Sutro Tunnel. Under the guidance of Robin Larsson, a 36-year-old "refugee" from Berkeley, California, who has taken out a 30-year lease, the Sutro Tunnel area may yet have some of its golden past revived.

Larsson, who enjoys dabbling in art, is really a sort of throwback to Adolph Heinrich Joseph Sutro, a rugged individualist of the 19th century, whose lasting fame has to be the Sutro Tunnel, which, despite its decay in the last 14 years (no one has been able to make the trip from the Tunnel mouth to Virginia City since 1952, and that only because of severe weather conditions which clogged main roads, according to Larsson), stands as one of man's supreme engineering triumphs of the 19th or any other century.

Don't count on reaching the Tunnel if you're touring between 90-100 mile per hour on Highway 50 and going east from Carson City, the state capital. The turnoff signs are

small and must be observed closely. The turnoff is three miles from Dayton via one of two dirt roads and the Tunnel location is exactly one mile after that. Dayton, a former county seat of Lyon County, is approximately 11 miles from Carson City.

Larsson, who frankly admits he was tired of big city routine and entranced with the history behind the Sutro Tunnel, has been laboring at the Sutro Tunnel site for the past four years. "After investigating Sutro's life, I sort of get the feeling that he lived in an era (1830-1898) when a man could succeed on his qualifications alone, regardless of his background. This is one of the things I'm trying to do here and now," Larsson said.

There is only one major obstacle standing in Larsson's way at the present time — money — something which, no doubt, would have brought a keen glint of understanding to the eye of Adolph Sutro, who made and lost millions during his 68 years.

While Larsson's work of restoration has been slow, it has, in his words, "been a labor of love." Larsson has remodeled a former warehouse into a saloon ("we get a number of customers who like this uncluttered version of the Old West"), a foreman's shack into an art

(Continued on Page 15)



Unusual early photo of Adolph Sutro was taken in London where Sutro had gone to raise British backing for his Tunnel venture. He looks somewhat out of place with posed backdrop and polished shoes. This picture, taken when Sutro was 39, fails to detract from the fact that one of Nevada's pioneer promoters was strong, stocky and beginning to turn gray.



Robin Larsson looks over his collection of bottles and bric-a-brac inside Sutro Saloon, restored former warehouse on property adjacent to Tunnel.

(All photos through courtesy of Nevada Historical Society)

INDEX

Art and Artists	19
Book Review	18
Bridge	18
Chess	17
Escape to Adventure	16
File 13	2
Sports on TV	8
TV Log	

Untimely Death of Rex Bell in Midst Of 1962 Governor's Race Recalled

By ED ONCKEN
SCENE Editor

Many Nevadans tomorrow will take time out from their Fourth of July festivities to recall sadly that Independence Day was marked four years ago by the untimely death of Lieutenant Governor Rex Bell.

The popular former film cowboy star had spent most of the day at a Las Vegas political rally at Twin Lakes, furthering his candidacy for Governor on the Republican ticket, and introducing little-known Paul Laxalt, who was expected to be Bell's running mate after the September primary election.

But tragedy struck that evening, and Bell, 58, was felled by a heart attack and died instantly.

Aside from the feeling of grief among Bell's many thousands of friends, Nevada's GOP was thrown into total confusion, for the deadline for declaration of candidacy was only two weeks away.

Laxalt at once declined appeals to take Bell's place as his party's standard-bearer. So did former Nevada Congress-

man Clifton Young, a Reno attorney. Others of less statewide stature were briefly mentioned and their names discarded by frantic Republican leaders.

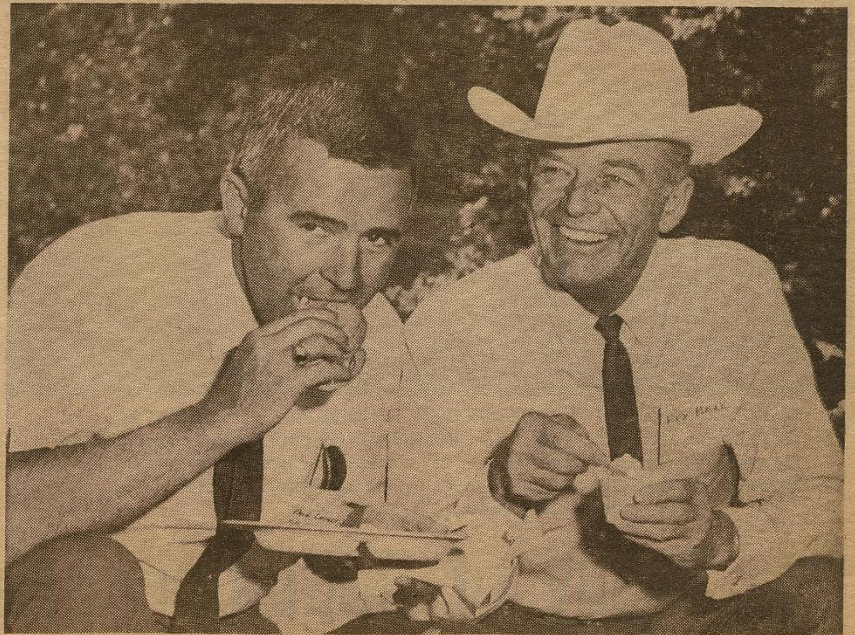
Because Bell was well-known statewide and had been a 20-year resident of Clark county, he was given an excellent chance to unseat Governor Grant Sawyer. Party leaders felt their only hope without Bell would be to get behind a Clark county Republican.

One of the few GOPsters who had achieved success at the polls, although as a non-partisan, was Mayor Oran Gragson. He consented to seek the nomination at the behest of statewide Republicans.

However, it was not to be without a battle. SUN Publisher Hank Greenspun, feeling that Gragson was not sufficiently known elsewhere in the state, himself filed for the nomination.

If he didn't know it before, Greenspun was soon to discover that most Nevada Republicans are far removed in philosophy from the liberal GOP supporters of New York Mayor Fiorello La

(Continued on Page 20)



Last photo of the late Lt. Gov. Rex Bell was taken at Republican Fourth of July rally in 1962, at Twin Lakes Park, a few hours before he was stricken with a fatal heart attack. A candidate for governor, Bell was busy introducing his potential running mate, Paul Laxalt, to Las Vegas party faithful.



In the gubernatorial campaign that followed Rex Bell's death, Governor Grant Sawyer won easily. He is pictured here after the scars of battle healed, with SUN Publisher Hank Greenspun, who became a Republican candidate after Bell died.



As the GOP candidate nominated after Bell's death, Las Vegas Mayor Oran Gragson tried hard but was not well enough known in Nevada's Republican strongholds.

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100% Cotton
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There's Always Something New At ...

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322 FREMONT



This Turbo Beechcraft (a modified C-45) is one of four aircraft used in aerial surveillance. Sampling probes protruding from the craft near the nose pick up air and dust particles from radioactive clouds after reactor or underground bomb tests. Analysis and tracking are thus accomplished even before the "fallout" has fallen.



John Eckert checks the accuracy of the crystal detector with the "phantom," a mock-up of the head, neck and chest with cavities which may be filled with known amounts of radioactive substances. The crystal detector in the mobile unit is like a "whole body counter," but its use is limited to measuring radioiodine in the thyroid. Some 71 children and nine adults were checked earlier this year after radiation escaped from the test site. The highest amount of radioiodine detected was less than 300 milliroentgens, about the same amount obtained in a dental x-ray.

Study of Radiation Effects on Health

(Editor's Note: This is the second of a two-part article on the vital work being performed in the community by the Southwestern Radiological Health Laboratory of the U. S. Public Health Service at Nevada Southern University.)

By JOY FISHER
(SUN Staff Writer)

If the staff of the Southwestern Radiological Health Laboratory at Nevada Southern University can be termed "Atomic Age health police," then the criminal they track is radiation.

Radiation, as a villain, needs to be described, because it takes many forms, is found everywhere, and is as old as the earth itself.

The term "radiation" simply describes energy which tends to stream outward in all directions from a source, like the spokes of a wheel. Light and heat from the sun are forms of radiation.

Some forms of radiation can penetrate an atom or molecule and change its chemical structure. If the molecule is in a cell in the human body, the cell may be weakened. If enough cells are changed, the damage may be serious.

If such "ionizing" radiation originates at the nucleus of an atom, it is called nuclear radiation. In nature, nuclear radiation is emitted from such elements as radium and uranium. Man could be harmed by over-exposure to these, but they are so scarce in nature that over-exposure is not likely.

Man, however, has learned how to take these natural elements and use them as the basis for making his own nuclear radiation, such as in medical diagnoses and treatment, nuclear reactors and the atom bomb.

Exposure to radiation from these sources could pose a serious, though as yet undetermined threat to public health,

and it is this radiation which is policed by the SWRHL and other public health agencies.

The police force of the SWRHL has its own ground and air forces that patrol a beat around the Nevada Test Site. When radiation "breaks through the lines," because of venting in an underground test, or the release of radioactive material from reactor tests, it is detected by special equipment that tells the health police what kind, how much, and where the radiation is apt to go.

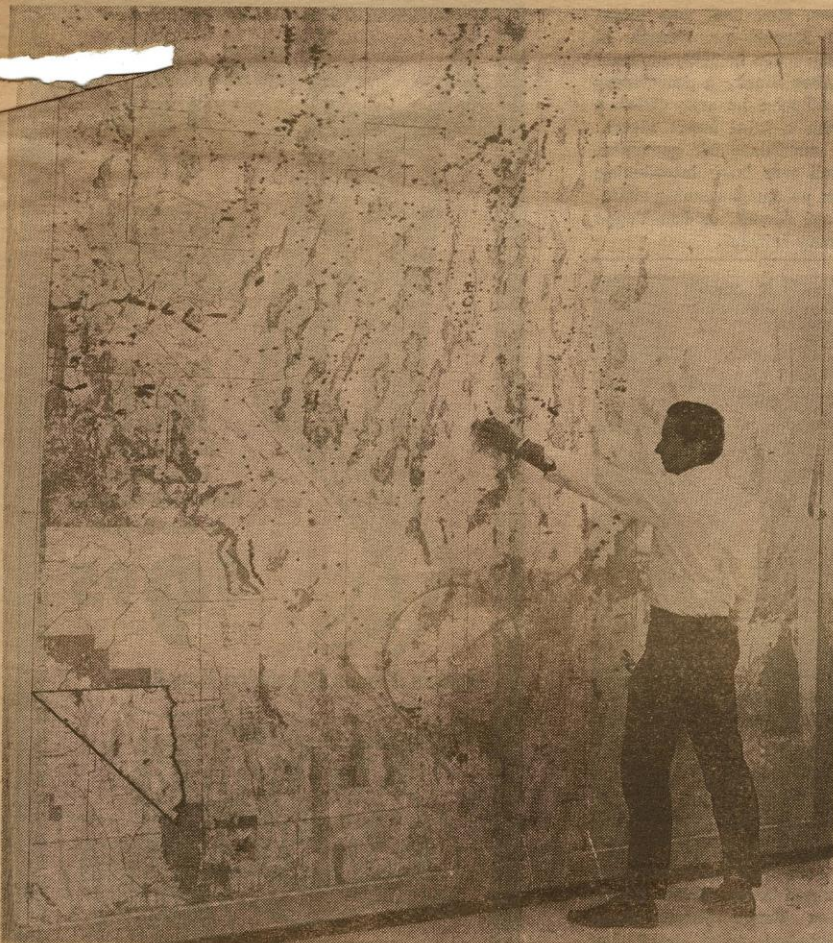
The police are called off-site monitors. Patrolling their beats, they collect samples of the air, water, milk, soil and sometimes the plants in the area. These are sent to the laboratory for testing and evaluation. During "events" (underground or reactor tests) at the test site, as many as 10,000 samples may be processed.

As part of the surveillance program, samples are mailed to the SWRHL from all over the western United States. Air, milk and sample meals from institutions such as orphanages are checked for signs of radiation. Surprisingly, Las Vegas is found to be consistently low in radiation, primarily because the prevailing wind from the test site usually doesn't blow this way.

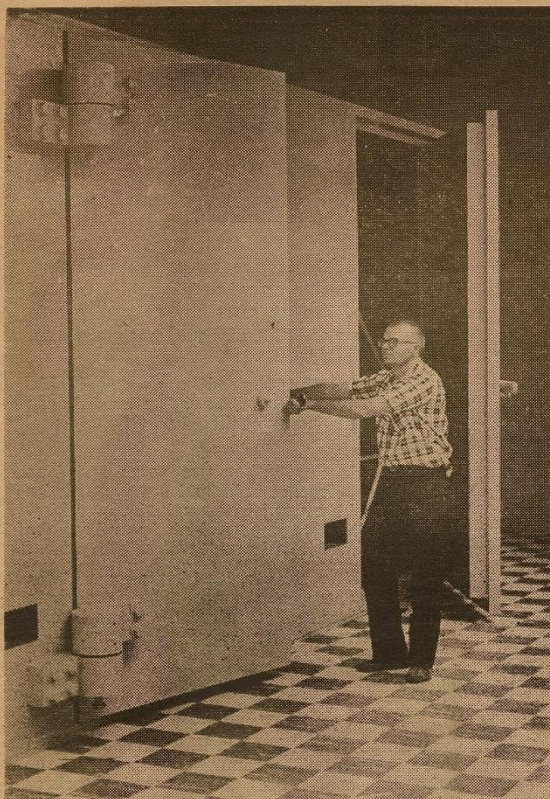
Of chief concern to the scientists are radioactive iodines, strontium 90 and cesium 137. These radionuclides can be deposited on the ground, eaten by dairy cattle and passed along to humans in the milk. Strontium 90 tends to settle in bones, and cesium 137 in soft tissues. They have always been considered dangerous because of their long half lives.

A "half life" is the time it

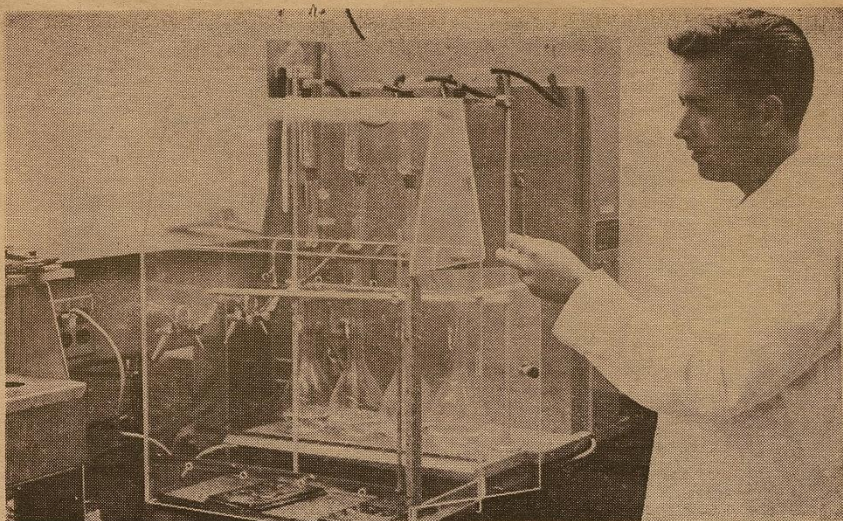
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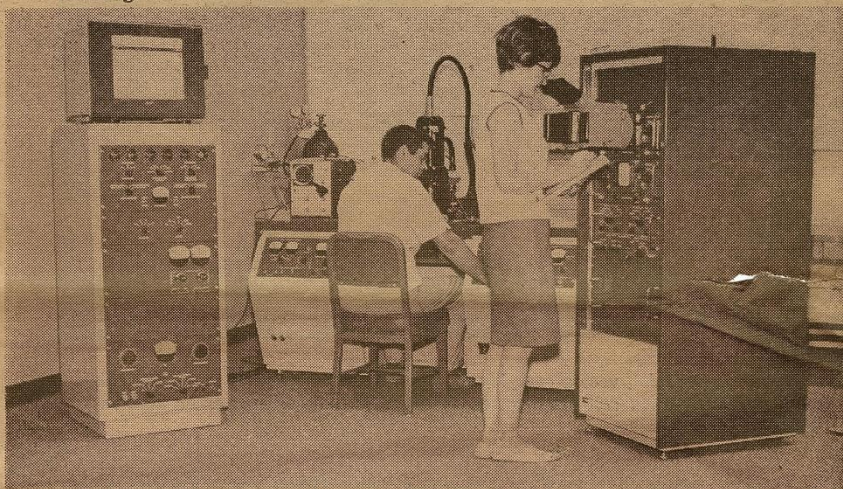
Brian Spavin adds another numbered pin to the map showing the locations of off-site sampling stations where periodic collections are made of air, water and soil.



Behind these steel doors will be housed machines for detecting and measuring amounts of radiation in the human body. The "whole body scanner" and "counter" will locate "hot spots" resulting from accidental contamination. The steel housing is to keep natural or "background" radiation from interfering with the reading. A similar unit is now housed at Nellis AFB, John Eckert, chief, radiation safety section, waits for the day the empty housing will be filled



Erich Bretthauer, chemist, inserts a cigar into the "smoking machine." As the machine smokes the cigar, the smoke is sucked into the test tubes and analyzed for alpha particles, a very heavy radiation stopped by as thin a shield as a piece of paper, but capable of doing great internal damage when taken into the body. The "smoking machine" is a new piece of equipment at the lab, having been added after publication of the Surgeon General's report on cigarette smoking.



Dale Moden, chemist, and Carolyn Allen, assistant, work at the electron microscope, which identifies and measures chemical elements in an extremely small area of a sample, such as a dust particle.

takes for any given amount of radiation to diminish by half. The half life of strontium 90 is 30 years, of cesium 137, 28 years. Should either of these penetrate the human body, the person would carry the dose from the amount not excreted for that length of time. Should exposure be repeated in the meantime, the effect would be cumulative. In this way, repeated exposure, even in small doses, could soon become harmful.

For many years, little attention was paid to iodine 131, which has a half life of just eight days. It was not until highly efficient equipment was developed for detecting the amounts of radioactive iodine that it was discovered initial doses may be so high that they are dangerous, even though danger diminishes rapidly.

Within the last few years, it has been discovered that radioactive iodine transmitted to children in Utah in contaminated milk may be the cause of nodules (bumps) on the youngsters' thyroids. What harm the nodules could cause, nobody yet knows. So far nothing has been proved except they are there, but the children are being watched.

As the result of a national meeting called by the Atomic Energy Commission in 1963, attention was directed toward detecting and evaluating the ef-

fects of radioactive iodines.

For the SWRHL, the meeting marked the beginning of the Bio-environmental Research Program. Headed by Dr. Delbert S. Barth, the program includes field and laboratory facilities for studying the transport and effects of radioiodines on man.

The program maintains a herd of 26 dairy cows and a herd of 40 beef cattle. Both herds are set to graze on the test site itself and the milk and meat are checked periodically for effects of radiation.

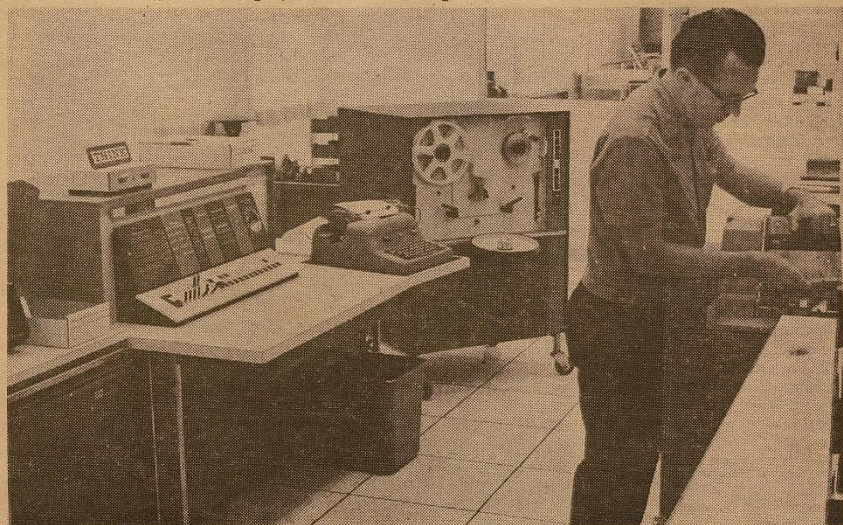
So far, the tests have revealed very little. When one of the cows sickened and died recently it was not radiation, but rather a piece of baling wire stuck in the heart that was responsible. Cattle, it seems, like nothing better than to chew on baling wire, nails and other assorted indigestibles.

Two beef cattle who ran across ground zero during a test eight years ago were butchered recently at the ripe old age of 17. No effects of radiation were found in their tissues or bones.

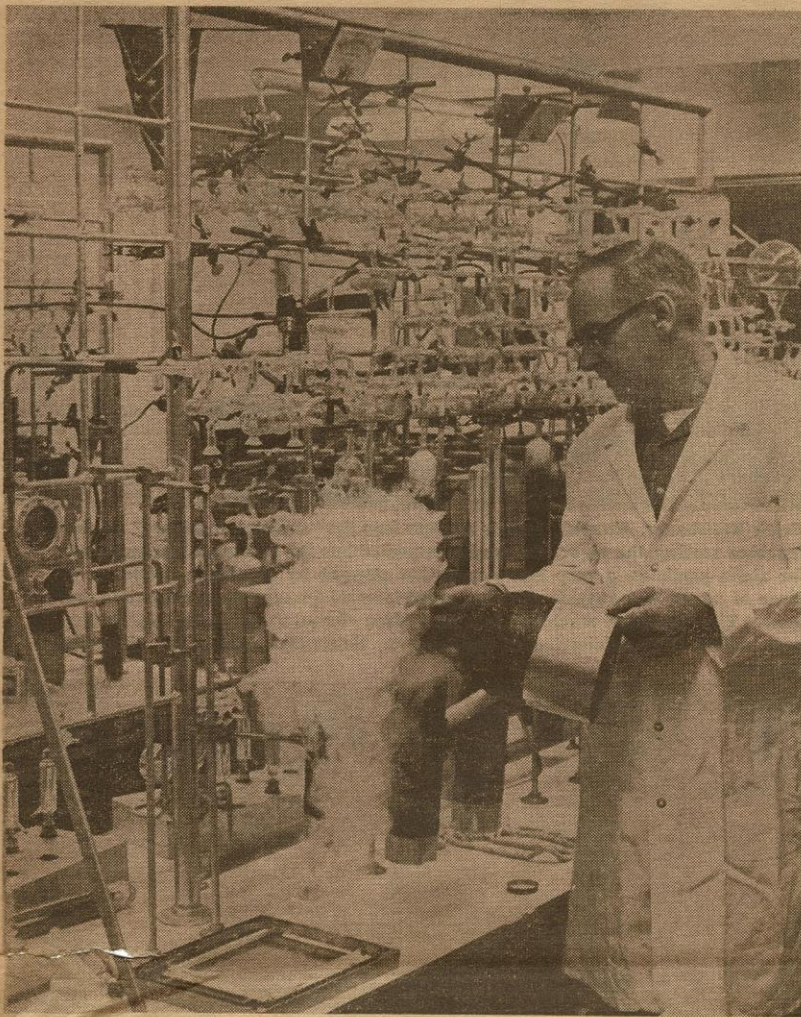
Off-site complaints coming from farmers in the area about damaging effects to their animals are often discovered not to be radiation effects at all.

When one farmer brought in his cow with what he thought were "beta burns," the lab veterinarian discovered the cow

(Continued on Page 5)



James Dillon feeds data cards into the card reader of the IBM 1620 computer. This facility processes the complex data obtained from the various radiochemical and instrumental analyses, and computes, sorts, stores and prints out the data whenever it is needed. Before the advent of IBM, the work was done by hand. IBM equipment did not replace any of the staff, it just made it possible to increase the work load.



Fred Johns, chemist, uses a complex system of glass tubing to analyze radio-nese, radio-krypton and other gases at very low temperatures and a high vacuum.

Science Wonders Developed to 'Police' Radiation

(Continued from Page 5)

had ringworm. Similarly, wild deer thought to be suffering from radiation effects were found to have eaten poisonous plants.

As reflected by these examples, the work of the lab is routine, often uneventful and perhaps frustrating to the scientists who realize the opportunities they missed in the days, now gone forever, of atmospheric testing.

Earth-shattering discoveries are not to be found at the SWRHL but, bit by bit, information is being accumulated which one day might tell us how humans will thrive in an atomic age.

In the meantime, it's reassuring to know that Somebody Out There is keeping tabs on that invisible enemy, radiation.

(Editor's Note: Tours of the new buildings will be conducted after the dedication ceremonies Thursday morning, and two movies, "Radiation and Public Health" and "Underground Nuclear Testing," will be shown continuously throughout the day.)

Although the island of Madagascar lies only 250 miles off Africa's coast, anthropologists believe its original inhabitants came from Melanesia and Indonesia 4,000 miles away.



Dr. Wilbert Shimoda, chemist, stands beside the radioassay truck used to count and analyze samples in the field soon after they are collected.



A PLACE IN THE SUN

DAVE BRADLEY

If you could see through the damp wrinkles on her cheeks, it was hinted that the lady was much younger than she looked. The W. Charleston crowd at Wild Bill's noticed her, despite the heavy Saturday afternoon rush of people escaping the heat. She stood out, without trying to do so. She clutched a crumpled telegram.

A big burly Mercury worker stepped from the pool table to the bar to roar for another beer. The lady slumped over and sobbed. A muscular hand touched her shoulder and he asked her if he could help.

Her son was "graduating" after two years and four months in prison. The telegram said he'd be released the following Monday. She'd never had enough time for him. She blamed herself. She was broke, didn't know how she could be there to meet him. She knew it was cold in prison.

The big lug said wait a minute. He hit the guys at the pinball machines, his partner at the pool table. He made a phone call. In half hour he had raised the plane fare to Reno. She wept some more when he gave it to her.

But when she stepped into the sticky late afternoon heat again, she looked a little younger.

★ ★ ★

The "Buy at Home" effort is often little more than just three words here in town. The common complaint of the big outfits is that the local outlets don't have the stock or facilities to fill their large orders. So they buy from LA or the East.

Ad agencies are a good example. We have nine here, most with the lean, hungry look. The big boys go to the extra expense to hire nationwide firms because the local agencies aren't staffed enough. Of course, if the agencies had some good accounts, they might be able to staff properly.

Instead untold thousands in billing and commissions flow through out-of-town hands and our economy remains retarded.

★ ★ ★

Some of the local "businesses," however, could never be upgraded, no matter how many accounts they land.

High-priced star talent here is easy prey for this legion of local vultures. They swoop down before the stars unpack their bags and sell them an "ad" at ridiculous rates. Their media have about as much circulation as they can give away. One guy sold a top star last week a \$700 ad. The star was too nice to say no.

Some local magazines and radio-tv shows are good publicity vehicles for performers, but only a handful. The ones that are, carry their own weight in news and features and their personnel don't camp out in publicity men's offices hoping for a handout. Their line to p.r. men is "You should help support your local businesses."

★ ★ ★

Another form of vulture picking the bones of the stars is the "independent publicity" man. He convinces up-and-comers that they need a flow of publicity during their Las Vegas date to help them if they want to get another one. They'll charge \$50 a week and more and, except for a few local column items, they couldn't plant a name with a steam shovel and fertilizer. What the performers need, of course, are plants in Variety, Reporter, Sullivan, Winchell, Kuppnet, etc. They don't get it, in most cases. A few flaks locally can plant where it's needed and they usually charge less for it.

It's a mystery why the paid publicity people at the clubs stand for this kind of shake-down.

★ ★ ★

If you take pride in local credit rating, be very careful about your phone bill. If you ever get a disconnect notice because you wait until your bills are in before writing your checks, you've damaged what is known as your "telephone credit," regardless of how clean your regular credit is.

That policy is the prerogative of the company, of course, but the only trouble is they don't tell you you've hurt your credit. Just try to get another phone or to guarantee a friend's. You're treated like a town-skipper or check-bouncer. There's no way you can avoid a \$50 deposit for your second phone. It's Central's privilege to enforce that rule, but at least a letter should go out explaining it.

Rugged Individualist Sees 'Gold' In Sutro Restoration

(Continued from Page 2)

studio of sorts, and is currently toiling on a restaurant, hand-making it with loving care from an unused building. It is designed eventually to accommodate up to 50 patrons.

"There is so much that could be done," he said, "and needs to be done to preserve the national historical importance of this place. However, it takes plenty of that folding green stuff which Sutro, through his fantastic powers of persuasion, was able to secure in another time. But I'm trying."

On the future docket are projects to remove enough dirt to complete a natural pond for fishing and maybe boating and to actually attack work on the Sutro Tunnel itself.

The latter undertaking, of course, could involve between one and two million dollars. "But could you imagine the sheer thrill — the sheer enjoyment — of being able to ride 20,498 feet, the distance to the Savage Mine, Virginia City, in the heart of the Comstock, and about 1,700 feet beneath the surface of the largest silver strike ever made on the North American continent?" Larson enthused.

The main problem with the overall development of the former township of Sutro, which reached a population estimated at 3,500 in its heyday, about 1879, is water. This may sound difficult to believe since the Sutro Tunnel still drains out about 60 gallons an hour (estimates vary as to its maximum flow during the last century but most observers concede that a 3 x 3 foot redwood drain-box underneath the tracks accounted for up to four million gallons daily).

"Sure, there's still water there," Larsson said, "and an icy cold Sierra spring about 4,000 feet in, but there's plenty of hot water there, too, and not



Small sign adjacent to Highway 50 showing location of Tunnel which is off highway about one mile and can be reached by one of two dirt roads.

everybody likes mineral water.

"I'll tell you one thing, however, and that's if the old Sutro Baths (currently being torn down in San Francisco) are to ever be relived, where a better place except in Nevada since mineral baths are a luxury to most people." Robin's also building a small swimming pool near the Tunnel mouth for this purpose.

Larsson places the Tunnel restoration work at \$40 a foot and his immediate objective is the first 100 yards from the Tunnel entrance, an imposing whitewashed brick structure which has withstood most of the ravages of time since its crude beginnings in 1869.

The Savage Mine was reached in 1878.

The most disappointing part

of the entire reconstruction project is the condition of Sutro's Nevada home, which is now just so much rubble after a 1942 fire destroyed the imposing edifice, estimated to have cost \$40,000 originally. At the same time the fire reduced to ashes practically all of the Tunnel records.

But Larsson has considerable patience — after all he has a 30-year renewable option lease from the Comstock Tunnel and Drainage Company and Sutro Coalition — and if some large enterprise such as the Rockefeller Foundation would consider the Tunnel as important as its Williamsburg, Va. restoration, Robin is confident his 180 acres could be turned into a money-making proposition.

And, if he proves to be the



Larsson and "Jenny," in front of mule barn which was built to house animals which pulled carts inside the Tunnel.

New Products

QUICK COMPRESSES

NEW YORK (UPI) — Make a pliable ice compress for emergencies the way Mrs. Thelma R. Beas does. The school nurse from Johnstown, Pa., according to "Squibb Nurses Notes," does it this way:

Freeze water-soaked gauze in thin plastic bags. Place them in the freezer, stacked together. When you need one, just peel it off.

SOAP CLEANS PATENT LEATHER

NEW YORK (UPI)—The best patent medicine for patent leather or plastic patent is a sudsy sponge, the Cleanliness Bureau reports.

Wiping the surface with thick soap or detergent suds removes dust, sticky fingermarks and rainspots from pocketbooks, wallets, belts and shoes. Rinse by wiping with a sponge squeezed almost dry out of clear water. Polish with a lintfree cloth.

WAITING ROOM SIGNAL

KANSAS CITY, Mo. (UPI) — The alert doctor who observes a wooden-faced patient in his reception room, one who shows no interest in the magazine or in other waiting patients, may have some of his diagnosis before the patient enters the examining room.

Such demeanor often is a giveaway for psychosomatic illness, reports Dr. Nathaniel Shafer in "GP," journal of the American Academy of General Practice. The instructor from New York Medical College said these patients help tell their history with a characteristically expressionless face.

BREAKTHROUGH ON BREAK-OUT

ATLANTA (UPI) — Common,

rugged individual Sutro was, his worries are over. Time and space do not permit a complete description of this fascinating character.

Suffice to say that Sutro was a giant among giants of his time. He badgered the Nevada Legislature and Congress (he was one of the first to seek Federal financial aid) plus private interests on the Comstock, the east and England to raise up to \$3.5 million to construct a tunnel, which was mainly 7-7½ feet high, 8 feet wide across the top and 9-9½ feet across the bottom. He sold out for an estimated \$900,000 and returned to San Francisco, where he rekindled a fortune in real estate and became at a later time, mayor of that city.

One of the better recent biographies on this realistic dreamer is "Adolph Sutro," by Robert and Mary Stewart (1962, Howell-North Books, Berkeley, California, currently being revised).

In the meantime, the Sutro Tunnell still stands — and just perhaps there will come a time that men will remember, and better yet, do something about, insuring its historical value for future generations.

red, or hard measles — technically called rubeola — can be eradicated by 1970, reports Dr. Robert Freckleton, of the Public Health Service's Communicable Disease Center.

It is estimated that one of every six children catching common measles suffers lasting health damage.

The Public Health Service recommends that every susceptible child receive either the new Schwarz-strain of measles vaccine, without a second shot of gamma globulin, or the Edmonston-strain vaccine with a second shot of gamma globulin to reduce reactions.

IN OTHER WORDS . . .

NEW YORK (UPI) — Watch out for semantic inflation — a threat to plain talk.

The inflation was described in "Medicine at Work," a publication of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association.

Some signs of semantic inflation: marking a low bridge with a sign reading "impaired vertical clearance," calling an old folks' home "a senior citizens' retirement community." The inflation of words even affects the troops in Viet Nam. A wounded soldier, for example, is an ICP — "impaired combatant personnel."

SCOUT ATE SKUNK

AUSTIN, Tex. (UPI)—Famed Texas scout Deaf Smith was fond of skunk meat.

Smith learned from the Indians how to prepare it and believed the scent and meat had a high medicinal value.

REALLY INTERNATIONAL

ST. LOUIS (UPI) — Washington University's student body has 424 foreign scholars from 56 nations. China, not including the mainland, is represented with 56 students; India with 39; Canada, 27, and Great Britain and Turkey, 20 each.

TALK MONEY

NEW YORK (UPI) — Successful family money management plans involve the whole family, particularly in discussing family goals and choices, says Blake T. Newton Jr., Institute of Life Insurance president.

"The idea of setting up a family spending and saving plan may first appear to limit a family's spending options," he said. "But in reality, sound money management opens up such a broad range of options that many families have come to regard their budgets as a kind of declaration of financial independence."

HENRY THE EIGHTH, ALIAS "COPPERNOSE"

NEW YORK (UPI) — King Henry VIII's debasement of English silver money with copper was so obvious that in the later years of his reign he was nicknamed "Old Coppernose," says the Chase Manhattan Bank Money Museum.

Don Gresser's Escape to Adventure

In this day and age, some of our people seem to feel burning their draft card is the thing to do. They find it smart to lie down on the tracks to hold up troop trains. Thank God they are but a miserable few. It wasn't always this way in these United States. Matter of fact, though not really a warlike country, we have given birth to some of the greatest military geniuses the world has ever known.

One of these was a man named General Nathan Bedford Forrest. Of Forrest, General Sherman said, "Get him, if it breaks the U. S. Treasury." To this day in England, France and Germany, his campaigns and battles are "must" reading in all military schools.

In the north he was known as a butcher, murderer and a demon. I remember when the Japanese spoke thus about our U. S. Marines. In the south he was looked down upon, because he had once traded in slaves. While a southern gentleman could own slaves with honor, one who traded in them was looked upon in disdain. Also, Forrest was wild, uneducated and a frontiersman. The South stubbornly refused to accord him any military recognition until it was too late. Yet, General Robert E. Lee called him the South's greatest soldier.

Nathan Bedford Forrest said he won his battles by getting there "fustest with the mostest." He was a firm believer in fire power. His men were equipped with two .44 Star six-guns and a Spencer repeating rifle. Old Bedford called his men affectionately, "My Hoss Critters." Their horses and equipment were paid for out of his own pocket and were the best armed group of men, North or South. These men answered to the old man only. Under him they fought like demons from hell. Placed under another officer they'd loaf and shirk, preferring to sleep under a tree rather than fight. His men knew he would fight like a mountain lion for his Horse Critters. He did, and so did they.

Old Bedford and his Hoss Critters were to see their first action in January, 1862. Through a series of blunders, General Albert Johnson in command of the Confederate Army of the West, was surrounded at Fort Donelson by Grant.

Forrest had entered the service with awe and deep respect for the West Point Army brass. What he saw now was to disillusion him. On the morning of January 18, 1862, the disillusionment was final and complete. Forrest was called out of bed and told to report to General Pillow. He found Generals Pillow, Buckner and Floyd huddled over maps on a table. Their faces pale, they informed him they were going to surrender the entire Confederate force.

At first Forrest couldn't believe what he was hearing. "Gentlemen, that would be cowardice. My men will break the Union line anywhere you wish, the infantry can escape through this break." His words

left no impression on the West Pointers. He stalked angrily out of the room and spent the rest of the night talking to his men.

With the break of dawn the next morning, the Union soldiers were awakened by noises that sounded as if they were coming from the bowels of hell. Sleepy-eyed, they ran for their guns. Coming through the mist, like gray ghosts standing in their stirrups came the Hoss Critters. Firing their six-guns and rifles, the Union soldiers fled in panic. Old Bedford and his Critters reached safety without the loss of a man.

This was a shot in the arm, the breakthrough coming as it did in this dark hour of defeat. But this was only the beginning of a series of exploits by the Hoss Critters that was to read like a dime novel.

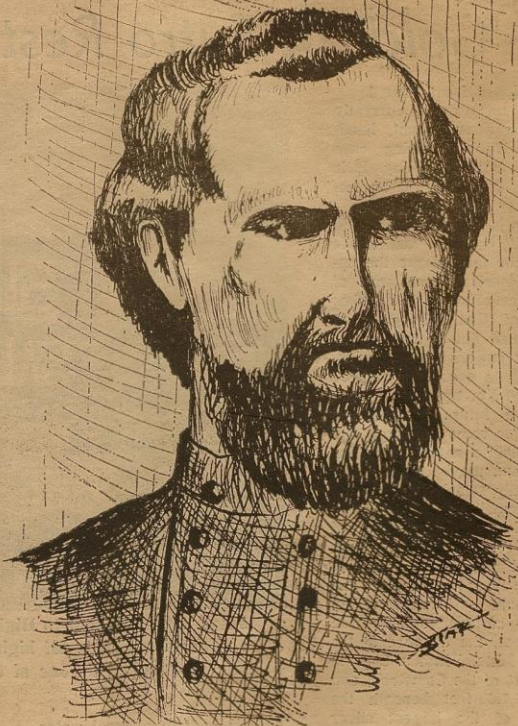
Union General Buell was pushing his army of 30,000 closer and closer to Chattanooga. General Braxton Bragg was now in command of the Confederate Army of the West. Bragg ordered Forrest to cross the Tennessee River at Chattanooga, and make a stab at Buell's line of communication,

but not to risk his men in open battle. Forrest studied the terrain, and decided that such a raid would be valueless. The heart of Buell's campaign was Murfreesboro, 200 miles beyond the Cumberland mountains. The town was defended by 6000 crack Union troops, with plenty of artillery.

Without conferring with Bragg, Forrest changed his orders to advance to Murfreesboro and take the base. He had 600 Hoss Critters and 400 of Terry's Texas Rangers. The odds would be 1000 against 6000, plus their artillery. Numbers were something that never bothered Bedford Forrest.

Two weeks later, on June 14, the people of Murfreesboro were heavy of heart. Few were to sleep in any of the houses. The coming dawn, six of their prominent citizens were to face the firing squad. In the prior three months, 60 Murfreesboro men had met the same fate. The Union provost marshal, one Capt. Oliver Cromwell Rounds, had ordered these executions. The six condemned men sat on barrels, staring up at the small windows overhead, watching

(Continued on Page 17)



GEN. NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST

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Escape to Adventure

(Continued from Page 16)

silently for the dawn that was to have meant their death. While they were in prayer, there came the sound of a peculiar rumble.

Out of the near dawn came the rumble of horses' hooves and wild Rebel yelling. Old Bedford was leading a charge of 200 of his Hoss Critters in a feinting movement to draw the bulk of the Union troops away from the other side of town. One of Capt. Rounds' men was running to the jail with a burning torch to cremate the six condemned men. Forrest saw him, and with a bellow of rage swerved his horse and with a swipe of his sword severed the man's head from his body.

The fury of his attack carried everything with it, including the Second Pennsylvania artillery and ten cannon. Within half an hour, the first phase of the battle was over. Old Bedford and his Hoss Critters were victorious. But now Forrest and his men were about as safe as one sleeping on a powder keg with the keg on fire. The Stone River cut the town in two. On the other side were the soldiers of the First Ohio, the Fourth New York and the Third Illinois Regiments, while to the north of the town was the Second Indian Regiment all converging on the town to trap Forrest and his men.

Flanked by two Hoss Critters and under a flag of truce, Forrest walked to the headquarters of Colonel Duffield. Duffield was the union commander of the area. He was handed an ultimatum written by one of Forrest's officers. It demanded the immediate surrender of all the Union troops, adding if this was not done, every one would be put to the sword.

As the Colonel was reading the astonishing contents of the ultimatum, a continuous line of Confederate soldiers was passing Lyle Woods. The line consisted of 46 Texans marching and countermarching by the woods. From a bridge over a creek in the same area, 25 of his men were crossing and recrossing the same bridge, making as much noise as they could.

"As you can see . . . I have enough men to carry out that ultimatum," Forrest said. "And I will put every Yankee to the sword because of Capt. Rounds."

"May I have an hour to consider this?" Duffield asked. "You have five minutes," was Forrest's answer. Colonel Duffield thought about his position for a few seconds more then said, "Very well sir, I agree to surrender all my troops."

The news of the victory swept through the South. At last, the South was to have a General who could defeat a force six times his number, could win a battle and not settle for a draw. Overnight Nathan Bedford Forrest's name was magic. He and his men were heroes.

The Confederate big brass couldn't understand it. How

could 1000 untrained soldiers, slovenly in dress and action, who spat tobacco juice when they saluted, led by an uncouth man who could barely read and write and who had never read a book on military tactics; defeat 6,000 trained soldiers entrenched in a town covered by artillery?

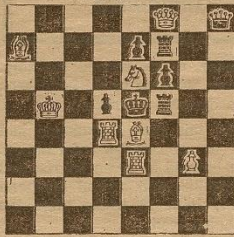
General Bragg had an unpleasant personality at best, and was never able to capture the imagination of the great masses of the South. He was insanely jealous of any officer who did. Forrest didn't help matters by his loud denunciation of Bragg and other leaders for their blunders. His Hoss Critters refused to salute, since Old Bedford never expected them to salute him. When Forrest was promoted to brigadier general at the insistence of Jefferson Davis, Bragg placed Forrest and his men under Major General Wheeler. General Wheeler was a West Pointer who had accomplished nothing. By God, Bragg would show this upstart who the boss was. General Wheeler made a stupid attack on Fort Donelson, in which a bunch of Hoss Critters were killed. Forrest said to General Wheeler, "When you send your report to Bragg be sure to tell him, I'll be in my coffin before I ever fight under your command again."

Conclusion next week

Pound for pound, the sun produced less heat than the human body. Its huge size accounts for its enormous production of energy.

CHESS FUN

By GEORGE KOLTANOWSKI
International Chess Master
PROBLEM
By P. Wiersma, Holland
BLACK: 7



WHITE: 8

White to play and mate in two moves. Solution below.

★ ★ ★

TREASURE CHESS

From the point of view of a chess fan, the John G. White Collection of Folklore, Orientalia, and Chess is one of the greatest collections of books in the world. It includes many items not found elsewhere in the United States and some to be found nowhere else in the world. The collection is housed on the third floor of the main building of the Cleveland Public Library in a beautiful room looking out on Lake Erie.

"The largest chess library in the world," wrote the famous chess historian Harold J. R. Murray about the White chess library in 1914. This description is as true today as it was then. Hundreds of titles have been added, including many of the choicest volumes from the library of J. W. Rimington Wilson, a British collector whose fine chess library was broken up after his death in 1927.

Every phase of chess has been the object of acquisition.

The collection of periodicals, many of them short-lived and not easy to find is especially extensive; it would be hard to name one that is not here. For printed books the aim has been to buy every edition of every book. In his zeal to obtain all important material available, Mr. White examined manuscript catalogs of European and Oriental libraries for mention of works concerning chess. Once the chess manuscripts were located, he arranged for them to be copied by hand or by photographic process.

Clippings of chess columns from several newspapers are kept in bound volumes. And an extensive file is maintained of the more or less fugitive chess materials such as advertisements, catalogs, pictures and cartoons.

In addition to the materials primarily concerned with chess, important literary works that

make significant references to chess have been collected. Castiglione's *The Courtier*, for example, is represented by 57 editions from the sixteenth century alone; the *Gesta Romanorum* by 46 editions, including nine printed in the fifteenth century. Equally comprehensive collections of works by Benjamin Franklin, Omar Khayyam, Marco Vida, Esias Tegner, and Polydore Vergil are present.

There were altogether in 1960 approximately 14,500 catalogued chess items in the White Collection, considerably more than twice the number of items listed in the largest printed chess catalog, that of the Royal Library in The Hague.

★ ★ ★

SHORT-CUT

From the Amsterdam-Antwerp match, 1965

WHITE: B. Grappenhause, Amsterdam

BLACK: Alfred Franck, Antwerp

FRENCH DEFENSE

- | | |
|----------|-------------|
| 1. P-Q4 | P-K3 |
| 2. P-K4 | P-Q4 |
| 3. N-Q2 | N-QB3 |
| 4. KN-B3 | N-B3 |
| 5. P-K5 | N-Q2 |
| 6. B-QN5 | N3-N1 |
| 7. 0-0 | P-QB3 |
| 8. B-Q3 | P-QB4 |
| 9. P-B4 | QPxP |
| 10. NxP | PxP |
| 11. B-N5 | Q-B2 |
| 12. NxP | P-QR3 |
| 13. NxKP | Q-B3 (a) |
| 14. N-Q8 | Resigns (b) |

(a) Cannot capture because of mate in three starting with 14. Q-R5ch.

(b) After 14 . . . Q-Q3; 15. B-N6, QxN; 16. BxPch, etc.

★ ★ ★

Solution to the problem above is: 1. N-B5.

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Sunday Bridge

by Alfred Sheinwold

GOOD SLAM BIDDING HELPED ITALY WIN

The North American bridge team finished in second place in the recent world championships for the eleventh time in the last 12 years. Italy was the winner for the ninth time in the last ten years. (In 1960, France won the world championship, with Great Britain in second place.)

For a change the Italians did not swamp us with their vastly superior slam bidding. We very nearly held our own in the 13 slam hands of the 140-hand match, but the Italians gave us a bidding lesson on two of those hands.

In Deal No. 71 of the match, the North-South hands contained 14 points opposite 15 points, quite a bit less than is usually needed for a slam. The South hand opened the bidding with one spade, and the North hand was void of spades.

American bidders are willing to consider a slam when they have a magnificent fit or when they hold the right number of points, but not when they have a misfit and the wrong number of points. The American pair therefore stopped at four hearts in this hand.

The Italian pair got to six hearts without any trouble when they held the North-South cards. They had a way of finding out what they needed to know.

The same method helped Giorgio Belladonna and Walter Avarelli bid Hand No. 116 to a grand slam, as shown today.

North's opening bid of one club was forcing and did not promise any specific number of clubs. South's first response of one

West dealer
Both sides vulnerable

NORTH	
♠	A Q J 10 3
♥	A Q 10 6 2
♦	A J 6
♣	None
WEST	
♠	8 6 2
♥	7 5 3
♦	2
♣	K 10 8 6 5 4
EAST	
♠	9 5 4
♥	3
♦	8 7 5 4
♣	A Q J 9 7
SOUTH	
♠	K 7
♥	K J 9 4
♦	K Q 10 9 3
♣	3 2

West	North	East	South
Pass	1 ♣	Pass	1 ♥
Pass	3 ♥	Pass	4 ♣
Double	4 ♦	Pass	4 NT
Pass	5 ♠	Pass	6 ♣
Pass	7 ♥	All Pass	

Opening lead — ♣ 6

heart was positive (one diamond would have been negative) and showed at least four hearts. South planned to show his diamonds later if the bidding permitted him to do so.

North's jump to three hearts was forcing and asked South a specific question: "How good are your hearts?"

It was the first of a series of asking bids, and the answers were made by steps. The cheapest possible response would show the weakest possible holding, the next higher bid would show something better; a bid one step higher would show something good in the suit; and so on.

In response to the first question, South skipped over the two cheapest bids and made a three-step response. The bid of four clubs told North about the king of hearts.

North asked the same question in diamonds and got the same kind of answer. North then asked a question about the spades and got a two-step re-

sponse, which showed the king. (Five notrump would have been the one-step response.)

By this time Belladonna had all of the needed information. He jumped to seven hearts, and Avarelli could spread his hand and claim 13 tricks after the opening lead.

When an American pair held the North-South cards in the other room of the match, they stopped at a small slam. On a good day, with the wind blowing from the right direction, an American pair might chance a grand slam on this sort of hand, but most American experts would stop at a small slam and feel that they were doing justice to their cards.

Asking bids and step responses are not easily combined with our natural bidding methods. No sensible person would suggest that we give up natural bidding in our home games in order to use the complicated artificial methods of the Romans and the Neapolitans.

For world championships, however, we must improve our methods of bidding slams that depend on distribution. We know how to bid slams that depend on high cards, and we do fairly well when we have long suits and the right number of aces. We flounder when the slam depends on the right singleton or void suit.

The Italians will never lose to a team that flounders.

To order A POCKET GUIDE to BRIDGE send 50c to Las Vegas SUN, Box 3313, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017. It covers bidding conventions, point count, etc.

BOOK REVIEW

SAN FRANCISCO (UPI — Jane Goodsell, a Portland, Ore., housewife, is such an acute observer of the human race she can even tell men from women.

She proves this in her book of light essays just published by Doubleday & Company under the title, "I've Only Got Two Hands, and I'm Busy Wringing Them."

The chapter entitled "How to Tell a Man from a Woman" begins:

"What is a man? A man is a creature of superlative intelligence who can understand the principle of jet propulsion, the pari-mutuel betting system and the Dow Jones averages. He can recall the score of the Army-Navy game in '54, the electoral votes the Republicans won in the last election and the gas mileage of the first car he ever owned. But he can't remember what size socks he wears, the ages of his children or the name of that old Cole Porter number that his wife refers to as "Our Song."

She also gives a rundown on

what a woman is and then proves they do not speak the same language by providing typical "him" and "her" answers to a series of questions.

For example: "her" on "What did you think of the triple play in the game last night?" "Triple play?"

And "him" on "Have you seen the new baby?" "I think it's a girl."

If the answers seem familiar, it is because Mrs. Goodsell really IS an acute observer.

Magill's Quotations in Context, edited by Frank N. Magill (Harper & Row \$9.95): More than 2,000 famous quotations from world literature with brief background of the who, what, when, why and the circumstances that prompted the expression. This treatment makes the quotations much more understandable and memorable. Indexes make the complete quotations easily available either from the name of the author or a key word.

The Odyssey World Atlas (Odyssey \$19.95): Large-page maps, clear printing and uncluttered presentation make this an unusually accessible reference work. Place-name maps have been separated from those showing physical features, and numerous thematic maps have been included in their respective sections so that all the basic information concerning a specific region can be found in one place: physical features, place locations, populations, rainfalls, products, etc.

The Book of World-Famous Music, Classical Popular and Folk, by James J. Fuld (Crown \$12.50): Almost a thousand of the best-known melodies are traced to their original printing in this book that represents 30 years of research. The first line of the music and words, where there are words, are given along with the composer, date of first printing, interesting contemporary data and other hard-to-find material.

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Only on Sunday

By JOHN CRONAN



Do you remember, the "good old days" when everyone—man, woman and child—was proud to salute the flag of our country. Today, it seems as though most people look around in fear that the "wrong" people might see them salute. What does it mean to salute our flag—nothing more than to show that we are proud to be Americans. This is Fourth of July weekend and I can't think of a better time for every American to stand erect with head up high and let everybody know, "I am an American."

★ ★ ★

At the Alpine Village Inn:—"Entertainers-musicians, Johnny La Monte and Bob Sullivan have organized the Silver State Jazz Band. Shortly after July 27, the group will give its first performance in front of a shouting, whistling, stomping-most appreciative-audience, somewhere in Viet Nam. Johnny, Bob and their group will feature Dixieland jazz with comedy overtones. Some columns back, only On Sunday suggested that Las Vegas groups get together for trips to Viet Nam and other places where our armed forces are stationed, to entertain them. Johnny & Bob didn't hesitate to get the ball rolling. The boys and gals overseas should love them as we do here. Good luck, Johnny, Bob and your Silver State Jazz Band."

★ ★ ★

At Foxy's:—"She's cute and efficient and boasts on original Bat Man hair style. A newcomer (March) from Torrance, Linda Johnson is a zowie greeter at the Sahara." . . . At Pat Ginn's Chinese Kitchen we hear that popular Paul Coe has been named Assistant General Manager and Director of Sales at the Hacienda Hotel. C. R. "Bob" Tice, formerly General Manager of the Showboat and currently Gen. Manager of the Hacienda made the announcement. Paul leaves the T-Bird for his new appointment . . . Sam K is a luscious blonde, she's mother of three boys and the manager-hostess of San Francisco Joe's, the new steak and lobster house next to the Desert Inn . . . Famed vocalist Bobby Freeman returns to the Pussycat a' Go Go as the club's headliner on July 19, taking over where the G-Clef left off. Bobby proved to be a top-notch attraction in his earlier P-Cat stint.

★ ★ ★

At Melodie Lane:—"Do you know anyone in Las Vegas who is out of Mineral Ridge, Ohio? I do! Judy Boothe. Judy was a high school cheer leader and majorette, plays the kettle drums, accordion, piano, snare drums, clarinet, sax and ukelele. No, she's not a professional musician, Judy's a legal secretary. Oh yeah, she also sings and paints!" . . . At the Pastrami King:—"Another musician has succumbed to the charms of Las Vegas. Bryan Farnon, the Aladdin maestro, has become a local resident with his son enrolling as a Valley Hi student" . . . You wanna have a summer picnic? You don't have to go any further than Sunset & Paradise (right near EG&G). That's where former T-Bird captains Bob Montgomery and Chuck Day run their own little Rocking Horse Ranch with facilities for swimming, shuffle board, luau, bar-b-ques and just a lot of fun.

★ ★ ★

Most of you know the mother-daughter scanties, Nunci Harlan and Marlene Wehrle. They are planning to do mother-daughter TV commercials, while son, Kenny Miller is starring in "Vive Les Girls"—in London . . . At the Swanky Club:—"Look for this to be a long hot summer with all the political pots boiling. As a matter of fact, they haven't all lined up as yet since filing doesn't close until July 20. With so many candidates running for the various offices, look for some stellar performances by some of these politicians that will outshine many entertainers you see on the Strip." . . . At the Copper Cart:—Harold and Toni Armstrong enjoying the prime cuts at Jack Denison's. Harold was on short hiatus from Don the Beachcomber which he manages and Toni completed her day at the Poodle Parlor where she does exclusive styling of poodles as well as boarding them.

★ ★ ★

Earle F. Thompson, General Manager of the Mint has a real pearl on his premises in the brand new Oyster House located on the main floor of the hotel. It's the only seafood restaurant downtown and from its exotic drinks to the fresh seafood they serve, it should be a real winner, with or without a pearl in your oyster. . . . The Thunderbird's, "Bottoms Up" revue with buxom, bouncing, beguiling Nancy Austin, clever Breck Wall and veteran comic Bill Fanning, qualifies as the Strip's yock yock hit of the year. The hour long fun-package is loaded with comical blackouts, zany skits and exciting nudes. Alicia Irwin, one of the leading nudes in the fun show, has dynamic lines and one line that is dynamite. Last Monday, the show's day off, 400 people lined up at matinee time for it. Joe Peterson, the hotel's entertainment coordinator had to hurriedly contact the entire cast to rush down to the T-Bird so they could put on their regular two performances on their day off. . . . And, "Bottoms Up" can now be seen every day, not—Only On Sunday.

Sunday, July 3, 1966

ART and ARTISTS

by Vivian Woods

Keith Ebeltoft is a young man who shows a great deal of ability in the art field. His painting of watermelons won first prize in the Clark County student art show last month.

(The student art show will be held next year in conjunction with the Science Fair in the Convention Center.)

Born in Baudette, Minnesota, the son of a carpenter, Keith and his family moved to St. Paul, where he attended St. Paul Art Institute while in the second grade.

Six years ago the Ebeltofts moved to Boulder City. Keith's first high school art teacher was Larry Lynch. He believes that the three years following, under Ted Blenderman, were extremely beneficial in developing his own art, as the teacher guided him in his own choice of projects. Although he paints with watercolor, he really prefers oils, he said.

Upon his recent graduation from Boulder City High School, he was presented with a \$150 scholarship from the school's Art Guild and Thespians. The students took the money from funds they had earned and voted Keith as the most deserving.

Fred E. Ebeltoft, Keith's father, is a different sort of artist, doing fine cabinet and finish work in a shop behind his home.

Keith plans to attend NSU this fall and is painting this summer, hoping to pass the Art League rotating exhibit jury in the fall.

A long-term program for the visual arts was approved last month by the National Council on the Arts. The program expands the opportunities for visual artists and increases audience appreciation of their works.

There were up to 50 allocations made for grants-in-aid to artists over 25 years of age, each to be \$5,000. Additional funds will be made available to those artists who wish to travel or move from one section of the country to another. Total: Up to \$350,000.

Four projects to create availability and stimulate awareness of visual arts — one to encourage public interest in the visual arts through the facilities of a museum located in a metropolitan center. The museum would



organize a comprehensive program to reach all the various areas within one state. Three pilot studies would be undertaken in smaller communities. Total cost: \$150,000.

Approved was \$150,000 to commission up to 100 original drawings for reproduction and for the reproduction of 50 drawings from museums or collections. Up to 5,000 sets of each group would be distributed through educational institutions to the widest possible public audience.

Approved was \$50,000 for a study involving a nationwide survey of community art resources to determine the extent of available services and

the regional needs not being adequately met by existing resources.

Approved was \$15,000 for technical research on properties and qualities of new materials and media, and a study grant of \$25,000 to explore legal problems relating to the arts.

"The programs," said Roger L. Stevens, Chairman of the Council, "have a three-fold purpose — to assist the creative artist, to develop wider audiences, and to stimulate appreciation of the artist and his work."

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Rex Bell's Death July 4, 1962 Caused Nevada Political Turmoil

(Continued from Page 3)
Guardia, Greenspun's political idol during the 1930s.

The Nevada party, which had been almost 100 per cent united behind Bell, was bitterly split in the Gragson-Greenspun contest, and the nomination, which was won by Gragson, left scars that were all to the advantage of Democrat Sawyer.

Rex Bell was a political curiosity. After he married silent screen star Clara Bow, they retired from films and purchased a sprawling ranch near Searchlight.

Later, taking advantage of his fame and the growing number of tourists visiting Nevada, Bell opened a western haberdashery store in downtown Las Vegas, which still bears his name. Still later, he opened a branch of the store in Reno.

In 1944, Bell was to suffer his only political defeat. Nominated by the Republicans to seek Nevada's single seat in the U.S. House of Representatives, he lost to Berkeley L. Bunker, who had served two years as U.S. Senator by appointment between 1940 and 1942.

In 1954, when incumbent Lieutenant Governor Clifford A. Jones declined to seek reelection, Bell once more became the Republican nominee, and de-

feated Democrat James (Sailor) Ryan.

In 1958, Bell was urged by many of his friends and supporters to seek the governorship, but he previously assured Governor Charles Russell that he (Bell) would not split the party if Russell sought reelection.

Instead, Bell filed for a second term as Lieutenant Governor, and in defeating Democrat Phil Cummings, became the only Republican elected to statewide office in a year of disaster for the GOP.

In this position, it was virtually automatic that Bell would be the Republican who would be counted upon to challenge Grant Sawyer in 1962.

It would have been what political writers like to call the "dream race" between two highly attractive and widely-known Nevadans. It was also belated recognition by the Nevada Republican party, long dominated by powerful leaders in the Reno area, that to win, they would have to reckon with Clark County, and woo a substantial number of Democrats in the populous south.

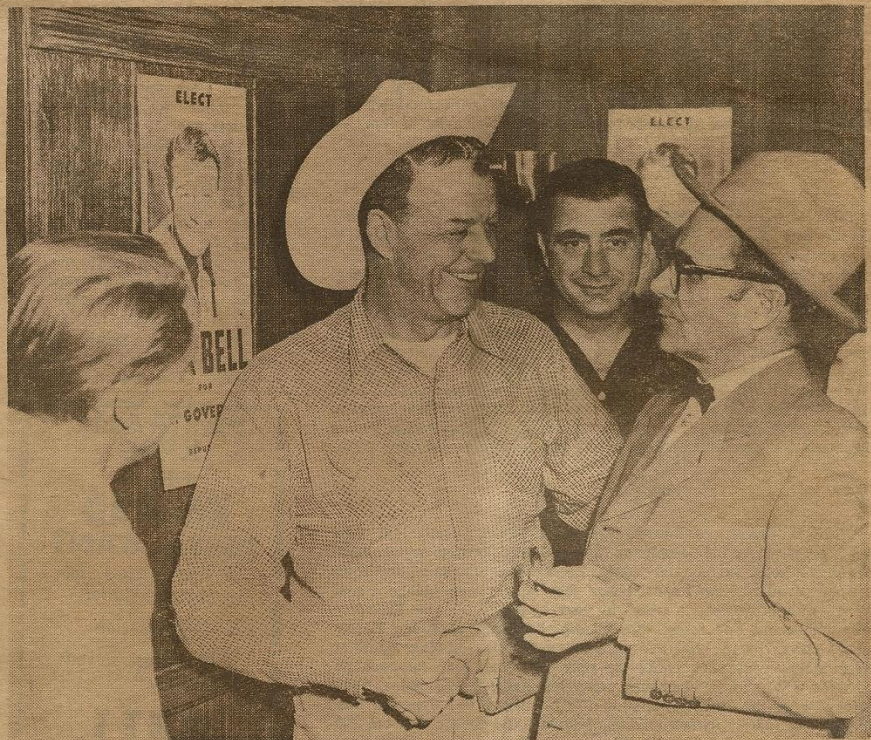
No one will ever know, of course, but at the time of Bell's death, oddsmakers had the Sawyer-Bell contest figured at six-to-five, take your choice.



In this 1944 photo, Rex Bell was the Republican candidate for Congress. He lost to Democrat Berkeley Bunker.



Hank and Barbara Greenspun cast votes for Hank in 1962 primary, which captured the imagination of the nation due to the GOP dilemma after Rex Bell's death.



Bell is pictured here in 1954 campaign for Lieutenant Governor, which he won easily. He is talking to another fabled western character, "Doby Doc" Caudill, as the late "Trader Bill" Anzuoni looks on.