

NUGGETS OF NEVADA COLOR

History, Human Interest,
Humor—by Elton Garrett

A CHICAGOAN NOW

All America is interested in the procedure of the building of Hoover dam. All America, likewise, has its eyes upon the "proceeds."

The best scheme as yet thought up by a zealous promoter in connection with the project—the most original—the most unique and probably the most apt of success, came in the form of a letter dated September 29, 1930, one and one-third years ago.

The letter was to a then Las Vegas police officer, addressed by title and not by name. It came from Chicago, where 'tis said racketeering used to be fashionable before the decline of Al Capone and prosperity.

This proposal is a gem, and as such was turned over to the Nuggets department at the time it was received. It was unearthed today from among our souvenirs, and here it is, verbatim, spelling, punctuation and all—with the exception that we substituted a fake name and address for the sender, whose signature was typed:

"Chicago, Illinois, Sept. 29, 1930
"Chief of Police, Your Honer Dear sir I am wrighting you to ask you a favor please let me know if they

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can use a lot of good men for the bloder dam i can send a large bunch there if they can use them that it if they can furnish transportation there and deduct it from their wages at time of their pay day this is a good harvest for you now you find out how many men they want and let me know and i will get them from 100 to 500 if they need them both white and colored all good workers hoping to hear from you soon i remain yours as ever

"very respectfully
yours

"D. C. Muggins,
(such and such number such and such street,)

Chicago Ill.

"P. S. That country there was my old place when I was barefooted carson and Goldfield and Douglass. I await your answer."

* * * * *
Now, Mister Muggins, you used to be a barefooted Nevanan. You said so yourself. What did you let Chicago do to you? We'd been thinking the stuff about Chicago's being a racketeering center was grossly exaggerated by the press. We were giving old Chi the benefit of the doubt and trying to tell

ourselves that the second largest city in the nation is no more a city of gangs and rackets than any other metropolis.

Then, like a thunderbolt out of the clear blue, came your letter. And now we're as prone to make wisecracks and dirty cracks about Chicago's racketeering as the next newspaperman. Do you blame us, Mister Muggins?

Furthermore, Mister Muggins, you should appreciate the fact that we have kept your true name from whatever Nevadans of your former barefoot acquaintance might see this.

P. S.—Venture to guess you're not barefoot now, Mister Muggins.

HELPED THE DOC

Several of his ribs were broken. He lay in the hospital in Las Vegas, while the doctors pondered on some means of getting the overlapping rib ends pushed out so they would fit properly. The physicians were perplexed, and vexed. The patient convulsed in an eloquent and resonating sneeze. Click! The medics felt of his body. Hooray! The rib ends had been sneezed into place! And that's a true yarn of about half a year ago.