

DAM RUMOR

By B. C. Buzzard

3/27/32
What would Fire Chief Bob Hewes of the city fire department say if he knew his home was heated by an incinerator! That MUST be the case—for a student having his origin in the Hewes family, 409 Avenue B, so stated in answer to a questionnaire made out at school.

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FRANK CROWE'S ACROBATS



Heavy: "I won't drop you unless a truck driver gets square under us. Then I want you to land square on top of him. That'll give me that pool the high scalers 've been collectin' to give to the first scaler to drop a rock or somp'n that kills a truck driver! See any gear-jammers below us now?"

Dick: "Hell no! Besides all the money we've collected fer the pool's in my rump pocket. The other truck drivers down there'd get it—not YOU!"

Heavy: "If you was any good you'd hang on with one arm an' hand me the dough with the other. Why'nt you try it!"

An hombre named Jack Sullivan, who used to warble over radio in San Francisco, was slated to sing at a St. Patrick's day dance. 'Tis said the cause of his failure to appear was a pitcher which got too active at the gear-jammers' head-jamming party a few nites before.

Thirty-two of Buzzard's secret agents came to him inside a four-hour period to report the city manager's going to issue beer permits for Boulder City. Called Mr. Ely as a matter of form, to verify before publishing, and "you could knock us over with a pin", if our 32 agents weren't all wrong! "Matter not even under consideration in my office," came the reply.

Too d e r n e d bad: today's "Nugget of Boulder Color," about the Black Canyon diamond mine, had to be printed in the Las Vegas section of this anniversary edition! Still, it's not so contaminated as might be imagined.