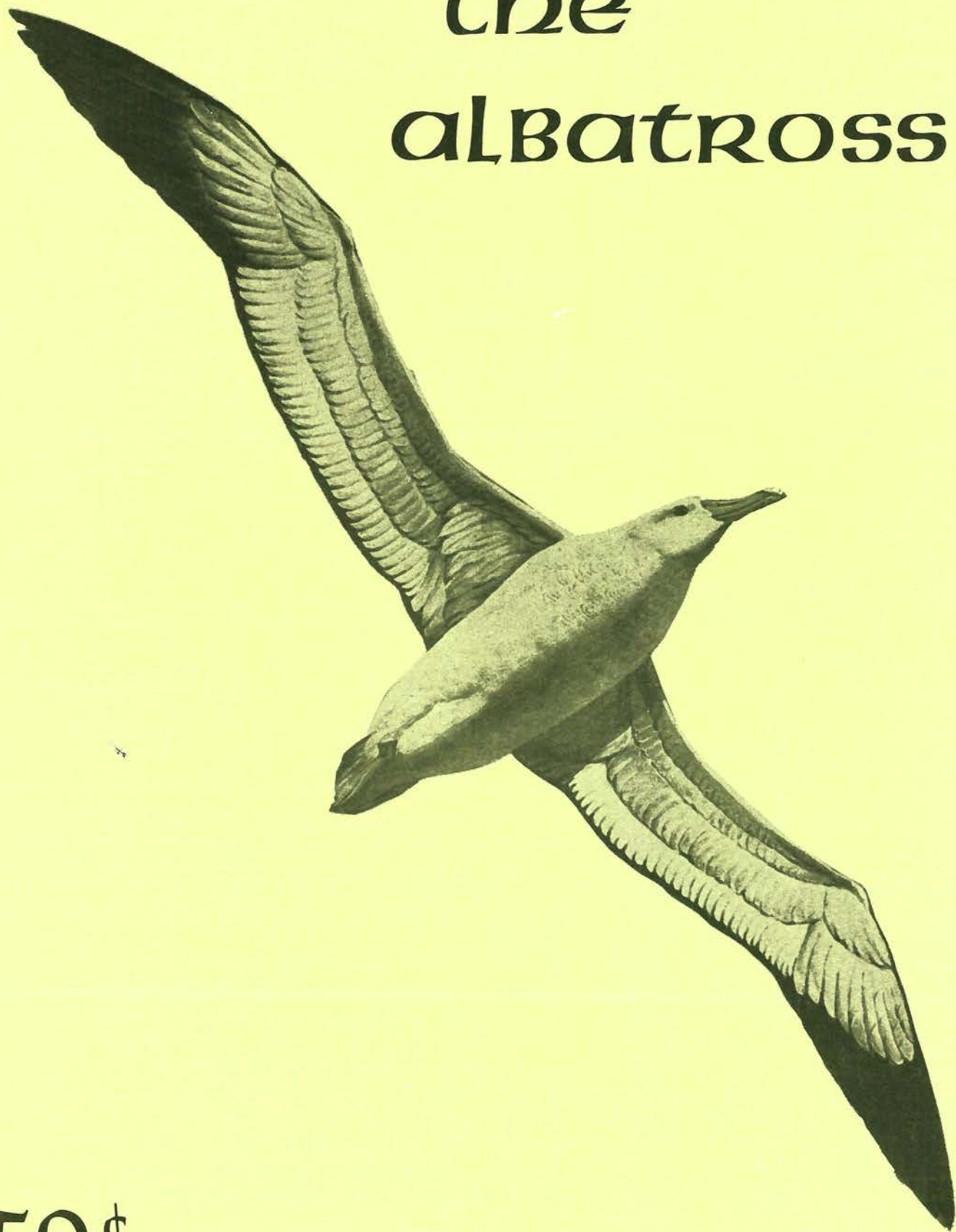


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# HOT WIRE with "heathcliff"

A quaint little shop on Avondale called ESOTERICA is the spot where you can certainly find the unusual in gifts, imported and domestic . . . the book shelves are busily interesting . . . and the card racks are loaded with hysteria . . . come on by, browse, buy, and you'll go away happy. ESOTERICA . . . something for everyone! LA CAJA and RED ROOM'S "25¢" beer on Sundays is competitive to any establishment . . . what happened to inflation? Now at The Surf, \$1 is cheap enough for a quick drunk any Sunday OR was that drunk quick? THE EXILE'S songstress, Shirley, now has 3 of her recordings on the Exile's juke box . . . always shades of Shirley around to hear whenever she's not in the band box. On the Richmond route: Genial Earl and Ginny Van Horn's RICHMONT LOUNGE doing a thriving business . . . Sophie Gino's IMPERIAL LOUNGE with a 17-year record of continued success, and the beautiful fresh cut flowers in her establishment are home-grown by the lady . . . GARLANDS to Sophie! The new talked about spot on Richmond is M. C. 's THE GALLEON and bows into this issue as a sponser . . . only appropriate that The Galleon should belong to an Albatross. Whatever happened to Shirley Temple . . . well, I thought I saw her in the Hallowe'en Contest at The Exile . . . or WAS that her "stand-in?" RED ROOM'S entry in the Hallowe'en Contest released unsuspecting yellow canaries upon the unsuspecting spectators . . . WHO laid the Golden Egg? AFTERMATH of a Witches' Night Out: What did the Squares have to offer? . . . For the answer to the question I told you: Go to the Public Library!



Kudos to the La Caja, an elegant addition to the circuit . . . to the Galleon, an elegant addition off the circuit . . . to Tobacco Road for hosting the party of the year in 1967, a swinging soigne soiree . . . to Warty for remaining single, but now that I think of it, I wonder if the choice was his . . . to inches and Bob for launching the New Year in proper style . . . to the Countess and Bob for their upcoming seventeenth . . . and who said mixed marriages wouldn't work. . .



## SCHLOTTMAN

### "INTERIORS"

## Houston

AND laying on top of the trash can . . . November 1, Oh, dear, and old Witches' mask! The glamorous movies of The Exile's Hallowe'en Contest were photographed by a friend of Schalimar who hails from Philadelphia. You can view these on special occasions at The Exile . . . ask BOB. ME THOUGHT ME SAW: Any of you Cougars that thought those were WILD turkeys roaming 'round the U of H campus, better change your bi-focals. Ask the kindly lady who operates THE SNAKE-PIT, and she'll tell ya: "Those aren't turkeys . . . they're peacocks and belong to one of the security guards . . . GOOD WATCH-DOGGING!"

RUMORS ARE FLYING: Heresay: Jerry Pittman is now working near Chicago at a private club. He worked on The Albatross some two years ago. Does anyone ever hear from Jerry?

ON THE DALLAS SCENE: Calling for FERTILIZER . . . SONGS OF FERTILIZER at Villa Fontana that perked my ears are: That's Your Lil' Red Wagon and "HOT DOG," eat it with pickle and th' mustard juice! An ARF in Dallas last year was: Auto bumper stickers advertising the Great Elm Street Cave. Unknown to ELVIRA'S, the great bird perched upon the end of the runway and watched the bumps and grinds of the bronze torso artists . . . the GO GO was time consuming but the fire dancer with plenty of Ronson on hand held the audience at bay . . . KEEP THE FAITH BABY Walter is doing a lively biz at his GALLERY ONE . . . Oops, THE DAISY, is the new spot . . . Understand their address is 2511 N. Haskell . . . ATLANTIS, 2116 N. Field, is that palatial room-to-room establishment that I visited and left . . . sober . . . trying to find my way out!

BURNING RUMOR: In B-I-G "D" when word came that LaFitte's of Galveston had burned out over Labor Day Weekend. Sad news for those who enjoyed visiting Steve's palace whenever they made a trip to the Isle . . . Better '68 Steve, who is also a sponser of The Albatross. What's goin' on at ZODIAC Baths? Hm-m-m!

WHEN IN: San Antonio, home of HEMISFAIR '68, stop in Gil's EL JARDIN, 106 Navarro . . . good headquarters spot for tired dogs. And don't forget ARENA operated by ATLANTIS of Big "D".

REPORT FROM THE GOLD COAST: Padre Isle, U. S. A. Been quite a bit of excitement on the Isle since a schooner was discovered about 200 feet from the fishing pier. . . reportedly 40 ft. long with a 20 ft. beam buried in the sands . . . supposedly lost in 1903 and assumed that a bunch of "turn-of-the-century" faggots must have had their minds on anything but piloting the ship.

WHILE AT MARDI GRAS: Visit CANAL STREET BATHS, hosted by J. Emrold, a great person, a real CLEAN kid! An Albatrosser! "See ya' soon at ASTRO WORLD or HEMISFAIR '68 . . . have FUN-TIME!"

NEW ON THE HORIZON . . . *Les Quatre Saisons*

One of the newest looks about the Old Market Square is the appearance of a new club and restaurant, Les Quatre Saisons, scheduled for opening soon. Accommodating a public bar and restaurant on the lower level, a private membership club will dominate the second level. A graceful stage with winding staircases will overlook the courtyard. Lighting throughout will be predominantly "French Empire". A well-designed piano bar will provide sparkling entertainment in the private club. Purchased from the Pappas estate, the building and property are owned by O. M. E. I. Watch for public announcements of the celebrated opening of Les Quatre Saisons, 316 Milam, Old Market Square, Houston, U. S. A.



1967



1968

spot light



Enjoying her association with THE EXILE for the past 6 years, Reba Potter associate manager, is that classy gal with the many-splendored personality.

**WANT ADS**

**FOR SALE:** Paintings, etchings, etc. Personal portraits – Thurston Mannart – JA 4-0098 or write P. O. Box 66191 – Houston, Texas 77006

**FOR SALE:** Used Varityper – DSJ – 610 – Good Condition \$900.00 – JA 2-5916

**FOR SALE:** Studio Couch, makes into twin beds – \$25.00 – Hazel Clegg – WA 6-6017

**WANTED:** COLOR T.V. – will pay reasonable cash price or take up contract payments – 522-5916 or JA 2-4940.

**FOR SALE:** the best prices in Houston or Harris County on shrubs – bedding plants – hanging baskets – potted plants- etc. SHIRLEY NURSERY – 410 West Tidwell – OX 7-3577

**FOR SALE:** 78 RPM records, classical and semi-classical – many collectors items. WA 1-4890.

**FOR SALE:** Knabe Grand (square) – 110 years old - good condition. JA 2-6027 or 523-5992.

**DON'T JUST  
STAND THERE  
LIKE A WOODEN INDIAN!**



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THE ALBATROSS**



Saluting **KEN ALLEN**, young interior decorator and poet by natural talent. Ken thinks enough of our publication to allow us the privilege of printing his **SILLY CINDERELLA**.

focus



## SILLY CINDERELLA!

Poor tattered thing  
Shivering in the cold  
Dark Night  
Why stand you here  
And gaze backward to the  
Golden Gates from whence  
You came?  
  
Midnight, child,  
Has come and gone  
Leave these mice and  
Worthless pumpkins where they are  
And turn away.  
  
Silly Cinderella!  
You've had your night  
Your magic night  
You've sung love's song  
And danced and filled  
The fleeting hours  
With laughter  
And still you stand here  
Expecting the return  
Of stately coaches  
Gayla music  
And his gentle hand.  
  
The golden gown you wore  
Was made of dreams  
And he who spoke of love  
Lived only in your heart.  
  
Pull about your numbing shoulders  
The rags of yesterday  
And go back to your dust and grime.  
  
The dream is gone  
The night is cold  
The fragile slipper that you hold  
Can never keep you warm.  
  
See now the mice  
Have quickly slipped away  
And frost already spoils the pumpkins  
At your feet.  
  
Hurry, for the world is cold enough  
Just as it is.

Ken Allen  
1966

---

## *freed or freaked*

Sitting in a private club, minding my own business, suddenly two unidentified persons entered and casually approached my table which was also occupied by my wife and friends. These two persons asked my name and in response I inquired for theirs. Then they identified themselves as officers and wanted to take me to a judge to talk about some very important matter. A warrant for my arrest was not presented as is the normal procedure. I became suspicious as they wore plain clothes and were driving an unmarked car. Hesitant as they ushered me toward the waiting vehicle, I firmly warned them that if I were being taken for a ride down a dark road, "and my blood was splattered inside that car, they would suffer dearly for causing harm to me. As the car sped away into the night, my best friend turned to my wife at the lounge and asked, "What was that all about? What's he done?"

Expecting to be driven downtown to police headquarters, I was startled as the car turned off a parkway and into a local hospital. What judge or magistrate could be bringing me to this place at this hour of the night concerning any important matter? Passing through the entry desk, I then learned that I was being committed for observation and psychiatric treatment. An attendant lead me into a large shower room where four brawny bruisers stood defiantly with their muscular arms folded and staring straight at me. I was ordered to strip off my clothing, and then one of these rough characters hit and knocked me across the room into one of the showers where I received a brutal workover. After an amusing session with these sadistic cats, I was told to redress and was placed in a straight jacket so they could poke more fun.

Next came the bright, blinding, scorching lights under which I was placed for further interrogation. My writhing mind was wilting under this pressure, and finally, I was confronted with a hard, sternfaced doctor who accused me of being nothing . . . just NOTHING! By this time, I was growing violent and indifferent to everything and everyone around. Was this treatment for a sick mind . . . much less a normal one? A normal mind could not win over these odds. When returned to a dark cell-type enclosure, I finally regained my composure and assured myself that there was "a way out."

---

Through fruitless efforts at first, I attempted to contact my attorney, but a believing soul working inside and whom I had befriended, came to my rescue. The attorney retrieved me and filed charges against whom? . . . My wife . . . of course.

Alàn Dumasèt

# FACE OF A HUSTLER

Watch your pocketbook, don't bide your time, and don't trust me in your sight: A pawn, a deceiver, an unwanted; really, an unneeded one to any bar, lounge or club . . . always, there seems to be an influx of ME in the Fall, Winter, Spring, and Summer . . . just whenever the "snow geese" decide to light upon a thriving metropolis. According to our philosophy "there ain't no justice anywhere." What is the sum of this situation?

Where does a hustler like me come from? Everywhere . . . anywhere . . . or nowhere is my own background. Does one like ME come from a well-respected family of your city, town or parish? Am I an outcast of the family, the community, or perhaps, by personal choice? What are the guaranteed chances for my future . . . or even a perchance?

Into the establishment wanders a new hustler, day after day, with high hopes of continually fleecing unsuspecting, and trusting persons. The trail of bitterness that is left behind is a stench of sorrow, misgivings, and simple disgust. As the door swings, observe and study the new faces. Listen to the gift of gab; notice the dress, and appearance of each different personality. Where do they come from . . . ay, but the imposing question is: "where are they going next?" Their mecca is the same day after day.

"Justice where is it for the victim of an individual like ME . . . standing right next to YOU now? Look over your sholder and observe . . . that one with the long sideburns . . . the one with tatoos galore . . . the fast talker with the sleeve job . . . the shifty-eyed one . . . and that fat-mouthed disbeliever because he really doesn't believe in himself.

"Wanna buy me a drink, and why don't YOU play the music for us? Say, buddy O'mine . . . for tonight, do you have a better choice standing near you? Yes, you do have a better choice and your choice will be wise if you continue to nourish the circle of known friends that are YOURS . . . to cling to. Through the years, the hustlers that I've known and that I AM are the "intangibles" . . . here TODAY and gone TOMORROW! . . . maybe . . . see ya 'round.

Alán Dumasét

## Houston

### Fun Central U.S.A.



Comparable to St. Louis' Gaslight Square and Chicago's Old Town, the development of Houston Fun Central located on the Old Market Square of downtown, is enjoying its' share of local and tourist trade. The many bars, clubs, and coffee houses are overflowing on weekends with the rich, the average income person, the poor, and even, the "hippies." Entertainment is varied throughout the circuit, and sometimes, the clientele provide onlookers with an occasional good laugh. Although the Old Market Square is a newer project in Houston's entertainment and social status, it is conveniently located near the reigning Jesse Jones Hall For The Performing Arts, home of the world-famous Houston Symphony Orchestra, under the persuasive baton of it's conductor-in-chief, Andre Previn. Jones Hall also houses the Houston Grand Opera Association and Houston Ballet Foundation that provides an exciting season for the enthusiastic and more-than-average opera-goer. Nina Vance's Alley Theatre, one of the oldest legitimate theatres in this locale, is now building a new home across the street from the Jones Hall. The new Alley Theatre will celebrate it's opening in the 1968 Fall. One can observe the proportions of greater Houston from many pinnacles of interest but none as inspiring as atop the observation tower of the Humble Building, the tallest super-structure of its kind at this time.

Travelling southward on Main Street, you may visit the new Museum of Fine Arts that is located across from Mecom's Warwick Hotel and the Mecom's Fountains. At this point also is the beginning of the thickly-wooded Hermann Park which houses the popular municipal zoo, and the Miller "open-air" Theatre where the Houston Summer Symphony and its' guest artists perform under the stars to the delight of fond music lovers.

Houston boasts of many fine hotels, but perhaps, one of its' most popular is the Shamrock Hilton at Holcombe Boulevard and South Main, which was built and originally owned by Texas "Wildcatter", Glenn McCarty.

Roy Holfheinz, former boy mayor of Houston, is completing construction of a new entertainment extravaganza, Astro-World, which opens in June, 1968. His already world-renowned ASTRODOME, and new home of the Houston Oilers, offers a wonderful package of pleasure in a single location.

Near Houston, on the Ship Channel, is the San Jacinto Battlegrounds, and the San Jacinto Monument that is commemorative of our Texas history.

Still beyond is the playground of the South, Galveston Isle, on the churning Gulf of Mexico. Galveston's "Splash Days" attract many from near and far. For tourists, its' mecca is the pulse-beat of pleasure and excitement.

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And outside of Houston, and on the Galveston Bay is located NASA, home of the Astronauts and our control system of U. S. space age, and nearby is Kemah and its fabulous "strip" of fine eating establishments.

Houston is the home of two well-recognized universities. Rice University on South Main was once Rice Institute founded by William Marsh Rice. And its' other, proud University of Houston, is boasting of its' Cougar football team of the 1967 season.

Its' wide circle of legitimate and music theatres, such as, Houston Music Theatre, offering the best of stage entertainment, are attributive toward making Houston, truly a Fun Central for all and places her competitive to other tourist-attracting metropolises. Come-see-have the fun of your life-and you'll discover, we're the friendliest!

THE EDITOR

# GEMINI TWINS CALL



San Fernando Valley  
What good news! The Albatross will soar over Texas skies again! Much news from the San Fernando Valley . . . Tommy Balmain, a friend of many Albatross readers, finally had "Cupid" strike and strike hard. HE has left the chateau on the hill . . . descended to the Valley and LO! . . . he has settled down. He and his spouse make a wonderful couple and the surviving Gemini is both proud and happy for both. Tommy has lost 30 pounds and looks 20 (well, maybe, 10 years younger).

The HOLIDAY SEASON really rushed us here in "Smogville." Some bars and clubs, these past few months, have celebrated "2nd" anniversaries . . . namely The Magnolia Inn (owned and operated by two charming guys known as Big Ed and Little Ed), and The French Bull, owned and operated by Steve, probably the handsomest and friendliest b-op intown. The Valli Haus had a big champagne party, and a wild, wild buffet . . . celebrating the return of Jack Devine, their popular bartender, after his "near fatal" auto accident last Spring. Hundreds attended to say "welcome home," JACK. A late report on the Hallowe'en parties in the Valley, and one of the greatest was that of Steve Kane who hosted 60 "some Odd" guests in costume. A marvelous time was had, bobbing for apples, etc.

The Red Raven . . . closed last year . . . after some disagreement or something never quite clearly spelled out . . . has reopened in Hollywood. The Raven is probably the best known of all California bars . . . and we are all very proud that it is open again with many of the ol' gang back to serve.

New Year's Eve was just fabulous at The Blue Angel West, The Queen Mary, and Valli Haus leading the parade. But, truthfully, it was just GREAT everywhere in the Valley. A new private dancing club has opened in Englewood which gives us two now in Los Angeles County. We, also, have the old reliable Canyon Club in Tapanga Canyon, a lively place on Friday and Saturday nights.

TIPS: For long, Tall Texas-types coming to Southern California or the Los Angeles area; To make friends fast . . . go meet Big Ed and Little Ed at the Magnolia Inn, or Steve at The French Bull- or Bob, Mickey, and Novie at the Queen Mary or Jack and Bryan at the Valli Haus . . . or any of the other bars such as Keith's The Hayloft, in fact, almost any place in the Valley, Tell them you're from out of town (you won't have to say "Texas" 'cause I'm pretty sure they'd know), and they'll see that you are introduced to many wonderful people . . . the great guys and gals . . . who make up the magnificent San Fernando Valley.

Gemini Twins  
Steve and Tom  
San Fernando Valley  
Studio City, Calif.

## TREASURE OF THE SWINGING LANTERN

\$ A true mysterette

Having moved from California to Texas, our family settled at Vidor outside of Beaumont, Texas. Many do not know that the area is surrounded by vast and marshy swampland. To our ears reached a story of a "buried treasure" in the swamps. My father was overwhelmed with curiosity so we visited an elderly fortune-teller. Without inquiring, she boldly said, "I know why you are here . . . it's about the buried treasure. You'll never find it unless you do as I tell you, but you'll never find it . . . because you will be scared away." After getting the information we sought, we paid her and departed. By instruction we went to the swamps and waited in our truck. It was a dark, dismal, and spooky night . . . and soon a form that looked like a man came trudging along the edge of the swamp carrying a lantern that was swinging in his hand. We froze in position as we watched his movements. The flicker of the lamp became more distant as we gazed into the silent darkness. Shall we follow . . . was the question? My dad, my uncle, and our ol' darkey all agreed that we should return home without learning the hiding place of the treasure. I was disappointed because I was a brave young lad and was eager to learn if the lantern-carrier was an old man or the old fortune-teller? The secret of the hidden treasure belonged to the lantern because no one has ever known the "bearer."

Alán Dumasét

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Winner of Most Beautiful Costume



"Bubbles" Champagne



"Jeri" and "Adrian"

the EXILE'S  
extravaganza

i t w a s H A L L O W E E , E N a t T H e E X I L E h o u s t o n T E X A S



"Tiffny" St. James

# ET CETERA

Mid-twentieth century teenagers were the first of their clan to amount to something. It was a teenager who caused the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. Here's the story . . . and history will bear me out (if the historians don't do it first).

Happius, like all gay blades in Ancient Rome, had a crush on the emperor's daughter. Not only was she a pretty, but she had a slung low "sweet chariot" with white wall wheels that any gaius would swap his best tunic for a chance to ride in.

Happius was no backward gaius. He went to the emperor and asked for a date with his daughter. "My boyus," said the emp, "My daughta is yours for a data under one condition. Bring me something that no one has broughta me before."

The old guy has everything, Happius reasoned. That means I'll have to invent something. Can't invent fire, too late. Can't invent a washing machine, too early. In a word, I'm sunk.

"A word! That's it! I'll invent a word!" So Happius retired to his sanctum sanctorium and invented a whopper of a word which got him a date with the emperor's daughter and sent the empire on the road to doom.

The word was "et cetera," the time-saving device of the age. Too time-saving as it turned out.

When the word got around . . . the word, etc., that is, the orators ceased their long Ciceronian speeches and began using etc.

The gods of the oracles stopped prophesying . . . they said, "etc."

Rome began to lose its' brilliance. The Romans got lazier by the day. With the time they saved using "etc.", they threw banquets . . . and people into lions' dens.

The more time and energy "etc" saved them, the more devil they raised, and the lower they sank.

Then Alexander and his ragtime bank of Egyptians, who knew a decline when they saw one, came in and polished off the whole empire.

Neither Alex nor history ever found out about Happius, because while the great inventor was out with his date in her "swung low" sweet chariot, someone in a "souped up" quadriga bumped both of them off.

But "et cetera" lives on as the contribution to civilization of a teenager. This further goes to prove that out of the mouths' of babes, oft come words, etc.

Alán Dumasét



LOOK  
WHO'S  
BACK  
IN  
TOWN

bill evans

WATCH THIS SPACE  
GOOD LUCK  
FOUR SEASONS



Famous Writers School Inc.  
Westport Connecticut 06880



SOMETHING  
NEW IS  
COMING  
WATCH THIS SPACE!

harry  
grief

# roving report — Madame Figaro

## LOTSA' FERTILIZER

Jammin' and crammin' the patrons with a lot of solid entertainment, cured or uncured, is an artist known as "Fertilizer" at the renowned VILLA FONTANA in Big "D", U. S. A. Why, the patrons come in such droves and must sit on their hands to keep from applauding twice. Beautiful gowns and that scintillating personality is the whole success of the "come hither" actions of Fertilizer plus being backed by a rhythmic combo who can blow good tunes at the audience. Owners Bill and Ray deserve the greatness of their place because they made it what it is plus Fertilizer . . . and don't forget those happy customers applaucing on the sidelines.

## FUNNIEST THING HAPPENED TO ME AT "THE EXILE"

It was Halloween at The Exile, and I dropped in to observe the flourishings of decorating for their annual HALLOWEEN CONTEST. Only 300 reservations were available and a few for other dignitaries like press people, "like us." Setting up of music and P. A. system and hammers whamming away informed any imbibers that plans were afoot for all of the concerned "goblins." Genial bartender, ART, rushed up and asked, "Did you notice the button on my hat?" Well a cowboy hat is STANDARD equipment for any EXILE bartender and as ART moved up closer, I read, "BLOW ME, I'M A HORN!"

Date: October 31, 1967

Time: 8:30 P.M.

Place: The Exile, Houston, U. S. A.

Party: HALLOWEEN CONTEST, Contestants: 60-some odd!



FERTILIZER

TIFFNY JONES

Born Billie McAllister and originally from West Palm Beach, Fla., Fertilizer started as an amateur entertainer in 1933 and has worked in various states and recorded for Tennessee Recording Company in 1950. His talent has also taken him to bookings in Canada and Nassau in the Bahamas.

Tiffny Jones is from San Francisco and was a top entertainer on the West Coast. Recently, she moved to Houston and has become an Exile Girl. Perhaps, it would be more appropriate if we called her "Kenny."

A plunge into the briny deep, and up comes . . . the Spanish Main . . . that is, a bit of it . . . known as THE GALLEON hosted by M. C. and Les. If there were any creaks in the vessel, it appeared after the crew that was aboard left on opening night, Ground Hog Day, Feb. 2. Madame looked all over The Galleon for that "G. H." but only up-turned satisfied patrons. And if you think it's wet inside, just ride out on the Bosun's Chair! BON VOYAGE, GALLEON.

On LA CAJA: "Where, o where, is the air so rare? Remember the poetry composed by Billy Dawson about The Whiffenpoff, and then there was one composed by the late Tex Kennedy about The Showboat on the same location. "If I were versed to be . . . a poet of some degree . . . I'd attribute one to . . . LA CAJA. The old location now owns a new face, but it belongs to the people who "funned" there through the years and will continue to come to their habitat. Good luck, LA CAJA!

WHAT it wuz . . . wuz FOOTBALL . . . between the Red Room and Plantation Club. It wuz on the athletic field of Lanier Junior High School and the occasion was hilarious. Heels were flying high, i. e., the high heels were flying, and the Jerseys had to be shucked during the steaming "half." It was a fun-time for all, especially, for the players who admired the turnout of their fans . . . yes, it was a hueful sight. Did you see that pink poodle with the queen I wanted to steal . . . OOPS, I mean the POODLE?

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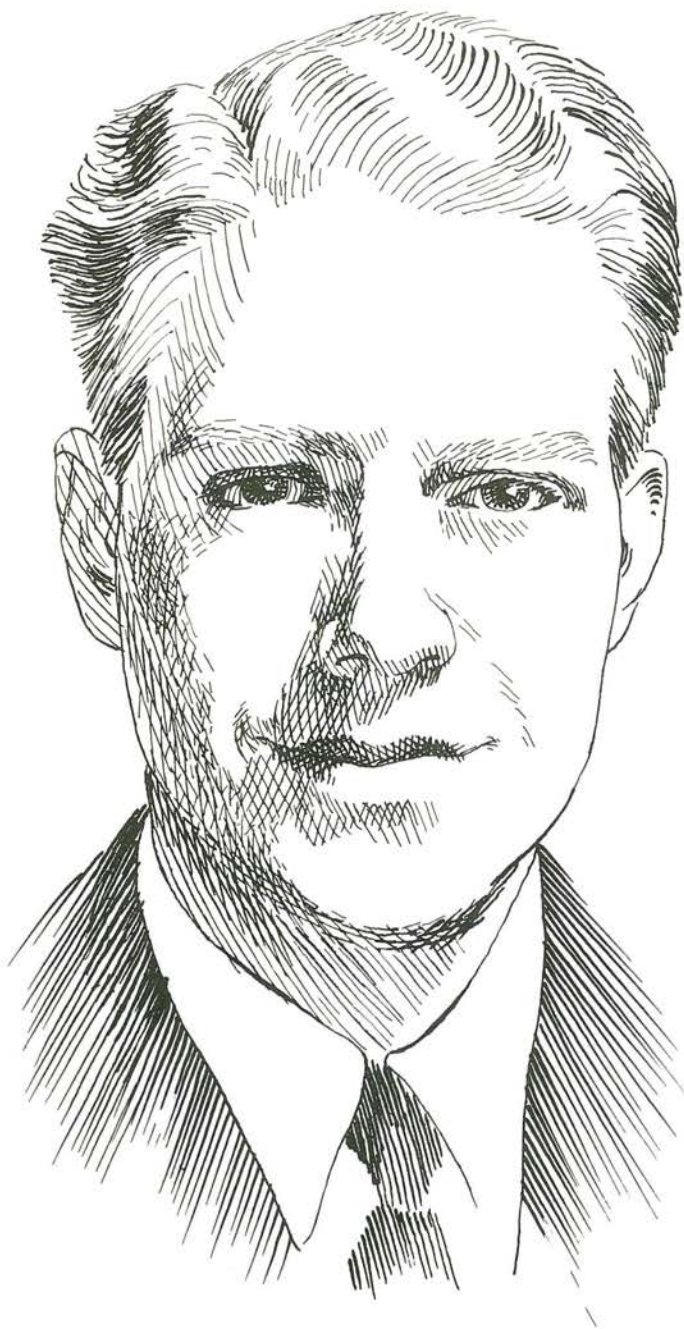
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# I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN



I knew a boy who aspired to become a great singer even from childhood. He loved music dearly, even better than the food required for his body which supported his God-given voice. He worked as a newspaper copy writer in Philadelphia and paid for his vocal training. He spent sleepless hours over musical theory and acting before a full-length mirror. Yes, he was handsome and appealing to the public eye. What could be this young talent's goal? Did he ever dream that he would attain the success he later enjoyed? Through a stroke of good fortune, he was discovered by a talent scout in Philadelphia where he was an opera singer. He was quickly summoned to Hollywood and teamed with a beautiful, red-haired personality, Jeanette MacDonald, of Philadelphia. Already Jeanette was well on the road to success as a musical screen star. It was Jeanette who was truly responsible for Nelson Eddy's great break. Their motion pictures stirred the hearts of millions during the depressing "depression years" of our country. The balance between Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy was well-appointed in voice quality and personality level. Many fans of this twosome pondered the thought, "Why didn't they marry? They looked like they belonged because they appeared together on the silver screen!" Naturally, the public possessed their secret dream of what they should be to each other in real life.

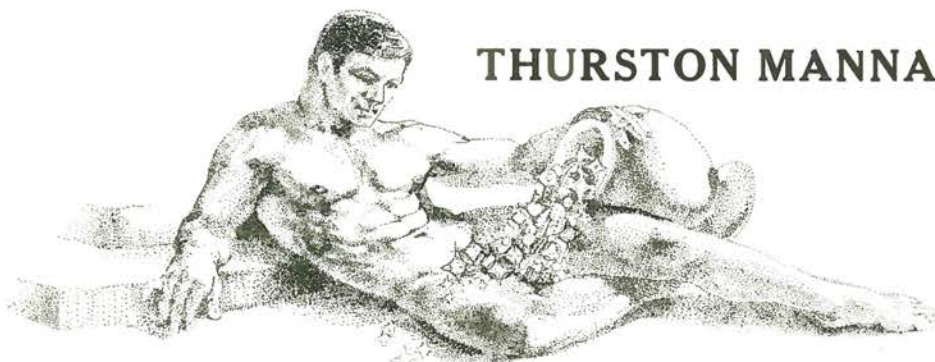
When Jeanette MacDonald married actor-singer-composer Gene Raymond, Nelson was the honored soloist and sang Victor Herbert's "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" for the Jeanette he loved on the M.G.M. screen.

Nelson was talented as a sculptor and created a good bust size likeness of his and Jeanette's producer, the late W. S. Van Dyke II.

Jeanette MacDonald expired in Houston, Texas, on January 15, 1965, avowing to her devoted husband, "I love you!" Nelson Eddy died on March 6, 1967, at Miami Beach, Florida, during a night club performance.

R C A Victor have released the MacDonald-Eddy "Memorial Album" of treasured song. The recording also available in stereo was made in 1957 and 1958 in New York and Hollywood. The album was released in April after Nelson's death. For those who loved the voices of Jeanette and Nelson, this writer strongly recommends that you purchase this unforgettable recording of TWO who gave "song to the whole world."

Bob Eddy



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# A TOUCH OF TEX

FOR THOSE WHO DON'T BELIEVE

*What makes a bird fly South again  
When northern winds grow cold?  
What makes the leaves upon a tree  
Turn green then red then gold?*

*Why does the snow in Winter-time  
Turns hills from green to white?  
Why does the sun come up each day  
And darkness turn to light?*

*What makes a blade of grass so green,  
Then yellow in the Fall?  
What makes the Christmas-time each year  
Seem peaceful over all?*

*What makes a baby cry at birth  
When it comes into the world?  
What makes the tears come to your eyes  
When you see our flag unfurled?*

*How does a bee know what to do,  
To polinate a flower?  
How do the days turn into weeks,  
Or minutes to an hour?*

*Why does the rainfall smell so good  
On a dusty summer day?  
What makes a brook sing merrily  
As it flows upon its way?*

*How does a rose know when to bloom,  
A fruit tree when to bear?  
In Spring-time, when the snows are gone,  
How do trees know what to wear?*

*Why are there twinkles in the stars?  
What makes the seas so blue?  
Everything must have a Master;  
Even dogs know this is true.*

*You say you don't believe in God;  
I'm sorry for you, Friend,  
For you'll stand face to face with Him,  
When your life's at an end.*

*But He will understand all things,  
For He alone can say:  
He knows you better than yourself,  
Why you were made this way.*

*So don't desert Him just because  
Some people say your'e bad;  
Remember that He's always there,  
The Best Friend that you've had.*



# The Galleon

Les & M.C.

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Houston

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## here and there - I SPY

Seen every weekend, all weekend, at the Surf - - Uncle Thelma playing pool under the watchful eye of Little One. Could there be more to this twosome than meets the eye.

Wonder where the reporter for the Houston Post got the figure 15,000 as used in his recent article. Either that is as high as he can count or he dropped a zero. And don't you find it odd for a street to be called peculiar. Must be the antiques.

They say you're IN when a certain well known circuit beauty asks you to see her new \$5,000 painting; they say you want OUT once you've beheld it.

Tis rumoured that if the Surf can take in \$3,000.00 for four consecutive weekends, they will definitely invest in a quarter mirror for the mens room. So come on kids, help all you can.

One of our long tall friends is now the owner of an apartment house. Congratulations. Why not gift one of the bartenders at the La Caja with records . . . his East Texas true love recently gifted him with a stereo. Galveston is certainly doing all it can to keep Houston clean. If you are traveling, Acapulco is IN, Mexico City is OUT. and believe me by the time you get to Phoenix, you will be there. I wonder what the attraction is in Tall Timbers.

Isn't Market Square getting to be fun . . . aren't the bargains in beer on Sunday great, and the hangovers sheer agony . . . didn't a circuit bartender shed her husband recently . . . aren't hustlers dull . . . dull . . . dull . . . aren't the happy hippies homing all over homo heights . . . why not boycott the restaurant on peculiar street. They DO NOT WANT your business, even though your money made them what they are today. Isn't there a new bar being planned for the circuit . . .

---

*Without Him, there is emptiness;  
No touch, no sight, no sound;  
For He's the One that winds the key  
That makes the world go round.*

"Tex Kennedy"

# *print me as long as the bird flies*

Few people who ever knew Betty Susan Kennedy fondly known as Tex could adequately eulogize her memory. The few who did share her life may not find the words easy to express the loss and emptiness they have experienced since her passing away on October 9, 1967.

Her God-given talent for writing was amazing but never proved rewarding monetarily. Like many unknowns in the literary world, her chances to become recognized arrived too late in her young life. Cancer cheated her of the privilege of reaping her efforts to become a known poetess.

Reflecting upon our past association, I can still recall the vibrancy in her voice over the thought of our starting together the publication known as The ALBATROSS. If anyone ever had the whole-hearted interest of a fledgling publication at heart more than did Tex, we haven't met him. Not only did she give of her talent and time to promote the success of our venture, but she devoted herself to the thought and concern for its future.

Tex was compiling a book of her favorite poetry and submitting it to a national publisher when the Angel of Mercy beckoned. Perhaps, her family and faithful friends will see the realization of her works in print at a future date.

Tex made a memorable visit to the ALBATROSS office one evening with some materials in her arms and extended an envelope, saying, "These are some of my best writings, print me as long as the Bird flies. This is my wish no matter what happens."

For Those Who Don't Believe, considered one of her best writings, and which she requested to be printed next is respectfully submitted in this issue. For those who say they knew Tex Kennedy, a message of stirring compassion for her Maker and fellowman is fluently expressed in these lines of poetic beauty.

THE EDITOR



## PUSSY CAT TIGER

Dear Readers and Others:

I thought it might be nice to start off this edition by telling you something of my infamous life. I'm a descendant from a long line Mother once heard. I had quite a family tree which has since been condemned for crop failure. It's true my ancestors came over on The Mayflower; since then they've really tightened immigration rules. The night I was born Father was up all night with his lawyer looking for loop holes in my birth certificate. When that didn't work, he tried to have the stork arrested for peddling dope. However, what really tipped me off was when I found him filling my play box with quick-sand!

Oh, well, I've been humiliated all of my life. I'll never forget my second, or was it my third honeymoon? I'm sure it was the third; my second marriage was to a trapeze artist. He's the one who caught me in the act. Anyway, on my third honeymoon, when my dearly beloved went to pay the hotel bill, the clerk said, "that will be three dollars a piece," and the jerk gave him twenty-four dollars. I'll never be able to show my face in the Mildew Hotel again.

It's just wonderful being single again and not having to sneak around. It was quite a relief getting rid of my ninth husband. Last night I was entertaining a gentleman caller, when he had the nerve to ask me if he was the first man to sleep with me. I told him if he dozed he sure as H . . . would be. The way I look at it, you're without principle you draw more interest. I wore this adorable outfit the other night; you'd have loved it; it was backless, frontless, topless, and bottomless; this morning I found out it was a belt.

I tried to change my way of life once, I got a job as a secretary, but I wound up leaving my clothes at the office and taking the boss to the cleaners. I'm the type that when I find myself resisting, I find myself a stronger man. I'm a modern girl, easy to make, but hard to keep. I'll never really understand a man who takes you to a retreat to make advances. What the H . . ., I've been weighted in the balance and found wanton. I even joined a club called, "Athletics Anonymous." Whenever you get a physical urge, they send someone over to drink with you until it passes.

Want to hear something ghastly; last week I got all packed for a trip to Florida, only to find out, what he really said was, "he was going to Tampa with me." Damn those Southern accents! Oh, well, I'm ready for those astronauts; they've asked me to go to the moon with them. Wonder what we'll call it, "Outercourse?"

They call me Pussy Cat  
The hottest of the bunch  
But on the old expense account  
I'm gas, cigars, and lunch.

Purringly,  
PUSSY CAT TIGER

## La Fittes

Happy  
Leap Year  
GEORGE  
and  
JACK  
formerly  
THE VILLA

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Gayest Spot On

The

*isle*

GALVESTON



## “touch me”

My name is Roy Fremin. I started painting two years ago. I have painted mostly with oils. One year after I started I won the Arts Guild Award back home in New Iberia, Louisiana. I have sold paintings in Houston and in Louisiana. The latest one sold was BOY WITH PEPPERS. I have studied in Houston at the Museum of Fine Arts, and I hope to take more lessons sometimes in the near future.

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## Yester—Year



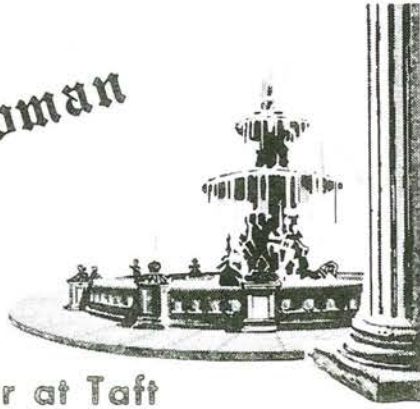
Where the new Les Quatre Saisons is to be located on the Old Market Square bounded by Travis, Congress, Milam, and Preston Streets, I recall the yesterdays and yester-years when Dad and I used to wander through the old city hall on that same location. On the lower level was the city market where one could buy everything. From the "smelly" fish market to aromatic odors swelling from the ovens of the bakery nearby, and the candy shop, next; then the huge commissary of groceries, I always marveled at these excursions because I emerged with my pockets bulging of goodies. Upstairs were the City of Houston offices where the Honorable Mayor Oscar Holcombe reigned, and there was Starkey of the street and bridge commission, whom Dad knew well. We would drop in casually in those days without a so-called appointment and "jaw." I sat wide-eyed and listened to my elders talk about the future of Houston. A little one is always a part of growth and becomes a figure, either small or great, in the gradual development of a metropolis. The Old Market Square is taking on a new face . . . a new culture is here. The newness of an entertainment and social area will now grow and thrive where once performed the former city bosses who believed in your future and mine. This is a new era in Houston and speculation is what inspires us to go forward.

---

## TONA MARiE

NORTH HOLLYWOOD CALLING: This long, lost soul (to Texas, that is) now reporting back to his Bayou City station where he once lived and thrived as a "personality" among the best, Why, I can even recall those BEACHCOMBER days on Galveston Isle. There is something new to report about hot wire service . . . there's a new publication in this area called THE MAGPIE and is operated by Mr. Michael Lawrence. No doubt a copy of it will reach different sections of the country. For those of you in Houston, ask Bob Eddy for a look-see. The San Fernando Valley is flourishing . . . the bars and clubs are buzzing constantly . . . lovers' a-coming' and lovers' a-goin' . . . that's life. Take my heart, I'm a Gemini . . . plenty of it to pass around. WATCH this column. . . next issue . . . it may palpitate your senses!

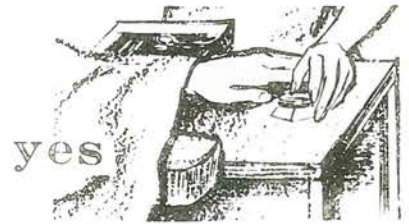
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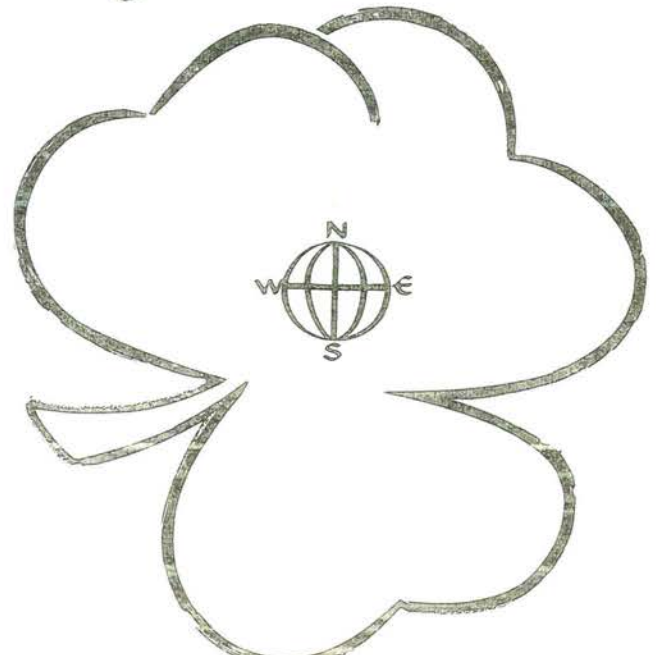
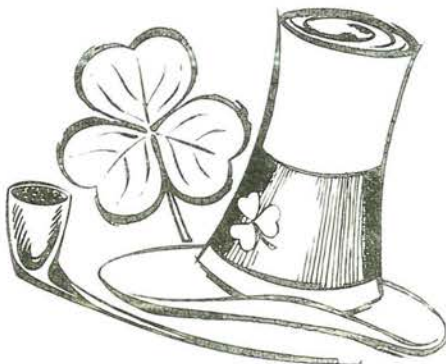
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