

SE RCON-NAVIGATION

Number 3

It's our ninth Apa V, it's July, and the heat of Vegas summer has descended upon me and mine like the world's biggest ball of string set on fire and rolled over the hood of my car.

The world's biggest ball of string? How about the largest Coca-Cola memorabilia collection in Nevada, to be found in our very own Boulder City. The American Cafe. Black and white checkerboard floor, Marilyn, Elvis, and James Dean stare out from their plastic framed prisons (I believe in supplication), and Coca-Cola memorabilia everywhere. Glasses, plates, mirrors, clocks, napkins, salt and pepper shakers, posters, banners, prints, mugs, shotglasses, clothing, hats, straws, even the napkin dispensers proudly display the ever present Coca-Cola logo. Not a sign of that Pepsi guy anywhere.

The American Cafe serves burgers, hotdogs, and sandwiches. Malts, shakes and sundaes can be found at the counter. All of this is served up by two not so young clean cut men who are far too pleasant in their white collar shirts, blue jeans, and Coca-Cola aprons. Their hair is trimmed short, they're always smiling, and know all the songs from the jukebox that continually plays the popular tunes from the 40's and 50's. If there really is a ghod these two are alcoholic gay lovers who enjoy the Home Shopping Network and crochet bondage paraphernalia. They're antithesis to my belief system.

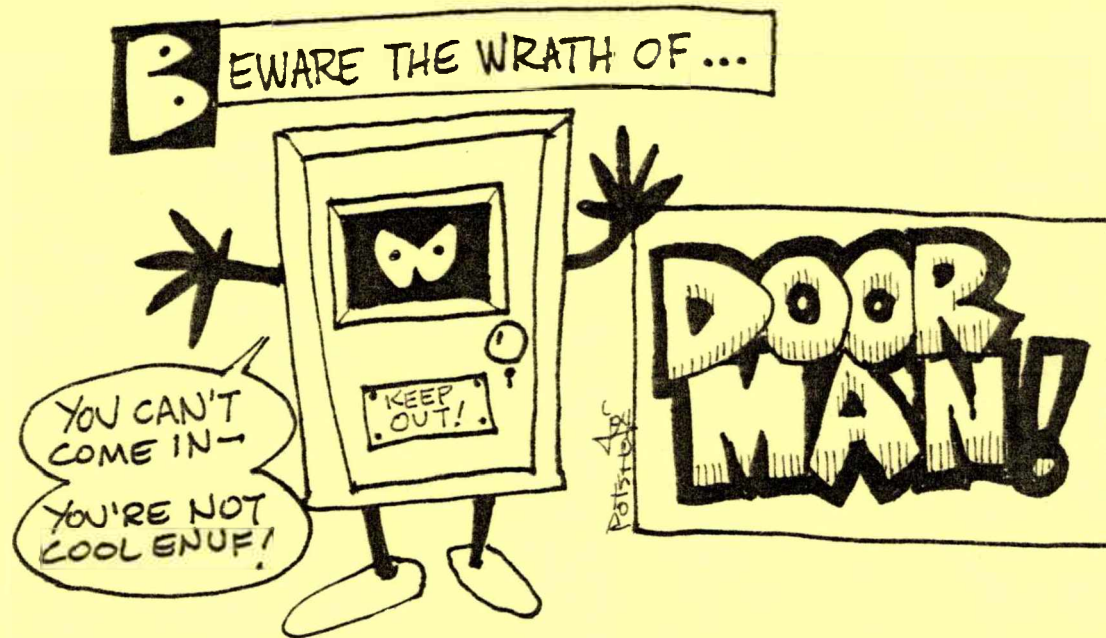
Ah yes, the American Cafe, where bad patrons go when they die. Regardless of my low and base opinion I have never seen such a large concentration of Coca-Cola memorabilia in such a small place, ever. At least in the state of Nevada. I'll leave the restrooms for another day.

Route 66, now there's drive-thru Americana. More American mentality than you can shake a stick at. The biggest, largest, and greatest of American mundania can be found along Route 66 than anywhere else in the country except at state fairs and garage sales. Songs have been written about this intrepid thoroughfare which cuts across our country east to west like a modern Spanish Trail dotted with plastic dinosaurs, motels, diners, and the biggest, largest, and greatest of anything you might find in your junk drawer at home. What a road!

But it's got nothing on Hy Goldenberg from Huntington Indiana. As far as I'm concerned Hy takes the cake. Thirty years ago he began building his home along an isolated spot on the Wabash River. Hy needed an outhouse the carpenters could use while building his house. Busy, he sent a friend with a handful of money out to purchase one. His buddy came back with two. And the rest, as they say... The number has now grown to twelve.

Twelve different outhouses. let's make that clear right now. No two are alike. Hy thinks they re a strong piece (I'm quoting here), of Americana that nobody thinks about. Twelve outhouses.

Hy's moving to parts unknown, getting out of the collection business. His decision to move was soon followed by one to sell his collection to various museums (followed by another), but was persuaded to keep them at the request of county residents when people protested this decision. Now that's Americana. Hy Goldenberg and his collection of outhouses. Twelve outhouses. And they say people from California are wierd.



The Last Box

Sercon-navigation is brought to you by Tom Springer. I live, sometimes, at: 3073 Conquista Ct. Las Vegas, NV 89121. Member of CSFL. Oh, thanks for the art Bill, Laurie, Arnie, and Joyce, it was desperately needed.