

Update on North Dakota, NOT:

This is posted in an older thread, If you want to go back and read it.

Ok, you guys beat me up pretty good over that North Dakota ID.

What can I say except I was wrong! <g>

I should have looked in TGT before I posted. If so I could have posted it as Billings, Montana.

NOT!!!! TGT is wrong also.

My excuses:

Even though I got the chip 17 years ago, I was old! <g>

I mentioned that many of the circuit poker dealers and players brought me chips from their home areas in those days. Maybe I let that pretty little dealer flit her eyes at me and did not remember right on what she told me. I was pretty good at jotting info down, but working 14 or so hours a day for 35 days in a row is what made me old. <g>

Maybe I got 2 chips that day. Does that mean I have the info mixed up? Maybe I have a North Dakota chip listed as Washington, also? <g>

Oh never mind! I was wrong!

Here is "The Rest Of The Story."

My "Friend Of The Hobby" saw you guys beating me up and came to my rescue without being asked. <g>
What A Guy.

Washington:

New Elliott Tavern:

1203 Jackson Street

Seattle, Washington.



4061

Saw this on TheChipBoard--whoever said Seattle was right. The New Elliott Tavern was located at 1203 Jackson Street. Opened sometime in the early 40's; in the 30's the location housed a place called the Black and Tan Club in the basement (had gambling).

Stephen Eugene Nenno, born 1911 in Mankato, MN, moved to Seattle in the early 1940's where he had a place called the 19th Hole Tavern.

Not sure when he was associated with the New Elliott--probably in the 50's. By the early 60's Nenno had moved to Long Beach, CA where in 1990 his wife Staza died.

Staza was born and raised in Williston, North Dakota and married Nenno sometime in the late 30's early 40's. A few years after her death, Nenno moved back to Minnesota where he died at Elk River in 2000.

Thought the ND & MN connections may help explain how the lady who gave you the chips said they were from ND. (my note: Doubtful I can get away with that excuse. <g)

Here's a pic from 1937--New Elliott Tavern was located where Chikata Drugs is (building still there today):



Really don't have much to show you for North Dakota or much to say about the state.

No poker cruises departed from North Dakota. <g>

Spragg did not get us lost up there. <g>

Never played poker there. <g>

But:

I met a guy from North Dakota, Robert, at a bar pool tournament in a joint just past the Latin Quarter on Licking Pike in Newport about 1970 or so. Forgot the name of the joint but it was owned by a guy named Big Paul. "Big" was literal! I was a so- so pool player. We became friends. Turned out he was one of the best pool players I ever watched. He was a pool hustler and a good one. He made a living at it. He proposed I throw in with him and set up marks for him to slaughter. I thought about that for awhile and decided a cue stick being slammed down on my knuckles should not be in my future. <g> Best to stick with poker!

I leased a red neck joint down RT 25 just past the Woods (KY Illegal collectors will know where this was). It was called the Gay 90's. The 90's and The Woods were the only two joints in the area. I put a pool table in and Robert stopped by quite often. He was fun to watch, like I said he was a good hustler. He knew when to let the geese have a little winner to keep them going and off his case. I told Robert if one of those red necks stuck a pool cue up his butt he was on his own.

Gay 90's on Friday and Saturday was a fun place to be. We took on all of the local country "so called, bands" (many would play for free drinks just to get exposure) and we turned them loose. They rocked the joint and filled the seats with red necks that drank and spent \$. Ok so we had a few fights.

(Every Night <g>)

Glenn "Bulldog" Wright owned The Woods a couple miles north on 25. His favorite words were "next time you pitch some of those guys make sure they head south on 25." <g> Many got the boot from both joints the same night.

Oh yea poker games every Monday night. One thing I learned fast. Red necks can't play poker! <g> They were cash games as red necks can't count chips either. <g>

It was a good time in my life. As soon as I get the word that I can have a few "Go Backs" in my life for one day only, one will be the Gay 90's on a Friday night.

Geez, that whole story came from being friends with a pool hustler from North Dakota.

Enough of that:

North Dakota:

New Elliot Tavern

Owner S E Nenno

12th & Jackson

Mandan ND



4061

During the Queens Poker Classic days we had poker dealers from all over the USA come to Las Vegas to deal the poker tournament circuit. I usually took on 115 extra dealers, floor people, cashiers, etc for the 35 table, 30 or so day QPC. I can't imagine the work and aggravation it takes to staff the WSOP today.

Players and staff brought me chips from their area every year. A lady dealer from North Dakota brought me this one to the 1993 QPC. She said they had illegal gaming at one time and she would bring me a couple chips next year. She never came back. Not sure what happened to her.

That's it. Kind of a bust for North Dakota. Anyone else care to show some from way up there?