



AFRICA in Today's World

By CHARLES I. WEST, M.D.

TALKS BEGAN LAST WEEK between the British government and The Gambia which are expected to lead to early independence for the tiny, peanut-growing enclave on the west coast of Africa.

The Gambia, a British dependency since Queen Elizabeth I granted a British company a charter to trade there in 1588, the year of the Spanish Armada, has a population of 316,000. It is one of the smallest and poorest of the British colonial territories in Africa.

At last week's opening session of the independence talks, British Colonial Secretary Duncan Sandys conceded the merit of a June recommendation by a United Nations team that The Gambia become affiliated in some way with Senegal, which completely surrounds the enclave.

The Gambia runs along both banks of the Gambia River for about 300 miles, or as far as a river steamer can navigate, and varies in width from 30 to 50 miles.

In outlining his proposals for independence, Prime Minister David K. Jawara of The Gambia said he envisioned the territory as a constitutional monarchy within the British Commonwealth, with an elected prime minister and the Queen represented by a governor general.

FEDERATION CONSIDERED

Jawara advocated association with Senegal through various stages, beginning with a federation with strictly limited central powers. However, he suggested it might be more practical at first not to go beyond a treaty relationship providing mutual defense, common international representation and coordinated development programs.

There would be a revision of The Gambia's electoral boundaries but no change in the present constitutional arrangements for a house of representatives of 39 members and a cabinet of at least nine ministers.

The Gambia considers the sometimes vexing problem of getting its name properly capitalized a relatively minor burden. In "The Gambia", the word "The" is as much a part of the proper name as it is in The Sudan.

The economy of The Gambia is based almost entirely on the growth and export of peanuts and peanut oil. Its other products are palm kernels, beeswax and hides.

While the population of the principal city, Bathurst, is a mixture of different races and creeds, the population of the rest of the dependency is made up of six indigenous peasant tribes united by the predominant Moslem religion. They still cling to native law and customs. Their main vernacular languages are Woloff and Mandinka.

EMPIRE SHRINKING FAST

The independence talks began at the same time Britain was agreeing to terms for early separation of Malta, the strategically important lump of rock in the Mediterranean Sea, from the fast-shrinking empire.

Nyasaland achieved independence as Malawi earlier this month. Northern Rhodesia has been promised independence as Zambia in October, which would make it the 25th British dependency to attain independence or union with some other country since the end of World War II.

With 33 British dependencies still in the running, or more, depending on how they are counted, Britain has promised independence in 18

VOICE READERS COMPRISE A \$30,000,000 MARKET

EDITORIAL

By Dr. CHARLES I. WEST

POLITICAL TONGUES have been wagging about the candidacy of Dr. James B. McMillan in the U.S. Senatorial race. There is unanimity in the opinion that McMillan has practically no chance of winning. His chance for victory is about equal to that of a one-legged man winning a rump-kicking contest.

The mystery of McMillan is one of the top topics in local political discussions. Among the rumored reasons for McMillan filing one hears mention of a business deal, a vote-splitting tactic, a personal vendetta with Cannon, and a quest for publicity.

The press has quoted McMillan as saying he had discussed the Senate race with Negro leaders throughout the state. The VOICE has located only one recognized Negro leader who had any knowledge of McMillan's plan to seek the Senate seat. Apparently Dr. McMillan has found a new group of leaders not yet known to the Negro community. The writer is certain that he has known McMillan longer and more intimately than any other Negro in Nevada. It was my friendship with him that stimulated his move to Nevada. I have been his best man upon two ventures into the sea of matrimony. I have shared office space with him during his entire eight years of practice in Las Vegas. I thought I was his friend and confidant.

To this day, Dr. McMillan has never mentioned one word to me about challenging Howard W. Cannon for his seat in the U.S. Senate.

The biggest mystery of all is to whom Dr. McMillan refers as Negro leaders, and whom he considers his confidential friends. Next is the mystery of where the doctor expects to find adequate campaign funds and other necessary campaign assistance.

During the last two years, Dr. James B. McMillan has been conspicuous on the scene of Negro leadership by his absence.

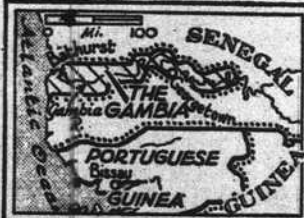
His attack on Cannon in announcing his own candidacy demonstrates that Dr. McMillan is definitely out of step with a major segment of Negro leadership in this state. Howard Cannon deserves better at the hands of anyone who aspires to leadership in the Negro community.

months' time to Basutoland, if it wants it; Bechuanaland will be free to follow when it wants, and Swaziland's new constitution has set it on the path to independence.

The Federation of South Arabia should become independent within 3 1/2 years. British Guiana could become independent if it could assure internal peace. Southern Rhodesia would attain independence if its political institutions could be made representative of the population.

Of the remaining colonies, several would have trouble sustaining and defending themselves, such as Pitcairn, which has only 90 inhabitants, and the British Antarctic territory, which has no permanent residents.

But several already enjoy a wide measure of self-government, including the Bahamas, Barbados, British Honduras, Mauritius and, for the last three years, The Gambia.



A BOY and a BIRD

A Fable by A. E. Sopp

It was late April in New England. Spring had been recorded on the calendar for more than a month, but Winter refused to be dispossessed. Hanover had received a frigid blast from ole man 'frost', and the ground was blanketed with several inches of snow. Automobiles had been garaged and dobbin was reharnessed to the sleigh.

The storm clouds of the unseasonable blizzard had moved out to sea, and the sky was azure blue once again. The sun shone brilliantly but Winter was still evident in the chill that remained in Hanover's atmosphere.

A boy was enroute to school when he stopped to inspect the apparently lifeless body of a robin. As he stood there with tears of sadness streaming down his cheeks, a horse drawn sleigh passed so close to the frozen robin that the horse dropped a pile of steaming manure right beside the little bird.

The warmth from the fresh manure began to thaw out the robin, and the little boy was elated to discover that the bird was not really dead. It was only half starved and half frozen.

The robin stretched its neck enough to reach into the pile of manure to pluck out an oat or two. It repeated the stretching and pecking several times, and within a minute or two the little robin seemed to really come back to life. It got to its feet and hopped up on the pile of horse droppings and began to peck with vigor. The warmth of the fresh manure and the oats that it contained restored full vitality to the robin. The revitalized bird began to chirp a song of Spring, and stretched its wings and took off into the sky. The bird flew higher and higher, as the little boy watched it become just a tiny speck high up in the sky. At this moment a hawk which had been watching from high above, while the boy had been viewing the incident from the ground, swooped down and swallowed the little robin.

The boy, grief stricken by this turn of events, dashed off to school with tears once more streaming from his saddened eyes. He rushed to his teacher and told her the whole story of what he had just witnessed.

The teacher, attempting to console the boy, asked him, "Johnny, what lesson did you learn from your experience?"

Johnny suddenly stopped crying and after a moment of pensiveness replied, "Teacher, I just learned that it doesn't pay to fly too high when you are full of manure."

(Editor's note: From the mouths of babes come gems.)

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