

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

EDITORIAL

Bus Bumpkins Victimize Westsiders

WHEN (AND IF) a new company takes over operation of the local bus system, we hope and trust the first thing it does is put a traffic analyst to work on the Westside and Vegas Heights runs and their feeder routes so that practicable schedules can be set up.

The present system is not only ridiculous. It is a disgrace, and an imposition upon the residents of the northwest section of the city who must rely on public transportation for reaching and returning from their places of employment in other areas of the county.

As a "horrible example" of what has been going on, we would like to cite the disgusting experience of some 25 Westsiders, mostly working women, only last Sunday, July 4. These people had been brought into the Fourth and Fremont Sts. "terminal" on various buses, most of them off the Strip, between 1:50 and 2:40 p.m. The schedule called for a Vegas Heights bus to leave Fourth and Fremont at 2:45.

As they huddled in the little shade afforded at the "terminal" point, trying to keep out of the hot sun and the 100-degree heat of the sidewalk, the 2:45 pulled in from the Strip about eight minutes late with a blank destination panel on the front of the bus indicating it was "out of service."

That this was, indeed, the eagerly-awaited 2:45 to Vegas Heights was established by a curious resident of that neighborhood who had

NAACP Chief Wilkins Cites Southern Gains

BY ROY WILKINS

Five years ago a list of the most unlikely occurrences on the civil rights front would have been headed by, "Negroes eating in the dining room of the King Edward hotel in Jackson, Mississippi."

In second place would have been, "University of Mississippi solicits Negro students for its law school."

Yet both these fanciful predictions have come true. Of course, one swallow does not make a summer. A dozen Negro diners at the King Edward or a dozen law students at Ole Miss are set against bombings, church burnings, the Philadelphia, Mississippi, murders, the assassination of Medgar Evers and similar violent action against the Negro community.

But the civil rights advocates, so quick and so detailed in recounting wrongs (and justly so), are duty bound as strategists to chronicle the significant changes. For the strategy of a relatively small minority, limited in real power and resources, must always be two-pronged. The minority must drive relentlessly and uncompromisingly (on truly basic matters) toward its goals and it must enlist also in all possible ways the support of an ever-growing segment of the majority.

White Front Is Now Broken

Therefore the Mississippi moves must be hailed as evidence that, for one reason or another, the traditional and seemingly iron-clad white front has been broken. If this happens in the capital city of the state and at its state university, the time is not as long as it has been for the bombers, the church burners and the killers.

In fact, changes have manifested themselves elsewhere in the state. Last year the businessmen issued a statement calling for compliance with the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Some Negro children are attending school with white children in Jackson and in scattered spots outside the capital: Greenville has announced that 33 Negro pupils will be transferred next fall to "white" schools.

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bulent depths where the Zambezi disappears into a rising cloud of mist. And because the gorge actually winds back and forth, the waterfall assumes totally different shapes from each vantage point.

This takes an exhausting, if rewarding, morning, leaving three more worthwhile trips -- a boat ride on the Zambezi, a visit to the town of Livingstone and its unique museum, and a flight in a light plane over the falls.

All of which, as the Guardian's Mr. Lapping observes, should make the wealthy American tourist happy to spend several nights in the \$20-per-day rooms which the Zambians and Rhodesians dream about filling.

been waiting more than half an hour to continue on his way home. He asked the bus driver, "Is this the 2:45 to Vegas Heights?" and was curtly told, "Yeh, but I'm not going out there. I'm too late. I'm heading back down the Strip in about 20 minutes."

WHEN IT WAS pointed out that the next bus to Vegas Heights on the Sunday schedule wasn't due to leave Fourth and Fremont until 4:45, almost two hours later, the driver merely grunted, "I can't help that," climbed out of the bus, went around to the window adjoining the driver's seat, closed the door, and disappeared around the corner.

Restraining a maniacal urge to follow the driver and spread-eagle him, Apache fashion, on the torrid sidewalk, our furious informant tore up his nickel transfer, fumed down Fremont two blocks and paid a cabbie two bucks to get him home.

We don't know what the rest of those poor people waiting for a bus to West Las Vegas or Vegas Heights did. But we do know they faced the prospect of sweltering there on the corner of Fourth and Fremont for at least 45 more minutes before the "short run" Westside bus was due, and an additional hour if they intended to wait for the next Vegas Heights bus.

During the past few days, we have discovered that this sort of thing is not unusual. In fact, when traffic is heavy on the Strip run and a bus driver falls behind schedule, it seems quite a few of them ignore the Westsiders waiting at the downtown transfer point, wheel their buses around to the west side of Fourth and wait there until they are back on schedule for the run south.

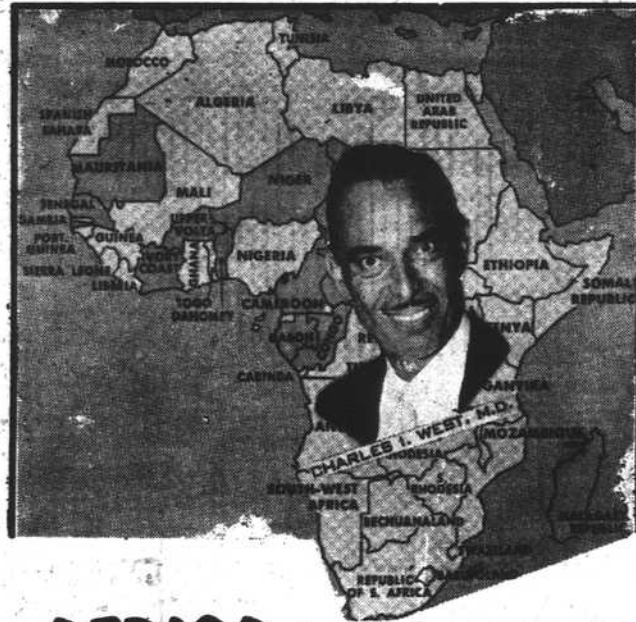
WE ALSO DISCOVERED that on many of the late-night runs to the Westside when passenger handle and traffic is light, some buses zip around the scheduled half-hour "short route" 10 to 15 minutes ahead of time. This often leaves bus riders arriving at stops along the far side of the 'D' and 'H' street "loop" well in advance of scheduled running times hung up for 30 or more minutes until another bus comes along--maybe. And if this happens on the final run of the night, it could mean a \$3 to \$4 cab fare for a graveyard shift worker on the Strip.

These are only two of the more than few abuses inflicted upon defenseless Westsiders by a comparatively small number of callous bus drivers, who probably would be the first to scream "bloody murder" if they were subjected to the same miserable treatment. From all reports, most of the drivers serving the Westside are most considerate, real gentlemen, and a credit to themselves and their community.

The point we wish to make, however, is that the basic fault lies with the present bus company, which apparently has never succeeded in adjusting its schedules to the ebb and flow of passenger handle and general traffic conditions. If, indeed, such an effort has ever been made with any seriousness and efficiency.

These factors can be and should be charted on a fairly accurate basis. Until they are charted, and the charts implemented, Las Vegas and its environs will continue to be plagued by the atrocious bus service to which it has become sorrowfully accustomed.

We will have more to say on this subject in the near future.



AFRICA in Today's World

By DR. CHARLES I. WEST

The Victoria Falls, southern Africa's greatest natural spectacle, are located on the Zambezi River, which serves as a border between Zambia (formerly Northern Rhodesia) and Rhodesia (formerly Southern Rhodesia). Last week, we discussed the strenuous efforts of these two countries to out-do each other in bidding for the rich tourist trade attracted by the falls. This week, we will touch on the background of the struggle and take a close-up look at the falls themselves.

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THE MANEUVERS date back to the days of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, established in 1953 and dissolved on Dec. 31, 1963 after a decade of political and economic conflict. A former U.S. Senator from Utah, Rendell N. Mabey, started it all with elaborate plans to build a luxury hotel near the falls in Northern Rhodesia.

Mabey and his associates reportedly formed a Delaware corporation under the name of Victoria Falls Enterprises and flooded newspapers with pictures of the proposed hotel and repeated stories of early groundbreaking. Excitement in Northern Rhodesia reached its peak in 1961, but the project was abandoned due to growing dissension within the federation and its eventual dissolution in 1963.

The whole business was revived last March with announcement by the Rhodesian government that it was beginning construction on a casino, a small luxury hotel and the new airport. This stirred Zambian officials into action and when they discovered Mabey's great plans in their files, the battle was on.

The efforts of the two countries are not designed to merely attract rich tourists for a single day's look at Victoria Falls. The Zambezi cascade merits a longer stay because it is unique among the world's great water spectacles. Niagara, for instance, may be completely and comfortably admired within a matter of hours. A visit to Victoria Falls, however, can become a series of absorbingly different adventures.

THE CHASM into which the Zambezi tumbles has the appearance from afar of a long, narrow box. It is one mile long, 350 feet deep and 200 to 300 feet wide between parallel walls. (One may well envy the experience of David Livingstone when he became the first foreigner to set eyes on this awesome sight in 1855, some 16 years before the intrepid Scottish missionary, then "lost" in wildest Tanganyika, was greeted by New York Herald reporter, Henry M. Stanley, with the oft-quoted, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?") The Cape-to-Cairo railway now crosses the Zambezi just below the falls on a bridge 650 feet long and 450 feet high.

A modern-day "explorer" can walk the full length of the cascade along the opposite rock, sometimes on a level with the top, sometimes lower, as the pathway offers a succession of diversionary penetrations through deep vegetation to the edge of the gorge.

Each little excursion from the main path to the rim of the chasm brings a new thrill. At times, the spray is so dense that the falls are hidden. One merely gropes blindly about, as in a heavy London fog. Or one may suddenly view the full 350-foot drop, from the lazy curl of the water over the black rock at the top to the tur-

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