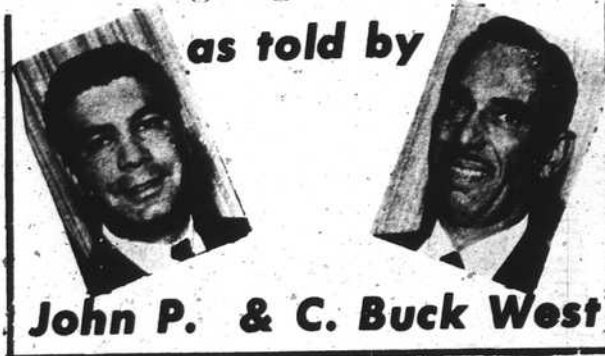


Hidden History

The Unsung Saga of the Black Man



as told by

John P. & C. Buck West

Last of the Series on Chronological Synopsis of African History

#3 of series: 1958 to 1965

- Oct. 2, 1958 Guinea became free and deserted the French Community under the determined leadership of Marxist-trained Sekou Toure. France retaliated for this action by withdrawing all administrative, technical, and military personnel, removing all movable equipment, and forbidding Guinea to continue use of French currency. President Toure has overcome all of these handicaps imposed by the French government and has brought Guinea back to a point of financial stability under a rigid experimental form of African Socialism. President Toure continues to play a dynamic role in inter-African affairs.
- Oct. 1960 Nigeria received self-rule from England.
- 1960 France gave independence to Central African Republic, Chad, Congo - Brazzaville, Dahomey, Gabon, Ivory Coast, Malagasy (formerly Madagascar, 4th largest island of world), Mali, Mauritania, Niger, Senegal, Togo and Upper Volta.
- April 27, 1961 Sierra Leone became an independent domain in the Commonwealth under P. M. Sir Milton Margai.
- Dec. 9, 1961 Tanganyika became independent. Julius Nyerere was elected as president on Nov. 1, 1962 when it became a Republic.
- July 1962 Ruanda-Urundi, Belgian trust territory, became independent, split itself into two, and changed to Burundi, and to Rwanda, two separate political entities.
- Oct. 9, 1962 Uganda, with Milton Obote as its Prime Minister, became independent of the British.
- 1963 Zanzibar became independent monarchy, but was quickly converted into a republic by a coup d'etat on Jan. 12, 1964. Zanzibar merged with Tanganyika later the same year, and the merged nations changed their political identity to become known as Tanzania.
- Oct. 4, 1963 Britain's smallest African colony, Gambia, (4000 square miles) became a self-governing colony-protectorate.
- Dec. 12, 1963 Kenya, under the Flaming Spear, Jomo Kenyatta, became independent but remained in the British Commonwealth as a dominion.
- 1964 Northern Rhodesia got independence and became known as Zambia under leadership of P. M. Kenneth Kaunda.
- 1964 Nyasaland, once federated with Northern Rhodesia under British Colonial rule, changed its identity to Malawi with Dr. Hastings Banda as Prime Minister upon independence from the British.

There's One In Every Wood-pile

By E. Sopp West

THE SLAUGHTERS and the Lynches, together, owned the whole town of Lynchville, and more than half of Slaughter County down in Louziana. Hiram Slaughter owned the town bank, and Rufus Lynch owned just about everything else in Lynchville.

The Slaughters had only one child, a southern belle named Miranda, who had finished the State University at the top of her class. She was a living exhibit of brains with beauty, as her mental and physical figures proved. She had an IQ of 160 with vital statistics that would make Ziegfeld spin in his grave. Mirandie, as pappu Hiram always called her, was a crazy 38-23-38. She was 5 feet six inches of absolute heaven with natural wavy golden hair, and peepers of heavenly blue.

The whole town of Lynchville looked on Mirandie as their very own "Miss America." The townfolk had another young idol whom they thought of as a modern-day Adonis. This handsome beast of a man was Rufus Lynch, Jr., who was everybody's All-American when he broke every offensive record in the book as he Captained Tech's national champions in '60.

NATURALLY, Rufe-Boy, as old Rufus called his son, and Mirandie, were sweeties. It started on the day she turned six. Rufe-Boy, who was eleven, was the "shining knight" at little Mirandie's birthday party.

The white folks of Lynchville were more anxious than little sister that Rufe-Boy and Mirandie hurry and set the date.

The colored people, who share-cropped the Lynch farms and the Slaughter lands, sang a little ditty every evening when they came in from the fields. The white folks in town could hear their original folk song as they filled the air with melodious harmony. "Rufe-Boy and little Mirandie is gonna get married, and then they'll be all the same as we'uns." There must have been a thousand different verses that the colored folks sang to that spiritual, but every stanza told the same story, "After they marry, they will be like we'uns."

IT WAS A GLORIOUS day in June. The sun and the sky seemed to be just as pleased as the darkies and the white folks about the wedding. The weatherman really shot his best shot and gave the young couple the red-carpet treatment, weatherwise.

Mirandie would have put all the Miss America winners to shame with the way she was dolled-up for her wedding. Hiram, her proud pappu, had bought a couple of sections of bottom land for less money than he paid for that fancy French gown that Mirandie made look so good.

Big Rufe wasn't thinking about Hiram's gal looking any fancier than Rufe-Boy. Pappu had imported the tailor to the king from the old country. The king's tailor really conjured-up a boss garment for the young groom. Young Rufe was about as sharp as he wanted to be. He would have put all the old-time dandies on the second team.

ALL THE WHITE FOLKS, and every share-cropper in the county attended the wedding. They sure made a handsome couple.

The two "loaded-like-Midas" pappas had put their "money-bag" heads together and had come up with a wedding present that was a close second to the lands and treasures Cleopatra had got from Anthony. They gave the kids 10 sections of their best farm lands. All the equipment, buildings and share-croppers, that were on the 6000-acre plot went along in the bargain. For good measure, the proud pappas threw in a trip around the world for the honeymoon.

The following spring Mirandie was expecting. Everybody was as excited as a fairie in the YMCA.

Mirandie had her boy baby at the top carriage-trade private hospital in the state. She was attended by the very best specialist in the whole state. The doc, who delivered her, had received his education through the generosity of old Rufus Lynch. Big Rufe had taken a special liking to the

1965 Southern Rhodesia declared unilateral independence and severed its relations with England under the determined leadership of P. M. Ian Smith, strong practitioner of the apartheid system of separation of the races as practiced in South Africa.

doc when he was just a little fellow, the son of the Lynch foreman.

RUFUS HAD BEEN married ten years with no kid of his own. He had relegated himself to a childless life. He looked upon this youngster as the kind of son he would want for his own. Ole Rufe never lost this parental affection for the boy even after the surprising news that his wife, Magnolia, was in family-way, after 15 years of fruitless marriage.

Big Rufe never let the doc want for a thing. The lucky youngster went to nothing but the very best schools, at Rufe's expense.

The doc did his darndest to give Mirandie the full benefits of all that her father-in-law had done for him. He brought the young beauty, as well as her bouncing baby, through the birth with no sweat at all.

Two hours after the blessed event, Mirandie and baby were moved to a private home upon the orders of Doc White. The doc was noticeably disturbed about something, and Rufe-Boy became concerned about the reasons. He put it to Doc White straight forward, "What's up?"

As soon as the young mother and baby were made comfortable in their new place, doc took Rufe-Boy aside to tell him about his reasons for moving Mirandie out of the hospital so quickly. "This won't be easy for you, Rufe, and it really don't come easy for me to tell you. Rufe, your wife has just given birth to a coon. The thing ain't too dark now, but he'll get darker and darker in short time. It won't take more than a month before even a blind man can see that he is a coon," the doc told the startled father.

"DOCTOR WHITE," Rufe-Boy replied, after a moment or two, during which he was mortified by the horrible shock, "I just can't believe that Mirandie could have gone to bed with a darkie."

The doctor, who felt profoundly indebted to the Lynch family, seemed sincerely sorry when he told the dejected Rufe-Boy, "I'll have to call your pappu, and tell him the news, Rufe. Big Rufe will know what to do. He always knows just the right thing to do, no matter what the problem may be."

The moment after old Rufus had got the doc's call, he rang-up Hiram Slaughter and broke the news to him. "The truth done finally come out, Hiram. Our kids done brought the skeleton right out of the closet."

Hiram Slaughter, seemed to express a great measure of relief, when he replied to his old buddy, "It's damn bad, Rufe, but I'll be John Browne if it ain't a hell of a load off my shoulders, after all these years. We'll just have to fly up to the city right now, before Rufe-Boy gets the wrong ideas about my girl. We'll just have to tell 'em, Rufe, that all of us has been darkies all along."

YOU ARE DAMN RIGHT, Hi, let's go and get it over with. I thought them damn colins of ours was gonna spill the beans long ago with all that singin' every night," replied ole Rufus, who was just as relieved as Hiram that he wouldn't have to keep on living a lie.

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