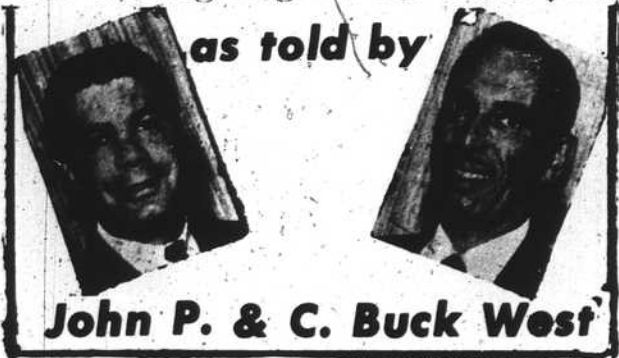


# Hidden History

The Unsung Saga of the Black Man



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(Second in a three-part series on the fascinating story of West Indies born Chevalier de St. Georges, son of a "black woman of extraordinary beauty" and the "rich Marquis Jean de Boulogne, Governor of the island, later King's Counsellor, Grand Chancellor of France, and High Treasurer of the Order of the Holy Spirit" as related by the late historian-anthropologist, J. A. Rogers, in Volume II of "World's Great Men of Color.")

CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGES  
Dazzling Black Nobleman of Versailles  
(1745-1799)

"Visiting London with the Duke de Chartres, St. Georges' social success there equalled that in Paris. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, welcomed him as a special guest. In the most elegant salons hosts and hostesses and their guests fought for the honor of entertaining him; people called him 'the most seductive of colored gentlemen.' The prince himself, enthusiastic of the accomplishments of his guest, wished to decorate him with the Order of the Bath, but St. Georges had the modesty to refuse.

"When St. Georges arrived in England, he adopted the English hat and shoes, and discarded the French brodered jacket and culotte for the English pantalon and frock-coat. He gave to these garments an individual style of his own which at once became the prevailing mode. Lords and ladies copied his dress. Indeed, it has been said that St. Georges was the forerunner of the English Beau Brummell. To France, in turn, St. Georges brought the English style which replaced the French one.

"AFTER THREE months, St. Georges returned home, by no means richer than when he had left it. Extremely generous, he had spent lavishly, and the only sum he brought back with him was 200 guineas that he had won from the Prince of Wales on a bet that he could jump a wide ditch in Richmond with his knees closed. Among his expenditures were fabulous sums spent on fetes and games.

"English engravers strove for the honor of doing his portrait, and dozens were made of him, several of them showing him in the company of the Prince of Wales. One showed him doing a favorite trick of his--shooting off pistols with both hands at swallows and bringing both birds down. Another showed him in a comic duel with the chief of the Prince de Conti. St. Georges, who was an epicure, had found fault with the chef's dishes, and the latter, in a fit of rage, had seized a sword and attacked him, whereupon the famous swordsman picked up an ecumoire, or iron strainer, and proceeded to disarm his enemy.

"This master of arms, whom they surnamed the Inimitable and the invincible, never had a duel," says Larousse. "No one dared risk one with him. Indeed his historic duel with the Count de la Morliere was only a comedy."

"THE COUNT, offended by a remark, had challenged St. Georges, and the encounter took place under the bridge of St. Marie. But the Count proved so poor an opponent, that St. Georges seized him bodily, put him across his knees, and spanked him like a child to the great amusement of the onlookers.

"The only man before whom St. Georges is said to have quailed was another colored man,

CHIEF:

I wish your name were Bill Bailey instead of Dr. Charles I. West, I would flood you and Dottie with every interpretation and arrangement of "Bill Bailey, Won't you Please Come Home" that I could lay my hands on.

Somebody just has to explain Nevada politics to me in terms I can understand. To use a pet phrase of your Dottie's, "I could have sworn" that after years of exposure to California's peculiar (Ha, Ha) and peculiar (strange) brand of politics, nothing could baffle me in the political arena. But you Nevadans (correction--we Nevadans) need bow to no state for peculiar political peccadillos....Oh, Sweetie, come on home, the fun is just beginning.

For an instance, take this Charles Springer, who is a candidate for Governor of the State of Nevada. Now, don't berate me, I know that in our great democratic form of government, most any and everyone has a right to file as a candidate for public office. If I remember the election code correctly, the only requisites are that he (or she) be an American citizen, of the required age limit, with an established tenure of specified residence, and no felony conviction.

So often we are confronted with candidates possessed of scarcely, if any, qualifications to match their ambition for public office. And in each of these instances, such candidates inevitably campaign with vituperous attacks against

Alexander Dumas, father of the novelist. The latter, in his 'Memoirs,' asserts that St. Georges evaded a duel with his father, pleading illness. At that time, however, Dumas, a master swordsman himself, was twenty-two, while St. Georges was near fifty.

"Despite St. Georges' prestige and position, he was sometimes taunted about the dark color of his skin. On one occasion while walking on the Rue de Bac, a pedestrian, trying to be funny, called him a moricaud, the French equivalent of 'darker.' St. Georges seized the offender, rubbed his face in the gutter, and laughingly remarked: 'There you are now! As black as I am.'

"A MORE serious instance of racial discrimination against him occurred in 1776. At that time the Royal Academy of Music was under the direction of the city of Paris, St. Georges, who was the director of a musical company, wished to make the Academy a national theatre, and because of his influence, easily assembled a group of capitalists to finance the project. But incited by his enemies, several of the actors, headed by Mlles. Arnould, La Guimard and Levasseur, sent a petition to the queen, Marie Antoinette, in which they indignantly declared that 'their honor and their privileges were opposed to their submitting to the dictation of a mulatto.' The queen upheld them and the project fell through.

"Up to that time, Marie Antoinette had been one of the warmest friends of St. Georges. Several reasons have been given for her stand in the affair. One is that St. Georges was too friendly with the Duke of Orleans, brother of the king, and the king's leading opponent; the other was that the Queen's vanity as a woman had been hurt by St. Georges' too marked attention to another woman.

"On still another occasion St. Georges was snubbed because of his color and illegitimacy. When sent by the Duke of Orleans to a group of emigres, or discontented nobles who had left the court, the latter refused to receive him.

"ACCORDING TO some writers, it was the Queen's support of color discrimination that drove him into the ranks of the republicans. It is also said that he imbibed his republicanism from the Duke of Orleans, 'Phillipe Egalite.' Both assertions are wrong, as St. Georges' correspondence shows. The truth is that he was a democrat at heart though reared as an aristocrat. A man of color, he had been born among the common people, and in sympathy he remained one of them.

"Despite the Queen's conduct, St. Georges did all in his power to warn her and the King of the coming revolution. One day while skating at Versailles, he came close to the box in which the Queen was sitting and with his skates scratched on the ice the word 'peril' in German, hoping that she might thereby realize the imminent danger. A few days later, Marie Antoinette, in a touching scene, expressed to him her deep regret for having sided against him." (St. Georges' story to be continued next week.)

# Keynotes to CIW

the man who holds the job they seek, because they are totally unequipped to discuss issues or problems pertinent to that office.

But this Springer takes the rag off the bush. He's got a swinging campaign going--it is utterly delightful to me because he so thoroughly exposes his ineptness; his really pitiful inadequacy. Everytime one of his taped commercials comes to an end, I keep waiting for a barker to say "So, if you want to be popular, if you don't want to be a wall flower any longer, try deodorant or XXX mouth wash."

But yesterday, he opened his batteries--Said this stalwart defender of the State of Nevada, after having said everything that would make a total stranger to Nevada think this must be the worst place in the world to live, "I challenge Governor Sawyer to publicize his contributions from the Gaming Industry to his political campaigns--particularly, in the year of 1962."

Well, partner, you'd have thought the Gambling Industry in Nevada was the "Purple Gang" or facsimile. Here we live where Gambling is a major Industry and what Industry does not contribute to candidate's campaigns? Either this man is crazy, or I am.

You know, it was a complete joke to me until I learned that some Sawyer supporters became exercised about it--you won't believe it, even to the extent of issuing statements 'refuting' the charges. That frosted me. How could they dignify such irresponsible blithering blathering by responding to it. Oh, I have much to tell you --Come on home.

I happen to be of the opinion that Governor Grant Sawyer of Nevada is not just one of the greatest Governors a state could wish for, but the greatest. I reached this conclusion solely on study of his record and achievements; I don't know the man. I don't particularly care if I ever know him...All I want from elected public officials is representation, and Governor Sawyer has given his constituents just that, and we, who are lucky enough to live in Nevada, should be grateful for his leadership.

After a careful check, it is my considered opinion that the only mistake Governor Grant Sawyer of Nevada ever made was a cat named Charles Springer.

Now, are you coming home?

## INTEGRATION CHUCKLES



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