

## ON THE OTHER HAND

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NEGRO PRESS INTERNATIONAL

IF THERE IS one definition that has more practical significance than any other, it is this one: Courage is love.

Things of the spirit are intangible. Their depth can be measured only by the visible act.

Love, hate, joy, fear, anger have meaning only when expressed by conscious visible behavior. Love, expressed by the visible act, is courage.

You look at the plodding, faithful father of a brood of active children. He washes walls for a living, or hikes cars on a parking lot. He labors unimaginately in a factory or a mill. He does his work well, methodically. He endures the day-to-day drudgery because he earns a salary. That salary supports his family.

He expresses his courage in his work. His courage is love.

LEADERS IN communities, in cities, in nations wrestle with daily problems that drain their energies and shorten their lives.

A public official takes a forthright stand in favor of open occupancy. Bigots attack him with venomous anger. He stands firm.

His integrity, his training, his understanding of the way of life that is best for his fellow citizens--all convince him that the time is now for such a stand.

He believes that equal opportunity, equal civil rights, and democratic acceptance of human beings on the basis of their individual worth are all integral parts of the basic ideals of his country.

He expresses his courage in his stand. His courage is love.

Twenty-two million Negroes have lived through 400 years of pain, deprivation and terror.

FINALLY AT the doorstep of full equality, the Negro has reached a level that has shown the world what he can accomplish when permitted the opportunity.

The determination to continue the struggle for full citizenship, the willingness to endure to reach that goal, the effort to use the rules, the beliefs, the institutions of his country to insure his civil rights in his native land--all of these are expressions of courage.

They are expressions of love. If courage is love, then is not cowardice hatred?

Thus the man who rejects and abandons his family is a coward whose burdensome love has turned to hate.

Thus the public official whose integrity falters when opposition appears finds he hates both himself and his fellowman for his cowardice.

## ERC PUBLIC MEETING

The Nevada Commission on Equal Rights of Citizens today filed notice of a public hearing to be held August 21 in the matter of alleged discrimination in the electrical union apprenticeship selection program.

The Commission has had the matter under investigation since the filing of a complaint last month by Curtis Crockett, alleging he failed to be selected for the apprenticeship program because he was Negro.

AS A RESULT of its preliminary investigation, the Commission feels that the public interest will be served by holding a public hearing at which time all interested parties can be heard and an official disposition of the complaint can be made.

The Commission feels that since apprenticeship training is of such vital importance to opening equal opportunities for employment to all races, it expects to inquire not only into the one specific complaint, but to review the entire training and testing procedures followed by the Joint Apprenticeship Committee.

Nevada law specifically prohibits apprenticeship programs from discrimination on the basis of race.

## ("PUDDIN", from page 1)

his soul--next he got to wash the dirt out of his reasonin'--and then he got to let a little light shine into his black heart. He got to clean his ears out good, and he got to keep his Cool while Puddin puts the torch to him in the stone truth, baby.

Whitey knows the truth hurts, but Whitey is just so damn blind to the truth about Bro that he all deaf and dumb in the head, baby.

That 'Burn, baby, burn' theme didn't just get started in Watts. It got its first spark from a song some wised-up Gray wrote way back in World War I--'How you goin' to keep 'em down on the farm, after they see Paree'. That song tipped the mitt, baby, and started Mose to thinkin' that he was just as good as Charlie.

Them chocolate soldiers got a taste of living over there in Paree in World War I and when they came back home in 1918 and 1919, they told all the other Soul Folks how sweet it was with all that wine and goldfish in France.

THEY PLANTED the seed in Bronzeville near 'bout a half yard of years ago. Baby, that seed has grown awhile, and it done grown into a great big forest of sturdy oaks. Them trees in that forest ain't never goin' to get no smaller--they goin' to keep on gettin' big, and then bigger--and that forest goin' to spread clear across this great bit nation. Ain't no axe goin' to cut down none of them sturdy oaks--and ain't no fire gonna wipe out the forest.

Al talks about 'so-called Negro leaders' involved in them fireworks in the big cities. Whitey the only one who calls them punks 'leaders'. There ain't never been no 'so-called leader' named in none of them places, cause there ain't no leaders.

Violence in the cities is a disease that Whitey started when he fenced Bro in, and held him down. Whitey got all this jazz on his own conscience but his brain is so fogged-up with White Folks business that he can't even see the light.

THE YOUNG Soul Folks ain't thinkin' about puttin' up with the poverty and frustrations that their old folks suffered. The young ones want a fair shake now--not tomorrow, but today, baby.

The young are restless and they don't listen to nobody, baby. They rebellin' against everything, and everybody that they think are holdin' them down.

They all proud as hell about Thurgood on the Big Bench, and Bob Weaver in LBJ's cabinet, but that pride don't feed them when they want to grease--it don't put a damn penny in their pockets--it don't change them rat-infested shacks they live in--it don't give 'em no short to ride in--it don't do a damn thing to ease his miseries rat now, and, baby, them young studs mean NOW.

Hear me well, baby, you want to know how them riots get started. They ain't planned--they ain't got no organized gang, and they ain't got no 'so-called leaders'.

They start from nothin'--nothin' at all, baby, when some fink calls the fuzz to take care of a little disturbance. When the fuzz comes, he comes a flashin' his red lights and tootin' his horns like hell.

WHEN FUZZ comes flashin' and a screamin' everybody gets nosey to see what's happenin'. Whitey follows the call of the fuzz, too.

The cops always draw a crowd. The crowd stands around and digs the action. Some kid, showin' off for his pals, goes for bad and gives the fuzz a bad time. The fuzz roughs the kid up a bit, and somebody eye-ballin' the happenin's don't like it and sounds off--then others sound off and the crowd starts closin' in on the fuzz--they get scared and radio for more fuzz--and more flashin' and screamin' of cop cars draw more folks.

The next thing you know, the whole scene is out of hand and hell breaks loose.

The young folks, white and black, all resent authority. The fuzz is the only authority that ever gets to Bronzeville, so the fuzz is where the young ones take dead aim.

The battle in the streets is between the restless, deprived young Soul Folks who are fightin' the community power which keeps Bro livin' in Harlem in spite of hell. The police is the only symbol of authority to show its ugly face in the Harlems of America, and that's why the fuzz is the enemy of the minority.

P.S. The fuzz ain't actin' right, Al, or there wouldn't be so much trouble in the streets. The whole damn thing is Whitey's baby. If Whitey thinks it's bad, then he should clean his own

## Reunion With "The Guv"



GRANT SAWYER and his wife, Betty enjoyed a reunion with old friends and supporters at Paran Lodge #1508 Elks' Hall Sunday afternoon. Neither "Tea nor Sympathy" was the order of the day. Everybody was 'Keeping the Faith, Baby', happy and delighted to see the former Governor, relieved of the burdens of office, appearing so fit.

Introduced by Dr. Charles I. West as "our favorite Governor" and the titular head of the Democratic Party in Nevada, Sawyer addressed those present in the well remembered relaxed fashion of casual eloquence.

The Elks' Exalted Ruler Willie Neal announced that Sunday's affair is the first of a planned weekly event when community figures and public officials will be invited to a "get together and get it on" Sunday afternoon session at the Elks Hall.

REGISTER

AND VOTE

## (FAILURE, from page 1)

are not organized--thus far--though the emergence of widespread sniping gives warning of what could be in store if failures continue.

And when order is restored, will everyone content himself with the scapegoat of "outside agitators" and "conspiracy"? Or will we recognize that while agitators can fan the flame and make them worse, the tinder was there to begin with?

IT IS IMMENSELY harder to deal with the problems than to recognize them--though recognition is surely the first step. It will take more than instructions to policemen to restrain themselves--though official rectitude is a must. It will take more than an emergency playground program--though employment is a burning grievance--or a few score quick public housing units--though housing is a corrosive sore.

It will take so much more in money, perception, imagination, compassion--and at this late date, both sternness and patience--that it was, and still is, seductively easy for middle-class America, in the seats of government and in private homes and offices, to turn away from the problem as seemingly insoluble.

To succumb to that lure is to guarantee no end to a succession of Detroit, to be suppressed at increasing cost in treasure and in blood, or prevented by armed occupation. A free society cannot afford either.

George Ward  
520 Freeman St.  
West Las Vegas

dirty linen and remove the cause of violence.

THE NEGRO Leaders can't stop the violence, but the White Power Structure can, and it must, or there will always be violence as long as there is any form of racial discrimination.

Whitey started it and he will have to stop it by actin' right, and actin' right damn fast.

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