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"PARTY" DEMOCRATS GO BACK TO YOUR PRIMER - THE MESSAGE IS THERE

LAS VEGAS

VOICE

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"PUDDIN HEAD"



**"TELL'N IT LIKE IT IS--- AND
PUTT'N IT WHERE IT'S AT"**

CONFIDENTIALLY, BRO -

Be quiet and ease up close to Puddin, turn up the volume on your hearin' aid, and listen real hard, cause Puddin got a lot to say but he got to whisper it soft 'n' easy, baby. Puddin got to say it soft 'n' easy, cause he shamed for Whitey to hear the truth like it is.

Bro been screamin' like crazy--beggin' and pleadin' for a chance for him and his Blood brothers to get to be somebody.

Puddin has heard at least a thousand Soul Folks say, "Whitey won't give poor Bro a chance to cop no big bread. Whitey just throw poor Bro the crumbs and keep all the big stuff for his kind."

BLOOD, YOU know damn well that Puddin is puttin' it where it's at--and tellin' it like it is. If you level, Blood, you can remember hearing yourself sayin', "Whitey keeps all the Green Power for his kind, and Black Power ain't S--- without some green, baby." You know damn well you done said somethin' like that many a time.

Now Puddin got some readin' to put down. Keep a tight grip on your cool, baby, but don't let your jaws get tight when Puddin reads you and your kind, Blood.

Blood, if we took all them little crumbs that gets throwed our way and put 'em in one pile, it would be a damn big pile of long green. When you add all Bros crumbs together, it looks like big bread to Puddin. Any way you cut it, baby, it is big bread, but if you chop it up and throw it every-which-a-way except in another Brother's way, we right back where we started with nothin' but crumbs.

WHEN WE learn to keep them crumbs together and get a great big loaf of bread, we stickin', and we sayin' somethin'. When we break some big chunks out of the loaf and throw it to another brother, that chunk grows bigger and goes right back into that big loaf of all our bread, and it puts yeast in it, baby--the bread keeps gettin' bigger, and bigger, and bigger. First thing you know, we got some real power, Blood--some Green Power. We ain't never goin' to have nothin' till we get some Green.

Baby, we got to take our hard earned coins

(See PUDDIN, page 4)

Cleveland Mayor-Elect Stokes And His Shirley



HOW COULD THEY LOSE? This wirephoto (clipped from the L. A. Times) of Mayor-Elect and Mrs. Carl B. Stokes of Cleveland, Ohio was made Tuesday morning after the handsome couple had cast their unanimous vote for the candidate of their choice in Cleveland's municipal election.

Stokes victory over the grandson of President William Howard Taft in Cleveland's mayoralty contest was one of three mayoralty races in the nation which will keep political analysts busy for months to come, and also renewed and vitalized the hope of a working democracy in these United States nearly beyond credibility.

Jubilance over Stokes victory, almost necessarily must be secondary to the astounding upset in Gary, Indiana's election when Negro Democrat Richard G. Hatcher (who had to fight the local "Party" Democrats all the way) defeated his white GOP opponent, Joseph Radigan, in a bitter mayoralty race.

AND HOW SWEET IT WAS to learn that "real" democrats crossed the party line in Boston, Massachusetts and elected Republican Secretary of State Kevin White to the office of mayor in a telling defeat over Mrs. Louise Day Hicks, segregationist Democrat.

AN EVIL CONSISTENCY

GENEVA - (NPI)--According to the UN the Sub-Commission on Prevention of Discrimination of Minorities, South Africa, South West Africa, Rhodesia, Angola, Mozambique, Guinea Bissau, Greece and Haiti "reveal constant patterns of violations of human rights."

The conclusion was reached in the committee's special study on racial discrimination in political, economic, social and cultural spheres.

KORK' Red Mc Ilvaine And Tuesday's Elections

For the benefit of VOICE readers who don't have the good fortune to live in Nevada, perhaps it is necessary to identify "KORK'S" Red Mc Ilvaine. If so, it is equally necessary that you know that "KORK" is the call letters for Nevada's TV Channel 3 (NBC, here--likewise radio).

Red Mc Ilvaine is a year and a half resident (give a month or two) of Las Vegas who is easily KORK'S greatest personality asset in both the television and radio medias.

NOW, everybody can start out evenly bewildered about what in the heck KORK'S Red Mc Ilvaine had to do with Tuesday's elections, particularly in view of the fact that it was not an election year in Nevada.

His unknowing involvement stems from the circumstance that the VOICE is "put to bed" on Tuesday nights (an all night job every week). The make-up staff's job is immeasurably lightened by the tasty music presented by the D. J. who precedes Las Vegas' alarm clock and eye-opener, Red Mc Ilvaine who reports in at 5:30 a.m.

FROM THEN on anything can happen, and often does. A really talented guy who merits the great listening audience that is his. It follows that on an occasional Wednesday morning the VOICE editor finds her purely subjective self taking issue with Red or an expressed opinion of one, or more, of his multitudinous fans with whom he engages in telephonic conversation.

Wednesdays, of course, follows Tuesdays in the calendar week, and Tuesday is the designated day of the week that American voters cast their ballots to elect candidates of their choice to elective offices and to vote on issues or referendums (as the case may be) that may appear on their particular ballots.

And so it was Tuesday last and by the time the ebullient Red Mc Ilvaine reported to work, the VOICE editor was feeling that maybe there is hope after all. A majority of voters in the cities of Gary, Indiana, and in Cleveland, Ohio, had elected Negro mayors in their respective cities, and a majority of the voters in Boston, Massachusetts, had displayed uncommon common sense in choosing a Republican candidate for mayor over an Un-American, Un-Democratic democratic candidate.

Also, in San Francisco, California, voters demonstrated a surprising knowledge of what is really at stake in our nation by casting a 2 to 1 vote supporting President Johnson's Vietnam policy.

The editor could hardly contain herself. After all, it had been the brightest day in a long, long, time. Curious as to the reaction in Las Vegas, she called Red Mc Ilvaine and wondered "how Las Vegas voters would have voted on the Vietnam issue". The "Red Baron" began to poll callers on the matter which must have come as something of a shock to them--No, Red's fans are prepared for anything.

AMAZINGLY enough, the tally was 9 to 4 for support of our policy in Vietnam. Of course, there was the understandable commentary that the manner in which the question was put on the ballot left the voter with only one of two choices, etcetera, etc. All of which was completely beside the point as far as the editor was concerned. She had just resolved that there is

(See ELECTIONS, page 4)