



MEMORIAL DAY MAY 30

★ THESE SACRIFICES SHALL NOT HAVE BEEN IN VAIN ★

LAS VEGAS

VOICE

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LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

Thursday, May 30, 1968

"PUDDIN' HEAD"



"TELL'N IT LIKE IT IS---AND SOAP"

PUTT'N IT WHERE IT'S AT"

CHECK - THE BASQUE IS BOUNDING AGAIN

Tall Paul grows smaller all the time. Nobody is for sure exactly where Laxalt stands, but you better believe me, baby, ole Puddin' been huntin' and is gettin' warm.

Baby, if you ain't never heard about Puddin't hound-dog nose, you ain't up on your hounds. Puddin' got a nose for phoney that ain't never failed. While a champion coon dog is treein' one coon, Puddin' can point a covey of phonies.

Our Governor, Puzzlin' Paul, don't puzzle Mrs. Head's baby boy a tiny little bit. Puddin' could have pointed on Guv when he was a pup. Right now if you notice the clothes pin on my nose, baby, it is to keep out the scent which is getting so strong, that a whiff of polecat pee would be like a breath of fresh air by comparison.

Puddin' took and told you, baby, when Laxie appointed his Special Handpicked Distinguished Knowledgeable VIP members to his Committee to Study the Housing Discrimination Practices in these parts, that it wasn't nothin' but a stallin' tactic. A blind man could see the problem, it didn't take no group of people to go out searchin' for the seat of the housin' troubles. Everybody had to know that Bro has been livin' on the other side of the tracks for umpteen generations, in every city of every state in all 50 United States. A stone fool would have to know that something was wrong with America's housing policies when the black and white pattern of livin' was bein' waved as plain as the American Flag in every city of the nation.

Now, baby, we goin' to get with the meat of the situation. Not-so-Tall Paul picked his pick of the best bird dogs available to go out and track down the problem and bring him the facts to work with. The Guv picked better bird dogs than he ever dreamed of. They went out as Guv had instructed them, and before God got the news, they brought the quarry home to the Basque. They told him like it was, and put it where it should have been at--they said, "Guv, baby, we got to get some housin' laws with some teeth in 'em, and we got to get 'em fast. Things ain't Koshier, Guv,--set 'em right, baby."

Immediately the Basque became the Bounding Basque when he refused to take his own
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SHE'S A GRADUATE!



Regina Feaster

Dimpled Regina Feaster reflects the glowing pride she and her 67 classmates take in making the announcement that "THE GRADUATING CLASS of OPERATION INDEPENDENCE HEAD START Requests the honor of your presence at their graduation exercises, to be held Wednesday, May 29, 1968, at 7:30 p.m. at Nevada Southern University Social Science Building, Room 103."

A skillfully diversified program will be presented, designed to keep the memory of their first commencement forever green in the hearts of the O.I. '68 graduates. Dr. Albert C. Johns, Chairman of the Department of Political Science, NSU, will give the address. Mrs. Lubertha Johnson, Operation Independence Executive Director, will award Certificates before the Recessional to Brahms Lullaby.

Operation Independence, Inc., functions as an agency of the Clark County Economic Opportunity Board, providing Day Care Services for pre-school children of working mothers in low income brackets, and mothers enrolled in training courses.

The VOICE is delighted at the circumstance of the Thursday holiday which necessitated publication a day early thereby providing this opportunity to extend an invitation, to the public, on behalf of Operation Independence.

Four-year-old Regina is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Reaster, and the darling of the VOICE staff.

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Negro Pioneers Reveal A Bit Of Local History

By Alice Key

Granted that it's a wild analogy, yet in researching varied historical events and individuals recently, the thought kept recurring that digging into the past may offer the same challenge as that potato chip commercial which bets "you can't eat just one." A nibble just whets the appetite.

So it was that a minor curiosity about early Negro settlers in Nevada developed into a major need to know who were Nevada's Negro pioneers and what circumstance or chain of events occasioned their settling here.

The usual resources for obtaining such information, available in many locales, do not exist in Nevada. Indeed, there is a shocking dearth of chronicled Nevada history in general. Even a letter to a large western University, equipped with a research laboratory which specializes in the subject of Negroes in the West, bore no fruit. A reply regretted their authoritative knowledge on Negroes in the West was exclusive of the state of Nevada, and suggested that such research would be a capital project for a graduate University student.

Even my oracle, my never-failing fount of knowledge, Bryn Armstrong, the Las Vegas Sun's executive editor was unable to come up with answers. And when he displayed a map of the state, printed less than a hundred years ago, that showed the entire southern half of the state as an unexplored wilderness believed to be inhabited by savages, the inevitable conclusion was that this fair state of ours is in dire need of a historian.

WHEN I related my "problem" to the boss, Dr. Chas. I. West, he immediately suggested that I talk to Clarence Ray who, the Doctor opined, had as great a store of knowledge on Negroes in Las Vegas, at least, as anyone.

Clarence Ray is not a historian, nor has he researched the origin of the Nevada Negro, but he came to Las Vegas in 1922 and I spent a delightful day with him hearing about the Las Vegas of nearly a half century ago. Moreover, through him, I was privileged to meet members of some of the pioneer Negro families.

In 1922, there were not many Negroes here. As a matter of fact (and census, too) there were not very many people living in the little desert town we know and love as "The Best City Of Them All".

Clarence recalls the families living here when he arrived were those of Mr. and Mrs. Sam (Mary) Nettles (a daughter, Mrs. Tanzee Bell Haney resides at Van Buren and 'E' streets); Mr. and Mrs. A. B. "Pop" Mitchell; the two Harrison brothers, Eli and Russell; Mr. and Mrs. John Belveton; Mr. and Mrs. Levi Irving and Mrs. Irving's sister, Azlee, and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Harris; the Washington family (Howard Washington, a son, is a retired railroad worker and lives on Van Buren); and, of course, "Mother" Stevens and her brood.

John Belveton, Clarence said, was reputed to be the first Negro in Las Vegas, arriving here in 1907. The Belveton's had no children. He was a depot porter and later went to work in the freight house where he was employed until his retirement in 1935. The Washington

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