

COMMON INTEREST

During the past several days, blacks and whites, liberals as well as bigots, radicals as well as trouble-makers, had one common bond -- see Apollo 11 make a safe journey to the moon, and to return safely to land, to their families, to their homes.

To my knowledge, there were no chants of lynchings. No demands for equal rights. No threats. No burnings or lootings. No militant reprisals. No hints of back-lash. All was relatively quiet and serene. Everyone I know, or know of, was either glued to a television set, or in constant contact with someone who was.

Not since that horrible day, in Dallas when President John F. Kennedy had his life snuffed out by Lee Harvey Oswald; nor since the Reverend Martin Luther King met the same fate from the second floor balcony of a Memphis, Tenn. motel, have as many people laid down their personal cares and problems. And engaged in a lone single thought, with a singleness of purpose and concern.

I know Italians, Irishmen, Jews, Negroes and various other minority groups who were all eager to see the American flag left on the moon. And each of them with universal type pride. Not a separate type of pride. Not a different type of joy. A unanimous type of oneness. Everyone gasped at the same time. All seemed relieved and relaxed on cue.

Mentions of whitey disappeared. No noses were turned up at the thought of a color television. A million black and white prayers ascended toward heaven, or the moon, if you will. And God was thanked scores of times for helping these astronauts make it safely, and successfully. With a short pause, all thoughts turned to the final stages of splashdown, and to getting things back to normal as soon as possible.

There are riots being delayed, you know. And there must be a resumption of segregated schools. Denial of civil rights, the rolling of dice, the cling-cling of slot machines. And the cursing of whitey, damn him, "why didn't they take a Negro with'em, just prejudiced, I guess."

Well, it was sweet, quiet and peaceful for a time. What else must happen to stop the hatred of a people, who really can get together ... on occasions.

PROS STEP IN

When a professional steps into anything, the change is just about immediate. And that's the projected picture expected with our 5,000 New Voters by Xmas campaign.

Mrs. Gwen Weekes Rahner, Miss Lucille Pendleton, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Sherman, North Las Vegas Councilman Aaron Williams, have made all the difference in the world. Their know-how; their contacts, their enthusiasm, has transformed a good idea into an excellent workable project.

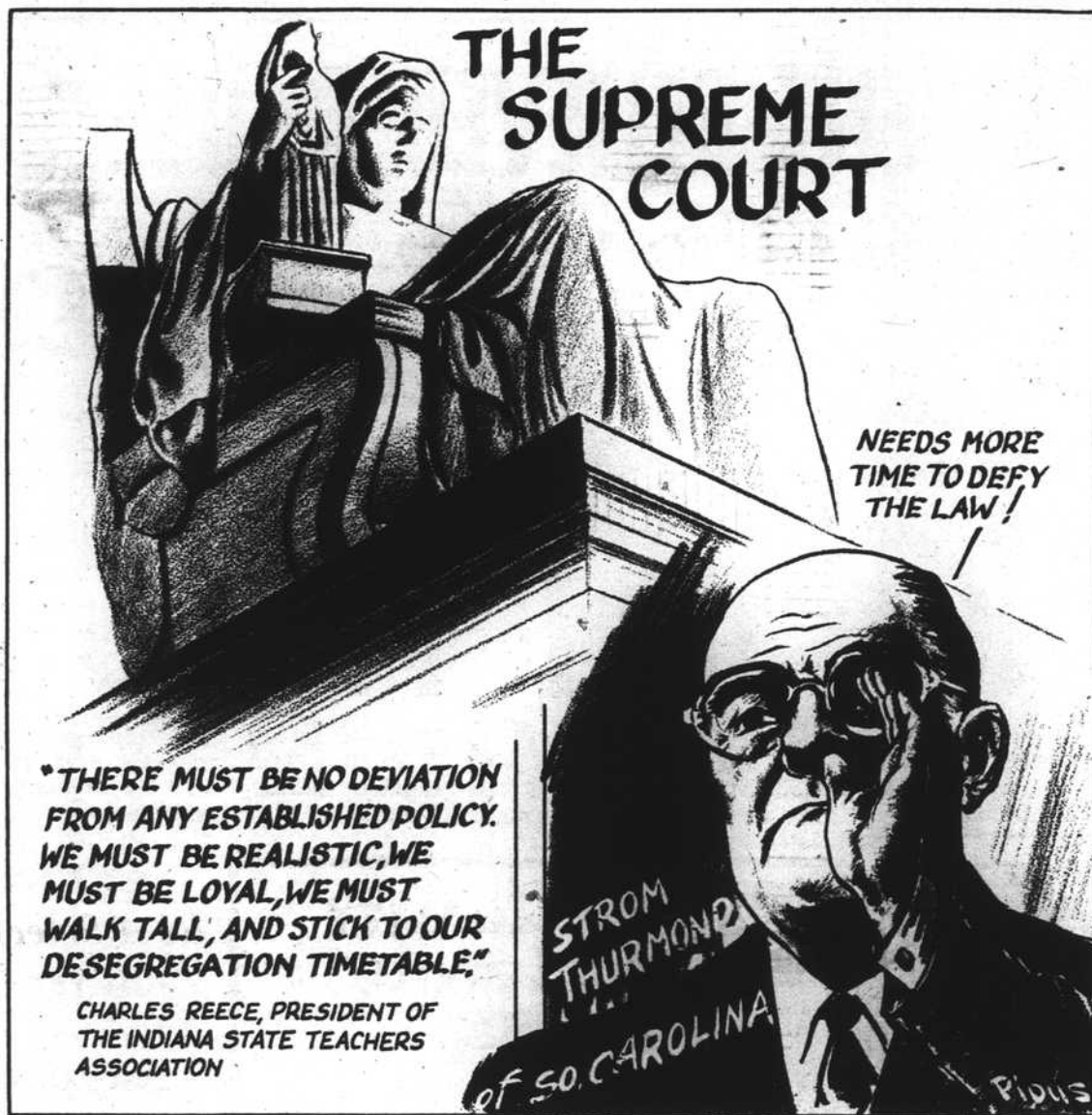
It took slightly more than an hour, interspersed with a variety of subjects, to get this matter on the agenda and in full swing.

No wasted time, no idle gab, no wasted motion. Every movement was a well oiled piece of fine honed machinery which responded instantly to the task at hand. A command was scarcely uttered or anticipated before a full and completed blue-print appeared on the surface. It made you appreciate the atomic age and those who move it.

The citizens of Las Vegas and North Las Vegas have every right to expect fulfillment of its goal. And those named fully intend to realize a successful conclusion to their efforts. This means a full contingent of all around victories, and we salute our new helpers. Without them our anticipation would take on a less brilliant hue.

Democrats or Republicans 4,998 New Votes By Xmas

No Deviation..The Way To Rectify Distrust, Mr. President



Yesterday In Negro History

July 24, 1954—Dr. Mary Church Terrell, pioneer woman advocate of civil rights and first president of the National Association of Colored Women's Clubs, died in Annapolis, Md. at age 90. Mrs. Terrell was the first Negro woman to serve on the Washington, D. C. Board of Education, serving from 1895 to 1901 and from 1906 to 1911. In 1946 she decided to renew her membership in the Washington Chapter of the American Association of University Women. She had been a member when there had been no racial discrimination but dropped her membership in 1900 because of public and private duties. Her application was rejected and a three-year fight resulted with the national organization taking the matter to court to affirm its non-discriminatory policy and the local chapter finally splitting over the issue, with the group opposing Mrs. Terrell's admission forming the University Women's club. At the age of 87 she led a campaign that ended segregation in all Washington eating places by the Supreme Court and at age 90 she won another victory by ending discrimination in most Washington movie theaters. Her autobiography was *A Colored Woman in a White World*.



Dr. Terrell

WHAT NOW, SENATOR

A few short months ago it seemed a lead-pipe cinch that American voters would have to face Edward M. (Ted) Kennedy in the 1972 presidential election, whether they favored him or not.

Since Saturday night (19) the picture has changed so drastically that Mr. Kennedy already is taking on the pallor of a forgotten man. We may be jumping the gun but next to the astronauts, young Teddy has come in for a great deal of quiet conversation, and some rather blunt questions.

It appears rather unlikely the power structure of the Kennedy-clan will be unable to give some coercive answers at the proper time. Yet, we wonder, if the answers will be good enough. If they can withstand all the bombardment the GOP's are likely to direct that way in the months to come. If people can or will come up with one answer instead of the variety of opinion they now possess.

I'm a long-time admirer of the Kennedy cycle. I sat for hours watching the John F. story. I devoured as much as possible of the Bobby incident, and I was rather disappointed the dems didn't move young Edward to the fore when his big, though unique chance, came. I wonder now if it still exists. If great damage hasn't been manifested.

I wonder if this is the end of a glowing and wonderous era. I kinda hope not, but who am I to answer so many questions from so many people?

As the Reverend Theodore S. Boone once said, when your time comes, be able to say, "I fought a good fight."

The Rev. Boone is a good man. And a fair man. He is a staunch Republican but a fair man. He involves himself in all kinds of things, like the 36-hour marathon he conducted during the Emitt Till incident of some years back. He offers good advice, if he offers any at all. Being a baptist minister he often tempers his words with religious overtones--fight a good fight-- is deep, probing, and sincere. There is a great measure of careful thought implied.

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