

EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

By Lawrence Albert

GUEST EDITORIAL; by Eleanor Walker

Recently the problem of illegal aliens "depriving the citizens" of the United States of gainful employment was brought to our attention. The news media pointed out that Clark County alone may have more than 5,000 employed.

Think of the boost to the black community, if blacks had an opportunity to gain, just half of these illegally held jobs. Food on the table -- and maybe even some of the luxuries like streets and lights for the Vegas Heights residents.

Leaders, political and labor, have expressed their outrage over the problem. Governor Mike O'Callaghan is asking for action, Commissioner Franklin immediately pushed for action by the City and Mr. Bramlett, local Culinary Union leader was concerned about non-union people taking union jobs.

In an article in the Las Vegas Sun, Vegas Bill adequately summed it all up, "This never was much of a fuss..." which leads one to believe that our leaders must have been remiss in the past. Did all of these illegal aliens suddenly emerge on Clark County in the midst of the night? Why has the problem gotten so out of hand? Has it suddenly been discovered that these extra, cheap workers are no longer necessary to protect the profits of the people who hire them? Where were these workers hiding during the times the various union agents visited the hotels?

One finds it hard to believe that this problem has just been discovered by the leaders, when blacks have strongly and rightfully suspected all along, that their employment picture would not be so bleak, had it not been for "outsiders" coming in taking jobs that should first be made available to our own black American citizens.

One of the local reporters asserted that the aliens were holding service type jobs, that were not desired by any American citizens. I wonder how many black Americans, searching in vain for jobs, agree with this statement. This reporter failed to mention, that some of those undesirable entry level jobs are the means by which some of the illegal aliens use to advance to the more lucrative positions -- waiters, captains, and quite possibly into some of the extremely desirous casino jobs in areas that blacks are mere tokens, are non-existent; in spite of the Consent Decree which supposedly guarantees an employee the opportunity to be upgraded.

It is certainly past time, for our leaders, to be indignant over the lack of well being of that large number of employed. We only hope that the indignation goes beyond the point of simply getting rid of the no longer needed illegal aliens, to the point of reducing the unemployment percentages and offering true equal opportunity for our black residents to become gainfully employed.

Please contact the NAACP office at 1040 W. Owens, to sign a petition, to help relieve the illegal alien problem.

BAYARD RUSTIN

Exec. Director, A Philip Randolph Institute



THE DANGERS OF ETHNIC SEPARATISM

I would have no objections to the phenomenon known as the "new ethnicity" if the objective of its proponents was to enlarge a sense of pride in a group's heritage and to foster in society a respect for the uniqueness of that heritage.

To pay homage to the distinctive contributions of minority and immigrant cultures is important for the nation, as well as for the particular group. The enduring struggle of black people, the

WEST LAS VEGAS DEVELOPMENT A. L. DUNN

Remember, the first six months of 1974 tourists and convention delegates spent \$576,870, 435 in Las Vegas. This money flew into town, ran through the Strip, and walked down-town, but did not one dime come to the West Side. I stopped a \$5,000 bill on the Strip and asked, "why don't you visit the West Side? The \$5,000 bill said he had never heard of the West Side."

I went down-town and stopped a \$100 dollar bill going down Fremont Street. I said, "hey \$100 dollar bill, why don't you visit the West Side?" The dollar bill said, "man, I just left the Ghetto in New York, and I am certainly not going to spend my vacation time in no Ghetto in Las Vegas!" Finally, in desperation I ran across a dime at a Down-Town bar. I said, "hey dime, why don't you visit the West Side?" The dime said, "man, we were told that if we wanted to live, don't go to the West Side, because the brothers are so hungry they will knock a dime in the head."

On my way back to the West Side, a penny stopped me and said, "hey man, where do the brothers live? When I came in town, man, I was \$5,000 strong, but this is what is left of me and I need a place to stay and something to eat." I said "hey penny, get in, excuse this old beat-up car, I know a cat by the name of "Big Al" at the Moulin Rouge where you can get a place to live, and after that I can take you to the Town Tavern and Dan will get you something to eat."

The penny said, "man, you guys are allright. After I check in and eat, I am going to make a phone call back home and get me some more money. Have you got a dime?" I reached in my pocket and gave penny a dime.

Penny said, "Thanks, I sure appreciate what you have done, and I am going to get some sleep and try to build myself back up, man, I am really tired. Like I told you when I came to town, I was \$5,000 strong. Can you pick me up in the morning? I don't know many people in town. You see this is a funny town. When you are just a penny it is pretty hard to get acquainted Down-Town. The cop bugs you all the time. Just before you picked me up, a cop stopped me and wanted to know, if I had any identification. And you know what I could not understand, I was standing next to a \$1,000 dollar bill, a \$500 dollar bill, and a \$100 dollar bill and they did not ask nobody for their identification but me. This shows this is a prejudiced town. I don't see how you guys stay in it. Oh, incidentally man, I never got your name. Who are you?"

"My name is West Side. I am a damned fool."
"Well West Side, it was really nice to know you, and if I ever get strong again, I am coming to see you. Don't forget to pick me up in the morning because if I get this money, I want you to drop me off Down-Town. What did you say your name was?"

"My name is damned fool."
"Well look damned fool, like I said man, it was nice knowing you and man, on second thought, I just dawned on me who you are. I don't want to impose on you and when this money comes in I can get a cab Down-Town. And remember man, if you cats ever get it together, I got a lot of friends and relatives who come to this town, and they are willing to come and spend, but they don't want to come to no Ghetto. The only reason I

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"We Shall Over-Come"

"WE CAN NEVER BE SATISFIED AS LONG AS THE NEGRO'S BASIC MOBILITY IS FROM A SMALLER GHETTO TO A LARGER ONE."

REV. MARTIN LUTHER KING

ROSEDALE, QUEENS, N.Y.

POLICE SAID A NOTE WAS LEFT READING "NIGGERS BEWARE."

Pious

LAS VEGAS VOICE

NEVADA'S BLACK COMMUNITY WEEKLY
"An Uninterrupted Publication Since 1963"

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER (Published every Thursday) DEDICATED to the INTEREST and ASPIRATIONS for a BETTER LIFE for BLACK CITIZENS of the STATE of NEVADA

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survival of the Jews, the political triumphs of the Irish, the successful campaigns of foreign-speaking immigrants for recognition of their unions--all bear witness to the pivotal role of minority groups in the forging of American democracy and in the creation of a more humane social order.

We have learned, however, that a healthy expression of cultural identification can easily escalate into extravagant claims of group superiority. Thus we hear, for instance, that there is inherent in "blackness," "Jewishness" or "womanhood," special qualities that endow the group

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