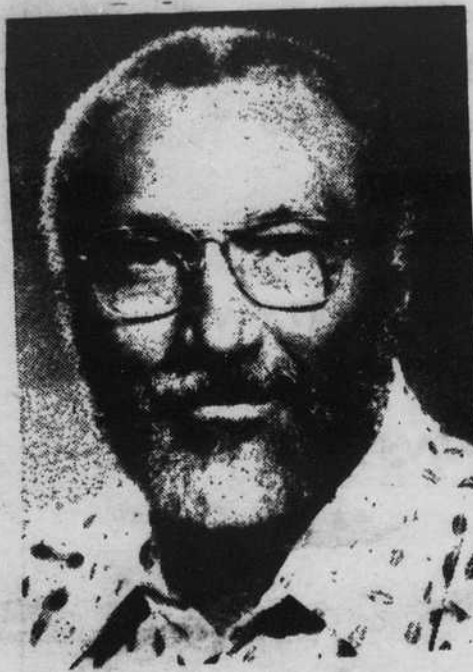


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NAACP

McMILLAN, PRESIDENT

SARANN

KNIGHT,

VICE-

PRESIDENT



CONGRATULATIONS to Dr. McMillan,
newly elected President of the NAACP

CONGRATULATIONS to Sarann Knight,
newly elected Vice-President of the
NAACP

FROM THE LAS VEGAS VOICE NEWSPAPER

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LAS VEGAS

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VOICE

NEVADA'S
BLACK COMMUNITY
WEEKLY
15¢

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Dear Rev. Dan:

On the 2nd of Feb., 77, at approximately 12:30 P.M. Det. Pendleton came to my apartment at 511 W. Jefferson Ave., #2. He identified himself as a police officer. He said he wanted to ask me some questions about Doug. He asked me about my television. He asked if it was stolen. I told him no. I showed him the papers for the TV. Then he asked me about Doug. I told him I knew him, that he and I used to play cards and drink beer together. He asked me if I used to "caper" with Doug and I said no. He asked me if I had any Heroin, and I told him no. He then asked me if I had any guns or stolen property. I said no, and I asked him why he was asking me all these questions. He didn't answer. He asked me to go put some clothes on, because I was in the bathtub when he came over. I said for what? He said he wanted me to go downtown with him. I didn't argue with him. I put on some clothes and went downtown with Det. Pendleton.

After we got downtown he again began to ask questions about Doug. He asked me where did Doug steal from. I told him I didn't know if he stole. Det. Pendleton then began to accuse me of stealing with Doug. I told him I didn't steal anything from anyone. He asked more questions about where Doug and I had stole from people's garages. When and what we had taken. I told him I didn't take anything. He told me I was lying to him. He told me he would be right back. When he came back he was waiting on Det. Lenard. When he came, both of them began to question me. Then they told me what they could do to me if I didn't tell the truth. Det. Pendleton told me he could bust my spleen or beat me up so that a doctor couldn't tell. He also told me he could stop me from getting a job. I told them I was telling the truth. They said I was lying. They said they should take me on the Westside drive down H Street in front of Bruce's Liquor Store, and point at someone and then drive down the street and let me out of the car and to back and bust the person. That way everyone would think I was snitching and they would try to beat me or even kick me. Det. Lenard showed me a picture of someone and asked if I knew them. I said no. He didn't believe me. He and Det. Pendleton asked me about more people I didn't know and when I told them I didn't know them they laughed. Det. Pendleton threatened me some more. I was getting pretty scared. He reminded me that he could really hurt me. Det. Pendleton told me if I didn't tell him what they wanted to know, he could send me to prison for 15 counts of burglary. I kept telling both of them I didn't know anything about the people or about anyone. They kept insisting that I was lying. Det. Lenard said that I



wasn't scared of what they were saying because I hadn't experienced it. He said maybe I should. The more I tried to convince them I was telling the truth, the more they said I was lying. They said I was trying to con them. I wasn't. Det. Pendleton said he had enough on me to put me in jail right then, but if I was to bring him 15 big cases he would forget the whole thing. I told him I didn't know anything. He still didn't believe me. I was tired of being hounded, harassed. I just wanted to get out of there and go home. I knew the only way I was going to get anywhere was to agree to his terms. So I did, knowing that I could never tell him anything, because I didn't know anything. He told me I would have to give him a "good bust within a week". He told me to call him when I had something. He told me that if I tried to con him in any way, Det. Lenard would know and tell him. He said he would get a junkie to do bodily harm to me for a fix. He constantly reminded me what would happen to me if I tried anything. He told me not to try to tell my friends about our conversation, because they would try to help me. But they could only make things worse. He said I couldn't prove anything anyway. He gave me his telephone number, and said if I need any help to call him. He gave me his telephone number in his handwriting. He asked me to make a statement. After that he said he would take me home now. He again reminded me of his threats. Then he took me home and told me to do my best. I told my mother and family. I know, as a police officer, he had no right to treat me as he did.

Rev. I. Bell