

The Voice

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"Dedicated to the promotion of the cultural, social and spiritual life of a great people."

Rev. Melvin L. Shakespeare

Publisher and Editor

Business Address 2225 S Street

If No Answer Call 5-7508

Phone 5-6497

Rubie W. Shakespeare

Advertising and Business Manager

Charles Goolsby

Associate Editor, Y.M.C.A.

Lynwood Parker

Associate Editor, on Leave

Mrs. Joe Green

Circulation Manager

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EDITORIALS

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Let Christ Be Born Anew

Christmas, the season when we all lay down every little weight and sin that doth so easily beset us and turn to the giving of presents to our many loved ones. This year as the season rolls around we cannot help but look to the greatest giver of all for the hope of peace on earth and goodwill toward all men regardless of race, color, creed, country or religion. As we look back through the year we see the rising of a storm cloud that has threatened to take away that hope. But we can say with the apostle Paul of old, thanks be to God who gave us the victory through Jesus Christ Our Lord.

Christ was the gift then, and is now the gift of peace and love. Our gift to God should be our service to mankind, we should look up through the darkness of hatred, prejudices, and bigotry and see the light that shineth and darkness comprehendeth not.

Let us focus our sight on the suffering of an unsettled world, wherein there is much misery because of those who would dare to stamp out the light of hope. Let us think in terms of giving our all to the cause of that peace that the Churches of the world has stood and are still standing for.

Yes it is Christmas again when the spirit of giving is in order. Let us erase from our minds any trace of un-Christlikeness toward

our fellow man and give. Yes give to the world a big, genuine smile filled with the blessed sunshine, of a newborn Christ child. Yes give to the world a new song of love filled with the music of the Angels. Yes give to our fellowman a big handshake filled with the grip of the spirit of this season's greeting. Let Christ be born anew in our hearts.

Letters to The Editors

For such a long time I have intended sending this word of appreciation for your kindness in sending me this most wonderful little messenger of love.

I know all of the former Lincolmites now living in California join me in saying those at home cannot possibly appreciate its value as we who are so far away. The name is just what it should be, for indeed it is a very sweet consoling voice to us. Especially when one has been ill as long as I have and when lying so all alone on the hospital bed, this small sweet voice of so many true warm friends is brought to the bedside. Self and suffering are forgotten while you cherish every word spoken from the churches, the social groups, and the children. You must remember how I loved all of the children. Though many whom I left as mere babes are grown beyond all recognition now.

We are of course saddened with those in sorrow, for as I grew up there we were all as one big family, sharing the bitters and the sweets with each other.

There are many new names but The Voice speaks so beautifully of all that I also join in a hearty welcome to them to our little city.

May God ever bless and prosper you in your most worthy effort and as you encounter the many old friends whom I am not able to contact at this time, wish them for me God's greatest blessings.

Sincerely,
ANNA E. RAY
Los Angeles, Calif.

Out of Old Nebraska

BY JAMES C. OLSON.

Superintendent, State Historical Society

On Christmas night, 1866, old Fort Laramie, guardian and outpost of the overland trail, provided the setting for one of the most intense and heroic dramas ever enacted on the western frontier.

The mercury had plunged to 25 degrees below zero, but inside "Old Bedlam," the officers' club was all warm and gay with the festivity of a Christmas celebration.

Suddenly out of the frozen darkness a gaunt, swaying figure, swathed in a buffalo coat and covered with snow, staggered into the midst of the celebration. He gasped that he had important messages for the commanding officer, and collapsed on the floor.

This man, John C. (Portugee) Phillips, had ridden all the way from Fort Phil Kearny, 235 miles away, with word from Colonel Henry B. Carrington that the Indians were besieging the fort, and that if help failed to come soon the entire garrison, including women and children, was doomed to death.

The attack on Fort Phil Kearny was part of the Indian effort, under the leadership of Chief Red Cloud, to drive the white man off the Bozeman Road, freight and emigrant route from the Platte Valley to the gold fields of Montana. Fort Phil Kearny had been built only the summer before to furnish protection for travelers on the road.

With the situation desperate without help from the outside, Portugee-Phillips, a scout and hunter, had volunteered to risk his life in a ride through the cold and the Indians to take the news to Fort Laramie. His only stipulation was that he go on Colonel Carrington's prize Kentucky thoroughbred the fastest horse at the post.

Reinforcements immediately were sent out from Laramie, and when they arrived at Fort Phil Kearny, they found the garrison alive and well. The sub-zero weather which had endangered Portugee Phillips' life had prevented the Indians from making an attack.

Phillips recovered from his wild ride and continued his life as a scout, hunter and general handyman around our western military posts. Very tardily, his heroism was recognized by the government.

Colonel Carrington never got his prize thoroughbred back, though. No sooner had his rider reeled from him and staggered into "Old Bedlam" than that gallant animal dropped dead of exhaustion on the parade ground.



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Paul Williams to Do \$10,000,000 Hotel Project

LOS ANGELES. (ANP). Paul Williams, one of America's, outstanding architects, will collaborate with another famous artist to produce a new \$10,000,000 Ambassador hotel here in Los Angeles, it was revealed last week.

According to tentative plans, Williams will work with designer Norman Bel Geddes in remodeling

the well-known 500 room hotel.

J. Myer Schine, operator of movie houses, hotel and real estate throughout the United States, and owner of the Ambassador, has given his okay to the project.

Among the various departments of the hotel that Williams and Geddes will work on are the internationally-known Cocoanut Grove cabaret, a swimming pool and a junior-size golf course.

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