I. A SHORT NARRATIVE HISTORY

INTRODUCTION

In 1954, the United States Supreme Court, in the case of Brown vs Board of Education of Topeka, et. al. had ruled that separate but equal facilities are inherently unequal, and that schools would have to be desegregated with all deliberate speed.

On December 1, 1955, a Negro seamstress named Rosa Parks was arrested when she refused to give up her seat to a white man on a Montgomery, Alabama, bus. When the news spread through the community, a young Negro minister named Martin Luther King, Jr., organized a boycott of the bus line. It was the first major implementation of the doctrine of non-violence in the civil rights struggle. It demonstrated to Negroes that, as a people, they had power that they lacked as individuals. As the case slowly wended its way through the courts, they stood firm despite intimidation, threats of violence, and use of violence by whites. Houses in the Negro section were shot at and bombed. Only the exhortations of the non-violent leadership had prevented Negroes from retaliating to violence with violence.

By the time the Supreme Court of the United States, 12 months later, refused to review a lower court order ruling segregation on public transportation unconstitutional, a significant change was in the process of taking place in

relations between the races. As ruling after ruling of the Supreme Court placed Federal Law and the Negro side by side, the civil rights drive gained legality and stature. As the Negro saw that by unity he could obtain power, he acquired both self-respect and militancy.

A Negro janitor in Montgomery told a reporter: "We got out heads up now, and we won't ever bow down again -- no, sir -- except before God!"

Yet statutory equality more often than not failed to translate itself into improved conditions for the Negro on the local level. As the battle for equality had to be fought over and over again in every school district and at every lunch counter, cynicism began to grow among the Black masses. Those who had been the greatest optimists were likely to be the most disillusioned.

Negro children who had been in grammar school in 1954 graduated from college without ever having seen a white face in their classes. An adult leadership that counseled moderation and a legalistic, non-violent approach was challenged to demonstrate how that approach had led to social and economic improvement for the Negro.

In the South, non-violent action frequently engendered a violent response. Buses were burned, demonstrators were beaten and jailed, and civil rights workers were abducted and murdered. Members of civil rights organizations,

attempting to operate within the framework of the nation's laws, were jailed and prosecuted with impunity by those who opposed the laws.

As more and more of the workers suffered serious injuries and death, and little was changed as a result, more and more began to believe that in a confrontation between moral persuasion and violence, violence would be the victor. The turning point was reached in the summer of 1963.

The most massive demonstrations the South had seen began in Birmingham, Alabama. The white response was a series of bombings that inflamed Negroes. Retaliation against whites in the form of rock-throwing and burning of white-owned property began. A series of bloody battles was fought with the police. The culmination came in the quiet of one Sunday morning. As a group of Negro children sat in Sunday school, a bomb exploded beneath the church. Four young girls were killed. No one was tried for the murders. The sacrifice had achieved virtually nothing. Birmingham remained as white supremacist as ever.

Yet, all over the nation, Birmingham had forged a bond among Negroes. Psychologically they had marched with the marchers, suffered with the injured, and become more and more embittered at the authorities.

In the November, 1965, issue of the Michigan Law Review George Edwards, Judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit, and former Police Commissioner of Detroit, wrote: "Episodes like those experienced in Birmingham and Selma, Alabama, in Oxford and Neshoba County, Mississippi, add to the police problems in every section of the country."

In the April, 1965, issue of the "Liberator," an organ of the most militant Negroes, disaffection had grown to the extent that a writer declared: "Either black people will be destroyed or the white American Government will be destroyed. It is a life or death struggle. This further illustrates that we have only one alternative: Unite for self-defense warfare now, or perish!"

Four months later, in August, a combination of haphazard circumstances plunged Los Angeles into the bloodiest American domestic turmoil in two decades. Within a period of two days, with virtually no organization, and relatively little effort, Negroes overwhelmed the police and infused the fibers of the nation's third largest city with fear. Negroes everywhere seized upon the riot as a demonstration that Black Power was both viable and practical.

The April 22, 1966, issue of the Black Muslin newspaper, "Muhammed Speaks," headlined "Coming: Bloody Conflicts in the Cities?" The thesis of the article was that, as major American cities attained a black majority,

"The white power structure will not 'willingly' yield to the democratic concept of 'majority rule'."

By the spring of 1967, such extremists as Stokely Carmichael and H. "Rap" Brown were saying: "You can't turn your back on violence, because you can't live in America if you're black and be non-violent." Proclaiming ever more stridently that America was conducting "genocide" against the black man, their goal was to convince white America that a revolution was in the making, and Black America that white America would respond to black grievances with a policy of suppression and violence. Only if they could create a climate in which revolution would feed on anger, bigotry, and fear, and violence could they hope that their words would be heeded by the masses; that they themselves could attain the stature of leaders.

The trap had been baited and set. The question remained, would it be sprung?

On Sunday, June 11, Tampa, Florida, lay somnolent in the 94 degree heat. A humid wind ruffled the bay, where thousands of persons had watched the hydroplane races. Since early morning the Police Department's Selective Enforcement Unit, designed as a riot control squad, had been employed to keep order at the races.

At 5:30 P.M., a block from the waterfront, a photo supply warehouse was broken into. Forty-five minutes later, as gathering clouds were shadowing the sun, two police officers spotted three Negro youths as they walked near the State Building. As the youths caught sight of the officers they ducked into an alley. The officers gave chase. As they ran, the suspects left a trail of photographic equipment scattered from the yellow paper bags they were carrying.

The officers transmitted a general broadcast over the police radio. As other officers arrived on the scene, a dangerous game of hide and seek began through and around the streets, houses, and alleys of the neighborhood. When Negro residents of the area adjacent to the Central Park Village Housing Project became aware of the chase, they began to participate. Some attempted to help the officers in locating the suspects.

R. C. Oates, one of the 17 Negroes on the 500-man Tampa police force, spotted 19-year old Martin Chambers, bare to the waist, wriggling away from him beneath one of the houses. Oates

called for Chambers to come out and surrender. Ignoring him, Chambers emerged in a running crouch from the opposite side of the house. A white officer, J. L. Calvert, took up the pursuit.

Pursuing Calvert, in turn, were three young Negroes, all spectators. Behind one of the houses a high cyclone fence created a two-foot wide alley twenty-five feet in length.

As Chambers darted along the fence, Officer Calvert rounded the corner of the house. Calvert yelled to him to halt. Chambers ignored him. Calvert, who had flunked his last marksmanship test, raised his .38 revolver and fired. Chambers, the slug entering his back and passing completely through his body, raised his hands over his head, clutched at the cyclone fence, and requested to be taken to a hospital.

When the three youths running behind Officer Calvert came upon the scene they assumed Chambers had been shot standing in the position in which they saw him. Rumor quickly spread through the neighborhood that a white police officer had shot a Negro youth who had had his hands over his head and was trying to surrender.

The ambulance that was summoned became lost on the way. As minute following minute stretched into a quarter hour and then beyond, the ever-gathering crowd viewing the bloody, critically injured youth became ever-more belligerent.

Finally, the Reverend M. L. Newman told police they'd better get the boy out of there. Officer Oates loaded Chambers

into his car and drove him to the hospital. He died shortly thereafter.

As officers were leaving the scene, a storm broke. Beneath the pelting rain, the spectators scattered. When an officer went back to check the area he found no one on the streets.

A few minutes after 7:00 P.M., the Selective Enforcement Unit, tired and sun-parched, reported in from the races. A half hour later a report was received that 500 persons were gathering. A police car was sent into the area to check the report. The officers could find no one. The men of the Selective Enforcement Unit were told to go home.

The men in the scout car, had not, however, penetrated into the Central Village Housing complex where, as the rain ended, hundreds of persons poured from the apartments. At least half of them were teenagers and youths. As they began to mill about, old grievances, both real and imagined, were resurrected: discriminatory practices of local stores, advantages taken by white men of Negro girls, the kicking in the face of a Negro by a white man, as the Negro lay handcuffed on the ground, the lack of recreation facilities, the blackballing of two Negro high schools by the Athletic Conference, the shooting of one of two handcuffed Negro youths by a police officer.

When Officer Oates returned to the area it was seething with teenagers and young adults. Attempting to convince them to disperse of their own accord, he assured them a complete

investigation would be made into the shooting. He believed himself to be making headway when a hysterical girl appeared, crying that the police had killed her brother. Her appearance galvanized the crowd. Rocks were thrown. Police cars driving into the area were stoned. The police, relying on a previous experience when, after withdrawal of their units, the crowd had dispersed, decided to send no more patrol cars into the vicinity.

This time the maneuver did not work. From nearby bars and tawdry night spots patrons joined the throng. A window was smashed. Haphazard looting began. As fluid bands moved down the Central Avenue business district, those stores whose proprietors were particularly disliked were singled out. A grocery store, a liquor store, a restaurant were hit. The first fire was set.

Because of the dismissal of the Selective Enforcement Unit, and the lack of accurate intelligence information, the police department was slow to react. Although Sheriff Malcolm Beard of Hillsborough County was in contact with the Department throughout the evening, it was not until approximately 11:00 P.M. that a request for deputies was made to him.

At approximately the same time a recall, issued earlier by the police department, began to show results. At 11:30 P.M., officers moved back into the area. Lighted by the flames of burning buildings, it was, by this time, engulfed in a full-fledged riot.

Falling power lines whipped sparks about the skirmish line

of officers as it moved down the street. The popping noise of, presumably, gunshots came from the direction of the housing project. The officers did not return the fire.

It was announced over a public address system that anyone caught armed would be shot. The firing ceased. Then, and throughout the succeeding two days, law enforcement officers refrained from the use of firearms. No officer, nor any civilian, suffered a gunshot wound during the riot.

Driving along the expressway, a young white couple, Mr. and Mrs. C. D., were startled by the fires. Deciding to investigate, they took the off-ramp right into the midst of the riot. The car was swarmed over. Its windows were shattered. C. D. was dragged into the street.

As he emerged from a bar in which he had spent the evening, 19-year old J. C., a Negro fruit-picker from Arkansas, was as surprised by the riot as Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Rushing toward the stationwagon in which the young woman was trapped, he interposed himself between her and the mob. As, with rocks and beer cans smashing at the windows, she was able to drive off, he pushed through to where the white man lay. With the hoots and jeers of rioting youths ringing in his ears, J. C. helped him, also, to escape.

By one A.M., police officers and sheriff's deputies had surrounded and blocked off an area several blocks square. Firemen began to extinguish the flames which, by this time, had spread to

several other establishments from the three businesses in which they had, originally, been set. No resistance was met. Control was soon re-established.

Because of the absence of the Chief of Police, Governor Claude Kirk placed Sheriff Beard in charge of the combined forces of the police and sheriff's departments.

For the next twelve hours the situation remained quiet but tense. Rumors abounded. By the afternoon of Monday, June 12, the sheriff's and police forces both had been fully committed. The men were tired. There were none in reserve.

As a precautionary measure the Sheriff decided to request that a contingent of the National Guard be made available to the city.

Late in the afternoon Mayor Nick Nuccio and Governor Claude Kirk met with the residents at a school in the Central Park Village area. It was a tense meeting, charged with hostility, in which every speaker, white and Negro, was booed and hissed. Although there had been no massive resistance to the integration of schools and facilities in the city and officials prided themselves on supposedly good race relations, the fact that Negroes, who make up almost 20 percent of the population, had had no one to represent them in positions of policy or power, and therefore felt that they had no one to whom to appeal for redress of grievances, had built up frustrations to the boiling point.

There was no Negro on the City Council; none on the School Board; none on the Fire Department; none of high rank on the Police Force. Four out of every ten Negroes lived in shacks with broken window panes, leaking gas, and holes in the walls through which rats scampered. Rents were fifty to sixty dollars a month. Recreational facilities were few. Those that did exist lacked equipment and supervisors. Young toughs pre-empted and intimidated the children who tried to use them.

In the schools, the majority of Negroes never reached the eighth grade. Of every 1,000 Negro students who were graduated from high school, only 28 could attain the minimum passing score on the State's college entrance examination.

A difference of at least three-and-a-half years in educational attainment separated the average Negro and white youth. Fifty-five percent of the Negroes in Tampa were working in unskilled jobs. More than half of the families had incomes of less than $3,000 a year. The result was that 40 percent of the children lived in broken homes, and the city's crime rate was among the top 25 percent in the nation.

Although the meeting between the residents and the officials broke up without concrete results, the Governor believed it had enabled the residents to let off steam.

That evening, as National Guard troops supplanted local forces in maintaining a perimeter and establishing roving patrols,

anti-poverty workers went from door to door, urging citizens to stay off the streets.

A reported attempt by Black Muslims to incite people failed. Although there were scattered reports of trouble from several areas of the city, and a few fires were set -- a goodly proportion of them in vacant buildings -- there were no major incidents.

(Three youths were arrested when discovered with a cache of molotov cocktails. They were white. They were the only firebugs caught during the riot.)

All during the next day false reports poured into Police Headquarters. Normal, everyday scenes took on menacing tones. Twenty Negro men, bared to the waist, and carrying clubs, were reported to be gathering. They turned out to be construction workers.

Mayor Nuccio continued, with uncertain success, to meet with residents. At their suggestion that the man most likely to carry weight with the youngsters was Coach Jim Williams, he placed a call to Tallahassee, where Williams was attending a Coaching Clinic.

An impressive-looking man with graying hair, Williams had been the football coach at the high school serving the central city A year earlier he had become an assistant coach at Louisiana's Southern University.

It was almost 48 hours after the shooting of Martin Chambers that Williams arrived in Tampa. Together with another coach he wen

to the Greek Stand, a hangout for kids, where, he discovered, plans were being formulated for the throwing of rocks and molotov cocktails that evening. Coach Williams began to talk to them; began to attempt to convince them that protest could take responsible forms.

In another part of the city a physician and an attorney, both Negroes, began similarly to attempt to turn the youths into constructive behavior. The idea of a Youth Patrol, which would take over responsibility from police for patrolling the trouble area, was formulated. White armbands -- and later white hats -- were chosen for the purpose of identification. Sheriff Beard decided to take a chance on the White Hat Patrol.

During the next twenty-four hours 126 youths, some of whom had participated in the riot, were recruited into the patrol. Of the leaders, four-fifths were high school dropouts.

On Wednesday, the inquiry into the death of Martin Chambers was concluded. Upon the verdict that the officer had fired the shot justifiably and in the line of duty, apprehension rose that trouble would erupt again. Nevertheless, despite the fact that the verdict was was not to their liking, the White Hats continued to keep order.

On Monday, June 12th, while Tampa was still smoldering, discontent erupted in Cincinnati, 940 miles to the north. The issue there, too, was a killing.

CINCINNATI

In October, 1965, a series of assaults on and murders of middle-aged white women had generated an atmosphere of fear in the city. Although the newspapers were generally restrained in their treatment of the case, when it became known that the tentative identification of the "Cincinnati Strangler" indicated him to be a Negro, a new element of tension was injected into relations between the races.

In December, 1966, a jazz musician named Posteal Laskey was arrested and charged with one of the murders. In May of 1967 he was convicted and sentenced to death. Although two of the principal witnesses against Laskey were Negroes, many persons in the Negro community felt that because of the charged atmosphere he had not received a fair trial. They were even further incensed when a white man, convicted of manslaughter in the death of his mistress, received a suspended sentence.

Despite the fact that the cases were dissimilar, there was talk in the Negro community that the difference in the severity of sentences was indicative of a double standard of justice for white and black.

Following Laskey's conviction a drive began in the community to raise funds for an appeal. Laskey's cousin, Peter Frakes, began walking the streets, carrying a sandwich

board advertising the "Laskey Freedom Fund." After warning him several times about his activities, police arrested Frakes on a charge of violating the city's anti-loitering ordinance.

A major portion of the Negro community looked upon the ordinance as an anti-Negro one. Between January and June, 1966, of some 240 persons arrested under it, 170 had been Negro.

Frakes was arrested at 12:35 A.M. on Sunday morning, June 11. That evening, concurrent with the commencement of a Baptist Convention, Dr. Martin Luther King spoke in one of the churches. Following the speech it was announced that a meeting to protest the Frakes arrest and the anti-loitering ordinance would be held the following night at a junior high school in the Avondale District.

Without realizing the implication, Cincinnati over the years had been making protests through political and non-violent channels more and more difficult. It seemed more and more futile to the young, militant element in the Negro community to abide by accepted procedure.

Although the city's Negro population had been rising swiftly -- in 1967, 135,000 out of the city's 500,000 residents were Negroes -- there was only one Negro sitting on the City Council. In the 1950's, with a far smaller Negro

population, there had been two. Negroes attributed this to the fact that the city had changed from a district to an at-large election of the nine councilmen, thereby diluting the Negro vote. When a Negro received the largest total vote of any of the councilmen -- traditionally the criterion for choosing which of the councilmen was to be chosen mayor -- tradition was cast aside and a white man was picked for mayor instead.

Although 40 percent of the school children were Negro, there was only one Negro on the Board of Education. Of 81 members of various city commissions, only one was a Negro.

Picketing the construction site of a new city convention hall, to protest lack of Negro membership in building trades unions, produced no results. When the Reverend Fred Shuttlesworth, who had led the Negroes in the Birmingham march of 1963, staged a protest against alleged discriminatory practices at the County Hospital, he and his followers were arrested for trespassing. Sentenced to jail, the Rev. Shuttlesworth had his sentence suspended. Placed on probation, he was kept under the court's jurisdiction, and was thus prevented from leading further non-violent protests.

Traditional Negro leaders drawn from an affluent and conservative middle class became more and more discredited as grandiose promises degenerated into petty results. Of

2,000 job openings talked about for young Negroes in the spring of 1967, only 65 materialized. Almost one out of every eight Cincinnati Negroes was unemployed. Two out of every five Negro families were living on the border of poverty or below.

A study of the West End Section of the city indicated that one out of every four Negro men living there was out of work. In one public housing area two-thirds of the fathers were missing from the home. Of private housing occupied by Negroes, one-fourth was overcrowded and half was dilapidated.

In the 90 degree temperature of Monday, June 12th, Negro youngsters roamed the streets. The two swimming pools available to them could accommodate only a handful. In the Avondale Section, which had, up to a few years before, been a prosperous middle class community, but now contained more than half the city's Negro population, Negro youths watched white workers going to their jobs in white-owned stores and businesses. One youth began to count the number of delivery trucks being driven by Negroes. During the course of the afternoon, of the 52 trucks he counted, only one had a Negro driver.

Late in the afternoon, the youths set up an impromptu picket line. Trucks were prevented from making deliveries. The intervention of the police was necessary to restore normal commerce.

The police department mobilized its forces for a possible disturbance. However, because of complaints from Negro militants that the police themselves were an inciting factor -- some months earlier, following a speech by Stokely Carmichael, a crowd had gathered and burned the car of a plainclothesman -- it was decided to withhold the police from the immediate area of the scheduled protest meeting that evening.

It appeared as if this policy might be rewarded until, toward the close of the rally, a wealthy Negro real estate broker arose to defend both the police and the anti-loitering ordinance. The largely youthful, militant audience was incensed. When the meeting broke up a missile was hurled through the window of a nearby church. A small fire was set in the street.

The police were able to react quickly. There was only one major confrontation between them and the mob. Little resistance was offered.

Although windows were broken in some two dozen stores, there was virtually no looting. There were 14 arrests, some of them not connected with the disturbance. Among those arrested was a former community worker, studying for a doctorate at Brandeis University. Called to the area to help get people off the streets, he was charged with loitering.

The next morning it was stated by the judge of the Municipal Court, before whom most of the persons charged were to be brought, that he intended to mete out the maximum sentence to anyone found guilty of a riot-connected offense. Although the judge intended the statement to act as a deterrent against further violence, to many persons in the Negro community it appeared further evidence of discriminatory justice.

Tuesday morning a list of 11 demands and grievances stemming from the Monday night meeting was presented to the municipal government. Included were demands for repeal of the loitering law, release of all prisoners arrested during the disturbance, full employment for Negroes, and equal justice in the courts.

Municipal officials agreed that the city council would consider the demands. Officials, however, rejected the call that they attend an open-air meeting of residents in the Avondale section that evening. City leaders did not want to give stature to the militants by acknowledging them as the de facto representatives of the community. Yet, by all indications, the militants were the only persons with influence on the people on the streets.

Mayor Walter H. Bachrach declared that he was "quite surprised" by the disturbance because the council had "worked like hell" to help Negroes.

When no city official appeared at the meeting that evening, the throng that had assembled began quickly to mill about. Shortly before 7:00 P.M. rocks began to be thrown. At 7:15, according to the chief of police, "All hell broke loose."

Looting commenced, fires were set, firemen were stoned. Like fragments of an exploding bombshell, the riot spread to other sections of the city. Vehicles were stoned and burned. A paper company was set afire and damaged extensively. Although the police force was at maximum strength, the confusion and rapidity with which the disorder spread made it apparent that city police would not, alone, be able to cope with it.

Shortly before 10:00 P.M., after a request for aid to surrounding communities, a call was put in to the Governor asking for mobilization of the National Guard.

At 2:30 A.M. Wednesday the first units of the National Guard appeared on the streets. There was a policy of restraint in the use of weapons. Few shots were fired. Despite fears of a clash between Negroes and SAMS -- white Southern Appalachian migrants whose economic conditions paralleled those of the Negroes -- such a clash never developed.

Of 63 reported injuries, only 12 were serious enough to require hospitalization. Of the 107 persons arrested

Tuesday night, when the main disturbance took place, 75 were 21 years of age or younger. Of the total of 404 persons arrested during the riot, 338 were 26 years of age or younger.

"Rap" Brown, arriving in the city, attempted to capitalize upon the discontent. But, except for rehashing and expanding the list of 11 demands and grievances previously presented into a list of 20 of his own, his appearance had little effect. Although scattered incidents occurred for three days after the arrival of the National Guard, the riot never again threatened to get out of hand.

ATLANTA

As "Rap" Brown arrived in Cincinnati on Thursday, June 15, to attempt to exploit the riot situation there, SNCC's home base of Atlanta, Georgia, was beginning to ferment. Rapid industrialization following World War II, coupled with annexations that quadrupled the area of the city, had made Atlanta a vigorous and booming community. Pragmatic business and political leaders gave to the city the reputation of the "Moderate stronghold of the Deep South."

Nevertheless, although integration of schools and facilities has been accepted, the fact that the city is the headquarters for both civil rights organizations and segregationist elements, makes the modus vivendi between the races a tenuous one.

The rapidly growing Negro population, which, by the summer of 1967, had reached an estimated 44 percent and was scattered in several ghettos throughout the city, was maintaining constant pressure on surrounding white residential areas. Blockbusting tactics were frequently and successfully utilized. On one occasion the city barricaded a road to prevent movement between white and Negro areas. The city police were constantly under pressure to keep marches and countermarches of civil rights and white supremicist organizations from flaring into violence.

Following the fatal shooting of a Negro by a police officer in September of 1966, only the dramatic ghetto appearance of Mayor Ivan Allen, Jr., without police protection, had averted a riot.

Boasting that Atlanta had the largest KKK membership in the country, the Klan, on June 4, 1967, marched through one of the poorer Negro sections. Only a massive police escort prevented a racial clash.

According to Mayor Allen, 55 percent of municipal employees hired in 1967 were Negroes, and Negroes now make up approximately 28 percent of the city work force. Of 908 police department employees, 85 are Negro, one of the higher percentages among major city police departments in the nation.

Yet the progress made has served more to reduce the level of inequality than to create equal conditions among blacks and whites. Different pay scales for black and white municipal employees performing the same jobs had only recently been eliminated.

Indications are, in fact, that the economic and educational gap between the black and white populations is increasing. The average white Atlantan is a high school graduate; the average Negro Atlantan has not even graduated from grammar school.

The median income of a Negro family is less than half of the white's $6,350 a year, and 48 percent of Negroes earn less than $3,000 a year. Fifty percent of the men work in unskilled jobs, and many more Negro women than men, 7.9 percent as against 4.9 percent of the respective work forces, hold well-paying, white collar jobs.

Living on marginal incomes in cramped and deteriorating quarters -- one-third of the housing was overcrowded and more than half deteriorated -- families were breaking up at an increasing rate. In approximately four out of every ten Negro homes the father was missing. In the case of families living in public housing projects, more than 60 percent of the fathers were missing.

The Mayor estimated there were 25,000 jobs in the city waiting to be filled because people don't have the education or skills to fill them. Yet overcrowding in many Negro schools forced the scheduling of extended and double sessions. Although Negroes comprised 60 percent of the school population there are 14 white high schools compared to 9 Negro. Whereas the white high school student attended classes six and a half hours a day, the Negro in high schools with double sessions attended only four and a half hours. In one case, elementary school children were forced to attend classes in a church.

One of the daily papers in Atlanta still advertises jobs by race, and in some industrial plants there are still Negro jobs and white jobs, with little chance for advancement by Negroes. A major industrial plant, with a work force of 26,400, has 1,910 Negro employees.

It was shortly after 8:00 P.M. on Saturday, June 17 that a young Negro, E. W., carrying a can of beer, attempted to enter the Flamingo Grill in the Dixie Hills Shopping Center. When a Negro security guard told the youth he could not enter, a scuffle ensued. Police officers were called to the guard's aid. E. W. received support in the person of his 19-year old sister, who flailed away at the officers with her purse. Another 19-year old Negro youth entered the affray. All three were arrested.

Although some 200 to 300 persons had been drawn to the scene of the incident, when police asked then to disperse they complied.

Because the area is isolated from the city in terms of transportation, and there are few recreational facilities, the shopping center is a natural gathering place. The next night, Sunday, an even bigger crowd was hanging around.

During the course of the evening Stokely Carmichael, wearing plaid shorts, a green Malcolm X sweatshirt, sun glasses and sandals, appeared, together with several

followers. Approaching a police captain, Carmichael asked why there were so many police cars in the area. Informed that they were there to make sure there was no disturbance, Carmichael started dancing up and down, clapping his hands and singing words to the effect that there might have to be a riot if the police cars were not removed. When Carmichael refused to move on as requested, he was arrested.

Residents were bitter about their inability to get the city government to correct conditions and make improvements. Petitions would be acknowledged, but not acted upon. Because elections were on an at-large basis, only one of the 16 aldermen was a Negro, and many black wards were represented by white aldermen.

Demands for a swimming pool, for an access road to a nearby city park, for rodent and pest control, for better lighting and better garbage collection, had been to no avail. As the residents mingled and discussed their grievances, it was decided to organize several committees, and to hold a protest meeting on the following night.

Upon his release from jail Monday morning, Carmichael declared that the black people were preparing to resist "armed aggression" by the police by whatever means necessary.

Shortly thereafter in the Dixie Hills Shopping Center, which had been closed down for the day, a drunk, using a broom handle, began to pound on the bell of a burglar alarm.

When officers responded and requested him to stop hitting the bell, the drunk complied, and began hitting the officers. In the ensuing scuffle several bystanders intervened. One of the officers drew his service revolver and fired, superficially wounding the drunk.

Tension rose. Approximately 250 persons were present at the evening's meeting. When a number of Negro leaders urged the submission of a petition of grievances through legal channels, the reception was tepid. When Carmichael took to the podium, urging Negroes "to take to the streets and force the police department to work until they fall in their tracks," the response was tumultuous.

The press quoted him as continuing: "It's not a question of law and order. We are not concerned with peace. We are concerned with the liberation of black people. We have to build a revolution."

As the people present at the meeting poured into the street they were joined by others. The crowd soon numbered an estimated 1,000. Fifty of these began throwing rocks and bottles at the 40 police officers on the scene.

Reinforced by approximately 200 other officers, police, firing over over the heads of the crowd, quickly regained control. Of the ten persons arrested, six were 21 years of age or younger, and only one was in his thirties.

The next morning city equipment appeared in the area to begin work on the long-delayed projects demanded by the citizens. It was announced a Negro Youth Corps would be established along the lines of the Tampa White Hats.

SNCC responded that volunteers would be selling their "Black brothers out," and would be viewed as "Black Traitors," to be dealt with in the "manner we see fit."

Nevertheless, during the course of the summer the 200 youths participating in the corps played an important role in preventing a major outbreak.

Another meeting of area residents was called for Tuesday evening. At its conclusion 200 protesters were met by 300 police officers. As two police officers chased several boys down the street, a cherry bomb or incendiary device exploded at the officers' feet. In response, several shots emanated from police ranks, which, in that vicinity, consisted mostly of Negro officers.

The discharge from one shotgun struck in the midst of several persons sitting on the front porch of a house. A 46-year old man was killed. A 9-year old boy was critically injured.

Due to the efforts of neighborhood workers who circulated through the area, and the later appearance of Mayor Allen, no further violence ensued. When H. "Rap" Brown, who had returned to the city that afternoon, went to other Negro areas in an attempt to initiate a demonstration against the shooting of the Negroes on the porch, he met with no response. Atlanta had weathered its crisis.

NEWARK

Newark's crisis was just approaching. At a tumultuous meeting of the Planning Board that lasted until four o'clock in the morning of that same Tuesday night, June 20, speaker after speaker from the Negro ghetto arose to denounce the city's intent to turn over 146 acres in the heart of the Central Ward as a site for the State's new medical and dental college.

Such was the growing opposition to Mayor Hugh Addonizio's administration by vocal black residents of the city that both the Planning Board and the Board of Education had been paralyzed. Tension had been rising so steadily throughout the northern New Jersey area that, in the first week of June, Col. David Kelly, head of the State Police, had met with chiefs of police of most of the municipalities to draw up plans for state police support of city police in riot situations. Nowhere was the tension greater than in Newark. Nowhere did the city administration seem less aware of it.

Founded in 1666, the city rises from the salt marshes of New Jersey where the Passaic River opens into Newark Bay,

a part of the Greater New York City port complex. Although its population of 400,000 still ranked it 30th among American municipalities, for the past 20 years, as its people moved to the suburbs, the city had been contracting.

In the late 1950's the movement had become a rout. Between 1960 and 1966, 80,000 white residents fled the city. Replacing them in vast areas of dilapidated housing where living conditions, according to a prominent member of the County Bar Association, were so bad that "People would be kinder to their pets," were Negro migrants, Cubans and Puerto Ricans. In six years the city switched from 65 percent white to 52 percent Negro and 10 percent Puerto Rican and Cuban. Its government, however, remained almost totally white.

On both the City Council and the Board of Education, seven of nine members were white. On other key boards the disparity was equal or greater. In the Central Ward, over which the medical college controversy raged, the Negro constituents and their white Councilman found themselves on opposite sides of almost every crucial issue.

The municipal administration lacked the ability to respond quickly enough to navigate the swiftly changing

currents. Even had it exercised the utmost astuteness, it lacked the financial wherewithal to significantly affect the course of events.

In 1962, seven-term Congressman Hugh Addonizio had forged an Italian-Negro coalition to overthrow long-time Irish control of the City Hall. A liberal in Congress, Addonizio, when he became mayor, opened his door to all people. Negroes who had been excluded from the previous administration began to be brought into the government.

Nevertheless, progress was slow. As the Negro population bounded upward, more and more of the politically oriented found the progress inadequate.

The Negro-Italian coalition began to develop strains over the issue of the police. The police were largely Italian; the persons they arrested largely Negro. Community leaders agreed that, as in most police forces, there was a small minority of officers who abused their responsibility. This, conversely, gave an aura of credibility to malefactors who screamed "Brutality!" every time they were caught.

In 1965 Mayor Addonizio, acknowledging that there was "a small group of misguided individuals" in the department

declared that "it is vital to establish once and for all, in the minds of the public, that charges of alleged police brutality will be thoroughly investigated and the appropriate legal or punitive action be taken if the charges are found to be substantiated."

Pulled one way by the Negro citizens who wanted a Police Review Board and the other by the police, who adamantly opposed it, the Mayor decided to buck all complaints against the police to the FBI for investigation. Since the FBI was not conceived as an agency to investigate municipal police departments, and could act only if there had been a violation of a person's civil rights, no complaint was ever heard of again. Some ghetto residents felt that they had been tricked.

Nor was there much redress for other complaints. The city had no money with which to redress them.

The City had already reached its legal bonding limit, yet expenditures continued to outstrip income. $200 million was needed for new school construction. Health and welfare costs were 20 times as great as for some of the surrounding communities. Cramped by its small land area of 23 square miles, one-third of which was taken up by Newark Airport and unusable marshland, the city had nowhere to expand.

Taxable property was, in fact, contracting as land was cleared for urban renewal and then lay fallow year after year. Property taxes had been increased beyond the point of profitable return. By the fall of 1967 they were to reach $776 on a $10,000 house -- more than double that of suburban communities. As a result, people were refusing to either own or renovate property in the city. Seventy four percent of whites and 87 percent of Negroes rented the places in which they lived. Whoever was able to move to the suburbs, moved. Many of them, as downtown areas were cleared and new office buildings were constructed, continued to work in the city. During the daytime Newark more than doubled its population.

As a result, the city was forced to provide services for people contributing nothing in the way of taxes. The city's per capita outlay for police, fire protection and other municipal services continued to increase. By 1967 it was twice that of the surrounding area.

Consequently, there was less money to spend on education. Newark's per capita outlay on schools was considerably less than that of surrounding communities. Yet within the city's school system were 78,000 children, 28,000 more than in the 1950's.

Most school buildings were over 50 years old. Twenty thousand pupils were on double sessions. The dropout rate was estimated to be as high as 33 percent. Over half of the adult Negro population had less than an 8th grade education.

The resulting cycle of high unemployment, family break-up, and crime was present in all its elements. An estimated 20 percent of young Negroes were without jobs. Forty percent of Negro children lived in broken homes. Despite the fact that Newark maintained proportionately the largest police force of any major city, it also had the highest crime rate.

Under such conditions a major segment of the Negro population became more and more militant. Since they were largely excluded from positions of traditional political power, they made use of the antipoverty program, in which poor people were guaranteed greater representation, as a political springboard.

When it became known that the Secretary of the Board of Education intended to retire June 27, the militants proposed the city's budget director, a Negro with a master's degree in accounting, for the position. The mayor, however, had already decided upon a white man. Since the white man

had only a high school education, and almost 80 percent of the school children in the system were Negro, the issue of who was to obtain the secretaryship, a lucrative and powerful position, quickly became a cause celebre.

Joined with the issue of the 146-acre medical school site, the area of which was triple the original request -- an expansion regarded by the militants as a ploy to dilute black political power by moving out Negro residents -- the Board of Education battle brought on a dire confrontation between the mayor and the militants. Both sides refused to alter their positions. The impasse was complete and explosive.

Into this impasse stepped a Washington Negro named Albert Roy Osborne. A flamboyant, 42-year old former wig salesman who called himself Colonel Hassan Jeru-Ahmed, he presided over a mythical "Black Liberation Army." Articulate and magnetic, Colonel Hassan proved to be a one-man show. He brought Negro residents flocking to Board of Education and Planning Board meetings. The Colonel was not afraid to speak in violent terms, nor to back his words with violent action. In one instance he tore the tape from a tape recorder, so that there would be no record of the

meeting. For good measure, one of his lieutenants smashed the recorder against the wall.

As it became more and more evident to the militants that, though they might not be able to prevail, they could prevent the normal transaction of business, they began to taste victory. Throughout the months of May and June speaker after speaker warned that if the mayor continued to persist in naming a white man as Secretary to the Board of Education, and in moving ahead with plans for the medical school site, violence would ensue. The Administration played down the threats.

The state police set up a command post in the Newark armory.

On June 27th, when a new Secretary was to be named, the militants, led by CORE, disrupted and took over the meeting. The result was a stalemate. The incumbent secretary decided to stay on another year. No one was satisfied.

At the beginning of July, 44,000 unemployed were roaming the streets of the city. Their ranks were swelled by an estimated 20,000 teenagers who, with school out and the curtailment of the summer recreation program because of a cutback in Federal funds, had no place to go.

On July 8th an encounter between Black Muslims and police took place on the East Orange-Newark border. Early on the evening of July 12th a cab driver by the name of John Smith began (according to police reports) tailgating a Newark police car.

Smith was an unlikely candidate to set a riot in motion. Forty years old, a Georgian by birth, he had attended college for a year before entering the United States Army in 1950. In 1953 he had been honorably discharged with the rank of Corporal. A chess-playing trumpet player, he had worked as a musician and a factory hand before, in 1963, becoming a cab driver.

As a cab driver, he appeared to be a distinct hazard. Within a relatively short period of time he had eight or nine accidents. His license was revoked. When, with a woman passenger in his cab, he was stopped by the police, he was in violation of that revocation.

From the high-rise towers of the Reverned William P. Hayes Housing Project, the residents can look down upon the 4th Precinct Police Station and observe every movement. With its orange-red brick facade, the three-story structure looks more like a schoolhouse than a police station.

Shortly after 9:30 P.M., people looking out of their windows saw Smith, who either refused or was unable to walk, being dragged out of a police car and into the front door of the station. Within a few minutes at least two civil rights leaders had received calls from a hysterical woman declaring a cab driver was being beaten by the police. Simultaneously, cab drivers all over the city were learning of the arrest.

Within minutes a crowd was forming on the grounds of the housing project across the narrow street from the station. As more and more people arrived, the description of the beating purportedly administered to Smith became more and more exaggerated. These descriptions were fueled and sustained by other tales of police malpractice that, going back over the years, had been submitted for investigation but never been heard of again, so that they remained like sores festering in the minds of the people.

By 10:15 P.M., the situation had become so potentially explosive that the Senior Inspector on the night watch was summoned to the 4th Precinct, and the Director of Police, Dominick Spina, was notified. Spina, 56 years old, a

graduate of Newark (now Rutgers) University Law School, has a reputation as a cop's cop: hard and tough, but supposedly just and fair also. Since taking over in 1962 his principal goal had been to get the police out of politics, to make them professionals, and to get rid of the incompetents and the slough-offs.

By offering to meet with all comers one night a week and by initiating a Citizens Observer Program in which interested citizens could ride in patrol cars, he had attempted to initiate a dialogue between the police and the population. Although the concept of the program was sound, in practice it failed to work. Few of the younger element of the population -- those that were likely to cause the most trouble -- would willingly ride in a patrol car.

When Inspector Kenneth Melchior arrived at the police station he was met by a delegation of civil rights leaders and militants who demanded the right to see and interview Smith. Inspector Melchior acceded to their request. When Smith appeared before the delegation it was apparent that, as a result of injuries he had suffered, he needed to be examined by a doctor. Again, bowing to demands, the police agreed to transport him to a hospital.

Both within and outside the police station the atmosphere was growing tenser. Carloads of police officers, summoned as reinforcements, were arriving. Subjected to a gauntlet of catcalls, taunts and curses, some of them replied in kind. Three of the Negro leaders inside the station decided to attempt to disperse the crowd -- now numbering some 200 to 300 persons, almost all of them young -- by telling them a protest march to City Hall would be organized on the following day. The people at this time were still gathered on the grounds of the housing project on the opposite side of the street from the station, and there had been no physical confrontation between them and the police.

As the men were talking to the crowd with a bull horn from atop a parked car, one or more Molotov cocktails arced against the brick wall of the police station and splattered harmlessly to the ground.

A few minutes later a formation of police officers, exiting from the back door, waded into the assembled group in order to drive it away from the station. Two of the Negro mediators, Oliver Lofton and Robert Curvin, pleaded with the police for more time to disperse the group peacefully. It was agreed that they could have 15 minutes more.

Lofton and Curvin decided that, in order to move the crowd out, they would organize a march on City Hall immediately instead of waiting until the following day.

The protesters now had been augmented by an estimated 25 cab drivers who, upon hearing of Smith's arrest, had decided to stage a rally of their own. They began taking on passengers for the short trip to the City Hall. As Curvin climbed to the top of an automobile, rocks started flying. Someone yelled: "Man, get off that damn car!" Automobiles were set on fire. It was approximately midnight when a fire engine, arriving on the scene, was pelted with bricks and bottles. The police, their heads protected by World War I helmets, sallied forth in full force. The marchers, who were still in the process of forming, were scattered. A few minutes later down the street the first liquor store was broken into.

However, only a few stores were looted, and, by about 2:30 A.M., the disturbance appeared to have run its course.

The next afternoon the Mayor described it as an isolated incident. Invited to appear before and talk to the people at a protest rally being organized at the housing

project, he did not attend. He did agree to a demand for the naming of a Negro to the rank of Captain in the Police Department and announced that he would set up a panel of citizens to investigate the Smith arrest. To one civil rights leader this sounded like "The same old song" and he walked out. Other observers reported that the Mayor seemed unaware of the seriousness of the tensions.

The police were not. Unbeknown to the Mayor they were mobilizing almost half of the strength of the department for that evening. Within the Negro community there were reports that police had begun arresting teenagers for investigative purposes. Tension continued to mount.

Nowhere was the tension greater than at the Spirit House, the gathering place for Black Nationalists, Black Power advocates, and militants of every hue. Black Muslims, Orthodox Moslems, and members of the United Afro-American Association, a new and growing organization who follow in general the teachings of the late Malcolm X, came to mingle and exchange views.

The two police-Negro clashes, coming one on top of the other, coupled with the unresolved political issues, had created a mood of rebellion.

In the Hayes Housing Project, across the street from the 4th Precinct Police Station, leaflets were being passed out announcing a "Police Brutality Protest Rally." Television cameramen were on hand to film the demonstration. Youths were performing for the camera.

A picket line was formed to march in front of the police station. At 6:30 P.M., James Treatt, Executive Director of the Newark Human Rights Commission, arrived to announce to the people in front of the station the decision of the Mayor to form a citizens group to investigate the Smith incident, and to elevate a Negro to the rank of Captain.

The response from the loosely-milling mass of people was derisive. One kid shouted "Black Power" several times. A rumor spread that Smith -- who had been released in the custody of his attorney -- had died. Rocks were thrown at Treatt. Missiles began hurtling against the walls of the police station. Within the station the anger of the police officers was intense. After a short period of time they were given an order to break up the demonstration. According to witnesses, there was little restraint on either side. The language employed was that of the ghetto. Anyone who failed to move was moved by force.

Following this, while some members of the crowd turned to throw rocks at the police station, others scattered in all directions. Soon reports of looting began to come in. Without enough men to establish control, the police set up a perimeter around a two-mile stretch of Springfield Avenue, one of the principal business districts, where bands of youths roamed up and down smashing windows. Grocery and liquor stores, clothing and furniture stores, drug stores and cleaners, appliance stores and pawnshops were the principal targets. Periodically police officers would appear and fire their weapons over the heads of looters and rioters.

By midnight activity appeared to begin to taper off. The Mayor told reporters the city had turned the corner.

As news of the disturbance had spread, however, people had flocked into the streets. As they saw stores being broken into with impunity, many spectators bowed to temptation and began helping themselves.

Without the necessary personnel to make mass arrests, police were shooting into the air to clear stores. A Negro boy was wounded by a .22 caliber bullet fired by a white man riding in a car. Guns were reported stolen from a Sears

Roebuck store. Looting, fires, and gunshots were reported from a widening area. Between 2:00 and 2:30 A.M. on Friday, July 14, the mayor decided to request Governor Hughes to dispatch State Police and National Guard troops. The State Police arrived with a sizeable contingent before dawn.

During the course of the morning the Governor and the Mayor, together with police and National Guard officers, made a reconnaisance of the area. The police escort guarding the officials arrested looters as they went. By noon the National Guard had set up 137 roadblocks, and state police and riot teams were beginning to achieve control.

The three-way command structure -- City Police, State Police and National Guard -- worked poorly. The City and State Police did not operate on the same radio wave-lengths. Each did many things the other did not find out about until later.

At 3:30 P.M. that afternoon, the family of Mrs. D. J. were standing near the upstairs windows of their apartment, watching looters run in and out of a furniture store on Springfield Avenue. Three carloads of police officers rounded the corner. As the police yelled at the people in the furniture store, they began running.

The police officers opened fire. A bullet smashed the kitchen window in Mrs. D. J.'s apartment. A moment later she heard a whine from the bedroom. Her three-year old daughter, Debbie, came running into the room. Blood was streaming down the left side of her face, where the bullet had entered her eye. She spent the next two months in the hospital. She lost the sight of her left eye and the hearing in her left ear.

Simultaneously, on the street Horace W. Morris, an associate director of the Washington Urban League who had been visiting relatives in Newark, was about to enter a car for the drive to Newark Airport. With him were his two brothers and his 73-year old stepfather, Isaac Harrison. About 60 persons had been on the street watching the looting. As the police arrived, three of the looters cut directly in front of the group of spectators. As the police began firing at the looters, bullets plowed into the spectators. Everyone began running. As Harrison, followed by his family, headed toward the apartment building in which he lived, a bullet kicked his legs out from under him. Horace Morris lifted him to his feet. Again he fell. Mr. Morris's brother, Virgil, attempted to pick the old man up. As he did so, he

was hit in the left leg and right forearm. Mr. Morris and his other brother managed to drag the two wounded men into the vestibule of the building, which was jammed with 60 to 70 frightened and angry Negroes.

Bullets continued to spatter against the walls of the buildings. Finally, as the firing died down, Morris -- whose stepfather succumbed to his wounds that evening -- yelled to a sergeant that innocent people were being shot.

"Tell the black bastards to stop shooting at us," was the reply.

"They don't have guns; no one is shooting at you," Morris said.

"You shut up, there's a sniper on the roof," the sergeant yelled.

Heavy sniper fire was, in fact, being reported from all over the city. At approximately 5:00 P.M., a police detective was felled and killed by a shot whose origins could not be determined. Later a fireman met the same fate. Snipers were blamed for the deaths of both.

At 5:30 P.M., on Beacon Street W. F. told J. S., whose 1959 Pontiac he had taken to the station for inspection, that his front brake needed fixing. J. S., who had just returned

from work, said, "Okay," went to the car which was parked in the street, jacked up the front end, took the wheel off, and got under the car.

The street was quiet. More than a dozen persons were sitting on porches, walking about, and shopping. None heard any shots. Suddenly several state troopers appeared at the corner of Springfield and Beacon. J. S. was startled by a shot clanging into the side of the garbage can next to his car. As he looked up he saw a state trooper with his rifle pointed at him. The next shot struck J. S. in the right side.

At almost the same instant, K. G., standing on a porch, was struck in the right eye by a bullet. Both he and J. S. were critically injured.

At 8:00 P.M., Mrs. L. M. bundled her husband, her husband's brother and her four sons into the family car to drive to the White Castle Restaurant for dinner. On the return trip her husband, who was driving, panicked as he approached a National Guard roadblock. He slowed the car, then quickly swerved around. When the family reached home, everyone began piling out of the car. Ten-year-old Eddie failed to move. Shot through the head, he was dead.

Although, by nightfall most of the looting and burning

had ended, and there were no longer any mobs on the street, reports of sniper fire continued to increase. The fire was, according to National Guard reports, "deliberately or otherwise inaccurate." Major General James F. Cantwell, Chief of Staff of the New Jersey Department of Defense, testified before an Armed Services Subcommittee of the House of Representatives that "there was too much firing initially against snipers" because of "confusion when we were finally called on for help and our thinking of it as a military action."

A high-ranking Newark police official said that "there probably had not been as much sniping as everyone thought."

Some of the misconceptions could be traced to the lack of communications -- the state police had placed men on rooftops, but other law enforcement personnel remained unaware of this. Some to the fact that one shot might be reported half a dozen times by half a dozen different persons as it caromed and reverberated a mile or more through the city. Others to the fact that the National Guard troops lacked riot training. They were, according to the same Newark police official, "young and very scared," and had had little contact with Negroes.

Within the Guard, itself, contact had certainly been limited. Although, in 1949, out of a force of 12,529 men there had been 1,183 Negroes, following the integration of the Guard in the 1950's the number had declined until, by July of 1967, only 303 Negroes were left in a force of 17,529 men.

On Saturday, July 15, Police Director Spina received a report of snipers in the Hayes Housing Project. When he arrived he saw approximately 100 city and state police officers and National Guardsmen hiding in corners and lying on the ground around the edge of the courtyard. Since everything appeared quiet and it was broad daylight, Spina walked directly into the middle of the courtyard. Nothing happened. A few minutes later, as he stood there, he heard a shot. All around him the troopers jumped, believing themselves to be under sniper fire. A moment later a young Guardsman came running from behind a building and plopped down into another hiding place. The Director of Police went over to where the soldier had crouched down, and asked him if he had fired the shot. The soldier said "yes," he had fired to scare a man away from a window; that his orders were that no one had a right to be standing at a window.

The Director of Police remained at the housing project for three hours, and there was no shot fired except the one by the Guardsman.

By six o'clock that evening two columns of National Guardsmen and state troopers were directing mass fire at the Hayes Housing Project in response to what they believed were snipers.

On the 10th floor, Eloise Spellman, the mother of several children, fell, a bullet through her neck.

Across the street a number of persons, standing in an apartment window, were watching the firing directed at the housing project. Suddenly several troopers whirled and began firing at the spectators. Mrs. Hattie Gainer, a grandmother, sank to the floor.

A block away Rebecca Brown's two-year old daughter was standing at the window. As Mrs. Brown rushed to drag her to safety, she was framed in the window. A bullet spun into her back.

All three of the women died.

A number of eye witnesses, at varying times and places, reported seeing bottles thrown from upper story windows. As these would land at the feet of an officer he would turn

and fire. Thereupon, other officers and Guardsmen up and down the street would join in.

In order to protect his property, B. W. W., the owner of a Chinese laundry, had placed a sign saying "Soul Brother" in his window. Between 1:00 and 1:30 A.M. on Sunday, July 16, he, together with his mother, wife and brother, was watching television in the back room. Up to that point of the night the neighborhood had been quiet. Suddenly B. W. W. heard the sound of jeeps, then shots.

Going to an upstairs window he was able to look out into the street. There he observed several jeeps, from which soldiers and state troopers were firing into stores that had "Soul Brother" signs in the windows. During the course of three nights, according to dozens of eye witness reports, law enforcement officers shot into and smashed windows of businesses that contained signs indicating they were Negro-owned.

At 11:00 P.M. on Sunday, July 16th, Mrs. Lucille Pugh looked out of the window to see if the streets were clear. She then asked her 11-year old son, Michael, to take the garbage out. As he reached the street and was illuminated by a street light, a shot rang out. He died.

No snipers were arrested. Of the 250 fire alarms, many were false, and only 13 were considered by the city to have been "serious." Four-fifths of the $10,251,000 worth of

damage was incurred due to stock loss. Damage to buildings and fixtures was under $2 million.

Of twenty-one civilians who died as a result of gunshot wounds, all were Negro. One was 73-year old Isaac Harrison. Six were women. Two were children.

On the evening of Monday, July 17, a Catholic priest saw two Negro men walking down the street. They were carrying a case of soda and two bags of groceries. An unmarked car with five police officers pulled up beside them. Two white officers got out of the car. Accusing the Negro men of looting, the officers made them put the groceries on the sidewalk, then kicked the bags open, scattering their contents all over the street.

Telling the men, "Get out of here," the officers drove off. The Catholic priest went across the street to help gather up the groceries. One of the men turned to him: "I've just been back from Vietnam two days," he said, "and this is what I get. I feel like going home and getting a rifle and shooting the cops."

That Thursday the Black Power Conference began in Newark.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY

As reports of looting, snipers, fire and death fanned outward towards other Negro enclaves in northern New Jersey, a web of tension formed. Whenever one strand of that web was agitated, the whole web rippled. Everywhere Negro ghettos existed -- Elizabeth, Englewood, Jersey City, Plainfield, New Brunswick -- people had friends and relatives living in Newark. Everywhere the telephone provided a direct link to the scenes of violence. The telephonic messages, expressing the minority point of view, frequently were at variance with reports being transmitted by the mass media.

As hoary stories from Newark grew in number, fear and anger interwove themselves within the Negro ghettos. Conversely, rumors amplified by radio, television and the newspapers -- especially with regard to guerilla bands roaming the streets -- created within the white communities a sense of danger and terror. To Mayor Patricia Q. Sheehan of New Brunswick, it seemed as if, "Almost there was a fever in the air." She went on to say: "Rumors were coming in from all sides on July 17th. Negroes were calling to warn of possible disturbances; whites were calling; shop owners were calling. Most of the people were concerned about a possible bloodbath." Her opinion was: "We are talking ourselves into it."

Everywhere there was the same inequality with regard to education, job opportunities, income, and housing. Everywhere there was the same lack of representation of Negroes on the local government. In six New Jersey communities with sizeable Negro populations, there were a total of only five Negro Councilmen. In a half dozen school systems in which Negro children composed as much as half of the school population, there were only a total of six members of the Board of Education. In none of the municipal governments did a Negro hold a key position. In each of the ghettos the Negro felt himself surrounded by an intransigent wall of whites.

In four suburban cities -- Bloomfield, Harrison, Irvington, and Maplewood -- forming an arc about Newark, out of a total population of more than 150,000, only 1,000 were Negroes. In the six cities surrounding Plainfield, out of a population of more than 75,000, only 1,500 were Negro.

Two northern New Jersey communities, Jersey City and Elizabeth, had had disturbances in 1964. The view from Jersey City is that of the New York skyline. Except for a few imposing buildings, such as those of the high-rise New Jersey Medical Center, much of Jersey City is a collection of nondescript and deteriorating houses, fleshed out with factories and cut up by ribbons of super-highways and railroads.

As one of the principal freight terminals for New York

City, Jersey City's decline has paralleled that of the railroads. As railroad lands deteriorated in value and urban renewal lands were taken off the tax rolls, the city suffered a catastrophic decline in assessed valuation, from $465 million in 1964 to $367 million in 1967. The tax rate, according to Mayor Thomas J. Whelan, has "reached the point of diminishing returns."

Urban renewal projects intended to clear slums and replace them with low-cost housing have resulted, actually in a reduction of 2,000 housing units. One area, designated for urban renewal, had been declared blighted for six years. As ramshackle houses continued to deteriorate, no repairs were made on them, yet people continued to inhabit them. "Planners make plans and then simply tell people what they are going to do," Negroes complained in their growing opposition to such projects.

Wooden sewers serve residents of some sections of the city. Outworn brick sewers in other sections collapse frequently, backing up the sewage. The population clamors for better education for its children; but the school system has reached its bonding capacity. By 1975 it is estimated that there will be a net deficit of 10 elementary schools and one high school.

Recently the mayor proposed to the Ford Foundation that it take over the operation of the entire educational system.

The offer was declined.

A large percentage of the white population send their children to parochial schools. As a result, because they have not had to utilize the public school system, white residents, in the past, have been slower to move out than in other cities.

The exodus, however, is accelerating. Within the past seven years the Negro population has almost doubled, and now comprises an estimated 23 percent of the total. There is little Negro political leadership. What does exist is fragmented and indecisive. The county in which Jersey City is located is run by an old-line political machine that gives Negroes little opportunity for participation.

Although the amount of schooling whites and Negroes have had is almost equal, the median family income of whites is $1,500 more than that of Negroes.

The police department, like Newark's, one of the largest in the nation for a city of its size, still retains some of the flavor described by a successful white executive in recalling his childhood: "We were accustomed to the Special Service Division of the Police Department. If we were caught hanging around we were picked up by the police and taken to the city hospital and beaten with a rubber hose."

A city official, questioned about Negro representation on the police force, replied that it was 34 times greater than 20 years ago. Twenty years ago it had consisted of one man.

A hard-bitten, but realistic police captain, who commands and lives within the precinct with the highest Negro concentration, insists that his men adapt to the mores of the population and be able to get along with the people. If they can't, they are transferred from the precinct. It is the captain's opinion that the greatest degree of tension arises when policemen from outside the precinct come in to make arrests or quell disturbances. Such police officers do not understand the problems and the social habits of the people and are therefore apt to react with undue force.

During the four days of the Newark riot, when the city became awash with tales of all descriptions, Mayor Whelan announced that if there were any disturbances he would "meet force with force." The ghetto area was flooded with police officers.

On Monday and Tuesday, July 17 and 18, when crowds gathered and a few rocks were thrown, mass arrests were made. Only one store was broken into and the pilferage there was limited to items such as candy and chewing gun.

One man died. He was a Negro passenger in a cab into which a Negro boy threw a Molotov cocktail.

A chicken and an Orthodox Moslem combined to keep Elizabeth cool. As in Jersey City, police had beefed up their patrols, and the very presence of so many officers contributed to the rising tensions. Residents of the 12-block by 3-block ghetto, jammed between the New Jersey Turnpike and the waterfront, felt that: "We are being punished but we haven't done anything."

"The community," another said later, "felt it was in a concentration camp."

Youths from the two high-density housing projects concentrated in the area were walking around saying: "We're next, we might as well go."

About 11:30 P.M. Monday, July 17th a window was broken. Commented a businessman: "Down here in the port it's business as usual when one store window is broken each week. What is normal becomes abnormal at a time like this."

Soon other windows were being broken. As police arrived in force, groups scattered and began breaking windows further down the street. A Molotov cocktail was thrown at a tavern. Fire engines arrived. They were pelted with rocks. Community workers began circulating through the area, desperately attempting to get kids off the street. Many of them had relatives and friends in Newark. Based on what had happened in Newark, they

feared that if the violence were not curbed it would turn into a bloodbath.

One worker discovered several youngsters siphoning gasoline into soda bottles from a truck in an alley. He managed to talk them out of the Molotov cocktails.

The confrontation between the police and the mob of teenagers was progressing toward a climax when a chicken fluttered out of the shattered window of a poultry market. One youth attempted to throw gasoline on it and set it afire. As the gasoline sloshed onto the pavement, the chicken leaped. The flames merely singed its feathers. A gangling six-foot youth attempted to leap upon the chicken. The bird was too quick for him. As it darted out of his way, he slipped and tumbled against a tree.

The stark unwitting comedy broke the tension. People laughed. Soon they began to drift home.

The following day tensions in the area mounted again as police patrolled the 36 square blocks with 220 men, some of them stationed on rooftops. Early in the evening the mayor agreed to meet with a delegation of 13 community leaders. When they entered his office, the chief of police was already present. The mayor read him an executive order to: "Shoot to kill. . . . Force will be met with superior force." An officer's deviation from this order, the mayor said, would be cause for dismissal.

The delegation from the community did not react favorably. They proposed the setting up of a "peacekeeper task force." The mayor agree to let them try. One-hundred armbands with the words "peacekeeper" were printed. One of those who agreed to be a peacekeeper was Hesham Jaaber. Jaaber, who officiated at Malcolm X's funeral and has made two pilgrimages to Mecca, is a leader of a small sect of Orthodox Moslems. A teacher of Arabic and the Koran at the Spirit House in Newark, he is a responsible militant whose existence the mayor said he had not been aware of, but with whom he thought he could work in the future. Although Jaaber believed that certain people were sucking the life blood out of the community -- "Count the number of taverns and bars in the Elizabeth port area and compare them with the number of recreation facilities" -- he had witnessed the carnage in Newark and believed it could serve no purpose to have a riot. Two dozen of his followers, wearing their red fezzes, took to the streets to urge order. He himself traveled about in a car with a bullhorn.

As the peacekeepers began to make their influence felt, the police withdrew from the area. There was no further trouble.

In Englewood, a bedroom community of 28,000 astride the Palisades opposite New York, the police had been expecting a riot by some of the city's 7,000 Negro residents since two weeks

before Newark. As part of this expectation they had tested tear gas guns on the police firing range, situated in the middle of the Negro residential area. The wind had blown the tear gas into surrounding houses. The occupants had been enraged.

The day following the outbreaks in Elizabeth and Jersey City, police began warning the businessmen in Englewood to prepare for a riot.

On Friday, July 21, on the report that crowds were gathering, police issued a general alarm. Three-hundred police officers from surrounding communities were brought into the city. As rumors of an impending riot swept the city numbers of curious citizens began gathering at street corners.

At 9:00 o'clock that evening a fire truck responded to an alarm. It was pelted with rocks. As policemen arrived to provide protection, some members of the bands of unemployed Negro youths who regularly hung out at street corners began breaking store windows. The windows damaged apparently were selected at random. A paint store window was broken but a jewelry store window was left untouched. There was no looting. Police, sealing off the area, quickly contained the disturbance.

Abortive attempts at revenge against three businesses accused of shoddy practices continued for one or two nights.

Abetted by the authorities, the press magnified the nature of these manyfold. Among the distortions was a report that police were pinned down by crossfire from snipers. When an investigation was made later, it was determined that the crossfire had consisted of kids setting off firecrackers in a park.

PLAINFIELD

It was the city that produced the 1956 Decathlon champion, Milt Campbell, that experienced New Jersey's worst violence outside of Newark.

A pleasant, tree-shaded city of some 45,000, Plainfield has a growing Negro population which, by 1967, was estimated to be nearly 30 percent of the total. As in Englewood, there was a sharp division between the Negro middle class, which lived in the "gilded ghetto," and the unskilled, unemployed and underemployed poor.

The political and social structure of the community, geared toward meeting the needs of the suburban middle class, was unprepared to cope with the problems of a growing underskilled and undereducated population. Accustomed to viewing politics as a gentleman's pastime, they were startled and upset by the heat and intensity with which demands issued from the ghetto. Usually such demands were met obliquely, rather than head-on.

For example, in the summer of 1966, trouble was narrowly averted over the issue of a swimming pool for Negro youngsters. In the summer of 1967, instead of having built the pool, the city began busing the children to the county pool a half-hour's ride distant. The service was not free. The fare, 50 cents per person for a round trip, would be prohibitive on a frequent basis for poor families with numbers of children.

Pressure increased upon the school system to adapt itself to the changing social and ethnic background of its pupils. There were strikes and boycotts. It was estimated that two-thirds of the school dropouts were Negro.

In February of 1967 the NAACP, out of a growing sense of frustration with the municipal government, tacked a list of 19 demands and complaints to the door of the city hall. Most dealt with discrimination in housing, employment and in the public schools. By the summer of 1967 the city's common council had not responded. Although two of the 11 council members were Negro, both represented the "gilded ghetto." The poverty area was represented by two white women, one of whom had been appointed by the council after the elected representative, a Negro, had been transferred by his company and had moved out of the city.

The week prior to the Newark outbreak, trouble had arisen in Plainfield during the course of a routine arrest in one of the housing projects. A woman, after she had been handcuffed, had fallen down a flight of stairs. The officer said she had slipped. Negro residents claimed he had pushed her. When a delegation went to city hall to file a complaint, they were told by the city clerk that he was not empowered to accept it. Believing they were being given the run-around, the delegation, angry and frustrated, departed.

On Friday evening, July 14, the same police officer involved in the arrest was moonlighting as a private guard at a diner frequented by Negro youths. He was, reportedly, number two on the Negro community's "ten most-wanted" list of disliked police officers. The list itself was colorblind. Although out of 82 officers on the force only 5 were Negro, two of the ten on the "most wanted" list were Negro.

The two officers most generally respected in the Negro community were white.

Although most of the kids at the diner were of high school age, there was one husky youth in his mid-twenties who had a reputation as a bully. Sometime before 10:00P.M., as a result of an argument, he hit a 16-year old boy and split his face open. As the boy lay bleeding on the asphalt, his friends rushed to the police officer and demanded that he call an ambulance and arrest the offender. Instead, the officer walked over to the boy, looked at him, and reportedly said: "Why don't you just go home and wash up?" He refused to arrest anyone.

Although a police car ultimately arrived to take the boy to the hospital, the youngsters at the diner were in-

censed. They believed the episode portrayed a double standard of law enforcement for white and black. They believed that, had the two participants in the incident been white, the older youth would have been arrested, the younger taken to the hospital immediately.

In order to go from the diner to the housing project in which most of them lived, the youths had to traverse four blocks of the city's business district. As they walked, they smashed 3 or 4 windows. It was a challenge to the police: "If they won't do anything about that, then let's see them do something about this." Two weeks earlier a white man had broken a whole streetful of windows.

On one of the quiet, suburban streets, two young Negroes, D.H. and L.C. had been neighbors. D.H. had graduated from high school, attended Fairleigh Dickinson University and, after receiving a degree in psychology, had obtained a job as a reporter on the Plainfield Courier-News.

L.C. had dropped out of high school, become a worker in a chemical plant, and, although still in his 20's, had married and fathered seven children. A man with a strong sense of family, he liked sports and played in the local basketball league. Active in civil rights, he had, like the civil

rights organizations, over the years, become more militant. For a period of time he had been a Muslim.

Shortly after midnight, in an attempt to cap the eruption, D.H. and the two Negro councilmen met with the youths in the housing project. Although the focal point of the youths' bitterness was the attitude of the police-- until 1966 police had used the word "nigger" over the police radio and one officer had worn a Confederate belt buckle and had flown a Confederate pennant on his car-- their complaints ranged far and wide over local and national issues. The issues were diverse. There was an overriding cynicism and disbelief that government would, of its own accord, make meaningful changes to improve the lot of the lower class Negro. There was an overriding belief that there were two sets of policies by the people in power, whether law enforcement officers, newspaper editors, or government officials: One for white Americans, and one for black.

There was little confidence that the two councilmen whom the youths regarded as "Uncle Toms," and who, of course, did not represent the poor section-- could exercise any influence. However, on the promise that meetings would be arranged that same day, Saturday, with the editor of the newspaper and with the mayor, the youths agreed to disperse.

At the first of these meetings the youths were,

apparently, satisfied by the explanation that the newspaper's coverage was not deliberately discriminatory. The second meeting with the mayor, however, which began at 7:00 o'clock that evening, proceeded badly. The Negroes present felt that the mayor was complacent and apathetic, and that they were simply being given the usual lip service, from which nothing would develop.

The mayor, on the other hand, told Commission investigators that he recognized that "Citizens are frustrated by the political organization of the city," because he, himself, has no real power and "each of the councilmen says that he is just one of the eleven and therefore can't do anything."

After approximately two hours, a dozen of the youths walked out, indicating an impasse and signalling the break-up of the meeting. Shortly thereafter window smashing began. A tree was set afire by a Molotov cocktail. One fire engine, in which a white and Negro fireman were sitting side by side, had a Molotov cocktail thrown at it; the white fireman was burned.

There was apparent discrimination as to which store windows were smashed, at least in the beginning. Liquor stores and taverns, expecially, were singled out. Some of the youths believed that there was an excess concentration of bars in the Negro section, and that these were an unhealthy in-

fluence on the community.

Because the police department had mobilized its full force, the situation, although serious, never appeared to reach the point of getting out of hand. Officers made numerous arrests.

At three o'clock Sunday morning a heavy rain began to fall, scattering whatever persons remained on the streets. The chief of the fire department told Commission investigators that it was his conclusion that "individuals making firebombs did not know what they were doing, or they could have burned the city."

In the morning police made no effort to cordon off the area. As white sightseers and churchgoers drove by the housing project there were sporadic incidents of rock-throwing and violence. During the early afternoon these accelerated.

L.C., together with two officials of the city's Human Relations Commission, decided to call another meeting to draw up a formal petition of grievances. As the youths gathered it became apparent that some of them had been drinking. A few kept drifting away from the parking lot where the meeting was being held to throw rocks at cars passing. It was decided to move the meeting en masse to Greenbrook Park, a county park several blocks away.

Between 150 and 200 persons, including almost all of

the rockthrowers, piled into a caravan of cars and headed for the park. At approximately 3:30 p.m. the Chief of the Union County Park Police arrived to discover the group being addressed by David Sullivan, Executive Director of the Human Relations Commission. He "informed Mr. Sullivan he was in violation of our park ordinance and to disperse the group." Sullivan and L.C. attempted to explain that they were in the process of drawing up a list of grievances, but the Chief remained adamant. They could not meet in the park without a permit, and they did not have a permit.

After permitting the group 10 to 15 minutes grace, the Chief decided to disperse them. "Their mood was very excitable," he reported, and "in my estimation no one could appease them so we moved them out without too much trouble. They left in a caravan of about 40 cars, horns blowing and they yelling, headed south on West End Avenue to Plainfield."

Within the hour looting became widespread. Cars were overturned, a white man was snatched off a motorcycle, and the fire department stopped responding to alarms because the police were unable to provide protection. After having been on alert until midday, the Plainfield Police Department was caught unprepared. At 6:00 p.m. only 18 men were on duty. Checkpoints were established at crucial

intersections in an effort to isolate the area as much as possible.

At one of the intersections, three blocks from the housing project, Officer John Gleason, together with two reserve officers, had been posted. Gleason was a veteran officer, the son of a former lieutenant on the police department. Shortly after 8:00 p.m. two white youths, being chased by a 22-year old Negro, Bobby Williams, came running toward the post.

As he came in sight of the police officers, Williams stopped.

When D.H., the newspaper reporter, saw Officer Gleason he was two blocks from his post. Striding after Williams directly into the ghetto area, Gleason already had passed one housing project. People in small groups were milling about. In D.H.'s words: "There was a kind of shock and amazement," to see the officer walking by himself so deep in the ghetto.

Suddenly there was a confrontation between Williams and Gleason. Some witnesses report Williams had a hammer in his hand. Others say he did not. When D.H., whose attention momentarily had been distracted, next saw Gleason he had drawn his gun and was firing at Williams. As Williams fell to the ground, critically injured, Gleason turned and began running back toward his post.

Negro youths chased him. Gleason stumbled, regained his balance, then had his feet knocked out from under him. A score of youths began to beat him and kick him. Some of the residents in the apartment house attempted to intervene, but they were brushed aside. D.H. believes that, under the circumstances and in the atmosphere that prevailed at that moment, any police officer, black or white, would have been killed.

After they had beaten Gleason to death, the youths took D.H.'s camera from him and smashed it. Fear swept over the ghetto. Many residents were convinced, on the basis of what had occurred in Newark, that law enforcement officers would come into the ghetto shooting, bent on vengeance. There was no lack of weapons. People began actively to prepare to defend themselves. On man sent his family out of the city and barricaded himself behind his door with a shotgun.

From a nearby arms manufacturing plant 46 carbines were stolen. They were passed out in the street by a young Negro, a former newspaper boy. Law enforcement officers, backed up by National Guardsmen, threw a cordon about the area, but made no attempt to enter it except, occasionally, to rescue someone. Reports of sniper firing, wild shooting, and general chaos continued until the early morning hours.

By daylight Monday New Jersey state officials had

At 4 o'clock Tuesday morning a dozen prisoners were released from jail. Plainfield police officers considered this a sellout.

When, by noon on Wednesday, the stolen carbines had not been returned, the Governor decided to authorize a mass search of the area. At 2 p.m. a convoy of State Police and National Guard troops prepared to enter the area. In order to direct the search as to likely locations, a handful of Plainfield police officers were spotted throughout the 28 vehicles of the convoy. As the convoy prepared to depart, the State Community Relations Director insisted that the mood of the Plainfield Police was such that to permit them to enter the area would be to run a serious risk of violence.

Colonel David Kelly of the New Jersey State Police considered this estimate of the situation ridiculous. However, the views of the State Community Relations Director prevailed. As the search for carbines in the community progressed, tensions increased rapidly. According to witnesses and newspaper reports, some men in the search column destroyed property and left apartments they had gone through in a shambles.

An hour and a half after it was begun, the search, which had proven to be an exercise in futility, was called off.

Their removal from the convoy had, Plainfield Police officers felt, been their crowning humiliation. A half hour after the conclusion of the search, in a meeting charged with emotion, the entire Department threatened to resign unless the State Community Relations Director left the city. He bowed to the demand. On Friday, exactly a week after the first outbreak, the city started returning to normal.

NEW BRUNSWICK

All during the weekend that violence sputtered, flared, subsided, then flared again in Plainfield, in New Brunswick, less than 10 miles away, there were numerous rumors that "New Brunswick was really going to blow." Dissatisfaction in the Negro community revolved around three issues: The closing of a local teenage coffee house by the police department, the lack of recreation facilities, and the release of a white couple on $100 bond after they had been arrested for allegedly shooting at three Negro teenagers.

Again there was a feeling that the law was not being applied equally to whites and Negroes. By Monday tension was reported "so thick that you could eat it with a fork." In the late afternoon the city's woman mayor, Patricia Sheehan, who had been elected on a reform platform and had been in office only two months, took steps to assume direct control of the police department.

A Negro lieutenant, John Brokaw, was appointed community liason and authorized to bypass normal police department channels. The department's entire Negro complement of eight men was put in plainclothes and, together with community workers, went into the streets to expose rumors and act as counter-rioters. The radio station decided on its own initiative to play down rumors of any disturbances.

Nevertheless, by late Monday evening, small groups of Negro teenagers began breaking windows. As larger crowds gathered, wild rumors swept the city: reports of armed Negro and white gangs; shootings, fires, beatings and death. In fact, except for some minor looting, the atmosphere, according to Mayor Sheehan,"had been like Halloween-- a gigantic night of mischief."

Tuesday morning the mayor imposed a curfew, further consolidated her direct control over the police department, and made a tape recording,played periodically over the city's radio station, appealing for order. All of the persons who had been picked up the previous night were released on their own recognizance or on low bail.

In the late afternoon the mayor and city commissioners met with 35 angry and initially hostile teenagers who "poured out their souls to the mayor." As a result, the mayor, the city commissioners and the Negro youths drew up a statement attacking segregation, discrimination, inferior educational and employment opportunities, police harrassment, and poor housing. Four of the young people began broadcasting over the radio station, urging their "soul brothers and sisters" to "cool it, because you will only get hurt and the mayor has talked with us and is going to do something for us."

Other youths circulated through the streets with the same message.

Despite these measures, confrontation between the police and a crowd that gathered near a public housing project in the ghetto was narrowly averted that evening. The police wanted to break up the crowd. The crowd was angry at the massive show of force by the police. Asked to return to their homes, people replied: "We will go home when you get the police out of the area."

Requested by the commissioners to pull the police back, the Chief refused. He was then given a direct order to pull back by the mayor.

According to the Chief, he had "been a police officer for 24 years and had never felt so bad."

An hour later, elements of the same crowd, which was an older one than the night before and contained persons ranging from the late teens to the early thirties, gathered in front of the police station. Again, police wanted to disperse the people by force. Again the mayor prevailed. She went out into the street, talked to the people and asked that she be given a chance to correct conditions. Over the objections of the Chief, she agreed to let representatives of the people inspect the jail cells to satisfy themselves

that everyone arrested on the previous night had been released. The New Brunswick riot had failed to materialize.

THE BLACK POWER CONFERENCE

Even as various communities in northern New Jersey were still being agitated by the corona of the Newark riot, 900 or more delegates from all over the United States gathered on July 20 in Newark for the first national Black Power conference.

The diverse delegates and the organizations they represented were unifed by only one element: race. The most militant and extreme pro-Negro whites were barred. Two Negro officers of the New York Police Department were admitted.

The organizer of the conference, Dr. Nathan Wright Jr., himself was emblematic of the metamorphosis in Negro philosophy and psychology that had taken place in the United States during the course af a few years. An Episcopal minister with six college degrees, including a doctorate from Harvard University, a generation ago he would have been identified-- whether he liked it or not-- with the "Black Boureoisie." In Newark he was able to cast his lot, ideologically, with the late Malcolm X and Rap Brown.

Among the delegates there was as much disagreement as there was agreement. A resolution, referring to the Newark riot, put the delegates on record as vigorously affirming "the

right to exercise our unchallengeable right to self-defense."

An extremist faction believed that the best self-defense was to attack. Many speakers, however, warned that Negroes were not yet ready to confront the "white power structure." Even Rap Brown warned that it would be"self-genocide" to challenge white America to physical conflict at this time.

It soon became apparent that someone, in Detroit, was not listening.

DETROIT

On Saturday evening, July 22, while the Black Power Conference was still in session, the Detroit Police Department raided five blind pigs. The blind pigs had had their origin in the days before World War II, when they had served as private social clubs for affluent Negroes who, because of discrimination, had been unable to gain entrance to public night spots. Gradually, as public facilities opened their doors to Negroes, the character of the blind pigs had changed, and they had become illegal drinking and gambling spots.

The fifth blind pig on the list, the United Community and Civic League at the corner of 12th Street and Clairmount, had been raided twice before. Once ten persons had been picked up; another time, 28. A Detroit Vice Squad officer had tried but been unable to gain entrance to the blind pig shortly after ten o'clock Saturday night. When, on his second attempt, he was successful, it was 3:45 A.M. Sunday morning.

The Tactical Mobile Unit, the Police Department's anti-riot squad, had been dismissed at 3:00 A.M. Since Sunday

morning is, traditionally, the least troublesome time for police departments all over the United States, there were only 193 officers patrolling the streets. Of these, 44 were in the 10th Precinct where the blind pig was located.

Instead of the expected two dozen patrons, the blind pig -- in which a party for several servicemen, two of whom had seen service in Viet Nam was being held -- contained 82. Before additional patrol wagons could be called to transport all the persons from the scene, an hour had elapsed. The weather was warm -- during that day the temperature was to rise to 86 degrees -- and humid. Despite the hour, numerous persons were still on the streets. Within a short period a crowd of approximately 200 persons had gathered.

In November of 1965, George Edwards, Judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit, and Commissioner of the Detroit Police Department from 1961 to 1963, had written in the Michigan Law Review: "It is clear that in 1965 no one will make excuses for any city's inability to foresee the possibility of racial trouble . . . Although local police forces generally regard themselves as public servants with the responsibility of maintaining law and order, they tend to minimize this attitude when they are patrolling areas that

are heavily populated with Negro citizens. There they tend to view each person on the streets as a potential criminal or enemy, and all too often that attitude is reciprocated. Indeed, hostility between the Negro communities in our large cities and the police departments, is the major problem in law enforcement in this decade. It has been a major cause of all recent race riots."

At the time of the 1943 riot, Judge Edwards told Commission investigators, there was "open warfare between the Detroit Negroes and the Detroit Police Department." As late as 1961, he thought that "Detroit was the leading candidate in the United States for a race riot."

There was a long history of conflict between the police department and citizens. Detroit's 1943 race riot, in which 34 persons died, was the bloodiest in the United States in a span of four decades. During the labor wars of the 1930's union members had come to view the Detroit Police Department as a strike-breaking force.

Judge Edwards and his successor, Commissioner Ray Girardin, attempted to restructure the image of the department. A Citizens Complaint Bureau was set up to facilitate the filing of complaints by citizens against officers; but there are

indications that in practice it worked little better than less enlightened and more cumbersome procedures in other cities.

According to expert information provided to the Commission, the very nature of Detroit's trial board procedure tends to favor the accused officer. Officers are reluctant to testify against fellow-members of the department and some who have done so in the past have found themselves ostracized.

Lately, following the advice of attorneys with regard to the rules against self-incrimination, officers have refused even to make statements to Department investigators. In certain precincts investigators for the Citizens Complaint Bureau have been made to feel so unwelcome that they are reluctant even to go to the stationhouses.

On 12th Street, with its high incidence of vice and crime, the issue of police brutality was a recurrent theme. A month earlier the killing of a prostitute had been determined by police investigators to be the work of a pimp. According to rumors in the community the crime had been committed by a Vice Squad officer.

Approximately at the same time the killing of a 27-year old Negro Army veteran, Danny Thomas, by a gang of white youths, inflamed the community. Coverage by the city's major newspapers, which played down the story in hope that the

murder would not become a cause for increased tensions, backfired. A banner story in the Michigan Chronicle, the city's Negro newspaper, began: "As James Meredith marched again Sunday to prove a Negro could walk in Mississippi without fear, a young woman who saw her husband killed by a white gang, shouting: 'Niggers keep out of Rouge Park,' lost her baby.

"Relatives were upset that the full story of the murder was not being told, apparently in an effort to prevent the incident from sparking a riot."

Some Negroes believed that the treatment of the story by the major newspapers was further evidence of the double standard: Playing up crimes by Negroes, playing down crimes committed against Negroes.

Although police arrested and charged one suspect with murder, Negroes questioned why the entire gang was not held. What, they asked, would have been the result if a white man had been killed by a gang of Negroes?

The Thomas family had lived only three blocks from the scene of the blind pig raid. A few minutes after 5:00 A.M., shortly after the last of those arrested had been hauled away, a police cruiser had its rear window smashed by an empty bottle. Shortly thereafter a little basket was thrown through

the window of a store. A youth, whom police nicknamed "Mr. Greensleeves" because of the green shirt he was wearing, was shouting: "We're going to have a riot!" and exhorting the crowd to vandalism.

At 5:20 A.M. Commissioner Ray Girardin was notified. He immediately called Mayor Jerome Cavanagh. Seventeen officers from other areas were ordered into the 10th Precinct. By 6:00 A.M. police department strength had grown to 369 men. Of these, however, only 43 were committed to the immediate riot area. By that time the number of persons on 12th Street was in the process of growing into the thousands, and widespread window-smashing and looting had begun.

Although a block to either side of 12th Street were fine middle class districts, along 12th Street itself, overcrowded apartment houses created a density of more than 21,000 persons per square mile, almost double the city average. Only 18 percent of the residents were homeowners. Twenty-five percent of the housing was considered so substandard as to require clearance, and another 19 percent had major deficiencies. The crime rate was almost double that of the city, which, in itself, has one of the highest in the nation.

The proportion of broken families was more than twice that in the rest of the city. The movement of people when the

slums of "Black Bottom" had been cleared for urban renewal had changed 12th Street from an integrated community into an almost totally black one, in which only numbers of the businessmen remained white.

By 7:50 A.M., when a 17-man commando unit attempted to make the first sweep, there were an estimated 3,000 persons on 12th Street. They offered no resistance to the police. As the squad moved down the street, they gave way to one side, and then flowed back behind it.

At 8:25 A.M. the first fire blossomed in a shoe store. Firemen who responded were not, however, harrassed, and the flames were extinguished. By mid-morning 1,122 men, approximately a fourth of the strength of the police department, had reported for duty. Of these, 540 were in the riot area, which had still not expanded beyond six blocks. One hundred and eight officers were being used in an attempt to establish a cordon. There was, however, no interference with looters, and police were refraining from the use of force.

According to witnesses, police at some roadblocks made little effort to stop people from going in and out of the area, and a good deal of bantering took place between police officers and the populace.

Commissioner Girardin believed: "If we had started shooting in there . . . not one of our policemen would have

come out alive. I am convinced it would have turned into a race riot in the conventional sense."

Many of the police officers were being used to guard key installations in other sections of the city, in fear that the disturbance on 12th Street might be a diversionary tactic. Belle Isle, the recreation area in the Detroit River that had been the scene of the 1943 riot, was sealed off.

In an effort not to attract people to the scene, some broadcasters cooperated by reporting no news of the riot. As a result, numerous police officers had to be detailed to protect the 50,000 spectators that were expected at that afternoon's New York Yankees-Detroit Tigers baseball game.

Early in the morning a task force of community workers had gone into the area to dispel rumors and act as counter-rioters. Such a task force had been singularly successful at the time of the Kercheval incident in the summer of 1966, when scores of people had gathered at the site of an arrest. Kercheval, however, was a higher-income area, with few stores, that also happened to have the city's most effective police-community relations program. By the time the members of the task force were able to inject themselves into the situation on 12th Street, it already had gotten out of hand.

The movement from a serious to a critical stage apparently

began when a rumor threaded through the crowd that a man had been bayonetted by the police during an attempt by them to sweep the streets. Missiles were thrown at officers. By 1:00 P.M. the first of the serious fires had been set. An hour later smoke was billowing upward from at least four different locations. Firemen were harrassed and pelted with rocks.

The Michigan State Police, who had been alerted earlier, were requested to come to the city's assistance. Shortly after 3:00 P.M., even as State Police were arriving, the riot spread from 12th Street into other business districts.

There was no lack of the disaffected to help spread it. Although not yet deteriorated to the point of Newark, Detroit, like Newark, was losing population. Its prosperous middle class whites were moving to the suburbs and being replaced by unskilled Negro migrants.

Between 1960 and 1967 the Negro population rose from just under 30 percent to an estimated 40 percent of the total. Those who moved out were the most vigorous, revenue-producing portion of the population, leaving behind numbers of the old and young, who were less productive, yet cost the city more in terms of services.

In a decade the school system had gained 50,000 to 60,000 children. Fifty-one percent of the elementary school

classes were overcrowded. Simply to achieve the statewide average, the system needed 1,650 more teachers, which would mean the building of an additional 1,000 classrooms. The combined cost would be $63 million. Of 300,000 school children, 171,000 or 57 percent, were Negro. According to the Detroit Superintendent of Schools, 25 different school districts surrounding the city spent $100 to $500 more per pupil per year than Detroit. In the inner city schools more than half the pupils who entered high school became dropouts.

The strong union structure had created ideal conditions for the working man, but had left others, such as Civil Service and Government workers, comparatively disadvantaged and dissatisfied. In June the "Blue Flu" had struck the city as police officers, forbidden to strike, had staged a sick-out. In September, the teachers were to go on strike. The starting wages for a plumber's helper were almost equal to the salary of a police officer or teacher.

Some unions, traditionally closed to Negroes, zealously guarded training opportunities. In January of 1967 the school system notified six apprenticeship trades it would not open any new apprenticeship classes unless a larger number of Negroes were included. By the Fall of 1967 some of the programs were still closed.

High school diplomas from inner city schools were

regarded by personnel directors as less than valid. In July of 1967 unemployment was higher than it had been for five years. In the 12th Street area it was estimated to be between 12 and 15 percent for Negro men; 30 percent or higher for those under 25.

The more education a Negro had, the greater his inequality in income vis-a-vis the white tended to be. Whereas the income of whites and Negroes with a 7th grade education was about equal, the median income of whites with a high school diploma was $1,600 more per year than that of Negroes, and white college graduates made $2,600 more per year than their Negro counterparts. In fact, as far as his income was concerned, it made very little difference to a Negro whether he had attended school for 8 years or for 12.

Although Mayor Cavanagh had appointed many Negroes to key positions in his administration, in elective offices the population was still grossly underrepresented. Of nine councilmen, one was a Negro. Of seven members of the school board, two were Negroes.

Resistance to urban renewal was widespread among residents. Results from urban renewal were doubtful. In the middle of the downtown urban renewal area, one of the city's two largest department stores had closed its doors. Because of the financial straits it found itself in, the city was unable to produce

on promises to correct conditions engendering complaints.

By 4:00 P.M. the rioting, looting and burning was spreading over a widening area. There was no longer any hope for the restoration of order without a massive response. The National Guard was called for.

At 6:57 P.M., the first troops appeared on the streets. At 9:07 P.M., the first sniper fire was reported. At 12:45 A.M., Monday, July 24th, the first person died. He was a 45-year old white man, shot by the owner of the store he was looting.

As the entire social order began to show signs of disintegrating into chaos, individual responses sometimes were unexpected.

Twenty-four year old E. G., a Negro born in Savannah, Georgia, had arrived in Detroit in 1965 in order to attend Wayne State University. Rebellion had been building in him for a long time because "You just had to bow down to the white man." For example: "When the insurance man would come by he would always call out to my mother by her first name and we were expected to smile and greet him happily. . . Man, I know he would never have thought of me or my father going to his house and calling his wife by her first name. Then I once saw a white man slapping a young pregnant Negro woman on the street with such force that she just spun around

and fell. I'll never forget that." The memory of violence committed against Negroes in the south, for which no one had been punished, still rankled in him.

When a friend called to tell him about the riot at 12th Street, E. G. went there expecting "a true revolt," but was "disappointed as soon as I saw the looting begin. I wanted to see the people really rise up in revolt. When I saw the first person coming out of the store with things in his arms, I really got sick to my stomach and wanted to go home. Rebellion against the white suppressors is one thing, but one measly pair of shoes or some food completely ruins the whole concept."

E. G. was standing in a crowd, watching firemen work when Fire Chief Alvin Wall called out, asking for help from among the spectators. E. G. responded. His reasoning was: "No matter what color someone is, whether they are green or pink or blue, I'd help them if they were in trouble. That's all there is to it."

He worked with the firemen for four days, the only Negro in an all-white crew. (Of 1,700 men in the fire department there were only 40 Negroes.) Elsewhere, at scattered locations, a half dozen other Negro youths pitched in to help the firemen.

Police protection for firemen was sporadic. As a result, an order was issued that whenever firemen were subjected to attack, whether by rocks and bottles or sniper fire, they were to abandon whatever fire they were working on and withdraw from the area. As desperate residents -- employing garden hoses in the attempt to keep the flames from spreading to their homes from adjacent business establishments -- witnessed the withdrawal of the firemen, they were led to believe that the withdrawal was intended as an act of retribution. Antagonism against the firemen increased.

Since a moderate breeze was blowing, there were many instances of fires spreading from their original locations. This led to erroneous reports that entire blocks were being firebombed and destroyed. At one point, out of a total of 157 pieces of fire apparatus with which Detroit was equipped, 153 were engaged in fighting the fires.

One area of the ghetto remained insulated from the riot fever. On the northeast side a district of some fifty square blocks inhabited by 21,000 persons had been, in 1966, guided into organizing itself by the Institute of Urban Dynamics. Banding together in the Positive Neighborhood Action Committee the residents had begun, with professional advice but with community control, to organize block clubs and to make

plans for the improvement of the neighborhood. In order to meet the need for recreational facilities, which the city was not providing, they managed to raise $3,000 to purchase empty lots for playgrounds. Although opposed to urban renewal they agreed to co-sponsor with the Archdiocese of Detroit a housing project in which the block clubs would have equal control.

When the riot broke out the residents, through the block clubs, were able to organize quickly to seal off the area. Youngsters, agreeing to stay in the neighborhood, participated in detouring traffic. Even though many persons identified with the rioters as far as a rebellion against the system was concerned, only two small fires -- one of them in an empty building -- were set. There was no violence.

Many of the National Guardsmen when they arrived in the city were tired, having traveled 200 miles on trucks from their summer encampment. For some, the city was unfamiliar territory occupied by an unfamiliar people. Without training in their role as auxiliary law enforcement personnel, the Guardsmen were unable to cope with the situation with which they were faced.

A Detroit newspaper reporter who spent two days riding in the command jeep of one column, told a Commission investigator of machine guns being fired accidentally, street lights

being shot out by rifle fire, and buildings being placed under siege on the most haphazard and sketchy reports of a sniper hiding there. One incident related by the reporter was the following:

A report was received on the radio that an Army bus was pinned down by sniper fire at an intersection. National Guardsmen and police, arriving from various directions, jumped out and began asking each other: "Where's the sniper fire coming from?" As he pointed to a building, everyone rushed about, taking cover. A soldier, alighting from a jeep, accidentally pulled the trigger on his rifle. As the shot reverberated through the darkness an officer yelled: "What's going on?" "I don't know," came the answer. "Sniper, I guess."

Without any clear authorization or direction someone opened fire upon the suspected building. A tank rolled up and sprayed the building with .50 caliber tracer bullets. Law enforcement officers rushed into the surrounded building and discovered it empty. "They must be firing one shot and running," was the verdict.

As this was occurring, the reporter went to the bus and interviewed the men who had gotten off and were crouched around it. When he asked them about the sniping incident he

was told that someone had heard a shot. He asked: "Did the bullet hit the bus?" The answer was: "Well, we don't know."

In another instance a column of National Guardsmen reportedly opened fire upon a police commando unit that had been placed upon a high building in order to deal with snipers.

In contrast, U.S. Army troops, flown to the city's aid at the request of Michigan Governor George Romney and Mayor Cavanagh, had few troubles with snipers in the areas they patrolled.

Lt. General John L. Throckmorton, the U.S. Army officer placed in command of the combined forces, requested that the city relight the darkened streets. Mayor Cavanagh replied that he would be happy to do so if the Guardsmen would stop shooting out the lights.

As troops were busy shooting out lights at one such location, a radio newscaster reported over the air that he was pinned down by sniper fire.

With persons of every description arming themselves, and guns being fired accidentally or on the vaguest pretext all over the city, it became more and more impossible to tell who was shooting at whom. Firemen, contrary to law,

were arming themselves. One shot a fellow fireman; another shot himself. A National Guardsman and a fireman were felled by high caliber bullets whose origin it was impossible to determine.

The Chief of Police in Highland Park, a separate political entity surrounded by the city of Detroit, recalled that one sniper proved to be an old white drunk, shooting from the top of an apartment building.

Unverified reports received by Commission investigators tell of street gangs roaming the city, firing a shot here and a shot there, then disappearing before the arrival of police. National Guard gunfire killed one woman when she stood silhouetted in the window of a motel.

A four-year old girl was shot to death when troopers opened up with machine guns in response to the flash of a cigarette being lighted.

Of the 43 persons who were killed during the riot, the Wayne County Prosecutor's office was able to issue warrants in only six of the cases. In eight no action was taken or recommended, because no suspect was found or the homicide was accidental. In 29 deaths, the ruling was either one of justifiable homicide, or there was insufficient evidence upon which to base any charge.

Approximately one and a half to two years before the

riot, R. R., a white, 27-year old coin dealer, had bought a three-story house on "L" Street, an integrated middle class neighborhood. In May of 1966, R. R., with his wife and child, had moved to New York and had rented the house to three young white men. After several months neighbors began to report to R. R. that the house was being used for wild parties.

In March of 1967, R. R. instituted eviction proceedings against the tenants. These were still pending when the riot broke out. On Wednesday, July 26th, R. R., concerned about what might happen to the house, decided to fly to Detroit. When he arrived, he went to his mother's house to pick up his 17-year old brother, and another white teenager. Together the three went to the house on "L" Street, where they discovered the tenants were not at home. R. R. called his attorney, who advised him to take physical possession of the house.

Taking an old .22 caliber rifle with them for protection, the three men entered the house. R. R.'s 17-year old brother took the gun into the cellar and fired it several times into a pillow in order to test it.

At 7:45 P.M., R. R. called Mrs. R. in New York and

advised her that he was changing the locks on the house. At 8:45 P.M. he called her again and told her that the tenants had returned and he had refused to let them in. He also asked Mrs. R. to send the family's watchdog for protection.

At approximately the same time the National Guard received information that: "Three unidentified white men had broken into the house, forced the occupants thereof out at gunpoint, and hauled in boxes of guns and ammunition with which they were going to start sniping, sometimes after dark."

At 9:05 P.M. a National Guard column with two tanks pulled up in front of the house. A National Guard captain said that he saw a flash in an upstairs window, and shouted a warning to the occupants. Neighbors report they heard no such warning.

The three men were on the second floor of the house when a barrage of fire was unleashed against it. As hundreds of bullets crashed through the windows and ricocheted off the walls, they dashed to the third floor. Protected by a large chimney, they huddled in a closet until, during a lull in the firing, they were able to hang a pink bathrobe out of the window as a sign of surrender. They were arrested as snipers.

The firing from rifles and .50 caliber machine guns

had been so intense that in a period of a few minutes the house suffered more than $10,000 worth of damage. One of a pair of stone columns was shot nearly in half.

Chaos reigned in the 10th Precinct Station to which the three men were taken. The commander of the precinct had transferred his headquarters to the riot command post at a nearby hospital. In his absence the command structure apparently broke down.

As hundreds of arrestees were brought in, officers were running this way and that, taking it upon themselves to carry on investigations and to attempt to extract confessions.

Because, they said, the metal made them a target for snipers, officers throughout the police department had taken off their badges. They also had taped over the license plates and the numbers of the police cars, so that identification of individual officers became virtually impossible.

Sometime Wednesday night, R. R. and his two companions were taken from their cell to an "Alley Court," the police slang for attempting to beat confessions out of prisoners. Officer W. administered such a severe beating to R. R. that the bruises still were visible two weeks later.

R. R.'s 17-year old brother had his skull cracked open,

and was thrown back into the cell. He was taken to a hospital only when other arrestees complained that he was bleeding to death.

The charges against all three of the young men were dismissed at the preliminary hearing. The police officer who had signed the original complaint refused even to take the stand.

Dozens of cases of police brutality emanated from the 10th Precinct station. One of these involved the same Officer W. A young woman was brought into the station and told to strip. After she had done so, as another officer took pictures, Officer W. came up to her and began fondling her. One of the pictures subsequently made its way to the Mayor's office.

On Monday, July 24th, General Throckmorton, following an inspection tour of the area, in which he had seen an indication of imminent danger, had ordered all weapons unloaded. The order was largely ignored by the National Guardsmen. By late Tuesday, looting and firebombing had virtually ceased. Yet between 7:00 and 11:00 P.M., Tuesday night, there were 444 incidents reported. Most were reports of sniper fire.

During the daylight hours of July 26th, there were 534

such reports. That evening between 8:30 and 11:00 P.M. there were 255. Most were unconfirmed, and many turned out to be completely unsubstantiated. Yet with the proliferation of such reports, the pressure on law enforcement officers to discover some snipers became tremendous. Homes were broken into, and searches made on the flimsiest of tips.

Before the arrest of a secretary in the City Assessor's office called attention to the situation on Friday, July 28th, any person with any kind of gun in his home was liable to be picked up as a suspect.

Of the 27 persons who were charged with sniping, 22 had charges against them dismissed at preliminary hearings. One pleaded guilty to possession of an unregistered gun and was given a suspended sentence. Trials of the remaining four -- one on a reduced charge -- are pending.