

A Sullen, Damp Thursday—Spent "Waiting for the Riot"



"REPORTERS NEVER give whites' side of the story," claimed a woman who wouldn't give her name because she was afraid "Then my house would be next," to reporter Carol Schmidt.

Murphy Summons' Condition Still Remains Serious

Murphy Summons, 32, of 6158 W. Chicago, former basketball star at Northwestern High, remains in serious condition following heart surgery in Detroit General hospital Aug. 6.

Summons suffered the wound when he was stabbed in a fight when he was attacked by two men outside a bar on W. Warren last Saturday morning.

Two men have been arrested and held on an assault with intent to kill charge

Last Rites for

the two brothers, Maurice Dupree, 26, of 5746 Beechwood and his half brother, James Lewis. The warrant charges the two men engaged in a fight with Summons, and Dupree stabbed the basketball player as Lewis held Summons' hands behind him.

The fight between the men and Summons followed a fight in the bar between Mrs. Dorothy Summons, Murphy's wife, and another woman, known only as "Phyllis." Summons attempted to intervene and Dupree expressed resentment over "pulling on my woman."



YOUTHS GATHER as dusk approaches on the tense corner of Kercheval and Parkview Thursday

night. Four police cars pass the block at one time, one of them a heavily armed Tactical Mobile Unit car.

"BUILDING UP 10 YEARS"

Youths on the Street Hate, Blame the Police

The police are hated and blamed as the cause of last week's incidents on Kercheval by the man on the street.

Three youths gave this dialog about what lay behind the incidents, as police paraded by, glaring at the news interview, seven Tactical Mobile Unit cars on the block at one moment:

"The police have been f—ing the people too damn long. We're just plain sick of it. Look at that," one pointed to a policeman who stared too long at the group. "If you're just standing on the street, no matter how long you've been there, they run you off. If you're in your car, they tell you to move on. If you drag your eyes, you're wrong."

"There's a certain time of month, when the ticket quotas are due, that you can't hardly drive around the block. They follow you around just waiting till you do something wrong."

"The Big four call you a black-a—nigger in a minute. Tuesday night they were leaning out the scout cars yelling nigger."

"This is no 'incident.' We all know what it is. Mayor Cavanagh is just praying for rain right now. When he was out campaigning he was out there shaking hands in Grosse Pointe and Dearborn, but he never once came down here and shook none of our hands."

"Him and that urban renewal. Man, they steal my house and make me live in a

customers 'boy's out there. Let us control our own neighborhoods."

"It's like South Africa, they expect us to carry identification around all the time. It's like Vietnam. We're not fighting for nothing in Vietnam. The people in Vietnam haven't done nothing to us, why kill them?"

The rains started and the interview switched to a storefront. "Man, I bet Mayor Cavanagh is glad, him and that bunch of 'leaders' who've been meeting like crazy the past couple days. But they haven't asked none of us to them meetings."

"Look at that bayonet on that cop's gun. Man, I'm buying a 16 gauge with my



"WHO KNOWS what will happen next?" wonders Miss Peggy Molloy, clerk at Deluxe Drugs, set on fire Wednesday.



"THESE ARE my peo-

"Peace-Makesr," Wary Police Watch

By JIMMY TINKER

A Thursday night "waiting for the riot" can be frightening. Convoys of Tactical Mobile Unit cars paraded up and down Kercheval and Mack, sometimes returning the taunts from youths on the streets, just waiting. Traffic was less than usual, weaving its way through the police cars, which got thicker and thicker until at 10 p.m. the streets were curb to curb police, waiting.

The "peace-makers," small groups of ministers and social workers, could have been the spark on more than one occasion. Police stopped them frequently and asked what they were doing. They were allowed to proceed, but a crowd of youths would be watching the interchange from across the street, waiting.

In the headquarters of the Afro-American Youth Movement at 9211 Kercheval, a score of youths waited. Occasionally a youth would enter and huddle in conference with Al Harrison, coordinator of the group, and then leave, only to return in ten minutes.

At times Harrison would try to get them to go home, and in one case a reporter from the daily press called downtown and managed to get a 15 minute reprieve during which they could leave the office and go home without being stopped by police. But many still lingered and waited.

Each time a group went to the front door to taunt police officers, Harrison upbraided them and made them come back inside.

A passer-by snickered, "Hell, they did a much better job in Watts. They can't seem to get this riot off the ground."

None of the officers who patrolled the area wore badges. All wore or carried helmets. Shotguns and riot guns were displayed through win-

dows as the officers rode by, waiting.

Some youths complained that this treatment was part of the problem that Negroes in this section of the city were fighting against. One said, "These whiteys come through here with their shotguns and the like and we are supposed to be afraid because of their show of power. Hell, they have had this all the time, and it hasn't made any difference. Why should we be scared now?"

"These white b— have been running over our parents and grandparent for all these years and we are supposed to take it. Well, it ain't like that no more. We intend to stand up for what we believe in and fight him back."

Midnight came, and the youths realized there would be no riot and began to drift away from the office. Harrison would speak quietly to them and tell them there was no need to antagonize the officers and get hurt needlessly. He admonished them to go to their respective homes.

The youths said they were going home but in half an hour would be found roaming up and down Mack. There was a difference, however. When they were on Kercheval, they were waiting and ready for anything that came. On Mack, they were just teenagers looking for something to do.

Stolen Tickets Are No Good

Tickets stolen for the Buster-Mathis fight Aug. 29 at Cobo Hall have been voided, warns Kronk Recreation Center. If you buy one from an unregistered seller, the ticket will not admit you to the fight.

Missing tickets are from Section R-1, row D, seats 1 to 14; the entire section of 4 and 17, plus some \$1 general admission tickets, about 400 in all.