# Dead Rats Dramatize Bad Housing Protest

OFF TO ISRAEL—Cyril D. Tyson, right, former executive director of the United Community Corp., Newark's (N.J.) anti-poverty agency, with Irving M. Engel, honorary president of the American Jewish Committee, Tyson and his wife, left, prepared to embark on a two-week tour of Israel. The Tysons will observe the country's efforts in achieving the cultural, educational and vocational integration of its diverse population. The AJC made arrangements for the study mission. Tyson, now a deputy administrator of the Human Resources Administration, will return to Newark on Jan. 29 for a testimonial dinner sponsored by the UCC at the Essex House.

## 'Slumground of world' is Shore tag

ATLANTIC CITY — Known around the world as "The Playground of the World," Atlantic City was given a new name — "The Slumground of the World" — by 200 picketers who marched through the resort Saturday afternoon — carrying dead rats — and protesting against the slum conditions.

The marchers, all colored, tied up traffic when they pranced down the center of Atlantic Ave., and held a rally on the steps of City Hall.

The protestors threatened to march every weekend and to picket city officials every weekend unless "slumlords" were curbed.

An official of the NAACP declared, "The slumlords give us buildings with no heat and no lights, but with plenty of rent and plenty of rats."

In announcing the rally earlier, NAACP spokesmen said they would carry live rats that were found in the Northside section.

Edgar Harris, NAACP president, explained that two captured rats had escaped from their cages Friday night and that two others had died of the cold in a garage where they were being kept.

"Those rats died from the cold, and we may be next," Mrs. Ethel Lofton, a Democratic city committeewoman told the rally.

Mrs. Carrie Rounds, head of the NAACP's Housing Committee, stated, "The NAACP will not tolerate the continuance of slum housing on the Northside, where the landlords charge high rents for buildings and apartments that violate every kind of city ordinance."

Mrs. Rounds said the city officials have fallen down on the job.

Before the rally, the marchers picketed the real estate office of Michael Levitt, of Ventnor, which is located on Atlantic Ave. near South Carolina.

There were no city officials present at the rally to hear the protestors plead for enforced housing codes.

Most of the city's 22,000 colored people live in the Northside section of Atlantic City, and the NAACP has estimated that 9,000 of them are living in buildings that are unfit for human habitation."

WHERE TERROR REIGNED — The fashionable home of Mrs. Theresa (Tee) Ross, fashion model, at a dead end street at 9 High Terrace in Montclair, N.J., which was invaded by two armed thugs in search of a reported $5,000 cache last week. They dismantled the interior, gagged, assaulted and threatened Mrs. Ross, her husband and daughter for four hours, took cash and jewelry and escaped without a trace. In circle, is Mrs. Ross.

## Owner seeks to kill land sale to Eagles' Irv Cross

HARRISBURG, Pa. — The State Supreme Court last week was asked to set aside the sale of ground in Newtown Square, Delaware County, to Irv Cross, former defensive halfback for the Philadelphia Eagles football team.

Rudolph Hirsch, of Paper Mill Road, in Newtown Square, the former owner, through his attorney, James E. Riely, charged misrepresentation in the purchase of the one - acre lot by the athlete.

On November 30, Delaware County Court upheld the sale to Cross, upholding an earlier decision of President Judge Henry G. Sweney. Hirsch then appealed to the high court.

The attorney argued before the appellate court that when Hirsch agreed to sell the property to V. Norman Silberstein for $10,000, a clause in the agreemtnt forbade its transfer to another party without Hirsch's written consent.

Riely charged that Silberstein had been a stalking party for Cross.

He said Judge Sweney found that Silberstein and Cross concocted the plan to conceal the fact that Cross was a colored man.

"Hirsh," the attorney said, said, had no prejudice against selling to colored people, but he objected to this fraudulent scheme."

Cross' attorney, Max W. Gibbs, said the only reason the law suit was filed was that Hirsch and his wife found out a colored gentleman was the purchaser."

The ground was subdivided from the 2.3 acres where Hirsch lives.

Gibbs, conceding that Silberstein was a straw party in the real estate transaction, argued that Silberstein had no obligation to disclose this to Hirsch.

Hirsch wanted to sell the ground for $10,000," Gibbs said, and he received $10,000.

Nowhere did he say he lost any money."

Gibbs later said that Cross, who now plays for the Los Angeles Rams, does personal work in the off season for Campbell Soup Company, in Camden.

Cross lives in the Presidential Apartments and is negotiating to buy a house in New Jersey. Because of the lawsuit, he is unable to build on the Newtown Square property.

## Housing bias developers charged to NEW JERSEY

A public hearing to examine a charge of racial discrimination against the officers of a housing development corporation was ordered by George S. Pfaus, director of the Division on Civil Rights.

The charge was brought by Charles Briggs, 34 Franklin Road, Teaneck, against Lake Cherokee Estates, Inc., Randolph, New Jersey, and its officers.

President of the corporation is Irving Cohen, 1324 East 53rd St., Brooklyn, N.Y. The other officers charged are: Herbert Schepps, vice president, 248 East 58 St., Brooklyn; and Stephen Vacrro, treasurer, whose address is 1040 East 92 St., Brooklyn.

* * *

THE HEARING will be conducted before Hearing Examiner Stephen F. Lichtenstein, at 1100 Raymond Boulevard, Room 112, Newark, on Feb. 2, at 10 a.m.

In a complaint lodged with the Division on Civil Rights, Mr. Briggs, alleged that the developers refused to sell him a house because of his race.

## Julian Bond to Phila.

PHILADELPHIA

Youtful Georgia Legislator Julian Bond, son of the former Lincoln U prexy, who fought a bitter struggle in the courts to retain his seat, will be the principle speaker at the 25th anniversary dinner of the National Freedom Day Celebration, Feb. 1, 1967.

Mrs. Harriet Wright Hinns, chairman of the luncheon, and daughter of the National Freedom Day Founder, The Late Major R. R. Wright Sr., said that "We feel extremely fortunate in having this outstanding young man as our speaker."

She said that Bond's appearance was symbolic of the 1967 Freedom Day emphasis on youth.

Major Wright, also founder of the Citizens and Southern Bank, created the day in commemoration of the 13th amendment to the Constitution of the U.S., which gave full citizenship rights to all Americans regardless of race, creed or origin.

The luncheon," replaced this year by a dinner, will be held at the Bellevue - Stratford Hotel.

Mr. Emanuel Wright, president of the National Freedom Day Celebration, said that the wreath - laying ceremonies at Independence Hall at noon, would be the most impressive in the celebration's history.

Dinner committee members are: Payricia Alexander, Lillian W. Clayton, Mae Christopher, Edith Davidson, Fannie D. Dennis, Sadie A. H. Devron, Van H. Grimes, Hattie Henry, Estelle Horsey, Sisbelle Littlejohn, E. Finch Morris, Serena B. Patterson;

Rosalie Patton, Margaret Rideout, Rosetta Scott, Maude Leland, Virene Ward, Louise Williams, Mrs. E. C. Wright, Ruth Wells, Mrs. Emmer Booker, Naomi Satchell, Beatrice Dorsey and Irma Walker.

## Dr. Wolfe off to South America

TRENTON, N.J. — Dr. Deborah Partridge Wolfe, professor of education at Queens College and a member of the New Jersey State Board of Education, left last week for an educational tour of five countries in South America.

Dr. Wolfe will visit Peru, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil. In each country she will visit schools and colleges and talk with the educational leaders.

The arrangements for this aspect of her tour have been made by the World Confederation of the Organizations of the Teaching Profession.

## Sidewalk, bar stabbings, guns take 2 lives; 2 hurt

PHILADELPHIA

A man was stabbed to death in his home when a quarrel developed between him and a visitor Saturday night.

Dead is Heywood Jacobs, 51, of 1517 W. Cabot St.

Homicide detectives said he was stabbed to death by Charles Lyles 27, of Cabot St. near 16th St.

Lyles told Homicide Detectives Jacobs threatened to strike him with a piece of aluminum tubing.

ALPHONSO THOMPSON, 39, of 2003 N. Woodstock St., was stabbed to death Thursday night in the Club Twenty Bar, at Gratz and Norris Sts.

St. Gilbert Branche, of the Homicide Division, said Thompson was stabbed in the left temple during an argument with an unidentified man.

A SOUTH Philadelphia man, who exercised each day by taking early morning walks, was stabbed in the stomach four times, Sunday, by two men who robbed him of his wallet, which contained $2.

Bernie Harrell, of 1926 Wharton St., is in serious condition at Graduate Hospital.

The attack occurred at 4 a.m.

A youth walking past two men fighting at 17th St. and Ridge Ave., Sunday night, was shot in the arm and hand when one of them suddenly pulled out a shotgun and fired.

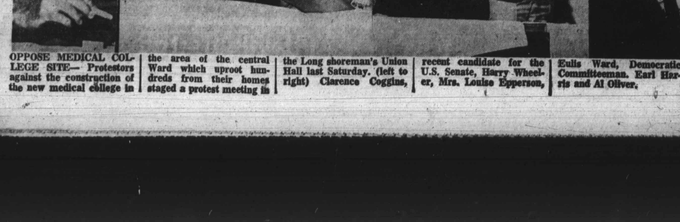
Isaiah Franklin, 16, of 1513 W. Cambridge St., was admitted to St. Joseph's Hospital in good condition.

Franklin told police he had been walking on Ridge and came upon the two men fighting in the street.

One of them fired a shotgun at the other, Franklin said, and he was struck in the arm and hand by some of the pellets.

No one else was hurt.

The Juvenile Aid Division's gang control unit was investigating.



OPPOSE MEDICAL COLLEGE SITE— Protestors against the construction of the new medical college in the area of the central Ward which uprood hundreds from their homes staged a protest meeting in the Long shoreman's Union Hall last Saturday. (left to right) Clarence Coggins, recent candidate for the U.S. Senate, Harry Wheeler, Mrs. Louise Epperson, Eulis Ward, Democratic Committeeman. Earl Harris and Al Oliver.

## Socialites gagged, tied up by thugs

Bob Queen's Review

BY CONNIE WOODRUFF

MONTCLAIR, N.J. — All of the elements of the Truman Capote best seller "In Cold Blood" were reenacted here last week with one exception — two thugs who had been erroneously informed that a $5,000 cache awaited them tied up and assaulted a local family at gunpoint but unlike the book mercifully spared the lives of their victims. They failed to uncover the loot.

Former fashion model-socialite, Mrs. Theresa "Tee" Ross of 9 High Terrace, Montclair, was the victim of the holdup which has other residents of that suburban neighborhood "uneasy," to say the least.

Mrs. Ross returned home from a dental appointment to be met at her door by an armed gunman who ordered her to join her husband, James and 14-y e a r-old daughter, Deborah, to an upstairs bedroom. Joined by his companion, also wielding a gun, had Ross lay on the floor and Mas Ross tied in a chair.

THE ROSS' TOLD police the bandits demanded $5,000 which they claim "a woman" had told them was in the house. Mrs. Ross said "They (the robbers) here the house apart. Bureau drawers were pulled out and thrown on the floor; clothes were strewn out of the closets; rugs were torn up from the floor and mattresses were pulled off all the beds."

* * *

Even the bags Mrs. Ross had packed in preparation for a winter vacation in Jamaica, did not escape the frantic and thorough searching of the two gunmen.

Mr. Ross says the men gained entrance when he opened the front door to get the mail. As he was about to close the door, he said a man standing against the house stepped up and asked for his wife.

"When I told him she was not at home," said Ross, "he pulled a gun out of his pocket, stuck it in my stomach and said 'you'll do'." A few minutes after they were in the house, a second man rang the bell and he was ordered to "let him in."

ROSS AND THE GUNMEN then went to the sleeping area on the second floor where one of them, with a gun pointed at her head, awakened Deborah, ordered her to "get up and keep quiet."

The father said both of them were questioned about the alleged $5,000 cache and were advised they would be killed if they didn't "come across with the dough." During the wait for Mrs. Ross' return, he said, first one and then the other searched the premises.

In addition, said Mr. Ross, one of the men demanded that my daughter tie him a sandwich. Both men helped themselves to "plenty" of beer and whiskey and were "almost drunk" when they left four hours later, Ross claimed.

To add insult to injury, Mrs. Ross said the younger thug assaulted her, while his companion, still holding father and daughter at gunpoint, conducted a search of the first floor and basement recreation area.

* * *

MRS. ROSS SAID the Mutt and Jeff team also demanded to know where she kept her mink stoles, jacket and full length coat. She said they told her that they knew about you and your family than you do." She said she told them the furs had been placed out of her car about a month ago.

When the bandits, convinced they had been duped into a false situation, full of food and liquor, decided to leave, they helped themselves to a car load of dresses, sizes 10 and 12, which Mrs. Ross had in the basement.

About six months ago, the former fashion consultant, set up an exclusive dress salon in her home, catering to a select clientele of business and professional women.

In addition to the clothing, the bandits took three men's watches; an undetermined amount of Mrs. Ross' jewelry, including a new two-carat diamond ring valued at $2,500; about $400 in cash and change from a piggy bank.

The Ross's said they were so "terrified" they stayed in an upstairs bedroom for about a half-hour after the thieves left. Paralysed by fear, they could not agree on any identifying features of either man. The pair drove off in a black bulck, but the Ross's could not get the license number.

AFTER THEY WAITED as they had been warned, Mrs. Ross, who went into a state of shock, said her daughter went to a nearby neighbor's house to call the police. One of the first things the holdup pair did was to pull out all of the telephones.

A search for the culprits is being jointly conducted by the Montclair and Newark police departments. Police also are keeping a constant surveillance on the premises.

The Ross' $30,000 English style, one family dwelling is one of six homes on a dead end street. Neighbors say they were completely unaware that anything was amiss.

## L. town mull balance schools

BROOKHAVEN, N.Y. — James E. Allen, state commissioner of education, has ruled in favor of an appeal filed by the NAACP last summer concerning racial imbalance in the Hampton Avenue School, in Bellport, L.I.

The Commissioner has ordered that the Board of Education of Central School District No. 4 submit to him not later than May 1 a plan for the elimination of racial imbalance.

## Newark businessmen rap cutting of poverty funds

NEW JERSEY

A group of Newark businessmen has written to Office of Economic Opportunity Director Sargent Shriver, Jr., urging that the reduction be made in federal anti-poverty funds allocated to the City of Newark."

Written on the personal stationery of C. Malcolm Davis, president of Fidelity Union Trust Co. and of the Greater Newark Development Council, the letter was made public today. It is cosigned by seven names prominent in the local business community.

The letter states that federal anti-poverty money "has created new opportunities for the education of our youth, sharpened adult job skills, supported essential community services and eased the burden of our senior citizens."

The businessmen further exceed that any reduction in anti - poverty monies would have a serious, long lasting deteriorating effect on our city's progress."

Co-signers of the letter include: Leonard E. Beal, president of Prundential Insurance Co.; Robert G. Cowan, board - chairman, National Newark and Essex Bank; Robert E. Farrel, board chairman, P. Ballantine and Son; Frederick H. Groel president, Newark 300th Anniversary Corp.; Robert D. Lilley, president, New Jersey Bell Telephone Co.; Richard B. Scudder, publisher, Newark Evening News, and Herbert L. Segal, president Bambergers.

* * *

THE TEXT of the letter: "For several months we have been studying Newark's social and economic problems. These problems, in relation to the size of Newark, are more grave and pressing than those of perhaps any other American city.

On the basis of our findings to date, it is clear that federal funds already have had a positive impact on the solution of Newark's problems. This money has created new opportunities for the education of our youth, sharpened adult job skills, supported essential community services and eased the burden of our senior citizens. This has all contributed to healthy growth and helped Newark become a greater city.

As businessmen of Newark, we strongly believe that any reduction in anti-poverty monies would have a serious, long lasting, deteriorating effect on our city's progress. We therefore urge that no reduction take place in federal anti-poverty funds allocated to the City of Newark.

PHILADELPHIA — THE INCREASING efforts by police department to gain public 'respect' and more citizen cooperation will bear more fruit if the top officials will recognize that so many of their men in the ranks commit scores of small, but stinging acts of harassment—just because they're police officers... Many of these little barbs are to "minor" for the average citizen to go through the indignity of reporting something he'll be asked to "prove" — name the officer, time and place, etc., Community action committees, public relations programs and the commendable acts of officers who recognize the concepts of policework, are consequently continually voided.

* * *

**Maxwell Whiteman, consultant to the Philadelphia school system on textbooks to be used in the teaching of Negro history, has been commissioned to write the history of the Fellowship Commission. Clarence Farmer, executive secretary, Police Advisory Board recently addressed the Ohio Civil Liberties Union, Columbus, Ohio, on "Civilian Review of Police Systems — a Successful Experiment."**

A STRANGE "HOMICIDE" — During the late summer, the body of a white man was found in Prospect Park, northeast Phila., just off Roosevelt Blvd. He was a city employee who worked in the area, but some three days before he was found dead, he had walked off his West Philly job to "take a stroll," and had been claiming "someone was after me."...

**One eye had been knocked out, his face almost swollen beyond recognition when found . . . The strangest part of it all—his family requested that the crime be kept quiet!**

# Inauguration 1967: it was a great day for Republicans

By GEORGE W. COLLINS
AFRO City Editor

"I have always felt that a change is good. We have a change today. I think it is good."

Mrs. Ellen Smith, 91 Cottage Creek Ter., Annapolis, who is "nearly 73" years old, was capsuling her impressions of Inauguration Day, 1967.

A lifelong Republican, Mrs. Smith couldn't remember the number of inaugurations she has attended.

**It was obvious, however, that she and her daughter, Mrs. Claudia Randall, unit block Solomons Rd., derived particular satisfaction while witnessing Republican Spiro T. Agnew become the 55th governor of Maryland.**

A decision on how much "good" the change will bring can only be determined by the passage of time.

Meanwhile the weatherman outdid himself in making sure that Wednesday was an ideal day for change.

When the reins of state government passed from the aging hands of Gov. J. Millard Tawes to the more youthful and presumably sturdier custody of the 48 - year - old son of an immigrant, there was hardly a cloud in the sky and the temperature stood at 74 degrees.

* * *

ANNAPOLIS — or rather the complex of State government buildings — was sparkling for the historical event of pomp and pageantry.

Following the pre-planned timetable with uncanny precision, the new governor and his predecessor — who were at the end of the procession from the Governor's Mansion to the State House — strolled through a cordon of city, county and state police across the neatly - tailored lawn at exactly 11:45 a.m.

Preceeding them had been local, state and national dignitaries. Among those arriving at the Senate chamber before Mr. Agnew was his wife, Mrs. Elinor "Judy" Agnew.

**As she casually strolled along the walkway on the arm of a snappily - attired National Guardsman, she called out "hi" to a reporter who had interviewed her during the campaign.**

At that time the reporter wrote: "If the voters see fit to elect Spiro T. Agnew governor, Mrs. Agnew will be a charming First Lady."

She is.

While the procession made its way to the Senate Chamber — which normally seats 43 senators, but was now overflowed with more than 400 spectatresses to history — the Douglass High School Chorus sang — and beautifully.

Under the direction of Mrs. Miriam Smith and to the accompaniment of Mrs. Lois Wright, organist, the chorus' rendition of "This Is My Country" and "This Land Is My Land" drifted melodically on the soft breeze of an unseasonably warm winter day.

* * *

AMONG dignitaries in the procession were the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Newbold.

The Rev. Mr. Newbold, pastor, Grace Presbyterian Church, gave the solemn inaugural prayer, printed elsewhere in this edition.

Mrs. Newbold's escort was Lt. Col. Harvey Alfred of the Maryland National Guard.

Lining the walkway from the Governor's Mansion to the State House were police of every description — city (Annapolis) county, state and university.

Interior security fell to the lot of 140 of Baltimore's finest under the command of Maj. Joseph Maher.

Prominent in the contingent of policemen were Capt. Dennis P. Mello, commander, Western District; Det. Lt. Clarence E. Roy Jr., ace Murder Squad investigator; and Sgt. James H. Watkins.

Our Police Commissioner Donald D. Pomerleau and chief state - policeman - to - be Robert Lally were also much in evidence.

For the most part the policemen were in uniform.

And for a fleeting moment a man who saw guns and uniforms everywhere he looked, remembered the persistent chant of pacifists.

"Guns and uniforms are symbolic of the violent nature of this country," is the way a bitter critic of our military posture proclaims every chance he gets.

There was no need for violence or pacifists Wednesday. It was that kind of day.

"Peace, tranquility, calm, dignity and eloquent pleas for the intercession and guidance of the Almighty marked the occasion which flowed smoothly with visible hitches.

In addition to the Rev. Newbold, Bishop Harry Lee Doll, the Rev. Emmanuel E. Bouyoucas, and Rabbi Abraham Shusterman sent prayery heavenward for the new governor.

* * *

Democrats participated in the time power in the State Senate, also etched a vivid portrait of the state of Democrats at the inaugural.

"I'm no longer a power in anything," he said when asked his impressions of the ceremonies.

"Oh, it feels kind of sad to be leaving," she said, adding, "but I am also happy."

**Gov. Tawes, careful not to detract from the glitter of his stately Republican counterpart, eased out of the Senate Chamber minutes after Mr. Agnew took the oath of office from Chief Judge Hall Hammond of the Court of Appeals.**

Mr. and Mrs. Tawes departed by a rear door and headed for his Crisfield home where their neighbors waited to tend them a homecoming.

As Mr. Tawes headed for his native Eastern Shore to live with his memories, it also pricked the memory of James Gaskins, a Baltimore school teacher who feels that the retiring governor is "not a bad guy."

Mr. Gaskins recalls it was in early 1950 while he was waiting tables at a plush recreation mecca in Sparks when he met Gov. Tawes for the first time.

* * *

"HE WAS sitting near a window talking to a companion," the music teacher recalls. "Suddenly he called me over and asked me what was Guy Lombardo's (the bandleader) theme song.

"It caught me off guard I couldn't remember first. Then when I walked across the room, it came to me.

"I'll be was Auld Lang Syne," the teacher said he told the time-conscious Tawes. "He gave me $2 and I served him many times afterwards. He was not a bad guy."

**For reasons different than those of the inaugural, Wednesday was also a "sad" day for Attorney General Francis B. Burch, the state's No. 1 Democrat.**

"It's a great day for the Republicans and a sad day for Democrats," he told a reporter who sought his reactions.

In attempt to lure the silver - haired attorney general into a prediction four years hence — when he's expected to make a bid to unseat Mr. Agnew — he showed he is as wiley as a silver fox.

"There will be an inauguration," he answered when he was asked how does he feel about inaugural proceedings in 1971.

Brenton Shore's Sen. Frederick C. Malkus, a long-time power in the State Senate, also etched a vivid portrait of the state of Democrats at the inaugural.

"I'm no longer a power in anything," he said when asked his impressions of the ceremonies.

"Oh, it feels kind of sad to be leaving," she said, adding, "but I am also happy."

* * *

THIS SOMBER image of Democrats on Inaugural Day, 1967 was sharply contrasted by the exuberance of Republicans who walked around with smiles frozen on their faces.

At least two of the best known local GOP stalwarts — James F. Fanseen and Marshall W. Jones Jr. — concealed their personal joy under a cover of charity.

"It's a great day for Republicans, isn't it?" was the way a man greeted them.

"It's a great day for Marylanders," they replied in unison, nearly bursting with satisfaction.

**It still fell to the domain of the state's heretofore No. 1 Republican, Mayor Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin, to add the oratorical magic to the occasion.**

While the new governor in his inaugural address, recited an unemotional, but clear - cut intention to lead the state along a route of "pursuit of excellence," the eloquent mayor called on Spiro Theodore Agnew to draw on his wordal ordeal.

"But I know also by experience that one moment's weakness may be a great opportunity. Therefore, for me to offer him sympathy without congratulations would be cynical. So I offer him both, with the confident assurance that he will immediately prove the opportunity so successfully that four years from this date the ordeal will no longer be worth mentioning.

"That hope is not for him, only, but for all Marylanders. And it should be our pleasure as it is our duty to do all that we can to help him make it come true.

"I present to you the rights of all men."

* * *

THUS TWO "rads" were linked in a joint effort to lead Republicans to new heights in Maryland.

"This bode well, indeed.

Because, charitable spirited members notwithstanding, Wednesday was a great day for Republicans.

## INAUGURAL PRAYER

The Rev. Robert T. Newbold Jr., prominent Republican and pastor of Grace Presbyterian Church, delivered the prayer opening inauguration ceremonies Wednesday for Gov. Spiro T. Agnew.

The complete prayer follows:

"Eternal God, our Father, we pray that thou wouldst break through the pomp and pagentry of this occasion and make thy presence known.

"Let us hear Thee speak through thy servant — the governor. Let us see Thee guiding him as he seeks to lead us down new paths of freedom and fraternity; peace and prosperity; good will and growth.

"Draw thou near to him, and may he always seek to draw nearer to Thee.

"Brood over the members of the legislature. Cause their thoughts to focus more on people than political party; eternal principles than politics; and unity rather than divisiveness.

"Call them to a new sense of mission; a deeper level of dedication, and the abiding willingnes to become co-laborers with Thee.

"Grant thy blessing to all state and other employees and thy benediction to all citizens. Mould this commonwealth into the purpose and plea of thy Kingdom, and grant thy peace . . . Amen."

## Band plays Batman tune for Wallace

MONTGOMERY, Ala. (NPI) — Members of a band which played for Gov. Lurleen Wallace's inaugural parade came up with one of the most effective comeuppances for the new governor by playing, not "Dixie" but "Batman," as they passed her husband.

The jazzy "Batman" theme contrasted sharply with "Dixie" played by white bands and waving of Confederate flags. The lady-governor took office not far from where Jefferson Davis assumed the presidency of the Confederate States of America, in 1861.

It seemed likely a replay of the first Confederate ceremony as Mrs. Wallace took over the reins of Alabama leadership from her husband, George, who is barred by Alabama law from succeeding himself.

The only dissidents in the gricy seemed to be the colored bands which marched in the inaugural parade. These bands had been barred from Wallace's 1963 parade.

Rather than playing "Dixie" and other tunes dear to the hearts of racists, the bands played such patriotic tunes as "Stars and Stripes Forever."

It was a small high school band from Butler County which played "Batman" as it passed Wallace.

## Thieves leave Mrs. Powell's home in a mess

VEGA ALTA, Puerto Rico (UPI)—Police reported this week that thieves broke into the house of Mrs. Yvette Diago Powell, estranged wife of Rep. Adam Clayton Powell, D-N.Y.

No one was at home at the time. Nothing was taken but the thieves left the house in disorder in their search for valuables.

Mrs. Powell was removed from her job as an aide to her husband at a salary of more than $20,000 a year in the course of the recent Congressional investigation into Powell's activities.

Carliner also called upon Chairman John McMillan to hold prompt hearings on bills to provide home rule for the District.

MAKING PLANS for a pre-Valentine ball to be held at the Winchester Street Armory on Feb. 11 are members of the Sterlings, and Sportsman's Club, and their sister group, the Sterlettes. Mrs. Alice Pryor, president; Mrs. Doris Pugh, publicity; Miss Phyllis Wiley, business manager, and Mrs. Elsie Mackey, secretary. Sterlings same order, are Bobbie Blacke-Nerris, business manager; William Jenkins, vice president, and Henry Fredericks, treasurer. Among members not in picture are William Rogers, president.

## —Jerry Lee is still missing

(Continued from Page 1)

in the area of Fayette State Teachers College.

You are directed to the cozy Cut Rate "No recommencies," the clean - cut clerk assures you, but attempts to be helpful.

"They may have something at the . . . view." You missed the first part of the name, but it was nearby and that was the next stop.

"Yes, I have a room," the sleepy clerk answered. "It's only $5 because there's no private bathroom."

Apparently sleep had not sufficently impaired the clerk's vision so he can't read your silent reaction.

It's no problem. The bathroom is right over there and the telephone is over there," he pointed to a far corner of the improvised lobby.

At that very moment a steady stream of guests were making a bee line to the army barracks - type restroom.

You apologize to Stokley silently and tell the clerk thanks, but no thanks.

* * *

FINALLY YOU ease into the driveway of the Drittwood Motel.

For more than an hour now you have been knocking yourself out trying to find a single room with less than shattering decibels.

You are nearly floored then when the middle aged proprietor, in her best southern accent, tells you:

"Yes, I have a vacancy, it is a family suite with three beds. That's all I have."

After all the problems you had finding one bed, you are not inclined to argue about three.

**"Ordinarily, that would be $30, but since there is only one, I'll charge you only $20 a price," the clerk said in a burst of charity.**

In no time flat you are trying to get to sleep. But the only thought running around in your skull begins and ends with Jerry Lee, whom you don't yet know is Louis Hen-Warren.

A hot, refreshing shower convinces you that you made the right choice, Stokley notwithstanding.

Without further preliminaries you head for Salemburg and in record time you are driving into the yard where the school bus is parked.

The Rev. Mack Parker was still sitting in his rocking chair and Mrs. Inez Parker, Jerry Lee's mother, was sitting on the other side of the room.

Neither had taken part in the great debate of the previous night.

"He's not here," Mrs. Parker answered when asked about her brother.

* * *

A GLANCE around the room also revealed that neither was any of the others who had vigorously interrogated you the night before.

"No, I don't know where he is or when he's coming back," Mrs. Parker answered another question.

The bright teenagers, the alert college co - ed, and the hard - to - convince Mrs. Frances Butler, all sisters of Jerry Lee, were conspicious by their absence.

Mrs. Parker didn't know where they were or when they would return.

**Thus began a search within a search, this one for Mr. Warren. A quick trip to Clinton was negative.**

**A check at the rather attractive brick church in the heart of an open field was equally as negative.**

The country store, operated by Theodore Newman for the past 39 years and the Sunday afternoon gathering place for the local gentry, revealed nothing on the whereabouts of Mr. Warren.

While pondering your next move, you walk over to an unusually talkative man. He had beckoned you earlier but you pretended not to see him. The exchange went like this:

"Who are you looking for, Mister"

"Mr. Warren."

"Want me to tell you where to find him?"

"I would appreciate it."

"I've gotta have a drink of likker first."

**"I haven't seen a liquor store within 30 miles. Where are you going to get it?" you ask in Simon - pure innocence.**

"You are new around here, ain't you?"

"I'm afraid so."

"You don't buy no likker in stores 'round here."

Where do you buy it?"

"You a revenoo man, or something?"

"No."

Who are you then?"

"Newspaper reporter."

"I don't believe it, but if you will carry me where I can get some likker, I'll take my chances."

"Then you'll show me where I'll find Mr. Warren?"

"If you tell the man with the likker you are my cousin."

"Let's go, cousin."

* * *

YOUR NEWLY - FOUND 'cousin' crawls into the car and you are off.

"Where do we go?"

"You do the driving I'll tell you where to drive."

"Don't you think it's time you start?"

"Oh, turn here and keep going until I tell you to stop."

In the meantime your 'cousin' tells you his name is Buddy . . . so you can reach an agreement that to anyone else he is known as Buddy.

* * *

TO YOUR amazement you learn that 'Cousin Buddy' was putting you on from the beginning.

I know who you are and who you are looking for. It ain't Jonas Warren."

"You take that back or I'll smaller but "I need one bad."

"That'll be $."

"When we get where likker is you just be quiet. I do all the talking. Turn here, we are going to that white house back yonder on the edge of the woods."

You obey, wondering all the time why 'Cousin Buddy' is putting you on again.

"Yep, that 'Duck' is out. He ain't been here, but he's out. When you see him he will have to come back here and do that time, too. Won't he tie?"

'Cousin Buddy' runs through the entire script, calling you that 'Duck' Louis Henry Warren and Jerry Lee are one and the same.

**"No I'm not interesting in catching him," you repeat what has become a favored line. "I just want to talk to him. I'm a reporter," y o u reassure him.**

"That what that other colored fellow said who was here a couple of weeks back. We believed him when he said he was not a revenoo man.

"After he was around here a little more than a week, everybody who sells likker. No, we won't forget that for a while 'round here."

You attempt to again set the record straight, but 'Cousin Buddy' interrupts: "Stop right here."

* * *

"SIMON, it's me, Buddy" . . . talkative 'Cousin Buddy' called out while knocking on the rickety wooden door.

"He ain't here," a female voice calls from behind a curtain.

"Is he got anything," 'Cousin Buddy' wanted to know.

"No, he said he is going to bring some back."

'Cousin Buddy' shakes his head in disgust and climbs back into the car.

"Let's go—to the other place," he orders.

"What other place?" you ask.

"You wouldn't know it I told you. Just drive on."

You drive on.

At the next house, completely hidden by woods, parted by a narrow, winding road, a big man comes to the car minutes after it comes to a halt.

"What ya say, Buddy?" he said cheerfully.

"Whatcha got?" 'Cousin Buddy' countered.

"Whose that with you?" asks the man later identified as Henry.

"That my cousin from Baltimore," Buddy answers without hesitation.

"You ain't got no cousin in Baltimore," Henry shot back.

"You don't know all my people," 'Cousin Buddy' protested, "Man," I don't have time for a lot of talk. I want some likker."

Casting a glance in your direction, Henry said solemnly: "I ain't got a drop."

'Cousin Buddy' cussed softly and reassures Henry that you "are alright."

* * *

HENRY WOULDN'T budge.

You and 'Cousin Buddy' move on. The same pattern and results were repeated at the next two stops which required miles of driving through the woods, across fields and on the open highway.

Finally 'Cousin Buddy' found a brave dealer who bought his story.

"How much you fellas want?" the stout woman asked.

"How much can we get?" 'Cousin Buddy' nods his head in your direction.

"Don't bother about me. I can't touch it, bad stomach," you say not too convincingly.

'Cousin Buddy' pulled another switch.

"Might as well. You're buying it." he said confidently.

**You are not anxious to get 'Cousin Buddy' riled up, so you let him continue to "give him what he wants."**

"Better give me a jar," said bold 'cousin, adding that "we would take something smaller but "I need one bad."

"That'll be $." the woman said. You winch, but remember that you want to keep 'Cousin Buddy' in good spirits — figuratively and literally.

* * *

BACK IN the car he opens his prize package. The conversation began to flow.

"You finally learn what he had been on the chain gang with 'Duck' and that "we fellas down here don't take no stuff."

"What about Mr. Warren?" you cut in.

By now it's nearly night and 'Cousin Buddy' correctly surmises Mr. Warren is also somewhere trying to quence his thirst.

He was.

**You greet Mr. Warren like a long lost cousin (a real one a long lost cousin (a real one' and ask him if you can give him a lift.**

"These fellows (two other gentlemen with a thirst want to get a little something. That you take us down the road a piece?"

You do. And following two blanks, you strike gold on the other side of the woods, now arching gracefully in the glitter of the pale moonlight.

You drop off Mr. Warren's friends and he advises that you stop on the lonely road because he doesn't want his family to know what he is telling you.

* * *

**"I WANTED to give you** the street and number last night, but you saw how my family felt about it. My daughters thought you were coming about 10 o'clock today. So they got up early and called 'Duck' in Newburg.

"They told him you was here and they didn't believe you were a reporter. He told them to send him some money. We wired him $174-54. He was suppose to catch a 10:15 flight.

"I worry he decided to keep running. I believe you could have help him. I'm sorry, but I couldn't get him to stay."

Mr. Warren slumped down in the seat as if he had suddenly gotten older and very tired. "You can take me home now," he said softly.

You drive to the airport and check the car.

Momentarily you hear a soft voice with a deep southern drawl which was beautiful music to your ears.

"Flight 620 departing for Washington from Gate No. 1."

You buckle your seat belt, settle back and watch the blades of moonlight spearing through the plane window.

"Good evening, welcome aboard, you captain . . ." the stewardess was saying.

For the first time in two days you are relaxed.

You close yours eyes.

"The "Search For Jerry Lee," for you at least, had ended.

## —Record out

(Continued from Page 1)

nel of Maryland. The firm covers Baltimore, Washington, D.C., northern Virginia, the Eastern Shore and Western Maryland.

Sales Manager George Papafotis told the AFRO orders were "extremely good" from most of the firm's 200-300 outlets. He said he had immediate delivery orders for 3-5,000 albums.

Record stores throughout the area will have the 33 1/3 album by today (Friday) and some areas may set sales records if they are snapped up as record stores expect.

A representative from Marnel said late Thursday that Washington was one of the hot areas. "The requests from there are phenominal," he said.

Powell will get 22 cents from each record, expected to go in stores for between $4.50 or $5.00.

* * *

ON THE sermon, "Burn, Baby, Burn," the Rev. Mr. Powell emphasized that he preferred the slogan, "Learn, Baby, Learn." When you "Learn, Baby, Learn," he said you can "earn, baby, earn" and when you "earn, baby, earn," you have green power that, Mr. Powell declared is what "necessary, not —not "Black Power."

"Black Power," he cried "without green power is meaningless." Speaking about "the powerless."

**Handwriting on the Wall,"** Mr. Powell outlined the imposing statistics of education in America, saying that more people are literate and more attend colleges here than in any other place in the world

He declares the majority race recognizes only two things — your vote and your dollar.

Yet, Mr. Powell preaches 'America can't read "The Handwriting on the Wall," and keep its minority citizens "third class." He emphasized "third class," because, he said, there are many white citizens who are second-class but only the colored citizens are shoved into "third class."

In the sermon, "Death of Any Man," Mr. Powell decried wars. "When you kill a man 10,000 miles from here here, something dies in you humanity is indivisible, and wars diminish something in all of us.

He outlined all the wars we have fought "to save democracy," and bemoaned the fact that 'still the black man is without democracy." He described war as "an outlet for the evil compulsions within us," and said "wars do not kill ideas only men."

In the last of the six sermons, One Day, expressed the hope that 'One Day America will cleanse itself of the evil that is and live "in the joy of "brotherly love."

## Carmichael meets Puerto Rican rocks

SAN JUAN, P.R. (UPI) — Rival Puerto Rican student groups, one of them led by Stokely Carmichael, Trinidad - born U. S. civil rights leader, clashed Wednesday in a rock - throwing battle in the streets of Santurce.

More than 50 helmet