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# *Summer Mockery*

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## Prolog

**O**n Saturday, the 29th of July, 1967, a hot, humid night in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a minor fracas occurred at the SCENE, a downtown night club popular with black and white city residents. Though the cause of the disturbance was not determined, police were called, several arrests made, the crowd dispersed.

For the next 24 hours gangs of teenagers roamed through Milwaukee's inner city — called the core — where the majority of black citizens resided. The largest groups milled about on upper Third Street, a decaying store-lined street, once a popular shopping area, still a busy city thoroughfare.

Toward nightfall on Sunday, the crowds on Third Street became more volatile. Rocks, bottles, bricks were thrown, windows shattered, stores entered into, several fires started.

Police, though in the area, remained passive until almost midnight when the first shot was fired less than two blocks from Third Street on West Center Street. Within seconds of that shot, waiting police cars, some unmarked, careened toward the area.

In the shootout that followed a 76 year old woman and a 24 year old policeman were killed. Other policemen were wounded, one blinded. Two homes on West Center Street were destroyed by fire, other homes in the area partially burned.

On Monday, July 31, at 3:45 a.m. Milwaukee's Mayor Maier proclaimed a curfew which closed the city for nine days. Two more people died as the result of the disturbance and almost 300 persons were ar-

rested on charges ranging from curfew violation to murder.

To interview these arrestees was the idea of Mr. Corneff Taylor, the Research Chairman of the Milwaukee Urban League. He broached his idea to Urban Affairs Professor Harold Rose of the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, who, in turn, discussed the idea with Professor Karl Flaming of the University, Department of Social Work. Dr. Flaming contacted Professor Harry P. Sharp of the University Survey Research Laboratory in Madison who agreed to undertake the research project.

As an interviewer for the University of Wisconsin Survey Research Laboratory, I was asked to work on Study #336, "Who 'riots' and why?" I was told: "It means core interviewing."

Because of alleged danger within the core area, interviewers had a choice — to refuse or accept core assignments.

Coming home from my 17th interview in March, 1968, I determined to some day write a book based on these interviews. I had taken the interview in a cage-like room on a top floor of the Milwaukee Safety building. My Respondent — the word used to designate the person interviewed — and I sat across from one another at a grey metal table.

His brown eyes and skin seemed to have a grey vapor-like cast. His arms were bare. Threads hung from the raveling shoulder seams of his prison garb. During the interview a jailor brought in a plate of grey-looking food. My Respondent ate, seemingly unaware of what he was eating or my presence as he told me how the disturbance began for him that July night when his cousin called him to the window and said, "I hear shot; they tearing up Third Street."  
HE CONTINUED —

"I looked out the window. A lot of police were out there and crowds of people moving. There were fire trucks and kids smashing windows. I felt — not exactly scared — I can't say shocked. I can't really give a word to the way I felt. I can't pinpoint it. Something was around me, something was happening. When something like that happens — is it history — I didn't know. I had never been involved in anything before and I never really believed people. I felt people exaggerated. But, I was curious. I wanted to see the truth, to see for myself. I went out. Walking!

Outdoors there was an atmosphere in which anything might happen. I felt I could touch danger that night. And, I felt something else. What is the word to use? The word that means you've had it and are looking for a way to go to show you've had it. Is it uprising? I'm not sure. Whatever it was, it had been building for a long time and it exploded that night.

Then, I found myself part of a group. We were surrounded by police officers. They searched us, lined us up against a wall. Their attitude was — we mean business. I was scared then. A cop said to me.

'Where you from?'

'Milwaukee,' I said.

'Don't move,' he said.

One guy, I didn't know him, was from a town in the south. The town had a funny name. The cops thought the guy was playing. 'You,' a cop said to him. 'You! You, come here!'

'What you want me for?'

'Quit your clowning,' the cop said. 'Where you from?'

If I move I'm gonna get shot, I thought, but I turned my head. That's when I saw it! I saw the cop smash the back of his rifle in the guy's mouth. It was the

first time I ever saw anything like it. Before that, I had always felt people exaggerated, but I saw it, I saw it!

Then a cop walked toward me and all the time he walked toward me he leveled his gun at my head. Then he said to his buddy, maybe he was bluffing, 'don't he act like he wants to run?' 'Run,' he said to me, 'Run, why don't you? why don't you run?'

He wanted me to run so he could kill me, so he could blow my brains out. All the officers looked at me like they hated me, like they wanted to see me dead.

Then, then — when I got to court, the judge started tearing up my story. It was terrible, terrible! I didn't have a chance. I wanted to tell that I was curious, that I went out walking. That a guy I didn't know was from a town in the south, that the town had a funny name. That a cop said, 'quit your clowning, no more fun, where you from?' That the cop smashed his rifle in the guy's mouth. That a cop taunted me, 'run, why don't you? Why don't you run?' I wanted to tell how it began for me when my cousin said, 'I hear shots, they tearing up Third Street.' But nobody listened.

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## BEGINNINGS

The riot began for me Monday, July 31, 1967 at 7:00 a.m. when my sister phoned me to say "Milwaukee is having a riot; the Mayor has proclaimed a curfew."

More news came from the *Morning Sentinel*, the radio, TV. There had been a fire and shoot-out two blocks east of Third Street on West Center Street. Mrs. Anne E. Mosley, 76, was dead. Policeman Bryan J. Moschea, 24, was dead. The body of Policeman Moschea was found in the rubble of one of the two burned out homes. His father, Fire Captain John Moschea had been directing the men fighting the fire in which his son had perished. The captain later identified his son's body by the gold wedding band he had worn.

All off duty policemen had been sent into the troubled area. Hundreds of arrests had been made. The riot area was tense.

At 3:45 a.m. that Monday, Milwaukee's Mayor Maier proclaimed a curfew and called out the National Guard. Milwaukeeans were restricted to their homes. The city was closed.

For me that first day was long, slow, strangely quiet. Voices were hushed, lawn mowers muted, children played quietly. I listened to the news, read, talked to neighbors. I thought of the people I had gotten to know through my work as an Interviewer who lived in the core area. Had any of them been part of the "roving gangs of Negroes — looting, burning, smashing windows?" Had any of them been arrested? How did they feel when they saw armored

cars with fifty caliber machine guns patrolling their streets? When they heard themselves described by the mayor as the 'criminal element'? I thought of what had happened in Detroit the week before.

Forty-three persons had died there. More than a thousand had been wounded. The city had burned; and I recalled my shock when Watts had burned in 1965. I had been fearful then, confused, upset. What was happening to my Country? Was the black man my enemy? Then angry when I learned racial outbreaks went back to before the Revolutionary War. Why had I been so ignorant of my Country's racial history?

Now Milwaukee?

At four o'clock that first day food markets opened and Milwaukeeans, except for core residents, were allowed two hours of freedom to purchase supplies. In the core, residents were asked not to congregate in large groups when the National Guard passed to distribute milk.

Milwaukeeans — many chafing at curfew restrictions — were allowed additional hours of freedom in the days that followed, until the ninth day when Mayor Maier in an histrionic appearance on TV said: "Milwaukee has come through an ordeal with honor. The curfew has ended."

The riot began again for me in December, 1967 when Norah D., supervisor of the Milwaukee Survey Research Laboratory, University of Wisconsin, phoned to ask would I work on a Civil Arrest Study — WHO 'RIOTS' AND WHY? "Respondents" were the men and women who had been arrested during the Milwaukee disturbance.

The purpose of the study, she explained — To determine who had rioted. Were the rioters black militants, rebellious young people, revolutionaries,

pushers, dealers? Veterans of Vietnam?

Survey questions included reason for arrest, treatment by the police, treatment in court.

The study was sponsored by the Milwaukee Urban League. The results of the study, the League believed, would give them the authority to push for reform in the judicial system if levels of dissatisfaction with the judicial system were indicated.

According to Police Chief Breier there had been little looting during the disturbance, one major fire; of the less than three hundred persons arrested, more than one hundred cases had been dismissed.

There were 186 names on the study. It would be a total sample. (This meant every person on the study would be interviewed). Some Respondents were still incarcerated. Arrangements had been made for the interviewers to go to the penal institutions to take interviews. The majority of the Respondents lived in the core. Would I accept the assignment?

Working in the core for me was not a problem. I had been born in the core. Walnut Street with a connotation of violence, danger, crime had been the first street to enter my consciousness. I remembered it as a crowded, noisy, tumultuous area bursting with joy and love for America, pulsating with desire for success and assimilation into a great new world. But — taking an interview with an arrestee?

Yes, I said, I would work on the Civil Arrest Study and be at the pre-test meeting. (The Interviewer in a pre-test interview notes error, discrepancies, awkwardness in the schedule. The schedule is the bound set of questions.)

December 13, 1967. Pre-test interviewers Ruth, Mary, Pat, Joan and myself met with Norah and Dr. Flaming. Dr. Flaming — Karl — has taught at ur-

ban colleges and worked with Civil Rights groups. He is pleasant, unassuming, informal and enthusiastic about the Study. Said nothing like it has ever been done. The Study is being financed by the Urban League and the University of Wisconsin. The Institute of Human Relations has contributed \$3,000 toward the study. The National Advisory Commission on Civil disorders has given \$2,000. University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee Professor Jonathan Schlesinger's Study on Civil Disorders and related topics done by the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee with 400 Milwaukee County Respondents will be used as a control.

Karl said to work in pairs if we feel apprehensive about going to a housing unit. Said that locating respondents will be difficult. But to pursue every clue. Then to take an in-depth interview. Define words, explain questions; include all digressions. Use a tape recorder if you want to. Said a luncheon will be held in fall to present the results of the survey to the community. But will a respondent admit to his involvement in the disturbance? Karl has no idea of the kind of cooperation we will get or if we will get any. Letters explaining the survey had been mailed to the respondents.

Each Interviewer received three cover sheets for pre-testing.

My first assignment "James" (unlawful assembly) had moved. At his new address I was told, "He goes to work every day." No other information.

"Rob" (felony-theft) my second Respondent, resided in a small freshly painted box-like duplex. "With another bachelor," the mailman told me. The mailman thought both men worked at AFL Motors on West North Avenue. There I was told Rob had worked there. So had his brother. "They're nice

fellows."

My third prospect "Wilson" (carrying a concealed weapon) lived in a small apartment in a once elegant Victorian housing unit near the Schlitz Brewery, near where my grandparents had once lived. A caretaker told me Wilson worked "in one of them colleges downtown," was "hard to catch."

I walked about the area. The lawns, shrubs, flowers of long ago had become hard packed earth. The four-family apartment building where my grandparents had lived had been replaced by a garage for Schlitz Brewery trucks. That evening Ruth phoned. She had made an appointment to interview Henry. Would I go with her? We arranged to meet.

December 19, 1967, Milwaukee Survey Office. Karl was impatient. What did we have to report?

Ruth described "Henry" as 'determined to be interviewed,' though the interview was difficult for him.

In the t'nail (a description of the Respondent) Ruth described Henry as short, thin, frail. His protruding ribs made ridges on his threadbare undershirt. His light brown skin seemed paper thin. He wore dark trousers. Henry was reticent, shy, slow. Words had to be defined for him, questions repeated. Several times during the interview Henry said, "It (the riot) happened because we lives in dumps." Said, "We wants houses like white peoples has."

Henry worked in the laundry at the Milwaukee County Hospital. He told Ruth he was coming from his girl's house that Sunday night when he was stopped by the police; questioned, searched, charged with resisting arrest, obstructing an officer, arrested.

Pat reported her Respondent "Otis", 18, was sitting on the front porch that July night in 1967. His dog, a German shepherd, was at the curb. Police were

on the street. A policeman said to Otis, "Get your dog in or we'll shoot him." When Otis swore, he was arrested. Pat, who has seven children, said her son would have reacted the same way if the police had threatened to shoot his dog.

Joan reported her Respondent, Mrs. M. had been arrested along with her husband. The couple owned a real estate business on North Third Street. Mr. M refused to be interviewed, but Mrs. M., who had been ready to take her children to a Christmas party when Joan arrived, made arrangements for them to go with a neighbor. She wanted to be interviewed immediately.

Her husband had worked that Sunday, she told Joan, then called her in the afternoon to tell her the police were going to close Third Street. He had to leave the office; she should pick him up.

Mrs. M. went to her husband's office, gave him the car keys and said she would wait in the car. A policeman told her it would be ok.

When Mr. M. came out of the building, a policeman told him he wasn't moving fast enough. Mr. M. answered, "I'm not doing anything wrong. Go get the ones who are." And, was arrested.

Joan paused. A rash appeared on her throat and seemed to spread before our very eyes. Her voice shook as she continued.

"When Mrs. M. saw her husband being taken to the wagon, she thought, I must get the car keys from him. When she opened the car door five policemen 'snatched her up,' called her a bitch, handcuffed her, threw her into the wagon; quipped on the way to the safety building, 'What shall we charge her with?' "

Joan put her hand to her throat, looked about the room, waited. Then — "In court when Mrs. M. was sentenced, the judge jumped down from the bench,

wagged his finger in her face, said she was a liar, that it was because of people like her there was so much trouble in the city."

Again Joan paused. She looked at Karl. She wanted Karl to say something. But what? What was the matter with her, I thought. The room was quiet. Had we all stopped breathing? What could Karl, Norah or anyone of us say to take the quiver out of her voice, make the rash disappear? Why was Joan so upset? I felt uncomfortable.

But, Karl, not surprised at the reports, was pleased. Respondents when found were willing to be interviewed! The Study would be a first!

Joan was ignored.

In 1972 I began to work on SUMMER MOCKERY. I learned Mayor Maier and city officials had formulated a plan to control any racial disturbance which might occur 15 months before the disturbance erupted. The plan —

1. A swift saturation of police in the stricken area.
2. A stringent curfew.
3. The National Guard. That Mayor Maier had told a *New York Times* reporter, no, he had not anticipated any trouble in enforcing the curfew. That "the old Teutonic and Polish tradition of respect for and obedience to the law made the imposition of a rigid curfew easy in Milwaukee." The mayor was described by the reporter as 'methodical, intelligent and a somewhat authoritarian executive'. Milwaukee was described as 'silent and virtually motionless in the wake of a destructive riot by Negroes.'

I learned the man who fired the shot which catapulted Milwaukee into the disturbance had a criminal record which went back to 1935 when he was arrested, charged, found guilty of rape. I learned

that patrolman Ralph Schroeder who killed Clifford McKissick, 18, was an expert marksman.

I learned the identity of the fourth victim of the Milwaukee disturbance, Willie Ella Green, who, according to witnesses, had died of fear.

But even as I worked and one fact after another was revealed to me, something, I didn't know what, eluded me. What was it?

What was I searching for? What answer to what question did I want? I knew, though, I would continue to work until whatever it was I was looking for was revealed to me.

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## COMPOSITE

**T**he winter of 1967-68 was cold. In search of Respondents, I drove my car down old streets, narrow lanes, rutted alleys; trudged through snow, circled snow drifts, inched my way along icy paths. I went into refuse filled yards, ascended dimly lit stairs; groped my way through dark hallways. I knocked on doors, rang bells, rapped on windows, pounded on walls.

I spoke to wives of Respondents, mothers, relatives, neighbors, friends; shopkeepers, tavern keepers, ladies, landlords, mailmen, children.

On some cover sheets I wrote "No one home." "No information." "No such number." "Housing unit razed." On some I wrote clues for Dick or Washington, the two male interviewers, who were to make night calls in the search for respondents. On others I wrote "Come early." "Come late." "He's off on Wednesday." "Come on Sunday." "Don't know when to tell you to come." "He's in the hospital." "On vacation." "Visiting his auntie." "On his way to California." "He's living with his inlaws," "in a trailer." "He left for Mississippi, his father passed."

One day I heard while standing in a small hallway, a woman call to her son, "It's that lady from the university. What should I tell her?" "Tell the lady NO!" Still another day a mother welcomed me. Said "Yes, mam. Come in, mam. He be home now."

One cold Saturday morning while waiting to take an interview, I heard a woman say to her son, "Don't add nothing, don't take nothing away. Jes tell it, son, like it was."



er, a trucker, a chipper, a grinder, a finisher, a molder, a buffer; to operate a crane, to run an air spade, to work the machine that peels potatoes, upholster furniture. Anything, anything, the Respondents had repeated. To be a delivery boy, a grocery clerk, locker room attendant. To help in the kitchen, to clean at night. To be a doorman.

I paid for my lunch, took my coffee and returned to my car. My mind flitted like a disc moving from word to word on a sing-a-long.

To a long ago time when boys coming from the church on the corner wearing knickers, white shirts, ties; polished round toed shoes, had taunted the children at play. To the chant of the children in reply, 'Sticks and stones can break my bones but names can never hurt me.' To my grandmother's sadness as she listened to the chanting. "Even here. Even in America." To my mother's vehemence, "No, not here. Not in America. They are words only. Spoken by children." To my grandfather who said, "In America there is religious freedom. It is so written in the Constitution. Here in America no one need fear praying to God."

And from religious freedom my thoughts went to four little girls who died when they left their Sunday class to go to the bathroom. To Governor Wallace who said, "I deplore violence." To the FBI who said, "A bombing is the most difficult of all crimes to solve." Again to my grandfather who said, "The Sabbath must be observed. How else can one give thanks for a country where no Cossack rides a horse or carries a saber to destroy a man's livelihood." To Erskine Caldwell's short story SATURDAY AFTERNOON. The story of Will Maxie, God dam his yellow hide to hell! Who drank no whiskey, carried no knife. Raised three daughters, lived with his wife. Banked his rows, cut the grass, stepped aside to let

the white man pass. But they had him now by God, yessir! Coming up the road in a big hurry with a couple of dozen men behind him poking him with sticks. It was all fixed good and proper. A trace chain around his neck, another around his knees. Plenty of bushwood near by; a piece of ice in a wash tub to keep the cola cold and two or three cans of gasoline.

To words from the Civil Arrest Study about brotherhood and racial harmony; about hate reinforced and a widening gap. To Respondents who said, 'We needs to remember we all Americans living in one country and it hurts the whole country when people is divided. To remember without the white the black is nothing. Without the black the white is nothing. We needs to remember, we needs to remember.'

I scribbled words into my notebook. My coffee was cold. I left Ninth Street and drove downtown to the SCENE.

Actually that's where it started a fist fight between two women is how it was listed in THE REPORT ON THE NATIONAL ADVISORY COMMISSION ON CIVIL DISORDERS it wasn't planned it just broke out some said when a negro asked a white girl to dance and she wouldn't but danced with a white boy instead to trigger the fight that got out of control when the police attempted to break it up a reporter wrote — a crowd of about 350 persons some white some black watched as bricks and missiles flew the police had to call for reinforcements to control the fight a fracas that's all it was a relatively minor incident not like in detroit where the precipitating incident to the riot was when a policeman shot a prostitute or in newark new jersey where a police-

man beat a cab driver to death was a rumor that made the people march and holler you killed john smith you killed john smith though some said in milwaukee a policeman pushed a boy through a glass door not the doorman at the scene club though he said it was nothing but an overabundance of police prodding pushing the colored teenagers got so riled up what the heck they said spread the word it was something to do sunday during the day a lark to be out hooray the riots on night as well have a revolution mostly teenagers surging up and down the street new groups forming bottles flying glass breaking small black kids shouting hate slogans grievances in milwaukee had been building for a long time that night a soul brother and a white man went to see chief breier we know those kids they said to the chief we can tell them to go home the chief said no you can be arrested ok the men said let the thing get started maybe that's the only way to build a fire and left the chief was in his command post getting ready for the riot he knew was going to come out of the confusion but I want to explain that in 24 cities that summer of 1967 there were riots and in 21 cities there were meetings between the rioters and the authorities said list the grievances and we will tell you that john smith was not beaten to death in newark new jersey he was arrested for assault and battery of a policeman did not shoot the prostitute in detroit she was shot by a pimp disgruntled about something it was discussed at 68 meetings in 21 cities to learn what it was the people were agitating for as though they didn't know but in rockford cambridge and milwaukee they never knew was it a fight between a white girl and a colored girl pulled a razor in milwaukee they never could be sure what was the precipitating incident that catapulted the city into the roman holiday hours was it some minor thing at the scene ball-

room there was only shattered glass a policeman told me by the time i got there about 4 a m it was pretty much contained not much at all the policeman felt it was over with saturday night the people felt too it never would have gotten out of hand if the police hadn't started to put the winos out on the street close the taverns the chief ordered bring your own guns use 00 buckshot — 12 per shell it's ok to wear sport shirts carry riot sticks wear your white helmets some go in unmarked cars some in patrol wagons cordon off the intersection drive a police car up on the sidewalk split the crowd chase and scare the people break 'em up by verbal command when they show resistance let a big valance of cops hit the street instead of attempting to deal with the crowd orders were to keep cool bait the people provoke egg 'em on withdraw accost needle challenge step back like a dance let out at about 11 pm that sunday the street gangs loaded with stones and bottles said to the kids leaving the dance we'll throw bottles at passing cars it made me uneasy the priest said but the kids didn't want to have anything to do with it their parents were calling be careful they said don't get involved we'll pick you up they were afraid how would their children get home when everything broke loose from a relatively minor incident which took place at the scene into a rock throwing bottle tossing crowd baited by the police more and more of them out on the streets growing growing how would it end

I left the Scene and drove to Second and Center Streets, parked my car and walked about. Except for a vacant lot where two houses had stood, overgrown with weeds now and littered with cardboard, little had changed. Other homes in the area damaged by fire July 31, 1967 had been repaired. The street was

afraid than she was.

I told about a Respondent who held his three month old son on his lap while being interviewed. He had been charged with 'tearing up a motorcycle.' He had been afraid, he told me, and showed me a long jagged scar on his skull, a momento of that July night in 1967.

While the neighborhood I worked in had once been home. And, as I drove through those 'terrible streets' I was able to re-create from the rusty pipes I saw, the tangled vines and naked walls left standing shamefully, I always thought, on abandoned ground, entire streets of shops and homes.

But, one day while taking an interview, I felt I ought to be afraid. My Respondent, Cal, born in Memphis, Tennessee, ninth grade education, worked in a car wash sixty hours a week. Cal lived with his brother and sister-in-law in a nicely furnished flat on the northwest side of the city. During the interview — taken on a Sunday, there had been no appointment — Cal's sister-in-law, pleased that Cal had agreed to the interview, served coffee.

"He never would talk about what happened that night," she said, "I told him it would do him good, not to keep it all inside. But, he never would."

Cal was pleasant, polite, cooperative. His answers were short, succinct. At one point he said he had served two months and eight days of his 90 day sentence. Added humorously, "I got time off for good behavior." It was the only extraneous statement he made.

And, sitting beside him in the pleasant room, aware of a flapping window shade, of a moving ball of sunlight, I sensed the rage and anger the young man held contained within himself. Where would it go, I wondered, when it was no longer channeled into washing cars? Would it burst within the slight body of

the young man caught up in the disturbance which erupted while he was visiting his brother in the city of Milwaukee in the summer of 1967? Or, would it go out, senseless, purposeless, directionless; to you, to me, to all America? This is what I should fear, I thought, what all America should fear.

FEAR. Defined in the dictionary, "An unpleasant, often strong emotion caused by the expectation of or an awareness of danger." FEAR, Dostoevsky wrote in his novel *The Possessed*, was the curse of humanity.

Fear was a phobia, a rumor. And, fear in the city of Milwaukee — beginning August 28, 1967 when the nightly marches to the south side of the city began — prevailed and was contagious.

The marches began after Alderwoman Vel Phillips, the only woman, the only black, the only attorney on Milwaukee's Common Council, introduced before the council for the fourth time since 1962 an open housing ordinance and for the fourth time cast the only 'aye'.

To show support to Alderwoman Phillips, the Commandoes, the youth group of the NAACP, applied for a city permit to march and hold a rally at Kosciuszko Park on Milwaukee's south side, a predominantly Polish area.

On the first night the marchers led by the Commandoes and Father Groppi, a Milwaukee priest, crossed the 16th Street viaduct which separated the north side of the city from the south. And, despite sporadic eruptions of violence, reached Kosciuszko Park, a distance of three miles.

At the park, however, when Father Groppi got onto

a table to address the crowd, greater violence erupted and police reinforcements were called to get the marchers back to the safety of the bridge.

On the second night of marching, 800 marchers reached the south edge of the 16th Street viaduct to be met by police who warned through bullhorns, "Stay on the bridge. We can't be responsible." That night 13,000 open housing protesters had gathered on south side streets. And, continued to gather night after night to shout "Nigger go home. Stay on the north side!" To pelt the police, the reporters, the marchers with eggs and beer cans, bricks and bottles, rocks and firecrackers.

The south side of the city became a battlefield! Where young girls shouted "Wallace, Wallace, we want Wallace!" Children shouted "We want slaves!"

And red-faced youths waved confederate battle flags and nazi banners, scuffled with police, rocked squad cars; spat, cursed, shouted, "Coons, coons, the jig is up! Beautify America! Leave!"

Where signs, placards, windows, shirts proclaimed "GOD is white!" And taverns advertised "Get your Niggerburgers here!" Where night after night 20 persons, 30 persons, 45 persons sustained injuries. Including a policeman, a ten year old treated for gas inhalation, a 13 year old, a reporter.

Where police on foot, in squad cars, patrol wagons, motorcycles lined themselves along south side streets in an effort to control the mobs of 500, 1,000, 15,000 bottle-tossing, rock-throwing persons shouting "POLISH POWER FIGHTS BACK! WE'RE RIGHT BECAUSE WE'RE WHITE!"

Where the heritage of hate was inculcated into future generations. "Say, 'I hate niggers,'" a mother said to her child. "Yes, mother, yes, mother. I hate niggers."

Where the stench and stink of south side factories

became distilled with raucous humor and playground chanting. "2, 4, 6, 8! We don't want to integrate!" And, where the litany of hate had spread to General Kosciuszko revered in the small park set aside for him, to the saints in the basilica, to Christ on his cross.

Because of the more than 30 nights of violence in the city, core interviewing had been kept at a minimum and interviewers had a choice — to keep or not to keep core appointments.

On September 30, 1967 I had an appointment to interview a woman who lived in the core. The woman worked in a nursing home from 3 to 11 p.m. She was home one weekend a month. On that day, September 30, the morning *Sentinel* headline read WHITES BLACKS CLASH!

If I kept the appointment would tomorrow's paper read University of Wisconsin interviewer injured while working in the core? Ought I to keep the appointment?

I drove into the area. The streets were quiet. I saw no signs saying "Whitey go home!" My car was not rocked when I stopped at an intersection. Rocks were not thrown at me from behind an old fence. I reached Brown Street, part of an old German area of small bungalows built almost directly on the sidewalk. High old trees arched the road with color. A young girl, her head covered with a kerchief, swept leaves into the gutter. A child, wearing floppy shoes, sat on the curb.

Yet, the Saturday morning quiet seemed ominous. A shadow made by a falling leaf on the windshield on my car, startled me.

Nevertheless, despite my trepidation, I got out of my car, walked to the front porch.

Except for a few rusty toy trucks in a corner, the porch was bare and swept clean. I rang the bell. The sun was warm but I felt chilled. My hands were clammy.

Then, waiting, a feeling of shame swept over me. Shame for myself, my city, my race.

But several years later, when I began to systematically research material for *SUMMER MOCKERY* and I read the chronological newspaper accounts of the marches; when I recognized the rolling cliches that were used to placate Milwaukee citizens, the political ploys and maneuverings behind the statements made by elected officials, when I began to comprehend the insidious flow, the depth, the continuity of racism in my city; when I recognized that Mayor Maier had called out the National Guard when no more than fifty kids were throwing rocks on Third Street, yet, when a mob of 15,000 gathered one night on the south side of Milwaukee openly threatening violence to the marchers, stated pompously, "Calling the guard at this time would be provocative" — my shame was greater.

That Saturday morning, however — suddenly — the door opened.

A young woman stood before me. She was thin, angular, bony. My height, about 5'5". Her hair was short, combed straight back from her high forehead. Her skin, coffee colored, had a reddish tinge. She wore a light colored cotton dress. There was a scrubbed, clean look about her.

Her voice was soft, cordial. She asked me to come in. I stepped into a long, narrow room. There was a minimum of furniture. The floor was covered with linoleum, scrubbed in spots to its black base. Three boys sat before a TV set at the opposite end of the room, engrossed in Saturday morning cartoons. The youngest son sat apart, trying to manipulate his

frayed shoe laces into a bow.

An ironing board was set up in the archway between the living room and dining room. The woman asked would it be all right if she continued to iron while being interviewed. I said, of course. She unrolled a dampened shirt. I filled in the family background.

My Respondent was 32. Her husband 33. The oldest boy nine, the youngest five. She had been a nurse's aide for six years. Had had a maternity leave when her youngest son was born. She would have preferred working the early shift as her husband did, but it would have meant paying a babysitter. They were trying to save money. They hoped to own their own home someday.

The interview went smoothly, the iron went back and forth. The TV droned on. The youngest boy concentrated on his shoe laces. The violence in the city seemed far away. Until, I asked, "Would you prefer to live in an all white, all black, or in a mixed neighborhood?"

A mixed neighborhood!" The lady was very positive. She and her husband discussed it often. They felt the schools would be better in a mixed neighborhood. They wanted their sons to have a good education.

How can she be so positive, I thought, and not correlate her desire for a home in a mixed neighborhood with what might happen if and when she had her home there? Or, I thought, was it possible she was unaware of what was going on in the city? She had to know, I thought! The whole world knew what was happening in Milwaukee! Milwaukee had become the Selma of the North.

Open housing sympathizers came to march from New York, Chicago, Boston, Washington, D.C., Toronto, Canada. Dick Gregory came to march,

while Martin Luther King, Rap Brown, Stokely Carmichael offered their support.

'Black Power' and 'I am a Commando' shirts were being worn by young people all over Milwaukee County. Money poured in to support the marchers. Daily food was brought to St. Boniface where the marchers gathered. A bakery brought a truckload of day old bread. The church was prepared to serve 1,500 meals a day. And, Father Groppi, who had grown up on Milwaukee's south side, was in demand as a speaker all over the country.

Of course, I thought, the woman was aware of what was going on in the city. Of course, she was aware of what the consequences might be if and when she moved into a mixed neighborhood, but just as her small son concentrated on his shoe laces, apparently indifferent to all that was going on around him, so did the woman keep the violence in the city on the periphery of her consciousness and hold on to her dream of a home someday in a mixed neighborhood and a good education for her sons.

I went through the final study questions on the use by Milwaukee citizens of city, county and state services. The couple took their sons to the parks and beaches when they could. The boys walked to the library about six blocks away, the family had never been on welfare. The woman had voted in the last election. She was a high school graduate. Her husband had finished the tenth grade. Their combined income was \$10,000. I checked the final box. The interview was over. The ironing done. My fears seemed foolish.

Willie Ella Green of 1035 West Burleigh Street was the fourth victim of the Milwaukee disturbance. I learned of her death by chance when going through

a volume of Common Council proceedings. who was she? How had she died?

From a hospital report, I learned Willie Ella Green, born in Brundidge, Alabama, had been treated at the Milwaukee County Hospital in May, 1966 for congestive heart failure. That the cardiac specialist assured her then, "Continue with your medication. You're doing fine."

I drove out to where she had lived, a wooden frame building on West Burleigh Street. There between a tavern and a small restaurant I found a door which led to second floor light housekeeping units. I went up the stairs, chose a door, knocked.

A tall gentleman wearing an old fashioned shiney black frock coat answered and stepped out into the hall way. His hair, clipped close to his skull, was white. His skin black with a bluish cast. The gentleman listened gravely, his hands clasped behind his back when I explained why I had come.

Willie Ella had been fine, he told me, and blamed what had happened that night on the kids who had been out — "running, hiding, doing damage."

They had come up on the stairs of his building threatening to burn the building down. Willie Ella had come out of her apartment when she heard the noise. She thought the kids carried fire bombs. She wanted to leave the building. Her friends tried to hold her back, told her she'd be safer in the apartment. Willie Ella wouldn't listen. She ran out.

"Then what happened?" I asked, waiting. The gentleman remained silent. There had to be more, I thought — how had Willie Ella died? — but, felt any more questions I asked would be an intrusion into the gentleman's clear recollection of the events of that Monday night. What to do? The moment was awkward. Then the gentleman surprised me. "Go downstairs," he said. "Talk to Sam, the tavern man.

“ ‘No,’ I said. ‘I didn’t know. How should I know about a curfew when it was a quarter to six in the morning? I didn’t see no newspaper.’ Then the detective said, ‘Nigger, get off the street.’ I said, ‘Okay’ and started for home. Then on 14th and North Avenue about fifteen policemen came toward me and Chester. They searched us, called us a lot of foul names, took us to jail. When I asked to make a phone call to tell Mama where I was at, ‘we ain’t got time,’ they told me, ‘we ain’t got time.’

“In court Monday morning my lawyer told the judge how should people know about a curfew when the mayor didn’t sign it until 3:45 a.m., that he didn’t know about it either, that he was stopped by the police too; but the judge said I shoulda known. He said he wasn’t going to have it like Detroit. Then they changed the curfew charge to disorderly conduct; and, my lawyer told me if I wanted to go to my sister’s funeral to plead guilty. If not the judge would keep me in jail unless I had bail money. That’s what I did. The judge fined me \$100 with a week to pay or thirty days in jail,” Harry John continued.

“When I got home around noon Monday, Mama told me because of the curfew the funeral wasn’t going to be until Wednesday.”

The interview was over. I gathered my things. Harry John walked outdoors with me. He spoke of getting work, he didn’t know where. He would keep trying. There was so much he wanted to do for his sisters’ children.

I felt the solicitude Harry John had for his family. The solicitude each member had one for the other. No, I thought, Harry John’s experience had not been a lark. The past summer for the J family had been more than a son’s arrest and incarceration. It had been a time of death for an emaciated daughter and a change of funeral plans because of a city curfew.

I looked out at the dismal street, the low grey sky. Street lights went on. They lessened the winter gloom but exposed in greater detail the gaping holes in the old red brick of the duplex, the attic windows covered the cardboard, the ground strewn with rocks and stones, curled newspapers, dried orange rind, withered apple cores. Then — the street changed. I saw it as it had been on a long ago night — the night of my cousin’s engagement party — when the glow from every lamp from every window along the entire block of duplexes had reflected the joy of the occasion.

In 1968 standing on that dismal street, I heard again my grandfather chant a prayer of thanks for the opportunities his family had been afforded in this great new country and for the still higher threshold of joy and prosperity to come.

The remembrance faded. The street was cheerless, gloomy, the dampness penetrating. I asked Harry John what happened when the week was over. He said, “I didn’t have no hundred dollars. After a week the police came, I did thirty days in the county j—j—jail.”

John Oraa Tucker was in jail almost a year before he went on trial—that he did feloniously and with intent to kill cause the death of Bryon J. Moschea, the policeman who had gone into the house on West Center Street to flush out what police thought to be a sniper.

There were nine additional charges against John Tucker. For the attempted murder of John Carter, Thomas Borzych, David Kunde. The three policemen who had followed Policeman Moschea into the house. And, the attempted murder of Captain Kenneth Hagopian, Detective Harry J. Daniels, Patrol-

men Casimer Strzyzewski, Kenneth Henning, LeRoy Jones (two counts against Jones). The five men had been in the first car that sped to West Center Street in response to the radio dispatch—'incident on West Center Street. Man with gun.'

Bail for Mr. Tucker had been set at \$100,000 or \$150,000. Reports varied. The trial began July 5, 1968. Mr. Tucker pleaded innocent by reason of insanity. There were 13 days of testimony, 49 persons testified for the defendant. Presiding Judge Herbert J. Steffes said, "It was the longest trial I can recall in this county in over 25 years."

Several co-workers and myself attended the trial almost daily. First because we were curious. Mr. Tucker's name on the list of Civil Arrest Respondents had been circled in red: 'alleged murderer! Do not interview!' Then because we were drawn by the suspense the trial generated. Then—we became solicitious. Innocent or guilty? What would the verdict be?

Courtroom procedures and personalities became familiar to me. The judge—small, slight, almost lost in the folds of his black robe. The prosecuting attorney—slow, dull, conscientious, his voice a monotone. The 26 year old defense attorney—described by a reporter as 'bright, brash, bold.' His solicitude for Mr. Tucker, however, apparent. The psychiatrists who testified Mr. Tucker was sane. His education had been inadequate. "Called nigger once too often," a psychiatrist said privately.

Neighbors of the defendant described Mr. Tucker as 'a real fine man.' His employer testified, "Mr. Tucker is decent, honest, law abiding."

Mrs. Tucker, her heavy body covered with a shapeless cotton dress, a scarf of blue-green petals draped about her head. Her round face expressionless behind her black rimmed glasses except when she smiled to greet a friend or neighbor.

The jury—grave, attentive. What were their thoughts, I wondered, as day after day Mr. Tucker limped into the courtroom, his expression more abject, his chained wrists dangling closer to his knees.

As the trial progressed, it was revealed that of all the shooting that was done on West Center Street late Sunday, July 30, 1967 and early Monday, July 31, only four people could positively identify either their assailant or their victim.

ONE—[Mrs. Anna James] who lived in the house next to the Tuckers said she had been shot by a white man. The man, she testified, was tall, had thinning gray hair, wore a white shirt, had gold-rimmed, old-fashioned glasses. The man had been driving back and forth on the street. She had never seen the man before.

TWO—Mr. Tucker, the defendant, testified:—when he saw the white man shoot the neighbor, he went into the house to get his gun. Came outdoors, said to the man, "I betcha you won't say those words again. Then—I fired at the white man to keep the man from killing us all." He continued, "After that a car came along. A man, a big man, got out of the car. I fired at the big man." Mr. Tucker said he did not hear the man say, 'Mister I am a police officer.' The man was not wearing a uniform.

THREE—Milwaukee Police Captain Kenneth Hagopian, one of the five men in the first car that arrived at Second and Center Streets, said that was correct. He had not worn his uniform that night. Testified, "I heard the gun discharge. I was thrown off my feet." Captain Hagopian pointed to Mr. Tucker seated beside his attorney in the courtroom. "No question about it. He just shot me."



FOUR—"Yes," Detective Harry Daniels corroborated the testimony: "I saw Tucker shoot the captain. Then, I stood back and fired three times at the defendant."

That was all. No other policeman, wounded that July night, could identify his assailant. And, as one witness after another took the stand to describe what had happened that night, a picture emerged.

Shooting that night was indiscriminate. Bullets were flying, streaking, ricocheting. Police on the stand said, yes, tear gas was thrown.

"I threw three---"

"I threw seven---"

"I threw twelve---"

"I threw one dozen until the entire building was in flames."

Witnesses said the police were shouting, "Get the *blankety-blank* away from the wagon. There's ammo in the wagon. There's ammo in the wagon." (The wagon belonged to the man who had shot Mrs. James.)

Mrs. Mosley, according to police testimony, had been caught in a crossfire of bullets. Cause of death listed on her death record was 'shotgun wound of head—homicide.' Mrs. Mosley was being escorted to the street along with other women and children when she turned to go back. "She said she forgot her purse," Mrs. Tucker testified. "I wanted to go back too. I didn't have no shoes, but the police said, 'keep walking.'"

Witnesses, under oath, said they heard someone calling for help. "A cry, a moan, like someone was hurt." Heard, "God dammit, get me out of here." Heard, "Come and get me! Come and get me!" Heard a plainclothes officer shout into his bullhorn,

"Ok, let him fry!"

Mrs. Anna James when recalled to give further testimony said after she was shot, her husband took her upstairs. Police when they came into her home said, "When this is over we'll take you to the hospital." She was afraid to say who had shot her. She thought she had been shot by a policeman. That only the police had the right to tell people to get off the street. Later she was taken to the Milwaukee County Hospital by police wagon #87. According to hospital records a doctor and nurse removed pellets from her face and right arm. She was released at 4:40 a.m. Went home with her husband.

The man who shot Mrs. James and in turn was shot by Mr. Tucker was identified when Mrs. Tucker (the defendant's wife) and Milwaukee Policeman William Schendel (on duty on West Center Street that night) came forward with license number E59-759. The Wisconsin Bureau of Registration revealed "The owner of the 1965 Chevrolet, Milton Nelson, resides at 2976 North 50th Street."

Milton Nelson subpoenaed to appear in court was identified:

"This is the man who drove his car back and forth on the street."

"This is the man who shouted 'Niggers, get off the street! All you niggers get off the street!'"

"This is the man who shot Mrs. James!"

Milton Nelson on the stand denied shooting a woman. Denied having a gun. Said he had had 6 or 7 whiskies that night, 3 or 4 beers. Said he did not remember being on West Center Street that night. Said he thought he had been hit by a tomato. Said, "It was blood. Then everything became hazy."

Milton Nelson was taken to Mt. Sinai Hospital by the police.

Hospital personnel testified at the trial. Milton Nel-

son did not lose consciousness or bleed an excessive amount. Milton Nelson was abusive and unable to sign his name. Had a foul smell of alcohol in his mouth, went home in a cab. Milton Nelson was listed in the Milwaukee Journal as an injured policeman.

Captain Kenneth Hagopian after he was shot was taken to Mt. Sinai Hospital by Detective Harry Daniels. There he underwent facial surgery.

John Tucker went into the house after he was shot. Said to his wife, "Honey, we are all going to be killed. Pray for us." Put his gun under the bed. When he went outdoors he was taken in custody by Policeman Krause. He was taken first to the Milwaukee Safety Building, then at 2:45 a.m., July 31, was admitted to the Milwaukee County Hospital. He was treated for a bullet wound in his right arm, a wound on his right thumb, a small skin injury, bruises on his nose.

The bullet in his arm appeared to have broken a bone. It was not removed. His leg was chained to the bed.

The trial drew to a close. The prosecuting attorney in his summation to the jury said, "Mr. Tucker is a lot smarter than he wants you to believe." The defense attorney said, "If Milton Nelson had been arrested early July 31, 1967, ladies and gentlemen, you would not be here."

Judge Steffes said: Tucker could be 1) Found guilty of attempted murder; 2) Guilty of endangering safety regardless of life; 3) Not guilty. On each of the nine counts of attempted murder. The judge added: "No punishment is too severe for the defendant."

The jury filed out and returned seven hours and 15 minutes later. The verdict was read:

**TUCKER INNOCENT OF ALL MURDER CHARGES!** Guilty on six charges of endangering the lives of the five persons who had been in the car that had sped to West Center Street. Two counts on Jones.

The judge accepted the verdict, saying "I would have done otherwise" and sentenced Tucker to 25 years at hard labor. Five years—the maximum time—on each of the six charges. Five counts to run consecutively, two counts to be concurrent.

The prosecuting attorney said, "Justice has been done." The defense attorney said, "I shall appeal." Mrs. Tucker said, "The judge had it in him to give him so much time and that's what he did." The judge said, "That is all." The trial ended, but questions remained.

Why wasn't Milton Nelson arrested for creating a disturbance, illegal parking, being drunk and disorderly, for shooting a woman?

Why was Milton Nelson taken to Mt. Sinai Hospital by Milwaukee police and listed in the Milwaukee newspaper as an injured policeman?

Was there 'ammo' in the white station wagon? If yes, who put it there? How did the police know it was there? Why was it there?

At what time did Policeman Moschea die? The remains of his body—I saw a photograph—looked like a log left burning on the shores of Lake Michigan after a bonfire. His body—as described in the coroner's report—"Right leg is completely missing as is his esophagus, lower right chest, and abdominal wall. His bones are charred, his blood is cooked."

His body was found, according to Police Officer Jerry Jagman (who is Chief Breier's nephew) between 5 and 6 a.m. on July 31, 1967. While time of death on his death record is 6:30 a.m., July 31, 1967.

What was the cause of Moschea's death? "Shotgun wound of heart—homicide" are the words on his death certificate. "Shotgun wound of stomach" are the words on the coroner's report.

Also, at what time was John Tucker—who was admitted to the County Hospital at 2:45 a.m., July 31,

1967 according to hospital records—charged with the murder of Policeman Moschea?

And, who was the plainclothesman who early in the morning July 31, 1967 shouted into his bullhorn, "Ok, let him fry!"

Between 1882 and 1955 in the United States of America—according to statistics compiled by the Tuskegee Institute of Alabama—5,105 persons were lynched in the United States. The Association of Southern Woman for the Prevention of Lynching gave the figure at 4,417 persons lynched between 1886 and 1940.

In 1892, the peak year for lynching in the United States, 250 persons were lynched, more than four a week. Lynching in America during the 1880's and 1890s had taken the place of the amusement park, the merry-go-round, the symphony concert, the theatre.

Ads were placed in newspapers 'Witness the burning of a live Negro. Sunday at 2 p.m.' Trains were chartered to take spectators to the scene of the lynching. Mobs watched as fagots were gathered, tied, lit—then used to kindle fires on human flesh.

Western mobs went in for hangings, southern mobs preferred burnings. Negroes were hanged to trees, chained to logs, tied to cars, dragged through streets, riddled with bullets, pursued by dogs, slain by posses.

In 1904, 1,000 persons watched as Mr. and Mrs. Luther Holbert were tied to a tree; their fingers chopped off, one by one. Their eyes gouged. Their skulls crushed. Watched as giant corkscrews—something new in the art of killing Negroes—were bored into their flesh to be turned, twisted, pulled! "AHHHH!" The crowd roared and vendors hawked

"Get your souvenirs here!" Chunks of flesh, bones, teeth were sold as souvenirs.

In 1916, 10,000 persons gathered to witness the burning of Jesse Washington in the public square in Waco, Texas. Jesse Washington was 19 years old and mentally retarded. His teeth, sold as souvenirs, brought five dollars each.

In 1919, the year historians named the 'Red Summer' because of race riots throughout the United States, Mary Turner was hanged by her ankles to a tree in Valdosta, Georgia; then her belly was slit open, her premature baby stomped on by the mob when it fell from her body. Her body doused with oil, consumed by flames.

That same year the Mayor of Omaha was lynched because HE TRIED TO PREVENT A LYNCHING.

That same year, 1919, ten soldiers, some still wearing their uniforms, recently returned from France where they had been fighting for democracy, were lynched.

In 1925, J.L. Roulhev, a reporter for the Memphis News Scimitar, was assigned to cover a lynching. He wrote:

"I stood in a crowd of 600 people and watched an angry mob chain a helpless Negro to an iron stake. I watched them pile wood around the body. I watched them pour gasoline on this wood. I watched three men set this wood on fire.

"I watched the Negro struggle but the chain held him to the iron post that was becoming red with the intense heat. I watched as the flames climbed higher and higher to encircle the victim without mercy. I heard his cry of agony as the flames blazed, leaped and jumped about his head. Soon he became quiet. There was no doubt he was dead. An odor of burned flesh reached my nostrils. Nowhere was there a sign of mercy among the members of the mob."

Bernie told Mary the worst thing about his arrest was the publicity. That because the Journal printed his picture, he was made "evil in the eyes of the world." That because of it he lost his job, his car, his clothes, the room where he lived. Because of it, no one came to see him, no one wrote. Only his mother, angry too, wrote, "she do pray for me."

The following is Bernie's story taken from his schedule.

"To tell the truth what hit my mind when I heard about it that Sunday night was to meet my friends and join the crowd. That's all! I had never been in a riot before and when some friends came by, we all went out to where the excitement was going on.

"But I got arrested right away. Sunday night about 11 o'clock. I never saw any fires. I didn't break any windows! Nothing! I was standing by some broken gas pumps when the police came and arrested me. That's all

"When I told the police I was cut and needed a doctor, 'Shut up,' they said. When I asked to make a phone call, 'Shut up,' they said. Then, in court when I started to tell my story, the judge cut me off. He said he wanted me off his streets and out of his town. I feared I was going to get a week in jail but the judge say 'Six months, \$200.00 fine.' My sentence shocked me, shocked me! I couldn't talk, I couldn't talk! No wonder I feel the Negro has no country. No wonder I feel the Negro shouldn't fight in wars! No wonder I feel when it happens again it will be blood and madness!"

At The Mercy Of — The Proclamation:—

At 3:45 a.m. Monday, July 31, 1967, Mayor Maier by the power vested in him by state statute 66.325 issued the following proclamation:

"All persons of the City of Milwaukee are required to immediately disperse themselves peaceably and depart to their homes and all streets, sidewalks and public ways of the City of Milwaukee are closed to vehicular and pedestrian traffic."

On the first day of the curfew Milwaukee residents were permitted to go to neighborhood stores between 4 and 6 p.m., except for the people within the area bounded by North 1st Street, North 5th Street, West State Street and West Burleigh Street. "These streets will remain barricaded," as written in the Proclamation, "and no one will be permitted to enter or leave this area. Within this barricaded area National Guard troops will deliver milk from trucks which will circulate through the area. And—residents within this area are requested not to gather around the trucks in large groups and should wait until the trucks are near their homes."

On the second day of the curfew, Tuesday, August 1, and every day thereafter, the Mayor reminded Milwaukeeans of the power that was invested in him and re-proclaimed that a state of emergency existed in Milwaukee. On that Tuesday, August 1, he allowed Milwaukee freedom between the hours of 6 a.m. and 7 p.m.

On August 2, the 6 a.m. time was changed to 5:30 a.m.

On August 3, the Mayor stated "since the curfew had passed the test of stability," Milwaukee could have unrestricted movement from 5:30 a.m. until 9 p.m. On that day service stations were permitted to open and pump gas directly into the tanks of automobiles and service vehicles, but were forbidden to sell gas or oil in any kind of container.

On August 4, the time of freedom was extended from 5:30 a.m. to twelve midnight. Taverns, beer depots and liquor stores were permitted to open dur-

ing the hours allowed by the curfew.

On August 5, freedom was allowed from 5 a.m. until midnight. These hours remained until the Mayor on August 9 removed all "restrictions heretofore imposed by the proclamation." And, in a TV address, praised Milwaukeeans for "coming through an ordeal with honor."

However, the Mayor said nothing about the emergencies caused by the proclamation. Nothing about weddings, funerals, babies ready to be born or accidents. Nothing about cancelled picnics, rallies, arts and craft shows, movies, concerts, opening nights, dinner dances, PTA action groups, all night prayer vigils, closed clinics, locked health units, interrupted summer school classes; postponed exams or delayed commencement exercises. Nothing about rotting produce, spoiled foodstuffs, soured dairy products.

Said nothing about the financial loss to Milwaukee due to the curfew which mounted into millions of dollars. Nothing about the hundreds of claims filed against the city for loss of business and damage to property. Nothing about the claim filed by A.J. and Lois McKissick, 2754 North 15th Street, for \$125,000 for the death of their minor son Clifford.

At The Mercy Of — A Bullet: —

On August 3, 1967 the *Milwaukee Sentinel* headline was: BOMB SUSPECT SLAIN! POLICE SEIZE ARSENAL!

Followed by the item: "A Negro college student was shot and killed by police Wednesday night in the only major incident in what police described as the calmest night since the riot erupted Sunday night.

"Clifford McKissick was shot and killed by the police at the back door of the McKissick home.

"The police said he was a suspected bomber. Patrolmen Ralph Schroeder, Gerald Hempe, James Jones and Thomas Korb were watching the Badger Paint store on Teutonia Avenue when they saw four negroes (sic) emerge. The youths threw fire bombs—beer and soft drink bottles filled with gasoline—at the paint store, then ran down the alley, ignoring orders to stop. Police opened fire. McKissick was struck as he entered his home. The police surrounded the home and ordered the youths out. Three companions surrendered. McKissick was rushed to the hospital."

Clifford McKissick, born May 17, 1949, was an older child in a large family. His father, A.J. McKissick, worked for the railroad. His mother, Lois, also worked. Clifford, an education major, worked part time that summer of 1967. As a counselor at a summer playground near his home; as an aide at the Milwaukee county infirmary. The night before he was killed he had been arrested for curfew violation, fined ten dollars, released.

He died August 2, 1967 at 10:32 p.m. 15 seconds after he was shot. His body was taken to the Milwaukee County Hospital. The hospital report read: "DOA.

"The body of a well developed, muscular Negro male is limp and beginning to cool. The deceased was searched and undressed in the presence of attendants. Found on body \$2.07 in wallet, a box of wooden matches, driver's license, five keys on ring with county infirmary tag. 1965 Rufus King high school class ring, four sticks of gum. No weapon found on youth."

Although Mayor Maier requested a report from the Milwaukee police on the McKissick shooting, the results—if the report was ever made—were never revealed.

However, a reporter investigating the shooting, wrote—

“The bullet which killed McKissick was retrieved from the inside of the McKissick basement stairway. The back door of the McKissick home was riddled with bullets.”

While a neighbor told the reporter, “Clifford didn’t have anything to do with the shooting. He couldn’t have.” She described what had happened:

“Clifford was sitting on the front steps when the shooting began. I was sitting on mine. We both got up to go in when the shooting began. Clifford went to the front door. It was locked. He ran down the side to the back door. Then I heard someone yell, ‘Halt, halt!’ Then I heard 7 or 8 shots. I heard, ‘They shot him, they shot him. Is he dead, is he dead?’ ”

Clifford’s mother told the reporter, “Clifford was coming in the back door when they shot him. He came in, sat down in that chair. You could hear him choking. Then—he just quit.”

Patrolman Ralph Schroeder told the reporter he saw McKissick and three other youths throw fire bombs at the paint store on Teutonia Avenue. The reporter ended his investigation with several questions.

1. Why were four policemen assigned to keep possible snipers and looters away from a store area on what police described was the calmest night since the riot erupted?
2. Why did the police watch as the youths tossed a bomb which might have started a major fire?
3. Why did the police chase the boys home before firing the fatal shot?
4. Why did the police shoot at all?

Clifford’s brother Alvin was one of the youths the police chased that August night. Alvin was arrested

and charged:

“That he did feloniously attempt to intentionally damage a building at 2726 Teutonia Avenue by means of a fire caused by the ignition and throwing of a lighted bomb.”

Because of McKissick publicity in Milwaukee, Alvin’s trial was held in West Bend, about thirty miles northwest of Milwaukee.

There I read the Alvin McKissick trial record and culled the following:

Presiding Judge Arne H. Meister asked, in turn, the four policemen—Schroeder, Hempe, Korb, Jones—who had been assigned to watch the Badger Paint store on Teutonia Avenue the night of August 2, 1967:

“Were you able to tell who lit those two bottles or who threw them?”

Each man said;

“No, sir, I did not see anyone light or throw the bombs.”

However, Policeman Korb added, “I saw the youths carry soda or beer bottles.”

Policeman Jones added, “Two bottles were thrown. One remained intact. One broke.”

“Was the building actually damaged?” the Judge asked Policeman Jones.

“No, sir,” Policeman Jones replied, “there was no damage to the building. No damage to the pavement. No arsenal was found. There was no fire.”

The four policemen agreed damage the night of August 2, 1967 consisted of one broken beer bottle.

Returning to Milwaukee, I rewrote in my mind, the August 3 *Milwaukee Sentinel* headline.

Not BOMB SUSPECT SLAIN! POLICE SEIZE ARSENAL!

But—POLICE RIFLE EXPERT SLAYS YOUTH!  
BROKEN BEER BOTTLE FOUND!

And in my mind, said to Ralph Schroeder—"You made two statements:

1. 'I saw McKissick and three other youths throw fire bombs at the paint store on Teutonia Avenue.'

2. 'I did not see anyone light or throw the bombs.' "

Which statement is true? Which false?

Also, while in West Bend I read the packet of letters—they were part of the McKissick trial record—which the McKissick family had received when Clifford was killed. The letters were written in pencil, ink, typed. There were grammatical errors, misspelled words. They were dirty, vulgar, obscene. They were signed—a disgusted woman, a crippled woman, a good woman, a white woman, an old woman, a grandmother, a music teacher, a vocalist, a mother who also lost a son.

There was a sympathy card with the embossed message, "May these few words serve as an expression of a deep and sincere sympathy." To which was added, "May he rot in hell!" signed WHITE POWER!

Another letter addressed to "The McKissicks and all you other black bastards," had the message, "Your whole family should have been shot!"

One had a jovial tone, "Well, well, you sure had a big gang at your son's funeral."

Another, "If you could have directed your son from participating in the bomb tossing, he no doubt would be with you in your family circle today." The McKissicks were told "to pray."

At The Mercy Of — Education: —

In my history class long ago I learned about slavery, the civil war, the Emancipation Proclamation. The Proclamation, issued by President Lincoln on New Year's Day, 1863, freed the slaves.

Years later I checked the 14th and 15th Amend-

ments which were added to the United States Constitution after the civil war.

The 14th Amendment—"No state shall deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law. Nor deny any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the law."

The 15th Amendment—"The rights of the citizens to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or any state on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude."

My research continued. I learned a reconstruction period followed the civil war. During that period roads were built, schools were built, illiteracy in the black race was reduced by 85%. Black men voted, were elected to state legislatures, to the United States Congress.

I learned in 1878 a civil rights bill was passed by Congress. The bill guaranteed the full and equal enjoyment of all accommodations to all persons regardless of race, color, or any previous condition of servitude. I learned that with the 'bargain of 1877' the reconstruction period ended.

The bargain:—Republican Presidential candidate Rutherford B. Hayes agreed to give the south, threatened by the rising black political power, home rule in regard to the Negro in exchange for the electoral votes he needed to become president.

Hayes became president by one electoral vote. The single vote was not challenged. President-elect Hayes kept the bargain.

After he withdrew federal troops which President Grant had sent into the south to enforce the 14th and 15th Amendments and after he appointed a Kentuckian and Georgian to the Supreme Court, legalized suppression of the Negro began, KKK terror began. Black power dwindled and in 1901 the last black member of the United States Congress,