

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Widow's Wreath Is Bright Spot In Riot Rubble

By THOMAS BEVIER

The wreath of carnations was a bright spot in the rubble all around.

It was on the statue of W. C. Handy in Handy Park. Yesterday was the 10th anniversary of his death.

"Mrs. W. C. Handy, Tuckahoe, N.Y.," said the card on the wreath. A young Negro couple sitting on a bench didn't notice.

They were watching a group of young Negroes taunting police nearby.

It was 12:30 p.m. during a lull in the riot. The noise in the air was not music.

Workmen pounded plywood facing over the broken-out windows of the Harris Department Store on the northeast corner of Hernando and Beale across from the park.

Patrolman L. D. Jones, clutching a sawed-off shotgun, tears running down his face from tear gas, ran up to newsmen shouting:

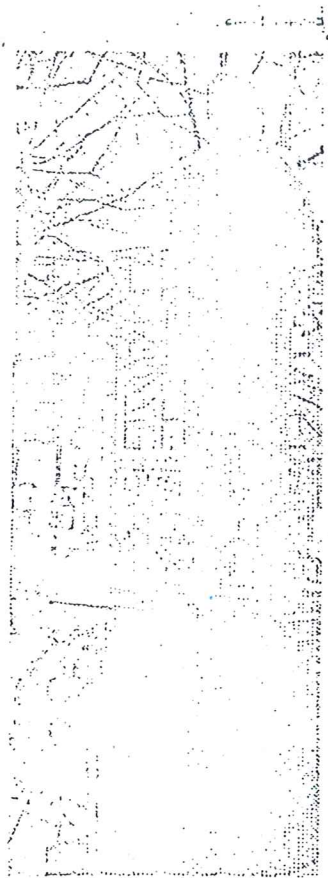
"We're trying our damndest. Write that down. We're trying our damndest. The police didn't start this. Write that down. Treat us fair."

Placards in the gutter were being trampled. "Memphis is not Watts — yet," said one. "Deceit for the black man," said another.

Streams sounded. Six police cars, tires squealing, roared past and north on Hernando. People watched and wondered what had happened up that way.

And there was Phil Burkhalter, a member of the police emergency squad, talking calmly over a portable microphone:

"Please leave this area immediately," he said. "We urge you to clear the sidewalks. If you do not leave you will be subject to arrest."



The Wreath

—Staff Photo

A Negro with a black kerchief on his head yelled from the sidewalk:

"That man, that Loeb, better sign the paper or this town is going to tumble down."

"You from the TV man," said a girl in a yellow and orange dress. "Come interview me. I want to be on the TV."

The couple had left the bench in Handy Park. Two boys, about 13 years old, were looking at the wreath. They had picked up sticks which had been thrown by rioters earlier.

The noise of a teargas gun being fired sounded up the street. Bottles and bricks were being thrown. Everybody ran that way. One stopped to note a sign on a telephone pole advertising a soul group coming to the Rosewood Club.

"Swing into Spring," the sign said.

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