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28 Chicago Blocks, a Strip of Shops, Bear Riot Scars

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CHICAGO, April 6—A 28-block strip of Madison Street on the Negro West Side bore the brunt of the anger that tore at Chicago yesterday.

Today, West Madison Street, a long finger of small shops, many topped by scarred, brick tenements, was occupied by National Guardsmen.

The guardsmen, the fatigue of long, tense hours on duty shown in their eyes, were grouped at every corner, bayonets at ready. Blue-helmeted policemen prowled restlessly along the debris-strewned sidewalks.

The flames that reddened the sky last night and into the early morning had been tamed for the most part, but weary firemen continued to pour water into smoldering buildings along the 28-block stretch.

Smoke Lingers in Air

Wispy gray smoke lingered over much of the area.

Negro residents were being

kept off Madison, at least off the street. Some sat behind smudged windows in the tenements, watching the fire hoses play water on buildings next door.

But the side streets were choked with traffic, as hundreds of Negroes drove slowly along the edges of the devastated area. Cars had their headlights on in memory of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., whose assassination in Memphis Thursday apparently touched off the rioting here.

The shabby residential streets running parallel to Madison were mostly untouched by the looting and burning. Negro men and women and some frolicking youngsters, gathered on the sidewalks or sat on the steps in sunshine.

Others spilled over toward Madison, forming knots behind barricades. Silently, they watched the firefighters, guardsmen and policemen — sometimes with anger, sometimes with curiosity.

In some blocks along Madi-

son, more than half the stores had been smashed, looted or burned. Clothing and shoe stores seemed to have the favorite targets. At Western Avenue and Madison Street, Maybrooks Men's and Women's Wear bore an optimistic sign: "Wanted 1,000 new accounts." The store's protective iron grill was a tangle of metal. Inside the store was blackened and ravaged, its stock gone.

The scrape of shovels under glass broke the silence of the street as Negro and white sanitation men worked to clear the rubble.

A Negro sanitation man wearing a red protective helmet, leaned heavily on his shovel and said that he lived in the area.

"This is the worst one, isn't it?" he said sadly. "I don't know what's the cause of it all. Lots of people living here. They don't have no place to go. No place to get anything to eat."

Entering Rear of Store

But a little farther west, Hooker Brown had opened

his small grocery, untouched among the ravaged buildings. Heavy metal gates had protected his store and although he was open, he kept the gates in place. His customers, forbidden from Madison, were entering and leaving through a back door.

"Without the bars," said Mr. Brown, a short, slender Negro,

with a pencil stuck behind one ear, "these people in here, they'd take all they could steal. You've got to look out for yourself."

Inside, the store was jammed with people, mostly middle-aged Negro women buying bags of groceries.

"I hope this will end it," said one woman, her face creased with worry, as she stopped at the check-out counter. And her companion added: "I hope it will—I pray it will."

"The flames last night were coming right here," Mr. Brown said nervously. "And today you don't have no kind of insurance. It don't cover nothing."