



**The Detroit News**

FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1967

# A Time of Tragedy

## **A SPECIAL REPORT**

**Detroit's riot from 3:30 a.m.  
July 23, 1967, when it began,  
until the moment it stopped.**





Nights on riot-torn 12th Street were a tense, lonely vigil for National Guardsmen.



Battered, burned buildings on 12th were the leavings of unbridled fury.



## Resurget Cineribus\*

Official motto, City of Detroit

\*It shall rise again from the ashes.

# It Was a Quiet Sunday Morning; Most of Detroit Was Asleep

By JON LOWELL

Detroit News Staff Writer

For most Detroiters, including those who lead the fifth largest city in the United States, there were no dark clouds . . . no quiet rumblings of a storm.

When the summer lightning that has stalked our land—riots—finally burst upon Detroit it was on a warm summer Sunday morning in July.

Thoughts were of stumbling Tiger efforts towards a pennant, vacations just finished or about to begin, new efforts to ease the traffic jams on the expressway.

The flames were dying in Newark's ravaged riot areas and Detroit was the one place where it couldn't happen.

**FROM THE WHITE HOUSE** to the campus classrooms across the country, experts pointed to Detroit as the city that was doing things right.

In City Hall there were offices guiding an alphabet soup of programs aimed dagger-like at the heart of what authorities said causes riots.

Operating out of the mayor's office was a 24-hour intelligence network pulled together to keep a continuing watch on the pulse of neighborhoods where even small trouble might start.

Police officials had been to Watts and the other battered communities where riots had desolated the streets. They had studied the mistakes made there and drawn plans to avoid them in Detroit.

Despite the inevitable bickering over meth-



Where it began

ods, there was general agreement at all levels of leadership that Detroit should become a "model city." The term, in fact, had been invented here.

**BUT SUMMER LIGHTNING** struck Detroit on Sunday, July 23, with a fury unprecedented in the modern history of our nation.

When it was over, whole blocks lay in rubble. Two weeks later, with the full toll still

undetermined, 42 were known dead, thousands had been injured, more than 4,000 had been arrested, and some of the United States Army's finest fighting men had been called into the streets of Detroit to end the hours of madness.

The dream of a model city had been put to the torch by the people it was aimed at and a nation's government was still reverberating from the riot's echoes.

As August began, Watts' and Newark's were the bad riots—Detroit's was the worst.

For the people who live in nice neighborhoods, it started at the most unlikely hour on the most unlikely day anyone could think of.

Shortly before dawn on Sunday, the 10th precinct police cleanup squad raided an after-hours drinking club over the Economy Printing Co. at 9125 12th Street.

**IN THE WORDS OF** the head of the squad, Sgt. Arthur Howison, it was a routine raid in a neighborhood that was used to raids.

At night, 12th Street was "the turf" for prostitutes, pimps, junkies and gamblers. Sex, numbers and a drink after the 2 a.m. legal closing hour were all major industries there.

When police shoved their way into the club, the illegal industries were shutting down after a busy night.

Long-legged hustlers in hippy dresses, slick haired pimps in jitterbug suits and the usual assortment of drunks accepted the raid with resignation born out of long experience. Getting "busted" is part of life on 12th Street.

**THREE PATROL WAGONS** were called to transport the 85 prisoners down to the precinct station on Livernois.

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## About This Report



"A Time of Tragedy" is a glance back at a big story no one ever wants to cover again. It is the story of the violent birth and frightening life of the worst civil riot in modern U.S. history as reported and photographed by Detroit News staff members.

Working in sometimes dangerous and always hectic circumstances, the men and women who put out The News assembled a volume of coverage unprecedented in Detroit journalism.

Their work, as a kind of "instant

history," formed the basis of this 16-page special supplement, written by reporter Jon Lowell, who himself covered much of the story.

But we owe a debt, too, to the freelance photographers who supplied us with many of the pictures for this report.

One photographer, a large and courageous Negro, reported an interesting incident. He was at the scene of the beginnings of the riot on 12th Street, photographing a Negro leader who was obviously

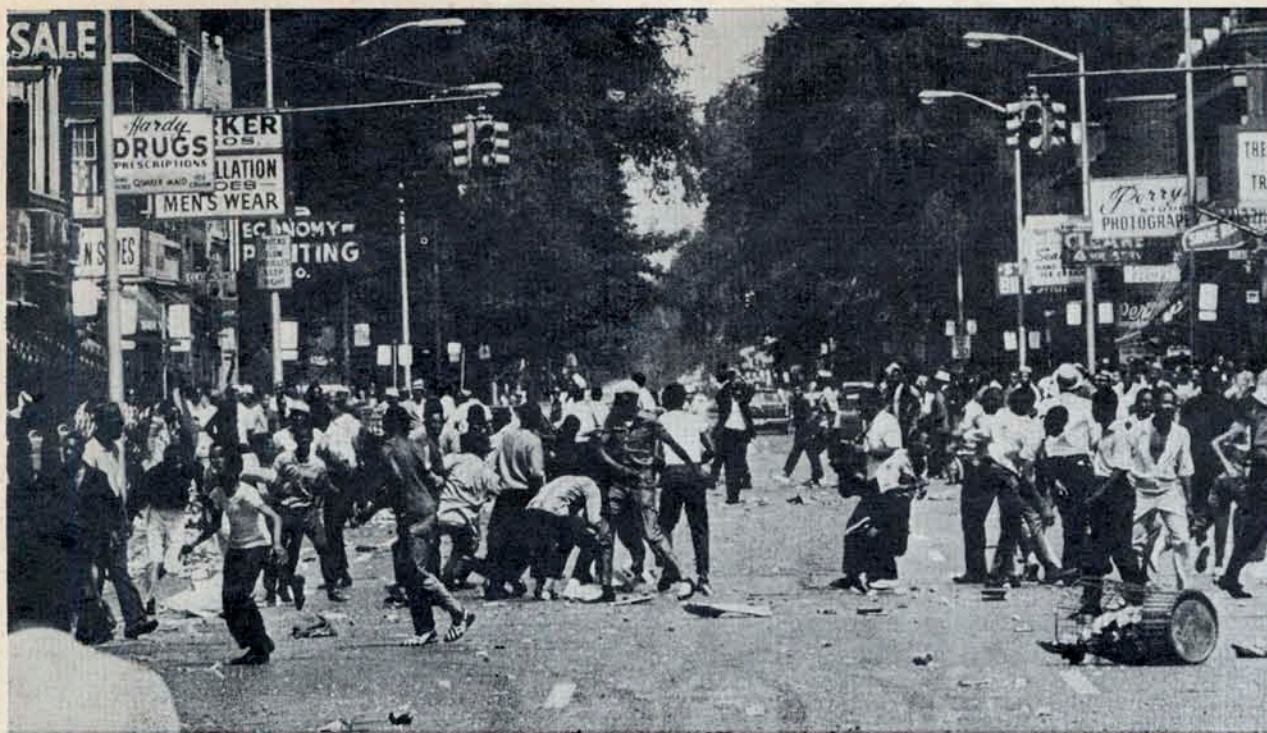
directing the crowd. (See picture on page 9).

Police asked the photographer to move back to avoid the crush. In doing so, he stumbled over a fire hose.

The riot leader turned in his direction: "Look, baby," he shouted to the crowd, "that poor black photographer has been knocked down by the police!"

"I stumbled over my big feet," the photographer shouted back. The crowd's anger diminished — for the moment.





The riot started—the world saw this News photograph



Congressman Conyers tried, failed

## 'Like a human wave, the mobs parted before the police phalanx and then washed in behind them'

(Continued from page 3)

Shortly before 5 a.m., the trouble started. A rag-tag assortment of leftover Saturday night drunks and street people began gathering as the prisoners were being loaded.

Shouting, shoving and angry cries against "the Man" and "Whitey" began to fill the air. The crowd grew to about 200.

As the last of the prisoners were loaded, a bottle crashed through a squad car window.

"THE BALLOON WENT up," as a weary mayor's aide was later to put it.

At 8:24 a.m. Sunday, the Detroit fire department got its first alarm of an arson fire. Someone had tossed a Molotov cocktail through a shoe store window at 12th and Blaine.

While people in the suburbs were getting ready for church, a mob raged uncontrolled in 12th Street.

Newsmen raced to the scene and were chased by angry Negroes. "It was the harriest thing I've been in since Korea," Detroit News reporter Joseph Wolff said after making repeated sorties into the neighborhood and out-running howling mobs.

Free Press reporter Bill Serrin was led from the scene with his head gashed open by flying bricks and bottles.

Contradictions which may never be unraveled developed over what, precisely, were the police orders at this point.

Mayor Cavanagh says it was up to the police field commanders to determine moves. Officers at the scene were under the impression that they had orders not to fire and to avoid antagonizing the rioters.

They tried to seal off 12th Street, leaving the rioters loose inside.

AT ABOUT NOON Sunday, it appeared the strategy might be working. Things calmed

down. Hopes rose that it might be a relatively minor ugly incident.

That bubble burst minutes later when the riot broke out again in full fury. Fire Chief Charles Quinlan already had been moving swiftly to get his department in shape to handle developments.

By drawing on fire companies across the city, he had formed an all-Negro fire fighting force, hoping the rioters wouldn't harass members of their own race.

CAPT. MARCENE TAYLOR, of Engine Company 13, a Negro, was made acting chief of the Fourth Fire Battalion.

Taylor led his men into the riot area early Sunday afternoon, but the plan didn't work.

"We seem to be their favorite target," Taylor reported back to Quinlan after his men were pelted with rocks, bottles and bricks.

The most carefully thought out emergency plans for the fire department just weren't designed to cope with what was happening.

"After 1:30 p.m. Sunday we threw away the book," Quinlan candidly admits.

Police Commissioner Ray Girardin was mobilizing his men for the tactic that had worked so successfully a year earlier on the city's east side.

Police were to sweep the 12th Street area in force, breaking up mobs and hopefully snap the spine of the rapidly blossoming riot.

The sweep, so successful in 1966 that police around the nation had made detailed studies of it, had no effect whatever.

Like a human wave, the mobs parted before the police phalanx and then washed back in behind them.

Negro leaders were making frantic efforts to calm the crowds.

CONGRESSMAN JOHN CONYERS took to the roof of a car with a bullhorn. He was chased from the area.

At 4:30 p.m. Sunday, the fire department telegraph clacked out the ominous code that had never been used since its invention during World War II.

Signal 3-777, instant recall to duty of all Detroit firefighters. In an amazingly short period, 95 percent of the department's personnel was on duty.

Earlier the firemen had been willing, but the already overtaxed Police Department simply couldn't cope with the situation.

At 1:42 p.m. came the chilling crackle over the fire radio:

"EMERGENCY, EMERGENCY, give us police protection quick."

The call for help was from a fire company on 12th. The dispatcher's reply was terse: "Nothing available."

As afternoon pushed towards evening, sporadic reports of shooting began. Police riot command posts were in operation at Herman Kiefer Hospital and Police Headquarters.

Gov. Romney began ordering in more than 400 State Police troopers and the first of elements of the Michigan National Guard.

THE AUTHORITIES were moving swiftly in an attempt to snuff out the disorder, but the mood of the men at the top was clearly pessimistic.

The riot was spreading almost unchecked. The now familiar pattern exploded on Grand River.

All along the avenue, looters were smashing their way into stores.

The night was filled with the sounds of tinkling glass and laughter.





**Looters fiddled, Detroit burned**

A man carried a couch out of a store. Another had a side of beef. Hopping gingerly through smashed storefronts, young and old, white and black, were dismantling stores piece by piece.

The arsonists moved in, putting the torch to looted stores.

The immensity of the riot quickly became apparent as police calls flooded into the command posts. Looting and arson had hit Livernois. A "second front" had opened up on the East Side, where Mack Avenue suddenly erupted into another battleground.

Detroit's inner city was out of control.

**NEGRO STORE OWNERS** frantically scrawled "Soul Brother" on windows to alert Negro looters that theirs was a black man's business.

Gov. Romney had clamped on a 9 p.m. curfew, but it was to no avail as firemen had been forced to let some fires burned unchecked because of attacks by mobs.

By midnight, police had arrested more than 600 persons. The injured were flocking to inner city hospitals.

"It looks like a city that has been bombed," the governor remarked after a helicopter tour.

**AS THE CLOCK MOVED** into the early hours Monday, still no one had died, but the mood of officials clearly pointed to the belief that death was only a matter of time.

At 3 a.m. Monday, a political drama began that shows every sign of echoing through national politics for years.

Gov. Romney made a telephone call to United States Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark to ask for federal troops.

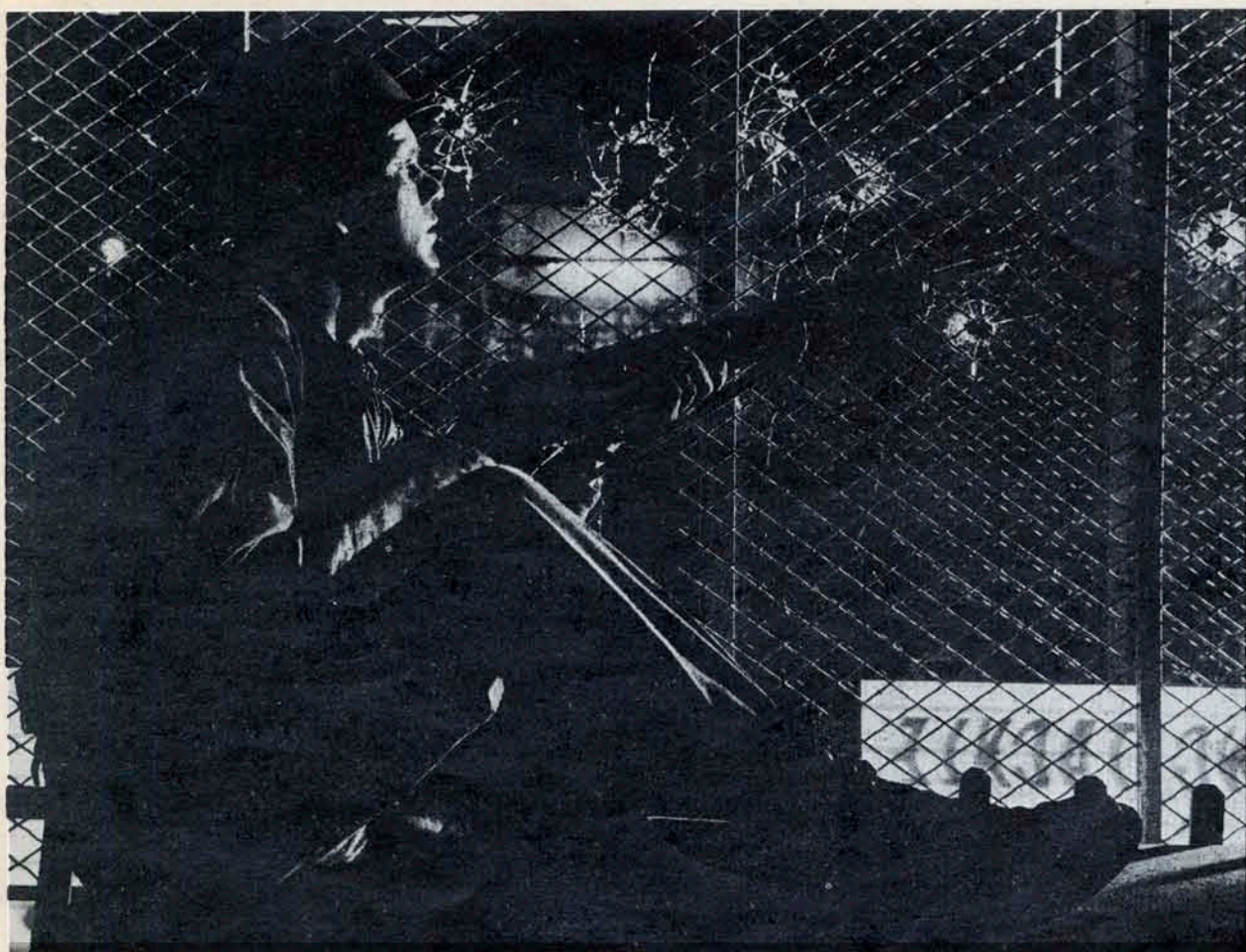
The maneuvering which took place between that phone call and the time that crack para-

(Turn to page 6)



**Anarchy on Grand River, a major street burns**





A Guardsman waits in a store — Sniping has started



Tension for soldier and civilian as cars were searched



Battle-hardened paratroopers fought in their native land

(Continued from page 5)

## 'It was a chilling night of combat'

troopers finally hit the streets of the East Side more than 24 hours later, remains a source of controversy on the highest levels of government.

**PRESIDENT JOHNSON**, Gov. Romney says: "Played politics" as the riot raged in Detroit. The governor, members of the Johnson administration claim, wavered on whether to actually commit the paratroopers in Detroit.

Whatever the reason, getting the airborne units into the riot-rocked East Side proved agonizingly slow.

The governor and Mayor Cavanagh made repeated calls to Washington. Congressman Charles Diggs and UAW President Walter Reuther asked for the troops.

There were debates between Washington and Detroit on the precise language the governor should use in calling for troops. The issue was: Should he "recommend" or "request"?

Airborne units began arriving at Selfridge Air Force Base in Mt. Clemens during the day Monday.

**FROM WASHINGTON** came Cyrus Vance, the President's personal emissary.

The debate on whether to use the federal troops continued.

Late Monday night, three units from the combined force of 101st and 82nd Airborne troops made their way to the State Fairgrounds at Woodward and Eight Mile.

The President went on television to announce that he was committing the troops, but in the process he belabored Gov. Romney by name for being unable to contain the riot with local action.

Soon before 3 a.m. Tuesday, airborne troops in full battle dress, incongruously riding DSR buses, moved through blacked-out streets to Southeastern High School.

**DURING THE DAY** Monday, the riot had brought the city to an almost complete standstill.

People began to die in the riot Monday as chartered airplane loads of newsmen from all over the world arrived in Detroit to record the city's agony.

The first victim of riot bullets was 45-year-old Walter Grzanka, white, of 641 Charlotte, shot as he ran from a market on Fourth Street. Ten minutes later a bullet snuffed out the life of a white woman on Woodward.

Fires reached their peak Monday when the Detroit department received a staggering 617 alarms. By then, 44 other communities had volunteered men and equipment.

**GUARD RIFLEMEN** were riding the trucks, sprawled on ladders and crouched alongside firemen.

The city was at war with the people who lived in it.

After dark, an ominous quiet settled over Detroit. It was broken by the wail of sirens, the crunch of police cars running over broken glass, the occasional crack of gunfire.

The National Guard was in the city in force, but it became obvious that the young "week-end warriors" weren't trained to handle the problems they were facing.

Later in the week, President Johnson was to order the Defense Department to set up new training procedures for the guard to equip them to handle future riots.

**THERE WERE ACCIDENTS** as guardsmen took to the streets. They didn't have the intimate knowledge of their weapons that the razor-sharp paratroopers had. A fireman was creased across the head by a guard bullet.

(Turn to page 11)

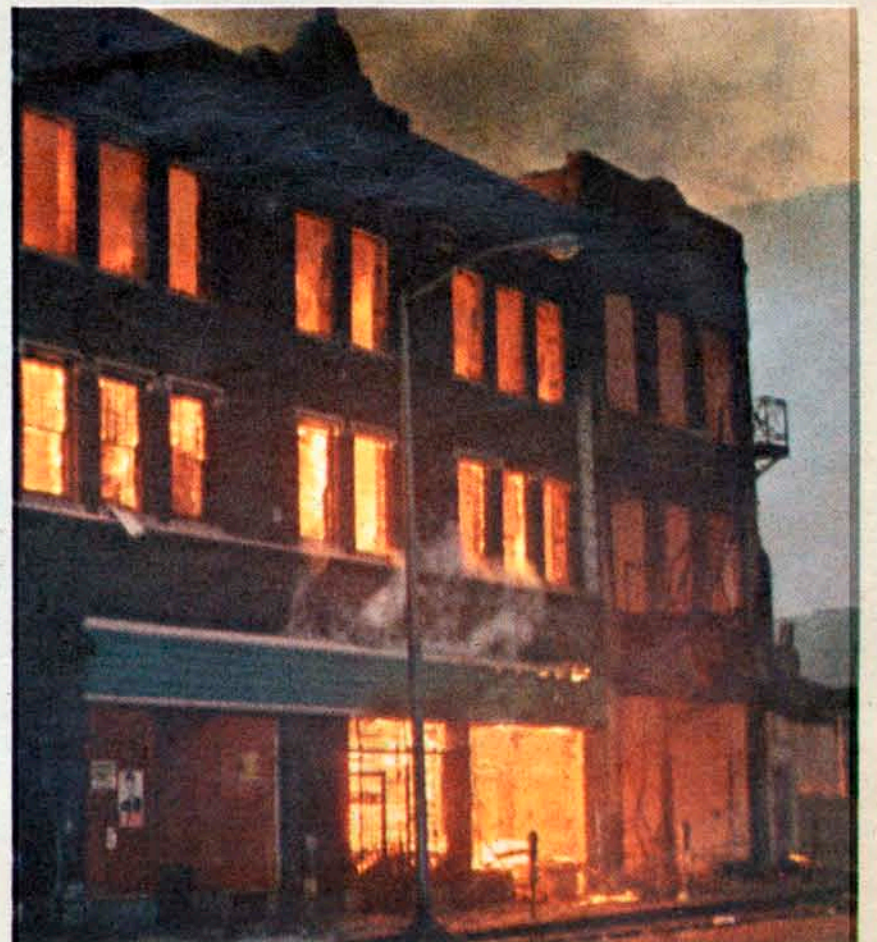




Fire filled the sky as arsonists put the torch to stores and then battled firemen.



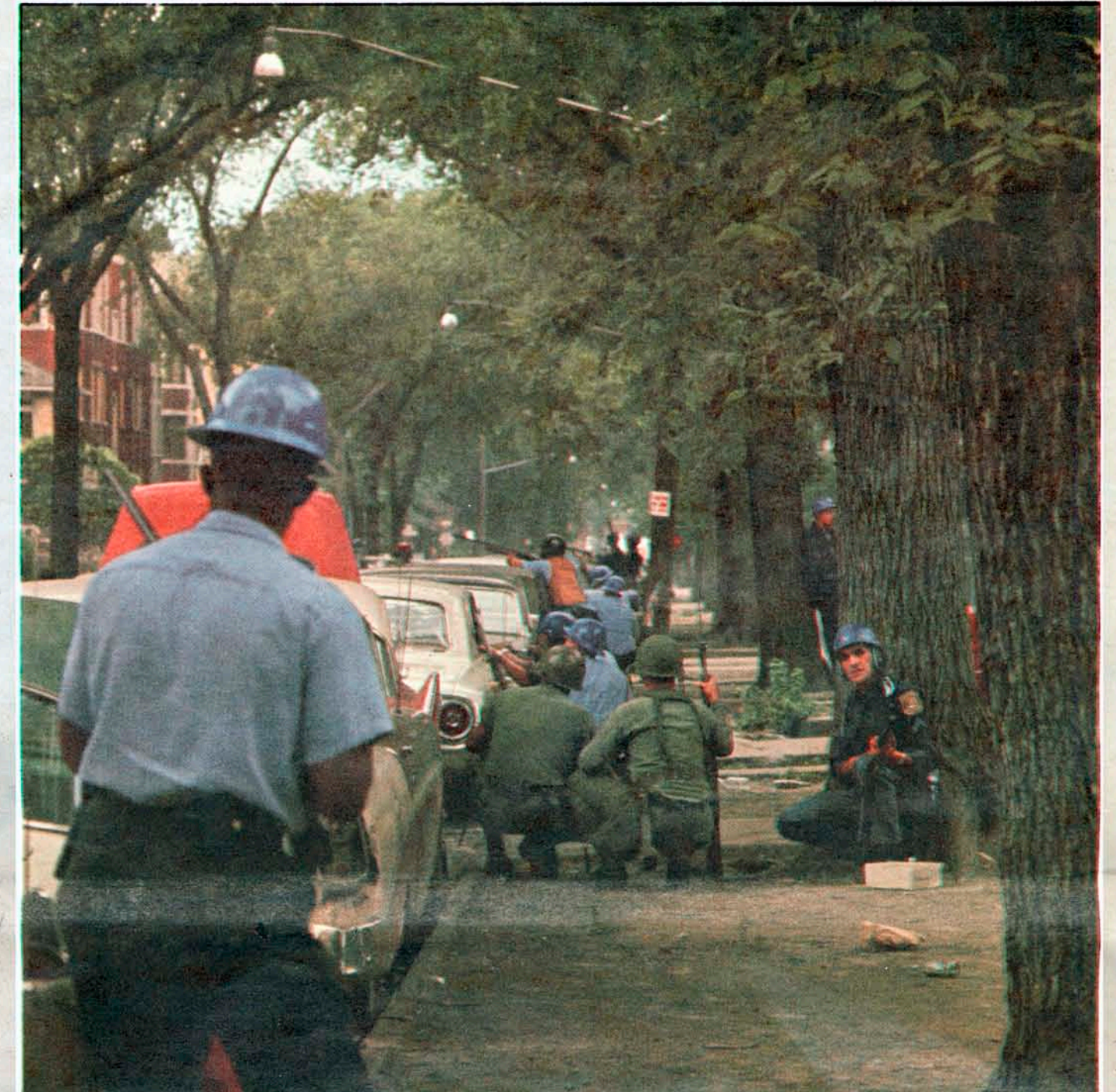
Homes, mostly owned by Negroes, went up in flames. Blazes burned untended and unwatched when alarms leaped into the hundreds.







Urging the rioters on was the man thrusting his arm forward, said the Negro photographer who got this picture.



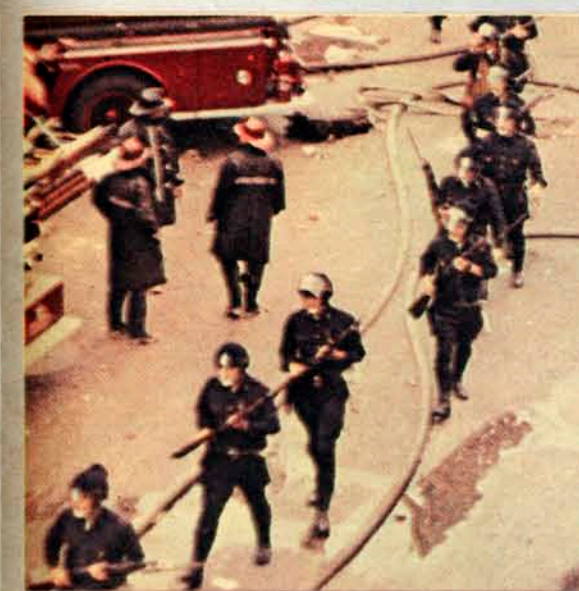
War against snipers brought a new brand of terror to the streets.



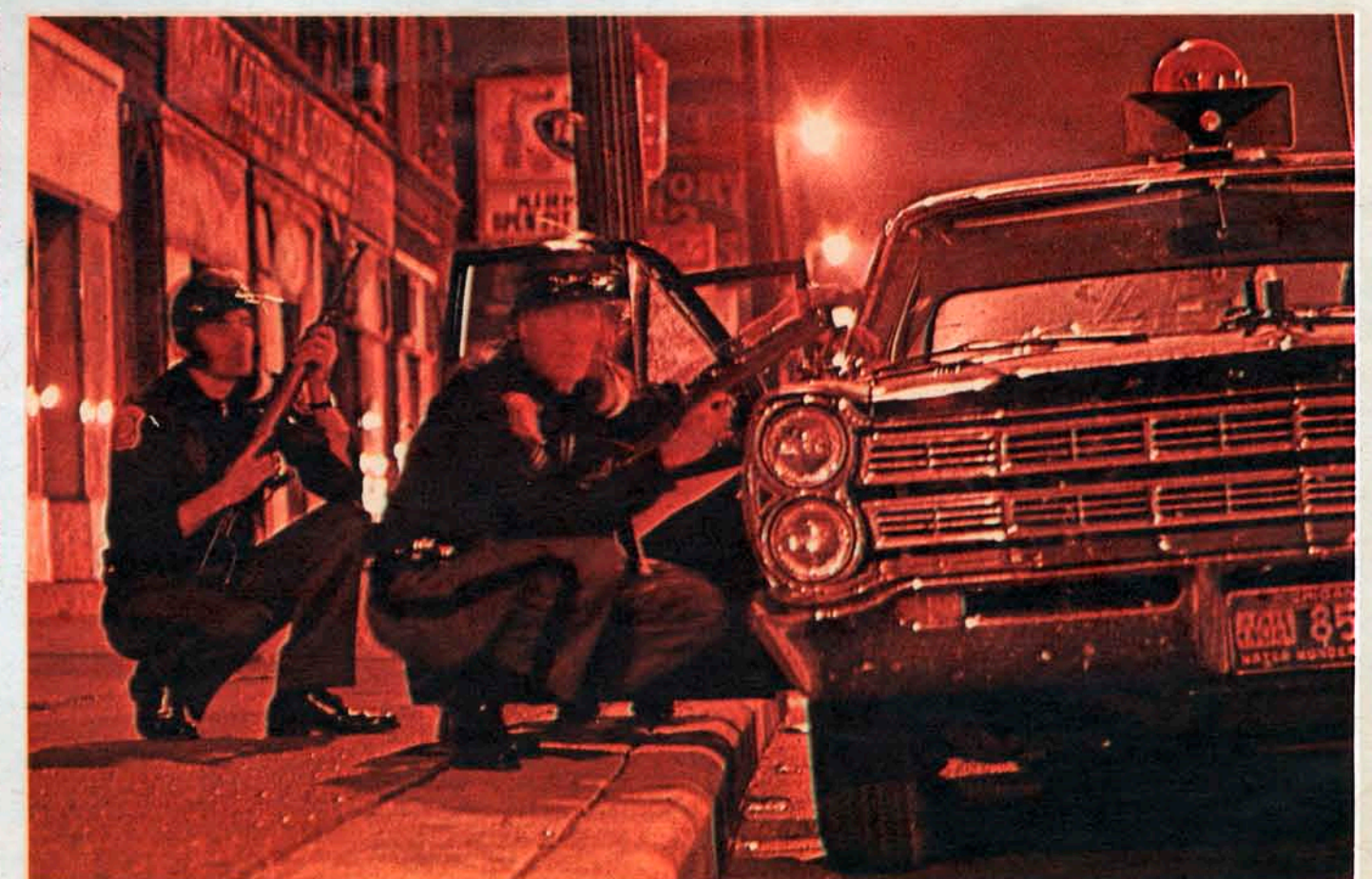
Machine gun armed jeeps stood guard day and night.



Armored cars soon became familiar sights.



Police guarded firemen, above, searched rooftops and windows for hidden gunmen, right.







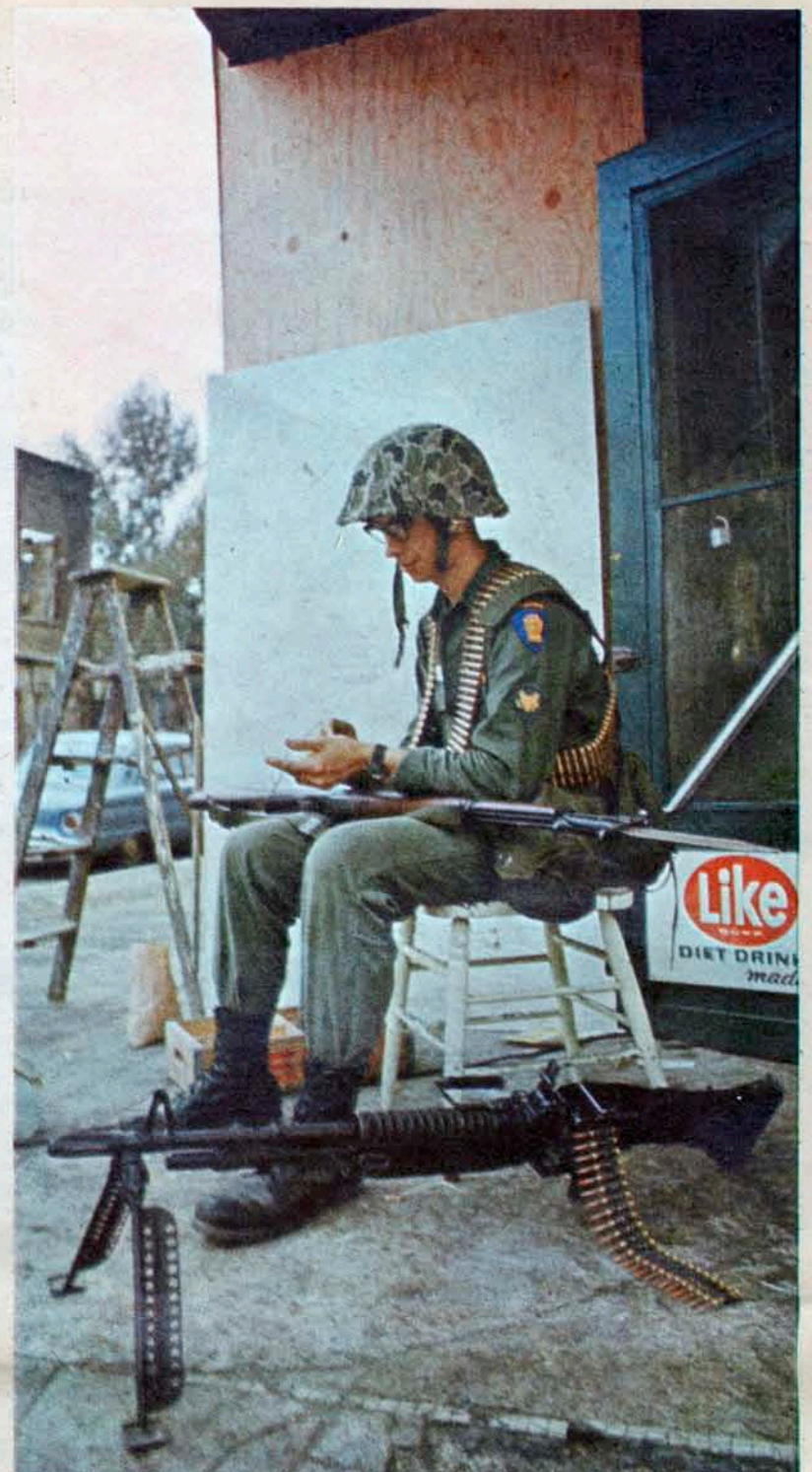
A fireman died, a city mourned. Two firefighters, a police officer gave their lives.



Windows still boarded, stores reopened.



A sign nobody heeded.



Time out for a candy bar.



Victims turned to the churches and other organizations for food in the ravaged neighborhoods.



## 'When dawn came, a restless truce seemed to envelop the area'

Guardsmen were riding out Livernois Monday night in a fire truck. The truck hit a bump and a rifle went off, blasting a hole in the truck's roof.

Guardsmen opened up on apartments with heavy machine guns. They were after suspected snipers.

There were arguments between police and guardsmen when police tried to get jumpy young riflemen to hold their fire.

Fireman Carl E. Smith died during a gun battle with a sniper at the station at Mack and St. Jean.

The looting and arson were dying off, but the deadly guerilla warfare with snipers was intensifying.

The contrast between the guard and the paratroopers was obvious to newsmen who saw both in action. Heavily leavened with veterans of both the war in Vietnam and the uprising in the Dominican Republic, the airborne units showed few of the signs of nerves evident in the guard.

"A minimum of force," is how the paratroop officers summed up their strategy.

In sharp contrast Tuesday was the scene at an apartment building across from Southeastern High.

**WHERE HOURS BEFORE** guardsmen had assaulted the building with machine gun and other weapons fire, burly paratroop Col. A. R. Bolling took his brigade chaplain and went into the building to talk to residents.

Not long afterward, the apartment residents were offering the federal troops food and chatting amicably.

It was never established if there was, in fact, ever a sniper in that building.

By Tuesday night, the presence of the crack airborne troops had brought a tense calm over the East Side.

Foot and motor patrols by the paratroopers produced no incidents of serious proportions.

A paratroop officer nonchalantly told a reporter his patrol had been shot at a few times, but since his men couldn't spot the sniper, they hadn't fired back.

On the West Side, 12th Street was the scene of a raging gun battle. With the exception of

tanks and armored personnel carriers, guardsmen and police were driven from some areas twice during the night.

At least two men, a state trooper and a Detroit policeman, were shot during the night as troops battled house to house.

"**HELP . . . HELP ME,**" a man's voice was heard calling at one point.

The voice finally stopped. The man was never found.

Tanks and personnel carriers whined through the blacked-out streets firing bursts from 50-caliber machineguns at roofs where they thought snipers lay in hiding.

Helicopters whirled overhead trying to spot anyone on a rooftop.

In one fire fight near 12th and Virginia Park, the battle began to take on a familiar pattern.

The crack of a sniper's rifle would echo down a dark street. Police and guardsmen would move along the houses. Rifle, shotgun and automatic weapons fire would smash into a building. Then the tanks, with their heavy machineguns, would smash into a building.

**IN AN APARTMENT** on the West Side, someone lit a cigaret.

Mistaking the flash of the light for muzzle blast from a gun, men poured intensive fire into the apartment, killing a 4-year-old girl.

It was a chilling night of combat.

Reporters hiding behind trees and cars during the fighting were, days later, trying to talk out the unreal reaction to seeing an M-48 tank clank down a Detroit street.

For the reporters, getting into the middle of gunbattles on the city's streets was becoming a way of life.

**SNIPER FIRE SPREAD** from the 12th Street area into the heart of one of the world's major business complexes.

Within sight of the General Motors Building, a business woman from Connecticut was gunned down in The Harlan House motel as she watched the fighting from a hallway window.

The death toll crept toward 30 as troops and police killed three suspected snipers.

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A quiet calm, a mute reminder



Time to see the sights



Gov. Romney, presidential aide Cyrus Vance, Mayor Cavanagh



A paratrooper guards what's left of a store





The sign says Black Power while a Negro neighborhood burns

(Continued from page 11)

## 'The senselessness of it all began to be apparent'

When dawn came, a restless truce seemed to envelop the area.

Volunteer programs to assist the estimated 5,000 persons left homeless were moving into gear as snipers launched a totally unexpected daylight assault on the police command post at Herman Kiefer.

**GUNMEN ALSO TOOK** potshots at firemen battling a blaze at Grand River and 14th.

Damage estimates topped the \$200 million mark during the day.

In the already hard-hit riot areas, reports of price-gouging by some groceries triggered swift action by the city.

In a hastily called City Council session, members passed a special ordinance to control profiteering by merchants in the riot neighborhoods.

By this time paratroop officers, off the record, were being sharply critical of guard tactics in dealing with snipers.

The airborne officers, below the top command level, argued that the guard didn't need the heavy machine guns being used.

"The airborne didn't bring any machine-guns and we don't want them," a lean, crewcut captain said.

They pointed out that guard troops, when caught in sniper fire, were dropping behind vehicles and trees to exchange fire with the snipers.

The most effective method, paratroopers said, was to rush the buildings, seal off the exits and then make a room-to-room search.

"You've got to know which building they're shooting from first," a guard major said.

**BY NOW, THE** ban on the sale of alcoholic beverages was pushing thirsty Detroiters to venture well beyond their normal haunts in search of a cold glass of their favorite potion.

Bars and liquor stores in St. Clair County were swamped with new business. One store owner said that parched Detroiters were paying him for beer and taking it directly from a truck into their car trunks.

The ban on gasoline sales was also challenging the resourcefulness of some Detroiters.

Wednesday produced three deaths that could become one of the haunting tragedies of Michigan's long history.

Three Negro youths were found shot to death in an annex of the Algiers Motel on Woodward at Virginia Park. Police found the bodies after a call from the motel. At first they were listed as suspected snipers who had been gunned down by police or guardsmen, but the men who killed them didn't wait around to identify themselves.

A Negro ex-paratrooper and Vietnam veteran located in Kentucky by News reporter Joseph Strickland, said that the youths were slain in cold blood.

Robert Lee Greene, 26, told authorities he saw a National Guard warrant officer take two of the youths into rooms at the motel annex where they were later found shot to death.

No guns were found to substantiate the belief that they were snipers. Greene and two white girls said that the raiding party beat and threatened to kill them.

Officials—from the FBI to local authorities—have been conducting an intensive investigation into these three mysterious deaths.

**ARRESTS WEDNESDAY** topped the 3,000 mark and overflowed anything resembling a conventional jail.

By the time the riot had subsided, prisoners were being housed in Jackson State Prison, Milan Federal Penitentiary, county jails in Southeastern Michigan, DSR buses, the police gymnasium and in makeshift bullpens in police garages.

Recorder's Court judges and the Wayne County prosecutor's staff worked in shifts around the clock processing the flood of prisoners. Bonds averaged \$10,000 and up for looters, ordered in an admitted attempt to keep those arrested from getting back on the streets during the riot. Suspected snipers faced bonds as high as \$200,000.

By the weekend judges began releasing those without prior police records on personal bonds.

In an effort to create a makeshift prison

more habitable than the police garages, the bathhouse on Belle Isle underwent a frenzied remodeling, and when people were moved in Saturday, it resembled a prisoner-of-war compound.

Efforts to restore law and order began to take effect, and the senselessness of it all began to become cruelly apparent.

Negro arsonists had concentrated on white-owned businesses, but in the process, the fires had spread and burnt down the homes of still uncounted number of their fellow Negroes.

**THE FLAMES INCINERATED** the businesses, homes, and future of those who could afford it least.

The "have nots" hadn't really set fire to the power structure after all. The violence of their revolution had wreaked most of its wrath upon those the riot leaders claimed they were fighting for.

Detroit was thrown face-to-face with a word that tolled for other places and other times.

The word was REFUGEE.

It smacked of poignant pictures of other wars in other lands.

A small Negro boy stood, stunned, in the charred wreckage of his home. It was a moving mockery of the words painted carefully on 12th Street. The slogan stood out bleakly on the pavement in violet paint in an aerial picture taken while stores burned on either side of 12th.

Black Power proclaimed the sign on 12th.

It was a sign the little boy will probably spend a lifetime trying to understand.

**AS THE EARLY HOURS** of Thursday rolled in, Detroit's riot appeared to be dying painfully.

Lt. Gen. John L. Throckmorton, the paratroop officer who took overall command of the military operation when the National Guard was federalized, issued the order to sheathe bayonets.

A no-nonsense military man from a military family, Gen. Throckmorton had moved firmly, but played the whole operation in as low a key as circumstances would permit.

When the new week dawned, President Johnson would name Gen. Throckmorton as the new commander of the 250,000-man Third Army.

**THURSDAY PRODUCED** a false start on ending the stringent restrictions over the city. Gov. Romney lifted the 9 p.m. to 5:30 a.m.



## 'What they had been a part of was the new litany of rioting'

curfew, but by 7 p.m. that same evening he was forced to reinstate the curfew when hundreds of carloads of sightseers jammed the 12th Street area.

Police and military officials were appalled when some people brought their children into an area that was still to have sporadic trouble with snipers during darkness.

That night, guardsmen continued to search every car that attempted to drive through the riot area.

Even for people who were long distances from the disaster zone, the week was filled with fear. Rumors flew with a fierce intensity describing shopping areas like Northland and Eastland in flames, gangs of rioters heading into comfortable neighborhoods of expensive homes, and agitators heading for outstate Michigan cities.

By week's end, trouble had flared in a number of other cities, but there was no evidence to link it to troublemakers from Detroit.

**PONTIAC, FLINT, GRAND RAPIDS,** Muskegon and other cities reported flareups of varying seriousness. In Pontiac, State Rep. Arthur Law, Pontiac Democrat, killed a young Negro with a shotgun. Law said the youth had started into his store through a window which had been broken moments before by a hurled trash can.

In Grand Rapids, a strict curfew halted trouble in the state's second largest city after some arson and looting.

Front pages around the world chronicled Detroit's agony, and many of the world's leading newspapers, magazines and television networks sent reporters on the scene.

**AS EARLY AS** Thursday, city and state leaders began turning to the problem of planning for the future. Mayor Cavanagh and Gov. Romney appointed a blue ribbon committee headed by department store magnate Joseph L. Hudson Jr. to plan for the aftermath. UAW President Walter Reuther pledged the help of his huge union in the cleanup task. Industry weighed in with offers of help.

On Friday, the last major fire of the week of rioting broke out on 12th between Hazelwood and Taylor. In an already heavily damaged block, another store collapsed in rubble.

That evening, the President again went on national television to address the nation on the situation in Detroit and elsewhere.

He appointed an 11-member commission to

study the causes and implications of the riots and also proclaimed Sunday as a "National Day of Prayer" for reconciliation between the races. He announced the order for retraining of the guard on riot control.

On that day, funeral services were conducted for Patrolman Jerome J. Olshove, the only Detroit police officer killed in the riots. Olshove died in a fight with looters.

At last, over the weekend, a fearful city began returning to normalcy.

On Monday the governor allowed the bars to reopen and the people of Detroit were left to talk about what happened.

They had not endured a battle between white and black like that which had ripped the city in 1943.

**WHAT THEY HAD** been a part of was the new litany in rioting, a battle against authority, whatever skin color it had.

Like those that disemboweled the summers that came before, Detroit's July disaster had followed a familiar pattern, with the fuse lighted by a minor encounter between police and citizens. It had gone from looting to arson to sniping on a scale never before seen in the nation.

During an appearance on a nationwide television show, Mayor Cavanagh zeroed in for an angry blast at Congress. Its members, he argued, were refusing to face the problems of the cities. Then Gov. Romney, in a television address to the state Sunday night, placed his emphasis in two areas.

**THE STATE, HE SAID,** must place law and order first and punish those who had fouled their own city.

But, with the hard line against the rioters, came stern warnings from the governor against any backlash by white residents.

The people of Michigan and the state's legislators, he said, should be prepared to back more efforts for equal job opportunity, strong support for open housing, and more money for the Michigan Civil Rights Commission.

Detroit had endured a tragedy of still unmeasured proportions but there was one tentative answer—a new beginning.

It lay in the city's motto.

**"Resurget Cineribus,"** the motto reads in Latin.

**"It shall rise again from the ashes,"** is the translation.

It offers a place to start.



A tiny refugee in the ruins of his home

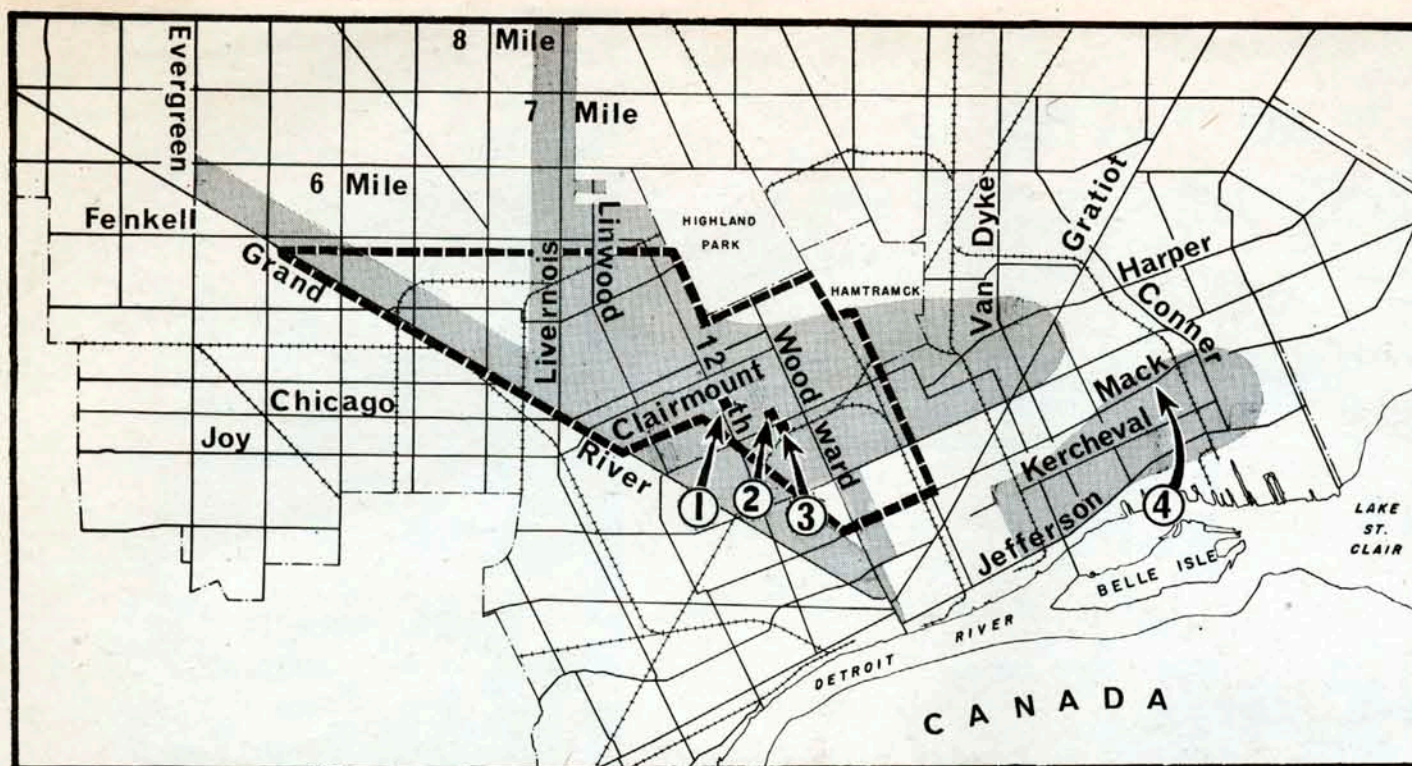


Food and understanding for riot victims



The federal troops leave as they came, aboard DSR busses to their waiting planes.





## Where It Happened

Shown on the map in shaded areas are the places where looting and arson occurred. The numbered areas point to the scenes of major sniper battles.

## The Dead

### MONDAY, JULY 24

1—12:25 a.m.—WALTER GRZANKA, 45, white, of 641 Charlotte, shot while leaving the Temple Market, 1844 Fourth, by the store owner, Hamid Audish Yacoub, 30.

2—1:35 a.m.—MRS. SHARON GEORGE, 23, white, of 17374 Riopelle, shot by an unidentified person.

3—4 a.m.—CLIFTON PRYOR, 23, white, of 667 West Alexandrine, shot at above address by National Guard Pfc. Gary Gutton. Pryor reportedly refused to drop a shotgun.

4—8:20 a.m. — FRED WILLIAMS, 49, Negro, of 9541 Goodwin, burned to death. Body found in alley east of Oakland.

5—10:05 a.m. — HERMAN T. ECTOR, 30, Negro, of 4009 Clairmont, shot by a private guard, Waverly Solomon, while reportedly looting at 3745 Joy Road.

6—1:15 p.m.—DANIEL JENNINGS, 36, Negro, of 403 Mt. Vernon, shot by Stanley Meszenski, 47, white, who owns a store at 6000 John R. Reported as a breaking and entering.

7—1:25 p.m.—ROBERT BEAL, 49, Negro, of 8857 Treadwell, shot while reportedly looting a store at 9325 Oakland, by Detroit Police Patrolman Ernest Gilbert.

8—1:45 p.m.—JOSEPH CHANDLER, 34, Negro, of 81 West Philadelphia, shot by an unidentified person. His body was found in an alley back of 119 West Philadelphia.

9—2:45 p.m.—HERMAN CANTY SR., 46, Negro, of 1166 Clairmont, shot by unidentified person. Body found in a truck on 14th. Police say he was "probably a looter."

10—3 p.m.—GEORGE FRANKLIN SHAW, 26, Negro, of 12917 Trumbull, shot in an argument with Charles (Tommer or Comner), Negro. Shot at Wildemere and Edsel Ford Service Drive. Warrant out for arrest of (Tommer or Comner).

11—4 p.m. — ALFRED PEACHLUM, 36, Negro, of 8710 Dumbarton, shot while looting a store at 3430 Joy Road by Detroit Police Patrolman Charles Carlson.

12—5 p.m.—ALPHONSO SMITH, 35, Negro, of 3455 West Chicago, shot by Detroit Police while reportedly looting a supermarket.

13—5:20 p.m. — CHARLES KEMP, 35, Negro, of 3194 Charlevoix, shot by Detroit Policeman James O'Neil while reportedly looting Bargie's Market, 1800 Mack.

14—5:35 p.m. — NATHANIEL EDMONDS, 23, Negro, of 3740 Hudson, shot by unidentified person. Suspected of looting the Singer Sewing Center, 7714 Harper.

15—9:20 p.m.—RICHARD SIMS, 35, Negro, of 2475 Buena Vista, shot while reportedly looting the Hobby Bar, 13106 Linwood, by De-

troit Police patrolmen William Flannery, Richard Mortenson and Frank Fulmer.

### TUESDAY, JULY 25

16—12:50 a.m.—CARL SMITH, 30, white, of 15322 Santa Rosa, a fire fighter, shot by unidentified sniper at Mack and Baldwin.

17—1:04 a.m. — EMANUEL COSBY, 26, Negro, of 4610 Stockton, shot while reportedly looting the N & T Grocery, 4441 East Nevada, by Detroit Police patrolman Jerome Palka.

18—1:30 a.m. — JULIUS L. DORSEY, 55, Negro, of 1026 Field, shot by unidentified person, at 1000 Field.

19—2:10 a.m. — HENRY DENSON, 27, Negro, of 5952 St. Antoine, shot by National Guardsmen Alan Putala and John Almi. Denson was reportedly fired on when he fled after being stopped for questioning about curfew violation at Mack near Grand Boulevard.

20 and 21—3:50 a.m. — RONALD EVANS, 24, Negro, of 8359 Cadillac, and WILLIAM JONES, 32 Negro of, 3305 33rd Street, Birmingham, Ala. Both shot while reportedly looting a grocery at 4100 Pennsylvania. Evans was shot by Detroit patrolmen Lloyd Hewitt and Norman Salo. Jones was shot by patrolman Chester Kotowicz.

22—8:05 a.m. — FRANK TANNER, 19, Negro, of 4829 Meldrum, shot by unidentified person. Found at 1481 East Grand Boulevard.

23—12:15 p.m.—JEROME OLSHOVE, 32, a Detroit police officer, 13th precinct, shot when he arrested a looter, Danny Royster, 20, a Negro. Royster grabbed the gun of Patrolman Roy Stone; gun discharged, wounding Olshove. Occurred at A & P Store, 121 Holbrook.

24 and 25—3:25 p.m. — ARTHUR JOHNSON, 36, a Negro, and PERRY WILLIAMS, 33, Negro, of 9726 Cameron. Both shot while reportedly looting the Sherman Loan Co., 1401 Holbrook. They allegedly tried to strike offi-

cers with clubs. Patrolman Andrew Zazula shot Johnson; Patrolman Lawrence Giacobozzi shot Williams.

26—9:45 p.m.—JACK SYDNOR, 38, Negro, of 2753 Hazelwood, shot after sniping at police, wounding one. Occurred at above address.

27—11:15 p.m.—WILLIE McDANIELS, 23, Negro, of 5379 Seminole, shot by an unidentified person. His body was found in the street on Forest, between Grand Blvd. and Mack.

### WEDNESDAY, JULY 26

28—1:20 a.m. — TANYA BLANDING, 4, Negro, of 1756 West Euclid, shot when someone lighting a cigaret was mistaken for a sniper.

29, 30 and 31—2 a.m. — AUBREY POLLARD, 19, Negro, of 4599 Oregon, CARL COOPER, 17, Negro, of 9061 N. Clarendon, and FRED TEMPLE, 18, Negro, of 10865 Mackay. Shot in Algiers Manor, 8301 Woodward.

32—2:01 a.m.—HELEN HALL, 51, white, of Oakdale, Conn., shot by unidentified person. She was in the Harlan House Motel, 6500 John Lodge, watching police battle snipers.

33—2:20 a.m.—WILLIAM N. DALTON, 19, Negro, of 1495 Taylor, shot by unidentified person. Body found at Grand River and Edmon-ton. Sniper fire in area.

34 and 35—1:40 p.m.—WILLIE HUNTER, 26, Negro, of 8627 Byron, and PRINCE WILLIAMS, 31, Negro, address unknown. Both burned to death in drugstore at 8202 Twelfth.

36—10 p.m. — JULIUS LAWRENCE LUST JR., 26, white, of 13998 Mitchell, shot by Patrolmen Robert Wrathell and Frederick Robinson. Reportedly looting G & W Auto Parts Co., 17130 Joseph Campau.

### THURSDAY, JULY 27

37—11:35 a.m. — GEORGE MESSERLIAN, 68, white, of 7719 Linwood, owner of George's Shoe Repair Shop, 7711 Linwood. Beaten to death by looters.

### FRIDAY, JULY 28

38—5 a.m.—JOHN LEROY, 30, Negro, of 5119 Garland, who said he was shot by a National Guardsman when he ran a road block at Charlevoix and Lycaste.

39—11:20 p.m.—PALMER GRAY JR., 21, Negro, of 5341 St. Antoine, shot by Patrolman David Senak. Reportedly pointed rifle at Senak.

### SATURDAY, JULY 29

40—7:40 p.m.—ERNEST ROQUEMORE, 19, Negro, of 3484 St. Jean, killed by Sp. 4th Cpl. Randolph Smith of the 82nd Airborne, when he ran into the midst of a gun battle.

### FRIDAY, AUG. 4

41—6:40 a.m.—Firefighter JOHN ASHBY, 26, of Ladder Company 21 died of injuries suffered Monday, July 24, while fighting a fire.

42—8:30 p.m. — GEORGE TOLBERT, 20, Negro, of 4451 30th, shot July 26 by national guardsmen, died of a chest wound.

## The Statistics

(Through the official period of emergency.)

DEATHS—42 ARRESTS—4,080

INJURIES—several thousand (no official figure compiled)

FIRE RUNS—1,682

POLICE INJURED—79 (one death)

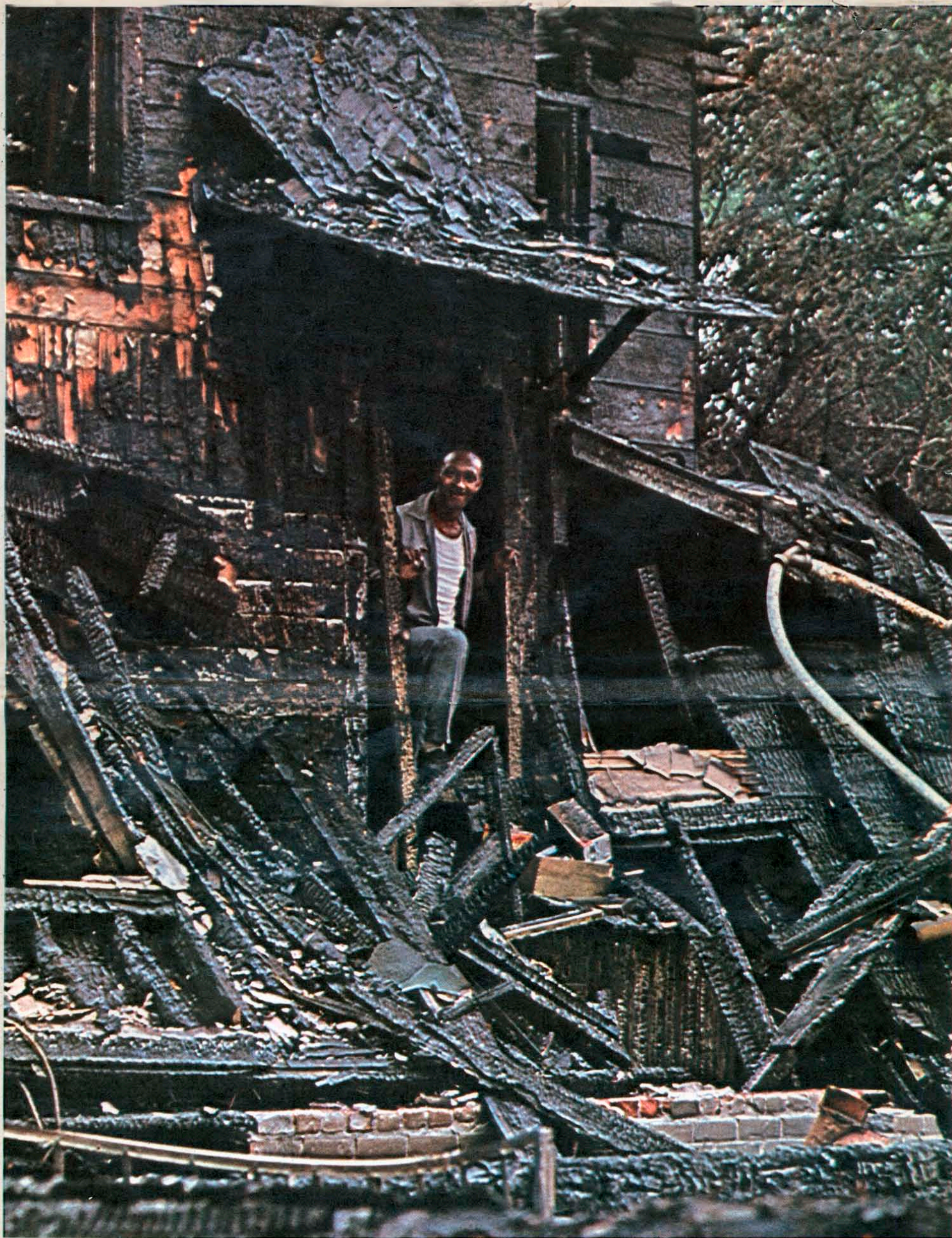
FIREMEN INJURED—30 (two deaths)

NATIONAL GUARD INJURED—19

PARATROOPERS INJURED—0

STATE POLICE INJURED—4





For the dazed and innocent, all the riot had left them was a world of rubble.





The poignant, frustrated gesture of one resident of the riot area symbolized the hopes of a city and most people in it. It wasn't a sign of surrender—it was a prayer for a great city.