The Philadelphia black ghetto

Garfield was just making it . . . and that killed him

By RALPH BROOM
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NEW YORK — He was 19, gifted and black.

He was the leader of a Philadelphia youth gang trying to convince the 5000 members of 75 other Negro gangs that gang warfare was bad.

He was killed doing it.

Peacemaking between his own gang, the 12th and Oxford Juniors, and the neighboring Marshall and Master Streeters, he was shot.

As word of his death spread through the black ghettos of Philadelphia, grown, tough, gang guys cried real tears.

Garfield Peacock was a product of the ghetto — he lived, loved and died there.

But, unlike most of the other 772,000 Black inhabitants of the ghetto — 32 per cent of Philadelphia's population — he had hope.

As a camerman he had achieved some success, and as a young businessman he was just making it.

Yet friends claim he was killed because of the jealousy that his success generated in other gangs.

These gangs, whose members range from 13 to 22-year-olds, have been responsible for 51 killings and more than 500 woundings in Philadelphia during the last 17 months.

Peacock's death was the 20th gang killing so far this year.

It was followed by the 21st when 17-year-old Stanley "Stitch" McCray was shot through the eye for calling rival gang members "nasty" names.

Last year there were 30 killings — this year seems ready to face a new record.

It is hard to reconcile old, artistocratic Philadelphia — the birthplace of American democracy and Grace Kelly country — with roving packs of Black teenage gangs.

But for Blacks living there, the gang is much more than a symbol. It is, to them, a necessary way of life.

New members are coerced into joining, and school children are forced to pay weekly monetary tributes.

Non-members are forcibly restrained from attending school by knife-wielding lines of gang members, "protecting their area,"

Scarcely a week passes without one gang murder, and it is a rare day which fails to produce a number of serious stabbings.

As Philadelphia Judge Samuel H. Rosenberg said: "This unbridled lawlessness has created an atmosphere of terror which has spread into almost every neighborhood of this city."

He called for a Federal inquiry into juvenile gang warfare and urged federal steps to stop it.

Garfield Peacock was one of the few who saw a much better way of life than active gang warfare.

Quiet, a high school graduate — rare in his area — his talents were many.

But movie-making was his consuming interest.

He filmed most of the scenes for a 22-minute semi-documentary film called "The Jungle," a stark story of Philadelphia gang life that was shown throughout America and in several countries overseas.

It began in 1966 when the Brooks Foundation in Santa Barbara, California, offered Philadelphia a grant, along with three other cities, to produce a documentary film of most significance to their city.

Harold Haskins, a social worker, was given the job and asked the 12th and Oxford Streeters to be his subject.

Gang leader David "Bat" Williams, now 21, told me, "We didn't want to do it at first — what was in it for us?

"But we finally said okay and went ahead with it.

"We brought a local television cameraman to help and he trained Peacock (gang members always refer to Garfield by his surname) with a camera — he was a natural.

"Even when it was over we thought it was just a picture, so we'd go back to our old fun of rumbles and fights.

"But then, suddenly, we discovered it was good, people liked it and were interested in us, and there was money in it.

"We toured with it right throughout The States and talked to the audience later.

"We all saw that there WAS something better in life than fights."

The film got the 12th and Oxford Streeters a lot of attention and financial help.

The U.S. Department of Labor gave $13,683, the Office of Economic Opportunity gave $170,000 and the Philadelphia Gas Works loaned them $40,000 to finance the setting up of a laundromat.

The gang formed itself into a company called the 12th and Oxford Film-Makers Corp., and with that sort of money, were able to keep several projects going.

Its 12 board members have been receiving salaries of $100 to $125 a week.

They will keep their print shop, appliance store, the laundromat (opening later this month), and their rehabilitation plans going.

And they are working on a second movie, "Why I dropped out of school", in which Peacock was the main cameraman.

Philadelphia's ghetto area is a little like New York's Harlem, streets and streets of century-old overcrowded two to four-storey brick row houses, which were once the homes of the city's elite.

Today, where one family once lived in elegance, four to six live in squalor, layers of wallpaper or paint peeling off the walls of rooms littered with junk.

Outside the streets are cluttered with rotten garbage and debris, while young gangs like the Tenderloins and the Moroccans roam, armed with hidden switchblade knives or guns, looking for a fight.

In the last four years the poor Negro population of the city has grown by 50 per cent.

And with the growth have come horrible crimes — mothballs have been wrapped as candy and given to children — youngsters have been given fruit with razor blades and pins embedded inside.

Last year, in an effort to forestall more violence, the police decided to employ the leaders of two warring gangs as "consultants" for $60 a week.

It obviously didn't work.

"We're trying now to stop all this senseless killing and violence," Williams said.

"We want to get to the other gangs to tell them there's nothing in it for them — but first we've got to get to those in our own area.

"This is why Peacock died — this is what he was fighting for — he believed in Black people getting together.

"We were just like the other gangs before we made the film — we did everything that they did.

"I had a juvenile record — I got it, just like the kids do today. Because I had nothing to do.

"I got it because fighting gives you something to do — your brother did it before you, and a guy always idolizes his brother.

"The kids need other things to keep them interested.

"There are a couple of white gangs in town, but they're over on the other side — too far away.

"They fight each other and the Blacks fight the Blacks."

After talking to Williams for a while you wonder just how much the conversion from teenage thug to businessman has meant to him.

You ask him for his reaction to Peacock's killing, and he replies, "We'll have to get a new cameraman and start the new film all over. . .he was the best."

You ask him about gang members using drugs and wonder at his reply "No there's not much drug taking in the gangs — just a little Marijuana."

And then you wonder about the outrage of the white Philadelphia woman who wrote a letter to the editor of a local paper.

"Is it possible that police are not concerned about these gang killings as long as it is Black killing Black?" she asked.

"Just what must we, the innocent public, do to obtain adequate protection by the police from these vicious teenage hoodlums and thugs?

"Like mad dogs, they roam the streets at will, stabbing and shooting each other to death — and molesting the general public, and the police seem unable to handle the situation.

"Must we arm ourselves?"

Financing higher education —

Unrest among young a legislative concern

By BRUCE B. DETLEFSEN
AP Education Writer

ALBANY, N.Y. (AP) — Growing unrest among young people is becoming one of the big concerns of the New York legislature.

The chairman of the Joint Legislative Committee on Higher Education cited the "growing restlessness among high school students as well as the more publicized outbursts on college campuses" in outlining Wednesday the goals of his committee for the 1970 session.

Assemblyman Milton Jonas, R-North Merrick, Long Island, said the committee would give priority to finding ways of enabling all high school graduates in the state to continue their education, regardless of their family's income.

"We will be seeking a system of higher educational financing that will neither bankrupt the state nor the parents of college-age students," Jones said in a statement.

He specifically said the committee would evaluate tuitions and fees charged at public and private institutions of higher learning, to determine whether the schools are getting the most from the dollars they receive.

Meanwhile, Sen. Edward J. Speno, R - East Meadow, Long Island, proposed creating a state "campus ombudsman" to give "a new voice" to college students who believe their grievances are not being heeded by administrators or faculty members.

The ombudsman concept originated in the Scandinavian countries, where the office-holder intercedes with government bureaucrats as a special representative of the public.

Speno presented his proposal at a seminar at Niagara University in Niagara Falls, saying "there is a real need to find answers to the campus unrest from new voices who will be heard and trusted by students, faculty and administrators."

Under his plan, the state ombudsman would be someone "outside the establishment" who would be appointed by the chancellor of the State University, the state education commissioner and the presiding judge of the Court of Appeals, New York's highest tribunal.

He would hear grievances and act as a catalyst in arriving at solutions.

Moreover, the administration, faculty and student leaders would join in choosing local campus ombudsmen who would play a comparable role at each college and university in the state.

Speno is a member of the newly created commission that is undertaking a probe into campus disorders. Some commission members exchanged ideas here this week, in conjunction with a round of legislative committee meetings, but there was no formal statement concerning the forthcoming investigation.

Jonas told a reporter some members of his committee also expressed concern over the trend toward black separatism on college campuses, as reflected in the growing number of black studies programs and the demand of some Negroes for separate living quarters.

The committee will include black separatism on its agenda for the coming months, Jonas said.

Some officials of the State Education Department are said to be disturbed about this trend, and Regents Chancellor Joseph W. McGovern is on record as maintaining that black separatism is just as unacceptable as the school segregation the state has sought to eradicate in the past.

Muggers strike at State Capitol

By CHARLES DUMAS
Associated Press Writer

ALBANY, N.Y. (AP) — Working at New York's historic old State Capitol has become increasingly hazardous duty these days, as Albany's corps of muggers has advanced on the seat of state government.

The latest in a series of recent incidents that has alarmed Capitol personnel was the mugging of a member of the legislature early Wednesday morning as he walked from a nearby restaurant to his apartment building a block away.

Assemblyman Francis J. (Zip) Boland, a Republican from Binghamton, told police three Negro youths pounced on him, ripped a wallet containing $60 from a pants pocket, tore a watch from his wrist and tried unsuccessfully to pry a ring from his finger.

When he resisted the attack, the 46-year-old Boland said, two more youths joined in to help subdue him. He was treated at a hospital for various bruises and for scrapes and cuts on his hands.

Boland was the second state lawmaker to fall prey to a mugging attack in the last year. During the 1968 legislative session, Sen. William E. Adams, R-Kenmore, was knocked to the sidewalk by an assailant about 50 feet from the main entrance to the old Ten Eyck Hotel, two blocks from the Capitol.

Adams, who also had been walking alone during the early morning hours, was relieved of wallet, watch and ring. The mugger punched him in the face but the injury was not serious.

Shortly beforehand, a high ranking legal aide to the legislature was robbed by a pair of muggers during the dinner hour as he walked between two restaurants—only two doors apart —on Elk Street, a block to the south of the Capitol.

There also was a daylight attack that stirred the Capitol. A senator's pretty secretary, enroute to work, parked her car and while walking along a viaduct sidewalk a block from the Capitol, was accosted by a man who ripped open the bodice of her dress. Her screams attracted attention and the man fled.

During the 1969 legislative session, a rash of purse-snatchings near the building prompted the Capital Police, the state's building guards, to take special measures. They offered a "safe conduct" escort to any employe fearful of walking alone to his automobile. The guards are armed with .38 caliber revolvers.

The service was instituted with women especially in mind but is still available to anyone who works in the building, including members of the legislature.

So far, the incidents have prompted no official complaints to the city from the state government—no requests for extra police protection — but Mayor Erastus Corning III nevertheless voiced his concern.

"We'll watch it just as closely as we can," Corning told The Associated Press. "Naturally, we are always concerned when anyone, anytime is robbed."

At the same, Corning added, commenting on the Boland incident, "Anyone walking downtown in any city during that hour has got to realize he's taking a chance. We can't be everywhere."

Assembly Speaker Perry B. Duryea Jr., who has an apartment only a few doors away from Boland's, frowned and then smiled and said, "Maybe I'd better move off Columbia Street."

Duryea said that, when he walked to his apartment late at night, he always steered a course straight down the middle of the street.

"That way," he said with a grin, "I can get a few extra steps on them."

The rugged, 6-foot-two-inch Duryea was a speedy football end during his collegiate days at Colgate.

Prince of Wales ceremony —

Fairyland comes true with Prince Charles

By KARL E. MEYER
The Washington Post-Outlook

LONDON — The British people — can one blame them? — are poised for an escape into fairyland as a pleasant young man named Charles Windsor is formally invested as Prince of Wales, the most glittering of his string of titles, which also include Earl of Chester, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles and Great Steward of Scotland.

The investiture takes place July 1 at Caernarvon Castle in North Wales. By sober calculation, some 500 million people will be watching the ceremony on world television, and nowhere will ratings be higher than in Britain. Not since the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in 1953 has interest in the monarchy been so intense on these islands.

Newsstands are festooned with souvenir brochures about the investiture — the first since 1911 — and nearly every magazine has an article about the heir presumptive. Youngsters can be seen poring over genealogy charts tracing the prince's line back to dim antiquity. The sometimes erratic lives of 18 previous Princes of Wales are being lovingly retold (a favorite is number two, the Black Prince: "So ruthless was he in war that even the name of the prince in dark armor terrorized his enemies").

The queen has anticipated this insatiable curiosity. She authorized a 105-minute TV documentary called simply "The Royal Family." Nothing like it has been seen before in Britain. Prepared at enormous cost over a period of a year, produced jointly by BBC and Independent Television, the film for the first time shows the intimate details of the royal household — a family barbecue at Balmoral, Christmas at Windsor, chitchat with premiers and presidents, and the queen choosing her dresses for a state occasion ("a warm one, please, in May one never know"). Her majesty even discloses an unsuspected sense of humor, describing at one point how she was presented to a gorilla.

This show, broadcast on Saturday, will be followed by another, equally unprecedented, in which the Prince of Wales will be interviewed on the eve of his investiture. The exposure constitutes a calculated gamble. Speaking of royalty, Walter Bagehot once warned: "Its mystery is its life. We must not let daylight in on magic."

But the daylight is filtering in, and so far it has not diminished the magic. On the contrary. For television — A British invention — seems made for the monarchy, and vice versa. The first queen to be crowned before the cameras has learned to use the medium that appears destined to perpetuate fairyland for generations to come, indeed until the time when King Farouk's famous prophecy may come true—when the only kings left are the Kings of England, Hearts, Spades, Diamonds and Clubs.

FAIRYLAND HAS HAD its ups and downs, and it is fascinating to chart them. Once it was as fashionable to revile the sovereign as it is now unthinkable to do so. When George IV died in 1830, the habitually decorous London Times said on the day of his funeral:

"There never was an individual less regretted by his fellow creatures than this deceased king. What eye has wept for him? What heart has heaved one sob of unmercenary sorrow?. . . If George IV ever had a friend — a devoted friend in any rank of life — we protest that the name of him or her has never reached us."

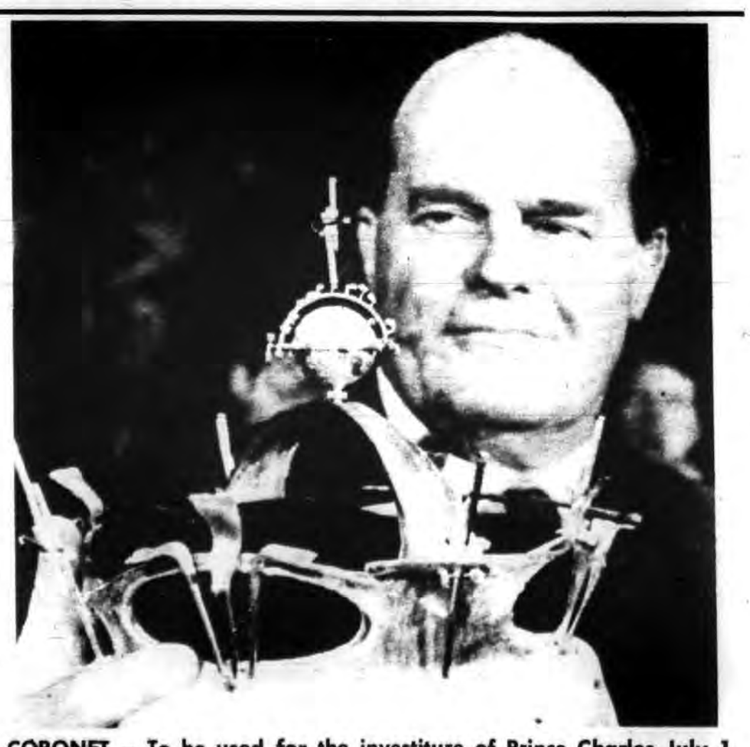
Nor was Queen Victoria uniformly beloved during her long reign. It is commonly forgotten that the British republican movement reached its zenith in the years 1865-1871, when there was widespread criticism of the queens total retirement from her public duties during her prolonged mourning for Prince Albert (who had died in 1861).

The almost religious veneration of the throne begins in the later years of Victoria's reign, after Disraeli had lured her from retirement and when she presided like a benevolent matriarch over the age whose values she embodied. So potent had the royal magic become — especially after the queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897 — that it enveloped her son Edward VII, once a scapegrace but as king the image of everybody's favorite uncle.

But fairyland acquired its modern contours with the accession of George V in 1910. In the 20th century, with its quarrelling ideologies, it was clear that the monarchy, in order to survive, had to be aloof from party faction and yet close to the people. How was this to be done?

The Duke of Windsor, writing in "The Kings Story," gives a discerning answer: "My father, with the instinctive genius of the simple man, found the means of squaring the apparent circle within the resources of his own character. By the force of his own authentic example — the king himself in the role of bearded paterfamilias, has devoted and queenly wife, their four grown sons and a daughter, not to mention the rising generation of grandchildren — he transformed the crown as personified by the royal family into a model of the traditional family virtues, a model that was all the more genuine for its suspected but inconspicuous flaws."

FAMILY AFFAIR — Queen Elizabeth and her elder son, Prince Charles, who will be invested Prince of Wales at ceremonies July 1. (UPI Telephoto.)



CORONET — To be used for the investiture of Prince Charles July 1 is shown here nearly completed by Louis Osman, architect, silversmith and jeweler. After the investiture, the coronet will be presented to Queen Elizabeth for safekeeping and public display. (UPI Telephoto.)

It was this conception of the monarchy —so briefly imperiled by the Duke of Windsors own abdication crisis in 1937 — that George VI continued and that Elizabeth II inherited. So sacrosanct had the monarchy become that when the queen was crowned in 1953 the archbishop of Canterbury felt moved to say: "this country and commonwealth last Tuesday were not far from the Kingdom of Heaven."

Once upon a time kings and queens were larger-than-life figures, whose domestic life was a turbulent amalgam of mistresses and lovers, of intrigues and poisoning, of inordinate vanity and demeaning power-hunger. But in our time, with all its horrors, the world's most successful monarchy owes much of its appearance to the vision of normality it offers.

There are no witches or dragons in the royal fairyland — just a nice middle-class family, living to be sure on much grander scale, but then wouldn't we all like to live like that? This, it can be conjectured, is the innocent secret of the royal family's success.

EVEN SO, some brilliant Englishmen have underestimated the potency of television in enhancing monarchy's magic. Malcolm Muggeridge, for example, rashly remarked in 1964: "the story goes on and on. There is a happy family, there was a problem sister, and now all the girls are going to have babies. Here are all the ingredients of a soap opera. The English were getting bored with their monarachy. I think it is coming to an end."

Not long ago, it was maliciously whispered in London that the sad truth was that Prince Charles wasn't very bright, and that his brothers and sister were likewise unprepossessing. It seems nearer the truth to say that the public knew little of the royal children, and will become bored with Mr. Muggeridge before switching off the regal soap opera.

The rearing of royalty has long posed almost insoluble dilemmas. How can any crown prince have a normal boyhood when he grows up among genuflections and knows — no matter how badly he misbehaves — that he will become king? The history of the royal nurseries is a chronicle of disasters.

The life-loving Edward VII was subjected to grimly humorless private tutors, at Oxford was not permitted to sleep in his college with other students, and was not allowed to see state papers until he was well into middle age. George V once expressed his theory of child-raising in these unappealing words: "My father was frightened of his mother; I was frightened of my father, and I am damned well going to see that my children are frightened of me."

A different approach has been taken with Prince Charles. He attended Gordonstoun, a preparatory school founded in 1934 by a refugee from Nazi Germany, and is now at Cambridge, leading a more normal student life than any previous Prince of Wales. His parents have gone to extreme lengths to protect him from the sometimes frenzied curiosity of the press — Prince Philips most celebrated rows with photographers have arisen from their intrusions on the privacy of the children.

Only this year has the royal heir begun to speak for himself in public, first in a highly successful radio interview and now on television. The British are happily discovering that he has something of his fathers wit as well as being the kind of all-rounder his subjects admire — a sailor, pilot, cello-player, actor and student of archaeology.

More than anything else, like his impish sister, Princess Anne, he gives the impression of being reassuringly balanced and cheerful, a youngster who is not frightened of his father or excessively intimidated by his royal fate.

"He's a professional," says a broadcaster who knows his way around the palace. "They're all professionals, troupers, they know how to do their job. After all, the family's got a thousand years of experience behind it."

The confident expectation is that Charles Philip Arthur George, nineteenth Prince of Wales, will acquit himself like a professional in the great pageant at Caernarvon Castle, the latest episode in the longest running royal show on earth.

STILL, HOW LONG can the show really go on? After all, during the 25 years in which George V reigned, five emperors, eight kings and eighteen lesser dynasties perished — the casualties including his cousins, the Russian Czar and the German Kaiser. More recently, the King of the Hellenes was forced to flee Greece, and in Sweden there is a growing republican movement.

Why should Britain remain an exception — supporting not only a queen, but the trappings of aristocracy as well? The answer, in part, is that the royal establishment fulfills a role that most Britons deem useful, and that the queen and her advisors have a prudent eye on the future as well as on the past.

By common consent, the queen performs her ceremonial chores diligently, her constitutional functions scrupulously, and her public relations shrewdly.

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