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By ART PETERS

As a Tribune reporter for the past eight years, I have seen hate-crazed, bloody-thirsty mobs in Little Rock and in Birmingham. But, these cities are in the Deep South. Yesterday, I saw the same fierce hatred reflected in the faces of a white mob surrounding a Negro home less than 20 miles from Philadelphia—in the tiny, all-white community of Delmar Village.

I sat in my car in desperation yesterday and watched as an uncontrolled mob ripped off my radio aerial and slashed my convertible top. I sat silently—

daring not to emerge from my car—men, women and children—cursed and vilified me using every foul adjective at their command.

I crouched low behind my dashboard and prayed the windshield wouldn't be smashed in my face as sticks and stones bounced off the sides of my car.

And, all the time this was going on, three police officers — probably the entire force of the small town of Folcroft—stood by timidly—politely urging, even pleading—for the mob to stop.

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Tribune's Art Peters

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I was unprepared for the reception I received when I drove to Delmar Village to report the story of the Negro couple who had tried to move into a newly-purchased home at 2002 Heather Road.

SEES CROWD

As I rounded the corner where the vacant house is located, I saw a large crowd of perhaps 300 persons standing across the street.

Someone spotted me and yelled:

"Here comes a nigger . . . let's get him." Another person — a teenage girl — shouted: "Black nigger . . . go home!"

A stocky man in his late twenties dressed in a T-shirt rushed up to my car and spat on it.

"You black b . . .!", he said.

GETS SURROUNDED

At this point, the crowd began to converge on my car, blocking me off and keeping me from moving. At the same time an auto full of white youths came up behind me and began ramming my car in the rear. The driver blew the horn repeatedly.

"Look," someone shouted. "He's got a press sign . . . He must be with a nigger newspaper."

A girl appearing to be in her early twenties came over to my car.

"Are you with that nigger newspaper, the Tribune?" she asked. "Well, answer me, nigger . . . are you?"

A split second later, one of the three policemen at the scene walked over to my car.

"You'd better drive away from here fast if you don't want to get hurt," he said.

"Aren't you here to protect me?" I asked him. "I'm a reporter."

AERIAL BROKEN OFF

As we talked, I heard a sharp noise at the right front window. I turned to see a man in his early twenties, holding aloft my radio aerial and shouting:

"Look . . . I got the nigger's antenna!"

As he spoke there was a sound of fabric tearing at the rear of the car.

"Cut the nigger's top again," I heard someone yell.

"You'd better get out of here," the officer said again.

For a split second I considered the idea of getting out of my car and trying to reason with the mob. I thought I perhaps could explain that I was only trying to do a job as a newspaper reporter.

Then, as I sat contemplating the move, I began to hear loud thumps at the rear and on the sides of my car. The mob was throwing rocks.

I gunned my motor. Someone yelled: "The nigger's trying to run over us!" The crowd fell over itself getting out of the way. I drove swiftly out of the area and related what happened to my editor by telephone.

I told him that in all my years of covering racial strife in the South—this was the first time a mob had ever attacked me.

— A Negro State Senator —