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Rob Wagner's Script
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WHO GREETED THE MAYFLOWER ?

OVER THE WALL from Beverly Hills, on Westbourne Drive in West Hollywood, there is a modest cottage which for two years has been home to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crocker and their three daughters, Muriel, Alicia and Jeanne.

The Law, in the person of Superior Judge Ruben S. Schmidt, has stepped in to say that Mrs. Crocker and the daughters must move. Crocker, who works for a motion picture camera manufacturer, may remain.

You see, Mrs. Crocker is a full-blooded Iroquois Indian. And in that section of West Hollywood, or Sherman, where the Crockers chose to make their home, there is a covenant in the original deed to the tract that says only "Caucasians" can live there.

And Indians, the original settlers of this vast land of ours, are not Caucasians. We, the conquerors, say we are of a superior race.

Six neighbors of the Crockers filed suit to force Mrs. Crocker and her daughters to move. They could not act against Crocker himself, because he is French-Canadian.

The Civil Liberties Union stepped in to prepare an appeal from Judge Schmidt's decision. His decision was based on the law as it now stands. It is up to a higher court to determine if racial restrictions violate the Federal Constitution that says all men are created equal; that there shall be no discrimination against anyone because of race, color or creed.

The other day Indians of sixteen tribes gathered to discuss the paradox of white citizens owing them millions of dollars of land while denying them the right to live on it.

Mrs. Alfred Gray, a white-haired housewife, told a typical tale:

"I don't look like an Indian," she said. "In fact, I could fool property owners who refuse to rent to non-Caucasians at any time. But I'm proud of my ancestry.

"My husband and I can't buy a home, however, because my husband looks like an Indian.

"It doesn't matter that he was white enough to fight for his country in both World Wars as a sergeant with the Marine Corps. It doesn't matter that I'm a registered nurse, or that both my boys were overseas in this war. All that matters is that we have Indian blood."

The Rev. Philip Frazier, president of the Congress of American Indians, and ramrod straight, managed a bitter laugh:

"Evidently we've got to fight discrimination in the white man's way, which is to skin your best friends, instead of scalping your enemies, which is the Indian way."

Publisher Will Rogers Jr. of Beverly Hills got in his few words. He is proud that his father was one-fourth Cherokee Indian.

"I am shocked by restrictive covenants such as those affecting the Crockers. Public opinion will be crystalized by this case."

Next move is up to the state Supreme Court. A decision in the Crocker case will be of tremendous significance to California—and particularly Beverly Hills. —*Les Wagner*

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