

JUL 10 1967

Dear George:

I guess I'll always think of you as very nice. The enclosed letter, to the Mayor, is a sort of little personal straight talk - in my own fashion - which is open-book, self enterprising and liberty loving. Amen. You can tear it up - or let the Mayor cuss, reading it.

We have been bugged by several members of Black Power. Since I'm alone in the shop often - they stalk in - want the rest room - jobs (ha, that's a laugh) or hats - none of which we have to offer, thank the Lord. BUT if we did have a private rest room it would not be open to the public. I have civil rights too. Insist that I do! And intend to stand up for 'em. I can point out the three nigras who tore up my Mamma's little talisman statue - with an iron pipe. No use trying to prosecute them because it's a disadvantage to be white these days - white people have taxation without representation. Big money keeps being paid out to hush the blackmailers threatening riots. Tax money - you see? And somehow this riles me. It really does. I think lots of people are getting riled with the imbalance. Now I have told Nick I intend to stubbornly stay in business. I really like a challenge. I just take a stand and intend to back it - with my life if necessary. It's the principle of the thing.

I called the Police Department to ask about crime prevention. What should a beat-up, skinny 61 year old female do when threatened? "Put in a buzzer" I was told. "Call the Police" - I was told? And stand by while rioters raise hell? Not me. I'm not in' a Colt - 32. I couldn't swat a fly but I could mess up wild dogs.

Love and kisses

*Nicetta*