

# BILLY ROWE'S Note Book

WHAT A WEEK IT WAS---Fran and Jim Chambers, in consort with Bea and Garth Reeves, made it tough for us to leave Miami Beach in time for a live view of the battle of the century between Joe Frazier and Muhammad Ali. There was more blow by blow excitement to this epic encounter than can be measured or re-captured by words. The lead into the reality of it and the aftermath of it will brighten the long corridor of the ages. Charged with electrical anticipation, the brothers invaded fun city in force from all over the nation Sartorially saturated they were as sharp as they wanted to be in their own fashionable thing. And in tow were their ladies, cold and calculating in hot pants, luscious and warm in double knits, glamorous and gay in silks and satins, fresh and luxuriant in diamonds and pearls, immersed in minks and submerged in chin-chillas. The brilliancy of their beauty was an eye event pleasing to any sense of the mind.

A number of go-about people came to town, but never saw the fite, but they did make the parties. Those from here and afar who got into Madison Square Garden to witness the \$200-million spectacular coughed-up as much as 300-bucks per. Added the jet fare, the food and lodging and the high cost of imported or local fun and you've dropped a bundle. However unlike the days when the Joe-Louis legend was growing most of this long green was not long enough to stretch to Harlem. With Frank's closed most of the activities were based in the white owned hotel communities. Jock's and The Rooster in Harlem got a bit of action, but only thru old friends. As far as the wise boys were concerned the fite went as programmed. Now they have the perfect shadow of a doubt for a big money return. Joe Louis has already picked Ali as the winner. Guess he's carried away with having finally called the jabs right. Herb Wright, prexy of the Community Resources Corp., was perhaps the biggest party giver in town. He hosted one within his post new suite of offices in the Pan Am bldg., and an after fite event in the Hilton.

From our limited eye-point of view we saw Archie Moore looking like Uncle Remus at ringside. Edna Mae Holly Robinson, Dr. Mike Holloman, Dr. and Mrs. Wyatt Tee Walker, Freddie and "Mike" Guinyard, Rodger and Phyllis Morgan Jim Cuffee, Carl Rowan, Rhoda Wynn Pleasant, Raymond Shepperson, Diana Ross with Berry Gordy and party, Willis Reid, Dr. Steve Mills, Dr. Aaron Wells, Joe and Martha Louis, Bernard Rodin, Leonard Gerstel, Dr. Fred Parrott, Buddy Gist, John Carter, Roger Simpkins, Dr. John Coleman, Thelma Smith and Billy Simpson who couldn't get a "place-sitter" so he closed his Dee Cee eatry and made the scene. Also Face Wiggins, Isham Jones, Attorney Al Bonner, Dr. Fred Parrott, St., Anthony Algo, Dr. Bob Bennett, Herni LeGendre, Mr. and Mrs. Chin Ballard and young son Artis, Charlie Glenn, Sen. Charles Chew, Harvey Collins, Cubbie Coleman, Reck Nolan, lovely Alma Pryor and Niki Turner. The biggest party in town was the pre-fite bash Abe Margolis flung for Joe Louis at his famed Les Champs eatry. There were wall to wall people so we did good to eye Billy Conn, Andy Williams, Monte Irwin, Wendell Smith, Marion Rogers, Evelyn Cunningham, Kiah and Dean Sayles, Freddie Wilson, Eddie Green and his lovely Helen, Millie Bennett, Ernie Harris, Sonny Bostic, Barbara Jaquet and "Baby" Sanchez Davis, Junior's Mom.

THE EXIT OF A MIGHTY ONE---There is a happiness in the sad hearts of the many who loved Whitney Young Jr., for they are aware that death is sudden for only a fortunate few. For him it was not the slow torture of disease and disintegration or the frustration of defeat in a battle he could have won. In life, Whitney played on the harpstrings of glory. Yet his deathlessness is in what he did not what he was. Thus it was altogether fitting that he should pass into the deep sleep seeking to channel the thoughts in the hearts of men in this and other lands into the streams of togetherness. Much has been written about this son of Kentucky who found his way into the history of

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our times by influencing his time like few men with whom he rubbed elbows. His dedication was to halt the ruin of mankind. In these turbulent times he was strong and unyielding with a passion for truth and integrity as he took on his share of the human condition. His own dimensions were only limited because of the time in which he lived. I hope that none of those powerful people who mourn at his bier will stand mute if any American scoffs at, or forgets his plea. His spirit is a living litany and like a prose writer wrote; "They are not dead who live in lives they leave behind.---STAY LOOSE!

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