



ON THE AVANT GARDE

BY TANG NIVRI

You'd Never Guess Who

If you saw him walking down Cherry Street with his grandson Alex and his wife Barbara, you'd never guess who Judd Ferguson was. Not unless he was decked out in his dress blues, shiny black walking shoes, gold badge and his tiny walkie-talkie. No, you wouldn't have a clue.

If you saw him in the grocery store or standing in line at the bank holding the hands of his two granddaughters, Laura and Jennifer, you would think that he was just like anybody else spending time with those he loves most. Without that blue uniform, you'd never know what Judd Ferguson did for a living.

You'd think that he was likely a social worker, someone who worked with troubled teen-agers; that he was somehow involved in the fight against domestic violence and child abuse or other societal ills plaguing our community. (You'd be right, of course.)

Some would argue that he looks like the proverbial, avuncular middle-aged priest who delights in being counselor and spiritual leader to the flock. A few would guess that Judd was a Southern Baptist preacher — until they heard him sing the first verse of Amazing Grace. Barbara, his best buddy of 34 years, thinks of him as the "Commish," of ABC's top cop show.

But a cop, no way! He just doesn't have the cop look, cop swagger, cop talk or any of the other exaggerated traits that Hollywood has tattooed in our minds about those who choose law enforcement as a career.

The truth is, Judd Ferguson looks and acts like a "Slim Fast" Santa Claus with the world's biggest smile resonating from somewhere way down deep in the world's biggest heart.

Yes, don't look for Judd Ferguson to star as the Winston-Salem version of the "Kindergarten Cop" because this cop is known to shed a tear while watching a commercial of a child scraping his finger and then running to ask his mother to kiss it! If only the bad guys had known this!

Dreaming of Being a Policemen

Judd's family moved to Winston-Salem from Washington, D.C., when he was just 7 years old. His father worked at the old Western Electric plant and his mother served as a nurse in a mental hospital. But like other 7-year-old boys, Judd only wanted to be a policeman.

Indeed, most of us wanted to be the police. Perhaps it was the idea of carrying the gun and putting the bad guys in jail and then getting to kiss the girl.

It all used to look so simple on our black and white T.V. sets. Back then it was easy to figure out who was the good guy and who was the bad guy. Then things in society just got messy, with drugs and white collar crime and murders and child molestation and people just acting like ~~in a drunk fool, doing any and everything to one another~~ ... and gradually some of us little boys stopped wanting to be the police. Instead, we wanted to be the fireman who climbed the tall ladder and entered the burning house saving the little children from a fiery death.

Eventually most of us stopped wanting to be a fireman and instead aspired to be lawyers, doctors, dentists, automobile mechanics, baseball players, and football players and do things where people got paid much more. And once we got a family, we knew that law enforcement was far too dangerous and far too complicated, and that people actually got killed sometimes. And besides, we found out that nobody really likes you when you're a policeman like we did when we were little — not until they are in trouble and then want you to come get them out.

But for Judd Ferguson, things were different. He did keep his dream and his promise alive. He became both a fireman and a policeman. Now after 30 years, Judd and his wife, Barbara, are ready to say goodbye. For Barbara, the sometimes lonely nights of worrying if he would come home alive are finally coming to a blessed end.

We Worried Less!

I didn't know Judd Ferguson when I was a boy dreaming to be policeman, but I believe that we would have been great friends. We would have been boys who played cowboys and Indians, cops and robbers. As we grew older, he would have been the kind of guy my mom and dad would have said was okay for me to go riding with at night. He was the kind of guy whom my grandmother would have said, "Grandson, you hang around boys like Judd and you will be all right." She would have never worried about me.

And in much the same way, this community for the past 30 years has had just a little bit less to worry about all because of men such as Judd Ferguson — men who kept their boyhood dreams of being a policeman alive.

We will all miss having a man whose character, whose genuine love for people extended far beyond his patrol car, his officers, his family, far beyond his desk into the hearts and minds of everybody's life he touched. Thanks Judd. You done good.

Community

Gold Medalist Shares Values During Piedmont Visit

By KAREN M. HANNON
Staff Writer

In 1960 a young, African-American woman raced her way to fame at the Rome Olympic games.

In doing so, Wilma Rudolph overcame a series of childhood illnesses — including scarlet fever, double pneumonia and polio — to become the first American to win three gold medals in track and field in a single Olympiad.

Decades later, she's still racing around the world speaking to children and adults about her climb from obscurity as the daughter of a poor but proud handyman, the twentieth of 22 children, and she hasn't slowed down yet.

But in between jetting to Europe to help Berlin prepare for the bid process for the year 2000 Olympics, to Detroit to speak at a luncheon for a drug program, and to Winston-Salem to speak to children at SciWorks last weekend, the Clarksville, Tenn., native manages to escape from the hubbub momentarily to spend quality time with her family at her home in Nashville.

"People probably think my life is glamorous because I get to travel so much," Rudolph said, "but at my age, I really don't care to. I prefer being surrounded by my family."

Rudolph, 52, said her family — not the three gold medals she proudly displays in her home — is her most prized possession.

"Over the years I've worked hard to build a solid foundation for my family," she said. "I think everyone must make sure that their family structure is sound and solid. I'm a single parent, so I want to make sure my family has that."

Since her victory in 1960, Rudolph has stayed busy.

She has been a popular lecturer on college campuses and published her autobiography, *Wilma*, in 1977, which made best seller lists. She is currently working on her second book, *Track and Field: The Complete Guide*, which is a training manual for youth in athletics.

She said she hopes to offer children information in the book that they can relate to.

"I want to touch on a few of my experiences over the years that will give kids a hands-on feeling," Rudolph said. "I want to give them something to pick up and read and smile about and make them say, 'Hey, I didn't know that happened to her. That happened to me too.'"

Rudolph was also an administrative analyst at UCLA, an athletic coach and consultant on education, sports and youth programs, and was

a Goodwill Ambassador for the United States in West Africa, where she introduced children to the world of sports. And she recently resigned as a vice president of a hospital in Nashville.

Through it all, Rudolph said she when she looks back on her life, she is still surprised about the opportunities that have opened up to her since winning the medals.

"I'm still awed by things that are continuing to happen to me," Rudolph said. "It's been over 30 years since I first became world-famous and kids are still reading about me."

But even after all the attention, Rudolph remains a humble, shy person.

"I've sat with kings and queens but I still don't like being around a lot of people," she said. "The only time I'm in a crowd is when I go to the Olympics. Sometimes I ask myself why I shy away from crowds, but no one wants to be in the limelight all the time."

When she's not in the limelight, Rudolph said she goes about her days as the average person does.

"I cherish doing things with my family like going to school with my granddaughter and going to P.T.A. meetings," Rudolph said "All people that may be worthy of certain



Wilma Rudolph
things don't stand on a pedestal. When people see me, they see they can reach out and touch me and see that I'm a real person."

Family of Alleged Cop Killer: Shooting was Accidental

▲ Undercover cops bought drugs same day of shooting

By MARK R. MOSS
Chronicle Staff Writer

Friends and family members of Paul Eugene Lyons, who allegedly killed a Winston-Salem police officer last Friday, said Lyons thought he was shooting at a burglar.

"He never would have shot a cop," said Sheila Lyons, his sister. "He would have gladly let him in."

Lyons, 36, of 540-C Kennerly St., was charged with first-degree murder in the death of 40-year-old Police Officer Bobby F. Beane.

Beane was a member of the unit that attempted to serve a search warrant at Lyons' apartment in the Kimberly Park neighborhood around 10:30 p.m. last Friday.

Lyons is being held at the Forsyth County jail without bond.

Capt. Linda G. Petree said several officers from the foot patrol unit went to the second-floor apartment where they kicked open the door. Beane, a 16-year veteran with the department, was standing on the landing when he was shot once in the head. He later died at Baptist Hospital.

A gun was recovered, but Petree said because the weapon is considered evidence, she could not disclose its caliber.

Capt. Jerry Raker, who heads the foot patrol division in the area, said that an undercover officer had bought marijuana from Lyons' apartment earlier in the day.



Paul Lyons
"Paul was not selling drugs," Sheila Lyons said. "If there was drugs in here," said Joy Shannon, "where they at now."

Shannon said she was a "close friend" of Lyons.

"Paul wasn't a violent person," said Carolyn Stevenson, another sis-

ter. "He was good people. When he first got out of the Army, he stayed with me and he gave me the utmost respect. He didn't drink and he didn't use drugs — not in my house."

Relatives said the alleged gunman was active in the Army Reserves, but was otherwise unemployed. They said he had been called up for duty during the Persian Gulf War and had spent some time in Saudi Arabia.

They said they hurt for the officer and his family.

"We feel so sorry for that officer," said Stevenson. "We offer our prayers to him and his family. This is such an awful mess..."

About 1,500 law enforcement officers from across the state attended Beane's funeral Monday afternoon.

Picketing Alleged Crack House Nearly Backfires

By MARK R. MOSS
Chronicle Staff Writer

Members of the Community Mosque of Winston-Salem picketed an alleged crack house in East Winston last Friday, but the demonstrators came close to being the ones who got arrested.

"It was the first time, to my knowledge," said Khalid Griggs, the imam, or religious leader, of the mosque, "that someone who is selling drugs calls the police and the police threaten to put us in jail."

The house the Muslims picketed, at 1322 E. Third St., is next door to the mosque, which sits on the corner of Third Street and Martin Luther King Boulevard. A man answered the door at the house Tuesday morning, but would only say, "I'm letting that mess die out,"

before slamming the door in a reporter's face.

Winston-Salem police Capt. Michael McKay, commander of the sector in which the house is located, said that the only calls police have received in that block for the last 30 days came on April 23, when the Muslims were demonstrating.

"We were very satisfied with our conclusion that crack was being sold out of that house," Griggs said.

Mosque members started picketing the house after neighbors called Griggs and told him that crack was being sold to kids. Griggs said the police questioned them as to how they knew drugs were being sold inside the house.

McKay said he would contact Griggs soon to find out more about the matter.



Khalid Griggs, (second from right) and other members of Community Mosque of Winston-Salem, picketed an alleged crack house on Friday.

Media Appreciation Day

As part of Alpha Kappa Alpha's Media Appreciation Day, Olivia Morgan, president of Phi Omega Chapter, presents a certificate award to Michael Pitt, advertising manager of the Winston-Salem Chronicle. The national observance was designed to recognize the contributions of the black media, whose coverage facilitates community residents' participation in AKA programs by keeping them informed. Pictured (l. to r.) are: Morgan; Pitt; Velma Friende, media corps correspondent; and Dorothy Wynecoff, committee member.



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