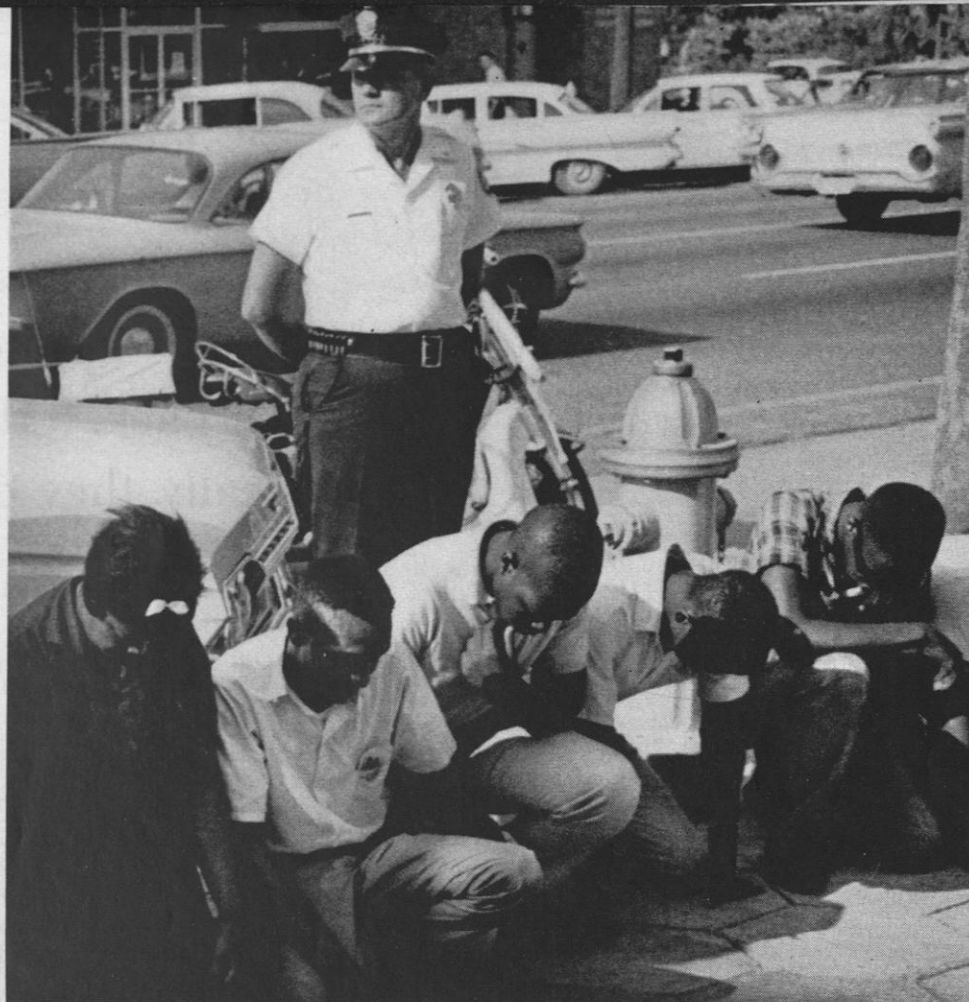


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Demonstrating for civil rights, youthful Negroes kneel and pray before the City Hall in Albany, Ga. They were arrested by police when they refused to disperse.

Negro Youth's New March on Dixie

A new generation of Negro leaders is pressing home the bitter battle against segregation in the Deep South. • By BEN H. BAGDIKIAN

Robert Parris Moses is a twenty-seven-year-old Negro of soft voice and hesitant manner whose life up to February of 1960 was focused on his native New York City, scholarly work in the Ivy League and teaching in an expensive private school. He had never been in the South and had never wanted to go. But he did go, at last.

On the morning of August 29, 1961, Moses was walking in khaki chinos and a T shirt down the dusty main street of Liberty, Mississippi (population, 642). There he was struck down by a cousin of the local sheriff and beaten on the head until his face and clothes were covered with blood.

Considering where he was and what he was up to, the violence is not surprising. Moses—A.B. Hamilton College, M.A. Harvard, Ph.D. candidate—was trying to upset the social structure of the Deep South and change party politics in the United States. His method: helping rural Negroes register to vote.

"One day at home in New York," Moses told me, "I saw a picture in *The New York Times* of Negro college students 'sitting in' at a lunch counter in North Carolina. That was in February, 1960. The students in that picture had a certain look on their faces—sort of sullen, angry, determined. Before, the Negro in the South had al-

ways looked on the defensive, cringing. This time they were taking the initiative. They were kids my age, and I knew this had something to do with my own life. It made me realize that for a long time I had been troubled by the problem of being a Negro and at the same time being an American. This was the answer."

Robert Moses and his project are significant, but more significant still is the new generation of American Negro that he typifies. It is a body of young men and women who will make an impression on the history of their country. It is the first generation of American Negroes to grow up with the assumption, "Segregation is dead." It has transformed integration from a legal contest to a mass movement, fighting not for future change but for results here and now. Sensitive to the emergence of colored men all over the world, conscious that there is a time bomb ticking in the crowded Negro slums of the United States, the Negro college students of 1962 are welded into one of the most fiercely united, dynamic and optimistic social movements of our time.

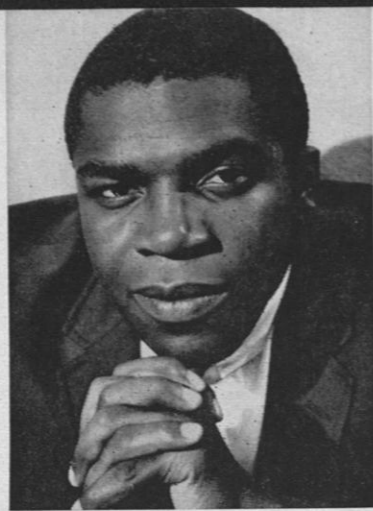
Characteristically, they seek out the toughest problems in the toughest places. Liberty, Mississippi, is the county seat of Amite County, where 54 percent of the population is Negro. Of

the 5000 voting-age Negroes, one is registered to vote. Moses and his friends were—and are—conducting semisecret schools to coach local Negroes how to pass registration tests. What happened to Moses is not unique; a week later a colleague was kicked to semiconsciousness, a month later another was shot dead. Much is at stake, for Amite is one of 137 counties in the South where Negroes are a majority but have few votes. Such counties are the backbone of a powerful conservative white force in American politics. When Negroes begin voting in these counties there will be profound changes in Southern and national politics.

Nonviolent themselves, the students appear unmoved by the violence of others. In 1960 their battleground was the lunch counters. In 1961 it was Freedom Rides on buses. From 1962 onward it will be the ballot box, and in this they march with a massive army. With them are all major Negro civil-rights groups, strengthened by \$325,000 in cash from the Field Foundation in Chicago and the Taconic Foundation in New York. Backing the vast drive to register Southern Negroes to vote is the United States Department of Justice, which gives the movement moral support and intervenes with lawsuits and court orders to strike down barriers.



Robert Moses, a teacher, went south when the sit-ins began.



Charles McDew attended college in the South, stayed to fight.

Technique of nonviolence: "If they are insulted, they do not answer back. If they are attacked physically, they do not hit back."

Who are these young Negro revolutionaries? How did they get this way? Why are they so different from their parents? How do they work? What have they done so far?

In two years they have revolutionized the drive for integration. With sit-ins and Freedom Rides they have won equal treatment at lunch counters, buses, terminals, public parks, swimming pools, theaters, churches, libraries, museums and beaches in many cities and towns of the Deep South which orthodox civil-rights groups had privately written off for decades.

They have done it with the sophisticated technique of nonviolent protest, adopted from their patron saint, the Indian Mahatma Gandhi. They ask politely for equal service in a public place and wait until something happens. If they are insulted, they do not answer back. If they are attacked physically, they do not hit back. If they are arrested, they stay in jail as long as they can in order to dramatize their point and add the expense of imprisonment to the cost of maintaining segregation. If they are tried and convicted, they proceed to challenge the constitutionality of the whole procedure.

If some are jailed or hospitalized, others take their place, for the new Negro generation has reversed a historic trend. For 300 years the most ambitious and militant Negroes fled the rural South, leaving colored communities without aggressive leadership. Today the most vigorous young Negroes are pouring back to Dixie, and what once was enough to suppress Negro protest only invites more into battle.

After Each Battle, More Recruits

In Orangeburg, South Carolina, for example, when a few Negro students were refused service at a lunch counter, twenty-five classmates demonstrated in protest. When their college threatened to expel the students, 500 others marched downtown. When the city said it would arrest all demonstrators, 1400 paraded silently on City Hall. Within twelve months of the first incident that called this generation to battle—a sit-in at Greensboro, North Carolina, on February 1, 1960—a total of 1600 demonstrated in Mississippi; 4000 in South Carolina; 4200 in North Carolina; 5500 in Alabama; 7000 in Georgia; 10,000 in Louisiana; 16,000 in Tennessee. In one year this silent rebellion of 70,000 Negroes—with some white sympathizers—challenged public authority in the South; 3600 were arrested.

They have shaken the old certainty of white segregationists. Twenty years ago I could live in a Deep South community and know that my fellow whites believed implicitly that segregation would never change. In the turbulent years of school

integration, I could return as a reporter and still find most working-class whites proclaiming that in the Deep South integration would never come. But today doubt is replacing certainty. I have just finished talking with Negro leaders in New York, Washington and Atlanta, and with Negro students and their leaders through the Deep South. I listened as well to whites. For the first time, in places like Birmingham and Jackson, one could hear the hard core cracking. There was the Mississippi farmer in town for the day saying, "I suppose integration's coming, what with the Federal Government pushing it"—and then with bitter puzzlement—"and those damn young niggers."

New Heroes, New Expectations

"Those damn young niggers" not only puzzle older whites of the Deep South, but they sometimes astonish their own elders. They behave like no other generation of Negroes in American history, perhaps because no previous generation has seen so many colored men rise in other nations. Theirs are new heroes, new rules and new expectations. Parents measure how far Negroes have advanced since World War II; the children measure how far they have yet to go. Most older Americans look upon the 1954 Supreme Court decision as the historic foundation of modern desegregation; not one Negro student in over a hundred interviewed had any vivid personal recollection of the day of that decision. They all regard it as a failure.

But almost every student could remember precisely where he was and what time of day it was when he first heard of the event that galvanized them all and launched the new Negro generation into contemporary history: the sit-in at Greensboro. Students, faculties and college presidents testified that after the Greensboro incident a strange fever swept the campuses of the country's 120 Negro colleges. Within a week of Greensboro there was scarcely another topic of conversation on Negro campuses. Students began organizing sit-ins and protests in their own college towns. The subtle alterations of history, the tide of change throughout the world and the painstaking groundwork of older organizations and earlier generations had prepared the new Negro for that particular moment.

After his first demonstration in a picket line, Moses felt the same emotions that many students describe.

"I had a feeling of release. From the first time a Negro gets involved in white society, he goes through the business of repressing, repressing, repressing. My whole reaction through life to such humiliation was to avoid it, keep it down,

hold it in, play it cool. This is the kind of self-repression every Negro builds into himself. But when you do something personally to fight prejudice there is a feeling of great release."

Something like this was happening to other college Negroes. Charles Frederick McDew had been a high-school athlete in Massillon, Ohio, so accepted by everyone in his town that he grew up without race consciousness. His father had gone to a Negro college in South Carolina, and to please him McDew went to the Deep South for the first time, to go to college. In his first three months he was arrested three times and struck by a policeman for doing or saying things that had been normal back in Massillon—trying to enter the main YMCA in town with his Ohio membership card or sitting in a "white" railroad car.

During Religious Emphasis Week several white Protestant ministers described their denominations to the Negro college students. When McDew asked them if he could attend their churches, they said he could not. McDew asked a rabbi who was present and was invited to the temple. Ultimately McDew left Christianity and adopted Judaism. Still, he felt no urge to take up the civil-rights fight. Like many Northern Negroes he tended to look down on the South and on the Southern Negro.

"I felt," he said, "that it was the Southern Negro's problem, not mine. Then one night I was reading the Talmud when I came across this: 'If I am not for myself, then who is for me? If I am for myself alone, then what am I? If not now, when?'"

Commitment to the Struggle

McDew read the Talmudic passage just after the Greensboro incident. Within a week he had enlisted in the movement at his own college, had become a leader, had been arrested and jailed. Today he is chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, a small band of former students working as full-time professionals in the Deep South. (Like Moses, McDew tried to register Negroes to vote in Liberty, but he first called Washington and told the Department of Justice. When McDew and two local Negroes appeared in the town, there were some well-dressed strangers, recognizable to all as FBI agents, keeping an eye on the courthouse. There was no violence that day; there was no registration either. Every door on the courthouse was padlocked.)

Or take the case of a girl I shall call Emma, a bright, lively freshman in a Negro college, whose commitment to the struggle began seven years ago when she was still in junior high school. It was only this year, however, that she burst to the surface. In 1955 when she was twelve years old,

Emma was a member of the secret Student Integration Club in her school—in a Deep South town which still has no integration—preparing to demonstrate for integration sometime in the future. This year, her first in college, she led a campus group that asked for service in a "white" lunch counter in the college town. She spent a week in jail awaiting trial for trespassing, and she watched from her cell window as hundreds of her fellow students paraded in protest before a stunned white community. "Don't use my real name," she cautioned me. "If you do, my mother will lose her job back home."

The New Status Symbol: Prison

Last year Brenda Travis, a sixteen-year-old high-school student in McComb, Mississippi, asked for service at a "white" lunch counter in a bus station. Later, when she was expelled from school for the sit-in, she joined a student protest march. She was sentenced to a year's detention. Recently, after serving six months, she was released on condition that she leave her home county—preferably the entire state of Mississippi. When I asked if she would ever protest again, she said, "Of course."

These are members of a generation that talks constantly of "the movement" and "the struggle" and asks newcomers seriously, "Have you been to jail?" On office walls of Negroes in cities all over the country are hanging self-made "diplomas" proclaiming that the holder has served time in a Southern prison.

It is a generation that is willing to follow these grim rules:

You may choose to face physical assault without protecting yourself, hands at the sides, unclenched; or you may choose to protect yourself, making plain you do not intend to hit back. If you choose to protect yourself, you practice positions such as these:

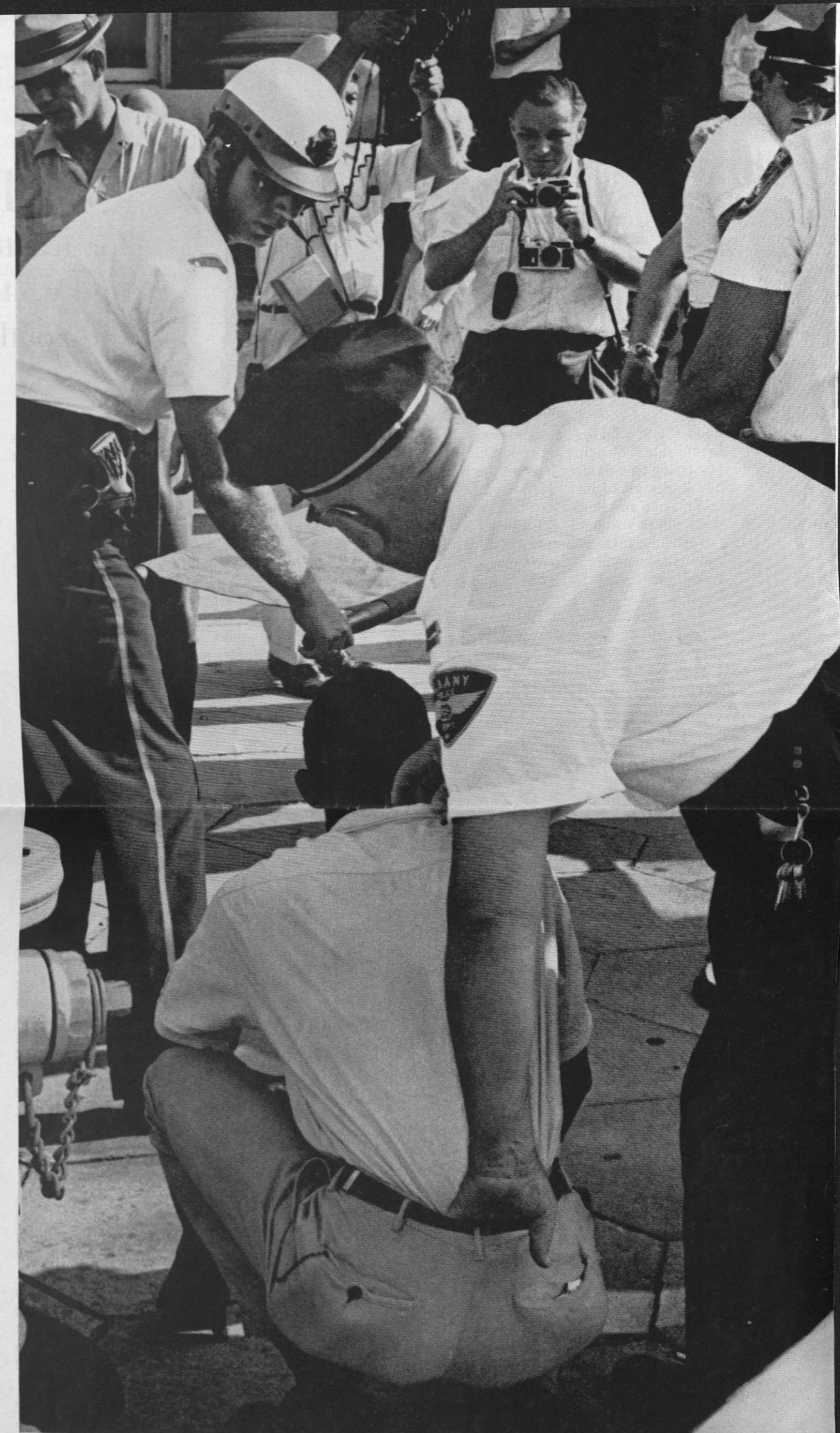
To protect the skull, fold the hands over the head.

To prevent disfigurement of the face, bring the elbows together in front of the eyes.

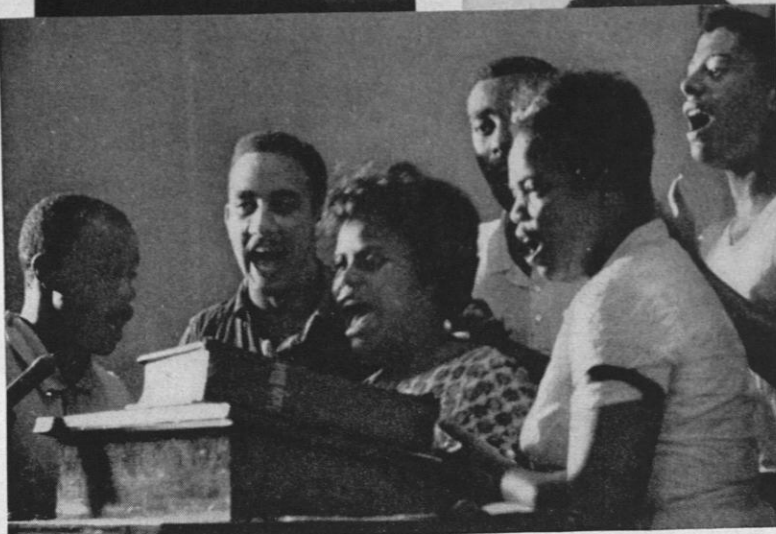
For girls, to prevent internal injury from kicks, lie on the side and bring the knees upward to the chin; for boys, kneel down and arch over, with skull and face protected.

In the last two years more than 5000 Negro college-age men and women have learned such techniques in special "workshops" held at almost every college campus and in churches, Masonic lodges and private homes.

It is a generation that takes for granted that telephones are tapped, that the local police are their enemy, that the local courts are against them. The atmosphere of an underground is enhanced by the conviction that they are spied



Using the new generation's technique of nonviolent protest, a kneeling Negro demonstrator in Albany forces a police captain to hoist him onto a stretcher in order to take him to prison.



Albany youths sing "We Shall Overcome" at a mass meeting the day after Dr. Martin Luther King was jailed in July.

upon, that special state commissions hire Negroes to infiltrate civil-rights groups. "Did you see that guy trying to volunteer back at the restaurant?" one leader asked me. "He informed on us two months ago and thinks we don't know. Now nobody will talk to him."

Typically, these young revolutionaries are the children of veterans who came back from World War II determined to change things but did not succeed.

"You have no idea how bitter my father is," a student said. "He came home after 'fighting for democracy,' and when he tried to vote they beat him up. He kept his bitterness bottled up inside him, but I never learned to keep it inside me and I never will."

The leaders are Negroes who grew up in the North and went South, like Moses and McDew, or Negroes who grew up in the South and went North, like Frank Dukes.

"Low Man on the Totem Pole"

Dukes is thirty-one, a senior at Miles College, Alabama, a serious, cool and aggressive man leading a city-wide boycott against Birmingham stores. He was born and bred in Alabama, and after high school he left the state determined never to return. He knocked around Northern cities doing odd jobs, spent five years in the Army, including eighteen months in Korea, and then decided that as a Negro he ought to go to college—in Alabama.

"Wherever I went in the United States, the Negro was low man on the totem pole. But in no state in these United States did I find things as bad as they are here in Alabama. I'm president of the student body and I figured, 'This is the place for a man to start. Right here. Right now.'"

The new generation of Negroes is profoundly moved by the emergence of colored men in Asia and Africa. Their heroes tend to be Africans. In Jackson the field secretary for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People named his son "Kenyatta," after the leader of Mau Mau rebels in Kenya. Students listed as inspirations such men as Kwame Nkrumah, Tom Mboya, Julius Nyerere, and Patrice Lumumba. James Forman, executive secretary of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee did postgraduate work in African studies and says he plans some of his strategy in the South on the pattern of African independence movements.

When students began describing "how I got into the movement" it became apparent that the explosive effect of the Greensboro sit-in in early 1960 was closely related to the news in late 1959 that fourteen West African states would declare their independence from white rule. African

leaders—some descended from the same tribes as American Negroes—were addressing the United Nations in clipped British accents acquired at the London School of Economics, or in the mellifluous French of the Sorbonne. "I began to realize," said one student in Mississippi, "what a disadvantage it was to be an American Negro. We are almost the last colored people in the world to get equal rights with white men."

These young people grew up in the era of television, in which they were deeply impressed by the sight and sound of Negroes in world news. The students in turn produced action recorded by television cameras which, for the first time, sent direct reproduction of racial incidents from the deepest South into homes of both Negroes and whites all over the country.

They have an earnest faith in the power of education to guarantee success in life and to bring salvation to the Negro. Dave Jones, twenty-three, is a student at Tougaloo College, near Jackson, Mississippi, son of a sharecropper, who says he was changed during his first college vacation when a white boy he knew laughingly asked him why a Negro would go to college. "I realized that he thought it was impossible for a Negro to better himself. His laugh made me aggressive. I want to be a biochemist or a doctor, but in Mississippi a Negro has trouble rising. So I'm aggressive. I hate do-gooders, the kind of person who says, 'Oh, I am sorry for you. I will help you.' I hate that. I'm aware of what's expected of me as a man, and I do it. I work late in lab. I'm learning how to speak properly, how to write well. I'm getting rid of the undesirable traits of ghetto living, remaining clean, being concerned with the fine arts, learning to appreciate beauty in life. Moreover, as a Southerner and a college student, I have an obligation to act, to protest, to demand equal rights."

Integration on a 'Yes, But' Basis

These young Negroes take for granted that the old pattern of race relations in the South will be gone in their lifetime and that in the end Negroes and whites will get along better in the South than in the North.

"In the North," said one student leader from the North, "they're all in favor of integration on a 'yes, but' basis. 'Yes, but not now. Yes, but not here. Yes, but not next door.' I'm not saying there's no difference between the North and South, because there's a world of difference."

"But in a way the South is healthier and less frustrating. Both sides know where they stand. The white South says 'No!' We say 'Yes!' It's right out there between us where we can all see it and kick at it in public. I get the feeling that

"These young Negroes take for granted that in the end Negroes and whites will get along better in the South than they will up North."

when integration comes in the South it will be with eyes open on both sides, and life down here will be healthier than in the North."

As might be expected, there is a poignant relationship between Negro students and their parents. Students are defensive for their parents with outsiders, but they disapprove of their parents' failure to rebel in their time. Most parents seem to approve the actions of their children. Dr. Arthur D. Gray, president of Talladega College in Alabama, said, "The calls I get from parents are almost all concerned with the effect on grades. The mothers and fathers don't mind that their children are arrested. They worry if they stay in jail and get behind in their studies."

There is some tension between religious leaders and students, since the campus seems to have replaced the Negro church as the center for social action. Students tend to strike the first blow, while ministers join later. Yet religion continues to be a strong thread in the student movement.

Activists Still a Minority

There is even some tension with the N.A.A.C.P., the basic organization for Negro civil rights. Many students expressed sentiments like one in Georgia: "When you ask the N-double-A, 'What can I do personally, right now?' they have no answer." Many students regard the N.A.A.C.P. as stodgy and slow, an ironic opinion considering the accusations of radicalism the N.A.A.C.P. is accustomed to hearing from the white community. On the other hand, the N.A.A.C.P. continues to have the loyalty of most students, who admit that after they dash ahead they often have to ask the N.A.A.C.P. for legal help.

Putting all the Negro civil-rights fighters together—maybe 400,000 in the N.A.A.C.P., another 40,000 in C.O.R.E., 250,000 college students—they are still only a small minority of the country's 19,000,000 Negroes. To be sure, they are the leaders, the activists with hope and a belief that they can improve their lot. But they are still a minority.

Sixty percent of Negro youth are "the children of the ghetto," cramped into city slums, largely undereducated, untrained, unemployed. Like the college students, they are rebelling against things as they are, but the slum kids have no constructive means of expressing their frustrations. They are without hope for their own careers. Whitney Young Jr., executive director of the Urban League, national social-work agency says: "Either this year or next there is great danger of massive teen-age violence by the children of the Negro slums against the outside world."

For such despairing Negroes there is another group that makes fewer headlines in "white"

papers than the students, but which permeates the slums in large cities. These are the Black Muslims.

Muslims mean business. They pray to Mecca five times daily, they dress soberly, work hard, pay their bills, forbid drinking and smoking, manage their own apartment houses and department stores, and teach in their state-accredited schools that the white race is rotten and the colored races will inherit the earth, including the U.S.A. They teach members not to strike first, but if struck to be prepared to die in retaliation.

For millions of Negroes unable to accept the Muslim theology or puritanical life, the Muslim message still has a powerful, emotional appeal. The influence is strong in every large Northern city and seems to be growing in Southern ones. The group had 100,000 practicing members in 1960; spokesmen said it would have 1,000,000 by the end of this year.

Thus the Negro masses are moving, but in what direction no one can guarantee. The move can be bitter and destructive, like the program of the Muslims. Or it can be channeled into the traditional pattern of protest, reform and ultimate cooperation, on which the students have placed their faith.

Even the agitation of the students, however, causes deep fear and resentment among many whites in the Deep South. A white cab driver in Birmingham told me, "Everyone knows this whole integration business is Communist. The old niggers in town, they don't want no part of it. They like it the way it is. See that old nigger at the stand on the corner? I asked him about it and he said he wanted no part of it. But these younger ones. . ."

Private Praise From Their Elders

Two hours later I talked to the old man at the corner stand. What did he think of the student campaign? He gave me a long, hard look and said, "I'm with them. The only way our people can move ahead is to stick together."

Thus, if the students seem to be rejected by older Negroes speaking to their white bosses, they are privately praised and supported. If the students rely on dangerous direct action, it is nevertheless significant that they reject personal violence and plan for ultimate peace with the white community.

"It's a race against time," one man put it. "At one end you've got groups like the Muslims saying, 'To hell with the white man.' At the other end you have the student movement saying, 'Stand up for your rights with non-violence.' I think the students are gaining. If they aren't, then God help us all." THE END



Pushing ahead with the voter-registration drive, Robert Moses and girl field workers whom he has trained urge a potential voter in Jackson, Miss., to make an attempt at registering.