

dence; boundless in Cyprus, he might see the perimeters of his problems from the outside. I looked down again, and Cyprus was no longer visible below.

It is now nine months later and the situation is practically unchanged. There have been very few incidents of violence, but the antagonists still adhere violently to their relative positions. Marienbad is still playing in Cyprus.

Et Cetera:

FREE-LANCE
INTEGRATIONIST
by Lewis Z. Koch

One can imagine the care, the great attention to detail, the calculated risk-taking of a Martin Luther King or a James Farmer as he initiates a new civil rights crisis. Each step taken is geared to produce a quantitative and qualitative gain. But Chicago public school teacher, John J. Walsh, conceived and executed a more radical plan of action. He tried to bypass all the usual subcrises maneuvering by simply moving Negroes into the all white Bridgeport area — two blocks from the home of Chicago's Mayor Richard J. Daley.

As Walsh puts it, the idea of supplying Mayor Daley with Negro neighbors just came to him. With the 1964 presidential election just a month away, the neighborhood would adjust to them and vice versa. On its face Walsh's plan *did* seem perfect. Democrats were instructing television audiences that "backlash" would not be a factor in the election. Mayor Daley's public utterances on civil rights were all sympathetic toward the movement. Walsh's mission was to concretize these statements by integrating the Mayor's own neighborhood.

With borrowed money he purchased a two-flat dwelling on Lowe Street. One white family occupied the upstairs apartment, another the back cottage. He paid for the building and cottage in full — \$18,000 cash. With his Bridgeport home in hand, Walsh began to set his plan in motion. He soon suffered his first reversal. A Negro went to the Bridgeport area police station and announced that he had been paid \$600 to move into Walsh's building and that Walsh "definitely wants trouble to start at this address so Mayor Daley will be embarrassed." Walsh's initial choice of a "militant" Negro had proven to be a bad one.

Then a rumor began to circulate that one of the "Little Rock Nine" (a Negro group) would attempt the next move-in. Bridgeport neighbors, sensitive to such rumors, responded by throwing excrement

into the vestibule of Walsh's building. The rumor later proved to be false.

The Chicago Human Relations Commission, in what turned out to be one of its least successful ventures, tried to "establish communications" by contacting the neighborhood clergy — one Lutheran minister and four Catholic priests.

Meanwhile, after being turned down by several Negroes who felt the civil rights moratorium applied to move-ins, Walsh found what he thought was a sufficiently courageous couple. He issued a Formal Declaration of Integration to Mayor Daley, with copies to the press, radio, television, politicians and civil rights leaders. He closed his Declaration by saying, "Since these young people are moving into a basically fine community, I'm sure you will encourage all your neighbors to make their new neighbors feel welcome to Bridgeport."

On the day selected the Negro couple walked up to the building on Lowe Street, tried to enter but found they had been given the wrong key. Unable to get into the building they left within a few minutes. Having seen two Negroes at the front door, the second floor tenant decided to move out immediately. The Negro couple was too frightened to stay, the white man too angry. So ended Walsh's second attempt to implement his bold, new plan.

Walsh was not dissuaded. For his third attempt he found two young Negro men, one a student active in civil rights and the other a mail clerk at the Federal Reserve Bank. But here Walsh made another tactical blunder: he had made arrangements for renting the apartment to the two men without having them sign a lease.

On Friday, October 2, the two Negroes moved in. Their neighbors gathered silently in front of the building. Saturday evening, three teenage girls found their voice. "Two, four, six, eight. We don't wanna integrate." Several adults thought this was an appropriate declaration of intention and quickly joined in. The police called for reinforcements. Fifteen minutes later they called for more reinforcements. The police formed a line around the house to control the enthusiasm of the crowd of 150 screaming whites. Early Sunday morning, the area was free from greeters; evidently they had to get some rest before going to church.

The two young men were asked by the police to leave the building through the back — it would be safer — and to give

them their apartment keys. When they wanted to return they could pick the keys up at the police station. In this way the police would be able to keep tabs on the new Bridgeport residents.

With crowds gathering Sunday night, a mental patient, fittingly enough, started the evening's counterforce by throwing a rock through the apartment window. Shortly after that, part of the crowd decided to visit Mayor Daley's home. The police would have none of this and the crowd was quickly halted. Apparently there was a distinction to be made as to whose house was a fit subject for mob demonstration.

Mayor Daley declared at a press conference that "Every person has the constitutional right to live wherever he wishes." But that night the mob began gathering after dark. This was enough for the Negro mail clerk; he told the police he was vacating and would not return. An hour later the crowd stepped up the action: a white woman was arrested; the crowd rocked the police wagon; newspaper photographers and reporters were threatened; one policeman was injured by a bottle; three others were kicked and kneed. Twelve people were arrested that night, almost all of them Bridgeport area residents.

Late that night, the police finally decided to prohibit any further gatherings in front of the Lowe Street building. It had taken four nights of demonstrations, fourteen arrests and four injured policemen for them to decide to take action.

The next night John J. Walsh's "perfect plan" came to a bizarre conclusion. While the remaining Negro tenant was at work, his apartment door was *mysteriously* found open. Walsh's real estate agent decided to act like the apartment had been vacated. Some of the neighbors helpfully packed the Negro's belongings into neat packages and delivered them to the police station. The real estate agent then, in the role of Walsh's agent, immediately signed two white men to a long-term lease and forthwith moved them in.

When the Negro returned from work late that night, he went to the police station to pick up his apartment keys and was informed that he no longer lived in Bridgeport.

Who can be blamed for what happened in Bridgeport? After all, the city's Human Relations Commission did try to "establish communications"; the clergy did attempt to reason with neighborhood

parishioners; the police did finally restore order; and the Mayor did say that anybody had the right to live where he wanted.

As for John J. Walsh, he is, unfortunately, just a well-meaning school teacher, law student and weekend entertainer.

Mike Royko, Chicago Daily News columnist, summed it up well:

"You have to wonder then, about John J. Walsh, the free-lance integrationist who bought the building on Lowe Street just to provide Mayor Daley with a Negro neighbor. Walsh refers to himself as a 'realistic idealist'.

"That is probably the only laughable part of the entire incident — the thought of trying to integrate Bridgeport and calling yourself a realist.

"He wanted to know what would happen if he moved a Negro into Mayor Daley's neighborhood.

"Now he does.

"Mayor Daley's neighborhood moved the Negro out."

One year later, Mayor Daley's neighborhood is still lily-white.

LEWIS Z. KOCH is Producer, at Random, at CBS-TV in Chicago.

THIS
REVOLTING
GENERATION
by
Robert
McAfee Brown

How are they to be described — these suddenly so-grown-up students upon whom, during their years of university education, parents have lavished so much care and love and attention . . . and money? I suggest that they are to be described as — and the inflection is crucial — a revolting generation.

There are some these days who employ the adjective "revolting" in such a way that it is loaded with pejorative content. These are the ones who assert that the 1964-65 manifestations of student unrest on our campuses are due to immaturity, to insecurity, to association with the more dubious members of the faculty, or (in an increasingly widespread variant) to some kind of Communist takeover of the student organizations. The latter appears to be the view of J. Roswell Ham, a former college president who ought to know better; of Lucius Beebe, that choleric columnist who obviously doesn't know any better and whose favorite adjectives in describing contemporary students seem to be "brainwashed" and "unwashed"; and of J. Edgar Hoover, who seems more concerned about exposing purported Communist activity in Berkeley than in exposing mani-

... reporters
were
threatened ...