Project Title: James Farmer Lecture, Overviewing the Civil Rights Movement
Speaker: James Farmer (JF)
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JF: this climb, and part of that climb is catalogued in Booker T. Washington's autobiography, *Up from Slavery*, which by the way you should read, if you have not read. Washington is a controversial figure, but indeed most of the important persons and personages in the struggle have been controversial. He's considered far too moderate and too accommodating. But Booker Washington was born in slavery. He was just a few years old, a small boy, at the time of emancipation. And as often happens when people are born during torrential times, they grow up early—they grow up fast—and he became a man quite early. Matured soon, quickly. By the time he was twenty, he had already started—had founded a college, a school, an institution which became Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, and that became his life's work, really: his idea of the kind of education which Blacks should undertake as their road toward freedom, if not toward equality—their road toward advancement. And that was at once his strength and his weakness.

Booker Washington argued that we should cast down our buckets where we were, that we should not attempt to become the social equals of whites. He was opposed to social equality, and this endeared him to whites—even, indeed, to white Southerners. His famous speech, which I trust you'll have an opportunity to read during the rest of your college career, was his speech in Atlanta. It must have been before the turn of the century, probably around 1890. And that was a speech at a crowded convention hall of people involved in the cotton industry.

There were both Blacks and whites in the audience, but they were thoroughly segregated. Blacks were over there in one little roped-off section, sitting quietly. Most of the people there were, of course, white. They were planters and large landowners of the great cotton industry.

Booker Washington had been invited to speak because his views were those which most thinking white Southerners would accept. He was not threatening to them.

He was a good speaker, so they tell me—I never had the opportunity to hear him; he was dead before I was conscious of what was going on in the world—and there he electrified his audience. He told them they should—that Blacks—and he looked to the section where blacks were seated—should cast down their buckets where they were. The water was good there. And that they should seek industrial education—vocational education, that is. He spoke out against social equality. He said we can be as separate as the fingers on the hand in all things social, but then in all matters of mutual concern and patriotism, we will come together like the fist. And his audience stood and applauded—that is, the whites, who were the bulk of the audience. They stood and they applauded; gave him a standing ovation that went on for many, many minutes, and his speech was interrupted many times with such ovation. And some of the Blacks were weeping. Just dabbing their eyes with handkerchiefs, probably not really knowing why they were crying. Maybe crying partly because here was a Black spokesman who was speaking to a large white audience and they were listening to him. Maybe they were not sure what he was saying, but somehow the whites in their audience felt it was good. For they, the whites, were not threatened by what Booker T. Washington was saying.

He then became the darling of Southern whites and, indeed, many Northern whites. Philanthropic money poured into Tuskegee Institute and it mushroomed in size. This became the symbol of industrial education and vocational education for Blacks. It is the same idea, by the way, which led to the birth of Hampton Institute in Virginia. They're the same kinds of institutions. Booker Washington was lionized all over the country. Presidents invited him to the

White House to consult with them. He was the only Black spokesman who had the ear of the nation, and the ear of the press especially.

He had detractors, especially Black, and his chief detractor was a brilliant, aristocratic, then-young Black intellectual and scholar: Dr. William Edward Burghardt Du Bois. The first Black to get a PhD from Harvard University. Dr. Du Bois was born up in Massachusetts—in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Probably, his family was the only Black family in that little town of Great Barrington. He had a brilliant academic record in elementary school and high school. Then he went to Fisk University—a Black university—in Nashville, Tennessee, and that was his first introduction to the race problem, and he observed it and studied it. Then he went up to Harvard, PhD in history, studied sociology and economics as well, then went over to Germany and studied, and studied at Oxford, and came back as the most learned Black man that the nation had seen. He was just a few years younger than Booker T. Washington. And when Washington made that great Atlanta speech of his, Du Bois immediately labeled it the Atlanta Compromise.

And then the debate was on, and the debate between Booker T. Washington and W. E. B. Du Bois raged across the country, with Du Bois arguing that he would reject the notion that Blacks should be pointed toward industrial education and vocational education exclusively. That he was opposed to the development of a permanent colored labor caste, with Black people working with their hands and white people working with their brains. Instead, he says, Blacks should go into academic fields as well, and should become scholars, and the talented tenth of the Black community should be the Black leaders, and those should soak up as much education as they could in all fields of arts and letters. And that was the argument between Du Bois and Booker T. Washington.

Actually, the press picked it up and made it a question of either/or—either this or that—when really what each one was saying is that his view was that the emphasis should be on one kind of education as opposed to the other. Later in Du Bois's life, as he was an old man, he pointed out quite candidly that he and Booker Washington were not as far apart as they'd been made to appear. That it was just a matter of emphasis. He of course believed in vocational education, but he believed that we needed, at that time in our history, to concentrate more on academic education. And Booker Washington believed on the contrary—that we should concentrate more on vocational education.

Washington was an accommodationist; he was not going to attack segregated education at all. He was not attacking the unequal status of the races in this country. He felt that the only way Blacks—or Negroes as they were called then—could survive was to accept their role of social inferiors and become the best that they could at whatever jobs were available to them, and if they became so good at those jobs which were available, then the nation would rely upon them—would need them. And furthermore, there would be no conflict with the whites because they would not be threatening to the whites. And Du Bois insisted we must be threatening to them, of course, because anything that they have, we too must aspire to. And we must seek social equality; we must seek all things that are available to any other American because we are American citizens.

Well, Du Bois, who would seem like an egalitarian, really was not an egalitarian; he was a snob and an aristocrat and an elitist. I'll never forget meeting him for the first time. Well, meeting is hardly the right word. Seeing him and accosting him, more like it. I was twenty-one, and this is 1941, December, right after Pearl Harbor. I was seated in Union Station—the railroad station in Washington DC—just arrived there by train, and before going to my parents' house I

had decided to sit there at the station for a while until there were taxis available. The taxis were taken up with men in uniform and their lovers, their girlfriends, their wives, or what have you. Everyone was standing there hugging everybody else and people crying, kissing, and so on, and the taxis were all clogged up. And the streets were clogged up, too. So I sat just to
wait this out for a while, and I suddenly looked up and here was this unmistakable figure. The scholar. A short man, meticulously attired in a three-piece suit, and he had on spats—do you know what spats are?

(students talking)

JF: They go over your shoes, you know, part of your shoes—they cover the place where your shoes and socks come together. He had on spats, he had a gold chain in his vest, and he had a little Van Dyke beard. His head was bald. He walked along with his hands folded behind his back, and looking up as though he was studying the ceiling or lost in thought. It was probably the latter. And he walked earnestly with measured steps. Immediately, I recognized him as Dr. William Edward Burghardt Du Bois. So I smiled, stood in his pathway, and said, "Dr. Du Bois!" and extended my hand. He paused, frowned a bit, reached in his pocket and got his pince-nez. Clipped them on his nose, looked up at me and said, "Let me see. Do I know you?" I shook my head and said no and sat back down. And Du Bois walked on. So that was Du Bois (class laughs). He was *for* the people, but not *of* them.

But a great scholar. He wrote, oh, I guess fifteen books or so. Including the very great ones, they are all works of solid scholarship. One of his best-known works of scholarship was a history of the Reconstruction period entitled *Black Reconstruction [in America]*. It's a massive book.

His most famous book is beautifully, artistically written—almost prose poetry. It was one that he wrote as a very young man at the turn of the century—1903, I believe. *The Souls of Black Folk*. That's a classic, an undying classic, and you should read it if you have not read it. He wrote many other books: *Dusk of Dawn*, et cetera.

Booker Washington pretty nearly controlled money that came into the Black community. Before any person receives any grant—any Black person receives a grant for any idea that he had, from government or philanthropy, Booker T Washington was consulted. And if he said no, that person did not get the money. If he said yes, the person did get the money, and he built what was called the Tuskegee Machine. That was the machine that dominated the Black experience and Black leadership for a long period of time.

Du Bois suffered from that, and yet he was able to start the Niagara Movement and attempted building a protest organization which lasted, oh, just two or three years until the NAACP [National Association for the Advancement of Colored People] was set up. And Du Bois was one of the originators of the NAACP—that was 1909—and he became editor of the NAACP's publication, *The Crisis* magazine. Finally, Du Bois was kicked out of that job; he was fired and forced to resign because the NAACP took an official position on some issue and Du Bois was not interested in what the official position of the NAACP was—he was only interested in what *his* official position was. And so, frequently, *The Crisis* magazine took the position which was opposed to that of the organization, and *The Crisis* magazine was the official publication of the organization. So, the Board of Directors of the NAACP decided that the official journal of the organization could not take a position that is diametrically opposed to that of the organization, so Du Bois just had to leave.

And he went down to Atlanta University, that great complex of Black colleges and universities—Clark College, Morehouse, Morris Brown, Spelman, et cetera—there in Atlanta, called the Athens of Black education and was a professor there, and a researcher, until the president of Atlanta University, who was also Black, had to get rid of him. It had come to the point where it had to be decided whether he, the president, was going to run Atlanta University, or Dr. Du Bois, one of his professors, was going to run it. The Board of Trustees decided the president had to run it, so Du Bois left again. And he moved from job to job in academia and wrote books and lectured around the country but contended that, as he put it, he would constantly assail the ears of the nation with the story of the wrongs toward the Negro. And he did that, from platform and with pen.

He was radical, and in his later years he was accused of being a communist in the McCarthy period. You are familiar with the McCarthy period, are you? Of the early fifties, Joe McCarthy, who made it a practice of calling people communists—without proof, usually. Within the State Department there are 568 communists! That stuff. During that period, Dr. Du Bois was charged with being a communist and was finally arrested in New York, handcuffed—this imminent scholar, great scholar, great thinker, handcuffs on him and charged with being an unregistered agent of a foreign power. Can you imagine handcuffs on this little old man? (inaudible). His picture was on the front page of the *New York Times* and Du Bois, of course, was just outraged.

He was an old man then, and when he got out of jail, he called a press conference on his eightieth birthday. And said to the press, Gentlemen, I have called you here to help me celebrate my eightieth birthday. I'm going to celebrate that birthday by giving up my citizenship in the United States of America and moving to Ghana, in West Africa, where at the invitation of

Ghanian President Kwame Nkrumah, I shall undertake the task of preparing an encyclopedia of Africa. He said, That's the first way I'm asking you to join with me in celebrating my eightieth birthday. The second: I want to announce to you, and I'm sure you'll be pleased to hear this, that I am so puzzled by the fear that strikes at the hearts of most Americans when they hear the word communism. The fear that put handcuffs on me and put me in jail. I cannot understand why that is so. In order to find out, I have today, on my eightieth birthday, joined the Communist Party (Farmer and class laugh). So he said, I ask you to join with me in celebrating my 80th birthday.

Well, it was kind of a raucous press conference, I'm told. One reporter said, “Dr. Du Bois, one question.” “Yes?” “Isn't it a bit pretentious of you to undertake the preparation of an encyclopedia of Africa, a massive job, at the age of 80?” Du Bois shot back, "That is a pigheaded question! As long as there is a breath in my body, I will continue working and fighting and speaking and writing and teaching for what I believe to be right.”

Well, he died in Africa. The encyclopedia of Africa was never finished. He died in 1963 on the eve of the March on Washington, and that was announced at the March on Washington that W. E. B. Du Bois had died.

One of the great tragedies—aside from the tragedy of his life, his whole life—is that is he now lies in a virtually unmarked and unkempt little grave. I was talking to a friend, a personal friend, who was in Ghana very recently. The friend, being a good tourist, had his camera at the alert, and he was across the field looking for a certain castle to photograph, and he stumbled suddenly, fell to the ground, got up and found he had stumbled over a headstone: the grave of Dr. William Edward Burghardt Du Bois. Grown up with weeds around it. Unkempt. That's most unfortunate, because he was really one of the greatest men the nation has produced, I think. In spite of all the warts and the blemishes, he was a fine scholar.

Those were two of the great men who set the framework for the struggles that were following. The NAACP continued its work of fighting against lynching, trying—vainly, it is true—to get anti-lynching legislation. By the turn of the century, there were at least two recorded lynchings per week. More than a hundred per year. There were many others that were not recorded. The NAACP fought unsuccessfully to get such legislation—federal legislation. The thing which served as the greatest obstacle was the concept of states' rights. Many in Congress held that they could not tell the states how to deal with such a problem, as mentioned; that was a matter for the states, and if the federal government tried to establish such a law, it would be a violation of the rights of the states.

Well, lynching did decline around about the forties. Many believed that it probably did not decline in numbers, but it went underground, as it were. Rather than having screaming mobs abducting the accused and stringing him up to a tree or tying him to a post and setting fire to him, the person would simply disappear in the dark of night and the body would be found later, maybe much later, floating in one of the rivers in Mississippi or Alabama. It was nonetheless lynching, but did not fit the classic mold of lynching. But it did decline—it declined gradually.

One of the last highly publicized lynchings was that of Emmett Till—young Emmett Till of Chicago—a fourteen-year-old kid who went down to Mississippi to visit his uncle. A fourteen-year-old Chicago boy, with, I think, his cousin, went shopping at a country store. And the fourteen-year-old kid, swaggering like many fourteen-year-old boys, wanted to impress his cousin with the fact that he wasn't afraid of anything. He looked at the lady behind the counter in the country store and whistled at her and, allegedly, rolled his eyes. Whistled (whistles). Well, she reported that to her husband, and her husband and his brother went to the house of the kid's uncle, where he was visiting, at night and took the boy out of bed and killed him—beat him up,

shot him, tied weights around his body and dumped him in the river. The wire rope with which the weights were tied around him broke, and the body surfaced and was found. That was one of the last highly publicized lynchings.

There are others; the [Ku Klux] Klan has been revitalized recently, but the NAACP put enormous work in slowing down lynchings, reducing the numbers of them, and it fights at the fore of other fronts, too.

One of the most significant was, of course, its efforts to desegregate the schools. At first it was a battle to equalize separate schools, the separate but equal concept, *Plessy v. Ferguson*. And finally it became clear that separate could not be equal. In fact, the NAACP argued before the court, said that the very fact of separateness made it unequal. The court agreed. Even though a law school would just state, built for Blacks, might objectively be equal to that for whites, in terms of its library, in terms of its professors' training and preparation, in terms of the building's physical plan, it could not possibly provide an equal education because it could not provide the tradition. It could not provide the privilege to its graduates of being alumni of the same institution from which the judge had graduated. The graduates could not go into the judge's chambers and talk to him about old times at the alma mater, and they could not compare notes with peers in his profession or from major law schools in the country. And for that reason the separate law schools, though physically equal, could not provide an equal education. So the NAACP evolved in its arguing to the point where it argued that segregation was per se inequality, and they won in *Brown v. Topeka Board of Education*.

Well, prior to that decision, back in the forties, a group of young pacifists—Black and white, including me—were studying Gandhi and experimenting with Gandhian techniques of nonviolent direct action—nonviolent resistance—including non-cooperation, civil disobedience,

willingness to go to jail, willingness to accept the consequences, and we were having sit-ins in 1942, ‘43, and throughout the forties. That was in an organization known as CORE, The Congress of Racial Equality. We organized similar groups in twelve or fifteen other Northern cities, organized a national organization, and throughout the forties and the fifties, CORE was active in winning victories, but they were unsung because there was no television in the forties, the early days—the forties. Television came after World War II (coughs), and did not become widespread in use until the fifties.

So the movement of nonviolent direct action did not take to the skies, did not take wing, until the Montgomery Bus Boycott triggered by Rosa Parks, this black seamstress, who was tired. She wasn't a crusader, she wasn't trying to start a movement, she wasn't a troublemaker; she was just tired. And she didn't sit at the front of the bus, the Montgomery City Bus, she sat in the back where she was supposed to be, unquote. Then a white man got on the bus and the bus was crowded, and he wanted to sit where she was sitting, so he told her to get up and stand so he could sit down where she was sitting. She said no, I'm not going to get up. She was tired of getting up. The bus driver told her to get up. She said no. So the police carted her off and arrested her. And that started the movement: the Montgomery Bus Boycott. And Martin Luther King, Jr. rose to the occasion and burst upon the American scene, never to be forgotten. A star was born, as it were.

And the movement took wing. The imagination of people was captured throughout the country, and all over the world. Youngsters—young Black college students inspired by the example of King—and having talked with a white merchant in Greensboro [North Carolina]—many people are not aware of this—

There was a white merchant, name of Johns—I forget his first name—who had been on the CORE mailing list for quite a few years. He had received CORE literature. He knew of CORE activities. Mr. Johns had been trying to get some students in Greensboro, some Black students, to sit-in at a Woolworth lunch counter for *years*. No, no, no, man, I ain’t going to do that. No! You must think I’m crazy or something!

But finally, he convinced four freshmen; that's generally not known, but he convinced them. These four freshmen went downtown and made their other purchases in Woolworth. “Are you ready, man?” “Yeah.” “Let's go and get some coffee.” The others said, “Dig it” (class laughs). They went over, they sat down—they sat not at the end of the lunch counter where Blacks traditionally sat, where there's a sign saying “Colored,” but at the main section of the lunch counter, where there was a sign saying “White Only.” They sat there and asked for coffee or whatever it was, a hot dog, and they were not served. They sat until the place closed and they decided to do it again next day.

They called on Dr. Simpkins, a Black dentist who was the president of the local branch of the NAACP, for help. And he called CORE because he, too, knew CORE's work. He called CORE's headquarters in New York and CORE sent one of its two team secretaries down there and said that he set up an institute to train in nonviolent direct action for the students joined in the city. By this time, the TV cameras were there: the next day, the next day, and the next day. And the crowds of people going to sit-in that lunch counter grew, white students in Greensboro joined them. Finally there's no place for anybody else at Woolworth! Everybody there was waiting to sit-in at the lunch counter! There were dozens and finally hundreds waiting to sit-in at the lunch counter.

Oh, it was off and running. And since this was on TV, other Black college students throughout the South saw it on the tube and said, Hey, man, look what our brothers and sisters are doing there in Greensboro. What's wrong with us? Let's do it here. And they did. It spread, of course, like the birth of a wildfire. What really broke the camel's back—the camel of segregation at the lunch counter—was the nationwide boycott of the variety stores in support of the Southern students' efforts to desegregate the lunch counter. And that brought them to their knees, and they desegregated. Woolworth, in its annual report the following year, reported that the curve of profits had gone down in 1960. They didn't lose money, but the curve, which had been up, had fallen down. And they gave as the first reason for that, the nationwide boycott of their stores in support of the desegregation efforts at the lunch counters in Southern stores.

Well, the next year—I should point out that SNCC [Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee] was organized out of the Southern student sit-ins. SNCC was not really an organization; it was set up to be a temporary thing. In fact, that was its first name: the Temporary Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. Finally, they dropped the T and it was just S-N-C-C. And the press gave it the nickname "snick," S-N-C-C. I think they had their tongue in their cheek when they called it "snick," like "snake." Called it "snick." And SNCC began calling SCLC [Southern Christian Leadership Conference] "slick," to show what they thought of it. There was some tension between the two organizations: they were "snick" and "slick."

1961: the Freedom Ride. I won't go into details on that, but what started out to be a lonely little idealistic ride of thirteen people—roughly half white, half Black—and the in process of which, one man was so badly beaten he had stroke and has been confined to a wheelchair ever since that day in May 1961. Still in a wheelchair. Another man, also white, was so brutally

beaten he had to have fifty-six stitches taken in his head, and partly as a result of that beating, I think, he has suffered a series of strokes and is now in a nursing home in very bad shape.

Those two men, incidentally, have sued the FBI successfully, because we learned that when I sent copies of our itinerary to the President, the Attorney General, the FBI, the ICC [Interstate Commerce Commission], Greyhound, and Trailways before the ride began, the FBI gave copies of our itinerary to law enforcement officers in the state of Alabama whom they knew to be leaders of the Ku Klux Klan. As a result, the Klan had a warm reception for us at every stop in that state. And on the basis of that knowledge, which we gained from Senate hearings, they sued successfully. I don't know how much money they got; one of the men sued for two million and the other sued for one million. They didn't get anything like that, but they got a nominal amount for damages.

We were victorious. This little group could go no further when some SNCC students joined by CORE students picked up the Freedom Ride in Birmingham, and I rode with them from Montgomery, and to Jackson, and to Jackson jail. We filled up the jails of Jackson City, the Hinds County jail, the Hinds County prison farm, then the maximum security unit in the State Penitentiary at Parchman, Mississippi. Because we were staying in as long as we could and still file appeals; that is forty days, under Mississippi law, out of the one year sentence. Every day, some new Freedom Riders coming in on virtually every bus, so more were pouring in. As few bailed out, more poured in. And we won. Mississippi cried uncle. They called on the federal government to do something. And Kennedy—Bobby Kennedy—asked the ICC to issue an executive order with teeth in it which he could enforce.

The ICC issued an order that on November 1, '61 all "For Colored" and "For White" signs must come down from the buses and the terminals used by interstate passengers, and would

be replaced by signs saying, “Segregation by race in the use of these facilities is unconstitutional. Violation subject to fine and/or imprisonment.” This must be posted on all buses used by interstate passengers and at all bus terminals similarly used, and printed on all tickets sold to interstate passengers. We tested the enforcement of that order on the effective date, November 1, and it was enforced. It was completely successful. The ride was an absolute success. Won its objective.

The movement of the early sixties won its objective too—its objectives, which were legislative. The Civil Rights Act of ‘64 and the Voting Rights Act of ’65: the two major legislative accomplishments of the movement of the sixties—the Civil Rights Movement of the sixties. What we did in the sixties was not to eliminate racism; there is still a lot of racism in this country. What we did was to regulate practices, behavior, by the enactment of those laws. Since the prejudices are still there, they threaten to pop out at any time. Whenever the enforcement becomes lax, they bubble up to the top, come out again, or when those with the strongest prejudices find a loophole or ways to maneuver around the laws, they do that. And so eternal vigilance is called for.

But now, today, our problems are even greater than that. We've got to close the gaps—the gaps in education. We still have kids in the ghettoes and barrios of our cities graduate from high school functionally illiterate; not able to read up to a fourth or fifth grade level. Outrageous. Gaps in income—median average income of Blacks, Hispanics, Native Americans, less than sixty percent of the median income of whites. Health, infant mortality rate, of those nonwhite minority groups, more than twice as high; in some cases much, much more than the national average. And the life expectancy gap is widening among males. Worse than that, the life

expectancy of the Black male has dropped in the past few years—dropped from sixty-four to sixty-one. We die down before we collect social security.

We don't know all the reasons for that, but we can speculate. Part of it's success. More of us have moved into the middle class as a result of the efforts of the Civil Rights Movement in the sixties. New jobs, nontraditional jobs move in; without the preparation and training for those jobs, you have to work all the harder trying to keep the guy behind you from getting your job, and trying to get the job of the guy in front you. You know, the old rat race. The system. And hypertension goes up. Oh, the hypertension rate is much higher in the Black community; it's gone up remarkably. So there's been a great rise, rapid rise in strokes and in heart attacks. The cancer rate has gone up too, maybe it's because some of us smoke too much (scattered laughs). I don't know. And the suicide rate has gone up. That too is a part of success; people who are in the rat race tend to commit suicide. Not those at the bottom of the ladder.

I remember Dick Gregory, back in 1961, in the Q&A period someone said, "Well, Mr. Gregory, if things are as bad as you say they are for Black people, why don't more of you commit suicide? Why don't you kill yourselves?" Dick said, "Two things: one, we have to spend so much time and energy trying to keep you folks from killing us, we don't have time to think about killing ourselves. And second, did you ever hear of a cat jumping up out of a basement window?" (class laughs) I thought that was very perceptive. It's the person who has moved up on the ladder that jumps down to dash his brains out. The guy who's at the bottom can't go any lower, so he doesn't commit suicide; he spends his energy trying to keep alive.

One of the other reasons—there was a great emphasis in the midsixties to the midseventies on soul food—which is just Southern food, really—and it's greasy fried food and that may taste awfully good, but it's not awfully good for you. You know—a lot of cholesterol

and a lot of fat and everything else. And we tend to use a lot of seasoning, a lot of salt, and other kinds of seasoning which aren't particularly good for you. So there are many reasons for it, but the life expectancy of the Black male has dropped. There are indications that the drop has not hit rock bottom yet.

Then, finally, we have become painfully aware—that awareness has become a national issue now—of deterioration within certain segments of the Black community of the Black family. I hasten to say certain segments, because one of the errors of much of the publicity of this issue has been that it gives the impression that that is *the* Black family. It is not *the* Black family. It is a *portion* of the Black family. It is a large portion of the Black family of the lower economic classes, but not of the middle classes. The middle-class Black family adheres with greater tenacity to the same values that the white middle-class family adheres to. Just about the same as the white middle-class family, but more so. In a way it's an adaption, you might say an imitation, and like most imitations it exceeds the prototype.

We get the impression from some of the stories and documentaries that that is *the* Black family. But yet, it is of great enough magnitude that we must give time and attention to finding a solution to it. Nor is the problem of teenage pregnancies a color problem exclusively. Teenage pregnancies are in the white community and the rate of them has been going up. There are one-parent households in the white community, and their rate has been going up, too—not as rapidly as in the Black community, but remember that poverty is not as widespread in the white community as in the Black community. There is more correlation between poverty and those problems than there is between race and those problems. Yet since they affect those of color, civil rights advocates and leaders must now give major attention to them, otherwise they would be derelict of their duties.

Well, now that's kind of a running summary hopscotch, skip, jump over what we've been talking about, or haven't been talking about, or should have been talking about over the past semester. And I conclude by saying that I've enjoyed immensely, and have found your questions and comments to be stimulating. Most of you are lower class—lower class for students (class laughs). I have to keep reminding myself of that. So I look forward to a great future for you, not only in academia, but in life after academia—and indeed, there is life after academia (class laughs). Thank you.

(applause)

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