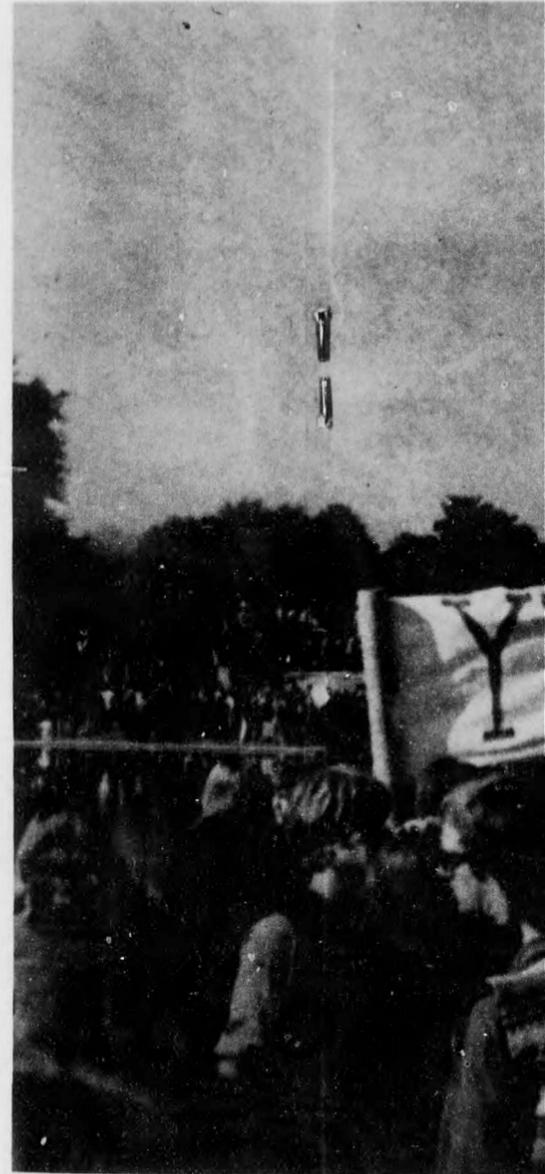


To disagree with the Government of the United States *en masse* you need to get a permit. When the permit expires they kick you and arrest you.

This was the rule at the Washington Peace March on October 21. This might have been the only example of such a practice, but we have been told otherwise in the press and by people who have seen such demonstrations before.

A quiet (as well as peaceful) crowd gathered on the morning of Saturday, October 21, 1967, at the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C. They came from forty-seven states and at least fifteen foreign countries including Canada, India, Germany, England, Belgium and the West Indies. (These are some of the countries represented in the UNB contingent.) They sat in the gathering warmth beside the Reflecting Pool, a shallow, half-mile long rectangular basin on the green expanse between the Washington Monument and the temple of Lincoln. Far away, on the steps of the Memorial, indistinguishable among hundreds, stood people like humanitarian Dr. Benjamin Spock, Mrs. Dagmar Wilson and Negro comedian Dick Gregory.



They asked for peace, they demanded peace, they begged for peace. The crowd rested on the damp grass, listening, anxious about the hours to follow. Announcements came about the size of the crowd and people applauded. A play was staged on the Memorial steps. The crowd laughed but gradually lost interest. Peter, Paul and Mary sang. Everyone cheered. It was the first time they had appeared at a peace rally: they had not been able to agree about the war, but now they agreed. The crowd chanted slogans, like "Hell no, we won't go".

More announcements said that the march would be delayed because the military had not yet lived up to their agreement to rip down a fence in the area of the Pentagon. People became more restless. There were most protest singers. Phil Ochs sang "I Declare the War is Over". Everyone applauded. An announcement came. Contingent 'A' was to stand. The march was beginning.

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