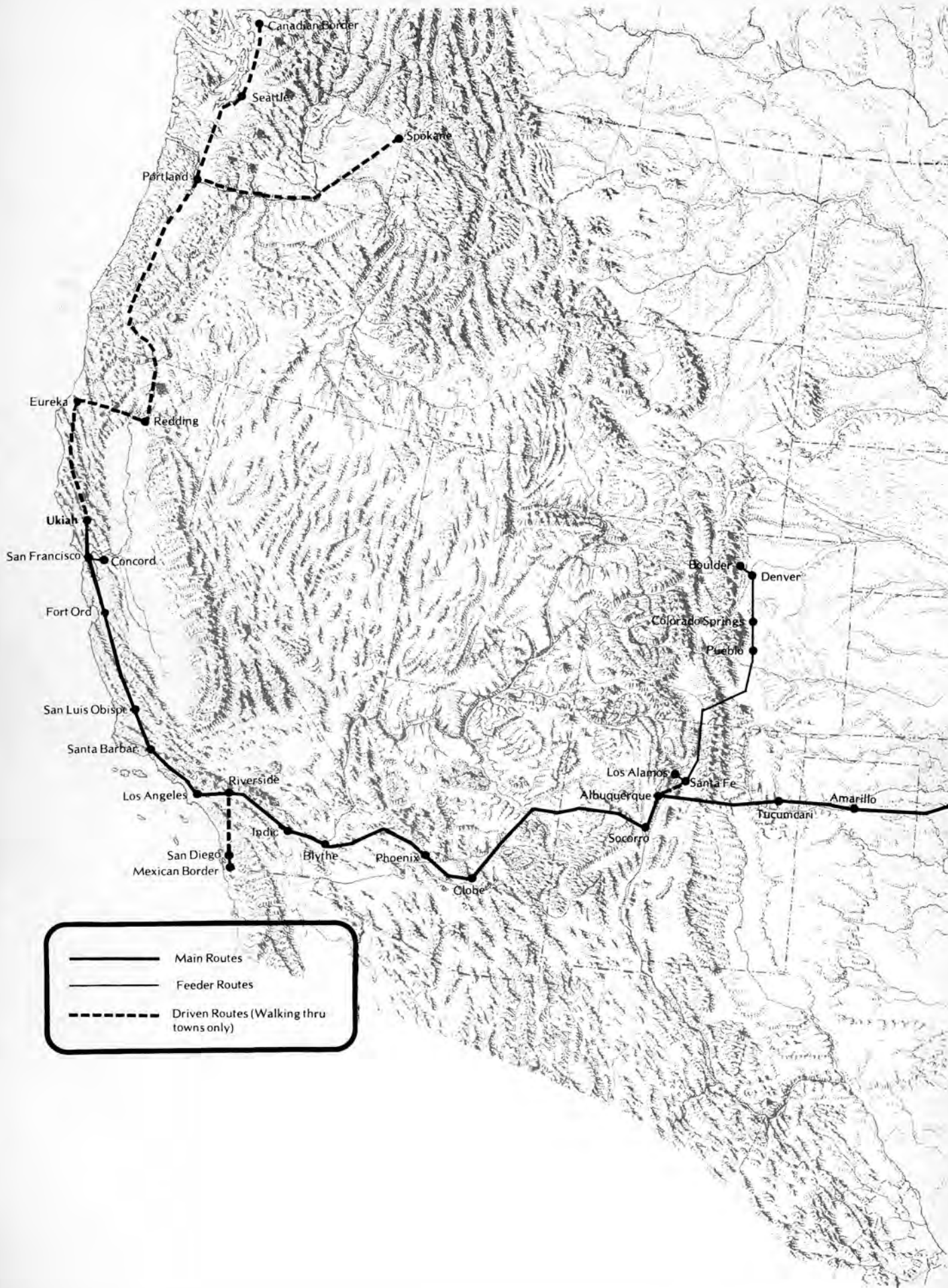


\$4.50

THE CONTINENTAL WALK FOR DISARMAMENT AND SOCIAL JUSTICE

Edited by Vickie Leonard and Tom MacLean





Why did we walk?

**For so many reasons.
For the paper cranes.
And because Victor Jara,
standing in an arena
of prisoners with his hands
cut off by the Chilean
military, his arms held
out, all bloody, began
to sing, and hundreds of voices
joined him until the machine
guns started.**

—Greg Green



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... Something is terribly wrong when a President can boast of the largest military budgets in our history at a time when our cities are forced to close their hospitals, day care centers, cut fire protection, etc.
... Something is terribly wrong when the government secretly spends ten *billion* of our tax dollars to spy on us, and when a great moral leader such as the late Martin Luther King, Jr., can be slandered by the FBI.
... A wide range of peace and justice organizations believe 1976 is a good year to remember the American revolution is unfinished business. They have organized to do something about it...

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Edited by
Vickie Leonard
and
Tom MacLean



Daniel DiGia



Janet Charles

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**Vickie Leonard
Tom MacLean**



J. C. Stockwell



John C. Goodwin



Dorothy Marder

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Alison Hickman Metcalf

Introduction

On January 21, 1976, a small band of long distance walkers set out from Ukiah, California on the first leg of the Continental Walk for Disarmament & Social Justice, a Walk (when 20 feeder routes were included) that was to cover 8,000 miles, pass through 34 states and involve thousands of people in the smallest villages and largest cities in the United States. To realize such an ambitious dream required organizational skills that challenged even experienced organizers and left many newcomers to the movement scrambling nobly to tie up the multitude of loose ends. There were thousands of hassles and heartaches—most painful for those most committed, thousands of hard-won lessons, and, above all, a growing awareness of the critical importance of the Walk (no matter how neglected by big city media), a warm appreciation of the beautiful and dedicated people with whom we walked and worked, and a solid knowledge of the ground we were cultivating and the seeds we were sowing—all sources of the joy that almost always, in the end, won out over the pain.

As a woman, a midwesterner, and a local organizer looking at the pictures and narratives in this book, a few things strike me as particularly important. Most important, in my mind, were the linkages, the networks, the relationships! Almost every picture and story testify to the building of connections between people and other people, people and other places, people and other issues—a direct result of the nature of the Walk itself. A young white woman from New Mexico moved to tears by the caring comment of a poor black woman in St. Louis. A California farmworker and walker actively concerned over the struggle to save an inner city black hospital. A middle-aged woman from Minnesota hearing from an Illinois farmer how a large conglomerate was buying up feed

companies and land around his town. A Japanese Buddhist monk reverently picking up broken glass in the forsaken ghettos of Chicago. Within a city, black social workers, radical feminists, Catholic priests, community organizers, and others cooperating and slowly tuning in to each others concerns. Expected to help get walkers from one city to another, peace activists in neighboring cities finally developing bonds of friendship and political commitment. The dramatic and moving linkage of the three main routes at Lincoln Memorial on October 16 and the fierce solidarity of the people who stood with locked arms in front of the Pentagon two days later seemed to me the symbolic conflagration of millions of sparks struck earlier across the country.

These sparks, results of the thousands of links developed through the course of the year, are the tiny fires with which we must build our struggle to survive. For the Walk chronicled in these pages was a walk for survival. It is a struggle different in two ways from that of our ancestors. Theirs was primarily a struggle against the material violence of their lives—rocky fields, natural disaster, disease. And theirs was primarily an individual struggle in which they relied on themselves, their immediate families and perhaps a small community. Our struggle for survival is primarily against social rather than material violence. It is the struggle against the violent social forces grounded in racism, sexism and classism and backed by the ultimate in technological violence, the nuclear weapon. And, secondly, our struggle can no longer be an individualist one, but one that can produce the social cohesion that will make massive resistance and the building of a new nonviolent society a feasible reality. The Continental Walk, to the great credit of those who first conceptualized it and those who

carried it through to completion, provided a powerful stimulus to the creation of networks of people. It is this potentially powerful binding that I see behind all the faces and places in this book.

It is important to add that sometimes the networks we were building were threatened from the inside as well as from without. As a woman, I was acutely aware of one form of violence, rooted in sexism, that surfaced within the communities of walkers and organizers, creating distrust and confusion on every side. Though never entirely resolved, the sincere efforts of many to honestly confront the issue made possible the difficult, often tenuous, but determined struggle of both men and women to struggle together on issues that are profoundly related. It was very unfortunate, as the pictures in this book may suggest, that the class and racial homogeneity of most individual Walk groups did not bring home to us as closely the struggle we must continue to wage against class and race discrimination within our own communities. The participation in the Walk of the largely black Southern Route remains a moving testament to the efforts of a small core of people in the black movement and in the peace movement to unite our separate struggles against violence.

The story of the Walk, then, is an eminently human story—one in which our personal struggles to build non-violent, non-violating relationships are agonized over, celebrated and valued as much as the rallies, demonstrations and seminars directed towards bringing an end to violence in the larger society. This book is an effort to present, as graphically as possible, the human face of this struggle—for each other, and for future participants in the struggle for a non-violent, non-nuclear future.

—BARBARA CORR
St. Louis



Dorothy Marder

Profound social change demands discipline of those who would achieve it, patience of those involved in it, compassion of those committed to it. No serious change comes quickly, for we begin our struggle against vast forces of money, of military power, and of public apathy.

A child may see the pot of water on the stove suddenly break into furious boil—and not realize how long it took to bring the cold water to that point. We, like children, may look at the great moments in history and not understand the patience which made those moments possible. The official independence of India in 1947 marked the end of a nonviolent campaign that began in the 1930's. The liberation of Saigon in 1975 was the result of a military struggle that began in a serious way in 1946, nearly thirty years earlier, and marked by the loss of more than a million lives.

History is not a collection of dramatic dates, of great leaps from oppression to liberation. It is more often seemingly endless night broken at last by dawn. History is made by people as ordinary as ourselves, but extraordinary in that they have been seized by a dream for which they are willing to struggle and to risk a great deal—and to go on struggling and risking without ceasing.

And so the Walk began. A lesson and a test, a way of learning the patience needed. We never believed that by walking from Ukiah to Washington we could end the arms race. We did believe that by the process of walking we would learn something of the patience we need. Our objective is much farther away than the three thousand miles from one coast to another. We are dealing both with the fears and the apathy of the men and women in every small town in America—and with the great power that governs this nation, shaping the news and molding attitudes.

And we know—or are learning—that victory is built on defeat. We know, or are learning, that the only justice that exists in history is the justice we create. It was not "just" that the Indians have to suffer to liberate India, the Vietnamese suffer to liberate Vietnam, or American Blacks suffer to end racism. But the paradox and the power is that the "underclass" makes history. By a willingness to suffer, by a willingness to act with patience, by understanding the need for discipline, those of us without guns and with little money can—finally—cause the mountains to move.

The Walk was the beginning at confronting the issue of the arms race—and of the massive social injustice in our world. Ten years from now, or twenty, or thirty when the nations of the world finally begin to disarm, when the Berlin Wall is taken down and the American radar system dismantled, when the missiles are left to rust, history will record the date and special honor will be given the statespersons signing the treaty. But the honor should go to those whose pictures appear in these pages, for they took the issue into the streets and began the long walk that leads forward across the years and which, with compassion, patience, and discipline, will guide the peoples of this planet toward peace with justice for all.

—DAVID McREYNOLDS
New York

Walk Beginnings

April 1975 closed an era of tremendous outpourings of anti-war energies, an era often characterized by mass demonstrations, civil disobedience actions, draft resistance and desertions. The Indochina War had created a vast number of activists, many of whose lives became virtually absorbed in opposition to that war.

For most, these had been first identifications with the movement; prior knowledge of the movement had been tenuous and insubstantial; and opposition was largely to the conflict in Vietnam rather than to wars as such. As a consequence that long struggle, though engendering strong personal commitment and momentum, left somewhat dangling the question, "what next?" The corollary question, "what had the movement been doing before the Vietnam War?" had a somewhat clearer answer, but again, for many insufficient to give adequate directions to individual energies.

It was abundantly clear, however, that much remained to be done; "peace" in Vietnam did not mean an end to the threat, of either active militarism or the arms race.

With this in mind, the War Resisters League, at its 1974 conference, set up a task force, which was later joined by other groups, to develop a major project on disarmament and militarism. At a January, 1975 meeting, Jack Travers of the FOR suggested that there be marches in each state to the respective capitols. Ed Hedemann of WRL proposed that instead of having several marches simultaneously all over the country, they be linked sequentially across the country and called the Continental Walk. The basic route and timetable of the historic San Francisco to Moscow Walk for unilateral disarmament organized by the Committee for Nonviolent Action in 1960-61 was taken as a guideline from which to work.

The tradition of using walking as a vehicle to reach the larger public with a political and/or moral statement has a rich and varied history. To follow such projects as the Freedom Rides, the Food for Europe pilgrimages, and the S.F. to Moscow trek, with a "Continental Walk" was to carry on the goal of social change in the spirit of nonviolence.

The steering committee undertook first to draft the "call" to the Continental Walk which would announce the project, briefly explain the politics, and recruit organizers, supporters and walkers. Aside from enlisting more organizations to co-sponsor, the committee developed a list of "prominent" individuals who would sign the "call," to encourage people to organize, walk, contribute, etc. The Call was officially issued on August 6, 1975—the 30th anniversary of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima.

Even before the Call was issued, people from all over the country began writing for information, some expressing interest in walking the whole way. Long distance walking had not originally been considered,

as the concept of the Walk had been to link communities by separate walks laid out sequentially. However, we saw the need for long distance walkers to provide continuity in the unorganized or barren areas of the country (particularly the Southwest). There also was interest in developing branches to the main route of the Walk, and eventually, 20 routes were formed, three of them to enter Washington independently, one from the West, one from Boston, and one from the South, organized by the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and beginning in New Orleans. The main route of the Walk was to cover 12 states, but all the routes combined covered 34 states and 8000 miles.

At the suggestion of the WRL National Committee meeting in August 1975, the name of the walk was lengthened to the Continental Walk for Disarmament and Social Justice, to make clearer our emphasis on the relationship between militarism and social needs. The Walk was to leave on January 31 from San Francisco and reach Washington, DC on October 16, which meant an average of less than 15 miles per day, without rest days, or 17 miles per day with rest days.

By the summer of 1975, plans had begun to be developed internationally for other walks. The International Fellowship of Reconciliation and the War Resisters International were making plans for an international anti-militarism march across France; Italian war resisters were going to walk through Italy and Sicily; Swedish anti-nuclear power activists were planning a walk; and West Germans were arranging a relay of car caravans and rallies during the spring of 1976.

The most significant international development occurred in December when representatives of the Japanese peace movement announced plans to join the Continental Walk. Japan Buddha Sangha and Gensuikyo both became sponsors of the Walk, and in addition made plans for a walk of their own that would cover all parts of Japan. Representatives from Japan Buddha Sangha participated in all three primary routes of the Walk as well as three of the branches.

The basic tasks of the Walk national office were to find organizers at all points along the route, put them in touch with each other and keep them informed of the latest events; coordinate the joining of the routes by setting up a rough time table; contact the national media; set up a training program for long distance walkers and aid them financially; develop material and literature (the Call, leaflets, organizers' manual, buttons, bumperstickers, posters, etc.); raise funds; and organize national events in Washington.

Local organizers were responsible for the particular political emphasis in their area, generating local publicity, organizing demonstrations and meetings, finding housing and food for long distance walkers, raising funds, establishing the exact route and time table, contacting police and other appropriate

authorities about the route (to minimize possible harassment from them), mobilizing their community support, and insuring the Walk's proper connection with the next region.

December and January, 1976, were months of mad scrambling to develop literature and arrange for long distance walker training. Gail Pressberg of the AFSC flew out to San Francisco to prepare for and facilitate the training of those who expressed interest in long distance walking, beginning from San Francisco. San Francisco organizers spent long, difficult hours organizing for the Walk's send off from their area. And, finally, though organizers felt much was still left to be done, the Walk began. A car caravan began at the Canadian border above Seattle on January 1, and arrived three weeks later in Ukiah, California, where the walking actually began. On January 23, the first public Bay Area event of the Walk—a women's festival—drew 400 people and was enthusiastically received. The Walk left San Francisco on January 31, 1976 with 800 people.

The political goals of the Walk fell into the following four basic categories:

Education. We regard the arms race and a world-pervading militarism as humankind's most critically urgent problem. Therefore, we viewed the Walk as an opportunity for education about the nature of militarism and corporate economics, and about the interconnections between militarism and social injustice. We will not get true justice until we disarm, and we cannot disarm without dealing with the causes of war and armaments—causes which are based on economics, sexism, racism, nationalism, etc.

Organizing. The Walk was also seen as a project which might serve to stimulate local organizing. The combined energy of the Walk's own momentum, long distance walkers' expertise and commitment, and the chance to plug local issues into a broadly focused and nation-wide project were all seen as advantages for a project seeking to re-energize local organizing. Local people in isolated areas, especially, would benefit by the connection with other organizers from more populated areas working towards similar goals.

Unity. The Walk was a step towards developing a unity among those forces working for fundamental social and political change. Since only through such unity can we ever hope to attain the strength necessary to achieve those changes that we seek.

Outreach. By its very nature the Walk went into areas of the country not normally exposed to the issues which the Walk was addressing. This also allowed those walking and organizing to hear from people with whom they are not usually in contact, thereby learning grievances of people around the country.

The pages that follow can better express than mere words and politics, the spirit, energy, and excitement the Walk generated during its nine month journey across America.

—Ed Hedemann



San Francisco to Moscow walk arriving in Red Square, 1961.

Brad Lyttle



Freedom Rides: En route to Marks, Mississippi from Memphis, Tennessee.

Diana Davies



Food for Europe pilgrimage to protest U.S. refusal to ship food and clothing to Belgium and the Netherlands to prevent widespread starvation and suffering.

Oren Lane

Crossing the Border

The Peace Arch was warm and friendly in the low New Year's Day sun, yet it dominated the grassy quarter mile of flowered park between immigration stations, and all but dwarfed the small circle of us standing under its high vault. Arch and circle, together sat squarely upon the international boundary, together acknowledged that boundary's pointed symbolism for the beginning journey. Nearby a small group watched with respectful but unresolved curiosity, later surprised when one of us greeted them in their native Mandarin Chinese. We broke our circle to leaflet along the southbound roadway; smiles and puzzled encouragement from cars slowing for the border check-in. An hour later we ourselves caravaned south, toward Ukiah, California, three weeks down the road.

The Continental Walk had made its unofficial start, and across the United States in coming months similar occasions would launch more than 20 other Walk routes. We would begin to learn that each assemblage, each individual, held unique perceptions of their journey's purposes. And we would come to appreciate that those differences made for both our most painful vulnerabilities and our most creative strengths.

Peace Arch Park, United States/Canadian border, January 1



Herb Gilbert



Alice Holladay and Sandy Liddell at the candlelight walk, Ukiah, California, January 21.

Ukiah

After an emotionally moving rally in Ukiah's Methodist Church Hall, a blend of music, pot luck dishes, films and short talks, we started out with a dramatic candlelight walk down Ukiah's State Street, a great moment. We cut the strings to home and routine to take up a lifestyle that included elements from the medieval pilgrimages, the demonstrations of the 60's and the forced marches of countless human tribes in search of better life and peace. Each day new towns and faces, new encounters and rejections, new scenes and places to bed down. Someone said "We're like a continuous moving picnic."

—David Patton



David Bunje

On the road between Ukiah and San Francisco.

At first the Walk passed through the pear orchards, fields and vineyards of Northern California, for a full balmy week, touching small towns only once or twice a day—Talmage, Hopland, Cloverdale, Geyserville, Healdsburg, Windsor, Santa Rosa, Cotati, Petaluma and Novato. Only the last three days were we more

constantly in the bustle and traffic as we reached Marin and San Francisco. The warm weather and sunshine however were an uncertain bonus, since the clear skies also, we knew, meant drought. Yet, while we wanted rain for the farms and land, we went on in a guilty happiness for ourselves.

—David Patton

San Francisco

Crossing the Golden Gate Bridge, January 30.



J.C. Stockwell

The Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco signified for Ukiah walkers the end of their journey. For those returning to their communities above San Francisco and those long distance walkers going on there were farewells and reminiscings; a sadness at losing new friends, but also an anticipation of the miles ahead. As walkers contemplated their respective journeys that evening before crossing the Golden Gate Bridge, they gathered for a brief but moving communion; a scene to be repeated often in the months ahead as walkers said good bye to new friends returning to carry on Walk work in their own communities.

On January 30, 50 walkers crossed the Golden Gate into San Francisco where major events had occurred or would occur to signify to the San Francisco community and to the larger public that the Walk had indeed begun. A week earlier the Walk's feminist caucus had culminated its program with an Evening of Women's Culture. Holly Near and Ann-Marie Hogan sang, and a puppet show of feminist/pacifist tales played to over 400, many of whom stayed for the Women's Dance afterward.

Walking through the Presidio, escorted by the reservation's military police, we paused for a few silent minutes at the cemetery. Standing at the edge of that field of crosses, we were sobered at its incongruity with the surrounding sylvan gentleness. Some 3800 miles ahead we would find a similar backdrop, Arlington National Cemetery, enroute to the Pentagon. Walkers continued on to downtown San Francisco, where the evening rally would find several hundred of us singing with feminist singer Betty Klapowitz, greeting many old friends, and hearing Ralph Abernathy; walkers Marty Reeves, Jean Bovard, and Rev. Qujine Sato of Japan Buddha Sang; Dick Gregory; and Dan Ellsberg.

The activities in San Francisco were the result of months of organizing and activity on the part of the War Resisters League/West office, whose staff had for months piled Walk responsibilities on top of its usual functions. The Walk carried the energies of these folks far down the coast of California, and the San Francisco area events helped to fire the imagination of Walk organizers around the country.



J. C. Stockwell

A moment of silence in the cemetery at the Presidio, San Francisco, January 30.

Holly Near at the Evening of Women's Culture, San Francisco.



J. C. Stockwell

On January 23, an evening of Women's Culture was held. One of the most successful of the San Francisco events, it drew over 400 people, mostly women, who packed a huge converted warehouse known as The Farm for an evening of film, songs, dance, talk, and thought. The crowd greeted every aspect of the evening with incredible enthusiasm and appreciation. "Janie's Jane," a film of woman's self-discovery led off the event. Local singer Ann-Marie Hogan followed with her gentle but powerful ballads, including one on Karen Silkwood. Women who had helped organize the Walk spoke about the connections of sexism to militarism and feminism to disarmament. And the first part of the evening ended with the always splendid music of Holly Near and Jeffrey Langley. A women's dance followed.

— Steve Ladd

The EAST BAY Feeder



Above: Rally at Sproul Plaza at the U. of California Berkeley campus, January 29. Below left: Dan Ellsberg, and below right: Ying Lee Kelley address rally.

60 walkers on the East Bay Feeder left the Concord (CA) Naval Weapons Station on January 25 for their 32 mile trek to San Francisco where they would meet the walkers from Ukiah. A highlight of the feeder was a Continental Walk rally held on Sproul Plaza at the University of California, Berkeley campus. Daniel Ellsberg, radical councilwoman Ying

Lee Kelley, and others spoke to a crowd of 800. As the rally drew to a close, 300 to 400 enthusiastic people responded to an invitation to walk and took to the streets. Marching down Telegraph Avenue, stopping all traffic, they walked several blocks toward San Francisco.



J. C. Stockwell



J. C. Stockwell

Down the Coast

January 31 was a sunny, spring like day in San Francisco. 800 people congregated in Union Square where a short send-off rally was held to build spirits and make announcements. Ralph Abernathy, Dick Gregory, and a UFW organizer spoke and then some

1000 people with banners and signs flowed onto the crowded San Francisco sidewalks for the 9 mile walk to Daly City. By the end of the day in Daly City, 200 to 300 people were still walking.

Walking down Market Street in San Francisco on January 31.



'Learning what its all about,' San Francisco, January 31.

As a walker you meet the widest range of people and so you run into anger and friendship, suspicion and warmth, curiosity and disinterest. One morning, I say "Hello" and I offer a stout man a leaflet which explains the Walk. "If I had my way none of you would get past the graveyard," he growls and then he turns on his heels and goes into the town's bar. Marti, my wife and a fellow walker, talks to a bent and wrinkled woman who needs a full two lights and her cane to cross the boulevard, she squints at our signs, reading aloud, "Disarmament, Social Justice you say? That's what we need, all right. You're doing a wonderful thing." Then she surprises us and adds, "Right on!" We laugh and move on.

—David Patton



UPI

J.C. Stockwell

The Monster at Lockheed



Alison Hickman Metcalf

The Trident Monster heads toward Lockheed, Sunnyvale, California, February.

The Trident, with its vast arsenal of high-kiloton MaRV-ed warheads, capable of destroying previously invulnerable targets, is the expression of the United States' first-strike policy. Trident is not only the most destructive weapons system ever made, but perhaps the most provocative as well.

The more lethal, more accurate warheads on the 10 boat Trident fleet will supplement the existing sea-based Polaris/Poseidon system. Each submarine will carry 24 missiles with a firing range of 4,500, to be improved to 6,000 miles. In turn each missile will be equipped with 17 nuclear warheads that can be independently targeted to different destinations. Thus, the initial 10-boat fleet would pack 4,080 nuclear weapons capable of striking as many targets, each with a blast three times as powerful as the Hiroshima bomb. Each Trident is nearly 2 football fields long, 4 stories high and weighs 18,000 tons.

A conservative 10-year cost estimate for the Trident program, including research, development, building, operation and maintenance costs is \$40 billion. Such an astronomic figure makes Trident the world's second most expensive weapons system, right behind the U.S. Air Force's planned new B-1 Bomber.

— The Pacific Life Community



Alison Hickman Metcalf

In support of the Monster.

On a chilled, foggy morning in February, Continental walkers and members of the Mid-Peninsula Conversion Project greeted workers at Lockheed's Palo Alto research facility (where Trident was designed) with an informational picket. And in early afternoon, the black-flagged Trident Monster was the centerpiece of a large demonstration at the missile production complex in Sunnyvale. The Monster, designed by Herb Gilbert, of Pacific Life Community, stretched the length of two football fields. Rope, held aloft by 40 bamboo poles, carried 408 long, black plastic missiles, each representing one of the individually targetable nuclear weapons carried by a single Trident submarine. The impressively gloomy sight of the Monster's "missiles" blowing in a chill wind clearly symbolized the Trident's threat to all life.



Peace and Justice Fair, Santa Cruz, California, February.

On their way through the Santa Cruz Mountains, walkers were surprised by a soft blanket of snow. After walking through muddy hills, they arrived in Santa Cruz, California on February 7, carrying the Trident Monster. That afternoon, a lively Peace and Justice Fair was held, with many community groups and over 200 local people participating. Booths were set up in a large room where fair goers wandered, talked, and picked up literature. In side rooms workshops were held, films and slide shows were shown, and a puppet show was performed. In the evening a soup and salad dinner was served to over 100 people and was followed by a program of poetry and music.

As the Walk made its way down the California coast along route 101, it encountered many small communities. Thanks to the hard work of local and regional organizers, walkers enjoyed many lively potluck dinners and community meetings. Near San Luis Obispo eight walkers were arrested at Diablo Canyon as they attempted to conduct a nonviolent protest at that nuclear power plant construction site. A number of walkers later elected to return to the area to work with the local anti-nuclear campaign.

The interest and support of local people was punctuated now and then by an especially warm reception: a tiny community church's potluck in San Ardo, a sign posted on a lawn near Watsonville saying "Welcome to America Continental Walkers!", a woman from a

ranch near Salinas offering the walkers 150 dollars to help support them, a United Farm Worker rally in Grover City where walkers were welcomed and asked to speak. They were the small important connections that never made the headlines, but did make the Walk.

Reverends Nipposhi and Oyama joined the Walk in



Joe Bradley



Larry Johnson

Walkers on their way over the Santa Cruz mountains, California, in the snow.

Los Angeles, just in time for the Mimi Farina concert and the next day's walk with 250 people through the city to Mac Arthur Park.

I remember Cabrillo Village as a sprawl of low frame buildings coming to life under the patient care of its eighty-one new citrus worker owners. The workers had lived here as labor camp tenants until numerous code violations, long unenforced against the growers' association/owner, threatened their eviction. Now the village is struggling with a still hostile county board, who are resisting rezoning to "residential" class.

— Tom MacLean

Meanwhile, San Diego area folk were preparing for the walk from San Ysidro to San Diego and the caravan on to join the Western route walkers at Riverside, California.

In Thousand Oaks and Indio, the Walk confronted serious internal and organizational conflicts reminiscent of many past movement projects of this kind: questions of purpose and responsibility; charges of authoritarianism and lack of realism; all exacerbated by people feeling scared and angry and hurt.

Out of the conflicts that occurred at Indio, some insights became immediately apparent and Walk or-

ganizers for other routes, perhaps because of their relative detachment, used them with great effectiveness, and the conflicts that occurred on the Western route were avoided. But among those of us intimately involved, the negative perspectives dwelled disturbingly long and were only slowly resolved into useful understanding and process.

Gentle folk—among them Stewart Meacham, Jane Marie Luecke, Bob Aitken, and Dave Dellinger—reminded us along the way that beyond the garden variety human frailties, our struggles are with a cultural heritage of "dominance"; intensely personal as well as collective. It was a crucial but difficult and elusive lesson, ebbing and flowing with our strength and confidence and from it we constructed many new skills for dealing with internal and external relationships.

It was also Stewart and Dave, as well as Brad Lyttle, who pointed out to us the difficulties that other large scale projects, especially other walks, have had. They pointed out that inherent in any collective living situation of the Walk's size, there are inevitably differences. When you add to that the burden of an "itinerant" lifestyle, problems become magnified larger than they otherwise would be. The perspectives of those older with more movement experience, were important to the Walk's (both Walkers' and organizers') understanding of, and growing from, its conflicts.

— Tom MacLean

Leaving Blythe, the Walk climbed out of the Colorado River Valley, and just past Quartzite, veered northeast off of I-10 onto once heavily-travelled U.S. 60. Now the old highway is a withering artery visiting dying towns and isolated cafe-garages whose employees hang on grimly, still serving ice cream and lemonade to very occasional travellers. We fretted at the high prices, not yet fully appreciating this impact of interstate highways.

A day's hot walk ahead at an intersection called Hope, a less than friendly local shoos us away from the shade of his abandoned gas station. Tired, thirsty, hot, and just another mile from camp, we rest a moment on the shadeless shoulder and move on quickly without risking further dialogue.

But the man's abusive behavior is well-known locally, and the next morning's camp visit by a health inspector is marked by friendliness and tongue-in-cheek firmness about our sanitary violations. So we stay another day, shuttling forward and back in Steve's panel truck, camp prominently decorated by a plastic pail/plastic sack toilet.

It was a good camp, remembered fondly for its crisp brilliant nights and for the company of our oldest long-distance walker, Les Gampp—a remarkable 83 year old.

Shade was becoming scarcer and more vital, and as break time approached we'd scurry under a convenient bridge, leaving a lookout topside for our roving truck. Below, we slipped gradually into rituals of shared water and snacks, airing toes and socks, journal writings, and collective mock groans at the "two minutes!" shouted to remind us that we would soon again be walking.

As the desert's austerity and remoteness deepened, so a sense of detachment seemed to shroud our "politics," a narrowing of vision to immediate and elemental needs. Slowly we came to appreciate this as an experience common to many people who struggle constantly for survival, and to understand that our feelings might connect more credibly with people along the way than statistics.



Peg Averill

Ted Dale interprets for the monks at a rally in MacArthur Park, Los Angeles.

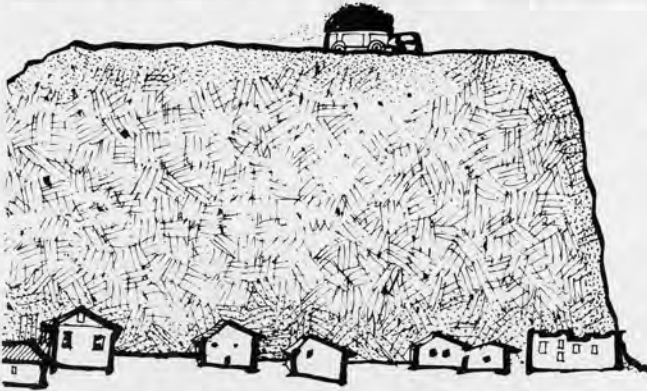


Alison Hickman Metcalf

It was perhaps only fortuitous coincidence that a Ronald Reagan fund-raising dinner had been scheduled for the evening of the Walk's arrival in Phoenix. Nonetheless, Tempe Peace Center organizers had, with their customary thoroughness, prepared a fine leaflet for the occasion, which walker-pickers presented to the gathering dinner-goers. Our presence drew a few interesting exchanges and considerable press.

Next morning local supporters and walkers rallied at the Capitol. It was a smallish friendly gathering that attracted a large segment of the busy courtyard traffic. Rep. Bruce Wheeler offered friendly greetings and very substantial political support, and officially received a letter from Hiroshima's Mayor Takeshi Araki. The walking day ended in Tempe with a community potluck meeting.

The Southwest



Peg Averill

Approaching Miami, Arizona, a curiously bare ridge ahead suggested only cryptically its role in a bizarre destruction process. Around a long "S" bend, where the road descended more steeply, we saw the

town; it lay dust-smothered at the feet of mountainous accumulations of tailings from the Inspiration Consolidated Copper Co. and other nearby mining enterprises. We stopped to lunch in a tiny roadside park halfway down to the valley floor and talked of the dreary greyness below, not yet appreciating that this was one of Miami's good days.

On a bad day we could not have seen the town from here, for with the smelters operating and wind whipping streams of dust into the valley, visibility can drop to 100 feet. And we learned that the bad days promise to get even worse. Already mining is proceeding under streets and houses to within thirty feet of the surface, the water supply is deteriorating, and banks aren't making loans. Death is on its way, but I hope my anger will not die with this town.

— Tom McClean

Night-time wind and snow swooped onto our camp in Salt River Canyon, collapsing tents and soaking much of our gear. A desperate appeal to Showlow's church community brought a truly generous response. Mormon folk quickly offered their bus, but unable to locate the key, drove out to us in the Baptists' bus. We

loaded just ahead of a second snowstorm for the 65-mile return to a Pentecostal mission, where we would stay a full week. In that time a gas explosion and fire destroyed the mission lodge and seriously burned a staff member. Walkers provided much of the help needed to clean up and reclaim the building's furnishings.

Trying to keep warm during a snow storm in Salt River Canyon, Arizona.



Nanci Bower

What is it like to walk through the desert? The sky is enormous, unlike the ceiling one sees over the buildings in a city or even over a farming area with nearby trees and houses. Especially on the high plateau of New Mexico, one can see from horizon to horizon. In the morning, one can look ahead down the highway to some hill on the horizon and know that we will pass it by lunchtime and be half-way across the following plain by the end of the day. The landscape usually changed notably, sometimes dramatically, once or twice in the course of the day when we crossed a hill and saw a new vista. All this was countryside I'd never seen before and will never see in such detail again.

The hills are another element of the desert landscape; they have varied from the mysterious, elaborate buttes, towers and cliffs of the Superstition Mountains in eastern Arizona to eroded, dry slopes which meet the flat grassland in New Mexico near the Arizona border to voluptuously rolling grassland that descends to Superior, Arizona, to bluish, oddly shaped hills that rise out of the plains west of Socorro, New Mexico.

Through changes in altitude and topography too subtle to describe or even understand, the land changed from one sort of grassland to another; to chaparral, to scraggly forest, alternately to plains and hills, and eventually led us, after crossing the Continental Divide near Pietown, N.M., to descend finally from the high plateau to the Rio Grande at Socorro. The name means "succor."

— **India Owen**



Debbie Brown and Larry Johnson in New Mexico.

Peg Averill



In Socorro, a few of us went with the monks to pray at the Trinity site, where the first atomic bomb was tested. Unable to enter the gates, we completed the ceremony outside the fence, watched by three jeeps of military police. All was fine until a picture was taken with a small pocket camera. For the next two hours we talked to the police while awaiting a decision on the film. No one would commit themselves to being the final authority. (An officer driving out in a jeep ran out of gas.) But eventually they decided we were harmless and could keep the film.

— **Arnold Ericson**

The COLORADO Feeder

Preparing for the balloon launch.



John Cobb



Rally at Rocky Flats nuclear weapons plant.

The Colorado Feeder began its five week journey with a demonstration at the Rocky Flats Nuclear Weapons Facility near Boulder, Colorado, on April 5. The demonstration, involving a balloon launch and rally, highlighted the Colorado route's focus on nuclear power plants and weapons, land use, and peace conversion. The use of tagged balloons, carried downwind from the plant and bearing a message concerning the dangers of the plant and actions that the recipient might take, made contact with local residents possible and also caught, and held, the interest of the local media. Newspapers and television stations present for the launch asked to be kept informed of the Walk's progress and gave tremendous coverage to the demonstration. The concept of a balloon launch to demonstrate the potential dangers of nuclear facilities was picked up by Walk organizers across the country, and used very effectively.

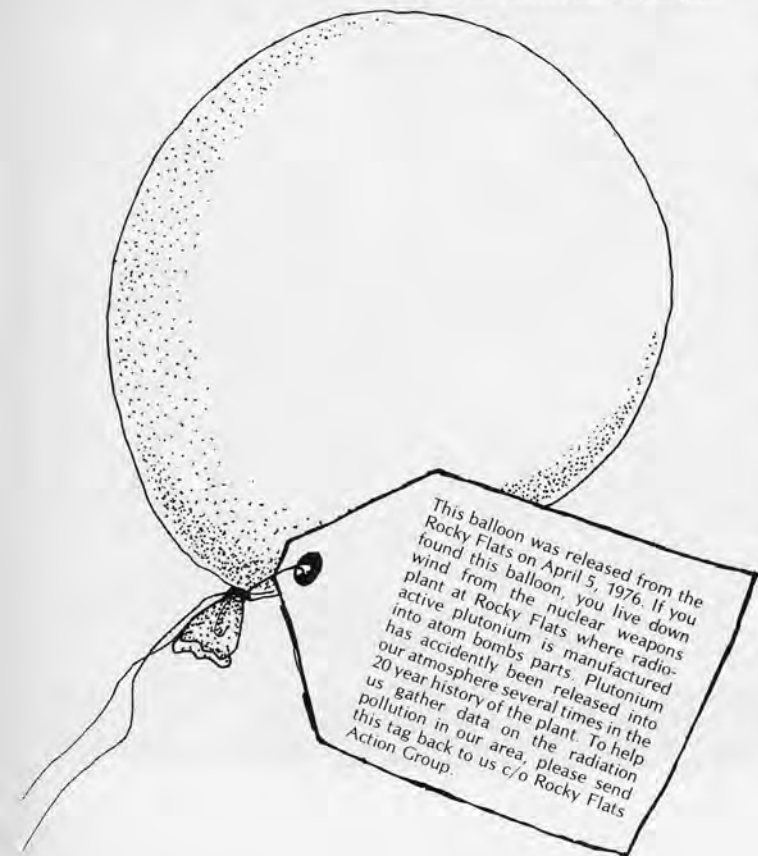
Local participation in Colorado was especially fine. Walk supporters in Boulder, Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, and Alamosa organized support for walkers, found meeting halls, lodgings, food and generated local discussion of Walk issues. The Boulder planning group held a fair in March at the University there to publicize the Walk and generate interest. One example of the overwhelming local support was the volume of food donated to the walkers: 20 loaves of bread, 40 pounds of bananas, 50 pounds of honey and 300 dozen eggs!

At the public gathering held in Pueblo, Colorado (where the President of the City Council had proclaimed April 19 through 23 Continental Walk Week) local people discussed the need for jobs and the controversy between the town and the Army over the use of a dam that had recently been completed. A woman whose son had been involved in an anti-war action and gone underground spoke about the need for universal, unconditional amnesty. A discussion on the Nuclear Safeguard Initiative that was on the November ballot followed.

An entire elementary school kept track of the Colorado Walk's progress with a map on a wall in their school. They also wrote letters to Harold Agnew, director of Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, expressing their own hopes for the future and thoughts on disarmament and social justice.

Los Alamos was the sight of a demonstration staged by the walkers from both the western route and the Colorado feeder. Walkers carried a list of demands to present to Los Alamos administrators, who proved to be inaccessible that day. With a civil disobedience action imminent LASL director Harold Agnew finally agreed to meet with walkers. Discussion was curt, however, and Agnew remained unmoved when presented with the demands. He was presented with the Hiroshima appeal and the Walk Call.

The Colorado walkers concluded their journey on May 12 in Albuquerque, having made many contacts in local communities as well as having learned a great deal about themselves and about the issues.



Los Alamos

Approaching Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory.





Early-rising walkers had leafletted arriving workers at Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory gates several hours before our full group arrived: Western route and Colorado walkers along with many local supporters. At the laboratories we hoped to persuade the LASL administration to view the film "Hiroshima," and then arrange for it to be shown to employees and, as a permanent exhibit, to visitors of the adjacent museum.

We pushed persistently for an audience, occupying the administration building portico and occasionally gaining entrance to the lobby for a phone call. But director Harold Agnew, an official observer of the Hiroshima bombing was "unavailable." By mid-afternoon, a reserve civil disobedience action had been readied, but was summarily co-opted by Agnew's happenstance arrival. The brief impromptu meeting was largely a patronizing put-off, capped by "see you next year."

Walkers waiting outside LASL for Harold Agnew to meet with them.



Albuquerque

Taking to the streets in Albuquerque.



Alison Hickman Metcalf



Rally in Robinson Park, Albuquerque.

Nearly 100 Albuquerque Walk supporters and a papier-mache "Military-Industrial Complex Monster" welcomed walkers to their Robinson Park rally. Hard-working organizers continued to fill the Walk's next four days: Reis Tijerina, a key Chicano movement worker spoke at the community pot-luck and publicly endorsed the Walk, as did Bishop Robert Sanchez; walkers picketed Kirtland Air Force Base; Dick Gregory accepted the Hiroshima appeal at his "Run for Hunger" rally; but the same appeal was rejected by the mayor of Albuquerque, who commented, "... they have a thing about the bomb over there." We caravanned to Santa Fe, joining the Colorado walkers to demonstrate at Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, birthplace of the Hiroshima bomb.



Getting the word out in Albuquerque.



The TEXAS Panhandle

About 20 miles east of Amarillo, surrounded by fences, guarded gates, and vast empty fields, lies an ugly sprawl of low buildings and earth bunkers. To this place, known as Pantex, come 15% of Amarillo's work force and some exotic materials and components. From it, at the rate of three per day, are shipped fully assembled nuclear weapons. Pantex is now the only such final assembly plant in this country. The Walk decided to protest its presence by vigiling.

From the Walk log:

Memorial Day eve. The Sheriff is already here, thinks we're OK; clean. If we need anything, he says, get in touch with him via the guard's radio. He'll be here in 15 minutes. This is probably the first demonstration here since the San Francisco to Moscow Walk passed through Amarillo in 1961.

—Ed Anthes

Richard and I went to the west gate to leaflet the leaving shift. A seemingly friendly guard warns us against standing in the road. I soon understand. Approximately five cars swerved towards me, one apparently intent on hitting me and I had to jump out of the way. There were some positive responses. One man, who used to live in Los Alamos (where I grew up), listened, and I could tell he felt good towards me.

—Jo Moody

Carli, after spending time with us vigiling and leafletting, now wants to continue meeting with workers in peace conversion discussions.

—Arnold Erickson

When the Walk came through Amarillo, I felt, for the first time in years, a cause worth supporting. The walkers themselves enlightened my friends and me and brought a new sense of peace to each one of us. My neighbors still frown and talk about the "heathens" in orange robes who played drums and spoke "foreign" languages. They still believe that the only way to have peaceful co-existence is to be "too tough to tackle," and they aren't about to quit their \$4.50 an hour jobs at the nuke Plant (Pantex). On the other hand those who met the walkers, loved them. The seed is planted and someday the tree will grow. I plan to sit in its shade.

—Carli Scales



Peg Averill

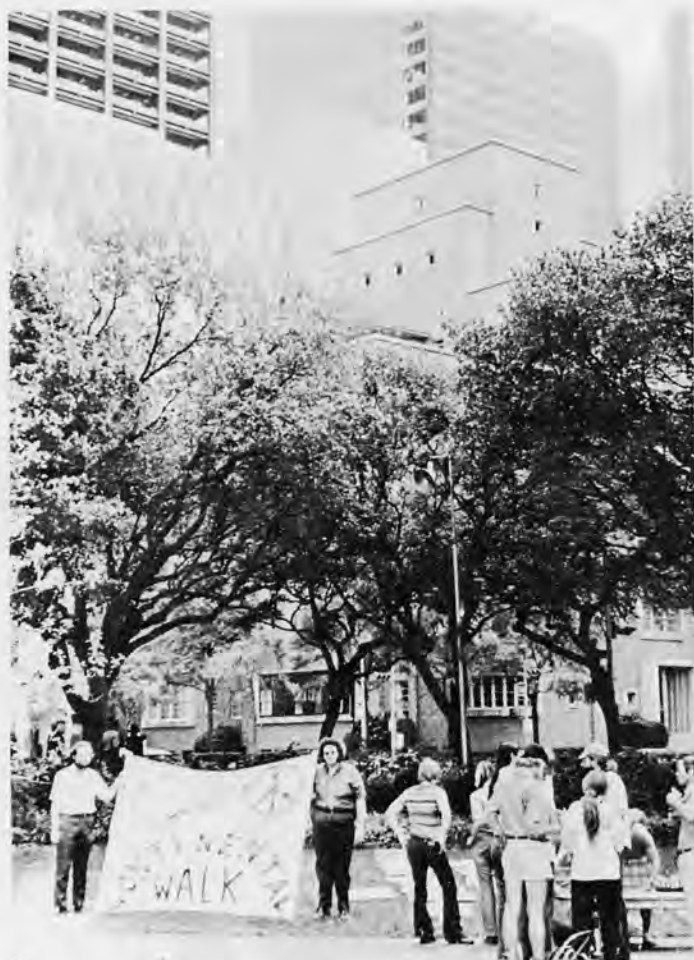
The TEXAS Feeder

Roger Peace at Walk table, University of Texas, Austin.



Bill Newson

Walkers in Houston, Texas.



Mary Robinson

On May 8, the north Texas portion of the Continental Walk began in Glen Rose, site of the state's first nuclear power plant. About 150 helium-filled balloons were released as the Walk began. Each balloon carried a card stating that the balloon represented possible radiation from the plant. The cards immediately returned had made it to Ft. Worth, 40 miles away, the same day that they were released.

On May 12, the Walk arrived in Burleson, Texas, where walkers attended a Mass for Peace at St. Ann's Catholic Church. Afterwards, a discussion of issues was held between religious education students and the walkers.

On Friday, May 14, Daniel Berrigan arrived for two days of activity in the Ft. Worth-Dallas area. That evening he spoke to over 75 persons at SMU about the continuing presence of war in the world and how each person must make a commitment to end that oppression through direct action and alternative communities. Berrigan was also the guest on the local public television nightly news-discussion program. His appearance generated a large amount of favorable "feed-back" phone calls to the program.

On Saturday, May 15, the Walk began in Ft. Worth at the Federal Building and made its way to Carswell Air Force Base, a Strategic Air Command Base and training and test facility for General Dynamics, conclusers of the "arms deal of the century" involving the sale of F-16 fighter planes to several countries. Upon our arrival at the Base gate the guards told us that we were welcome to stand at the gate and picket and leaflet. We took advantage of that situation, with about ten of us handing our leaflets to base personnel as the shift changed. Undoubtedly, Berrigan's presence at the demonstration was a reason for the friendliness.

On Wednesday, May 19, we leafletted cars and workers at Ling Temco Vought (LTV) Corporation, a large military contractor. LTV manufactures missiles and built the Crusader aircraft used in Vietnam. The leaflet pointed out the peace conversion efforts of the late UAW president Walter Reuther. Workers were urged to support peace conversion legislation through their local unions.

On the following Friday, the Walk began at the Rhoads Terrace Housing Project in South Dallas. Residents of the project and the area surrounding the Walk were reminded of the specific social programs which were being cut by the government, including HUD and day care. After walking through the poverty area, the Walk ended the day at the offices of three Dallas congresspersons. All were reminded of the neglect that the government was showing citizens of Dallas.

Saturday, May 22, was the final day of the Texas leg. In Dallas, walkers gathered at the Kennedy Memorial and traveled through the Chicano neighborhoods to bring attention to the proposed construction of the B-1 Bomber.

—Bobby Slovak

Bobby Slovak, Kathie Snider, Ken Taylor, Celeste Williams, and Jack Cody walking through downtown Dallas.



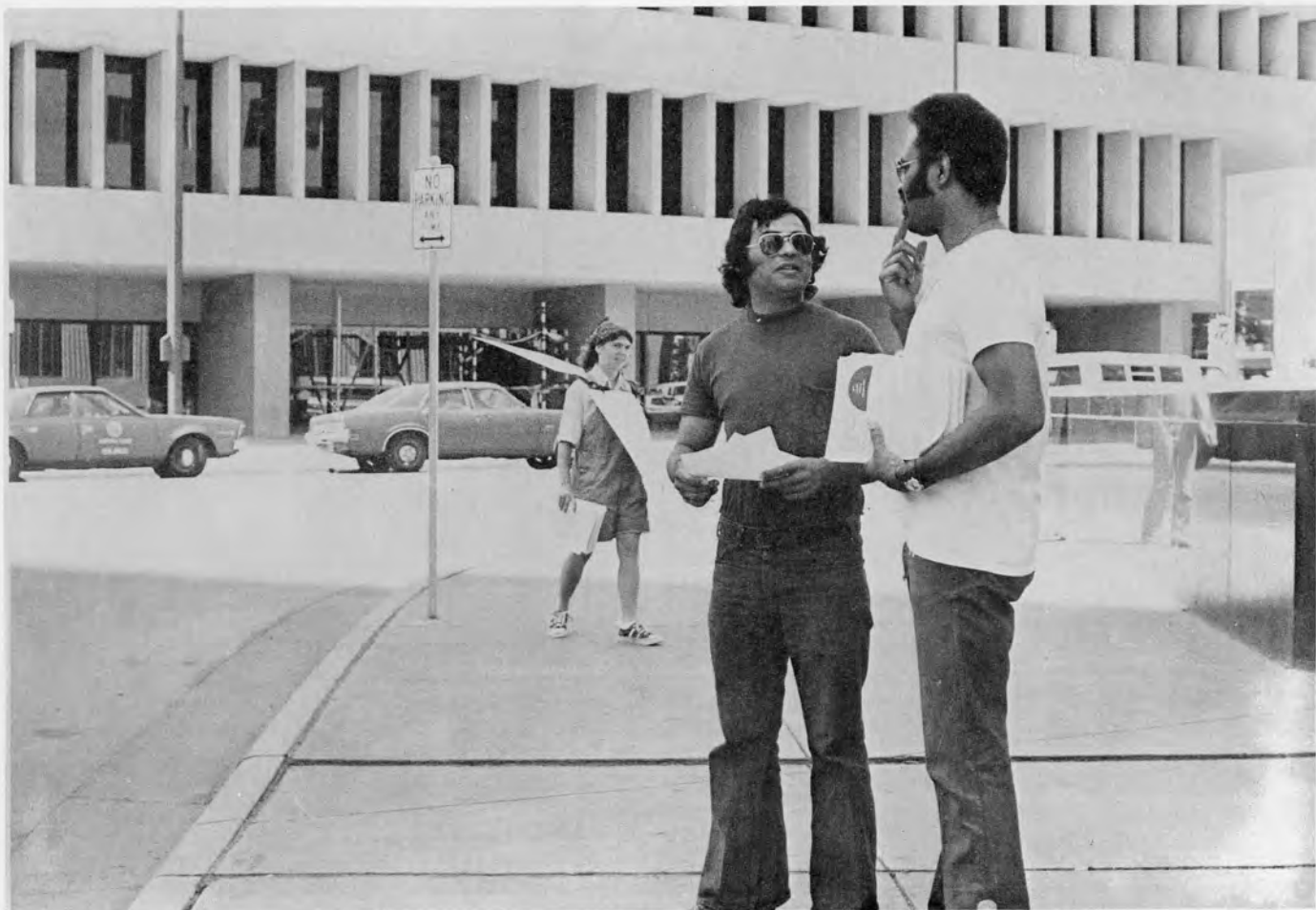
Bill Stephens

Bobby Slovak, left, and Bill Stephens during a rest stop in Dallas, Texas.



Celeste Williams

Leafletting in Ft. Worth.



Bobby Slovak

A familiar scene for walkers in New Mexico and Texas.



Larry Johnson

Left to right: Beyne Pietrusiewicz, George Plummer, Arnold Erickson and Ed Anthes examining a map to determine the distance to be walked that day.



Nanci Bower

The Midwest

Tom MacLean stops to talk with some enthusiastic observers in Blackwell, Oklahoma.



Larry Johnson

Greenery and streams, sheltered by windbreaks of the dust bowl reclamation era, dramatically marked the Oklahoma border, and we danced around a huge mulberry tree in celebration. But local folk, expressing concern about another dustbowl, told of the windbreaks' gradual attrition by acreage-hungry farmers. Our gathering place in the city was an elegantly rustic coffeehouse called the Prairie Lady, and here we ate, showered, heard Emmy Lou Harris, held workshops with David Dellinger, and planned Tinker AFB leafletting.

Tom MacLean stops to discuss the Walk with a "peace" officer over root beer floats in Kansas.



Larry Johnson

Jo Moody leafletting in a midwestern town.



Nanci Bower



Nancy Bower

Walkers settle down for some serious ice cream consumption shortly after Delmar Martin's arrival, in Braman, Oklahoma



Alison Hickman Metcalf

Vickie Leonard and Tom Maclean talking with Delmar Martin.

Walking along the road in northern Oklahoma in June, walkers were getting a taste of hot, humid mid-western weather. The road stretched endlessly ahead; wheat rolled in the wind everywhere, teasing us with its ocean-like appearance. One early afternoon, out of the endless expanse of road in front of us grew the form of a large red truck moving very quickly, and it seemed to be making a great deal of noise, the horn blasting, people shouting. As the truck got closer, our curiosity bordering on uneasiness was rapidly transformed to delight as we read the big, hand painted sign on the front of the truck: "Welcome to Kansas, Continental Walkers!" The truck belonged to a wheat farmer, and Walk supporter named Delmar Martin. To the walkers added delight, he had arrived with gallons of ice cream (undoubtedly the walkers' favorite food!), ice cream cones, and orange juice. And lots of kids to dish it all out!

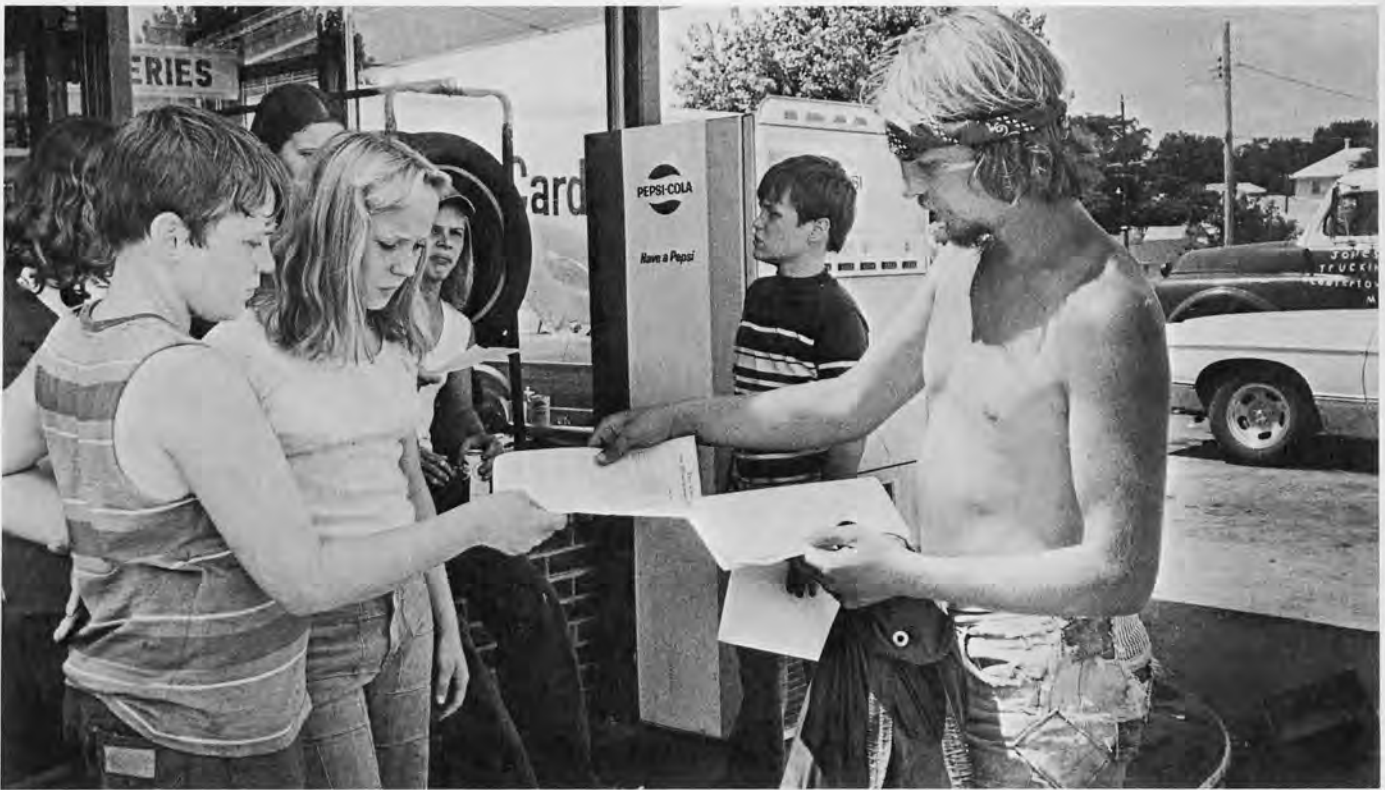
Delmar Martin housed the walkers for three days, at his farm in Argonia, KS, picking us up in his big red wheat truck in the evening and bringing us back to the road in the morning after a remarkable and welcomed repast of home-grown, whole wheat pancakes. In the evening, relieved of the burden of setting up tents and cooking on the Coleman stove for 25 people, walkers soaked up the sweet sensations of the midwestern summer twilight. Neighbors came by to visit and talk to walkers. One of them had been a conscientious objector in World War II. We were surprised. The children were curious and friendly. An older boy, Jonathon, spent a long evening talking about disarmament with some walkers. There was time for the monks to give their famous massages. It was a good time for the Walk. We had come out of those long lonely months in the Southwest, with few resources but ourselves. We looked forward to the coming months of walking through a well-organized midwest.

— Vickie Leonard



Mary Bradford

Susan LaFlamme and Reverend Nipposhi escaping the heat.



Mary Bradford

Carl Champney stops to leaflet some onlookers in Jefferson City, Missouri.



Jane Fowler Morse

A rest stop on the road in Kansas.

From Delmar Martin's ice cream and orange juice welcome at the Oklahoma border to Kansas City's poetry- and song-filled rally, Kansas and the Walk greeted each other as old friends. The especially warm community support and organization in places like Wichita, Newton, McPherson, Lindsborg, Salina, Manhattan, Wamego, Topeka, and Lawrence, were thoroughly welcomed by the Walk after the months of isolation and only scattered community support experienced in the Southwest. Stewart Meacham joined us in Wichita and his movement experience and insights were a strength that the Walk appreciated and grew from. Mayors in Salina and Topeka signed the Hiroshima Appeal. A state senator hosted us and Fort Riley GI's openly offered support. Burlington folk walked with us and invited us to come down and support their campaign against a proposed nuclear power plant. In tiny DeSoto, where many of us slept out, a druggist declined payment for mosquito repellent, saying "I'm very deeply moved by what you are doing." It was also in DeSoto that two managers of the nearby Sunflower Munitions Plant came early on a Saturday morning to hear our position on disarmament.



Reverend Sato greets the Mayor of Salina, Kansas, at a July 4th picnic.



India Owen, Charlotte Smith and Reverend Nipposhi stop to talk with some children in Missouri.

Stewart Meacham taking care of his blisters after a long day on the road.



Jane Fowler Morse

Many very small towns lay along the route through Missouri, and our warm expectations for such places were largely confirmed. Though church elders in Otterville feared violation of their sanctuary by the Buddhist monks, and though the state's most enlightened prison superintendent dared not expose his "population" to our politics, these were atypical reactions. Center Town's mayor defended our presence in the town ball park against an angry councilman, and later with his children delivered a tank truck of water. Three farm families near Tipton provided bed and board; while high above the Missouri River in Hermann, a grand lady arranged a church lunch and a city park camp meeting. Strong political support came from the State Treasurer at a Capitol steps rally, and very personal encouragement was offered by Mokane mayor, Tom Shakleford's family.

Missourians for Safe Energy asked the Walk to support their campaign against the nearby Calloway plant construction site. Together we leafleted and picketed and talked with local folk at our evening potluck.

The center of most of the state's organizing was Columbia. The energy from the Missouri Peace Study Institute and the Columbia FOR/WRL poured out in many forms. A full page ad endorsing the Walk carried two hundred signatures. The mayor proclaimed a Continental Walk Day and we greeted him at the City Hall and offered the Hiroshima Appeal. Our walk from Cosmos Park to the Columbia College rally site involved more than 100 people and seemed filled with close friendly contacts. At the rally both encouragement and challenge came from talks of two city councilmen and long-time anti-war activist Bill Wickersham, all in an afternoon well mellowed by music and food.



Clyde Wilson addresses a rally in Columbia, Missouri.



Larry Johnson

Nuclear power plant demonstration "die-in" in Kansas City, Missouri.

St. Louis



India Owen, a long distance walker, speaks to a rally outside the Homer G. Phillips Hospital in St. Louis.

The focus of activities in St. Louis emerged slowly. A small group of mostly Quakers began meeting in November or December. We struggled with difficulty towards some kind of focused action. What seemed at first to be differences in desired focus turned out to be simply complementary. Those who wanted an educational forum in which the military position would be presented produced a very well attended and successful panel discussion between Sidney Lens and Saul Gilford (a non-military contracts only industrialist), president of Gilford Instrument Laboratories, in Oberlin, Ohio, on one side and two very articulate representatives from the military and McDonnell-Douglas respectively. At least 200 people were jammed into a lounge at Washington University to hear the heated debate. Although the panel discussion had been billed as an examination of the economic advantages of a war vs. a peace economy, all four panelists agreed wholeheartedly that peacetime production was preferable in every respect, economically. The seminar quickly resolved itself into a debate on the real issues that separated these two sides—the question of the necessity, feasibility, and morality of nuclear defense.

We in St. Louis thought long about the social justice issue—how we could most effectively link it to the armaments issue. That link, in St. Louis, was the hospital issue. The proposed closing of Homer G. Phillips Hospital, one of the two general acute care hospitals in St. Louis and the only one in the predominantly black north side, had become

Nanci Bower

one of the most highly charged issues in the city. A budget deficit of 1.5 million threatened the hospital's existence while General Dynamics, headquartered in St. Louis, could complacently spend 225 million dollars on only one submarine (30 are planned). With the support of the Citywide Coalition to Save all City Hospitals the St. Louis Walk committee made plans for the Walk's arrival.

On August 7, the Walk left the fine Boulevard leading from Clayton and Washington University and headed north into territory not usually traversed in "peace marches." We walked through areas of deteriorating homes, rubble-filled lots, and burned out and vandalized houses. We also passed people with hopelessness written on their faces and other peoples whose miraculous resilience kept them barbecuing to keep their church afloat or rocking on some front porch in rhythm to some inner melody undiminished by the harsh surroundings. It was one of these old women who reduced a young long distance walker to tears when she said to her, simply, "Be careful, honey, don't trip." Many walkers commented to me on the feeling of love and support they received from residents of this devastated terrain.

Seven community leaders, Sid Lens, and a long distance walker spoke at the main rally in front of the threatened hospital. In spite of the small turnout, it was a significant unity rally for St. Louis.

The first day the Walk was in St. Louis was Thursday, August 5. St. Louis supporters joined the long distance walkers at General Dynamics and walked with them for two miles through a beautiful park under clear, blue skies. It was 4:45 when we reached the east edge of the park, just 30 minutes before the exact moment, 31 years before, Tokyo time, that the bomb had devastated Hiroshima. Reverend Sato asked that all of us sit with our faces toward the west. Until 5:15, the fatal moment, we were silent, a silence that weighed more heavily on many of us than we might have imagined, as we relived those innocent moments before the overpowering weight descended out of the skies. Only we relived them no longer innocent of the fate which awaited the victims of Hiroshima and no longer innocent of the fate which may await us and the human race. A moment after 5:15, Sato rose and, as he had explained to us, made an offering of water in commemoration of all those whose last memories of life were of scorching thirst. He then walked slowly towards some tiny plants and poured the water gently on their roots. At that moment Sato seemed to act for all of us, walking long miles and working long hours to plead with our brothers and sisters that the human race never again be subjected to mass violence, or to economic, racial or sexual violence. And to plead that our enormous energies be turned rather to nurturing the tender plant of human life and love.

—Barbara Corr

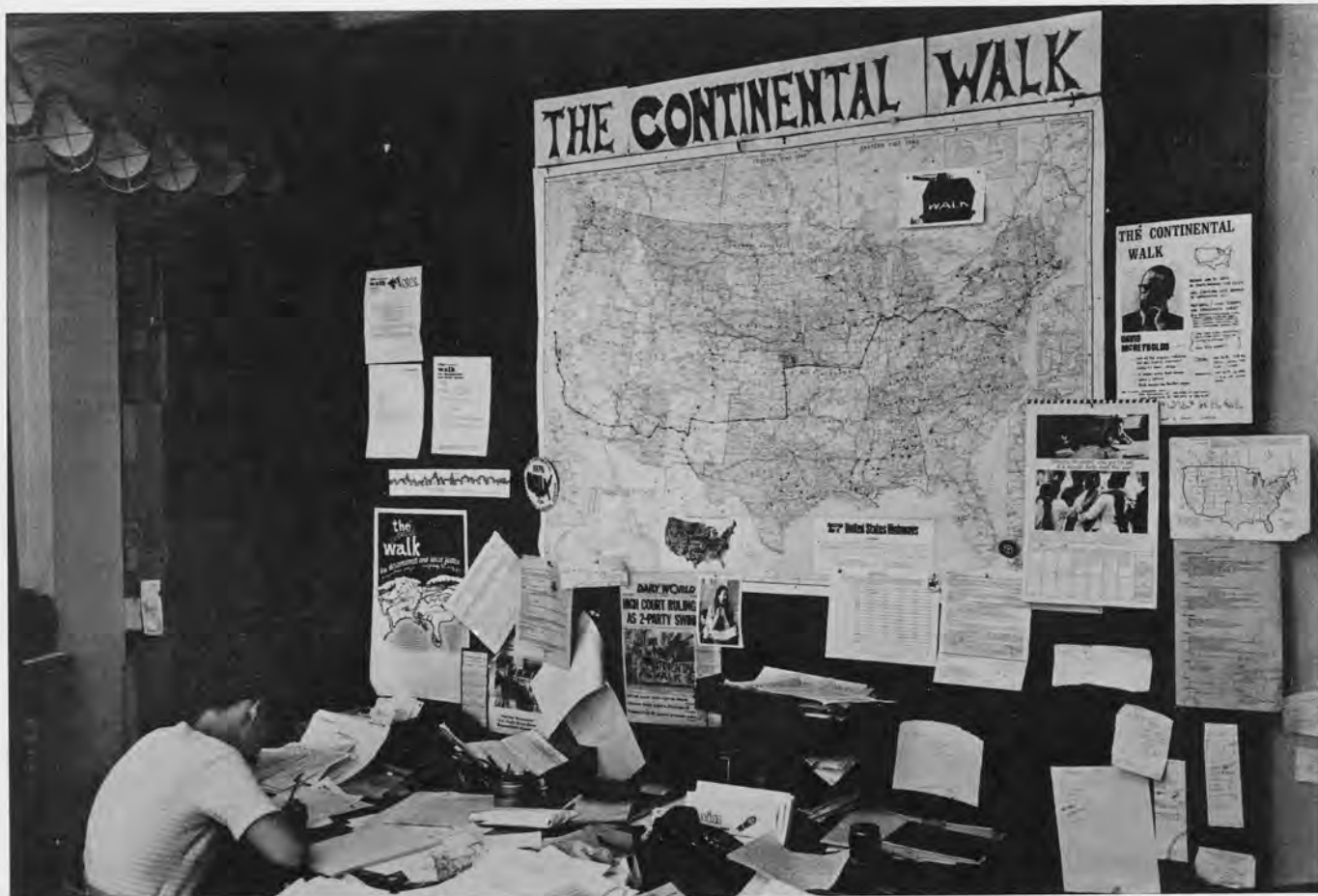
Organizing

Eighteen months and more spent organizing for the Continental Walk: months of moments that were alternately exhilarating, frustrating, hilarious, painful and satisfying. There were times when, peering out of the grey windows of 339 Lafayette Street to the muddy assemblage of factory buildings, local alcoholics, Jesus freaks, and streaking traffic, the Walk seemed a phantom thing. Many of the smiling faces in this book belong to Walk organizers from all over the country who finally got out of the office and onto the road. For it was in walking that one finally realized that one's energies were really coming to something; that the outreach the Walk was effecting in rural communities, especially, was amazing and important. For all of us on the national office staff, walking was the best part and no one ever wanted to come home from the road. But it was necessary to do that work, we knew, and we always did come back. Organizing was the behind-the-scenes backbone of the Walk. Sometimes that was hard for us to remember as we sat swamped with T-shirt orders,

press releases, and bills. But the small notes of support and appreciation from people in places as far away as Hawaii and South America and the never ending flow of local media coverage helped us to maintain the energy necessary to keep things going.

Throughout the fall and into January, as Walk organizers in New York scrambled to ready Organizer's Manuals, Walk Calls, and background papers, The War Resisters League West office in San Francisco struggled to get the Walk off to a good start, getting out pounds of literature, contacting speakers, arranging routes, permits and rally sites, and working with the long distance walkers. As California organizers ushered the Western route of the Walk out of their state, national Walk office organizers were only beginning their second long year of organizing. Coordinating all of the routes, producing and printing thousands of leaflets, background papers, posters and bumperstickers, as well as the more or less bi-weekly *Walk News*, answering phones and correspondence, raising the necessary funds to keep the

The Continental Walk national office. The map indicated all of the Walk routes and dates when walkers would arrive in key cities.



Ed Hedemann



Vickie Leonard and Grace Hedemann amid the clutter.

Ed Hedemann

Walk going, trying to drum up some national media coverage, keeping *WIN Magazine* up to date on Walk events, and preparing for Washington, D.C. events was nothing less than a monumental task for a staff that averaged four and included at various times during the year: Larry Erickson, Rick Gaumer, Ed Hedemann, Paul Hopkins, Joe LaPenne, Vickie Leonard, Tom MacLean, Blaine Metcalf, Maureen O'Donnell, Joanne Sheehan, Jim Tindall and George Worthington. And the help of WRL staff Ralph DiGia, Grace Hedemann, Dave McReynolds, and Jim Peck.

One of the first big organizing events to occur after the Walk started was a meeting of New England folk interested in feeder routes from their area. Hartford, Connecticut was the site for the New England Continental Walk Conference on January 31, the day the Walk left San Francisco. The conference featured a day full of workshops and panel discussions, a keynote address by Seymour Melman, music, a film on "The San Francisco to Moscow Walk for Peace," an evening rally, and a telephone hook-up with the San Francisco rally. This conference, attended by 200 people, provided a great stimulus to New England Walk activities.

Two major training sessions for long distance walkers occurred; one in California before the Western route started for long distance walkers on that route, and another for east coast long distance walkers that took place in July at the Committee for Non-Violent Action in Connecticut.

In June, organizers from all over the country and some long distance walkers from the Western route came together for a meeting in Chicago to discuss fundraising, organizing in the eastern half of the country, follow-up for areas of the country that the Walk had already passed through, Washington, D.C. events and effective tools and skills for community outreach. The meeting was an opportunity for organizers from around the country to be in touch with each other as well as with the national office. Organizers who had made contact with each other over long distances concerning Walk connections enjoyed the chance to get to know each other better. The national office learned what local organizers needed from them and also received important input on Washington, D.C. events.

In August, national Walk office staff planned a Walk benefit at the Village Gate in New York and were hoping to raise much needed funds for the Walk. Unfortunately, the weather refused to cooperate, and New York had its first hurricane in decades. It was a warm intimate evening for the 25 or so staunch Walk supporters who showed.

In early September, national office staff helped organize a street fair in New York's Greenwich Village. It was a resounding success and raised \$3,000 for the local New York Walk Committee and for the national office.

Also in September, Pat Lacefield, one of the main Walk organizers in Missouri, went to Washington to begin to organize the final days of the Walk in D.C. Gradually the New York office, except for a core staff of Joanne, Rick, Maureen and George, moved down to Washington to work on publicity, buses, outreach to the local Washington community (including col-



John Cohn, Santa Cruz organizer.

Joe Bradley

leges and churches), permits, speakers, props and the general logistics of getting the three entering routes to the Lincoln Memorial at the same time. Grace Hedemann of WRL joined the Washington staff to work on the media and Sandy Spieler from the Powderhorn Puppet Theater in Minneapolis joined the staff to work on props, banners and puppets. Pat and New York folks were joined by walkers Debbie Brown, Chuck Pierson, Tom MacLean, and H. Beyne Pietrusiewicz. Local Washington folk John Cort, John Cohn, Mark Looney, Nancy Williams and Dave Fleischmann joined the staff and along with innumerable volunteers were an invaluable help in maintaining the high level of activity necessary to prepare for the Walk's arrival in Washington. Without them we would have been, undoubtedly, lost. Their good humor and fresh energy were in large part responsible for the success of the Walk's end in Washington. For the last week of organizing there was a final influx of supporters from several sponsoring organizations: David McReynolds, Ralph DiGia, William Douthard, Carol Patti, all of WRL; Mike Jendrzeczyk of FOR; and Gail Pressberg of the AFSC. Priscilla Lippincott and Bill Moyer from MNS also came down to coordinate the marshals. As the Walk arrived at the steps of the Lincoln Memorial, all that work suddenly seemed very worthwhile!

Organizing also meant cleaning up loose ends such as the Walk debt and the Walk office. The office continued to maintain a staff until January, 1977, when, finally, the work was over. It was time for new things.



Organizers at June meeting in Chicago.

Ed Hedemann



Long distance walker training session, San Francisco.

J. C. Stockwell



The Continental Walk contingent of the July 4th Coalition's Parade.

Grace Hedemann



WRL West organizers Ann Gonski, Scott Ullman, and Steve Ladd, with walker Tom MacLean (second from left).

J. C. Stockwell

Walkers

India Owen.



Joe Paige.



Mary Bradford.



Judy Garrison.

Judy Garrison.



Larry Johnson

Debbie Brown.



Joe Bradley

Jim Jaenecke and Stephanie Brown.



J. C. Stockwell

Reverend Shiomi and Ted Dale.



Dana Grubb

Inuka Kimaada Shujaa Mwanguzi



Reverend Sadao.



Rick LaRue and Debbie Brown.



Annie Upshaw and Kit Hastings (in background).

J.C. Stockwell



Gary.

Janet Charles



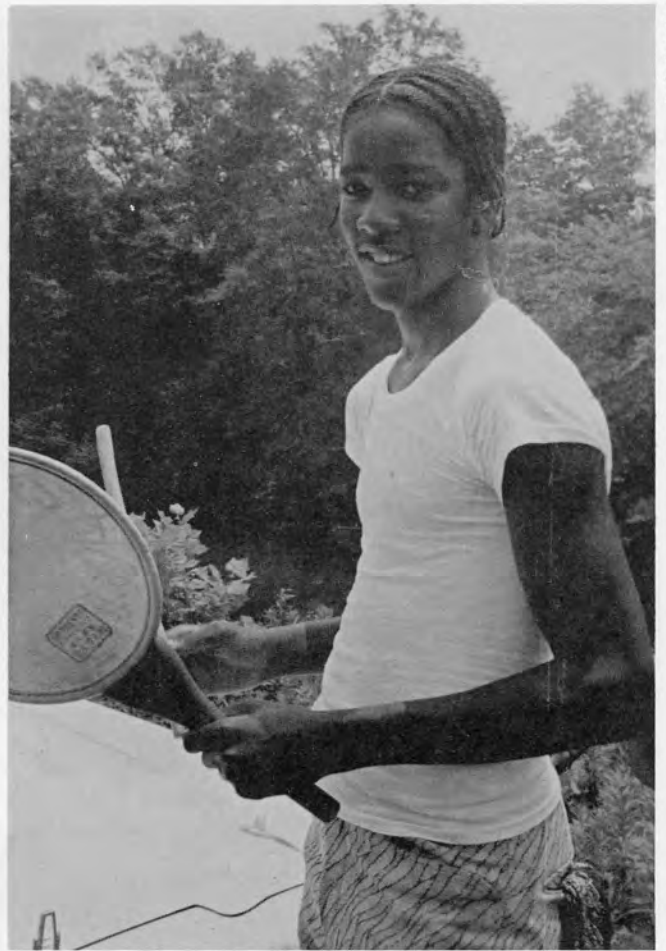
Steve Taylor

Zona Gray



C. Scheiner

Reverend Nagahama.



Judy Garrison



Janet Charles

Gail Pressberg and William Douthard.



Alison Hickman Metcalf

Irene Moore, right, and friend.



Mandy Carter.

Alison Hickman Metcalf



Selden Osborne.

Mary Bradford



Charlotte Smith and George Plummer.

Ed Hedemann



Bennett Hall

Susan LaFlamme.



Alison Hickman Metcalf

Larry Johnson.



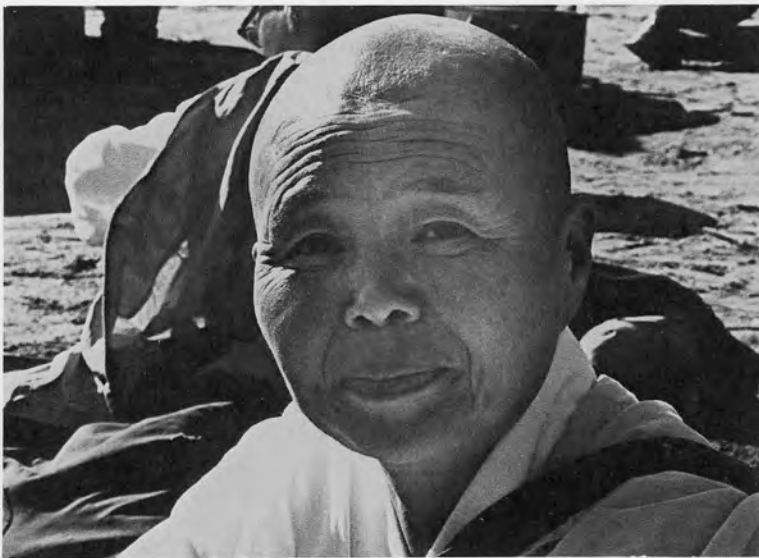
Ed Hedemann

Jim Tindall.



Dan Ellsberg.

Janet Charles



Sister Hayano.

J. C. Stockwell



Ed Anthes, Marti Reaves and Friend.

Janet Bunje

Support Activities



Wilmington mini-walk, in support of the Western route's departure from San Francisco, January 31.

We took seriously the idea that the Continental Walk should be a catalyst for local action. A mini-walk around Wilmington, Ohio, the day the Walk began in California, enabled us to join the Continental Walkers in spirit and to relay their message to our own community. Passersby often waved and people in cars smiled and honked their horns in approval. The vibrations were good; even the Wilmington News-Journal, which tends to ignore all peace demonstrations, carried a report of the local walk. And when the Walk reached Washington, some from Wilmington joined the action there, while seventeen others carried the message with a vigil and leafletting in downtown Dayton.

— Larry Gara

Chris and Jack Payden-Travers and other Michigan Walk supporters spent labor day with Governor Millikan and a few thousand other Michiganites walking over the Mackinaw Bridge, protesting the Trident submarine and Project Seafarer. The next day they joined the main walk in Fort Wayne, Indiana for a short distance.

Our weekly Vigil, which had been going on from 1967 to mid '73 during the war days was re-activated on January 31, 1976 in moral support of the Continental Walk. We thought if you people were willing to walk clear across our nation with the message of peace and social justice, certainly we should be willing to stand an hour, more or less, to bring the message to our own home town and those who pass through.

— Willa Taggart



Chico Peace Endeavor vigil, Chico, California.

The South



“... Those who profess to favor freedom, and yet deprecate agitation, are men who want crops without plowing up the ground. They want rain without thunder and lightning. They want the ocean without the awful roar of its waters. This struggle may be a moral one; or it may be a physical one; or it may be both moral and physical; but it must be a struggle. Power concedes nothing without a demand. It never did, and it never will. Find out just what people will submit to, and you have found out the exact amount of injustice and wrong which will be imposed upon them; and these will continue till they are resisted with either words or blows, or with both. The limits of tyrants are prescribed by the endurance of those whom they oppress...”

FREDERICK DOUGLASS
August 4, 1857



Southern Christian Leadership Conference

Walkers in West Feliciana Parish, Louisiana.

Just as the South was starved to death during the Civil War, our country is killing its poor. We are now turning out one new bomb in the US every eight hours, while families in this country are starving. That is what the Walk is all about . . . We have to learn our rights, and teach our kids the truth: There is a difference between dying of an overdose like a dog, and dying for your freedom.

**— Reverend
James Orange**



New Orleans, April 5—left to right in front: Rev. Bernard Lee, southern coordinator of the Continental Walk for Southern Christian Leadership Conference; Jim Dombrowski, longtime civil rights activist in the south; Rev. Avery Alexander, New Orleans member of the State Legislature; Jim Peck, veteran of the Freedom Rides; Hiroshi Sera, Buddhist monk from Japan; Dr. Samuel Cook, president of Dillard University (starting point for the Walk); Anne Braden, coordinator of Southern Organizing Committee; Rev. S.C. Harvey, New Orleans leader of SCLC; Rev. T. Crockett of SCLC and Ed Hedemann, national Walk coordinator for War Resisters League.



Sunday, April 4th, the eighth anniversary of Dr. Martin Luther King's assassination, was the day that Southern Walk organizers chose to begin the long Walk through the South; a Walk to be distinguished by its many harassments, arrests and the particularly hostile terrain through which it travelled. Reverend Bernard Lee of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (organizers of the Southern leg of the Walk) spoke at the April 4th Shakespeare Park rally in New Orleans of the frustration of Southern Blacks, especially those a generation removed from the nonviolent campaigns of their parents. He warned that the young are committed to survival and are impatient with the so-called "New South"; an impatience, Lee warned, that could lead to violence if present nonviolent methods do not succeed in bringing to the South an atmosphere of true freedom and social justice.

On the morning of April 5th, the Southern Walk began from Dillard University in New Orleans. A group of high school students accompanied the Walk part of the way to Kenner, Mississippi, before returning to their classes.

The next day, soon after setting out from Kenner, local police asked the walkers to leave the highway. Reverend Lee negotiated with the police as walkers sang "Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me Around," which apparently convinced the police not to try. The Walk from Kenner ended in front of the home of Gary Tyler, Black frameup victim on Death Row in Angola prison, with walkers singing "We Shall Overcome." Unexpectedly, a Black State Trooper who had accompanied the Walk through Kenner offered that he was on the side of the walkers, and had himself participated in freedom marches. Walkers greeted his support with enthusiastic applause. It was later learned that he was the first Black to be employed as a Louisiana State Trooper.

In St. Francisville, a small community north and east of New Orleans, 300 local residents turned out for a Walk rally, and the next day 150 people walked to the town border. 30 continued along with the long distance walkers until they were arrested; charged with "disrupting the flow of traffic," "disorderly conduct," etc. Tear gas was used to make the arrest, though all walkers remained peaceful during their detainments. Eventually all of the 30 arrested were released from the West Feliciana Parish jail on their own recognizance.

The day after the arrests, 100 St. Francisville residents, unintimidated, turned out to be with the Walk. The sheriff in St. Francisville was reported to have commented that he didn't like people coming in and "stirring up my niggers." All but one of those arrested were Black, more than half were women.

Throughout Mississippi local authorities continued to refer to Southern walkers as "boys" and "girls" and did not cooperate in planning routes through towns and controlling traffic.

— James Orange

Laurel, Mississippi



Southern Christian Leadership Conference

Walking in the streets, Laurel, Mississippi.

Southern Mississippi, from the Gulf Coast north to Jackson and Meridian, is an area of dense forests, small towns and farms. A few of the larger towns, like Laurel, are the homes of factories moved south in search of cheap labor. It is an area largely untouched by the civil rights movement of the 1950's and 60's, and a traditional stronghold of the Ku Klux Klan.

The southern Walk cut across Jones, Jasper and Clarke counties in early June. For two weeks it was held up in the vicinity of Laurel when 23 of its members were arrested by the Mississippi highway police and charged with "disrupting the flow of traffic" and "disobeying an officer." Three were juveniles, another an elderly woman undergoing treatment for diabetes, and three belonged to a sect of Japanese Buddhists. Except for the Buddhist monks and nun all of those arrested were Black. Daily picketing, a demonstration attended by over 300 at the courthouse, and an all-night vigil on the eve of the trial June 14, resulted in an agreement to dismiss all charges.

The night I arrived, walkers decided to deviate from the main route in order to pass through Heidelberg, and address the Black community's concern over an oil well on the grounds of the public high school. After the school had been integrated, all but five or six of the white students transferred out. Yet tax dollars from the oil well continued to flow to subsidize their education at a well-to-do private academy.

Other issues, crucial to the day-to-day survival of Mississippi's poor, were the need for decent housing, full employment, and an adequate health care and food stamp program. Also, an end to police brutality. The state highway police had shot and killed 34 people in the past year.

The next day about 50 people gathered at a general

store on Highway 11. Perhaps half were young people, ranging from elementary school age to college students. Several elderly men and women walked each day, rarely taking advantage of the cars that accompanied us, despite the hot sun. The owner of the store, apologizing for not being able to join the Walk, offered to provide food if someone would return to pick it up that evening. As was their custom each morning, Rev. Hiroshi Sera and the other Buddhists signalled the start of the Walk with a prayer and beating of their skin drums. Their continuous chanting provided an exotic counterpoint to the Black spirituals and freedom songs of the other walkers.

Our reception in Heidelberg was mixed. Marching past its dusty lumber yards and down its one main street, we were plagued by one of many car breakdowns and flat tires that occurred throughout the Walk, this time on railroad tracks in the path of an oncoming train. Children resting in the car were rescued before the train came to a stop. We pushed the car off the tracks, then rallied at a town hall under the watchful eyes of a deputy sheriff, and the curious, incredulous stares of local townspeople. A few Blacks responded to our pleas to them to join us. Most seemed unconvinced by Rev. Fred Taylor's prayer for protection from insults and for the spiritual strength required to withstand injustice.

Fear and intimidation were ever-present spectres haunting the Walk. As an old man told me following a rally at a courthouse where the doors were locked when we first approached, "The problem here is that folks is scared." We drove down a winding dirt road where he pointed out his meager home, those of his relatives and friends, and the fields that produced most of their food. "Sometimes," he confided, "we keep some stock to give us meat. But we keep them

there," he smiled, pointing behind the trees, "so the white folks won't know we have them."

The courage and determination of proud, gentle people fueled the Walk through southern Mississippi, despite arrests and jail and a stifling atmosphere of powerlessness. There I learned the meaning of non-violence under the most oppressive conditions. It meant a willingness to march unafraid down a street dominated by racism and owned by merchants on whom you depend for your life's necessities. Non-violence meant risking the loss of a job or social assistance days, weeks or months after the Walk had

passed. It meant opening your home and your heart to strangers; giving them the energy they need to carry on though you may have barely enough food for your own children. It meant being prepared to go to jail, or to march for miles in the hot sun laughing about the weight you've lost. It meant defying all odds against changing deep rooted social conditions, and criticizing those who suffer in silence as well as those who cause their suffering. It meant being persistent and patient. The people of Mississippi taught me what faith, and hope are all about.

—Mike Jendrzeczyk



Southern Christian Leadership Conference

Children from the Laurel community.



Mike Jendrzeczyk



Mike Jendrzeczyk



Approaching Heidelberg.

The walkers arrived in Birmingham, Alabama on Sunday, July 25. We spent Monday leafletting downtown and in the afternoon held a good rally in Kelly Ingram Park. Several Walkers spoke, and we sang the good old freedom songs. Our spirits were high.

We had a permit to walk through Birmingham on Tuesday. Realizing that the permit, which specified walking on the sidewalk, was inadequate, Ms. Ruby Williams of the Tenants Organization, local coordinator for the Walk, had called the Traffic Engineering Department and had received verbal assurance that the permit would be changed to allow walking down the street. However, when the permit was picked up Tuesday morning, it was still for the sidewalk, and the office refused to make the change.

We got to within three blocks of our destination at

City Hall. I thought they had decided not to arrest us, although police were very much in evidence everywhere. But then a policeman on a motorcycle cut across our path and parked beside us. He explained that he could not allow us to continue to walk down the street. Rev. Fred Taylor of SCLC, who was in charge of the Walk, explained that the Walkers had made their protest in the street since leaving New Orleans and had not come all this way to Birmingham to walk on the sidewalk. The policeman informed us we would be arrested.

When the paddy wagons came, each of us was searched and photographed and loaded into a wagon, the men first into one, then the women into another. I was the only white woman arrested, and as I was about to get into the wagon, a white policeman asked, "Are you going with these people?" I was placed alone in the compartment of the wagon designed for four people. The black sisters and the Japanese nun, six in all, were placed in two compartments designed for two people each.

We were driven to City Hall and left waiting in the stiflingly hot metal wagon for 15 minutes. We were searched, questioned, and taken to Birmingham City Jail, where we remained for the next 30 hours.

The cell was bleak, the waiting interminable. Mentally disturbed women were in the cell with the rest. There was a deck of cards. Very little reading matter except for the Bible. We were issued clean linens fresh from the dryer only to learn that regular inmates never see clean linens. They must wash all their clothes and linens with the hand soap in the bathroom sinks. The bathroom is wide open, offering no privacy at all. There are no exercise periods. A prisoner can remain in the jail for months and never see the sun. The windows are thick opaque glass and

Rally at the Court House, Heidelberg, Mississippi.



Mike Jendrzeczyk

it is possible to see out only through the few broken panes. Most of the women are in jail for inability to pay a fine. I heard of one who was sent back to jail for smiling in court.

Conditions in the women's side of the jail are deplorable, but the men's side is a nightmare. After having been sweat-drenched in the paddy wagon for half an hour, the men were jailed in a bullpen designed for 16 but housing 40. There were 16 bunks, and these had no mattresses. The other 24 men had to sleep either on the narrow wooden benches lining the bullpen, or on the filthy concrete floor. There were no blankets. There was no soap, no games, no books at all except the Bible.

Meanwhile, our friends outside, Rev. Bernard Lee of SCLC, and the Birmingham folks, were working for our release. The public meeting turning into a public organizing meeting. Telegrams were sent to public officials. Negotiations were begun with the Mayor's office. These efforts were aided by the good coverage given by the local newspapers and the radio and TV station.

Finally we were released on our own recognizance about 5:00 PM on Wednesday afternoon. We held a meeting that night to celebrate our release and to discuss the formation of a coalition to work on conditions in the jail.

On Thursday morning, Mayor Vann agreed to drop all charges and to issue us a permit to walk through town on the roadway. So on Friday morning we resumed our Walk on the spot where we had been arrested, and, with a police escort this time, walked up Highway 11 toward the City Limit.

There was an aftermath to the Walk for my family and me. Gloria and Keith Firman, friends from New Orleans, and Jim Peck of the War Resisters League, had stayed with us during the week of the Walk. Gloria and Keith had returned home, but Jim was still with us, waiting for the Walk to resume on Tuesday, when someone came and burned our car on Sunday night. The people who did it were angry about the fact that two black people had been in our Trussville home for five days. They called to inform us that this was a sample of what we could expect unless we conformed to their rules. It was our first experience with this kind of violence. We had really thought that those days were long gone.

But I don't want to end on a discouraging note. The whole experience left me a little more solemn and a lot more determined. In the spirit of the Southern route of the Continental Walk, we should all join hands and affirm that, with calm strength, we shall overcome.

— Judy Garrison



Judy Garrison



Judy Garrison



Judy Garrison

top and center: Walkers are arrested in Birmingham, Alabama.
bottom: Ceremony in front of City Hall, after release from jail, Birmingham.



Steve Daniels

joined as we walked down the main street. Before making the busts, police gave them an opportunity to split. But they declined and chose, instead to go to jail with the 14 of us.

Police had refused to grant a permit to walk through town without a 24-hour wait. They halted us before we reached the center of town. But since they were short of vehicles, they decided it would be easier for them if we walked to jail. This meant continuing all the way (except for 1 block) across town, which was our original objective and which they had aimed to prohibit. It also meant that we were able to hold a spirited rally in front of the courthouse, adjoining the jail, before the arrests were made.

We were released the following afternoon on recognizance when it became apparent that we had no intention of putting up the \$100 bond, which had been set. As was the case in the other busts, the authorities' chief desire was to get rid of us. — **Jim Peck**

The bond that grew between the Blacks and the Buddhists on the Southern Walk was founded on the common experience of being other than white in a white, racist world. In arrest situations where the jails were segregated, the monks were detained with the Blacks in the "colored" section of the jail. Reverend Sera, with the Walk from its beginning in New Orleans and joined later by Reverend Shiomi and Sister Hayano, developed a particularly profound regard for the Walk supporters in Laurel, and is planning to return there to live with a restaurant owner who fed the walkers during their stay in Laurel.

It was in the South that the necessity for a synthesis of the "peace" and "social justice" movements became most clear. And the Japanese Buddhists' support of that was an important aspect of the Southern Walk.

At New Bern occurred the second of three arrests in eastern North Carolina, known as "Klan country." Four days earlier, we had emerged from a jail which still was segregated—Edgecombe County Jail in Tarboro. Even in Birmingham, Alabama, the city jail was integrated.

Most impressive in the New Bern situation was the solidarity of six local residents who spontaneously

Reverend Shiomi and Joe Paige.



Joe Bradley

NO MORE HIROSHIMAS!

“The people of Hiroshima ask nothing of the world except that we be allowed to offer ourselves as an exhibit for peace. We ask only that enough people know what happened here and how it happened and why it happened, and that they work hard to see that it never happens anywhere again.”

— Shinzo Hamai,
Mayor of Hiroshima, 1949



Bennett Hall

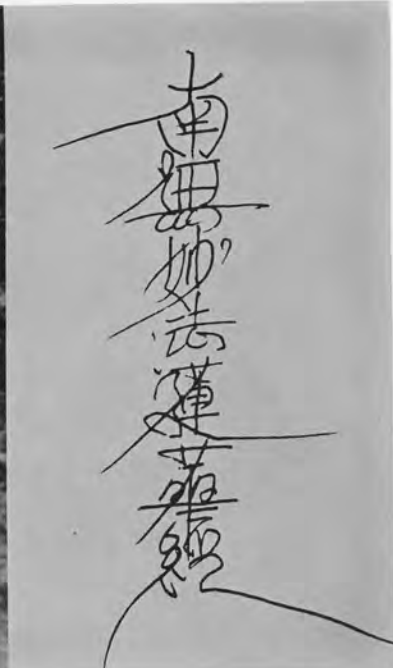
They seemed strange to us, with their saffron robes, the relentless beating of the drums, the chanting of Na Mu Myo Ho Ren Ge Kyo. One must wonder how much stranger we seemed to them, we, and our vast land. Few of the monks and nuns could speak English. They had not been here before. What is it like to look at Arizona and New Mexico through Japanese eyes? What did they feel in the Deep South, as they, also, were arrested, and segregated along with the black walkers in their own cells, by Southern police who had not yet gotten the news that a new day had come?

The Japan Buddha Sangha is a Japanese Buddhist group committed to peace and nonviolence. Because of the very special link between the nations of Japan and the United States, a link that goes back to Admiral Perry and carried forward to the tragedies of Pearl Harbor and of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the American organizers of the Walk asked the Japanese movement if they would join in sponsoring the Walk and perhaps send a small team. They sponsored immediately and sent altogether more than 16 monks and nuns. That vast expense was met by street collections in Japan, not by the American organizers.

They were strangers in this strange land, this mysterious Occident. They joined every major Branch of the Walk. They were with us from the West Coast to the final rally in front of the Pentagon. Separating us at times was the barrier of language. Uniting us always was the unity of purpose. Without them the Walk would have been much less. With them, and because of them, it was clear that quietly as we went, and slowly as we moved, there was to the Walk something as relentless as the beating of the Buddhist drums: an appeal not only to our nation, but to all peoples in all nations. An appeal to act upon the best within us before time runs out and our fears overwhelm and destroy the future.

—David McReynolds





Mike Moran

A Buddhist monk. Characters at right are from the banner the monks carried when they walked and means "no more Hiroshimas."

For many, the strain of walking was greatly eased by the steady sound of the monks' drums; the constant beat of the tai ko's which the monks use for meditation in time with their mantra, "Na mu myo ho ren ge kyo," repeated and repeated day in and day out. The tai ko is a paddle-shaped instrument like a tambourine but without the metal rattles, beaten rhythmically with a small stick. Each monk walks, tamps the tai ko, intoning the mantra. The sound settles into the mind as the Walk's heartbeat, be-

coming the Walk, expressing the inexorable movement, movement of the Walk, stating the urgency of the walkers' message to America. Horses in fields invariably frisked and galloped in response to it as we passed. Bystanders often said, "It's the Hare Krishnas," not really listening or looking. The very insistence of the tai kos seemed to be ominous to those who feared differences or any new words intruding into their cliché's. The untiring beat of the mantric meditations which the Japanese added to the

Reverend Sato, left, and Reverend Tsuchiya perform ritual greeting for their host family before entering their home.



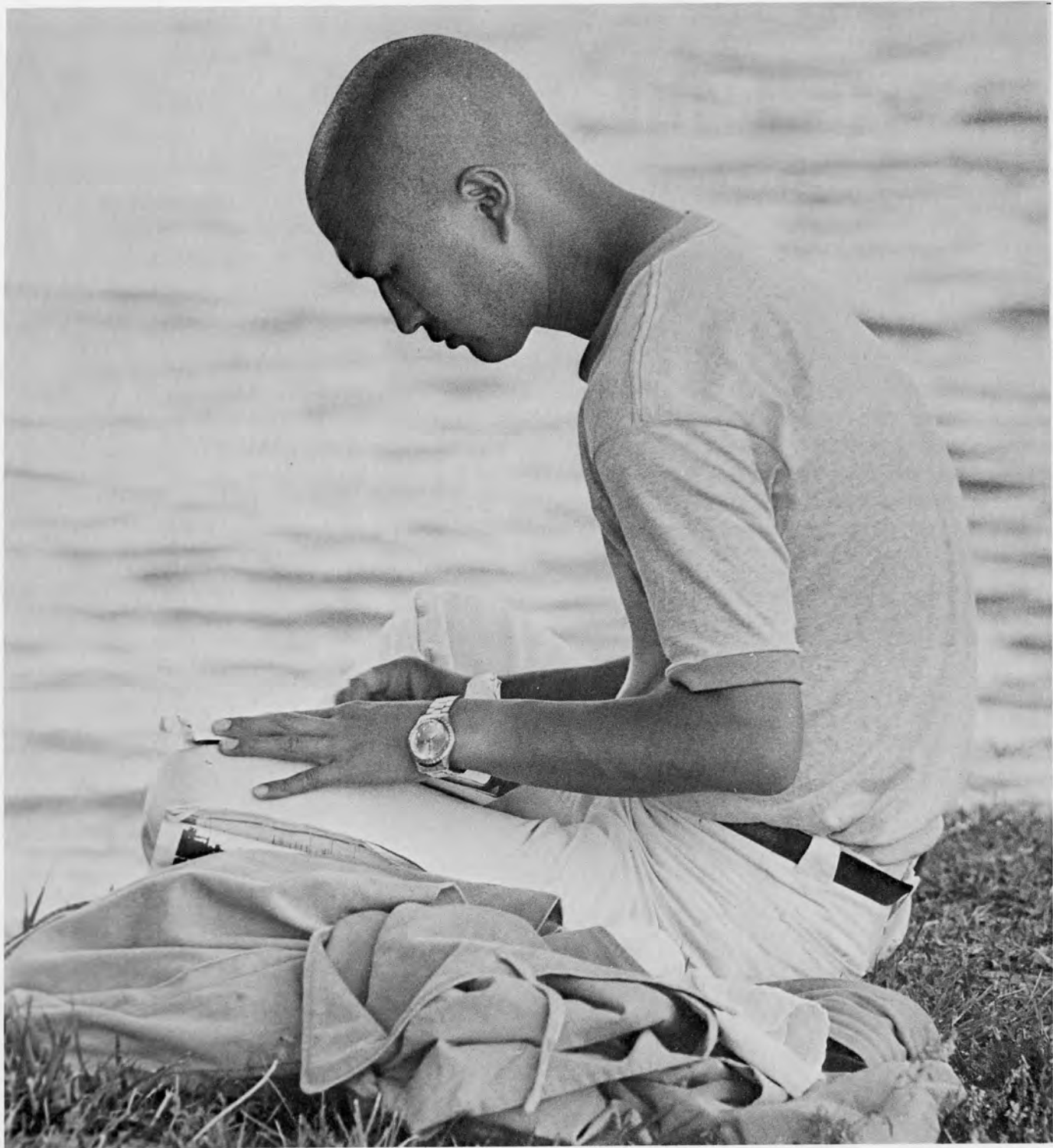
Mary Bradford



Mary Bradford



Mary Bradford



Walk undoubtedly renewed our determination, fired us when we were tired, always helped us on. In Larkspur, California, the "drums" became the focus of an encounter with the local police. As we approached the central shopping area, we were met by an officer, who stopped us announcing that we were in violation of the city's ordinances, having failed to apply for a permit in the proper manner. Our Marin organizer, Rob Boudewijn, explained how the Police Department's dispatcher had said our march would

be all right, but the officer disallowed this. After much explaining and discussion, it was agreed we could continue on the route we had already decided on, but that there must be "no drums" or carrying of signs. A block later, we sat down on the grass in front of the police station to decide for ourselves what we should do. Sentiment ran toward cooperation, until someone said, "What do the monks feel about not beating the tai kos?" The question was asked of them and a lively discussion followed in Japanese. "We are

allowed to beat our drums even in jail in Japan. We did so when we were arrested during World War II." It was a religious issue! When this was told to the police, they demurred to the first amendment, so we proceeded on, the beat of the tai kos resounding through Larkspur, the beat of peace and freedom. We felt triumphant.

Another beautiful, spiritual addition brought by the monks was their daily greeting to the sun. Each day we rose before sun up, packed and got ready to go. Each day just as the sun rose, the Buddhist group took up their chant with special additional chants honoring the gift and joy of sunrise, ending by facing each of the four points of the compass and giving a special greeting to the center or home in which they had stayed the night. Their gratitude for Life undergirded the total commitment everyone of us felt in resisting the massive technological forces of death and in affirming the beauty of humanity, nature and life all around us.

—David Patton

Arriving at the Lincoln Memorial, October 16, 1976.



Janet Charles

Most Reverend Fuji, head of Japan Buddha Sangha, October 16.



Dorothy Marder

October 16 rally in Sylvan Theater.



Ray Pinkson

Reverends Gyotsu Sato and Quijin Sato speaking to October 16 rally.



Dorothy Marder



Walking to the Lincoln Memorial at the Walk's end, October 16, 1976.

There is an ancient Japanese tradition which says that if you fold one thousand paper cranes, which symbolize peace and long life, your wish will come true. After the bombing of Hiroshima, Sadako Sasaki, a young Japanese girl, became ill with radiation sickness and began to fold a thousand paper cranes so that she and her friends might recover from the disease. She died after folding 964 cranes. Today, in Japan, there is a statue dedicated to Sadako Sasaki and other children who have been victims of the A-bomb. It is located in Hiroshima Peace Memorial Park. At the base of the statue are written these

motif to Reverend Sato's journey across America. As he walked along the road, Sato would retrieve bits of paper and foil from among the litter. From them, he would fold the paper cranes and give them to his hosts, to children in classes, to anyone who was delighted with this most delicate and beautiful art form. And often he would tell of the ancient Japanese tradition of the paper cranes and of Sadako Sasaki. By the Walk's end, Sato had folded one thousand paper cranes. The last were folded as the Walk delegation to the White House met with John Marcum of the National Security Council on October 18. In the

The Paper Cranes

words: "This is our cry, This is our prayer, To establish peace in the world."

The paper cranes were a particularly poignant leit-

motif to Reverend Sato's journey across America. As he walked along the road, Sato would retrieve bits of paper and foil from among the litter. From them, he would fold the paper cranes and give them to his hosts, to children in classes, to anyone who was delighted with this most delicate and beautiful art form. And often he would tell of the ancient Japanese tradition of the paper cranes and of Sadako Sasaki. By the Walk's end, Sato had folded one thousand paper cranes. The last were folded as the Walk delegation to the White House met with John Marcum of the National Security Council on October 18. In the



Barbara Reynolds

The NEBRASKA/IOWA Feeder



Don Ehlers

Rally at the state capitol, Des Moines, Iowa.

Three white doves flew by us on the first day of the walk, between Lincoln and Ceresco, telling us in their flight in the 103° heat that the walk was spiritually guided; that our feet were sorely on a road that others have walked and will walk more wholly.

We were thankful that not a day passed but that we were given hospitality: a beer here, a cold drink there, a shower in this farm house, a meal in that park; and so many smiles and waves on the road, to contradict the more prevalent apathy and the even less frequently experienced frown, shout, or gesture of hostility. The times of our meeting more intense or official hostility were few in number: the Newton cops that came into the church where we were sleeping at 3AM and accused us of vandalizing; this after having seen us earlier in the day while on the road. Several times they threatened to shoot us. In Coralville, the police told us it was "against the law to eat in the ditch." There was the pickup of people who threw ice on us; the mad drunk screaming by us, turning his truck around and swerving into the other lane toward us as we leaped

away. We were especially appreciative of the many Methodist Churches where we stayed and/or presented programs of education and dialogue.

Our major areas of accomplishment, in terms of educational outreach, were the innumerable one with one and group dialogues that occurred throughout the Walk. The fear we found so often in conversation was "what about the Russians?" We explained that although we recognized the risks involved in unilateral disarmament, the risks involved in proceeding with the madness of a nuclear arms race were much, much greater; that if we don't stop entirely our production, maintenance, and possible deployment of nuclear weapons, we will surely kill ourselves; that, yes, the power balance would change, we could no longer maintain our corporate tyranny over other countries; that now and in the future no one country can "rule the world" and the Soviet Union, with so many problems of its own would be foolish to invade Western Europe, let alone this country; and in reality, the chances of such happening would be very, very small;

that with only 5-10% of what we now spend on the military channeled into public education and the creation of a non-violent defense strategy, we could meet almost any threat.

Besides monologue and dialogue, we got out pounds and pounds of literature. Steve Marsden especially, was careful to leave our leaflets and other information in the flag of every mailbox passed from Lincoln, Nebraska to Bloomington, Illinois, where we joined the California to Washington, D.C. Walk. We also showed many times the films "Lovejoy's Nuclear War," "Hiroshima-Nagasaki," and our "SANE" slide show. We had radio and television coverage in Omaha, Des Moines, Iowa City, Davenport, Bloomington, Muscatine, and Chicago, and were covered in small town newspapers from Lincoln to Chicago.

In Omaha we spent the day at Offutt Air Base (SAC) in a small non-violent demonstration after visiting Boeing, Rockwell, and the empty window of General Electric about the B-1 Bomber. In Des Moines there was a rally (progressive speakers and music) of about 75 people on the steps of the capitol. In the cornfields

outside Prairie City we non-violently decorated the fence around the future site of another nuclear power monster, and in Davenport it was Hiroshima Day leaf-letting.

Our numbers throughout Iowa averaged 6-10. After Rock Island, however, we were down to the (laughter) Fantastic Four (Steve Marsden, Greg Green, Jean Hagen, Michael Carrick) until Bloomington-Normal, Illinois. Our discouragement (interrupted by Friends at the Illinois Yearly Meeting) was a lesson in growth, a tiny part of a long loneliness.

Bloomington! Where we met the CONTINENTAL walkers! A number of the walkers came out to meet us as we walked in, and warmly hugged us. My eyes were wet. They are such a group of diverse and beautiful people; heros and heroines, and just ordinary good, mixed up people.

Why did we walk? For so many reasons. For the paper cranes. And because Victor Jara, standing in an arena of prisoners with his hands cut off by the Chilean military, his arms held out, all bloody, began to sing, and hundreds of voices joined him until the machine guns started.

—Greg Green



The MINNESOTA/WISCONSIN Feeder

The Minnesota/Wisconsin to Chicago route began, appropriately enough, on Bastille Day (July 14) at Stillwater State Prison. The next day a forum on Minnesota prisons was held. This was followed by a rally at the State Capitol in Saint Paul, kicking off the "Trail of Alternatives" through the Twin Cities. The Trail pointed to positive programs contrasting them with institutions which are unresponsive to social justice issues (e.g., Air Force Reserve and Ford Motor Company).

On the way to Madison, the Walk was involved in several community meetings, numerous showings of the film "Hiroshima," leafletting (e.g., in the Minneapolis Aquatennial Parade), street theater, rallies, and a Community of Life picnic. On Hiroshima Day, the walkers vigiled and fasted at the Wisconsin Dells, a major tourist area exploitive of Native Americans; while Walk benefits were being held in Madison and the Twin Cities. Fort McCoy and the Badger Ordnance Plant near Baraboo illustrated the Walk theme of peace conversion.

However, the major events of the Walk leg to Madison was the Prairie Island Nuclear Power Plant action on July 23. When three of the twelve walkers proceeded up the road past the entrance to talk with the workers, they were arrested for trespassing. This in turn generated a great deal of publicity, which helped focus public attention on the nuclear power controversy.

The march to the Capitol Building in Madison on August 11 swelled from 75 to 150. The Walk was greeted by state, county, city officials, clergy and officially welcomed by Mayor Paul Soglin, who just returned from a trip to Hiroshima. Shortly afterwards, the walkers held a demonstration in solidarity for the prisoners in segregation by Waupan State Prison. The next day 17 walkers left Madison to a proposed nuclear power plant nearby.

The events in Milwaukee on August 19 through 20 included a benefit concert, film, and walk to the War (Peace) Memorial with about 60 people. Heading due south to Chicago a demonstration was held at the Zion Nuclear Power Plant in Waukegan.

The Minnesota-Wisconsin branch of the Walk proved to be very successful in generating media coverage, with the good fortune of having several sympathetic reporters including one who joined the Walk for awhile.



Don Behm

top: Ann Doyle speaks at the state capitol, Madison, Wisconsin.



Hiroshima Day vigil, the Wisconsin Dells.



Don Behm

Four generations of Walk participants at a rest stop in Madison, Wisconsin.

Sid Lens speaking during a Walk rally at Haymarket Square in Chicago.





Tom Canright



Tom Canright



Tom Canright

Organizers in Chesterton, Indiana releasing tagged balloons to protest a proposed nuclear power plant. The tag reads, "This balloon was released near the NIPSCO Bailly Nuclear Fission Power Plant site on August 30, 1976. Wherever you found it is an area that could be contaminated by radioactive waste released into the atmosphere from an accident of the power plant. Radioactivity causes slow death, such as some types of cancer, and genetic mutations." Releasing the balloons are Dan Coslet, Ethel Ryan, Sonja Coslet, Ellida Earnhart, and Jo Ellen Seiser



Western route walkers near Chesterton, Indiana.

The Indiana Feeder

A rally of 70 people in Evansville kicked off the 116-mile Southern Indiana Feeder Route of the Walk on August 15. The next day they received a "Certificate of Award" for their participation in the Bicentennial Parade of the Gibson County Fair held in Princeton. On reaching Bloomington they leafletted students at Indiana University. Through all the small towns there was a lot of good press coverage. Gardner Weber, Rev. Clark Field, and Bill Small walked the entire dis-

tance to Bloomington.

After that branch of the Walk was completed, a slide show was put together and used to give talks throughout the region, urging people to go to Washington.

The timing of the second leg of the Indiana feeder (from Muncie) was great as ten to fifteen people entered Ft. Wayne virtually simultaneously with the western route of the Walk.

Resting at Court House Square in Huntington, Indiana. At left, Jim Troutwine, at right, Ron Voss.



Muncie walkers meet up with some Western route walkers in Freiman Park, Fort Wayne, Indiana.



Ohio

The idea of reviving a long-range walk for peace excited me from the beginning, and since I was one who had signed the call I felt an obligation to walk, if only for one day. I chose to walk from Defiance to Napoleon, Ohio, and for me that day had very special meaning. Like the other walkers, I stayed in Bluffton the night before we left from Defiance, and in Bluffton my hosts were Lawrence and Orletta Templin. Lawrence and I had served time together in Lewisburg during World War II, and that provided a link with earlier anti-war efforts. There were others. Twenty-seven years earlier I had taught at Bluffton College, leaving there to serve another prison term for allegedly "advising" a student to refuse to register. The trial had taken place in Toledo and we were heading that way. Many of the good Mennonite folk who came out to greet and feed the walkers at the dinner in a Bluffton church were the same people who had supported me so long ago.

Walking also brought back memories of the Food-for-Europe pilgrimages in which I had participated as a college student in December, 1940 and the following spring. Those walks changed my life and did much to confirm my faith in nonviolence, even when the world was engulfed in massive violence on a scale never previously known. Having walked for peace on those earlier actions provided me with a sense of continuity which I hoped to share with the other walkers. Walking itself I found to be a mystical experience which united us together and with the landscape. I also felt the symbolism of getting somewhere step by step by sheer persistence. I felt as though I were again privileged to participate in an action of profound historical importance. Everything considered, it seemed to me a miracle that the walkers had actually reached Ohio and would reach Washington, and that provided hope that working together might also enable us to create a disarmed society.

— Larry Gara

On the road near Defiance, Ohio.



Larry Johnson

Western route walkers share a moment with Edward Lamb (front row, second from left), organizer and Walk supporter from Toledo, Ohio.



Appalachia

The Appalachian Route of the Continental Walk for Disarmament and Social Justice began on Sunday, September 5, at the Graphite Reactor in Oak Ridge, TN. It was this Graphite Reactor that produced the plutonium for the bomb that was dropped on Hiroshima.

Twenty people began the Walk with a simple memorial service and walked ten miles to the Museum of Atomic Energy in Oak Ridge. Inside the Museum, there is a section called "The Race for the Bomb." The last display you see in this section is a film of the bomb being dropped on Hiroshima and the people in Oak Ridge cheering for the part they played in the production of the bomb. What you don't see is

the destruction of the people in Hiroshima. The babies, mothers, the unspeakable horror of atomic war against civilian populations, these are not shown. The East Tennessee Peace Education Committee has a display depicting the human horrors of the dropping of the bomb that they are attempting to present to the Museum.

The Walk spent Labor Day, September 6, at the Museum asking visitors to sign a petition asking the Museum to accept the display. We had a good day and talked to lots of folks.

From Oak Ridge, we walked to Knoxville and Maryville, where we had potluck dinners and community meetings. For about a week after that, we walked

Appalachian walkers have lunch with some local "Geese for Peace."



Maureen O'Donnell

through parts of the Great Smoky Mountains and the Blue Ridge Parkway. It was a beautiful time of year for walking—very peaceful and quiet.

In Asheville, we were met by a group from the Asheville Friends Meeting as we entered town. That evening, at the Asheville Junction coffeehouse, poems and songs were dedicated to the Continental Walk. A highlight of our stay in Asheville was a Peace Conversion Fair that included twelve local and state group and attracted about 50 people.

From Asheville, Appalachian walkers made their way through Johnson City, Bristol, Salem, Roanoke, Lynchburg, Charlottesville to Fredericksburg where they joined the Southern Route to walk into Washington.

In almost every large community in the southern states, there is one or more corporation or industry that has a defense contract with the Pentagon. The *Appalachian Walk* leafletted the workers at these defense plants about disarmament and peace conversion.

In front of the Naval Annex Building outside of Washington, DC, we built a model of the Trident submarine, with 408 black streamers to represent the 408 nuclear warheads that would be on each Trident submarine. Attached to each warhead was a \$1 bill. As we disarmed the Trident submarine in the name of each town through which we walked, we placed the dollar bills into a box labeled "Human Needs." Thus, we proved that Peace Conversion can work!

—Diane Spaugh

At the Walk exhibit on Hiroshima, outside of the Museum of Atomic Energy



A painting done by a Hiroshima blast victim that was exhibited at the Museum of Atomic Energy by Appalachian walkers.



One of the most important results of the Appalachian Route of the Continental Walk to me was the amount of consciousness-raising concerning sexism that took place among the walkers. When we first began the walk, there were four of us committed to walking all the way to Washington, D.C. We agreed before we began that we wanted to attempt to erase sexism in dealing with the media as much as possible. Therefore, we felt that when doing interviews, talk shows, T.V. shows, etc., both a woman and a man should be present in order to give equal perspectives on the Walk. Being the only woman out of the four walkers, it was up to me to do a great deal of press work, which I didn't particularly enjoy. But, it was a conscious choice that I made—to take on the added burden in order to insure equal sexual representation.

It was an encouraging and educational experience for me. Of course, I was glad when another woman joined our route (eventually, there were two women and six men who walked to Washington), but, in some ways, I'm glad that I was forced to be more open and up front about dealing with the issues of sexual justice.

I really learned to confront people about their sexism without attacking them as people. I also learned to deal more creatively with my anger at being discriminated against as a woman. The most beautiful thing to me was the support that I received those first few days from the men on the Walk. By the time another woman had joined us, there were four of us confronting sexism on the Walk, instead of only ONE!

—Diane Spaugh

Lunch stop outside of Roanoke, Virginia.

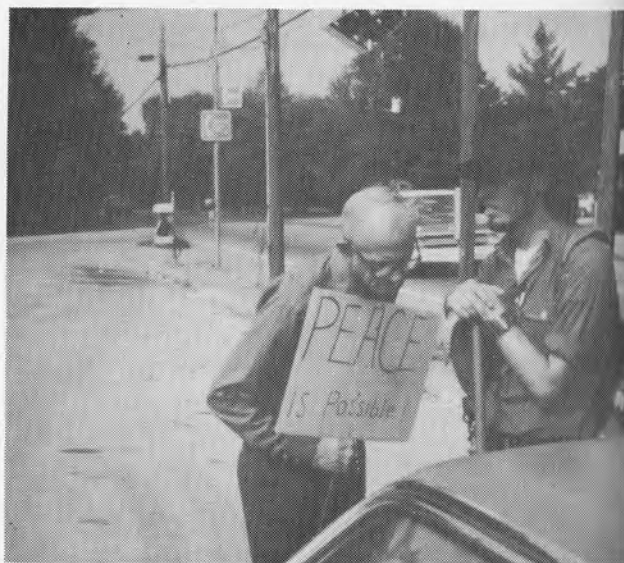


Steve Sumerford



Jude Lichtenstein and Steve Sumerford.

Diane Spaugh



Sam Johnson, in his seventies, joined the Appalachian group for the hottest day of their Walk, near Maryville, Tennessee.

Appalachian route walkers did a presentation on the Walk during the service.

THOMAS JEFFERSON
MEMORIAL
UNITARIAN CHURCH

SUN. OCT 10 11:00AM

CONTINENTAL
WALKERS

HELP TURN
AMERICA
AROUND

The SYRACUSE to CLEVELAND Feeder



Playing the "Taxpayers Game" with passers-by.

Gayl Knox

The idea of a community to community Walk was beautifully actualized by the organizers of the Syracuse to Cleveland Feeder. Organized region by region by five different community based groups, each region had its own community walkers, many of whom made important contacts with people in their region which they planned to develop when the Walk was over.

The Feeder began on August 20 with a send off rally attended by about 40 activists and observed by many workers during their lunch hour. The rally began with music and a skit that highlighted misdirected federal taxation and spending priorities. Leafletters drew attention to a disarmament display that showed the areas of human need that are neglected by defense spending. From the rally site 40 people walked a one mile route through downtown Syracuse and seven walked the first five miles to Liverpool.

The first leg of the Walk was organized by the Syracuse Peace Council. In Canandaigua, NY, responsibility passed to Genesee Valley Citizens for Peace, followed by the Rochester Peace and Justice Education Center, the Western New York Peace Center in Buffalo, and the Pax Center in Erie, Pennsylvania.

Gayl Knox

A highlight of the Walk was a stop in Seneca Falls, NY, where organizers had created a Taxpayer's Game which they set up near the Bicentennial Barge. 64 people "voted" their taxes (each person was given one \$500 bill, three \$100 bills). The education, housing, and social services/mass transit categories were clearly favored over "military," and "tax rebate."

In Niagara, Amnesty was the main issue as walkers from Canada crossed the Rainbow Bridge to join the Niagara walkers.

The Syracuse Feeder met the Western route in Cleveland on September 20th, and although one person continued on with the Western route, many of those community walkers who returned home joined the finale activities in Washington, DC.



Showing support in Seneca falls.

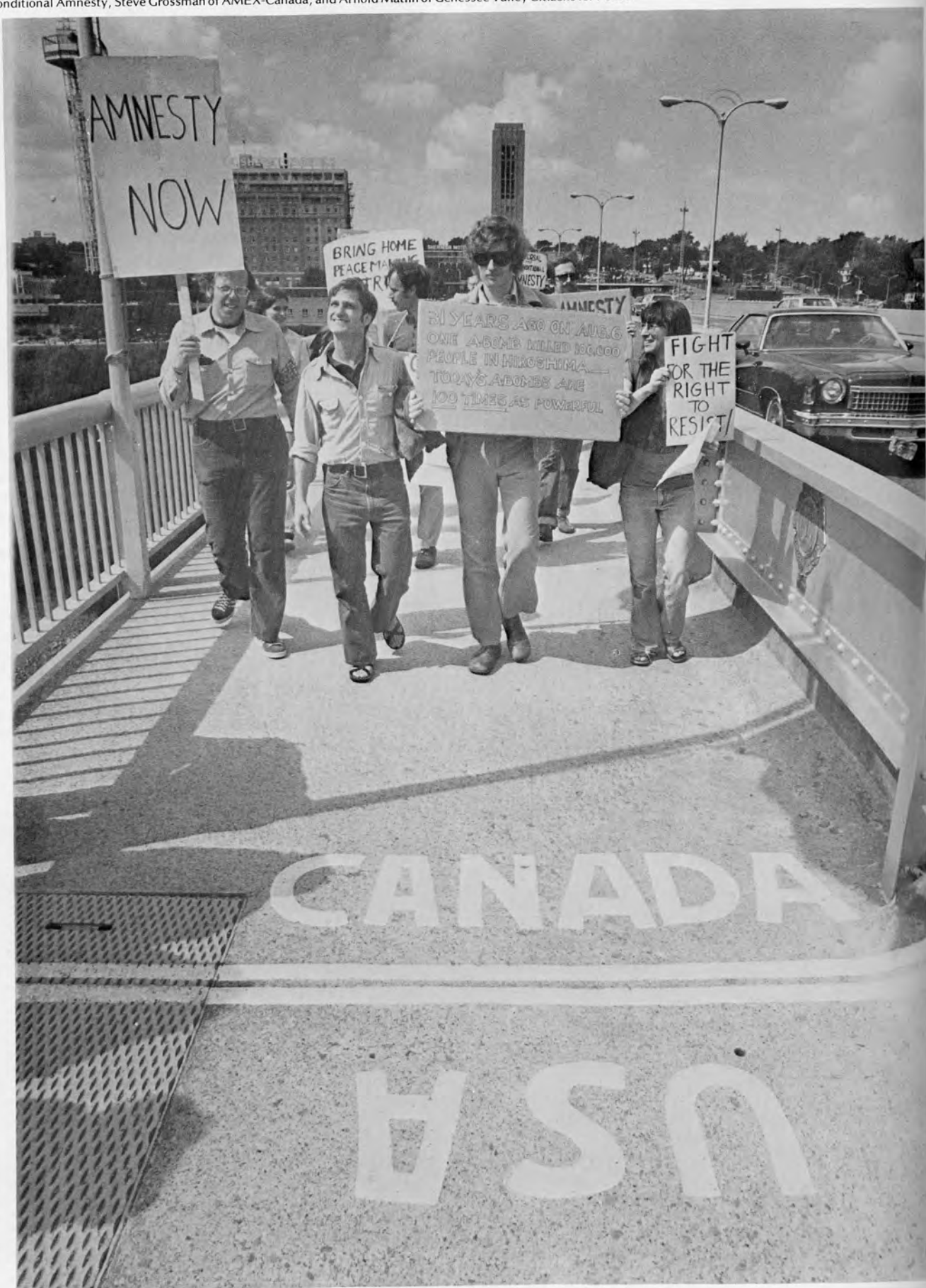


Walking through downtown Syracuse

Gayl Knox

Crossing the Rainbow Bridge from Niagara Falls, Ontario to Niagara Falls, New York. From right to left: Bonnie Farrier, Gerry Condon of National Council for Universal Un-conditional Amnesty, Steve Grossman of AMEX-Canada, and Arnold Matlin of Genesee Valley Citizens for Peace.

Robert S. Smith





Members of the Erie Pax Center ready for their leg of the Syracuse Feeder which took them to Cleveland. From left: Sr. Mary Lou Kownacki, Sr. Marlene Bertke, Julie Loesch, Sr. Rosanne Hynes, Diane Sabol, and Kathy Walter. A special concern of their leg of the Walk was the B-1 bomber.

On Monday, September 13, about 50 people gathered at the Erie Federal Building for the send-off ceremony for the Erie to Cleveland leg of the Continental Walk for Disarmament and Social Justice. After a brief prayer service, we walked to the Republican headquarters, met with the county chairmen to discuss the B-1 and defense spending, and 20 of us then continued on to Girard, Pennsylvania.

It was evident that people read the news stories in the local papers because drivers acknowledged their support by tooting horns and flashing the peace sign when they passed. A roadside farmer even gave us three beautiful cantaloupes for our journey.

All 20 of us hobbled into Girard about 16 miles and 7 hours later. Then the "first day" walkers said farewell to the long distance crew of eight. In addition to allowing us to stay in their old seminary overnight, the Divine World Missionaries in Girard also went an extra mile. On Tuesday morning, Fr. Hellam and the brothers treated us to a scrumptious breakfast. Following breakfast we leafletted the main street in Girard and two sympathetic townspeople slipped us \$10.50 for lunch.

The 25 mile walk to Geneva was the worst day of the trip. But again, there were individual acts of kindness. We stopped to make a long distance call in a grocery store and the woman-owner refused to take money. "I'm with you all the way," she said, "That's why our schools are so bad. All that money going for bombs." And a couple stopped us on the highway and invited us to their home for a cold drink.

It was a rain-soaked journey to Painesville. But the soggy socks and wet boots were soon forgotten because the Methodist Church there greeted us with a hot supper and a large crowd for a discussion and the viewing of our slide show, **Bread, Not Bombs**.

The downpour continued the next day, destroying our signs but not our spirits. A warm shower, hot coffee, and dry clothes were a welcome end to our day's walking.

The sun came out the last day and despite our aching bodies, we felt as if we could run the 16 miles to Cleveland. That feeling lasted about three blocks.

In Cleveland the Quakers greeted us with a fine meal and an excellent program featuring folksinger, Lynn Haney.

Then we piled into cars and drove home. Erie, again. This time the trip took us two hours instead of six days. But driving a car on an interstate doesn't allow you to go through small towns and talk to people. It was rewarding to take the problem of nuclear disarmament into places where it has never had an open forum before; to meet hundreds of people; to pass out 4,000 leaflets; to get good newspaper coverage on the issues in every town along the way.

We have a growing appreciation for the amazing openness—the freedom of movement—which we take for granted as Americans.

—Sr. Mary Lou Kownacki

As the Walk concluded, I was filled with the favorable impression of the progress that has been made since 1961, of the popular movement being much larger, better connected and more levelheaded. It is always a few who carry the ball, but public awareness and sympathy have improved significantly.

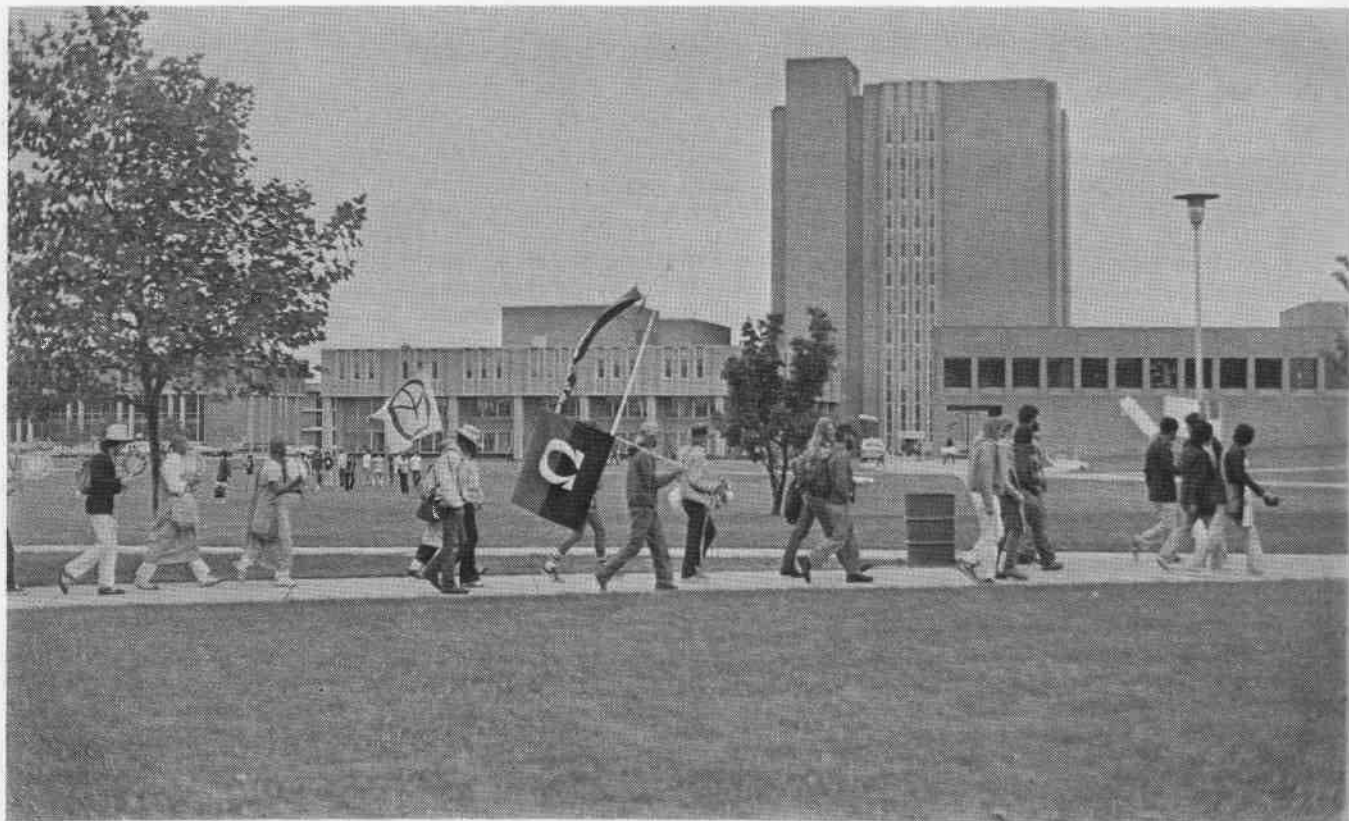
—Ron Jump
(participant of the
San Francisco to
Moscow Walk of 1961.)

Certainly ours was a small step, rather, a series of small steps, to a larger goal. But we get there one step at a time.

Sr. Carolyn Kopkowski made this point at an evening meeting in Painesville, Pennsylvania, when a woman said, "But the arms race and world hunger are such big, complex problems. They paralyze you." And Sr. Carolyn said, "That's true. But compare it to the Walk. I can't imagine walking 105 miles. I can't even think about walking from town to town. So I think about walking three miles at a time. I know that every three miles there will be a rest and a cold drink. So I walk on." And we all walk on.

—Sr. Mary Lou Kownacki

Passing through Kent State.



Larry Johnson

A respite from the pavement.



Larry Johnson

Pittsburgh provided the highlight of activities in Pennsylvania on the western route of the Walk. October 1, Sanford Gottlieb of SANE spoke on disarmament at a public meeting, kicking off the four days of Walk activities. The next day after entering Pittsburgh, the Walk placed a permanent plaque at the "Peace Tree," which was planted in August 1973 to commemorate the bombing of Cambodia. Following that, the Walk proceeded to Rockwell, Gulf, etc., leafletting and leaving a small plant at each place. In spite of the rainy weather, at least 40 people

Pittsburgh

participated in the day's events.

On Saturday (October 3) a Peace and Justice Fair featuring booths, displays, slide shows, workshops, films, and speakers attracted 200 to 300 people. That evening a capacity crowd of 800 turned out for a benefit Walk concert given by Holly Near.

Western route walkers in Pittsburgh.



Larry Johnson

The HUDSON VALLEY Feeder

Pete Seeger, Jean Harper, and Augusta Beadenkopf relax after a day's walk through the Hudson Valley.



Newburgh Evening News



Pat Beetle

"We made it!" Liz Millard and Augusta Beadenkopf at the foot of the George Washington Bridge.

The Hudson River Valley Feeder Walk began in Saratoga, New York, on August 27, 1976 and covered 165 miles in its trek to New York City where it met the Boston to Washington, DC Walk on September 11, 1976. Our Walk took its name from the fact that we went down the river valley to New York City, never far from the river, accompanied part way by canoeist, and crossing the Hudson at three points. The communities we visited generally had populations of 10,000 or less. As we walked through Ravenna, New Baltimore, Coxsackie, Athens, Catskill, Tivoli, Rhinebeck, Staatsburg, Hyde Park, Hughsonville, Wappingers Falls, Cornwall, West Point, Ft. Montgomery and Stony Point, we felt a bit like the early pioneers, as though we were the first to come to these communities pleading a cause, marching in impressive single file, with our signs for disarmament and social justice held high.

Most of the people were friendly; if not in complete sympathy, they were none the less curious and tolerant. There were some jeers, but surprisingly few.

At the larger cities of Poughkeepsie and Newburgh and in the town of Rhinebeck there were meetings in public parks, some with few in attendance others with better attendance such as the meeting in Newburgh with Ex-Congressman John Dow speaking on foreign policy and Pete Seeger leading the singing.

Hospitality was extended to the walkers by Methodist Churches, Quaker Meetings, a Reformed Church, The Catholic Worker Farm at Tivoli, St. Mary's Catholic Church in Coxsackie and in private homes. At the churches the evenings sometimes ended with community meetings with six or over sixty (Cornwall) people attending. At such times the walkers

Preparing to cross the Hudson with Pete Seeger.



Pat Beetle

spoke of their experiences on the Walk and the community members spoke of community problems, such as, nuclear plants planned for their vicinity, nursing homes, health care, day care centers, support for tax resistance and etc. It was evident that there was fear at the thought of U.S. disarmament in an armed world, and that there was little support of unilateral disarmament in their communities now.

Our only confrontations were at West Point Military Reservation, and at Highland Falls at the gate of West Point. The military police would not allow our signs. However, we did walk through West Point in our "Continental Walk for Disarmament and Social Justice" T-shirts, and so felt that we had won a partial victory.

We were often asked if we felt the Walk had had an impact, been worthwhile. We speak for ourselves on this—although we feel that we would have very near to general agreement on the substance of our reactions.

The Walk was truly a grass roots project. It was a first step in raising the consciousness of the people of the Hudson River Valley area to the necessity of disarmament, and its connection with social justice. Our appearance in each community, and the coverage we got in the local papers and on radio helped to link communities in the valley. In some cases communities worked together for our visit—i.e. Tivoli and Rhinebeck; Poughkeepsie and Rhinebeck; Beacon, Newburgh and Cornwall; Rockland County Organizations (FOR, Committee for the Walk, and the Quakers). From every point of view the Walk was also a remarkable personal experience for those who participated. —Augusta Beadenkopf and Liz Millard

Walking the Eastern Seaboard

The Boston to Washington route of the Continental Walk got its sendoff the first weekend in August in a series of events that, despite the rain, were enthusiastically attended. The extensive organizing efforts of the New England Walk committee were evident throughout the weekend.

On Friday, August 6, Hiroshima Day was remembered with a silent vigil held from noon to 2 pm at Government Center in Boston. The vigil was attended by 150 people. The milling lunch-

time crowd at the downtown Boston site was urged to recall the devastation and horror of that day 31 years ago and to join the Walk as it made its way through Boston. The vigilers were met at Government Center by a group of 20 walkers from the Worcester-to-Boston route of the Walk, who had set out 3 days earlier.

While the vigil continued outside, a committee of four went into Government Center to present the letter for the Mayor of Hiroshima to Mayor Kevin White of Boston. The vigil ended

Walking along the Boston Commons, August 7



Eric Roth



Silent Hiroshima Day vigil at Government Center in Boston.

at 2 pm when everyone gathered in a circle, which extended around most of the plaza, for a moment of silence.

On Friday evening 200 people attended a citizens' forum which was held at Boston's Faneuil Hall, despite the pouring rain outside. The forum featured Daniel Ellsberg and Boston City Councilwoman Sandra Graham. Charlie King did some singing, including the Continental Walk song.

On Saturday morning the number of walkers, but not their spirits, were held down by the rain as walkers gathered for a rally at Faneuil Hall where last minute support, instructions, singing, and encouragement were offered to the walkers. As 100 or so bobbing, slickered figures set off through downtown Boston in the rain, there was a notable sense of determination in the air. That determination was needed because it poured down torrents on Sunday throughout the 15 miles covered.

On Saturday the walkers made stops at the Tenant's Union and Health Center in the South End, the Army Recruiting Office, and a community-based prison reform group in Dorchester.

MOKANE, MO.

JULY 28, 1976

To the Walkers of the Boston Feeder Route

OF THE
CONTINENTAL WALK FOR DISARMAMENT & SOCIAL JUSTICE

As you set out from Boston, we greet you in a spirit of solidarity and offer support in the effort you are undertaking. Recognizing our common concern over the growing machinery of war and the daily evidence of profit superceding the quality of life, we are moved by your commitment to this struggle. Ahead lie many troubled days. As we have, you may encounter hardships and internal divisions. Yet, like us, you will be sustained and inspired by the support of people from all walks of life who are determined to have a voice in this system and alter its foundations rather than submit to those few who direct the policies of this nation. The day when we shall meet is not far away. It is with a persevering spirit that we await that moment.

IN PEACE

The Members of the S.F. to D.C. Route

Indis Overy	Robert Smith	Myraest Ranger
George Kometes	Carl Champagne	David Hannan
Joe Bonasera	Raymond Johnson	Red Coy II
Leslie Osborne	Larry Johnson	Robert Caswell
Paul Taggart	Nancy Bower	Stephen Biddle's one
Christie Simon	David Infante	Chuck Pearson
Richard Bean		Tom McLean
Uguit Blandner		Hot B...



Vigil at Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts.

On August 11 the Boston route of the Continental Walk set up a rally in the picnic area at the Plymouth Nuclear Power Plant. Fifty to 100 people watched and listened to a couple of talks and several skits about nuclear power.

Guerilla Theater, Plymouth Nuclear Power Plant, August 11.



The Brattleboro Feeder

The Brattleboro, Vermont, route of the Walk, which began a few days after the Boston route, proceeded to Vernon where a balloon release at the Vermont Yankee Nuclear Power Plant was used to demonstrate the danger of radioactivity.

When the Walk reached Western Massachusetts, each day consisted of leafletting, potluck meals, open

meetings, and a visitation to local officials. At the Work, Inc., meeting in Holyoke, the monks joined and stayed with the route the rest of the way. In Amherst, the Selectwoman participated in a send-off for the walkers. In North Hampton the Mayor came out. Every Mayor along the route signed the Hiroshima appeal. The television and press coverage was superb the whole way.



Brattleboro walkers gather outside the City Hall at Northampton, Massachusetts where Mayor David Cramer signed a petition calling for a reordering of national priorities towards meeting human needs.

Francis Crowe

What one remembers from the Western Massachusetts/Connecticut Valley route is not so much the heat, blisters and fatigue, but the sense of family between the members of our small group, and the warmth of those on the streets who reached out to us.

Walking with the Japanese Buddhist monks, expressions and actions came to mean far more than words. The rhythm of their drums, their chanted prayer, their smiles, were sufficient communication.

Others who briefly joined the Walk seemed to understand this too. Shortly after we reached the New Haven city line, an old man, stooped over but smiling, ambled over and walked among us for about a mile. Although he barely spoke, we knew he shared our beliefs.

Naturally there were times of impassioned dialogue, of confrontation. Perhaps the saddest encounter was Meriden's Mayor Abraham Grossman ordering us out of his front yard when we asked him to sign the nuclear disarmament appeal from Japan.

"I don't see nobody," he shouted. "Get off my property." Here was a man elected to represent an entire city, refusing to even listen.

Earlier that day, a few miles away, the owner of a gas station had explained to us all the beauty and worth of the atom bomb.

"Stop nuclear weapons?" he asked when offered a leaflet. "That's what ended World War II! Don't you know your history?"

The monks, walking nearby, knew. For them it was something learned first hand, not in a history textbook.

But a book cannot convey the horror of Hiroshima. In teach-ins at various stopping points, the monks showed a film of the holocaust, a shocking spectacle that they somehow watched over and over again. Fortunately, most of us only saw it a few times. Once

was enough.

Yet, incredibly, some who saw it seemed unmoved, unconvinced that there was a lesson here, a warning. At a Methodist church in Wallingford, a devoutly Christian couple, one an Air Force pilot, said that we had only to love Jesus and everything would be all right.

When the film was at last over and the light went on, as the rest of us sat with heads bowed, ashamed and unable to look our Japanese friends in the eye, the pilot's wife still had that devoutly frozen smile on her face. We never reached her.

However, her minister, the Rev. John Heuchert, took us into his church for the night and the next day walked 10 miles with us.

It was commitments and support like this which made every step from Brattleboro, Vt. to New Haven worthwhile.

—Randall Beach

Two imaginative demonstrations marked the Walk's crossing of Rhode Island. On August 19, some 75 people walked through the gate of General Dynamics Electric Boat facility to plant on its property a Japanese cherry tree, in contrast to the deadly Trident submarines being manufactured there.

Two days later, over 100 persons gathered at the site of a proposed nuclear power plant in Charlestown and released 300 helium-filled balloons, with a tag warning of the danger of radioactivity.

In Providence, a noontime rally was held on the Mall. That evening a potluck dinner and open meeting with speakers, films, and music was held in Providence, as well as at the University of Rhode Island in Kingston three days later.

Members of People's Action for Clean Energy releasing balloons at the Connecticut Yankee Power Plant in conjunction with the Walk's passing through the Middletown, Connecticut area.



Dean Caple

Eastern Connecticut



The Boston branch of the Walk entered Connecticut in late August with a community rally in Mystic and a showing of "Global Terror," the slide show on the Trident Submarine. The next day the walkers held a rally in Groton, headquarters of the Electric Boat Company, makers of nuclear subs. This was followed by leafletting of three military recruiting offices and a rally in downtown New London. That evening, after a potluck supper with residents, a meeting was held concerning the Millstone Nuclear Power Plants. The next day a demonstration at the power plants featured a balloon release with tags indicating the danger of radioactivity. A rally was held at the Niantic Women's Prison, and after that each day of the Walk's journey to New Haven included community meetings and potluck meals.

New Haven represented the joining of the New England Walk routes. Two hundred people out to participate in "Community Survival Day" on the New Haven Green, which included such activities as workshops, music, speakers, eating, booths, theater, films, and slide shows.

Following the joining of the routes, the Walk vigiled and leafletted at Sikorsky Aircraft, Pratt and Whitney, General Electric, and other "Defense" contractors. "I've become a great admirer of moral courage, and I just couldn't sit on the sidelines any longer. I've never marched before. I've never leafletted. I was afraid when we went to Pratt and Whitney. But if I can go out every day and talk to people who tell me I'm crazy, we can begin to change things." —Barbara Greene, a participant in Connecticut Valley Walk activities.

Through the rest of Connecticut, events included a Continental Walk Sing-in in Westport, a Community Pot Luck Picnic in Norwalk, a People's Bi-centennial Fair in Stamford, and an Ecumenical Sunset Service followed by a candlelight procession in Greenwich. A slogan predominant through Connecticut best sums up one of the major themes of the Walk: "Feed the cities, not the Pentagon."

The Seldom Heard String Band, made up of New England long distance walkers. From left: Paul Klinkman, Marta Daniels, Chris Neiman, Janet Noyes, Bill Ofenlock (holding the mike), and John Harris.



C. Scheiner



On the way from New England to New York City the Walk spent three days in Westchester County, New York.

The events began with a Labor Day rally in Portchester at the Unemployment Office. The walkers, carrying coffins throughout Westchester, passed through Playland Park in Rye. 50 somber marchers provided a dramatic contrast to the people frolicking in the amusement park. It also offered an excellent opportunity to communicate with the townspeople.

The walkers were made up of young people and a number of clergy, who proved to be invaluable in making headway with the stubborn police concerning the route.

After walking through the business section of a number of towns, the Walk stopped at the Westchester-Bronx FBI headquarters. An evening meeting at the New Rochelle Presbyterian Church saw "Global Terror," a slide show on the Trident Submarine shown by the Whale's Tail.

The next morning breakfast was held at the New Rochelle Community Action Agency (part of the old O.E.O.), which provided a great opportunity to talk with people involved in such programs as Head Start, lunch for seniors, and day care.

The Peace Committee of Coop City in the Bronx took on the job of organizing the Walk route from New 90

England between the border of Pelham Manor and the Bronx into Manhattan. We met in Pelham Manor on September 8 just before the New England walkers arrived. I was especially proud to have my two sons leafletting with me.

When the walkers arrived, we all marched over the Eastchester Bridge into the Bronx. With the yellow-robed Japanese monks beating their drums, we entered the Secor Shopping Center where we stood in front of the Armed Forces offices. By the reactions of the people, I could see that we were having some effect.

That afternoon we marched down Fordham Road and we did a stint in front of the Enlistment Offices of the Armed Forces—both sides of the street. I felt that people really dug us and could relate to what our signs were saying.

That evening quite a few people came to the Drieser Community Center for a meeting which included a slide show on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, shown by the monks, as well as slides of other Walk routes. Ron Myers gave a moving talk about the Walk. The people of Coop City generously shared their apartments and food with the walkers and gave a lot of encouragement.

The next morning the Walk continued from the Bronx County Court House into Manhattan, where it ended up supporting a sit-in of black construction workers from Fight Back who were demanding jobs.

— Tony Vento



On Labor Day, Westchester walkers went to where the people were: Playland Park in Rye, New York.

Long Island Feeder walkers enjoying a rest stop en route to New York City.



Harvey Stanson

New York City

Jim Haughton of Fight Back, addresses rally in support of black construction workers at a Sweat Equity program housing site.



Bill Offenloch

The Walk entered Manhattan on September 9 with New York Senatorial candidate Ramsey Clark, and proceeded to Harlem for a rally in support of black construction workers. The next day, the walkers, carrying coffins, vigiled at Columbia University and walked from Manhattan's West Side for a rally at a neighborhood health center hit by cut backs.

On Saturday, walkers assembled in the shopping district and headed towards the United Nations after a few words of encouragement from Bella Abzug who was holding a rally nearby. A pleasant surprise was the unscheduled appearance of Joan Baez, in the city to give a concert for the Chilean solidarity struggle. Joan joined the walkers to the UN, spoke and sang at the rally of 200 people. Other speakers and singers included Cora Weiss, Tom Cornell, Charlie King, Jim Peck, William Douthard, David McReynolds, the Seldom Heard String Band, and Jed Ringel who coordinated the New York City activities. The rally provided a convergence point for the Albany to New York City feeder, the Long Island walkers, the Brooklyn walkers and the New England routes.

Brooklyn residents gather with other walkers from around New York and New England for a rally at the United Nations.



Janet Charles

Sunday, Walk organizers staged a street fair with both fundraising and community outreach in mind. The weather was beautiful and the day was a marvelous success in both regards!

On Monday, the Walk continued to Wall Street for a vigil and then on to City Hall for a noontime rally calling for a restoration of all cuts in social services.



Cora Weiss, center, and Joan Baez at the United Nations rally.



Walkers gather at a noontime rally outside New York's City Hall.

Janet Noyes, a long distance walker, leafletting near New York's City Hall, stops to discuss the Walk with a passerby.



STREET FAIR!

What better way to reach the community, raise money, and have fun than to stage a street fair? That's exactly what Norma and Diane Becker, of the New York City Walk committee did. The fair raised \$3,000 for the Walk, reached hundreds of people in the community, and everyone had fun!



Ed Hedemann



Clockwise from top right: Vickie Leonard, center; West Fourth Street, Greenwich Village; Maureen O'Donnell; Paul Hopkins and Grace Paley; Grace Hedemann, smiling, and William Douthard, right.



Mike Moran

Reverend Shibuya presents a letter from the mayor of Hiroshima to Mayor Cawley of Princeton Boro and Mayor Bleuman of Princeton Township, appealing for their support of the Walk's demand for abolition of all nuclear weapons.

After crossing into New Jersey from New York City, the Eastern Seaboard route of the Walk proceeded to Ridgefield Park for a potluck supper, speakers, and a showing of "Nixon's Secret Legacy—Counterforce." The next day the Walk went to Jersey City for an evening rally in Journal Square, complete with songs, street theater, and another potluck supper.

The Walk then proceeded to the Union County Court House for a rally, which was heard by the prisoners inside. Because of a visit by Jimmy Carter to Newark, the walkers backtracked to picket and leaflet. The following day Cranford's Mayor greeted the walkers and signed the Hiroshima appeal. The number of walkers reached 30 and the Scotch Plains police took photos of as many people.

A public meeting of about 40 people was held at Rutgers with emphasis on opposition to the S-1 legislation. A few days later the Walk entered Princeton to be joined by more walkers and the Mayor. It was here that the walkers met the Indians for Democracy group, who were marching in protest of Indira Gandhi's rule.

The next day, 70 people participated in a "Hunger Banquet. The Banquet had a "United States" table where some got peanut butter on Wonder Bread and others got steak; and a "Chinese" table where everyone was served rice.

Through Trenton, five minute vigils were held at "good" spots and a brief rally at the State Capital. Vigils at Ft. Dix and McGuire AFB resulted in good discussions with civilian workers and a lot of media coverage. Activities in the State concluded with a square dance in Taylor Homestead and a rally at Glassboro State College.

The next morning I joined the walkers and just made it to Lawrenceville about 6 miles down route 206, at what seemed to me a very fast clip. The last part of the way when I was lagging, they sent a monk to walk behind me to drum like mad and that really helped. But when I got to the bench where you wait for the Princeton bus, I didn't say goodbye, I just sat down and collapsed."

—Marjory Pratt

Trenton rally.



Tom Benson

The LEHIGH VALLEY Feeder



Nancy Tate

Lehigh Valley walkers ready to start their Walk to Philadelphia, left to right: Chris Dreisbach, Tim Laidman, Donald Trumbore, Tory Rhodin, Sarah Snider, Steve Kraft, and Roberta Wood.

The Easton to Allentown Walk through the Lehigh Valley area of Pennsylvania on September 25 included stops at local sights where we see our resources being wasted on military production and places we see needing more of our resources to realize their potential to serve the community's needs. One such sight was at Martin Towers, the headquarters for Bethlehem Steel Corporation, our largest local military contractor.

—Nancy Tate

It was still early morning when we passed a row of white picket fences along a long narrow winding street in south-side Bethlehem. A squat old lady out in the yard pattering around in her flower bed caught our eye. As we approached, she turned and gave us a wide, toothy grin. Her face was crusted with the lineage of age. She seemed quite pleased when we asked to take her picture. In her best broken English and with a feeling of pride in her eyes, she was able to tell us that the seeds of the flowers in her garden came from the old country where she was born. It was a

touching moment of sharing and communication as she plucked two of her flowers and handed them to us.

—Donald Trumbore

Two days out of Bethlehem, our numbers have been somewhat diminished due to people returning to work or school. One walker by now deeply regrets having worn a new pair of sneakers (she returned later in the week with better shoes for two more days). Even those without specific problems are getting tired as we push on into the village of Fountainville, and collapse. But just as we begin to wonder where they are, three cars of Doylestown friends (and Friends) pull up, and our contingent is instantly doubled. Soon we are moving again, and as our muscles loosen up, these last few miles into town seem easier than the preceeding ones.

—Steve Kraft

Enthusiastic comments were given describing Doylestown's brush with the Continental Walk. Attendance at the covered dish supper was excellent

(they almost ran out of room) and the movie ("Winning Hearts and Minds") at the courthouse was well attended, with the jury room practically overflowing. The march went on the next day, stopping to leaflet at the Willow Grove Naval Air Station without incident. All in all, a grand example of outreach! — **Doylestown Monthly Meeting Newsletter**

The Lehigh Valley to Philadelphia branch of the Continental Walk was surprised to find an escort from the Philadelphia Police Department greet us as soon as we crossed the Philadelphia City line. After having walked 65 miles from Bethlehem through many police jurisdictions and little towns where people carrying banners really stand out, we had had no contact with the police until we reached Philadelphia. Though our numbers varied from 7 to 15, they persisted with their car escort with two police and even had a token walker join us for the last stretch down Broad Street.

— **Nancy Tate**

A woman from Bucks County who participated in

the Walk from Doylestown to Philadelphia, and later rejoined the Walk in Washington, D.C., said of her experience, "Joining the Continental Walk was the greatest thing that happened to me since becoming pregnant!"

— **Donald Trumbone**



Mary Bye leaflets motorists stopping in front of the Willow Grove Naval Air Station, while Lehigh Valley walkers look on with banners.

Leo S. Markins



Walkers gather for a demonstration at Lake Kittamaquundi at Columbia, Maryland.

Keith Weller. The Columbia Times

On October 1 the Continental Walk rally took place in Kennedy Plaza, near Philadelphia City Hall, after some of our Walk committee met the Boston to Washington walkers at the Ben Franklin Bridge. We walked from the Bridge past City Hall to the Plaza, a procession of 25 people, with the Japanese Buddhists beating drums and chanting. We were perhaps mistaken for a splinter group of Hare Krishnas, an impression we tried to dispel by alternating with bagpipe playing and leafletting.

By the time we got to JFK Plaza it was drizzling rather heavily, but still around 100 people gathered round in a circle and heard brief words of encouragement from various speakers including Mildred Olmsted, Secretary Emeritus of WILPF, who had worked with Jane Addams in the early struggles for peace and social justice; George Lahey of MNS; and Rev.

Shibuya, one of the Buddhist monks walking with the group. The letter from the Mayor of Hiroshima was read aloud, after the announcement that Mayor Rizzo's office had informed us he was 'too busy.'

After the rally we circled City Hall and then went to a lunch prepared by WILPF at their office. That evening Friends had a potluck for the walkers at the Arch Street Meeting House. Next morning around 35 people assembled to walk to the Youth Study Center (a detention home for juveniles), then to Philadelphia Housing Authority, Unitarian Church for lunch, on to General Electric and Philadelphia General Hospital — leafletting all along, and with liturgies and music at each place. That evening we went to St. Mary's church on the Penn campus for a potluck dinner, the 'Hearts and Minds' film, and lots of good music.

— **Ann Davidson**

Local Finale Activities



Columbia, Missouri residents walk by the Ecumenical Center's display on October 16.



Jim Albertini, left, and Robert Aitken, Hawaii walkers who joined local actions on October 16.

Ian Lind

THE HAWAII WALK FOR DISARMAMENT AND SOCIAL JUSTICE

Coincident with the arrival of the Continental Walk for Disarmament and Social Justice at Washington, D.C., 50 people marched in Hawaii from the West Loch Ammunition Depot at Pearl Harbor to the Waikele Ammunition Storage area over a six mile route driven by Navy convoys carrying nuclear weapons to and from their caves under the sugarcane fields. The Hawaii Walk was sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee and catholic Action of Hawaii (a WRL affiliate).

Walkers rallied with another 50 friends after the demonstration at Waipahu Elementary School, just a half a block from the entrance to Waikele gulch. Local issues stressed at the rally, such as the dangers of storing and transporting nuclear weapons on the island, the destruction of the island of Kaho'olawe and of Makua Valley on Oahu by military target practice, the control of 25% of all land on Oahu by the military, and the usurpation of farm lands and the destruction of Hawaiian life-styles by developers were related to national concerns expressed on the Continental Walk.



J. DeMian

Recognizing the opportunity to reach a large number of people, several folks who had worked with Walk activities in Columbia but could not make it to Washington decided that the Ecumenical Center should have a homecoming display in its front yard—like its neighboring buildings in Greentown.

The display turned out to be a bit smaller, physically, than some greek efforts but it made up for its size in originality and content. The dominating feature was a 12 foot mushroom cloud, symbolizing the disastrous potential of the military budget. In front of the cloud was a graveyard with tombstones bearing the names of social programs which have been cancelled or severely cut back while the military budget has grown. In the middle of the graveyard was an open coffin, urging the viewer to question: "What next?" An ominous touch was added by the man from another dimension—a coatrack wearing an old raincoat and a gasmask for a head.

Leaflets which pointed out how the money spent on various military items could be put to better use building hospitals, schools, daycare centers, etc., were handed out to passersby. The display attracted everyone's attention, cars slowed down and some even stopped. Many people saw the display on Friday and Saturday and while not all the comments were positive, the people involved felt the activity was a success.

—Walt McQuie



OCTOBER 16: Rally!



Janet Charles



Dorothy Marder

Walking to the Sylvan Theater from the Lincoln Memorial.

At the Lincoln Memorial.



Ray Pinkson

On the steps of the Lincoln Memorial as the three routes converged.



Bill Ofenloch

Walking to the Sylvan Theatre from the Lincoln Memorial.

Saturday morning, walkers gathered around the perimeter of Washington for the last miles of their journey. Amidst the colorful array of puppets (from the Powderhorn and Bread and Puppet Theatres), banners, and flags, and the ominous looking Trident monster, walkers made their way to the Lincoln Memorial where the three routes met in a moving

moment of confusion and jubilation. From there walkers moved as a body along the reflecting pool to the Sylvan Theatre for a rally where speakers such as Myrtle Solomon, Cora Weiss, Dan Ellsberg and Sid Lens spoke of disarmament and social justice issues. That evening a political film festival was attended by over 600 people.

Sam Lovejoy addresses the rally at the Sylvan Theater.



Bill Ofenloch

OCTOBER 17: Celebration



Dorothy Marder

Sunday dawned rainy and cold, forcing the day's activities inside to the Luther Place Memorial Church. But weather failed to diminish the spirit of celebration that pervaded the day. A very moving ecumenical service developed by Sally Benson and Art Waskow around the theme of Genesis contrasted with examples of humanity's destruction of life, drew over 500 people. A profound feeling of solidarity and community enveloped all those present as the service drew to a close with several verses of "We Shall Not be Moved."

The Peace and Justice Fair went on throughout the afternoon having over 1,000 curious, enthusiastic participants who survived the cramped, indoor quarters to enjoy the over 50 booths, workshops, and entertainment that the day offered.

A meal for 250 people was served Sunday evening followed by a strategy meeting for Monday's Pentagon demonstration.



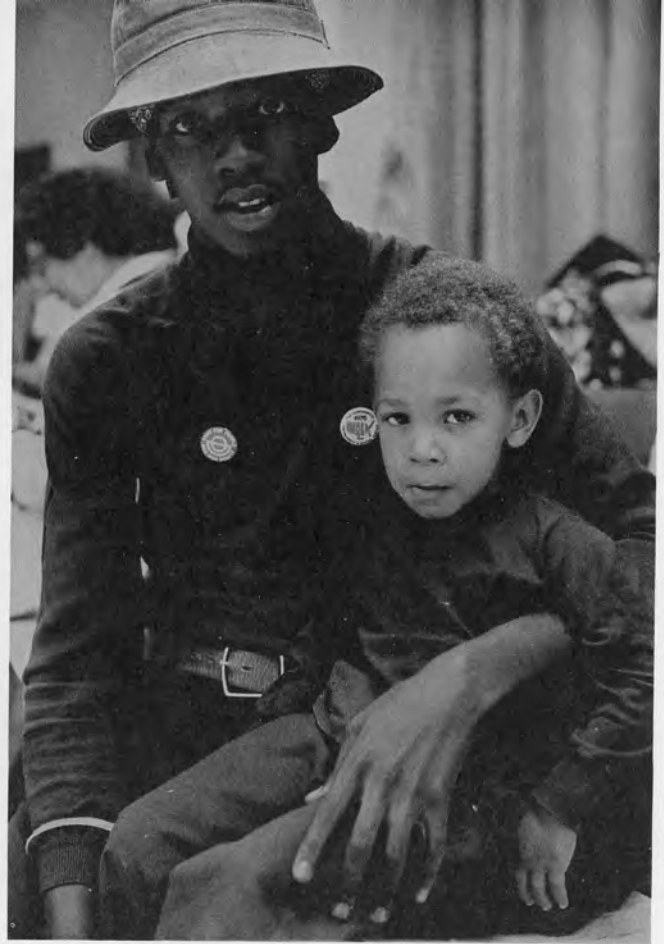
Janet Charles



Janet Charles

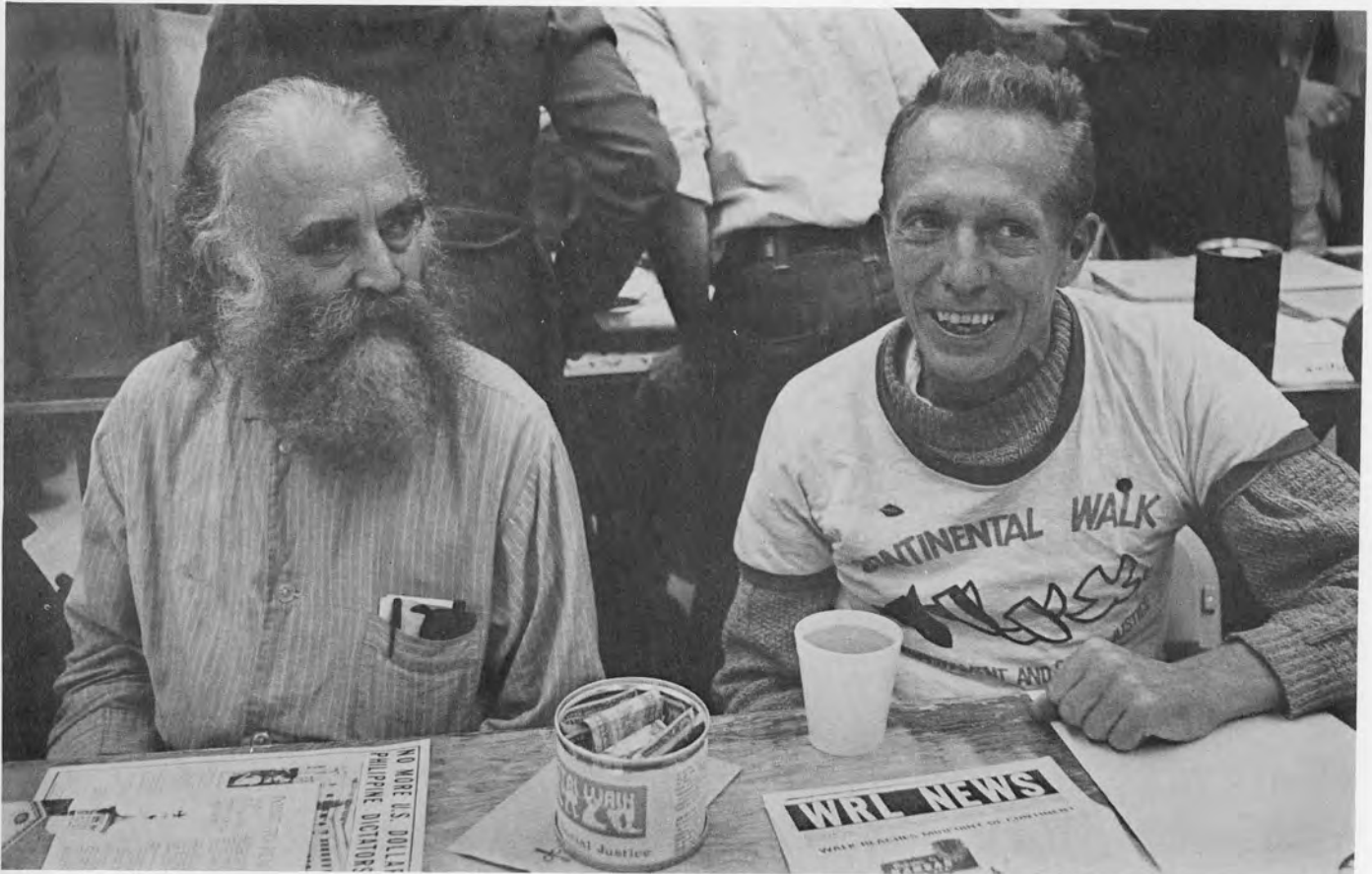


Janet Charles



Dorothy Marder

Igal Roodenko and Jim Peck at WRL table during Peace and Justice Fair.



Dorothy Marder



John C. Goodwin

Approaching the Sylvan Theater.



Janet Charles

At the Lincoln Memorial on October 16.



Dorothy Marder

OCTOBER 18: Meeting the Monster

Monday began as a day of uncertainties: the authorities would not grant a permit for the Walk to cross the Memorial Bridge *in the street* on our way from the Lincoln Memorial to the Pentagon. After a half dozen stops and starts while negotiating furiously, the Walk was permitted to be in the streets the rest of the day once the Bridge was crossed.



Passing Arlington Cemetery in the cold, cloudy, morning, the Walk reached the Pentagon 700 strong. After some memorable remarks by Daniel Ellsberg, about 100 walkers left the grassy area facing the River Entrance heading to the steps of the Pentagon. Fifty-three walkers, carrying a declaration of nonviolence, coffins, and a model of the Hiroshima bomb, were arrested for failing to disperse.

The remainder of the walkers, changing from the "procession of death" to a "procession of life," carrying flower banners, giant white birds and other life symbols, marched to the HEW for a brief rally. From there the Walk headed up Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House. As a delegation of people representing the Walk went inside to talk with the President's national security advisor, the rest of the walkers set up a picket. When the delegation returned, a rally was held in Lafayette Park, repre-

senting the final action of the Walk.

The next day President Ford made a public statement denouncing those who call for slashing the military budget in order to meet domestic needs. He pointed out that a strong military is necessary to maintain a healthy country.



The Washington Post



Dorothy Marder

Ann Doyle being dragged off at the Pentagon.



Janet Charles

Police remove Bob Schneider from Pentagon roadway.



Dorothy Marder

Rally at the Pentagon.



Karl Bissinger



Closing ceremonies across from the White House in Lafayette Park, October 18.





EPILOGUE



The CONTINENTAL WALK for Disarmament and Social Justice, after a year and a half of discussion, deliberation and planning, began in Canada and the State of Washington on January 1, 1976, and culminated in Washington, DC on October 19, 1976. Not even this pictorial documentation can credibly narrate or depict the determination, dedication, will and energy of thousands of people coast to coast who gave of their time, their money and, for some, their precious bodies. This epilogue cannot do what the book fails to do either.

The CONTINENTAL WALK for Disarmament and Social Justice, with its three main routes and 16 feeder routes, carried the important issues of total disarmament and its linkage with areas of social, economic and racial justice to hundreds of cities, towns, communities and villages in a way no mass media could ever do. By walking they did it in a personal way—group to group, person to person, home to home and hand to hand. They knew that by walking they were taking another step forward in a long struggle to resolve humankind's madness with weapons of destruction and to continue humanity's journey toward a peaceful and just society.

An epilogue by definition connotes the end of an undertaking, the cessation of effort, the closing of chapters. The struggle to take our country, the United States of America, toward total disarmament which will include battles over the B-1 bomber, Trident submarine, military appropriations, arms limitation, nuclear proliferation and, eventually, nuclear disarmament, was not completed on October 19, 1976. The struggles involving racial and social equality, economic justice, sexual and religious freedom were not completed on October 19, 1976. This is therefore not an epilogue but simply a reminder to all of us of the necessary work and continued struggles that lie ahead.

The CONTINENTAL WALK for Disarmament and Social Justice illustrated to the people of this country and the world, that there is the energy, interest and commitment necessary to carry forward these struggles; on all our shoulders rests the responsibility for moving beyond this successful project. We must return to our communities, broaden our efforts, enlist new energies and resources, plan our education and outreach actions, and maintain our dialogue with the American people, so that one day a true epilogue can chronicle a new era of a weaponless, peaceful, just and loving society.

—William Douthard

Sponsoring Organizations

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.
CATHOLIC PEACE FELLOWSHIP 339 Lafayette St, New York, N.Y. 10012.
CATHOLIC WORKER 36 East 1st Street, New York, N.Y. 10003.
CLERGY AND LAITY CONCERNED 198 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10038.
EPISCOPAL PEACE FELLOWSHIP, 61 Gramercy Park North, New York, N.Y. 10010.
FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION Box 271, Nyack, N.Y. 10960.
GRAY PANTHERS 3700 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, PA 19104.
LUTHERAN PEACE FELLOWSHIP 168 W. 100th Street, New York, N.Y. 10025.
MASS PARTY ORGANIZING COMMITTEE 156 Fifth Avenue, Rm. 326, New York, N.Y. 10011.
NATIONAL ASSEMBLY OF WOMEN RELIGIOUS 201 E. Ohio, Chicago, IL 60611.
NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR UNIVERSAL UNCONDITIONAL AMNESTY 339 Lafayette St., New York, N.Y. 10012.
NATIONAL INDIAN YOUTH COUNCIL 201 Hermosa, N.E., Albuquerque, NM 87108.
PAX CHRISTI USA, c/o Joseph Fahey, Manhattan College, Bronx, N.Y. 10471
PEOPLE'S PARTY 1 Thomas Circle, Washington, D.C. 20005.
PROMOTING ENDURING PEACE P.O. Box 103, Woodmont, CT 06460.
SANE 318 Massachusetts Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20002.
SOCIALIST PARTY, U.S.A. 2921 North Second Street, Milwaukee, WI 53212.
SOUTHERN CHRISTIAN LEADERSHIP CONFERENCE 334 Auburn Ave. NE, Atlanta, GA 30303.
SOUTHERN ORGANIZING COMMITTEE 4403 Virginia Avenue, Louisville, KY 40211.
WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE 339 Lafayette St., New York, N.Y. 10012.
WAR TAX RESISTANCE
WOMEN STRIKE FOR PEACE 145 S. 13th St., Philadelphia, PA 19107.
WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM 1213 Race St., Philadelphia. PA 19107.
WORLD FELLOWSHIP Box 156, Kerhonkson, N.Y. 12446.

ENDORISING ORGANIZATIONS

International Confederation for Disarmament and Peace, International Fellowship of Reconciliation, Japan Buddha Sangha, Japan Council Against A & H Bombs (Gensuikyo), War Resisters' International.

SIGNERS OF THE CALL TO THE CONTINENTAL WALK

Ralph Abernathy, Bella Abzug, Robert Alperin, Michael Anania, Joan Baez, Richard Barnet, Norma Becker, Harry Belafonte, Anne Bennett, Dan Berrigan, Philip Berrigan, Albert Bigelow, Robert Bly, Julian Bond, Kay Boyle, Harry Boyte, Anne Braden, Millen Brand, David Brower, Robert McAfee Brown, Stephen Cary, Joseph Chaikin, Cesar Chavez, Noam Chomsky, William Sloan Coffin, Dorothy Day, Karen DeCrow, Dave Dellinger, Ron Dellums, James Douglass, Shelley Douglass, Most Rev. Carroll Dozier, Martin Duberman, Daniel Ellsberg, Barbara Ehrenreich, Don Edwards, Richard Falk, Sissy Farenthold, Mimi Farina, Jules Feiffer, W.H. Ferry, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, James Forest, Howard Frazier, Larry Gara, Nicola Geiger, Freda Gibbons, Allen Ginsberg, Dick Gregory, Ed Guinan, Bishop Thomas Gumbleton, Mike Harrington, David Harris, James Haughton, Tom Hayden, Dorothy Healey, Nat Hentoff, Donald Kalish, Ying Lee Kelley, Honey Knopp, Margaret Kuhn, Douglas LaFollette, Corliss Lamont, Bernard Lee, Shirley Lens, Sid Lens, Walter Lowenfels, Brad Lyttle, Dwight Macdonald, Paul Mayer, Elizabeth McAlister, David McReynolds, Stewart Meacham, Seymour Melman, Eve Merriam, Joe Miller, Parren Mitchell, Rt. Rev. Paul Moore, Jr., Holly Near, Grace Paley, Rosa Parks, Jim Peck, Sidney Peck, Charles Rangel, Marcus Raskin, Brewster Rhoads, Muriel Rukeyser, Ed Sanders, Martin Sostre, Benjamin Spock, Archbishop Robert Sanchez, Dorothy Steffens, Gloria Steinem, I.F. Stone, Paul Sweezy, John Swomley, Ethel Taylor, Studs Terkel, Ruth MacLennan Uphaus, Willard Uphaus, Rt. Rev. Richard Trelease Jr., Reis Lopez Tijerina, Pete Seeger, Jean Claude von Itallie, George Wald, Art Waskow, Cora Weiss, Beverly Woodward, Margaret Wright, Peter Yarrow, Andrew Young, Ron Young, Frank Zeidler, Carl Zietlow, Irma Zigas.



