

– Outside the Pentagon.



At the top of the steps to the mall were many marchers. These were very serious marchers, conscious of the possible fate that awaited them: jail, fines, a criminal record. They stood quietly, only feet away from a long, dense line of MP's, one of several lines of "security". One brave and muscular marcher in a T-shirt flexed his muscles inches from a Military Policeman. He flicked sweat from his forehead into the MP's face. The marchers standing on the steps sat down, and it seemed as if some violence was imminent. It was at least four hours before fighting broke out.

Suddenly, nearby, a marcher reached into his pocket and took out his draft card. He lit it and held it into the air. The crowd applauded. More marchers burned their draft cards. "There's one over there", a demonstrator announced on a loudspeaker: "Burn, baby burn", chanted the crowd. People lit draft cards from other people's burning draft cards. The crowd was jubilant.

The sun set and some camp fires were lit on the Pentagon steps and lawn. The crowd grew smaller into the night as the time limit of the permit passed and the remaining marchers sat in, waiting for the violence and arrests that followed.