

Young Marchers: 'Dad Just Yelled'

By B. J. Phillips

Washington Post Staff Writer

EN ROUTE TO WASHINGTON — Slightly more than 200 students milled around in the snow outside the Indiana University student union in Bloomington Friday afternoon, waiting for the chartered buses to Washington.

There was little hair, no beads, as many stay-pressed slacks as bell-bottoms and more than a few pairs of penny loafers worn by this group, which amused itself by urging scowling alumni arriving for a conference to "Buy a button from a Communist agitator."

They were from, though they disavowed being of, Middle America—a merchant's daughter, a steelworker's son, the children of engineers and farmers and teachers.

For most, it was their first march and while they danced in the cold ("Why don't we wait inside?" "Because all of us are out here."), they talked less of where they were going than what it was like telling their parents: "Well, I gave mine the word last night. All night last night."

'Mom Cried'

"I told my mom and dad, too. My mom cried. I wish my dad had; he just yelled."

"I bought five 5-cent stamps for post cards. I figured that was the easiest way to let her know."

Finally the buses arrived. They filed on, listened to the marshals tell them about numbers to call for legal assistance and then settled back for the 17-hour, 600-mile trip.

Craig Hitchcock is a sophomore from South Bend. He brought three textbooks and Lawrence Ferlinghetti's "Coney Island of the Mind" with him. He flipped through "Coney Island" until he came to a poem titled "I Am Waiting."

"I'd like to write a poem called 'I Am Through Waiting,'" he said. "I've

been hearing promises for so long. They've promised we'd be getting out for years."

Brother Killed

It has been two years since Craig Hitchcock's brother, a career Air Force officer, was killed in Vietnam.

"It was a big decision for me. What I do affects my brother's memory. The way I look at it, I had a brother who fought for peace, why can't I march for peace?"

He paused and looked out at the Midwestern countryside whizzing by.

"My brother followed his route and I think he would expect me to follow mine . . . I just know I couldn't

take a gun and kill somebody. I just couldn't; I can't live with violence, that's all."

Craig called his parents the night before he left to tell them of his decision.

'They Were Hurt'

"They were hurt and disappointed. I could tell because my father was talking real low. We said a lot of things that didn't have to be said, but maybe later, after the shock wears off . . ."

At 19, Craig Hitchcock has "gone through a hippie phase," changed his major and decided that he won't be drafted. He has sung in a rock band and is "beginning to do the things that scare me."

"Going to Washington scares me. But the only way I can express myself is to get together with others my age and try to tell them we won't be like Middle America."

The buses made two principal stops during the night—one at 10 p.m. in Colum-

bus, Ohio, and another in Breezewood, Pa., at 5:30 in the morning.

In Columbus, the 205 demonstrators piled off, wide awake. They were greeted by stares from cabdrivers and ticket agents and this time there was no bravado about their armbands and buttons.

'Oflly Freaks'

"Looks like we're the only freaks in the place."

"You can drink three-point-two here, can't you?"

"Yeah, I think so. You gonna try?"

"Uhhh, let's get back on."

When the bus jerked into Breezewood, almost everyone was asleep. There was little enthusiasm for anything at that point, except perhaps for the long back seat where people were taking turns stretching out.

Until they got inside.

Hundreds of young people from campuses across the Midwest were swarming about the terminal. Eighty busloads from the University of Michigan, 47 from Detroit, a fleet from the University of Illinois, Ohio Wesleyan.

"Look at the silent majority."

"I didn't know that many . . ."

The dispatcher kept calling over the public address system: "Mary Ann Walsh, Mary Ann Walsh. All Wesleyan three buses are waiting for you."

"Mary Ann, don't hold us up like that," said an Indiana girl with irritation, "We've got to get to Washington and get with the rest of them."