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Headnote by Lawrence Rosenwald.

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BARBARA DEMING

The early career of Barbara Deming (1917–1984) gives little hint of what she was to become. Her mother’s association with artists seems at first to be shaping the daughter, who goes to Bennington, majors in literature then in drama, gets an M.A. in drama from Western Reserve, moves to New York, publishes poems and stories and film criticism. But in 1959 Deming and her partner Mary Meigs traveled to India; there Deming found herself interested in Gandhi’s work, and realized she was “in the deepest part of [her]self a pacifist.” She came back, interviewed Fidel Castro, got connected with the Committee for Nonviolent Action and the Peacemakers, and was an activist against war and racism for the rest of her life.

For a good many of the writers represented here, opposition to war was inextricable from opposition to other things: sin, poverty, racism, sexism, capitalism. Few, however, consider as explicitly as Deming does in “Southern Peace Walk”—published in *Liberation* in July–August 1962—whether those causes are separable or linked. In 1962 she had urged Martin Luther King Jr. to join civil rights action to peace action; King responded at the time that civil rights needed to come first. Later, and notably in his prophetic speech against the Vietnam War, he too came to see the unity of the two struggles. What leads Deming in the essay to judge that the two struggles are one struggle is not an analysis but a set of experiences, a sense that trying to separate the two struggles cannot for her be made to seem anything but evasive.

Later in her life, much of Deming’s political energy went to feminist and lesbian causes and ideas; her last major action was at the Women’s Encampment for a Future of Peace and Justice demonstration in New York, her last essay an account of that action. Martin Duberman tells an extraordinary story about her death in 1984. She was in her home in Sugarloaf Key, Florida, and asked the women gathered there to sing “Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.” Then, Duberman writes, “Barbara lifted her long body off the couch and with ‘enormous dignity and grace’ danced to the gentle rhythms.” A few days later she died.

Southern Peace Walk: Two Issues or One?

THE man took a leaflet and read a few lines. “This is the Nashville, Tennessee to Washington, D. C. Walk for Peace,” it

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began; ““Since 650 B. C. there have been 1,656 arms races, only sixteen of which have not ended in war. The remainder have ended in economic collapse.”” He looked up. “Are you walking with that nigger?” he asked.

This kind of discussion of our message had been anticipated by the Committee for Nonviolent Action, when it decided that the walk should be integrated. “Token integrated,” somebody later commented. Of thirteen young men and women committed to walk the whole distance, Robert Gore was the only Negro, though we hoped others might join before Washington. Whether they did or not, it was assumed that in the many talks about war and peace we would attempt to provoke along the way, we were sure to be asked a good many times whether we would be happy to see Robert married to our sisters. Before we headed south, we discussed the question of just how distracting our obvious attitude to race relations might be, and the proper way to cope with the problem. Events then proved our tentative conclusions to have been utterly inadequate.

Most of those advising us felt that battle on the two issues simply could not be combined. Of course we ought never to deny our belief in racial brotherhood; but Robert’s presence was enough to confirm it. We should try to avoid talking about it; we were there to talk about *peace*. And it would be folly to seek to associate ourselves too closely with the people down there who were struggling for integration. Many people would then shy away from us. And they, the Negroes, could be harmed by it even more than we. They had enough of a burden to bear, already, without our giving their opponents added ammunition—the charge of their being “unpatriotic.”

I supposed that the advice was practical, but it depressed me. I think we all left the meeting feeling unsatisfied—wondering a little why, then the walk *was* to be integrated. We’d talked about the fact that this could lead us into danger. The South was unpredictable, it was stressed: we might not run into any trouble at all; on the other hand, we just might all get killed. In a cause we were not to appear to be battling for?

I had felt for a long time that the two struggles—for disarmament and for Negro rights—were properly parts of the one struggle. The same nonviolent tactic joined us, but more than this: our struggles were fundamentally one—to commit

our country in act as well as in word to the extraordinary faith announced in our Declaration of Independence: that all men are endowed with certain rights that must not be denied them. *All* men, including those of darker skin, whom it has been convenient to exploit; including those in other countries, with whose policies we quarrel; among those rights which are not to be questioned, the right to be free to pursue happiness, and among them the right not to be deprived of life. In short, the Christian faith, still revolutionary, that men are brothers and that—no matter what—our actions must respect the fact. The only mode of battle that does, implicitly, respect this fact is that of nonviolence, and I had heard that for more and more of those in the civil rights as well as in the peace movement, the very attempt to practice it had implanted a corresponding faith, however tentative. But of course it is possible to hold a faith and yet not recognize all its implications, to be struggling side by side with others and yet be unaware of them. Perhaps it wasn't realistic to think of joining ranks.

We started out, in Nashville, with only a wistful look in the direction of the integration movement. We marched past a sit-in demonstration at a "Simple Simon's" and "smiled in." We didn't even picket for a few minutes; didn't pause in our marching. "There they are"—we turned our heads. We caught a glimpse of a row of young people at a counter—a glimpse, as in a flash photograph, of young heads held in a certain proud and patient fashion; and then we had marched past. A few steps away, in front of a movie theatre, several adolescent toughs loitered—faces furtive, vacant. Did they plan trouble? In a minute, we were out of sight. It felt unnatural, I think, to all of us.

That afternoon we held a small open meeting at Scarritt College for Christian Workers. Two Negro leaders were among those present—James Lawson and Metz Rollins. Members of the group staging the sit-in—the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee—had been invited; but none came. Was this because they *were* shy of association with us? Or was it perhaps because, as one walker suggested, they felt that we should have done more to demonstrate solidarity with them? Rollins inclined his head, smiled. "It may well be."

Lawson spoke that afternoon. In the course of his talk, he remarked, "There is a clearcut relation between the peace walk and what some of us are seeking to do in the emerging nonviolent movement in the South. Some people have tried to classify our effort here as one that is of and for and by the Negro. They have tried to define the struggle for integration as a struggle to gain the Negro more power. I maintain that it is not the case. Go among the common ordinary people . . . for the 'leading Negroes' are not the leaders of this movement. . . . Listen to their prayers and to their speech. They are constantly thinking not in terms of civil rights but in terms of the kingdom of God on earth, the brotherhood of all men. . . . What is behind it is an effort to build a community for all of us . . . 'the beloved community.' I say that this work is related to the work for peace. . . . It might be a prototype to speak to the whole world. . . . And the peace walk is related to the task of building community here. . . . The movements are related to each other, in a sense are one and the same enterprise."

I took down the words he spoke, in my notebook, nodding, "Yes"; and at the same time, disregarding them—perhaps because I was tired from the long drive south, and the process of breaking myself in again to group life, to sleeping on the floor, to packing up and moving each day; or perhaps because the meeting room was very nearly empty: the peace movement and the civil rights movement were certainly not visibly related here.

On Easter afternoon, we walked out of Nashville, heading out along Route 70N toward Knoxville. Two Fisk students, members of S.N.C.C., did appear just before starting time, to walk with us for a little while. Their presence was well noted. The signs we carried were unconventional: "If your conscience demands it, refuse to serve in the armed forces," ". . . refuse to pay taxes for war," "Defend freedom with nonviolence"; but more conspicuous than our signs, quite obviously, were the Negro students—while they remained with us—and after a while the single figure of Robert Gore. Robert carried the "lollipop" sign that simply labelled the walk: NASHVILLE TO WASHINGTON; but he was in himself our most provocative, most instantly legible sign—walking along very quietly;

dressed, carefully, not in hiking clothes but sober sports jacket and slacks; head held high, a quiet tension in his bearing.

We encountered a certain amount of Southern courtesy—"Well, have a nice walk!"; and now and then expression of active sympathy—"God go with you!" "You mean you agree with us?" "I sure do!" But less friendly messages were of course more common—"Boo!", "Get out of here!" As we held out our leaflets, car windows were rolled up swiftly; some cars actually backed off from us in a rush; citizens on foot stepped quickly behind shop doors. Approaching a leaflet victim, one tried, by remaining very calm oneself, and looking him quietly in the eye, to prevent his flight, and infect him with corresponding calm; but the exercise was difficult. Soon the "hot rod gang" began to face us in the field. Parking their cars by the roadside, they would line up, leaning against them, awaiting our approach, assuming looks that were meant to kill—expressions glowering and at the same time pathetically vacant. We would offer leaflets, walk past; they would hop into their cars, speed past us, line up again by the roadside. And now the first warnings began to be delivered to us. I handed a leaflet to the manager of a garage, and to the Negro employee who stood beside him. "I hear they're going to shoot you a little farther down the line," the white man told me softly. "They don't like niggers there, you see." He turned and smiled fixedly into the eyes of the black man by his side—"That's what I hear." The Negro made no answer, returning the stare but allowing nothing to come to the surface of his look—his shining eyes fathomless. The white man turned back to me. "I just hope you'll be all right," he said—not pretending not to pretend. I told him, as brightly as I could, "Keep hoping."

That first night we slept on the floors of a white church near Old Hickory; the next night our "advance worker" had arranged for us to stay in a Negro church in Lebanon. Lebanon was a small town which had lately seen much violence. Fifteen months before, a young Negro minister, Reverend Cordell Sloan, had been assigned to the town to try to build a Negro Presbyterian church. He had felt called, as well, to try to build a sit-in movement. This was the first small town in the South in which the struggle had been taken up; and it involved not college but high school students. Retaliation

had been vigorous. Just recently the headquarters of the group had been demolished with rocks, while the Negroes themselves stood pressed against the walls inside, and the police looked on. This day, as we filed along the highway, a car slowed down in passing, a young man leaned his head out: "You walking into Lebanon?" "That's right." "Good place for you to be walking. We're going to hang you all there." It was a bright beautiful day. Fruit trees were coming into bloom; the purple redbud was out. Horses and goats and litters of many-colored pigs ran in mixed company through the long Tennessee fields. The fields were vivid with flowering mustard. We marched along, trying not to straggle out, but to keep fairly close together. Just before mid-day a car approaching us suddenly whizzed into a side-road and stopped; the doors flew open, and several men leaped out. Well here it is, I thought; may we all behave well. Then I saw that their faces were dark. They were students from Lebanon, two of them come to walk into town with us. More planned to join us later. They held out their hands for signs to carry.

We stopped by the side of the road and shared a picnic lunch. We bought a carton of milk at a nearby store, and in a shy ritual gesture passed it from hand to hand, each drinking from the spout. On the road again, we walked past an all-Negro primary school, set high on a hill. The entire school stood out in the yard, waving to us. I ran up the hill with leaflets. A sweet-faced teacher asked me—so softly that I could hardly catch the words: "How many colored are with you?" I told her that two of the young men she saw were from Lebanon. "I thought I recognized J. T.," she said; and in her voice, in her face, was a contained, tremulous pride and excitement. A few miles further on, more students waited by the road to join us; a little further on, more; and at the town's edge, still more. As we stepped onto the sidewalks of the town, more of us were black than white.

A car sped by, an arm jerked out of the window and slung an empty coke bottle. The youngest of the team, Henry Wershaw, gave a little cry: he had been hit in the ankle. He was able soon to limp on. We kept close ranks, to be ready for worse than that; but everyone was stepping lightly; the mood among us was almost gay. One small boy, Sam, strode with us, eyes

sparkling. A pretty young woman named Avis, in a light-colored summer dress, almost skipped along the street. The citizens of the town, as usual, stepped back from us in dread; withdrew behind their doors and peered out, through the glass panes, in amazement and dread, as the unarmed troop of us passed. There were several among us who bore the marks of violence at the hands of townspeople. The skull of one of the young Negroes showed, beneath his close-cropped hair, an intricate tracery of scars: he had been hit with a wrench during one of the sit-ins. There were others walking, too, who had suffered such blows; and none had ever struck back. They walked along the street now, lighthearted, as if secure, faces extraordinarily bright, while those who had, in one way or another, condoned the blows struck, drew back, in the reflex of fear. Before we headed south, the women had been cautioned against walking in public next to a Negro man; it might make things dangerous for him. At any rate, we were told, best to take our cue from the man himself. I had carefully made no move to walk next to any of these students. But now one after another, as we moved through the town, stepped alongside me, to introduce himself, to exchange a few words—free of caution. They had made their choice, had entered a fight, and if one was in it, then one was in it—ready to take what might come. At lunch one of them talked about this a little: “When you see those hoodlums arriving, you just divorce yourself from your body—prepare your body for anything: spit, fists, sticks, anything—”

Police cars had begun to drive past us at frequent intervals; but our friends remarked that we mustn't assume that they were there for our protection. During recent trouble, one woman had asked an officer whether the police intended to protect them from the mob. “We're hired to protect the city, not individuals,” had been his reply. We headed for the town square now, preparing ourselves for “anything.” We walked through uneventfully. Within our hearing, an officer in a squad car pulled up next to a car full of young toughs and told the driver, “Not today, Hank, not today.” We turned the corner and limped the final block to Picketts Chapel Methodist Church.

In the white churches where we had stayed so far, we had had the use of the church kitchen in which to fix our meals,

from supplies we carried about with us; once the pastor's wife had kindly fixed us sandwiches and lemonade; and evenings, after supper, as many as five members of the congregation had sometimes dropped in to ask questions. This day, as we sat in the churchyard easing our feet, women began to appear from the four points of the compass, carrying bowls and platters; all who had walked were soon summoned into the room behind the church to a feast: fried chicken, garden peas, turnip greens, two kinds of potato salad, three kinds of pie. After we had sat down together to eat, we were invited into the church itself; word of a meeting had been spread through the community; the door kept opening, and soon the church had filled up.

The shape this meeting took swiftly dissolved any remaining anxieties about the harm we might do to the integrationists and to ourselves if we sought association with them. Reverend Sloan spoke first—a thin handsome man with gentle but stubborn demeanor, and the luminous wide eyes of a man who is almost blind but who sees what it is that he wants to do. “I hope the town never gets over what it saw today,” he began. What the town had seen of course, as we walked through its streets together, was the first integrated gathering that had ever occurred in Lebanon. The white community had seen, and the Negro community had seen, too, the brotherhood of which Sloan preached made visible—turned fact. “I hope it gets into its system, I hope it gets to the bone,” said Sloan. It was clear that he meant both white community and Negro. We learned, at the end of the meeting, that this was the largest audience he had ever had there. He had made great headway with students, but adults had been largely apathetic. Because of the drama of our arrival, many adults were present tonight, gazing about them in quiet astonishment, and he was addressing them particularly.

He spoke of the struggles in which he and his followers had been involved; he spoke of the opposition they had encountered—sprayed with insecticides, hit with ketchup bottles, threatened with pistols, run down with lawn mowers, “Name it, we’ve had it.” “The proficient, efficient, sufficient police” had been on the scene. He smiled wryly. “We like to get killed.” Many had been arrested. He asked those who had been to jail to stand. A large number stood. The leader of the peace

walk, Bradford Lyttle, here interrupted to ask those among the peace walkers who had been to jail to stand, too; and an equal number rose. "Let no one be afraid of going to jail," the minister urged; "It has become an honor. . . . It's easy to say, isn't it? But come and try it." They shouldn't be afraid, he repeated; they should be afraid of being slaves any longer. "The only thing I'm afraid of is going back into the old way of living again. We've gone too far." He reminded those in the audience who had not been fighting that when freedom came, they too would enjoy it—unless perhaps they'd feel too guilty to enjoy it. They had better begin to get the feeling of it right now. Then he got very specific about the ways in which they could help, and the ways in which they had been doing the movement harm.

After he had spoken, Bradford Lyttle spoke about the work of the C.N.V.A. He spoke at ease, his words briefer than they often were—so much obviously could be assumed to be understood by this audience. He felt very strongly, he told them, that America was in a desperate situation today. Here were the most prosperous and happily situated people who had ever lived, on the verge of giving up their souls—for we were professing ourselves quite willing to murder hundreds of millions of other human beings to try to preserve our own standards of life. Many Americans were beginning to demonstrate in protest—to name themselves *unwilling*. He urged them to join the protest. C.N.V.A. believed in disarming unilaterally, and in training for defense through nonviolent resistance. Heads nodded. No one stood up to hurl the familiar challenge: Are we supposed to lie down and let the Russians walk right over us? Of all the signs we carry, the sign that usually remains the most abstract for those who read it is "Defend freedom through nonviolent resistance"; but when the students of Lebanon walked through their town carrying that banner, the message could not remain abstract. If our walking beside them had made visible for the community the substance of what Reverend Sloan had been preaching, their walking beside us had made visible the substance of what Bradford Lyttle preached. Forty-five people in that audience came forward to put their names on C.N.V.A.'s mailing list.

Reverend Sloan called for a collection to be taken up for both causes. Many who had little enough to spare opened their purses. Some who had never given before gave this night. We stood and clasped hands and sang the hymn that has become the theme song of the movement in the South: "We shall overcome some day! . . . Black and white together. . . . We shall live in peace!" The words seemed to belong to both our causes.

The next day we were scheduled to walk to the small town of Carthage, set on the bluffs of the Cumberland River. A number of the people who had walked into town with us the day before turned up to see us on our way. Reverend Sloan was among them, and a leader among the students, Bobby, and Sloan's right-hand-man, a tall very homely newspaper reporter, Finley, a man of wit and feeling; and quite a few others. We expected to be escorted to the town's edge and I rather think they had expected to walk only this far, themselves; but most of them ended by walking with us all the way to Carthage. Passing motorists again leaned out of their cars to shout threatening or vile remarks. "Let not your hearts be troubled," Reverend Sloan advised, in his soft rather lilting voice. He and Finley left for a while to ride up ahead with Bradford and find a place for us to stay that night. They found it at Braden Methodist Church, where Sloan knew the assistant minister, Beulah Allen. "How could we turn you out?" she said to Bradford; "You can never tell when the stranger will be the Lord."

After we had entered Carthage with our banners, Sloan and Finley and Bobby took a little stroll about its streets. The walk had now linked them dramatically with *that* town; and who knows when their battle may not be taken up there?

Again, this evening, women of the community appeared, arms laden; a feast was spread for us in the church basement. Again, after dinner together, we moved into the "sanctuary"; and again the church filled up. It was the first integrated meeting that had ever taken place here, too. That night, the women in our group slept in the house of Beulah Allen's sister, Dona. As we tiptoed through her room, Dona's old mother woke, and Dona introduced us. "Honey, they look white," Dona's mother whispered to her. "Mama, they are," said Dona. "Lord bless us!" said the old lady.

Braden's Methodist Church was set up on a little rise just above the large town square, and as we gathered noisily first in the basement and then in the church proper, a good many of the white people of the town and of the country round the town gathered in the square and stood glaring up. A few of them had thrown some rotten fruit and vegetables, as we sat outside before dinner; a few had walked past, holding empty coke bottles—but not quite bringing themselves to throw those. During the meeting, the door would open and shut, open and shut, as more and more of the Negro community kept arriving; and one was never quite sure that some of the crowd below might not be arriving at last. But again there were a lot of cops around, and again they had decided to keep order. The crowd just stood, until past midnight, glaring up at the small frame building which resounded with our talk and laughter and singing and prayer. Dona reported to us afterward that she had gone outside once and found several white boys loitering and had asked them in. "They don't understand," she explained to us; "They've never even been outside the county." If the resistance movement had not yet taken root among the Negroes of Carthage, they hardly needed to be introduced to the idea of nonviolence. They had found it long ago in the New Testament.

This meeting was above all an old-fashioned prayer meeting. Bradford Lyttle talked again briefly—drawing a picture of the world-wide nonviolent movement. And he issued a rather shy invitation to them to walk with us the next day. Reverend Sloan then rose and declared that he would be less shy about it: he would simply tell them that they *should* walk with us. Robert Gore asked Beulah Allen if he could say a few words from the pulpit, and he spoke of how the message of Jesus—to love one's enemies—was a strange message, a revolutionary one. "That's right," came from the audience—"Amen!" But it was Beulah Allen who led the meeting, and who spoke the prayers. I think few of us had ever before this evening felt that we were being prayed for. The days we were now approaching on the walk promised to be the most trying. We were about to enter Cumberland County, where—we had been told by both friends and antagonists—no Negro was supposed to remain after nightfall. The last Negro family that had tried to build had been burned

out; the last Negro who had tried to walk through the county had been found dead by the side of the road. Beulah Allen had heard these stories too. She stood solidly before the altar rail, spread out her arms, raised up her voice—half in a piercing shout, half in a song—and addressing God as though He were indeed there just above us, just beyond the roof—“Heavenly FATHER! . . . Heavenly FATHER!”—she asked Him to give us courage, and also a good night’s sleep that night, asked Him to teach all of us, including the people out there in the square, and the people along the road we were going to walk, how best to behave. The words themselves vanish now in my memory, having entered too deeply that evening into my flesh. I looked about me, and the other walkers, too, were sitting up, stock still. We had all of us heard, before, theatrical versions of such prayer—intended sometimes to be funny or sometimes to be endearing; and Beulah’s prayer retained for us of course something of the extravagance of theatre; but now we were in the play; we were at the heart of it, amazed.

Again we sang together. Dona, accompanying us at the upright piano, hit the keys with a heavily-pouncing, laboring but joyful, heart-felt emphasis of her own. The rhythm was always almost jazz, and as we nodded our heads, tapped our feet, our weariness and the nudging fears we’d kept down all the past days dissolved. Again, at Reverend Sloan’s prompting, we sang the integration hymn—reaching out and taking hands: “We shall overcome some day!” “Now this is difficult,” Reverend Sloan said, with a flickering smile, and prompted, “Black and white together some day.” He prompted, “We are not afraid *today*.” At the end of the meeting, Beulah Allen gave us a blessing, and exclaimed, “It’s been so sweet!” At that moment, I recalled the words of James Lawson about “the beloved community.” It seemed that we had been living in that community this past hour.

The next morning I learned to my astonishment that our evening’s meeting had not caused the breach between us and the white community that might have been supposed. I entered one of the shops on the square to buy some things, expecting to be served with glum hostility. The young woman behind the counter—who clearly knew who I was—was full of both curiosity and warmth. She chattered eagerly about the peculiar

weather they had been having this past year, and “It’s the times, I think,” she ventured. I asked whether she felt that atomic tests were disrupting the weather, and she nodded: “There’s One who is more powerful; we forget that.” As I left, “I hope you come back and see us again,” she said.

In the course of the next few days, we walked into mythical Cumberland County and walked out of it, unharmed. Two Quaker couples who bravely put us up received middle-of-the-night telephone calls, threatening “roast nigger for breakfast”; one night the fire department arrived in the yard, summoned by false alarm; one night local high school students swarmed up to the house—but when invited in, sat and talked until late, quietly enough, their curiosity about us obviously deeper than their hostility. (As they left, they were arrested by the police—as eager to protect them from us as to protect us from them.) It was actually at the edge of the county, the first night after we left Carthage, that we had our nearest brush with violence. Reverend Sloan and Finley and Bobby and others had walked with us again this third day, but had taken their final leave of us at a little one-room Negro church by the side of the road, way out “nowhere,” between towns. No one was in the church, but we had been told that we could spend the night there. We had crawled into our sleeping bags, scattered out on the floor between the pews, and were listening sleepily to the small country noises in the air, when abruptly the ruder sound of rocks hitting the building brought us full awake. Two of the men stepped outside and called into the dark, inviting the besiegers to come and talk to us about it. The hail of rocks stopped and the people rustled off into the dark. We could hear the crickets again for a while and then the barrage began again; a rock came crashing through one of the windows. Another two stepped outside, this time carrying flashlights aimed at themselves, to show the strangers where they were and that they were unarmed. We could hear their voices and we could hear the stones still flying and suddenly we heard a small gasping cry. Eric Weinberger had been hit on the side of the head and knocked off his feet. He staggered up, and called to them again, “It’s all right. You hit me in the head, but it’s all right. But now why don’t you come and talk with us?”—and seven or eight young men finally emerged out of the dark and

consented to talk. They were young workingmen from around there. They talked for a good while, and finally they said that well, they might perhaps agree with some of the things we said about war and peace, but they couldn't understand our walking around with a nigger, and all sleeping in the same building with him. And then one of them asked the time-worn question: "Would you let a nigger marry your sister?" The question was posed to Sam Savage, who is a Southerner himself. When he answered that yes, he would; the decision would, after all, be hers to make—they exclaimed in sudden anger and disgust: well he was no real Southerner then, and there was no use talking about anything further; and they stamped off into the dark. At which point, one might have said that the advice we had been given before starting out on the walk had now been proved to be correct: the two issues of race relations and of war and peace could not be discussed together. However, there is a final chapter to this story. After a short time, the young men returned, wanting to talk further. The talk this time went on until the one who had done the most arguing remarked that they must be up early to work and had better get some sleep. But would we be there the next evening? he wanted to know. (We had of course, unfortunately, to move on.) As they left, he shook hands with Sam, who had said that yes, he'd let his sister marry a black man. It is my own conviction that these men listened to us as they did, on the subject of peace, just *because* Robert Gore was travelling with us. It made it more difficult for them to listen, of course; it made the talk more painful; but it also snatched it from the realm of the merely abstract. For the issue of war and peace remains fundamentally the issue of whether or not one is going to be willing to respect one's fellow man.