

Congressman's Daughter Reviews Her Experiences in March on Washington

By NANCY JANE DUNCAN
Washington, D.C.—Today was the Day of Decision in this Summer of Decision!

Today was what the hopeful call the last and the greatest of civil rights demonstrations—the Aug. 28 March on Washington.

And I was there. I was a part of the jostling, hot crowd that lined the main streets of the city. I was a part of the 200,000 believers in equality and dignity of man. I helped to express this belief by adding my own dignity as a human being to the

dignity of others, who have long been striving to have this dignity recognized. The pride which I knew was bursting inside of me, I saw reflected in the solemn eyes of every glistening black face, every flushed white face.

The morning of the 28th started differently from most mornings. The sun was not its ordinary misty yellow; instead, it was a huge round flaming disc. Even the heavens had lighted the torch of liberty and set it aglow above the city—the city

which is our last hope of justice—the city which was beautiful in its anticipation, thrilling in its pulsing throb of something big to come.

Joined Group
I joined my group at the Bible Way church, a Negro church several blocks from the monument area and surrounded by the tall sadness of slums. The crowd was predominantly Negro—for once, the tables had turned and I was in the minority. It was a strange feeling. But here, the comparison ends.

For I was treated always with kindness and hospitality.

For example, I had wanted to buy a civil rights button, but was told the supply was exhausted. Hearing this, a Negro man who stood near me reached into his own pocket and handed me his button. He refused to take any money for it—instead he began to talk about this cause which has been the instigator of so much heartache. He spoke of the time he returned from serving in World War II. He had fought courageously, as was evidenced by the metal plate in his skull and the stub of a finger on one hand. He was hungry when he stepped off the train into Union station, as all servicemen are hungry. Yet, that day, this man who shed his blood as nobly as any white man for America, was refused a sandwich in the station restaurant. But no one cared, that day. No one saw the dark-skinned man crying that day. But they will see—they will see!

Listened Quietly
But I shall never forget the feeling which rose and grew in me as I stopped to stare out across the Reflecting pool. Behind me were the columns of the Lincoln monument and the statue of Lincoln with his benediction of the Emancipation Proclamation. In front of me as far as I could see, or all sides of the pool, were The People, listening quietly to the voices of the leaders they could not see, maybe had never seen. It took my breath away to see so many people—I felt like I was looking at a Bible picture of Christ at the sea of Galilee, surrounded by the crowds. How can I communicate what I felt? I was standing with a thousand friends, all of us looking into the pool which reflected to us the towering white monument backed by blue sky, and framed by a people whose song reverberated through the air—and across the world.

Had a Dream
"I have a dream," he shouted. The dream—true and full equality, not given grudgingly, but given through love. He beseeched the crowd to feel no bitterness toward the white race for "We cannot walk alone!"

A mighty swell of applause shook the city, as the down-trodden, persecuted, and tormented black man saluted his white brothers. Then I felt my tears.

I shall never measure the pride I felt as I heard the voice of Marian Anderson singing the theme song, "We Shall Overcome." I shall never measure the pride I felt as the grounds cleared instantly following the conclusion of the program—as I saw crowds of policemen sitting on the grass because there was nothing for them to do, no trouble to avert, no need for fire hoses or police dogs or

paddy wagons.

I shall never measure the pride I felt as I walked back to the House office building. My aching feet, my pounding head,

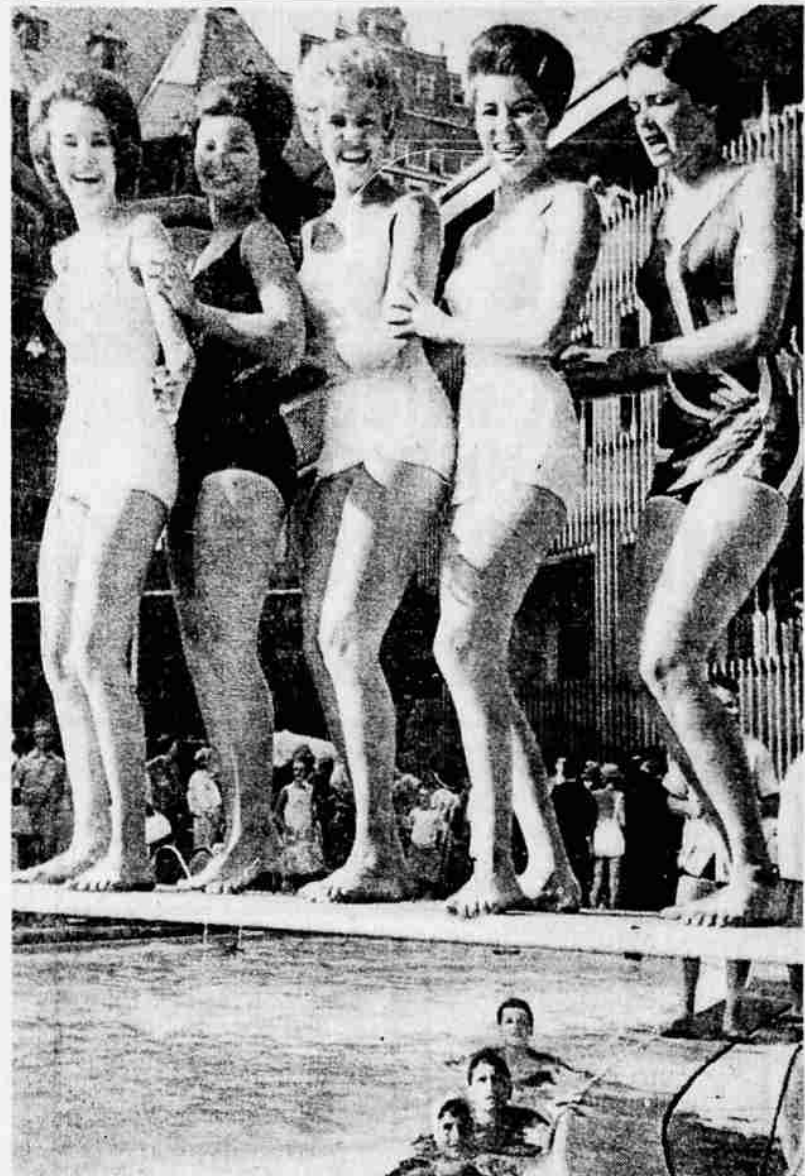
my parched throat were forgotten—burned away by the glory of wearing a button which read, "I was a Civil Rights Marcher —August 28!"

Man Held in Jail For Burns Shooting
Burns—(UPI)—George John Penfold, 43, was being held in the city-county jail here today in connection with the fatal shooting of another man early Monday.

A charge was scheduled to be filed today against Penfold, according to Harney County Dist. Atty. Irving Allen.

Police said James Gartfield Stout, 44, was shot in front of Penfold's home with a .22 caliber rifle.

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MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
MEDFORD, OREGON, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1963



AVOID DUNKING—The photographer asked these five Miss America contestants to pose on a diving board at Atlantic City, N.J. The girls agreed but once out on the board they started to react as if they were on a tight-rope and had to grab each other for mutual

support. Trying to stay out of the water are, from left, Barbara Jan Nave, Miss Mississippi; Wendy Douglas, Miss California; Marcia Pinkstaff, Miss Indiana; Donna Axum, Miss Arkansas; and Georgia Taggart, Miss New Hampshire. (UPI)

Why Marching
And I thought to myself. This is why we are marching today. That we might prevent another soldier from the humiliation of tears, that we might stop another mother from explaining to her child, that we might stop the wall which is growing between white and black—a wall more terrible than any wall in Berlin.

The march began. Quietly, orderly, but proudly, the march began. People watched from the sidewalks, from the barber shops, from the bus depots. Small Negro children with big serious eyes peered from dark doorways. There was a strange bond, a feeling of kinship, between every marcher. Such a feeling is unparalleled—for it is the kinship between Negro and white man which is a rare thing today, yet very precious. There was no color barrier in this march—there was no real black and white, but one tremendous blending, with injustice as its source. I can say, in all honesty, that I had reached the point where I could not see color anymore.

Tribute to Thousands
The famous were there, of course. But this march was not a tribute to the famous. It was, as one of the speakers said, a tribute to the thousands who had come, the thousands who could not be named, but who clapped and prayed and shook hands and smiled at one another and cried softly and stood proudly.

"To you who stand in the shadow of the Great Emancipator is this march dedicated. To you, old man leaning against that tree; to you, white minister with that banner in your hand; to you, dark-skinned student with your head bowed to your lap—to you all, who are now only a sea of faces stretching from the Washington monu-

ment to the Lincoln monument, do we pledge this day."

The day was not perfect. It was not without its share of trouble and irritated words. People fainted, people got sick and the sound of ambulances wailed through the cheering voices. It was hot, it was crowded. People stepped on toes, on fingers. It was hard to see, it was hard to hear.

Saves Lives
Ten-year-old William Ranaecker, center, is lauded by neighbors Thomas Saiz, left, and Frederick Trimble, right, after the plucky youngster was instrumental in saving the lives of his mother, father, brother and sister when he awoke to find his Lancaster, Calif., home ablaze. He managed to get his two-year-old brother out of a window and then dragged his five-year-old sister to safety. Firemen rescued his parents after the lad spread the alarm. (UPI)



SAVES LIVES—Ten-year-old William Ranaecker, center, is lauded by neighbors Thomas Saiz, left, and Frederick Trimble, right, after the plucky youngster was instrumental in saving the lives of his mother, father, brother and sister when he awoke to find his Lancaster, Calif., home ablaze. He managed to get his two-year-old brother out of a window and then dragged his five-year-old sister to safety. Firemen rescued his parents after the lad spread the alarm. (UPI)

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