

## The Trials of Private Lewis Simon

## The Buildup

Whenever freed from the documented chronology on which this narrative is overwhelmingly based, I am thrown back on the gauzy field of memory to repair certain gaps in the narrative for which the record provides no solid reference. I recall vividly, of course, that, on arrival back in New York, Ann and I faced the immediate necessity of finding a new apartment, since my 5<sup>th</sup> Street digs were way too cramped to accommodate two strong willed and touchy individuals like us. But I only vaguely recall the steps that covered the week between our resettlement in a six-story walk-up on E. 9<sup>th</sup> Street, and my return to a full day's work at Safe Return.

Obviously we mastered the logistics of the move, up and down five flights of stairs, to include hauling my bulky platform bed after sawing six inches from the four posts it sat on. I had a local carpenter build some wall cabinets and a gate leg table for the tiny kitchen. We bought house plants, and, god knows how or why, came to adopt a scrawny black kitten. For reasons I can no longer fathom beyond the novelties of romantic cohabitation, Ann and I were both tickled with our new premises, which barely doubled our living space from two small boxy rooms to four - one of them a catch-all for clothes and bikes and whatever other miscellaneous possessions we had dragged in our wakes.

It was a way-station, not a nest, and our lives were mostly lived beyond these walls. Though I cannot remember details of how Ann spent those first months in the city, I know she was searching for her own path, just as I traveled mine, absorbed in my political adventures. We came together in the evenings, and briefly forged a domestic culinary partnership. The

paperback Indian cook book used to guide the creation of a credible *Rogan Josh* is still on my shelves. But, we ate out frequently, and, during our New York time together, even after breaking up, we splurged a couple of times at high end eateries like Lutece, rated at the time the city's finest restaurant.

Our stretch of E. 9<sup>th</sup> Street was within the neighborhood's stable residential core, a bit shabby, but that was its Bohemian charm, and the mobile young from near or far making their way in the city then could still afford East Village rents. There was some vernacular mix among the block's buildings stock, but brick-sheathed tenements, the traditional habitations of this revolving immigrant quarter, dominated by a large margin, a few with decorous window capitols and entry ways that signaled respectability in a neighborhood once known as *Klein Deutschland*. Many buildings had street level storefronts, marginal businesses selling women's apparel or second-hand something or other. I retain one hazy image of a boutique showcasing mannequins draped with garments in the gaudy fashion of the counter culture, designed and stitched by an artist-seamstress who probably resided within. One store on our block sold imported Danish school bags, then prospered and moved to upper Broadway.

Near First Avenue, two doors down from us, was a shop selling 'day old' baked goods run by two sad-eyed mutts in white aprons who suggested stage types that a New York actor in the Jack Guilford-mold might have sketched when the Yiddish Theater flourished in the neighborhood. I shopped there occasionally for marbled rye or cheese cake, and, widely traveled as I am, have never again anywhere stumbled on a 'day old' bread shop. My friend Jack Larson, Safe Return's graphic Da Vinci, had an artist's den mid-block that I seldom left unstoned. And up the Second Avenue end of 9<sup>th</sup> Street was Veselka, a Ukrainian hash joint with its all night

soda fountain and news stand open to sidewalk traffic through a sliding window when the inside dining area was closed.<sup>1</sup>

Ann's and my apartment was one floor higher than its neighboring five story tenements, and from the rear, looked over a wide slice of the downtown skyline. These windows opened to the fire escape, and were heavily fortified with sliding iron gates that padlocked from the inside. In the East Village of the Seventies, even on the sixth floor of a secure building, you couldn't rule out a burglary. "Junkies have wings," was a mantra frequently heard, although muggings on the street were not uncommon, and made it a priority to grow street savvy when you walked these blocks in the deep night hours. After Ann split, and until I moved again myself almost three years later, I could scan the downtown horizon from those back windows any given day, and measure the steady rising of the World Trade Towers.

The momentum of summer activities at Safe Return seamlessly carried into fall. While Tod was in Spain I held the fort, and a flurry of carbon sets under my signature duly appear in the correspondence file. By mid-September, copy for the next newsletter was being readied for the printer. This second issue of *Amnesty Report* announced that our upcoming Congressional Hearings on Bad Discharges would "coincide with activities surrounding Veterans Day" in late October.<sup>2</sup> On the front panel we featured Jack Larson's clever design for the greeting cards we would merchandise to promote FORA during the holiday season. Jack had taken the campaign slogan, "Bring `Em Home Christmas `73," and, against a red background, fashioned the words into a mod-colonial lamp and candle with a bright dancing flame. Inside it read: May this Holiday Season see the Safe Return of all war resisters - in exile, underground or in prison.

We would manage seven editions of this newsletter over the next two years. There was always a 'think piece,' like an editorial, that I usually wrote. In this issue it's a polemic called,

Desertion as Resistance, structured around a review of Jim Reston's book that carries over to another full page. We had apparently needed copy to compensate for the issue's otherwise thin fare, which did, however, include a report on a seven-state organizing tour on behalf of FORA, and one excellent personal essay by Stockholm-based deserter John Picciano describing his decision to choose exile over Vietnam.

All five names of our staff are listed in an editor's' box, alphabetically, a democratic inconvenience always noted with skepticism by someone whose last name begins with U. The roster of Safe Return *Endorsers* reveals the addition of several high profile celebrities: Ben Gazzarra, Dick Gregory, Joseph Heller, Otto Preminger, and Gene Wilder. Two other stalwart Thespians associated with old Left also appear, Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee, who would become much better known years later as regulars in the movies of Spike Lee. And there was Kevin McCarthy, actor-brother of the literary diva, Mary McCarthy, a very lovely man whose company I would enjoy in later years on several informal occasions.

By late September we had written confirmation from John Conyers, a Detroit Democrat and member of the congressional Black Caucus that he would join with Bela Abzug as co-chair for the upcoming hearings. We appended Conyers' letter to the flip side of an *Urgent Memo* that went out to our house donor list. "It's the lack of funds, not ideas, that hinders our efforts to counter Nixon's anti-amnesty vendetta," we pleaded. Whatever came in from this appeal would provide short term operating expenses, and fund both the hearings and on-goings efforts with FORA. What we didn't openly solicit was support for the next dramatic staging of a deserter's public return. This was a delicate matter necessitating secrecy and planning, and not least the collaboration of a resister willing to undertake that role.

There is no doubt that Lew Simon was the only serious candidate being considered. And while I cannot pinpoint exactly when Lew made up his mind, there's my timely dispatch to Stockholm in mid-September "to assuage your very legitimate anxiety and peeve," from which I deduce an earlier and undiscovered letter - privately communicated to George, perhaps - from Lew and Fia airing those complaints. "It was," I reassure them, "a simple case of having received your favorable reply, moving on to other immediate priorities." Lew, a notoriously unreliable correspondent, was now nervously complaining about being ignored a week or so after he'd made a decision that, conceivably, caused him more conflict than his original decision to desert. This sudden tone of urgency was likely further encouraged by Fia, who would prove to be terrified by the whole experience, not least because the couple was now expecting their first child, and the "anxiety" about Lew potentially not being present for the birth was indeed "legitimate."

I urged Lew to patiently "keep in mind that the decision to S-R is just the first step in a lengthy and complicated process. We are still in a very formative stage of our planning..." I then added in perfectly good faith a sentence that demonstrated the general mood of optimism from our side about the surrender: "It is highly probable that you'll get off with a bad discharge and no time, [but] we are concerned that you not be cavalier about the *potential* risks involved." Lew should recall, I warned, that even John and Eddie had spent a month in the stockade. But, whatever the consensus at Safe Return, the words suggesting the *probable* outcome were mine, and, while I may have been stressing unwarranted assurances, Lew had already cast his lot. Whether the outcome would be guided by our analysis, or other forces beyond our control, remained to be seen.

There is a hint in my letter that Safe Return's budget was momentarily stretched, and that, "we don't want to be dependent on George's presence in Stockholm, though we'll make every effort to have him there," funds permitting. There was also the question of when to inform Lew's family in Queens. Asking Lew's input, we were inclined to inform his dad, Abe, privately, "but keep the secret from others [a coded reference to Pauline, his mom] until the time of return... based on emotional considerations... not security." This was a bit of diplomatic dissembling to cover the fact that Lew's mom was not particularly friendly to us, and we did not entirely trust her to keep quiet.

Finally, I made an extraordinarily bad call that I suggested might favor Lew's chances. "The Army's all volunteer program has been a disaster. The draft, it is widely held, will be reinitiated by Dec. - Jan. the latest. The Army... is presently concerned with its image and will not see it in its immediate interest to vigorously challenge a well-supported and highly visible returnee." As to the viability of the All-Volunteer Force, it turned out that the Army could tolerate the growing pains in its force transition strategy – with a force capped at half its draft-age size - because the lingering national trauma of Vietnam kept American ground troops on any significant scale from being engaged in battle again for almost three decades. And it also turned out that the Army was perhaps less concerned with its image than we had imagined.

As to the "immediate priorities" I had held before Lew Simon, there were several. We had become quite enthusiastic in our commitment to broaden public knowledge about the repressive and discriminatory aspects of the military discharge system. SR's advocacy around less-than-honorable discharges was a tough sell, and the weakest plank in our amnesty platform. But it fed into the larger civil rights agenda, a strong Movement value, and - for activists like us who emphasized the class nature of military and Vietnam service - offered a defense of real flesh

and blood workers who might face rejection in the job market from failure to have served `honorably' in a dishonorable war.

In our written proposal for the Safe Return-sponsored congressional hearings we argued that the sons of “Middle and Minority America... burdened with the war’s combat role, have actively resisted in unprecedented numbers.” In consequence more than “six hundred thousand young veterans... [would be] stigmatized for life” for actions that, had they occurred in civil society, would be considered serious crimes in “fewer than one percent” of the cases. These were men, we explained, who had “entered military service mostly out of economic necessity and believing in America’s cause in S. E. Asia.” For them “the legal and quasi legal means of draft evasion available to the better educated and more affluent were not among their options.”

Elaboration followed:

Once in uniform, many men became disillusioned and repulsed by conditions in the military; a separate military justice system that violated their basic rights; racist standards applied to job training and advancement opportunities; dehumanizing training aimed to mold often idealistic young men into ready exterminators of less-than-human “gooks; and finally a combat situation which by the very nature of its strategic goals and tactical policies was “atrocious producing.”

“Is it any wonder,” we demanded, “that widespread resistance in the ranks became the international trademark of the U.S. Armed Forces during the hotter war period, and continues right up to the present?” We hoped the hearings would help demonstrate to a public long opposed to the war that resistance in the military had hastened the end of American ground troop deployment, and was therefore deserving of amnesty for acts of reverse meritorious service.

Safe Return's continued impact in the media was proof positive that one could still gain a public hearing for such unconventional political arguments precisely because the unpopular Vietnam War had for a time become even more unpopular in memory than was before our defeat.

The funding proposal contained what was perhaps the most clearly stated précis of Safe Return's orientation around amnesty politics to date, and, in addition to seeking funding for the D.C. hearings, was, in a more focused and longer proposal, intended to support an on-going research project to actually investigate more closely and document the impact of bad discharges on our resister constituents. We had by now widened our lens of inquiry to include a campaign to expose and condemn the Army's Separation Program Numbers system, or SPN - 'spin' - codes. We had only recently become aware though an article in *Army Times* that even an honorable discharge could be tainted by the military with the addition of a numerical reference, unknown to the recipient but not employers who were provided a key to the coding by pro-war veterans organizations like the American Legion<sup>3</sup> - and which might profile him for "homosexual tendency," "bed wetting," or as an "untrainable Puerto Rican."

This research project was prompted by a scholarly tick of my own, but also as a boot strap pay check for Ed Sowders, now a part time student at Manhattan Community College, a Marian Davis Foundation fellow thanks to a scholarship we'd helped him obtain. The proposed \$18,400 budget also provided a slot for George Carrano on the assumption that a bookish endeavor might better suit his temperament, and provide him with a reasonable subsistence, pegged at \$125 per week. Over the years of my collaboration with Tod, similar research schemes would find occasion for temporary enthusiasm, but seldom went anywhere unless the research was also fodder for publication as an article, or latter, a book. We were ever agitators working on deadlines, not chair bound policy wonks producing at an unforced pace.

In any case, Eddie Sowers was currently getting a more practical education by lining up testimony for D.C., which, as an organizer-natural, he had unwittingly laid the groundwork for while still in confinement after his surrender the previous May. By the time he'd left the stockade at Ft. Meade, Ed had the names and addresses of twenty-six of his incarcerated mates, mostly blacks, who were likely now walking the streets with bad paper in their pockets, and were therefore a strong core of candidates to evaluate as potential witnesses for Washington.

Then, not a week after I'd returned to the office, one of Bela Abzug's staffers called to say her boss was waffling, and that the hearings might be sidetracked. I rushed off an urgent letter to Tod in Spain to alert him that, after learning their colleague, Robert Kastenmeier, a Wisconsin antiwar Democrat, was planning to conduct official hearings on amnesty as chair of a House Judiciary Subcommittee, both Abzug and Conyers had decided to delay setting a firm date for our action until they knew more about Kastenmeier's plans and scheduling. I seemed particularly irked about Conyers giving us the "run around." His staff claimed he was in Detroit and unreachable; "hustling pork chops, or some shit," was my contemptuous gloss, an unthinking, almost slavish parody of how black militants of the era like the Panthers conflated Negro politicians with "poverty pimps."

Having by now accumulated some experience through our previous undertakings on Capitol Hill, I remained sanguine about our chances. The note I struck for Tod was reassuring. While we would remove Abzug's and Conyers' names from the announcement in our newsletter, "we are going ahead with planning on the assumption the hearings will come off." With Veterans Day more than a month away, I reckoned, we'd eventually manage to wrangle our skittish but publicity-seeking co-sponsors back into place. I also probably knew that Henry Schwarzschild and his ACLU project had a hand in the Kastenmeier business, and concluded

that, given the constraints Henry labored under working within the system, nothing of his initiative could materialize quickly enough to conflict with a guerrilla action like ours.

My letter had the choppy immediacy of an action report, rapid fire paragraphs full of syntactic short cuts and abbreviations, ticking off a half dozen items to update Tod on what I termed our B& B - bread and butter - activities. For instance, I noted that George had typed up the proposal I refer to above, for which “we used Eddie’s Discharge Cert. for the cover,” a typical Safe Return touch. All the other travelers had returned, and there were four of us in the office, including, “[a]t this very minute George and John... talking to Harvey,” another of Lew Simon’s brothers. And here I reiterated what I had written to Lew about “a mood to ‘bring-in’ Abe, while leaving P in the dark for the time being. Harv feels this is possible and realistic,” but any decision “can be deferred until you return.” I recognized that Tod as Lew’s lawyer had to vet, if not call, the shots on this case. I closed on a personal note about being back in therapy, quoting my shrink “who says I should be seeing someone at least three times a week!” The cult of psychotherapy was another New York extracurricular Tod and I shared, a faith that, if one’s *sins* could not be remitted, they could at least be dug from one’s psyche and examined for their meaning.

While the other staffers pulled the newsletter together and prepared for the hearings, I turned my attention to our direct mail campaign, and met with the Progressive magazine editor, Erwin Knoll, and publisher, Griff Ellison - a vet comrade from CCI days - to negotiate the use of five thousand subscriber names for another solicitation to be signed by I.F. Stone. Our results with the initial mailing under Izzy’s signature had so impressed the leftwing direct mail Czar Bernie Mazel that he had agreed to help us put together a larger test mailing culled from various lists whose readers might be sympathetic to Safe Return’s activities. These included the *New*

*York Review of Books*, where Mazel was Business Manager, the *Nation*, *Win Magazine*, the *Progressive* and several others. This loose alliance with Mazel would continue to grow, and anchor solidly into place the funding platform that would sustain independent action by Safe Return and its successor organizations for years to come.

Owing to its internal disunity, our principal rival for these donation dollars, NCUUA - in name now an umbrella for many Movement and liberal organizations invested in the amnesty campaign - could never achieve the cohesion necessary to support ongoing programs that might have challenged Safe Return's autonomy. Even though it was clear to us, and, naturally unacceptable, that the one objective most of the coalition's directing members were agreed upon was Safe Return's submission or demise, we were seeking civil co-existence with NCUUA, and were willing to cooperate in promoting any initiative that served the general interests of the amnesty cause. Such an action occurred in early October when VVAW/Winter Soldier Organization, combining with the Rocky Mountain Military Project and the Lawyer's Guild, acting on their own initiative, but one soon to be embraced by NCUUA, organized and sponsored the surrender to military control at Ft. Carson, Colorado of a deserter named Richard Bucklin who'd been exiled for many years in Sweden.

This blatantly copy-cat imitation of Safe Return's trademark tactic to win public sympathy for military resisters was in no way threatening to us. We rushed to voice our solidarity and support, and George Carrano, who knew Bucklin well from his own long tenure in Stockholm would direct Safe Return's efforts to bring pressure, at the urging of the architects of the surrender, on the base commander and other targeted public officials through a letter writing campaign. The Bucklin case would parallel our own activities over the next several months, and I will describe in context below those points of interaction. I am certain that, while we never

openly gloated, and, however regrettable it may appear to me now, there was an air of snooty superiority in our internal banter that the players had chosen poorly the location for their challenge, and, in general, lacked the necessary craft and experience in the arena of political showmanship to gain national exposure for what they were attempting.

This was precisely the challenge Safe Return now confronted for the fourth time, and Lew Simon was likely a daily topic of discussion around the office. The obvious answer was before us, to punctuate the Bring `Em Home Christmas `73 campaign by bringing Lew Simon home just before the holidays. By late October there is evidence in a letter from Tod to Lew that this was the course we had chosen, and hoped to execute by mid-December. But that was two months in the future, and we now turned our full attention to final preparations for the discharge hearings, and for mobilizing FORA activists to gain wider visibility for the Christmas campaign itself.

Tod was back in the office by late September. He fulfilled his mission dutifully on behalf of the deserter accused of smuggling hashish into Spain. The outcome, unfortunately had unfolded much as he'd anticipated. A series of meetings with American embassy personnel produced no leverage on the Spanish legal system; the case would run its course, and David Remme was bound to suffer the consequences, and that meant doing time in a Spanish prison.<sup>4</sup> Tod's private interest in this case did not linger, nor crossover into Safe Return's political dossier. Refreshed from his brief European interlude, Tod now joined in planning for regional press conferences that tied Safe Return's Christmas theme to appeals by more moms willing to publically plead the case for amnesty on behalf of their resister sons.

Meanwhile the discharge hearings were again on track after we'd received the letter of confirmation from John Conyers that was immediately attached to our funding appeals referred

to above. Abzug also soon fell into line once it was clear that Kastenmeier's plans would be delayed because the full House Judiciary Committee was already preoccupied with its on-going investigation of Watergate. We got our first glimpse in early October of the agenda the ACLU had proposed to Kastenmeier, a mailing from Henry Schwarzschild with a witness list from the cream of liberal antiwar critics whose impeccable professional credentials as well as name recognition made them ideal voices for bringing pro-amnesty arguments to the place where, ultimately whatever the State intended on this issue might be seriously addressed, and even legislated.

What suggests something of a dream sheet - although Henry claimed that, "most of them I know well" - was also the product of Henry's stealthy behind the scenes networking, the labors of a man who had always understood his role as a broker inside the policy making camp, and not a peer among the barefoot activists, impossible to herd, and who nipped at his heels. Henry wasn't in Congress for the propaganda bounce as were we; he believed in it. Among Henry's forty proposed witnesses - luminaries as bright as Hannah Arendt, C. Vann Woodward, Kurt Vonnegut, Bishop Paul Moore, Paul Newman, Victor Reuther, Rollo May - were a scattering of names representing the constituencies seeking amnesty, the most anomalous of which among several middle class draft resisters, like Roger Williams, and Gold Star family members like Louise Ransom, was our own Eddie Sowders, a solitary stand-in for the working class resistance.

Eddie had recently returned to New York from a second swing through the Middle West, including Michigan, Illinois, Indiana and western Pennsylvania where, in addition to interviewing potential witnesses, he had booked himself on a number of local radio talk shows that featured guests debating opposite sides of some topical controversy like amnesty. On one show Eddie was pitted against a member of the Young Americans for Freedom, a right wing

college organization ideologically framed by William S. Buckley's elite conservatism, a more genteel version of the John Birch Society's racist tinged isolationism which, in contrast, appealed to small town bigots and resentful, under-educated working stiffs who'd misplaced the target of their grievances. YAF, always a tiny faction in the college Young Republican milieu,<sup>5</sup> represented the rare campus-based constituency of the era that had actively and vocally supported the war, and now engaged on occasion as shock troops for Richard Nixon's anti-amnesty crusade.

In a letter to a military counselor in Norfolk, Virginia in which he included "questionnaires and cover-letters we're circulating" to vets with bad discharges, Ed described a second media-related experience, but one where the friction around amnesty for military resisters came from a dove, not a hawk. "In Indianapolis... I spent over two hours talking to a 'pro-amnesty' religious CO (draft resister) who was going on TV as an amnesty advocate - he didn't support amnesty for 'deserters' and was prepared to say so during the TV debate. His self-righteousness wouldn't allow him to completely change his mind, but did result in his silence when military resisters were being discussed on the show - allowing another pro-amnesty spokesman (one who supported deserters) to pick up the debate."

By the time our discharge hearings were wrapping up in D.C., I was in San Francisco with Ann at a press conference announcing the Christmas campaign with two women whose son's had deserted the military for exile. Emily Leyva, who Safe Return had flown up from Los Angeles for the occasion, had not heard from her son John directly since he'd fled to Sweden four years earlier from his base in Germany. She told the *San Francisco Chronicle* that John had been "pressured out by prejudice against Mexican Americans and by reactions... against [his] open opposition to the war in Vietnam." The other mother present, Marjorie Swartz, was by then

a FORA stalwart, having already testified at the Abzug hearings earlier in the year, and was now volunteering as FORA's West Coast contact person. An article in the *Chronicle* the next day described both deserters as "war resister sons," a choice of wording that seemed to reflect the progressive bias of the Bay Area, even in the mainstream press. A similar article also appeared in the *Examiner* with a news photo of the two women, and me in between smiling behind my Fuller brush mustache and wire rimmed glasses, and dressed in a comical mod outfit that included a large black and white checkered clip-on bow tie.<sup>6</sup>

Back East that same day Tod had written Mal Burnstein, our conduit to a welcome stream of substantial but anonymous donations, reporting that "the discharge hearing in Congress were a good success," as always demonstrating program in a pitch for additional funding from this mysterious source. As to whether or not the D.C. event actually was as successful as Tod indicated - which we would have measured by the public attention it generated - there are no press clippings in the record to document that claim. It is entirely possible that Tod based his appraisal on the presence of electronic and not print media. And, in fact, while our work always drew well among local television and radio outlets in a given town - and we invariably found a place to watch ourselves on the evening news - we kept no log of these stories. The public documentation of Safe Return's activities rests almost entirely on newspaper accounts.

In the second issue of *Amnesty Report* there's an abbreviated article summarizing compelling testimony at the hearings from several African American veterans before a panel of Bela Abzug, John Conyers and a progressive white California Congressman named Don Edwards, who are seen in an accompanying photograph. The hearings represented an important commitment - and an organizing achievement for Ed Sowders - but the issue of bad discharges remained the stepchild of the amnesty movement, one in which the media never showed a great

deal of interest or sympathy. If we had eventually pulled off the research project we were attempting to design, our campaign of public education on this complex issue might have had more impact. The discharge rating system was a by-product of the repressive and racist military culture that would loosen over time as the Army, now operating in a competitive labor market, and depending disproportionately on African American recruitment, underwent a complete makeover. For us in 1973, the hearings were somewhat visionary, like much of what we did, and they occupied their proper place and priority in our agenda that fall during those particularly productive months.

Several days after the San Francisco press conference, a news photo in a New York City newspaper pictured Tod and Eddie Sowders along with Susan Barbarisi, the wife of a deserter living in Montreal.<sup>7</sup> The *Daily News* reporter who covered their press conference wryly noted that, “The Christmas card looked normal enough, with a lighted candle on the front, but the message was not the traditional wish for merriment.” Ms. Barbarisi emphasized that point by conveying the lingering ambivalence felt by many American resisters in Canada. “People can adjust to living in exile,” she said. “I don’t know one [resister] who wouldn’t like to be able to come back,” but not if it meant facing punishment. As her husband John would put it some months later as the subject of a segment on *CBS Morning News*, “No one won in the Vietnam War, everyone got a raw deal. It’s just that resisters who helped change public opinion toward the war continue to get a raw deal up until this day.”<sup>8</sup>

Additional FORA press conferences would take place in November, with Tod in Chicago and Eddie in Baltimore, how successfully I have not been able to document. But the combined efforts that fall underscored our restless determination to publicize the Christmas campaign as broadly as possible through regional media, to keep amnesty in the news, and, in that way,

accomplish what we could with our limited resources to create conditions suitable for Lew Simon's return. As always, "conditions" here refers in part to bringing news of our media exposure to the attention of our donors in order to build a fund for the public solidarity campaign and legal defense we anticipated on Lew's behalf.

We moved our plans for the surrender into play concretely through a letter Tod addressed to Lew and Fia in late October. The outline was provisional, a first draft, and included an ambitious dimension that Tod had proposed where Lew would appear first before the annual convention of Amnesty International being held that year in Paris. This would require that Lew get one visa for France, and another for Canada, with U.S. entry plans still to be determined. Fia on the other hand, "should apply for a US tourist visa, listing as her arrival date sometime after December 12<sup>th</sup>," and her purpose as "visiting friends." And it would be Tod, not George, who would fetch Lew from Europe. "There are several reasons for this," Tod wrote, "none of which really require detailing here." I take this coded language to mean essentially that George was not eager for public exposure on so grand a stage, and that he himself had likely demurred from playing the role obviously meant for Tod, all the more so in his capacity as Lew's attorney. It's also possible that Tod, always more guarded toward George than I, simply didn't trust him.

The rationale for Tod's two-stage exit plan was outlined in detail. "Regarding the upcoming Paris Conference of Amnesty International," Lew was to "approach Hans Goran Franck [a contact from CCI days for the Stockholm-based International Enquiry on War Crimes]:

It may be that this conclave will become a major forum for the issue of amnesty for US war resisters; as such we want to play as large a role as possible. To this end, Lew should query Hans (and other AI folks in Sweden) as to his addressing

the full assembly in Paris. Tod could be slated as back-up, but Lew is preferable.

As Sweden AI is (to our knowledge) the only group that has endorsed amnesty for US war resisters, they might be receptive.

And then Tod added one of his cloak and dagger warnings, a particularly brisk example of the prevailing ideological wind that blew so widely in our Movement. It began:

CONFIDENTIAL background: Two other issues may well emerge at Paris; 1) the issue of torture of POWs by N. Vietnamese. Anti-war POW Bob Chenoweth (see enclosed clips) is being sent to try and prevent such a resolution; and 2) the issue of repression of dissidents in the USSR. Hence, it may be that AI will see focus on US war resisters as a means of heading off these touchy problems. Don't share this with Hans. Only that we want amnesty on the agenda.

I cannot provide a purer example of the degree to which New Left activists like us were alienated from our own culture than with this expression of our indifference to the claims of torture by American POWs, so strong was our disgust toward our country's military criminality, and our emotional attachment to the cause of Vietnamese independence and reunification. Although, at the other end of the Cold War spectrum, we certainly held no brief for the Soviets, yet we remained attached in iconic solidarity to the promise of the October Revolution, now despoiled by the Stalinists. In that sense our sympathy toward the dissidents, who often came off as naively pro-U.S., would have been, at best, lukewarm.

Tod was intending to arrive in Sweden the last week of November, to "provide... the flexibility we need in terms of a good return." There was genuine reason for concern about timing. "Dick Bucklin's case may be developing in ways we can't completely anticipate. And his allies aren't about to clarify very much for us (see last issue of AMEX for general

orientation)”. This was a real issue, if for no other reasons than the scheduling of Bucklin’s trial might inadvertently force us to share the spotlight during Lewis’s return. We were all for the AMEX crowd achieving a great media splash to project and protect Dick Bucklin’s valiant political stand, but not at or near the moment we were set to take the same stage. Of course, the onus was on us, not on Bucklin. And, like I said, Tod’s letter was a first draft; we were still two months out from a surrender date that was loosely bracketed on the calendar for late December , trying to figure out a scenario that would tempt *The New York Times*.

One development bearing on Bucklin’s case did disturb the waters at Safe Return toward the end of November in a backwards sort of way. Predictably, conflict with our coalition rivals was at the core of it. NCUUA had by this time, through the offices of a newly appointed and competent full time coordinator, Jerry Olsen, produced a brochure of high quality, precisely the kind of product for which Safe Return was always criticized by Movement ascetics as being ‘too slick.’ Olsen, formerly employed by a pacifist non-profit in Chicago, was himself an antiwar activist. He had been hired by NCUUA’s ‘inner six’ to unruffle the group’s internal feathers, and help steer amnesty increasingly toward Middle America, and - in the words of Henry Schwarzschild - “make it respectable.”<sup>9</sup>

Copy in the brochure made reference to “decision making... only by representatives of organizations.” In other words, groups acting independently at the grassroots were being asked to affiliate, to support NCUUA financially, but were not to expect input around national strategy or policy decisions. The politics expressed in the brochure leaned toward the views of the ‘outer six,’ and included, in addition to a call for the most all-embracing and total amnesty, tangential demands to implement the January cease fire agreement, and to free political prisoners in South Vietnam - an issue bound to muddy the waters at the grassroots from Safe Return’s perspective -

while clearly proclaiming that “the war in Southeast Asia is not over,” an emphatic generality we also spoke to and wrote about frequently. There would be a newsletter, *Amnesty Update*, although I cannot recall having ever seen more than a single issue.

The latest sectarian dustup occurred on the afternoon of November 26, when George Carrano and I slipped down to a meeting at 339 Lafayette, where the coalition occupied space in the small triangular building, a minor neighborhood landmark, belonging to the War Resisters League. Later that same day George would send a letter to Dick Bucklin describing what went down. “Mike Uhl... attended the NCUUA meeting here... specifically to discuss cooperation around your case... He wasn’t there ten minutes when a vote was taken (unanimous) to have Safe Return and FORA barred from the meeting.” Since this “initiative” had been “central to our efforts on your behalf... we are somewhat at a dead-end on how we can proceed.”

This was a letter sent with Machiavellian intent, no doubt with my full approval. We would still work “vigorously” wherever we could to support him, George assured the prisoner soothingly, but clearly we wanted Dick to understand that his closest allies, his very handlers in fact, had placed their sectarian grievances above his potential welfare. I can’t say what we had intended in support for Bucklin’s case. Not much I suspect, since our resources and time were already over-committed. It’s entirely possible we had gone downtown primarily to learn whether anything in NCUUA’s plans conflicted with our agenda for Lew’s return.

Nonetheless, I was livid, all the more for having been completely blindsided. And even now I have a hard time reminding myself that the members of NCUUA who voted to kick me out did so from a position of weakness. I could not help but take it personally. Something in my makeup tends to the unpleasant and unforgiving when crossed, and while I am long past the point of harboring this particular grudge, I harbor the memory of it.

It was revealing, moreover, that, in an atmosphere otherwise “plagued by... ideological quarrels,” as Judy Miller later expressed it, my expulsion in the personification of Safe Return was the one thing the NCUUA board and staff could coalesce around. NCUUA had been a house divided before I crossed their threshold that afternoon; they would remain so as soon as I departed. Olsen apparently found my expulsion embarrassing enough that, in a subsequent interview, he would tell Miller that, “NCUUA regrets the incident, has apologized, and has invited Safe Return to join the committee.”<sup>11</sup> That option was no longer in the cards, if it had ever been.

Safe Return’s latest direct mail prospecting letter was about to drop, and now included our first test of the Pentagon Papers donor list that Bernie Mazel had assembled while raising money in defense of Dan Ellsberg and Tony Russo, the two men who had made that historic document public. Such activities hummed along in the background, geared to support the main event, the date for which had now been pinned down when Tod sent impresario Art D’Lugoff \$150 on December 10<sup>th</sup> to confirm our rental of the Village Gate, a well-known Greenwich Village cabaret and jazz spot, between the hours of 9 a.m. and 3 p.m. for the 19<sup>th</sup> of that month,

The very next day, another letter went out to a legislative assistant in the office of Bela Abzug. “We are planning a large public Christmas Homecoming,” he wrote, “attended by upwards of two hundred people. Two deserters will be surrendering. ‘Larry,’ five years in exile after refusing orders to Vietnam. New York Jewish, bright, articulate, clean cut. ‘Tim,’ four years underground, Vietnam vet with a drug addiction he kicked two years ago. Working class Catholic from Brooklyn. Parents, friends, priest will attend. Very appropriate for Bela. Confidential.”

As to how exactly one deserter had suddenly morphed into two, the record provides no explanation. But I can plausibly fill in the blanks on how this contingency had come about. The thinking would have been that, since Lewis had not served in the war zone, we needed an insurance policy to protect him on the assumption the Army, given another big and embarrassing publicity splash, would be under pressure to treat both cases the same, ideally by issuing bad conduct discharges. All three of our previous test cases involved deserters who had already performed Vietnam service. True, Tommy Michaud had gone to prison briefly, but the Marine Corps was in a better position than the disintegrating Army to play hard ball. Still, doubts must have arisen during our internal discussions about Lewis' chances on his own, even though, he, more than any of the others, could most credibly be portrayed as a traditional war resister, someone already disgusted by the "culture of killing" preached during basic training at Ft. Dix, not needing to have the experience of war to reject it.

'Tim' was actually Eddie McNally who had only recently come in 'over the transom,' so to speak. The only source for this development is the long cover story Judy Miller would later write for *Progressive* magazine, along with a brief profile in *The New York Times*. McNally had deserted after Vietnam, and, returning first to his old neighborhood of Red Hook, Brooklyn, and then to Queens, had managed to live and work openly over the past four years. But now the FBI was closing in. I strongly suspect that he had discovered Safe Return's existence from the recent article in the *Daily News*, and, that he then "got in touch with Ed Sowders," as Miller reported. "Eddie was scared," Sowders told Miller. "He thought he had built a new life, and suddenly he realized that the military would never let him live it... Living underground means being afraid to jaywalk," Sowders quipped.<sup>11</sup> We must have calculated McNally's sudden appearance as

fortuitous, and I do remember that the decision to include his surrender in the Homecoming was made quickly, too quickly it would turn out.

Once again Safe Return divided its forces, each of us assuming responsibility for a specific role or task in preparation for the impending drama. Sailor played office manager and manned the phones. Eddie Sowders minded Eddie McNally, and gathered details of his story. Tod would depart for Montreal, where he was to meet Lewis' plane from Stockholm. Only as I write have I been reminded through conversations with Tod and emails from Lew of elements in a sequence of events I had long forgotten. Tod tells me that he had foregone his European plans - Amnesty International showing no interest in our proposal - and instead we decided to have Lew fly unaccompanied directly to Canada, where Tod and he would rendezvous at the airport. I suppose that George was on call to companion his close friend on arrival in New York. Within the week, Lew would then be joined by Fia. My job was to work the press, which included frequent consultations with Judy Miller while attempting to manage her participation.

Judy Miller was a fox, to indulge the sexist parlance of male arousal. Tod still thinks I tried to bed her, and I'm sure I made every effort to make myself interesting. But Miller easily sidestepped any of my clumsy flirtations, and let me know as a woman can that she was out of my league. In any case, I never overtly embarrassed myself, if for no other reason than my relationship with Ann was still on a stable trajectory. And even Ann, who was so ambivalent toward the movement, had tons more passion for the antiwar position than Judy Miller, who radiated a cold objectivity toward the roiling generational struggle that ensnared so many of her peers.

I could never understand why Erwin Knoll, a genuine left winger and dear to the *Progressive's* subscribers as such, had not hired a Washington editor who was at least to some

degree a co-religionist. Erwin had no doubt about Miller's journalistic competence, I suppose, to which she added a Master's degree from Princeton's prestigious Woodrow Wilson School. He too may have been taken by a pretty face. Miller was just 25 at the time, and no doubt saw the assignment to cover Lew's and Eddie's surrenders as a resume builder, with the *Progressive* as a momentary stop en route to more ambitious heights, from where we now know the glue didn't stick to her wings.

While the article Miller eventually wrote was hardly the puff piece Tod or I had hoped for from the *Progressive*, given our longstanding and comradely relationship with Erwin Knoll, it carries historical significance as the most comprehensive contemporary overview ever written by an outside observer on the background and politics out of which the amnesty movement was formed. Miller reviews the nation's history on the subject, handicaps amnesty's chances against political realities, parses its component demands and constituencies, including vets with bad discharges and SPN codes, and gives ample space to the other major players, Schwarzschild, Ransom, and now Olsen and NCUUA. But what she concluded about Safe Return's preeminence in terms of our public impact on the issue was the simple truth. Miller gave due recognition to our "innovative tactic" in "the staging of deserter surrenders" and our avoidance of "slogans and rhetoric..., drawing public attention to the cases of individuals with whom Americans can sympathize." At the same time, Miller tars us subtly, mostly quoting me, for our sectarian competitiveness, payback for my hubris in attempting to influence her assessment of the rivals.

Inexplicably Miller also devoted considerable space to a long profile of Eddie McNally, all but ignoring Lew Simon's story. We would soon assemble accounts of both men's back stories and resistance sagas for an eight-panel brochure, but Miller's article adds detail on

McNally's life and military experience that nothing in our records can duplicate. Miller wrote that, while growing up in a South Brooklyn tenement,

“Eddie's family and the environment in which he was raised resemble the kind of life Archie Bunker parodies. Eddie is one of seven children. His mother, a warm-hearted cigar smoking retired barmaid, and his father, a former trucker, were separated when he was young. Eddie and his friends found their spiritual home in the streets. He dropped out of school at sixteen, and by the time he enlisted in the Army a year later... was already on probation for auto theft.” Eddie was, as Miller readily grasped, “representative of the majority of deserters from a working class family and poorly educated... unable to fly to Canada on their father's airline credit card.”<sup>11</sup>

Instead, as McNally would later tell *New York Times* reporter George Vecsey, he had “snapped at a \$1,000 bonus... offered to Vietnam volunteers” when he was stationed in Germany, having become disgruntled about the menial duties he performed there when the Army had promised to teach him a useful trade. He intended to “hide out in Vietnam for a year and take a lot of dope.” By the time McNally returned home, he told Vecsey he was disgusted by the war and the wide scale abuse of Vietnamese civilians by American soldiers, and he was strung out on heroin. Assigned to garrison detail at Ft. Leonard Wood, Missouri, he went AWOL, did stockade time, and finally fled the post. During the past four years he'd been living and working under his own name; he had kicked his habit, entered college and was now engaged to be married. McNally became more fearful of apprehension after the FBI had recently made a random visit to his mother's home, now in Farmingdale, Long Island. On the eve of surrender, he told the *Times* reporter, it was time “to get his case settled.”<sup>11</sup>

Miller's pointed reference to the class nature of resistance was not aimed at Lew Simon, whose family, nonetheless - with Abe Simon's small label print shop in Manhattan - were much more stable and secure than Eddie's. In contrast, Lew was "the oldest of four boys from a middle class Bayside neighborhood... graduated from Queens College, and received a master's degree in linguistics from the University of Hawaii." That resume also would appear in *The New York Times* the day before the surrender.

Enlisting in the Army to avoid the draft, Lew had told reporter George Vecsey that "I expected indoctrination... but it was all kill, kill, kill. I had spent a lot of time with Asian people. This racist stuff didn't go down." After Christmas leave in 1968, Lew left Ft. Devins, Massachusetts, and his advanced training course for the Army Security Agency, and flew to Sweden where he eventually married and had been living ever since.

"The decision," Lew would write for the personal statement reproduced on our brochure, "was not easily made, but followed months of personal anguish." He recalled the posters papered around the barracks at Ft. Dix during basic training, "which portrayed the dismal consequences for anyone going AWOL: loss of pay, rank, and stockade time. At the bottom was a drawing of a sobbing mother hiding her face with her hands, captioned "Family Disgrace." Later at Ft. Devins, he encountered returning Vietnam veterans who "described bitterly the horrible ordeal they had been subjected to in Vietnam, a dehumanized existence composed of body counts, search and destroy and drug addiction."

Lew could no longer suppress his grave doubts about the war, even though he recognized that his own assignment in Vietnam would be "relatively safe." It particularly rankled him that no one among his superiors could justify the war to his satisfaction. "They relied on fear, prejudice and intimidation; they constantly tried to instill the sick mystique of the `professional

killer,' who did not need justification to kill." After seven months in uniform, having read about four American antiwar sailors being granted asylum in Sweden, Lew decided to "follow their example." He was returning home now to demand exoneration. "This is my country," Lew told George Vecsey. "I want to bring my case before the people."<sup>11</sup>

The flight from Canada to New York that Tod and Lew had boarded soon after Lew's arrival in Montreal was uneventful. No passports were then required of Americans or Canadians crossing into each other's countries. A U.S. customs agent might ask an American on entry to name the place of his birth, and one's accent would have often been sufficient proof of citizenry in those days of less regimented international travel before September 11, 2001. And, it now seems clear, as I attempt to piece together the sequence of these events that Lewis was already in New York by the time Tod had confirmed our rental of the Village Gate as the setting for the surrender, moreover, that Lewis, as he has since informed me, spent the next ten days "in NYC and Washington... The authorities weren't looking for me, and I felt quite secure about not being revealed... I stayed away from Bayside and places where I might be recognized"<sup>11</sup>

Lewis recollects meeting with several members of Congress during our stay in D.C., possibly including Elizabeth Holtzman of Brooklyn, who would later gain considerable visibility for her prosecutorial performance during the Watergate Hearings of the House Judiciary Committee.<sup>11</sup> I don't think McNally was along for this trip. But I know I was because I remember spending time there with Judy Miller, who lived in D.C. Still I cannot assemble a coherent sentence to shed detail on any of the specifics of that brief swing through the capital, except that it had clearly been undertaken to build support for our two clients among New York City's congressional delegation.

Back in the city, as to how we distributed the bodies, and what took place in our planning sessions, memory is equally unproductive. The record too is silent. Tod's and Lew's recollections - the only two principals I have been able to cross reference with to correct or supplement my version of events - reveal their memories to be even less reliable than mine. My immersion in the retelling of this story has primed and stimulated my own powers of recall, which, nonetheless, I find a poor substitute when no alternative can be found in the record.

I know from the fact that I am quoted in interviews that I was busily occupied in alerting our reporter contacts, and, making rounds at the broadcast media with the editors who gave TV crews their daily assignments. As we had done with the Sowders' case, we decided to offer one reporter - this time George Vecsey of the *Times* - a scoop, and the opportunity to get the story out first, which Vecsey did, the night before the surrenders.

Vecsey at that time occupied an obscure position on the Metropolitan Desk, but was perhaps already being groomed to take over as the paper's chief sports' columnist, as he later would when Red Smith passed on. In any case Vecsey's article appeared relatively deep in the paper, but was of a decent length with a bold heading across the top of the page, and also featured mug shot-sized photos of Simon and McNally; the former looking dour, the latter smirking. If we had really been as slick as our critics claimed, we would have paid much more attention to performance values for both ourselves and our clients. But the fact that, once again, our action was taken as newsworthy by *The New York Times* demonstrates that, in late 1973, and indeed for the remainder of a decade defined by the Vietnam debacle, radicals like us were under no constraints to camouflage our politics to attract prime time coverage.

We arrived at the Village Gate the next morning, Wednesday, December 19<sup>th</sup>, sometime before noon, the hour designated on the invitation we had mailed to our supporters in the

Metropolitan area, having appended the politic caveat that the event was “not a fundraiser.” A light dusting of snow during the night had left the sidewalks covered in slush. Out front TV crews were beginning to gather. George Vecsey’s article reported only that the surrenders would take place “today, somewhere in New York City,” but, naturally, our press release gave the exact time and location. We suspected that Bleecker Street, in the vicinity of the ‘Gate’s’ front entrance, would be by then crawling with federal agents. The suspense was palpable, and, the moment we arrived, we discreetly steered Lew and Eddie to a side door on Thompson Street, where Art D’Lugoff himself awaited to let them in.

The account I excerpt here of what took place inside the Village Gate that morning appeared in the follow-up issue of *Amnesty Report*:

As Lew Simon’s and Eddie McNally’s families arrived, they greeted each other warmly. By noon a large crowd had gathered, and some individuals busied themselves decorating the large room, stringing boughs of holly above the brightly lit Christmas tree.

Reporters began to arrive, and soon TV crews from every New York station, and all three networks were in place.

In that morning’s *New York Times* one million readers were told how these two Vietnam War resisters would be reunited with their families as they publically surrendered to the FBI. By noon, an air of nervous anticipation filled the crowded room.

As Lew and Eddie stepped from a side room and joined their families at the flood-lit table, they brought bitter years of separation to an end. Lew and Ed explained the motivations which

had impelled them to resist, while over forty TV, radio, and press correspondents recorded their statements.

The families followed with emotional statements supporting amnesty when word came that FBI agents had surrounded the building. Their reunion with their sons was painfully brief, and when final embraces and goodbyes were exchanged, Lew and Eddie walked out onto the street.

The next morning detailed reports of the spectacle with accompanying photographs ran in all the New York papers. As for television coverage, Tod would later send an exuberant note to Erwin Knoll of the *Progressive*, describing coverage for the Homecoming as “the best thing we’ve done.” It not only included network news, but also the Today Show. The substantial back-to-back articles in *The New York Times* added considerable luster to our achievement as well. In another major New York daily, *Newsday*, and under a thoughtful headline, “Deserters Seek a Share of the Peace,” the reporter described what occurred after the farewells, when, “on cue, two long-term Army fugitives pushed through the crowd yesterday at a Greenwich Village café and walked into the arms of waiting FBI agents.”<sup>11</sup>

The *Times* reporter best captured what happened next. “One tall agent... darted out of the crowd and wordlessly yanked Eddie McNally... into an awaiting government car. About the same time, at the same slushy... intersection, an agent approached Lewis Simon... identified himself and said, “You’re under arrest for desertion.” Most of the news photographers missed this shot, since they were following McNally. But a Swedish photographer on the scene snapped a terrific action photo of Lew in the grip of two grim-faced feds in cheap suits; Lew himself appears mildly stunned.

Quite by coincidence, a 35,000 paperback run of Jim Reston's book on John Herndon had just come out. And now, following in footsteps of the man who had been the subject of our first dramatic surrender, Lew and Ed were also delivered "to the Armed Forces police detachment of the Brooklyn Naval Shipyard," as the *Times*' article reported. An Army public information officer informed the paper's reporter that the two men "were told that they had been apprehended." We would challenge this false characterization strenuously in the weeks ahead, since it was an indisputable and publically documented fact that our clients had intended to surrender.<sup>11</sup>

The Christmas holidays were now fast upon us, and Lewis Simon was home, if you want to call home "being added to the anonymous population of the Ft. Dix stockade," where both men were soon transferred from Brooklyn to a maximum security facility. The quoted phrase appears in the letter we spent the weekend getting out under the signature of Lew's dad, Abe, and Eddie's mom, Clara, urging all Safe Return supporters and the 500 members of FORA to write immediately requesting that their representatives and senators contact the Pentagon on behalf of the two resisters. As we well knew from past experience, 'a letter of interest' from a Congressman could make the circumstances of a GI facing military justice a whole lot less "anonymous," even if only to reduce the possibility of jailhouse harassment. The names and addresses of the Secretary of the Army, Bo Calloway, and of the Fort Dix Post Commander, were also included, and we asked our supporters to write them as well, asking for the immediate discharge of both men. Here we simply hoped to put the brass on defense, since they could not diplomatically ignore legitimate citizen inquiries, and would be compelled to define their positions for the record.

As the curtain dropped on the first act of this latest political escapade, the Safe Return crew went off to spend Christmas with family or friends. Ann and I to my parents' home in Babylon, Long Island, where our presence is preserved in a photograph that suggests we were at that moment in a blissful state. Ann is smiling brightly, nestled in my arms, absolutely ravishing in an off-the-shoulder form-fitting dress with a floral print. I wear a slightly leering, self-satisfied expression and a beige suit with wide lapels, a light shirt, and that same stupid bow tie I had worn at the San Francisco press conference.

We looked the perfect couple. And apparently we acted the part as well. At least, from my mother's point of view. Mom told the next door neighbors, the parents of my old flame Katie, that we were soon to be engaged. This prompted a feigned note of rebuke from Katie for having to hear the news second hand. "You bastard," she began, and then went on to invite us to her own wedding, scheduled for the coming summer. Katie probably figured that, if I was getting married too, her announcement would go down more smoothly. And so, with the world on hold for the holidays, Ann and I booked a small compartment on the Montrealer to Quebec to ski the slopes at Mt. Tremblant, before returning to ring-in 1974. By January 2<sup>nd</sup>, the office at Safe Return was humming, and we were back on the case.

- 
1. Virtually all traces of those Bohemian Seventies have vanished from the East Village. Over many of the succeeding years I've often found myself back in New York, and I would inevitably indulge a nostalgic stroll through the old neighborhood. The transformation has been gradual but total. Fashion turned this way as Manhattan increasingly offers shelter only to the affluent or the homeless. Young people who don't yet make Manhattan incomes have to crowd together. There were four people in the apartment Ann and I once rented, and the rent ten times what we paid. So I was told by the building's owner during a post-millennial stay in the city. The same man now also owns Veselka where table space is much in demand by the prosperous looking clientele lined up for Sunday brunch.
  2. Veterans Day had been designated for observance on November 11 in 1954, to replace Armistice Day marking the end of WWI. National holidays were re-arranged for Mondays in 1971 to give federal employees three day weekends. Thus Veterans Day was moved to the fourth Monday in October. In 1978 Veterans Day was returned to its original date.
  3. Explain why vets' groups had an interest in providing the key to spin codes to employers, to protect the very profitable veteran brand, etc.
  4. TK this is speculation; I have no way to confirm.
  5. The crowd I ran with at Georgetown
  6. 'Bring 'Em Home For Christmas,' *San Francisco Chronicle*, Oct. 20, 1973; 'Home by Yule' for evaders,' *S. F. Examiner*, Oct. 20, 1973.
  7. "Home for Christmas Amnesty Cards Call," Anthony Burton. *New York Daily News*, October 26, 1973.
  8. Transcript of interview with John Barbarisi, *CBS Morning News*, February 14, 1974.
  9. Miller
  10. Ibid.
  11. Ibid.
  12. Ibid.
  13. "2 Army Deserters of Vietnam War Plan to Invite Arrest Today," George Vecsey. *The New York Times*, December 19, 1973.

14. Ibid.

15. Personal communication by email, June 13, 2014.

16. Ibid.

17. “Deserters Seek a Share of the Peace,” Martin G. Berek. *Newsday*, December 20, 1973.

18. “2 Deserters Give In Here to Stress Plea for Amnesty,” C. Gerald Fraser. *The New York Times*, December 20, 1973