

## ***The Sixties: A Journal of History, Politics and Culture***

*Our Back Pages: Conversations with the Sixties*

### **My Resistance: Standing Trial for Standing for Peace**

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By PAUL KLEYMAN

**ABSTRACT:** *Usually recalled through historical events and the stories of leaders, The Sixties also encompassed activism by “rank-and-filers,” ordinary people who found the start of their adult lives upended by the senseless Vietnam War. That tragedy depended on the escalation of the racist and class-divisive “peacetime” military draft system. Former draft resister, Paul Kleyman, now a grandfather of 75, tells his story of refusing Army induction in 1968, and being tried and convicted in US federal court. His story explores the depth of self-examination such turmoil can force on a nation’s youth. And it exposes that standing for peace may profoundly affect those who judge, while also strengthening one’s sense of purpose and service.*

*By handing in draft cards, these young men were committing their future either to prison, emigration, frustration, or at best, years where everything must be unknown, and that spoke of a readiness to take moral leaps which the acrobat must know when he flies off into space ...*

– Norman Mailer, in *Armies of the Night*, 1968

I arrived at the Oakland Army Induction Center on a gray January morning in 1968, nerve-wracked but determined to take a stand against the Vietnam War and the military draft that filled its body bags. The risk of imprisonment hung over me, but after hours of shuffling through dingy rooms, bending over for a medical check and barely hearing one monotoned directive after another, I stood in a row with other young men, staring down at my shoes, toes to a black line, and about to act on one of the hardest decisions of my 22 years.

As a crisp young lieutenant read the military oath and its instruction to step forward into uniform, I looked down and silently ordered my feet, “Do not move.” My scuffed brown loafers stood me among tens of thousands of defiant pairs that helped turn public support against the war – and among only a few thousand to take the stand in federal courtrooms.

United States military involvement in Vietnam had been increasing for years, when President Lyndon Baines Johnson surged draft call-ups in mid-1965, while claiming victory was in sight. Youth protests accelerated. Campus rallies and teach-ins about the war’s tragic history drew thousands, including peace-movement icons like Joan Baez,

who'd stir us singing Dylan's *With God on Our Side*. By the time I graduated from the University of Minnesota School of Journalism, the president – no longer content to deploy only volunteer enlistees and reservists – was trying to overwhelm the North Vietnamese by sending hundreds of thousands of fresh-faced boys overseas. (1) From 1964 to 1973, the United States sent 2.7 million young Americans to Vietnam. But I would not be one of them. That clammy winter's day at the draft depot, I was determined not to cross the line, even as that decision placed my future in doubt.

I had been one of the lucky ones, at least initially. My "II-S" college-student deferment tucked in my wallet, I was active in civil rights and anti-war movements. In the spring of 1965, I marched with 25,000 others on the final hot miles from Selma to Montgomery. That summer I volunteered on voter registration in rural Louisiana. And I was in New York for the April 15 1967 Mobilization Against the War, as 400,000 of us echoed chants – "Peace Now," "Hell No, We Won't Go" – that resounded off of Manhattan's skyscrapers and through my bloodstream. It was thrilling to stride alongside so many others with shared purpose.

Those riptides of draft call-ups not only would wind up costing tens of thousands of American lives, but they also impacted an entire generation's first strides into adulthood. If your draft classification was "I-A" – rifle-ready and primed for shipping out – who would hire you, how could you start a family? Young men, and the women in their lives, would find their futures sidetracked for years. And for what?

I kept thinking of a conversation I had with a coworker on a summer job in 1963, before I started college. Dick had recently finished an Army stint, including a tour in Vietnam. Our daily banter would address girls, beer, the work grind – girls – but never politics. But I'd read about growing US. troop deployments to that little country, and as we chatted one day, I asked, "How was it for you over there?" His face stiffened: "They hate us. Those people don't want us ... I don't get why we're even there."

I was taken aback by the anger seething from this happy-go-lucky man. He described how distrust saturated every interaction with the people. For a moment his expression receded, as if he were there in the tropical swelter of Saigon he hated. Shaking off the moment, he said, "I gotta get back to work."

With skyrocketing conscription in late 1965, opposition swelled: An estimated half-million to a million men either resisted the draft openly or evaded it. Another 175,000 served as conscientious objectors. The government eventually accused 210,000 of draft evasion, indicting only about 25,000 and convicting 8,750.

I was one of those 8,750.

\* \* \*

At age 18, I dutifully registered for the draft with the US Selective Service System. Four years later and with my bachelor's degree, I felt clear on two counts: I had no intention of being among the 30,000 to slip into Canada to evade the draft, and every intention to avoid the military and its needless war.

On graduating in 1967, I quickly saw my student draft deferment convert to I-A. Soon afterward, the Army ordered me to report for a physical exam in Los Angeles. That was the closest medical facility to my local draft board in Las Vegas where my parents had moved from Minneapolis when I was 13. Initially, I applied for reclassification as a conscientious objector. The draft board said no.

I appealed, was granted a hearing in Vegas, and hitched a ride from the Twin Cities with another student. First, though, she planned to drive to Winnipeg via the Trans-Canadian Highway. I can still recall my chest tightening as we approached the border, afraid of being turned back as a suspected “draft dodger.” But the guard just smiled and waved us into Canada. The irony flickered across my mind: I was north of the border and home free, yet I had no intention of veering off my path to Vegas, albeit with one special exception: stopping in Seattle to see Pam.

I’d met Pam during the summer of 1966, in a Peace Corps training program. A Russian-studies major at the University of Washington, she was fascinated by their culture. I launch into stories of my grandparents’ escape from Czarist oppression and how Grandpa became a successful manufacturer – a capitalist who supported workers’ rights. Pam’s azure eyes never left mine. Neither of us ended up in the Peace Corps, but we corresponded throughout the coming year, me poetically, her questioningly.

In Seattle, I invited her to come with me to Vegas, and, after my hearing, to L.A. Miraculously, she said yes. On our way, we stopped to see San Francisco. The Haight-Ashbury, Golden Gate Park, the Crayola-hued “Rainbow House”: It all had a welcoming ease, and it smelled good. Sourdough bread and fish-and-chips stuffed into cones of yesterday’s newspaper were cheap and filling. Young people could get by here.

We continued on to the peculiar desert glow that is Las Vegas where my parents welcomed Pam, although Mom, politically radical on most things, insisted we sleep separately.

For all of its “Sin City” glamor, Las Vegas’ weekend census of a quarter-million revelers shrank by Monday mornings in the 1960s to a stuffy work-a-day province of 65,000. My American history teacher at Las Vegas High School had covered half of a classroom wall with a Confederate flag. That was the Vegas where I had to argue my claim as a pacifist.

During my hearing, I sat staring at a virtual Mount Rushmore of square-jawed local merchants and retired military from nearby Nellis Air Force Base. I looked the part convincingly enough – hair draped to my nape and beard to my chest. I fidgeted. I hadn’t prepared well and felt deeply conflicted between having to defend my opposition to an unjust war and my wish to be off the hook.

“Do you believe in a Supreme Being?” A board member’s question was central to anyone’s claim to be a conscientious objector. I do believe in larger forces that can illuminate human understanding, but not in a grand being with a flowing white beard. Philosophy, however, wasn’t what the draft board had in mind, as I sat mumbling

college gibberish. That wimpy performance wasn't one of my finer moments, and, as usual with local boards, it didn't work. That meant I had to bus to Los Angeles for the Army physical. There, I was rubber-stamped fit for duty.

Pam and I decided to return to San Francisco and arrived at the Trailways bus station downtown on October 7 1967, with hardly enough in our pockets for a bag of groceries. A loan from my Dad helped us rent a roomy studio with a Murphy bed. Pam landed holiday-season work at the Emporium Department Store. I managed to get a couple of temporary clerical gigs.

Our place in the largely African American Fillmore district was only blocks from the Fillmore Auditorium and Winterland where we'd see the Jefferson Airplane, the Dead and other hot groups dominating the new "alternative" radio. While San Francisco youth were being caricatured in the media for tie-dye shirts and "dime bags" of weed, many of us were piling into church basements and apartments for animated debates and anti-war meetings.

During one packed rally at an old church in the Haight, an anti-draft counselor calmly detailed the steps in refusing military service. Then another guy jumped up, warning everyone not to flex ahead by so much as a toe. He was a wiry bobcat, baring his teeth and growling shrieking that if you took one step by mistake, you'd find yourself choosing between army fatigues or military custody. At the time, I didn't know how real that threat was, but when the time came, the power of suggestion oddly twitched my feet.

My notice to report to the Oakland Draft Induction Center arrived weeks later. Before catching that crowded but silent Army bus, I hadn't eaten, for fear of throwing up. I grumbled. Felt knotted up. In the week before, I rehearsed holding my feet firmly in place, but told none of my friends what I was doing, for fear of sounding cowardly. Now I was there, herded with about 25 men into rows along the beige linoleum, my eyes trying first to pin my feet to the strip of black tape. I scanned the dingy room before setting on the lieutenant.

Not much older than the rest of us, he was smart, confident. I noticed his observant focus, a baseball player's look with no football gung-ho about him. He seemed approachable, rather studious, someone people would follow for just a step forward. I locked my knees as he began to read the inductive refrain. I reminded myself, "Hold on. Hold on."

It was then that my sight focused on the tag pinned to his chest. In bold letters on a dark plastic rectangle was his name: BLAND. Well, Lt. John B. Bland is a close approximation of his real name and all it implied. In college I'd read about "the banality of evil," the dull, bureaucratic routines of the Holocaust. Suddenly, the jittery moment seemed hilarious. His name was satirical, straight out of *Catch 22*. I swallowed a laugh and, for the first time, felt sure-footed, as he ordered us to take that step.

The others heaved forward and were funneled out a door. I waved at the lieutenant, saying I refused induction and had not stepped forward. Lt. Bland looked at me

impassively. He'd done this before and motioned for me to stand aside. I was told to wait and sign a sheet. I would be contacted. I'd done what I came to do; I had broken the law. Now what?

I needed a lawyer, but few were taking anti-draft cases. My grandfather, though, had given me the name of an old friend in San Francisco who might help. I had no idea that Vincent Hallinan was one of the most celebrated leftist lawyers in the country. They had met when Grandpa supported Hallinan's run for President on the 1952 Progressive Party ticket, and Grandpa's name got me an immediate appointment with one of the busiest attorney's in town. When I told him of my draft situation, he reached for the phone and asked, "Terry, could you please come into my office." Vincent introduced me to his son, Terence. Tall and wiry, he flashed a grin and thrust his hand into mine with the kind of jab that earned him boxing kudos (and the moniker, "Kayo"), as well as the growing list of winning courtroom defenses that would one day bring him two terms as San Francisco's District Attorney. Terry Hallinan mainly earned his living with drug-bust cases that subsidized his taking causes like mine, assigned by the public defender's office for a paltry fee.

I still aimed to become a conscientious objector, or CO, and Terry told me that anti-war protesters had proliferated so much federal judges were worried we'd flood their dockets. Some judges preferred asking a man's draft board to reconsider his defendant's claim as a CO. "Asked?" I wondered, "Don't judges just order?" Terry feigned his head to one side and laughed, "Draft boards don't refuse a federal judge." I felt bolstered by his confidence that a decision would go my way. Lingered, though, was what work I'd end up doing as a CO. There weren't many government-approved nonprofits for CO work.

Meanwhile, my search for a steady job proved futile. Pam understood, but I saw her disappointment as she paid our rent. I tried not to show her, or my morning mirror, how scared I was. The tension sometimes clenched a painful crook in my neck. Others around the peace movement suggested I volunteer at a nonprofit to strengthen my legal claim as a CO willing to serve the community. The odd name of "Glide" kept coming up as the best place.

Glide Memorial United Methodist Church was built during the Depression by the devout and wealthy widow, Lizzie Glide. Mrs. Glide had founded the Glide Foundation, thus securing the organization's mission to serve the poor.

The endowment also gave Glide independence from the dictates of the national church, which frowned on controversy. By the tumultuous 1960s, Glide, like other inner-city churches around the country, had opened meeting rooms to community activism. Situated at the edge of San Francisco's perpetually impoverished Tenderloin district, Glide, with its dynamic minister, Rev. Cecil Williams, the church's first African American pastor, was establishing its reputation as "the conscience of the city."

The foundation-funded Glide Urban Center provided free office space and a telephone to numerous advocacy groups, such as The Prisoners Union and The Resistance

Against the Draft. Elsewhere in town it supported, such nonprofits as Intersection for alternative arts, and Huckleberry's for Runaways, which helped disaffected, often abused, youth. Glide was a nonprofit "incubator" of its day, hatching community start-ups across the range of social needs. Everyone wanted to get in at Glide, but the staff was small, and they accepted few conscientious objectors.

I dropped by one afternoon and spoke with a secretary who said there were no volunteer positions, until I mentioned I'd graduated in journalism. Saying, "Oh, wait," she asked a passing staff member, "Isn't Don looking for a writer?"

That moment changed my life.

It happened that Glide's communications director, Rev. Donald Kuhn, needed someone to write handouts and press releases. He gave me a shot, first drafting a brochure for Huckleberry's House. I got 10 USD a pop for small projects, but more important was my chance to fit in. I'd found my refuge.

Among the activists I met there was the earnest manager of San Francisco's Resistance office, Loren Basham. Tall with broad shoulders that hunched forward, Loren would furrow his brow my way, sharing the latest anti-war news. At his urging, I attended a rally where I was riveted by the compelling arguments of Resistance leader David Harris.

The Resistance held that CO status was a compromise to the unconscionable; the draft was the very engine of war. Loren never prodded me, but simply relied on clear, Socratic reasoning. Those conversations were disorienting, like the slight vertigo I felt with my first small San Francisco earthquake. Should I, must I, change course?

*If you have a grandfather ..., if you are weak, if there are cells in you that are not functioning properly, you should call on that grandfather in yourself and say, "Grandfather, come help me." Your grandfather will manifest immediately; and you will know that your grandfather is not just a notion, he is a reality within you ....*

Thich Nhat Hanh, from *You Are Here*

The Resistance first shook the public's complacency with its national protest on October 16 1967, generating 2,000 draft cards burned or returned from Boston to San Francisco, their owners daring the government to prosecute them *en masse*. That was a worrisome development for President Johnson. I was just settling into San Francisco and didn't attend.

Earlier that year, a resistance group leaked the Selective Service Director's "channeling" memo, exposing the draft's calculating unfairness. He directed his bureaucracy to channel deferments to students in science and engineering, while calling up less educated workers, mainly minorities.

In 1968, Resistance leaders set another national draft-card action for April 3. I planned attending only to write about it for the underground newspaper, *The Berkeley Barb*. Still, it gnawed at me: Merely staying out of the war – and harm’s way–wasn’t enough.

Nettling me far more than a fear of incarceration was whether I could take any path but honor my grandparent’s courage and sense of justice. During my childhood, Sunday family breakfasts at their house wafted with the aroma of Grandma’s sour cream pancakes and sizzled with fried kosher salami and political chatter. Now, though, the weight of their stories about fleeing pre-revolutionary Russia stacked in my gut like pancakes, no longer distant tales of bygone days.

Grandma recalled one memorable incident. After my grandfather was drafted into the Russian army, she helped him desert the anti-Semitic brutality for Jewish conscripts. Grandpa planned to escape, but not before acting to protect others. He’d written her to meet him at a certain spot along his night patrol on the camp’s perimeter. As he instructed, she tossed a change of clothes over the fence. Hurriedly, he slip into civilian garb, then neatly folded his uniform, nesting his rifle on top with a note stating that the uniform had belonged to him, Enoch Supak. Aware that abandoned uniforms were used as false evidence against suspected “revolutionaries,” he wanted his uniform to incriminate no one else.

Living incognito, they quietly settled in a remote town overlooking the Black Sea, before Grandpa was betrayed by a jealous coworker. He was arrested, court martialed and sentenced to five years’ hard labor. But friends helped him get away the night before he was to board a prison train. He fled to Hungary, where he arranged my grandmother’s passage, as soon as their newborn baby – my Aunt Ida – was old enough to travel. Eventually, they made their way to the United States.

My grandparents had no illusions that US authorities would never abuse their power, but the glimmer of hope that drew them – and the world – to this country was embedded in its rule of law. In the Land of the Free, my grandparents endured no deadly pogroms. Decades later they withstood the threat of McCarthyism and emerged even more committed to America’s pledge of justice for all.

The afternoon before the Resistance rally, I sat in the dimming light staring wordlessly at a blank sheet in my typewriter. Could I bring myself to do the right thing? It seemed so easy just to go along, to play the objective reporter. I felt the itch of my grandfather’s uniform; I felt overcome by the sensation of dusky shadow cloaking the room. Time was leaving me behind. I didn’t so much decide what to do, as feel the decision ballooning up from my gut and gushing out. The next day, the weight of the Vietnam War would be one draft card lighter. I was exhilarated; I could breathe again.

When Pam got home I blurted out what I planned to do. If she harbored any doubt about my new course – it complicated her future, too, the years we would know each other together and apart – she was brave and encouraging that evening.

On arriving at the demonstration, I climbed the Federal Building's broad, gray steps and looked down at the gathering crowd. I felt strangely removed from the scene, as if viewing it through the wrong end of a telescope. The disorienting moment ended with a screech of microphone feedback. I dug out my draft card and lined up at the mike to state my name and toss the dangerous little rectangle in a basket, one of 160 in San Francisco and 1,000 nationally that day.

Although my gesture felt anticlimactic, I'd acted for my grandparents' America, the one they believed was worth fighting for. As brightly as our constitution of rights shines, it accrues to each generation to sponge away the tarnish always encroaching at its edges.

I silently rode the bus home to tap out my account for the *Berkeley Barb*. The moment was visceral for so many others that day. One, I wrote, recounted his "childhood memory of 'Thou Shalt Not Kill' on a synagogue wall." Another declared, "Here is my body," as he flipped his card into the basket. Citing an interview I'd done with David Harris while I was still hoping to be a conscientious objector, I wrote, "He told me what I really knew, that 'conscription represents a whole way of thinking in this country.' He said, 'People are beginning to act under a whole new set of assumptions in this country. They are suddenly dealing with the medium of their lives.'"

What came next was a bullet.

In Memphis, on April 4 1968, as Pam and I were moving to a new apartment across town, news came that Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., had been shot. It was only the first trauma of a violent year. Bobby Kennedy was killed in June. Heads were bloodied at the Chicago Democratic Convention in August. Across the country, ever so quietly, courtrooms were ordered to "please rise."

My trial took place that October and would end with words that flabbergast me to this day.

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I wasn't arrested. The court agreed to have me processed at San Francisco's Hall of Justice, where I was fingerprinted, politely offered a rag to clean my fingers, and told to sign a big ledger. I was "booked," then released without bail on my own recognizance. My lawyer had my plea entered as, "Not guilty."

The previous May, I'd squeezed into a packed courtroom to cover David Harris's trial for the *Berkeley Barb*. US District Judge Oliver Carter, a granite-hard conservative, gave Harris—charismatic and with nearly celebrity status as the husband of Joan Baez—a three-year sentence. (He served 20 months, often helping other prisoners.) I was luckier to draw a jurist who held more liberal views, Judge Stanley A. Weigel. Although he'd been appointed by President John F. Kennedy, I learned he was a Republican. I girded myself for the fact that he had the power to send me away.



I was uneasy, but resolute about my decision. My attorney, Terry Hallinan, had counselled me: "You'll need to be direct. Explain why you're opposing the draft—you need to be concise. You'll only have five minutes." Once in the witness box, I scanned the courtroom. Paneled in blond hardwood, the courtroom was designed to be austere, intimidating. My small cluster of family and friends sat in one corner of the otherwise vacant chamber.

I glanced toward His Honor seated inches away. He was unexpressive, a virtual bust on pedestal, his shiny dome overarched with a crest of thin, graying hair, head perched over the broad drape of his black robe. Terry asked me something and I heard a dry, croaking sound coming from my mouth. He prompted, "Remember what we talked about."

Turning to Judge Weigel, I haltingly apologized, "I'm sorry I'm so nervous, Your Honor. I've never done anything like this before." Leaning toward me, he peaked his bushy brow, reassuring, "That's all right, take the time you need." His unexpected sympathy brought him to life. His square, jowly face and sloping nose was my father's face and that of so many of the older Jewish men I'd grown up around. Wrinkles framed his eyes in an owl's gaze of concern, and he waited for what I had to say.

I had to be plain. I said I felt a sense of brotherhood with anyone opposing the war. I deeply respected those who went to Canada and conscientious objectors, who refused to participate in so many armed conflicts. But those were not choices I could make. I said that although I believe in the need for a strong national defense, the Vietnam War violated the very principle of defense. It was my responsibility to take a stand on American soil. I couldn't live with myself, otherwise.

And I was done.

In cases like mine, the prosecutor, already assured of a conviction, waived cross-examination. The court recessed.

After we reconvened, I barely remember anything more than Judge Weigel's words, which engraved themselves so indelibly and strangely in my memory, strangely because he spoke with such resignation and regret. My course had rendered him powerless to adjudicate an outcome he'd have much preferred. The judgment, after all, was mine and that of my fellow draft resisters; we left even decent jurists like him no other decision.

I stood. I was numb. After a long, reluctant pause, he uttered these words: "If all the judges and legislators were as conscientious and forthright as this young man, we'd have a better world." Halting to reflect, Judge Weigel added, "Perhaps, we'd have a better world." And with a rap of his gavel he said softly, "Guilty."

"Perhaps?" That "perhaps" would echo in me for years. Was it merely his fatherly hedge against the thin hope for a world so stubbornly deaf to its better purpose? What has lingered in my ears to this day, though, were not his words so much as his sad eyes.

Judge Weigel set my sentencing date several nerve-wracking weeks later. Friends already had been incarcerated. I prepared myself for the unsettling possibility that he might still send me away and silently worried whether I could handle prison. I returned to his courtroom ready. Hangdog ready. Jewish ready: prepared for the worst.

The judge did not order me to jail but handed down the maximum five year sentence, *suspended*, contingent on my serving three years' probation. Earlier at the trial, Glide's Rev. Cecil Williams testified as the one character witness Judge Weigel allowed in anti-draft cases. Rev. Williams verified that I was a worthy young fellow, and said were I placed on probation, Glide would provide me paid work for the law's required minimum of 30 hours' per week.

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For the first time since I left Minnesota, my life felt settled: I had a job, and Pam and I could get married, which we did in February 1969. During the next three year, I became Glide's house writer, putting out publications describing their programs for social justice and human service.

As Glide's night clerk, I opened doors for luminaries of the left – Jane Fonda, Cesar Chavez, Betty Friedan, the *Whole Earth Catalog's* Stewart Brand – who arrived to boost a spectrum of causes. On weeknights, I sat at the lobby desk greeting visitors, some arriving after hours for a bite to eat after the soup kitchens had closed, some seeking the solace of a church. I put together a pocket guide of services for free food, shelter, and medical care; and, before Glide started its daily free-meals program, I began mixing batches of muesli cereal I could at least offer to dull hunger's edge for people facing a long night.

As for needs of the spirit, I couldn't proffer much more than an ear. I heard hundreds of stories that were sad and mad and painful and funny and as world-wise as words from an owl-eyed judge. Their street ministry did more to educate my life and path in journalism than anything I could give in return.

Now, in my 75<sup>th</sup> year, I find myself a grandson with a grandson. Our brown-eyed boy, whom we call "J.D.," will turn eight this year in a world as strained and misguided as at any time I can remember.

The most staggering statistic of my time is 58,200, the names carved in black granite on the Vietnam Memorial wall. Add to them the incalculable physical and mental damage that survivors brought home, and the millions of dead and wounded Vietnamese and Cambodians.

The outcry against the draft was so enormous that President Nixon later revamped it into a less biased lottery system. After the war, the government halted the draft in favor today's all-volunteer army, yet, to this day, the United States government continues requiring young males to register for the draft.

Most disturbing is that in 2020, a national commission on the draft and public service concluded, that not only should draft registration continue, but it should include young women, too. That followed an earlier US. District Court ruling, now being appealed, arguing that male-only draft registration is discriminatory, hence, unconstitutional.

Both the court and commission, though, ignored the essential question raised by a former director of the Selective Service System. Dr. Bernard Rostker testified before the commission that there is “no need” for draft registration anymore, and it ought to end.

I’m not surprised at the resurgence of militaristic hubris, today, yet, my inner resister takes the offense to good sense personally. In the coming decade, J.D. will come of age in a world likely to be grappling with endless war, preventable pandemics, climate-scorched continents, economic hardship, and dictatorial injustice. I shudder to think how any of these challenges may clash against his life and moral choices. Whatever of J.D.’s great-great-grandparents’ courage runs through his DNA, though, I hope it will sustain him, as it did me, should he find himself taking a stand, perhaps in the wrinkled gaze of someone like Judge Weigel, for a better world.

**Paul Kleyman** is the co-founder and National Coordinator of the Journalists Network on Generations, and is editor of its blog, Generations Beat Online (GBONews.org), for over 1,000 authors and journalists concerned with issues in aging. His book, *Senior Power: Growing Old Rebelliously* (Glide Publications, 1974) was one of the first trade-press titles on aging and ageism in the United States. Named by PBS Next Avenue as one of the major Influencers in aging (2016), Kleyman lives in San Francisco.

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Notes

1. Mailer, *Armies of the Night*, 88-90.
2. Vietnam statistics appear in numerous sources. U.S. War Dogs Association, Vietnam Statistics <https://tinyurl.com/w3n6zby> is especially concise.
3. *The Boys Who Said No: Draft Resistance and the Vietnam War*, documentary film website, "The Resistance" Overview page.
4. Foley, *Confronting the War Machine*, 331.
5. Baskir and Strauss, *Chance and Circumstance*, Vintage, 1978. <https://tinyurl.com/tuqwuhq> Photo of chart from book e-mailed to the article's author by Michael S. Foley, January 2020.
6. Another American history teacher at Las Vegas High School, government-produced for the House Committee on Un-American Activities  
  
co-founded the local chapter of the right-wing John Birch Society, and the student body was herded out of classes, usually biology, into screenings of the inflammatory anti-communist films, *Operation Abolition* and *Communism on the Map*.  
[<https://tinyurl.com/yya7y3n3>]
7. After serving two terms as San Francisco District Attorney (1996-2004), Terence Hallinan was defeated by one of his former Assistant D.A.'s Kamala Harris.
8. Glide Church separated with the United Methodist Church after a series of lawsuits. "Glide Memorial issues declaration of independence from United Methodist Church," by Bob Egelko, *San Francisco Chronicle*, February 27 2019. <https://tinyurl.com/yysdhhb6l> Glide Foundation <https://tinyurl.com/y679yolc> funds the organization's social justice programs through its \$40 million endowment, largely enhanced since 2000 by an annual multi-million auctioning of a private lunch with billionaire and Glide devotee Warren Buffett.
9. Lateefah Simon. "GLIDE's passionate voice for justice," *San Francisco Examiner*, July 18 2019. The article summarizes Glide's continuing service to low-income and homeless people as the "conscience of San Francisco". <https://tinyurl.com/yy5txwve>
10. Thich Nhat Hanh, *You Are Here*. Shambala 2009, page 46.
11. See above 4., 134.
- 12.. Ibid., Foley, 61-62.
13. I had heard this and other stories of my grandfather's courage and integrity throughout my childhood and confirmed details after he died in 1970, in interviews I recorded with my grandmother in 1974. Cassette tape duplicates provided to the Minnesota Historical Society.

14. Paul Kleyman, "Resistance 'From Chains to Joyswell,'" *Berkeley Barb*, April 5-11, 1968, page 5. The author's first-hand account of the April 3 anti-draft rally. <https://tinyurl.com/vb4vpzm>
15. The website for *The Boys Who Said No*, with detail of Harris sentence clarified for the author in an e-mail exchange with the film's co-producer Bill Prince, received May 25 2020. <https://tinyurl.com/u5f4jh4>
16. Although a registered Republican, Judge Weigel became noted for his liberal views. See "Judge Stanley Weigel, 93, Dies; Acted to Improve Prisons," By Wolfgang Saxon, *New York Times*, September 4 1999. <https://tinyurl.com/y5jmf496>
17. Pam and the author parted ways in 1974, after having daughter Shana, now mother of my grandson, J.D.
18. National Commission on Military, National, and Public Service (NCMNPS) final report. <https://tinyurl.com/ruruunn>.
19. "Anti-draft activists call on Congress to end draft registration in response to court case on Selective Service and report of National Commission on Military, National, and Public Service," *Resistance News*, March 2020 "News Advisory." [<https://hasbrouck.org/draft/>]
20. Audio recording [<https://tinyurl.com/wqcdpvj>] of oral arguments before the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals on the constitutionality of U.S. draft registration for males on turning age 18, March 3 2020.
21. Testimony of Dr. Bernard Rostker, former Director of Selective Service, before the National Commission on Military, National, and Public Service April 24 2019. [<https://tinyurl.com/sef8h84>]

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