

Appendix for Module Two

Supplementary Materials:

- Photographs of anti-war demonstrations
- Printed lyrics and taped music for:
 - **Ballad of the Green Berets**
 - **Blowin' in the Wind**
 - **Fortunate Son**
 - **Fixin' to Die Rag**
- Statistics on conscientious objectors and draft evaders
- Photographs of Kent State
- United States history textbook chapter or section on 1968
- Selected passages from *The Year The Dream Died: Revisiting 1968 in America*, by Jules Witcover, pp. 16-21
- Assorted newspaper or periodical articles from 1968
- Book — *The Sixties: Years of Hope, Days of Rage*, Todd Gitlin, Bantam Books, NY, 1989

Background Information

In many ways, 1968 was one of the most tragic years in U.S. history. The moral and social fiber of the U.S. was stretched almost to the breaking point — beginning with the Tet Offensive early in the year, followed by the assassinations of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and presidential hopeful Senator Robert Kennedy, the ensuing race riots in the wake of Dr. King's murder, the escalation of war protests on college campuses across the country, and the tumultuous Democratic National Convention in Chicago.

As the war in Vietnam escalated with the addition of ground troops, bringing the number of service personnel to over half a million, the U. S. public began to grow weary of a war that seemed to have no end in sight. As late as December 1967, President Lyndon Johnson, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara; and General William Westmoreland, the Commander of U.S. forces in Vietnam, assured the American people that there was a light at the end of the tunnel. All of that changed when the VC, supported by units of the North Vietnamese Army, launched a surprise offensive in January on the eve of the Vietnam New Year, Tet. The war, which until this time had been mostly waged in the rural countryside, now found itself inside the limits of every major South Vietnamese city. In Saigon, VC guerrillas daringly penetrated the grounds of the U.S. Embassy. The offensive, which the U.S. forces put down within two months and hailed as an American military victory, was really Pyrrhic in nature. Tet weakened U. S. public opinion to a point of no return. But another effect of the Tet Offensive was to change the viewpoint of the popular CBS-TV anchorman, Walter Cronkite, who until that point had been a supporter of the American effort in Southeast Asia. After Tet, Cronkite publicly questioned the value of waging a protracted war in Vietnam. Upon hearing this, President Johnson remarked, "If I've lost Cronkite, I've lost middle America." By the end of March, the President withdrew his name from consideration as a candidate for the Democratic Party's nomination to run for reelection.

It seemed as if the bad news during 1968 could get no worse, but as the year progressed Americans confronted new crises with every turn of the page on the calendar. On April 4, while attending a demonstration in Memphis, Tennessee, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., the leader of the nonviolent organization within the civil rights movement, was fatally shot by a hidden assailant while standing on the balcony of his hotel. This action ignited a series of race riots that stretched all across the nation, including extensive rioting, burning, and looting in the nation's capital, Washington, D. C. Then on June 6, U. S. Senator Robert Kennedy, campaigning for the Democratic nomination for president, also

was fatally shot by Sirhan Sirhan on the evening of his triumph in the California Democratic primary. Many felt that with his death also died a kind of hopeful optimism many Americans had felt would bring some sense and order to a world that seemed to be crumbling around them. In August, the Democratic National Convention in Chicago was a national nightmare as police, along with military troops brought in to maintain security, clashed with thousands of mostly young people protesting the Vietnam War. The same evening Vice President Hubert Humphrey was nominated as the presidential candidate of the Democratic Party. Television screens across the United States had a split image as coverage of Humphrey's acceptance speech was cut away to scenes around Chicago of police assaulting anti-war protesters. As the police used nightsticks and tear gas to control the protesters, the crowds began chanting, "The whole world is watching! The whole world is watching!" Even inside the convention center hostilities between factions within the Democratic Party could be seen as Chicago Mayor Richard Daley was televised shouting abusive remarks at one platform speaker, and national television correspondents such as Mike Wallace and Dan Rather were arrested or otherwise treated inappropriately by the Chicago police.

Each night the war that would not go away continued to be seen in gory detail by the public as people watched the evening news. The "living room war" had become a fixture in American culture.

By December 1968, Americans for one brief moment were allowed to collect their captive breath and gaze skyward in a kind of national communion as the crew of Apollo 8, the first manned spaceship to leave the bounds of the earth's atmosphere, orbited our nearest celestial body, the moon. As crew members Frank Borman, Jim Lovell, and Mike Anders read the opening passage of the book of Genesis on Christmas Eve, the entire world watched with utter amazement as, for the first time, our own small planet could be seen in its entirety from a distance far away. While it had been a tumultuous year fraught with anxiety, it ended on a note of hope.

Module2: Appendix A — Excerpts, Port Huron statement, 1962

Students for a Democratic Society:

We are people of this generation, bred in at least modest comfort, housed now in universities, looking uncomfortably to the world we inherit.

When we were kids the United States was the wealthiest and strongest country in the world; the only one with the atom bomb, the least scarred by modern war, an initiator of the United Nations that we thought would distribute Western influence throughout the world. Freedom and equality for each individual, government of, by and for the people — these American values we found good, principles by which we could live as men. Many of us began maturing in complacency.

As we grew, however, our comfort was penetrated by events too troubling to dismiss. First, the permeating and victimizing fact of human degradation, symbolized by the Southern struggle against racial bigotry, compelled most of us from silence to activism. Second, the enclosing fact of the Cold War, symbolized by the presence of the Bomb, brought awareness that we ourselves, and our friends, and millions of abstract "others" we knew more directly because of our common peril, might die at any time. We might deliberately ignore, or avoid, or fail to feel all other human problems, but not these two, for these were too immediate and crushing in their impact, too challenging in the demand that we as individuals take the responsibility for encounter and resolution.

While these and other problems either directly oppressed us or rankled our consciences and because of our own subjective concern, began to see complicated and disturbing paradoxes in our surrounding America. The declaration “all men are created equal” rang hollow before the facts of Negro life in the South and the big cities of the North. The proclaimed peaceful intentions of the United States contradicted its economic and military investments in the Cold War status quo.

We witnessed, and continue to witness, other paradoxes. With nuclear energy whole cities can easily be powered, yet the dominant nation-states seem more likely to unleash destruction greater than that incurred in all wars of human history. Although our own technology is destroying old and creating new forms of social organization, men still tolerate meaningless work and idleness. While two-thirds of mankind suffers undernourishment, our own upper classes revel amidst superfluous abundance. Although world population is expected to double in forty years, the nations still tolerate anarchy as a major principle of international conduct and controlled exploitation governs the sapping of the earth’s physical resources. Although mankind desperately needs revolutionary leadership, America rests in national stalemate, its goals ambiguous and tradition-bound instead of informed and clear, its democratic system apathetic and manipulated rather than “of, by, and for the people.”

Not only did tarnish appear on our image of American virtue and disillusion occur when the hypocrisy of American ideals became evident, but we also began to sense that what we had originally seen as the American Golden Age was actually the decline of an era. The worldwide outbreak of revolution against colonialism and imperialism, the entrenchment of totalitarian states, the menace of war, overpopulation, international disorder, supertechnology — these trends were testing the tenacity of our own commitment to democracy and freedom and our abilities to visualize their application to a world in upheaval.

Our work is guided by the sense that we may be the last generation in the experiment with living. But we are a minority — the vast majority of our people regard the temporary equilibriums of our society and world as eternally functional parts. In this is perhaps the outstanding paradox: we ourselves are imbued with urgency, yet the message of our society is that there is no viable alternative to the present. Beneath the reassuring tones of the politicians, beneath the common opinion that America will “muddle through,” beneath the stagnation of those who have closed their minds to the future, is the pervading feeling that there simply are no alternatives, that our times have witnessed the exhaustion not only of Utopias, but of any new departure as well. Feeling the press of complexity upon the emptiness of life, people are fearful of the thought that at any moment things might be thrust out of control. They fear change itself, since change might smash what invisible framework seems to hold back chaos for them now. For most Americans, all crusades are suspect, threatening. The fact that each individual sees apathy in his fellows perpetuates the common reluctance to organize for change. The dominant institutions are complex enough to blunt the minds of their potential critics, and entrenched enough to swiftly dissipate or entirely repeal the energies of protest and reform, thus limiting human expectancies. Then, too, we are a materially improved society, and by our own improvements we seem to have weakened the case for further change.

Some would have us believe that Americans feel contentment amidst prosperity — but might it not better be called a glaze above deeply felt anxieties about their role in the new world?

And if these anxieties produce a developed indifference to human affairs, do they not as well produce a yearning to believe there is an alternative to the present, that something can be done to change circumstances in the school, the workplaces, the bureaucracies, the government? It is to this latter yearning, at once the spark and engine of change, that we direct our present appeal. The search for truly democratic alternatives to the present, and a commitment to social experimentation with them, is a worthy and fulfilling human enterprise, one which moves us and, we hope, others today. On such a basis do we offer this document of our convictions and analysis; as an effort in understanding and changing the conditions of humanity in the late twentieth century, an effort rooted in the ancient, still unfulfilled conception of man attaining determining influence over his circumstances of life.

Module 2: Appendix B — Column, Dear Abby

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DEAR ABBY: I must take exception to your response to Karen A. Tamura of Cerritos, Calif., concerning the Vietnam War. You said that National Guard units fired into a group of peaceful demonstrators at Kent State University, killing four and wounding nine. Mobs are seldom “peaceful”. These “students” confronting the National Guard at Kent State that day in 1970 constituted a mob. Their zeal for a cause led them astray. Four had to die before reason regained the upper hand. They were armed with bricks, rocks and clubs, and scarcely in a mood to exercise discretion. It is ever so easy, after the fact, to declare what was should not have been.

ALLAN E. BOVEY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEAR ALLAN: Read on:

DEAR ABBY: For years I have fumed as I read the sob stories about the ‘peaceful anti-war demonstrators’ at Kent State. I know Vietnam wasn’t a popular war — I hated it, too. It is too bad these demonstrators were killed — but peaceful? NO!

1. These “peaceful” demonstrators burned the ROTC building.
2. These “peaceful” demonstrators had been ordered to leave, but refused.
3. These National Guardsmen were about the same age as the “peaceful” demonstrators. They were there obeying orders. Wouldn’t you feel your life was threatened if you were a member of a small group facing a large crowd who was pelting you with stones and other missiles? Small wonder someone panicked and fired.

Everyone has heard about the “peaceful” demonstrators who were injured or killed, but the public has never heard about the guardsman who phoned his young wife and cried as he told her what he had seen, and who today, at age 48, still has problems as a result of what happened that day, and the subsequent questioning and harassment these innocent young men were subjected to because of the Kent State riots!

No, I wasn’t there — but my 22-year-old brother was an Ohio National Guardsman protecting his country, his state and the taxpayers’ lives and property.

HAD IT WITH KENT STATE IN OHIO

DEAR ABBY: Perhaps being attacked with bricks, bottles, etc., is a peaceful demonstration to you, but those 18-year-old guardsmen were scared into retaliation. Where, oh where, has the truth gone?

PHYLLIS GOLLESLIN, MELBOURNE, FLA.

DEAR ABBY: The governor of Ohio did not send for the state National Guard because of ‘peaceful anti-war demonstrators’ at Kent State in May 1970. Mobs of raging students were roaming the campus — pillaging and burning everything in sight (including whole buildings). Local authorities were terrified and helpless. Blame the issuance of live ammunition to a group of frightened soldiers, completely inexperienced in mob control, who were being shouted at, spit on, or hit by bricks and rocks. These guardsmen were no older than the students.

Abby, please read current accounts (unbiased) before wrongfully reporting this terrible tragedy.

DAVID PAIGE, PUYALLUP, WASH.

DEAR DAVID AND DEAR READERS: My source for the explanation of the Vietnam War and reference to Kent State came from the World Book Encyclopedia. I felt that this was an unbiased account, and it was in no way intended to mislead or inflame. Referring to it as a “peaceful” demonstration was my mistake. I now know the truth.

Module 2: Appendix C — Lyrics, Where Have All The Flowers Gone? By Pete Seeger
Where Have All the Flowers Gone?

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Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago.
Where have all the flowers gone?
The girls have picked them ev'ry one.
Oh, When will you ever learn?
Oh, When will you ever learn?
Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing?
Where have all the young girls gone, long time ago.
Where have all the young girls gone?
They've taken husbands ev'ry one.
Oh, When will you ever learn?
Oh, When will you ever learn?
Where have all the young men gone, long time passing?
Where have all the young men gone, long time ago.
Where have all the young men gone?
They're all in uniform ev'ry one.
Oh, When will you ever learn?
Oh, When will you ever learn?
Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
They've gone to the graveyard ev'ry one.
Oh, When will you ever learn?
Oh, When will you ever learn?
Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago.

Where have all the soldiers gone?
They're covered with flowers ev'ry one.
Oh, When will you ever learn?
Oh, When will you ever learn?
Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago.
Where have all the flowers gone?
The girls have picked them ev'ry one.
Oh, When will you ever learn?
Oh, When will you ever learn?

Module 2: Appendix D — Lyrics, Ohio By Neil Young
Ohio

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Tin soldiers and Nixon's coming
We're finally on our own
This summer I hear the drumming
Four dead in Ohio
Gotta get down to it
Soldiers are gunning us down
Should've been done long ago
What if you knew her and
Found her dead on the ground
How can you run when you know
Tin soldiers and Nixon's coming
We're finally on our own
This summer I hear the drumming
Four dead in Ohio
Tin soldiers and Nixon's coming
We're finally on our own
This summer I hear the drumming
Four dead in Ohio (fade out)

Module 2: Appendix E — Excerpts, Hell No We Won't Go! By Sherry Gershon Gottlieb
The following has been excerpted from Hell No We Won't Go!: Resisting the Draft During the Vietnam War, by Sherry Gershon Gottlieb.

This first essay was written by a successful entrepreneur who evaded the draft during the Vietnam War.

I grew up in an upper-middle-class Jewish neighborhood in West Los Angeles. I was politically active from the age of fourteen in various civil rights issues. I led a rather soft life, so when I was seventeen or eighteen — in the midst of antiwar activity — I actually thought of going into the Army because it would be “challenging” and “fun.” But I wouldn't want to support the war. I guess it was a longing for discipline. However, I was unalterably opposed to Vietnam from 1965 on. Both of my parents were politically aware and active — envelope

lickers, fund-raisers, voters. We did talk about Vietnam. They never opposed me or anything I did.

Rather than be one of the mass of liberal students at UCLA, I chose to go to USC, the heart of the beast; I figured if I could change the people at USC, I'd have a better shot at changing the world. I wanted to be a Democratic congressman.

My draft number was 115. I was ultimately given a 4-F, not because I was truly a 4-F but because I had assistance from my father and other doctors with phony medical records. I had some symptoms of asthma, but not enough to have kept me out. They doctored medical records; they'd been in practice many years and had files that had aged looks, and they used many pens, and back-dated remarks in the charts that would be consistent with what a truly asthmatic patient would have in early years. I have no idea how long it took them to do it. I never asked; it wasn't volunteered — it was just done. It was a whole medical history, so if it had been subpoenaed, it would have been there. I never had a physical. I went directly from 2-S to 4-F.

I was willing to fight [being drafted]. I never joined the resistance at USC, because I didn't want my name to be listed, but it didn't stop me from any antiwar activities. I tore up my draft card while I was 2-S during a flamboyant demonstration, but I kept it; I didn't tape it back together.

I'm glad I didn't go, not just because I might have been hurt, both emotionally and physically, but [because] I believe that it was a terrible war, and a bad choice to get involved. It was a disaster of monumental proportions.

I assisted others in evading the draft, with my father's assistance. He decided to put his life on the line by doing for two or three others what he did for me. My father is a medical doctor who participated in various peace marches, frequently bringing his nurses and medical supplies as required by peace officials, so if there were any problems at marches or demonstrations or speeches, he and his staff were there. He gave money — I saw him drop fifty dollars into a can in defense of the Chicago Seven. My father's style is very quiet, unassuming; he put his ass, his family, his license on the line.

Paul Herzon

The following is from his father, a pediatrician who assisted in his son's draft evasion:

I was against the Vietnamese War. I felt our government was not telling the truth; I felt that they were getting us involved in a problem that would only lead to disaster; and it just didn't make sense.

When my sons came of draft age, I didn't exactly lie, but I exaggerated their medical problems considerably — sufficiently to have them declared 4-Fs. I took care of my kids ever since they were born. I also [fabricated medical histories] for two or three others.

I never discussed it with anybody else, so I have no way of knowing whether other doctors did it. I did it and I have no regrets; I didn't feel guilty about it then, and I do not feel guilty about it now. Yet I am a very, very law-abiding citizen: I don't cheat, I don't fib on my income tax. But I felt that our government was a cheater, without question. I'm a retired

medical officer from the United States Navy. I'm a very honorable man, and I made up some very honorable fake histories.

Stanley Herzon

Muhammad Ali refused induction on April 28, 1967. On that day, he was stripped of the title of World Heavyweight Champion and was barred from fighting in the United States. He was sentenced to five years in prison. Free on bond, he appealed to the United States Supreme Court, which reversed his conviction in 1971.

“Who is this descendant of the slave masters to order a descendant of slaves to fight other people in their own country?”

Why am I resisting? My religion, of course, but what a politician told me in Chicago is true: I won't be barred from the Nation of Islam if I go into the Army. “Who are you to judge?” he had asked. All my life I've watched White America do the judging. But who is to judge now? Who is to say if this step I'm about to be asked to take is right or wrong? If not me, who else? I recall the words of the Messenger: “If you feel what you have decided to do is right, then be a man and stand up for it... Declare the truth and die for it.”

The lieutenant has finished with the man on my left and everybody seems to brace himself. The room is still and the lieutenant looks at me intently. He knows that his general, his mayor, and everybody in the Houston induction center is waiting for this moment. He draws himself up straight and tall.

Something is happening to me. It's as if my blood is changing. I feel fear draining from my body and a rush of anger taking its place.

I hear the politician again: “Who are you to judge?” But who is this white man, no older than me, appointed by another white man, all the way down from the white man in the White House? Who is he to tell me to go to Asia, Africa, or anywhere else in the world, to fight people who never threw a rock at me or America? Who is this descendant of the slave masters to order a descendant of slaves to fight other people in their own country?

Now I am anxious for him to call me. “Hurry up!” I say to myself. I'm looking straight into his eyes. There's a ripple of movement as some of the people in the room edge closer in anticipation.

“Cassius Clay — Army!”

The room is silent I stand straight, unmoving. Out of the corner of my eye I see one of the white boys nodding his head to me, and thin smiles flickering across the faces of some of the blacks. It's as if they are secretly happy to see someone stand up against the power that is ordering them away from their homes and families.

The lieutenant stares at me a long while, then lowers his eyes. One of the recruits snickers and looks up abruptly, his face beet-red, and orders all the other draftees out of the room. They shuffle out quickly, leaving me standing alone.

He calls out again: “Cassius Clay! Will you please step forward and be inducted into the Armed Forces of the United States?”

All is still. He looks around helplessly. Finally, a senior officer with a notebook full of papers walks to the podium and confers with him a few seconds before coming over to me. He appears to be in his late forties. His hair is streaked with gray and he has a very dignified manner.

“Er, Mr. Clay...” he begins. Then, catching himself, “Or Mr. Ali, as you prefer to be called.”

“Yes, sir?”

“Would you please follow me to my office? I would like to speak privately with you for a few minutes, if you don’t mind.”

It’s more of an order than a request, but his voice is soft and he speaks politely. I follow him to a pale-green room with pictures of Army generals on the walls. He motions me to a chair, but I prefer to stand. He pulls some papers from his notebook and suddenly drops his politeness, getting straight to the point.

“Perhaps you don’t realize the gravity of the act you’ve just committed. Or maybe you do. But it is my duty to point out to you that if this should be your final decision, you will face criminal charges and your penalty could be five years in prison and ten thousand dollars fine. It’s the same for you as it would be for any other offender in a similar case. I don’t know what influenced you to act this way, but I am authorized to give you an opportunity to reconsider your position. Regulations require us to give you a second chance.”

“Thank you, sir, but I don’t need it.”

“It is required.”

I follow him back into the room. The lieutenant is still standing behind the rostrum, ready to read the induction statement.

“Mr. Cassius Clay,” he begins again “you will please step forward and be inducted into the United States Army.” Again I don’t move.

“Cassius Clay — Army,” he repeats. He stands in silence, as though he expects me to make a last minute change. Finally, with hands shaking, he gives me a form to fill out. “Would you please sign this statement and give your reasons for refusing induction?” His voice is trembling.

I sign quickly and walk out into the hallway. The officer who originally ordered me to the room comes over. “Mr. Clay,” he says with a tone of respect that surprises me. “I’ll escort you downstairs.”

I keep walking with the officer who leads me to a room where my lawyers are waiting.” You are free to go now,” he tells us. “You will be contacted later by the United States Attorney’s office.”

I step outside and a huge crowd of press people rush towards me, pushing and shoving each other and snapping away at me with their cameras. Writers from two French newspapers and one from London throw me a barrage of questions, but I feel too full to say anything. My lawyer, Hayden Covington, gives them copies of a statement I wrote for them before I left Chicago. In it, I cite my ministry and my personal convictions for refusing to take the step, adding that “I strongly object to the fact that so many newspapers have given the American public and the world the impression that I have only two alternatives in taking this stand — either I go to jail or I go into the Army. There is another alternative, and that is justice.”

By the time I get to the bottom of the front steps, the news breaks. Everyone is shouting and cheering. Some girls from Texas Southern run over to me, crying, “We’re glad you didn’t go!” A black boy shouts out, “You don’t go, so I won’t go!”

I feel a sense of relief and freedom. For the first time in weeks, I start to relax. I remember the words of a reporter at the hotel: “How will you act?” Now it’s over, and I’ve come through it. I feel better than when I beat the eight-to-ten odds and won the World Heavyweight title from Liston.

“You heading’ for jail. You heading’ straight for jail.” I turn and an old white woman is standing behind me, waving a miniature American flag. “You going’ straight to jail. You ain’t no champ no more. You ain’t never gonna be champ no more. You get down on your knees and beg forgiveness from God!” she shouts in a raspy tone. I start to answer her, but Covington pulls me inside a cab. She comes over to my window. “My son’s in Vietnam, you no better’n he is. He’s there fightin’ and you here safe. I hope you rot in jail. I hope they throw away the key.”

The judge who later hears my case reflects the same sentiment. I receive a maximum sentence of five years in prison and ten thousand dollars fine. The prosecuting attorney argues, “Judge, we cannot let his man get loose, because if he gets by, all black people will want to be Muslims and get out for the same reasons.”

Four years later, the Supreme Court unanimously reverses that decision, 8-0, but know this is the biggest victory of my life. I’ve won something that’s worth whatever price I have to pay. It gives me a good feeling to look at the crowd as we pull off. Seeing people smiling makes me feel that I’ve spoken for them as well as myself. Deep down, they didn’t want the World Heavyweight Champion to give in, and in the days ahead their strength and spirit will keep me going. Even when it looks like I’ll go to jail and never fight again.

“They can take away the television cameras, the bright lights, the money, and ban you from the ring,” an old man tells me when I get back to Chicago, “but they can’t destroy your victory. You have taken a stand for the world and now you are the people’s champion.”

Muhammad Ali

Module 2: Appendix F — Excerpts From, The Strength Not To Fight, By James W. Tollefson

The following was excerpted from *The Strength Not To Fight: An Oral History of Conscientious Objectors of the Vietnam War*, by James W. Tollefson.

The total number of individuals receiving deferments from the draft as conscientious objectors during the Vietnam War was approximately 170,000. As many as 300,000 other applicants were denied CO deferments. Nearly 600,000 illegally evaded the draft; about 200,000 were formally accused of draft offenses. Many of these lawbreakers were men who had been denied CO deferments or who refused to cooperate with the draft on grounds of conscience. Between 30,000 and 50,000 fled to Canada. Another 20,000 fled to other countries or lived underground in America.

The Strength Not To Fight, pg. 6.

Below is a letter written by an 18-year-old to his draft board during the Vietnam War. In January 1970 I turned eighteen. Instead of registering for the draft as I was supposed to do, I wrote a letter to my draft board. This is what it said:

Today, I am eighteen years old. On this day, I am required by the law of this country to register with the Selective Service System. But my obedience to a higher law compels me to refuse to do so. This has not been an easily or hastily arrived at position. It comes as the result of much thought and introspection. I realize that in doing what I am doing, I am breaking the law, but I am ready to accept whatever consequences my action may bring upon me. I have watched with growing horror the actions my country has taken in Vietnam. Under the guise of defending freedom, we have destroyed a country and its people. However, my stand is even more than this. It comes from a deep personal belief that all war is wrong. The people of the world are my brothers and I cannot participate in or support the killing of my brothers. My purpose in living must be to affirm life, not to be an instrument in destroying it. As a member of a so-called "Peace Church," I could easily apply for and receive a classification as a conscientious objector. But this would be, in effect, an acceptance of the system of conscription and the militarism for which it exists, and would be a way of effectively silencing my conscience. To accept a classification from the Selective Service would be to recognize the legitimacy of the System, a legitimacy that does not exist. The action I am taking shows my own refusal to participate in war, but even more, my belief that no man should be forced into war. So, today, instead of bowing to a god of war and destruction, I am affirming a God of peace and love. By saying "no" to death, I am saying "yes" to life.

The Strength Not To Fight, pgs. 43-44.