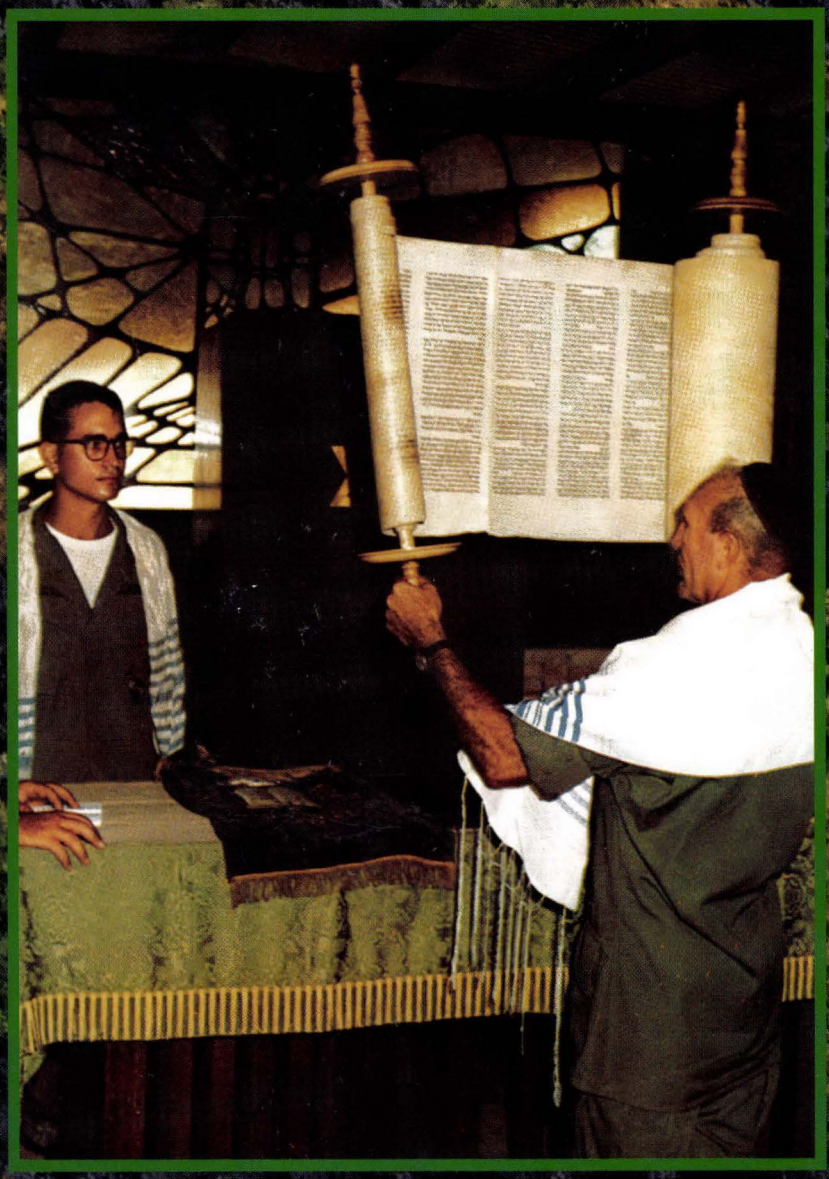
Jungle Jews of Vietnam

Untold stories of heroism, suffering, and sacrifice in an unpopular war



by

Rabbi Leonard Winograd, D.H.L.

Photo on Front Cover
Col. Jack Norton holding up Tora at 1969 service at the base chapel at Cu Chi. (The source of this photo is the 1969 Vietnam Yearbook of the 25th Infantry Division, published by TROPIC LIGHTNING ASSOCIATION, APO 96825.)

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Untold stories of heroism, suffering, and sacrifice in an unpopular war

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Rabbi Leonard Winograd, D.H.L.

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Acknowledgments

A work of this complexity and magnitude could not have been possible without the willing cooperation of many people. Several stand out. First of all is my wife Pescha whose encouragement was essential, she kept track of everything for me, and proofread, edited and made sure that the mail went out and that I received the incoming mail. Others (alphabetically) who helped more than a little were Rabbi Richard Address, Pennsylvania U.A.H.C., Margaret Adams, National Archives in Washington, Harry Aizenstat of Springfield MA. JWV, Wolf Blitzer, Mark P. Cohen, Alan Feilor of the Baltimore Jewish Times, Max Frankel, Bernard Gastel Rochester JWV, Michelle Kelley of the National JWV, Rabbi Nathan Landman of the Chaplains Council, National Jewish Welfare Board, Chris Leppek, Intermountain Jewish News, Denver, Anita Loeb, JWV Museum, Kansas City, Dr. Jacob R Marcus, American Jewish Archives, Cynthia McLane of the McKeesport Heritage Foundation, Michael Moskow who has experience and expertise in researching matters military, Ray Nitkin of the JWV of Newport California, Donna Powell, Ellen Rosenfeld, Overland Park, RS. and Admiral Thurman, Commandant of Valley Forge Military Academy plus all the editors of all those magazines and newspapers who printed my letters appealing to Jews who had served in the Vietnam War to please contact me.

Again, special thanks to my wife, Pescha, and to my special Helper and Friend, who has kept me alive, and sustained me, and permitted me to see this day.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
November 14, 1995

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Dedication

Before proceeding with this study, it behooves us to remember that the greatest price paid during this costly period was that paid by the men and women who never returned from Vietnam. We mention their names as we recall the unhealable wounds of those who loved them most and will always miss them in that secret spot of loneliness that all the world passes by.

With deep humility, we dedicate this book to them.

United States Army Combat Area Casualties, 1957-1986

Richard Alan Aaron
John Edward Anthony
Alan Asher
Frank David Bazell
Daniel Simon Behar
Michael Edward Berdy
Joseph Mike Berkson
Alan Martin Bernstein
Irwin Beyda
Bernard Birenbaum
Aaron I. Bram
Ervil Thomas Bray
Harold Jeffrey Canan
Michael Cheroff
Charles Mitchell Cohen
Gerald Cohen
Aheldon Robert Cohen
Michael Dennis D'aiello
David Deitch
Irwin Leon Edelman
Ernie Jon Elfenbein
David Karl Erenstoft
Barry Frank Fivelson
Ian Jack Franks
Steven Andrew Gershnow
Herbert Jay Glazer
Howard Stanley Goldberg
Stewart B. Goldberg
Barry Jason Goodman
William Irving Gould
Robert Howard Granoff
Ellis David Greene
Henry Adler
Richard Michael Arnovitz
Billie Joe Barnett Jr.
Alan Bedrock
Gilbert Albert Benaim
Barry Howard Berger
Randall Bruce Bernard
Leslie Paul Bernstein
Edward I. Bieber
Steven Wayne Bowers
Joseph Simon Bravin
Solomon Herbert Bryant
Freeman Abraham Carr
Stephan Cohan
Gary Martin Cohen
Robert Bruce Cohen
Sidney Cohen
Ernest Frederick Davidove
Edward Deitman
Roy L. Edelstein
Meir Engel
Kenneth Ian Finkel
Lewis Michael Forman
Marshall Franklin Freng
Howard Martin Gerstel
Richard Walter Goden
Benjamin Miles Goldberg
Steven Victor Goldstein
Jeffrey Kenneth Goss
Donald Michael Gralla
Richard Hershel Green
Dennis Greenwald
Mark Irwln Gross
Paul Anthony Guida
John Currie Hanson
Renneth Hershman
Morris Elliot Holoman
Laurence Alan Insel
Terry Lee Ivener
Ernest Cecil Jamison
Barney Kaatz
Edward Lee Kanter
Jay Allen Kaufman
Stephen Michael Kenoffel
Amery Louis Korel
Howard Morris Kramer
Arnold Ross Krashoff
Steven Harold Krupkin
Donald Arthur Lapis
David Richard Lehr
Robert Phillip Levin
Bruce Levy
Jay Leslie Lieberman
Joel Michael Magrass
Michael David Marks
Richard Harold Mehegan
Joel Melnick
Havery Moore
Martin Yale Namer
Ateven Larry Ostroff
Jerrold S. Pearlstein

Gerald F. Pelzmann
Martin Louis Plotkin
Bruce Polesetsky
Steven Jay Popkin
Michael Allan Powell
Harold Renneth Rappaport
Bruce Martin Reiter
Ronald Robbins
Henry Neil Rokower
Renneth Rosenberg
Lee Edward Rosenwasser
Norman Sheldon Saltman
Mitchell Harvey Sandman
Robert Scherlag
James Irwln Schlinger
Jeffrey Alan Schonfleld
Allan Edward Schwartz
John Fellows Scull Jr.
Sheldon Silverman
Victor Mahlon Gross
Jeffrey Gurvitz
Robert Lee Heller
Marshall Raymond Hirsch
Alan Murray Horn
Gerald Edwartd Isaacson
Joseph Lewis Jacobs
Robert Lawrence Janowit
Gary Steven Radetz
Allan Harvey Katz
Mark Samuel Raye
Peter Shell Kleinberg
John Martin Kovanda
Harold David Rrashes
Brian Stuart Krill
Daniel Kent Rushner
Frank Howard Laskin
Robert Hebry Lerner
Jay Barry Levinson
Gerald Levy
Max Lieberman
Eugene L. Manselle III
Bernard Richard Mazursky
Arnold Edward Melish
Stewart Arthur Melnick
Gary Keve Morris
Bobby Joe Newman
Allen Pasco
Jeffrey Lloyd Peck
Arthur Thomas Pfefer
Stephen Louis Plotkin
Howard Samuel Pontuck
Gary Stuart Poscover
Barry Ivan Rabinovitz
Jan Ivan Rasenyuck
Lesley Steven Reiter
Michael Allen Robert
Howard Rosedietcher
Aaron Lieb Rosenstreich
Franklin Steven Rutberg
Eric Donn Saltz
Paul Davld Savanuk
Raymond Richard Schifrin
Howard Jon Schnabolk
Sheldon Boris Schulman
Calvin Elliot Schwartz
Michael Bernard Schuman
Gerald Leon Silverstein
Morton Harold Singer
Richard Neal Slavin
Rodger Clayborn Snyder
Peul Philip Sonstein
Robert Alan Stern
Martin Stockfeder
Stroyman Arthur
Aaron Tawil
Jeffrey Burton Wagman
Larry Steven Weil
Alan N.Weisman
Robert Lee Wilkes
James Eugene Windham Jr.
Barry Lee Wolk
Mark Hillary Zeldes
Norman Paul Singer
Allen Lloyd Smith
Irwin Norman Sokal
Scott Neal Stanton
Edward Marvin Sternin
Robert Stepha Strauss
Henry Szor
Benjamin Richard Toonkel
Robert Washington
Arthur J.Weinper
Victor Barry Weissman
Neil Stephen Williams
Stanley Rocky Wohlman
Edward Arthur Zager
Roger Zimmerman

U.S.A.F. Combat Area Casualties, 1957-1986

Richard David Chorlins
Samuel Fantle III
Arnold Gary Kravitz
Steven Bernard Melnick
Richard Max Pearl
Steven Jay Popkin
Leonard Selanikio
Stephen Whitman Diamond
Lawrence Herbert Goldberg
Irwin Stuart Lerner
Michael Andrew Miller
Harmon Polster
Max Emmanuel Rosen
Sidney Morton Solomon
James Robert Weisler

U.S. Marine Corps Combat Area Casualties, 1957-1986

Louis Abbey Brash
Jeffrey Michael Barron
Jack Bernstein
Richard Bart Blinder
Philip Brownfield
Michael Jay Caller
Sam Gary Cordova
Charles Finkel
Ronald Edward Garland
Bruce Ted Goodman
Leonard Zachery Gurwitz
Phillip Jacob
Stephen Benjamin Kirschner
Peter John Lovan
Richard Edward Marks
Allen Mendell
Jay Paul
Morris Lee Bargy
James Austin Bateman
Joel Bernstein
Roger Steven Briskin
Stewart Samuel Burr
Michael Carroll
Timothy Robert Cox
David Abram Fleischer
Aaron Zane Howard Glazar
Richard Greenspan
Arnold Hilb-Schelein
Marion Lee Kempner
Stephen Jay Kott
Glenn Allen Lucas
Michael Allan Marshall
Richard Dennis Miller
Jack Rabinovitz
William Stuart Ries
David Scolnick
Irwin Ross Sobel
Pedro Arnado Swenson
Gordon David Walensky
Jack Wolpe
Tilden Bruce Zane
Samuel Bruce Schwartz
Mitchell Frank Silvers
Howard David Strauss
Robert Hill Trail III
Joel Barry Warshawsky
William Gary Young

U.S.Navy Combat Area Casualties. 1957-1986

John Leon Abrams
Marc Steven James
Arthur Keen
David Johan Lehman III
Norman Stanley Levy
Marvin Joel Naschek
Robert David Rudolph
Milton Shapiro
Andrew Gilbert Zissu
Lanny Howard Buroff
Hartley Michael Josephson
Melvin Lederman
Earl Roger Lerch
Frederick Allen Lisiewski
Andrew Charles Rackow
Eugene Lawrence Self
Franklin Michael Tunick

Civilian School Teacher Casualty

Gail Brenda Thomashoff Fairless

ADDENDUM

After the book was finished, I learned of some other Jews who had not been interviewed or profiled. Here are the names of some of the men who served in the Vietnam War.

Charles B. Arent
Paul S. Arent
Robert Barr
Mark Berezin
Barnett Berger
Clarence J. Bennett
Bruce Bookless
DeWayne Brokenbek
Richard Citron
Dr. Kenneth Frankel
Stephen Garbowit
Gen. Morton Gold
Dr. Peter Gray
James Green
Dr. John Iszaak
Dr. Benjamin Kropsky
Elliot Levin
Norman Levy
Gen. Alan Lurie
Arnold Pollack
Dr. Carl Reiner
Murray Rothhaus
Alan Rubin
Dr. Melvin Weissburg
Richard Young

I AM A SOLDIER

by Captain George Skypeck
(Contributed by Senator Arlen Spector)

I was that which others did not want to be,
I went where others feared to go
and did what others failed to do.
I asked nothing from those who gave nothing
and reluctantly accepted the thought of
eternal loneliness should I fail.

I have seen the face of terror,
felt the stinging cold of fear,
and enjoyed the sweet taste of a moment's love.
I have cried, pained, and hoped, but most of all,
I have lived times others would say are best forgotten.

At least someday I will be able to say that I was proud
of what I was – a soldier.

It wasn't always easy, it wasn't always fair.
But when we were called, we answered,
we were there.

Chapter One
INTRODUCTION

Today I received a phone call from a young university professor who had been graduated from a New York Yeshiva. His wife has spent the last ten years teaching in an Orthodox Jewish Day School. A mutual friend suggested that the professor look me up when he returned to Pittsburgh.

The caller said, "I understand that you are writing something."

I responded, "Yes I am writing about American Jews in the Vietnam War."

To which he replied, "You mean like newspaper reporters and correspondents?"

It is for such friends as well as our enemies that I have documented the military contribution of our Jewish G.I.s in the war that most Americans have chosen to forget.

In the Footsteps of Asser Levy Van Swellen

Asser (Asher) Levy van Swellen was one of the first Jewish settlers of New Amsterdam, as New York was known under the Dutch. He was probably born in Amsterdam and died in 1680. In 1654, he came to New Amsterdam as one of 23 Jewish refugees from Brazil. From the start he was one of the champions of his people, never permitting an injury, however slight, to pass without protest. In 1655 the colonial governor, Peter Stuyvestant, was ordered to attack the Swedes on the Delaware. He then issued orders for the enlistment of all adults. Although Levy and several other Jews were ready to serve, Stuyvestant and his council passed an ordinance that said, "Jews cannot be permitted to serve as soldiers, but shall instead pay a monthly contribution for the exemption."

Levy and his comrades at once petitioned to stand guard like other burghers or to be relieved of the tax. The petition was rejected with the comment that if Levy and the others were dissatisfied, they could go elsewhere. Levy appealed to Holland and was granted permission to stand guard like other citizens.

In 1657, Levy appeared in court requesting to be admitted as a burgher. The court record reads, "The Jew claims that such ought not to be refused him as he keeps watch and ward like other burghers," which ultimately led to Jews being admitted as full citizens. Thus from the very beginning of American Jewish history, Jews have recognized that military service was a privilege as well as an obligation of citizenship. Asser Levy's grandson, also named Asser Levy, served as an officer in a New Jersey regiment during the American Revolution.

Military service, like organized sports, has always been a short-cut to complete acceptance into society for Jews and other newer immigrant groups. Like football, basketball, baseball, and boxing, it has been a way to demonstrate physical power and courage in the face of those bigots who insisted three hundred years ago and continue to insist to this very day that we Jews are physically weak cowards.

Dina d' Malchuthua Dina

One of the basic principles of rabbinic Judaism is "Dina d'Malchutha dina" that is, in civil matters, the law of the land in which a Jew resides is the law he obeys. This comes from Babylon and is a milestone in the development of Judaism's viability in the Diaspora. It is one of the reasons we have been welcome in non-Jewish countries. It first appears in the Talmud in Gittin 10b on the authority of Samuel, founder of the Nehardea Academy.

Following the conquest of Jerusalem in 586 B.C.E., Jews were taken as slaves into Babylon. Over the centuries we flourished as a community there. Some accommodation had to be reached because Jewish law or halacha was frequently in conflict with Babylonian civil law.

But the rabbis did not teach that the law of the land is the law only when you are in complete agreement with it. For if it applied only when there was total agreement, it would be utterly meaningless.

In 1969 I was asked to conduct a funeral service for a young father who was killed in Vietnam, while trying to save the life of a Vietnamese soldier. The story of his valor and self-sacrifice made a profound impression on me. Then in 1990, I wrote about him in an article about Memorial Day for the Jewish Telegraphic Agency. I received such a response from all over the world that I realized that there must be a great deal of interest in this subject.

Peter Stuyvestant was no friend of the Jewish people but Asser Levy recognized the necessity of defending your own home and your own good name by serving in the military. From the very first days of the arrival of the first 23 Jews in New Amsterdam in 1654, military service has been a cherished right and duty of American Jews. Asser Levy van Swellen sued the Dutch government for the right to stand guard in the militia along with fellow burghers rather than pay a tax for exemption from guard duty. Jews were denied their turn to guard but were required to pay a special tax (fine or penalty) in lieu of that service. Asser Levy von Swellen recognized that military duty was a privilege of first class citizenship and he protested until he got it. Ever since, American Jews have insisted upon full citizenship and the obligations that full citizenship involved.

None the less, it has always been an accusation of anti-semites that Jews avoid their rightful military duty. William F. Buckley states, "Pat Buchanan went

on to write that if we went to war, the fighting would be done by "kids named McAllister, Murphy, Gonzales, and Leroy Brown." Buckley goes on to add, "There is no way to read that sentence without concluding that Pat Buchanan was suggesting that American Jews manage to avoid personal military exposure."[1]

In 1895, Simon Wolf published his, *The American Jew as Patriot, Soldier, and Citizen.*" An advertisement for the book said, "This timely work called forth by magazine discussions of Jewish patriotism, contains an alphabetical register and numerous detailed notices of American citizens of the Jewish faith who nave been enrolled in the armies of the country from the earliest period of American history to the present time, including those in the Confederate armies during the war for the Union." Thus it documents the military service of Jews in the colonial and revolutionary period, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the Civil War. Simon Wolf lists the names of Jewish men who served in different wars of the United States, in all wars through the Civil War these names total 8,257.[2]

In 1947, two years after the end of World War II, the task was begun to write a book called *American Jews in World War II*. An attempt was made to list the names, communities, and earned decorations of Jewish service personnel of that immense conflagration. It was an impossible task. Four years were spent in the accumulation of details of the 550,000 Jewish men and women who served in the military, but I myself could add the names of many of my own family who somehow got missed.

Neither Simon Wolf nor the WWII study made any serious attempt to tell us who these men were or what they thought about their part in a war. Unlike the books by Simon Wolf about the Civil War Jewish veterans and the World War II contribution of Jews in the military, this book encouraged Vietnam era veterans to speak out on anything they needed to say, to tell their own life stories and war experiences. Since so many young men refused to serve in that unpopular war, it is of interest to see how these men, *who did such an unpopular thing,* perceive themselves.

An official of the Jewish War Veterans estimates the number of Jews who served in the Vietnam War at 4,000 to 5,000. This is a book about some of them.

According to "The Jewish Veteran" organ of the Jewish War Veterans of the U.S.A.,[3] "When asked if Jews were patriotic and served their country in time of war, a majority of Americans answered, 'No.' " In other words, a majority of Americans feel that Jews are not patriotic and still do not recognize our contribution to the defense of this nation.

---

[1] December 30, 1991, Page 14 *The National Review*

[2] See Appendix A for a breakdown of this total figure.

[3] Vol. 45 #1, Spring 1992, Page 17

It is the latter part of 1992 and on TV someone is advertising a book, *What To Tell Your Children About Vietnam*. Many of us still don't know.

The Vietnam War was unlike any other war in American history. There were no front lines – only perimeters, and there was no "home front" to speak of. It was unpopular and we run from unpopularity with all possible speed. How did the American Jewish community respond to the challenge of a war in which we were not clearly endangered, against a competent foe with a proud history of defense against invasion?

It was an *immensely* unpopular war, one that was openly opposed by young people. Wars do not have to be popular, but never before did a government fail so miserably to explain to its citizens what the war was all about. Our duty was to fight, to take orders, but the government had a duty to prepare us emotionally and psychologically to risk our lives. The government simply failed us.

So did the media. I heard about returning Vietnam Veterans being spat upon and hit with empty bottles and having urine poured on them, but I do not recall ever hearing or reading a word of condemnation of those civilians who behaved so outrageously.

Nor do I recall anyone suggesting that a soldier in an unpopular war is no more to be spat upon than a letter-carrier who delivers mail after an unpopular increase in the cost of postage. He does not make the policy. One difference between them is that the soldiers frequently were drafted while the letter-carrier is employed by choice.

Reading about the Vietnam War gives one a terrible feeling of futility and pain – the pain of having put your children in an impossible situation. As though we flew our children into a jungle and then abandoned them!

The Vietnam War was unlike other wars in many respects. Why not let the veterans tell it as they lived and saw it? That is what I have earnestly tried to do. It was both easy and hard.

It was hard because even in 1992 there are veterans who still refuse to discuss the subject. There can be several reasons for this, not the least being the emotional abuse to which they have been subjected. And just as there are veterans who regret having served, so too are there former war protesters who are not entirely pleased with the things they did and said, in the light of this new day.

Which new day is this?

1. Cambodia, Khmer Rouge, the Killing Fields – which is the closest thing historically to Hitler's genocidal holocaust.

2. The Chinese student rebellion against a regime which was idolized by American War protesters,

3. The collapse of Communism in Europe which is a refutation of so much that was part of student rhetoric in those days.

About half the people of whom I requested information never answered me. This is by no means a complete or even nearly complete roll call of those who served in the military in a very controversial war. But it is a genuine slice of life, and the

undoctored opinions of those who served is of scholarly value to sociologists and anthropologists. At the very least it will refute those who have created a stereotypical Vietnam Veteran who is an uneducated misfit or thug, dependent upon drugs and unable to function in society, filled with self-hatred and self-pity.

The way I got my subjects may have tilted or skewed the study. I put notices in the publications of established Jewish organizations and local Jewish newspapers.

Therefore the people who wrote to me were people who, in one way or another, were either part of, or in contact with, the Jewish community. This may in part have been a reason why the first surprise of my survey occurred. The Jewish Veterans of the Vietnam War, with very few exceptions, were people whose religious life was richer and more observant than is normally the case with average American Jews as a group. An extraordinary number of these people were lay leaders of religious services before, during and since their military service. Many were volunteer Sunday School teachers. Others have been presidents or other high officers of their temples or synagogues. Some have been the editors of their temple bulletins and some have been teachers of adult education classes.

Those who responded seemed to be aware of the reluctance of so many to discuss their life in Vietnam and at some point made a kind of disclaimer which we proud WWII veterans never had to say, "I am not ashamed of what I did during the war." Isn't it sad that war veterans should find it necessary to say such a thing? There is a lot to weep about in the pages of this book.

I began with a small questionnaire. As the months went by, the size of the questionnaire grew. I wrote letters to the editors of *all* Jewish newspapers listed in the American Jewish Yearbook plus a few of the magazines of high circulation. Here is a sample of the letter I sent to the various editors.

Dear Editor:

I am writing a book about the Jewish men and women who served in Vietnam, Cambodia, Thailand, and Laos during the Vietnam War. Please ask those veterans to contact me. In these days of Pat Buchanan and David Duke, such a book could be of real value.

– Rabbi Leonard Winograd

Those who responded received the following questionnaire:

I am writing a book about Jewish men and women who served in Vietnam (or Cambodia or Thailand or Laos). If you have not yet completed one of my questionnaires, please do so now. Hopefully my book will be a source book for future scholars who want to refute those who say that Jews did not serve in the military during that period, not to mention David Duke, Pat Buchanan and those who admire them.

And think of how much this could mean to your grandchildren as the years go by and they seek to know more about you.

Survey Questionnaire: Part One

Your name and address _____

_____

Place and date of birth _____

What brought your parents to that place? _____

Who were they? _____

What town do you consider to be your home town? _____

Your education – schools colleges grad schools, majors, degrees, your principal interests as a child – high school days college days? _____

Where did you work before going into the service? _____

Why did you go into the service? _____

Your highest rank? _____

Were you in combat? _____

What are your dates of service, branch, unit overseas – dates and places of service in Vietnam? _____

What did you do there? _____

If you have children – compare their Jewish education to yours as a child. ____

If decorated, please send me a copy of the citation in which your deed is explained. _____

Were you wounded? _____

How and where hospitalized? _____

Married? _____

To whom? _____

When? _____

Where do you live now? _____

Tell me about your Jewish education, your congregation as a child. _____

Did you ever go to China Beach for a seder or for high holiday services? _____

If so, tell me all you can about it. _____

How did you learn of the 1967 Six-Day War in Israel? _____

If you were in Vietnam in June 1967, how did that event affect you? _____

Survey Questionnaire: Part Two

My 25-year old son recently suggested that the Vietnam War in many Jewish families must have been like our Civil War of the 1860s, in that sometimes there were brothers on opposite sides of the conflict. Much has been written about the roles of the Abby Hoffmans and Jerry Rubins in the antiwar movement, but no one has documented the military service of American Jewish men and women during the same period.

Please write out your memories, thoughts and opinions of the antiwar movement, the high profile of Jews in that movement, how it affected you personally while you were in the service, with gentiles, with other Jews, particularly with your Jewish contemporaries before and after your tour of duty. I am interested in learning how this experience has changed your life. Did you feel ostracized by your peers or ignored by your temple or synagogue?

Were you welcomed home by your Jewish community, invited to speak at AZA, USY, NCSY, NFTY or other Jewish youth groups, or service clubs such as Rotary or the temple sisterhood or brotherhood?

Did you find that Jewish chaplains understood your situation and gave you moral support?

I saw the antiwar movement as two entirely different things lumped together:

1. Old time pacifism (the kind that would hand the world over to Hitler rather than take up arms in any cause) and

2. Old-fashioned communist sympathy and apologetics (the kind that ignored the decades of abuse of Jews in the Soviet Union). Now please write out your personal stance on these two subjects.

Was your own rabbi supportive or appreciative of your military service? Did anyone else make you or your parents feel less than at home in your own synagogue?

Do you feel a sense of vindication in the collapse of Communist regimes in the past couple of years, the revolt of the Chinese students, in Tianamon square, the "killing fields" massacre in Cambodia after the Khmer Rouge came into power?

What were your personal feelings about draft resisters who went to Canada to avoid military duty?

Are you bitter about the whole thing?

Did you ever feel that you had been imposed upon to fight a war in which your parents and community seemed to have no interest?

Finally: Within your own family, did you have brothers or sisters or cousins or others who were outspoken in their antiwar activity?

Did you ever get involved in arguments with them, say at family gatherings or seders?

Did they seem to realize that you knew what you were doing even if you disagreed with them?

Did this whole thing tear at the fabric of your family?

Do you believe your experience in Vietnam and in the United States during the antiwar demonstration period affected your attitude toward the 1990 Gulf crisis conflict?

Thanks again for sharing your experience for this important project.
Rabbi Leonard Winograd

Those who did not respond to the questionnaire received another copy of it about six months later. There is a separate section in the book about each veteran who did respond. In the case of deceased veterans, members of the family were asked to supply biographical information. In a few cases, friends sent me newspaper or magazine articles which formed the basis for the individual record. In the body of the book,

direct quotations from the veteran are bracketed by quotation marks and where the veteran has quoted another source directly, an apostrophe is used.

The reason for the question about China Beach was that some respondents, early in the survey, mentioned having gone to China Beach, while others insisted that there was no such place. Apparently there was and it was used for Passover seders as well as high holy day services by many of our G.I.s although the services were nothing like the services offered in the long running television show.

Ultimately I narrowed my goals to two. First to document the military service of Jews in the United States Armed Forces during this significant historical period for the use of academicians or social scientists. Secondly to give these veterans a chance to speak for themselves, to have their say about what had happened to them. They have been talked about and lectured to and it is high time that someone listened to them.

Among them are people who risked their lives every day trying to save the lives of other human beings usually Christian, often Muslim or Buddhist; Hispanics, Blacks, Wasps. In that sense, humanity attained a newer, higher level of self-sacrifice. Let us honor them for it.

There are the men who spent their "salad years" not at shule corn roasts at Wise's Grove, but as prisoners of war in North Vietnam. There are wives who waited with dignity, explaining to their shunned children a special kind of thoughtlessness and emotional abuse.

Wars are controversial especially in free countries. WWII was an exception, thanks to Pearl Harbor. But there were plenty of outspoken Torries during our Revolutionary War and opposition abounded during the Mexican War, which to this day is taught in our public schools, as an unjust war.

Even the Civil War was derided as "Abe's War" by the many who opposed it. As far north as Johnstown, Pa., the city had to post armed guards to keep those loyal to the Union from burning down the opposition newspaper, The Johnstown Democrat, which was vociferous in its opposition to "Abe's War." An unpopular war is nothing new. How you treat people whom you cannot convert to your side of the issue is something else.

Of course, the Vietnam War was controversial, but that doesn't permit a Jew ever to forget that all other people are created in the Divine Image, and as children of God, have feelings and deserve protection from public humiliation ridicule, or ostracism. *Derech eretz* is the way you treat others because every man has a right to respect himself just as sacred as the right to remain silent.

The Vietnam War would suddenly have become the most popular war in our history if our government had informed us that some or many or 350 of our American prisoners of war had been left behind because our enemies had refused to repatriate them. There would have been no lack of volunteers or support. The government simply miscalculated, simply underestimated us.

The events of Jewish history of the 1940s were so profoundly dramatic and impressive that much of the terminology of that period has carried over into the parlance of the general public and is used to win arguments because of the deep emotional response it evokes. For example, the word, "ghetto" which we knew only from Sunday school history classes became a popular word because of the tragedy and heroism of the Warsaw ghetto. The word "genocide", which applied to the systematic murder of all European Jewry, came to be an effective way to describe racial or religious discrimination. Nazi came to mean anyone you really did not like. Because of the tragedy of European Jewry, "holocaust", a synonym for a burnt offering in the Bible, was picked up by the many and cheapened to mean any community calamity.

So we are not surprised that the phrase used by German soldiers involved in operation of gas chambers and crematoria, "I was only following orders" came to be a term of ridicule and self-condemnation for military people who served in an unpopular cause. American soldiers went to Vietnam because they were ordered to go there and the orders they followed involved no gas chambers and no crematoria. In fact in my study of my fellow Jews who served in Vietnam, I have found nothing which would lead me to suspect that any of them had been involved in atrocities of any kind at any level.

I did find a number of our boys who were engaged in bringing many different kinds of help to Vietnamese civilians, despite the reported instances of Viet Cong inspired children bearing or wearing booby traps. We Jews should insist on the sanctity of our rhetorical vocabulary. To do less than limit our sacred vocabulary, is to denigrate the suffering of our slain martyrs.

When a person espouses a cause and seeks to enlist the allegiance of others to it, he has only himself to blame if he fails. There is something absurd about a proponent of "nonviolence" or pacifism who resorts to insult or physical force such as spitting at total strangers in uniform whom he has not been able to persuade with intellect or reason. A popular song from this era was called, "Blessed". There is a line there, "Blessed are the spat upon." I wonder if the very trendy composers ever realized who was being spat upon during those very sorrowful days.

A number of respondents mentioned that they never met a Jewish chaplain in Vietnam. There could be several reasons for this. First of all, the serviceman or woman may not have tried very hard to get to shabbat or yom tov services. Secondly, we are a very small minority of our country's citizens. and there are rarely enough Jews in the service at a given time or place to justify the presence of a resident rabbi-chaplain.

Many rabbis have learned that visiting the sick is often not as important to the patient as is failure to visit the sick, especially if another chaplain has visited the wounded buddy of the one Jew in the outfit. The hubris of the Hebrews!

I limited the questionnaire to people who had served in Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, or Thailand. There were two exceptions, two men who had served only in the United States but had something of value to add even though they never had actually served overseas. One of them supported the war on this side of the ocean and one who opposed it while based in Washington D.C.

The questionnaire was intended to show which of the participants in this most unpopular war were born of native American parents and which were born of immigrants. One would expect that the sons of Jews who had found refuge from the Holocaust here in America, would be happy to have an opportunity to express their gratitude through service.

The survey does show the religious background of the respondents and their attitudes toward the anti-war movement. Surprisingly, the attitudes of these veterans of the Vietnam War are remarkably generous toward the anti-war protesters and particularly so where we ask about feelings about those who went to Canada or other places to avoid the war.

The range of opinions of these veterans does cover abroad spectrum from contempt to admiration. Also, since Jane Fonda's name did not appear in the questionnaire, it is noteworthy that her name did come up rather frequently in the responses.

Did one type of education predispose one to service in a difficult time? Did the veterans who answered this questionnaire, gain from it? More than one thanked me for forcing them to think about a difficult period of life which had never been faced. In any event, this book should put to rest for another generation, the big lie, that Jews did not serve in the military in the Vietnam War.

This will not prevent the same lie from surfacing again and again.

But for now, the people who want to provide the truth have the tool they need. This book should be in every public, university, public and private grammar and high school, church and synagogue library. If you agree, I will have accomplished a purpose worthy of both of us. Certainly, in all the wars of my lifetime, there have never been more instances of self-sacrifice and heroism. You will read about these individuals who risked their lives and often lost them to save or rescue others.

This book from here on consists of the profiles, the biographies, memoirs, and opinions of Jews who preserved our tradition of service to America. We owe them at the very least, to read their stories.

We will begin with the stories about some of those who never returned from Vietnam. Next will come the stories of some of those who were captured, our "eagles in chains." Then come the interviews with the survivors.

Chapter Two
OUR FALLEN HEROS

Dr. Richard Alan Aaron

Dr. Aaron was a twenty-eight year old newly graduated physician killed in action less than two months after his arrival in Vietnam. He was born in Washington D.C., in January 1944. His parents had moved there from Brooklyn when his father went into the beauty and barber supply business there.

Richard graduated high school in Washington and did his undergraduate work at Cornell University before returning home where he lived while attending Georgetown University Medical School. After med school, he moved to Boston for his internship at Harvard in 1970.

When drafted, he chose to serve in Vietnam. He had planned to continue his residency in San Francisco after his military service. Richard died February 6, 1971 while tending the wounded and seeking to comfort and heal his stricken brothers.

His Jewish education had been at the Shaare Tefilah Congregation in Washington where he became a bar mitzvah under Rabbi Halpern, with whom the family was close.

His sister, Phyliss O'Neill of Chevy Chase give us a glimpse of this man. "My brother's life was so incredibly full for a 28 year old. He loved music and had a record collection of every opera and classical piece you could imagine. He knew which conductor and which symphony orchestra did which piece best. He loved Joan Baez and folk music and he was even 'into' the Moody Blues. He loved art and recognized and admired the drawings of M. C. Escher and finally persuaded my parents to buy him an Escher as his medical school graduation present. He was a wonderful student and was constantly getting academic awards from the time he was a youngster. We were always so proud of him."

"Richard was an introvert and loved his own sense of humor and wit. Often I would catch him moving his lips almost as if he was having a wonderful conversation with himself. He seemed so comfortable, doing that, and smiling and gesturing. *He really enjoyed himself.* He was an outstanding young man in many way...someone who would have been such an inspiration to so many people. Our family in many ways was killed the day he died."

His highest rank was Captain.

Richard Michael Arnovitz

Lt. Arnovitz lost his life in Vietnam where he was a member of the Military Advisory Command. He was born in Pittsburgh in 1946 to Dr. and Mrs. Erwin

Arnovitz. He had married Agile Girths in December of 1967 while he was still a student at the University of Pennsylvania. He arrived in Vietnam at the end of April 1969, shortly before the birth of his only child. Mike Arnovitz was buried at the Temple Cemetery in McKeesport Pa. in 1969 at the age of 23, five weeks after the birth of his son, David.

His death was a model of self-sacrifice and heroism. During a fire fight, they had been pinned down by the enemy and called for a helicopter to evacuate them. Arnovitz was already safely aboard the craft when he saw a wounded Vietnamese soldier move on the ground. He ordered the pilot to go back to the ground where he tried to save the wounded ally. While carrying him on his back, Arnovitz was killed by enemy fire. The people of the village were so impressed, they erected a monument in memory of the brave young American.

When I visited the grief stricken parents at the time of the funeral, I asked them how they had gotten along with Mike while he was with them. Dr. Arnovitz replied, "Mike was a square. How can a father not love a square. He always said and did the right thing. He was always polite and supported the good school activities. A square. How could a father not love him?"

He was a graduate of Valley Forge Military Academy where he earned the Order of Anthony Award for outstanding scholastic and military achievement and was graduated from Penn in 1968, a member of the Delta Phi Alpha Honorary Society, vice-president of the International Affairs Association, the National Honor Society Association of the U.S. Army, Patrick Henry Forensic Society and Quill and Scroll. He received the Columbia Scholastic Press Association Award, Centennial Historic Merit Award, and Harvey Medal in English and History. In his memory, Dr. and Mrs. Arnovitz established a memorial award at Valley Forge Military Academy. The Arnovitz Medal is presented annually to that cadet who in the opinion of a designated board, authors the best piece of creative writing during the school year.

He was also a graduate of the John F. Kennedy School of Specialized Warfare and was affiliated with the U.S. Naval Institute Miniatures Society of Illinois and Miniature Figure Collectors of America. At Valley Forge he had been editor of the "Legionnaire" and was active on the school Chapel Vestry Committee. He was a National Merit Scholar.

He was a First Lieutenant at the time of his death. He had been recommended to receive the Vietnamese Medal of Gallantry.

Michael Edward Berdy

In September of 1964, Paul Dietzel, coach of the Army football team of the United States Military Academy at West Point, wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Berdy of Lake Worth, Florida, "Your son Mike is as fine a young man as I have ever

coached. He is extremely likable and has a fine sense of humor. Although his athletic ability is not super, he uses every ounce of it to its fullest advantage. For this reason, he is an extremely valuable member of our "bandit" team. We feel he is so valuable, he is the man who calls the defensive signals. Mike epitomizes the type of young man who makes coaching such a rare pleasure. My admiration and respect for him goes beyond a mere coach player relationship. He is the type of young man I would be very happy to have my son grow up to be like. You should be extremely proud of him and I consider it a great pleasure and privilege to have an opportunity to coach him.

This letter was written to the young man's parents after a 'creative' but insensitive sports writer wrote some unkind things about him that appeared in a New York newspaper.

Michael Berdy was born at Sea Gate in Brooklyn in December, 1943 and died 24 years later in Vietnam. He attended P.S. 188 from 1948 until June, 1955. Then he went to Mark Twain Junior High School and Abraham Lincoln High, from which he was graduated in June, 1961 with a 93.4% scholastic average and was accepted into Arista Honor Society. He received many awards for his football prowess as a varsity fullback and running guard. His principal interests were Scouting, studying, and athletics.

In 1961 he entered the United States Military Academy where he continued to excel academically. He joined the Russian Club (the name Berdy is an abbreviation of Berdichevski) and he realized his dream of playing Army varsity football. In 1964, when Army beat Navy for the first time in many years, Mike Berdy played right linebacker and his brilliant play stopped Roger Staubach, who was the Navy quarterback, from winning the game.

Upon his graduation, Michael was commissioned a Second Lieutenant, Infantry. He then proceeded to Airborne School, Ranger School, and assignment to the 82nd Airborne Division and Vietnam. He was cited several times for bravery.

In 1967 he was wounded and hospitalized in Japan. Mike was impatient to return to Vietnam, saying, I must get back, I am a professional and I can save lives when I am with my men.

One day, while visiting Mike during this time of recuperation, Mike's mother was awakened by a pounding on her hotel room door. It was Mike, shouting, "Mom, mom, we are beating the tar out of them." She assumed that the "we" were the Americans and "them" was the Army of North Vietnam. It was the very beginning of the Six Day War in the Middle East.

Mike's Jewish ties were very strong. Despite his professional military outlook, he was a most tolerant person and strongly believed in true Americanism, the right of individuals to pursue their beliefs, providing of course, that by doing this they did not support attitudes injurious to our United States.

Six months later, he was dead. Michael died just three days before he was scheduled to return home. He inspired his younger brother to follow in his career.

He was highly praised by his Commanding Officer in Vietnam as a skillful administrator whose "grasp of promotions, discipline, decorations, and pay exceeds that of most infantry captains" and indicated that he would someday become a general. His platoon captured enemy weapons at a rate far in excess of the battalion average for a rifle platoon. His Commanding Officer attributed this to "Berdy's personal magnetism and leadership ability." His decorations include the Bronze Star for gallantry in action, the Air Medal for participation in 25 hostile air mobile landings, the Purple Heart for wounds while on patrol, the Combat Infantryman's badge with star for duty in the Dominican Republic and Vietnam, Parachutist Badge and Ranger Tab.

Abraham Lincoln High School honored him by renaming the sports stadium in his memory. It is now called, "The Captain Michael Berdy Sports Stadium." There is also a Captain Michael Edward Berdy Trophy, presented to the most outstanding American on the Abraham Lincoln football team.

In the Sea Gate section of Brooklyn, a plaza is named, Berdy Square and there is a Captain Michael E. Berdy monument. His public school, P.S. 188 has been renamed the Michael E. Berdy School.

Roger Steven Briskin

Roger was "one of the few, the proud, the Marines." He was not yet twenty and had just returned from a trek through the jungle, by himself, all the way to Da Nang to get supplies and information about the upcoming Passover celebration. Roger Briskin had to go out on a patrol mission (search and destroy) as soon as he returned to his base in the jungle. This was in Quang Nam province, Republic of Vietnam. While he was trying to pull a wounded friend to safety, away from an exposed clearing where he was being fired upon, Roger was shot. He died after less than three months in Vietnam.

Roger had entered the service during his senior year of high school with the proviso that he would leave for duty after graduation. He had planned to go to college but felt that two years of disciplinary training would be to his benefit him the future. (He was a bright student with poor study habits.) He had planned to study mathematics.

During that three month period (April-June, 1965) our involvement in Vietnam escalated, so that the situation was much different than it had been when he signed up to enter the Marine Corps He was put in the infantry because he did well on the rifle range at Parris Island and Camp Le Jeune. He had taken riflery at summer camp with all the other boys in his division. After Basic Training, he was considered for Officers' Training School, as he had the highest scores of any

recruit the Marines had ever tested. However, a poor grade in History one year in high school caused them to turn him down.

On a training mission on the Carri Island of Vieques, he was designated a chaplain's assistant to conduct services for the other Jewish servicemen. When he was in San Juan, Puerto Rico, near Vieques, he visited the synagogue there and was treated very cordially by the rabbi, and became very friendly with the rabbi's son. After Roger's death, his mother, Mrs. Harold Sitkoff of Swarthmore, PA., visited San Juan and thanked the rabbi for his friendship to her son.

The unit went to Vietnam in January, 1967, where Roger lived in the jungle under very primitive conditions. He never wrote home about battles or skirmishes. He did write about the luxury of the soldiers he had seen who were stationed in DaNang. They had cots and toilets and tables with hot meals and USO shows.

His Commanding Officer wrote to his parents who then lived in Radnor, Pa.:

"It is difficult for me to express the sorrow felt by the Marines in this company over the recent death of your son, Roger. S. Briskin. Roger, as you may know, was a squad leader in my weapons platoon and his squad was attached to my Second Platoon. The platoon was conducting a search and clear operation six miles southwest of Da Nang. As the patrol entered a clearing along a river bank at approximately 4:30 P. M, it was taken under fire from a well concealed Viet Cong force, and during the fire fight that ensued, a fellow Marine was wounded. Roger rushed to the wounded Marine's aid and was in the process of evacuating him from the hostile area when an enemy bullet hit Roger in the head. He died instantly. It may comfort you to know that Roger was attended by Lt. S.L. Miccili, chaplain, U.S. Navy, and that a memorial service is scheduled to be held at this battalion in honor of Roger."

"Roger was one of the finest Marines I have ever known. His exemplary conduct, leadership, and singular determination to do every job well were qualities that all of U8 respected. We will miss him and hope you will find some comfort in knowing this.

Sincerely, J.C. Morrise, Ju. Captain, USMC
Commanding Company C, 2nd Battalion,
4th Marines, (Rein) 3rd Marine Division FMF

Roger was a Corporal at the time of his death.

C.B. Cohn and Bert Landau

Bert Landau of Tucson tells us a wondrously Jewish story about the death of a friend, C. B. Cohn, in Vietnam. Bert grew up in Huntington, W. Va. where his father was a pillar of the temple. In a touching article in Reform Judaism Magazine, he relates how he disliked Sunday School and dropped out at the age of 14. But something happened in Vietnam that brought him back to Judaism. Ultimately this man became president of Temple Emmanuel of Tucson. What happened to him in Vietnam?

Landau was an Artillery Forward Observer for an Infantry company. Just before the infamous Tet offensive and just before the High Holidays of 1967, there were almost daily engagements and Bert's company "had been pretty badly chewed up".

So they were pulled out of the more active areas and given what was considered an easy assignment for a few days, to allow them to recover and regroup. Their assignment was to guard a road clearing operation which was to eliminate anti-tank mines, so that an outpost could be reinforced, if attacked. A Navy Seabee team was attached to the company, complete with hand held mine sweepers.

Every day they would walk along with the Navy team, as they cleared the road of mines. It was boring but quiet. Every day, they walked twenty kilometers along the road. Every day they found mines.

One of the men from the Navy team wore a star of David. Landau felt drawn to him. His name was Cohn. They walked together each day as Cohn swept the road with the mine sweeper.

They talked. Cohn told Bert that he had no living relatives and was very much alone in the world. Landau does not remember the man's hometown only that Cohn was Jewish and proud of it.

Toward the end of this assignment, Cohn stepped on a small, undetected anti-personnel mine, what they called a "bouncing Betty". The mine popped up about one foot above the ground and exploded. Cohn was standing about one foot away from the burst. The fragmentation tore into his chest and abdomen, shredding his flesh.

"I was walking on the other side of Cohn and wasn't hit. His body shielded me but he was not dead as he hit the ground."

There was no chance Cohn could live long enough to be reached by a medivac chopper. "But we tried anyway. I held him as he died."

He was able to say only one thing before he died, "Who will say kaddish for me?"

"I think he was gone before he heard my response. I said, 'I will, Cohn.' When I laid him gently back on the ground and stood up, my uniform was soaked with Cohn's blood and I was in shock. But I knew that every year during the High Holidays, I would say kaddish for Cohn. He would not be forgotten for I would carry his memory with me, always."

"I never knew Cohn's first name, but I'll always remember him. He is one of the cornerstones of my commitment to Judaism and to my temple. For Cohn there must always be a temple where someone can say kaddish...for the Cohn I knew, as well as for all the others from Judaism's past."

Rabbi Meir Engel

Rabbi Engel was born in 1914 in Tel Aviv and was educated in some of the best schools of what was then British Palestine, including the Hebrew University

of Jerusalem where he earned his M.A. in Biblical Archeology, a subject in which he retained a deep interest throughout his life. He then came to the United States where he was ordained at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America in 1942. Rabbi Engel served at the B'rith Shalom Community Center in Philadelphia for a year until he was commissioned a chaplain in the Army. He then served at Fort Bragg, N.C. for about a year until being assigned to a combat division in the Pacific theater of operations where he served until June 1946.

After separation from the service he served congregations in Greensboro, N.C. and Beverley, MA. He served in the Korean War and in Heidelberg, Germany where he was Jewish advisor to the U.S. Army Command (Europe) and was promoted to Lt. Colonel. His next assignments were at Fort Dix for five years and Fort Ord for two years until August, 1964 when he went to Vietnam, the first Jewish chaplain in that country. His mandatory retirement would have been in November 1967, but he suffered a heart attack and died in the Saigon U.S. Naval Hospital on December 18,1964 at the age of 50.

His awards included the Army Commendation Medal, the Vietnam Medal of Honor as well as the B'nai B'rith Four Chaplains Award. General William C. Westmoreland wrote, "This command suffered a great loss today. Colonel Engel's keen sense of humor, religious tolerance, high intellectual acumen, and his friendly spirit had endeared him to the members of this command."

His highest rank was Lieutenant Colonel.

Gail Brenda Thomashow Fairless

Gail was born in April 1940 in Worcester to Harold and Lillian Thomashow. She grew up in Worcester and was acquainted with Abby Hoffman. They attended the same high school. In 1962 she married Ben Fairless and moved to Hawaii for a few years. They divorced in 1966 or 1967. According to her cousin, Shel Abelson, she went to Vietnam, voluntarily, as a civilian school teacher at Vinh Long in the Mekong Delta. She was killed about February 4, 1968.

Charles Finkel

Charles Finkel was a tsabra, (native Israeli), born in Tel Aviv to Sam and Regina Finkel, on September 29, 1947. They had come to Brooklyn, New York when he was still in public school. He graduated high school and had a year or two of college before he was drafted into the Marine Corps. He was a hard working young man, tall, well built, noticeably muscular, with sandy blonde hair and light colored eyes. His was a warm, open, friendly personality and his tour of duty was almost complete when, according to his very close friend, Jack Dickstein, he was killed in action, at least in part because of the constant anti-semitic harassment of a Lt. Thompson, whose

emotional abuse drove Corporal Finkel into taking unnecessary risks in combat. Actually, he died a heroic death (his parents received his Silver Star, posthumously) while trying to rescue a Hispanic American Marine who was pinned down in a merciless cross fire. Both Finkel and the man he tried to rescue, were killed in the withering crossfire.

Charles Finkel's Silver Star Citation

For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action in connection with operations against the enemy while serving as a Fire Team Leader, with Company I Third Battalion, Con Thien, Republic of Vietnam on 4 September, 1967. Lance Corporal Finkel's company was engaged in a company sized sweep when his platoon made initial contact with an enemy force of unknown size. During the ensuing battle, he received a painful wound from an enemy grenade and was told to report to a casualty evacuation area. As the security force moved across an open area to secure a landing zone for the evacuation helicopters, the enemy opened fire, severely wounding several Marines and pinning them down so that they could not proceed to safety. Observing that the men were unable to move, and ignoring his painful wound, Lance Corporal Finkel ran out into the withering hail of enemy fire to attempt a rescue but was mortally wounded. By his bold initiative, dauntless courage and devotion to his fellow Marines, Lance Corporal Finkel reflected great credit upon himself and the Marine Corps and upheld the finest traditions of the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his country.

His rank at the time of his death was Lance Corporal.[4]

Ellis David Greene

Ellis Greene was born in Cleveland in 1945 to Monty and Helen Greene and moved to Denver as a young boy from Seattle. He attended Denver Public Schools and graduated from George Washington High School. His Jewish education was at Temple Emanuel Religious School which he attended from 1955 to 1959, grades 5 through 9.

A graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point, he was active in the Jewish choir and the Jewish Sunday School and excelled in gymnastics and wrestling and engaged in riding, track, and football. His West Point yearbook described, "Greenie, one of those guys that everyone admires....Ellis can only reflect credit on all he does."

After graduation, Ellis became a helicopter pilot and was sent to Vietnam where he earned twelve medals, including the Purple Heart. On the night of May 23,1970, while flying over Cambodia, on his way to rescue some of his comrades stranded behind enemy lines, Ellis Greene's helicopter was shot down. He was flying copilot. There were no survivors.

He left behind a seven month old son, Ari David, and a young wife, Judith. He was 24 years old.

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[4] Charles Finkel is also remembered by Jack Dickstein on pages 63 and 64.

He was given a military burial at the Fort Logan National Cemetery.

The Denver Colorado Post #344 of the Jewish War Veterans bears the name of Captain Ellis D. Greene. Scott P. Zucker wrote of him in an article in the Jewish Veteran, "One would be hard pressed to find a more appropriate symbol of heroism from the Vietnam Era than Ellis David Greene. Captain Greene was the epitome of the American hero, putting the welfare of others ahead of his own."

His highest rank was Captain.

Dr. Stanley Lewis

Dr. Stanley Lewis volunteered for the U.S. Navy in 1966. In 1967 he went to Vietnam and was assigned to the Marine Corps where he was told there was a shortage of doctors. He had finished his internship at Jefferson Memorial Hospital in Florida and was accepted at McGill University Hospital for a residency in neurology which he expected to do after Vietnam.

He lost his life in the Tet offensive in 1968, at age 30, just after returning from R.& R. in Tokyo. Stanley was born in New Rochelle, N.Y. where his parents owned and operated a kosher meat business. The family was quite observant. After some years, they sold that business and purchased a newspaper route in Hackensack. Stanley was 17, his sisters were 8 and 3 when father died. Stanley helped his father with the deliveries when school schedules permitted. Stanley's father died in 1955, leaving his mother a widow at the age of 38, with three children to raise. After Stan's father died all the children worked. Stanley painted garages on summer vacation.

When Stan applied to the University of Rochester, he was accepted and offered a scholarship but his father insisted that such a scholarship should go to a more needy youngster. Stan graduated from Cornell and Albert Einstein Medical in New York. While in Medical School he worked at Jacoby Hospital in New York City.

He was well liked and made friends easily in high school and college. After his basic training at Camp Pendleton in California, he was assigned to Pensacola Fl. where he qualified in parachute jumping. While in Vietnam he wrote home frequently, sent many snapshots and tapes and adjusted well. His mother writes, "Why did he volunteer? Maybe he felt it his duty."

Stanley's sister participated in protest marches in Washington after his death.

His highest rank was Lieutenant Senior Grade.

Steven Jay Popkin

Steven was born in Springfield Mass., March 31, 1938, to Gertrude and Jacob Popkin. Mr. Popkin manufactured Berkline furniture at a local factory and later the business expanded to Tennessee which was the place of residence of Steven when he died. Steven graduated from Wilbraham Academy in 1956. He

was an avid fisherman who tied his own flies. He contributed to the school newspaper and yearbook and was editor-in-chief of the school literary magazine his senior year. He was on the soccer team, the softball team, and the rifle team of which he was captain. He attended the Wharton School and was graduated from Penn with a B.A. in 1960. After graduation he was commissioned through ROTC. Steve worked at odd jobs throughout his college years restaurants, kitchens, blood banks, including selling his blood when necessary. He wanted to be as independent as possible. He went to work in his father's company, "Berkline Corporation", in Tennessee. He also traveled a lot in Europe and Israel. One of his best friends lived in Spain. After college he got his pilot's license and loved flying. He married his wife, Lynn, in 1963.

Steve made the Army his career. In Vietnam, he became a night reconnaissance pilot. He had been in Vietnam for eleven months and held the rank of Captain, when his plane went down, "for unknown reasons," February 28, 1968, near Can Tho where he was stationed. His plane had just taken off when it exploded in midair. His comrades in arms were convinced the plane had been tampered with.

He was due to return to the U.S.A. in April after four years of service. In another month he would have been 30 years old. He held the Air Medal and was nominated for the Distinguished Service Cross after his death. He had planned to study Hebrew in his thirties after he got back from the war. His Jewish education was Conservative at the United Hebrew School.

Steve was deeply committed to America. Though he hated being away from home and his family, he felt he was fighting for his country and was determined to " do the job." In addition to his parents he left a young widow and three small sons, aged 4 years, 3 years, and 3 months. He had hoped to become a commercial pilot when his tour of Vietnam duty was over.

In letters home he had written, "Can Tho is a pretty nice place, compared to Phu Hiep. The city of Can Tho is the largest on the delta, and there are various officer clubs and a few decent Chinese restaurants downtown. The people are very friendly. There are all kinds of shops, stores etc. and while the prices are not really cheap (due to Yankee inspired inflation), the quality of goods is pretty fair. All in all, we have fine laundry service, hot water, plumbing, and are now living in permanent type buildings, instead of tents."

"It's the tail end of the monsoon season and the less it rains the hotter it gets. And the humidity is unbelievable! However it invariably cools down at night. Enemy action around here is negligible and there is none of the wartime atmosphere, fear or apprehension visible. "

"The people seem very happy, healthy, and prosperous. Things are so different here than they were at Phu Hiep, its like being in another country altogether. The worst part of the duty here is the boredom. There's really not a thing worth doing except the flying, but I'm getting a lot of reading done (two books a

week) and a sun tan!" In May he had written, "Still living with the 183rd Avn Company in Dong Ba Thin. My job is to procure supplies and equipment from the large army depot at Cam Ranh Bay and get them on a convoy up to my unit at Phu Hiep. We have about one convoy week. Yesterday we had about 20 tons of stuff on one truck alone and I still have a pile of equipment sitting here that they didn't have room for, everything from fatigues to desks and refrigerators. The inventory of goods in that depot is staggering. Half the time they don't even know what they have in stock or where they have it. Sometimes I have to search through warehouse after warehouse for what I want. I've managed to get everything I need, one way or another, so far except air conditioners. That's like trying to get gold out of Hong Kong. This area is the most secure in Vietnam. Much safer than Saigon. The VC are out in the hills not too many miles away (like 5 or 10) but there are so many of them making a profit on the depot that I guess they don't want to spoil a good thing. And besides, there are too many Korean troops in the area. The VC have a very healthy respect for the Koreans. The Korean shave no scruples about such niceties as prisoners of war and the Geneva convention."

"Regarding the beach, the sand and water are much the same as Miami, but no place to go for a corned beef sandwich. There are a few more snakes and poisonous sea snakes, with whom we share the ocean, but they hardly ever bother anyone. Weather is constant HOT! with occasional rain showers which merely convert the heat to steam." On Rosh Hashana, 1967, he wrote, "This is really not the cleanest country I have ever been in. One of these days, I'll send you a picture of some people using the open air slit trench on stilts overhanging the river, with all the kids swimming about twenty miles downstream from it."

The letter to Steven's widow from Captain Martin Ehrlich gives a little more insight into this good soldier.

"Dear Mrs. Popkin:

I am a friend of your husband Steve. I want to tell you that everyone in this company, lost a part of himself on February 28. Steve was quite a man. I don't know how to tell you that. But what you may not know Mrs. Popkin was just how much he was thought of by everyone in this company from the lowliest private in the messhall to the C.O. Major Bond. It's a rare man in the army who can acquire the respect of those above him as well as those below and Steve was that rare sort of person. Everyone just liked and respected him. As you know, Steve didn't put on any airs or false pretenses and conducted his business as a man. And Steve had a way with men. Especially when it came to helping them. Steve would come up with anything from plywood to cans of dearly needed coffee for the guards out on the perimeter.

The people he was closest with, the enlisted observers in Surveillance Platoon, loved him. He was "their officer the rare one in deed who had consideration

for the Pfc. and the Sp. 4. Men had moist eyes when they heard that his aircraft went down. I cried too, not openly perhaps, but inside as did so many of us that day.

Today we held a service and everyone from this company and many others from this compound and from as far away as Marble Mountain came. Steve will not be forgotten here, not by anyone who knew him, or of him. After the service, a flight of Mohawks passed overhead, in salute to our comrade. Then everyone went back, a bit quieter than they had come.

As Major Bonq has probably told you, the cause of the accident is not known but I can assure you that no suffering occurred. I was with Steve when he came back to Can Tho, and although I am not a practicing Jew, I said a Hebrew prayer that I had learned long ago, for him. The Hebrew words came to my lips although it has been many years since I left Hebrew instruction.

I was Steve's friend and considered that to be a privilege! He was a spark of life in this company, always trying to lift other's spirits with a joke, a funny word or two. Everyone liked him. He was a good man and I know how much he loved you and your wonderful sons. May they carryon in his image.

If there is anything I can do for you please let me know any question you have, I will try to answer. About thirty minutes ago we were mortared here. The rounds came very close but no one was hit. They try this all the time, just to harass us, but they don't succeed. I must go now. God bless you and your family. God bless Steve.

Respectfully, Martin L. Ehrlich, Captain, U.S. Army.

His highest rank was Captain.

(Steve Popkin's sister, Sheila Budnick of Longmeadow, Mass. provided the information on her brother.)

Paul David Savanuck

It was 1968, the year of the Tet offensive and My Lai, and while much of America's youth were burning draft cards, seeking college deferments or hitching rides to Canada to avoid wartime service, Paul Savanuck was desperately longing to go to Vietnam.

Stationed on a quiet West German missile base, the Pikesville native was itching to be where the action was. Having studied journalism at the University of Maryland and trained in military reporting at Ft. Benjamin Harridan Defense Information School, the bespectacled Savanuck dreamed of covering the war in the gutsy, "you are there" style of his heroes journalists Ernie Pyle and Edward R. Murrow. With the aid of a few Maryland politicians, Savanuck got his wish and was transferred to the 23rd Division, where he served as the outfit's publicist and field correspondent in the treacherous jungles of Vietnam.

In April of the following year, Staff Sergeant Savanuck was offered a position with *Pacific Stars and Stripes* at their Saigon office. The young photo

journalist was elated with his good fortune, but soon found that reporting the war from the South Vietnamese capital was not his idea of war coverage. "I believe a working journalist must go into the field for his story," he wrote in a letter to his parents. "I intend to be the best." Two weeks later while working on a story about an armored cavalry unit stationed near the Demilitarized Zone, Savanuck was killed in an ambush, while trying to save the life of a wounded G.I. One of 23 American soldiers to die in the attack, Paul Savanuck had just turned 23.

Today there is a local (Baltimore) Jewish War Veterans post and an Army journalism award that bear the name of the young man who determined that reporting the truth and the tragedy of war was his destiny. The name of Paul David Savanuck also adorns the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C., (Maryland's tribute to her 1,009 dead and 37 MIAs Missing in Action).

His highest rank was Staff Sergeant

(Contributed by Alan Feilor)

Rabbi Morton H. Singer

Rabbi Singer was Jewish chaplain of I Corps Area, when he died in a plane crash, en route to conducting Hanuka services. Morton was born in New York in 1936 and was among the 14 who were killed when an Air Force C123 transport plane that had been loaded with jet fuel by mistake crashed shortly after taking off from the Chu Lai Airfield, South Vietnam.

Rabbi Singer had been in Vietnam about six weeks. He earned his B.A. from City College in 1959 and his bachelor of Religious Education from the Teacher's Institute of Yeshiva University in 1962. He received ordination from Tifereth Yerushalayim in 1965.

After graduation from the U.S. Army Chaplain's School at Fort Hamilton in 1967, he served as Jewish chaplain at Fort Sill, Oklahoma from where he was assigned to Vietnam in 1968. An Orthodox rabbi, he was a member of the Rabbinical Alliance of America.

At one time he had served as youth director of Temple Torah of Great Neck. While in college he had been eastern collegiate weightlifting champion and captain of the Bronx Union YMCA weightlifting team.

He was survived by his widow and two daughters as well as his mother and his brother, Rabbi Norman Singer of Williamsport, Pa. He was buried in Israel. His highest rank was Captain.

Howard David Strauss

Howard Strauss was born in Monaca Pa., in 1947 to Gerald and Marie Strauss. Gerald Strauss was in the shoe business in Rochester, Pa., having come

there from Norristown, near Philadelphia. Cpl. Strauss was just barely 18 years old when he was sent to Vietnam. His funeral was one day after his nineteenth birthday. Strauss was killed on October 26, 1966, when a mortar shell from "friendly forces" fell short and took his life. He looked upon his Vietnam service as a "job that has got to be done." In his last letter he explained that his unit had spent 15 days to travel 14 miles through the jungle, "chopping and fighting all the way."

Some letters to his parents were written on K ration cartons. There was no PX near his location in Vietnam. He mentioned missing milk, soup, and peanut butter among other things that were hard to get. His parents had just sent him a package containing dried milk, dehydrated soups, and peanut butter, with cookies his mother had baked for him.

He was due to come home in five or six more months two of them in the jungle and the final three aboard ship. At the time, two of Howard's brothers were in the Army, Jay and Bernard.

Cpl. Strauss was a member of the Tree of Life Synagogue of Rochester, Pa. Besides his two brothers in the Army, and his parents, he was survived by two other brothers and three sisters. Rabbi David Shipper officiated at the funeral. Full military services were conducted by members of the Marine Corps Reserve Center of New Castle at Achim Cemetery, Beaver Falls.

His rank at time of death was Lance Corporal.

Chapter Three
EAGLES IN CHAINS – SOME OF OUR PRISONERS OF WAR

Arthur Neil Black

Arthur Neil Black fits a description of a Jewish hero which even a pacifist would have to accept. He was captured while attempting to rescue another person who was in danger. This led to seven and a half years of imprisonment in North Vietnam. He was born in November, 1944 in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where he graduated from Liberty High School in January, 1962. He enlisted in the Air Force in 1962 and was assigned to serve in Vietnam as a "PJ" on CH-3 and H 43 helicopters as a pararescue specialist. His basic mission was to rescue downed fighter pilots in North Vietnam. He participated in seven rescue attempts in North Vietnam and Laos. On his seventh such mission he was shot down, while trying to pick up a downed pilot, and that is when he was captured. He spent the years between the ages of 19 and 27 as a P.O.W.

His awards include the Air Force Cross, the Bronze Star, Purple Heart, Legion of Merit, Air Medal, the Defense Meritorious Service Medal, and the Air Force Meritorious Achievement Medal.

Every year the Veterans Administration has a special week for honoring hospitalized veterans. This week is called, "No Greater Love" referring to the aphorism that "Greater love hath no man than that he lays down his life for another." The helicopter rescue units tell a story of a wartime life of constant danger while seeking to rescue those in peril.

His highest rank was Major.

Melvin Pollack

Melvin was born in New York City in 1949, the son of children of Russian immigrants. Long Beach, N.Y. is his hometown. He got a B.S. in Economics at N.Y.U. in 1964, and in 1968 graduated from Air Force Pilot T. In 1974, he graduated in Aviation Safety at the University of Southern California. In 1978 he completed studies in strategic planning at Armed Forces Staff College. Melvin had joined the Air Force specifically to become a pilot. He retired in 1984, having flown 78 combat missions in Vietnam in F-4 Phantom jets.

On his 78th mission he was shot down north of Hanoi and spent almost six years as a prisoner of war. He recalls three Jews in his P.O.W. camp plus one who said that he was half Jewish.

He was awarded the Silver Star and two Purple Hearts. He has two daughters by his wife, now divorced since 1989. He lives now in Delray Beach, Florida and works in Tampa. His Jewish education was at Conservative Temple Israel of Long Beach where he became a Bar Mitzvah and was very active from ages 8 to 14.

"As far as the Vietnamese were concerned, my being Jewish meant that I was for Israel and that disagreed with their Arab brothers, etc. Everyone suffered because of Vietnam. The P.O.W.s were made heroes with Operation Homecoming and dinner at the White House although some friends of mine spat on me and called me a liar when I related my experiences."

"My temple and everyone gave me a fabulous welcome home. Unfortunately, too many Vietnam Veterans were mistreated upon their return. The Vietnam War was not supported because it was based on outdated 'red flag scare tactics,' that died with John Foster Dulles. Vietnam was no threat to us or our interests. But the U.S. was a rather primitive place in the 1950s, in retrospect. As for old fashioned Communist apologetics, so what else is new in the U.S., where we'd rather stick our heads in the sand than face reality. My temple and rabbi were extremely supportive of myself and my parents."

"Communism was always doomed and we should never have left the draft evaders back into this country. They failed the test to support their country in time of need. My brother was very outspoken in the anti-war movement even while I was a P.O.W. Dissent is fine. Trying to wreck one's country is not. I have seen the real world many times and for us it is dangerous. Just look at David Duke. I may not be religious but I am fanatically Jewish."

His highest rank was Lieutenant Colonel.

David Weiss, R.N.

David was born in Detroit in 1947 to Fred and Ida Weiss. Fred was an immigrant from Russia who arrived in America in 1917 from Cologne where a relief agency had arranged for his passage across the ocean. Ida's father was in charge of that agency. Fred first went to Chicago to work at a machine shop before settling in Detroit where he eventually went into the Plumbing and Heating business. Fred and Ida had nine children. David attended public schools except for the first two years when he went to the neighborhood Catholic school. His Jewish education ended when he was eleven and his father died.

In 1965, David graduated from Southwest High School. He was drafted two months later for the Marines and opted to enlist in the Army before going on Marine active duty, He had Basic Training at Fort Knox, Light Weapons Training at Fort Jackson, Jump school and Ranger Academy at Fort Bragg, and Medic Training at Fort Sam Houston.

He was assigned to the Fifth Special Forces Unit, attached to the Marines as a medical corpsman and served some 14 months in the area of Khe San. He was captured during the Tet offensive and kept in a "tiger cage," a bamboo cage such as has been shown in movies. There were nine enlisted men in the cage for 28 days. They were in fear for their lives because enlisted prisoners were usually shot in Nam. Then one of them died and when the guards opened the gate of the cage to remove the body, the eight remaining prisoners escaped into the jungle. That was in February, 1968. After two days in the jungle, they were spotted by a Forward Observer who called in a helicopter and they were evacuated to safe territory.

David was discharged in May, 1968 and still carries shrapnel in his shoulders and ankles. When he came home from the war, his brother, who had lost a hand in the war, advised him not to wear his uniform. He soon found our why. Starting with the airport in California and the attacks of urine balloons, he learned that being 21 years old was no protection from vindictive non-violent vigilantes. He has never gotten over that emotional abuse.

He is active in the St. Paul X.P.O.W. group. His only real friends are Vietnam veterans or former P.O.W.s where there is no need to explain anything. He did go to the V.A. for help when he first came home but found that it was unsuccessful for his needs. For six years after his return he attended classes at the University of Minnesota and is a career registered nurse. He works at two hospitals, University of Minnesota and Ramsey. He is a specialist in hemo-dialysis and transplants. He and his wife are divorced amicably, live a block apart and share the custody of their three children.

Chapter 4

PROFILES OF SOME OF OUR SURVIVORS

Shel Abelson

Abelson served in Vietnam from September, 1966 to March of 1967 in the 124th Transportation Command at Cam Ranh Bay. He had entered the service in March of 1965 from ROTC. In college, he earned a masters degree in electrical engineering. In Vietnam he worked for the corps of engineers doing electrical construction and distribution.

Shel was born in December 1939 at Worcester, Massachusetts where his father was a postal clerk. His parents were Albert and Minnie Abelson, both first generation Americans. Captain Abelson's principal interest while growing up was Boy Scouting.

His Jewish education until Bar Mitzvah was at the Worcester Ivriah School, four hours a day, five days a week. "I learned to read Hebrew etc. I learned who I was." His Jewish education continued in the Army at Fort Huachuca where he "became interested in my latent Judaism through Chaplain Israel Stein of Hart ford, Conn. There was a small closeknit group in the army who took turns driving to Tucson to the kosher butcher for meat for the community. I began to learn about festivals and the Sabbath."

He married Shelley Lederman of New Rochelle and they raised two children. Through their own children, they made a commitment to Jewish education. The children attended Jewish schools in Albany, Brookline, and New York. Both children are observant and identify strongly with Israel. Their son gives Bar Mitzvah lessons. "My wife and I have deepened our commitment through their example."

"Being Jewish in Vietnam for me meant leading kabbalat shabbat services and not much else. My own cynical outlook (and not Judaism) formed my opinions about the war. I came to view it there negatively but in the passive sense. I did as little as possible and said almost nothing. My negative feelings became much stronger after the Six Day War of 1967. Having been discharged in March, 1967, the Six Day War made us see what a nation could do with a dedicated population – something which the people of Vietnam did not possess."

His highest rank was Captain.

"My cousin Gail Brenda Thomashow Fairless died in Vietnam at the age of 27. She was a volunteer school teacher."

Dr. Dennis Agin

Dr. Agin served in the Navy Dental Corps. He first entered the Naval Reserve as an Ensign in 1963. He served in the combat zone from 1967 to 1969. He grew up on

Cleveland Heights, Ohio where he graduated high school in 1960. He did his pre-dental studies at Toledo University and graduated from Western Reserve Dental School with his D.D.S. in 1966. He served as Dental Officer on the U.S.S. Newport News where his collateral duties included being Drug Control Officer, Christmas decorations, cruise book, and Jewish lay leader. His ship frequently encountered and received hostile fire and was in constant action on the DMZ.

Like many other Jews in the service, as the only Jewish officer on board, he accepted the responsibility of learning how to blow a shofar and conducted High Holiday services as well as Friday evening Shabbat services.

He encountered overt anti-semitism only twice-once in remarks from the ship's physician and once from the ship's chaplain.

"I did not like the military. I loved it. Would I do it again? Yes!!"

His highest rank was Lieutenant Commander.

Richard W. Alt

Richard was born in Buffalo, N.Y. in March 1947. His father, Attorney Samuel S. Alt and his mother Estelle, who was a New York state Labor Inspector, were both born in the Buffalo area.

Richard received his B.A. in Psychology from S.U.N.Y. at Buffalo (U.B.). His principal interests while in school were girls, grades, sports, making money and his future. At the end of his senior year at U.B., he made a six year commitment to the Air Force to get pilot training. He hoped for adventure and a career as a pilot. The alternative was to be drafted into the Army.

Proud of his pilot's wings, his first assignment was in C-130 Hercules, stationed in Taiwan. From that base he flew in and around Vietnam for about two weeks at a time, then back to Taiwan. He spent about six months of the fifteen months overseas in Vietnam and about two months in Thailand. "My unit was the 776 Tactical Airlift Squadron. Our home base was Ching Chuan Kang Airbase in Taichung, Taiwan. When in Vietnam, we used Tan Son Nhut in Saigon as our home base. We would fly all over Vietnam then end up at Tan Son Nhut at the end of the flying day. "

After his overseas tour of duty ended, he got off active duty and joined the reserves at Niagara Falls. His actual combat was limited to being shot at while flying and having mortar shells lobbed at him while taxing.

He was married to Eileen Rose for 13 years. She died in 1983 after having borne two children. His third child was by his second wife, Donna Marie. He is in business in Buffalo.

He grew up in Temple Beth Zion, with a strong sense of Jewish identity but not really very observant. "I wasn't welcomed home by the Jewish community nor did I get any flak about being in the war. Only people that knew me, knew that I was even in the service, therefore I certainly wasn't invited to speak to any group. Most, if not

all, Communist countries were anti-Israeli if not anti-Semitic. No one said anything to me or my parents about me being in the war. The collapse of Communism brings up lots of feelings, all good. I have always had a hard time feeling sorry when two anti-Semitic countries have a conflict like Iran-Iraq or Poland-Russia."

"The University of Buffalo was a very active anti-war campus when I was there, especially in 1969. I got a close look at the movement's methods. The anti-war movement then was a lot like the anti-abortion movement is now. I'm not sure who is right but I am sure I do not like the anti-movements' methods."

"I remember a protest on a day at U.B. A large group of students marched off to the gym to protest something like the firing of a black teacher. A short time later the group was marching back to the student union, only now it was an anti-war protest complete with signs. It was a real good example of how the SDS (probably) manipulated a group of students to their own end."

"That revelation plus the fact that I never heard a good answer to the question, if Korea was OK, why was Vietnam not? kept me on the fence with respect to the war. Although there were several Jewish people very visible in the anti-war movement, I didn't think of it as a Jewish movement. At U.B., some of the very visible people were not Jewish. I don't recall anyone thinking it was a 'Jewish' movement."

"I'm not bitter about being in the war. It was wrong but I think it was wrong because of whom we were fighting for and how we fought the war, neither of which were really known at the start of the war."

"The Vietnam experience had no effect on my attitude on the Gulf War. I thought it was a just war and I totally agree on how it was carried out."

"In my family we rarely talked about the war. I think we were all somewhat on the same level, no one in the house was for the war, no one thought it was a good idea. But no one had a clear idea if or why it was wrong. I only went in because I had to, and I think they all knew that."

"In the service, I never had any anti-Semitic problems. I was an officer and that may have been a factor."

His highest rank was First Lieutenant.

Parke Ethan Americus

Attorney Americus practices law in Pittsburgh. He entered the Army through ROTC, having done his undergraduate work at Duquesne and his professional work at Baltimore University Law School. In Vietnam he served in the U.S, Army Signal Corps Regional Communications Group, responsible for inter and intra long line communications.

A devout active member of his Orthodox congregation, he writes, "I believe that the Vietnam experience had a positive affect on my spiritual growth."

He was born in September 1942 and he received his religious education at the Shaare Torah Synagogue in Pittsburgh.

His highest rank was Captain

Melvin Bark

Melvin Bark was born in 1946 on a train as it rolled through Stettin, Poland, taking his parents to a relocation camp. They were Orthodox shtetl people, who had spent the war years in Russia.

Melvin grew up in Brooklyn. After two years of engineering studies at C.C.N.Y., he switched to business administration at Baruch College where he earned his B.B.A. in Accounting. After his tour of duty in Vietnam, he got an M.B.A. in Taxation at N.Y.U. As a youngster, his major interests were playing chess and collecting (baseball cards, coins, and stamps).

Those two years of engineering turned out to be important in the army. About to be drafted, he enlisted in the army and very soon was in Infantry O.C.S. After he dropped out of Officer Training, he was assigned to the Corps of Engineers because of his two years of college credits in that field. He then spent two years and nine months in the Army Corps of Engineers.

While in Vietnam, he spent some time on patrol with Infantry forces but his primary job was demolition, mine sweeping as well as bridge building. He was never in any real firefights although he did fire his rifle several times and came under rocket attack on more than one occasion. His engineering unit had few casualties and no deaths although one paramedic was seriously wounded as a result of the explosion of a land mine under his jeep.

"I was a simple soldier, minded my own business, did my job, related to my peers, and was never in a situation requiring outstanding service."

"I married my neighborhood sweetheart, Brenda, and we have three great kids. We have had nineteen years of marriage which I wouldn't trade for the whole world. I went to a Yeshiva for elementary school through high school and went to the synagogue on shabbos, mostly to shtieblach and slightly larger synagogues. I was in China Beach when I came in country but never for a seder or holiday services."

"Jews have always been so high profile. They cannot keep their mouths shut. That is probably why they have always been attacked but then that is why they have survived. The anti-war movement didn't really affect me until after I came home from Vietnam. Here you have these guys, fighting for their country, (right or wrong as it is a citizen's patriotic duty) for $80 a month and they get jeered and booed and spat upon by these people who are being defended by the ones being spat upon. My basic feeling was, if you don't like it, leave, LEAVE!!!"

"I didn't have to go into the Army. I was attending a yeshiva and was already deferred, but I felt it was my duty to go. Sounds pretty silly. And I did have several problems with being Jewish in the Army. I recall having one fight with someone about it."

"When I came home from Vietnam I was ignored by people. But I didn't go around shouting that I was a Vietnam veteran. I didn't expect a pat on the back and a reward. I just came home safely and got on with my life. My family suffered through

my being in Vietnam. There were no arguments, only 'this too shall pass.' I was not welcomed home by anybody but my family. Honestly, I was glad to be home. Usually I say that I would never change anything I ever did in my life, but that is just macho talk."

"There are several things I would like to change if I could and having joined the Army and going to Vietnam is one of them. It was a waste of 33 months. It was a good experience but so would have been a lot of other things. I had occasion to meet with and attend services with Jewish chaplains in the service. I found them to be dedicated, wonderful people. My rabbi and congregation were probably ignorant of the whole affair, except in passing, like, if you see someone you haven't seen in years and you say, 'How are you? See ya."

"I agree with you and your analysis of the anti-war movement and would only add that these people had nothing to offer anyone and had a free ride for so long that they began to feel that they owed no duty and had no responsibility to anyone so that they could live the good life (i.e.. smoke pot, take drugs, and wreak havoc). Now, whether or not this was a good excuse to raise hell or they actually believed their own P.R., I don't know."

"The question of political beliefs and service in the armed forces of your country is really simple to me. Since we live in a democracy, (as opposed to living in Germany under Hitler) and being drafted, and our cause is not unjust, one must be prepared to support the government, or else vote it out of office. But if drafted we must serve. It is part of our responsibility for having the basic rights granted to us."

"To a major extent the pressure on Communism over the past 40 years finally took its toll, as with its economic system in Russia."

"Draft resisters could have served in non-combatant roles but they should all be pardoned today (1992). In a sense I am bitter because very few care. I never attended any of the recent parades in New York City that have become so fashionable."

"I was pro-Gulf War from a political standpoint and was glad that the majority of congress did not chicken out. Although, once again, they failed to follow through. I do not believe in war-only in complete and utter self-defense."

His highest rank was Corporal.

Mark K. Bauman

"June, 1991 marked the twenty-first anniversary of my return from Vietnam. My perceptions have changed through time. I was probably an unusual graduate student at the University of Chicago in 1968. I placed the conflict in the perspective of the Cold War and later perceived the partial fulfillment of the 'domino' theory as the communist/socialist systems encroached into Cambodia and Laos. Nonetheless there was always an ambivalence. If we were not going 'to win' the war, why should so much life be lost? Somewhat of a pacifist, I could not imagine myself killing. On the other hand, there were people in South Vietnam who had fled the North and looked to

the United States for protection and assistance. Later the North Vietnamese proved to be far from humanitarian or pacifist in their dealings with their own citizens and neighbors. They were not the good guys, and they could be imperialistic. But then the monolithic image of the other side was confounded when Vietnam and China fought and the Soviet Union and China proved to be more enemies than friends. Contrary to Karl Marx, history and ethnic and nationalistic forces would not be superseded by a utopian workers internationalism."

"The Nixon/Kissinger policy of détente unfolded, and, with some stops and starts during the 1970s, seems to have reached its fruition in the contemporary era. Did the Vietnam conflict, both the war effort and the anti-war movement, contribute to the end of the Cold War? If so, maybe it served a purpose. If the end of confrontation would have occurred in any case and the Cold War was only a short phase in history, then the horrible losses the war inflicted are unjustifiable. Would it not be nicer if typical conflicts fit better into what theologians define as 'just wars'.?"

"Vietnam left an indelible mark on anyone in the baby boom generation even minutely touched by it. It might well be as one Marine rifleman notes, 'Vietnam will never be understood except by the people who were there. And even at that, you could ask twenty different people about Vietnam and hear about twenty different wars. An Army grunt down in the Mekong Delta didn't see the same war a marine on the DMZ saw. Vietnam was not one war. It was a bunch of nasty little wars'."(From a book review in Atlanta History, Summer 1991 by Mark K. Bauman)

Mark Bauman was born in Brooklyn in April 1946. His parents were Marcia Shack and David Bauman. David served in the Army Air Corps in WWII and upon his discharge, went to work for Marcia's father in Brooklyn. Mark grew up in Elmont and North Bellmore, Long Island, and has lived in Atlanta since 1972.

He was graduated from Memphem High School in North Bellmore in 1964 and earned a B.A. in history with minors in English history , especially social movements and minorities from Wilkes College in 1967, an M.A. from Lehigh University in 1968, an M.A. from the University of Chicago 1972 and a Ph.D. from Emory University in 1975. His dissertation was on a Southern Methodist bishop and educator, Warren A. Chandler, and has published articles on black-white relations and American Jewish history.

As a child and teenager he loved reading and history, the U.S.Y., and spent summers at summer camp both as a camper and as a counselor. Before being called into the military, he was a teaching assistant at Lehigh and had never had a full-time job. He was drafted out of the University of Chicago. You could be drafted out of grad school if you had not completed two years by a certain date. Rather than being drafted, he enlisted for three years with a clerk-typist M.O.S., thinking this would keep him out of Vietnam. But after basic training at Ft. Dix, he was given on the job training as a clerk typist and kept on at the Overseas Replacement Center, Ft. Dix, until he was ordered to the headquarters of the education's system for Vietnam.

For about six months he helped supervise over twenty educational centers throughout Vietnam, developed a filing system, made sure G.E.D. tests were secure, evaluated applications for released time for college, tutored GIs in reading, and in his spare time, taught history through the University of Maryland extension program. For the next six months he was a military historian, making sure records were kept and forwarded to the office of the Chief of Military History and conducting interviews. On both positions he was stationed at Long Binh but traveled extensively throughout the country.

He stood guard duty regularly and was in areas that were being shelled but was not actually in combat.

Mark married Sandra Woolf in July 1967. From Vietnam he went to Ft. Ord. He was still in the army when his son Joel was born. In August of 1972 his new studies at Emory brought his family to Atlanta. After he completed his Ph.D., he joined the faculty of Clayton State College in Atlanta. A year later he got a job teaching history at Atlanta Metropolitan College where he remains today, as a professor of History.

"I became a Bar Mitzvah at a conservative congregation in Elmont, where attending sabbath services with my father was an important part of the preparation. While we had separate dishes, celebrated the holidays, and my father's parents (from Czechoslovakia where he had been born) were Orthodox, he was not unduly observant. Shortly after my Bar Mitzvah, we moved to North Bellmore where I continued my Jewish training through confirmation at Congregation Beth El, under wonderful Rabbi Rosenbaum. I became active in the synagogue youth group serving in several offices until my senior year when I became U.S.Y. chapter president."

"At Wilkes College in Wilkes-Barre, I helped start a college youth group through the local federation and worked part-time as a college youth leader."

"While I had visited Da Nang, while in Vietnam, I didn't know China Beach existed before I saw the, to me rather unbelievable TV program. I remember attending services very infrequently in Long Binh, but most notably when I found out that my maternal grandfather (Samuel Shack) had died. He had been only in his early 70s and reasonably healthy before I left. I think both of us had a premonition the last time I saw him that I would not see him alive again. Attendance was very negligible at the service and I don't remember any particular holiday service."

"I do remember waking up in the middle of the night not knowing if the bombing I heard was incoming or outgoing and also some scary situations during night guard duty when I heard noises. At those times, God and my prayers became rather immediate and real. I have to say vows I made were not kept later."

"I was rather ambivalent about the war. I understood the domino theory and the Cold War and felt in some ways our presence was justified. I also met enough civilians there who were anti-communist to justify this. On the other hand, I also understood some but not all of the arguments of the anti-war movement. By the time I got directly involved, it seemed like we were not going to 'win', so why lose more lives? Yet, on the other hand, what about our friends and allies who would remain behind?'

"I think future actions by the Ho Chi Minh regime justified my luke warm support/understanding of the war. Still, I actually went more because of an inner conservative bent not to be able to go against authority in the final analysis than because of anything else. While I thought much of the protest was self-serving and naive, I would have had my family's support either way I decided. For my extended family and my parents' friends, my entrance into the military was met more with fear for my safety and sadness, than with rancor and debate over politics. It is hard to realize now, but fear of the draft had been hanging over my head and the heads of many for several years. This was not political, this was personal."

"My ambivalence extended in other ways. I went to Vietnam about one week after Kent State. Yet the attacks on the Ho Chi Minh trail that triggered the Kent State demonstrations contributed to my year in Vietnam being relatively peaceful. I do not think I can kill anybody and I remember one time driving through Saigon when we heard a rifle shot, having someone ask me if I could and he taking my M16 when I answered in the negative. I do believe in the concept of 'just war' when you are fighting a clearly evil force or fighting for immediate survival. I am not sure Vietnam or Korea fit those categories or even if I could shoot someone in those cases."

"After receiving orders to Vietnam, I considered filing for conscientious objector status, but my pragmatic/conservatism won out. The late Rabbi Rosenbaum was a marvelous counselor both at that time and also when I first entered the service. I spoke to a horrible army chaplain as I was completing the C.O. papers. He had served in Vietnam and he had more khaki blood than Jewish. He told me that if I paid taxes I was supporting the war just like if I served in the military. Yet I am proud of what I did because I helped educate people."

"Other than perhaps influencing public opinion so the war gradually wound down, the anti-war movement or Jewish participation in it did not affect me personally. Vietnam made me feel different. It separated me from the experiences (and many of the professional opportunities) of my peers, and gave me a sense of pride and solidarity with fellow Vietnam veterans. I had been married for less than two years before I entered the service. During basic training I had to show my Jewish marriage license to a curious corporal in order to say hello to my wife on the telephone on our second anniversary. Even today if she hears the first two notes of the Peter, Paul, and Mary classic, "Leaving on a Jet Plane", she cries because that is what she heard as we parted on my way to Vietnam and then at the end of an R&R leave."

"Conditions in grad school and the job market had changed while I was away. I would not catch up to my contemporaries who had not gone. I was not shot at. Long Binh had been attacked during the Tet offensive and had been shelled just before I arrived. I went to support bases which had been run over time and again. I saw Cobra helicopters ravage areas and I flew at tree top level in small Huey choppers. I heard stories of an Ivy league grad who stayed beyond tour to take pictures and gather information for a future book. He did not make it out."

"I spoke with a young Vietnamese who had been in the army for years and had no idea how long he would remain. He wanted to become a doctor. I had my partner in a bunker on guard duty one night shoot off a flare while I stood behind an M60 machine gun because of a sound beyond the barbed wire. Vietnam affected me twenty years ago and still does."

"Since I served almost a year in the military after leaving Vietnam and then went to a new community for grad school, I did not have any ties to speak before Jewish youth or community groups."

"I think the anti-war movement has to be placed in the 1960s revolt of youth, civil rights and anti-colonialism framework. It had a strong pro-poor/anti-capitalist/anti-establishment core. Jews in the Soviet Union? The North Vietnamese anti-Israel? I don't remember any of these linkages being mentioned or thinking of them."

"I feel a sense of vindication in the conflicts between Vietnam and China , Vietnam and Laos and Cambodia and the actions of the Khmer Rouge. These things indicated that our opponents were not the nice guys and idealists presented by the Jane Fondas. They also indicated that the domino theory was not all that hogwash. I feel a tremendous sense of sympathy and remorse at the plight of the boat people."

"I do not feel anything negative toward draft resisters except when they express a "holier-than-thou" attitude. I don't think of the Vietnam War as any more immoral than many other conflicts, and perhaps less-so in the Cold War framework. I think Jimmy Carter's policies toward the resisters was a good one."

"What disturbs me most is something that I don't think has been brought out much concerning the Bill Clintons and Dan Quayles. I don't resent what they did in the 1960s. What I do resent is their hawkish positions now. They have no right to send someone else's children to Iraq or anyplace else. In this way and others, Vietnam continues to influence my view of foreign policy. Nicaragua, Iraq, Grenada, Panama, Lebanon-the other small conflicts. Not one is worth one American life, and certainly not the lives of one of my sons."

"Besides the fear and separation, my experience in Vietnam was not all negative. I served under and with very capable individuals. I was able to contribute in a non-violent positive fashion. I tried to see the beauty in a beautiful country. I sent back flowers and pictures and saw a different way of life. These experiences contributed to may values of cultural pluralism and to my understanding of history."

In response to a follow up letter, Dr. Bauman added this – "Why do I relate Vietnam protest to the '60s-why did these things happen in the '60s and not in the 1950s or 1990? A person who was 20 in the 1950s had been born during the depression. Even if born into the middle class, this was an age of uncertainty or hardship. The New Deal in many cases, was viewed as positive government assistance to the 'have nots'. One's teen years would have been spent during WWII-essentially a 'just war' in which the majority of people were involved and shared a burden. Again one sees positive government(with the obvious exception of the lack of response to the

holocaust), patriotism and sacrifice. The cold war (again if you ignore McCarthyism) and the movement into the middle class suburbs of Donna Reed, Ozzie and Harriet, etc. where the baby boomers were born and reared on Dr. Spock, reinforced a pro-America, pro-government, pro-corporate ethic. You had the beat generation, the Rosenberg trial and I have a cousin who sustained C.O. status during Korea, but most people were too busy enjoying Levittown, (I grew up in Nassau County, Long Island). This essential happiness with the American dream was probably especially true of Jews, many of whom were first and second generation immigrants who were finding basic acceptance and affluence in America and who witness American recognition of Israel."

"The college students (and Vietnam soldiers as well as protesters) of the 1960s had few memories of WWII or Korea or depression. Very aware of the cold war fears, they were raised in the affluent middle class suburbs where they were coddled, did not have to sacrifice and saw a very nice world. They had good middle class patriotic values and were taught right from wrong. Russia/communism was bad. America/capitalism was good. Russia was the aggressor; America the moralist and defender of the peaceful and just."

"Along comes the Civil Rights movement. There was poverty and prejudice in America after all. We even defended dictators like Batista. The young people saw major conflicts on many different fronts. African nations were gaining freedom against colonialism and America was supporting colonialism and dictatorship against 'people's movements' the poor and disenfranchised. Russia didn't seem so bad or different any more. You couldn't even trust TV – remember the '$64,000 Question' scandal? We had been taught right from wrong by hypocritical parents (we had black cleaning ladies) and an immoral government. You can't trust anyone over 30!"

"Theoretical classes were irrelevant unless they directly improved society. When I was confirmed at 16 my speech was on *Kiddush Ha Shem* (martyrdom) but my parents and even the congregations were involved with sending their children to summer camp and college, eating out at Chinese (which a neighbor called Chinks restaurants) and building synagogues. It is probably apocryphal, but I remember one of my teachers stating that Mark Rudd went home from Columbia demonstrations to eat chicken soup at his parents affluent home during the weekends."

"Relate this to Vietnam protest? Easy-few people protested at the beginning-few cared. It didn't affect most and it wasn't part of the cold war. Our country took pride in body counts-pictures of poor peasants and stories of government corruption. By the mid 1960s the third world was good, capitalism questionable. (It was materialistic and not idealistic and poverty was discovered in America right from wrong) and American government wouldn't do what was right unless pushed into it-even then it was ineffectual. We suffered pangs of guilt and immorality over domestic issues that spilt over into foreign policy."

"Why not 1990? For someone born in 1970, Vietnam, civil rights and Watergate are things you might get in a story class but you don't remember. This is the Republican

generation who saw our country ineffectual and spat upon. The 'wars' were really incidents that don't amount to much except exercises in patriotism. There is no more fear of a draft; civil rights is passe; and the cold war is anachronistic. The 1970s and the 1980s were times of recession and insecurity (even given the Reagan 'prosperity')."

"Mom worked and divorced not because of women's rights but because of inflation and the need to maintain that middle class life style. Being a 'yuppie' was 'in.' One became a business or computer science major to get a job in the age of narcissism (no longer a liberal arts major/teacher to serve mankind). Government couldn't solve our problems, it should stay out of our lives so we could remain in the middle class. The nostalgia is to return to image of the 1950s, not the 1960s. It is almost like the middle class took on the blue collar ethic. In my history classes, I draw direct parallels between the Progressive era, WWI and the 1920s, with the 1960s Vietnam and the 1970s."

"Domestic reform infused the wars with a moralistic ethos. When the wars proved to be not so glorious or moral, an equally moralistic reaction turned the tables creating a vacuum and as opening the way to a conservative, self-centered malaise."

"Put another way, why was the response to the Korean War and the Vietnam War (or the Iraqi War for that matter) so different. It was not so much the wars themselves as the surrounding cultural and foreign elements which made the differences in responses."

His highest rank was Sp. 5 (E-5).

Dr. Dennis Bealick

Dr. Bealick is a practicing surgeon in Las Vegas, Nevada. He was born in the Bronx in 1942 to Louis and Rose Berman Bealick. His parents and grandparents were all residents of the Bronx. He was graduated from William Howard Taft High School of the Bronx, and Fairleigh Dickinson University with a B.S. in Biology in 1963. His M.D. was from the University of Louisville School of Medicine in 1967. After his internship at Jackson Memorial in Miami, he served in the Air Force as a flight surgeon (1968-1970) during which time he served at Da Nang from June 1969 for one year. Then he did a residence in General Surgery and Otolaryngology at Wayne State in Detroit, 1970-74.

While a student, his greatest interest was sports. In 1975 he married his wife, Shawn, and they have three children. He began Hebrew school at age five and continued until his Orthodox Bar Mitzvah. He attended a seder at China Beach in 1970. It was conducted by Rabbi Glen Stengel. "I recall that I was deeply moved by seeing young Jews in all the different uniforms of all the branches of the service."

"While I served in Vietnam, I was angry at the anti-war movement. It did not affect me personally at all, either in Vietnam or afterward. I saw the anti-war movement solely as neo-pacifism. I am not bitter about my Vietnam experience. I do feel

that I was imposed upon, since our government did not have winning the war as a goal. My Vietnam experience did not affect my attitude toward the 1990 Gulf conflict. I favored our involvement."

His highest rank was Captain.

Louis Blumengarten

"I am a native New Yorker who loves the city's art and architecture, its theatre, museums, and lecture halls. By day a paper pushing civil servant; after work and on weekends, I am a culture vulture."

"Early in 1971, having served two years in Vietnam and released from active duty, I was on a date with a young lady who had never met me before. She asked, 'What did you do to avoid going to Vietnam?' I replied that, "I had done something unique, I went there.' I never saw the young lady again. I am still single."

Louis was born in January, 1945 in Brooklyn to Nathan and Jeanette Blumengarten. Nathan was a Galician born attorney. Jeanette was a Brooklyn born junior high school English teacher. Louis attended New York public schools and got his B.A. at Pitt in Economics in 1965 and his M.A. at Illinois. He became a bar mitzvah at Ocean Parkway Jewish Center (Conservative). During his stay in Vietnam, he wrote to the OPJC for a young lady to be his pen pal but never received an answer. Upon his return from Vietnam, he affiliated with Congregation Emmanu-El.

"I was a graduate student in Labor and Industrial Relations at the University of Illinois in 1966. The Army Medical Service Corps had good experience with ILIR graduates and offered me a direct commission. My draft board did not want to hear that I was to be commissioned a First Lieutenant in March, 1968, so I was drafted and entered military life as a Private E-l in July 1967. From Ft. Bragg, I went to Ft. Sill and in March, 1968 my commission came through. Had I remained an enlisted man, I would have gone from Ft. Sill to Korea and I would have been released without having been to Vietnam. My parents encouraged me to accept that three year commission, because it would look good on my record."

"I went to Ft. Sam Houston for Officer Basic Training and then was assigned to the Army Hospital at Ft. Leonard Wood where I learned different Medical Administrative jobs. After six months at Ft. Leonard Wood I was on my way to Vietnam. We flew over glaciers in Alaska and refueled in Japan. When I got out of the plane in Vietnam , it was unbelievably hot. After several days of orientation, I was assigned to the 16th Combat Aviation Group as the administrative officer of the group's three dispensaries."

"My Lai was in this area and by January, 1969, when arrived, the massacre had already occurred, but the news of it had not broken yet. I had my full year to go. I met an officer about to be rotated back home who told me that if he still had a year to go, he would shoot himself. To complete the picture, the monsoon rains were pelting us mercilessly."

"The 16th Combat Aviation Group was an elite helicopter unit attached to the very large American division. The 16th CAG ferried troops to and from the combat zones, did observation, medivacs, carried supplies and the like. We had all kinds and sizes of helicopters. Helicopters are beautiful machines and I grew to love their dedicated crews. Vietnam IS a naturally beautiful country, especially from the air, the waters of the South China Sea, the sand beaches, the densely green mountains, the purple mountains of I Corps in enemy territory."

"We were an elite group and told our troops that if they messed with drugs, they would be sent to the infantry. We did not have a problem with drugs in the 16th."

"After my promotion to Captain, I moved to one of the larger dispensaries, the 14th C.A.B. at the southern end of the Chu Lai base camp. The 14th C.A.B. was located on the best beach any of us had ever seen, where the temperature was as cool as any place in Nam. There were crystal clear, wide, sandy beaches, refreshing waters, great tropical sea shells and fishing boats. We got shells and we got shelled. Most of the rockets buried themselves in the sand and did little damage. One, however caused real carnage."

"A few days before I was scheduled to return to the states, a rocket scored a direct hit on my main dispensary, killing seven of my medics. I was extremely lucky to be at a regular hospital for minor surgery when the rocket hit our dispensary."

"In addition to keeping everything humming administratively, (we were the only field dispensary with X-ray equipment) I visited the sick in our hospitals each day and reported on their conditions."

"One of our medics did a study of parasites in our local Vietnamese population, others helped with our service project at the local orphanage in the village of Chu Lai. Diseases that have long ago been eradicated, still thrive in Vietnam, so our doctors got to observe cholera and small pox and rare skin diseases and all kinds of parasites. There were large packs of rabid dogs roaming the streets of the villages, plus immense rats, wild monkeys, and snakes all getting fat off the land. We had a banana plant which provided small sweet bananas at the 123rd C.A.B. dispensary."

"When I read that New York's mayor, John Lindsay, had called the draft evaders,'the real heroes', I was incensed and I wrote directly to him,.....Your words hurt us and managed to lower our morale....You are effectively alienating many good people who have chosen to serve their country instead of fleeing from it.... I have known many people whom I would classify as heroes. Let me tell you about only one. It is monsoon season. One night while it was raining very heavily, a dust-off chopper, which was in the process of medivacing a seriously injured man, radioed that it needed a flare ship to light up the way. It was no night to be flying, but Warrant Officer Dee Hyden assembled a crew and took off in a flare ship. Both he and his co-pilot experienced vertigo and flew their chopper into the ground, killing everyone on board. These people died while trying to help another man to stay alive. What more does it take to be a hero?'"

"The mayor's press secretary answered that the mayor was referring to the alternative to violence in a very tense situation 'here at home' and that he had not and never would express other than admiration for the brave and honorable young men fighting in Vietnam, even though he strongly disagreed with the administration's Vietnam policy. Then, about the time of the Chappaquidiik incident, Senator Kennedy was quoted on the immorality of the war in Vietnam."

"Today, I still believe that I could teach war evaders a few lessons about morality and service to one's country."

"The Army offered a real inducement to get people to extend their tours six months or longer – a non chargeable 30 day leave with travel expenses paid to any place in the free world. I chose to fulfill a life-long wish and journey to Israel on my 30 day leave. I had already visited Hong Kong, Taipeir Bangkok, Tokyo and Sydney. Each was a dream come true."

"On November 11, 1970, I was presented a Bronze Star and a plaque from the men of my unit. I returned to my job at the U.S. Department of Labor. At work I became involved in programs dealing with non-discrimination against and affirmative action for handicapped individuals, disabled veterans and veterans of the Vietnam era. In the later program, I negotiated the first back wage settlement in the United States for a non-disabled Vietnam era veteran. But I would be the last person to believe that there is a nexus between the current employment problems of a non-disabled Vietnam era veteran and that veteran's military service, too many years have elapsed."

"I have never denied being a Vietnam veteran nor have I ever emphasized that fact. It was part of my life and since I personally did nothing to be ashamed of, I am not ashamed of having been a part of it. I do not make it a practice to tell war stories and since most of my associates are not my age, they were not there and rally do not understand and probably do not care. I am a member of the Manhattan Chapter of the Vietnam Veterans of America. As a civilian, I followed the building of the wall in Washington. I think that it was totally wrong just to list the names of the dead. Everyone who was over there, even the most callous, died a little bit-if not a lot. The memorial should have been to all of us."

"The Vietnam Veterans Memorial was dedicated on the eve of the tenth anniversary of the U.S. withdrawal from South Vietnam and the next day featured a mammoth heart-warming ticker tape Welcome Home Veterans Parade. I took a day of my vacation time to participate in it and am glad that did. There were a lot of people out there showing us that we were welcome."

His highest rank was Captain.

David W. Bomstein

David was born in Mt. Vernon, N.Y July 20,1944. As a child, his family moved a lot but he considers Pittsburgh to be his home town. His principal interest as a child

was in music which led him to Carnegie Mellon University and his degree in Music Performance. From college he was drafted into the army as a musician and served in the USARV Headquarters 266th. Army band at Long Binh. Vietnam, where he was a clarinetist. He was never in combat or wounded.

His personal feeling about the Americans who fled to Canada to avoid the draft is that, "I should have gone." He was not affected by the anti-war activity or the 1967 Six Day War, during which time he was in basic training. He was never shunned or abused because of his service in Vietnam and in answer to the question, "Do you believe your experience in Vietnam and in the United States during the anti-war demonstration period, affected your attitude toward the 1990 Gulf Crisis Conflict," wrote, "Bush is an idiot, an incompetent idiot."

Following the war, David taught clarinet, privately, and played with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. He is now employed full time with a Pittsburgh bank. His wife, Catherine, is a guidance counselor who serves as cantorial soloist at the Rodef Shalom Congregation in Pittsburgh. They have a daughter, Anna, and a son, Lee.

His highest rank was E-5.

Marita Silverman Bowden, R.N.

Captain Bowden served as a nurse during 1970-71 at the 95th Evacuation Hospital, Da Nang, RVN. She served in the Army Nurse Corps from 1969-1973. On August 1,1970 after an assignment at Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco, she left Travis AFB for Bien Hoa, Vietnam. Initially, she served . the Eighth Field Hospital in An Khe as Emergency Room night supervisor. The hospital was located within the confines of Camp Radcliff at the base of Hong Kong Mountain.

This was an extremely isolated area in the Central Highlands where they took care of many casualties on a daily basis including civilians and Montagnards. This area had seen action all through the earlier years of the war and in the French phase of the war in the 1950s.

The hospital had about 50 beds. Its mission was to stabilize and then send casualties to the evacuation hospitals on the coast.

"The surgeons were excellent. As a nurse, I learned quite a bit about myself. At the end of November, 1970 the hospital was closed and all the nurses and physicians were reassigned to other medical facilities. The reason given at the time was that the war was substantially escalating."

"There was a non-denominational chapel very near to the hospital. Often at the times of red alerts, we would head to the chapel if off duty. I never saw a rabbi at An Khe."

"By Thanksgiving 1970 I was at my new hospital – the 95th Evacuation Hospital at Da Nang. 24th Corps was several miles away at their Headquarters on the Da Nang River. The rabbi assigned to Da Nang (I Corps) held services every Friday night at the 24th, Corps Chapel. One of my parents' favorite pictures of me is lighting the

sabbath candles and reciting the blessings during the services, dressed in fatigues and combat boots. I believe I may have been the only Jewish nurse at Da Nang and someone always would either pick me up in a jeep or fly over in a helicopter to take me to services."

"There were several Jewish physicians at the hospital as well as MSC officers and the hospital commander, Colonel Weiner, now deceased. In February, 1971, Dr. Richard Aaron was killed in a helicopter crash. The rabbi from the 24th Corps conducted the services for the funeral. I was at the 95th Evacuation Hospital for the remainder of my tour in Vietnam and returned to the United States on July 20, 1971, shortly before my 27th birthday."

The 95th was a 300 plus bed hospital with all medical specialties. She worked in a combined Intensive Care Unit and Post Anesthesia Recovery Unit. The shifts were 12 hours in length 7 to 7 and since Marita was new to the unit, she got the night shift.

"I was at the hospital at the time of the Laos invasion of February, 1971. I am sure the American public knew more than we did. Most of us were unaware of the invasion until we started getting the casualties. That was a very intense time. The hospital itself was located on a peninsula at the base of 'Monkey Mountain' right on the South China Sea. We had no access to the beach as the hospital was surrounded by villages on three sides. The 95th had a long record of service during WWI and II. The sign at the entrance stated 'Hell's Half Acre revisited'."

"During my year in Vietnam, I had two R&R trips, one to Thailand and the other to Hong Kong. 'In country' R&R weekends were hard to come by but I spent at least two at China Beach. It bore no resemblance to the TV series."

"It was a growing year for me. It is an experience that has served me well in my subsequent professional life. I learned to do a lot with a little. I learned compassion when there wasn't anything else to be done. It was also the first time that I had been away from my family for an extended period of time without verbal contact except for two phone calls – one courtesy of the Red Cross from the hospital and the other from Hong Kong. This experience developed an inner strength which has continued to serve me well."

"My mother and dad wrote to me every day that I was gone and sent me Care packages about once a month with all the essentials. One time I received a whole Kosher salami. For Passover, I went to a well-attended seder at Chu Lai. I had to find someone with a helicopter who would pick me up at the hospital and fly me there. Of course the pilots were more than accommodating."

"On every trip that I make back to Washington D.C. I am a faithful visitor to the Vietnam Memorial. On my first visit, about a year after the completion, I went with my father and my children. I cried so hard walking through – everything during that year flashed back."

Who is she? She was born in Portsmouth Va., in 1944. Her maternal grandparents were both immigrants from Russia, she from Riga and he from Odessa. They met

in New York and moved to Virginia where he, a cobbler, died at the age of 52 from diabetes complications. Grandmother died at 95, in 1985, 43 years after his death. Marita's grandmother was the oldest of four brothers and sisters who had come with their mother in steerage in 1892.

Marita's father's family had come to America about the time of the Civil War and lived in New York City. Her father's father died when he was about 13. Her father was a musician in the Catskills in the 20s and 30s.

Her parents had met in Washington D.C., early in WWII, when both were working there. They met in a boardinghouse and got married in 1942 after father was inducted into the Army Air Corps. After going several places together before he was shipped overseas, Marita's mother returned to Portsmouth to live with her mother and father. Marita's parents celebrated their 49th wedding anniversary two months before he died.

Marita went to the public schools of Washington D.C., and graduated from Wilson High School there in 1962. In 1966 she graduated from the University of Maryland's four year nursing program. Since she wanted much more education, she went into the service to facilitate future education, finance-wise.

While in Vietnam, she made all her arrangements to attend graduate school and received her M.S. in Pediatric Nursing in 1972 from the University of Arizona. She is currently employed as an executive with a health provider in Tucson.

Marita and her husband are members of Temple Emanu-El in Tucson. She had attended Religious School at the Washington Hebrew Congregation and was confirmed in 1960.

"I don't think of Vietnam as primarily a religious experience, although, in retrospect it was probably the greatest experience of my life. Also, I like to meet other Jewish people which I did through attending services and Passover in Chu Lai. I never heard of Passover at China Beach. However it was an 'in-country' R&R center with lots of dinners at the officers club overlooking the beautiful South China Sea."

Her highest rank was Captain

Saul Brody

A native of Philadelphia, Saul entered the service in November 1965 from Penn State ROTC, where he had just finished his B.A. in Anthropology. He served in Vietnam for one year beginning June, 1966. where he was assigned to the U.S. Army 96th Supply and Service (Q.M.) Battalion (Direct Support), Tuy Hoa Sub Area Command. His official duty in Vietnam was Laundry and Bath Platoon Leader, but most of his time was spent paying the 400 Vietnamese employees who worked at the supply depot.

Saul was born in 1942 to an American born father and a Ukranian born mother. His father was a bookkeeper. Saul attended the public schools of Philadelphia where his interests were music and ham radio.

His Jewish education began at age 7 at Talmud Torah Yeshiva of West Lane and he became a bar mitzvah at a large Conservative synagogue, Temple Sinai. He continued his Jewish studies at Gratz College until the age of 17. In addition to his Anthropology B.A., he achieved an M.A. and a Ph.D. in Folklore and Folklife from Penn.

He is by occupation an entertainer/musician/folksinger. He has recorded a record album called, "In Country" which features himself and six other Vietnam veterans singing songs either written by the group or collected by them in Vietnam. He resides in Philadelphia but travels a great deal as an entertainer.

His highest rank was First Lieutenant.

Esther Kravitz Cannon

Esther was born in 1911 in Washington, D.C., to parents who had immigrated from Russia. Her father owned a lunchroom and her mother was a seamstress. Both were highly regarded in their vocations. She attended public schools in Washington where her high school activities included sports, debating, publications, office, orchestra, dances, and dramatics. Her Jewish education was primarily Sunday Religious School through High School, but after the age of 18 she became a serious student of Judaism and attended lectures constantly. Esther has served as a Hadassah president, is active in her temple sisterhood and the Florida branch W.L.O.J., and does some public speaking. She studied Journalism at George Washington University and was employed by CBS in Washington and by advertising and public relations agencies.

She writes as follows, "It was years after my return from South Vietnam before I finally dared to mention Vietnam and I certainly did not dare to admit that I had been in Vietnam. The abuse that I was subjected to from those who knew that I had been in that hated land was unbelievable, no matter what their religion. As far as speaking to B'nai B'rith or Rotary, forget it! I would not open myself to the hateful abuses of that period."

Esther went to Vietnam with her husband who was a civilian consulting engineer there, in July, 1964, and stayed until August, 1966. She lived among bombs, grenades, and the V.C., as a civilian employee teaching English to Vietnamese. She also taught at the American school, including foreign and English speaking children, while American soldiers with their rifles stood guard on the roof of the school. She was accepted at the officers' clubs and attended High Holiday services.

"Only in America! The war was lost in the streets of America, not in Vietnam. not by our wonderful service personnel, or the brave wounded I visited in both the American and the Vietnamese hospitals, not certainly by the Americans, civilian and military, lined up for blocks to donate blood whenever an emergency erupted. The television news of returning veterans was heartbreaking. There they were, coming off the planes, no reception, in fact, a very cold arrival, and all of them disappearing as fast as possible."

"How could you, America?! And oh, don't you dare mention Jane Fonda!!"

"Of course, after a decade or so, Americans seem to have softened their opinion of the Vietnam War. There are memorials to the dead, and a somewhat recognition at long last of the veterans. I have visited the Memorial Wall in Washington. It was crowded with sightseers. Where were they twenty years ago? If you think I feel bitter toward my American people, you are right."

"As far as being Jewish in Vietnam, no problems. As far as I was concerned living among the Christian, Buddhist, and Jewish people of South Vietnam, I never felt mistreated. At Christmas time the Christians did their thing. During Tet and other holidays, the Buddhists did their thing. When it was Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur time, even for the Passover seder, the USIA building and the VAA were made available for the Jewish services."

"Jewish personnel outside of Saigon, were of course given the days off and flown to Saigon for the services. Unfortunately, of the eight doctors at a major out-of-town hospital, five were Jewish. Of course, they could not be spared. But services were held locally. I was given this information by the Jewish chaplain with whom my husband and I had lunch after Rosh Hashana services."

"As for draft resisters who escaped to Canada, of course, I have no respect for them. While my husband and I were not in the military, we were nevertheless in the war zone, traveling throughout South Vietnam right up to Hue at the North Vietnam border, always subject to bombs, firearms, grenades, explosives that killed civilians, as well."

Allen Chandler

Allen was born in Los Angeles in 1944, to Edward and Betty Chandler, the fifth of six children. He was graduated from Leuzinger High School in 1962 and while under the influence of the Cuban missile crisis, he enlisted in the Air Force where he served for more than 21 years, including two tours of Vietnam, 1966-67 and 1970. Upon retirement from the service, he and his wife, Barbara, decided to make their home in Omaha, a moderate sized city with an active Jewish community. Omaha is where his wife's family resides.

His Jewish education was limited but he has more than made up for that by his interest in learning and dedication to his faith. During the years in the Air Force he and his wife have always been active members of the various congregations with which they have been associated. When rabbis were not available, he has served as lay leader of services. He and his wife have formed new congregations in several of the cities where they resided, and his wife has organized Hebrew Schools where there were none for the children.

The most notable thing that happened to him in Vietnam occurred when an improperly inspected 119 Gun ship burst into flame seven minutes after takeoff. Allen was one of two of the crew of eight who survived the inferno that followed the plane's crash (after it bounced several times). Then followed a recuperation from a badly

burned body, painful therapy in Japan and marriage to Barbara. The details are given below. Sgt. Chandler is a good example of great detail buried in memory but unavailable or irretrievable until the Gulf War unlocked the vault of unpleasant experience. His story could not have been told before the popular acceptance of Desert Storm veterans and the belated recognition that it brought to the Vietnam veterans.

On April 28,1970, shortly after midnight a 119 Gun Ship took off from Tan Son Nhut Air Base and crashed seven minutes later. Chandler exited the plane via the left side, which was no longer there. He just walked out.

When the plane came to a complete stop, he was on fire. He yelled, "Get out of the airplane." His seat belt had been broken loose so he could get out without unfastening it. He rolled, crawled, and jumped.

"I got out of the aircraft and got myself pulled out so there was no more fire. What had happened was that the plane had crashed, bounced several times, and the flare launcher from the back of the aircraft came forward and landed on top of me. It probably weighed 300-400 pounds, maybe more. The flares in the flare launcher ignited and I was engulfed in flames."

"I screamed, Help me!, several times. Sgt. Fage turned and tried to help me. I was looking at him when the engine on the left side of the aircraft, broke loose and came through the fuselage. I believe it cut my seat belt. In any case my seat belt was torn loose. The engine knocked the flare launcher that was on top of me, off me. It also picked up two other crew members and carried them across the fuselage before crushing them against the G.T.P.U. I saw them moving across the aircraft before they disappeared into an explosion."

"At this point the plane was engulfed in flames. I looked around for a moment, turned, and exited toward the dark – the one spot that was not on fire. That was the hole in the side of the plane where I got out. I really just sort of walked out. It was only one or two steps."

"The first thing I saw outside the plane was a man some distance away, crouched down and running away from the aircraft. At first I thought that he was a VC and that we'd been shot down. Then I realized that we had crashed and were in a real mess. We were less than a mile from the airport. The man whom I had seen was a native in whose back yard we had crashed. I came around to the front of the aircraft and found my pilot standing there. I remember walking up to him suggesting that he take my radio and call for help since his was completely crushed. He told me the radio didn't work. He had already tried his. He was holding a little pen flashlight and was blinking it on and off in some sort of Morse Code. There was a helicopter coming in towards us. We were a pretty good distance away from the aircraft, looking to see if anyone else was coming out. No one did."

"We were picked up by the helicopter that was on the flight path right after us. I was in surgery ten minutes after the plane crashed. According to the records, I had 30 burns over my entire body. I spent the first night at Tan Son Nuht AB and was air

evaced to Japan the next morning, where I spent the next month in the burn wards. To me it seems strange to suddenly remember something suddenly after decades of a blank memory."

"The month I spent in Japan, I received daily baths, cleaning off my burns and a treatment with Sulfamylon. After they cleaned me up in the surgery at Tan Son Nhut, it was determined that my condition was not as serious as had at first been believed. Now the medical assessment was that I had 12% burns, mostly second degree, very little third degree. The burns were restricted to my hands, elbows and my head. I had several dozen stitches in the back of my head. There were no broken bones, although I have never really believed that part."

"The first couple of days that I was in Japan, I was bedridden, frightened, and in a lot of pain. The first night there they cleaned me up. I was in a nice clean bed with sheets. The nurses had told me to hold my hands in the air, to lower the blood pressure, thereby reducing the pain. I laid there all day holding my hands in the air. Whenever I tried to lower them, the pain was very severe. "

"When they called 'lights out', I began to cry because I didn't know how I'd be able to keep my hands up and sleep. A nurse brought me several pillows, which she put on my stomach and created a sort of pyramid. I slept and rested in this way for the next several days. On the third or fourth day I was allowed out of bed, free to walk around, as only my hands and head were affected."

There was only one other Air Force person in that ward and he was so much sicker than Allen that by contrast, he made Allen feel grateful that things were not worse. For a day, Allen sat with him and talked to him. Very soon the other patient died. "Although badly burned, the pain was tolerable and I knew I would live. The worst possibility being that perhaps my hands would not function properly."

"Sulfamylon is a cream resembling face cream or hand lotion. It makes the skin grow back more quickly, but hurt like hell when applied, first thrice daily, and later twice a day. When the cream was applied, the pain was unbearable. I used to put my hands in the freezer of the refrigerator to try to get some relief. "

"I was supposed to do physical therapy by opening and closing my hand, making a fist. This was to stretch the skin which was growing back. Closing my left hand was even more painful than the sulfamylon. The only way I could do it was by getting into the shower, let the water soak into the skin to loosen it somewhat, and then, while still in the shower, I could make a fist but even this was painful and I did not do it as much as I was supposed to."

"There was a physical therapist there who would come up behind me, grab my hand, and make a fist for me. I would literally jump off the floor, screaming in pain, when he did that but he would not let go until he'd made the fist and worked it several times. Once he'd done that, I could open and close my hands many times before they'd stiffen up again. Were it not for his persistence and dedication, I doubt that I would be able to use my hands today since I doubt that I would have had the fortitude to force myself to

do that exercise without him. I will always be grateful to him for what he did to me and equally grateful to the medical personnel at both hospitals for what they did for me."

"After a month in Japan I was sent to Moffit AFB in Nebraska, as near as possible to my fiancee. After several weeks of hospitalization, Barbara and I were married. After our honeymoon, I was discharged from the hospital and assigned to March AFB in California."

"In 1966-67, while stationed at Tan Son Nhut in Vietnam, during the Six Day War, several of us who held shabbat services together, proudly discussed the Israeli actions together during services. This was especially important in view of the fact that the war in Vietnam was not progressing as well as we would have liked. Non-Jewish service people shared our high opinion of the Israelis."

"I was at Tan Son Nhut during the Tet offensive (1967). At this time I was re-evaluating my decision to serve in the military and protect my country to the best of my ability and serve in Vietnam. At that time I concluded that it was the right thing for me to do. However I felt that I would not be critical of those who refused the draft and who left the country to avoid it. "

"Those people, though, who committed illegal acts of violence and burnings and bombings, I feel were wrong in their actions, and should be held accountable. But now (1992), it is hypocritical for us to condemn someone who followed his conscience and elected to rebel against the war. All who committed violence to stop the war, may have been sincere but they must be held accountable, just as soldiers who kill civilians are held accountable. As far as those who refused the draft or left the country, I feel that they were just as sincere in their feelings as I was."

"The high profile of Jews in the anti-war movement did not affect me personally since I had little or no contact with that movement. Historically, Jews have had high profile places and been very active in every movement on every side of every problem of every question. Even at the time of Moses there were those who wanted to stay in Egypt as well as those who wanted to leave. It does not surprise me, with that in mind that there were many Jews critical of the Vietnam War as well as many who supported it. "

"I was never ostracized because of my military career and since my community was the military, both before and after the accident, I fared better than many others. I had many physical and psychological problems after the air crash. I had access to a full staff of sympathetic medical personnel. My supervisors, sergeants and officers, sympathized with and supported me at all times. I was a war hero among people who respected war heroes, a wounded soldier among people who respected wounded soldiers. "

"Through the years, I have expected to be asked about my Vietnam experience and with two or three exceptions, I have never been asked to talk about it. Even my own children do not question my time in Vietnam. I often volunteer anecdotes or entire stories, but mostly people are not interested. An interesting observation is that when we (people who have been in a war) are asked to relate incidents, we choose humorous incidents rather than the horrors or ugly experiences we suffered."

"Jewish chaplains were very supportive. I, being pro-military and pro-organization, welcomed them and their suggestions and help. I observed kashrut from 1964-1974 and even during my two terms of duty in Vietnam, kasher meals were made available to me, even during Passover. At one time I was authorized to make purchases in the commissary, a rare privilege for an enlisted man. Jewish chaplains visited the base periodically but when none was present, someone knowledgeable in the prayers would be chosen by the group to conduct the services."

"I was dismayed by the movie, 'Born on the Fourth of July.' We were not all baby-killers. The movie labeled everyone who went to Vietnam as the ' bad guys' and everyone who believed in serving his country as 'a sucker'. I do not believe our government is always right but it is not always wrong. A lot of men and women went to Vietnam to try to do the right thing, and didn't rape, kill, or torture. A lot of men and women died there trying to do what they believed in. Our leaders made mistakes but the men who fought and served should not be blamed for those mistakes."

"With regard to Kent State and the California war protester who laid down on the railroad tracks, and then lost his legs under the train wheels, perhaps the National Guard should not have been called out. By the same token, people who stand before armed persons and call them names, and spit in the faces and throw rocks must bear some responsibility for what happens next. The man who laid down on the railroad tracks should have realized that the train engineer very possibly would not be able to stop his train in time. The war in Vietnam was complicated. It was too complicated to be labeled right or wrong. Even twenty years later it can not be done!"

There were only two survivors of our eight man crew that crashed. Two years after the crash, I learned that it was caused by an inadequate inspection of a special bushing which was installed backwards at the factory in Texas. We lost at least six planes because of this blunder. Some fool had changed my life and a lot of other lives forever. I outgrew my bitterness and desire for revenge. I felt a resurgence of my belief in God. I don't know why I was given the chance to live, but I feel there was a reason for all of this to have happened."

"Some months ago, my wife and I visited the Vietnam War Memorial. I found the names of my fellow crew people. I put my hands on their names and according to my wife, I said, 'I had to come. I had to find you.' I don't remember saying these words. I believe Barbara when she says that I did. Things like this confuse me and make me wonder about a lot of things. Except, that I am more sure than ever that none of us is always wrong or always right."

Allen Chandler's highest rank was Master Sergeant.

Alan Chasen

Alan Chasen was awarded the Purple Heart for wounds received in combat in Vietnam. He entered the service in August, 1964 from the Massachusetts National

Guard. In June, 1963, he had received a B.S. in Pharmacy from Massachusetts College of Pharmacy. On April 14, 1963, he was awarded a Ranger Tab as an Infantry officer. His citation for the Army Commendation Medal states:

"Date of Action: 4 March 1968, Theater: Republic of Vietnam, Reason: For heroism in connection with military operations against a hostile force. First Lieutenant Chasen distinguished himself by heroic action on 4 March, 1968, while serving as assistant Battalion advisor to the Third Battalion, 47th Infantry Regiment, 22nd Infantry Division, Army of the Republic of Vietnam. On that date, a North Vietnamese Army Battalion infiltrated and attacked the 47th Regiment combat post. Lt. Chasen immediately went to the forward most elements in contact and exposed himself to hostile fire in order to locate enemy positions."

"After calling in tactical air strikes, the unit was able to advance 100 meters and was able to free pinned down wounded soldiers before encountering fierce fire again. With the enemy force now only fifty meters in front, Lt. Chasen repeatedly defied intense automatic weapons fire in order to direct close air support from helicopter gun ships."

"Lt. Chasen's courageous action and devotion to duty were a source of inspiration to the Vietnamese soldiers and contributed to turning a potential defeat into a profound victory. First Lieutenant Chasen's heroic actions were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Army and reflect great credit upon himself and the military service. Walter T. Kerwin, Jr., Major General, U.S.A., Chief of Staff."

His highest rank was First Lieutenant.

Jack Colman

Jack was born in Akron, Ohio as was his mother, Rebecca Liberman. His father was Morris Colman. He graduated high school there and saw combat in Vietnam from 1965 to 1967 with the 216 Quartermaster Battalion in Long Binh near Saigon. Jack served as a mail clerk and cook. He went to Vietnam by the troop ship, "Nelson A. Walker."

"I enjoyed serving my country and was proud to be in Nam. I hate defectors. They are cowards who should be ashamed. My time in Nam was a real learning experience. I learned that I would never want to live in any country other than the U.S.A. and that if given another chance, I would do it all over again. I have nothing to be ashamed of."

"I wish I could meet with President Bush and discuss how the average Nam Veteran felt about the war."

"I was for our troops in the Gulf. I just wish that we could have had a peaceful resolution instead of body bags. Most Vietnam Veterans that I know turned out O.K., not crazy."

He resides in Akron, Ohio.

His highest rank was Specialist-4.

Lanny Robert Colton

Lanny was born in 1945 in Boston to native Bostonions. His father owned a taxi business while mother devoted herself to her homemaking. He graduated from Newton South High School in Newton, Massachusetts, received his B.A. from Suffolk University and his M.A. in Educational Psychology from the same school, plus earned his M.A. in Counseling Psychology from Boston College. His principal interests were women and sports. After school he worked at several jobs, selling motor cycles, real estate, and as a lifeguard. While in school he came down with mono-neucleosis and had to drop out of school temporarily which left him unprotected from the draft.

Lanny saw combat every day while in Vietnam, and was awarded the Purple Heart because of a knee wound, caused by shrapnel from an enemy hand grenade, and was hospitalized at Yokota AFB, Japan, and Chelsea Naval Hospital.

He is not married and makes his home in Tucson where he moved to help a friend who was having business and marital problems.

His religious education was in a traditional Conservative Hebrew School and he became a Bar Mitzvah at the Mishkan Tefila in Newton, Massachusetts. "I never had the luxury of being able to go to services. I was always out in the field, the only Jewish person of some 3,000 troops."

"I learned of the Six Day War from letters from relatives. No news was available to me in Vietnam. I thought to myself that I would much rather fight for Israel (my Jewishness)."

"I was for the anti-war movement. I did not believe in the war. I am not a flag waver but I served because it was the 'American thing to do'. I would not go to Canada. I am proud to be an American."

"While I was in the service, I got a chance to see anti-Semitism, first hand. I would put a stone in my mouth during a forced march and it would make you salivate and drink less water. I conserved my water and energy. They called me 'kike' and many other slurs. I just became stronger. My contemporaries looked up to me as 'survivor of Vietnam' and all the horror that goes with it."

"This experience was a turning point in my life. I realized how precious life is and just being able to shower or have a glass of water. How much we take for granted and waste. As long as you don't put a gun to my head and hear the click, then there is not much else you could do to me to bother me. I saw life at its worst and now I am thankful to be alive, and yes, I became more religious because of it."

"My synagogue and ones I have visited have been cordial, sympathetic, and very understanding . My peers never really said much once they knew I had been there. I guess they felt my life was miserable over there, what's the point of arguing?"

"My Jewish community did nothing for me. I was never notified to do anything. There were never any questions. It was like it never happened."

"I could never get a Jewish chaplain. They just didn't exist that I know of. It was scary to think you could die and not get last rites."

"I am apathetic towards any kind of politics. I am basically a pacifist but if you rattle my cage-look out-I am capable of doing ' anything necessary' for whatever. I never became involved in pros or cons or anti-war. I was not interested in it. I was there and I did what it took to survive."

"I had no close relationship with a rabbi, although I have always gone to temple. No one in my synagogue really knew of my being in Vietnam. Those people that knew were understanding and sympathetic."

"I never think of politics, collapses of governments, etc. I am aware of it all though. I have no feelings one way or the other about the war. I am happy just to have survived."

"My parents died when I was young-mother when I was 4 and father when I was 10. I was raised by an aunt and uncle who had no real sentiments other than they thought the war was wrong. None of my family was ever outspoken of the war. I never discussed the war in detail with anyone. I have very little family and there were no fights about this. I never thought much about the Gulf War, one way or the other."

Lanny's highest rank was Sergeant.

Nathan Cooper

"We may not have stopped the dictators from North Vietnam but we sure did slow down their spread. Unfortunately there will always be oppressors, therefore we can not sit back and feel secure. Communism is dead but there will always be dictators."

"If asked to fight for my country again, I would go again; hoping this time however that the entire populace was behind us as was the case in the recent 'Desert Storm'"

Nathan was born in Philadelphia in December 1946 to two native Philadelphians. Both of his paternal grandparents were Russians while his maternal grandparents were Roumanian and Spanish. His father worked as a commercial refrigeration mechanic and his mother was a housewife for many years before becoming a school secretary. He was graduated from Penn State with a B.S. in Accounting in June, 1968 and worked for a Montgomery public accounting firm until before being drafted in September of that same year. Just prior to leaving for Vietnam in April of '69, he became engaged to be married to his wife of 21 years. They have two sons, ages 17 and 13 who, like their dad, are sports fans. Sports, in fact , were his principle interests as a teenager. He considers Philadelphia to be his home town.

As a child, he received his Jewish education at a community Jewish center, 5 days a week, and became a Bar Mitzvah in an Orthodox Synagogue even though his parents were not members there.

"The problem with the Vietnam War was that while mostly boys were fighting and dying, Americans seemed to be carrying on life as usual. Most of my friends went into teaching to avoid the draft and they were at home preoccupied with starting a career and worrying about who to take out this weekend and where to go."

"I'll tell you three stories that will show you what kind of Jewish support existed. Just after I received my orders sending me to Vietnam, my parents went to their local committee man (Jewish),someone they had casually known and for whom they had voted for years. They asked if he could help get me transferred elsewhere (Europe or the States). He said, 'Sure, I can help but first I want $1,000'. At that time, my family did not have that kind of money but even if they had, I forbade them to attempt this kind of action."

"My second story occurred while I was in Vietnam. My father never showed much emotion but obviously he was quite shaken by my assignment. In WWII his younger brother, after whom I was directly named, was killed in the European Theater."

"Fearing for his son, my father went to the Orthodox synagogue around the corner from our house and asked that they pray for my safe return. They asked if he was a member. They found out that he was not a member. They told him that if he would join, they would pray so he left and never went back there. He prayed every night in his own way."

"The third story involves my experience shortly after returning from Vietnam. A neighbor of mine who was Jewish was killed in Vietnam, and they were forming a Jewish War Veterans Post in his name. I received a call one day asking if I would join, however at that time, and even now, I just wanted to put that period of my life behind me. I just do not feel like a veteran even to this day."

"Failing to get me to join they had the boy's mother call me, asking only for money to help in getting the post established-not a mention of my joining. (I don't want to sound bitter however as you can see by the above three stories there was no real concern for me or my parents, only money. There was no Jewish support."

"My family, my fiancee, and some friends from college were firmly behind me, however. They wrote, sent packages and showed true concern while I was there and after my return. Being 22 while in Vietnam, I was one of the older non-career G.I.s there; a little more mature and stable than the majority of 18 year olds. It still helped quite a bit to know that I had the support of my family and friends in light of the lack of support everywhere else. We read the papers about the protests back home, nothing much was said about the leaders' religion but the protests and the pages slanted against the G.I.s (big coverage about Mi Lai but none about the Viet Cong or North Vietnam atrocities.)"

"When I came home, instead of a parade, a bunch of protesters spat on us, calling us 'killers'. I arrived home during a recession and was rehired, then fired, five months later. Due to this I could not sit for my C.P.A. test. No waiver was given to returning G.I.s and to date, even though I'm quite successful, I would still like to have it."

"I know this sounds bitter but it is only a small part of my Vietnam experience. I did see combat for which have the highly respected combat infantryman's badge. I did change but I am a lot more cynical about life but the experience also made me a lot stronger. I went over there shy: quite frankly a pushover but I came back sure of myself and knowing I *will* succeed."

His highest rank was Sp.-5

Lawrence Dannenberg

Lawrence was born in 1945 in Brooklyn to native American parents. His paternal grandparents had immigrated from Latvia, his maternal grandparents from Poland.

Prior to his induction into the armed forces, he attended college at night, worked at the New York Stock Exchange as a runner and at a gas station as an attendant and mechanic. "Prior to going into the service the specter of the inevitable draft left me with a disinterest in anything. I felt that anything that was started would be interrupted."

He was drafted in January, 1966, from his home in New York City. He volunteered for OCS and was commissioned a 2nd Lt. in the Corps of Engineers, Feb. 1967. He then served as a platoon leader with the E, First Calvary Division (Airmobile), March '67 to Feb. 68. Then he volunteered to serve as a rifle platoon leader with the Fifth Battalion/7th Cavalry, 1st Calvary Division (Airmobile) from March 68 until October '68.

He volunteered next for Special Forces and completed training in June of '69. He served as A and B team commander with the 7th Special Forces group (Airborne) based at Ft. Bragg, N.C. He was separated honorably from the U.S. Army in Sept. 1970.

He was in combat in RVA when he served as a rifle platoon leader. He served 19 months in Vietnam, beginning March 1967, first as a combat engineer platoon leader and as a battalion communications officer (8th Engineer Battalion) and later with the Infantry (5th battalion 7th cavalry) and as company executive officer. He was awarded 2 bronze stars and 3 air medals. Following the service, he entered Rockland Community College for its Engineering program, Fall 1970. Won a B.S. from Cornell Engineering in '74 and an M.5. in '76. At present he is Director of New Business Development at a consulting engineering company in Cincinnati. He married in 1985 and has two young sons.

"Looking back, I have begun to understand the possible reasons for putting myself in harm's way. It has to do with being Jewish and growing up in a very large Jewish community in Brooklyn. The holocaust was a fact that was everywhere about, when I went to the beach in the summer, almost everyone who spoke with a Jewish accent, had numbers tattooed on their forearm. The thesis which proposes the reasons why Jewish boys volunteered, served, fought, and died, presents the Jewish man in the true light of an intelligent and brave survivor. There is a reason why Jewish men played a combat role in Vietnam that transcends plain facts."

"My first real confrontation with the discontent on campus came when I visited Washington Square Campus, NYU, in Greenwich Village. I applied to several Engineering colleges for entrance in the fall of 1970. I thought that if I visited the admissions office in uniform and spoke to an official, I would have a better chance of being admitted. The official with whom I spoke, informed me that not only would I not be admitted to the College of Engineering, I would not be admitted to any college of NYU. My high school grades simply were not good enough."

"The Columbia University students were openly hostile. As I walked through some of the hallways, I heard jeers and cat calls. One student spat at me. The university administrator, however, was more sympathetic than expected. It was explained to me that I did not have the prerequisite courses to enter an Engineering curriculum and that my high school grades were not high enough to be admitted into the Liberal Arts college."

"However, several weeks later I received a letter admitting me to the School of General Studies as a non-matriculated student. I was informed that after one or two semesters I would be permitted to transfer to the Engineering College as a freshman, if my grades were good. I felt that at least they were trying to help even if I could not get exactly what I sought."

"I decided to investigate Rockland Community College near my aunt in Nyack, N.Y., a 30 minute drive to the college. At the community college, I was told that they would do everything they could to permit me to study engineering. The problem they pointed out to me was that the two year Engineering program required students to take two semesters of physics in the first year and four semesters of math to complete the program in two years. Before I could enroll in the Calculus course, I needed to take Algebra, so the earliest semester that I could take Calculus I was the spring semester. Physics I had a co-requirement of Calculus I and Physics II had a co-requirement of Calculus II."

"Physics I was only offered once a year I asked the Physics professor if the requirement of Calculus could be waived. He felt that it would be hard for me but that if I as really sincere and put forth the extra effort and that if I could do it he would grant the waiver.

"I did not realize how unpopular the war was until I was separated from the service and tried to resume a normal life. To many people, I represented the war and the popular U.S. policy. I feel that the draft resister who broke the law should pay for their lawlessness. While I was in RVN, my Swiss-born aunt (by marriage) asked for my opinion as to what my cousin should do to avoid being drafted. I asked her to rethink the oath she took when she became a U.S. citizen."

"I wrote her that the responsibility of being an American sometimes goes beyond paying taxes and voting. I noted that as a parent she should not encourage her son to become a criminal and run to Canada."

"I must admit that I feel some bitterness about how veterans were treated upon returning to America and how veterans are portrayed by Hollywood. I have gained much from my experience in the military. I learned a lot about people and I learned the most about myself. Fortunately, I was able to come out of it alive and well."

Dannenberg's highest rank was Captain.

Robert H. Dickman

Robert Dickman served in Vietnam from May, 1970 to April, 1971 with the Army Judge Advocate Generals Corps, office of the staff judge advocate, First

Cavalry Division (Am.),with the OTSJA, USASUPCOM (Sidnal) from November '70 to May '71. His L.L.B. was from, the University of Pennsylvania in 1968. Although he was not in combat, per se, he did suffer rocket fire, shelling, and small arms fire from the enemy while he served with the First Cavalry. His duties in Vietnam were prosecuting and defending at courts martial, giving legal assistance to soldiers, and giving legal advice to command. He had entered the service from ROTC at Dickinson College where he had earned his B.A. in 1965. He received a direct commission as a Second Lieutenant, Army Military Intelligence.

After passing the bar, and completing his clerkship, he attended the OTS at Fort Lee, VA. and the JAG school at University of Virginia at Charlottesville. He was now a Captain with a four year commitment . Next came Fort Bliss, TX. After his year in Vietnam, he was assigned to the Army Judiciary, Defense Appelate Division, Arlington, VA.

He and his wife, Cynthia, have raised two children. She is active in ORT. He has been active in JWV, JCRC, and B'nai B'rith. He practices law in Philadelphia.

Robert was born in May, 1944 at Chambersburg, PA. at the height of WWII when his father was stationed as an Army Lieutenant at Letterkenny Ordinance Depot. After the war, in Philadelphia, Robert's father was a salesman and then a purchasing agent for the City of Philadelphia. He also worked part-time selling real estate, and in his spare time he was a reserve officer in a unit that was part of the selective service system. He rose to the rank of Lt. Colonel and command of that unit. His mother was a full time homemaker until after the death of the father, when she began a series of part-time jobs. Robert attended Philadelphia public schools until June, 1961. At Northeast High School, he held various student government offices and was on the yearbook staff.

His Jewish education was at Temple Beth Torah and although he really wanted to take more advanced post-Bar Mitzvah work, it was not available.

"Being Jewish did not affect my attitude toward the war in Vietnam. I supported it then and now. Being Jewish did affect my attitude toward the Army; perhaps I should say it affected the Army's attitude toward me. One had always to be prepared to speak up to defend one's faith, against what I am fairly certain were unintentional, unthinking comments or attitudes. The only real anti-semitism I encountered was from a Jewish career officer who was apparently ashamed of either his religion or his career choice."

Robert Dickman's highest rank was Captain.

Jack Dickstein

Jack Dickstein is a married clothing salesman with a daughter attending the University of Wisconsin. Since his marriage, he and his wife have always been members of a synagogue or temple. Their home is kosher and the shabbat is welcomed with candle lighting. Their daughter has visited Israel several times, following her Bat Mitzvah and confirmation. His life story makes all of the above seem most remarkable.

Jack was born in Chicago in November, 1944 to Herman and Ruth Dickstein. Herman was a native of Warsaw, Poland who was shipped to New York in 1906, at the age of 12 to live with his sister because his parents feared that he would be arrested for Communist activity. He never had a formal education. In 1912, Herman, 18, married his first wife by whom he had two children – Jack's half brother, Daniel and a half sister. Daniel was badly wounded in the Spanish Civil War.

After the death of his first wife, Herman married Ruth Koenigsberger, a native of Bessarabia. Her parents had brought her to Chicago in 1922, fleeing the fighting between the Red and White armies which followed the revolution in Russia. Ruth worked in a factory while studying at night at the Jewish People's Institute to get her High School diploma. She did cancer research for many years at Hechtman Institute.

While growing up, Jack got his religious education at the Conservative B'nai Israel on the West Side and later at Rogers Park B'nai Zion. His religious life consisted primarily of High Holiday services..

By the age 14, both of Jack's parents had died and he went to live with his half-brother who had a wife and three children to support. So unable to remain with his brother's family, Jack was made a ward of the Cook County Court and was sent by the Chicago Jewish Federation to Balfour, a residential treatment center in Cleveland, for mildly disturbed teenagers. They advised him to forget school and go to work, which he did for one year at a Cleveland factory. Finally, his pleading and begging got him a shot at high school where he was a straight A student and finished three years of high school in 18 months while earning a scholarship from the Chicago Federation to John Carrol University.

He started to college in 1964 and quit in 1966 to join the Marines. "I probably joined the Marine Corps because I had no parents and no place else to go. Mother had died in a county hospital and my brother could not neglect his wife and three children to provide a home for me."

After his mother died, he had tried living with his brother for a short time and then went to live with a well established uncle who had promised his mother on her death bed that he would take care of her child. Uncle sent him back to Chicago. Then later, when Jack was preparing to go to Vietnam, he visited his uncle who asked him to leave the house because his presence made his uncle's wife uncomfortable.

After boot camp he went to Camp Pendelton for Infantry training, then to Le Jeune for amphibious training, then to El Toro for preparation for Vietnam. At El Toro, they had taken away all the money from the men about to go to Vietnam. The night before they shipped out, Jack wanted to call his aunt and uncle to say goodbye and tried to reverse the charges on a 50 cent phone call. His aunt refused to accept the charges. To this day, Jack Dickstein does not know what he did or said to get himself thrown out of the house. Maybe it was just the fact that he was in uniform and his aunt was an anti-war activist whose anti-war principles did not include her husband's family or his promise to a dying older sister: an example of how the Vietnam War tore at the fabric of a family and probably destroyed it forever.

In October, 1966, he arrived at Da Nang on a rather hot day, thinking, "This is no place for a nice Jewish boy!" After one day he was ordered to Phu Bai which was north of Da Nang. Jack was assigned to Dong Ha as a machine gun specialist with the third Battalion 4th Marine Division, the most decorated unit in Vietnam with three winners of the Congressional Medal of Honor. A couple of days later he went out on his first patrol, nervously. He remained with the Infantry as a machine gunner for 3 to 4 months when he was appointed to fill a vacancy for a special services NCO – procuring and providing beer, soda, potato chips.

Getting out of the field made him exceptionally happy but later led to feelings of guilt because so many of his old friends got killed while he was in a rear area and he was haunted by the feeling that if he had been there as machine gunner, their lives may have been spared. For his entire tour of duty, he never participated in a massacre or did anything for which he should be ashamed but he will always wonder what night have happened if....

He went to China Beach for High Holiday services as well as Pesach. They had all the comforts and fixings of home and he was thrilled to see so many Jewish servicemen including Black Jews from New York and Virginia. Throughout his days and years as a Marine, Jack had to put up with a lot of nasty anti-semitism. This began in boot camp but reached its peak during the time that he was a special services NCO. As he was told by officers and 19 year old grunts alike, "Just like a Jew to find a way to avoid work and profiteer from the war while everyone else is in the field."

"The whole time that I was in the service, I never broadcast the fact that I was Jewish. Everyone knew I was Jewish but I never wanted to bring attention to the fact. I suppose one reason was that when I was in boot camp in my sixth or seventh week of training, I stripped some tendons in my feet and spent a week in the infirmary, was transferred to another platoon to finish my final two weeks. When I arrived at my new platoon to finish my final two weeks, the senior D.I. looked at my papers and announced, 'We have another freakin' Jew in our platoon.' He then went on to mention that they had one already and now they were stuck with another."

"Apparently, the other Jewish recruit had taken six weeks of unbelievable abuse from the entire platoon. That first night when it came time to shower, the D.I. said, 'Everyone into the shower except the two Jews.' He said that Jews were afraid of showers since WWII and if we wanted to shower we would have to take full responsibility."

"I decided that I would not be harassed and while the other Jewish recruit stepped aside, I went into the shower stall alone. About two seconds later all the toilets were flushed at the same time, making the water so hot that I was almost burnt. The D.I. and the rest of the platoon were having a good laugh at my expense and I spent my first sleepless night in Boot Camp. The following day, I tried to talk to the other Jewish recruit but he told me to get out of his face, that he was having it bad enough, and that just when things seemed to be getting a little better, I showed up to make matters worse. Rather than consider me an ally, he considered me an enemy. For the next two

weeks until we graduated from Boot Camp, he never ever spoke to me, or for that matter to anyone else."

"When we graduated from Boot Camp, I asked the D.I., why he hated Jews so much. He explained that we were all shiftless, lazy, weak, and profiteers who would do anything to make a dollar and had no loyalty to anything except the dollar. In twenty years in the service, he had never met a Jew 'who was worth a shit.' I listened and remembered that I couldn't be angry at someone who was only a semi-literate hillbilly, figuring the only place in the world that would give him any feeling of importance or authority would be the military. Better he stay in the military than be on the outside with some Aryan white supremacist group".

"After Boot Camp I went to Infantry Training Regiment at Camp Pendleton and still received a little heat from the same bigots who were with me in Boot Camp. One day, during a training maneuver, I felt I had taken enough and when no instructors or officers were around, tore into this one fellow bad enough that a few other marines pulled me off him before I could do serious damage to him. Everyone thought I had over-reacted towards his remarks and even several of my friends said that I had acted like a fool. What did he say that was so bad? Everyone knew I was Jewish and he had called me Jew. I tried to explain that it was not the word that bothered me but how it was used. That fell on deaf ears. But I was not bothered again by anyone for the final three weeks of training."

"During my stint in Vietnam, nothing was ever mentioned about my being Jewish for the three to four months I was out in the field. The only time it ever came up was when we were out in the field on Sundays. The Protestants and Catholics had two separate services out in the bush. After three or four Sundays passed with me just staying in the rear, a friend of mine asked me why I never prayed with them. He wanted to know if I was an atheist. I told him I was Jewish. He didn't believe me, even when several of the other fellows verified the fact that it was true. He said it was impossible, that he had heard that Jews were different and he couldn't find anything different about me from anyone else. He had never met a Jew before. I showed him that I did not have a tail. We remained friends through Vietnam."

"A few weeks later I was transferred from being a machine gunner in a weapons platoon to being in charge of the beer and soda. I was now the Special Service N.C.O. There I met Charles Finkel. He was the Mail Orderly for the Third Battalion, Fourth Marine Regiment. Since both of us were attached to administration, we saw each other often. In special services, I became a friend of Charley Finkel, an Israeli born, larger than usual, heroic man. Finkel also took a lot of verbal abuse plus every undesirable duty assignment was directed to him."

In 1967, just 60 or 90 days before Finkel would have been rotated home, he volunteered to go into the field. Jack tried to talk him out of it, but to no avail. Charles Finkel died on September 4, 1967. KIA, his parents received the posthumous Silver Star for his gallantry in action.

Charles had lived in Brooklyn, N.Y. before he was drafted into the Marines. He had a strong Israeli accent and looked like a sandy-blond haired tsabra with light colored eyes. He was tall, muscular and cheerful. He took his job very seriously and stayed up all night, many nights, sorting mail so the troops could get their mail the following day. There were 1,200 men in the battalion and Charley and one other man, Carr, a black sergeant from Philadelphia were the only two men sorting hundreds of letters daily. Their commanding officer was a Lt. Thompson, who got great pleasure calling Carr, 'Sambo' every chance he got. Thompson constantly reminded Charles Finkel that while others were living and dying in the bush, he was safe in the rear area. Thompson or Thomson never let up on Charley and every rotten detail from standing perimeter watch at night to latrine duty, went to Charley. Finally Charley broke and volunteered to go into the bush with a line company. "I tried to talk him out of it but he couldn't take the harassment from the lieutenant any longer." Jack Dickstein went to graves registration to identify the bodies of six friends including Finkel. They were all below the age of 21. When Dickstein tried to recite the kaddish for his dear friend, the words would not come out.

Then with only 60 days left, it hit him that he too was mortal, that he could have been one of those kids in body bags. He had never understood the whole concept of Vietnam or what we were fighting for. "I was angry at America for the war, angry at the Marine Corps for what it had done to me, angry at myself for being a Jew and the way it complicated my life."

When Charley was killed in action, trying to save a fellow marine, John Carr went to pieces and if several of us had not stopped him, he would have killed Thompson for pushing Finkel over the edge. John Carr was Charles Finkel's friend."

"To this day I shy away from being too close to anyone. I get my wife furious a lot of times because I refuse to communicate. When we have our differences, I walk to the bedroom and close the door. I am closer to her than to anyone else in the world but there is a dense wall that does not come down. I have not had the most pleasant of life's experiences and am always afraid there is someone out there trying to hurt me."

Outside of the High Holidays and Pesach, he only saw a Jewish chaplain once when a rabbi came to the men in the field and gave them some canned food.

He stayed a very short time, saying, "I'd better get back." Dickstein always thought that this man was afraid and envied the Catholic men the presence of their priest and the Protestant men the presence of their minister in the field; but in the field of battle, when he needed a rabbi and God, neither were there with him.

He had loved Pesach, the camaraderie of so many Jewish men – most of whom were Army officers, most of them seemed to be M.D.s, only a few were career officers and the rest were very young conscriptees. In the Marine Corps he had never wanted his Jewishness to be brought out. Here for a short time he could be openly Jewish.

The last conversation Jack Dickstein had with Charley Finkel was about the Six Day War. They had talked about how to get transferred to the Israeli army but the

war ended before it could go any farther. They agreed that they would rather die in Israel than in South East Asia. Now people were coming up to him and saying," You Jews are great fighters, beating all those Arabs!" In Israel, Jews were not milk toasts hiding from the service of their country.

Then when his tour of duty was over, he was returned to the states but not until he had volunteered for combat on one more special occasion. A helicopter had been downed at the Cuaviet River, and he volunteered to guard it until a larger helicopter could be brought in to take it back to safety. He believes that he volunteered because of the guilt he felt about being in the rear while his buddies were being killed in the field. But even in the rear area, he had been subjected to 50 to 75 rocket attacks.

All his life, since Vietnam, he has suffered with F.U.O. – fever of undetermined origin. At times it has been so bad that he has had to be hospitalized. He has never gone to the V.A. for anything.

In November, 1967, he returned to John Carrol University where he was given a cold shoulder and snubbed by his pre-war college friends. He assumes that they felt unconscious guilt about not having served during the war. Then he went to Balfour where the old friends were so pleased to see one of their own group, now a Marine with decorations on his chest. Being uncomfortable in uniform, he bought trousers and shirts but found that his military haircut gave him away.

Next he bought a car and drove to Chicago to see his brother and sister-in-law and their children. His sister-in-law was an anti-war activist and she put him down for being a marine who had served in Vietnam. His next assignment was Parris Island where he was "Educational M.C.O." but F.U.O. put him in the Buford Naval Hospital and while he was there, he was replaced.

Next he was sent to Portsmouth N.H. to be a guard at a Federal Armed Services prison for serious crimes. He hated being a guard here as he felt sorry for many of the inmates who were mentally ill.

Upon his return home he was ostracized by his peers and old friends, How could you do anything so stupid as to join the Marines or fight in Vietnam?" He writes, "I never considered myself to be either a pacifist or a gung ho individual."

Jack has no animosity towards the sincere draft evaders who went to Canada, in fact he admires them and their courage. He has only contempt for those who pulled every string they could to avoid the service and now are so gung-ho military.

"I've lived through quite a bit. At an early age, I lost my parents and my grandparents and was sent to a children's home. In the service, I met some wonderful people and through the years we get together at reunions. They will shake hands, genuinely glad to see me, and say, 'Hey, how you doing there, Jew boy?' You would think that after 25 years they would know my name. In a way it bothers me."

Jack Dickstein's wife, Esther, works as a gifted coordinator. At Yale, she was an anti-war activist during the Vietnam War days. She has always been active in Jewish causes and grew up in a religious home.

Rabbi Richard Dryer

Rabbi Richard Dryer was born in New York City in November, 1930 to Oscar and Anna Dryer. His father was an accountant and insurance salesman at that time. He later became an auditor and Assistant Bursar of the City College of New York. Richard's mother was a private secretary. Richard grew up in New York and attended the public schools there, being graduated from Bronx High School of Science in 1948. As a high school student his principal interests were centered around the Fort Washington Synagogue, where he was President of the youth group as well as President of the Bronx-Manhattan Council of National Federation of Temple Youth and a member of the national board of N.F.T.Y.

He was graduated from C.C.N.Y. with a B.A. in psychology. Following college graduation he entered Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati for rabbinical training.

While at C.C.N.Y. he was in the R.O.T.C. through which he was commissioned a second Lieutenant in Infantry. He went into the Army as a chaplain immediately upon his graduation in Cincinnati and served for 30 years

"No reading of the Tanach (the complete Holy Scriptures) could yield the idea that Judaism is pacifistic and my 14 months in Vietnam convinced me that we were on the right side, that North Vietnam had invaded the south, that the South Vietnamese did not want to live under North Vietnamese rule, and that they were grateful to us for helping to defend them."

"Plain ordinary Vietnamese people told me this many times, particularly when the first American troop billets were bombed by the Viet Cong in 1965. I was stopped on the street by people who wanted to express their sorrow to any American that Americans were dying to help them stay free."

"On the other hand, I did feel that we made a stupid political-military decision to fight a land war in the jungles of Asia so far from our sources of supply. But morally, I had no problem."

"I married Arlene Gottlieb in December, 1955 and we decided to make our home in San Antonio because it was the nicest place we had seen in our travels.

Colonel Dryer's Legion of Merit Citation

For distinguishing himself by exceptional and meritorious performance of outstanding service in world-wide positions of great responsibility during the period 1 May 1977 to 30 April 1987, culminating in his final assignment as Command Chaplain, 13th Support Command (Corps), Fort Hood, Texas. Colonel Dryer greatly enhanced the spiritual well-being and morale of soldiers of this and many other commands through caring and concerned leadership in the implementation of a multitude of religious activities. Serving in a myriad of positions of great responsibility in Europe and the United States, he was a teacher and mentor for members of the Jewish faith and all other denominations. For his personal sacrifices and professionalism, he was named Jewish Chaplain of the Year for

1986 by the Armed Forces Jewish Chaplains. Colonel Dryer's outstanding performance of duty reflects distinct credit upon him, Fort Hood, and the United States Army – Crosbie E. Saint, Lt. Col., USA. Commander, III Corps and Fort Hood.

Rabbi Dryer's highest rank was Colonel

Peter Engle

"I was in the army in Vietnam in 1968, assigned to a reconnaissance outfit. I had just turned 18 and married to my childhood sweetheart, Sarah Rothstein, who throughout my life has been a great support, before my leaving and after my return. She recognized my return although America did not recognize our return till 1985, when we had our homecoming parade in Chicago. It has only been within the past seven years that many of us have been able to talk on the subject openly."

"Not only did we fight an unpopular war in Vietnam, we fought an equally unpopular war here in the states. When we came back, we were expected to act as if nothing happened. Was that ever a mistake, not only on our part, but on the part of our nation as well."

"One day we are in the field or under attack. The next we are sitting in our living room with our mothers saying 'Eat tatella, eat.' And we are asking ourselves, 'What now boychick?' I was and still am, as most of my Vietnam veteran brothers are, very proud to have served our country, when we were called. And we would gladly do it again, if asked."

"But the hostility was a bit too much for a lot of my brothers to handle. The prison system and the streets are ample proof of this statement. I myself have survived as well as I could with what the army has given me to do so with. I'm sure my story is not new but I shall tell it anyway."

"I had come to this country from Germany at the age of 8, to wonderful adoptive parents who had seen their families wiped out in the concentration camps. They came to America, met through mutual friends and got married. My father, Benjamin Engel had lost his wife and two daughters to the Nazis."

"My mother, Anna Engel, was in Poland when it was invaded. She and my Aunt Clara Reich and my Aunt Sarah Sheinblatt (not really my aunts but I love them just as much if not more) banded together and ran away from the terror. They hid in the forests, on farms, and in ditches, in fear of their lives every moment. They would take turns going into a village or farmhouse, asking for food. Thank God they made it and made lives for themselves and their children here in America, where the streets are said to be paved with gold, but the people's minds are paved with hatred towards the Jews."

"The question is 'Why?' I first got acquainted with anti-semitism when I entered the Army. The reason must be because our people band together and build for each other, and then for others. Work together instead of stealing from one another. I don't believe most races are familiar with the fact that we do for each other, and then

for others. The positive attitude the Jews have towards survival and life is stronger than most. 'Tradition,' may it reign forever."

"Back to the Nam. The holidays were spent in Quinhan. That was Pesach. I must admit that upon my return to the states there was a change in me, not outwardly but within. It seems that I did not take life as seriously as I should have. Oh, I had much more respect for it, but did not take it too seriously. That is because I have seen, as my Vietnam brothers have, life cease at the snap of a bullet."

"My most frightening time was when I was in Ban Me Thuot. The American compound was getting hit so much that our troops could not put up a proper perimeter for protection. So the word for volunteers went out. I and a close friend, Robert Robinson, a supply sergeant with the 173rd recon (better known as Sea Horse) went to Ban Me Thuot to help. I must admit, I had seen action during my tour but nothing like this! And during the monsoon, the red clay was unbearable. Rockets and mortars, kept coming in at all hours, day and especially night."

"On one particular night we were told that some ARVN, who were supposed to be part of our team, had acquired some NVA uniforms and were going to attack through the wire. This meant hand to hand combat when and if they broke through the wire. I was scared and not ashamed to admit it. But the bottom line is that I was prepared to do whatever I had to do, and ready to do it. At about 3:30, all hell broke loose but we prevailed. Since that night I know what it means when one would say, 'How precious life is!'"

"My faith stays with me at all times. Upon my return to the world, I continued as best I could. Sarah and I have two children – a son, who now is a marine and married to a lovely girl and his brother who is 14 years old and has ambitions of becoming a rock star. He plays the piano, guitar, bass, key boards, drums, and has an excellent hand at drawing."

"My oldest son has been a huge support to me. I might not have been the kindest father. Sarah and I went through a divorce. I thank God we have remained friends through the years. Many of my brothers in combat have gone through the stress of keeping a job and trying to cope with everyday life, many have turned to drugs. In many cases, as in mine, it started in Nam. Getting high made things a little more bearable. Because of this, my family and I have lost quite a bit. My parents and family lost pride and respect in me."

"As for me, I lost a life, an opportunity to offer my children whatever they wanted. The most important thing is that I lost them the company of me. And that hurts more than anything."

"My oldest son has supported me so much I can't tell you. Without him I would probably would not have wanted to do my time in prison in a positive manner. I do not blame my weaknesses on the fact that I was in Vietnam. But I credit my strength to that. I credit my strength to the fact that I never lost sight of my Jewish faith. I practiced in the fields of Nam and in the cells of the penitentiary."

"I have fought to receive kosher food in the system. Someone must pave the way. Someone must keep our faith alive, which to my dismay is most ignorant of the penal system. The unwillingness to accept us as part of the human race came as a bit of a shock to me. But with a little education, they will learn. The fact that I was the only Jew in my company was not that uncommon. My son is one of only 22 in the whole battalion."

"I have brought my experiences back with me from the battlefield and use them in another battlefield called the U.S. of A. The ignorance and hatred must stop. Especially in our armed forces. This country was not built by one race of people. It took all types. After all, 23 of us came over with Columbus. We built communities for our people. We struggled and survived as we always have and will survive as is ordained."

"Both of my boys have been Bar Mitzvahed. I couldn't be prouder of them if I tried. They both continue their Jewish lessons. We have survived an attempted annihilation and are still fighting for our survival. With the Torah and faith as our sword, we shall continue to teach others the merits of life and survival, and for sure we will let no one forget that we are a proud people who have faced adversaries before and now and have overcome."

"Within the last seven years, I have joined a group called Viet Now. It is a way of veterans helping veterans. Again I am the only Jew in my chapter. What would interest me is the location of the Jewish Vietnam Veterans or the JWV."

Dr. Ronald Feinman

Ronald Aaron Feinman was born in New York, in July, 1940. He now resides and practices dentistry in Atlanta. He married his wife, Billie, in 1962 and they have three children.

His parents moved from New York to Mobile, Alabama in 1946 and went into the retail jewelry business in the jewelry catalogue showroom phase. Father became president of the Conservative synagogue and was very active in the community. Ronald was graduated from Murphy HS in Mobile in 1958 and University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa in 1962, got his D.M.D. at University of Alabama School of Dentistry in 1966.

"I received a less than adequate religious basis and blame it on the lack of coordination and continuous change throughout my formative years in the religious school as well as the lack of motivation."

"When I went to dental school, I was married before my freshman year to Billie Tye from Haverhill, Massachusetts, who had attended the University of Alabama."

"Upon graduating from Dental school, I enlisted, and spent my first year at Fort Ord in Monterey, California. Shortly after our first child was born, I was ordered to Vietnam. Six fellow officers had requested to go to Vietnam and appealed to be ordered there in my place. They were refused. So I was shipped over to Vietnam at the rank of Captain and spent my first two months there in a cozy mobile dental clinic over looking the Saigon Country Club next to Tan Son Nhut Air Base. After two

months the unit was transferred to Bear-cat which was south of Saigon and base camp of the 9th Infantry Division and Thai Tiger Division. I now had access to a major hospital facility (because we were attached to the 9th Infantry)."

"I had several problems with superior officers regarding the U.S. government dental missions statement and was threatened with court martial or transfer to the MeKong Delta and to some fire base camps because of my refusal to treat the Vietnamese in lieu of treating our own personnel."

"With much manipulation I was able to do an 'inter bed' transfer, staying in the same area, changing hats and becoming the dentist for the 9th Infantry Division. For some reason I forgot about my concerns regarding my position and safety and went into combat with the Long Range Reconnaissance Patrols and a very aggressive madcap program I was not wounded other than emotionally."

Dr. Feinman served as a combat dentist in Vietnam in the year between July 1967 and July 1968. He was awarded the Combat Medical Badge, the Bronze Star, the Army Commendation Medal, and the Vietnamese Service Medal.

"Once we traded dental treatment for an entire cone full of matzoth and Passover rations a few weeks after Pesach. We had enough fish and chicken soup for two months and finally started doling it out to those Vietnamese who had acquired a taste for Kosher foods."

"The remnants of my Vietnam year are still with me (after 25 years) and manifest themselves in such things as insecurity in large crowds, overreacting to loud noises, and somewhat visualizing on occasion when driving a car where I might be ambushed. I guess these are all natural reactions for those people who were over there or at least I like to think it is. It was a waste of one year of my life although some aspects of the travel were interesting."

"I went voluntarily and the school of thought at that time was that was the right thing to do. But, when I returned home, the whole bitter nightmare became the same as a bad dream."

"Although I lecture professionally on dentistry, I never spoke about my Vietnam experience nor do I think anyone is really interested."

Dr. Feinman is especially active on the local regional, and national levels of the Alpha Omega dental fraternity. Currently (since 1984), in addition to his private practice, he is special lecturer in esthetic dentistry at Emory University School of Dentistry. From 1988 to the present he has been Visiting Scientist at the Hebrew University-Hadassah School of Dental Medicine in Jerusalem (funded by Alpha Omega).

His highest rank was Captain

Stanley Feldman

Stanley was born in 1948 in Philadelphia to two native Philadelphians. His grandparents were immigrants from Kishinev in 1922 who came to Philadelphia because they had family there. Father served in the Army Air Corps 1942-45.

Stanley considers Philadelphia to be his home town. He graduated from Northeast High School in 1966 and joined the Coast Guard where he served for four years. He was interested in cars, machinery, and working with his hands and joined the Coast Guard, hoping to see the world, and be out on his own. He served with the USCG Squadron One from April 1968 to April 1969. He was with Division 11 in An Thoi and Division 12 in Da Nang and was in combat many times.

Vietnam was a war of skirmishes, firefights, and ambushes, not a war of major battles and offenses, as was WW2. For one thing, there were no 'front lines'. Approximately 80% of our time was spent on patrol of the coastal waterways. We spent a great deal of time in the fishing villages. As a result, we became very close with the people in these villages. A lot of time was spent on community projects. Sometimes we would help to dig wells, do health education, or work with the P.F., the Popular Forces of the Home Guard."

"Many of the villages were very remote and primitive. They had no electricity, no sewage system, and bathed from the same river from which they drank, etc. Being there was like going back in time. As part of our river patrol duties we were constantly boarding and searching fishing boats, and checking identification papers. We always carried Vietnamese sailors on our boat, and were training them to take over our jobs. The Coast Guard actually left about 25 patrol boats with the Vietnamese on withdrawal from Vietnam. During my service with the USCG, I was awarded the Bronze Star in addition to numerous unit awards and group awards."

He and his wife Janette live in the Mayfair section of Philadelphia. Janette is a nursing supervisor at a local hospital. The Feldmans have been foster parents for Vietnamese refugee teenagers since 1989. Several children have come and gone since then but "our pride and joy is Nam Khanh Son. Nam has been with us since we became foster parents , and is a truly exceptional young man, a kind, caring person, and a member of the National Honor Society.... I also spend considerable time with other refugee children, helping them with health problems, looking for housing, applying to colleges or for financial aid, etc. I have been disabled since 1978, due to a work related injury. The kids keep me busy and it is very rewarding."

"The Vietnamese are very similar to us in many ways. They are sober, hard working, family oriented people, who respect authority and their elders. They can do very much with very little. They would make excellent citizens for the state of Israel. Let's see the Arabs deal with that! We could take the boat people and put them in the West Bank settlements."

"As far as my Jewish education is concerned, I went to Hebrew school after public school for several years. I was Bar Mitzvahed at Beth Emeth Congregation in Philadelphia. I had no contact with Jewish chaplains in Vietnam."

In my opinion, most of the people of my generation that were in the anti-war movement were just using it as an excuse. They didn't want to go into the service, or be inconvenienced, or postpone going to college or starting their career. They were yuppies in training. They had little understanding of the real issues involved. I can't

count how many anti-war experts I met that had never been to Vietnam, and had never met any Vietnamese people. They had no idea what the Communists were trying to do, no idea of the atrocities being committed by the VC, and no idea of what the future of Southeast Asia would be under the Communists. Look what has happened to the USSR or at the standard of living in Vietnam today. It is one of the poorest nations of the world . Look at what happened to Southeast Asia in 1975. In Cambodia, millions died in the 'killing fields.' In Vietnam thousands were imprisoned in the 're-education camps,' and killed when Vietnam fell in 1975. Today there are hundreds of thousands of boat people in refugee camps in Asia."

"The Jane Fondas, Abby Hoffmans, and Jerry Rubins had their time to protest. It is time that they helped clean up the mess that they helped to create. The American media and the Congress did our country a great disservice. Why did we kill over 58,000 American servicemen in a war we were not allowed to win? If you are going to be in a war, let the military win it. Keep the politicians out of it. Why didn't we cut the supply lines from the north on the Ho Chi Minh trail in Laos and Cambodia? Why didn't we chase the troops that attacked us into Cambodia and Laos? Why didn't we bomb military targets in North Vietnam on a consistent basis? The Communists were fighting a guerrilla war, or war of insurgency, and the politicians and the media had us fighting a fixed front WW2 style war! It did not have to happen this way!"

"I have always been ashamed that there were so many Jews in the anti-war movement. I have found this embarrassing and hard to understand. If you look at the history of the Jews, and what happened to the European Jews in the past, how could you forget? How could any Jew stand idly by as the world did in WW2 and not get involved? Did they not perceive the threat to these people, or the threat to our way of life?"

"I can understand being scared and I can understand not wanting to go to war. Anyone who has been in combat can tell you how frightening it has been. But you can find it in yourself to face up to that fear, and do what you have to do to survive. If you want to live in a free society, there comes a time when you must do your part. If you don't feel you can fight, then there are other ways you can serve, but you must, I feel, do something. Otherwise, I don't understand how a person can live with himself."

"Most of my friends in high school were too busy with their own lives to bother to go into the service. They felt that Vietnam was not their war, as did many of my non-Jewish friends. They came up with a hundred reasons why they could not go. I do not understand them, and can not forgive them. They have to live with who they are and what they did."

"Most of the people in my family were surprised when I enlisted. When I told them I had volunteered for Vietnam, they were shocked. My grandfather was so upset, that he slapped me across the face! I felt that my father was the only one who understood."

"When I came home from Vietnam, I received no special welcome from any Jewish group. I had one year left in the service, and did attend services, in uniform, with my family. I was warmly welcomed but not invited to speak."

"Most of the people I met back in the United States were very hostile. I was called, baby-killer murderer' many times. It was amazing how many so-called pacifists would fight with you when they found out you were a Vietnam vet."

"Regarding my military service, there were many positive experiences as well; free drinks, free dinners. Many people came up to me and told me about their sons in Vietnam. I'll never forget an experience I had once in New York City. I was on a date, in a steakhouse, in uniform. A couple came up to me and asked me if I had just come home from Vietnam. They had noticed my ribbons. They had a son who was a sailor, who was killed in Vietnam. They both hugged me and then they left. They left money to pay for my dinner! I just sat there with my mouth open. I didn't know what to say. I was so overwhelmed."

"When I came home from the war, I did not talk to my family about it, except for my brother Michael, who is three years my junior. He looked like a hippy, with long hair. When I first saw him, I could not believe my eyes. Michael and I had many violent arguments about the war in general, but we did not talk about my experiences. I remember, once we were in a bank near our home. We began arguing very loudly about the Communist threat and Vietnam. We argued so loudly that the manager of the bank asked us both to leave, because we were scaring the other customers!"

"Even today I am still upset by some of the new Vietnam War movies which have been produced. For example, Platoon was not a portrait of the Vietnam War as I experienced it. We were not drug addicts, nor murderers. We were not savages who went from one village to another, looting and terrorizing the local population. If any of my men had acted like the men in that movie, I would have had them court-martialed! In Vietnam, everyone was equal – Jew or gentile, black or white, it made no difference. If you did your job and the people around you could count on you, that was all that mattered."

"I am very proud of the people with whom I served, and of what we accomplished. It is truly amazing that you can take American servicemen from many different backgrounds, put them together in impossible conditions under life and death situations , and they will work their tails off, and risk their lives for people they have never met and will probably never see again."

"There were times, though, when the dark side of human nature came through. There was a sailor who was on my boat who was from the South. He hated Jews, Blacks, Asians, and anyone else who was 'different.' We had several arguments and a few fights because of his biases. He also got into fights with a black sailor and had many run-ins with the Vietnamese. The situation was very difficult because we lived and worked in tight quarters. Eventually, he stayed away from me, and kept to himself after finally realizing that he had no friends or supporters on board. Finally, the straw that broke the camel's back occurred. This sailor tried to beat up a Vietnamese fisherman while he was boarding his boat; he thought he could get away with it. Immediately this sailor was put on report by the C.O. and was transferred off the boat after that patrol was over. Fortunately he was only on our boat a short time."

"Concerning recent events such as the Gulf War, I felt a great deal of support for the soldiers, sailors, and airmen who fought the war. I think we did a good job with desert storm, but we ended the war about two days too soon. Why didn't we let our troops destroy the rest of the Iraqi forces in Baghdad , as the generals wanted to do? I am also concerned that we did not win concessions from Saudi Arabia, as we should have before sending aid."

"The Middle East policy of George Bush is slanted toward the Arab countries and against Israel. Because we ended the war too soon, we may have to fight there again in four, five, or ten years. Before we get involved in our next war, we need to be clearer on what we are trying to do, why we are fighting whom we are fighting and what will happen to the region after we leave.

I received a letter from the Feldman's foster son, Nam. I include it in this study because it is part of the Vietnam experience.

May 29, 1992

Dear Rabbi:

Hello, my name is Nam. I am writing to inform you about my past experiences and my new life here in America. I left Vietnam, December 5, 1986. It was my mother's idea to let me go to America. I escaped from Vietnam by bus and on foot. It took me about two months to get to the Thailand-Cambodian border, where the Red Cross and the United Nations held the refugee camps. I thought I would die during my journey; fortunately even at age 16, I was a survivor.

I arrived at the camp, January 16, 1987. The conditions in the camp were very bad. We didn't have enough food or water. Everything was so bad, it was unbelievable. I had a very hard time in the camp. I was very lonely because my parents were not there when I needed them. Anyway, I had my brother there, who is a year older than I. We took care of each other. That was the only close personal contact had.

I stayed in the camp about two years until the U.S. ambassadors came to the camp. They started to interview people. I saw my name on the list. I was so happy! I had to be ready to answer when they asked a lot of questions. They asked tough questions. I was so lucky to have given the right answers.

They said that my brother and I were accepted to resettle in the U.S.A. That was the time when I began to feel a lot better. I knew that in America I would have a better future, the one that I had always dreamed of.

Right now, I am living with the Feldman family. They are very nice people. They help me when I have problems that I can't solve. I feel like I am a very lucky child to have good, caring parents like others can only wish for. My goal is to go to college to become someone who could contribute something to help society.

Well, I guess this is it. I appreciate your concerns about the Vietnamese War. I hope this information will help you in your new book. Sincerely, Nam Khanh Son.

Stanley's highest rank was C.P.O.

Leonard Fribourg

Leonard Fribourg served in combat areas in WWII in the Pacific Theater and in Japan, Korea, and Okinawa, as well as in Vietnam. In 1949, he served as the technical advisor for the movie, "Sands of Iwo Jima."

Born in Denver, he graduated from Shaker Heights (Ohio) high school in 1938 and attended Ohio State University for two years before graduation from Fenn College in Cleveland where he enlisted in the Marine Corps Reserve at the age of 22. Ultimately he was integrated into the Regular Marine Corps in 1953. He served with the 4th Marines during the occupation of Emirau and in the Guam and Okinawa campaigns.

After retirement from the Marines, he and his wife, Dorothy Rozzen Fribourg, resided in Newport Beach, Cal. where he worked as support systems manager of a food brokerage firm. They had a son and a daughter.

Leonard frequently served as a lay reader for services when no rabbi was available. He died at the age of 72 on August 14, 1993. His medals and decorations include: Legion of Merit, Bronze Star with Combat "Vee," Meritorious Service Medal, Purple Heart with Gold Star, Combat Action Ribbon, Presidential Unit Citation, Navy Unit Commendation with Bronze Star, American Campaign Medal, Asiatic-Pacific Medal with three Bronze Stars, WWII Victory Medal, National Defense Service Medal with Bronze Star, Korean Service Medal, Vietnam Service Medal with two Bronze Stars, Marine Corps Reserve Ribbon, United Nations Service Medal, Vietnam Presidential Unit Citation, Republic of Vietnam Campaign Medal.

His highest rank was Marine Brigadier General.

Morton Friedlander

He was born in Baltimore to children of immigrants from Latvia and Lithuania. His parents met, and married, and lived their entire lives in Baltimore. Thomas, his father, was the oldest of eleven children of a paperhanger father and a consumptive mother.

His mother was born Helen Friedland, the middle daughter of eight children, whose father was a tailor and whose mother's family name was Fried. Thus the family went from Fried to Friedland to Friedlander. Martin's father, at various times, was a salesman, a cab driver, a painter, and at the end of his working career, a salesman once again. Mother was a stenographer who worked for several firms before becoming a state employee until her retirement.

Morton earned a B.A. at the University of Maryland in 1964, after twelve years of night school. His M.B.A. was from Southern Illinois, Edwardsville in 1971 and his JD was earned at California Western School of Law, in 1984. During his junior and senior years of high school, he worked close to fulltime, taking the commercial course with a music major to insure that there would be minimal homework.

Realizing that those courses would not get him into college. he quit high school in March, 1951 and entered the Air Force three days later as a Private with the intention of serving four years prior to entering college on the G.I. Bill with a G.E.D. Diploma. Twenty-four years and five months later, he retired from the Air Force.

"I traveled from high school dropout to M.B.A. in management. Prior to active duty he had worked for several independent and chain food stores.

"I received the usual array of commendation medals, meritorious service medal, unit citations, etc., the Bronze Star, and a Vietnamese Honor Medal. In twenty-four years, I never saw anyone do anything that I thought, deserved a medal. It was more of a game. 'I can not give you a promotion or a raise, but would you like a gold star on your paper? I'll give you one this year. You can give me one next year.'"

He met his wife, June, in London in 1964 and they married two years later. They raised four children. Following Vietnam in 1973, he was assigned as chief of supply and supply squadron commander at Mather AFB, Sacramento, CA., an assignment he kept until retirement in 1975. This was in lieu of an assignment to the Air War College and the Pentagon.

He had four children still in school and he wanted them to be graduated from the same high school and then go off to college. He opened a small business, then another, then sat for his real estate broker's license, sold his small businesses and became a business broker.

Within a year of his military retirement, two of his children dropped out of high school. He had an opportunity to move to Fresno to manage a business opportunities office, for a larger broker corporation. His agreement was to get a new office up, running, and profitable, and if so, within eighteen months, the company would move him out of the central California heat.

After three years and the election of Ronald Reagen, it was clear to him that it was time to leave Fresno and business opportunities. He believed that President Reagen would drive all small businesses into bankruptcy and so he decided to become a bankruptcy attorney.

In 1984 he was graduated from Law School and has lived and practiced law ever since in southern California.

His Jewish education was at the Talmudic Academy until the age of eight, which he hated. "My parents had the good sense to send me back to public school (probably at the request of the academy)." Then he attended after-school cheder with his pals learning to 'lay tefillin, prayers for mincha and maariv. Old rebbie Goldberg would hit us with a ruler, but we loved it."

Jewish education stopped at Bar Mitzvah, for many years. His next Jewish education experience was as principal of the Jewish Sunday School at Tachikawa Air Vase, Japan, in 1966-67. In 1968 he was the Jewish liaison person between the base and the Jewish community at Scott AFB in Illinois. He served as a member of the board of the Conservative synagogue in East St. Louis and at Mather AFB,

Sacramento and on the board of the Conservative synagogue where he was membership chairman. That is where his oldest son became a bar mitzvah.

"I never went to China Beach for a seder – a few Sunday dinners, maybe. I served as chief of supply at Da Nang AB otherwise known as Rocket City. When I arrived, I replaced a full colonel. His officers had never been off the base. I changed all of that. We had a jeep and we went places. We went out to help rebuild an orphanage for kids who had been marched from Hue to Da Nang by nuns; only to find the orphanage wrecked. We would go to China Beach. We went on scrounge missions to local army facilities to 'trade.'"

"By the summer of 1972, China Beach was a bit of a recreation area with a decent snack bar. I never saw any evidence of the military hospital portrayed on television."

"Where I grew up Jewish boys did not go into the military unless drafted. Only a meshugenneh (a madman) would make it a career. 'What is a nice Jewish boy like you doing in the Air Force?' I did not care much about what my peers thought. Especially, I didn't care much about opinions that differed from my own."

"I do recall to this day walking down the street going to Passover services in 1953 or '54 in Paris and bumping headlong into my lifelong friend and neighbor, Sonny Gold. We had not seen much of each other for several years, but we saw a good bit of one another over the next several years both in France and in Baltimore. He was a draftee, but never heard a word of criticism from him or his wife because I had chosen a military career."

"But back to Vietnam. I was very proud of the Jewish anti-war literati. I was in France at the time of the fall of Diem Bien Phu. It was a national catastrophe. France ran downhill from one military disaster to another and with each defeat, you could see the Frenchman shrink deeper into a shell. We had no business in Southeast Asia. I was at odds with my fellow officers whose politics ran only to the candidate likely to get the largest military budget. I joined the service to keep the peace. That was my perception of our job."

"I had served in Europe from 1952 to 1956. I was there to open Toule-Rosiere, Bitburg, and Spangdahlem Air Bases. I served at Chaumont AB. We were facing down the big red bear with the fulfillment of the M, Building the NATO Shield, and developing a viable economic society. Vietnam was another matter, entirely."

"I served as logistics officer in the presidential wing at Andrews AFB, during the Kennedy administration. I lived with the Cuban missile crisis and the Bay of Pigs. The assassination occurred while I was attending Squadron Officers School, for three months in Montgomery, AL. Vietnam seemed distant to me then, even though we were studying tactics and discussing lessons learned back in 1964.

"With the advent of the Johnson administration and its hopeless policy of incremental war, we were mired beyond belief. I lost friends and acquaintances. By long distance telephone I was comforting wives of the dead and missing. Did I believe in the correctness of the anti-war movement? Absolutely!!

"Did I have reservations in my mind about giving aid and comfort to the enemy? Absolutely!! The day the picture of Jane Fonda in North Vietnam was published in the newspaper, I was in a rocket attack at Da Nang. I haven't forgiven her yet."

"We have to be able to separate the ideas and concepts from the means of implementation. If all we had to do was convince Congress, we would have been out of there. Unfortunately, public demonstrations were ineffective with Mr. McNamara and the commander-in-chief. The anti-war movement had the correct notion and no adequate means of communication. I voted for Nixon with his promise of a plan to extricate us from Southeast Asia even me, a dyed in the wool, east coast Jewish Democrat."

"But there is something important to understand in the insideousness of propaganda. I had an opportunity to fly into and out of Vietnam in 1967. There was a war on, to be sure. I didn't volunteer to serve a tour until I saw my contemporaries being set up for repeat tours, while I had not yet paid my dues. Many went for promotions and glory. I went out of duty and guilt. I first went to Tan Son Nuht Air Base at Saigon. I had about 150 Vietnamese employees under my supervision. For the most part, they spoke English and held a variety of jobs. It was not very long before I was absolutely convinced that we must stay the distance and win or every one of those minions who worked for us would be slaughtered. I easily imagined the killing fields of Cambodia coming to all of these gentle people."

"We went to Vietnam to protect a non-existent democracy from the communists, and it became our fight. We were not their ally anymore, they were ours. What would happen to all of these people who befriended and worked for us? With hindsight I know that my worst imaginings never occurred. What disturbs me is the irrational twist that my mind took when I was there. My darkest thoughts were not my own original ideas. Propaganda steps into one's being almost by osmosis."

There were excellent political and economic reasons for the United States not to be involved. The enemy, if there was one, lay in the Soviet Union and to a lesser extent in China. The anti-war movement asked the question in advance that we all know the answer to today. Why American blood? The Russians were not expending their troops as canon fodder. I did not see a single Chinese soldier. What military logic made us believe that we could stop Ho Chi Minh and General Giap when the French could not? Did we have special expertise in jungle warfare? Was there some precedent in the Korean conflict that would lead one to believe that wars that are fought incrementally, are winnable?

"It would be nice if all complex issues could be reduced to simplicities. A discussion of the anti-war movement would take a full book to explain. I am proud that there were young Jews with the foresight and chutzpa to lead the movement."

"When I came home it was to a new assignment in a state where I had never lived. I was glad to be alive. In the early days I still rolled out of bed in the middle of the night if I heard a siren. It took a little time to adjust. The Jewish community was a new one for me. I took an active role. My son was studying for his bar mitzvah while

I was attending Sunday discussion groups and serving on the board. It was California, a state heavily dependent upon the defense industry. I faced no criticism."

"While I always viewed myself as a citizen soldier, I recognized that I was not a young draftee forced into combat. I knew what I was and where my duty lay. It was my chosen profession: arms."

"I take no issue with those who were draft evaders. Although I would not vote for such a person, running for president. I still find it difficult to watch a Jane Fonda movie.

"I was not asked to make any speeches when I returned from the war. I was not emotionally equipped to do so. Today, if the subject arises, people find it hard to believe that a man my age was there, anyhow. When I make it known, the conversation quickly drifts to another subject. Just as well."

"The real legacy of the war was drugs. Let me tell you about my men. The squadron had a hootch which was used as a squadron club or bar. Officers didn't go there often. I stopped by regularly. That's where I would go to find out what was going on, how morale was, and what the troops were thinking. It was clear that we had serious drug problems. Drugs came onto the base, freely. My campaign was not against the communists. It was against the drug dealers. Our troops came home as a ready made market for every pusher who could get a supply."

"We brought home heroin addicts by the thousands. I sent home almost as many to men to drug rehabilitation programs as I sent home at the end of their tours. I was able to do that because we had a program that encouraged self-identification and rehabilitation as opposed to discipline and discharge into the home community. Drug use was a growing problem in the United States from the late fifties, but Vietnam gave us the great leap forward by creating a demand-side hidden economy, while the pseudo sophisticates (sophists) were establishing the Republican open supply-side economic programs and ignoring societal problems. We pay. we pay, and we pay for our political blunders."

Highest rank was Lieutenant Colonel.

Dr. David Gerstman

Dr. Gerstman was born in August 1950 in Brooklyn, N.Y. to children of his grandparents who were immigrants from Europe. He left Brooklyn at the age of 18 to join the army. He has resided in Tempe Arizona for nine years where he practices podiatry. After graduating high school in Brooklyn he attended Community College for 1 years before enlisting in the army. Following his tour of duty in Vietnam, he attended New York academy of the Dramatic Arts, and then spent 8 months on a kibbutz in Israel and another 8 months in Australia before he, at the age of 24 returned to Brooklyn where he earned a B.A. cum laude in psychology in the pre-med program at Brooklyn College. He then entered the Ohio College of Podiatric Medicine where he earned his D.P.M. Meanwhile he married and received an appointment with an H.M.O. which brought him to Tempe.

As a teenager he worked as a waiter in the Catskills. He had graduated high school at the age of 16, he joined the army to escape from an uncomfortable personal situation and was too naive about world events to understand what he was getting into in Vietnam. That was January 1969. After two years and seven months of service, he was honorably discharged at the rank of E-5 (Specialist 5th Class). Although his specialty was Preventive Medicine, he was assigned as a Combat Medic to the 4th Infantry Division at Khe Sahn and Pleiku. After six months, the division was sent home but since David did not have enough points to go home, he was then assigned to the 24th Preventive Medicine unit, USARV in Long Binh. After 5 months there he was transferred to a small (6 member) Preventive Medicine team in Cam Ranh Bay where he served his final 3 months. He was exposed to minimal combat gunfire during his first 6 months. However, "the entire country was a combat zone. Even when I was in 'secure' Saigon, GIs were blown up in bars or would swallow ice cubes with broken glass in it." For a brief period he had a drug problem but that ended before he returned home.

After his graduation in Ohio, he did a year of post graduate studies in Los Angeles and has been in Tempe ever since. All four of his grandparents were practicing Orthodox Jews. His parents kept a kosher home and observed all Jewish holidays and the Holy Days. David attended the Brooklyn Jewish Center for about 6 years and that is where he became a Bar Mitzvah. "I was fortunate to be raised in a city with a large Jewish population and culture and, as today, was proud to be Jewish." He belongs to a Conservative temple and practices Conservative Judaism in his home. "I married a Jewish woman when I was 29 and she was 26. We married in a Conservative temple in Brooklyn. Both of her parents were concentration camp survivors. We have one 8-1/2 year old son."

"I didn't go to Vietnam for patriotic reasons. I was too naive. I went because I was told to go. In many ways I feel that this was the easy way out....It took a lot of courage not to go-to give up home, family, friends, and country and go to Canada. I have always had a lot of respect for those individuals who did not go (into the service). I was very active in the VVAW (Vietnam Veterans Against the War) movement. I began my involvement two days after my discharge. I gave lectures and showed films at various high schools/colleges; I took part in marches/demonstrations (VVAW took over the Statue of Liberty; I was not part of this-I was demonstrating in Albany at the time); I stood on street corners asking for money which was ultimately used to open a store-front in Brooklyn. I was also able to relate only to fellow Vietnam veterans upon my return. Other people either spat on me for being a baby-killer, or just wanted to hear war-time ghoulish stories."

"The VVAW gave me the opportunity to become reaffiliated with civilian life at my own pace and in the company of others who had shared similar experiences. I never saw a high profile of Jews in the anti-war movement, Jerry Rubin/Abbie Hoffman were two people amongst a mixture of many. Blacks, women, teenagers, clergy of all

faiths, politicians, educators-many people were involved (in a high profile way) with the anti-war movement. I never received any discrimination because I was a Jew, with respect to the anti-war movement."

"If anything, I received discrimination from contemporary Jews for having gone to Vietnam. After all, what's a nice Jewish boy doing in an uneducated, mostly Third world army fighting overseas? I was alienated from the stereotypical 'nice Jewish boys, upon my return-by their choice and by my own.

"I never felt ostracized by my temple since I wasn't active in a temple upon my return. But even today, I don't fit in with most of the Jewish community. I am not a 'prince' didn't marry a 'princess', and can't tolerate the ethics/morality/ personality of such individuals. Many of my peers are Jewish physicians, and I don't want to be like them. I wish that I could express more eloquently the differences between the typical Jewish peer and myself (and other Jewish Vietnam veterans, friends of mine who feel this same alienation.)"

"I was never invited to speak to any Jewish organization regarding my Vietnam experiences. I saw the Jewish chaplain once in Vietnam-it was not a meaningful event. To me the anti-war movement was not an act of pacifism but rather one of patriotism. This 'war' was wrong. History can prove this, corrupt politicians wanted and needed this war, not the soldiers nor the American people. To stand up, be heard, and not ignore the daily abuse of American troops and Vietnamese people is not a pacifistic act, but a patriotic act."

"America was deeply involved in an illegal 'war,' never even declared a war by Congress, and thus, according to our Constitution, was illegally sending in combat troops. To demonstrate against this illegal act was our American duty."

"Did over 58,000 American die in Vietnam to stop Communist aggression? I don't think so, nor does history show it to be so. Does not wanting to fight or die for an unjust cause make one a Communist sympathizer? The 'war' was for economic and political reasons. It was corrupt and dishonest amongst political allies. The anti-war movement developed because we were raping the Vietnamese people, country and culture: because we were destroying needlessly American and other lives; because we could no longer ignore he deceit and abuse-not because we were sympathetic to the Communist way of life or government."

"Our enemies in South East Asia were enemies of Israel since America was allied to Israel at the time. Do the recent anti-Israel votes cast by the U.S. at the U.N. now make America an enemy of Israel? I think so but America is still viewed as Israel's friend. Certainly at the time of the 'war,' I wouldn't vote to support the allies of my enemy, so why make this an issue?

"The South Vietnamese people were poor but honest farmers prior to, during, and after the U.S. involvement. What justification is there for what we did to them? We killed them and crippled them, all in the name of democracy. These were the people we were supposed to serve and protect, and we ultimately did neither."

"I really am not bitter about this whole thing since it has helped mold me to be the person that I am today. I went to Vietnam a naive boy of 19; I left as an entirely different person at age 21. There are a multitude of experiences that encounter hardships. The loss of a parent at a young age is an example of a traumatic experience. Yet one cannot feel bitter about life's hardships. One must grow and learn and get on with living. I consider myself fortunate to have gone to Vietnam it has been the one overwhelming experience that has helped to make me who I am."

"Interestingly, I was in favor of sending in troops during the Persian Gulf crisis. This was not the scenario of Vietnam. This was the majority of countries trying to quelch the acts of a madman and his followers"

"What made me extremely bitter was the overwhelming reaction of our country to our returning troops. We had vast superiority in all aspects of military operations; the troops spent less than 1 month in actual combat assignment. Yet the hero's welcome, parades, incentives, attitudes, -these, to me, were out of proportion to what was encountered and achieved that all I could feel was bitter hurt when reflecting my own welcome home. I realize all of the rationale that comprised the reasons for this type of recent support, but still it hurts me emotionally."

"Finally, in my immediate family at the time of my return, everyone was supportive of my anti-war attitude except my Father. None of my family 'castigated' me for having gone to Vietnam. At our seder, the little picture was more important than the overall picture: i.e., my family was just thankful that I was home alive and physically undamaged. Whether the 'war' was justified or not was, and always will be, a heated discussion amongst my family. Presently all but my Father feel that we were wrong, as a country, to be involved in Vietnam."

His highest rank was E-5

Gordon A. Ginsburg

Gordon was born in 1932 in Steubenville, Ohio. His father was a native of Lithuania, his mother a native of the United States. He attended the public schools of Steubenville and got his Jewish education at B'nai Israel Synagogue there. At Ohio State he earned both his bachelor's degree in Business Administration and his degree in Law. He entered the service originally in fulfillment of ROTC requirements. His wife is the former Maxine Morris of Washington, Pa. He has an M.B.A. from George Washington University and is also a graduate of Air Command and Staff College and the Air War College. In January, 1969, he became Chief of Civil Law and Military Affairs, Military Assistance Command, Vietnam. One year later he was assigned to the Special Activities Group, Office of the Judge Advocate General, Headquarters USAF, Washington D.C.

He has served as deputy legal advisor and legislative assistant to the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; staff judge advocate, Sacramento Air Logistics Center, McClellan AFB CA.; general counsel Army and Air Forces Exchange Service, Dallas

TX.; staff judge advocate Pacific Air Forces, Hickhan Field, Hawaii; staff judge advocate Air Force Systems Command, Andrews AFB, MD.

Upon his retirement in 1987 he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal in addition to his Legion of Merit, Bronze Star, Meritorious Service Medal, Joint Service Commendation Medal, Air Force Commendation Medal. He won the Albert M. Kuhfeld Award as the outstanding young judge advocate of 1966 and the Air Force Historical Foundation Award competition for the most significant historical study of 1974.

He served thirty years, three months in the service.

His highest rank was Brigadier General.

Dr. Arnold Goldman

Dr. Goldman was born in St. Louis, Missouri in March, 1934. His parents were both born in St. Louis. He considers himself to be a mid-westerner, philosophically. He attended a small, private coeducational school for grades 7 through 12 and in 1955 he received a B.A. in Chemistry from Harvard. In 1959 he received his M.D. from Washington University Medical School in St. Louis. Then he did two years of house staff training at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore and then came a year of residency at Barnes Hospital, St. Louis and one year of chief residency at Jewish Hospital, St. Louis. He entered private practice in July of 63 and was drafted in April of '66 at the time of the Vietnam buildup, to serve as a physician. This was his first military service. During the Korean War he had student deferments.

In 1966 he spent six weeks in physicians basic training at Ft. Sam Houston which was followed by a year at Ft. Belvoir. In April of 67 he was assigned to Vietnam, leaving behind a wife who was four months pregnant at the time. In Vietnam he was assigned to the 93rd Evacuation Hospital in the Department of Internal Medicine. This hospital was on Long Ben post, 18 miles northeast of Saigon.

"At that time it was the largest U.S. Army Post in the entire world , supporting approximately 50 to 55,000 troops. There were two evacuation hospitals on that base, the 93rd and the 24th. The 93rd was a fixed facility, with a capacity for caring for 400 troops but for some administrative reason never went over an occupancy of 240."

Arnold was in Vietnam from early May '67 through the end of April, 1968-the time of the biggest buildup and the heaviest fighting including the Tet offensive of February, 1968. The hospital was basically manned by 28 physicians. Twenty-four of them were drafted. There were only 4 regular army physicians at this hospital at that time. Twenty of the 24 were Jewish.

"While I was there, the Chief of the Medical Service, a regular army physician, arranged to have a temporary tour of duty at Trippler Army Hospital in Hawaii for six weeks and during this time, I was the acting chief of service. My son was born in September '67, I saw him in January 68 when my wife brought him to visit with me while I was on R and R in Hawaii."

"Being the father of a newborn son, I minimized the risk of Vietnam, and did not go out into the countryside nor go down to visit in Saigon very much. One never knew whom to trust and there was fighting and shooting all along the road, the 18 miles between our base and Saigon. While there I tried basically to stay both physically and mentally healthy. Two physicians, who had only one month to go, had severe psychological traumas and both ended up being hospitalized in the locked psychiatric ward at our hospital. One, who returned to his home in the Midwest, required two to three years to get back to his regular life style."

"My biggest disappointment was that the people did not appreciate what was going on over in Vietnam nor did they really seem to have much interest. Neither my Rabbi nor my congregation were very much appreciative of the time I had spent in Vietnam. It seemed to me that people were somewhat embarrassed by this war and the easiest way to forget about it was just not talk about it."

"When I got home I was quite active in giving talks about my experiences. Usually these were at various high schools throughout the St. Louis area. I would show slides and answer questions about my own experiences."

"Certainly I did not enjoy my time in Vietnam and thought that the war was wrong, but as an American citizen I felt that I was going to do what the government asked me to do. My other feeling is that I can now know what war is like and it is one of those experiences that no matter how much you read about it or how many movies you see you can not get the feeling of what goes on until you are actually there. War breaks down to very basic things which are mainly;

1) you want to come home alive and
2) it is a very fearful proposition."

"I now live in St. Louis about three block a away from where I grew up. My two children went to the same grade school and the same high school as I did. I suffer no scars from this war but I am a wiser person because of it. Why didn't I resist the draft and go to Canada? Had I done that, my license to practice medicine would have been rescinded and besides that I felt that I should do what my country had asked me to do."

Dr. Marvin Goldstein

Marvin practices opthamology in Kansas City where he was born, 1934 and went through public school, graduating high school there in 1952. His father, Sam, a shoe merchant, was also born there, as was his mother, Rose. Marvin's principal interests while in high school were the track and field team and ROTC.

His Jewish education was primarily weekday afternoon Hebrew school at the Beth Shalom Congregation. He earned both his B.A. and his M.D. at Missouri University. Then he went into private medical practice until he was drafted as a doctor in 1968. He stayed in the service for two years. In Vietnam he served as opthamologist at the 85th Evacuation Hospital.

He and his wife of 32 years have raised three children, including an Orthodox rebitzin.

"The Jews with whom I came in contact in Vietnam were mostly doctors and most of them were from the East Coast, Boston, Philadelphia, New Jersey, etc." At his hospital there were enough Jews so that he had no trouble getting a minyan for his father's yahrtseit. The hospital's multi-denominational chapel was available to him for such purposes."

"Some Jews were negative to the war and created some discipline problems, which were usually solved by the commanding officer. When I left Vietnam, I requested duty at the Munson Hospital at Fort Leavenworth. There was a Jewish dermatologist there, who had refused to teach the medics to treat patients in Vietnam. He was eventually imprisoned in the disciplinary barracks. I did not meet him."

Dr. Goldstein's highest rank was Captain.

Rabbi Mark A. Golub

Mark received his semicha at Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion in 1967 at the age of 29 and immediately became an Army chaplain at Fort Bragg, N.C. He was pleasantly surprised to learn that he had the mental and physical flexibility to make the "transformation to a wartime chaplaincy."

"'For instance, when I received word that six American soldiers in a helicopter had been shot down and killed over Viet Cong territory, I was absolutely devastated. Loss of human life on a mass scale heretofore had been totally unknown to me and I felt shocked and depressed for days. However, I gradually became inured to such statistics until they became simply numbers on my casualty lists."

"Later on, I witnessed for the first time first hand, the death of a battle casualty at the U.S. Army Hospital at Pleiku. The tragic cutting off of a life, still in its youthful stage, leaving behind a grieving family, a loving fiancee and a budding career nearly destroyed all the carefully constructed defense mechanisms that I hoped would help me deal with death in Vietnam."

"I sat at that young man's bedside, his lifeless hand in mine. An Army doctor came by, took his pulse, closed his unseeing eyes and pulled the blanket over his face. I extricated my hand with difficulty and moved away. I sat on the stairs outside, numb and alone with my thoughts about war and mortality, the pungent smell of battle and blood very strong in the air. There would be other deaths, other hospitals, other battles, but I would never forget the sense of utter tragedy and futility that this first one brought home to me."

Rabbi Golub traveled from one far-flung base to another covering his assigned duty in an area roughly 1/3 the size of Vietnam, utilizing cargo planes-twin engine Cessnas, helicopters, armored personnel carriers and tanks.

"I gradually grew accustomed to the climate (over 100 degrees Fahrenheit each day with high humidity, broken only briefly during monsoon season), travel

arrangements and a grueling schedule three to five times a day in 'the field'; four or five times a month, visiting numerous installations, hospitals, and outlying units; briefings with other chaplains; counseling sessions; etc."

"I even learned to put up with occasional bouts of anti-semitism directed towards Jewish soldiers and myself." An Army major called him an insubordinate hebe" when he threatened to report the refusal of the major to permit his Jewish personnel to attend High Holiday services."

The biggest obstacles with which he had to cope were the incongruities of the war, such as the peaceful playground and beach scene, where vacationers relaxed and played by day, which became a stronghold for V.C. snipers at night. The gardener pulling the weeds could be a murderer after the sun went down. Officers were as much fair game for unhappy vindictive non-coms, as were the enemy. Race wars were common between American whites and blacks. He found it puzzling to be part of a war in which anywhere from a crowded bus to the bustling fish market could suddenly become the battle scene.

Since most of his soldier congregation were Conservatives, his religious services were usually Conservative although he himself was a Reform rabbi.

He had to create a cadre of Jewish lay leaders who led services and visited patients while he was in a different area. He received Kosher wine and Kosher food products from the Jewish Welfare Board and recalls a Jewish private who was reduced to tears when his chaplain gave him a sqall kosher salami.

His most painful assignment involved memorial services for Jews killed in action. The most difficult of those was for another rabbi-Chaplain Morton Singer, who was killed in an aircraft accident after only six weeks in country, leaving behind a young wife and three small children. His remains were buried in Israel. The tallit of the deceased during the memorial service felt like a thousand pounds on his shoulders but despite his tears, he was able to conduct the service and write to the young widow-rebitzin whom he had never met.

"Faceless mourners were the frustrating bane of those who accepted the sad obligation of contacting and notifying loved ones back in the states that their husbands, sons, or brothers had died in battle, particularly since the Vietnam War was so unpopular back home. Death was a constant possibility, bearable because I was sharing it with 550,000 other human beings every single day."

On June 9, 1969, came his turn to go home. He remembered the times he had laughed-when his jeep turned over because his assistant made too sharp a turn, when an anonymous prankster substituted vinegar for wine in his chaplain's kit. And he remembered seeing men dying, dead, suffering, staring blankly into space, grabbing his arm in the vain hope that he might somehow keep them alive if he prayed in their behalf.

"As I boarded the aircraft, I hoped that I had contributed something to the men I had served, that my all, even though what I had given was surely far less that what those who had lost their lives or health had left behind. As I too one last look back at

the dirty, steamy, war-ridden land, I remembered the line attributed to Jacob in the Tora, "Surely God has been in this place, and I did not know it."

"I wondered if God really had been here and if I had properly recognized his presence. Only God knew. Only He could bring peace when men abandon it. Vietnam was over for me-a happening, a memory, a chapter in my life, now closed."

Mark now serves Temple Sinai of Newport News, VA. He and his wife Rita have two sons.

His highest rank was Captain.

Steve Goodman

In 1935, Steve's parents walked almost 1,000 miles in the Russian winter to escape through Turkey, so that their unborn children would have a better place to live, worship, and find happiness. Steve was born in New York and got a B.A. in History at Brooklyn College in 1962. Following his tour of duty in Vietnam he got a Masters in Human Resources at University of New Hampshire in 1974 and in 1988 at the University of Miami, he got an advanced degree in the Psychology of Substance Abuse.

In high school he excelled in football; in 1956 he was All-City linebacker. His other principal interest in high school was "looking cool". In college he learned that he was bright and could learn while going to evening classes and working to help support his family; he got his undergraduate degree in six years. He worked as a moving man (furniture, washers, dryers, etc.) and as a truck driver and on the dock, at the post office, unloading mail trucks and as a longshoreman on the docks in Brooklyn.

He was drafted into the army and found himself a paratrooper with the 101st Airborne Division where he was a rifleman and also carried an M60 machine gun. He was in combat in both I and II Corps in Vietnam. His highest rank was E5. He was awarded the Bronze Star for Heroism and the Purple heart for wounds received in action with the enemy. He was hospitalized at the V.A. Medical Center on Guam and at the V.A. Medical Center at Los Angeles.

He lives in Miami with his wife Sheree and their three children.

As a child he received no Jewish education. "Now I learn and am very involved in my people, thanks to the late Rav Meir Kahane and my connection with him through J.D.L. in the early 70s. and the Kach party until his death."

He never attended religious services while in Nam.

"The anti-war movement did not come to the fore-front until I came home in November, 1966. I was in an ambulance leaving Edwards AFB in California, (having been wounded). The ambulance was stopped by a mob of 'strange' looking young people. All of sudden the back doors of the vehicle were opened and I remember a young blond girl looking over me in my stretcher. She smiled at me and then threw a balloon in my face – full of urine. WELCOME HOME!!"

"I hated the war and destruction of my friends, and others in the Nam I never knew. I joined the Winter Soldier Movement, Vietnam Veterans against the War in 1968. We tried to take a rational approach to the Anti-War movement by working within the political process."

"The Rubins and Hoffmans (both of whom I knew from my days in Greenwich Village in the late 50s – early '60s – and who were jerks then and nothing more than gophers for any group that would let them hang around so they could meet girls) and Kuntslers made me ashamed of being Jewish. My gentile friends, both veterans and non-veterans, would constantly voice their amazement and anger in the behavior of the aforementioned 'Peace Active' people. They always let me know that I was not like those 'Commie-Jews,' since I had proved my love for America with my blood."

"My Jewish friends, I am ashamed to say, considered me a fool, not only for going to Nam, but also for signing up for a second tour of duty. When I tried to explain to them why I did that , which was to save American lives-because of my experience in jungle combat, most of them turned their backs on me, and faded from my life, which caused me great pain."

"The only *Jewish* people or organization that welcomed me was J.D.L. and Rav Kahana. He instilled in me pride of being Jewish. He made me proud of my service, and showed me how my experiences, both positive and negative could benefit other Jews, especially young Jewish boys. The Jewish chaplains were of no help, and seemed not interested, so I never went to them after I was 'in country' for a couple of months."

"The anti-war movement in New York in the late 60s and early 70s was made up of people whom I feel had no idea of what being an American entailed. I came across two groups of people. The first were slogan repeaters who let themselves be led like sheep because they honestly felt that this was the correct thing to do. The second group were people who wanted to use the movement either to better their position in life, business, or social standing. They also loved the attention of the media, and the attention of the opposite sex."

"I belonged to the Vietnam Veterans Against the War because we knew what war was and why the killing of young Americans had to stop. I knew full well that North Vietnam befriended the P.L.O. and other countries that sought the demise of Israel. When I tried to inform my Jewish friends of this, they turned a deaf ear to me and refused to link the two issues."

"I feel good about the collapse of the Soviet Union only for the reason of freedom for Russian Jews who can now leave and go to Israel. I have no deep convictions about either China or Cambodia."

"I feel anger towards the men who ran away to other countries to escape military service. Since a great many of them were Jewish, it only helped give fuel to the fire of Anti-Semitism in America. They should have been forced to give three years of service to America, such as work with the senior population, inner city socially deprived people, road clean-up crews etc., to get their citizenship back."

"I am bitter at the loss of men in Nam, and the destruction of their pride once we came home. I am also angry at the government for not taking care of us with Agent Orange problems, or ducking our other issues such as Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome."

"My father, while he lived was proud of my going and fighting under the flag of the U.S.A. and that was all I needed. My mother never knew I had left Ft. Dix, N.J. because my dad felt she would have problems in knowing that I was in the Combat Zone .

His highest rank was (E-5) Sergeant.

Neil Gordon

Neil was born in the Bronx in 1948, where his parents lived until 1956, when they moved to Yonkers. His paternal grandmother was born in New York City and his other grandparents were immigrants. Neil's father owned a retail liquor store.

His Jewish life began at the Midchester Jewish Center where he attended Hebrew School until Bar Mitzvah. He was graduated from Roosevelt High in 1965 and got his degree in accounting from Penn State in 1969. Following graduation he worked as a staff accountant in New York City. He also enlisted in the Naval Reserve and went on active duty for two years.

His naval duty was on the USS Newport News, a heavy cruiser. His active duty was from July, 1970 to June, 1972.

"From Norfolk, VA., we went through the Panama Canal, then to Hawaii and Guam and finally the Philippines. After two days in the Philippines, we departed for the Gulf of Tonkin where we joined two other cruisers (Providence and Oklahoma City) and a group of destroyers in a night-time raid against shore facilities at Haiphong Harbor. The harbor was mined the following morning."

"For five weeks we participated in a number of similar raids, along the coast of North Vietnam. In almost every case we received hostile fire. In between raids while not refueling or taking on supplies, we provided fire support to ground forces just below the DMZ."

"My duties as a signalman involved primarily visual communications between ships. In addition, signalmen provided lookout and damage assessment during raids."

After his tour of duty, he returned to his former employer until 1982, when he moved to Andover, MA. He is currently treasurer of a consumer products company in Nashua, New Hampshire.

His highest rank was Signalman Second Class.

Martin Grabols, M.D.

Martin Grabols M.D. was born in Philadelphia, July 16, 1940 to Florence and Benjamin Grabois who had come to Philadelphia because of relatives who were in

residence there. Martin received a B.A. at Temple University in 1962 and in 1966 he got his M.D. there. Before being drafted into the service, he interned at the University of Wisconsin 1966-67. He completed a residency in physical medicine and Rehabilitation at Temple in 1972. He married Ellen Hope Weiss in 1964 in Philadelphia. In 1967 and 1968 he served with the First Cavalry Division, Hq,/Hq. Company in Vietnam.

He now resides in Houston TX., because of his position as Professor and Chairman, Baylor College of Medicine, Department of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation. His religious education was Conservative (Hebrew and Sunday School) and he became a Bar Mitzvah in 1953.

"I opposed the war and generally supported the antiwar movement. However, I was not active in it. Vietnam significantly changed my life, making me more aggressive and politically aware. While I was not personally ostracized by my peers, I never felt comfortable until recently, speaking of my experience in Vietnam."

His highest rank was Captain.

Jeffrey Greenhut

"The war in Vietnam, where I served, degenerated from a great anti-communist crusade, to the ugly brutality of body counts, endless death, and destruction. At the same time, the civil contract between our citizens broke as our cities rioted seemingly without end. The country to which I and my fellow officers had dedicated our services and even if necessary, our lives, crumbled about us. Our values of duty, honor, and country were denigrated and rejected by large segments of the American body politic, not the least by the American Jewish community." "I received not one postcard from the synagogue in which I had attended religious school and become a bar mitzvah. I have never forgotten or forgiven that abandonment!"

His highest rank was Lieutenant Colonel.

Steven K. Guttell

Steven Guttell of Scotsdale AZ. was born in Boston in 1947 to two native Bostonians, both of whom were children of immigrants from Eastern Europe who had come to these shores after the turn of the century. Steve entered the military through ROTC at Northeastern University, which he attended after graduation from Newton South High School in 1964. As a child, his principal interests were Cub Scouts, Little League, and ice skating. In Junior and Senior High, he was active in athletics and the USY at his congregation, Mishkan Tefilla.

"Our temple was a place where a great number of community activities occurred. I recall when Senator John F. Kennedy spoke there, I was permitted to ask him a question and shake his hand. Isaac Bashevis Singer, the Nobel Laureate, spoke there once. My children's Jewish education seems to be much more extensive than mine

was. They have a better understanding of the services and can read from the Tora. I was married in 1972 in Huntington, Long Island to my wife, Sharon. In my congregation, when I was growing up, there were a number of Holocaust survivors who taught classes in our school. They never discussed their experiences and the whole event seemed to be something people did not talk about in the late 1950s.

Historically, my Jewish education was adequate. We were expected to understand why certain prayers were recited at certain times, just by rote. My children appear to have the liturgy explained to them in a more concrete fashion."

In college he helped found a Jewish fraternity and served one year as president of Hillel at Northeastern. Before entering the service, he worked at Newton-Wellsley Hospital in the Accounting Department and at M.I.T., Department of Aeronautics and Astronautics.

He served in Vietnam from August, 1970 to June, 1971 in Pleiku, RVN, where he was the Headquarters Detachment commander of the 43rd Signal Battalion until the battalion was downgraded and became the 146th Signal Company. His duties included travel to some outlying facilities north and west and east of Pleiku City. His service was months of boredom interspersed with moments of stark terror. "Was I in combat? I was in the Signal Corps and we were rocketed on occasion and sometimes went to remote sites to check men and equipment".

He recalls going to Cam Rahn Bay for the High Holidays and the ice cream he ate there in quantity. At these services, "I met a number of Jewish personnel serving as LRRPs (Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol), all from New York City and tough."

"I recall only one Jewish chaplain in-country during that period. He got to Pleiku once or twice during my tour of duty. We conducted services off and on, although I don't recall ever having a minyan."

Why did I go into the service? Due to my financial situation and to some extent out of a sense of duty to my country, I participated in the ROTC. Having entered that program, I felt that it was my obligation to complete my end of the bargain. There were ways to avoid service."

"There were a half dozen or so other Jews in contact with me in Vietnam."

"Anti-war movement? My thoughts are somewhat ambivalent. My wife was an active anti-war protester who believes that all wars and killing of any kind , except out of defense, diminishes humanity and that we cannot be truly civilized when we engage in barbaric acts such as war. Not wanting to be shot or injured, I cannot say that I disagree with the objective, although, in certain instances, I can not condone certain tactics, i.e. blowing up buildings. etc."

"We avoid discussing the Vietnam War; whether we should have been there, or gotten out before we did, or should have gotten out differently."

After Vietnam he went to law school, at Suffolk University and graduated in 1974. Then he worked for the United States Department of Labor in Washington, D.C. and New York City. Now he practices labor and employment law in Phoenix as a

partner in a private law firm. He is married, has three sons, and is an active member of Har Zion, a conservative synagogue. While at Law School he had very little contact with the Jewish community and was not invited to the synagogue by the rabbi or anyone else in any program for returning service personnel. "In essence, I left Vietnam on a Friday, gave my uniform to Goodwill, and became a civilian."

"The Vietnam War was the last battle of WWII. The Vietnamese were fighting for nationalistic reasons different than say the North Koreans. Korea seemed to have been more Communist inspired, i.e. to see how far communism could spread its domination of the world in the late 1940s and early 1950s. Vietnam was a French War fought by the United States. The French after WWII saw Vietnam as their colony."

"Whether it was the U.S.A or others who created the communism/capitalism distinction in Vietnam. Vietnam was more nationalistic and embraced communism more because nothing else was available, and because that is who provided them arms. The government of the U.S.A. is not very particular to whom it sells arms. The buyer must be anti-communist; not necessarily democratic but must be pro-United States."

"The people who were anti-war protesters included in addition to 'old time pacifists and communist sympathizers', many who were morally and philosophically opposed to all wars plus many who did not like to see their friends, neighbors and relatives go halfway around the world, to be shot; particularly where the government was unwilling to place the amount of manpower and material required to properly prosecute the war to a swift conclusion."

"My major concern with regard to my participation in the Vietnam War is that it cost me two years advancement in my career and that economically I have never caught up for those two lost years."

"The Vietnam War is something that occurred, which may or may not have had global significance. Certain things occurred after the war. Would it have been different had we embraced Ho Chi Minh after WWII? Or if we had not propped up various governments in South Vietnam? Or if we had left in 1965? That is impossible to say. Vietnam is still isolated. We do not as a country, participate as much as we are able to participate in Southeast Asia. Abandoning their markets, is I believe, a mistake. Historically we have not concerned ourselves with Asia or South America or others we view as minorities in this country. In spite of our history, we must become more involved with the Pacific rim – Japan, South Korea, and Taiwan."

"If we are truly a democracy that seeks the benefit of humankind generally, we must participate in Southeast Asia with concern for the people. Democracy is a concept that should be shared. Capitalism assists in that activity. We should attempt to further those systems and not get involved with governments that do not. When we have an opportunity to impose democratic regimes, we should do it forcefully and completely."

"The problem in Vietnam was that we entered that war step by step and found ourselves stuck with no where to go. We were there long enough, we were not there

powerfully enough. The Persian Gulf War showed that the massive use of firepower to achieve an objective is possible."

"In Vietnam we got stuck and the government did not support the troops with sufficient material. We waged the war, economically speaking, 'on the cheap.' The American forces in Vietnam had the will to win. The American politicians did not."

"We had an objective which may have been unachievable. It was also, unclear. In the Persian Gulf War, we supported the troops with massive material and firepower. We seem to want to do everything the hard way. In a democracy, that may be the only way because there are so many conflicting and valid concerns from varying quarters."

His highest rank was First Lieutenant.

Sherwin Hammer

"I served as a soldier in Vietnam, 1968-1970, in Phu Bai, about seven miles from Hue, the ancient imperial capitol city in Northern I Corps, about fifty miles north of Da Nang and fifty miles south of the DMZ. My unit was the XXIV Corps and was the headquarters unit for Northern I Corps. The commander of our unit was Major Gen. Richard Stillwell."

"I was in G-4 (logistics). My job was making charts and posting information every morning for general briefings. Every morning I would go down to the 'war room' underground, and get statistical information such as the location of hospital ships, oil supplies, etc. and then I would go into the large room, where the general briefings were held every morning. Before the briefings, I would post the info on large sliding maps or charts on the wall with grease pencil and move the little hospital ships, I had made, to the correct location. During the day I would be occupied in creating charts and other graphic displays to use in other similar meetings."

"I left Vietnam as a Spec.-5. There I worked during the day with mostly Captains, Majors, or Lt. Colonels in G-4, but I was the 'art guy' in the company when anyone needed something in that area. Most of the Jewish guys whom I knew were clerks or typists there. There was a Lt. Colonel Mardar in G-3 intelligence and a Lt. Colonel Narden who was the chief legal officer. I think he was staff judge advocate. In my company there was Saul Seltzer who was from New York and a clerk in G-4."

"While I was in Phu Bai we had three different Jewish chaplains. The first was Franklin Breslau of Chicago, the second was Morton Singer (who was killed when his plane crashed), and the last was named Freyer or Frey. The Jewish chaplains assistants were Bob Turk, Jerry Deutsch, who was wounded in a rocket attack, and medivaced to Japan and later the states, and a third fellow whose name I do not recall."

"Rabbi Breslau, orthodox, set up a kosher kitchen in Phu Bai. This was actually located in a hootch, which is what we lived in. These were long rows of wood framed structures that had screen wire walls and corrugated sheet metal roofs and heavy tarpaulins that rolled down over the wire walls during the cold

season or the rainy seasons, which were hot. We had Vietnamese 'mama sans' whom we paid to wash and iron our clothes."

"The kosher kitchen had a fridge, cabinet, and hot plate. If you wanted to, Rabbi Breslau arranged for us to go on separate rations as I and several other guys did, including Jerry Schwartz from New York and Bob Turk. I grew up in a Conservative home with kosher meat, no milchigs or fleyshigs together but not the two sets of dishes. On separate rations we were given pay to cover the cost of our food".

"Thanks to some wonderful Jewish women in New York, possibly Hadassah, we got some cases of canned Best Kosher food-meat balls and stuffed cabbage which were great delicacies which we heated up and relished heartily.

"I remember going to the mess hall and scrounging food from the cooks-eggs, lettuce, milk, whatever. The third source was from home, from family who sent 'Care packages' of cookies etc. and now and then a kosher salami, which acquired a green and white crust of fat in transit which I would scrape off and wash before slicing it in paper thin slices to have with some bread or fried with eggs. A MECHAYA! Later on in my tour there they had some canned goods at the PX that was set up and I got some canned fruit salad or peaches, etc. That is how we managed."

"Friday night, we had shabbos services and on Saturday, we had services in another place. I remember we had to walk some distance down a road to another area. Bob Turk was a great guy who taught us some z'miros which we sang at the Saturday services."

"Pesach was a big event. We had a big seder set-up. I believe we had it in Da Nang, and all the Jewish soldiers came in from the field with their rifles and 'jungle rot'. I think it was held near China Beach somewhere because remember the sand and hootches. This was where you could go for your 'in country' R&R so it was probably made available to us for the holiday. I remember that a Marine General Guy was there at the seder. He was a really big tall person-I am 6'2-1/2" and he looked tall to me."

"There were really a lot of Jewish kids there when they all came in for Pesach and you saw them all together. We had Pesach kits and a hot meal for the seder."

"I once met an Israeli in the Old Da Nang airport. He was in the U.S. Army. I asked him what he was doing in Vietnam. He said that he had been told that if he joined the army, he could become a citizen more quickly and he ended up in Vietnam. I have a photo of him but I don't know his name. I was about 24-25 when I was in Vietnam but most of the kids I saw were 18, 19, or 20."

"Rabbi Morton Singer was killed at Hanuka time in 1969 as he was going out to the field to visit the troops. I saw him before he left and said, "I'll see you in a day or two." Later that day or the next day, we heard that his plane had crashed on take-off and he was killed. We were numb and empty inside when we heard it. He had a wife and two little girls. When they had the big welcome home parade, here in Chicago, I went to the movable Vietnam wall memorial and looked up his name to see if it was there. Morton Singer – there it was. I had taken along my album of photos and looked at his picture and cried for him and his family and left a small American flag beside his name."

"My Jewishness did give me strength and support under adverse war conditions. I went on R&R to Singapore and Bangkok, Thailand. In Thailand, I went with Gene Aughtman, a good friend who was the Catholic chaplain's assistant. We went to Friday evening services at the Bangkok synagogue. It was a rainy night and the door opened and we were welcomed in to an odd mix of Jews. An American college professor, who as teaching in Bangkok, one or two American students, an older Russian Jew and his sister who had migrated there many years before. He was a successful businessman in the cement business and had built the runways for their airports. His son went to Yale or Harvard. There were some Sephardic Jews who were local residents. I made kiddush for the group and enjoyed the experience."

"I also went to buy some gifts while I was there. Chaplain Breslau had given me the name and address of a place to go since he had been on R & R there. The place was run by a South African Jewish man, named Baum, whose business was in an older home. When I picked out some things to buy, he said, 'You have a Yiddish Tam.'"

"I am not a joiner and I don't belong to any Jewish War Vets or other groups but I was there and I lived these things I've told you about."

His highest rank was Sp.-5

Norman J. Harris

"The Vietnam War was a bizarre time for us all. I was able to complete my medical school studies at Albert Einstein College of Medicine ('65), only because I was accepted by the Air Force as a sponsored senior medical student. My requests for student loan assistance had been denied, though I was never told why. I joined the Air Force as a sponsored senior medical student in 1964 because my father had several small strokes and could no longer help me. No funds or loans were made available to me by the school. When it was my turn to tell faculty member Norman Avnet, MD (Avnet Electronics) where I matched for internship, the USAF Hospital in Dayton, he sniffed, "Thirty pieces of silver, huh Harris?" I am still angry about that remark. From Dayton, I accepted training as a flight surgeon. After eighteen months of an initial assignment at Otis AFB in Massachusetts, I received my orders to report to Da Nang, RVN."

"I served there from May, 1968 to about May 1969. I was the Deputy Commander of the 366th Tactical Hospital and the 22nd Casualty Staging Flight. I was Wing Flight Surgeon to the 366th Tactical Fighter Wing (the 'Gunfighters'). I had many strange and wondrous adventures and received the Air Medal and Bronze Star."

"During that year in Vietnam, I met chaplains who were Jesuits and Southern Baptists. During bunker attacks I hid with a chaplain who was a Seventh Day Adventist. When I was on duty a night, I shared coffee with a High Episcopalian chaplain who was visiting our wounded. In my time in country I never saw a rabbi."

"There were Jewish boys there. Not all had gone to Canada or got notes from their doctors. Not all of us who were there were evil, or as I still read in the eyes of

most of my Jewish contemporaries, stupid. We were perplexed and scared just like everyone else. We too did our best in a tough time. Abby Hoffman showed his courage by facing police billy clubs in the land of the Bill of Rights. The young Jewish men I met were facing gunfire in the land of the Viet Cong."

"The nearest Jewish chaplain was in Bangkok. I suppose there is nothing about being a rabbi that imposes a special obligation to accompany Jewish soldiers where there might be physical danger, especially if the morality of the cause is not clear or unpopular. Yet that too was a place where ultimate questions sorely needed their knowledge of the wisdom to which we are heir, and which they aspire to teach."

"The absence of Jewish clergy in Vietnam still bothers me. I feel that somehow, their absence comes close to a profanation of the Name. I have been waiting all these years to talk about these issues."

Dr. Harris was born in Milford Mass. in 1939. His father had come here in 1914 to avoid serving in the Czar's army. He was drafted almost immediately and served until the end of WWI in the Observer Corps His unit was preparing to go to France when the armistice was signed. His father was a proud member of the American Legion.

His father was said to be a prodigy as a child. He was known for absolute honesty as he supported his family peddling clothing. Norman remembers him as a quiet man, soft spoken, wise and slow to judge others. "His advises to me, I later learned ,were based heavily on the Pirkey Avot. He once said in a commentary on the ritual zealots of the shule, that Judaism was more about what came out of your mouth than what went into it. I still sing his nigun at my seder, even though we are Liberal Jews (I suspect we belong with the Reconstructionists)."

"Mother was from Chernoble. She came to Philadelphia in 1917. She was a small, spitfire of a lady, one of Gompers original shop stewards in New York. She was a sympathizer and her sister was a card carrier. In later years, she rejected the direction the party went in Russia. She was prophetic, in pointing out however, that the party did one thing the Czars never would have done. They taught the peasants how to read. That literacy, I suspect has finally helped to break the totalitarian stronghold on the people of western Asia. I remember how terrified she was during the McCarthy era."

"Milford is a town of 15,000. I made a childhood career of being a nudnick. I went to the public school system and then to Clark University in Worcester. Abbie Hoffman's sister was at Clark when I was there. My wife, Elaine Fierer, grew up as a neighbor to him. I graduated in 1961 and went on to Albert Einstein."

"I worked as a machine operator in a paper factory every summer for six years and also as an orderly in a hospital. Time flew. I learned as much of value about people in the factory as I did in college. In many ways I came to respect the workers more than some of the scholars."

"At Clark, I met my wife at Rosh Hashana services, she tells me. I don't remember that meeting but I do remember meeting her at a later occasion. Her father was a respected florist who sang in the Reform temple choir."

"After completing my internship at Wright-Patterson in 1966, I went to Brooks AFB in San Antonio, for flight surgeon training, (68C). From there I went to Otis AFB on Cape Cod. I became Wing Flight Surgeon there until I got my orders for Da Nang. I arrived in May, 1968 and became wing Flight Surgeon to the 366th TFW, the Gunfighters; who flew T40s over Laos, North Vietnam, and Cambodia. I was absolutely terrified but I accumulated over 200 combat hours, many with the numerous other types of aircraft around."

"My favorite was flying with the 'U.S. Bombers' of the psychological welfare project. We orbited enemy held areas and broadcasted loudspeaker messages or dropped leaflets. I flew evacuation missions to Japan, rescue missions with the Jolly Green Helicopters, and defoliation missions with the ranch hands. I was booby trapped, rocketed and shot at. I took comfort that at least I didn't have to drive on a busy turnpike every day."

"There is in the Psalms a phrase translated 'and the hills shall gambol like lambs'. I thought of that phrase when I watched from a low flying observation plane, 'Arclight' strikes-squadrons of invisible B-52s unloading on the landscape."

"Of course, I saw patients, officers and enlisted of all branches. I was responsible for preventive medicine for the base. I also signed death certificates for the Army Mortuary, certifying to the accuracy of the identification. I remember seeing a particular metal container used to ship remains. Someone had crayoned on it, 'Mother, I'm coming home'. No one erased it. It went back and forth to the United States, and no one wiped those words off. I can still get a lump in my throat thinking about it."

"Now I practice in Southern California. I like the weather. I was educated in cheder in Milford. My rabbi was a Polish refugee who lost his first family to the Nazis. We were 100 Orthodox families in a sea of Catholics. I was taught how to daven, but not to understand. As was typical, most of us stopped our formal Jewish education after Bar Mitzvah."

"The shule was central to my family. My father was the collector. The givirim gained kavod making public pledges on Yom Tov, but it was up to him to be persistent all the rest of the year to collect it. He insisted, in the only public words I ever heard him speak to the congregation, that the shule was not a charity. It was an extension of home."

"I have, and had, no quarrel with the anti-war movement. War is dreadful and should always be deplored as an answer to a problem. What I was aware of was that the objections to the Vietnam War were not motivated by anti-war sentiments. They were based on 'anti-ME going to war'. It seemed to be O.K. for yenem to go. Abbie Hoffman acknowledged it himself when Nixon ended the draft. Abbie's response was, That's the end of the anti-war movement. 'Where indeed was Jane Fonda during the terrible post war events (the Killing fields of Khmer Rouge in Cambodia, the crushing of the rebellion of the Chinese students, the collapse of Communism as a political-economic system and its rejection by the countries of Eastern Europe, and reunification of Germany)?"

"Among the Jews to whom I returned, sacrificing and patriotism were for the goyim. I think I remember Jerry Rubin being interviewed years later, half confessing and half bragging about all the money he made from his acting out. I got back handed condolences, sort of 'too bad you couldn't get out of it' sentiments. I got official thanks like the medals, but nothing personal. No one expressed the idea that citizenship includes an obligation, and how satisfying to know that when the bill came due, you paid your part. I believe this obligation is the diaspora equivalent to our duty toward the strangers in our midst."

"Those who went to Canada out of sincere studied objection to that war on those people at that time, have my respect, as do those who remained at risk but were not called upon to go to the combat zone. Those who ran to Canada or went underground, because war is for yenem are to me less than honorable."

"Of course, no one asked me for my opinion then or until now. I have never been asked by any Jewish group to speak or comment. Once in 1985 I showed some slides at a reserve medical unit's weekly meeting."

"With the family, the cousins who served in WWII were sympathetic. Otherwise the silence on those issues remains to this day. I cringe, though, when I still hear friends say they intend to encourage their sons to run to Canada if there's another war."

Captain Norman J. Harris' Citation for Bronze Star

For meritorious service as Chief of Aeromedical services, 366th USAF Dispensary, RVN, while engaged in ground operations against an opposing armed force from l May, 1968 to 25 April, 1969. As a physician, he consistently worked long hours to provide the finest of care, medical and personal, thereby demonstrating a high degree of professional skill, initiative, devotion to duty and compassionate concern for his fellow man. As Chief of Aeromedical Services, his dedicated and inspiring performance of duty resulted in maximum support to the base flying mission with minimum staffing. The exemplary leadership, personal endeavor, and devotion to duty, displayed by Captain Harris in this responsible position reflect great credit upon himself and the United States Air Force.

His highest rank was Captain.

Joel Stewart Hatch

Joel was born in Springfield Massachusetts on 7/4/47 to Betty and Leon Hatch who were lifelong residents of that city. He attended the public schools there including the Technical High School from which he was graduated in 1966. He then enrolled at Holyoke Community College and after a year, he transferred to Northhampton.

He was drafted and entered the service in July of 1968, took basic training at Lackland AFB in Texas before being sent to Lowery AFB in Colorado to learn the supply system. He then went to Vandenberg AFN in California for 17 months until May of 1970 when he arrived in Vietnam for a stay of one year. He was assigned to base supply at Ben Wa, Third

Tactical. He was named Airman of the month there in September of 1970 and then was made a supply specialist advisor to Republic of Vietnam airmen.

To him, Vietnam was a year of stress when he made friends with people he never would have met but for being in the service. Fortunately he did not get involved in using drugs. He did have special activities that consumed his leisure time-like being on the Human Relations Council which was composed of people of many different ethnic backgrounds, living in close proximity and from that he was assigned to the Drug Abuse Council.

From being on these two councils, he often found out things before the relevant officers learned them. Joel met many interesting people. His unit was under rocket attack 7 times but they did not return fire and he does not consider himself to having been in combat. The first time that happened, he ran for shelter into a room that was filled with Jewish ceremonial art, books, pictures etc. It turned out that the resident of that room was a convert to Judaism whose ancestors were of Jewish origin in Germany. This airman was a Chasidic Jew who took out his tsitsit the moment he was not required to be in uniform. He was trained in the field of food service.

Joel's social group used to get together informally at the Catholic chaplain's hootch. After the war was over, Joel's roommate learned that his own father was Jewish but just had never mentioned it. One good friend was a Dr. Hertzel who later became an optometrist in Boston.

"I learned a great deal in VN about people, about self control and self discipline. I did not find it a terribly distasteful experience outside of the fact that I HAD to be there whether I liked it or not. While I was there I got included in all kinds of things that had to do with the Human Relations Council. One program that we put on made it to the Air Force Times and the Stars and Stripes."

"I love people and so the kinds of things I did there I do now as a civilian. I am involved locally with the chamber of commerce, veterans groups, etc."

After leaving VN, he spent fourteen months at Egland AFB near Ft. Walton Beach where he helped start a new social action program there with a very successful spring festival.

After discharge he won his B.S. in restaurant, hotel, and travel management at U. of Massachusetts at Amherst. He now owns an electric sign company in Plano, TX. He and his wife, Janet got married in mid 1980. The local B'nai B'rith asked him to serve on the board of an incorporated group that aids unemployed veterans. He is treasurer of that corporation.

His highest rank was E-4.

Dr. David Jacobs

Major Jacobs was born in McKeesport, Pennsylvania to immigrant parents, Rose Zwibel Jacobs and Jacob Jacobs who had settled there because they had

relatives there. Dave grew up in McKeesport, graduated from that high school and Brandeis University, and attended Medical School at Pitt before transferring to University of Miami. As a child, his principal interest was playing organized sports. His second interest was his Jewish social life. In college his principal interest was getting accepted at a med school.

Prior to entering the Army, he worked to become a urologist. During undergraduate school he had worked at U.S. Steel as a laborer, and then as a chemist, afterwards all his work was related to medicine.

He entered the service in 1967 in the Medical Corps as a volunteer. "I was a very spirited young man, very conservative and somewhat militant. I voted for Barry Goldwater and despised communists and agreed with U.S. entry into the war with the communists. I went to Brandeis with Abby Hoffman who was a close friend in college. I was surprised by his anti-war actions, to which I was opposed diametrically."

He did serve in combat and was overseas from August 7, 1967 to the same date in 1969. He served with the American Division, 2nd. Surgical Mash unit, in South Vietnam from Jan. 17, 1968 until the same date, in 1969, where he did general surgery and urology.

He had married at the age of 22 to his childhood sweetheart, Marlene Neiman whom he had met when he was 13. They have raised two sons and still live in their hometown, McKeesport, where he practices urology.

"My Jewish education was peculiar. I was born into a traditional Orthodox Jewish family and to this day eat only kosher food. My parents belonged to an Orthodox congregation. However at age 5, enrolled me at the Reform Temple B'nai Israel in McKeesport where my Jewish education ended at Bar Mitzvah. I have continued that education to this day. Since age 13, I have been self-educated."

"My children had a very similar education, attending formal Jewish schools until the age of 16. While in Vietnam, I was very Jewish. I kept a kosher diet as best could (with the help of my wife's continual loving care packages). I attended High Holiday services at our base. We had a Judaically well trained dentist who conducted our services. Out of nine medical officers at our base, six were Jews as were many of the enlisted men. "

"It is difficult for me to write out my memories of this period; I managed to suppress them. I was a different man then. I know now that Vietnam was a futile war. We lost 55,000 boys for nothing. The collapse of communism was inevitable, anyway. We should have realized it. I personally saw things militantly. I was at home when Israel won the Six Day War of 1967. I was so proud to be a Jew and all the gentiles seemed to admire us and respect us. I somehow equated that feeling of omnipotence to the Vietnam conflict. During my entire year there I did not encounter anti-semitism nor did I know any Jews who avoided the war by fleeing the country. All the Jews I knew served if drafted. I was aware of several who died or were wounded."

"However, when I returned I was met by a lot of hostility. No one wanted to hear about my experiences. I was never asked to speak. Even my medical colleagues



Marine Sidney S. Rubinstein of Dania, Florida in front of Marble Mountain.



Infantry Marines charge from an amphibious tractor, as described by Sidney Rubinstein.



JWB Solo Seder Kits distributed at Na Trang, 1967.



Captain Marita Silverman (now Bowden of Tucson) U.S. Army Nurses Corps lighting Shabbat candles at Da Nang chapel, Jan. 25, 1971, 95th Evacuation Hospital. Services were held every Friday. Since there were so few Jewish women in the area, someone would pick her up in a jeep or fly her in a helicopter to the chapel so the assembly could have the pleasure of seeing the candles blessed by a lady.



Chaplain Alan Greenspan (Army) conducting Passover Seder in Saigon, 1966.



Clark Air Base, Philippines, March 7, 1973 (AP) - USAF Capt. Melvin Pollack, of New York, NY, holds up the poster presented to him for his birthday which is March 9, as he is about to depart for the U.S. Pollack's parents live in Long Beach, NY. He was returned from Hanoi Sunday and completed processing through the base hospital here. (AP Wirephoto)



Group at table with sign. Rabbi Colonel Richard Dryer, holding up a piece of matza in a sandbagged USO facility in Saigon at a military seder. Others in photo are PFC Robert Newman (Armed Forces Radio, Saigon) LCDR Hal Sachs and Lt. Col. Joseph Sanders.



The family of Stanley Feldman of Philadelphia, left to right: Vien Tran, Stanley, Janette, Nam Don, and Kim Ha Dang.

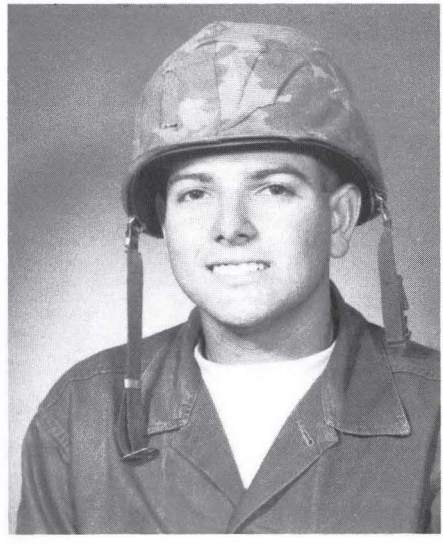


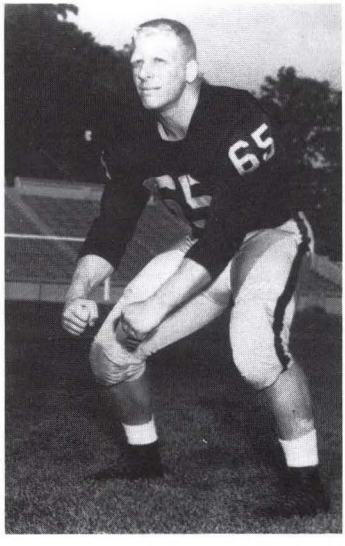
Col. Melvin Pollack, now of Tampa Florida, with other liberated Hanoi prisoners of war, as plane takes off bringing them home from Hanoi. March 4, 1973



One of the "Jungle Jews," Attorney Steven Seglin of Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1970 in the lush jungle. He was a member of the Judge Advocate General Corps.

Marine in helmet - Sidney Rubinstein.

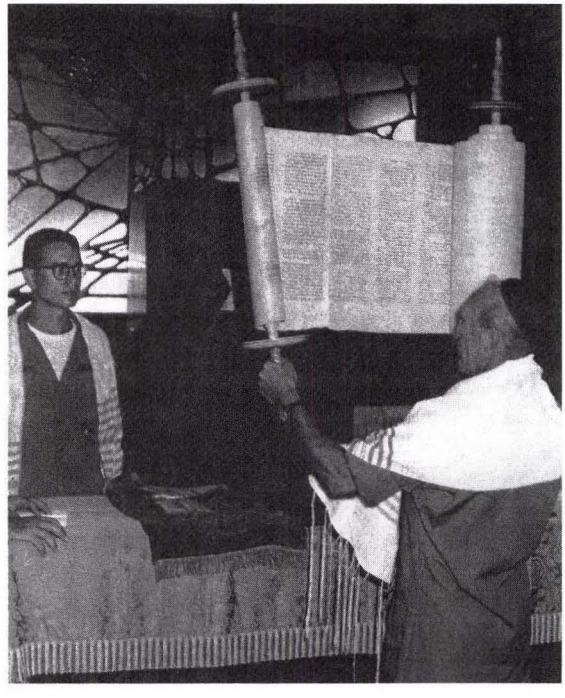




In 1964 at West Point when Army beat Navy for the first time in many years, Mike Berdy played right linebacker and his brilliant play stopped Roger Staubach, the Navy quarterback, from winnning the game. Two and a half years later, Captain Mike Berdy of the 82nd Airbourne, gave his life in Vietnam.



Gen. Leonard Earl Fribourg, U.S.M.G.



Infantry Colonel Jack Norton holding up Tora at 1969 service at the base chapel, Cu Chi.

never asked about my experiences, despite the fact that I had extensive experience with trauma surgery and actually had made many teaching slides. However I can understand this attitude. I, myself, cannot stand stories and movies about Vietnam."

"I don't think the anti-war people were pacifists or communists sympathizers. I think they were actually more wise and prescient than I was. I read Governor Clinton's letter to his ROTC commander in a recent Newsweek article and I was truly amazed that a 23 year old boy could have recognized then what a disgusting waste that war was and would be. I didn't recognize it but if I had, I wouldn't have done what Bill Clinton did. I would have been ashamed. I admire his principles but disagree with what he did. For the same reasons, I can not vote for Bill Clinton. Such a principled idealist frightens me. Jimmy Carter was of a similar nature – intelligent, principled, and easily taken advantage of. I disagree with the unprincipled record of George Bush but I admire his resolve such as he displayed during the Gulf War."

"I am not bitter about how I was treated after the Vietnam War. I understand it and I sympathize with the Vietnam veterans who are bitter but I cannot empathize with them. None of my family were outspoken anti-war. Finally, the war did affect my life. I am probably a better person for it. I am much better prepared to advise my children about what war is all about."

Jack Jacobs

His citation for the Congressional Medal of Honor, our nation's highest award-given only to members of the Armed Forces of the United States, who have risked their lives to perform some act of outstanding bravery, "gallantry above and beyond the call of duty" in the presence of an enemy, states as follows:

Captain Jack H. Jacobs' Congressional Medal of Honor Citation

Place and date-Ken Phong province, Republic of Vietnam. March, 1968. Entered service at Trenton, New Jersey, Born August 1945, Brooklyn, New York.

Citation – for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty, Captain Jacobs, Infantry, distinguished himself while serving as an assistant battalion advisor, Second Battalion, Sixteenth Infantry, Ninth Infantry Division, Army of the Republic of Vietnam. The Second Battalion was advancing to contact when it came under intense heavy machine gun fire and mortar fire from a Viet Cong battalion positioned in well fortified bunkers. As the Second Battalion deployed into attack formation, its advance was halted by devastating fire.

Captain Jacobs, with the command element of the lead company, called for and directed our strikes on the enemy position to facilitate a renewed attack. Due to the intensity of enemy fire and casualties to the command group, including the company commander, the attack stopped and the friendly troops became disorganized.

Although wounded by mortar fragments, Captain Jacobs assumed command of the allied company, ordered a withdrawal from the exposed position, and established

a defensive perimeter. Despite profuse bleeding from head wounds, which impaired his vision, Captain Jacobs with complete disregard for his safety, returned under intense fire to evacuate a seriously wounded advisor to the safety of a wooded area where he administered life-saving first aid.

He then returned through automatic weapon fire to evacuate the wounded company commander. Captain Jacobs made repeated trips across the fire swept open rice paddies evacuating wounded and their weapons. On three separate occasions, Captain Jacobs contacted and drove off Viet Cong squads who were searching for allied wounded and weapons, single handedly killing three and wounding several others. His gallant actions and extraordinary heroism saved the lived of one U.S. advisor and 13 allied soldiers. Through his efforts, the allied company was restored to an effective fighting unit and prevented defeat of the friendly forces by a strong and determined enemy.

Captain Jacobs by his gallantry and bravery in action in the highest tradition of the military service, has reflected great credit upon himself, his unit, and the United States Army. (Not to mention the Jewish people!!)

His highest rank, to date, is Colonel. When the above occurred, he was 23 years of age.

Michael Kahn

Michael Kahn served in the Marine Corps, 1960-1966. After boot camp in the summer of 1960, he took Advanced Infantry Training at Camp LeJeune, N.C. Then followed several years at various Oriental duty stations. His specialty training was Guerilla Warfare. The years of 1965 and 1966 were spent with the Third Marine Division in the Republic of Vietnam. Their primary mission was to search and destroy. The results were mixed. Following his tour of duty in Vietnam, his enlistment was up and he returned to civilian life in upstate New York after being discharged in 1966.

Leo Kamerow

Leo spent a year in South Vietnam beginning in November 1969, following service in Thailand from November, 1963 to July, 1965. He also served two tours of duty in Okinawa, 1966-1969 and 1970-1973. He was an air transportation foreman.

In Vietnam, he was in charge of records and reports, i.e., cargo, passenger, and mail manifests plus other transportation reports. He won the Air Force Commendation Medal for establishing the only non-mechanized 'mechanized' records section in Vietnam.

"In laymen's terms, we were supposed to get computers for our records section at Phucat Air Base. We never got them, but I was determined to modernize our record keeping functions. I utilized the key punch machine next door to our air terminal at Base Ops. Then after punching up every bit of traffic information-passenger, freight, and mail, I'd take the cards to the base computer building and run a daily printout of

the cards. After sorting them, I'd keep them in our card file so I had access to any information almost as fast as a computer. It was quite an experience."

"I also remember Passover, 1970. We had Jewish personnel converge from all parts of Vietnam to Nha Trang for Pesach services/seders. There were about 100 at the seders." Now retired, Leo lives in Tucson.

His highest rank was T/Sergeant.

Daniel J. Karp

Daniel was born on December 26,1928 in Brooklyn to Aaron and Margaret Mehlman Karp. His father was a high school teacher. His mother was a housewife until WWII when she became a censor. Both worked for the U.S. Bureau of Censorship during the war.

"Mother's ability to translate Russian into English verbally was so good that they gave her a special assignment to translate to a stenographer every word spoken to any Russian language movie that came to the United States through the Port of New York. They wanted to be sure that there was no propaganda in the spoken version that was not in the subtitles. They edited these items as the censor saw fit."

Daniel was graduated from Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn in 1947 but considers Weatherby Lake, MO., near Kansas City, to be his home. In high school his principal interests were nature study, reading, and basketball. His father taught him Hebrew at home, in addition to his religious education at Young Israel. His degree in history was earned at George Washington University. He was in the service twenty years and four days.

"I supported the war in Vietnam. Jewishness had nothing to do with it." His marriage to Shaney lasted thirty-three years until her death in 1987. His firm, Devine Design, manufactures outdoor lighting fixtures. He is owner of the company.

"I was a professional Air Force officer from the time of my commissioning in 1949 until I retired in 1968. I served in Korea and Japan during the Korean War. My tour in Vietnam was just another stop in a twenty year career."

"I was specially selected to serve as Chief of Supply at one of the two Air Force bases that the Air Force constructed themselves, without the Corps of Engineers or the Navy Sea Bees. It was built by a Red Horse battalion of Air Force engineers, augmented by an organization called RMK. (RMK was a consortium of American firms which did construction in Southeast Asia. Many of its members were Korean.)"

"I was selected for this assignment after having served on the faculty of the Air Command and Staff College for almost nine years during two different tours. None of my service was glamorous or exciting. It was a management job. I basically do the same thing today, running the manufacturing, logistics and international operations of a lighting fixture company."

His highest rank was Lieutenant Colonel.

Harold Katzman

Harold now lives in Las Vegas, having retired from the Air Force in 1977. He was born and raised in Fall River, Massachusetts. In 1954, he got his B.A. from Boston University and was commissioned a second Lieutenant in the Air Force Reserve and went on active duty. He was integrated as a Regular officer, in 1958 and achieved his Navigator rating in May, 1958. Ultimately he became a Senior Navigator and Master Navigator. He logged approximately 5,000 flying hours, principally in C-47s, C-54s, C-121s, C-124s, C-130s, C-133s, and C-141s. His foreign duty included tours of the Philippines March 55-Sept 56, Germany Dec 63-Dec 66, and Vietnam Nov 71-Oct 72. He served on active duty in the Air Force for 23 years.

He had an Orthodox Bar Mitzvah in Fall River. In 1972 he observed Passover at a Joint Seder at Saigon City USO and the High Holidays at Tan Son Nhut AB. He was always involved in the various Jewish congregations and base activities wherever he served. His many decorations include a Bronze Star, Air Medal, Meritorious Service Medal with 1 Oak Leaf Cluster, Vietnam Honor Medal first class, Vietnam Air Force Service Medal, Honor Class, Vietnam Service Medal with five stars plus Outstanding Unit Citation with 2 Oak Leaf Clusters and RSVC With Palm. His highest rank was Lieutenant Colonel.

Cary King

Cary S. King practices law and resides in Atlanta, where he grew up. His parents were Hyman Meyer King and Nellie Swerdlin King. All four of his grandparents came to this country from Russia in the 1905-1912 period of heavy immigration from the lands of the Czar. Cary's father's parents had gone to South Africa from Russia before coming to Atlanta, after the Boer War. His mother's parents came to Atlanta via Switzerland and New York. In Atlanta they had in-laws with whom they could make their home. Mother was born in Atlanta, and father, born in Capetown, came to Atlanta at the age of 6 months.

Cary graduated from Henry Grady HS in Atlanta in 1959 and got a B.A. from Georgia State University in Industrial Psychology. In college he was in the ROTC and was commissioned a Second Lt. in the Army in 1963. He had been in ROTC in high school. "War always seemed noble and brave to me until I went to Vietnam."

In high school his principal interests were social activities and organizations. He was president of his AZA Chapter and the local B.B.Y.O. Council. In college he liked Psychology, English and Math and was a good student. On graduation from college he was accepted to Emory Law School among others and Emory agreed to hold his acceptance open for him for two years until he finished his active duty (being obligated to serve two years as an active reservist.) He had worked his way through college, while living at home. "The service for me represented freedom; a great adventure; excitement; John Wayne macho stuff."

Although originally commissioned in the field artillery, in Vietnam, he served in the infantry. His two year stint turned out to be six years and five months, including tours of duty at Ft. Leonard Wood, Missouri, Vietnam, and Redstone Arsenal, AL. When he left active duty, he was close to promotion to Major.

In Vietnam, he served with the First Infantry Division, initially as the Brigade assistant intelligence officer, then later as intelligence officer. He was awarded five bronze stars (three for valor), the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry, the Vietnamese Honor Medal, Combat Infantryman's Badge, Air Crewman's Wings, Vietnam service and campaign medals, and the Purple Heart. He was hospitalized in Long Bihn.

He also flew missions most nights looking for curfew violations in restricted areas and/or VC troop movements. His duties included evaluating intelligence information, briefing the Brigade Commander, so that he could be advising him as to areas to hit going along on search and seal operations of villages, and conducting and supervising P.O.W. interrogations. He was involved in a lot of small military operations from November 1967, when he arrived in country, until January 1968 when the Tet offensive started. There were some fierce battles like Loc Ninh but mostly it was hours of boredom interrupted by moments of stark terror.

"I was always scared and strangely depressed. It is hard to put into words what it felt like. You could taste your fear all the time!"

"Tet changed everything. It was insane. I moved all the time. I was with a task force whose job it was to protect Saigon: Charlie (VC) was everywhere. Nowhere was safe. No mail came in and very little got out. I never saw so many dead bodies. The bodies would lay on the road for days because there were too many and too few people to pick them up. It was a question of priorities."

"It was several weeks until we got things under control but we did. No matter what the press said, we won the Tet offensive but we lost our peace of mind. Psychologically, they had scared the hell out of us and we lost our sense of security."

"In April or May, 1968, I took command of C battery, 1st Battalion, 7th Artillery, a 2nd Brigade Artillery unit. This was my 'reward' for doing a good job at 2nd Brigade Headquarters. Within weeks, they sent us into the worst hole in the whole 1st Infantry Division area of Operation, War Zone D, triple canopy jungle for miles with an occasional open space where a French school or plantation had been. This was the worst of the worst. I lost 15 pounds in 3 weeks. We got mortared and rocketed daily and nightly. I lost two gun sections and four men dead in one night. Not to mention wounded. The unit with us was getting hit daily while on patrol. Charlie knew everything we were doing and everything we were going to do before we did it. I decided I was never going to come home alive. We had several direct ground attacks which we repulsed."

"Finally after weeks which seemed like months, they airlifted us out and took us back to Lai Khe base camp. We were so demoralized and undermanned that my Battalion Commander put us into some semi-secure positions. We got hit again, this

time we were in a defensive position along a main supply route where a kid had left a bicycle with explosives on the wire."

"On August or September 1968, I took over as Commander of Headquarters Battery of Division Artillery – supposedly safer territory. I got my second Bronze Star here. We got rocketed inside of our base camp which was in a rubber tree plantation."

"In October 1968, I came home. The Army had refused to let me out in spite of the fact that I had tried to resign my commission. I remember meeting my parents, my wife, and my in-laws at the Baltimore Airport."

"I married my first wife, Linda Cohen, in 1965 while on leave from Germany. Our daughter was born in April 1967, six or seven months before I went to Vietnam. Our son was born in November 1969, one year after I returned from Vietnam. Both were born while I was in the Army. My son's brit mila was performed at the Redstone Arsenal in Alabama."

"I returned to Atlanta in January 1970 and have been here since. Linda and I divorced in 1980. The ten years of the seventies were mostly angry ones. It was many years later until I realized that I was angry from Vietnam. I don't know why."

"My Jewish education as a child was sporadic. My father had come from a very strict, observant background and had rebelled after bar mitzvah by refusing to go back. My mother's family was almost Reform. As a result, my parents provided me the opportunity but not the discipline to make me apply myself."

"We drifted from one congregation to another. I never got enrolled in a Bar Mitzvah study program so I was never Bar Mitzvahed. That actually made me more devoted to Judaism and stronger in my need to associate with other Jews. My lack of knowledge motivated me to attend more services and to learn prayers on my own. I took it on myself to teach myself or learn. I read all sorts of religious texts – Jewish and non-Jewish. I consider myself to be a religious person even though I don't attend services as much as I should. I now belong to Temple Sinai of Atlanta where my son formally became a Bar Mitzvah and both children were confirmed."

"I never went to China Beach since it was way up north while I was closer to the Triangle Area immediately west and north of Saigon. I did attend services in the field where our rabbi was an airborne Ranger. We called him 'the jumping rabbi'."

"I have problems crediting Jerry Rubin and Abby Hoffmann with being involved in 'the fight.' My perception then was fairly hawkish, a perception which has changed and mellowed with the years but I still have a basic distaste for the anti-war anti-heroes."

"I hated Jane Fonda most of all as the symbol of the movement and didn't think much of its followers. Over the years, I've begun to realize the truth of some of their protests and positions but I still confess a disdain for the anti-war movement and its leaders. I suppose at the time any conscious or unconscious acceptance of anti-war sentiments were impossible to swallow – almost oil and water. In order to have allowed a thought that the war was wrong or for no purpose, would have been to deal

with the thought that all the guys in the body bags had died for nothing. That could have put me over the edge! So I despised the anti-war movement for years. Coming home, a hippie spit on me in the San Francisco airport. Something snapped and I attacked him and it took two men to pull me off him. I was like a crazy person. For the next twenty years, all Vietnam Veterans were spit on figuratively."

"When my wife's grandfather died, I remember going to the house of mourning, a shiva, at the home of my wife's uncle in Chattanooga, Tennessee. I was still in the army, stationed at Redstone Arsenal and I was in uniform that day. The local rabbi came over to me and asked me how I felt being part of an immoral war. I felt this rage in my stomach and I said, 'Tell me about all the moral wars that you have been involved in.' The rage scared me as did the fleeting thought that I would like to take this rabbi and waste him. I was afraid of the ferocity of my own feelings. It shook me up so badly that it was years before I discussed Vietnam with any Jewish clergy. My Jewish friends would say things like, 'What's a nice Jewish boy doing in the Army?' 'Couldn't you have done the six month Coast Guard program or the National Guard?' 'You mean you volunteered for Vietnam?' 'Are you crazy?'"

"When I returned, all my friends who had not gone to Vietnam were eons ahead of me in the business world. Their careers were well in tow and they were paying their dues. I was like some sort of freak to them. I even knew I was not one of them, even though we had grown up together. Gentiles were generally more supportive if they knew that I was a Vietnam Vet but not much more."

"I did not have the insight to see it in those years but I would be unalterably changed as a person. I couldn't be the same anymore. Because of the rejection by everyone, I became very careful about whom I told about Vietnam. When I talked about it, it would either be in political or general terms, or it would be about things that had no emotional significance for me."

"My family relationships for the first six or seven years, alternated between great and horrible. I was angry a lot and frustrated and at times depressed. I could not explain why I had large inappropriate temper outbursts which were not in accordance with what was going on."

"In 1976, (8 years after coming home) I started to have flashbacks and nightmares. I couldn't sleep at night-only in the day time (this is what we did in Nam). I affiliated with some groups for group therapy. I was amazed to find out that lots of people were having problems, years after their war ended."

"I had originally intended to go to Law School after got out of the Army, but somehow I could not do it so I went to work for my father in the wholesale food business that I had always hated and sworn that I would never get into. This only added to my anger and frustration. Father died in 1970, only four months after I entered the business."

"In 1980 after years of working out my guilt, anger, and frustration over a situation I could neither explain nor justify, I went back to Law School and divorced my wife. I had not been a really easy guy to live with during those years. Also, mother died in 1980."

"When I first came home from Vietnam in 1968, only our immediate families welcomed us. The Jewish community ignored us as if we did not exist. To them Vietnam was some video tape they watched on the six o'clock news. When I was in Nam, I used to think sometimes when things were really bad, of people just sitting at home watching the evening news, then eating dinner and cutting off the news if it was too messy. That is what I wanted to do – just cut off the news like a TV show! It was crazy that we could be on the edge and they could be watching the six o'clock news and eating and laughing."

"Vietnam Veterans learned early on to talk only to other Vietnam Vets about the war-never to outsiders. We could not handle the criticism so we avoided it. Today I truly understand that many pacifists were sincere. I have often thought that no excuse is good enough to sacrifice young lives. But a part of me can not sort it out. When *is it* worth it? I hate the draft dodgers."

"My position on Communist sympathy and apologetics remains firm and clear and the same as it was then. Communists are greedy and dangerous. The end has always justified the means to them. Stalin and Ho Chi Ninh were two sides of the same coin. I really did not think about it in terms of Soviet Jews but I do see the similarity. The collapse of Communism doesn't quite have the thrill for me today that it might have had then. I worry now what will replace it. Anarchy has never been my kind of government."

"I must say that the collapse of North Vietnam would be a vindication of sorts. I honestly think that I've grown beyond that point and made peace with my demons from Nam. I have been to Cambodia and therefore the bloodletting, there, did not affect me as much. I hated those people for harboring the NVAs and the Cong and maybe even deep down felt that they deserved it. I know that sounded cold blooded but that is how I feel."

"My family were very supportive of my service in Nam but outside was very, very different. We learned to test the water before we admitted that we had been in Nam. Much less dared we talk about it."

"My reaction to the Gulf Crisis was mixed. I was thrilled that at last the military had the support of the country. I told my new wife (my childhood friend, Serri Adelman) that I wondered how many people would be on the bridges and over passes waving flags if and when the body bags started coming home."

"The war in Kuwait restored some lost feelings of patriotism and pride . For the first time since my discharge in January 1970, I marched in a Veterans Day parade with other Vietnam veterans. Some even cheered us! They are twenty years too late but I'll take it. A part of me resented the fanfare for Desert Storm veterans of a three week war. What about us?"

"I finished Law School in 1983 and opened up a law practice at age 43. So far it has been very successful. My daughter is now 25 and a nurse, and my son is now 22 and in Law School. My ex-wife and I are still friends. I tried the Army reserves a few

times but could not tolerate it, so I resigned in 1983. The only thing I liked about it was that it put me in contact with other Vietnam veterans."

"Two special incidents in my post-Vietnam experience stand out. The first has to do with the Oliver Stone movie, 'Platoon.' I attended the movie with Al Swan who was the chief executive officer of a large local bank, and whom I had known since I was a Second Lieutenant in Germany. We were in Vietnam at the same time. He was in the Fourth Infantry Division. I was in the First. We and our wives attended the movie together. The feeling of the movie captured Vietnam more than any other movie I have ever seen. I felt a gut level sort of combination of depression, fear, and physical pain that is impossible to explain."

"We sat through the movie not speaking. "As I left the movie, I turned to Al and he turned to me and we both started to cry. He put his arm around me and I put my arm around him and I'm not sure that we said anything at all except to pass the enormous feeling between us. I don't know if we have ever discussed the movie again, other than what a catharsis it was for both of us."

"As a result of the feeling I got from the movie and my belief that the only way to ever get over Vietnam was to go through a period of desensitization , I rented the movie several additional times and often watched it at home by myself on the VCR. I believe that this desensitization process is exactly what has helped me recover and deal with my Vietnam exercises."

"The second incident involved the Veterans Day Parade in 1991. Although a member of the Vietnam Veterans Businessmen's Association, I have done nothing other than send in my annual dues while remaining completely inactive. During the Persian Gulf War, I found myself experiencing both the pain and the pride of Vietnam, plus some resentment, since we hardly received the reception and heroes welcome that the Persian Gulf Veterans did. In spite of that, it did stir up a lot of old feelings and focused me on becoming more active and visible."

"In August of 1991 I received a notice asking for volunteers to march in the Veterans Day Parade in behalf of the Atlanta Vietnam Veterans Businessmen's Association-one of the many local veterans groups. I discussed it with my wife and we could not come to a decision, and finally in November, I decided that I wanted to do it. I don't know why. It was the first time that I had worn my medals since 1970."

"As we marched down Peachtree, the people on the sidewalk cheered and saluted every Vietnam veterans group that came by, probably louder than any other group. One man on crutches whom we passed on the street, apparently missing one leg (from Vietnam?), stood on his one leg on crutches and saluted. This was an incident I will never forget. It was a great feeling of pride, almost a healing of some old wounds, although I'm not sure that there will ever be a complete healing of these wounds."

"It took months of deliberation and discussion with my wife before I could come to march in this parade. I am sure that all those years of avoiding involvement

had something to do with the way we were treated in the 70s and 80s. My feeling about that now is that the best way to deal with the pain, is to put it our there for exposure."

"In spite of the fact that Vietnam was horrible and for years it wrecked my life, Somehow I am glad I did it. Apart of me is truly proud of what I did over there and what we did over there."

"They say that survivors of death camps have survivor's guilt. I believe that Vietnam vets have suffered from this, too. I am sure that all war veterans live with something like it."

His highest rank was Captain.

Jerrold Korn

Jerry was one of ten combat vets chosen to participate in a new V.A. experimental program related to Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. He was born in San Pedro, Ca., on June 6, 1948. His father was from Chicago and his mother was from Canada. They had met during WW2 and moved to San Pedro where Jerry's father and uncle opened a hardware store. Soon father was a tank repairman at Ft. Hood, TX while uncle was serving under General Patton in Europe where he saw plenty of combat. To this day Jerry is unable to talk about combat with his uncle. During the war, Jerry's mother was a civilian Air Force employee, inspecting wings on new aircraft. His aunt, uncle, and parents are still alive as is his paternal grandmother, in her 90s.

Even though he was born in San Pedro, he grew up in Los Angeles until the age of 9 when he moved to Downey which is his hometown. He graduated Downey High in 1966 and was drafted in 1967 while enrolled at Cerritos Jr. College. In Downey, his father had a paint manufacturing plant where Jerry helped out a lot. At the age of 16, Jerry started a successful vending machine business, which he sold when he was drafted.

"I was a typical middle class Jewish kid who was brought up to respect the rights of others and to know the difference between right and wrong. My friends and myself did have mischievous fun, but never hurt anyone."

"I became a Bar Mitzvah at 13, loved the presents, hated the studying. We did attend temple for the high holidays but I wasn't very religious. Mothers parents were Conservative Jews from Russia and father's parents were strictly kosher people from Europe. I loved my grandmother's duck that she plucked by hand straight from the Fairfax Kosher Market."

"I met most of my closest friends in the AZA where I was Alef Gadol. At age 15, I went to a BBYO party where I met my future wife, Emily, whom I married at the age of 20, five months after my return from Vietnam."

"I am the middle child of three brothers. My older brother had been drafted, went through basic and Armor OCS at Fort Sill from which he was assigned to be a mess officer in Germany. It was very nice. But when I went through basic training at Fort Ord, it was a year later and after basic, despite my having been accepted for OCS,

I was sent to Advanced Infantry Training where I dropped the idea of OCS. Out of 250 in the training group, only four were not sent to Germany for the next two years. Those four were college men who had been accepted for OCS and dropped out voluntarily. They were ordered to Vietnam."

"It was the sixties. I really felt I could make a difference. I also felt if I didn't go, someone else could go and get killed, whereas if I went it would be the right and patriotic thing to do. I was 18 years old when I was drafted, turned 19 in training, and spent my 20th birthday behind a 50 caliber machine gun."

"I was assigned to the First Infantry Division (Big Red) where I served as a machine gunner on an armored personnel carrier (like a small tank) that was converted from carrying people to carrying nothing but ammunition for two machine guns. I really was good at that job."

"Today I am Real Estate Broker with a Bachelor's Degree in Business and Real Estate from San Diego State. I have opened and closed 15 different businesses in the past 20 years. I am a private pilot with an instrument rating and was a San Diego County Reserve Sheriff for two years. I have two great kids and an ex-wife and I still can not deal with my past which is now consuming my present."

"During that entire year in Vietnam, I was only out of the field three times. I spent Thanksgiving and Christmas in a hospital at Na Trang after hitting a booby trap hand grenade-my first Purple Heart. I spent two weeks in a hospital at Long Bien after being shot in the neck-My second Purple Heart. I had one week of R & R in Australia six weeks after the 1968 Tet offensive. Then right back out into the field where I was hit two other times by rocket and mortar fire. But since half of our unit was wiped out each time, I didn't have time to put in for two more Purple Hearts because I was not hit bad enough to be evacuated to a hospital and since our unit was under strength, I stayed in the field."

"Once when we were patrolling near Saigon, I was given the afternoon off to go to high holiday services. It was hard to be in a religious frame of mind when half the people you have been living with are dead and you are always carrying an M-16 machine gun, a 45 caliber revolver, and three or four hand grenades."

"I remember after the service that day before returning to the field, walking into a restaurant and in full combat gear, seeing a whole lot of news people and diplomats in suits and ties. I walked in, sat down at an empty table and as all these other people were watching, ordered a hot meal, something I had not had for a while. No one said anything as they watched this thing, me finish my meal and leave. The next week one of the people in our unit went into town and got blown apart by a little kid with a hand grenade."

"On July 3,1968, I was on a search and destroy mission outside of Saigon. On July 4 I was on a plane home as my tour had ended. At 5 A.M. the next day, I was waiting for my brother to pick me up at L.A. airport. I had done an excellent job of blocking out most of what I had done. Back then, nobody cared about debriefing. My

family was beyond words at relief that I had made it home. Society called us, 'Baby killers' and someone asked me if I had been in Nam. I said, 'Yes, I was there. I did my job. I left my blood there for you.'"

"His response was to spit in my face."

His decorations include the Vietnam Service Medal with 2 Bronze Service Stars, National Defense Service Medal, RVN Campaign Medal, Combat Infantryman Badge, Silver Star, Purple Heart with 1 OLC, good Conduct Medal, Army Commendation Medal, Sharpshooter (Rifle M-14), Marksman (Pistol), Expert (M-60 MG).

Jerrold Korn's Silver Star Citation

For gallantry in action against a hostile force: Private First Class Korn was serving as a machine gunner with his unit on 2 February, 1968, near Tan Son Nhut Air Base. While conducting a reconnaissance in force operation, his troop was ordered to flank a large Viet Cong force. At approximately 1430 hours, contact with the enemy was made and an intense battle ensued. Private First Class Korn began immediately placing rapid, accurate fire in the insurgents' positions. He remained exposed to the concentrated hostile rockets and automatic weapons fire for two hours while effectively engaging the enemy with his machine gun. Private First Class Korn suddenly saw one of the command vehicles receive a direct hit by an enemy rocket. An individual aboard the track became engulfed in flames and those present were unable to extinguish the fire. With complete disregard for his personal safety, Private First Class Korn took a water can from his vehicle and through the intense hail of enemy fire to the man's aid. As rockets impacted on his immediate vicinity, he extinguished the flames and placed the injured man in a protected position. He then returned to his vehicle and continued to effectively repel the Viet Cong. The outstanding courage, initiative and concern for his comrade displayed by Private First Class Korn under extremely perilous conditions were the major factors in saving the individual's life. Using professional skill, he also made a significant contribution toward the successful outcome of the encounter. Private First Class Korn's unquestionable valor in close combat against numerically superior hostile forces is in keeping with the finest traditions of the military service and reflects great credit upon himself, the 1st Infantry Division, and the United States Army.

He was discharged at the rank of Sp. 5 (Sergeant).

Barry Levin

"I graduated from Penn State University in June 1970. While an undergraduate, I participated in the standard civil rights and anti-war protests of the era. I was also involved in other campus activities -such as Hillel Foundation."

"My religious background is not spectacular. My parents were not practicing Jews. We never kept kosher. My parents never went to temple, not even on the high

holidays. The sabbath was just another day. Yet my folks bought a house on the same block as the synagogue. I never went to Sunday School but did attend 5 years of Hebrew School. My Bar Mitzvah came at the start of my fifth year."

"I was not a particularly good student. I learned to read Hebrew, but was never able to translate very much of what I read. The same for writing it. Two things did interest me!

1) The history and philosophy of religion and
2) The service.

I mastered the service; while I didn't know what it all meant, I could do the entire sabbath service from memory, with various melodies. I acted as rabbi and cantor for the youth services and later USY services at our shule during high school. This carried over into college and the Hillel Foundation there."

"While in college, I encountered some anti-semitism. Swastikas were painted around campus for a while, and some of us responded. We formed a secret group called, 'Ha Magshemim' as a counter terrorist force. And I once had a professor of Astronomy who gave a major test on Yom Kippur day and would not allow any make-up exams."

"Upon graduation with a degree in education and no job and no more draft deferment, I found myself staring into the draft. My number was 204, and my draft board was up to 195 in July. I checked with all the recruiters for options. The Air Force recruiter told me about a program that used teachers."

"THE BIG LIE – He said that military personnel were used in American schools overseas for children of G.I.s and families stationed overseas. I figured Germany, Italy – great! WRONG – Civilians only for those schools. Military personnel as teachers were used only in Vietnam. By the time I found this out, I was already out of basic training and in Tech school, learning the military way to teach English as a foreign language."

"It was during Tech school that I had my only fight. Another would be teacher and I got into a knock-down, drag-out in the barracks over some anti-semitic, anti-Jewish remark. I can no longer remember what it was that he said exactly."

"I do remember that it wasn't the first time I had heard him talk that way. There was no clear winner or loser to the fight-we were eventually pulled apart. But it was the last time he spoke that way when I was within earshot. So maybe I can call that a victory."

"I arrived in Vietnam just after Thanksgiving of 1970. We were there to teach Vietnamese officers to speak English, so that they could come to the states for technical training and return to take over jobs that Americans were doing. (This was Nixon's Vietnamization program)."

"If you saw the movie, 'Good Morning Vietnam,' you saw what our classes were like. But the movie was wrong. There were no civilian students. There were two school locations. One was in Saigon. The other was about 150 miles North east along the coast, in the city of Nha Trang (about fifteen miles south of Can Rahn Bay). I was stationed at Nha Trang."

"The idea was simple, total immersion in English. Students spent 8 hours a day, 5 days a week speaking English; six hours of classroom instruction and two hours of language lab tapes each day. Instructors were told not to learn Vietnamese. That way it could not be used as a *crutch in the classroom.*"

"Our unit was unique in that every enlisted man, E-5 and below was a college graduate. (All officers were also college grads. But senior NCOs grades E-6 through E-9, those who were our supervisors and those who did our teacher evaluations, they were 4 grade dropouts from Biloxi or someplace and 'lifers'.) The system worked well. In 16-22 weeks we took them from scratch and sent them to the states, fluent enough in English to get by. They weren't perfect, but they knew enough. And we put our personal stamp on our classes, too. You could tell which teacher had the class before you did. (You had them for a week or two, then passed them on and up.) For instance, one slow talking teacher from Kentucky would drawl to his class. A-L-L AWL, O-I-L AWL. And his Vietnamese students would pronounce words his way. Several of us, for a while, told our students that the answer to the question. Do you understand?' was 'I'm hip.' And if a group was asked the question. 'Do you understand?'; the unison answer was 'Right On!' which of course, cannot be said without the right fist being raised en masse. Like I said, we had fun."

"Usually we had a class for two weeks before we passed it on to the next instructor. In this particular case we held on for an extra two weeks, so I had the one class for about a month. I got to know them pretty well and they got to know me. Because of this, I was constantly being asked by my students to come home with them to dinner and to meet their families. I routinely turned them down. Why? Purely selfish reasons. During our orientation before going overseas, we learned about Vietnamese culture. They honor teachers and they show it. One of their beliefs is that the higher the part of the body, the more important it is. Because of that, if you were to sit in a Vietnamese home and cross your legs, it really would be insulting to them. You are saying, by elevating your foot that your foot is more important than whatever level it reached on them. Showing the bottom of your foot to someone like that is considered rude, in poor taste, and derogatory. Conversely, if they were having chicken for dinner and you were the honored guest, they would serve you the HEAD of the chicken. Not a very appealing thought in my culture. Now I never kept kosher. But I have never been what you would call an adventurous eater. In fact, I am a very picky eater. I dislike many foods. For instance, I do not like many vegetables. I eat meat but not organs, like liver, kidney, hearts, etc."

"With this in mind I faced this class which I had taught for an extra two weeks. We talked history of Vietnam. We talked politics. And we talked religion. I put a drawing of a human eye on the board for Cas Dai, the cross for Christianity, and I drew the swastika for Buddhism. It was like a Nazi swastika only reversed in direction, and I drew a Magen David for Judaism. But they did not see it as a religious symbol. They did not know about Judaism. To them the Magen David was a political symbol, representing the State of Israel. But they did not attach any religious meaning to it."

"So I explained. What makes us different? I explained about the history of Judaism, quickly. What else makes you different?' they asked. 'Well, we have dietary laws that set us apart. Then the bulb went off in my head! We can not eat internal organs, such as liver and kidneys. I made a long list. Everything that I do not personally eat, went onto that list. Everything now fell into place. Now they knew why I had turned down so many invitations, and they weren't insulted."

"Later that day, on a break, one of my students came to me. Politely he asked if I would have dinner with him and his family if they would prepare something in line with my religious requirements. Of course, I accepted, thinking maybe they'd kill a water buffalo and we'd have steaks."

"When the night came, I went with my student to his home. I was careful to remember not to do anything to insult anyone. When dinner was served, it was MEAT! It was a little greasy, but it was meat. It reminded me a little bit of venison which I had tried once or twice before. Still I couldn't quite place the taste."

"When the evening was over, I thanked my host and his family and departed with my student. It was then that I learned that I had eaten my first DOG! Dog is a delicacy over there. They are not kept as pets as we keep them. My mind fixed on the puppies that kept disappearing from the compound and I thought of my pet collie Shayna at home. I had to fight a severe wave of revulsion to keep the meal down. Later I learned to eat dog with no compunctions but this first time was hard."

"I was over there for about six months before I was injured and flown back to the states. I was driving a truck making a mail run for our unit, when the steering column snapped (V.C. sabotage, I was told) and I ran off the road. In the hospital at Cam Rahn Bay I was looked after by a Dr. Levin. I told him that my name was Barry David Levin. He told me that he was David Levin from Philadelphia. I told him that I too, was from Philadelphia and my uncle was Dr. David Levin."

"The coincidences were incredible, we both agreed. My injury was not serious and we became conspiratorial. Would I like convalescent leave? He could arrange it. Where? Tokyo? I'd love to but he said that they would examine me there and send me back in no time. How about two weeks home to Philly? They have the South Philadelphia Naval Hospital there. I could see my family and have a two week vacation."

"I jumped at the chance. Unfortunately, what the good doctor did not know was that taking me out of the Pacific and sending me to an East Coast hospital required a change of theater-and a permanent transfer. I was not allowed to rejoin my unit and I lost all the leave I was scheduled to have: a week in Sydney, Australia, a week in Bangkok, Thailand, and a week in Hong Kong. I never did get to any of those places."

"I was reassigned to MacGuire Air Force Base in New Jersey, close to home. Right after that, my father moved to Las Vegas, Nevada. Upon discharge, I moved to

Las Vegas and rejoined my family. They have since all moved back east but I stayed out here. When I joke about this, my dad still gets angry. He doesn't want anyone to think they were trying to get away from me. My family and I are very close."

His highest rank was E-5.

Alan Levitt

Alan was born in 1946 in Rochester, N.Y. His father was a Rochester-born tailor who worked for a clothing factory. His mother was a Buffalo-born housewife. Alan attended public schools in Rochester. He got his Jewish education at Bet Joseph, which no longer exists. Following his Orthodox Bar Mitzvah, he drifted away from Judaism until he bought a pharmacy in Sherman (upstate New York) where he lived from 1973 until 1984.

"When I was in Sherman, I was the only Jew in a small town about thirty miles away from the nearest synagogue. In 1975, the synagogue, which was Reform, lost its rabbi and I conducted services for the congregation for about a year. My shule was the only one in a town of about fifty thousand people. After a year we found a rabbi and I went back to being merely a member of the congregation. My wages for being a fill-in rabbi for a year were a watch that I still have and I was very fortunate in that one of the members made a match for me. That was how I met my wife."

He and his wife were married in 1978 and moved to Brooklyn in 1984, when he sold his pharmacy. His wife then finished college and now works as a substitute teacher. Alan is on the board of directors of his shule and the Hebrew School committee.

"After my youngest brother's bar mitzvah, my parents did not join the synagogue and from 1963 until 1970, I had only minimal contact with the Jewish community.

He got his B.S. in Pharmacy at Buffalo University and is presently employed as a pharmacy consultant by the State of New York, residing in Brooklyn, the birthplace of his wife.

"I got caught up in the anti-war movement and saw myself as the enemy, not as the defender of America and freedom. I was never in Vietnam. There were very many Vietnam Era veterans, like myself, whose stories are undocumented. These stories are probably untold because they are not very exciting but are ordinary. I'm not so sure that is always true."

"After graduation from Pharmacy School in 1958, I interned and passed my licensing exam in 1969, I received my draft notice. On the advice of my parents, I enlisted in the Air Force and was stationed at Andrews AFB at the Malcolm Grow Hospital, the entire time I was in the service.

"After basic training, I could have run a mile in six minutes and my body was probably in the best shape it had ever been or ever will be for the rest of my life."

"I went to the University of Buffalo and during that time I went to some teach-ins and marched on some marches against the war in Vietnam. I wasn't a pacifist or a

communist or an isolationist but I did not want to get shot, injured or killed. A lot of us marching in those parades were there to say that we did not want to get shot."

"Then around 1970 I discovered the Jewish Peace Fellowship. During the summers of 1966, '67, '68, I went to the weddings of some of the men in those classes ahead of me who solved the problem of what to do when your student deferment expires. They became 2-A, draft exempt-family, by getting married and having babies. I was not ready to settle down, so when I graduated, the draft board classified me as 1A. Joining the Air Force was a good way to serve your country and most likely come home safe and sound. Like Dan Quayle did with the National Guard. Air Force recruiters also said this."

"My father was a WWII Air Corps veteran and I can not remember who first suggested that I look into the Air Force, probably my mother. There was no family conflict. The alternatives to the draft in 1968 were to get married and I didn't have a girl friend or any desire to do that, go to Canada, or jail, or go to the service, Army, Air Force, Navy or Marines."

"Since I lived in Rochester, only 150 miles from Toronto, I drove up there one day to visit the Americans there, and found a very lonely group of men, not doing too much so I eliminated that option. Going to jail might mean the loss of my pharmacy license and I did not have such strong convictions that I could consider that alternative. So, I was left with choosing that branch of the service that would get me the least hazardous duty and out of the service in the shortest amount of time. Therefore, I enlisted in the Air Force with the 100 support of my parents."

"Abby Hoffman and Jerry Rubin however affected me much because I always felt that they were much older than I was or came from more middle class or richer families than mine. They led the hippy anti-war movement, the drug movement, not the 'political only' anti-war movement. I never felt rich enough to follow Abby Hoffman or Jerry Rubin. I was in a technical field and felt that they spoke to the Liberal Arts, English majors, not me. I wanted a piece of the American pie before I dropped out."

"While we were not rich nor used our political connections to get into the National Guard like Dan Quayle, we did not go to Canada or burn our draft cards or go to jail, either. We were Americans trying to adjust to or deal with a situation we disliked. We did not want to get shot in Vietnam and come home in a body bag. But we did not want to go to jail or Canada either. We tried to walk the middle ground. We either enlisted or were drafted, did our duty, and if we were in either Europe or America during our tour, we finished up and went home. In my own case, before went home, I did try to file for status as a conscientious objector, but all that happened was that I got to go home about six months earlier."

"About four months before I got to Andrews AFB, I moved into an off-base apartment with three other airmen, bought my father's old car, and commuted to work at the hospital pharmacy and drove off base every day back to my apartment."

"Somewhere in the middle of Washington, D.C., someone, maybe the Quakers, opened up an alternative coffee house, as an alternative to the U.S.O. The military was

split between those career men who were pro-war (we called them the 'juicers' because they used to go to the NCO or officers Club and drink alcoholic beverages all night.) My friends were people who just wanted to get out of the service as quickly as possible. Some of them smoked marijuana in place of drinking alcohol and were called 'heads'. This was a way service people could show their opposition to the war especially to being shot in Vietnam. Another pharmacist and I even went on some anti-war marches in Washington, D.C.-not in uniform, but as active duty G.I.s."

"The anti-war movement loved that because they could show the American public that even the G.I.s were opposed to the war, On one march, I heard Senator Kerry."

"From the anti-war coffee house, I got forms for filing for conscientious objector status. After I filed, I was transferred out of the pharmacy and given an honorable discharge from the Air Force. After the Air Force, I got a job in Jamestown, N.Y. from which place I moved to Sherman."

His highest rank was Sergeant.

Dr. Charles Lipton

Colonel Charles S. Lipton, chief of surgery at Cutler Army Hospital, Ft. Devens, Mass. is a career military surgeon who served in Vietnam, Saudi Arabia, and Iraq. "I have heard 'Kol Nidre' in Vietnam, Korea, and Honduras. I have eaten Hamentaschen and matzo in Saudi Arabia. The gross and obscene anti-Jewish and anti-Israel views of the Saudi English press should be documented."

Dr. Lipton was born in Philadelphia in March, 1940 to Benjamin and Faye Lipton, both of whom were native Philadelphians, whose parents had migrated to that city about 1907 from Russia. Faye was a very strong supporter of her synagogue, Hadassah, Mizrachi, and Israel. She was an active businesswoman who helped run the family bakery. "She taught me both Jewish values and intellectual values. She was also progressive and instilled in me a love of great literature and music. I still have a Yossele Rosenblatt 78 rpm set which my grandmother bought in 1915. We had magnificent shabbat dinners on Friday evenings. I must also add that she respected my own relative non-religiosity. Father had to quit school at age 15 to work as a baker. He later went into business for himself, was quite successful and educated three children. Father always had a tough exterior, but that was a facade. When he said good-bye to me at the plane before I flew to Vietnam, he suddenly grabbed me and had tears in his eyes."

Dr. Lipton considers Philadelphia to be his home town. He was graduated from Central High School, Haverford College, and Hahneman Medical College. His principal interests in high school and college were great music and photography. They still are. He loves Jewish history and read Potock's "Wanderings" during his 6 months in Saudi Arabia. He also enjoys reading natural science and philosophy. He is active in opposing the activities of the religious right especially in the public schools.

His Jewish education included Bar Mitzvah and Hebrew High School at Temple Sholom in Philadelphia under the direction of Rabbi Chazin.

Why did he volunteer for Vietnam? "I was a hawk, and I also needed some excitement. I later came to believe not so much that the war was wrong as that we could not win it in the way we defined as winning. We went there in good faith, (so I have mixed feelings about Hoffman, etc.). In Vietnam, I served in the field for 7 months and at a hospital for 5 months."

"There are no atheists in foxholes." He received the Army commendation medal for Vietnam.

His first marriage ended in divorce after 18 years. There were three children all of whom were graduated from Akiba Academy near Philadelphia and are observant, now in their 20s and 30s. He has been married to his present wife for a decade.

He was an intern and resident at Hahneman from 1964 through 1967 followed by a tour of army duty 1967-69. He then completed his residency in Miamonides Medical Center in Brooklyn, N.Y. from 1969 to 1971. After working for a group of surgeons in Philadelphia, he went back to the army in 1976. He was at Ft. Monmouth and Ft . Dix for 7 years before a tour of 6 months in Honduras, 14 months in Korea, and 2 years at Ft. Knox, before Ft . Devens, which he left for 6 months to serve in the Gulf War. He is stationed at Ft. Devens at the present time (1992).

"My feelings about the anti-war movement are mixed. I was raised and came to political awareness around the time of the Rosenbergs. I was absolutely horrified and outraged (even at age 12) that Jewish Americans would try to help Russia and hurt the United States. Until Israel, the U.S.A. was the only country in world history that treated Jews well, and I was horrified that the Rosenbergs would help the people who had buried alive a brother of my grandfather just because he was a Jew. I felt at the time that the Rosenbergs deserved their punishment, and I still do (especially when the recent memoirs of Khrushev state that Stalin was grateful to the Rosenbergs.)"

"This is not irrelevant. My feelings about the anti-war movement and its prominent Jewish membership were initially based on the same sort of outlook. HOW COULD JEWS, WHO HAD BEEN TREATED BETTER IN THE USA THAN IN ANY NON-JEWISH COUNTRY IN HUMAN HISTORY TURN AGAINST THE UNITED STATES."

"I despised the anti-war movement and I despised them. I later came to realize that the Vietnam War was a horrible tragedy, a mistake, and my views softened slightly ONLY INSOFAR AS the war was unwinnable, a horrible carnage for nothing. HOWEVER I STILL DESPISE THE ANTI-WAR PROTESTERS BECAUSE OF THE OTHER BAGGAGE WHICH CAME ALONG WITH THE ANTI-WAR MOVEMENT INCLUDING THE DRUG CULTURE, HIPPIEDOM, ETC."

"Now, I am not against having a good time or enjoying life, but there has to be a structure and there has to be some core of relevant values on which to structure life. I once asked one of these characters what would happen if EVERYONE lived like

they did, and there was no one to take out their ruptured appendix if they got appendicitis. He had no answer."

"To sum up anti-war activists, they were right on the Vietnam War, but not on general pacifism; they were wrong on drugs and non-recognition of any authority. Going all the way back to Haverford College, my undergraduate days at a Quaker college, I DESPISE THEM AND DISAGREE WITH GENERAL PACIFISM 100%. I was required to take a course in Quakerism in college. I wrote a paper which I thought was great, justifying the use of violence by the Jews of the Warsaw ghetto, and Treblinka and the bastard flunked me on it. I of course graduated, but that failure cost me Phi Beta Kappa. It was a good paper."

The result proved to me that Quakers talk big about respecting other points of view, which is something they don't do themselves. General pacifism is stupid WHEN FACED WITH MONSTERS LIKE HITLER, MENGELE, TORQUEMADA, STALIN, NASSER, THE AYATOLLAH AND SADDAM. Pacifism doesn't work."

(Someone wrote on the subject of Jewish pacifists and Quakers, "Some of our best Jews are Friends.") He was never ostracized by his peers or anyone else over his service in Vietnam. Rabbi Chazin and Temple Sholom gave him a royal welcome home from Vietnam including special blessings, an aliya, and a gorgeous oneg shabbat. They did the same for my return from Saudi Arabia. I don't recall speaking to groups after Vietnam, but I did after Saudi Arabia (to Temple Sholom, KI, and several other groups.) Jewish chaplains were great in both wars, and all posts in between. The most meaningful minyans and discussions I ever had were in a tent in the Saudi desert. Rabbi Chazin was very supportive of my Vietnam service and Saudi service. More important, he proved a great moral support to both my late parents and my first wife while I was away in Vietnam."

"I don't feel any sense of vindication about the collapse of communism: I always believed that communism would collapse because it was stupid. All of Stalin's horrors and mass murderers had nothing to do with true communism. He was taking on the role of Ivan the terrible and Boris Goudonov, not Marx. As far as Marx: he was just totally stupid, ridiculous and had no concept of hunan nature."

"I am bitter about the slaughter in Cambodia for one reason and only one: The damned UN got more upset about the Western Wall incident in 1990 than it did about the slaughter of 3,000,000 Cambodians. That makes me boiling angry."

"In Saudi Arabia we did what we had to do, but as far as I'm concerned our allegiance with Saudi Arabia and Syria was a marriage of convenience similar to our marriage of convenience with Stalin in WWII. Let no one tell me that we fought for democracy there. We did it for oil and to destroy Sadaam militarily."

"Saudi Arabia and Kuwait were and still are, fascist theocracies who are absolutely fanatical and xenophobic. They make the Satmar Hasidim look like flaming liberals. They still practice female circumcision. They can let a lady die of hemorrhage rather than be examined by a male doctor. They hate both the Jewish state and

the Jewish religion. The people of Saudi and Iraq and Kuwait are pigs, animals, and xenophobic fanatics."

"The Saudi-English press continued their diatribes even when Israel was absorbing the scud attacks without retaliating (actually meeting the requests of the U.S., Syria, and Saudi). They once had a cartoon (during the air war) showing a leering Shamir cackling, surrounded by figures of weeping Arab men, women, and children) very similar to the obscene garbage published in "Der Sturme in Nazi Germany."

They ridiculed Judaism. They had a regular Koran portion of the week. I recall that once in a relatively accurate description of the Israeli army, the female members of the I.D.F. were described as 'whores and camp followers'. I don't know if this stemmed from their violent anti-zionism or their views of women and their society as absolute gender-apartheid but, for whichever reason, I found obscene and disgusting."

"I have very hard views on the current peace process. I would be hesitant to give up even one cubic micron of land, without some absolute guarantee (like an American brigade as a trip wire). To Arabs, the process of negotiation is only another war strategy."

"I did my job and I did it well as a surgeon and treated numerous Iraqi P.O.W.s but unlike Vietnam, Korea, Honduras, or Panama, I personally despised the Arabs. I made sure they knew that they were being treated by a Jewish-Zionist-surgeon. Also, I have no feelings of bitterness. I did my job in Vietnam and Saudi. I feel that by giving medical treatment to a helpless enemy, I was following both American Medical Ethics and Halacha."

"I would actually treat Habash or Arafat if they were my patients but I would make sure that the Shin Bet or Mossad was waiting outside to arrest them afterwards. I have gotten less religious as time goes on but I still affirm the core values of Judaism's ethical monotheism."

"I would strongly urge you to pay high respect and give high praise to all of the Jewish chaplains who served in our wars. I remember Shalom Glicksman in Vietnam as a great rabbi and friend, who helicoptered all over Vietnam to provide minyans, etc. Because he was Glaat kosher Orthodox, he lived on nothing but vegetables and JWB kosher salamis for a whole year. I would also pay very high tribute to Rabbi Benjamin Roemer who was our Jewish chaplain in Saudi Arabia. His minyans were a seamless blend of Orthodox, Conservative and Reform and his discussions were a brief flash of joy in the Saudi desert. He also was instrumental in arranging our seders after the war was actually finished but we were still stuck in Saudi."

Dr. Lipton is a Colonel.

Brett J. Menaker

Brett was born November 11, 1947 in Philadelphia. He entered the service as a result of his participation in the ROTC program at Penn State. Upon his being

graduated with a B.S. in mechanical engineering in 1969, he was commissioned in the Army. Before going to the university, he had gone to M. Dobbins Vocational Technical School where he was graduated in 1965, with a major in machine design technology.

He was ordered to Vietnam in November, 1970 and assigned to Headquarters Company of the 34th Engineering Battalion, based in the Delta region. Assigned to the Operations section, he acted as the Liaison officer to the local village chief, who was an ARVN Major.

Later he became Liaison to the Group Headquarters near Can Tho. Eventually he was transferred to Supply Section in the position of property book officer, responsible for keeping track of all battalion equipment. He served in Vietnam from November, 1970 for twelve months. He now resides in Wyndmoor, PA.

His highest rank was First Lieutenant.

Bruce Merrin

Bruce is in the public relations and advertising business in Las Vegas with offices in London and Los Angeles. He was born in Louisville Ky. in April, 1945, to Leona and Daniel Merrin. His father was in the Army. He grew up in Los Angeles which is his home town. As a youngster, his principle interest was in sports. He describes himself as a sports fanatic in those years, playing baseball and running track and cross country for Grant High School. He wrote a column and served as sports editor for the school newspaper, The Odessey. Then came UCLA where he was in the film department, writing many films and producing and directing school films and plays. During his junior year at UCLA, he was drafted and served in the Army in 1966-1968. In 1968 he returned to UCLA to complete his degree.

He had his Army basic training at Fort Ord and then served in Washington, D.C. for one year as an information specialist for the Army Information News Service before his assignment to Long Binh, Vietnam. "I was an E-4 in the Army, serving as editor of the 18th M.P. Brigade newspaper."

Each month he traveled to Tokyo to get his paper printed at the Stars and Stripes and traveled throughout Vietnam writing stories about our troops for his 8 page newspaper.

He had no formal Jewish education but both of his sons were Bar Mitzvahed and attended Hebrew School each for three years at Temple Emet in Woodland Hills with Rabbi Sherwood and Marshall Goldman, Director of Religious Education.

"I married Julie in June, 1967. I had no formal Jewish training but I love latkes, blintzes, and kreplach,"

"After being in Vietnam for 81 months, I returned very bitter/anti-war advocate. I rarely even mentioned that I was in Vietnam. My experience in Vietnam was an incredible emotional journey but it is tragic that so many of my friends lost their lives over such a senseless war!"

His highest rank was E-4.

Edward R. Miller

Edward Miller was born in Bayonne, N.J., in November, 1943. His parents, Barney and Ethel, were both natives of New Jersey. Edward lived in Bayonne until the age of 27 when he moved to Parlin, N.J. He has a B.A. in History from Kean College, Union, N.J.. His principal interests have always been swimming and tennis in which he won a letter in high school. Before going into the service he worked at his father's auto parts store.

After he was drafted into the Army, he saw service in Vietnam with the 2/2 Infantry, First Infantry Division, the Big Red. He was married in June 1969 and is the father of two daughters.

He went to Hebrew school at a Conservative temple and became a Bar Mitzvah there although his father's shule was Orthodox.

"I personally, was not very happy with the anti-war movement. It did not affect me as a Jew while in the service. I had very little time to practice being a Jew but I did receive a package from the JWV in my hometown while was in Nam. I never saw a Jewish chaplain while I was in Nam. I was far away and it would not have been easy to go to services in Saigon as I would have had to fly in by chopper."

"The experience still affects me. I did not feel ostracized until I went job-hunting in the early and mid 70s. Nobody welcomed me home except my parents. No organization asked me to speak and I did not join the JWV for a while after I returned home. I felt out of place with the older WWII and Korean War Vets. In November, 1967 when I returned home, not many people understood Nam."

"I had no idea that our Vietnamese opponents were enemies of Israel. I was fighting for my country, America, and to stay alive for one year, so I could come home. My rabbi was very supportive of me. He told me to do what was necessary to stay alive-to eat what I had to and to do whatever else was necessary (kill) to come home. A dead Jew was still just dead but a live Jew could help Judaism in the future."

"No one ever bothered my parents because I was in Vietnam. I don't feel any sense of vindication because of the collapse of Communism or the Chinese (students) revolt. The killing fields did bother me because of the massive loss of life and the extreme suffering of the children, who always suffer the most in a war."

"The draft dodgers should stay in Canada. Good people died and other had their lives turned around and inside out. I am not bitter but I will never be the same and thoughts of Nam will probably be with me until I draw my last breath."

"I was not in any anti-war movement and I am currently in the Army Reserve. I supported those troops who went to the desert. My Vietnam experience did not affect my attitude toward the Gulf Crisis."

His highest rank was E-4.

Dr. Stuart Milson

Stuart was one of many Jewish physicians who served in Vietnam. He was born in Green Bay, Wisconsin in 1934 to Marion Feldman Milson and Dr. Louis Milson who was a Russian born general practitioner. Louis served in the Green Bay community for 62 years. Marion was a native of Jersey City.

Stuart attended public school in Green Bay where he was an outstanding athlete-captain of the high school football team, all-conference honorable mention defensive halfback, champion pole-vaulter of the Fox River Valley Conference, state diving champion, president of both the French Club and the dramatic society, and Brown County table tennis champion.

His Jewish education and Bar Mitzvah took place at Cnesses Israel Synagogue. He was graduated from Marquette University Medical School in 1960. He still plays racquetball and dives competitively. In 1987, at the age of 53, he won the Wisconsin State Masters Diving Championship.

He practiced internal medicine in Green Bay from 1954 to 1966 when he was drafted. He served in Vietnam at the 93rd. Evacuation Hospital at Long Binh until 1968 as an internal medicine specialist.

The unit frequently came under enemy attack although Dr. Milson was not technically in combat. Upon his return from the war, he resumed his solo medical practice), with his wife, Elaine, serving as his receptionist.

His highest rank was Captain.

Dr. Ronald Nadel

Dr. Nadel's grandparents were immigrants from Russia. He grew up in Brookline, Massachusetts, where he received his early religious education. He attended the University of Vermont for both his B.A. and his medical school education. Up to this time, his principal interests were skiing, classical and jazz music, and reading. He entered the Berry program which permitted him to complete his education in exchange for military service at completion.

He was one of only three Naval Dermatologists in Southeast Asia. He was stationed at the U.S. Naval Hospital at Da Nang. It was a modern, well equipped facility, completely air conditioned, as were his living quarters. The hospital came under heavy enemy rocket fire during the Tet offensive but the V.C. was repulsed in its attempt to capture the hospital.

In response to my questions about the anti-war movement, Dr. Nadel suggested that there was more to it than old fashioned pacifism or leftist sympathy. He said, "here were students who were acting out of self-interest so as to avoid the draft, acting with youthful impetuosity, coupled with searching for a cause. I was very opposed to the anti-war movement and as a believer in the domino theory, I felt that the Vietnam

War was necessary. The major problem with it was that it was not fought in a manner so as to be won and that is why we did not win."

"I was in Vietnam during the height of the anti-war movement and the Tet offensive, which really was a victory for the U.S.A., was turned around so as to make it look like a defeat and this in large measure led to our having an unsuccessful conclusion to the war. On the ground and in the air, American troops and RVN troops soundly defeated the Viet Cong, retaking all of the ground that had been lost, and in the process, destroying huge numbers of enemy troops. The casualty figures were far greater on the other side than on our own, and the enemy was thrown into virtual disarray."

"The perception created by the American press, however was that it had been a defeat for the American forces. After the offensive, we were militarily in a far stronger position than we had been before. But, because of the perception in the United States, that we had lost the battle rather than having won it, it then became politically expedient to make concessions to the North Vietnamese. This resulted in our eventual pull-out from South Vietnam."

"Draft evaders who went to Canada or Sweden were probably guilty of a crime. Amnesty was uncalled for except as a political maneuver designed to reunite the country."

He now resides in Longmeadow, MA., and practices medicine in Springfield and Holyoke.

His highest rank was Lieutenant Commander.

Lawrence E. Newman, R.N.

Lawrence was in the navy from 1944-1946 and the Air Force from 1956 to 1975. He was born on New York City's lower East Side in March of 1926 to Hungarian immigrants. His father had been a farmer in Europe and was a peddler in New York City before he went into neckwear as a presser in a factory. Mother found that caring for nine children and keeping the household clean for her family, fulfilled her as a person as well as all the hours of the day.

Lawrence went to Israel Salanter Yeshiva, then to James Monroe High School in the Bronx before his stint in the Navy as a hospital corpsman. After the Navy he went to Mills School for Men Nurses at Bellvue Hospital in New York. He got his R.N. at Ottawa University.

"Before going into the U.S.A.F., I did factory work, then after school, worked at Bellvue, Bethlehem Steel, and many nursing related jobs. I went into the Air Force in 1956 when they started to commission male nurses for the first time. At that time I was working 16 hours a day, 6 days a week, and felt the military would help stabilize my life. I saw combat in the Navy in 1944-'45, and then was in Vietnam, 1968-'69 where I was awarded the Air Medal."

In August of 1948 he married Lenora Ness and after years in the military they decided to retire to Las Vegas because his wife's illness required a dry climate. Lawrence

was brought up in a very Orthodox home and the congregations were actually little shtibles with very Orthodox rabbis.

"I never went to China Beach but did go to various places in-country where there was a rabbi for high holiday services. There were not many rabbis in-country at that time. Services were really nothing to write home about. I resented the number of Christian chaplains in comparison with the number of Jewish chaplains."

He was in the military at the time of the anti-war movement and did not really experience it. Flying air evacuation of the wounded was very important work in his eyes and was essential whether or not the war was justified.

"Upon returning home from Vietnam, we joined the temple in Kansas City, where I was asked to speak to the youth about my experiences but I declined because they were not receptive to my views and I felt that many positive things had occurred in Vietnam because of our presence there. I also hated how the civilian community as a whole saw the military and treated us at that time."

"It certainly did not tear at the fabric of our family. My siblings, mother and father were absolutely shocked when I went into the military to start work."

"I am not bitter about the time I spent in Vietnam. I was bitter about how much we gave to the Vietnamese and how much they took for the privilege of our presence in their desolate, backward country."

His highest rank was Lieutenant Colonel

Jack Norton

Jack Norton was a career professional army officer who performed routine non-heroic non-combat duties in Vietnam, as a professional obligation". Without apologizing for his profession he sometimes rationalized to Jewish anti-war questioners, that the war was coincidentally preventing the very real threat of Chinese support for Arab military moves against Israel."

"Doubtless my Jewish values and personal experiences in human suffering influenced, subconsciously my thoughts and actions. Thus, as an educator in the law department at West Point, I developed a successful program for a more balanced legal analysis of our actions in Vietnam than was customary in the patriotism charged, conservative environment of West Point. This exposed the cadets to the vigorous pro and anti legality debates raging in legal journals. No conclusions were forced on the cadets.

In Vietnam as an adjunct to my normal duties, as Staff Judge Advocate of the 25th Infantry Division I counseled strongly for humanitarian treatment of prisoners and civilians, proportionality in combat actions, etc. In my legal positions in the U.S. during the Vietnam War, I urged laissez faire attitudes in responses to anti-Vietnam protests in the streets and by military personnel, such as band members at Ft. Hamilton. I did this based on legal and pragmatic considerations and cannot say, however, that I did these things to any greater degree than would have been done by any other sensitive officer who was not a Jew."

"As a bottom line, however, my Jewishness motivated me throughout my military career to perform my duties in a superior manner with a view to leading by example and supporting this generous nation. It is only in this respect that my personal background has any relevance to this study. It is for this reason that I discuss my life in the army rather than preparing a Vietnam memoir. All I can say about my Vietnam experience is that I was there and that I feel pride in my own performance of duty and that of many other Jews including that of the recently retired, kashrut observing commanding general of Ft. Jackson S.C. and his son-in-law who won the C.M.H. in Vietnam."

"I do distinguish, however the motivation of career officers who were Jewish as distinguished from those of draftees and volunteers who made deliberate sacrifices for their country".

Jack Norton was born in Bautzen, East Germany, June 20, 1924 to Samuel Abraham and Regina Nussenbaum, who had immigrated from Poland and Galicia about 1920. They raised four sons and a daughter. Jack was the second child. His father owned several men's clothing stores in Bautzen and environs. Jack's later name change was prompted by the desire to obtain military assignments unaffected by his religious status. Once reporting on duty, his religion was never in doubt. He felt that a name that was forced on his shtetl ancestors was not essential to maintenance of his Jewish life style and orientation. If anything, keeping such a name was the perpetuation of degrading ghetto and shtetl experiences.

In 1932 the family moved to Breslau, Germany, for economic reasons and to share its rich Jewish environment. The family businesses and other property were lost in the early Nazi years. His parents and two youngest siblings then moved back to Bautzen. The three oldest children remained in Breslau, as residents of the Jewish orphanage, so that they could continue their education at the Jewish public school and with private tutors. Most likely, our parents were unable to keep our large family under one roof."

When Henry, the oldest brother left for the United States in 1937 as an unaccompanied refugee, the fourth son in the family took his place at Breslau.

There, Jack engaged in athletic and social activities, but also studied Talmud, sang in the choir at the large Conservative Storch Synagogue, and was cantor on a rotation basis at the orphanage. "The secular education and social development were superior compared to American standards very good, as I discovered when I joined an American high school, later on. These were important formative years and rank high in recollection of my brothers and myself."

After the loss of the family business and Nazi economic restrictions, our earnings came from collecting installment debts and from clandestine, prohibited peddling to old customers .

His father visited customers in the country by bicycle and his mother walked throughout Bautzen, selling ladies wear from suitcases. After about 1936, they were no longer permitted to sue in court and any further debt repayments to them were largely ex gratis .

"I did not appreciate it then, but it was a prodigious task for my parents to keep such a large family alive, despite continual Nazi harassment and only limited permission to work. I finished school at age 14 in Breslau. My family was refused visas to the U.S. and other countries despite almost daily hysterical written plea to the U.S. consulate in Berlin, frequent visitations, etc. Rejections were based on us being in the Polish quota, the family being too large and not having adequate financial guarantees. Of course, we were also aware of anti-Semitic attitudes of officials in Berlin, stimulated by the notorious assistant secretary of state, Breckenridge Long. After finishing school in Breslau, I lived for a while again in Bautzen where I experienced the horrors of Krystall Night and finally left for the U.S. one week before the start of WWII under the auspices of HIAS, as an unaccompanied refugee Reference to me and photographs are contained in *Unfulfilled Promise* by Judith Tydor Baumell.

"The remaining five members of my family, my mother, father, two brothers and one sister remaining in Germany, were ultimately transferred to a ghetto in Dresden, which the Nazis used as a collecting point for Jews from small towns. It was but one step in the diabolic final solution plan. They were then shipped to the Stutthof concentration camp and slave labor camps near Riga, Latvia. Only my brother Isador survived. He served in the Korean War and is now a space engineer with Rockwell in Los Angeles."

"Upon arrival in the United States, I was sent to Rochester N.Y., where my older brother, Henry, lived with our maternal aunt. I was boarded with another family under the auspices of the Jewish Children's Bureau."

He graduated high school after only three years, in 1942. English was one of his better subjects even though he did not speak English when he left Europe. He fondly remembers two Jewish teachers, Miss Davis and Miss Levin, who helped him succeed in school. He was on the school soccer team, was president of the French Honor Society and was a member of the National Honor Society and participated in athletics at the YM&WHA, where he was a non-paying member in accordance with the supporting spirit shown by the Jewish community toward Nazi refugees.

After Pearl Harbor, he was classified as an enemy alien. He joined the ROTC in 1942 at Ohio University, Athens Ohio, with a view toward making a contribution in the war against Germany.

After one semester in college, in February 1943, he volunteered for army induction and was inducted at Ft. Niagara, N.Y. which was unbelievably cold with unheated barracks and insufficient clothing. He remembers the "nightly sobbing of the older and married inductees. Personally, I reveled in our hardships, as a foretaste of coming combat hardships."

He had infantry basic training at Camp Croft, S.C., ASTP at the University of Florida, jump training at Ft. Benning, Ga., then was assigned to an anti-tank unit in the 13th Airborne Division at Camp Makall, N.C. He went to France with the 13th division and near the end of the war was then transferred to Military Government because of his facility with the French and German languages. He saw combat after the Rhine crossing.

After a short assignment with the 82nd Airborne Division, he remained with Military government during the early occupation, including an assignment to Hadamar, Germany, site of the "notorious Hadamar Murder Factory. "This was a mental hospital where euthanasia was carried out on thousands of German retarded children, *Gypsies, and even seriously wounded German soldiers were killed with lethal poison injections.*"

"It was also the locale from which the Bishop of Limberg preached against the Nazis from Hadamar until his arrest by the Gestapo. Still after the war, most Hadamar residents claimed not to have known of the activities at the hospital."

"We captured a former head nurse, Ruoff, who had administered lethal injections, and who was subsequently convicted of war crimes and hanged. His nephew, was a student at Ohio U., when Jack returned after the war. Jack never told the nephew that he knew his uncle. Generally speaking, he enjoyed being a soldier and developed a toughness which he attributed to thoughts of his family and memories of what the Nazis had done to Jews."

"I was always respected for those qualities and that probably minimized my being subjected to the anti-Semitism which sometimes affected promotions, assignments etc."

He reached the rank of Staff Sergeant, while his older brother, Henry, reached the rank of Captain in artillery and intelligence.

After the war, he returned to Ohio University to complete his B.A, and went on to law school at Boston University and Miami. In 1950 he was commissioned in the infantry reserve and in 1951 reported for active duty on the day of graduation from law school.

After several posts in South Carolina and Georgia, he served in Korea, where he was awarded the Silver Star and the purple heart because of a costly night assault behind enemy lines.

Missing army life after a brief period of private legal practice, he applied for regular army commission as a legal officer and served in Kentucky and Georgia.

Then followed service in the Army's European headquarters in Heidelberg, Germany, and study for a master's degree in International Law at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy in Medford, MA.: a tour as a lawyer at the Pentagon, and three years as an assistant professor of law at West Point. During the Tet offensive, he was assigned to the same division as in Korea, the 25th infantry Division at Cu Chi as Judge Advocate. This was about 30 miles north of Saigon, straddling the Ho Chi Min trail, leading from the Parrot's Beak of Cambodia toward Saigon, next to the Iron Triangle. Combat was constant and intense, daily rocket attacks and infiltrations and during one attack, the division headquarters was hit and destroyed.

"My Vietnam duty as a Staff Judge Advocate was with jurisdiction, in legal affairs, over about 30,000 troops. I felt good about myself and was not disturbed about being in Vietnam...duties included criminal trials, ranging from drunkenness to war crimes, murders, rapes, etc. I had monitoring responsibility regarding war crimes,

P.O.W. treatment, advice to the commander dealing with legal aspects of combat activities, claims activities, etc. Any danger during enemy infiltrations, rocket attacks, journeys outside the perimeter, etc., came with the job, little different from hazards in other occupations, such as pole climber for an electric power company."

In Vietnam, he was awarded the Legion of Merit and Bronze Star and three awards of the Army Commendation Medal.

After Vietnam he became the assistant Army Judge Advocate of the First U.S. Army at Fort Meade, Md., with jurisdiction over many legal affairs in 15 Northeastern states which involved army reaction to anti-Vietnam war activities. He was also the Army's project officer, manager on the disposition of the cover up charges against high ranking officers with respect to the "My Lai massacre."

After being an Inspector General investigation officer for the Secretary of the Army, he retired as a colonel in 1973, then worked as a lawyer in Miami for a large bank until 1988. He and his wife Kala have raised two children, a daughter Rhonda who is with the school board in Dade County, Florida and a son Scott, who is a major at Fitzsimmons Army Hospital in Denver. He served one year as flight surgeon with a multi-national force in the Sinai, in Egypt only a few miles from Kibbutz Nirim, where a cousin resides.

After Korea "when I had a family and probably because of my wife's influence, I was a strong activist for Jewish affairs and proselytized non-practicing Jews into the fold. I was the lay leader in most of my assignments. At West Point, I was Jewish Chapel Squad advisor, Sunday School teacher, social hosts for cadets and their guests etc." At one time he was vice-president of Agudas Achim in Bowie, Maryland and publisher of the temple bulletin...My children received a Conservative Jewish education. Our home practices were strongly Jewish and we shared them with other Jewish military personnel." He is an active member of Temple Judea of Coral Gables and has served on the temple board. His wife has been a sisterhood officer for many years and president of a large Hadassah chapter.

In Vietnam he was the senior Jewish officer in the 25th Division area and was lay leader for the division with strong support from Rabbi Wasserman, an Orthodox ump qualified chaplain. Norton read the Tora and conducted services on almost all Sabbaths and Festivals including a large Passover seder. Rabbi Wassermann's family owned a number of food stores in the New York area and thanks to his parents, Norton's chapel group was always well supplied with deli food for ongey shabbat.

Helicopter pilots who delivered the supplies for Cu Chin. commented on the strong odor of packages they brought from Saigon-usually with month old salami etc. For Jack it was a reminder of packages that reached him occasionally during WWII in Europe. The Jewish Welfare Board provided canned Kosher products. In Vietnam, Colonel Norton recalls seeing one incident when Rabbi Wasserman ran from a helicopter at Cu Chi with unwrapped lulav and etrog in hand as he went from post to post covering his three division area.

In 1968, Colonel Norton arranged transportation for his troops to attend Rosh HaShana services and in his insistence upon proper transportation facilities, made known to the Jewish personnel that someone of rank and status cared for their Jewish needs and would look out for them. How much it meant to the troops to see such an officer davening with yarmulke and tallith, we can only guess, but it must have done wonders for their sense of security and to make them feel that they were in a less alien environment.

In 1969, The 25th Division had an Orthodox seder for Passover, led by Captain Larry Bryskin, M.D., and a Conservative seder on the following night led by Colonel Norton.

In the 25th Division yearbook for 1968, there is a picture of Colonel Norton holding a Sefer Tora with the assistant division commander looking on.

Jack Norton is "unwilling to characterize his Vietnam military service as a particular patriotic act. He was a career military officer, assigned on a fair rotational basis by the Army's personnel structure to such duty. He never would have considered any appeals not to go. As was the view of most officers, the assignment was adventurous and career enhancing."

"He also believed that he could render positive support to America's goals in the war, based on his professional competence. He also strongly hoped to inject his own humanitarian attitudes into the horrors of war, based on his Jewish heritage and the tragedies of his personal life."

Patriotism was a strong ingredient among the many complex emotional and rational factors leading to his choice of a military career and his adherence thereto when citizen hostility to the Vietnam War became so pronounced. Despite many imperfections, brought to light particularly during that war, this country was imbued with the spirit of freedom, democracy, and equality more than any other country in the world."

"Jews here are the beneficiaries of positive attitudes, opportunities, and protections, which we have experienced rarely anywhere in the world in our entire history. There are Biblical commands (mitzvoth) requiring the support and loyalty of individuals for just governments in the countries where we live."

He was aware during the Vietnam War, of the prominent role many Jews played in the public's anti-government mood, especially Abby Hoffman, whom he had never met, but to whom he was linked in a distant marriage relationship.

"Any unease about the legality, rationale or inhumanity of the war, was resolved on the basis that in a government of checks and balances and open debate, the executive, legislative, and judicial branches of government, all were supporting the war. While individual attitudes were an essential ingredient of the democracy, they could not be the ultimate arbiter of policy. This was the role of government, which had to coalesce the interests and desires of many divergent individual attitudes. Once the government had spoken, we citizens owed support to that policy, though free to criticize and mobilize for revision of that policy or even testing its legality n the courts."

His highest rank was Colonel.

Dr. Daniel Nussbaum

Dr. Nussbaun was a pediatrician in the Air Force in North Dakota during the Vietnam War. He writes, "My family has served in the American military since the Civil War. We have also served in the Tsar's Army, the Raiser's Army, and of course the Tsahal (Israel Defense Forces). At least three members of my family have died in the active service of the American military. Consequently, they were very supportive of my entering the military. The outright leftists may have been a little perturbed but the only one who mentioned anything was a third cousin who asked me why I was volunteering for the Air Force. She seemed satisfied with my answer that being drafted into the Army as a Private meant doing the same work but the Air force had nicer uniforms than the Army. All the clergymen with whom I came in contact were very supportive. Professionally, my military experience was a marvelous one and personally, it introduced me to a sub culture with which I had little experience. It broadened my horizon."

Dr. Nussbaum, FAAR, practices medicine in Rochester, N.Y.

His highest rank was Captain.

Gary L. Osher, M.D.

Dr. Osher was born in September of 1940 in Plainfield N.J. His maternal grandparents came from Austria Hungary in the late 1800s, to Brooklyn, where his mother was born. She was raised as a farmer's daughter in Plainfield.

His paternal grandparents came from Polish Russia to Harlem just after the turn of the century where his father was born. His father grew up in Brooklyn, studied at CCNY and got his medical education in England. He interned in Plainfield.

Gary grew up in Fanwood, three miles from Plainfield which then had a population of 2,500. Gary was the third Jew in Fanwood, when he was born. In school he enjoyed sports, scouting, and studies. From public school he went to Rutgers University where he joined a non-sectarian social fraternity and devoted himself to his studies.

While at Tufts Medical School, he joined the Naval Reserve. "This was to help me have a say as to when in my training I would go on active duty." He went into the service upon graduation from med school and rose to the rank of Lt Commander, Medical Corps, USNR as the medical officer aboard the USS Vancouver LPD-2 for a Western Pacific deployment during 1968. It was an amphibious ship supporting Marine combat landings. He treated the wounded from these operations. "It was distressing to see and count the dead bodies and knowing the size of the remaining force, to see in Stars and stripes that casualties were 'light'. I saw otherwise. Once the sergeants came into the hospital at night to steal the walking wounded for emergency reinforcements along with the clerks and cooks.

He married Susan Wetstein when she was a student at Boston University. He had a daughter when he left for Vietnam.

His Jewish education was at a very traditional heder in Plainfield and his Bar Mitzvah was Conservative. His old neighborhood is almost entirely Black now. The Jews have moved away.

His contact with the anti-war movement was negligible.

His wife's aunt, in Beverly Hills, was opposed to the war and could not understand why he did not do more to get out of it. Her son was a war correspondent in the Republic of Vietnam and Cambodia and his outspoken criticism of the war caused him difficulty, as you would expect. "As for me, I felt privileged to have special skills and training and that I should go to take care of the others who served. My country and I could help."

"When I returned I was never ostracized. I never told many people about it unless asked. While in the Navy, my shipmates knew I was Jewish. They seemed not to care about that fact or the anti-war movement, but were happy to have me on the ship as their family doctor."

"I do remember talking to a sailor from Texas about his past medical history and he told me that he had seen a 'Jew doctor' back home. He just knew that the man was a Jew and did not know what a Jew was or looked like or that I might be one. It was just a matter of fact statement."

"While in the Navy, I never saw a Jewish chaplain. We had a Christian chaplain on our ship. He and I talked a lot on the ship. There were only 25 or 26 officers, many of whom were young and single or older career Navy men more interested in conversation about steam turbines and such. Chaplain Wayne and I did not talk much about religion but were of similar age and married."

"I did not feel pressure on me or my family from the anti-war movement. My sister's husband joined the Marines but was discharged after a boot camp injury. In 1968, I was a medical staff officer on an amphibious ship involved with Marine landings off the northern coast of South Vietnam. "I even arranged an administrative landing in Da Nang to get supplies for a squadron seder. When I went to get seder supplies at the Naval Support Activity at Dang, I was told of a seder that night in Chu Lai. I tried to send a message via the chaplain to my first cousin who was with the army there. At the same time I had another cousin on the Korean DMZ, who was an Infantry lieutenant"

"My wife's sister participated in anti-war demonstrations both before and after my return home. We never discussed those things. Even now people are surprised that I was in RVN. I don't have a beard, long hair or a drug problem. They ask interested, concerned questions and seem appreciative that I served there. I have known several other doctors who served with the Army on the ground. They suffered profound personality changes from their experiences."

His highest rank was Lt. Commander.

Dr. Marvin A Perer

Dr. Perer was born in Pittsburgh in 1939 and grew up there. He did his pre-med at Washington and Jefferson and graduated from Northwestern University Medical School. His internship and residency were at the University of Michigan.

In accordance with his arrangement with the Berry Plan, he then went into the Army in 1971 . After a month or so at Ft. Sam Houston, he was ordered to Vietnam for one year and then spent a year at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland.

Following military service, he took a gastroenterology fellowship and entered practice in Massachusetts for a decade. For the last ten years or so he has practiced and resided in Las Vegas.

In Vietnam he served at the 85th Evacuation Hospital as staff internist. This hospital was a collection of wooden structures at Phu Bai, which was the location of the headquarters of I Corps. This was a rather large installation which had been a French Army Base. "The base came under enemy fire for the first several weeks and for the last few weeks, only, while I was there." Just to the north was the headquarters for the 101st. Airborne. Later on, I Corps moved to Da Nang.

"The Jewish chaplain was Rabbi "Casey" Stengel. They had services almost every week, usually led by one of the military people, sometimes the rabbi or his assistant. There were other Jewish physicians at this hospital and for Erev habbat services, they had a minyan of enlisted men and various officers. Some attended regularly-some sporadically. I did go to China Beach for high holiday services and for Passover. The only thing I really remember about China Beach is that it was very beautiful."

"This was a difficult period for our country. I was not a great believer in the war because I felt, as did most of the Americans there that the Vietnamese people were not really in the forefront of the fighting for their independence. This country owes a great debt of gratitude to those military people who did serve in Vietnam and took the brunt of the fighting and the casualties."

"The Vietnam experience has affected me in that I really do not watch any of the TV movies or cinema movies about Vietnam. It was a rather depressing year for me."

"The Vietnam War was different in that there was no front and no rear. Physicians in Japan would not come to Saigon nor would one in Saigon want to visit Da Nang. A friend of mine in Da Nang did not want to visit Phu Bai and I certainly did not want to go out to visit a physician on a fire base."

Terry L. Piell

Terry spent four years with the Strategic Air Command, twenty-one months of which was spent in the western Pacific in direct support of the effort in Vietnam.

"For every infantryman in the front line, there were fourteen or fifteen troops in various support positions well behind the lines. The line of supply had to be main-

tained. So there are a wide variety of former support troops, medical or logistic or technical in their duties. Many of the troops in direct support of the effort in Vietnam were no where near Vietnam or Southeast Asia."

Vietnam was just not the place to be, so many of us just try to forget that we were ever there, and do not readily talk about our military service."

He describes his childhood as being boring, a typically middle-class 1950s childhood. The service experience made a big change in his relationship to Judaism. His parents were secular Jews but being frequently the only Jew in his Air Force barracks, he had to learn how to answer intelligent questions about his religion.

"Never, when I was away from home, did I deny my heritage."

He had enlisted in the Air Force after two lack luster years at Roosevelt University. The waiting list was too long for the Coast Guard and his goal was to serve in a branch where he could learn a skill which would be useful in civilian life. He learned how to repair equipment used to service the aircraft on the ground.

Traveling from base to base, he would find about a dozen Jews on a base, plus their wives and children.

"Often, there was an organized, functioning Jewish community, headed sometimes by a doctor, or a pilot, or a navigator, with favorite Jewish foods arranged in celebration of the sabbath or the festivals. In the absence of a resident chaplain, someone with a good Hebrew background would make himself known to the group."

What little hostility or anti-semitism he encountered, was dealt with by other airmen, who seemed to have a beautiful sense of fair play.

"After my military service, I returned to school and earned a degree in Marketing. I also found a lovely woman and married her. After finishing school, I sold life insurance while helping my wife build a Market research business. Today my wife and I are partners in a market research field service. In addition, we have based our lives on traditional Jewish values."

Their three children attend fine Jewish schools in Skokie.

"Prior to my entering the service, I started asking myself a series of questions regarding my religion or lack of it. I read a wide variety of books on Jews and Judaism. This course of study continued throughout my military career. My wife also had a need for more tradition in her life. Together we have increased our commitment to Judaism and Jewish causes, little by little, year after year." His highest rank was Sergeant, E-4.

Dr. Zane Pollard

Dr. Pollard lives and practices in Atlanta. He was born in Chattanooga in 1942 to Sydney and Merry Pollard. His mother came from Poland in 1936, and his father came in 1938. His mother was brought to Chattanooga because she had an uncle residing there and she in turn brought Mr. Pollard, who was her fiancee. They were married two days after Sydney arrived in Chattanooga. They secured a loan which

enabled them to open a small grocery store above which they lived for many years. Later Sydney owned a wholesale hosiery company-he essentially was a middle man, buying from factories and selling to stores. Thus he supported his family.

Zane was raised in an Orthodox Synagogue in Chattanooga and attended Hebrew School four days each week. At his Bar Mitzvah, he led the shachareet and musaf as well as chanting the Tora and Haftara.

He was graduated from Northwestern University and Tulane Medical School (1966), where he graduated AOA, the equivalent to Phi Beta Kappa in medical school. He interned at the U. of Southern California (1966) and did one year of general surgical residency at the University of California in San Francisco. He then entered the United States Navy and spent 13 months in Vietnam (1968-69), stationed in Da Nang.

"I never felt ostracized because I was in the service, however, I did feel a lot of personal resentment against Abby Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, as they were a personal embarrassment to me being Jewish, as Jewish people have always been excellent citizens of the United States and have always been leaders in American problems. I do feel a sense of vindication at the collapse of Communist regimes in the past couple of years."

"I am not bitter about the Vietnam experience. Medically, it was very interesting and I always had a desire to serve my country. I had several bonds in Vietnam. One-when I met another physician, there was an automatic bond right away. Number two-whenever I met another Jewish military person. here was a very special bond, both of us being Jewish, serving in Vietnam for our country in the diaspora. The 1990 Gulf crisis was very meaningful for me. I supported the U.S. efforts, not only as an American citizen but as a Jew as well."

"I am no longer a hawk. I was during the Vietnam War but I feel very strongly that it is America's role to be the social consciousness for world human rights." His highest rank was Lt. Commander

Michael Pysno

Michael was born in 1950 in Evanston, IL. to Chester and Esther Pysno. His father was born and raised in Sayreville, N.J. and his mother was born and raised in St. Joseph, Michigan. His father served in the Navy in WWII and his last duty station was in Chicago and he was discharged there. Meanwhile, his mother had come to Chicago to live with two of her older sisters and a brother. Michael still considers Chicago to be his home town although it is 25 years since he left there to go to college.

He attended grammar schools in Evanston and Niles and was graduated from Niles Township High School in 1968. Following high school, he attended college for two years at the University of Minnesota at Minneapolis, followed by four years in the Air Force. After his discharge, he returned to the university to get his B.A. in Speech-Communications in 1976.

While in grammar school he was scientifically minded. His principal interest was meteorology. He had his own weather station in the back yard. He would regularly call in temperature readings, snow depths etc. to the Chicago TV stations and newspapers. In high school he was a student politician and was active in dramatics. During his first two years of college, he had three different majors-political science, journalism, and speech. He also was actively involved in the student radio station.

Faced with the likelihood of being drafted, he joined the Air Force where he served 1970-1974. Basic was at Lackland in San Antonia, then came Tech school at Lowery in Denver, where he was trained to be an Imagery Interpretation Specialist (a person who examines aerial reconnaissance photos). Then he was at Langley AFB at Hampton Va., until November, 1972 when he was sent to Thailand to Udorn Royal Thai AB until November 1973, when he was transferred back to Langley where he remained until discharged in 1974.

He was never in combat in Thailand. The one time the base was attached, he slept through the entire engagement.

In 1972, he married his high school sweetheart. They live now in Plymouth, Minnesota. When his wife got promoted to editor of Modern Medicine magazine, and transferred to New York, Michael followed her there, enrolled at Brooklyn Law School and graduated with a J.D. cum laude in 1981.

Today, the father of three children, he is Deputy General Counsel of Inter Regional Financial Group, a holding company that owns two stock brokerage firms. He is a member of the board of Bet Shalom and serves on the Legal Advisory Commission of the Jewish community Relations Council/Anti-Defamation League of Minnesota and the Dakotas. He collects railroad memorabilia and likes to visit light-houses.

His Jewish education was at Temple Judea in Skokie, one weekend day for religious school and one weekday after school for Hebrew. He now attends adult study classes at his congregation, Bet Shalom. He had quit Hebrew school after Bar Mitzvah.

The prominence of Jews in the anti-war movement was of no matter to him nor was it to his gentile fellow servicemen.

"How did Southeast Asia change my life? I am not one of those persons who was plucked out of my career or the path to fame and fortune and forced to bide some time fighting a war for a while. I wasn't headed anywhere so the Air Force was just somewhere to go."

He never attended any Jewish activities while in the service but never went looking for them. He remembers thinking that Jews were largely under-represented in the military and their religious and communal needs were therefore largely neglected. He wasn't upset about it at the time. "For all I know, there could have been a large Jewish religious/communal effort in the Air Force and I just didn't look in the right place to find it. I do know it didn't come looking for me."

He was neither welcomed home nor shunned. When people asked about my background, I would tell them briefly about my experience but it wasn't something I

wore on my sleeve. I never got any of the negative reactions that I've heard about -the name calling, spitting, and all that. Most people were not that interested. At the most, I was asked in a non-judgmental way, 'Did it bother you to fight in that war?' or something to that effect. I found the lack of interest to be disturbing—at least the people who spit on the returning veterans, as awful as that was, had some interest in the war. The people I returned to, had no interest pro or con."

"At the time of the amnesty for the draft resisters, I remember feeling that despite all the talk of what they went through and their anguish and separation, their suffering was nowhere near that endured by those who lost children, and spouses and brothers and sisters permanently, as a result of the war. The resisters' separation from loved ones would end. The other separations would not end. I'm gad the amnesty happened. It was something that had to happen as part of the resolution of our collective feelings about the war, but I don't hold the resisters on the high plane that some others did and perhaps still do."

"I'm not bitter about my personal experience in Southeast Asia. but I do believe that as a nation, the war there was a terrible waste. I don't regret my time in the Air Force. At that time in my life, whether there was a war or not, I probably would have wound up in the military (assuming there was also a draft.). I also don't regret my time in Thailand, it is a wonderful country with wonderful people—except to the extent that my time there contributed to the waste of the war. Thousands and thousands of people were killed and injured and millions of millions of dollars went literally up in smoke to accomplish nothing. What might those people have contributed to this country or the world? What good works might have been accomplished with all that money that went into explosives, jet fuel, and bullets."

"A lot has been written already about what went wrong and what the U.S. should have done or not done, about the short-sightedness and hidden agendas of our political and military leaders. I am not really in an intellectual or experiential position to comment on any of that. What I can comment on is how moved I was and sad I felt several years ago when I visited the Vietnam Memorial in Washingon. I felt that I was looking at the lost collective energy of all those people listed on that wall, at a war we fought with nothing but a wall of names and continuing national anguish to show for it."

"I was quite angry for a time, and I still get riled up thinking about the way some vets were treated upon their return to this country. The notion that people spit upon, shunned, and in other ways disgraced those vets –people were less than pawns in the chess game–is utterly galling. I agree with those who said that the overblown 'welcome home' celebrations given the Gulf war vets were due to the guilt this country still carries for the disgraceful way it 'welcomed' its Vietnam Veterans home. I consider myself lucky. My war experience was merely ignored by those around me. That in itself is somewhat disgraceful, but it does beat being spit upon. As a matter of fact, a lot of people still don't know how to deal with what the Vietnam era meant and did to this country."

He had no relatives who were outspoken anti-war activists. It did not affect his family unity.

"I don't think my experience in Thailand affected how I felt about the Gulf War but my general experience with the Vietnam War certainly did. I was not as 'gung ho' as many of my friends and associates were–I remembered scenes f battles in Vietnam and people being injured or killed on out TV screens, and wondered how all the people blindly supporting Desert Shield and Desert Storm would react if and when that started to happen again. We did not think through what we were doing and what we wanted to accomplish in the Persian Gulf before plunging ahead. The wishy washy outcome of the Gulf War reflects that."

"It is interesting that this nation would so easily take up arms to defend afar away dictatorial regime, a dictatorial regime sitting on an enormous pot of oil, of course. But again there was no draft; everyone who was going to fight was technically a volunteer who supposedly knew that being a soldier, sailor, or airman (even a reserve one) meant that you might have to fight and maybe die someday. Most Americans of cannon-fodder age didn't have any risk and thus no personal reason to oppose the war. With the draft gone it is now easier for our government to go off and get militarily involved without much citizen input. I think there are a number of advantages to having a draft based rather than the all volunteer military we now have, and this is one of the reasons."

"Despite my misgivings, I favored the Gulf War mainly because of the danger Iraq posed to Israel and because of the economic power Iraq would have by controlling the Kuwaiti oil fields."

"We learned some lessons in Vietnam that we applied in the Gulf War. We found a villain-Sadaam Hussein. We went in with an enormous force. We found a conventional non-guerrilla war to fight. And we cajoled and twisted the arms of a bunch of other countries so that the 'good guys' could be labeled the 'allies' again. We also kept the press away from the battles so that the public could be dazzled by military controlled gun camera footage, showing bombs landing with pinpoint accuracy rather than being repulsed by pictures of corpses. We also got lucky. Sadaam Hussein could not have been a better villain. We caught him bluffing about the strength of his forces. Very few of our forces were either killed or wounded and it was over fast."

"What we did not do in the Gulf war was figure out what to do when we won or perhaps we did not do what was required to win. The world the Mid-East, the Kurds and Israel are still stuck with Sadaam Hussein and the potential of another war with him someday. We should have taken steps to remove Sadaam Hussein or to assist those in Iraq who attempted to oppose him after the war. The way our president invited the Iraqis to overthrow Sadaam Hussein and then did nothing to assist them when they attempted to do so was shameful."

"It also would have been nice for the U.S. and the U.N. who roundly condemned Israel for bombing Iraq's nuclear facilities a number of years ago,

to eat a little crow and admit the Israelis were right. That is probably a little to much to ask."

His highest rank was Staff Sergeant.

Peter D. Relyea

Peter was born in Hackensack, N.J. in 1942. His mother was born in Brooklyn. Her mother, who was part Norwegian, Sicilian, and German, was a housewife and sometimes store clerk. His maternal grandfather was the publisher of a Rumanian newspaper. His father, who was part Dutch and part French, was born in Kingston, N.Y. and grew up in nearby Bloomington.

Peter lived in and attended school in Ridgewood, N.J. until his parents moved to Florida in 1959. He graduated Melbourne High School in 1962 and enrolled in Texas Midwestern University in Wichita Falls where he studied until December 1966. He got married at that time and worked as a janitor at Northern Arizona University, Flagstaff, until he went into the service. He and his wife moved from Wichita Falls to Leupp, Arizona, (60 or more miles northeast of Flagstaff) where his wife obtained a teaching position with the Bureau of Indian Affairs in the Department of the Interior. With the draft board showing great interest in him, he enlisted for three years with the Army. As the time got closer for going to Vietnam, "I was slowly getting anxious and apprehensive, but I also had a feeling of great expectation because I always had wondered what it was like for people to be in WWII. He was not in combat but in the rear doing mostly typing and filing.

"Where I was in the service, there was no discrimination against Jews."

After the Vietnam War he resumed his education with an Elementary Education degree in 1973 from Rollins College by the Sea, a branch of Rollins College of Winter Park, Florida. Then he took Special Ed. courses at Arizona State but could not graduate because of his learning disability.

His principal interest as a child was meteorology. He built his own weather station, had and made hurricane flags, a home made anemometer and used two thermometers to make a wet and dry bulb thermometer to determine dew point and humidity. In high school he wanted to be a Spanish teacher but when he got to college his deep love of children led him into the field of elementary education.

"During my school time, there were very few demonstrations about the Vietnam War. We had many old professors relative to their thinking and their age, who kept silent about the war."

"When the school finally did come alive with anti-war fever, it seemed that the old profs were quitting and younger new ones from the Northeast and East were coming in. One Jewish music professor helped start up a Hillel type organization, and there were some anti-war demonstrations at M.U. but the Vietnam War really did not hit home until an ROTC cadet was killed in Vietnam only three months after

his graduation. This really set the school on fire and more and more people began demonstrating against the war."

"Since I had a love for foreign languages, the second day I was in Vietnam, I bought books on the Vietnamese language. I was in Vietnam for one year and eleven months. I had signed up for three years but decided to take a three month early out to go back to school and finish my education."

"When I came back from Vietnam, I had adopted a five year old Vietnamese girl. When we came back, we were met with cold stares, cold backs and much aloofness from the citizenry. Since I was stationed in the rear, I had the opportunity to mingle with the people and know the other side of the war, 'the human side', relative to the non-combative side of the war. I was like in the 'twilight zone'. I noticed the non-caring of our society relative to people to people interaction as opposed to the way people in Vietnam cared for each other. There was more evidence of caring for and about each other in Vietnam by the Vietnamese than in the U.S.A. Luckily I never felt ostracized by my peers or by my synagogue. There were the usual pros and cons of the war and by the time I came home, the war actually started winding down. I was in Vietnam from 1968 to 1970."

"While I was in the Army, my wife moved back to Florida. We hadn't joined a synagogue until I came home. Once the synagogue members found out that I was a Vietnam veteran, nobody made a big deal out of it but I did receive a lot of attention relative to my adopted daughter. I wasn't invited to speak at any school activities or organizations in Florida. When I was in Leupp, Arizona, I spoke to one of my wife's classes."

"When I was at Fort Huachuca for Advanced Individual Training, 90% of the rabbi's sermons were anti-war sermons."

Before I went to Vietnam, I told my (former) wife that all we were doing was keeping the VC from advancing to the ocean and that once we leave, they will just roll right back to the sea, and sure enough they did that just a little before 1975."

"On the one hand, I was for the war in that I really didn't want to be "better red than dead" but I didn't want to play tiddlywinks with fighting either. I wanted us to get in there, do it, and get out. I guess it was more politically correct to keep the war going for the good of the economy."

"I saw evidence of this when the U.S. was bombing the hell put of Hanoi, we just about had the North Vietnamese down on their knees because we had bombed their fuel farms, had cut land connections to China, and blocked their shipping docks. President Johnson said, 'Folks, I think they have had enough now, let's back off and negotiate a peace. I told my then wife that, 'Now the war will drag on'. Which it did for another 2 to 3 years."

"No, I wasn't aware that our enemies in Southeast Asia were always our enemies at the U.N. Now I am so glad that Communism is slowly beginning to disappear around the world except for Vietnam, North Korea, Cuba and I forget what one other country. When we joined the synagogue after my return from the war, we were made to feel very welcome and part of the Jewish family. Most of the people whom I met,

were supportive of me and what I had gone through. Maybe that was because I was stationed in the rear and that I had adopted a Vietnamese person. I am very glad that many Communist regimes have collapsed but the 'New World Order', that President Bush is pushing that will replace Communism is going to be even more horrendous."

"Draft resisters? Those who went to Canada or Mexico to avoid the draft missed out on an experience that they won't be able to gain through watching all the WWI, WWII, Korean, or Vietnam War movies, ever. As it turned out, I went on the G.I. Bill for ten years, as the government paid for disrupting my education. I worked within the system, used it to my advantage, and so far it has worked out that way."

"At times I have been bent out of shape because I had to go fight a war that I knew little about. What little knew was through the eyes of our government which does not always tell the truth. At other times I looked at it as a challenge, since with my learning disability, I have always been challenged in just about everything I did. This war was just another challenge. I don't dwell on it though, because then I would be debilitating to myself. I'm not going to let what the Army and the U.S. Government did to me get me down. I decided to rise up out of the opportunistic ashes of prolonging the war and get on with my life."

"Look at the Persian Gulf War. Desert Storm must have been a weak storm because it didn't blow away Sadaam Hussein and if that was not the objective, then it should have been. Our government likes to play tiddlywinks with wars".

"Within my own family there wasn't much discussion about the Vietnam War because each of us respected the others opinion and understanding of the war. Nothing really tore at the fabric of our family partly because we never had much discussion of what the government was doing and partly because after graduation, we all pretty much went our separate ways-my sister in Florida, my brother in Virginia, my parents in Arizona, and my children either in Missouri, Venezuela or Texas."

"One result of my Vietnam experience was that when the Gulf War came I was 100% behind the G.I.s and anyone else who went to the Middle East. I figured, 'Here we go again. I just hope the U.S., government doesn't go dragging this one out like it did the last one.' Instead, the fool stopped it too short. So much for the new world order."

"For almost 100 years J.W.V. has defended our people and our culture. The J.W.V. has defended the fair name of the Jew against slander, fought for civil rights for all Americans and continues to monitor acts which infringe on these rights. J.W.V. has fought against drug abuse, poverty, and illiteracy. It has insured that anti-semites and their vile actions do not go unpunished."

His highest rank was Specialist-5.

Rabbi Arnold Resnicoff

Rabbi Resnicoff is assistant staff chaplain, chief of naval education and training at the Pensacola Naval Air Station.

Following his graduation from Dartmouth, he entered the Navy as an Ensign in 1969. He served in the Mekong Delta for twelve months beginning August, 1969 onboard U.S.S., Hunterdown County (LST838), a WWII tank landing ship reconfigured for riverine warfare.

"We went as far up the river as we could (we needed eleven feet of water, so the season often determined how far we could go), and operated as the command ship for forces in our area (including helicopters, small boars, etc.). In May of 1970, we entered Cambodian waters as the first commissioned vessel to do so."

"I left the Navy in October of 1972 and enrolled in the Jewish Theological Seminary of America. In 1976 I returned to the Navy as a chaplain and have served with the chaplain corps since that time."

"In 1980 I began working with the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Association, taking part in the 1980 and 1981 ceremonies on the site of the proposed Vietnam Veterans Memorial and in November, 1982, I delivered the closing prayer at its dedication."

At the time of this correspondence his rank was Lieutenant Commander.

Norman Rosenblatt

Norman served in Vietnam as a C.P.O. in Mobil Support Team One, U.S. Navy, and later aboard U.S.S. Bon Homme Richard as a Commissioned Warrant Officer. While a member of MST-l in 1968, he was responsible for maintenance of all radar equipment aboard several PTFs, ran the electronics crew for the unit and served as a crew member on one boat.

Norman was born in Philadelphia on November 19, 1938. His mother was an immigrant from Moldavia near Kishinev, and his father's parents were from Ukraine, near Kiev. Norman's father had only an elementary education and worked at various jobs over the years. At the age of six he moved with his family to Los Angeles, taking nearly a year to work their way across America. When Norman was 12, they moved to Long Beach where he grew up, graduated from high school and attended junior college. In 1957 he enlisted in the Navy and worked his way through the ranks to his commission in 1968. In 1972, he resigned from the Navy, returned to school, and worked as an Electronics Engineer until 1990 when he retired because of a disability.

He served twice in combat, once in 1967 as CPO assigned to MST, Da Nang, Vietnam and later (1969-171) as Electronics Officer aboard the USS Bon Homme Richard CVA-31 in he Tonkin Gulf. He was awarded the Navy Commendation Medal (1971) and was twice awarded the Meritorious Unit Commendation (1967 and 1970).

His first marriage ended in divorce. He and his second wife (l979) have raised seven children together.

The Navy brought him to San Diego and after leaving the Navy, his work brought him to Oceanside and later to Vista where he met is wife. For the past three years, they

have lived in Escondido, where his father and his wife's mother live with them. Their children are now grown and are scattered from Seattle to San Diego.

His maternal grandmother lived with his parents from the time they got married until her death in 1968. She was the matriarch of the family and set the tone of the household, while they lived in Philadelphia. In Los Angeles they were a traditionally observant family. When they moved to Long Beach, grandmother announced that they were giving all that up, and they shifted from Orthodoxy to Conservatism, just in time for Norman's bar mitzvah. Most of his Jewish education had been Orthodox auspices and his knowledge of Hebrew and our religion was solid.

"My mother, who died in 1966 was a believer; my father's faith is the Jewish people. I borrowed from both and consider myself a part of the Reconstructionist Movement."

"My combat experience in Vietnam consisted primarily of a six month tour of duty with the MST, Da Nang from March to September of 1967. The mission and activities were classified."

"It was not unusual for us to be fired upon during missions but, fortunately I was never injured nor was anyone on my boat. There were injuries on other boats. I was lucky. On one mission we captured a young North Vietnamese lieutenant. He babbled constantly. I could taste his fear. Although he was uncomfortable (being bound and blindfolded), he was unharmed. I learned from that incident that an enemy is just another guy, a human being deserving of the same kindness and sympathy I want for myself. It is hard to hate anyone for whom you feel sympathy"

"The members of the MST, berthed in a small Vietnamese establishment which had formerly been a French outpost, and we purchased our own supplies (food, etc.) in the local villages near Da Nang. Unlike most U.S. troops we came into daily contact with Vietnamese civilians as well as military. My main impression, given my limited command of the language, was that they appreciated our efforts but did not understand why we were willing to risk our lives for their problem. Most Vietnamese with whom I came into contact, hated the communists, usually for some specific act of brutality they had seen committed or had heard of. The most common sentiment expressed by the Vietnamese was a wish that the war would end. My contact with the Vietnamese deepened my commitment to our efforts there. I remain to this day a supporter of our involvement in Southeast Asia."

"In 1986 I was appointed a Warrant Officer (El) and assigned as Assistant Electronics Officer aboard the aircraft carrier USS Bon Homme Richard (CVA-31). Following a tour in the Tonkin Gulf, I was commissioned as CWO-2 and became Electronics Officer of that ship. I was the first Warrant Officer in the U.S. Navy to qualify as Officer of the Deck (underway) aboard an aircraft carrier. I served another tour on that same ship in the Tonkin Gulf, as Electronics Officer."

"The Bon Homme Richard conducted air operations against targets in North Vietnam, and although a combat assignment, we never came under hostile fire. I was

part of the decommissioning crew of the Bon Homme Richard when she was put into moth balls in 1971, serving as operations officer during the decommissioning. Thence I served as Electronics Officer aboard a helicopter landing ship for another tour in Southeast Asia."

"I resigned from the Navy in 1972. While raising my children alone, the G.I. Bill enabled me to return to school and I became an electronics engineer."

"Jewish participation in the anti-war movement saddened me. I was sympathetic to the goal of world peace but while I believed that those who protested did so, for the most part, out of genuine conviction I also believed that they were naive in regard to communist imperialism."

"I still believe that too many Jews were and still are deceived by the idealistic blandishments of socialism. I recognize the real and potential evils in our own system but I feel strongly that the gross inefficiencies of socialism combined with its tendency toward authoritarianism inevitably produce vastly greater evil. I believe that the history of the past twenty years has adequately substantiated my view. The ghastly events in Southeast Asia following our withdrawal from Vietnam make the case for our involvement there. It's a shame that the anti-war activists couldn't have foreseen the tragic results of their protests."

"I never experienced any anti-Jewish sentiment resulting from the anti-war movement. Particularly after 1967, when pro Israel sentiment was running high in the wake of the Six Day War, most of the military people I served with, (Jews as well as non-Jews) seemed to feel that Jews had proved themselves to be tough fighters."

"Among the Jews outside of the military, I found more anti-war sentiment than among Jews in the military, There was a trend of thought, that the Vietnam War was not a Jewish fight and we Jews should stay out of it. My father and sister exemplified this view. They couldn't understand why I volunteered. My attitude was that the fight was against enemies of freedom, and the freedom of an Asian is no less important than the freedom of a Jew. I made a few good friends among the Vietnamese and I have often agonized over their fate."

"I never felt bitter about those who went to Canada to avoid the draft. While I believe they were wrong, we each must make difficult choices on matters of principle. Just as with the anti-war protesters, I felt that most of the draft resisters were sincere. It is possible that had I been a draftee, I might have felt resentment toward those who avoided the draft. I suspect that few of them feel good about their choices now."

"After I left the Navy, I joined a congregation whose rabbi was virulently anti-Vietnam War. It was the practice of that congregation to hold a discussion group following each Friday's Oneg Shabbat. The rabbi would either speak on a subject, introduce a guest speaker, or moderate (referee) an open discussion on some topic of general interest. All too frequently the topic would be the Vietnam War, and he and I would inevitably leave angry at each other. I think he tolerated me only because I was his ba'al kore."

"What I resented wasn't his opinion, which I felt was simply short-sighted, but his assumption that all Jews should oppose the war as a matter of principle, and his anger that anyone would dare oppose him. I believe it was his opinion that war of any kind was wrong. Incidentally, he and I worked together on numerous projects including resettlement of Soviet Jews, and community interfaith projects"

"I have spoken to many groups such as Rotary, and to numerous church groups. Usually, I have been asked to speak about Judaism or interfaith matters affecting the community. Only rarely has the subject of Vietnam come up, and never in depth."

"I was a strong supporter of our involvement in the Gulf War regretting only that we didn't 'put paid' to Sadaam Hussein al Tikriti. My support for the Gulf War was based on my belief that Sadaa would use the oil wealth of Kuwait to finance his further ambitions. Had he succeeded, his prestige would have catapulted him into a leadership position within the Arab world. Of course the threat to Israel was a factor as well. It is possible that the events subsequent to our withdrawal from Vietnam, which reinforced my support of that war, helped to confirm my support of the Gulf War."

His highest rank was Commissioned Warrant Officer.

Simon J. Rosenblatt

Simon was born in Brooklyn in March 1948 to David and Ella Rosenblatt. David had been born in Poland and had lost his beloved family in the Holocaust. Ella was born in New York to Russian immigrants.

Simon earned his B.S. in Electrical Engineering at Carnegie-Mellon University. His principal interests as a high school and college student were reading, science, and classical music. A CMU he was in ROTC, and during school vacation days he worked part-time for a Miami classical music radio station. In 1969, when he graduated, ROTC people were entering the military and so he did.

"I was not personally involved in combat but I was in an area where combat was taking place in the sense that this was true of most of South Vietnam. I spent most of my tour in the Long Bihn area."

He was in Vietnam in 1972. Then he was assigned to the Army Strategic Communications Command at Fort Huachuca, AZ. In 1975 when he left active duty, he decided to remain at the town of Fort Huachuca as a civilian employee of the Army. He is still living there and has been an officer of the Congregation Kol Hamidbar in nearby Sierra Vista.

His Jewish education began when he was a first grader at Yeshiva Toras Emes in Boro Park and continued at a Jewish day school in Havanna, Cuba. From Cuba the family moved to Miami where his Jewish education continued until after his Bar Mitzvah.

His one grandfather was a sofer (scribe) in Williamsburg. Although Simon's Jewish life, as a soldier, was not a principal interest, after he came to Arizona he joined a small local congregation and was instrumental in the rebirth of the Sierra

Vista temple. In 1990, he attended the Reform Rabbinic Aid Program and was trained to assist an ordained rabbi and to serve a community when there is no resident rabbi. He is secretary of his congregation and takes a regular turn at conducting services.

"During college days, the ROTC was mildly harassed at times but CMU was not a hotbed of revolt. I personally was not happy with anti-war activities that were directed against the individual members of the military as well as the government. The Persian Gulf conflict was in very marked contrast to those times. Even those who opposed the U.S. role in the Gulf made it clear that they supported the members of the military. Had it only been the same at that time, this would have been a very different nation."

"I never felt ostracized by my peers. I simply did not associate with those who would have ostracized me. My assignment to Long Bihn was to a communications organization so I was able to call my parents by phone, albeit not too often, so even if I did not know any rabbi chaplains at that time, I got plenty of emotional support from home. I was not at all happy about the draft resisters who fled to Canada, and it is difficult for me to accept them back in this country. But that was a different time. Amnesty others me very much, for I fear that it may establish a precedent. I was not bitter about my role but things certainly would have been much better had there been widespread public support for the troops."

"To the best of my knowledge, no member of our family was ever involved in anti-war activities of any kind. I had the full support of my extended family. I do not know what their personal feelings were regarding the conflict, but I believe that I personally had the family support that should have expected."

"My Vietnam experience did affect my views of the Gulf Crisis. I see all the support that was offered to the troops in Desert Storm, all the materials that were sent to them in the Gulf area, all of the corporate support provided, the special offers to which they returned such as air fare discounts, car discounts, scholarship offers, etc., and I am sorry that this was not done for the Vietnam veterans."

His highest rank was Lieutenant Colonel.

Albert Rosner

Colonel Rosner entered the service in 1942 as a draftee. After 3 years as an enlisted man, he was commissioned at Infantry OCS in June, 1945. He left the service in 1947 and was recalled in 1948 and assigned as CO of a translator detachment. Albert Rosner, born in Europe, is one of the great gifts that Hitler contributed to America's survival. A child of refugee parents, he became a Regular Army Infantry officer, making the military his career as he served more than 31 years (of which more than 17 were spent outside the U.S.A.

"While in Vietnam, from August 1968 to August 1969, I had two assignments, August 1968 to March 1969, Deputy Group Commander and Executive Officer of the 4th. Psychological Operations Group consisting of four battalions with one battalion

in each tactical combat zone (corps area).From March 1969 until July 1969, I was senior Phoenix coordinator, I Corps Tactical Zone with headquarters in Da Nang, charged with the neutralization of the VC cadres in I CTZ. This required the coordination of the intelligence and operational resources of both U.S.A. and South Vietnamese assets in the operational area. Because of the large area of the operation, I spent at least four days a week in a helicopter, flying from location to location in active insurgency areas. Small arms fire was encountered. Several times our compound was attacked but the attacks were repulsed successfully. I was promoted to Colonel during my tour of duty in Vietnam."

His Legion of Merit citation states, "He continually demonstrated outstanding ability as a leader, superb professional competence and a profound knowledge of psychological operations and related matters. His ability to rapidly meet requirements contributed immeasurably to the development of an effective psychological operation and contributed materially toward the successful accomplishment of the Free World objectives in the Republic of Vietnam."

"This war was certainly different from World War II and Korea. In these wars, we knew who the enemy was and the war was fought in a conventional fashion. I fought in World War II with the 82nd Airborne Division in Italy, Holland, Belgium, and Germany. Vietnam was completely different, not only as it pertains to public support at home, but the war itself, essentially being unconventional."

He had attended high school in Italy and Czechoslovakia and was graduated from the University of Omaha with a major in Political Science.

He was born in October, 1921, in Paseka, Czechoslovakia and studied Hebrew on a daily basis until the age of sixteen.

"While in the service, I have always played a key role in Jewish affairs to include conducting services which I still do in my Temple Beth Tov in Miami." He and his wife Esther have two children and two grandchildren. His son Elliot is a graduate of West Point. Since his retirement in 1974, with the permanent grade of Colonel, after 30 years of service he lives in Miami, where he is employed by a major developer as Vice President of Operations

In 1967 he wrote a paper, "My Life in a Christian Society." It is a fascinating glimpse into a career officer's story.

"In this paper I shall attempt to point out the effect that anti-semitism had on my life. Prejudice and discrimination, regardless of how practiced does affect one's personality."

"I was born in the Karpathian mountains of Czechoslovakia, the elder son of a wealthy land owner and lumber baron. The Christian majority had always worked for my father and appeared to be happy and content. That is to say that they had more money and thereby, more services and goods than did their brothers who were employed by the Christian land owners As I grew older, I began to realize that the employees of my father and the majority of the community of this village of 1,500, were

not content at all with their status and longed for the day when they would own the land and not be required to work for 'Martin the Jew's.'"

"I soon determined that the word Jew regardless of the language in which it was spoken, has several meanings. There is Jew the Christ killer, Jew the rich land owner, and no matter how many baths you took, and how well you were dressed, you were still a dirty Jew. I was the son of ' Martin the Jew' not the son of the business man who provided livelihood for a large segment of the lower class majority."

"At the age of 12, I was attacked during the Passover holidays and held responsible by my Christian classmates for events that took place 2,000 years ago. I fought back the best way I could. With other Jewish boys of my age, we physically resisted this prejudice which in my young mind was brought about by ignorance and hate. Many were the days that I arrived home bleeding, but never told my father, knowing that he would react violently to such events. The only solution was to stay away from my Christian neighbors so I stayed in my own environment and had little to do with the Christian boys. I avoided members of the majority."

"Hitler's era in Europe was one of turmoil and uncertainty for the Jew. Not even the small town of Paseka escaped the impetus that Hitler provided. As prejudice became more intense, the Jewish population began to think in terms of escaping this menace against which the Jewish minority had no weapon."

"When the Christian majority burned down my father's lumber factory, he began to seek a safe home for his family. The United States would certainly provide a safe place if only we could get there in time. Based upon recommendations of relatives in the States, we applied for a visa and were informed that a waiting period of at least four years would be required since the Czechoslovak quota is small."

"We moved to Fiume in Northern Italy, where relatives and friends still enjoyed a safe and prosperous life. So at the age of 14 I was thrown into a brand new society. Gradually, I learned the language and adapted to a new way of life. Fiume became home. Most Italians didn't even know what a Jew was. I was assimilated into the community without too much trouble. My friends were both Christians and Jews. I was on the high school soccer team, and felt as though Fiume was the place where I wanted to live, and not America. My parents were happy but their sights were set on the United States." We continued to conduct a normal life for the next three years. We all knew what was taking place in Germany and in other parts of Europe, but everyone hoped that Mussolini and the Italian people would continue to provide a safe home for the Jewish minority."

"German propaganda affected the behavior of only a small segment of the Italian population but a change of attitude toward the Jewish minority was noted. My friends, who in the past, could not have cared less if I were a Jew or a Christian, began to ask why I had come to Italy. A feeling of contamination was evident and I soon found that there was no place for me on the soccer team. My Christian friends had abandoned me."

"Many were the times that I asked myself, 'Why? Why are we discriminated against? What have we done to deserve this? Are we really responsible for the death of Christ? Are all Jews rich as the Christians maintain?' We are not rich. My father works hard to provide for the family! There were no simple answers and what's more important, my parents had not prepared me to cope with such a situation"

"The Italian-German Alliance faded all hopes. Again, the thought of escaping to safety was uppermost in our minds."

"By 1939, the situation had become most serious. Jews could not attend public schools or hold public office. Jews could only look forward to continued anti-semitism. This severely affected the personality of a 17 year old youngster. Again, for the second time I was forced to avoid the majority group. But this time the fear was much greater."

"I was thrown into the Adriatic by a group of young Fascists for not wanting to give up the two kilos of grapes I had purchased for my family. I wanted to fight back but could not . I was outnumbered! This time I did tell my father and we reported the incident to the police. I gave them names, but the very next morning, the same group cautioned me to avoid them if I valued my life."

"I continued to live with this constant fear and uncertainty for several months. The reader might well ask if I developed hate toward the Italians. The answer is NO! I knew that only a small minority were the cause of my difficulties."

"Early in 1940 we were informed that our visa for the United States had been approved and that we could depart anytime after June. Needless to say, we proceeded with speed to Naples and embarked on the S.S. Saturnia for the United States and freedom."

"God was on our side again, for in the mid-Atlantic we were informed that Italy had entered the war. There was fear that the ship would never reach America, but soon we saw the Statue of Liberty, standing tall in the New York harbor and we knew we were safe."

"I remember one of the first questions I asked my cousin (in Yiddish, since I could not speak English) 'Was there anti-semitism in the United States?' He replied that America was a free country and although there were anti-semitic elements it would have no effect on my life. I wonder if my cousin was right. Did anti-semitism further affect my personality in the United States?"

"For eighteen months I went to school and worked. The first six months were difficult. The adjustment to a new life and language posed many problems. I soon found out for myself that the U.S. was Indeed a free country and because there was freedom, there was also anti-semitism. The signs on some of the hotels in Miami which read, 'Restricted Clientele Only', bothered me but I developed a 'to hell with them' attitude. They do not want me. I shall not go there. I knew that I belonged to a minority group and would have to accept certain facts of life. I personally did not encounter any acts of anti-semitism directed toward me or my family and never gave the subject further thought."

"Since everyone was joining the armed forces in those days, so did I. In June, 1942, I found myself an alien in the Army of the United States. I wore my uniform, from the start with great pride. I wanted to serve my adopted land, a country that was engaged in a fight that would restore dignity to mankind. At Fort Knox, Kentucky, where I had my basic training, I found men from all walks of life and it was here that I encountered the first act of anti-semitism directed toward me."

"I made 'Lance Corporal' in the training company and took my job seriously. One day Private Johnson told me that he did not desire to take orders from a Jew. I reacted calmly and told him that I would tell him only once again. Johnson complied with the order. That evening, however, I found that my bed was 'short-sheeted' and filled with cereal. A Christian friend had cautioned me of Johnson's plan. I fought back by taking Johnson's bed and throwing it out of the second floor window and punching Johnson in the nose."

"I soon found myself standing in front of the Company Commander and reduced to the rank of Private. I did not tell the C.O. the cause of the fight. This was my problem and I would solve it. Little did I know that the very next day, two members of my platoon presented themselves to the C.O., and set the record straight. The two men were Christians. Two days later I was promoted to 'Lance Sergeant'. As for Johnson, he never caused any difficulty again."

"This incident taught me that sometimes aggression, that is, striking back, particularly when you know that you are right, is a way of impeding the spread of anti-semitism. The situation will dictate (most of the time) the type of action you will take."

"During the next 2 years I was an enlisted man in the 82nd Airborne Division. I found that when you serve in a combat unit, the faith of the minority on the field of battle is the same as that of the majority, and overt expression of anti-semitism is lacking. I knew there was prejudice, but I did not detect discrimination, possibly because the door of the aircraft before exit, does not close in the face of a Jew, Protestant, or Catholic. We are all great believers in God and humanity in that instant, particularly if someone is shooting at you."

"On October 19, 1943, I was naturalized and became a citizen of my adopted country. It was on that date that decided to become an officer if ever the opportunity presented itself. A year later I was ordered to attend Officer's Candidate School, and was commissioned. I have been an officer in the United States Army for twenty years and have had many wonderful and varied assignments: Command, Staff, and Diplomatic."

"Only once did I encounter overt anti-semitic expressions by a fellow officer. This took place in Berlin, Germany in 1945. The interesting point is that this officer had expressed his feelings to other officers openly regarding the Jewish question in Germany and saw nothing wrong with the techniques used by the Germans in coping with the Jewish problem. As a matter of fact, he was advocating a similar system in the United States. This individual had so much hate and frustration stored in his mind that he simply had to find a target upon whom he could displace it. It just so happened

that I was available. He was convinced that Jews were inferior beings and no German female should be the girl friend of a Jew, even though this Jew was a brother officer. He went to the house of my friend and proceeded to inform her that I was a Jew and that in the United States the Jew had no social status, etc. The officer of course did not know that the lady in question had lost her father in a concentration camp because he was half-Jewish. When I was informed of the officer's action, I was prepared to attack him physically, not so much for his anti-semitic feelings, as for the manner in which he went about in expressing his hatred. I was about to confront the officer in question when other brother officers, Christians, asked me to please let them handle the matter, which I did. The problem was solved within 24 hours. The officer in question was returned to the United States."

"After the war in Miami, Florida, I encountered discrimination for the first time. I was still in uniform but was answering an ad from a civilian organization that was seeking the services of a young ex-officer willing to travel abroad and particularly, required knowledge of Italian. The interview was conducted in a very pleasant atmosphere and I was told the job was mine if I wanted it when released from the service. Only a minor routine matter remained to be accomplished, the completion of a form which included a question of religious preference. Needless to say, I was told that the organization did not employ members of the Jewish faith."

"I was frustrated and bitter. I must admit that I asked myself if it was worth risking my life in battle only to come here and be confronted with such a situation. The more I thought of this incident, the more convinced I was that prejudice and discrimination can not be erased by a war and one must adjust and carry on until a change in behavior by the majority takes place.

"I know there is a certain amount of anti-semitism in America and in the armed forces. The best way I have found to fight it is by maintaining high standards. I have learned to accept it and at the same time avoid situations that would bring about this type of conflict. I have not developed hate for others, or God forbid, hatred toward myself or my faith. I am proud of my heritage and anti-semitism has not caused me to develop an inferior personality as some sociologists, possibly feel it should have. My children of 16 and 22 years of age, have lived in largely Christian society all of their lives. To date they have not encountered anti-semitism. I hope that they never shall. But should it happen, they will be prepared to cope with the situation and I am sure that they will not condemn society as a whole for the actions of a few."

"I have known and lived with anti-semitism all my life. I know that I belong to a minority and for many reasons caused by the culture of the majority, we have been the target of prejudice and discrimination. I will not permit this atmosphere which is present in my country to change my values. The Jewish tradition, history, and above all the family, have taught me this meaning of Duty, Honor, and Country."

"The law of the land is on my side, but should it ever change, then I will have real cause for concern. As matters stand now, I feel that a full and fruitful life is not only possible but necessary"

His highest rank was Colonel.

Michael Rothschild

Michael's parents left Germany in 1939, lived in Trinidad until 1941, when they were finally allowed into the United States. They settled in Springfield, Massachusetts because it was the only city of its size they could reach with limited bus fare. Father was a salesman and mother made draperies.

Michael got a B.A. in Economics from U. of MASS. in 1964 and his M.B.A. from U. California at Berkeley in Marketing in 1969. His Ph.D. in Marketing from Stanford was in 1975. at which time he joined the faculty of U. of Wisconsin where he serves today.

He played trumpet in the school band and dance band and played varsity soccer and was on the varsity swim team. He writes that he "didn't know that he was treated as a child of a Holocaust survivor until I met other like people many years later." Grades were average, school was easy and he rarely studied. He was active in synagogue youth activities and belonged to a fraternity at the J.C.C.

College life revolved around the swim team and by his senior year he was a small college All American in two events.

He still didn't study much and had a very good time while working at many odd jobs to pay about half of his college expense. Judaism was not really significant to him in those years and he was often the first Jew that his friends and roommates had ever met.

After graduation, he was sick of school and due to be drafted so he joined the Coast Guard and went to Officers candidate School. He loved the water and guessed that the Coast Guard would not be too dangerous. Two months after he joined, the Coast Guard began sending men to Vietnam and one year later Michael Rothschild went to war.

"I was treated normally before I went to Vietnam and after I returned. My parents were distraught that they had escaped Hitler and then raised a son who might be killed in the next war. y younger brother had no opinions on the war and he was 4F. No one ever counseled me to not join or not go. When I went, I believed that the war was right and that I was repaying the U.S. for having taken in my parents. I learned more on both of those issues much later. I was accepting of the doctrine at that time and went willingly. It wasn't too threatening because the Coast Guard had been in Vietnam for a year and none of the 400 persons there had even been injured. The American highways were a bigger threat to life and limb as far as I could tell, and the thought of being second in command of a fast patrol boat was appealing."

"I served on an 82 foot patrol boat off the west coast of Vietnam. We were based on the island of Phu Quoc near the Cambodian border . Patrols consisted of 4 or 5 days out and 1 or 2 days in port. We saw virtually no action in the whole year, but got marvelous tans. In the evening we would occasionally put the life boat over the side and go water skiing. Life was great! Eleven of us spent the year cruising around tropical islands on a yacht looking for arms smugglers that no one ever caught. I was the first Jew that my shipmates had ever seen and some of them did look for horns."

"I learned a lot about Judaism during that year. They had lots of questions and I had to search for answers so I read lots of books. We were in drydock in Bangkok that fall and so I went to high holiday services there which was a neat experience. My other Jewish Holy Days were even better because I spent them on the rear deck of a ship in the middle of the ocean and was left alone with my thoughts."

"I never stood watch on the holidays and always took the watch on Christmas and Easter. I met lots of curious Goyem but never had an anti-semitic incident. When I left the Coast Guard I was a LT. J.G. and by staying in the Reserves while a student at Berkeley, bills got paid and I was enabled to sail around San Francisco Bay a lot."

"When I joined the service, there was very little in the way of an anti-war movement, especially at U. Mass. We were still in the fifties and I have no memory of organized opposition. I went to Vietnam in mid 1966, and there was opposition, but I was still convinced that the war was right. I left the Coast Guard in December 1967 and began school at Berkeley in January 1968. That was a culture shock. For the first time I had to examine my beliefs on anything and everything! It was a marvelous time to be there and it was the first time that I ever really thought about anything. It took quite a while for me to see our role in Vietnam differently. I'm not sure when I started to change. Eventually I also met my wife, Judith Friedman of the San Fernando Valley, L.A, the first hippie I had ever met. I was the first Vietnam veteran she had ever met. It was love at first sight and we married less than five months after we met in 1969."

"After Berkeley, we moved to L.A. where I worked for an ad agency. Then we went to Stanford and had two daughters while I studied. Then on to Madison. I've been on the faculty here for 17 years. Judith owns a successful travel agency. Our eldest daughter is a senior here at Wisconsin and my youngest is a freshman. Life is great! But for the military, I never would have made it through grad school. The Coast Guard gave me the maturity I needed to become a student. The GI Bill and the reserves paid the bill."

"When I returned, people were happy to see me. No problems or hassles. I was confused by the protesters. I returned in May of '67 and was upset that people were more concerned about the Six Day War in Israel than about my comrades in Vietnam. I didn't know much about Israel then either. I wasn't asked to speak about the war. Some of my parent's friends tried to tell me that the war was wrong but not in an offensive or personal way."

"Because my past was so apolitical and my year in Vietnam was so pleasant, I never had bitter feelings toward the protesters. We never had family fights over any of this, but we never fought much about anything. I came to realize that the war was a terrible waste, but I don't think that things were very clear on this issue at the time that I joined the service."

"On a personal note, those years were very good to me. I saw and did things that I wouldn't ever have seen or done. I grew tremendously and matured. The U.S. repaid me by sending me to grad school for five years and I ended up in Berkeley and met my wonderful wife. Who knows what sort of schlub I would have become without a war to help me. None of that justifies that war or makes it right."

His highest rank was Lt. J.G., U.S.C.G.

Sidney Rubinstein

Sidney was born in Hollywood, Florida in November, 1946 of two veterans of WWII. His mother was an Army nurse from Minneapolis. Her parents had immigrated from Russia. Sidney's father left Russia in 1923 for Palestine where he lived until 1930. At that time he settled in Dania where Sidney grew up and lives today. Father was among the very first in Broward County to be drafted in 1940 and served as a combat engineer. He and mother were among the founders of Sidney's JWV post and were both active in the American Legion.

After graduating high school in 1964, Sidney tried college but it did not work out so he took a one year auto mechanic course and went to work in various auto parts stores. His father ultimately sold his shoe business to set Sidney up in his own auto parts store where he is today. He married in 1976. They began divorce proceedings in 1992. They have two children-a daughter, age 14, and a son, 12 years of age.

In 1966, he joined the Marines where he served with an LTV outfit (amphibious tractors).Boot Camp was at Parris Island where he met a career Marine, a gunnery sergeant named Forrest Rubinstein from West Virginia. They became friends and met again by accidents at Okinawa when Sidney was on his way home from Vietnam and Forrest was on his way from the states for a second tour of Vietnam. He trained at Camp Pendleton in June of 1967 and arrived in Vietnam in August. His LTV unit was in amphibious tractors which were intended for landings at beach heads but which were valuable on terrain such as rice paddies where tanks could not go.

Although he was never wounded, he did suffer a back injury when his vehicle hit a land mine and he was thrown out of the vehicle. The injury has plagued him since the war to the present time.

The Tet offensive was, "one hell of a sight", indescribable carnage. He was in Vietnam for 13 months-1967 and 1968. After the war, he got an associate degree at Prospect Hall College in Fort Lauderdale.

When he was in high school Vietnam was of no interest but the Cuban missile crisis was of major concern to the people of Southern Florida. The build up of troops and naval craft and military aircraft strained the roads and marinas and air facilities.

He felt personally hurt that Jews were involved in the Vietnam anti-war movement. "This country has been too good to us."

Only once in the service was he subjected to an anti-semitic insult. He invited his tormentor to meet him in town, out of uniform to have it out with fisticuffs. The other man never showed up which made Rubinstein someone special in his unit.

When he was growing up in Dania there were very few Jewish families. His family used to go to temple regularly, which he enjoyed. He was active in USY and went to USY summer camps at Blue Star, N.C. and Ocala.

His congregation changed rabbis after he left for Vietnam and the successor did not know Sidney and thus his feeling that "no one really gave a damn about him being in the service except for his own family." He is the youngest member of his JWV post and feels that he doesn't really fit in. He is active in the Marine Corps League, the American Legion, and the D.A.V. which got him a disability allowance for his chronic back pain.

"Vietnam was a waste of lives and of opportunities especially for those who are shattered mentally and like me, are Still waiting to be welcomed home." He never really forgets those who were killed or wounded. As far as his family is concerned, they were not active anti-war people, except for one younger cousin with whom he had it out after the war."

As for the Gulf War, he really felt sorry for the ones who went there and their families. "We would have won in Vietnam if our country had backed us as they did the Gulf War fighters. He used his store in Dania as a drop off point for packages for the Gulf.

In 1967, a chopper was sent to fly him into China Beach for high holiday services in a make-shift Red Cross building or tent. He came in from the field in Jungle battle dress with his battle gear, M16 and grenades. There were about 200 others there, mostly officers in dress uniforms.

There were guys who had it better then me and guys who had it much worse but I wouldn't take a million bucks for the experience nor would I ever do it again.

His highest rank was Lance Corporal.

Bruce Saltzman

Bruce lives in Monroe, CT. He was born in Jamaica-Queens, N.Y., November, 1942. His grandfather chose to live in Jamaica because it was the commercial center for the surrounding farming communities. He was a meat seasoner who worked for Hebrew National much of his life. Bruce's father chose to live there when he got married. Bruce grew up in Roosevelt, N.Y. and went through that public school system and went to high school in neighboring Hempstead.

"I went to college for one year-days-and flunked out and then continued my education in mechanical engineering at night. My only interests were camping and the Jewish youth group dances while in high school. In college, my only interests were academics. I worked as an engineering-technician, building parts for atomic submarines. I got my B.S. in 1973."

"I was in Vietnam with the 101st Airborne Division from March, 1968 to April, 1969. I never went to any religious services in Vietnam, but was present on two occasions when the Division chaplain, (Catholic) held mass. The first time was right after in-country training when some men went into the field for the first time. The second time was at a fire base after we attacked and some people were upset about having killed the enemy."

"It was like this. We took two prisoners about 15 years old one day at a dried-out maze-like shelter. They were very scared and told us where their base camp was. We attacked it in a very well coordinated attack backed by four fighter aircraft and 2 helicopter gun ships. C Company of the 502nd Infantry measured them. They then pulled back to T-Bone and the Catholic Chaplain was flown in to give communion to about six G.I.s who were rather upset about just having killed somebody. About 20 of us stood back at a distance and watched on top of the mountain. It was really strange."

"I saw more combat than most but much less than many. I went into the city of Hue at the very, very end of the Tet offensive and spent fifty days at a firebase called 'T-Bone, at the top of a mountain 1,000 meters high, overlooking the city of Hue. I saw dirt fly up and heard the shots whiz by about 30 times in my time there and saw about 100 rockets and mortar rounds go off, spread over maybe twenty rocket attacks. I was at 'T-Bone' for a ground attack and at Camp Eagle for two. The attack at Eagle had 400 incoming rounds. 54 Vietnamese were killed inside the wire. I did not manage to do anything heroic."

"For the attack on Camp Eagle, I was put in for the Bronze Star but did not receive it. Everyone there was put in but I did not show the officers the proper respect so it was never fully processed. Two mortar rounds landed so close it burned my hair. I received some minor cuts, rocks under my skin and a broken tooth in an attack on fire base T-Bone; but I did not understand the importance of filing proper paperwork so this was not picked up until my discharge physical exam."

"I did go to the field hospital in Vietnam but they had serious wounded right then and told me to go away. At the discharge physical exam, I had a hernia and so I ended up at the New York City V.A. Hospital for two weeks. I was discharged in April 1969."

"After the military, I finished college at night while working as an engineering-technician, building liquid meters. I got married in 1972."

Bruce took 1,000 color slides, mostly sociological in subject including two inside of the royal palace.

"My Jewish education was exemplary. We had an incredible rabbi (Bowman now in Kingston, N.Y.) He built the Jewish center from a one room cement block

building that could not raise a minyan every Saturday to the largest religious institution in town with a congregation of 370 families. The Roosevelt Jewish Center no longer exists as a Jewish center. It is now the town hall and the town community center. My parents were among the last 17 families when they closed the congregation down. My father was president of this congregation for on year and has been on the board of directors of the Freeport Congregation, where he now resides. My older daughter went to a Hebrew Academy for one year. My wife and I belonged to a Conservative congregation for four years but we had to give that up for financial reasons. We had a very active Conservative congregation when I was a child. I stayed in the youth group 4 years after bar mitzvah."

"At Fort Gordon in the states, the Jewish chaplain was super. If you showed up at Saturday services, he would give you a pass for Sunday and provide a bus to take you to a Jewish country club with a pool and girls. Even the non-Jews knew this was the best racket in basic training and A.I.T. (Advanced Infantry Training). I was drafted right after The Six Day War."

"I was trained to be a radio relay sight operator and then a tactical circuit controller (layouts of the division communications net work.) When I first arrived in Vietnam, things were in chaos. The second night, we repaired flat tires from the Tet offensive, all night from about twenty 2 ton trucks. Then we had six days of training by the division. Then we spent a day clearing up unexploded explosives from Tet at Bien Hoa. Then we flew north to Phu Bai, twelve miles south of Hué. We were trucked up to An Khé, a bus depot south of the University of Hué, and walked into the city."

"The bridge over the Perfume River was blown up at the north end and we had to slide down into the water and climb back up. Every house in the city had been shot up by small arms fire."

"I took the platoon's first aid kit and bandaged up civilians coming out of the city. This was probably my most useful day in my entire time there. I dug a piece of mortar shrapnel out of the sole of a girl's foot with the safety pin that comes with a field dressing, and two pieces of shrapnel from a boy's cheek (already infected). There was a boy about 12 to 15 with his finger blown apart. I put on a tourniquet and poured methiolate over it. When the blood became tacky, I put the skin around the bone like a model airplane. Then I put on a tight bandage. In all, I bandaged up about fifteen people. Most of the wounds were rather small. There was one kid shot in the knee. I threw up when I first tried to bandage it and almost blew my ears out because kept my mouth shut. I do not think that he survived."

"I saw the boy with the fragments in his cheek and the girl with the foot many times again. They healed up fine. I saw the boy with the finger only one other time. He was on the side of Hué road and he saw me and held up the finger to show me how it healed. The scar was terrible but he still had the finger. I never saw the kid with the knee again. I had even given him two extra field dressings and I had to let him and the kid with the finger keep the tourniquets. While I was digging the shrapnel out of the

girl's foot, it took about six civilians to hold her down. We were in the left lane of the road when a tank tried to swing around us, it got hit in the tread by a rocket propelled grenade which blew the tread off. I tried to run out of the open but about six civilians took hold of me and would not let me leave the girl. They said, 'We will protect you.' and twenty more civilians crowded around me and the girl while I dug the shrapnel out of her foot."

"After that we went directly into the palaces of Hué."

"We spent the next month building bunkers and hootches at Camp Eagle. Then I worked as a switchboard operator for the next month. Next, I went with the communications platoon of the 502nd Infantry Battalion for 50 days at T-Bone."

"I ran around carrying a radio for officers, building bunkers, and flying supplies out to the companies, patrolling in the field. I would fly along with the supplies and unload the helicopter so the door gunners would not have to take their hands off the guns. I managed to get back to the fire base 48 of some 50 nights."

"I tried to learn ten words of Vietnamese every day so that I could get out of the bunker of the fire base. Once the helicopter was so full of water cans that I flew standing on the skis, holding on to the door frame. After I got out of the fire base, I was with the 501st signal battalion and pulled perimeter guard duty every night. Mortar attacks would hit the bunkers so we used to sleep in the cement graves nearby."

"After I was in Vietnam six months, I got a job rebuilding the Tay-Loc Buddhist orphanage that we had destroyed during Tet. ('we' meaning Americans, not me specifically). I hung on to this job for six months. Tay-Loc is inside the walls of the City of Hue, at the northeast corner. The triple walled city with triple moats is one mile square. The Tay-Lock orphanage was a Buddhist orphanage for children of civil servants and military killed. Many were not really orphans in that their living father was in the military. The head of the orphanage had heard about The Six Day War and even had read a book about Israel's war of liberation."

"I got wounded there in the leg when a rocket came into the city. We built a ward building 18 feet wide and 110 feet long and got cement for the Vietnamese to build one the same size but they ran out of cement."

"The rabbi at my father's congregation supported America's part in the Vietnam War. When I was first drafted, my parents and my two younger sisters were all in favor of the war, as was I. During the next four years my sisters turned against it. Looking back over 25 years, I do understand what turned the American people against the war because of incompetence, inconsistency, being deceived, and a feeling of hopelessness. I have seen people turn against the companies they work for, and the colleges they attend, the Airborne, even tour guides because they see habitual incompetence. There was also the very personal issue that as people approached military age, they resented the danger and the hardship and also found it in opposition of their pursuit of the American dream. In Vietnam, I do not recall any other Jews."

"I was very much pro-war, so it did not affect me. I was in contact with people who hated Jews not because they had ever thought about it but because they thought it

was what you do) like using a bedspread or mowing your lawn. I was able to make friends with many people because I had attended college and they had not but had wanted very much to. They could vicariously hear about the college experience and find out how to do it from me."

"We did not get magazines or newspapers in I Corps so nobody knew about the Jews of the anti-war movement. While in the service, I passed a correspondence course in Fluid Dynamics from Penn State. Prior to going into the service, I had gone to college for five years at night in a most serious manner and was bored sick. So, I loved the war as a great sightseeing adventure-the first time in 18 years that I did not have any homework! The news talked about the war every day and I felt like I was at the center of the universe."

"I had read 20 books in the Fort Gordon library about the war. In Vietnam, I was older than everyone else except the Captains and above, and the senior N.C.O.s. I knew how to fix things, and make things work and plan ahead. I was respected as very useful to have around. I had two years of ROTC and knew how to fix radios, chain-saws, read maps, direct fields of fire, weld, bandage wounds, fill out forms."

"I was in an airborne division. We always hit them much harder than they hit us. Combat was a thrill like the thrill of winning an athletic event and adrenaline high of pushing your body physically farther than it had ever gone before. The thrill of total concentration when all else is blocked out, releasing pent up hostilities and seeing the unbelievable (the unimaginable)-Patriotism-doing what your nation needs. The thrill of knowing that you outsmarted them (like getting the highest mark in the class). All of these things cemented together, no wonder that people have been going to war for thousands of years!! And still it did not change my life. I definitely enjoyed it more than any other part of my life."

"When I got back from Vietnam, the people I worked with were very much interested in the war and were in favor of it, but were puzzled about why we could not win. On the college campus, I did not talk to anyone for about a year until one night when I saw two students wearing field jackets with patches from airborne divisions. Then I found out that there was a veterans club on campus and I joined. We put up posters all over the campus and built up our membership and elected a vet to head the student government. we took down anti-war posters and chained the gates open when other students tried to close the campus down, and threw paper cups full of wet cement at their rallies (once the paper cup splattered they could not throw it back.)"

"A few weeks after I got back my father had me come down to the Jewish center and talk to the Sunday breakfast club. The subject of death by friendly fire was very much in the news and I had four first hand stories to relate on this subject:

1) When I was at fire base T-Bone, one of the platoons that went out on one to two day patrols from this base was badly shot up by a U.S. helicopter. It was 105 degrees Fahrenheit and the Second Lieutenant had taken the platoon swimming in a large bomb crater miles from where they were supposed to be. A helicopter just happened to fly over, saw the nude swimmers and attacked. Four or six were wounded. I am not sure.

2) The morning after Camp Eagle was attacked we were looking over the dead Vietnamese for souvenirs. A naval destroyer which had come for four hours at full speed fired three 155 mm. guns to get a reference. One G.I. was wounded and I was close enough that a large clump of dirt hit me in the back of my head.

3) One night, we saw motion about 200 yards away. We fired on it without permission. It was our own listening post.

4) We were hit by an over range 155 mm shell one night -no injuries."

"Five of us also went with a friend to his father's V.F.W. post when he spoke about the war. The veterans group on campus also held a buffet where the faculty could come to talk to us about the war. Only about 1 out of 100 faculty came."

"We also set up a group to counsel people on campus who were about to go into the military on how to get the best deal from the recruiter. Only one person asked for this kind of guidance."

"The veterans club earned money by working security at rock concerts on campus. I set up a poster showing the Hué massacre on the one side and the My Lai massacre and two jars for collection of money for the orphans-one from war and one anti-involvement. We collected very little money. I purchased 140 packages of fish hooks and sent them to the Tay-Lock orphanage in Hué. They could trade this much easier than they could cash American money."

"I do not believe many students had any real interest in the war. After graduation, I continued two more years at night to earn a master's degree and then taught Operation Research for one year at night. "

"I and two other vets were standing in the lounge of the Student Union when the 6 P.M. news announced that the city of Quang Tri (1972) had been over run. We watched mesmerized as a film showed the South Vietnamese army fleeing south along the street without joy (so-named because a French medical unit was massacred there in the French Indo-China War) and the Windson Bridge. We had all actually been at these places. None of the other students paid any attention."

"I was very aware of North Vietnam voting against Israel and that Israel was one of very few countries that supported the United States position in Vietnam at the U.N."

"The Vietnamese civil servants took on many of the worst attributes of French colonialism. The line of opulent mansions along the Perfume River in Hue, housing civil servants in a country where most people were just making a subsistence, was outrageous. The high ranking military and politicians were very corrupt."

"There were killing fields also in Vietnam when the communists captured the City of Hué, during the Tet offensive. They rounded up all the civil servants, military and priests they could and marched them south to the beach north of Phu Bai, There they killed them with their hands still tied behind their backs. So many school teachers were killed that the University of Hué had to close down so that all the female students could become elementary school teachers."

"In the fighting around the city of Hué, some police stations were surrounded. The Catholic priests brokered a deal where the police would pretend to defend the police stations and the North Vietnamese would pretend to attack the police stations, firing into the wall between the windows."

"The police would then give up and be marched away as prisoners only to be set free later. The Catholic priests went along to make sure the NVA kept their end of the bargain. The police and the priests were killed. I saw the police stations with the bullet holes grouped between the windows and was told this by nuns from Catholic charities who went along and were set free."

"In November, 1969, a large mass grave was found and a huge funeral was held in Hué. The procession lasted well over an hour. I was one of the four Americans at the funeral-two M.P.s and myself and another G.I. drove upon it by accident."

"I know three people from my high school who went to Canada to avoid the war. The father of the girl friend of the one, was a major in WWII and the other's father was a high ranking civilian in the War Department in the Second World War. When I was in Vietnam there was a persistent rumor that there was an American fighting on the side of the enemy. Going to Canada took a lot less courage than joining the Abraham Lincoln Brigade to fight against the Fascists in the Spanish Civil War."

"I am not bitter because I enjoyed Vietnam. In an airborne division everybody was in good shape and almost everybody had guts enough to get their head up and fire back. We had the best kill for killed ratio of any division. With artillery, air power, and helicopter gun ships, it was a very one sided fight. I only saw five Americans killed. Even in the attack on Camp Eagle, they left behind 54 bodies to the four Americans killed, although we did have 200 wounded."

"I am not bitter. Vietnam was the most exciting part of my life and I can honestly say that although my two sisters were eventually opposed to the war, we had discussions but never had arguments. I did have arguments with people at the students union at college."

"After the attack on Camp Eagle, it made the states side news as heavy casualties so they had us call home. I was so ecstatic that I was very stupid. I told my parents all about it-how we had killed 54 of them to only four of our own, although they had wounded 200 of us. I now know that did upset my parents greatly. They would have been more upset if they had known that we had killed 56 of the enemy the day before, when they were moving into position for the attack."

"The war was incongruous because we were so sure we were going to win. When I was at fire base T-Bone, the NVA attacked fire base Charley at the bottom of the mountain. The officers told us there was nothing we could do to help so we just sat there drinking warm beer and eating Hydrox cookies and watching it like it was a drive-in movie. All eleven buildings were on fire and the NVA were throwing stretchers over the barbed wire and running over them and C-130 gunships were firing down a virtual rain of bullets. All we did was watch."

"The first night I was in country, they attacked Long Binh where it was both ground and rockets. We did not have any weapons yet and so they announced over the public address system, 'Do not try to help. You will only get in the way. Just pull a mattress over yourself."

"Warrant Officer O'Neal came back as a P.O.W. even though he had been listed as killed. His helicopter crashed and the search party was too scared to stay long enough to look around so they said nobody could have survived that crash."

"Once Americans found a baby in the woods and gave it to me. I brought it to the orphanage. The orphanage hired a wet nurse."

"Catholic charities were a big help in taking care of the civilians. One day at the orphanage there was an American female doctor. She was the only American female in I Corps. However, she was also a nun."

"My first inclination that we might not win came when we were patrolling around Phu Bai Air Base and I realized that the perimeter for the base that the French had there was much bigger. The burned out concrete bunkers were still there 200 yards further out then our sand bag bunkers."

"One American was killed by a Claymore mine. The largest piece of him was one leg and a hip. The other boot was blown off and we picked up pieces of him the size of my fist and dropped them into the empty boot and into a poncho. I washed my hands fifteen times with Babo and could not eat anything but breakfast cereal three times a day for weeks and I could not eat meat for months and I still do not like meat because of this. I still jump at loud noises and pull the trigger finger and my heart beats noticeably faster when I see trucks painted that faded shade of forest green that the NVA trucks were painted."

"I found this harder to write than I thought it would be. I really enjoyed it though."

Larry Schneider

Robert Larry Schneider was born in Kokomo, Ind., Feb. 4, 1953. His dad was an army recruiter and was stationed there. His adoptive parents were Robert David and Corrine May (His birth parents, David and Miriam Cohen, died in an auto crash with his twin sister, when he was two years old. The crash was caused by a drunk driver. Larry was in the hospital with pneumonia and his parents were on their way home after visiting him in the hospital.)

He never had a Jewish education because he was adopted by non-Jews. "My Jewish heritage was never kept from me but I was not given any opportunity to be enriched by it either. When I joined the army, it was the first time I was asked my religion and I said 'Jewish'. I'd never been to shule, spoke a word of Hebrew, or understood the significance of the Holy Days. I went to temple the first time with another Jewish recruit named Saffo out of St. Louis, but I do not recall his first name. I remember that his daddy owned a trucking company then. I guess you could call it my earliest Jewish education."

"I had my Passover seder at Chu Lai. Chu Lai had a long beach but I'm unaware of it being called China Beach."

"The descendants of King David, the Jewish world's finest warrior, have fought and died from the Maccabean rebellion, the Warsaw ghetto, and every war in the U.S., and no one realizes it because we died in anonymity-except for the tears of our mothers."

He considers Atlanta to be his home town. He attended Therrell H.S., dropped out in the 11th grade and got his GED while in basic training at Fort Jackson, S.C. He also earned an associate of arts degree from Brewton Parker College while imprisoned. Larry went into the service following in dad's footsteps (dad was a career army man-30 years) who retired as a Lt. Col. He also served in Vietnam twice.

"Oh to be an army lifer instead of a prison lifer!" Before going into the service he worked as attendant at a Hess gas station, where he was caught stealing and was offered the army or reformatory. So, he joined at 17. He was in combat and got the usual participation medals plus a Silver Star, Bronze Star, Air Medal and 2 P.H. His wounds include his left leg, left foot, head, for which he was hospitalized in Chu Lai, Japan and finally Walter Reed Hospital.

My Silver Star Experience

I was riding shotgun on a resupply convoy leaving Quang Ngon, the provincial capital, heading to Chu Lai. About ten kilometers out we were ambushed with RPGs and heavy machine gun fire from the tree line. This happened on February 20, 1972, (4 days before my nineteenth birthday). Several trucks were hit by RPGs ahead of me. We abandoned our deuce and a half (2 ton truck), to escape the withering machine gun fire. I crawled to the ditch beside the highway. I found my buddies there firing into the treeline. I joined them. When I emptied my clip I turned around to unload when I saw a grenade fly over the truck from the opposite side of the road and roll into the ditch. The Lieutenant yelled 'grenade' and I really don't know what I was thinking. I pulled my helmet off and put it under my belly and jumped on the smoking grenade."

It seemed like it took forever. I was waiting to die. My body was totally paralyzed. The grenade fuse was bad and didn't detonate the explosive in the grenade. Two buddies pulled me off the grenade. The fuse had melted the inside of my helmet liner "

"The Lieutenant wrote it up and when I was discharged from the army, I got my Silver Star. I threw out all my army stuff in my anti-war period. My unit at the time was Company B, 26th (Combat) Engineers, 25th Infantry (American) Division. I went to the 18th Engineer Brigade after that. I was stationed at LZ Bayonet in I Corps when this action took place. The ambush occurred on Highway 1."

He divorced Deloris Kay Ward after having been married from 1976 to 1980. They had one daughter together, now he lives in prison for 'murder for hire.'

"I was stationed in Germany when I got orders for Vietnam. I had volunteered 3 times but by the time I got my orders (1971) I had a change of heart about

participating in that war. My brother was attending college and had been hurt by police at an 'end ROTC' sitdown. My brother was marching against the war. My dad, a soldier, thought I was doing the right thing."

Larry deserted and fled to a buddy he knew in Luxemburg, 'On my 27th day, 2 buddies from my engineer outfit came for a visit. They 'got me stoned.' I woke up in my barracks in Germany. I did stockade time and was offered Leavenworth or war – chose Nam; no leave – straight to Nam."

He had done 9 months when he got a head wound and came home. After recovery, some R & R, he then joined the youth international party, sometimes known as Yippies – Hoffman and Rubins group – but he never met them. He blew up an Atlanta army recruiting office/draft office and went to prison for two years. He notes that he got the Silver Star for jumping on a grenade that didn't go off, and he got the Bronze Star With "V" for killing 3 VC when they ambushed a truck convoy he was in. "I had no Jewish identity to speak of at that time." He went to a Passover service in Vietnam, a Navy rabbi presided. There were 3 Army men and about 20 Navy in attendance.

"By embracing the anti-war movement I expiated most of my feelings of guilt and my 'killer' label." wasn't fighting communism nor killing for Christ but simply avoiding prison. When I got there I didn't know I'd make friends whom I would not hesitate to die for, I was fighting for them and no one else. The Gulf War? We again fought for a country with no democratic history, a dictator with sheet for clothes and laundry for a hat. I'd not trade a single G.I. for one Iraqi or Kuwaiti. Only Israel gets my allegiance in the Mideast! I'd send none of my sons and daughters to fight for people who would not allow a Tora in their country. I'm a paradox, I wore the hawk's talons but my heart had the wings of a dove."

His highest rank was E-5.

Marc Schneider

Marc was born in New York City in February 1946 to Joseph and Bertha. Joseph was born in Austria in 1914 and came to New York with his parents when he was 4 years old. His mother, Bertha Sorak was born in New York.

Marc earned the degrees of BSEE from Rutgers in 1964 and MSEE from Monmouth College in 1975. While in high school and college, his principle interests were hunting, fishing, amateur radio, and travel particularly to places of historical significance.

He went directly into the army when he graduated from college in 1968 where he served in the Army Reserve in the Signal Corps. He had joined the ROTC when he entered college in 1964.

He was in combat during most of 1970. He served as executive officer of the Nui Ba Den Provisional Company (Nui Ba Den (Black Virgin) Mountain, Hq Co., 1st Brigade, 25th Infantry Division, 3 Corps, Tay Ninh Province, January through June, 1970.

Lt. Schneider was awarded the Army commendation medal with "V" Device (for valor). "As I recall, I didn't do anything different the night for which I was put in for the Bronze Star, (down graded by someone to an ARCOM) than a dozen other times our position was attached by some NVA and VC. However we recovered three dead the next morning, a rarity for us as the NVA and VC tried not to leave any of their dead behind. I think, as a reward for the bodies, some brass decided to give out a few medals for morale purposes. This was pretty common for combat troops, whose job it is to kill, to get medals in recognition of doing their job well. Which is all you can do for them anyway. Personally, I don't think that medals generally distinguish heroes. Most soldiers would do the same thing under similar circumstances, so it is really just chance or bad luck, depending on if you get a medal or get killed. I note as a matter of observation that most of the combat troops I met (I specify combat troops because I didn't know any rear echelon support troops) did their job as best they could because they felt a sense of obligation toward the others in their unit and felt they had to carry their fair share of the burden. Killing and dying was their job and they accepted that but it was generally assumed that it was the next guy that was going to get hit."

Marc and his wife Judith, who were married in 1978, live in Kagan, Minnesota, where he is employed. He moved to Kagan to accept a position there.

His Jewish education consisted of bar mitzvah preparation.

He never heard of China Beach. "I spent all of my time on Nui Ba Den Mountain except for a few helicopter trips to Tay Ninh, the brigade base camp, and Cu Chi, the division base camp. Nui Ba Den is a 1,000 meter cone shaped mountain located in the Mekong Delta. Our position had a figure 8 shaped perimeter roughly 300 meters by 75 meters situated on the top 50 meters of the mountain. It served as a radio relay station for the units in the flatlands below: 25th and 1st Infantry Divisions, 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment, and a few other smaller units in the flatlands around the mountain. Plus we had a couple of 4.2" mortars for a variety of fire missions. An NVA Infantry Regiment (6th) called the sides of the mountain their base camp so a helicopter was the only prudent means of transportation."

"I think I was the only Jew in the 25th Infantry Division, at least I never met or heard of any others but then, I never actively looked either. Since our work week was seven days and I was located on a mountain top with about lSO other American and a dozen ARVN soldiers, I did not get much opportunity for socializing or social activities."

"The belief that there were no Jews in Vietnam is generally accepted without question. Also the Jewish opposition to the war was self-serving. (If there was enough opposition to the war to end it, they wouldn't have to go. In that context, Jerry Rubin and Abby Hoffman were typical and proved the stereotype.) I personally did not experience any hostility because I was a Jew, but I do feel like Jews in general were very conspicuous by their absence in the military compared to other groups in American society such as Blacks, Hispanics, Irish, etc. I could easily see how the image of the

Jew in America is formed. That plus the constant reinforcement by the churches that Jews killed Christ and are hence basically evil."

"Where I work in Minnesota at a nuclear power plant, 40 miles south of St. Paul, (small town Minnesota), was to my surprise, compared with the so-called liberal image of Minnesota, one of those areas where many strongly believe all the negative stereotypes of the Jews (analogous to the southern states). As a result there is much anti-semitism particularly amongst the veterans I meet. But I believe the anti-semitism in Minnesota is not so much based on the Jews high profile role in the anti-war movement but on the kind of people who live here: white, very homogeneous, Christian, German or other Northern European people (WASPS), who probably as most others of their type, learned their anti-semitism from their immigrant parents and grandparents who brought it with them from Europe."

"Therefore if the purpose of this book is to change the mind of these people, its probably a waste of time because they'll probably think its just a plot by some crafty Northeastern Jew to spread more dis-information and rewrite history. A factual discussion of what occurred in Vietnam would be much more disuseful to sorting out that period in American history. And let those people who are willing to listen make up their own minds."

"As I see how greedy and deceitful the power structure is in this country, I am sorry that nothing positive about communism/socialism (in theory) has survived, at least not yet. I was disgusted by the crap our government was feeding us to justify that gigantic weapons testing and training exercise they called the Gulf War. It was probably the most one-sided war this country has ever been in and to compare it to the Vietnam War is pure self-serving propaganda by George Bush and his gang (I voted for George Bush and Reagan too but not again.)"

"The Gulf War was over who controls the price of oil. Bush knew that if Iraq got control of enough oil, he could break the Saudi monopoly on setting OPEC prices. Higher oil prices would have exposed how Bush and his oil patch friends have set this country up for a disaster by letting the country get more dependent on foreign sources than ever before and more importantly for Bush and his political career. But as most of our politicians and power (money) structure operate, you take as much as you can get for yourself and let the rest of the country pay for it now and later, i.e. the deficit."

"I personally feel that the Vietnam War was our last war of principle. The anti-war movement didn't see it that way but certainly, compared to the Gulf War, it was. We were not fighting to preserve the values of the civilized western world. The Emir of Kuwait, the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, United Arab Emirates etc., have only one thing the western world values, oil; the rest was propaganda, distortions, and lies. Ironically, with the end of the cold war, and the end of the arms race we will gradually lose the only clear advantage we have, a very well equipped military."

"Then someday when we decide we have to use force to ensure obedience, we will be unpleasantly surprised when we have a real fight on our hands and the arguments used in the Gulf War are going to get thin very quickly. Lower and middle class

people, the ones who actually do the fighting and dying, won't be led to the slaughter to save someone's political career or keep the stock market up."

His highest rank was First Lieutenant.

David Schneidman

David lives in Melville, N.Y. He was born in Far Rockaway in 1948, where he lived about twenty years. His parents had moved to Far Rockaway to " get a piece of the American dream by owning their own home." His mother had come from the Ukraine at the age of 2 and had grown up on the Lower East Side. Her family was poor and had a hard time making ends meet. His father had escaped from Russia at the age of 12. He and David's grandfather wandered all over Europe, waiting to get a visa. When he was 16, David's father came to America with his father. Now both men worked to raise enough money to bring the rest of the family to New York.

David went to school at the Long Island Hebrew Institute through grade 10. He chose to take grades 11 and l2 at the local public high school. Since he did not want to go to college, he traveled including one year of travel and work in Israel. He then spent another year traveling all over Europe and when he returned home, there was a place for him in the family business where he worked until he was drafted.

When I was drafted, my family and I agreed that it was my duty to serve." After basic training and advanced individual training and assignment to Vietnam in the 7/15 artillery at Phu Chat. After much combat, he came home on emergency leave when his brother suffered a heart attack. He never returned to Vietnam and has raised four children.

"As far as I was concerned, all the protesters were against me as a person and as a soldier. When I first came home, I was going to visit my brother at the hospital in uniform. On the way, I stopped to pick up some things in town. I was approached by both Jews and non-Jews, called names and other stuff. Luckily a policeman broke it up before things got too out of hand."

While he was in Vietnam, he was the only Jew in his battalion and encountered some anti-semitism but "the support of most of the men more than made up for the abuse of the ignorant ones. When I came home, it was my good luck to be completely immersed in my business. I was so busy that for about two years I really had no time to keep up with the war or the protests. The only bitter feeling I have is toward the way all Vietnam veterans were treated when they came home. No parade or monument can make up for that. I hope that our troops in the Gulf War are not forgotten."

His highest rank was Spec. 4 (Acting Sergeant).

Leonard Schwartz

Leonard was born in 1944 to native American parents. His paternal grandparents came from Poland about 1906 probably fleeing the pogroms which followed the

unsuccessful revolution in Russia in 1905. They ran a produce store in West Philadelphia . Leonard's maternal grandfather was a huckster of produce, meat, and syrup. He was born in the United States to Hungarian immigrants in 1890. His very religious maternal grandmother was born near Budapest in 1898. and came to America about 1915 where she met and married her husband.

Leonard's parents were not very observant and the family did not go to shule that often but Leonard and his brother spent a lot of weekends and vacations with their observant grandparents. He started Hebrew school at age 9 at the Conservative B'nai Jeshurun.

When he was 12 they moved to Mt. Airy and now their congregation was Ramat El where he was Bar Mitzvah. Soon thereafter his parents divorced. He might have continued with Hebrew had that not happened. He and his brother continued to go to shule with his maternal grandparents on the holidays until the death of their observant grandmother. Their grandfather never went to shule again and Leonard did not either, until the age of 25, except for Hillel services at college. Although his attendance at services before he went to war, was sporadic, at best, he always believed in God. His brother ultimately made aliya with his family.

He was graduated from Penn State in 1966 with a B.S. in Education and an Army ROTC commission in the Transportation Corps. He went on active duty in March, 1967, and went to Vietnam in June. He spent nine months with the 119th Transportation Company (Terminal Service) at Vung Ro, the port of the army and air base at Tuy Hoa (II Corps). He spent another 9 months at Cam Rahn Bay as an assistant operations officer at South Beach (the shallow-draft section of the port). He worked 12-16 hour days, seven days a week, moving cargo in and out of port via trucks and shallow-draft boats. There were no Jewish services there because there were very few Jews and no one took the initiative to plan or conduct them.

He saw practically no action which he sometimes regrets. After his discharge in 1969, he served in the reserves for several years. He was married and divorced; became active with the local Jewish War Veterans, visiting the wounded and sick veterans at Valley Forge Army Hospital and Philadelphia Naval Hospital. He never volunteered the fact that he was a Vietnam vet either because he felt guilty that he had not been wounded or because by then the Vietnam War was so unpopular. His trips to the hospitals were led by a disabled veteran of Korea and Vietnam who told Leonard that in 1965 we were operating in Cambodia and Laos although we weren't supposed to be there. He has since died.

He and his wife Marjorie married in 1974, and have two children who are receiving a good Jewish education at a Conservative day school in Philadelphia.

When he was at Penn State, there was very little anti-war activity and the Stars and Stripes, the only newspaper he got in Nam, carried very little on the subject. When he returned home in 1969, he put the war out of his mind. Gradually, he changed and by 1971, like most other Americans, he saw, "the war as a great waste and past time to pull out."

"I don't think I was imposed upon to serve in Vietnam. I didn't have to accept an ROTC commission. I served because I believed I was doing my duty. I still feel the same way. When someone about my age makes a comment, especially like Dan Quayle or Stephen Freind, I always point out that this liberal, pro-choice, Jew-Boy served in Vietnam while so and so didn't."

"The idea that Jews were the leaders of the anti-war movement is more propaganda or anti-semitism than anything else. Sure, Jerry Rubin and Abby Hoffman were born Jewish; but were they practicing Jews? Did they practice the faith or was it that their families were well-off and they could become philosophers? Finally, look at what became of these two: one became a stock-broker (very establishment) and the other couldn't handle life and committed suicide. In the end they didn't contribute very much to solving the problems of America."

"Three things really bother me about the whole Vietnam experience:

1) There are the guys who thought the war was so fantastic, but they didn't serve. (Dan Quayle, Lee Atwater, Steven Freind, Dick Cheyney, and Michael Reagan). They all thought the war was so great, but they didn't give up their college or grad school deferments. If some of these super patriots had served in Vietnam, they might have been exposed to the underclass" of America: Blacks, Hispanics, and poor whites. Maybe they wouldn't be so conservative in their outlook on life.

2) There are the guys who were opposed to the war. But like the first group, they didn't give up their college or grad school deferments either. Nor did they turn down occupational deferments. A high school friend once asked me, 'What were you doing in Vietnam? Jewish boys didn't serve in Vietnam.' I told her, 'I was doing my duty.; Her brother had a grad-school deferment and then went to work for MacDonald Douglas, the company that made the F-4 Phantom Fighter-bomber, the work-horse of the air war in Southeast Asia. I know another who also had a grad school deferment. He went to work for Honeywell, another big defense contractor. I know a third fellow who got a deferment working for the federal government. He was opposed to the war. Now he sells Army-Navy goods, including patches and insignia and other paraphernalia which glorifies Vietnam. All these guys were opposed to the war and avoided their duty. They all profited from the war. That's absolute hypocrisy. I have more time for draft resisters who went to Canada or went to jail than I do for either of the above two groups.

3) There are the leaders of the Jewish communities who were opposed to the war and to the draft. Few of them ever wrote to their congressman to complain that the draft was unfair; that college students had deferments while married men and guys supporting parents and/or young siblings were being drafted (except for George Hamilton who got a deferment to support his mother in her Beverly Hills mansion). Damn few of them sold their stock in companies manufacturing war materials. Few gave support to the guys in Vietnam or those back here who had been in Vietnam and needed help. We had no support of the rabbinate, the men's clubs, sisterhoods or anything else."

"In 18 months in Vietnam, I never saw a rabbi. Things have not changed much. At the start of the Persian Gulf War, there were only 48 ordained rabbis in all the military. There were only 15 in all the army. The Jewish leadership has continued to write off Jewish service persons."

"Few of my family or friends were openly opposed to the war. One sister did so on those various marches to Washington to protest-a bunch of middle class guys with their draft deferments and their girl friends smoking pot and raising hell, sometimes like we did when we were in college (without the pot), after having won a big football game. I really didn't care if she protested or not. Of course, if these same people had spent their time helping veterans at Valley Forge Army Hospital or Coatesville V.A. Hospital, they might have accomplished more."

"I remember reading a book about different Jewish individuals' experiences in life. Some were in business, the arts, two were in the military. There were career soldiers-we called them 'lifers'. One, I believe his name was Col. Jack Goldberg told about leading services as a layman in Vietnam. I wish I had been near his base. That would have been memorable. He was awarded the Medal of Honor in the Vietnam War. We had few Jewish servicemen about and no one to lead and no time to attend services, so I practiced little Judaism in Vietnam. In April 1968, I was unloading a refrigerator barge at Cam Rahn Bay and I saw some large salamis/ bolognas which had a hechsher. I told myself, 'It must be Passover."

"I wasn't welcomed home by anyone. There were no chaplains where I was in Vietnam. We had no support. That hasn't made me bitter, however. People, whether Jewish or gentile, act in their own way. Jews did not act differently than gentiles in support of the war. Our JWV post gave support to all servicemen at Valley Forge, as did the Mummers and the Catholic War Veterans. People did not separate the men who were there from the cause with which they were involved".

He still considers himself a warrior. At first he opposed the Persian Gulf operation because it meant protecting the Saudis, he came to appreciate the importance of deposing Sadaam but now he sees that we failed to get rid of him while supporting the despots of Saudi Arabia and Kuwait. He sees that we often support despots-Chiang Rai Shek, Thieu, Sammoza, and others.

"We congratulated ourselves and our veterans for their great efforts and forget about the 58,000+ names on the wall in Washington and all the problems still associated with the Vietnam veterans".

"I was instrumental in getting grass roots support at my daughter's school, the Solomon Schechter Day School, for the Jewish service personnel in the Gulf. I mailed packages to Rabbi Elson who passed them along to units in the Gulf. Our shule's men's club sent packages. Their response was slow but at least they did something this time. I admire Rabbi Jon Cutler, who led services in the Gulf area. Such selfless actions are too little recognized."

Did I realize that our opposition in Southeast Asia, was anti-Israel? No, but I am not surprised as China, Vietnam, Korea etc., were always hard line Stalinist countries. Stalin was always anti-semitic although he at first supported the creation of Israel, to counter British influence with the Arab states. Many of the Left wing anti-war activists were Jewish but they were Leftists first and Jewish somewhere down the line and cared little about Israel or Soviet Jews."

"I have worked in the public sector most of my post Vietnam life. I earned a Masters Degree in Public Administration, on the G.I. bill from Temple University. I am now a mid-level grants administrator in the Philadelphia Regional office of the U.S. Public Health Service."

His highest rank was First Lieutenant.

Sidney Shachnow

Sidney was born in Raunas, Lithuania, in November, 1934 and was taken to Auschwitz at the age Of 7 where he survived until 1945 when he was liberated by the Soviet Army at the age of 10. He remained in Europe until 1950 when he immigrated to the United States at the age of 16. He and his wife Arlene Armstrong of Salem MA. have raised four daughters.

He attended the Franklin Technical Institute of Boston, and was graduated from the University of Nebraska in Business Administration. He also earned a masters degree in public administration from Shippensburg State College of Shippensburg PA.

This was the unusual early life of the man who is now Commanding General of the John F. Kennedy Special Warfare Center and School at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. He enlisted in the Army as an infantryman and rose to Sergeant First Class before attending Officer Candidate School where he was commissioned in 1960.

He served in Vietnam from February 1968 until the same month 1969. His assignments during his more than 32 years of commissioned service have been as a commander or task officer with Infantry, Mechanized Infantry, automobile, airborne, and Special Forces units. He has served as Commanding General, Berlin Brigade, United States Army Europe and Seventh Army. In Vietnam he was S-3 (Operations) Officer and later Executive Officer, 1st Battalion, (Airmobile), 502nd Infantry, 101st Airborne Division (Airmobile). His military schools attendance include The Infantry School-Basic and Advanced, Command and General Staff College, and Army War College.

His many decorations include the Distinguish Service Medal, Silver Star with OLC, the Defense Superior Service Medal, Legion of Merit, Bronze Star with two OLC and "V" device, Purple Heart with OLC, Meritorious Service Medal with two OLC, Air Medal with numeral "12, Army Commendation with 2 OLC and "Vll device, Combat Infantry Badge and Master Parachute Badge, Ranger Tab, Special Forces Tab, and RVN Gallantry Cross.

The JFK Special Warfare Center and School which he heads trains 10,000 students annually in more than 60 courses of instruction including Special Forces Qualification; Civil Affairs; Psychological Operations; and Survival, Evasion, Resistance and Escape. It is also the proponent for Army special operations forces doctrine, force design and equipment.

His highest rank to date is Major General.

Frederick J. Shapiro

Fred Shapiro was born in 1943 in the Bronx to an American born father whose parents came from Russia in 1917. At one time, Fred's great grandfather was Chief Rabbi in Baltimore. His mother's family had migrated from Germany and Austria and settled in New York where eventually they met the Shapiros. Fred Shapiro in 1961 was graduated from Suffern High School in Rockland County. His interests in high school and college were primarily athletics. He excelled in basketball and baseball and received offers to turn "pro" in baseball, after high school.

However, after High School he attended the U.S. Military Academy at West Point and was graduated as a Second Lieutenant, U.S. Army Artillery. He then became an Airborne Ranger and qualified as a jungle expert. While in Vietnam, he served in I Corps as a battalion staff officer and as Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol Leader.

"The whole country was a combat zone and I certainly experienced my share."

He received numerous awards in Vietnam.

He was married for 25 years to his wife Cathy before their divorce in 1991. He had a formal Jewish education until Bar Mitzvah, but is not actively religious. His two daughters received no Jewish education per se, although they both have studied comparative religion. He spent much time at China Beach but not at religious services. "Most things about Vietnam bring back brutal memories."

At the time of the 1967 Six Day War in Israel, Fred was serving as an advisor in Korea where he "cheered Israel's brilliant, decisive, speedy victory. It was unconscionable that our politicians did not learn anything from that war. I had no quarrel with legitimate voices in the anti-war movement. There were compelling reasons on both sides of this question. The most compelling reason to pull out was that the U.S. national security was not directly threatened. The most compelling reason to stay (and win quickly) was that when the U.S. left, the power vacuum would be filled by the Communists, followed by the 'river of blood' which always follows Communist takeovers. "

"In view of what occurred in Cambodia, an objective person (with no axes to grind) would have to conclude that those who advocated the 'quick win' position were the more correct. The 'Killing Fields' in Cambodia produced a 'mini holocaust'. To this day, the Liberal media has not acknowledged this simple truth. The politicians, both parties, did not have a right to debate this war in the safety of the U.S. Their job was to win it quickly or get us out quickly. They did neither. They are still failing their

assigned tasks. No wonder less than 50% of the registered actually vote! General Douglas MacArthur said, 'In war there is no substitute for victory. 'It charges politicians with either winning or leaving, both quickly. They failed us miserably."

"My West Point class (1965) bore the brunt of Vietnam. One of my best friends, Mike Berdy, died there but they were all my brothers. Our society, secular and non-secular , has not even begun to understand us or pay us the respect we deserve. Ronald Reagen was correct when he called the Soviet Union the 'Evil Empire'. Communism has caused more misery, more death of the human spirit as well as of human life itself then anything that has preceded it, including the scourge of Nazism."

"The draft resisters in Canada didn't bother me. If they went for the right reasons, their consciences are clear. If they were cowards, then they must live in their own private hells for the rest of their lives. I wouldn't condemn them to anything worse than that."

"George Bush learned the lesson of Vietnam in his conduct of the 1990-91 Gulf Crisis. He is a keen student of his mentor, Ronald Reagen. The media loves to make jokes about Reagen not being too bright, falling asleep in conferences, etc., and they give Gorbachav the credit for Communism's fall but history will show that it was Ronald Reagen primarily who caused the destruction of Communism and made the world a safer place."

The horror of Vietnam was more than the normal horrors of war because it was compounded by the utter failure of our elected officials which in turn made the losses of our brothers that much harder to bear. The overriding question for me has always been, 'What did they die for?"

Fred lives in Hollywood Fl. and works as a tax consultant-accountant.

His highest rank was Captain.

Michael Sherman

Dr. Sherman resides in Princeton Jct., New Jersey. He joined the Navy Construction Battalion Reserves in June, 1967, after earning a two year associate degree in Building Construction Technology. At the age of 20, he did not expect to die in a war nor did he project what it would be like to be in a war. His father was a survivor of Pearl Harbor, who had served his country when asked.

Michael assumed his experience would be the same. In retrospect, he realizes that he was wrong. Late in November of 1967, he reported to Fort Hueneme CA. for active duty as a SeaBee. First he attended carpentry school and after that he was trained in combat and survival. In March, 1968, he was sent to Vietnam and was usually stationed about a dozen miles from the DMZ in the I Corps region with SeaBee Construction Battalion # 5. As a result of a mortar attack, he was injured by a piece of our own construction material.

He was discharged in 1969 and entered Penn State as a freshman in architecture. His Bachelor of Architecture degree was awarded at the end of 1974. One year later he received an M.S. in Architecture and in May, 1980 he received his Ph.D. in Art Education.

"The Ph.D. was an interesting adventure. It was a mixture of Architecture, Psychology, and Philosophy, that became a march through my mind. In retrospect, the dissertation was my attempt to examine my Vietnam experience. I tried to understand my thoughts about Vietnam and my experience while there."

"Ten years after my Ph.D., I began to have psychological experiences that were dangerously evident by physical actions such as slamming doors and punching holes in walls. I sought help from the psychologist at the Danville V.A., Dr. Stan Hogsett. After several years of working with him, he helped me understand that I could not erase the experience; however I would have to understand those feelings and better yet, be prepared to deal with those feelings throughout my life."

"To this day, I have still remained in touch with him, to let him know about my life and to remind him of how important he was in helping me understand what had happened to me. On the surface, I have led an idyllic life, marrying my wife, Adria, whom I knew prior to my going to Vietnam and having two children."

Dr. Sherman was a professor at the University of Illinois from 1979 to 1987, when he joined the faculty of Rutgers in the field of Computer Allied Design and the Integration of Computers into the Classroom In January, he was appointed Director of Instructional Computing for Cook College at Rutgers where he is the first person ever to have such a position either at the college or university level.

"Vietnam is still there, alive and giving me trouble every so often."

Murray H. Siegel

Dr. Siegel was born in Brooklyn N.Y. in March 1943 to a Russian immigrant father who had come to New York at the age of 3 in 1905. His father's entire adult life was spent in Brooklyn. Murray's mother was born of immigrant parents and lived her adult life in Brooklyn. His father was a very bright man whose financial well-being was destroyed by the 1929 crash. He spent the rest of is life as a salesman in the chinaware business. He died at the age of 55 probably from the extraordinary stress, poor diet, and excessive cigarette smoking. Murray's mother was a "naive" girl whose marriage was arranged by the family. A lifetime homemaker, she survived to the age of 85.

Dr. Siegel grew up in Brooklyn where he attended P.S. 177, Seth Lou JHS, and Lafayette H.S but strongly prefers Atlanta where he has lived for more than twenty years. He expects to relocate to Arizona. He earned a B.S. in Physics at N.Y.U. College of Engineering in 1963. He also attended NYU Graduate School of Business but did not complete his MBA. His M.Ed. and Ph.D. are from Georgia State with a major in Mathematics Education.

As a child and until his graduation from college, his primary interests were reading, learning, and competitive sports. After ninth grade, his principal interests included dancing and girls. In college he was active in AFROTC. After receiving his B.S. in June of '63, he entered active duty in August of that year. Before entering the service he worked as an assistant to the plant engineer at a commercial bakery, that was owned by the Borden Co.

"I was a gung ho ROTC cadet, and was corps commander and a Distinguished Military Graduate. My plan upon entering the Air Force was to become the first Jewish four star general in the USAF. I served five years and three months and left the service bitterly disappointed with the lack of use of my intellect while on active duty as a B-52 electronic warfare officer. When I separated from the Air Force, I was a captain and a regular officer."

"I saw combat as part of the Arc Light operation where B-52s bombed Vietnam around the clock. My participation was from July to October, 1968. My tour was cut short since I was allowed to resign my commission after having been extended as a regular officer. I flew approximately 25 bombing missions. Most of these were in Tay Ninh province, east of Saigon, although some strikes were north of the D.M.Z. Fortunately, I was not wounded during my combat experience."

He married his wife Sharon in 1964 in Brooklyn. They currently live in the suburbs of Atlanta but expect to be living in Arizona by the time this study is completed. The Seigels discovered Atlanta prior to the Vietnam tour.

"My father was a founder of the Orthodox Jewish Center of Mapleton Park in the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn. I attended Hebrew School there (after school classes four days a week, plus classes on Sunday and junior services on Saturdays) for four years. Much of my education in the various services came during the year that I was saying Kaddish for my father. I am a member of the Reform congregation of Roswell and plan to join a similar temple when I relocate."

"After doing much reading on Vietnam and Indo-China, I came to the conclusion in 1967 that the war was stupid and could not be won. As an officer in the Air Force restricted my comments to fellow officers A few of these fellow officers thought that I was anti-American or even a pinko, but since I was not obnoxious in my stating of my opinions, and since I did my job effectively, most of my peers accepted me but chose to disagree. Among my peers I was known as someone with radical ideas. I strongly supported civil rights activities and had made numerous controversial recommendations to my superiors about new training methods and procedures. I was elected as a write-in candidate to the Base Officers Club Board of Governors."

"I had little use for the more outrageous anti-war activists. The Viet Cong were not Freedom Fighters or that Ho Chi Minh was an enlightened 'father of the people'. The governments we supported in RVN were despotic and the people of VN were not willing to fight for their own freedom. I understood the strong feelings of the anti-war activists but I did not agree with many of their methods or statements. I can recall no

reference to the Jewishness of the anti-war activists, when my peers were debating the merits of the war with me and my Jewishness was well known."

"Since most of my social contacts were with other officers, and few of them were Jewish, my life was not affected by the Jewishness of Jerry Rubin etc., My family and my wife's family were most concerned with keeping my younger brother and my wife's younger brother out of the army."

"Even after I exited the Air Force, I restricted my opposition to the war to letters I wrote or to conversations I had with individuals. I never felt estranged or ignored. My life went on. My life revolved around my wife and son and my job. My wife had little to say about the war and my co-workers, for the most part, did not care about my attitude about Vietnam."

"From 1968 when I left Vietnam until 1972 when moved to Atlanta, I was not actively involved with a Jewish community. When I did become actively involved with a congregation, my activity was in the areas of Adult education and the Youth group. My feelings about the war or my personal experiences were never asked about."

The only Jewish chaplain Siegel ever saw during five years plus of active duty was at Kol Nidre services, at Kadena AB, Okinawa. This was prior to flying a combat mission. "I did not speak with him. I simply attended the service. I did make one observation about chaplains in general. We always had a chaplains prayer during our mission briefing, and no matter what denomination a chaplain represented, the prayer was always pacifistic. That is, the chaplain always prayed that our mission that day contribute to the peace process in Paris. This was President Johnson's limited bombing halt. When I juxtaposed these prayers with the chaplain's words in the WWII movies, (kill the Germans or kill the Japs), it was most interesting!

"When I returned to Brooklyn and attended the synagogue of my youth, I was welcomed warmly but my combat experiences were never mentioned."

"As someone who read a great deal during the period, I was well aware that the communist countries and the co-called neutral countries were enemies of Israel as well as being opposed to U.S. involvement in Asia. I did not look upon support of the war in Vietnam as having anything to do with support of Israel."

"I viewed our support of demagogues in Saigon as counter productive. Our support for a bastion of freedom in the Middle East was certainly necessary even without considering my Jewish feelings. The more recent events in Vietnam, Cambodia, and China vindicate my opposition to those who supported the N.L.F., Ho Chi Minh or Mao. I take no pleasure in being right since I am more disturbed by the loss of life, national financial well-being, and most importantly, loss of national focus that were caused by our mis-adventure in Vietnam."

"My bitterness is directed against national leaders who could not say, 'Stop! Enough is enough.' How many Americans died or were severely handicapped between 1969 and 1972, while Richard Nixon carried out his plan to end the war!"

My attitude toward the Gulf War was much more positive. If I could have been there bombing Iraq, I would have realized that the government of Kuwait was no democracy but our striking at Iraq had important economic and political considerations that made that war justifiable to a reasonable extent. It is too bad President Bush was unable to realize the potential gain that awaited us. A more creative Secretary of State might have been helpful."

"My older brother who served in WWII is an engineer in the defense industry. Neither my opposition to the war nor my participation in combat has ever been a point of contention at family gatherings."

His highest rank was Captain.

Murray S. Siegel

Murray was born in Atlanta in March 1941 to a native Atlanta father and a native New Orleans mother. His father's parents were an observant Jewish couple who never rode on shabbat and observed kashrut. His parents also observed the dietary laws although they did ride on the sabbath. All of his family grew up at a large Conservative congregation, Ahavath Achim in Atlanta. It has moved leftward since my Bar Mitzvah. "I attended an afternoon Hebrew School and a Sunday School. I had a wonderful Hebrew teacher through most of my years there and I was one of the few who continued Hebrew school after Bar Mitzvah."

"In the couple of years prior to Bar Mitzvah, I went to shule each Saturday, because I had to. After that I would seldom go, except for the High Holidays or when there was a special occasion such as a friend's bar mitzvah or something in the family. Then about 1976, when my eldest child was about six, I started going to shule regularly, just about every Saturday. I decided that if my children were to have a feel for being Jewish, I needed to show them and not just tell them. Both of my kids, now 22 and 19, went through an Orthodox Day School which was one of the best decisions that I ever made. My daughter graduated from Emory where she took several Hebrew language courses and did an internship at the Israel consulate in Atlanta. My son has taken several Hebrew courses at the University of Texas."

Murray graduated from Grady High School of Atlanta and attended Tulane for one year before enrolling at Emory where he won his B.B.A. in 1962. He worked for his C.P.A. father while in school and immediately after graduation. He passed his C.P.A. almost immediately.

Since there was an active draft, he signed up for the six month active duty program in June of 1963. After his basic at Ft. Jackson, South Carolina, he was assigned to an Army finance unit at Fort McPherson, Georgia. Then began theoretically his very limited obligation of monthly Reserve meetings and annual two weeks summer camp. When President Kennedy was assassinated, his first thought was "...the Russians must have done it, we're going to war, and I'll never get out of the damned Army."

"I was lucky in that we had a small unit (413th Finance Disbursing Section) with only about 25 members. Most of them were college graduates and none particularly liked the army. (We used to have a great time at summer camp, though.)"

After five years, his unit was activated. He had married his wife Iris from Perth Amboy, N.J. None of his unit ever said, "Hell, no, we won't go." Neither did his friends or family say anything suggesting such an attitude. He was promoted to E-6 (Staff Sergeant) just before going on active duty in 1968 to Fort Benning. Here his unit's T.O. E. was quadrupled from 25 to 100. "To fill in all of the slots, draftees were brought in to join us from all around the country. The actual number of members of our unit that actually went on active duty was about 15 because of various reasons. This reinforced our belief that there was no reason to have called us up in the first place, except for political reasons. I was lucky in that we were still at Ft. Benning in 1968 for the High Holidays, so I was able to come back to Atlanta to be with my family."

"We left in two Air Force C-141s from the air strip at Ft. Benning on the morning of October 27, 1968. Except for a small advance party, the rest of us and all of our equipment flew together on those two C-141s. We landed at Da Nang air base just before dawn. I was scared to death! The first thing I remember in the dark was traveling over some small bridges in busses where soldiers were firing into anything floating in the water below, in the event that explosives were floating down to blow up the bridge. It was even more frightening because it was still dark."

"We lived in tents in the mud for several days while processing-in before we were flown to our unit's assigned base in Phu Bai, near Hué. There was one paved road, Highway One going north and south. Our hootches were wooden structures with metal roofs (held down by sandbags) and with screened walls. Clear plastic awnings could cover the openings in heavy blowing wind. We had electricity in each hootch but there was not enough power at night if everyone wanted to turn on their lights at the same time. Then the lights dimmed."

His highest rank was E-6 (staff sergeant).

Judge Edward H. Silverstein

Edward Silverstein was born in 1942 in Brooklyn N.Y., to native New Yorkers. His mother had spent most of her childhood on a farm in Connecticut. In 1959 the family moved to Winthrop, Massachusetts. Judge Silverstein has lived in Washington since 1971.

He earned a B.A. in History in 1965 at Northeastern University and an M.A. in Education at Suffolk in 1966. Following his military service, he attended Boston University School of Law where he won his J.D. in 1971. At that time he married his wife, Linda Hershenhorn of Rochester N.Y. and they have lived their entire married life in the Washington, D.C. area. They have two sons. For the first 20 years he was a trial attorney with the Department of Agriculture. In 1991 he was appointed an Administrative Law Judge with the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission.

He entered the Army in December 1966 expecting to attend Transportation O.C.S. and was sent to Fort Dix, N.J. for basic training. Several weeks later, Fort Dix closed down for the winter holidays and Mr. Silverstein was sent home. After returning to Fort Dix, he waived O.C.S. After Basic Training, he entered Advanced Infantry Training to be trained as a mortarman and to learn how to use a recoilless rifle. He went home to visit his father who had a heart attack and returned to learn that he had been assigned to clerical school. Then he was assigned to Headquarters Company, Fort Monmouth, N.J., where he quickly moved into a responsible position within the company. Under the direction of the company commander he became responsible for all of the company's clerical work and was promoted to Specialist 5, only nine months after he enlisted.

"As I found it, Nha Trang was a lovely and quiet seaside resort area on the South China Sea. Although the VC attacked Nha Trang during the 1968 Tet Offensive, they were quickly and soundly beaten and shortly thereafter the city returned to its quietude. The VC and the NVNA left Nha Trang alone."

"The Vietnamese people are among the loveliest in the world. Working for the most part, at night, I spent a lot of time walking around Nha Trang, meeting and talking with them, trying to learn as much as I could. Also, as my compound was right across the street from the beach, I spent most mornings napping on the beach and swimming. I saw no combat."

"As a child I attended Talmud Tora along with my friends, but I was not very successful. I stopped attending Hebrew School at age 12 when I began private Bar Mitzvah lessons with the rabbi of an orthodox shule on 43rd street between 13th and 14th Avenues in Brooklyn. We observed the major holidays in traditional ways. I did not attend Jewish services in Vietnam, nor did I celebrate any Jewish holy days or have any contact with a Jewish chaplain."

"After acceptance at law school, I applied for and received a discharge in September 1968, rather than in December. Thus I served only 21 months on active duty and only six months in Vietnam."

Robert Solomon

Major General Robert Solomon served in the army for 36 years and was commander of Fort Jackson Military Base in South Carolina at the time of his retirement. During his distinguished life of service, he served as Chief of Army Public Affairs, Deputy Chief of Staff, Pacific Command and Deputy, the Inspector General of the Army. He received the Chief of Chaplains Order of Aaron and Hur for his contribution to the spiritual Dimension of Military Life. He has served as lay reader for Jewish military congregations in the United States, Korea, Germany, and Vietnam. He is a trained cantor.

His highest rank was Major General.

David Saul Spivak

David was born in Pittsburgh in January 1949. His paternal grandparents and father had come from Russia during the revolution. Both his grandfather and his grandfather's brother had been Cossack officers in the Russian army. Grandfather found work at the Westinghouse plant and ultimately became a foreman at a steel mill where he spent the balance of his life. David's father was a " very successful " business man, operating a large grocery store. His parents met In Pittsburgh and settled in Carnegie, where David grew up and was graduated from Carnegie High School in 1967, following a year at Valley Forge Military Academy. In August, 1968, he graduated from Engineering Institute of America for Opticionary. Meanwhile he helped his father in the grocery store as well as his uncle who had an optical company helped train him in the optical field.

Immediately after graduation from Optical School he enlisted in the Marine Corps. "I enlisted because I felt at the time that it was my duty to my faith, my country, and myself to go to Vietnam. I was involved in heavy combat. I was a point man in a Marine Grunt company through my entire time in Vietnam. Every day there were combat patrols. Every night there were ambushes and three man killing teams which we called annihilation teams, ambushing NVN regulars or VC guerrillas off trails, and outside of villages."

"My decorations were the Combat Action Ribbon, RVN Meritorious Unit Citation, Gallantry Cross Medal Color with palm, RVN Meritorious Unit Citation Civil Actions color, first class, medal, Purple Heart, RVN Campaign medal with device, VN Service medal with two bronze stars, National Defense Service medal, Marine rifle marksman."

He was severely wounded in action on the morning of August 19, 1969, while walking the point on a squad size combat patrol. " I served in the 3rd Battalion, Lima company, First Marine Regiment, First Marine Division. Our area of operation was in the An-Hoa basin in I-Corps, northern section of South VN." He was wounded by a high explosive type booby trap, anti-personnel type, called "Chicom" similar to a NVN grenade. 'I When another Marine on my flank was wounded, I got to him with several other Marines, and we found him with his leg hanging on only by a very small amount of skin. When we picked him up to carry him to the Medevac chopper, another mine was detonated and I was severely wounded. On the previous day, we had been heavily ambushed by VC guerrillas. Most of my original squad were either killed or wounded. Enemy contact with booby traps and land mines was daily and nightly, that is both explosive body types and non-explosive body types (punji-pots etc,). Almost every Marine in my outfit was shot or shrapnalled at least once. Our casualties were very high. 'Operation Pipestone Canyon' took place during this time of 1969 in the An Hoa basin."

"When I was choppered out on a C-H 46, we took hostile small arms fire. We landed at the First Medical Battalion near Da Nang. The emergency unit was filled

with the screams of the dying and the dead were covered on the floor with ponchos. I remember a priest standing next to me and making a sign of the cross on my forehead while the doctors were cutting what was left of my clothes from my body. I don't remember too much after that."

"Then I was sent out of Vietnam, on a litter strapped to the side of the bulkhead on an aircraft with many other wounded, to the Philippine Islands, thence to Guam Memorial Hospital and Japan (Ukesha Hospital). Then to Alaska, and Bethesda Naval Hospital, and finally to the V.A. hospital at Oakland, Pittsburgh. At each and every one of these hospitals, I had surgery on both legs, left arm, and right hand from multiple shrapnel wounds. The pain was torturous. Every day they had to debride the wounds, that is, to keep the wounds wide open and tear the skin off and continue to cut out the shrapnel. My wounds were still open but healed with skin grafts. When doctors were sure the infection was all gone, some of the wounds were sutured shut."

"Now I am a home-owner in Scott Township, near Pittsburgh, married to my loving and beautiful wife, Laura Jean, and have a son, Ira, and a daughter, Emily. They support me with all their hearts and I love them with all my heart."

David is now a heavy duty truck driver in the motor vehicle services division of the U.S. Postal Service. "I went to Hebrew school in Carnegie and studied under a great rabbi, Rudolph Weiss, who is now in Pensacola, Florida. I became a bar mitzvah and a confirm and there at Ahavath Achim. The people in my congregation were beautiful people, like a family. I especially admired the president of the congregation, Mr. Stanley Roth."

"I had many different opinions of the peace movement. (when I was in Vietnam, I really never thought of it at all. I only wanted to survive.) Throughout Jewish history, we Jews have served our faith and country honorably, no matter what country that might be. My experience in Vietnam changed my life forever. I believed in what I was doing for I volunteered to go to Vietnam. I was not slated to go there but I got my orders changed. I am sure the peacemakers (anti-war movement) believed in what they were doing also. They too stood up for what they believed in.

"My mother and father and brother and sister always supported me and loved me. I was very lucky and will be forever grateful for my beautiful family."

"I was never asked to speak at any Jewish functions. The only Jewish chaplain I met was at Parris Island. Although I never saw any Jewish chaplains in Vietnam, I an sure they were there. I was not aware that the enemy I was fighting in Asia were enemies of Israel, when voting at the United Nations. When I left for Vietnam, our synagogue did not have a rabbi."

"Draft resisters who went to Canada, I feel believed in their cause and if they totally believed with all their heart and soul, they did the correct thing for themselves and their families."

"Now I am a member of the Pittsburgh Veterans for Peace Movement. This is a world-wide organization of combat veterans, including Israelis, working to abolish

war. Our membership is from all wars. I was totally against the Gulf War. I do not want to see any youth slaughtered because of greedy politicians. I do not want to see the legless, armless, eyeless, or dead anymore because of war. Diplomatic channels must be achieved by our Presidents, Senators, and Congressman of the world."

"Many great generals have stated that peace must be achieved in this century."

His highest rank was Corporal

Stephen G. Turshen

"After the '67 war, I requested that I not be scheduled for missions to Arab or Iranian bases. This never was questioned nor looked down on. When terrorists hijacked three commercial aircraft to Jordan and blew them up, I was in Germany and alerted to fly to Jordan to pick up the passengers. I declined. Higher headquarters were notified and my decision was never questioned. There were no repercussions."

Stephen was born in Brooklyn in January, 1937 to two native New Yorkers, Martin and Stella Turshen. Stephen grew up in Hartford, CT., his home town, where he attended public schools, and was graduated from T.S. Weaver High School. He worked his way through college as a draftsman for a mechanical engineering firm in Boston and Cambridge. In 1959 he was graduated from Boston University with a B.S. in Engineering Management. He really wanted to fly. At that time he was commissioned a 2nd Lt. in the Air Force Reserve through the Air Force R.O.T.C. and went on active duty in October of 1959. This led to Air Force pilot training in 61 and 62 and Squadron Officers School in 1964.

He served one year in Vietnam beginning in September, 1965. His only combat duty was in a support Assignment as a rescue control duty officer at Tan Son Nhut Air Base, assigned to the 3rd Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Group headquarters. Following his tour of duty in Vietnam, he continued to fly missions into various bases in Vietnam and Thailand as a pilot in the Military Airlift Command. His aircraft was the Lockheed C-141A. The cargoes varied going in country and the return trips were usually priority cargoes for repairs, medical air evacuation for wounded, and personnel who had completed their tours or were going on rest and recreation. There were also loads of cottons. Turshan was assigned to McGuire AFB from 1971 through 1979. During this time he earned an M.A. in Business Management and Supervision from Central Michigan University in 1979 and retired from the Air Force in November, 1979. Divorced, he now lives in Nashville to be close to his daughters, both of whom are college students.

His Jewish education as a child, age 5 through bar mitzvah was five days a week at an Orthodox synagogue in Hartford's North End. In Hebrew school he learned to read Hebrew and heard many Jewish stories as part of the curriculum there. After bar Mitzvah, he was active in the Hartford Jewish Community Center until his graduation from high school. He was an officer in the J.C.C., Senior High School council and a regional vice-president in the N.J.Y.C.

In Vietnam, he attended religious services led by Chaplain Alan Greenspan in Saigon.

"I returned from Vietnam in September of 1966 and was assigned to Warner-Robbins AFB, Macon, Georgia. I met and married my wife there. We had no family problems related to the anti-war developments. The Reform rabbi in Macon spoke against the war, as was his right but we respected each other and never argued over it. For two years, the overall commander of Robbins was a Jewish general. He walked out of a Friday night service at which the rabbi expressed anti-war ideas. This happened in '68. This was a rural/small town southern area. As you know, anti-war feelings did not develop there like they did in other parts of the country."

Colonel Turshen rarely encountered anti-semitism in his twenty years of service and then only on an individual basis.

Like most Vietnam veterans, the only welcome home he received was from his family.

In 1971, when he was assigned to McGuire AFB, the anti war movement was growing. The news on TV and in the printed media was as much anti-war news as war news, and the feeling was so strong that airmen going on leave to Philadelphia or New York were advised not to wear their uniforms.

"1973 was an interesting year. I had encountered anti-war sentiment at the Reform congregation we attended for the first two years. I felt that I had been more than insulted by a small number of individuals and couples at ongey shabbat after Friday evening services. I did not respond politely ! I was once referred to as a napalming baby burner'. The rabbi understood, and spoke to these people. I never got an apology for their discourtesy and disrespect. I never offered one for mine."

On October 14,1973, Stephen was the first Jewish aircraft commander to land at Lod airport during the Israeli airlift of the Yom Kippur War. He would have been the first plane to land but he developed a mechanical problem in the Azores and was deployed for repair, prior to takeoff. "Needless to say, I came back to a hero's welcome in the congregation. I had the distinct pleasure of ignoring the 'baby-burner' commenters handshake and telling him exactly why. The rabbi and other members of the congregation, supported my action. These people understood some things about me.

1) I was a career officer.

2) I had sworn an oath.

3) I happened to be Jewish. These people both in and out of the military who discussed or asked why I did or didn't, how I thought or felt on various issues, understood or accepted my position."

"My feelings toward the war were basically anti. We shouldn't have been there at the levels that we were. The conduct of the war was dictated and controlled by the politicians from top to bottom. In Desert Storm the military was given their mission. Period. The politicians then stepped back until the pre-stated goals were reached. Then the politicians returned. The same was true of Grenada and Panama."

"Jews that had a high profile in the anti-war movement had no effect on me. Generally I felt them to be rather sophomoric-placing themselves on what they perceived to be a superior moral levelheaded looking down at all the rest. Everything they said and did was to them 'the right thing', all else wrong, just like today's pro and anti-abortion activists."

"Those who evaded/avoided the draft for the most part, thoughtfully and quietly made their own decisions. My opinion does not matter. They live with it. I know why some did and didn't, both Jews and non-Jews."

"Neither I nor the vast majority of Jews who served felt that they were fighting 'Jewish enemies' at any level."

"After the completion of the '73 war, as a member of he Philadelphia Welfare Board Armed Services and Veterans Committee, I presented a talk on the Israel Airlift. Using a text and slide presentation from the Air Force, I gave this talk to Jewish groups in Trenton and Philadelphia Temple congregations or men's clubs, senior citizens or JCC groups. It was very gratifying wearing a uniform and my decorations. People would ask what the decorations were for. Vietnam was mentioned but I was never criticized, just questioned. And because I felt that people were interested or curious, polite and respectful, I replied in a like manner. In 1974 I spent a month in Israel."

"I once heard a respected senior officer say something about heroes, cowards, survivors, wounded and dead. All of them were probably in the wrong place at the wrong time and the end result could have just as easily been exactly the opposite for any of them."

"During my tour in Vietnam, two events took place that I could only participate in by mail. One was a fraternity fund drive at the school I had attended. I sent a donation. The other was my 20th high school reunion. That group was also raising funds for a memorial scholarship for a classmate killed in the line of duty while serving as a police officer."

The acknowledgments from both groups was very gratifying to me. It was that I had taken the time to respond while serving in Vietnam. At later visits and meetings with these people when I returned, they repeated these same sentiments. The students were ones that had and did participate in anti-war demonstrations. In short, they were opposed to the war, not the individual participants."

"My job in Vietnam was not the best in my eyes. A frustrated pilot, I controlled rescue operations. During that year, over a thousand rescues were credited to that unit. Three of the operations I controlled were for friends of mine. One college classmate, one instructor from my pilot training unit and a third very close personal friend I met shortly after I arrived in Vietnam. None of the three rescues was successful. This left seven children without fathers, three widows, and me, a (then) single pilot."

"In June, 1991, in New York City, my niece's husband, a U.S. Marine Corps armor officer had been to and returned from the Gulf. New York City threw a victory parade to welcome the boys home. It was great. They even made room for Vietnam

veterans organizations to march but that was not the first time that Vietnam veterans paraded in New York."

"In April 1973, New York City held a 'home with honor' parade. Active duty Veterans of Vietnam, stationed in the area, were invited to participate in the parade and attend a dinner afterwards. I participated with the Air Force contingent."

"The difference was that there were anti-war demonstrators in the '73 parade following our part of the parade. We veterans went into a reviewing stand and the participating organizations, even the anti-war demonstrators marched by us. In 1991, the returned troops marched. The crowd cheers, the confetti, etc. were awesome. Other than the returned troops, the biggest cheers were for the Vietnam veterans groups. Some of us finally got our welcome home!"

His highest rank was Lt. Colonel

Al Ungerleider

Al Ungerleider was born in July, 1921, at West New York, New Jersey to Nathan and Sara Cohen Ungerleider, originally of Carbondale, PA. His father sold Prudential Insurance and his mother catered Jewish affairs. Al attended the public schools of Carbondale and was graduated from Franklin High School in 1939. His principal interests in school were academics and photography. After high school, he got his B.S. at George Washington University and an M.B.A. at Penn State. In 1942 he was drafted for WWII and thus began thirty-six years of service to America.

He was wounded twice and hospitalized in England. He was not wounded in Korea or Vietnam because, as he says, "I was more cautious."

In WWII he was a member of Co. L. 115th Infantry Regiment, 29th Infantry Division, and was in the Normandy invasion and fought all the way to the Elbe. In Korea, he was secretary to the general staff at X Corps and later was aide-de-camp to General Bruce Clark, Deputy Eighth Army Commander.

"In Vietnam, I commanded the Bien Hoc Tactical Area Command under the Command of II Field Forces. This was a four month tour. Then I moved up to Da Nang in the U.S.I Corps area where I was Deputy Senior Advisor for training and assisting advisors who were in the field with the Vietnamese units. In both assignments there was heavy and dangerous combat duty. I served in Vietnam from June 1969 for 12 months and returned home just in time to attend my son's graduation from Brandies."

His last assignment before retirement was Commander of the Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md. He has led a remarkably active Jewish life both as a Jewish lay leader at many Army posts around the world and as executive director of two synagogues in Northern Virginia. He currently is employed as Senior Editor of a book publishing company which publishes military almanacs. He resides with his wife of 43 years, Ruth Golden, of Burke, Virginia.

His highest rank was Colonel.

Dr. Martin Ira Victor

(Whereas most of the people whom I interviewed for this study are retired, Dr. Victor is too busy to fill out questionnaires, but his wife provided a wealth of information, plus the point of view of a military wife and mother who waited for her husband to return from Vietnam. One would have thought that a physician treating men who have been wounded in a war zone, would be spared the verbal assault which so often pursued the wives and children of men in the service in Vietnam. Alas, the story told by Sara Victor is not such a case.)

Dr. Victor was born in White Plains, N.Y. in June 1936 to Benjamin and Rozella Victor. Ben had come from Russia and was originally in the grocery business but spent most of is life in real estate-Victor Reality of Eastchester. Rozella was born in the U.S.A. Her parents were grocers.

Marty was raised with a strong Jewish identity. His parents were founding members of the Genesis Hebrew Center which is now a large Conservative synagogue in the Eastchester-Tuckahoe area. Dr. Victor was bar mitzvahed there and continued to attend religious school there through high school. He also studied Hebrew as a language. He has not lived in Eastchester since graduating from high school in 1954. He studied at M.I.T., in Cambridge, MA. 1954-1958 and at Duke Medical school until his graduation in 1962.

He went directly from internship into the Air Force. His principal interests as a younger man were reading, travel, music, science. At M.I.T. he had planned to become a physicist but after he assisted during a polio epidemic, he decided to become a physician.

Currently Colonel Victor is hospital commander at Patrick AFB and is also involved in the health of the astronauts.

He was in combat in Vietnam where he commanded a small dispensary in the Delta. He also flew with the forward air controllers, gun ships, helicopters and worked with evacuation teams to treat civilians. He has the Meritorious Service Award with 3 OLCs, and expects to retire in June 1993. He and his wife, Sara Jane) have raised two children, Beth and Philip; both of whom have strong Jewish identities. Dr. Victor saw first hand the cruelty done by the V.C. in villages where the clergy , teachers, and elected officials were slaughtered and hung on display. He has also treated former prisoners of war and feels that their stories never got the publicity they deserved.

"If we were to fight them, the anti-war people hurt us by

l) blaming the troops for the war and treating the troops like dirt and

2) overlooking the fact that war is a failure of diplomacy, so once you are fighting, either fight to win or get out. Many military people upon reaching San Francisco, rushed to change into civilian clothes and get rid of their uniforms. Others were spat upon including our friends. The fact that the movement had many Jews was not that bad but he will never wait in line to see Jane Fonda."

Mrs. Victor continues, "I with two children waited out his year in Vietnam. I was very disappointed by the lack of compassion shown by the Jewish community. I rejoined a temple where we had belonged earlier, (and both of us had taught in Sunday school there), yet no one offered me any support. In fact when it was my son's birthday blessing month, I asked if someone possibly was driving to services that night so I would not have to drive. I was told that if my husband had stayed home, I would not have a problem. I ended up taking a cab because I wanted the blessing and the special birthday service for my child. But even after 23 years, it still hurts."

"I was teaching Sunday School that year but holidays we ate alone. I stopped going to services after several sermons attacked the men. I could not justify sitting there. People confused the war and the warriors."

"Political opinions hurt innocent people. Judaism, a very human centered philosophy, somehow confused the issue of the war with the people involved. Whether the war was right or wrong is worth debating, but a prayer now and then for those in peril, serving their country, would have helped. I don't know if the rabbi knew what we were going through, but he did know that I was a waiting wife who taught in the Sunday school and paid for a family membership. I did not feel my faith or my children's faith were reinforced."

"My neighbor, also a waiting wife, belonged to a fundamentalist church and her daughter gloated constantly how at their Sunday School they prayed for the brave heroes of the U S Air Force. Her church could not do enough for her and she pointedly asked me how come 'my people' never cared. I also had the hard job of explaining this to an 8 and a 10 year old. All my children could say to the inquiring neighborhood children was that we prayed as a family. Luckily, children are resilient but at the time and for a while after, it hurt them deeply, especially my son."

"In early 1969, I met my husband for 'R & R' in Honolulu. I almost didn't go because the news accounts were so bad I feared he would never get out, but I had bought plane tickets so I went. Luckily we met as arranged and were told that there were some tickets available for a dinner-entertainment show at the hotel. Anyway, we went because Jack Benny was the performer. Since the tickets were gratis, we expected to be sitting in a back corner."

"When we entered, we were escorted to a table almost directly in front of the stage-truly the best seats in the house. There were also several other military couples like ourselves, sitting there, all sure an error had been made putting us there. When Mr. Benny came on the stage, he started by saying he had some very special guests for whom, he was privileged to perform and he wanted to introduce them for a round of applause."

"While the spotlight went around, we all wondered who the stars might be-maybe TV or movie personalities? Lo and behold it was our table; he asked the military men to stand up and accept a round of applause for serving our country. I don't remember what few words he added but for that night we felt that someone cared and

later that year when cleared anti-war slogans off our car, it helped me to remember I could make it if Jack Benny could take the time and trouble to thank my husband, I could cope with dried egg on the car, no mail for weeks, and appliances that decided break down on me,"

"Usually, the shelling on the Delta stopped for a few hours after midnight. One night Marty awoke unexpectedly to answer a summons from nature. At that moment, incoming fires hit the room. Had he been in bed as he should have been, I would not be writing about his distinguished career. (A younger man would have lost his life.) But when my husband returned from Vietnam, we went to England and so we avoided being reintegrated into America at that time. Thus he did not have the opportunity to speak to synagogues or sisterhoods or service clubs."

"In spite of that terrible year, I am proud that my husband chose the career that he did. I am also proud that both of our children found Judaism important. Beth teaches in Sunday School in Pittsburgh, and Philip and Carla just had a brit for our new grandson. So maybe by having my faith tested, I mad it more of a rock than if Vietnam had never happened-one mystery of life! Maybe I should have complained more. Maybe no one realized how much it hurt."

Sara Jane Victor

His highest rank was Colonel.

Harvey Wasserman

Harvey was born and raised in New York City in the mid 1940s and stayed there until 1975. Both of his parents were immigrants who came from Europe in the late 1930s. His mother came with her father and one brother. His father came with his parents and three brothers. His father came from Hamburg, Germany, and mother was from Warsaw, Poland.

Mother left behind in Poland, her mother and eleven sisters and brothers all of whom died in concentration camps. Both of his parents lived on the Lower East Side in the 30s and '40s. His father's best friend was his mother's brother which is how they met. In 1941, father was drafted into the army and served in the Pacific. "I guess, growing up in the 50s and having parents who owed so much to America, helped instill in me a deep patriotism and love for my country . I have since found that even perfection has flaws, but I could never turn my back on this land that has given hope and freedom to so many. A lot has happened to my family over the years, some trials, some laughter. I could write a book."

While growing up in New York, his interests were baseball, girls, and hanging around the street corners, harmonizing with his pals. He went to Hebrew school from the time he was eight until his bar mitzvah which essentially ended his formal religious life. "But I never hide my Jewishness. It is deep inside and it will always be there. My rabbi, as a child, was like a good friend to us kids. Rabbi Germain was

always there for us, I miss him. When I left for college, my parents moved to another area of New York City and I lost touch. Now the neighborhood is completely changed. The temple that I helped build is now a Baptist ministry ,and it is still a house of God."

He was graduated from Thomas Jefferson High School in 1963 and from Syracuse University in January 1966 with a degree in Architectural Engineering. Immediately, he went into the Air Force as an officer candidate. He was selected for the fighter pilot training program. He completed O.C.S. 18th in his class and went immediately to Luka AFB where they found that his color vision was deficient and he was disqualified for pilot training. So he became an Electronics Warfare Officer. He then completed B-52 training and went to South East Asia where his tour of duty began at U-Tapao AFB in Thailand in January 1968, with the 4258 Bomb wing. In October he went to Da Nang R.V. on Temporary Duty Assignment to sit back seat of RF-4J, which was a reconnaissance version of the F-4 where he was to do Bomb Damage Assessment (B.D.A.) of the B-52 bomb strikes.

"I loved it and then wangled a transfer to the 480th TFW in Da Nang and extended my tour until June of 1969. I never made it. In February, 1969, while flying B.D.A. in the A-Shaw Valley near the Laos border, we were hit by 72 mm ground fire and forced to punch out. I broke both of my legs, took a round through my left hand, and did some damage to my back."

"My pilot was severely wounded and could not sustain consciousness for long periods of time. Because of the conditions on the ground we could not be rescued for about 52 hours. I managed to avoid capture for both myself and Col. Store, my pilot, until we were found by an Army L.R.R.P. team and medivaced back to Da Nang. For this I was awarded the Purple Heart, the Bronze Star, and the Air Commendation. While I was with the 4258 Bomb Wing, I was awarded the D.F.C. along with most of the wing for the bombing campaign to liberate Khe San during the Tet offensive of 1968 plus several unit citations."

"They called me a hero. I was just a scared kid trying to stay alive. Colonel Charles Store died in the hospital in Da Nang. I have been asked, 'Was it all worth it, would I do it again?' It would have been worth the effort if we were allowed to do our jobs and we were not led by the total incompetents in Washington. Would I do it again? In a heart beat! "

"Prior to my going into the service, there was not much in the way of anti-war movement, and I don't think that it would have affected me all that much anyway. After coming home I felt some anti-war feeling, but I guess I just didn't let them inside to affect me. My ex-wife was very involved in the anti-war movement before I met her. She could never understand how a nice Jewish boy could go into the service. This was always a problem with us and to this day she gets very angry when I talk to our children about my time in the Air Force and my time in Vietnam"

"That was then. This is now! I am a member of Vietnam Veterans of America, Connecticut Chapter 120. I am involved with our education network, and go to local

schools to talk about what we did and so forth to students in history classes. I find this the most rewarding of all the things I am involved with."

"In the 1990 Gulf War, I was glad to see that the news media did not work against the government and our troops. This is not to say that we did a good job in the Gulf. Hussein is still running around and who knows what the future will bring. I was very involved with welcoming the troops home from the Gulf and that felt great . It was the welcome home; job well done us Vietnam Vets never got "

"I hope that these things will help you understand the Vietnam Veterans a little better."

His highest rank was Captain.

Dan Wolfson

Dan resides in San Diego where he works in advertising and public relations. He was born in Philadelphia to Lester and Ida Wolfson. His father grew up on a farm in Moscow PA., and lived most of his life in Van Nuys, CA., where he worked as an aeronautical engineer at Lockheed. Ida who grew up in Hartford PA., was a nurse who met her husband when she was in training in Philadelphia. Most of her life she was at Cedar-Sinai Hospital in Los Angeles. She was head nurse in the eye clinic. Dan's grandparents were immigrants from Russia. Like the Hispanic Angelinos, he grew up in a bi-lingual household (Yiddish/English).

He had grown up in a Conservative Jewish temple in the San Fernando Valley, where he became a Bar Mitzvah and was confirmed. As a child, he attended temple regularly with his father and sister. His mother kept two sets of dishes and Dan dried all of then after dinner. His parents observed the major Jewish holidays but over the years have become less and less observant. He remembers with joy the vigor and fervor and enthusiasm of the singing congregation in which he was raised. Now no one sings but the cantor and choir.

In Vietnam he went to Da Nang for some services. In fact when in the service in America, he always went to the local synagogue-really in hope of meeting a young lady. He married Randy Sue in 1989.

Dan's hometown was Sun Valley CA., and that is where he went to school, through high school, which was Sun Valley Polytechnical High School. His interests were science and nature. He liked electrical shop and electronics and became involved in data processing while in junior college.

Then he was a page at the NBC studio in Burbank and on weekends worked as a recreation counselor at a Jewish home for emotionally disturbed adolescents in Santa Monica. In high school, he was in the honors math and science program.

Hoping to become an engineer like his father, he enrolled at Cal State Northridge where he soon flunked out. After a year at Los Angeles Valley Junior College, he enlisted in the Air Force. He hoped to avoid Army service in Vietnam and be assigned to the language school at Monterey. He was not eligible for language school because of a number

of traffic violations and parking tickets, but he did get to attend the University of Wyoming at Laramee while in the Air Force, after his basic training and tech school were over.

When he first went in the service he was assigned to survey squadron where he surveyed missile sites annually and learned radar bombing in the United States, tracking and grading for accuracy. At the time he joined the Air Force , he sincerely accepted the domino theory and that Communism was a threat to democracy and he wanted to take a stand. He believed that Vietnam was the logical place to do it. His feelings were so well articulated in a letter on that subject to a friend, that he sent a copy of it to a contest of the Freedom Foundation and won a medal-as did Bob Hope. He received the medal in Vietnam but it was destroyed in a rocket attack. The Freedom Foundation replaced it. It s now in his home in San Diego.

He tells of living in hootches at a base with drainage ditches everywhere because of the monsoons. The new commanding officer wanted to please his live-in housekeeper (mistress), so he beautified the area by leveling off the drainage ditches, which was an improvement only as far as the eye could see. But when the monsoons came, all of the hootches were flooded with rainwater, and everyone's personal belongings were lost forever.

He served two six month tours of duty in Vietnam. The first was at Dong Ha, 6 miles from the DMZ, 20 miles from Rhe San. His radar site was blown up twice while he was there.

During his first tour, when he was stationed at a Marine base 6 miles from the DMZ, they had a well disguised radar station which was located inside what appeared to be a weather station. Some ambitious, creative reporter from Stars and Stripes ran an illustrated story about the work at the radar station. Several days later they were subjected to an accurate rocket attack which destroyed everything of value, including Dan's Freedom Foundation Medal. His second tour was at Pleiku where his base came under attack during the Tet offensive.

He worked at a radar guided bombing installation. "We would talk to the bombers by radio, guide them over targets and tell them when to release their bombs. My title was geodetic computation specialist and my job was to convert target coordinates we received from command headquarters into radar settings for the tracking system. The range of the radar was about 250 miles, and it was more accurate the further away from the target it was. Occasionally we would run into missions a few miles from the site, BO we would go up on the roof and watch the bombs drop."

"We ran everything from flights of B-52s (arc light missions) to individual jets (Navy, Air Force, Marines. Australians.). Most of our work was done at night or during bad weather, when visibility on the ground was the worst."

Aaron Zeff

Aaron was born March 5, 1947 in Pittsburgh. Although his mother was born in Chicago, she lived in Pittsburgh ever since childhood. She met Aaron's father in

Washington, D.C. when she was working for the F.B.I. and Mr. Zeff was in the Navy. They decided to make their home in Pittsburgh to be near his mother's family.

Aaron was graduated from Pitt with a B.A. in journalism. His principal interests were in writing and sports. Before going into the service, he was a full time student, working three hours a day at food service at the university.

He went into the service because he had always wanted to be a combat Marine, which he saw as a mental and physical challenge. Aaron was very patriotic and believed that he should serve his country in the armed forces. He was in combat below the DMZ for 13 months.

His wife is an Israeli girl who enjoys Pittsburgh living where he feels quite at home, and where his children can go into a neighborhood store and charge things.

"I was not your typical Jewish boy. I attended Yeshiva in Pittsburgh for a few years but I soon realized that this was not for me. At that time, we lived in an area where we were the dirty Jews and I could not accept the idea that I would have to be accepting of these people."

"I felt, then as I do now, that to make understanding it helps to have a good right hand and a left one too. Later, I attended cheder. I also became the tough kid on the block and enjoyed helping my friends out (they were all Jewish at that time) when non-Jews gave them trouble. I still enjoy being fearful of no one."

"My thoughts on the anti-war movement are without saying, at least bitter. My anger is not directed to what the anti-war movement did to me personally. I wanted to go to Vietnam for reasons that had nothing to do with why the government wanted me to go. But, there were many men and women in Vietnam who did not want to be there. The anti-war movement made their life a hell and many are still living that hell. To see what has happened to some of these kids, still eats at me."

"Jewish people involved in the anti-war movement are not worth much discussion. Jews, particularly in America, forget who they are. The Bible shows us that we Jews are a people of strength. It is O.K. to become doctors and lawyers but I am not so sure if it is O.K. to become weak."

"I have not had trouble with gentiles, either in or out of the service. I was respected for the person that I was. No, I was not ostracized by my peers or ignored by the synagogue. On the other hand, I can't say that I was welcomed home by anybody, either."

"I joined the Jewish War Veterans but I soon realized that this group of good guys could not understand me coming back from Vietnam. I think that had they known how to help, they would have. Now, years later, the Jewish War Veterans are more on the ball than ever before. I was not asked to speak before any group. Jewish or not."

"Generally speaking, Jewish chaplains were like the Jewish War Veterans. They wanted to be of help but just did not know how. I did run into a Jewish chaplain in Vietnam who was great. He was the only rabbi paratrooper in Vietnam. (see Jack Norton re: a Rabbi Wasserman who was certified to jump.) Somebody told me that this rabbi was killed in Vietnam but I do not know this for sure."

"You have seen the anti-war movement as old fashioned pacifism and old fashioned communism and you are somewhat correct. But you have not hit the nail on the head. I am on the opposite side of the anti-war movement as you saw it. Appeasement of any kind can be dangerous. We, as Americans, and as Jews in particular should not be afraid of carrying a big stick."

"Appeasement may work for a while but constant fear of your enemy can go a much longer way. For example: My talking to the high school bully did not keep me from getting beat up. Beating up the school bully not only kept him away from me but caused others to think deeply before they took me on."

"Most of us who went to war in Vietnam had no idea of the political reasons for the U.S. being in Vietnam. I do not feel any vindication in the collapse of the communist regimes in the last couple of years." see that you are looking at the Vietnam War with the eyes of the 80s and 90s."

"It is hard for Vietnam Veterans to make a bridge between being in Vietnam and today's political goings on, which we see as an extension of World War II."

"I went to Vietnam because my country wanted me to go and I wanted to go. We were different than today's children. Our children hear and see more things in a day than any of us eve attempted to dream of."

"My personal feelings about draft resisters who went to Canada to avoid military duty are not fit to print. As far as I see it, they are dead. It is my duty toward those who have been wounded or killed to keep my anger alive. I am not bitter about the Vietnam War in general. That war turned me around in life. I am much stronger because of my service in Vietnam. I am bitter with what went on after the Vietnam War."

"On the whole, Vietnam Veterans are not bitter. Nor do they care if their parents had an interest or none, in the Vietnam War. Our bitterness, mine included, stems from the fact that our communities, our teachers, our friends, took their anger on government policy out on those men and women who went to fight in Vietnam."

"When we came back from Vietnam, many of us were spit on, called names, discriminated against for jobs, judged as the scum of the earth. We were not business men sitting in suits around a table, deciding how to rob Vietnam. We were kids. In a conversation with my wife recently, I asked how come a certain man is not married. She replied, 'Because he is just a kid. He is 29 years old. I was a platoon sergeant in combat with 40 men under me when I was only 19 years old."

"My immediate family never spoke out to me against the war in Vietnam or my participation in it. It was not the war they cared about. It was me getting home in one piece that bothered them. My one aunt spoke out against the war. We argued about it and finally became enemies. The relationship with my aunt can never be repaired. She is dead."

"There were people who were supportive and helped me. Sometimes support came from unexpected places, places that I would never have looked at. I am now leaving my mark and am well respected by those who know me. I own my own growing business. My two children are A students."

"I am also president of a veterans group, Vietnam Veterans, Inc. of which there are 417 members, including lawyers, state officials, and a lot of everyday guys. My biggest achievement is forming a Vietnam Veterans group inside of a Pittsburgh Correctional Institution. With that, I work with Vietnam Veterans only on the level that they are Vietnam Veterans."

"From what I have written you can tell my attitude about the 1990 Gulf Crisis. The bully's teeth must be removed as well as his arms and legs."

His highest rank was Second Lieutenant.

Chapter Five
IN CONCLUSION

When I began this study, I had no idea where it would lead me, personally. I certainly had no strong feelings about the Vietnam war, either way, except for the feeling of being uncomfortable with resistance in wartime to a country that has been so wonderful to us all. After reading the stories of these veterans, I now feel that the war was a bad mistake but the self-sacrifice and heroism in this war were at least the equal of any such in any American war. I am in awe of the devotion of these fighters to one another under terrible conditions.

Another thing that happened to me was that in my sincere attempt to listen to the veterans of this terrible war, I became aware of the priceless value of those words of Pirkee Avot, "Never judge your fellow man until you have stood in his place." I say this to the former draft evaders in judging those who served in Vietnam as well as to the Vietnam veterans who would judge those who accepted amnesty after their Canadian or Swedish voluntary exiles.

No one who was not raised in the affluence of the post-war halcyon days can know how he would have responded to a call to arms in an unpopular war, with all the very real peer pressure and the resentment natural to one raised in a world of comfort. Given the impunity of those permissive war years, it is easy to understand those who chose not to sacrifice their careers in Vietnam. But given the facts of how wonderful the United States has always been to its Jewish citizens, it disturbs me to think of Jewish war resisters.

Because of my gratitude to Uncle Sam for ridding the world of Hitler, I can easily put myself in the place of the sad and lonely Jungle Jews who reluctantly fought a war just because they, like Asser Levy van Swellen[5], wanted to protect the good name of Jews in America. Never give your adversary an excuse to open his mouth against you, says our tradition. Anti-semites will always find fault with you. That is their hobby. But never let the things they say be true.

Another pearl of Jewish wisdom comes to mind in the midst of my shock and disgust upon learning of balloons filled with urine having been thrown at wounded vets returning home from the very gates of hell. From Chapter three verse two of Pirke Avot, "Rabbi Chanina said, 'Pray for the welfare of the government. But for the fear of the government, men would swallow each other alive.'" When rabbis say that there are, thank God, some things that human beings will not do, I am sure they meant things like throwing balloons filled with urine on wounded people lying helplessly

[5] Asser Levy was the Jewish settler in colonial New Amsterdam who demanded a regular tour of duty with the militia as a right of citizenship to protect the good name of the Jews against any charge of being less than patriotic.

on litters. Imagine, if you can, surviving booby traps and rocket attacks only to be attacked by spitting bottle throwers. How can one not have contempt for such cowards?

Some veterans of the Vietnam War apparently went into the war without being aware of the strong anti-war sentiment that existed. In Vietnam, and after they returned home and were shunned or spat upon by former friends or class-mates, they learned that so many of their countrymen did not appreciate their sacrifice. Some became anti-war activists after being in combat, or being wounded, or returning home from the war where the pervasive anti-Vietnam War sentiment overwhelmed them.

Some came into intimate contact with such feeling when they fell in love with women who had been anti-war activists, whom they eventually married. Sometimes this proved to be an insurmountable barrier and led to friction between husband and wife. Some learned to live with this difference of opinion and sometimes the men were converted to their wives' point of view .

Does Judaism have anything to say on the subject? I mean beyond self-serving platitudes. Believe it or not, this is not a new problem and Judaism or if you prefer Yiddishkeit, is very much to the point. Nachmanides (1194-1270, Spain) and Rashi (1040-1105, France), commenting on Deuteronomy 20:10, distinguish between two different types of wars. There are wars that are compulsory and those that are optional or permissive. Both rabbis are considered authoritative as Bible commentators go.

Rashi calls a war against a distant, far off enemy, not near your border, when your land has not been invaded and your national survival is not threatened "an optional or permissive war," a "milchemet harashut." He says that you can be exempted from service in an optional war. (Governments can not and do not recognize such fine distinctions. But Judaism can and does). Our need of Rashi and Nachmanides hinges upon the question of whether or not the United States was threatened in the 1960s and 1970s. Since we definitely did not win that war, and definitely survived, we would have to say that we were not at risk as a nation. In retrospect, it was a milchemet Harashut.

Supposing one is drafted by the government for service in an "optional war." In that case, our tradition is quite clear. If ordered to commit an atrocity, one must refuse even of it costs you your life, according to Raba in the Talmud (Yoma 82a f). While our government will not order its citizens to spill blood wantonly, individual officers and noncoms conceivably could and probably would not hesitate to demand the supreme sacrifice as a penalty for disobedience.

Obviously, less-than-popular wars have always existed. When this happens, patriotic people have had a difficult dilemma. Our sages could not have known how an "optional war" would affect civilians in a modern society with our communications. The easily expressed dissatisfaction of free people creates a profoundly deep valley of decision for the young people who are at that age when it is their turn to fight the wars of their country.

The problem of Rashi's interpretation is that someone must decide if a given wartime enemy is indeed a threat to the security of the United States of America. There were many people in our government who apparently feared that a takeover of all of Vietnam by the V.C. and the North Vietnamese, indeed posed a threat to America. If that were the case, most men would not be exempt from military service.

But in retrospect, our defeat in Southeast Asia did not lead to the survival of European Communism, or even materially strengthen the Communist threat to democracy.

President Eisenhower had warned JFK that the number of our American troops in Vietnam must never exceed 1,500. None-the less, under Kennedy and Johnson there was a tremendous escalation of our numbers in battle in Asia so that the Nixon administration inherited a situation demanding that our troops be brought home from a war that was by then known to have been a mistake.

But how to get them all home was an overwhelming problem. In the end, many decent patriotic courageous prisoners of war were abandoned by their government in a frantic attempt to get the ordeal over and done with.

There remains a great unanswered question. Indeed, opposition to the foreign policy of an administration which is in office only temporarily, is in no way disloyalty to the country as such. But can a democracy afford large scale refusal to serve in wartime? Not all government decisions can be supported by all loyal citizens, but we will all pay taxes which we do not agree upon, just because our government has included them in its budget. The liberal interpretation of Jewish tradition does not diminish the problem of democracy in an unpopular war. My opinion is that the United States of America is so unique in this shark infested, slaughterhouse of a world, as an example of freedom and unity among diverse ethnic groups, that unlike Yugoslavia it must never be permitted to self-destruct.

Gradually I came to know that I was dealing almost exclusively with college graduates. This too may have been expected. "71% of American Jewish men and 65% of American Jewish women aged 25-44 are college graduates."[6] Since such a high percentage of our veterans were doctors, dentists, or pilots, we are not surprised that the rank at discharge included an inordinate number of Colonels and Lt. Colonels. There were quite a few career officers who served 20 to 30 years of active duty. The American Jewish stereotype has nothing in it to suggest so many career military officers or that Hitler in his infinite insanity, made a gift to the United States of refugee children who became career officers, whose children went on to West Point.

Apparently, one of the big highs of the wartime experience was the 1967 Six Day War in Israel and the tremendous spiritual lift it gave to the "Jungle Jews" of Vietnam. For the lonely grunt in an anti-semitic platoon it could not have come at a

[6] Hadassah Magazine, April 1992, page 18

better time. Suddenly they were admired just for being Jews, because "them Jews know how to fight."

History suggests that our enemy in this crazy unconventional war could never be easily and quickly vanquished. About 1265 Kublai Khan conquered all of China and brought it to kneel before his Mongol hordes. All of China with the exception of the Vietnamese who established their reputation for patriotic self sacrificial courage. Clearly this was not an enemy to be taken lightly. It had also defeated France in a long civil war/revolution.

Most American Jews were not deeply involved but to thousands of families, this was a crisis that cast a long shadow over their future years, forever.

One of the recurrent experiences of the Jews who responded to my appeal for biographical data was the high incidence of divorce-not always followed by remarriage. Another was the high incidence of attendance at Law School and the practice of law. While I in no sense worked from a scientific sample, these are two facts that can not be ignored. True, divorce became much more common in the Jewish community during and after the war and much has been written on that subject. To me it is significant. I have assumed that the change in societal values, in the place of marriage and family and parenthood, came about because these young men were asked to risk their only lives in a war in which their parents apparently had no interest. This led to an angry rebellion against everything that parents stood for. The parents apparently were crazy!

Assumedly, those who served in Vietnam were the least rebellious of their generation but they too have the difficulty maintaining families in this new and different age when divorce is a more acceptable alternative to them than it was to their forebearers. What becoming a lawyer has to do with any of this, I leave to cleverer heads than mine.

In September, 1992, there was a meeting of eleven children of Concentration Camp survivors and eleven children of officers of the S.S and the Gestapo. If that was possible, the fifty year old Vietnam War resisters and the fifty year old veterans of the war in Southeast Asia, should seek to see one another as they actually are and were. I can see the courage of the college kid who took off in pursuit of his ideals. It simply does not compare with the courage you have read about in these pages, the courage of those who laid down their lives to save other people, people of other races as well as of other nationalities and other religions. Since I am one of those who almost lost his young life blasting Adolf Hitler out of power, I will never be able to respect those whose pacifism knows no bounds.

In my questionnaire, I asked if the respondent was aware of the fact that the enemies of the United States in this "hot war," were enemies of Israel in that "cold war." Some of the respondents took great exception to that although they themselves more often than not volunteered the fact that they supported the Gulf War because of the presence of Sadaam Hussein and often opposed the Gulf War because of the sorry state of relations between Israel and Kuwait or Saudi Arabia. That so many were sure

there was never a place called China Beach may indicate the poor state of communications in Vietnam.

The biggest thing God ever did for me, was to allow my four sons to grow up without being drafted and without being forced to take any overt step to circumvent the law as regards military service. I am not articulate enough to express my gratitude. This is certainly an area in which no one who has never stood, dare judge his fellow man. As a father who loves his sons as he does life itself and as an American who loves his country as he could love no other, I do not know what I would have done. I can appreciate the unbearable pressure that was on young people, to defect, just to get the respect of their peers. The assumption of impunity certainly added to the pressure along with the frequently reinforced notion that it was the courageous thing to do.

Why is it that so many of our Jewish veterans of the Vietnam war had a strong religious background? I tend to agree with one of the respondents who saw himself as a man who needs to believe that authority figures know what they are doing and people who readily accept instituted authority figures would tend to find comfort in traditional religious institutions.

A Jewish pacifist is an incongruity to me. I know that a lot of Gentiles are pacifists but they are not the ones who get pushed into crematoria or gas chambers. Pacifism is a luxury that Jews can not afford.

Every Jew on the face of the earth, yea every free man and woman should ask his heart seriously, what kind of life would I have had if the United States of America had backed Hitler in the 30s and 40s. Stop taking this for granted. What would have become of the survivors of the holocaust, if any, if the most powerful nation on earth had chosen to support Hitler? We owe something to America in the way of support and defense. I call those who saw this and served willingly when called, in the Vietnam War, the disciples of Asser Levy van Swellen.

During the Vietnam War we learned that the cruelest and most effective weapon in the arsenal of psychological warfare is the propagation of the notion that a government at war really does not care about the people it sends to do its dirty fighting. That is too much. But I believe that this happened.

According to Henry Kissinger, every public opinion poll taken during the Vietnam War showed that the majority of Americans supported or favored this unpopular war. If the people were telling the truth, the government should have done a better job of translating that support into morale. As for the Jews, so often lonely as the only Jew in their units in combat, thank you for upholding our good name. My admiration for you and your families is boundless.

Did America learn anything from the Vietnam War? The Gulf War showed clearly that our government did not learn the importance of pursuing the enemy to a conclusion-in that it did not destroy Sadaam Hussein when the personnel and equipment were in place to do it. It did learn the importance of parades and morale boosting propaganda but the biggest boost to morale is a just goal to be accomplished-the belief

in "the justice of your arms." Israel still has much to teach us about high morale in a free country in time of war.

The wisdom of our medieval rabbis, about not conscripting citizens to risk their lives when their country is not at risk, is evident. No one wants to die but our loyal youth are willing to do so to defend their country, their homes, their families. Wars in which we are not threatened should be fought by volunteers. With an all-volunteer army, we can hope that the pain of the rebellion of the 1960s and 1970s will never have to be repeated. Amen!

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Appendix A

NUMBER OF JEWISH SOLDIERS WHO SERVED IN DIFFERENT WARS OF THE UNITED STATES

THROUGH THE CIVIL WAR, 8257 SOLDIERS[7]

In the continental armies including patrols	46
In the War of 1812	44
In the Mexican War	58
In the United States Regular Army	90
In the United States Navy	78
Staff Officers in the Union Army, during the Civil War	16
Staff Officers Confederate Army, during the Civil War	24
Officers Confederate Navy, during the Civil War	11
Soldiers classified in Regiments from different States who served in the Union and Confederate Armies during the Civil War	7038
Soldiers unclassified as to states who served during the Civil War	834
Other soldiers indicated in addenda	12
	8257

[7] Simon Wolf provided these figures.

Appendix B

Alan Feilor's Article in the Baltimore Jewish Times.

"As with every war in which this nation has been embroiled in, American Jews have fought and died with their gentile compatriots, for the freedom of others. It is estimated that around 4,000 to 5,000 Jews, fought in the Vietnam War, with nearly 300 of them listed as dead or missing in action.

"There were a lot more Jews in Nam than people think," says Steve Shaw, national executive director of the JWV. "Unlike WWII and Korea, the military did not keep figures based on religion, so we don't really know exactly how many Jews served in Vietnam but it is a misconception to say that all Jews didn't support the war or were in a better position to avoid it."

"We were there holding up the tradition of Jewish young men serving their country." says Steve Glushakow, Vietnam Veteran liaison for the J.W.V. Glushakow who served with the 720th battalion in Tay Ninh from 1967-68 lives in Pikesville and is an investigator for the Public Defender's Office.

"Jews didn't shy away from their obligations, he says with pride. "All of us, Jews and Christians, have the same experiences and memories of the war. We all remember the day when the doors of the plane opened and the heat hit us. We remember the jungles and the monsoons and the helicopters. And we remember the day they told us we were going home... it was a rough war, and I hope in the future nobody has to go through one again."

Another vet, Robert Polinsky of Columbia, reflects, "A lot of guys who fought in WWII like to reminisce about the good old days in the war. We Vietnam veterans don't do that. It was a dirty, ugly war, and when I came home I got questions like, 'Did you do drugs over there? 'or 'Did you kill babies?' I became very disillusioned."

"What I did in the service is behind me now," says Polinsky, a bearded man of forty who works for Social Security. "I'm one of the lucky ones. But many of us who fought in Vietnam have never adjusted. Not only the guys in the V.A. Hospitals, but there's a lot of walking wounded out there."

"War isn't fun," he says. "If we send combat troops to Nicaragua. mazal tov. I'm not going. I already did my time in a rather stupid war. Those years are gone. I'm just trying to do the best I can with the rest of my life.

Rabbi Sandy Dreisin, a Jewish military chaplain at Walter Reed Hospital, served with the second field force in Long Binh and presided over the area north of Saigon to the Central Highlands of South nam. Also, Dreisin was the first rabbi to go into Cambodia after U.S. combat troops were sent there in May, 1970. He says the war provided a good opportunity for me to grow professionally and

personally." Still he deeply understands veterans dissatisfaction with their treatment after coming home from the war.

"One day I was in Vietnam. The next day I was in Seattle," says the Silver Spring resident. "There was no time to readjust. And the climate here didn't make you want to wear your uniform in public. There were no bands-no welcome home. I wasn't bitter, but like many veterans felt displaced."

Dreisin says that every rabbi in Vietnam was supplied with a Jewish chaplain's field kit, neatly packed in a silver brief case. Included in the kit were candlesticks, a portable ark, a kiddush cup, and a siddur. Jewish soldiers were pulled out of the field for a week's R. & R. around Rosh Hashana and Passover time. Dreisin estimates that weekly services could be attended by worshippers numbering between two and thirty.

"I remember a Tora study group we had at Bien Hoa Airport near Saigon," he says. "It was amazing how these guys would go down this little abandoned road, risk all the shelling and snipes, just to attend this event. In Vietnam, little things meant a lot."

Racism was more pervasive in the armed forces in Vietnam than anti-Semitism according to Dreisin. However Robert Polinsky vividly recalls an eruption of anti-Jewish feeling while stationed with the Green Berets in Pleiku.

"I had this first sergeant who had apparently met only one Jew in his entire life," recalls Polinsky. "When we would march, he would come up behind me and yell out, 'Hup, two, three, four, Epstein Jew bastard.' I finally couldn't take it any more and turned around and pointed my weapon in his face. I asked him if he knew my correct name and rank. Amazingly, he did. So I didn't shoot him. Then I told him he'd better get a quick transfer, which he also did. He just went too far with me.

Such hatred is characteristic of a conflict as violent and disruptive as the one in Vietnam. Much of that bitterness is left over in the hearts of Vietnam vets, despite their delayed acceptance by the American public.

"I enjoy reading about the Vietnam veteran parades," chuckles Polinsky, who volunteered for military service after originally receiving a college deferment. "It's delightful to have songs and movies about the war but it's not real. Speaking for myself, I needed some understanding in 1968, not now. All people did then was protest and say 'How could you do it? You're a nice Jewish boy. No one ever said, "Thanks, you did a helluva job."

Rabbi Dreisin praises the Washington Vietnam Memorial as a "black pit that honors people who fought in a war that was the pits."

Says Steve Glushakow, "Maryland sent people to Viet Nam. Those who fell should have something to be remembered by. I have six or seven guys I plan to look up."

However several veterans voiced dismay with the concept of memorials.

"In principle, I'm against them, says (M.O.H. winner) Col. Jacobs, who teaches military strategy at the National war College in D.C. "These are monuments to dead people. How about a monument to the patriotic efforts of heroes who lost arms, legs, and eyes?"

Robert Polinsky is critical of the veterans who come to Vietnam Memorials in their old fatigues; "These guys wearing their bush caps and fatigues are living in the past. I trashed mine years ago. They think its stylish. But its not stylish to me. I've had five knee operations since coming back... These memorials don't make me feel so good. It's been too much time for something like this. They are for people who glorify war. To those of us who fought and were wounded, war's not so glorious."

Says Bob Goozit," It's been too long a time. But if a memorial serves as a reminder to people about what war is that people die in wars and today's wars aren't simple then I'm happy they are building memorials."

Perhaps memorials are not for the veterans of American conflicts, but for those who lost their family and friends in war. Isabelle Savanuck, whose son Paul is buried in the Baltimore Hebrew Cemetery in Reiserstown, says that the D.C. Memorial's impact on her has been enormous.

"The wall is a symbol of the war because it represents the simplicity of the waste. It illustrates most graphically the consequences of war. The strings of names remind us that wars are criminal and kill innocent young men. Maybe when people walk away from these memorials, they will not have such a cavalier attitude about getting into conflicts."

Appendix C

(A newspaper guest column "Florida Today" part of U.S.A. Today from late 1980 by Sara Jane Victor).

Circus groups, religious orders, and military careerists-each have their own unique bonding and lifestyle. After being a military wife for 25 years, I'm convinced we are bonded by what I call LAMP.

"L" is for the language. A whole new set of terms becomes a part of the everyday speech. RDY, PCS, SAC, MAC, and MRE are all rather relatively easy to decode. However, one soon learns that looking glass is not just where Alice stopped in Wonderland. Gunsmoke is more than a TV western. Brightstar is more than a twinkle in the sky and Red Flag is not always the referee's maker.

We all have our favorite language story. I got all excited once looking for Stan Eval who had been at our last base and was also at our new area. A senior wife gently explained that Stan was not a man but stood for Standards and Evaluations.

One wife gave her husband palpitations when she announced how easy it was to fund a parking place in the crowded lot. Since he was a newly commissioned officer, she grabbed the space marked, "Any General Officer." Another wife wondered why the food market seemed like a Quick Stop". She did not know that she should have asked directions to the commissary.

"A" is for adaptability. Without it, we'd be totally unable to laugh. Humor is an essential part of our lives. Mamie Eisenhower stowed her husband's gear in the piano because extra space is always a problem.

However, all military people know the two basic rules of the service:

1) If you plan to move, you won't, but as soon as you complete an improvement in your house, you get orders and;
2) If anything is going to breakdown it is always one day after the male leaves. Cars, washers, and refrigerators all obey this rule. Being adaptable means we don't let these things get to us. An unexpected move is treated as a vacation and broken appliances are merely one more challenge.

Being adaptable means you discover what things are truly important in your life. One family noticed how really little they needed to be happy when their household goods left for Europe, where he had been assigned before his orders were changed for Korea. It took many months until they were reunited with their possessions.

Teachers often enjoy working with "military brats" because these children have learned to be flexible and bring a wealth of first hand information into the classroom. Sometimes, however, it is a bit confusing for a youngster. One elementary aged child took a while to realize that the Civil War, and the

War between the States, and the War of Rightful Rebellion were all the same-only the heroes kept changing.

"M" reminds me to make it mine. Where ever we are at this moment, that is our home and community. "Bloom where you are planted". Military individuals and families reach out and touch their communities. From money to muscle, the emphasis is on improving things here and now, The United Way, blood drive, PTA, Little League, Scouts, sponsoring orphans, etc. The list goes on and on. Every wives club allocates funds in its budget to serve the local community as well as the base.

When one wife was asked why she donated so many hours for a library she'd never get to use, her answer said it all. Someplace, someone is working on a project that will help me enjoy my new home. After all, we are really one family working together."

"P" reminds me of patriotism. For a while it wasn't fashionable to see that word or wave the flag, but for people in the military, patriotism is the word. They have seen the things that we take for granted that are not allowed in other countries, They know what the blessings of liberty really mean.

Watch the respect given to the flag on a base. Notice how everything comes to a stop when the flag is lowered at the end of the day. Watch the base theater when the national anthem is played, and everybody from the youngest child to the oldest veteran, stands at attention. They all know what the price of that flag and its freedom are, for they will pay that price.

Freedom is priceless and the glue that cements the military is that love of freedom and country. Military families are a part of that bond-we will stand behind all of our people with our prayers and love in this crisis and any crisis to come. Because of them the flame of freedom will never go out.

(The following is an article from Space Trace Magazine, Dec. 1991, page 11, by T. Sgt. Ivy Paige, Satellite Beach FL.)

Making house calls is not a thing of the past for Col.(Dr.) Martin I. Victor, commander of the USAF hospital at PATRICK AFB. Recently he found himself traveling halfway across he world to make the call.

While inspecting and touring the transoceanic landing site (TAL) in Banjul, Africa, Dr. Victor found time to examine and treat members of the American Embassy staff and the Peace Corps as well as offering some homespun medical advice to a few native Africans.

Medical support is one of the most crucial assets at a TAL site. If the orbiter had to land at Banjul, the astronauts would be met by a highly trained staff of pararescuemen and by Department of Defense doctors. Dr. Victor, accompanied by Major Tom Appoloni to Banjul in July for the STS-43 mission, which was

postponed to August. Major Appoloni is assigned to the Department of Defense Manager Space transportation Systems Contingency Support Operations (DDMS) office at Patrick AFB. Dr. Victor accompanied him to check the medical facilities and equipment available for possible landings. He also was one of the flight surgeons assigned to the early portion of the mission.

Dr. Victor's primary concern was for the health and safety of each astronaut aboard STS-43. Armed with medical histories of each crew member, the doctors worked hand in hand with the pararescue crews and fire rescue crews to secure the medical well-being of the astronauts in case of an abort landing.

Dr. Victor surveyed local medical resources by walking all over the capital city of Gambia. And while walking, he stopped to meet and greet almost everyone he saw.

"One of my personal goals in life, is to meet everyone in the world. Since I intend to live to be at least 250 years of age, I may make it," he said.

The New York native said that prior to joining the Air Force more than 30 years ago, he'd hardly traveled outside his home state. He has since remedied that by working and traveling all over the world.

By the time he left Banjul, he had assisted in the treatment of those around him and also acted as an ambassador for the United States and the Air Force.

''We weren't needed to provide medical care for the astronauts this time, but we are definitely ready to support whenever the need does arise," said Dr. Victor.

Appendix D

On Roger Briskin

Rabbi Richard Dryer contributed this additional information on the background of the trek to Da Nang for Passover supplies: "Regarding Marine Roger Briskin, who was killed on 31 March, 1967, in Quang Nam province: At that time there would have been three Jewish chaplains stationed at different places in Vietnam. One would have been at Da Nang. Although these chaplains regularly would travel throughout their areas, for the major holidays the troops would come in to the central locations, one of which was Da Nang and I'm sure the seder would have been held there. (Passover in 1967 was on the 24th of April). Other seders were probably held at Saigon and Nha Trang."

"Communication was very difficult in Vietnam. On more than one occasion, when I couldn't get through on the phone for several days, I would find it easier to get a plane and fly up to talk to someone. I can understand why Roger would have made the trek to find out about the Passover arrangements."

"Passover supplies would have been Solo-seder kits, provided by the Jewish Welfare Board. They would have contained matza, canned kosher chicken dinner, canned gefilte fish, some Passover candy, a Haggadah and greeting cards to send home."

"There was extreme danger in traveling anywhere in Vietnam other than by air. In contrast with other wars, there were no front lines in Vietnam by which one could mark the advance or retreat of participants, and no rear echelons. There were enclaves in jungles, and any place outside a particular perimeter was unprotected and open to attack."

Appendix E

Colonel Albert Rosner's unusually large assortment of military decorations should be listed if only because it is so exceptional. In this appendix we list them and present the citations from two of his awards.

His decorations include the Legion of Merit with one OLC, Meritorious Service Medal, Army Commendation Medal, Combat Infantryman's Badge, Master Parachutist's Badge, National Dense Service Medal with one OLC,, European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal, Distinguished Unit Emblem, American Campaign Medal, Belgian Citation, Dutch Order Lanyard, Czechoslovakia Medal of Merit, 2nd Class, French Fouragere de Guerre, Italian Parachutist's Badge, Aircraft Crewman's Badge, Cavaliere of the Italian Republic, Vietnam Armed Forces Honor Medal, 1st Class with one OLC, Vietnam Cross of Gallantry with Silver Star, Vietnam Police Honor Medal, 1st Class, Vietnam Staff Service Medal

The citation for his Vietnam Armed Forces Honor Medal, 1st Class states that he was "an outstanding leader with high spirit of service. During his tour in Vietnam from 24/8/68 to 15/3/69 as an assistant commander of the U.S. Fourth PYSOP group , demonstrated great good will by being largely responsible for the efforts of all Psychological Operations in III CRZ producing 50,000 printed matters and tapes for the Polwar Bloc of the III Corps in Support of the Nguyen Trai Campaign, coordinating with the Allied Units and the Vietnamese National Police to bring back the best results in the fields of propaganda and Chien Hoi."

His Army Commendation Medal 1st OLC states, for distinguishing himself by meritorious achievement from April 69 to 30 June 69, while serving as Phoenix Coordinator, Civil Operations and Revolutionary Development, Support III Marine Amphibious Force, I Corps Tactical Zone, U.S. Military Assistance Command, Vietnam. During this period, he initiated discussion with United States and Vietnamese military and civilian officials, in an attempt to define problems, establish priorities, and incubate an awareness of Phoenix/PHUNG HOANG missions and goals. His efforts resulted in an integrated and coordinated effort to eliminate the Viet Cong infrastructure in I Corps tactical zone. Colonel Rosner visited each district and province Intelligence and Operations Coordinating Center and motivated and inspired Vietnamese and United States personnel throughout I Corps. Demonstrating exceptional initiative, he initiated new plans for the coordinated use of psychological operations and planned and developed a training school for Vietnamese PHUNG HOANG personnel. His professional competence, diplomatic acumen and vibrant enthusiasm enabled him to fulfill superbly the requirements of his sensitive mission."

Appendix F

(From Omaha Jewish Press, Sept. 29, 1989, By Kerri Saltzman)

After completing 18 years of education, most aspiring lawyers are anxious to begin their careers. Steven Seglin's career however, was sidetracked by the Vietnam War Because of his ROTC involvement in college, he was required to serve two years in the Army. He took a deferment to attend law school and thus committed himself to a four year term in the United States Army's Judge Advocates General Corps. Spending 2 years in Maryland, one year in Vietnam and about six months in Kansas, his duties varies according to his location. At each post, however, he did use "some of the basic skills that every lawyer is taught ."

While in Maryland, Mr. Seglin did extend his legal knowledge to servicemen and to his post commander, much as a practicing lawyer would to a client. However, there was one difference.

"In the Army you can only give advice. You can't sue people."

In Saigon, he became a member of the Foreign Claims Commission. Stationed only in foreign countries, the commission adjudicated and settled claims made by foreign nationals against the United States as a result of the negligent or wrongful conduct of its military and civilian personnel.

"We were the only office in Vietnam that adjudicated these kinds of claims. We settled claims for the Army, the Air Force, and the Marines, " Mr. Seglin said.

A senior captain at the Saigon office, Mr. Seglin said that, "most of the claims were filed by the Vietnamese."

"There were thousands of claims that had been filed, from fender benders to assaults and rapes." For each claim, he explained, compensation was possible, with the exception of claims filed for damage as a result of the war. Such damage was not payable under the Foreign Claims Act.

"It was an unpopular war. I didn't want to risk my life. I didn't want to die over there", he said.

There is no doubt in Mr. Seglin's mind that Vietnam was definitely a war, not a conflict.

"It was definitely a war. The normal population of Saigon was 200,000. When I was there, there were two million refugees living in the city. There were people sleeping in the streets in squalor. The city reeked."

Regretting his service 20 years ago, his personal views have changed, just as the nation's have.

"The focus of attention in 1970 was on the merits of war. Twenty year later it is on patriotism."

Vietnam taught America that war has few merits.

Appendix G

Being With The Coast Guard Has Human Moments Too
(Times Newspapers, July 24,1968)

Stanley Feldman, a 1966 graduate of Northeast Public High School, is finding out that being a third class U.S. Coast Guard Engineman is more than just a job. Sometimes it means the satisfaction of winning the confidence of strangers.

The story began when the Coast Guard Cutter Point Hudson to which Engineman Feldman was assigned, arrived at the Vietnamese hamlet of Ham Nihn, a small fishing village on the Gulf of Thailand. On the cutter was a U.S. Navy hospital corpsman who was scheduled to render medical aid to as many of the 400 inhabitants of the small village as possible.

After being greeted by a small group of Vietnamese combat troops, the corpsman and Coast Guardsmen set out off for a makeshift building a short distance away, designated as the Ham Nihn infirmary.

The village chief informed his people that the "doctor" was holding sick call and that they were all invited to visit him for a check-up.

At first the people were hesitant, perhaps frightened, but after twenty minutes a weather beaten lady in her late sixties approached the corpsman and through an interpreter explained that she had eye trouble. Once the inhabitants of the village saw the kind and gentle help the corpsman had given their friend, many huddled around the infirmary, waiting their turn to see the "good doctor", as they called him.

Meanwhile it was up to the Coast Guardsmen, including Engineman Feldman, to make friends with the other people, including the children.

This task was accomplished in short order, once the crewmen from the Point Hudson brought out their cameras. The poor but proud Vietnamese fishermen and their families jockeyed with each other to get in front of the cameras.

Being with children comes naturally to Engineman Feldman who, before attending the Northeast High School, was a patrol leader of his school's Boy Scout Troop #445,

Appendix H

(The Miraculous Seder in Saigon(by Dov Peretz Elkins, "God's Warriors" 1974 Jonathan David.-suggested by Nathan Landman.)

Chaplain Richard Dryer was sitting in his office at Fort Knox, Kentucky, in December, 1964, when he received news that the Jewish chaplain in Vietnam had just died. He would have to replace him, he was told, almost immediately.

By January 26, 1965, Chaplain Dryer was serving as the only rabbi in Vietnam. Since it takes so long for supplies to arrive in Vietnam, he thought he had better begin planning for the Passover Seder.

Some of the Jewish personnel in Saigon told him that it would be impossible to conduct a seder in Saigon. There was so much fighting going on that war needs would not permit him the time or supplies to use for religious purposes on such short notice.

But he was determined to try.

Although his predecessor had ordered supplies of matza and wine from the Jewish Welfare Board, the number of troops stationed in Vietnam had doubled in one month, and more was needed. Chaplain Dryer wrote to the Jewish Welfare Board which immediately contacted the Chief of Chaplains in Washington.

About ten days later, a cable arrived from Washington. "We are sending you 2,500 pounds of matzo and wine. You will also receive some more through the U.S. Army Supply Services Command in Ryukyu Islands."

With this new information, the chaplain felt heartened. "With so much help we will certainly have this seder ready in time for Passover," he told his men. "Even Washington is fighting for us."

One of the Jewish colonels in Vietnam asked Rabbi Dryer where the seder would be held.

"I don't know," said the chaplain. "Where would you suggest?"

"Actually," said the Jewish colonel, 'there is almost nowhere to have a celebration that could house so many people at once. We have no mess halls here like the ones at other military bases."

"What shall we do,?" asked the chaplain.

The next day, a phone call reached Chaplain Dryer from the Director of the USO, Mr. Gene Schram.

"I heard that you are looking for a place to conduct your Passover seder, Chaplain," said Mr. Schram. "Why not use our USO facilities? Our snack bar staff would be more than happy to help you cook the meal and make preparations."

"What wonderful news!" answered the chaplain. "You have saved the holiday. I was almost ready to give up the whole idea."

Next came the problem of dishes. Again, the chaplain was stymied. Where could he possibly find place settings for 100 people which were not touched by leavened bread?

But he was determined to try. Once again luck served the interests of the Jewish soldiers in Vietnam. The Navy Mess Section procured from Navy Supply Quartermaster enough brand new beautiful china for 100 people.

"With this kind of help," thought the Chaplain to himself, "we are sure to be ready for the April deadline date."

Only a short time later, an event occurred which almost canceled the whole project of "Operation Passover Seder". News arrived on Friday afternoon that the Brink Hotel in Saigon had been bombed. Along with everything else and the lives lost, all of the Navy's china dishes were smashed to bits.

But Chaplain Dryer did not let that stop him. He looked and looked until he arranged with the Army Supply System to borrow 100 previously unused plastic dishes.

With a place to hold the seder, dishes coming from the Army, wine and matzo coming from the Chief of Chaplains in Washington through the Jewish Welfare Board, there were only a few things left to obtain. But these were essentials: tables to eat on and stoves to handle the larger crowd expected on Passover Eve.

Chaplain Dryer wrote about his problem to the JWB. During a trip to Washington, the Director of the JWB's Commission on Jewish Chaplaincy happened to have an appointment with a State Department official and he mentioned the problem of the tables and stoves to him.

"That certainly does not sound like a great problem," said the official. "I'll see what I can do,"

The next thing that Chaplain Dryer knew, he was called by the U.S. Embassy in Saigon. "When do you want the tables and stoves delivered, Chaplain?

Chaplain Dryer again breathed a sigh of relief.

Now all of the facilities and the material were ready, and the people could move into action. Chaplain Dryer taught the Vietnamese snack bar manager, Mr. Truong Binh Kien, how to cook for Passover and he saw to it that not even one single crumb of hametz (leavened bread) came within a mile of the Passover food.

When the evening finally arrived, no one would have believed how beautiful it was. The Navy lent their lovely white table cloths, and the Marines a few men to serve as waiters.

The only Jewish woman in Saigon, a Navy librarian, lit the festival candles, and added the feminine touch to the scene. Only four months after sitting quietly in his office at Fort Knox, Chaplain Dryer was sitting in Saigon, conducting the Passover Seder, something he never would have dreamed of doing in December. Through the efforts of the Chief of Chaplains, the JWB, the USO, the Army, Navy,

and Marines, Mr. Truong Binh Kien, a Navy librarian, and a host of other people, the first, nearly miraculous seder was conducted in Saigon, Vietnam.

At the end of the seder, the Chaplain changed a few of the words of the Haggada. As the sound of gunfire and explosions were heard in the distance, he rose from his seat and pronounced the ancient words, "This year we are here. May next year find us celebrating the Passover in Israel or at home with our loved ones."

Appendix I

Yom Kippur, 1966 by David Geffen, J.T.A.

Alan Greenspan, a former U.S. Army chaplain now residing in Jerusalem, remembers one especially dramatic Day of Atonement, for which prayer was especially fervent.

"While I was davening Musaf on Yom Kippur, 1966 at Tan Son Nhut chapel, a note was handed to me. requesting that I visit, ASAP a Jewish medic whose legs had been blown off when he tried to care for wounded troops trapped in a mine field."

" I knew the man," said Mr. Greenspan. "His total devotion to duty would not permit him to take off even on Yom Kippur. As we chanted, "Who shall live and who shall die," I thought about that medic and all the 500 soldiers assembled there that day."

"Fortunately, the medic survived and eventually learned to walk with prostheses on both legs."

Greenspan retired as a Lt. Colonel Army chaplain in 1986 and now resides in Jerusalem. He was ordered to duty in Vietnam in March, 1966, stationed in Saigon from which base he covered an area from 90 miles north of the city to the tip of the delta.

"Three or four days a week I was outside of Saigon conducting services in the field and teaching as well. I was on at least 250 flights during my stay in Vietnam on every aircraft imaginable." Altogether he had between 1,500 and 2,000 Jewish military personnel under his care.

One of his campaigns was called S.O.S.-Send Over Salamis." (During WWII a New York deli supplier had advertised 'Send a Salami to your boy in the Army.') But in 1966, Individuals, communities, and organizations throughout the United States were encouraged to mail kosher salamis by air and sea so that Jewish soldiers would have a taste of home.

"If the salamis came by sea and had some mold on them, I took them over to the vet who scrapped off the mold and saved the salami."

Preparing for the high holy days required logistical expertise. All military units had to receive letters authorizing release of Jewish personnel. Billeting had to be set up in Saigon, usually at the U.S.O. Sufficient kosher food provided by the Jewish welfare Board had to be available.

"The commanders knew it was important to permit Jewish personnel the opportunity to participate in these religious services. In a war zone, the spiritual aspect of existence plays a special role." While he went to the field several days a week to conduct services and teach, on shabbat and holidays, Col. Greenspan was at the chapel in Saigon. For the high holy days, there were no field services at all.

All Jews were released from duty for the holy day and could come to Saigon, Plieku. or Da Nang where other Jewish chaplains were stationed. In all, some 20 rabbis served in Vietnam during the war years.

"For Rosh Hashana all went as planned-the davening. the sounding of the shofar went without a hitch as did the billeting and the food was plentiful for the 500 soldiers etc. who came to services. But we ran out of yarmulkes so many of the men wore military millenary."

So during the ten days of penitence, Chaplain Greenspan went to a Buddhist tailor in Saigon to get yarmulkes made-blue satin with VIETNAM embroidered on them in Hebrew.

"I showed the tailor a kipa and he duplicated it for me. I wrote out the Hebrew for him and he stitched it for me. On Yom Kippur these yarmulkes made their debut and they became quite popular. In his Jerusalem apartment, Greenspan has a small supply of these caps. Greenspan had to reorder yarmulkes because they became a highly desirable souvenir of Vietnam.

Barry Cunningham covered Yom Kippur in Saigon in 1966 for the New York Post. He wrote, The fervor of the service was felt by all. They had arrived from jungle war zones by helicopter. by truck convoy, by fixed wing planes, by jeeps, by hook or by crook. For Yom Kippur they were away from the mud, the flying bullets and the front-line combat. Together they prayed, not knowing who would live or die tomorrow.

"As the shofar sounds over the bleak runways and quonset huts of Tan Son Nhut, the celestial book of accounts closes and the men will return to war' wrote Cunningham, Colonel Greenspan emphasized that he had gone to Vietnam because he knew Jewish soldiers needed rabbis to serve them." I saw young men and women who had been rabble rousers on American campuses prove how courageous they could be when they wore the uniform."

"Most important to me as a chaplain, was that I saw my fellow Jews strengthen their commitment to Judaism and was proud that I was there to help."

(The above article was contributed by Gordon Ginsburg and Harry Winograd.)

Postscript

After I had finished this study, I realized that my own feelings about the Vietnam War are at variance with the feelings of so many others including many who fought in that war and became anti-war or at least anti-Vietnam War activists after their participation. It was then that I happened to read something which helped articulate and explain precisely what I feel.

"Many people who experienced American anti-Semitism, European fascism, and the holocaust, surprisingly became fierce and uncritical defenders of the American way and of the State of Israel-ready and eager to fight their wars and contribute in other ways to their causes. Many of them still hold these beliefs today, despite the fact that changing realities make both positions problematical and hinder efforts to rethink and deal creatively with current crises"

By David Nasaw, Children of the city at Work and at Play, Garden City 1985, in writing of children of immigrants as quoted on p. 279, Peter Levine, Ellis Island to Ebbets Field, Oxford University Press, New York, 1992



Photo by Biron

Rabbi and Mrs. Leonard Winograd one year before her death.
That this book was finished is primarily due
to her persistence and encouragement.

Other books by Rabbi Winograd:

One of the Elders of Zion
Berl Katznelson

The Horse Died At Windber
A History of Johnstown Jews

Rabies is Jewish Priests
and Other Zeydeh Myses