one divorce, and a history of never voting for a winning President. From Goldwater to McGovern to Ford to Carter to Mondale. Talk about being out of step. For 1988, I may sit out the election, for the first time joining the mainstream sickened by the degeneration of presidential campaigns. (Could George Bush really be a Yalie?)

Nevertheless, my world and the world in general is a better place than it was in 1964. Mid-life is terrific when your wife is your best friend, when your children are bright, healthy and successful, your business is prospering and you are living where you want to be. And despite significant evidence to the contrary, I believe mankind is wiser today than it was 25 years ago. We will overcome our penchant to destroy our environment; we will rise above maniacal nationalism; and we will find ways to expand freedom at home and around the world.

My children will also have a world worth living in.

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Observations on Life and Times

During my service in the Army from 1968-71, I once found myself thinking about Yale oddly.

After graduation from the University of Chicago Law School, I entered Army intelligence as an enlisted man for a three year tour of duty. I wound up living in an apartment on Capitol Hill commuting across the Potomac to a nine to five job in mufti at the Pentagon. In my view, my job after the Army's training was as a counterintelligence analyst in the Counterintelligence Analysis Division of the Office of the Assistance Chief of Staff for Intelligence in the Army Operations Center. In the Army's view, my MOS after AIT was 97 Bravo and I was posted to CIAD at OACSI in the AOC.

It was a peculiar period for the Army. The engagement in Vietnam was reaching its peak in men and material. At home, another mission had simultaneously arisen. This was as a result of race riots --Detroit in Summer, 1967 and April, 1968 in Baltimore, Washington and Chicago, following Martin Luther King's assassination. These riots were big time messes. They had necessitated the rapid deployment of regular Army troops, a task for which the Army was not initially prepared or well suited for. After all, the Army was structured and trained to fight foreign wars, not function domestically in a police role with U.S. citizens as

the enemy. At the tail end of the Johnson administration, Cyrus Vance had been asked to make recommendations to improve the Army's capacity to discharge this reluctantly assumed role.

Vance's recommendations had indirectly led to the construction of a brand new, duplex war room for the Army. It was situated in a sub-basement under the north entrance to the Pentagon. The Army Operations Center shamed its lower tech service counterparts of the day. It came fully equipped with a television studio and computer support. It also had a "command balcony" from which civilian and military crisis managers could peer downward through tilted protective glass privacy panels at joint staff bees buzzing in a pit below. At eye level, the managers could fix their gaze left or right on briefers ensconced in glass isolation booths of a sort that could have been declared surplus from "The $64,000 Question" television show or the Adolph Eichmann trial. The planners' original requirement was that this bunker be able to simultaneously direct the supression of 25 civil disturbances in the United States.

During this upbeat time in American life, I began working in the new Army Operations Center.

To coordinate command and control of the troops engaged in the business of riot control, a Directorate of Civil Disturbance Planning and Operations was created. A three star Army Lieutenant General was in charge, assisted by a two star Air Force Major General. The latter was needed because of the importance of the logistics involved in getting Army troops airlifted from their domestic bases to points of conflagration. In the alphabet soup world of the Pentagon, DCDPO was more a mouthful than a force to be rekoned with. This was because it was intended to remain a mere planning and analysis staff group unless and until a large American city was being burned to the ground in a race riot. At that point DCDPO would become an operational entity with broader command responsibilities. DCDPO had a few hard-charging, can-do Army officers recently back from tours in Vietnam and looking for a new enemy, but it was by no means a self-propelled, rogue bureaucracy looking for a fight.

On the other hand, the civilian political leadership of the Nixon administration did once find a strange use for this latent asset control the obviously crazed, student radicals at Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut!

Bobby Seale, a founder of the Oakland, California-based Black Panther Party, was going on trial in New Haven for murder. The consequent descent of media locusts into the otherwise pacific, academic hamlet of New Haven had produced the usual inflammatory rhetoric and predictions of racial and student violence. Yale President Kingman Brewster had further stirred the pot by wondering aloud whether it was possible for a black to get a fair trial in American courts.

I had followed the media attention to my old college with close interest, since, among other things, my job was to provide intelligence support to DCDPO by periodically assessing the likelihood of riots getting out of hand.

There had been a growing tendency in the charged atmosphere of the '60s to think that anti-war student protests and demonstrations were somehow akin to the race riots in large cities that had required intervention by the Army during the First and Second World Wars and not the Vietnam War. However, from a military planning standpoint, the thought that New Haven in the current context needed the regular Army was nothing short of ludicrous.

Nonetheless, Richard Nixon arrived at a different conclusion. Through memory's haze, I seem to recall a newspaper story that after John Dean, then a Department of Justice functionary under Attorney John Mitchell, went to Hartford to see the Governor, the Governor promptly issued a statement that the situation was beyond his control. Maybe Dean was practicing his later "cancer on the presidency" speech with a "cancer on New Haven" speech. In any event, the Governor's declaration legally permitted Nixon to commit federal troops if he chose to. The situation had unfolded rapidly and I soon found myself accompanying DCDPO's Deputy Director up to the offices of General Bruce Palmer,

acting Chief of Staff of the Army in the absence of General William Westmoreland. Palmer had heard that something might be up and he wanted to be briefed on it.

Through a quirk in George Edwin Bergstrom's Pentagon design, the climb up from the AOC to Palmer's office was through a dimly lit shaft that seemed to have had no fresh air since it was roofed over in 1943.

Palmer, who had commanded the Army troops President Lyndon Johnson had sent to Santo Domingo in the Dominican Republic, began to size up the matter with a few incisive questions. Once he had a detailed grasp of the tactical situation, he asked me what my opinion was.

Did I think regular Army troops would be required? I told him that I was familiar with the New Haven community, having graduated from college there only a few short years before. I told him that I did not think there was a military requirement for regular Army troops.

General Palmer scratched his head and said he didn't think it made much sense to send troops either.

At this point my Air Force friend coughed and interrupted. As gently as he could, he informed General Palmer that it was a passed point; following presidential orders, the first airstream of airborne troops had just departed from Fort Bragg, North Carolina, headed north.

As it turned out, there was no cataclysm in New Haven at the commencement of the murder trial. My recollection is that the regular Army troops got no closer to New Haven than Hartford and Rhode Island, where they bivouacked for a short period.

During the Yale crunch, I provided my usual round of briefings to civilian and military managers at the Pentagon. I was supported, as always and like it or not, by the graphics department at OACSI. It was a creative group of artists, with their own view of the world.

The graphic assist produced by this shop I remember best was a stylized map of New Haven, no doubt dug out of the DCDPO files. It showed Wall Street and was centered on George and Harry's restaurant, across from my old room at Silliman College. Superimposed on this choice piece of real estate was a freehand black and white drawing of an angry, long-haired, screaming youth wearing a toga. This symbol for the obviously crazed, radical Yale students was holding a scroll overhead in a clenched fist; much in the manner of a banana republic revolutionary holding a rifle.

In the years since, I often thought about the toga-clad students who came after us to Yale. Who would have guessed their style of dress and extracurricular interests would have been so different from ours? When I got out of class, I put on jeans, walked across the street and hoisted a beer at George and Harry's. When they got out of class, the animals put on dresses, stormed into the street and hoisted their high school diplomas pretending they were AK-47 Kalashnikovs.

Thinking about Yale during this period reminds me a lot of Professor Dominquez' seminar in introductory philosophy in Fall, 1960. I didn't understand much of what was going on, but it sure seemed important at the time.

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