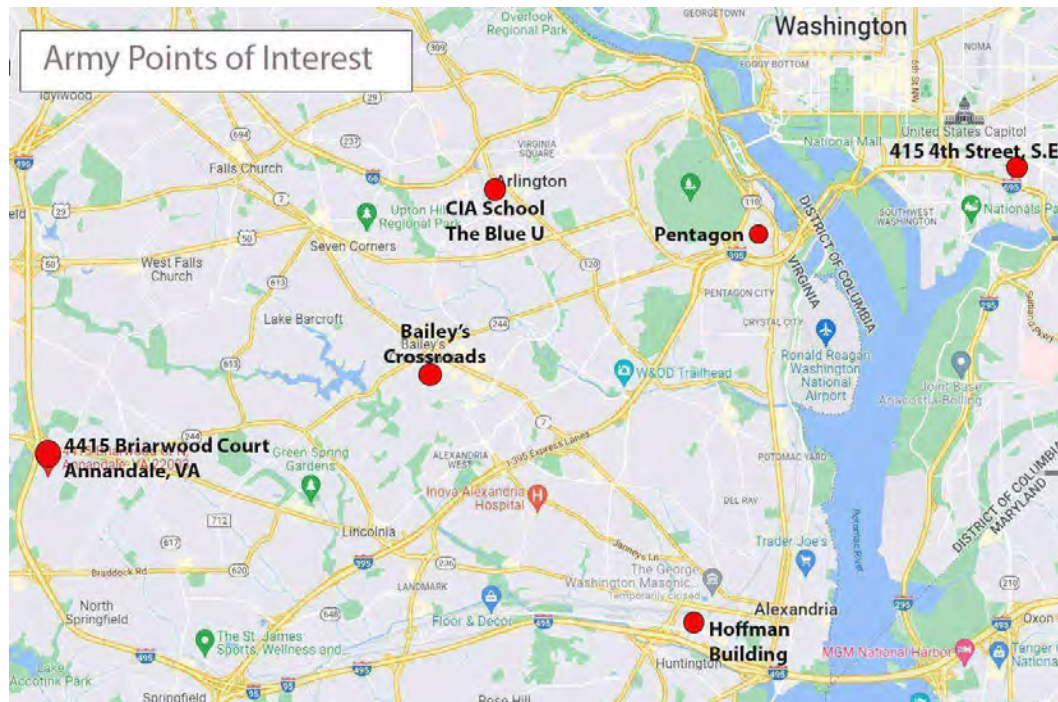


Rockets and Riots - Army Days (1968-1971)

Map of Washington, D.C. and Northern Virginia



After Army Intelligence School training at Fort Holabird in Baltimore, I was assigned to the 902nd Military Intelligence Group. Its headquarters occupied office space above stores in a Bailey's Crossroads, Virginia strip mall.

My Counterintelligence Analysis Division work in the 902nd was at first in converted warehouse space nearby in Bailey's Crossroads. Later I had office spaces in the Office of the Assistant Chief of Staff of the Pentagon, the newly built duplex war room called the Army Operations Center, and the Hoffman Building in Alexandria, Virginia. For several weeks in 1969, I attended a CIA school in a building in Arlington, Virginia then known as The Blue U.

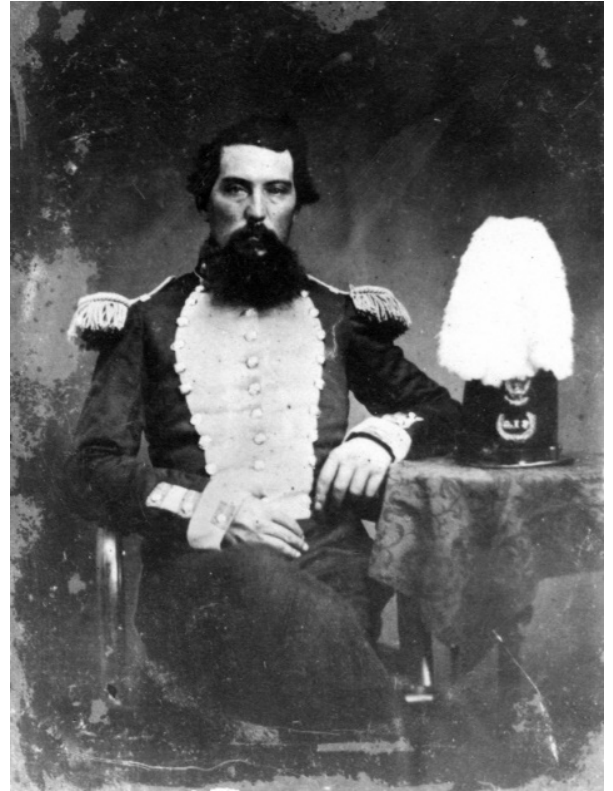
My living arrangements were first in an Annandale, Virginia apartment with two 902nd roommates, and then on my own in a Capitol Hill apartment in the District of Columbia. Throughout, I was technically assigned to Ft. Meyer, just to the north of the Pentagon.

Family in the Military

My enlisting in the Army during the Vietnam War years was in part influenced by my knowledge of other family members who had served in the military.

Both sides of my family had members in the military. My mother's grandfather, Richard Lawrence Gwinn, Sr. lived in Covington, Georgia and served in the Confederate Army during the Civil War. Among my mother's family memorabilia was a picture of him decked out in his uniformed regalia. [Family Army Pictures](#)

In my immediate family, my father, William John Bowe, Sr., enlisted as a part time soldier in the Illinois National Guard shortly after graduating from Loyola Law School in Chicago in 1915. He trained at Camp Grant, near Rockford, Illinois, before the U.S. entered World War I. In time he became a supply sergeant in the Quartermaster Corps . When President Woodrow Wilson called the National Guard into federal service to fight in World War I, a massive influx of draftees came into Camp Grant for training. The Camp exploded in size



**Richard L. Gwinn, Sr.
(4th Georgia Volunteers)**

and in short order my father went to France with the other doughboys. Not long after his arrival in France, while trying to board a moving troop train, he slipped and his left foot was run over by the train. The good news was that he never made it to the front, but the bad news was that he did make it to French hospitals in Blois and Orleans. The amputation of part of his foot required a long convalescence, and the war was over before he could get home.

The summer of 1967, right after my law school graduation, the young French hospital nurse who had cared for my father in Orleans, came to Chicago for a visit. She missed seeing her former patient, as my father had died in 1965. Nonetheless, my mother, my brother [Richard Bowe](#) and I had a pleasant moment as Mme. Marie Loisley reminisced about that time in the Great War.



**French nurse Marie Loisley
(in purple)**

inside the front hall closet. Perhaps it was because he was no longer out and about as much. But later in the 1950s, as I was going through high school, it certainly reflected the inexorable progress of his Alzheimer's disease and its accompanying dementia.

As a young child in the 1940s, I of course noticed his stump and the fact he was missing his toes on one foot. When I got older, I asked him about it. He answered in a matter-of-fact way and showed me the lead insert he wore in one of his high-topped laced shoes and explained its purpose. He also let me play with his cane without complaint.

In the early 1950s, as my father entered his sixties, his cane had fallen into disuse and largely remained in an umbrella stand



John D. Casey

When World War II came along, my Uncle [John Dominic](#)



Richard G. Bowe 1956

[Casey](#), recently married to my mother's sister [Martha Gwinn Casey](#), also served in the Army. As a child I remember visiting my Uncle John when he was recuperating from a broken leg at a military hospital in Chicago at 51st Street and the Lake. After the War, the building served as the 5th Army's Headquarters before the command was moved in 1963 to Ft. Sheridan just north of the city.

In the mid-1950s, my older brother Dick was in the Army's Reserve Officers Training Corps (R.O.T.C.) in high school and, like his father before him, later enlisted in the Illinois National Guard.

While my father had caught World War I, Dick was luckier. He was too late for the Korean War and too early for the Vietnam War. Between Dick and my father, it appeared to me that wars of one sort or another tended to engage American men each generation.

However, as I turned 18 and headed off to college in 1960, I thought it unlikely that I would have to follow in either Dick or my father's military footsteps.



**Bill Bowe, Sr. in World War I
Recuperating from foot amputation in a French hospital in Orleans**



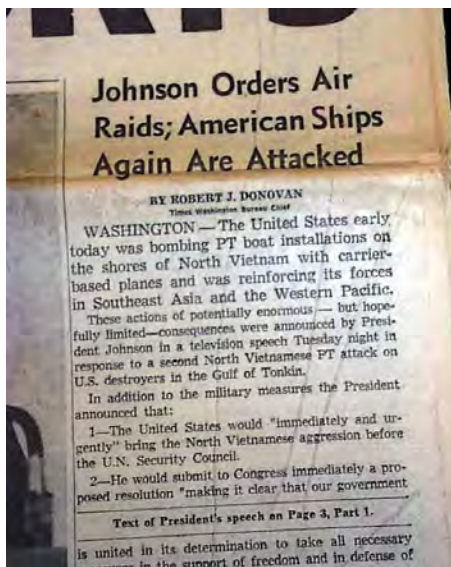
Bill Bowe, Sr. says goodbye to nurse Marie Loisley



Holding the reins in Winchester, Hampshire, England on his way home 1918

The Vietnam War Heats Up

As I started college in the fall of 1960, I just wasn't prescient enough to see that, like my father and brother, I also would indeed enter the military. While the Vietnam War ended with a bang with the fall of Saigon in April 1975 it had started with a whimper in spring of 1961, just as I was finishing my freshman year at Yale. That was when President John Kennedy ordered 400 Green Beret Army soldiers to South Vietnam as "advisors."



Then, in August 1964, after my Yale graduation, but before starting law school at the University of Chicago, Congress passed the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution. This came in the wake of an apparent attack on the USS Maddox off Vietnam. It authorized the president to "take all necessary measures, including the use of armed force" against any aggressor in the Vietnam conflict. Shortly thereafter, in February 1965, President Lyndon Johnson ordered the bombing of North Vietnam and the U.S. was in the War big time. I was just halfway through my first year of law school.

After World War II, the draft structure to meet the country's military needs had been left in place. Thus, it was ready to be employed in my era when volunteers no longer met the needs of the services. And indeed, the draft was increasingly relied upon as the U.S. deepened its involvement in Vietnam. But during the Vietnam War years between 1964 and

1973, the U.S. military drafted only 2.2 million men from a large pool of 27 million. With less than 10% of those eligible for the draft being called up, and the lottery mechanism to choose them not put in place until 1969, the question of who got drafted was left up to local draft boards and their use of an elaborate system of draft deferment categories.

Being in graduate school at the time automatically removed the risk I would be taken into the military involuntarily prior to my graduation. After graduation, I'd be single and only 25. Unless I married and had children before I reached the safe harbor of 26, there was a real possibility that I could be drafted.

What to do? I had no desire to marry at that time, and a similar desire not to be killed in Vietnam War. This wasn't an entirely irrational fear, as The Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C., lists more than 58,300 names of those killed or missing in action. Though my personal odds of being cut down might have been small, the threat did loom large in my thinking. The off chance of catching an errant bullet in an inhospitable place far from home was simply not on my young man's to do list.

Vietnam Draft Statistics

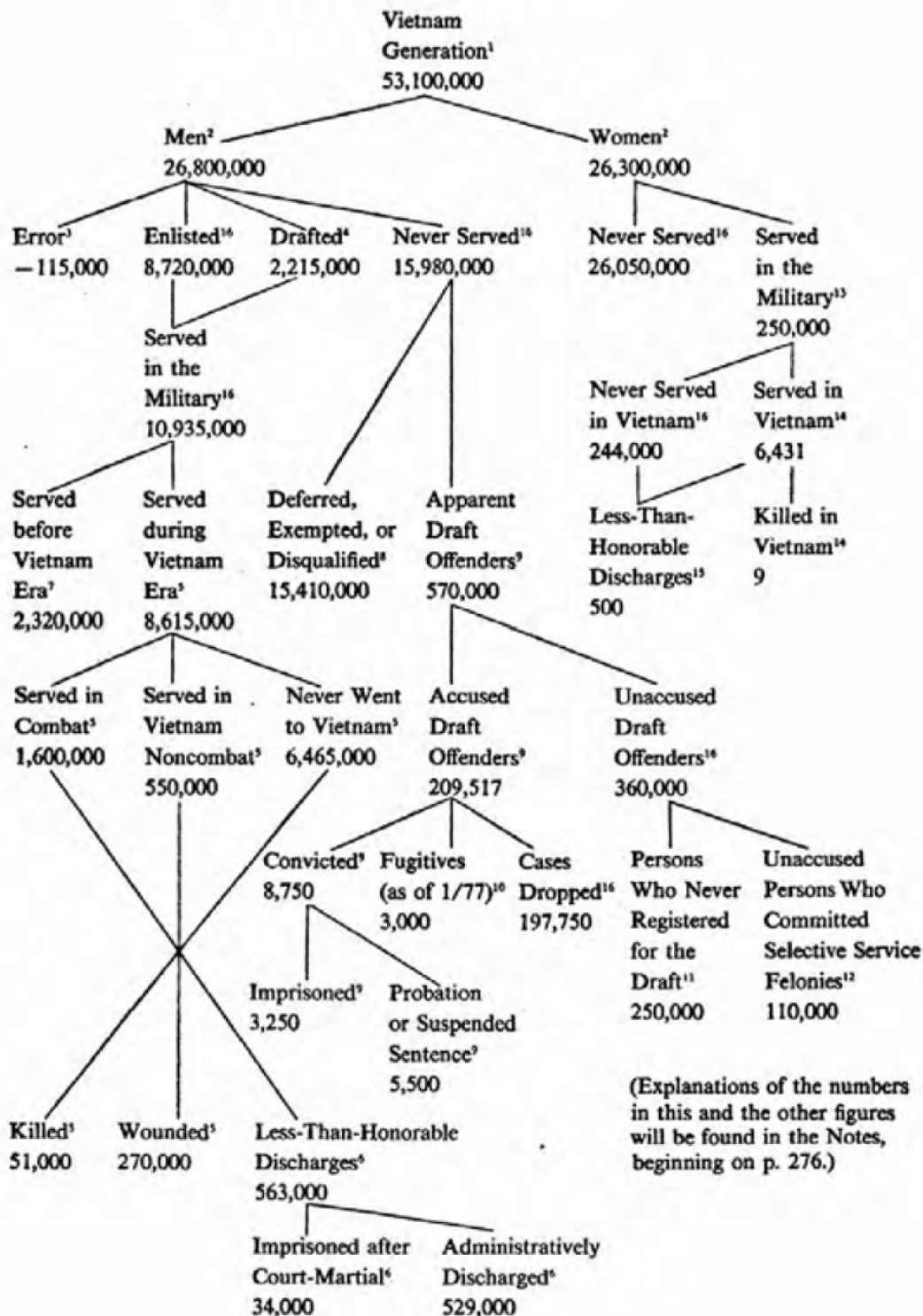
A comprehensive analysis of the draft's impact during the Vietnam War can be found in the 1978 book, *Chance and Circumstance*, by Lawrence M. Baskir and William A. Strauss.

The study notes that in the pre-lottery, pre-volunteer army years. the social inequities of the draft were stark. At the end of World War II, Blacks constituted 12% of all combat troops. This had grown to 31% by the start of the Vietnam War. The book notes that due to a concerted effort by the Defense Department to reduce the minorities' share of the fighting, this figure was reduced for all the services to under 9% by 1970.

I had met with one of the book's authors, Larry Baskir, in 1974, when I was asked to testify in the Hearings on Military Surveillance, held by the U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee's Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights. At the time, Baskir was the Committee's General Counsel under its Chairman, Sen. Sam Ervin of North Carolina. Baskir later served as Chief Executive Officer and General Counsel of President Gerald Ford's Presidential Clemency Board, set up to help deal with the question of what to do with the many young Americans who had broken the law by evading the military draft.

The analysis in Figure 1 in Baskir's book details the effect of the draft on those who came of draft age in that period.

FIGURE 1: VIETNAM GENERATION



The Decision to Enlist

While I had no desire to be drafted, I was not adverse to military service. Both my father and brother had entered the military as volunteers. They both seemed proud to have stepped up in the service of their country. I also thought if I wasn't killed, I might enjoy the military or at least gain valuable experience of some sort. Having watched my uncle Augustine Bowe enter public life as a judge late in life and seem to enjoy it, I also thought Army service such as my father's or Dick's couldn't hurt if I later wanted to pursue that path in some fashion. In my third year of law school, I had unsuccessfully applied for a direct commission as an Army officer. As I had waited for that process to run its course, the Army Reserve and National Guard openings for enlisted men grew far and few between. These half-in, half-out alternatives were not remotely appealing choices for me.

With the draft and these military service options off the table for one reason or another, I graduated from law school in June 1967 at the age of 25 and started working at a downtown Chicago law firm. Among other clients, the firm represented the Northwestern Railroad and various gas and electric utilities. The mid-sized Ross, Hardies, O'Keefe, Babcock, McDugald & Parsons had its offices in a National Register of Historic Places classic. The building was architect Daniel Burnham's 21-story, 1911 Beaux-Arts building at 122 South Michigan Avenue, just across the street from the Art Institute of Chicago.

During law school I had bypassed living in Hyde Park near the University of Chicago to help my mother care for my father in his declining health. He had died halfway through my time in law school, so after graduation I left my then widowed mother and moved into the Hyde Park apartment of my college and law school friend Bob Nichols. I traveled to my new lawyering job on the Illinois Central commuter train from the 56th Street Station in Hyde Park to the Van Buren Street Station by the Loop. That left me a short walk to the Ross, Hardies office.

The main military option that still seemed open to me, other than the draft, was to enlist in the military in a way that might improve my odds of living long enough to get discharged. If I didn't enlist in the military in the ensuing year, and got drafted as a result, it would be most likely mean service in the Army's infantry and I'd be out of the military in only two years. A big negative of the draft was that I be out even earlier if I was killed in Vietnam.

Of course, why didn't I think of it sooner! Forget joining the military the way my father and Dick did. Instead of the Army or National Guard, join the Navy or Air Force. Or better yet, join the Army, Navy, or Air Force as a lawyer. I was pretty sure those folks weren't getting killed much in Vietnam. With a law degree and admission to the Illinois bar in hand, I could enter the Judge Advocate General branches as an officer and gain directly pertinent experience for my chosen profession.

The unappealing part of this choice for me was the time commitment. With demand high to stay out of the infantry, these slots typically required a minimum four-year commitment. The other problem I had with being a military lawyer was the great danger I saw of being bored. The possibility of being assigned to spend several years of my life defending or prosecuting AWOLs, handling damage claims brought about by tanks taking too wide a turn, or otherwise spending my time in mind-numbing tasks, was completely abhorrent to me. My solution to this quandary, six weeks before I turned 26, was to enlist for three years in the Army Intelligence Branch on May 13, 1968.

Fort Holabird and Intelligence Training

One of the first things I noticed once I had stepped out of civilian life was that I had stepped into a world of acronyms I never knew existed.

After two months of Basic Combat Training (BCT) at Fort Leonard Wood, in western Missouri, I was assigned to Fort Holabird in my mother's hometown of Baltimore, Maryland. There I did my Advanced Individual Training (AIT) at the United States Army Intelligence School (USAINTS). At Fort Holabird I would complete a 16-week course in my Military Occupational Specialty (MOS) and become an Army Counterintelligence Agent (97 Bravo).

At Fort Holabird I was taught the general difference between what an intelligence agent did and what a counterintelligence agent did. I learned the job of an intelligence agent is to find out an enemy's secrets, often through espionage. The job can also include disrupting an enemy through sabotage or psychological warfare. The job of a counterintelligence agent is to prevent an enemy from finding out your secrets, and to secure critical assets from attack or degradation. It's a spy, counterspy, sabotage, counter-sabotage kind of thing.

All of us at the Intelligence School knew that wherever the Army might have troops stationed around the world, the bulk of our graduating class of 97 Bravos would be headed to Vietnam, Germany, or South Korea. Most others would likely be assigned to one of the U.S. Army areas in what the Army called CONUS (Continental United States). Being assigned to duty in the U.S. usually meant spending most of your Army days doing what all counterintelligence agents coming out of USAINTS were trained to do. That meant conducting background investigations of Army personnel being considered for a security clearance. Since I had been investigated this way for my enlistment into the Intelligence Branch, if I ended up assigned to do this kind of work, I feared I would have a safe, but terribly boring, circular trip in the Army.

Towards the end of my time at Intelligence School, a major assigned to the Office of the Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence at the Pentagon addressed our class. His job was to describe

the organization of the Army's Intelligence Branch worldwide and the nature of available counterintelligence assignments.

When the major wound up his tour d'horizon of the Intelligence Branch realm, he closed by saying that if anyone needed to know anything further, he'd be happy to talk to them after he returned to his Pentagon office. I'm sure he thought nobody would ever actually pick up telephone and try to take him up on his offer. However, I was so unnerved by the prospect of terminal boredom for the better part of the next three years that several days later I called his office from a Fort Holabird pay phone. The phone was answered by a sergeant in the major's office. I explained that I was a student soon to graduate from the Intelligence School and that I was taking up the major's offer to personally discuss my assignment options. I was no doubt the first student that ever tried to take the major up on his offer, because the sergeant was clearly taken aback. However, he couldn't very well tell me the major had made a mistake and now couldn't be bothered seeing me.

The upshot was that when I hung up the phone, I thought that I had secured an appointment with the major in the Office of the Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence the next week. I also thought it was going to be easy getting there, as the major's Pentagon office was relatively convenient and only an hour down the turnpike from Baltimore. However, I still needed permission from my Fort Holabird superiors to absent myself from class and leave the fort. Up the chain of command I went with my request for a temporary leave. It turned out to be one hurdle after another. There were probably four or more levels that had to clear this and it went all the way up to the fort commander himself.

It was a struggle at each level. Normally, they all would have instinctively squashed my request just because it was unusual, and hence out of bounds. Didn't I know there was a war on? However, every approval step ultimately caved. I had been careful to note the Pentagon major's promise in my request for a temporary leave of absence, so, like the sergeant, they all grudgingly acceded to the request rather than buck their own higher ups.

Needless to say, with my fate in the immediate years ahead completely up in the air, I allowed plenty of time to drive my second-hand 1964 Volkswagen bug down the Baltimore-Washington turnpike to the Pentagon. The last thing I wanted to do was be late for my appointment. Unfortunately, I hadn't given thought to how and where I might park when I got there. There is no street parking at the Pentagon, which is encircled by intersecting and confusing freeways. To accommodate members of the 26,000 Pentagon workforce that drive their cars to work, the building is surrounded by massive parking lots on several of its five sides. As I quickly discovered, almost all of this parking was clearly marked as reserved for those with parking permits, and it took a long time for me to finally find that there were only two or so aisles reserved for visitors. To make things worse, there was a long queue of cars in line waiting for the occasional space to open up. With the clock ticking and eating away at my time cushion, I got in line and began to inch forward.

It seemed like forever, but I finally got to the head of the line of cars waiting their turn to pull into the visitors' aisle. As another car finally left and I began turning into the aisle to park in its space, a car driving by in the opposite direction on the lot's perimeter rudely swung in front of me and attempted to jump the line. As I rolled down my window to yell at the selfishly mean, thoughtless twit, I recognized the driver. It was my good friend from graduate school days at the University of Chicago, [Jan Grayson](#). My anger quickly dissipated as we both pondered the oddness of our meeting. He told me he was in the Army Reserves in a biological warfare unit that had a meeting at the Pentagon. Under the circumstances, I decided to forgive him when I understood he knew even less than I did about the parking challenges at the Pentagon. I took him at his word when he promised to never cut me off in the visitors' parking lot again. Further proof of my charitable nature came when I asked him years later to be my son Pat's godfather.

When I finally got inside the Pentagon for my meeting, the sergeant said something had come up and the major was tied up. He told me he would be meeting with me in his stead. My argument to the sergeant was simple. I told him I was older than almost all of the Intelligence School trainees and had college, law school and a year of private law practice under my belt. I said it might benefit both me and the Army if there was an assignment for me that could make use of this specialized training. He pulled my class roster tacked to a bulletin board behind him and found my name on the list. Then he gave me the bad news. He said all the assignments were pretty much computer driven and there was really no way my ultimate assignment could be predicted at that point. He politely thanked me for driving down to chat and told me to drive safely on my return to Fort Holabird.

While I was disappointed that I had been left still swimming in a sea of uncertainty, I did have the satisfaction of having at least taken a shot at influencing the nature of my next two and a half years in the Army.

[Assignment to the 902nd Military Intelligence Group](#)

Before long assignment day arrived. Next to my name on the class roster was "902nd MI Group." All I could find out about the 902nd was that it was an organization attached to the Office of the Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence of the Army and was located at Baily's Crossroads in Virginia, just west of the Pentagon. I found out it was also a stabilized tour. I then knew I would be working in the Washington, D.C. area until I left the Army and that I would wear civilian clothes to work each day. Being in mufti instead of a uniform was an unexpected perk.

Not long before graduation at USAINTS, I drove down to Baily's Crossroads to where I was told the 902nd's offices were. All I could find there was a small L-shaped suburban strip mall at a crossroads. I was certain I'd been given bum instructions either accidentally or on purpose as a ruse. After graduation I got a better address for the 902nd Headquarters where I

was to report. Strangely, it was the same L- shaped strip mall I'd been directed to earlier. This time I noticed there was a second story to the building on the mall's west side with unusual antennas on the roof.

I also noticed that there was one nondescript entrance on the lower level with a glass door, but no store behind it. Instead, there was a narrow staircase leading up to who knows what on the odd second story. I passed multiple surveillance cameras as I climbed the stairs. At the top I found a Mr. Parkinson. He was a Department of the Army civilian, and the administrative chief of the office. I was welcomed and told I would be technically attached to nearby Fort Meyer, assigned to the Counterintelligence Analysis Division of the 902nd, have an office elsewhere, and could rent an apartment with two other 902nd enlisted men anywhere we chose within commuting distance. This was my introduction to the world of Army spook.

CIAD in the CD of OACSI at DA in DC

In November 1968, the Counterintelligence Analysis Division (CIAD) of the Counterintelligence Division (CD) of the Office of the Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence (OACSI) of the Department of the Army (DA) in the District of Columbia (DC) was located in an obscure warehouse building off the beaten path of Baily's Crossroads. The adjacent space was taken up by a Northern Virginia Community College automotive repair training workshop. A traditional mission of the 902nd MI Group, of which CIAD was a part, was maintaining security at the Pentagon. This had taken on greater importance following the October 21, 1967, antiwar march on the Pentagon. The march had followed a rally on the Mall by the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam. This large demonstration against the Vietnam War was immediately chronicled when Harper's Magazine published Norman Mailer's 25,000-word article "The Steps of the Pentagon" in March 1968. This piece later appeared as the epilog to Mailer's Pulitzer Prize winning antiwar book of New Journalism, "The Armies of the Night."

Apart from physical security issues, since the Pentagon was the center of the nation's military establishment, the building always housed a motherload of military secrets the Soviet Union and other bad actors of the day were always targeting. As a result, part of the 902nd was colloquially referred to as "the night crawlers."

This group was largely made up of enlisted men who spent their nights patrolling the Pentagon corridors and offices looking for security violations such as filing cabinets left unlocked. This was the kind of boring drudgery I mostly escaped at CIAD. However, I did get assigned once to one of these nightcrawler details. As soon as the day workers at the Pentagon departed, I began the rounds of a section of deserted offices looking for filing cabinets left unlocked and collecting the large special paper trash bags filled with all the classified documents people had thrown out during the day. That was the night I learned the way to the Pentagon's municipal grade furnace for daily classified document disposal.

The Counterintelligence Analysis Division, as the name suggests, didn't directly run any spies. It was instead in the business of digesting the production of pertinent intelligence gathered primarily by other Army and service intelligence units, the Defense Intelligence Agency, the Central Intelligence Agency, the National Security Agency, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The goal was to sift through this production and cull out what pertained directly to performing the Army's designated counterintelligence missions.

A number of CIAD analysts were assigned to read and evaluate counterintelligence reports from Vietnam. During my time there, a young analyst with this job had the time to put two and two together in a way that wasn't possible for his time-pressed counterparts in Saigon. Though the details of his breakthrough were as usual kept under "need to know" wraps, the CIAD chief organized a small party to celebrate and honor my colleague. Thanks to his careful analysis of the counterintelligence traffic crossing his desk, he had pretty much single-handedly caused a North Vietnamese spy ring in Saigon to be rolled up.

Some parts of the 902nd's duties, like Pentagon security, never changed much. But race riots, which had racked the country in 1919 and 1943, were recently back on the Army's agenda. In the summer of 1967, right before the march on the Pentagon, Detroit had been the scene of a race riot that had grown beyond the control of local police and the Michigan National Guard. The Regular Army had been called in by the Michigan Governor and the President to help quell the violence.

After the Detroit riot and the march on the Pentagon, the recent takeaway for the Army was that it needed to be much better prepared for a continuing period of civil and racial unrest.

The Vance Report

Following the Detroit riot, former Secretary of the Army Cyrus Vance (then serving as Special Assistant to the Secretary of Defense Concerning the Detroit Riots), prepared a study to reassess the Army's preparedness for this new role.

The Vance Report had concluded that the use of the Army to help control antiwar demonstrations and racial disturbances wasn't an isolated, one-off mission, and the requirement wasn't going away any time soon.

An abstract of the Report's lessons learned reads:

Based on the experiences in Detroit, where rioting and lawlessness were intense, it appears that rumors are rampant and tend to grow as exhaustion sets in at the time of rioting. Thus, authoritative sources of information must be identified quickly and maintained. Regular formal contact with the press should be augmented by frequent background briefings for community leaders. To be

able to make sound decisions, particularly in the initial phases of riots, a method of identifying the volume of riot- connected activity, the trends in such activity, the critical areas, and the deviations from normal patterns must be established. Because the Detroit disorders developed a typical pattern (violence rising then falling off), it is important to assemble and analyze data with respect to activity patterns. Fatigue factors need more analysis, and the qualifications and performance of all Army and Air National Guard should be reviewed to ensure that officers are qualified (National Guard troops in Detroit were below par in appearance, behavior, and discipline, at least initially). The guard should recruit more blacks (most of the Detroit rioters were black), and cooperation among the military, the police, and firefighting personnel needs to be enhanced. Instructions regarding rules of engagement and degree of force during civil disturbances require clarification and change to provide more latitude and flexibility. Illumination must be provided for all areas in which rioting is occurring, and the use of tear gas should be considered. Coordination at the Federal level to handle riots is emphasized. Appendixes include a chronology of major riots, memos, a Detroit police incident summary, police maps of Detroit, and related material.

Secretary Vance's Report came out in early 1968, just before race riots had exploded in Black neighborhoods in many cities after the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. on April 4. Many states called up their National Guard troops to join police in bringing the rioting and looting under control. Simultaneously Regular Army troops had to be flown or trucked into Baltimore, Washington, D.C., and Chicago from various Army bases. In all cases, they had to back up overwhelmed police and National Guard security forces. In the middle of the Vietnam War, this was not a mission for which the Army was neither structured or prepared for.

I was familiar with the problem of the Army, since right before I enlisted, I had watched Chicago's west side erupt in flames from my Loop office window, and later directly witnessed some of the rioting firsthand with my brother Dick, who worked for the City's Human Relations Commission. I also had monitored bail and other court proceedings involving rioters at the Criminal Courts building at 26th Street and California Avenue.

During this period, Regular Army troops were bivouacked near the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago's Jackson Park. The next month I was in the Army, and six months after that I was again engaged with civil disturbances. In this interim during the summer of 1968, Chicago remained in turmoil.

Though Regular Army troops had left and returned to their barracks, violent anti-war demonstrations continued to wreak havoc on the city. Rampaging groups of demonstrators before the Democratic National Convention that August brought out the Chicago police in full force as well as the Illinois National Guard.

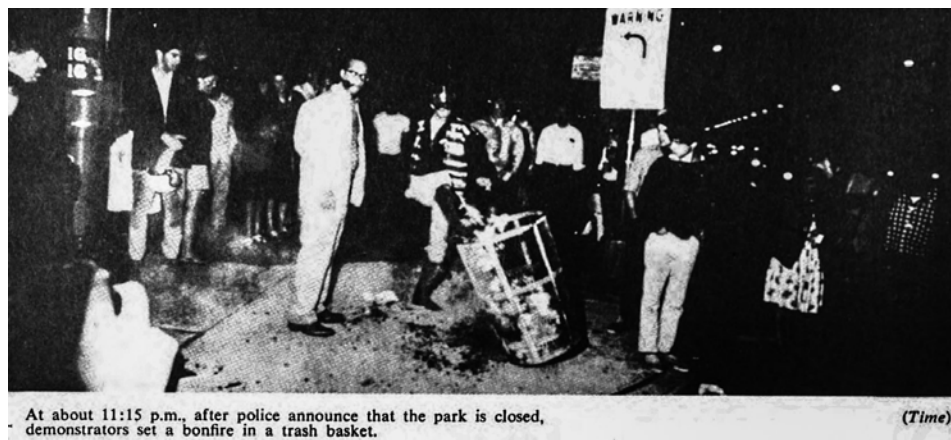
My brother Dick in his work remained in the middle of this activity. His [Report to the Director of the Chicago Human Relations Commission](#) provided a detailed account of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) “Days of Rage” he witnessed between August 24 and 28, 1968. The Report gives a street level view of the disturbances in both Lincoln and Grant Parks. The final confrontation between the demonstrators and police and National Guard in front of the Hilton Hotel took place during the Democratic Convention’s proceedings and provided a violent backdrop to its nomination of Hubert Humphrey to run against Richard Nixon that fall.

I recently discussed my brother’s [Report Regarding the Students for a Democratic Society’s Days of Rage](#) in some detail in an interview with my cousin Tony Bowe.

From 1965 to 1968, there had been race-related riots in the Watts neighborhood of Los Angeles, Detroit, Newark, Baltimore, Washington, and Chicago. Now, with the nationally televised violence directly in the political realm at the Democratic Convention, President Lyndon Johnson created the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. The Commission had delegated to Daniel Walker, later Illinois governor, the job of undertaking a study of the violence surrounding the Convention.

The *Walker Report* (formally *Rights in Conflict: The Violent Confrontation of Demonstrators and Police in the Parks and Streets of Chicago During the Week of the Democratic National Convention of 1968*), found there had been a “police riot” in addition to violence on the part of anti-war demonstrators.

On page 205 of the *Walker Report*, you will find a picture of my brother Dick Bowe about to remove a burning trash basket blocking traffic in the middle of LaSalle Drive at the south end of Lincoln Park. If not for Dick’s ever-present pipe sticking out of his mouth, I might not have recognized him or taken him to be one of the demonstrators, rather than an observer from Chicago’s Commission on Human Relations.



Richard Bowe , Days of Rage, Chicago, IL 1968

Department of Civil Disturbance Planning and Operations

One of Vance's recommendations after Detroit was to create a joint service command unit to oversee the mission of controlling civil disturbances when the Army was called to deploy troops by a Governor and the President. Thus was born the Department of Defense's Department of Civil Disturbance Planning and Operations. DCDPO had an Army Lieutenant General in command, with an Air Force Major General as his Deputy. Immediately prior to my arriving at CIAD, the then classified [Department of the Army, Civil Disturbance Plan \(Code Name- Garden Plot\)](#), was published on September 10, 1968.

When I began my work at CIAD in November 1968, I was given the task of reviewing domestic intelligence relating to the likelihood of the Army being asked to again deploy troops to American cities. With this background in mind, I was assigned to provide intelligence needed by DCDPO for both planning and operational purposes. My reading diet for this task included classified government documents which were primarily and voluminously produced by the FBI, and to a lesser extent the Army. I found open source, non-classified material was usually of more utility than the classified sources in making judgements about whether and when Regular Army troops needed to be alerted for possible deployment.

By the mid-1970s I was back in civilian life, and the country had become considerably calmer. I imagine DCDPO withered away with the changing times, and a half-century would have to pass before the country again saw the widespread civil unrest of the early 2020s.

The Army Operations Center (AOC)

The 1967 emergency deployment to Detroit had caught the Army by surprise, and Secretary Vance had also recommended that a new war room in the Pentagon be built to coordinate up to 25 simultaneous deployments of Regular Army troops to American cities. And so was built the new Army Operations Center (AOC).

I remember being on duty in the new AOC in January 1969 when President Richard Nixon was being sworn in. With the country on edge in the aftermath of the riotous Democratic Party convention in Chicago the preceding fall, the seat of the federal government was a constant target for antiwar demonstrators, and the frequency and size of their gatherings in Washington were increasing. The AOC was in a subbasement Pentagon space. Built as a duplex war room with ancillary offices, its entrance was guarded day and night and restricted to those with proper security clearances. On one side of the two-story war room atrium was a glassed-in command balcony where civilian and military decision makers sat. From this perch they could look down upon the military worker bees at their desks on the floor below or they could look straight across the atrium at the wall opposite.

This wall was filled with several large projection screens showing maps and troop positions. Other screens could display any live television coverage of ongoing demonstrations.

In standard military fashion, operational briefings in the AOC began with a uniformed Air Force officer giving the weather report. Addressed always as Mr. Bowe, with no indication of rank, I would follow in civilian dress with the intelligence report. As you might expect, the most useful intelligence had to do with the expected size and likely activity of demonstrators. For this purpose, widely available, non-classified newspaper and other common publications were a primary source I used to build my estimates.

The Air Force weather officer and I would precede the operations portion of an AOC briefing. All speakers would deliver their remarks from glass briefing booths on either end of the upper level of the AOC. The briefers were visible to the adjacent command balcony, and, because the pulpit-like booths jutted out a bit over the lower level, briefers were also visible to the joint service officers coordinating information on the lower level. The only thing I had seen before that was anything like this was the isolation booth Charles Van Doren was in when he answered questions on the rigged *Twenty-One* television quiz show in the late 1950s, and the bulletproof glass cage where Nazi Adolph Eichmann stood when he was on trial for war crimes in Israel in 1961. While the AOC was a state of the art war room for 1968, later decades made it in retrospect look like a modest starter home compared with the McMansion war rooms that became all rage.

I always thought Van Doren and I did better than Eichmann after we left our respective glass booths. Eichmann of course got the noose, but both Van Doren and I later in life worked Greek language publishing project that Van Doren had initiated shortly before he retired and I arrived. When he came to Chicago in 2001 for his mentor Mortimer Adler's funeral, I mentioned to him that I had inherited this last project of his.

The AOC could be a strange place at times. In December 1968, I saw accused mass murderer Lieutenant William "Rusty" Calley, Jr. in the AOC. I had my desk at the time in the AOC and one day after lunch, as I came in past the security desk at the entrance and entered the complex, I happened to glance to my left into the anteroom. There looking very much alone, sitting by himself at a small table, was Calley. I recognized him immediately. His time in Vietnam had landed him on the cover of both Time and Newsweek that week. With the tragic My Lai Massacre all over the press, he had been sequestered for interrogation by the Army in the safest out of the way spot it could find for him, the AOC.

Sometime in 1969, before I got my office in the AOC, CIAD had moved from our windowless quarters next to the Northern Virginia Community College's automobile shop to more upscale quarters in the Hoffman Building office complex in Alexandria, Virginia. This building had plenty of light, was near the beltway, and was close to the Wilson Bridge over

the Potomac. While I had a desk there for the duration, I was spending most of my time in either the AOC or another Pentagon office.

Another space at the Pentagon that I rotated through daily was entered through a nondescript door on a busy corridor on one of the Pentagon's outer rings. I was moving up in the world. Having started in OACSI's lowly assignment office, I had moved up to a first-class basement duplex with the AOC. Now I had been promoted part of the day to an above ground cubby hole in one of the prestigious outer rings.

In this easily overlooked spot in a highly trafficked hall, one indistinctive door led to a small reception area. I regularly had on a neck chain my Army dog tags, my Pentagon ID, my Hoffman Building ID, my AOC ID, and an ID for this area. Behind the door's guard was an inner sanctum of windowless offices. This space was where highly compartmentalized, secret intelligence information collected by various foreign and domestic intelligence agencies could be viewed. It was interesting stuff to plough through daily, but rarely bore directly on my main job of preparing and delivering written and oral briefings on the likelihood of demonstrations or civil disturbances

[The Blue U and CIA Training](#)

In June 1969, just as I turned 27, I was selected to join a dozen other Army counterintelligence agents at a special school conducted by the Central Intelligence Agency's Office of Training. The focus of the two- week course was a survey of worldwide communist party doctrine and organization. Being designed for counterintelligence agents, the [Survey](#) explored both open and underground tactics used to expand communist power and influence. I had been a political science major in college, concentrating on international relations in the 20th century, so some of the curriculum was more entry level than not from my point of view. The most interesting of the topics covered for me was the examination of Soviet and Chinese intelligence agency organizations and tactics.

As was true for the Safeguard Anti-Ballistic Missile System Security Group I later joined, this activity took place in an Arlington, Virginia office building. Now long gone, the building then was known colloquially as The Blue U for its unusual color and shape.

I found that my first day of school at The Blue U was a lot like my first day trying to find the 902nd MI Group headquarters. I had general directions to get there, but no idea of what I'd find when I actually set foot in the place. The CIA training activity was under what was called "light cover" inside the Blue U. It seemed from the lobby directory that the building housed a variety of routine, unclassified defense department activities. There were Army and other service functions listed in the lobby directory, but nowhere did I see the CIA school listed.

That's because it was operating under an innocuous and forgettable pseudonym like "Joint Military Operations Planning Office."

I got in the elevator with a handful of others dressed in both uniforms and civilian clothes and pushed the button for my floor. At each floor the elevator stopped, and people got off as normal. However, when we got to my floor, those left on the elevator with me immediately pulled out previously hidden identification cards. The result was that when the elevator door next opened, and an armed guard immediately confronted us, everyone else already had their ID out. They were the regulars and I was obviously the newbie.

The office had lots of closed doors on both sides of narrow corridors. None of the doors had names or any indication of what functions lay within, so it was more than a little spooky.

It turns out another member of my extended family also spent time in The Blue U. Years later, I was visiting my cousin John Bowe and his wife Kathie at their summer home in Cape Porpoise, Maine. Kathie Bowe's brother Allan joined us for dinner one day, and before long we found out we had both done time at The Blue U. While I was a student employed by the Army, he had been a teacher there employed by you know who.

The Safeguard Anti-Ballistic Missile System

Though large antiwar demonstrations and racial disturbances were a common part of the American scene when I was in the Army between 1968 and 1971, they weren't demanding all my time by any means. One project that I devoted a lot of time to in 1969 was a counterintelligence study related to the Army's Safeguard anti-ballistic missile (ABM) system then under development. I was appointed to a working group in downtown Arlington, Virginia, tasked with understanding the counterintelligence issues associated with the Army's new Safeguard ABM system. Safeguard was a successor to earlier Nike missile systems.

Nike had been designed to intercept Soviet nuclear bombers. Safeguard was to defend against intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs). My contribution to the group's work was to make a detailed analysis of the possible espionage and sabotage threats to the Safeguard system's functionality.

Huntsville, Alabama and the Army Missile Command

As I thought about what it would take to do the counterintelligence study correctly, it quickly became apparent that I needed to get out of the Pentagon and talk firsthand to the people who were or would be designing, building, testing and operating the Army's new high-tech weapons system then under development. This meant I had to travel first to the Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama, at the time the headquarters of the Army Missile Command.

Next I needed to go to the North American Air Defense Command (NORAD) in Cheyenne Mountain, near Colorado Springs, Colorado. The NORAD part of the trip was key for me to understand how the system was designed to operate in wartime conditions. Finally, I needed to travel to Kwajalein Atoll. What was then known as the western terminus of the U.S. Pacific Missile Test Range is today called The Ronald Reagan Ballistic Missile Test Site. In 1969, the Safeguard ABM system was being tested.

As expected, I learned a great deal at my first stop at the Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville.

NORAD and Cheyenne Mountain

My following visit to Cheyenne Mountain and NORAD's Headquarters wasn't just interesting and useful. It turned out to be absolutely fascinating as well. NORAD was a joint U.S.-Canadian command that had begun in the 1950s with its backbone being the Distant Early Warning (DEW) line of radars across the Canadian tundra. By 1969, when I received the unclassified part of my [NORAD Mission Briefing](#), it was already tracking space junk, and reorienting its mission from defending against the earlier era's nuclear armed Soviet bombers, to defending against Soviet nuclear-tipped ICBMs. Today, NORAD describes its missions this way:

Aerospace warning, aerospace control and maritime warning for North America. Aerospace warning includes the detection, validation, and warning of attack against North America whether by aircraft, missiles, or space vehicles, through mutual support arrangements with other commands.

You entered the NORAD complex by being driven deep into a tunnel under all granite Cheyenne Mountain, just outside of Colorado Springs, Colorado. Getting out of the vehicle, you had to pass through two enormous blast doors. They were designed to keep those inside the doors safe from the radiation and blast effects brought about by nuclear warheads hitting the mountain.

Through the blast doors, a short tunnel took you into an enormous cave-like chamber. In it were multi-story prefabricated offices rising to the cave ceiling many stories above. These office structures sat on large I-beams on the cave floor. All the communication, water and power utilities fed into the office structures through giant spring connections on the I-beams. The whole design was to permit the structures to ride out a nuclear attack on the mountain complex without its functionality being knocked out.

In James Bond parlance, this was to make sure that, in the event of a nuclear attack on NORAD's mountain headquarters, those working within would be stirred, but not shaken.

My early education here regarding space related defenses was a preview of what we would all come to see in later years. Today, space is doctrinally and organizationally recognized as its own theater of war. But official recognition of this evolution didn't occur until recently, a

full 50 years after my visit to Cheyenne Mountain. It was only in 2019 that the President and Congress shifted the mission of ballistic missile and satellite defense to our newly created U.S. Space Force.

Johnston Atoll and the Origins of Space Warfare

I knew Kwajalein was going to be a strange place, but I didn't understand that getting there would be strange too. Northwest Airlines, with its distinctive fleet of red-tailed passenger jets, had a contract with the government to fly military personnel and civilian contractors and their families from Hickam Air Force Base in Honolulu, Hawaii, west to Kwajalein Atoll in the Marshall Islands. I knew how long the non-stop flight to Kwajalein was going to take, so I was surprised when we suddenly began descending well short of our destination. There was no engine malfunction, so why land in the middle of the Pacific if you didn't have to? I had no desire to emulate Amelia Earhart, so I was increasingly nervous with what might be an unexpected descent into oblivion.

My anxiety was relieved when the pilot came on the squawk box to say we should buckle up for our landing to refuel at Johnston Atoll. The runway at Johnston seemed only about as long as the atoll itself, leaving no room for error on the pilot's part. I stared out the airplane window in awe as we decelerated, finally rolled to a stop, and then taxied back to the other end of the runway to deplane. In each direction we had passed large metal sheds on both sides of the runway. There seemed to be train tracks going by and into each shed. The mystery of what was going on only increased for me when I saw two men in front of one of the sheds. They were working on the innards of a large horizontal missile that had obviously been rolled out of the open doors of the shed on rails for maintenance.

During the refueling we had been ushered past a no-nonsense MP with his weapon drawn into a small, single-story air-conditioned space. As we sat on plain benches waiting for the refueling to finish, it was hard not to notice the storage cubby holes on each wall and the multiple black hoses hanging down from the strange piping in the ceiling. Nothing was said by anyone about all this and in short order we reboarded our airplane and proceeded to Kwajalein uneventfully.

Only many years later did I understand what I had seen. At the peak of the Cold War, there was a basis for military planners being worried about the Soviet Union stationing nuclear weapons on orbiting satellites. Satellites fitted with nuclear weapons would be able to launch warheads on a trajectory to American cities at any time of the Soviet Union's choosing. To meet this threat, President Johnson had authorized some of our Thor missiles to be adapted for anti-satellite warfare. The Johnston anti-satellite Thor missiles I saw gave the U.S. a way to take such Soviet weapons out of the game if the need arose.

That only left the mystery of the cubby holes, ceiling pipes, and hoses. Similarly, it was years later that I learned that Johnston Atoll's unique position in the western Pacific Ocean made it a useful place for CIA SR-71 Blackbird reconnaissance aircraft to refuel on their missions

over Vietnam and elsewhere in Asia in the 1960s and '70s. The Blackbirds could travel over 2,000 miles per hour and held an altitude record for flying over 85,000 feet. Their high-altitude flights required early versions of the space suits and helmets the astronauts later wore. Hence, the cubby hole storage cabinets. The ceiling pipes and related hoses were also a necessity in the Johnston ready room. They were there to feed the SR-71 pilots' oxygen in the acclimating runup to their departure.

Kwajalein Atoll – The Ronald Reagan Missile Test Site

Kwajalein Atoll was then the western terminus of the Pacific Missile Test Range. Then and now, Kwajalein's functions as a critical facility that tests the accuracy of U.S. ICBM missiles and their Multiple Independent Reentry Vehicle (MIRV) nuclear warheads. For more than half a century it has also been testing the efficacy of anti-ballistic missile missiles designed to track, intercept, and vaporize hostile incoming ICBM nuclear warheads. That so-called exercise of "hitting a bullet with a bullet," was hard to do 50 years ago, and it hasn't gotten any easier since with the recent Chinese and Russian development of hypersonic missiles.

Our plane landed on Kwajalein Island, the largest and southernmost island in the Kwajalein Atoll. Kwajalein is due north of New Zealand in the south-central Pacific and due east of the southern part of The Philippines. In short, it's in the middle of nowhere. The atoll is made up of about 100 islands in a coral chain 50- miles in length, stretching from Kwajalein Island in the south to Roi-Namur in the north. Kwajalein Island is only three quarters of a mile wide and three and a half miles long. The whole of the atoll's coral land is only 5.6 miles square. The atoll is about 80 miles wide, which gives it one of the largest lagoons in the world.

The people I most needed to talk to on Kwajalein were the senior MIT scientists and Raytheon engineers most familiar with both the stage of the Safeguard missile development (both the short-range Sprint Missile and the exo-atmospheric Spartan Missile). I also need to learn more about the functioning of the Phased Array Radar (PAR) central to Safeguard's ability to track, and intercept incoming warheads, before vaporizing them with X-rays from a nuclear detonation.

My interviews on Kwajalein Island and Roi-Namur were delayed due to my being bumped by a Congressional Staff visit that happened to conflict with mine. Recent glitches in the Safeguard testing had apparently triggered a closer Congressional look at the state of the program and its related budgeting problems.

To have something to do in the meantime, my Army host, who also served as the base recreation officer, took me out to golf. What a course! It lay on either side of Kwajalein Island's single runway. The narrow greensward where you could play was studded with radars used in the Island's missile testing work. The so-called fairways had a picket fence on their ocean side that served as a no-go reminder. Should your golf ball go over the fence and

plop down in front of one of the munitions storage bunkers there, you might have to kiss it goodbye. However, by the fences were long poles with a circular ring on the end. If it would reach your miss-hit ball, you could retrieve it. If the pole couldn't reach your ball, you were SOL.

There was not the same problem at Kwajalein's golf driving range. There was no way you could lose your golf ball there. That's because the range had repurposed an enormous and abandoned circular radar structure. The radar's construction had created a giant circular steel mesh so tall, and with such a large diameter, that no matter how hard you might hit a golf ball from the radar's perimeter, you couldn't knock it out of the enclosed space. This was no doubt the most expensive golf driving range ever built by mankind.

When the Congressional folks hit the road, I caught the first available twin engine commuter flight up to nearby Meck Island on the atoll. Here was Safeguard's recently constructed Phased Array Radar that I needed to understand better. The large radar had a fixed and circular slanted face that permitted it to scan incoming missiles launched from Vandenberg Air Force Base in California. Air Force crews, plucked at random from Montana or other ICBM installations, would be trucked with their Minuteman missiles to Vandenberg. At Vandenberg, their proficiency would be tested as the missiles were topped off with instrument packages instead of warheads and launched at a predetermined point in Kwajalein's lagoon.

As the Meck manager took me into the outsized computer room that formed the base of the large radar, he smiled, and, in a voice similar to that of a proud father talking about a child bringing home a good report card, he said that there was more computing power in that room than existed on the entire planet in 1955. As I digested the meaning of that, the thought occurred to me that he might in fact be telling me the truth.

From Meck, I flew up the Roi-Namur Island on the north end of the atoll. There were more radars and instrumentation I needed to learn about there as well. With my field work complete I was ready to go home to Washington, D.C. and write my report. I quickly caught the last commuter flight of the day at Roi-Namur and flew the 50 miles south back to my Bachelor Officers Quarters (BOQ) accommodations on Kwajalein Island. Without delay, I was on the next red-tail Northwest jet that came through Kwajalein to shortly began a week's leave from the Army in Honolulu visiting a college classmate and his family.

A Half Century of Ballistic Missile & Satellite Defense

This is the announcement of The Cliff Dwellers talk:

Bill Bowe, a former President of The Cliff Dwellers and Executive Vice President of Encyclopaedia Britannica, begins with a lighthearted look at a subject he's been following since the 1950's. Though hard to believe today, Nike missiles with nuclear warheads were once ready to be launched from 22 sites around Chicago, including Belmont Harbor and Jackson Park on the lakefront. These nuclear-tipped Nike missiles were part of a nation-wide system of Army sites built at the time to defend against an attack by the Soviet Union's long range nuclear bombers. He also discusses Nike's successor, the ill-fated Safeguard Anti-Ballistic Missile System. Bill worked on Safeguard counterespionage and counter-sabotage issues while in the Army in the late 1960's. Bill also touches on Ronald Reagan's "Star Wars" of the 1980's, the end of the Cold War in the 1990's, and the missile and satellite threats emerging after the turn of the 21st Century. He reviews how these current missile and satellite threats have pushed the envelope of strategic war planning and brought about the creation of the new Space Force and Space Command. Finally, Bill closes with a few thoughts about how the Doomsday Clock may be ticking between now and 2045, when a full century since Hiroshima will have passed. Bill illustrates his At The Cliff Dwellers talk with unusual photos taken by him and others at the then clandestine ICBM missile research sites at Johnston and Kwajalein Atolls in the Pacific. He also includes pictures and graphics showing the strange nature of the near-space war theater.

[Kent State University and the Aftermath](#)

My single worst intelligence assessment was in underestimating the future extensive campus demonstrations against the war that came in the wake of the events that unfolded in May 1970, at Kent State University in Ohio. The violence attendant to the Democratic National Convention in September 1968 had not gone down well with many people and the Democratic candidate Sen. Hubert Humphrey had been defeated by Richard Nixon in the November election. During 1969, Nixon gradually came to conclude that the best strategy to end the War would be "Vietnamization." By this he meant the phased withdrawal of American troops concomitant with the strengthening of the South Vietnamese Army. Nixon announced this plan to the American people in a nationally televised speech in November 1969. Opposition to the war had continued to grow throughout 1969, with bigger and more widespread antiwar demonstrations taking place across the country.

On April 20, 1970, Nixon announced that 115,500 American troops had left Vietnam and another 150,000 would depart by the end of 1971. To many it looked as if his Vietnamization strategy might be working. However, just 10 days later, on April 30, 1970, he announced that U.S. and South Vietnamese troops had entered Cambodia to attack the safe haven there that had been a refuge for North Vietnamese forces.

Many colleges and universities across the country were convulsed and promptly gave witness to both peaceful and violent demonstrations protesting the Cambodian expansion of the war. One such school was Kent State University in Kent, Ohio, some 30 miles southeast of Cleveland, with a campus of 20,000 students. On the day after Nixon's announcement of the Cambodian bombing, Friday, May 1, violence in the streets of downtown Kent resulted in the Governor calling up the National Guard for duty. The next night, Saturday, May 2, protestors set the Reserve Officers Training Corps (ROTC) building on fire. Elements of the Ohio National Guard arrived, using tear gas and bayonets to clear the area.

The next day, Sunday, May 3, 1970, there were 1,200 Guardsmen on the Kent Campus to confront the student demonstrators. In the ensuing standoff, some of the Guardsmen fired their M-1 rifles into the crowd. When the shooting stopped there were four dead students and nine were wounded.

My job every Monday at the time was to drive to the Pentagon in the early morning hours before dawn and read the FBI teletype and Army spot reports that had come in over the weekend. My focus was on incidents of violence that might engage, or had engaged, National Guard forces. This level of violence would always be a prerequisite of any later call for Regular Army troops. When I had gone through the traffic and made my assessment, my job was to go up from the basement location of the AOC to the Office of the Under Secretary of the Army and brief his military aide on what if anything was going on.

The Under Secretary was the civilian point person managing the Army's civil disturbance mission, and he and his office wanted to keep close tabs on anything that might evolve into a crisis engaging Army troops.

In 1969, David McGiffert had served as Under Secretary and had learned enough to conclude that the Army had drifted into collecting some information domestically through its U.S. counterintelligence units it shouldn't be collecting. He had further concluded that it could embarrass the Army if it continued unchecked. Though he was clearly on record in this regard, civilian leadership in the Nixon administration and the Department of Justice did not concur. As a result, various local Army counterintelligence units continued to funnel reports of demonstrations being planned or occurring that were not strictly necessary to carrying out the Regular Army's limited civil disturbance mission.

I had been correct in the technical assessment that I gave the Under Secretary's aide that the Kent State student deaths and the other mayhem over the weekend would not lead to any engagement of the Regular Army. That was a no brainer.

But I was about as wrong as you could get in my collateral observation that the outbursts would have a short life and that the campuses would settle down in the ensuing week.

The next week instead saw demonstrations of more than 150,000 in San Francisco and 100,000 in Washington, DC. And on different colleges and universities, National Guards were deployed in 16 states on 21 campuses, 30 ROTC buildings were bombed or burned, and there were reportedly more than a million students participating in strikes on at least 883 campuses.

Yale, The Black Panthers, and the Army

Also in May 1970, at the same time as Kent State was becoming a symbol of the country's extreme division over the Vietnam War, a different kind of seminal event of both racial and student unrest was about to unfold in New Haven, Connecticut, at my alma mater, Yale University.

A strange and rare mix of factors did put Regular Army soldiers on the move there. Just a year earlier, on May 22, 1969, the body of a member of the New Haven chapter of the radical Black Panther Party was discovered in woods outside New Haven. Before being shot to death in the woods, he had first been tortured at the Party's New Haven headquarters. He was suspected of being a police informant. Several members of the local Black Panthers chapter had since confessed to the crime. At least one person implicated Bobby Seale, the National Chairman of the Black Panthers, in the crime. Seale was a founder of the original Black Panther chapter in Oakland, California, and had visited the New Haven chapter at the time when the victim was being held. Seale was scheduled to go on trial for murder the next year in May 1970.

Coincident with the Kent State May Day protests in 1970, a National May Day rally was held on the New Haven Green to protest both the expansion of the war into Cambodia and to support the Panthers charged in the local murder trial.

Activists of all denominations turned up together with Yale students at the rally. Yale's chaplain, William Sloane Coffin was quoted as calling the upcoming trial "Panther repression," and said, "All of us conspired to bring on this tragedy by law enforcement agencies by their illegal acts against the Panthers, and the rest of us by our immoral silence in front of these acts." Kingman Brewster, Yale's President, said he was, "skeptical of the ability of black revolutionaries to achieve a fair trial anywhere in the United States." He went on to say, "in large measure, the atmosphere has been created by police actions and prosecutions against the Panthers in many parts of the country."

In the aftermath of the Kent State event and the consequent student strikes at colleges and universities across the country, I had followed the New Haven events closely. Beyond a casual interest in my old school of course, my job was to provide intelligence support to DCDPO by periodically assessing the likelihood of riots getting out of hand. That meant I was also watching the New Haven situation unfold from a purely professional perspective.

There had been a growing tendency in the charged atmosphere of the 1960s to think that antiwar student protests and demonstrations were somehow akin to the racial disturbances in cities that had required intervention by the Regular Army during the First and Second World Wars and now the Vietnam War. However, from a military planning standpoint, the thought that New Haven in the current context needed the Regular Army forces seemed to me completely unnecessary. Nonetheless, Connecticut's Governor and President Richard Nixon arrived at a different conclusion.

Through memory's haze, I seem to recall a newspaper story that John Dean, then a Department of Justice functionary under Nixon's Attorney General John Mitchell, had met Connecticut's Governor in Hartford, and that the Governor promptly thereafter issued a statement that the situation in New Haven was beyond the State's ability to control. The Governor's declaration legally permitted Nixon to commit federal troops if he chose to.

The situation in New Haven was coming to a head, and I soon found myself accompanying DCDPO's Deputy Director, an Air Force Major General, up to the offices of the Army's Vice Chief of Staff, General Bruce Palmer. Palmer was taking the meeting in the absence of then Chief of Staff, Gen. William Westmoreland. Palmer had commanded the Army troops President Lyndon Johnson had sent to Santo Domingo in the Dominican Republic not too long before. He began to size up the matter with a few incisive questions, and 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 years before, and said I didn't think there was a military requirement for deploying Regular Army troops then.

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. He informed General Palmer, and me, 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 and questions about whether Bobby Seale could get a fair trial went away when he was acquitted. My recollection is that the Connecticut National Guard provided sufficient backup to the New Haven police. The Regular Army troops got no closer to New Haven than Hartford and Rhode Island, where they bivouacked for a short period before being flown home.

During the New Haven affair, I provided my usual round of briefings to civilian and military managers at the Pentagon. I was supported as always by the graphics department at OACSI. The illustration I remember best was a map of New Haven, no doubt dug out of the DCDPO files. It 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 a long-haired, screaming student wearing a toga. The out-of-control youth seemed to be holding a scrolled diploma overhead in a clenched fist, looking much like a banana republic revolutionary holding a rifle.

In the years since, I often thought about the toga-clad students who came after me at Yale. Who would have guessed their style of dress and extracurricular interests would have been so different from mine only a few years before? When I got out of class, I typically put on jeans, walked across the street, and grabbed a beer at George and Harry's. When they got out of class, at least in the Army artist's mind, the animals put on dresses, stormed into the street, and hoisted high school diplomas over their heads pretending they were AK-47 Kalashnikovs.

The Secretary of the Army's Special Task Force

In January 1970, Christopher Pyle, a former captain in Army intelligence, wrote an article in the Washington Monthly magazine criticizing the Army for going beyond proper bounds in collecting information on civilians.

Pyle's article prompted inquiries to Secretary of the Army Stanley R. Resor from various members of Congress, including Senator Sam Ervin, the North Carolina Democrat who chaired the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights.

The responsibility fell to the Army's Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence, Gen. Joseph A. McChristian, to gather the necessary information internally for the Secretary to respond to the detailed questions being raised. McChristian in turn asked the head of his OACSI's Directorate of Counterintelligence, Col. John Downie to take on the task. Since CIAD was under the head of the Directorate of Counterintelligence, I had recently begun to work more closely with Downie than I had up to that point. I had come to like and respect him enormously and thought him a strong and principled leader.

Five years later, following his retirement, Downie was interviewed about this period at his home in Easton, Pennsylvania by Loch K. Johnson. At the time Johnson was a Congressional investigator for the

U.S. Senate Committee popularly known as the Church Committee, named such after its chairman, Sen. Frank Church of Idaho.

Johnson was looking into the origins of the so-called Huston Plan to ramp up domestic intelligence operations by the FBI and the military. It had been approved for implementation by President Nixon and then immediately curtailed by the Nixon White House.

In Johnson's later 1989 book, *America's Secret Power, The CIA in a Democratic Society*, Johnson explains that the Huston Plan was a crash effort to analyze how to expand domestic

surveillance of internal intelligence targets quickly and substantially, particularly student radicals and their foreign connections.

Johnson writes that Col. Downie represented the Army at critical meetings in June 1970, to review the Plan. The group met at CIA headquarters and was attended by FBI, DOJ, NSA and other representatives of the pertinent civilian and military agencies who were tasked to respond to The White House directive.

While Johnson says that there was some enthusiasm for expanded efforts by representatives of the CIA, NSA, and most of the FBI representatives, he quotes Col. Downie as making clear that the Army wanted, “to keep the hell out” of any such effort.

Contemporaneously with this, Col. Downie had tasked me to review the Army’s legal authorities for domestic engagement. I had reviewed with him the particulars of the Posse Comitatus Act, originally passed in 1878. This one sentence law today reads:

Whoever, except in cases and under circumstances expressly authorized by the Constitution or Act of Congress, willfully uses any part of the Army or the Air Force as a posse comitatus or otherwise to execute the laws shall be fined under this title or imprisoned not more than two years, or both.

Since its passage, the law and its offspring have been bulwarks against permitting the military to meddle in what are essentially civilian law enforcement matters.

When Col. Downie had asked me to undertake this research, he had made no specific mention per se that the Huston Plan was afoot. However, it was clear something big was up and being treated as an emergency. I also was aware Col Downie indeed had firm ideas on keeping the Army out of this kind of engagement. Furthermore, with the Army at the time facing Senate Hearings on allegations of the military surveillance of civilians, the last thing it needed was a thoughtless push to apply its resources into what was by tradition and law a purely civilian responsibility.

With the first round of military surveillance hearings in the offing in early 1971, my immediate work area of the AOC was rearranged. My desk was in the same place, but it had turned 90 degrees. This struck me as a symbolic reflection of the Army’s own change of course in the intelligence gathering at this time. I was also given an elaborate new title that I didn’t know I had at the time: Staff Researcher and Allegations Analyst, Allegations Branch, Office of the Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence, and Department of the Army Special Task Force.

What Under Secretary of the Army McGiffert had tried and failed to do in 1969, now got done. Secretary Resor told Gen. Westmoreland on March 6, 1970, to make sure no computerized

data banks on civilians should be instituted anywhere in the Army without the approval of both the Secretary of the Army and the Chief of Staff. The new Under Secretary of the Army, Thaddeus R. Beal, wrote Sen. Ervin on March 20 that the spot reports on violence created by the Army should be kept for only 60 days. Later directives flatly banned the use of computers to store proscribed information on civilians.

Pyle wrote a second article with additional allegations in a July 1970 Washington Monthly article on military surveillance, and I went back to work with my fact gathering. Then at the end of the 1970s, a whole new batch of allegations of Army spying on civilians appeared and received wide media attention. John M. O'Brien, a former Staff Sergeant with the 113th Military Intelligence Group in Chicago, told Sen Ervin that prominent elected officials had been spied on by the Army, including Sen. Adlai Stevenson, III, Rep. Abner Mikva, and former Illinois Governor Otto Kerner.

In the wake of all these allegations, the first Senate hearings on military surveillance took place on March 2, 1971. Fred Buzhardt, General Counsel of the Department of Defense, must have thought the hearings went well for the Army, as he sent a letter to the Army Chief of Staff, Gen. Westmoreland, complimenting him on the materials used to prepare for the hearings. Westmoreland in turn complimented Gen. Joseph McChristian, his Chief of Staff for Intelligence. McChristian, who had also been Westmoreland's intelligence chief when Westmoreland was commander of the forces in Vietnam earlier, in turn thanked the head of his Counterintelligence Directorate, Col. Downie. And Col. Downie kept the ball rolling by sending me an attaboy to round things out.

It meant something to me at the time, because I had come to know Col. Downie well in my time at the Pentagon and I admired him as a decent, straightforward officer who had devoted his life in the honorable service of his country.

When I first began working with Col. Downie at the Pentagon, I had been introduced to the heart and institutional memory of the Counterintelligence Directorate of OACSI. I don't remember her last name, but Millie had served as the CD's indispensable secretary for several decades. When I learned about her tenure, I asked her if she'd ever run across a now retired counterintelligence officer in Chicago I knew, Col. Minor K. Wilson.

Did she know him! She nearly fell off her chair that I knew him too. When she was a young secretary new in the Directorate, Col. Wilson was ending his Army career in the same job Col. Downie now held.

Small world indeed, as after my father's death in 1965, Col. Wilson, a friend of my father's brother Gus, sat at my father's desk for a time in the Bowe & Bowe law offices at 7 South Dearborn Street in Chicago. Soon elected a judge, he gave up my father's chair for a seat on the bench.

Getting Short – The 1971 Stop the Government Protests

My three-year enlistment was coming up in the spring of 1971, with my last day of active duty being May 12. In Army parlance, I was “getting short.”

Given the times in Washington, I was also going out with a bang, not a whimper. The violent Weather Underground faction of the radical Students for a Democratic Society was being publicly led at the time by my former University of Chicago Law School classmate, [Bernardine Dohrn](#)). This SDS faction took credit for setting off a bomb in the early morning hours of March 1 underneath the U.S. Senate Chamber of the Capitol Building. The bombing had been preceded by an anonymous telephone call to the Capitol’s telephone operator saying, “Evacuate the building immediately. This is in retaliation for the Laos decision.” The next month thousands of Vietnam Veterans Against the War poured into the city to throw their medals away on the Capitol steps. John Kerry, later the Democratic nominee for President in 2004, spoke on their behalf in his testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on April 24th, 1971. Said Kerry,

The country doesn’t know it yet, but it has created a monster, a monster in the form of millions of men who have been taught to deal and to trade in violence, and who are given the chance to die for the biggest nothing in history; men who have returned with a sense of anger and a sense of betrayal which no one has yet grasped.

The Washington Post reported that more than 175,000 protestors were outside the Capitol that day. Several thousand of the veterans stayed and camped out in tents on the Mall in a modern-day reminder of the Bonus Army’s camp on Anacostia Flats during the Depression.

Militant groups had long been planning to make this May Day crowd large enough to fundamentally disrupt the normal functioning of the government. The organizing slogan was, “If the government won’t stop the war, we’ll stop the government.” The goal of the May Day protests was to shut down the beltway around the capital with abandoned vehicles and keep commuting government workers out of the District. There were also 21 prime intersections within the District selected as high value targets for traffic blockages. Detailed plans to barricade normal access to government buildings had also been made and widely circulated. The District of Columbia Mayor and police were not amused and revoked previously issued permits.

Thousands of protesters began arriving in the District in late April and began to set up camp in West Potomac Park, not far from the Mall. As with the Veterans camped out earlier, bonfires lit the night there, with marijuana, acid and other drugs helping set the mood.

The demonstrations began on May 1 and continued daily thereafter. In due course, thousands of protestors finally took to the streets the morning of Monday, May 3, with the intent to shut down the government as best they could. As the New York Times reported on May 4:

The protesters ... did succeed in disrupting the city's normal functioning by impeding traffic and harassing government employees on their way to work, using as weapons trash, tree limbs, stones, bottles, bricks, lumber, nails, tires, rubbish bins and parked cars. ... At the height of the disturbances, tear gas fumes filled the air over some of the city's most famous monuments, streets, and grassy flowered parks. Garbage cans, trash, abandoned automobiles and other obstacles littered some chief arteries.

During all this mayhem I was putting in long hours in the AOC. When I wasn't in the glass briefing booth, I was assessing the very public tactics demonstration organizers were widely disseminating in their pamphlets and publications. I was particularly focused on trying to get a handle on the number of protestors arriving in Washington. The numbers in my estimates kept going up and up. The count of buses making their way into the District on Interstate 95 was of a magnitude no one had ever seen before.

The surreal moment for me in the AOC came when watching the local television coverage on the AOC's screens. At one point, on the Ellipse by the Washington Monument, several helicopters landed, and a small number of troops disembarked. There seemed to be nothing for them to do there, as their commanding officers eventually figured out. To me and everyone else, helicopters disgorging troops had been a constant staple of the evening news in the preceding years. But all those scenes had taken place in Vietnam, not the nation's capital. To see the same thing underway with the Washington Monument as the backdrop was not only bizarre, but also seemed to be militarily unnecessary. When the boots got on the ground this time, and there was nothing there for them to do, they were marched off in good order and last seen headed up Constitution Avenue towards the Capitol. They may have ended up in the courtyard of the Department of Justice, where other troops were held out of sight, but in reserve.

The whole spectacle made me think of Walt Kelley's popular comic strip of the day, when he famously had his swamp character Pogo say, "We have met the enemy, and he is us." Originally intended as a comment on environmental consciousness raising after the first Earth Day rallies the year before, it seemed equally to fit the conflicts in America a year later. When the day ended, 12,000 federal troops had been stationed in the Pentagon's internal courtyard and other strategic points in the District. These were all locations from which they could be easily deployed to hot spots if needed. Except for resecuring the already secure Washington Monument, the front lines had been manned not by the Regular Army or Marines, but by 5,100 District police and 1,500 National Guardsmen. The New York Times had estimated the crowd of protestors as between 12,000 and 15,000 people. About 7,000 of them were arrested May 3 and another 5,000 or so in the immediate days before and after.

When May 3, 1971, finally ended for me, and I headed home to my apartment in the Capital Hill neighborhood, I left the AOC and climbed the stairs to the ground level. To get to my parked car on the other side of the Pentagon, I took my usual short cut through the building's inner courtyard. As I walked across the large yard, I saw for the first time that Army troops were also being held here in reserve. By the time I got to the other side of the courtyard, I noticed I had a few tears in my eyes. I thought that was odd. Although I was tired, I was not at all emotionally upset. I thought no more about it until the next day. That's when I learned that one of the troops in the Pentagon courtyard had set off a tear gas cannister by accident. I had just caught a whiff of the gas at the tail end of its presence in the courtyard. Again, Pogo's words came to mind.

Veterans who served in the military during the Vietnam War years were often subject to disrespect when they returned to civilian life. I don't recall catching any of this guff, but I know many others did.

1974 Congressional Hearings on Military Surveillance

After I left the Army on May 12, 1971, Sen. Sam Ervin had continued to work on making sure the military stayed out of the business of collecting intelligence on civilians. I had kept up with these developments and was opinionated about the legislation Ervin had introduced to deal with the subject. Chicago Sun-Times reporter Roger Simon interviewed me in 1973 in an article on the subject. [Computer Use in Social Forecasts](#) By the time new hearings on military surveillance of civilians by Ervin's Judiciary Committee's Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights got under way in March 1974, Col. Downie had retired near State College, Pennsylvania.

Christopher Pyle, the author of the Washington Monthly articles was working as a consultant for Ervin's Committee. Having earlier met him, he contacted me to see what I thought about Col. Downie testifying. Downie had spent his entire professional career in counterintelligence, and I knew he and I saw eye to eye on its proper role in regard to its rare civil disturbance mission. As it happened, he was interested in sharing his perspective, so I drove from Chicago to his home in Pennsylvania, picked him up, and then drove down with him to Washington for the hearings.

We both had our say on Ervin's proposed legislation, with Col. Downie bringing to bear his wealth of practical experience. I had more lawyerly suggestions for amending Ervin's bill to try to correct some problems I foresaw if it became law. [William J. Bowe Testimony before the U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee on Military Surveillance](#) Sen. Ervin was having none of my advice on how to rewrite his bill and made sure that he created a record in the hearings that dealt with my points in the event a court ever had to interpret the statute. During the course of Sen. Ervin's work on the military surveillance hearings, I had the chance to privately chat informally with him in his Senate office. At the time, I don't think I'd ever been so struck by

a person. I came away feeling I had not only met a friendly, serious and fair-minded man of purpose, but one with an outsized intellect and an even greater quotient of common sense.

Later in 1974, the Senate Watergate hearings Ervin had chaired the year before finally bore fruit. While Sen. Ervin's proposed bill regulating surveillance by the military never became law, his adroit conduct of the Watergate hearings ultimately gave him and the country a great victory. Fatally damaged by facts revealed in the Watergate hearings, and facing imminent impeachment and conviction by the Congress, Richard Nixon resigned as President on August 9, 1974.

Also in 1974, Lawrence Baskir, who served as Chief Counsel and Staff Director for the Senate Judiciary Committee's Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, published an article detailing the way in which the Senate hearings on military surveillance had unfolded. Baskir, Lawrence M. (1974) "[*Reflections on the Senate Investigation of Army Surveillance*](#)," Indiana Law Journal: Vol. 49 : Iss. 4 , Article 3. This comprehensive account of the hearings provides a sophisticated look at the work in the Senate. It also provides another reason beyond his performance in the Watergate Affair to admire the decency, legislative skills, and political acumen of Sen. Sam Ervin.

Lunch with Gen. William Westmoreland (USA Ret.)

In June 1968, while I was in basic training, Gen. William Westmoreland, had been kicked upstairs by President Johnson. He was promoted out of his job as commander of our troops in Vietnam, and into the job of heading up the Army as its Chief of Staff. I was once in a meeting with him and others at the Pentagon when it was thought a question might be asked about the Safeguard Anti-Ballistic Missile System.

I was off the hook and the only topic I remember being discussed that day was the M16 rifle. At Fort Leonard Wood, I had been trained to use the M14, though the more modern M16 had been in use in Vietnam for some years by that time. All I remember of the discussion among Westmoreland and the others present was what an advance it was to put a handle on the M16 to make it easier to carry than the M14. This topic of the day may have related to the official designation in 1969 of the M16A to replace the M14 as the U.S. military's standard service rifle.



M-14 and M-16

It wasn't until both Westmoreland and I had retired from the Army that I ran across him again. In 1985, I was General Counsel of United Press International. UPI had just moved its headquarters to Washington, D.C. from Nashville, but I was commuting frequently from our home in Nashville to the nation's capital. This commute was the product of UPI filing for bankruptcy in the District's Prettyman federal courthouse. On one of my trips to Washington for UPI, I arranged to have lunch at the Hilton downtown with a newspaper reporter friend from Chicago, Eleanor Randolph. She had left the Chicago Tribune and was then working for the Washington Post. We had started our lunch in the Hilton's dining room, when I noticed Gen. Westmoreland come into the room by himself. He was waiting to be seated by the maître d'. Eleanor immediately said she was going to ask him to join us.

I thought that more than a little presumptuous on her part, but as she got up to retrieve him, she mentioned that she knew him because she had covered his recently concluded libel trial against CBS in New York.

In 1982, CBS had run a documentary, *The Uncounted Enemy: A Vietnam Deception*. Westmoreland had sued CBS for \$120 million for libeling him. His claim was that CBS had falsely said that he had misrepresented to his superiors intelligence estimates of enemy strength for political reasons. Like many others, I had been following the trial and was aware that the lawsuit had just been settled. Gen. Westmoreland had decided abruptly to end the case after 18 weeks, immediately before it was to go to the jury. I was also aware of the fact one of the key witnesses against him had been his former intelligence chief in Vietnam, Gen. Joseph A. McChristian. This was the same Joseph McChristian whom I worked under when he served as Westmoreland's intelligence chief at the Pentagon. They may have worked closely together for years, but I'm sure there was no lost love between them as a result of McChristian's damaging trial testimony.

All and all, it was certainly the most interesting lunch conversation I had in all my time at UPI. We discussed current events, the trial and Army matters. It appeared to me that Westmoreland must have thought he had gotten fair treatment from the stories Eleanor had filed from New York for the Washington Post. From their engagement, an onlooker might even have thought they were real friends, instead of former business acquaintances who were friendly, but still somewhat wary of one other.

As for me, I didn't miss the opportunity to mention to Westmoreland that I had worked under McChristian. Given the obvious touchiness of the subject, however, I saw no reason to probe into the details of their relationship over the years, as much as it would have interested me to hear his answers. Westmoreland died 20 years after that lunch, in 2005, and Eleanor moved on from the Washington Post to the New York Times, serving for a time on its Editorial Board.