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Interview
Sally Hale
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Interviewed by Lenore Fenn
Videotape length 66 minutes

SH: Hi, my name is Sally Hale. I've lived in Lexington since 1967. Previous to that my husband and I lived in Arizona, and, in between Arizona and Lexington, we spent a year in central Australia. Even before Arizona I had been living in Urbana, Illinois, and had been involved in Women for Peace there, and that was where I first heard about Vietnam. We had organized a national conference for Women for Peace in Champaign-Urbana, I think it was like 1962 or so, and I remember we were trying to get a test-ban treaty. During the conference a woman who was involved in the Champaign-Urbana Women for Peace, she had been talking about trying to get people to sign her resolution condemning the United States for not honoring the Geneva Accords on Vietnam. She was going around trying to get signatures for this, and there was a lot of talk about whether this should be introduced into the conference for fear it would split the conference, and people wouldn't be able to unite on the central issue which was the test-ban treaty. I said to her, "What is this business about Vietnam? What is this Vietnam thing? Where is Vietnam?" And so she said, "Oh, it's terrible what's going on over there," and she said, "Read this book which was printed in Berkeley." It was a small paperback, and I forget the name of the author, but it was the history of the United States American involvement in Vietnam.

So I read that, and I was really convinced that what was going on over there was pretty bad. When we moved then to Tucson and [Lyndon] Johnson came along, was running in his own right as President for his first election as President, he said he would end the war in Vietnam. So I worked

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very hard for him—I mean, as much as I could, I wasn't really organized—but I talked to everyone that would listen, and trying to talk up Vietnam, and in my circle of friends, that it was an important issue in that campaign. Then my husband and I went to Australia for a sabbatical—a year—and we were in central Australia. While we were there Johnson continued to escalate the war in Vietnam, and he came to Australia and visited Holt who was the Prime Minister then. He was saying things like, “We need your support now. We supported you during the Second World War, and you're lucky now that they're not on the other side of the Owen-Stanley ranges,” which was a reference to the Japanese having come down in the South Pacific and the Battle of the Coral Sea where the United States assisted the nations in that area to turn the Japanese invasion back. So he was definitely calling on them to help us. We got *Time* magazine *International*, and we could read there that Johnson had gone home and said that he had gotten a commitment from Prime Minister Holt to send troops to Vietnam, support us, and if the Australians hadn't believed that this was an important effort, that they wouldn't be committing troops, and so it was like this playing one nation off against the other.

It was just like a conspiracy between these political leaders to mobilize their people behind their stance on Vietnam. By the time we came back to the United States and moved to Lexington, 1967, we were already beyond voting and signing petitions and really decided that the time had come to do some active civil disobedience. In 1967 MIT students came to my husband and asked if he would support them in refusing to carry their draft cards as a protest—he was still young enough so he was carrying his own draft card. He said to me, “I don't believe that I can write a letter saying I support them and still carry my own card.” I said, “Well, what would happen if you abandoned yours?” and he said, “Everyone said the punishment was to be

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that you would be fined ten thousand dollars or a year in prison, but no one thought that that was going to happen.” I said, “Oh, okay, I guess we can manage that somehow, so go ahead.” So he did abandon his draft card at that point, and then we really felt like we were more militant from that point on in the anti-war thing.

Then by the time the Vietnam War veterans came to Lexington—I had been pregnant toward the end of 1969, and given birth to twins in January of 1970—my activity as far as being out there and demonstrations was cut back severely. I really guess I was pretty isolated in my home taking care of these two babies. I was home listening to the news—maybe the TV, I'm not sure—but I heard that there was this group of anti-war veterans that was staging a march in protest to the war, and they were doing a reverse march from Concord to Bunker Hill. I just hadn't heard of them, and I had been laboring all this time under the accusation that the anti-war movement was not supporting our boys, and that we were unpatriotic. In fact, my mother's family was really vitriolic in some ways. My mother's cousin was a former colonel in the Army during the Second World War, and he said to my mother when he heard about my husband abandoning his draft card that our family had never been involved with treason before. It was really hard.

When I heard that they were coming, I thought, “Oh, I've got to go see what this is all about.” My mother was staying with us. It was early in the spring, and she used to come and spend the summer from Tucson, and she was about in her early seventies then. We had a Volkswagen bus. I thought, “I'll just put my mother and the twins in the bus and go out toward Concord and see what's going on, where they are.” And so I did. I had twin car seats behind us in the middle seat in the Volkswagen, and I was driving. We went out along Route 2A, which was supposedly the line of march, and it must have been around lunchtime or a little bit before lunch. I found them at the

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Fiske Hill park, just on the other side of Route 128. I pulled into the parking lot, and there were a lot of people milling around in various kinds of army uniforms—these bits and pieces of Army uniforms, camouflage jackets, maybe a red bandanna on their heads. There were people carrying guns that were, I think, plastic M-16's. I just was walking around. I think I took the twins out of the car and I had a double push-carriage and just pushed them around on the grounds, and I think they were having lunch. My memory's a little bit vague; it was just the impression of just a lot of people milling around.

Then one young man came up to me, and he addressed me by name, and I said, "How do I know you?" He said, "Remember? I was at your house. Or I met you at some departmental function for linguistics?" He was taking a class in linguistics from my husband. And to see him there—I was just completely out of context. We had a student who had come back from Vietnam and I didn't know it at that point. I was remembering earlier this evening that I had a conversation with him, I think at a later time, must have been later in the year, and he said to me, "Well, if we're not war criminals or if we're not, you know, in the wrong somehow," he implied that, "then what are we?" I said, "You're victims." It was really hard to say that, you know, but I felt that was true. He seemed to kind of swallow and just didn't say anything.

Anyway, to get back to Fiske park, I heard someone say, "Form up," or "We're going to start moving out." I didn't know that they were going to be doing this kind of guerilla theater—the theater along the line of march. There were these men doing point for the line of march, and some of them looked really wild. There was one man I think who was stripped to the waist who had just a bandanna and his M-16, and you could just tell that he was back in it. He was just all over the place, out around the fringes, and looked

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very disturbed, I thought. I put the twins back in the Volkswagen bus and decided that I would just go along with them and started out through the gates and along the road. I remember the road went up behind the Sheraton and up Mass. Ave. and across Route 128, across the bridge. As we started up the hill toward Lexington, toward the Green, they were going along the sidewalk. I was going toward the Green so I was on the right side of the road, and I think they were all on the right side of the road. I remember seeing—it must have taken me a while to get going because I was coming up behind them, they were already moving up the hill—I remember seeing this one young man who had both of his legs in braces, and he was pushing another young man in a wheelchair, and in order to move his legs he had to rock his hips to pick his feet up, and he was using the wheelchair like a walker. To see these two going along from behind was just devastating. As we were going along Massachusetts Avenue people were coming out of their houses and standing on their lawns. I didn't know what the reception was going to be, because I was used to all the hostility and the vitriolic abuse that we used to get in demonstrations, so I was really anxious for these men. I just didn't know what was going to happen. This man was standing on the lawn with his son—I think it must have been his son, it looked like a boy about fifteen or sixteen—and he started to move toward these soldiers that were walking along the sidewalk. I just...I was really...I mean, I could feel myself really tense up. He walked over to a bush and broke off a lilac branch and carried it over and gave it to one of these guys. So I thought, “Well, things are going to be okay.” But as we got further down Mass. Ave. and got sort of toward the stone store there, that little stone store, there were some people on the other side of the street who were making kind of snide remarks and were evidently, you know, not supportive of this group at all. At that point I felt like I was really holding up traffic, so I went on ahead and

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parked near the Green, and again [took] the stroller out and put the babies in the stroller, and by that time they were kind of threading their way onto the Green.

I thought I'd try and talk to some of them. I remember thinking I would like to talk to one of the men that was in a wheelchair. I didn't know what I could say to him but I thought, "Well, I'll just figure it out when I get there." I pushed the babies up a little bit ahead of him, and I kneeled down because I didn't want him to have to look up at me. I kneeled down beside him, beside the wheel, and I said something. I can't remember what it was, and he wouldn't look at me, and he wouldn't make eye contact, and he wouldn't speak to me. He just didn't acknowledge that I was there at all. It's a really awkward position to be down on your knees beside someone trying to talk to them—how do you extricate yourself? Plus I was just kind of shocked at the reception. I realized that these guys coming home weren't going to differentiate between the people at home that had tried to stop the war and those that had supported the war, that it was really unimportant to them. So I got back to my feet somehow and went about my way. Then I heard that they were going to feed them dinner there, and they were asking for spaghetti sauce. I put the twins back in the bus and went home and put them down for their nap, and I started to make some spaghetti sauce, and then I thought I'd go back and see what was going on again. My mother was there to stay with the twins while they slept, and I went back. At that point the activity had started—trying to get the Selectmen to allow them to camp on the Green overnight—so I went down. They were doing [construction] work on the Town Hall at that point, building offices, and the Selectmen were meeting in a trailer. They were reportedly inside this trailer, and I was standing out in front. There was an angry kind of crowd milling around in

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front of it, demanding that they meet, demanding that they make a decision, demanding that they decide that they would be allowed to stay on the Green.

I remember seeing people come across Massachusetts Avenue in their tennis clothes carrying their tennis rackets, and I thought, "Wow, they're even coming from the tennis courts to get involved here." Then again, I thought, "Well, the babies are going to be waking up," and my mother really wasn't able to handle them alone, so I went home and just went to cooking. My husband at that point came home and he took the spaghetti sauce and I made some biscuits. I remember I was into whole foods then, and I put some whole-wheat flour in those biscuits and made a big box of them and sent them off thinking that they would fill up hungry young men. That was the end, really, of my involvement. I didn't go back that night because my husband took up our involvement after that, so that's the story that I remember.

INT: What do you think that the Selectmen were worried about? And why do you think they did what they did?

SH: My feeling was at the time that the Selectmen were pretty conservative in their political persuasion, and it wasn't politically correct to be opposed to this war at that time. I think that a few people who were Selectmen were very much pro-war, supported the war. And that was where they were coming from in the whole issue, although they seemed to put it on this very legalistic sort of point of view that you can't spend the night on the Green, period. I really thought that it was safer to say that they couldn't spend the night on the Green than to... In order for them to vote that they could spend the night on the Green would have put Lexington in the anti-war side of the equation, and perhaps they didn't feel they could make that decision for the whole town, because there were a lot of people in the town

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that supported the war, so I think it was the safe stance to take, to be pro-war at that point. Still...

INT: Tell me a little bit about the consequences of that event both for Lexington and nationally. First of all, do you think there were consequences to the way the Selectmen behaved? Has the town changed, become more...?

SH: I don't think so. I think Lexington tends to be probably conservative. That is, as times have gone by I think it's become more conservative, I think it's become a wealthier town over time. I feel like I was kind of in limbo politically for that time because I was very busy with my own family, my own children. When the anti-war movement became more broad-based and it seemed like more and more people were taking it up, I thought, "Well, I've done my part, and let somebody else do it now." Particularly when Kent State happened, I thought, "You don't have to do anything anymore, this is going to end," and so I just thought that was going to really bring in so many more people. In some ways I felt kind of guilty about dropping out, but I was burned out, too. We had been to so many marches and signed so many petitions and been to so many meetings in the evening. I think the last thing I did was I went into Boston—it was probably about in '72, when the Vietnam vets were trying to close down the draft board. They all sat down in the street in front of the Boston Draft [Board], the Army recruiting center in Boston—that was probably the last real demonstration that I went to. I remember seeing these vets sitting in the street, and the police in Boston. I stood on the sidewalk and didn't kind of declare myself as supporting the vets. I just wanted to see how the police were going to handle it. Because I looked more mainstream and wasn't identifiable as a hippy or anything they did talk around me, and they were very much against these "freaks and druggies" and people that were in the street. I remember one of them picked up one of these vets and grabbed him

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by the hair. At that point I went up and grabbed the policeman by the arm and said, “You don't have to be so rough.” He turned to me and said, “Do you want to be arrested?” I remembered my husband saying, “You can't be arrested because you have to come home and take care of the twins.” I said, “No, but you still don't have to be so rough, you know.” And it was just...I don't know, I just really felt like my loyalties were divided. I felt like there were enough people who really knew what the war was about, who were going to oppose the war, and that the days of that war were numbered, and that I didn't have put myself out on the line anymore, so...

INT: It sounds like you did feel that events like the march in Lexington and the protest in Harvard Square really had a cumulative effect on everyone.

SH: I think so. Yes, I think the Vietnam Vets Against the War gave a validity to the anti-war movement that it really hadn't had before because here were people who had gone and fought in the war coming back and saying, “It's a dirty war; it's an immoral war; it's an illegal war, and it's something we shouldn't be involved in.” That was the first time I had heard that voice coming from the actual participants in the war. Up until that time it had been the people who really weren't actually fighting the war, it seemed anyway to me. So it seemed like a real change, that really they couldn't say that we weren't supporting our boys anymore. The boys themselves were coming home and saying that the war had to stop and that it couldn't go on

INT: Going back to the milling [around] that you were doing as these guys were approaching the Green and when you saw the tennis players crossing Mass. Ave. who was there protesting the Selectmen's action—was it a cross-section of the town? Were there social class differences or ethnic differences? Were the divisions in the town across along any general lines?

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SH: I don't remember anybody in that crowd wanting the Selectmen to vote to not allow them to spend the night on the Green. I think the people outside the trailer were very much pro allowing them to sleep on the Green that night.

INT: And were they from a variety of backgrounds or were they mostly the professional...?

SH: I think they probably were more professionals, they were probably the people who were anti-war to start with; I would say they probably were the people who were convinced that this was not a good war and should end or were against the war and had come out to lend their voice to these vets, to support these vets.

INT: How do you think the Vietnam War was different, if it was different from other wars?

SH: Well, it was an undeclared war; that they were calling everything other than a war at the time. It was really a covert war. It was the first war that I really experienced in a political way. I had been in college during the Korean War but really not aware of anything politically yet. Eisenhower was in the White House and all was well with the land, and there was no need to be concerned about anything. Probably I was first politicized by going to Australia in 1959 and living next door to a man who was very radical in his political beliefs. I was defending the United States and its world view and the Ford Foundation and I don't know what all else. He really told me I was just full of it. It was really quite an education, so I began to look at American foreign policy with a more jaundiced eye, I guess, or anyway not taking everything at face value but trying to look and see what effects it was having. When I came back from that trip—that was central Australia, 1959 to 1961—I came back very concerned about the nuclear threat, and that's why I joined Mothers for Peace when I came

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back—we were in Champaign-Urbana. Very early on after our arrival there were people on the sidewalk with a table set-up handing out plans to build your own bomb shelter in your backyard, and I thought, “Oh my God, I've got to get a bomb shelter!” You know, I had a child that age who was three years old, and I thought, “Oh, it's going to be strontium-90 and nuclear fallout, and somehow I've got to decide where in my house I would go when the bomb falls.” Then somewhere I heard Women for Peace talking about how the best defense was to stop above-ground testing and to ban the bomb. I thought, “Yes, that does make better sense.” So I joined up with them and got involved with the Mothers for Peace group, and from there I went in to the anti-Vietnam group.

INT: Efforts to solicit interviews with the Selectmen to memorialize the event itself proved difficult, and a lot of people don't want to talk about it and don't want to see it memorialized. I wondered, why do you think perhaps some people were so exhilarated by remembering this weekend and some other people are so very bitter and hostile to exploring the memorializing?

SH: Well, there's probably a lot of unresolved affect, you know, feelings still wrapped up in the Vietnam War; I don't think it was ever laid to rest. The constant welcoming of the Vietnam veterans home...every time there's a homecoming, they somehow bring the Vietnam War vets in now. This constant kind of symbolic attempts to resolve and put it to rest, but I think it just went on so long, and there was just so much emotion wrapped up in that war. Probably it's a sense of betrayal on both sides of the issue. People who backed the war, backed the government, the official stand on the war, have found that they were lied to. People who opposed the war felt they were being lied to all along, and no one was ever really put on trial for that. There was never any resolution to that, and so no one was ever vindicated or no

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one was found guilty. I think probably that's part of the unresolved feelings around that war, that was never ever a resolution, and it's probably not going to come in our lifetime. I don't think there will be a resolution. There are too many people alive who suffered too much, I think. I think people just really want to seal it over and forget it, don't want to really work through those feelings, just afraid of what [it] really would unleash.

INT: What might it unleash?

SH: I think there's a lot of rage. It pops up every once in a while when the vets become psychotic or suicidal. Just the waste of young men during that war was just incredible. At one point I became convinced—I think I got a little bit crazy myself—I became convinced that it was—I began to put it in almost in sexual terms—that it was the old men killing off the young men, that it was almost that there must be some underlying sexual jealousy or something, because I couldn't understand any other terms why these older men—these supposed father figures of our country—would be sending all these young men over to die and be maimed. I mean it was, what would you call it...?

INT: Patricide?

SH: No, that's where you kill the father, but this was the reverse of that. It was killing the sons, you know. It made no sense. I couldn't make any sense out of it. The numbers that were being put through that war, it was almost like if you were alive and you were between seventeen and twenty-one it was random selection that you were going to be put through that meat grinder which [is] what it was over there, and there was just no way out of it. It was insanity. It seemed insane. No matter what terms they couched it in, still, the underlying reality of it was just insanity, I thought.

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INT: Well, that explains a lot about why people are so eager to forget that it happened. What do you think, to what extent is civil disobedience, to what extent is dissent alive and well?

SH: I really don't know. I don't think that that's so much of an option anymore, civil disobedience. I think that it went beyond that in the Vietnam War. Civil disobedience was part of it, but then it accelerated into the Weathermen, and from there into the Black Panthers, and the people stopped being willing to go to jail for their beliefs at some point. The rage just got to the point where they weren't willing to do that anymore because it didn't stop anything. I remember Stoughton Lynd's wife wrote a book "In Service to Their Country: War Resisters in Prison," and that was early on in the anti-war movement. She did the stories of maybe nine or ten young people who had gone to jail rather than go to the war, who had chosen the jail track rather than the Canada track, and it still didn't stop anything. So I don't know where civil disobedience stands right now in this country.

INT: Do you feel people have lost their belief in dissent, about the effectiveness of civil disobedience?

SH: I don't feel like there's a really hot issue right now that would arouse that in people's breasts. Maybe the environment will.

INT: The anti-abortionists?

SH: The anti-abortionists, are they? Yes, that's right. They're on the other side of my fence, so I don't, you know, I hate to think of them as...

INT: How did you feel about dissent during the Gulf War?

SH: I really felt like the government had learned to handle the war so much better, that it was all over before people got really organized. I remember when the Gulf War started, I just absolutely panicked. It seemed to come out of nowhere again to me and I just didn't believe that it could happen again that fast. By that time my twins were twenty, twenty-one, and

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I remember just all of my thoughts and energies was “How am I going to keep them out of being...”—I was sure the draft was only weeks, months away at the most—how could I use my wits to keep them from being drafted? It just brought the whole Vietnam War back really, the hopelessness and the length and the dragging on. It took me a long time to realize that it was over. I was just gearing up to try to decide what to do, and it was over.

INT: What do you think would be a fitting memorial if there was to be one on the Green, that weekend of that protest?

SH: I think it would be nice if there were a plaque of some sort saying that the Vietnam veterans, the anti-war veterans, had passed this way, and I think it was their first organized demonstration against the war. As far as I know, it was the first thing that they did as an organized group. It would be nice, I think, to put some kind of little plaque somewhere that they had gone through Lexington on their way... because they did go on to Washington after Bunker Hill. They went on down and demonstrated in Washington. I remember seeing pictures in the paper of them with their plastic M-16's up in the trees with the cherry blossoms around them, and it was very powerful.

You were asking about the context of support or supports both in our family and in the town and in our circle of friends. I think we had a great deal of support in our circle of friends. I really didn't know anyone who supported the war. Everyone we knew who we were close to and cared about was against the war, so that part felt safe. I remember when my husband abandoned his draft card the FBI was in his office within 36 hours at MIT to ask him if he wanted to make any statements, and that felt very scary. I really thought that he probably was going to go to prison, or we were going to be fined ten thousand dollars. I remember telling my neighbor about it and she just couldn't understand why we would do that; she didn't

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understand why we were against the war in the first place. But to tell your neighbor who doesn't understand the issues in the war, that weren't involved in the war, or your position on the war, that your husband may be arrested by the FBI—I felt very isolated in the neighborhood at that point. Then there was a time when I thought our phone was tapped because there was some very strange things happening on our phone line, and I remember getting—this was before the Vietnam War vets came through, this was early in the fall before the twins were born, like the fall of 1967—I remember calling the phone company and telling them that there were problems with our line, and they sent a technician over to check the phone out, and he said to me, “Well, there are problems with your line, but it's not here.” I remember calling my husband's parents because I thought the FBI might call them—I just didn't know what was going to happen—and [wanted] to tell them what was going on so that they would understand what had happened. I remember talking to Ken's mother and his father on the phone and they were very concerned, but they weren't telling us that we had done the wrong thing or anything. They were just very concerned about us.

Later on I think another reason we kept a low profile because the government, instead of putting you in jail for a year or fining you ten thousand dollars, punitively reclassified the people who had abandoned their draft cards. My husband who had been 1-Y—which was a classification that you got called up only if everybody else who was fit wasn't available—was suddenly 1-A delinquent; he was reclassified as 1-A delinquent. So we were all involved—it took a lot of energy—we got involved in a Civil Liberties Union [ACLU] case around that. At that time my husband had a younger brother who was coming up for the draft. My father-in-law called and told us that when he took my husband's younger brother down to register for the draft that he saw my husband's name on the wall as someone who was

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delinquent. We were very afraid that the government would make the connection and draft the younger brother punitively. So we just really were not fighting the case in any way that was going to draw any more attention to us personally.

I've lost my train of thought a little bit, how I got on this...we were talking about supports, so there was a lot going on. My mother has always been a kind of a rebel and I convinced her quite early on that this was a very bad war. She was strongly in the anti-war camp so she was very interested in the Vietnam vets coming to Lexington. My mother's family never really changed, but I haven't agreed with them on anything for a long, long time. So I thought, "How like them," when her cousin said this thing about traitorism in our family. I knew him for what he was, anyway, so I didn't really...it was just typical. And I think the way things are in this country now, if you're moving around a lot and you're mobile, you don't have a lot of your close family around you, so what they think isn't going to impact on your daily life. Really, what's more important to you is what your friends think, and our friends were all in agreement, and in fact one of my husband's colleagues had also abandoned his draft card and was in the same position, so it wasn't like we were alone in that.

INT: How did participating in that event in all of those events change you?

SH: I think I really came to see political figures as being amoral. I really stopped believing in a just cause or a good country versus bad country. I didn't become cynical because I'm really very optimistic about things in general. I strongly believe that if you allow people to come to consensus that they'll make a good decision if you allow that to happen—that there is a consensus within a group, any group, and that they will make a good decision for themselves if they're allowed to do that. But I

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think it's a continuing struggle, that you can't take anything for granted, politically, that everything's going to be okay. You have to prepare that things are not going to be okay, and you have to decide what you're going to try to do to change things or to save yourself and the people you care about if worst comes to worst.

INT: Do your children share your views?

SH: We went around and around about this during this Iran-Iraq War because I really started talking to them. I had talked to them when they were going through high school; I had suggested that they go and get an associate's degree in nursing first and then go on as undergraduates so that if they were ever called up in the Army they would go as healers and not as hurters. When it got to be college level everything was quiet; it was 1988. There weren't any wars going on. There was no activity with the draft, and so they were shocked as I was when this whole war started and it looked like the draft might be coming back. I said, "Maybe we better go back with that plan and see if we can get you into nursing school or if you can transfer into nursing school." One of them said to me, "Well, I remember you suggested that in 1988, and I didn't do it then, and I think you know more about what's going on than I do, and so if you think I should do it now, I'll try and do it." So I proceeded along that line to have them, both of them—they were then starting their junior year, I guess, or in the beginnings of their junior year—look into the possibility of transferring into the nursing program. Neither one of them really wanted to carry a gun and hurt anyone. But one of them said to me that if he did that, he would have to go in the Army as a nurse, that he would volunteer for the Army, that he wasn't going to do that to keep himself out of the military. So he said to me, "If I do this, then you have to know that I will volunteer for the Army and go in as an Army

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nurse.” And I said, “Okay You know, I'm not asking you not to be involved. I'm just asking you not to carry a gun.”

INT: Have you noticed in working your peace involvements, any gender differences that you might generalize about?

SH: No, I don't think so. I think that it was equally men and women that were active about the Vietnam War. What I thought about was how people come down—people who are comfortable being in opposition, and people who feel safer going with the majority or going with the line of thought that's has some kind of approval. I think it probably has to do with what Erich Fromm was talking about when he wrote “In Fear of Freedom,”¹ that it's always going to be that way, that some people feel safe and feel okay standing in opposition to a larger power and others just can't tolerate it. They just don't feel secure; they want a firm hand in control and they don't feel comfortable without that containment, those boundaries that being politically correct gives you. I think that's more of a personality thing, so I think that's not going to change. There's always going to be people who feel safe dissenting, and those that just don't. They just aren't safe. They feel like the whole world's probably going to fall apart, and you've got to keep everything contained and keep everything together and keep everybody in their place or God knows what will happen. Probably the numbers are divided something like eighty-twenty; it's my suspicion that maybe twenty percent of all human beings feel comfortable standing in opposition, and eighty percent feel comfortable with things being secure, and the only time that those numbers are going to shift is when things as they are become unbearable, and then maybe you'll get more of a fifty-fifty division until things become bearable again, and then it shifts back. That's just my own

¹ It is possible she is referring to Fromm's book Escape from Freedom.

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personal observation. That's what I think is probably going on, then it's not going to change.

INT: As you reflect on what you've been remembering tonight, is there anything else you'd like to tell us about?

SH: I was remembering this afternoon going up to visit an old friend of my mother's from my mother's childhood and her husband in Canada. They lived in Toronto and had a summer place up in Huntsville, and I took my mother up to see her because I just wanted my mother to have one last visit with her. They were both older women, and I didn't think they would see each other again, and in fact they didn't see each other again. But while we were there we got into a discussion about the Vietnam War because a lot of the people who had fled into Canada were not welcome there, which I had not realized. The man we were visiting was, from my mother's family's context, very conservative. They probably would have been very conservative if they'd been Americans. So he started in about these hippy druggies that were coming up here and disrupting Canadian society. I think his daughter's husband had gotten involved with these hippy druggies, and there had been a divorce in the family. A lot of his anger toward these Americans who had fled over the border was involved with this thing that had struck his own family. He implied that the son-in-law might be gay and that these guys might also be gay that were coming up. I just couldn't believe what I was hearing. I remember telling him about what I was seeing south of the border and what was really going on, telling him about the demonstration in front of the Draft Board in Boston and seeing these vets pulled out of the street by their hair and about the anti-war vets coming into Lexington and seeing them paraplegic, in wheelchairs, with missing limbs. I remember just being absolutely almost hysterical. I was crying, I was shaking, I mean, I was just... And I must have gone on like that, just almost

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totally out of control for about twenty minutes, and I couldn't stop, and they didn't stop me, which also surprised me. I thought, "I can't tolerate this. Certainly, they can't tolerate this. Why don't they say 'Stop!'"? But it was like they were mesmerized. This man, I mean, he had just triggered something in me, and it just all came flooding out. And then they never brought it up again. But I just thought that he had no idea what was happening in this country, and I couldn't believe that he could be living in Toronto and have so little idea of the impact of this war on the United States. So that was the other memory I had.

INT: It doesn't sound like you were out of control. It sounds like you went into control.

SH: Well, I was just crying and crying, and I could hardly talk, and I was shaking, and I couldn't get my breath. He had known me as a child, so it wasn't like I was some ratbag that had walked into his life out of nowhere, but I really wanted him to smell that there was another side to all of this. I was very sorry that his daughter's marriage had broken up, but I was sure that there was more to it than drugs and hippies and homosexual veterans, or whatever he was implying.

Every time there's a crisis, the people that were making these terrible decisions—Henry Kissinger, that frog voice keeps coming—every time there's a crisis the press goes to Henry Kissinger to get their thoughts straight and find out what the real underlying issues are in this new international crisis. This is the guy that destroyed Cambodia with Nixon. The two of them together planned the destruction of Cambodia, that was a secret war, and that was their little war. He destroyed a whole nation, and he's never been called to account for that. You know, they were bombing Cambodia in secret for years, and someone, I guess it was Scowcroft that wrote that book [where] I read that—when you figured out how they were

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bombing, that they had all these grids, and that they hit all of them—that there was no way everybody in Cambodia wasn't under those bombs. The whole country was under those bombs from planes that they couldn't see, that were coming, flying so high. No wonder that the Khmer Rouge and this terrible insanity at the end of the war... They were all crazy there. Who wouldn't be crazy with five-hundred pound bombs coming at God know when from planes you can't see. It was an attempt to widen the war until everybody gave up or something, I don't know, but Kissinger thought that was okay. The Bundys, who were part of the intellectual...

INT: “The best and the brightest.”

SH: Yes, [who] backed the war, did the intellectual work and the theoretical work to back the war—the guys at MIT, Lucian Pye, who thought up the strategic hamlet program.

INT: And the CIA people.

SH: All of the CIA people—you don't even know who they were. And they're all still there, they're all still advising the government at various times. That's part of the unresolved stuff.

END OF INTERVIEW