

BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF *COCKTAIL*
& *FORT APACHE, THE BRONX*

GREETINGS

You are hereby ordered to report to Selective Service
headquarters, 39 Whitehall Street on 8:30 am February 7, 1966
at 8:30 am for induction into the US Armed Forces.

HEYWOOD
GOULD



A MEMOIR OF THE '60s

DRAFTED

COCKTAIL

"Gould is the author of "Fort Apache, the Bronx," and, as in that book, his street-wise, smart-aleck commentary sets the right tone. It also carries this picaresque novel along at a fast clip."

New York Times Book Review

"Cocktail" offers "a tour-de-force two-page history of (New York's) Upper West Side's gentrification—as seen through drinking habits...Even more impressive: Gould's authoritative, back-room view of the saloon trade—the atmosphere, the stealing, the drugs, the hype, the demographics...grimly amusing entertainment."

Kirkus Reviews

FORT APACHE, THE BRONX

"*Fort Apache, The Bronx* is a tough-talking street melodrama, both shocking and sorrowful—it's also entertaining and very moving, which is not something you can say of stories about the decline and fall of civilizations."

New York Times Book Review

LEADING LADY

"Gould is a screenwriter, but this yarn owes more to his days as a reporter for the *New York Post*...Gould sketches his motley crew in detail without sacrificing his relentless pace. Lots of fun."

Vince Keenan.com

SERIAL KILLER'S DAUGHTER

"Novelist Heywood Gould (*Fort Apache, the Bronx; Cocktail*) is back with a noir thriller, full of action, dark humor, multiple killings. This high-caliber redemptive road trip is quick-witted, stylish, and highly entertaining."

Library Journal, Seamus Scanlon, Ctr. for Worker Education, CUNY

GREENLIGHT FOR MURDER

"In this blackest of screwball comedies, Gould gives new meaning to the idea of Hollywood backstabbing...Interesting characters abound and the writing style is fascinating..."

Booklist, Stacy Alesi

"...will keep readers turning the pages with a story that reaches far beyond the last page and will leave readers wanting the next book."

Library Journal (starred review)

GLITTERBURN

"Heywood Gould can write...He is in turn sharp, wacky, earthy and full of felicitous phrases...Mr. Gould will not bore anybody."

New York Times Book Review

DOUBLE BANG

"Brutally funny...The guy is some writer"

The Philadelphia Inquirer

ONE DEAD DEBUTANTE

"Funniest novel to come around in quite a while...
a most humorous read."

San Francisco Chronicle



DRAFTED

A Memoir of the '60's

Also by Heywood Gould

BOOKS

Green Light For Murder
The Serial Killer's Daughter
Leading Lady
Double Bang
Cocktail
Fort Apache, The Bronx
Glitterburn
One Dead Debutante
Corporation Freak
Sir Christopher Wren: Renaissance
Headaches and Health
Complete Book of Camping
The Fabulous UCLA Bruins

SCREENPLAYS

Rolling Thunder (Starring: William Devane and Tommy Lee Jones)
The Boys From Brazil (Starring: Gregory Peck and Laurence Olivier)
Fort Apache, The Bronx (Starring: Paul Newman, Danny Aiello, Rachel Ticotin)
Cocktail (Starring: Tom Cruise, Bryan Brown, Elizabeth Shue)
Streets of Gold (Starring: Klaus Maria Brandauer, Wesley Snipes)
One Good Cop (Starring: Michael Keaton, Rene Russo)
Written & Directed by Heywood Gould
Trial By Jury (Starring: William Hurt, Gabriel Byrne, Armand Assante)
Written & Directed by Heywood Gould
Mistrial (Starring: Bill Pullman, Robert Loggia)
Written & Directed by Heywood Gould
Double Bang (Starring: William Baldwin, Jon Seda)
Written, Directed & Produced by Heywood Gould

TELEVISION

The Equalizer
NYPD
Hazard's People
Dog and Cat

PLAYS

Frank Merriwell
Dracula

HEYWOOD GOULD

DRAFTED

A Memoir of the '60's



Tolmitch Press
New York

DRAFTED, Memoir of the '60's

FIRST EDITION

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Tolmitch Press
New York

To Patricia

"...BEFORE THE PEACENIKS SHOW UP..."

New York, February 4, 1966

Life couldn't be better.

I'm a twenty-three-year-old Brooklyn boy working at my dream job—reporter for the New York Post.

I'm wealthy on \$95 a week. Rent, \$53 a month, gas, 24 cents a gallon, subway, 15 cents. A mountain of pork fried rice goes for \$1.80 in Chinatown. Veal parmigiana hero, full loaf, and a large cream soda, \$2.75 at Whitey's Pizzeria. Movies are a buck, Rheingold on tap, a quarter... I'm training to be a heavy drinker.

Now all that is about to change. After five years of student deferments, doctors' notes, psychiatric exemptions, marriage proposals, offers of asylum from Canada and Sweden, conversion to Quakerism and a plot to blow up the draft board and become a folk hero, I've run out of options. I'm about to be inducted into the United States Army.

8:30 a.m. I'm outside Selective Service Headquarters, 39 Whitehall Street, downtown Manhattan, across from Battery Park. A Revolutionary War cannon points toward the Hudson, a rusty remnant of the battery that protected the harbor from British warships. A chill breeze whistles. A hundred anxious boys wait for the door to open. Some have sandwiches packed by their mothers. Extra socks and underwear from their dads. My father gave me a pair of scuffs. "I'm sure they haven't changed the showers since I was in," he said, "Better wear these so you won't get a splinter or pick up some toe crud."

The building is besieged every day by anti-war demonstrators. Broken pickets are scattered on the sidewalk. Scraps of ripped signs, tatters of a torn American flag. Two sailors on their knees scrub at a spot on the sidewalk where someone painted "HELL NO WE WON'T GO!" in red, white and blue. Across the street the Bowling Green subway plaza is covered with black paint and graffiti. There is a thick chain across the

station entrance. Sanitation guys are hosing down the street and sweeping up the broken bottles, food bags, newspapers and the discarded clothes of the people who stripped naked in the freezing rain to protest the war.

On the ground a pamphlet from the War Resister's League, "STOP THE WAR". An article by "Anonymous" offers hints on how to beat the draft. By now I'm enough of an expert to know that "Anonymous" is either misinformed or an FBI agent. Drink a gallon of Coke the night before your physical, it says, to turn your urine brown and raise its sugar content. I know people who did it and nothing happened except they puked on the bus to Fort Dix. Smoke hundreds of Camels, dipped in ink. Might cause black spots to form on your lungs, might even kill you but won't keep you out of the Army because they don't give chest X-rays at the physicals. Eat a special "diarrhea menu" of Heinz beans, Hershey bars, peanut butter and cherries to cause constant bowel movements that will eventually produce the hemorrhoids that guarantee a 4F. I have friends who eat that way every day and they're in great shape. The only thing left for me is an act of civil disobedience. Like Gandhi and Martin Luther King Jr. I've heard stories of kids who refused to get on the bus. Do I have the guts to do that? My father was a decorated combat engineer during World War II. Every male and some females in my family served in World War II. They felt a patriotic obligation. Will I be betraying them by defying the country they love? My father felt he had to prove his courage against the accusation that Jews were cowards and slackers. He speaks gratefully of officers and friends who defended him against anti-semites in the ranks. Will he worry that I'm acting like a coward and a slacker?

Two Shore Patrol cops stand guard at the door checking draft cards against a list. Another shouts, "Get in and form a line against the wall."

A Marine Sergeant gives me a funny look. I'm scruffy, bloodshot, with nicotine fingers, and at least four years on everyone else. There's another older guy, gray ponytail, fatigue jacket. He ducks behind a fat kid as the Sergeant passes.

Excited talk in the ranks.

"They make you do fifty pushups. I can't even do two."

"My cousin got meningitis and almost died..."

One kid volunteered for the paratroops. "You get special treatment," he says. "Plus sixteen dollars jump pay."

Ponytail pops up. "You're too short for the program." He's got a military tattoo on his forearm. Southern accent, booze reeking off his clothes.

Another kid and his friend are going on the "buddy" plan so they get to serve together.

"That's just a come on," Ponytail says. "They'll put you where they need you."

"But they signed a contract..."

"And you signed your rights away. You're under the Uniformed Military Code of Justice, brother, which means they can do anything they want to you and you can't do squat about it..."

Ponytail turns to the wall as another Marine walks by. "Have your papers ready for inspection, Gentlemen..." Then turns back.

"Don't let 'em shame you into bein' a good soldier, brothers," he says. "Get yourself two left feet in the drills. Do pussy pushups. Fire wild over the targets. Don't scream "Kill!" in bayonet practice. Don't fall on the dummy grenade. Run away when the DI drops it. Report to the infirmary... Sprained ankles, blisters. Slam the butt of your rifle on your foot. That'll raise a bruise and put you out of commission. They have to keep you for at least a day 'cause they don't wanna pay disability. They'll recycle you through Basic. They count on your pride. Don't improve. Stay outta the infantry. Don't let them put your ass in the grass."

An Army Sergeant comes running down the hall followed by three MPs. He stops in front of Ponytail, neck veins bulging, "You back again?"

"It's a public building," Ponytail says. "I have a right to express my views."

The Sergeant goes eyeball to eyeball with him, fists clenched white at his side. "Remember what I told you yesterday?"

Ponytail glares back. "You can't arrest me, I'm a civilian... If you want to eject me you'll have to get Federal Marshals."

The Sergeant hits Ponytail in the chin with the heel of his hand and cracks his head against the wall. Grabs his wrist and tries to twist his arm behind his back, but Ponytail

breaks free and stumbles away, shouting, "I am an honorably discharged veteran of the United States Army..."

An MP puts him in a headlock. The other two grab his arms. They carry him kicking and screaming down the corridor. "They have your bodies, don't give them your minds," he shouts. "Resist, brothers. Don't die for their money..."

Then he's gone behind a slamming door. We wait in an uneasy silence as the same Sergeant comes back, jamming his shirt back down his pants. "Gentlemen, please take seats in the auditorium. We wanna get you squared away and on the buses before the peaceniks show up."

WORDS WOULDN'T COME

Brooklyn, 1944

Heart thumping in his ears. Rain spattering against the window. Open umbrellas outside the door. Yellow raincoat smell. Mommy kneeling to buckle his boots. Coffee smell and the pot making bubbles on the stove. Aunt Rae in the kitchen dropping a sugar lump into her cup with a cigarette burning between her fingers.

His army was under the bedspread. Toy soldiers in green uniforms with helmets. Aiming rifles, moving cannons, crouching, running. Jeeps with soldiers behind the wheel and tanks with drivers sticking their heads out. The "Japs" had yellow uniforms and yellow caps. Their faces were yellow, too, with black lines where their eyes should be. His soldiers knocked them down and chased them under the pillow until they were all lying on the ground like in the movie.

The nice Mommy smell. "How'd you do last night, sweetheart?" Patting the bed and feeling his tushy. "Dry as a bone. Good for you." The nice warm of her hand as she slid his slippers over his feet. Her dress with all the colors. Silver pins sparkling in her brown hair. The radio noise in the kitchen as Aunt Rae turned the dial. Then the happy music and the man with the happy voice, "Welcome to the Breakfast Club." Mommy made her mad noise. "Can you put on CBS, Rae?" In the bathroom, she lifted him over the toilet seat. "Do you want to stand up?" He shivered and the pee came out hot all over the toilet seat. "Good boy," Mommy said. And pushed his pee pee down with her finger so it would splash in the water.

Aunt Rae came in with her crying face. "Can we have one morning without war news?"

Mommy made a shush with her finger to her lips. "Look Rae, our big boy made pee pee right in the toilet.

Aunt Rae's face got smiley and her eyes were shining. "He's ready to join the Army with Daddy and Uncle Bernie and Uncle Sam."

He hit his feet together and saluted like the soldiers in the movie to make them laugh.

Aunt Rae pinched his cheeks with her fingers so hard... "Could you just eat that face..."

Mommy had the tiny spoon. "Open wide for your vitamins..." It tasted bad like medicine. The cold orange juice burned his mouth. Mommy took the brown strings off the banana. She poured some of her coffee into his milk and put a spoonful of sugar to make it sweet.

Talking and door slamming. And the house was quiet. He shouldered his rifle and marched down the long dark hallway, past the kitchen where the candle burned for Grandpa Harry. Stop at the sideboard to salute the pictures of Daddy and Uncle Bernie in their uniforms. And Uncle Sammy with his army friends in front of a big tank. Into the room with the Bubbe smell. Bubbe in her long white sleeping dress. "Did you make Number Two, sweetheart?"

Bubbe put the wooden Number Two box by the toilet so he could climb up by himself on his own seat. He squeezed so hard his tushy hurt, but nothing came out.

"We'll try later," Bubbe said.

In the bedroom she took the cover off her sewing machine. "Bring my fabric," she said.

It was on her big chair by the window where she sat and talked to Grandpa Harry when he came down from the sky. He liked the turning wheel sound. Needle bouncing up and down. Bubbe wetting her lips and singing "lu lu lu..."

The doorbell rang and Bubbe put the cover on the sewing machine. "That's Mr. Wolf. Get the pishke..."

The pishke was his special job. It was a glass jar wrapped in blue and white with writing like in Bubbe's newspaper. It had coins at the bottom, nickels, dimes and a few pennies. Bubbe told him to hide it in a different place every night so the evil spirits couldn't find it and steal the money from our people in Palestine. This time he had put it under Aunt Rae's bed behind her big black shoes.

He marched back down the hallway and stood on tippy toes to turn the brass knob. Mr. Wolfe was standing there in his big brown coat and hat. He saluted and Mr. Wolfe saluted back. "Reporting for duty," Mr. Wolfe said.

Mr. Wolfe took off his hat and looked different with just a little white hair on the side of his head and brown spots with little hairs growing out of them. He took a leather bag off his shoulder

and dropped it on the kitchen table. "Oy... Small money is heavy coins. Big money is paper, light like a feather so the rich people shouldn't strain themselves, God forbid."

Bubbe came in wearing the green dress with the different flowers on it with some of Mommy's red color on her cheeks. "Nice garment," Mr. Wolfe said.

"Made it myself," Bubbe said. She poured steaming water that turned red in the glass. "He hides the pishke in a different place every night," she said.

Mr. Wolfe patted his head. "Smart boy, a regular espion. Tell me what this money is for."

"For our people in Palestine to have their own country," he said.

Bubbe clapped her hands. "Two years old, would you believe it?"

"A smart boy is better than gold," Mr. Wolfe said. "We should only live long enough, God willing to see what he become, he should have good health." He poured the coins into his big bag and gave him the empty pishke. "Fill it up, Soldier. Everybody who comes has to put a penny in the pishke for our people in Palestine."

At supper Mommy put the big yellow book in the big armchair at the table and let him climb onto it. "Make believe you're Old King Cole." He banged his knife and fork.

"Who was Old King Cole?" Aunt Rae asked.

"A merry old soul," he said and everybody laughed.

The bedroom door flew open so hard that the coats flew off the hooks. A man in a soldier's uniform came in with Mommy behind him. "Hey killer, wake up..." He had a red ring on his little finger and a silver watch. His hands had the burning cigarette smell. His black hair was shiny like pictures in a magazine. There was a red line on his face and a big hole with the top of his ear sticking out.

"You know who this is?" Mommy asked.

"Uncle Sammy, mommy's big brother," he said. He tried to touch the hole in Uncle Sammy's ear. "Did you fall down?" he asked.

"No, something fell on me..."

"Does it hurt?"

"Only when I laugh, buddy... How'd he know me?"

"From the photo," Mommy said. "Show Uncle Sammy..." She carried him to the picture on the sideboard.

"Uncle Sammy," he said, pointing to the smiling soldiers at the tank.

Uncle Sammy made a crying noise. "Oh Jesus, Stella... my crew."

Mommy took the picture away. "Sorry Sam, it was the only photo we had and I wanted him to see his uncle."

"Sure, sure," Uncle Sammy said. "Big kid, look at the mitts on him. Like Papa."

In the morning Leo the super helped Uncle Sammy move Mommy's bed. "I'm going to sleep with Aunt Rae," Mommy said. "And Uncle Sammy will stay here with you."

Uncle Sammy opened his big green sack and took out a little brown bag with a zipper. "Wanna see my loot, buddy?" he asked. He showed him the coins with a man's face. "I got these off a Kraut..." A gold watch like Grandpa Harry's. "This too. Same day, different Kraut. A Captain, I got his Luger in my bag..."

At supper he climbed on the arm chair to be Old King Cole, but Uncle Sammy lifted him out of it—"c'mon buddy, sit next to me," and put the yellow book on the chair next to him. "This was my papa's chair, your Grandpa Harry," he said. "Sat here every night with his shot of schnapps. Got any schnapps, Mama?" he called into the kitchen.

"I saved for you, Sam," Bubbe called back and brought out a bottle.

Bubbe kissed Uncle Sammy right on his boo boo. "Does it bother you, Sam?" she asked.

"Only when I pass a mirror, Mama," Uncle Sammy said.

Uncle Sammy had the bad smell like the burning stuff mommy put on his mosquito bites. There was black hair on his arms. Black hair sticking out of his undershirt. Little bubbles coming out of his mouth. He wanted to touch Uncle Sammy's boo boo but Mommy made "shush," and whispered, "let him sleep, he's very tired..."

"Did Uncle Sammy hurt himself fighting in the war?" he asked.

"Yes he hurt himself," Mommy said. "So the Army let him come home to get better."

"Did his friends come home, too?" he asked.

"They all came home," Mommy said.

Bubbe gave him soup with saltines. She blew on the spoon, but it burned his tongue. The doorbell rang and Bubbe said, "Go, let in my customers." He marched down the hall and opened the door. Mrs. Rubin and Mrs. Mendera came in—pinching his cheeks—"such a sweet face..."

"Get the pishke, bubbelah" Bubbe said.

This time he had hidden it under the pillow on Bubbe's chair. He put it on the table next to the dish with Bubbe's hard candies.

"Tell Mrs. Mendera what the pishke is for," Bubbe said.

"For our people in Palestine to have their own country," he said.

"Such a smart boy," Mrs. Mendera said. She hopped on the stool and Bubbe knelt to look at her skirt.

Uncle Sammy came out in his green bathrobe. "What's this Macy's basement?"

"Congratulations on your quick recovery, Sammy," Mrs. Mendera said. "We're hoping my Victor will be discharged soon..."

"Tell him to get his ear shot off, that'll get him home early," Uncle Sammy said. "He took Bubbe's arm. "C'mon Mama, get up..."

"I'm just fixing a hem for Mrs. Mendera," Bubbe said.

He pulled Bubbe under her arms. "Get up, Mama," he said.

Mrs. Mendera got down off the stool and picked up her shoes. "I'll come back later. Welcome home, Sam..."

Everybody was talking loud and mad. He watched Uncle Sammy through the glass door, walking fast around the big room. "My mother's not getting on her knees for anybody," he said.

"She likes to work," Mommy said. "Otherwise she'd sit around doing nothing."

There was a loud noise like a glass breaking.

"Be quiet, you'll wake the baby," Mommy said.

"And what's with that pishke racket?"

"Not necessarily a racket," Mommy said.

"What are you talkin' about, it's the same con game they had before the war..."

"So what if it is or it isn't," Mommy said. "He's a nice old man. Keeps Mama company..."

"I'm gone for three years. I come back and she's still sewing shmattes. Nothing's changed except now I'm a one-eared freak..."

"Who says you're a freak?" Mommy said.

"Walk down the street with me, you'll see," Uncle Sammy said.

Uncle Sammy was sleeping on top of the bed with all his clothes on. The red hole in his ear felt hard, not like skin. The bell rang and he ran down the hall to tell Mr. Wolfe: "My Uncle Sammy was hurt in his ear and came home to get better."

"He's a brave soldier," Mr. Wolfe said. "You must be very proud of him."

In the bedroom Uncle Sammy was blowing smoke circles from a cigarette. "Hey buddy, wanna keep me company while I shave?"

"Mr. Wolfe is here," he said. He took the pishke out of Uncle Sammy's green bag where he had hidden it the day before.

"What's that doin' there?" Uncle Sammy said.

"It's for our people in Palestine to have their own country," he said.

Uncle Sammy pulled the pishke out of his hands so hard the blue and white paper came off. He opened the door and the coats fell off again. He walked fast through the big room. In the kitchen Mr. Wolfe was standing up. "This is an honor..."

Uncle Sammy shook the pishke at him. "You got a little kid doin' your dirty work?"

Mr. Wolfe looked at Bubbe. "Dirty work?"

"Sam, this is a good cause," Bubbe said.

"It's the same con game they were working before the war, mama," Sam said. "He pockets half of what he gets and splits the other half with the crooks who send him out..."

"I don't take a penny," Mr. Wolfe said. "It all goes to the Jewish Agency. I get lunch and carfare." He took out a paper. "Here is my accreditation..."

Uncle Sammy pushed the paper away. "I can get one of them at Woolworth's."

"We have fifty-three people collecting all over Brooklyn," Mr. Wolfe said. "The money goes into an account at Rothschild Bank here in Tel Aviv."

"You tryin' to tell me the Rothschilds are in on this?" Uncle Sammy said. "They might be, they're crooks, too..." He pushed the pishke across the table. "Get out and take this with you..."

Mr. Wolfe smiled at him with a crying face. "Can't I leave it for the boy?"

"He doesn't want it," Uncle Sammy said. He threw the pishke so hard at Mr. Wolfe that some coins fell out, and yelled loud: "Get out now you old goniff before I throw you out."

Bubbe sat down with her head on the table. "Oy Sam, what are you doing?"

There were two pennies on the floor. He picked them up and ran down the hall to give them to Mr. Wolfe, but the door was closing. He tried to call, but the words wouldn't come.

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