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The Jubilation For Free Men

Los Angeles

"The only remedy," Judge W. Matt Byrne was concluding, and already the wave of cheers began.

"... Is that this trail..." Spectators climbed onto the benches.

"... Be terminated." Pandemonium.

There was a rush for the defense table. People began hugging each other. Charles Nesson, the defense attorney, immediately lit a huge cigar. Daniel Ellsberg, beaming, reached for his wife. People waiting in the corridor, who couldn't get in, burst through the doors, even as Judge Byrne was murmuring "thank you" to the attorneys and

leaving the bench.

It was an openly partisan crowd. Reporters who had been covering the case for two years shook the hands of Ellsberg and his co-defendant, Anthony J. Russo Jr., resplendent in red, white tie and blue shirt. Others hugged Patricia Marx Ellsberg and Russo's wife, Katherine Barkley.

For the prosecutors, the moment must have been a lonely one. They slipped out almost unnoticed. "What's your reaction?" a reporter asked assistant prosecutor Warren P. Reese. "No comment."

"Is there an appeal possible?"

"No. It's over. It's dead."

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