May 9, 1970

Dear Mr. Burnell Jr.,

Like everyone here, I feel I have been dragged through a knothole. You can't believe the atmosphere in this town right now—pure, unadulterated HATE, mainly about the destruction of their goddamn property.

I don't know who or what started the window-smashing routine, but I'm almost certain the ROTC bldg. was fired on by the hard-core radical types who also terrorized officials and merchants after the downtown with threats by telephone. That's inexcusable, but the reaction has hit anybody who feels sorry for the 4 dead kids. The general opinion is that they had it...
Coming and it is too bad there were only 4. We've lived under martial law and my neighbors were keeping loaded shotguns by their front doors (God knows why).

My own experience may illustrate what panic can do. Edward called me Monday morning from the university airport—he'd just come in and said to come on out and see the helicopters. This was about 9:00 a.m. and I hadn't seen him for a month or so and just dropped my homework and took off. Everything was very relaxed out there. He introduced me to 3 of his fellow pilots and we joked and talked and invited them all here for lunch. They'd been working at the Teamster's strike all week and were pick of McDonald's hamburgers. We got here about noon and while we were eating we heard sirens.
As I left my phone number at the airport, as I figured it was the usual spring pass quiz, we headed back to the airport about 1:00 and when we reached the intersection at Graham & Fish Creek, which is where Stony begins, there was a huge line-up of cars & 2 police men directing people away from Kent.
Ed said it must be an auto accident. When we got to the airport 2 armed N' Guardsmen stopped in front of my car and the guys piled out and asked what was going on. Now, dig this — the sheriff’s deputy there told me that the students had turned a machine gun on the guards on campus and had killed 2 of them. Then the deputy turned to the 2 guards and said, "Now if the snipers come they'll use this road," pointing to the one I'd just driven up on in my flowered VW with 4 line-
formed men (the odds wear khaki, too) I told the deputy I had to get back to Kent and he said, "Lady, you're not getting back into Kent today. Ed & I were both frantic because we didn't know what was going on and I've got 4 children back there in schools. Ed got 2 guys to follow us and we drove into Kent through back roads, to avoid traffic which was unbelievable. As soon as I got into the house I turned on the university radio and a voice boomed out "All pedestrian and vehicular traffic off the streets immediately. The schools have been closed and all children dismissed to their parents." Well, I didn't know how long this had been going on - none of my kids were home. I ran outside & saw 3 neigh-
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As I was standing down the street listening to walkie-talkies (police band), I said, "Are your kids home yet?" She said her husbands had walked over to school to escort a bunch of the neighborhood kids home and they were waiting for them. In the meantime they're getting reports on the walkie-talkies like, "A brown Mustang loaded with ammunition is being pursued on Summit St. (2 blocks from here) A quantity of dynamite has been stolen from a construction site." Then I saw Sally and Sally coming up the street and I told them just to get into the house. I couldn't stand wondering about John and Emily so I paid to one of the women...
"Let's go over and get our kids before they crack up." Now all this time I'm going on the word of the deputy at the airport and those police calls they're picking up. So Jean and I took off through the woods and I noticed the highway patrol helicopter over head and here we are running through the woods (which belong to the Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the University) and I'm thinking "What if he thinks we're bad guys?" Edward had shown me that helicopter that morning and I couldn't remember if it was just reconnaissance or armed. By the time we got to the school, which was being used as a Nat'l Guard base, all the kids were gone but we were told that Doc. Harrison (whom you met) had come and taken all our kids home.
Dear and I were frantic with fear by this time so we stopped a man in a car and asked him if he could drive us home. He said, "Sure, you know they've cut all the phone wires" (I knew that was a lie because I'd used the phone when I got home and the dial tone was hard to get because so many people were using the phone - same thing happened the day JFK was shot) and next it'll be the electric!" (There were later rumors that "they" were going to put LSD in the water supply - I wish I had the data.) At least there'd have been some excuse for all the irrational behavior.

I didn't find out for about an hour that it was 4 students who were killed. I haven't talked to Ed since - talked to Joan and I guess down there people
are criticizing the poor National Guard. There's just so much hate and people talking about armed citizen groups to protect "our property". I was interviewed by a guy from the Miami Herald. He called me to get Ed's address because his paper is pulling out a big Kent edition but he has not been able to get through to any of the Natl. Guard. I told him Ed was pretty much uninvolved, and what happened to us on Monday. He said he'd use my story, too - there's more I'm just tired to write. It's been going on for days and days. It's horrible. People just won't think. Two of my friends had been up there on campus who had friends blown apart by M-1 rifles. Many of my
Faculty friends were there as marshals trying to get the kids to leave and paint it all horrible. One man went to the aid of a kid who had just walked out of a class and was tear gassed and stunned and then was turned on and beaten by a guard (I saw that on TV) and when Harold ran up and said "Stop, stop, he just came out of class!" they bottled tear gas at Harold. He ducked behind Taylor Hall just in time to avoid being shot. It was panic and fear and fatigue from the N.C. who were very young men—some
of them KSU students themselves. The kids at that rally were protesting non-violently until the N.C. moved in with the tear gas. Anyway, it's as if nothing will ever be the same. The campus makes you want to cry. No one is allowed in it except people with passes—not even the faculty until Monday. One point: when a grad student had a bag out stuck at his throat Sunday (before the shootings) when he went to get some books from an office. These are things told to me by the people involved.
As to those police raids they--never heard anything more about them.

The hunger march in coming sounded great. Thanks for the chords only I can't play B♭ as I transposed it into another key which is what I had figured it was anyway but it doesn't sound as good as that piano on the record I'm going to play it at Mass tomorrow we need it.

Polly and Sally wore black arm bands to school yesterday. Their classmates did not approve. George Harrison called me today and said I'd
Tell them that there were today car loads of men with American flags all over them harassing and threatening anyone wearing black arm bands. A friend of hi was walking down the street and people came out of their houses and called him a "dirty communist" for wearing an arm band.

You can kill my kid in Vietnam, bum whole village full of women & children, but don't break my windows! The silent majority speaks now!

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P.S. Aunt Helen is not like the rest of these jerks - she thinks it's bad.
P.P.S. But there are more of THEM than us.