

Tue, Feb 18, 2020 at 5:32 PM

Cara: Enclosed is the "manuscript" I had written in 1971 while in prison. At that time I had been incarcerated for less than a year so May 1970 was still fairly fresh in my mind. I believe it provides more detail about May 1-4 than I could recall in my interview with Lael. I hope it is useful in some way. If you have any questions feel free to contact me at

I can see that even back then I seemed to dwell upon what I had missed on May 4 rather than what I had experienced. I believe I had the misguided delusion that somehow I could have prevented this tragedy from taking place. I don't know why I felt that way. I guess it was some form of survivors guilt.

There was a point when we were traveling to campus's talking with groups about what we had experienced when a black student stood up and said while it was sad we now knew what it was like for blacks in America who experienced violence from the authorities all the time. Black students from Jackson State were shot and killed at about the same time. While I was taken aback by his lack of sympathy it also struck me as true and that I was done sharing our grief in that manner. I believe we wrapped up that process and we returned home. That is one detail that sticks in my mind from our Kent in Exile days following May 4.

I think I have found just about everything I had written about Kent State. I believe this has been somewhat cathartic for me although I suspect that the reporting on the 50th anniversary will raise feelings once again. I hope this anniversary will give some closure to others although I don't want it to ever be forgotten. Rick Felber



KENT STATE
APRIL 30. - MAY 4. 1971

APRIL 30, 1970. Sitting in the T.v. room at Tri-Towers dormitory complex listening to Mr. Nixon telling the nation of our plans to move into Cambodia to attack the Viet Cong strong holds located there. I feel that I must smile at his actions for they will only add fuel to the student movement that has been denouncing his and his predecessors actions in SouthEast Asia. For the past several months momentum has been lost because the war is bogged down and everyone is rather frustrated at the lack of attention the government has given to our protests. Now I feel once again students will react to the new expansion of the war. But never once did it occur to me that events would take place as they did in the next several days. Kent State has always been a mediocre place for radicalism. People at Berkely never felt that anything would come of the movement at the university and I think this was the general attitude of most of the other people in the town and on the campus.

FRIDAY MAY 1, 1970. I journeyed down to North Water Street at about 8:30 the time that I usually went to the bars located there. As usual people were standing on the sidewalk, leaning against cars and just doing the normal things that people do, talking with one another, etc. But this time there was a slight commotion being raised. A small group of people were singing, chanting, clapping hands and trying to stir the crowd. There were both long and short haired people there and as of yet ND on one was really eager to join in the activities of the group. A motor cycle gang was in town but they were inside the bars, not participating in the action.

As the crowd grew in size people would move into the streets for a short time then move back onto the sidewalks. There was a hassle as Joe Bujack, the owner of J.B.'s tried to prevent a young girl from painting a slogan on the new brick front of his building with red paint. The slogan read "OUT OF CAMBODIA." She was small and thin, with long hair tied in braids with pieces of red cloth. When he grabbed her several of her friends came to her aid and wrestled her away from him. All his efforts to keep her there until police arrived were met with failure and she shortly disappeared from the scene.

Later, I returned from the basement which is J.B.'s to see that the situation has changed considerably. By now the crowd had grown to fairly large numbers and many of them were standing in the streets leaving only enough room for cars to pass through. There were anti-war chants being shouted and some firecrackers and cherry bombs were being set off. Police cars would on occasions pass through the crowd and as they did were met with jeers and shouts. At times they would be hit with a barrage of rocks and empty coke bottles. (Contrary to Mr. Micheners statement, there were no firebombs thrown all evening.) Finally the crowd grew to such proportions that everyone stayed in the street and ^{no} ^{was} none ~~were~~ able to pass through them.

A young man with curly black hair and a mustache was in a frenzy over the people actions and was standing on the roof of a car screaming at the top of his lungs. He was trying to tell them how foolish they were but all his efforts got him were jeers and laughter from the crowd. Finally his friends literally picked him up and carried him away from the scene.

Although people were kept from passing through the crowd a few die hards were determined to try. One was an old man going to work. As everyone surrounded his car he responded with peace signs and smiles and finally amid cheers and applause was allowed to pass.

On the other hand another person tried to pass and his efforts were met with his car being kicked and the windows broken. Finally a barricade was erected in front of Seaver's Tavern to keep others from passing through. Eventually the pile of debris was set afire. In front of the crowd there were a couple of empty trash drums which were being beat upon in unison with the chants of the people.

A short while later the crowd began to ~~slowly~~ move down the street. Then there was the sound of breaking glass and everyone started shouting and running southwards Main Street. People were going wild, breaking windows in various buildings on North Water Street. One youth was pulling a grass spreader behind him which he had just looted from the hardware store on the street and as soon as he crossed the street and reached the Portage National Bank he threw it through windows in the building. Two other youths were struggling with a trash barrel on the corner of Main and Water Streets and were planning to toss it through the bank's doors. Instead they only tossed it into the street. People in automobiles could only stare in fascination at those running rampant through downtown.

At this time the crowd split into two factions. Part of them remained downtown while the others started to head up East Main Street towards campus. The group moving east numbered at about one hundred to start with but quickly diminished to about fifty. When we reached the Kent Motor Inn I decided to return to the downtown area to find those I lived with.

Upon arriving downtown, I could see that most of the crowd had dispersed and that the police had arrived and were clearing the area. Glass and other debris could be seen lying upon the streets and on North Water Street a police cruiser was announcing that we had ten minutes to clear the area.

After that time a curfew was to be in effect and anyone on the streets were subject to arrest. The situation was a bit tense at this time for myself and some others because a freight train was passing through town blocking our way to our apartment. We were sitting in a green V.W. van waiting for the train to pass watching the action. As we watched the police clearing the area we saw on the corner across from a young man struggling with police. Several more policemen joined the struggle and proceeded to beat the man with their night sticks. They knocked him to the ground and handcuffed him. Raising him to his feet they once again proceeded to abuse him by hitting him with their clubs and pushing him along.

Finally the train passed and we proceeded on to our apartment at the west end of town. *Our apartment was next to the church.*

SATURDAY MAY 2, 1970

Most Certainly the talk of the town is what had taken place the night before. Driving through downtown that morning I can see the damage done from last night. Most of the store fronts on North Water Street are boarded up with plywood.

The word is out that there is to be a rally tonight on campus. The meeting is to take place at 8 p.m. on the Commons behind the Student Union. Although there is an 8 o'clock curfew in the city the university does not have to honor it being state property. The only curfew on campus is one set for 1 a.m.

About 7:30 p.m. a companion and I hitch a ride up to the campus. Arriving at the student union we can see that several hundred have already gathered. A small group is sitting and standing in front of the union while the others are assembled on the Commons. *→ probably not that many*

Everyone is milling about talking about the night before and greeting those who have just arrived. Wet rags are being distributed and some fire crackers are set off, accompanied by shouts and hoots. More people continue to arrive and excitement grows as the clock approaches 8 p.m.

A white leaflet is being distributed describing the activities planned by the university that evening. Free bands, food, and movies are being offered in an attempt to keep students from attending the rally.

Everyone present is hoping for a large turnout and are perturbed at the university's actions. I am wondering where I am going to stay that evening because I know that I cannot return to my apartment because of the curfew in the town.

Around 8 p.m. two students run over to the victory bell located at the other end of the Commons. The loud ringing designated it as a rallying spot and everyone begins to move in that direction. After everyone assembled at the bell there is a discussion as to what actions should be taken. ^I Finally a youth climbs upon the ~~top of the~~ bell structure and tries to attract the attention of everyone. After everyone directs their attention to ^{me I} ~~him~~, ^I ~~he~~ begins to tell them of the events taking place in the dormitories that evening sponsored by the school. ^{I "exhort"} ~~He~~ suggests that everyone march around the campus to the dorms and tell the students of our rally hoping to get them to join us. The crowd answers with the cry "ON TO TRI TOWERS!" and they begin to move enmass up Blanket Hill towards the huge complex.

Chants of "POWER TO THE PEOPLE, AND ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, WE DON'T WANT YOUR FUCKING WAR!" accompany us as we move across campus past Verder and Dunbar Halls. People look out their windows at us as we pass and we call out to them to join us. Moving onwards through the parking lot in front of the Music & Speech Building and through the small growth

of trees in front of Tri-Towers we finally arrive at the large complex. Our numbers have grown and are now at approximately one thousand.[?] As soon as we arrive at the complex people begin to pour into ^{the} rotunda, through the lounge area and into the Pit. Singing and chanting people move throughout the buildings of the complex trying to recruit people for our march. Many of them go upstairs to the student cafeteria where a dance is taking place. My only thoughts for the moment are paranoid ones. I don't like the idea of being inside where we can become entrapped by the police. After a few moments everyone begins to move once again outside pouring out into the drive behind Tri-Towers. There is a brief halt as we wait for everyone to get outside and once again we start singing anti-war slogans and marching towards the Eastway Dormitory Complex. We have acquired a few people from Tri-Towers and our numbers now stand at close to two Thousand.[?] It is really great seeing so many people assembled for one cause, singing, clapping, moving enmass around the campus.

After passing Eastway we once again decide to head back to the Commons to assemble into one group. Several people have run ahead of us and you can hear once again the victory bell ringing out in the evening air.

Finally gathered upon the Commons our numbers now stand at over two thousand strong.[?] Everyone is milling about, waiting for something to happen. Firecrackers are set off and people are talking to one another.

There is a move towards the R.O.T.C. building by part of the crowd.

Numbers are certainly exaggerated.

About four or five hundred people move towards the wooden structure located at the west end of the Commons, while the remainder stay behind. Once at the building there is indecision about what to do at that time. There are shouts of "TRASH THE BUILDING" (wreck it), march around it and burn it. The first assault is then made upon the R.O.t.C. building. Students run up to the structure and begin breaking windows in it. Almost every window is broken out as the protesters throw objects such as rocks, sticks, and trash through the windows. After running out of things to throw they pull back away from the building. It is then that a flag is set afire. Attached to a stick a student holds the burning piece of cloth into the air where everyone can see it. There are cheers and shouts of approval as the flag burns and some students dance at the spectacle. A man takes a picture of the scene and suddenly every one's attention is focused upon him. Students have a special paranoia about cameras since photographs provided evidence against those busted the year before at Music and Speech. There are cries of "GET THE CAMERA" and the chase is on. The photographer is pursued around the area until he is finally tackled by a demonstrator. The man is reluctant to give up his camera although several protestors are kidding and hitting him trying to get him to release ~~the camera~~. Finally a girl convinces him to give it up and the film is destroyed. The man is helped to his feet, his camera is returned and he staggers away.

Once again attention is given to the R.O.t.C. building. Now cries of "BURN IT! BURN IT!" ring out. One demonstrator runs up to the building with a lighted railroad flare and tosses it through ~~xx~~ a broken window. There are cheers at his actions and shortly after others run to the structure and toss rags soaked in gasoline into the window and set

fire to the curtains. (The gasoline came from a motorcycle parked next to the building.) *We were not being very successful. It was at this point a man approached me suggesting I use gas from the motorcycle.*

A squad of about thirty campus policemen march in formation and line up at the far end of the building. The protestors pull back and watch their arrival, shouting obscenities and insults at the officers. Some show their defiance by running up to the building and tossing objects through the windows and one demonstrator attempts to set fire to curtains hanging in the building. The officers are hesitant to respond because of the way they are out numbered by the protesters. (about 10 to one) By the time a fire truck arrives from the city there is a fair sized blaze going inside the structure. Attaching their hoses to a hydrant on the Commons they proceed to try to extinguish the blaze. As they begin to pour water upon the fire several students run up to the hoses and grabbing them start to pull them towards the crowd. "GET THE HOSES", and "KNIVES" are heard and simultaneously the remainder of the demonstrators run up and grab the hoses and pull them away from the firemen. Knives appear and several demonstrators begin stabbing and chopping at the fat, water filled hoses.

Streams of water shoot upwards into the air as the pressurized hoses are punctured, soaking the students and destroying the hoses. (Specially armed professionals were not responsible for the hoses being cut. It was a popular custom at that time among the kids to wear hunting knives.)

As the destroyed hoses lay upon the ground the people commenced to dancing around, celebrating their feat at having succeeded momentarily in preventing the firemen from putting out the blaze. But the elation is shortlived as a fireman attached a smaller hose to a hydrant located in front of the power plant and tries once again to extinguish the blaze.

A student suddenly runs up and with a flying leap knocks down the fireman and punches him several times with his fists. The fireman scrambles to his feet and runs for safety towards the police lines. Another protester reces up and tries to pull the hose away but is chased away by a policeman. It is then that the authorities lose with their with their first barrage of tear gas. The crowd scatters as they see the

the canisters in the air and clouds of white smoke fill the air as they land on the Commons. Most of the demonstrators reach Blanket Hill without being affected by the gas but one girl running through the billowing clouds falls, overcome by the gas. One of her comrades then picks her up and carries her in his arms back to the hill.

Now everyone is standing on the hill and around the bell structure, waiting for the air to clear. Our attention is diverted when someone sets fire to a small wooden archery shed located on the hillside. Flames reach up into the sky as small trees standing next to the shed are lit up by the flames. It is now decided to ^{March} ~~venture~~ elsewhere.

Moving along Midway Drive, people cry out, "TO WHITE'S HOUSE!" But before reaching that destination their minds change and they decide to go towards downtown Kent. (west)

Pouring out the drive onto East Main Street a group of approximately eight hundred proceed to move towards downtown, singing anti-war slogans and chanting, clapping hands.

Passing Poots Snak Shop several students throw rocks through its windows. At a Gulf station located next to it the attendant gives us the peace sign hoping that we won't break the windows in his station. Farther down the street at a Sohio station demonstrators begin throwing rocks through the plate glass windows. A protester is shouting that Sohio represents one of the imperialistic motives for the war. Sidewalk repair is being done at the same sight and the demonstrators use the opportunity to arm themselves with chunks of rock and to create a barricade by dragging objects into the street. A couple of people are running along side the crowd trying to stop the demonstrators from breaking anymore windows and also trying to persuade them from

going downtown where there are located numerous police and sheriffs deputies. Mostly their pleas fall upon deaf ears and one of them sits on the roadside ~~heaving and~~ frustrated at his efforts.

Upon reaching the Rockwell Library our size approximately three hundred. A cry goes out, "THE GUARD IS COMING!" which causes everyone to run onto the campus and into the safety of the darkness there. A convoy of vehicles can be seen coming down the street. It consists of jeeps, trucks, and half tracks. Loaded down with troops the first of the vehicles passes us when we rush out of the darkness. The demonstrators let loose with a barrage of objects, rocks, sticks, etc. aimed at the guardsmen. Our ammunition runs out quickly and the convoy proceeds on its way downtown and we turn back to the campus. It is decided to head back to the Commons since it would be a bit suicidal to go downtown where hundreds of national guardsmen are now gathered.

A small group turns upon a small guard direction⁰ both located in the parking lot of the library. Breaking out the windows, they try to set fire to the small structure but leave before any blaze is set. One demonstrator has taken the fire extinguisher from it and is spraying the contents into the air.

As we head towards the Commons we can see the sky lit up in a rose red and clouds ^{of} smoke billowing upwards from the fire at the R.O.T.C. building. Moving across the front of the campus, along Hilltop Drive, we come out behind Lowry Hall in front of the Student Union. There is an incline here and we are assembled at the base of it. A group of police arrive and assemble at the top of the drive next to the power plant. The demonstrators break open a stack of bricks being used for the construction of a building and begin throwing them at the police.

They react with tear gas once again causing the protesters to scatter. Gathering upon a slight hill next to Engleman Hall we proceed to the Commons which is located behind us.

Arriving there, we see gathered at the bell and upon the hill a large number of people. Most of these are the original demonstrators who have remained behind to watch the fire instead of joining^{ing} our march down Main Street.

By this time the police have received reinforcements of guardsmen sheriffs deputies and ~~city~~^{STATE} police. They have made a cordon around the burning R.O.T. C. building. As we watch the fire, it appears that the firemen may succeed in their attempts to extinguish the blaze. The flames disappear momentarily as it seems that the firemen have controled the blaze. Suddenly flames erupt from the roof of the burning building and the demonstrators respond with cheers. Everyone is jubilant, ecstatic over the sight. They hug one another, shake hands, laughing, some crying, looks of triumph upon the faces of many.

The police announce the riot act and order us to disperse. We respond with jeers and chants of "POWER TO THE PEOPLE". Finally everyone decides it would be wise to leave and turn towards Tri Towers and Eastway dorm complexes. We are walking along, singing, arm in arm laughing at the success of our ventures of the evening. The police and guardsmen begin to pursue us and we hurry to reach the safety of the dorms.

Upon reaching Tri Towers we can see that we are being pursued and clouds of gas erupt over by Eastway Center. Everyone once again pours into the rotunda and to the safety provided within. Several hundred demonstrators are inside the structure and they scatter everywhere. A couple musicians are playing are playing in the pit and most of the people assemble there to listen to them and buy items from the vending

machines located there.

The residence director is running around frantically. He doesn't like the idea of our using his complex as a sanctuary and wants us to leave. There isn't anyway that I'm going outside where there are police and guardsmen waiting to bust us. I'm content to remain here and I think everyone else is willing to agree with me.

An announcement is made that everyone is to meet in the lounge area. Assembling there is about two hundred demonstrators. Many of them have gone up to rooms in the complex provided by friends. The remainder of us intend to sleep wherever we can find a space.

We are told that we cannot expect to stay here and that the residence assistants are trying to secure arrangements with the authorities to permit safe conduct to other dormitories on campus. When we are told that we will be permitted safe conduct when accompanied by a residence assistant, many cry out in protest. One student claims that if we allow the others to go to their dorms the police will wait until most of them have gone and come in and bust the remainder. Once again the marshalls negotiate and finally convince us that this will not happen. From this agreement most of the protesters start to return to their homes, leaving only those who live off campus. About 12:30 an announcement is made that the students living off campus have a fifteen minute amnesty period in which to reach their homes. Most of the remaining people respond to this and leave the complex. But shortly after most of the people leave we are told that there is not complete agreement on the amnesty by the police and that you may be busted. We are glad we have remained behind, but a short time later, about one a.m. we are told that an agreement has been reached and we have fifteen minutes to reach our homes. We live across town, about

twenty five minutes away, but we venture out anyway. While walking down Main Street we are lucky enough to secure a ride from a student driving by and he takes ^{us} past the police and to our apartment which concludes the ventures for that evening.

SUNDAY MAY 3, 1970

It's a beautiful day. The sun is shining, and it is warm. Despite two nights of disturbances and confrontation an air of peace and serenity pervades the campus and town. Everywhere people are outside enjoying the nice weather. Girls are talking to the guardsmen and youngsters are ~~xx~~ climbing all over the armored personnel carriers parked on campus. ~~Rxx~~ Returning to Tri Towers that afternoon a friend and I journey over to the Commons to see the remains of the R.O.T.C. building.

The immediate area surrounding the buildings remains is roped off and guardmen and police stand guard over it. Some people are looking at the ruins while others are lying in the grass. A couple of others are tossing a ~~xxxxxx~~ frisbee through the air. Where the R.O.T. C. building once existed there ~~xxxx~~ now stands a mass of charred wood, brick and metal. The building has ~~xxx~~ literally burnt to the ground.

Once again a meeting is to take place ^{on} the Commons at the same time that evening. Many feel that things are just too "hot" for any activity that night. We have lost the element of surprize we had on Saturday and with so many police and guardmen in town the chances of a bust ^{are} ~~a~~ too great. Also there is the simple fact that many of us are simply exhausted from the previous nights activities. All the running around, shouting, etc. has a tendency to wear one out. Mostly everyone is skeptical of the wisdom and the chances of success of another rally that night.

Deciding at the last minute to attend the rally once again we journey towards the campus. The situation is basically the same as that of Saturday night. There is an eight p.m. curfew in the town and a one a.m. curfew on campus.

Arriving at the Commons, a small crowd has once again gathered. A yellow V.W. drives up Portage Drive after traveling about the university and town announcing the rally for this evening. There are signs painted all over it in red and green fluorescent paint proclaiming the time and place of the assembly. Hanging out of the sun roof of the car is a youth who is blowing upon a bugle.

Around eight p.m. the victory bell is rung once again calling everyone to rally there. Our numbers are relatively small as of yet but they continue to grow. Once again everyone agrees to march around campus to try to get others to join.

After going to Tri Towers and Eastway the protestors turn once again back towards the Commons. But this time instead of returning there everyone decides to march over to President Whites house. Numbering a little over two thousand[?] the demonstrators begin crossing the parking lot abehind the Music & Speech building. A contingent of national guardsmen appear in front of Nixon Hall. Armed with rifles and bayonets they quickly release a volley of tear gas at us. Clouds of gas erupt in the parking lot causing the protesters to scatter in all directions. The cry goes out "BACK TO THE COMMONS!" and most of the people move in that direction.

Assembling on the Commons again around the bell structure are about twelve hundred or fifteen hundred people.[?] It occurs to me this time that this isn't the safest place to be. We are hemmed in by an eight foot fence on one side, police and guardsmen in front and beside

us and Blanket Hill behind us. Others seem to feel the same way and proceed to tear down the cyclone fence. Shortly there after it is ~~EXHORTED~~ suggested that we move elsewhere. The idea that is accepted by the masses is that we should go downtown to "liberate Kent". Everyone begins to move enmass across the campus towards East Main Street singing slogans and clapping hands.

As we moved down the street our numbers quickly diminished as people drifted away or stood and watched the remainder of us move towards downtown. By the time we reach the intersection of Lincoln and Main Streets only about five hundred of us remain.

Here everyone stops suddenly and is quiet. About one hundred yards ahead of us coming over a rise in the street are about one hundred police, sheriffs, and highway patrolmen. They are armed with riot helmets sticks, and tear gas. Looking behind us we see a small group of guardsmen coming down the street on foot and led by a jeep. Also, as we look to our right and left we notice more guardsmen and now everyone doesn't think much of the idea of trying to liberate the city. We are rather reluctant to face bayonets and clubs especially when we are armed only with stones.

The whole attitude of the marchers changes and it is decided that we shall sit down in the intersection peacefully. Upon seeing us sitting down the police stop their advance a few yards in front of us. The guardsmen also stop their advance and make a cordon behind us. We are now partially surrounded with the only openings being on our left (south) through the parking lot of the library. As the evening progresses the situation only grows worse.

People are slowly drifting away into the darkness leaving fewer of us sitting in the street by the hour. More guardsmen keep arriving behind us and now they have succeeded in practically surrounding us. We are waiting for the police to wade into us with their clubs and most of us are trying to find a quick avenue of escape if they chose to do so. Instead they appear to be confused and frustrated. Most of the police are now standing in groups talking to one another and some have taken off their riot gear. Helicopters have arrived and are passing closely overhead shining spotlights upon us. The whole situation is becoming frightening. A huge armored personnel carrier roars across the intersection and the size of it is amazing especially when you are sitting on the ground about ten feet from its passage. Several students are negotiating with the police and guard officers and are trying to get the mayor and the university president to come to the scene and accept a list of demands we have made up.

At one point in the evening the guardsmen behind us find themselves surrounded. There was a play being presented on campus that evening at Nixon Hall and students from there have arrived upon the scene and some of them are taunting the guardsmen. Besides these new arrivals a number of spectators have gathered across the street at a service station and at a fraternity house. Combined with students from inside the circle yelling and screaming insults at them the guardsmen get nervous and release a few canisters of tear gas, both at the protesters and the spectators. There are clouds of stinging, burning gas and quite a commotion as people scatter everywhere. There are cries of "YOU MOTHER FUCKING PIGS"! and oddly enough these remarks are coming from the spectators and fraternities. Tossing the gas into the fraternity was like stirring up a hornets nest and to show their anger the houses open their doors to the entrapped protesters allowing them to use their toilet facilities and get water.

Shortly there after we are told [^]that President White has been called and is supposed to arrive upon the scene shortly. Also Mayor Satrom is supposed to be coming also. But as the time passes is becoming obvious that neither one of these people intend to come. The situation is getting very tense as we are getting more ill at ease and the authorities are becoming impatient;

Everything begins to happen at once and the guardsmen release another volley of gas. Simultaneously with the gas volley the police announce that we must get off the main street and back on campus, because of the curfew in the town. There is a great deal of confusion and cries of anger from the demonstrators because when we run on campus the guardsmen gas us and when we go into the streets the police tell us to go back on campus.

Unaware to any of us the one a.m. curfew that once existed on campus has been changed to eleven p.m. and it is going on twelve o'clock.

Everyone calms down for a few moments and it is announced over a bullhorn that the guardsmen^d are going to pull back from behind us and that everyone is to move peacefully across campus to their respective dorm. We are more than willing to accept this agreement and wait for the soldiers to pull back. The line of men behind us begin to move slowly but instead of pulling back they reassemble and let loose with another volley of tear gas.

Cries of "YOU DIRTY BASTARDS" and "YOU LIED" ring out in protest as everyone is surprised by the maneuver. Everyone was naive enough to believe that the authorities wouldn't lie to us and everyone is stunned by the betrayal. There is a gap open between the guardsmen through the parking lot of the library and most of the protestors run towards it.

About two hundred of the protestors remain and it's basically every man for himself. From this point it is RUN LIKE HELL! People are scattered everywhere trying to get away from the police. Some stop for a moment to see the guardsmen forming into groups in order to pursue us and to swear at them and to throw their futile rocks. But this is only briefly as they once again continue their flight. Climbing up embankments, over ditches the people are fleeing as if their lives were at stake. At one point several of us try to organize everyone into a group so we will be safer, but our pleas go unheard as everyone is just concerned with running like crazy. Guardsmen and helicopters closely pursue us across the campus shining their spotlights upon us.

Finally we see Tri Towers rising before us and its like seeing home. ~~Now I know how the settlers felt when Indians were pursuing them and a~~ fort appeared on the horizon. Most people feel that we can find safety and sanctuary once we are inside the complex. But upon reaching the glass doors we find they are locked! Guardsmen are hot on our heels and our only sanctuary is closed to us.

Standing behind the glass doors is the residence director and his assistants telling us to keep on running. He thinks we will be safer if we continue to run. This is rather absurd because there just isn't anywhere to run from here. Behind us are guardsmen and just past Tri Towers is the edge of campus meaning a certain bust once we go back to the city.

There are crowds of people at the doors now pulling upon the doors and some are threatening to break them with rocks in order to get inside. Resident assistants are holding the doors closed but find they are now surrounded by students inside the dorm. They are struggling to open the doors to us and finally the combined efforts result in our getting them open and everyone pours into the small vestibule area between the rotunda and Wright Hall.

Dozens of frantic people are jammed in this small area yelling and ~~xxx~~ screaming trying to get farther inside. Finally the residence director allows us to go into the building.

Moving into the lounge and pit areas everyone throws themselves upon the floor and furniture. Here are a group of tired, frightened, almost hysterical freaks. There is confusion everywhere ~~and anything~~ and anything could set off a panic. Attempts to get everyone to calm down and be seated are ignored and in frustration one youth angrily throws down a pop can because none will listen to his pleas for cooperation. It is then that the rumor arises that the guardsmen intend to come in to the complex after us. This would have been disastrous. Everyone is on the verge of panic and surely aren't willing to allow the police to come in after us. We are willing to fight ~~with~~ them. The end result of such a maneuver would surely result in quite a bit of property damage and many injured people not only demonstrators.

The residence director realizing the situation goes outside to try to talk the guardsmen ^{out} ~~out~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ such a ridiculous move. He returns shortly and tells us that he has talked to the commanding officer and they are not going to enter the complex. But we are told that no one is allowed to leave or they will be arrested. We must remain inside until the curfew lifts at six a.m. the next morning.

There is a feeling of relief and most of the demonstrators disappear into various parts of the complex, mostly into the rooms of other students living there. Staying in the lounge area all evening I peer outside on occasions to see a jeep or police car parked in front of the building waiting for someone to attempt to leave.

Even when six a.m. does finally arrive we are reluctant to leave. We are paranoid and do not trust the police or clocks in the dorm. Finally the car out front pulls away and at about 6:20 we venture out into the morning air. There is an eerie silence across the campus. No where to be seen are either guardsmen or police. Even as we pass the gymnasium where the guardsmen are located we see little or no sign of life. The only evidence of their existence are the jeeps and other vehicles parked in the lot behind the gym. Finally we reach our home and are really too tired to care or think about anything but going to bed. It is seven a.m., Monday, May 4, 1970.

MONDAY MAY 4, 1970

I'm awakened by the scream of sirens as police cars and an ambulance race past my apartment. It is about 12:30 and there is a commotion as my roommates rush outside to get up to the Commons. They are babbling something about the rally and that someone has been shot. They tell me that TWO GUARDSMEN AND ONE STUDENT ARE DEAD. Finally about one p.m. I venture up to the campus. Parking my car in the parking lot behind Eastway I walk over to the Commons. I see students standing about on Blanket Hill and around Taylor Hall. There are wisps of smoke in the air and a professor is announcing something over a bullhorn. He is begging the demonstrators to return to their dorms to disperse before anyone else is hurt. The bodies have been removed and the only signs I can see of any shooting are a bullet hole through the sculpture in front of Taylor Hall and a Puddle of blackened blood where Jeffrey Miller was shot. The shouting is over and everyone is silent except for the man over the bullhorn. At one end of the Commons, by the burnt building stand the national guard and everywhere else stand spectators and demonstrators. Everyone is standing quite still, looks of shock, fear, and hatred on some of their faces. One youth stands

*I didn't know
it was his blood.
at the time*

rigid, his fists clenched tightly, a look of defiance upon his face. Finally everyone begins to move away, heading back towards their dorms. They move slowly, heads hanging down a great contrast to the shouting chanting mobs of the past two evenings. Entering Tri Towers everyone is sitting around silently still unable to believe what has happened. *I met Mary Vecchio at this time. People were trying to console her.* I left the campus briefly and after picking up a friend *Serry Ruge* return to Tri Towers. This time the scene is one of panic. It is being announced over the loud speaker that the school is closed and that everyone is to return immediately to their homes. *Campus buses would take them off campus.* People are running around frantically carrying arm loads of clothing and suitcases. Yet while all this is going on there are still those who are sitting quietly. I cannot understand what is happening. I am angered by their flight. I feel they should remain, stick together to show our unity and defiance. Yet this anger passes quickly as I realize many things. I wasn't even there to see anyone shot dead or wounded. How can I grasp how they feel since I wasn't present to see the people fall, bleeding, dying. What right have I to be angry, to criticize? After talking to a few people we return to our apartment. I'm angry, frustrated, disturbed about what has taken place today.

An immediate curfew has been placed upon the town. All businesses have been closed and the schools have been let out. It is only about two or two-thirty in the afternoon. From our apartment we can see police armed with rifles standing upon every street corner in downtown Kent. The only vehicles in town are military and those of the fleeing students.

A combined feeling of emptiness and sadness exists within me. The feeling is one of helplessness which only adds to my frustration and despair.

By evening the only sounds in the town are those of the helicopters passing overhead. One can see them shining their spotlights over the town and upon the campus. As they pass overhead it is as if they are taunting me trying to impress me with their power, I resent it more than fear it.

So ends May 4, 1970. The silence and calm are an ironic finish to four days of dissent, marching, shouting and violence. We've shown our discontent and frustration at the war and they have shown us their strength and their inability to tolerate dissent.

This was Kent State as I observed and participated in it. It's been over a year since these events have taken place and many points may have left out or misplaced. I think that I have succeeded fairly well in presently them in their proper order and describing them as they took place. Although my original intentions were to try to present an unbiased report as I progressed through the writing I found this more difficult to do. My participation was such an emotional thing to me that I am unable to prevent myself from becoming unbiased. I hope to say that there are no lies or deliberate distortions of the events as I saw them take place, just to suit my prejudice.

My observations of Monday May 4 are so limited because of my late arrival on the campus. I wish I could have been there when the students were shot because as things now stand I feel as if the other nights did not even take place. I lived in the city of Kent for the next several months following the shootings. Immediately after the shootings the atmosphere in the city was not very healthy for students or young people. A lot of hatred existed there, a lot of fear. Although I have not been to Kent for some time from what understand the city is still full of paranoia. On campus things are supposed to be a bit different with students being apathetic but optimistic (if that's possible) I was pleased to see that May 4 1971 passed without trouble

and that no serious violence has appeared in the city. It is sad that four people had to die because an understanding couldN't be reached. It is too bad that frustration was released at the cost of property damage and human blood. I cannot help but feel most of those actions that took place at Kent were of a spontaneous nature. Once a group of people get together and action starts it is very easy to get into it and react in an unpredictable manner. I only hope that it doesn't happen again and that some sort of communication is created between the young and the Establishment. I hope that students are able to use their knowledge to find more successful and peaceful means of showing their discontent and changing things. If they are not then the four days were a waste of time and ~~a~~ ~~was~~ four people died in vain.

after a few days we went to Oberlin but I ended my narrative before then. RF.