

50 years ago, on a bright sunny Monday afternoon, I was headed to the library to pick up my books that I needed to teach my first lesson at the Kent State University high school. A grouchy old librarian delayed me refusing to give me the books that I had reserved. I left the library and headed towards the high school. I could see thousands of students gathered. When I reached the area of the power stacks, I could see all those students, but there was silence. It was so silent that you could hear the wind whipping through the power stacks. I asked a fellow student what was happening, and he replied quotation marks they're shooting kids quotation marks. The silence was broken by the sound of emergency vehicles coming to rescue the wounded and dead.

The night before, I was in the library in Rockwell hall, and there was the sound of several thousand students as they rushed past the library to converge in front of the old university entrance. They held us in the library as the national guard set up a perimeter around the protesters. They let us out of the library through a gauntlet of armed guards. They told us to get off the streets because it was martial law. The TKE house was inside of the perimeter, and I was outside of it. I approached a guardsmen and asked what I should do to get inside my house. He responded by trying to stab me with his bayonet and in fact chased me a short distance. Tom Kudla and I snuck around the gas town gas station and made it into the house.

Inside the house, mom White and some little sisters were on their knees on the carpet as teargas waft into the house. Jim Russell went out on the front porch and argued with a sergeant who responded by cracking him in the knee with his baton. That same sergeant followed up the next day at the shooting by turning 90° from the line of fire to aim a 12 gauge shotgun at Jim and shot him with a number of pellets in his leg.

On Monday, after the shooting, Tom Kudla and I spent the night in the TKE house listening to the police channel and hearing of Greek houses being ransacked. There were no locks on the doors. So, we barricaded the doors and spent the night with baseball bats. Murder had been committed, and as of yet there has been no justice.