

INTERDEPARTMENTAL

March 28, 1979

Dear Ivan:

Note the Hrs. Dr. — this is to
accustom you to the usage just as
can you go to Sweden. Have much
fun.

The clean typed copy probably won't
be ready for a few more days so
I send you the art work + its mixed
up copy. Read it as you fly over the
ocean + then flush it?

Jeanette + I have given further
study to the cases 7 oates, arlen, +
Clark and have concluded, the
compulsion being what it is and the
judges being what they are, you
have a 50/50 chance of making
it as finalists for the Nat'l Bk Award.
If merit were the sole test, you would
have a 99/1 chance, but we don't
know what merit the judges feed on —
if they dislike larab, you are sunk.
all the best to you + Carol —

Vern

Admire the "Graphics"!

Bees and Barricades: Revisiting the 1960s

When I suggested this topic to Richard Wilkie, I thought that it would be interesting and relatively easy to revisit the turbulent decade of the 1960s, the period of the campus wars here at the University of Washington ten years ago. *Yogi Berra once announced that "you can observe a lot just by watching,"* but I quickly discovered that my memory is frail to a fault, that some things I thought I remembered couldn't have happened, so I had to treat this assignment the way a conscientious historian would deal with a new subject. I went to the library to look for reliable sources, the books, documents and manuscripts that would tell me what really did happen. In no time at all I found too much.

I discovered that by the end of 1968, with our troubles at the U.W. hardly begun, the first of what would become a torrent of books on student dissent had begun to appear. Regents committees, special commissions, foundations, even the American Bar Association, along with free-lancers like Joseph Califano, had examined and reported on the phenomenon of student dissent not only in the U. S. but also in Europe, in Egypt, in the Middle East, in the Orient, but not ⁱⁿ Russia. There were books that described, books that celebrated, books that deplored, books that denounced, and then came the books of the deep-thinkers. I abandoned books when I found one that promised to show that the real reason for student dissent resided in "Psycho-biological" factors and forces because I am congenitally unable to face absolute^d truth. I had discovered this embarrassing fact about myself almost forty years ago when I read a U. S. Army manual that began with the statement, "History teaches and Army regulations state that" I read no further. I didn't have the courage to face the naked truth.

So I abandoned the books and turned to the manuscripts and other materials that would tell me what happened here in the 1960s: the documents and manuscripts in the office of faculty committees, the Manuscript Collection in the ^{now impressive} University Archives, and of course there are the files of the local newspapers, including that nearly perfect mirror of the past, the University Daily. ~~and~~ I soon found myself awash if not drowning in a ~~sea~~ sea of paper. I won't even try to describe this vast collection of records except to remind you that a full stenographic record is kept of all the orations delivered at all meetings of the faculty senate and ~~the~~ the discussions that take place at all of the meetings of the senate executive committee. I encountered one transcript of one meeting of the executive committee that filled fifty typed pages. The executive committee ^{Professors talked a lot and often.} held forty meetings that year. I should also state that the Manuscripts Collections contain ^{a large} ~~many~~ numbers of the handbills that were circulated on campus those years, many setting forth a host of non-negotiable demands. Even if you ~~permitted~~ permitted me several hours to talk, there is no way I could bring you a full report of what happened as revealed in ^{all of} these reliable sources. But I was happy to learn that Dianne Walker, a graduate student working with Professor Otis Pease, is at work on all of these documents. Remember her name and be prepared for her book when it appears.

In the circumstances you will understand why I must content myself with a short, unbalanced account of the wars of the 1960s, based partly on a few documents, partly on my ^{capricious recollection} ~~memory~~. I should also warn you that in presenting this account I follow the great Greek historian, Thucydides, who declared, "I will give you the speeches as they were given, or as they ought to have been given."

As all persons should know but too few do, the present is simply history, no more and no less. The turbulent sixties were shaped and conditioned, among other things, by the pernicious doctrines espoused and promulgated by the founding fathers of the Republic. These ^{doctrines} included notions of human equality, representative government, the right of petition, free speech, free assembly, and free movement. Of course it took time for such heretical notions to circulate both ~~to~~ the top and the bottom of what sociologists used to call the social pyramid. You all remember that pyramid with a small upper class, a good-sized middle class, and a very large lower class to give it a firm, broad base. In 1940, viewers-with-alarm should have been put on guard by a Roper poll published in Fortune,—certainly not a subversive magazine. The poll showed that 80% of Americans thought they were members of the middle class, with about 10% believing they were upper class, and about 10% believing they were lower class.

Obviously our social pyramid was out of whack. You can have a pyramid with a pointy top, but one with a pointy bottom is apt to fall over. In the 1950s, in Brown vs. Board of Education, the Supreme Court succumbed to ~~the~~ heretical notion when it said that separate is not equal. In the 1960s, with the Best and the Brightest now enthroned somewhere on the New Frontier, ominous things began to happen: there were more sit-ins in public places and great marches to argue equality with bodies; there were teach-ins in the colleges and universities to ^{with words} argue against war in Viet Nam, against racism in all its forms, and against the other evils of our decaying, corrupt society. There were even some that argued equal rights for women. Many of the young reformers were intent on perfecting our society, on making democracy work, even if they had to destroy it. Colleges and universities became the centers and victims of these enterprises, not because they could do much but because this was where most of the young reformers were --- at least ^S those who hadn't been drafted.

And in another part of the forest the drug scene and the flower children showed that many engaging vices, once largely the exclusive possession of European aristocracy, ^{and the upper classes} were being democratized.

Student organizations, most notably Students for a Democratic Society, came into existence and cells multiplied across the land. In the mid 1960s Berkeley, with a climate that permitted year-round rallying and demonstrating, and aided by the national TV networks, led the way, but the contagion spread to Columbia, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin, and a host of other institutions. The national TV networks served well and willingly to provide excellent and prompt communication, while airlines and credit cards served to maintain great mobility for the emerging leaders. Parenthetically, I might add that the credit card seemed to serve as a way of supporting a new type of remittance man or woman. In the 19th century, you will recall, English families, finding themselves possessed of a son in deep trouble, shipped him off to the U. S. or Canada with the understanding that he would be supported by regular remittances so long as he stayed away from home. The credit card served ^{much} the same purpose.

Administrators were besieged, faculties harrassed and confused, as the reformers, in pushing their campaign, conducted a great rallies and noisy demonstrations, captured and trashed buildings and fought police, all to the delight of TV camera crews who occasionally helped out with the staging.

The flames had spread over much of the country before the troubles reached the University of Washington. One reason may have been that the climate didn't encourage year-round campaigning; besides that, the main flight paths led from Berkeley through Wisconsin or Michigan, thence to the East Coast. Seattle was somewhat off the main track.

I won't attempt a full chronology of the movement here, but I can offer a kind of short laundry list of the non-negotiable demands and provide a sketchy outline of events as push changed to shove. The Vietnam war, the end of racial discrimination on campus and elsewhere, and equal rights for women were the leading subjects dealt with in the blizzard of handbills that spread across the campus. The handbills were circulated by intense, sometimes slightly stoned, young idealists, most of whom seemed implacable and humorless. But they were, as a group, much more interesting than the languid dropouts who gathered in increasing numbers on Hippie Hill, the open space on the campus opposite 42nd Street. The reformers circulated and shouted their non-negotiable demands: that the armed forces be forbidden to recruit on campus, that representatives of war industries be excluded from campus, that the ROTC be abolished, that the university establish child care centers, that classified research be dropped, that the connection of the Applied Physics Laboratory with the university be severed, that students' rights be recognized, that students be permitted to help ~~in the~~ management of the university and serve on all committees. There were demands that courses and instruction and even the university itself be made relevant (but nobody said relevant to what), that teaching be improved, that the grading system be dropped or changed so it wouldn't cause psychic damage to young people, that a young TA in Spanish be fired because he used a degrading word, that grapes be boycotted, that the university protect the environment, even though student dogs at the time over-ran and befouled the campus. This is only a sample of the demands.

The reformers worked hard because there were many evils to be rooted out, on campus and off. The late Susan Stern, in her published account of her life with the weathermen, mentions her work with the Seattle Liberation Front collectives at a time when energy and enthusiasm were beginning to

run down. The collectives, she says, "were organizing women's centers, building a free medical center on Capitol Hill, organizing against I-90,... working with G I's at Fort Lewis, pulling together a union of the unemployed, working on welfare rights, running a free store in Georgetown,..., planning a theatre group, and circulating an anti-war, anti-tax initiative." This doesn't even touch on campus reforms.

With so many non-negotiable demands, with the university slow and often unable to respond, and with TV reports of campus violence around the country, it is not surprising that words led to action. There were a few sit-ins and recruiting areas were blocked. A discipline hearing of disruptors was disrupted and in early 1968 there were threats against army and business recruiters if they came on campus. In April the SDS made a well-advertized attempt to block recruiting at Loew Hall (identified as Lowell Hall in Susan Stern's book), a campaign broken up by the providential arrival of bees. I'll come back to that later. Uneasiness was widespread the rest of the Spring quarter. At the end of June a bomb was set off in the entrance of the administration building. Thereafter there were other arson and bombing attempts, but none so destructive. August saw three or four evenings of rioting on University Avenue. The beginning of the fall quarter brought continuing rallies in front of the HUB, public announcements of great peace marches to be held in San Francisco and Washington, D.C., and attacks on the ROTC offices, ^{which included} ~~also with~~ relentless and disabling attacks on such things as water fountains, unprotected doors and ~~also~~ windows.

Thomson Hall was the first campus building to be captured and held briefly. This in conjunction with a mounting campaign of the Black Student Union aimed at forcing the university to cancel athletic contracts with Brigham Young University. This campaign led to much marching and chanting

and shouting in the buildings around the Quad and disruption of classes, although the reformers claimed they didn't disrupt classes, they merely sought to make ^{other} students aware of the issues. Some students were beaten and a number of students and professors were threatened, but the disrupters met their match when they sought to enter the class^{room} of the late Henry Beuchel of the economics department. He met the invaders with a roar and they withdrew. His action won local, state and national attention and he got many telephone calls and letters from all over the country, including, it was widely reported, a letter from President Nixon. Beuchel was a bit startled by all the fuss. He wrote a letter to the press saying he objected to the obscenities yelled at him and the class. He knew all of the words, since he had worked in logging camps as a young man, but these words were not used in the presence of women. That brought forth a letter to the press denouncing him because his statement showed him to be a male chauvinist seeking to oppress women by keeping them in ignorance.

The mounting disruption reached one climax in early March¹⁹⁷⁰ with what was thought ^{would} be an attempt to capture the administration building. That brought a court writ, and city police were invited to the campus and stayed for a week or so. I'll say more about that event ~~and~~ later. In April things seemed to quiet down a little, but even so, every day of heavy rain was greeted with relief. The most serious trouble came in May, after President Nixon announced the invasion --- the incursion, he called it --- of Cambodia. Protests mounted across the country. Four students were killed at Kent State on Monday, May 4th. News of the Kent State killings reached Seattle in time for protesters and reformers to plan for great demonstrations and even a strike to close the university for the next day. TV stations and radio stations cooperated ^{to} announce the plans so that on Tuesday morning pickets were at some of the campus entrances seeking to

block access and Seattle police were once more invited back to the campus, this time in larger numbers than before. After a mid-morning rally at the HUB, there was a march through the university district and then on downtown by way of the Freeway. On Wednesday there were more attempts to block entrances to the campus, a great noontime rally at which President Cdegaard announced that there would be no classes on Friday, and an estimated 10,000 then joined in a march from the campus through the central district to the city hall where the acting mayor announced plans for a community observance of the Kent State tragedy. Several hundred demonstrators sought to return to the university on the freeway, and some were beaten up by city police and the highway patrol. Meanwhile several students had set up a stand in the Quad to gather signatures on a petition denouncing the war and, before the end of the week, money had been collected to send them and their petition to Washington, D. C.

Thursday was the most dismal day of all. Again attempts were made to barricade entrances to the campus. There was much tumult and much marching in and out of classroom buildings. Evening brought scattered violence. Traffic was blocked briefly on University Avenue, windows were broken in business houses and in Schmitz Hall, the Applied Physics building was threatened and there was violence and some mace in Lander Hall. Most ominous of all, vigilantes moved onto the campus. One, or perhaps several groups of men, dressed in civilian clothes, armed with clubs, assaulted persons on campus and at least fifteen were treated for injuries at the University Hospital and Hall Health Center. The appearance of such vigilantes caused much concern. Rumors were rife. They were John Birchers. They belonged to a new secret law and order society. ^{They were off duty police disguised as hippies.} One rumor had it that there were ^{2 police} two groups ^{that} not just one, and ^{that} they had encountered each other in an ill-lighted part of the campus and cudgelled each other with ^{enthusiasm and} great zeal ^{SPD} until they remembered to show their ID cards. An investigation of the

of the vigilante actions was promised but I don't recall ever having seen a published conclusion. I was prepared to report the rumor to you and let it stand. However, I now must confess that in poking around through the vast quantity of records, I found documents that show that it was not rumor, it was fact, that city cops had ^{met and} beat up on each other. The ignorant armies did indeed clash by night on the darkling plain of the university campus and couldn't tell friend from foe.

Friday saw a few more attempts to block entrances to the campus. There was a great rally in front of the HUB and then a vast throng, in almost holiday mood, walked the freeway express lane to Westlake Mall. ~~and~~ Many returned the same way, this time protected by officers of the law.

But the troubles were not over. On Monday, those intent upon closing down the university barricaded entrances again, but barricades came down. There were a few fights, some groups of demonstrators, sorry to give up the excitement, marched through buildings to disrupt classes and enforce the strike, and even attempted to occupy the commons room in Raitt Hall as a child care center. The excitement was winding down by the end of the week when news came of the killing of two black students at Jackson State, and another day of mourning was set for the following Monday. There were a few more acts of violence, the university radio station was captured and held briefly, and twenty or thirty persons, miscalled students in some reports, entered the Suzzallo library and pulled between twenty to thirty thousand books from the shelves. But the worst, as it turned out, was over. Slowly excitement died down. Early in June, Governor Evans returned from a trip to the Orient and spoke on statewide TV. He exasperated many on both sides by declaring that the widely advertized damage done at the university was about the same as could be expected after a home football game. *non-ideological trashing should not be noticed.*

Although all would not be calm for another year, the days of May spelled the worst of the period of disruption, vigilante action, barricades and vast crowds on campus.

Two incidents stand out in my memory of this whole series of improbable, unbelievable events. The first was the attempt of the SDS to close down, to take over, Loew Hall. Representatives from Weyerhauser and the Navy were to be available for interviews on April 24th. Weeks before the scheduled interviews, SDS held rallies and passed out handbills announcing that SDS would close down Loew Hall on Thursday, April 24th, to stop recruiting. The rhetoric of the handbills got more and more violent as the day approached. Opposition groups appeared and published plans to meet in the Plaza of Loew Hall to block the SDS march. The administration and the senate executive committee met to develop plans to avert violence and destruction of property and ^{even} arranged to have faculty observers ^{present} wearing armbands, and hoped for a heavy rain. All signs indicated that the university might witness violence, yet there was little anyone seemed able to think of that would avert it. Free speech, free assembly, and free marching had to be protected.

On April 24 SDS supporters gathered in front of the HUB to listen to their orators and receive their instructions. Opposition groups met on Loew Plaza. Students by the thousands assembled to watch, and in the crowd were reporters, deans, professors, undercover police, and camera crews from the three commercial TV stations. Educational TV was not represented. The march from the HUB got started almost on time. There were bullhorns, some in the hands of SDS leaders, some in the hands of their opponents, all bellowing loudly, sometimes singly, sometimes in competition. The hundred or so SDS marchers were enveloped in the crowd of watchers and gawkers and preventers that nearly filled the space between Loew Hall and the HUB. The crowd booed, jeered, and seemed ready to block the

advance of the SDS marchers, but bullhorns asked that the marchers be permitted to pass. Tempers were rising and there seemed to be a chance that the crowd ^{would} ~~might~~ move against the SDS in spite of bullhorn admonitions. The SDS people were probably about ready to panic and run, but then the situation suddenly changed.

The road between the HUB and Loew Hall had not been closed off and even though there were now thousands of people in the area, cars and a few trucks continued to move in both directions, but they moved very slowly and were frequently forced to stop for slow-moving crowds on the road. The SDS marchers, or most of them, had crossed the street, getting close to the door of Loew Hall, and were now almost completely enveloped by hooting, jeering, resisting opposition, when a pickup truck came along from the north, just behind a panel truck. The driver of the pickup apparently was more interested in the crowd than ⁱⁿ the vehicle in front of him which ^{was forced to} ~~had~~ stopped dead for some persons to get out of the way. At the last moment the driver of the pickup saw the stopped car ahead, ~~He~~ slammed on his brakes and they worked. At least two of the six or so hives of bees, stacked in the pickup, tipped off the top of the stack and broke open. Almost instantly a great swarm of bees boiled up and quickly filled the air over and around the multitude, stinging as they went. They were equalitarian bees. They struck the righteous and the sinners; the participants and the watchers with equal fervor. Deans, administrators, arm-banded faculty, ^{observers} ~~members~~ were hit. Some of the bullhorn wielders tried to rally their troops but they had difficulty in sustaining their exhortations, and they sensed a lack of concentration on the great issues to be resolved. The TV cameramen also had troubles and got no good pictures, ~~at all of the event.~~ (All of us old school teachers know that

you can't hold the attention of a class when a single bee comes through an open window and buzzes around your head. --- Think of ^{the trouble} ~~what~~ the leaders had.) The

The providential arrival of the bees changed all strategies of the afternoon and dispersed the crowd as no writ from king or court could. Victory belonged to the bees, *sick fees at that.*

During the week or so after the event, truth-seeking ~~journalists~~ ^{persons} and conspiracy-sniffing reporters and others sought to determine where the bees came from, and why they arrived where they did when they did. There were charges that the John Birchers had sent them. A better story still was that the police dropped them from a helicopter. Others claimed that the university administration had planned the whole affair. That is ~~one of~~ the nicest compliments, even if wholly unwarranted, that the university administration would ^{get} ~~have~~ for a long time. The true explanation is that Providence, or more precisely, history sent them. They were brought to the campus by a Yakima beekeeper, and he came because of the Morrill Act, passed in 1862. Because of that law, Washington State College ^{of agriculture} ~~was~~ founded and developed. It was committed to bringing science to the aid of the farmer. Thus, by the 1960s, Washington State helped to develop and urge farmers to use pesticides to protect crops in the Yakima Valley. One of the pesticides in use seemed to make bees sick. Meanwhile, the University, over the years, kept telling the citizens that it served the whole state. The beekeeper brought his bees ^{to the University} ~~here~~ to be examined by an expert who might help him and them. Unfortunately he was interrupted in his search for help. His truck was battered by angry, stung persons, and he lost some of his bees, but after he returned to Yakima and his adventures were advertized, he emerged as a hero, got ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ congratulatory telephone

calls, letters, and even some contributions in real money.

Legal action was threatened by three or four persons who got stung. The threatened suit I liked best was one brought by a newspaper reporter who claimed he had been stung and deserved recompense. Some was observed that the reporter had been stung before in covering a story but this was the first time he was ever stung in plain view by real bees.

Even this little sketch of what happened doesn't convince me that what happened could have happened. But then, it must have happened. Not even a writer of fiction would dare to invent it.

A second incident that I report, but don't believe, occurred early in March, 1970. The Black Student Union for several months had been carrying on a campaign for more help, more recognition, equal treatment and the end of racism. There were incidents, some class disruptions, some charged to BSU, some to SDS, the Weathermen and the Seattle Liberation Front. In January, 1970, athletic contracts with Brigham Young University became a target for mounting an ardent denunciation because of what was called the racist position of the ~~Mormon~~ Church of the Latter Day Saints, sponsor of BYU. Non-negotiable demands were made that the university cancel athletic contracts and denounce BYU. There was a petition, signed by thousands, and accompanied by the threat of a demonstration against the university if the administration did not comply. March 5 was a deadline given. At the time President Odegaard was in Europe and Executive Vice President John Hogness was in charge. On March 5, John Hogness declined to yield to the non-negotiable demands and the BSU called its great rally at the HUB, supported by SDS and the implacable splinter group, the Weathermen. Why the Weathermen joined in this attack on Brigham Young University and the Mormon Church puzzled ^{them and still puzzle} me. One plank in the Weatherman platform to reform America, proclaimed that they

would smash monogamy, and the two great leaders of the Latter Day Saints, Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, had been in the forefront of a similar campaign in the 19th century. They should have been honored, not reviled by ^{the} weathermen.

At any rate, the rally was held at noon and then the troops marched to the administration building. Undercover agents had reported plans were afoot to capture that building. The University attorneys had obtained a court writ that could be used to direct the dispersal of the demonstrators, ~~should that be necessary~~. A command post had been established on fourth floor of the administration building and ^{to} ~~at~~ this place ^{Came a good} ~~assembled a number of~~ vice presidents, the head of the campus security forces (the "campus cops"), and a few professors including Kenneth McCaffree, chairman of the faculty senate, Charles Evans, then head of the equal opportunity program, and me. The doors downstairs were guarded by a thin line of campus ^{police} ~~security~~ guards. The great body of demonstrators marched to the administration building, but the area to the north, now Red Square, was being excavated to build Ernie Conrad's underground garage, so they had to assemble on the south side of the building where there was space enough for a large throng. Ominous and frightening reports kept coming in to the command center and the assembly deliberated on when to call the city police, when to employ the writ obtained from the court. Finally a decision occurred to call the police, but before the police arrived, lawyers declared, the court writ must be read to the multitude to warn them to disperse. ^PI should probably interrupt here to say that I was not exactly clear as to what the writ was, but at the time I assumed it was a riot act derived from that ancient English Riot Act which in its earliest form assumed that rioters who refused to disperse were guilty of treason and would accordingly be beheaded or hanged, drawn and quartered.

I later discovered that all we had was an injunction, a temporary restraining order issued by the superior court. The writ enjoined the BSU, the Seattle Liberation Front, certain named individuals and "all others acting in concert" from "employing force and violence, or the threat of force or violence, against persons or property" on the University campus, ^{It} and also forbade all persons from "damaging or defacing facilities, documents, files, desks, books or records, experiments or other property" owned by the University or located on its premises. There were other prohibitions against destroying or copying and publishing documents and all were forbidden to "congregate within" buildings or facilities or in any corridors, stairways, and entrances in such manner as to disrupt or interfere with normal functions in such place, or to block or hinder access to or egress from any ~~such properties by the plaintiff's faculty,~~ such properties by the plaintiff's faculty, administrators, students, employees or guests." This wasn't as good as a riot ^{act} order, but it was pretty good. Those who did not obey it couldn't be beheaded, but they could be found in contempt of court. That might be almost as bad.

With city police on their way, ~~the~~ lawyers declared that before the police arrived, the court order must be read to the prospective rioters so they would all be advised that they must disperse or face dire consequences. The question was, who should read the order? John Hogness as executive vice president was the highest authority present, but the head of campus security refused to permit him to take the risk of going out among the incipient rioters. Who was next in command? Without really thinking, I said out loud that the chairman of the faculty senate, representing all of the faculty, was next in command. A host of vice presidents agreed with me instantly -- perhaps the first and last time that ever happened to me. Ken McCaffree responded the way you would expect the descendant of tough, warring border Scotsmen to do. He said, "I'll go, if you go with me." I meekly agreed and Chuck Evans

volunteered to join up to make it a trinity. McCaffree then asked for the writ from which he was to read his lines. The paper was handed him, but a lawyer intervened. "You can't take that. It's our only copy." "Take a copy," directed McCaffree, now fully in charge. And suddenly there was confusion. All of the secretaries had been sent home for their own protection and nobody seemed to know how to run the copying machine. But in a few minutes someone was found who could read the directions and copy the writ. With paper in hand, McCaffree then asked for a bullhorn so he could make himself heard. The chief of campus security brought forth a bullhorn. McCaffree switched it on to test it. The battery was dead. A moment of uncertainty ended when McCaffree said we would borrow a bullhorn from the rioters, and the command center quieted again. Our trinity then reluctantly rode down to first floor and was permitted to exit from the building into the crowd. The nearest bullhorn was probably forty or fifty feet away from the door, with a thick crowd between us and the user. But we pushed into the crowd and worked our way toward the speaker. Evans and I were most polite. We let McCaffree *go first as he left his station.* ~~lead the way.~~ McCaffree had reached a point at which not more than a half dozen persons remained between him and the bullhorn user when to our surprise the voice on the bullhorn announced that the police were coming, the meeting was over. ^{He} switched off his horn and left. So ended our valiant attempt to read the court writ to the multitude. *PP* Meanwhile, the police had been called to enforce order. They were very slow in arriving. A later ^{report} ~~rumor~~ had it that the police had expected the call. Shock troops, in full battle gear, had assembled at city hall. A bus was brought up, the troops ^{loaded} ~~entered~~, and the bus started for the freeway. But it was an old bus and it didn't have power enough to pull up the grade to the freeway with a full load. The police had to get off the bus, walk up the hill in full gear, then re-enter it to be on their way. That all took time. There was a bit of

criticism of the police for this because they might really have been needed.

I liked ^{one} ~~the~~ answer given: "Well, would you take a new bus to a riot?"

The unexpected difficulty of reading the ^{writ to the multitude} ~~criminal trespass act~~ encouraged the installation of a loudspeaker ^{- I should say a very loud speaker -} on top of the administration building against the time when marchers would again come threatening and John Hogness could read the court writ ^{from inside the building.} ~~over the loudspeaker.~~ When the next march came a few days later, Hogness did read the court writ, and the great voice issuing from the heavens stopped marchers in their tracks. Some ^{observers} ~~even~~ claimed that ^{even} it blew them back a step or two.

I wish I had figured out a way to bring these maundering comments to some worthy conclusion, but so far I have failed. All I can say is ^{after all the tumult and shouting} that ~~not~~ much has changed. Some things are better, some worse. All I have offered is a kind of footnote, perhaps I should say a footnote to a footnote on the long march of man since he was ejected forcibly from the Garden of Eden for reasons that don't seem very serious now. It has sometimes seemed to me that in the years that followed, the unfeathered biped has sought two great ends with almost equal fervor. He, -- I suppose I should now say he, she and it -- he has sought to perfect himself and his society. With almost equal fervor he has sought to devise means for his own destruction. To day ~~he~~ he has attained neither. I rather hope the standoff continues.