

CS Browning

file
~~Arthur Rosenberg~~
Strike Day

DIARY OF A STRIKE:

WEBSTER IN MOTION

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Like any other school, Webster College has had its problems; it has also invented some new ones. As a small liberal arts institution fighting for its life in a world of multiversities it is in a state of constant crisis. Webster however is a calm place: a seat of occasionally innovative learning, a home of apathy on all levels, possessing many opportunities to grow and be in the educational limelight. Often it is too quiet. It doesn't get involved internally through its participatory government or externally in its community. These are sweeping generalizations, but like most, they have their grains of truth. Webster moves and breathes as much as the sum total of its occupants will allow. It is a small school with big ideas and flabby muscles.

On Thursday evening April 30 the President of the United States addressed the nation. Ten days previously he had informed us of his intent to further de-escalate the Vietnam War and bring our involvement to a cautious end. That was ten days before. On this night he chose to involve the country in an escalation of the war by entering the neutral country of Cambodia thus demonstrating a hard line approach to the Communists in Southeast Asia. That speech is now history. In roughly twenty minutes the hopes of a nation were crushed and we were again in the shadows of national polarization. The life force of our de-escalation and eventual end of the war were about to be embalmed.

That night of April 30 I had purposely stayed at Webster to watch the address so I could discuss the developments with students and perhaps get my feelings off my chest. As I looked around the loosely crowded television room I noted negative attitudes ranging from disgust and revulsion

to painful disbelief. But as the speech came to a close, a curious thing happened: everyone dispersed. There was no gripe session; no post mortum; no mocking of the President. A silent disintegration. I tried vainly to confront students, a random Dean, but no one seemed interested in talking. I was floored! Realizing that there was nothing to be done, I got in my car and went home.

I didn't sleep much that night. I was busy talking very animatedly to myself and feeling as if I were suspended in space. I felt alone and I wanted to care and be involved, but on the other hand I really wasn't moved. I was struck by my own apathy and self-defeatism. I sat. I thought. I recalled my own disregard of the government's previous measures taken. The Moon Shots. Earth Day. The Silent Majority and the vocal Vice-President. Impersonal repression and police actions. Is it trite to protest? A waste of time and creative force? I recall trying to call people that meant something to me, and then hanging up the phone before they had a chance to answer. I had nothing to say and no plans. I didn't know what to do. I went to sleep.

The next day, Friday, I was aware of student protests on other campuses, but then we have no ROTC at Webster. We also have a responsive and tolerant administration which could, if one took the time, be dealt with. An apathetic student body. Conservative faculty with some exceptions. No real violent radicals to speak of. Therefore we had no meetings to discuss the war and our part in stopping it. We were all suspended, hanging individuals doing our business as usual, sleeping in life and dreaming safely in our corner of academia.

The weekend rolled by and we lived vicariously the tumult at

other campuses. We heard a smirking Senator Fulbright denounce the President. We supported him, but he had only our dreamy hopes without our voices. We were, after all, asleep in Webster Groves, letting the world be meaningful and violent; burn, ROTC, burn. And the weekend died a natural death at home.

The Beginning

Monday morning was born. I walked into the cafeteria and sat with a friend of mine, Jerome Perlinski, a professor of History and Religion. There was a strange air at the lunch table as the discussion turned to the war and Webster. I started to relate my feelings as described previously and Jerome suggested I go with him to his office where a group of faculty and students were meeting to see if there wasn't something we could do.

It was one o'clock when we arrived at his office in the administration building. Present were: myself and Jerome, Sister Anna Barbara Brady (Religion and MAT departments), Bill Irving (Religion), and two students, Martha Radovsky (Freshman) and Tom Spaulding (Senior). As we sat around the room we felt the frustration of being committed to a cause which had no physical manifestations on our campus. We all agreed that there should be something done, for example, a campus-wide strike. We felt that business could not go on as usual, but on the other hand, what could we do? Anna Barbara suggested that we could have discussions and perhaps voluntary activities. Jerome said that whatever we do, it must have a clear purpose and be meaningful to us as participants. I felt that it must be theatrical, for if we repeated Earth Day (April 22) where participation was minimal, then our protest would indeed be empty. Then Bill Irving walked in; we both advocated a total, active, and perhaps physical

demonstration. Anna Barbara and Jerome said that violence could not be tolerated and finding ourselves at an impasse we were ready to call it a day.

Yet we all were agreed that something of significance must be done; it must be positive and not directed against our own administration for they were indeed blameless; campus-wide and affirmative. We came up with a resolution for a strike to be held on Friday, May 8. We would close down the entire institution and boycott classes. Those who disagreed could go their own ways and their rights would not be tampered with. Gradually our enemy began to emerge: The Silent Majority, on campus and off. A student who wished to go to classes could go. A teacher who wished to instruct could, but all must be asked to take a stand. No one ought to remain silent. A resolution was drawn up to this purpose.

A final point remained for discussion: the logistics or tactics. We were committed to protecting the rights of those who disagreed with us. We were further committed to the concept that violence only begets more violence and reprisals. We had to be forceful, efficient, united, exciting and non-violent. We must influence but not incite.

At two o'clock I excused myself to go and teach one of my classes. I was informed that our strike plan would be submitted by Bill Irving and Martha to our administration. Present at this meeting were: Dr. Leigh Gerdine, President of the college, Dr. Joseph Kelly (Vice-President), Blair Farrel (Development), Dean Charles Madden (Research and Curriculum), Dean Thomas Conway (Dean of Students) and Eric George (an on-campus representative of Ketchum and Company, handling our current funds campaign). The reaction of this group was cautious: we must not do anything which would

jeopardize our financial position which is critical. We must not allow violence. Our boat was rocking dangerously, and we must not capsize our school.

I arrived back at Jerome's office around three o'clock to find the committee in session downstairs. As Jerome and I were having some great philosophic discussion about reaching peoples' inner purity and bypassing their outer, physical selves, the phone rang. There was a short conversation, then a typed message of one sentence sent down to the meeting. Four students were killed on the Kent State campus in Kent, Ohio. The national guard was in the bloody limelight of violence. We had no details, no ideas. All we knew was that four students were dead and that the National Students Association was calling for a nationwide student strike. It was time.

This message changed the whole tenor of the meeting. As the administration suggested, we had no choice. We had to participate and demonstrate. The only hope they foresaw was for us to achieve the unachievable-- peace in protest. They agreed to let us go ahead.

The day was begun. The Student Executive Committee of Webster College sent word that at eight o'clock a meeting was to take place at the Brown House to plan their attack. There was only time left for a brief meal before the meeting.

I remember going into the cafeteria for the second time that day. I noted the change in mood. Not everyone was affected, but there were pockets across the room and there was something in the air. Some students were afraid. Some were in shock. Some were moved to tears. Others just ate their meals in oblivion. I happened to walk by a table

where one student recounted that she had heard a peer saying "I'm going to kill a pig!" There were other such random angry statements. But interestingly enough these were directed not against the cause, the Nixon Doctrine; but against the effect, the National Guard, or even the police of Webster Groves. There was violence in the air, and worst of all loss of rationality. People were slowly going blind, and beginning to hate. As I slowly ate my dinner, alone, I began to get very scared. This is not what we envisioned. What would Jerome do? What could I do? Could we stem the tide, or would our campus go up in smoke like so many other institutions? It was at that moment that I decided not only to attend the students' meeting, but to plead for peace and calmness in the face of tragedy. My only hope was that the others of our group would show up and we could graft our earlier plan and philosophy onto the new situation. I was very scared, and very ready.

The Students Take Over

I arrived at the Brown House shortly before eight and waited uncomfortably for the students to arrive. I was sitting in the corner of the dining room hoping Jerome would soon arrive and calm me down. One by one young people began to crowd in with scowling faces and sweating palms. I saw Martha and Tom, and that made me feel more confident. There was a brief pause while confused announcements were made and emotions expressed, and we all were wondering who would take charge of the meeting.

It was now ten after eight and the house was full. We seemed ready to begin, so I asked for the floor in attempt to be the first voice. I remember listening to myself; hearing my restrained tone and experiencing that feeling in my mind that I wasn't quite sure what to say. I started slowly recounting the events of the day. The meeting in Jerome's

office, the plan to strike on Friday, the concept of an effective strike, the notion of non-violence. People were listening. They cared.

Around the room the notion of effectiveness outside the college community was bandied about. Some felt that it was ridiculous to worry about a public impact; that we must do something of our own choosing. In the end we agreed that if we were indeed to do something, it might as well be effective, like good icing on a cake.

Without going into the details of who said what and how they verbalized it, by about ten fifteen we came up with a resolution to:

- 1) have a student boycott of classes on the following day, 2) have a general strike on Wednesday that was to be all inclusive and encompassing all levels of the college, 3) protect the rights of those who chose to protest our actions, 4) see to it that workers in maintenance and food service would not lose pay for the day lost, 5) begin a vigil at midnight that would carry on through Wednesday midnight, and 6) have a candlelight memorial service this night in honour of the Kent State Four.

At this point Jerome suggested a fast for solidarity as prescribed by Mohatma Ghandi. The following is a quote from a statement issued by Jerome to the general college community:

Few of us possess the self-discipline to withstand a long siege--either externally or to our inward psyches. Few of us are without some mixture of arrogance and the desire for blood....If we wish to succeed we can strengthen ourselves by fasts from food and sex, by a willing diminution of our money and possessions, by offering our time, our bodies, our intellects toward the good in spite of the hardships it may cause us. And we can keep our motives pure by not counting the cost of our giving until the end, when it will not matter. Without purity and discipline, our victory--if it occurs--will be short lived and superficial, much like

the peace that is so often longed for in the world. Peace comes to the heart and creates an atmosphere about itself, which by the sheer power of its beauty, attracts others into it.

The fears of the faculty turned out to be a childish lack of trust in our most intellegent and responsible comrades: our students. I was no longer afraid of my dream being bastardized but merely sat back in awe as a beautiful flower began to unfold, petal by petal. The tide I wished to turn needed, not to be turned at all, but simply allowed to swell, and I began to see, as if for the first time, these people with whom I exist. These students posessing not only deep feelings and a critical eye, but beautiful in action, strong young and ready to go into the service of the national good. Young patriots championing all those causes that their parents had tried so long to instill in them: honor, righteousness, helping the needy, being honest and proud. In their manner they were working for the system, not against it.

At ten-thirty groups were assigned. These committees were told to personally contact other members of the college community. Martha and I chose the administration: the President, deans, the vice-president, residence head, business and so on. Other groups got departmental chairmen , faculty, students, food service and the like. Our campus newspaper, The Web, was set into motion not only as the clearing house for all strike information, but also physically as strike headquarters. We dispersed at the end to work, go to Washington University's memorial service or just get ready.

The Long Night

Martha accompanied me to my office and there we started to contact people. The first phone call was made to Dr. Gerdine. He was not at home, and after some futile attempts I deferred talking to the chief

executive first. The next few people on my list were not only at home, but extremely interested, willing and optimistic. I spoke with Mrs. Beverly Smith, head of residence, Dr. Fred Stopsky, head of our MAT program, and Mrs. Luke Banle, in charge of student financial aid. All three offered their support and Dr. Stopsky suggested what turned out to be a creative idea. He allowed those of us organizing the strike to teach his classes. Since they are mostly made up of elementary school teachers, the idea was to set up a dialogue with them, and give them a framework for discussion to take back with them to their schools.

I returned home at eleven-thirty and received a call from Dr. Gerdine. It seemed that we had been all around the campus looking for each other, our paths crossing. He informed me that several others had contacted him and appraised him of the situation, but since I was officially to be the one to talk with him, he expressed the desire to hear it "from the horse's mouth." I was greatly impressed by his desire not only to hear all that he could, but the great tact, patience and interest he had in hearing someone else to speak. As soon as that conversation was completed I returned to school and spend the balance of the night sitting up at the vigil or walking around having conversations.

Tuesday morning began with a group of students standing in front of the college offering leaflets to passing motorists. The vigil continued. In the Web office there were meetings of the "high command" planning strategy, organizing marshals, gathering information. For me Tuesday was a day of great activity and seemingly endless meetings. Starting at ten o'clock all marshals (those of us who would be present at all activities to protect the demonstrators against any violence, as well as to oversee the self-discipline of the demonstrators) had an organizational

meeting at the dormitory sign-out desk. We planned a march through Webster Groves.

At ten-thirty a message came to us from Dr. Gerdine. It was his official stand on our activities. First there was a three point summation of how things stood: that the strike was affirmative in nature, and not directed against Webster, that violence was not an option, and that it is understood that some normal functions (for example, campus security) must go on as usual. The institution will not take a stand in a political issue for this would "violate the very academic freedom...to which we are committed." Dr. Gerdine also expressed the hope that the spirit of non-violence would prevail: "at this point, I am extremely proud of the tenor, style and sensitivity demonstrated by all involved in the strike."

After this announcement was read the marshals continued to plan the day's march. The police were contacted and informed that at noon we would march, double file, for three miles, through the public byways of Webster Groves; from the campus, east, past the campus, west. They were further informed that the march would be silent, without flags or signs, without incident and we would supply our own pre-police protection.

At noon we assembled around the flagpole while a security guard raised the flag. A spontaneous chorus of the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung, and a KMOX Television crew was busy feeding their cameras. At twelve-ten the march was underway to the measured cadence of a drum. Silence prevailed the line of over three hundred counted marchers, and the police were calm, smiling and extremely anticipatory of our needs.

As we marched there was silent regard for the tremendous amount of litter in the streets and the local workers staring at us from the lawns of their buildings. There were no incidents. I recalled one man shouting something from a car window, but, poor man, he was ignored in silence. I think I can speak for the majority present when I say that the cooperation of the Webster Groves Police was a credit to their chief. "The cooperative action of the Webster Groves Police Department...proved that significant non-violent action is still possible within society" said Tom Spaulding, chairman of the student strike committee.

The rest of the day was spent planning, sifting, checking and re-checking, persuading and listening. By the time dinner was ready to be served I found that I had accomplished the following: 1) had a commitment from the VAULT program to shut down, 2) had a promise from the business office to shut down their operations as well as the college book store, but allowing their employees to report to work so they wouldn't lose their pay, 3) taught three classes, 4) finished working out plans with other members of the college administration and 5) contacted a representative from the Science Department and received their intentions.

We had several people to convince of our non-violent intentions and some teachers who felt they could not, in good conscience, partake. But we didn't need to worry about those people; rather we had to concern ourselves with those who were afraid, uninvolved or those who violently opposed us. I personally was contacted by William Duggan, chairman of the Faculty Executive Committee. He felt slighted. He was wondering why we didn't contact his group and ask for their support. I tried to point out that there were some individuals and/or groups that we ignored in our own ineptitude; Such a happening of such magnitude had never been organized before and there were

bound to be mistakes. He gladly attended our six o'clock meeting and participated from then on.

The final and most important meeting was held at six o'clock in the Brown House. It began with our strike committee watching the Big Four News. We observed the pale screen spewing the violence, from campus to campus, around the nation. Very little mention was made of what we thought to be a unique, if not rational approach to the problem. We were momentarily dissatisfied, but we had work to do. As our meeting was called to order, lists of administrators, teachers, chairmen, workers and buildings were scrutinized. No hearsay was accepted as to an individual's commitment. We read all our pledges and assigned the few overlooked or unclear ones to the student workers. Also collections were begun for telegrams to the President of the United States and to several Senators. Finally, committees, collections, signatures, switchboard, the vigil, communications, secretarial work, the dormitory, letter writing brigades, the assemblies the cafeteria and maintenance crews, sit-ins, leafleters and canvassing groups, and girls to serve food were finalized. The list was staggering!

When the meeting drew to a close, some three hours later, most assembled either on the front lawn to participate in the vigil, or in the hall of the dormitory. Three new documents emerged from the Web center. The first was a second printing of the leaflets being passed out to motorists. The following is an abstract.

While various institutions are engaged in burning, rock throwing and rioting we at Webster believe that non-violent action is the only method consistent with the goal we pursue--peace at home and abroad. If we resort to violence if we create strife in our community, if we scream our opposition down we will trample the very freedom that we are striving for....It is the purpose of our strike to call your attention to this most grievous of situations

and to ask your help in combatting it by writing to your Senator and Congressman, by becoming informed...and by voting.

The reactions of Saint Louisans was interesting and should be noted at this time. There were those who took the leaflets and those who didn't, but a third kind of citizen emerged that I would like to describe to you. The first time he drove by, either shouting or gesticulating with his middle digit. Then, oddly enough, he returned and requested a leaflet in the most condescending manner imaginable. Stranger still, he returned for a third time to thank us for our "responsible actions." As if this weren't enough, several people in this group returned once more with parcels of food to sustain us.

The second document distributed informed the student body that "on Wednesday you will be asked not to participate in any school activities... we who are asking this of you think we ought to explain why." Then followed a sum total of our philosophy and plans for action. The document concluded: "this is not a strike against Webster College. It is a strike for Peace. WAGE PEACE."

The third and final printing was to inform us all of a Strike Information Convention to be held the following morning at nine-thirty to "verbalize our rationale and purposes for the day." At this meeting four lecture/discussions were scheduled:

- Sister Barbara Barbat^e (History) "History of Southeast Asia"
- Jerome Perlinski (History/Religion) "Analysis of Current Government Policy"
- Michael Ward (History/Soc.Sc.) "History of Strikes in our Country, & our Rights"
- Robert Pelfry (Art) "A Strike as an Effective and Creative Force"

All those who were to actively participate in the strike were told

that this assembly was mandatory. Others were strongly urged to attend.

The night that followed was busy and charged; after all a good many of us had been up for over twenty-four hours and actively working with no relief in sight. We managed to get in excess of four hundred letters written by individuals to their regional congressmen; three telegrams (two to the President and one to our representatives of the Second Congressional District of Missouri) signed hundreds of times; money collected for food, funds and expenses. The following is a copy of our last telegram sent to Senators Mike Mansfield, William Fulbright, George Aiken, Frank Church and Stuart Symington:

Our whole-hearted support on your stand against the insane course that the President has taken in sending troops into Cambodia. Please tell us what we can do to prevent the madness that is enveloping us all and if allowed to continue will soon destroy us morally and physically.

I counted over one hundred-fifty signatures on this message. The following day we received a call to action from George McGovern, Mark O. Hatfield, Charles Goodell, Alan Cranston and Harold Hughes. It read, in part:

We share the sense of outrage which you and other Americans feel... We also share your sense of frustration in seeking to end this war and senseless policy....We urge you to direct you efforts to supporting congressional action to cut off further funds for Southeast Asia except for the purpose of withdrawing troops safely....This will come up to a vote probably within 30 days...will you do all in your power to generate public support for a victorious roll call to end the war? Your letters, phone calls and personal visits to your Senators and Congressmen are urgently needed now....Above all, please make it known that acts of violence will be manipulated to the detriment of our cause and will sabotage this initiative for peace.

Our suspicions were correct and our spiritual fire was being fed. We believed in "the system" and that it could respond, as it was beginning to, and that that was enough for the moment. I am constantly reminded of the quote from Thoreau. He says "it matters not how small the beginning may seem to be. What is once well done is done forever."

I think some time should be spent perhaps in describing what happened on that Tuesday night, aside from the huge volume of business accomplished. First of all, people were getting to know each other, perhaps for the first time in four years. Teachers were seeing old faces with new personalities and vice versa. The faces of these people seemed to be, though many of them tired, lacking in tension, smiling and beautiful in their united goal. I am aware that I have used the word "beautiful" time and time again as I write this journal. Perhaps "you had to be there," but I think not. It was a look of happy people working for what they believe in and enjoying new found, honest, all pervading righteousness. Out on the front lawn some seventy people watched the leaflet crew, sang songs of hope, or quietly experienced each others' being. Inside, more people talked of possible next steps. Some thought of asking to take over graduation and use it to discuss, with civic leaders, the course of the United States' foreign policies. Jerome, Jim Scott (a fellow Theatre Arts instructor) and I considered the possibility of creating a school for non-violence, and further, making Webster a clearing house for non-violent protest information. As the evening slowly became morning, the sun seemed a little shocked to see that our numbers had not decreased, and we still believed, and we were twenty-four more hours sleepy.

The Strike

Oddly enough the "big day" seemed unpretentious and in some ways, anticlimactic. There were no incidents of emotional, physical or verbal confrontation. There were no incidents and it was peace itself on our own campus. The only untoward event was a man who, while driving past the campus, rolled down his window and turned around to jeer at us. He lost control of his vehicle and inadvertantly crashed broadside into a parked car. Fortunately he was not injured nor violently inclined after his misfortune.

There was a sizable attendance at the nine-thirty rally, although more could have been present. And the day began full steam with students hustling down to the cafeteria to help the workers fulfil the obligations of the food contracts of those who did not wish to strike. Others passed our leaflets out, some patrolled the school as marshals, and still others helped the maintenance department. We did adopt a policy that if students or faculty wished to conduct business as usual, they saw our physical presence outside their doors. There was no heckling that I heard of, but our presence made its point. In the whole day, to my knowledge, three classes were held. They had about five students apiece in them. Still others were cancelled due to lack of attendance.

There were many visitors on our campus and we insisted that they register themselves both for their protection and ours. We wanted to know who was participating, and no uncommitted "joyriders" were tolerated. We also furnished the Webster Groves police with a full list of the day's activities, but the absence of a uniform was strikingly obvious. In their opinion we had proven ourselves, so their physical presence was not needed. They did, however, leave a police ^{phone number} ~~hand-walkie-talkie~~ with us to be used at the slightest hint of outside harassment. Students working outside were urged to memorize license plates and car makes of any person engaging in verbal or physical threat.

The bulk of the late morning/early afternoon was spent reaching out to the community, policing our campus and discussing relevant issues. I recall a chat I had with Dr. Gerdine where we both expressed ~~our~~ dissatisfaction of the media ignoring responsible action. He told me he would phone some friends of his in the press and urge them to reconsider Webster. Meanwhile, Tom Spaulding had phoned KMOX and requested some time on their radio show, "At Your Service." They said they regretted that they were booked solid but that they would make any announcements we phoned in.

The campus remained rather quiet until four o'clock when Eden Seminary, our across the street neighbors, called for a march of their own, and invited members of Webster to join. They had a limited turnout; I would estimate fifty to seventy marchers, walking double file through the community preceded by a golden crucifix.

When they returned at five-ten we invited them to join us in an Agape (symbolic meal of bread and water for solidarity) on the front lawn under the flag. At that time selected reading material was offered, and a passage from the bible, along with the singing of "We Shall Overcome." This ritualistic religious ceremony helped to drive and inspire us to finish the day's work.

The next major event occurred at seven o'clock on the fine arts lawn. This was perhaps not only the culmination of our work, but the most moving individual event of our long three days. Phil Sultz of the Art Department read a section of the Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman. Following him was the Webster College Choir under the direction of Joseph Beck. They first sang Sons of Freedom, Love and War and later on did Let Us Break Bread Together on our Knees.

Then came a moment we waited for, Dr. Gerdine appeared and expressed his gratitude to the strike committee, the community and the police. He remarks, though informal, conveyed a deep sense of pride and respect for his campus and his coworkers. Following Dr. Gerdine, Pat Kindl, a freshman in Theatre Arts, addressed the rally concerning the need for gentility in love.

Next on the schedule was Jerome Perlinski who addressed himself

to the issue of continuing our non-violence. He openly pledged himself to keep up his fast and further to devote an hour a day in meditation for the following fifteen days. Bill Irving then gave the rally address. In a highly emotional speech, Bill recounted the importance of getting involved in our world and our work. He spoke of Kent State, violence, and Webster. He not only summed up our cause and past devotions, but further suggested "in the springtime of our lives" we should end this war and the senseless taking of lives, both at home and abroad.

Following the rally, the Theatre Arts Department gave a benefit performance of their latest play, The Boys From Syracuse. The proceeds were sent to Kent State and the money will be used to purchase the works of Ghandi on non-violence. Back on the campus, the vigil continued past midnight and on to Thursday, May 7. Sleep then came to many after as much as sixty-five hours.

In a KMOX Editorial, Friday May 8, entitled "New Leadership," the announcer, speaking for the management said "a plus factor developing ...responsible young men and women who have not" burned buildings or caused riots, was to be found among the medical students of Saint Louis, and at Webster College. He further went on to say "KMOX is impressed with the orderly and mature manner" in which our demonstration took place and that others around the country would do well by following this "new student leadership,"

Post Script

I have tried to put down on paper a philosophy rather than a point by point account of three long days, which would be a herculean task to say the least. I believe that we did the right thing, and continue to do so.

As I write tonight I am aware that the Web office is still disseminating information to other schools on our tactics. Students are going out into the community and seeking dialogue with the residents of Webster Groves in an effort to restore broken lines of communication. We are planning activities for this summer. We intend to set Webster up as a clearing house for information, and to have a speaker's bureau to further extend ourselves. We must go on, and we will go on, spreading the good word.

I think we all must realize that America has a unique form of government, for it cannot exist without the voice of the people. Our country was born in dissent and protest, and continues to be nurtured by such actions. It is not an American's privilege, as many would have us believe, to dissent, it is his obligation to vocalize his disagreement, for without it the country is being deprived of another point of view. It is our obligation to vote, to disagree and to be in constant concert with our elected representatives, for that is what they all are, even the President. He is merely a representative figure, and it is with him that "the buck stops," as Harry Truman rightly said.

I would further like to address myself to those who would use the word "communist." I think that anyone who has observed the so called communist countries will find that such a system only exists when the existing form of government is unresponsive to the will of the people. Therefore, a saviour is needed. I think we have learned by ~~know~~ that in America we need each other, not one super-man like a Hitler, Trujillo or Franco. And finally, to those who are unfortunate^{enough} to remember the age of the late Joe McCarthy, ~~you~~ will recall one of the blackest periods in our history; a veritable witch hunt for the "red herring." Do we need to go back to the dark past and brand those who may disagree? Didn't we really ruin too many innocent, potentially productive

human beings in guilt by association?

Frankly, my life has been changed profoundly by these incidents on our free campus, Webster College. I still fancy myself a conservative. I am still wary of unrestrained action. I still deplore violence. But I will say that if what we are involved in at Webster is said to be a revolution, let it be. Let every man, woman and child in America rally around the voice of orderly, intellegent, affirmative, productive and above all, non-violent dissent, for without it we are merely uninvolved rubber stamps.

WEBSTER COLLEGE

May 15, 1970

M E M O

TO: Dr. Leigh Gerdine
Dr. Joseph Kelly
Mr. Blair Farrell
Mr. Thomas Conway
Mr. Charles Madden
Mrs. Nita Browning
Mr. Walter Perner
Mrs. Margaret Bandle
Mr. Gene Hiers
Mr. William Irving

FROM: Mr. Arthur Rosenberg

RE: Diary of a Strike: Webster in Motion

On page 16, second paragraph, line seven, please change to read:

"leave a police phone number with us to be used at the slightest hint" .

Thank you.

AR:tb