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UA37/44 Diary to Kelly

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October 19, 1968

When I was a boy at Fidelity, we had several stories--usually dirty ones--of what it would take to make a good-tempered man angry. I felt last night that I, usually pretty long-suffering, had reached the limit of tolerance of general cussedness. First of all, I began having a gas attack, late in the afternoon. I took some medicine for it but was not feeling at all well. I went to bed early, by any other standards than mine; but I was just too uncomfortable to go to sleep. After an hour or two of tossing, I had plenty of reason to stay awake, which I did all the rest of the night. I ~~gona~~ ^{began} to hear some wild chanting of meaningless words, some war whoops, some screams like those of people really in distress. For a long time I tried to ignore these and go to sleep. I thought ^{it} might be some program on the radio or television and that it was coming from a room of the boys in what used to be the Glazier house, next to mine. Finally, I got up and looked in that direction; but the noise was from the campus instead. I cautiously went to my front door and could see moving forms, some thirty or forty of them, in the Italian Garden, carrying on like madmen. Again I tried to go to sleep, but it was impossible. I called the Campus Police but did not find them in. On and on went the noise, loud enough to be heard, with open doors, for a mile. I tried again to reach our security office, but failed. Night had gone on and on by this time, and I heard one of the few intelligible sentences: "What time is it, Jim?" "It's five o'clock," said Jim. But the noise went on until six o'clock; then a great roar of cars announced the break-up of the pow-wow, I supposed. As soon as the campus police office was open, I called and got a reply. I told the man answering and was assured that he and the others were out on duty when I had called twice before and that I should have then called the city police. At eight I called Dean Sagabiel and Dean Downing; meanwhile the boys had come back, from breakfast, I suppose. I walked across to the campus and told them off by saying that if they

were not students, they certainly had presumed greatly on the university by staging their wild party on public property; if they were students, they should be ashamed of themselves. I added that I had informed the campus police and the authorities of the school and would also inform the city police. Only one boy had on any identification, a Sigma Chi sweater; I had not seen him when I told off the ring-leader of the gang. At once, even before Sagabiel could get there, the boys took to their heels and their high-powered cars and were gone. Both Sagabiel and Dero assured me that I was right to break my lifelong habit of ^{not} "telling tales out of school." I am determined that no other night will get by like last night. The image of Western, as I have said before, is pretty badly tarnished in many parts of our area, thanks to plunderers who take over unoccupied houses or picnic areas or just any vacant place. Personally, I intend to report at once any midnight rackets hereafter, come hell and high water. If boys are intelligent enough to be college students, they ought to be intelligent enough to have a little bit of manners. John Burt and I have often compared notes on the noises on the Ogden campus, but none of our gripes were a tenth as justified as mine of last night and this morning. I told the noise-makers, without calling my own name, that I was a faculty member and a citizen and would see to it hereafter that the police arrived to enjoy the war dances and screeching and Black Power chanting, for some of the noises were echoes of the numerous riots of recent years. I must say that the boys looked sheepish, did not jaw me, but they offered no sort of apology for raising hell for some eight hours without an intermission.