

INTERVIEW OF ROBERT TREMBLY
BY
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I'm Bob Trembly. First of all I'd like to talk about Nixon's announced invasion of Cambodia with troops. I watched this on T.V. The first time I can really remember, I felt like throwing eggs or something at the image of our president there obviously announcing an escalation of the war and expecting people to believe and follow him. I felt very, at first sad and then angry that he was doing this. I told some of my friends that we really must do something here. I didn't realize at that time how much this feeling was in common with other people on other campuses. I remember that we organized a rally which was to be happening that Saturday.

Interviewer: When you say "we" who are you referring to?

Trembly: Okay, Clyde Brown had always been involved in the standard type of street marches and I can't really recall at this time where the suggestion came from. Probably several sources. One such was certainly ours and we were a little worried that on the short notice we might have trouble with the police as far as getting a clearance but they, were cooperative. The previous marches had originated at the university but this march we deliberately planned to originate at the Band Shell so that, because we felt that this was an Ames community expression of outrage against the invasion. We tried as much as possible to advertise it in the community. I'm speaking now of the organizers. As far as I can recall at this time it was basically Clyde Brown's. Richard Bender helped get the emergency generator which we used. We had some discussion among ourselves whether we should stop the rally in the middle of town. There's so many rallies that went through downtown. Well, there's not so many but there is two and I have a little bit of difficulty dividing up. But as I recall we planned at first of stopping

at the intersection and having our speakers at the intersection of Main Street and the street that runs in front of Bity Hall. We did stop there for a moment but we had the sound system set up in front of the raft hoard. We didn't think that we had enough people to have a successful sit-in at the intersection there so we did sit there momentarily. It was a nice day and several of us walked along the sidewalk there asking and encouraging Ames residents to join us. It was a rally that had a rather good degree of interrelation among the people in the group. Everyone was aware of the other's concern. We noticed, or at least I noticed that there was a more positive response from the townspeople. We also had a petition there that we were sending to Jack Miller because he had said that he was backing the president. So we were circulating this. We got many people among the old and the middle class, the middle aged people to sign this and noticed a definite change in the feelings of the Ames residents. At that rally we had an open mike.

Interviewer: Was that at the draft board?

Trembly: Yes, at the draft board. We stopped there. We noted that the moratorium tulips were now blooming but we were still in the war. So we had an open mike there so as many people could speak that really wanted to. I called for people that felt that they could not participate in the draft to turn in their draft cards. We got, as I recall, three draft cards turned in at that time. Several people spoke and we decided. . .

Interviewer: Did you speak at the rally?

Trembly: Yes

Interviewer: Do you remember what you said?

Trembly: That we were all there as Ames residents, as American citizens, rather than students or townspeople, although there were mainly just students there. We had all marched, many of us had marched many times before,

and there was a general feeling that this wasn't enough. This was a march but this was just a start. It was time for more than simply just marching in the streets. I don't recall as anything definite happened then although we did plan, among some of use to do some things at the draft board in the future. I don't think there were any specific plans at that time. On Monday, I heard that Clyde Brown had said something about going down to the draft board and so I said okay. He didn't say very much about it. He just said he was going down. He went down, one person and then later somebody came back and said that Clyde was about to be busted. So we said well we better go down and see what's going to happen. We went down and by that time Clyde had had an encounter with the police. I don't know the exact details but he had moved from sitting on the lawn in front of the office building, Mr. Pyle's office building to the other side of the sidewalk because that was public property. He'd also made some crosses and put them in the ground there. I went down, if I have the right incident, and he'd moved from inside on the property to the outside saying that this really wasn't the time to make an issue out of it, that he'd just be arrested for trespassing. I disagreed with him and said I'll sit on the other side if you want to do it. But I won't do it on the other side because it's you're thing. So he and Barb Yates were sitting there and I said okay. I couldn't see any point in staying there any longer so I came back to campus. I was over in the Daily office working on some picture project and somebody called in and said the police were there again and asked if they would send a reporter. So they gave me a camera and said go down. So I went down again and this time Clyde was still on the outside of the sidewalk and the police had been there again. He thought that they were going to be back any time and so I, acting as a reporter, well

I really was, went in and talked to the lady in the accounting office upstairs and asked her to make some statements. She was very non-cooperative. I asked her name and she wouldn't tell me. I asked her if she was in charge of the office there and she said maybe. I said, "would you prefer to be quoted like this or would you prefer to give your side of the story. She said how much longer are we going to have to put up with this. They're defacing our property. She was very militantly upset. I asked her if she'd called the police and she wouldn't say. She asked me if I was from the Daily and I said yes. She asked me if I had press credentials and I said no,, they hadn't given me anything like that. The girl there at the switch board at the desk asked me why I was taking notes in a check book and I said it was the only thing I had with me at the time. So I took some pictures of them and waited around until actually they had left. Clyde and Barb had gone home. I stayed there. I was reading a book, it was a nice day. I was thinking that maybe I might get a picture of somebody removing the crosses but no one came out. I sat on the other side of the sidewalk for another twenty minutes., actually on the other side of the street until I didn't think that there was anyone that was going to come out and then I left. That's the end of Monday.

Interviewer: About what time was that?

Trembly: I left there about four o'clock. On Tuesday someone early in the morning had seen the navy cadets on campus drilling and had said that we should do something. I remembered from winter quarter that every Wednesday at one o'clock the army ROTC people had a drill. I was confusing Tuesday with Wednesday and said that we should go over to the drill field.

Interviewer: What was the purpose of going over there?

Trembly: The purpose of going over there was to either have a sit-ins it really depended on how many people you can get together. If there wasn't going to be very many people we were simply going to march behind them or try to talk to them. Things of this nature. If there were several people we were planning to have a sit-in. All of us had the feeling that we were past the simply just signing petitions and marching down the street. We simply had to in some way let people know we were more concerned than that. So we went over. I don't know how many people there were. Maybe about forty to the drill field.

Interviewer: This is to the army drill field?

Trembly: Yes, we went over about twelve-thirty to the army drill field north of Beyer Hall. There was no one there. We said they must have changed it and must be marching in the Armory. We had a couple of people who we had put in the Armory and we noticed that they were locking the doors in the Armory. We decided that we'd have to have some people in there so that we could get in or they'd have us locked out. We had a sit-in on the steps of the Naval Science Building. We had a banner or something. We had gone over to the field and there wasn't anyone there so we had gone over to the Armory. We got in without any problem really because there were people inside to unlock the doors for us. The police were around but nothing very serious. We went in there and it was really very dismal in there and there were only maybe at that time about twenty of us. We went in there and sat down in the middle of the concrete floor. All the time I had wanted to use these .rallies as points of organization so that we could not just have a rally but so we could make committees to do our things. We decided that we'd use the Armory to make signs.

Interviewer: What were the signs going to be for?

Trembly: The signs, as I recall, were to use walking around campus. I think by

that time we may have heard that some other campuses had called for strikes and we were hoping that it would be that here. We were going to make signs saying that we were opposed to the war and carry them around on campus.

Interviewer: Did you attempt to talk to any of the cadets there or the officers?

Trembly: I remember they turned up the music. We thought at first that we had cancelled the drill but then later we realized that there wasn't any drill because this was Tuesday and there wasn't suppose to be any drill. We were looking for people to talk to. We talked to a few cadets that just happened to be around. I went into one Air Force class and asked the instructor there if learning to march, they were talking about marching that day, was relevant when they were killing students. If the class shouldn't be more relevant to the national crisis. He told me that I was disrupting his class and refused to change the subject. I finally just walked out. I didn't really want to make an issue on that point. He didn't seem cooperative. So I walked out. We did things like talking to each other. We had a record player there. We stayed there, I was there in the evening. We were there trying to put some leaflets together that we could give to people. We were trying to make these posters and then we heard that the GSB, since it was Tuesday, they were going to have their regular meeting. It just happened very conveniently that this was their regular meeting. We thought we'd help press for a strike, if they'd call for a strike at that meeting. They had their meeting in the Great Hall.

Interviewer: Did you attend that?

Trembly: Yes. All afternoon I'd been helping Jerry Parkin and somebody else draw up some kind of a statement of intent so that they could present this to the GSB. That evening we went there and the only resistance to the call for a strike was that some students weren't really sure

what it meant. What students would do. They thought that students, instead of leaving on Thursday noon, as they normally did for VEISHEA, would leave on Wednesday noon when the strike was to begin. So at the meeting we talked about that and we were also surprised at how the crowd, there were probably a hundred to a hundred fifty people, was very much in favor of the strike.

Interviewer: Did anybody speak in opposition to it from the crowd?

Trembly: I don't remember anyone from the crowd speaking in opposition. There were one or two senators who felt it was a political issue and GSB shouldn't have anything to do with it or that the students might use it just to get out of classes early. The strike vote-gas a lot more in favor of the strike than we'd actually thought at first. It won rather easily and we were elated by this and thought it was really hard to believe because we'd never known the GSB senators to call for a strike before. It was really very unusual. The atmosphere was very electric. We went back to the Armory that evening after the GSB meeting to make posters calling for a strike. I went home that night. Loras Freiburger, my roommate, stayed in the Armory, slept there. I knew that whatever happened was going to be an ongoing thing so I went home to get some sleep. The next morning I came to campus probably around nine o'clock or nine-thirty and was surprised to find everything quiet and relatively dead. I thought that the students who made... I went over to the Armory first of all at about that time and there was no one there. There had been the night before about twenty people who had stayed over night I thought to make signs and were going to carry them around to different buildings the next morning. They weren't there and there wasn't anyone there except the janitors. I couldn't figure out what had happened so I walked back over towards the Union. On central

Campus not far from the flag pole I saw some of the people who were still in their sleeping bags and blankets and very much hung over from being up all night in the Armory. I asked where the signs were and they said somebody had ripped them off. They didn't know where they were. I began to really be nervous because it didn't appear that the campus was aware at all. Other than what they had read in the **Daily**, that there was going to be a strike at twelve. So I got some other people and we started to make a few signs. As far as the event that was going to happen at twelve, we decided that this would be a memorial service for the Kent students. We didn't know them personally but we felt a kinship because they were students and had died because of the National Guard being on their campus. They had also died because there was a general protest against the Vietnam war. We asked Sue Osborn to sing. We thought we should have some clergy people there to give some kind of a . .

Interviewer: When you say "we" are you referring to anybody in particular?

Trembly: That changes periodically but throughout most of this period I was working very closely with Jerry Schnoor and Jerry Parking, Clyde Brown and maybe one or two other people. Then there were a lot of people kind of in and out. We felt that we wanted to have, after the memorial service, kind of a semi-teach-in although we didn't want to call it that. We wanted different aspects of the crisis presented to the audience. After the minister spoke and Sue sang. . . The flag which we had had some discussion with President Parks about it, we had wanted the flag lowered at half mast during the service and left there. Jerry Schnoor talked to him about that and he said he couldn't do that because it was a state university and he could only do that on the Governor's command. The flag hadn't been raised at all that morning.

we'd hoped that it would be raised at twelve and then lowered to half mast. There were some incidents around the flag pole that I wasn't involved in. Then we remembered, I remembered in particular, that this was Wednesday and this was the scheduled day of the ROTC drill although I couldn't believe that they would be crazy enough to go ahead and try to have it. It just didn't seem that they would be that foolish. I had some people go over and watch. I knew that the drill would be either in the Armory or on the drill field and since it was a rather nice day and if they weren't at all concerned about what was going on then it would be on the drill field. I had some people going over there and I had R.C. Wittenbaugh, my roommate, I gave him my bicycle and said as soon as you are sure they are going to line up over there at one o'clock, come over and tell us. Be sure to come over and tell us. The memorial service lasted about a half hour. It was rather dull, but proper and fitting. The speakers began. I think Edward Allen spoke first. No, I don't know who spoke first. He was the second one but he gave a written speech which was very esoteric and the students were getting extremely restless. This wasn't our kind of rally. It in some ways had been subverted by faculty people and they were saying the same old things we'd always heard. About the time Mr. Allen got finished, R.C. came back and said that they were meeting. There were three or four students up front who had a red flag and they were convinced that they were going over to the drill field no matter what. I think it was just the flip of a coin whether Clyde said we should go over to the drill field or I did. I happened to be up front. I thought at first maybe Clyde would be the one who would announce it because he didn't look as radical as I did and maybe he would have more credibility. Richard Bender gave me a message which was from Chalmer

Roy, the Dean of Sciences and Humanities, saying to the department that they would continue classes as usual until they were scheduled to be out on Thursday for VEISHEA. This was a real insult and I read this memo to the audience. There was silence. I said "This is what our university feels, apparently, about what we're doing here?" I said. Right now there are people five hundred yards away from us that are drilling in preparation for war. Here we are saying peace now. We are all saying that this is enough. We've had enough promises from administrators and from the president and we are going to do more than just march peacefully and sign petitions. Yet there is a drill going on over on the drill field and what are we going to do about it . There was this absolute silence. I don't know really what I said but I feel it was something to the effect that we really ought to go over there and talk to those people. Right at that point the people who were going over there anyway who were upfront, got up with their red flag and started in that direction. Everybody else there just sort of gradually got up and were making intents of going over there.

Interviewer: What were you going to do over there? Did you feel that the crowd knew or did you know what you were going to do?

Trembly: Nobody knew. I had never seen a crowd like that just sort of rise out of the program and just leave. There were four or five more speakers who were going to speak including Mayor Smith and anyway they were just sort of standing. I was watching this all. I don't know what they *thought. I* certainly wasn't asking. I came down from the Curtiss steps and I had a portable megaphone and Clyde had one also. Our intent at thta point was to make sure that the people leading the march over there didn't walk too fast. We were hoping that the ROTC boys would be over there by the time we got there because we

wanted some type of confrontation, whether it was going to be a sit-in or whether it was going to be just talking to them or what. I was rather certain that by the time we got over there and the number of people we had that we weren't going to permit the ROTC boys to drill. We were simply going to sit-in. I was hoping that the ROTC boys would sit down and talk with us.

Interviewer: By the time you got there, had most of the crowd arrived?

Trembly: By the time I got there, only a very few had gotten there. I was one of the first ones there. I was not the first one but one of the early ones. I could see the people up front with their red flag. It must have been a fearsome sight for the ROTC boys. We got over there and I kept telling everyone to surround the ROTC unit and sit down because we were hoping then they would also sit down and talk with us. We knew that they weren't going to have drill. After several minutes we were shouting, "Peace now, and" W 'e won't go" and " We want Nixon's war and other things of this nature and asking them to sit down and talk with us. I didn't see any abuse of any cadets in a physical way. There may have been verbal abuse but there was no physical abuse that I saw. In fact, I remember one incident that was rather funny. I Wanted people to surround the units and sit down so that the ROTC boys would be unable to leave. I thought that they would probably be wanting to leave and we would try to prevent that so they would talk: with us. So they began to leave and filter through the people who had come over there. At one point I grabbed, I was sitting on the ground and one ROTC boy was walking past me and I grabbed his leg with my hands. I didn't know who it was but he put his hand on my head and said, "Let go Bob." And I looked up and it was Jack Duffy, a graduate student in psychology that I had had a lot of fun with on different things. He's a long way from being standard military mentality. Anyway, I laughed at him

and said, "Okay." All of the ROTC boys began to go over towards the gym. I had the portable bull horn and said to the people, "Lets go over to the Armory also. If they're going over there, let's go over there too. " Most of the crowd that was at the disruption of the ROTC drill went over to the Armory. When we got into the Armory, even at that point, there must have been four hundred people. There may have been eight hundred, I'm not sure. But certainly there were that number out on the ROTC drill field. So we went over to the Armory. It was again a nice day and people really had a lot of energy built up. Once we got into the Armory, I wanted to use this, again for a time of organization of teams to go out and talk to the different college deans to tell them that we wanted them to endorse this strike and that we wanted signs to be made for the next day, Thursday, we wanted to plan for the VEISHEA parade and what we would do at the VEISHEA parade and the rest of the events of Veishea. I was hoping that the people would stay there and would organize in this manner but somebody. . . Sue Osborn sang some songs in there and after everybody sort of got in there we were talking about organization and some other people were saying well what are we going to do right now and then, I think it was the same people that had the flag, Bill Swan and some others, said "Well, let's march down on Lincoln Way." Clyde, earlier in the day, had said, when I talked about the ROTC drill being an event that we should try to disrupt, said why don't we just go out and sit-in on Lincoln Way. All along I didn't see any point in sitting on Lincoln Way. It seemed much more important to sit in on the ROTC drill but by the time we got into the Armory and had sat in there for maybe half an, hour someone said we should march to Lincoln Way. Then the chant "All the way to Lincoln Way" started so they started out with their red flag and once they started there was no

stopping. I didn't really try. I didn't care where we went, I just hoped that when ever we got somewhere we wouldn't just disperse. We marched down past the Library on the street and down past the Memorial Union. I'll always remember Jerry Schnoor and John Stevens, who are members of the GSB and CSA, there in front of the Unions shouting "What are you doing? It's not going to do anything except offend people. What are you even going to do? Most of the people that were marching down there, didn't know what they were going to do?" Clyde really worked on that aspect of what we were going to do and I'd asked him and he said we were going to march over on Lincoln Way and we're going to march over to Beach Avenue and sit down. If we sit down there then the police can't reroute the traffic around us so we will have an effective road block. Somebody said, "Well, you don't have a parade. I think it might have been Jerry Schnoor. They were really totally unable to cope with what was happening so they felt totally ineffectual. At this point, the leadership of a group like that is the person with the bull horn. But I think there are limits to what people would do, but anyway it was a nice day and people were worked up and they wanted to do something. I think that probably by marching down the streets there we prevented some property damage to the Armory or perhaps some other things like that. We marched out on to Lincoln Way and around there and down the highway on both sides. No one was quite sure where we were going. I told everybody we were going to march over to Beach Avenue and sit down. The Jug Band, who had hoped to play earlier at the rally , had brought their truck along and they were driving along. When we finally got over to Beach Avenue everybody sat down. They pulled up and they were going to play. In fact, I guess they did play later. But at beach Avenue there was the

one group that had the red flag and had almost already decided that we should march downtown. Well, I couldn't see that at all, not that I didn't want to march downtown, I just couldn't see any purpose in it and it seemed like really a long, long way. There was a lot of discussion there, a really serious debate on what to do and what we would accomplish by walking downtown.

Interviewer: Just to backtrack a little, do you have any idea what the original rally had in mind, after the speakers? Was it just to hear the speakers and then disband?

Trembly: I think the original rally as far as most the people who attended it was to hear the speakers and then disband. Maybe to organize to do something in a traditional way. I think almost everybody who attended the rally including the speakers and including Jerry Parkin and Jerry Schnoor had in mind that this rally should just meet and then disband. I and Clyde had other ideas about what maybe should happen but we weren't talking too openly at that point.

Interviewer: Okay, so you're back at Lincoln and Beach and everyone is seated and you're trying to decide what to do next.

Trembly: Clyde said, "Okay, we'll have a vote." Now that I think back on it that was a little funny but maybe it was really the only thing that we could have done. No one could really see any. . . No, I can't say that because there were some who were already a quarter of the way towards town and they had started and then stopped and were hoping that other people would follow them. But they weren't there to say why and the other people at the other end were wondering why go down town. Why not talk to people on campus like Chalmer Roy and some other people who seemed totally unsympathetic to us and do some things there to get ready for VEISHEA and other things like that. Anyway the people who were going to march downtown were very sure that

they were going to do it so when I saw that they were going to start marching I said Well, as long as they are going to march we really should go along, otherwise the police may do something to them because of their strength and numbers." The other people must have been half way across the flat before most everybody else decided that maybe they should go along also. So I suppose out of the people that were there at the street light probably two-thirds of those people eventually decided to march downtown. We were marching on both sides as I recall and some people had stopped along the way there to get something to drink at the Dairy Queen. The other group was quite a ways ahead of where I was, like maybe three blocks. I didn't have any idea where they were going and so I saw them march all the way down to Lincoln Avenue and Duff and then turn north there and I decided they were going to come back through Main Street. So I told the people who were stragglers to cut off the three blocks and meet them on Main Street. We went up there and I saw Clyde and I had never seen Clyde like that before. He was foaming at the mouth and was really in an emotional state and said something about, "Don't interfere at this point. I've gone down here with the people and this is my part of it. Anyway I wasn't offended or anything, I had just never seen Clyde like that before. I just filed in with the march and then said to the people who had made the short cut there with me to join in. I told the people to walk along beside the streets there and ask other people to join us.

Interviewer: Similar to what happened on Saturday.

Trembly: Similar to what happened earlier. Several people were doing this and there was some response, some good response.

Interviewer: Again, where was this crowd headed for?

Trembly: No one really knew where the crowd was headed for or where they'd stop.

It seemed really hard to say. At that point I figured well, obviously we were going over to the aft board. The draft board couldn't have been more conveniently planned if they had tried. It was just perfect in its location for having rallies. Anyway, it seemed at that point to most people that we were going to go over to the draft board. So we went over there. It was a good crowd in that we were all together at that time coming up Main Street--in what we believed. We believed we were doing something positive. We didn't feel other people's hate towards us because we were open and expansive, we were asking other people to join us. We got over to the draft board and we didn't really know what we should do there. The people sat down on the grassy place southeast across the street from the draft board. We had no sound system at that time, we had the portable PA--bullhorns-- and so we had some people talk at that time. I don't remember really who and we had the Jug Band play.

Interviewer: So it was sort of disorganized, no one knew exactly what was going to happen.

Trembly: No, no one knew exactly what was going to happen. It was a spontaneous thing. The Jug Band played and used the bullhorns for amplification. And there was a discussion, "Well once we're here, well, what are we going to do?" The draft board was open and so we said we should sit down, we should block the entrance. Somebody said that there were three or four policemen inside. So somebody looked at the door and sure enough they had their long rak sticks and they had their helmets, and they were maybe even in there with the police chief. So we thought--there weren't any policemen outside, well, only a few--maybe we should sit down outside the door.

Interviewer: What was your object in sitting outside the door?

Trembly: It would be to block the draft board., to keep people from going in and coming out. I think we did sit down there for a while. Then the people

inside called the police station and the captain came over and told us that we couldn't block the door there. So we decided it wouldn't be a good thing to block the little of ladies secretaries inside--that wouldn't get us any public opinion, positive--so we should let them all come out. We sat around there in the parking lot. There must have been about thirty, and by that time it must have been about 4:00 or somewhere in there. So we sat around there and the raft hoard ladies came out.

Interviewer: You didn't attempt to stop them?

Trembly: No, we didn't attempt to stop them. By 5:30 there was only, maybe, fifteen people left, around the draft board. They said something about that they'd decided they wanted to stay overnight. I thought it was a good idea--it looked like a good place to camp and the weather was not bad--so I decided I'd stay there all night, too. We'd taken up a collection for food. We were having some food fixed and also a lady, Mrs. Brown, an old lady was in with us, helping, you know, marching along with us, and said she wanted to help. She had also brought us over some food. Some of the other people had gone home to get their sleeping bags. Anyway, I went home and got some blankets or something and came back. I came back around 11:00 and decided to spend the night there. One other thing on Wednesday night was about 7:30 Mr. Pyle drove in--screeched in.

Interviewer: He owns the building?

Trembly: He owns the building and he had said, "You people have cost me enough money for one day. Get the hell out of here or I'll have you arrested for trespassing." So we kind of laughed and walked back across the sidewalk onto public property. He stayed there for an hour or something like that, apparently he was working. He had his work with him-- an adding machine. So then he left that night. Somebody had an idea that it would be...

Somebody said that they couldn't open the draft hoard if they couldn't open the doors. So somebody said if the locks were sealed they wouldn't be able to open the doors. Some people went and got some epoxy glue and mixed it up and put it in the--I don't what time, some time late--and put it in the lock on the outside of the office building. We thought that that would keep the door shut until enough people could get there in the morning that we could keep the draft board closed.

Interviewer: Had word gone out that you were going to keep the draft board closed the next day?

Trembly: By the time that everybody broke up that evening, like at 5:00, Clyde had told everybody, "Be here at 9:00. The draft hoard opens at 9:00." I don't know where he'd gotten that information, but I wasn't very confident about it opening at nine. I had somebody call around and found out that draft hoard opened at 8:30. There weren't very many people that knew it opened at 8:30 so we thought that there probably wouldn't be very many people there that early in the morning and we should try to keep the office closed some way until more people could get there and then it'd be okay. We spent the night there rather quietly, listening to our radios and there must have been fifteen people at the most, perhaps more like ten stayed overnight. The next morning, bright and early, it must have been 7:30, the first secretary came.

Interviewer: For the draft board or for the accounting office?

Trembly: She came for the accounting office, but the main door is the same door to both. She came about 7:30 and tried to get in and of course the lock was jammed shut and she couldn't use a key, so she left, swore at the people

that were over there in their sleeping bags, but we didn't go over. Then about quarter 'til eight some of the other secretaries came and Mr. Pyle came, I believe, about that times and found the door locked. He went across the street, I think, to the schoeneman lumber company to use their phone. We didn't know, we thought there was going to be cops and all kinds of hell break lose there pretty quick. There was only very few of us around there, fifteen or twenty at the most, and we hoped the door would stay shut long enough for more people to show up. The police started coming but there weren't more than three or four around. About 8:00 a locksmith showed up. He looked at the lock and took out a drill and drilled the lock so that they can take the lock out and unlock the door. They unlocked the door. We couldn't come over on the property because we thought--well, Mr. Pyle had done some kind of a legal thing and said that the property was not public today and anybody on it would be subject to trespassing, at least until 8:00. We stayed off on the public side until 8:00, and very, very shortly after 8:00 they had the door open. There was still only fifteen of us so when they opened the door they walked in and the locksmith left and we walked in also.

Interviewer: All fifteen?

Trembly: We were about fifteen of us.

Interviewer: I mean everyone that was there walked in?

Trembly: I guess it wasn't the complete number of use there were still some people outside walking around. Some people had gone to the campus to try to get more help. We walked in and we sat down on the stairs and we were sitting along side the stairs so that people could pass because we recognized the secretaries--the draft board secretaries--and they were the only people in the basement there except the Lions Club and the Lions Club wasn't using their office at that point, that morning. We

made a path there for Mr. Pyle and somebody else to come in and out of the building. The police were around but they weren't doing anything to us--the draft board secretaries weren't there yet. Somebody had gone and mixed up some more glue and that was put in the lock at the draft board office. About a quarter after eight the first secretary from the raft hoard appeared and we all closed in on the stairs and the floor , she came and tried to walk down and we wouldn't let her walk down, so she left. Then about 8:30--the police had told us to disperse and we weren't about to--Mr. Pyle was around and there were some people outside I remember one boy, I don't remember his name right now, he was trying to talk to Mr. Pyle so that we could have a sit-in until 11:00 and then leave and Mr. Pyle had agreed, tentatively he told me, to that and he was hoping that we'd all be peaceful and that we'd go out then at 11:00. Mr. Bishop arrived sometime outside--I don't know because I was sitting in right next to the draft board door in the basement, one of the furthest in on the inside. Mr. Bishop had arrived and had apparently given the order to the police to clear us out. The police came in certainly no more than a quarter 'til nine and started clearing people out.

Interviewer: Did they announce that you would be under arrest if you didn't leave or anything like that? Do you remember?

Trembly: I don't remember that at all I think they asked us to leave, and it just seemed obvious to everybody that we would be. I don't even remember specifically whether they said something like that. We were singing and chanting so we weren't listening to them very well...

Interviewer: Did they attempt to unlock the door to the Draft Board?

Trembly: They couldn't get at it# they didn't know that it was sealed. Then three police came in and started trying to carry people out.

Interviewer: Did they have their arms locked together downstairs?

Trembly: Yeah, everybody had said, "Lock your arms, lock your arms." They came in and they carried one boy out, I think, and a girl and the next boy, the one policeman was using his black jack...

Interviewer: You saw this?

Trembly: Yeah...to try to break the hold that people were holding on to each other so he was hitting their hands trying to break their hold. He then took Barb Yates because she was a girl and she couldn't hold on as well, as strongly. There was three, as I said, one older fat guy and two younger guys. I don't remember the policemen's names, I did at one time. I think they must have taken out in that way about three or four people. The last person they tried, and they just couldn't get him out because we were all holding on and they also weren't in very good physical condition and by that time they were really exhausted because they had to carry them up the stairs and it would have taken something really tremendous to have pulled us out of there. Everything was quiet outside for a few minutes and in there for a few minutes and then Mr. Bell from the Dean of Students office came in and said that they were thinking about using tear gas on us, would we come out the way we were. We said, "No, we're not coming out." I think by that time there were maybe twelve-thirteen of us left sitting along towards the bottom of the stairs and on the floor. Then I think maybe Art Sandeen came in and anyway Mr. Bell asked anybody with their watches and their glasses and all if they wanted him to take them. He told them they'd get them back, he'd keep them at the Dean of Students office. So some people gave him their glasses. We knew they were getting ready to put some tear gas in so we were all sort of afraid--not very many of us had experienced tear gas before--we didn't know really what to expect. But we weren't going to

unless they carried us out, that was what we felt otherwise. Some of us took off our coats and put them over our heads and faces and it was all very, very still, no one was saying anything. One policeman was in there and he pulled the pin on the grenade and said something about, "It won't go off, it won't go off." Somebody else outside yelled, "Drop it," or "Throw it," or something, so he did just about the time it went off. He was unfamiliar with tear gas grenades and didn't realize that there was a time fuse after you pull the pin. He dropped it in and it went off and it came down and hit somebody on the head--maybe Barb Yates was still in there, I think in fact she was, she hadn't been pulled out, it had been another girl that'd been pulled out. The tear gas came in and the other people went out--I mean everybody except Loras and me really as I recall anyway--went out, started running out before it had been in there very long at all. I didn't know it at the time but Jim Hannah had picked the canister, grenade, up and carried it back outside but there was a lot of tear gas in there. Loras and I were over in the corner the farthest from it all and we were under my coat and we were sitting in there and there was silence, we couldn't hear anything except we could feel the tear gas begin to tingle on our skin and it smelled a little like ?lice?. We were breathing very shallowly and we were under my coat but the tear gas started to seep through, it smelled sort of like gun powder and something else. Loras began to cough a little bit and said, "I can't take it any more." I don't know how long we were in there just sitting, everybody else had already gone and it seemed like a long time. Loras and I were sitting there and he said, "I can't take it anymore," and he started to cough and I said, "okay, we'll go out," 'cause I couldn't see any future in staying in there. I was the closest to the door so I grabbed his arm or something

and we started up the stairs. I had my eyes closed tight all the time before then and I remember as we started up the stairs just opening my eyes for an instant and everything was just white in there, I couldn't see anything at all with my eyes open, it was just white inside. We pushed the door open and ran outside and fell to the ground outside in the parking lot holding each other--we were facing each other holding each other and we had our arms wrapped around each other and our legs wrapped around each other and we were just holding on so they grabbed us and started to pull our arms apart and they couldn't do that. Our heads were together and I don't know what all we were saying but we were holding on and they were trying to pull us apart. There were two of them that'd gotten out their mace and they were trying to spray us, but since our heads were together they couldn't spray except the back of our head. We had our heads down and our eyes closed so they couldn't spray us and I think they ended up spraying each other more than they did us. Later when we'd gotten in the car I noticed that the policemen were coughing and their eyes were red. They finally got handcuffs on Loras and they tried to put handcuff's on me but they never did. They tried but they couldn't get the handcuffs on me because my arms were around Loras so tightly. Of course, there were a lot of people out there on the parking ramp watching us to see what they were going to do. They didn't ever get me as I recall. They finally pried us apart and they loaded Loras in one car and loaded me in another car in the back seat of the car. They had a real hard time getting me in there 'cause, well, it's just hard to load somebody in the back seat of a car even if they're just limp.

Interviewer: Is that what you were doing, you were just limp--after they tried so hard?

Trembly: I was limp, but I was limp in the sense that I wasn't hitting anybody,

but at the same time I was trying to keep them from holding on to me. I was trying to break their grip by moving, so I guess I really wasn't limp, I was moving, but I wasn't ever hitting anybody or anything like kicking. They put me in the back seat, closed the door, and I was in there a second all by myself, no one else in the car. So I decided I didn't want to ride in the back seat so I got in the front seat, I crawled over the seat inside. I also remember when I was outside on the ground holding on to Loras saying, "You work for peace and they'll mace you," or "See what they'll do, they'll mace you," or something like that, I don't know what all else. I feel, as far as other people in the world today, I feel a strong affection for affinity to probably Loras because of what we went through together--the relationship, the feeling that we developed for each other from that. They took us downtown-- me downtown, I don't know where Loras was. They took me out of the police car. I was sitting in the front seat and they said, "Are you going to walk," or something. And I said, "Well, you already told me that I was resisting arrest so you might as well carry me in, too." They opened the door--I was holding onto somebody's brief case that I'd seen in the front seat there. I was outside and on the ground then and so there were about four or five of them picked me up and started up the steps towards the City Hall. I remember grabbing onto the rail there so they had to pry my hands loose off of that. They brought me into the desk and laid me on the floor there. I was laying there on the floor in front of the desk and I didn't have any identification on me but they knew who I was so they booked me. I slid something about, "Am I entitled to a phone call?" and they said, "Yeah," and so I said, "Okay, I'll get up," I got up and made a phone call to Jackie, my girl, and told her that I was in jail. She'd just gotten up about then, I don't think it must

have been more than about 9:30 by that time. I told her that I was in jail and that I was okay, So they went and took me down to the jail. By that time there were probably twenty--well, I don't know, I was one of the last ones--probably there were fifteen or twenty other boys there. They all cheered when I walked in, I had my shirt all torn and we were hugging each other. There was a very close spiritual unity among the people there 'cause we'd all come through something none of us had ever experienced before together. We sat around there in the jail and talked. There were three or four more came in after me and when they'd come in we'd all cheer for them and hug them. I was kind of tired so I decided by that time to lay down and try to rest or sleep some. The tear gas was in my clothes and all but I took my shirt off and tried to wash my skin and my eyes and all that in the jail there--we did have water out of a faucet. The window on the south side was open and we could talk outside to people when they'd come around to the window. They told us that they were trying to raise bail for us and we felt good about that. In the time we were in jail there we talked to each other but we realized that there were a lot of people that we'd never really known. We said we should tell each other our names and something about us. We started around and each said his name and what he was doing or why he was there of something of this nature so that we'd gain an awareness of each other. Then they said that they were starting to have people appear before the judge--this must have been about 11:00 maybe.--appear before the judge to set bond. They did that and they went through all of the people there and I was the last one. I knew that they were saving me for a good reason, I was sure of that some way.

Interviewer: Did you have any idea of why they were saving you?

Trembly: Because I knew that they were planning to keep me in jail if they could

some way 'cause they knew that VEISHEA was coming and they didn't want any more trouble and they thought that I was responsible for all this. I came up last, finally. We walked up from the City Hall basement, up through the tire station, up the winding ladder in the fire station up to the back so that we wouldn't go through any of the crowd of kids who were around the police station around the desk and all this, so we went up the back way up to the second floor there, through the judges chambers, and into the courtroom. The courtroom had been cleared and somebody said that they had arrested Sally--I don't know her last name--for contempt of court.

Interviewer: Bennett.

Trembly: Yeah, Sally Bennett. I walked in there and the judge asked me my name and I said nothing, so McKennie said, "The court recognizes Mr. Trembly here. "Bishop, not Bishop but Gibbon," the Assistant City Attorney or something like that started off by saying, "This person here is the one that is allegedly responsible for the ROTC disruption and he's the one that's been responsible for several of these incidents as far as a leader. So in light of the upcoming events at VEISHEA, even though we realize that it may be difficult for him to raise the bail, we request that the bail be set at five-thousand dollars." I kind of looked very startled, I hadn't said anything at all. One of the Jones boys was lawyer was for me there, it wasn't Jerry...

Interviewer: Jim.

Trembly: Jim Jones. At one point in giving his comments he said, "I object. This is not relevant to setting of bail," and McKennie'd overruled him. McKennie said, "Mr. Trembly is currently on bail for a traffic violation charge," which happened to be a driving with license under suspension charge "so in light of that, in light of the potential trouble for the upcoming

events on campus, I'll set his bail on this charge at \$2000." I said, "Keeping me in jail is not going to stop anything," and he looked up and said, "If you don't keep quiet you won't get out of jail at all." Jones was afraid that I was going to say something more so he looked at me and put his finger across his lips. We walked back through the judges chambers and back down and I thought that I'd ask them to give me my glasses, and they'd said on the way up that we'd stop at the desk when ever we went back down and they'd give me my glasses. So when we went back down when we got to the main floor I asked them if they were going to give me my glasses and they said, "Well, no 'cause you're going to be in jail," so they took me back down again because none of them thought that I would have my bail raised--I'd be in because I couldn't raise bail.

Interviewer: Do you know why he dropped it from \$5000 to \$2000?

Trembly: Because there was just no way that they could justify \$5000 bond for a resisting arrest charge of this nature, there was just no way they could justify it. But they did hope that by setting it at \$2000 they'd keep me in jail and out of participation in VEISHEA events. The policeman took me back down to the jail there and I was the only one in there at that time and I thought that I'd probably stay there. I didn't figure that my bail would be raised either. Somebody at the window, at the bars of the window had said, "We've got your bail raise, we'll get you out." I was real happy to hear that 'cause I didn't believe that would be possible. I understood later that Jerry Schnoor had when they said, "\$2000" had just unrolled \$2000 off of his roll of bills and given it to them and they were really surprised. I got out, I was the last one out and it must have been around 1:30 and somebody brought me back to central campus and Jackie was there by that time, down at City Hall. I was really, really happy to be out and everybody was excited and happy that

we were all out on bail. I went home from there--somebody took me on home--and washed a little more of the tear gas off and put on my ragged shirt that I went through the morning with and went out to campus. They were still having a rally out here on the steps of Curtiss Hall. It was one of the most spontaneously happy rallies that I've ever been in and at the microphone I told people that I really, really, really thought that they were beautiful people, that they had raised the bail for us, that we were all out--at that time the only one in was Sally Bennett, and we were sad but we had absolutely no understanding of how we could get her out. Sue Osborn sang some and we all joined in a circle and everyone was holding hands, we were hugging each other. I think even there was some food there and it was really a beautiful time, everyone felt really close and like we'd done something positive and we had made our point and we were all here--we'd lived through it! It was really a beautiful time. I remember telling the kids at the rally there that we'd won, we had accomplished at least one of our goals in the new war we had against war, that the raft board hadn't opened today, that no one was drafted today, and that no one was going to be drafted tomorrow either--that was going to be on Friday--and everybody thought that was really, really fine.

Interviewer: Why do you say no one would be drafted on Friday?

Trembly: Because we intended to keep the raft board closed on Friday.

Interviewer: The same way as you did on Thursday?

Trembly: We weren't sure, we intended to keep it closed but we didn't really know how.

I didn't really know how, I guess did there. We went home, Jackie went home with me. Throughout the evening and night and all we were uncertain as to how to keep the draft board from opening on Friday. We had about twenty people there the next morning who'd slept there all

night again--I didn't sleep there that night because I knew that things'd be happening there the next morning. But I went down early, about 7:30 that morning--that would be Friday morning.- We got there and Clyde had already been talking with Pyle and Pyle had said that he was going to call the draft board secretaries and tell them that their office wasn't fit to open that day, so that we wouldn't have another confrontation. I really believe that there were twenty people that day who were willing to be busted on the same situation.

Interviewer: Including some who had been arrested the other day?

Trembly: I don't believe that there was anyone there who was going to be busted a second time. I think all of us by the next morning had felt like being tear gassed once and carried around like that was enough plus all of us knew that the bond that was on us would be lost if we were busted again. There wasn't any strong--I don't think that there was even one person who felt like they were going to do this all over again , there were twenty new people. So we were all really, really happy when we found out that the draft board wasn't going to open that day and we weren't going to have to really put some bodies on the line in order to prevent it. We were saying to each other that Bishop is our best weapon because he'd kept the draft board closed. We went out to campus and told everybody that we should celebrate.