

sides with the police and some with the Indian boy.

George Snyder, who was the campus patrolman for a great number of years and who was perhaps the best loved officer on Mt. Oread, was one of the officers arresting the Indian youth. Ralph Hubbell, the highly dependable and efficient officer on the police force, was the other. It is interesting just how many sides you can hear to a story. This morning Mayor Russell and Chief Bliesner and I went out for a conference with Mr. Solon Ayers, the superintendent of Haskell, Mr. Morelock, the principal, and Mr. Madison Coombs, the boys' advisor and athletic director at Haskell. You remember Mr. Coombs was formerly principal of the University High School - old Oread, to you.

So many weird statements have been made about this peisode that I felt constrained to tell of an incident that happened in our home some ten or fifteen years ago to show the fallability of eye witnesses to an exciting situation. Our statements are often colored and prejudiced. Never before have these officers been criticized for brutal treatment. But when the Indian boy struck, one of the officers' night clubs came into play and some damage was done to the defendant. But back to the story. At the time I mentioned, squirrels were a drug on the market in Lawrence. Rabies were reported among them, and although the squirrels are considered pets of Lawrence, they became a nuisance, at least they were a nuisance in my yard because we had a shellbark hickory tree in the front yard near the sidewalk. It was along in July and the hickory nuts had just begun to form and fill out. The squirrels descended upon that shellbark hickory in droves, and in chewing the green outer covering off the nuts they made the worst mess imaginable. It did no good to sweep the sidewalk, even every hour, because this debris rained down on the pedestrians, and as the squirrels would chew some of the nuts would drop down. I won't try to describe what I heard from the pedestrians.

So I made up my mind that I would eradicate, so far as possible, the nuisance. Realizing that a fellow who would shoot a squirrel in broad daylight before the sympathetic public, might receive severe treatment, I used the upstairs bathroom window as a point of vantage to exterminate some of the tree rodents. I lowered the bathroom window and stuck the muzzle of the 410 shot gun out of the northeast corner of the room, the muzzle being pointed toward the squirrels. When I fired the squirrel came tumbling down into the front yard and fitfully fought its way to the north parkway before expiring. I put the gun down in the hallway and walked outside in our front yard to recover the dead squirrel.

In the interim an automobilist passing down 8th street by the side of our house, heard the shot and immediately clamped on his brakes, got out and walked around and looked at all four of his tires for a blow-out. The motorist did not see the squirrel lying dead on the parkway. He hazily got back in his car, wondering what in the world had happened.

John Tom Reynolds lived in the house where Hovey Hanna now lives across the street from me. He was lying in a hammock, tootling (should I say?) on his saxophone. He was one of those fellows that believed in protecting the squirrels. He came charging across the street and said, "Did you see that guy?" I said, "What?" as innocently as I could, although feeling a little guilty. He said, "Did you see that guy get out of that car and shoot that squirrel?" I said, "No, I didn't, John." He said, "Well, he did." I picked up the squirrel and said, "The squirrel is dead now, John. Do you want it?" He hesitated, and then said, "Why, yes, I'll take it."

To this day, John Tom Reynolds does not know that I was the culprit, and the motorist was the confused individual wrongly accused by John Tom who definitely saw him shoot that squirrel.