By Stan Opotowsky
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Oxford, Miss., Oct. 1--A pretty co-ed stumbled across the grassy expanse in front of the Science Bldg. vomiting and weeping and crying hysterically, "Help me--oh, somebody help me!"

A boy student held an empty soft drink bottle in his hand, leaned back in perfect pitching stance and then yelled to his confederates, "Y'all get ready to drun." He heaved the bottle and it crashed to the street at the feet of a U.S. marshal. The marshals spun around and fired their guns: pop, pop, pop, pow. There were flashes of light, and then the white smoke of tear gas and the students ran and stumbled and hurdled a fence in a headlong flight from the stinging fumes.

Maddened students kicked at the station wagon of a TV photographer, smashing its windows and sending glass splattering over the photographer's terrified wife as she cowered in the car. In the midst of the batch of howling students was one carrying a baby of scarcely eight weeks. "How's the baby making out?" asked one student. The father gently removed the blanket covering the child's face, and then smiled and said, "I think she likes the excitement."