

'I WAS A UC PRISONER'

The Weather

Bay Area: Morning drizzle today. Showers possible tonight. Chances for rain tonight: 2 in 10.
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San Francisco Chronicle



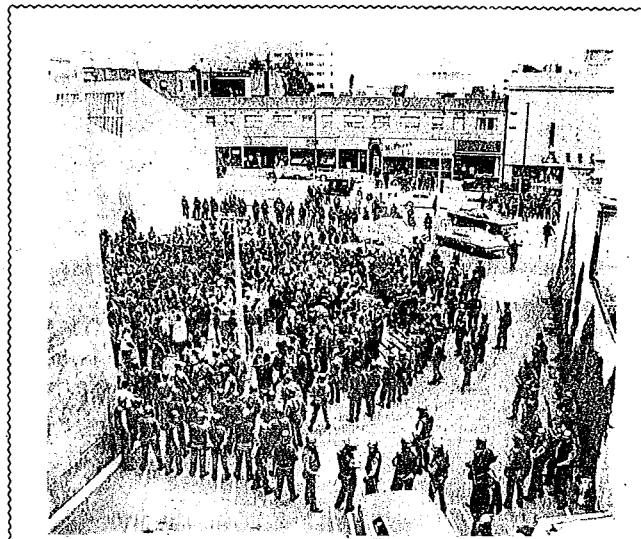
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SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1969

10 CENTS GARFIELD 1-1111

UC Faculty Votes 642-95 To Get Rid of Park Fence



By Vincent Maggiano

The journey to Santa Rita began after those people were arrested in Berkeley

'I Was a Prisoner At Santa Rita'

By Tim Findley

"Awright, you people, when the door opens, I want you to move out of this bus in single file—and I mean move, the first . . . that slows down is going to get a stick up his . . ."

"Now move. Move, MOVE!"
Some 50 of the more than 400 men arrested in Thursday's mass arrest of Berkeley demonstrators were seated in the bus. This reporter, who found himself trapped in the closing cordon of police and Guardsmen and later in the mechanical formal arrests in a Berkeley parking lot, was among them.

The 45-minute bus ride to the Alameda county prison farm at Santa Rita was jovial and relaxed, oddly communist-like, until we finally stopped well inside the prison gates.

At the screamed command of the guard, those of us near the back of the bus stood up to rustle out. Someone peered through a tiny crack of an opening at the top of the opaque windows.

"Christ," he said in amazement. "They've got everybody face down on the pavement—like bodies, man."

In the hurried stumble out of the bus and the jog toward the gate, the first impression was terrifying, like a cheap prisoner-of-war movie.

Some 200 arrested male Berkeley demonstrators who had arrived on buses before us lay face down on the gravelled asphalt at the center of a compound bordered on three sides by barracks-like buildings and on the fourth by a barbed wire fence.

At the far end of one of the four rows formed by the prostrate demonstrators, one young man was erect on his knees, a uniformed guard standing over him screaming and jabbing with his stick.

"What am I, you . . . ? What am I?" he screamed. "Am I a punk? Am I?"

The responses from the orange-shirted young man could not be heard, but as we formed a line

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Resolution Also Urges GIs to Go

The Academic Senate of the University of California yesterday voted overwhelmingly in favor of a resolution urging that the controversial Cyclone fence around People's Park in Berkeley be removed.

By a vote of 642 to 95, the faculty members also urged the immediate withdrawal of troops and police from the campus and for investigations by State Attorney General Thomas Lynch and the U.S. Department of Justice "into the police and military lawlessness committed in the past eight days in the name of maintaining law and order."

The Senate at the same meeting defeated by a vote of 737 to 94 a motion calling for a vote on asking for the resignation of UC Chancellor Roger Heys.

Heys had earlier appeared before the nearly 1000 members of the Senate and had made a slight gesture of peace in the raging battle over the closing of People's Park.

Heys told the group he had no objection to reserving some of the university-owned park site for "spontaneous designing" by students and others of the area.

The resolution asking withdrawal of police and Heys urged that all law enforcement officers in Berkeley "desist immediately from the indiscriminate use of deadly weapons, gas, and other forms of excessive violence."

The first Academic Senate session since the nine-day-old crisis began convened in Zellerbach Hall after a 45-minute rally outside attended by about 300 students.

Rally leaders delivered to the senate, composed of faculty members, a set of demands that included support in getting the university to "return People's Park to the people." The senate also was asked to call for the resignation of Heys and to endorse

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Nightmare at Santa Rita

From Page 1

of our own and obeyed orders to "look straight ahead," we could hear the thud of blows and one loud "Ow" from the youth.

"Get down on your face — turn your head to the left and the other man in your left's head — your left stupid — Now get your hands down at your sides. Don't move, don't talk!"

The pebbles of gravel dug sharply into your cheek, a chilly breeze blew past, and the flat angle at which you could see made it seem that much more frightening as the shiny black boots of guards marched by, riot sticks tapping at their plain legs.

"Any of you creeps got a camera, put it out in front of your head? We find a camera later and we smash it and your head at the same time!"

We had arrived at Santa Rita about 8:15 p.m. We lay on our stomachs, our heads turned to one side, until 8:45 p.m.

Threats

At intervals of some 20 minutes to half an hour, eight names were called to be booked — on misdemeanor charges of failure to disperse and unlawful assembly. Throughout the more than two hours we lay on our stomachs and the 300ed hour more we sat, legs crossed, on the asphalt, a fat grey-uniformed guard with one hand bandaged waved his riot stick and shouted threats.

"Don't none of you move — we shoot to kill here." The fog rolled in with darkness, and most of us still prostrate, shivered at the cold. Some wore only short sleeved shirts.

"You think this is cold, creeps? It gets really cold in a couple of hours. We'll leave you out here to freeze to death, maybe that will teach you to stay out of Berkeley."

From time to time, he would shout "Turn your heads to the right or left." Cramped neck muscles yielded a stiff pain as they obeyed.

A sharp rap on the back of the legs with the stick discouraged any unauthorized movement.

Shortly before 10 p.m., we were ordered inside an empty barracks, and told to sit on the bunks or the floor. All the windows were opened to provide a chilly ventilation.

Four lawyers from the People's Park Defense Committee arrived shortly after, to the officers of the some 300 men crammed into the 50-bed barracks.

Forms

The lawyers passed out bail forms which the arrested listed telephone numbers to be called, and then left with promises to work through the night.

At 11 p.m. a group of eight of us had our names called in alphabetical order.

We were marched into another barracks where a makeshift booking and fingerprinting section had been set up.

But first, there was a search — the third of the day.

"Face the wall! Get everything out of your pockets and take your belt off, creep. Get out of those tennis shoes."

We then leaned, spread-angled, against the wall.

A young man in a white jacket with the red cross painted on it looked back at the husky guard in his mid-twenties who was searching him.

"What the hell are you looking at, you son of a bitch?" the guard shouted, and jabbed a short blunt stick in the young man's back. Another guard standing nearby clouted the demonstrator on the shoulder with his open hand.

"Garbage!" another young guard scoffed as he sorted through papers—most of them leaflets—found in one pocket. The guard tore them up and kicked them into a pile on the floor. Everything else, except possible weapons, went back in pockets.

Number

A small band with your name and your serial number was stapled around your wrist.

The white-shirted civilian taking fingerprints glared at a smugged inmate.

"Got to get em right, from side to side," he said impatiently.

"I'm working for the other side you know — these have to be right for the FBI."

"What's the FBI's interest?" the arrestee asked.

"Hell," the print taker replied almost cordially. "We're gonna keep track of you troublemakers. We're gonna enforce the McCarran act soon and put all you troublemakers in concentration camps."

He said it casually, but he seemed to hope it was true.

We were marched to "D" barracks by the first friendly guard we had met. "Just stay in line and don't cause trouble, and you'll be out of here faster," he said.

It was about 12:30 a.m. Fifty of us were in the barracks. Most talked, for the first time we were allowed to, about bail and the one telephone call still due us.

Teacher

A young zoology undergraduate seemed a little bewildered. The youngster, a short Chinese youth of about 21, said he had been buying stamps on Shattuck avenue when the National Guard appeared.

"I told them I wanted to leave, and they told me to go down this corner. That was the corner where all the police were."

The youth wore grey cardigan sweater over a shirt, buttoned at the collar. In his horn rimmed glasses and neat clothing, he looked slightly out of place amid the bizarre assortment of beards of long hair and grimy jeans.

There was laughter when Richard Burton, a grey haired, spectacled man in his 40s who was pulled on a pipe, told this reporter he is a lecturer in City and Regional Planning at UC-Berkeley.

Among those arrested in the tightly closing trap around demonstrators at Shattuck Avenue and Center street were a handful of well-known activists. Ramparts magazine Editor Robert Scheer was among them, so was Paul Glusman, a thorny campus radical. Two of the People's Park Negotiating Committee were also arrested.

But this reporter, who was assigned to cover

the demonstration from an inside vantage point, watched as the key march leaders faded away and escaped before the arrests.

One of them warned, "you better get out now, there's going to be a mass bust." He did not explain how he knew, but he and other leaders were frantically urging the demonstrators to "disperse into the shops — do some shopping, get off the streets!"

"That tactic, for the most part, did not work."

Two girls explained vigorously as they waited in the bank of American parking lot to be arrested that they had been caught by surprise.

"We were really shopping, you know, inside this clothing store, and this cop comes in and says to go out the street. We did, and here we are."

Bob McCLOUD, 29, the man in the orange shirt who was being beaten when we arrived, insisted, he too had been shopping when he was hauled out of a store along with several apparent demonstrators who had attempted to escape the trap.

"I swear I didn't hear any order to disperse on Shattuck," said John Dyckman, a graduate student, as he sat on a bunk in the barracks. He said he joined the protest at Shattuck avenue. "We had to get out. The National Guard told us to move up the street — we did, right into the trap."

Black

The barracks door blasted open with a crashing shout.

"Get out of those racks! Who told you to go to the head?" the young red-haired guard shouted.

He was accompanied by two other guards bearing riot sticks.

"Who's the toughest mother in here?" the red head demanded.

"You!" he shouted when none answered.

"You big stud!"

He grabbed a surprised 6-footer by the collar and yanked him into the middle of the floor.

"You're the leader. Anybody here gets out of line, you kick their — or I'll kick yours!"

The guard spotted a black youth further down the row of bunks.

"You, soul brother," he shouted, "you're second in command!"

None seemed to know in command of just what.

The rest of the night resembled a bonn's first experience with the Marine Corps. First a friendly guard, then a savage one. First an assurance that you could "take it easy," then a snarling burst through the door and orders to "get on your feet — get by your racks."

Awake

In the next barracks we could hear people being warned to stay awake or they would be struck. And we could hear shouts of "Do you hear me?"

And answering replies of "Yessir!"

"Well I can't hear you!"

Jack Webb had played the role to perfection in the movie "The Day After Tomorrow."

Occasionally someone was struck or shoved for looking the wrong way or smiling. "You think it's funny, you loud haired creep?"

For the most part, the guards were young,

and there seemed to be a special interest among the youngest of them in proving their authority.

The most threatening of the guards were about the same age — mid 20s — as most of the arrested demonstrators. Repeated references to the Army and to the draft seemed to indicate the young guards had a lesson they were itching to teach their radical contemporaries.

Sleep

There was no sleep. Groups were taken out for mug shots. At 4:45 a.m., the prisoners were marched to breakfast, amid heckling remarks that "next time you riot, remember this," and "wall till the boys get back from Vietnam and handle you ereps!"

Breakfast was cereal, skim milk, white bread, orange marmalade, weak coffee and prunes, wolfed down with no talking and eyes straight ahead. After eating, the prisoners were made to kneel erect in front of the door before being led out.

None had yet been allowed a telephone call. None had yet been let out on bail.

It was shortly after 8 a.m. when one of the savage ones burst in.

"Who in here wants to go home?"

There was general response.

"Who in here, better listen up then, and do what I tell you."

Some of our names were read off and we were told to run outside to the gate and line up in two's.

Our guard, another young man, perhaps in his early 30s, then put us through some rough military drill.

"You'll be one step ahead of the others when you finally get drafted," he shouted.

We weren't told whether we were about to be freed or simply allowed to make a phone call. The guard knew that bail had been posted — in most cases some three to five hours earlier.

But there was one more chance to leave a lasting impression.

"Awright you creeps, when I shout 'Who do we love?' you shout back, 'The Blue Meanies!'"

Amused

Prisoners in jail uniforms were now outside the mess hall. They were highly amused.

"Who do we love?" the guard demanded as we trotted up a street.

The reply:

"You jerks better shout it or we'll be running up and down this street all day! Now, Who do we love?"

"The Blue Meanies!" came the more satisfying answer as we trotted toward family, friends and freedom at the intake building.

By late afternoon yesterday, more than 200 of the arrested demonstrators had been freed on bail, generally placed at \$500 for charges of unlawful assembly and failure to disperse. A few demonstrators faced with more serious charges were required to raise up to \$1000 bail.

Santa Rita authorities said a double shift of deputies worked through the night and four bail bondsmen were on hand to assist in raising funds for the arrested.

Most of the demonstrators were ordered to appear Monday for arraignment in Berkeley Municipal Court.