

# THE ARRESTS AT SPROUL HALL: 1 Student, Non-student tell of experiences

The rain was falling - and the speakers were talking, as Rick Rosenzweig described his 20 hours in Sproul Hall, and his 13 hours in transit to and at the Oakland city jail - ending in his release at 12 p.m. Thursday night.

Rosenzweig, 20 and a senior student at the University, owns and formerly operated the Lunch Box; it was here that we became acquainted - through advertising in The Gate for his business. On Wednesday afternoon, he was one of 8 persons I contacted to act as correspondents for however long each one might remain in the building or in the area.

Rick began by stating that he was on the 2nd floor; placed in charge of buying food, he used the \$100 collected on Wednesday to purchase 180 pounds of lunch meat and cheese. These were used to make sandwiches in the food central area on the 2nd floor; a coffee machine was in operation here also.

## THE FOOD BRIGADE

He told how buckets of hot coffee were brought up by rope from outside at night. People were sending up various purchased food items - even Chinese food in small individual containers; in addition, many home baked items such as noodles, and cookies were provided by persons who wanted to help. Kool-aid was consumed in heavy amounts. Rick stated that as far as he knew, no alcohol had been "delivered" - although individuals may have brought their own bottles.

## MOVIE TIME

He told of two movies being shown on the wall of the second floor - an anti-HUAC film and a film on Viet Nam. People were sitting on the stairs. Showings of the films were repeated several times so that all who wished to view them might do so. A second projector was set up to show a Charlie Chaplin film on a screen in another part of the building. Control of the lights in the buildings were available to the demonstrators.

Rosenzweig described the conditions in the building as generally comfortable. The campus police were on the first floor, he added.

## CLASSES - AND SINGING

Near the information window, Marvin Garson conducted a class in which he told of his trip to Texas as an aide to Mark Lane. Another class met under the auspices of Jack Weinberg and other CORE members; they lectured on civil rights activities in the bay area. Folksinging and bluegrass music sessions were in progress on

the first floor. Rick pointed out that he was all over the building on all floors.

All these activities took place between 7 p.m. and midnight; most people slept from 12 to 2 a.m., he added.

## THE POLICE ARRIVE 3 A.M.

At 3 a.m., 12 police, amidst noise and singing, came to the central area of the second floor. The group there heard that Mario had been hauled away, Rosenzweig stated. "They came in like a brutal band and took (Jack) Weinberg away; the people were swearing, yelling, and cursing, he continued, I was about 20 feet away at this time. It was still dark when they took him down the front stairs; it looked like a very brutal scene."

## WEISSMAN TAKES OVER

Steve Weissman took over control of the activities. It was several hours - after daylight - before they took anyone else from the 2nd floor. At 9 a.m., Weissman wanted to make a break to talk to the people in the mall below. (He was standing near the main stairs, away from the windows where the microphone-loudspeaker was located - editor's interpretation).

## Weissman's Escape

"Weissman was standing by the marble stairway. The feeling was that, Rick observed, when it became the crucial time where the group could not operate, Steve would make his break and escape down the rope leading to the steps of Sproul Hall."

"Suddenly people began calling 'Steve, Steve' for him to go through - but he didn't. Then he sneaked away - charged through the space when the students made a pre-arranged path for him. A cop followed but he couldn't get through as the people closed up the path. Weissman went down the rope - and the students cheered."

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## EXCLUSIVE COVERAGE

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A CLOSE CALL

Rick told of a friend, Luis Hernandez, who wore a coat with a zipper and a hood. He was choking by the way he was being pulled down the hall. "I charged after them and they stopped; Luis was able to open the zipper himself."

"I DIDN'T WANT TO WAIT"

Rick told of his arrest. "I ran to the front of the group - I didn't want to wait. After they took Luis, they grabbed me and brought out the tape recorder. I put my arms over my head, and said something like 'I'm all yours, gentlemen'. Then instead of hauling me away by the arms, they grabbed me under the arms. I went sliding down the hall on my back - head first; the cops were peering down at me - with big smiles on their faces. I felt myself sliding along the floor. When I reached the end of the floor, I was lying there. My hands were behind my head. They were looking down at me; I lay there smiling with my eyes closed - on my back. They turned me on my face to shake me down - and then turned me back over. They asked me my name and major."

THE STAIRS "-LIKE A ROLLER COASTER"

"All of a sudden, two policemen were hauling me down the stairs - at an unbelievable pace. 'It's like a roller coaster!', I said to them. I straightened out my body. Luckily they did not run me into anything. It was probably a relay system, Rick stated; they had special cops to do each thing."

'GOOD STEERING'- FOR HIM

It was due to their 'good steering' that they didn't run me into anything, Rick added. I talked with others at the Oakland jail who told of being bumped on the way down the stairs.

As I got to the basement, people were behind the wire mesh gate in the campus police station. One of them called to me while I was still on my back. It was Luis.

On arriving at the door, they said 'you'll walk now, won't you?' I walked to the bus.

WHY I WALKED-NOW

I felt that I had followed the instructions of the FSM fully - to be dragged out- thereby taking as much time as possible to empty the building.

At the basement exit, some were dragged up the stairs to the buses; buttons were ripped off (in the process). Some were thrown onto the bus; they had been bumped into walls and bannisters. Rick told of another friend, Joel Brodsky, who had blood flowing from a cut under his eye (he wears glasses) when he boarded the bus.

I lost some things -including keys- on the way down, he stated. Others weren't so careful- and lost more.

FIRST GROUP TO OAKLAND

I was among the first group of men placed in the Oakland city jail. "It was a very drab place with an inhuman atmosphere". The cops played around with each other - pretending one was a demonstrator and grabbing him.

"UNDESERVEDLY BRUTAL TREATMENT TO A STUDENT"

"There was undeservingly brutal treatment to a student", Rick stated; when they were registering names, appearingly unprovoked, this guy was treated harshly and put into solitary confinement (Editor's note: because of the probable use of this incident as evidence, this account is stated in very general terms by mutual agreement between Rick and myself).

MEAL TIME

We were fed a meal in mid-afternoon; the food was drab. The dinner consisted of stew, bread, salad - quite complete. The place was extremely sterile in appearance - a white tile cafeteria and kitchen. The latter was one big continuum. The kitchen help - there were 8 of them- were standing and staring all in the same direction. The meals were set out for us; and we sat on individual stool type seats. We had about 20 minutes to eat- with 65 eating at one time. All of them were from our group as far as I knew. Since my arrival in jail at 11 a.m., when we first arrived, we had access to 2 flush type toilets - with no seats. There was no drinking fountain(at that time).

I got to make my one phone call- and we were allowed to use telephone books for out of area numbers.

INSIDE THE DETENTION ROOMS

We were in a large room with 80 beds; they told us the rules over a loudspeaker - through this they could hear us and speak into the room. They provided us with playing cards; some men took their books, and were reading. All the time, we were under locked doors- there was a total absence of human feeling. We were able to make noise and move around.

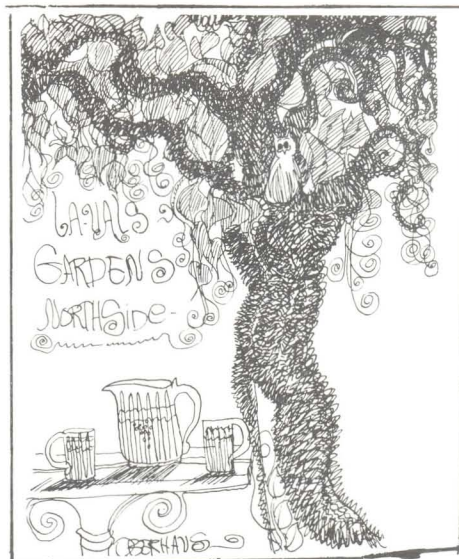
Shower facilities were provided in this area; there were three of them and we were provided with soap. By pushing a button, the water stayed on for one minute; there was no time limit on its use.

LAWYERS PRESENT AND GOOD NEWS FROM THE OUTSIDE

At 8 p.m. Thursday, we were told that a lawyer was present. While we were making our phone calls, Ron Anastasi came back to our area with good news: he told us that the bail had been raised and informed us of the proposals that the faculty had made at the afternoon meeting.

RELEASED - AT LAST

All the forms were filled out by midnight; there were cars waiting to take us home. The driver, who spent his night off helping us, made many trips between Oakland and Berkeley. He had food and cider in the car for us; and he drove us right to our door.



# 3 Floors of Sproul- 4:15 Thursday

## 1ST REPORTER on the SCENE

At approximately 4:15 p.m. Thursday, the last demonstrator was removed from Sproul Hall. On checking with the Public Information Office, I obtained clearance to enter the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th floors; at this time, the only other person there was a photographer. Neither of us was disturbed by any official or policeman; a later group of reporters was allowed upstairs under the watchful eye of a campus policeman, another University official of undetermined affiliation was observing our every move.

This trip we were on our own; the following is a report of what I saw, and what I didn't see, and my impressions.

Proceeding up the South stairs to the second floor, I reached the landing at the halfway point; the cameraman was taking photos of a pair of broken glasses, and two pocket combs scattered amid sheets of paper and newspaper. At the top of the stairs in the corner was a single man's shoe.

### PROCESSING-AND-PAPERS ALL OVER

On the second floor were scattered papers the length and width of the south half of the hallway; each paper was marked with a number. It represented the number of persons arrested and served to identify him or her in photographs that were taken (This point will be developed more fully elsewhere - see page 1 for location).

### THE BELONGINGS

Throughout this floor were blankets and mattresses, pillows - books, clipboards, pens, and pencils, a shoe, an attache case with the initials FLD, a half empty coke bottle, a pill bottle, used flash bulbs by the dozens

A door to the women's rest room had been removed by taking it off the hinges - to allow its use.

### THE CENTER AREA

Near the main section of the floor by the main windows overlooking the plaza were umbrellas, and more notebooks. On the preceding day, numerous students had been crowded under the tables and against the walls.

Many presumably lost items were stacked by room 221 - a site occupied just 24 hours earlier by the FSM press table and a one student class in Japanese.

Proceeding down the hall, I found a half-eaten candy bar, an empty tomato juice can, a half-eaten salami, candy bar wrappers, a bag of chicken bones - Wednesday, the owner had passed out legs and wings to total strangers. Today they were gone with only the portraits of former University officials surveying with all their wisdom this vast area of floor covered with remnants - of a city unto itself - and this was only the second floor.

### THIRD AND FOURTH FLOORS

These two floors had served as quiet areas for study and sleep on Wednesday; today they were more silent than at any hour of the preceding 28 hours. A few University employees were working in their offices on these floors; the floors were covered in the same manner as that below. A greater preponderance of books and notebooks showed on the 4th floor.

### THE PLAYERS HAD GONE

The whole building resembled the setting for a play - in which all the players had stepped out between acts. Here was I - an audience of one - and yet I knew the play was now ended.

### SILENCE AND BARENNESS

The guitars would not be played; the voices were silent. The books and notebooks and pens and pencils lay idle. The mattresses and pillows lay barren. Coffee cups and loaves of bread were lying unused throughout all floors.

### BROKEN WINDOW PANES - STRUGGLES??

The main window on the left of the 2nd floor had two of its panes broken out; the opposite window was marked by one broken pane which had been covered with a piece of white paper saying "sorry this was an accident." I saw no evidence of any blood or heavy scuffling in this area. The area was quite clean in its appearance - perhaps too clean.

### THE INDELIBLE MARKS

By the time you read this, Sproul Hall will have returned to normal. To me, somehow, it will never be the same. Just as the mall bears the indelible mark of a police car surrounded by hundreds of students, so the administration building bears that of a thousand people - now marked by the scattered, lonely appearance of their belongings.

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### YOUNG MUSICIAN: Arthur Fennimore

Jacques Barzun, in his book, Music in American Life states that America "spends more money for music than the entire rest of the world." In spite of such an optimistic report, the fact remains that America exceeds the rest of the world in presenting a formidable barrier to the aspiring concert pianist's economic survival. Why? Perhaps the answer lies in the fact that there are so many pianists today who are able to execute competently almost any of the great virtuoso works for the piano. Hence, there is formidable competition confronting new musicians. Sometimes one hears brilliant performances, sometimes butcheries, but all too often one leaves the concert hall with no vibrant impressions. The pianist who will be remembered long after the close of a season is rare. It seems a wonder that so many pianists manage to survive.

In his Herz Hall recital of November 20, Arthur Fennimore offered little exception to this image. The listener may have at first been struck by his daring tempos. Then he enjoyed the privilege of counting wrong notes. It was too seldom that the breathing of a phrase, the logical timing of an articulation or the sheer beauty of musical sound were present. Often the listener was aware of a rushing tempo as in the Chopin etudes and scerzo.

There were significant good features to Fennimore's playing. In loud passages he rarely produced a harsh effect. His chords at their loudest were always balanced, illustrated admirably in the two Scriabine etudes. He does tend to play too fast, but he has a big technique and a lot of endurance, demonstrated in the Prokofiev Tocatta, played as an encore. This man has an admirable boldness in his playing. This, coupled with a fine technique and tone, lend promise for the future.

David Tischler  
Michael Furnoy

The Gate published every Monday. Bob Weinzeimer, Editor and Publisher. p.o. box 1281 Berkeley 1, Calif.

The Gate is on sale on the North side at The Store 1854 Euclid throughout the week. Hours varied.

Classified Advertising. 5¢ a word. 1 week. 20 word minimum. Deadline Thursday before publication date. Bring to salesman at Bancroft and Telegraph.

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### RED CHINA IN LATIN AMERICA

Red China is stirring up trouble for the United States south of the border in Latin America, using the tools of cultural contact and exchange.

The warning is made in the current issue of Asian Survey, a journal published by the Institute of International Studies. The article, "Communist China's Latin American Policy", is written by Joseph J. Lee, assistant professor of American thought and language at Michigan State University.

"Communist China now places primary emphasis on Latin America as an area pregnant with revolutionary possibilities and a key to the overthrow of American world power," Lee writes. The Chinese Communists have been aiding and abetting the process by asserting "ideological leadership over the revolutionary movements in that area."

The Chinese have achieved "considerable success" by courting Latin American public opinion leaders, according to Lee.

Special Chinese hospitality to Latin Americans has recently been emphasized among "opinion makers, intellectuals and journalists," the writer found.

The emergence of the Castro regime in Cuba was doubly welcomed by the Chinese propagandists, according to Lee. Not only did it support their case for the Chinese revolutionary model on the Latin American scene, but it also seemed to signal to them the start of legitimate armed revolution in that area of the world. By 1962, this type of peasant guerrilla warfare was going on in 12 South American countries.



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# Know them by their deeds

In Friday's editorial "We Need a Leader", the three editors of the Daily Californian, the California Aggie, and the Daily Bruin made two points worthy of comment.

1st, they asked that President Kerr speak to the students, a group he has ignored to date. We fully endorse this proposal and add our voice to this request. Hopefully it will have been done by the time this is being read. There has been, as this editorial stated- a lack of communication, cooperation, and understanding.

## ILL-FOUNDED ATTACK

Your attack on the FSM as being the main body at fault smacks of an unintelligent analysis of the situation. It is not their lack of foresight and good judgment which has called the wrath of the community down on them.

How did the community find out about these factors? The Answer? they didn't - they haven't!

The local press coverage of the Free Speech problem has been oriented toward one sole element - selling newspapers.

There has been damn little approaching an honest forthright evaluation of the goals, purpose, and the membership of the FSM. This is not a new problem. Civil rights groups have a difficult time getting honest coverage in the local Bay Area press; a reporter for one of these newspapers answered-at the Telegraph Bank of America picketing last semester-this question by stating that we write the news as it happens, but the editors cut it out before it gets into the paper. Our hands are tied.

Every local paper calls it the "so-called Free Speech Movement"; television announcers and newscasters are picking up this phrase. Now the public is beginning to parrot it too. They call its members rebels, agitators - newer students. Most of them (the press) would not know a free speaker from a non-supporter if it weren't for the pins, the signs, and the divided situation which now exists.

Even the Berkeley Gazette managed to get out a 3rd extra edition last Friday. This is one more than it had on November 22, 1963!

Returning to the Daily Cal editorial, to call the FSM membership and its supporters the dupes of a very persuasive few for the moment, to say that many of the students hauled away did not realize what they were getting into, and to conclude that many still don't. This is easily the most gross oversimplification of a situation ever to appear in the Daily Californian!

Of 1000 persons, 738 students, staff, and wives and approximately 40 non-students stayed in that building to await arrest, loss of personal property, loss of freedom for periods of 10-24 hours, a criminal record for life, publicity of their name throughout local, state, and national press!

And you say they did not realize what they were getting into?

NONSENSE!

We say to you-three great editors of the University are-

Know them by their deeds.

# CONSCIENCE OF A CAMPUS

Wednesday and Thursday 738 students, staff, and wives of same, plus about 40 non-students who have a strong interest in and ties with the affairs of this campus (read Seth Wingate's statement as an example) made their commitment to sit-in, go limp, and be arrested. They had ample chance to leave the building; they did not. They did not quaver in the face of strong opposition - that of the law which 99% of them respect and believe in.

## FOLLOWING ORDERS AND DOING THEIR JOB

The police and law enforcement officers did their jobs, acting on orders. Perhaps some did not agree with their orders; they may have been tired from 8+ hours of work. But they obeyed nevertheless. Members of the FSM and those who sat in with them also had orders. They had a greater choice than the police and other law enforcement persons.

Nothing would happen to them if they left Sproul Hall voluntarily: no loss of pay, no jobs to lose. They had only one thing keeping them - their conscience and their commitment to their fellow participants. In many conversations, I have yet to hear any arrested person criticize those who left before the arrests began.

Those who did leave, stayed to picket, to collect food and supplies, to drive the arrested back from Oakland, Santa Rita, and San Leandro.

Many are working behind the scenes at the seemingly small jobs which keep the FSM running. When support of the FSM is measured, the count does not stop at 776 or at the number of pickets, nor at those who hand out leaflets, or at those who man telephones at FSM Central, or those who sit at a table for hours keeping watch on the vast array of lost and found items in the Student Union or even at those who fast on Sproul Hall steps and under the eaves of the Student Union.

It goes on and grows as each student, employee, and faculty member looks into his conscience.

What Does Yours Say?

Wednesday Midnite through Thursday 6

They leave the Balcony

My arrival at Telegraph avenue Wednesday morning 10 a.m. was met by a sight which still seems beyond belief. The sight of pickets lining the street and leaflets being handed out every 10 feet telling of students being dragged out of Sproul Hall, other circulars calling for strikes, and picket lines on campus. Could this really be happening? The radio reports last night had reported the number of persons in the building. The newspapers had the same headlines on their morning editions on San Pablo and University.

By 1 p.m. that afternoon, I was a believer.

In the mall area between the Student Union and the besieged Sproul Hall were gathered a mushrooming crowd of picketers, leaflet passers, and spectators. I spotted a group of 4 persons under a banner "U.C. Davis Students for Free Speech." According to one of them, Jennifer Jordan, a senior in psychology, 11 students had arrived in Berkeley around midnight. There were around 150 people standing outside Sproul Hall. She gave the following account of the events between that hour and 10 a.m. Thursday: She related that at the beginning of the arrests, she was awakened at a friend's apartment around 2 a.m. - persons left from every entrance of Sproul Hall on her arrival, she observed.

#### FOLLOWING THE BUSES

When the buses left for their destination, she stated, students attempted to follow them in cars, though they didn't know to which jail the arrested were being taken. The buses speeded up; and when the cars did likewise, they were tagged by police for speeding.

The first groups of men were taken to Santa Rita prison farm near Livermore while the women went to the Oakland city jail. This was around 4 or 5 in the morning, Jennifer related.

#### PICKET LINE ORGANIZED

At 4:30 a.m., a picket line was organized by Martin Royscher, one of the few remaining members of the steering committee of the FSM. From 6-8 a.m. Jennifer and her 10 fellow students from Davis picketed the dining commons to discourage trucks from delivering their goods. A Carnation milk truck came through, she added.

#### HER IMPRESSIONS - OF THE POLICE AND OF THE STUDENTS

She stated that she was favorably impressed with the organization and calmness of the students. In describing the police, she called them very self-contained (these were outside the building); "if the students got close, they didn't do anything at the side of the building."

#### ON THE OUTSIDE

Jennifer stated that the students were brought out slowly and obtrusively; she added that the building's employees had been turned away about 8 a.m. - "they couldn't get through the police 'blockade'".

#### A CRASH OF GLASS \* A BILLY CLUB

At 9 a.m., there was a crash of glass from the second floor, Jennifer reported; a male student thrust forward toward the balcony. Another student had grabbed a billy club, brought it out to the balcony and thrown it down. She told of seeing two policemen after one student.

All during our conversation, persons were telling of the situation over the loudspeaker; At 10:40 a.m., police forced the three or four remaining persons to come in off the balcony. As the last speaker before this removal occurred, Jo Freeman, A University student and member of the University Young Democrats, urged any of the group present to support those who had been arrested and to help them. A struggle was visible at the window between the students and the police.

Shortly before this incident, there had been a tug of war over a rope or cord between police on the balcony and students below who managed to retain possession. The police tossed it off when they were unable to pull it up.

#### TALKING MY WAY INSIDE SPROUL HALL

At 10:50 a.m. I entered Sproul Hall by the North entrance; this admittance was accomplished by identifying myself as editor of the paper. Fortunately the campus policeman on duty had a good memory for our conversation earlier in the semester and got me admitted to go to the Public Information Office and no where else. The first floor was totally barren of human beings - except for 5 or 6 policemen. Newspapers covered the glass portions of doors leading to the second floor.

As I approached the South end of the building, there appeared a large contingent of reporters heading for the second floor. I joined them - heading for the second floor - to see how far I could get. We took the stairs to the second floor. There were law enforcement officers all over - no civilians or students did I see. One of the officers commented "It's already so crowded. At that point a nose count was taken; there I was caught and ordered to be shown out of the building."

#### "HE'S ON HIS WAY OUT" - OVER AND OVER

The officer who escorted me had hold of my upper forearms in a more or less firm grip. I was not hurt by his grasp. He steered me along where he wanted me to go. I talked with him on the way down and explained what I had done - and what I should have done. At this point, my main concern was how I could re-enter the building and reach the Public Information Office again. He assured me that I "probably wouldn't have any trouble".

I saw no one on the stairs except police at each door. When we reached the basement, there were many (10 or 20) policemen present. I was not able to look in the campus police office as we passed it. Each of the numerous policemen we passed by along the corridor - stationed at assigned positions, was told "he's on his way out". This message became more frequent as we got closer to the basement exit and the paddy wagons and buses.

#### 3 ON EACH SIDE AT THE EXIT

There were about 3 policemen waiting on each side as we exited from the basement door; none of them touched me as the officer repeated the oft-used statement. There were no arrested persons in the corridor or outside the building. When we reached the street (Barrows Lane), I thanked him for his help (as he had not made any trouble for me). Once more in the light of day, I turned my attention to re-entering Sproul Hall. For an instance, I looked at the

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THURSDAY continued from page 6

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sky and outdoors around me - I guess to make sure that they were still there. I had only been inside 15 or 20 minutes but it seemed longer. Those first instances reminded me of my early moments -perhaps days- of freedom-on release from the Army. When once more my time and direction were my own.

Returning to the North entrance of Sproul Hall, I explained to the same two campus policemen that I had been "detoured"; "detoured", they asked; detoured, I repeated and re-entered. On arriving at the PIO, I learned that the group of reporters had been in the building 24 hours and had drawn lots to go to the upper floors.

#### REAR WINDOW - TO THE PRESS SECTION

Climbing out the rear window of the office, I stood on the South stairway watching the sit-ins being brought out of the building.. Most (90%) of those arrested moved up the stairs on their feet, accompanied by either one or two policemen. Of these, perhaps 10% had their arms (both or one) held behind them.

No more than 1 out of 10 was carried or dragged up the stairs. Photographs will show otherwise. Most of the still cameramen stood around until a person was carried up or showed evidence of struggling with the officers. At this time, they jostled for positions.

#### A GIRL'S PLEA FOR GENTLENESS

One girl, being escorted by two policemen, yelled "handle me with care; be a little more gentle. Her arms were being held firmly by the policemen on either side of her (much more firmly than mine had been in the episode described earlier). With each female brought up from the basement, a policewoman or matron also accompanied her to the top of the stairs. After taking the girl to the paddywagon, one of the two policemen mimiced herby saying in a high falsetto voice "get your hands off me". Other police and photographers thought this funny and laughed.

#### JIBES AT THE HIGHWAY PATROL

Directed at the highway patrolmen who were holding back the crowd at the Southwest corner were numerous catcalls from 4 or 5 persons standing on window ledges overlooking the area: "Who's watching the highways?" "What about the hitchhikers?" To those entering the basement, they called "look, they're going for higher wages, they're joining us."

#### INSIDE THE BUSES AND VANS

In one police van, as the door was closed - a girl yelled to the crowd "why don't you pick-et?" From inside buses and vans could be heard strains of "I'm on my way.". As the vehicles left, the students could be heard singing "We Shall Overcome". In one of the later buses, now carrying females, the driver and another guard were leading the group in singing as a choral group master might.

#### "V" for VICTORY

On one van, the girls were taken out and moved to a second vehicle, since the first could not pass the bus to leave. As they were moved, each girl held her fingers in a "V" for victory sign. This arm was held at the wrist by the policeman accompanying her.

#### "I WANT TO SEE MY LAWYER"

One male being moved to the bus, stated "If I have been booked, I want to see my lawyer." He was ignored.

As one female was being carried out by three

policemen, her shoes was thrown to her on the way up the stairs; she caught it. Another girl was carried up the stairs and dumped unceremoniously in the wagon heels over head. The photographers caught this from all angles.

## Men's Leader Tells of Arrests

As a men's leader on the 3rd floor, Brian Turner told The Gate in an exclusive interview the situation during the time of the arrests.

He reported that there was "police brutality" on the 3rd floor. Male participants were dragged the length of the floor. About 100 fellows were there.

Those who were arrested went limp, he reported ("going limp" has been held by the courts as not to be resisting arrest - editor). Two or three men were fainting from being choked as they were being dragged, Turner reported. Many were punched or kicked when they were left on the floor. The officers waited until the end when few persons remained on the floor, he stated.

All of the fourth floor was cleared first, then part of the 3rd, and all of the 2nd floor was emptied. They finished clearing the 3rd floor around 2 p.m., he indicated.

Brian told of giving instructions to the participants so they would not be taken advantage of - in regard to their belongings. He stated that there were policemen on every stairway and at every door to prevent entrance by the press; the windows of the doors were covered with newspaper. He responded that some of the police and law enforcement personnel wore badges.

#### BARGAINING ON THE LEADERS

They were bargaining on who would take the leaders down the stairs, Turner charged.

## SETH WINGATE

### Non-Student at Sproul, Santa Rita

On the grass near Sproul Hall during the Friday rally, I met Seth Wingate, 23 and a non-student, who was arrested and taken to Santa Rita Prison Farm in Livermore.

Seth related that he was on the 3rd floor of Sproul and waited about 5 hours before being removed. When it was time to leave, he walked out because of a prior injury (unrelated to the sit-in) to his left arm. "I was herded down the stairs and the police were jeering some of those who were taken down."

As a non-student, Seth explained his reasons for being here: I have many friends attending the University, and my brother was a former student here. He had participated in the October 1-2 demonstrations by sitting down around the police car in the mall.

### Talk with Berkeley's Mayor

Prior to his arrest, Seth related of sitting quietly with other students and having a discussion with Berkeley's mayor, Wallace Johnson, on the 3rd floor. The entire situation was discussed; the mayor seemed to appreciate the fact that the students were articulate on the subject.

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Wingate described the students as "congenial" and stated that they clapped at the exit of each demonstrator. In the 3rd floor hall, he continued, the lawmen dropped them as the demonstrators were moved along. They were swooped through the air in a relay system and were dropped instead of being set down.

At this point, a recording was taken, explaining to each person the laws that had been violated, that he could cooperate or not; then both thumbprints were taken. Each person was searched (for weapons) and given a shakedown, he added. On our arrival in the campus police station, in the basement of Sproul Hall, we were lined up against the walls.

Seth related that they were dragged down 3 flights of stairs; most of the students had no feelings about leaving their books behind. Some lost them on the stairs as they were taken to the basement. He described the handling of the demonstrators as "like that used at the Sheraton-Palace and the Cadillac demonstrations."

On the bus, Wingate related, the windows were painted over - but they could be opened. In many cases (on his bus), the driver helped some men aboard - about 15-20, he estimated. On the way to Santa Rita, the bus had a police escort with its sirens blaring. He described the feelings on the bus - this was about 1:30 p.m. - there was a lot of quiet. Friends followed the bus, he related, in case we got released, to drive us back to Berkeley.

4 HOURS IN THE BUS

At Santa Rita, we spent 4 hours in the bus; we were told that they are not used to processing so many at a time. Finally we were shuttled into a room, and given two sandwiches; we were there about 1 1/2 hours. In the room were 36 males - with just one toilet to take care of their needs.

Next Seth told of going to another room where statistics were taken; they asked for name, age, birthplace, next of kin, whether on military pension or not, religion, and nationality. Here they took our full fingerprints and a mug shot.

At this point we were removed to a second bar-

racks where the belongings were kept. Then we proceeded to a third barracks; here we were separated into those who wanted to make phone calls and those who didn't.

From that time - late Thursday afternoon, Seth related that he slept until breakfast - about 7 the next morning. They had not received any food since the two sandwiches of the preceding day.

A NEW DAY DAWNS

At breakfast we were singing before and during the meal; there were 250 eating at one time. After the meal, we were shuttled into a courtyard. Someone picked up a tin can and kicked it as a football. One of the guards brought a basketball to us; and we had about an hour and a half of recreation.

ATTITUDE OF THE GUARDS

The attitude of the guards fluctuated, Seth stated; most of them refused to talk. He indicated that, among them, there were many reserves who had been called out for this situation. We asked about our rights; but we got few answers from them.

PREPARING TO LEAVE

We went to the bus and got our belongings back about 11:30 a.m. Friday. We were lined up alphabetically to receive them; some of the guys tried to get ahead of their positions. They took us by bus to the gate where the cars were waiting to return us to Berkeley.

ARRIVAL

On our arrival, the FSM told us about the situation; our arraignment appearance was scheduled for the Berkeley - Albany court at 9 a.m. Monday. The majority of charges and pleas will be heard at that time. (It is reported that the cases will be heard in groups of 10 at a time.)

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