

**REALLY REVOLTING!**

# HIGH AT P.T.&T.

SEE  
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**15¢ BAY AREA**

**20¢ ELSEWHERE**

IN OUR SPECTACULAR SOCIETY  
WHERE ALL YOU CAN SEE IS  
THINGS AND THEIR PRICE...



THERE'S NOTHING THEY WON'T  
DO TO RAISE THE STANDARD  
OF BOREDOM

THE ONLY FREE CHOICE IS THE  
REFUSAL TO PAY

HAVE A DRESS—I'VE  
NICKED THREE. WHAT  
DID YOU GET?

PHILOSOPHY IN  
THE BOUDOIR  
AND A PINT  
OF GIN.



ALL ENERGY WASTED ON HALF MEASURES  
STRENGTHENS THE TYRANNICAL GRIP OF  
THE OLD REGIME

CULTURE! UGH!  
THE IDEAL COMMODITY—  
THE ONE WHICH HELPS  
SELL ALL THE OTHERS!  
NO WONDER YOU WANT  
US ALL TO GO FOR IT!

HOW INTERESTING!  
DO COME AND TALK  
ABOUT IT NEXT  
SUNDAY AT THE  
ROUNDHOUSE.



HOW RIGHT YOU ARE  
TO STEAL BOOKS. CULTURE  
IS EVERYBODY'S BIRTHRIGHT.

IDEOLOGY TRIES TO INTEGRATE  
EVEN THE MOST RADICAL ACTS



LOOK OUT,  
IT'S THE FUZZ!

A PSYCHIATRIST  
MORE LIKE!

WHAT ABOUT  
A MOVIE?

NO, THERE'S ONLY A  
GODARD ON AND HE'S  
JUST ANOTHER BLOODY  
BEATLE. C'MON, LET'S  
GO BACK TO MY PLACE

BUT TOTAL  
REPRESSION  
CREATES A  
LANGUAGE  
OF TOTAL  
DISSENT

PHREW! THAT  
WAS A CLOSE  
SHAVE.



"BETTER THAT THE  
WHOLE WORLD SHOULD  
BE DESTROYED AND  
PERISH UTTERLY THAN  
THAT A FREE MAN  
SHOULD REFRAIN FROM  
ONE ACT TO WHICH HIS  
NATURE MOVES HIM."  
(K. MARX)



WHATEVER THE EYE  
SEES AND COVETS,  
LET THE HAND GRASP  
IT.

SLAVE LABOR,  
YOU MEAN.

BACK TO ALL THE  
CONS--- BACK TO  
THE FUCKING  
FAMILY

## PROVO PARK IN FULL BLOSSOM

by Dale Curtis

Easter in Provo Park was one of the happiest, best-feeling days this BARB reporter has had for months.

After the strange, sad week that went before people who gathered Sunday in the park seemed to want a spiritual rebirth. And, in the sun, and the presence of a great loving gathering, they may have found it. The music of Mad River, Country Joe and the Fish, and especially The Loading Zone helped make the search a pleasure.

Mimer Gayle Pearl helped fix the tone of the day when she demanded that the crowd move in closer to the stage so they could touch one another and "feel good."

The afternoon began early on a patriotic note with a brief orientation by garishly be-medaled General Waste-More-Land. The General protested the burning of draft cards. He advocated boiling.

Jugs of wine and lumpy little yellow cigs passed from person to beautiful person on the wide green lawn that has its backside to the courthouse across Grove Street. The crowd was probably in excess of a thousand by now; it would grow to twice that number before evening.

The San Francisco Mime Troupe began warming up with songs and recorder music. Delightful delirious children, watched open-mouthed as the extravagantly-garbed Troupe sang opera buffo and danced about them.

On stage, the Mime Troupe did a good job of their "Rossante, or The Veteran" with Boris Morris as a very believable humdinker in the title role. Arthur Holden was also effective as El Professore, and Gayle Pearl as Gna, Rossante's wife, had an enormous asplomb, much appreciated by the audience.

The good feeling grew. The afternoon warmed. Mad River tuned up for their set. The crowd jammed into the fountain area of the park, grooving on the sound and dancing. The real movement began.

Then the Loading Zone took the stand, and the body-contact, knee-to-buttocks gathering began to sway back and forth where they sat, like a pink and black ocean. Linda Tillery of the Zone began to belt out "No more Tears. A man stood up with a child in his arms and started to rock where he stood. Soon there was an island of about a hundred standing, rocking people in the midst of the rapt audience.

All about the fringes of the crowd were pulsating knots of dancers, moving, bouncing, stamping out their declarations. A chick nearby in a diaphanous green dress, lost in her own floating world, everything loose, had three guys sure she was grooving with each of them.

Overheard: one girl complaining to her friend. "We're the only women here with brassieres on."

The trees surrounding the fountain plaza were full of people. A tall fir behind the band, its branches full of mini-swingers, shook in joyful empathy.

Bodies and blankets dotted the grass where many people just listened and talked serenely as the music drifted over their heads.

A couple sitting in the shade had a cardboard carton with a baby puppy in it and a sign that said "Free Puppies." They had arrived fifteen minutes before with five puppies, they said.

Between bands a kid was seen riding around the park on a unicycle and a very loving couple strolled about playing his-and-her flutes.

Country Joe and the Fish began setting up for their gig in the late afternoon as the flawless blue sky was beginning to deepen in color.

The Fish were in a musing, play-around mood that was a distinct contrast to the big soul beat of The Loading Zone. Their "Flying High" came in on the evening air with unusual mildness, and it was with a feeling of relief that

## FINE FETTER



Photo by Crawford

## STOP DRAFTERS AIM TO STOP WAR AND GET COPS OFF BLACKS' BACKS

Leaders of Stop the Draft Week announced Tuesday a coalition with the Black Panther Party, calling for the withdrawal of troops from Vietnam and the withdrawal of cops from black communities.

Stop the Draft Week begins Monday. Its six-day activity schedule calls for demonstrations and rallies at both the Oakland Induction Center and the Alameda County Court House.

Permits for the demonstrations have been applied for according to STDW spokesman Sandra Young. But she described the marches scheduled for next Tuesday as "illegal" and "militant."

"There is a need for disruptive demonstrations in the movement for social change," Miss Young said.

"Practical and political reasons prevent us from seeking a permit from the Oakland police," she

said. At Sproul Hall noon rally Tuesday, STDW read a statement from imprisoned Panther Minister of Defense Huey P. Newton. Newton's comments set the tone for the noon rally and apparently have altered STDW's goals partly away from draft resistance.

Newton provided the group with a new watchword: "Get the troops out of Vietnam, get the cops out of the black community."

STDW has changed the "Hell, no, we won't go" slogan to "Hell, no, Nobody goes!" and has added a Black Panther paw to the Resistance fist.

"Militancy became another well-used word in the STDW vocabulary. Several speakers called for 'Maximum retaliation,' another Newton phrase.

"Our plans call for surrounding the Oakland Induction Center next Tuesday. This time we will try to shut it down only for a few hours, until 11 a.m.

The last Stop the Draft Week in October planned to halt induction activities for the better part of the day. Seven STDW leaders were arrested in the police resistance which ensued. The leaders of October's march have been indicted by an Alameda County Grand Jury. STDW refers to them as the "Oakland Seven."

"We hope the cops will limit their activities to directing the traffic," Miss Young said. She said the demonstration would be militant but orderly, unless the police resisted their efforts.

"We will not move if told by police," she said, "but only if dispersed."

"While we cannot outmaneuver the police, if we are forced to retreat, it will be slow and disorderly," Miss Young said.

The Oakland Induction Center is, of course, the target of anti-draft militancy, but the STDW will move on to the Alameda County Court House following the morning's activity at the draft center. The defense of the Oakland Seven is at issue in the morning, in the afternoon STDW plans "to demonstrate solidarity with the black community and demand that Huey P. Newton be set free."

## CITIZENS BLAST COPS WHO SHOT UNARMED BLACK

Richmond police shot Robert Phillips, an unarmed black man, last Sunday at 6:45 a.m.

According to a witness of the incident, Phillips had put his arms up to his head and said "Don't shoot." Then a police officer shot him in the shoulder.

Fifteen minutes after the shoot-

ing, James Vann's phone was ringing. Vann is with the ECO, and is organizer of the Peace and Freedom Movement in Contra Costa County.

His caller, Phillips' mother-in-law, got a ball rolling that may turn Richmond on its head. James Vann called Ken Fox, chairman of the Citizen's Direct Action Committee.

Fox spent all day Sunday inquiring into the shooting. By Wednesday night a meeting of 75 people was working toward creating a police force for Richmond's black community, recruited from that community; and the Black Panthers had scheduled a Saturday rally.

BARB got the story of the shooting from Fox and Vann.

Patrolmen came on the scene of a theft from a wig shop as two unidentified suspects left the scene at about 11 p.m. Saturday, April 13. A car was parked near the shop.

Police say they found a gun in the car, and that they set up a stake out after removing the gun.

At 6 a.m. Phillips and a friend named Holly arrived at the car, which belongs to Phillips, and began to drive away. An unmarked police car followed them and, according to reports, radioed to have two squad cars close in.

A chase began, in which police opened fire on Phillips' car.

Then, according to Fox's account of the Richmond Independent's article, Phillips stopped his car, a squad car pulled alongside and a little ahead, and Phillips opened his door and shot out the back (sic) window of the squad car.

Next, police say, Phillips drove off again and the chase neared his mother-in-law's house. Phillips got out of the car and into a back yard, a cop fired a warning shot, and Phillips vaulted a fence.

At this point, drawn by the noise, a witness saw Phillips stop, turn around, put his arms to his head and say "Don't shoot." And he was shot and dragged to the police car. He was unarmed.

Police searched his car and apparently found nothing of interest, although they then took the car to police headquarters over the objections of Mrs. Phillips.

Word of the shooting soon reached Richmond's two black councilmen, Nathan Bates and George Livingston. The black community and part of the white community was beginning to make its feelings known to the police.

Although men in custody are usually not allowed visitors, the police public relations men offered to take Mrs. Phillips to see her husband at the hospital. Phillips' attorney advised against it, because the lawmen might take the opportunity to question her.

The Wednesday meeting of the Citizens Direct Action Committee showed outrage at the shooting of an unarmed black man by white cops. Many people expressed special concern that the Richmond police might have been outside their jurisdiction, in one of the unincorporated areas.

"Tonight's meeting," Fox told BARB Wednesday, "made it clear that the black community wants a black police force that lives in the black community, and they're ready to provide it, and have the manpower available.

"These white cops are simply not well trained, and when they come into the ghetto they're frightened and hateful. The black community fears that the white cop in the ghetto is out to kill."

The CDAC, Fox said, is establishing a 24-hour phone to provide instant service to the black community. They hope to initiate services similar to those provided by the Medical Committee for Human Rights and the John Brown Society.

As a result of the Phillips shooting, the Black Panther Party will hold a mass rally in North Richmond on Saturday, April 20, at 5th and Silver, beginning at 1

## MOTHER RAPS CHILD'S ARREST

Bill Damon

"My story is one of many - but it is a story of the people, emotions, tensions (that) . . . create riots, racial unrest and community distrust."

Mrs. Payne Jackson is a worried Black mother. She wrote the above in a letter to the Berkeley Human Relations Commission.

Mrs. Jackson's fourteen-year old daughter, Ava, was placed under house arrest for ten days and classified a "threat to the community."

Ava's crime was striking a white girl in her school. "Not hard enough to hurt anyone", Ava told BARB.

Because of this Willard schoolyard tiff, Ava was imprisoned in Juvenile Hall for five days next to hard-core prostitutes, addicts and criminals, and she was released only under conditions of house arrest.

"House Arrest?" said the answering policeman at the Berkeley Cop Department. "We've never heard of such a thing."

But the Jackson family feels differently. They told BARB that police constantly checked Ava's house, particularly when she had friends over.

The story of young Ava's trouble is documented in Mrs. Jackson's letter, now on record at City Hall. As she says, it is a story that shows how misunderstanding and injustice leads directly to race conflict.

On Feb. 27, the following words were written on a bathroom wall at Willard Jr. High: "KILL THE

See page 22

## Ava Jackson



## ANTI-DRAFTERS OUT TO TAG A DI MAGGIO

The San Francisco Anti-Draft Union will be out en masse in front of DiMaggio's Restaurant at Fishermen's Wharf this Saturday, April 20, at 6pm, says a spokesman for the Union.

It seems proprietor Thomas DiMaggio, brother of the Yankee Clipper, is putting in his public service on the local draft board. The Union is demanding that Tom, as well as his bourgeois colleagues, stick to fish or whatever their bag is.

The Union feels that draft boards are not what's happening, and therefore demands of them the ultimate public service of self-dissolution.

In other actions, the Union will sponsor an anti-war workshop Friday morning, April 26, at SF State, after which there will be a folk festival on campus.

The day's grand finale will be at the induction center, 100 McAllister at 3pm. A massive filing of petitions against the war is fear-

## TOKEN BLACKS FORCED TO FLEE

What does the impact of Black Power do to a community of 6,000 people who "never had a black face amongst them" until black students arrived from Chicago and other areas of the United States?

Mel Whitfield, age 22 and black, from Columbus, Mississippi, is a student in Poly Sci at Luther College, Decorah, Iowa. He has a "CO Classification" and is in his third year at Luther on a "National Defense Loan," he told BARB this week.

He intends to study Law, but--if the picture is anything like Luther College and Decorah--he and the other thirty black students (including eleven girls) wonder if they will ever live to make the scene.

Take the picnic where four black students were sitting out in the fields of this Norwegian farming community (near La Crosse, Wis., or Rochester, Minn.).

All of a sudden they heard the sound of bullets. They looked up and saw a man "in a clump of bushes, sniping at them with a rifle equipped with telescopic sights."

The students chased him to a car and he drove off. Reporting this sniping to the college authorities (Pres. E. D. Farwell previously worked at UC Berkeley campus in the Institute of Higher Learning), the students were told "to keep us informed of such incidents" and the matter was closed.

On March 11, 1968, student Lynn Davis was admitted to Smit's Memorial Hospital (in Decorah) for treatment of an overdose of pills.

She was taken to the emergency room in the presence of fellow-students Beverly Knapp and Holley Drakeford. The doctor came running into the room and, "for reasons unknown to her," began to shout and push her around.

When Beverly and Holley protested this action, the doctor ordered the students out of the room, nurses Knutson and Wiley remaining, however.

The students said the doctor began to slap Lynn and grab her face and mouth to make her swallow some medicine. "But Lynn had already agreed to take the medicine, anyhow," Whitfield pointed out. "When the doctor began to hit her again, Lynn called him a lovely array of names."

The next morning, the doctor stormed into her hospital room, "waving papers around and threatening to have her committed to an institution," Whitfield said.

Lynn Davis is still a student at Decorah, but she and eight other students (including Mel Whitfield and the two girls who went with her to the hospital) have signed a statement that "we the undersigned are leaving Luther College because the general atmosphere here is racist."

Nurse Knutson sent a report concerning the Smith Hospital doctor's behavior to the proper authorities.

What has the College done about this doctor? They have not renewed his contract for the next year. "Pres. Farwell told us that this could not be considered a case of racial discrimination because the doctor had beat up white patients as well."

Decorah is NOT a place to get sick in!

Other white racists acts include coke bottles smashed against the doors of black students in the dorm at 4 in the morning, accompanied with threats of "I'm going to get me a nigger!"

Mel let Archie Lewis, black freshman, use his room in the dorm one weekend. A white student came into the room while Archie was sleeping, and urinated on his body.

Elbert Sampson, a Black visitor to Luther College, came to see dramatist Val Gray's presentation of Black Poetry. As he left campus Sunday morning, he found his convertible-top slashed to shreds.

## 'AN EMPTY NEST'

by Floyd Salas

There was an empty bird's nest in the branch of a bare tree that stretched way into the middle of the road that wound down from the hill, bare of everything, even trees and standing headstones, under the gray sky, in the Mountain View Cemetery, where the Black Panthers buried Bobby Hutton Friday. And that empty nest sticking way out there in the open over the road got to me; somehow seemed ironically poignant and I didn't really know why.

But that was AFTER the Black Panthers buried Bobby Hutton. BEFORE they buried him I had seen a picture of him in the Berkeley Barb. He looked like a lot of other black kids that you see around the Berkeley streets, even with his Black Panther outfit on. Behind the bullet-shattered glass in the picture was a slender kid with a "what's-your-story?" arch to his eyebrows and a cocky peak in the center of his cap brim. But like I say that was a picture of him when he was alive, and he had already been shot down coming out of a house on 28th Street in Oakland, though he was stripped to the waist and had his hands up so the cops could see that he didn't have any guns on him and that he wanted to surrender and get out of the teargas-filled, bullet-sieved, broken-paneled burning basement where him and his black brothers had been cornered by the Oakland bulls because he wanted to live. But the Oakland cops, who had the house so flood-lighted that it was as bright as a Hollywood Premier in the middle of the night around there and could see how much his black skin shined and who told him to keep his hands up and run to a squad car at one side, claimed he disobeyed the command to halt which came over the loudspeaker system they had set up around there and that they couldn't see well enough to tell if he was armed, dropped him with about 30 highpower slugs, five in the head alone, before he could even get past the house next door.

And so I went to the funeral Friday around noon because Martin Luther King's death had convinced me I had to start fighting my revolution now with an old buddy of mine named Gerald Dupree of the Berkeley EOO, and my friend since 1940, when we didn't have any skin color problem in Oakland because there weren't enough blacks to have one, though he was black and I was a soon to be synthetic white man, that is a latin in an anglo-saxon society, which was all shook up about how you looked on the outside, not how you felt on the inside, and now the blacks had started caring about that too, and I was scared and hadn't even wanted to go to the funeral but only to the safer P&F Party rally with lots of other whites in the afternoon.

I got scared before I entered the church and some of my young black brothers about Bobby's age, with natural african hairdos walked into the parking lot by me and by the unmarked cop car parked in the corner of the lot just by the gate but backed into the parking space so it could be driven out forwards to block the exit in case any thing went wrong in the church and they had to close it off, with a single plainclothes bull sitting inside on guard. But he didn't scare me, they did, because they walked right by me and even looked me over, but coldly and didn't show the slightest expression on their faces as if I wasn't even alive. And when I went into the church by a side door, it was so crowded in front, and then had to go upstairs to the little balcony in the back of the church that was also so crowded with black people mostly that I had to climb up the side of the staircase and over the top banister just to find a place to stand, and then edge my way into the middle of the balcony where it wasn't enclosed by glass just to hear, then climb on a chair just to see the altar & the coffin, all the rest of my black brothers and sisters up there at me the same way, as if I wasn't even alive.

But because of an arch of flowers over the pulpit, I couldn't see the speakers very well, and because the PA system was weak, I couldn't hear what they said very well. But I could see down into the church and I saw the black head of the black boy in the gray coffin with the white silk lining, and lots of black brothers and sisters down in the pews and two lines of Black Panthers, one on each side of the church, in black leather jackets, and black african hairdos, carrying black leather gloves, who scared me too. So I counted the heads of the white brothers I could find, and was glad when I saw a row of hippies, both guys and girls, sitting down there.

But I still was scared, and even afraid of my black brothers and sisters standing around me on the balcony up there, and was very careful not to make any noise or commotion and bother any of them, and even felt a twinge of superiority to the white newsmen who were taking pictures from up there, because I was there, I hoped, because I cared. But I was still scared and didn't know how to show my black brothers that I was with them, that I wasn't any enemy, that I shared their grief, and then began to realize that I didn't share their grief, that the black boy Bobby Hutton didn't mean anything to me, that he was just a black figure down there in that gray coffin with the white silk lining.

And when the old black Christian preacher with the gravelly voice talked about how God cured David, I guess it was David? of the lust in his heart, I knew that that didn't mean anything to me either, and I couldn't understand how Bobby Hutton could be compared to a lusty Jewish king a few thousand years ago, even though I had hurrahed with everybody when the preacher had said how the white man in America was unable to cool the violence that had killed Bobby since the white man hadn't even dug that he was violent, and I still didn't know how to feel. I was still scared and still unable to

be one with my black brothers.

And I got tired up there and very warm, with the sun coming through the glass-walled window behind me, and even a little dizzy, and finally aware of the smell of talcum powder, because everybody else up there was warm and starting to sweat too and as the preacher's voice droned on, I remembered when I was 14 and went to old Mac High down on 14th & Market in Oakland and my spade buddies used to put talcum powder on after their showers in gym, and somehow that made me feel better, like I shared something very personal with my black brothers up there on the balcony with me, though I knew that white racists would twist it around to make it seem like my brothers stunk. And when the preacher stopped and Bobby Seale got up there and told how Bobby Hutton had died to get a hog out of the stream and that this wasn't black racism but black realism, I felt I understood that too, that it was Bobby Hutton's country and Bobby Seale's country, and my country, not just the hog's who was muddying up the stream, and I felt that I shared that with my black brothers too.

And when the speeches were over and the organist started playing "Going Home" and all the black people started to file out past the black boy in the gray coffin with the white silk lining under the tall, stained windows of the modern church, and I saw some white faces



get into the line, but the row of hippies slide out the side of the pew and not go past the coffin, I decided that there was only one way I was going to really understand and share some of the feeling of my black brothers, if that was possible, and that was to go past that black boy in that gray coffin with the white silk lining, whether I wanted to or not. And so I went down stairs when the church thinned out and got into the line that was moving step by step up the middle aisle to the altar and to the coffin in front of it, which I could no longer see because of all the people, hoping that I'd be able to somehow find out what it was all about, and share the feelings of my black brothers. But I got self conscious as I moved up the aisle because my black brothers and sisters began to look at me again and I remembered that my neck and chin were covered with spots of crusted blood because I had shaved too fast with a new blade and then rushed out to the funeral only an hour before, and I kept my eyes directed to the soft carpet so nobody could look into them and I wouldn't have to see the way they looked at me, and not get concerned with how I looked when I really wanted to find out how they felt. And I kept my eyes down all the way up the aisle to the coffin, and when the line thinned out and there was no longer any one in front of me, and I reached the black boy in the gray coffin with the white silk lining at last, I finally realized what it was all about:

There wasn't any slender young black boy with a "what's-your-story?" arch to his eyebrows, in that gray coffin with the white silk lining, there was a black, puffy corpse that even looked fat it was so full of formaldehyde, and it was ugly with the white streaks of makeup still showing, which was put there to hide the holes in the black skin that the high-powered slugs had made. Bobby Hutton was dead! That was why my black brothers had looked at me as if I wasn't alive. And I shared that with my black brothers now, but I was still scared, and I cried.

## PIGS FOLLOW PANTHERS ALL OVER CALIFORNIA

asked to "find other quarters" by their white roommates.

Prof. Harry Edwards of San Jose State, and Rev. Richard Dickerson, "one of the few Black Lutheran Ministers in America," have also spoken at this Forum which was organized by the blacks to "exchange ideas with the academic community."

Mel Whitfield says that "all this has come about in the past few months because the blacks are thinking and acting for themselves." Previous to this, "we were THEIR niggers. Now, we are OUR OWN niggers."

Two members of the faculty have adopted black children. "But we never see them and they never talk to us," said Mel. He fears "more of the same" will develop when "those new black freshmen

Police harassment of the Black Panthers is following them all over the State.

In San Diego, local bulls have confessed to illegally entering and searching the home of Black Panther recruiter Kenny Denmon on April 5.

Denmon was chairman of the Black Caucus at the Peace and Freedom convention in Richmond last month. He was the person primarily responsible for the effective coalition worked out between PPP and its minority members.

He is presently organizing a

lowing the funeral of Black Panther Bobby Hutton, Denmon related the incident to 2,000 people gathered in support of the Black Panthers.

He said that on April 5, approximately 15 rifle-and shotgun-toting fuzz broke into his apartment without a search warrant, and proceeded to search the premises, allegedly for Bobby Seale.

According to Denmon, a first raid occurred at 3 am and another followed 5 hours later.

The San Diego Voice, a newspaper of the black community there, deplored the action stating,

ficers is the very kind of thing that black people in this city and across the nation are raising hell about.

Denmon has filed a complaint in superior court seeking an injunction against the San Diego Police Dept.

The Voice's front-page coverage of Denmon's suit prompted the Chief of Police of San Diego to issue a public statement of defense over local radio stations.

He admitted that his officers had on April 5th entered Denmon's home illegally, but stated that they had done it "for the good of

## BRANDO: "I Don't Sign Skin"

OAKLAND FUZZ REVEAL  
PANTHER ARREST PHONY

Oakland police arrested 4 Black Panthers last Friday as they were returning from the Bobby Hutton memorial rally.

All four were booked on suspicion of robbery, but the charges failed to stick. They were subsequently recharged with other minor offenses and released early this week.

The four Panthers seized -- Terry Claridy, Robert Bay, Richard Linyard, and Glenn Stafford -- were booked Friday on suspicion of a robbery which took place, the police said, on the previous Monday.

They were held on the charge until Sunday night when a police line-up failed to implicate any of them.

Two were immediately rebooked on other charges, attorney Alex Hoffman told BARB, and only one was released that night.

The 4 Panthers related how Oakland police stopped the car in which they were riding at 21st and Grove Streets. A large number of policemen carrying shotguns approached the car.

Glenn Stafford, the driver of the car, said that one of the cops jammed a shotgun within inches of his face with both barrels cocked and said, "Get out or I'll blow your head off."

While the four were standing being searched with their hands on the roof of the car, Stafford said that he protested by saying, "Wait a minute--am I under arrest?"

Police responded by cuffing his hands behind his back and pointing the shotgun in his face again, Stafford said.

Fearing that he would be shot, Stafford began yelling to attract passers-by, and when he did so another officer stepped up behind him, placed the nozzle of a MACE dispenser to Stafford's head, and blasted him with the blinding chemical, he said.

After a witness to the robbery failed to identify any of the Panthers in the police line-up on

booked on a charge of resisting arrest, Alex Hoffman, attorney for the men, told BARB.

As Stafford was about to be bailed out on the renewed charge, he was recharged again with possession of a dangerous drug. The bulls had found a single pill for which Stafford had a prescription.

Hoffman said that he and attorney Charles Garry are considering legal steps to prevent continued harassment of black people.

He characterized the arrest as "clearly another example of the provocative and violent activity of the Oakland police who are trying to incite the black community to riot."

WHO'S SCHEER?  
JOHN GEORGE?

"The John George campaign is the Scheer campaign PLUS --" plus two years of political experience and the fact that John George is black, BARB learned in a letter from the John George campaign office.

George is opposing congressman Jeffrey Cohelan for the democratic nomination of the 7th district seat for U.S. congress.

The letter to BARB, signed by Bill Finn, Tom Winnett, Richard Stroham, Robert Treuhart and Dr. Ephraim Kahn, cites the fact that George was co-chairman of the Scheer for congress campaign of two years ago.

It further states that George is in favor of immediate withdrawal from Viet Nam and "as a lawyer he is making the violent and racist nature of the Oakland police force a major part of his campaign."

Huey Newton is the Peace and Freedom Party candidate running for congress from the 7th district.

He, too, is black; and he can tell anyone a thing or two about "the violent and racist nature of the Oakland police force." Plenty are

COPS INVADE  
PITTSBURG  
GHETTO

"Search and Sweep" military operations have arrived at the front lines of the El Pueblo area of Pittsburgh, California.

With walkie-talkies crackling in the night, 150 armed police officers and CHP moved their "Mobile Command Post" into this black community after they were sniped at for breaking up a "floating crap game."

Roger Grimsby, Chan 7's suave reporter, reported residents of this community said this dice game "had been going on every night for years," and that the police "knew about it," and everybody wonders why "they decided to come in Tuesday night."

A white "poverty area worker" was quoted on Chan 7 as saying that the sheriff "set up his men before the sniping." He then made a rather curious statement: "Who's getting hurt? Nobody's getting shot except the police."

He felt that if the police left, nobody would get hurt.

Apparently local officials agreed with this thought as they removed the patrolling cops from the area after "spokesmen from community groups complained during a meeting that sheriff's deputies were harassing residents," according to the SF Chronicle.

The El-Pueblo-only curfew, imposed from 7 p.m. to 6 a.m., was lifted "just before it took effect."

No reason for this change was reported. Three men were shot and thirteen people were arrested. A deputy and a reserve police officer were wounded. A youth was shot in the head and hip and was "under heavy guard" in Contra Costa Hospital.

Tuesday night Chan 7 showed sweeps were deployed through the black community from one end to the other. You could see and hear the officers coordinating their actions so that, in the words of one deputy, "we're

VERIFIED  
WHY CARAVAN  
WAS KEPT AWAY  
FROM VACAVILLE

The memorial rally for Bobby Hutton ended on a disappointing note last Friday when the caravan to Vacaville was called off.

But BARB has discovered that the cancellation was a wise and life-saving move.

The Peace and Freedom Party had made extensive plans earlier last week to stage a demonstration at Vacaville in support of Eldridge Cleaver, who has been held there since he was wounded on April 6 in the shootout with Oakland Police.

But Bobby Seale, chairman of the Black Panther party, cancelled the scheduled caravan to Vacaville telling the crowd of 2,000 in Merritt Park that he had received information that large numbers of police had been brought into the area because of the demonstration.

Seale told the crowd he would not let them go up there "to get

massacred."

Barb talked to Peace and Freedom members from the Vacaville area this week and confirmed Seale's charge.

The reliable source from Solano County said that on Friday some stores closed down for the day, and all leaves had been cancelled for policemen in the area. He revealed to BARB that by 10:30 Friday morning, 160 officers were stationed inside Vacaville prison



armed with clubs, rifles, and MACE, awaiting the caravan.

The local P & F member said that the force was made up of "every available police officer in the area," including the District Attorney and 2 of his assistants.

He said that they remained stationed inside the Vacaville facility until 5 pm that evening.

The caravan to Vacaville was to follow the Bobby Hutton Memorial rally, but Seale's warning of the police callup resulted only in overtime pay for the fuzz of Solano County.

BARB's informant said that since the people of Solano "overreacted so much" and since the police were "so inexperienced in dealing with this type of situation," Seale's decision was a wise one.

The rally in Merritt Park was staged following the funeral of Black Panther Bobby Hutton. The 17-year-old Hutton was killed by Oakland police on April 6.

Warren Wells, a brother Panther wounded in the same incident, hobbled to the speakers platform



with the slug from a police rifle still in his thigh.

"There is a new feeling in the black community," he said, "unity."

And throughout the rally this feeling of unity was apparent, in the different blacks who spoke, and also the black people who have begun to support the Panthers across the country --

National figures James Forman and Marlon Brando also spoke and both warned of the disaster that will soon follow if blacks and whites don't start relating.

Forman of the Student Non-Violent Co-ordinating Committee, told how blacks were finally beginning to die honorably, defending themselves.

Marlon Brando, who recently suspended his acting career to devote himself entirely to the civil rights struggle, warned that "without tremendous economic support, there will be a massive revolution in this country."

Brando said that whites have reacted to the Black struggle with "silence and indifference" and that unless whites started trying to understand the black position, the

NEW LIGHT  
ON HUTTON  
SLAYING

More details on how Black Panther Bobby Hutton was killed by the Oakland police came to light this week.

A reliable source told BARB that both Bobby Hutton and Eldridge Cleaver stumbled out of the burning basement and fell to the ground overwhelmed with tear gas.

They were each surrounded by cops who kicked them and beat them almost unconscious, the source told BARB.

"Then both were ordered to get up and run to the car," he said, "Cleaver couldn't get up because of the wound in his leg, but Hutton got up."

It was then that Bobby Hutton was shot and killed by the Oakland police, the informant told BARB.

Bobby Hutton was the Black Panther Treasurer. He was 17. Eldridge Cleaver, Minister of Information for the Black Panthers, is the author of a recent book, "Soul on Ice."

Cleaver, who was charged with 2 accounts of assault and intent to commit murder, was expected to appear before the California Adult Authority last Friday as a parole violator.

But the hearing was cancelled and Cleaver remains in Vacaville State Medical Facility where he has been held since his arrest after the West Oakland shootout with police, 2 weeks ago.

Charles Garry, Cleaver's lawyer, was unable to find out when the hearing would be held, but telegrams supporting Cleaver continue to pour in to the Adult Authority from all over the country.

Cleaver's preliminary hearing on the assault and attempted murder charges is scheduled for April 22.

BOSTON  
MYSTERY  
DEATHS

BOSTON, April 7 Three white Northeastern University students were beaten to death Friday night here although the professional press has not reported the incident.

Stephen Davis, a staff reporter for the Boston University NEWS, has compiled eyewitness accounts of the killings. As of Sunday, though, the media here were still holding the story, reportedly on advice from the local police.

The students' names are still unknown. Meanwhile, the ghetto neighborhood of Roxbury has been surrounded by police and national