

Affadavit - Sylvia

day?  
I was running west across this field away from the trees with pigs running behind. Sunday [redacted] was in front of me and to the right of me. He started up the fence and at the top was pulled down, cutting his waist. At the same time I was pulled off the fence by my hair and caught by the throat. I told him to let go, I couldn't breathe and he did. He pushed me along side Sunday, generally manhandling me and told us to move on. (pointing the way south to Chandler Park) On our left Mick [redacted] and his girl Nancy were also pulled off the fence and Mick asked to walk with her and when she was also manhandled, Mick asked them to please leave her alone.

They then told us to walk single file and were hitting the other guys who were in front of us. They headed 12-14 of us into the van. While driving and hitting the brakes, we could hardly breathe because the only vent was a circle in the rear roof about 6 inches in diameter. We were trying to push handcuffs (out on purposely to make the hands numb) up on those handcuffed (5 guys) and help Rick [redacted] stop bleeding. (He was profusely bleeding from a head wound.) After driving ~~for about~~ *about* ~~3-5 minutes~~ the van door was opened and Millard [redacted] was thrown across the threshold and *Sylvia* started pulling him by the shoulders into the van. He had been hit on the left temple and his face was covered with blood. The pig had handcuffed him but made effort to help Millard into the van. Millard had been thrown on his back across the doorway, I pulled in half in then the pig started slamming the door on his legs, if he didn't have on boots his leg probably would have been broken. The pigs drove us to the station and searched us, I informed this pig that it was illegal to search me, a matron was supposed to and he said, "You kids been reading too many comics" and he patted my pants pockets. They put all of us into this room (no windows, little air) and when this ~~kid~~ *kid* in white pants started crying took off the handcuffs. He couldn't move his hands for 5-10 min. and held them as if paralyzed. They allowed no smoking, handed tickets to some, took other names, took back the tickets and told us to keep quiet. "This is no hotel, we're not playing with you kids." We stamped chanting and singing to keep our spirits up because the girls were afraid of being beaten up ~~or~~ *or* taken to "juvenile."

Then this pig identified as #1960 yelled for us to shut up. Then he said "You think I play with you don't you?" We came in and got Rick Gould and went out the door to the cells saying "Yeah, he was here last night," to #213, Michaelski, who came in also. We all pleaded, "We all yelled, "He didn't do any more than we did." said JoAnne Spiro. #213 grabbed JoAnn by the hair and pushed her over Sunday's lap and yelled for us all to get in the corner. Sunday said, "Man don't do that to her, she's only a girl, man," whereupon #213 walked over and slapped Sunday full across the face and left,

Then this real fat deputy brought Millard. He had been taken out and put in a cell until a van could come to take him and ~~one~~ Dale <sup>to</sup> the hospital. The guy was taken out when for 10 minutes we begged the pigs to do something for him. His arms were broken and- one hand swollen and his joint we were afraid to set him because his back (beaten) seemed as if it/ might be injured. Millard was printed and told he could either make a phone call or go to the hospital, not both so he signed the print sheet then went back to his cell. Rick was brought then. When taken out he was bleeding from the right arm. When he came back he was clutching his side and limping. The same fat deputy printed Rick and had to guide his hand to sign the print sheet. Rick's arm, now very swollen, could hardly bend and he couldn't write. He told the deputy that. But the pig said the sheet had to be signed, and guided Rick's hand. They called more names and more people went home with tickets. They called me took me out of the pen to another room toward the part of the jail and ask me ticket info, over and over as if he didn't believe me. I kept giving my name, age, height, weight, and told him he could verify my ID with my U of M ID card. He kept asking me how I spelled my name, if I was really 21. Finally, I told him I realized not all police men got to go to college and if he was unable to fill out the ticket then I'd do it for him and he could sign it. Whereupon he filled out the ticket. I asked twice during his repeated questions to phone home or my. He refused both times, just as we all had been refused while in the bullpen. Then they let me go; 10-15 minutes later they let Sunday go. ~~Oh! in addition, while waiting we saw the pigs carry a submachine gun in a pink-chenile bedspread inside.~~