Motor City Youth News

Fifth Estate Collective

1970

We want the paper to make it a regular thing to cover more of what is happening in the parks, the schools, the factories and the communities. So if there is news happening that you know about, give us a ring (831–6800) and we can try and check it out and get it in the paper.

The Battle of Balduck

War has broken out between young people and the pigs in the Motor City. The key battleground has now become Balduck Park on the East Side, where 200 sisters and brothers were busted and many were beaten severely and hospitalized during a week of fighting.

The set at Balduck is this: the pigs think they run the park. They think they can close it down anytime they want and tell everyone exactly what to do. But when that bullhorn says: "Clear the park," there is a chorus of 250 strong that screams out "Fuck off, pigs!"

The people in the park just aren't into taking anymore shit from the pigs. For many weeks there have been petty hassles, like being called names, getting ticketed for smoking or busted for dope or alcohol. Then the park started being closed down early, like at 8:30 (about dark), while it used to close much later.

A few weeks ago the resistance started when people were slow coming out of the park. The TMUs running around chasing people were caught off guard by rocks and bottles heaved at them by angry brothers and sisters.

This week Balduck Park became a battleground. Like so much other stuff happening, it started from the pigs vamping on our music. The Flash, a local people's band, started a free concert in the park at 6:30 on Sunday evening, July 26. The pigs, who can't stand to see anyone having any fun, pulled the plug and closed the park at 7:30. The word then went around—"Get them bottles and rocks TOGETHER!" As TMUs moved into the park, they were met with the flying missiles as they arrested 20 people or so, who weren't yet aware enough about hanging tight with alot of their brothers and sisters.

Monday night was similar, although the band was not there, with around 30 busts for loitering and such. At least two TMUs got smashed good with rocks on a side street.

But Tuesday night was a total pig riot. While Sunday and Monday were pretty much victories, Tuesday the people were in a bad part of the park (the woods) and totally outnumbered.

It was mostly over in an hour. The crazed pigs charged the crowd, pushing them back up against a big fence. Many groups of people made it out of the park, roamed the streets for awhile and were followed by the pigs who busted them at random.

The toll was heavy. At least six people were hospitalized. Millard was beaten severely and dragged out of the police car and repeatedly had the doors slammed on his legs. He got a 1-1/2-inch cut on his head.

Dale was dragged out of his own car on the streets. He held out his hands to be handcuffed and the pigs beat him, saying that he had tried to hit them. His hands, arms and shoulders were broken.

Rick G. was taken out of his cell in the station house as an example and beaten severely.

Rick W. and Marc were also hospitalized from beatings.

John Nash is still in the hospital as of this writing, due to injuries suffered on Tuesday night.

Seven people were originally given felony charges, but all but one have since been lowered.

JoAnn was molested by the perverted pigs (in the jail), as were Jennifer and Laurie.

There were over fifty arrests altogether. (The pigs down at the station said it was a 'minor' disturbance and there were only a few arrests.)

The pig riot at Balduck Park was totally heavy. Brothers and sisters were not at all prepared to deal with the situation. Next time a fight comes down, certain basic rules must be remembered to avoid any more losses like Tuesday.

1. Stay out of dark areas like the woods. This is where the pigs become most vicious and crazed.
2. Get yourself an affinity group together of 4, 5, 6 or so people and stick close together and defend one another and take care of each other.
3. Keep together as a whole crowd—the more our numbers, the stronger we are.
4. Always have a dime on you, [for a pay phone: archive editor] and don't carry dope.
5. Don't hassle the pigs or throw rocks until you know that everyone can get away.
6. If you come in a car with friends, have the driver leave the keys in the ashtray or somewhere else where everyone can get them, just in case the driver gets busted.
7. Know ahead of time where to call if you get busted (parents, friends, lawyer, or legal aid).
8. Try to know your legal rights. It is important when dealing with pigs, who have less regard for the law than we do.
9. Retaliation should be aimed at the super-pigs property as well as the pigs themselves. This means places like banks and big rip-off stores.

A lot of people are not clear on why the pigs are fucking with us so much. A little more explanation makes it easier to understand. The set basically breaks down like this: we are living under a system that cannot give young people decent jobs or anything else creative to do with their lives. We're either unemployed, shoved into the army, or wasting our time in the prison-schools. The few fortunate enough to have jobs know that they're working their asses off for shit pay and being hassled to death the rest of the time about hair, dope and everything else.

So, because the system does not serve us, we are getting in the way of the system. The pigs are hip to all this and that's why they vamp on us so much. That's why they can't stand to see us have any fun. They know that our anger, our frustration, and our love could explode at any time and fuck a lot of things up. That's why they want to keep us out of the way, sitting at home and doing nothing.

There is only one basic solution to the problem: we have got to throw out the old system and get it on with a new one. One that serves everybody's needs—black people, young people, women, poor folks—everyone. But the rich hogs on top aren't about to give it up without a fight, so it's going to take a total revolution.

A poster recently came out of Berkeley, California, where young people have been fighting the pigs for over three years. It says: "There are two things that you gotta remember about making a revolution. One is that we're gonna get our asses kicked. The other is that we're gonna win."

It's pretty much true. The pigs have got so many enemies here in Detroit, across the nation and around the world, that they just won't win in the long run. (Did you see the news the other night with 2,000 kids fighting police in Chicago, burning and overturning patrol cars?)

So we gotta start getting together for a long haul and not let losses like last Tuesday in the park hold us back.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!!!

"The little bastards just don't want to leave at curfew time."

—Inspector Teddy Sikora, 15th Pct.

Jennifer Scott and Laurie Cornelius, both 17 years old, left Balduck Park before the police arrived Tuesday night to close the park around 8:00. They left with Jerry Godela and Dennis Girardin in Jerry's truck. They were sitting in the parked truck on Radner Street near the park when several cops pulled up in two cars and directed them to get out of Jerry's truck.

The police frisked the boys and looked through the girls' purses. They allegedly found a hash pipe on one of the boys, but found no dope on anyone. Nonetheless, they pulled them in to the 15th precinct anyway 'for investigation.'

In the precinct station both girls were taken to the holding cell and told to wait for questioning. Later, four male pigs came in, searched their purses again and physically handled the girls, opening their blouses and their pants. When the girls protested, the pigs laughed, "You're big girls now."

Around midnight the pigs finally got around to writing tickets for Jennifer and Laurie. The girls, who were afraid and holding each other's hands, were accused by the pigs of being lesbians.

After calling Jennifer's parents, the police changed their minds and decided to take them to Wayne County jail on narcotics charges. They told them to sign statements which the girls took to be admissions of guilt on the narcotics charges and refused to sign. At that point they finally let Jennifer and Laurie off on loitering tickets.

Mark LaRose is a brother from the east side. He was hassled by the pigs two nights in a row—Monday and Tuesday, July 27 and 28. This is what he saw.

"On Monday I went to Balduck Park to see all my brothers and sisters, and party. As usual, at approximately 8:30 (closing time) the police came and evacuated all the cars from the lot.

"After we were moved out of the park and onto the streets, I observed bands of brothers and sisters being chased and apprehended and thrown into cars and paddy wagons for apparently no reason. Meanwhile I had made it up to the corner of LaFontaine and Warren.

"There I saw another police car and they saw me and two other friends. Upon seeing us they chased and we ran. We ran down a dead end alley, but I managed to hop a fence where I was almost grabbed by a honky neighbor. I found myself back on LaFontaine, but I could still hear the pigs yelling halt or I'll shoot, so I decided to walk back up to Warren and see what was happening.

"When I got back to the scene I heard the honky neighbor yell, 'There he is, and I think he has a gun.' Immediately the pigs were on me and stuck a gun at my throat and said, 'If you've got a gun you're a dead motherfucker.' They searched me very thoroughly but found no gun.

"They handcuffed me and threw me into the car, where I found two other brothers, Rich and another that I didn't know. Rich asked me if his head was bleeding. I told him that it wasn't. I asked him what happened and he told me one of the officers hit him on the head.

"They brought us to Conners precinct where I found ten to twenty other brothers. Eventually I was handed a ticket which reads 'loitering 7/27/70, etc. signed Robert Kocv.' Robert Kocv was not the officer who picked me up and brought me to the station."

On Tuesday, Mark came out to the park again. When he was driven out of the park with all the other people he attempted to make it to a friend's house. He was chased on the street several times by the police.

He got to the friends house and was sitting out on the porch with two other brothers when a TMU car pulled up several minutes later. After shining the spot light on the porch, the pigs jumped out of the car and pulled Mark to the ground by his hair. They then proceeded to kick and beat him with long, baseball bat type clubs. They told him that he was being arrested for felonious assault, put him in the police car and drove to the Conners station, jabbing and hitting him in the chest and ribs with the night sticks on the way to the station.

They put Mark in a holding cell with about 20 other people who had been picked up at the park. Half a dozen of them required hospital care. Dale Honeker was brought in with broken arms, hands, and shoulders.

The spirit in the cells was high, however, as brothers and sisters sang revolutionary chants.

A pig with no badge on came in and picked out one guy, Rick Gould, called him a loud mouth and said "I'm going to beat the fuck out of you." He took Rick to a room in another part of the station and beat him. (Rick was already wounded in the arm where the pig with the bayonet strapped to his club had stabbed him.)

The pigs continued to harass and intimidate people in the cells for several hours. Mark LaRose was finally released on charges of loitering in the park.

Mc Namara

Students at McNamara Skills Center (mostly Black) were victorious in their efforts to have honky principal George McWatt resign. The struggle started when some 50 students sat-in in the principal's office for three straight days in early July. The resignation came as the result of Student Government making demands on the Central Control Committee, the body that runs the school.

Northwest Area

In the northwest area of Detroit a new group of hip young people are getting it together. They are called the Young Leopards. The chairman of the Leopards, Black Bart, stopped in the Fifth Estate office and left the following statement:

"As the leopard must be free, so must the prisoners (otherwise known as the American student). The reason the word 'prisoner' is used is simple: the average American student must attend school till the age of 16, he must follow the rules of the school (like no gum chewing, no swearing, no eating in class, no freedom of speech, no nothing) under penalty of parent-teacher conferences, suspensions, student-teacher conferences, being kept after school, standing in the corner, etc.

"This must stop! For these reasons and others surrounding it, the Young Leopards was formed, and for these reasons they shall stand."

Anyone interested in more information on the Young Leopards should call TE4-8573.

Ferndale

In Ferndale, two new things are really getting together. The first one is the Record House at 23340 Woodward. It is a coop run by freaks who are into giving people a revolutionary alternative to rip-offs like Federals or Sears. Buy your records there and keep the money in the community (albums are usually about $3.30 each; they also handle tapes and are a drop off point for picking up the Fifth Estate for street sales).

The other new enterprise is a food coop which serves some 50–100 families and freak tribes in Ferndale. A few people go down to Eastern Market once a week and get cheap, wholesome fresh foods to distribute instead of everyone getting zapped at A&Ps or the local market. Everybody should start this type of set up so we can survive the coming depression and eat better. All power to the Revolutionary Food Coops!

Royal Oak

The Royal Oak city council is hassling brothers and sisters at Memorial Park again. Every day and night hundreds of people have been getting it together in the park at 13 Mile and Woodward. There used to be movies and communal dinners there last year, but they have been stopped. This year the pigs have been ticketing cars parked there after 8:00 P.M. and busting anyone in the park after 11:00 P.M.

At the July 27 Royal Oak city council meeting it looked as though the park was going to be closed. There have been reports of real estate dealers on the council trying to change the park into high rise apartments. The people living on Starr Rd., next to the park, have complained about the festivities going on there. And the pigs are afraid of the large crowd and the culture they bring with them. About a hundred kids made it to the meeting and many addressed the council. The council compromised and just closed the parking lots by the homes on Starr Rd. Many people feel that this is just a step in keeping the people out of the park forever and taking away the best free, outdoor facility in the area.

Eastown

Wherever there is Rock 'n Roll there are pigs.

Two brothers, Nolan and Terry, went to see the Procol Harum on Thursday, July 23 at the Eastown. But they never made it in.

Nolan runs the story: "Me and three guys were walking down the road next to the Eastown and the pigs (TMUs) pulled up. We had a couple of 'Js', so I stuffed 'em down my throat and swallowed them. The two pigs saw this, jumped out and started choking me for at least three minutes. I still got fingernail marks on my throat. After they had me on the ground and all that, they put me up against the wall, put my hands behind my back and hancuffed me."

Nolan, Terry and his friend (the fourth one got away) spent about 15 hours in an 8 by 5-foot cell at the 15th precinct (the same one where brothers and sisters were manhandled and beaten a few nights later after the Balduck Park set). They were not allowed a phone call, and their cell was smeared with shit.

Three other brothers who had demanded that Nolan and Terry be given their rights were also arrested on charges of "interfering with a police officer."

Fortunately, a lawyer finally showed up and all six people were released without charges. This is lucky, though; sometimes the pigs will press charges even though there is no evidence.

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