

PANTHER KIDNAPPED AND BEATEN BY SPECIAL GESTAPO PIGS



This is an account told by Carol Rucker, a member of the San Francisco Branch of the Black Panther Party, of what happened Thursday evening, Jan. 28, 1971, when she was beaten and kidnapped by special pigs.

"I had just dropped Earlene off at the San Francisco Black Panther Party office on Fillmore Street. I was driving down Fillmore Street headed toward Fisherman's Wharf. I was down by Washington Street, when I looked in the mirror and noticed for the first time that there were three pigs following me in a white Plymouth - two white pigs and a nigger pig. I was on my way to a book store to deliver Panther papers, which is part of my regular paper route each week. The pigs followed me all the way to the store. When I got out I didn't see them any more. I didn't know whether they had turned or gone on past me. I went on into the store, and when I came out, I still didn't see them anywhere. I got back in the car and drove on down the street further (I was on Geary Street). When I got to the corner and made my turn, I saw them in the mirror again. I then decided to call into the San Francisco O.D. (Officer of the Day) and let him know what was happening. By the time I had parked the car and was opening the door to get out, the pigs had pulled up along side of me and had opened their car door and told me to get in.

I told them that I wouldn't get in the car until they showed some identification, and I also asked if I was under arrest. One of the white pigs pulled out a badge and I read the number on it, (it read 113, Special Police). They then asked me to get in the car again. I asked them again if I was under arrest and what were the charges. The nigger pig then grabbed me and pulled me out of the car completely, and one of the white pigs threw me on the ground. The second white pig pulled a stick from the back of the pig car and put it on my neck and held his foot on it. The nigger pig then walked over me and got in my car

and drove off. (The car is still missing. It is a Green 1968 LeMans, license number WHY - 173.)

One of the white pigs handcuffed me, while the other pig continued standing on my neck. Then I was picked up and thrown against the car and searched. Then for the third time they told me to get into the car. I asked them for the third time if I was under arrest and what were my charges. Then one of the pigs hit me and knocked me against the car and threw me in.

This whole incident took place around 2:00 to 2:30 p.m., in the downtown area of San Francisco. There were many people walking back and forth along the streets. Most of them were white businessmen and housewives going shopping.



CAROL RUCKER

The only reaction the people had to the whole incident was what was it I had done to cause the pigs to treat me so. At no time did anyone try to stop the pigs or even ask them directly what they were doing.

When the pigs had first gotten out of the car, I noticed they were staggering, and their eyes were red. I assumed that they were drunk.

When we were inside the car, they were laughing and making jokes about the Party (Black Panther Party), using party terminology. They were also trying to get me to answer a lot of questions: one of them was about David Hilliard, Chief of Staff of the Black Panther Party. They wanted to know what kind of "business" he had back East; and if he was back East or was he at "homebase" as they put it. They also made a joke about killing a Panther sister by having sexual intercourse with her until she would die. They said it as if this would be one way of really hurting me. I didn't answer any of their questions. They also asked me if this was the first time I was a victim of police brutality.

They took me across the Golden Gate bridge towards Marin. One of

the pigs sitting in the back with me, knocked me over. I had no control over my falling, cause my hands were still handcuffed behind my back, so I fell on the floor of the car. By the time I got up again, we were driving into the Marin jail. They took me directly inside the building and put me in a holding cell. I wasn't booked or anything. Then some other pigs came in and started asking me a whole lot of questions about my identity: such as my name, address in San Francisco, phone number, where I lived before I came to San Francisco, how long had I been working with the S.F. branch of the Black Panther Party, questions about my family etc. The only questions I answered was my name and my address. I refused to answer anything else. They threatened me to answer, until one reactionary pig came in and started beating me and knocking me into the wall. My hands were still handcuffed behind my back, so I was unable to control myself from falling. I fell into the wall and hit my head, and after that I was unconscious. I don't know how long I was out, but when I came to, they said I had been there for four hours and could make two calls. I first called the Central Headquarters of the Black Panther Party in Oakland. They wouldn't let me make the second call, just put my handcuffs back on me and threw me back in the cell. About five minutes or so later, the same two pigs who had picked me up, came in and took me to Oakland down at the very end of Seventh Street near the railroad tracks. They pulled me out of the car, searched me again and then kicked me down and then drove off.

At no time was I told that I was under arrest, that I had committed some crime or anything.

As Eldridge Cleaver, Minister of Information of the Black Panther Party has said:

"... We must recognize that a woman can be just as revolutionary as a man. ... the pigs recognize a revolutionary woman to be just as much a threat as a revolutionary man."

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

