

Mr. LYONS. No; we did not. We were just going back to ask Mr. DiGiorgio to talk with us.

Mr. THOMPSON. Does anyone else have an office in that building besides Mr. DiGiorgio?

Mr. LYONS. That is what it is, an office building.

Mr. THOMPSON. A public office building?

Mr. LYONS. Yes.

Mr. THOMPSON. In other words, there might be doctors, lawyers, brokers, and other people in the building?

Mr. LYONS. Yes.

Mr. THOMPSON. How many floors are there in the building?

Mr. LYONS. It is seven, eight, maybe more. I went to the sixth floor and that was it.

Mr. THOMPSON. I see. They were waiting for you?

Mr. LYONS. Yes. Not when we got out of jail.

Mr. THOMPSON. No; when you went back the next time.

Mr. LYONS. Yes; when we got back they were waiting for us and they would not let us in. Some of us went in the lobby and said that we wanted to see Mr. DiGiorgio, and the police were there and they arrested some more of us.

Mr. THOMPSON. When you go into the lobby of that building, do they ask everyone who comes in where he is going and to what floor?

Mr. LYONS. Not before but after we were arrested and when we came back, well, anyone that looked like he was in our group or a farmworker was asked, "Where are you going?" or "What business do you have in the office?"

Mr. THOMPSON. What do your people look like? How can they tell the difference between you and someone who might work for a lawyer on the third floor?

Mr. LYONS. Well, you know, farmworkers—

Mr. THOMPSON. I can look at you. Are you a grape picker?

Mr. LYONS. Yes.

Mr. THOMPSON. You don't look like a grape picker to me.

Mr. LYONS. Well, the grape season is over. [Laughter.]

Mr. THOMPSON. I see.

Mr. LYONS. The way they could tell was at that time, you know, because we were looking like grape pickers.

Mr. THOMPSON. How do you look when you are picking grapes? I know you look tired.

Mr. LYONS. Yes, you would look tired and underfed, I guess.

Mr. THOMPSON. I see.

Mr. LYONS. Anyway they just about knew who to stop and ask.

Mr. THOMPSON. But I cannot help but wonder. Didn't this occur to you? The lobby is on the first floor, right?

Mr. LYONS. Yes.

Mr. THOMPSON. There are police there and other people and there are a lot of other businesses and offices in the building. What do they do, stop everyone and say, "Let me see your hands?" Something like that? Do they ask, "Are you a grape picker?"

Mr. LYONS. No. They went by the quality of your clothes, you know. If you lived in San Francisco and was supposed to be working in the building, you undoubtedly had more expensive looking clothes than farmworkers had and they probably were more expensive, you see.