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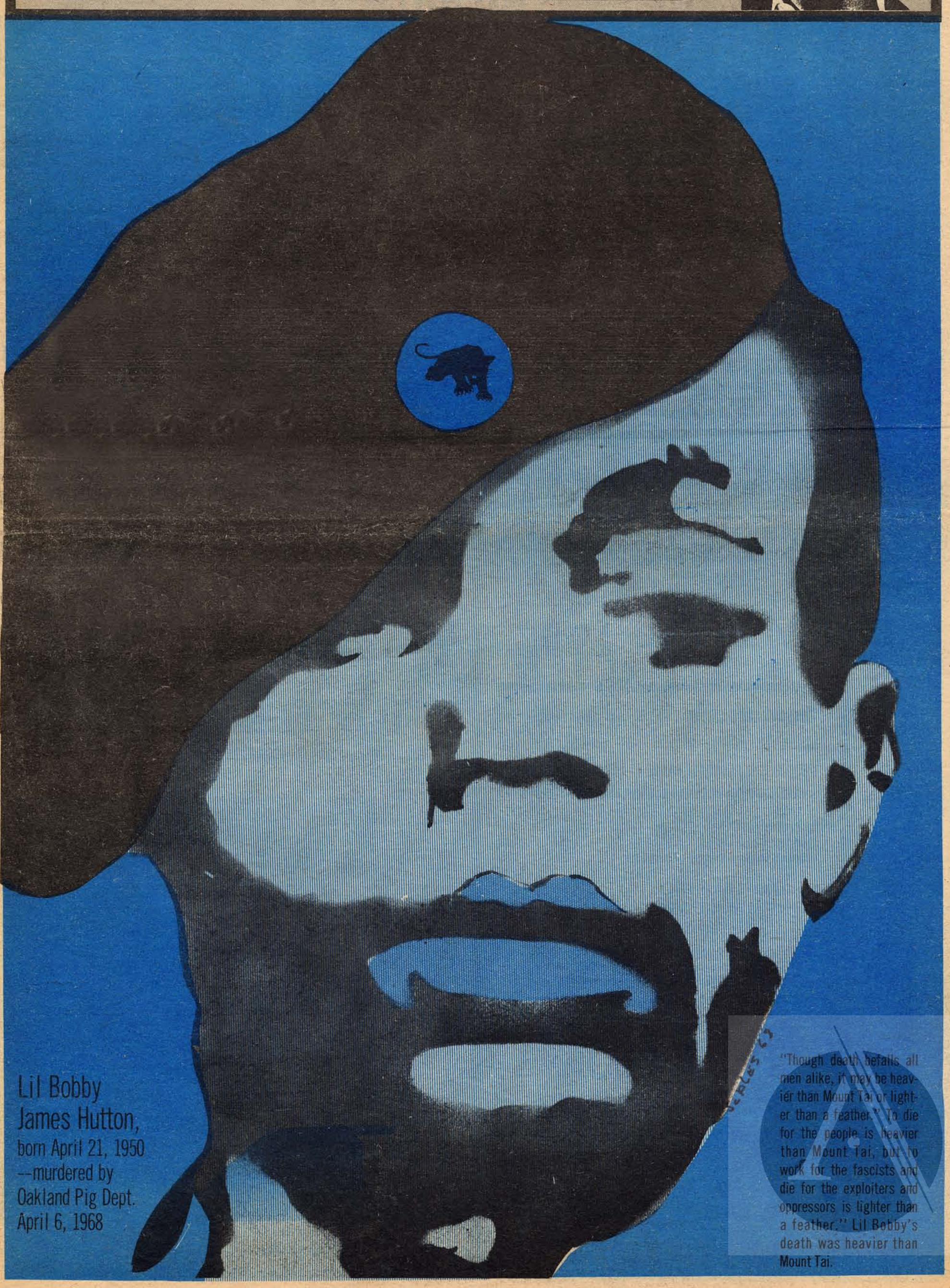
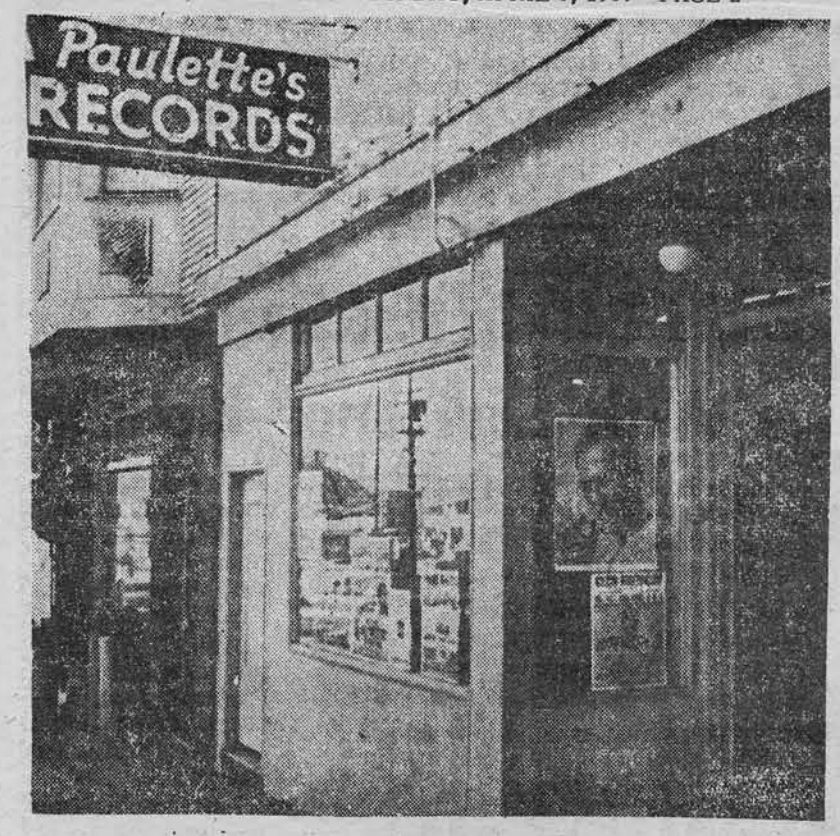


Lil Bobby James Hutton, born April 21, 1950 --murdered by Oakland Pig Dept. April 6, 1968

"Though death befalls all men alike, it may be heavier than Mount Tai or lighter than a feather." To die for the people is heavier than Mount Tai, but to work for the fascists and die for the exploiters and oppressors is lighter than a feather." Lil Bobby's death was heavier than Mount Tai.



This is the record store into wh ich Alvert Joe Linthcome ran

BLACK YOUTH MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD BY RACIST S.F. PIG

VICTIMS' MOTHER AND SISTER

Last night at about 9:00 p.m., my cousin and I were riding in the Bayview area when we heard some shots; so I stopped my car and we were walking around the corner when I heard a girl screaming, "Don't shoot him." So my cousin ran down the opposite direction to where the girl was screaming, when I saw a pig running behind a dude with a pistol, shooting at the dude. So I took out behind the pig and caught up with him after he hit the dude in the arm, then I intercepted him, enough for the dude to jump the fence and when the pig did get himself back together - well the dude got away but he was bleeding in the arm.

(Did you knock the gun from the pig's hand?) No, I just deflected the gun enough for the dude to jump the fence and get away, but when I went back down the street to the record shop on Third Street, the dude was lying there in a pool of blood and my cousin identified himself as a medic and asked could we go in. He (pig) said No. So, we started in anyway and he pushed us back and I asked the pig at the door was there anyone there of higher authority than him and he pointed at some other dude and this pig said that he was a lieutenant and I told him my cousin was a medic and he wanted to go inside. So the dude told him No he couldn't go in. So, finally we pursuaded him to let him in and I gave my cousin my sweater. He stopped the bleeding and he said he had built the pulse up to a normal level almost and he was breathing good. So, after about 30 or 40 minutes the ambulance finally arrived and they brought one of those little carriers and just threw the dude on there and my cousin - there was a nurse there also - anyway my cousin asked the pig could he go with the dude because he was still breathing and he felt that if he could go with them he could put his head in the right position to keep his pulse up to a normal level and could possible save him.

So when he started in, they pushed him back again, and the sister was trying to get in so I started trying to open the door to let the sister in. So they finally let the sister in but they would let neither my cousin who was a medic nor the nurse go with the dude so when he got to Mission Emergency Hospital he was dead.

But like I said, my cousin said that when they left there he was still breathing and he felt he could've saved him, because he had built his pulse back to normal.

(Did you see the pig when he shot him?) No, my cousin saw this and also his sister was standing there, I heard her screaming "don't shoot him" she was standing there screaming "don't shoot him" I heard her screaming "don't shoot him." (Is this the same dude who jumped over the fence?) No, this is the other dude, this is the other dude who got killed - well, he got away, the one who jumped over the fence got away, but he went to the hospital and they got him there last night.

(But they were together originally?) Yeah, they were in the car together. Right, yeah, they were just running, they didn't fire any warning shots or anything, they were just shooting to kill. So, we took the girl in the record shop, the sister who was there we had to take her to Mission Emergency Hospital and she was in shock until about three this morning. (Why the record shop?) Why the record shop, because the dude they killed ran into the record shop, he just ran in there and threw his hands up.

ALBERT LINTHCOME
Slain after flight

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Lusius Reynolds demonstrated how the victim had stood at counter

EDITOR'S NOTE: This issue of the BLACK PANTHER is a special issue. A great amount of news is omitted, which will appear in next week's issue.

6 A.M. SUNDAY APRIL 6, 1969

MEMORIAL SERVICE IN MEMORY OF LIL BOBBY HUTTON

AT BOBBY HUTTON MEMORIAL PARK

16th AND ADELINE STREETS IN OAKLAND

THE SERVICE WILL BE CONDUCTED BY FATHER EARL NEAL, REVOLUTIONARY MINISTER

Followed by a rally at 1 P.M.

International Speakers:

Bobby Seale
David Hilliard
Kathleen Cleaver
Charles R. Garry
Raymond "Masai" Hewitt
& others

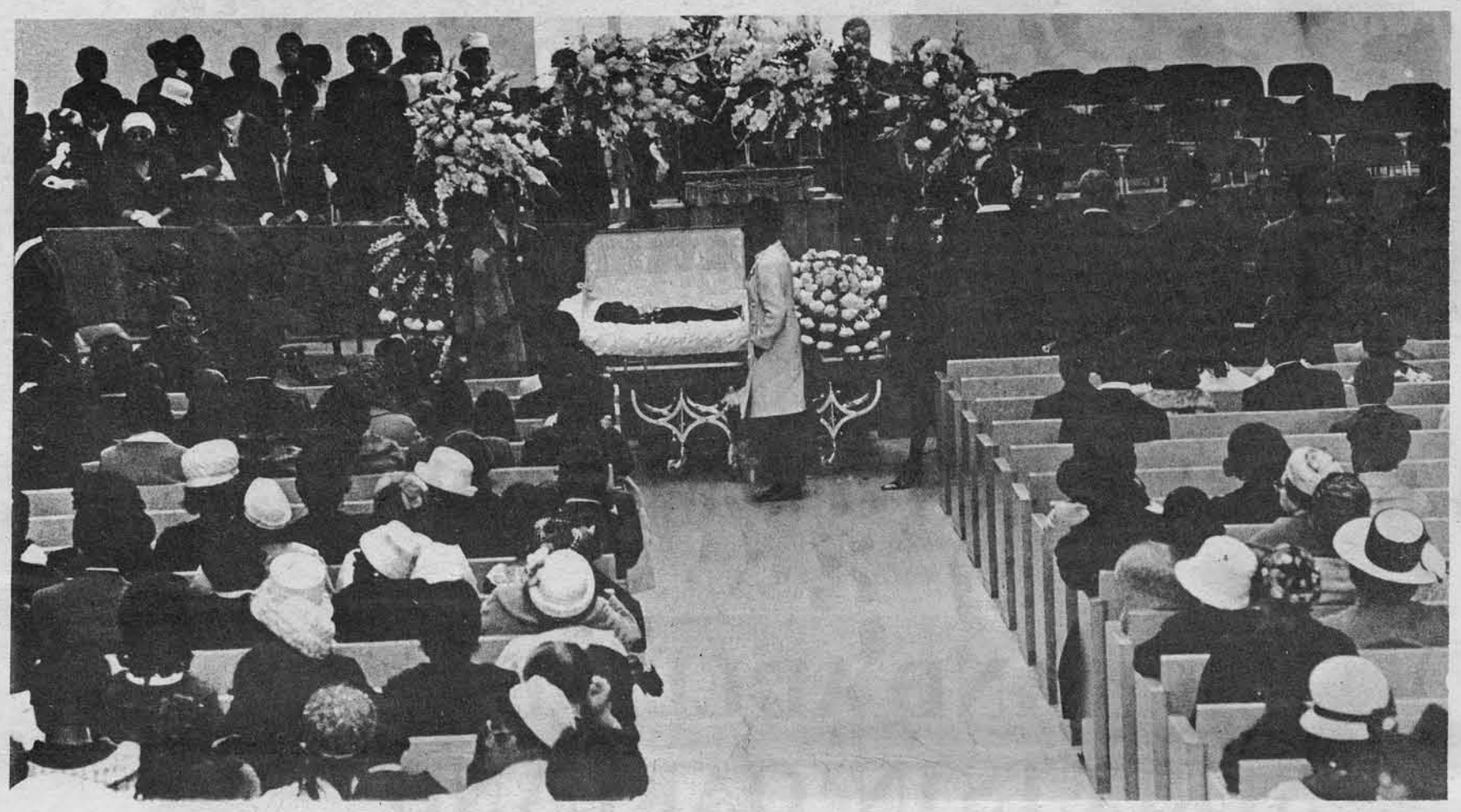
EDITORIAL STATEMENT
by Big Man, Editor

April 6th 1968, the Oakland Pigs launched an open and unprovoked attack on members of the Black Panther Party, in the heart of the Black Community. This attack was an escalation on the part of William F. Knowland's regime in Oakland to destroy the Black Panther Party and smash any forces that oppose the vicious police state that exists in Oakland. A few months prior to the April 6th attack, Oakland's storm troopers attacked and attempted to kill the Party's leader and Minister of Defense, Huey P. Newton. As a result of this attack, the Minister was wounded and another pig was sent to his grave.

From the day that Pig Frey died, the pigs of Oakland, California, and the nation have been given an open order to destroy the Panther leadership by any means necessary.

On the night of April 6th 1968, Oakland's enforcers murdered "Lil" Bobby Hutton, the Party's treasurer and wounded Minister of Information, Eldridge Cleaver.

From that point on there have been some twenty Panthers murdered by this nation's pigs and their running dogs. These deaths and attacks have not, and will not destroy the people's vanguard. The result has been quite the contrary; the Party has grown and become strong. This is a clear indication that the oppressed people will "conquer without a doubt."



ONE YEAR LATER

April 6, 1968, a day of infamy. A Black warrior was fallen. No flags flew at half mast. No day of national mourning was declared. The tears that were shed went unnoticed for they came from a people whose suffering has for centuries received no sympathy. All attempts to elevate our warrior in the eyes of his people was met by a barrage of criticism from the mass communication media. No Black man who is willing to fight to secure justice for his people is worthy of the hero's mantle in the narrow minds of the controlling establishment. The establishment reserves the burial of honor for those who die on their knees -- begging, and those who die fighting to preserve and extend the imperialistic interest of the neo-colonialist.

Black people, whether they admit it or not, know the truth -- no amount of written praise or ornamental corteges or acts of symbolic reverence can add more significance to his death or make his contribution more meaningful. Bobby Hutton died serving the people, serving the people, serving the people . . . The death of Bobby Hutton must weigh very heavy in the hearts of his people for he gave his life for the Supreme Cause -- Justice.

Bobby Hutton, Lil' Bobby as Huey called him, was a true freedom fighter. He picked up the gun, the basic tool of liberation in any society that is controlled by force and coercion. Lil' Bobby's manhood was accelerated by the apathy of the conditioned Negro and the lethargy of the aware, but frightened, bourgeoise. Bobby, as a Black youth, was forced to do what those who call themselves men and who act like Negroes would not do. Bobby was forced to fight.

Lil' Bobby joined Huey Newton and Bobby Seale and became the first member of the Black Panther Party. Lil' Bobby eventually became the treasurer of the Party, but never did he, in the words of Huey P. Newton, ask "neither for security nor high office . . ." Lil' Bobby set an example that should inspire many Black people, young and old alike, to become more active in the service of the people. The desire to gain wealth and material comfort must be subordinated to the demand for justice. The fear of death must be subordinated to the love of freedom. This is the perspective that Lil' Bobby had and the one that we must adopt.

The circumstances surrounding the death, the murder, the crucifixion, have often been told. How the pigs, in an effort to destroy the leadership of the Black Panther Party, ambushed Eldridge Cleaver and a group of Panthers including Lil' Bobby. How the pigs fired hundreds of rounds of ammunition into the house where Lil' Bobby and Eldridge had sought shelter. How this was done in complete disregard for the lives of the Black people who live in the surrounding area. How after Lil' Bobby and Eldridge emerged from the house and were beaten brutally by the pigs, Lil' Bobby was murdered by a fusilade of fire from the pigs. How Lil' Bobby had his hands in the air and was obeying the pig's orders when they fired on him. This is all history, not to be forgotten, but to inflame and inspire.

We must use the history of oppression and brutality to inflame our revolutionary fervor and to inspire us to resolute action. The pigs who murdered Lil' Bobby cannot be allowed to continue to occupy the Black community and patrol our neighborhoods with any type of self-declared impunity. The goals for which Lil' Bobby fought cannot be allowed to gather the dust of inactivity.

The power structure, the establishment, has often tried to make an example of any Black man whose actions and desires ran counter to those of the neo-colonial system. This time their example should become their nemesis. The spirit of Lil' Bobby Hutton should be absorbed by all who seek justice and freedom. The actions of Lil' Bobby Hutton should direct those who are indecisive. The people should welcome the legacy of the gun passed on by a true revolutionist.

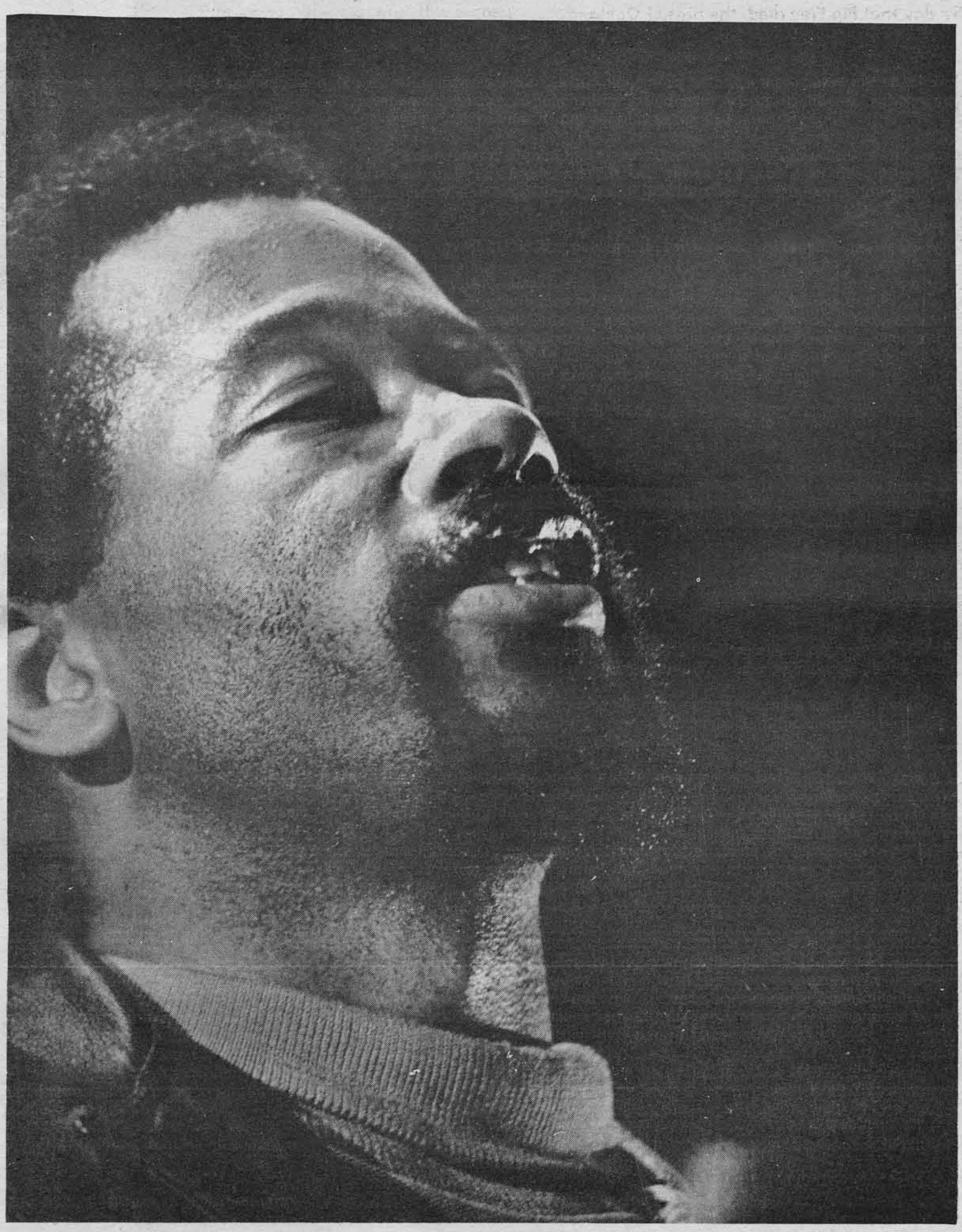
The power for self-determination is vested, like all other power, in the people. Whenever a people merely ask for the right of self-determination, they are exposing their lack of political awareness and demonstrating a slave mentality. No one need ask for those things that are inherently theirs. All that is necessary is a concerted effort to prevent anyone from taking from you anything that you do not wish to give. This is why JUST governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed.

Bobby Hutton was determined that one would take his rights from him or his people. He was willing to give all to the people, and it has been said that the true sign of love is not how much one gives, but how much one keeps for himself. Now, one year later, we should all resolve to serve the people and, if necessary, keep no more than did Lil' Bobby Hutton.

1 Affidavit of Eldridge Cleaver

Minister of Information, Black Panther Party

California State Prison, Vacaville, California



ELDRIDGE WROTE THIS AFFIDAVIT AFTER HAVING TO WITNESS THE MURDER OF "LIL" BOBBY

I am 33 years old. My first 15 years were given to learning how to cope with the world and developing my approach to life. I blundered in my choices and set off down a road that was a deadend. Long years of incarceration is what I found on that road, from Juvenile Hall at the beginning to San Quentin, Folsom, and Soledad State Prisons at the end. From my 16th year, I spent the next 15 years in and out of prison, the last time being an unbroken stay of 9 years.

During my last stay in prison, I made the desperate decision to abandon completely the criminal path and to redirect my life. While in prison, I concentrated on developing the skills of a writer and I wrote a book which a publisher bought while I was still in prison and which was published after I was out on parole.

BRAND NEW LIFE

It looked like smooth sailing for me. I had fallen in love with a beautiful girl and gotten married; my book was soon to be published, and I had a good job as a staff writer with RAMPARTS Magazine in San Francisco. I had broken completely with my old life. Having gone to jail each time out of Los Angeles, I had also put Los Angeles behind me, taking my parole to the Bay Area. I had a totally new set of friends and, indeed, I had a brand new life.

The thought of indulging in any "criminal activity" was as absurd and irrelevant as the thought of sprouting wings and flying to the moon. Besides, I was too busy. I joined the Black Panther Party, and because of my writing skills and interest in communications, became the editor of the Party's newspaper, THE BLACK PANTHER. In this I found harmony with my wife, Kathleen, who had worked in the Communications Department of SNCC in Atlanta, Georgia, and who, after our marriage, moved to San Francisco, joined the Black Panther Party, and became our Communications Secretary. Also, she is our Party's candidate for the 18th Assembly District seat in San Francisco, running on the Peace and Freedom Party ticket. With my job at RAMPARTS, my political activity, editing the newspaper, and work on a new book, I had more to do than I could handle. My life was an endless round of speeches, organizational meetings, and a few hours snatched here and there on my typewriter.

I thought that the parole authorities would be pleased with my new life, because in terms of complying with the rules governing the conduct of parole, I was a model parolee. But such was not the case. My case was designated a "Special Study Case," which required that I see my parole agent four times each month, once at home, once at my job, once "in the field," and once in his office. My parole agent, Mr. R. L. Bilideau, was

continued on next page

1 AFFIDAVID OF ELDRIDGE

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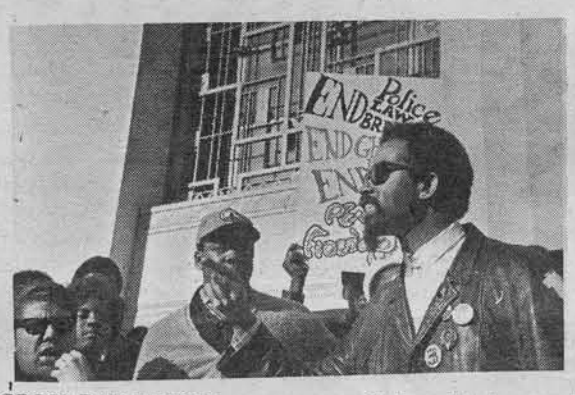
white, but his boss, Mr. Isaac Rivers, was a black man. Together these two gentlemen were my contact with the parole authorities. On a personal level, we got along very well together, and we spent many moments talking about the world and its problems. However, I could never believe in them as sincere friends, because they were organization men and experience had taught me that, on receiving orders from above, they would snap into line and close ranks against me.

SPEAKS AGAINST WAR

The first time this happened was when, on April 15, 1967, I made a speech at Kezar Stadium criticizing this country's role in the war in Vietnam. The speech was part of the program of the Spring Mobilization Against the War in Vietnam, during the International Days of Protest. There were demonstrations from coast to coast. Dr. Martin Luther King spoke at the rally in New York and his wife spoke at our rally at Kezar. The crowd was estimated at about 65,000 and the speeches were shown on television. Members of the parole authority, who don't like me, I was told, saw excerpts of my speech on TV and launched their campaign to have my parole revoked, but failed. Even though I had a perfect right to free speech, Mr. Rivers and Mr. Bilideau said there were those in the State Capitol who, for political purposes, were clamoring to have my parole revoked and me returned to prison. They advised me to cool it and foresake my rights in the interest of not antagonizing those in Sacramento who did not like my politics. From then on, I was under constant pressure through them to keep my mouth shut and my pen still on any subject that might arouse a negative reaction in certain circles in Sacramento. Because I was violating neither any law of the land nor any rule of parole, upon being assured by my attorneys that I was strictly within my rights, I decided not to accept these warnings and continued exercising my right to free speech and to write what was on my mind.

get out on bail. To the surprise of both the cops and the parole authority, their investigations proved that my Press credentials were in order, that I was indeed there on an assignment, and that I had permission from my parole agent -- also, that I had been armed with nothing more lethal than a camera and a ball point pen. Still the Sacramento cops would not drop the charges and the parole authority would not lift its "Hold," until the judge, citing the obvious "mistake" on the part of the cops, released me on my own recognizance. Then magnanimously, the parole authority lifted its "Hold,"



DON'T CROSS BAY BRIDGE

When I returned to San Francisco, I was again told about the clamor in Sacramento to have my parole revoked. My enemies, I was told, had stayed up all night scanning TV film footage, trying to find a shot of me with a gun in my hands. No luck. But anyhow, severe new restrictions were to be imposed. 1) I was not to go outside a seven mile area; specifically, I was not to cross the Bay Bridge. 2) I was to keep my name out of the news for the next six months; specifically, my face was not to appear on any TV screen. 3) I was not to make any more speeches. 4) And I was not to write anything critical of the California Department of Corrections or any California politician. In short, I was to play dead, or I would be sent back to prison. "All that Governor Reagan has to do," I was told, "is sign his name on a dotted line and you are dead, with no appeal." Knowing that this

AILED IN SACRAMENTO

The next crisis occurred two weeks later when I was arrested in Sacramento with a delegation of armed Black Panthers who visited the Capitol in this manner as a shrewd political and publicity gesture. The news media, heavily concentrated in the Capitol, gave the Black Panthers a million dollars worth of publicity and helped spread the Panther message to black people that they should arm themselves against a racist country that was becoming increasingly repressive. Although I was there as a reporter, with an assignment from my magazine, and with the permission in advance of my parole agent, I was arrested by the Sacramento police and then the parole authority slapped a "Hold" on me so that I could not

was true and with my back thus to the wall, I decided to play it cool and go along with them, as I didn't see what else I could do. My attorneys said that we could challenge it in court, but that I would probably have to pound the Big Yard in San Quentin for a couple of years, waiting for the court to hand down a decision. I was in a bad bag.

Things stayed like that, but after a couple of months the travel ban was lifted with all the other restrictions remaining in force.

DEFENDS HUEY

Then, on October 28, 1967, Huey Newton, Minister of Defense and leader of our Party, was shot down in the streets by an Oakland cop and was arrested and charged with the murder of one Oakland cop and the wounding of another. Bobby Seale, Chairman of our Party, was serving a six months jail sentence for the Sacramento incident and I was the only other effective public speaker that we had. A campaign to mobilize support in Huey's defense had to be launched immediately. So in November, 1967, I started making speeches again and writing in Huey's defense. The political nature of the case, and the fact that it involved a frame-up by the Oakland Police Department and the D.A.'s office, dictated that I had not only to criticize politicians but also the police. Well, helping Huey stay out of the Gas Chamber was more important than my staying out of San Quentin, so I "let my hair down" and went for broke. TV, radio, newspapers, magazines, the works. I missed no opportunity to speak out with Huey's side of the story. Mr. Rivers and Mr. Bilideau told me that the decision had already been made above to revoke my parole at the first pretext. Living thus on borrowed time, I tried to get as much done as I possibly could before time ran out.

In the latter part of December, 1967, Bobby Seale's sentence ran out and he was free to speak. Mass public support for Huey had developed. Our Party had formed a coalition with the new Peace and Freedom Party, demanding that Huey be set free. In addition, we arranged to run Huey for Congress in the 7th Congressional District of Alameda County, to run Bobby Seale for the 17th Assembly District, and, as I have mentioned, to run my wife, Kathleen, for the 18th Assembly seat in San Francisco. With such a forum and with the assurance that we had already stimulated overwhelming support for Huey, I decided to back up a little. Maybe it was possible to stay the hand of the parole authority. I cut back drastically on my public speaking.

PIGS BREAK IN

In January, the Police Departments of Oakland, Berkeley and San Francisco unleashed a terror and arrest campaign against the Black Panther Party. Members of the Party were being arrested and harassed constantly. On January 15, 1968, at 3 a.m. the Special Tactical Squad of San Francisco's Police Department kicked down the door of my home, terrorizing my wife, myself, and our Party's Revolutionary Artist, Emory Douglas, who was our guest that night.

FREE HUEY RALLY

On February 17, which was Huey Newton's 26th birthday, we staged a huge rally at the Oakland Auditorium, featuring Stokely Carmichael and his first public speech following his triumphal tour of the revolutionary countries of the world, and also featuring, as a surprise guest, H. Rap Brown, along with the venerable James Foreman, who took the occasion to announce the merger of SNCC and the Black Panther Party. Held in the shadow of the Alameda County jail wherein Huey is confined, the theme of the rally was "Come See About Huey." Over 5,000 people showed up, a shattering and unequivocal demonstration of the broad support built up for the Minister of Defense. A similar rally was held in Los Angeles the next day, and altogether Stokely spent nine days in California beating the drums for Huey.

PIGS RUN AMUCK

Everytime we turned around Bobby Seale was getting arrested on frivolous, trumped up charges. On February 22, 1968, a posse of Berkeley Police kicked down Bobby's door, dragging him and his wife, Artie, from bed and arresting them on a sensational charge of conspiracy to commit murder. The same night, 6 other members of the Party were arrested on the same charge. The ridiculous charge of conspiracy to commit murder was quickly dropped, but all arrested were held to answer on various gun law violations, all of which were unfounded. All in all, during that hectic week, sixteen members of our Party were arrested gratuitously and charged with offenses that had never been committed. Although we know that we will ultimately beat all of these cases in court, they constitute a serious drain on our time, energy, and financial resources, the last of which has always been virtually non-existant.

During these hectic days, public sentiment throughout the Bay Area swung heavily in our favor because it was obvious to a blind man that we were being openly persecuted by the police.

In the midst of all this, McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., on February 28, 1968 published my book, SOUL ON ICE, and a lot of publicity as a result was focused on me. By this time, my parole agent had virtually given up coming to see me, sending for me, or even calling me on the phone, a development that kept my nerves on edge. Was this the calm before the storm?

I was out of the state most of the month of March, filling TV appearances with my book, mostly in New York.

GESTAPO HITS CHURCH

On April 3, 1968, the Oakland Police Department invaded the regular meeting of our Party at St. Augustine's Church at 27th and West Street. Led by a Captain, brandishing shotguns, and accompanied by a white Monsignor and a black preacher, about a dozen of them burst through the door. Both Bobby Seale and myself were not at that particular meeting (Bobby was in L.A. and I had left minutes before the raid in response to an urgent call). Our National Captain, David Hilliard, was in charge. David said that the cops came in with their shotguns leveled, but that when they saw him in charge they looked confused and disappointed. Mumbling incoherently, they lowered their weapons and stalked out.

Father Neil, whose church it is, happened to be present to witness the entire event. Theretofore, criticism of the Police had been just that, and although he was inclined to believe that there was some validity to all the complaints, it was all still pretty abstract to him because he had never witnessed anything with his own eyes. Well, he had witnessed it now, and in his own church -- with ugly shotguns thrown down on innocent, unarmed people who were holding a quiet peaceful assembly -- Father Neil was outraged. He called a press conference next day at which he denounced the Oakland Police Department for behaving like Nazi storm troopers inside his church. However, Father Neil's press conference was upstaged by the fact that earlier in the day, his brother of the Cloth, Martin Luther King, had gotten assassinated in Memphis, Tennessee. An ugly cloud boding evil settled over the nation.

A few days prior to the assassination of Martin Luther King, Marlon Brando had flown up from Hollywood to find out for himself what the hell was going on in the Bay Area. We took him to my pad and talked and argued with him all night long, explaining to him our side of the story. We had to wade through the history of the world before everything was placed in perspective and Brando could see where the Black Panther Party was coming from. When Brando split back to Hollywood, after accompanying Bobby Seale to court next day, we felt that we had gained a sincere friend and valuable ally in the struggle.

PIGS KILL LIL BOBBY

On the third night following the raid on St. Augustine's Church, members of the Oakland Police Department tried to kill me. They did kill my companion, Little Bobby Hutton, Treasurer of our Party and the first Black Panther recruited by Huey Newton and Bobby Seale when they organized the Party in October, 1966. They murdered Little Bobby in cold blood. I saw them shoot him, with fifty guns aimed at my head. I did get shot in the leg.

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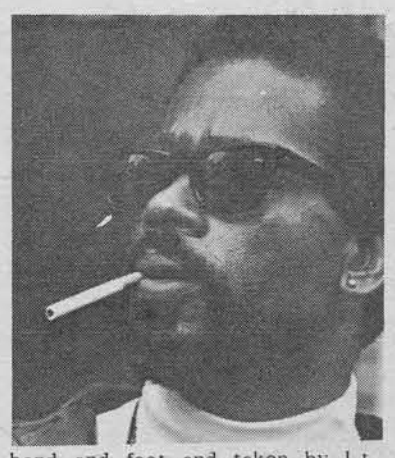
#1 AFFIDAVIT OF ELDRIDGE CLEAVER



I am convinced that I was marked for death that night, and the only reason I was not killed was that there were too many beautiful black people crowded around demanding that the cops not shoot me, too many witnesses for even the brazen, contemptuous and contemptable Oakland Pigs.

PAROLE REVOKED

A few hours later, at 4 a.m. on April 7, someone somewhere in the shadowy secret world of the California Adult Authority, ordered my parole revoked. While I was still in the emergency ward of Highland Hospital, three Oakland cops kept saying to me: "You're going home to San Quentin tonight!" Before the sun rose on a new day, charged with attempted murder after watching Little Bobby being murdered and almost joining him, I was shackled hand and foot and taken by Lt. Snellgrove and two other employees of the Department of Corrections, to San Quentin. Lt. Snellgrove, whom I knew very well from my stay at San Quentin and who remembered me, looked at me and said, while we rode in the back seat of the car headed for San Quentin, "Bad night, huh?" He was not being facetious -- what else could he say -- and neither was I.

"Yeah," I said. "About the baddest yet."

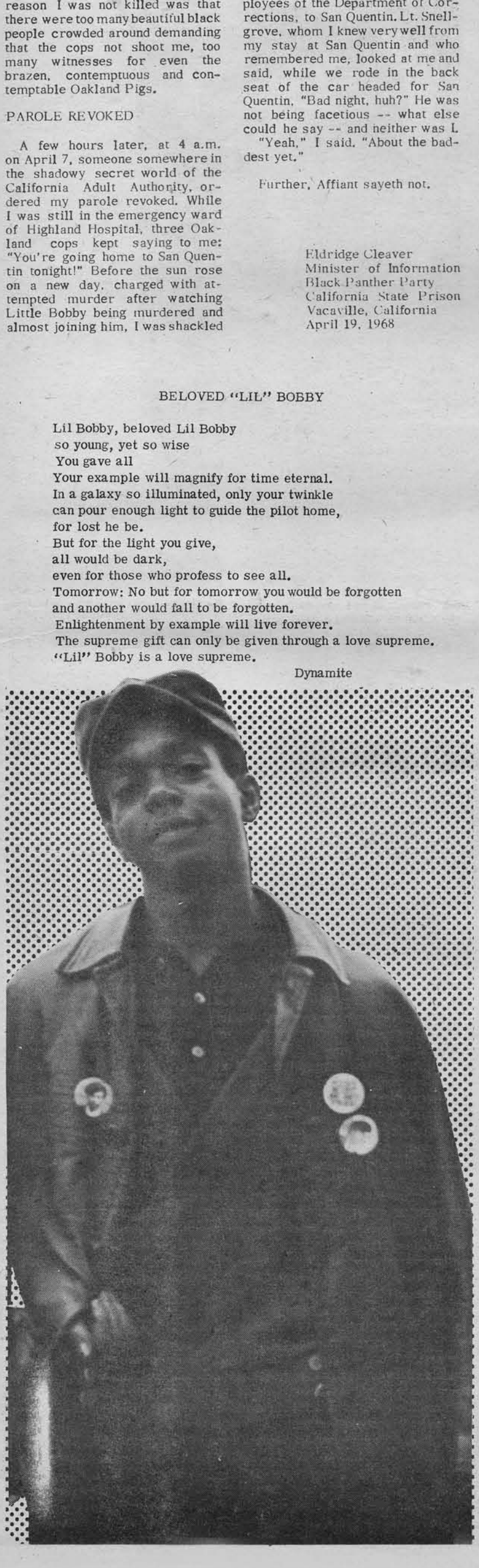
Further, Affiant sayeth not.

Eldridge Cleaver
Minister of Information
Black Panther Party
California State Prison
Vacaville, California
April 19, 1968

BELOVED "LIL" BOBBY

Lil Bobby, beloved Lil Bobby
so young, yet so wise
You gave all
Your example will magnify for time eternal.
In a galaxy so illuminated, only your twinkle
can pour enough light to guide the pilot home,
for lost he be.
But for the light you give,
all would be dark,
even for those who profess to see all.
Tomorrow: No but for tomorrow you would be forgotten
and another would fall to be forgotten.
Enlightenment by example will live forever.
The supreme gift can only be given through a love supreme.
"Lil" Bobby is a love supreme.

Dynamite



"LIL" BOBBY TREASURER AND CHAIRMAN BOBBY IN SACRAMENTO

EXECUTIVE MANDATE #1

Below is the statement prepared by Huey P. Newton, Minister of Defense, and delivered by Bobby Seale, Chairman, of the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense, May 2, 1967, at the state capitol in Sacramento, California. When this statement is read carefully, it becomes obvious that all that is here is TRUTH. Knowing full well they were legally exercising their constitutional rights, the Panthers made fools of the cops who tried to take the guns away from them, and suffered the humiliation of having to give them right back. The dumb Capitol cops didn't even know their own gun laws.

Three blocks away from the capitol, the scurvy cops of Sacramento moved in and made the false arrest. This is what happens to Black men when they have not broken a law.

THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY FOR SELF DEFENSE CALLS UPON THE AMERICAN PEOPLE IN GENERAL AND THE BLACK PEOPLE IN PARTICULAR TO TAKE CAREFUL NOTE OF THE RACIST CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURE WHICH IS NOW CONSIDERING LEGISLATION AIMED AT KEEPING THE BLACK PEOPLE DISARMED AND POWERLESS AT THE VERY SAME TIME THAT RACIST POLICE AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY ARE INTENSIFYING THE TERROR, BRUTALITY, MURDER AND REPRESSION OF BLACK PEOPLE.

AT THE SAME TIME THAT THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT IS WAGING A RACIST WAR OF GENOCIDE IN VIETNAM, THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS* IN WHICH JAPANESE AMERICANS WERE INTERNED DURING WORLD WAR II ARE BEING RENOVATED AND EXPANDED. SINCE AMERICA HAS HISTORICALLY RESERVED THE MOST BARBARIC TREATMENT FOR NON-WHITE PEOPLE, WE ARE FORCED TO CONCLUDE THAT THESE CONCENTRATION CAMPS ARE BEING PREPARED FOR BLACK PEOPLE WHO ARE DETERMINED TO GAIN THEIR FREEDOM BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY. THE ENSLAVEMENT OF BLACK PEOPLE FROM THE VERY BEGINNING OF THIS COUNTRY, THE GENOCIDE PRACTICED ON THE AMERICAN INDIANS AND THE CONFINING OF THE SURVIVORS ON RESERVATIONS, THE SAVAGE LYNCHING OF THOUSANDS OF BLACK MEN AND WOMEN, THE DROPPING OF ATOMIC BOMBS ON HIROSHIMA AND NAGASAKI, AND NOW THE COWARDLY MASSACRE IN VIETNAM, ALL TESTIFY TO THE FACT THAT TOWARDS PEOPLE OF COLOR THE RACIST POWER STRUCTURE OF AMERICA HAS BUT ONE POLICY: REPRESSION, GENOCIDE, TERROR, AND THE BIG STICK.

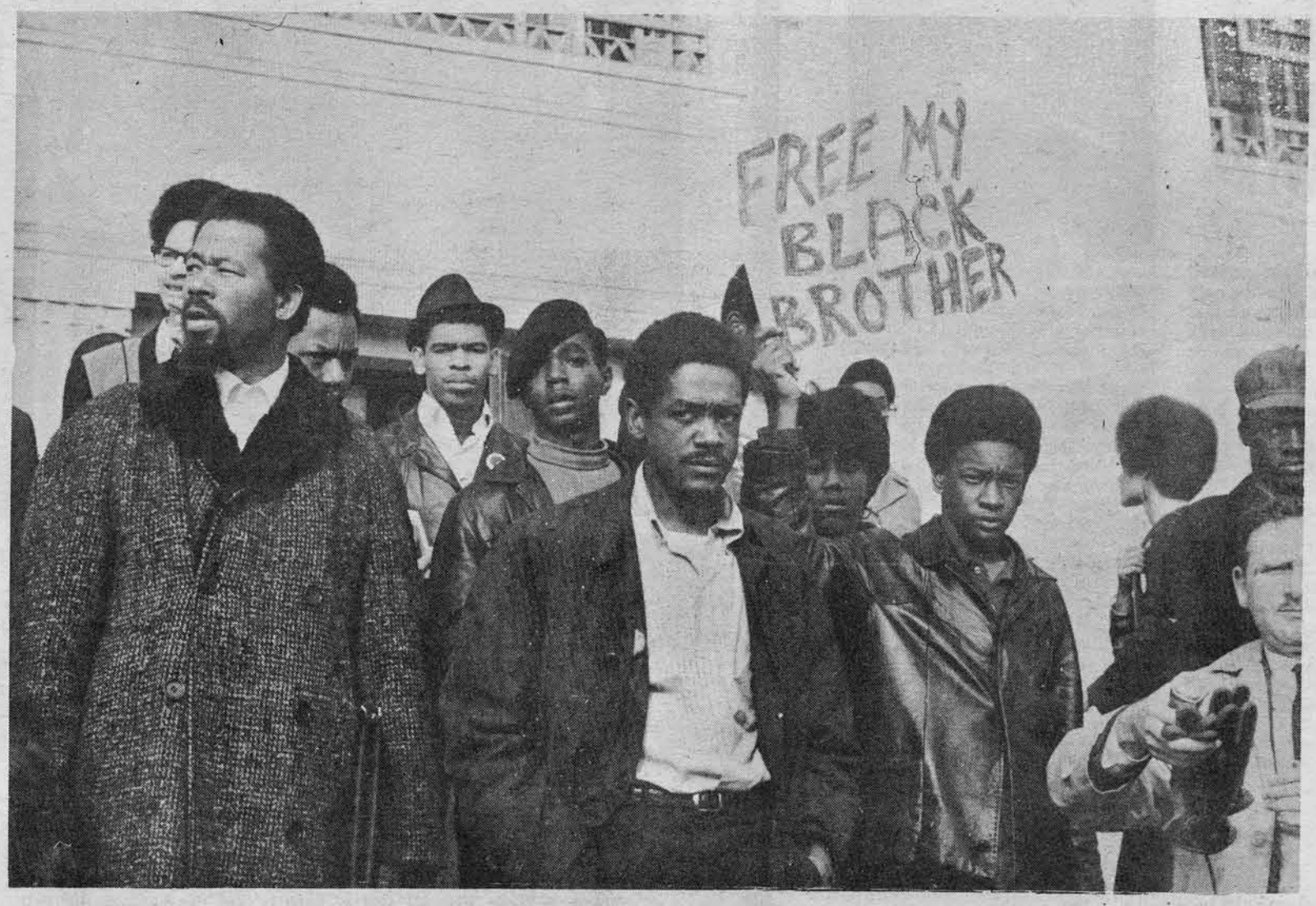
BLACK PEOPLE HAVE BEGGED, PRAYED, PETITIONED, DEMONSTRATED AND EVERYTHING ELSE TO GET THE RACIST POWER STRUCTURE OF AMERICA TO RIGHT THE WRONGS WHICH HAVE HISTORICALLY BEEN PERPETRATED AGAINST BLACK PEOPLE. ALL OF THESE EFFORTS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED BY MORE REPRESSION, DECEIT, AND HYPOCRISY. AS THE AGGRESSION OF THE RACIST AMERICAN GOVERNMENT ESCALATES IN VIETNAM, THE POLICE AGENCIES OF AMERICA ESCALATE THE REPRESSION OF BLACK PEOPLE THROUGHOUT THE GHETTOS OF AMERICA. VICIOUS POLICE DOGS, CATTLE PRODS AND INCREASED PATROLS HAVE BECOME FAMILIAR SIGHTS IN BLACK COMMUNITIES. CITY HALL TURNS A DEAF EAR TO THE PLEAS OF BLACK PEOPLE FOR RELIEF FROM THIS INCREASING TERROR.

THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY FOR SELF-DEFENSE BELIEVES THAT THE TIME HAS COME FOR BLACK PEOPLE TO ARM THEMSELVES AGAINST THIS TERROR BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE. THE PENDING MULFORD ACT BRINGS THE HOUR OF DOOM ONE STEP NEARER. A PEOPLE WHO HAVE SUFFERED SO MUCH FOR SO LONG AT THE HANDS OF A RACIST SOCIETY, MUST DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE. WE BELIEVE THAT THE BLACK COMMUNITIES OF AMERICA MUST RISE UP AS ONE MAN TO HALT THE PROGRESSION OF A TREND THAT LEADS INEVITABLY TO THEIR TOTAL DESTRUCTION.

HUEY P. NEWTON
MINISTER OF DEFENSE

(*See "Concentration Camps U.S.A." by Charles R. Allen, Jr. and "American Concentration Camps" by Boswell.)

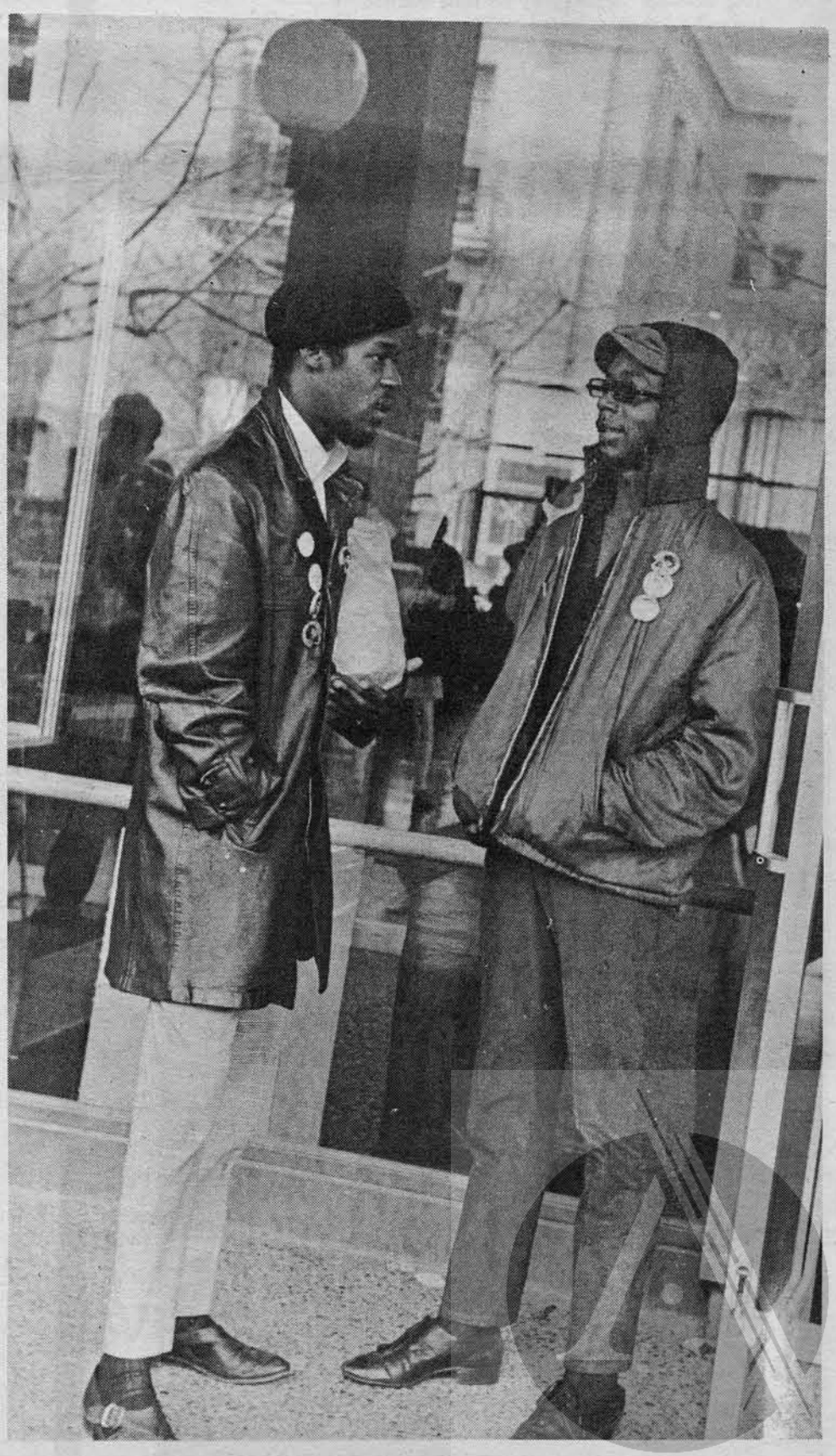
"LIL" BOBBY WITH PANTHERS AT OAKLAND COURT HOUSE FOR FREE HUEY RALLY



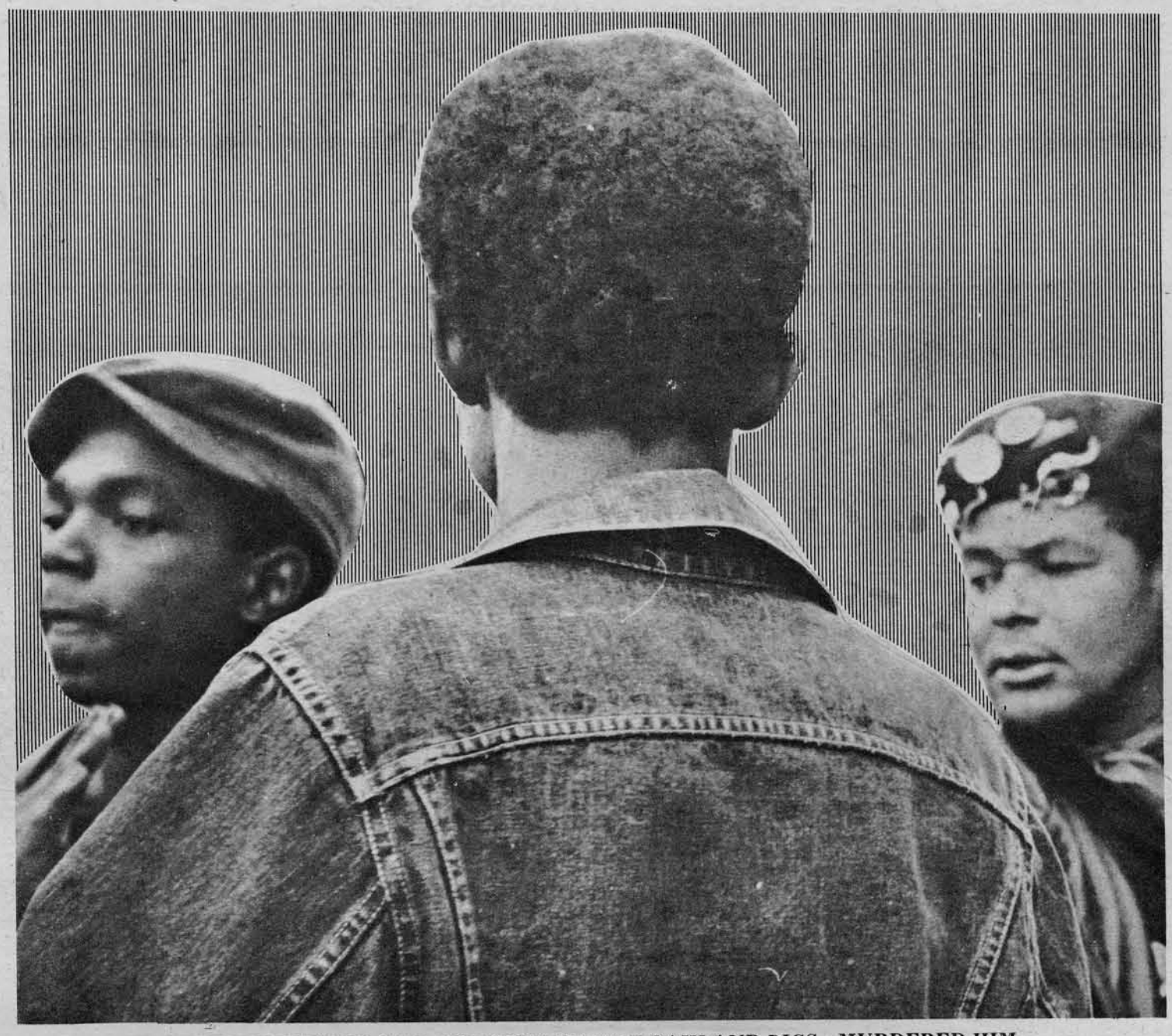
ELDRIDGE "LIL" BOBBY AND CHAIRMAN BOBBY JANUARY 1968

HE LOVED HUEY

LIL BOBBY AND MINISTER OF CULTURE EMORY TALK ABOUT HUEY — BOTH MARCHED ON SACRAMENTO ON MAY 2, 1967



PANTHER CHIEF OF STAFF AND "LIL" BOBBY CONFER IN FRONT OF U.C. BERKELEY



"LIL BOBBY TALKS WITH SAM AND GLEN BEFORE OAKLAND PIGS MURDERED HIM

1218 28TH ST. OAKLAND CALIF.

MINISTER OF EDUCATION AND CHAIRMAN HELD PRESS CONFERENCE AT HOUSE WHERE "LIL" BOBBY WAS MURDERED.

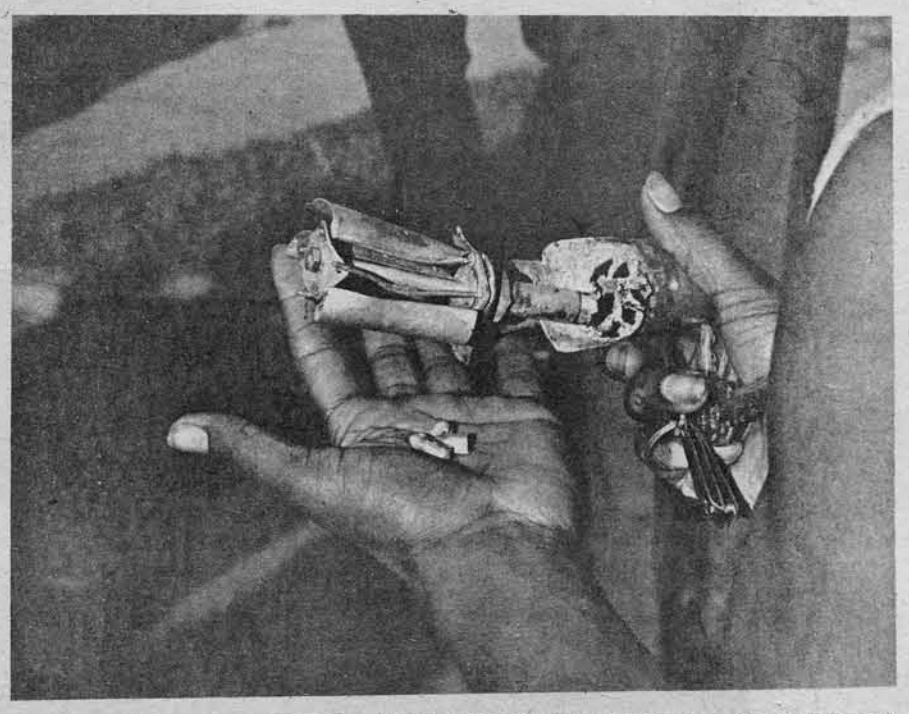
THE COMMUNITY BECOMES POLITICALLY EDUCATED

·OAKLAND PIGS DESTROY EVERYTHING.

CHILDREN OF THE COMMUNITY LOOK AT DESTRUCTION OF THEIR HOME AND CAR BY OAKLAND PIG DEPT.

1218 28TH STREET

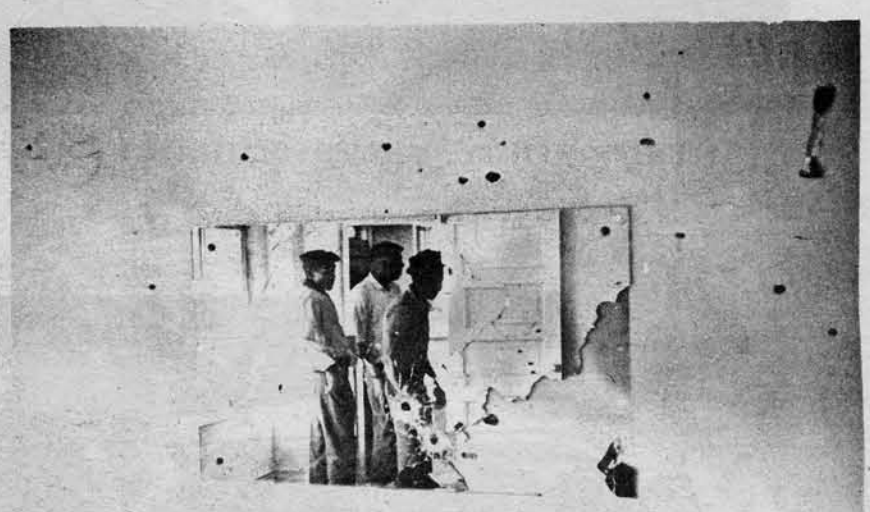
A NEIGHBOR INSPECTS HER CAR WHICH PIGS SHOT UP



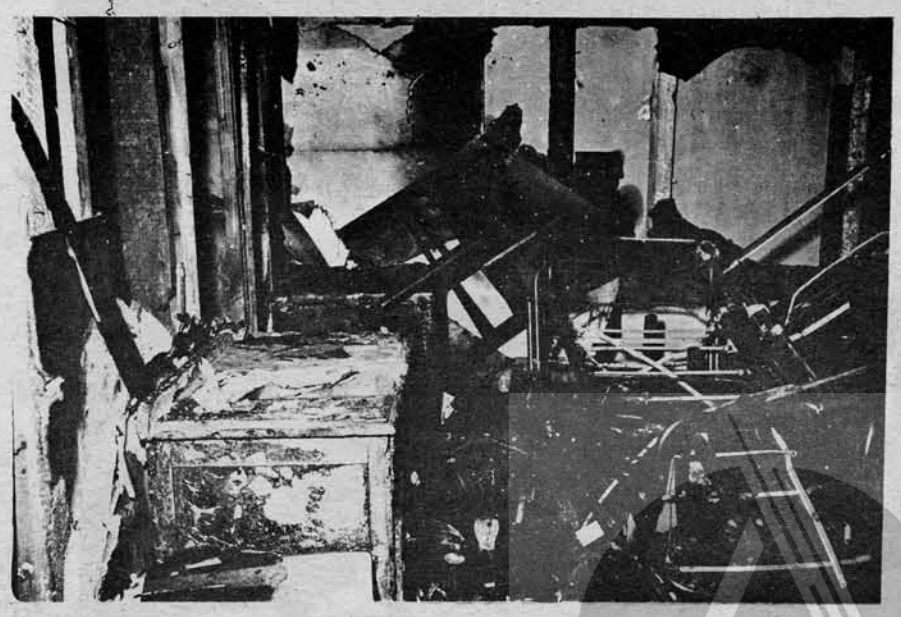
GAS AND AMMUNITION CARTRIDGES USED BY OAKLAND PIGS.

PANTHERS NEVER ATTACK ANYONE, BUT WHEN PUSHED INTO A CORNER, WE MUST DEFEND OURSELVES.

PART OF THE RESLUTE OF THE APRIL 6th ATTACK

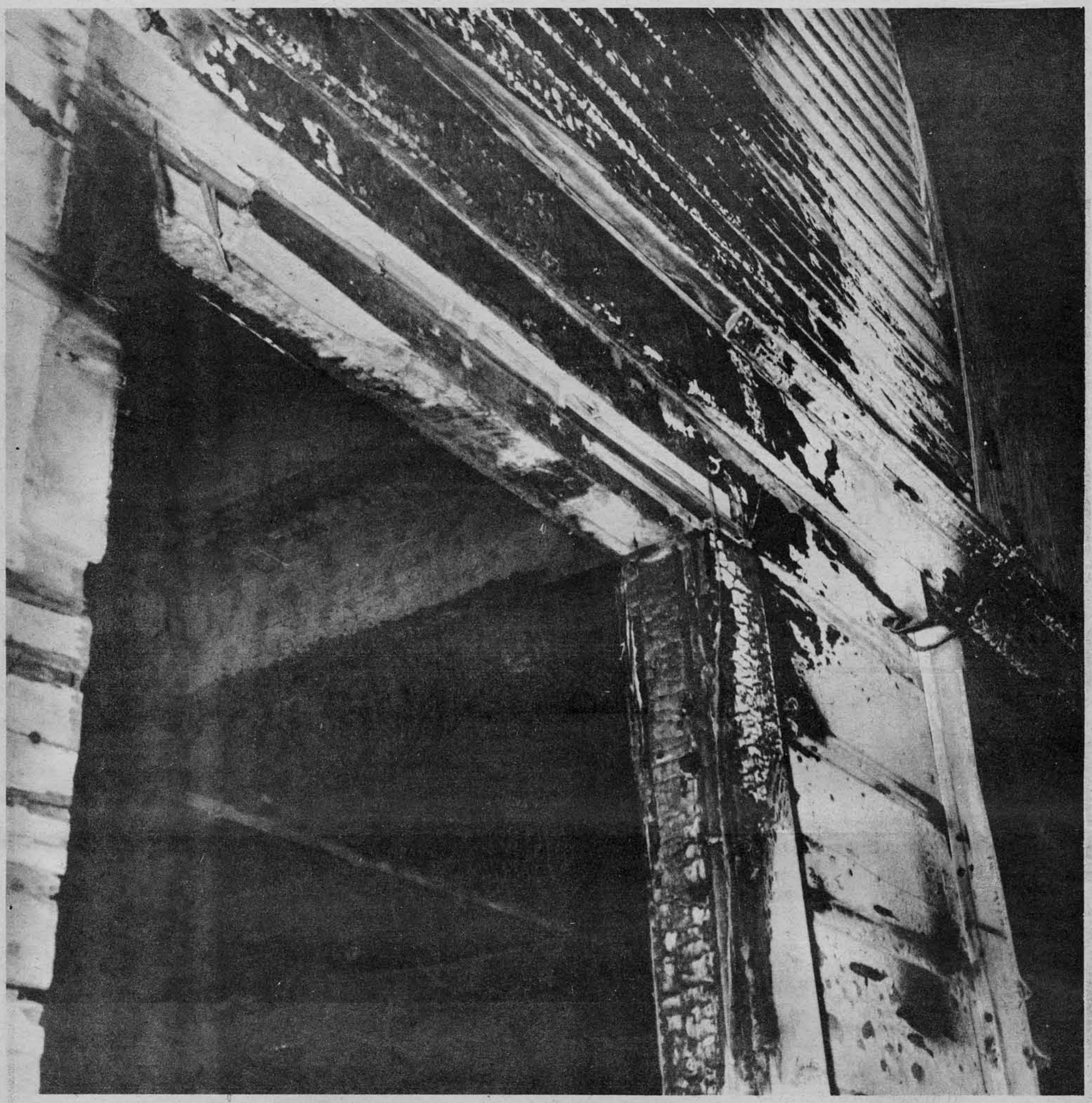


COMMUNITY PEOPLE LOOK OVER TYPICAL PIG ACTION IN THE BLACK COMMUNITY.



THE END RESULT OF THE LOCAL PIG DEPT.

OAKLAND CALIF.

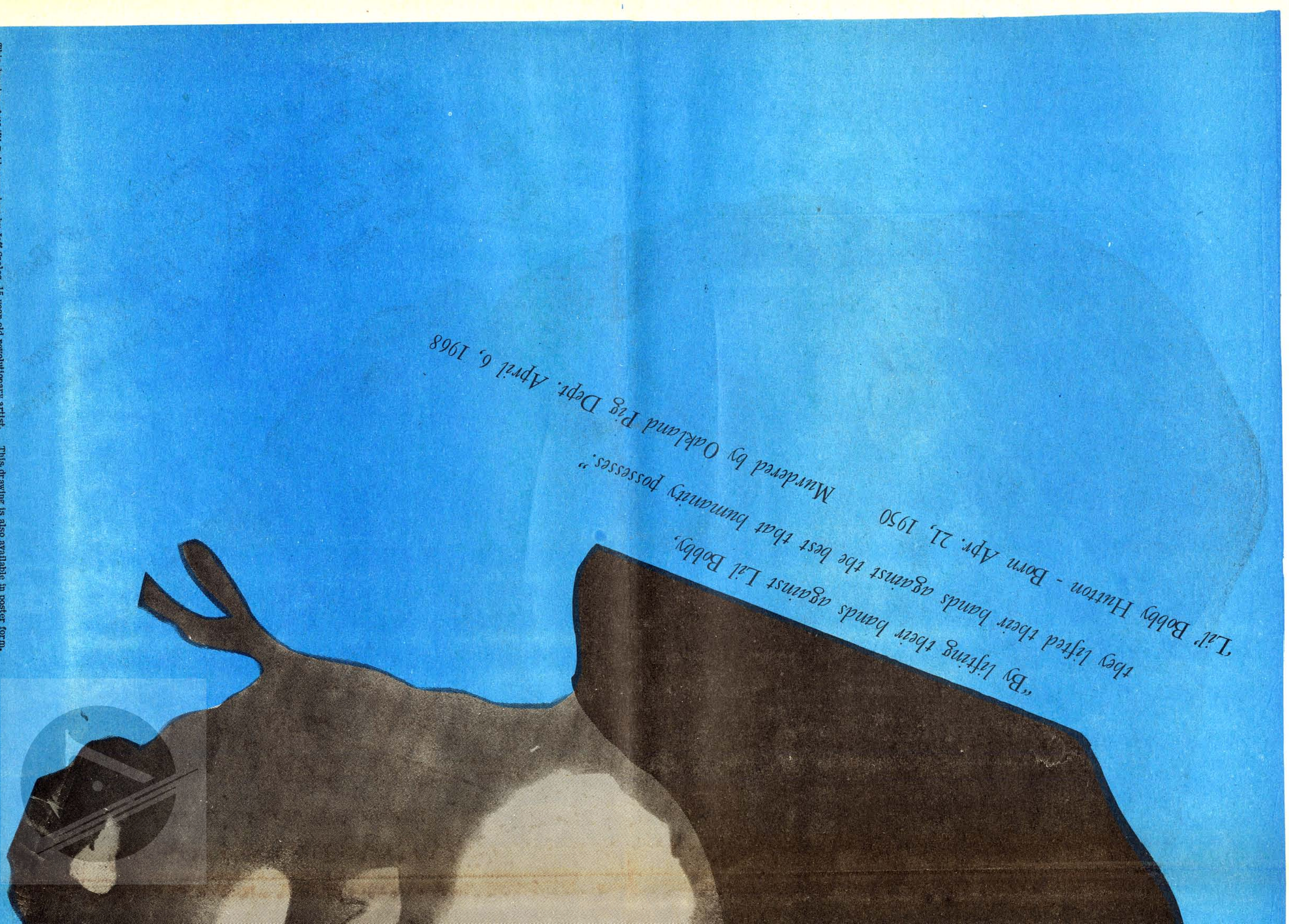


90-MINUTE GUNFIRE DID NOT KILL PANTHERS, PIGS SET HOUSE ON FIRE TO FORCE PANTHERS OUT AND MURDER "LİL" BOBBY.

"HE WAS THE BEGINNING"

HUEY P. NEWTON
MINISTER OF DEFENSE

This drawing of "Lil" Bobby was done by Jeff Scales, 15 year old revolutionary artist. This drawing is also available in poster form.



"By lifting their hands against Lil Bobby,
they lifted their hands against the best that humanity possesses."
'Lil' Bobby Hutton - Born Apr. 21, 1950 Murdered by Oakland P.

Oakland P.I.G. Dept. April 6, 1968

"The night they murdered "Lil" Bobby
they killed Eldridge Cleaver,
but so long as the ghost of Eldridge Cleaver
walks this land, the pigs of the power structures
will have an enemy"
Eldridge Cleaver

SERVING THE PEOPLE

The Black Panther Party is a Political party established to create revolutionary political power for Black People, and is continuing steadily to serve the people heart and soul. . . Our Cardinal Rule is:

"Have faith in the people, and faith in the party." This faith derives from an undying love for our people and the awareness of a need for a governmental eclipse. We, as the vanguard of the oppressed masses realize that we must and will serve the people heart and soul. The need and wants of the people must be fulfilled, and we as Huey P. Newton says shall be like an oxen to be ridden by the people. The exploited and oppressed people's needs are land, bread, housing, education, freedom, clothing, justice and peace, and the Black Panther Party shall not, for a single day alienate ourselves from the masses and forget their needs for survival, but instead institute to the people faith to the death.

"I'd rather be without the shame, a bullet lodged within my brain. If I were not to reach our goal let bleeding cancer torment my soul." - - - - Bunchy

It is only the people that can overthrow the present imperialistic environment that we are exposed to and only the people can institute a socialistic government that will serve them. The spirit of the People is greater than the man's technology, and that spirit will be guided by the vanguard party of this present liberation struggle.

The capitalistic, imperialistic, doggish, pimping of the people must cease by this wanton sadistic country or perish like Babylon. The people shall smash the glutton roaches running this decadent society and along with the directing of the Black Panther Party halt these running dogs and gain true liberation for all. We cannot depend upon the present government to fulfill our wants and needs. Thus more and more programs shall be set up to suffice the desires of the people and destroy the dictatorship of the burgeosie (ruling class) and its lackeys.

The Black Panther Party is for everything the enemy (U.S. imperialism) is against, and against everything the enemy is for. We believe in serving the people whole-heartedly, in a socialistic manner, not spending money like the U.S. to take hunger surveys, but to feed the people. All our actions are to the exact opposite of this hypocrisy called democracy. The Black Panther Party will continue to serve the people and fulfill their every desire, as an International united front of revolutionaries of the world, battling this mass oppression of capitalism, and imperialism.

When people call in to say they need food we do not spout a lot of superficial rhetoric, but see that they are fed.

"Our duty is to hold ourselves responsible to the people. Every word, every act, and every policy, must conform to the people's interest, and if mistakes occur, they must be corrected -- that is what being responsible to the people means. - - - - - Mao Tse Tung..

Marsha

TO ALL YOU SISTERS LIVING IN THE FILLMORE AREA, HUNTERS POINT, (NEAR HILLTOP, AND THE DOUBLE ROCK AREA)

WE NEED YOUR HELP

We are asking all of you sisters and brothers in these areas, PLEASE VOLUNTEER one, two, or even three days between Monday and Friday at 6:30 to 9:00 in the morning to help cook and serve food for the children.

The Black Panther Party, as many of you know, has a program going called Breakfast for Childern. Every morning before the school children go to school, the Black Panther Party offers each child a full breakfast-as much ad he or she can eat!

An example of one of the meals usually served on Wednesday might be:

sausage	toast with butter
grits	and jelly
eggs	hot jelly

The black Panther Party intends to expand this program throughout the city of San Francisco and keep it going as long as possible. We need volunteered services from brothers and sisters to help the community.

If you are willing to volunteer a few hours of the day once or twice a week please call:

Lauryn Williams
1336 Fillmore St
922-6322
922-0095

POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
BLACK POWER TO
BLACK PEOPLE

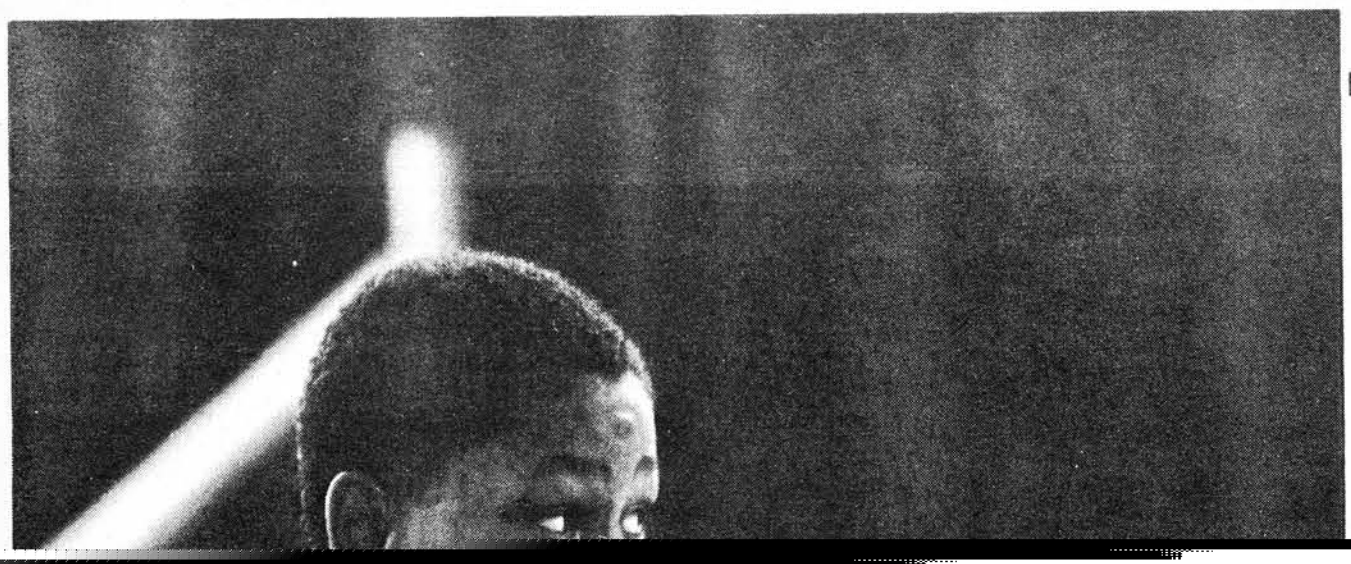
LETTER TO THE PARTY

Dear Sir:

I would like to thank you on behalf of the Welfare Department and myself for your prompt decision to help Mrs. Godfrey with food. I had heard of your "Breakfast for Children" program through the social worker's Union and hoped that you might also be able to provide additional food for families in dire need.

Thank you again for your kindness and decision to help.

Very truly yours,
ALAMEDA COUNTY
WELFARE DEPARTMENT
(Miss) Helen Craddock
Child Welfare Worker



RACIST REACTION TO BREAKFAST FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

School Breakfasts

EDITOR: So now the schools are going into the restaurant business. I hope I'm not around when they start the dinner bit.

What with the food stamps and all, I thought people on welfare were supposed to be eating pretty good. Of course, it is pretty tough dragging yourself out of bed early in the morning to get the kids breakfast, isn't it.

If people are not getting enough