

"When one of us falls, 1,000 will take his place."



PHOTO/ARMANDO

Fred Hampton, 21, Chairman of the Illinois Chapter of the Black Panther Party was shot and killed in his bed this morning, December 4th, by Illinois state's attorney's police. Also murdered was Mark Clark, Panther Defense Captain of Peoria, Illinois. Four other Panthers were wounded in the raid on Hampton's apartment at 2337 West Monroe, one block from the Black Panther Party headquarters.

According to police reports, a gun battle began after fifteen state's attorney's police cordoned off the block and tried to enter the Monroe street apartment. The raid was made on the basis of a search warrant issued by Circuit Judge Robert Collins after a witness swore he had seen "a large cache of shotguns and other weapons" in the building earlier in the day.

Sgt. Daniel Groth of the state's attorney's police led the raid. At a press conference Groth said, "I knocked on the front door, and someone asked 'Who's there?' I identified myself as a police officer and said I had a warrant to search the premises. I got no response. I repeatedly demanded entry for several minutes. Then I forced the front door with my shoulder. It was only a light touch. As I entered the darkened apartment I saw a girl on a bed holding a shotgun. As she fired the gun, Det. Duke Davis and three others fell to the kitchen floor."

This writer went to the apartment twelve hours after the slaying took place. Sgt. Groth is lying. He said he forced the front door open, was met by gunfire, and four of his cohorts fell to the kitchen floor.

Fact — The front door opens onto the front room.

Fact — The kitchen floor is in the kitchen which is the back room.

Fact — The front room door shows no evidence of having been forced.

Fact — There is a bullet hole in the front door which was made by a bullet entering the front room.

Bobby Rush, Minister of Defense of the Illinois Black Panther Party reported that a witness to the raid said he heard a knock on the front door. Someone in the apartment asked, "Who's there?" "Tommy," was the reply. Then a gunshot ripped through the door and into the front room.

All police statements insist that it was the police that were attacked, that a wild gun battle ensued, and that they were carrying on a legal search to confiscate illegal weapons.

Bobby Rush called it "another search and destroy mission." He said, "this vicious murder of Chairman Fred and Clark was implemented by that dog Nixon and Hanrahan and all the rest of the pigs. Hampton never fired back when the pigs came into his back room and shot Fred in the head. He couldn't have fired back because he was asleep.

"If the Panthers had as many weapons as the pigs said they had and if they had fired them, there would have to be evidence those weapons were fired."

There was no evidence in the apartment that the Panthers had fired. There is one bullet

hole going into the front door. In Hampton's bedroom, a blood-stained mattress lies on the floor, there are nine bullet holes in one wall, and fourteen bullet holes in another wall. The last set of holes are the effect of bullets which were shot through that wall from an adjoining bedroom. If it was a pitched 10-minute gun battle, as the police claim, then it is truly amazing that only two cops were injured — one struck in the right hand by flying glass, the other grazed by a shotgun pellet on the left leg.

Coroner Andrew J. Toman said Hampton was shot twice in the head and once in the left shoulder, and that Clark had been shot once in the left chest and once in the left arm.

Four other Panthers were taken to County Hospital. They are: Ronald (Doc) Satchel, 19, Minister of Medicine, shot in the abdomen and left leg; Blair Anderson, 18, shot in the abdomen; Vernlin Brewer, 17, shot in the left leg and thigh; and Brenda Harris, 18, shot in the right leg and left hand.

Three others were arrested: Deborah Johnson, 19; Louis Trueluck, 39; and Harold Bell, 23.

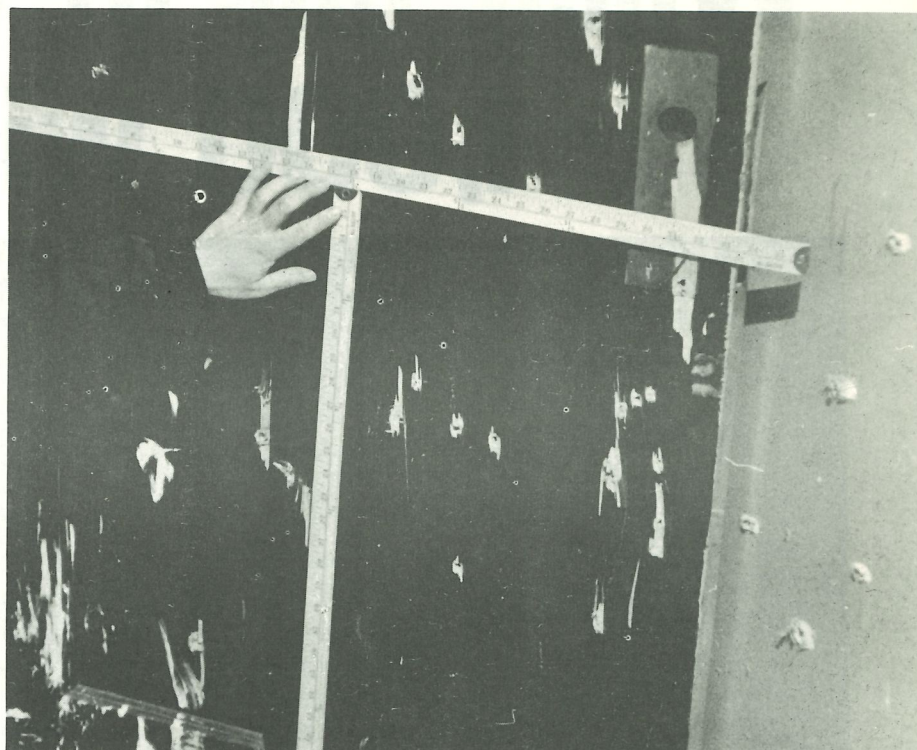
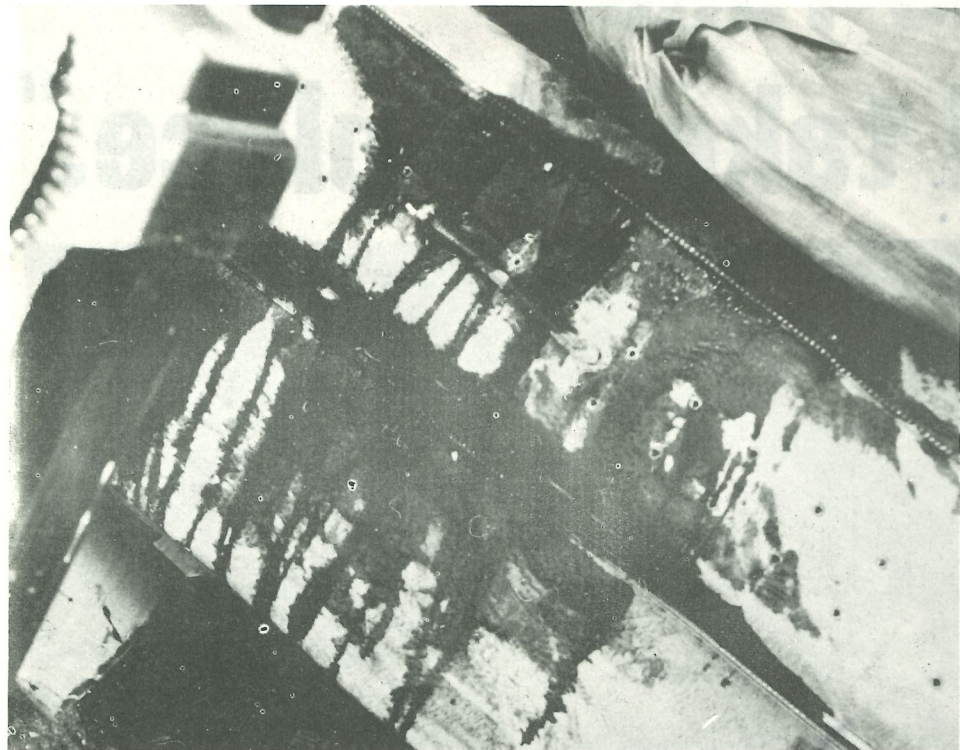
State's Attorney Hanrahan said all of those arrested in the "shootout" would be charged with attempted murder.

Bobby Rush said, "The people will beat the pigs to death and just because Chairman Fred has fallen does not signal the end of the Black Panther Party in Illinois.

"When one of us falls, 1,000 will take his place."

Marshall Rosenthal

this is the house that blood built



PHOTOS/LYNN/CHICAGO NEWSREEL

This is the house that blood built. It is called 2337 West Monroe Street. It is in Chicago, in what Elvis calls "the ghet-to."

A pool of blood stains the carpet behind the front door to this house. The blood was part of Mark Clark until the morning of December 4th. Mark Clark was a Black Panther from Peoria, Illinois.

Color him dead.

Overtured furniture fills the front room and hallways of this house. The walls and furniture are air-conditioned police style — ventilated by shotgun, pistol, automatic rifle, and magnum shells.

Color them violated.

There is a third bedroom at the end of the hallway, and the mattress in this room is half brown and half red. The brown part is frayed from use, the red part is fresh and slippery with agony and pain.

This redness was a part of Fred Hampton. Fred Hampton was Chairman of the Illinois Black Panther Party. Color him dead, too.

Fred Hampton was 21 years old.

Mark Clark was 22.

A block away, the Information Minister and the Defense Minister and several other speakers speak of Chairman Fred and Mark Clark and armed struggle. They speak of why they are tired of writing and lecturing and organizing in the shadow of 400 years of Babylonian Captivity.

Words.

At the house that blood built, words are no longer necessary. The shotgun patterns show where Ron Satchel, Blair Anderson, Verlin Brewer, and Brenda Harris were put up against the

wall. Shocked eyes play "follow the dots" and relay the truth: each was shot only in the lower body, each was shot to cripple him or her for a long time.

Soon we will pay yet another visit. Jews call it "sitting shivah." Irishmen call it a "wake." The Vikings launched ships when the time came. Soon we shall go to a place unlike "the ghet-to," a place where the air is clean and there is space for people to stretch out. We shall go to this place of good-byes, and we shall say our farewells to the 37th and 38th Black Panthers to perish this year. We shall stand over the graves and hear eulogies to those who faught well and not in vain.

More words.

We, the long-haired sons and daughters of the middle-class, went to the house that blood built and saw the truth that words and rhetoric cannot say. We saw the redness of black men and women and knew it for the redness of the yellow Vietnamese and the white activist whose blood will flow before the beast is slain. We stepped in the redness, and felt rage that the State's attorney could dare to congratulate his his gunmen for killing people in their beds. The redness seeped into our minds as we thought of our own communal homes and our still-living loved ones.

When we left the house that blood built, we knew that we had descended from the mountain to join with those who dwell in the valley. And, when we looked into each other's eyes we knew that the road back had been sealed by the avalanche of what we had seen.

Bring the ghetto home.

Abe Peck

This is war, people.

Fred Hampton was murdered in his sleep last night. He was the 38th member of the Black Panther Party to be killed by the pigs and their lackeys in 1969.

The Weathermen want to bring the Vietnam war home to Amerika. They don't have to lift a finger to see it done. The pigs are doing it for all of us and the heaviness of the Amerikan war is increasing geometrically every day.

I talked with half a dozen people today, the day after the murder, who were pale and trembling because of the thoughts that were going through their heads. One girl kicked parking meters. Someone else spraypainted messages of sorrow and revenge on the walls of the neighborhood. Another person went home, took out his gun, and gazed at it thoughtfully all afternoon. Voices on the phone sometimes sounded very faint and faraway, I tried to remember Fred alive as I printed photo after dead photo of him. I thought of the people I knew who are dead now. It's getting to be quite a list.

State's Attorney Hanrahan got on the tv and said how proud he was of his men for killing another couple niggers, and a boss one at that. A black man was arrested while walking down Ashland Ave. singing and firing random shots in the air. Panthers conducted tours through the blood-soaked apartment. Thousands filed through. A reporter for a daily paper went through the apartment and called his editor. "It was cold-blooded murder" he said. "Will the paper print that?" someone asked. He replied, "I don't know...I don't know." Four stoned longhairs stumbled across a street, almost getting hit by a car. Laughing, they disappeared into a brightly lit apartment. The Conspiracy 7 asked for a recess because they were emotionally upset. Judge Hoffman refused.

Brothers and sisters, they have killed too many of us. They have put too many of us in jail. They have insulted us too long with their lies and drivel. The time of choices is rapidly drawing to an end. It is stand and fight or die. I don't know how to say how strongly I feel this. Maybe e.e. cummings said it:

I don't want to frighten you
but they mean to kill us all

and B. Dylan said it:

You must choose now, take what you need,
you think will last.

We will last. We need each other. If you haven't chosen, you must soon.

Armando

The Black Panther Party needs money to provide bail funds, pay funeral costs, and to carry on Chairman Fred's work in building a People's Medical Care Center and providing Breakfast for Children. Send all contributions to the Illinois Chapter of the Black Panther Party, 2350 West Madison, Chicago, Illinois.

