

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
 EARLY WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 24, 1970

**A MAN BY THE NAME OF ARTHUR DAVIS, STOOD UP TO THE ENTIRE WORLD,
 AND DEMANDED THAT HE BE SPOKEN TO, AS A MAN**



Mrs. Valterre Davis holds Maurice, three, whom she put in a closet when pig bullets ripped into the Davis' home.

The monumental issue involved here is Self-Defense. The exercise of the 2nd Amendment to the now-defunct United States Constitution, is the issue involved here. The question which must have burned in the mind of Arthur Davis as he held off invading marauders disguised as policemen, would not be too hard to imagine.

"What do I do? Stand here, and be shot, or shoot back? By picking up a gun, to bring silence to the guns which now bark, and search for the flesh of my wife, and my children."

Early Wednesday morning, June 24th, 1970, a man by the name of Arthur Davis, stood up to the entire world, and demanded that he be spoken to, as a man. The White racist occupying army, while observing the sleeping colony, saw the Davis' pull up to their 33rd St. home, and they decided to have a little fun with a nigger. The pig approached Brother Davis, and told him that he had run a red light. Brother Davis dug that this was just harassment, but he refused to be the butt of it, and in his innocence, he corrected the officer, and said that he didn't run it. The officer fumed over this lowly, subhuman nigger, calling him a liar, and let a few racial slurs slip out of his slimy snout, which ended up in a hospital. The brother walked off into his pad, saying, "Man, put that gun away," when the pig of injustice pulled out his gun, while brother Davis entered his house. A hail of bullets followed him, with Davis getting hit in the arm. At this point, all hell broke loose, the door was kicked in three murderous pigs charged upstairs, and all three came tumbling back down when they met face to face with shotgun pellets, mastered by Arthur Davis, who demanded to be spoken

**THESE LITTLE PIGS
 WENT TO THE GHETTO.**



PIG EDWARD TUSSO



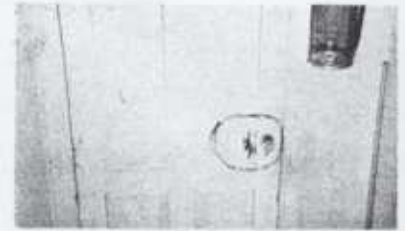
PIG ROBERT WALTERS

Unfortunately, we don't have the other pig's name nor picture.

The aftermath of the fiery onslaught listed three pigs hospitalized with shotgun blasts of the face, and neck area, and the entire police force on the verge of a heart attack, from not knowing which nigger will do what, Davis was hit in both arms, his wife, Mrs. Valterre Davis, and their son, Maurice, three years old, narrowly averted being shot and killed by their collective resourcefulness. Sister Davis put Maurice in the closet, and took refuge in the bed-



THE PIGS, AFTER COMING IN UNINVITED, RAN AMUCK BY SHOOTING UP THE CEILING.



PIGS SHOT THROUGH DOOR



PIGS RANSACKED THE DAVIS' HOME

room of the 3-floor structure...in the pitched battle of resistance which lasted for three hours.

At this point it should be noted that the relevance of this issue can best be seen in light of the events which surrounded the L.A. 18, where 11 niggers held off hundreds of pig police for hours. We hold this event of three against one up high, as an example of the masses observing the teachings of our Party with practice. It is very possible that the brother could have heard of the December 8th shootout just as I have described it, which was, and will be sufficient, 11 niggers holding off hundreds of pigs for hours, WITH GUNS. Brother Davis is presently being held under \$50,000 bail. The people, the Black revolutionay people in Babylon, must not allow this brother to suffer in a cell, because his actions point towards our ultimate goal, Sister Elaine Brown says:

HAVE YOU EVER STOOD, IN THE DARKNESS OF NIGHT, SCREAMING SILENTLY YOU'RE A MAN.

HAVE YOU EVER HOPED THAT A TIME WOULD COME, WHEN YOUR VOICE WOULD BE HEARD IN THE NOON-DAY SUN.

HAVE YOU WAITED SO LONG, 'TIL YOUR UNHEARD SONG, HAS STRIPPED AWAY YOUR VERY SOUL, WELL JUST BELIEVE IT MY FRIEND, THAT THIS SILENCE WILL END.

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO GET GUNS AND BE MEN."

THIS TIME BIRDSHOT, NEXT TIME OO BUCK!

RESIST TO EXIST!

BLACK PANTHER PARTY
 Philadelphia Chapter