

A Panther Tale #4 Huey Gets the Last Laugh

In 1972, I was on special assignment from the Central Committee. My job was to be with Huey daily as he went to court for the murder of a police officer and wounding of another in 1967. Huey was convicted of manslaughter in 1968. He won an appeal in 1970 and had to go back to court and be tried again.

The District Attorney was a dick and his aide, a police lieutenant, was a sucker. They gave us the evil eye everyday. The aide was a real redneck with silver hair, an older guy maybe in his late 40's. He would have us searched for weapons (me and my partner Clark Bailey) from time to time. He would spend his time staring at us, with hate streaming from his eyes, I know he wanted to kill us.

One day court let out early. Charles Garry made some motions and the DA wanted more time to respond. We walked Huey and Big Rob (Robert Bay) to their car. It was around 2 pm and I had the rest of the day off. I was a student adviser at Grove Street College where Big Man was a Campus Administrator and I had just gotten paid.

I had money to spend and wanted some new gear, so I jumped in my money green 1969 Mustang and headed to Hayward to Macy's. I parked the car and went shopping. I was in the Men's department at Macy's. I was looking around and my eyes met the eyes of the DA's aide who was also shopping. He saw me and took off running. I had never seen a white man run so fast. I think he thought I was there to get him, like he wanted to get us.

The next day I told Huey what had happened, before we went into the court. Huey went to sit at the table with Charles Garry his lawyer. Right before court starts, Huey starts making the sound of a chicken, looking right at the DA's aide and laughing in his face. The aide turned a beet red and walked out of the court; he never messed with us again. The pigs never knew that all I wanted was a

shirt. Huey said that they were all paper tigers. Later, we went to lunch with big smiles on our faces and Huey bought us lunch and drinks. He asked how his chicken impersonation sounded. I guess those pigs were looking over their shoulders for a while.

Billy X