youth in Oakland, youths who yearned for the opportunity to break the chains of oppression. They eagerly followed his example, joining the Black Panther Party to make a change in their lives and the lives of their people.

Bobby Hutton wasn't a doctor; he wasn't a lawyer; he wasn't even a high school graduate. He was a child whose love for his people fueled his actions, a teenager who decided that the fight for his people was much more important than his own personal well being. Being beaten, jailed, and humiliated by the police didn't deter Bobby- he was an unselfish, loving youth with a mission, one that would ultimately cost him his life. Over 2,000 people attended Bobby James Hutton's funeral- children he once fed breakfast, women he once gave groceries or clothing, men he once helped register to vote- mourning the loss of one of the most unselfish, dedicated, loving teenagers there ever was.

Unfortunately, not many people, Black or White, know who Bobby Hutton was, or what he stood for; sadly, not many of them care. Nowadays, Black teenagers are too concerned with their Von Dutch clothes, their Louis bags, their Nike footwear, and their hundred-dollar hair dos to care about a Brother who gave his life to the struggle for equality and the betterment of Black people. Today's teenagers have no sense of commitment, and no sense of historical pride; underprivileged Black teens don't realize the true cause of their impoverished conditions, and therefore senselessly fight and brutalize each other. If today's generation would only follow in Bobby Hutton's perfect example of a concerned, dedicated human being, the violence would cease, and Black people would see each other as who we really are. We are brothers and sisters fighting for a common cause, fighting to reach the same goal Bobby James Hutton gave his life trying to reach- freedom and power in a country we built.