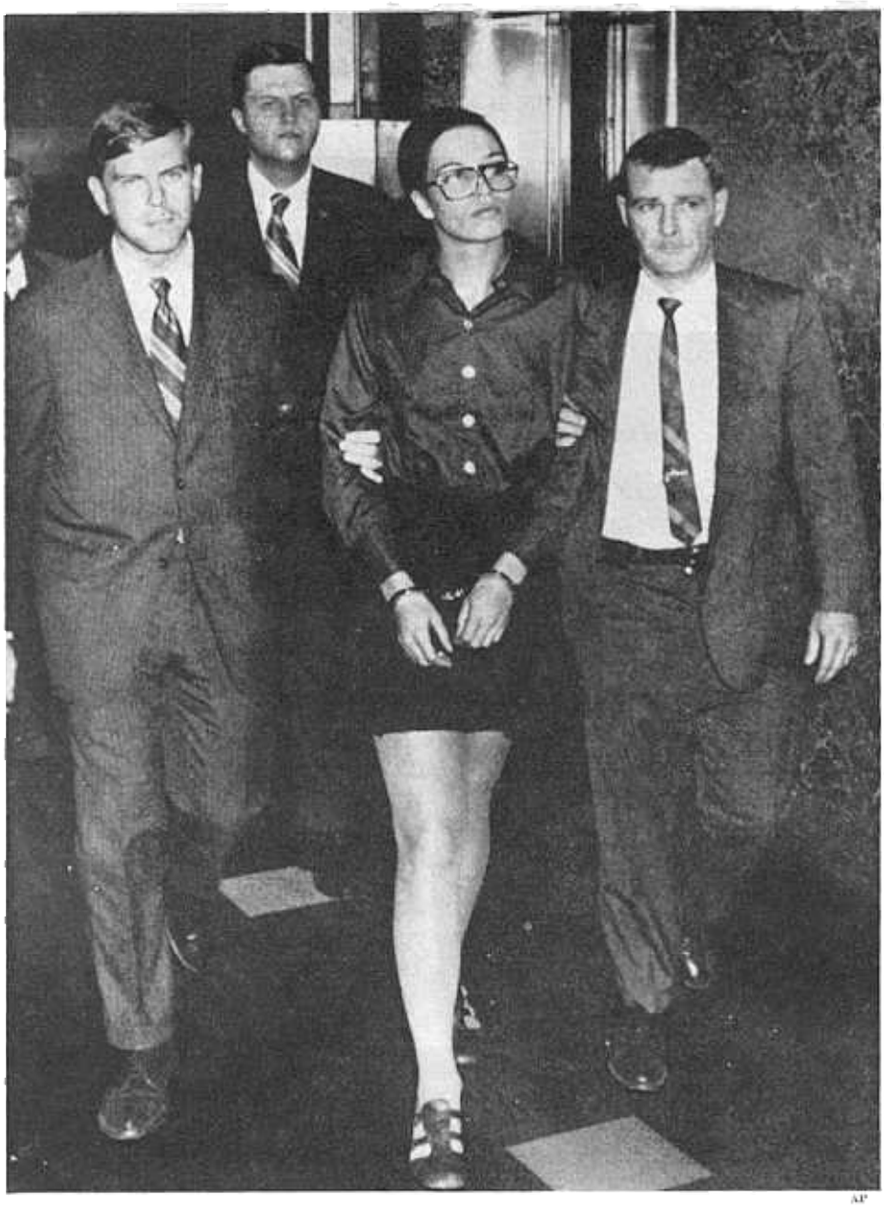
Newsweek



End of the hunt: G-men bringing in suspect Davis after her arrest

The Angela Davis Case

She was, by the FBI's reckoning, the most-wanted woman in America—a young revolutionary of rare intellect and beauty accused of an accomplice's role in one of the year's most shocking incidents of left-wing terrorism. There was more to Angela Davis than that. At 26, she was a breath of new life in the doddering American Communist Party, an eloquent champion of the Black Panthers, an academic cause célèbre in California and an icon to New Left activists from coast to coast. Last week, in an episode that mingled irony with intrigue, G-men arrested her without a fight in that quintessentially Middle American refuge—a Howard Johnson's motel.

The capture in New York of the most glamorous and provocative fugitive on the Feds' list came at a fortuitous time for the beleaguered authorities. The country is in the grip of the worst spasm of left-wing violence since anarchist days, and the national composure is clearly showing the strain. The rising tide of bombings and attacks on the police has become the most emotional issue of the fall campaign—one that conservative candidates especially are exploiting to good effect.

Last week's events provided further evidence that the forces of law and order were a long way from stifling the terrorist onslaught. Dynamite blasts rocked the Federal Building and seven other sites in placid Rochester, N.Y. (page 24). The library of Harvard's Center for International Affairs, long a target of radical ire, was wrecked by a nighttime explosion; an outfit calling itself "the Proud Eagle Tribe, a group of revolutionary women," claimed credit for the sabotage (the police were skeptical about that) and dedicated the exploit to Miss Davis "because her actions and example have inspired us."

Wanted poster: Spurring the hunt

In Washington, policemen from 2 states massed on the steps of the Capitol to demand a crackdown on the recent rash of sniping attacks on cops. "We are in a revolution," said their leader. Lawmen and legislators warned that politicians or government officials might be attacked or kidnaped by homegrown revolutionaries adapting the tactics of Latin American guerrillas. Across the border in Canada, that nightmare had already come true: the government invoked emergency war power to combat Quebec separatists who had kidnaped two public figures and were holding them hostage—and had then chosen to kill (page 35).

DESPERATE TURN

Had Angela Davis, daughter of t... black bourgeoisie, product of Brandeis and the Sorbonne, onetime philosophy instructor at UCLA, taken the same desperate turn to terrorism? Friends couldn't believe she had anything to do with the bloody kidnaping-turned-shoot-out at the Marin County Hall of Justice in San Rafael, Calif.—not even the secondhand role that the charges against her suggest.

The state's case—so far as it has been disclosed—is that Miss Davis bought two handguns, a rifle and a shotgun that were smuggled into the courtroom by 17-year-old Jonathan Jackson one morning last August. Jackson stopped the trial at gunpoint, freed three black convicts and took five hostages, including the judge. As they were driving off in a van, shooting broke out both inside the van and from prison guards outside, and Jackson, the judge and two of the convicts were all killed.

Their plan had been to trade the kidnap victims for the "Soledad Brothers," three black convicts (one of them Jackson's brother) under indictment for killing a prison guard. And a week later, California officials thickened the plot still further by issuing a warrant for the arrest of Miss Davis on charges of murder and kidnaping. No one suggested that she had been at the scene of the shoot-out. But four of the weapons used by Jackson were allegedly purchased by her—and under California law an accomplice to a crime may be held guilty

of the same offense as its perpetrator.

Miss Davis promptly disappeared. She reportedly bought a plane ticket from San Francisco to Los Angeles a few hours after the shoot-out, but for weeks later, there was no trace. The FBI mounted an elaborate search, interviewing what seems to have been hundreds of people who knew her. In view of the bureau's distinctly spotty record of tracking down other radical fugitives (page 22), most of her friends were confident that she had successfully escaped overseas to friendlier shores—Cuba, perhaps, or even Algeria.

DAPPER PLAYBOY

In fact, lawmen said, she had made her way to Chicago and a shadowy figure named David R. Poindexter Jr. Poindexter's late father, who was black, had been a Communist during the '30s; his mother is a wealthy white woman who is divorced and now lives in Hollywood, Fla. The mother reportedly had settled a considerable fortune on him, and to the extent he was known in Chicago at all, he was seen as a handsome, dapper playboy, dabbling in business deals here and there and cruising around in a flashy Cadillac. Poindexter had been divorced once, and his second wife recently committed suicide, leaving a note reading: "David, I'm tired of you, your Momma and your whores."

From Chicago, Poindexter apparently drove Miss Davis to Miami, where he registered (under his real name) at the Golf Lake Apartments. This was an ironic choice of lodgings. The security chief at Golf Lake is a former Miami deputy sheriff named Charles Celona whose grand jury testimony on police corruption recently resulted in 22 indictments. To protect this star witness, Gov. Claude Kirk had ordered 24-hour police protection for Celona, and so the Golf Lake Apartments, during the time Angela Davis stayed there, was under constant police surveillance. Poindexter further tempted discovery by buying a new car, a white Toyota, which he registered under his correct name and the Miami address.

Joseph Runci—Boston Globe

Harvard blast: Tribal tribute

UPI

Protesting cops massing on the Capitol steps: 'We are in a revolution'

What seems to have flushed the couple, however, was neither the police detail nor the car registration but a story splashed through the Miami press late in September. A local charter-boat captain reported that he had been approached by a black woman with an Afro hair-do and two black men who ordered him at gunpoint to take them to Bimini. He had persuaded them, he said, that he didn't have enough gas, and they fled in a Cadillac. The story was later discounted, but it produced pictures of Miss Davis in local papers and more than 500 tips to the FBI. Miss Davis and Poindexter—who had reportedly been planning to take a clandestine flight to Cuba—decamped hastily for New York, so hastily that when the FBI finally searched their room at Golf Lake, they found unmailed letters in her handwriting and the uncollected registration of the Toyota in the mailbox downstairs.

The fugitives turned up next in New York. They checked into a Midtown Holiday Inn and then, for some reason, decided to move. William Slevin, manager of the Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge, had an FBI "Ten Most Wanted" handbill pinned to his desk when "Mr. and Mrs. George Gilbert" registered on Oct. 8. But he spotted no resemblance between the flamboyantly Afro-coifed young woman pictured on the flyer and the elegant Mrs. Gilbert before him. Angela no longer wore her hair in an Afro—she was sporting a short-haired wig and had also trimmed her eyebrows into a new arching curve. There was no concealing her striking beauty—the couple in the room across the hall called the Gilberts "simply stunning"—but she had managed deftly to change her type.

Nevertheless, five days after they checked in, the FBI closed in. Miss Davis and Poindexter were out when the agents arrived and staked out their $30-a-day, twin double-bedded room on the seventh floor. About 6 o'clock, the couple returned; they surrendered without any fuss. "It was done very discreetly, very quietly," said Slevin. "There was no fanfare."

EXTRADITION FIGHT

Everything was so discreet, in fact, that some of Miss Davis's West Coast friends wondered whether she might have wanted to be caught. "I just don't think she wanted to run any more," suggested one. Another thought "maybe she figured she would have a more effective voice from prison as a martyr." But the FBI insisted heatedly there was nothing prearranged about the capture—and Miss Davis seemed to bear this out. She promptly engaged John J. Abt, a veteran Old Left attorney (sample clients: Paul Robeson, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and the CP itself), and he announced she would fight extradition back to California. She will be held without bail, as is customary in capital cases, until her extradition hearing (conveniently timed for Nov. 9, which means that Gov. Nelson Rockefeller will not have to issue any order until after Election Day). Poindexter, who was charged with harboring a fugitive, was released in $100,000 bail. The bond was put up by his mother, who rushed up from Florida for the purpose. "My beautiful black prince," she had declared earlier when she heard

Revolutionary album: Angela as a 10-year-old Girl Scout in Birmingham, and (seated, top right) at a 1964 family reunion after study abroad ...

of her son's arrest, "can do no wrong."

Miss Davis's adherents were just as strenuous in her cause. They marched up and down before the Women's House of Detention where she was being held, and it seemed apparent that the chant "Free Angela!" would well up from radical rallies for some time to come. After her arraignment, a spectator inside the courthouse shouted "We love you from the West Coast to the East Coast—and you *will* be free." Miss Davis, whose hands were handcuffed before her, raised them about waist high and, smiling slightly, gave a clenched-fist salute.

CROSSROADS

To people who had known Angela Davis in earlier and happier times, a squalid New York jail cell seemed a grotesque way station in an extraordinary career. For she had made her spiritual home at the crossroads of two cultures, and somehow she managed to inhabit them both, declining the rewards that either would have bestowed on her if she had been willing to live within its rules alone. She could have opted for the life of scholarship—a precocious childhood, attendance at the best of schools, junior year at the Sorbonne and graduate study in Germany, European literature, Kantian philosophy, professorships, tenure and learned publications. Or she could have chosen the world of the streets—of swelling black consciousness in the nation's ghettos, mass rallies, Afro hair-do's, angry slogans, guns and violent death. But she chose both worlds at once—and the tension lent special power and poignance to her story.

As the daughter of a schoolteacher (her mother has an M.A. from New York University) and a reasonably prosperous service-station owner, Angela had opportunities afforded few other black children in Birmingham, Ala. At the age of 2 she began piano lessons, and her parents rewarded her with a Wurlitzer console piano on her sixth birthday. When she was 3, her mother took her to a poetry reading by Langston Hughes and led her up to meet the poet afterward. Angela was swift to demonstrate her cultural precocity. "I like your poems, Mr. Hughes," she allowed. "I know one too—'Mary had a little lamb . . .' " Despite such sallies, most of her teachers, both then and later, sensed she was a shy, standoffish sort. "At school," her mother recalls, "she'd never volunteer. But if she was called on, she'd know the answer. I'd tell her, 'Angela, you've got to speak up. If you know something, you've got to express yourself'."

There was one thing that every black child growing up in Birmingham in the mid-1950s couldn't help knowing, and that was the racial furies abroad within the town. The Davis family lived, along with many other middle-class Negroes, on what came to be called "Dynamite Hill" after white night riders began bomb attacks on the homes of the civil-rights leaders clustered there. She knew some of the four black girls killed in the blast that devastated a church and Sunday school in September 1963. "My political involvement," she declared in an interview last year, "stems from my existence in the South."

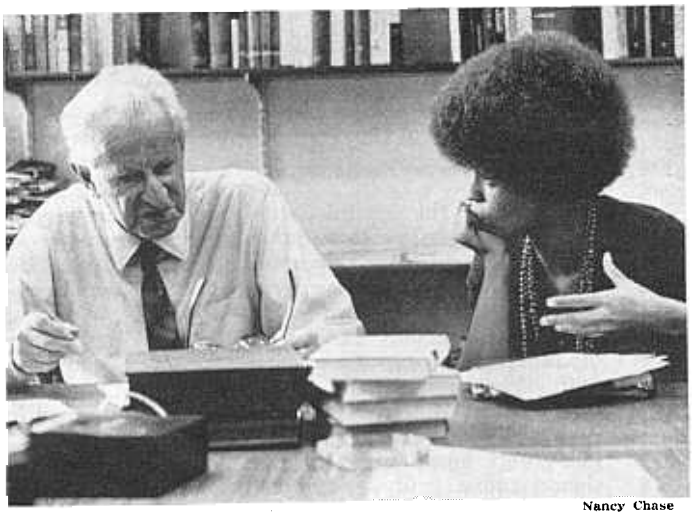
When Angela was 15, a representative of New York's Elisabeth Irwin High School, a socially progressive private school, came to Birmingham looking for talented black children to recruit. Her own high school recommended her, and she didn't hesitate an instant before accepting. Things were not easy for her at Elisabeth Irwin—she had never, for example, studied any French. In response to the challenge, she majored in French, graduated with distinction and went on to win a scholarship at Brandeis University.

At Brandeis she pursued the literary studies that had become her chief interest: French literature continued to be her major field. She wrote her honors essay (a study of French author Alain Robbe-Grillet) under the direction of Prof. Murray Sachs, who became the first of a string of academics to pronounce her "one of the two or three best students I've ever had" or some variation on that superlative theme. Her junior year she spent in Paris. A classmate, Vivian Auslander, recalls her as both scholarly ("she had index cards of almost everything we read") and shy ("you could hardly hear her when the teacher called on her, but she always had the right answer").

So far, there had been few hints of anything but a profound and original intellectual fascination with the themes of Continental literature. But when Angela returned to Brandeis, she met Herbert Marcuse. He was in his final year of teaching at Brandeis, an eclectic Marxist philosopher who laid much weight on subtle forms of repression within capitalist democracies and the psychic need for individual acts of refusal—to break society's molds. Angela found herself strongly attracted to his views: she took up the study of philosophy and, at the end of the year, instead of going to teach at a Southern university as her literature teachers urged, she enrolled for graduate work in philosophy at the Marxist-oriented Institute of Social Research at Johann Wolfgang Goethe University in Frankfurt.

GOING HOME

In Frankfurt, recalls sociology professor Oskar Negt, "she learned German in a remarkably short period and grasped Kant and Hegel in equally amazing fashion." He particularly remembers a first-rate seminar paper of hers on "The Conception of Interest in Kant's Critique of the Powers of Pure Reason." She also, no doubt, refined her sophisticated intellectual brand of Marxism—even as she responded to the gathering racial revolution back in the U.S. According to David Wittenberg, a German student to whom she was very close in those days, she had



Nancy Chase

. . . as a Brandeis student in 1965, with Marcuse in California, and picketing with Jonathan Jackson in June

UPI

a number of visitors from the States who kept her posted on racial developments on the home front. "The amazing thing about Angela," he says, "was that she didn't treat this racial thing as a personal issue. She had an ability to keep her own feelings out of her assessment of the American racial situation. This allowed her to arrive at rational rather than emotional conclusions." One of her conclusions was that it was high time for her to be getting home. Theoretical speculations alone had apparently begun to lose their appeal for her; in 1967 she left, as one of her teachers explained, "because she could no longer tolerate the deterioration of the situation in the U.S. without becoming actively involved."

But her career still followed orthodox academic contours. She made her way to the University of California at San Diego, where Marcuse had moved, and began studying for her master's and doctorate under his tutelage. Her choice of a Ph.D. thesis topic—Kant's analysis of violence in the French Revolution—seemed to signal, however, a gradual shift in the focus of her scholarly interests, and she also began to dip into the organizing of the black community then afoot in San Diego.

DETACHED OBSERVER

"She was at all the meetings, constantly around and nibbling at the edges," recalls Tom Johnson, a journalist who was head of the San Diego NAACP at that time. "I remember she wasn't really that involved—she was always concerned but aloof. She seemed to be a detached observer at that time, always asking questions without saying very much herself. It seemed as if she were merely intellectually curious . . . In fact, she seemed so determined to get a feel of what was happening on the street level in the community that I first thought she was an FBI plant."

Miss Davis was feeling her way into a world that was largely new to her. For, up to that point, she had been something of an expatriate, plucked out of the black community by a white elite that had spotted her talents and rewarded them with the best training it had to offer. Like a number of black intellectuals before her, e.g., Richard Wright and James Baldwin, she had been drawn to Europe for the cultural stimulus available there, and perhaps it is fair to say that back in 1967 when she returned from Germany, she seemed less American than a product of European intellectual culture.

Certainly her attraction to the Communist Party stemmed from a severe rationalism rather than ghetto soul. As one fellow student from her San Diego days recalled last week, "She used to say, 'What group in the country has been consistent in a Marxist analysis of American society?' Because of the long commitment and obvious sincerity of the CP she joined it, even though it was considered too old hat, 40 years old, dull. She chose CP Marxism because it is scientific, it develops class consciousness and it is a long-range project."

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Poindexter: Last companion

Miss Davis's Marxist commitment gradually led her away from Ron Karenga's US, an organization devoted to black nationalism and cultural consciousness, and toward the Black Panthers, who were evolving a Marxist ideology of their own. She never, as far as is known, formally became a member of the Black Panther Party, but by 1968 she was moving widely in its circles. She had also emerged as a leading figure among blacks on campus, helping to set up a Black Students Council and drafting guidelines for the "Third College," an experimental school-within-a-school, run by and for minorities. But her role, some of her friends sensed, was hampered a bit by her tendency to talk in conceptual terms: Angela's effectiveness was directly proportional to the ability of other students to determine what in the world she was talking about. And there was that old aloofness. "She was never really hung up on that leadership thing," says Tyra Garlington, a San Diego girl friend. "It was always something personal with her—if others wanted to follow, that was their worry, not hers."

CAUSE CELEBRE

Then, in the middle of 1969, Miss Davis had leadership thrust upon her. Not by choice but by circumstance, she became a cause. The UCLA philosophy department was looking for an instructor, and she seemed to fit the bill perfectly. Not only was she black—all major universities were hungering for talented Negro teachers by then—but she was strongly schooled in the Continental European philosophical tradition of Kant, Hegel, Nietzsche and the existentialists. "The rest of us," notes a UCLA philosophy professor, "are under the influence

of British empiricists and analytical logical positivists. Her real value was that she filled a tremendous gap in the offerings of the department."

Hardly had she been hired as an acting assistant professor than an FBI informer announced there was a Communist on the UCLA faculty, and Angela was publicly identified soon thereafter. Against the strong recommendation of the faculty and the chancellor, the University of California's conservative-minded board of regents promptly fired her. A storm of protest broke over the UCLA campus, the ouster was challenged (and eventually quashed) in the courts, and a crowd of 2,000 students and faculty turned out for her first lecture in Philosophy 199, "Recurring Philosophical Themes in Black Literature."

They had, perhaps, expected a diatribe on academic freedom. What they got was a scholarly discourse on the thought of onetime slave Frederick Douglass. The process of liberation was the theme of the course, and Assistant Professor Davis began to trace what had become one of her own main preoccupations: the psychologically liberating force of the act of refusal. "Resistance, rejection, defiance, on every level, on every front are integral elements of the voyage toward freedom," she declared. ". . . The path of liberation is marked by resistance at every crossroad: mental resistance, physical resistance, resistance directed to the concerted attempt to obstruct the path. I think we can learn from the experience of the slave."

NO FLAWS

Miss Davis's courses that year were the most carefully monitored in the university: faculty members sat in, her lectures were tape-recorded, students were thoroughly quizzed on her performance. "There were no flaws," reports Prof. Donald Kalish, then chairman of the department. "She rated excellent in every area." She was, by almost all accounts, well prepared, accessible to questions in or out of class, open to points of view different from her own, and very articulate. Even so, at the end of the academic year last June, the regents fired her again; this time they made no mention of her CP membership (so as not to be overruled again by the courts) but cited allegedly inflammatory speeches she had made out of class.

Those speeches, according to most observers, were certainly radical but hardly incendiary. She regularly denounced university support of military research. And she had actively espoused the cause of the Soledad Brothers: she headed a committee for their defense and began a correspondence with one of them, George Jackson. The speeches did, however, seem to mark a turning point in Angela Davis's career. She had become, like it or not, a public personality. At first, according to one observer, she seemed nervous in her new role, then to grow

(Continued on Page 24)

THE FBI'S TOUGHEST FOE: 'THE KIDS'

Face it, we're in what amounts to a guerrilla war with the kids. And so far, the kids are winning.

It was hardly the Administration's official line. Nevertheless, that stark admission from a veteran Justice Department staffer last week dramatically underscored the increasing problems faced by the government—and especially the Federal Bureau of Investigation—in the escalating war with violent revolutionaries.

The successful manhunt that led to Angela Davis's arrest last week was a rare coup nowadays—and even if she should prove guilty as charged, she is evidently not the kind of extremist whose tactics and life-style now confront the FBI with its toughest challenge. The bureau's responsibility is, of course, limited. The FBI is an investigative agency, not a national police force. The basic job of protecting individuals and institutions rightfully belongs to local and state police. But the FBI earned its proud reputation by stalking and capturing a seemingly endless procession of kidnapers, bank robbers and cold-war spies, and director J. Edgar Hoover's men have nowhere as good a record when it comes to bringing today's new-breed revolutionaries to justice once the smoke of their dynamite bombs has cleared.

Nixon, Mitchell, Hoover (left) at Justice: A new crime bill . . .

Right now the bureau is hunting an impressive array of leftist celebrities. Indeed, within hours of Miss Davis's capture, her spot on the FBI's renowned "Ten Most Wanted" list was assigned to another female fugitive—Weatherman Bernardine Dohrn, 28, who has been sought for ten months. The nationwide search hasn't kept Miss Dohrn from making herself heard—via tape-recorded bomb threats and other pronouncements mailed to news media around the nation.

At the weekend, the Ten Most Wanted list had expanded to carry the names of a record 16 fugitives, nine of them considered radicals. Included were Katherine Power and Susan Saxe, 21-year-old former Brandeis University coeds who are charged with a bank robbery in Philadelphia and another in Boston during which a policeman was murdered. Also listed: Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee leader H. Rap Brown, who dropped from sight last March; Cameron David Bishop, charged with sabotaging power lines to a defense plant in Colorado last year and four young men indicted after a bomb blast in Madison at the University of Wisconsin in August.

More than a dozen other radicals, also under Federal indictment, are being sought on charges stemming from Weatherman's "Days of Rage" in Chicago last October and various bomb plots. Among them are Mark Rudd, a leader of the rebellion at Columbia University in 1968, and Cathlyn Wilkerson and Kathy Boudin, the two young women who disappeared after a bomb factory exploded, destroying a town house in New York's Greenwich Village March. Another celebrity from the subculture, LSD guru Timothy Leary, recently went over the fence at a [illegible] prison colony in California and vanished, apparently with the help of Weatherman radicals. And even Father Daniel Berrigan, the antiwar priest, led FBI agents a merry chase for four months, popping up here and there for sermons and seminars before finally being captured on Block Island (NEWSWEEK, Aug. 24).

The FBI itself warns of new revolutionary perils to come. "Several [illegible]

tic groups reportedly have plans to kidnap government officials," reported William C. Sullivan, one of Hoover's top assistants, in a speech to journalists in Williamsburg, Va., last week.

The government has countered the continuing pattern of political terrorism with some strict, short-term measures. To begin with, security was tightened last week at Federal office buildings from coast to coast; unguarded doors were locked, parcels and briefcases checked, identification demanded from suspicious entrants. Even the Pentagon stepped up its already snug security; guards in electrically powered carts marked "Special Pentagon Police" patrolled the corridors far more visibly than ever before. The heavy security blanket thrown over the 25th anniversary celebration of the United Nations in New York disrupted normal activities on Manhattan's East Side for hours, and customs officials at airports around the country set off traffic snarls of their own as they searched thousands of cars for explosives that might be used in aircraft-hijacking attempts.

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and a new member of the FBI's Top Ten, Weatherman's Dohrn

Helpful as such preventive measures may be, they are a long step from the kind of sophisticated effort that may be needed to counter the terrorist threat. Today's young, free-form revolutionaries present a new and peculiar challenge to the time-tested methods of the FBI. A generation ago the bureau found it relatively easy to infiltrate the Communist Party U.S.A., with its bureaucratic structure and predictable methodology. (The FBI's numerous pipelines into the party are still operative and may in fact have played a role in the successful hunt for Angela Davis.) The bureau has also done exceptionally well in penetrating the Ku Klux Klan, most of whose members are poor, ill-educated and rooted in their communities. And the FBI has scored its triumphs in establishing sources within that other great American bureaucracy, the Mob.

By contrast, the young revolutionaries are so decentralized and anti-bureaucratic that they present the authorities no structure to pierce. They hold no regular weekly cell meetings or "educational groups" that can be infiltrated as in the old days; often they form small (ten to twelve members) "affinity groups" or communes acutely suspicious of strangers. Being children of the middle class rather than conventional criminals, they leave little in the way of police records to be traced and are unlikely to draw attention to themselves while on the lam by, for example, bragging about their exploits in saloons. And they know how to get around in the jet age.

Difficult to catch on the fly, the revolutionaries all but disappear on the ground in the milieu of a new youth culture—or slip out of the country altogether. Perhaps most important, those who assist the fugitive radicals do not consider themselves accessories to a crime but counterculture patriots, and this makes them all but immune to one of the law's most persuasive mechanisms: the bribe. "Traditionally," says a veteran lawman, "the great majority of cases have been solved on the basis of information given in exchange for money. But these people don't give a damn about money."

'Tied Up': Part of the problem is the culture gap between the G-men and their quarry. The typical agent is a college grad (from a conservative campus, often as not) with a degree in accounting or law. "Like in Vietnam, the forces of order in this country are being tied up by their own attitudinal weaknesses," insists a Weatherman now free on bail in Boston. "They have no understanding of the subculture."

Some experts feel the bureau must make radical changes in its methods. "It's going to take time and an entirely new approach to the problem," says ex-FBI man Quinn Tamm, executive director of the International Association of Chiefs of Police. One suggestion is that the FBI switch from its present "zone defense" —in which responsibility for capturing a fugitive is switched from one local office to another—to a "man-on-man" in which the same agents would trail a suspect wherever the scent might lead. Brandeis history Prof. John Roche, who worked with the FBI as a Lyndon Johnson staffer, proposes that the bureau form a new special force, "a bureau of political analysis, or something like Scotland Yard's Special Branch, which would specialize in understanding these weird undergrounds." "What you really need," one Capital lawman told NEWSWEEK's Robert Shogan, "is a domestic CIA."

There is some evidence that the FBI may be getting with it. Shortly after the big bombing at the University of Wisconsin, a mod young man dressed in a bell-bottom suit, brown shirt and orange tie walked into the student newspaper office on the Madison campus and asked for one of the editors. "I'd like to rap with him," he said. Only later did the visitor flip open his credentials and identify himself as an FBI man.

Signing: For those not satisfied by the Mod Squad approach there was old-fashioned reassurance in the ceremony attending President Nixon's signing last week of the new omnibus crime bill. The President has asked for 1,000 new agents, partly to meet the bomb threat, and the new legislation somewhat widens the bureau's authority to move in immediately in cases involving bombings or cop killings.

For the signing itself, the President journeyed over to the Justice Department, which was aswarm with an unusually large contingent of Secret Service men. With Attorney General John Mitchell and Hoover himself watching with obvious approval, Mr. Nixon invoked the Angela Davis case to underscore the government determination to stamp out terrorism. In so doing, he seemed to engage in another bit of Presidential prejudgment similar to the premature verdict he rendered on West Coast murder defendant Charles Manson two months ago. Said the President: ". . . The actions of the FBI in apprehending Angela Davis . . . [are] an indication that once the Federal government through the FBI moves into an area, this should be a warning to those who engage in these acts that eventually they are going to be apprehended." Then, handing the bill to Mitchell and Hoover, he said, "Gentlemen, I give you the tools. You do the job." Replied Hoover, confidently: "We will, Mr. President."