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The Death Of Fred Hampton: A Special Report

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Black And White

By Lillian S. Calhoun

I didn't know Fred Hampton but I mourn him. I wasn't a follower of the Panther cause he led but I was shaken by the news of his predawn death.

Forseeing his doom, many older, if not wiser blacks pleaded with the Panthers to avoid guns. Grossly outnumbered and out-armed, poor and powerless, blacks seal their doom in this racist society by arming even for self-defense.

Yet this is cold comfort the week after the West Side massacre.

Members of the press and average citizens alike were stunned by the ferocity of the state's attorney's men. Many reporters knew and liked Hampton even if they did not accept Panther ideology. And thousands of Chicagoans who didn't know him nevertheless felt his death personally. From childhood, there are the old words: "Now I lay me down to sleep ... If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

To awaken to death, if indeed Hampton awakened at all is a cruelty so heartless it violates common humanity. The terrible vulnerability of the sleeping human being is sensed universally in the very fiber, bone and muscle. Many people disbelieve the official version that Hampton fired on the police while recumbent.

In martyring Hampton, the police created new black unity and electrified the dormant white liberal establishment to strenuous protest. Most, black and white, now seem aware that what the Panthers do they must answer for, legally and routinely. But the behavior of elected public officials and law enforcement officers is much more crucial to the fate of a democratic society and is literally everybody's business.

If public servants are not held to account for their misdeeds and unprofessional, malicious, fear-ridden behavior, we may all be inside when the gates clang shut. The bell tolls for everyone. Most Americans like to feel that a police state exists some other place. But a predawn raid with machine guns — baby, that's a police state here and now.

Beyond the obvious impropriety of a prosecutor's office being immersed in the most brutal kind of "law enforcement," Hampton's blood also cruelly smeared due process. If duly arrested and convicted of possessing unregistered weapons (in company with hundreds of thousands, perhaps, of Chicago area residents) the Panthers would have been open to a maximum of one year in prison. The penalty for illegal weapons such as a sawed-off shotgun ranges from one to ten years. Instead they received the death penalty on the spot.

The Nixon administration recently asked Congress to throw out legislation providing for detention camps for malefactors and dissidents. Maybe the liberal applause was too quick. Who needs concentration camps if graveyards are so much neater?

There is another reason why so many non-Panthers are outraged at this latest instance of unprofessional law enforcement in Chicago. It gnaws the insides of any parent to read how a force of 14 men armed with machineguns dealt with a group of youths aged 17 to 22. A cop is just as dead when shot by an 18-year-old as when he is shot by a 50-year-old, and the police have no reason to expect a cheery welcome from the Panthers, but it is the most callous official cynicism to send out a phalanx of heavily-armed men in the secret expectation, even the hope, that immature, easily-rattled youths will fire first so that they can be slaughtered.

Lawyers use the term "entrapment." The police action at Hampton's apartment, even by the official version, is entrapment, employing the most exquisite and sinister sadism.

And the racism is clear for all to see. Neither the wild Weatherman destruction nor the total massive chaos of Woodstock evoked violence nearly so great as that of December 4 against nine sleeping black youngsters.

Many citizens also cry out "Enough!" after the Hampton affair because there has just been too much blood these past few years and this past month. Death spills over every newspaper — massacre at My Lai and on West Momoe Street in Chicago, atrocities in war and in peaceful sunny California.

People are sick, sick, sick of guns, blood and insensate killing in uniform or out. And white America is perhaps beginning to dimly perceive with an awful shudder what blacks have warned through many decades: racism can lead a nation to lose its soul.

Finally, a generation, worldwide, which holds statesmen, Popes, bishops, college presidents to account by new yardsticks is not likely to long allow police methods to go unquestioned. The earth moves beneath their feet but these Neanderthal men are unheeding.

Someday.
Even in Chicago.

The Panthers And The Rest Of Us

The crash and flicker of pre-dawn gunfire, a cache of weapons, two dead black men — they were familiar scenes for police and the Black Panther Party. Yet this time, the shots that killed Fred Hampton, 21, and Mark Clark, 22, in Chicago on December 4 somehow began to echo around the world. To the surprise of the police, the Panthers, and the press, they gave the community a brief burst of illumination, by which it tried again to see itself.

Most easily seen was the doubt. There was doubt that Cook County State's Attorney Edward V. Hanrahan's police had shown "bravery . . . restraint . . . and discipline" in a search for illegal weapons, as Hanrahan himself insisted. And it spread to doubt in law enforcement, doubt in ourselves, doubt — especially — that doubt could ever be resolved. 'This is a tragic story for Chicago,' was the view of Clayton Kirkpatrick, editor of the Chicago Tribune and a staunch supporter of law and order.

Officials, journalists and revolutionaries were not prepared for the changing public mood: Hanrahan's announcement of a heroic police raid against "vicious" Black Panthers, press photographs of 18 seized weapons (including, police said, one sawed-off shotgun), the personal accounts of the policemen themselves — it was the route that Hanrahan had taken successfully as a crimebusting federal district attorney.

But this time, black Alderman A. A. (Sammy) Rayner charged that the killing of Panther Chairman Hampton was an "assassination." Nine Congressmen called for an independent investigation. Thousands of local black students mourned. The white mayor of suburban Maywood (where Hampton grew up) demanded murder indictments against Hanrahan's raiders. Ralph Abernathy, Jesse Jackson and Dr. Spock eulogized Hampton and joined 5,000 persons at a memorial service.

For many, doubt about Hanrahan's story revived doubts about the scores of police raids and the twenty deaths of Panthers in the past three years. Hanrahan hit the issue squarely:

"I would have thought our office is entitled to expect to be believed in by the public. Our officers wouldn't lie about the act. I'm talking about the credibility of our officers here and myself."

At first, the news media too misjudged the public mood. First reports flatly accepted the police definition of the incident as a "shootout." Chicago Today blared: "Panther bosses killed in cop shootout."

It was a familiar case of journalistic doubletalk, since doubt was present even in the city rooms where those first stories were written. One Sun-Times reporter quit when editors buried his story — the first report that the location of bullet holes in the Panther apartment did not square with the police version of the raid.

Another editor told a group of reporters who wanted to dig deeper that “nobody would be interested in it.”

Yet, a week later, local newsmen rushed to catch up with the story, seeking rumored witnesses and charting investigations. Chicago Today was declaring, in a front page editorial: “Mr. Hanrahan should step aside” from investigations of the raid.

It wasn’t that the media were whipping up the citizenry, as Hanrahan had charged: the media were being pushed by the community — especially the black community, some of whom even sought a 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. “curfew” for whites in black neighborhoods. Loudly and more clearly than ever before, the community was saying that it didn’t trust the system.

Why was the doubt spreading?

Partly, there was the physical evidence which challenged the police story; partly the universal dread of midnight raids; partly the contradictions in the policemen’s story; partly the account which the Panthers themselves gave of the incident; partly the growing numbers of Panther raids and deaths nationwide. As the Panthers’ general counsel, Charles Garry of San Francisco, put it: “I have satisfied myself that there is a national scheme by the various agencies of government to destroy and commit genocide upon members of the Black Panther Party.”

Beside the specifics of Hampton’s death, doubt grew because the cliches police and the news media had applied to Fred Hampton and the Black Panthers clashed wildly with reality.

“I firmly believe,” said a top cop in the state’s attorney’s office, “that 95 per cent of the blacks are terrorized by these Black Panthers, and are just afraid to open their mouths.” Yet in all of Chicago these past weeks, only one black leader, United States District Judge James B. Parsons, was heard to defend the police against the Panthers. The newfound unity of the black community against the raid was striking indeed, embracing even Mayor Daley’s loyal black aldermen.

“It’s about time,” the state’s attorney’s policeman had said, “that people stand up and be counted as to what they believe in.”

And forty black mail carriers in uniform raised their fist in solidarity before filing through the apartment where Hampton was slain.

“I see this,” said law enforcement professor, A.C. Germann, a consultant to the U.S. Department of Justice, “as just a kind of normal, routine police operation. Police have never worried too much about legality, or morality, or compassion. The aim has been getting the job done, like American businessmen.”

If one looked at the talented prosecutor who applied Mafia-busting tactics to Chicago’s militant gangs and the revolution-minded Panthers, or at James (Gloves) Davis, one of the police raiders,

who said on television that he was a “colored” officer and who earned his nickname as an old-style cop who beat troublemakers while wearing black gloves, or at the inertia of the news media in explaining the raid and the Black Panthers or at the shrewd silence of Mayor Daley — if one looked at the city at work, it was possible to see in the death of Fred Hampton a great threat to the routines of the old order, and first stirring of the new.

Last June, in testimony before the Senate Permanent Investigations Sub-committee, Fred Hampton said:

“I just went to a wake where a young man had been shot in the head by a pig. And you know this is bad. But it heightens the contradictions in the community. These things a lot of times organize the people better than we can organize them ourselves.”

Adding Up The Evidence

(The killing of Fred Hampton was widely debated partly because the apartment where he was slain was later opened to the public by the Black Panther Party. Thousands of persons, black and white, saw some of the evidence on the walls of the apartment. Here, Christopher Chandler describes that evidence.)

Cook County State's Attorney Edward V. Hanrahan described it as a blazing gun battle that erupted when police officers, attempting to serve a warrant, were attacked by members of the Black Panther Party.

Anyone who visited the apartment at 2337 W Monroe Street is forced to the conclusion that the state's attorney is lying, or at best speaking from ignorance. Whatever happened during the barrage of gunfire at 4:44 a.m. on December 4, it could not have been a "battle" in the sense of two sides shooting at each other.

Simply viewing the bullet-torn walls of the apartment has been a deeply disturbing experience for thousands of citizens who have filed through the apartment, because the overwhelming evidence is there for all to see.

Police massed a heavy concentration of machinegun and shotgun fire at one living room wall and into two bedrooms. There was little if any return fire.

There have been countless calls for an investigation, and it appears there will be several. But no "blue ribbon" citizens committee can hope to "restore confidence" for anyone who has walked past those punctured walls.

Who knocked on which door, how the firing began, who fired what at whom and why remain uncertain. But from the physical evidence at the scene, examined the day of the raid and several times subsequently, the following is as nearly accurate a reconstruction of the circumstances as is possible at this time.

The front door

There are two bullet holes in the door that opens into the living room. One shot was fired from the anteroom into the living room while the door was slightly ajar. It is four feet from the ground and was apparently made by a .45 calibre bullet. A second hole, about a foot and a half below the first, appears to have been made by a shotgun firing from the living room out into the hallway. It was fired at a sharp angle, with the load (police say it was a solid rifle load deer slug fired from a shotgun) lodging at the angle of the ceiling in the southwest corner of the anteroom. The angle suggests that whoever fired the shot was prone on the living room floor right in front of the door.

According to the police version, the shotgun blast was fired through the door, narrowly missing them as they entered the anteroom. They then plunged through the door into the darkened living room. The blast could have "narrowly missed" the officers. But it seems improbable that any two officers, greeted by a shotgun blast, would break down the door and jump into a dark room. The police version made no mention of the shot fired into the living room. A more likely hypothesis seems to be that the first shot was fired by police. Mark Clark was killed by a bullet in the chest, and the top hole in the door would be about the height of Clark's wound, if he were standing behind the door, where his body was found in a pool of blood. After that shot either Clark or someone else in the room, perhaps on the mattress on the living room floor, got off one wild shot through the door into the anteroom ceiling.

The living room

The south wall of the living room contains 42 closely stitched bullet holes, mainly from a machine gun but with a few holes probably made by a .45 calibre weapon. They penetrate the wall (which borders on the north bedroom) and some of them penetrate all the way into Hampton's rear bedroom. One pattern of machinegun fire is clearly visible, forming an arch across the wall and back again, about three feet from the floor. The shots were fired from two positions - the living room doorway and the middle of the living room - so that some bullets were firing diagonally into the wall and some were perpendicular to it. There is also one possible bullet hole in the northwest corner of the room.

The police version has two shotgun blasts being fired at the policemen from the bed in the southeast corner of the room. One policeman wounds the girl on the bed and wheels to slay Clark. In the officially sanctioned account given by Hanrahan's men to the Chicago Tribune, one policeman sends machinegun fire into the south wall and down the hallway as covering fire. In the television version, which Hanrahan staged for WBBM-TV, one policeman fires single shot blasts from his machinegun into the wall in response to shots being fired out of the north bedroom.

No shotgun blasts could have been fired from the bed in the southeast corner of the room - or, if they were, they somehow failed to leave a trace. There is no evidence of anyone firing out of the middle bedroom, except for one very questionable hole in the northwest corner of the living room. The more likely hypothesis indicates at best a disregard for human life, for it suggests that the wall was riddled to subdue anyone within who might have contemplated firing.

The back door

The kitchen door, leading onto the small porch, was apparently forced - the lock still hangs from the door. The south kitchen window and the west window in Hampton's rear bedroom were broken from the outside. There were two long ladders lying in the back yard. There is no evidence of any shots reaching the kitchen or dining room or bathroom. Four shotgun blasts were apparently fired from the entranceway between the kitchen and the dining area - two hitting high up on the far wall of Hampton's bedroom, one hitting low on that wall, and one blasting through both closets and landing

*in the upper northeast wall of the middle bedroom. There are gunshot holes in a neighboring shed which come from the general direction of Hampton *s window.*

The police version involves a complex series of exchanges of gunfire, including three shots fired at one officer as he comes through the kitchen door, and shotgun blasts being fired from the bedroom into the bathroom door. This version was supported by three photographs purporting to show three gunshot holes in the kitchen door frame, and a bathroom door riddled with bullets. However, the photos, furnished to the Tribune by the state's attorney's office, were fraudulent. The holes in the kitchen door frame were nail holes. The "bathroom door" was in fact the north bedroom door that had been riddled by police machinegun fire.

The gunshots in the shed have not been mentioned in any police account, and may in fact be police bullets from the hallway or shots that had been there for some time. There is not one shred of evidence that anyone fired at policemen entering the rear.

The police apparently broke into the kitchen and proceeded to the dining room without meeting any opposition. They then fired into both bedrooms, although when or why is impossible to judge. They may or may not have broken Hampton's bedroom window after scaling one of the ladders to the window ledge, and may or may not have then fired directly down into Hampton's bed. The only direct evidence for this is the fact that the bedroom window was broken from the outside in.

The pathologists' reports

Hampton was killed by a bullet which entered his skull about two inches above the midpart of the right eyebrow. The direction of the bullet was downwards and toward the middle, lodging in the base of the skull behind the nose. Another bullet entered at a point just below the right ear, on the same angle as the first, and emerged on the left side of the voice box in the front of the neck. Two other bullets grazed his arms. The bullets came from above, at about a 45 degree angle.

The official coroner's autopsy will not be released until an inquest is held. In the meantime. Coroner Andrew Toman has described the wounds differently to the newspapers. The above findings are based on a report of an autopsy conducted by Dr. Victor Levine, former chief pathologist for the coroner's office and two other pathologists. Their findings indicate that a bullet has been removed from Hampton's skull. Dr. Levine said he had talked to a "high authority" in the coroner's office who told him the bullet had been removed and sent to the police crime laboratory. Dr. Toman said, 'That is a dirty lie.'

The independent autopsy shows that Hampton was shot from above, substantiating the view that he was shot while in bed, either by a man in the doorway or on a ladder outside the window. The police version states that Hampton was found dead in bed. The question of the missing bullet remains a mystery.

[Illustration Caption]

The apartment at 2337 West Monroe Street where Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were slain. Markings do not indicate the exact number, location or direction of gunshot holes.

[Photo Caption]

Nail heads alleged by police to be bullet holes.

[Photo Caption]

Rear of Black Panther apartment. Arrow indicates Hampton's bedroom.

Christopher Chandler

Who's To Blame For Trib's Scoop?

(Reporter Dan Rottenberg delves into the humiliation of the Chicago Tribune in its great exclusive of the month; he finds that the newspaper had help when it fudged the photographic evidence.)

Those mis-labeled photos in the Dec. 11 Tribune -- were they the result of wishful thinking on the part of Trib staffers anxious to strengthen the case against the black Panthers? Or were they deliberately planted in the Trib by State's Attorney Edward Hanrahan in an attempt to deceive the public? Or was the mixup due simply to the haste and confusion with which Hanrahan transmitted his exclusive story and pictures of the Panther apartment raid when he met with Tribune reporters on the night of Dec. 10?

Tlic scoop, which described in detailed words and pictures the police version of the Dec. 4 raid, appeared in the three-star and later editions of the Trib of Thursday, Dec. 11 . By the end of that day the Trib's competitors were gleefully pointing out that two of the photos provided by Hanrahan had been grossly mislabeled when they appeared in the Tribune.

One photo, a picture of the inside of the kitchen door of the raided Black Panther apartment, contained circles around three marks on the door and doorway; these were said to be bullet holes and were said to be evidence that the Panthers fired at police. But the circled marks, it was discovered, weren't bullet holes at all; they were nailheads.

A second photo, of a bullet-riddled door, was said by the Tribune caption to be the inside of the bathroom door. It was supposed to confirm the police contention that bullets had been fired from inside the bedroom opposite the bathroom. Actually, the door pictured was the inside of a bedroom door, not the inside of the bathroom door.

Clayton Kirkpatrick, editor of the Tribune, says, "We don't think he (Hanrahan) deliberately tried to deceive us, and we didn't deliberately try to deceive our readers." But he does say the erroneous identifications were given to the Trib by Hanrahan's people.

As Kirkpatrick tells it, Trib criminal courts reporter Edward Lee had for several days been trying to get Hanrahan's story of the raid. But Hanrahan, anxious to preserve his evidence for the trial of the surviving Panthers, had declined. On Wednesday, Dec. 10, however, Hanrahan suddenly changed his mind; Kirkpatrick believes he was provoked by a barrage of news stories in other papers which quoted charges that he and his men were "murderers."

On very short notice, Hanrahan called Lee and said he could have the story; the Trib should have its people at the Civic Center at 6:30 p.m. Hanrahan also hastily called the homes of the 14 policemen involved in the raid and told them to come to the Civic Center right away. At the time, Kirkpatrick says, no mention of pictures was made.

The Trib sent three people to the conference: columnist and former police reporter Robert Wiedrich, chief editorial artist William O'Brien, and Lee. None of the three had previously visited the raided apartment. According to Kirkpatrick, just before the press conference "We called Hanrahan's office and asked if they could get us some pictures. This all happened very fast; it was quite impromptu."

The meeting of Hanrahan. The three Trib staffers, and the 14 policemen began shortly after 6:30 p.m. and ended about 9 p.m., according to Lee. Lee adds he wasn't involved in the handling of the pictures and doesn't recall how they were presented. Kirkpatrick says, "The pictures were shown to our people, and there was oral discussion regarding them. In the course of the discussion, it was said that the marks on the door were bullet holes, and our artist later put the circles over the marks." As for the erroneous identification of the bedroom door as a bathroom door, Kirkpatrick says, "That's the way it was explained to us."

Kirkpatrick says he feels Hanrahan's error wasn't made maliciously. "No captions or written descriptions had been prepared by him," Kirkpatrick says. "All descriptions were oral and very impromptu. When the mistake was revealed, Hanrahan didn't try to cover up; he readily admitted the error the next day."

In fact, though, Hanrahan only admitted that the photos had been described erroneously in the Tribune. He said his office hadn't characterized the pictures and added, "We're not editors" when asked if he had supplied the captions. Comments Kirkpatrick: "Maybe Hanrahan backed off of us a little too far — I don't know."

Friday afternoon an aide in Hanrahan's office continued to insist that no mention of bullet holes on the kitchen door had been made by Hanrahan's people. "One of the news people at the Tribune was processing our pictures and got the idea that the marks were bullet holes," said an assistant to Richard Jalovec, chief of Hanrahan's special prosecutions division.

It strains the imagination to believe that Hanrahan would have turned over, without explanation, a meaningless picture of a door with nails in it — especially when the erroneous captions on the Trib photos fit so neatly into the story described by Hanrahan and his men in the adjoining news columns. But it's equally unlikely that Hanrahan would have perpetrated a hoax so obvious that it would inevitably have backfired on him.

The more likely explanation is that the conference involved three different newsmen talking simultaneously to some 15 principals with no time to ascertain whether comments made by some policemen jelled with comments of others. The meeting was so hastily called and so disorganized that it's likely someone could have identified the marks as bullet holes erroneously or without Hanrahan's even having known about it.

Several key questions however remain unanswered. Precisely who supplied the erroneous identification of the photos? Was it Hanrahan or Jalovec, or merely a random policeman? Also, where did Hanrahan's photos come from? If they came from the evidence file, what were they doing

there — if in fact they contained nothing incriminating? Why would Hanrahan have furnished the Trib with these particular pictures if not to lend support to some point he wished to make?

The episode points up Hanrahan's lack of sophistication in dealing with the press which was already evident in his attitude toward questions raised about the case in the local papers. More important, Hanrahan allowed himself to be caught while passing out evidence in a slipshod and unprofessional manner.

[Photo Caption]

Outside of bedroom door and north wall of north bedroom in Panther apartment. Punctures are from police machinegun fired from living room. The door was identified as bathroom door in police accounts.

Dan Rottenberg

'gloves' Davis: A Cop Of The Old School

(Five of the fourteen policemen on the raid in which Fred Hampton was killed are black, a statistic which State's Attorney Edward V. Hanrahan has cited to refute charges of racism. Here, Francis Ward takes a penetrating look at one of those black policemen.)

James "Gloves" (Duke) Davis is a policeman known in the trade as a tough cop, a hatchet man who is used to go in and bust up a crowd or round up a gang of "young punks" when nobody else will take the job. That's how he got the name "Gloves." For years, he earned his trademark by slowly, methodically slipping on his black leather gloves, cracking his knuckles, then moving in to whip some heads or make an arrest. Sometimes, "Gloves" would give the adversary the courtesy of a warning before beginning the job.

James Davis' reputation as a tough guy was certainly one reason why he was pitted about 10 months ago as one of the elite corps of cops for the gang unit within the state's attorney's office. It's also a reason why "Gloves" was one of the 14 to go along in the December 4 pre-dawn raid on the apartment at 2337 West Monroe Street in which Black Panther leaders Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were killed.

"Gloves" has been a cop 21 years. He joined the old Park District police in 1948, and worked out of its old south district station until the mid-50's when he joined the city police force.

(Park District policemen were merged with city police Jan. 1, 1959.)

A policeman who knew "Gloves" in the old days is Capt. William Griffin, commander of the Grand Crossing (3rd district) station. Their careers have taken oddly different turns. Griffin is a captain. In 21 years, "Gloves" is still a patrolman.

Griffin says he remembers very little of what kind of Park District cop "Gloves" was. "I broke him in on the force," according to Griffin, "but I don't remember much else about him."

There are many people around Chicago who do remember "Gloves," and all of them tell stories about his roughhouse, sometimes brutal and sadistic tactics.

One woman, who lives in the west side community where Hampton and Clark were killed, recalls "Gloves" from her days as a student at Crane High School in 1957. "I remember he hit me across the face with his gloves," the woman recollects. "A lot of kids knew him then as a mean cop. They'd often show their injuries where he had hit 'em."

Warner Saunders, executive director of the Better Boys Foundation and one of the most knowledgeable of all West Side community leaders, remembers "Gloves" from the same years. "In 1957, I was teaching at Hess Upper Grade Center (3500 W. Douglas Blvd.) and all the kids knew "Gloves" by name then — from the beatings they'd taken and his black gloves."

Saunders tells of a conversation with “Gloves” about two years ago in which “Gloves,” in a moment of rare candor, related his philosophy of police work:

‘The only way you’re gonna get respect from these people (slum dwellers; corner bums; street people) is to treat ‘em rough! And that’s how I do my job,’ Saunders remembers “Gloves” saying.

“Gloves” has worked in the 11th, 10th and 2nd police districts. In every one, he’s worked hard at his tough -guy job. Three years ago, at a disturbance in Morgan Park, “the cop whom all the kids remembered was ‘Gloves’,” recalls Mrs. Jean Williams, an attorney.

It was “Gloves” method of wading into the crowd and dispersing people with his nightstick and hands that made his name (and black gloves) stick in the minds of the kids.

“Just walk up and down W. 16th St.,” says one black policeman, “and anybody will tell you about ‘Gloves* David. He’s a vicious cop.”

“Gloves” was moved into the W. 16th St. area in the early 1960s when the Vice Lords (now renamed Conservative Vice Lords) were a tough street gang.

In the past three years, since the Lords have become a “straight” community organization and developed half a dozen small businesses, “Gloves” has been known for his repeated harassment of their offices and stores. There have been at least three meetings between the Lords and commander William McCann of the 10th district, “Gloves” immediate superior, in an effort to get the harassment stopped. Seldom were there arrests made in the stops “Gloves” made and never were there any convictions resulting from his one-man raids.

Charles Curry, executive director of Youth Action, a YMCA youth project, declares “Gloves” has raided Youth Action centers for years, always ostensibly looking for “guns or dope, but never finding anything,” relates Curry. “Just a few weeks ago, December 2 (two days before the Hampton raid) he came by the Disciples’ center at 444 W. 63rd and found nobody there,” says Curry. ‘Then he went to a Young Life center (operated by the Lutheran Church) at 6039 South Halsted Street and kicked in a third-floor office door, supposedly looking for some stuff, but he didn’t find a thing.’

These are some — by no means all — of the commentaries on the methods of “Gloves” Davis. There is one unconfirmed report that the police department’s Internal Investigation Division has received 33 complaints against him. Although no police source could be reached to confirm the figure, it is known that a tall black policeman, with a mustache and gloves has been named in at least 10 complaints to the civil rights division within the U.S. attorney’s office in Chicago. Also, a civil rights lawyer, close to the investigation of police brutality complaints, says that at least 15 affidavits have been filed with him since August alleging beatings from a policeman who fits the same description.

The rough guy cop is nothing new for Chicago's black communities. In the '40's and early '50's, there was the notorious "Two-Gun Pete" (real name Sylvester Washington, though few people remember him by it) who roamed the south side and shot and killed at least eight people (some put the figure as high as 13.)

Big city police forces need "Two-Gun Petes" and "Gloves" Davises to keep the "colored folks in line." "Gloves" has never worked a white district. Pete did once, in the late '40's when he moved to a southwest side station. While there, he wounded a white youth in the arm. The howl of protest was so great that Pete was hustled back to the black community in less than 24 hours, never to work another white area again.

It is sometimes argued that high crime areas (euphemism for black neighborhoods) need tough cops, as do youth gangs. While there may be some truth to the argument, one sure argument, beyond dispute, is that no community, black or white, no matter what the crime rate, needs the brutality of a "Two-Gun Pete" or a "Gloves" Davis.

The planners of the fatal December 4 raid on the Panther apartment felt they needed "Gloves" Davis. And one Gang Intelligence Unit detective even says that having people like "Gloves" along was the most humane way of saving lives.

"If I had planned and carried out that raid," says the GIU cop, "I would have killed all nine of the people. Nine killings are no worse than two. Besides, why leave witnesses?"

Francis Ward

Chairman Fred Died A Natural Death

(Fred Hampton died a natural death, a friend said shortly after. It was, in a sense, a natural death for a revolutionary black young man. How did Hampton, a bright lad from middle-class suburban Maywood, become a revolutionary? Reporters contributing to this article include Don Johnson, Francis Ward, Ralph Whitehead, and Brian Boyer.)

“ ‘On all these charges, it says: The People against Fred Hampton.’ But if they’d ever check with the people, they’d find out the people don’t have a damn thing against Fred Hampton.”

Fred Hampton on his 25 criminal charges (one conviction)

During the early Sixties, while the civil rights movement trudged past Deep South courthouses, the Maywood branch of the NAACP was making it Up North.

Around 1966, new leadership decided to put social action before the social whirl. The new leaders all agreed on the first target: the situation of Maywood’s black youth. The kids were hassled nine months a year at integrated Proviso East high school. The grade schools were segregated. Swimming pools were the problem in summer: the white kids could use the municipal pool in nearby Melrose Park, even though it was supposedly barred to non-residents; Maywood’s black kids couldn’t sneak into Melrose Park, so they had no swimming pool.

“What we needed,” recalls Donald Williams, then the chapter’s president, “was a young person who had rapport with the youth — someone intelligent, committed, responsible, and who accepted the NAACP’s ideals.

“I asked around and continually got back one name: Fred Hampton.”

Hampton was just out of Proviso East, where he’d earned many A’s, played three varsity sports, and emerged as a leader among the students there. He also was a member of an inter-racial school club, Cross-section.

During the summer of 1966. Williams met Hampton one day on the street. In an hour talk, Williams said he was worried about the kids; Hampton was interested. “He told me there was a loose group of fellas he knew,” Williams remembers, “and he said he’d like to take this back to them before he gave an answer.”

Hampton agreed, and brought his friends along. The chapter membership grew to about 500 — an extraordinary number for a place the size of Maywood (population: 27,000). This group quickly took on the school and recreation issues.

Shortly before 1966’s fall school term began, the NAACP drew up a list of student grievances and suggested remedies for Proviso East’s officials to consider. Earlier, Williams recalls, the school

officials evaded, occasionally promised, but never delivered, on many school complaints. This time, however, the protest was carefully drawn (based on Hampton's experiences and observations as a student at the school) and was backed up by a cohesive force (again, this was Hampton's doing-, according to Williams). It made some progress, in the NAACP's view.

The youth recreation issue dominated Maywood's summer of 1967, and protest began to focus on the need for a Maywood municipal pool.

During both of these campaigns-school and pool—Hampton's role was generally thought to be responsible — even conciliatory — by Williams and by reporters who covered the protests. But not by the mayor (who later was indicted for embezzlement) and the police.

When students walked out of the high school and began to scuffle on the grounds, the administration asked Hampton to cool it. He agreed, spoke to the crowd until its mood settled, and then began to leave.

As he walked into the school parking lot to get his car, he saw a black girl attack a white girl. He tried to stop the scuffle by pulling the attacker away.

At that point, the police rushed up, beat Hampton, arrested him, and threw him into jail.

Sheriff Joseph Woods also liked to lean on Hampton, yet the NAACP youth leader bailed the lawman out of an enormous blunder one night.

During the pool protests, Hampton and some other leaders held a quiet strategy session. They agreed to urge Maywood blacks to attend a meeting of village trustees the next night.

Sheriff Woods heard — or thought — that the blacks planned to rip up Maywood. He brought a battery of shotgun-toting deputies to the trustees meeting. Yet Hampton stilled the sheriff's fears of a black uprising-by playing for him a recording of the strategy meeting. Woods took his shotgun detail and cleared out.

Even after Hampton joined the Black Panther party, he still filled his "responsible" role in Maywood. In 1968, an official of the Illinois Human Relations Commission recalls that Hampton attended a meeting of the agency, students and high school administrators to discuss a program of workshops designed to ease tension.

"We remembered Fred as a beautiful guy," recalls a commission staff member, "because we'd worked at Proviso before, and he'd always been helpful.

"He played it cool this night, and sat across the room, pretending he didn't know us," the staffer explains. "He knew these conservative teachers 'wouldn't buy our program if it carried obvious Black Panther approval.

“Instead, he just spoke quietly in support of our position. He certainly sold the young black students there on the idea. It probably made an impression on some other people who wouldn’t admit it. He was a good help all around.”

After the meeting, Hampton waited outside to speak to the two commission representatives alone. He smiled at them, gave the Black Panther handshake, and said, “OK, brother, OK, sister, now you get to work.”

This was only a few weeks after he’d quit the NAACP for the Panthers. What’s surprising about this switch isn’t his move to the Panther party, but the length of his loyalty to the NAACP— even after the escalation of the black struggle. “He was brutalized,” his older brother, William Hampton, recalls. “The police and the newspapers tried to build him up as a troublemaker.

“He tried to get across peacefully, but it didn’t work,” his brother said. “He’s human like everybody else: he saw himself getting beaten by white police, you see people like Martin Luther King getting shot down. . .”

The Black Panther Party is one leftward opening for a young, middle class civil rights dropout — provided, of course, he seeks socialism, sets himself against the attacks of the police, and swallows his fear of death.

Although a latecomer to the Panthers. Hampton quickly became one of the top three or four national leaders of the party. This partly was due to his skills as orator and organizer. Yet it also was the result of attrition at the top, as dozens of Panthers were ripped off or jailed.

The Illinois chapter under Hampton quickly picked up the Panther's most striking feature, the party's earnest advocacy of the great American right to bear arms. Of course, they play this position a couple of ways. For one thing, they're genuinely convinced their people need guns for self-defense. Yet they don't just quietly go about urging blacks to arm themselves; they rely on their weapons and their rhetoric to stir up the news media, and to get their message of independence across to the community.

The Panther guns filter darkly through American media: an armed black must be an aggressor, he cannot simply be, as he says he is, a defender of his life and home. (This is one reason why Panther guns raids often get a line story, while white gun raids get three paragraphs just ahead of the classifieds.) So the Panthers exploit this media bias. Madison Avenue comes to Madison Street, as the Panthers sport their pieces like Marlboro packs.

But, under Hampton, the Panthers set up a free breakfast program for kids—feeding about 1,000—and worked to establish a free medical center. These services can be understood several ways. For one thing, they are examples of socialism. Consequently, they can give the Panther

followers a glimpse over the dark shoulder of the revolution to see what kind of society could lie ahead.

At the same time, the programs can be appreciated for their lack of bureaucracy or inertia. Chicago's public schools give meals only after tickets are handed out, complicated forms are signed by parents, payments are frequently made. . . At the Panther breakfast center, the only requirement is an appetite, just as the sick and the injured, rather than merely the Blue Crossed, would be served at the medical center.

The Panther party has a strong sense of the way a bureaucracy begins to take on a life of its own until it begins to deal death to the people. This bureaucracy can be the schools, the health institutions — or the police. As a young Panther said as he guided a group into Hampton's bedroom and stood at the foot of his bloody mattress: "Why should the pigs take up all the power? The power should stay with the people."*

Hampton continually denied the image of the Panthers as a racist organization. Angry, profane, able to give nightmares to little suburban children — sure: but racist, no. As Jerome Skolnick's report to the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence observes:

"Militant leaders from Malcolm X to Huey P. Newton have stressed the possibility of coalitions with white groups whose aim is radical social change. For the most part, the new black stance is better described as a kind of militant pluralism, in which not whites, but traditional politics and politicians of both races, are rejected."

Hampton's rhetoric was often violent in public, but was always eloquent, and he seems never to have urged the Panthers or their followers to use arms offensively. "The time isn't right," he said.

But because he was as he proclaimed, "a revolutionary," the soft establishment that reared him tried to destroy him with its hard strength.

Jan. 25, it charged him with failure to appear in court, and set a \$7,000 bail. March 22, it accused him of aggravated battery, and freedom cost another \$1,000.

May 26, he was sentenced to two to five years in prison for an ice cream robbery, and Hampton, shaking his head at the absurdity of it all, quipped:

"I may be a big dude, but I can't eat no \$71 worth of ice cream."

June 4, the FBI led a violent raid on the Panther headquarters with Chicago policemen swinging axes and shooting their guns. He stood surveying the wreckage, and in an exhausted voice that was beyond bitterness, said to a reporter: "I told you yesterday this was coming."

For Hampton, police harassment had become a way of life, and he could no longer take it personally.

“All this is a war on the people,” he tried to make others understand. “We find ourselves taking what the people would have been taking anyway.”

It confirmed his belief that the Party was the vanguard playing its proper role.

Some thought it ironic that opposition to the Panthers was initially shown by the black youth gangs, but Hampton believed that their first reaction was inevitable by his understanding of them as “reactionary” elements within the community.

When the Panthers’ breakfast-for-children program was established, the Egyptian Cobras threatened war with the Party because they considered West Woodlawn their “turf.” Likewise, the Black P. Stone Nation felt threatened by the Party’s claim to leadership, and it took delicate diplomacy to reach an understanding.

After the FBI raid, a party spokesman, probably Hampton, wrote:

“The trend as we have predicted before is toward total fascism. Anyone whose political aspirations differ from those in authority are in danger and could at any time become the victims of indiscriminate arrest and innumerable forms of harassment. It is perfectly clear that so-called law enforcement officials will stop at nothing including genocide to keep the legitimate political grievances of oppressed people from being expressed.”

He consequently preached self-defense, not non-violence and revolution in place of gradualism, and would have repeated again at the day of his death what he wrote about the demonstrations he led at Proviso High School in Maywood in 1968:

“Some people would contend that our actions are of an extreme nature, but I know of no other intelligent way to act in an extreme situation other than extreme.” The preamble to the Constitution of the United States is one of the key platforms of the Black Panther Party, and Hampton devoted his life to them both. If he had come from the inner-city, despite his charisma and intelligence, it is doubtful that he would have become the revolutionary that he did: the contradictions of the “better” society and the reality of the black and white poor would not have been so evident to him, or so galling.

It was the establishment itself — the middle-class environment, the suburban elms and lawns, the politeness of the NAACP and the indoctrination of capitalism through Junior Achievement — that made Hampton a revolutionary.

As Hampton saw it, he could not accept the contradictions of a system which lauded him as an athlete and praised him as a scholar, but wouldn't let him into the swimming pool because of his skin color.

He never felt he had a choice.

Paul Saqueira

The Fraternal Order Of Policemen

(Charges against the law enforcement community in connection with the Hampton raid have ranged from "callousness" to "genocide." Ron Dorfman reports on the current state of police-Panther relations and the effect this may have on the Justice Department investigation of Hampton's death.)

If there is no nationwide police conspiracy to "get the Panthers" there is something that looks very much like one.

Unquestionably, there is a fraternity among policemen embracing all of law enforcement from the Attorney General of the United States to the cop on the beat in Paducah. Like collegiate fraternities, it has its rituals and its rebels: the cops are happy with John Mitchell but considered Ramsey Clark a traitor.

Among the badges and signs of membership is the gun. It is the gun that makes the policeman holier than thou.

But what if you have a gun too?

And what if you call the cops pigs?

And what if you complain that the pigs are the occupying army in the black colony of the white racist mother country?

You are in trouble, that's what.

* * *

The original name of the party was the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense, and Huey Newton, who had been to law school, discovered in his books that it was perfectly legal for the citizens of California — even for the black citizens of Oakland, California — to carry unconcealed, loaded weapons on the streets, in their automobiles, and in their homes.

Gene Marine, in his recent book, *The Black Panthers*, describes in rich detail the first test of the Panthers in confronting policemen who hassled them on the street for carrying weapons. The incident took place in front of a large crowd of Oakland blacks, and Marine records the successful conclusion of the episode:

"The impact on the watching crowd was electric. A large group of 'brothers and sisters on the block' had seen something they had never seen before: black men, proud and dignified, daring to meet the white policeman on equal terms and face him down."

The Oakland cops felt they had suffered an affront — to their dignity, their pride and their swaggering power.

“What are you doing with the guns?” Marine has a cop demanding, and Huey Newton replies:

"What are you doing with your guns?"

After displaying their guns, the Panthers gave the police a look at their bullets, too. Several fatal shootouts led the law enforcement fraternity to proscribe the Panthers: according to the fraternity code, due process can give way to reprisal. As the media picked up the image of the Black Panthers as a group organizing explicitly for the murder of policemen, the reprisal code began to gain some legitimacy among the public at large. This, of course, lent law officers the freedom to pursue their vendettas.

Consequently, at this point the police code is violently stacked against the Panthers: there is a national set of bad blue vibrations where the Party is concerned. “The police hardly need any encouragement to go after the Panthers,” a high New York police official told a reporter for the *Times*.

Yet, as if the enmity of the fraternal code isn't enough, a formal mechanism does exist to organize opposition to the Panthers. This mechanism is run by John Mitchell's Justice Department.

At the time Mitchell took office last January, the KBI had made only modest efforts to infiltrate the Panthers. They relied on local Red Squads for most of their information but, according to the *Times*, found only New York city's subversive unit to be reliable. So, Mitchell promptly labelled the Panthers a subversive threat to the national security. This allowed the FBI to tap Panther phones and bug Panther offices.

In one instance cited by the *Times*, the FBI jammed a Panther telephone and, when the Panthers called the telephone company for repairs, slipped in an agent who planted a bug in the Panthers' phone.

The FBI's J. Edgar Hoover later backed up Mitchell's judgment of the Panthers: they are "the greatest threat to the internal security of the country"* of any of the militant groups. Hoover said last July.

Chicago's top FBI official. Marlin Johnson, personally led a summer raid on the local Panther offices. This raid occurred at the same time other headquarters across the country were also hit by the Bureau. Several of the strikes purported to seek a fugitive, George Sams. He later was found in Canada.

During August, after the embarrassment of these fishing expeditions. Justice set up a task force on the Panthers. It comprises Justice staffers out of the criminal, internal security, and civil rights divisions. It coordinates information among the FBI, local cops, and (because of their responsibility for some weapons laws) Treasury agents. It isn't clear how smoothly this network for gathering and distributing intelligence runs: however, according to local federal

officials in Chicago, the FBI and the local cops often pay for the same information, and then exchange it.

Former Justice department staffers say that when they first heard about the task force last September they were disturbed by the implication that the department had "targets" for prosecution in mind.

Mitchell's assistant in charge of the civil rights division, Jerris Leonard, gave voice to the department's unofficial position on the Panthers in a private conversation aboard an airliner last May. He told Jay Miller, executive director of the Illinois ACLU, that Panther leader Bobby Seale had been included among the Chicago Conspiracy trial defendants because "the Panthers are a bunch of hoodlums" and "we've got to get them."

Leonard, as it turns out, will be the Justice official to lead the preliminary investigation of Fred Hampton's death. This investigation, decided on December 11 but announced two days later, skirts the ordinary Justice chain of command by going around Thomas Foran, a Johnson administration holdover as United States attorney. Foran, now prosecuting the Conspiracy 7 case, has built a strong record of action — if not always results — on race relations and police brutality cases. His civil rights assistant, Thomas Todd, is thought of by his fellow blacks as a fair and aggressive advocate of their rights. Another member of Foran's office. First Assistant U.S. Attorney Jack Schmetterer, will run most of the local legal staff work on the investigation. Schmetterer — no fan of the Panthers, the police, or Cook County State's Attorney Edward V. Hanrahan — will be aided by Lisbon Berry, a member of Leonard's staff who has been working in the Chicago office for several months.

The announcement of the Federal investigation also skirted the local Justice officials, for it was made by Frank McGarr, first assistant to Illinois Attorney General William Scott — and a Republican. He got into the affair when officials of suburban Maywood, where Hampton grew up, asked Scott's office to investigate the killings. After refusing to investigate because of lack of jurisdiction, Scott's office later was able to break news of Washington's investigation.

Justice's original decision to investigate apparently came after Mitchell got hundreds of requests for one (a strong request was made by the Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, a prestigious amalgam of liberals and establishment lawyers). Mitchell transmitted his decision to Leonard to Scott to McGarr.

'This is the first time,' remarked a member of the U.S. attorney's office here "that a federal investigation was announced by a state agency when there was a U.S. attorney's office in the city involved."

The investigative legwork will be handled by Marlin Johnson's summer raiders against the Panther's office: the local FBI staff. As a matter of fact, it's possible that at least one of the informants for the Hanrahan raid on Hampton's flat was an FBI agent or paid informer.

In any event, the FBI doesn't relish investigating other policemen, since the bureau relies on their cooperation. Todd, of Foran's office, says the FBI usually favors the police in 99 of 100 police brutality investigations. (Imagine asking the Chicago police to investigate the FBI for breaking and entering while on its surge for fugitive Seale.)

* * *

The Black Panther Party is an inconvenievable entity unless one considers the fact of police repression in the nation's ghettos. It was police repression that led to the founding of the Black Panthers, and it now appears that police repression will ultimately destroy the Black Panthers.

But there is a Newtonian mechanics of ghetto society as implacable as the laws of physics. Huey Newton knows that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction.

The destruction of the Black Panther Party, like the destruction of My Lai 4, is "pacification" of a terribly perverted sort; it can only lead to intensification of the struggle.

[Photo caption]

Bobby Seale: Conspirator or victim of conspiracy?

Ron Dorfman

Let's Have Trial By Television

Politicians, civil rights leaders, lawyers, newspapers, and the liberal community have called and called for an “official investigation” of the Fred Hampton case by many kinds of jurisdictional and fact finding bodies.

The request comes from a conviction that the Hampton killing has divided the community so deeply that only an official report can soothe the emotions and relax the social tensions.

The hope is, either Hanrahan’s version of the events will prove to be correct or, if murder by the police is proved, the guilty ones will be indicted for murder and the normal legal processes will take control.

The real issue, however, is the fear that the normal legal processes are responsible for the deaths of Hampton and Mark Clark.

If the facts prove that this is the case, how reliable are the legal remedies? Revolution, the Black Panther Party maintains, is the only answer to a fascist state.

And if the facts support the contention raised by many that this is a conspiracy by the law enforcement apparatus to do away with revolutionaries, would a responsible fact-finding body say so? “Responsible” people are against revolution — by definition.

It’s hard to escape the feeling that the legal system from the local police level to the Justice Department is on trial here. It’s hard to escape the feeling that something in the system might be very wrong.

Here is a list of suggested investigative groups and their hang-ups in judging a case involving revolutionaries — plus a new suggestion from CJR:

1. National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence — It’s life has expired. A majority opinion opposed even non-violent civil disobedience, much less the position of an avowedly revolutionary group like the Black Panther Party.
2. Afro-American Patrolmen’s League — No longer impartial. It has made an investigation and turned its information over to the defense attorneys.
3. Illinois Attorney General’s Office — Has no jurisdiction and would not be assumed impartial by the Panthers and their supporters.
4. Blue Ribbon Coroner’s Jury — County Coroner Andrew J. Toman has become an issue in the case because of the disputed autopsy report issued by his office, and cannot subpoena evidence in any case.

5. Chicago Commission on Human Relations — Cannot subpoena evidence, has not proved itself effective or impartial and does not command sufficient respect from either side.
6. Illinois Bureau of Investigation — The “Little FBI” works with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, is largely composed of former FBI agents and can be expected to have strong feelings in the case.
7. Police Department’s Internal Investigations Division — Considered the police department’s “whitewash machine,” the IID has already proved most reluctant to look into the affair.
8. Atty. Gen. John F. Mitchell — Listed the Black Panther Party as “subversive,” thus triggering increased FBI surveillance. Even moderate Democrats don’t trust him.
9. Federal Bureau of Investigation — Has led raids against the Panthers; director J. Edgar Hoover called the Panthers “the greatest threat to the internal security of the country.” FBI information may be linked to the Hampton case.
10. U.S. Civil Rights Commission — Led by the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburg, whose strong anti-student-demonstrator position (suspension if administration orders at Notre Dame are not heeded) has attracted the applause of law-and-order proponents. Quite a respecter of authority himself and unsympathetic to Panther philosophies.
11. The United Nations — No jurisdiction over the internal affairs of a sovereign state and could expect no cooperation from the U.S. government.
12. The panel to be financed by a \$100,000 grant from the Ford Foundation, headed by former Supreme Court Justice Arthur J. Goldberg, including Ramsey Clark, Sam Brown, Roy Wilkins. Perhaps the best bet, although no revolutionaries are included.
13. The Blue-Ribbon Grand Jury — Since public lines of communication — print and electronic media -- have already done their inevitable part in communicating the facts and fears which set this social crisis, the Review suggests they do their part to solve the matter one way or another. We propose that under the rules established by an independent (perhaps foreign) judge, Hanrahan and the Panthers be allowed to present their evidence with full subpoena power, cross-examination, etc., in fully televised hearings, broadcast throughout the community.

Most of us are asking ourselves if it’s true. Let’s find out.

Who, What, Where, When — And Why

(With the authorities reluctant to discuss the details of the raid, reporters and citizens sought more information, along the way picking up bits of fact and fast-spreading rumor. Brian Boyer, the first newsman to discover the discrepancies between the police account and the physical condition of the apartment (see p. 4) was asked if he could explain how and why the raid occurred, and how the state's attorney and his police felt about the wave of criticism. Here is his report.)

The phone number at the State's Attorney's office is 542-2900. If you call that number and ask for the boss, Edward V. Hanrahan, or his assistant, Dick Jalovec, you get a slight man with a Mr. Chips' voice. His name is Mel Lawrence, and now he is the public relations man for the office. He used to handle O. W. Wilson, the chain-smoking professor who became chief of Chicago's police after the Summerdale scandals.

Mel has not been feeling well these pleasant, early winter days because the man he calls his master has not been feeling well. It has not been ill health that has stricken his preoccupied master, because Hanrahan is a rugged, handsome Irishman with none of the Irish vices. At least he doesn't have any of the usual ones. What's made a former acolyte like Ed feel so bad is that his own number one man, Dick Daley, hasn't been going out front to tell the people how much he's behind him. He's got the feeling that he's been abandoned by all his good buddies, just because of a stupid mistake.

Even at St. Giles Church in Oak Park that Sunday he knew people were looking at him and wondering. Ed doesn't swear, but he sure as hell wanted to speak up and tell the newspapers what he thought about them. He'd stood 1,000 bullets up on end in even rows and showed them all those guns and a sawed-off shotgun and they still hadn't understood what he was talking about. They talked about how Fred Hampton was 21 and murdered in bed and about why he'd sent his men in early in the morning like they didn't know what kind of people Black Panthers were.

On the morning of the shooting, State's Attorney Edward V. Hanrahan met for three hours with his special assistant, Richard S. Jalovec, and the policemen who made the raid. Then Hanrahan gave his statement to the press. It said:

"This morning, pursuant to a search warrant, state's attorney's police attempted to search the first floor apartment at 2337 W. Monroe Street to seize sawed-off shotguns and other illegal weapons stored there. Our office had reliable information that this location was a depot for such illegal weapons gathered by members of the Black Panther Party.

"As soon as Sgt. Daniel Groth and Officer James Davis, leading our men, announced their office, occupants of the apartment attacked them with shotgun fire. The officers immediately took cover. The occupants continued firing at our policemen from several rooms within the apartment.

"Thereafter, three times Sgt. Groth ordered all his men to cease firing and told the occupants to come out with their hands up. Each time, one of the occupants replied, "Shoot it out," and they continued firing at the police officers. Finally, the occupants threw down their guns and

were arrested.

“The immediate, violent criminal reaction of the occupants in shooting at announced police officers emphasizes the extreme viciousness of the Black Panther Party. So does their refusal to cease firing at the police officers when urged to do so several times.

“Fortunately only one police officer was wounded. We wholeheartedly commend the police officers for their bravery, their remarkable restraint and their discipline in the face of this Black Panther attack— as should every decent citizen in our community.”

To Mr. Hanrahan ’s dismay, “every decent citizen of our community” did not respond as he was expected to —because the story told by Hanrahan and his police officers was redolent with contradictions and lies, because the physical evidence at the apartment seemed similar to a massacre scene, and because the Black Panther Party outmaneuvered Hanrahan in the press.

In fact, there were those who thought the state’s attorney had revealed the face of a national police conspiracy to harass, imprison, and murder dissenters in a developing fascist state.

There is a lot of mail on Mel's desk and some of it is for Mr. Hanrahan and some of it is against him but he's thoroughly sick of it all There is something going on in Chicago if not in the entire United States with the sit-ins and the demonstrations and half a million people going to Washington against the war despite Mr. Nixon doing a pretty good job. Mr. Nixon is doing everything that he can to get out of that war with some shreds of dignity left and then Pinkville comes up and they start comparing what just happened here in Chicago with whatever it really was that went on there. The Tribune certainly has some decency left and doesn't convict anybody before all of the evidence is presented in court for there weren't any people there from the newspapers and nobody knows everything about it except 14 or 15 men who came out of this office.

That Bobby Rush and his other people are probably out doing something right now about whatever ids they call social contradictions and the role of vanguard being to heighten them. They don't even know what this country is all about if they haven 't ever had anything to do with it.

If social reality can be read by its contradictions, this case provided a primer.

In January, 1969, the new prosecutor brought an activist concept to the state’s attorney’s job.

In addition to presenting evidence in criminal cases, and investigating crimes, the activist concept meant surveying and pressuring youth gangs —largely black—which were becoming politicized at the time.

There is nothing wrong with a prosecutor assembling a police unit and conducting raids. Thomas Dewey ascended to the governorship of New York by creating a special prosecutions unit and smashing Murder, Inc.

But Dewey's was an effort against the criminal underworld, not a political organization, however threatening it might be to officialdom.

Hanrahan's "war on gangs," confined primarily to black youth groups (including the Panthers), already has drawn the ire of the black community— and white liberals. Hanrahan's predecessor had resisted City Hall pressure to initiate a similar gang war, believing that a prosecutor's job was to prosecute cases, not engage in aggressive police work.

After the Panther raid, Hanrahan denied that he was after gangs as such, but the previous efforts of his men— and many of his comments -disputed him. Addressing a group of young girls in the Neighborhood Youth Corps, he referred to gang members as "animals unfit for society." He was met with jeers, snickers, and hisses by the street-smart audience.

"I'm trying to take the romance out of gangs and let the brutality show through," he said in a recent interview with Daily News.

"It's one thing to call gangs Mad Latins or Maniac Africans, but when you see their conduct is like that of a vicious animal there is nothing desirable about that. Nobody in their right mind would approve that kind of conduct and they shouldn't approve lie name."

The strategy for Hanrahan's efforts against the gangs was copied from the city's gang intelligence unit, which supplied the nine policemen for the special prosecutions unit. The strategy had three parts:

Surveillance — by constant monitoring of the whereabouts of gang leaders, grilling jailed gang leaders, and using informers.

Case building —by setting traps, buying witnesses and informers, and careful police work.

Gang destruction — by picking off the leaders with arrests and jail sentences based on the above, or by violence if they can be egged on to strike at police.

These procedures are not unusual, and a prosecutor has a lot of discretion if the society approves. Geoffrey C. Hazard, a judicial researcher for the American Bar Foundation and an expert on prosecutors, describes the discretionary powers of the prosecutor as "tremendous.**"

"In that respect, this is a government of men, not laws,** Hazard said. 'The only effective constraint is other interests who may scream about this —interests who have some power at their disposal.'"

A special problem in Chicago is that counter-pressures from minority and special interest groups are not felt as strongly as they should be. They are particularly weak when the object of prosecution appears as irresponsibly dangerous as the Panthers appear to be.

Hazard said that the prosecutor's job "should require great political sophistication, but Hanrahan is wielding a meataxe."

Thomas A. Foran, U.S. Attorney, doesn't like gangs and actively detests the Panthers, but he privately described Hanrahan's war on gangs to newsmen as a "racist purge."

But Hanrahan had his own ideas, and to accomplish them he brought Jalovec with him from the U.S. attorney's office. Jalovec is a politically ambitious 29 year-old lawyer whose goal, says a friend, is to be mayor.

Hanrahan and Jalovec handpicked the men they wanted for the Special Prosecutions Unit— four other assistant state's attorneys and nine aggressive men drawn originally from the Chicago police department's gang intelligence unit and its anti-subversive squad.

The state's attorney's police has been regarded as a soft job, but this unit, bearing Hanrahan's personal stamp, was to be different. The men were selected for their skills. They included a thirst for action and experience in surveillance and harassment of gang youth. At least one of the policemen chosen, James (Gloves) Davis, was among the most hated and feared men on ghetto streets.

It seemed to Hanrahan and Jalovec that the Black Panther Party was a natural object of their attention— especially since the FBI and the Justice Department both had told police officials that the party was the nation's most dangerous threat.

There is no reason to think that Hanrahan disagreed.

The Panthers are black, Maoist revolutionaries and prophets of self-defense who shoot back when they are faced by police with guns.

Mel keeps wondering about what's going on in that apartment on Madison Street with all the people going through and the Panther kids telling all of them the bullet holes show that Fred got murdered in his sleep. He 'd like to go through himself even though Mr. Hanrahan's a good man and wouldn't lie if he could help it. Mel thinks there is something strange going on and in all his life he's never seen anything like it before. Those Yippies and those revolutionaries stirred up something like this last year when they caused all that trouble when the Democrats were here but there were a lot more of them and they didn't tote guns around and talk about shooting back and how if America doesn't change they were going to destroy it. Just the SDS did and they got their heads cracked and that is that.

In 1969, up until the fourth day of the twelfth month, two Panthers had died in armed confrontations with Chicago police, and more than a dozen had been shot. In the same battles, two policemen died and many others were injured. "War against the gangs" started to look like "war against the Panthers."

But the Chicago Police Department— along with the FBI— was receiving the glory for tangling with the Panthers. The police had become Panther-phobic on November 13 when the Party and Chicago police engaged in a predawn gun battle in an abandoned hotel at 5801 South Calumet which left two dead policemen and one dead Panther.

One of the police victims was 22-year-old John J. Gilhooly, scion of a well-established police family. His father, John J. Sr., has been with the department for 29 years, with the Englewood District automotive division. His uncle, Alphonse Gilliooly, is on the police detail that guards the home of Mayor Richard J. Daley. His brother-in-law, Gary M. Olson, is a policeman in the Gresham District.

Relations between Panthers and the police were strained, to say the least.

If law enforcers had wanted to find revenge, they knew about the apartment at 2337 West Monroe which the FBI helped to keep under surveillance. They knew that Fred Hampton and his Minister of Defense, Bobby Rush, slept there when they were in town and that, true to the Panther code, guns were usually near.

According to the search warrant that Hanrahan got for the raid, informants saw sawed-off shotguns in the apartment on December 1 and 2. Possibly they were FBI informants.

Hanrahan told Jalovec and Sgt. Daniel Groth to map out the raid, according to Mel Mawrence, the prosecutor's public relations man. They used a drawing of the apartment floor plan. They assembled enough deadly force to subdue an Army platoon —including at least one submachinegun — even though, according to one official in the Chicago police department, the state's attorney's men haven't had to fire a shot in nine years.

The search warrant was obtained at 4:45 p.m. on December 3, the day before the raid. The man who granted it to Sgt. Groth was Judge Robert Collins, formerly Hanrahan's first assistant at the U.S. attorney's office.

When everything was ready, Hanrahan was briefed at home, according to Mawrence.

The Chicago Police Department was not told of the raid in advance. Police agencies are wary about leaks— and about competition from each other.

One vehicle the plainclothes police took to the apartment was an Illinois Bell Telephone truck, according to neighbors and one reporter who arrived when it was all over.

How many men participated in what followed is an open question.

The official version is that 14 policemen, five of them black, were involved. But a persistent rumor and some published newspaper accounts put the total at 15. If there was a 15th man, there are rumors that he is either a relative or friend of the slain officer Gilhooly.

Mel gets out of his chair a little when Mr. Hanrahan comes walking briskly through and Dick Jalovec comes right in back of him but younger and bigger and he tries to be cheerful despite all of the troubles and doesn't worry about what might happen if he lands out of a job. If somebody comes asking if this office and any of its men had anything to do with revenge we've let too much evidence go to the press and we've got to protect the rights of the defendants.

I'd tell them and I do tell them that this case is closed until we are in front of a proper grand jury and court that understands what the problems of a prosecutor are and the urgent need as expressed by Mr. Mitchell to stop the Black Panther activities and a certain reality that to run for higher office a man like Mr. Hanrahan must make a good mark and he is also a devoted kind of individual who comes in early and stays to after 7 each night.

At 4:44 am., when the nine human beings inside the apartment were asleep, men outside the apartment had stationed themselves with machine guns and high powered carbines atop nearby buildings and at the front and rear entrances to the apartment, according to neighbors* The state's attorney says that no men were placed on the roof tops.

Later, when the guns stopped firing— the police estimate they fired more than 300 shots — Hampton and Mark Clark were dead. In police custody were Brenda Harris, Verlina Brewer, Blair Anderson, and Ronald Satchel (all critically wounded), and Debra Johnson, Louis Trulock and Harold Bell. All were charged with attempted murder of the policemen, and a variety of other charges were placed against them. Bonds of up to \$100,000 were set against their release, and only Debra Johnson, eight months pregnant with Hampton's child, could be immediately bailed out.

It is interesting to note that with the exception of Trulock, the Panthers were all in their late teens and early 20*s. The average age of the known policemen was 39. Rush said on a radio interview that he thought generational conflict as much as racial fear was responsible for the raid. He charged that the police, Jalovec, and Hanrahan, had planned and carried out a murder.

A great many in Chicago's black community, which is 31 percent of the population, and thousands of others whose skins are white, seemed willing to believe that the Panther's charges might be true.

This social fact is as important as the version that will be adopted by a "blue ribbon" committee before it's over; it may indicate that the society is irreparably split.

[Photo credit] Paul Sequeira

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