

WALTER LIPPMANN
ON
ONCE MORE THE TANKS



The Russian tanks in Prague are especially unbearable because most of us had allowed ourselves to believe that this sort of bullying would not happen again. Hitler is dead and Stalin is dead and the men in the Kremlin now would presumably know better than to try again to rule a country with tanks. So we are asking ourselves whether nothing changes and that as always might makes right and the mighty are always the same.

I think this is almost, but not quite, the whole truth about the relations between a small country and a very big one. Since Woodrow Wilson it has not been the fashion to say, though it seems to me to be a fundamental truth, that any country lying within the orbit of a much stronger country does not have and cannot have unlimited independence. It cannot do whatever it chooses, and it cannot count upon the military support of any other big power. The Czechs have been taking gallant measures to establish a liberal society. But they have known from the beginning that neither the United States nor NATO nor any other power would help them in a military way. Nobody outside the orbit would come in to stop the tanks.

The official dictum in the State Department is that we do not admit the existence of spheres of influence. But in Prague as in Budapest a decade ago, we have in fact been unable to give the victim anything more than verbal support.

Two Boxers. The other side of the matter is that a big country is in military terms unchallengeable inside its sphere of influence. It is, however, far from omnipotent outside of and beyond its sphere of influence. Vietnam, for example, is outside both the American and Russian orbit of power. The Russians have been able to help the Vietnamese, but not decisively, and we have not been able to defeat them. Russia and America have been like two boxers fighting at arms' length. As a result, the war is protracted and indecisive.

One of the cardinal themes of the twentieth century has been how the relations between big powers and the smaller ones within their orbit could be made tolerable, decent and humane. There is no answer to the question if we begin by denying that the big power has vital interests within its sphere of

influence. Thus it matters very much to us what happens in the Caribbean, to Russia what happens in Central Europe, to the Chinese what happens in Eastern Asia. The central problem is how much independence the great power will tolerate, at what level a Good Neighbor Policy will take the place of an imperial policy. The drama of Czechoslovakia is that it disclosed a dominant faction in the Russian state which cannot believe that any liberalization is tolerable in Eastern Europe, which is so vital to the security of the Soviet Union.

Two Neighbors. There is a twilight zone between the tolerable and the intolerable in the orbit of a great power. That is why we tolerate Castro's Cuba. We have taken no such chances in Guatemala or the Dominican Republic. The Russians have learned to tolerate Tito and perhaps the Rumanians, but Dubcek, when liberalization was obviously contagious, was too much for them.

We know that it takes two good neighbors to work a Good Neighbor Policy. Cuba, for example, was intolerable when it threatened to become a military base against the United States. The hard-liners in the Kremlin almost certainly thought that Czechoslovakia was on the way to some kind of tacit alliance with West Germany and NATO and the United States. In the very wicked world in which unhappily we live, the lambs have to be very good before the lions will lie down with them.

This rather pessimistic view of the nature of things is, I think, tempered by the fact that if the smaller power resists, it becomes virtually impossible for the great power to impose its will. It is not true that the small and the poorly armed are helpless and defenseless. If they are willing to face the tanks and the bombers, the great power cannot win.

The Russians have not finally learned this truth in Eastern Europe. But they are beginning to learn it, I think, I believe, I hope. We have not learned the full lesson in Eastern Asia, but the unanimity with which even the fiercest hawks refused to step into the Czech trouble is proof that we are beginning to learn it.

THE BATTLE OF CHICAGO

Amid tumult and tears, amid wrenching emotion and skull-cracking violence, the Democratic Party, in convention assembled, held up a mirror to America last week—and the reflected image, distorted though it might be, would not be forgotten by millions for years to come. All the unmuzzled passions, inconsolable frustrations and polarizing hatreds plaguing the republic surged to the surface in the guarded streets, chaotic hotels and security-taut International Amphitheatre of Chicago, a city transformed by fear and force into an oppressive garrison state.

All week long the nightmarish scenes swirled across a nation's television screens: helmeted cops flailing teen-agers into the bloody pavement of Michigan Avenue; clapping, stomping delegates, moved to rebellious defiance by a film in memory of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" interminably over the ineffectual gavel-rapping by the chairman of the convention; Chicago's mayor jeering a U.S. senator at the podium; a young girl silently holding up a sign reading WELCOME TO PRAGUE; a state delegation chairman telling how he was seized by guards in the convention hall and hustled off in handcuffs; masked National Guardsmen, rifles at the ready, spraying tear gas at choking demonstrators; a moist-eyed Presidential nominee urging America to pause and pray for itself.

Hallmarks: Chronicles would record the 1968 convention as the one in which the Democrats nominated Hubert Humphrey—by a comfortable margin of 449% votes on the first ballot—and a gangling, relatively unknown Maine senator named Edmund Sixtus Muskie as his running mate; as the occasion when the party and its nominee put their seal of approval on Lyndon Johnson's Vietnam policy; as the first time in 24 years* that the incumbent President failed to appear at his own party's quadrennial rites of nomination.

Political historians might see it as the convention in which the party, after dominating American politics for more than three decades, all but tore itself apart, opening the way for the election

*FDR, in wartime 1944, was the last incumbent President not to attend his party's convention.



Associated Press

Mayor (top right) and senator: Jeers

of Richard Nixon and a Republican renaissance. But the social history of this time was more likely to dwell on the guns and the billy clubs of August—the clear and chilling confrontation between the young and often anarchic forces of change and the clumsy and often vicious defenders of the status quo, one of those pivotal conflicts that leaves no one entirely untouched.

The battle of Chicago began even before the convention opened—and before it subsided more than 700 civilians and 83 police were injured, 653 persons, ranging from raggedy revolutionaries waving Viet Cong flags to bookish McCarthy sophomores, were jailed. Miraculously, no one was killed by Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's beefy cops, who went on a sustained rampage unprecedented outside the most unreconstructed boondocks of Dixie. "Kill 'em! Kill 'em!" they shouted as they charged the harum-scarum mobs of hippies, yuppies, peace demonstrators and innocent onlookers in the parks and on the streets outside the convention headquarters hotel, the vast Conrad Hilton. Time and again, the police singled out reporters and photogra-

phers for clubbing—attacking more than a score (page 70). Even on the floor of the convention itself, newsmen were knocked down by jittery security men—prompting the usually unflappable Walter Cronkite of CBS to grumble on camera about "thugs" in the hall.

Starting with an outbreak in hippie-filled Lincoln Park 3 miles north of the Hilton, the mayhem built all week. Within 48 hours the National Guard was called in to relieve police facing a chanting mob of 5,000 in Grant Park, across Michigan Avenue from the Hilton. "F--- you, LBJ," cried the crowd, "Dump the Hump," "Sieg heil!", "Disarm the Pigs"—the demonstrators' dehumanizing epithet for the police. The climax came on nomination night as police repeatedly waded into the mobs. In the midst of all the bloodletting, a middle-aged man in a dark business suit pleaded with an onrushing cop. "I'm only watching," he cried. "You don't belong here, you bastard," retorted the cop—and clubbed him across the shoulder.

'God': Pushed up against a wall by a phalanx of cops, a pretty blonde begged for mercy. No one listened. Instead, a group of police prodded her in the stomach with their clubs, sending her to her knees, her face in her hands, screaming: "Please God, help me. Please help me." When a neatly dressed young man tried to help, the police beat him over the head—leaving boy and girl, blood-drenched and whimpering, wrapped in each other's arms. "You're murderers," screamed a youth—until a cop silenced him with a rap across the face.

So it went—even after the gavel's last crack at the convention hall. As a final act, police staged a pre-dawn raid on Sen. Eugene McCarthy's fifteenth floor headquarters at the Hilton and clubbed young volunteers they accused of having lobbed urine-filled beer cans at the police lines below. "You don't just come up here and knock heads," McCarthy complained to the cops. But they had.

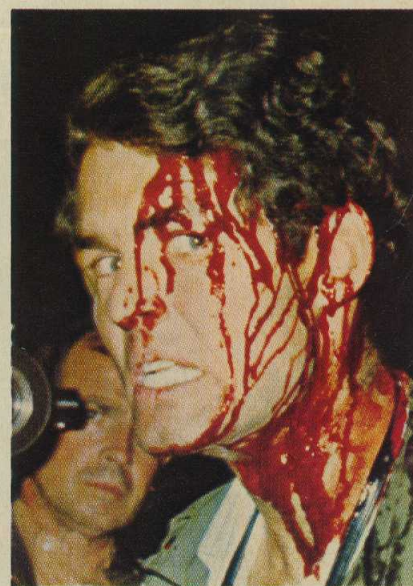
The tragedy of it all was that little of the violence was inevitable. There were, to be sure, extremists and provocateurs laced among the crowds. But the majority of the demonstrators were thoroughly pacific hippies and earnest anti-war protesters. They never numbered more than 10,000—less than half the number of cops, Federal security men and guardsmen ready to move against them. Some clearly had come to Chicago to raise hell, but most would surely have been content to stage rallies and march-



Newsweek—Wally McNamee

WINNERS: Jubilant in their hour of victory, running mates Hubert Humphrey and Edmund Muskie and their wives acknowledge the delegates' cheers

Newsweek photos by Lester Sloan



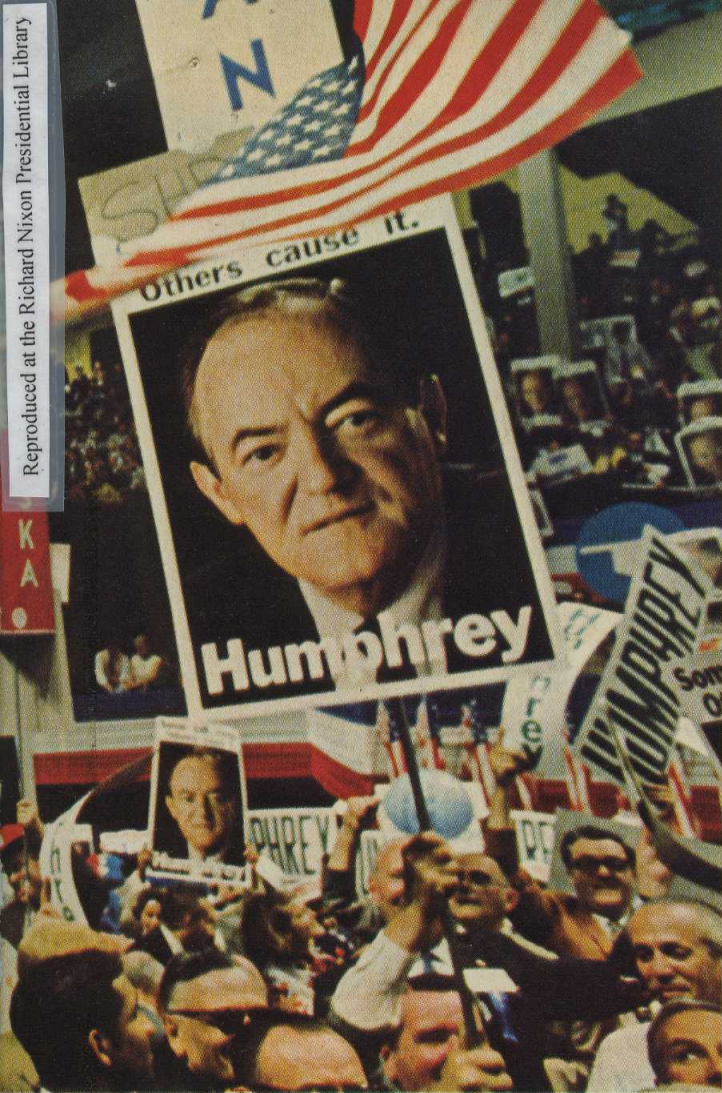
LOSERS: Policemen drag off the limp form of a demonstrator; and a photographer shows results of other police work



INSIDE AND OUTSIDE: Humphrey's whooping supporters demonstrate in the Amphitheatre while Guardsmen repel

Newsweek—Charles Harbutt (Magnum)





Newsweek—Burt Glinn (Magnum)

demonstrating youths with tear gas and bayonets

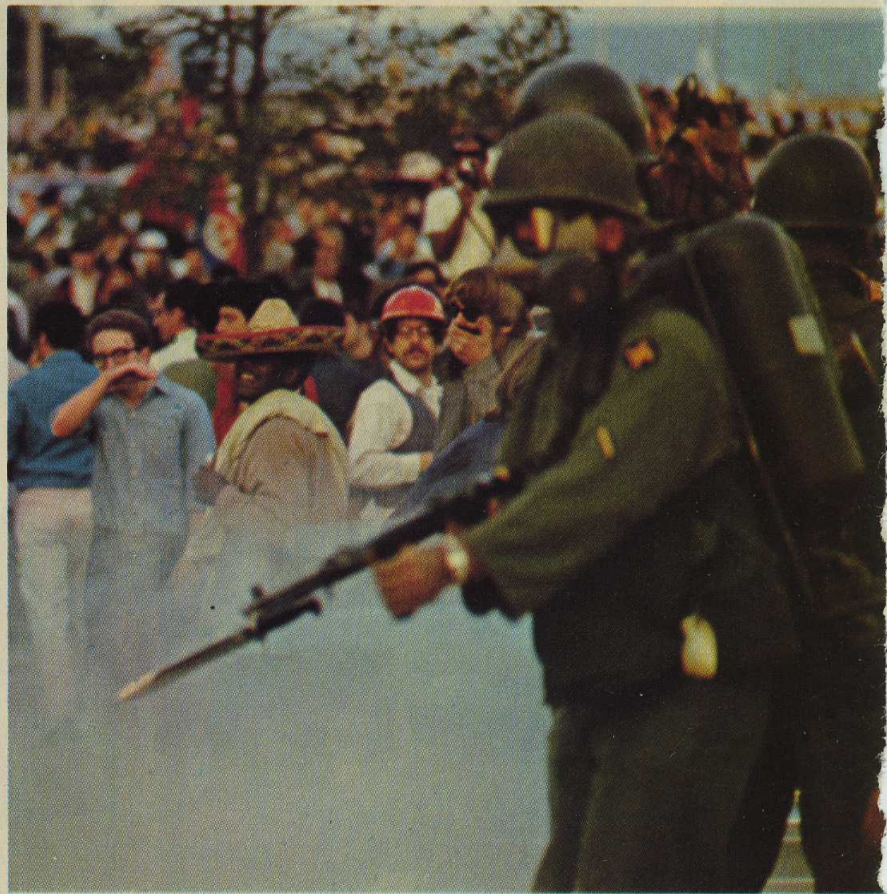


Newsweek—Charles Harbutt (Magnum)

MAYOR'S MEN: Following the leader inside the hall and out

Newsweek—Lester Sloan





SIGNS OF THE TIMES: Hippie youth amends a welcoming poster (left) near Democratic Party headquarters at the Conrad Hilton, where troops alternately dispersed demonstrators and stood guard between them and the beleaguered hotel

Newweek photos by Jeff Lowenthal



es. Yet Daley ruled nearly all of these out, and the cops' billies turned the streets into cruel chaos.

And so, for thousands of young people on the streets and for millions of TV viewers, Chicago came to symbolize law and order run amok. Perhaps more alarming still, one national survey found almost three out of four persons approving the police action—which also won surprising support from the nominee himself. "We ought to quit pretending that Mayor Daley did something that was wrong," said Humphrey. But foreign journalists covered the convention as if it were part of the Vietnam war, and not without reason: overarmed authority had met a human problem with massive force that seemed to generate its own momentum.

Rowdy: Inevitably, the overkill on the streets tended to overshadow the political pyrotechnics in the brightly hued International Amphitheatre. The stigma of the streets seemed certain to haunt Humphrey and his bitterly divided party in the nine weeks remaining until Election Day. And within the Amphitheatre, in contrast to the almost somnolent tranquillity of the Republicans' love-in at Miami Beach, the Democrats presented themselves to the country last week as a rowdy assemblage of fractious zealots, almost an echo of the GOP's Goldwater Götterdämmerung four years ago. How could they possibly transform the convention's conflict-ridden vitality into a vibrant quest for the White House?

Actually, with the exception of some gallery-packing by Mayor Daley, some questionable rulings by permanent chairman Carl Albert and some up-tight security excesses by nervous guards in the hall, the real business of the convention was carried out with free-swinging openness. Negroes were prominent on most delegations and working committees; one, Georgia's lithe, poised Julian Bond, just 28, was entered as a protest candidate for Vice President, emerging from the week as the darling of party liberals and living proof that the new politics was making gains. Bond, in fact, owed his seat on the floor to victory in a tough credentials fight—one of a series of key party decisions all but insuring that future conventions will be increasingly representative of minority groups.

Facing Up: The Democrats met the Vietnam issue head-on, too. The bitter wrangling over the platform plank on the war produced an extraordinary two-hour debate on the nation's future course that surpassed anything heard in the halls of Congress since the war began. In the end, the convention ratified a plank that even Lyndon Johnson could have run on. Even so, the dissidents rolled up 1,041½ votes for their stop-the-bombing alternative, two-thirds of the Humphreyites' winning total, and a clear index of just how far the doves had come since Gene McCarthy began his lonely crusade nine months ago.

Still, the Vietnam battle and other floor fights last week left the Democratic

Party close to a shambles. Southerners were infuriated by the seating of Bond's group and an insurgent Mississippi delegation and almost stomped out. Doves were enraged by the platform's vote of confidence in the President's war policy and talked of forming a fourth party. The young man who might have given the party its strongest spark of hope for November—Sen. Edward M. Kennedy—appeared only on a huge screen at the Amphitheatre, Cape Cod winds tousling his hair, in a filmed introduction to the memorial movie about his brother Robert.

Spell: Indeed, the men who weren't there—LBJ and Teddy Kennedy, back-lash candidate George Wallace and the late Bobby Kennedy—dominated the imagination of the delegates. Like characters in an inexorable drama, the on-stage cast—Humphrey and McCarthy, late entry George McGovern and the Kennedy agents trying to inflate a boom-

building to the Communist world and of a crusade for disarmament. Veep Humphrey could not realistically have been expected to differ with his President on Vietnam while seeking the nomination, but now he tried to step away from Mr. Johnson and emerge as his own man.

Cheers: "If there is any one lesson that we should have learned," he cried, "it is that the policies of tomorrow need not be limited by the policies of yesterday." The cavernous hall rang with cheers. And the ovations kept coming as Humphrey wound his way through a 50-minute speech that rekindled the hopes of Hubertistas in the house. "That's the Hubert of old," beamed a happy and relieved fellow Minnesotan afterward. "This was a convention that wanted to make love, not war," enthused a Humphrey agent. "They wanted to cheer. They wanted something to be happy about."

On the morning after, however, most party officials found precious little to cheer about. They left Fortress Chicago even more pessimistic than they had come. Humphrey had won the endorsement of doves McGovern and Oregon's Sen. Wayne Morse, but McCarthy was conspicuously absent from HHH's post-speech show of unity on the podium and there was scarcely a Kennedy man in sight. Dixie party leaders were consigning the Deep South to Wallace or Nixon; the Humphrey-Muskie ticket appeared in serious trouble in all the large industrial states except New York; the Midwest looked like a GOP playground. Only in the Northeast did party officials express pleasure—at the addition of Muskie to the Humphrey team. "This year," sighed one savvy Democrat, "it's every man for himself."

New Math: But Hubert Humphrey has never been a man to give up. Totting up the arithmetic and invoking the spirit of Harry Truman, his agents insisted that they could still pull it off—with a hard campaign aimed at big states with large numbers of Negro and ethnic voters, the donkey's share of Democratic smaller states and more than a little bit of luck.

By the Humphrey calculus, the ticket had a good chance to carry Massachusetts, Maine, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, the District of Columbia, West Virginia, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Arkansas, New Mexico and Hawaii—for a total of 189 electoral votes. Then—and here the math turned decidedly questionable—they counted on the 92 electoral votes of Ohio, Illinois and California—giving HHH enough to keep the Presidency out of the House.

Given the volatility of politics 1968, it was all a long shot. Had Democratic hopes—already dim—died in the bloody streets of Chicago? Most insiders thought so—and Hubert Humphrey had just nine weeks to change the odds. For now, the man who launched his campaign four months ago with a testimonial to "the politics of joy" would have to wage the politics of survival.



Herblock © 1968—The Washington Post
The overflowing cup

let for Teddy—went through their roles before an audience too immobilized by conflicting pressures to break the spell.

In the midst of it all, Humphrey tried to play peacemaker, but the divisions within the party were too great for his politics of reconciliation. He partly placated Northern liberals with his positions on the seating of the Southern rebel delegations—but he could not give the insurgents what they really wanted: repudiation of the Administration's Vietnam policy. He partly placated the Southerners in the end by holding the line on the war—but alienated many of them on the credentials issue. Finally, in a long and often eloquent acceptance speech, he sought, in hallowed Democratic fashion, to offer something for everyone: sympathy for the bloodied demonstrators combined with a firm pledge of law and order combined with an equally firm pledge of social justice. There were evocations of progress in education, housing and employment, talk of bridge-

The Winner: How—And What—He Won

He sat in his \$175-a-day command suite at Chicago's Conrad Hilton, 25 stories above the blood and the tears running in Michigan Avenue, and waited out the last, preordained steps toward the Democratic nomination for President. Fate, which had cheated him so often in the past, now decreed that the laurel should be his by right of succession, ability and party regularity. Only the tedious formalities of the nominating speeches and the roll-call balloting remained between him and the prize he had labored toward all his adult life. And yet, with his moment of triumph almost at hand, Hubert Horatio Humphrey excused himself from the circle of intimates around the twin color TV sets, slipped alone into a bedroom and wept.

The tears were real, and Humphrey spilled them not just for the bloodied kids in the streets but for his country, his party and himself. For suddenly, even as a roiling, brawling, fragmenting Democratic Party prepared to deliver him the nomination, the Veep had to ask himself just how much—or how little—that nomination was now worth.

And certainly the hour of his nomination was enough to bring tears to less lachrymose men than Hubert Humphrey. Never in memory had the ordered process of nomination come to so disorderly an end. Counterpointed against Cosack charges in Michigan Avenue, the nominating quadrille on the floor suddenly became a vehicle for all the accumulated grievances at the way the Democratic regulars ran the convention—and the way Mayor Dick Daley's cops pacified the city. A Colorado delegate broke into Humphrey's triumphal roll-call demanding:

"Is there any way to get Mayor Daley to suspend the police-state tactics that are being perpetrated at this very moment?" Connecticut's Sen. Abraham Ribicoff, looking down his aquiline nose at the beet-red, catcalling mayor, admonished: "How hard it is to accept the truth." And twice, out of the tumult, came a demand from Wisconsin that the convention fold its tent and meet in two weeks in another, safer city.

Bouncing: Watching it all in his hotel suite, the happiest warrior of them all at length dried his eyes, rearranged his Kewpie-doll features into a grin and resumed his seat, a yellow tally sheet in hand and a steady stream of patter on his lips. When Pennsylvania's 103½ votes put him over the 1,312 needed for nom-

ination, he even bounced up, did an abbreviated Humphrey hop and exclaimed: "Boy, I feel like really jumping." But the indomitable Humphrey smile, to some of his companions, looked forced. "I think," said one, "that he knows it's over."

Humphrey, of course, would certainly disagree—and probably believe himself. Yet from the start, the angry, restless course of the 35th Democratic National Convention seemed only to compound all of his political problems. With his party so perilously close to splinters and



Associated Press

Over the top: A Humphrey hop at the good news

even his own support in danger of scattering, Humphrey ran like a scared candidate for sheriff almost from the moment his chartered TWA 727 jetliner set down at O'Hare airport as the week began. In less than three days, he blitzed 23 delegations at fourteen meetings, seeking to keep his delegates in line mostly by preaching the gospel of unity against the common Republican enemy. After his brief recent flirtation with a softer line on Vietnam, he startled some in his audiences by hardening again behind an orthodox Johnsonian position. But mostly he tried to avoid contentious issues and cast himself as Harry Truman against the old Dick Nixon. "I want Richard Nixon to understand," he cried at a Michigan caucus, "that he

won't be President just because John F. Kennedy isn't here." And he told Pennsylvania: "The only thing that will beat the Democratic Party is Democrats ourselves . . . No one has to ask me if I will support the nominee of my party. The answer is yes, yes, yes."

South Dakota's Senator McGovern, a George-come-lately in the race, kept step around the caucus circuit, trying to build on a small holding of Bobby Kennedy remnants by casting himself as more peaceable than Humphrey and more dependably Democratic than Eugene McCarthy. But his small-state base and his late start made him seem something less than credible. And his real rôle in the campaign was blurred by his warm Kennedy connections. Was *he* his own man? He insisted so—but some of the kids, and the grown-up Kennedy people as well, made McGovern's Sheraton-Blackstone headquarters look vaguely like a draft-Teddy front.

Plodding: And the great McCarthy youthquake that shook Mr. Johnson out of the Presidency and made Vietnam the catalytic issue of 1968 wound up in despond. Certain before he arrived that he simply couldn't muster the votes, McCarthy didn't even bother putting on a brave front for his followers. He plodded around to no more than seven state caucuses, setting his pitch even lower than ever. "I'm here as one of those asking you to include me in your general examination of the candidates," he told West Virginia—hardly the sort of spiel calculated to bring waverers flocking to his colors. And in an extraordinary interview published on the very eve of the balloting, and quickly bruited across the convention floor, a group of Knight Newspapers' editors asked his prognosis.

"Well," said McCarthy, "I don't know that it's that close . . . I think it probably was settled more than 24 hours ago . . ."

" . . . You mean it's wrapped up for Humphrey?"

"I think so."

Only once, before a California caucus in an ornate, nineteenth-floor ballroom at the LaSalle Hotel, did the three major candidates come eyeball-to-eyeball-to-eyeball—and the session revealed the problems that beset all three. The main comic relief came first—a solo by spaniel-visaged gag candidate Pat Paulsen, the TV comic, who promised to make Mayor Daley his Secretary of Defense. But the rest was serious business. California's uncommitted 174-vote delegation—a mélange of pros and celebrity amateurs (movie star Shirley MacLaine, ex-gridder Rosey Grier)—was won by Bobby in his last primary and still wistfully hoped for a high sign from Teddy.

Accordingly, McGovern—as the closest thing to a Kennedy at hand—got by far the best applause-meter readings with his drumfire assault on the Vietnam war. "I

think we Democrats bear a special burden before the American people in 1968," he said to a thundering hand, "in that four years ago we sought their votes . . . on a rallying cry of 'no wider war.'" California loved him—but not quite well enough to look past the fatal flaws left by his late start. "I kept sitting there," said one delegate afterward, "and asking where was this guy six months ago?"

Wondering: McCarthy's performance, by contrast, left some of the Californians wondering just where he was now. He was then on the brink of offering Kennedy in-law Stephen Smith his support for Teddy if only Teddy could be drawn actively into the race. Gene, for his part, seemed to have little taste left for combat; he sat haggard and downcast, his fingers fluttering over a twist of paper, as he waited his turn—and then, when it came, he refused to talk Vietnam at all. "You know my stand on the issues," he told the delegates. "... I do not in-

ence to Vietnam?" he was asked. "Would you mind if I just stated my own position on Vietnam?" Humphrey retorted. There was a chorus of noes. "Because," the Veep pushed on, his brow darkening, "the President of the U.S. is not a candidate and I did not come here to repudiate the President. I want that made quite clear." His own position, as he spun it out, differed in no substantial way from the President's. Humphrey, in the upshot, got only fourteen votes from California.

Humphrey's image problem, indeed, was central to the first tests of power already unfolding behind the police checkpoints, the barbed wire and the electronic credentials scanners at Dick Daley's fortified Amphitheatre. Out of strategic necessity, the dissidents sought to rock the Veep's boat by picking every floor fight they could—over democratization of the party's rules, over replacing old-line Dixie delegations with biracial rebel fac-

his liberal image with a glimmer of the new politics, might throw his weight behind the growing sentiment for reform of the Southern Democratic way of life. For a moment, it looked that way—but Humphrey's politics of appeasement meant a middle course of compromise appeasing Southerners as well as McCarthyites. First and foremost, that meant taming a potentially explosive Texas rebellion behind Gov. John Connally.

A ranking prince of the party under his old pal Lyndon Johnson, Connally—a smooth, silvery-haired, self-possessed man known among home-state detractors as "Juan John"—felt rankled over what he took to be the insufficient attentions of the Humphrey camp. And in the pre-convention skirmishing, he felt doubly threatened—and doubly incensed—by proposals to unseat 50 of his delegates and to abolish the hoary unit rule (under which the majority within a delegation wins all the votes, the minority none). The Hubert-



Associated Press

'Let's go home': In a roiling, brawling convention, a Wisconsin McCarthyite yells for adjournment

tend to restate my case." His administrative inexperience? "I might point out to you," he retorted tartly, "there are 53 bathrooms in the White House, which would mean the President ought to be a plumber." His plans should someone else be nominated? Well, he might support Teddy, he said, then retired toward his seat, then came back and murmured: "I forgot one other thing . . . I could not support a Democratic candidate whose views [on Vietnam] did not come close to what mine are."

Humphrey, of course, was on hostile ground and knew it; he agreed to come mainly because he had been unable to arrange a meeting earlier with Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh's state party leadership and so needed to mend his fences with the California Democrats. But the debate made him look tense and even testy—particularly when his identity problem came up. "Specifically in what ways, if at all, do you disagree with President Johnson's position with refer-

tions, over the Vietnam plank in the platform (page 32). The object: boxing Humphrey into illiberal positions—and thus making him seem the property of the President, the Southerners and the Daley-style machine regulars. But Humphrey's command was equally resolved not to take the bait. "We have to come out of this convention with a reasonably united party if we stand any chance of winning in November," said one key strategist early on. "And to do this, we have to avoid turning this convention into a shambles." The Hubertistas accordingly settled on what one called "a politics of accommodation"—even a "politics of appeasement" toward the dissenters.

The politics of appeasement, as it turned out, worked best in holding some skittish Southern supporters in line. Humphrey had banked his bid for the nomination heavily on a solid base of Dixie regular support. But the Southerners showed up in Chicago increasingly apprehensive that the Veep, in his efforts to burnish

istas mistook the depth of Connally's irritation till dangerously late in the game, when some of his Texans started spooking the convention with talk of renominating Mr. Johnson just for spite. "Governor Connally is a dangerous man," said one Humphrey strategist, "because there's nothing he wants." But Connally was crucial to Humphrey's domino strategy—one of seven Southern favorite sons programed to yield to the Veep—and he had to be dealt with.

Grievances: So the day before the opening gavel, two Humphrey topsiders—strategist Larry O'Brien and Sen. Fred Harris of Oklahoma—slipped down a Hilton freight elevator to Connally's suite to hear his grievances and nod penitently, "You're right, Governor, you're right . . . There's no excuse for discourtesy, no excuse." On Monday, the Veep himself took over, calling Connally up to his own headquarters—and discovered that there were things Connally wanted after all. The governor exacted pledges that Hum-

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

phrey would stand firm (as he planned to anyway) on a pro-Administration Vietnam plank; that he wouldn't pick a running mate unacceptable to the South—and that he would recommend letting the unit rule stand till 1972.

Not even Humphrey's message to that effect could, in the event, save the unit rule; the convention shouted it down that night (and voted next evening to eliminate it at every level of the party, not just national conventions, starting in 1972). When the credentials challenge came up shortly thereafter, in fact, Connally seemed headed for a bruising double defeat until Humphrey's managers realized a quarter of the way through the roll call that they might take a damaging psychological setback. They started whipping their backers into line—and in the end pulled out a somewhat squeaky 1,368-955 vote in support of Connally's regulars. Juan John, his pride preserved, moved about the floor trading victory



Newsweek—Wally McNamee

The impresarios: Albert, Boggs

handshakes. And next day he kept his part of the compact, summoning his Texans into caucus, advising them that Humphrey was "close to wrapping it all up" and releasing them from his favorite-son candidacy. The result was 100% votes for Humphrey (of Texas's 104)—and a key Southern domino in the Veep's pile.

Escalation: The other dominoes toppled, too—though only as it became plain that Humphrey's clear majority was not bent on reading Dixie out of the party. Texas was only one of a series of credentials scraps that set off the first of the raucous floor wars that were to dominate the proceedings in the hall and to escalate in decibel count and bitterness through the week. A few of the challenges—a very few—were easily settled: a well-integrated, well-prepared Mississippi rebel slate—the descendants of the Freedom Democrats who forced the 1964 convention to begin the slow process of reconstructing the party's Southern wing—was seated without a serious fight. But in an increasingly polarized convention, the politics of appeasement led Hum-

phrey into some Pyrrhic victories—notably a difference-splitting compromise settlement of a Georgia challenge that offended dissidents and Dixiecrats alike.

Georgia's segregationist Gov. Lester Maddox and state party chieftain James H. Gray had, by long tradition, hand-picked a delegation—dominated, as it happened, not by the segs but by old party pros leaning toward Humphrey. Without a great deal of hope, a pro-McCarthy challenge slate organized behind black state legislator Julian Bond, 28, a bright, handsome civil-rights veteran. So low were his expectations that Bond brought only a single change of shirts when he checked into a Chicago "Y" for the pre-convention hearings. But his articulate performance there established him as one of the stars of the entire show—and made it impossible for the Veep to turn him away empty-handed. When Maddox quit the delegation for his own short-lived fling at what he imagined to be Presidential politics, some of the Georgia regulars saw an opening and put it to credentials chairman (and New Jersey governor) Richard J. Hughes: if they got rid of Maddox, what could he do about Bond? "This man's a symbol," said Hughes. "We've got to have him." The upshot was the rickety compromise seating elements of both factions and halving Georgia's votes between them.

Blunder: But the McCarthyites—determined to establish Humphrey's links to the Southern regulars—pushed to seat the entire Bond delegation—and the battle was joined. The dissidents made a bad tactical blunder when California's Unruh moved to delay the credentials question overnight—thus setting up the convention's first test of power on an uninspiring question of procedure instead of an emotional liberal crusade. The Humphrey men as a result beat it back, 1,691½-875—a balance of forces that was to hold roughly through the convention. Bond set the dissidents whooping with a dramatic push down from the gallery to claim Georgia's seats. But the Humphrey forces had the votes—1,413 to 1,041½ against the Bondsmen-only proposal.

Out of the big, side-by-side New York and California delegations exploded a volley of "noes" and a chant: "*Ju-lian Bond! Ju-lian Bond!*" The Georgia regulars waved white handkerchiefs—and some shortly followed Maddox out of Chicago—and back to Wallace country. National Chairman John Bailey slipped up beside temporary convention chairman (and keynote speaker) Daniel K. Inouye and made a slashing gesture. Inouye spotted an adjournment motion and gave the marathon opening session to a close just short of 3 a.m.

The tumult and the shouting built from there. The convention spent much of the next two sessions talking Vietnam, the single issue that had retired the President and haunted the Vice President and split the party to its roots. The great platform debate came amid mount-

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VIETNAM: THE DISSIDENTS WALK THE PLANK

For all the free-form pandemonium that characterized four days of convention-floor activity, the key combatants enjoyed at least one interlude of impressive reason. That was the two-hour debate over the platform plank on Vietnam. It was as if the delegates had moved out of a violent hurricane into the eye of the storm and the center of their differences where they found a moment of calm.

Vietnam was clearly the crux of this convention. It was the issue that had driven the challengers into the lists against a President of their own party. It was the wedge that divided the contending forces in the Amphitheatre and threatened to split the Democrats on Election Day. The shape of the Vietnam plank might determine, to a great extent, whether Hubert Humphrey either wanted or was able to cut himself loose from the Johnson Administration in the campaign ahead. And the delegates' decision on the plank would signal whether they would go on to endorse Humphrey.

It was hardly surprising, therefore, that both sides approached the platform contest with the tactical wariness of two judo wrestlers. The peace forces, for their part, engaged in protracted pre-fight calisthenics that consisted largely of knocking their own heads together. Eugene McCarthy was pressing for a plank calling upon the U.S. to nudge its South Vietnamese allies into accepting a coalition government that included elements of the National Liberation Front. George McGovern and many of the late Robert Kennedy's supporters would have none of this, since it smacked to them of a dictated settlement.

Uncanny: Gradually these differences among the doves were shaved away, thanks to an uncanny take-over of the major peace-plank carpentry by a handful of former comrades-in-arms from the Kennedy camp. Richard Goodwin represented McCarthy; Pierre Salinger and Fred Dutton represented McGovern; Kenneth O'Donnell and Theodore Sorensen represented the Kennedyites who had committed themselves to no particular candidate. Sorensen's ambiguous

HHH men Hays, Ginsburg





Pictorial Parade

Doves' demonstration: They sang 'We Shall Overcome'; the band played 'Happy Days are Here Again'

position gave rise to dark suspicions. It was he who tried hardest to shape a plank upon which Humphrey, if he were the nominee, could run without severe discomfort, and some of the negotiators wondered whether Sorensen might be secretly working for the Vice President.

This suspicion pointed up one of the crucial elements in the peace camp's tactics: they were desperately fearful of fashioning a plank so tempered to appeal to majority support that Humphrey himself might accept it. For their last-ditch stratagem for stopping Humphrey's nomination depended upon forcing the platform fight to the floor and precipitating a debate that might shake loose some of the Veep's delegate strength. "Hell, that group wouldn't accept a plank from us even if it had been written in Hanoi," growled Humphrey adviser James Rowe. "They don't want a settlement of the war; they want an issue to take to the floor of the convention." Actually, of course, they wanted both.

Rumors: Humphrey was, in fact, fervently hoping to come up with a Vietnam plank that would attract some of the dissidents, and in the early stages of the platform hearings, rumors abounded that the Veep would be willing to halt the bombing of North Vietnam. Evidently these rumors penetrated to the White House and, according to one inside report, Humphrey himself was summoned into Lyndon Johnson's presence for a stern warning to stay in line.

A couple of days later, Mr. Johnson took advantage of a Congressional briefing on the Czech crisis to drive home the same blunt point. Rep. Hale Boggs, the platform committee chairman, Rep. Carl Albert, the permanent chairman of the convention, and Sen. Jennings Randolph of West Virginia, a hawkish member of the platform committee, all attended

the White House meeting. Abruptly, Boggs changed the subject to ask what would be the extra danger to American troops if a bombing halt were ordered over North Vietnam. The President seemed well prepared for the surprise question. He read a cable from Gen. Creighton Abrams Jr., U.S. Commander in Vietnam, which predicted that if the bombing were stopped the enemy's capability in the area of the DMZ would increase by 500 per cent. Mr. Johnson then handed Boggs a paraphrase of the message to take back to Chicago.

Finesse: In Chicago, Humphrey had assigned a shrewd Washington lawyer named David Ginsburg to prepare a Vietnam plank that he would recommend to the platform committee. Working in a tiny room in the Conrad Hilton Hotel, scrawling his drafts longhand on yellow pads, Ginsburg finally produced a two-page statement that set out to praise the Administration's peace efforts and to finesse the war effort almost completely. Humphrey showed a copy to the President after the Czech briefing. Mr. Johnson allowed that he himself would have written it differently, but he suggested only minuscule changes.

Ginsburg's draft then went before a three-man review committee headed by Boggs. The trio made few changes; the only really significant one concerned the bombing of the north. Bombing, it said, would stop only if "this action would not endanger the lives of our troops . . ."

When this plank was unveiled and hastily ratified as the majority report of the platform committee, the peace forces were jubilant. The suspected Sorensen-Ginsburg axis was broken. "Now the lines are clearly drawn," McCarthy proclaimed, "between those who want more of the same and those who think it necessary to change our course in Vietnam.

The convention as a whole will decide."

The main battlelines between the two alternative planks were as follows:

- The majority offered a conditional cessation of the bombing. The minority made an outright pledge, but promised to continue full support for U.S. troops.
- The majority would simply reduce U.S. military involvement "as the South Vietnamese forces are able to take over their larger responsibilities." The minority pledged an immediate de-escalation, making possible "an early withdrawal of a significant number of our troops."

By the time the debate finally opened, there was no longer any doubt about the outcome. The McCarthy candidacy and the Kennedy boom had both collapsed. Everyone knew that Humphrey was home free, and many neutral delegates who had been leaning toward the minority version now saw little point in mounting their new standard-bearer upon his opponents' horse. Perhaps it was this air of resignation that calmed the debate.

Eloquent: For it proceeded on an extraordinarily high level. Only Ohio's Rep. Wayne Hays, who interjected jokes about hippies substituting "pot for patriotism," marred the proceedings. Sen. Edmund Muskie, leading off for the majority, stressed the broad areas of agreement: "No responsible leader wants unilateral withdrawal. None seeks to escalate the war. All major participants in this debate seek a negotiated political settlement." Ted Sorensen made the most eloquent plea for the minority: "If you cannot give our young people and the amateurs and the idealists the candidate of their choice, at least give them this plank to preserve their enthusiasm for the Democratic Party."

In the end, of course, the majority report prevailed, 1,567½ votes to 1,041½. Some hoped that the public airing of the Vietnam dispute would have a cathartic effect and help draw the party together in the campaign ahead. Others sensed that the rupture would not be healed. As chairman Carl Albert announced the final tally, the doleful and defiant strains of "We Shall Overcome" welled up from the New York delegation, and the singing continued, joined by others, even after Albert gavelled the session to a close and the band struck up "Happy Days Are Here Again."

Kennedy men Sorensen, O'Donnell, Goodwin and Salinger



(Continued from Page 32)

ing atrocity tales out of the streets and mounting irritation at the arrogance of power that led Daley to believe he could run a national convention like an Eleventh Ward beer bust. Tempers bubbled hot when, early Wednesday morning, the convention management tried to stage the Vietnam debate in the pre-dawn hours while everyone was groggy and no one was looking. The dissidents had been waiting months and even years for the moment, and they simply rebelled. "We're all tired," Wisconsin's McCarthyite chairman Donald Peterson said, moving adjournment, and when Oklahoma Rep. Carl Albert, the permanent chairman, gaveled him down, the New York-California-Wisconsin axis exploded: "Let's go home! Let's go home!" His thick neck reddening, Daley finally motioned his surrender. Albert took the cue and recessed.

The debate, when it at last happened, was both dignified and substantive, and, when it ended, both sides stood and applauded the event and its impresario, platform chairman Hale Boggs of Louisiana. But when Texas's solid bloc of 104 hawk votes finally killed the doves' minority plank, boos filled the hall. And when the roll call was over, New York and California stood swaying, flashing "V" signs and singing "We Shall Overcome" into the brassy counterpoint of Daley's convention band, which was lin-

ing out a medley of martial airs (including "The Marines' Hymn") and upbeat standards (among them "Happy Days Are Here Again" and "This Could Be the Start of Something"). Black armbands materialized among the mourning peace Democrats, and the vigil ran into the supper adjournment between the platform debate and the evening session set aside for the nominations themselves.

Prime Mover: The mood among the dissidents bordered on desperation, and its measure was the short-circuited surge for Ted Kennedy (story below). Its prime mover turned out to be, of all people, Dick Daley, though his prime interest may have been to smoke Teddy into the race for President so he could be drafted for Vice President on a ticket with Humphrey—or, better still by Daley's lights, Lyndon Johnson. The mayor sent a premonitory shudder through the Humphrey camp by postponing Illinois's traditional pre-convention Sunday caucus to Wednesday morning to give himself maneuvering time.

His gambit succeeded in setting off a brush-fire boomlet on the floor, and it set off rounds of meetings among dissident leaders McCarthy, McGovern, Unruh, Ribicoff and Steve Smith, who was scouting the scene for Teddy from a suite at the Standard Club. "Draft Ted" stickers and buttons materialized, headquarters spread from a single room at the Sherman House to every major con-



Associated Press

The amateurs: MacLaine, Grier

vention hotel and hundreds of Teddy boys and teeny-boppers started daubing placards and proselytizing delegates.

But the flurry failed in the end because it failed fully to engage Ted Kennedy himself. Still numbed by Bobby's assassination, Ted seemed unable to make a total decision. By long-distance phone from Hyannis Port, he managed to talk Ohio's ex-Gov. Mike DiSalle out of placing his name in nomination. But to other, closer delegates, he sounded at least interested. "Is it a legitimate draft?" he asked one. "I won't be a party to any maneuvers, and I don't want to look like

1,000 Votes for Teddy, But—

Whether it missed by inches or a mile, whether it was doomed from the start or stumbled at the finish line, no one will ever really know. But for some flickering hours last week, more than a few of the Democrats gathered in Chicago genuinely believed that Camelot was on the eve of restoration.

The last-minute drive to draft Ted Kennedy for President began, as did so many of the convention's wild events, with a nod from Mayor Daley. For weeks, Daley had been distressed with the prospect of a Humphrey ticket, which he was convinced would drag the party down to disaster in Illinois. The Friday before the convention began, in fact, the mayor called President Johnson and appealed to him to reconsider his withdrawal from the race. Mr. Johnson replied that his decision was irrevocable.

Over the weekend, a number of key Democrats paid calls upon the mayor. During their visits, Connecticut's, Sen. Abraham Ribicoff, who had just declared for George McGovern, and California's Jesse Unruh, one of Bobby Kennedy's earliest supporters, were both surprised to hear Daley suddenly talking Teddy. Daley also received Kennedy's brother-in-law, Steve Smith, and pressed him for some sort of commitment. Would Teddy issue a guarded public statement of

availability, or else inform Daley privately that he was ready to go? No, Smith replied, but he would respond to a genuine draft. Apparently undiscouraged, the mayor said that he would see what he could do.

What Daley did was to announce that Illinois, instead of lining up behind one of the candidates at its Sunday caucus as he had long promised, would remain uncommitted until the day of the balloting. This, in Daley's view, was a dramatic gesture on his part, a clear signal to the delegates that the party's single most powerful boss considered the nomination negotiable. Now it was up to the Kennedy camp to put something together.

Strategy: An amateurish draft movement had already started. At a makeshift headquarters in the Sherman House, youthful volunteers were selling "Kennedy for President" buttons (at \$1 apiece, to raise money to buy more), distributing stickers left over from Bobby's campaign, passing around petitions for delegates to sign. Now a higher command post was set up in Chicago's Standard Club, where Steve Smith happened to be staying. There, a handful of old Kennedy hands devised a strategy for the coup: to demonstrate their strength by winning the Vietnam platform battle, then to spring a surprise endorsement by Daley calcu-



UPI

Teddyboppers: Boom and bust



Newsweek—Wally McNamee

Bond: 'We've got to have him'

a fool if it should turn out not to be a genuine draft." And, by another account, Ted told Smith that he would go along if Smith could put it together.

Smith couldn't. He called the principals together, got McCarthy and McGovern to promise to yield to Teddy under the right circumstances and was assured by Unruh that California would go along. The missing piece was Illinois and its suddenly diffident kingmaker—Richard J. Daley. After a half-dozen phone talks with Teddy, he peevishly complained about the young senator's indecision and his seeming inability to

gauge his own strength accurately. "I learned right here in Chicago," lectured his honor, "that you've got to have a map in front of you all the time and know how to read it or else you'll end up in the lake. That young man has gotta learn how to read the map or he's going to end up in the lake." The mayor made one last scolding phone call to Teddy at 4:45 p.m. Tuesday, then—fifteen minutes later—called the Veep and pledged his support. Though Unruh kept the coals glowing into the next day on sheer hope, the boomlet—and the race for the nomination—ended there.

Fallout: When it was all over Jesse Unruh, the first major politician to declare for Bobby Kennedy, surveyed the remnants of the Teddy boomlet. "We got to Chicago with a general feeling that something was going to happen," said the leader of the 174-man California delegation. "We didn't know what, or how. We just felt a radiated hope. That was the fallout that pervaded the entire convention. That may be the simple, honest answer to my own personal feelings and the whole Draft-Teddy movement. That may be the simple, logical theory that all the feelings I had were hallucinogenic. Maybe it never really was very close."

Maybe not. But for a mind-bending moment the prospect of a viable alternative to Hubert Humphrey electrified the floor. After the trip was over, all that was

left was the nomination, and it was transacted in an atmosphere of deepening gloom and rising tension among the dissidents. Even the TV networks, those hucksters of convention rumor and suspense, awarded the nomination to Humphrey hours before the balloting began. McCarthy talked of withdrawing altogether and his on-again, off-again counselor Richard Goodwin seconded the idea. But his nominator, Gov. Harold Hughes of Iowa, and one of his charter backers, John Kenneth Galbraith, talked him into seeing the race through. Anticipating the inevitable, Mayor Daley stacked the house with Humphrey placards and patronage hands.

Balking: Nerves rubbed raw, the dissidents bridled at every real and imagined slight. One New York McCarthyite balked at showing an usher his credentials for the umpteenth time—and was promptly dragged off the floor by a clutch of blue-helmeted cops. And from the gutters below the Conrad Hilton came word of the worst street clash yet. An ashen McCarthy worker moved around showing the delegates a Telex message from a girl volunteer at Hilton headquarters: "God, it can't be described . . . People are being pounded on . . . Please do something." And even in his 25th-floor aerie, Hubert Humphrey himself caught a whiff of the tear gas billowing up out of the streets.

On the floor, the main business of the

lated to jar loose much of the softish Humphrey strength in the big industrial delegations.

Ted Kennedy himself, 1,000 miles away in Hyannis Port, was in something of a quandary. One side of him, the personal side, did not want to run for President this year under any circumstances. Another, the political side, responded to the dramatic prospects of victory reported from Chicago. But he wanted to make sure the votes were there before making even a private declaration of candidacy. "There's a big movement on," enthused Jesse Unruh in one phone call to Hyannis Port. "I don't care about a big movement," Teddy replied impatiently. "What are the facts?"

Gracious Offer: Hastily, the improvised Kennedy staff in Chicago set about trying to find out. At first the prospects seemed good. Their delegate count rose steadily, from 400 to 800 to over 1,000. George McGovern cooperated enthusiastically. And, to the surprise of many Kennedyites, Gene McCarthy came forward Tuesday afternoon with a gracious offer to bow out of the race and throw his support to Teddy in whatever way it could be most useful.

But just as the Kennedy tide seemed to be picking up momentum, the surge began instead to falter. The delegate count peaked not far above 1,000—and that represented basically an amalgamation of anti-Humphrey strength rather than Humphrey-to-Kennedy switches.

Word of McCarthy's "it's-all-over" statement spread late Tuesday, casting a pall of defeatism over the entire stop-Humphrey effort. And, worst of all, Mayor Daley withdrew his support.

For two days the proud old pro, under mounting pressure as the favorite sons collapsed, had been sorely vexed by what he considered amateurishness in the Kennedy camp. Teddy had failed to give him the commitment he felt he needed. Smith had failed to give him a convincing delegate count. "Your young man had better make up his mind," he told Smith early Tuesday afternoon. "Jack Kennedy knew how to count and Bobby Kennedy knew how to count, and your young man had better learn quick."

At 5 p.m. Tuesday, Daley, apparently out of patience, decided his position had grown untenable. He telephoned Hubert Humphrey and informed him that the Illinois delegation was his. At that moment Kennedy men were sneaking 400 "Draft Kennedy" posters and 40,000 flyers into the convention hall for a spontaneous rally. But even though the harried Kennedyites didn't realize it till the following dawn, the Kennedy boom had busted.

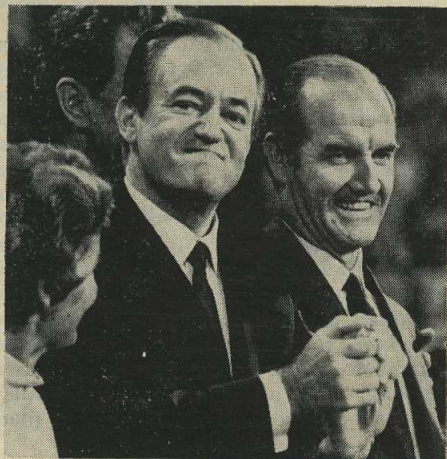
Afterward, understandably enough, recriminations set in. Many of the Kennedy workers, Unruh included, became convinced that Daley had been playing a devious game. The mayor had never, they suspected, really intended to swing the Presidential nomination to Teddy, only to lure him into the open as a can-



UPI

Kennedy: Did he really want it?

didate so that it would become nearly impossible for him to turn down the Vice Presidency. Perhaps. But if Ted Kennedy ever had a chance at the Presidential nomination in 1968, one important reason for his failure seemed clearly to be that he did not really want it badly enough.



Associated Press

The ally: McGovern joins HHH

convention moved to its inexorable conclusion. "Alabama!" cried Mrs. Dorothy Bush, the convention's secretary, and the nominations were open. Humphrey's encomium, rendered by San Francisco's peppy, baldish Mayor Joseph Alioto, was ordinary enough, but McGovern's—by Abe Ribicoff—was full of the accumulated furies aswirl on the floor. "With George McGovern as President," intoned Ribicoff, "we wouldn't have Gestapo tactics in the streets of Chicago . . ." A visceral roar welled up around him. Daley turned purple and popped to his feet, with his delegation around him booing, hissing, shaking their fists and gesturing thumbs down. Daley poked a blunt finger at Ribicoff and shouted something that amateur lip-readers discreetly translated as "you fink!" As newsmen homed in on Daley's fourth-row aisle seat, ushers and guards—at a shout from the mayor—brusquely cleared the aisles and cordoned off the entire delegation until, long before the balloting, his honor finally stalked from the hall.

Scoring: At last the voting began—and it followed Humphrey's tally sheets almost to the last half-vote. From his beige easy chair, the Veep kept score, announcing how close each delegation was to his own guesses. "Guam—five Humphrey," burred Hubert, and Guam came through. Illinois's 112? "That's what I had." Michigan's 72½? "By golly, I only had 68½." Oregon? "Oregon is zilch," said the Veep, and so it was. The South held, the industrial Midwest came through and even pawky New York delivered 96% of its 190 votes. And finally, at the clinching Pennsylvania votes, Humphrey leaned forward, tensed, then bounded up, shook hands and asked the TV set, "Where's Muriel?" Right on cue, the cameras picked up his wife; the Veep planted a wet kiss on the screen and exclaimed, "Mom, I wish you were here."

The tally mounted; Humphrey wound up with 1,761½ votes to 601 for McCarthy, 146½ for McGovern and 67½ for the Rev. Channing E. Phillips, a Washington preacher and poverty worker who was the first Negro ever placed in nomination for President at a major-party con-

vention. With the count barely in, Lyndon Johnson—who had chosen to spend his 60th birthday week *en famille* in Texas rather than venture to Chicago—phoned his congratulations. "Bless your heart," the Veep gushed. "Thank you."

The next order of business was picking the Veep's Veep (page 37), and—though he kept the field open to the end—Humphrey finally settled on the old Senator he had favored all along: lanky, industrious Edmund Sixtus Muskie, 54, of Maine. The choice puzzled those who thought he ought to go for a younger, more glamorous man—a Sargent Shriver, say, or a Fred Harris. But weeks ago, Humphrey—going over the list of possibles with an aide during a limousine ride through Washington—had tipped his hand when the roll got to Muskie: "I'm very fond of that fellow. He's a very reliable man and very intelligent. I wouldn't have to worry about him." Shriver fell in



Newsweek—Wally McNamee

The manager: Strategist O'Brien

the semifinals because he seemed merely an imitation Kennedy. The finals thus narrowed to Harris and Muskie, and Humphrey chose comfort ahead of youth and dash. "I went for the quiet man," he told an intimate later. "I know I talk too much and I wanted someone who makes for a contrast in styles. Two Hubert Humphreys might be one too many."

If he thus missed a chance to add some flash to the ticket, Humphrey at least offended nobody—and offending nobody was quite simply the only way he saw of keeping his fragmenting party together. Party unity thus became the controlling theme of his acceptance speech as well, almost from the moment two weeks before when he collected drafts from a variety of idea men (among them Bill Moyers, Walter Reuther, JFK biographer James MacGregor Burns) and handed them to a committee of staffers to be stitched together. With old LBJ hand Jack Valenti and trade-union boss

Gus Tyler pitching in, a final draft emerged by Thursday afternoon. Then, hunched over a dining table in shirt sleeves, the Veep himself took over, editing the language, adding (at McGovern's suggestion) a passage on the combat in the streets, fattening the text with Humphrey's Familiar Quotations. He wrote in a prayer of Saint Francis of Assisi ("Where there is hatred, let me know love . . ."). Staffers took it out. Humphrey put it back in.

Pastiche: The Veep's loose-leaf-reading copy of the pastiche was ready barely ten minutes before he departed for the Amphitheatre to claim the nomination. And then his hour came only after a last, turbulent outpouring of the cumulative tensions and animosities that had palled the whole convention.

The spill of emotion began after a film eulogy to Bobby Kennedy—a tribute that brought regulars and rebels to their feet in a standing ovation. But as the regulars gradually took their seats, the dissidents stood their ground and turned a moment of sentiment into a twenty-minute demonstration of angry defiance. The applause turned to rhythmic clapping, then chorus upon chorus of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Albert couldn't gavel them down; the sing-in ended only when a black Daley alderman materialized out of turn on the platform with a tribute to Martin Luther King.

More sparks were struck when word reached the floor that New Hampshire's McCarthyite chairman, David Hoeh, 30, had been dragged from the Amphitheatre, roughed up and jailed. Hoeh, as it turned out, had tried a plastic ID card in one of the electronic credentials scanners, discovered that it lit the appropriate green light and was delightedly repeating the trick for friends when he was hauled away. Grass-fire rumors that he had been beaten crisscrossed the floor and fueled an insurgent move to nominate Julian Bond for Veep—not to beat Muskie but to get the floor for one last round of "nominating" speeches denouncing Daley. The move fell apart when Wisconsin got the floor long enough to nominate Bond—but lost it be-



Associated Press

The exile: LBJ at 60

Reproduced at the Richard Nixon Presidential Library

fore charter dump-Johnson leader Allard Lowenstein of New York could speak.

The rage seemed to have spent itself at last by the time Hubert Horatio Humphrey bounced smiling and waving to the podium with an acceptance speech that proved an essay in stand-up comity. "May America tonight resolve that never, never again shall we see what we have seen," he said, reviewing the week's war for the streets, and neither rebels nor regulars could quarrel with that. He paid his obeisances to the boss ("Thank you, thank you, Mr. President") but in almost the next breath he proclaimed "the end of an era and the beginning of a new day." He distributed homilies on law and order to the old-liners, on social justice to the liberal left. He declared his independence of "the policies of yesterday" in Vietnam, and some of the doves were heartened even if the Veep neglected to say just how he would exercise it. "Believe in what America can do and . . . can be," he exhorted at the end. "With the help of the vast, unfrightened . . . majority of Americans . . . I am ready to lead our country." He was booted only three times, and then lightly, and when he finished he got a Minnesota rouser of a hand.

'I'm Captain': When the cheering stopped, Humphrey fell to the task of taking charge of the battered party (he installed Larry O'Brien as National Chairman until Election Day) and making it his own for the nine-week campaign. "I'm captain of the team," he said. "I'm supposed to call the signals." He also set about resurrecting his indomitably combative spirit out of the gloom that brought him to tears only 48 hours earlier. Spying a newspaper headline that proclaimed HUBERT IN A SHAMBLES, he vowed, eyes flashing defiance: "I'm going to save that." And later he mused: "You don't need everybody enthusiastic. An unenthusiastic vote is just as good as an enthusiastic vote. You don't need everyone jumping up and down for you."

Overenthusiasm would hardly be Hubert Humphrey's problem in the coming months. A convention at which most of the excitement centered among the amateurs and the rebels had cast Humphrey, fairly or not, as the agent of the regulars, the Daleys and the Baileys. "We now have two albatrosses around our neck," said one doleful Hubert supporter. "Lyndon Johnson and Dick Daley." Humphrey understood better than anyone the vulnerability of his position. "On the one hand, I'll be defending the Administration," he said, "but on the other I'll be projecting new programs and leadership." Yet there was among his counselors an anxiety that Humphrey may have split too many differences in Chicago—that he missed one chance to assert his independence in the Vietnam debate, another in choosing an able but pallid senator for Veep. "Bad luck alone need not be fatal," said one. But other friends feared that bad luck had been compounded by bad decisions.



Newsweek—Wally McNamee



Associated Press

Ticketed: 'We're stuck,' said Muskie, but his kids didn't mind at all

THE MAKING OF A RUNNING MATE

As Hubert Humphrey's convention vote rolled inexorably toward victory Wednesday night, Maine's gangling Sen. Ed Muskie gulped a triumphal champagne toast in the HHH Amphitheatre command post. Then thoughts turned ahead, and he was asked if he was nervous about the next twelve hours. "Well," said Muskie nervously, "I sure hope I can get a good night's sleep." As it turned out he did. It wasn't until late afternoon the following day that Humphrey, for better or worse, betrothed Edmund Sixtus Muskie as his Vice President-hopefully-to-be.

The final round of the Veepstakes had come down to a choice between lantern-jawed Muskie and bright, boyish Sen. Fred Harris of Oklahoma, co-chairman of United Democrats for Humphrey. The decision was made while the two contestants awaited their fate in separate bedrooms in the HHH suite. First, Humphrey went to the 37-year-old Harris and told him, "Don't be upset." And almost before the news could sink in, he led Harris to Muskie's room. "Shake hands with the man who is going to nominate you," HHH chirped to his running mate. Moments later, Humphrey was whisking Muskie around the room, introducing him as "Mr. Vice President."

Mourners: Ardent Harris fans brooded afterward, lamenting that their man would have brought needed "excitement" to the Democratic slate. "Ed Muskie," said one momentary mourner, "is a bright, loyal, imaginative guy. But he brings about as much sex to this ticket as Agnew brought to Nixon." Indeed, there were superficial similarities in the two choices. Like Agnew, Muskie seemed a compromise choice guaranteed not to challenge the primacy of the Presidential nominee. Both Veep candidates, moreover, were citizens of small states and sons of immigrants with minority appeal. Like Spiro Agnew, whose father was Greek, Polish Catholic Muskie's father had been born under a less digestible surname. (His family's name was Marciszewski.)

But the parallel stretched no farther, the senator's admirers insisted. After six years in the Maine Legislature, two terms as governor of the state and nine years in the U.S. Senate, Muskie at 54 is a far more experienced administrator and lawmaker, they noted, than his GOP counterpart. In Congress, without courting the limelight, the self-effacing senator earned a reputation for dogged dependability, and as the backstage broker who floor-managed some of Lyndon Johnson's pet legislative properties—notably, the controversial model-cities bill—through the Senate, he was marked by many of his colleagues as a potential successor one day to Majority Leader Mike Mansfield.

Close Admirer: Muskie's joy over a place on the Presidential ticket was characteristically mixed. His colleagues agree that he has little taste for personal power. As his dark-haired wife Jane, mother of the five Muskie children (three girls and two boys), described it to a press conference last week, her husband returned from the Humphrey suite looking shaken and blurted, "Mommie, I think we're stuck with it." And, said Jane, "My answer was something stupid like, 'That's too bad.'"

Later, his long legs planted on a Hilton coffee table amid congratulatory wires from Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew, Muskie confided that as far back as last May, on a visit to Maine's State Democratic Convention, Humphrey had hinted he would be the running mate. In all their talks since, said dependable Ed Muskie, the Vice President professed to be seeking "a close admirer that he could talk to."

That jibed with Hubert's own account of the making of a running mate. "Important above all," he told reporters, were such questions as: "Will this man work with you? Will he be a friend and companion? . . . Will he speak up when you need support?" Which was just the sort of Vice President Humphrey had learned to be through four trying years under Lyndon Johnson.



UPI

Battleground: In front of the Democrats' headquarters hotel, Chicago's cops declared war on the antiwar protesters

LOTS OF LAW, LITTLE ORDER

The city was primed for violence—and violence came to Chicago last week. Into the convention city straggled a motley collection of hippies, yippies and other dissidents bent on demonstrating against the Democratic Administration's conduct of the Vietnam war. They were met by Mayor Richard J. Daley's finest—backed up by an overkill array of 6,000 National Guardsmen and 7,500 riot-trained Regular Army troops. Bound and determined to enforce the mayor's concept of law and order, the police massively overreacted to provocations ranging from mischievousness to acts of defiance—and themselves became the prime source of violence.

The ugly spectacle of savage mass beatings—first acted out in the dark shadows of a Chicago park—eventually erupted under floodlights and the shocked gaze of millions of television viewers. The sight of policemen laying about with their billy clubs against a ghostly backdrop of tear gas did more than color the whole context of the nominating process in the convention hall. It left a scar on the city of Chicago that

may become as indelible a part of its violent history as the Haymarket Riot and the St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

Throughout the week, a task force of eight NEWSWEEK reporters covered the shifting battle scene as the police tactics mounted in intensity to a climactic bloody clash on nominating eve in front of the Conrad Hilton headquarters of the visiting Democratic Party. Their report:

The youthful protesters began wandering into Chicago two weeks ago. They were, on the whole, a disorganized bunch—barefooted hippies, tongue-in-cheek yippies (Youth International Party members), McCarthy-buttoned students. A handful were clearly militant, set on provoking violence, but most seemed content simply to be where the action was. "It just looked like a great time," said a 26-year-old Chicago secretary who had donned old clothes to join the swelling group.

Their numbers eventually reached somewhere between 8,000 and 10,000 but were always far fewer than advance estimates. As the convention itself ap-

proached, it seemed that Mayor Daley's stern security measures plus his unyielding refusal to let the youths demonstrate near the convention, or to sleep in any city parks, had indeed been effective in discouraging many youngsters from showing up. But if Daley's measures to insure law and order turned some away, they provided a built-in challenge for those who did show up, and on the eve of the convention, the demonstrators threw down the gauntlet. North of Chicago's Loop lies Lincoln Park and there, alongside Lake Michigan, the invading forces decided to make their stand by defying an 11 p.m. park curfew. They announced they would attempt to stay overnight.

The stand was an instant and total flop. The Chicago cops easily drove the uncertain youngsters out of the park shortly after the curfew hour. But several hundred of the refugees milled around at a nearby intersection causing a massive, horn-honking traffic jam. The cops barked out orders for the kids to move on and they began to disperse. Not fast enough for some police. Billy sticks began to fly. Gangs of police rushed on

foot from one group to another, and in their wake left the first of the week's bleeding heads and the sting of Mace.

Next night, the dissident youths, their ranks now grown to some 3,000, built a fragile barricade of picnic tables and trash cans in Lincoln Park and again threatened to defy the 11 p.m. curfew. For nearly two hours past the curfew time, they shouted taunts at the police who stood off at a distance awaiting orders. Finally, a squad car was surrounded near the barricade and bombarded by a hail of rocks and bottles. The police car escaped by driving through the protesters' ranks, its siren whining, its blue light flashing. "He's hitting 'em," an officer screamed. "Hit those -----! Kill 'em!"

Now the waiting police were eager to move. Some youths fled from the park. Most stayed. The police then lobbed canisters of tear gas into the barricade. Coughing, gagging and stumbling, the demonstrators broke and ran, some throwing stones as they retreated. Members of the Chicago police's elite Task Force Unit raced after the kids, and in the darkness of the park, ran scores of them to the ground like cowboys bulldogging cattle. The sound of night sticks smashing into skulls resounded through the park, mixed with shrieks and screams. "Oh, no!" "Oh, my God!" "No, no, no!" A teen-aged girl lay on the ground as two policemen bent over her and beat her on the head until her screams faded into a sobbing moan.

Toll: Another girl jumped into a walled park pond with six other youths as the cops charged down upon them. A policeman leaned over and delivered a stunning blow to her head. She toppled back, submerged and nearly drowned. The evening's toll: 100 injured, including seventeen newsmen; 130 arrests.

Angry and defiant, the youths returned again the following night to Lincoln Park, and again were driven out—this time by stinging yellow clouds of tear gas from a specially equipped dump truck. Instead of dispersing, however, many of the youths moved downtown to Grant Park, in front of the Conrad Hilton. And it was there, soon after delegates had returned from the Amphitheatre, that National Guardsmen rumbled in and took up the police vigil against the youngsters. The spectacle of Army troops aligned against a college-age crowd, highlighted by the television lights and captured by television cameras set up in front of the Hilton, was a perceived reality that some observers could not bear. "You just had to do it, didn't you?" screamed an almost hysterical woman at a policeman. "You just had to do it." Then she broke down and cried. "My God," said another woman, "they're proving everything those kids have been saying."

The kids themselves relaxed, however, under assurances that the soldiers were not planning to drive them out of the park. Peter Yarrow and Mary Trask

(two-thirds of the Peter, Paul and Mary folk trio) soothed the crowd by singing folk songs, and later the demonstration became an old-time revival meeting of sorts as individual demonstrators, joined for the first time by some delegates, stood on a makeshift podium and delivered testimonials of their faith in dissent over an electronic megaphone. One speaker urged observers in their hotel rooms across the street to "blink your lights if you're with us." At least fifteen lights in the Conrad Hilton flicked on and off. The kids cheered.

March: Eventually, most of the demonstrators drifted off, and by morning only 80 were left—along with 800 troops. But by midafternoon, the demonstrators' ranks in Grant Park had swelled again as the time approached for the moment of their avowed objective in Chicago—a march on the Amphitheatre at the time of the Presidential balloting.

The march never got started. Police and Guardsmen blocked all efforts to head south to the convention hall, but in their milling attempts to move on, the demonstrators had spilled out into the streets in front of the Hilton, only some 40 yards from the hotel's heavily guarded entranceway. Nervous police moved in several more platoons as the mass in front of the Hilton continued to grow, and then the cops began a slow sweep to clear Michigan Avenue. Spectators, television cameramen, everyone in the street and on the sidewalks was swept up until the crowd was backed up into a solid mass at the south end of the Hilton. "Pigs, pigs,

pigs," the contemptuous youths began yelling. "Oink, oink, oink." Then, without warning, 150 angry cops surged into the terrified crowd, and it didn't matter who was who. "We'll kill all you bastards," screamed a policeman as he kicked into the howling, terrified mob. He grabbed a youngster by his long brown hair, turned him around and jabbed a billy club into his groin. The youth, crying, fell to his knees, as another cop kicked him in the stomach. A plate-glass window in the hotel's drugstore gave way under the pressure of bodies. On the street, panicky youths trampled each other trying to get away. A jumble of bodies curled on the ground as police mercilessly pounded them to the pavement with their clubs. A young girl in a serape was sprawled on her back looking up at the onrushing police, begging them to stop hitting her. The police stepped on her stomach to get to the panicked crowds beyond her.

Finally, the police re-formed their lines, the scattered demonstrators regrouped and chanted, louder and louder, "Pigs, pigs, pigs." And for a while there was a standoff. But only for a while. The cops again charged into the crowd. "If they'd gotten beaten like this when they were kids," growled one policeman, "they wouldn't be out here starting riots."

Embrace: Many delegates to the convention, some of whom even then were damning the police in the Amphitheatre, did not quite see things that way. Later that night, in a poignant act of sympathy, 500 McCarthy delegates marched up Michigan Avenue in a can-



Battle cry: An enraged demonstrator taunts gun-toting guard troops

UPI

dleight procession to Grant Park, where the kids had once again regrouped. The youths greeted the marchers, in a moving embrace between an old and a new politics, by singing "We Shall Overcome," and invited the delegates into the park. The flickering candles added an eerily religious glow to the meeting.

The demonstrators were back in Grant Park the next afternoon, their numbers larger than ever. This time the defeated hero of many of them, Sen. Eugene McCarthy, visited their ranks from his suite across the street. "If we must make a mistake, let's make it on the side of

trust," he said, "instead of the side of distrust." Later that evening, when the youths tried once again to march south toward the convention, following comedian Dick Gregory, they were gassed by National Guardsmen. Gregory and a number of delegates who defied guard orders to halt were arrested. "I didn't believe it could happen here," said a golf-jacketed bystander, who described himself as an ultraconservative. "I am shocked."

There was one more major shock to come. Early the next morning police, complaining that they had been pelted

with hotel crockery as well as cans of urine and bags of fecal matter from hotel windows, invaded rooms occupied by McCarthy's campaign organization on the fifteenth floor of the Hilton and started clubbing McCarthy volunteers. "One officer proceeded to beat a boy randomly and without provocation," reported Neal Gillen, an aide to Vice President Humphrey who was visiting the McCarthy ranks at the time. Gillen's wife severely criticized another patrolman during the incident. "Is that against the law, Mrs. Bubble-Eyes?" the cop answered.

The rampaging brutality of Chicago's

BOSS DALEY'S FATHERLY FIST

"Mayor Daley signs my checks," explained a Chicago city employee armed with a Humphrey placard as he took an "honored guest" seat in the galleries the night of the Presidential balloting. The boss of Chicago had also provided suddenly available tickets, buses and take-out chicken dinners for hundreds of other city employees and his Eleventh Ward neighbors to pack the house for his candidate—and himself.

In all sorts of ways last week, Dick Daley decided things: his word and deed validated procedures from the order of business on the convention floor to the disorder of the police in downtown Chicago. Beet-faced and stolid, he sat in the Illinois delegation with a repertory of hand signals worthy of a third-base coach. He told the nominal convention managers on the podium when he approved of their actions (hands clasped like a prize fighter's), when he wanted loud martial music (pantomime of man playing a trombone), when a rebellious convention needed to be silenced (finger slash across the throat). He sought, in short, to run the convention with the same iron hand he wields in Chicago's City Council, where microphones go dead when the minuscule opposition speaks. And in much the same paternal manner, he runs Chicago itself.

Gap: If there was one image last week that unified Daley's convention and Daley's street tactics, it was that of the father figure. Playwright Arthur Miller, a delegate from Connecticut, sensed this when he noted sadly that the "convention was against the young." And Daley himself, in a revealing exchange with Walter Cronkite on CBS, actually likened the convention to his own seven children: "... they listen to me sometimes, then again they don't."

In the kind of lace-curtain Irish Catholic family that Daley grew up in 60 years ago in the stockyards area of Chicago's Bridgeport section, children listened—or got the back of their father's hand. Girls dressed modestly and didn't know the language used by the college



Associated Press

Daley: The mayor was displeased

girls in Grant Park last week; boys wore their hair neat. Young Dick Daley sold newspapers, swept out pens in the stockyards and worked his way through night school and law school.

Daley still lives in Bridgeport, a few blocks from where he was born. He attends early Mass regularly. And when his police were called storm troopers, he rejected the charges out of hand. "They are decent, family men," he said, reaching for the highest accolade.

No Negro can live in the neat Bridgeport bungalows, though almost 1 million are imprisoned in ghettos nearby. It is a fact of Chicago life. But in ethnic Chicago—the only world Daley knows—you "stick to your own kind." The real Chicagoan doesn't say he's from Chicago; he says he's from Bridgeport or Gage Park. The neighborhood proclaims the man.

Daley worked his way diligently up the pyramid of neighborhood power. He served as precinct captain, a secretary to the Cook County treasurer, a state legislator, the Director of Revenue under Gov. Adlai Stevenson. When he was elected to his first four-year term as mayor in 1955, he made the key decision that consolidated his power at the top: he retained his Democratic Party

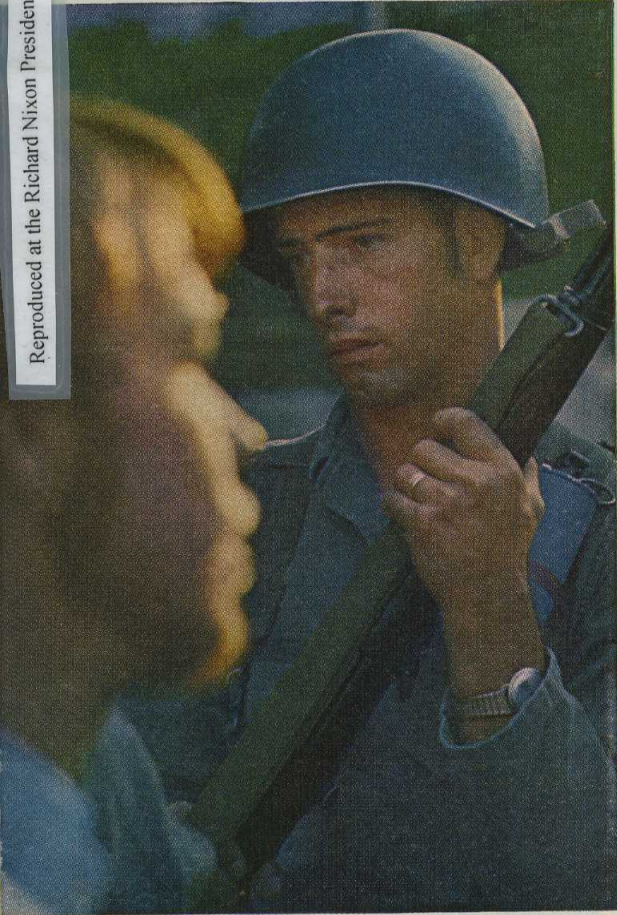
chairmanship as well. As a result he controls enough patronage jobs to swing U.S. elections; some 100,000 voters indirectly owe their livelihood to his political favors, from the \$367-a-month Negro floor washers at the county hospital to the \$10,500-a-year electrical inspectors—and their wives and husbands. (Daley men don't let anyone forget that John F. Kennedy won Illinois and hence the Presidency by some 8,000 votes.)

The system produces hacks and graft and worse. But Daley, though he looks as if he stepped from the pages of "The Last Hurrah," is no sodden ward heeler. He is a humorless, tough, shrewd organization man who won the respect of the Chicago Establishment because he "gets things done." He is a "great man—I never met anyone like him in my life," advertising man Fairfax Cone, a transplanted San Franciscan, observed recently. The State Street department stores and hotels appreciate the fast highways that speed visitors in from the airports and from out of town—and run right through old neighborhoods that had to be cleared of Irish voters as well as blacks. Rush Street customers no longer get beaten with baseball bats when they protest the size of their restaurant bills. There is what Daley's chief political opponent, Alderman Leon Despres, calls "the unwritten compact between the machine and the pampered business and financial community": downtown is kept clean and well lighted and the Republican scions of Lake Forest serve on quadrennial Daley for Mayor committees.

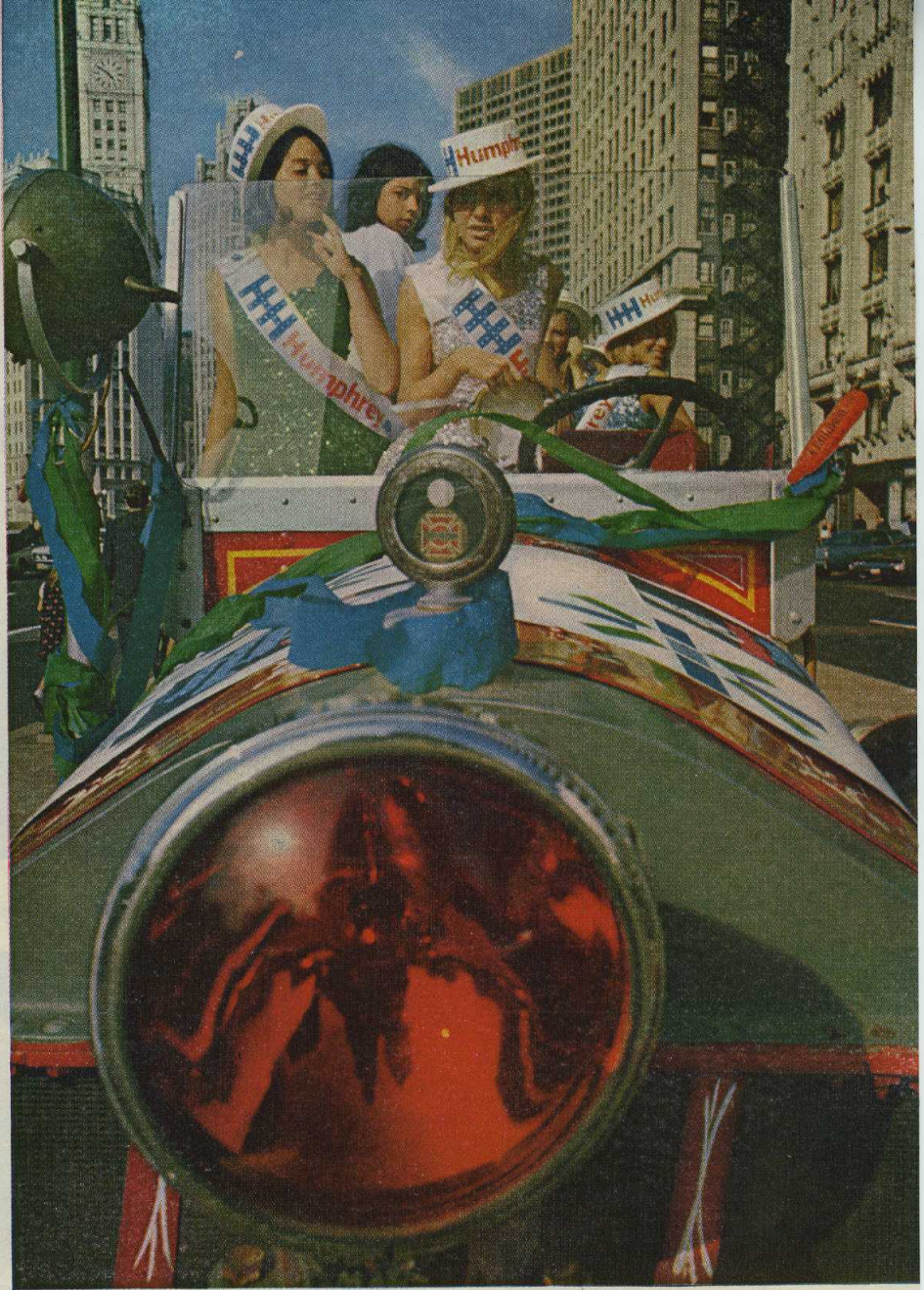
Quota: But Daley also cares for the neighborhoods. Public housing in Chicago is truly integrated; quite simply, Daley's men set quotas to reassure whites. "We promise blacks a better world, but he gives them jobs," says GOP state legislator Bernard Epton.

There is no doubt that Daley loves his city and its children—in his fashion. But politically and emotionally his house is in turmoil. Blacks don't want to play the ethnic game any more; intellectuals believe in principle rather than party. And now seeds of discontent have been planted among Chicago's Establishment. But Daley—uncomprehending, arrogant—sees only rebellion against his authority. Like an old-fashioned Bridgeport father, he raises his fist, brings it down hard.

Newsweek photos by Charles Harbutt—Magnum

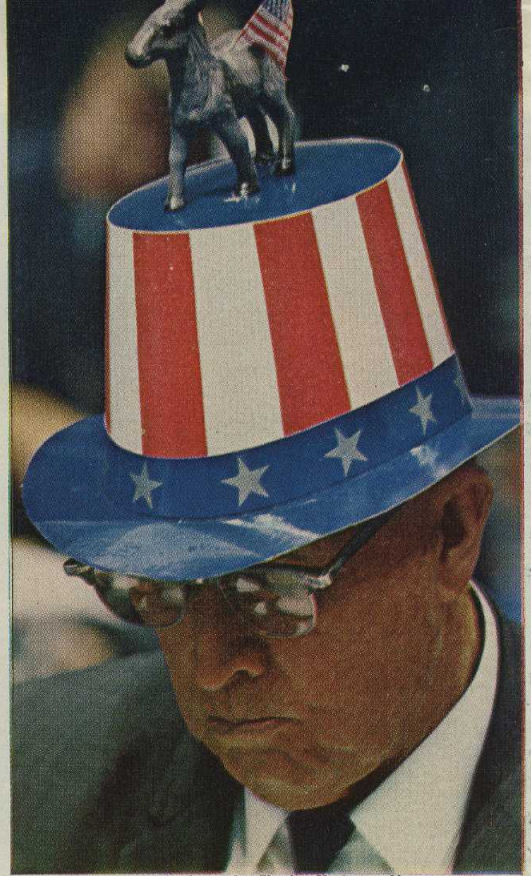
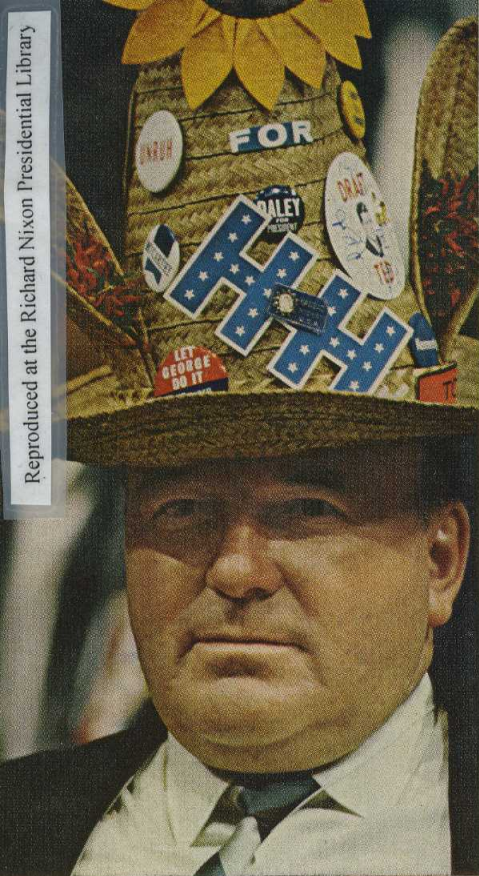


FACES IN THE CROWD: Joyful Humphrey girls in a poster-decked antique car provide traditional convention fun and games—but elsewhere, a National Guardsman blocks the path of a demonstrator and club-wielding Chicago police break up a group of youths



Newsweek—Lester Sloan





Newsweek photos by Charles Harbutt—Magnum

DECKED OUT: Old-style Democratic Party delegates sport a variety of symbol-studded headgear



Newsweek photos by Lester Slom...



KNOCKED OFF: Two policemen drag a demonstrator toward a waiting paddy wagon during a nighttime melee; and one of the youths injured in the police assaults wipes blood from a head wound

police was roundly and widely condemned. "It sickens me to write this because I am on the police's side," said Jack Mabley, a columnist for Chicago's American, following his description of cops clubbing a clergyman and a cripple caught up in a police assault. New York Post columnist Jimmy Breslin, after recounting the story of a Chicago policeman clubbing a doctor who was trying to help a wounded man, wrote: "In twenty years of being with the police, having police in the family, riding with police in cars, drinking with them, watching them work in demonstrations and crowds in cities all over the world, the performance of the police of Chicago . . . last night was the worst act I ever have seen perpetrated by policemen."

Were these the police who only one year ago under Superintendent Orlando Wilson were praised as being among the best in the land? Harvard economist John Kenneth Galbraith answered as he addressed young demonstrators in Grant Park: "The police are probably pretty much the same all over. Only the people in charge should incur our animosity." The most certain thing about the Chicago police force since Wilson's time is that he is no longer in charge; Mayor Daley is the boss.

Leeway: And Daley's philosophy of police power was evidently set forth last April, following Chicago's West Side ghetto riots, when he ordered police to "shoot to kill" in encounters with arsonists. Daley also denounced protesters at Chicago's Civic Center as "hoodlums and Communists"—terms similar to those the mayor applied to last week's demonstrators. Under the circumstances, the Chicago police felt they had plenty of leeway in dealing with the aggravating events and annoying persons of Lincoln Park and Michigan Avenue. Given the volatile atmosphere of the ghettos and the open threats of insurrection made before the convention by extremist leaders of the demonstrations, Daley felt more than justified in mounting a massive show of force.

Though Daley himself later admitted that his police might have "overreacted" on occasion, he defended them like a bulldog in the face of the widespread disgust and condemnation last week. "You don't know the abuse they take," he insisted. "How would you like to stand around all night and be called names not even used in a brothel house?" Seconding his motion was Hubert Humphrey who asked, "Is it any wonder the police had to take action?" There were those, however, who suggested that was precisely the sort of thing professional policemen should be able to take. Among the angriest critics was a top-level officer in the Chicago police force itself. "Everything you told me the other night was true," he told a newsman who had earlier described the succession of attacks on the press near Lincoln Park. "I'm heartbroken. Everything we've tried to do has gone down the drain."



Don Charles—The New York Times

Valedictory: At the tour's end, advice for the government-in-exile

Losers Weepers—or Walkers?

Picking their way through street debris on the way into the lobby of the Conrad Hilton late Wednesday night, weary delegates were suddenly ringed by some 200 jarringly wide-awake young McCarthy followers, chanting, "Take up the torch—new fourth party." For a startled moment it looked as if the sleep-starved delegates had blundered into yet another chaotic convention.

For scores of Gene McCarthy's exuberantly cantankerous kids, the official end of their first plunge into Presidential politics appeared to keynote the start of a stormier new one. "What we've been taught here in Chicago," harangued fourth-party organizer Marcus Raskin after the affair, "is that the Democratic Party doesn't want you. It's not so much that you're leaving, but you're being tossed out. Let that party be the party of the cops, of the big-city

bosses, of the non-people." And some of the young staff workers could even see McCarthy as the victim of a plot. Said dark-haired Carol Sholita, near tears: "If Humphrey had won fairly, it would not have been so bad. But the whole thing was so fixed. I just can't believe it." A demure young blond staffer added: "For the first time in my life I have the destructive urge. I can see why people want to blow up subways."

For once, McCarthy himself came near the blow-up point. His fifteenth-floor Hilton headquarters had been turned into an emergency hospital ward for bloody casualties of the peace demonstrations, and he was plainly shaken as he talked with some of the injured. Once he looked out his window at police clubbing demonstrators along Michigan Avenue and mused, "It's worse than Prague . . . It's typical of the arrogance of Lyndon and Daley to have the convention here."

Crepe Hanger: Yet for the most part, McCarthy played out the last days of his candidacy of dissent in the same low key in which he began it. Staff workers who had hoped for some early rallying call to a fourth party had to seek it elsewhere. All week long McCarthy occupied himself somberly hanging crepe over his supporters' flickering hopes. Cheered by welcoming crowds in Chicago, he dryly recalled the cheers for Adlai Stevenson at the 1960 convention. ". . . And there weren't many votes," he observed. When his campaign manager Blair Clark declared that "it's quite clear now there is no first-ballot nomination [for Humphrey]," McCarthy quipped to reporters later: "Campaign managers have a way of seeing things more clearly than candidates."

Then, in an interview with a group of editors from Knight Newspapers a day



Associated Press

McCarthy worker: Fire in the ashes?

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

before the nominations, he gave up the last weary ghost and said his lonely, long-shot quest was finished because "... the Kennedy people haven't come." To make the abnegation complete, McCarthy conceded that Vietnam negotiations probably would have happened in any case for "propaganda" reasons, even without his challenge to the President. As for his ardent young adherents, McCarthy said ruefully he didn't know what would become of them.

By Thursday afternoon he managed to be more sanguine about the Magical Mystery Tour, assuring his staffers in a farewell talk they had won "a great victory to this point" on the Vietnam issue. Before the delegates headed for the convention Amphitheatre to hear the acceptance speeches, McCarthy ambled through cordons of police and National Guardsmen to address a mixed assemblage of McCarthyites and unregenerate yippies in Grant Park on what seemed at first a militant note. "I'm happy to be here to address the government of the people in exile," he began. But then, though he refused endorsement of either Hubert Humphrey or Richard Nixon, he belittled the fourth-party movement and urged his followers, instead, to work within the Democratic ranks for such peace candidates as Oregon's Wayne Morse, Iowa's Gov. Harold Hughes, and New York's Paul O'Dwyer. For his own part, he said, he was ready to work alongside them.

Harangues: The same day, McCarthy workers listened to a series of harangues from some of their youthful leaders, urging them in all directions: work from within the Democratic Party, join the fourth-party movement, shun the "cowardly route" of electoral politics and "do your own thing" radically. The best course, insisted Allard Lowenstein, the man who launched the dump-Johnson crusade a year ago, was to work from within to take over the Democratic Party. But the group listened just as attentively as Marcus Raskin exhorted them to join his fledgling "New Party" to "build new institutions and then restore the political process." Some surely would follow the fourth-party call, but most seemed profoundly discouraged and ready to vote "no" to all immediate Presidential alternatives. "I haven't given this much and haven't come this far to vote for Humphrey or Nixon," was one typically frustrated comment.

Most McCarthyites would probably wind up working below the Presidential level. For many, the future was best reflected in the campaign button that sprouted on their lapels just after the dove plank on Vietnam was voted down by the convention. The button—without a slogan or a candidate's name—was a complete blank, by which the suddenly aged young McCarthy veterans seemed to say that all the grit and glory of the campaign had left them nothing—and perhaps that sooner or later they would find a potent name to emblazon on it.



WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ON MICHIGAN AVENUE



A Portfolio by David Douglas Duncan

Thursday, 2 a.m. . . . A cordon of grimly watchful Illinois State Guardsmen were posted alongside jeeps fitted with improvised barbed-wire screens, barricading Michigan Avenue. Here a few hours earlier Chicago police had bloodily dispersed antiwar demonstrators. Now, under a crisp night sky, buses re-

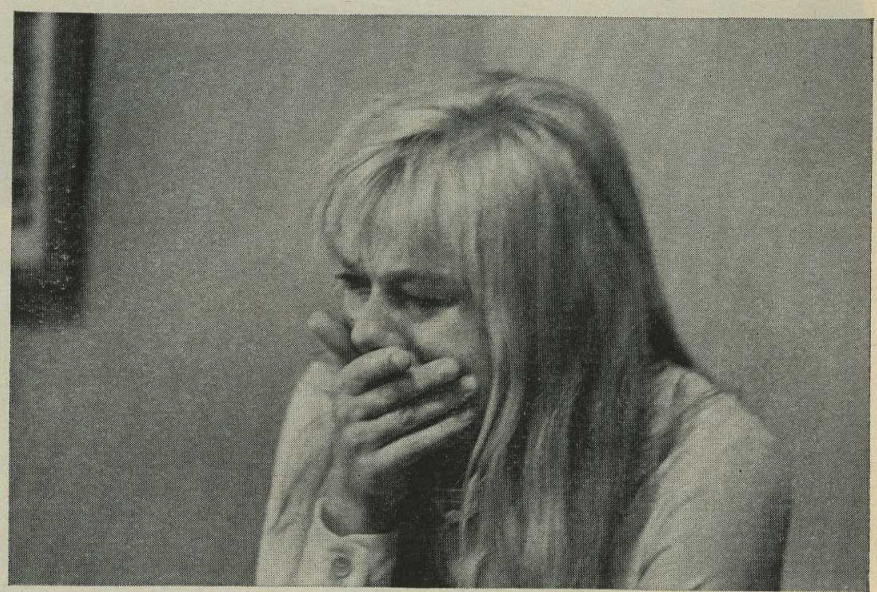
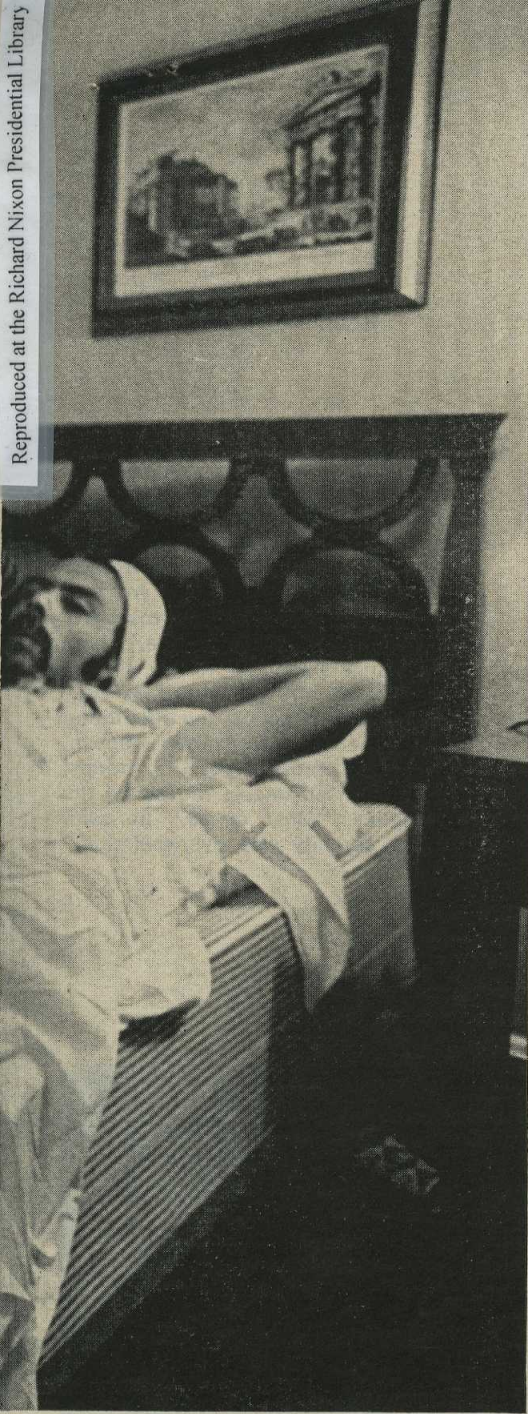
turned delegates to the Conrad Hilton Hotel at right, while across the way, the demonstrators huddled around bonfires in Grant Park. On assignment for NBC News, combat photographer David Douglas Duncan found familiar subjects in a strange setting; his pictures are presented in print exclusively by Newsweek.



Shock, Tears, Rage



In the headquarters of Eugene McCarthy on the fifteenth floor of the Hilton, an office bedroom was swiftly converted to an emergency ward for injured demonstrators. In one corner, a grimacing youth was treated for a deep scalp gash inflicted by a policeman's billy, while another McCarthy volunteer, herself near tears, tried to comfort a second nightstick victim. At the



other end of the room, young staffers registered shocked disbelief or helpless rage as they watched a delayed telecast of savage clashes on the street below. Meanwhile, voices of demonstrators chanting "The whole world is watching" still wafted up to their windows. The girl at bottom right turned to Duncan and pleaded, "Tell it like it was . . . Please, tell it like it was."

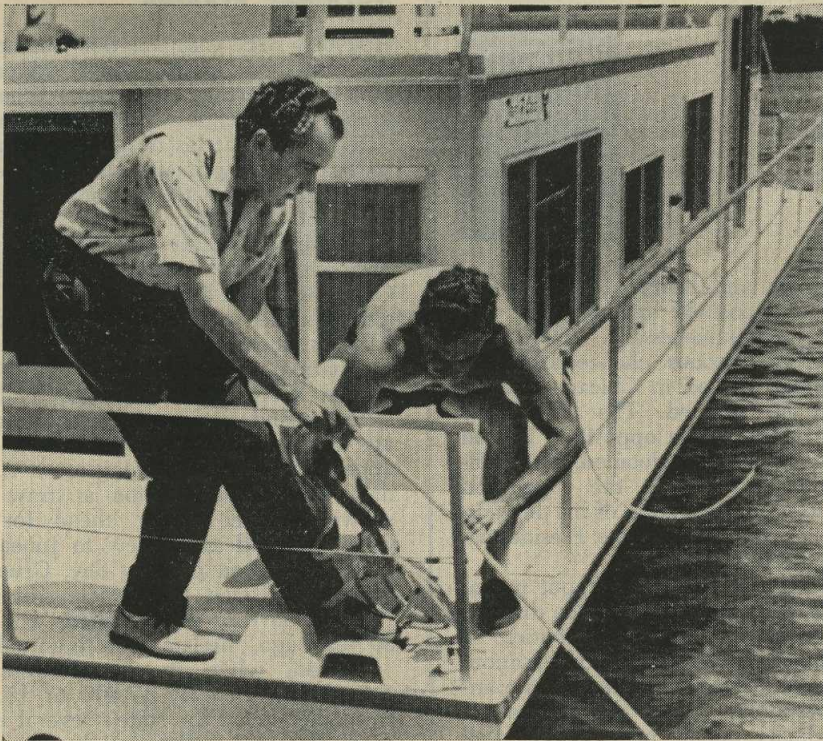
September 9, 1968



Candlelight

Thursday, 3:30 a.m. ... At the end of the long, terrible night, 500 convention delegates joined hippies, yippies and other war protesters in an eerie candlelight demonstration along Michigan Avenue in front of the Hilton. Defiant young marchers sang "We Shall Overcome," held their fingers aloft in victory signs—and stared straight ahead as they marched past police and rifle-toting guardsmen. Photographer Duncan, a veteran chronicler of U.S. troops, found himself deeply moved by the marchers. "Most of all," he said, "their serenity was overwhelming."





UPI

Nixon on the Coco Lobo: Time to let Democrats speak for themselves

REPUBLICANS: Last Laugh?

For nearly a week they had witnessed the deepening dissension in Democratic ranks and the mounting violence in Chicago's streets. Then, as the last wisps of tear gas dissipated outside the windows of their crowded three-room neo-Moorish "observation post" suite at the Democrats' Hilton headquarters, a handful of Republican reconnaissance men delivered their verdict on the 1968 Democratic National Convention. Said Colorado Gov. John A. Love: "I don't think we can do a better job on the Democrats than they have done on themselves."

It went without saying that Republicans everywhere were drawing comfort last week from the spectacle in Chicago. After Miami Beach, the GOP had been subjected to Democratic chortling about Richard Nixon's "Southern strategy," his managed convention and his little-known running mate (usually with the punch line, "Spiro who?"). Now, in a reversal of roles, the Republicans were grinning, albeit with a relish tempered by an acute awareness of the unpredictable topsyturvy nature of the political times.

Yet at the Hilton, the view from the nineteenth floor was politically reassuring. From a window overlooking Grant Park, the GOP observers could observe the bloody confrontations below. "It makes you wonder whether this kind of chaos would exist under a party that has the ability to govern," said one team member—suggesting that Richard Nixon's law-and-order line likely would be dialed again and again as the campaign progressed. Three television sets (one color,

two black and white) in the GOP suite also transmitted the bitterness inside the Amphitheatre. Those floor scenes, Governor Love hopefully mused, would serve as "a sure illustration of the fact that a party which cannot unite itself cannot unite our nation."

From their redoubt, the GOP team relayed their observations by telephone to the Republican nominee. Dick Nixon himself followed the proceedings from Key Biscayne, Fla., and the waters of the nearby keys—and he decided to let the Chicago convention speak for itself. As he awaited the outcome, he characteristically combined business with pleasure in a cruise on the *Coco Lobo*, a small yellow-and-white houseboat belonging to his Florida friend C.G. (Bebe) Rebozo. Besides his sport clothes and a swimsuit, the GOP candidate lugged aboard a briefcase full of paper work and a pile of those yellow legal pads upon which he likes to jot down his ideas. Nixon did take time out to make a congratulatory telephone call to Hubert Humphrey Wednesday night and to congratulate the Democratic nominee for going over the top earlier in the roll of states than he had at Miami Beach. But Nixon firmly refused to comment on the Democrats' disarray in Chicago. "This is their week," was about all he would permit himself to say on arrival back in New York at the weekend.

Kickoff: Even before the Democratic nominating rites were played out in Chicago, the latest Harris survey gave Nixon a 6-point lead over Humphrey. Still, the Republican candidate's top aides publicly insisted that HHH was a strong campaigner and that the election was bound to be a close one. The GOP nominee

planned to launch his "very intensive campaign" for the Presidency this week with rallies in San Francisco, Santa Clara, Calif., Houston and Oklahoma City. Appropriately enough, the Republican nominee's kickoff appearance would be a motorcade right through the heart of downtown Chicago. And a dignified launching of the Republican candidacy on the site of last week's Democratic disorders could not help but give Richard Nixon the last laugh in the opening round of Campaign 1968.

ALASKA:

Changing Times

In rock-rimmed Alaska, only the thrusting mountain peaks have seemed to stand taller and steadier than Ernest Gruening, the 49th state's ruggedly enduring former territorial governor and two-term senator. A 1912 graduate of Harvard medical school, Gruening at 81 could still knock off twenty pushups a day and boast of an outlook—dovish on Vietnam and bullish on birth control—that struck many Alaskans as youthfully in tune with the times.

When he was challenged in the Democratic Senate primary this year by a man young enough to be his grandson, 38-year-old Anchorage real-estate developer Mike Gravel, the doughty octogenarian countered with what one friend called "the most intensive campaign any man could physically mount." For weeks he stumped the state on foot and by bush plane, whirled through Nome and Anchorage rallies and off to remote Eskimo villages, even making a point of getting himself photographed during a dip in the icy Arctic.

Yet handsome Mike Gravel, former speaker of Alaska's state House of Representatives, was no slouch himself. With East Coast political manager Joe Napolitan advising him, Gravel began panning the generation gap for votes. When



Associated Press

Gruening: The youth gap hurt most

WASHINGTON

SORE LOSERS

BY KENNETH CRAWFORD



Never in an American political convention have so many lost so little with such ill grace. There are always sore losers but this time they were both more numerous and more churlish than usual. Indeed, their numbers and their mood make Hubert H. Humphrey's nomination, even though won by a large majority, a prize of doubtful value.

Most of the disgruntlement on display at the closing sessions of the Democratic convention derived, of course, from the defeated minority's genuine and deeply held conviction that the majority was adopting the wrong plank on Vietnam and nominating the wrong candidate. But minorities have borne as painful disappointments before without indulging in the kind of childish tantrums the New York, California, Wisconsin and a few other delegations put on in Chicago for the television audience.

It betrayed a vindictiveness not normal in the give and take of party politics. Perhaps the personalities of several delegation leaders and of one of the defeated candidates had something to do with it. A feeling that Mayor Daley's security arrangements in the hall were oppressive certainly did. But beneath the surface there was also a conscious, systematic effort to disrupt the convention and the party. The floor fairly crawled with its busy agents.

DISSIDENT FACTIONS

They represented the several factions within the Democratic Party favoring, openly or covertly, the election of Richard Nixon. Some of these dissidents, former followers of Eugene McCarthy, are trying to organize a fourth party, which can help nobody except Nixon. Others, including a few former members of the Kennedy Administration, want Nixon elected on the theory that the nation's problems are so intractable that he will be a one-term President, opening the way for Edward Kennedy in 1972. Still others believe that the party must be defeated and all but destroyed before it can be re-created in more satisfactorily modern form.

But for the machinations of these factions, the convention, while disputatious as Democratic meetings always are, might have been a far more orderly affair—might even have achieved a rudimentary unity. The fight on the Vietnam plank was un-

avoidable and healthy. But the bitter-end opposition to Humphrey was futile and unnecessary. There was never any serious chance after the delegates arrived in Chicago that he could be stopped. The last-minute effort to unite the opposition behind Kennedy was foredoomed. His willingness to entertain the suggestion was itself an indication of his unreadiness this early to assume Presidential responsibility.

Television, perhaps without meaning to, constantly abetted the disrupters by playing up their activities. In its search for interest and sensation, TV naturally concentrated on the angry minorities. Even during the extraordinary debate on Vietnam, well worth the nation's attention, the cameras were not constantly on the podium. The result was a distortion that did the Democrats and their convention something less than full justice. One especially of the antenna-sprouting floor prowlers often seemed to be more provocateur than reporter.

SKILLED ORGANIZERS

TV coverage of the downtown riots was spectacular but also unbalanced. Bad as the cops were, they looked worse on the screen, as one who saw both can attest. The police permitted themselves to be goaded into a kind of violence which at times seemed downright sadistic. What wasn't apparent in the electronic reports was that they were not just taunted but attacked on occasion and that the rioters were led by skillful organizers who were determined to make martyrs with, as they chanted, "the whole world watching." Like the earlier Pentagon rioters in Washington, they wouldn't be contained by peaceful persuasion. Their convention got the results they wanted.

The atmosphere of violence and disorder in which the Humphrey-Muskie ticket was chosen couldn't have been less auspicious. Had Nixon written the script himself, he could scarcely have improved upon it. Yet the Democrats would have been in worse shape had they repudiated their own President, indeed their last two Presidents, by consenting to surrender South Vietnam, and nominated McCarthy, a maverick uncongenial to what remains of the regular party organization. Even so, the party probably would have given him more support than he is giving Humphrey.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Arizona's Sen. Carl Hayden announced his retirement at 90, Gravel seized on Hayden's parting statement—"Contemporary times require contemporary men"—and made that his campaign slogan. A week before primary day he began showing a filmed account of his life and times on television and on makeshift movie screens in the hinterlands, with a narrator saying at one point: "Mike Gravel is on the sunshine side of 40." He also promised new jobs to whittle down Alaska's unemployment rate, highest in the nation, and espoused a moderately tougher Vietnam policy than his rival.

In the end, in a state where the average age is 23, it was the youth issue that appeared to hurt Gruening most. A few days before the election a straw poll showed Gravel nosing ahead for the first time, and as he flew to Juneau to cast his vote on primary day, Gruening seemed, for once, to be feeling his age. "I don't have as many friends as I did 30 years ago," he lamented to an aide.

Indeed, when the votes were in, Gravel had won by 17,400 to 15,100. Gruening hoped the state's several thousand absentee ballots might yet save him from the Senate discard file. But it was all but certain that Gravel would be running against Republican primary victor Elmer Rasmuson in the fall for the seat held since 1958—the year the 49th state was born—by Alaska's "Mr. Alaska."

CRIME:

Chapter and Verse

For candidates intent on making law and order the watchwords of Campaign 1968, there was a fresh cache of rhetorical ammo last week. As it has regularly every year since 1961, J. Edgar Hoover's FBI delivered its warning of a dangerous new increase in crime (murder up 11 per cent in 1967 over 1966, aggravated assault, 9 per cent, rape, 7 per cent, robbery, 27 per cent). And for a change, the usual critics found it hard to punch holes in the FBI findings.

"Although I'm pretty good at explaining crime increases away, I simply do not have an explanation for this," admitted Harvard Law School criminology Prof. Lloyd E. Ohlin. "Some part of it must reflect a change in the readiness of people to resort to armed attack against strangers." The 193-page FBI report showed 3.8 million serious crimes last year, including 494,500 crimes of violence and 3.3 million property offenses. The crime rate for black Americans, according to arrest figures, remained about four times the national average (though studies have shown that figure is just about the same for whites living under similar ghetto conditions). Perhaps most unsettling was a sign that violent crime—except murder—had shown a greater upsurge in the suburbs (18 per cent) than in the large cities (8 per cent).

What it all meant, in terms of practical political fodder for 1968, was that two

NEWSMAKERS

Raisins From a Star: The tuneful sound rang out all over the first floor of Cape Town's Grootte Schuur Hospital. Adding a private concert to his South African tour, Met Opera star RICHARD TUCKER, 55, was serenading one of his fans—a music lover named PHILIP BLAIBERG, 59, who regards Tucker as the world's best tenor. Visitors are barred from the sterile room where Blaiberg was confined, but his singing idol came to the doorway, chatted with the heart-transplant patient through a glass partition and sang "You'll Never Walk Alone," from "Carousel," followed by "Raisins and Almonds," a Jewish lullaby that is one of Blaiberg's favorite songs. The performance moved Blaiberg to tears, and his wife said afterward: "It was the biggest treat Philip has ever had."

The Old Man and the Sea: Showing his age, is he? As if in reply to detractors who have been calling on him to retire now that he is 75, Spain's Generalissimo FRANCISCO FRANCO has cut loose with a burst of activity that would do credit to a decathlon champ. Vacationing on his country's northwestern coast, Franco plays twelve holes of golf every morning and spends most of the afternoon fishing for salmon and trout. Says a leading Francologist: "His strength and endurance are amazing." They sure are, considering last week's report that El Caudillo went whaling off the Galician coast in his yacht, scored a bull's-eye with a harpoon gun and joined the crew in a sweaty tussle that lasted several hours before they finally hauled in the 45,000-pound catch.

Answer Man: "He's about the most honest guy you could ever run into. This Tricky Dick image that you sometimes hear about, well, I just don't buy it." Nor, of course, is he selling it, inasmuch as the fellow saying such nice things

about the GOP candidate is one of his campaign workers—and also his kid brother. "He's seventeen years older than I, a second father, I guess," said slender, 6-foot 4-inch EDWARD NIXON, 38, who has taken a leave from his administrative job with the Seattle telephone company to work at his brother's New York headquarters as supervisor of personal communications. That means answering the mail and telling Dick what his correspondents are saying. How come Ed doesn't wear a Nixon button? "I do," he grinned. "Right here." And he pointed to his Nixon nose.

Word to the Wise: Paternal opposition had thwarted the romance of Norway's Crown Prince HARALD, 31, for practically a decade. When King OLAV V finally relented, however, he did so in a wholehearted spirit. Not only did he accept his



Bert & Richard Morgan Studio

Jackie as a girl in East Hampton

nying verses, untouched and unedited, are worthy, I think, of a wee space in the Star." A quarter of a century later, the ballad called "Sailing" proved worthy of being reprinted in the Star's "Twenty-Five Years Ago" column—as a curiosity if not a literary masterpiece, since the juvenile poetess has grown up to become JACKIE KENNEDY. One of her verses:

*I only care for the lonely sea,
And I always will, I know,
For the love of the sea is born in me,
It will never let me go.*



Associated Press

Sonja and Harald as newlyweds

Open-and-Shut Case: Shades of the '30s and '40s, when a rambunctious baseball bigwig kept exploding his way into headlines as boss of the Brooklyn Dodgers and later the New York Yankees. Shades of 1918, for that matter, when the same LARRY MACPHAIL and several AEF buddies created an international incident by attempting to kidnap Germany's Kaiser Wilhelm II after the armistice. Stormy is the word for Larry—even at 78. He is currently embroiled in a Miami court fight that grew out of a rhubarb at the airport, where he was arrested for "disorderly conduct by use of open profanity in public." The alleged profanity was so sulphurous that a deputy sheriff declined to repeat it in court with ladies present. But the case was dismissed, and now MacPhail is countering with a \$1.5 million lawsuit against the deputy and his superior, maintaining that he fell and was injured when one of the officers forced him onto an escalator.

Change of Scenery: "The atmosphere is no good," said Polish actress IDA KAMINSKA, 68, explaining why she had joined a Jewish exodus from her homeland. The star of "The Shop on Main Street"—an Oscar-winning Czechoslovakian movie—turned up in Vienna en route to New York, where she hopes to establish a Yiddish theater similar to one that she headed in Warsaw.

only son's union with a comely commoner named SONJA HARALDSEN, 31, but Olav played a gracious role in their wedding last week. Sonja's father is dead, and it was the King himself who escorted the bride down the middle aisle of Oslo's Lutheran cathedral. Afterward, when the newlyweds stood on a palace balcony greeting a throng of well-wishers, Sonja prevailed on her father-in-law to join them—whereupon he beamingly emerged to the loudest cheers of the day. And in his speech at the wedding banquet, the King addressed some of his warmest remarks to the new Crown Princess, saying: "I have come to know you, Sonja, as a wise, loving and honest woman."

She Must Down to the Seas: When she was summering on Long Island in 1943, a 14-year-old lass penned a poem that appeared in The East Hampton Star along with a letter from her doting grandfather, who wrote: "The accompa-



Newsweek—Robert R. McElroy

Ed Nixon as a campaign worker



Associated Press

TV-RADIO



Arnold Sachs—Pictorial Parade

Down and out in Chicago: CBS's Mike Wallace was hustled away by cops the day after Dan Rather was floored by security officers

MULE TEAMS AT WORK

In the NBC control room, the big color screen labeled AIR was marking time with what television producers call a "dum dum" shot—a standard panorama of the convention—when Edwin Newman's voice crackled from the floor. "There's something happening in New York, Eliot," he reported. Producer Eliot Frankel put down his steak sandwich, leaned forward and flicked the switch marked "N" (Newman) on his console facing the bank of twenty TV screens. Inside the floor reporter's headset, the commentary of Huntley and Brinkley abruptly vanished and Frankel's voice snapped: "Go get it, Ed."

Then on a screen labeled CAM 4, Newman suddenly showed up in the vortex of a swirling tide of delegates and security guards. "Go to four!" shouted a man next to Frankel, and Newman's picture disappeared, then reappeared on the PRESET screen directly beneath AIR. Now David Brinkley was smoothly shifting out of a discussion on the Vietnam platform and saying, "There's something going on in New York and Ed Newman is there."

Brinkley's image disappeared from the AIR screen to be replaced by Newman, who was still battling his way through the crowd. Newman was talking into his microphone but the only sounds coming into the NBC control room were the cries and curses of the convention delegates. "His mike cord's been ripped out!" shouted a sound engineer in the corner of the room. Frankel started furiously punching his "N" button. "Ed, can you read me? Ed, we've lost your audio. Ed Newman, come in please."

Instead, Frankel heard the reassuring voice of John Chancellor. "Eliot, I'm on the edge of the New York delegation . . . I think I can handle this if Ed's in trouble." A moment later the AIR screen showed Chancellor interviewing a delegate named Alex Rosenberg, who was explaining that security police were trying to eject him for refusing to present his credentials. The relieved sighs had scarcely faded in the control room when Reuven Frank, president of NBC News, slid open a glass panel behind Frankel. "I'm going with a tape in three minutes," he advised. "The demonstrations downtown . . . fantastic tape . . . beatings, blood, everything."

Cue Up: Now a Gulf commercial took over AIR while technicians cued up the videotape on another screen. Over on the screen monitoring ABC, Elvis Presley was playing his final scenes in "Blue Hawaii." On CBS, Walter Cronkite was reporting that Mike Wallace had been hustled off the floor by security police after covering the Rosenberg incident (Wallace was detained briefly).

Moments later, the AIR screen glowed with searchlights and blue helmets—and for the first time that evening some 25 million viewers and the dozens of delegates tuned to portable sets witnessed the Battle of Michigan Avenue. Silence gripped the NBC control room. On the screen labeled "CH," Chet Huntley put down a cigar and stared intently at his monitor. "Christ!" someone exclaimed as the sickening thump of a nightstick on bone punctuated the tape's last few feet. The next sound was the voice of Frank McGee from the floor. "Eliot, this is

Frank," he said. "Something seems to be happening in California . . ."

So it went behind and before the cameras last week during what NEWSWEEK TV editor Harry F. Waters describes as the most gripping political convention ever tackled by television. Only days before, a sizable corps of television and newspaper pundits—sedated by the Miami Beach yawn-in—was still wondering whether political conventions might simply be too dull to support gavel-to-gavel coverage. But much of what happened in Chicago was not dull at all—especially for the reporters who brought it into the living rooms of television's global village.

'Bunch of Thugs': As the nation watched, CBS floorman Dan Rather was punched to the floor while covering the ejection of a regular Georgia delegate. Regaining his feet, Rather charged that an unidentified security guard had belted him in the stomach. Cronkite was incensed. "I think we've got a bunch of thugs down there," he said, his voice quivering. Later, Cronkite apologized for losing his composure, but CBS News chief Richard S. Salant heatedly protested the incident to convention officials. Meanwhile, off camera, NBC's Sander Vanocur was telling Brinkley about the "unidentified, faceless men" who were shadowing him around the floor of the Amphitheatre, eavesdropping on his conversations with the control room. "We can't work with all these gumshoes over our shoulders," he said. An irate Brinkley relayed the complaint to the television audience—and soon the camera pictured Vanocur with three of the men hovering behind him.

For ABC, the Chicago convention demonstrated clearly that the kind of nightly 90-minute roundup that served

the network well enough during the placid GOP show in Miami is no substitute for the real thing when the real thing is worth viewing. Thus while NBC and CBS were showing live tussles on the floor and violent clashes in the streets, ABC viewers were getting reruns of earlier speeches and commentary directed at incidents long past. Even so, ABC commentators Gore Vidal and William F. Buckley Jr. managed to produce perhaps the roughest verbal exchange of the week, dropping their normally mannered phrases for some savage low blows in a Wednesday night colloquy that went like this:

VIDAL: As far as I'm concerned, the only pro- or crypto-Nazi I can think of is yourself.

BUCKLEY: Now listen you queer, stop calling me a crypto-Nazi or I'll sock you in the goddam face and you'll stay plastered.

Dramatics: But except for this gaudy exchange, the coverage offered by ABC in its nightly package was dull stuff, indeed, compared with the kaleidoscopic dramatics that NBC and CBS were able to offer as a result of their decision to provide full coverage, and the National Arbitron ratings told the story. Once again, ABC used the period from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. for a series of reruns (this time of "Garrison's Gorillas" and "Cowboy in Africa") and outdrew the Big Two by a comfortable margin. But when ABC switched to its own convention coverage, it slipped simultaneously to a third-place rating of 10.3 points, while NBC came first with 17.1 and CBS came second with 14.5. NBC also placed first in the rating for the entire convention period; its over-all rating of 15 put it more than 2 points ahead of either of its competitors.

In the control headquarters of the major networks, meanwhile, the sometimes laconic, sometimes hectic exchanges proceeded apace, and the floor reporters for both networks turned in consistently expert and sometimes virtuoso performances. NBC's floor team of Newman, Chancellor, McGee and Vanocur swept

up news tips with such cool, knowledgeable efficiency that both delegates and other reporters often found themselves following their leads. Sometimes they got so close to the action they actually joined it. When Wisconsin nominated Georgia delegate Julian Bond for the Vice Presidency, Chancellor was the first to ask the 28-year-old Negro if he wasn't legally too young for the post. A startled Bond promised to check it out—and wound up citing this bit of legal lore as his reason for asking that his name be taken out of nomination.

At CBS, Rather, Wallace and Company turned in similar accomplishments. The first hint that the anti-Administration forces would nominate Bond came from them. CBS's floormen also excelled at finding bright vignettes, such as Hughes Rudd's joshing interlude with the Andy Frain usherettes. But for impromptu interpretive analysis, NBC's foursome set the standard. The "mules," as Huntley calls them, fed hungrily on each other's reports, tracking and developing the scattered pieces of a story until an identifiable pattern emerged.

Sparks: Not surprisingly, this interplay sometimes ignited competitive sparks. On Monday evening, Newman closed a report by informing the NBC control room that he was "unhappy" about an earlier incident. "What happened," explained Frankel with a smile, "is that Newman was trying to get to Jesse Unruh and Vanocur got there first."

The familiar faces of television's correspondents made them prime targets for subtly contrived political rumors. Because of the instantaneous transmission that television affords, the potential for serious mischief is enormous. All the floormen say they refuse to air tips from strange delegates until they have checked the source. But last week the normally astute TV reporters apparently swallowed a record number of lures.

CBS announced on two evenings that President Johnson would probably be arriving the next day, then dropped the rumor with almost no further explanation whatever. And both CBS and NBC

fueled the abortive Ted Kennedy boomlet with such relentlessness that even CBS commentator Eric Sevareid later conceded that the Kennedy threat was "partly the creation of TV."

Omission: For his part, Chicago's rigidly righteous Mayor Richard Daley insisted all along that television had encouraged the violence outside the hall simply by reporting it. What Daley carefully failed to mention, of course, was the fact that it was his own diktat restricting the movement of TV units that limited their ability to provide the rounded coverage of provocations—which certainly did occur—and the police reaction to them. Inevitably, the videotape that was available on the violence was edited to present only the most dramatic action. When it was then followed by the kind of editorial comment added by Cronkite on CBS, for instance, the total effect was sometimes lopsided. Indeed, NBC made the most dramatic use of its videotapes by running them with a bare minimum of comment—and in the process produced an indictment that let police brutality speak entirely for itself.

At the end, when the convention hall had finally cleared, some commentators set about pondering the criticisms that had been made of them and CBS's Roger Mudd wondered whether the network had been remiss in reporting that the Michigan Avenue battle was largely unprovoked.

Meanwhile, NBC's exhausted "mules" were kicking it around on four seats in the front of the hall. Vanocur, aggressively outraged; Newman, personalizing events with a critic's insight; McGee, the concerned father of a young son, struggling to verbalize a parent's dilemma; and Chancellor, detached and lucid, the prototype of an Ivy League professor. The discussion went on for some time. Then, from the control room, NBC News president Reuven Frank indulged himself in an uncharacteristic bit of sentiment. Pushing the ALL switch that connected him with each of their headsets, he said simply, "You guys make it all worthwhile."



Reporter McGee



Newsweek Photos by Wally McNamee

NBC's control room: 'Dum dum' shots, faceless men, second thoughts



Reporter Chancellor



UPI

Line of duty: Washington Post's Steven Northup knocked down as he photographs police charge



Photos by Ernest E. Cox Jr.—Chicago American

BEAT THE PRESS

"Welcome, newsmen!" read the brochure handed out by the Chicago police department to staffers of newspapers, magazines and television networks covering the Democratic convention. "Welcome to Chicago, the city of 'The Front Page,' with an outstanding tradition of competitive journalism. Another tradition has been the excellent rapport between the Chicago police and newsmen."

Some rapport. Chicago policemen attacked scores of newsmen covering the antiwar demonstrations in Chicago's "Old Town," in Lincoln Park and on Michigan Avenue right between the Tribune Tower and the Marshall Field plant (the buildings where all four Chicago papers are published) and around the big hotels. "Get the cameras," growled one policeman as he moved menacingly toward newsmen and demonstrators, "and beat the press." And so they did. The police moved in on one television newsmen who displayed his credentials and cried "Press, press, press." His pleas were ignored. A policeman charged into him, swung his club at the camera and smashed it to the sidewalk.

By the end of the week 32 newsmen had to receive medical attention—a casualty list that far surpassed that of any of the recent city riots and made Chicago one of the most dangerous assignments ever in the U.S.

'It's Luger': Editorial rank and star quality were no guarantee of safety. Even Playboy publisher Hugh Hefner was clubbed when he, columnist Max Lerner and cartoonist Jules Feiffer wandered away from the luxurious Hefner mansion to take a look at the demonstrations in Old Town. "Hefner told them who he was," says Lerner, "and as he said it, they clubbed him on the back." Reporters sensed that the police were ready to blow at any provocation. One out-of-town newsmen, told to move along by a club-carrying patrolman, glanced at his nameplate: "It's Luger—as in gun," the patrolman said.

But the police seemed to be aiming

their clubs mostly at photographers. Steven Northup, a photographer for The Washington Post, was attacked twice in one evening. The first time Northup was knocked to the sidewalk when he tried to take pictures of police chasing a group of demonstrators. And he was beaten with a nightstick when he tried to photograph police chasing a girl into a hedge and beating her. Paul Sequeira, a photographer for The Chicago Daily News, was also attacked twice. A police lieutenant squirted a can of Mace at Sequeira, but the photographer ducked. Later he was less fortunate. He took a shot of an off-duty soldier beating up a demonstrator. A group of policemen approached him. "I held out my press card and hollered 'Press' at them," says Sequeira, "but they started swinging." Sequeira's right hand was broken.

Hippie Type: Why the attack on newsmen? Rep. Roman Pucinski (Democrat, Illinois), a former Chicago Sun-Times reporter and now an ardent Daley man, argued that the police were confusing some "hippie type" newsmen with demonstrators—as though it were perfectly all right to beat anyone in sideburns or blue jeans—and that newsmen should be better identified. Most newsmen, however, believed that if they had been any better identified they would have been more easily sought out.

The police seemed to be attacking for two reasons. They hoped that by breaking cameras, confiscating film and terrifying newsmen they would be free to deal with demonstrators without the pictures and stories flashing out around the world. But more significant, many policemen felt a deep resentment for the press that was reinforced by Mayor Daley's conspicuous contempt for newsmen.

It is clear that Daley and his police regarded the newsmen as the partners of the demonstrators: the official line was that if the media hadn't given the antiwar groups so much attention, they never would have come to Chicago in the first place. "This unruly group of revolu-

tionaries is bent on the destruction of our system of government. They represent a pitiful handful," Frank Sullivan, public-information officer for the Chicago police said at a press conference and then added bitterly, "but, by golly, they get the cooperation of the news media."

The presence of television cameras and newsmen undoubtedly did help attract at least some of the demonstrators to Chicago because it assured them that their protest would receive national attention. And thoughtful newsmen, including Richard Lee Strout of The Christian Science Monitor (who also writes the T.R.B. column for The New Republic), have raised the question of whether the press does indeed have to bear some of the responsibility for violence. But it can hardly be left up to the police to decide what newsmen should cover and what they should ignore.

'Radicalizing': As a result of the beatings, the Justice Department has started to investigate newsmen's claims of brutality, and a group of publishers and news executives* sent a telegram to Mayor Daley protesting treatment of newsmen. "The obvious purpose," the telegram said, "was to discourage or prevent reporting of an important confrontation between police and demonstrators which the American public has the right to know about." The telegram asked for "an investigation by a responsible group of distinguished and disinterested citizens." Whatever the outcome, clearly a new phase of police-press relations is beginning. To a degree at least, the militants—with the cooperation of the Chicago Police Department—have succeeded in "radicalizing" the press. Ironically, the police in Chicago used to fear the press, back in the days when police corruption was a favorite target of exposés. "In the good old days we got along with them because they were afraid of us," said one newsmen. "Maybe we should go back to the good old days."

*Among them: Leonard Goldenson of ABC; Frank Stanton of CBS; Bailey K. Howard of The Chicago Sun-Times-Daily News; Otis Chandler of The Los Angeles Times; Julian Goodman of NBC; Arthur Ochs Sulzberger of The New York Times; Hedley Donovan of Time Inc.; Katharine Graham of The Washington Post and Newsweek.

Reproduced at the Richard Nixon Presidential Library

Sizing Up Chicago

Jack Mabley, the top columnist for Chicago's American, has always been on the side of law and order. Indeed, the fatherly 53-year-old Mabley served as president of his tidy suburban village northwest of Chicago. And on the eve of the Democratic convention last week he defended Chicago's tight security in a page-one story in which he listed all of the threats antiwar demonstrators had allegedly made against the city. "Natural-gas lines coming into the city may be dynamited and set afire," wrote Mabley. "Yippies' girls would work as hookers and try to attract delegates and put LSD in their drinks. The control tower at O'Hare Field is regarded as a natural target for sabotage." Clearly, Mabley was alarmed.

Four days later Mabley was horrified, but not by the militants—by the police. Mabley covered the police crackdown on the antiwar demonstration along Michigan Avenue and on State Street and reported, among other things, that he saw a policeman beat a cripple because he didn't move out of the way fast enough. "The man hopped with his stick as fast as he could," wrote Mabley, "but the policeman shoved him in the back and then hit him with his nightstick, hit him again and finally crashed him into a lamppost." "This is not the beginning of the police state," Mabley concluded his column, "it IS the police state."

The same theme was picked up and played by papers both in the U.S. and abroad. Britain's Daily Express, conservative politically but often sensational in its treatment of the news, said the Chicago police "are the same kind of men who 'eliminated' the Jews in Nazi Germany, the same kind of men who kept Stalin's terror alive in the Soviet Union. All these men have one thing in common, they enjoy their work." Stories and pictures of police brutality were frequently accompanied by a portrait of Hubert Humphrey. In many papers, the two stories blended. "The whole spectacle of what normally would have been a joyful, triumphant occasion," wrote Winston S. Churchill, grandson of the Prime Minister, in The London Evening News, "was marred by horrifying scenes of police violence." In Paris, Le Figaro said that Humphrey was nominated "while police and National Guard soldiers bludgeoned young demonstrators and while splashes of blood were being cleaned from the sidewalks."

'Iron Fist': More analytically, if no less passionately, U.S. papers focused on Mayor Daley, who in his zeal to prevent a blemish on Chicago's "great convention city" image prodded the Chicago police into giving the city the biggest black eye of all. "Not since the gangster days of a generation ago has the reputation of the city of Chicago been so tarnished," The New York Times began an editorial. "Only this time, instead of the forces of

crime and anarchy, it was the misuse of the forces of so-called 'law and order' by Mayor Richard J. Daley that has brought shame to the city . . ." In an editorial entitled "The Iron Fist," The Washington Post noted that "The Chicago technique for keeping photographs of police brutality from public view is a very simple one: it is to club photographers, smash cameras and confiscate film."

"Mayor Daley was baited into a booby trap," Erwin D. Canham, editor in chief of The Christian Science Monitor, wrote from Chicago. "He certainly had to take measures to prevent total disruption of the convention. I do not see why he could not have done it by barricades rather than by beatings." The Los Angeles Times took up the same theme, declaring that there was a "hard-core radical element whose deliberate plan and purpose was to engineer a confrontation with authority" but reserving most of its condemnation for the police. "With indiscriminating zeal," the Times said, "they attacked crowds on the streets and elsewhere, striking at the innocent as well as identifiable troublemakers."

Overkill: But perhaps the most important reaction came from the Chicago newspapers themselves. In the past, Chicago's papers have given Mayor Daley unstinting praise for "cleaning up" the city and putting its police, fire and social services in efficient order. But they were hardly Daley boosters last week. "A Mayor Daley pathetically eager to make things 'nice' for a convention of particular personal importance to him," the Marshall Field-owned Chicago Daily News said, "indulged in such security overkill that a great city was turned into a police city-state, and freedom of assembly and speech were snuffed out." "Everybody knows that it is perfectly proper for the police to club young demonstrators, because they want to sleep on the grass in Lincoln Park," The News's Mike Royko wrote sardonically. "The grass in Lincoln Park, as well as the lake, the sky, the moon and the sun, belongs to Mayor Daley." The Chicago Sun-Times, the Field

morning paper, turned over half a page to syndicated columnist Jimmy Breslin, who wrote: "The police of Chicago have been out of hand since April, when Mayor Daley said they should shoot young looters. Daley went over the head of the police chief when he did this. When you deal with the intelligence of the average policeman you must be very careful. Mayor Daley was not."

Only The Chicago Tribune chose to downplay the violence in Chicago and relegated the story to one column below the fold. POLICE BATTLE MOB IN PARK, ran the Tribune's head, with the sub-head "Old Glory Is Ripped Down." The Tribune was much more concerned with the fate of the flag than with demonstrators and others who had their heads cracked. It reported nineteen injuries but nowhere in the story was there any indication of how they were injured. The Tribune even qualified its sympathy for newsmen. "Judging from photographs," the newspaper said, "some of the newsmen looked like hippies, and perhaps they disobeyed police orders to move. If so, the police perhaps were justified in using force."

Chaos: In New York, the Daily News, which is owned by the Tribune Co., also took a tough stance. "We do not sympathize with most of the 'police brutality' talk," the News editorialized. "In this instance police could choose between keeping order as best they might and letting the mob run wild. They chose the former. Only a Commy or a complete kook, we believe, would say they chose wrongly."

But in its news pages the same day, the News published a four-page supplement datelined "Chaos, Illinois" which was written by four News staffers in Chicago. William Federici contrasted New York's "Finest" with the Chicago police. "Chicago cops use the doctrine of pursuit of people," reported Federici, "clubbing them all the way, maybe for blocks." Staffer Anthony Burton put it more succinctly. "It was, in fact," he said, "a police riot."



Toughest beat: Chicago Daily News's Paul Sequeira photographs officer 'Macing' him; later he was clubbed by police



Chicago Daily News photos