

Max Was Everywhere But There

For Washington insiders, the funniest story left over from the Democratic Convention involves Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey's longtime friend and adviser, lawyer Max M. Kampelman.

At the height of the anti-war demonstrations Wednesday night, hippie poet Allen Ginsberg stood out in the crowd. Rolling his eyes back in his head, he waved his hands and wiggled his fingers and mumbled wierd mumbo-jumbo incantations to put a hex on things.

The frizzled and grizzled Ginsberg, who looks as though he sleeps in his clothes, and actually does, attracted the attention of security police.

"Does anyone know who that guy is?" yelled an anxious plain clothesman.

"Sure," called out a nearby newspaperman. "His name is Max Kampelman."

Relaying the information via walkie-talkie to his command post, the guard turned back to ask, "How do you spell Kampelman?"

With a perfectly straight face, the reporter obligingly spelled out "K-A-M-P-E-L-M-A-N," and the name went onto a list somewhere of people to be investigated because they look suspicious and menacing.

Kampelman's name was taken in vain more than once during the past two weeks in Chicago. One young man ate hearty breakfasts and steak dinners every day and signed "Max Kampelman" on all the tabs.

Abigail Not Immune

The most outrageous incident involving security guards came when they demanded to inspect the contents of the purse carried by Sen. Eugene McCarthy's wife, Abigail.

"But my husband is the candidate for the Presidency!" she protested.

This did not impress the Chicago plainclothesmen. Neither did the fact that Mrs. McCarthy was accompanied by four Secret Service agents. Her handbag was examined.

Pages Put on Plane

Even India Edwards' granddaughter had a run-in with police.

Eighteen-year-old Challen Williams, whose grandmother was Acting Vice Chairman of the Democratic National Committee during the Convention, was halted when she tried to enter her hotel, the Blackstone, across the street from the Conrad Hilton.

There are two versions of what happened.

One of Challen's closest friends says that she was carrying the key to her hotel room and could prove that she was registered there but nevertheless was knocked down by officers who refused to let her pass. She was barred for three hours.

Mrs. Edwards, however, insisted that Challen did not have her key with her and was not struck.

Whatever happened, Mrs. Edwards put both her granddaughters (who were in Chicago to serve as pages) on the first plane out the next morning.



Very Interesting People

By Maxine Cheshire

bribery or some other method, the late Sen. Joe McCarthy's one-time aide conned his way into the box. He was accompanied by an unidentified blond youth.

The Name Was the Same

If anyone is taking nominees for a Convention hutzpah award, Roy Cohn's name will have to go near the top of the list.

Cohn, who dates back to the era of that other Senator McCarthy, managed to end up watching the acceptance speeches on Thursday night in the box set aside for the family of Sen. Eugene McCarthy.

The VIP seating was vacant, and by bravado or