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THE NATION



POLICE WEARING MASKS ADVANCE THROUGH TEAR-GAS CLOUDS IN CHICAGO'S LINCOLN PARK

ARTHUR SHAW

SURVIVAL AT THE STOCKYARDS

SCHISM, bitterness, demands for violent solution, disenchantment with the way things are, fear of what may be—these are the forces, some would say the demons, that are loose in the U.S. in 1968. The demons accompanied the Democrats to Chicago. A deeply divided party met amid paroxysms of violence in the city and obsessive security measures that surrounded a major function of U.S. democracy with the air of a police state. A bitter but rational argument about the Vietnamese war was traumatically translated into street battles between protesters and police. Nominees and other speakers spent valuable time condemning or justifying the conduct of Mayor Richard Daley's heavy-handed cops.

The images of Chicago will haunt the Democrats during the campaign. Even if they can hang together through November (they did, after all, avoid a major walkout of factions, as happened in 1948), large groups within the party remain deeply and ideologically disaffected. Facing a confident and smoothly organized G.O.P., the Democrats must shoulder the voters' discontent with the incumbents.

Welcome Reforms. Despite the obviously gloomy prospect, the outcome at the stockyards was not totally grim for the Democrats. Hubert Humphrey,

desperately appealing for party unity, made what on the whole must be considered an excellent acceptance speech, and his selection of Maine Senator Edmund Muskie was generally well received. The convention may have picked a candidate opposed by a big segment of the party and backed by an alliance of old-line political bosses, but there is little doubt that the choice represented a majority view among Democrats. It is regrettable, perhaps, that the American political system did not cast up two more modern and exciting candidates than Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon. But the decision in Chicago, as in Miami Beach, does in a rough sort of way reflect the popular mood. Despite the deep disillusionment of many Americans with the Old Politics, the majority seems to have no strong appetite for radical solutions.

In a larger sense, the Chicago production showed a remarkable degree of vitality in the party—and in the political machinery on display. The symbols of ward politics waved like Bourbon banners against a tide of reform, but the party did stage a convention that was more open and more deliberative than any in memory. The passionless play put on by the Republicans in Miami Beach, by comparison, was a mere ratification process. Admittedly, the

presidential nomination was never in serious question last week. But the party did engage in a candid, spirited debate on the Viet Nam question, and 40% of the votes went for the relatively soft plank recommended by a minority of the Platform Committee; even some pro-Humphrey delegates voted against the Administration on this issue.

Moreover, the convention produced some welcome reforms. The venerable unit rule, often used to smother dissent in party affairs, was summarily scrapped. A standing measure to encourage minority representation at future conventions was strengthened. Rebels challenging the regular delegations from Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi got full or partial satisfaction. Said one disgruntled Georgian: "The white conservative vote in the South is not wanted by the present party leaders."

None of this mattered much to some of Eugene McCarthy's disappointed supporters, and their leader's stubborn and unorthodox refusal to endorse Humphrey fed their bitterness. For the most adamant in this group, the only hope was to organize a new party, even if it meant a Republican victory.

Dum and Dee. Other Democrats who have been fighting the Administration realize that whatever their differences with Humphrey, they prefer him to

Nixon. Despite all the talk about Tweedledum and Tweedledee among the disenchanted, real distinctions exist between the major candidates and parties. Last week's acrimony and violence obscured it, but the Democrats assembled a platform and a public stance that differs markedly from the Republicans'.

Nixon and the G.O.P. put heavier emphasis on the law-and-order issue than did Humphrey and the Democrats. The Democrats came out for putting into effect the radical and expensive proposals of the Kerner commission report. And if necessary, the Democratic platform says, the Government must become the "employer of last resort" of those unable to find work in private industry. The Republicans stressed fiscal responsibility and propose to combat urban problems primarily through private enterprise.

Natural Ground. In campaign strategy, too, there is a major difference. Nixon obviously hopes for some Southern support. He plucked Spiro Agnew from obscurity at least partly to avoid offending Dixie. Like Nixon, Humphrey enjoyed heavy Southern support for the nomination. But he gave the South little in return. He ignored a Southern list of seven proposed candidates for the vice-presidential nomination and selected the man he considered best qualified of those willing to make the race.

Humphrey must now make an aggressive effort to prove that the Democrats who clamor for change do not have to change parties. Humphrey must also buck the widespread reaction against student protests, the militant assertion of Negro rights and other sources of domestic strife. "There may be a tendency to conservatism in the country right now," he acknowledges. "If you let the country move that way, it will. I have no intention of letting it." If he means it, and at the risk of being punished by this trend, Humphrey is clearly seeking his natural ground to Nixon's left.

THE MAN WHO WOULD RECAPTURE YOUTH

THE look is merry, but the merriment is diluted. Often a pained bewilderment clouds his cherubic look, and his mouth tightens as if to seal in the explosiveness and confusion behind it. Despite the dancing eyes, the tireless smile, the bouncy spirit, the effusive greetings ("Well, bless your heart," "Thank you, thank you, thank you"), the man the Democratic Party has nominated for President of the U.S. is not to be dismissed simply as a glib, out-of-touch relic of a political era long past.

Hubert Horatio Humphrey bristles at the frequent suggestion that he is a man superseded by the times. He cannot comprehend why, in view of his record, he is looked upon as dated and dull, a prisoner of an obsolete system that has proved unresponsive to the problems of today.

He has not lacked courage, as he is all too ready to recall. As mayor of Minneapolis at the age of 34 (he is 57 now), he cleaned up the police force, reduced crime and upgraded schools. He risked everything for principle when he forced a strong civil rights plank on a reluctant Democratic Convention in 1948, prompting a walkout by Strom Thurmond's Dixiecrats. He showed foresight when he crusaded for Medicare 15 years before it became law and proposed a Peace Corps nine months before it was established. His peace credentials, validated in the struggle for enactment of the Limited Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, were always gilded—until Lyndon Johnson and Viet Nam happened along.

Nonetheless, Humphrey is attacked as deficient in the very qualities that have distinguished his career. That explains, to a degree, the bewilderment that shows up in the pursed lips and clenched jaw. What he fails to grasp is that he is no longer Mayor Humphrey, or young Senator Humphrey, and has

not been for many years. He constantly reminds people of the way he was, but he is that way no longer, and his frequent excursions into nostalgia only underscore the point.

Conciliator. As TIME Correspondent Hayes Gorey notes, Hubert Humphrey is deeply grateful to Lyndon Johnson for having elevated him to the second highest office in the land and given him a crack at the first. Yet his gratitude may be misplaced. It was Johnson who years ago in the Senate played a major role in persuading Humphrey "to stop kicking the wall," as Hubert puts it; to abandon solitary crusades for hopeless causes. Once he grasped the lesson, Humphrey advanced to Senate majority whip and then Vice President under Johnson's tutelage. He also took on a good deal of L.B.J.'s coloration. Though never as devious or secretive as Johnson, Humphrey became remarkably like him in his desire to please everybody, his ambivalence, his addiction to hyperbole, his fidelity to the power blocs of the old politics (big labor, Southern Democrats, the surviving bosses and the elderly). He also became vulnerable to the kind of accusation emblazoned on a placard in Chicago last week: "There are two sides to every question; Humphrey endorses both."

Like Johnson, Humphrey has become distrustful of the press—although his condition is nowhere near so grave as the President's—and he has begun to open a credibility gap of his own. Like Johnson, he has been unable to select or attract really first-rate aides. With some exceptions, notably his newly appointed campaign manager, Larry O'Brien, his staff is nondescript; this year alone, four of his close associates have been accused of wrongdoing. Most important, Humphrey learned from Johnson that in the U.S. Senate, a cut-

HUMPHREY & FAMILY WATCHING CONVENTION ON TV

SEN MARTIN



ting edge leads most often to ostracism and ineffectiveness. Humphrey could tolerate neither; Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy always flirted with both. "I'm not a fighter; I'm a conciliator," Humphrey has said.

Having chosen the role of soother and persuader, he is puzzled nonetheless when people do not identify him with the creative, combative politician of yesterday. After four years as Lyndon Johnson's Vice President, his public persona is that of a subordinate and apologist. It has become increasingly difficult to think of him in such terms as leader, fighter, innovator—which are precisely the terms in which he thinks of himself. He argues these days, urgently and almost desperately, that he is too his own man; that he can too be

warmth and conveys greater sincerity than does Richard Nixon.

Signs of Schism. The nomination had eluded him so long—he was first considered a presidential possibility in 1952—that he had finally despaired of winning it. Thanks to the convulsive events of 1968, it came within his reach. Yet on the day that he finally grasped it, he sat glumly in his suite in Chicago's Conrad Hilton Hotel while young demonstrators and angry police fought in the streets below. He tasted not victory but the acrid fumes of tear gas that wafted through an open window. What was to have been the happiest of days turned out to be an occasion for some doubt and depression. What was to have been remembered as the Democratic Convention that nominated Hubert Humphrey may go down in history instead as an event of rancor and rioting.

Show of Support. Dismayed as Humphrey was by his party's confused, cacophonous mood, he began to brighten perceptibly as the balloting got under way and moved him ever closer to the nomination. The total mounted toward the needed 1,312. "Oregon is zilch," said Humphrey; his fellow Minnesotan, Senator Eugene McCarthy, had won its 35 votes in the May primary. Humphrey leaned forward expectantly, then broke into a wide grin as Pennsylvania put him over the top with 103½ votes. "Pennsylvania started it and Pennsylvania put us over!" said the jubilant Humphrey, recalling that the state's show of support last spring gave him an all but unbeatable lead.

Humphrey blew kisses toward the TV screen as the cameras zeroed in on his wife Muriel at the ball; then he dashed up and kissed the screen. Johnson, called from the L.B.J. ranch, told Humphrey: "You've got us here and all you need now are a few million more. We've got to get the party together and work to see this through November." "Bless your heart," said Humphrey. "Thank you."

In the Hilton's Waldorf Room, Humphrey did a little jig to *Let a Winner Lead the Way*, then told the newsmen and the girls in white boaters and the campaign aides assembled there that the nomination was only "the beginning of the climb to new heights." He assured them that the party would soon be reunited. George McGovern, the late-starting candidate who emerged as a quietly capable and attractive man, will support Humphrey, if perhaps not enthusiastically. "I am no fan of Richard Nixon," he said. But there was serious doubt that McCarthy would ever endorse the ticket. On the other hand, Wayne Morse, one of the loudest of the Viet Nam critics, promised to do so, as did California Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh and Vermont Governor Philip Hoff, both of whom had been hostile toward him. California Congressman Phillip Burton, who had fought hard for the dove plank on Viet Nam in the platform and backed McCarthy for the nomination, said of Humphrey:

"I'm going to support him and encourage everybody I can to support him. I think he'll make a damn fine President. It's just this damn war that's in my craw."

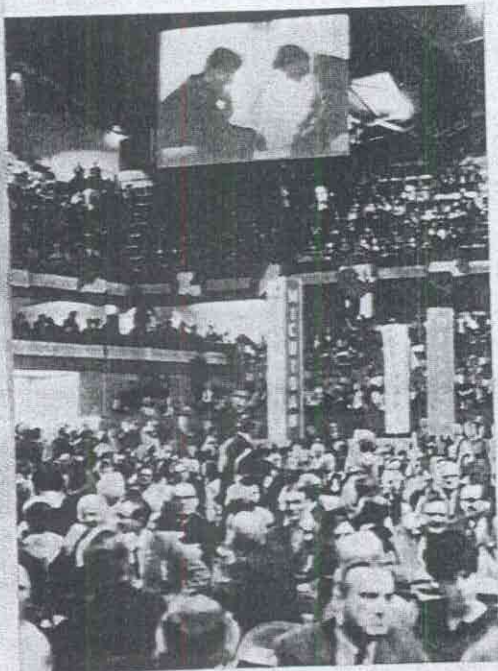
In his acceptance speech the following night, Humphrey made a moving plea for party unity. He borrowed a phrase that Robert Kennedy had used repeatedly before his campaign was cut short by an assassin's bullet last June: "I need your help." Added the Vice President: "There is always the temptation to leave the scene of battle in anger and despair, but those who know the true meaning of democracy accept the decision of today, never relinquishing their right to change it tomorrow."

Never Again. It was a 50-minute speech, interrupted 75 times by applause and three times by short-lived boos. It was deftly constructed. With suggestions from others, the major work was done by Humphrey's own speechwriting team headed by Ted VanDyk, and by the Vice President himself.

Given the hellicose mood of the convention, Humphrey faced a difficult task in striking the right tone. He was blatantly corny at times, and he used the device, also employed by Richard Nixon, of giving a point in one sentence and taking it back in the next; social justice balanced by the need for law enforcement, peace, but not forgetting the need for firmness. But on the whole, he was remarkably successful, and so patently, radiantly sincere that even a quotation from St. Francis of Assisi and a call to the nation for prayer were touching rather than treacly. Scoring both "mob violence" and "police brutality," he declared in a reference to the previous night's riot: "May America tonight resolve that never, never again shall we see what we have seen."

One of Humphrey's thorniest problems was how to invoke Johnson's name without setting off a deafening—and damaging—chorus of catcalls. He did so by first mentioning the name of every Democratic presidential candidate, beginning with Franklin Roosevelt and only then paying tremulous tribute to Johnson's achievements. ("And tonight, to you, Mr. President. I say thank you. Thank you, Mr. President.") Having done his duty, and drawn hoos as well as heavy applause, Humphrey then moved to cut the umbilical. It was now "the end of an era—the beginning of a new day," he said. To ensure that nobody missed the point, he used the "new day" phrase half a dozen more times, and it would be no surprise if that became the slogan of his campaign. In a Humphrey Administration—if there is one—he told reporters, "I may turn to 'new dawn.' The dawn comes slowly, but it illuminates."

Strategy of Panic. Humphrey's speech was a grace note in a week that had few of them. The amphitheatre itself was heavily guarded and isolated, like a prison camp or a nuclear installation. If the 10,000 young protesters were bent on raising a ruckus out-



TRIBUTE TO BOB KENNEDY
With choruses of the Battle Hymn.

a strong, forward-looking President. Perhaps. But in order to accomplish that, he must recapture the spirit of his youth. After years of deferring to the lords of the Senate, after his service as Johnson's Boswell, he will find the search particularly difficult.

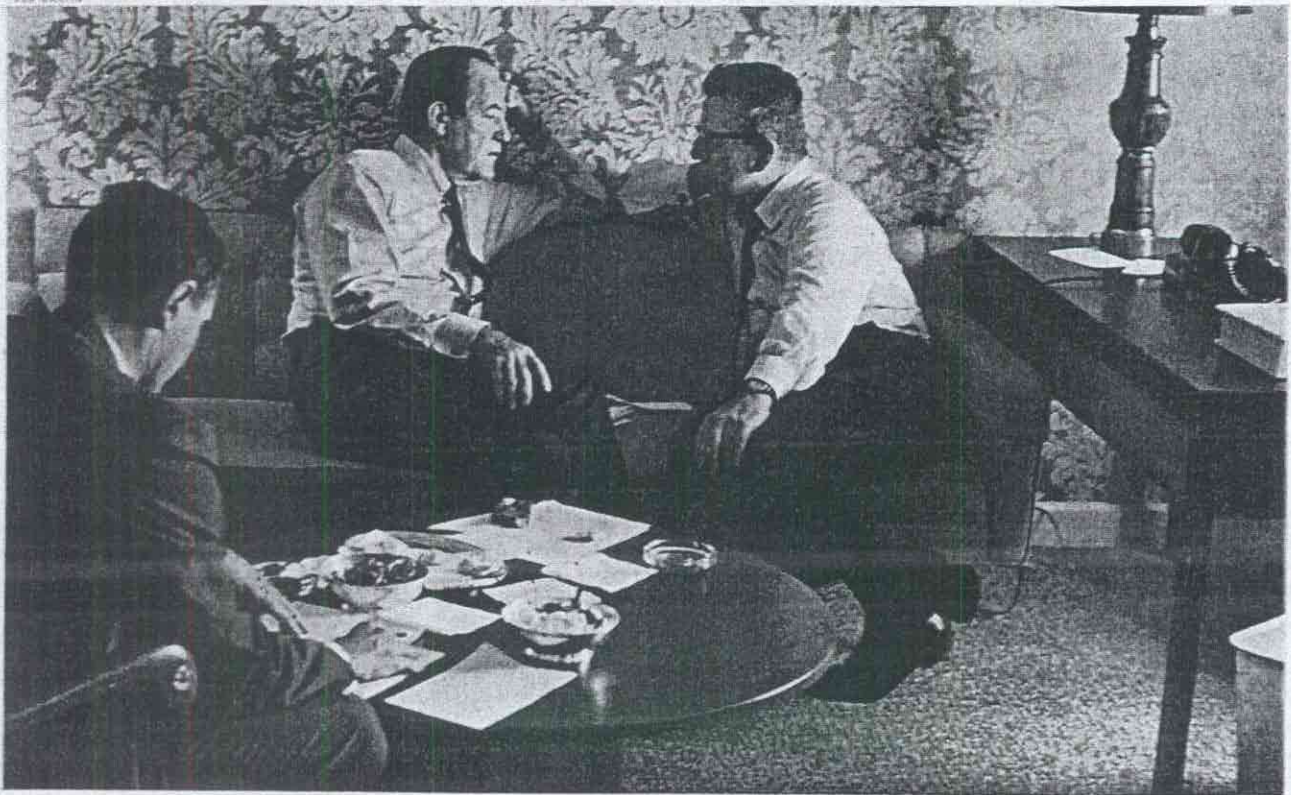
Humphrey is prone to weep on almost any occasion; his sensitivity to bright lights occasionally causes the tears to flow, but his emotionalism is more often the cause. He is often too anxious to please, too easily swayed, too inclined to think that everyone is basically a decent fellow. He talks too much. On the other hand, he has limitless energy, infectious enthusiasm, a quick and absorptive mind, and unquestionable idealism and commitment to the shaping of a better America. He is, further, a formidable man on the stump. Without doubt he has greater



Democratic Nominees Humphrey and Muskie acknowledge accolade in Chicago's Amphitheatre

JAMES LING JR. — GAMBETTA

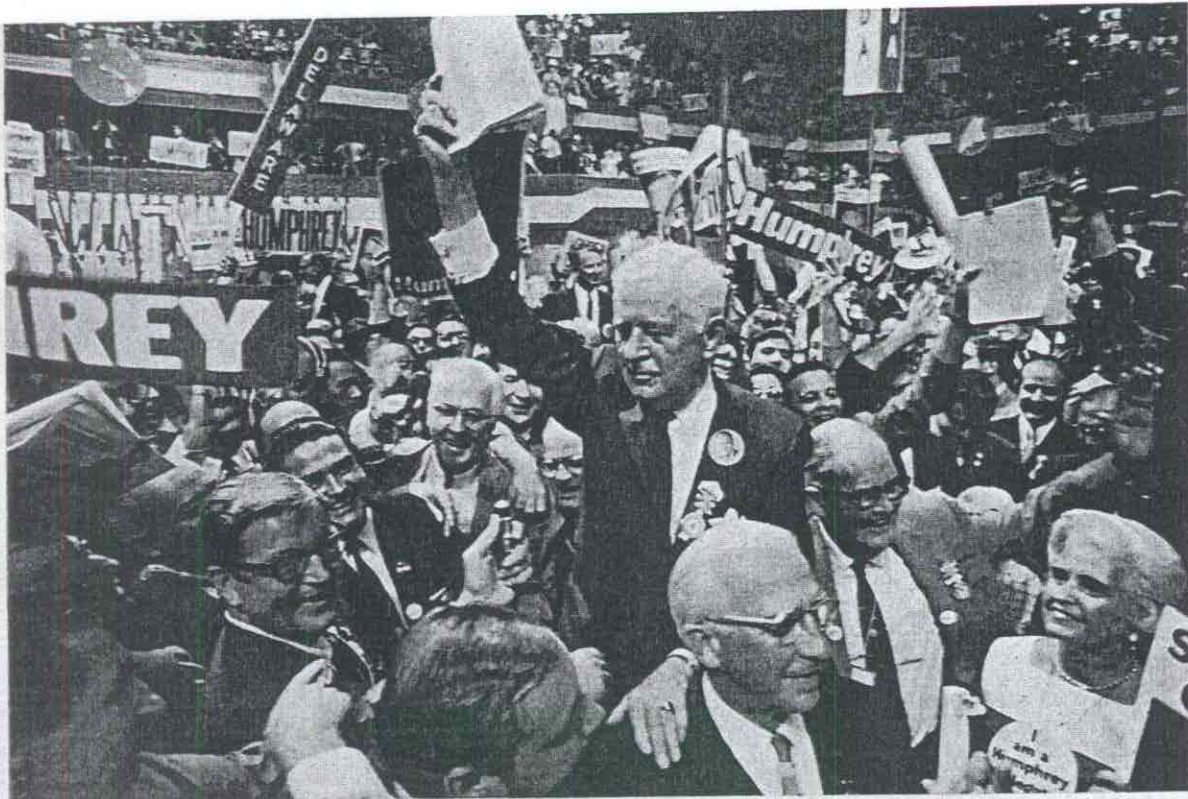
JOHN MARTIN



In his hotel suite at the Conrad Hilton, Humphrey discusses strategy with Aide Larry O'Brien

On Michigan Avenue, 25 floors below, cops club Yippie demonstrators





On the roll call, Pennsylvania puts Humphrey over the top. Pittsburgh's Mayor Barr waves triumphantly

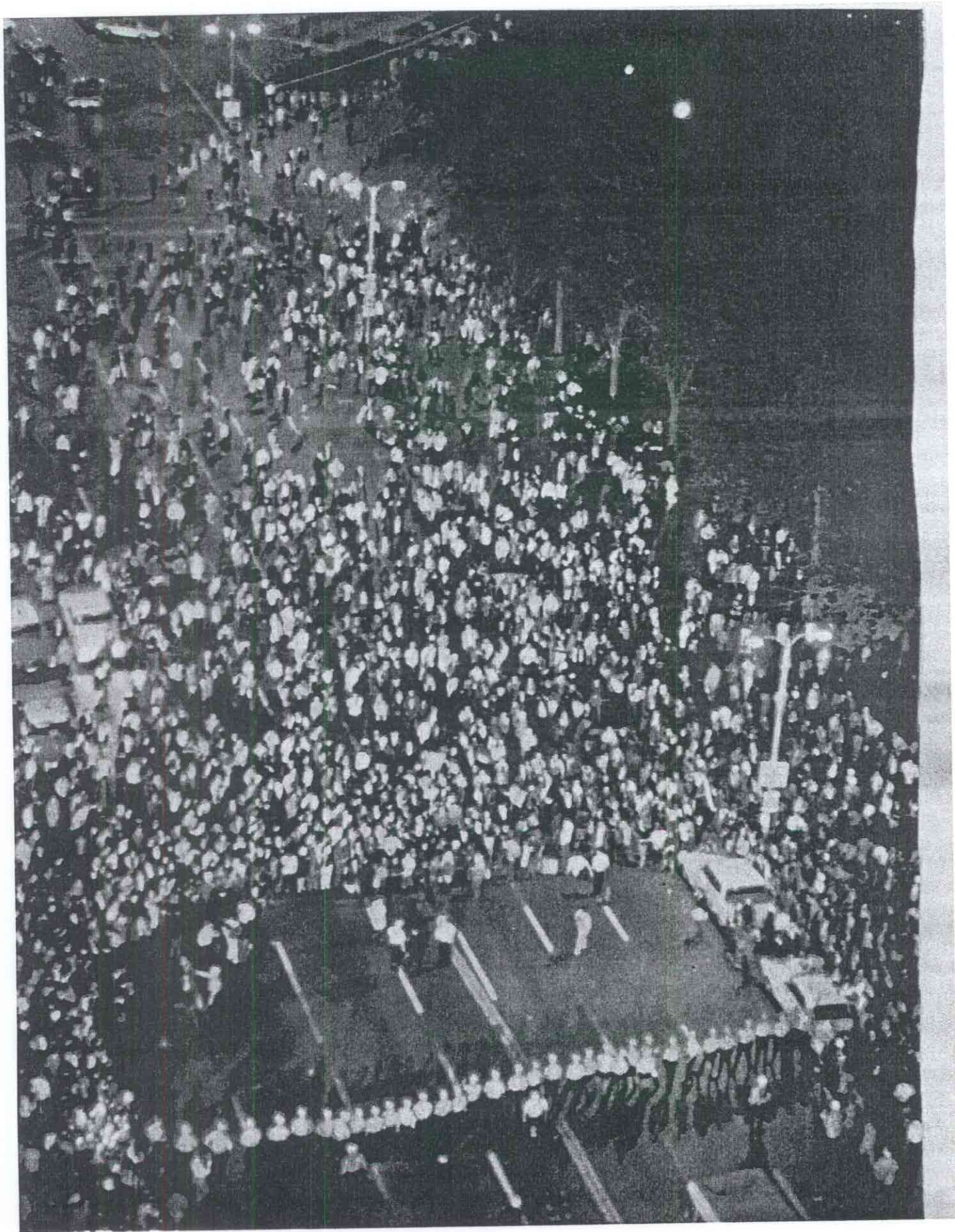


JULIAN HASSER



THE NEW YORK TIMES

In platform fight, anti-Viet Nam delegates protest loudly





Chief Guru to the Yippies, Allen Ginsberg held a peaceable reading at dawn on the beach

In an unpeaceable meeting, a young protestor confronts the Illinois National Guard



Frustrated peace demonstrators, refused permission to march to the convention hall, are hemmed in by grim lines of blue-helmeted Chicago police



In the most dramatic of the convention's protests, Yippies stormed an equestrian monument in Grant Park to protest the arrest of one of their leaders

side the hall, McCarthy's forces were determined to raise one within. "There is no floor strategy," said McCarthy's aide, Jerry Eller, only half in jest, on the eve of the convention. "Just achieve panic, and then win."

The scene was in sharp contrast with 1964, when a rare air of harmony prevailed and L.B.J.'s ubiquitous aides moved in quickly to muffle any signs of schism. Johnson's men were running things again, in tandem with Daley, but they were far less conspicuous this time—as if they sensed that though they controlled the convention's machinery, they did not control its spirit.

Postmaster General Marvin Watson, the unsmiling majordomo of the White House staff, oversaw credentials, schedules and arrangements, but moved through the amphitheatre's corridors all but unheeded. Convention Manager John Criswell was rarely in evidence.

Sensing the mood, Johnson stayed away altogether. He was not worried about security; he could have helicoptered from O'Hare Airport directly to the convention site without seeing anybody but guards, delegates and newsmen. But he was concerned that his appearance would set off a thunderous wave of boos. There were rumors that he would turn up on the final day, but that might have been construed as an attempt to steal the show from Humphrey. Moreover, he himself realized that the delegates, on the night of the filmed tribute to Robert Kennedy, might be less than receptive. As it was, the memorial movie stopped the convention cold. With Broadway Star Theodore Bikel leading the way, and Actress Shirley MacLaine weeping freely, delegates sang chorus after chorus of the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* while the chairman futilely gavelled for silence.

Had Johnson gone to Chicago, his 60th birthday would have been celebrated in Soldier Field (capacity: 77,000). Instead, he had coffee and cake at Daughter Luci's red brick ranch-style house in suburban Austin, Texas. Lady Bird and Grandson Lyn were there, as well as two busloads of newsmen. "I am not talking to the convention," he told the reporters, lest he be accused of stage-managing the affair. "I don't have anyone reporting to me other than Walter Cronkite."

Beards and Beads. In Chicago, the delegates seemed to come from almost the same mold as the neat, well-groomed Republicans who had assembled in Miami Beach three weeks earlier. There were more of them (2,989 v. 1,333 Republicans), and they were crammed into a hall with two-thirds the capacity of Miami Beach's ample Convention Hall. There were more beards, beads and celebrities, including Astronaut John Glenn, Connecticut Delegates Paul Newman and Arthur Miller, California Delegates Shirley MacLaine, her brother Warren Beatty, Decathlon Star Rafer Johnson and Pierre Salinger. There were more Negroes (337 delegates and alternates v. 78 in Miami Beach), and

they played a far more meaningful role. Channing E. Phillips, militant pastor of Washington's Lincoln Memorial Congregational Temple, was offered as a nominee for the presidency and won 671 votes. Georgia State representative Julian Bond, also a Negro, was offered as a vice-presidential nominee, but withdrew because he is 61 years under the constitutional age minimum of 35. Power brokers in their own right, like Cleveland's Mayor Carl Stokes, Richard Hatcher, Mayor of Gary, Ind., and Michigan Congressman John Conyers were also on hand.

Whatever the differences, the Democrats, like the Republicans, represented the nation in all its diversity. Even more than the Republicans, however,



JESSE UNRUH
Caught in the crunch.

they faithfully reflected the nation's fissures and feuds. And while the G.O.P. was bent on papering over the cracks in order to restore the party unity that had been all but destroyed in 1964, the Democrats arrived spoiling for a fight. They lost little time in getting down to what amounted to a revolutionary overhauling of the regulations that have governed past conventions. The unit rule, which helped strangle intraparty dissent in nine states by allowing the majority of a delegation to control 100% of the votes, was abolished; Humphrey had been willing to delay the move until 1972 to mollify his Southern backers, but the convention was in no mood to wait. The rule increasing minority representation in delegations at future conventions was strengthened, ensuring that Negroes would be even more heavily represented than they were last week.

The first real battle erupted on the first night. California's Jesse Unruh, Speaker of the State Assembly and delegation leader, moved to delay con-

sideration of the Credentials Committee report. Humphrey's men figured that Unruh was simply trying to delay the convention long enough to get a draft movement going for Teddy Kennedy. They decided to force a roll-call vote as the first big test of strength between the pro- and anti-Administration forces. In a nine-room control center on the amphitheatre's second level, Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris, a key Humphrey aide, declared: "We want to put the crunch on. This is a big one." Humphrey men on the floor were told: "The vote is 'No' on the Unruh motion, and let's push it." It turned out to be an easy Humphrey victory—1,648 to 875—and it approximately reflected the divisions within the hall.

The key credentials disputes involved Mississippi and Georgia. Making good on a promise made in 1964, the Democrats unseated a delegation chosen by the regular Democratic machinery of Mississippi and replaced it with a racially mixed group of insurgents. The Credentials Committee sought to settle the Georgia dispute by awarding half of the delegation's 41 elected delegate votes to the regulars, who included a number of loyal, moderate party members, and half to a rebel group led by Julian Bond. Bond's group wanted all the seats, forced a roll-call vote that turned out to be the closest contest of the convention. When the move was beaten 1,413 to 1,041, the California and New York delegations, which proved a magnetic force for dissent through the convention, chanted "Julian Bond! Julian Bond!" Hurriedly, the convention was adjourned.

Narrow Scope. The most bitter, bruising fight was waged over the Viet Nam plank. The scope of the debate was far narrower than it was a year ago. Then, there was still a raging quarrel about whether the U.S. should escalate the war still further or begin curtailing its involvement. Now practically everybody agreed that the war should be ended, and the dispute centered on the mechanics of settlement. For a time, Humphrey edged toward favoring an outright bombing halt against North Viet Nam, with no conditions attached. Johnson too had been thinking of declaring such a halt, chiefly because he had been assured by Moscow that it was seriously interested in persuading Hanoi to reach a settlement of the war. Premier Kosygin had even sent Johnson a letter expressing Moscow's willingness to cooperate.

In the light of these developments, Humphrey decided that he would delay staking out a detailed Viet Nam position for the Platform Committee. Events, he figured, would take care of that for him, and any new move toward peace would help him tremendously. He began using more dovish terms in public, promoting a bombing halt and hinting at progress in Paris. Johnson abruptly reversed field with his hard-line talk before the Veterans of Foreign Wars in Detroit two weeks

Humphrey's Polish Yankee

MAINE Senator Edmund Sixtus Muskie looks and sounds like the prototype of the ancestral Down-East-er. Craggy-faced, big-boned and monumentally tall (he is 6 ft. 4 in.), he displays the New England legislator's characteristic attention to detail and distaste for florid rhetoric. It was hardly foreseeable before last week that the Democratic vice-presidential nominee—who is in fact the son of a Polish-born tailor—would be matched against a Republican opposite number from Maryland with a curiously similar background. Muskie and Spiro Agnew, Richard Nixon's running mate, are both sons of immigrants. Both grew up in straitened circumstances. Both have foreshortened sur-



JANE & ED MUSKIE AFTER NOMINATION

names, and both are generally unfamiliar to the American electorate.

Unlike Agnew, who after less than two years as Governor of Maryland was little known among politicians outside his state until he received the G.O.P. vice-presidential nomination, Ed Muskie has a hard-earned reputation on Capitol Hill as a diligent and imaginative politician. As Maine's first Democratic Governor in 20 years (1954-58) and subsequently the first popularly elected Democratic Senator in the state's history, he cracked the granitic G.O.P. fortress in Maine, creating a new independent-minded breed of voters known as Muskie Republicans.

After his two terms as a progressive, popular Governor, the New England liberal came to Washington with an understanding of legislative procedure that served him well in skirmishes against the Bourbon craftsmen of the Senate's Southern bloc. In 1966, when Lyndon Johnson's Model Cities proposal was foundering, Muskie called the White House and explained why he felt the bill could not be passed as drafted. He then set to work hammering out an acceptable substitute, which he later guided to passage with a combination of eloquence and parliamentary skill. "The pages of history are full of the tales of those who sought the promise of the city and found only despair," he told the Senate. "From the *Book of Job* to Charles Dickens to James Baldwin, we have read the ills of the cities. Our cities contain within themselves the flowers of man's genius and the nettles of his failures." Robert Kennedy called it "the best speech I ever heard in the Senate."

Muskie's preoccupation with the crisis of the cities is unusual in a man whose native state is predominantly rural. Yet even Maine has felt the deleterious effects of water and air pollution, and the Senator was in the forefront of those

who drafted the 1963 Clean Air Act and the 1965 Water Quality Act and pushed them through the Senate.

In other respects, Muskie's political career has been somewhat improbable. In accent and countenance, the New Englander might be mistaken for a cousin of Leverett Saltonstall. In fact, he is a Roman Catholic whose father anglicized the family name from Marciszewski. Muskie, second of six children, grew up in the textile-mill town of Rumford, earned a Phi Beta Kappa key at Maine's Bates College and a law degree from Cornell in 1939. After Navy service in the Atlantic and Pacific during World War II, he returned to Maine to set up law practice in Waterville and began his political career in the Maine house of representatives. Democrats were in such a minority there that Muskie rapidly became the Democratic House floor leader.

Over the years he has maintained a stubborn political independence. In Washington, he immediately ran afoul of Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, who asked the freshman to join him in a fight against Senate liberals who were seeking to make it easier to break filibusters. Muskie refused, and Johnson retaliated by denying him his first three choices for committee assignments. "They tell me that Lyndon trades apples for orchards every day," Muskie said ruefully. Johnson later came to appreciate Muskie as a thorough craftsman who approached his work with quiet diplomacy. In 1964, Johnson even seriously considered naming Muskie as his running mate.

At 54, Ed Muskie does not bring youth to this year's Democratic ticket, although his forceful, low-key manner will be attractive to many of the young. He is most knowledgeable in federal-state relations and problems of the cities. Even though he led the convention fight for the majority plank on Viet Nam, he has seldom spoken out on the war and privately has serious reservations about current American policy in Southeast Asia.

Muskie's family should be an asset to the ticket. He and his wife have five children ("three queens and two jacks"), aged 19 to seven. Jane Muskie, who was a Protestant and a Republican when, as a clerk in a Waterville dress shop, she first met her future husband in 1946, later converted to his political and religious faiths. They now live in a six-bedroom colonial house in Bethesda, Md., but also maintain a vacation cottage in Kennebunk Beach, Me. The Senator fishes and hunts in the Maine woods, sails off the coast, and is an amateur carpenter. He has also become an enthusiastic golfer in the last four years, although his game sometimes looks like spring plowing. The golf can hardly be easy on his nerves. While usually self-effacing, Muskie has been known to have a volcanic temper.

He enjoys cooking the duck, goose and turkey that he bags on shooting expeditions. He also likes to sew—a talent he picked up from his tailor-father. His dress runs to conservative dark suits. When he was Governor, Muskie invariably wore a clip-on bow tie, but he has since returned to four-in-hand ties. Though his tall, ruggedly handsome figure is an undoubted contribution to the image of the ticket, his five-inch advantage over Humphrey will inevitably invite Mutt and Jeff caricatures.

Muskie's friendships within the Democratic Party have been ecumenical. He was close to John Kennedy, is a friend of both Eugene McCarthy and Hubert Humphrey. However much he admires Humphrey, he did not accept the vice-presidential nomination with any excess of zeal. Muskie loves his work and independence as a Senator, and despite his commanding speech at the convention, does not relish political campaigning.

Still, as the vice-presidential candidate, his gift for dry wit and understated oratory should appeal to a far wider audience than the New Englanders and big-city Poles who claim Ed Muskie as their own.

ago, catching Humphrey unawares. The reason: Moscow had turned cool, perhaps because of the Czechoslovak crisis, while Hanoi's negotiators in Paris had abruptly reverted to a rigid stance and Communist troops in South Viet Nam were resuming their attacks on the cities. Johnson told associates that Hanoi and Moscow were "reading the polls" in the U.S. and "playing Democratic Party politics" in hopes of influencing the choice of a candidate.

After a new briefing, Humphrey reverted to the Administration line. Some Midwestern supporters, who had cheered the dovish stance in a private Chicago talk just a few days earlier, felt betrayed. The hawks were just as outraged that he had even considered a bombing pause.

Initially, the Platform Committee approved a plan urging the U.S. to "stop all remaining bombing of North Viet Nam in the expectation of restraint and reasonable response from Hanoi." Johnson did not like the business about "expectation." Though he huffily denied any role in dictating the platform language, he summoned Committee Chairman Hale Boggs back to Washington, ostensibly for a briefing on Czechoslovakia, but also for a Viet Nam briefing. He sent White House Staffer Charles Murphy to Chicago to oversee the Viet Nam deliberations. Soon the text was changed to read that the bombing would stop "when this action would not endanger the lives of our troops in the field." No one was quite sure what that meant.

McCarthy was determined to use the Viet Nam plank as his springboard to the nomination. By sponsoring a floor fight over the minority proposal, which called for "an unconditional end to all bombing," he hoped to split the party and attract enough support to put him over. At first, the convention's managers sought to schedule debate on the issue in the early-morning hours when practically nobody would be watching TV. But the dissidents raised a tremendous ruckus. "Let's go home, let's go home!" they roared. Convention Chairman Carl Albert seemed at a loss. Finally, Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley drew a finger across his throat and Albert got the message. He cut the fuss off by adjourning the meeting.

Stop the War. When the debate got under way next afternoon, it led to an unusually free and searching exchange of views. Many war critics wanted above all a kind of ritual sacrifice—an admission by the Johnson Administration that its involvement in Viet Nam had been a grave error. Doves generally characterized the majority plank as a charter for more of the same.

Supporters of the plank argued that it left several options open to a future President, rather than unwisely committing him in advance to a specific course of action. Moreover, warned Missouri's Governor Warren Hearnes, an unconditional bombing halt could en-



CHANNING PHILLIPS
More meaningful role.

danger U.S. servicemen. Boggs cited a statement by U.S. Viet Nam Commander Creighton Abrams to the effect that a bombing halt would mean a fivefold increase in enemy strength in the area of the Demilitarized Zone within two weeks. Many military experts consider Abrams' estimate an exaggeration.

The doves received the loudest ovations for their statements. But the pro-Administration forces, dominated by Southerners who were determined to prevent a repudiation of Johnson's policies though not particularly interested in how the plank might damage Humphrey, received the most votes. When Albert read the final tally, it stood at



JULIAN BOND
Promise kept.

1,5671 for the majority plank, 1,0411 for the minority. Even before he finished reading the results, a chant of lament began in the New York delegation: "We shall overcome, we shall overcome . . ." From the galleries: "Stop the war! Stop the war!"

As happened often during the week in such situations, an official on the podium flashed a signal to the 50-piece Lou Breese orchestra to strike up some noisy numbers to drown out the chants. In this case, with stunning inappropriateness after a debate on bombing, it was the Air Force's song, *Off We Go into the Wild Blue Yonder*. The band ripped into *Happy Days Are Here Again* in the midst of a somber passage on Viet Nam during Humphrey's acceptance speech.

A Real Ball Game. Fully 40% of the Democratic delegates stood in opposition to the Administration's policy—and by implication, Humphrey's. Even so, the Viet Nam uproar proved no real threat to the Vice President's hopes of gaining the nomination. The greatest threat came, instead, in an evanescent move to draft Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy.

California's Unruh, anxious to win over the state's fractious liberals so that he can seek the governorship in 1970 (he has even been seen recently on vacation sporting a Nehru jacket and love beads), talked up a switch to Teddy McGovern and Connecticut Senator Abe Ribicoff persuaded Daley to delay his anticipated endorsement of Humphrey for a few days to see if the draft-Teddy move could get rolling. Daley needed little persuading; Humphrey is his fourth choice, after Lyndon Johnson, then Bobby Kennedy, and finally Teddy Kennedy.

From a suite in the opulent Standard Club, a businessman's retreat near the Loop, Teddy's brother-in-law Stephen Smith headed the operation. A day before the presidential balloting, he drove to Gene McCarthy's headquarters at the Conrad Hilton. McCarthy assured Smith that if a genuine draft developed, he would step aside and throw his support to Kennedy—but only after his own name had first been placed in nomination, since he felt he owed at least that much to those who had supported him for so long. McCarthy asked Smith if he thought such a move would do any good. "It would then be a real ball game," said Smith. But in Hyannisport, Teddy was still convinced that he should not be in the game—yet. He is 36, and his youth would deter him. So does the fact that his brother Robert's assassination occurred so recently. Either 1972 or 1976, he concluded, would be a better time. Just before Daley held his final caucus with the Illinois delegation, Ted Kennedy issued a statement through his Washington office, urging supporters "to cease all activity on my behalf."

The last apparent obstacle to Hu-



THE JOHN GLENN



PAUL NEWMAN



SHIRLEY MacLAINE



PIERRE SALINGER



ARTHUR MILLER



RAFER JOHNSON

Reflecting the fissures and feuds.

bert Humphrey's nomination was out of the way. After the turbulent Viet Nam debate, the delegates took a two-hour break, then began drifting back to the amphitheatre to vote on the presidential nomination. But at that moment, Chicago's lake front was turning into a battleground. All week, the antiwar demonstrators and Chicago's police had engaged in minor, but sometimes bloody skirmishes. On the night of the presidential balloting, the skirmishes turned into a major battle (see following story).

At the amphitheatre, taped scenes of flailing police batons were played over scores of television screens. The delegates were appalled. Standing at the podium to nominate McGovern, Ribicoff looked down at the Illinois delegation 15 feet in front of him, and denounced "Gestapo tactics in the streets of Chicago." Daley's lieutenants leaped up, shaking their fists. "How hard it is to accept the truth," said Ribicoff calmly, looking straight at Daley. "How hard it is." Now Daley was on his feet too, the heavy-jowled, heavy-lidded "Great Dumping," as Chicago Columnist Mike Royko calls him, waving his arms, cupping one hand to his mouth and shouting, among other things, "Get out, go home!"

Speaker after speaker referred to the scene at the Hilton, and each set off a rumbling chorus of boos aimed at Daley. Several delegates demanded that the convention be transferred to another city. Donald Peterson, a Wisconsin dairy executive and chairman of his state's rambunctious delegation, shouted into his state's microphone: "Thousands of young people are being beaten on the streets of Chicago! I move this convention be adjourned for two weeks and moved to another city." Daley was so rattled that at one point, when Illinois was asked if it had any names to place in nomination, he grabbed the mike and started casting the state's votes. Finally, beet-red with anger, he stood up and walked out of the hall. The night after "Bloody Wednesday," as it came to be called, a cordon of plainclothesmen ringed the Illinois delegation, and the galleries were packed with the mayor's henchmen waving freshly printed banners: WE LOVE DALEY.

Locked Door. Humphrey's nomination was almost an anticlimax. It went very much as his aides had anticipated: a first-ballot victory with 1,761 votes to 601 for McCarthy, 1464 for McGovern, 674 for Channing Phillips.

Humphrey had little problem choosing a running mate. He had consulted 100 party leaders, businessmen and labor officials, including A.F.L.-C.I.O. Boss George Meany, who simply urged him to choose the best man. By the morning after his nomination, his mind was made up. A week before Chicago, he had met for two hours in his Harbour Square apartment in Southwest Washington with Gene McCarthy. McCarthy

agreed that his own chances for the nomination were slight, whereupon Humphrey asked if the second spot would appeal to him. "No," said McCarthy. "Don't offer it." During the same week, Humphrey visited Teddy Kennedy at the Senator's McLean, Va., home. "Teddy told me he wasn't a candidate," said Humphrey. He asked Kennedy: "Is the door ajar, is the key in it, or is it locked?" Replied Teddy: "The door is locked. I'm not a contender."

Ethnic Appeal. Weeding out of other possibilities left Maine's Edmund Muskie, little-known but with other assets to commend him. A ruggedly handsome, young-looking man of 54, he imparts a Lincolnesque air of cool statesmanship in counterpoint to Humphrey's volatile manner. A former Democratic Governor and currently Senator of an overwhelmingly Republican state, Muskie is a Polish Catholic. The era of religiously balanced tickets and of purely ethnic appeal may be dying, but it is not quite dead. Besides, there are considerably more Poles in the U.S. (6,000,000) than Greeks (600,000), giving the Democrats a clear edge in that department over Nixon's vice-presidential choice, Spiro Agnew. Particularly important is the fact that the heaviest concentrations of Poles are in nine key industrial states that account for 196 of the 270 electoral votes needed to win the presidency.* Muskie may well be able to offset George Wallace's strong appeal to this bloc. In his acceptance speech, Muskie acquitted himself well, underscoring the need for the U.S. "to build a peace, to heal our country."

Study Panels. To run the campaign, Humphrey named ex-Postmaster General Larry O'Brien to the dual post of campaign manager and chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Under the diffident John Bailey and in the face of total indifference on the part of the President, who never cared much about the mechanics of national politics, the committee has all but withered away in the past five years. O'Brien, who will handle both jobs without pay—but is anxious to depart immediately after the campaign to replenish his finances—promised to have the committee "updated and strengthened in every way."

Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman will play a key role. For two months, he has been conferring with party leaders, commissioning polls of voter attitudes toward Humphrey and drawing up an overall battle plan. For months, 32 individual study groups have been working up position papers for the Vice President. Former Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers Walter Heller oversees seven economic study units; Columbia Kremlinologist Zbigniew Brzezinski coordinates nine

* New York, with 1,200,000, Illinois 750,000, Pennsylvania 740,000, Michigan 500,000, New Jersey 400,000, Ohio 250,000, Massachusetts 250,000, Wisconsin 200,000, Connecticut 200,000.

foreign policy groups; other panels are headed by veteran Government advisers like Francis Keppel, former Commissioner of Education, and Jerome Wiesner, who was Special Assistant to the President on Science and Technology from 1961 to 1964. In addition, Humphrey has his own "Minnesota Mafia" of businessmen and lawyers.

Slim to None. Humphrey launched his campaign this week as the underdog. Nixon led him by an overwhelming 16% in the last Gallup poll and by 6% in a later Lou Harris sampling. He trailed Nixon by four points in his home state's Minnesota Poll, by nine in the Chicago Sun-Times' Illinois survey. Though the G.O.P. may ultimately suffer the most from George Wallace's third party, Humphrey knows that the Alabamian's racist pitch also threatens to cut deeply into the Northern blue-collar wards that were once dependably Democratic. As for the South, Humphrey has little choice but to write much of it off to Nixon and Wallace. One North Carolina delegate declared that the Democrats' chances in his state ranged from "slim to none."

On the eve of his nomination, Humphrey read a 30-page campaign primer made up of recommendations offered by a number of advisers. A major suggestion was that his first task must be to establish, swiftly and firmly, an image of decisiveness, independence and inventiveness. On the two issues that are likely to dominate the campaign, however, Humphrey may find little room for maneuver. If he strays too far toward the doves on Viet Nam, he risks antagonizing both the Administration and the hawks. He will probably talk about "justice and law" rather than the more repressive-sounding Republican usage, "law and order," but he will have to do so without opening himself to attack from Nixon and Wallace.

It will be a tough path to tread. Columnist Joseph Kraft, for one, is convinced that he will succeed. "Humphrey is the man for this particular season partly because he is in rapport with the established chiefs of the low-income whites," wrote Kraft. "He speaks their rhetoric and shares their faith in the basic goodness of American life. He does not force them into a corner of defensive hostility. And because he is a prairie radical not altogether relevant to the sharpest problems of the immediate present, he will not be firing up the young for a bloody march down the path to disaster."

Ready to Lead. Humphrey's aides describe him as "the man whose time has come." An argument can be made that his time has passed; that the adventurous spirit of Minneapolis and his early days in the Senate can no longer be recaptured. Humphrey thinks they can. At the end of his acceptance speech, he cried, "I am ready to lead our country!" He has nine weeks to persuade the electorate that he also has the qualifications.

DEMENTIA IN THE SECOND CITY

THE assault from the left was furious, fluky and bizarre. Yet the Chicago police department responded in a way that could only be characterized as sanctioned mayhem. With billy clubs, tear gas and Mace, the blue-shirted, blue-helmeted cops violated the civil rights of countless innocent citizens and contravened every accepted code of professional police discipline.

No one could accuse the Chicago cops of discrimination. They savagely attacked hippies, yuppies, New Leftists, revolutionaries, dissident Democrats, newsmen, photographers, passers-by, clergymen and at least one cripple. Winston Churchill's journalist grandson got roughed up. *Playboy's* Hugh Hefner took a whack on the backside (see Press). The police even victimized a member of the British Parliament, Mrs. Anne Kerr, a vacationing Laborite who was Maced outside the Conrad Hilton and hustled off to the lockup.

Creative Warlord. "The force used was the force that was necessary," insisted Police Superintendent James Conlisk Jr. He could point to the fortunate fact that no one was killed. He also pointed out—almost with pride—that the casualties included 152 cops. Yet the cops' excesses during the Democratic Convention were not basically Conlisk's doing. Chicago is Mayor Richard J. Daley's satrapy.

Daley takes a fierce, eccentric pride in Chicago. For 13 years, he has ruled his province like a Chinese warlord. The last of America's big-city bosses, the jowly, irascible mayor has on the whole been a creative autocrat, lacing his megalopolis with freeways, pulling in millions in federal spending.

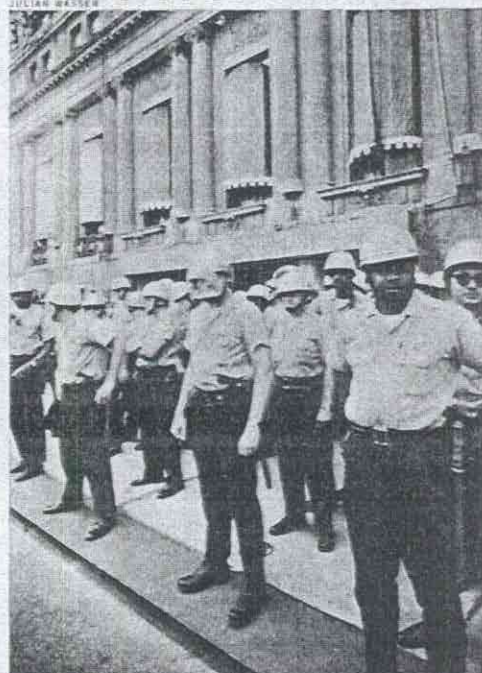
Daley is also something of an original. In a city with as robust a tradition of political corruption as Boston or New York, he has maintained a pristine record of personal honesty. Yet, like any other expert monarch, he has always known where and how to tolerate corruption within his realm. The son of a sheet-metal worker, Daley grew up in the gritty district of Bridgeport, where he continues to live in a modest bungalow. After starting out as a secretary to the city council at 25, Daley scrambled upward through the party ranks. Hence his understanding of Chicago's muscles and nerves is deeply intuitive. But it is growing archaic, as the mayor's lines to the Negro community atrophy and he continues to rule in the personalistic style of a benevolent Irish despot of the wards.

Daley nonetheless retains formidable influence within the Democratic Party. Thanks to his control of the state government and delegation, King Richard is one of the most assiduously courted Democratic politicians in the country. As Robert Kennedy said last spring: "Dick Daley means the ball game."

It was through such clout that he se-

cured the Democratic convention for Chicago. However, Lyndon Johnson and other party leaders are equally to blame. They wanted the convention in Chicago this year in large part because they felt that it was the one city where the authorities could deal successfully with the planned disruptions. Daley thought so as well.

Bristling Camp. Some Democratic officials sensed disaster. First an electrical workers' strike ruined prospects for adequate television coverage of the streets, which Daley may not have wanted anyway. The strike, called 14 weeks



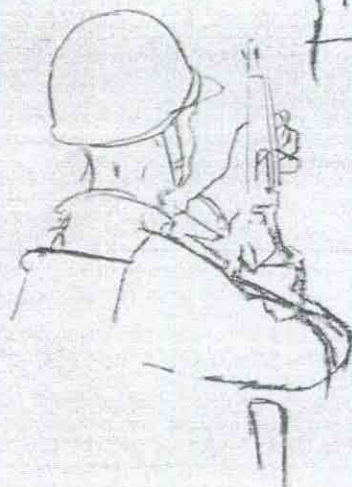
COPS AT CHICAGO'S HILTON
As if to prove the charge.

before the convention, also prevented the installation of telephones and seriously impeded the candidates' operations. Then, nine days before the convention opened, drivers for the city's two major cab companies struck. Racial violence, which mercifully never erupted, was a real prospect. So were angry demonstrations by the young.

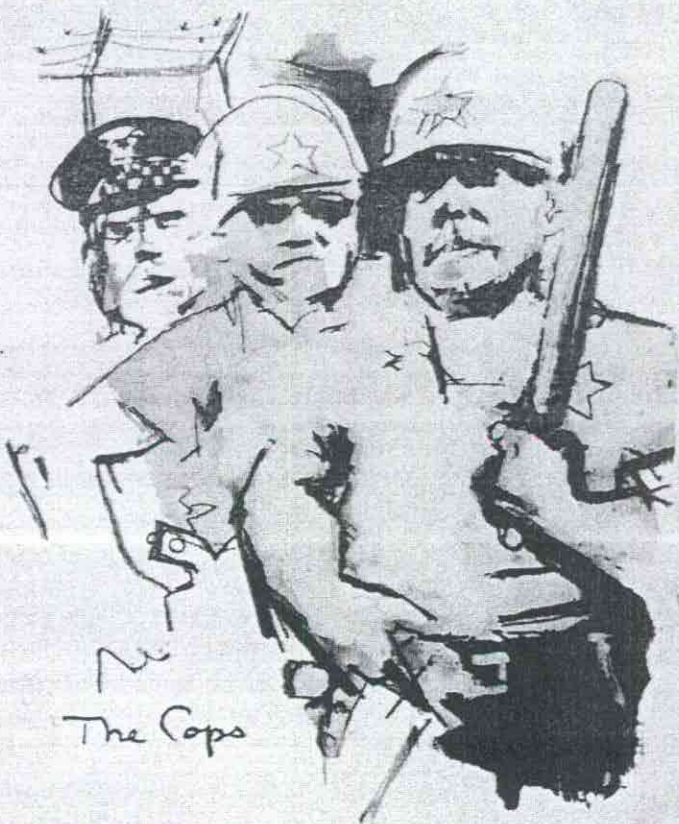
But the mayor had his way with the party. "Law and order will be maintained," he repeated ritualistically. He put his 11,900-man police force on twelve-hour shifts, called up more than 5,000 Illinois National Guard troops. In addition, some 6,500 federal troops were flown in. Daley turned Chicago into a bristling armed camp, with a posse of more than 23,000 at the ready. The convention hall was protected by barbed wire and packed with cops and security agents. WELCOME TO PRAGUE, said demonstrators' signs.



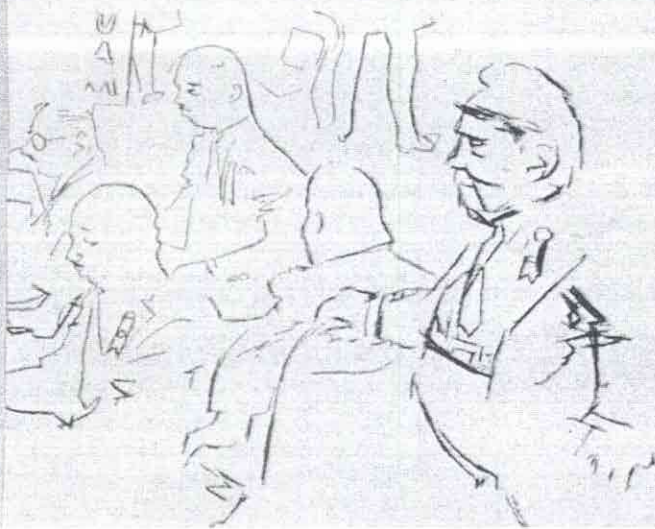
Honored Guests



National
Guardsman
and Demonstrator



The Cops



Jack Levine

No Amenities. Daley refused the protesters permission to sleep on the grass of Chicago's Lincoln Park, a 1,185-acre expanse on the North Side. Critics of the cops pointed out that the site was ideal for the dissidents; it would also have been ideal for the police, who could have left the kids alone and stood guard on the fringes of the park until the soldiers of dissent got bored and left or until the convention was over. It might not have worked out that way, since many of the protesters were fiercely determined to find trouble, but at least the notion offered a better chance of avoiding violence. Had Daley been gifted with either humane imagination or a sense of humor, he would have arranged to welcome the demonstrators, cosset them with amenities like portable toilets, as the Government did during the Washington civil rights march of 1963. Instead, Daley virtually invited violence.

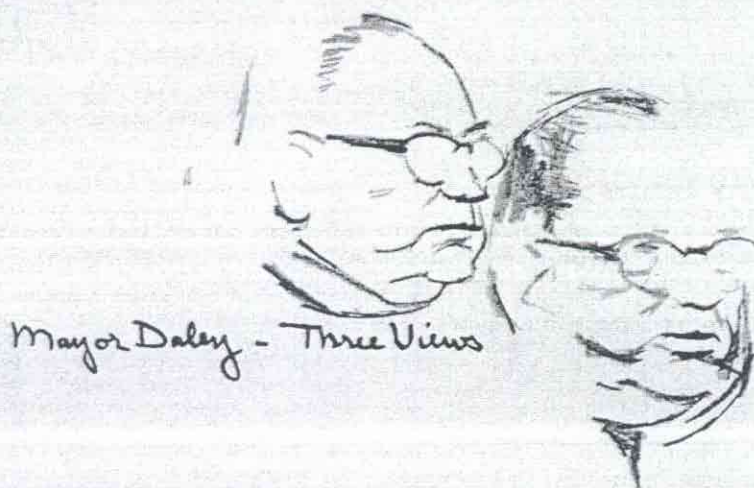
The police were not unhappy. Daley had prepared them last April, in the wake of the riots following Martin Luther King's assassination, when he ordered the cops to "shoot to kill" arsonists and to "shoot to maim or cripple" looters. Chicago police theoretically receive regular in-service riot training, but in fact the training consists largely of reading general departmental orders rather than intensive drilling.

Bloodletting. Fortunately, there was no shooting. The demonstrators constantly taunted the police and in some cases deliberately disobeyed reasonable orders. Most of the provocations were verbal—screams of "Pig!" and fouler epithets. Many cops seemed unruffled by the insults. Policeman John Gruber joked: "We kind of like the word pig. Some of us answer our officers, 'Oink, oink, sir,' just to show it doesn't bother us." The police reacted more angrily when the demonstrators sang *God Bless America* or recited "I pledge allegiance to the flag."

In some of the wilder fighting, the demonstrators hurled bricks, bottles and nail-studded golf balls at the police lines. During the first three days, the cops generally reacted only with tear gas and occasional beatings. But on Wednesday night, as the convention gathered to nominate Hubert Humphrey, the police had a cathartic bloodletting. Outraged when the protesters lowered a U.S. flag during a rally in Grant Park beside Lake Michigan, the cops hurled tear gas into the crowd.

The demonstrators, bent upon parading to the convention hall (Daley had refused a permit), regrouped in front of the Hilton, where they were surrounded by phalanxes of cops. Police warned the demonstrators to clear the streets, waited for five minutes for several busloads of reinforcements to arrive. And then the order was given.

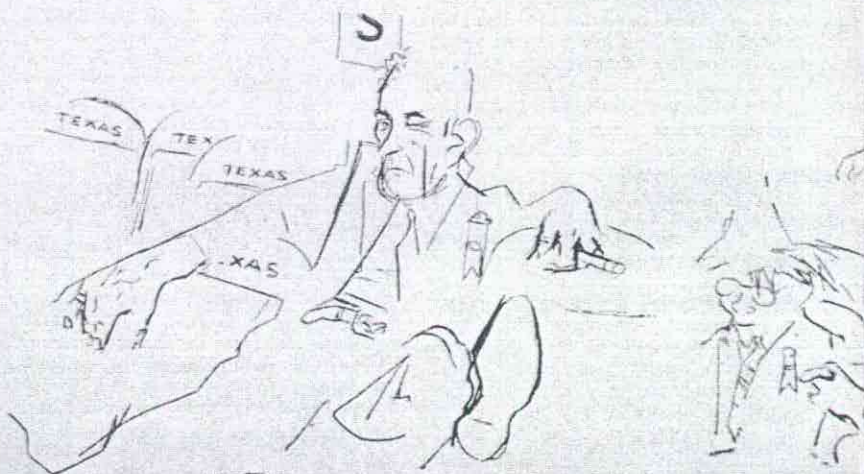
Violent Orgy. Chicago cops are built like beer trucks. They flailed blindly into the crowd of some 3,000, then ranged onto the sidewalks to attack on-



Mayor Daley - Three Views



A Clutch of Delegates



lookers. In a pincer movement, they trapped some 150 people against the wall of the hotel. A window of the Hilton's Haymarket lounge gave way, and about ten of the targets spilled into the lounge after the shards of glass. A squad of police pursued them inside and beat them. Two bunny-clad waitresses took one look and capsized in a dead faint. By now the breakdown of police discipline was complete. Bloodied men and women tried to make their way into the hotel lobby. Upstairs on the 15th floor, aides in the McCarthy headquarters set up a makeshift hospital.

The onslaught ended half an hour later, with about 200 arrested and hundreds injured. Elsewhere, the confrontation continued through the night. Then at 5 a.m. on Friday, with the convention ended, eleven policemen swarmed up to the McCarthy headquarters. They claimed that the volunteers had tossed smoked fish, ashtrays and beer cans at the helmeted cops below. With neither evidence nor search warrant, they clubbed McCarthy campaign workers. One cop actually broke his billy club on a volunteer's skull. Daley stood by his angry defense of his cops' conduct against the "terrorists," who, he snarled, "use the foul-est of language that you wouldn't hear in a brothel house."

The demonstrators had chanted the night before: "The whole world is watching!" And it was. Newspapers and television commentators from Moscow to Tokyo reacted with revulsion to the orgy of violence in America's Second City. Thanks to Mayor Daley, not only Chicago but the rest of the U.S. as well was pictured as a police state. That impression may be unfair to a handsome and hospitable city, but it will linger long after Dick Daley's reign.

WHO WERE THE PROTESTERS?

THEY left Chicago more as victors than as victims. Long before the Democratic Convention assembled, the protest leaders who organized last week's marches and melees realized that they stood no chance of influencing the political outcome or reforming "the system." Thus their strategy became one of calculated provocation. The aim was to irritate the police and the party bosses so intensely that their reactions would look like those of mindless brutes and skull-busters. After all the blood, sweat and tear gas, the dissidents had pretty well succeeded in doing just that.

Tatterdemalion Innocents. The strategy had been six months in formulation. Three disparate detachments of the young made up last week's Army of the Night. There were the self-styled "American revolutionaries"—among them anarchists and Maoists, hard-core members of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Viet Nam, and Students for a Democratic Society—many of them veterans of the October March on the Pentagon. There was the Youth International Party (yippies), minions of the absurd whose leaders failed last fall to levitate the Pentagon but whose antics at least leavened the grim seriousness of the New Leftists with much-needed humor. And then there were the young McCarthy workers, the "Clean for Gene" contingent who had shaved beards, lengthened miniskirts and turned on to political action in the mainstream, only to see the dreams of New Hampshire shattered in the stockyards of Chicago.

In all, about 10,000 demonstrators showed up, a fraction of the horde that had been predicted by their leaders. Ac-

cording to Chicago police records, 49% of the 650 arrested came from outside Illinois (most from New York and Michigan); the majority were in their teens and 20s and only 91 prisoners were 30 or above.

In the main, they were tatterdemalion innocents with long hair, granny glasses, and a sense of bewildered outrage at the war and the nation's political processes. Not so innocently, many were equipped with motorcycle crash helmets, gas masks (purchasable at \$4.98 in North Side army-navy surplus stores), bail money and anti-Mace unguents. A handful of hard-liners in the "violence bag" also carried golf balls studded with spikes, javelins made of snow-fence slats, aerosol cans full of caustic oven-cleaning fluids, ice picks, bricks, bottles, and clay tiles sharpened to points that would have satisfied a Cro-Magnon bear hunter.

Irony Fate. Most of the protest leaders stayed in the background. Mobilization Chairman David Tyre Dellinger, 53, the shy editor-publisher of *Liberation*, who led last fall's Pentagon March, studiously avoided the main confrontation before the Hilton. His chief aide, Tom Hayden, 28, a New Left author who visited Hanoi three years ago, was so closely tailed by plainclothesmen that he finally donned a yippie-style wig to escape their attentions. Nonetheless, he was arrested. Rennie Davis, 28, the clean-cut son of a Truman Administration economic adviser, took a more active part as one of the Chicago organizers: his aim, he said, was "to force the police state to become more and more visible, yet somehow survive in it." At Grant Park on Wednesday afternoon, he both succeeded and failed. The police action against the demonstrators triggered the Hilton march, but Rennie—despite his short hair, scholarly spectacles and button-down collar—was literally busted, and later took nine stitches in his split scalp. Yippie Guru Abbie Hoffman, 32, cadged dinner from his four police tails, yipped up a storm in Lincoln Park (where he passed out phone numbers of cops and city officials for telephonic harassment), and was ultimately arrested for wearing a four-letter word on his forehead.

The most ironic fate of all befell Brillo-bearded Jerry Rubin, 30, a former Berkeley free-speaker and now a yippie leader. To protect himself from police strong-arm tactics, Rubin hired a husky, sledge-fisted Chicagoan known as "Big Bob Lavin," whose heard and bellicosity were matched by his ability at bottle-throwing in confrontations with the cops. Big Bob was gassed by the police, fought them valiantly, but was finally clubbed into submission—carrying with him into jail Rubin's tactical diary. Only then was it revealed that Big Bob was really an undercover



DEMONSTRATOR PICKING UP SMOKE GRENADE TO THROW BACK AT POLICE
"The whole world is watching!" And it was.



DELLINGER AMONG YIPPIES
Success for the strategy.

cop, Robert Pierson, 35. Chicago police pointed ominously to such entries in Rubin's diary as a hand-drawn map of the Hilton Hotel area and a reflection that "we really should attend McCarthy rallies and recruit pro-McCarthy for our marches. This lends us the respectability of a pro-establishment group." Big Bob's duplicity did not faze Rubin, who said, when released on \$2,500 bail: "Well, at least he was a good bodyguard."

Wider Division? Chicago was not the end of the road for the militants. Scott Lash, 22, a psychology dropout from the University of Michigan and a McCarthy worker, observed that the Chicago scene left most of the marchers more frustrated and embittered. Scuffling his hiking boots and twiddling his granny glasses, Lash lamented at week's end: "There's going to be a wider division in the country than ever. There's going to be more violence, both by whites and blacks, and I'm willing to be part of it. I wouldn't have thought this before the convention."

Mayor Daley asserted that he had evidence of a Communist conspiracy to disrupt the convention. Actually, the "terrorists," as he called them, made no bones about conspiring to make trouble. But their visible leaders, at least, were disaffected young Americans who professed as much scorn for Communism as for capitalism. Foolhardy and arrogant as their tactics often were, the main goal of the protesters was to express their rejection of both the war and party bossism, and they undeniably made it register in the minds of Democratic leaders. Ironically—and perhaps significantly—the demonstrators' most effective allies were the police, without whose brutal aid the protest would not have been so striking.

THE GOVERNMENT IN EXILE

FROM his bedroom window on the 23rd floor of the Conrad Hilton, Eugene McCarthy viewed the carnage on Michigan Avenue, turning now and again to the TV screen to watch the dissolution of his own hopes at the convention hall. Only once, when California's Jesse Unruh, a holdout supporter of Teddy Kennedy, appeared on the screen, did he show anger. And even that was relatively subdued. "That doublecrossing son of a bitch," he growled.

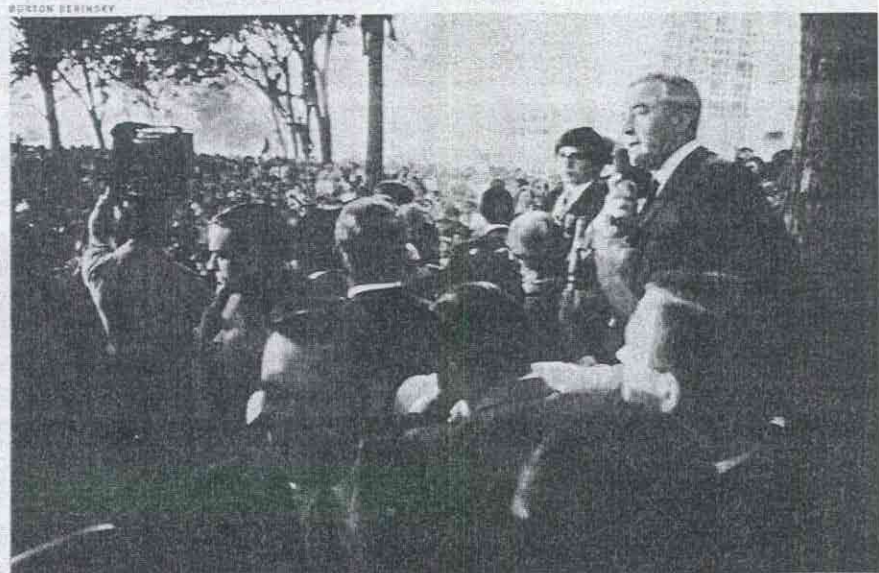
His main concern was with the young people below. "Oh, Dad," pleaded his daughter Mary, "help them!" That evening he went down to his staff headquarters on the 15th floor, where his doctor, William Davidson, had opened a makeshift hospital. McCarthy comforted the bruised and bleeding. A girl who had been injured wept hysterically, and photographers crowded around her. Only then did McCarthy show the emotion reporters had looked for during nine long months of arduous campaigning. "Get out of the way, fellows. You don't have to see anything. Get the hell out of the way!"

Keeping Cool. Shaken, he returned to his suite. In one final gesture, which even he probably knew would be useless, he sought to end the violence, telephoning his campaign manager at the International Amphitheatre to tell him to withdraw the name of Eugene McCarthy from the balloting. "It looked," he remarked later, "like the convention might break up in chaos. I thought this might stabilize it." By then it was too late. The balloting in the convention hall had already started, and the count—and the violence below—went on.

Next day, a few hours before Humphrey's acceptance speech, McCarthy crossed the street—still lined with troops and cops—to speak to a rally of the disaffected in Grant Park. "I am happy," he said, "to be here to address the government in exile." When he said farewell to a group of cheering campaign workers, he added: "I may be visibly moved. I have been very careful not to be visibly moved throughout my campaign. If you people keep on this way, I may, as we say, lose my cool." Already, some of his followers were wearing black arm bands and a new campaign button. It was blank.

In the end, as at the beginning, the Senator from Minnesota was a mystery—a nearly unfathomable blend of intellect, humor, humility and arrogance. Always he was his own man. When he was asked whether he would make a good President, he answered: "I am willing to be President. I think I would be an adequate President. I really don't want to let you believe that I'm carrying the whole burden for the country. I'm kind of an accidental instrument, really."

Pride and Persuasion. Yet sometimes this understatement became a form of intellectual pride. Persuasion was somehow beneath him. Talking to delegates uncertain about his position on Viet Nam, he would say: "I've written three books on my positions" or "I put out a position paper on that last week." Though he needed Negro support, he refused to make any special pleas, noting airily that "when the Negroes know my record, they'll come along." They never did. He yearned for the support of César Chávez, a Bobby Kennedy sup-



MC CARTHY WITH SUPPORTERS IN GRANT PARK AFTER DEFEAT
"We have tested the process and found its weaknesses."

porter and leader of California migrant workers who has become a virtual messiah to thousands of Mexican Americans. The Senator did in fact have long talks with Chávez. But he could not bring himself to ask for the labor leader's help. He only observed mildly that "we hope you will be with us." Chávez sat on the sidelines.

At times, McCarthy could be petty and vindictive. Robert Kennedy could never understand the apparent hatred McCarthy felt for him—an emotion that seemed to have deeper origins than Bobby's political sin of joining the race after New Hampshire. The better-educated, McCarthy told an audience in Oregon, preferred him to Kennedy. "Kennedy plays softball," he said at another point. "I play baseball." His flair for the malicious aside showed again when he talked about Speechwriter Richard Goodwin, an early supporter who left him for Bobby, then returned after the assassination, staying on until the last ballot. "Dick Goodwin," said McCarthy, "has been a good and faithful servant—on and off." McCarthy was nevertheless deeply disturbed by the murder in Los Angeles. As for its political repercussions, he noted last week: "If Senator Kennedy had not died, we would have this party under control on Viet Nam."

Whatever McCarthy's feelings may have been about Robert Kennedy as a rival, he was willing to give up nine months of effort for Ted last week. Sounded out by Stephen Smith, Kennedy's brother-in-law, at the height of the Teddy boomlet, McCarthy offered to throw all his weight to the last surviving brother. "Smith said Teddy wouldn't go for it if he had to fight with me," McCarthy recounted. "I told him he wouldn't have to fight with me. I told him I was willing to give all the strength I had to Kennedy on the first ballot—or any ballot." McCarthy's gesture was unexpected, and tears came to Steve Smith's eyes.



MARCUS RASKIN
Lacking only a candidate.

Looking to 1972. In defeat, McCarthy stuck to his guns. The traditional show of party unity was beyond him—particularly after what he had seen on Michigan Avenue—and he refused to appear on the convention platform with the winner. He would not, he said, endorse either Humphrey or Nixon. "We've forgotten the convention," he told his supporters. "We've forgotten the Vice President. We've forgotten the platform." For the next two months, he said, he would work for senatorial candidates who supported his view on the war. In the future, he would work to remold the party.

Indeed, the idea of remaking the party seemed to excite him more than the chance of gaining the presidency. "We have tested the process and found its weaknesses," he said. "We'll make this party in 1972—perhaps 1970—quite different from what we found it in Chicago!" McCarthy was not boasting idly, and his insurgents were already planning for 1972, many of them hoping for a Nixon victory this fall to "purify" the Democratic Party by defeat. Even while they were losing in Chicago, the McCarthyites won concessions, such as abolition of the unit rule, that will make future conventions more democratic. The party, in any event, cannot ignore the talented young people who have stormed its fortress. "People know we have power now," said Tom Saltonstall, one of the Senator's downy-faced staffers from Massachusetts. "And we're going to keep using it. We'd be negating everything we've done for the past nine months if we drop out now."

The New Party. Not everyone, however, believes the Democratic Party can be either reformed or purified. Anticipating Humphrey's convention victory, organizers of an entirely new party—called, unsurprisingly "the New Party"—have already put their organization on the ballot in five states: Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, North Dakota and Oregon. They claim enough signatures to win places in New York and Tennessee, and are trying as well to go before the voters in 18 more, including such electoral prizes as California, Ohio and Illinois. (The filing date has already passed in most other states.)

All that is lacking is a candidate. McCarthy would be the perfect choice, and New Party leaders, mostly disillusioned Democrats, still have faint hopes of persuading him to bolt the Democrats entirely. He has given them little encouragement. In any event, his candidacy would be only symbolic. Even if it won all of its fights and court suits, the New Party would still be on the ballot in only 25 states with a combined total of 290 electoral votes (270 are needed for election).

Yet even without McCarthy, the New Party might hurt Humphrey. In a tight election, it might pull enough liberal and peace votes away from the Democratic candidate to give the election



GEORGE MCGOVERN
Standing for the future.

to Nixon. Even a few thousand votes could be decisive in California and New York, the centers of the peace movement. No Democrat in modern times has won election without one of the two most populous states. Actually, however, the New Party men are looking to future elections, when they hope to displace the Democratic Party. "I think the Democratic Party is lost," says Marcus Raskin, a former disarmament aide to President Kennedy who is one of the New Party's chief proponents and organizers. "What happened here this week shows that it now represents only the party bosses, the police and the military."

Losers' Gains. Though they never came close to Humphrey in the delegate count, neither McCarthy nor South Dakota's George McGovern, the third candidate, could in fact be called a loser at Chicago. By standing in the national spotlight, Senator McGovern, who entered the race only 18 days before the nomination, has probably improved his chances for re-election to a second term this fall. Not only will his restrained performance as a presidential candidate enhance his reputation in the upper house (assuming that he is re-elected), it will probably also gain him consideration for a spot on some future national ticket.

For his part, McCarthy has forced the retirement of the President, precipitated the de-escalation of the war, and brought about a re-examination of the American political structure. That may eventually prove more important than anything he could have done during four years as President. As leader of the government in exile, he will remain the conscience for millions of Americans and a formidable figure that the President, whoever he is, cannot ignore. Who knows? In 1972, Eugene McCarthy may even begin again his lonely, quixotic quest for the White House.

"I am prepared to stay with the issues," he said, "so long as I have a constituency—and I still have a constituency." Neither Hubert Humphrey nor Richard Nixon is likely to dispute him.

CRIME

Higher Than Ever

The FBI last week published its annual horror story, the Uniform Crime Reports, which naggingly showed a 16% leap in serious offenses. J. Edgar Hoover's statistics placed last year 7% ahead of 1966 in rapes, 9% in aggravated assaults, 11% in murders and 28% in robberies. Two out of every 100 Americans, said the FBI, fell prey to a major felony. This chilling statistic is misleading as an index for the nation as a whole, since most crime is concentrated in the limited demographic area of the city ghetto.

Hoover's report, which came out a full month later than usual, contains a disconcerting analysis of rising crime since 1960, the span of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations. FBI statistics usually stir debate. This edition enlarged the argument to include Hoover's motives for its late release. Did he time it to spur the Democrats into taking a stiffer law-and-order stance? Or was he striking back at those party members who urged that he be retired by the next Administration? The FBI insists that the delay was caused by the complexity of the fact-finding job. Whatever Hoover's aim, he hit two targets. The gun, said the report, was used in 63% of all murders, 21% of the aggravated assaults and 63% of the armed robberies. Moreover, as crime rose, the rate of cases solved dropped by 8%. Last year, said the FBI, only one in five crimes was solved.

ALASKA

New Lead for the Sled

"When a lead dog of a sled team grows old, the Eskimos shoot him," an Alaskan had warned grimly. And though he still begins his day at 6 a.m. with 30 minutes of calisthenics and an icy bath, Alaska's Ernest Henry Gruening is 81. No matter that for nearly three decades he has pulled his state's sled as territorial governor, statehood advocate and, since 1959, U.S. Senator. Last week, borrowing a tradition from the Eskimos, Alaskan Democrats delivered the *coup de grâce* to Gruening's long and vigorous political life. In the state's primary, they gave 53% of the vote and the Democratic senatorial candidacy this fall to a 38-year-old rival named Mike Gravel.

Few political observers expected Gruening's defeat. He was a formidable candidate with a distinguished and remarkably varied career as editor, author, historian and statesman. The son of a prominent New York physician, Gruening earned an M.D. at Harvard

Medical School but abandoned that profession to become a newsman. At 27 he was managing editor of the Boston Traveler, one of the first editors in the country to demand that his writers treat Negroes fairly in their stories. At the end of World War I he became managing editor of *The Nation*, used the magazine's liberal platform to rail against U.S. imperialism in Nicaragua, Haiti and the Dominican Republic, and champion recognition of Mexico's revolutionary Obregón regime.

Flip of the Coin. He found other liberal causes in the '20s—a turn as national publicity director for Robert La Follette's 1924 Progressive Party presidential candidacy, a scholarly and sympathetic history of Mexico, an angry exposé of private utility companies' propaganda (*The Public Pays*) that began a long career of defending public

When statehood finally came, he and longtime Congressional Delegate E. L. Bartlett were elected as the state's first U.S. Senators. Gruening becoming the junior by a flip of the coin.

Youngest Speaker. It was no coin flip, though, that gave Mike Gravel (pronounced Grah-vel) the nomination that Gruening sought last week. A dark-haired, lean-faced real estate developer, he brings some political experience of his own to the November contest. A native of Massachusetts who drove taxicabs in New York City while earning his degree at Columbia, Gravel did not even arrive in Alaska until 1956. But he won such quick approval after election to the state's house of representatives in 1962 that in his next term, he became its youngest Speaker.

Though Gruening was one of the nation's earliest and most outspoken doves

ELAINE MITCHELL



GRUENING & GRAVEL AFTER PRIMARY

How many years in harness was the factor.

power programs. Later, when F.D.R. came to power, Gruening was appointed to the 1933 Inter-American Conference at Montevideo and helped hammer out the New Deal's Good Neighbor policy. The following year, Roosevelt appointed him to head the Interior Department's new Division of Territories and Island Possessions, a post he held until 1939, when the President named him territorial governor of Alaska.

Gruening protested that the appointment ought to go to an Alaskan, but once on the ground he quickly became one himself. He worked tirelessly to make his territory a state, began by promoting the famed Alcan Highway, outlawing discrimination against natives (Eskimos, Indians and Aleuts), starting to collect taxes from companies doing business in the territory. After he retired from the governorship in 1953, he urged statehood in a 600-page book (*The State of Alaska*) and dozens of magazine articles.

(he and Wayne Morse were the only two Senators to vote against the Gulf of Tonkin resolution), the hawkish Gravel did not make Viet Nam a big issue, concentrated instead on Alaska's domestic problems and saturated the state with a well-made 30-minute campaign film. Only Gruening's age was held against him: he was the oldest U.S. Senator seeking re-election.

Youth is still in Gravel's corner. His Republican opponent, also chosen in last week's primary, will be Elmer E. Rasmuson, 59, a native son and board chairman of the National Bank of Alaska. No lightweight, Rasmuson has already been shown a likely November winner—even in Democratic Alaska—in polls that matched him against Gruening. But Gravel will be a far tougher challenge. In a state with one of the nation's youngest populations and a voting age of 19, it may well be that the new Senator will be the candidate who is able to promise the most years in harness.