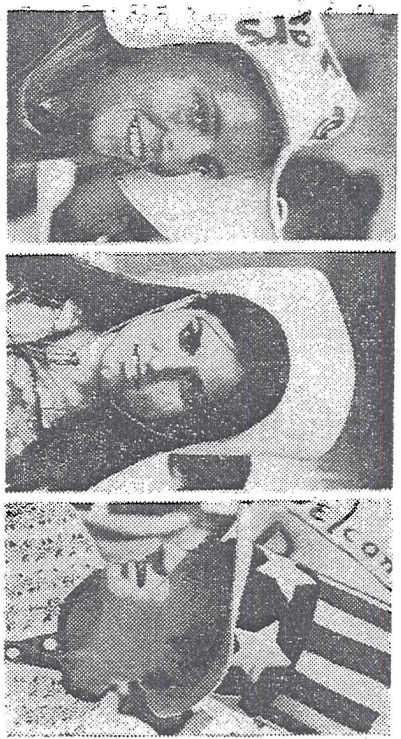


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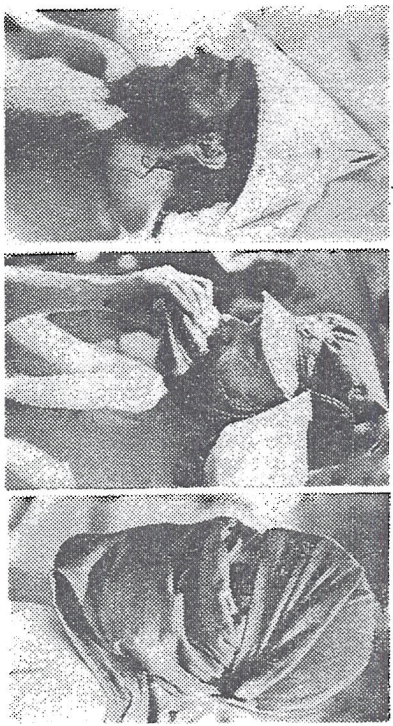
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Campaign '72



A difference in life styles at Miami Beach . . . at the left, three well-groomed, neat Nixon supporters. At the right, three antiwar protesters, long-haired, bearded, unkempt

—AP Photos



Anti-War Vets Rout the Nazis

By John Burks
Examiner News Staff

MIAMI BEACH — All of a sudden a shout went up in the Vietnam Veterans Against the War encampment at Flamingo Park: "We're under attack! We're under attack!"

And suddenly a couple hundred veterans and other young non-delegates began racing toward the speakers platform, where somebody was waving a burning Viet Cong flag.

Viet Cong flags proudly adorn Flamingo Park these days. The park has been "leased" to non-delegate demonstrators against the GOP convention and the VC flags symbolize their opposition to American involvement in the Indochina war—plus their sympathies with the North Vietnamese.

"Victory to the NLF," reads a banner near the state where the VC flag was now entirely consumed by flames.

American Nazis

It turned out that the flag burners were no less than 20 National Socialist White Peoples Party members, headed by "Commander" Matt Koehl who took over the organization way back when founder George Lincoln Rockwell was assassinated. They called themselves the American Nazi Party then.

Now these latter day Nazis were brandishing the straight-arm salute so familiar from old photos of Hitler and chanting, "White Power! White Power!"

The first instinct that seemed to grip the radical populace of Flamingo Park was perhaps best expressed by one young woman wearing a Zippie tee shirt: "Let's tear them in half!"

But a contingent of Vietnam vets formed a quick skirmish line in front of the Nazis to keep the crowd away while VVAW leadership tried to figure out how to handle the suddenly tricky situation.

With chunks of watermelon being hurled from the crowd, the Nazis were alternately sneering and ducking—and fending off those aimed at Commander Koehl, who was stating his group's opposition to the war in Vietnam.

Fight at Home

"We don't want to send our troops ten thousand miles," he was saying from behind his Hitlerish mustache, "to fight communism when the real threat is at home. The real traitor is in the White House . . . Genocide is being practiced on the white people by the Jews through busing and taxes . . ."

Meanwhile, attorneys volunteering as convention ombudsmen talked with the Nazis, with the Miami Convention Coalition (representing most of the dissent groups), with the VVAW, ACLU and YMCA operatives tried to cool things out.

But the Nazis would not leave the stage, no matter who said what. "We're here," said Koehl, a feisty little fellow, "to bring some pro-American sentiment to this park and we don't intend to go."

There was some talk about bringing in the police to cart away the Nazis — but this proved impossible since dissident leaders thought to bring in the cops would be an admission of failure. "It would say we can't run our own trip without help from the pigs," said one VVAW.

Attack on Track

Finally the VVAW's decided — after the Nazis had held the stage, a flatbed truck, for over an hour — to try to roust the Nazis as non-violently as possible. A cordon was opened from the scene of confrontation to the street outside the park, with VVAW's holding back the crowd.

An attack squad of vets hauled off first one, then half a dozen Nazis, who were then given the bum's rush to the street. Then pandemonium broke loose, with Nazis and vets trading punches atop the truck bed, and the whole crowd of perhaps 2000 advancing to get in on the action.

The vets simultaneously held down the Nazis and held back the crowd and finally all the Nazis were ejected. The only damage was to one Nazi who suffered a cut over his eye and one on his lip.

It was easily the tensest moment at Flamingo Park during either convention and could repeat itself if the words of several of the Nazis bear fruit. "We shall return," muttered several of them as they marched away, giving the stiff-arm salute.

Bad Feeling

If nothing else, the incident may serve to patch up intramural strains within the park. There were acrimonious arguments yesterday morning about many issues and many wondered whether the radicals would ever be able to "get it together" for any mutual joint actions.

One of the most unpleasant rifts came during the night previous, when men tried to sneak into the women's tent area and have their way with some of the women's libbers.

The men were fought off in the night and the next morning two things happened: An anti-rape squad was formed and the women's area was declared off limits to all men.

"We had to do it for our own protection," one young woman sadly told this reporter. "But it's really a terrible commentary on the way men grow up in this society — even men who consider themselves radicals."



Half an hour later, at the Americana Hotel, the Young Voters for the President were about to be treated to a poolside luau — and a speech by Vice President Agnew, not to mention a howdy and a handshake from President



NAZI PARTY MEMBERS TRY TO FIGHT OFF AN ATTACK BY VIETNAM VETERANS AGAINST THE WAR
 Confrontation could have been serious, but ended with only one man slightly injured

—AP Photo

Nixon's very own youth brigade — daughters Tricia and Julia.

The contrast between the Nixon youth and the dissident non-delegate youth at Flamingo Park is altogether striking. There are some few longhairs in the Nixon camp and some few shorthairs in the Flamingo Park set — and they share a mutual enthusiasm, all these young people, for rock and roll — but beyond that...

The Nixon kids wear buttons saying "Right on, Mr. President." They carry signs saying "Tricia is cute" and "Hi Pat." They squeal and push forward for autographs from Tricia, Julie and Spiro.

They applaud the Vice President a lot harder when he tells them the administration is going to end the draft than when he tells them the administration is going to end the war.

The Bra Gap

At least 95 percent of the young women at Flamingo Park go bra-less. The ratio is reversed for the young Republican ladies. The same ratios apply to beards and mustaches on the young men.

And beyond that, there is a certain suburban squeaky cleanliness about the GOP kids.

Evidently, it's just what the GOP is after — to counterpoint the street freaks. Indeed, at this point there are more young voters for the president in town than Flamingo Parkers. GOP figures indicate that some 3100 YVP's — most of whom paid their own way — are here, compared to about two-thirds that number of dissidents.

This probably indicates a setback for the demonstrators, whose leadership had predicted something between 5000 and 10,000 on the streets.

Nixon's YVP's are a continuing presence on the streets

themselves. Their time is divided between chores (acting as pages, drivers, baby sitters) and as pro-GOP demonstrators. Some 1500 are available any hour of the day or night to cheer an arriving governor or senator or almost anybody.

The biggest group, 441 of them, come from California and are distinguished by the kinds of sun tans acquired by people who are really good on surfboards.

Grayer GOP heads hope that these kids will return from Miami Beach politicized to an extent that they can do successful battle with McGovern's better and longer organized youth forces.

Toward this end, they are hearing speeches and briefings by a dozen presidential advisers and cabinet members — names like Ehrlichman, Morton and Volpe, and, of course, Agnew.

Dancing Fools

As the rock and roll end of it . . .

While the Young Voters for the President were giving the vice president an ear, the Flamingo Parkers were dancing their fool heads off to the strains of a hard-hitting local rock band on their dirt dance floor.

And while the Flamingo Parkers were out on a running series of evening sorties — blocking traffic in front of the media hotel, the Fontainebleau, and staging an action in front of the convention hall — the YVP's were dancing THEIR fool heads off at the Americana to the strains of the Coasters, Bobby U.S. Bonds and several other stars of the 1960's.

Moral: We Americans don't know much about art but we know what we like.