

FILES

The Famous Reporter's School Guide to the Craft of Good Newsweekly Reporting

CHAPTER ONE

Arrows to Toyland: How to Read a Query and What to Make of It

One of Newsweek's wittier editors once observed that the instructions in a query should be as plain and direct as the department store arrows that point the way to Santa and all the good things around Christmas time. Unfortunately, few writers write good, clear queries. The reporter who follows a set of arrows uncritically will probably wind up at the dump. A query is not a recipe. Following the strict letter of a query seldom, if ever, guarantees a proper finished file and story. Take a query for what it really is: the first, tentative approach to a story, a hypothesis that must be examined, tested, improved or rejected.

A query must, of course, be taken seriously. It must also be answered. But approach it warily. It is the first place where you must bring into play the fundamental resource of a good reporter: a skeptical, inquiring mind. Train your own judgment. Trust it. Use it. Don't let a confusing query become the first step to a botched story.

Senior Editor Peter Goldman writes good queries. When Goldman set out to assess the first 100 days of Jimmy Carter's Administration, he sent out the model queries that follow. One of them is a short, early warning alert to the bureaus requesting a round-up assessment of Carter's performance; the second is a more specific query to the Atlanta bureau offering a few arrows to toyland for an interview with Charles Kirbo, Carter's main confidant; the third is a massive query to the Washington bureau, which bore the main burden of reporting for the Carter project. If you look closely you will notice that even the longest query runs only three pages and that it is designed to cover five separate stories, the 'chapters' of the package. You should seldom get a query as long as this for any lesser purpose. If you get a three-page query for a 100 line story, you can be assured that you are dealing with a confused writer. Don't get angry. Don't give up. Get on the phone and straighten things out.

Over the years, Goldman has written thousands of queries. His range runs from little ax murders to Newsweek's Biggest Acts. This is his sense of the good query:

"I've always thought the query was an underdeveloped art around Newsweek. A good query is designed to focus the reporting for a story, to keep the reporting from spreading all over the lot. It should give a framework for the piece. But it should not be too detailed. I have always believed that our good reporters are a whole lot smarter about reporting than I am. When you are dealing with a good reporter you want to signal him or her what you are after without so programming the story that you shape it in advance; so my impulse is to leave most of the thinking up to the reporter. A good reporter should use his or her native intelligence. Don't wander too far from the query. But a query is not holy writ. When you go out reporting always ask the next question that occurs to you, whether it is in the query or not."

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ALSO SENT LSA

WE'RE TIPTOEING UP TO A MAJOR ASSESSMENT OF JIMMY CARTER'S FIRST 90 DAYS OR SO AS PRESIDENT, TO RUN IN MID-APRIL, AND WOULD LIKE THREE OR FOUR PAGES FROM YOU NO LATER THAN THURSDAY APRIL SEVENTH ROUNDING UP THE USUAL SUSPECTS--SMART POLS, POLLSTERS AND DOMES--RE HOW THEY THINK JIMMY IS DOING THUS FAR AND HOW MUCH OR LITTLE HE PROMISES FOR THE FUTURE. SPECIFICALLY, HOW WELL OR BADLY HIS HEAVY PR OFFENSIVE OF THE FIRST THREE MONTHS HAS BEEN PLAYING, AND WHAT PURPOSES IT SERVES; WHETHER THERE'S ANY IMPATIENCE FOR HIM TO GET ON FROM STYLE TO SUBSTANCE (OR IS STYLE A PREREQUISITE TO SUBSTANCE FOR A NEW PREZ); WHETHER HE SHOWS PROMISE OF BEING A PRODUCTIVE PRESIDENT, OR ARE THERE DANGER SIGNS IN HIS RELATIONS WITH CONGRESS, THE BUREAUCRACY, THE MEDIA AND OTHER POWER ELITES; IN SHORT, THE BEST AND WORST OF WHAT HE'S DONE THUS FAR, AND WHAT THE FIRST THREE MONTHS SIGNAL FOR THE FUTURE OF THE CARTER PRESIDENCY, REPEATING, THREE OR FOUR PAGES FROM TWO, THREE OR FOUR PAGES WILL DO NICELY.

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WE'RE TIPTOEING UP TO A MAJOR ASSESSMENT OF JIMMY CARTER'S FIRST 90 OR SO DAYS AS PRESIDENT, TO RUN IN MID-APRIL, AND NEED FROM YOU NO LATER THAN THURSDAY APRIL SEVENTH AN INVU WITH CHARLES KIRBO IF GETTABLE ON WHAT HE MAKES OF CARTER'S PERFORMANCE THUS FAR. WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW OFTEN THEY TALK AND ABOUT WHAT RANGE OF SUBJECTS; HOW JIMMY'S SPIRITS SEEM, INCLUDING SPECIFICALLY WHETHER THE JOB SEEMS EASIER OR HARDER, MORE OR LESS FUN THAN HE EXPECTED; WHAT PLEASURES AND WHAT FRUSTRATIONS HE'S TALKED ABOUT; WHAT IN KIRBO'S VIEW CARTER HAS DONE RIGHT AND WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE DONE BETTER; WHAT MOTIVES HE SEES IN CARTER'S HEAVY PR OFFENSIVE OF THE FIRST MONTHS, AND HOW WELL HE THINKS ITS PLAYING AMONG THE FOLK; WHETHER HE THINKS CARTER'S RELATIONS WITH CONGRESS ARE SHAKING DOWN OR STILL DANGEROUS; IN SUM, KIRBO'S APPRAISAL OF THE HIGHS-LOWS-JOYS-LOWS OF THE FIRST THREE MONTHS.

GOLDMAN NATION

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NEWSWEEK ATL

RE THE JIMMY CARTER PROJECT. WE NOW HAVE A MORE FOCUSED WORKING OUTLINE AND A BETTER FIX ON THE SCHEDULE. SO WHAT FOLLOWS WILL, SUBJECT TO REFINEMENTS AS NEWS AND WHINSY DICTATE, BE THE BASIC WORKING QUERY. OUR PLAN IS TO DO A PIECE OF SAY 27 COLUMNS, GIVE OR TAKE THREE, DIVIDED INTO FIVE OR SIX CHAPTERS. WE WILL BE CLOSING THE WHOLE WORKS ON SATURDAY APRIL 23. BUT GIVEN THE LENGTH AND COMPLEXITY OF THE PROJECT, I HOPE TO START WRITING TWO AND A HALF WEEKS BEFORE THEN. THIS MEANS WE WILL HAVE TO GO TO A STAGGERED DELIVERY SCHEDULE COMPARABLE TO WHAT WE DID ON BIG JIMMY, WITH THE FIRST DEADLINE//NO LATER THAN THURSDAY APRIL 7, // SUBSEQUENT DELIVERY DAYS WILL PILE UP QUICKLY AFTER THAT, SO IT'S IMPORTANT TO STAY ON TRACK.

HERE IS THE CHAPTER OUTLINE:

1. THE AGE OF JIMMY BEGINS. A TIGHT INTRODUCTION--PERHAPS AS LITTLE AS THREE OR FOUR COLUMNS--TO THE MATERIAL WE'LL BE EXPANDING ON IN SUBSEQUENT CHAPTERS: HOW CARTER'S FARING, WHAT STYLISTIC IMPRINT HE'S MADE ON THE OFFICE, WHAT HE HAS OR HASN'T DONE SUBSTANTIVELY, WHAT KIND OF MARKS HE'S GETTING, HOW HE HAS OR HASN'T BEGUN TRANSFORMING THE GOVERNMENT AS PROMISED. IN SHORT, A QUICK SKIM OF WHAT'S TO COME; I'LL WRITE IT LAST AND IN ALL LIKLIHOOD WILL PULL THE REPORTING OUT OF FILES FOR OTHER SECTIONS.

2. THE CARTER STYLE--PUBLIC AND PRIVATE, POSSIBLY LUMPED TOGETHER IN ONE CHAPTER, POSSIBLY SPLIT INTO TWO. THE PART ON THE PUBLIC STYLE WILL LOOK AT (AND BEHIND) CARTER'S EXTRAORDINARY ATTENTION TO PR--DEPOMPING THE PRESIDENCY AND REDOING IT IN DENIM,

~~CADILL~~ CARDIGANS AND 65 DEGREE COOL; GOING BACK TO THE PEOPLE BY EVERY MEANS FROM THE CONVENTIONAL (E.G., TELEVISION PRESS CONFERENCES) TO THE UNPRECEDENTED (E.G., CALL--IN SHOWS AND OVERNIGHTS IN ORDINARY FOLKS HOMES); ANSWERING QUESTIONS DIRECTLY EVEN AT THE RISK OF TRIPPING OVER HIS TONGUE (E.G., DEFENSIBLE BORDERS) OR ANNOUNCING POLICIES THAT HAVEN'T YET QUITE BEEN MADE (E.G. ISRAEL); HIS EXPOSITIONS ON PUBLIC AND PRIVATE MORALITY; HIS AUSTERE AND MEDIUM-DRY STATE DINNERS; IN SHORT, CARTER'S USE OF THE THEATER-- AND THE BULLY PULPIT--OF THE PRESIDENCY, WE'LL WANT TO CONSIDER NOT ONLY WHAT HE'S DONE BUT WHY HE'S DOING IT-- TO REDUCE THE PRESIDENCY TO HUMAN SCALE? TO QUIET THE BUTTERFLIES AMERICA STILL HAS ABOUT CATER EVEN AFTER ELECTING HIM? TO ENLARGE HIS 51 PER CENT CONSTITUENCY AND (AS CADDELL PUT IT OVER LUNCH THIS WEEK) "GIVE HIMSELF SOME RUNNING ROOM SO HE CAN LEAD?" ALL OF THE ABOVE? AND WE'LL WANT TO DO SOME SOUNDINGS INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE AND OUT (BACKED UP BY ROUNDUP REPORTING FROM OTHER DOMESTIC BUREAUS) AS TO HOW ITS PLAYING WITH THE FOLK.

RE HIS PART PRIVATE STYLE, WE'LL WANT TO TALK ABOUT HOW-- AND HOW SYSTEMATICALLY--CARTER FILLS HIS OWN DAYS; HOW HIS WORK HABITS HAVE SHAKEN DOWN IN PRACTICE. IF WE CAN RECREATE A MORE OR LESS TYPICAL DAY, WE'D LIKE TO DO THAT--MIGHT IN FACT BREAK IT OUT AS A SIDEBAR. IF NOT, WE'D STILL LIKE TO CONVEY THE SCHEDULE FROM THE WAKE-UP CALL AT DAYBREAK TO "THE PACKAGE" OF PAERWORK AT NIGHT. HOW HIS TIME IS BLOCKED OUT WEEKS IN ADVANCE, HOW CLOSELY HE KEEPS TO THAT SCHEDULE, HOW MUCH PRIVATE TIME FOR READING AND THINKING THEY'VE SUCCEEDED IN FREEING UP FOR HIM, HOW HE BLOCKS OUT SET NUMBERS OF HOURS PER WEEK FOR SPECIFIC CHORES (E.G., STROKING CONGRESSFOLKS), HOW HE LIKES HIS MOMOS (ONE PAGE? TWO? WITH OR WITHOUT SUPPORTING TABS?) AND HOW HE TREATS THEM (E.G., DOES HE STILL CORRECT SPELLING AND PUCTUATION AND WRITE CRABBY NOTES IN THE MARGINS?) HIS EARLY RISING ON STATE-DINNER DAYS AND HIS EARLY CURFEW TO CROWD MORE WORK IN, WHO HE SEES REGULARLY AND HOW ELSE HE SEEKS ADVISE IN IPTOEING UP TO A DECISION (E.G., CALL CHARLIE KIRBO?). HOW HARD HE RUINS HIS STAFF

(OR DOES HIS NOTE ON DOWNHOLDING OVERTIME PORTEND A SOFT NEW JIMMY?) AND HOW HARD HE RUNS HIMSELF (STILL, AS KIRBO ONCE TOLD US, A WORKAHOLIC?) SOME JIMMYOLOGISTS (INCLUDING OUR TOP-OF-THE-WEEK GUEST THIS WEEK) SENSE A POSSIBLE DANGER IN HIS INVOLVING HIMSELF IN TOO MANY DECISIONS AND SO SPREADING HIMSELF TOO THIN; IS THAT A SERIOUS CONCERN, AND IS ANYBODY TRYING TO TALK HIM (OR SCHEDULE HIM) INTO DOING LESS? IN SHORT, CARTER AT WORK-- WHAT HE DOES WHEN AND HOW, AND IS HE OVERDOING TO THE POINT OF INEFFICIENCY OR EXHAUSTION?

THESE ARE THE FIRST CHUNKS I'LL ADDRESS, AND WILL NEED // ALL FILES // EXCEPT UPDATING DICTATED BY NEWS BY THURSDAY APRIL 7.

3. THE NEW CROWD AND HOW EFFECTIVELY THEY'RE SETTLING IN. IN THIS CHAPTER, WE'LL WANT TO LOOK AT THE WHITE HOUSE STAFF--WHO'S EMERGED AS THE HEAVY HITTERS AND WHO AS THE LIGHTWEIGHTS OR LOSERS; HOW EFFICIENT A DECISION--MAKING MACHINE THEY'VE PUT TOGETHER FOR CARTER, OR ARE PAPERS STILL GETTING LOST BETWEEN INBOXES; WHETHER THE SPOKES-IN-THE-WHEEL ORGANIZATION CHART WITH MULTIPLE ACCESS TO CARTER HAS IN FACT WORKED OUT IN PRACTICE, OR IS JORDAN, SAY, EMERGING AS A NEW-MODEL HALDEMAN OR RUMMY; TO WHAT EXTENT THE GOERGIANS WHO RAN THE CAMPAIGN ARE RUNNING THE WHITE HOUSE AS WELL, EVEN TO THE POINT OF SHUTTING OTHERS OUT; HOW WELL OR BADLY THEY'RE LEARNING THE ROPES--AND HOW WELL OR BADLY THEY'RE REGARDED BY PEOPLE AROUND THE HILL AND THE DEPARTMENTS WHO HAVE TO DEAL WITH THEM. THIS CHAPTER WILL ALSO PEEK AT WHETHER THE PROMISED CABINET GOVERNMENT IS IN FACT EMERGING--ARE IDEAS FLOWING IN FROM THE DEPARTMENTS, OR AT LEAST A FEW STAR PERFORMERS LIKE BLUMENTHAL, SAY? OR DOES POLICY SPRING MOSTLY FROM THE BROWS OF CARTER HIMSELF AND A FEW INSIDE STAFFERS, AS IN PAST GOVERNMENTS? THIRD, THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE WE'LL WANT TO UPDATE HOW WELL CARTER IS GETTING ON WITH CONGRESS? IS IT SWEETNESS AND LIGHT, AS TIP KEEPS SAYING AND AS MUTUAL INTEREST DICTATES? OR ARE THE WATER-PROJECTS FLAP, THE BYRD LETTER, THE VISIBLE RESTIVENESS OF SCOOP JACKSON, O'NEILL'S OWN PRIVATE GRUMBLINGS, ETC., ETC., ALL PORTENTS OF REAL TROUBLE TO COME SOME SUBSTANTIVE ISSUES FURTHER DOWN THE TRACK? ARE MOORE ET AL LEARNING THEIR WAY AROUND THE HILL AND ITS 535 EGOS? IS CARTER GETTING BETTER AT STROKING? HAVE THE GOERGIANS MASTERED THE ETIQUETTE BOOK? OR ARE WE HEADED FOR A REPEAT OF THE UNHAPPY HISTORY OF THE GEORGIA LEGISLATURE VS. JUNGLE JIMMY-- AS HE WAS THEN KNOWN? IN SHORT, HOW WELL THE OUTSIDERS ARE FARING AT BECOMIN INSIDERS--RUNNING THEIR OWN SHOP DEALING WITH CONGRESS.

NEED FILES TUESDAY APRIL 12.

4. THE SUBSTANTIVE RECORD TO DATE. FOR THIS CHAPTER, WE'D LIKE TO HAVE OUR RESIDENT EXPERTS ON ECONOMICS AND FOREIGN POLICY WEIGH IN WITH ABOUT EIGHT TO TEN PAGES APIECE ON CARTER'S THRUST AND PERFORMANCE THUS FAR IN THEIR RESPECTIVE SPECIALTIES--THE BASIC OUTLINES OF THE POLICIES HE'S SET IN PLACE; HOW MUCH OR LITTLE THEY REALLY VARY FROM THE POLICIES OF THE RECENT PAST; HOW APPROPRIATE THEY SEEM IN DESIGN TO THE PROBLEMS, AND HOW SMOOTH OR UNSMOOTH THEY SEEM IN EXECUTION. (WE'D LIKE BOTH THE INFORMED JUDGMENT OF OUR OWN FOLK AND SOME BROAD-STROKE PRO-AND-CON REPORTING FROM INSIDE AND OUT, E.G., SCHULTZE VS. SIMON ON ECONOMICS, OR ZBIG VS. SCOWCROFT ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS. THE CHAPTER WILL ALSO TOUCH ON ENERGY POLICY, BUT ONLY ALLUSIVELY--ASSUMING, THAT IS, THAT JIMMY HOLDS TO HIS DEADLINE FOR PRODUCING AN ENERGY POLICY IN THE MIDST OF OUR CLOSING WEEK.) ON DOMESTIC AFFAIRS OTHERWISE, WE'D LIKE TO DO A SITUATIONER ON THE MAJOR ELEMENTS OF THE CARTER PROGRAM--HOW WELL HE HAS UP UNTIL NOW ADVANCED THE BALL ON SUCH KEY LEAVES FROM THE PROFILES BOOK AS WELFARE AND LAW REFORM, REORGANIZATION. NATIONAL HEALTH, ETC.; WHETHER GOOD

INTENTIONS HAVE BEGUN BUMPING INTO THE REALITIES OF INERTIA AND RESISTANCE IN CONGRESS AND THE BUREAUCRACY; WHETHER CARTER & CO. ARE FEELING FRUSTRATION AT NOT BEING ABLE TO DO MORE SUBSTANTIVE THINGS FASTER; WHETHER CAMPAIGN COMMITMENTS HAVE HAD TO BE SERIOUSLY BENT OR MODERATED, IF NOT FLAT-OUT ABANDONED; WHETHER THEIR CAPITAL MAY BE EXHAUSTED ON REORGANIZATION AS AGAINST OTHER, MORE SUBSTANTIVE PRIORITIES; WHAT CARTER & CO. NOW SEE AS DO-ABLE SHORT-TERM PROGRAMS AND WHAT DREAMS THEYVE HAD TO DEFER. IN SHORT--WHAT JIMMY'S DONE BEYOND THEATRICALS.

NEED FILES FRIDAY APRIL 15--WITH ENOUGH DAYLIGHT LEFT TO READ 'EM AND BEGIN COMPOSING.

5. THE REPORT CARD AND PROGNOSIS. THIS CHAPTER WILL TRY TO SIZE UP THE CARTER RECORD TO DATE AND JUDGE WHAT IT PROMISES (OR PORTENDS) FOR THE SHORT-TERM AND LONG-TERM FUTURE, TO THE EXTENT THAT THE FIRST 100 DAYS GIVE US EVIDENCE FOR JUDGING. WE'LL WANT REPORTING FROM THE CARTER FOLK AND FROM OUTSIDERS IN CONGRESS, VARIOUS WASHINGTON SHADOW GOVERNMENTS, POLLSTERS AND ACADEMIC CHROMEDONES ON HOW WELL THE DEACON IS DOING; HOW WELL HIS HUNDRED DAYS STACK UP WITH OTHERS WE'VE SEEN IN SETTING A STYLE AND GETTING A GOVERNMENT AND A PROGRAM IN PLACE; HOW MUCH //DIFFERENCE// HE HAS DELIVERED THUS FAR AND CAN BE EXPECTED TO DELIVER, AND HOW MUCH THE SAME OLD THING IN CARDIGANIZED NEW WRAPPINGS; HOW WELL HE'S SUCCEEDED ON THE PREREQUISITE HE'S SET FOR HIMSELF, I.E., RESTORING TRUST AND CONFIDENCE IN GOVERNMENT-- AND TO THE EXTENT HE //IS// SUCCEEDING AT THAT, HOW MUCH PROMISE HE HAS SHOWN THUS FAR THAT HE KNOW HOW TO USE THE ADVANTAGE AND EXERCISE REAL PRESIDENTIAL LEADERSHIP. IN SHORT--HOW JIMMY'S DONE THUS FAR AND WHAT WE CAN READ ABOUT HOW WELL HE'S LIKELY TO DO.

NEED FILES TUESDAY APRIL 19.

MY OWN SCHEME IS TO COME DOWN SOMETIME TUESDAY THE 29TH FOR THE JODY DINNER AND THE JORDAN LUNCH NEXT DAY, AND TO HANG AROUND TILL FRIDAY. I THINK A DAY ON THE HILL WOULD BE USEFUL AND I SURE AM GOLLY-GEE KEEN TO SEE (OR EAT) MY FIRST SPERLING BREAKFAST; OTHERWISE, NO EXOTIC REQUESTS.

WE ARE OBVIOUSLY STILL INTERESTED IN A SITDOWN WITH JIMMY.

THE REPORTING/WRITING SCHEDULE MAY NEED JIGGLING AS EVENTS DICTATE, AND MAY EVEN HAVE TO BE ADVANCED IF THE PACKAGE GROWS; THUS, AN EARLY START ON REPORTING SPECIFICALLY FOR THIS PROJECT WOULD BE A MERCY TO US ALL. HAPPY HUNTING

GOLDMAN NATION

3/17/77 455P JL GF / JL

CHAPTER TWO

Good News and Bad: The Microcosmic World of Transition

The Transition item is so small that it may seem to vanish in the wash of bigger stories that fill the magazine each week. But the truth is that virtually all of the elements of news and news magazine reporting appear in the Transition Section--in miniature. Births and deaths, divorces and marriages, happy tidings and sad are news pegs as surely as their more complex relatives: successes and disasters, war and peace. A file for the Transition item must trace out the operation of cause and effect, the hardest task of any reporter: a plane crashes; an important person is killed (the reporters aboard get the agate type in the newspapers next day; we are seldom as important for news value as the people we cover; we should always be smarter than they are.) The reporting for the smallest Transition item should also offer color and background, analysis and perspective, the quick insight, the sharp quote, the significant detail and fact. Those are the things all good Newsweek reporters pursue. They provide the makings of all Newsweek files, from the one-page obit to the cover story.

Detroit Bureau Chief James C. Jones has been covering the auto industry for more than 20 years; he probably knows more about it than any reporter in the country. When Edward N. Cole, a retired president of General Motors, died, Jones was able to cram the significant aspects of a business career spanning more than three decades into a file that ran exactly one page, a masterpiece of concise filing. Jones tells the story of the story this way:

"Ed Cole was a reporter's dream: he was always saying or doing something unexpected. The result was that we had a zillion things to write about. When that happens you just have to grit your teeth and start throwing things away. Our file was so big that all I could do was rip through it in a hurry, pull out a few stories and quotes. I also remembered a detail or two from a fishing trip I had once taken with him. Then I sat down, put all the files aside and wrote one page.

"Since the material was so overwhelming, the better part of wisdom was to hit only the highlights. Cole's whole life was engineering and the auto industry; he was known in the industry for his gigantic corporate battles; he was also well known for his class and style. To show his impetuosity I pulled out an old World War II anecdote: Cole once drove the prototype of a light tank from Detroit right through Pittsburgh on to the Aberdeen Proving grounds in Maryland. He was not the kind of guy to wait around or ask the Army for anything. He just jumped in the bastard and drove it.

"It was also important to put his fights in perspective. Newspapers had creamed him over the rotary engine and the Corvair, a car that did more for Ralph Nader than GM. But all in all, Cole won more battles than he lost. He never got into the gray suit and vested traces GM forces on most its executives. In a way he was like a good reporter: he never quit. He was not afraid of anyone. He had a mind that worked every minute of the day."

The Jones file took only 34 lines. It was designed to run at greater length than it ultimately did in the magazine. As often happens, the press of other news squeezed space out of the Transition section and the life out of Jones's file. If you ask Jones when you see him next time whether he would do the job the same way again, he will tell you that he would. The surest--and sometimes the only--compensation for the frustrations of newsmagazine journalism is a sense of a reporting job done right. Do it right. When the space disappears on you, do it right the next time. If you dog the next assignment, you will find that all of a sudden the space, perhaps by fluke, happens to be there. You will not only feel rotten, you won't look so good either.

5-4-77

#2 TO TRANSITION/ROELER

FROM: DETROIT/JONES

RE: COLE

MAY 4-1977- pm 1042

DIED: EDWARD N. COLE, RETIRED GENERAL MOTORS PRESIDENT, WHEN A TWIN-ENGINE BEAGLE AIRCRAFT HE WAS PILOTING CRASHED NEAR KALAMAZOO, MICH. AT 67, COLE LOOKED 50 AND DISPLAYED THE ENERGY AND ENTHUSIASM OF A 25-YEAR-OLD, PERPETUALLY IN MOTION, CONSTANTLY INQUIRING. TWO YEARS AGO DURING A SALMON FISHING EXPEDITION IN NORTHERN QUEBEC, HE SPENT TWO HOURS DISASSEMBLING AND STUDYING A BALKY AEROSOL CAN OF DRY-FLY SPRAY, COULDN'T REPAIR IT BUT SAID HE COULD HAVE DESIGNED IT AND BUILT IT "IF I'D HAD THE IDEA." OVER 44 YEARS AT GM, THE LAST SEVEN AS PRESIDENT, HE ENERGETICALLY PUMPED OUT IDEAS--MANY WINNERS, A FEW LOSERS. AS A CADILLAC ENGINEER WHEN THE U.S. ENTERED WWII, HE HELPED DESIGN A DESPERATELY NEEDED LIGHT TANK. WHEN A PROTOTYPE WAS FINISHED, COLE COULD NOT ABIDE SLOW CHANNELS. HE AND A COLLEAGUE JUMPED IN THE TANK AND DROVE FROM DETROIT TO ABERDEEN PROVING GROUNDS, MARYLAND, "RIGHT THROUGH PITTSBURGH," HIS IMMEDIATE TASK WAS TO UPGRADE THE STODGY CHEVY TO COMPETE WITH FORD IN A HIGH-PERFORMANCE RACE. HE HAD DESIGNED A HIGH COMPRESSION V-8 FOR CADILLAC AFTER THE WAR AND DID LIKEWISE FOR CHEVROLET, INTRODUCING AN ENGINE SO POTENT THAT HE STARTLED NEWSMEN AT GM'S PROVING GROUND BY FLOORING THE ACCELERATOR AND SCORCHING RUBBER IN ONE SPOT FOR FULLY FIVE SECONDS. WHEN ENVIRONMENTAL DEMANDS INTENSIFIED HE PRODUCED THE CATALYST. HE LOST SOME ROUNDS, MOST NOTABLY HIS INSISTANCE UPON TOOLING FOR A ROTARY ENGINE WHICH RECENTLY WAS SHELVED BY GM AFTER EXPENDITURES EXCEEDING DLRS 200-MILLION BECAUSE IT FAILED TO MEET EMISSIONS STANDARDS AND WAS NOT A SATISFACTORY GAS MILEAGE PERFORMER. WEEKS BEFORE HIS RETIREMENT IN 1975, HE TOLD A NEWSMAN THAT IF HE HAD IT TO DO OVER, HE'D NOT GO INTO THE AUTO INDUSTRY--ABSOLUTE HERESY IN A CORPORATION WHERE LOYALTY IS SUPREME. HE WAS NOT ANGRY AT GM, MERELY THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT WHOSE ENDLESS REGULATIONS, HE SAID, WERE SUBVERTING CREATIVITY. STILL, TO MAINTAIN HIS REPUTATION FOR UNPREDICTABILITY, HE RECENTLY BOUGHT CONTROL OF CHECKER MOTORS CORP., WHERE HE INTENDED TO PRODUCE A NEW FUEL-STINGY TAXICAB. END 1:30 PM

TRANSITION

BORN: To trouper **Ben Vereen**, 30, Chicken George in TV's "Roots," and **Nancy Vereen**, 32; a 6-pound 7-ounce daughter, **Karon Om**; in Reno, Nev., May 5. The Vereens now have four daughters, and he has a son by his first wife.

MARRIED: **Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr.**, 62, foreign-car distributor, country squire and former New York congressman, and **Patricia Oakes**, 27, a horsewoman who met Roosevelt at a fox hunt; his fourth marriage, her first; at his farm in Poughquag, N.Y., May 6. The bride rode to the ceremony in a horse-drawn carriage, while FDR Jr. cantered up on horseback in his hunting outfit. Afterward, the bride and groom went on a post-nuptial horseback ride around the grounds of the farm.

AWARDED: To former San Francisco Mayor **Joseph L. Alioto**, 61; a \$350,000 libel judgment against Cowles Communications; in a Federal court in San Francisco, May 3, after an eight-year legal battle over a Look magazine article that

linked Alioto with the Mafia. Cowles plans to appeal the award—which Alioto hailed as a victory for Italian-Americans over "dementia waspiana."

DIED: **Ludwig Erhard**, 80, the man behind West Germany's postwar economic miracle; in Bonn, May 4. The roly-poly, cigar-chomping "Mr. Prosperity" rebuilt

German industry with his laissez-faire programs as Economics Minister from 1949 to 1963. His reputation faded slightly over the next three years when he served as an uninspired successor to Konrad Adenauer as Chancellor.

■ **Edward N. Cole**, 67, president of General Motors from 1967 until his retirement in 1974; in the crash of his private plane near Kalamazoo, Mich., May 2. Cole, an engineer and idea man, developed landmark Cadillac and Chevrolet engines during his 44 years at GM. He recently acquired Checker Motors and planned to produce a fuel-slingy taxicab.

■ **Richard Bissell**, 63, novelist and playwright; of brain cancer, in Dubuque, Iowa, May 4. Bissell wrote "7½ Cents," a 1953 best seller based on his experiences as manager of his family's menswear factory in Dubuque. In collaboration with George Abbott, Bissell converted his book into "The Pajama Game," a Broadway musical hit in 1954.

The Roosevelts after the wedding

Tony Hullo—Newsweek



Newsweek, May 16, 1977

CHAPTER THREE

Color, Quotes, Anecdotes--and the Scoop

People provide almost all the news we print. In simplest form, the reporter's job is to talk to another human being skillfully enough to discover something new. The same principle applies to interviews with soap opera stars or the President of the United States. And to tell a story properly, the setting of the news is often as essential as the news itself. One celebrated editor of Newsweek used to dispatch his troops with this command: "I want anecdotes and juicy quotes and little bits of color." For years those three commodities have been the main staples of every good file. You will find all of them in instructive form in the Newsmakers Section.

When Louise Lasser, tv's Mary Hartman, decided to retire, the first reporter she called was Newsweek's Los Angeles Bureau Chief Martin Kasindorf. Here's why:

"It happened that during the reporting for a cover on Mary Hartman, Lasser and I developed a personal chemistry of some sort. She promised me when the rumors started circulating about her retiring or quitting the show that I would be the one to get the call and Newsweek get the story first. That's what happened. I set up a meeting with her. She showed up in her usual weird clothes; she took up the Lotus position on the banquette; we talked. She borrowed a piece of note paper from me to write out a prepared statement: It said: 'I quit.' But it didn't say why, which is what everyone would want to know. So I started to ask her questions to fill in the blanks and the gaps. We went around for about an hour on that. She is such a character that getting her to say something short, clear and coherent was a little tough; it was like talking to Casey Stengel. With people like that the thing to do is let them talk in their own style. Then gently keep bringing them back to the point. Somewhere in the fog of words you will find the gems you are after. You may have to settle for a snippet here and there. But if you take enough time, eventually you will get the news."

Kasindorf tucked some excellent reporting into a concise, 2 1/2 page file. It was the kind of report that cheers the feature writer's heart of Newsmakers Editor Bill Roeder. Roeder puts his job and the reporter's this way:

"I have to get the reader to see the story, almost like a movie. Any good feature story, even if it is only a paragraph long, should have this quality. To write them, I need scene setting stuff and the good quote. It is vital that both scene setters and quotes bear directly upon the story idea. If they are lively but irrelevant I can't use them.

"Kasindorf did it all perfectly. There was Louise Lasser sitting in some bar out in Hollywood drinking straight grapefruit juice on the rocks. Lasser the actress was doing the offbeat sort of thing that Mary Hartman, the character, might have done in Fernwood, Ohio. We didn't get her Lotus position in. But we did wind up with a very good picture.

"A good quote is short and interesting. It should have pizazz. When Raquel Welch was in Paris making a movie about a stunt woman and doing the stunts herself she told the reporter: 'It's like falling in love or having a baby: you don't think about the pain--you just do it.' "

The same could be said of getting good quotes. You just do it.

4-19-77

TO: NEWSMAKERS/ROEDER AND TV/WATERS
FROM: LSA/KASINDORF
RE: LASSER QUIT'S "MARY HARTMAN" (EXCLUSIVE)

APR 19 1977

LOUISE LASSER, WEARING HER TRADEMARKED BRAIDS, A HAND-ME-DOWN BOY'S RED FLANNEL PAJAMA TOP AND BLUE JEAN OVERALLS, WORKED HER LEGS INTO A YOGA POSITION ON THE GREEN LEATHER BANQUETTE AT THE POSH EL PADRINO ROOM OF THE BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL. SHE ASKED FOR MY PEN AND NOTEPAD AND WROTE OUT HER EXCLUSIVE ANNOUNCEMENT TO US (NORMAN LEAR IS CALLING A PRESS CONFERENCE NEXT WEEK THAT SHE IS CALLING IT QUIT'S ON "MARY" AFTER THE 40 FINAL EPISODES ARE COMPLETED IN MID-JUNE, ONE YEAR AND 13 WEEKS AFTER SHE STARTED.

"IT MAKES ME SAD TO SEPARATE FROM 'MARY'," WROTE LOUISE, "BECAUSE WE COINCIDE IN SO MANY SPECIAL PLACES THAT TOUCH THE HEART. I DO, HOWEVER, FEEL THAT 'MARY HARTMAN, MARY HARTMAN' AND I HAVE FULFILLED OURSELVES. I THINK WE HAVE ALL COMPLETED A CIRCLE, A VERY, VERY SPECIAL CIRCLE. I WISH I KNEW HOW TO THANK MY FRIENDS WHO MADE IT, MY FRIENDS WHO BOUGHT IT AND MY FRIENDS WHO WATCH IT."

THEN, SIPPING A TALL GRAPEFRUIT JUICE ON THE ROCKS AND DIPPING A SPOON INTO A HONEYDEW MELON, SHE ELABORATED ON HER DECISION FOR A SPACEY HOUR. "THIS IS THE TOUGHEST DECISION I'VE EVER HAD TO MAKE IN MY LIFE. 'BELIEVE ME, WE'RE GOING OUT WINNERS,'" SHE SAID OF HER DECISION NOT TO SIGN A NEW CONTRACT BEYOND THE ORIGINAL ONE YEAR PACT, WHICH SHE HAD AGREED TO EXTEND 13 WEEKS TO HELP LEAR OUT OF A FINANCIAL BIND. "NOW WE'VE PROVEN SYNDICATION."

WHY EXACTLY IS SHE LEAVING? "I THINK WE'VE DONE IT. I REALLY THINK THAT WE'VE COMPLETED THE SHOW. THIS KEEPS IT AN EVENT, AS OPPOSED TO LETTING IT LINGER. 'WE ALWAYS TRIED NEVER TO GRIND THEM OUT. I COULD CERTAINLY BECOME VERY RICH AND ALL THAT, BUT YOU DON'T EXPERIENCE YOUR LIFE IN TERMS OF...

BUT WORK CHANGES. I'D LIKE TO GET A LOT OF DIFFERENT WORK EXPERIENCES IN."

LEAR, WHO IS SAID BY CLOSE AIDES TO BE RESIGNED TO ENDING THE SHOW, GOT THE NEWS FROM LOUISE THIS WEEK. "HE KISSED ME," SHE RECALLED, "AND HE SAID 'THIS HAS BEEN A JOY--WITH ALL ITS AGONIES.'" HE DID NOT TRY TO ARGUE HER OUT OF HER DECISION. THIS WEEK LEAR IS ALLOWING THE SHOW'S IMPORTANT STAFF PRODUCERS A FEW DAYS TO OFFER HIM A SPINOFF IDEA (WITH A CHANGED NAME) THAT WOULD KEEP FERNWOOD AND SOME OF ITS CHARACTERS ALIVE FOR NEXT SEASON. BUT IF HE DOESN'T LIKE THE IDEA HE WILL SCRAP FERNWOOD AND SELL THE LINEUP OF STATIONS SOMETHING ELSE. WILL CHECK FRIDAY.

"FOR ME IT WAS REALLY TOUGH," SAYS LOUISE, "LOOKING AT MY FRIENDS (THE CAST MEMBERS, WHOM SHE HAS NOT TOLD) AND SAYING 'AM I PUTTING THEM OUT OF WORK?' I HAVE VERY MIXED FEELINGS ABOUT IT. I FEEL CRUMMY FOR THE PEOPLE WHO IT MEANS A LOT TO, AND YET THEY COULD BE OUT OF WORK, ANYWAY, WITHIN A SHORT PERIOD OF TIME. THIS WAY THEY MIGHT GO DOWN IN HISTORY."

"YOU JUST HAVE TO KEEP GOING BACK TO WHAT THE ORIGINAL PLAN WAS. BASICALLY WE TOOK IT FOR A YEAR AND WE DID OUR ORIGINAL PLAN. I FEEL WE'VE REALLY DONE THIS SHOW AND NOT TO THE POINT OF OBNOXIOUSNESS, AD NAUSEAM. I DON'T WANT US TO DO THAT TO THIS CREATURE. IT IS PART OF THE ART FORM TO KNOW WHEN TO END IT. PART OF THE PAINTING IS TO KNOW WHEN TO TAKE YOUR BRUSH AWAY AND SAY IT'S FINISHED."

LOUISE HAS NO IMMEDIATE PLANS OR OFFERS TO CONSIDER. "I LOVE TO DO FOREIGN FILMS," SHE MUSED. "I'M INTERESTED IN ACTING, WRITING, DIRECTING. I LIKE TO DO ANYTHING GOOD, I DON'T CARE IF IT'S A FLEEK

ARRANGEMENT. IT WOULD BE GREAT FUN TO DO SOMETHING QUIET. IF NO OFFERS
COME IN, THEN I'LL JUST TRY TO CREATE LIFE. YOU CANT GROW OLD GRACE-
FULLY IF YOU'RE PUSHING YOURSELF CONSTANTLY. I WOULD LIKE TO GROW
LIKE A FLOWER, AND KNOW THAT PARTS OF ME DIED WHEN THEY HAD TO. MY
FANTASY IS THAT I WILL BE SITTING SOMEDAY IN A COMMUNITY, ON A
FARM, AND THE CHILDREN OF THE COMMUNITY WILL COME TO MY HOUSE
AND WE WILL DO LITTLE PLAYS IN MY LIVING ROOM. I LOOK GRACEFUL. PEOPLE
WILL COME TO ME FOR ADVICE AND SAY "WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT TO GROW
OLD LIKE THAT? I WISH I COULD GET THAT SENSE OF PEACE WITHIN
MYSELF."

END IT. 1228 PEYEM PST

NEWSMAKERS

Fire in an elegant Paris apartment house caused no injuries or major damage, but Italian movie star **Sophia Loren**, her sons Carlo Jr., 8, and Edoardo, 4, and several other residents had to climb fire escapes at 4 a.m. and take refuge on the roof for two and a half hours. One neighbor, Paris-Match executive Hervé Mille, said that the ordeal reduced Sophia to tears, but that she remained an enchanting vision in her mauve turban and matching robe, the sleeves of which billowed like wings in the wind. Sighed Mille: "Imagine spending a night with Sophia Loren—under those circumstances."

Who should take care of ailing, 86-year-old **Groucho Marx** and his multimillion-dollar fortune? After seven years as the comedian's constant companion, **Erin Fleming**, 37, asked to be named his legal conservator, but Marx's son **Arthur** contested her bid in a California court last



Groucho with companion Erin Fleming in 1974

week. Some of Groucho's former nurses testified against Fleming, saying that she had cursed and slapped him and given him unprescribed drugs. But Groucho's physician took the stand in Fleming's behalf, and brother **Zeppo Marx** told reporters that if Groucho had to do without her, "it would kill him." Judge Edward Rafeedie, who went to Beverly Hills one evening to interview Groucho at home, scheduled another hearing in mid-May and appointed an interim conservator: Nat Perrin, an old friend of Groucho's and a former gag writer for the Marx Brothers.

Patty Hearst has been full of surprises lately. Departing from her tight seclusion, she posed with her guard dog Arrow for *The San Mateo (Calif.) Times*. In Los Angeles a few days later, the Hearst heiress unexpectedly pleaded nolo contendere to charges of armed robbery and assault with a deadly weapon in an escape that began at Mel's Sporting Goods Store in May 1974. In return for the no-

contest plea, the prosecution will drop nine other charges, including two kidnapping counts. Patty, who is now appealing a seven-year Federal sentence for a San Francisco bank robbery, could draw as much as life in prison or as little as probation in the Los Angeles case.

Looking strictly in TV character in blue-jean overalls, a boy's red-flannel pajama top and her trademark pigtails, actress **Louise Lasser**, 38, sipped grapefruit juice on the rocks in a Beverly Hills Hotel cocktail lounge and disclosed to *NEWSWEEK*'s Martin Kasindorf that she has decided to leave "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" after this season. How come? "I feel we've really done this show and not to the point of obnoxiousness, ad nauseum," said

Lasser, star of the innovative soap opera since it opened in January 1976. "Part of the painting is to know when to take your brush away and say it's finished." Without Lasser, producer **Norman Lear** will probably abandon the "Hartman" program, but he is considering spin-off ideas that would keep Fernwood, Ohio, and some of its familiar residents on the air next season.

Extra! Press-baiter **Frank Sinatra** changes tune. Though unable to attend a White House news photographers dinner, he asked to be invited another time and observed in his letter of regret: "As you may know, I have many good friends in the press who, unfortunately, have thus far refused to identify themselves and go public." All kidding

aside, Frankie went on: "Having spent the last 40 years in the glare of photographers' flashbulbs, I have suffered through a few bad moments. Let it be known, however, that for the other 90 per cent of the time, the press has contributed greatly to what we laughingly refer to as my career and that without its indulgence, I might still be a band singer in Hoboken."

The one women's cell in the Pitkin County jail in Aspen, Colo., is now occupied by **Claudine Longet**, 35, who has begun serving a 30-day sentence for negligent homicide. Convicted last January in the gunshot death of her lover, professional skier "**Spider**" Sabich, the former Mrs. **Andy Williams** could have waited until summer before doing her time. By then, however, the Aspen jail will be closed for



Courtesy: Brian Trumble, Specialista

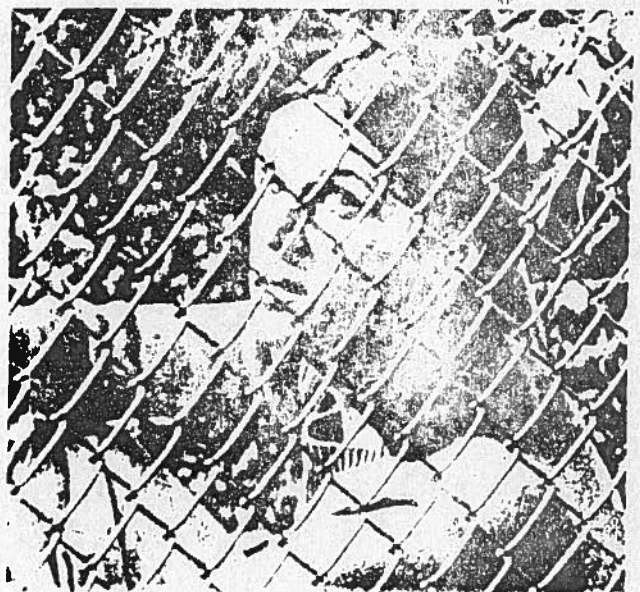
Patty Hearst with her guard dog Arrow

renovations, and Longet would have been subjected to the inconvenience— for some of her visitors, at least—of being sent to another jail 50 miles away. Singer **Williams** visited Claudine with two of their three children during her first week behind bars.

On assignment in France to take pictures for the P. miner mineral-water company, Canada's **Margaret Trudeau**, 28, was herself a photographic target. Annoyed at first by the swarming *paparazzi*, she turned the situation into absurdist theater by snapping pictures of fellow lensmen snapping her picture. There were reporters to cope with, too. What about the rumors that meandering Margaret and Prime Minister **Pierre Trudeau** have split? "We are not separated," she insisted, and she later reprimanded reporters for having the audacity to ask. "That question," snapped Maggie, "is none of your business."

—BILL ROEDER with bureau reports

Claudine Longet in her jail's exercise yard



CHAPTER FOUR

A UFO Meets The Blob in Texas: The Shining Bright

Every now and then, a Senior Editor, who has just initialed a silo-high stack of edits for a cover on "The Age of Space," will look up and grump: "I think it's time we got off the reader's back." The answer is the "bright," or the "reader piece." These are feature stories that use the same color, quotes and anecdotes reporting of the Newsmaker, but in expanded form. To report such stories requires a willing suspension of disbelief, a good sense of humor and a good deal of discrete caution. The trick is not to let necessary skepticism shoot novocaine into true human interest. Investigative reporter Hugh Aynesworth and Nation writer Richard Boeth collaborated on just such a confection. It all began when the folks in Aurora, Texas, started to think about exhuming the tiny body of a flying saucer pilot. He had crashed behind Brawley Oates's chicken coop and had been given a decent Christian burial around the turn of the century. No one remembers where Boeth ran into The Blob.

FLAB: (P) COLLECT (T) (A) (B) (3) (FLX) DALLAS TEX 30 620P CST
NEWSWEEK BOETH NATION
NEW YORK CITY NY
FROM AYNESWORTH , AURORA, TEXAS
RE UFO PILOT

1973- MAY-31- Am 7-44

SIXTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD BRAWLEY OATES SITS BEHIND THE CASH REGISTER IN HIS ARCO SERVICE STATION AT TINY AURORA TEXAS AND ENTERTAINS REPORTERS WHO COME FROM FAR AND WIDE TO HEAR THE CURRENT STATUS OF THE HUNT FOR THE GRAVE OF A UFO PILOT--A "BEING NOT FROM THIS WORLD" SAID TO HAVE CRASHED HIS CIGAR-SHAPED SPACECRAFT A FEW YARDS BEHIND OATES' TINY STATION.

OATES, WHO BOUGHT THE PROPERTY IN 1945, SAYS HE DIDNT BELIEVE THE STORY FOR MANY YEARS, BUT NOW HE THINKS "THERES BOUND TO BE SOMETHING TO IT. THERES JUST TOO MANY THINGS COMING TOGETHER."

SEVERAL PEOPLE IN THE TINY COMMUNITY OF AURORA--POPULATION UNDER 300--DO BELIEVE THAT A SPACESHIP CRASHED THERE ON THE HILL RIGHT WHERE OATES'S CHICKEN PEN IS TODAY. SOME OF THEM CLAIM THEY HAD HEARD THE STORY ALL THEIR LIVES. OTHERS IN THE COMMUNITY AND IN NEIGHBORING TOWNS POOH-FOOH THE WHOLE THING AS A MASSIVE HOAX PLAYED BY A FUN-LOVING COTTON BUYER NAMED S.E. HAYDEN, WHO DOUBLED AS A COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT FOR FORT WORTH AND DALLAS NEWSPAPERS AROUND THE TURN OF THE CENTURY.

THE WHOLE STORY ORIGINATES WITH SMALL NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS IN TWO DALLAS AND FORT WORTH NEWSPAPERS IN LATE APRIL OF 1897 WHICH SAID:

"AT 4 AM A SPACESHIP WHICH HAD BEEN SEEN IN THE AREA PREVIOUSLY ...SLOWLY CRASHED INTO JUDGE J.S. PROCTOR'S WINDMILL AND WENT TO PIECES WITH A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION.

"PARTS WERE SCATTERED OVER SEVERAL ACRES. THE WINDMILL WAS DESTROYED. THE PILOTS BODY WAS DISMEMBERED. HOWEVER ENOUGH REMAINS WERE GATHERED TO DETERMINE IT WAS NOT AN INHABITANT OF THIS WORLD.

"THE BODY WAS BURIED AT NOON IN AURORA CEMETARY. PAPERS BELIEVED TO BE THE PILOTS LOG WERE FOUND, WRITTEN IN SOME UNDECIPHERABLE HIEROGLYPHICS AND THE AIRCRAFT WAS MADE OF SOM UNKNOWN METAL."

SURPRISINGLY, NO FURTHER NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS HAVE BEEN LOCATED SINCE THAT INITIAL BOMBSHELL--PERHAPS ADDING WEIGHT TO THE STORY TOLD BY SOME AURORA AREA FOLKS THAT HAYDEN MADE UP THE WHOLE THING SITTING AROUND THE COUNTRY STORE.

ONE OF THOSE DOUBTERS IS A 60ISH LADY NAMED MRS ETTA PEGUES WHO IS A NOVELIST-POET AND AMATEUR HISTORIAN OF THAT AREA. "THEY'VE SPOILED A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF FICTION," SAYS MRS PEGUES, "ITS A PRETTY STORY. UNFORTUNATELY ITS NOTHING BUT A STORY--A WONDERFUL HOAX" MRS PEGUES POINTS OUT SEVERAL DISCREPANCIES IN THE ACCOUNT--ONE THAT JUDGE PROCTOR (LONG SINCE DEAD WITH NO RELATIVES LIVING) HAD NO WINDMILL ON HIS PROPERTY IN THOSE DAYS AND ANOTHER THAT IN THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT HAYDEN CALLED ONE MAN A SIGNAL CORPS OFFICER IN QUOTING HIM WHILE RECORDS SHOW THAT THAT MAN WAS THE TOWNS LEADING BLACKSMITH.

JUST RECENTLY MRS PEGUES RECEIVED A LETTER FROM AN 86-YEAR OLD WOMAN WHO CLAIMED SHE WAS IN SCHOOL THE DAY THE SPACESHIP WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE CRASHED "AND NO ONE KNEW ABOUT IT UNTIL WE GOT THE LITTLE PAPER JUDGE PROCTOR PUT OUT. I REMEMBER MY FATHER REMARKED THAT THE JUDGE OUT DID HIMSELF THAT TIME."

MRS OATES SAYS SHE DOESNT KNOW IF SUCH AN OCCURRENCE IS FACTUAL OR NOT, BUT SHE ADDED, "ILL TELL YOU ONE THING, EVER SINCE THEY STARTED DIGGING AROUND UP THERE MY CHICKENS HAVE BEEN LAYIN LIKE THEY NEVER DID BEFORE."

A DALLAS TIMES HERALD REPORTER, BILL CASE, GOT INTERESTED IN THE STORY SEVERAL WEEKS AGO AND HAS WRITTEN A DOZEN STORIES ABOUT THE "PROGRESS" MADE IN THE INVESTIGATION. A FEW DAYS AGO, CASE--ALONG WITH AURORA CITY MARSHAL H.R. IDELL AND A MAN IDENTIFIED AS FRANK KELLEY OF CORPUS CHRISTI TEXAS--WHO CASE CALLED A PROFESSIONAL METAL DETECTOR AND TREASURE HUNTER--UNEARTHED SEVERAL PIECES OF METAL IN THE GENERAL AREA OF OATES CHICKEN COOP --THE REPORTED SITE OF THE JUDGES WINDMILL AND WELL.

KELLEY WAS AT THAT TIME QUOTED AS SAYING THAT IN 25 YEARS OF RECOVERING METAL AND TREASURE HE HAD NEVER SEEN METAL LIKE THAT THEY RECOVERED. "I AM ALSO PUZZLED AT RECEIVING THE SAME TYPE OF SIGNALS (WITH HIS METAL DETECTOR) FROM A REMOTE GRAVE IN THE AURORA CEMETERY IN WHICH THE PILOT MAY BE BURIED," CASE QUOTED KELLEY AS SAYING.

THIS SET OFF A FUROR AMONG THE SEVERAL UFO GROUPS WHO CONVERGED ON THE AREA, THE HEAD OF THE INTERNATIONAL UFO BUREAU, HAYDEN HEWES OF OKLAHOMA CITY, SAID HE WOULD SEEK LEGAL MEANS TO HAVE THE GRAVE PINPOINTED BY KELLEY EXHUMED. "AFTER CHECKING THE GRAVE WITH METAL DETECTORS AND FATHERING FACTS FOR THREE MONTHS WE ARE AS CERTAIN AS WE CAN BE AT THIS POINT HE WAS THE PILOT OF A UFO WHICH REPORTEDLY EXPLODED ATOP A WELL ON JUDGE J D PROCTOR'S PLACE APRIL 19 1997 " HEWES SAID. "WE HOPE BY EXHUMING THE BODY WE MAY OBTAIN SOME OF THE SAME TYPE OF UNUSUAL METAL

SITE WHEN WE CHECKED IT WITH METAL DETECTORS."

SEVERAL FRAGMENTS OF METAL DUG UP A FEW DAYS AGO HAVE BEEN TAKEN TO SCIENTISTS AND METAL EXPERTS IN THE DALLAS-FORT WORTH AREA AND FAMILIES OF PEOPLE BURIED IN THAT SMALL AURORA CEMETERY HAVE REBELLED AT THE IDEA OF HAVING IT DUG UP BY THE UFO HUNTERS. THEY WENT TO WISE COUNTY SHERIFF ELDON D MOYERS--WHO QUICKLY SENT DEPUTIES FROM COUNTY-SEAT DECATUR (ABOUT 15 MILES NORTH) TO THE CEMETERY TO MAKE SURE NOBODY WAS DESECRATING THE GRAVES.

THE UFO HUNTERS BY THIS WEEK HAD RETREATED HOME TO AWAIT THE ASSAYS OF THE METAL FRAGMENTS BEING STUDIED. THEY PLAN TO RETURN AND TAKE LEGAL MOVES TOWARD EXHUMATION IF STUDIES SHOW THE METAL IS, INDEED, UNUSUAL.

REPORTER CASE, BRAWLEY OATES AND MARSHAL IDELL ARE QUITE CONCERNED ABOUT ONE DEVELOPMENT IN THE CASE. KELLEY, THE HOTSHOT GUY WITH THE SUPER-SOPHISTICATED METAL DETECTOR, CANNOT BE FOUND. CASE HAS TRIED TO REACH HIM BUT CANNOT FIND HIM. SOME AURORA PEOPLE THINK HE WAS A FEDERAL AGENT. "HE SURE KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING," SAID MRS OATES. "HE WAS UP THERE AT WORK EARLY IN THE MORNING AND WAS STILL AT IT WHEN WE WENT TO CHURCH AT 730 THAT NIGHT. HE WASNT FOOLING AROUND."

BRAWLEY OATES CLAIMS THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY TELEPHONED HIM A FEW DAYS AGO TO "SEE WHAT I KNEW ABOUT IT ALL."

THE MAJORITY OF THE FOLKS AROUND AURORA, NEWARK, RHOME, DECATUR AND BOYD DO NOT BELIEVE THE STORY--THO SOME ADMIT THEY HAD HEARD IT FOR YEARS. MOST NEWSPAPERMEN IN THE AREA DO NOT BELIEVE IT EITHER--BUT THEY ARE STILL STREAMING IN BY TWOS AND THREES EVERY DAY TO DO FEATURE STORIES ON IT. REPORTERS FROM SHREVEPORT, LITTLE ROCK AND OKLAHOMA CITY WERE THERE WEDNESDAY AND A TEAM FROM CANADIAN BROADCASTING CO WERE IN TOWN LAST WEEK DOING A LENGTHY DOCUMENTARY.

TOWN MARSHAL IDELL, 49, SAYS HE DOESNT BELIEVE THE STORY. HE WAS ONE OF SEVERAL MEN WHO DUG UP SOME OF THE AREA AND SEALED OFF THE WELL WHEN OATES BOUGHT THE PROPERTY IN 1945. "I DONT KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO BELIEVE," SAID IDELL. "IT DOESNT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO ME EITHER WAY."

OATES, BADLY CRIPPLED WITH ARTHRITIS, SAYS HE DIDNT USED TO BELIEVE IN UFOS UNTIL HIS SON-IN-LAW SAW ONE SEVEN YEARS AGO. "BUT YOU MIGHT SAY I'M A BELIEVER NOW."

SOME FOLKS, LIKE MRS PEGUES WHO LIVES ABOUT 8 MILES AWAY IN NEWARK, HINT THAT OATES HAS GONE ALONG WITH THE TALE BECAUSE HE STANDS TO MAKE SOME MONEY OUT OF HIS PROPERTY. ONE RUMOR IS THAT A

EUROPEAN PUBLICATION HAS OFFERED HIM DOLLARS 50,000 FOR EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS IF IT IS DETERMINED THE STORY IS NOT A HOAX. OTHERS CLAIM THE CBC PAID HIM A LARGE SUM FOR HIS HELP IN THEIR DOCUMENTARY. THE OATESSES RAISES RABBITS, CHICKENS AND SELL A BIT OF GAS--BUT THEY DONT HAVE MUCH. "I SOMETIMES MAKE AS MUCH AS A DOLLAR A DAY SELLING GAS HERE," HE GRINNED.

SINCE CASE AND THE TIMES HERALD HAS CHOSEN TO INVESTIGATE THE CASE IN SOME DEPTH, OTHERS HAVE COME FORTH WITH STORIES OF EARLY RECOLLECTIONS. JUST TUESDAY A 92-YR OLD WOMAN, MRS MARY EVANS, WAS FOUND BY CASE--A WOMAN WHO CLAIMS HER FATHER AND MOTHER WENT UP TO JUDGE PROCTOR'S THAT MORNING AND SAW THE WRECKAGE AND THE PILOT.

"I WAS ONLY ABOUT 15 AT THE TIME," MRS EVANS SAID, "AND HAD ALL BUT FORGOTTEN THE INCIDENT UNTIL IT APPEARED IN THE PAPERS RECENTLY. WE WERE LIVING IN AURORA AT THE TIME (NOW LIVES IN NEWARK) BUT MY FATHER AND MOTHER WOULDNT LET ME GO WITH THEM WHEN THEY WENT UP TO THE CRASH SITE. WHEN THEY RETURNED HOME THEY TOLD ME HOW THE AIRSHIP HAD EXPLODED, THE PILOT WAS TORN UP AND KILLED IN THE CRASH. THE MEN OF THE TOWN WHO GATHERED HIS REMAINS SAID HE WAS "A SMALL MAN" AND BURIED HIM THAT SAME DAY IN AURORA CEMETARY."

CHARLIE CLINTON STEPHENS, WHO LIVES A MILE AND A HALF SOUTH OF THE SITE IS 80 AND HE RECALLS HIS FATHER TALKING ABOUT A SPACESHIP CRASH. "THERE WAS SOMETHING IN IT THAT BURNED," HE TOLD NEWSWEEK WEDNESDAY AS HE RESTED WITH HIS DOG ON HIS FRONT PORCH. "HE WENT UP THERE BECAUSE HE HAD SEEN IT BURNING IN THE SKY IN THE NIGHT. HE THOUGHT MAYBE IT HAD HIT A HOUSE OR SOMETHING." STEPHENS SAID. "I NEVER HEARD ANYTHING ABOUT A MAN INSIDE THOUGH. THAT JUST CAME UP RECENTLY."

"SOME FOLKS SAID THE MOON HAD FALLEN DOWN," STEPHENS GRINNED, "BUT SURE AS THE DEVIL IT CAME BACK UP THE NEXT NIGHT."

STEPHENS SAID HE "CANT UNDERSTAND WHAT IT WAS, BUT I'M JUST AS SURE AS I'M SURE I'M GONNA EAT DINNER TONIGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING LANDED UP THERE."

ONE CONFUSING ASPECT IS THAT THERE ARE SEVERAL REPORTS OF A TYPHOID EPIDEMIC IN THE AREA ABOUT THAT SAME TIME. STEPHENS SAID HE HAD TALKED TO SOME MEN WHO HAD BURIED THE DEAD AND WAS TOLD THAT "MOST PEOPLE WOULDNT EVEN TOUCH 'EM." OATES SAID "THEY WERE DYIN' LIKE FLIES." THEREFORE IT DOESNT SEEM LIKELY THAT ANY OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE WOULD HAVE GATHERED UP THE REMAINS OF AN ALIEN AND BURIED HIM--WHEN THEY WERE THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO SAW THE REMAINS.

DR TOM GRAM, ASSOCIATED PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS AT NORTH TEXAS UNIVERSITY AT NEARBY DENTON TEXAS HAS ASSAYED FOUR PIECES OF THE METAL UNCOVERED BY THE SEARCHERS. THREE OF THE PIECES DO NOT CONCERN HIM IN THE LEAST, BUT HE TOLD NEWSWEEK WEDNESDAY THAT ONE SMALL FRAGMENT, A SILVERY PIECE ABOUT THREE-QUARTERS OF AN INCH IN DIAMETER, NEEDED FURTHER STUDY.

DR GRAY SAID THE METAL WAS 70 TO 75 PERCENT IRON, ABOUT 20 PERCENT ZINC WITH SMALL AMOUNTS OF COPPER, MANGANESE, NICKEL AND ARSENIC. HE SAID THE SURPRISING THING ABOUT THE METAL WAS THAT IT HAD VERY LITTLE MAGNETIC PROPERTY. USUALLY IRON IS HIGHLY MAGNETIC, HE SAID. HE SAID HE PLANNED TO HAVE OTHER COLLEAGUES STUDY THE METAL WITH REGARD TO ITS "THERMAL AND ELECTRICAL PROPERTIES."

PERSONALLY DRY GRAY SAID HE REMAINS "SKEPTICAL...BUT I TRY NOT TO LET THAT GET IN THE WAY OF MY INVESTIGATIONS HERE."

HE ADDED: "I FIND THE PIECE VERY INTERESTING. WE NEED TO DETERMINE ITS PHYSICAL QUALITIES AND THEN CROSS-REFERENCE IT TO KNOWN MATERIALS. IT MAY TURN OUT TO BE A VERY COMMON ALLOY. I DONT KNOW YET."

SO THE STORY GROWS AND GROWS. "THERES NO WAY IT WILL EVER STOP NOW," SAID MRS PEGUES. AND SINCE THIS IS THE ONLY REPORTED CASE OF AN ALIEN PILOT CRASHING AND DYING, ITS UNLIKELY THE UFO GROUPS WILL LET THE STORY DIE EITHER.

LIFE GOES ON IN TINY AURORA, BUT INSTEAD OF SITTING IN THE ARCO STATION DISCUSSING THE WEATHER, THEYRE TALKING ABOUT WHAT NEWSPAPERMAN SHOWED UP TODAY, WHAT THE LATEST PIECE OF METAL LOOKED LIKE AND WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO AURORA IF THE STORY IS PROVEN TRUE.

LIKELY AS NOT THE STORY IS A HOAX VIA CORRESPONDENT HAYDEN. PERHAPS HE SAW A METEORITE AND GOT THE IDEA. PERHAPS OLD JOHNNY RUM HAD IT IN HIS GRIPS. MAYBE IT WAS HIS WAY OF HAVING A "BIG STORY." ANYWAY, UNLESS THEY DETERMINE THAT SOME OF THIS METAL IS HIGHLY UNUSUAL OR UNIDENTIFIABLE, TOO MANY PEOPLE ARE FED UP WITH THE INFLUX OF KOOKS TO ALLOW THE DIGGING UP OF ANY GRAVES.

ENDIT

These accounts were written by an Aurora cotton buyer and part time correspondent named S.E. Hayden, whom some called "fun-loving."

Nothing much more was said of the interplanetary visitor until Bill Case, a Dallas Times Herald reporter, stumbled onto Hayden's reportage this spring and did a series of articles about Aurora's buried UFO. A couple of weeks ago, Case and two allies, one a professional treasure hunter named Frank Kelley, began digging at the site of the crash—now a chicken coop behind Brawley Oates's Arco service station. Kelley dug up a few pieces of strange-looking metal near the coop and reported receiving identical signals from his metal detector when he

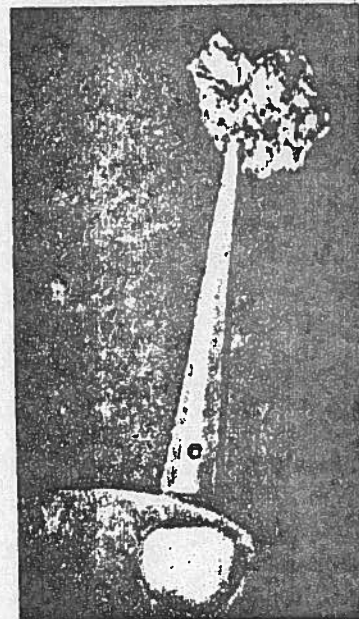
survive among the geriatric crowd, including 80-year-old Charlie Clinton Stephens ("Just as sure as I'm gonna eat dinner tonight there was *something* landed up there") and 92-year-old Mary Evans, who remembered her parents telling her "how the airship had exploded and the pilot was torn up and killed."

Hatching: But an 86-year-old woman wrote to the local history lady, Mrs. Etta Pegues, that nobody ever heard of the crash "until we got the little paper Judge Proctor put out . . . I remember my father remarked that the judge outdid himself that time." Down at the Arco station, Brawley Oates and his wife were merely noncommittal at the possibility of history being hatched in their chicken

AMERICANA: *Flying* Blob, Meet UFO *Saucers*

The temperature reached up into the 90s in Texas last week, and all the usual ~~things started happening~~. A 76-year-old Unidentified Flying Object was attracting clusters of newsmen, treasure hunters and UFO fanciers to Brawley Oates's chicken coop in Aurora. Forty miles away, in the Dallas suburb of Garland, an Unidentified Growing Object ("big as a platter, foamy and creamy and pale yellow") terrorized Mrs. Marie Harris's backyard for three weeks until it died of sunstroke and nicotine poisoning. They have, in a word, been having a hell of a spring for themselves.

As ever, it seems, there were churls and spoilsports ready to proclaim that the Aurora UFO was a figment of somebody's imagination—despite published newspaper accounts from April of 1897 documenting the "cigar-shaped" little spacecraft's arrival at Planet Earth. Reports in Dallas and Fort Worth papers of the period described how the spaceship, which "had been seen in the [Aurora] area previously . . . slowly crashed into Judge J.S. Proctor's windmill and went to pieces with a tremendous explosion." The tiny body of the pilot was "dismembered," the papers said, but enough remained to determine that he (or she) "was not an inhabitant of this world" and to move Aurora to give him (or her) a proper Christian burial anyway. A pilot's log in "undecipherable hieroglyphics" and shards of an "unknown metal" were also found, the reports said.



A hell of a spring in Texas:
Mrs. Harris (left) with Blob
and a part of Aurora UFO

played it over a remote grave in the Aurora cemetery.

This was enough to attract the attention of several UFO groups ("We are as certain as we can be," said Hayden Hewes of Oklahoma City, head of the International UFO Bureau), as well as a string of reporters and a documentary crew from the Canadian Broadcasting Co. Some of the metal is now in the hands of Dr. Tom Gray, a physicist at North Texas University, who told Newsweek's Hugh Aynesworth that he had found one "interesting" piece in the collection but remained "skeptical" until definitive tests for otherworldliness are completed.

The folks in Aurora are of the same opinion they have always been about their little interplanetoid: divided. Some hand-me-down tales of the occurrence

coop, though Mrs. Oates did allow that—with all the to-do—"my chickens been layin' like they never did before."

Back in Dallas, meantime, the mysterious and seemingly indestructible organism first appeared in Mrs. Harris's suburban yard last month. She hacked at it with a hoe, sprayed it with poisons, and still The Blob kept coming back—pulsating, getting larger each time, until finally it came in as big around as a turkey platter, yellow on the outside and orange inside and bleeding red and purple fluids when wounded. Mrs. Harris attacked it last week with nicotine-base spray and that remarkable Texas sun, and finally it withered away. After studying The Blob, C.J. Alexopolous, a biologist from the University of Texas, concluded that it was a fungus. Everybody in Dallas hopes so.

CHAPTER FIVE

A Tick Tock in a War Zone: The Ultimate Scene

During the last days before the collapse of South Vietnam, Nicholas Proffitt flew from Beirut to Saigon to be in at the end of a story he had covered for years as Saigon Bureau Chief. When the Army of the Republic of North Vietnam started closing in on the South Vietnamese capital, Proffitt boarded a helicopter and flew to a ravaged town called Xuan Loc at the front. He spent 24 hours there, escaped with his life and one of the finest on-scene files ever sent to Newsweek.

The Xuan Loc file is a classic example of a tick tock: a series of events arranged and filed chronologically. The same principle of collecting and organizing data can be used for a dangerous one-reporter job like the one Proffitt undertook, or for complex, breaking news stories like the Attica Prison uprising, which James Jones and Jon Lowell of Detroit covered, or the Hanafi Muslim seige of Washington, in which the entire Washington bureau contributed to a vivid reconstruction of a bewildering series of news events.

Proffitt couldn't be reached last week to offer any analysis of the Xuan Loc story; he was on a cruise ship in the Caribbean headed for Cuba and another piece of reportage. Newsweek's Chief of Correspondents Rod Gander reluctantly agreed to stand-in for Proffitt:

"It has been several years since Proffitt's Xuan Loc file and I still remember every detail vividly; that tells you something about the quality of the reporting. This file was designed to show human beings at war. It evokes the whole tragedy of Vietnam. When you meet the Colonel Pham Van Phuoc or Major Than in the file, you really meet them. When the refugees start running for that plane at the end of the file, you are right there along with them, doing your damndest to get aboard yourself. What really impressed me was this. There were a lot of good war correspondents in Saigon. Many of them could have gone to Xuan Loc, spent 24 hours, and returned with a good action story. But this file did more than that. Proffitt brought four years of background to a story at its most crucial turning point. The file is thus a good deal more than an on-scener. He evokes the whole war in that one, 24-hour period. When you read that file, you could see that the South Vietnamese Army couldn't hold out much longer. You could tell why the North Vietnamese were going to win. And you could tell that the Western presence in South Vietnam would never be enough to save the South Vietnamese Army.

"There is another important thing to note: this is a long file. When Proffitt went out, New York probably believed it would be getting color material for the week's running cover story--or for a small sidebar at most. Proffitt paid attention to the value of the material he was seeing. He didn't file any padding. He kept to the principle of filing only the significant detail. But he also was aware of the importance of what he had seen. He filed long, and in this case, his good judgement doubled the news space devoted to the piece."

NYS365 181614 NBI615

1975-APRIL 18 pm 12-39

PRONORWEEK

FOREIGN KLEIN SAIGON PROFFITT XUAN LOC ONSCENE 4-18-75

(KLEIN: NEWSWEEK PHOTOGRAPHER NIK WHEELER AND EYE SPENT 25 HOURS IN XUAN LOC THIS WEEK, THE FIRST JOURNALISTS TO ENTER THE CITY ON OUR OWN AND TO SPEND THE NIGHT THERE. THIS ONSCENER WILL BE AN IMPRESSIONISTIC PIECE ON WHAT IT WAS LIKE AND EYE'LL GIVE YOU WHAT EYE HAVE ON SURROUNDING BATTLE IN AYE SEPARATE TO SUPPLEMENT THE GOOD STRATEGIC OVERVIEW IN JENKINS' RUNNING FILE.)

DINGBAT: IT IS ONLY SIXTEEN MINUTES BY HELICOPTER FROM THE SAFE URBAN SPRAWL OF LONG BINH TO THE LONG KHANH PROVINCE CAPITAL OF XUAN LOC, 40 MILES NORTHEAST OF SAIGON AND THE HUB OF THE MOST INTENSE FIGHTING NOW RAGING IN INDOCHINA. IT IS AYE HARROWING SIXTEEN MINUTES, OVER LOVELY BUT DEADLY RUBBER AND BANANA PLANTATIONS OCCUPIED BY COMMUNIST FORCES EQUIPPED WITH ANTIAIRCRAFT GUNS AND SAM-7 MISSILES. SWINGING ON THE CARGO HOOK BELOW OUR UNWEILDLY VNAF CHINOOK IS AYE NET FULL OF 82-MM MORTAR SHELLS AND CAPT. BICH, OUR PILOT, KEEPS THE CHOPPER AT AYE HIGH 3,500 FEET. THE PORT AND STARBOARD MACHINEGUNNERS KEEP TENSE FINGERS ON THEIR TRIGGERS AND SCAN THE BUSH BELOW WHERE SCATTERED FIRES FROM AIRSTRIKES STILL BURN. THE CHOPPER SETS DOWN ON PROVINCIAL HIGHWAY TWO SOME FOUR KILOMETERS SOUTH OF XUAN LOC CITY. AYE MOB OF CIVILIAN REFUGEES AND SOLDIERS IS RUNNING DOWN THE ROAD TOWARDS THE SHIP, NEARLY BOWLING US OVER IN THEIR HASTE TO GET ABOARD AND WE GET OUR FIRST TASTE OF THE HORROR WE WILL EXPERIENCE 25 HOURS LATER WHEN WE LEAVE XUAN LOC.

NYS366 181618 NBI616

XUAN LOC ONSCENE EXPROFFITT SAIGON 22 NORWEEK

DINGBAT: WE WALK UP THE HIGHWAY TOWARDS THE CENTER OF THE CITY DODGING MADCAP ARMY VEHICLES RUMBLING UP AND DOWN THE ROAD. THE HIGHWAY IS LITTERED WITH DEBRIS, INCLUDING AYE PAIR OF BROKEN CRUTCHES. AYE WOMAN WHO HAS DROPPED AYE CONTAINER OF RICE IN THE ROADWAY SQUATS ON THE CENTER STRIPE AND TRIES TO SCOOP IT UP BY HAND. SHE BOLTS FOR THE SIDE OF THE ROAD WHEN AYE TRUCK OR JEEP ZOOMS BY, THEN RETURNS AND TRIES TO GATHER THE RICE SCATTERED BY THE VEHICLES. IN AYE RUBBER PLANTATION EAST OF THE ROAD IS AYE RAMSHACKLE TENT CITY WHERE AYE COUPLE OF THOUSAND FORMER TOWNS PEOPLE NOW LIVE. DEEPER INTO THE TREES IS PART OF THE ARVN DEFENSE LINE AND THE SLAM OF OUTGOING ARTILLERY AND THE CHATTERING OF SMALL ARMS FIRE IS HEARD. ALTHOUGH AYE COUPLE OF HUNDRED

ARE STILL NEARLY TEN THOUSAND CIVILIANS LEFT, STRUNG OUT ALONG THE HIGHWAY SOUTH OF THE CITY. LOCAL OFFICIALS PREDICT EVEN MORE FEROCIOUS ATTACKS ON THE CITY AND THE PEOPLE ARE AWAITING THE OPPORTUNITY TO FLEE, BUT WITH EVERY ROAD LEADING OUT OF THE CITY CUT BY COMMUNIST FORCES THE HELICOPTERS ARE THE ONLY WAY OUT.

DINGBAT: THE PEOPLE OF XUAN LOC ARE HUNGRY. FOOD SUPPLIES ARE DWINDLING AND RESUPPLY GOES MOSTLY TO THE TROOPS DEFENDING THE CITY AND EVEN SOME OF THESE COMPLAIN THEY DO NOT GET ENOUGH TO EAT. AT THE YYY WHERE ROUTE TWO MERGES WITH NATIONAL HIGHWAY ONE AYE RED CROSS TRUCK PULLS UP TO DISTRIBUTE PACKAGES OF CHINESE NOODLES.

~~IT IS QUICKLY MOBBED BY CIVILIANS AND SOLDIERS.~~

IT IS QUICKLY MOBBED BY CIVILIANS AND SOLDIERS.

NYS 374 181641 NBI 624

XUAN LOC ONSCENE EXPROFFITT SAIGON 333 NORWEEK
ARMED SOLDIERS GUARDING THE TRUCK SQUEEZE OFF SEVERAL MM-16 ROUNDS TO KEEP THE CROWD BACK BUT STILL THE PEOPLE PRESS AROUND THE TRUCK. FINALLY THE DRIVER GUNS THE ENGINE AND PULLS AWAY. JUST THEN AYE HUEY COMMAND HELICOPTER SETS DOWN NEARBY, RETURNING 18TH DIVISION COMMANDER BRIG. GEN. LE MINH DAO FROM AYE MEETING IN SAIGON. THE CROWD SURGES TOWARDS THE CHOPPER AND THE PILOT IMMEDIATELY LIFTS OFF, SPRAYING THE HUNGRY SWIRLS OF RED LATERITE DUST. LATER EYE AM APPROACHED BY AYE SHY MAN NAMED NGUYEN VAN TU WHO HANDS ME AYE NOTE WRITTEN IN ENGLISH: "EYE AM CHAIRMAN OF THE PROVINCE COUNCIL. BUT EYE HAVE NO RICE TO SUPPLY FOR MY PEOPLE. PLEASE CALL THE WORLD AID."

DINGBAT: THE CENTER OF XUAN LOC IS OFF LIMITS TO CIVILIANS, BUT FEW WOULD WANT TO GO THERE. THE CITY HAS BEEN SO VIOLENTLY DESTROYED IT CHURNS THE STOMACH TO LOOK AT IT. THE DESTRUCTION IS AWESOME. ENTIRE BLOCKS HAVE BEEN REDUCED TO AYE PILE OF WHITE ASH, BLACKENED BRICKS AND TWISTED METAL. IT LOOKS AS IF THE CITY WERE FIREBOMBED BUT MOST OF THE DESTRUCTION WAS CAUSED BY ARTILLERY AND SAVAGE STREET FIGHTING. AN ESTIMATED 10,000 ROUNDS HAVE FALLEN ON XUAN LOC SINCE THE BATTLE BEGAN APRIL 9TH. MOST OF THE SHELLS CAME FROM COMMUNIST 130MM FIELD GUNS BUT SOME CAME FROM ARVN BATTERIES DURING THE TWO DAYS THE NVA HELD THE CENTER OF THE CITY. IN THE CENTER OF SUAN LOC THE ONCE BUSTLING CENTRAL MARKET IS NOW AYE PILE OF RUBBLE ABOUT TWO FEET HIGH. ACROSS THE STREET IS THE ONCE PROUD CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL ITS

SPINE NOW BROKEN AND ITS STately SPIRE RIDDLED WITH HOLES. IT WAS PRIMARILY DAMAGED BY ARVN FIRE IN TRYING TO DISLODGE AYE BRAVE NVA FORWARD ARTILLERY OBSERVER WHO SAT IN THE SPIRE AND DIRECTED IN HUNDREDS OF SHELLS BEFORE HE WAS BLOWN OUT OF HIS PERCH.

XUAN LOC ONSCENE EXPROFFITT SAIGON 344 NORWLEX

XUAN LOC HAS LONG SINCE CEASED TO BE AYE CITY. IT HAS BECOME AYE KILLING GROUND LIKE THE VIETNAMESE CITIES OF BEN TRE, QUANG TRI AND AN LOC BEFORE IT. AYE CITY OFFICIAL SAYS IT WILL TAKE FIVE MONTHS TO REBUILD THE CITY BUT EVEN HE SEEMS TO KNOW THAT XUAN LOC WILL MOST LIKELY NEVER BE AYE PLACE FOR PEOPLE TO LIVE AGAIN.

DINGBAT: AYE TEAM OF ARVN SOLDIERS, MASKS OVER MOUTH AND NOSE, ARE DRAGGING BODIES FROM THE RUBBLE. THE CORPSES, THOSE OF COMMUNIST TROOPS, ARE HORRIBLE. ONE HAS BEEN SO BADLY BURNED THE BODY IS SCARCELY RECOGNIZABLE AS AYE HUMAN BEING. ANOTHER, BEING DRAGGED BY AYE ROPE AROUND THE LEG, RESEMBLES AYE DUMMY THAT HAS LOST SOME OF ITS STUFFING, ITS HEAD BOUNCING LOOSELY ALONG THE ROAD. EYE MOVE AWAY AND SIT ON THE WHEEL RIM OF AYE BURNED OUT TRUCK TO CATCH MY BREATH. AYE DARK OBJECT ON THE GROUND CATCHES MY EYE AND WHEN EYE LOOK MORE CLOSELY EYE SEE THAT IT IS AYE HUMAN SCALP. EYE WATCH SEVEN BODIES DRAGGED OUT, EACH MORE HORRIFYING THAN THE LAST, AND CAN TAKE NO MORE. BUT THERE IS NO ESCAPING THE INDESCRIBABLE STENCH OF DEATH THAT PERVADES XUAN LOC. IT IS AYE PERFUME THAT CLINGS TO EVERYTHING.
MORE

NYS 380 181701 NBI 626

XUAN LOC ONSCENE EXPROFFITT SAIGON 355

DINGBAT: AYE STRANGE GAIETY, EDGED WITH HYSTERIA, OFTEN AFFECTS SOLDIERS WHO FIND THEMSELVES IN THE MOST VULNERABLE OF POSITIONS AND SO IT IS FOR THE SOUTH VIETNAMESE TROOPS GARRISONED IN THE FEW REMAINING UPRIGHT BUILDINGS OF XUAN LOC. THE ARVN HAS AYE TIGHT, UNBROKEN DEFENSE LINE AROUND XUAN LOC BUT THOSE TROOPS IN THE CENTER OF THE CITY ARE MOST NERVOUS BECAUSE ALL THEY HAVE TO DO IS LOOK AROUND TO REMEMBER THAT THE NORTH VIETNAMESE GUNNERS HAVE THEIR POSITIONS CLEARLY REGISTERED. THE SHELLING OF XUAN LOC HAS FALLEN OFF TO AYE MERE THREE OR FOUR ROUNDS AYE DAY BUT ONE NEVER KNOWS WHEN THE COMMUNISTS MIGHT POUP IN AYE CONCENTRATED

BARRAGE ONCE AGAIN. AND SO THE SOLDIERS, MOSTLY REGIONAL FORCE TROOPS WITH AYE SCATTERING OF 18TH DIVISION MEN, LAUGH AYE LITTLE TOO MUCH. THE SIGHT OF TWO WESTERN JOURNALISTS PARTICULARLY DELIGHTS THEM AND THEY FIND IT THE HEIGHT OF HUMOR TO IMITATE THE HIGH WHISTLE OF INCOMING SHELLS. THEY ALSO PLAY GRIM PRACTICAL JOSES ON ONE ANOTHER. ONE SOLDIER WILL CREEP UP BEHIND ANOTHER AND SWING AYE CLUB INTO AYE PIECE OF TWISTED TIN, COLLAPSING WITH LAUGHTER AT THE UNSUSPECTING SOLDIER'S PREDICTABLE REACTION. BUT ONE SOLDIER, AYE SERGEANT IN THE REGIONAL FORCE, IGNORES THE HILARITY AND STARES PENSIVELY AT THE RUBBLE OF THE TOWN. "WE CANNOT AFFORD ANY MORE 'VICTORIES' SUCH AS THIS ONE," HE SAYS. MORE

XUAN LOC ONSCENE EXPROFFITT SAIGON 666 NORWEEK

DINGBAT: COL PHAM VAN PHUOC, LONG KHANH PROVINCE CHIEF, HAS LIMITED ENGLISH AND WHAT HE HAS IS POKED WITH AMERICAN SLANG LEARNED FROM AYE SUCCESSION OF COUNTERPARTS OVER THE YEARS. HE STANDS IN HIS TOC (TACTICAL OPERATIONS CENTER) IN XUAN LOC BACKED BY THE BRIGHT, PRECISE ACETATE OVERLAY MAPS THAT U.S. OFFICERS ARE SO FOND OF. "THE COMMIES THOUGHT OUR ARMY WOULD RUN BUT THEY WERE WRONG," HE SAYS. "WE CLEAN UP 500 CHARLIE BODIES NORTH OF THE CITY. AFTER ONE WEEK THEY DO NOT TAKE XUAN LOC SO THEY CHANGE PLAN AND TRY TO GO AROUND US TO ATTACK BIEN HOA. THE CHARLIES WILL NEVER TAKE THIS CITY." HIS MAP SHOWS THE DEFENSE LINES OF THE CITY. ALONG THE NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN PERIMETERS ARE TWO BATTALIONS EACH OF REGIONAL FORCE TROOPS. ON THE EAST ARE THREE BATTALIONS OF THE ARVN 18TH DIVISION AND THE 82ND RANGER BATTALION. ON THE WEST ARE AYE REGIONAL FORCE BATTALION, AN 18TH DIVISION BATTALION AND AN ARMOR BRIGADE. "CHARLIES NEVER DEFEAT US HERE," COL PHUOC SAYS AGAIN. THAT VERY AFTERNOON, NORTHEAST OF THE CITY, THE 52ND REGIMENT OF THE 18TH DIVISION IS CHOPPED TO BITS BY THE NORTH VIETNAMESE.

DINGBAT: THE SOLDIERS HAVE KILLED AND PLUCKED AYE CHICKEN IN OUR HONOR AND SOMEWHERE HAVE FOUND SOME ICE AND AYE CASE OF ARMY BEER. WE PUSH SOME DESKS TOGETHER TO SERVE AS AYE DINING TABLE AND ARE BURNING CANDLES FOR LIGHT. WE HAVE BEEN INVITED TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN THE XUAN LOC DISTRICT COMPPOND BY MAJOR THAN, THE DISTRICT CHIEF AND WE ARE GUARDED BY AYE RAGGED COMPANY OF NERVOUS POPULAR FORCE SOLDIERS. WE EAT OUR RICE AND CHICKEN AND DRINK OUR BEER VIETNAMES STYLE (WITH ICE) AND DEPUTY DISTRICT CHIEF DINH BA TAM CONFESSES THAT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF XUAN LOC BEGAN HE WAS IN THE HABIT OF GOING TO SAIGON ONCE AYE WEEK TO SEE AYE MOVIE AND THAT HE LIKED AMER CAN FILMS BEST.

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NYS 414 181834 NBI 668

XUAN LOC ONSCENER EXPROFFITT SAIGON 777 NORWEEK

THE DISTRICT OFFICIALS ARE GREATLY PUZZLED BY OUR DECISION TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN XUAN LOC BUT OBVIOUSLY PLEASED TO HAVE THE COMPANY AND THE DIVERSION. MR TAM SIGHS CONTENTEDLY AND REMARKS THAT THE CANDLELIGHT DINNER REMINDS HIM OF AYE FILM HE SAW WITH ROBERT TAYLOR AND VIVIAN LEIGH TITLED, IN FRENCH, "Valse Dans Les Ombres" (WALTZ IN THE SHADOWS). "DID YOU HAPPEN TO SEE IT?" HE ASKS. "IT WAS ABOUT AYE SOLDIER WHO IS GOING INTO BATTLE THE NEXT DAY, PROBABLY TO DIE, HAVING DINNER BY CANDLELIGHT WITH HIS LOVED ONE." HE SIGHS AGAIN. "EYE MISS SEEING MY FILMS," HE SAYS, "BUT EYE DO NOT THINK EYE WILL SEE ANOTHER UNTIL THIS WAR IS OVER, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER." THAT NIGHT WE SLEEP ON STRAW MATS ON THE FLOOR, UNDER MOSQUITO NETTING. IT IS AYE RESTLESS NIGHT AND SLEEP COMES FITFULLY, INTERRUPTED BY THE SOUNDS OF ARTILLERY AND THE NEARBY BOMBING. MOST DISTURBING IS THE THROATY RASP OF THE MINIGUNS OF HELICOPTER GUNSHIPS, AS IF THE DEVIL HIMSELF WAS CLEARING HIS THROAT.

DINGBAT: WE MEET VICTOR GENETAY, AYE WEATHER-BEATEN, ONE ARMED FRENCHMAN WHO CAME TO VIETNAM IN 1934 WITH THE FRENCH ARMY AND STAYED. HE WORKS FOR AYE XUAN LOC RUBBER PLANTATION BUT LIVED IN TOWN. WHEN THE BATTLE STARTED, HE CREPT INTO THE COUNTRYSIDE AND HID FOR THREE DAYS. WHEN HE CAME OUT OF THE RUBBER TREES HE FOUND HIS HOUSE AYE PILE OF RUBBLE. AYE FRENCH CO-WORKER, HE TELLS ME, WAS PICKED UP BY THE NVA AND RELEASED AFTER FOUR DAYS. "THEY TREATED HIM WELL EXCEPT FOR THE FIRST DAY WHEN THEY THOUGHT HE WAS AN AMERICAN," HE SAYS. GENETAY HAS FIVE WAR WOUNDS FROM HIS OWN ARMY DAYS AND HAS BEEN PICKED UP BY THE VIET CONG SEVERAL TIMES IN RECENT YEARS. HE IS AN EXPERIENCED AND COURAGEOUS MAN, BUT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FORTY YEARS HE IS CONSIDERING LEAVING. THE VIOLENCE OF XUAN LOC WAS LIKE THAT
MORE

NYS 415 181839 NBI 672

XUAN LOC ONSCENE EXPROFFITT SAIGON 888 NORWEEK

DINGBAT: FOUR HUNDRED CIVILIAN REFUGEES AND SOLDIERS LIE ASPRAWL THE HIGHWAY WAITING FOR THE SUPPLY HELICOPTERS THAT WILL TAKE THEM AWAY FROM THIS HELLISH PLACE. THEY BEGIN TO GATHER AT SEVEN AYEM AND ALL DAY THEY SIT IN THE BRUTAL SUN AND BLINK INTO

THE WHITE SKY SEARCHING FOR THE SPECK OF SALVATION. HOUR AFTER HOUR PASSES BUT THE ONLY THING TO BE SEEN IS SORTIE AFTER SORTIE OF SOUTHVIETNAMESE WARPLANES HITTING COMMUNIST POSITIONS SOME THREE KILOMETERS OFF THE ROAD. AMONG THE WAITING ARE AYE DOZEN WOUNDED SOLDIERS WHO FEEBLY WAVE IN AN EFFORT TO KEEP THE FLIES AWAY FROM THEIR SOILED DRESSINGS. ONE YOUNG MAN WHO STEPPED ON AYE MINE AT FOUR OCLOCK THAT MORNING NOW LIES ON AYE STRETCHER ON THE EDGE OF THE ROAD. MOANING SOFTLY, HIS SHATTERED LEFT FOOT IS WRAPPED IN AYE DRESSING, LAYERS OF NEWSPAPER AND AYE POLYETHELENE BAG. THE BAG HAS FILLED UP WITH BLOOD AND IT DRIPS ONTO THE STRETCHER AND STAINS THE ROAD. AYE FEW YEARS AWAY AYE MAN IN AYE WHEELCHAIR ALSO WAITS, DROWSING IN THE SUN. FAMILIES AND GROUPS OF SOLDIERS ARE STRUNG OUT FOR NEARLY AYE KILOMETER DOWN THE ROAD AND MANY ARE WORRIED THAT THE HELICOPTERS WILL LAND TOO FAR AWAY FROM THEM FOR THEM TO BOARD. WHEN PEOPLE BEGIN TO CASUALLY WANDER CLOSER TO WHERE THE CHOPPERS WILL LIGHT, MILITARY POLICEMEN SEND THEM SCUTTling BACK TO THEIR STATIONS BY PUTTING RIFLE FIRE IN THEIR PATHS.

MORE

999.

FINALLY, AT 3:45 PEYEM, THE CHINOOK, AYE SINGLE SHIP INSTEAD OF THE FOUR OR FIVE EXPECTED, ZOOMS IN LOW OVER THE TREES AND LANDS ON THE ROAD. MADNESS SEIZES THOSE WHO HAVE WAITED ALL DAY FOR EVACUATION AND ALL ORDER DISINTEGRATES. REFUGEES AND SOLDIERS RUN TOWARD THE MACHINE, PUSHING THE SLOWER OUT OF THE WAY. THE FEAR OF BEING LEFT BEHIND TURNS THE PEOPLE INTO WILD THINGS WHO TRAMPLE CHILDREN AND JOSTLE THE WOUNDED. EYE TOO ABANDON ALL DIGNITY AND BOLT FOR THE HELICOPTER, MY LONG AMERICAN LEGS EASILY OVERTAKING THOSE SLOWED BY POSSESSION AND CHILDREN. ONCE ABOARD EYE CAN AFFORD THE LUXURY OF SHAME AND SO EYE TRY TO HELP THE WOUNDED ON, SLIDING STRETCHERS TOWARD THE FRONT OF THE SHIP, HAULING UP CHILDREN AND THE ELDERLY. PEOPLE BEGIN TO SCREAM AS THE HELICOPTER FILLS TO THE POINT OF BURSTING. THE WOUNDED ARE TRAMPLED UNDERNEATH, THEIR SCREAMS OF PAIN LOST IN THE BEDLAM AS MORE AND MORE PEOPLE CRAM IN. THE CHINOOK IS DESIGNED TO CARRY THIRTY AMERICAN SOLDIERS YET THERE ARE ALREADY MORE THAN AYE HUNDRED PEOPLE ABOARD. EYE AM STRONGER THAN THE REST YET EVEN EYE CANNOT FORCE ROOM ENOUGH TO BREATHE. EYE SEE AYE YOUNG MOTHER CARRYING AYE BABY BEING CRUSHED AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE SHIP AND TRY TO SHIELD THEM WITH MY BODY BUT THE CRUSH IS TOO

STRONG AND THE CHILD IS BEING SMOTHERED AND LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS. THE MOTHER IS SCREAMING HYSTERICALLY BUT THEN SO IS EVERYONE ELSE. FINALLY THE CHOPPER LIFTS OFF AND THROUGH THE OPEN REAR CARGO DOOR EYE CAN SEE THE MAN IN THE WHEELCHAIR CRYING AND STILL ROLLING TOWARD THE SHIP DOOMED TO BE LEFT BEHIND ALONG WITH SEVERAL WOUNDED WHO DID NOT GET ABOARD.

MORE

NYS 428 181920 NBI 696

XUAN LOC ONSCENE EXPROFFITT SAIGON 10 NORWEEK
THE OVERLOADED HELICOPTER GOES ONLY AYE FEW HUNDRED FEET BEFORE THUMPING HEAVILY BACK TO EARTH. AS IT TOUCHES DOWN MORE REFUGEES TRY TO CRAM ABOARD. THE CRUSH AND THE AGONY INSIDE THE SHIP, WHERE ALL OF THE AIR SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN SUCKED OUT, IS SO BAD THAT EYE AM ON THE VERGE OF WEEPING WITH RAGE AND SADNESS AND FEAR. THE SCREAMING IS LIKE AYE SOUNDTRACK OF HELL. EYE CAN SEE NEWSWEEK PHOTOGRAPHER NIK WHEELER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HELICOPTER TRYING TO SHIELD AYE WOUNDED SOLDIER WITH HIS BODY. WHEELER IS TRAPPED FROM THE WAIST DOWN AND SLOWLY THE CRUSH OF PEOPLE BEND OVER HIM UNTIL HE IS ON TOP OF THE WOUNDED MAN, NOW SCREAMING IN AGONY. OTHER SOLDIERS ARE SCREAMING AT WHEELER TO GET OFF THE MAN BUT WHEELER IS POWERLESS TO MOVE AND ONE ARVN LIEUTENANT TRIES TO HIT WHEELER BUT CANNOT FIND ENOUGH ARMROOM TO THROW THE PUNCH. THE WOMAN WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS BABY NEAR ME IS HYSTERICAL AND IS TRYING TO SLAP THE BABYS FACE FOR SOME KIND OF REACTION BUT THERE IS NONE. BELOW ME, NEAR MY LEGS EYE SEE AYE LITTLE GIRL OF TEN SITTING TRAPPED ON THE FLOOR SUFFOCATING AND USING MY LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH MANAGE TO PULL HER UP SO THAT SHE CAN BREATHE.

FOUR TIMES THE CHINOOK TRIES TO GET OFF THE GROUND AND FOUR TIMES IT SLAMS BACK TO EARTH, WITH MORE PEOPLE TRYING TO GET ON EACH TIME. FINALLY THE DESPERATE PILOT SHUTS OFF THE ENGINE. ARMED SOLDIERS TAKE UP POSITIONS AT THE REAR DOOR AND FIRE BURSTS OF MM-16 FIRE INTO THE AIR. THEY BEGIN ORDERING SOME OF THE PEOPLE OUT. WHEN PEOPLE REFUSE TO GET OFF THE GUNS ARE POINTED INTO THEIR FACES. THE SOLDIERS JERK THE BLOOD-STAINED RAG FROM ONE YOUNG TROOPERS HEAD TO REVEAL THAT HE HAS NO WOUND AND THE MALINGERER IS BODILY TOSSED OFF THE CHOPPER. AYE BOY ABOUT 12 IS HAULED OFF AND HIS MOTHER IS PASSED BY AND THE BOY STANDS OUTSIDE NEAR THE DOOR HELD BACK BY GUNS CRYING WHILE HIS MOTHER INSIDE CRIES AND FINALLY THE SOLDIERS RELENT AND TOSS THE BOY BACK ON

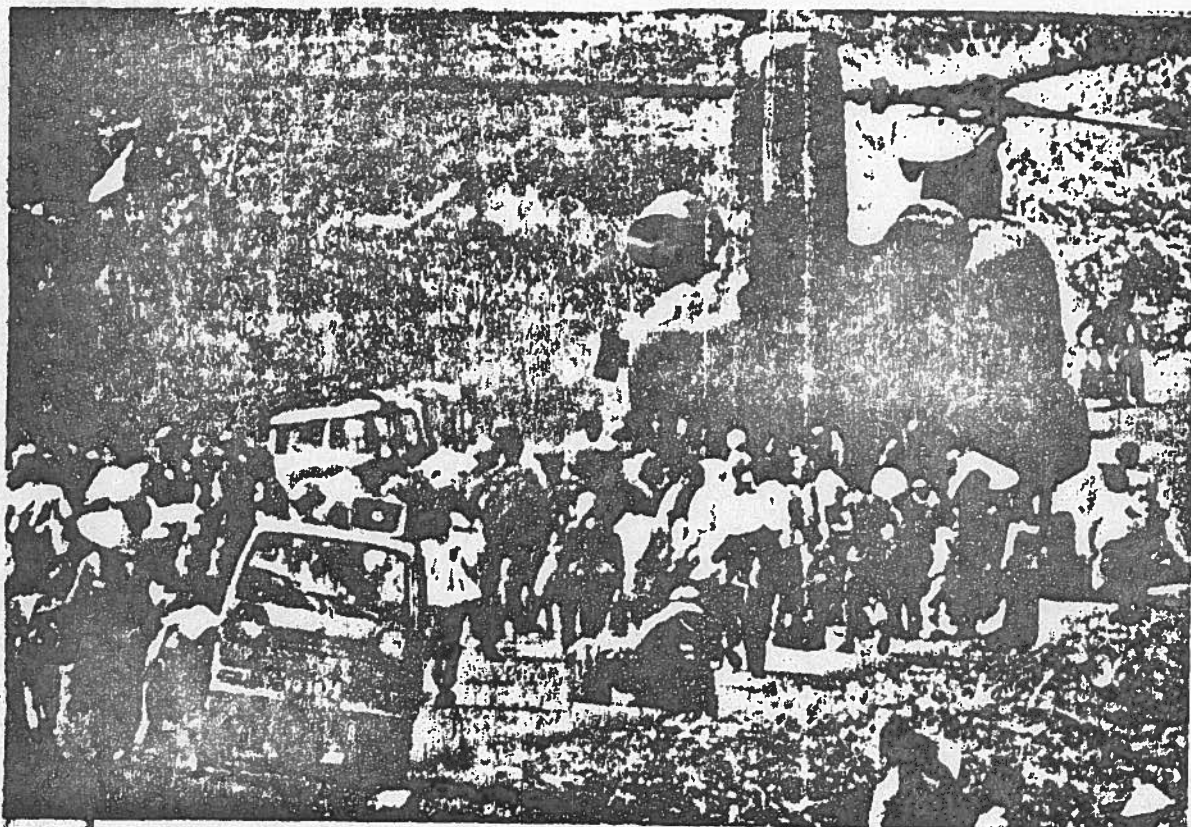
NYS 430 181931 NBI 698

XUAN LOC ONSCENE EXPROFFITT SAIGON 11 NORWEEK

THE MOTHER WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS BABY IS THE ONLY PERSON WHO WANTS OFF. EYE HELP HER FIGHT HER WAY TO THE DOOR SO SHE CAN SEE IF THE CHILD IS STILL ALIVE. EYE WATCH HER GO AND STILL DO NOT KNOW. FOR SOME REASON MYSELF AND WHEELER, THE WESTERNERS, ARE NOT ORDERED OFF. WE ARE UNTOUCHABLES, PROOF THAT THE YEARS OF FOREIGN INFLUENCE IN VIETNAM WILL BE LONG TO WEAR OFF. IN FACT MANY VIETNAMESE CLING TO ME IN BELIEF THAT MY POWER WILL KEEP THEM ON BOARD. THE LITTLE GIRL EYE HELPED TO STAND UP IS CRYING AND CLINGING TO MY ARM AND SURE ENOUGH THE SOLDIERS PAUSE WHEN THEY GET TO HER AND ORDER THE NEXT OFF. SEVERAL OTHER VIETNAMESE ARE SIMPLY TOUCHING ME AND FOR SOME IT WORKS AND OTHERS NOT. WHEN THE SHIP IS THINNED OUT, STILL TERRIBLY CROWDED BUT BREATHING AGAIN POSSIBLE, THE PILOT TRIES AGAIN AND THIS TIME WE STAY OFF THE GROUND. ONCE AIRBORNE THE PEOPLE SETTLE DOWN ALTHOUGH THE MOANS OF THE WOUNDED STILL RISE ABOVE THE WHINE OF ENGINES. WE FLY LOW, ABOUT 100 FEET OFF THE GROUND, AND OVER ONE RUBBER PLANTATION HALFWAY TO LONG BINH WE TAKE SOME GROUND FIRE THAT MISSES. BACK AT LONG BINH THE AMBULANCES ARE WAITING AND EYE SEE THE YOUNG MAN WHO STEPPED ON THE MINE AT FOUR AYEM THAT MORNING. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE HE HAS NOT BLED TO DEATH BUT THERE HE IS, EYES OPEN, AND WITH THE WORST OF THE ORDEAL OVER, SMILING WEAKLY, WHEN THE COPPER EMPTIES, WHEELER GOES BACK ABOARD TO LOOK FOR HIS SHOES. WHILE EYE AM WAITING FOR HIM THE LITTLE GIRL EYE HELPED APPROACHES WITH HER FATHER WHO HAD THROWN HER ABOARD AND THEN JUST MANAGED TO SQUEEZE ON AND STAY ON HIMSELF. HE TALKS TO ME WITH AYE SMILE BUT ALL EYE CATCH IS THE WORD FOR THANK YOU. THEN HE AND HIS FAMILY MOVE TOWARD THE TRUCKS THAT WILL TAKE THEM TO AYE REFUGEE CAMP. TOMORROW THERE WILL BE MORE REFUGEES ON THE ROAD IN XUAN LOC WAITING FOR THE HELICOPTERS THAT MAY OR MAY NOT COME.

END

PROFFITT



Nik Wheeler—Sipa-Liaison

Refugees boarding a helicopter at Xuan Loc: Suddenly, they turned into 'wild things'

ESCAPE FROM XUAN LOC

The ghostly city of Xuan Loc lay in ruins last week and at first glance it was hard to see why anyone was still willing to die for the wreckage. By design or happenstance, the capital of Long Khanh province, just 40 miles northeast of Saigon, had become the site of what could be the decisive battle in Vietnam's own 30-year war. To assess the outcome, NEWSWEEK correspondent Nicholas C. Proffitt and photographer Nik Wheeler flew into the besieged city by helicopter. They were the first Western journalists to enter Xuan Loc.

By Nicholas C. Proffitt

Xuan Loc is no longer a city. It has become a killing ground. There was no escape from the smell of death—a grisly perfume that soaked everything and everyone. Masked against the stench, ARVN soldiers dragged the corpses of Communist troops from the rubble. One body was so charred it no longer looked like a human being. Another looked like a dummy losing its stuffing. As it was hauled off by a rope around the leg, its head bounced limply against the road. When I sat on the wheel of a burned-out truck to catch my breath, a dark object on the ground happened to catch my eye. It was a human scalp.

By a peculiar quirk of war, Xuan Loc lies only sixteen minutes by helicopter from the safe, urban sprawl of Long Binh. It is a harrowing sixteen minutes, over

lovely rubber and banana plantations occupied by Communist forces equipped with deadly anti-aircraft guns and SAM-7 ground-to-air missiles. Captain Bich, the pilot, flew our lumbering Chinook chopper at a safe 3,500 feet. The port and starboard machine gunners kept tense fingers on their triggers and scanned the hush below, where scattered fires from airstrikes still burned. As the chopper set down on provincial Route 1, 4 kilometers south of Xuan Loc city, a mob of civilian refugees and soldiers ran toward the ship, nearly bowling us over in their haste to get aboard. It was the beginning of a nightmare that would last for 25 hours.

Crutches: We walked up the highway toward the center of the city, dodging army vehicles that careened up and down the road. The highway was littered with debris—including a forlorn pair of broken crutches. One woman squatted on the center stripe, trying to scoop up grains of spilled rice by hand. She bolted for the side of the road whenever a truck or jeep zoomed by.

The center of Xuan Loc is off limits to civilians. Few would want to go there anyway. Artillery barrages and savage street fighting have reduced entire blocks to piles of white ash, blackened bricks and twisted metal. An estimated 10,000 rounds have fallen on Xuan Loc since the battle for the city began April 9. Most of the shells came from Communist

130-mm. field guns, but some came from ARVN batteries during the two days the NVA held the center of the city. Xuan Loc's once-bustling central market is now a long pile of rubble about 2 feet high. Across the street, the once-proud Catholic cathedral stands with its spine broken and its stately spire riddled with holes. Most of the damage to the church was done by ARVN gunners intent on dislodging an NVA forward artillery observer, who sat in the spire and directed in hundreds of shells—before he was finally blown out of his perch.

Jokes: A strange gaiety, edged with hysteria, ran through the South Vietnamese troops garrisoned in Xuan Loc's few remaining upright buildings. The ARVN has established a tight, unbroken defense line around the city. But troops in the center of Xuan Loc were very jittery nonetheless. All they had to do was look around to know that North

Vietnamese gunners had their positions clearly registered. So the ARVN soldiers, mostly regional force troops with a few Eighteenth Division men, laughed a little too much.

They also played grim practical jokes on one another. One soldier crept up behind another and bashed a club into a piece of twisted tin, collapsing with laughter when his victim hit the ground at the noise of the "explosion." Other soldiers found it hilarious to imitate the high whistle of incoming shells. But an old sergeant from the regional forces stared pensively at the rubble of the town and said: "We cannot afford any more 'victories' like this one."

Col. Pham Van Phuoc, Long Khanh Province chief, stood in his TOC (tactical operations center) in Xuan Loc—backed by the bright, precise acetate overlay maps that U.S. officers are so fond of. "The Commies thought our army would run, but they were wrong," he said in English pocked with American military slang. "We clean up 500 Charlie bodies north of the city. After one week they do not take Xuan Loc so they change plan and try to go around us to attack Bien Hoa. The Charlies will never take this city." That very afternoon, to the northeast of the city, the 52nd Regiment of the Eighteenth Division was chopped to bits by the North Vietnamese.

We were invited to spend the night in the Xuan Loc district compound by Major Than, the district chief. We were guarded by a ragged company of nervous popular-force soldiers who killed and plucked a chicken in our honor and

found some ice and a case of army beer somewhere. We pushed some desks together to serve as a dining table and we burned candles for light.

Major Than sighed and remarked that the candlelight dinner reminded him of an old film starring Robert Taylor and Vivien Leigh titled "Valse dans les Ombres" (Waltz in the Shadows). "It was about a soldier who is going into battle the next day—probably to die—having dinner by candlelight with his loved one." The major sighed again. "I miss seeing my films," he said, "but I do not think I will see another until this war is over—one way or another." That night we slept on straw mats on the floor, under mosquito netting. Sleep came fitfully, interrupted by the rumble of artillery, bombing and the throaty rasp of the miniguns fired from helicopter gunships—as if the devil himself were clearing his throat.

Getting out wasn't easy. There were nearly 10,000 civilians strung out along the highway south of Xuan Loc last week. With local officials predicting even more ferocious attacks in the days ahead, the townsfolk were poised to flee. But with every road leading out of Xuan Loc cut by Communist forces, helicopters were the only means of escape.

Files: Four hundred civilian refugees and soldiers sprawled near the highway, waiting for supply helicopters to take them away from this hellish place. They began to gather at 7 a.m. All day they sat in the brutal sun, blinking into the white sky and searching for a whirling speck of salvation. Among the waiting were a dozen wounded soldiers who waved in a feeble effort to keep the flies away from their soiled dressings. One young man—who had stepped on a concealed mine at 4 o'clock that morning—lay on a stretcher at the edge of the road, moaning softly. His left foot was wrapped in layers of newspaper and a polyethylene bag filled with blood that dripped onto the stretcher.

A few yards away a man in a wheelchair also waited, drowsing in the sun. Families and groups of soldiers were strung out for nearly a kilometer down the road. Many were worried that the helicopters would land too far away for them to board. When people began to edge closer to the chopper-landing zone, military policemen sent them scuttling back to their stations by spraying rifle fire in their paths. Finally, at 3:45, a single Chinook—instead of the four or five expected—zoomed in low over the trees and landed on the road. Refugees and soldiers ran toward the machine, pushing the slower out of the way. Fear of being left behind turned the people into wild things who trampled children and jostled the wounded.

I too abandoned all dignity and bolted for the helicopter—my long American

legs easily overtaking those slowed by possessions and children. Once aboard I tried to help the wounded on, sliding stretchers toward the front of the ship, hauling up children and the elderly. The wounded were trampled underneath, their screams of pain lost in the bedlam as more and more people crammed aboard. The Chinook was designed to carry 30 U.S. soldiers, yet suddenly more than 100 people were in the ship.

I was stronger than the rest yet even I could not force room enough to breathe. I saw one young mother carrying a baby being crushed against the side of the ship and tried to shield them with my body. The crush was too strong, the child was smothered and lost consciousness. Its



Nik Wheeler—Sipa—Lalson

Killing ground: Hauling away a corpse

mother screamed hysterically—but then so did everyone else. Finally the chopper lifted off. Through the open rear cargo door I could see the man in the wheelchair, crying and still rolling toward the ship—doomed to be left behind along with several wounded who could not scramble aboard.

The overloaded helicopter flew only a few hundred feet—then thumped heavily back to earth. As it touched down, still more refugees tried to cram aboard. The screaming was like a soundtrack of hell. I could see NEWSWEEK photographer Nik Wheeler in the middle of the helicopter, trying to shield a wounded soldier with his body. Wheeler was trapped from the waist down. Slowly the crush of people bent him over until he was on top

of the wounded man, who screamed in agony. Other soldiers yelled at Wheeler to get off the man but Wheeler was powerless to move. One ARVN lieutenant tried to hit him but could not find enough arm room to throw the punch. Hysterical, the woman with the unconscious baby near me slapped the baby's face for some kind of reaction—but there was none. Below me, near my legs a little girl of 10 sat trapped on the floor suffocating. Using my last ounce of strength I managed to pull her up so that she could breathe.

Four times the Chinook tried to get off the ground and four times it slammed back to earth. Finally the desperate pilot shut off the engine, soldiers took up positions at the rear door, fired bursts of M-16 fire into the air and ordered some of the people out. The soldiers jerked a blood-stained rag from one young trooper's head, discovered that he had no wound and threw him off the chopper. A boy of about 12 was also thrown off while his mother was passed over. The boy stood near the door, held back by guns and crying. His mother inside wept until the soldiers relented and hauled her son back on.

Untouchables: The mother with the unconscious baby was the only person who wanted to get off. I helped her fight her way to the door and watched her go. I still do not know if the baby survived. For some reason the Westerners, Wheeler and me, were not ordered off. We are untouchables—proof that foreign influence in Vietnam will be long in wearing off. Many Vietnamese clung to me, believing that my power would keep them on board. The little girl I helped to stand up was crying and clinging to my arm. Sure enough, the soldiers paused when they got to her—and then ordered the next person off.

When the chopper was thinned out, the pilot tried again and this time we stayed off the ground. Once airborne, the people settled down. The moans of the wounded still rose above the whine of the engines. We flew low, about 100 feet off the ground. Over one rubber plantation halfway to Long Binh we took some ground fire that missed. Back at Long Binh the ambulances were waiting. I saw the young man who stepped on the mine at 4 a.m. that morning. It seemed impossible that he had not bled to death—but there he was, eyes open, and with the worst of the ordeal over, smiling weakly.

After the chopper emptied, the little girl I helped approached with her father, who had thrown her aboard and then just managed to squeeze on himself. He talked for a few moments and smiled but all I caught was the Vietnamese word for thank you. Then he and his family moved toward the trucks that took them to a refugee camp. Tomorrow there will be more refugees on the road in Xuan Loc—waiting for the helicopters that may or may not come.

CHAPTER SIX

Covering All The Bases

Not long after President Jimmy Carter took office, Newsweek's Washington Bureau began to pick up signals that all might not be well between the President and Secretary of Health Education and Welfare Joseph Califano. When Califano came under fire for trying to disguise his departmental chef as a consultant, a newspeg became available to take a more serious look at the real flap behind the flapjacks. Newsweek assigned three of its best reporters: White House Correspondents Eleanor Clift and Thomas M. DeFrank and HEW Correspondent Stephan Leshner to find out what was really going on. The assignment was to talk to sources close to Carter, to the White House staff and to Califano--the three main theaters of action within which the political infighting was, or was not, taking place. Picking out the principal characters and the various angles of a story and then reporting all of them is called "covering all the bases." The technique is what gives Newsweek stories their sophistication, insight, balance and fairness. Always examine and cover all the bases on any story you do, no matter how small, or how large.

Senior Editor Peter Goldman of the National Affairs staff wrote the Califano story. Goldman's account:

"It was a Newsweek exemplary tale. The files provide a tiny model of what we are all about. In written form the story was less than 120 lines long. But we committed three fine reporters to surrounding all its aspects. We want our reporters to report the hell out of even our modest-sized stories. And because of reporting skill we were able to advance the state of knowledge about what was really going on with Califano. The story itself was a little tempest in a teapot. We were able to advance it because we found out: A. the role Hamilton Jordan's animosity toward Califano was playing; B. Carter's own attitude: the President made a little joke about Califano, which provided the story's lead. But the bottom line was that Carter still had confidence in Califano and that no one should look for him to get canned right off. The reporting put the story in a perspective the newspapers didn't have. That's what we expect of our reporters: to make us smart."

TO: NATION, SHEPARD, MATHews

FROM: LESHER (CLIFT, DEFRANK FILING SEPARATELY) 1977 MAR 24 PM 7:17

CALIFANO

THE JOB DESCRIPTION PUBLISHED, ACCORDING TO LAW, IN THE FEDERAL REGISTER, ASKED FOR A "PERSONAL ASSISTANT TO THE SECRETARY (OF HEW) -- SPECIAL ACTIVITIES" REQUIRING "A CONTINUING DAY-TO-DAY ASSOCIATION WITH THE SECRETARY AND OTHER HIGH-LEVEL EXECUTIVES DURING HIGH-LEVEL POLICY DISCUSSIONS INVOLVING PLANS AND OBJECTIVES." THE JOB REQUIRED "THE UTMOST IN PERSONAL DISCRETION...THE NATURE OF SOME OF THE INCUMBENT'S DUTIES REQUIRES PERSONAL PARTICIPATION WITH THE ONGOING SPECIAL ACTIVITIES AND PROGRAMS, THEREBY NECESSITATING THE NEED FOR AN EXTREMELY CONFIDENTIAL RELATIONSHIP WITH THE SECRETARY."

WHAT ALL THAT GOVERNMENT JARGON MEANT, IT TURNED OUT, WAS THAT JOE CALIFANO WANTED A COOK FOR \$12,763 A YEAR. AND THE SUBSTANCE OF THE "EXTREMELY CONFIDENTIAL RELATIONSHIP?" "TWO BALONEY ON RYE, HOLD THE MUSTARD," QUIPPED THE WASHINGTON STAR. CALIFANO'S NEW COOK, OBSERVED WASHINGTON RADIO COMMENTATOR JOSEPH MCCAFFREY, "IS COOKING HIS GOOSE."

WHAT MADE ALL OF THIS MORE THAN A TEMPEST IN A STEWPOT (CALIFANO TELEPHONED THE PRESIDENT AND PROMISED "TO DEAL WITH" THE SITUATION -- THOUGH NO ONE SAID HOW) IS THAT CALIFANO, IN OFFICE BARELY TWO MONTHS, HAS MANAGED TO BECOME A PUBLIC WHIPPING BOY AMONG MEDIA STARVED FOR CRITICAL NEWS OF THE HIGH-FLYING CARTER ADMINISTRATION.

THE QUESTION IS: WHY JOE? AND, THE COMPANION QUERY, DOES HE DESERVE IT? WHY IS CALIFANO SINGLED OUT FOR HAVING PRIVATE DINING ARRANGEMENTS ON THE TAXPAYER WHEN MOST GOVERNMENT AGENCIES HAVE SIMILAR (USUALLY FAR MORE EXPENSIVE) FACILITIES, OR SPEND AT LEAST AS MUCH HAIRING PRIVATE CATERING SERVICES FOR PRIVATE BREAKFAST OR LUNCHEON MEETINGS? (THE PENTAGON SPENDS A MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR ON PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES FOR TOP-LEVEL BRASS AND CIVILIAN EMPLOYEES OF ALL

(AUCRE)

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL

THE TRUTH IS THAT CALIFANO, BY ACCIDENT OR DESIGN, HAS DEVELOPED SERIOUS ANTAGONISMS BETWEEN HIMSELF AND SOME WHITE HOUSE TOPSIDERS, SOME SIGNIFICANT SEGMENTS OF THE POPULATION (WOMEN, JEWS AND SOME LABOR UNIONS), SEVERAL KEY MEMBERS OF CONGRESS, A MAJOR PORTION OF THE FOOD INDUSTRY, AND MOST OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION. IT WOULD SEEM THAT NO ONE -- PARTICULARLY ANYONE WITH THE GOVERNMENT SAVVY OF A CALIFANO -- COULD MANAGE TO ANTAGONIZE SO MANY SO SOON. THE FACT IS THAT IN SOME SIGNIFICANT AREAS, HE HAD NO CHOICE: THE NATURE OF THE JOB ASSURED IT. THE FACT IS THAT IN OTHER AREAS, HIS PROBLEMS STARTED LONG BEFORE THE ELECTION LAST NOVEMBER.

BEFORE THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION, WHEN CARTER AIDES STARTED ASSEMBLING A LIST OF BRAIN-TRUSTERS TO ADVISE THE CANDIDATE, CALIFANO'S NAME HAD SURFACED AS ONE AMONG 18 TASK-FORCE LEADERS. CALIFANO, ACCORDING TO A NEWSWEEK INTERVIEW AT THE TIME, INDICATED HE AND TED SORENSEN WOULD RECOMMEND TOP APPOINTMENTS TO A CARTER ADMINISTRATION, SAYING "IT'S THE BEST OPPORTUNITY WE'VE HAD SINCE LYNDON JOHNSON TO BE ORGANIZED." CALIFANO ALSO SAID HE WOULD ASSIST IN DRAWING UP PLANS TO REORGANIZE THE BUREAUCRACY AND CONSOLIDATE AGENCIES.

THAT AND SIMILAR PUBLICITY APPARENTLY STRUCK SOME OF THE CARTER CADRE AS SELF-PROMOTION -- AND BEFORE HE HAD A CHANCE TO RECOMMEND A WHITE HOUSE JANITOR, CALIFANO FOUND HIMSELF INSTEAD ADVISING CARTER ON THE NEBULOUS AREA OF THE "FAMILY."

THE WAY CARTER SOURCES TELL IT, THE ANTIPATHY CONTINUED TO THE POINT THAT WITHOUT THE STRONG INTERVENTION OF THE VICE PRESIDENT-ELECT, WALTER MONDALE, CALIFANO MIGHT HAVE BEEN LEFT WITH LITTLE MORE TO DO THAN CONTINUE HIS LAW PRACTICE AND HIS INCOME OF MORE THAN HALF A MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR.

(MORE)

3--CALIFANO

BUT EVEN BEFORE CALIFANO'S ASTONISHING PERSONAL INCOME MADE NEWS, HIS STRONG ANTI-ABORTION STATEMENT; DURING HIS CONFIRMATION HEARINGS AROUSED THE IRE OF ACTIVIST WOMEN'S GROUPS IN THE COUNTRY.

"WE'VE ALL MADE LOUD DISTRESS VOICES," SAYS SANDRA PORTER, A SPOKESPERSON OF THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR WOMEN. "WE'VE PICKETED HIM A COUPLE OF TIMES -- ONCE WHEN HE WAS SWORN IN AND AGAIN LAST WEEK. I THINK THE STRATEGY IS TO KEEP THE PRESSURE ON CALIFANO. WE DON'T WANT HIM TO THINK HIS STAND ON THIS ISSUE IS GOING TO BE LOST IN THE SWEEP OF OTHER THINGS HE MAY DO."

MORE RECENTLY, CALIFANO ISSUED STRONG STATEMENTS SUPPORTING AFFIRMATIVE ACTION PROGRAMS DESIGNED TO AFFORD GROUPS LONG DENIED ACCESS TO SOME EDUCATIONAL OR JOB OPPORTUNITIES THE BENEFIT OF PREFERENTIAL TREATMENT IN ADMISSIONS OR HIRING POLICIES. THE "AFFIRMATIVE ACTION" VERBIAGE HAS BEEN DISTINGUISHED IN THE PAST FROM "QUOTAS" WHICH SUGGEST A SCHOOL OR EMPLOYER MUST HAVE A GIVEN NUMBER OF BLACKS, WOMEN OR OTHER MINORITIES, WHETHER QUALIFIED PEOPLE ARE AVAILABLE OR NOT.

BUT IN RECENT INTERVIEWS, CALIFANO HAS BEEN GIVEN OPPORTUNITIES TO DISTINGUISH HIS POSITION FROM THE USE OF QUOTAS -- AND HE HASN'T DONE SO. "WE'RE IN A STATE OF PUZZLEMENT," SAYS HYMAN BOOKBINDER, DIRECTOR OF THE WASHINGTON OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE. "PEOPLE ARE WONDERING WHAT HE MEANS. THERE IS SUCH A DEEP WELL OF GOODWILL AMONG JEWISH GROUPS TOWARD CALIFANO THAT THERE IS DISBELIEF THAT HIS STATEMENTS ON THE SUBJECT ADD UP TO QUOTAS. WE'RE WAITING FOR CLARIFICATION AND WE'RE CONFIDENT IT WILL COME."

(MORE)

CALIFANO

JEWISH GROUPS ARE ADAMANTLY OPPOSED TO ANY SEMBLANCE OF QUOTA SYSTEMS: JEWS ARE NOT CONSIDERED A MINORITY BY THE GOVERNMENT FOR THE PURPOSE OF AFFIRMATIVE ACTION PROGRAMS EVEN THOUGH JEWS WERE ADVERSELY AFFECTED BY QUOTAS LIMITING JEWISH STUDENTS OR EMPLOYEES INTO THE 1950S.

ONE GROUP, AT LEAST, ISN'T WAITING FOR CLARIFICATION. A NEW YORK LOCAL OF THE SCHOOL ADMINISTRATORS UNION HAS BEEN RUNNING ADVERTISEMENTS IN NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON CALLING ON CALIFANO TO RESIGN BECAUSE OF HIS STATEMENTS ON QUOTAS.

ONE OF CALIFANO'S PROBLEMS DEVELOPED FROM HIS RATHER EXTENSIVE STOCK HOLDINGS. HE HAS PUT HIS STOCKS IN A BLIND TRUST TO CONFORM TO CARTER'S CONFLICT-OF-INTEREST GUIDELINES. BUT NOW, SENATOR RUSSELL LONG OF LOUISIANA, CHAIRMAN OF THE SENATE FINANCE COMMITTEE, THINKS THAT CALIFANO OUGHT TO GET RID OF THE STOCKS HE HOLDS IN FIRMS WHICH DO BUSINESS WITH HEW. HE HAS SHARES WORTH UP TO \$50,000 IN AMERICAN HOSPITAL SUPPLY CORP., SQUIBB CORP., COLONIAL PENN GROUP, INC. (AN INSURANCE BUSINESS TAILORED TO THE ELDERLY TO SUPPLEMENT MEDICARE), IBM CORP. (PRINCIPAL SUPPLIER OF THE SOCIAL SECURITY ADMINISTRATION'S AUTOMATED DATA PROCESSING SYSTEM), AND PHILIP MORRIS INC., MANUFACTURERS OF CIGARETTES.

CALIFANO WAS FORCED TO RECUSE HIMSELF FROM CONSIDERATION OF THE FOOD AND DRUG ADMINISTRATION'S RULINGS ON SACCHARIN ON GROUNDS THAT HE ONCE REPRESENTED COCA-COLA (WHICH USES SACCHARIN IN ITS DIET DRINKS). BUT WHILE HE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE DECISION, THE SACCARIN CONTROVERSY HAS NONETHELESS BEEN LAID AT THE SECRETARY'S FEET -- WITH NEGATIVE RESULTS FROM THE FOOD INDUSTRY, DIABETICS, A NUMBER OF CONGRESSMEN AND MANY CIVIL LIBERTARIANS.

(MORE)

THE RULING TO BAN SACCHARIN EVEN HAS BROUGHT CALIFANO THAT MOST DREADED FORM OF OPPOSITION--RIDICULE. REP. ANDREW JACOBS OF INDIANA HAS INTRODUCED A BILL IN CONGRESS CALLING FOR A LABEL TO BE AFFIXED TO PRODUCTS WITH SACCHARIN, THE LABEL TO WARN THAT "THE CANADIANS HAVE DETERMINED THAT SACCHARIN IS DANGEROUS TO YOUR RAT'S HEALTH."

BUT BEFORE REPORTERS HAD COME UP WITH CALIFANO'S COOK AND LATER HIS "BODYGUARD" (PAID NEARLY \$44,000 A YEAR, BUT WHO HAS MUCH BROADER DUTIES, HEW SPOKESMEN SAY), CALIFANO HAD HIS MOST SERIOUS CONFRONTATIONS WITH THOSE WHO REALLY COUNT--THE WHITE HOUSE AND SEVERAL KEY SENATORS.

WHITE HOUSE SOURCES SAY THAT CALIFANO HAS VIRTUALLY IGNORED THEIR SUGGESTIONS OF PEOPLE FOR TOP JOBS AND THAT HE HAS APPOINTED SEVERAL OF HIS OWN WITHOUT REASONABLE CLEARANCE WITH THE WHITE HOUSE OR AFFECTED SENATORS.

NAMING HALE CHAMPION AS HIS UNDERSECRETARY RAISED HERMAN TALMADGE'S HACKLES. TALMADGE, CHAIRMAN OF THE SENATE'S SUBCOMMITTEE ON HEALTH, WAS TROUBLED BY THE RESIGNATION OF JOHN WALSH AS INVESTIGATIONS DIRECTOR OF HEW. WALSH CHARGED THAT CALIFANO, REFERRING TO AN INVESTIGATION OF A CALIFORNIA HOME HEALTH-CARE CONCERN, INSTRUCTED HIM THAT HE DID NOT WANT HEW "INVESTIGATING A BUNCH OF INNOCENT PEOPLE." CHAMPION'S EARLIER STATEMENTS ON THE WALSH RESIGNATION SEEMED TO TALMADGE TO CONFLICT WITH WALSH'S AFFIDAVIT ON THE SUBJECT. WHILE THERE WERE INNUENDOS ALL AROUND THAT CHAMPION, WHO HAD LIVED IN CALIFORNIA, MIGHT BE TRYING TO LIMIT THE INVESTIGATION OF THE FIRM--SOME OFFICIALS OF WHICH WERE SAID TO HAVE BEEN SUPPORTERS OF GOVERNOR JERRY BROWN--THE MATTER WAS CLEARED UP AS A GENERAL MISUNDERSTANDING AND CHAMPION'S NOMINATION WAS CLEARED.

(MORE)

BUT THE CHOICE OF CHAMPION WAS GREETED EVEN MORE COLDLY AT THE WHITE HOUSE WHERE IT WAS CONTENDED BY ONE AIDE THAT HE WAS "A VITRIOLIC ANTAGONIST" OF CARTER, HAVING RAISED FUNDS FOR MORRIS UDALL AND LATER TELLING FRIENDS THAT HE HAD EVEN VOTED FOR PRESIDENT FORD IN THE GENERAL ELECTION. CHAMPION SAYS HE VOTED FOR CARTER.

CALIFANO'S CHOICE FOR THE NEW POSITION OF INSPECTOR GENERAL IN NEW YORK WAS THOMAS MORRIS. WHILE NO ONE HAS QUESTIONED MORRIS'S ABILITY (EXCEPT FOR HIS AGE, 63), IT IS WIDELY KNOWN THAT BOTH GEORGIA SENATORS AND SEVERAL PROFESSIONAL ORGANIZATIONS HAD BEEN PLUMPING FOR JAY CONSTANTINE, LONG-TIME HEALTH SPECIALIST OF THE SENATE FINANCE COMMITTEE. A SOURCE CLOSE TO TALMADGE SAYS THAT CALIFANO DID NOT EVEN AFFORD THEM COURTESY CALLS TO TELL THEM THEIR CANDIDATE DID NOT MAKE IT.

AS DEPUTY COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION, CALIFANO CHOSE JOHN ELLIS OF OHIO, AN APPOINTMENT THAT "ENRAGED" OHIO SENATOR HOWARD METZENBAUM AND "ANNOYED" OHIO SENATOR JOHN GLENN. BOTH ARE DEMOCRATS; ELLIS IS A REPUBLICAN. AGAIN, ACCORDING TO A SENATE SOURCE, CALIFANO DID NOT ADVISE THE SENATORS OF THE CHOICE. ELLIS IS SUPERINTENDENT OF COLUMBUS, OHIO, SCHOOLS WHICH EARLIER THIS MONTH LOST A FEDERAL COURT CASE ACCUSING HIM OF MAINTAINING A SEGREGATED SCHOOL SYSTEM. MAJOR EDUCATION UNIONS, REPRESENTATIVES OF BLACK ORGANIZATIONS AND OHIO DEMOCRATS IN GENERAL HAVE OPPOSED THE ELLIS APPOINTMENT (WHICH DOES NOT REQUIRE SENATE CONFIRMATION).

WHILE CALIFANO HAS NOT COMMENTED ON MOST OF THESE REPORTS OF CONFLICT (NEWSWEEK HAS REQUESTED AN INTERVIEW OR THE ABILITY TO PUT QUESTIONS TO HIM THROUGH AN INTERMEDIARY AND IS AWAITING A RESPONSE), HIS CHIEF PUBLIC AFFAIRS ASSISTANT, EILEEN SHAVAHAN, FORMERLY OF THE NEW YORK TIMES, HAS SAID REPORTS OF CONFLICT WITH THE WHITE HOUSE ARE "OVERBLOWN" BUT CONCEDED THAT "IT IS CLEAR THAT SOMEBODY" AT THE WHITE HOUSE IS DESPERATE TO DISMANTLE CALIFANO'S

7--CALIFANO

INDEED, THERE WERE REPORTS THAT INFORMATION OF THE CALIFANO COOK AND "BODYGUARD" WAS LEAKED FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.

IT IS ALSO RELIABLY REPORTED THAT CALIFANO AND WHITE HOUSE STAFFER HAMILTON JORDAN HAVE HAD SERIOUS ARGUMENTS OVER NEW APPOINTMENTS.

THE SOURCES SAY THEY HAVE PATCHED UP THEIR DIFFERENCES, BUT THE BACKBITING CONTINUES. ONE WHITE HOUSE SOURCE COMPLAINED THIS WEEK THAT HE COULD NOT GET A CALL RETURNED FROM THE NEW STAFFER RESPONSIBLE FOR FURNISHING PSEAKERS TO PRIVATE ORGANIZATIONS SEEKING GOVERNMENT REPRESENTATIVES. "I CAN'T GET THROUGH TO HIM," THE WHITE HOUSE AIDE SAID IN DISGUST. SOME STAFFERS HAVE COMPLAINED THAT PEOPLE THEY SENT TO NEW AS JOB PROSPECTS HAVE RECEIVED "SHABBY TREATMENT"-- A COMPLAINT ROUNDLY DENOUNCED BY MS. SHANAHAN.

BUT CALIFANO CLEARLY HAS SCORED ONE LASTING POINT WITH HIS BOSS--HIS REORGANIZATION PLAN (COMPLETE WITH COLORED CHARTS) FOR NEW. THE PRESIDENT WAS SO PLEASED, MS. SHANAHAN SAID, HE ASKED CALIFANO TO DISCUSS IT AT THE FOLLOWING CABINET MEETING--AND OTHER CABINET MEMBERS ARE SAID TO BE APING THE CALIFANO-STYLEPRESENTATION WHEN MAKING THEIR OWN.

(TO KUM, WORD ON INTERVIEW WITH CALIFANO; COMMENT FROM HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION ON CALIFANO, INCLUDING CONFIRMATION OF A CALIFANO COMMENT TO ONE HOSPITAL GROUP THAT "I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HEALTH"; COMMENT FROM ABE RIBICOFF, FRIEND OF CALIFANO AND FORMER NEW SECRETARY, EXPECTED TO BE SOMETHING LIKE THE JOB ITSELF ALMOST GUARANTEES SHARP CRITICISM FROM A NUMBER OF GROUPS IN THE COUNTRY.)

3/24/77 713P LL/SC/001

TO NATION SHEPARD GOLDMAN
FROM LESHER WASHINGTON
RE CALIFANO

1977-MAR-25-PM-1.02

(NOTE STILL A PHONE INVU WITH CALIFANO; IT APPEARS WE WILL GET HIM FOR ABOUT 10 MINUTES THIS PM)

EILEEN SHANAHAN, CALIFANOS DEPUTY ASSISTANT SECRETARY FOR PUBLIC AFFAIRS AND A PLAN-TALKING, LONGTIME RESPECTED JOURNALIST, CONCEDES THERE IS "NO DOUBT" THAT SOME ANIMOSITY AROSE BETWEEN CALIFANO AND THE WHITE HOUSE OVER "DISAPPOINTMENT THAT SOME PEOPLE THE WHITE HOUSE WANTED TO SEE IN JOBS DID NOT GET THEM. BUT THE RESENTMENT IS LESS AND LESS."

ONE SUCH PERSON IS MAYOR HARVEY SLOAN OF LOUISVILLE, A MEDICAL DOCTOR WHO HEADED CARTERS HEALTH SUPPORTERS DURING THE CAMPAIGN. THE PRESIDENT WANTED SLOAN IN A TOP JOB AT HEW BUT CALIFANO DID NOT--AND THE PRESIDENT WOULD NOT ORDER CALIFANO TO MAKE THE SELECTION.

CALIFANO ALSO REPORTEDLY HAD TOLD PROSPECTIVE ASSISTANT SECRETARIES OF HEALTH THEIR JOB WOULD BE ESSENTIALLY ADMINISTRATIVE RATHER THAN POLICY-MAKING WHICH CALIFANO MADE CLEAR WOULD BE HIS OWN ROLE. AS A RESULT, SEVERAL PERSONS INTERVIEWED FOR THE JOB SAID THEY DIDNT WANT IT ON THOSE TERMS. BUT CALIFANO HAS COME UP WITH A SELECTION THAT PLEASE THE PRESIDENT AND SOON WILL BE ANNOUNCED-- DR CHRISTOPHER FORDHAM, DEAN OF THE MEDICAL SCHOOL AT THE UNIV. OF NORTH CAROLINA AND FORMERLY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA WHERE BOTH CARTER AND ONE OF HIS TOP HEALTH ASSISTANTS, DR PETER BOURNE, KNEW HIM.

IT IS BELIEVED THAT FORDHAM WILL HAVE A ROLE IN POLICY-MAKING AND THAT WILL

PLEASE THE HEALTH PROFESSION WHICH, ACCORDING TO ONE WELL PLACED SOURCE "IS NERVOUS" ABOUT CALIFANO

(MORE)

WHAT HAS UPSET DOCTORS AND HOSPITAL PROFESSIONALS IS NOT ONLY CALIFANO'S DECISION TO LIMIT HOSPITAL COSTS, BUT HIS SUGGESTION AT A NEWS CONFERENCE THAT THE NEXT STEP MAY BE TO LIMIT DOCTORS' FEES.

"CALIFANO," SAYS MICHAEL BROMBERG, NATIONAL DIRECTOR OF THE FEDERATION OF AMERICAN HOSPITALS (WHICH INCLUDE 1,000 PRIVATE, INVESTOR-OWNED HOSPITALS PLUS MANAGERS OF 160 NON-PROFIT HOSPITALS), "IS THE KIND OF INTELLIGENT, HARD-WORKING, AND TOUGH ADMINISTRATOR YOU NEED AT A PLACE LIKE HEW. BUT IN THE POLICY-MAKING AREA, WE HOPE THAT HIS DESIRE TO FIND A QUICK AND EASY ANSWER TO THE COMPLEX PROBLEM OF RISING HEALTH COSTS WILL NOT BRING ABOUT A LOWER STANDARD OF HEALTH CARE."

ONE OF THE PROBLEMS BROMBERG SEEMED TO BE TOUCHING ON WAS THAT UNTIL THE SOON-TO-BE-MADE FORDHAM APPOINTMENT, THERE WASN'T A SINGLE HEALTH EXPERT IN THE TOP POLICY-MAKING JOBS AT HEW. CALIFANO HAS SURROUNDED HIMSELF WITH HIS KIND OF BRILLIANT GUYS," SAYS ONE HEALTH PROFESSIONAL, "BUT THEY'RE ECONOMISTS AND FINANCE PEOPLE, NOT HEALTH EXPERTS."

INDEED, TOP APPOINTEES MALE CHAMBERLAIN AND HENRY AARON BOTH HAVE BACKGROUNDS IN FINANCE. AND CALIFANO HAS MADE IT CLEAR TO REPRESENTATIVES FROM HEALTH PROFESSIONS THAT, AS ONE WHO MET WITH HIM RECENTLY QUOTED HIM AS SAYING, "I'M NOT AN EXPERT ON HEALTH, BUT I'M GOING TO CUT THE HEALTH BUDGET BY \$820-MILLION. THOSE ARE MY MARCHING ORDERS AND THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO."

(MORE)

SHANAHAN MAINTAINS THAT THE REASON CALIFANO "IS BEING SHOT AT IS THAT HE'S SO DAMN GOOD." HE TYPICALLY PUTS IN 12-HOUR DAYS, SHE SAYS, INCLUDING SATURDAYS AND WORKS MOST SUNDAYS. HE APPARENTLY IS ALMOST AS DEMANDING OF HIS STAFF. SAYS ONE NEW STAFFER: "CALIFANO HIRED A MIDDLE-LEVEL HEALTH EXPERT ON A FRIDAY AFTERNOON AND TOLD HER HE WANTED A REPORT ON A COMPLICATED PROPOSAL. ON HIS DESK MONDAY. NATURALLY, SHE HAD TO WORK THROUGH THE WEEKEND. THE LEVEL OF WORK AROUND HERE HAS REACHED A FRANTIC PACE."

IN TERMS OF SPECIFIC, RECENT ALLEGATIONS AGAINST CALIFANO, SHANAHAN HAD THIS TO SAY:

-- WHILE CHAMPION WAS A STRONG DWALL SUPPORTER DURING THE PRIMARIES, HE NOT ONLY VOTED FOR CARTER BUT ACTIVELY WORKED FOR CARTER LEADING A COMMITTEE OF EDUCATORS FOR THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE.

-- IN THE ELLIS APPOINTMENT, IT IS TRUE THAT CALIFANO DID NOT CONSULT THE OHIO SENATORS; BUT, SHE ADDS, THE PROBLEM WAS THAT ELLIS WAS NOT WARNED TO KEEP THE APPOINTMENT QUIET FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS--AND WHEN HE PROMPTLY RESIGNED HIS SCHOOL POST, THE NOMINATION LEAKED IN THE OHIO NEWSPAPERS BEFORE CALIFANO HAD AN OPPORTUNITY "TO TOUCH BASE." (ANOTHER APPOINTMENT ALSO LEAKED BEFORE CALIFANO HAD A CHANCE TO NOTIFY THE WHITE HOUSE, SHE SAYS)

-- IN HIS POSITION ON QUOTAS, CALIFANO DID USE THE WORD IN A NEW YORK TIMES INTERVIEW; HOWEVER, HE USED THE WORD TO APPLY ONLY ON EMPLOYMENT AND NOT ON COLLEGE ADMISSIONS. HE ALSO MADE CLEAR HE WAS NOT SPEAKING AS NEW SECRETARY BUT BASED ON HIS EXPERIENCES HANDLING CASES WHEN HE WAS IN PRIVATE LAW PRACTICE. "BUT HE MISSED," SHE SAYS. "HE SHOULD HAVE USED WORDS LIKE AFFIRMATIVE ACTION OR GOALS AND TIMETABLES."

(MORE)

--ON THE SALE OF STOCKS IN FIRMS WHICH DO BUSINESS WITH OR ARE REGULATED BY HEW, CALIFANOS POSITIONS IS "A BLIND TRUST IS A BLIND TRUST. AS FAR AS HE KNOWS, HIS TRUSTEE MAY ALREADY HAVE DISPOSED OF SOME OF THOSE STOCKS OR PURCHASED MORE. CALIFANO DOESNT KNOW AND CANNOT KNOW. THATS WHAT A BLIND TRUST IS."

--ON HIS "BODYGUARD," THE JOB-HOLDER IS CHARGED WITH SECURITY FOR THE ENTIRE BUILDING AND IS THE ADMINISTRATIVE AND BUDGET OFFICER FOR THE OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY WHICH NOW SPENDS ABOUT DLRS 2 MILLION A YEAR. HE DOES DO SOME ADVANCE WORK FOR CALIFANO AND DOES TRAVEL WITH HIM. BUT THE SUGGESTION THAT HE IS JUST A BODY-GUARD AND THEREFORE OVERPAID SIMPLY IS NOT TRUE."

ON THE COOK, "THE PERSON WHO WROTE THE JOB DESCRIPTION OUGHT TO BE SHOT." WHAT HAPPENED, SHANAHAN SAYS, IS THAT CALIFANO WANTED TO HIRE THIS PERSON RATHER THAN HAVE THE JOB PUT OUT FOR GENERAL COMPETITION. SUCH DIRECT APPOINTMENTS, CALLED "SCHEDULE C" JOBS IN THE BUREAUCRACY, HAVE THE DISADVANTAGE OF BEING UNPROTECTED BY POLITICAL CHANGES ASWELLAS THE ADVANTAGE OF AVOIDING COMPETITION. BUT THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION, SHE SAYS, WOULD NOT APPROVE A DIRECT APPOINTMENT FOR A COOK. RATHER THE COMMISSION INSISTED THAT THE JOB DESCRIPTION WOULD HAVE TO EMPHASIZE A CLOSE AND INTIMATE RELATINSHIP TO THE SECRETARY.

--ON NOT NOTIFYING TALMADGE AND NUNN THEIR CANDIDATES WOULD NOT BE CHOSEN AS INSPECTOR GENERAL, SHE DID NOT KNOW AND WOULD CHECK FURTHER ON CALIFANOS ACTIONS

(MORE)

"HE'S A GREAT TARGET TO SHOOT AT," SAYS SHANAHAN OF HER BOSS, "BECAUSE.. HE'S BEEN VERY ACTIVE--AND BECAUSE THE DEPARTMENT HAS 35 PERCENT OF THE FEDERAL BUDGET, TOUCHING A GREAT MANY PEOPLE... HE'S ENERGETIC, EBULLIENT, AND OUT IN FRONT. HE'S AN ACTIVIST. HE'S ALREADY HAD FOUR PRESS CONFERENCES. ITS A VERY OPEN DEPARTMENT. WERE PUTTING STUFF OUT AND WERE ANSWERING QUESTIONS..FACE IT: THERES HOSPITAL COST CONTROL LEGISLATION. WELFARE REFORM IS COMING UP. HEALTH INSURANCE WILL GO UP NEXT YEAR, THERES SOCIAL SECURITY. WHO'S GOT ALL THAT STUFF? ITS URGENT, ITS REAL, ITS NOT BBALONEY."

THE JOB IS THAT OF A LIGHTNING ROD, SHE AGREES. "TAKE THE HANDICAPPED. THERES A ONELINE LAW TO PROVIDE THAT THE HANDICAPPED CAN GET AROUND IN PUBLIC BUILDINGS. BUT ITS TOUGH TO WRITE REGULATIONS FOR IT BECAUSE ITS DAMNED EXPENSIVE TO PUT AN ELEVATOR IN A BUILDING WHERE THERE ISNT ONE NOW OR A RAMP. SO THE HANDICAPPED DEMONSTRATE FOR ACTION AND HES TRYING TO DO IT."

ANOTHER RECENT DEMONSTRATION WAS BY ASIAN AMERICANS SEEKING MULTILINGUAL INSTRUCTION IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS, AS WELL AS BY WOMEN OBJECTING TO HIS ABORTION POSITION. ON THAT LAST, CALIFANO HAS MADE CLEAR THAT HIS EFFORTS TO IMPROVE FAMILY PLANNING "MOST DEFINITELY" INCLUDE INSTRUCTION IN CONTRACEPTION.

BUT AT THE ROOT OF HIS SOMETIMES CLASHES WITH THE WHITE HOUSE IS, SHE SAYS, "THE PERSONAL THING. CALIFANO HAD AN ELABORATE 'PEOPLE SEARCH'-- AND HE CAME UP WITH PEOPLE WHO WERE BETTER.

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3/25/77 1253PM WW-ES.

NO. 34 3/25/77

1977 MAR 25 PM 7:25

TO: NATION, GOLDMAN
FROM: LESHER, WASHINGTON
RE: CALIFANO

CALIFANO, IN A TELEPHONE INTERVIEW, SAYS THAT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE ELLIS APPOINTMENT, "I HAVE NEVER HAD AN ISSUE WITH PRESIDENT CARTER OVER ANYBODY FOR ANY JOB. THE APPROVAL OF AN ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF HEALTH CAME IN LESS THAN 24 HOURS AND NOW IS AWAITING THE FORMAL CHECKS BEFORE IT IS ANNOUNCED...

"MY DIRECTIVE WAS TO GET THE FINEST PEOPLE I CAN LURE TO TAKE THESE JOBS--AND I'VE GOTTEN THEM...

"I CAME IN HERE AND THE FIRST THING I HAD TO DO WAS TO CLEAR OUT SIXTY PEOPLE WHO HAD WORKED AROUND THE SECRETARY. THEN I REORGANIZED THE DEPARTMENT IN A WAY THAT LITERALLY AFFECTS THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE AND \$57-BILLION IN PROGRAMS. I OPENED UP THE A-VICTORIA FLU VACCINE DECISION; I PUT THE DECISION ON DISPLAY IN A WAY IT HAD NEVER BEEN BEFORE AND OPENED UP THE NUMBER OF DOCTORS WHO COULD LOOK AT DECISIONS ON THE USE OF VACCINES...

"I PROPOSED HOSPITAL COST CONTAINMENT; BROKE THE PRINCIPAL THAT MEDICARE PAYMENTS SHOULD ONLY BE FOR DOCTORS BUT SHOULD INCLUDE PARAMEDICS AS WELL. I MOVED ON RECOMBINANT DNA...YOU CAN'T MOVE ON ALL THESE THINGS THAT FAST AND NOT EXPECT TO HAVE SOME RIPPLES. THIS PLACE CAN BE MANAGED. YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE CREDIBILITY TO THE PEOPLE THAT THESE DOMESTIC PROGRAMS CAN WORK AND CAN SERVE THEM...I INTEND TO RUN THIS PLACE--AND I INTEND TO RUN IT EFFICIENTLY. THIS BUILDING WAS NEVER OPENED ON A SATURDAY TILL I OPENED IT--AND ON SUNDAYS, TOO. PEOPLE HERE ARE WORKING FULL TILT. YOU CAN'T DO THESE KIND OF THINGS THAT FAST AND HAVE THE POND TOTALLY CALM."

(MORE)

2--CALIFANO

AS FAR AS PROBLEMS WITH THE WHITE HOUSE ARE CONCERNED, CALIFANO SAYS THAT THE ELLIS APPOINTMENT WAS THE STICKING POINT; HE IS A REPUBLICAN AND HIS SCHOOL DISTRICT HAS BEEN JUDGED BY A FEDERAL COURT TO HAVE BEEN SEGREGATED. CALIFANO STOOD BY ELLIS, HOWEVER, AND SAYS HE IS "WORKING UP A STORM" IN THE DEPARTMENT. HE CONCEDES THAT HIS BACKGROUND HAD NOT BEEN CHECKED CAREFULLY ENOUGH IN TERMS OF THE LIKELY POLITICAL AND SOCIAL FALLOUT. BUT THE PROBLEMS OVER APPOINTMENTS, HE SAYS, ARE NO LONGER.

"THAT'S OVER," CALIFANO SAYS. "HAM JORDAN AND LANDON BUTLER AND I ALL ARE ON THE SAME TRACK. WE GAINED A GREAT DEAL OF RESPECT FOR EACH OTHER IN THE RESOLUTION OF THIS THING--IN MY UNDERSTANDING OF THE ISSUES IN BOTH THE POLITICAL AND EDUCATIONAL WORLDS, AND IN THEIR UNDERSTANDING OF WHY I WOULD STAND UP FOR HIM AND HIS ABILITY."

(SEE CLIFT FILE: THEY MADE PEACE AT ALUNCH AT CALIFANO'S OFFICE--WHERE THE NEW CHEF PREPARED THE MEAL.)

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3/25/77 10:00 WW

NO. 47 3/24/77

TO: NATION

1977 MAR 24 FAX 11:02

FROM: DEFRANK, WASH

RE: CALIFANO

WHETHER THE CABINET SECRETARY JIMMY CARTER DESCRIBED LAST WEEK IN CLINTON AS "A TOUGH, KNOWLEDGEABLE ADMINISTRATOR WHO IS NOW TRYING TO BRING ORDER OUT OF CHAOS IN THE DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH EDUCATION AND WELFARE" IS IN TROUBLE REMAINS TO BE DIVIENED PRECISELY.

BUT THE EARLY EVIDENCE IS THAT WHILE JOE CALIFANO IS THE CABINET OFFICERS WHITE HOUSE AIDES LOVE TO HATE, AND WHILE THE DISCLOSURES OF THIS WEEK MAY HAVE OFFENDED CARTER'S SENSIBILITIES AND BEEN A SOURCE OF EMBARRASSMENT. CALIFANO DOESN'T SEEM T BE FALLING FROM FAVOR WIT THE BOSS.

"THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO PROBLEM THERE," SAYS ONE KNOWLEDGEABLE SOURCE. (POWELL FYI) "IN FACT, JIMMY TRUSTS HIM PARTICULARLY TO RUN HIS DEPARTMENT WITHOUT HAVING ANYONE LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER.

"JIMMY DOESN'T HEAR FROM JOE UNLESS HE NEEDS TO, AND THAT SUITS THE HELL OUT OF HIM."

BUT NEITHER IS THERE MUCH DOUBT THAT WHEN CARTER CALLS CALIFANO "TOUGH AND KNOWLEDGEABLE" THERE IS EMPHASIS ON THE TOUGH FOR GOOD REASON. CARTER HAS RECEIVED EARFULS FROM HIS MINIONS ABOUT JOE CALIFANO AND IS FULLY AWARE THAT (EVEN AS POWELL HIMSELF CONCEDES) CALIFANO IS BY FAR THE LEAST COOPERATIVE AND MOST DIFFICULT CABINET OFFICER IN THE GENERAL VIEW OF THE CARTER STAFF.

(MORE)MORE)

2--CALIFANO

IT'S SIMPLY A BIT DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE THAT JIMMY CARTER--WHO BY EVEN LOYALIST ACCOUNTS IS HARDLY THE EASIEST BOSS TO PLEASE HIMSELF--WOULD MUCH CARE THAT CALIFANO IS A ROYAL PAIN TO CARTER STAFFERS AND, ACCORDING TO THE ALLEGATIONS OF SOME CARTER AIDES, ENJOYS SAVAGING CARTER'S MEN A BIT TOO MUCH.

AND CARTER IS KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN PLEASED WITH CALIFANO'S PROPOSED REORGANIZATION OF HIS SWOLLEN AND UNWIEDLY DEPARTMENT.

ONE CARTER AIDE SUSPECTS THAT CARTER MOST LIKELY IS MAINTAINING MORE OF "A DETACHED BUT BEMUSED VIEW" OF CALIFANO'S PROBLEMS THIS WEEK RATHER THAN BEING GENUINELY CONCERNED ABOUT THE NEW SECRETARY.

BUT AS CLIFT HAS FILED, THERE IS CHORTLING APLENTY AT THE STAFF LEVEL OVER CALIFANO'S MISFORTUNES. AND WHILE WHITE HOUSE AIDES-- INCLUDING SOME WHO THREE WEEKS OR SO AGO WERE FREELY AND VOLUNTARILY PLANTING BARBS WITH REPORTERS ABOUT CALIFANO--ARE QUICK TO DENY CULPABILITY IN THE WEEK'S LEAKS (ONE INFORMED SOURCE SAYS THE CULPRIT HAS BEEN FOUND TO BE A CIVIL SERVANT IN THE NEW PRESS OFFICE), THERE NONETHELESS REMAINS A SIZABLE MEASURE OF ANIMOSITY TOWARD CALIFANO AND MORE THAN ONE AIDE THIS WEEK HAS RATHER SMUGLY SPOKEN OF THE POETIC JUSTICE OF CALIFANO'S BAD PRESS.

(MORE)

3--CALIFANO

ONE MIDDLE-LEVEL CARTER AIDE COMPLAINS WITH DRY UNDERSTATEMENT, "THERE'S A UNIVERSAL FEELING THAT HE'S BEING INDEPENDENT WITH PARTICULAR THOROUGHNESS AND INTENSITY."

AND ANOTHER AIDES WHOSE SHOP HAS HAD TO DEAL WITH CALIFANO SAYS OF JOE'S PHONE VOICE, "HE'S LIKE A FOUR-STAR ADMIRAL TALKING TO A BATMAN." NO DOUBT, CALIFANO, WHO HAD A REPUTATION FOR HAVING LEANED HARD ON SUCH LBJ CABINET SECRETARIES AS HEW'S JOHN GARDNER, DURING HIS DAYS IN THE WHITE HOUSE, IS SIMPLY PUTTING UP A TOUGH DEFENSIVE POSTURE TO WARD OFF THE INSTRUCTIONS OF HIS OWN WHITE HOUSE SUCCESSORS.

CALIFANO'S PROBLEMS WITH STAFFERS GO BACK TO THE TRANSITION DAYS, WHEN, ACCORDING TO ONE AUTHORITATIVE SOURCE, "HE WAS TOTALLY UNRESPONSIVE TO THE MATERIAL THE HEW CLUSTER HAD DONE FOR HIM. HE JUST WASN'T INTERESTED."

BUT THE ROOT OF THE ANIMOSITY BY SEVERAL ACCOUNTS LIES IN PERSONNEL MATTERS. SOME TOP CARTER AIDES HAVE NEVER FORGIVEN CALIFANO FOR NAMING HALE CHAMPION AS HIS UNDERSECRETARY. IT WAS SERIOUS ENOUGH FOR HIM TO HAVE SETTLED ON CHAMPION WITHOUT CLEARING HIM THROUGH THE WHITE HOUSE IN ADVANCE. BUT WHAT SENT THE CARTER FOLKS UP THE WALL WAS WHAT ONE OF THEM CALLS CHAMPION'S "VIRULENT ANTI-CARTER POSTURE," IN FACT, IT'S AN ARTICLE OF FAITH TO MANY CARTER AIDES THAT NOT ONLY WAS A CHAMPION A JIMMY-HATER BUT THAT HE VOTED FOR JERRY FORD. ((A CHARGE CALIFANO'S FLACKS ARE DENYING WITH GUSTO))

(MORE)

4--CALIFANO

AND CALIFANO'S DISDAIN FOR MANY IF NOT MOST OF THE JOB-SEEKERS THE ADMINISTRATION HAS WANTED PLACED IN HEW IS ONE OF THE WORST-KEPT SECRETS IN TOWN.

REPEATEDLY, WHITE HOUSE SOURCES SAY, CALIFANO HAS BEEN SENT LISTS OF CARTER SUPPORTERS AND/OR CAMPAIGN WORKERS FOR CONSIDERATION AND ALMOST INVARIABLY THE SUGGESTIONS HAVE BEEN NOT ONLY BEEN IGNORED BUT TREATED CONTEMPTUOUSLY.

"IT'S NOT ONLY THAT A HELLUVA LOT OF THEM AREN'T BEING PLACED," COMPLAINS ONE CARTER AIDE. "THEY'RE LUCKY EVEN TO GET INTERVIEWS OVER THERE."

"PEOPLE WHO WORKED FOR JIMMY CARTER DON'T SEEM TO BE TREATED VERY WELL WHEN THEY'RE SENT TO HEW," HE ADDS.

THE ESSENCE OF THE COMPLAINT IS, SIMPLY, THAT JOE CALIFANO ISN'T A TEAM PLAYER, BUT AGAIN THAT DOESN'T MEAN HE'S IN TROUBLE WITH THE PRESIDENT.

EVEN THOUGH IT'S REASONABLE TO ASUME THAT CARTER MIGHT WELL BE DISTRESSED (WE'RE EFFORTING) ABOUT THE SEEMING CONTRADICTION BETWEEN AN EXECUTIVE CHEF AND HIS OWN FEWER-FRILLS STYLE, THE WHITE HOUSE WAS TRYING TO PAPER THE WHOLE THING OVER.

"IT WOULD BE ONE THING IF HE HAD A HALF-MILLION DOLLAR KITCHEN OVER THERE," SAYS ONE SENIOR HAND, "BUT HE DOESN'T." THE ONLY PROBLEM, THIS AIDE INSISTED, WAS ONE OF SEMANTICS.

"EVEN JOE WOULD TELL YOU," HE EXPLAINS, "THAT HE SHOULD HAVE WRITTEN THE JOB DESCRIPTION RIGHT IN THE FIRST PLACE."

###

THE PRESENTATION, COMPLETE WITH CHARTS AND POINTER, BROUGHT SUCH A FAVORABLE RESPONSE FROM CARTER THAT THE OTHER CABINET SECRETARIES ARE HASTILY FOLLOWING SUIT IN SIMILAR SHOW-AND-TELL SESSIONS. (THIS WEEK, SECRETARY BROWN SHOWED WHAT THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT CAN DO IN SODA-CAN RECLAMATION AND SOLAR HEAT. "A LOT OF WHAT GOES ON IN THERE SOUNDS LIKE GOODY-TWO-SHOES," ADMITTED ONE OFFICIAL (GRANUM), "BUT THEY MEAN IT.")

AN AIDE UNDER JOHNSON, CALIFANO KNOWS ALL TOO WELL THE DANGER OF WHITE HOUSE STAFF RUNNING DEPARTMENTS. "HE'S SEEN HOW THE WHITE HOUSE STAFF CAN TAKE OVER," SAYS ONE CARTER AIDE (DRUMMOND), "AND HE'S ALWAYS TRYING TO OUTSMART US." WHEN A TASK FORCE ON TK WAS SET UP, CALIFANO MUSCLED ASIDE WHITE HOUSE POLICY PEOPLE LIKE STU EIZENSTAT TO MAKE HIMSELF THE HEAD. (EFFORTING DETAILS)

BUT THE GREATEST TUG OF WAR BETWEEN CALIFANO AND THE WHITE HOUSE HAS COME IN THE AREA OF JOBS. CARTER SAID EARLY ON HIS CABINET WOULD HAVE CARTE BLANCHE IN PICKING PEOPLE. CALIFANO TOOK HIM LITERALLY AT HIS WORD, 760-'SING EVEN PERFUNCTORY WHITE HOUSE CLEARANCE. HE APPOINTED HALE CHAMPION, AN OHIO REPUBLICAN, AS HIS NUMBER-TWO PERSON WITHOUT TELLING JORDAN. THE APPOINTMENT PREDICTABLY GOT CARTER IN TROUBLE WITH OHIO'S DEMOCRATIC SENATOR HOWARD METZENBAUM AND RESULTED IN A SHOUTING MATCH BETWEEN CALIFANO AND JORDAN. "IT WAS REAL VOCIFEROUS," SAYS ONE AIDE (GRANUM). CALIFANO ARGUED DUMPING CHAMPION WOULD RUIN HIS CREDIBILITY AND CHAMPION STAYED.

"IT WAS A TEST OF POLITICAL WILL," SAYS GRANUM THAT CALIFANO WON.

CALIFANO HAS ALSO BEEN LESS THAN RESPONSIVE TO THE LENGTHY JOB LIST OF CARTER SUPPORTERS CIRCULATED BY THE WHITE HOUSE PERSONNEL OFFICE. JOB-SEEKING CAMPAIGN AIDES HAVE COMPLAINED HEW WAS "UNFRIENDLY" AND THAT THEY WERE TREATED "RUEELY." "THEY (HEW) WERE PUTTING OUT THE LINE THAT PEOPLE WHO GAVE UP THEIR LIVES FOR A YEAR FOR JIMMY CARTER WERE WACKY," GRUMBLED ONE WHITE HOUSE

3--CALIFANO

"THERE WAS A FEELING THAT, WELL, HE (CARTER) WON IT BUT NOW IT'S TIME FOR THE EXPERTS TO RUN THINGS," SAYS ANOTHER AIDE (LANDON BUTLER). BUT EVEN HARVARD CUM LAUDE YOUNG LAWYERS WERE TURNED DOWN, HE SAYS "IT WAS AS THOUGH WORKING FOR JIMMY CARTER MADE THEM TAINTED. IT WAS A STRIKE AGAINST THEM."

TO BRING CALIFANO IN LINE, JORDAN SET A QUOTA OF FORTY JOBS TO BE FILLED AT HEW BY CARTER CAMPAIGN SUPPORTERS. (EFFORTING DETAILS) AND AN UNEASY TRUCE IS IN EFFECT. "WE'RE TRYING VERY HARD TO WORK OUT THE PROBLEMS," SAYS A JORDAN DEPUTY (SIEGEL), "BUT THIS PERSONNEL THING STICKS."

WHILE CALIFANO IS THE FIRST CABINET SECRETARY TO ADD ON A CHEF, MOST OF THE DEPARTMENTS HAVE ALWAYS HAD THEM -- INCLUDING COMMERCE, TRANSPORTATION, TREASURY AND JUSTICE. ONLY INTERIOR'S ANDRUS AND HUD'S HARRIS HAVE CLOSED THEIR EXECUTIVE DINING ROOMS. WHILE CALIFANO'S BEHAVIOR IS A BIT AUDACIOUS IN THE CONTEXT OF A NO-FRILLS ADMINISTRATION, THE END RESULT IS NOT ALL THAT EXTRAORDINARY. JUST LAST WEEK, IN FACT, JORDAN AND BUTLER LUNCED WITH CALIFANO IN HIS OFFICE. "ORDINARY CHOW," REPORTED BUTLER, WHO SAYS THE TWO DIDN'T NOTICE ANYTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT THE ARRANGEMENT. OR DID THEY? THE RUMOR IS AND CHECKING -- THAT THE WHITE HOUSE LEAKED THE TALE OF NO AND HIS CHEF.

NO 44 3-24-77

TO NATION

FROM CLIFT

CALIFANO

THE PERSON WHO SNIPED "EMBARRASSED AT DOING IT OR EMBARRASSED AT GETTING CAUGHT" WAS NOT A STAFFER AT ALL BUT JIMMY CARTER HIMSELF.

DESPITE THE POTSHOTS LEVELED AT CALIFANO, HAMILTON JORDAN INSISTS NOT-FOR-ATTRIBUTION. "HE'S NOT IN TROUBLE. JOE'S BEEN UNCOOPERATIVE POLITICALLY, BUT WE CAN SEPARATE THAT OUT FROM THE JOB HE'S DOING."

###

3"24"77 1024P LL

1977- MARCH-24 PM 10.38

"Or embarrassed that he got caught?"

The most plausible answer was the latter. Califano, by role and peppery temperament, has already established himself as the lightning rod of the Carter Cabinet, and a fresh thunderclap over who fixes his sandwiches was one he simply did not need. He has offended large HEW client groups with his public stands against abortion and for hiring quotas for women and minorities. And he has been careless of the clubby feelings of the Georgians around Jimmy Carter, principally staff topsider Hamilton Jordan. Whether or not they leaked the tale of the cook, as Califano's admirers suspected, they took private pleasure in it. "Poetic justice," one Carter man called it. "He's supposedly the sav-

man," one staffer says. He rankled Jordan & Co. as early as the primaries, by attracting what they considered unseemly publicity as a Carter brain-truster, and was awarded HEW only at the insistent lobbying of Vice President Walter Mondale. Califano has since further inflamed relations by brushing off handpicked Carter supporters for HEW jobs and naming his own people without asking the White House. His choice of Ohio Republican John Ellis and Hale Champion, a Udall Democrat, as two top aides particularly angered Jordan and set off a shouting match between them. They have since reached a shaky armistice—the terms including a quota of 40 HEW jobs for Carter campaigners.

The hard feelings have not visibly in-



Wally McNamee—Newsweek

Lightning rod: A fresh thunderclap over who fixes Califano sandwiches

THE CABINET:

Califano Under Fire

For a ring-wise Washington infighter like HEW Secretary Joseph Califano, it seemed the ultimate indiscretion: hiring an ex-marine messman at \$12,763 a year to cook his office lunches—and, worse still, masking the appointee as an "extremely confidential... personal assistant to the Secretary." The leaked news stories landed with a thud last week at a senior staff meeting in Jimmy Carter's White House, where the next worse vice to living in sin is working in subsidized luxury. "Joe is very embarrassed," said Cabinet secretary Jack Watson. "Embarrassed that he did it?" Carter asked dryly.

vy Washingtonian and he makes the biggest blunder."

The fault lay less with what Califano did than in how he did it. Executive cooks remain common even in Carter's sackcloth government: Attorney General Griffin Bell has two, not one, and the Pentagon spends a million dollars a year on VIP dining. But the hiring notice HEW placed in the Federal Register managed to fill 402 words of job description ("... the utmost in personal discretion...") without once mentioning that the main job was cooking. A Califano aide explained that the language was innocently drawn to the Civil Service Commission's fussy budget requirements—and added that the author "ought to be shot."

Califano's discomfort rather amused the White House, which has never much cottoned to his peremptory manner—"like a four-star admiral talking to a bat-

fecting Califano's standing with his boss. Quite to the contrary, he pleased Carter by beating his colleagues off the drawing board with a complex departmental reorganization plan. "My directive was to get the finest people I can..." Califano told NEWSWEEK. "You can't move on all these things that fast and not expect to have some ripples." Carter was said to be no more than "bemused" by the storm in a stewpot over Califano's crypto-chef. But that stir had barely quieted when a companion tale reached print—that Califano had hired an ex-Secret Service agent at \$43,923 a year to act, among numerous other duties, as his bodyguard. The leak fed Washington's suspicion that *somebody* up there doesn't like Califano, and that he may in fact need protection—from his adversaries or himself.

—PETER GOLDMAN with STEPHAN LESHER in Washington

CHAPTER SEVEN

Building from Blocks

On the day a melancholy woman named Sara Jane Moore pegged a shot at President Gerald Ford in San Francisco, Newsweek's Boston Bureau Chief Tony Fuller was puttering over a few routine files 3,000 miles away in Massachusetts. Five hours later he was on the ground and running in Charleston, West Virginia. His assignment was to look into the hometown roots and likely motives of a failed assassin. His file demonstrates the complete and well-focused view a reporter should strive for even when he or she happens to be covering only one part of a story that may sprawl coast to coast in its total aspects. The principle in such cases is to determine the limits of the reporting frame--in this case how childhood and adolescence might have shaped the inner promptings of Moore--and to fill every inch of available canvas with telling details. The old Newsmakers' principle of selecting the significant fact, anecdote and quote is applied here in its most sophisticated and productive form. Fuller's report:

"The major problem was the fact that Sara Jane Moore had not been in Charleston for quite a long time. In a situation like that you use a building block approach. If you can find one or two people who have even a scrap of information you can mate the pieces and go from there. No one person can act as your source. Single sources either won't know enough or they won't have the kind of balance and perception you can only work out for yourself by triangulating several sources. The job calls for frantic phone work and getting to the offices or homes of as many people as possible as fast as possible.

"I had the name of Moore's school and a few barebone facts from the query to start with. Teachers at the school remembered her and steered me to her old neighborhood. I was also able to get her high school yearbook picture which gave me an idea of how she had looked back then--and provided art for the photo department. I touched base with the FBI. I talked with local police to see if she had ever been in any kind of trouble before. There was also a church connection. I eventually found one of her friends, who didn't want to talk. I used the old argument that it was important to get Moore's side of the story across, and the source finally agreed to open up. In the end, as always, it turned out that there were plenty of other people to talk to--right down to the candy store man who had sold penny candy to Sara Jane and Charles Manson when they were both little kids in the same neighborhood.

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NATION MATHEWS

CHARLESTON FULLER

-SARA JANE MOORE TAKE 1

NYK

BT

(THIS MSGE WAS ACCEPTS AS NPR COLLECT)

SHE WAS A SHY, SOLITARY FIGURE IN BOBBY SOX AND SADDLE SHOES, HER HAIR TIED BACK WITH A YELLOW RIBBON. HER TASTES WERE A BIT "ARTY" FOR THE ROUGH AND TUMBLE CHARLESTON OF THE 1940S. SHE TOOK BALLET LESSONS, PLAYED THE FLUTE AND WAS AT HER MOST VOLUBLE WHEN SHE HAD A GOOD PART IN A PLAY AT STONEWALL JACKSON HIGH SCHOOL.

A LONER, INTROVERTED, NOT PART OF ANY CROWD, ARE THE TERMS THAT COME MOST EASILY WHEN PEOPLE IN HER HOMETOWN TRY TO DESCRIBE SARA JANE MOORE. "EVEN WHEN SHE WAS IN A CROWD SHE WAS ALONE," SAID MRS REBA K. EPLIN, WHO WAS IN THE CLASS OF 1947 WITH SARA JANE AT JACKSON HIGH.

AND THERE SEEMED TO BE A DARK, BROODING SIDE THAT MANIFESTED ITSELF IN WHAT ANOTHER CLASSMATE CALLED "THE SORT OF STRANGE, WEIRD IDEAS THAT ARE FASHIONABLE NOW." DURING HIGH SCHOOL, SARA JANE HAD A HIGHLY DEVELOPED INTEREST IN THE OCCULT. SHE CHECKED BOOKS ON WITCHCRAFT OUT OF A CHARLESTON PUBLIC LIBRARY AND THREATENED CLASSMATES WITH SPELLS.

"SHE WAS INTO WITCHCRAFT AS THE YOUNG PEOPLE SAY, LONG BEFORE IT WAS THE UP TO DATE THING," SAID MRS PEGGY BRADLEY, WHO PLAYED WITH SARA JANE IN "THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN," THE 1947 SENIOR CLASS PLAY AT JACKSON. "IT SEEMED TO COME OUT OF HER LONELINESS. SHE'D TRY AND CAST SPELLS ON PEOPLE AND THINGS. SUDDENLY SHE'D TURN TO YOU AND SAY, 'YOU KNOW I'M REALLY A WITCH. UNDERNEATH IT I'M A WITCH.'"

SARA JANE LIKED TO GO FOR LONG SOLITARY HIKES IN THE MISTY, MELANCHOLY APPALACHIAN HILLS THAT SURROUND CHARLESTON AND THE SLENDER KANAWHA VALLEY IN WHICH THE CITY OF 71,500 IS SITUATED AND SHE WAS SELDOM SEEN ANYWHERE WITH A FRIEND.

"IT WAS THE DARNDDEST THING," SAID VAN WATSON, WHO RUNS VAN'S NEVER CLOSED MARKET. "THE OTHER KIDS WOULD ALWAYS COME IN IN GROUPS AND BUY CANDY BUT SHE ALWAYS CAME IN ALONE." SARA JANE DURING JUNIOR HIGH AND THE EARLY PART OF HIGH SCHOOL STOPPED ALMOST DAILY FOR A "BIT O' HONEY" OR SOME "GOOD AND PLENTY" AT THE

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WATSON STORE.

(WATSON HOLDS SOMETHING OF A UNIQUE POSITION IN THE ANNALS OF CHARLESTON AS DOES THE CITY IN THE ANNALS OF VIOLENT FIGURES. WATSON USED TO SELL CANDY ON A DAILY BASIS TO CHARLES MANSON, WHO AS A YOUNG BOY LIVED IN CHARLESTON. IN ADDITION TO SARA JANE AND MANSON, LEON CZOLGOSZ, THE ANARCHIST WHO ASSASSINATED PRESIDENT WILLIAM MCKINLEY ALSO LIVED FOR A TIME IN CHARLESTON WHERE HE WORKED IN A NAIL FACTORY.)

"I NEVER THOUGHT THEM KIDS WOULD TURN OUT THE WAY THEY DONE," SAID WATSON. "ESPECIALLY SARA JANE. SHE WAS SWEET AND QUIET AND ALWAYS HAD SCHOOL BOOKS WITH HER. WHY, I THOT SHED GROW UP REAL FINE. WHAT DRIVES PEOPLE? HOW DO THEY GET STARTED THE WAY THEY DO?"

THE TURBULENT PSHCYO-POLITICAL ODYSSEY THAT CARRIED SARA JANE THROUGH FIVE BROKEN MARRIAGES TO THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO AND AN ATEMPT TO MURDER THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. BEGAON ON FEB 15 1930 WHEN SHE WAS BORN SARA JANE KAHN AT CHARLESTON'S ST FRANCIS HOSPITAL.

SHE WAS THE DAUGHTER OF OLAF AND RUTH KAHN.

MR KAHN WAS A CONTROL ENGINEER AT A DUPON FACILITY IN CHARLESTON, A MODEST POSITION BY STANDARDS, BUT A RELATIVELY COMFORTABLE ONE IN DEPRESSION CHARLESTON. MR KAHN WHO DID NOT HAVE A COLLEGE DEGREE WORKED HIS WAY UP FROM THE BOTTOM AT DUPONT.

MRS KAHN WAS THE FORMER RUTH MOORE, WHOSE FATHER--CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS--WAS A BOOKKEEPER FOR A COAL COMPANY NEAR CHARLESTON. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS MOORE WAS A RELATIVELY SUBSTANTIAL FIGURE IN CHARLESTON. IN 1916, HE BUILT A LARGE, COMFORTABLE HOME ON THE CITYS WEST SIDE IN WHICH SARA JANE'S AUNT, MRS JANET HILL, STILL LIVES. MRS HILL IS THE ONLY RELATIVE OF SARA JANE'S THAT REMAINS IN CHARLESTON BUT REPEATED PHONECALLS AND TWO TRIPS FOUND NO ONE AT HOME. (SHE MAY BE INCINNATI WITH THE REST OF THE FAMILY).

ALTHOUGH OLAF KAHN HAD A RELATIVELY GOOD JOB AND MRS KAHN'S FAMILY WAS OF SOME MEANS, THERE IS LITTLE IN SARA JANE'S LIFE HERE TO SUPPORT THE SUGGESTION--MADE BY SHORTLY AFTER THE ARREST--THAT SHE CAME FROM OLD, MONIED, SOUTHERN GENTRY.

WHEN SARA JANE WAS BORN MR AND MRS KAHN LIVED IN A MODEST LOG BUNGALOW ON THE CITYS WEST SIDE, A LOWER MIDDLE TO MIDDLE CLASS SECTION AND WHEN SHE WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL THEY MOVED TO A SMALL, ONE STORY HOME IN THE SAME SECTION OF THE CITY.

OLAF KAHN'S WILL WAS PROBATED IN 1964 AND THE ESTATE AMOUNTED TO LESS THAN DLRS 1,000.

HOWEVER THE KAHN FAMILY--UNLIKE THOSE OF SOME OTHER VIOLENCE

PRONE FIGURES SUCH AS MANSON AND JAMES EARLY RAY--DID NOT LIVE ON THE TATTERED EDGE OF SOCIETY. OLAF AND RUTH HAD A LOVE FOR MUSIC, BOTH PLAYED IN A CHAMBER MUSIC GROUP, AND THEY WERE CHURCH GOING PEOPLE.

IN ADDITION TO SARA JANE, THE KAHN'S GAVE BIRTH TO FOUR CHILDREN: SONS OLAF 11 DANA MOORE, CHARLES BEIRNE AND A DAUGHTER, RUTH ANN. OLAF 11 IS LIVING IN NORTH CAROLINA, DANA MOORE LIVES IN CINCINNATI, CHARLES BEIRNE'S WHEREABOUTS ARE UNKNOWN AND RUTH ANN, FOLLOWING A DIVORCE FROM HER HUSBAND, ALVIN SCHMUTZ OF WHEELING, W. VA., IS BELIEVED TO HAVE MOVED TO NEW JERSEY.

THE FBI HAS APPARENTLY TRIED TO PUT A MEDIA CLAMP IN SOME OF THESE RELATIVES. A CALL TO THE DANA KAHN RESIDENCE IN CINCINNATI ELICITED THE INFORMATION FROM MRS KAHN THAT "THE FBI HAS TOLD US TO BE QUIET." SHE WOULD NOT DISCUSS THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION AT ALL.

SARA JANE ATTENDED ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, THEN LINCOLN JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL AND THEN STONEWALL JACKSON HIGH, A BUFF COLORED ART DECO PILE ON THE CITY'S WEST SIDE. ALTHOUGH THOUGHT OF AS A LONER, SHE DID JOIN GROUPS IN HIGH SCHOOL, BUT MRS CHARLOTTE CARTER, A CLASSMATE NOTED THEY WERE "NOT SOCIAL TYPE CLUBS. I DONT BELIEVE SHE VER HAD A BOYFRIEND."

THE GROUPS INCLUDED THE GIRL'S ATHLETIC ASSN., THE CIVIL AIR PATROL, THE JACKSON JOURNAL, A SCHOOL NEWSPAPER, AND APPARENTLY HER FAVORITE GROUP--THE THESPIANS. "I DO BELIEVE SHE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE AN ACTRESS," SAID PEGGY BRADLEY.

BY THE ACCOUNT OF THOSE WHO PLAYED WITH HER, "SARA JANE CONSIDERED "THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN," HER CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT ON THE STONEWALL JACKSON STAGE. SHE PLAYED THE ROLE OF ABBY, A MAID IN A VERMONT HOUSEHOLD WHERE CHRISTOPHER BEAN, A POOR ARTIST, BOARDED FOR MANY YEARS.

AFTER BEAN'S DEATH THE FAMILY FINDS THAT BEANS PAINTINGS, THOUGHT TO BE WORTHLESS, ARE IN FACT EXTREMELY VALUABLE AND TRIES TO FORCE ABBY TO SELL A PORTRAIT BEAN DID OF HER. IN A SURPRISE ENDING, ABBY REFUSES AND REVEALS THAT SHE WAS ACTUALLY MARRIED TO BEAN MOMENTS BEFORE THE CURTAIN IS WRUNG DOWN, SHE STARES AT THE PORTRAIT OF HERSELF AND SAYS, "IT WAS ALL THE HAPPINESS I EVER HAD, HIS PICTURE WAS, AND YOU KNOW I AIN'T HAD MUCH."

"I THINK MAYBE THAT WAS THE ONLY HAPPINESS SHE EVER HAD," SAID MRS BRADLEY, WHO PLAYED ADA HAGGET, ONE OF THE GREEDY VERMONTERS, IN THE PLAY. (YOU SHOULD HAVE A PICTURE IN HAND OF SARA JANE STARING AT THE PORTRAIT.)

SARA JANE DID WELL IN HIGH SCHOOL. SHE WAS THOUGHT OF GENERALLY AS A STUDIOUS PERSON AND HER IQ WAS IN THE 125 TO 130 RANGE. SHE GRADUATED IN 1947 WITH HONORS AND HER YEARBOOK PICTURE SHOWS A BLOSSOMING YOUNG WOMAN WITH HER HAIR AT LAST UNLEASHED FROM THE YELLOW RIBBON THAT SHE HAD TIED IT BACK WITH FOR MOST OF HER HIGH SCHOOL YEARS.

FOLLOWING GRADUATION, SARA JANE WORKED FOR A SHORT TIME AS A CLERK AT THE DIAMOND, A DOWNTOWN DEPT STORE IN CHARLESTON, AND THEN SIGNED ON IN A NURSES TRAINING PROGRAM AT ST FRANCIS HOSPITAL, WHERE SHE WAS BORN. WHAT HAPPENED WHILE SARA JANE WAS AT THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HOSPITAL IS A MATTER OF SOME SPECULATION.

WHAT IS KNOWN FOR CERTAIN IS THAT SHE DROPPED OUT OF THE 3-YEAR PROGRAM AFTER ABOUT A YEAR OF TRAINING. HOSPITAL RECORDS CONTAIN HER LETTER OF RESIGNATION BUT THERE IS NO EXPLANATION ATTACHED. THE CHARLESTON GAZETTE THIS WEEK SAID THAT SARA JANE WAS ACTUALLY EXPELLED FROM THE PROGRAM. THE PAPER QUOTED AN UNNAMED SOURCE AS SAYING THAT SHE WAS DISMISSED FOR "DOING SOMETHING THAT WAS VERY INDISCREET AND UNCOUTH, THEN TELLING ABOUT IT--THE SORT OF THING THAT WAS TABU IN A CATHOLIC NURSING HOME."

SARA JANE RESIGNED FROM THE PROGRAM IN LATE JULY OF 1948. SHE APPARENTLY HUNG AROUND CHARLESTON FOR A FEW MONTHS AND THEN JOINED THE WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS.

SHE WAS SHIPPED TO FT. LEE, VA., FOR BASIC TRAINING AND IT WAS THERE SHE MET THE MAN WHO WAS THE BEGINNING OF HER TANGLED MARITAL LIFE, A HISTORY OF BROKEN HOMES AND ABANDONED CHILDREN. SHE WAS 19 AT THE TIME.

THE MAN'S NAME WAS WALLACE ELVIN ANDERSON A MARINE STAFF SERGEANT, AND SHORTLY AFTER THEY MET THE COUPLE WAS MARRIED IN HERTFORD COUNTY, N.C. IN NOVEMBER 1949. THE MARRIAGE MUST HAVE BEEN A STORMY ONE. SARA JANE LIVED WITH ANDERSON FOR LESS THAN A MONTH AND THEN FILED FOR AN ANNULLMENT IN CHARLESTON, WHICH WAS GRANTED ABOUT A YEAR LATER.

THE GROUNDS FOR ANNULLMENT ARE CONTAINED IN SEALED DEPOSITIONS IN KANAWHA COUNTY FAMILY COURT AND CIRCUIT COURT JUDGE ROBERT K. SMITH REFUSES TO RELEASE THE CONTENTS. "I'D DESCRIBE IT AS A RUN OF THE MILL TYPE SITUATION," SAID THE JUDGE. (INFIDELITY OR IMPOTENCY WOULD SEEM TO BE THE FAVORITES. THE JUDGE'S EXPRESSION CHANGED SLIGHTLY WHEN THE LATTER WAS MENTIONED).

WHATEVER THE REASONS FOR THE BUSTUP, THIS POINT SEEMS TO MARK THE TIME WHEN SARA JANE'S LIFE BEGAN TO COME UNSTUCK. ABOUT THREE MONTHS AFTER THE MARRIAGE AND TWO MONTHS AFTER SHE HAD LEFT ANDERSON

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SARA JANE WAS FOUND UNCONSCIOUS ON A MALL NEAR THE WHITE HOUSE IN WASHINGTON. ACCORDING TO NEWS ACCOUNTS OF THE TIME SHE WAS VICTIM OF AMNESIA AND WAS TAKEN TO WALTER REED HOSPITAL. HER MOTHER VISITED DURING HER TIME IN THE HOSPITAL, BUT SARA JANE DID NOT RECOGNIZE HER.

IT IS NOT CLEAR WHEN SARA JANE RECOVERED FROM THE ATTACK, BUT SHE HAD APPARENTLY DONE SO BY THE TIME HER ANNULLMENT WAS GRANTED. WITHIN 5 DAYS AFTER IT WAS GRANTED, SHE MARRIED AIR FORCE CAPT SYDNEY LEWIS MANNING, A BOMBARDIER, WHO SHE ALSO MET WHILE STATIONED AT FT. LEE. MANNING WAS TO BE A CENTRAL FIGURE IN HER LIFE. THE COUPLE WAS MARRIED AND DIVORCED TWICE AND SARA JANE HAD AT LEAST THREE CHILDREN BY MANNING.

THEY WERE MARRIED NOV 19 1950 AT FT LEE AND THE MARRIAGE ENDED OCT 7 1953 WHEN A DIVORCE WAS GRANTED ON A MOTION FILED BY MANNING.

THE CHARGES MADE IN THE DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS PAINT SARA JANE AS SOMETHING LESS THAN A DOTING MOTHER AND ATTENTIVE WIFE. TWO CHILDREN--SYDNEY LEWIS II AND JANET--WERE BORN DURING THIS FIRST MARRIAGE AND MANNING ACCUSED HIS WIFE OF OFTEN LEAVING THE INFANTS IN A DAYCARE CENTER OVERNIGHT, VIRTUALLY UNATTENDED. HE SAID SHE LEFT THE HOUSE IN A MESS AND REFUSED TO COOK MEALS.

MOST SERIOUSLY, MANNING CHARGED THAT HIS WIFE--THROUGH HER OWN ADMISSION--HAD AN AFFAIR WITH A MAN IN COLUMBUS OHIO, THE DETAILS OF WHICH SHE DESCRIBED TO HIM IN A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION FROM OHIO TO MANNING, WHO WAS THEN STATIONED AT MATHER AIR FORCE BASE AT SACRAMENTO CALIFORNIA.

ALL THE CHARGES WERE UNCONTESTED BY SARA JANE.

AN INTERESTING ASPECT OF THIS FIRST DIVORCE CASE IS THAT SARA JANE'S FATHER TESTIFIED IN SUPPORT OF MANNING'S CLAIMS. "I THINK THE FAMILY REALIZED EARLY THEY HAD A PROBLEM CHILD ON THEIR HANDS," SAID THE REV ROBERT MCNEILL, PASTOR OF THE RANDOLPH STREET BAPTIST CHURCH IN CHARLESTON. SARA JANE'S MOTHER FOR MANY YEARS ATTENDED MCNEILL'S CHURCH AND THE MINISTER STILL SERVES AS A COUNSELOR TO HER

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NATION MATHEWS CHARLESTON FULLER SARA JANE MOORE--TAKE 2

BUT DESPITE THE BITTERNESS OF THE DIVORCE FROM MANNING THERE WAS TO BE A RECONCILIATION--AND QUICKLY. THE MONTH AFTER THE DIVORCE WAS GRANTED THE COUPLE WAS REMARRIED IN COLUMBUS OHIO, ON NOV. 25, 1953. SHORTLY THEREAFTER THEY MOVED WITH THEIR TWO CHILDREN--WHO HAD BEEN IN THE CUSTODY OF SARA JANE'S MOTHER DURING THE PERIOD OF DIVORCE--TO LOS ANGELES.

THE MANNINGS HAD ANOTHER CHILD WHILE LIVING IN LOS ANGELES, A SON, CHRISTOPHER. BUT THE SECOND MARRIAGE TURNED OUT TO BE AS ILL-FATED AS THE FIRST.

THE COUPLE WAS DIVORCED ON JUNE 3, 1957 AFTER A TWO YEAR SEPARATION. THIS TIME SARA JANE FILED FOR DIVORCE ON THE GROUNDS OF MENTAL CRUELTY. AT THE TIME OF THE DIVORCE, MANNING WAS WORKING FOR THE NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION CORP. OF DOWNEY CALIF., BUT HIS WHEREABOUTS, NOW AT LEAST FROM THIS VANTAGE POINT, ARE UNKNOWN. FROM INFORMATION AVAILABLE HERE, IT APPEARS THAT FOLLOWING THE DIVORCE SARA JANE'S LIFE BECAME EVEN MORE TURMOIL RIDDEN AND HER BEHAVIOR MORE ERRATIC. BY REV. O'NEILL'S ACCOUNT, SARA JANE IN 1959 WIRED HER MOTHER THAT THE CHILDREN WERE COMING. "SHE SIMPLY TOLD HER MOTHER THAT THE KIDS WERE ON THE PLANE AND TO PICK THEM UP," THE MINISTER RECALLED. "SHE SAID IN SO MANY WORDS, 'THEY'RE YOURS.'"

IT WAS A RESPONSIBILITY THAT MRS KAHN ACCEPTED, ALTHO NOT WITHOUT SOME PERHAPS UNDERSTANDABLE QUALIFICATIONS. THROUGHOUT THE EARLY 1960S SHE WRANGLLED LEGALLY WITH HER DAUGHTER OVER SUPPORT PAYMENTS FOR THE CHILDREN. COURT RECORDS IN CHRLESTON CONTAIN VOLUMINOUS CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THE SUPPORT PAYMENTS, OR RATHER THE LACK OF THEM, AND THESE FILES GIVE SOME INSIGHT INTO THE CHARACTER OF SARA JANE AT THIS POINT IN HER LIFE.

SHE WAS RELUCTANT ABOUT THE SUPPORT PAYMENTS--WHEN THE AUTHORITIES COULD FIND HER. THE RECORDS SHOW THAT SHE

HAD ADOPTED AT LEAST THREE DIFFERENT ALIASES, THE CHIEF ONE BEING SARA JANE MOORE. THE EVOLUTION OF THIS ALIAS IS NOT ENTIRELY CLEAR, ALTHOUGH PRESUMABLY IT IS A GLOSS ON HER MOTHERS MAIDEN NAME.

BUT THERE IS SOME CONFUSION ON THIS POINT AND A MINOR MYSTERY. THERE WAS IN THE CLASS OF 1947 AT STONEWALL JACKSON A SARA JANE MOORE, UNRELATED TO SARA JANE KAHN. THE HIGH SCHOOL IN OCTOBER, 1959 AND AGAIN ON JAN 6 1975 RECEIVED REQUESTS FOR TRANSCRIPTS OF SARA JANE MOORE FROM CALIFORNIA. THE FIRST REQUEST WAS FRO UCLA AND THE SECOND FROM A SMITH MANUFACTURING CO.

MISS MOORE, WHO IS AN EMPLOYE OF THE W.VA. DEPARTMENT OF EMPLOYMENT SECURITY IN CHARLESTON, SAID SHE HAS NO IDEA WHO REQUESTED THE TRANSCRIPTS.

IN ADDITION TO SARA JANE MOORE, THE COURT RECORDS SHOW OTHER ALIASES USED BY THE EVENTUAL WOULD-BE ASSASSIN INCLUDED MRS KAHN MANNING AND ONE THAT HAS NO APPARENT RELATIONSHIP TO THE FAMILY-- MRS VIRGINIA COURTNEY.

SARA JANE HAGGLED OVER THE SUPPORT PAYMENTS AND AT ONE POINT IN SEPTEMBER 1960, OFFERED ONLY DLRS 20 PER MONTH FOR ALL THREE CHILDREN, TWO OF WHOM WERE ALREADY IN SCHOOL AND THE YOUNGEST-- CHRISTOPHER--WHO WAS TO ENTER KINDERGARTEN THAT FALL. PRECISELY WHAT SARA JANE'S FINANCIAL CIRCUMSTANCES WERE AT THIS POINT ARE NOT CLEAR FROM HERE. BUT THEY WERE APPARENTLY NOT GOOD.

A LETTER TO HER MOTHER FROM AN ATTORNEY SARA JANE CONSULTED SAYS THAT THE DAUGHTER WAS MAKING A TAKE HOME PAY OF DLRS 376 PER MONTH. "HER JOB REQUIRES THAT SHE DRESS AS WELL AS SHE CAN AND KEEP HER APPEARANCE UP AND SHE MEETS AND WORKS WITH PEOPLE WHO EXPECT SUCH FROM ONE IN HER POSITION," THE LETTER SAID. "HER ABSOLUTE MINIMUM COST OF LIVING...IS DLRS 315.25 A MONTH." THE LETTER DOES NOT SAY WHAT THE JOB WAS.

NEGOTIATIONS OVER THE SUPORT OF THE CHILDREN AT ONE POINT BROKE DOWN WHEN SARA JANE VANISHED FROM THE SCENE AND AN ARREST WARRANT WAS ISSUED FOR HER BY KANAWHA COUNTY AUTHORITIES. BUT SHE APPEARED AND BORROWED DLRS 500 TO MAKE THE PAYMENTS AND FOR A TIME AFTER THE LOAN WAS EXHAUSTED PAID DLRS 50 PER MONTH SUPPORT.

BUT THE WHOLE POINT BECAME MOOT WHEN ON MARCH 8 1963 MR AND MRS KAHN ADOPTED THEIR THREE GRANDCHILDREN, WHO DROPPED THE NAME MANNING AND ADOPTED THE NAME KAHN.

THEY MADE MARRIAGES AND TWO MORE

DIVORCES FOR A TOTAL OF FIVE AND SHE HAD AT LEAST ONE MORE CHILD. (PRESUME THE WEST COAST CAN PICK UP HERE ON THE AALBERG AND CARMEL MARRIAGES. THERE ARE ONLY THE SKETCHIEST DETAILS HERE.)

THE CHILDREN, ACCORDING TO THE REV. O'NEILL, HAVE VIRTUALLY NO MEMORY OF THEIR MOTHER. "THE YOUNGEST COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE THAN THREE WHEN SHE SHIPPED THEM BACK HERE," HE SAID.

THE CHILDREN APPARENTLY SETTLED IN COMFORTABLY WITH MRS KAHN, WHO SOMETIME IN THE AFTERMATH OF HER HUSBANDS 1964 DEATH MOVED TO CINCINNATI AND MARRIED A C.E. BAILEY FROM WHOM, ACCORDING TO REV O'NEILL, SHE IS NOW DIVORCED.

BUT MRS KAHN RETURNS TO CHARLESTON OFTEN. O'NEILL SAID SHE WAS IN CHURCH THIS PAST SUNDAY AND TOLD HIM AFTER THE SERVICE THAT SHE PLANNED TO GO TO ATLANTA THE NEXT DAY. "BUT I AM NOW TOLD," HE SAID, "THAT ASOONAS THE SHOOTING INCIDENT HAPPENED SHE TURNED RIGHT BACK FOR CINCINNATI."

IT IS VIRTUALLY CERTAIN THAT ONE OF THE CHILDREN NOW LIVES IN CINCINNATI. SIDNEY LEWIS KAHN, 22, IS A FURRIER IN THAT CITY. HE INITIALLY TOLD REPORTERS HE WAS SARA JANE'S SON, BUT IN A TELEPHONE INTERVIEW LATE WEDNESDAY NIGHT HE DENIED IT. "I HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING," HE SAID, "TO MY KNOWLEDGE I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS PERSON. SHE'S NOT A WOMAN THAT IS KNOWN TO ME."

THE DENIAL SEEMS TO BE IN KEEPING WITH THE POSTURE THE FAMILY HAS NOW STRUCK, A TACTIC EXEMPLIFIED BY MRS KAHN HERSELF WHEN IN A THURSDAY NEWS CONFERENCE SHE REFUSED TO ADMIT SHE WAS SARA JANE'S MOTHER PENDING POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION THROUGH FINGERPRINTS.

IT IS UNCERTAIN WHERE THE OTHER CHILDREN--CHRISTOPHER AND JANET--ARE AT THIS POINT. CHRISTOPHER WOULD NOW BE 19 AND O'NEILL SAID HE HAD THE IMPRESSION THAT HE WAS EITHER STILL LIVING WITH HIS ADOPTIVE MOTHER IN CINCINNATI OR WAS IN THE ARMY IN GERMANY. HE SAID HE HAD NO IDEA WHERE JANET IS.

THE GINGERNESS WITH WHICH THE FAMILY IS TREATING SARA JANE DOES NOT SEEM UNCHARACTERISTIC. AFTER SHE HAD GRADUATED FROM HIGH SCHOOL AND LEFT CHARLESTON, SHE APPARENTLY HAD VERY LITTLE TO DO WITH CHARLESTON, HER MOTHER OR THE REST OF THE FAMILY.

SHE WAS DESCRIBED BY ONETIME RELATIVE AS A PERSON WHO LEFT THE GRIMY INDUSTRIAL CITY WITH STARS IN HER EYES AND A CONVICTION THAT SHE COULD MAKE IT IN THE MOVIES. "HER DREAM WAS TO BECOME AN ACTRESS," SAID ALVIN SCHMUTZ, THE FORMER BROTHER-IN-LAW WHO UNTIL A DIVORCE WAS MARRIED TO SARA JANE'S SISTER, RUTH. "SHE WANTED TO GET INTO THE MOVIES AND SHE BELIEVED SHE COULD

SCHMUTZ SAID SARA JANE FOR ALL PRACTICAL PURPOSES LOST TOUCH WITH THE FAMILY AFTER SHE LEFT CHARLESTON. "AND I THINK SHE MIGHT HAVE LOST TOUCH WITH REALITY TOO," HE SAID, "SHE ALWAYS LIVED IN A DREAM WORLD OF HER OWN MAKING." SHE EVEN STAYED AWAY FROM THE REST OF THE FAMILY WHEN SHE WAS LIVING AT HOME."

BUT IT SEEMS SHE NEVER ENTIRELY LOST TOUCH. IN ONE OF THOSE STRANGE CONTRADICTIONS THAT STUDDERED HER LIFE, SARA JANE IN 1972 WROTE A WARM NOTE TO MRS PAT HORN, WHO WAS CHAIRMAN OF THE 25TH CLASS REUNION OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON CLASS OF 1947.

"DEAR PATTY," SHE WROTE, "IF WE CAN'T ATTEND WILL THERE BE SOME WAY WE CAN GET A ROSTER OF OUR CLASSMATES' CURRENT ADDRESSES? PERHAPS BY MAKING A DONATION OF, SAY DLRS 5, TOWARD THE REUNION WE COULD RECEIVE THE PROGRAM AND A ROSTER AND A SHORT WRITE UP ABOUT THE FESTIVITIES. IT WOULD REALLY BE MARVELOUS TO HEAR ABOUT EVERYONE (EXCLAMATION POINT)." SHE SIGNED THE LETTER WITH THE NAME SHE HAD NOT USED FOR YEARS--SARA JANE KAHN.

SARA JANE DIDNT MAKE THE REUNION AND IT WASNT UNTIL THIS WEEK MOST OF HER CLASSMATES HEARD ABOUT WHAT SHE HAD BEEN ABOUT IN THE INTERVENING YEARS' SINCE GRADUATION. AND THERE WERE THOSE WHO WANTED TO BELIEVE THAT THE STUNNING NEWS OF THIS WEEK HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE SARA JANE THEY HAD KNOWN OR THE COMPASS OF LIFE AS IT IS LIVED IN THIS GOD-FEARING GRANITE BOUND VALLEY. "WHATEVER HAPPENED TO HER," SAID REBA ELPIN, "HAPPENED TO HER SINCE SHE LEFT THE KANAWHA VALLEY. SHE IS NOW AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT PERSON THAN THE GIRL THAT LEFT THE VALLEY."

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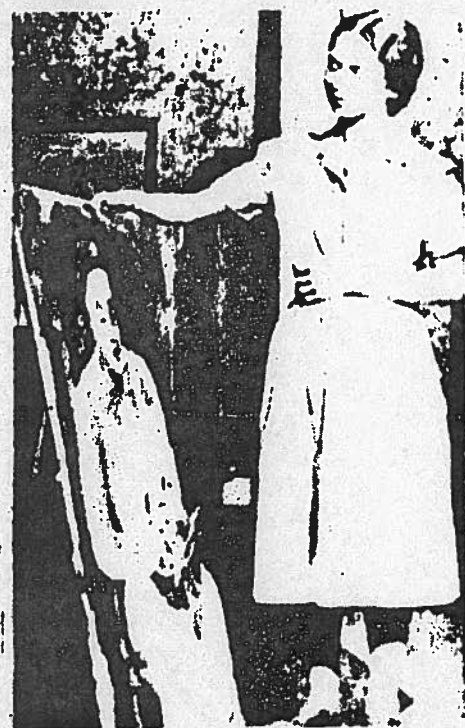
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THE TWO FACES OF SARA

She was a sad case right out of "Miss Lonelyhearts"—a loser with a puffy face, glazed eyes, a sulfurous temper—and, in the end, a near-fatal attraction to guns. She started as a Bible Belt school-girl in West Virginia who tied yellow ribbons in her hair and dreamed of becoming an actress. She wound up in the mug-shot gallery right behind Lynette (Squeaky) Fromme. Along the way, Sara Jane Moore shuffled her cards of identity so often and so thoroughly that even she seemed puzzled last week over who she really was and why she had taken aim at the President of the United States. But those who had watched her tortuous progress through broken marriages, lost causes and last chances were not really surprised. "Sara," observed one recent

normal as any other child on her block. She lived in a quiet, middle-class neighborhood on the west side of Charleston. She played house with a tiny tea set taken from a Cracker Jack box. She entranced her family with fairy tales like "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." And she once won two free tickets to a Walt Disney movie called "The Reluctant Dragon" by tinting the best coloring-book dragon in an art contest. On Saturdays, the little girl loved to go to see Tarzan matinees. In the woods outside Charleston she played Tarzan, swinging from wild Appalachian grapevines. Sometimes her brothers would tease her—for being so girlish—but not for long. "When I get to be a famous actress," she told one of them tartly, "you won't say that."

The budding actress was worried that



Stagestruck in Charleston: Just you wait

workmate, "was like Jekyll and Hyde."

From the beginning, the two faces of Sara Jane Moore were always out of focus. She was born on Feb. 15, 1930, in Charleston, W. Va., an Appalachian town that also produced Leon Czolgosz, the anarchist who killed President McKinley, and Charles Manson, the murderous guru who trained Squeaky Fromme. As a girl, Sara Jane bought candy bars at Van's Never Closed Market in Charleston—a place where Manson also shopped for sweets as a child. "I never thought those kids would turn out the way they done," said candyman Van Watson last week. "Especially Sara Jane. She was sweet and quiet and always had schoolbooks with her. Why, I thought she'd grow up real fine."

Outwardly, Sara Jane did seem as

Bewildered Girl, 18, Amnesia Case Here



Washington spell: A front-page nobody

she was flat-chested, complained about her braces and believed that playing the violin had somehow put her mouth out of proper line. She didn't have a steady boyfriend. One night she returned home from a date and gushed to the boy on her doorstep that she had had a wonderful time. Then she went into the living room and snapped to her sister: "I can't stand him." One of her brothers was standing on the stairs in his pajamas eavesdropping. "I remember it because it kind of surprised me," he said last week. "It appeared two-faced."

'UNDERNEATH IT, I'M A WITCH'

In her senior year, Sara Jane got her first starring role when Stonewall Jackson High School staged a version of Sidney Howard's melodrama "The Late Christopher Bean." She landed the part of Abby, a maid who keeps house for a

JANE MOORE

family of nasty Vermonters. (When the Vermonters press Abby to sell a valuable portrait, painted by the late Bean, Abby refuses—revealing in the final act that Bean had been her husband all along.) "It means all the happiness that I ever had, his picture was," Abby cried into the auditorium at Stonewall Jackson High. "And you know that I ain't had so much." Mrs. Peggy Bradley, another member of the cast, recalled the moment sadly last week and said: "I think maybe that was the only happiness Sara ever had."

The signs pointed to a case of adoles-

Janet Pries

"She'd try to cast spells on people and things. Suddenly she'd turn to you and say: 'You know, I'm really a witch. Underneath it, I'm a witch'."

She began to behave more like a rebel without a cause. When she was 16, she ran away from home, taking \$7 from her brother's paper-route money to finance the trip. The gesture was a clear assault upon the sensibility of her father, Olaf Kahn, an engineer, disciplinarian and true believer in self-help and the work ethic. She turned up safely—but she made her first headlines in the Charleston newspapers when Kahn reported her missing. A few months later, Sara Jane also surprised her mother, a devout Baptist, by joining the Episcopal Church. "Sara liked things her way," said a brother. "She could usually back up her beliefs. If she was interested in a subject, she pursued it."

A CASE OF AMNESIA

After graduating from high school, she pursued careers (clerk, nurse, soldier, bookkeeper) and husbands (four in all) with equal intensity—and disastrous results. Her 1949 marriage to Marine Staff Sgt. Wallace Elvin Anderson lasted less than a month and was annulled about a year later. The 19-year-old WAC ex-

voiced from Aalberg when she married Dr. Carmel—an embarrassment that made her look a bit like a bigamist. Whatever the case, she introduced herself to employers using the surname of Moore. It was her mother's maiden name.

As a mother figure herself, Sara Jane Moore managed to spread pain all around. Her 9-year-old son, John Frederick Wilhelm Aalberg Jr., wound up in a juvenile guidance center last week, the ward of a Federal court. Three children by her earlier marriage to Sydney Manning (and possibly a love child who was born mentally retarded and is believed to be in a Los Angeles institution) were suddenly awash in a flood of unwanted publicity—and an agonizing identity crisis of their own. In 1959, about a year after marrying Aalberg, the perennial bride had sent Sydney Jr., Janet and Christopher Manning back home to Charleston. "She simply told her mother that the kids were on the plane and to pick them up," said the Rev. Robert McNeill, pastor of the Randolph Street Baptist Church. "She said in so many words: 'They are yours!'"

Manning helped relocate the children, moped about Charleston for a time—then vanished. "Maybe we'll find Big Syd now," Sara's mother Ruth told one of Sara Moore's brothers last week—with understandable bitterness. After Manning disappeared, Sara haggled like a rug merchant over child-support payments. At one point she offered to pay her parents \$20 a month for all three children, pleading poverty as a defense. In the end, her father was reduced to securing a warrant for her arrest when she dropped out of sight entirely; she then contributed \$500 in back payments and paid \$50 a month for a time.

A GROTESQUE RESURRECTION

Heartsick, her parents chose to adopt their own grandchildren in 1963. When Olaf Kahn died a year later, his daughter did not come to his funeral. And when Sara Jane Moore finally reappeared in Union Square last week, the grotesque resurrection was no comfort to her mother. "It made her cry and cry," reported Gladys Bell, a close family friend. "But it didn't surprise me. Sara Jane has always lived in a fantasy world."

For a time San Francisco offered her much of what she had longed for. With her last husband, Dr. Carmel, she moved into a \$57,500, four-bedroom ranch house in the prosperous, East Bay suburb of Danville. She became a bumbling bridge player and a regular at art shows in San Francisco. "Social standing meant a lot to her," said one of her next-door neighbors last week. "She was very status seeking. She wanted you to know she had money and that she was married to a doctor."

Then Sara Jane Carmel's circuits once again began to overload. She quarreled with her husband. She suffered recurring bouts of depression. She made several unsuccessful attempts to kill herself.

NEWSWEEK



David Powers

Moore's last flat: Cheap champagne and a pathetic advertisement for herself

cent doldrums, but Sara Jane began to show some more disturbing signals as well. Although she got mostly A's in school, graduated with honors and belonged to the Girls' Athletic Association, the Civil Air Patrol and the Thespians, she never seemed comfortable around other people. "Even when she was in a crowd, she was alone," recalled Mrs. Reba K. Eplin, an old classmate. The young Moore took to brooding, and she started checking out books on the occult from the Kanawha County Public Library. "She was into witchcraft, as the young people say, long before it was the up-to-date thing," recalled Mrs. Bradley.

bride turned up unconscious near the White House in Washington, D.C., and was admitted to Walter Reed Army Hospital with amnesia. Upon recovering, she ran through a tempestuous sequence of two marriages and divorces with an Air Force officer named Sydney Louis Manning, who took her to California. In 1958, she married John Frederick Wilhelm Aalberg, a courtly, older spouse who was, she said later, a big man in Hollywood. After that scenario faded, she went on to marry Dr. Willard Carmel, a prosperous internist in the Bay Area. The marriage, like all the rest, ended badly.

It was not clear whether she was di-

When the marriage finally foundered, she fought tenaciously to keep the house in Danville—and lost.

She put John Frederick into a private school and took a job at the Round Hill Country Club (membership, \$2,750) in Alamo, Calif. In the beginning she exuded charm as the new head of the accounting department. Then she changed her style abruptly. She hectorated the club's senior bookkeeper unmercifully, dumping her belongings on the floor. In short order the rest of the staff was calling her "Sergeant Sara Jane."

Oddly enough, the martinet pored over bookkeeping texts in the club's dining room while stacks of unopened mail, which she would let no one else touch, piled up on her desk. Among other tantrums, she threw a telephone across one clubroom and ripped the tape out of the adding machine of an astonished colleague. When the husband of an ex-employee turned up to correct an error in his wife's last paycheck, Sara Jane shouted that she was being threatened and called for help. "There is only one other person in this whole world hated more than you," general manager Jay Bedsworth told her acidly. "And that is Adolph Hitler."

A LOT OF ENEMIES

Sara Jane Carmel finally got fired. She moved to the Mission District in San Francisco. When the Symbionese Liberation Army kidnapped Patty Hearst, she offered her services to People in Need (PIN)—a \$2 million, free-food ransom arranged by Hearst to meet SLA demands for his daughter's release. "She got close to Randy Hearst," observed PIN director Ludlow Kramer. "She was good at building power—and she made a lot of enemies." Employed as a bookkeeper, the rather dowdy matron made the rounds, slamming doors and badgering volunteers. But she impressed Hearst, who hired her at \$200 a week to clean up loose ends when the program ended. When he saw her name in the papers last week he called up Wells Smith, general manager of The San Francisco Examiner, and asked in disbelief: "Is that the same Sara?"

Through the PIN program, the manic bookkeeper gained entry into San Francisco's close-knit counter-culture. She mixed with radical leftists, black Muslims and street-hip ex-cons out of the prison-reform movement. Among the gaudier members of this boathouse set was an ex-con named Wilbert (Popeye) Jackson, a leader of the United Prisoners Union. He told her that he might be able to act as a go-between for Hearst and the SLA. Sara Jane Moore quickly put him in

touch with Hearst and became Popeye's go-fer. She "followed him like a puppy dog," Popeye's mistress Pat Singer told a reporter from the Berkeley Barb. During this period, she also went to a rally where one of the speakers was Kathy Soliah, an SLA groupie and sister of Steven Soliah—the man who allegedly rented an apartment that Patty Hearst used as her last hide-out.

The FBI took notice and recruited Sara Jane Moore in April 1974. She agreed to keep tabs on an SLA suspect named "Tom." Bay area radicals believe she made contact with such down-with-the-

parole board, which was scrutinizing his list of parole violations. She maintained, however, that she had become a convert to radical politics and that she had broken her connection with the FBI. Last week, a Bay area source was peddling a 34-page manuscript in which Moore described her politics. (NEWSWEEK, which has a policy of not paying for such news or interviews, rejected the proposal.)

Whether Sara Jane Moore was really an apostate stoolie remained to be seen. Even after her mediagenic spurge of moral witness, she continued to feed

tidbits of information on a free-lance basis to the San Francisco Police Department and the Treasury Department's Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. And even her attorney, Federal public defender James Hewitt, was not quite sure last week where his client really stood. "The media connections are the only way we can find out about her," he said. "After this I can only say it's going to be a pleasure to defend good old-fashioned crooks again."

A MACABRE JUMBLE

In the end, Sara Jane Moore used a gun to blast her way out of her embarrassment and right into jail. And at her \$190-a-month flat on Guerrero Street last week, a record called "The Force of Life," featuring ~~Peking's Red Star Singers~~, still stood on the spindle where she had left it. Children's toys, a portrait of Marx, a squash racquet, a French telephone on the night stand and a cheap bottle of Cribari champagne in the refrigerator all bore mute witness to the macabre jumble of her life.

In her desk drawer, tucked away in a manila envelope, lay a pathetic advertisement for herself that Sara Jane Moore had sent to a local dating service. She was a woman who "enjoyed opera, theater, needlework, backpacking, entertaining, a lovely home, her art collection, her wonderful little son and pleasant work," the ad reported. What she was looking for was a "well-educated man who can be comfortable in any atmosphere, who can laugh and be enthusiastic, with a sense of curiosity and wonder at the world."

She had left for her appointment with Gerald Ford in Union Square, sticking her last employer, Floyd Armstrong of B and K Janitorial Services, with a \$50 tab for long-distance phone calls. "She wanted to be something she wasn't," he said mildly. "She wanted attention." And she paid very dearly for that.

—TOM MATHEWS with ELEANOR CLIFT in Atlanta, TONY FULLER in Charleston, W. Va., and GERALD C. LUBENOW and WILLIAM J. COOK in San Francisco



Moore (plaid pants) listens to Kathy Soliah at an SLA rally

Establishment groups as the Revolutionary Union, Tribal Thumb and Vietnam Veterans Against the War. "I was really nervous," she told an interviewer, "but I was intrigued by the whole thing. It was like a grade-B movie."

Popeye was killed in a still unsolved murder in June 1975, and the new recruit began to lose her nerve. Fearing that she might be rubbed out too, she staged a media blitz worthy of William Randolph Hearst in his yellowist journalism days. She told the Berkeley Barb that attorney Charles Garry, a defender of radical cases, had persuaded her to come clean. She also accused Popeye Jackson of badging information from the underground to secure leniency from the state

CHAPTER EIGHT

Rounding up the News

Without round-up files, Newsweek would lose touch with trends. It would also lose much of its standing as an alert, national magazine. But if the round-up is vital, filing round-ups can be the bane of a reporter's work week. Round-up files are tricky to do; they take hard work; they don't always result in bylines. But they must be done and done well.

San Francisco Bureau Chief Jerry Lubenow is a master of the art of the brief round-up. When New York City was teetering on the brink of defaulting on its debts--and President Gerald Ford, in the memorable headline of the Daily News, was telling the city to "drop dead--" Lubenow dispatched the perfect short round-up for a story called "A City Without A Country." It provided the "love-hate" theme of the piece; the insight that American's traditionally cheer when the big guy stumbles; the observation that New York's cultural arrogance was matched only by San Francisco's. The principle he followed was to supply as many different ideas, themes and quotes as possible. To file endless repetitions or small variations on a single quote or theme is the main mistake of round-up files. Without Lubenow's file there wouldn't have been much of a story. Yet the file itself was only five paragraphs long. Here's how Lubenow does it.

"Round-ups are very difficult to do. It's hard to get good people to do them at all, let alone do them well. But they are one of the things that makes the magazine what it is. What you are trying to do is provide something unique that gives a regional balance and flavor to a story seen from and written in New York. The main problem is usually one of time. These things tend to come at you on Wednesday afternoon with a Thursday morning deadline. Usually you have only three or four hours to do the reporting. The only way you can respond in time is to know your own territory backwards and forwards.

"There is one kind of round-up in which you are asked to file on a trend you have already noticed yourself. The trick is to get your sources to articulate in good quotes and anecdotes something you already know is there. With luck you can make three calls, say: 'I got it. I can stop now.' and go to the typewriter. In other cases, the harder ones, you don't know what the feeling in your territory is. Then you have to scramble and make five or six calls.

"The secret in both cases is to have a trove of sources who are in a position to know and talk about trends. For the why-everyone-hates-New York piece I probably remembered seeing that Field had done a poll on the subject; so I called him up. I had seen in the Seattle newspapers that the mayor up there had some strong feelings about New York. I had probably heard Willie Brown make the joke about New York-San Francisco arrogance at a party two weeks earlier; so I could call him up too. You must work from that kind of mosaic. You can only do it if you have been talking to people and noticing things even when you are not working. But then I suppose a good reporter is never not working."

EDITOR/PAIDERS

OF/LUBENOW

RE WHY FOLKS ARE DOWN ON NEW YORK

OCT 30, 1975

1975-008-30-PM-703

"NEW YORK'S PROBLEMS CAME AT A VERY BAD TIME," MUSED CALIFORNIA STATE ASSEMBLYMAN WILLIE BROWN. "PEOPLE ARE OPPOSED TO SPENDING TAX DOLLARS FOR ANYTHING, ESPECIALLY FOR BAILING OUT NEW YORK. NEW YORK IS VERY HARD TO DEFEND. IMPOSSIBLE PERHAPS. NEWYORK HAS A VERY NEGATIVE REPUTATION. IT STEMS FROM ARROGANCE. NEWYORK HAS AN ARROGANCE THAT IS MATCHED ONLY BY THE ARROGANCE OF SAN FRANCISCO."

WHATEVER THE REASON, THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT ANTI NEW YORK SENTIMENT IS PARTIALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE NATIONAL REFUSAL TO PROVIDE FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE. "SURE PEOPLE HATE NEW YORK," SAYS POLLSTER MERV FIELD. "IT'S THE BIG APPLE SYNDROME. ANYONE IN ANY ENDEAVOR WHO IS UPWARDLY MOBILE REALIZES HE HAS TO MAKE IT IN NEW YORK. MOST PEOPLE ARE ABLE TO OVERCOME THAT AND WE CAN ARGUE INTELLECTUALLY THAT IT'S A LOT OF CRAP. BUT IT IS STILL THE MAIN TRACK. MOST PEOPLE HAVE A LOVE-HATE RELATIONSHIP WITH THE CITY, BUT THERE'S MORE HATE THAN LOVE IN IT."

EVEN WASHINGTON GOV. DAN EVANS ADMITS THERE IS A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF ANTI-NEW YORK FEELING IN THE NATION'S ATTITUDE. SAYS HE, "IT'S AN AMERICAN TRADITION TO CHEER WHEN THE BIG GUY STUMBLES." BUT, EVANS ADDS, THERE IS ALSO A SECOND, STRONGER SENTIMENT THAT, "IF NEW YORK IS BAILED OUT, WHERE IS THE INCENTIVE FOR OTHER PEOPLE TO MANAGE THEIR AFFAIRS PRUDENTLY? FOR EXAMPLE," HE NOTES, "PEOPLE IN WASHINGTON AND MANY OTHER STATES PAY TUITION SO THEIR CHILDREN CAN GO TO COLLEGE. WHY SHOULD THEY PAY SO NEW YORKERS CAN SEND THEIR CHILDREN TO COLLEGE FOR NOTHING?"

SEATTLE MAYOR WES UHLMAN FEELS THE ANTI NEW YORK SENTIMENT STEMS PARTLY FROM ITS SIZE. "ITS THE BIGGEST MOST VISIBLE CITY. ITS PROBLEMS ARE MORE APPARENT." BUT THERE IS ALSO A NATIONAL REACTION TO NEW YORK'S CULTURAL SNOBBERY. SAYS UHLMAN, "THERE ARE A LOT OF FOLKS AROUND THE COUNTRY WHO THINK THEY HAVE A LITTLE BIT OF CULTURE, TOO."

FOR SOME, NEW YORK SYMBOLIZES ALL THE ILLS OF AN INCREASINGLY DECADENT SOCIETY. NOTES REAGAN CAMPAIGN AIDE PETER HANNAFORD, "WHENEVER YOU START TALKING ABOUT NEW YORK IN FRONT OF AN AUDIENCE, YOU CAN'T GET INTO IT VERY FAR WITHOUT SENSING THAT, FOR THEM, IT SYMBOLIZES A LOT OF THINGS THAT ARE GOING WRONG WITH THIS COUNTRY FROM PORNOGRAPHY AND LOOSE MORALS TO CRIME, AIR POLLUTION, URBAN DECAY, AND INFLATION." **END**

A City Without a Country

FINANCES

As a target, New York City has always been rather hard to miss. It is the biggest, sassiest and liveliest city in the country. But from the free-booting days of Henry Hudson down to the humble-pie era of Mayor Abraham Beame, New York's wealth, its power—and its overweening pretensions—have won the city a full share of foes. Not everyone hates the Big Apple, of course. But President Ford's confident assault last week suggested that New York was awash in coast-to-coast currents of free-floating hostility that suddenly threatened to make it a city without a country. "Sure, people hate New York," observed California pollster Mervin Field. "Most people have a love-hate relationship with the city—but there's more hate than love in it."

The list of complaints lodged against

and the liberties of man," and he argued that farms and sturdy yeomen were the true source of the Republic's health. Antagonism against New York would probably run highest in those areas of the country that have remained rural the longest, predicted Jefferson's biographer Dumas Malone last week. Sure enough, the latest Gallup poll showed that 74 per cent of the country's farmers opposed Federal aid to New York while 42 per cent of the country at large was ready to offer some kind of help. "Even though the country has lost its rural character," observed Malone, "... the cities don't seem wholesome."

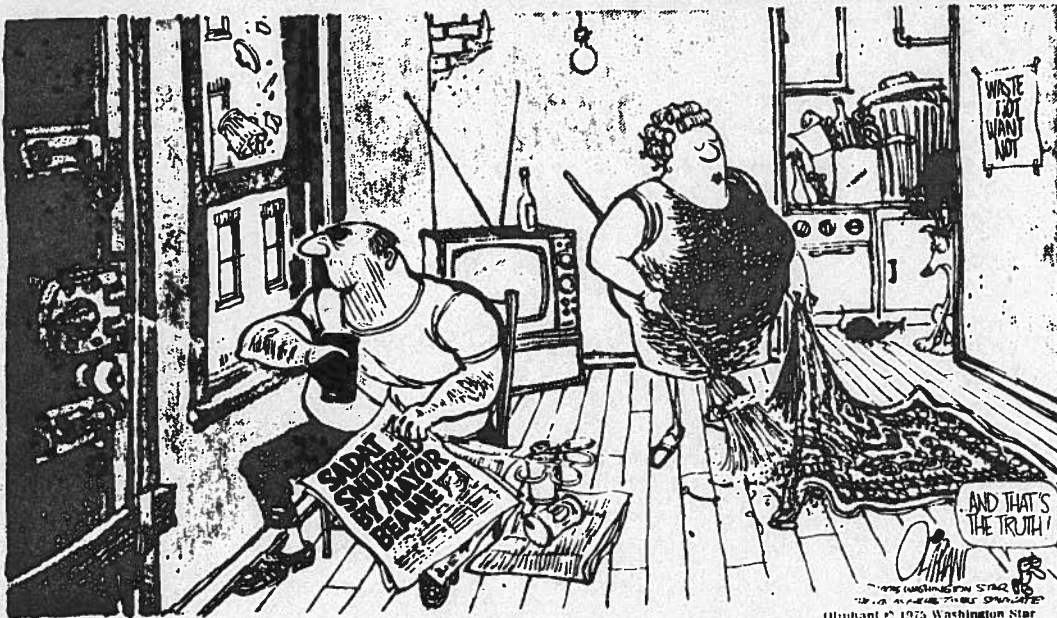
Americans, wrote historians Morton and Lucia White in a classic study "The Intellectual Versus the City," have frowned on New York City for being too

noisy, dirty, smelly, commercial, industrialized, crowded and full of pushy immigrants—including Irishmen, Italians, Poles and Jews. For decades New York has been scorned as a tawdry Golgotha that is greedy, heartless and soulless. Others have charged that its mores are scandalous, its manners atrocious and its vanities a spectacle to behold. "If ever there was an aviary overstocked with jays," said O. Henry in one sour moment, "it is that Yaptown-on-the-Hudson called New York."

Lamb: As the nation's largest city, however, New York may have become the fattest sacrificial lamb for frustrations that range far beyond its own city limits. "Whenever you start talking about New York in front of an audience," reports Ronald Reagan brain-truster Peter Hannaford,

"you sense that it symbolizes a lot of things that are going wrong with this country—from pornography to air pollution, urban decay and inflation."

New York's reputation for giving Bronx cheers to the style and accomplishments of the rest of the country has generated an understandable measure of antagonism over the years. Broadway's celebrated maxim—that New York is surrounded on all sides by Bridgeport—might have drawn laughs in café society in flush times, but it doesn't sell municipal bonds today. "New York has an arrogance that is matched only by the arrogance of San Francisco," noted California State Assemblyman Willie Brown last week. And while New York remains a vital center of music, painting and the theater, its old claim to a monopoly in the arts is offensive to many sensibilities—and no longer goes uncontested. "There are lots of folks around the country," chides Seattle Mayor Wesley Uhlman



'Class! That's one thing they can't take away from us New Yorkers—our class.'

New York was as long and sometimes as frenzied as Broadway itself. "The thing I don't like about New York is the tendency to reward bums and penalize hard work," drawled Georgia's ex-Gov. Lester Maddox. The charge that the city was living beyond its means, handing out free college educations, paying garbage-men exorbitant salaries and hollering for Federal help when the bills came due seemed hard to refute. And the temptation to give New York a kick was irresistible. "It's an American tradition to cheer when the big guy stumbles," observed Washington Gov. Daniel Evans. "And if New York is bailed out, where is the incentive for other people to manage their affairs prudently?"

The indictment was new, but the sentiments were squarely in line with an anti-city bias as old as the country itself. Thomas Jefferson viewed big cities in general, and New York in particular, as "pestilential to the morals, the health

gently, "who think they have a bit of culture too."

By an odd twist of irony, New York's role as a center of news and communications may also have contributed to its bad image. Many national newsmen pursuing the story of America's urban crisis have revealed the shame of their own city—New York—in unsparing detail both on TV and in print. Open disclosure has done little to allay hostility toward the city as a center of the Eastern Establishment press, a popular theme in some corners of the hinterlands—where voters still remember certain warnings against effete intellectual snobs. "Nixon and Agnew played to them," said former Detroit Mayor Jerome Cavanagh last week. "Ford is playing to them now. And with Ford reflecting a national kind of Grand Rapids bias against New York—it's bound to take hold."

Potholes: That remains to be seen. Despite the flourishes of ruffled rhetoric last week, no one believed that New York would simply drop dead. A certain gallows humor *was* in the air—along with the first fall frost in Central Park. Humorist Joel Siegel suggested one morning on the radio that New York might be able to convert its foes by transforming itself into a vast amusement park where the rest of the country could come to see some of the world's tallest skyscrapers and deepest potholes—and the shortest mayor. And a host of expatriates rushed to the city's defense. "I don't understand how the hell people who've never even lived in New York can walk around saying they'd hate to live there," snorted millionaire art collector Joseph Hirshhorn, 75, a Brooklyn boy, who can now afford quarters in Florida.

No matter how badly New York had fouled its own nest, common sense seemed to demand that the city be

treated as a painful challenge, not an ugly affront, to the rest of the nation. "How can we dissociate ourselves from the most populous city in the country?" asked Second City philosopher Studs Terkel in Chicago. "It's schizophrenic. Whether we outlanders like it or not, our fate is tied in with New York's. And if it's the hell with New York—then it's the hell with us."

—TOM MATHEWS with bureau reports

Newsweek, November 10, 1975

CHAPTER NINE

The Cover File

No reporting job at Newsweek is more exciting--or rewarding--than supplying a single file for a major cover story. The cover file requires mastery of all the skills illustrated in the earlier chapters of this anthology. Insight, balance and perspective, the qualities that give a reporter a strong, guiding voice, are perhaps the most important elements in a good cover file. But all the other day-to-day tools and articles of faith of the reporter's trade must also come into play: the ability to evoke a subject, to make it come to life; a sense of the telling anecdote and significant detail; a grasp of the truth that in news, as in life, things are very seldom what they appear to be; a sense of proportion, a sense of humor--and an unremitting sense of fair play. Chicago Bureau Chief Frank Maier brought all these virtues to his cover file on Hizzoner the Mare of Chicago: Richard Daley. Maier still remembers the job fondly; but he says getting it wasn't easy:

"The elections were coming up. Everyone was talking about Daley's last hurrah and other clichés like that. I thought there was something more to the story. I spent two days working on an advisory for New York. I pretended I was a free-lancer trying to sell an idea to a guy in New York I didn't know. The main problem was that people still thought of Daley only as the mayor who set the police on the demonstrators during the 1968 Democratic Convention. But whatever his faults as a civil libertarian, Daley also came across as a man who was doing pretty much what a big city mayor should be doing: Chicago worked.

"I had gone to watch Daley give a speech to the city's garbage men. He stood up before them and said gruffly, 'Men, by hard work--and by the grace of God--we are going to clean up this city.' They had tears in their eyes. I'm not kidding. I thought, 'Something is going on here.' I led the advisory with the anecdote and New York bought the idea of a cover. Then the problem was that no one serious had really thought much about Daley as anything other than a political boss. Finally I found a guy at Northwestern who put him in perspective by comparing him to John Lindsay in New York. He said the difference between Lindsay and Daley was that when Lindsay saw one of his citizens dropping paper on the street he would leap out of his limousine, tell him he should be ashamed, and pick it up himself. Daley would just drive on. Lindsay relied on some kind of vague, urban moralism. Daley knew his street sweepers would do their job.

"Beyond illustrating the concepts and theme of the cover, it was a real problem evoking Daley the human being. Daley was still smarting from the 1968 Convention and he wasn't giving interviews to anyone. So the reporting had to be saturation coverage of everyone I could find who knew him and worked with him. I had to do a lot of reconstruction. I was looking for a lead that symbolized the man, not just a bit of color. I was at the city-council chamber one day when Daley came in. The crowds of aldermen all parted before him like the Red Sea. I thought: 'My God. This guy is really awesome.' I also reconstructed Daley's private style using secondary accounts. One guy told me that on election nights, aldermen would come in to Daley like little boys with the voter returns from their ward in their hand. If an alderman's returns were good Daley would ask about his wife; if they were bad he would frost him; if they were terrible, he might grab a man by the tie, drag him forward and scream in his face. Those were the kind of anecdotes that caught the character of Daley and the almost totalitarian system he had set up.

"In Bridgeport, Daley's neighborhood, they saw me as the enemy from downtown. I kept at them and they finally came around. One man talked about Daley as the shortstop for the neighborhood athletic league in the old days; another said: 'Dick Daley got rid of the flies.' It turned out he had passed out free garbage cans during one election. The stories sound insignificant. But they showed that Daley was a man from the neighborhood, addressing the problem of people crammed into the tight spaces of a modern city.

"Harry Waters came out from New York, went to the St. Patrick's Day Parade, spent a little time in Fritz's Bar went back home and wrote, 'The City that Works.' It was the first major story that redeemed Daley. They still talk about it in Chicago."

CHICAGO MAIER

DALEY

APR 18 PM 4:27

RICHARD JOSEPH DALEY STRODE OUT THE SIDE DOOR OF HIS OFFICE INTO THE GLEAMING FIFTH-FLOOR CORRIDOR IN CHICAGO'S GRIM, GREY CITY HALL. HE WALKED QUICKLY, HIS DULL BLUE EYES DEAD AHEAD, LIKE A MAN WHO KNOWS THAT NO ONE WILL STAND IN HIS WAY. FOUR PLAIN-CLOTHES POLICEMEN AND TWO YOUNG AIDES HALF-TROTTERED IN HIS WAKE.

HE ROUNDED A CORNER TO WHERE ANOTHER POLICEMAN HAD A VACANT ELEVATOR AT THE READY. A CITY HALL EMPLOYEE IN CHECKERED SHIRT AND BLACK TIE PULLED UP SHORT IN THE CORRIDOR, SNATCHED HIS CIGAR FROM HIS MOUTH AND SHOUTED, "HELLO, MR. MAIE." DALEY DIDN'T LOOK HIS WAY, BUT MUMBLED "HOW ARE YA?" AS HE PLUNGED INTO THE WAITING ELEVATOR.

ON THE SECOND FLOOR, THE HALLWAY LEADING TO THE CITY COUNCIL CHAMBER WAS CROWDED WITH UNIFORMED POLICEMEN, PHOTOGRAPHERS, MORE CITY HALL CLERKS, EACH HOPING TO SHOUT A GREETING AND PERHAPS GET A NOD, AND AN ASSORTMENT OF CHICAGOANS WHO HAD TRIED UNSUCCESSFULLY TO PASS SCRUTINY OF A SERGEANT-AT-ARMS AND GET A SEAT INSIDE.

NO ONE HAD TO CLEAR A PATH. THE CROWD PARTED LIKE THE WATERS OF THE RED SEA AS DALEY AND HIS ENTOURAGE CAME INTO SIGHT. BUT ALL THE POLICEMEN STARTED SHOUTING ANYWAY: "CLEAR A PATH. CLEAR A PATH." THE PHOTOGRAPHERS STOOD ON TIP-TOE AND BEGAN SNAPPING PICTURES FRANTICALLY, AS IF IT WERE THEIR LAST CHANCE. A LITTLE MAN IN A BROWN SUIT AND THICK GLASSES CHARGED INTO A GROUP OF CITY HALL REPORTERS AND BEGAN SHOOTING THEM LIKE AN OLD HOUSEWIFE CHASING KIDS FROM HER DOORSTEP. "MOVE IT, MOVE IT," HE YELLED.

A BLACK ALDERMAN, HIS HANDS FILLED WITH PETITIONS, BEGAN EDGING INTO THE OPEN PATH WHILE A DOZEN OF HIS CONSTITUENTS NERVOUSLY STOOD BEHIND HIM, WATCHING. HE WAS ONE OF THE COUNCIL'S FEW INDEPENDENTS -- YOU KNEW THAT RIGHT AWAY OR ELSE HE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN STANDING IN THE HALLWAY LIKE THAT WAITING FOR THE MAYOR TO PASS. DALEY DIDN'T BREAK STEP, SO THE ALDERMAN FRANTICALLY SHOUTED, "MR. MAYOR, MR. MAYOR, HERE ARE SOME PEOPLE WHO..."

THE MAYOR GRUNTED "HOW ARE YA" AND PLUNGED THROUGH A DOORWAY TO A CORRIDOR THAT LEADS TO THE BACK ENTRANCE OF THE COUNCIL CHAMBER. HIS BODYGUARDS AND AIDES BANGED SHOULDERS AS THEY PILED THROUGH THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

TWO MINUTES MORE AND RICHARD J. DALEY WAS ON HIS THRONE BENEATH THE GREAT SEAL OF THE CITY OF CHICAGO. THE 38 "LOYAL" ALDERMEN SCURRIED TO THEIR SEATS. THE 12 OPPOSITION ALDERMEN TOOK

THEIR TIME SITTING DOWN — BUT THEN THEY HAVE SUCH FEW OPPORTUNITIES TO SHOW THEIR INDEPENDENCE. AND THEN, AFTER A PRIEST GAVE PROPER HOMAGE TO GOD, CHICAGO'S CITY COUNCIL BEGAN ITS SESSION, PRESIDED OVER BY MAYOR DALEY, A BEEFY, TOUGH, SENTIMENTAL, PRAGMATIC, PURITANICAL, FATHOMLESS MAN WHO -- IN THE AGE OF THE "NEW POLITICS" -- IS THE LAST SURVIVING MASTER OF THE "OLD POLITICS."

"HE'S THE CLOSEST THING TO A DICTATOR WE'VE GOT IN THIS COUNTRY," SAYS DEPAUL UNIVERSITY URBANOLOGIST PIERRE DE VISE (LOWER-CASE D, CAP V), AIDS A YOUNG REPUBLICAN POLITICIAN WHO REGULARLY ATTENDS COUNCIL MEETINGS ((FYI ONLY, PHILIP KRONE)): "IF DALEY SUDDENLY TOLD THEM TO BOW DOWN IN ADORATION, ALL BUT A HANDFUL OF THOSE GUYS WOULD DIVE FOR THE FLOOR LIKE SOLDIERS GOING FOR THE TRENCHES."

IT WAS A SEDATE SESSION BY CHICAGO STANDARDS, FULLY A THIRD OF THE TIME DEVOTED TO MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS. ("WHEREAS GOD IN HIS INFINITE WISDOM HAS SEEN FIT TO CALL SO-AND-SO TO HIS ETERNAL REWARD," ETC. GOD IS MENTIONED IN THE CHICAGO CITY COUNCIL MORE OFTEN THAN IN MOST CHURCHES THESE DAYS.) FOR ONCE, THERE WERE NO FLOWERY SPEECHES PRAISING THE MAYOR. ONE ALDERMAN HAD GAINED A CERTAIN REPUTATION FOR OCCASIONALLY JUMPING UP AND SHOUTING, "GOD BLESS MAYOR DALEY." BUT THERE WAS NONE OF THAT THIS DAY. AND THERE WAS NO TIME TO LET THE TINY BAND OF REPUBLICANS AND INDEPENDENTS LET OFF STEAM. ONE INDEPENDENT ALDERMAN TRYING TO PROTEST SOMETHING WAS SHOUTED INTO HIS SEAT BY THE MAYOR'S FLOOR LEADER, WEALTHY LAWYER THOMAS KEANE: "SIT DOWN -- OR I'LL KNOCK YA DOWN." A SECOND INDEPENDENT WHO ATTEMPTED TO PRESS A POINT WAS GIVEN A MORE VEILED WARNING. "MY IRISH HERITAGE AND MY BACKGROUND TELLS ME THERE'S SOMETHING I CAN DO ABOUT HIM," SHOUTED ALDERMAN THOMAS BUCHANAN, JUMPING TO HIS FEET. "AND I JUST MAY BE TEMPTED TO DO IT BEFORE THE DAY IS OVER." BUCHANAN SHOOK A CLENCHED FIST AS HE SPOKE.

DALEY SAT LIKE AN IRISH BUDDHA DURING THE BRIEF FLARE-UPS. WHEN HE DID SPEAK, HIS VOICE WAS LOW, CONTROLLED AND BARELY AUDIBLE DESPITE THE TWIN MICROPHONES ON THE DESK BEFORE HIM. WHY GET EXCITED WHEN YOU'VE GOT A 38-TO-12 VOTING MARGIN? WITH THAT SPREAD, DALEY AND HIS FLOOR LEADERS COULD AFFORD TO BE GRACIOUS AND LET THE OPPOSITION SPOUT OFF A BIT. BUT THAT'S NOT THEIR STYLE. IN CHICAGO POLITICS, IF YOU'VE GOT A GUY DOWN YOU STOMP ON HIM. YOU LET HIM KNOW WHO'S BOSS.

AT ONE COUNCIL MEETING, A REPUBLICAN TRIED TO GET THE MAYOR TO RECOGNIZE HIM TO SPEAK, ONLY TO FIND A DEMOCRAT JUMPING UP AND DOWN

- FINALLY SAT DOWN, UNRECOGNIZED AND EXHAUSTED. BATMAN WENT ON TO BIGGER THINGS -- THE MACHINE SUPPORTED HIM FOR A SAFE STATE SENATE SEAT (\$17,500 A YEAR PLUS \$6,000 EXPENSES) AND MADE HIM ADMINISTRATIVE AIDE TO THE DEMOCRATIC SHERIFF OF COOK COUNTY AT ANOTHER \$9,792 A YEAR. IN CHICAGO, YOU SEE, LOYALTY DOES //NOT// HAVE TO BE ITS OWN REWARD.

DICK DALEY RUNS THE LAST OF THE EFFICIENT BIG-CITY POLITICAL MACHINES, AND, DESPITE ALL HIS DETRACTORS, HE STILL RUNS ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING EFFICIENT CITY GOVERNMENTS. DESPITE HER PROBLEMS -- MOST OF THEM COMMON TO ALL BIG CITIES -- CHICAGO IS STILL A CITY WHERE THINGS WORK -- WHERE IT ISN'T A MAJOR LOGISTICAL PROBLEM TO GET TO WORK, GET YOUR GARBAGE PICKED UP OR FIND A POLICEMAN TO BREAK UP A FAMILY FIGHT UPSTAIRS; WHERE ALL THE STREETS AND ALLEYS ARE WELL-LIGHTED AND FAIRLY CLEAN; WHERE CITY SERVICES ARE BEING EXPANDED AND THE CITY'S CREDIT IS STILL HIGH (HER BONDS ARE RATED DOUBLE A, THE HIGHEST OF ANY BIG CITY) AND HER FIRE INSURANCE RATES ARE LOW.

"PEOPLE CAN CRITICIZE DALEY ALL THEY WANT," SAYS SOCIOLOGIST LOUIS MASOTTI OF NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY'S URBAN AFFAIRS CENTER. "BUT THE PEOPLE WHO DO THE MOST COMPLAINING ARE THE ONES WHO HAVEN'T HAD TO LIVE IN NEW YORK OR LOS ANGELES. WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS IS A PHILOSOPHER-KING, A GUY WITH THE POWER TO GOVERN, BUT THE WISDOM TO DO RIGHT. BUT MOST CITIES END UP WITH NEITHER A PHILOSOPHER NOR A KING. NEW YORK IS A CASE WHERE LINDSAY MAY HAVE THE WISDOM, BUT NOT THE POWER. I GREATLY ADMIRE LINDSAY'S INTENTIONS, BUT HE'S LIKE A GUY ROLLER-SKATING IN A HERD OF BUFFALO -- HE'S NOT IN CONTROL OF ANYTHING. IT DOESN'T DO MUCH GOOD TO TALK ABOUT WELFARE POLICY OR HOUSING IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE CLOUT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. WHATEVER ELSE YOU SAY ABOUT DALEY, HE'S GOT THE CLOUT -- HE'S GOT THE POWER TO ACT."

NEXT WEEK (APRIL 6) THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO WILL DECIDE WHETHER TO GIVE RICHARD J. DALEY A FIFTH FOUR-YEAR TERM AS MAYOR OF CHICAGO. AT 68 ((HE WILL BE 69 IN MAY)), HE ALREADY HAS SERVED LONGER THAN ANY MAYOR IN CHICAGO HISTORY. AND HE HAS CONFOUNDED THE PUNDITS WHO EVERY ELECTION YEAR PUT THEIR EARS TO THE DALEY MACHINE, HEAR A FEW SQUEAKS AND GROANS, AND FORTHWITH PREDICT ITS IMPENDING COLLAPSE. LIKE THE WORLD, DALEY IS ALWAYS SUPPOSED TO BE COMING TO AN END. BUT EACH TIME -- LIKE THE WORLD -- DALEY SURVIVES. HE WENT INTO LAST MONTH'S ALDERMANIC ELECTION WITH 38 LOYALISTS ON THE COUNCIL. DESPITE A ONE-THIRD TURNOVER IN COUNCIL MEMBERSHIP, DALEY CAME OUT WITH 37 ORGANIZATION DEMOCRATS, PLUS THE POSSIBILITY

THE ELECTIONS IN TWO YEARS NEXT

WEEK. "IF THAT'S A CRUMBLING MACHINE, I'D LIKE TO SEE ONE THAT'S REALLY WORKING," SAYS PROF. RAYMOND W. MACK, DIRECTOR OF NORTH-WESTERN'S URBAN AFFAIRS CENTER.

AT LEAST THIS TIME REPUBLICANS HAVE PUT UP AN INTERESTING CANDIDATE, A 41-YEAR-OLD DIVORCED SWINGER NAMED RICHARD E. FRIEDMAN WHO IS A LAWYER, ACCOMPLISHED MOUNTAIN CLIMBER, KARATE EXPERT, HOT-AIR BALLOONIST, MOTORCYCLIST AND ONE-TIME DEMOCRAT. BUT AS ONE CITY HALL POL. PUT IT: "PADDY BAULER USED TO SAY CHICAGO AIN'T READY FOR REFORM. WELL, I SAY CHICAGO AIN'T READY FOR A DIVORCED JEWISH BALLOONIST."

"WHAT DALEY HAS DONE ABOVE ALL, AND WHERE GUYS LIKE LINDSAY HAVE FAILED, IS TO PROVIDE THE BASIC SERVICES THAT PEOPLE VALUE, WHETHER THEY ARE BLACK, WHITE OR GREEN," SAYS EARL BUSH, A LONG-TIME DALEY AIDE. "WITHOUT THEM, LIFE IN A BIG CITY IS UNBEARABLE."

WHEN RICHARD J. DALEY TOOK OVER IN 1955, CHICAGO WAS CRUMBLING. ITS STREETS WERE DITY, POLICE AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS WERE SERIOUSLY UNDERMANNED AND TAINED BY POLITICS, THE CENTRAL BUSINESS AREA WITH THE LOOP AS ITS CORE WAS STAGNANT. THERE WAS NO ZING IN THE CITY AND SH- SEEMED ON THE THRESHOLD OF AN IRREVERSIBLE PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL DECLINE. DALEY FOLLOWED AN INEPT REFORM BUSINESSMAN-MAYOR, MARTIN KENNELLY, UNDER WHOSE STEWARDSHIP THE CITY STAGNATED AND POLITICAL HACKS PROSPERED. BEFORE KENNELLY, THE CITY HAD BEEN RULED FOR 14 YEARS BY ED KELLY, A MACHINE POLITICIAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL. IT WAS UNDER KELLY THAT CHICAGO STARTED TO GO TO HELL. NOT ONLY DID KELLY BELIEVE IT PROFITABLE FOR ALL CONCERNED TO RUN A WIDE-OPEN CITY, HE ALSO NEGLECTED THE BASIC HOUSEKEEPING SERVICES. GARBAGE COLLECTION WAS HAPHAZARD IN MOST NEIGHBORHOODS AND VIRTUALLY NONEXISTENT IN OTHERS. STREETS WERE NEVER CLEANED. THE CITY'S RAPID TRANSIT WAS FALLING APART. NO PLANS WERE MADE FOR THE TURB. THE SCHOOL BOARD WAS RUN BY POLITICAL HACKS. AND IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR A BUSINESSMAN -- SMALL OR LARGE -- TO FUNCTION IN THE CITY WITHOUT PAYING OFF SOMEBODY. UNDER THE MILD-MANNERED, INDECISIVE KENNELLY, THE CITY JUST DRIFTED. AS A "REFORM" MAYOR, ALL KENNELLY ACCOMPLISHED WAS A CRACKDOWN ON SOUTH SIDE POLICY WHEELERS TO THE UTTER DISMAY OF SOUTH SIDE BLACK POLITICIANS WHO SHARED IN THE TAKE.

DALEY RECOGNIZED ONE BASIC FACT OF URBAN LIFE WHEN HE TOOK OFFICE, THAT HIS FIRST JOB WAS TO PROVIDE THE HOUSEKEEPING SERVICES THAT ARE AS VITAL TO A CITY AS BLOOD IS TO A HUMAN BEING. AND HE FURTHER RECOGNIZED THAT TO GET THINGS DONE, HE NEEDED ALL THE POWER

HE COULD HOLD. THIS MEANT THAT HE WOULD REMAIN AS CHAIRMAN OF THE COOK COUNTY DEMOCRATIC PARTY, WITH ITS ENORMOUS PATRONAGE ARMY AND INFLUENCE, WHILE SERVING AS MAYOR.

DALEY ONCE TOLD A PARTY LEADER PRIVATELY, "I COULDN'T HAVE DONE ANYTHING WITHOUT BEING PARTY CHAIRMAN."

IN HIS FIRST INAUGURAL MESSAGE, DALEY SET DOWN HIS GOALS. AND HE WAS TO PURSUE THOSE GOALS WITH A LOGGED DETERMINATION DURING THE FIRST YEARS OF HIS ADMINISTRATION:

"I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT THE PURPOSE OF GOVERNMENT IS TO PROVIDE THE VITAL SERVICES AT THEIR MINIMUM," DALEY SAID. "WE MUST TAKE FIRST THINGS FIRST. WE MUST CONCENTRATE OUR EFFORTS ON CITY SERVICES WHICH ARE ESSENTIAL TO KEEP THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO THE HEALTHIEST, BEST-PROTECTED AND MOST PROSPEROUS IN THE NATION."

LITTLE DICKIE DALEY GROWING UP IN BRIDGEPORT ON CHICAGO'S SOUTH SIDE STILL IS REMEMBERED BY OLD-TIMERS AS ONE OF THE NEATEST AND CLEANEST LADS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. AND DICK DALEY AS MAYOR MADE IT ONE OF HIS FIRST TASKS TO CLEAN UP THE CITY. "YOU CAN'T HAVE PRIDE IN A DIRTY CITY," HE SAYS. BEFORE DALEY BECAME MAYOR, THE MAJOR STREETS WERE CLEANED BY SWEEPERS ABOUT ONCE A MONTH. BUT SOON, MAJOR STREETS WERE BEING SWEEPED WEEKLY AND SIDE STREETS ONCE A MONTH. A PROGRAM WAS BEGUN -- AND COMPLETED -- TO LIGHT UP EVERY BLOCK AND EVERY ALLEY IN THE CITY.

A BIG CITY DOESN'T LIVE BY GARBAGE PICKUP ALONE, OF COURSE. BUT DALEY RECOGNIZED THAT A CITY DOESN'T LIVE VERY LONG WITHOUT IT. AND IT WAS IN STRENGTHENING THE FOUNDATIONS OF HIS CITY -- POLICE, FIRE, SANITATION, TRANSPORTATION -- THAT DALEY EARNED HIS REPUTATION NATIONALLY, AND THE UNDYING LOYALTY OF A GREAT MANY CHICAGOANS.

"I'LL VOTE FOR DALEY TILL MY DYING DAY," SAYS JOHN E. GRIFFIN, 65, A MACHINIST. "HE GOT RID OF THE FLIES IN THE ALLEYS." HOW DID HE DO IT, MR. GRIFFIN? "FIRST THING WHEN HE BECAME MAYOR, WE ALL GOT NEW GARBAGE CANS." WHERE DID THE GARBAGE CANS COME FROM, MR. GRIFFIN? "WHO KNOWS? WHO CARES? WE GOT RID OF THE FLIES."

DALEY, LIKE MANY OTHER STERN-FACED MEN, IS A SENTIMENTALIST BENEATH THE CRUSTY HIDE. AND PERHAPS NO SPEECH THE MAYOR EVER MADE MOST REVEALS THE ESSENTIAL DALEY -- PRAGMATIC, RELIGIOUS, PAROCHIAL AND MAUDLIN AS HE IS -- THAN WHEN HE SPOKE EXTEMPORANEOUSLY TO A GROUP OF GARBAGE-TRUCK DRIVERS, EXHORTING THEM TO INCREASE THEIR EFFORTS: "YOU MEN, WITH THE HELP OF GOD, ARE GOING TO MAKE THIS THE FINEST CITY. YOU ARE GOING TO GO OUT AND MAKE EVERY STREET AND EVERY ALLEY THE FINEST STREET AND THE FINEST ALLEY." THERE WASN'T A DRY EYE IN THE CROWD INCLUDING DALEY'S.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE DALEY ADMINISTRATION GO BEYOND MUNDANE IMPROVEMENTS IN NEIGHBORHOOD SERVICES, AS IMPORTANT AS THESE WERE TO THE AVERAGE CITIZEN. IN A VERY REAL SENSE, HE GOT THE CITY MOVING AGAIN. CHICAGO TODAY STANDS AS A CITY WITH A FAIRLY BALANCED TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM -- EXPRESSWAYS FANNING OUT FROM THE CENTRAL CORE WITH RAPID TRANSIT TRAINS RUNNING DOWN THEIR MEDIAN STRIPS (OR AS DALEY CALLS THEM "MEDIUM STRIPS").

UNDER DALEY, THE LEVEL OF CITY SERVICES WENT FROM ONE OF THE WORST IN THE NATION TO THE BEST OF ANY BIG CITY. THE CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT WAS REVITALIZED, NEW OFFICE AND APARTMENT HIGH-RISES BEGAN SPROUTING LIKE TOADSTOOLS. GIANT O'HARE AIRPORT WAS CREATED FROM AN OLD ARMY FIELD ON THE NORTHWEST SIDE OF THE CITY (DALEY STILL CALLS IT O'HARA). HE NOW HAS PLANS FOR ANOTHER GIANT AIRPORT, PROBABLY IN LAKE MICHIGAN OFF DOWNTOWN CHICAGO (TO THE DISMAY OF CONSERVATIONISTS). HE BUILT THE WORLD'S BIGGEST WATER-FILTRATION PLANT; REALIZED A LONG-STANDING DREAM OF BRINGING A FOUR-YEAR CAMPUS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS TO THE CITY. ABOUT \$5 BILLION IN PRIVATE INVESTMENT ALREADY HAS GONE UP IN CHICAGO'S CENTRAL AREA DURING THE DALEY YEARS, WITH EVEN MORE SCHEDULED TO RISE IN THE SEVENTIES, INCLUDING GIANT SKYSCRAPERS OF SEARS ROEBUCK AND STANDARD OIL.

UNLIKE MANY CITIES, CHICAGO HAS NOT EXPERIENCED PUBLIC EMPLOYEE STRIKES, MAINLY BECAUSE DALEY HAS KEPT SALARIES HIGH BUT ALSO BECAUSE OF THE ALMOST INCESTUOUS NATURE OF CHICAGO POLITICS. MANY OF THE CITY'S TOP LABOR LEADERS ARE BOYHOOD PALS OF THE MAYOR. THEY SERVE ON HIS COMMISSIONS AND BOARDS. THEIR RELATIVES AND FRIENDS GET CITY JOBS. FOR EXAMPLE, A REPUBLICAN ALDERMAN INVESTIGATING REPORTS THAT CONTRACTORS WERE POURING LESS CONCRETE FOR CURBS THAN REQUIRED ON A CERTAIN JOB DISCOVERED THAT THE CITY INSPECTOR ASSIGNED TO SUPERVISE THE PROJECT COULDN'T READ THE PLANS AND DIDN'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT WHAT WAS GOING ON. THE ERSTWHILE INSPECTOR TURNED OUT TO BE THE BROTHER OF WILLIAM A. LEE, PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO FEDERATION OF LABOR AND INDUSTRIAL UNION COUNCIL.

UNDER DALEY THE MANY TRADE UNION MEN ON THE CITY PAYROLL ARE PAID TOP CONSTRUCTION RATES, NOT THE LOWER MAINTENANCE SCALE AS IN MOST CITIES. THIS IS SO, EVEN THOUGH MOST OF THEIR DUTIES INVOLVE MAINTENANCE.

WHEN IT COMES TO CHICAGO TEACHERS -- AMONG THE HIGHEST-PAID IN THE NATION -- DALEY CARRIES WATER ON BOTH SHOULDERS. HE NOT ONLY APPOINTS SCHOOL BOARD MEMBERS, BUT IS IN SOLID WITH THE TEACHERS' UNION. THE CHICAGO TEACHERS RECENTLY SETTLED FOR A 16 PERCENT

SALARY INCREASE OVER TWO YEARS AFTER MAYOR DALEY "NEGOTIATED" A SETTLEMENT BETWEEN TEACHERS UNION PRESIDENT JOHN DESMOND, AN OLD FRIEND, AND THE NEW SCHOOL BOARD PRESIDENT AND DALEY-APPOINTEE JOHN D. CAREY, WHO HAPPENS TO BE A HIGH LOCAL OFFICIAL OF THE STEELWORKERS. IT'S SMALL WONDER THAT EVERYBODY WAS SATISFIED BY DALEY'S NEGOTIATIONS.

AS A NEGOTIATOR, DALEY HAS HAD SPECTACULAR SUCCESS DURING HIS YEARS IN OFFICE. HE HAS USED HIS OFFICE TO SETTLE LABOR DISPUTES RANGING FROM THE CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA TO GRAVEDIGGERS. IN EVERY CASE, HE HAS EITHER AVERTED A STRIKE ALTOGETHER OR KEPT THEM FROM DRAGGING OUT TO THE POINT WHERE THE PUBLIC WAS INCONVENIENCED.

"DALEY CONTROLS ENOUGH LEVERS OF POWER THAT CHICAGO WON'T HAVE ANY STRIKES THAT INCONVENIENCE THE PUBLIC WHILE HE'S AROUND," SAYS PROF. LOUIS MASOTTI, OR NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY'S URBAN AFFAIRS CENTER. "PUBLIC STRIKES THAT HAVE OCCURRED IN CHICAGO HAVE BEEN SYMBOLIC -- SHORT AND SYMBOLIC. DALEY SOMETIMES LETS THEM START. THEN HE STEPS IN AND SHOWS EVERYBODY THAT HE CAN STOP THEM -- WHICH HE DOES."

ORGANIZED LABOR RECENTLY STAGED A MAMMOTH LOVE-IN FOR DALEY IN MCCORMICK PLACE ON THE LAKEFRONT. IT WAS HAILED AS THE BIGGEST DINNER EVER SERVED UNDER ONE ROOF IN THE HISTORY OF MAN -- 10,158 WARMED-OVER FILETS AND ALL YOU COULD DRINK FOR \$15 A PERSON. IT WAS DEFINITELY //NOT// A FUND-RAISER. NOBODY COULD MAKE MONEY THE WAY THOSE TEAMSTERS, STEELWORKERS AND THEIR WIVES WERE WOLFING THE MARTINIS. THERE WERE MORE FUR COATS IN THE CROWD THAN AT A REPUBLICAN FUND-RAISING DINNER.

THE HUGE TURNOUT PLEASED DALEY IMMENSELY, CAUSING HIM TO NOTE THAT HIS DAD, MIKE, HAD BEEN A SHEETMETAL WORKER AND A GOOD UNION MAN. AND THE SHEER SIZE OF THE DINNER, WITH LOYAL UNION MEN MUNCHING FILETS AT 3.5 ACRES OF TABLES SPREAD ACROSS THE HALL, MUST HAVE DELIGHTED THE MAYOR, A MAN WHO ALWAYS THINKS AND SPEAKS IN SUPERLATIVES. TO DALEY EVERY NEW SKYSCRAPER IS "THE GREATEST EXAMPLE OF ARKY-TEXTURE THIS CITY HAS EVER KNOWN." EVERY DEMOCRATIC VICTORY IS "THE GREATEST VICTORY IN THE HISTORY OF THIS GREAT PARTY." SO HE'S A MAN WHO COULD APPRECIATE BEING HONORED AT "THE GREATEST DINNER OF ALL-TIME."

RAY SCHOESSLING, A LOCAL TEAMSTERS OFFICIAL WHO PUT TOGETHER THE DINNER IN ONLY THREE WEEKS, SURVEYED THE CROWD AND SAID: "PEOPLE ARE HERE BECAUSE THEY LOVE THIS MAN, THERE'S NO COERCION. HE'S OUR MAYOR AND WE LOVE HIM."

LABOR MAY LOVE DALEY, AND IT CERTAINLY PROVIDES HIM WITH PLENTY OF MANPOWER AND MONEY FOR HIS RE-ELECTION CAMPAIGNS. BUT

DALEY'S SECRET OF SURVIVAL RESTS ON HIS BEING ABLE TO BE THE CENTER OF A TRIANGLE. ON ONE SIDE IS ORGANIZED MAJORITY. ON ANOTHER IS THE WELL-OILED PARTY ORGANIZATION -- THE PATRONAGE ARMY OF CONTENTED DOORBELL-PUSHERS. AND ON THE OTHER SIDE ARE THE FAT CATS -- THE MERCHANTS OF STATE STREET AND THE BANKERS OF LASALLE STREET -- MEMBERS OF THE CITY'S ESTABLISHMENT, MANY OF THEM BLUEBLOOD REPUBLICANS.

DALEY HAS MANAGED -- THROUGH HIS SUPERB TALENTS AS AN ADMINISTRATOR AND AS AN ADEPT POWER BROKER -- TO KEEP ALL SIDES OF HIS TRIANGLE HAPPY. LABOR HAS GOTTEN HIGH-PAYING JOBS, PLENTY OF OVERTIME AND PRESTIGIOUS APPOINTMENTS FOR ITS LEADERS. THE WARD COMMITTEEMEN AND THE LABORERS IN THE PRECINCT VINEYARDS ALSO HAVE JOBS (OR, IF IMPORTANT ENOUGH, A TITLE AND A PAYCHECK) AND, BESIDES, THERE MIGHT EVEN BE A JOB FOR THE WIFE'S NEVER-DO-WELL BROTHER. AND THE BUSINESS INTERESTS SEE CHICAGO BOOM WITH PHYSICAL IMPROVEMENTS UNDER DALEY. AND IT'S BEEN DONE WITHOUT A FISCAL CRISIS SUCH AS THAT FACING OTHER LARGE CITIES. CHICAGO'S MUNICIPAL BONDS CARRY A DOUBLE A RATING AND HER FIRE INSURANCE RATES -- THANKS TO DALEY'S EFFORTS IN BUILDING UP A TOP-FLIGHTY DEPARTMENT -- ARE THE LOWEST OF ANY BIG CITY. CITY TAXES ARE RELATIVELY LOW AND, TO THE HAPPINESS OF THE MANY SUBURBANITES WHO WORK IN CHICAGO, DALEY HAS NEVER HIT THEM WITH A PAYROLL OR CITY INCOME TAX. THEY GET A FREE RIDE IN CHICAGO.

EVERY MAYORAL ELECTION YEAR SCORES OF PROMINENT CHICAGO REPUBLICANS REGULARLY DESERT THEIR PARTY'S CANDIDATE AND FLOCK TO DALEY. IN DALEY'S LAST ELECTION IN 1967, FOR EXAMPLE, THE CHAIRMAN OF HIS CITIZENS COMMITTEE WAS NONE OTHER THAN DAVID KENNEDY, THEN CHAIRMAN OF THE CONTINENTAL ILLINOIS NATIONAL BANK AND LATER PRESIDENT NIXON'S SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

DALEY'S NON-PARTISAN CITIZENS COMMITTEE THIS YEAR IS TOP-HEAVY WITH REPUBLICANS AND A SIZEABLE NUMBER OF SUBURBANITES FROM BOTH PARTIES, INCLUDING THE LIKES OF DONALD M. GRAHAM, CHAIRMAN OF CONTINENTAL ILLINOIS BANK, FROM THE NORTH SUBURB OF EVANSTON; C. VIRGIL MARTIN, CHAIRMAN OF CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO., DEPARTMENT STORES, FROM SUBURBAN WESTERN SPRINGS; EDWARD F. BLETCHER, VICE CHAIRMAN OF FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CHICAGO, AND WILLIAM QUINN, BOARD CHAIRMAN OF THE MILWAUKEE ROAD, BOTH OF WINNETKA, A POSH NORTH SUBURB. THE LIST GOES ON AND ON -- WEALTHY REAL-ESTATE EXECUTIVES, LAWYERS, INVESTMENT BANKERS AND BUSINESS EXECUTIVES -- ALL 100 PERCENT BEHIND THE BOSS OF THE LAST BIG-CITY DEMOCRATIC MACHINE.

SARDONIC COLUMNIST MIKE ROYKO OF THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS RECENTLY SIZED UP THE CITIZENS COMMITTEE ATTITUDE THIS WAY: "CHICAGO IS A NICE PLACE TO EXPLOIT, BUT I WOULDN'T WANT TO LIVE THERE."

THE MERCHANTS OF STATE STREET AND THE BARONS OF LASALLE STREET CERTAINLY COULD NOT BE DESCRIBED AS "CRONIES" OF THE MAYOR, ANY MORE THAN 99 PERCENT OF THE DEMOCRATIC POLITICIANS WHO ARE REPUTED TO BE "CLOSE" TO HIM REALLY ARE. DALEY DOESN'T HANG AROUND WITH THEM, PLAY GOLF WITH THEM (HE DOESN'T PLAY GOLF), HE DOESN'T GO TO THEIR HOMES AND THEY DON'T GO TO HIS MODEST BUNGALOW ON CHICAGO'S SOUTH SIDE. BUT DALEY RETURNS THEIR LOYALTY IN BIG WAYS -- LIKE EXPRESSWAYS, AN AIRPORT AND REASONABLE TAXES.

WHEN DALEY RECENTLY SPOKE AT A LUNCHEON OF THE CHICAGO DOWNTOWN KIWANIS CLUB, THE MAN WHO INTRODUCED HIM WAS AN EXECUTIVE OF THE ILLINOIS MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION AND A LIFE-LONG REPUBLICAN. HE BEGAN BY RUNNING DOWN A LIST OF THE PHYSICAL ASSETS OF CHICAGO, PARTICULARLY COMPARED TO OTHER CITIES -- THE BUILDINGS, THE EXPRESSWAYS, THE TRANSPORTATION NETWORK -- HE DID GIVE GOD CREDIT FOR LAKE MICHIGAN -- BUT NEARLY EVERYTHING ELSE HE CREDITED TO THE PUDGY RED-FACED MAN WHO HAD ARRIVED LATE AND WAS HURRIEDLY FINISHING HIS LAMB STEW -- "ALL THIS HAS HAPPENED THROUGH THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF AN ADMINISTRATION THAT KNOWS HOW TO GET THINGS DONE AND THAT GETS ALONG WITH PEOPLE WHO KNOW HOW TO GET THINGS DONE. WE HAVE A HEALTHY CITY -- OUR CHICAGO -- AND OUR MAYOR, OF WHOM WE ARE ALL PROUD." IT WOULD BE HARD TO IMAGINE ANY REPUBLICAN OFFICE-HOLDER IN THE LAND GETTING A MORE GLOWING INTRODUCTION FROM A HIDE-BOUND REPUBLICAN.

WHEN I ASKED THE INTRODUCER LATER IF HE REALLY THOUGHT THAT HIGHLY OF DALEY, HE REPLIED, "WHEN YOU COMPARE WHAT WE HAVE WITH ANY OTHER BIG CITY, HOW CAN YOU FAULT THE MAN?" THEN WITH A WINK, HE ADDED: "OF COURSE WE PAY MAYBE A 15 PERCENT BROKERAGE FEE TO THE MACHINE, BUT IT'S WORTH IT."

IT'S WORTH IT. THAT'S DALEY'S SECRET. EVERYBODY IN HIS TRIANGLE OF POWER GETS ENOUGH TO KEEP HIM HAPPY.

"DALEY GOVERNS THE CITY, BUT HE DOESN'T //LEAD// THE PEOPLE," EXPLAINS PROF. RAYMOND MACK, HEAD OF THE URBAN AFFAIRS CENTER AT NORTHWESTERN. "HE DOESN'T ANNOUNCE GOALS AND ATTEMPT WITH CHARISMA TO LEAD THE PEOPLE TOWARD THEM. HE HAS THIS UNCANNY KNACK OF FIGURING OUT WHAT PEOPLE ARE COMPLAINING ABOUT -- AND THEN HE CORRECTS IT. HE RUNS A 'REACTIVE' GOVERNMENT."

ADDS PROF. LOUIS MASOTTI: "BROKERS DON'T LEAD. THEY BALANCE THINGS. A BROKER CAN'T AFFORD TO BE TOO CONTROVERSIAL, OTHERWISE HE

LOSES SOME OF HIS COALITION, THAT WAS DALEY'S SECRET UNTIL HE BLEW UP AND GIVE THAT "SHOOT-TO-KILL" ORDER. BUT BEFORE THAT TIME DALEY MANAGED NEVER TO SAY A CONTROVERSIAL SENTENCE IN HIS WHOLE ENTIRE LIFE. AND HE STILL HAS MANAGED TO KEEP THE CITY TOGETHER IN A VERY REAL SENSE. MAYBE HE HASN'T SOLVED EVERYBODY'S PROBLEM. BUT AT LEAST EVERYBODY GETS ENOUGH TO KEEP THEM FROM GOING TO THE BARRICADES."

CONTINUED MASOTTI: "I SAW ONCE WHERE MAYOR LINDSAY SPOTTED A GUY TOSsing A PIECE OF PAPER IN THE STREET AND JUMPED OUT OF HIS CAR, PICKED UP THE PAPER AND SCOLDED HIM FOR DIRTYING UP THE CITY. CAN YOU SEE DALEY DOING THAT? LINDSAY DOESN'T HAVE THE POWER, SO HE HAS TO DEPEND ON AN APPEAL TO URBAN MORALITY. DALEY HAS CLOUT, SO HE CAN DEPEND ON HIS STREET SWEEPERS."

OF COURSE, AS BOSS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF COOK COUNTY, DALEY IS IN A POSITION TO DO MORE FOR IMPORTANT PEOPLE THAN JUST KEEP THE STREETS CLEAN -- OR, FOR THAT MATTER, JUST BUILD EXPRESSWAYS. THE MACHINE (IF YOU HATE IT) OR ORGANIZATION (IF YOU LOVE IT) SEEMS TO BE PURRING ALONG ON ALL CYLINDERS. IT STILL PRODUCES THE VOTES. AND, DESPITE PREDICTIONS TO THE CONTRARY, IT STILL DELIVERS IN THE BLACK WARDS. IN ONE WEST SIDE CHICAGO WARD, THE MACHINE EVEN HAS TO "STEAL" VOTES ON OCCASION FROM ITS OWN TALLY BECAUSE THERE ARE SO FEW REPUBLICAN VOTES, JUST TO MAKE IT LOOK ON THE SQUARE. ((THIS WAS TOLD TO ME OFF THE RECORD BY DEMOCRATIC WARD COMMITTEEMAN BERNIE NEISTEIN.))

"IN THE LAST ELECTION WE HAD TEN PRECINCTS IN MY WARD WHERE THE REPUBLICANS DIDN'T GET A SINGLE VOTE," HE SAID. "NOW HOW WOULD THAT LOOK? SO WE GAVE 'EM HALF A DOZEN IN EACH PRECINCT." THAT'S NOT TO SAY THAT ONLY THIS BENEVOLENT FORM OF VOTE-STEALING GOES ON IN CHICAGO. BUT IT SEEMS SAFE TO SAY THAT MUCH OF THE TRADITIONAL DEMOCRATIC MAJORITY IN CHICAGO RESULTS FROM THE EFFICIENCY OF THE PARTY'S PRECINCT WORK -- AND THE UNBELIEVABLE DISORGANIZATION OF THE REPUBLICANS -- RATHER THAN OUTRIGHT FRAUD.

THE DILIGENCE OF DEMOCRATIC WARD BOSSES IN GETTING OUT THE VOTE CAN BE TRACED TO THE CERTAIN KNOWLEDGE THAT NON-PRODUCERS DON'T LAST UNDER DALEY. ONE OF THE MOST WITHERING EXPERIENCES IN A WARD COMMITTEEMAN'S LIFE COMES ON ELECTION NIGHT WHEN HE HAS TO BRING HIS TALLY DOWNTOWN TO PARTY HEADQUARTERS IN THE SHERMAN HOUSE ACROSS FROM CITY HALL. THEY WAIT THEIR TURN IN THE OUTER OFFICE, THOSE WITH GOOD RESULTS TALKING AND LAUGHING AND BACK-SLAPPING, THOSE WITH BAD RESULTS PACING NERVOUSLY ABOUT. EACH IN TURN GETS CALLED IN BEFORE DALEY, AND THESE GROWN MEN GO INTO THE ROOM LIKE SCHOOL CHILDREN SHOWING THEIR REPORT CARDS TO A STERN UNCOMPROMISING

FATHER. NO OUTSIDER HAS EVER SEEN THE RITUAL. USUALLY DALEY AND MAYBE A FEW OTHER TRUSTED LEADERS ARE IN THE ROOM. ACCORDING TO AN INSIDER WHO HAS OBSERVED THE RITUAL, DALEY GREETES EACH COMMITTEEMAN WITH A PERFUNCTORY HANDSHAKE, SITS DOWN AT HIS DESK AND STUDIES THE PRECINCT-BY-PRECINCT VOTE TALLY. IF HE IS PLEASED, HE THANKS THE COMMITTEEMAN WARMLY AND GIVES HIM A TWO-HANDED PARTING HANDSHAKE. IF HE'S REALLY DISPLEASED, HE GIVES THE COMMITTEEMAN A BLISTERING TONGUE-LASHING. ON ONE OCCASION, HE GOT SO ANGRY WITH A NON-PRODUCER THAT HE REACHED OVER HIS DESK AND GRABBED THE QUAKING COMMITTEEMAN BY THE NECKTIE ALL THE WHILE HE GAVE HIM HOLY HELL.

NO ONE BUT RICHARD DALEY KNOWS HOW MANY JOBS THE COOK COUNTY DEMOCRATIC MACHINE CONTROLS. BUT IT PROBABLY IS CLOSE TO 35,000. NOT ALL OF THESE ARE CITY JOBS. THE PARTY ALSO CONTROLS JOBS IN COUNTY AND OTHER GOVERNMENTAL AGENCIES LIKE THE PARK DISTRICT. THE MACHINE EVEN CAN PLACE PEOPLE IN CERTAIN NON-GOVERNMENTAL BUT REGULATED BUSINESSES LIKE RACE TRACKS. CIVIL SERVICE EXISTS FOR CITY WORKERS IN SOME SKILLED POSITIONS, BUT FOR THE MOST PART IT HAS BEEN AVOIDED. CITY WORKERS ARE GIVEN "TEMPORARY APPOINTMENTS" WHICH SUPPOSEDLY ARE TO LAST ONLY UNTIL THE NEXT CIVIL SERVICE EXAM. BUT BY RENEWING THEIR TEMPORARY APPOINTMENT EACH EXAM TIME, THE CITY CAN AVOID PLACING THEM UNDER CIVIL SERVICE. THERE ARE MANY OLD-TIME CITY WORKERS WHO HAVE BEEN "TEMPORARY APPOINTMENTS" FOR TWENTY YEARS OR MORE. THE ONLY WAY THEY GET KNOCKED OFF THE PAYROLL IS BY FALLING OUT OF FAVOR WITH THEIR POLITICAL "SPONSOR." A POLITICAL SPONSOR CAN ALWAYS "VICE" (FIRE) ANY OF HIS PEOPLE ON THE PAYROLL. A PATRONAGE WORKER NORMALLY GETS VICED ONLY IF HE DOESN'T WORK HIS PRECINCT EFFECTIVELY.

THE MACHINE NEEDS MANPOWER, BUT IT ALSO NEEDS MONEY. THE COOK COUNTY MACHINE UNDER DALEY HAS NOT BEEN MARKED BY THE MASSIVE SCANDALS THAT WERE THE UNDOING OF OTHER BIG-CITY MACHINES. MAYBE THIS IS ONE REASON IT HAS LASTED -- THERE HAS BEEN NO PUBLIC OUTCRY FOR ITS ELIMINATION. THAT ISN'T TO SAY THAT PEOPLE AREN'T MAKING MONEY OFF CONTRACTS OR CASHING IN ON THE SO-CALLED "HONEST GRAFT," THE LEGAL FEES AND SUCH. DALEY HIMSELF NEVER HAS BEEN TOUCHED BY A HINT OF SCANDAL, AND THIS HAS ADDED TO HIS STATURE WITH THE AVERAGE CHICAGOAN. HE HAS THE REPUTATION FOR PERSONAL HONESTY AND NO ONE YET HAS TOSSED THE FIRST STONE AT HIM. YET DALEY, AS PARTY BOSS, KNOWS THAT MONEY IS NEEDED TO WIN ELECTIONS, TO MAINTAIN POWER.

CONSEQUENTLY, THE MACHINE GOES ALL-OUT TO MAINTAIN ITS CONTROL OVER THE JUDICIARY, THE COOK COUNTY STATE'S ATTORNEY'S OFFICE AND, MOST IMPORTANTLY, THE COUNTY ASSESSOR'S OFFICE.

FOR MANY YEARS THE COUNTY ASSESSOR OF COOK COUNTY HAS BEEN A SHORT, MILD-MANNERED NORTHWEST SIDE POLITICIAN NAMED P. J. "PARKY" CULLERTON. IN COOK COUNTY, THE ASSESSOR HAS TREMENDOUS OPPORTUNITIES TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH PROPERTY OWNERS. AND NO ONE EVER SAID PARKY CULLERTON -- OR ANY OF HIS PREDECESSORS IN THE JOB -- EVER LACKED FOR FRIENDS. EVERYONE ALWAYS SUSPECTED THAT SOME OF THE BIG BUSINESSMEN AND REAL-ESTATE MEN WHO GAVE SUCH VERBAL AND FINANCIAL SUPPORT TO THE COOK COUNTY DEMOCRATIC PARTY MIGHT HAVE BEEN MOTIVATED BY THEIR KNOWLEDGE THAT PARKY'S OFFICE DECIDED AT WHAT PERCENTAGE OF FAIR MARKET VALUE THEIR BUILDINGS WOULD BE ASSESSED. SUSPECTED -- NOBODY EVER REALLY WENT INTO IT. YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT THE CHICAGO NEWSPAPERS ALSO HAVE SUBSTANTIAL INVESTMENTS IN PROPERTY. ONE OF THE "IN" JOKES OF CHICAGO JOURNALISM FOR YEARS HAS BEEN THE FACT THAT THE ARCHLY-REPUBLICAN CHICAGO TRIBUNE CONSISTENTLY ENDORSED ALL REPUBLICANS FOR COUNTY OFFICE -- WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ONE DEMOCRAT, GOOD OLD PARK, THE ASSESSOR.

NORMALLY, THE REPUBLICANS PUT UP A PATSY FOR ASSESSOR. BUT SOMEHOW A FORMER DEMOCRAT WHO ONCE RAN AGAINST DALEY FOR MAYOR MANAGED TO GET THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION FOR ASSESSOR. BEN ADAMOWSKI, A ONE-TIME DALEY FRIEND AND NOW A BITTER ENEMY, DECIDED TO MAKE A RACE OF IT. HE PUT HIS BRIGHT YOUNG AIDES TO WORK -- AND CAME UP WITH FACTS AND FIGURES SHOWING THAT SOME OF THE BIGGEST REAL-ESTATE TYCOONS IN CHICAGO WERE GETTING TREMENDOUS TAX BREAKS DUE TO PARKY'S ASSESSMENT PRACTICES.

FOR EXAMPLE, SEVERAL LUXURY HIGH-RISE APARTMENTS OWNED BY MILLIONAIRE REAL-ESTATE DEVELOPER ARTHUR RUBLOFF WERE FOUND TO BE PARTICULARLY UNDERASSESSED COMPARED TO COMPARABLE PROPERTIES. RUBLOFF WAS A MEMBER OF PARKY'S RE-ELECTION CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE, BUT THE PRACTICE WAS BY NO MEANS LIMITED TO ONE OR TWO FAVORED REAL-ESTATE DEVELOPERS.

THE SCANDAL WAS TOO WELL-DOCUMENTED TO COOL DOWN. THE NEWSPAPERS ALL RAN WITH THE STORY AND IT APPEARED THAT PARKY CULLERTON WAS IN SERIOUS TROUBLE. DALEY PUBLICLY SCOFFED AT THE CHARGES AND BACKED CULLERTON. THE ORGANIZATION WENT ALL-OUT TO HOLD ONTO THE IMPORTANT OFFICE. AND, WHEN ALL THE VOTES WERE TALLIED, PARKY CULLERTON WAS RETURNED TO OFFICE WITH A RATHER COMFORTABLE MAJORITY. DALEY ANNOUNCED THAT CULLERTON WAS "VINDICATED." BUT, TRUE TO DALEY'S "REACTIVE" METHODS, A COMMITTEE WAS APPOINTED TO STUDY THE OPERATIONS OF THE ASSESSOR'S OFFICE AND "MODERNIZE" ITS OPERATIONS.

THAT'S THE DALEY WAY WHEN FACED WITH A SCANDAL OR CONTROVERSY -- APPOINT A STUDY COMMISSION. BY THE TIME THE COMMISSION REPORTS BACK THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE BECOME BORED WITH THE STORY AND GONE ON

TO OTHER THINGS, NO ONE REALLY FOLLOWS UP TO SEE IF THE COMMISSION'S REPORT IS IMPLEMENTED OR JUST FILED AWAY IN SOME FILE IN THE DEEP CAVERNS OF CITY HALL.

DALEY, AS PROF. RAYMOND MACK SAID, RUNS A "REACTIVE GOVERNMENT." WHEN SOMETHING HAPPENS OF A SERIOUS NATURE, HE DOES SOMETHING ABOUT IT, THOUGH HIS FIRST PUBLIC REACTIONS ALWAYS ARE DEFENSIVE. FOR EXAMPLE, WHEN THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE AND THE BETTER GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION LAST YEAR COOPERATED TO DOCUMENT THE SCANDALOUS TREATMENT OF PATIENTS BY PRIVATE AMBULANCE SERVICES, DALEY ORDERED INVESTIGATIONS LEADING TO THE REVOCATION OF SOME OF THE FIRMS' LICENSES AND, MORE IMPORTANTLY, HE BOUGHT THE FIRE DEPARTMENT MORE AMBULANCES AND DIRECTED IT TO START PICKING UP EMERGENCY PATIENTS AT PRIVATE RESIDENCES INSTEAD OF JUST AT ACCIDENT SCENES.

DALEY, OF COURSE, HAS A VERY PROPRIETARY VIEW OF CHICAGO. HE FEELS SPIRITUALLY CLOSE TO IT AND OFTEN GETS DEWY-EYED WHEN SPEAKING OF HIS NEIGHBORHOOD AND HIS CHICAGO. SO WHEN HE DISCOVERS SOMETHING HAS GONE FOUL, HE FEELS A PERSONAL AFFRONT.

DALEY HAS A CERTAIN RESILIENCY TO HIM THAT BAFFLES THOSE WHO TRY TO UNDERSTAND HIM. HE MANAGES TO EMERGE FROM CRISES STRONGER THAN WHEN HE WENT INTO THEM. FOR EXAMPLE, ONE OF THE BIGGEST SHOCKS OF HIS EARLY YEARS IN OFFICE WAS THE REVELATION BY A YOUNG PROFESSIONAL BURGLAR THAT A GROUP OF CHICAGO POLICEMEN WERE HIS ACCOMPLICES. THE SO-CALLED "SUMMERDALE SCANDAL," NAMED AFTER THE POLICE DISTRICT WHERE THE "BURGLARS IN BLUE" WERE ASSIGNED, BROKE SHORTLY AFTER DALEY HAD WON HIS SECOND TERM IN 1960. THE PUBLIC WAS OUTRAGED AT THE REVELATIONS. CHICAGOANS WERE STREET-WISE ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT SOME COPS WERE ON THE TAKE, BUT NOTHING ON A SCALE LIKE THIS. DALEY WAS VISIBLY SHAKEN. THOSE WHO WERE CLOSE TO HIM AT THE TIME NOW SAY THAT THEY NEVER SAW DALEY IN SUCH A STATE OF SHOCK.

BUT DALEY SURVIVED. HE FIRED THE POLICE SUPERINTENDENT, APPOINTED A COMMISSION, AND BROUGHT IN A CRIMINOLOGY PROFESSOR FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, ORLANDO W. WILSON, TO HEAD IT. AS IT TURNED OUT, THE COMMISSION ENDED UP NAMING WILSON POLICE SUPERINTENDENT, A CHOICE THAT PLEASED THE NEWSPAPERS AND THE PUBLIC. AS IT TURNED OUT, WILSON PROFESSIONALIZED THE DEPARTMENT, REMOVED THE MORE BLATANT POLITICAL PRESSURES ON THE MEN OF THE FORCE AND GENERALLY RE-ESTABLISHED THE MORALE AND PUBLIC IMAGE OF CHICAGO LAW ENFORCEMENT. DALEY CAME OUT LOOKING LIKE A MAN WHO HAD CLEANED UP THE FORCE.

AND DALEY ONCE AGAIN WAS CONVINCED OF THE VALIDITY OF HIS FAVORITE EXPRESSION: "GOOD GOVERNMENT IS GOOD POLITICS."

AFTER THE DEBACLE IN THE STREETS OF CHICAGO AT THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1968 -- AND THE STARK ACCUSATION: "POLICE RIOT" DIRECTED AGAINST DALEY'S POLICE -- IT APPEARED, BOTH NATIONALLY AND IN CHICAGO, THAT DALEY WAS THROUGH -- HE NO LONGER COULD BE AN EFFECTIVE MAYOR OF CHICAGO, ABLE TO BALANCE CONFLICTING DEMANDS, AND HE CERTAINLY NO LONGER WOULD BE A POWER IN THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

BUT, AGAIN, DALEY HAS SURVIVED. AT LEAST ON THE SHORT-TERM BASIS, HE SEEMS STRONG AS EVER. NEXT WEEK'S ELECTION WILL DETERMINE JUST HOW STRONG HE REMAINS IN THE HEARTS OF CHICAGOANS, MOST OF WHOM -- ACCORDING TO POLLS -- THOUGHT HE HANDLED THINGS EXACTLY RIGHT AT THE CONVENTION. AND IF DALEY WINS AND HIS MACHINE DELIVERS NEXT WEEK, HE REMAINS AS A MAN THAT ANY ASPIRANT TO THE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION CAN AFFORD TO IGNORE.

TO THIS DAY, DALEY INSISTS THAT HIS ACTIONS BEFORE AND DURING THE NATIONAL CONVENTION WERE RIGHT. HE IS QUITE STUBBORN ABOUT THIS, ALTHOUGH MEN WHO HAVE WATCHED DALEY'S STYLE FOR YEARS SAY THAT THE MAYOR WOULD DO THINGS DIFFERENTLY IF HE HAD TO DO IT OVER AGAIN. BUT DALEY CLAIMS THAT THE VIOLENCE AND BOMBINGS WHICH HAVE WRACKED THE COUNTRY IN THE PERIOD SINCE THE CONVENTION ONLY PROVES THAT HE WAS RIGHT IN HIS HARD-LINE TACTICS.

THERE ARE MANY IN CHICAGO WHO BELIEVE THAT THE STREET VIOLENCE AT THE CONVENTION COULD HAVE BEEN AVOIDED OR GREATLY MINIMIZED IF DALEY'S REFORM POLICE SUPERINTENDENT, ORLANDO WILSON, THE EFFICIENT, PEDANTIC EX-PROFESSOR, HAD NOT RETIRED THE YEAR BEFORE. BUT GIVEN THE CLIMATE AT THE TIME AND THE MISH-MASH OF RUMORS THAT DALEY WAS ACCEPTING AS GOSPEL, MAYBE ORLANDO WOULDN'T HAVE MADE MUCH DIFFERENCE.

IN ANY EVENT, DALEY SURVIVED. AND IN POLITICS, AS IN WAR, SURVIVAL IS A VICTORY OF SORTS.

DANIEL WALKER, THE CORPORATE LAWYER WHO AUTHORED THE REPORT CRITICIZING DALEY AND HIS POLICE FORCE, NOW IS A DECLARED CANDIDATE FOR THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION FOR GOVERNOR IN 1972. HE IS WAGING AN EARLY-BIRD CAMPAIGN FOR THE NOMINATION, FIRING MOST OF HIS AMMUNITION AT DALEY AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF COOK COUNTY.

YOU WILL RECALL THAT ANOTHER LIBERAL DEMOCRAT, ADLAI E. STEVENSON III, HAD JUMPED ON DALEY'S NECK AFTER THE CONVENTION AND, IN ADDITION, CALLED DALEY'S PARTY "A FEUDAL STRUCTURE WHICH EXISTS BY REWARDING HOMAGE WITH JOBS AND FAVORS." MANY ORGANIZATIONAL DEMOCRATS WILL NEVER FORGIVE YOUNG STEVENSON FOR HIS ATTACK. BUT DALEY BELIEVES IN WINNING -- THAT'S HIS GUIDING PRINCIPLE. STEVENSON HAD PROVEN HIS VOTE-GETTING ABILITY IN BEING ELECTED STATE TREASURER IN 1967. SO WHEN THE TIME CAME TO PICK A CANDIDATE TO RUN FOR THE SENATE SEAT VACATED BY THE NEAR-INVINCIBLE EVERETT M. DIRKSEN, DALEY SWUNG TO YOUNG ADLAI. EITHER WAY, DALEY WOULD BE SUCCESSFUL: IF ADLAI WON, HE WOULD GO TO WASHINGTON AND BE OUT OF THE MAYOR'S HAIR IN CHICAGO; IF HE LOST, WELL, HE'D BE EVEN LESS OF A PROBLEM, ABSORPTION -- DALEY ALWAYS TRIES TO SUCK THE OPPOSITION INTO HIS

CAMP. HE HAS DONE THIS REPEATEDLY WITH ALDERMEN ELECTED AS INDEPENDENTS TO THE CITY COUNCIL. SOON THEY ARE DRAWN INTO THE MAIN-STREAM OF THE PARTY, THROUGH PATRONAGE OFFERS AND OTHER ENTICEMENTS, LIKE THE PROMISE TO BE SLATED FOR HIGHER OFFICE.

BUT WALKER ALREADY HAS VOWED PUBLICLY NOT TO BE LURED INTO ANY ACCOMMODATION WITH DALEY. AND AT THIS POINT, IT APPEARS THAT WALKER WILL NOT BECOME ENOUGH OF A THREAT TO DALEY, THAT THE MAYOR WOULD EVEN BOTHER TO TRY FOR ACCOMMODATION. BUT WALKER WILL MAKE A PRIMARY FIGHT FOR GOVERNOR NEXT YEAR AGAINST DALEY'S HAND-PICKED CHOICE. AND IT WILL MARK THE FIRST TIME THAT THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF ILLINOIS UNDER DALEY'S REGIME WILL HAVE HAD A PRIMARY FIGHT FOR MAJOR OFFICE. THAT KIND OF FRATRICIDE DALEY ALWAYS LEFT TO THE REPUBLICANS.

WALKER ALSO HAS NO SENTIMENTAL CLAIM ON DALEY. AFTER ALL, IT WAS ADLAI'S DAD, THEN GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS, WHO APPOINTED DALEY AS STATE REVENUE DIRECTOR, GIVING HIM ONE OF HIS FIRST BIG BOOSTS TOWARD THE POLITICAL HEIGHTS. ONE THING ABOUT DICK DALEY. HE HAS A LONG MEMORY. BOTH HIS FRIENDS AND HIS ENEMIES HAVE COME TO LEARN THIS.

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER SEEN DALEY IN PERSON IT MAY SEEM INCREDIBLE THAT THIS HEFTY LITTLE MAN WHO TALKS ABOUT THE "SOUT" SIDE OF THE CITY, THE "CHI-CAH-GO BOARD OF HELT" AND USES "DEEZ" AND "DOZE" COULD BE AS POWERFUL AS HE IS. BUT DALEY IS A "PRESENCE." WHEN HE STRIDES INTO A ROOM, PEOPLE DON'T SWARM TOWARD HIM -- THEY OPEN A HOLE FOR HIM. NO ONE -- NOT EVEN THOSE WHO ARE SUPPOSED TO BE HIS CLOSEST POLITICAL ASSOCIATES -- DARES BECOME TOO FAMILIAR. A SECOND LIEUTENANT WOULD SOONER HAVE SLAPPED DOUGLAS MACARTHUR ON THE BACK THAN ANY POLITICIAN DO THAT TO DALEY. HE HAS A BIG HEAD, WITH BLACK HAIR SLIGHTLY RECEDED AND TOUCHED WITH GRAY. HIS ONCE-HANDSOME IRISH FACE, NOW GONE TO FLAB, IS PERPETUALLY PINK, BUT IT FLARES BRIGHT RED WHEN HE GETS ANGRY. AT SUCH TIMES, HIS JOWLS QUIVER, HIS NORMALLY LOW AND DELIBERATE SPEAKING VOICE BEGINS TO ACCELERATE -- THE PITCH BECOMES HIGHER AND THE PHRASES TUMBLE OVER ONE ANOTHER IN A BAROQUE SYNTAX. REPORTERS WITHOUT TAPE RECORDERS ARE AT A LOSS TO KEEP UP WITH HIM AT SUCH TIMES.

EVEN POLITICIANS AND BANK PRESIDENTS WHO ARE SUPPOSED TO BE CLOSE TO DALEY STAND IN AWE OF HIM. BUT ACTUALLY FEW PEOPLE OUTSIDE HIS FAMILY ARE "CLOSE" TO DALEY. ONE GREAT STORY NEVER BEFORE TOLD ABOUT DALEY ILLUSTRATES HOW AWESOME A FIGURE HE IS. AT THE 1964 DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION IN ATLANTIC CITY A PROMINENT STATE LEGISLATOR, WHO ALSO IS A DEMOCRATIC WHEEL-HORSE AND WEALTHY LAWYER, OCCUPIED A HOTEL ROOM ACROSS A NARROW COURT FROM DALEY'S ROOM. ONE NIGHT A

WHEN THE HOST LOOKED ACROSS AND SAW DALEY IN HIS UNDERWEAR. "I NEARLY DROPPED MY CIGAR," HE RECALLS. "I STARTED YELLING, 'HEY -- THERE'S THE MAYOR IN HIS UNDERWEAR' AND EVERYBODY RUSHES TO GET A LOOK -- A BUNCH OF GROWN MEN -- DELEGATES TO A NATIONAL CONVENTION -- SCRABELING TO WINDOW-PEEP AT THE MAYOR IN HIS UNDERWEAR. I GUESS WE ALL THOUGHT HE WENT TO BED IN HIS BUSINESS SUIT." ((THIS ANECDOTE FOR YOUR INFO ONLY FROM BERNIE HEISTEIN, WHO MUST NOT BE IDENTIFIED FOR HIS SAKE AND MINE.))

SOME OF THE WELL-TOLD STORIES OF DALEY INVOLVE HIS LONG-STANDING BATTLE WITH THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. THE MOST FAMOUS MALAPROPISM, OF COURSE, CAME A FEW YEARS AGO AT A HUGE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO FUND-RAISING DINNER WHEN HE MISREAD HIS PREPARED TEXT AND ALLOWED AS HOW "TOGETHER WE MUST RISE TO EVER HIGHER AND HIGHER PLATITUDES." A PROFESSOR WHO WAS THERE RECALLS, "IT'S TO THE CREDIT OF THAT AUDIENCE AND THE RESPECT THEY HAD FOR DALEY THAT NO ONE EVEN SNICKERED."

TODAY DALEY REMAINS A GODAWFUL PUBLIC SPEAKER. "I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT HE COULD HAVE BECOME IF HE HAD BEEN ELOQUENT," MUSES PROFESSOR LOU MASOTTI, THE NORTHWESTERN URBANOLOGIST. "I THINK HE WOULD HAVE BEEN PRESIDENT." ACTUALLY, BEING A DEEZ-DEM-AND-DOZE GUY IN CHICAGO POLITICS IS NOT EXACTLY A HANDICAP. DALEY TALKS LIKE A NEIGHBORHOOD GUY AND THAT'S A POLITICAL PLUS, EVEN IF HE DOES PAY \$200 FOR HIS SUITS NOW AT A FASHIONABLE MEN'S STORE ON MICHIGAN AVENUE.

PROBABLY BECAUSE OF ALL THE NATIONAL GUFFAWING OVER HIS VERBAL BLOOPERS DALEY IN LATER YEARS HAS DEVELOPED A CAREFUL, SLOW AND DELIBERATE MANNER OF SPEAKING WHICH HE ABANDONS ONLY WHEN HE LOSES HIS TEMPER. HE TALKS IN SHORT, STUBBY PHRASES. YOU CAN ALMOST HEAR THE DOT-DOT-DOT BETWEEN EACH PHRASE AS HE CAREFULLY THINKS AHEAD TO WHAT HE WILL SAY NEXT. AND HE HAS UNCONSCIOUSLY ACQUIRED AN OFF-THE-CUFF REPETITIVE STYLE THAT OFTEN IS QUITE EFFECTIVE.

"I'M NOT GOING TO WRITE OFF ANY NEIGHBORHOOD... I'M NOT GOING TO WRITE OFF LAWNDALE... I'M NOT GOING TO WRITE OFF SOUTH SHORE... I'M NOT GOING TO WRITE OFF THE NEAR NORT SIDE," HE RECENTLY TOLD NEWSMEN QUESTIONING HIM ON A CONTROVERSIAL HOUSING PLAN. AND AGAIN, ANSWERING CHARGES HURLED AT HIM BY HIS REPUBLICAN OPPONENT, DALEY TOLD A FEW NEWSMEN WHO HAD CORNERED HIM: "ANYONE WHO SAYS I KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS HOUSING SITE LIST, HE LIES... ANYONE WHO SAYS I'M A GEORGE WALLACE, HE LIES... ANYONE WHO SAYS I'M A RACIST, HE LIES..."

NOT EXACTLY ELOQUENCE, BUT IT HAS A CERTAIN RHYTHMIC ECONOMY TO IT.

DALEY HAS NO USE FOR THE WORKING PRESS, PARTICULARLY TELEVISION NEWSMEN. THE DISLIKE WAS THERE BEFORE, ~~THE~~ THE 1968 CONVENTION CONFIRMED IT. THERE IS NO CHICAGO NEWSPERMAN WHO CAN CLAIM TO HAVE DALEY'S EAR. EARLY IN HIS CAREER -- WHEN HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS FIRST WERE GETTING NATIONAL ATTENTION -- HE OFTEN GRANTED INTERVIEWS TO OUT-OF-TOWN JOURNALISTS. NO LONGER. BUT EVEN IN THE OLD DAYS, INTERVIEWING DALEY WAS LIKE "PUNCHING A PILLOW," AS ONE REPORTER PUT IT. ACTUALLY, DALEY IS A MASTER OF THROWING A QUESTION CONTEMPRUOUSLY BACK AT A NEWSMAN. WHEN A REPORTER RECENTLY ASKED HIM IF HOUSING WOULD BE AN ISSUE OF HIS CAMPAIGN FOR RE-ELECTION, DALEY FIXED HIM WITH THAT WITHERING DULL STARE AND ASKED: "WHO'S GONNA MAKE IT ONE? (PAUSE) YOU?" DALEY WAS ALREADY THREE STRIDES AWAY BEFORE THE SHAKEN REPORTER COULD HALF-LAUGH, HALF-STAMMER, "NOOOOO."

ANOTHER FAVORITE DALEY RIPOSTE TO A TOUGH QUESTION IS TO ASK: "WHAT WOULD //YOU// DO? IT'S EASY TO CRITICIZE. BUT WHERE ARE //YOUR// PROGRAMS?" THE QUESTIONER USUALLY DOESN'T HAVE A SET OF PROGRAMS IN HIS POCKET SO HE USUALLY SHUTS UP AT THAT POINT.

EARL BUSH, AN ACERBIC EX-NEIGHBORHOOD NEWSPAPER EDITOR WHO HAS BEEN DALEY'S PRESS AIDE FROM THE FIRST CAMPAIGN IN 1955, TAKES PAINS TO INCARNATE HIS BOSS'S ANTI-REPORTER FEELINGS. "BUSH'S FUNCTION," SAYS VETERAN POLITICAL EDITOR JOHN DREISKE OF THE CHICAGO SUN-TIMES, "IS TO FRUSTRATE REPORTERS, PARTICULARLY THOSE COVERING CITY HALL, AND TO DO IT IN AN AGGRESSIVELY UNPLEASANT WAY." DURING THIS CAMPAIGN, THE MAYOR HAS CUT DOWN ON HIS NORMAL PRESS CONFERENCES SO THAT TELEVISION NEWSMEN WILL NOT GET AN OPPORTUNITY TO THROW HIS OPPONENT'S CHARGES AT HIM. INSTEAD, BUSH CALLS THE REGULAR PRESS ROOM REPORTERS ON SHORT NOTICE FOR SHORT IMPROMPTU CONFERENCES -- USUALLY LIMITED TO SOME ANNOUNCEMENT HE WISHES TO MAKE.

BUSH AND HIS ASSOCIATES SOMETIMES TAKE PAINS TO MAKE THINGS DIFFICULT FOR THE WORKING PRESS. BUT SOMETIMES THEY JUST SCREW THINGS UP NATURALLY. A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THIS INEPTITUDE OCCURRED A FEW YEARS BACK WHEN PRESIDENT KENNEDY MADE A VISIT TO CHICAGO. ONE OF BUSH'S ASSOCIATES WAS IN CHARGE OF A PRESS BUS GOING FROM CITY HALL TO O'HARE AIRPORT TO COVER THE MAYOR GREETING THE PRESIDENT. THE MAYOR AND HIS MOTORCADE SPED OFF BEHIND A MOTORCYCLE ESCORT. BUT THE PRESS BUS GOT CAUGHT IN A RUSH-HOUR TRAFFIC JAM. WHEN THE PHOTOGRAPHERS AND REPORTERS STARTED VOICING THEIR ANGER, THE DALEY PRESS AIDE JUMPED UP AND DEMANDED THE DRIVER OPEN THE DOOR. HE JUMPED OFF AND THE NEWSMEN BEGAN TO CHEER, THINKING HE WAS GOING TO COMMANDEER A POLICE ESCORT. INSTEAD, THE PRESS AIDE HOPPED IN A PASSING TAXI AND TOOK OFF LIKE HELL FOR O'HARE AIRPORT. BY GOD, //HE// WASN'T GOING TO BE LATE FOR MAYOR DALEY'S GREETING

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"MY DAD ALWAYS TOLD ME -- ALWAYS REMEMBER FROM WHENCE YOU
CAME." RICHARD J. DALEY, ON MANY AN OCCASION.

.....
IN ALL HIS YEARS, DICK DALEY HAS NEVER FORGOTTEN FROM WHENCE
HE CAME. IN FACT, HE STILL LIVES THERE -- IN THE SOUTH SIDE NEIGH-
BORHOOD CALLED BRIDGEPORT, WHICH WAS AN OLD NEIGHBORHOOD IN 1920.
HE LIVES IN A NINE-ROOM, STORY-AND-A-HALF, PINK-BRICK BUNGALOW AT
3536 S LOWE AVENUE, A BLOCK FROM WHERE HE WAS BORN ON MAY 15,
1902. BRIDGEPORT'S EARLIEST SETTLERS WERE IRISH WHO WORKED AT
THE STOCKYARDS. THE IRISH STILL HAVE A HAMMERLOCK ON THE POLITICS
OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND ON THE 11TH WARD OF WHICH IT IS A PART,
BUT NOW, THE NEIGHBORHOOD IS MADE UP OF A VARIETY OF NATIONALITIES,
PRINCIPALLY GERMANS, POLES, LITHUANIANS, CZECHS AND ITALIANS. IT
IS A 99 PERCENT ALL-WHITE NEIGHBORHOOD, SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES BY
THE BLACK GHETTOS. IT IS IN FACT LIKE A WHITE ISLAND IN THE BLACK
SEA OF THE SOUTH SIDE.

BRIDGEPORT IS A NEIGHBORHOOD OF COAL YARDS, CHURCHES AND
TAVERNS, RICKETY HOUSES AND TWO-FLATS THAT LEAN UP AGAINST EACH
OTHER AS IF WORN OUT BY THE YEARS, AND AN OCCASIONAL NEAT BRICK
BUNGALOW, LIKE DALEY'S. THE ONLY THING TO DISTINGUISH DALEY'S
HOME FROM OTHERS ON HIS BLOCK -- OTHER THAN ITS BEING IN THE BEST
REPAIR -- IS THE NO-PARKING SIGNS IN FRONT AND THE EVER-PRESENT
UNMARKED SQUAD CARS, ONE IN FRONT AND ONE OUT BACK IN THE UNPAVED,
CINDER ALLEY. EVER SINCE THE EARLY SIXTIES WHEN DICK GREGORY LED A
GROUP THAT PICKETED DALEY'S HOME DURING A SCHOOL DESEGREGATION
CONTROVERSY, THE COPS ON DUTY HAVE KEPT TRAFFIC MOVING PRETTY
QUICKLY PAST THE DALEY BUNGALOW. TOURISTS AREN'T ENCOURAGED TO
TARRY.

A HIGH PERCENTAGE OF DALEY'S BRIDGEPORT NEIGHBORS ARE BLUE-
COLLAR WORKERS; FEW ARE IN THE HIGHLY-SKILLED CRAFTS. AND, OF
COURSE, BRIDGEPORT HAS A HIGHER PERCENTAGE OF CITY EMPLOYEES, POLICE
AND FIREMEN THAN ANY OTHER NEIGHBORHOOD IN THE CITY.

NATIVITY OF OUR LORD CHURCH AND SCHOOL ARE AT 37TH AND UNION
JUST A SHORT STROLL FROM DALEY'S HOME. THAT'S WHERE YOUNG DICK
DALEY, THE ONLY CHILD OF A SHEETMETAL WORKER NAMED MICHAEL DALEY,
AND HIS WIFE LIL, SERVED AS AN ALTAR BOY AND WHERE HE ATTENDED
GRAMMAR SCHOOL. ON SUNDAYS WHEN THE MAYOR IS HOME -- WHICH IS MOST
SUNDAYS -- DALEY ATTENDS MASS AT THE CHURCH.

DALEY IS A PRESENCE IN BRIDGEPORT, EVEN THOUGH HE NO LONGER
DOES SUCH THINGS AS WALK TO THE DRUGSTORE FOR AN ICE CREAM SUNDAE
AS HE USED TO ON SUMMER EVENINGS IN HIS EARLY YEARS AS MAYOR

MUCH MORE SECURITY-CONSCIOUS. FOR EXAMPLE, HE NO LONGER HAS HIS POLICE DRIVER LET HIM OFF SEVERAL BLOCKS FROM CITY HALL SO HE CAN STRETCH HIS LEGS. MRS. DALEY, A QUIET, SELF-EFFACING HOUSEWIFE, STILL DOES HER OWN SHOPPING AT NEIGHBORHOOD STORES, BAKES HOMEMADE BREAD EVERY WEEK ALONG WITH THE PIES THAT CONTRIBUTED OVER THE YEARS TO HER HUSBAND'S EXPANSIVE GIRTH. SHE IS THE FORMER ELEANOR GUILFOYLE AND, OF COURSE, SHE WAS A BRIDGEPORT GIRL. HER NEIGHBORS STILL CALL HER "SIS" WHEN THEY SEE HER ON THE STREET.

CHICAGO'S LAST THREE MAYORS HAVE BEEN "BRIDGEPORT BOYS": EDWARD J. KELLY, MARTIN KENNELLY AND RICHARD DALEY.

MATTHEW DANAHER, THE SLIGHTLY-BUILT, BESPECTACLED COOK COUNTY CIRCUIT CLERK WHO ONCE WAS DALEY'S DRIVER, WOULD LIKE TO BE THE FOURTH BRIDGEPORT BOY IN A ROW TO SERVE AS MAYOR. DANAHER, ONE OF THE FEW PEOPLE WHO CAN RIGHTLY CLAIM TO BE A PERSONAL FRIEND OF THE MAYOR, LIVES JUST DOWN THE STREET.

"ONE THING ABOUT DALEY," SAYS DANAHER. "HE DIDN'T MOVE TO LAKE SHORE DRIVE WHEN HE BECAME SOMEBODY."

THE FACT THAT DALEY STILL LIVES IN THE TACKY SURROUNDINGS OF BRIDGEPORT IS IMPORTANT -- NOT JUST TO HIS NEIGHBORS, WHO FEEL HE IS ALL THAT'S HOLDING IT TOGETHER, BUT ALSO TO OTHER CHICAGOANS IN OTHER NEIGHBORHOODS. FOR CHICAGO STILL IS A COLLECTION OF NEIGHBORHOODS, PROBABLY MORE THAN ANY OTHER MAJOR CITY. AND IT IS THE MOST SEGREGATED BIG CITY IN THE COUNTRY, AN ASPECT OF CHICAGO AND A PART OF THE DALEY STORY WE WILL DISCUSS LATER.

DALEY LEAVES HOME EARLY MOST WORKING DAYS. A BLACK LIMOUSINE BEARING THE LICENSE NUMBER 708222 PULLS OUT OF THE DEERING DISTRICT POLICE STATION ON THE CORNER AND GLIDES TO 3536 S. LOWE. AN UNMARKED POLICE "CHASE" CAR FOLLOWS. ((THE 708222 ON THE LICENSE PLATE REVEALS SOMETHING ABOUT DALEY THE SENTIMENTALIST. THAT WAS THE NUMBER OF VOTES HE RECEIVED WHEN FIRST ELECTED MAYOR IN 1955.))

ALMOST EVERY WORKING DAY THE LIMOUSINE DEPOSITS THE MAYOR AT ST. PETER'S CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE LOOP WHERE HE ATTENDS MASS AND RECEIVES COMMUNION. DALEY WILL GET MISTY-EYED WHEN TALKING ABOUT CERTAIN THINGS -- HIS FAMILY, HIS NEIGHBORHOOD, HIS CHICAGO AND HIS RELIGION. HE DOESN'T GET CHOKED-UP OVER HIS POLITICS, THAT'S ALL BUSINESS.

AS A YOUNG MAN IN THE STATE LEGISLATURE AT SPRINGFIELD, DALEY WAS KNOWN AS A GUY WHO DIDN'T FOOL AROUND WITH THE GIRLS OR SPEND THE NIGHTS BOOZING. HE STUCK PRETTY MUCH TO HIS HOTEL ROOM OR TOOK LONG WALKS WHEN THE LEGISLATURE WASN'T ACTUALLY IN SESSION. EVEN IN THOSE DAYS, HE WENT TO DAILY MASS AND "HIT THE COMMUNION RAIL,"

YOU COULD PROBABLY DESCRIBE DALEY AS AN IRISH PURITAN. HE DOESN'T SMOKE AND IS A MODERATE DRINKER. HE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN FOOLING AROUND HIMSELF, AND HE WON'T TOLERATE IT AMONG HIS SUBORDINATES. OTHER THAN FAILING TO GET OUT THE VOTE, ADULTERY IS THE WORST SIN AN AMBITIOUS YOUNG CHICAGO DEMOCRAT CAN COMMIT. EITHER SIN COULD RUIN HIS FUTURE. NOBODY TELLS OFF-COLOR STORIES WITHIN DALEY'S HEARING OR TALKS DISRESPECTFULLY OF A WOMAN. IN FACT, YOU MIGHT SAY THAT RICHARD J. DALEY GREW UP TO BE WHAT EVERY IRISH MOTHER OF BRIDGEPORT WISHED HER SON TO BE -- RELIGIOUS, HARD-WORKING, CLEAN-LIVING, FAMILY-ORIENTED AND SUCCESSFUL.

AS A BRIDGEPORT "YOUT," DALEY WORKED FOR A TIME PENNING CATTLE AT THE STOCKYARDS, ATTENDED DELASALLE (CAF D,L,S) UNDER STERN TUTELAGE OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS AND WENT TO LAW SCHOOL NIGHTS AT DEPAUL UNIVERSITY. AS A YOUNG MAN HE WAS ASSOCIATED WITH ONE OF THE ATHLETIC CLUBS -- TODAY WE'D CALL THEM GANGS -- THAT THRIVED IN MANY CHICAGO NEIGHBORHOODS. THE GREAT PASTIMES OF THE GANGS WERE BASEBALL, FOOTBALL AND STREET-FIGHTING. DALEY, A STOCKY AND DETERMINED KID, WAS KNOWN TO TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF PRETTY WELL IN A FIGHT. ALL SORTS OF LEGENDS ABOUT THE MAYOR'S FISTIC ABILITIES HAVE SPRUNG UP SINCE HE ATTAINED PROMINENCE. BUT THE OLD-TIMERS WHO STILL FREQUENT NEIGHBORHOOD SALOONS INSIST THAT DALEY WAS A GREAT AND TENACIOUS BRAWLER. HE WAS A MEMBER AND LONG-TIME PRESIDENT OF THE HAMBURG ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION AND MANAGED ITS BASEBALL TEAM, PLAYING SECOND BASE AND BOOKING GAMES. THE CLUBS OF THAT ERA HAVE SINCE DISAPPEARED, EXCEPT FOR THE HAMBURG A.A., WHICH STILL HAS A HEADQUARTERS IN A WOODEN BUILDING AT 3523 S. EMERALD AVENUE. IT SURVIVED BECAUSE ITS MEMBERS GOT INVOLVED IN POLITICS. TODAY, ITS 208 MEMBERS INCLUDE DALEY AND HIS FOUR SONS, WHO PAY TWO DOLLARS A MONTH DUES. BEING A MEMBER OF THE HAMBURG A.A. NO LONGER IS AS IMPORTANT AS IT WAS WHEN DALEY AND HIS PALS WERE WARMING UP IN THE POLITICAL BULLPEN. BUT IT'S STILL AN IMPORTANT CONNECTION FOR AN AMBITIOUS BRIDGEPORT BOY WITH POLITICAL AMBITIONS. BUT MANY OF THE CITY'S MOST PROMINENT JUDGES, LAWYERS AND, OF COURSE, PUBLIC OFFICE-HOLDERS ONCE WERE HAMBURGERS. DALEY, YOU RECALL, IS LOYAL TO HIS FRIENDS.

DALEY GOT HIS START IN POLITICS IN HIS EARLY TWENTIES AS SECRETARY TO THE WARD BOSS, ALDERMAN JOE MCDONOUGH, WHO BECAME ONE OF THE CITY'S MOST POWERFUL DEMOCRATS. MCDONOUGH'S WERE THE FIRST COATTAILS DALEY GRABBED. HE WORKED HIS PRECINCT, WAS DUTIFUL AND BRIGHT -- AND SOON HE WAS ON HIS WAY. HIS BREAK CAME IN 1936 AND DALEY WAS READY FOR IT. HIS ENTRY TO ELECTIVE OFFICE HAS A

IT HAPPENED THIS WAY: THE REPUBLICAN STATE LEGISLATOR FROM DALEY'S DISTRICT DIED ONLY FIFTEEN DAYS BEFORE THE ELECTION. IN ILLINOIS, EACH HOUSE DISTRICT ELECTS THREE REPRESENTATIVES, THUS INSURING THAT THE MINORITY PARTY GETS ONE OF THE AVAILABLE SEATS. IT WAS TOO LATE TO REPRINT THE BALLOTS, SO DALEY AND HIS FRIENDS ORGANIZED A WRITE-IN CAMPAIGN TO FILL THE DEAD MAN'S SEAT. DALEY WON HANDILY, BUT AS A WRITE-IN CANDIDATE ON THE REPUBLICAN SIDE OF THE BALLOT. WHEN HE REACHED THE LEGISLATURE, HE WAS FORCED TO SIT ON THE REPUBLICAN SIDE OF THE AISLE. BUT ONE OF HIS FIRST ACTS AFTER BEING SWORN IN WAS TO GET PERMISSION FROM THE HOUSE TO SWITCH OVER TO THE DEMOCRATIC SIDE.

THE REST OF DALEY'S CAREER SEEMED TO FOLLOW NATURALLY. HE WAS A GIFTED, HARD-WORKING THOUGH HARDLY ELOQUENT LEGISLATOR. AFTER ONE TERM IN THE HOUSE, HE WAS ELECTED TO THE SENATE, WHICH THE REPUBLICANS AT THE TIME RULED WITH A HEAVY-HANDED 39-TO-12 MAJORITY. DALEY AND HIS FELLOW DEMOCRATS HARDLY WERE ALLOWED TO OPEN THEIR MOUTHS. SOME OLD-TIMERS TODAY, SEEING THE WAY THE MAYOR AND HIS COHORTS RUN THE CHICAGO CITY COUNCIL, FIGURE THAT DICK DALEY, HE OF THE LONG MEMORY, IS STILL GETTING EVEN FOR THOSE YEARS IN THE SENATE.

AT 44, DALEY RAN FOR COOK COUNTY SHERIFF IN 1946 AND LOST, THE ONLY TIME IN HIS POLITICAL CAREER WHEN HE GOT LICKED. IT WAS A CRUSHING BLOW TO THE AMBITIOUS YOUNG MAN. HIS GOOD FATHER, MIKE, TOLD HIS HEARTBROKEN SON AT THE TIME: "THE GOOD LORD DOESN'T SLAM A DOOR IN YOUR FACE WITHOUT OPENING A WINDOW." THAT'S ANOTHER OF HIS DAD'S LINES THAT DALEY IS FOND OF REPEATING.

THE WINDOW OPENED FOR DALEY WHEN ADLAI E. STEVENSON, THE NEWLY-

ELECTED GOVERNOR. APPOINTED DALEY HIS DIRECTOR OF REVENUE AND UNOFFICIAL LIAISON MAN WITH THE STATE LEGISLATURE

IN 1953 DALEY WAS ELECTED CHAIRMAN OF THE COOK COUNTY DEMOCRATIC CENTRAL COMMITTEE. HE HAD ARRIVED. NOW HE WAS BOSS.

THE INEFFECTUAL BUSINESSMAN-MAYOR MARTIN KENNELLY WAS SHUNTED ASIDE, PARTICULARLY BECAUSE HE HAD ANGERED THE LATE CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM DAWSON, THE POWERFUL LEADER OF THE BLACK WARDS ON THE SOUTH SIDE. DALEY BEAT KENNELLY AND HIS OLD LEGISLATIVE BUDDY BEN ADAMOWSKI IN A THREE-WAY DEMOCRATIC MAYORAL PRIMARY IN 1955. HE THEN BECAME MAYOR, DEFEATING A DEMOCRAT-TURNED-REPUBLICAN ALDERMAN ROBERT MERRIAM WHO HAD SUCCEEDED PAUL DOUGLAS ON THE CITY COUNCIL, REPRESENTING THE HYDE PARK-UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO TERRITORY. DALEY WON BY 126,667 VOTES.

IN 1959, AFTER A SUCCESSFUL FIRST TERM, DALEY BEAT TIMOTHY SHEEHAN, A ONE-TIME REPUBLICAN CONGRESSMAN AND RELUCTANT CANDIDATE, BY 466,672 VOTES. IN 1963 HE LICKED HIS OLD BUDDY BEN ADAMOWSKI, NOW A REPUBLICAN, BY 138,792. AFTER THAT RELATIVELY CLOSE SHAVE, THE PUNDITS PREDICTED THAT DALEY'S MACHINE WAS FALLING APART. THEN IN 1967, DALEY'S TUMBLING-DOWN MACHINE GAVE HIM A 519,696-VOTE VICTORY OVER A COLORLESS AND WEALTHY HEATING CONTRACTOR, JOHN L. WANER.

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AND TODAY DALEY IS FACING THE MOST ATTRACTIVE CHALLENGER SINCE HIS FIRST ELECTION WHEN HE DEFEATED MERRIAM. FRIEDMAN IS HOPING TO PUT TOGETHER A COALITION OF INDEPENDENTS, LIBERAL DEMOCRATS, REPUBLICANS AND DISENCHANTED BLACKS. HE IS ACCUSING DALEY OF FAILING TO RECOGNIZE THE BASIC HUMAN NEEDS OF THE CITY, TO DEAL WITH HOUSING, SEGREGATION, FOR RUNNING A CORRUPT MACHINE AND NOT LOOKING TO THE FUTURE. FRIEDMAN IS A DECIDED UNDERDOG AND DALEY CERTAINLY IS NOT CAMPAIGNING LIKE A MAN WHO IS WORRIED. IN FACT, DALEY REALLY ISN'T CAMPAIGNING, JUST SHOWING UP AT ABOUT THE SAME NUMBER OF DINNERS AND WAKES THAT HE USUALLY MAKES. HE LED THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE DOWN STATE STREET AS USUAL AND IS ACCEPTING THE USUAL AWARDS -- CELTIC MAN OF THE YEAR FROM THE CELTIC LEGAL SOCIETY AND A GOLD-PLATED SWORD FROM THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, WHO ALLOWED AS HOW THE MAYOR WAS A "GREAT CATHOLIC GENTLEMAN."

HE ALREADY HAS RECEIVED THE ENDORSEMENTS OF THE TWO FIELD NEWSPAPERS, THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS AND THE CHICAGO SUN-TIMES. IT IS EXPECTED THAT THE REPUBLICAN TRIBUNE WILL ENDORSE DALEY ALSO, AS WELL AS THE TRIBUNE-OWNED CHICAGO TODAY ((WILL WATCH FOR THIS AND ADVISE.))

IN ITS ENDORSEMENT EDITORIAL THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS SAID OF DALEY: "A MAN WHO HAS MANAGED TO HOLD THE SWELLING SOCIAL TIDES TO KEEP A CITY THE SIZE OF CHICAGO GOVERNABLE, SOLVENT AND MOVING FORWARD IN IMPORTANT RESPECTS, IS NOT TO BE SHUNTED ASIDE UNLESS THERE IS RATHER A FIRM ASSURANCE OF SOMETHING BETTER...BROTHERHOOD CAN HAVE LITTLE FUTURE IN A COMMUNITY WHERE THE PEOPLE CAN'T EARN THEIR DAILY BREAD, AND SOCIAL JUSTICE BECOMES AN EMPTY DREAM WHEN A CITY IS TOO POOR TO MEET ITS PUBLIC PAYROLLS."

ADDS THE DAILY NEWS: "IF DALEY TENDS TO BE MORE THE POLITICIAN THAN THE SOCIAL PHILOSOPHER OR CRUSADER, GIVE HIM CREDIT FOR BEING AT THE TOP OF HIS TRADE. HE IS A MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO KEEP THE MACHINERY RUNNING, HOW TO MAINTAIN AND EXTEND AND IMPROVE THE CITY'S SUPERB PHYSICAL PLANT, HOW TO KEEP IT PROSPEROUS AND ON THE MOVE. IN THOSE ACHIEVEMENTS HE STANDS UNIQUE AMONG THE MAYORS OF THE NATION'S GREAT CITIES."

IN ITS EDITORIAL, THE DAILY NEWS DID ADMIT THAT DALEY HAS A "REPUTED 'SOFT UNDERBELLY'" ON HUMAN ISSUES. BUT IT CONCLUDES THAT FRIEDMAN LIKE JOHN LINDSAY WOULD FIND "THERE IS NO MAGIC WAND IN POLITICS." IN SHORT, FRIEDMAN LACKS THE CLOUT TO SOLVE THOSE HUMAN PROBLEMS, WHEREAS DALEY, IN THE NEWS'S VIEWPOINT, AT LEAST CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THEM.

AND THIS, OF COURSE, BRINGS US TO A CONSIDERATION OF DALEY'S "SOFT UNDERBELLY," HIS RECORD ON SUCH MATTERS AS RACE, EDUCATION AND HOUSING. AND WITH IT, WE CAN PROPERLY ASK, "AFTER DALEY, WHAT?"

TAKE IT TK.

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CITIES WATERS

CHICAGO MAIER

DALEY TAKE II

IT BROUGHT BACK MEMORIES OF GEORGE WALLACE STANDING IN THE SCHOOLHOUSE DOOR. THERE WAS CHICAGO'S MAYOR RICHARD J. DALEY READING A FOUR-PAGE STATEMENT DENOUNCING A FEDERAL JUDGE'S DECISION ORDERING THE CHICAGO HOUSING AUTHORITY TO START LOCATING LOW-INCOME HOUSING IN WHITE NEIGHBORHOODS. AS REPORTERS SCRIBBLED IN THEIR NOTEBOOKS AND MICROPHONES PICKED UP THE DULL DALEY MONOTONE, THE MAN WHO HELPED PUT JOHN F. KENNEDY IN THE WHITE HOUSE ANNOUNCED HIS DEFIANCE OF THE COURT ORDER. PUBLIC HOUSING SHOULD NOT BE BUILT IN CHICAGO'S PREDOMINANTLY WHITE NEIGHBORHOODS, SAID DALEY. INSTEAD, IT SHOULD BE BUILT IN THE SUBURBS. THE COURT ORDER WAS WRONG, HE CONTINUED, BECAUSE "IT DOES NOT REQUIRE PUBLIC HOUSING WHERE THE NEED IS GREATEST -- IN THE SUBURBAN AREAS." CHICAGO, THE MAYOR ADDED, HAS 38,000 UNITS OF LOW-INCOME PUBLIC HOUSING, WHILE FEWER THAN 2,500 SUCH UNITS ARE LOCATED IN THE CITY'S SUBURBS.

THE NEXT DAY, DALEY WAS CAUGHT AT A MEETING BY NEWSMEN, AND HIS OFF-THE-CUFF REMARKS WERE MORE HEATED: "WE'RE TIRED OF BEING KICKED AROUND AND DELAYED AND DEFERRED BY THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT." HE THEN SAID HE WOULD PREPARE HIS OWN HOUSING PLAN "TO BUILD HOUSES WHERE PEOPLE WANT IT," AND HE WOULD FINANCE IT WITHOUT FEDERAL ASSISTANCE IF NECESSARY.

AT ISSUE IS A RULING BY U.S. DISTRICT JUDGE RICHARD B. AUSTIN BACK IN 1969, ORDERING THE CITY HOUSING AUTHORITY TO HALT ITS LONG-STANDING PRACTICE OF CONCENTRATING PUBLIC HOUSING IN BLACK AREAS. AT THE TIME, THE JUDGE DIRECTED THE AUTHORITY TO COME UP WITH A SUITABLE PLAN FOR IMPLEMENTING THE ORDER. LEGALLY, THE CHICAGO HOUSING AUTHORITY IS AN AGENCY INDEPENDENT OF CITY HALL. ACTUALLY, DALEY APPOINTS ITS BOARD MEMBERS AND EFFECTIVELY CONTROLS IT.

SO IT'S SMALL WONDER THAT THE CHA DRAGGED ITS HEELS, HOPING NOT TO REVEAL ANY HOUSING PLAN UNTIL AFTER DALEY'S RE-ELECTION. BUT THIS MONTH, JUDGE AUSTIN GOT TIRED OF WAITING AND DIRECTED THE CHA TO PUBLIC ITS PLAN. "CHRIST," SAID ONE DALEY AIDE UPON HEARING THE LATEST ORDER. "THAT GUY AUSTIN WE ONCE SLATED FOR GOVERNOR." EVEN BEYOND THAT, THE JUDGE, A VETERAN DEMOCRAT, WAS ELEVATED TO THE BENCH BY PRESIDENT KENNEDY ON DALEY'S RECOMMENDATION.

UNDER ILLINOIS LAW, THE SITE OF ANY PUBLIC HOUSING IN CHICAGO MUST BE APPROVED BY THE CITY COUNCIL. SO FOR YEARS, ALDERMEN IN ALL-WHITE NEIGHBORHOODS HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PREVENT THE CHA FROM BUILDING LOW-COST HOUSING IN THEIR WARDS. CONSEQUENTLY, PUBLIC HOUSING IN CHICAGO LARGELY HAS BEEN CONFINED TO ALL-BLACK AREAS. THE POLITICAL IMPACT OF THE FEDERAL JUDGE'S ACTION, THEN, WAS FRIGHTFUL TO DEMOCRATS IN ELECTION YEAR. EVEN BEFORE DALEY MADE HIS STATEMENT CONDEMNING THE COURT'S RULING, ALDERMEN FROM WHITE NEIGHBORHOODS WERE TRAMPLING OVER EACH OTHER ON THE WAY TO MIMEOGRAPH MACHINES TO CRANK OUT THEIR OWN DENUNCIATIONS. HOMEOWNERS IN WHITE NEIGHBORHOODS MARCHED ON THEIR ALDERMEN'S WARD OFFICES CARRYING HAND-LETTERED SIGNS, LIKE "HITLER -- AND NOW AUSTIN" AND "NEVER."

"THE AUSTIN RULING WILL ONLY DRIVE ANOTHER NAIL IN THE COFFIN OF BROTHERLY LOVE," WAILED ALD. THOMAS F. FITZPATRICK. ALD. PAUL T. WIGODA SAW IT IN APOCALYPTIC TERMS: THE DECISION "HAS TOUCHED OFF A HISTORIC AND TITANIC BATTLE BETWEEN THE JUDICIARY AND THE LEGISLATIVE BODY." STILL ANOTHER COUNCIL DEMOCRAT, ALDERMAN FRANK J. KUTA, ANNOUNCED HE WOULD "GO TO JAIL" RATHER THAN TO LET PUBLIC HOUSING PROJECTS RISE IN HIS ALL-WHITE SOUTHWEST SIDE WARD. "PEOPLE IN MY WARD HAVE BEEN MOVED TWO OR THREE TIMES BY RACIAL CHANGES. WHERE DOES IT ALL STOP?"

THE CHA RELUCTANTLY PUBLISHED A LIST OF 1,746 HOUSING UNITS AT 275 SITES IN 37 OF THE CITY'S 50 WARDS. MAYOR DALEY'S HOME WARD -- THE ELEVENTH WAS PICKED FOR ONLY 34 HOUSING UNITS AT SIX SITES, BUT HIS IMMEDIATE TURF, BRIDGEPORT, WAS NOTICEABLY MISSING FROM THE LIST.

NO ONE PARTICULARLY NOTICED THAT THE PROPOSED HOUSING CONSISTED OF ATTRACTIVE BRICK DUPLEXES, TWO-STORY TOWNHOUSES AND THREE-STORY APARTMENT BUILDINGS.

ALEXANDER POLIKOFF, ATTORNEY FOR THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION, WHICH HAD INITIATED THE HOUSING SUIT IN THE FIRST PLACE, ANGRILY DENOUNCED MAYOR DALEY, SAYING "IT IS NOW MADE CLEAR BY WHAT THE MAYOR HAS SAID THAT MINORITY GROUPS CANNOT EXPECT JUSTICE FROM CITY HALL. IN SPITE OF THE MAYOR'S TALK ABOUT LAW AND ORDER, HE APPARENTLY FEELS FREE TO DISREGARD THE LAW WHEN IT SUITS HIS PURPOSE."

DALEY'S OPPONENT FRIEDMAN JUMPED IN, ACCUSING THE MAYOR OF "RACE-BAITING." FOR GOOD MEASURE, FRIEDMAN CALLED DALEY A LIAR. "HE'S LYING TO WHITES AND BLACKS ALIKE. BOSS DALEY HAS HAD THIS LIST OF CHA SITES LOCKED UP IN HIS DESK DRAWER FOR OVER A YEAR. HE KNEW WHERE THESE SITES WERE GOING, BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE THE GUTS TO TELL THE PEOPLE IN THE NEIGHBORHOODS TARGETED FOR THE PROJECTS." WHEN TOLD OF FRIEDMAN'S CHARGES, DALEY TURNED FIERY RED AND THEN

QUIETLY SAID IT WAS FRIEDMAN WHO WAS DOING THE LYING.

AS THE FLAP CONTINUED, DALEY MADE SURE THAT THE PROPOSED HOUSING SITE LIST WOULD BE TUCKED SAFELY AWAY UNTIL AFTER THE ELECTION. IT WAS PRESENTED TO THE CITY COUNCIL AND IMMEDIATELY SENT TO COMMITTEE. DALEY'S FLOOR LEADER, ALDERMAN THOMAS KEANE, A CRAFTY AND WEALTHY LAWYER WHO LOOKS LIKE AN OCCIDENTAL CHARLIE CHAN, MADE SURE THE ACTION WENT SWIFTLY SO THAT THE COUNCIL'S TINY BAND OF LIBERAL INDEPENDENTS WOULDN'T GET A CHANCE FOR ANY VERBAL WHACKS.

DALEY ALSO PROMISED TO WORK OUT A HOUSING PLAN WHICH WOULD BE ACCEPTABLE TO ALL SIDES. ONCE AGAIN, DALEY THE GREAT POWER BROKER WAS LAYING THE GROUNDWORK FOR A COMPROMISE. BUT HE DOESN'T WANT TO HAVE TO START DEALING UNTIL AFTER THE ELECTION. FOR HIS PART, FRIEDMAN -- TRYING TO PASTE TOGETHER A COALITION OF LIBERALS, BLACKS AND REGISTERED REPUBLICANS -- COULDN'T MAKE UP HIS MIND WHERE TO TAKE HIS STAND. AT FIRST, HE JUST KEPT TRYING TO PUT DALEY ON THE SPOT. FINALLY, THIS WEEK, FRIEDMAN REVEALED HIS OWN HOUSING PLAN -- AND IT TURNED OUT TO BE A DISAPPOINTMENT TO HIS LIBERAL SUPPORTERS. FRIEDMAN, LIKE DALEY, OPPOSED THE PROPOSED CHA PLAN "TOTALLY." HE BLAMED DALEY FOR DEVELOPING THE PLAN AND THEN PROPOSED PUTTING PUBLIC HOUSING DEVELOPMENT INTO THE HANDS OF LOCAL COMMUNITIES.

THE FLAP OVER THE PUBLIC HOUSING IN WHITE NEIGHBORHOODS POINTS UP TWO THINGS -- THAT DALEY FEELS HE HAS A HARD ENOUGH GRIP ON THE CITY'S BLACK VOTE THROUGH HIS SYSTEM OF "PLANTATION POLITICS" (AS HIS OPPONENTS CALL IT) THAT HE COULD GO ALL-OUT TO PROTECT HIS FLANKS WITH THE VOTERS IN THE ALL-WHITE WARDS. IN ANY EVENT DALEY, THE GREAT POWER BROKER, DIDN'T WANT TO TRY TO NEGOTIATE SO HOT AN ISSUE JUST BEFORE AN ELECTION.

THE WHOLE CONTROVERSY ALSO POINTS UP THE UNDISPUTED FACT THAT CHICAGO IS THE MOST SEGREGATED LARGE CITY IN THE UNITED STATES. HIS CRITICS CONTEND THAT DALEY HAS FAILED TO SOLVE IT OR BEEN WILLING TO EVEN TRY. BUT FRIEDMAN'S JITTERY APPROACH TO THE PUBLIC HOUSING QUESTION SHOWS THAT PROBLEM IS NOT ONLY DALEY'S.

ABOUT 70 PERCENT OF CHICAGO'S BLACKS LIVE IN NEIGHBORHOODS THAT ARE 90 PERCENT OR MORE BLACK. TWENTY-EIGHT PERCENT LIVE IN NEIGHBORHOODS THAT ARE WELL ON THEIR WAY TO BECOMING ALL-BLACK. ONLY TWO PERCENT LIVE IN STABLE, PREDOMINATELY WHITE NEIGHBORHOODS. ONLY A FEW SMALL AREAS OF THE CITY, NOTABLY HYDE PARK, COULD BE CALLED TRULY INTEGRATED. IN TERMS OF PEOPLE, ABOUT ONE MILLION CHICAGO BLACKS LIVE IN GHETTOS, WHETHER THEY CAN AFFORD BETTER OR NOT.

PROFESSOR PIERRE DE VISE (LOWER-CASE D, CAP V), DEPAUL UNIVERSITY URBANOLOGIST, CALLS IT "AN INCREDIBLE CONCENTRATION OF A RACIAL GROUP, UNPRECEDENTED IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN SOCIETY." HE ADDS: "IT'S VERY SYMBOLIC THAT THE MAYOR LIVES IN BRIDGEPORT, ONE OF THE WORST BACKLASH NEIGHBORHOODS IN THE CITY."

INDEPENDENT ALDERMAN LEON M. DESPRES, WHO HOLDS THE SEAT ON THE COUNCIL ONCE OCCUPIED BY PAUL H. DOUGLAS, BLAMES DALEY FOR THE WALLS PENNING IN CHICAGO'S BLACK POPULATION. "DALEY'S GREAT FUNCTION IS TO SUBJUGATE THE BLACKS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WHITES," SAYS DESPRES, THE MOST PERSISTENT DALEY-BAITER IN THE CITY COUNCIL. "TO KEEP THEM IN SUBJUGATION, HE HAS TO GIVE SOME BENEFITS TO A FEW THOUSAND BLACKS, BUT THAT'S ALL."

DESPRES IS ONE OF THE FEW CRITICS WHO WOULD GO SO FAR AS TO CALL DALEY A "MEDIocre MAYOR." HE IS UNIMPRESSED WITH DALEY'S REPUTATION AS BUILDER, STREET CLEANER OR CIVIC CATALYST. "AFTER ALL," FRETS DESPRES, "MUSSOLINI MADE THE TRAINS RUN ON TIME."

STUDS TERKEL, OLD-TIME CHICAGOAN AND AUTHOR OF "HARD TIMES," A CHRONICLE OF THE DEPRESSION, SUMS UP DALEY THIS WAY: "HE'S MARVELOUS WHEN IT COMES TO THINGS, LIKE HIGHWAYS, PARKING LOTS AND INDUSTRIAL COMPLEXES, SO WHY SHOULDN'T STATE STREET LIKE HIM? WHY SHOULDN'T ARDENT REPUBLICANS LIKE HIM? BUT WHEN IT COMES TO ANSWERING THE ACHES AND HURTS OF HUMAN BEINGS, DALEY COMES UP SHORT. AND BESIDES THAT, HE'S A BULLY."

BUT ONE OF DALEY'S AIDES ((FYI ONLY, EARL BUSH)) COUNTERS: "THERE'S A BIG DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BUILDING EXPRESSWAYS AND RESTORING PEOPLE TO THE MAINSTREAM OF LIFE. IT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CROSSING THE STREET AND SENDING A GUY TO THE MOON."

"THE PROBLEM IS THAT EVERYBODY WANTS TO COMPARE DALEY WITH HIMSELF, NOT WITH SOMEBODY ELSE. THEY LOOK AT DALEY AND SAY 'LOOK AT ALL HE'S DONE. WHY COULDN'T HE SOLVE THESE OTHER PROBLEMS?' TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO CITIES WERE ONLY CONCERNED WITH HOUSEKEEPING — THINGS LIKE POLICE AND FIRE, FOR EXAMPLE. BUT NOW, A CITY IS EXPECTED TO GET JOBS FOR THE UNEMPLOYED, FEED THE HUNGRY, HOUSE THE HOMELESS, KEEP PEOPLE IN GOOD HEALTH. MAYORS TODAY FIND THEMSELVES SADDLED WITH RESPONSIBILITIES FOR DAMN NEAR EVERY SOCIAL PROBLEM — FROM HOUSING TO ALCOHOLISM. AND IN MANY CASES, THE MAYORS DON'T HAVE THE RESOURCES TO HANDLE THESE PROBLEMS."

"IN THE CASE OF DALEY, HIS CRITICS EXPECT HIM TO DO WHAT NOBODY ELSE HAS BEEN ABLE TO DO," HE CONTINUED. "THEY EXPECT THE IMPOSSIBLE. THEY WANT HIM TO SOLVE ALL THE SOCIAL ILLS OF SOCIETY. WHEN PEOPLE SAY, 'DALEY'S NOT SOLVING THE PROBLEMS OF RACE AND HOUSING AND EDUCATION.' WELL I SAY DAMMIT. WHO THE HELL IS?"

CERTAINLY WHAT HE SAYS HAS SOME TRUTH TO IT -- DALEY'S POLITICAL POWER AND TREMENDOUS ABILITIES AS AN ADMINISTRATOR MAKE HIS CRITICS WONDER WHY HE HASN'T DONE MORE TO SOOTHE THE "ACHES AND HURTS" OF PEOPLE, AS STUDS TERKEL PUT IT. "THAT GUY," SAYS URBANOLOGIST AND DALEY CRITIC PIERRE DE VISE. "HE'S SO DAMN EFFECTIVE. IF ANYONE COULD HAVE COME UP WITH A STRONG PROGRAM FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE AND GET AWAY WITH IT, DALEY COULD." IN THE SAME VEIN, AN EDITORIAL ENDORSING DALEY IN THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS CONCEDED THAT THE MAYOR HAD "WEAKNESSES IN HUMAN AREAS" AND SAID: "A DALEY WITH A DEEP SENSE OF SOCIAL JUSTICE WOULD HAVE USED HIS PRESTIGE LONG SINCE TO HELP THE BLACK PEOPLE BREAK OUT OF THEIR GHETTOS, AND TO PERSUADE THE WHITE RESISTERS OF THE FUTILITY AS WELL AS THE IMMORALITY OF THEIR NEGATIVISM."

NO AMOUNT OF CIVIC DRUM-BEATING CAN HIDE THE FACT THAT CHICAGO'S BLACK INFANT MORTALITY RATE IS AMONG THE HIGHEST OF ANY BIG CITY IN THE COUNTRY, AVERAGING ABOUT 30 PERCENT HIGHER THAN NEW YORK'S. NOR CAN THE CITY BE PROUD OF THE FACT THAT 51 OF CHICAGO'S 57 HIGH SCHOOLS HAVE DROPPED BELOW THE NATIONAL AVERAGE IN IQ ACHIEVEMENT. MANY OF THE INNER-CITY PUBLIC SCHOOLS HAVE BECOME GANG BATTLEFIELDS. WHILE DALEY DOES NOT DIRECTLY CONTROL THE SCHOOL BOARD, HE DOES APPOINT ITS BOARD MEMBERS AND HIS CITY COUNCIL MUST APPROVE THE SCHOOL BUDGETS. HOUSING FOR THE POOR IS CRITICAL. IN A WAY, DALEY'S OWN EFFICIENCY HAS ADDED TO THE PROBLEM -- THE CITY HAS BEEN TEARING DOWN MORE HOUSING THAN HAS BEEN PUT UP. AND IN MANY INSTANCES, URBAN RENEWAL IN CHICAGO HAS MEANT TEARING DOWN SLUMS, BUT THEN TURNING THE LAND OVER TO PRIVATE REAL-ESTATE DEVELOPERS WHO BUILT LUXURY APARTMENTS OR TO INSTITUTIONS FOR OFFICES.

DALEY'S AIDES ADMIT THAT THERE IS A HOUSING "SQUEEZE." BUT THEY POINT OUT THAT THE HOUSING SUPPLY HAS BEEN DIMINISHED BY STRICT ENFORCEMENT OF HOUSING CODES. "IRONICALLY," SAID ONE ADMINISTRATION SOURCE, "OUR EFFECTIVENESS IN DEMOLISHING OLD BUILDINGS AND ENFORCING CODES IS PUTTING US IN A GREATER HOLE. LANDLORDS ARE ABANDONING PROPERTIES AND WE'VE GOT 14,000 CASES PENDING IN COURT WHERE WE ARE TRYING TO GET SUBSTANDARD HOUSES PUT INTO RECEIVERSHIP."

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT CURRENTLY IS HOLDING UP ABOUT \$55 MILLION IN URBAN RENEWAL AND MODEL CITIES MONEY BECAUSE CHICAGO DOES NOT HAVE AN ADEQUATE OVER-ALL PLAN FOR HOUSING.

"IN CHICAGO," SAYS DE VISE, "IN THE MAJOR URBAN AID PROGRAMS -- HOUSING, URBAN RENEWAL, HEALTH, EDUCATION -- POOR BLACKS ARE WORSE OFF TODAY THAN THEY WERE TEN YEARS AGO. THE MAIN BENEFICIARIES OF THE PROGRAMS DESIGNED TO HELP POOR BLACKS HAVE BEEN

INSTITUTIONS AND INDIVIDUALS -- UNIVERSITIES

HOSPITALS, MEDICAL SCHOOLS, REAL-ESTATE SYNDICATES, TEACHERS, SOCIAL WORKERS, SHOPKEEPERS AND HOMEOWNERS.

SO FAR, THERE IS NO SIGN OF BLACKS DESERTING DALEY IN SIZEABLE NUMBERS. ALDERMAN DESPRES, WHO IS WHITE, BELIEVES ONE REASON IS THAT DALEY HAS SUCCESSFULLY KEPT "TIGHT CONTROL" OF THE DEMOCRATIC LABEL. "THAT'S FRIEDMAN'S FATAL ALBATROSS WITH THE BLACK VOTE," SAYS DESPRES. "CHICAGO BLACKS STILL ARE TURNED OFF BY THE REPUBLICAN LABEL, THEY STILL VOTE FOR THE PARTY OF ROOSEVELT, KENNEDY AND STEVENSON. AND, OF COURSE, IF THERE WAS ANY DOUBT ON THIS, NIXON HAS FINISHED IT."

DALEY, WITH HIS GREAT POLITICAL SENSITIVITY, HAS TAKEN STEPS TO CUT OFF ANY BLACK REVOLT. FOR ONE THING, AS HIS RUNNING MATE FOR CITY TREASURER, DALEY HAS SLATED JOE BERTRAND, 38, A NEGRO AND FORMER ALL-AMERICAN BASKETBALL STAR AT NOTRE DAME. BERTRAND, A BANKER, IS THE FIRST BLACK EVER SLATED FOR A TOP CITY OFFICE IN CHICAGO. IN ADDITION, SEN. CECIL PARTEE, A BLACK LAWYER AND DALEY LOYALIST, THIS YEAR WAS NAMED LEADER OF THE DEMOCRATIC DELEGATION IN THE ILLINOIS SENATE AND THEREBY PRESIDENT PRO TEMPORE OF THE SENATE.

THE REV. JESSE JACKSON, ON LEAVE FROM HIS POSITION AS DIRECTOR OF OPERATION BREADBASKET, SEVERAL MONTHS AGO DECLARED HIMSELF A CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR BUT DID NOT MAKE IT ONTO THE BALLOT, DUE TO ILLINOIS' TOUGH RESTRICTIONS ON THIRD-PARTY CANDIDACIES (WHICH MAKES BOTH THE DEMOCRATS AND REPUBLICANS HAPPY). UNDER ILLINOIS ELECTION LAW IT WOULD BE EASIER FOR MAYOR DALEY TO WALK THROUGH THE EYE OF A NEEDLE THAN FOR AN INDEPENDENT TO GET ON THE BALLOT. NO OTHER STATE MAKES IT SO TOUGH FOR AN INDEPENDENT OR THIRD-PARTY CANDIDATE TO GET ON THE BALLOT. FOR EXAMPLE, FOR THIS ELECTION DALEY AND FRIEDMAN WERE REQUIRED TO FILE PETITIONS SIGNED BY ONLY ONE-HALF OF ONE PERCENT OF THE TOTAL VOTES CAST IN THE LAST ELECTION FOR THEIR RESPECTIVE NOMINEES. THIS MEANT THAT DALEY NEEDED ONLY 4,099 SIGNATURES (THOUGH HE FLAMBOYANTLY FILLED NEARLY A MILLION PETITIONS) AND FRIEDMAN NEEDED ONLY 2,043. BUT REV. JACKSON NEEDED FIVE PERCENT OF THE TOTAL VOTE AT THE LAST ELECTION, OR 58,000 SIGNATURES. JACKSON CONTESTED THE LAW IN THE FEDERAL DISTRICT COURT IN CHICAGO AND LOST -- IT JUST SO HAPPENED THAT THE JUDGE HIS CASE WENT BEFORE WAS U.S. JUDGE WILLIAM LYNCH, A BOYHOOD CHUM OF THE MAYOR AND ALSO A FORMER DALEY LAW PARTNER. COINCIDENCES LIKE THAT HAPPEN IN CHICAGO. REV. JACKSON APPEALED TO THE U.S. SUPREME COURT, WHICH DECLINED TO CONSIDER THE CASE.

BUT EVEN IF REV. JACKSON GOT ON THE BALLOT AS AN INDEPENDENT, MANY POLITICAL OBSERVERS HERE WONDER WHETHER HE WOULD END UP TAKING MORE VOTES FROM FRIEDMAN THAN FROM DALEY.

DOUBTFUL WHETHER HE REALLY WAS SERIOUS IN THE FIRST PLACE, EXCEPT IN THE SENSE OF ESTABLISHING A PRECEDENT FOR A SERIOUS BLACK MAYORAL CANDIDATE AT THE NEXT ELECTION. IN FACT, JACKSON HAS BEEN SPENDING MORE AND MORE TIME AWAY FROM THE CITY IN WHAT MANY PEOPLE BELIEVE IS HIS ATTEMPT TO ESTABLISH HIMSELF AS THE NATIONAL LEADER OF A NEW BLACK COALITION. IT'S CERTAIN THAT DALEY NEVER TOOK JACKSON'S CANDIDACY SERIOUSLY. AS ONE OF DALEY'S TORCHBEARERS PUT IT: "COULD JESSE JACKSON MAKE A BUDGET?"

THE 1970 CENSUS, OF COURSE, HAS MEANING FOR THE FUTURE OF CHICAGO, AS IT HAS FOR ALL LARGE CITIES. IN THE LAST TEN YEARS, CHICAGO LOST 505,000 WHITE RESIDENTS, WHILE ITS WHITE SUBURBAN AREAS INCREASED BY 875,000. CHICAGO'S BLACK POPULATION ROSE NEARLY 300,000 WHILE THE BLACK POPULATION OF THE SUBURBS GREW BY ONLY 48,000.

CHICAGO NOW IS SLIGHTLY OVER 32 PERCENT BLACK. POPULATION STUDIES SHOW THAT THE CITY WILL BE 50 PERCENT BY 1984. IF THE CITY'S PRESENT PATTERN OF NEIGHBORHOOD SEGREGATION IS NOT BROKEN BY THEN -- AND THERE ARE NO SIGNS IT WILL BE -- CHICAGO COULD BECOME THE PRIME EXAMPLE IN THE NATION OF TWO POLARIZED SOCIETIES, ONE WHITE, THE OTHER BLACK.

URBANOLOGIST PIERRE DE VISE BELIEVES THAT THE CITY IS "HEADING TOWARD ANOTHER CHICAGO FIRE."

"CHICAGO PROBABLY HAS ANOTHER FIVE YEARS OF GRACE BEYOND WHICH TIME WE WILL HAVE URBAN GUERRILLA WARFARE UNLESS THE DISENFRANCHISED UNDERCLASS OF ANGRY, BITTER MINORITIES ARE GIVEN A PIECE OF THE ACTION."

INDEPENDENT ALDERMAN WILLIAM SINGER, WHO BUCKED THE DALEY MACHINE SUCCESSFULLY TO WIN HIS SECOND TERM ON THE COUNCIL, ADDS: "I PITY THE GUY WHO SUCCEEDS DALEY. HE'S KEPT A LOT OF PROBLEMS UNDER CONTROL, BUT THOSE PROBLEMS AREN'T GOING TO GO AWAY."

ALTHOUGH NO FAN OF DALEY'S, SINGER BELIEVES THAT HISTORY WILL TREAT HIM AS A GREAT MAYOR. IN FACT, SINGER EVALUATES DALEY THIS WAY:

"DALEY WAS THE RIGHT MAYOR FOR CHICAGO IN THE FIFTIES AND THE EARLY SIXTIES. BUT HE'S NOT THE RIGHT MAYOR FOR THE SEVENTIES."

THE PROBLEM FOR CHICAGO IS IN FINDING A BETTER MAN THAN DALEY FOR THE SEVENTIES. MANY BIG CITIES HAVE BEEN FORCED TO CHOOSE BETWEEN AN EFFECTIVE AUTOCRAT AND AN INEFFECTIVE SOCIAL PHILOSOPHER. AT LEAST IN DALEY, CHICAGO HAS HAD THE BEST OF ONE OF THE TWO WORLDS.

AFTER DALEY, WHAT? DALEY'S POWER RESTS BOTH IN HIS POSITION AS HEAD OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY BUT ALSO IN HIS STRONG PERSONALITY AND SKILL AS A BROKER. MANY BELIEVE THAT HE WILL TRY TO END HIS

CAREER BY DIVING HEADLONG INTO THE VERY AREAS OF SOCIAL CONCERN WHICH HIS CRITICS CLAIM HE HAS IGNORED. THERE ARE SIGNS THAT THE "REACTIVE" DALEY ALREADY IS MOVING IN THIS DIRECTION. JUST IN THE AREA OF THE ENVIRONMENT, FOR EXAMPLE, DALEY THIS MONTH PUSHED THROUGH THE COUNCIL THE TOUGHEST ANTI-NOISE ORDINANCE IN THE NATION. IN ADDITION, THE CITY HAS A TOUGH NEW POLLUTION ORDINANCE THAT BANS USE OF PHOSPHATE DETERGENTS. JUST THIS WEEK HE VOWED NOT TO PERMIT THE CONSTRUCTION OF AN AIRPORT IN THE LAKE IF STUDIES SHOW IT WOULD DAMAGE THE ENVIRONMENT. AND, TO SHOW THAT THE MAYOR IS INTERESTED IN THE QUALITY OF LIFE IN THE BIG CITY, HE IS PLANNING AN 18-MILE SYSTEM OF BICYCLE PATHS. CHICAGO THIS YEAR ALSO BECAME THE FIRST MAJOR CITY IN THE NATION TO STOP DUMPING ANY GARBAGE IN OPEN DUMPS. ALL OF THE CITY'S YEARLY GARBAGE OUTPUT OF ONE MILLION TONS NOW IS BURNED IN INCINERATORS EQUIPPED WITH POLLUTION-CONTROL DEVICES. ((TRUE TO DALEY'S GARGANTUAN COMPLEX, THE LATEST INCINERATOR BUILT IS THE BIGGEST IN THE WORLD.)) ONCE AGAIN YOU CAN SEE THAT WHEN DALEY DEALS WITH A PROBLEM HE TACKLES IT ON CONCRETE TERMS. ONCE AGAIN, HE SHOWS THAT HE CAN ACT. HE HAS THE CLOUT TO DO SOMETHING.

SO FAR DALEY HAS GIVEN NO SIGN OF GROOMING A SUCCESSOR, EITHER AS PARTY BOSS OR MAYOR. "WHEN THE KING'S IN POWER, NOBODY GETS TOO NEAR THE THRONE," SAID ONE DALEY-WATCHER ((FYI ONLY, PROF. LOUIS MASOTTI OF NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY)).

MATT DANAHER, HIS BRIDGEPORT NEIGHBOR AND CLERK OF THE CIRCUIT COURT, WOULD LIKE THE JOB. BUT DANAHER IS NOT CRAZY ENOUGH TO BEGIN PRESSING FOR IT.

FOR A TIME DEMOCRATIC POLITICIANS EXCHANGING GOSSIP IN THE PUBS AND RESTAURANTS NEAR CITY HALL WERE BETTING THAT EDWARD HANRAHAN, THE TRIGGER-TEMPERED STATE'S ATTORNEY, MIGHT BE IN LINE TO SUCCEED DALEY AS MAYOR. BUT AFTER HANRAHAN'S OFFICE BUNGLED BADLY OVER SOME KEY COURT CASES, AND PARTICULARLY AFTER HIS MEN WERE INVOLVED IN THE CONTROVERSIAL SHOOT-OUT WITH BLACK PANTHERS IN WHICH FRED HAMPTON WAS KILLED, HANRAHAN'S STAR HAS BEEN IN ECLIPSE.

THE MAYOR IS KNOWN TO THINK HIGHLY OF U.S. CONGRESSMAN DANIEL ROSTENKOWSKI, WHO REGULARLY SERVES AS CHAIRMAN OF THE PARTY'S SLATE-MAKING COMMITTEES. BUT THEN, DALEY MAY FEEL ROSTENKOWSKI COULD BETTER SERVE BY REMAINING ON DUTY IN WASHINGTON.

GEORGE W. DUNNE, A FELLOW IRISHMAN AND PRESIDENT OF THE COOK COUNTY BOARD, LONG WAS THOUGHT TO BE AN HEIR-APPARENT TO DALEY. BUT DUNNE UNDERWENT A SERIOUS OPERATION RECENTLY, AND THOUGH APPARENTLY IN GOOD HEALTH, THIS COULD BE A FACTOR WEIGHING AGAINST

THEN THERE IS DANIEL SHANNON, 38, A FORMER ALL-AMERICAN END AT NOTRE DAME AND NOW PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO PARK DISTRICT. SHANNON'S ADVANTAGES ARE TWOFOLD: HE IS IRISH AND HIS DAD WAS A FRIEND OF THE MAYOR'S.

AND THEN THERE IS ANOTHER LONGSHOT -- A YOUNG BRIDGEPORT LAD NAMED RICHARD MICHAEL DALEY, 28, JUST A FEW YEARS OUT OF LAW SCHOOL AND DOING QUITE WELL FOR HIMSELF IN PRIVATE PRACTICE, THANK YOU. DALEY, THE OLDEST OF THE MAYOR'S FOUR SONS, ALREADY HAS SUCCESSFULLY RUN FOR PUBLIC OFFICE, BEING THE TOP VOTE-GETTER IN WINNING ELECTION AS A DELEGATE TO LAST YEAR'S STATE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION. YOUNG DALEY IS A QUIET, RESERVED LAD -- MUCH LIKE HIS DAD WAS AT THAT AGE. HE STILL LIVES AT HOME AND IS A DUTIFUL SON. IT JUST COULD BE THAT HIS DAD MIGHT WANT TO TAKE HIM INTO THE FAMILY BUSINESS SOMEDAY -- AND OF COURSE DALEY'S BUSINESS IS RUNNING CHICAGO.

((WILL BE COVERING OTHER DALEY ACTIVITIES EARLY NEXT WEEK AND WILL KEEP YOU ADVISED.))

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NEWSWEEK CGO

#1 3/23/71 1102A JJ
CITIES WATERS
CHICAGO MAIER
DALEY UPDATE

1971-MAR 23 - pm 12.46

RE YOUR QUESTION ON DALEY'S NATIONAL POLITICAL INFLUENCE AND STANDING: FIRST OF ALL, FOR THE "OUT" POLITICAL PARTY, INFLUENCE AT THE NATIONAL NOMINATING CONVENTION IS ALL-IMPORTANT. IT SEEMS SAFE TO SAY THAT DESPITE REFORMS IN DELEGATE SELECTION, DALEY WILL CONTROL THE LARGE ILLINOIS DELEGATION TO THE CONVENTION, PROBABLY NO OTHER PARTY LEADER WILL DOMINATE HIS DELEGATION AS COMPLETELY, EXCEPT FOR HUBERT HUMPHREY'S GRIP ON THE MINNESOTA DELEGATION, THEREFORE, NO CONTENDER FOR THE NOMINATION CAN AFFORD TO IGNORE DALEY. HE ALSO IS ONE OF THE FEW MAYORS WHO STILL HAS DIRECT INFLUENCE, AND IN SOME CASES CONTROL, OVER LEGISLATIVE BODIES. THE DEMOCRATIC HOUSE DELEGATION IN WASHINGTON IS COMPLETELY IN HIS POCKET-- EXCEPT FOR PERHAPS ONE LIBERAL, ABNER MIKVA, AND HE DOMINATES THE DEMOCRATIC DELEGATIONS IN THE ILLINOIS HOUSE AND SENATE. DURING THE KENNEDY AND JOHNSON YEARS DALEY HAD A DIRECT PIPELINE TO THE WHITE HOUSE AND CHICAGO RECEIVED MORE THAN ITS SHARE OF FEDERAL MONEY. YOU CAN BET HE WOULD LOVE TO SEE A DEMOCRAT BACK IN THE WHITE HOUSE, PARTICULARLY ONE HE HELPED ELECT.

ALSO, IN TAKE 11 EYE DISCUSSED THE HOUSING CONTROVERSY AND DALEY'S PROMISE TO ANNOUNCE HIS OWN PROGRAM. HE DID THIS MONDAY AT A SPEECH BEFORE THE CITY CLUB OF CHICAGO. BASICALLY, DALEY CALLED FOR THE BUILDING OF "NEW TOWNS IN-TOWN," PLANNED DEVELOPMENTS FOR SOME 35,000 TO 50,000 PERSONS ON LITTLE-USED INDUSTRIAL TRACTS HE ALSO SAID THE CITY HAS 1,000 VACANT LOTS, ACQUIRED IN THE PROCESS OF RAZING SUBSTANDARD BUILDINGS, THAT HE WILL OFFER TO NON-PROFIT COMMUNITY GROUPS FOR DEVELOPMENT OF HOUSING, AND DESPITE HIS ANGRY REMARKS TWO WEEKS AGO ABOUT CHICAGO BUILDING LOW-INCOME HOUSING WITHOUT FEDERAL FUNDS, IF NECESSARY, DALEY SAYS NOW THAT HE WILL SEEK ADDITIONAL FEDERAL FUNDS TO CONTRUCT THE "NEW TOWNS IN-TOWN" AS PROVIDED UNDER THE 1970 HOUSING AND URBAN DEVELOPMENT ACT.

ALSO, AS PART OF HIS HOUSING PLAN, DALEY PROMISED TO URGE CHICAGO BANKS AND SAVINGS AND LOANS TO CREATE A POOL OF FUNDS FOR MIDDLE-INCOME AND MODERATE-INCOME HOUSING IN AREAS WHERE INDIVIDUAL FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS HAVE BEEN RELUCTANT TO RISK THEIR MONEY. HIS OPPONENT, RICHARD FRIEDMAN, IMMEDIATELY CHARGED THAT DALEY HAD STOLEN HIS OWN PLAN FOR USING OBSOLETE INDUSTRIAL AREAS FOR HOUSING.

IN HIS SPEECH, DALEY SAID: "THE HOUSING SHORTAGE FOR CHICAGO AND OTHER CITIES -- PARTICULARLY FOR THE LOW-INCOME FAMILY WHICH CANNOT FIND ACCOMMODATIONS IN THE PRIVATE MARKET -- WILL NOT BE SOLVED UNTIL THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT MAKES THE SAME KIND OF TOTAL EFFORT IT HAS MADE IN OTHER AREAS -- IN DEVELOPING ATOMIC WEAPONS OR PLACING A MAN ON THE MOON."

FOR YOUR INFORMATION, THE MEN ON GUARD AT DALEY'S HOUSE VARY, SO OFFICER GILHOOEY SHOULD NOT BE MENTIONED BY NAME AS ROYKO DID. GILHOOEY NO LONGER THERE.

ALSO, EYE FAILED TO MENTION THAT DALEY HAS SEVEN CHILDREN. HE HAS THREE DAUGHTERS IN ADDITION TO THE FOUR SONS MENTIONED IN EARLIER FILE.

ALSO, FYI, DALEY AIDES SAY THE MAYOR HAS NOT READ ROYKO'S BOOK. HOWEVER, DALEY'S PRESS AIDE EARL BUSH READ AN ADVANCE COPY AND DESCRIBED IT AS "MONSTROUS." ANOTHER DALEY AIDE ((FYI ONLY, MIKE NEIGOFF)) SAID ROYKO HATES DALEY AND ATTRIBUTED THIS ANIMOSITY TO THE "POLES' HATRED FOR THE IRISH."

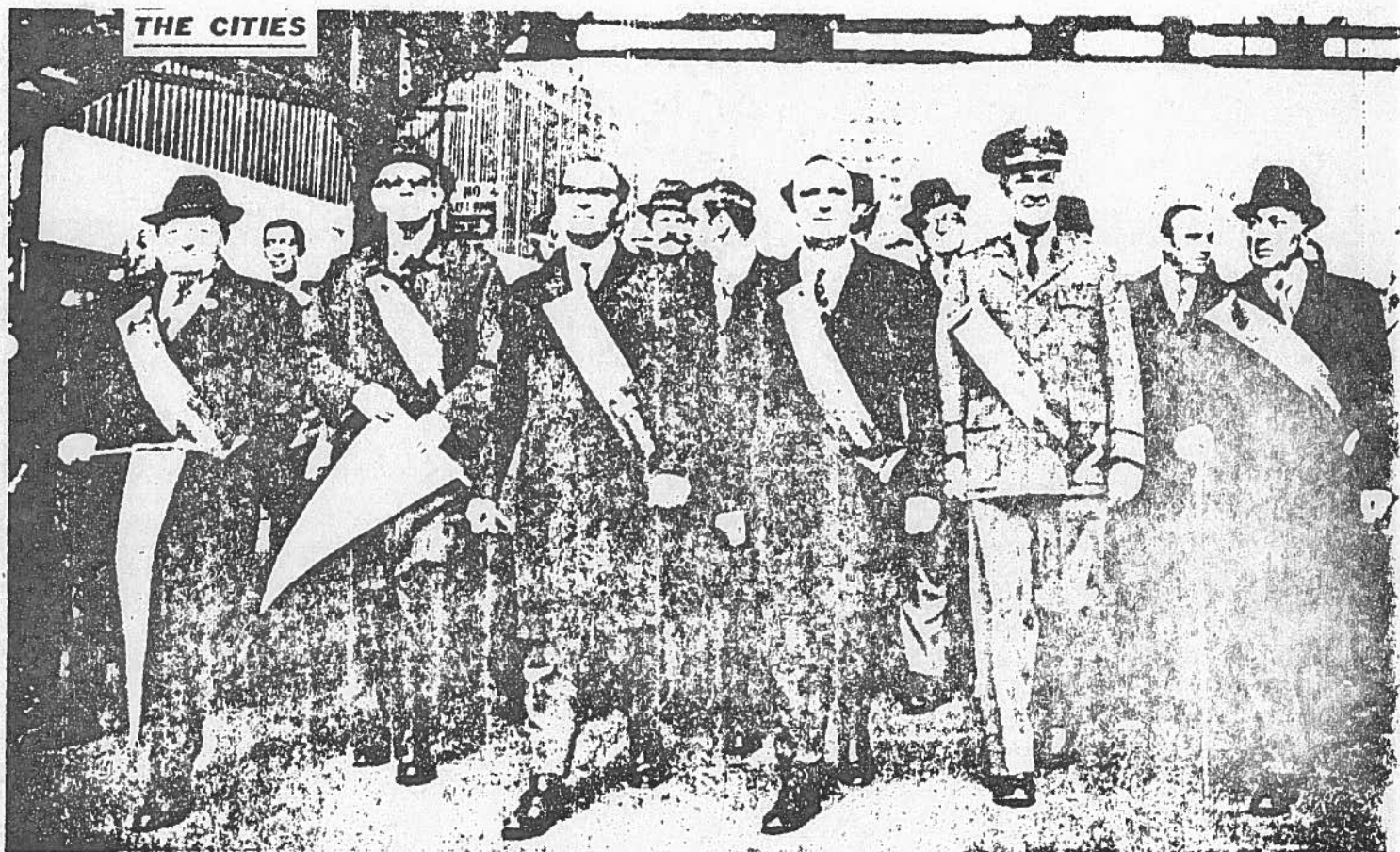
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April 5, 1971 / 50 cents

How to Run a City



Chicago's Mayor
RICHARD J. DALEY



The Boss (center) steps off with the troops on State Street in the annual Saint Patrick's Day parade: In the midst of a

Chicago's Daley: How to Run a City

The experts are all saying that our big cities have become ungovernable. What the hell do the experts know?

—Richard Joseph Daley

Head high, shoulders braced and wattles aquiver, the mayor of Chicago strode down the hallway toward the city council chambers, four plain-clothes men and two young aides half-trotting in his wake. "Good mornin', Mister Mare," called a broguish voice from the jostling mob of politicians, City Hall employees, policemen and photographers that thronged the corridor. "How are ya," Mayor Richard J. Daley grunted, but the ice-blue eyes remained fixed straight ahead as he marched toward the door of the chamber. "Clear a path, clear a path," shouted several policemen in unison, ignoring the fact that the crowd had already parted. A black alderman, his hands filled with petitions, edged into the open pathway as a dozen of his constituents watched nervously. "Mister Mayor, Mister Mayor," he shouted as Daley approached. "Here are some people who..." Daley didn't break stride. "How are ya," he mumbled over his shoulder as he and his entourage plunged through the doorway.

At precisely 10 a.m. the mayor took his seat in the council president's chair,

slightly below the great seal of the city of Chicago and well above the heads of the 50 aldermen who compose the body. By Daley's standards, the session was a fairly sedate one. A third of the time was devoted to passing memorial resolutions ("Whereas God in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to call our dear colleague to his eternal reward..."). And for once there were no flowery accolades to the man who has gazed down impassively on these conclaves for sixteen years (until he died recently, one alderman often interrupted the city-council sessions by crying out exuberantly, "God bless our mayor, the greatest mayor in the world!").

Aloof: The only potentially sticky piece of business—a controversial plan to put up public housing in white ethnic neighborhoods—was quickly shunted to a committee. And when one of the council's tiny band of twelve Republican and Independent aldermen tried to protest, the mayor's paunchy floor leader silenced him by shouting, "Sit down or I'll knock ya down." Later, a second dissident sought to press a point and received an equally explicit warning from Thomas Buchanan, one of Daley's most ardent loyalists. "My Irish heritage tells me there's something I can do about you," bellowed Buchanan, shaking a clenched

list. "And I just may be tempted to do it before this day is out." At precisely 1:15, Daley banged his gavel and charged from the room before anyone but his bodyguards had realized that the council was adjourned.

The entire performance was quintessential Daley, and what lent it an extra dimension of improbability, at least to the casual visitor, was the fact that the star performer himself remained completely aloof from the tentative squabbles of the councilmen—a haughty, imperious figure who came, presided and departed, apparently not caring a whit whether the audience or the cast approved of the show or not.

Chicago's Mayor Daley is a curious, almost lathornless figure. He directs the affairs of the nation's second-largest city like a Caesar. To the vast majority of the country's liberal Democrats, and particularly to the young and the militant, he looms as a figure of near-Satanic evil—this last chiefly the result of his role in the riotous days of the 1968 Democratic National Convention. His goodwill and good offices are usually vital to the aspirations of any Democratic Presidential hopeful, a situation the late Robert F. Kennedy acknowledged laconically enough with the observation: "Daley's the ball game." And even after the Dem-



Jeff Lowenthal

wondrous urban exception, shades of Satan, Caesar and Genghis Khan

ocratic convention, the mayor is a good man to have on one's side in the election, though he ignores the standing accusation that his organization regularly steals vast blocs of votes and withholds reporting them until Daley determines if they are needed to swing the election his way. And next week, when the voters of Chicago go to the polls to decide whether Richard Daley should receive an unprecedented fifth four-year term as mayor, the odds are that nothing short of a Martian invasion could keep them from saying yes.

Judo: What makes this prospect all the more remarkable is that the opposition has fielded its most appealing mayoral challenger in years—an articulate, swinging young lawyer who is adept at such with-it diversions as motorcycling, mountaineering and judo. But although challenger Richard Friedman (page 83) has waged a vigorous if underfinanced battle, most polls show him trailing far behind the incumbent—and for once most of the analysts agree on the reason. Mayor Daley may strike many as outrageously dictatorial, congenitally devious and linguistically inept (his most cherished malapropism: "Together we must rise to ever higher and higher platitudes"). But in an age when *Homo urbanis* is surrounded by proliferating dissolution and decay, the tough, pragmatic Daley continues to operate one of the last efficient big-city governments left on the planet. This is not to suggest, reports NEWSWEEK Chicago correspondent

Frank Majer, that Daley's Chicago enraptures every resident or inspires every visitor to leave his heart behind. But it is a demonstrable fact that Chicago is that most wondrous of exceptions—a major American city that actually works.

While breakdowns in essential services have become an almost daily event elsewhere, Chicagoans enjoy a virtually uninterrupted supply of urban amenities. They commute to work on the nation's most ingeniously integrated transportation system—expressways fanning out from the central core with rapid-transit trains running down their median strips (or as Daley calls them, "medium strips"). Chicago's streets are probably the cleanest and best-illuminated on the metropolitan scene; its police and fire departments are ranked by professionals as among the most effective in the world. Indeed, while the number of major crimes in the U.S. jumped 11 per cent last year, Chicago actually witnessed a slight dip (.1 per cent) in its crime rate. Daley sees to it that his cops are rewarded with top pay and, as a result of this, Police Superintendent James Conlisk finds himself with ten applicants for every job opening.

Under Daley, liberal zoning laws and flexible tax policies have kept giant industrial firms happily within the city limits. The corporate exodus that is plaguing New York is unknown in Chicago. In the last five years, private investors have poured more than \$5 billion into the downtown area, where the world's tall-

est building—the 110-story headquarters of Sears, Roebuck & Co.—will soon begin rising not far from the 100-story John Hancock Center. The Daley administration has thrown up a record 45,000 low-income housing units in the Near North, West and South Side ghettos (a policy that critics assail roundly as being designed deliberately to perpetuate the ghettos). Daley has also virtually transformed one of the city's most decayed neighborhoods by investing it with a major branch of the University of Illinois. Perhaps the most miraculous aspect of all this growth is that it rests on a rock-solid fiscal foundation. Chicago hasn't had a budget deficit in sixteen years; it issues municipal bonds with the highest rating awarded by Standard & Poor's and boasts one of the few expanding tax bases among U.S. metropolises.

Hurts: But there is another side of the Chicago story, and a less cheering one. Unhappily, Dick Daley's finesse in dealing with the housekeeping side of his job has not been matched in less visible areas. Inveterate Daley watchers such as Studs Terkel, the award-winning chronicler of the Depression and host of a local radio show, speaks for most of Daley's disparagers when he contends: "He's marvelous when it comes to building things like highways, parking lots and industrial complexes. But when it comes to healing the aches and hurts of human beings, Daley comes up short."

No amount of civic drumbeating, for example, can conceal the fact that Chicago's infant-mortality rate among blacks is one of the worst in the U.S., averaging almost 20 per cent higher than New York's. Nor do the city's peripatetic boosters like to discuss why 51 of Chicago's 57 high schools have fallen below the national average in IQ achievement. Most embarrassing of all, the Federal government is currently holding up some \$55 million in urban-renewal and model-cities money because Chicago has failed to draw up an adequate blueprint for the construction of public-housing projects in its all-white enclaves.

"Why Us?" Daley has angrily defied a Federal court decision ordering the Chicago Housing Authority to produce such a plan posthaste. After blue-collar homeowners from Polish, Irish and Italian neighborhoods recently marched on their aldermen's offices with signs that read "Never!" the mayor publicly vowed: "We're only going to build houses where people want them." That sort of standing-in-the-schoolhouse-door position prompted The Chicago Daily News to take an uncharacteristic swipe at the mayor. "A Daley with a deep sense of social justice," the News editorialized, "would have used his prestige long since to help the black people break out of their ghettos."

City Hall apologists like press aide Earl Bush counter such charges by employing a sort of "Why us?" rationale. "When people say, 'Daley's not solving the problems of race, housing and educa-



Heckler Daley at 1968 convention

tion," growls Bush. "I simply say, 'Dammit, who the hell is?'" A somewhat more thoughtful defense of the mayor is offered by Prof. Louis Masotti, a sociologist at Northwestern University's Center for Urban Affairs. "The people who criticize Daley the most have never had to live in New York or Los Angeles," says Masotti. "What everyone wants is a philosopher-king, a mayor with both the power to govern and the wisdom to do right. But most cities end up with neither a philosopher nor a king. Take New York, for example. John Lindsay may have the wisdom, but he doesn't have the power. I greatly admire Lindsay's intent, but he's like a guy rollerskating in a herd of buffalo—he's not in control of anything. Whatever else you say about Daley, he's got the clout."

The principal sources of Daley's clout, which in turn provides the driving muscle behind much of Chicago's unique workability, are best symbolized by the sides of a triangle. One is the city's business establishment, the merchants and the bankers of State and LaSalle Streets—most of them blue-blood Republicans and thus, theoretically at least, Richard Daley's natural enemies. On the opposite side is organized labor, a more likely ally for the tough-talking son of a sheet-metal worker. Comprising the triangle's base side is that vast and celebrated political apparatus commonly referred to as The Machine—a term that Daley abhors ("Organization, not machine," he once snapped to a reporter. "Get that. Organization, not machine.>").

That Chicago's GOP fat cats should quadrennially troop into Democrat Daley's camp like conquered princes paying homage to Genghis Khan is attributable much more to Daley's power to reward them than to his power to punish. In exchange for their support, the mayor gives the city's investment and business communities just about everything they want, whether it be new superhighways

to whisk suburbanites into the downtown shopping district or an honorable peace with labor. Indeed, Daley's success in using his office to avert prolonged labor disputes may rank as his finest monument. For during four terms, the mayor of Chicago has personally settled some twenty major strikes by everyone from the city's gravediggers to members of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Pals: Part of the rationale underlying Daley's extraordinary peace-keeping performance lies in the incestuous nature of Chicago politics. A significant number of the city's top labor leaders are boyhood pals of the mayor, serving on his boards and commissions and receiving city jobs for their friends and relations. In a demonstration of the value of such relationships, striking Chicago teachers recently reached a quick settlement when Daley personally undertook negotiations between teachers' union president John Desmond, a longtime crony of the mayor, and school-board head John Carey, a Daley appointee. "Public strikes in Chicago have been short and symbolic," says Northwestern's Masotti. "Daley sometimes lets them start, but then he quickly steps in and shows everyone he can stop them."

But it should also be noted that much of labor's fealty to Daley springs from a natural empathy for his blend of crusty toughness and misty-eyed civic chauvinism. Only Richard Daley, for example, could have gotten away with the following extemporaneous exhortation to the garbage-truck drivers of Chicago: "You men, with the help of God, are going to make this the finest city. You are going to go out and make every street and every alley the finest street and the finest alley." And certainly only this of all America's mayors could have inspired the mammoth love-in for Daley that organized labor staged recently in McCormick Place. While some 10,000 union members and officials applauded between bites of filet mignon, the banquet was hailed by one speaker as "the biggest dinner ever served under one roof in the chronicle of mankind."

Machine: There is no secret at all as to the source of Daley's power: it rests in his dual role as both mayor and chairman of the Cook County Democratic Committee, a combination that allows him to have final say over the award of some 35,000 patronage positions. At least once a week, Daley meets with his "director of patronage" to peruse every application for every city job, right down to the lowliest ditch digger's. If and when the mayor stamps his approval, the successful job winner almost by definition joins The Machine (or organization) and assumes the responsibility of working one of Chicago's 3,412 voting precincts come election time. That sort of quasi-military arrangement continues to produce virtual blitzes at the ballot box. In fact, there were so few Republican levers pushed in one West Side ward in 1967 that one of the mayor's lieutenants felt obliged to

transfer some votes from his own tally just to make things look authentic.

The remarkable diligence displayed by the Democrats' precinct captains and ward committeemen in getting out the vote can be traced to their acute awareness that Daley is continually deciding who can still deliver and who cannot. One of the most withering experiences in a ward boss's life comes on election night when he must bring his tally downtown to party headquarters at the Sheraton House Hotel. Somewhat in the manner of a schoolboy presenting his report card to a stern father, each of the 50 meets alone with Daley to submit his precinct-by-precinct vote. According to one insider who has observed the ritual, Daley sits at a desk and silently studies the tallies. If they please him, he rises and vigorously pumps both of the successful committeeman's hands. If they displease him, Daley gives the miscreant a blistering tongue-lashing. On one such occasion, the mayor was so incensed with a non-producer that he reached across his desk and began shaking him by his necktie.

Affront: The Machine, of course, must be fueled by money as well as manpower. But under Daley's stewardship, there have been none of the sweeping scandals that wrecked its counterparts elsewhere. This doesn't mean that there isn't a certain amount of "honest graft,"—the term invoked by Chicago politicians to explain to their wives that otherwise mysterious \$1,000 fee from, say, a building contractor. But Dick Daley himself has never been touched by even a hint of financial hanky-panky, and he takes such a proprietary view of Chicago that few wrongdoers escape retribution. "The boss identifies himself so closely with this city," says one alderman, "that he takes it as a personal affront when someone misbehaves."

If The Machine so far shows few signs of internal wear, it finds itself threatened at last by some formidable outside



With JFK: Play ball

forces. For one thing, there is the fact that an increasing number of independent candidates, black and white alike, are challenging the organization's slate. The black opposition represents an ominous development for a party that has always drawn much of its sustenance from the black sea that engulfs Chicago on the south and west. And while the Rev. Jesse Jackson, the city's most charismatic civil-rights activist, lost his fight this year to get on the ballot against Daley himself, the circumstances of his defeat may have cost the party some black support. It just so happened that the judge who denied Jackson's petition was William Lynch, a boyhood chum and former law partner of the mayor. "Coincidences like that are always happening in Chicago," cracks one local reporter.

A formidable threat has also arisen to Daley's control of the state Democratic Party. Lawyer Dan Walker, author of the scathing indictment of the Chicago police's behavior during the 1968 Democratic convention, has announced himself as the anti-organizational challenger for the party's nomination for governor in 1972. This marks the first time that the Daley-dominated state party has faced a serious primary fight for major office—a form of fratricide that Daley has always left to the Republicans.

Debate: The fact that the mayor survived the 1968 convention debacle at all is testimony enough to his resilience. But while Daley's political stock emerged relatively undiminished among most Chicagoans, the turbulent national debate that raged over his responsibility for the 1968 "police riot" took a severe if temporary toll. Chicago Daily News columnist Mike Royko, author of an incisively critical new book on the mayor called "Boss" (215 pages, Dutton, \$5.95) says that for months after the convention, Daley resembled a badly mauled boxer on the morning after a fight. "He was haggard and could no longer go through a full day of work without showing fatigue," recalls Royko. "At times his head would nod sleepily at formal dinners, and he lost the thread of conversations." Royko notes that Dr. Eric Oldberg, president of the Chicago Board of Health, said of Daley's condition at the time: "He was on the brink of something serious . . . He was in very bad shape."

Perhaps it was the mayor's stubborn belief in his own blamelessness that helped him through those difficult days, but even so the bloody events of three summers ago seem to have left their psychic scars. In his fifth-floor office at City Hall, the swinging door that once symbolized Daley's accessibility to constituents has now been replaced by a thick portal that slides on steel tracks and can be opened only by a security guard. Daley's relations with the media, meanwhile, have deteriorated from a state of mutual disdain to one of undeclared warfare. During this year's campaign, Daley has drastically cut down

THERE'S ANOTHER CANDIDATE, TOO

A battered, nondescript dump truck eased into an alley near Milwaukee Avenue on Chicago's North Side one day last week and grunted to a stop near a mountain of uncollected garbage. Out of the cab jumped a lithe figure in khakis and a blue nylon ski parka. His name was Richard E. (for Emanuel) Friedman, the 41-year-old GOP candidate for mayor. And as the TV cameras and press photographers started recording the scene, he proceeded to flip the heavy cans and trash into the truck in a demonstration for cleaner alleys.

In any other big city, this kind of cornball campaign stunt would evoke only guffaws. But with a fair amount of money, a thoroughly engaging manner and limitless stores of energy, Friedman is not only nudging Daley aside for headline space but is stirring considerable interest among the voters as well. Sometimes he draws attention by feats of stamina. A few weeks ago, he took a three-day, 25-mile hike along Western Avenue for the length of the city, scooting up side streets on the way to wring the hands of startled Polish-sausage peddlers and glassy-eyed skid-row derelicts. And while such a breezy style seems hardly enough to overcome Daley's formidable advantages ("I'd say I'm a 5-to-1 underdog," admits Friedman, cheerfully, "which is a sensational improvement over the past"), he is giving the mayor his first real race in many years.

Exotic: Friedman came to the GOP candidacy through the back door, as something of a liberal Democrat. "There wasn't exactly a line of candidates ahead of me," he says, and the switch is not unusual for Chicago, where state laws make running as an independent so impossible that Republican candidates are often disgruntled members of Daley's own party. Friedman is not a stranger to Chicago voters. He served as first assistant attorney general for three years until 1968. Then he took over as head of Chicago's Better Government Association and galvanized the outfit into a formidable muckraking organization that sent a number of officials from both parties into retirement. Friedman made such a hit with local reporters that when the two Marshall Field newspapers gave Daley their endorsements, their own newsmen raised \$2,000 for an advertisement endorsing Friedman.

Not the least of Friedman's appeal comes from his exotic reputation as a sportsman and bon vivant. He pilots a glider, has set two height records as a hot-air balloonist and climbed half a dozen of the world's mountains. In between escapades, he runs around town in an orange Porsche and maintains his status as a brown belt in judo. He has also designed his own modern town house, complete with a sculptured

replica of Diana, Goddess of the chase.

Despite his exuberance, bachelor Friedman (he is divorced from his first wife) has been unable to draw much Establishment support for his campaign. Even so, the \$250,000 he raised for the run is more than most Republicans gathered up in the past—enough to support thirteen storefronts and some 4,000 volunteers. "There are businessmen who have been calling for integrity in government for years," says one frustrated campaign staffer, "and you give them an honest man, and then they back off. One businessman came right out and told me, 'I just can't run my business without the fix.'"

But despite his troubles finding mon-



Friedman: Trial for a balloonist

eyed backers, Friedman faces no obstacles developing his own campaign issues, since the main issue comes around finally to Daley himself. Consequently, Friedman spends most of his time attacking Daley. "He's a builder all right," says Friedman, "but downtown where the skyscrapers are. In the neighborhoods, he has been the greatest destroyer since Genghis Khan. He has destroyed thousands of homes of poor people and never replaced them." The rhetoric will doubtless get hotter; meanwhile it seems clear that, win or lose, Richard Friedman is bound to be heard from again.

THE CITIES

on the number of his televised press conferences and he treats the few newsmen who do manage to corner him with unbridled scorn. Thus when one reporter recently asked the mayor whether public housing would be an issue in his campaign, Daley fixed him with a withering glare and snapped, "Who's gonna make it one? You?"

Unpretentious: Like all the old, hard-line Irish political autocrats, however, this last of the breed has his sentimental side. Daley still lives in Bridgeport, the same white, blue-collar community where he was born and which has produced the city's last three mayors. "My Dad, Mike, told me to always remember from whence I came," he explains. At about 8 a.m. each working day, a limousine bearing the license number 708 222—the number of votes Daley received when first elected mayor—glides up to his neat brick bungalow at 3536 S. Lowe Avenue, just a block from where he was born and down the street from the church where he once served as an altar boy. The mayor nods at the occupants of the police patrol car who maintain a 24-hour watch on his house, slips into the back seat and speeds to St. Peter's Church in the Loop, to attend Mass. Often he makes it home for lunch with at least one of his seven children and his wife, Eleanor, an unpretentious, bread-baking Bridgeport girl whom the neighbors still call by her nickname of "Sis."

Daley's personal proclivities remain sternly Victorian. He doesn't smoke, rarely drinks and has been known to stalk out of meetings after someone told an off-color story. Would-be womanizers among his staff have long since discovered that their boss considers adulterous conduct as mortally sinful as a failure to get out the vote. Indeed, Dick Daley grew up to be what every Bridgeport-Irish mother wished her boy to be—religious, hard-working, clean-living, family-oriented and successful.

Rough: As a Bridgeport "yout," Daley held a job penning cattle at the Chicago stockyards while attending DeLaSalle High School under the stern tutelage of the Christian Brothers. Bridgeport was a rough place in those days, and the old-timers who still frequent the neighborhood saloons like to recall that their mayor earned his first victories as a tenacious street brawler. After taking a law degree at DePaul University through night courses, Daley got his start in politics as the secretary to a local ward boss named McDonough. The rest seemed to follow naturally for a bright, industrious operator—election to the state legislature, chairmanship of the county Democratic apparatus, and, in 1955, a successful campaign for mayor. Daley's most oft-quoted statement of that campaign came in response to charges that he represented a rascal-ridden element. "I would not unleash the forces of evil," he cried. "It's a lie. I will follow the training of my good Irish mother—and Dad. If I am elected, I will embrace mercy, love,

charity and walk humbly with my God."

Today it is generally assumed among the mayor's partisans and critics alike that a successful fifth term will be Daley's last hurrah. But what is already troubling knowledgeable students of the city is the shape of what now seems almost inconceivable—Chicago without Richard Daley. To astute observers like William Singer, a youthful, anti-organizational alderman, the city may suddenly discover it is sicker than anyone suspected. "Daley and his machine kept the lid on a lot of problems," says Singer, "but they never really got at the sources of the problems. Daley was the right mayor for Chicago in the '50s and early '60s. But he's the wrong man for the '70s. If he gets another term, this city will someday pay the price."

One ominous portent was provided by



As altar boy: No time for sinners

the results of the 1970 census. During the last decade, Chicago lost 505,000 white residents while gaining nearly 300,000 blacks; some studies predict that the black percentage of the population, which now stands at about 32 per cent, will pass the 50 per cent mark by 1985. Accordingly, a number of urban experts think that if the city's present pattern of neighborhood segregation is not reversed by then—and there are no signs that it will be—Chicago could become the nation's prime example of a totally polarized society. "Chicago may have another five years of grace," says urban expert Pierre de Vise. "After that we will have urban guerrilla warfare unless the disenfranchised underclass of bitter young blacks get a piece of the action."

Such grim prophecies have served only to heighten concern over the fact that

Daley shows no discernible inclination to groom a successor, either as party boss or mayor. So far, there seem to be four potential heirs: circuit court clerk Matt Danaher, state attorney Edward Hanrahan, county board president George Dunne and Daniel Shannon, an All-American end at Notre Dame whose father was a close pal of Daley's. There is also one interesting long shot—a 28-year-old Bridgeport lawyer named Richard Michael Daley, the oldest of the mayor's four sons and an elected delegate to last year's state constitutional convention. To some, it is entirely possible that Dad may someday want to take Junior into the family business, which, of course, is the business of running Chicago. But not even son Richard is foolish enough to press his claim too aggressively at this point. "When the king's in power," explains one Daley watcher, "nobody gets too close to the throne."

Pizzazz: No single event better epitomizes the royal quality of Dick Daley's regime than the city's St. Patrick's Day parade, and this election year's version was no exception. For once the weather was clear and dry (at least outside), the Chicago River flowed green with dye and the mayor seemed full of the old pizzazz as he led the marchers down State Street and took his place in the center of the jammed reviewing stand. True, there were a few discordant notes. A shaven-skulled, saffron-robed contingent from the youthful U.S. branch of the Hare Krishna sect drew hard looks as they weaved through the marchers, their sing-song chant rising above the skirl of the bagpipers. And some signs borne by one militant black group seemed deliberately designed to test the other marchers' sense of humor. "God made the Irish perfect," one read. "And then He created whisky."

Yet nary a frown crossed Dick Daley's pink face as he dipped his emerald green fedora to the passing faithful. To lift his spirits higher, that very afternoon the city's two Marshall Field newspapers had hit the streets with glowing endorsements of Chicago's favorite son. "He is a man who knows how to keep the machinery running," said the Daily News, "how to maintain and extend and improve the city's superb physical plant, how to keep it prosperous and on the move. In these achievements, he stands unique among the mayors of the nation's great cities."

Not every Chicagoan would shout "Right on!" to that, of course, but few would quibble with the notion that Richard Daley's record, with all its imperfections, has at least lent credence to one of his higher platitudes: "Good politics makes for good government." As for the reaction that Daley's Chicago evokes in visitors from some of the nation's less effectively run cities, it can best be summed up in an aphorism by one recent sojourner from New York. "I have seen the past," he said wistfully, "... and it works."