Campaign!

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MAYBE IT WAS BECAUSE those old Eastern Seaboard cities had outgrown most of their rascals that they fastened their vicarious political fantasies on that upstart metropolis that blossomed in the early 1900s into the most politically fascinating city of the new century.

Or maybe it all began with the weird but shrewd collection of characters who were the early rulers of Chicago. The most colorful of them was Long John Wentworth, who gained nationwide fame and ridicule when he introduced the visiting Prince of Wales to the Chicago City Council in this way: “Prince, meet the boys. Boys, meet the Prince.”

There was Carter Harrison, Jr., the only Yale man elected Mayor, and he was first to do it five times. He holds the distinction of being the first Chicago mayor ever assassinated on purpose. His son, Carter Harrison III, became famed in the early 1900s for matching his father’s record of five election victories, all two-year terms.

There were the entrepreneurs, such as the city’s first mayor, William Butler Ogden, who later became President of the Union Pacific Railroad, a promoter of transcontinental rail service and the man for whom Ogden, Utah, was named. It was in Ogden that a golden spike was driven to commemorate the opening of the first rail line from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

There was Joseph Medill, who was elected under the Fireproof Party banner in 1871 after the Great Chicago Fire. Medill also founded the Chicago Tribune and single-handedly horse-traded Abraham Lincoln into the presidency.

But none of these captivated the Eastern and European press like William Hale Thompson, who was Mayor of Chicago from 1915 to 1923 and again from 1927 to 1931. Known as “Big Bill,” Thompson was Chicago’s last Republican mayor. After four years out of power, in 1927 he reclaimed the mayor’s office with the support of Al Capone whose bootlegging operations Thompson had ironically pledged to shut down during the campaign—a promise he lost no time in forgetting. Instead, Thompson set his sights on bigger targets. He declared King George V of Great Britain the biggest enemy of America and promised his supporters that if they ever met, Thompson would punch the King in the nose. Notable events that took place during his tenure included the Pineapple Primary, which earned its name from the number of hand grenades tossed at voting booths in April 1928. The St. Valentine’s Day Massacre happened the following year. His political career ended in 1931 when he lost the mayoral election to Anton Cermak, the founder of...
what would become the last of the big-city machines. When Thompson died in 1944, $1.4 million was discovered in two safety deposit boxes, an event that, despite World War II news, made the front pages of New York newspapers.

Thompson had hurled ethnic insults at Cermak during the campaign, and Cermak, an immigrant from the Czech Republic, had replied: “It’s true I didn’t come over on the Mayflower, but I came over as soon as I could.” Cermak was the second Chicago mayor killed in office, but it was a mistake. Cermak was riding with President-elect Franklin Roosevelt in Miami, Florida, in March 1933 when an assassin’s bullet intended for Roosevelt struck Cermak. News reports enhanced Cermak’s legend when they quoted his last words as, “I’m glad it was me and not Roosevelt.” The boys back in Chicago laughed at that one. Despite his short reign, Cermak had put together the coalition of Bohemians, Poles, Germans and Irish that flourished for 50 years as the nation’s most powerful big-city machine, and it created the man regarded for 20 years as the nation’s most powerful mayor, Richard J. Daley.

Daley, who served from 1955 until his death in office in 1976, was the man who made Chicago “the city that works.” It was Daley who was installed as the biggest kingmaker of all when he carried Illinois for Jack Kennedy in 1960 by running up 90 percent majorities in several city wards. (When asked about his chances of winning the Democratic nomination in 1968, Robert Kennedy said, “Daley’s the whole ball game.”) And it was Daley who, like so many Chicago mayors before, managed to dirty Chicago’s image before the whole world by staging the 1968 Democratic National Convention in an atmosphere of anti-war fervor and civil rights unrest that exploded in a wave of nationally televised violence between his police and the young demonstrators who came to Chicago as peace pilgrims. Daley became a scourge to liberals everywhere, but he was as beloved in Chicago as ever, winning reelection in 1971 and 1975 with nearly 75 percent of the vote. And the national press never tired of coming to Chicago to visit his news conferences, hoping for one of his famous malapropisms or a hint of whom he planned to support for President.

Within three years of Daley’s death Chicago would elect another mayor who would titillate the national news media, Jane Byrne. She began as the darling of the reformers and Lakefront Liberals, but within weeks she was labeled by columnist Mike Royko as “Mayor Bossy” for her unilateral, dictatorial rule. She fired city workers and appointed board members with such randomness and frequency that the newspapers had hardly interviewed the new officials before they were gone. She went to war with the police and fire departments and with the teachers and the unions. She brazenly pledged her support to President Carter’s re-election and held a massive fundraiser for him only weeks before she endorsed Senator Edward Kennedy’s challenge against Carter. She did her best to anger the African American community by booting black members from the Chicago Housing Authority Board and the Board of Education. She viewed herself as invincible, and she was sure of it when two outcasts challenged her in the 1983 primary.

One was Richard M. Daley, son of the late mayor and persona non grata at City Hall during Byrne’s reign, despite his election as State’s Attorney in 1980.

The other was Harold Washington, an African American U.S. Congressman who had a background in the Illinois Legislature and had been a long-time plodding loyalist in the Chicago Democratic Party. He was a man with a reputation for doing only as much work as the law allowed and less if he could get away with it. Byrne thought that Washington would take black votes away from Daley, whose family still had loyal boosters in the African American wards, and that Daley, with his newly minted appeal to the lakefront crowd, would split the vote of the liberals away from Washington.

It didn’t happen that way. After the ballots were counted a Chicago divided between joy and shock woke up to learn that Washington, a black man, had won the Democratic primary and was poised
to be the next Mayor of Chicago, since no Republican had won the job since 1927.

But this time the Republicans had a reputable candidate, Bernard Epton. He was a state legislator and well respected by both parties. And they had an issue that made the 1983 mayoral contest the most historic of all: race.

In Campaign!, veteran newsman Peter Nolan, who covered all the players in the 1983 contest, has written a first-hand account of not only the key participants, the candidates and their top supporters, but also of relatively unknown election workers who invested their time and passions in a way not seen since in Chicago politics. He uncovers the story behind the timely leaking of medical records that brought into question Epton's mental capacity at a time when it appeared he might win, and he details the bitterness that racial divides throughout the city—on all sides—brought to the campaign. The “council wars” that ensued during Washington's first years in office, which caused the Wall Street Journal to dub Chicago “Beirut on the Lake,” seemingly continued the discontent of the election outcome and quickly overshadowed its historic nature.

Anyone interested in Chicago history or Chicago politics will enjoy the first-hand accounts of the 1983 campaign. Nolan does not shy from inserting himself into the story where it warrants. His tale of being recruited by Epton as potential City Hall press secretary is only one of the anecdotes that reflects on how unusual the campaign seemed. But in retrospect, it was, after all, a Chicago mayoral election, and no two of them were ever the same.

This is a book that every Chicago politician ought to keep under his pillow and a book that every Chicago journalist should keep on his desk. There is never enough history, and this is a nice slice of it.

—F. Richard Ciccone, Author of Daley: Power and Presidential Politics and Mike Royko: A Life in Print; former Managing Editor of the Chicago Tribune

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Frank Whittaker, Vice President of News for NBC 5 Chicago, was generous in supplying me with many recorded news stories from the period. So was V.J. McAleer of WTTW-TV, Channel 11, which televised many debates of the campaign of 1983.

In writing the book I relied on many sources. Much of the information came from news accounts and commentaries I wrote for television before, during and after the campaign. I also reviewed hundreds of clippings from Chicago's newspapers: Chicago Tribune, Chicago Sun Times, Chicago Daily News and Chicago Daily Defender. Several books on the topic were of significant help in seeing the overall picture. Those not cited herein included: The Memoirs of Richard Nixon; Don't
Introduction

BARACK OBAMA was a young man, only twenty-one at the time. But he must have known what was going on in Chicago. He had to. It was a major development in the scheme of things that would change his life forever. His buddy David Axelrod was there, right in the thick of it. He had the mustache too, and he was very young. He was a hotshot new reporter for the Chicago Tribune,
fresh out of the University of Chicago. He seemed to be everywhere in the campaign, his byline appearing almost every day in the Trib. The kid was learning about race and politics. He would become a premier political consultant and the maker of a president.

It was 1983, the time when the African American voter came alive in Chicago. Oh, the black man had a right to vote in America. The voting rights act of the Johnson Administration had settled that. And yes, some blacks had been elected mayor in big cities: Carl Stokes in Cleveland, Richard Hatcher in Gary, Indiana, Coleman Young in Detroit and others. But many of those cities were in decline, torn by rioting and unrest. Whites had fled those cities.

Chicago was different. Chicago was a booming place. There was some white flight, but a large portion of the white ethnic population had held its ground. So it was a city deeply divided by race. The geographical dividing lines were major streets. And you could drive along one of these thoroughfares and see it. The Polish, the Irish, the Italians are over there. The brothers are over that way.

Blacks were part of the Democratic Machine in Chicago. They had a slice of the pie. But for many, the feeling was, “The boss man has given us some nice scraps from his table.” African Americans came out to vote, but it was a controlled Machine vote and a kind of apathy had settled over the rest of the population. Things were still the same and the “white man was still a bitch with his shit” in Chicago. So, while the Democratic Party got the vote it wanted, everybody else on the South Side and the West Side stayed home. Things were about to change.

I’m standing on the street on the near Northwest Side of Chicago when I see Bernie Epton approaching me. He has just finished a news conference about his plans to improve housing and schools. There must be close to a hundred photographers and reporters dispersing and now here’s Bernie coming toward me.

It was early April and still overcoat cold in Chicago. Bernie was running for mayor. Can you believe it? A Jewish Republican from the intellectual neighborhood around the University of Chicago and he’s a nose hair away from winning the election just a couple of weeks away. Now he’s walking my way and I’m a little nervous because there’s still a lot of media around and I’m trying to figure out what he wants with me.

The news media had come from all over the world to cover this wild campaign. Just that morning a reporter from Australia rushed up to me: “Is he really as big a racist as they make him out to be?” I told him I didn’t think so, but by this time I wasn’t sure what was going on. Bernie was being portrayed as a racist; there was no doubt about that. It didn’t help that his campaign had come up with that nasty slogan: EPTON, BEFORE IT’S TOO LATE. What the hell was that all about? Most African Americans and many others took it to mean: EPTON, BEFORE IT’S TOO LATE AND CHICAGO HAS A BLACK MAYOR. Now Bernie was in front of me.

“Pete, how much money do you make?”

“What?”

“I want to know how much you make. Are you under a contract to NBC?”

“Bernie, what the hell are you talking about? Why are you asking me this?”

“Peter, I’m going to win this election and I want to hire you as my press secretary. The city can’t afford to pay you what NBC is paying you but I’ll make up the difference from my own pocket. If I get elected I’ve got to have people around me I can trust and I think you’re that type of person.”
“Bernie, I've got six kids. Some of them are still in high school. I'd have to move into the city. There's no way I could do this. And you shouldn't be making an offer like this to me today. I'm a reporter covering your campaign. It's a conflict of interest.”

I said that last part loud because several reporters were moving closer to us, all of them on the eario.

Actually, I was flattered by Bernie Epton's offer. I had been in the news business for twenty years and I was becoming disillusioned. We were always trying to tear the politicians down, destroy them, really. It was a badge of honor if you could dig up some scandal on somebody, knock him out of a race, even better if you could get somebody indicted and then, the super bowl trophy, send a politician to jail.

My problem was I liked most of the politicians I covered. Does that sound crazy? I really did. Yeah, there were some bad ones. I'm not that goofy. And I covered enough cases in the federal court to know that on occasion one of them needed to go to jail. But I found most of them were like the rest of us, loaded with flaws, stumbling along, trying to get it halfway right.

Take the candidates for mayor in 1983. They weren't all that bad.

Bernie Epton, for example, the guy who wanted me to be his press secretary. I really didn't know much about him until he ran for mayor. He was in the legislature, and I knew him only as the guy frequently observed leaning back in his big leather chair on the House floor with a hot white towel covering his head. He had suffered from severe headaches for years. One time he passed out on the House floor. Worried colleagues rushed to his side. One of them was Bruce Douglas, a dentist from the North Side of Chicago. “Get that dentist out of here,” Bernie gasped as he came around. “I don't need a dentist.” Bernie was OK then, just a fainting spell. Oh, yeah, he had a real dry sense of humor. But the headaches continued. The headaches, I thought, may have had something to do with his service in World War II. Bernie had flown 25 bombing missions over Europe and been awarded two Distinguished Flying Crosses. There were many combat veterans serving in the Illinois House with Bernie in the 1970s, including a Congressional Medal of Honor winner, Clyde Choate from Anna, Illinois.

The incumbent in the race for mayor in 1983 was Jane Byrne. She was a real character. When Jane was in office, there were no slow news days in Chicago. In terms of smart and crafty, Jane probably had more raw talent than any of the other candidates. But she certainly had no adequate preparation for managing a city the size of Chicago. And she frequently made the mistake of taking advice from her husband, a former newspaperman, Jay McMullen. Byrne's chances of getting elected mayor in 1979 were close to zero, but a 100-year snow storm greeted Chicago in the new year. The snow didn't start to melt until Election Day in February, and Chicagoans went to the polls to vent their anger at the Democratic Machine and send that crazy little lady with the blonde wig to the fifth floor of City Hall.

I liked Jane. She was refreshing. In contrast to the tight-lipped organization Democrats, Byrne was famous for off-the-cuff proclamations as she walked down the hallway. Usually her remarks made front-page news. Jane Byrne had faced tragedy in her early life. Her first husband, a Marine pilot, was killed while attempting to land his plane at the Glenview, Illinois, Naval Air Station. Jane was left to make her way with a baby girl, all alone. She found some solace in politics, working on the campaign of John F. Kennedy. Eventually she worked her way up to Commissioner of Consumer Sales for the city of Chicago and Co-chair of the Cook County Democratic Party. And, while her critics privately called her bitchy and neurotic, the public seemed to like this feisty woman. Another
storm was in her future, a storm brewing in Chicago's black community, as in: We're tired of handouts from the Democratic Party, how about giving us a crack at the big time, it's our turn, baby!

One of the leaders of this movement was Harold Washington, a congressman and former state senator from the South Side. If anybody knew about plantation politics, it was Harold. He grew up with it. His father had been in it. The Democratic organization was his life blood. He even sided with Mayor Daley when Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., came to town in the mid-60s. But Harold had a mid-life course change and began to denounce machine politics, exhorting the African American community to rise up and become an independent force in Chicago politics. Harold Washington would be a candidate for mayor in 1983.

Harold came with a fabulous smile, quick wit and cool rhetorical style. He too was a World War II veteran who had served in the Army Air Corps in the South Pacific, helping to build air strips on the islands leading to Japan. But he also had some baggage. He had spent thirty-six days in jail for failing to file income tax returns. And the state had once suspended his law license for failing to show up in court for clients who had paid him fees. A friend said these events came at a down time in Harold's life. But he was back now. And newspaper columnist Mike Royko noted that Harold didn't owe the government much money. He hadn't made that much. He just didn't file the returns.

It seemed everybody in the 1983 race for mayor was trying to make a comeback of sorts. So was Richard M. Daley. He was the son of the late mayor, and so far had not distinguished himself. Yes, he had been elected State's Attorney of Cook County recently and had served in the Illinois Senate, but Chicagoans still thought of the late mayor's sons the way columnist Royko had referred to them: Curly, Larry and Moe. These early predictions about the Daley boys would not pan out in future years. They survived pretty well in Chicago following their father's death. One would become a member of President Clinton's cabinet, manage a presidential campaign, and later become chief of staff for President Barack Obama. Another would hold his own as a Cook County Commissioner. A third was a prominent attorney in private practice.

Richard M. Daley opened his political career as a state senator, his election being a mere formality as the son of the mayor in the home district on the South Side. His early years in the legislature were unremarkable. He hung out with slippery characters and pushed some legislation that got his colleagues wondering if he was acting for his father. The Tribune's Ed McManus wrote a humorous story about the concern of Senate leaders, all of whom were afraid to call up the old man to ask if young Rich had his blessing on some of this stuff. I can remember approaching him in the capitol in those days. A nice enough fellow but very shy. Even small talk with a reporter made him very nervous.

Daley too would suffer a tragedy that would change his life. A son, Kevin, would be born with spina bifida. During the legislative sessions, Daley would frequently commute by plane every day between Springfield and Chicago so he could be at the hospital with his boy in the evenings. Kevin would survive for two years before the disease finally claimed his life. And Richard M. Daley would become a better senator. He sponsored legislation to improve the archaic mental health system in Illinois and would lead a fight to repeal the sales tax on food and medicine, a feat that would draw ire from then-mayor Jane Byrne.

So here they all were, ready to do battle in the election of 1983 for mayor of Chicago. The candidates would do and authorize things they might never have dreamed of doing. Epithets and nasty innuendoes would be thrown. The race card would fall many times. Medical records would be stolen. On occasion, rocks would crash through the windows of storefront campaign offices. Brothers would turn against brothers and mothers against sons. The political handling business
had become a cottage industry by then, out of New York and Washington, D.C. Many of these bozos came to town, weaving their mischief and half-truths. And the news media was spinning out of control. CNN had begun twenty-four-hour news coverage. British-style journalism invaded the United States and the tabloid news shows were firing up. The networks followed with cheap documentaries. The “in your face” style was in vogue, not just in the media, but in politics and business. There was profit to be made in TV news. No longer would it be public service. The crafty political handlers knew what the media wanted: not campaign position papers, but confrontation.

The campaign and the election would shake the city to its foundation and test its citizens. When it was over the political wars continued, causing the Wall Street Journal to look out across the Hudson River toward the wasteland, shake its head, and call Chicago “Beirut by the lake.”

PART I

After the Mayor Died

CHAPTER 1

Richard J. Daley

WHEN I CAME TO CHICAGO in 1968, Mayor Richard J. Daley was in his mid-sixties. He was in the prime of his life and his political career. He presided with near absolute power over the politics and government of Chicago and surrounding Cook County, Illinois. Presidents sought his advice and support.

If anyone wanted to write a textbook on how to become a successful politician in America, they would do well to use Richard J. Daley as a model. It took him a long time to get to the top. He was almost fifty-five years old when first elected mayor of Chicago. He had spent the previous thirty years in preparation. Daley had held positions in the county comptroller's office, the clerk's office, the treasurer's office. He had been state revenue director and served in the state Senate. He was an expert in the financial affairs of local government. He knew where the money came from and how it was spent. He also knew politics. Daley had started out running errands for aldermen behind the City Council chambers, worked for a ward committeeman and became one himself. He once ran for sheriff and lost.

Having come up in the era of Mayor Anton Cermak and gangster Al Capone, he also knew about corruption and how it related to government. He knew how taverns got their licenses. But, in his early years as mayor, Daley was viewed as a reformer. He took many powers away from the City Council whose members were known as gray wolves because of their insatiable appetite for graft. Daley was also a builder. He presided over expressway construction projects and a building boom in the Loop unparalleled in any American city.

When I got to Chicago, the turbulent ’60s had begun to wear on Daley. Things were happening in America that Daley and his generation could not comprehend. There was a revolution going on in Black America and a war in Vietnam that many Americans, especially the young people, hated. Race riots had shaken many American cities including Chicago. Daley privately opposed the war but publicly supported President Lyndon Johnson’s policies. And well he should have. As author F. Richard Ciccone points out in his book Daley, Power and Presidential Politics, Johnson viewed Daley as a godlike figure. He gave the mayor virtual autonomy over the expenditure of huge urban
renewal grants to eradicate poverty and slums. Daley did not always spend it wisely, further aggravating the city's African American community. [ENDNOTE 1]

I can remember the Saturday I drove into Chicago for the first time. I was in a 1967 Pontiac Tempest two-door, my wife sitting next to me and four little kids in the back seat, no seat belts, no fancy child seats.

We crossed the Chicago Skyway bridge and headed north on the Dan Ryan Expressway. The Chicago skyline came into view. For a young newsman coming from WKBN-TV, Youngstown, Ohio and, before that, WHLD Radio, Niagara Falls, New York, this was quite a thrill. I had WMAQ Radio on the air, the NBC station in Chicago. A reporter with a distinctly Chicago accent was narrating a story. His tag line: Marty O'Connor, NBC News reporting.

Marty O was a man I would come to know well in the ensuing years. The legendary Chicago newsman was a filing cabinet of Chicago lore. He looked as if his hair had been combed with a towel. He was known to carry two or three bottles of Old Style beer in his coat pocket for the ride south on the elevated train at night. He had a wonderful saying for everything that happened during the day. “You send a goof out on the job, a goof comes back. The water department put a brick on my pay check. Never make bond under a viaduct.”

It was March 30, 1968. Stan Mikita of the Chicago Blackhawks had just retained his National Hockey League scoring title. A major league pitcher, Bo Belinsky, returned to his Houston Astros team after a brief absence. He had been angered when the team wouldn't let him break training curfew for a big date. The Confessions of Nat Turner, the story of an 1830's slave rebellion in Virginia, topped the New York Times Best Seller List. In a few days Chicagoans would find out that, in many ways, tensions between white and black Americans hadn't changed much since the nineteenth century. The next evening, March 31, President Lyndon Baines Johnson went on national television to announce he would not seek reelection. The following day, my first day at work, the president came to Chicago to speak to a convention of the National Association of Broadcasters at the Conrad Hilton Hotel.

On Wednesday of that first week in April, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was assassinated in Memphis and there was rioting in Chicago. From our newsroom atop the Merchandise Mart we could see the West Side of the city engulfed in smoke. In the 1960s, broadcasters in many cities had agreements to withhold immediate reports of urban disturbances so as not to fan the flames. But this was different. One of our senior producers, Charles Baker, convinced his bosses to get a waiver of the news blackout so we could warn citizens to avoid the West Side. Unfortunately, many people were injured when they unknowingly drove into the riot area.

It wasn't long before I was looking at news film of happy looters carrying davenports and television sets out of stores along Roosevelt Road. I remember thinking: Do these guys know they're being photographed committing a crime?

That week, Mayor Daley issued his famous shoot-to-kill order: Shoot to kill arsonists and shoot to maim looters. Today such a policy is probably used by most police departments. Deadly force can be used against those who pose an immediate threat to life and limb of the public. But at the time Mayor Daley said it, the African American community and many whites viewed it as just another cruel attack on poor black people by the white power structure.

Two months later, on June 5, Senator Robert Kennedy was assassinated in Los Angeles. The summer of 1968 was just beginning. I was a new writer at NBC News Chicago on the 19th floor of the Merchandise Mart assigned to the ten o'clock news program. It was called the NBC News Night Report with Floyd Kalber. Len O'Connor, who filled up the screen like an old Monsignor, delivered
caustic commentaries every night. O'Connor, along with Mike Royko of the Daily News and maybe a couple of others, had the nerve to criticize Mayor Daley on a regular basis. We overwhelmed the two other network stations in town when it came to ratings, at one time gaining more of a share of the audience than the other two stations combined. There weren't that many breathless stand uppers by reporters in the field, as I recall. This was before the marketing people took over. We were serious about the news. I was very proud to carry the NBC ID card. Peter Nolan, Editor/writer, NBC News Chicago. Underneath, in German, French, Spanish and English, there was a message from Reuven Frank, the President of NBC News. “This identification is for the exclusive use of the bearer, an official representative of NBC News which will appreciate courtesies extended.” As a twenty-eight-year-old broadcast journalist, I thought I had arrived.

As the summer came, the hippies and the Yippies began drifting into town in anticipation of the Democratic National Convention which was to be held at the end of August at the International Amphitheater, located a few miles southwest of downtown near the old Union Stockyards. Mayor Daley built some tall wooden fences along the route to the Amphitheater so conventioneers wouldn't be bothered by unsightly industrial or residential areas as they traveled to and from the sessions.

Abbie Hoffman, one of the Yippie leaders, appeared one morning for breakfast at the Lincoln Hotel with the word “fuck” printed on his forehead. The Yippies released a squealing pig in the middle of the Civic Center Plaza. Demonstrators practiced self-defense maneuvers in Lincoln Park. The Chicago Tribune reported that the Yippies planned to put LSD in the water supply. It was that way all summer long. The 1968 Democratic Convention and the violence that came with it is well-documented in the Walker Commission Report. In its preamble, the report said that a police riot had occurred in Chicago. But, if read cover to cover, I believe the Walker Commission presents a fair and accurate account of what happened during the convention. Nobody was on the side of the angels in that confrontation.

I spent the summer screening thousands of feet of film of many of these events. In the summer of 1968 there were a few major stories that dominated our ten o’clock news: the Vietnam War, Civil Rights and, of course, Mayor Richard J. Daley. Before I ever saw the man in person, I saw him hundreds of times in the screening room. Richard J. Daley was the epitome of the authoritarian father figure to a generation of young Americans that was rebelling against all authority. Daley represented the “establishment.” And the establishment was what the kids wanted to tear down.

I saw Daley in a different light. He reminded me of my father. Physically, Daley looked a lot like my father. Although my dad was probably a little taller, both men were heavy set. Both had that big Irish head with the florid complexion and jowls.

My father, Ralph W. Nolan, had died in 1948, when I was only eight years old. He had been a lifelong Democrat and devoted follower of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Dad was a workers’ compensation lawyer by trade. He was a party precinct captain in our neighborhood. He had run for Congress in 1932, losing in a rock rib Republican district north of Buffalo, while Roosevelt swept the nation. My mom said Dad always wanted to be a judge but he never got the nod. During the war the Democrats rewarded him with a small plum, Chief Price Attorney for the Office of Price Administration.

So here I was, a young writer at NBC, observing and writing about Richard J. Daley. Most of my colleagues thought he was a bozo but I liked him because he reminded me of my old man. Richard J. Daley was a man of many moods and faces. He had an infectious belly laugh that some described as a cackle. He could light up a room. Remember that old expression, “if looks could kill”? Daley had that too, a cold stare that many remembered from his youth. Then the voice would lower to a
Once, after a news conference in the early ’70s, the mayor went after Channel 7 political reporter Hugh Hill. The cameras had just shut down and Daley was about to exit when he spun around and pointed his finger at Hill. The night before, Hill had presented a report on his ten o’clock news. That day, the New York Times had said glowing things about the city of Chicago working quite well while New York City was a mess in the ’70s. Hill had gotten an interview with the Mayor, who was happy to take the credit and a few bows. However, Hill inter-cut the interview with sound bites of long-time Daley antagonist Alderman Leon Despres who lectured that yeah, the city might be well managed, but it was still racially segregated and neglected its poor, etc. etc. etc.

“I didn’t like that back-to-back last night, Hugh,” Daley erupted, “with that other fine citizen. And if I’d known you were gonna do that I never would’ve given you the interview.” Hill’s face turned as red as his hair.

Then there was the soft side to Daley. In 1971 I’m sent to the Pick Congress Hotel where Israeli leaders are speaking to a gathering of prominent Chicago Jewish families seeking financial support for Israel’s war with the Arabs. The Israeli officials are powerful and persuasive. “Don’t give us any pledges. We don’t have time for that. We’re in a life and death struggle. We need cash. Write us a check dated today.”

Then they bring out Cook County Sheriff Richard Elrod and some other local Jewish leaders. And finally himself, Richard J. Daley appears on the stage. He speaks in hushed tones, barely audible.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I’m here to ask your support for the state of Israel. I’ll never forget the day my father Mike, God rest his soul, came home in 1947. And he put a piece of paper on the table. And he said, ‘This is a bond for the new state of Israel and it’s never to be cashed because it’s a gift from the Daley family to the courageous people of Israel.’”

The room is hushed. As I look around I see women in mink coats dabbing tears from their eyes. Daley exits the stage and one of the Israeli officials comes out to begin asking for donations. A gentleman in the audience arises and says the Goldblatt family will write a check for twenty-five thousand dollars that afternoon. Another person gets up with an even bigger donation and it’s still going on when my camera crew and I have to leave. I remember thinking that we Catholics are fools with our nickel-and-dime bingo games and raffles. This is the way to do it. Put all the wealthy people in one room and let them outbid one another. Israel won the war.

One day I returned to the NBC newsroom after covering a Mayor Daley news conference where I was greeted by Paul Frumkin, who was very anxious to know what Daley said. Frumkin was a wise old owl who was the brains behind Kup’s Show, a late night talk fest on Channel 5 hosted by the highly regarded gossip columnist of the Chicago Sun Times, Irv Kupcinet. Frumkin was one of those knowledgeable, well-read men whose office walls were lined with piles of the New York Times and an array of other brand-name national and local publications. Kup’s Show was on late Saturday nights and would include several guests from show business, politics and other fields, sitting around sipping coffee and discussing the events of the day. In the late ’60s, a typical panel might include Sammy Davis, Jr., with a rum and coke in his coffee cup and Richard Nixon, who was still trying to become president.

Anyway, on this day, Paul came up to me and wanted to know what the Daley news conference was all about. I looked at my notes. I had written down some quotes and realized I had no idea what they meant. I apologized to Paul and told him I really didn’t get what the mayor was saying. I was embarrassed. We had a press release which detailed the subject of the news conference. But as far
as what Daley had said about other subjects, I didn’t have a clue. Paul insisted I read him what I had written, which I did. He seemed to understand it perfectly. He walked away nodding his head, mumbling, “Yeah, he’s gonna get rid of that guy.” I soon found out that some of the old timers knew how to translate Mayor Richard J. Daley. My job was easy, though. I’d just write the lead-in. Mayor Daley announced today the appointment of so-and-so as Deputy Superintendent of Streets and Sanitation. During his news conference he was asked about the current controversy involving Chicago School Superintendent so-and-so. Then we’d just run the sound bite and let the public figure out what Daley meant. I do think many of the citizens out there seemed to catch Daley’s drift. My colleagues in the newspaper business had a much more difficult time putting their story together.

There was always a mystery surrounding the mayor’s public statements. Malapropisms and fractured syntax were terms used to describe things he said. To this day, many Chicagoans remember some of the great ones. One of my favorites: “I never said that and some of you fellas were there when I said it.”

This is storytelling at its best. With insight, compassion and humor Peter Nolan turns a semi-forgotten big city mayoral battle into a riveting and timeless tale of human behavior...the good and the bad.

Mike Leonard, NBC News correspondent

In Campaign!, veteran newsman Peter Nolan, who covered all the players in the 1983 contest, has written a first-hand account of not only the key participants, the candidates and their top supporters, but also of relatively unknown election workers who invested their time and passions in a way not seen since in Chicago politics. Nolan does not shy from inserting himself into the story where it warrants. His tale of being recruited by Epton as potential City Hall press secretary is only one of the anecdotes that reflects on how unusual the campaign seemed...This is a book that every Chicago politician ought to keep under his pillow...There is never enough history, and this is a nice slice of it.

From the Foreword by F. Richard Ciccone, Author of Daley: Power and Presidential Politics; and Mike Royko: A Life in Print; former Managing Editor of the Chicago Tribune

The Special Collections & Preservation Division of the Chicago Public Library, at the Harold Washington Library Center in downtown Chicago, is home to several world class archives, including material related to the American Civil War, Chicago theater history, the 1893 Columbian Exposition, and other rare books and manuscripts.


For further information, please contact Glenn Humphreys, Special Collections Librarian, at 312 747 1941 or ghumphre@chipublib.org.
Hillary Clinton and Tim Kaine have written a deplorable - During a panel on the secrets of a good preorder campaign, marketing pros from HarperCollins, Ballantine Books (PRH), Macmillan Kids, and Book Promotion Ideas for Pre-Release Marketing and Sales - Why We're the Best Books Are My Bag - Home - book by McGinniss Group Behind Whimsical Saigon Pop-Up Book Launches - The publisher's latest campaign examines the life-affirming relationship that forms between a reader and the books they've loved over the Ryan Blair's "Nothing To Lose, Everything To Gain" Book - Fletcher Free Library How to Setup your first AMS Book Ad Campaign - YouTube - Want to know how to promote your book? will see more results than a traditional "throw it at the wall and see what sticks" campaign. Manage Your Campaigns - Amazon KDP - Christmas Book Flood Humblewood Hardcover Campaign Book "The Deck of Many - 'Buy a book for Alderbrook' Campaign. The PTA would like to invite our Alderbrook families to purchase books from our Autumn 2019 Amazon Wish list to Let Books Be Books - Wild Detectives' Brilliant New Marketing Campaign Encourages Readers to Book' a Destination. Anna Lowery 16 Best Book reading campaigns images - Ella Baker Center Books For Prisoners - The Howard League - Á• tÆ°á»•Ýng â€œFrom the quotes to the book campaignâ€œ. TÃ¦c giáº£ Nguyá»…n Há»“ Mai DuyÁºn. Á•oÁ­ n trÆ°á»•ng Ä•á°¿i há»•c CÃ´ng Nghia»†p TP. Há»“ ChÃ­ Minh.

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