

August, 1968

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From about last March, after the riots following Dr. King's assassination, I figured that there would be trouble at the Democratic Convention if anyone tried to demonstrate in any way. Mayor Daley summed up his attitude towards dissenters when he said, "shoot to kill". At the April 27 peace parade, I got my first taste of what I knew would happen in August. Perhaps some Democrats anticipated what would happen when they talked about moving the convention. I thought if only Daley would grant permits for the Yippie Convention, the the National Mobilization march, and the Coalition for an Open Convention rally. But, judging from Daley's statements, past actions, and general attitude, I knew that he would not do this. A confrontation was inevitable, a confrontation based on the issue of our basic constitutional rights, which Daley, apparently, wanted to suspend for the duration of the convention, if not for the duration of his regime.

On Wednesday, Aug. 21, I returned to Chicago after a weekend visit to Charlevoix, Mich. where my parents spend their summers. When I woke up and read the papers the next morning, I found out that a boy in "hippie clothing" had been shot and killed by police. I also heard on the radio that Pigasus, the Yippie candidate for President ("Why have half a hog when you can have a whole one") had been taken into custody along with Jerry Rubin, Phil Ochs, and others from Pigasus's security guard. That afternoon, I went to Lincoln Park, armed with my camera and some film, to participate in workshops in non-violent self-defense. The attitude there was fairly calm, considering a boy had been killed the night before, in Old Town, and considering the morning's busts. People sat around

rapped, played music, introduced themselves etc. Later, a group of people came into the park with Mrs. Pig, the Yippie candidate for First Lady. As soon as they appeared, the cops moved in and I witnessed my first bust. They took Mrs. Pig and three Yippies, and put all four of them in the same paddy wagon. A very grubby-looking woman went around talking about yow grubby all the Yippies were, and how we all should be jailed. Later, that night, we held a memorial march for Dean Johnson, the boy who had been killed by the police. The march was peaceful, and it dispersed in Old Town. We went back to Lincoln Park, sang some mournful songs about Dean Johnson and the "pigs" who shot him. We left at about 10:00 knowing that the park would close at 11:00. Friday I spent setting up my darkroom, buying photo supplies, giving various people rides to various places (I had by mother's car for the duration of the convention). I heard that some Yippies were busted in Old Town for failing to disperse. Saturday, there was a demonstration scheduled for the Conrad Hilton to greet the delegates. About 1,000 demonstrators took part. Various flags were flying, including red and black flags, the American flag, the NLF (Viet Cong) flag, and Czech flags. The attitude of practically every demonstrator I ever met towards the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia was one of wholehearted opposition to the Russians, and wholehearted support of the Czechs. I met one person, and read one group's newspaper (Youth Against War and Fascism) who supported the Russians. There were many demonstrations at the Polish consulate and the Russian travel agency in protest of the actions of the Russians. We were, in fact, quite inspired by the Czech

freedom fighters in our own struggle in Chicago. This support of the Czechs was quite astounding to the Chicago Tribune, who has always assumed that we are in league with Moscow.

The demonstration continued peacefully, and after a while, we dispersed and returned to Lincoln Park. That night, we discussed about whether we should try to hold Lincoln Park that night after the curfew. The police apparently assumed that we would try to stay past 11:00, so they got all ready. At about 10:45 we left the park and started to march. Someone said "the streets belong to the People!" and we went onto the streets. We marched along Wells Street in Old Town. People in cars honked their horns, waved, and gave the V-sign in support. We dispersed in the south end of Old Town, amazed at what we had just done. We had taken over a street, the street belonged to us, not to Mayor Daley. The cops had been left behind in Lincoln Park. We dispersed before they could reach us.

Sunday, Aug. 25, some friends and I returned to Lincoln Park. I saw a commotion going on, when I came out of the ladies' room. People were running, and then I saw a line of police. Their billy clubs were up and swinging. Then it turned into a confrontation situation with the Yippies sitting down en masse, facing the police line, which stood. I saw a medical truck rush in and pick somebody up who was injured. Slowly, things began to relax again. A group of people played music on flutes and bongo drums (electronic music was not allowed), and the Yippies tried to continue the Festival of Life. I saw a young Chicago Yippie who I knew, who had ~~blood~~^{blood} on his head and dripping in his beard. I told him to go to a hospital, which he finally did.

I saw a group of people talking to some police. A Sun-Times photographer came to me and asked my assistance in taking a picture of a cop who had allegedly beaten a 53-year old man. Several cops were trying to stand around, to hide the cop in question. I aimed my camera, and diverted the cops attention enough for the Sun-Times photographer to take his picture. Later, we gathered around and talked with the cops. "Why do you want his picture?" a cop named Sands asked the photographer. "He beat up a 53-year old man", said a bearded man next to me. "Come on now, we don't do that, " said Sands, "did you see it?" "Yes," said the man. "I don't believe you," said Sands. "I saw it," said the man. "Who are you?" asked Sands. "I'm a ~~reporter~~ reporter for the Sun-Times." The cops laughed. One asked "Are they hiring fruits now for the Sun-Times?" The reporter did not reply to that, but he asked Sands, "what happens to bystanders, women, children, when you go on your charges?" "They go down with the rest of them," replied Sands.

All sorts of rumors were flying around, about how 1,000 National Guard troops were already mobilized nearby, about how the cops would surround everyone in the park and move in, arresting and beating anyone there. None proved to be founded. (yet). As zero hour (11:00) approached, people debated about whether to stay in or not. An announcement came over the bullhorn that CBS news would stay in the park past curfew in order to cover what might happen, "come, let's defy the curfew with CBS!" Before 11:00, the police apparently decided to have a few dress

rehearsals. Twice, they charged into crowds. We had to run from them. I snapped a couple of shots and smelled a whiff of mace. Finally, they quieted down. We all waited for 11:00. I left the park at 10:45 and waited on the edges. CBS news headed into the park with their cameras and riot helmets; then people started marching into LaSalle Street. I followed them. The police cut off the rear end of the march, but those of us in front marched on. Cars honked support and bystanders joined as we chanted, "the streets belong to the People!" But as we went farther, I grew afraid that the police would slaughter us, and even open fire. Isn't that what they do in the ghetto when black people behave like this? I dropped to the rear of the march. When we got to the Michigan-Wacker Drive bridge, the march turned around. A group of cops appeared but the marchers evaded them. We went back to Lincoln Park, the march slowly breaking up. A liquor store window on Rosh St was smashed. When we got back to Lincoln Park, we saw cops all around, carrying rifles. Some people had bandages on their heads, some were limping. I split home to develop film.

Monday, Aug. 26, I went to National Mobilization with a friend, to deliver some pictures to them. I heard that Tom Hayden had been arrested for trespassing in Lincoln Park that morning (How can you trespass in a public park?). There was to be a march to protest the arrest. I drove my car on Dearborn and saw the march. I hurriedly parked the car in a loop parking lot and told my friend to join me. "You'll all get slaughtered if you march on the police station" she said. I ran up and joined the rear of the march, leaving my friend behind. We marched to

the Police Central at 11th and State, then marched passed it. Several Intelligence (Red Squad) cops greeted me, recognizing me from April 27th and other demonstrations. Then we went into Grant Park, where there is a statue of some general riding a horse, on top of a small hill. The demonstrators charged up the hill and climbed up onto the statue, waving black, red, and NLF flags, then the cops came, charging up the hill, beating whoever was in the way. Everyone climbed down off of the statue except one young boy from Alabama. He climbed to the top of the statue, as the cops surrounded it, and gave the V-sign. Then the cops climbed up the statue and grabbed the boy. They beat him and twisted his arm, breaking it. I took several pictures. An assistant corporation counsel tried to push me out of the way, but I pushed him back and continued shooting. I expected to get arrested for assault, but I didn't. They took the boy away, then charged down the hill chasing everyone off of it. Then they retreated. The demonstrators milled around, and I panhandled money to get my car out of the loop parking lot. Then, the demonstrators charged up the hill again, taking the statue. This time, the police let them alone. We dispersed and went back to Lincoln Park. I went back home to eat and develop the film that I had shot. The pictures proved pretty revealing. Then, I returned to Lincoln Park and made the mistake of parking the car in the Lincoln Park Zoo parking lot. It was about 9:30. At about 9:45, I joined a group marching up LaSalle Street. We saw several cops with rifles, and we went west to North Park Ave, and marched south on Division Street, we turned east and ran straight into a line of cops.

The cops charged, swinging clubs. One cop would point at a ~~REDACTED~~ certain person and four or five cops would grab the demonstrator and they would beat him to the ground. We retreated on Wells. I saw four or five cops beating a black guy, who was moaning and screaming. I decided to catch them in the act. I went towards them, focused my camera, and pushed the shutter. The flashbulb went off in their faces, and they turned towards me. "Get her! Get the camera!" They shouted, and they started chasing me. One of them tried grabbing me, but I brushed past him and escaped across the street. Then, one of the cops went wild, ~~x~~ smashing every camera he could see. One TV camera was smashed, plus a camera man's glasses. My camera, and I escaped, fortunately; I shuddered, thinking what would have happened to me if that cop had been able to get a firmer grasp on me, or if my legs hadn't been so fast. I wondered when my luck would run out. We went back to the park and waited for 11:00. Again, I left at 10:45, wanting to get good pictures, but not wanting to get arrested. We waited on the sidewalk and heard that the people in the park were building a barricade. 11:00 went by, ~~no cops~~ no cops. Maybe, we thought, they just might forget this ridiculous curfew thing, and let the people stay in the park. No, I thought, Daley wouldn't do a reasonable, intelligent thing like that, anymore than Johnson would pull his troops out of Viet Nam, or Brezhnev his troops out of Czechoslovakia. We waited and then, they finally came, shooting clouds of tear gas. The people in the park retreated, and I heard yells and cries from beatings. The tear gas hit us on the sidewalk, and we went up LaSalle Street. The enraged crowd hurled rocks and bottles

at the cops, and the cops in turn, grabbed people and beat them. The boy I was with and I went over to Clark Street when we saw rifles. We could hear the raging battle. We stopped at Clark and North and waited. We then started towards LaSalle, but we saw some cops walking towards us. Suddenly, they charged at us, and we had to run. Somehow, we escaped. We waited. Some medics put an injured person on a stretcher. He apparently hadn't run fast enough. The boy I was with was supposed to meet somebody at this restaurant on Wells, so when things looked fairly safe, we cautiously walked to Wells. We passed a busload of cops and they whistled at me and told obscene jokes. We walked along Wells and a cop cocked his rifle as we walked by. We couldn't find the boy's friends so we went to a Marquis lunch and had coffee. Knowing that the cops had made my car inaccessible to me, the boy gave me a ride home. I developed the film I had taken. Again, the shots were pretty revealing.

Tuesday morning, Aug. 27, I went back to Lincoln Park to pick up my car. As I went to my car, someone said "I bet your tires are slashed." "Who slashed them?" I asked. "The cops." I ran to the parking lot and discovered that three of my mother's brand-new tires were slashed, and the rearview mirror was ripped off. I had not seen who had slashed my tires, but my car had a helmet with a McCarthy sticker in plain view, plus Yippie and SDS literature inside. It was in a place that had been made inaccessible to everyone but the cops the night before. "Lousy pigs!" I thought, as I went towards a gas station to buy some new tires with my mother's credit card. On my way to the station,

I saw several cars with Yippie and/or McCarthy stickers with slashed tires. At the gas station, I met a young Canadian with longish blond hair. His tires had been slashed, too. He helped change the tires, and I asked him whether the Canadian cops were anything like the ones here. He told me that he had never seen anything like this in Canada. The cops are much more "easy-going," and the people more tolerant of long-haired people. We came upon a group of people who had the misfortune of having their two cars parked in bus stops when their tires were slashed. Some cops came up and put "Police tow" stickers on the cars. The owners of the cars pleaded with the cops to let them have time to fix the cars so that they could move them. An assistant corporation counsel ordered the cars to be towed away. One of the car owners peeled the "police tow" sticker off, and he was arrested. The Canadian told me that when he had discovered his slashed tires, he had asked some police for a jack. "Someone has slashed my tires," he had said. "We're fucking glad they did," the cops had replied. We finally got new tires installed on our cars at about 3:30. I moved my car to Astor Street, south of North Ave, in a very exclusive Gold Coast neighborhood, and I took my helmet with me back to the park. At about 7:30, we marched to the CTA terminal to support the wildcat busdrivers' strike. One of the strikers led the march. We held a peaceful demonstration for about an hour and marched back to Lincoln Park. There, some clergymen announced that they were holding a church service in Lincoln Park from 11:00 until 4:00. They invited anyone who wanted to attend. This night, I finally decided to remain in the park past the curfew with the clergymen, to photograph anything that might happen. At 11:00, a voice came

out of a police car, on a loud speaker, "the Park is closed! Anyone remaining in the Park after this time will be in violation of the law!" We sat down. One of the ministers had a guitar. We sang, "We shall overcome," "We shall not be moved," "America the Beautiful", "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and "The Star Spangled Banner." "...and the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, gave proof through the night that our flag was still there..." About 2,000 people waited, and then the bombs started bursting. Clouds of tear gas illuminated by the lights of a fire truck gave the park the appearance of the halls of Hades. I retreated, shooting pictures as the police advanced carrying rifles. The ministers held on as long as they could, but the gas made them retreat too. Out on the street the enraged crowd threw rocks and bottles at police cars. The ministers and others tried to stop them. Gradually, the march dispersed. I decided to remain on LaSalle Street to see what might happen. Someone in a station wagon drove down. The police stopped the car, dragged the occupants out and beat them. A few other people and I cautiously started to approach this scene to get a closer look. A cop advanced towards us and fired his rifle above our heads. We quickly retreated. A young man, carrying a stick in his pocket was arrested, but not brutalized. I came back to LaSalle. Someone was dragged into a paddy wagon. He screamed something and five cops went into the wagon and I heard a thud, thud. Then I heard what the man in the wagon was screaming. "Let me show you my credentials!" "ISSAID SHUT UP!" Wham, wham, again. Finally, they dragged him out of the wagon and I saw blood on his mouth and face. They took him off somewhere else.

A well-dressed lady, a resident of the area, stepped into the middle of the street to tell the cops what she thought of them. The cops yelled at her to get off the street, but she stood her ground, continuing to tell them what she thought of them. ~~She~~ She left, only when she was through with what she had to say. I went back towards my car, met some boys who needed rides. As we approached my car, we ran into tear gas from Lincoln Park. I had trouble seeing, but I was able to see well enough to drive my car out. I pitied the people who lived in the neighborhood who had to put up with the tear gas all night. We heard that some people were at the Hilton, so we drove there to see what was happening. Many people were there, but we decided to go home for the night. We knew that Wednesday's march would be rough because we had no permit.

Wednesday afternoon, I arrived in Grant Park, by the bandshell. Unlike April 27th, the Park District provided a sound system. We were listening to various speakers, including a Viet Nam veteran, when a demonstrator, worried about the state of his country, pulled the American flag down to half-mast. Immediately, some cops rushed in and beat him and started to invade our rally. The last vestiges of self-restraint started to fall from me, and I yelled out "Pigs! Pigs! Lousy Pigs!" People started throwing stuff. I started to snap pictures. I could barely restrain myself from throwing something myself. After a week of seeing people get beaten, gassed, and shot at, my patience and restraint was just about at its limits. I yelled, "Pig!" to keep myself from throwing something. It was more important to

keep shooting pictures than to get arrested for throwing stuff and have all my film confiscated. Some demonstrators, including a man whom I later found out was a police infiltrator, pulled the American flag off and put a red flag up. Then, the pigs charged in, beating whoever was in the way. I furiously snapped pictures, while people retreated from the onslaught. Finally, the pigs left. We slowly sat down again to continue the rally, while the medics treated the injured. Dave Dellinger announced that a non-violent march would form and try to march to the amphitheatre. Someone else announced that we should split up into small groups and spread throughout the loop. I decided to join the Dellinger group, and so ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ did most of the others. We lined up six abreast. The girl next to me had a small Boston terrier who had been gassed the two previous nights. A boy from Detroit told me that he would be my escort. We started to march. We got about half a block, when a police line blocked us. We sat down, and Dave Dellinger tried to negotiate with the police. Phil Ochs sang some songs. After awhile, people started to wander off towards the Hilton. Finally, the boy from Detroit and I started going, as more people broke away from the march. We found the Balbo Street Bridge, the Congress and the Van Buren Steet Bridges blocked off by National Guard troops. Some people tried to break through and the Guard threw tear gas. We got to Jackson Street Bridge and discovered it not blocked off. We went across and joined a large group of people on Michigan Avenue. The Poor Peoples' Mule Train came along and we joined them. More and more people came until the street was taken over by thousands of people.

We sang songs and cried "the streets belong to the People!" and, for now they did. Then we got to Balbo and Michigan. The boy from Detroit and I thought that we would be safer next to the Hilton. As we crossed Balbo, we saw the police, forming their lines. They were backed up by the National Guard. We smelled tear gas. Then, they charged, first at the group towards Grant Park, beating anyone they could get their hands on. They dragged several people to the paddy wagons. "Pigs!" I cried, and the pigs kept charging and beating. Then, they came ~~charging~~ ~~charging~~ towards us, and we had no place to go. We were up against the wall. I went down into non-violent position, hoping they'd get it over with soon. Then I felt a gentle tug at my arm, and an assuring voice saying, "Here, let me help you up." I started to get up, and looked at my would-be-rescuer. He was a blue-helmeted cop. Amazed at this act, all of us around thanked him profusely. But then, the pigs came, wildly swinging clubs, probably just as amazed at the act of this policeman as we had been. We went down, and they started clubbing. The boy from Detroit received most of the ~~the~~ blows, but we all received some. Finally, they charged off someplace else. We got up, but then we were pressed so hard against the wall that I could hardly breathe. Finally, we were allowed to leave. We went north on Michigan, and crossed to the other side. The cops having cleared the street, formed a line, directly across. Then, a minister went out into the middle of the street and kneeled down, facing the cops. The line of cops stopped. A woman joined the minister, and others joined in, until we all were on the street again. The police led the minister to a paddy wagon, then led some of the

other non-violent demonstrators away. The police captain would point people out and the cops would get them, sometimes dragging and beating them. The police line slowly advanced. One time, the police captain pulled out his can of Mace and squirted it out, getting whoever he could. Meanwhile, near the Art Institute, some people pulled the flag there to half mast. I knew there would be trouble when the police got there, so I crossed over to the other side of Michigan. When the police reached the group by the flag, they charged into them, beating and chasing them well into Grant Park. The crowd disappeared into the night, the cops returned. We decided to head into the loop. When I turned into the loop, I saw a guy in an army uniform, beating up a medic. Some other people went to a group of cops and asked them to arrest the army man. The cops did nothing. A photographer tried to take a picture, and he was beaten up by the cops (the photographer worked for the Daily News). We asked again for the cops to arrest the army man. "You must understand," said a cop, "he just returned from Viet Nam." "So did some of our demonstrators," I said. Then, the cops gathered together and charged at us. We ran, trying to escape the clubs. I felt a club on my back and ran harder, almost tripping. Those who couldn't run fast enough got beaten to the ground. We reached State Street and the cops stopped pursuing us. I saw a priest who had been clubbed on the head. Some medics helped him, and a man stopped his car and gave the priest a ride to the hospital. We went down State Street in small groups. I saw Jerry Rubin, wearing a helmet. I told him to be careful. I knew they would be after him. Later, I found out that he was arrested. After

seeing Jerry, I crossed the street. Two cops spotted me and my camera and started running after me. I started running, but I saw two cops ahead of me. I looked across the street. Cops were there, too. I saw the two cops still running towards me, so I ran straight ahead, past the two other cops who were there, and into a crowd. I guess the two cops gave up on me then. Someone said, "let's try to get back to the Hilton," so we walked towards Michigan. We tried to turn south on Wabash, but some cops blocked our way, so we proceeded to Michigan. When we got there, we saw a medic treating a clubbing victim. Just then, a squadron of cops came up. "Move!" one of them said. The injured man could not move, and the medic stayed by him. "He's injured, he can't move," said the medic. "I SAID MOVE!" screamed the cop and they started hitting the medic and the injured man. Somehow, the medic got the injured man out of there as the cops advanced towards us. We crossed the street. "Move it!" said a cop. "Why?" asked someone. "Because I say so!" said the cop. "Who are you to say so?" asked the person. "I'm a pig!" shouted the cop, and they started charging, and we had to run. Somehow, we evaded the clubs, and the cops charged across the street at some people who were there. It was then that I heard an eerie, high-pitched squeal. I thought it might be demonstrators using the "Battle of Algiers" cry. But the noise was coming from the police. Then, I heard what it was. The police were shouting "Wheeeeeee!" as they charged across the street waving clubs. Most of them had happy grins on their faces. I could not believe it. I know some of them enjoy cracking skulls, but such an open and unified expression of this joy. Our group continued walking north,

and we came upon a demonstrator with a cane, walking along. Then, the cops came up behind us again. The demonstrator with the cane could not run, so the cops beat him. I don't know what became of him because the cops charged him again. Again, we ran, but I wasn't sure I would make it this time. I was dropping back. Just in the nick of time, the cops stopped charging. I stopped to rest. If they had charged then, I would have had no choice but to ask them to please get it over with as soon as possible because I would not have been able to run. After resting, we ~~ran~~ continued to walk. Just as we got to Wacker Drive, the cops decided that they still hadn't had enough fun, so they charged us one last time. I thought I heard the "Wheeeee!" sound again, but I'm not sure. We ran, finally making it out of the loop. As we crossed Wacker bridge, we noticed it was a little past 10:30, the under-18 curfew. I saw a young boy who looked about 13. He must have lost his parents or something. The cops came up and asked his age. He said "Aw come on, please, don't take me in, please don't take me." They took him in anyway. We walked on until we saw a crowd sitting in front of the Admiral TV studio. The TV was on so we settled down and watched Channing Phillips get nominated for the nomination. Then we saw Mayor Daley turn red at the police brutality accusations, then walk out, then the Wisconsin delegation unsuccessfully tried to have the convention adjourned and moved. Then we saw Hubert Humphrey get nominated and then, we went home and I developed my film.

The next day, Thursday, August 29, I heard that some delegates held a candlelight march to protest the slaughter of the previous night. I also heard that the Wisconsin delegation would

march to the convention, inviting anyone who wanted to, to join. National Mobilization held a rally in Grant Park, saying that we had, indeed showed up the brutality that exists in Chicago and the U. S. A delegate wanted to speak, but Mike Klonsky, a "revolutionary" SDS member declared that "free speech is not the issue" and declared that only people who "we" approved of could join "our" movement. "Where were the delegates when we were ~~being~~ being beaten, gassed etc?" Some McCarthyites (who had been beaten, gassed etc) cried out "free speech!" but Klonsky went on. Unfortunately, some "revolutionaries" seem to want to replace one set of pigs with another. Then, the delegate spoke. Unfortunately he gave a well-oiled political speech about how he was "sick to his stomach" but we must stay within the Democratic party. Most of us, whether or not we believed in free speech, were pretty fed up with the Democratic party. We were invited to join the Wisconsin delegates' march, which a lot of us went to do. The Wisconsin delegates got as far as 12th Street and the police stopped us. We all marched back to Grant Park. Dick Gregory jokingly reported that Russia had asked for 300 Chicago cops to help them in Czechoslovakia. Then, he invited everyone to come to his home (which was in the general direction of the Amphitheatre). Twenty delegates, some newspaper reporters, and 1,000-2,000 other demonstrators accepted the invitation. We lined up and started off. At 18th Street, the National Guard blocked the way. A march marshall then informed us that anybody who stepped over a certain line would be arrested. Later, we heard that Dick Gregory had been arrested. Then, we heard that delegates were being arrested. We all lined up, ready to go to jail, about 4,000 of us. All of a sudden, we saw clouds

of tear gas. I saw the gas go behind me, and I knew that I would have to go through the gas to get away. I got out my wet rag and started off. Then, the gas hit. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't see, my face felt like it would burn up. If one is not experienced with gas, you really feel like you are going to die. Vaguely, I heard the screams of people, panicking, as I fought to keep a hold of my own head. "Don't rub your eyes, don't panic, you'll live," flashed across my mind. Someone guided me. My eyes watered and opened and closed like strobe lights. I coughed and coughed, and finally threw up. A tear gas grenade exploded near me and the fragments cut me. People found out that splashing water on the face made it worse, not better. Finally, the effects wore off. We gathered on the street, stood our ground and chanted "Om". The Guard advanced with their barb-wired jeeps. More tear gas, and we slowly retreated. More gas, and we walked until we reached Grant Park, across^{from} the Hilton. We gathered for a rally and sat down. The Guard shot more tear gas and we had to scatter. I saw people on the ground, screaming. Finally, people were able to gather for a rally. The troops poured into Michigan Avenue, making Chicago look like occupied Czechoslovakia. Someone had gotten the idea that we were going to storm the Hilton. A speaker informed the troops that we had no intention of doing this. We sang songs. Peter and Mary, of the popular group, led us in songs. An excited bishop from South Africa offered communion to everyone, including the Guard. After this I drove home for a much-needed rest.