

with it, served through two holes dug in the kennel-sized temple of the earth god. When they got home the food was cold, of course.

Every day at four in the morning a man beat a gong to summon everybody to the fields. Breakfast at nine. Work at ten. Lunch at twelve. Work again at one. Supper at six. Work again at seven. But not in the fields this time—usually it was carrying coal or mud. Quit at ten at night. Sometimes “leap forward” to twelve midnight. No Sundays or holidays, only a few days off at the New Year. This despite the slogan “Let the farmers rest.” Wages varied from a dollar something to fifty or sixty cents Jen Ming Piao a month. Medicines had been free but now you buy your own. Herb doctors were available but herbs are scarce.

WE CHINESE have always been at our best within a rigid frame, even in poetry writing. It's when we are most hemmed in that we seem able to rise above ourselves. After twenty centuries of rule by the family we have been free for perhaps twenty years, and it has not been a pleasant time for many of us, full of conflicts and self-doubts. Now the state has taken the place of the big family, coming into every moment and aspect of life with its familiar persuasive pressure. The sheep has returned to the fold. Even hunger can feel right—up to a point.

Those who live near Macao swim a mile or escape by sampan in bands sometimes as big as a hundred, fighting the machine guns of pursuing motorboats with sharpened bamboo poles. But they will not stay put and fight. The trouble with us Chinese is that we are too sensible. Sixty thousand crashed the land border to Hong Kong last May. The border guards who had shot at smaller numbers evidently held back because the crowds were too big, the government having always avoided massacres if possible. After this the communes were modified but not abandoned. There is already talk now of their being revived in the area around Canton.

Advance two steps, retreat a step—Mao Tse-tung has said this is his way of making progress. Whether dance or march, the people drag on, hoping to outlive their tormentors.



‘Chicago Ain’t Ready For Reform’

HAL BRUNO

FOR A CITY that is self-consciously striving to live down its gangster days, Chicago’s aldermanic election last month was a long step backward. Marked by a naked display of the Syndicate’s political muscle and the professional-looking murder of a West Side alderman, it was a violent reminder that, under the veneer of reform and respectability, Chicago is still a city where gang-type killings occur with regularity and where politics on the ward level can be dirty and dangerous.

Chicago hasn’t had an election quite like this one in almost ten comparatively peaceful years. Politically speaking, the turmoil did not involve Republicans versus Democrats, nor did it involve the Democratic Party as a whole. Instead, it came from intramural ward shenanigans, revealing that within the supposedly monolithic Democratic organization there are islands of autonomy, areas where neighborhood politicians run things as they see fit. The L-shaped First Ward, just south and west of the Loop, is such an area. In the old days, Aldermen J. J. (Bathhouse John) Coughlin and Michael (Hinky Dink) Kenna ran the district as a barony for themselves and the Capone mob. Thirty years later, when many parts of Chicago are as “clean” as a big-city neighborhood can be, the First Ward remains in the hands of their heirs.

The First Ward includes the downtown hotels and department stores, a small Skid Row, Chinatown with its pagoda roofs, decaying tene-

ments for Negroes and Mexicans, new high-rise housing projects, vast stretches of rubble-strewn prairie cleared for more developments, railroad yards and warehouses, and an old Italian-Greek settlement around Jane Addams’s Hull House soon to be cleared for a Chicago campus of the University of Illinois.

The idea of a college campus in the First Ward would have tickled Hinky Dink and Bathhouse John. In their day the ward was best known for its Levee, a colony of some two hundred brothels. Capone established his first headquarters in the Four Deuces on South Wabash Avenue. On election day, voters were paid off in Hinky Dink’s saloon at the rate of fifty cents and a schooner of beer for each time they voted. The Levee has disappeared, Capone, Hinky Dink, and Bathhouse John are gone, but the gangsters have held onto the First Ward as one of their bases for political power in the city council and state legislature. For many years the alderman had been John D’Arco, a Democrat and a member in good standing of the notorious West Side bloc. This is a group of Democratic and Republican politicians who effectively block any anti-crime legislation that might inconvenience the Syndicate. When it comes to politics, the mob is strictly nonpartisan.

Unexpectedly, a couple of months before the election, Alderman D’Arco announced his retirement because of ill health. The new Democratic candidate would be State Senator

Anthony J. DeTolve, another member of the West Side bloc and a nephew-in-law of Sam (Mooney) Giancana, successor to Tony Accardo as boss of the Syndicate. As usual, the First Ward Republicans put up a token aldermanic candidate. He was Thomas J. Curran, who pleaded illness and studiously refrained from any active campaigning. For this type of co-operation, the First Ward cop traditionally is rewarded with a seat in the legislature and some patronage jobs.

How Do You Spell FioRito?

De Tolve was certain to win without even trying, but he made the mistake of refusing to be interviewed by newspapermen and civic groups. He explained that he was just too busy, which prompted Chicago's *American* to label him "Anthony J. (Busy Busy) DeTolve," making him the butt of this year's campaign. He still would have won, but four nights before the election the ward's Democratic precinct captains were summoned to a meeting in a Loop hotel. DeTolve announced he was quitting the race and their new candidate was Michael J. FioRito, a fifty-three-year-old lawyer and decorated war veteran who had grown up in the ward but was a political unknown.

The stunned precinct captains—pronounced "presint" in Chicagoeese—were told that DeTolve didn't want to "embarrass" them. The popular theory is that DeTolve had brought too much attention to ward affairs, causing the publicity-shy Syndicate to recommend that he forget about being an alderman and remain a state senator. Commenting on DeTolve's resignation and FioRito's substitution, the *Chicago Daily News* concluded: "If we knew root and all of this, we'd know the answer to all the questions about the mysterious half-world of Chicago."

FioRito's unexpected candidacy brought more attention and posed some real problems. For one thing, he lived in suburban Wilmette and wasn't even a resident of Chicago or the ward, which supposedly made him ineligible to vote or to be an alderman. But the candidate revealed that he had established a legal residence more than a year before at an uncle's home on the Northwest Side, which satisfied the require-

ments of a year's residence in the city, and had moved into the Conrad Hilton Hotel the previous month, which gave him the necessary thirty days in the ward. The Republicans—except, of course, those in the First Ward, who were not planning to win this election anyhow—did not accept FioRito's explanations: Sheriff Richard B. Ogilvie, the only top gor officeholder of any consequence, discovered obvious alterations on the hotel's affidavit of permanent residents who are eligible to vote. The names of FioRito and his wife had been added at the end, out of alphabetical order and with a different typewriter from the one used for the other fifty-seven names on the list. Ogilvie started a fruitless search for that typewriter. Though an election clerk admitted making a "human error" by signing the FioRito's registration records after the legal deadline, the head of the Democratic-controlled election board insisted he was powerless to act. He said it was up to the city council, as a legislative body, to decide whether FioRito should be seated—if and when he won the election.

THE IDEA of Chicago's city council refusing to seat a Democratic alderman is preposterous, so the only remaining problem was for the First Ward precinct captains to instruct their voters on how to write in FioRito's name, since it was too late to change the voting machines and paper ballots. For the next three days and nights, the "magnanimous foot soldiers," as DeTolve called the captains, trooped across the ward, explaining in Spanish, Italian, Greek, Chinese—and even English—how to write "Michael FioRito," or something close to it.

Then more opposition sprang up from another last-minute candidate, Mrs. Florence Scala, a peppery little housewife who had led the losing fight against locating the University of Illinois in the Hull House neighborhood. Republican Sheriff Ogilvie expressed his frustration by sending his political workers into the First Ward to help Mrs. Scala's write-in campaign.

On a hazy election day, February 28, with temperatures averaging a damp and penetrating ten degrees, some 786,000 Chicago voters—slight-

ly more than forty-five per cent of those eligible—were "delivered" at the polls. Down in the First Ward, the poll watchers almost outnumbered the voters in some precincts. Despite these precautions, there was a flash of the old Hinky Dink touch: an amazing number of voters asked for pink affidavit forms to declare themselves illiterate. This meant that a Republican and a Democratic judge could step into the booth and "assist" in casting their ballot. The Democrats had nothing to fear from the First Ward's Republicans, and Mrs. Scala's supporters hadn't time to register as judges. So each self-declared illiterate was, in fact, a write-in vote for FioRito.

To no one's surprise, the final count was 9,424 for FioRito; 1,316 for Curran, the passive Republican; 1,050 for Mrs. Scala; and 402 votes by people who didn't know that DeTolve had retired. A lone Republican alderman attempted to challenge FioRito's seating in the council, and Sheriff Ogilvie has called for a grand-jury investigation of the whole thing, but not much is expected to come from these protests. In a letter to the Cook County state's attorney (a Democrat), Ogilvie bitterly charged: "... there is no more flagrant example of crime syndicate interference with the free election processes than exists in the First Ward, and this goes for both parties."

Race Revival

A few miles south, in the Fifth Ward, the Regular Democratic Organization was cast in the role of a force for liberalism and good government. Independent alderman Leon M. Despres, who frequently opposes Mayor Richard J. Daley's program in the city council, had full support of the ward's Democratic Organization in his bid for a third term. The reason is that Despres is a proven vote-getter in a South Side district that includes the liberal and racially mixed Hyde Park neighborhood, the University of Chicago, and the Negro slums of Woodlawn. The area long has had a tradition of electing "rebels"; among its previous aldermen were former Eisenhower aide Robert E. Merriam and Senator Paul H. Douglas.

Despres's opponent was Chauncey Eskridge, a lawyer who campaigned

on the premise that the ward's Negro majority should be represented by a Negro alderman. The campaign took on the aspects of a revival meeting, complete with rock-n-roll bands, parades, rallies, and plenty of outside interference. Most of it came from Negro aldermen in surrounding wards under the control of Chicago's Negro political boss, Congressman William Dawson. The Dawson faction had long resented the Fifth Ward's independence, and with safe contests in their own wards they were able to send their precinct workers into the Fifth to help Eskridge. Despres counterattacked by running on his impressive record as a leader in the fight for fair housing practices and for an end to school segregation in the Negro ghetto, and also on the novel idea that an alderman should be chosen on the basis of ability rather than race.

The Fifth Ward voters rejected Eskridge's race-baiting campaign and re-elected Despres by a huge margin, 15,828 to 2,479. It was a compliment to voter intelligence and another demonstration of how precinct captains get out the vote. Without the support of the Fifth Ward Regular Democratic Organization, even Leon Despres could have been a loser.

Throughout the city, the more than four thousand Democratic precinct captains earned their city payroll jobs by delivering huge majorities for most of the organization candidates. For Chicago's jobless Republicans it was a painfully familiar story and another defeat at the hands of Mayor Daley's powerful Democratic machine. The colorless GOP won only four of the fifty city council seats. In six wards there will be a runoff on April 2 because a multitude of candidates prevented anyone getting a majority. The remaining forty seats went to thirty-nine Democrats and to Independent Despres. So there will be no change in the rubber-stamp performance of Chicago's city council, which has surrendered much of its power to a strong mayor.

In the primary, Mayor Daley was unopposed for nomination to a third four-year term; but he still pulled some 395,000 votes. His Republican opponent, former state's attorney Benjamin S. Adamowski, got only 87,000 votes against lightweight op-

position that included the eccentric candidate Lar America First Daly, making his twentieth unsuccessful try for elective office. The difference in the Republican and Democratic primary turnout is an indication of what to expect when Daley and Adamowski face each other in the April 2 election.

Same Old Chicago

Chicago was about to settle back for a fairly routine mayoralty campaign when, two days after the aldermanic election, the body of Alderman Benjamin S. Lewis, a Negro, was found in his new Twenty-fourth Ward headquarters. Lewis was lying face down behind a desk, his arms outstretched and handcuffed, with three



holes from a .32 automatic neatly placed in the back of his head. His murder had all the trademarks of a professional job by a Syndicate "hit man."

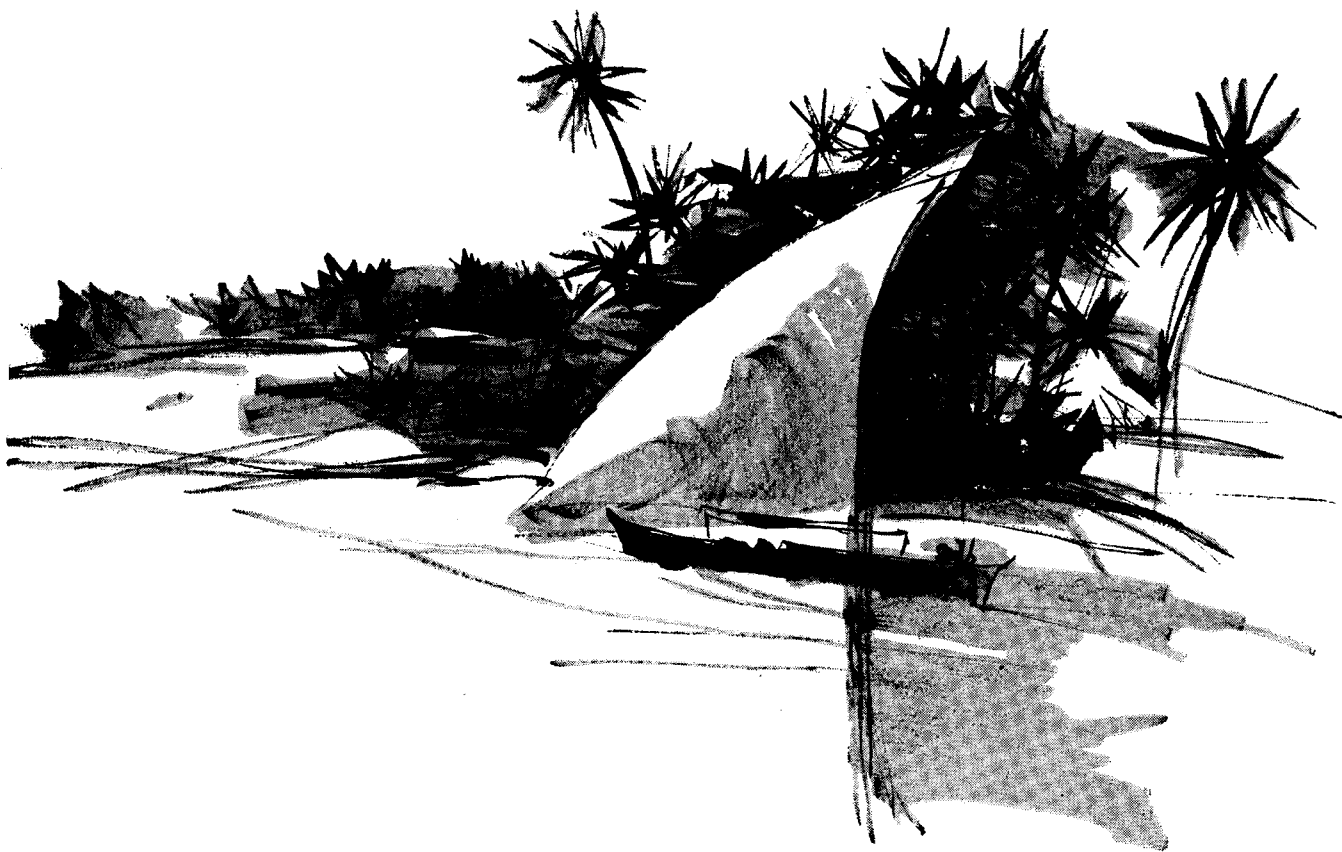
The fifty-three-year-old Negro alderman had been considered by many to be future Congressional material and was the absolute political boss of the Twenty-fourth Ward, a ninety-nine per cent Negro neighborhood. A Democrat with an independent bent, Lewis had not joined the other Negro aldermen in the attempt to invade the Fifth Ward. In fact, he often had opposed the Negro political leadership and had ambitions to become the Dawson of the West Side. Lewis had breezed to a twelve-to-one victory for his third term in the city council. Once the stronghold of Chicago's Jewish politicians, the Twenty-fourth Ward had turned into a Negro slum in the

1950's. Lewis, starting as a lowly precinct captain, led the quiet struggle to transfer the power to a Negro political organization. The absentee white politicians—who moved out when the Negroes first moved in—gradually relinquished their organization and patronage to Lewis, including the ward's lucrative insurance and real-estate business.

Though police everywhere, and in Chicago in particular, have an almost zero batting average for solving gang murders, investigators plunged into the Twenty-fourth Ward's morass of vice, narcotics, and gambling for evidence of a motive. They are searching Lewis's personal life, political problems, and insurance and real-estate dealings. Thus far, it is murder by persons unknown for reasons unknown.

It has been a decade since an important Chicago politician was assassinated so brazenly. In 1953, Republican State Representative Clem Graver, an associate of the West Side bloc, was kidnapped in front of his home and never seen again. The previous year, Republican Charles Gross was gunned down on a West Side street after refusing to heed a Syndicate warning to bow out of the Thirty-first Ward political picture. The murder of Gross, who ran a soft-drink business and dabbled in hand-book operations, touched off a crime-and-politics investigation that failed to produce any indictments but washed everyone's dirty linen in public.

THE SLAYING of Alderman Lewis produced a surprisingly slight shock in a city that thought it had gained a measure of respectability since the still unsolved Gross murder and Graver kidnapping. Civic boosters say it is not significant—that it is an isolated tragedy that could happen anywhere once in ten years. Critics answer that the political non-violence and peace of the past decade was only a lucky break, caused mainly by the politicians' staying in line. Whatever the reason behind the Lewis murder and the switch of candidates in the Syndicate's First Ward, this election has been a throwback, recalling for many the words of an alderman who once boasted: "Chicago ain't ready for reform."



Aspects of Zanzibar

by Angela Conner

