

Now he's gone and people are writing that the era of Richard J. Daley is over. Just like that.

But it's not. Daley has left a legacy that is pure Chicago.

I'm not talking about his obvious legacy of expressways, high-rises, and other public works projects that size-conscious Chicagoans enjoy.

Daley, like this town, relished a political brawl. When arms were waving and tempers boiling and voices crackling, he'd sit in the middle of it all and look as happy as a kid at a birthday party.

Well, he's left behind the ingredients for the best political donnybrook we've had in fifty years.

They'll be kicking and gouging, grabbing and tripping, elbowing and kneeling to grab all, or a thin sliver of the power he left behind.

It will be a classic Chicago debate.

He knew it would turn out that way, and the thought probably delighted him.

I hope that wherever he is, he'll have a good seat for the entire show. And when they are tangled in political half nelsons, toeholds, and headlocks, I wouldn't be surprised if we hear a faint but familiar giggle drifting down from somewhere.

[Note: The above column by Mike Royko appeared in the *Chicago Sun-Times* the day after the death of Mayor Richard Daley, December 20, 1976.]

## Chapter I

WILLIAM KUNSTLER: What is your name?

WITNESS: Richard Joseph Daley.

WILLIAM KUNSTLER: What is your occupation?

WITNESS: I am the mayor of the city of Chicago.

The workday begins early. Sometime after seven o'clock a black limousine glides out of the garage of the police station on the corner, moves less than a block, and stops in front of a weathered pink bungalow at 3536 South Lowe Avenue. Policeman Alphonsus Gilhooly, walking in front of the house, nods to the detective at the wheel of the limousine.

It's an unlikely house for such a car. A passing stranger might think that a rich man had come back to visit his people in the old neighborhood. It's the kind of sturdy brick house, common to Chicago, that a fireman or printer would buy. Thousands like it were put up by contractors in the 1920s and 1930s from standard blueprints in an architectural style fondly dubbed "carpenter's delight."

The outside of that pink house is deceiving. The inside is furnished in expensive, Colonial-style furniture, the basement paneled in fine wood, and two days a week a woman comes in to help with the cleaning. The shelves hold religious figurines and bric-a-brac. There are only a

few volumes—the Baltimore Catechism, the Bible, a leather-bound *Profiles in Courage*, and several self-improvement books. All of the art is religious, most of it bloody with crucifixion and crosses of thorns.

Outside, another car has arrived. It moves slowly, the two detectives peering down the walkways between the houses, glancing at the drivers of the cars that travel the street, then parks somewhere behind the limousine.

At the other end of the block, a blue squad car has stopped near the corner tavern, and the policemen are watching Thirty-sixth Street, which crosses Lowe.

In the alley behind the house, a policeman sits in a car. Like Gilhooly, he has been there all night, protecting the back entrance, behind the high wooden fence that encloses the small yard.

Down the street, in another brick bungalow, Matt Danaher is getting ready for work. He runs the two thousand clerical employees in the Cook County court system, and he knows the morning routine of his neighbor. As a young protégé he once drove the car, opened the door, held the coat, got the papers. Now he is part of the ruling circle, and one of the few people in the world who can walk past the policeman and into the house, one of the people who are invited to spend an evening, sit in the basement, eat, sing, dance the Irish jig. The blue-blooded bankers from downtown aren't invited, although they would like to be, and neither are men who have been governors, senators, and ambassadors. The people who come in the evening or on Sunday are old friends from the neighborhood, the relatives, people who take their coats off when they walk in the door, and loosen their ties.

Danaher is one of them, and his relationship to the owner of the house is so close that he has served as an emotional whipping boy, so close that he can yell back and slam the door when he leaves.

They're getting up for work in the little houses and flats all across the old neighborhood known as Bridgeport, and thanks to the man for whom the limousine waits, about two thousand of the forty thousand Bridgeport people are going to jobs in City Hall, the County Building, the courts,

ward offices, police and fire stations. It's a political neighborhood, with political jobs, and the people can use them. It ranks very low among the city and suburban communities in education. Those who don't have government jobs work hard for their money, and it isn't much. Bridgeport ranks low in income, too.

It's a suspicious neighborhood, a blend of Irish, Lithuanian, Italian, Polish, German, and all white. In the bars, heads turn when a stranger comes in. Blacks pass through in cars, but are unwise to travel by on foot. When a black college student moved into a flat on Lowe Avenue in 1964, only a block north of the pink bungalow, there was a riot and he had to leave.

Well before eight o'clock, the door of the bungalow opens and a short, stout man steps out. His walk is brisk and bouncy. A nod and smile to Patrolman Gilhooly and he's in the limousine. It pulls out from the curb and the "tail car" with the two detectives trails it, hanging back to prevent the limousine from being followed.

It's a short drive to work. The house is about four miles southwest of the Loop, the downtown business district, within the problem area known as the "inner city." If the limousine went east, to Lake Shore Drive, it would go through part of the black ghetto. If it went straight north, it would enter a decaying neighborhood in transition from white to Latin and black. It turns toward an expressway entrance only a few blocks away.

The two cars take the Dan Ryan Expressway, twelve lanes at its widest point, with a rapid-transit train track down the center. It stretches from the Loop, past the old South Side ghetto, past the giant beehive public housing with its swarming children, furious street gangs, and weary welfare mothers.

He built that expressway, and he named it after Dan Ryan, another big South Side politician, who was named after his father, a big South Side politician.

The limousine crosses another expressway, this one cutting through the big, smokey, industrial belt, southwest toward white backlash country, where five years ago Dr. Martin Luther King was hit in the head with a brick when he led marchers into the neighborhood for the cause of

open housing—which exists only on a few pages of the city's ordinance.

He built that expressway, too, and named it after Adlai Stevenson, whom he helped build into a presidential candidate, and whom he dropped when it was time.

The limousine passes an exit that leads to the Circle Campus, the city's branch of the University of Illinois, acres of modern concrete buildings that comprise one of the biggest city campuses in the country. It wasn't easy to build because thousands of families in the city's oldest Italian neighborhood had to be uprooted and their homes and churches torn down. They cried that they were betrayed because they had been promised they would stay. But he built it.

Another mile or so and the limousine crosses another expressway that goes straight west, through the worst of the ghetto slums, where the biggest riots and fires were ignited, for which the outraged and outrageous "shoot to kill" order was issued. Straight west, past the house where the Black Panthers were killed, some in their beds, by the predawn police raiders.

He opened that expressway and named it after Dwight D. Eisenhower, making it the city's only Republican expressway.

As the limousine nears the Loop, the Dan Ryan blends into still another expressway. This one goes through the Puerto Rican ghetto and the remnants of the old Polish neighborhood, where the old people remain while their children move away, then into the middle class far Northwest Side, where Dr. King's marchers walked through a shower of bottles, bricks and spit. It ends at O'Hare Airport, the nation's busiest jet handler.

He built that expressway, too, and he named it after John F. Kennedy, whom he helped elect president, and he built most of the airport and opened it, although he still calls it "O'Hara."

During the ride he reads the two morning papers, the *Chicago Sun-Times* and the *Chicago Tribune*, always waiting on the back seat. He's a fast but thorough reader and he concentrates on news about the city. He is in the papers somewhere every day, if not by name—and the omission is rare—at least by deed. The papers like him.

If something has gone well, he'll be praised in an editorial. If something has gone badly, one of his subordinates will be criticized in an editorial. During the 1968 Democratic Convention, when their reporters were being bloodied, one of the more scathing newspaper editorials was directed at a lowly Police Department public relations man.

He, too, was criticized, but a week after the convention ended, his official version of what had happened on Chicago's streets was printed, its distortions and flat lies unchallenged. He dislikes reporters and writers, but gets on well with editors and publishers, a trait usually found in Republicans rather than Democrats. If he feels that he has been criticized unfairly, and he considers most criticism unfair, he doesn't hesitate to pick up a phone and complain to an editor. All four papers endorsed him for his fourth term—even the *Tribune*, the voice of Middle West Republicanism—but in general, he views the papers as his enemy. The reporters, specifically. They want to know things that are none of their business, because they are little men. Editors, at least, have power, but he doesn't understand why they let reporters exercise it.

The limousine leaves the expressway and enters the Loop, stopping in front of St. Peter's, a downtown church. When the bodyguards have parked and walked to his car, he gets out and enters the church. This is an important part of his day. Since childhood he has attended daily mass, as his mother did before him. On Sundays and some work days, he'll go to his own church, the Church of the Nativity, just around the corner from his home. That's where he was baptized, married, and the place from which his parents were buried. Before Easter, his wife will join the other neighborhood ladies for the traditional scrubbing of the church floors. Regardless of what he may do in the afternoon, and to whom, he will always pray in the morning.

After mass, it's a few steps to the side door of Maxim's, a glass and plastic coffee shop, where, in the event he comes in, a table is set up in the privacy of the rear. It is not to be confused with Chicago's other Maxim's which serves haute cuisine, has a discotheque, and enjoys a social-register clientele. He won't go to those kinds of

places. He doesn't like them and people might think he was putting on airs. He eats at home most of the time, and for dinner out there are sedate private clubs with a table in a quiet corner.

He leaves a dollar for his coffee and roll and marches with his bodyguards toward City Hall—"the Hall," as it is called locally, as in "I got a job in the Hall," or "See my brother in the Hall and he'll fix it for you," or "Do you know anybody in the Hall who can take care of this?"

He glances at the new Civic Center, a tower of russet steel and glass, fronted by a gracious plaza with a fountain and a genuine Picasso-designed metalwork sculpture almost fifty feet high.

He put it all there, the Civic Center, the plaza, the Picasso. And the judges and county officials who work in the Civic Center, he put most of them there, too.

Wherever he looks as he marches, there are new skyscrapers up or going up. The city has become an architect's delight, except when the architects see the great Louis Sullivan's landmark buildings being ripped down for parking garages or allowed to degenerate into slums.

None of the new buildings were there before. His leadership put them there, his confidence, his energy. Everybody says so. If he kept walking north a couple more blocks, he'd see the twin towers of Marina City, the striking tubular downtown apartment buildings, a self-contained city with bars and restaurants, ice rinks, shops and clubs, and balconies on every apartment for sitting out in the smog.

His good friend Charlie Swibel built it, with financing from the Janitors' Union, run by his good friend William McFetridge. For Charlie Swibel, building the apartment towers was coming a long way from being a flophouse and slum operator. Now some of his friend Charlie's flophouses are going to be torn down, and the area west of the Loop redeveloped for office buildings and such. And his friend Charlie will do that, too. Let people wonder why out-of-town investors let Charlie in for a big piece of the new project, without Charlie having to put up any money or take any risk. Let people ask why the city, after acquiring the land under urban renewal powers, rushed through approval of Charlie's bid. Let them ask if there's

a conflict of interest because Charlie is also the head of the city's public housing agency, which makes him a city official. Let them ask. What trees do they plant? What buildings do they put up?

Head high, shoulders back, he strides with his bodyguards at the pace of an infantry forced march. The morning walk used to be much longer than two blocks. In the quiet of the 1950s, the limousine dropped him near the Art Institute on Michigan Avenue, and he'd walk a mile and a half on Michigan Avenue, the city's jeweled thoroughfare, grinning at the morning crowds that bustled past the shops and hotels, along the edge of Grant Park. That ritual ended in the sixties, when people began walking and marching for something more than pleasure, and a man couldn't be sure who he'd meet on the street.

He rounds the corner and a bodyguard moves ahead to hold open the door. An elderly man is walking slowly and painfully close to the wall, using it as support. His name is Al, and he is a lawyer. Years ago he was just a ward boss's nod away from becoming a judge. He had worked hard for the party and had earned the black robe, and he was even a pretty good lawyer. But the ward boss died on him, and judgeships can't be left in wills. Now his health was bad and Al had an undemanding job in county government.

He spots Al, calls out his name, and rushes over and gives him a two-handed handshake, the maximum in City Hall affection. He has seen Al twice in ten years, but he quickly recalls all of his problems, his work, and a memory they shared. He likes old people and keeps them in key jobs and reslates them for office when they can barely walk, or even when they can't. Like the marriage vows, the pact between jobholder and party ends only in either's death, so long as the jobholder loves, honors, and obeys the party. Later that day, Al will write an eloquent letter in praise of his old friend to a paper, which will print it.

The bodyguard is still holding the door and he goes in at full stride. He never enters a room tentatively—always explosively and with a sense of purpose and direction, especially when the building is City Hall.

Actually, there are two identical buildings—City Hall and Cook County Building. At the turn of the century,

the County Building was erected on half a city block, and shortly thereafter City Hall was put up. Although identical, City Hall cost substantially more. Chicago history is full of such oddities. Flip open any page and somebody is making a buck.

Although the main lobby and upstairs corridors extend through both buildings, he never goes through the County Building. That's a political courtesy, because the County Building is the domain of another politician, the president of the Cook County Board, known as "the mayor of Cook County," and, in theory, second only to him in power. But later in the day, the president of Cook County will call and ask how his domain should be run.

The elevator operators know his habits and are holding back the door of a car. The elevators are automated, but many operators remain on the job, standing in the lobby pointing at open cars and saying, "Next." Automation is fine, but how many votes can an automatic elevator deliver?

He gets off at the fifth floor, where his offices are. That's why he's known as "the Man on Five." He is also known as "duh mare" and "hizzoner" and "duh leader."

He marches past the main entrance to his outer offices, where people are already waiting, hoping to see him. They must be cleared first by policemen, then by three secretaries. He doesn't use the main entrance because the people would jump up, clutch at his hands, and overexcite themselves. He was striding through the building one day when a little man sprung past the bodyguards and kissed his hand.

Down the corridor, a bodyguard has opened a private door, leading directly to his three-room office complex. He almost always uses the side door.

The bodyguards quickly check his office then file into a smaller adjoining room, filled with keepsakes from presidents and his trip to Ireland. They use the room as a lounge, while studying his schedule, planning the routes and waiting. Another room is where he takes important phone calls when he has someone with him. Calls from President Kennedy and President Johnson were put through to that room.

Somewhere in the building, phone experts have checked

his lines for taps. The limousine has been parked on LaSalle Street, outside the Hall's main entrance, and the tail car has moved into place. His key people are already in their offices, always on time or early, because he may call as soon as he arrives. And at 9 A.M. he, Richard Joseph Daley, is in his office and behind the big gleaming mahogany desk, in a high-backed dark green leather chair, ready to start another day of doing what the experts say is no longer possible—running a big American city. But as he, Daley, has often said to confidantes, "What in hell do the experts know?" He's been running a big American city for fifteen of the toughest years American cities have ever seen. He, Daley, has been running it as long or longer than any of the other famous mayors—Curley of Boston, LaGuardia of New York, Kelly of Chicago—ran theirs, and unless his health goes, or his wife says no, he, Daley, will be running it for another four years. Twenty is a nice, round figure. They give soldiers pensions after twenty years, and some companies give wristwatches. He'll settle for something simple, like maybe another jet airport built on a man-made island in the lake, and named after him, and maybe a statue outside the Civic Center, with a simple inscription, "The greatest mayor in the history of the world." And they might seal off his office as a shrine.

It's a business office. Like the man, the surroundings have no distracting frills. He wears excellently tailored business suits, buying six a year from the best shop on Michigan Avenue. The shirt is always radiant white, the tie conservative. Because his shoulders are narrow, he never works in his shirt sleeves, and is seldom seen publicly in casual clothes. The businesslike appearance carries through the office. The carpets, furniture, and walls are in muted shades of tan and green. The only color is provided by the flags of the United States and the city of Chicago, and a color photograph of his family. When a prominent cultural leader offered to donate some paintings for the office, an aide said, "Please, no, he can't accept them. People would think he's going high-hat."

The desk, with a green leather inset, is always clear of papers. He is an orderly man. Besides, he doesn't like to put things on paper, preferring the telephone. Historians

will look in vain for a revealing memo, an angry note. He stores his information in his brain and has an amazing recall of detail.

The office is a place to work. And the work begins immediately. The first call will be to his secretary, checking the waiting visitors and asking that his press secretary be summoned, so he can let him know if he wants to talk to the press that morning. He holds more press conferences than any major public official in the country—at least two, and usually three, a week. In the beginning, they were often relaxed, casual, friendly and easy, with the reporters coming into his office, getting the q's and a's out of the way, and swapping fish stories and a few jokes, but always clean jokes because he walks away from the dirty ones. But with television, the press conferences became formal. They moved to a conference room, and became less friendly as the times became less friendly. He works at self-control, but it is impossible not to blow up and begin ranting. Reporters are like experts. What do they know?

If he is going to see them, Earl Bush, the press aide, will brief him on likely questions. The veteran City Hall reporters are not hostile, since they have to live with him, but the TV personalities sometimes ask questions that are calculated to cause a purple face and a fit of shouting rather than evoke information. He knows it, but sometimes it is hard not to get purple and shout.

If he doesn't feel like bothering, he'll just tell Bush, "To hell with them," and go on to other work. Bush never argues. He's been there since the beginning, a hungry journalist, operating a struggling neighborhood newspaper news service, who had a hunch that the quiet man running the county clerk's office was going to go somewhere. On the day after the first mayoralty election, Daley threw three hundred-dollar bills in his rumpled lap and said, "Get yourself some decent-looking clothes." Bush has since slept a night in the White House.

After Bush will come someone like Deputy Mayor David Stahl, one of the young administrators the old politicians call "the whiz kids." Like the other "whiz kids," Stahl is serious, well educated, obedient, ambitious, and keeps his sense of humor out of sight. He was hired for

these qualities and also because his father-in-law is a real estate expert and a close friend.

On a day when the City Council is meeting, Ald. Thomas Keane will slip in the side door to brief him on the agenda. Keane is considered to be second in party power, but it is a distant second. Keane wanted to be in front, but he was distracted by a craving for personal wealth. You can't do both if the man you're chasing is concentrating only on power. Now Keane is rich, but too old to ever be the successor.

If there is a council meeting, everybody marches downstairs at a few minutes before ten. Bush and the department heads and personal aides form a proud parade. The meeting begins when the seat of the mayor's pants touches the council president's chair, placed beneath the great seal of the city of Chicago and above the heads of the aldermen, who sit in a semi-bowl auditorium.

It is his council, and in all the years it has never once defied him as a body. Keane manages it for him, and most of its members do what they are told. In other eras, the aldermen ran the city and plundered it. In his boyhood they were so constantly on the prowl that they were known as "the Gray Wolves." His council is known as "the Rubber Stamp."

He looks down at them, bestowing a nod or a benign smile on a few favorites, and they smile back gratefully. He seldom nods or smiles at the small minority of white and black independents. The independents anger him more than the Republicans do, because they accuse him of racism, fascism, and of being a dictator. The Republicans bluster about loafing payrollers, crumbling gutters, inflated budgets—traditional, comfortable accusations that don't stir the blood.

That is what Keane is for. When the minority goes on the attack, Keane himself, or one of the administration aldermen he has groomed for the purpose, will rise and answer the criticism by shouting that the critic is a fool, a hypocrite, ignorant, and misguided. Until his death, one alderman could be expected to leap to his feet at every meeting and cry, "God bless our mayor, the greatest mayor in the world."

But sometimes Keane and his trained orators can't

shout down the minority, so Daley has to do it himself. If provoked, he'll break into a rambling, ranting speech, waving his arms, shaking his fists, defending his judgment, defending his administration, always with the familiar "It is easy to criticize . . . to find fault . . . but where are your programs . . . where are your ideas . . ."

If that doesn't shut off the critics, he will declare them to be out of order, threaten to have the sergeant at arms force them into their seats, and invoke *Robert's Rules of Orders*, which, in the heat of debate, he once described as "the greatest book ever written."

All else failing, he will look toward a glass booth above the spectator's balcony and make a gesture known only to the man in the booth who operates the sound system that controls the microphones on each alderman's desk. The man in the booth will touch a switch and the offending critic's microphone will go dead and stay dead until he sinks into his chair and closes his mouth.

The meetings are seldom peaceful and orderly. The slightest criticism touches off shrill rebuttal, leading to louder criticism and finally an embarrassingly wild and vicious free-for-all. It can't be true, because Daley is a man who speaks highly of law and order, but sometimes it appears that he enjoys the chaos, and he seldom moves to end it until it has raged out of control.

Every word of criticism must be answered, every complaint must be disproved, every insult must be returned in kind. He doesn't take anything from anybody. While Daley was mediating negotiations between white trade unions and black groups who wanted the unions to accept blacks, a young militant angrily rejected one of his suggestions and concluded, "Up your ass!" Daley leaped to his feet and answered, "And up yours too." Would John Lindsay have become so involved?

Independent aldermen have been known to come up with a good idea, such as providing food for the city's hungry, or starting day-care centers for children of ghetto women who want to work; Daley will acknowledge it, but in his own way. He'll let Keane appropriate the idea and rewrite and resubmit it as an administration measure. That way, the independent has the satisfaction of seeing his idea reach fruition and the administration has more glory.

But most of the independents' proposals are sent to a special subcommittee that exists solely to allow their unwelcome ideas to die.

The council meetings seldom last beyond the lunch hour. Aldermen have much to do. Many are lawyers and have thriving practices, because Chicagoans know that a dumb lawyer who is an alderman can often perform greater legal miracles than a smart lawyer who isn't.

Keane will go to a hotel dining room near City Hall, where at a large round table in a corner, he lunches each day with a clique of high-rise real estate developers, financiers, and political cronies. The things they plan and share will shape the future of the city, as well as the future of their heirs.

Daley has no such luncheon circle, and he eats only with old and close friends or one of his sons. Most afternoons, he darts across the street to the Sherman House hotel and his office in the Democratic headquarters, where as party chairman he will work on purely political business: somebody pleading to be slated for an office or advanced to a judgeship, a dispute between ward bosses over patronage jobs. He tries to separate political work from his duties as mayor, but nobody has ever been able to see where one ends and the other begins.

Lunch will be sent up and he might be joined by someone like Raymond Simon, the Bridgeport-born son of an old friend. Daley put him in the city legal department when he was fresh out of law school, and in a few years he was placed in charge, one of the highest legal jobs in the country. Now Simon has taken on an even bigger job: he resigned and went into private practice with Daley's oldest son, Richard Michael, not long out of law school. The name Daley and Simon on the office door possesses magic that has the big clients almost waiting in line. Daley's next oldest son, Michael, has gone into practice with a former law partner of the mayor, and has a surprisingly prosperous practice for so young and inexperienced an attorney. Daley filled Simon's place in his cabinet with another bright young lawyer, the mayor's first cousin.

When there is time, Daley is driven to the private Lake Shore Club for lunch, a swim, or a steam bath. Like most

of the better private clubs in the fine buildings along the lake front, the Lake Shore Club accepts Jews and blacks. But you have to sit there all day to be sure of seeing one.

It's a pleasant drive to the club. Going north on Michigan Avenue, he passes the John Hancock Building, second in size only to the Empire State, and twice as high as anything near it. It was built during Daley's fourth term, despite cries of those who said it would bring intolerable traffic congestion to the gracious streets that can't handle it and lead to other oversized buildings that would destroy the unique flavor of the North Michigan Avenue district. It's happening, too, but the Hancock is another tall monument to his leadership.

From Michigan Avenue, he goes onto Lake Shore Drive, with the lake and beaches on the right, which were there when he started, and ahead the great wall of high-rise buildings beginning on the left, which wasn't. Dozens of them, hundreds, stretching mile after mile, all the way to the city limits, and almost all constructed during his administration, providing city living for the upper middle class, and billions in profits for the real estate developers. They are his administration's solution to keeping people in the city.

Behind the high-rises are the crumbling, crowded buildings where the lower-income people live. No answer has been found to their housing problems because the real estate people say there's not enough profit in building homes for them. And beyond them are the middle-income people, who can't make it to the high-rises and can't stay where they are because the schools are inadequate, the poor are pushing toward them, and nothing is being done about their problems, so they move to the suburbs. When their children grow up and they retire, maybe then they can move to a lake front high-rise.

By two o'clock he's back behind his desk and working. One of his visitors will be a city official unique to Chicago city government: the director of patronage. He brings a list of all new city employees for the day. The list isn't limited to the key employees, the professional people. All new employees are there—down to the window washer, the ditch digger, the garbage collector. After each person's name will be an extract of his background, the job, and

most important, his political sponsor. Nobody goes to work for the city, and that includes governmental bodies that are not directly under the mayor, without Daley's knowing about it. He must see every name because the person becomes more than an employee: he joins the political Machine, part of the army numbering in the thousands who will help win elections. They damn well better, or they won't keep their jobs.

He scans the list for anything unusual. A new employee might be related to somebody special, an important businessman, an old political family. That will be noted. He might have been fired by another city office in a scandal. That won't keep him from being put to work somewhere else. Some bad ones have worked for half the governmental offices in the city. There might be a police record, which prompts a call to the political sponsor for an explanation. "He's clean now." "Are you sure?" "Of course, it was just a youthful mistake." "Three times?" "Give him a break, his uncle is my best precinct captain." "Okay, a break, but keep your eye on him." As he has said so often, when the subject of ex-cons on the city payroll comes up, "Are we to deny these men honest employment in a free society . . . are we to deprive them of the right to work . . . to become rehabilitated . . ." He will forgive anything short of Republicanism.

The afternoon work moves with never a minute wasted. The engineers and planners come with their reports on public works projects. Something is always being built, concrete being poured, steel being riveted, contractors being enriched.

"When will it be completed?" he asks.

"Early February."

"It would be a good thing for the people if it could be completed by the end of October."

The engineers say it can be done, but it will mean putting on extra shifts, night work, overtime pay, a much higher cost than was planned.

"It would be a good thing for the people if it could be completed by the end of October."

Of course it would be a good thing for the people. It would also be a good thing for the Democratic candidates who are seeking election in early November to go out and

cut a ribbon for a new expressway or a water filtration plant or, if nothing else is handy, another wing at the O'Hare terminal. What ribbons do their opponents cut?

The engineers and planners understand, and they set about getting it finished by October.

On a good afternoon, there will be no neighborhood organizations to see him, because if they get to Daley, it means they have been up the ladder of government and nobody has been able to solve their problem. And that usually means a conflict between the people and somebody else, such as a politician or a business, whom his aides don't want to ruffle. There are many things his department heads can't do. They can't cross swords with ward bosses or politically heavy businessmen. They can't make important decisions. Some can't even make petty decisions. He runs City Hall like a small family business and keeps everybody on a short rein. They do only that which they know is safe and that which he tells them to do. So many things that should logically be solved several rungs below finally come to him.

Because of this, he has many requests from neighborhood people. And when a group is admitted to his office, most of them nervous and wide-eyed, he knows who they are, their leaders, their strength in the community. They have already been checked out by somebody. He must know everything. He doesn't like to be surprised. Just as he knows the name of every new worker, he must know what is going on in the various city offices. If the head of the office doesn't tell him, he has somebody there who will. In the office of other elected officials, he has trusted persons who will keep him informed. Out in the neighborhoods his precinct captains are reporting to the ward committeemen, and they in turn are reporting to him.

His police department's intelligence-gathering division gets bigger and bigger, its network of infiltrators, informers, and spies creating massive files on dissenters, street gangs, political enemies, newsmen, radicals, liberals, and anybody else who might be working against him. If one of his aides or handpicked officeholders is shacking up with a woman, he will know it. And if that man is married and a Catholic, his political career will wither and die. That is the greatest sin of all. You can make money un-

der the table and move ahead, but you are forbidden to make secretaries under the sheets. He has dumped several party members for violating his personal moral standards. If something is leaked to the press, the bigmouth will be tracked down and punished. Scandals aren't public scandals if you get there before your enemies do.

So when the people come in, he knows what they want and whether it is possible. Not that it means they will get it. That often depends on how they act.

He will come out from behind his desk all smiles and handshakes and charm. Then he returns to his chair and sits very straight, hands folded on his immaculate desk, serious and attentive. To one side will be somebody from the appropriate city department.

Now it's up to the group. If they are respectful, he will express sympathy, ask encouraging questions, and finally tell them that everything possible will be done. And after they leave, he may say, "Take care of it." With that command, the royal seal, anything is possible, anybody's toes can be stepped on.

But if they are pushy, antagonistic, demanding instead of imploring, or bold enough to be critical of him, to tell him how he should do his job, to blame him for their problem, he will rub his hands together, harder and harder. In a long, difficult meeting, his hands will get raw. His voice gets lower, softer, and the corners of his mouth will turn down. At this point, those who know him will back off. They know what's next. But the unfamiliar, the militant, will mistake his lowered voice and nervousness for weakness. Then he'll blow, and it comes in a frantic roar:

"I want *you* to tell *me* what to do. *You* come up with the answers. *You* come up with the program. Are we perfect? Are *you* perfect? We all make mistakes. We all have faults. It's easy to criticize. It's easy to find fault. But *you* tell me what to do. This problem is all over the city. We didn't create these problems. We don't want them. But we are doing what we can. *You* tell me how to solve them. *You* give me a program." All of which leaves the petitioners dumb, since most people don't walk around with urban programs in their pockets. It can also leave them right back where they started.

They leave and the favor seekers come in. Half of the

people he sees want a favor. They plead for promotions, something for their sons, a chance to do some business with the city, to get somebody in City Hall off their backs, a chance to return from political exile, a boon. They won't get an answer right there and then. It will be considered and he'll let them know. Later, sometimes much later, when he has considered the alternatives and the benefits, word will get back to them. Yes or no. Success or failure. Life or death.

Some jobseekers come directly to him. Complete outsiders, meaning those with no family or political connections, will be sent to see their ward committeemen. That is protocol, and that is what he did to the tall young black man who came to see him a few years ago, bearing a letter from the governor of North Carolina, who wrote that the young black man was a rising political prospect in his state. Daley told him to see his ward committeeman, and if he did some precinct work, rang doorbells, hustled up some votes, there might be a government job for him. Maybe something like taking coins in a tollway booth. The Rev. Jesse Jackson, now the city's leading black civil rights leader, still hasn't stopped smarting over that.

Others come asking him to resolve a problem. He is the city's leading labor mediator and has prevented the kind of strikes that have crippled New York. His father was a union man, and he comes from a union neighborhood, and many of the union leaders were his boyhood friends. He knows what they want. And if it is in the city's treasury, they will get it. If it isn't there, he'll promise to find it. He has ended a teachers' strike by promising that the state legislature would find funds for them, which surprised the Republicans in Springfield, as well as put them on the spot. He is an effective mediator with the management side of labor disputes, because they respect his judgment, and because there are few industries that do not need some favors from City Hall.

There are disputes he won't bother with, such as that between two ranking party members, both lawyers, each retained by a rival business interest in a zoning dispute. That was the kind of situation that can drive judges, city agencies, and functionaries berserk. He angrily wiped his hands of the matter, bawled the lawyers out for creating

the mess, and let them take their chances on a fair decision. There are so many clients, peace should exist among friends.

The afternoon is almost gone, but they still keep coming in the front door and those he summons through the side. The phone keeps ringing, bringing reports from his legislators in Springfield, his congressmen in Washington, and prominent businessmen, some of whom may waste a minute of his time for the status of telling dinner guests, "I mentioned that to Dick and he likes the idea . . ."

Finally the scheduled appointments have been cleared, the unscheduled hopefuls told to come back again, and a few late calls made to his closest aides. It's six o'clock, but he is still going, as if reluctant to stop. The workdays have grown longer over the years, the vacations shorter. There is less visible joy in it all, but he works harder now than ever before. Some of his friends say he isn't comfortable anywhere but in the office on five.

The bodyguards check the corridor and he heads downstairs to the limousine. Most of the people in the Hall have left, and the mop crews are going to work, but always on the sidewalk outside will be the old hangers-on, waiting to shout a greeting, to get a nod or a smile in return.

On the way out, Bush hands him a speech. That's for the next stop, a banquet of civic leaders, or a professional group, or an important convention. The hotel grand ballroom is a couple of minutes away and he'll speed-read the speech just once on the way, a habit that contributes to his strange style of public speaking, with the emphasis often on the wrong words, the sentences overlapping, and the words tumbling over each other. Regardless of where he goes, the speech will be heavy in boosterism, full of optimism for the future, pride in the city, a reminder of what he has done. Even in the most important of gatherings, people will seek out his handshake, his recognition. A long time ago, when they opposed him, he put out the hand and moved the few steps to them. Now they come to him. He arrives after dinner, in time to be introduced, speak, and get back to the car.

The afternoon papers are on the back seat and he reads them until the limousine stops in front of a funeral home. Wakes are still part of political courtesy and his culture.

Since he started in politics, he's been to a thousand of them. On the way up, the slightest connection with the deceased or his family was enough reason to attend a wake. Now he goes to fewer, and only to those involving friends, neighbors. His sons fill in for him at others. Most likely, he'll go to a wake on the South Side, because that's where most of his old friends are from. The funeral home might be McInerney's, which has matchbooks that bear a poem beginning, "Bring out the lace curtains and call McInerney, I'm nearing the end of life's pleasant journey." Or John Egan's, one of the biggest, owned by his high school pal and one of the last of the successful undertaker-politicians. The undertaker-politicians and the saloon keeper-politicians have given way to lawyer-politicians, who are no better, and they don't even buy you a drink or offer a prayer.

He knows how to act at a wake, greeting the immediate family, saying the proper things, offering his regrets, somberly and with dignity. His arrival is as big an event as the other fellow's departure. Before leaving, he will kneel at the casket, an honor afforded few of the living, and sign the visitor's book. A flurry of handshakes and he is back in the car.

It's late when the limousine turns toward Bridgeport. His neighbors are already home watching TV or at the Pump Tavern having a beer, talking baseball, race or politics. His wife Eleanor, "Sis" as he calls her, knows his schedule and will be making supper. Something boiled, meat and potatoes, home-baked bread. She makes six loaves a week. His mother always made bread. And maybe ice cream for dessert. He likes ice cream. There's an old ice cream parlor in the neighborhood, and sometimes he goes there for a sundae, as he did when he was a boy.

The limousine passes Comiskey Park, where his beloved Sox play ball. He goes to Wrigley Field, too, but only to be seen. The Sox are his team. He can walk to the ball park from the house. At least he used to be able to walk there. Today it's not the same. A person can't walk anywhere. Maybe someday he'll build a big superstadium for all the teams, better than any other city's. Maybe on the Lake Front. Let the conservationists moan. It will be good for business, drawing conventioners from hotels, and

near an expressway so people in the suburbs can drive in. With lots of parking space for them, and bright lights so they can walk. Some day, if there's time, he might just build it.

Across Halsted Street, then a turn down Lowe Avenue, into the glow of the brightest street lights of any city in the country. The streets were so dark before, a person couldn't see who was there. Now all the streets have lights so bright that some people have to lower their shades at night. He turned on all those lights, he built them. Now he can see a block ahead from his car, to where the policeman is guarding the front of his home.

He tells the driver that tomorrow will require an even earlier start. He must catch a flight to Washington to tell a committee that the cities need more money. There are so many things that must be built, so many more people to be hired. But he'll be back the same day, in the afternoon, with enough time to maybe stop at the Hall. There's always something to do there. Things have to be done. If he doesn't do them, who will?