

swing for the kids to play on, but I think calling it a park is a bit ostentatious.

There were about 1,000 people on the lot when I got there. In an adjoining parking lot there were about 200 policemen on foot with riot helmets, about a dozen paddy wagons and 20 squad cars.

On the other corner a policeman from the Evidence Section of the Chicago Police Department was taking pictures of all the demonstrators with a closed circuit videotaping television camera. I think I got about as many pictures of him as he did of me.

"Are you with the Canadian press?" someone asked. "I saw your Air Canada bag."

"Ya."
"I was just up in Montreal. Really dug the French liberation. We're getting no coverage of it down here, though. What's happening now?"

I told him what I knew about the demonstrations last week in Montreal. I'd read the coverage of Friday night's demonstrations in The Globe and Mail on the way down. The Chicago Tribune was the only Chicago paper to have anything on the Montreal action. They had a three-inch story on front page. I told him we had been having the same trouble trying to find out what was happening in Chicago from the Toronto papers. It had been a real shock for me to see those headlines at O'Hare Airport and to have seen no coverage of the actions in the Toronto press.

About 12:15 the Young Lords arrived. The Young Lords are a Puerto Rican organization who argue that the United States should "free" Puerto Rico from its present colonial status.

About 20 of them turned up, all wearing mauve berets, carrying placards and Puerto Rican flags.

The YLO had brought a portable loudspeaker system with them which helped them gain control of the march.

People started to get ready to start. The cops marched in double file along the sidewalk, stopped opposite the park, and got ready to "escort" us along the parade route.

RYM-2 had obtained a permit to walk along the sidewalks on the parade route. "But if there's not room on the sidewalks the people will have to walk on the streets," shouted YLO chairman Cha Cha Jimenez. "The streets belong to the people. The pigs won't arrest us for that — I hope."

The demonstrators started off, marching 10-abreast



Excalibur — John King

The marchers meandered on, down Armitage Avenue, through the Latin area, toward Humboldt Park.

down Armitage Avenue, flanked by the double file of Chicago police, led by about 20 more and followed by the convoy of paddy wagons and squad cars.

Almost immediately a cop in the squad car leading the parade started telling the marchers they could be arrested.

"Attention please. Obstructing traffic or marching on the streets without a permit is a violation of the law. Each of you is ordered to clear the streets. Failure to comply will subject you to arrest."

Every two or three minutes along the parade route his bullhorn would shout the warning again, in English and Spanish. Nobody moved.

A police helicopter hovered overhead. Some of the marchers thought it might be used to tear gas us.

But they didn't seem to be worrying about any threats from the police as they chanted, "Free Puerto Rico", "Power to the people", "Hell no, we won't go" and "What do we want — REVOLUTION!"

Some of the foot policemen sang along with the marchers.

Chicago is a dirty city, and there was garbage — lots of garbage — all along the sidewalks on the parade route.

The marchers meandered on, down Armitage Avenue, through the Latin area toward Humboldt Park.

At one point an ambulance came screaming through an intersection just before the marchers got there. If it had been a minute later there could have been a nasty confrontation. I don't think the marchers would have stopped to let it through.

I ran up in front of the parade for a moment to take a picture. A Puerto Rican boy, who couldn't have been more than five walked out of his house, saw the marchers coming, turned to his friend and said "Hippies!" I wondered what his parents had told him about hippies.

Eventually we got to Humboldt Park. The marchers streamed in, and the cops moved in around us, with their paddy wagons ready. I put a new roll of film in my camera, ready to take pictures if they tried to bust us.

They didn't. The leaders of RYM and the YLO shouted some slogans and rhetoric at the crowd for about an hour, and everybody broke up.

I left. The "Weatherman" RYM-1 faction of SDS had held another march through the downtown Loop area. Chicago Today, one of Chicago's four conservative dailies, said they had gone wild, smashing windows in the district. The Illinois National Guard activated 300 troops with rifles

and tear gas to deal with them. Seventy-seven were arrested.

I had decided to stay in Chicago overnight. Now I didn't want to — I just wanted to get away from the city's sickening smell, its filthy looks, its inflated prices and its politically-polarized people.

I jumped on an airport bus and took the first flight home. Sitting on the plane I remembered the girl I had walked with in the march. "Canada's a groovy place," she had said. "Chicago's no place to live."

Chicago's no place to live, for sure. How long Canada will be a groovy place I don't know.



Excalibur — John King

There was garbage all along the sidewalks.



Excalibur — John King

A policeman was taking pictures of all the marchers.

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