

# Look at what people are saying about the candidates for 49th Ward Democratic Committeeman . . .

Sunday Sun-Times, December 30, 1979

## Chicago's 80 to watch in '80

Abe Peck

**Michael Brady**—The former state rep is a current top dog in the Byrne administration. But will the faulty transportation package and sales tax on food and medicine cost him in his 49th Ward committeeman race against independent **Mike Kreloff**? And if he loses, will he last at City Hall?

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## Chicago®

by Paul McGrath

The committeemen's races will be the Mayor's first foray into elective politics on someone else's behalf. Byrne at first indicated that she would be active in two races—the 49th Ward, where Michael Brady of her staff will face independent Michael Kreloff, and the West Side 29th Ward, where Iola McGowan, Byrne's appointee to the Park District, was to face incumbent Willie Flowers and Alderman Danny Davis. Then Byrne forced McGowan to withdraw.

Her first time out, it's important that

Byrne's forces win any races she gets involved in. But McGowan had lost once before, when she was backed by Byrne when Byrne was consumer sales commissioner. And in the 29th, the three-way race would have narrowed her chances of victory. In the 49th Ward, Kreloff came within a few hundred votes of beating Esther Saperstein for alderman four years ago. He is strong in the ward, although Brady also is liked, especially by members of the ward organization. But Brady was the chief architect of Byrne's successful Springfield campaign to prevent repeal of the sales tax on food and medicine. The 49th Ward, with its heavy concentration of elderly people, may be the worst ward in the city in which to run with such a thing hanging over your head.

## Editor's Mail

LERNER NEWSPAPER,

# Attacks Brady tactics in 49th ward race

I am writing to clarify your article of Dec. 23 in the Lerner papers regarding my decision not to run for Democratic committeeman of the 49th ward. In the article you stated "my disappointment in Michael Brady and my family obligations" as my reasons for not running.

In my original statement, I stated that "Neil's business travel would make serving as ward committeeman difficult for our family, but the final deciding factor has been the atmosphere of fear and retaliation to which

Michael Brady and his followers have subjected the workers and precinct captains of the 49th ward."

These workers and precinct captains who offered me support were subjected to the threat of being fired or transferred. Brady, in his total arrogance, has stooped to tactics unknown before in our community. I, in all honesty, could not be an instrument by which innocent families that I have known for many years could be hurt.

Brady's tactics are the type of political campaigning that neither Neil nor

I have ever, or ever will, be a part of. We have attempted to be involved in our community to help our neighbors, not to hurt them. Therefore, I could not, in all good conscience, run and jeopardize the livelihood of so many.

As in my original statement, I make no endorsement in this race.

Marge Hartigan

Don't just hope for better leadership.

Vote for it March 18.

## ELECT MIKE KRELOFF

### 49th Ward Democratic Committeeman

Kreloff for 49, 1925 W. Howard, 60626. 743-4800

Dona Vitale, Chairman

# City Hall on the skids

What we need in City Hall is a big, strong carpenter who should start nailing everything down before it disappears.

Mayor Bossy has managed to surround herself with as amazing a collection of political connivers, wheeler-dealers, misfits, incompetents and deadbeats as I've ever seen.

Until Friday, she had only one person in her top cabinet who belonged there: Don Haider, her budget director.

During 25 years of watching City Hall wildlife, Haider was the brightest, most open, level-headed person I've seen in city government.

He was one of the few who was both honest and smart, a rare combination. In City Hall, the smart ones are usually crooks, and the honest ones are too dumb to steal.

ON FRIDAY, HAIDER abruptly left, although the mayor tossed mud on him and tried to make it appear he was fired.

He left because trying to deal rationally with Mayor Bossy's menagerie was apparently impossible. He'll probably go prosper in the world of business, which has been panting after his first-rate mind and executive skills.

And now, what do we have left?

Well, there is an angle-working political opportunist named Michael Brady, who seems to be the equivalent of deputy mayor.

A few years ago, Brady didn't have the price of a shoeshine. He was, by many accounts, an obscure chronic failure who tried to make it in real estate, but could barely scrape up rent for himself and his large family.

But he wheedled his way into the good graces of his boyhood friend, Neil Hartigan, the 49th Ward committeeman and former lieutenant governor.

Out of kindness, Hartigan brought Brady into politics, equipped him with a phony background as a local civic leader, and—presto—Brady was in the state Legislature.

THERE HE STUCK a political knife into the ribs of his old pal Hartigan. But he was smart enough to wheedle himself into the good graces of a Tribune reporter named Bill Griffin.

Griffin had already wheedled himself into Jane Byrne's good graces. So when Byrne lucked into being elected mayor, Griffin joined her administration and he persuaded her to hire Brady.

So in a few short years, Brady has jumped from obscurity and poverty to being one of the powers in City Hall, while Griffin had switched from being a Tribune reporter of no great distinction to being another City Hall power.

But they're not the worst of the Byrne crowd.

For that title, it's a tossup between Charles (Flop House Charlie) Swibel, a rich, influential, self-made sleaze, and Johnny (Olive Pits) D'Arco, the mob representative in City Hall.

Swibel is a former Skid Row flophouse operator who kept his sharp nose to the grindstone and to the seat of Mayor Daley's trousers, and connived his way into big-time real estate (Marina City), government (chairman of the Chicago Housing Authority, our city-owned slums) and politics.

A FEW YEARS AGO, he came close to pulling off one of the smelliest big-money real estate hustles in Chicago history.

That was when City Hall decided to let urban renewal move in on the Near West Side.

The city bought a vast tract of deteriorating property, cleared it and looked for someone to redevelop it.

Some out-of-town money men had the inside track, and with amazing speed they had the land.

How did they get the inside track? By cutting Flop House Charlie in for 15 per cent of the project without his having to put up 1 cent or incur any liability. They also promised him \$1 million for his expertise.



Mike Royko

When I asked Swibel why anyone would give him 15 per cent of a project that could have been worth more than \$300 million if completed, he admitted: "They wanted somebody who knows the lay of the land."

If he was talking about the lay of the land inside City Hall, his credentials were impeccable.

The renewal project never got off the ground. But someday it might. And if it does, you'll probably see Flop House Charlie in the middle of it, getting his cut.

THEN THERE IS D'ARCO, former alderman, present committeeman of the legendary 1st Ward, political lackey for people like Tony Accardo and the late Sam Giancana, and a clod who noisily spits his olive pits on the table in respectable restaurants.

In his younger days, Olive Pits was just an ordinary West Side street mug. He was once arrested for trying to rob a little old Polish lady in her grocery. She firmly identified him, but D'Arco somehow beat the rap.

The syndicate decided that a guy who would screw up a routine grocery robbery did not have a future in the physical end of crime.

So they steered him into a political career, partly because he bears a striking facial resemblance to the late Al Capone. The syndicate thought that if Olive Pits could become mayor someday, it would be a great tribute to the founder of the organization.

D'Arco never made it as far as mayor, but for many years he was an alderman. He dropped out of that job when Giancana had an organizational shake-up and told D'Arco to stop being alderman or stop living.

BUT D'ARCO STILL runs the 1st Ward and remains the mob's man in City Hall. Now City Hall observers say he has never before had as much influence with the mayor's office as he has today. That thought should be enough to drive up suburban real estate values.

When Mayor Byrne first took office almost a year ago, some of her early appointments were peculiar, to say the least. But I thought they might be the result of having to reward her campaign workers, rather than bad judgment.

For a while, her top aide was a loudmouth ex-journalist who spent his evenings in bars, promising favors, bragging that he could control any judge in town and threatening to yank the license of any saloon that closed before he finished drinking or passed out.

Fortunately for the city, he staggered out of her administration.

ANOTHER EARLY top aide was a pleasant-mannered, but strange political operative, who kept getting beat up in taverns. He has since been hidden in a minor job, where he can get himself punched out as often as he wants.

But instead of improving after her floundering start, Byrne has managed to surround herself with the kind of people who shouldn't be admitted to any government building unless they are wearing handcuffs.

A book was once written about President Kennedy's crowd with the exaggerated title "The Best and the Brightest."

Nobody would exaggerate if they wrote a book about Mayor Byrne's crowd and called it "The Sleaziest and the Slyest."

Look at what Royko says...

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