

Where The President Goes, So Goes Security

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ber of policemen. It seemed as if there were almost as many of Detroit's men in blue as there were spectators.

And who knew how many plain clothes officers were in the crowd.

Cadillac, on the streets outside and in and around Cobo Hall.

He spotted policemen on at least three floors of the Downtown Garage (South) across from Cobo, some peering through open windows

and

he saw a man leaning against a wall on an outside ramp watching boats passing through the Detroit River.

On the floor in front of him stood a long black case, the kind

hind while the other two flanked him.

One officer spoke and the man opened the case. The policemen looked into it and felt around the sides and bottom of it. They

ing and at the Hotel Ponchartrain (under construction) read "Welcome Mr. President."

THE MAN from the small town walked in 90-degree heat over to

ocrats' \$100-a-plate political fund-raising banquet.

CONSPICUOUS BY their absence were Birmingham-Bloom-

son, a smile on his face, his Lady Bird at his side.

They received a standing, cheering ovation.

A man from the small town went into the Big City on Friday to see the President of the United States.