

93. 1976

THE NATION

THE CAMPAIGN

The First Whiffs of Grapeshot

Following his doctor's orders, Jerry Ford took it easy last week. At his hideaway in the Rocky Mountain resort of Vail, Colo., the President golfed, swam and partied with friends. As the days slipped by, Ford looked tanned, rested and confident—and with some reason. Already buoyed by his hard-fought triumph over Ronald Reagan, the President got some good news from the first polls taken after the Republican Convention in Kansas City. Gallup showed Ford trailing Jimmy Carter by only 39% to 49%; in July, after the Democratic revival meeting in Manhattan, Gallup had Ford behind by a dismal 29% to 62%.

Opinion Research Corp. put Carter nine points up. TIME's own poll gave Carter only a six-point edge.



PRESIDENT FORD GREETING ROCKEFELLER (LEFT), DOLE & CONNALLY IN VAIL. The gap in the polls would be "no hill for a stepper."

Suddenly, what had not long ago seemed to be a Carter runaway was beginning to shape up as a close race indeed. Victory will probably go to the candidate who appeals most successfully to the aspirations and fears of the vast American middle class, a group that is well off by any standard and hopes to go on bettering its lot.

New Life-Style. Sociologists and demographers can debate forever just where the boundaries of this huge middle class fall. Some experts feel that fully 75% of all Americans are now middle- or upper-class. With its growing affluence, the American middle class practices a life-style that not so long ago was the preserve of the wealthy: skiing, boat-

ing, vacations abroad, tennis—and even divorce. It is a hard fact of political life in the U.S. that the poor and disadvantaged fail to show their strength at the polls. Political Analyst Richard Scammon, co-author (with Ben Wattenberg) of *The Real Majority*, estimates that as many as 80% of the 80 million to 90 million Americans who will vote in this election could be middle- or upper-class. What is more, a Gallup poll released last May showed that 47% of those surveyed consider themselves to be right of center, whatever their party label.

The existence of such a large, well-heeled and relatively conservative-minded body of Americans presents Ford with an opportunity to overcome

Carter started at a reception given by Actor Warren Beatty at the swank Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Waiting to play Gucci-footsie with the Georgia peanut farmer were the likes of Diana Ross, Louise Lasser, Peter Falk, Carroll O'Connor and Faye Dunaway. Responding to Beatty's flip comment that the guests were "pinks, lefties, Commies," Carter quipped, "It is a real thrill to meet the famous people here tonight. I hope I don't get to know too much about you." When Actor Tony Randall noted, "You've never met with people of this level," the Georgian retorted, "That's how I won the nomination."

Regular Cars. Then Carter spoke movingly of the problems of the poor. "Public servants like me and Jerry Brown have a special responsibility to bypass the big shots, including you and people like you, and like I was, and make a concerted effort to understand people who are poor, black, speak a foreign language, who are not well educated, who are inarticulate, who are timid, who have some monumental problem, and at the same time run the Government in a competent way—so that those services that are so badly needed can be delivered."

In a prepared address the next day, Carter left out a line criticizing political leaders who "ride in limousines too long." Why? Because, Carter explained, "I was kind of embarrassed" about the huge limo that the Secret Service had ordered to convey him to the Wasserman bash. The candidate thereupon directed that he be transported henceforth in regular cars, if security permits.



FORD DISCUSSING PROPOSED DEBATES

4 Section 2 Chicago Tribune, Tuesday, September 7, 1976

Andrew Greeley New Politics: A plains sweep

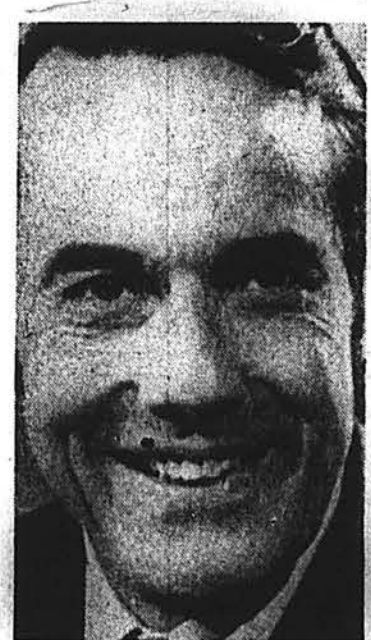


"WELL, EVERYONE in their right mind," said my friend Seamus McGinty, the precinct captain, "knew it would be Robert Dole. I don't know what all the fuss is about."

"You knew?" I asked.
"Of course I knew," replied McGinty, lovingly caressing his vodka gimlet. "The trouble with you university fellows is that you don't understand the new politics. You're not flexible enough."

"Robert Dole is the new politics?"

"SURE HE IS," observed my friend, as he arranged his chair on the country



Dole: Headed off the fringe.

club veranda so that he could see the 18th green and still not miss the young women at the side of the pool. "Both the President and Gov. Carter knew all about the new politics. They understand that this election is going to be won on the plains of Kansas and the fields of Minnesota."

"You sound like William Jennings Bryan," I said.

McGinty crossed himself devoutly. "The trouble with you is that you still think that states like New York, California, Texas, Ohio, and Illinois are important. Sure, our new political types know

better. It's not big states that win elections. It's the little ones. Kansas, for instance, it'll be Kansas that will put Jerry Ford back in the White House."

"I can't believe it."
"Well, what you believe, me bucko, doesn't matter. You saw what the Dow-Jones did the day Dole was nominated? It went over a thousand again. Investors are shrewd people. They know that with a man from Kansas sleeping in that big vice presidential bed, all is going to be well with the country."

"But what about the great moderate majority of voters?"

"Now you're sounding like those money-lenders Scammon and Wattenberg or Nie and Verba. The middle doesn't count any more. A presidential candi-

date doesn't worry about the middle. He worries about his own extreme fringe. Dole nailed down the Reaganites and Mondale nails down the McGovernites. The object is not to win the election, don't you see? The object is to prevent those who have nowhere else to go from going there."

"But what about third parties?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, if I were Jerry Ford I'd worry about the national appeal of Jesse Helms, too."

"Aren't both candidates writing off the big city people and the urban states and the Northeast and Midwest?"

"Who worries about them in the new politics? The name of the game now is the Sun Belt and the Farm Belt. You have to have nice clean fundamentalist small-town American Protestants."

"YOU WANT TO turn the country over to those dangerous masses in the big cities—those wretched refugee folk? Ah, and day for the country it would be if it should be governed by people whose names end in vowels—Eytallians and Potes and Jews and the like."

"Ah, well, it's all over and done with for us anyhow. They'll not see our like again," lamented Seamus, picking up his Wall Street Journal as a sign that the conversation was over.

"But what about the country's intelligentsia?"

"Glory be to God, man, the next thing you'll be telling me is that you want a secretary of state from Harvard. That's one innovation the country doesn't need."

Universal Press Syndicate

Chicago Tribune, Wednesday, September 15, 1976

On VP trail: Ax 'em, but keep 'em laughing

By Harry Kelly

Chicago Tribune Press Service

WASHINGTON—"They've called me a hatchet man," said Sen. Robert Dole almost plaintively, sounding like a misunderstood hit man. "But Sen. Mondale's out there cutting us up every day, and no one says anything about it."

With the zest often characteristic of vice presidential candidates, the running mates of Jimmy Carter and President Ford are usually found at the point of their parties' charge, like rookies on a pro football suicide squad. The campaign golden boys, the glamorous quarter-backs, the vice presidential nominees are the linemen, grunting and bawling in the "pit."

A finger in the eye is SOP, 60 seconds on the evening news a daily goal, and praise from "No. 1" their gold star.

BECAUSE OF their combativeness and instinct for the jugular, Spiro Agnew and Sen. Hubert Humphrey (D., Minn.) ranked high in the Top Ten of vice presidential campaigners.

Henry Cabot Lodge, on the other hand, became a living example of a no-no because of his aristocratic long afternoon naps in 1960.

Neither Walter Mondale (D., Minn.) nor Dole (R., Kan.) has turned out to be a Humphrey or Agnew on the stump, although both may yet. But there is plenty of doubt either wants to be.

Once upon a time, vice presidential candidates could travel the subway route. They were all but ignored. Now the heightened interest in the vice presidency makes it perilous for the candidate to take the low road, at least too low a road.

Still, Dole and Mondale are campaigning like two politicians who see the White House in their own futures—if only they can keep their



Dole Mondale running mates from blowing it.

WHILE EACH has employed the headman's ax, Dole, in particular, has used a finely honed stiletto that minimizes the amount of blood on the floor and keeps the witnesses laughing. Together Dole and Mondale have provided the campaign's only humor.

There is a bear joke in the Dole campaign. It is symbolic of vice presidential campaigns in that it has more humor than moral. It has become a running gag between Dole and reporters. It is the story about a bear who goes into a bar, orders a beer, and lays down a \$3 bill.

The bewildered bartender hurries to ask the owner what to do. The owner replies, "Just give him back a nickel; he'll never know the difference."

The bartender gives the bear a beer and a nickel in change. "You know," he says, "we don't get many bears in here."

"IT'S NO wonder," the bear replies, "because a bottle."

Dole first told the story in Macon, Ga., to "illustrate a point" and then forgot to make the point. "I still haven't figured out the moral of that story," Dole says with a grin. But he keeps telling it.

Dole was reported to have been shocked by news reports describing him as a hatchet man when Ford selected him as his running mate. He apparently didn't see himself that way.

When he went into Georgia he made a point of telephoning Carter to promise a clean campaign, and at the outset he seemed like a boxer afraid to throw his right for fear it would be judged a low blow.

He has been able to take some of the spin off his tough talk with humor. He uses one-liners to punctuate his speeches so the whole performance often comes off with almost as many laughs, and almost as slick, as a Bob Hope monolog.

FOR EXAMPLE, after charging that Democratic nominee Carter is owned root and branch by AFL-CIO president, George Meany, Dole adds:

"The only union that ever supported me was the Women's Christian Temperance Union (pause) . . . and they're reviewing their files."

MANY OBSERVERS expect that late some night when Dole is tired his wit will slip out of control, like a wasp escaping a bottle, and will land him simultaneously on page one and in the doghouse.

By comparison, Mondale is no laughing matter.

While the Minnesota is no sobersides, he lacks Dole's punchy delivery and is obviously more comfortable with straight talk on issues than with comedy.

Still, he is a traveling "Laugh-in," compared with Ford and Carter.

Mondale, whose name is often pronounced by

local politicians as though he were the second stop on a commuter line—can even chortle over the grave of his own 1976 political ambitions.

IN HARRISBURG, Pa., Mondale was accompanied by Gov. Milton Shapp, whose own presidential campaign support was measured by fractions.

"I ran for President myself a while back," Mondale told a crowd. "What you didn't know is that when I withdrew, I threw all my support to Mitt (Shapp)."

Mondale seems happiest when jabbing at the opposition with a large blunt needle.

"The other day," he said, "a leaf floated into the Oval Office and the President vetoed it before they could get it away from him."

In San Francisco, Mondale was asked at a news conference, "Crime has been a major concern throughout the country—do you have any plans?"

"NO," HE REPLIED, leaping at it with delight. "I plan to depart from the recent tradition."

A Mondale favorite pokes fun at Republican revisionist praise of Harry Truman, the Democrats Fair Deal President and is also a vehicle for contrasting Democratic and Republican social philosophy.

When Democrats extolled their great Presidents at their convention, recalled Mondale, they included Jefferson, Jackson, FDR, Truman, John Kennedy, and so on.

But he said you came away from the Republican convention with the impression "the two great Republican Presidents in history were Abraham Lincoln and (pause) . . . Harry Truman."

"If you look carefully at Harry's grave," he adds after the laughter, "you'll see it is shaking."

TIME, SEPTEMBER 6, 1976

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