

THE CONTINUING CRISIS



• August, and the National Buffalo Association Organic Frisbee Competition holds another cow chip heave, worm races are held in Wichita, Kansas and Huron, South Dakota; yet no one from the Carter Administration is present. True, at the Huron races it would seem that a White House yokel *had* to be in attendance; the judge stepped on the champ worm. But no, the Wonderboy and his associates were out of sight, laying their traps for Teddy, and preparing for the Democratic Convention in New York City. It was a big job. Some of the yokels are prone to dizzy spells on big-city elevators. Some get nosebleeds and carry airsickness bags. Others rebel at wearing shoes all day and sleeping in beds. Jimmy attended to their every problem.

• The proceedings were held in Madison Square Garden, and your obedient servant was there to see whether the Democrats could maintain their usual shrill pitch. As a longtime student of the French Revolution, I eagerly attend these debauches—though always after taking proper security measures. This year two beefy members of the League of Women Voters, one on either side, provided an extra measure of security, and never was it more urgently needed. The Party was more vehement and melodramatic than ever; and if its clamorous throngs realized that the injustices agitating them had mostly been perpetrated under a Democratic administration with a Democratic Congress they surely betrayed no evidence of it as they spluttered on about eastern bankers, the Fortune 500, the CIA, heterosexuals in high places, and worse. Thousands of New York *carabinieri* glared down at them as their feminists, their pederasts, their Fat People for Zen, and a host of other goofballs bravely held forth in a display of democratic zeal not seen since the sacking of Versailles. If no banks were burned it is only because more than 450 of the assembled were members of the National Education Association, most of whom are illiterate.

• The resultant platform was noisy even by Democratic standards. Some of the noises were pure idiocy, a dozen alley cats howling through the lunatic night. Other noises were more violent. There were threats that the Democratic National Committee would "withhold financial support and technical campaign assistance from the candidates who do not support the ERA." There were demands that the U.S. Treasury fork over \$12 billion to fund ever more legions of loafers. There were shouts that if taxpayers desisted from paying off the various Democratic interest groups now affixed to federal teats these groups would forever sunder their allegiance to the Republic.

• The platform amounted to a cacophony of complaints, threats, denunciations, lavish promises, extortionate demands, arrant lies, and claptrap. When the thing was not nagging, shouting, weeping, or whining, it was solemnly enunciating such fragrant tosh as: "Conservation is the cheapest form of energy production." Tell me the ignoramuses of the National Education Association did not have their hooves in that idiot yawp!

• The American Humane Association has awarded one of its coveted William O. Stillman Awards to Mr. Robert Mangram, who drowned while trying to save a German shepherd, and on a less celebratory note 1500 mice perished in a University of Southern California lab when some dolt allowed the temperature in their cages to reach 100 degrees. Conservationists in Peking have been surprisingly slow to respond to a government edict ordering a million Peking residents to turn out with brooms, spray guns, fly swatters, and even spades to participate in the public slaughtering of that city's helpless flies and mosquitoes. And chaos has come to the fishing fleet off Cape Cod. There lecherous whales—whether driven by some weird psychosexual disorder or a sincere desire for friendship, we know not—are running down the voluptuously hulled fishing boats and attempting conjugal embrace, right in the presence of embarrassed crew members, many of whom are very conservative and macho.

• In Beverly Hills an armed thief got away with \$900 and may have caused lasting psychological damage when he broke in on Dr. Milton Wexler's group therapy session, demanded money, and refused treatment. In Herndon, Virginia, a ten-mile race claimed the lives of two joggers thereby setting a record for the gruesome sport. In Rome, a neo-fascist was arrested for surreptitiously filling a neighbor's birdbath with acid and rendering several prize doves beakless. Lady Bird Johnson revealed to *McCall's* magazine that her husband Lyndon never really wanted to be president, because he was "appalled" by the toll that high office had taken of his predecessors. In Racine, Wisconsin, Mrs. Judith A. Johnson of the National Coalition for Jail Reform divulged the shocking news that as many as one million red-blooded Americans are yearly slapped into the calaboose. And an ill-informed wrecking crew razed one of Chicago's most historic homes, Rinker House.

• On August 15 the Labor Department reported that the Producer Price Index rose 1.7 percent in July, the largest increase in nearly six years. On the evening of August 11 Jimmy Carter prevailed in his showdown with Kennedy, and his renomination was assured. On the next day

the stock market duly plummeted 11.69 points. Alaska's Senator Mike Gravel lost his heroic bid for renomination, thus denying the Senate the presence of one of the few men capable of making his colleagues seem senatorial. Also from Alaska comes word that that state's Council on Science and Technology has given a \$400 grant to Mr. Bill Hall for his ingenious proposal to develop a dog-powered washing machine, utilizing a wheel and pulley system, two 55-gallon drums, and modified toilet plungers.

• In Detroit, Michigan, the American Civil Liberties Union is providing legal aid to an unmarried woman who has been denied access to Wayne State University's artificial insemination facilities. In cultural news Norman Lear has donated \$500,000 to the Edith Bunker Memorial Fund. On other fronts, two men in Bujumbura, Burundi, were hanged for cannibalism. And a special session of the United Nations General Assembly convened in New York to hammer out ever more ways for the poor nations of the south to shake down the prosperous nations of the north.

• On August 25 the Hon. John B. Anderson named the Hon. Patrick Lucey, the former governor of Wisconsin, as his runningmate, and six days later offered a four-year plan for national recovery requiring "a patriotism greater than party," a patriotism that Mr. Anderson exemplifies in his own epic life. On August 28, full of gimcrack moralizing, the scamp in the White House offered his third economic plan in eight months, a world record for this event. Showered by spitballs and exclamations of moral outrage from out great President, the Reagan campaign slogged on, attempting to discuss the economy and defense. In San Francisco, California, Mr. Maurice H. Klebolt, president of the city's Citizens Advisory Panel on Transportation, bespoke the wisdom of the age when he urged the city Mothers and Fathers to change the name of Fisherman's Wharf to "Fisherpersion's Wharf." Here is a Carter issue.

• In Pekin, Illinois, Pekin High School athletic teams will now be called the "Dragons," rather than the "Chinks." And in Las Vegas Mr. Bill Marino won this year's Mr. Nude International-U.S.A. pageant. Bill won the award based on a tremendous score attained in the Mr. Personality contest. According to the pageant's organizer, Mr. Bill Flesher, contestants were judged on the basis of "conversational ability," "aura of high moral sense," and "taste in clothing." How unfortunate that Mr. Marino did not bring his talents to the striking shipbuilders of Gdańsk, Poland. Imagine the salutary and peaceful influence Bill would have had there!

—RET

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EDITORIAL



JIMMY IN A MUDSLIDE

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Midway through Jimmy Carter's 1966 race for the Georgia governorship, the polls were consulted by a Mr. Gerald Rafshoon, and it was learned that the most refulgent grin ever to come out of Southwest Georgia had, at that point, hoodwinked a mere 4.2 percent of the electorate. Mr. Carter was but fifth in a field of seven! To his rear could be seen only a Mr. Garland Byrd and a Mr. Hoke O'Kelley, a perennial candidate of somewhat derisive reputation. Moreover, Jimmy had spent three shafts from his magical quiver and to no effect.

Already he had laid bare his heart in sanctimonious melodrama that ten years later would make him leader of the free world and an inspiration to YMCA directors everywhere. "If I ever let you down in my action," he declared to 15 teen-age supporters on July 14, 1966, "I want you to let me know about it and I'll correct it. I promise never to betray your confidence in me." The address is now 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Already he had attempted to chloroform liberals, conservatives, and moderates, presenting himself as ideologically ubiquitous. Was he to the right or to the left? Was he a segregationist or an integrationist? "I believe I'm a more complicated person than that," he sniffed.

Already there had been a mysterious outbreak of those amazing campaign phenomena, known to us nowadays as "dirty tricks." An increate committee of unknown patriots materialized to denounce the liberal, Mr. Ellis Arnall, and to thump for Carter. The committee was named "Concerned Friends of Sen. Richard B. Russell and Sen. Herman Talmadge," those being the state's most illustrious pols from the old order.

Adapted from RET's Monday column in the Washington Post.

Yet despite all these brilliant devices, Jimmy Carter had thus far won the hearts of a mere 4.2 percent of Georgia's voters, a percentage strikingly similar to the state's percentage of problem drinkers. What else could

a man of Carter's high moral character do? What strategies were left him? Bribery, intimidation, and ballot-fraud would get him into hot water with churchgoers. Homicide was plainly *malum prohibitum* even

at election time. All that remained was vilification, innuendo, dissimulation, and hyperbole in every direction—in other words, a traditional good government campaign.

Arnall, the aforementioned liberal, was then in the lead. Candidate Carter immediately commenced to describe him as one who had practiced "gross favoritism." Jimmy flayed him for being divisive and extreme, a sort of Deep South Bolshevik. Then Jimmy laid into him for being hopelessly obsolete, a sort of Deep South Coolidge. Soon Jimmy released the hottest stuff of all: Arnall was "corrupt and immoral."

By late August, our future president was shouting that "the people are embarrassed and nauseated over the frivolity and clownishness" of his opponents. In one day, and before the sun set, he berated five of his opponents.

Our story, of course, has a happy ending. Jimmy lost. Lester Maddox, a repulsive racist, won, and I cannot stifle the thought that had Jimmy not bashed and battered the liberal frontrunner, Ellis Arnall, Georgia and America might have been spared the poisoned antics of Maddox.

At any rate, Jimmy now had four years to perfect his style. From the moment he began his personal attacks in 1966, he moved up steadily through the pack. The lesson was not lost on him; his 1970 campaign would be even dirtier. Betty Glad has chronicled Carter's entire public life in *Jimmy Carter: In Search of the Great White House*. Unfortunately for our President, Norton published it just last month.

What lurid and ghastly themes of personal abuse will our great President delight us with in Campaign '80? Certainly he will charge that this guy Reagan is less than a

