

Jack Flynt

October 28-November 1, 1976

Thursday - October 28

6:30 Rotary Club - Bremen,
Haralson County

Friday - October 29

10:00 Jackson Brothers Store, coffee

12:00 Flat Creek Country Club,
Peachtree City

7:30 Democratic Rally, Fayetteville

Saturday - October 30

10:00 Union City campaigning

12:00 Fairburn campaigning

2:30 Airport Control Tower - open house

6:30 WSN TV debate

Sunday - October 31

11:00 Church - Griffin

2:30 Reception - Spaulding County Democratic Party

Monday - November 1

12:00 Clayton Junior College

3:00 Southlake Shopping Mall

Woody Jones, Tom Cardin, Scott Yoho, Jay Jaffee, Dolores Shanks

Patty picked me up at the airport and we drove to Haralson County where Jack spoke to the Rotary Club in Bremen. (Breeman). We saw Jack's South Fulton office and campaign headquarters and stopped to visit at Frank Pope's (who grows chrysanthemums for prizes) in Villa Rica and then on to the Inn. Jack arrived later and after the talk the three of us

drove back to Griffin, had a night cap. Mary Lou came by and took me to the Holiday Inn.

Jack said "I'm in good shape. If I'm not, I'm missing all the signs."

On the phone with Marilyn Lloyd, he said "I'm in good shape. I'm running against an absolute idiot." *The trouble is, he's an educated idiot*

Later "I told them to run the full page ad. I'm gonna win. After I win I won't have any trouble raising the money."

*media
subs.
part of
campaign*

He seems to have a campaign going. His billboards are out. Mary Lou says they ordered brochures in batches of 75,000, 20,000 and 60,000 and have almost gone through all of them--since the primary. And that only 10,000 were mailed out. They are doing one TV spot - not much. And he's going hot and heavy with the local establishment types. They had a party with 275 last night--"all the best people in Clayton County" said Patty.

Jack was pretty quiet so I didn't ask any questions at all.

*Not by
a pin*

He did ask me what I thought of Ford and I told him and then he said "He's an ungrateful son of a bitch. He could have stopped this guy from running against me, or at least stopped the Republicans from sending in 50,000 to beat me. I've supported more of his vetoes than most Republicans. But all he cares about is selfish partisan advantage. He did the same thing in 1966, campaigned against me. He's not arrogant. But he's an ungrateful son of a bitch."

*He carried
Ford part
3450 -
3270*

At yesterday's Rotary Club, Forest Park, the straw vote was 33 Carter and 30 Ford. "I'll bet 80% of them were for me." Who were they? "They were the more affluent, middle class, upper middle class members of the community." So far, all I hear is this kind of thing. Whether they are reaching the non-establishment types, I don't know.

His speech began with vintage "at home" "one of you" "I went to grammar school and high school with a man who lives 6 miles south of Buchanan on the road to Dallas." "I have shared your life in your homes, your businesses and your churches." "It is a joy to be with you because I am one of you."

Then to the possibility of his Chairmanship of Appropriations and how much it would mean to district. ("That was as close as I got to being political.")

And then to a description and defense of the Ethics Committee work-- general not a defense of its rulings specifically.

He seemed vigorous and with it.

He called South Fulton and Clayton "the most important areas."

"If I become the Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, the mantle will be draped not only upon my shoulders but on the shoulders of every man, woman and child in the 6th District."

Jack was terribly pleased by the Rotary Club speech, but they seemed to me like his supporters anyway. He told Mary Lou several times how well it went. And in the car he literally went around the tables stating by name who was for him. Sam Hubbard, Don Knowles, Mike Murphy, Owen Westbrook, etc." These are the people he knows by name--it was rural politicking of the old sort. And, I would guess, useless in South Fulton.

Method. It is really hard not to get involved in the races you see. This AM, the Atlanta Constitution endorsed Gingrich. It made me mad and I wanted to write a letter to the editor praising Jack from a national viewpoint. Of course, I can't. But they said he was too old (61) in poor health (baloney) and they wanted a 2 party system. in the county. None of these can be their

real reasons. What are they? That's the problem. They said his work on Ethics has been "less than sterling." OK - but what specifically did they want them to do. Jack says re media "They don't like me" and that they are just giving Gingrich all the publicity. They ought to work together. My guess is Jack may be just as ~~sub~~born about getting together as they are. But why they dislike him is not clear and is not made clear in their editorial. And, the point ^{is} my reaction is to want to say something to somebody. But I can't and it's very hard to restrain myself.

To Mary Lou re his day in Harrelson County. "I had a good day. I went to Talapoosa, Bremen, and Buchanan. I hope nobody will be upset; because I couldn't see everybody. I went to see Fred Tuttle and Jim Swett. They weren't there--but they'll know I came to see them." As if that were essential. Everything I've seen or heard the first night from JF sounds like the old campaigns. My problem will be to get a sense for what's new.

Jack's primary opponent, Bailey, endorsed him the other day. But he did so after Jack implicitly agreed to help intercede with his former boss to get his job back. Bailey's company made him resign to run vs. Jack in the primary and he wants his job back. Jack apparently knows his boss. "I'm going to have to pay a very heavy price (for his endorsement). I'm going to have to help him get his job back."

When Jack and I had our drink he said "Here's to you" and I said "Here's to you. Let's hope you send that son of a bitch back to teaching where he belongs." And he said "Let's hope we send him out of the state of Georgia." And I think that betrays Jack's feeling that he isn't really a Georgian and doesn't belong here. It's a reaction of an old timer against an upstart newcomer. JF is apparently using against Gingrich the fact that he was

→ I don't represent a community just the

educated elsewhere. But of course, so were most of the people of South Fulton and Clayton. So - how far he will get with a kind of nativist argument remains to be seen. Frankly, I'm worried by what I've seen so far. But maybe Carter will help pull Jack through.

Method: Is it hard for professors who are cosmopolitan to understand people whose lives are very rooted? and local. The cosmopolitan-local distinction is not so much them as it is us. Nice twist on Merton!! If you go looking for categories for them you may miss the category that separates you from them!

*Very
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categories
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Method: There are some candidates I cannot help at all and Jack is it. At Peachtree City Shopping Plaza it became clear to me that I should have been handing out brochures but Jack wouldn't have wanted me to (and Freddie confirmed that later) and so I stood there "helplessly" while dozens and dozens of voters walked by me and I couldn't do a thing. It was frustrating. It was the same when he said that he hadn't seen as many people today as yesterday and I suggested that maybe Owen Westbrook moved him faster because Owen knew the people and could "move" Jack whereas I couldn't.

I'm writing this back in the motel after my first full day of campaigning with Jack. We campaigned in Fayette County where I had a chance to see the contrast between the country store which is Jack's natural milieu and Peachtree City which is new, Republican rich. Jack can clearly campaign in the country store as he always could. But he cannot adjust to the style of Peachtree City. And while from a political scientist's standpoint what I watched is fascinating, I feel very sad at what I am watching. For one can see time passing Jack by and he is like some old stallion being wounded by people he cannot see and does not understand. He may win. He continues

to think so. I would not bet a penny on his chances. And even if he does win, it is sad to see that he is unable to cope with the new district he has been given. It was a day in which he campaigned in his person to person style effectively and (in the case of Mrs Peepuls, the widow in the country store) movingly, but he is going through the same motions with the same old people in the same old way in a district that is fast-changing, younger, mobile, less Democratic than before. He said at one point (in the cotton waste mill) "If they hadn't taken Troup, Merriwether, Bibb, Upson and Monroe out of the district, I wouldn't be in a contest now." That, of course, is true. Had there been no redistricting, he would not have that indigestible set of Atlanta suburbs and exurbs. He blames Jimmy Carter for that redistricting and he hates Jimmy Carter for it--although he gives rousing speeches for Carter. "I have to be for him. What else can I do?" He knows how he got into this pickle and I think that the thought kind of numbs him. For the other sad thing is that he is terrible quiet and almost unable or unwilling to explain anything to me. He is so absorbed in this troublesome campaign that he just is very uncommunicative...no longer my teacher. I shall substitute this trip on observation rather than quotes. Example: Question: "Is there any difference between this race and the one 2 years ago?" Answer: "very little, very little." That is just incredibly unresponsive. We rode in the car together all day and he said almost nothing. About every 20 minutes I would ask a question, but would get very little by way of a response. He kept lots of dissatisfaction inside himself and let it go when we got back to the house. But he let it go to someone else, not me. For example, he was upset by the pitiful turnout at the Peachtree City, Flat Creek Country Club luncheon. But he said nothing to me about it. Yet

he called Mary Lou and said "I knew more people in Peachtree City than Otis Wiles did. He didn't have any of the right people at the luncheon." Otis was the organizer of the luncheon and the escort in the shopping center. He was kind of a Chamber of Commerce, booster type blow hard--articulate but ineffective I guess.

The other thing that is unpredicatble is Jack's health. This afternoon we stopped at a medical clinic to visit a doctor friend and he asked her to take his blood pressure, saing "something felt funny a while a go." This scared the devil out of me, but I didn't ask him what the results were and he didn't volunteer. I had been doing the driving ever since the first stop anyway, and I drove him all day as it turned out. When when he got home he called Swanner, his Ethics Committee counsel in Washington and said "I had a very uncomfortable day physically. I felt so bad I had a doctor check my heart and blood pressure. She said everything was fine. It all started Wednesday when I got up at 4:30^{am} and got home at 12:30^{am}. I'm too old, I can't do that anymore." I told Freddie at the rally that he'd done that and she said he always liked to be tested--kind of threw it off. And Patty tells people he looks good. But Freddie said he's cranky and that the other night when he was asked why he wasn't willing to debate his opponent he got very supset and said "I've had a heart attack." Which was, of course, the worst thing he could have said--reminding people of his bad health. The Atlanta Constitution endorsed Gingrich this morning. Jack said, "It ruined my breakfast." And "I thought they'd do what the Journal did, endorse neither of us. I went by to see Hal Gulliver and Bill Shipp just the other day. They endorsed me in the primary." But the main

argument they used against Jack was his health. And there is no doubt Gingrich is more vigorous--(when we drove through Neenan last night, Flynt headquarters was empty and dark. Gingrich headquarters was lighted and had people working in it.) So, Jack's health both helps account for his silence--his numbness, I think--and his political difficulty.

Also a supporter of his died in a plane crash (with his Flynt button on) in Clayton County and that shook him up bad - he called man's son and will go to funeral home.

The sadness I feel is magnified because his attachment to the people who are his strongest supporters is the kind of attachment the founding fathers surely had in mind. It is personal, whole, genuine. But it cannot last in large districts. There was something pathetic when Jack said "Every airline pilot in the district is against me." (Why?) I don't know. Republicans I guess. No, I take that back, Howard Emmons is for me, John Scruggs is for me, Fred Bradley is for me." He was trying to tick off the airline pilots one by one like he was ticking off the boys in Jackson's Store or the people at the Rotary Club or the Main Street of one of his rural county seats. Yet there are hundreds and hundreds of airline pilots and personnel in the district. He's going after them one by one, and it won't work. Person to person campaigning can't survive a great reshuffling of people. It is built up over a long period of time and it is highly personal trust. The new media-oriented, suburbanites of today don't want the personal relationship Jack cherishes. And to watch him fumble in Peachtree City after the morning at the country store was almost like you were watching time lapse photography in which 100 years of American history was collapsed into 2 hours. Jackson Brothers was how southern rural politics

was conducted for 100 years. Peachtree City (a planned community) within its chic shopping plaza, art gallery, interior decorating shop, etc. is the political milieu of today. No human being can capture that 100 years ^{gap}~~ago~~ in a single style. Jack is a throwback to a simpler time. In his case, one can almost feel it was a better time. But it is gone and Jack is going with it--if not this time than before long. The next congressman from the district will not be a Jack Flynt nor anyone chosen by him. It's a little like watching the last train run through town, or listening to the last radio. For a number of interconnected reasons, I became an observer today, and I think it was one of the most fascinating of all my days in the field. I was an observer, but because I had already been here twice, I knew what I was observing. It wasn't like coming fresh to a place and being shut out. I was accepted and I knew what I was seeing, yet no one articulated it for me.

Freddie and Dolores helped a lot, however; for they confirmed what I could only sense about the campaign. Namely: Jack cannot make the adjustments he needs to make. They can't get any volunteers. All the people working hard are on the payroll. Volunteers run on issues and Jack only wanted one issue in his brochure--gun control. Sometimes volunteers come in but they don't come back. Jack is no good with young people. He won't talk to them, can't win their loyalty. He doesn't like to hand out brochures. He doesn't like to have other people hand out brochures. He refuses to wear a campaign button. He doesn't like to campaign in shopping centers. In Peachtree City he'd go into interior decorator stores and say "Hey, how you, how you doin'" and that's all compared with Jim Johnson who talks about art in such places. He hates the media and therefore, isn't

cooperative. They all dislike Mary Lou and think she's a bad influence on the campaign. Of course, she only knows what Jack tells her and is as blind as Jack and is of the same school. There are about 5 people running the whole campaign when they decided to do a brochure, he wanted to do something like 1966 and pulled out that brochure which Freddie said was awful. And he talks about the 1966 campaign as if it were the last campaign.

Would anyone tell you if there were soft spots? "The last man we met in the bank would tell me. If there were trouble, he'd draw me aside, take me into his office, close the door and tell me who was falling off."

But the problem was illustrated in the conversation with Dean Murphy, the wonderful, quick-witted sharp old lawyer. He's 82 years old and he sat there on his sofa wheezing. "Everything I hear is good. Everybody I know says you're going to be all right, Jack." To which Jack replied. "The trouble is that there are too many people moving in that you and I don't know." That summed it up for me. And of course, they reminisced-- and the old guy came to the rally. Jack spent an hour talking to him. The guy said he was going to vote for Ford. "To tell you the truth, I can't stand it when he ^(Carter) kisses those Nigra women up north." The old southern Democrats are so provincial--they almost don't deserve a President from their area.

The rally was held on Friday when the whole town was at the football game. Most all the people there we had seen during the day. They were his old pals and it was pitiful. The young State Senator gave a keynote address a la John Glenn. Jack gave a pro Democratic, pro Carter speech. When Jack got back he called Mary Lou and said how upset he was at the pathetic turnout--of maybe 35-40 people--and wanted to know whose fault it was. He was preoccupied during dinner and didn't say much. Freddie

and Dolores talked a lot to keep up the spirits--Patty too. Crisp is pretty quiet anyhow. I was quiet and so was Jack. But he's got his family around him and will have them all by Tuesday.

He tells people in every talk that he didn't retire with Stuckey and Stephen and Landon ^{rum} because he can be of more service to the district now than ever before--as senior man on Appropriations and dean of the delegation. But it seems clear to me that a part of it is that he does not think Gingrich is qualified, does not think Gingrich will be a good representative of his strongest supporters and that his competitive instincts have been thoroughly aroused by the attempt to push him out. He'll go but he will not be pushed.

There are other bad signs. The brochures that Mary Lou proudly says have been moved are sitting in piles all over the district--everywhere we go. The buttons are everywhere. Also--Patty didn't know the girl working at the office in Hqpeville. All I know is, I wouldn't want to be here on election night. It could be awful sad.

When I asked Jack, in effect, why he was campaigning among his friends in Fayette County he said "Most of them will vote for me. But now they'll get out and work a little harder."

He predicts a turnout of 110,000 votes. Absentee ballots are up everywhere.

Vignettes - In the Hardware Store, ^{why} owner was complaining about falling business, one of the boys working there came up and said he was going to apply for admission to Air Force. Jack picked up the phone by the cash register, called his Washington office and asked Ann to send the boy the application and a stamped addressed envelope so he could return it by return mail, because the deadline was imminent. Political? Sure, but that's just typical for Jack.

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In the Sheriff's Office - Man: "I heard you were over in Brooks this mornin." JF: "I sure was." "And you went by to see old Mr. Larry Ford, didn't you." "I sure did. And I stopped by at Mr. Grant's and got me some of his pepper sauce." "I know you did--that's real fine pepper sauce." "It sure is." "You like pepper sauce and ole Herman, he buys chewin tobacco when he comes."

Jack consoling Mrs. Peepuls in Stars Mill County store. We sat around a pot bellied woodburning stove (with a fire in it), Jack on a broken down, low cane chair, I on a wooden chair, Mrs. Peepuls on a stool. He gave her a big hug when he came in. She lost her husband 6 months ago. Jack came back for the funeral. And as she talked about her husband, she began to cry and sob--not out of control at all, and she would get ^{it} under control and then get teary again. ^{And} Jack consoled her by recalling the good times. ^P She told how her husband loved watermelon and how they found him some ^{"I don't know} where they found it, ^(st was) on the day he died, ^{this} last meal. And Jack said "Do you remember that trip we all took to San Francisco?" And she said "I sure do. I have some happy memories. I like ~~San~~ San Francisco. Some people say New Orleans is nice. I've never been there, but I sure likes San Francisco." It was so moving that I could hardly look at the two of them. She thanked him for taking time out to come see her and told him how hard it was to manage the farm, and take care of the store. "I'm running across the road all day long." There were 2 black ^{men} waiting patiently ^(outside) for gasoline all the time we talked. ^P The point is that here, in the midst of a campaign for his political life, Jack drove out of his way to go to this little fork in the road in the middle of nowhere to this tiny cinderblock store to console a woman in her grief. [Most guys I know would have gone to a shopping center and "hit it" with a "bushwhacker blitz" or smethy. Jack's friends are dyin and he serves him to the end like his predecessors did 75-100 years ago.] ^{I had country store, that's just like it was 100 and nothing was going on in the outside world -- just a representative talking with his neighbor.}

and "hit" it with a "brochure blitz" or something. Jack's friends are dying and he serves them to the end like his predecessors did 75-100 years ago. In that country store, it was like it was 1800 and nothing was going on in the outside world--just a representative talking with his neighbors.

I do not believe that in all the conversations I heard one single issue was discussed. At the Rotary Club the first night during questions and answers, the only issues that concerned them were the postal service and the unionization of the armed forces. Freddie said to me "How come issues don't seem to matter in Georgia?" And she was curious to find out how members handled both issues and constituency service. "I always thought (she said) that if you gave the kind of personal service ^{is} pop does, you had to neglect the other part of your job. People ask me "How come Flynt doesn't have his name on a piece of legislation? And I always tell them that it's the personal service that's the most important part of the job and that's what they get from him."

Freddie said he was so shocked on election night in 1974 that "He didn't say a word to me all night. He was ashen and in shock."

Freddie and Dolores are the only ones (Scott a little, too, since he told me that media was the thing and they couldn't get Jack to do media.) who understood what's happening. They wanted to go to a bar and talk about it more with me, but Holiday Inn had no bar and I went to bed.

Method: I'm so inside this campaign I'm out. I find myself saying to people that I'm a friend of Jack's and I'm down here to help him out--instead of saying that I'm writing a book. I can't ask Jack questions I'd like to because it's a little like standing around someone who may be dying and asking them where it hurts most and how bad they feel. My questions have to be carefully phrased so that they are at the least sympathetic and at the most

innocent. I can't ask anything with a bite to it, anything hard, impliedly critical, etc. I'm treated as one of the family and I'm expected (by Jack) to act that way. As I say, I'm so far "in" that I can't be sufficiently "out" to probe. Maybe half in and half out is the best description.

Another obvious problem is that Carter is much weaker and Ford much stronger here in this part of Georgia than I would have thought. Carter will carry Georgia. But not in Clayton and South Fulton and the Peachtree City's of Jack's district--or the Douglas County's.

So far as I can tell, it is a district highly segmented, a little at war with itself. What's not clear is whether Woolsey and Peachtree City are really fighting each other or are ignoring each other. Either way, it's becoming a nearly impossible district to represent.

Freddie also said people complain that when Jack's around he only sees the bankers and not the little people. And she said they were right. Jack can't handle numbers in unstructured situations. Doesn't like it if he can't deal person to person and is too old to do what he doesn't like to do.

One big difference I note from '70 and '72 is Jack's solicitation of the black vote. In Melear's Barbeque the owner asked him "Do you want to shake hands of the blacks in the kitchen?" "I sure do" and they went back where Jack shook hands with about 8 black women making the barbeque. Also he interrupted a black man making a telephone call to shake hands, give him a brochure and ask him for a vote. In 1970 and '72, I never saw him shake a black hand or solicit a black vote. Now, knowing they may be his best supporters, he shakes hands with them. There has not been one black person at any event where Jack has been. But he'll go after them if he meets them.

On Saturday, Jack campaigned in Union City with the mayor and in Fairburn with a former state representative and banker. He hit shopping areas in and out of stores--not standing out front. But he did it in the pouring rain, often just in his suit. He shows a lot of determination today. These are smallish, even rural feeling communities--not big shopping malls and not affluent areas. (I'm sitting in the car now in Fairburn listening to the U. of Georgia football game in the pouring rain.) Jack is pushing hard today. He likes to go with someone who will introduce him to others. But he is out there asking for votes. "I hope you'll vote for me next Tuesday." He's also handing out brochures.

Method: As another reflection, it appears to me that I've come too late. Jack is just geared into a pattern. He's no longer thinking about what he should do or why he should do it. He's just doing it. And that means he's not communicating anymore. Two weeks ago, ^{he} he contemplated it and did not sense that the end was in sight and that the die had been cast, he might have been more speculative and forthcoming. But now, it is just too late. He even told the guy at the bank that I was here 2 years ago. He's usually better than that.

Jack has called Gingrich carpetbagger and criticized his outside education. There is, here, the sense of outrage that a non-true Georgian should be seeking office. He said the woman Senator would try if he didn't run. And he seemed to approve of her. "The nicest thing that happened last night was Virginia Sheppard's introduction of me."

When he introduces me he says "This is Dr. Richard Fenno from the University of Rochester at Rochester, New York. He's an old friend of mine

who is visiting us. He has been down here 2 or three times before, to see how Georgians campaign."

After the shopping center, we went to tour the new control tower at the Atlanta airport where Jack politicked a little with the mayor of Union City. Then to the funeral home and home of the wife of the Clayton County man who died in yesterday's plane crash, also to the hospital to check on the three survivors. Then to TV Debate at WSB-TV and then to the Gospel Sing in Clayton.

Throughout all this, Crisp drove and I don't think Jack said one word to me particularly. We may have said one or two things but nothing of political interest whatsoever. He was absorbed in what he was doing and, I think, nervous about the debate. On the way from the debate to the Gospel Sing in Clayton he wanted to know how we thought it had gone and I encouraged him. Freddie did, too, but mostly she just chattered and avoided the subject. But it wasn't till we were on the road to home from the gospel singing that he finally turned to me and said "Hey Dick, how you?" Then later he said "Dick, did you think it went well today?" I said "I sure do." I told him that he had more force than his opponent, that his appearance in good health would buoy his supporters. That pleased him. We talked about how he got to the right of Gingrich on amnesty--which is what he wanted to do. And in all of this case, I clearly was part of the Flynt rooting section. It was a time when I could not be aloof. But the point I'm making is that I have got myself into a situation where almost no communication passes between us during the day--in contrast to the other trips when we rode all over and talked. But he is fighting for his life and he has drawn his family around him and I'm just "there" as a kind of friend in the

background. It's even out of place to ask a question. I tried one this morning as we got to Union City. "What kind of a town is Union City, Jack." "Well, here it is" was his only answer. I think, partly, he assumes that I know all the stuff about the district.

Anyhow we got to his house about 9:30 and, after a couple of scotches he began to relax and talk a little--just like last night. He also starts calling people on the telephone (wanted to call Nancy) and in a three cornered conversation with Bob Smalley (he wanted me to tell Bob about the New York political outlook) he said "That god-damned Peachtree City is the most anti-Carter place I ever did see." He also told Bob he expected to carry Clayton. "I may even carry Carroll County." But about Douglas County I can't say one thing about how we're going to do. They have 50,000 voters, the third largest behind South Fulton and Clayton. I don't know what they will do." Bob told him he thought everything was OK for him.

The most interesting comment came when I said that my experience in Jackson Brothers store had been the most enjoyable and interesting part of the campaign. And he turned to me and said simply "Those are the people who elect me." I said I knew they were. They are his hard core, rural, white, southern, Democratic.

Of the gospel singers. "That was real grass roots. Those are our kind of people." But it was Freddie who had found them.

"If I win this one I believe I can coast for a number of years--when I win this one, not if."

He made out his county prediction for me after he had had 2 or 3 drinks and was buoyed by his talk with Bob Smalley and was feeling pretty good. He put them in a sealed envelope and I'll open them later to see how correct he was. But I had to wait for the right time.

Then he told me about Vanessa Sutton, a young black woman whom he is going to take to Washington with him if he's reelected. She has an MA and is from Barnesville and has been helping Jack. "Some of my redneck friends criticized me when she worked for me knocking on doors in College Park." But Jack says that she has driven him around, too. Her father is a contractor and he had a party for Jack and Patty. And Patty said, "That was the first time we had ever been to a party when we were the only white people there." That tells you how the Flynts have gotten shaken up by the times. Jack said he announced at the party that if he was reelected he was going to take Vanessa back to Washington with him.

He also told a couple of stories about Gingrich. He went to NAACP meeting in Coweta County. Jack had given \$25.00 donation and Gingrich had not. When moderator facetiously said "Mr. Flynt sent us a contribution; but Mr. Gingrich did not. Apparently he doesn't want our votes." Gingrich gets upset and says "I didn't come here to buy your votes." Man says "You can't buy our votes and what's more you have insulted us by suggesting it."

Also Gingrich sees Vanessa and father somewhere and he says "What's that black chick doing working for Jack Flynt. What has he ever done for black people." And her father goes over, taps Gingrich on the shoulder and says "I'm her father. What have you ever done for black people." Jack acted this out by making me turn around and tapping me on the shoulder.

As I noted earlier, his attitude toward blacks has gotten a little more modern since ~~the~~ last time. He says blacks make up 19-20% of the electorate. He agreed with me when I said every black vote was a Democratic vote. "You have to vote twice. I hope they will vote for me ^{for} me."

In the debate, Jack took a classic anti-Congress stance. Gingrich devoted his opening statement to an attack on Congress and said Jack was a part of it and all its shortcomings. Jack opened his opening one-minute statement. "I do not accept responsibility for any actions of Congress. I do not want to be tarred with the brush being applied to other members of Congress. I want to be judged by how well Jack Flynt has done, what Jack Flynt has said and what service Jack Flynt has given to the people of the 6th district of Georgia." I complimented him on that because I think he took the play away with that comeback.

"Are you kin to Shirley Stedley? A favorite question "You are; I had lunch the other day with your daddy and mama and little Billy."

Jack to Bob Smalley--who wanted to know if Frank Bailey was doing much for him. "I think he is. Of course he wants me to get him his job back. And I will. The truth is, I like him. I didn't like his running against me. But that primary may have been the best thing that ever happened to me, because it sent me into the general election with a full head of steam." The next day I heard that Gingrich had called Bailey 3 times to get him to withdraw his endorsement. But he came to reception.

On Sunday, we went to church and as we passed a Gingrich sign between the Holiday Inn and his house, going to get Patty, he said "There's one of that son of a bitch's signs." Later, back at the house with Ann Warren's folks he said "It would be a tragedy for the people of the 6th District if he's elected." This is one indicator of the emotional tension under which he is living. At another point Jack said "He's white trash." Re lack of upkeep of his house.

Another indicator came in the evening when Ann and Jack and I were sitting in the den after dinner. He started getting sentimental with Ann.

"Ann, how long have you worked for me?" "Has it been worth it?" "Have you enjoyed it?" "Why haven't you left me?" Reaching out for emotional support. Then there was a discussion of Mary Lou. Then, after a short discussion of Gingrich, he got up to put his shoes on and walk around the house and he nearly fell over putting his shoes on. He tripped forward and I reached out to keep him from falling. Patty said "Jack, you're falling over." He said "No, I'm not" and finally got his shoes on and went outdoors. Ann and I decided to leave. We had tried to go 1/2 hour before but he wouldn't let us. He wanted us to stay. But he was clearly at the end of his emotional rope--both tired and drunk, a little of each. In some ways, it was the most vulnerable I have ever seen a politician. And I said to Ann as we left and she drove me to the Holiday Inn that I'd never want to be in politics. He is bearing a crushing weight now--his whole life is on the line and he faces rejection in his job at the hands of someone he genuinely dislikes. He believes deeply in public service and does not want to be rejected.

Another key to his mood is the fact that whereas yesterday he and Patty had decided we'd go to the country club for lunch, this morning at about 10:30, he decided he did not want to go out--anywhere. So Patty, Jack Crisp and I had lunch.

Freddie feels that the TV Debate was, for him, the end of the campaign. The whole staff was nervous as hell about that. And they now have the feeling that there's not much left for them to do. Jack tapered off today with the church and a nice reception in the afternoon and then just about collapsed this evening. When I asked him what he was going to do tomorrow, he said nothing. Then Patty showed him the card that showed him doing stuff. And I guess he'll go to East Point and Clayton--and I'll go with him.

Jack thinks Gingrich will change and become a Democrat once he's in office. "He ran against me as a Republican because no one can beat me as a Democrat. Once he gets in, I think he'll change into a Democrat." Jack and Ann think he'll be a one term^rer if he gets in. I said no way, he'll be there forever once he gets in. It's clear from the debate that he's got a grasp of all the tricks.

Another story to go with visit to Mrs. Peeples was fact that he called long distance this morning to say hello to two of his friends in San Francisco. They voted absentee last week. But Jack doesn't reach out to people because they vote for him (though they do); he reaches out because he's people oriented. He wants people around. This telephone call was an example. How many politicians would call a couple of friends across the country to wish them well and talk to them 2 days before election, when the two had already voted. It was a spontaneous gesture. And, in truth, while Jack wants votes, he does not do everything with votes in mind. He's not lost his humanity in this bitter, divisive campaign.

The Atlanta Sunday paper had a bitter anti-Flynt cartoon this morning and when Jack asked if I'd seen it I said yes, that it indicated they wanted him beaten worse than anything else. He said "they do". In the evening, with Ann, he said that they were liberal and he was conservative and that they had "always" been against him. He couldn't recall when it started. Yet he kept saying "But they endorsed me in the primary." Ann called it a "vendetta" which it clearly is. I've never seen a large newspaper work so hard to "get" a congressman.

The campaign has been pretty bitter. Today Jack wrote a reply to the Federal Elections Commission answering Gingrich's charges that Jack

misrepresented his background. All Jack would say to us was that he hoped he had not done so. Earlier, when Ann's folks were here he said, "I made a mistake when I let the PR people, Mike Darby and Mary Lou and Tom talk me into attacking him." This is because, apparently, he misspoke, Gingrich filed a complaint and Jack was put on the defensive in answering it. But Ann said Jack's people wanted him to be tough and hit back. That, otherwise, the other guy would just keep going.

Out of nowhere, as we approached Church, Jack said "Our group was a hell of a lot better looking than their group last night." at the TV debate. The feeling that Gingrich is not "fit" is very strong with Jack. Today and yesterday, he mentioned the rumor that his wife was a teacher and that he was "teacher's pet" and that she is 10 years older than he. Then he repeated the story that he once had an apartment which he was given in return for he and his wife babysitting an apartment complex--and that his apartment got so filthy the tenants threatened to leave unless he were expelled. Then, last night, he said "One member of his staff is a homosexual, one and maybe more." And they talk about how his house is a mess with only dirt out front where the lawn should be. And how his wife is fat and unkempt.

It was in the context of his regret at being persuaded to attack Gingrich that Jack said "I hate him so much." He does not want to be pushed out of office by someone he dislikes so intensely. But he is on the defensive and, deep down I would guess, scared. If he isn't, he should be.

Several times, he's mentioned that Goldwater and Connally and Rhodes have been in to campaign against him and that Republicans have put more

money into this race than any other congressional race in the country. Re common cause--"They want to defeat me almost as much as the Atlanta Constitution."

He said Carter told him that if he won the primary, he (Carter) would "work hard for you". He said that Carter did not congratulate him when he won the primary and that "I'm the only Democratic candidate in the country that Jimmy Carter did not congratulate--no, Larry MacDonald too." When I said facetiously that "Well, maybe I won't vote for Carter then," Jack looked at me very seriously and said "Don't!" He then said he was going to vote for him. And Patty chimed in "Isn't it terrible when you vote for someone and hope he doesn't win." Jack and Patty want Carter to lose. Yet Jack is campaigning for him in public meetings like the one at Fayetteville. I think--Jack has not said it--that he feels his only hope is to get out the Democratic--pro-Carter vote and that it will help him if it comes out. He did say he thought the bigger the vote the better for him.

The debate was a real eye-opener for me. I do not know Gingrich and would not want to jump to any conclusions, but the young, media oriented candidate was there, presented almost (except for a squeaky voice) to perfection. His hair, dress were immaculate. His debating style was Kennedyesque--the jabbing finger, the use of statistics, the quickness at parry and thrust. When Jack said he was glad to be endorsed by Frank Bailey and Senator Talmadge, Gingrich said he was not claiming endorsements by any working politicians just the people. (Goldwater, Connally, Rhodes all came in to endorse him.) But I thought it was his best score in his effort to depict Jack as part of the old, tired, leaderless system of government. If I had been a Gingrich backer, I'd have been pleased by the

contrast--the nattily dressed, articulate young man side by side with the old bull. Jack looks like an old time southern politician--owl-eyed and beefy. But what "disturbs" me is that I know how Jack relates to people. And I know that when Jack talks about his service, he means real service to real people. What I cannot tell is whether Gingrich is or is not genuinely compassionate--as Jack is. He may be. If he is, fine. If he's not, then the system we now have gives enormous advantages to the media candidate. For it is amply clear that Gingrich can manipulate the local press beautifully. Everything is pro-Gingrich. One editor is his press secretary. Another editor was his press secretary last time. I don't guess Jack ever paid any heed to the press. He only had "the people" the rooted people. He's nothing Gingrich says he is except a senior Congressman. He does not have a bad attendance record. He is not in bad health. He is not the tool of the lobbyists. He is a genuine conservative who acts out of conservative convictions. He's at home with people like himself who breathe and feel Georgia and the 6th District. He knows those people and they are not the people of the media or common cause or urban liberalism. But they are rooted people. Are these people a majority? Probably not. The people in Fulton, Clayton, Douglas where Gingrich came from are transplants, rootless. They are people like Jack with just as much right to be represented. But they are unstable and those that vote this year will be gone next year. He cannot "know" them like Jack "knows" his supporters. But he can win their vote via the media--without seeing them or feeling them or touching them. The irony is that Jack's strong point is representation not legislation and yet the young generation is coming along and stressing representation more

and more. Jack is running with the tide in concept, but his methods are not appropriate to the society he finds himself in--the society of change and impermanence. Gingrich's real quarrel with Flynt is over the kind of people that are out there in the district. Jack does do things the old way--he has whole relationships with people. But he will lose if most people don't want that relationship any more, or if more people don't think they are getting it with Jack. That is Jack may now be reaching too few people and while others want it, he is not giving it to them. So any promise by Gingrich of a mobile van or whatnot seems like an improvement. In sum, I thought the TV program presented the choice for the voters pretty well--the young "candidate" a la Redford and the old politician. The voters have a style choice and we'll see.

When we got to Jack's house the first night, he picked up the picture of JFK and himself off the table and said "I know you may not believe this, but Jack Kennedy was the only president with whom I was completely comfortable. It was his humility and his loyalty to his friends. Eisenhower, Johnson and Nixon were arrogant. Ford is not arrogant; but he is not loyal to his friends."

The worst of the old politics came out in Jack when he and Patty and Crisp (I think) were discussing a possible trip to China--which had been postponed. One of them said "Where else might you go" and Jack said with total assurance, "I can go anywhere I want." There was a touch of the use of power to serve personal ends in that comment, and I did not like it.

"I don't deserve the friends I have" in speaking about people who distributed brochures.

When we were talking after the debate about his amnesty stand and I said that I figured that he knew that his stand was tailored to that of his constituents, he agreed. But, because it seemed like I was making him into a weathervane, he came right back and said "I led my constituency on Viet Nam. I was one of the Congressmen most influential in stopping the war. Not all of them agreed with me either." He's sensitive to the charge that he's not a leader (which he isn't). And he's antsy when it's suggested.

Jack led the praying and the singing at the gospel singing and told everybody about it and asked everyone if the prayer was OK.

This is being written Sunday night. I'll leave tomorrow. The trip has been strange. I have been accepted and welcomed this time as a friend and not an analyst. I have been placed in a role from which I cannot extricate myself--as emotional supporter and friend. I'm introduced everywhere as "our friend Dick Fenno from Rochester, New York"--not as a political scientist, not as an author. The days of silence followed by a little loosening at night. The last night (tonight) in which he constantly sought reassurance--especially from Ann. "How do you think we're going to do?" "Do you think we're all right?" "How did I look on television last night?" "Did I look strong?" "Did I look well?" He even asked me "How I thought they'd do." I think he wanted me to say I thought they'd win; but I replied honestly. I said I had no way of knowing since I only knew what what they had told me. Then the final stumbling--a symbolic kind of end of the trail on which I reached out and physically helped him keep his balance. I had almost been annointed an intimate for this trip. When I asked Freddie on way from the reception to the house today if I

shouldn't go back to the Holiday Inn and leave Jack alone, she said "No, you are good for him. He likes you and you strike just the right note with him. You are quiet when he doesn't want to talk and you talk when he wants to. He wants people around now and he needs people. You do it so well you should be in public relations." She was telling me that I was needed--and I was. Crisp had gone back to Mercer till Tuesday. And, when Freddie went to get a staff guy at airport and Ann's folks left he was alone, vulnerable, apprehensive, exhausted and needed a friend. I was it. Not a political scientist. A friend. And I never felt any more deeply what an awful burden it is to be a politician under fire all the time and trying to hold back defeat. People suffer defeats in life all the time. Politicians ask for it regularly and publicly and on behalf of many hardworking dedicated people. At one point Jack said to Ann, "One of the reasons I keep running is because of you people who work for me." Then he turned to me and said "You don't believe that do you, Dick." I said, "No I don't." That ended it. But it was a complicated emotional time for him and I'm sure that his felt indebtedness to others and what his defeat might do to them is part of his emotional strain.

Another possibility that occurs to me that might help explain this strange visit is that Jack is so emotionally involved and upset that he has lost any analytical ability. That is, he can't stand back and view anything objectively for my benefit. This is not quite the same point as the one I made earlier that he is on "automatic pilot" in these late stages of the campaign. That's a "stage" type argument. But the two are closely related obviously. The latter one is an "emotional state" argument.

Ann Warren described the district as "the most heterogeneous district

you could imagine, rural, suburban and urban."

I think one way of putting Jack's difficulty is that he's good at dealing with people when he has connections of some sort, links. Where he can't find links, personal links or at least personal intermediaries (like the mayor of Union City) he's adrift. And he gets upsets when intermediaries fail him like Otis Viles. Viles didn't introduce Jack to new people. Bonnie did. So much so that Jack went with him to the open house at the airport. He knew Bonnie would help him reach new people.

Summary
1976

He ^{is} has no media candidate because, as Bolling would say, it isn't "real"--it's not a tangible contact. And that's what Jack needs. When he met the former state Rep. who took him around, he came back and told Patty that this man and his wife were going to Europe. Each night when he came home, he'd tell Patty some news like that about everyone he met. It seemed important to him. Who he ate with. What they said to him. What news he had. A continuous stream of personal comments--none, never, never, never about the issues of the day. He had opinions on these if asked, but they were not the stuff of his conversation or of his speeches. His speeches were descriptions of his constituent service, seniority, influence potential for Georgia and for district.

After the debate, Patty said Gingrich makes her so sick and so upset when she sees him that she could hardly comment.

The highlight of my trip was the very first event in Jackson Brothers store in Fayette County, on Route 38 east of Woolsey. They had called in to the headquarters and said they wanted to have a coffee for Jack. When got there, there were about a dozen pick up trucks and five or six cars parked outside the wooden, one room store with 2 gas pumps (none unleaded) out front. We went in and there were about 15 men--all over 55 and one that

looked 80 standing around in overalls or pants and sports shirts of some kind. One man had a necktie and coat on. They were sipping coffee and eating the cookies that were laid out on the counter. Overhead were all the yellowed cardboard displays of fishing tackle, sunglasses, nail clippers, etc. And right behind the cashiers spot there were 2 counters of snuff--I counted 16 varieties. As soon as Jack had "howdied" with each of the men, one brought out a paper bag and told Jack they had a present for him. Then they all gathered around and when he had opened the bag, pulled out the wax paper package inside and opened the package, Will Jackson said "It's a Jimmy Carter Sandwich, peanut butter and baloney." And they all guffawed and elbowed each other. Then, after a little more coffee and cookies, Will's brother Coot Jackson came out from the back of the store to shake hands with Jack and he had a buzzer in his hand so that when they shook the buzzer tickled Jack's palm and he jumped and laughed. That broke the boys up! "He shore jumped." "Yes he did." "He jumped right up." "He shore did." As each customer came in the store, Jack would go over to say hello to them and say "I hope you'll vote for me." Always they said they would. Win Jackson took off his golf type hat and passed it around. Then he came over to me and said "You're with Jack. Take the money. It'll buy him a little gas won't it? Jack stays close to the people. He always stops in when he's going by. When he doesn't, he must be going awful fast and have something real important to do." I said yes the money would help and he could give it to Jack. "No, he's busy, you take it before some Republican gets his hands on it." So I did. Then he said to me "You come over here and have another cookie." And when I did, he said to me "That old man standing over there is a Republican. He just is. The only one in the store. He says he'll vote for Jack, but not for Carter. Nobody can figure it out.

I'm on the welfare board and I know he's on welfare. Can you tell me why anybody on welfare would be a Republican?" After some more howdying Jack put a plug of Red Man tobacco in his cheek. Will, George--and Jack and I left in two cars--those 3 in one and me driving behind them to make the "rounds" of another store, the woodworking shop and "our little hangout" which turned out to be the auto repair garage. Along the way Jack might hop out and yell at somebody in the yard or driveway. Then we all went to the town of Brooks where Jack went into the 5 or six stores on main street. As they left us to go to Fayetteville, Will said, "Now you be sure to go around to the barber shop there. Johnny says he hasn't seen you lately." Jack says "I will. I am even get my hair cut." And after saying goodbye and good luck. We left. It was about this group that Jack said later "These are the people who elect me."

The last day, Jack didn't want to do anything. We went to East Point headquarters, to Clayton Junior College and to South Lake Shopping Mall.

on trip
to /
Clayton
"I got 40% of the vote in the primary in Clayton County. And if the vote had been counted qualitatively instead of quantitatively. I'd have won 80%. The quality people were with me. But every damn vote counts just the same." Frustration with having the best people and not all the rest. He was so pleased when he picked up Clay Kilpatrick's vote when he went to the bank. He's a banker that had been for Gingrich.

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Like Wiseman who carries Barnesville for him and Ed Warren who carries Jasper County for him. Ed: You goin to be awright. We'll get the red-necks and the niggers for you. Leave it to us. It all comes from knowing 'em." Jack didn't even campaign there. He's leaving it to Ed.

Ed is not a native - defended "3 colored boys" in his first trial there - won respect of blacks and "It took 15 years for the white establishment to trust me."

He campaigned a little at Clayton Jr. College on the grounds, including a couple of black students. "Hey, ahm Jack Flynt. How you? How you doin? Ah hope you have a nice day and ah hope you'll help me have a nice day on Tuesday."

He talked about the hassle over the placement of his district office. A newspaper man who wanted Jack to rent a building from his has never forgiven him. "I have made it a rule never to mix in local politics. If I had put my office in Riverdale, the Forest Park, Smithtown, Oakdale axis would never forgiven me."

Jay Jaffe joined us Monday and he and Jack talked a fair bit about the Ethics Committee. "If I had it to do over again I'd have opposed it"-- the motion to give the sChorr case to the Ethics Committee. "How would it have looked if I had opposed it." Real doubts that he shouldn't have gotten into it - almost found out who leaked the Pike report.

Re mayor of Morrow. "I gave the town a flag that I bought myself when they dedicated the flag pole and that son of a bitch turned around one day later and made a contribution to my opponent." For Jack, that's real perfidy.

August 1976 - primary

<u>Flynt</u>	<u>Bailey</u>	<u>DM</u>	<u>Churchill</u>
49,352	26,485	6080	3823
57.56%	30.88%	7.09%	4.45%