

**The original documents are located in Box D22, folder “South Bend Gridiron Dinner, South Bend, IN, April 17, 1967” of the Ford Congressional Papers: Press Secretary and Speech File at the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.**

### **Copyright Notice**

The copyright law of the United States (Title 17, United States Code) governs the making of photocopies or other reproductions of copyrighted material. The Council donated to the United States of America his copyrights in all of his unpublished writings in National Archives collections. Works prepared by U.S. Government employees as part of their official duties are in the public domain. The copyrights to materials written by other individuals or organizations are presumed to remain with them. If you think any of the information displayed in the PDF is subject to a valid copyright claim, please contact the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.

To be returned to office of Rep. Gerald Ford

Monday, Apr. 17, 67

6:30 p.m.

SOUTH BEND GRIDIRON DINNER

After hearing that introduction, obviously I'm not in Ford Country.

But no matter what John tells you, Mike Carmichael didn't locate this Ford at the showrooms of Low Overhead Jordan. Actually, he got me by trading in a slightly used George Hinkle.

I stopped in at Mike's home earlier this evening. I'm certain he'll never run for President of the United States. He couldn't bear the thought of moving into a smaller house.

When I arrived from Washington, I couldn't help but notice the economic progress you're making -- you're finally getting a genuine saloon at the airport terminal. I'm told this took very special effort by your Democratic legislators, even though they couldn't get you a medical school. Well, never mind, if you have to wait long enough at the airport you'll think American Airlines is Alcoholics Anonymous.

It's always a pleasure to be in South Bend. I can say that with a smile since I never had the sad experience of being



clobbered on the gridiron by the Fighting Irish. A long time ago, back when the "ball was round", I played some football at Ann Arbor -- but even then South Bend was known as the home of the fighting Irish.

Of course, that was before Bobby Kennedy came to Washington -- New York's newest Senator to square off with LBJ.

I don't mean Bobby spends all his time fighting. After all, he just became a father for the tenth time.

Bobby doesn't really hate Lyndon Johnson, either. Sometimes they agree 100%. For example, Bobby didn't think Lyndon should be Vice President and Lyndon didn't think Bobby should be Vice President. It's fair to assume they feel the same way about who should be President.

Maybe you haven't heard the newest Washington scuttlebutt since all the television news you've been getting lately has been from Chet Huntley and other strikebreakers, but Senator Kennedy has been recovering from very painful surgery.

It's a well-kept secret, but after Bobby swore on a stack of Bibles that he isn't running for President, they rushed him



him off to the hospital.

To get his fingers <sup>UN</sup> crossed.

Vice President Humphrey says he isn't running ~~for~~<sup>or</sup> President, either.

But he might, if he could find someone to second his nomination.

Hubert is a nice guy, though, and a hardworking No. 2. His big problem -- No. 1 tries even harder.

Hubert didn't mind so much when the President put him in charge of Outer Space. But, it was too much of a good thing when Lyndon also saddled him with supervision of the Undersea Exploration program.

In the Navy, we called that "giving" 'em the Deep Six."

But, I'm not going to pick on our Vice President, because I think he gets enough of that lately from his old fraternity, the ADA, sometimes known as the Americans for Democratic Action.

After all, how would you like it if every time you opened your mouth people started talking about the Credibility Gap?

Lyndon doesn't like that phrase, "Credibility Gap". You might say it bugs him -- and he doesn't like to be bugged any better than Bobby Baker.



The President blames me for constantly calling public attention to the Credibility Gap in his administration. Sometimes I term it a Texas-size Credibility Canyon. But, anyhow, I say such things right out in public. Frankly, it saddens me to hear tales about the things Lyndon has said about me behind my back.

I was told by a reporter friend not long ago that when my name came up in a White House pow-wow, the President snorted and said" There's nothing wrong with Jerry Ford except that he played football too long without a helmet."

It would be inappropriate to respond in kind. But, back in the early-Thirties when I was wearing a Michigan jersey the President was running a New Deal giveaway program under the blazing hot Texas sun -- I'll be frank to say I don't know whether he wore his sombrero or not.

Besides, I'm rather proud of the lessons football taught me. I enjoyed the chance to compare notes earlier this evening with Ara Parasghian and Hank Stram. We didn't mention the Michigan State-Notre Dame game. But we did discuss the Big Game that all the political fans are watching in Washington -- the Vietnam War which



has really splintered the Democratic Party.

On one side of the line of scrimmage, we have the Administration squad, the Great Society Packers, and on the other their arch-rivals, the Kremlin Reds. The stakes are pretty high. The head coach, Elbee Jay, calls his boys together just before the kickoff and makes a big pitch for consensus.

In the huddle, quarterback Hurryup Hubert calls the play. As soon as he hears the signal, the Left Guard, Arkansaw Bill Fulbright, accuses the quarterback of arrogance of power. When the ball is snapped, Fulbright takes off in the opposite direction, still grouching.

In the second period, Left End Bobby Kennedy suddenly storms from the lineup and announces to the stands that he will start his own game of touch football at the other end of the field. All the pom-pom girls in the rooting section squeal and follow him.

As if this isn't enough for Elbee Jay and Hurryup Hubert, on almost every play the rollout left halfback, Wild Wayne Morse, deliberately



trips his own ball carrier, Iron Mike Mansfield.

Whenever there's a time out, water boy Adam Clayton Powell ambles onto the field with a bucket full of Scotch and milk.

Speaking of Mr. Powell -- and who isn't -- he is suing me and Speaker John McCormack to regain his seat in the House.

Adam doesn't plan to occupy that seat any more than he did in the past, but it's something to think about down there in Bimini with his beautiful beaches. I said b-e-a-c-h-e-s.

You have to be careful about getting words right. Even the mighty NEW YORK TIMES makes mistakes. At the start of this session the Republican leadership in the House invited all 59 of our new Republican members and their wives to a get acquainted-work retreat in a conference center just outside Washington, D. C.

I stood up before those bright new faces of this new brood and beamed with pleasure. We were proud to have this brood for our Republican ranks. The next morning there was a story about it on the front page of the NEW YORK TIMES in which the reporter compared me to a mother hen clucking over her new brood.



But the newsstory actually appeared in ~~the~~ THE TIMES this way: "Jerry Ford, the House Minority Leader, was clucking proudly over his new BROAD."

I thought that was pretty funny. But you know, my wife Betty didn't see anything funny about it at all.

Such incidents make a man's hair grow thin.

It's curious how much attention is being paid to hairstyles in politics nowadays. Whenever Senator Dirksen and I appear together at a news conference, the reporters write more about his coiffure than about my comment<sup>s</sup>.

But it's Bobby Kennedy's hair-do that really defies description.

The best description I've heard is "a haystack in heat."

I hope you don't think I'm being overly partisan or personal this evening. I've heard there are a few Democrats left in Indiana.

I try to aim my shafts equally at Republicans, when they deserve it.

For instance, there's a very prominent Republican from my home state of Michigan.

Strictly off the record, of course, he's a very slick-haired





imperious, opinionated fugitive from the automobile industry who thinks he knows everything and is particularly annoyed by the press.

Hisname -- Robert McNamara.

He formerly picked lemons for Henry Ford. Unfortunately, the rich Fords are no relation of mine.

Do you realize I'm the only Ford who hasn't yet been called back to Michigan for safety modifications.

Speaking of safety, the President has finally sent Congress what he labels "Safe Streets" legislation.

I'm a little puzzled, though, whether he's referring to holdups and muggings by crooks or his own driving habits on the highway.

You can't blame the President, though, for wanting a little fun and relaxation. Think of the awful burden he carries. Imagine the nagging worry that besets him day and night.

After all, your daughter isn't running around with George Hamilton.

We must be serious for a moment this evening.

At the stroke of midnight, if you haven't dropped your Federal income tax payment in the mailbox, it's Leavenworth for you.

Of course, it may lie



right there in the mailbox for a week or so, the way the Postmaster General, Larry O'Brien, delivers the mail.

But after all, Larry wasn't cut out to be a postman. His trade is delivering votes, not letters.

He wants to modernize the Postal Service, like Mr. Cohen, your friendly Collector of Internal Revenue, has modernized the Internal Revenue Service. We must hand it to Cohen -- he's the most efficient mass pickpocket of the electronic age.

And he never stops experimenting. Down in Tucson, Arizona, recently, they showed me a new wrinkle: a drive-in window to pay your federal income tax. If you haven't enough cash, just leave your car.

But, cheer up. Look at the bright side of it. The faster taxes go up and the higher prices get, the sooner we'll all become eligible for the Poverty program.

Besides, who needs money?

You know what they say about the Great Society dollar?

"Confidentially, it shrinks!"



Inflation, you know, it's a very complex subject. It doesn't really refer to the difference between Twiggy and Jayne Mansfield.

Inflation, you might say, is when people who have saved up for a rainy day really get soaked.

Still, the Great Society will probably look after each of us.

Back when LBJ was wearing his sombrero and I my football helmet, there was a great comedy called "You Can't Take It With You."

The Broadway hit show today is called "You Can't Even Have It Here."

We used to hear about Fabian Socialism and security from the cradle to the grave. I don't know what's become of Fabian, although he might turn up in Garrison's fairy tale in New Orleans, but right now the Washington bureaucrats are planning to add a program called Follow-Through -- it will follow after Head Start.

Then, after that, we'll have Carry-In, Hurry-Up, Let-Down, Drop-Dead, and Tomb-Care. And after that who cares.

So, that wraps it up for tonight. May I respectfully address one final word to the next President of the United States. Goodnight



George, Goodnight Dick, Goodnight Rocky, Goodnight Ronny, Goodnight

Chuck, and Goodnight Harold Stassen, wherever you are.



SOUTH BEND GRIDIRON DINNER *Harry - Jim +* APRIL 17, 1967  
*city & steel*

AFTER HEARING THAT INTRODUCTION, OBVIOUSLY I'M NOT IN FORD COUNTRY.

BUT NO MATTER WHAT JOHN TELLS YOU, MIKE CARMICHAEL DIDN'T LOCATE THIS FORD AT THE SHOWROOMS OF LOW OVERHEAD JORDAN. ACTUALLY, HE GOT ME BY TRADING IN A SLIGHTLY USED GEORGE HINKLE.

*Carmichael's*  
I STOPPED IN AT MIKE'S HOME EARLIER THIS EVENING - I'M CERTAIN HE'LL NEVER RUN FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. HE COULDN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF MOVING INTO A SMALLER HOUSE.

WHEN I ARRIVED FROM WASHINGTON, I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THE ECONOMIC PROGRESS YOU'RE MAKING -- YOU'RE FINALLY GETTING A GENUINE SALOON AT THE AIRPORT TERMINAL. I'M TOLD THIS TOOK VERY SPECIAL EFFORT BY YOUR DEMOCRATIC



LEGISLATORS, EVEN THOUGH THEY COULDN'T GET YOU A MEDICAL SCHOOL. WELL, /NEVER MIND, IF YOU HAVE TO WAIT LONG ENOUGH AT THE AIRPORT YOU'LL THINK AMERICAN AIRLINES IS ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS.

IT'S ALWAYS A <sup>great</sup> PLEASURE TO BE IN SOUTH BEND. I CAN SAY THAT WITH A SMILE SINCE I NEVER HAD THE SAD EXPERIENCE OF BEING CLOBBED ON THE GRIDIRON BY THE FIGHTING IRISH. A LONG TIME AGO, BACK WHEN THE "BALL WAS ROUND," I PLAYED SOME FOOTBALL AT ANN ARBOR -- BUT EVEN THEN SOUTH BEND WAS KNOWN AS THE HOME OF THE FIGHTING IRISH.

OF COURSE, /THAT WAS BEFORE BOBBY KENNEDY CAME TO WASHINGTON -- NEW YORK'S NEWEST <sup>Democratic</sup> SENATOR TO SQUARE OFF WITH LBJ.

I DON'T MEAN BOBBY SPENDS ALL HIS TIME FIGHTING. AFTER ALL, HE JUST BECAME A FATHER FOR THE TENTH TIME.



BOBBY DOESN'T REALLY HATE LYNDON, EITHER. SOMETIMES  
THEY AGREE 100 PERCENT. FOR EXAMPLE, BOBBY DIDN'T THINK  
LYNDON SHOULD BE VICE PRESIDENT/AND LYNDON DIDN'T THINK  
BOBBY SHOULD BE VICE PRESIDENT. ITS FAIR TO ASSUME THEY  
FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT WHO SHOULD BE PRESIDENT.

MAYBE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE NEWEST WASHINGTON  
SCUTTLEBUTT SINCE ALL THE TELEVISION NEWS YOU'VE BEEN GETTING  
LATELY HAS BEEN FROM CHET HUNTLEY AND OTHER STRIKEBREAKERS.  
BUT SENATOR KENNEDY HAS BEEN RECOVERING FROM VERY PAINFUL  
SURGERY.

IT'S A WELL-KEPT SECRET, BUT AFTER BOBBY SWORE ON A  
STACK OF BIBLES THAT HE ISN'T RUNNING FOR PRESIDENT, THEY  
RUSHED HIM OFF TO THE HOSPITAL.

TO GET HIS FINGERS UNCROSSED.



VICE PRESIDENT HUMPHREY SAYS HE ISN'T RUNNING FOR PRESIDENT EITHER.

BUT HE MIGHT, IF HE COULD FIND SOMEONE TO SECOND HIS NOMINATION.

HUBERT IS A NICE GUY, THOUGH, AND A HARDWORKING NO. 2. HIS BIG PROBLEM -- NO. 1 TRIES EVEN HARDER.

HUBERT DIDN'T MIND SO MUCH WHEN THE PRESIDENT PUT HIM IN CHARGE OF OUTER SPACE. BUT IT WAS TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING WHEN LYNDON ALSO SADDLED HIM WITH SUPERVISION OF THE UNDERSEA EXPLORATION PROGRAM.

IN THE NAVY, WE CALLED THAT "GIVING 'EM THE DEEP SIX."

BUT I'M NOT GOING TO PICK ON OUR VICE PRESIDENT. BECAUSE / I THINK HE GETS ENOUGH OF THAT <sup>needing</sup> LATELY FROM HIS





OLD FRATERNITY, THE ADA, SOMETIMES KNOWN AS THE AMERICANS FOR DEMOCRATIC ACTION.

AFTER ALL, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF EVERY TIME YOU OPENED YOUR MOUTH PEOPLE STARTED TALKING ABOUT THE CREDIBILITY GAP.

LYNDON DOESN'T LIKE THAT PHRASE, "CREDIBILITY GAP." YOU MIGHT SAY IT BUGS HIM -- AND HE DOESN'T LIKE TO BE BUGGED ANY BETTER THAN BOBBY BAKER.

THE PRESIDENT BLAMES ME FOR CONSTANTLY CALLING PUBLIC ATTENTION TO THE CREDIBILITY GAP IN HIS ADMINISTRATION. SOMETIMES I TERM IT A TEXAS-SIZE CREDIBILITY CANYON. BUT ANYHOW, I SAY SUCH THINGS RIGHT OUT IN PUBLIC. FRANKLY, IT SADDENS ME TO HEAR TALES ABOUT THE THINGS LYNDON HAS SAID ABOUT ME BEHIND MY BACK.



I WAS TOLD BY A REPORTER FRIEND NOT LONG AGO THAT WHEN MY NAME CAME UP IN A WHITE HOUSE POW-WOW, THE PRESIDENT SNORTED AND SAID, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH JERRY FORD EXCEPT THAT HE PLAYED FOOTBALL TOO LONG WITHOUT A HELMET."

IT WOULD BE INAPPROPRIATE TO RESPOND IN KIND. BUT, BACK IN THE EARLY-THIRTIES WHEN I WAS WEARING A MICHIGAN JERSEY THE PRESIDENT WAS RUNNING A NEW DEAL GIVEAWAY PROGRAM UNDER THE BLAZING HOT TEXAS SUN -- I'LL BE FRANK TO SAY I DON'T KNOW WHETHER HE WORE HIS SOMBRERO OR NOT.

BESIDES, I'M RATHER PROUD OF THE LESSONS FOOTBALL TAUGHT ME. I ENJOYED THE CHANCE TO COMPARE NOTES EARLIER THIS EVENING WITH ARA PARSEGHIAN AND HANK STRAM. WE DIDN'T MENTION THE MICHIGAN STATE -- NOTRE DAME GAME. BUT WE DID DISCUSS THE BIG GAME THAT ALL THE POLITICAL FANS ARE WATCHING IN WASHINGTON -- THE VIETNAM WAR WHICH HAS REALLY SPLINTERED



THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

ON ONE SIDE OF THE LINE OF SCRIMMAGE WE HAVE THE ADMINISTRATION SQUAD, THE GREAT SOCIETY PACKERS, AND ON THE OTHER THEIR ARCH-RIVALS, THE KREMLIN REDS. THE STAKES ARE PRETTY HIGH. THE HEAD COACH, ELBEE JAY, CALLS HIS BOYS TOGETHER JUST BEFORE THE KICKOFF AND MAKES A BIG PITCH FOR CONSENSUS.

IN THE HUDDLE, QUARTERBACK HURRYUP HUBERT CALLS THE PLAY. AS SOON AS HE HEARS THE SIGNAL, THE LEFT GUARD, <sup>(Hall)</sup> ARKANSAW BILL FULBRIGHT, ACCUSES THE QUARTERBACK OF ARROGANCE OF POWER. WHEN THE BALL IS SNAPPED, FULBRIGHT TAKES OFF IN THE OPPOSITION DIRECTION, ~~STILL GROUCHING~~.



IN THE SECOND PERIOD, LEFT END BOBBY KENNEDY SUDDENLY STORMS FROM THE LINEUP AND ANNOUNCES TO THE STANDS THAT HE WILL START HIS OWN GAME OF TOUCH FOOTBALL AT THE OTHER

END OF THE FIELD. ALL THE POM-POM GIRLS IN THE ROOTING SECTION SQUEAL AND FOLLOW HIM.

AS IF THIS ISN'T ENOUGH FOR ELBEE JAY AND HURRYUP HUBERT, ON ALMOST EVERY PLAY THE ROLLOUT LEFT HALFBACK, WLLD WAYNE MORSE, DELIBERATELY TRIPS HIS OWN BALL CARRIER, IRON MIKE MANSFIELD.

WHENEVER THERE'S A TIME OUT, WATER BOY ADAM CLAYTON POWELL AMBLES ONTO THE FIELD WITH A BUCKET FULL OF SCOTCH AND MILK.

SPEAKING OF MR. POWELL -- AND WHO ISN'T -- HE IS SUING ME AND SPEAKER JOHN MCCORMACK TO REGAIN HIS SEAT IN THE HOUSE.

ADAM DOESN'T PLAN TO OCCUPY THAT SEAT ANY MORE THAN HE DID IN THE PAST, BUT IT'S SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT DOWN THERE IN BIMINI WITH HIS BEAUTIFUL BEACHES. I SAID



B - E - A - C - H - E - S .

YOU HAVE TO BE CAREFUL ABOUT GETTING WORDS RIGHT. EVEN THE MIGHTY NEW YORK TIMES MAKES MISTAKES. AT THE START OF THIS SESSION THE REPUBLICAN LEADERSHIP IN THE HOUSE INVITED ALL 59 OF OUR NEW REPUBLICAN MEMBERS AND THEIR WIVES TO A GET ACQUAINTED-WORK RETREAT IN A CONFERENCE CENTER JUST OUTSIDE WASHINGTON, D.C.

I STOOD UP BEFORE THOSE BRIGHT NEW FACES OF THIS NEW BROOD AND BEAMED WITH PLEASURE. WE WERE PROUD TO HAVE THIS BROOD FOR OUR <sup>strengthen</sup> REPUBLICAN RANKS. THE NEXT MORNING THERE WAS A STORY ABOUT IT ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THE NEW YORK TIMES IN WHICH THE REPORTER COMPARED ME TO A MOTHER HEN CLUCKING OVER HER NEW BROOD.

BUT THE NEWSSTORY ACTUALLY APPEARED IN THE TIMES THIS



WAY: "JERRY FORD, THE HOUSE MINORITY LEADER, WAS CLUCKING  
PROUDLY OVER HIS NEW BROAD."

I THOUGHT THAT WAS PRETTY FUNNY. BUT YOU KNOW, MY  
WIFE BETTY DIDN'T ~~SEE ANYTHING FUNNY ABOUT IT AT ALL.~~ *have quite the same point of view - and I heard about it.*

SUCH INCIDENTS MAKE A MAN'S HAIR GROW THIN.

IT'S CURIOUS HOW MUCH ATTENTION IS BEING PAID TO  
HAIRSTYLES IN POLITICS NOWADAYS. WHENEVER SENATOR DIRKSEN  
AND I APPEAR TOGETHER AT A NEWS CONFERENCE, THE REPORTERS  
WRITE MORE ABOUT HIS COIFFURE THAN ABOUT MY COMMENT.

BUT IT'S BOBBY KENNEDY'S HAIR-DO <sup>*or hairstyle*</sup> THAT REALLY DEFIES  
DESCRIPTION.

THE BEST DESCRIPTION I'VE HEARD IS "A HAYSTACK IN HEAT."

I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK I'M BEING OVERLY PARTISAN OR



PERSONAL THIS EVENING. I'VE HEARD THERE ARE A FEW DEMOCRATS LEFT IN INDIANA.

I TRY TO AIM MY SHAFTS EQUALLY AT REPUBLICANS, WHEN THEY DESERVE IT.

FOR INSTANCE, THERE'S A VERY PROMINENT REPUBLICAN FROM MY HOME STATE OF MICHIGAN.

STRICTLY OFF THE RECORD, OF COURSE, HE'S A VERY SLICK-HAIRED, IMPERIOUS, OPINIONATED FUGITIVE FROM THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY WHO THINKS HE KNOWS EVERYTHING AND IS PARTICULARLY ANNOYED BY THE PRESS.

HIS NAME ROBERT MCNAMARA.

HE FORMERLY PICKED LEMONS FOR HENRY FORD. UNFORTUNATELY THE RICH FORDS ARE NO RELATION OF MINE.



DO YOU REALIZE/I'M THE ONLY FORD WHO HASN'T YET BEEN CALLED BACK TO MICHIGAN FOR SAFETY MODIFICATIONS.

SPEAKING OF SAFETY, THE PRESIDENT HAS FINALLY SENT CONGRESS WHAT HE LABELS "SAFE STREETS" LEGISLATION.

I'M A LITTLE PUZZLED, THOUGH, WHETHER HE'S REFERRING TO HOLDUPS AND MUGGINGS BY CROOKS/OR HIS OWN DRIVING HABITS ON THE HIGHWAY.

YOU CAN'T BLAME THE PRESIDENT, THOUGH, FOR WANTING A LITTLE FUN AND RELAXATION. THINK/OF THE AWFUL BURDEN HE CARRIES. IMAGINE/THE NAGGING WORRY THAT BESETS HIM DAY AND NIGHT.

AFTER ALL,YOUR DAUGHTER ISN'T RUNNING AROUND WITH GEORGE HAMILTON.

WE MUST BE SERIOUS FOR A MOMENT THIS EVENING.





AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT, IF YOU HAVEN'T DROPPED YOUR FEDERAL INCOME TAX PAYMENT IN THE MAILBOX, IT'S LEAVENWORTH FOR YOU. OF COURSE, IT MAY LIE RIGHT THERE IN THE MAILBOX FOR A WEEK OR SO, THE WAY THE POSTMASTER GENERAL, LARRY O'BRIEN, DELIVERS THE MAIL.

BUT AFTER ALL, LARRY WASN'T CUT OUT TO BE A POSTMAN. HIS TRADE IS DELIVERING VOTES, NOT LETTERS.

HE WANTS TO MODERNIZE THE POSTAL SERVICE, LIKE MR. COHEN, YOUR FRIENDLY COLLECTOR OF INTERNAL REVENUE, HAS MODERNIZED THE INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE. WE MUST HAND IT TO COHEN -- HE'S THE MOST EFFICIENT MASS PICKPOCKET OF THE ELECTRONIC AGE.

AND HE NEVER STOPS EXPERIMENTING. DOWN IN TUCSON, ARIZONA, RECENTLY, THEY SHOWED ME A NEW WRINKLE. A DRIVE-IN



WINDOW TO PAY YOUR FEDERAL INCOME TAX. IF YOU HAVEN'T  
ENOUGH CASH, JUST LEAVE YOUR CAR.

*Beer. Internal Revenue*  
BUT, CHEER UP. LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE OF IT. THE  
FASTER TAXES GO UP AND THE HIGHER PRICES GET, THE SOONER  
WE'LL ALL BECOME ELIGIBLE FOR THE POVERTY PROGRAM.

BESIDES, WHO NEEDS MONEY.

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE GREAT SOCIETY  
DOLLAR.

"CONFIDENTIALLY, IT SHRINKS!"

INFLATION, YOU KNOW. IT'S A VERY COMPLEX SUBJECT. IT  
DOESN'T REALLY REFER TO THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TWIGGY AND  
JAYNE MANSFIELD. INFLATION, YOU MIGHT SAY, IS WHEN PEOPLE  
WHO HAVE SAVED UP FOR A RAINY DAY REALLY GET SOAKED.

STILL, THE GREAT SOCIETY WILL PROBABLY LOOK AFTER



EACH OF US.

BACK WHEN LBJ WAS WEARING HIS SOMBRERO/AND I MY FOOTBALL HELMET, THERE WAS A GREAT COMEDY CALLED "YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU."

THE BROADWAY HIT SHOW TODAY IS CALLED "YOU CAN'T EVEN HAVE IT HERE."

WE USED TO HEAR ABOUT FABIAN SOCIALISM/<sup>social</sup>AND SECURITY FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BECOME OF FABIAN, ALTHOUGH HE MIGHT TURN UP IN GARRISON'S <sup>New-Orleans</sup>FAIRY TALE, ~~IN NEW ORLEANS.~~ BUT RIGHT NOW/<sup>new</sup>THE WASHINGTON BUREAUCRATS ARE PLANNING TO ADD A <sup>1</sup>PROGRAM CALLED FOLLOW-THROUGH -- IT WILL FOLLOW AFTER HEAD START.

THEN, AFTER THAT, WE'LL HAVE CARRY-IN, HURRY-UP, LET-DOWN, DROP-DEAD, AND TOMB-CARE. AND AFTER/THAT WHO CARES.



SO, THAT WRAPS IT UP FOR TONIGHT. MAY I RESPECTFULLY  
ADDRESS ONE FINAL WORD TO THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED  
STATES. GOODNIGHT GEORGE, GOODNIGHT DICK, GOODNIGHT ROCKY,  
GOODNIGHT RONNY, GOODNIGHT CHUCK, AND GOODNIGHT HAROLD  
STASSEN, WHEREVER YOU ARE.



Bumpy ok

obviously

X

After hearing that introduction, ~~it's clear in my mind~~  
~~that~~ this is not Ford Country. It's also interesting to  
note that your roastmaster plans to leave town immediately  
after the dinner. The only thing that can stop him is a  
federal law against the interstate shipment of toxic gas....  
I understand that he's going to have his own newscast in  
Milwaukee, a development which certainly indicates that  
Milwaukee isn't serious about ending its air pollution  
problem....When the wind's from the north during one of  
John's newscasts, they'll have to evacuate the asthmatic  
children from Waukegan, Wilmette and Evanston.

no

I also would like to make it clear that--no matter what  
John tells you--Mike Carmichael didn't locate this Ford at  
the showrooms of Low Overhead Jordan. He actually got me  
by trading in a slightly used George Hinkle.

ok

X

I stopped in at Mike's home earlier this evening and  
now I'm sure he'll never be a candidate for President. He  
couldn't bear the thought of having to move into a smaller  
house.

ok

X

When I flew into South Bend this afternoon, I couldn't  
help but notice the economic progress you're making. After  
all this time, you're finally getting a genuine saloon in  
the airport terminal building. Now you good people ~~are going~~  
~~to~~ be able to get high before you get on an airplane.

ok

X

will

I have been informed that it took special legislation  
to get a liquor license for your airport. This was a  
difficult job and I want to congratulate your Democrat  
legislators who worked so hard on this project. They didn't  
get you a medical school or a state park or property tax

ok



relief but by golly <sup>you can now</sup> ~~you'll now be able to~~ get a shot and a beer before you board a Lake Central flight for Indianapolis.... Without a medical school, people are going to get sick. But with your new liquor license, they'll be able to get sick and enjoy it.

*no*  
Before the dinner someone told me that your state representative Dick Bodine put together a medical school bill based on a blue ribbon committee. And then the Governor turned Bodine's blue-ribbon into a noose.

*oh*  
You know, the Kennedys used to run for office on the slogan, "More for Massachusetts." This same theme is going to be used by Dick Bodine when he runs for G<sup>O</sup>vernor. Only when you consider his record, the slogan is going to have to be changed from "More for Massachusetts" to "Less for Mishawaka."

*oh (2)*  
*no*  
Speaking of Mishawaka, I've been to a number of Gridiron Dinners and this is the first time I've ever seen a member of the opposite sex at the headtable. It certainly was a marvelous experience to meet your Mayor Maggie Prickett since she is effective, efficient and, best of all, Republican. But I wonder if her appearance here doesn't set some sort of precedent. The next thing you know, the National Gridiron Club will have to make room at the headtable for Governor Wallace of Alabama....or for the holder of this nation's second highest office, Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson.

*no*  
I was disappointed that your State Senator Bob Mahowald (Ma-ho-wald) isn't here tonight. Someone told me he's vacationing in the Vatican.



?  
Driving through town, I noticed that all of your Democrats running for mayor have campaign offices in the Pick-Oliver Hotel. This isn't a coincidence. The hotel management wanted these candidates to move in. That's because right after the primary, the hotel is going to be torn down and the hotel people know there's nothing easier to tear apart than a Democratic platform.

I noticed that outside Gene Pajakowski's headquarters is a doormat that looks exactly like Paul Krueper. If you try to wipe your feet on it, you cut your ankles on the knives.

ms  
I'm glad that Mayor Allen is here tonight. He's done a terrific job. And I think his great work has been proven by the fact that he's unopposed in the Republican primary. The fact that he has no opposition is a real blessing for Lloyd. It gives him time to prepare for the fall campaign by studying Polish. Lloyd feels that if there are going to be any campaign debates this fall, he wants his opponent to understand everything he has to say.

?  
It's also a pleasure to be at the headtable with your distinguished Governor, one of the greatest assets we Republicans have ever had....

?  
Speaking of Republican assets, it's too bad Senator Bayh couldn't be with us tonight. I understand he did a great job here a year ago. I guess the highlight was his blistering attack on Homer Capehart. I've heard of bad losers before, but this is the first time I ever heard of a bad winner.



3  
Despite our political differences, I must say a kind word about your congressman--that well-known, dynamic young man, Congressman....What's-His-Name?

oh  
As a former football player, I enjoyed the opportunity to visit with Ara Parseghian and Hank Stram. Even though I happen to be from Michigan, I didn't mention the last five minutes of the Michigan State-Notre Dame game. I understand Ara was just trying to force the game into overtime. ~~SA~~ Also heard that Coach Stram is here to get some advice on running out the clock against Green Bay--~~and~~ he wants to do it right after the opening kickoff. X

oh  
From the price of the tickets to this dinner, I'd say that South Bend is the only place in the country where we're winning the War on Poverty. It's hard to believe the Press Club could find 600 men with \$17.50 to spare on the due day for the federal income tax.





SOUTH BEND GRIDIRON DINNER

Date ?

4/17/67

1967

After hearing that introduction, obviously I'm not in Ford Country.

But no matter what John tells you, Mike Carmichael didn't locate this Ford at the showrooms of Low Overhead Jordan. Actually, he got me by trading in a slightly used George Hinkle.

I stopped in at Mike's home earlier this evening. I'm certain he'll never run for President of the United States. He couldn't bear the thought of moving into a smaller house.

When I arrived from Washington, I couldn't help but notice the economic progress you're making -- you're finally getting a genuine saloon at the airport terminal. I'm told this took very special effort by your Democratic legislators, even though<sup>#</sup> they couldn't get you a medical school. Well, never mind, if you have to wait long enough at the airport you'll think American Airlines is Alcoholics Anonymous.

It's always a pleasure to be in South Bend. I can say that with a smile since I never had the sad experience of being



clobbered on the gridiron by the Fighting Irish. A long time ago, back when the "ball was round", I played some football at Ann Arbor -- but even then South Bend was known as the home of the fighting Irish.

Of course, that was before Bobby Kennedy came to Washington -- New York's newest Senator to square off with LBJ.

I don't mean Bobby spends all his time fighting. After all, he just became a father for the tenth time.

Bobby doesn't really hate Lyndon Johnson, either. Sometimes they agree 100%. For example, Bobby didn't think Lyndon should be Vice President and Lyndon didn't think Bobby should be Vice President. It's fair to assume they feel the same way about who should be President.

Maybe you haven't heard the newest Washington scuttlebutt since all the television news you've been getting lately has been from Chet Huntley and other strikebreakers, but Senator Kennedy has been recovering from very painful surgery.

It's a well-kept secret, but after Bobby swore on a stack of Bibles that he isn't running for President, they rushed him



him off to the hospital.

To get his fingers <sup>UN</sup> crossed.

Vice President Humphrey says he isn't running ~~for~~ President, either.

But he might, if he could find someone to second his nomination.

Hubert is a nice guy, though, and a hardworking No. 2. His

big problem -- No. 1 tries even harder.

Hubert didn't mind so much when the President put him in charge of Outer Space. But, it was too much of a good thing when Lyndon also saddled him with supervision of the Undersea Exploration program.

In the Navy, we called that "giving" 'em the Deep Six."

But, I'm not going to pick on our Vice President, because I think he get enough of that lately from his old fraternity, the ADA, sometimes known as the Americans for Democratic Action.

After all, how would you like it if every time you opened your mouth people started talking about the Credibility Gap?

Lyndon doesn't like that phrase, "Credibility Gap". You might say it bugs him -- and he doesn't like to be bugged any better than Bobby Baker.



The President blames me for constantly calling public attention to the Credibility Gap in his administration. Sometimes I term it a Texas-size Credibility Canyon. But, anyhow, I say such things right out in public. Frankly, it saddens me to hear tales about the things Lyndon has said about me behind my back.

I was told by a reporter friend not long ago that when my name came up in a White House pow-wow, the President snorted and said "There's nothing wrong with Jerry Ford except that he played football too long without a helmet."

It would be inappropriate to respond in kind. But, back in the early-Thirties when I was wearing a Michigan jersey the President was running a New Deal giveaway program under the blazing hot Texas sun -- I'll be frank to say I don't know whether he wore his sombrero or not.

Besides, I'm rather proud of the lessons football taught me. I enjoyed the chance to compare notes earlier this evening with Ara Parseghian and Hank Stram. We didn't mention the Michigan State-Notre Dame game. But we did discuss the Big Game that all the political fans are watching in Washington -- the Vietnam War which



has really splintered the Democratic Party.

On one side of the line of scrimmage, we have the Administration squad, the Great Society Packers, and on the other their arch-rivals, the Kremlin Reds. The stakes are pretty high. The head coach, Elbee Jay, calls his boys together just before the kickoff and makes a big pitch for consensus.

In the huddle, quarterback Hurrup Hubert calls the play. As soon as he hears the signal, the Left Guard, Arkansas Bill Fulbright, accuses the quarterback of arrogance of power. When the ball is snapped, Fulbright takes off in the opposite direction, still grouching.

In the second period, Left End Bobby Kennedy suddenly storms from the lineup and announces to the stands that he will start his own game of touch football at the other end of the field. All the pom-pom girls in the rooting section squeal and follow him.

As if this isn't enough for Elbee Jay and Hurrup Hubert, on almost every play the rollout left halfback, Wild Wayne Morse, deliberately



trips his own ball carrier, Iron Mike Mansfield.

Whenever there's a time out, water boy Adam Clayton Powell ambles onto the field with a bucket full of Scotch and milk.

Speaking of Mr. Powell -- and who isn't -- he is suing me, and Speaker John McCormack to regain his seat in the House.

Adam doesn't plan to occupy that seat any more than he did in the past, but it's something to think about down there in Bimini with his beautiful beaches. I said b-e-a-c-h-e-s.

You have to be careful about getting words right. Even the mighty NEW YORK TIMES makes mistakes. At the start of this session the Republican leadership in the House invited all 59 of our new Republican members and their wives to a get acquainted-work retreat in a conference center just outside Washington, D. C.

I stood up before those bright new faces of this new brood and beamed with pleasure. We were proud to have this brood for our Republican ranks. The next morning there was a story about it on the front page of the NEW YORK TIMES in which the reporter compared me to a mother hen clucking over her new brood.



But the news story actually appeared in the TIMES this way: "Jerry Ford, the House Minority Leader, was clucking proudly over his new BROAD."

I thought that was pretty funny. But you know, my wife Betty didn't see anything funny about it at all.

Such incidents make a man's hair grow thin.

It's curious how much attention is being paid to hairstyles in politics nowadays. Whenever Senator Dirksen and I appear together at a news conference, the reporters write more about his coiffure than about my comment.

But it's Bobby Kennedy's hair-do that really defies description.

The best description I've heard is "a haystack in heat."

I hope you don't think I'm being overly partisan or personal this evening. I've heard there are a few Democrats left in Indiana.

I try to aim my shafts equally at Republicans, when they deserve it.

For instance, there's a very prominent Republican from my home state of Michigan.

Strictly off the record, of course, he's a very slick-haired



imperious, opinionated fugitive from the automobile industry who thinks he knows everything and is particularly annoyed by the press.

Hisname -- Robert McNamara.

He formerly picked lemons for Henry Ford. Unfortunately the rich Fords are no relation of mine.

Do you realize I'm the only Ford who hasn't yet been called back to Michigan for safety modifications.

Speaking of safety, the President has finally sent Congress what he labels "Safe Streets" legislation.

I'm a little puzzled, though, whether he's referring to holdups and muggings by crooks or his own driving habits on the highway.

You can't blame the President, though, for wanting a little fun and relaxation. Think of the awful burden he carries. Imagine the nagging worry that besets him day and night.

*How would you feel if*  
After all, your daughter isn't <sup>was</sup> running around with George Hamilton.?

We must be serious for a moment this evening.

At the stroke of midnight, if you haven't dropped your Federal income tax payment in the mailbox, it's Leavenworth for you.

Of course, it may lie





right there in the mailbox for a week or so, the way the Postmaster General Larry O'Brien delivers the mail.

But after all, Larry wasn't cut out to be a postman. His trade is delivering votes, not letters.

He wants to modernize the Postal Service, like Mr. Cohen, your friendly Collector of Internal Revenue, has modernized the Internal Revenue Service. We must hand it to Cohen -- he's the most efficient mass pickpocket of the electronic age.

And he never stops experimenting. Down in Tucson, Arizona, recently, they showed me a new wrinkle: a drive-in window to pay your federal income tax. If you haven't enough cash, just leave your car.

But, cheer up. Look at the bright side of it. The faster taxes go up and the higher prices get, the sooner we'll all become eligible for the Poverty program.

Besides, who needs money?

You know what they say about the Great Society dollar?

"Confidentially, it shrinks!"

*1 Bill Springer*

*Handwritten notes and scribbles in the bottom left quadrant.*

*(4)*

*Handwritten notes and scribbles in the bottom center quadrant.*



*Handwritten notes and scribbles in the bottom right quadrant.*

① Bill Harsha -

for the poverty program.

Bill Ford  
We are only  
Fords who haven't been

③ Program -

Al Thomas  
John Fogarty

Loisann J. Virginia  
Island

So up and the higher prices get, the sooner we'll all become eligible

But, cheer up, look at the bright side of it. The latter taxes

federal income tax. If you haven't enough cash, just leave your car.

recently, they showed me a new principle: a drive-in window to pay your

And he never stops experimenting. Down in Tucson, Arizona,

pickpocket of the electronic age.

Service. We must hand it to Cohen -- he's the most efficient man

friendly collector of Internal Revenue, has modernized the Internal Revenue

He wants to modernize the Postal Service, like Mr. Cohen, your

to delivering voices, not letters.

but after all, Larry wasn't cut out to be a postman. His trade

Larry O'Brien delivers the mail.

right there in the mailbox for a week or so, the way the Postmaster General

Inflation, you know, it's a very complex subject. It doesn't really refer to the difference between Twiggy and Jayne Mansfield.

Inflation, you might say, is when people who have saved up for a rainy day really get soaked.

Still, the Great Society will probably look after each of us.

Back when LBJ was wearing his sombrero and I my football helmet, there was a great comedy called "You Can't Take It With You."

The Broadway hit show today is called "You Can't Even Have It Here."

We used to hear about Fabian Socialism and security from the cradle to the grave. I don't know what's become of Fabian, although he might turn up in Garrison's fairy tale in New Orleans, but right now the Washington bureaucrats are planning to add a program called Follow-Through -- it will follow after Head Start.

Then, after that, we'll have Carry-In, Hurry-Up, Let-Down, Drop-Dead, and Tomb-Care. And after that who cares.

So, that wraps it up for tonight. May I respectfully address one final word to the next President of the United States. Goodnight



George, Goodnight Dick, Goodnight Rocky, Goodnight Ronny, Goodnight  
Chuck, and Goodnight Harold Stassen, wherever you are.

