

CHAPTER
24

GUIDED READING *The Ford and Carter Years*

Section 3

A. As you read about Presidents Ford and Carter, take notes to describe the policies of each toward the problems facing them.

Problems Faced by Ford	Policies
1. Ending Watergate scandal	
2. Troubled economy	
3. Hostile Congress	
4. Cold War tensions	
5. Southeast Asia	

Problems Faced by Carter	Policies
6. Distrust of politicians	
7. Energy crisis	
8. Discrimination	
9. Human rights issues	
10. Panama Canal	
11. Cold War tensions	
12. Middle East tensions	

B. On the back of this paper, explain the importance of the **Camp David Accords** and the **Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini** to the Carter administration.

CHAPTER
24**Section 3****RETEACHING ACTIVITY** *The Ford and Carter Years***Reading Comprehension**

Choose the best answer for each item. Write the letter of your answer in the blank.

- _____ 1. The agreements signed during the Ford presidency that promised greater cooperation between Eastern and Western Europe were known as the
- SALT I Treaty.
 - Geneva Accords.
 - Helsinki Accords.
 - Camp David Accords.
- _____ 2. The first African American to serve as U.S. ambassador to the United Nations was
- Andrew Young.
 - James Meredith.
 - A. Philip Randolph.
 - Thurgood Marshall.
- _____ 3. The “moral equivalent of a war” is how President Carter described the nation’s battle against
- inflation.
 - unemployment.
 - the energy crisis.
 - the Soviet Union.
- _____ 4. The 1978 Supreme Court decision that dealt a setback to affirmative action by declaring racial quotas unconstitutional was
- Mapp v. Ohio*.
 - Miranda v. Arizona*.
 - Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka*.
 - Regents of the University of California v. Bakke*.
- _____ 5. U.S. anger over the Soviet Union’s invasion of Afghanistan led to the collapse of the
- SALT II Treaty.
 - Geneva Accords.
 - Helsinki Accords.
 - Camp David Accords.
- _____ 6. In exchange for releasing 52 Americans hostages, revolutionaries in Iran demanded that the United States
- break its alliance with Israel.
 - remove all troops from the Middle East.
 - hand over the much-hated shah of Iran.
 - supply Iran with military and financial aid.

CHAPTER
24

GEOGRAPHY APPLICATION: HUMAN-ENVIRONMENT INTERACTION

Oil Consumption in the 1970s

Section 3

Directions: Read the paragraphs below and study the graphs carefully. Then answer the questions that follow.

In the 1800s, gasoline was considered a useless by-product of oil refining and was often discarded into bodies of water. Kerosene, for burning in lamps, was the main product distilled from oil. In the 1900s, however, technology changed the way oil was used. Electric lighting replaced kerosene lighting, and automobiles and other motor vehicles began creating a need for all of that unwanted gasoline.

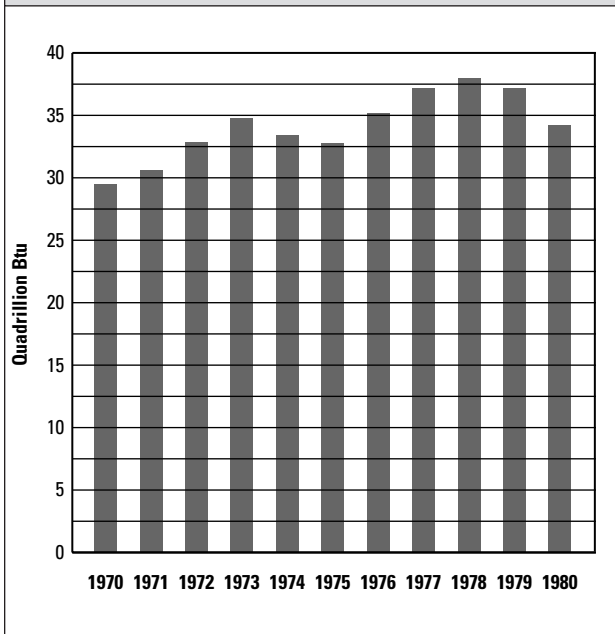
Throughout the century the demand for oil increased, and by 1973, 47 percent of U.S. energy consumption from all sources was coming from oil. Nevertheless, supplies were always abundant, so the price of oil stayed low. As demand began to outstrip U.S. production, however, the United States became increasingly dependent on foreign sources for oil.

Then, the United States experienced two oil crises. In 1973–1974, the Arab members of the

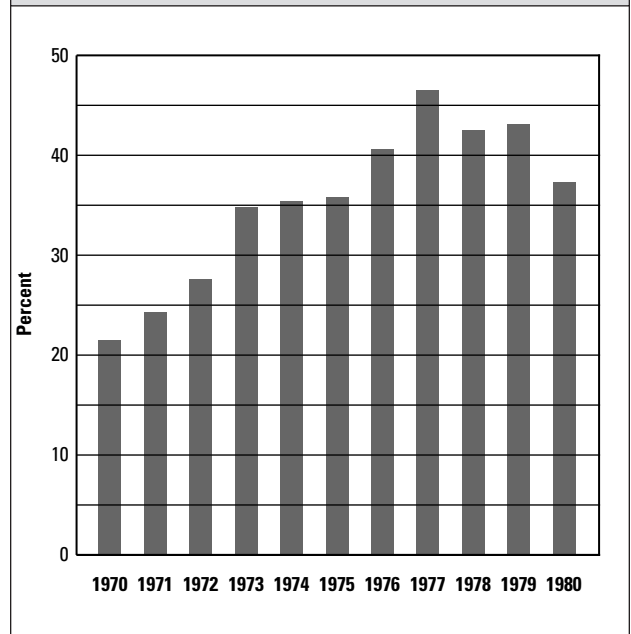
Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC), a collective-bargaining group of oil-producing nations, were angry about Western support of Israel during its 1973 war with its Arab neighbors. They cut off oil exports to the United States, and at the same time the other OPEC members raised prices, from about \$3 to more than \$12 a barrel. U.S. gasoline and heating-oil prices soared. In 1979, OPEC again increased oil prices drastically, and the cost of a barrel of crude oil rose from around \$12 to more than \$30.

The bar graphs below dramatize how dependent the United States was on foreign oil in the 1970s and how the increased cost of oil affected consumption. Oil consumption is measured in British thermal units (Btu), with 1 Btu being the quantity of heat needed to raise the temperature of one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit. A quadrillion is a million billion.

Total U.S. Oil Consumption



Imports as a Percentage of Total U.S. Oil Supply



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Interpreting Text and Visuals

1. What was the trend in oil consumption from 1970 through 1973? _____

2. How much oil did Americans consume in 1973? _____

3. In which year during the 1970s was oil consumption the greatest? _____

4. Why were there rather sharp declines in oil consumption after 1973 and 1979? _____

5. What do you imagine happened to oil consumption in 1981? Why? _____

6. Logically, why should the percentage of imported oil consumed in the United States have dropped in 1973–1974? _____

Why do you think it did not? _____

7. Until 1969, imported oil had never been more than 19.8 percent of the total amount of oil consumed in the United States. In your own words, summarize what happened to U.S. reliance on imported oil in the 1970s.

CHAPTER
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Section 3

LITERATURE SELECTION *from Memories of the Ford Administration* by John Updike

This novel's main character, Alfred Clayton, receives a request from the Northern New England Association of American Historians (NNEAAH) to share his impressions of Gerald Ford's administration. He weaves together his impressions of the politics of the time with memories of events in his own life. As you read this excerpt, think about whether Clayton's impressions of the Ford administration are positive or negative.

From: Alfred L. Clayton, A.B. '58, Ph.D. '62
To: Northern New England Association of American Historians, Putney, Vermont
Re: Requested Memories and Impressions of the Presidential Administration of Gerald R. Ford (1974–77), for Written Symposium on Same to Be Published in NNEAAH's Triquarterly Journal, *Retrospect*

I remember I was sitting among my abandoned children watching when Nixon resigned. My wife was out on a date, and had asked me to babysit. We had been separated since June. This was, of course, August. Nixon, with his bulgy face and his menacing, slipped-cog manner, seemed about to cry. The children and I had never seen a President resign before; nobody in the history of the United States had ever seen that.

Our impressions—well, who can tell what the impressions of children are? Andrew was fifteen, Buzzy just thirteen, Daphne a plump and vulnerable eleven. For them, who had been historically conscious ten years at the most, this resignation was not so epochal, perhaps. The late Sixties and early Seventies had produced so much in the way of bizarre headlines and queer television that they were probably less struck than I was. Spiro Agnew had himself resigned not many months before; Gerald Ford was thus our only non-elected President, unless you count Joe Tumulty in the wake of Wilson's stroke or James G. Blaine during the summer when poor Garfield was being slowly slain by the medical science of 1881, . . .

[W]as there ever a Ford Administration? Evidence for its existence seems to be scanty. I have been doing some sneak objective research, though you ask for memories and impressions, both subjective. The hit songs of the years 1974–76 apparently were

“Seasons in the Sun”
 “The Most Beautiful Girl”
 “The Streak”
 “Please, Mister Postman”
 “Mandy”
 “Top of the World”
 “Just You and Me”
 “Rhinstone Cowboy”
 “Fame”
 “Best of My Love”
 “Laughter in the Rain”
 “The Hustle”
 “Have You Never Been Mellow?”
 “One of These Nights”
 “Jive Talkin’”
 “Silly Love Songs”
 “Black Water”
 “Don’t Go Breakin’ My Heart”
 “Play That Funky Music”
 “A Fifth of Beethoven”
 “Shake Your Booty”
 “Breaking Up Is Hard to Do”
 “Love Is Alive”
 “Sara Smile”
 “Get Closer”

I don't recall hearing any of them. Whenever I turned on the radio, WADM was pouring out J. S. Bach's merry tintinnabulations or the surging cotton candy of P. I. Tchaikovsky, the inventor of sound-track music. No, wait—"Don't Go Breakin' My Heart" rings a faint bell, I can almost hum it, and the same goes for "Breaking Up Is Hard to Do," if it's not the same song. In fact, all twenty-five titles give me the uneasy sensation of being the same song. The top non-fiction bestsellers of those years were *All the President's Men*, *More Joy: Lovemaking Companion to the Joy of Sex*, *You Can Profit from a Monetary Crisis*, *Angels: God's Secret Agents*, *Winning Through Intimidation*, *Sylvia Porter's Money Book*, *Total Fitness in 30 Minutes a*

Week, Blind Ambition: The White House Years, The Grass Is Always Greener over the Septic Tank, and The Hite Report: I read none of them. Fiction, too, evaded my ken; the multitudes but not I revelled in the dramatized information of such chunky, universal titles as *Jaws, Shogun, Ragtime, Trinity, Centennial*, and *1876*, or in the wistful escapism of *All Things Bright and Beautiful* and *Watership Down*, which was, I seem very imperfectly to recall, somehow about rabbits. The top TV shows were *All in the Family, Happy Days*, and *Laverne and Shirley*: I never watched them, having no TV set in my furtive digs. I would half-hear the interrupting news bulletins on WADM whenever some woman would take a shot at Ford or Ford took a shot at the Cambodians—Cambodia being the heart of the world’s darkness in these years—but otherwise the only news that concerned me was what came over the telephone and up the stairs. . . .

The last thing I remember about the Ford Administration is sitting with my children watching, while a New England January held us snug indoors, a youngish-seeming man walking down Pennsylvania Avenue with one hand in his wife’s and the other waving to the multitudes. Washington City was bathed in telegenic white sunlight and Carter was hatless, in pointed and rather embarrassing echo of Kennedy fourteen years and four Presidents ago. A hundred years after the end of Reconstruction and the one indisputably fraudulent Presidential election in American history, a son of the South had risen, without benefit of (cf. Truman, Tyler, and the two Johnsons) another President’s demise. The youngish, hatless man’s smile was broad and constant but not, absolutely, convincing; we were in a time, as in the stretch between Polk and Lincoln, of unconvincing Presidents. But Polk and Lincoln, too, had their doubters and mockers and haters by the millions; perhaps it lies among the President’s many responsibilities to be unconvincing, to set before us, at an apex of visibility, an illustration of how far short of perfection must fall even the most conscientious application to duty and

the most cunning solicitation of selfish interests, throwing us back upon the essential American axiom that no divinely appointed leader will save us, we must do it on our own. Of all the forty-odd, handsome Warren Harding was in a sense the noblest, for only he, upon being notified that he had done a bad job, had the grace to die of a broken heart.

In the three fuzzy heads around me—no, I miscounted, there can be only two, Andy is off at college by January of 1977, he is eighteen and in his freshman year; he chose to go to Duke, to put a bit of distance between himself and his wayward parents—there was, if I can be trusted to read the minds of children, a dubiety not unlike my own at the sunny spectacle being beamed to us from the District of Columbia. No other President had ever seen fit to walk back from the inauguration to the White House. It made him, we felt, a bit too much like the circus clown who, with painted smile, jesting now in this direction and now in that, leads the parade into the big tent—the acrobats and the jugglers, the solemn elephants of foreign policy and the caged tigers of domestic distress.

“Showoff,” Buzzy said, in his manly baritone, which I was still not quite used to.

“Suppose he gets shot?” Daphne asked. She had been in my lap, up in our apple-green home at Dartmouth, a few months old, the Sunday that Lee Harvey Oswald had been plugged for his sins on national television. She had been weaned, you might say, on assassination.

However much Carter wanted to be liked, we could not quite like him: the South couldn’t quite like him because he was a liberal and an engineer, the Northeast liberals couldn’t because he was a Southerner and a born-again

Christian, the Christians were put off because he had told *Playboy* [magazine] he had *looked upon a lot of women with lust*, and the common masses because his lips were too fat and he talked like a squirrel nibbling an acorn. Blacks liked him, those blacks who still took any interest in the national establishment, but this worked in his disfavor, since the blacks were more and more seen as citizens of a

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floating Welfare State concealed within the other fifty, and whose settled purpose and policy was to steal money from hard-working taxpayers. Carter and the other liberal Democrats were white accomplices to this theft, this free ride. Furthermore he told us things we didn't want to hear: We should turn our thermostats down and our other cheek to the Iranians. Our hearts were full of lust, we were suffering from a malaise. All true, but truth isn't what we want from Presidents. We have historians for that.

Forgive me, NNEAAH, and editors of *Retrospect*: I've not forgotten it was Ford you requested my impressions of, not Carter. But what did Ford *do*? As I've said, I was preoccupied by personal affairs, and had the radio in my little apartment turned to WADM—all classical, with newsbreaks on the hour of only a minute or two. As far as I could tell, Ford was doing everything right—he got the *Mayaguez* back from the Cambodians, evacuated from Vietnam our embassy staff and hangers-on (literally: there were pictures of people clinging to the helicopter skids in the newsmagazines in my dentist's office), went to Helsinki to meet Brezhnev and sign some peaceable accords, slowly won out over inflation and recession, restored confidence in the Presidency, and pardoned Nixon, which saved the nation a mess of recrimination and legal expense. As far as I know, he was perfect, which can be said of no other President since James Monroe. Further, he was the only President to preside with a name completely different from the one he was given at birth—Leslie King, Jr. “President King” would have been an awkward oxymoron.

There was a picturesque little layer of snow in Washington on television, so there must have been

mounds of it in New Hampshire, and ice in the river, black and creaky, and bare twigs making a lace at the windows. Twigs. Our nest. Where was [my wife,] Norma? My still regnant Queen of Disorder? Not within the frame of this memory, somehow. She could have been painting in her alluringly odoriferous studio, or drifting through one of her do-it-yourself lectures on art appreciation over at the college, but my memory places her in the kitchen, tossing together a meal for us all. But wait—the 20th of January was a Thursday, according to my perpetual calendar, so Buzzy and Daphne must have been at school, puzzling their way through the post-noon lessons, or gobbling up the beef-barley soup and American chop suey the school cafeteria provides on Thursdays. Perhaps we were all watching Carter's stroll on the evening-news rerun, and Norma was in the kitchen, cooking our dinner. She wandered in to join us. She held against the bib of her apron a curved wooden sculpting tool, with a serrated edge, that she used as a stew stirrer. She looked over our shoulders and said, “After Watergate, I don't see how the Republicans will ever elect another President.”

Discussion Questions

1. What is Clayton's first memory of the Ford administration?
2. What is his last memory?
3. What does Clayton's objective research on popular culture during the Ford administration turn up?
4. Based on your reading of this excerpt, how would you characterize Clayton's overall assessment of the Ford administration?