

Not

All

Politics

Is Local

Reflections of a Former County Chairman

William D. Angel Jr.

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UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA LAS VEGAS

For John Watts Hevener  
1933-1993

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## LaRouchies

*April 2, 1986*

Bob Mihlbaugh should have been a congressman.<sup>1</sup> He certainly looked the part, with long gray hair brushed straight back over his head, the strands trellised over the collar of an expensive, tailored suit. His hair streamed behind him when he walked down the sidewalk or drove around Lima in his green Rolls Royce, waving at people as he made his way to the courthouse or to his law office on South Main Street.

Bob was a hands-on politician. If he stopped to share a few words with a client or colleague, he'd grab an arm, slap a back, or, if he wanted to get really intimate, throw his arm across a shoulder and press his face close to the captive listener. His blue eyes could dance and sparkle like the ocean—especially if Bob was sharing a story about a personal triumph, in which case his feet would dance too, in rhythm with the music in the eyes. But if he felt pressured, which didn't happen often—Bob was usually the aggressor—or if he wanted to put someone on the defensive, the eyes would glare hot enough to strip paint off a clapboard farmhouse.

I received both looks this day. I was on a mission, seeking money, a contribution from Bob Mihlbaugh to Democrats for an Effective Party. The amount was less important than the act of contributing, for the donation itself would signal to Lima's Catholic Democrats—Bob was Irish Catholic to the core—that DEP was okay, that they could feel comfortable giving their votes to DEP-backed candidates.

The reception area of Mihlbaugh's richly paneled office was empty when I arrived. On the walls photos of John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson greeted me, telling me that Bob Mihlbaugh was an important guy. An eye-level photograph showed Bob in fatigue uniform on a mission to Vietnam. It was a group picture with President Johnson and others, and LBJ's thanks were scrawled in the corner, lower right. When Bob ushered me into his office, another picture,

hanging on the wall behind an ornate, Victorian-era desk, caught my eye—a color photo of President Jimmy Carter, Rosalyn Carter, and Pope John Paul II waving from the balcony of the White House. As I sat in a wing-back chair directly across from Bob Mihlbaugh, I could see this political trinity blessing him—or so it seemed—as he spun political stories, his eyes twinkling, his feet tapping.

He gave me a palm card from his 1964 run for Congress, which he had lost. He once told me that losing that race was the best thing that ever happened to him. On the day after the election, Bob claimed, people had lined up outside this office, all the way down the block—folks he'd met during the campaign—who now swore they had voted for him and wanted him to be their attorney. If so, Bob Mihlbaugh wasn't the first lawyer to build a practice out of lost campaign.

The discussion turned to DEP's effort, and I made my request for a hundred-dollar donation. Mihlbaugh's eyes began to glare as he asked a series of rapid-fire questions.

“Who is helping you?”

“Anybody with a state job?”

“What are you going to spend your money on?”

“What are your chances?”

“How many candidates do you have?”

“What are the folks in Columbus doing for you?”

I answered the questions candidly, maybe a bit too honestly, especially the one about “folks in Columbus.”

“Those assholes are being pretty cool to us,” I snorted. “All John Hevener and I have ever heard from people in the governor's office is ‘When are you guys gonna do something about Charlie Hauenstein?’ Well, now we're doing something about him, and they act as if we have the plague.” Bob feigned perplexity, scrunching his eyebrows and hunching forward on his desk as he asked why the “pols” downstate were acting that way. “Oh, they probably don't want to offend a party chairmen in an election year.”

“That's bullshit, Bill!” he declared, popping straight up, then sagging back into his chair, waving his hand derisively. “You know that! What can party chairmen do to the governor? He's the only horse they have. No, I'd say they view your challenge to Charlie as a toss-up.”

We kicked this idea around as I described critical moments in our campaign, including the protest hearing at the Board of Elections and my confrontation with Charlie at the Executive Committee meeting of March 12, the one when Charlie warned me about “the real world.” Bob was letting me talk—finally—and I cut loose, hoping candor would cause him to open his checkbook.

It didn't. Suddenly Mihlbaugh cleared his throat and began his summary:

"You know, Bill, I think Charlie has sold the folks in Columbus on the message that you guys are splitting the party and that you will hurt the statewide candidates. Isn't that what Charlie said in that meeting?" This was more than a lawyer's hypothesis. Before I had a chance to reply, Bob leaned forward and whispered, even though we were the only ones in the office. "In fact, I got word the other day from three state candidates not to get involved with you," he said, shaking his finger at me.

"Who?" I asked, looking him directly in the eye. Unblinking, Muhlbaugh asserted that he was unable to say, then stood up, signaling an end to our meeting. "I'll think this thing over and get back to you," he said, slinging his arm over my shoulder and squiring me out of the office.<sup>2</sup>

DEP would never see any money from Bob Muhlbaugh. He liked to back winners, and in early April the DEP campaign seemed far from a sure thing. Although it was no surprise that Muhlbaugh expressed doubts about our ability to win, his excuse caused concern—that Democrats at the state level had warned him off our challenge to Charlie Hauenstein. I could not judge how pervasive this attitude was, but we had begun to receive other signals that our effort was viewed with mixed feelings by Democrats at the state level. For instance, John Hevener had suddenly begun to have trouble getting Kathy Tefft-Keller to return his phone calls. He and Mary were still the Celeste coordinators, but suddenly a chill had set in between the "Celestials" and the Heveners. Two weeks after I had paid my visit to Bob Muhlbaugh, Celeste visited Lima to speak before a regional meeting of the UAW. Normally, the governor's staff would have notified the Heveners, but not this time. Janet Quinn, a UAW retiree herself, went to the meeting and managed to pull Celeste aside and tell him, "John and Mary Hevener would have come, but your staff never notified them."

"I know. I know," the governor replied. "It's okay."<sup>3</sup>

But it wasn't "okay." Word got back to me that Jean Hatcher, Democratic committeewoman for the Fourth District, had begun deriding our effort. She reportedly had told members of the governor's staff that although I was book-smart, Charlie Hauenstein was street-smart. According to Hatcher, we didn't have a chance of defeating him. In the 1984 campaign she had been one of Hauenstein's sharpest critics, criticizing him and the Allen County Party whenever John Hevener or I ran into her, but now she was coming to Charlie's defense.

There were other snubs. Sherrod Brown stopped calling Steve Webb, his local coordinator, when he visited Allen County. This was unusual behavior for Brown, who was normally conscientious about touching bases with supporters when making even brief local appearances. Similarly, state treasurer Mary Ellen Withrow was freezing us out. Six months earlier she had asked me to coordinate

her reelection campaign in Allen County, but once I had publicly announced the existence of DEP she withdrew her support, pleading lamely that decisions like naming coordinators would be firmed up after the primary. At the Ohio Democratic Party's state dinner in late April, I bumped into Greg Haas, Withrow's statewide coordinator. I had picked up a rumor that Withrow was holding a fund-raiser in Allen County and asked him if it was true. "Yeah, but we weren't happy with the way things were going and canceled out. Charlie just offered to put something on, and we gave him a shot," he replied, and then he turned his back on me.

I didn't let him escape. Before he had spun completely away, I pulled myself next to him and whispered clearly and defiantly, "Things are going well with us, Greg. We're going to win. You need to know that."

"Good," Haas responded, not even bothering to look at me as he slipped completely into the crowd.<sup>4</sup>

In Columbus we had become pariahs, just as Bob Muhlbaugh had said.

We lacked honor in our own county, too. Charlie and Todd had initiated a whispering campaign, laced with caustic innuendos about our sexual and moral characters. It was bruited about that DEP members were a "bunch of homosexuals" and that I had left my wife to "live with a black girl."<sup>5</sup> Although the inconsistency of these rumors made them laughable, events elsewhere handed the Hauenstein group more threatening charges to exploit.

In Illinois's Democratic primary that March, two followers of Lyndon LaRouche won races for lieutenant governor and secretary of state, defeating the party's mainstream candidates.<sup>6</sup> Facing the awkward prospect of running on the same ticket with a pair of LaRouche Democrats, Adlai Stevenson III, the Democrats' gubernatorial candidate, refused the party's nomination and ran instead as an independent against incumbent Governor James Thompson, who overwhelmingly defeated Stevenson that November. The LaRouche coup in Illinois sent shock waves throughout the Midwest and especially in Ohio, where fears of infiltration of the Democratic primary reached almost hysterical proportions. Ohio's Democratic chief, Jim Ruvulo, for one, alerted county chairs to the LaRouche problem, particularly in congressional races, where several "LaRouchies" had filed.

LaRouche-mania charged the political atmosphere, and Bryan Hefner inadvertently struck a match. On April 3, he and I attended the meeting of the Women's Democratic Club, where the subject of Lyndon LaRouche came up.<sup>7</sup> "Who are these LaRouchies?" the women wanted to know.

"What do they believe?"

“Are any LaRouche Democrats running locally?”

“What are we going to do?”

Though not particularly alarmed, the women were concerned. I emphasized that Lyndon LaRouche’s philosophy took a conspiratorial anti-Semitic view of world events, that his ideas were out of the mainstream and inconsistent with those espoused by the Democratic Party. Besides, I cautioned, only one LaRouche Democrat was on the ballot, a farmer from Auglaize County named Clem Cratty, running for Congress in the Fourth Congressional District, where Mike Oxley was the Republican incumbent. I encouraged the women not to vote for him. A few responded with unkind remarks about Cratty, mocking the alliterative quality of his name and wondering “what kind of nut” he was.

As discussion was about to end, Hefner lifted his five-foot-five frame out of his chair, rubbed his hand across the silver stubble of his closely cropped hair, and pursed his lips like he wanted to spit, before thinking better of it. The fact that he was standing told us he was agitated. These meetings were highly informal, like groups of friends gathered around the dinner table to swap stories and advice. No one stood unless he was mad or wanted to leave. Bryan did not want to leave.

“I’ve known Clem Cratty since he was a boy,” Bryan proclaimed. He cocked his head sharply to one side, then stared directly at the women. “He’s a farmer. Been through some tough times. I won’t believe Clem Cratty’s one of them LaRouchies ’till I hear from his own mouth. And I tell you if it comes down to votin’ for Mike Oxley or Clem Cratty, I’m votin’ for Cratty!”<sup>8</sup>

Word of Hefner’s off-the-cuff speech got back to Charlie Hauenstein. His wife Elizabeth was attending that meeting, along with their daughter, Ramona. As I recall, Elizabeth had been looking straight ahead during most of the discussion, listening but not taking part, but when Bryan issued his “endorsement” of Clem Cratty, her glance jerked toward him then quickly away. The statement had registered.

Charlie wasted little time in reacting. Two weeks later, at the April meeting of the Executive Committee, Hauenstein called for a resolution endorsing all of his faction’s Central Committee candidates and for a corollary resolution authorizing the expenditure of money to prepare and mail literature on their behalf.<sup>9</sup> When Mary Hevener, Pickle Felter, and I protested this action, Charlie barked, “We gotta do this because there are a bunch of LaRouche Democrats running, trying to overthrow the party, and we want to make sure that voters don’t vote for any of ’em.”

Todd Hey cleared his throat and added, “Yeah, we have to do this because there are supporters of Lyndon LaRouche who are members of DEP.”

“Who?” Mary responded briskly. “Who’s a LaRouche Democrat? What’s your rationale for doing this?”

“Don’t you come down here calling us names!” shouted Hauenstein, shaking his finger at her, apparently misunderstanding the word “rationale.”

Rising to my feet, totally perplexed by Charlie’s outburst, I tried to steer discussion away from Lyndon LaRouche. “Look,” I declared, “Mary’s concerned. You want to endorse people who have done nothing for this party, such as Mary Hevener’s opponent, while failing to endorse good Democrats who have been longstanding Central Committee representatives.”

“Whadya think you’re doin’, Bill?” Hauenstein sneered. “I’ve been a Central Committeeman in Bluffton for twenty years, and your group is runnin’ someone against me!”

“That’s politics,” I replied.

“That’s right, and this is politics, too.” Hauenstein shot back.

“Tell ’em, Charlie,” several backbenchers chimed in.<sup>10</sup>

Both resolutions passed, and soon after this meeting gossip intensified about DEP’s supposed affiliation with Lyndon LaRouche. At first we paid little attention, smugly certain that no one would fall for such rumors, lumping them with those “Bill Angel is living with a black girl” stories. But in late April, Todd Hey severely jarred our confidence. During an interview with WLIO TV, he offered this LaRouche connection: “There are known LaRouche Democrats in Allen County, members of LaRouche’s DPC. DEP and DPC are splinter groups, not mainstream Democrats, and we’re advising our voters not to vote for their candidates.”<sup>11</sup>

With that statement, Hauenstein’s faction made its first effective use of the media. Ordinarily, Charlie hated reporters, and he was especially wary of televised news coverage. The camera was not kind to him; his jowly face filled the screen, and when the lights hit Charlie’s photosensitive glasses, the lenses darkened, making him appear hideously sinister. So he left this errand to Todd Hey.

It was a deft performance. While Todd’s unsteady glance created an air of discomfort, his unpretentious manner—he wore no suit and tie—made him look disarmingly sincere. As for substance, Hey did not explicitly say that DEP members were LaRouche Democrats, but he led viewers to that conclusion. By mentioning the acronym DCP (for Democratic Policy Council, LaRouche’s organization) in the same breath with DEP, he linked the two groups. To underscore the connection, Hey declared DEP a splinter group, like LaRouche’s faction, not part of the mainstream.

Jeff Fitzgerald, the WLIO reporter who conducted the interview with Hey, called me for a reaction. He summarized Hey’s comments, telling me that Hey

had charged that LaRouche Democrats were running as DEP candidates. "Is this true?" Fitzgerald asked.

"Absolutely not!" I asserted.

When I asked for an on-air response, Fitzgerald said, "No, this is Todd's show, and we've given you lots of air time anyway. But I'll report your denial."<sup>12</sup> But this denial, which ran at the end of the Hey piece, did little to deflect the interview's effect. Todd had fashioned his remarks to manipulate an unsuspecting electorate, sowing confusion and doubt by exploiting the voters' inattentiveness to political fine print.

The party's literature proclaimed this strategy. During the week before the primary, sample ballots arrived in the homes of Democratic voters, along with letters from party-endorsed Central Committee candidates. The sample ballot, however, was the critical enclosure. Its front contained two quotations that looked official. The first was from an editorial in the *Lima News*, dated April 21, 1986. It read, "One [LaRouchie] is running as a Republican and the rest as Democrats, and unless voters have done their homework, they will not know these are not mainstream party candidates." The second quote was not really a quote at all but a loose paraphrase of a statement attributed to Jim Ruvulo: "Ohio Democrat Party Chairman Jim Ruvulo has requested that the Allen County Democrat Party make a 'strong endorsement' of our candidates while denying LaRouchie people even negative media exposure."<sup>13</sup> It looked like an authentic quote, and its placement alongside the *Lima News* excerpt, over Ruvulo's name, gave it an air of authority.

It was a crafty scheme: Send a sample ballot, raise the specter of the "LaRouche Menace," and dispatch Democrats to the polls to vote against Lyndon LaRouche and DEP. Complemented by Todd Hey's television interview, broadcast the same week, the direct-mail campaign told voters that if they really wanted to avoid LaRouche Democrats, they should vote only for the party-endorsed candidates, especially those running for Central Committee. The choice had been framed for the voters, and Hauenstein and Hey were betting that the Democratic rank and file would select the party-endorsed Central Committee candidates—the ones backed by the old guard—in landslide proportions.

The strategy had impact. On Wednesday, April 30, at DEP's last meeting before the primary, we were in a near panic at report after report from candidates who had delivered their personalized brochures to voters' doors, only to be accosted with the question, "Are you one of them LaRouchies?" We had to do something, but a grand denial was out of the question. To hold a press conference and make a production of denying the party's charges would only

have given the charges credibility. Instead, Steve Webb proposed the idea of an endorsement from the Allen County Democratic Women's Club, arguing that it would send the message that DEP candidates were safe. "Them women wouldn't go for no LaRouchies," went the reasoning. At the very least, the approval of this traditional, staid organization would reassure voters that our candidates were part of the mainstream, thus diluting the charge that DEP was a splinter group.

Linda Coplen, who also happened to be president of the Women's Club, readily agreed to let Webb and me speak to the club at its meeting the next night. The women welcomed us warmly, which was no surprise, considering the backhanded treatment the group had long received from the Democratic Party leadership. During the previous year, Hey and Hauenstein had needlessly harassed Coplen and her officers about alleged slights to the party leaders, demanded copies of the organization's financial reports, and publicly criticized the club's unwillingness to cooperate with the party.<sup>14</sup> Steve and I both explained DEP's purpose and objectives, which included establishing an active partnership between the party and the Allen County Democratic Women's Club, and we requested the group's backing. Hauenstein's mother and daughter were present at this meeting, but neither one dissented when the club voted to endorse DEP.<sup>15</sup>

Still, the women's support would prove meaningless—a tree falling in the forest, with no one to listen—unless we could get some publicity out of the event. But it was Thursday night, with the primary only five days away. News organizations in Lima were typically reluctant to supply political coverage on the Monday before an election, and Saturday and Sunday were "dead" as far as real news went. If we wanted publicity, we would have to move fast. Linda Coplen quickly arranged for a press conference, to be held the next day outside party headquarters. Not wanting to jeopardize her job with Sherrod Brown any more than she already had, Coplen did not attend the press conference but assigned Evelyn Vanek, secretary of the Women's Club (and a DEP candidate herself), to serve as the spokeswoman.

Noon on Friday, May 2, was breezy, sunny, and moderately cool. Vanek read her statement endorsing DEP, and several of her fellow club members stood by and applauded. "I just feel the present Democratic leadership has been ineffective," she stated. "There hasn't been a Democratic candidate elected to any county office in ten years. I also feel we ought to have two-party system in Allen County."<sup>16</sup> It was an engaging presentation. Vanek was a retired schoolteacher, in her middle fifties, hardly the kind of person who would support wild-eyed LaRouchies. She looked at the camera squarely, speaking evenly and

convincingly about the club's and her own endorsement. Webb and I were there, too, beaming as brightly as the May sunshine.

Charlie Hauenstein and Todd Hey were furious, not only at the club's action but at the extensive radio, television, and newspaper coverage the endorsement received. On Saturday morning Hey hustled to WLIO TV to tape a reaction, claiming that the Women's Club didn't speak for all Democrats in the county. He tried one last time to raise the LaRouche connection, but by that time the television station had had enough of that line. The LaRouche charges never made it into Todd's broadcast response.<sup>17</sup>

In three days, thanks in large part to the endorsement by the Women's Club, we had stanching the hemorrhage in voter support for DEP. Over the weekend, as our candidates made one last push, contacting voters either by phone or in person, they noticed considerably less interest in the LaRouche issue. Our panic of a few days earlier diminished; the Women's Club had helped deflect the LaRouche issue, but would it be enough?

The primary was three days away.

• 6 •

## Taking Over

May 7, 1986

Locals sometimes called him "Doggie." A derisive nickname, never offered to his face, it implied the bulldog spirit of someone who would not back down from an opponent. That spirit was particularly evident on the day after the primary. Trounced seventy-nine to thirty in his own Central Committee race against Bluffton College professor Ray Hamman, Charlie Hauenstein was defiant. "I was defeated," he insisted, "because I live in a precinct where there are predominantly college professors, and I was running against a college professor."<sup>1</sup> In Charlie's eyes, it was a symbolic defeat only—not a loss of power. Citing support from over a hundred newly elected Central Committee reps, he declared, "We'd still be about 40 precincts ahead . . . if the [reorganization] election was held today."

I saw things differently. "We did real well," I told the *Lima News*. "We took half of the precinct races that were contested, and I expect another twenty or so uncommitted committee members to join DEP. It's real close only if you count those [uncommitted] others as being against us." I underscored Hauenstein's defeat: "The voters in his neighborhood say, 'It's time to get him out. It's time for a change.' I expect Hauenstein's defeat will influence other party members to vote against reinstating him as chairman."<sup>2</sup>

That's what I was hoping. In truth, the outcome of the primary gave neither side an advantage. Although Steve Webb and I had both won our races and so kept our leadership team intact, and although DEP had established a good base from which to build additional support, victory was most uncertain. Party regulars had defeated our candidates forty-two to forty in head-to-head contests,<sup>3</sup> and when our Operations Committee met the night after the primary to analyze the results, the mood was somber. With John Hevener painstakingly guiding us through the precinct list, we classified each winning representative as "for Steve Webb" [and DEP], "leaning for," "leaning against," or "against."

20. Ibid., 19.
21. Ibid., 20
22. Ibid., 21.
23. Ibid., 22.
24. Ibid., 23–24.
25. Ibid., 24.

26. Siferd had dated his declaration of candidacy “2d day of February, 1986,” but the board interpreted the date to read “24 day of February,” four days after the filing deadline. The board accepted his explanation that a groove in his kitchen table had caught his pen as he recorded the date, leading to the confused interpretation. Donna Moore had typed the pertinent data onto the petition paper, using a typewriter with a well-worn ribbon; she seemed to have omitted the date of the election from the petition. The date appeared on photocopies, however; and the board easily recognized its mistake and granted Moore’s candidacy, as well as Siferd’s. “Meeting of the Board of Elections,” 38–44.

27. “Elections Board Hears Petitions Protest,” *Lima News*, Mar. 14, 1986, B6.

28. Ibid. The “rebel Democrat” line came from WLIO TV’s *News Journal*; it was used by the 11 P.M. news anchor on March 3, 1986.

29. William Angel to Sherrod Brown, Mar. 14, 1986, personal files of author.

30. Jonathan Marshall to Donna Johns, Apr. 7, 1986, personal files of author. Marshall’s language was less precise regarding the board’s handling of Dorothy Loggi’s petition. “As a practical matter only those petitions protested are required to be given the scrutiny provided for in the hearing,” he wrote, “and other petitions not protested need not be reviewed in a hearing.”

31. Angel to Gibler, Feb. 26, 1986.

#### 5. LaRouchies

1. William Angel to Susan Gibler, Apr. 2, 1986, personal files of author. Mihlbaugh is John Coplen’s uncle.

2. Angel to Gibler, Apr. 2, 1986.

3. Angel to Gibler, Apr. 20, 1986.

4. Ibid.

5. Ibid. There was just enough truth to this rumor to give it credibility. I was getting a divorce and was living in a poor, mostly African American neighborhood.

6. Lyndon LaRouche has perennially run for president, first in 1976 as candidate of the U.S. Labor Party; in 1980, 1984, 1988, and 1992 he sought the Democratic Party’s nomination. In 1987, a federal grand jury indicted him for obstruction of justice in a case stemming from phony fund-raising tactics used by his organization. In 1988, LaRouche was found guilty and sentenced to fifteen years in prison. Even today he takes pride in the fact that he has been the only U.S. presidential candidate “to have been convicted in a Federal criminal case,” which he offers as proof of the conspiracies against him. See the LaRouche Website, <http://larouchepub.com/resume.html> (Aug. 1, 1998).

7. See William Angel, “Politics in the Real World: Rebellion and Change in the Allen

County Democratic Party, 1984–1987,” paper presented at the 1987 meeting of the American Political Science Association, Chicago, Sept. 1987, mimeo, 53–54.

8. See Angel, “Politics in the Real World,” 54.

9. See *ibid.*, 49–50; Charles Hauenstein, “Dear Committee Member,” letter to Executive Committee members, Apr. 8, 1986, personal files of author.

10. See Angel, “Politics in the Real World,” 50, 54; Angel to Gibler, Apr. 20, 1986.

11. As recorded in Angel to Gibler, Apr. 27, 1986.

12. Angel to Gibler, May 5, 1986.

13. Allen County Democrat Party, sample ballot, May 1986, personal files of author.

14. Angel to Gibler, Aug. 5, 1985.

15. See Angel, “Politics in the Real World,” 57.

16. “Dem Club Endorses Shift in Party,” *Lima News*, May 2, 1986, D1. Linda Coplen herself contacted the *Delphos Herald* to give it the following message: “Creative ideas are needed to revitalize the party. This can only occur under new leadership. The party can once again become a vital force using the diversified talents within the Democratic community of Allen County.” *Delphos Herald*, May 3, 1986.

17. Angel to Gibler, May 5, 1986.

#### 6. Taking Over

1. “Reorganization Group Claims Control,” *Lima News*, May 7, 1986, B1.

2. Ibid. Under party rules, Hauenstein could have been elected without being a Central Committeeman. The same was not true for either Todd Hey or Steve Webb, but both of them won their races.

3. Three contests ended in ties, two of which were decided in DEP’s favor by a coin flip.

4. “Angel Predicts Brighter Future for Allen Democratic Party,” *Lima News*, May 8, 1986, B1.

5. Ibid.

6. At this point “Yuppie” did not have the negative connotation it later acquired. The word came out of Gary Hart’s 1984 presidential campaign, which at first gathered considerable support from young, urban professional workers who were disenchanted with Walter Mondale, whom they saw an uninspiring captive of organized labor.

7. See William Angel, “Politics in the Real World: Rebellion and Change in the Allen County Democratic Party, 1984–1987,” paper presented at the 1987 meeting of the American Political Science Association, Chicago, Sept. 1987, mimeo, 50–52.

8. Ibid., 52; minutes, Allen County Board of Elections, May 17, 1986, and May 22, 1986, Office of the Allen County Board of Elections, Lima, Ohio.

9. William Angel to Susan Gibler, May 23, 1986, personal files of author; Twining interview, Aug. 13, 1996.

10. Twining interview, Aug. 13, 1996.

11. Ibid.

12. The Board of Elections had certified the primary results on May 22, and according to statute, the reorganization meeting had to be called no earlier than six and no later than fifteen days from the day of certification. Accordingly, the earliest date for the