

SFChronicle

OCT 6 1976

# Ford's Stay Shakes The Block

By Jerry Carroll

You probably would have to go to the walled Kremlin to find a neighborhood more secure than the 3500 block of Jackson street was yesterday, where President Ford spent the day prepping for tonight's second debate with Jimmy Carter.

As the President leafed through briefing books and conferred with advisers, the streets outside swarmed with jump-suited policemen, look-alike Secret Service men in expensive suits and blow-dried hair, and plainclothes detectives sitting in cars and vans bristling with antennae.

"We won't get mugged today anyway," one Pacific Heights matron observed to another outside the \$400,000 borrowed red brick mansion where Mr. Ford was hitting the books. "I usually carry my can of Mace with me, but I didn't today because I was afraid of being arrested."

The President, seated in his own chair behind his own desk flown in from Washington, looked out on a northern panorama of bay and bridge while Carter, holed up in an eighth floor suite at the Sheraton Palace, had a southern exposure and a humbler view of Potrero Hill.

Carter, appearing relaxed and dressed in blue trousers and a matching knit shirt, took an early morning stroll before breakfast with defense and foreign policy aides. Otherwise, he kept out of sight of the crowds of the camera-carrying Japanese tourists in the hotel lobby.

Throughout the day on the exclusive stretch of Jackson where Mr. Ford was in temporary residence, school children came to stare and exclaim, wealthy neighbors in tennis shorts and carrying racquets gathered in knots and

expressed polite interest, and dogs of every size and description passed in review.

"Charlie will bite his leg off," Louie Levy, 86, said in warning, keeping a tight hold on the leash that restrained his tiny Chinese Chow from mixing it up with Brujo, a Great Dane belonging to 11-year-old David Moss.

"This is usually a quiet neighborhood, not many sightseers," Levy said, eyeing the well-mannered crowd gathered behind the wooden barricades and ropes outside the four-story Sutro mansion where an occasional fatigue-clad

sharpshooter peered down from the roof.

"Other than exciting the children, it's not been very upsetting to the neighborhood," said one well-groomed neighbor who declined to give her name. There was talk that the President had been invited to a cocktail party last night, but had sent his regrets.

Rich Kennedy, a 29-year-old carpenter, was framing a door and minding his own business in a garage across the street from where the gleaming presidential limousine sat. "I'm surprised they'd let me work here," he said.

"I'm a Democrat," he added, "but I wouldn't mind meeting Ford." Kennedy's interest doesn't extend to watching the debate tonight. "Nothing happens," he said. "They have different suits but they have the same deal," he shrugged.

A woman who works in the Sutro household confided that the house had been in an uproar for days. The President had to have his own bed, his own sheets and brought his exercycle along as well.

"They were going to use their

own china, but they decided to use ours because it's so beautiful," she said.

There was a brief stir at this point when S. I. Hayakawa, fresh from a meeting with Mr. Ford, passed through a crowd of newsmen and walked to his car, greeting onlookers with stiff, awkward waves of his arm.

A few minutes later, over at the Palace of Fine Arts, Scott Powers, 25, trudged up in jeans, dusty work shoes, patterned shirt, knapsack and placard, realizing his hope of being the first protester on the scene. "The Divine Right of Corporations," his sign said.

Powers explained that he favors a constitutional amendment making corporations the fourth branch of government, extracted a lengthy document from the knapsack explaining his position, then wandered off looking for converts.

All he found were scores of technicians—the vast unseen army on which radio and television depend—busily at work stringing miles of cable, locating bugs in panels of transistors and peering into countless monitors—all of this business hooked into the 14 vans and trailers surrounding the Palace like a besieging army.

"Is there anybody else?" Powers inquired plaintively of a security man. "Nope, just guards and technicians," he was told.

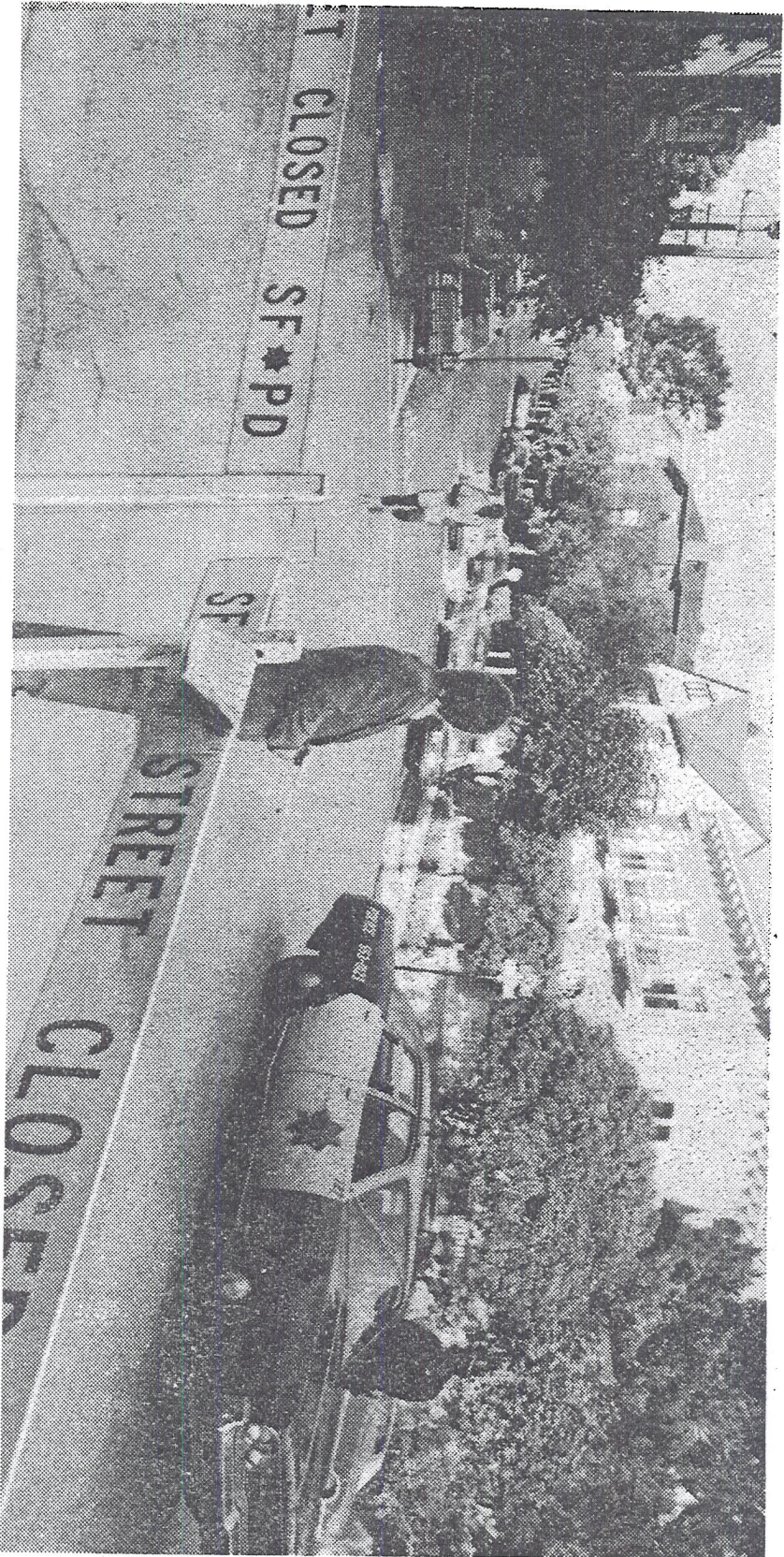
One network source estimated the cost of wiring the Palace for sight and sound at \$80,000 to \$100,000. Eighty network technicians have been assigned to the pool work. In addition, each of the four networks—CBS, NBC, ABC and PBS—has 60 to 80 hands at work on the job.

The finishing touches were applied yesterday to the dressing rooms Ford and Carter will occupy before mounting the stage for the second of their showdowns.

Both were decorated by The Icehouse, a Union street firm. Ford's digs, which have access to the only backstage men's room, are furnished in rattan and feature a \$1350 chair and ottoman in burgundy suede with extra support for the President's bad back.

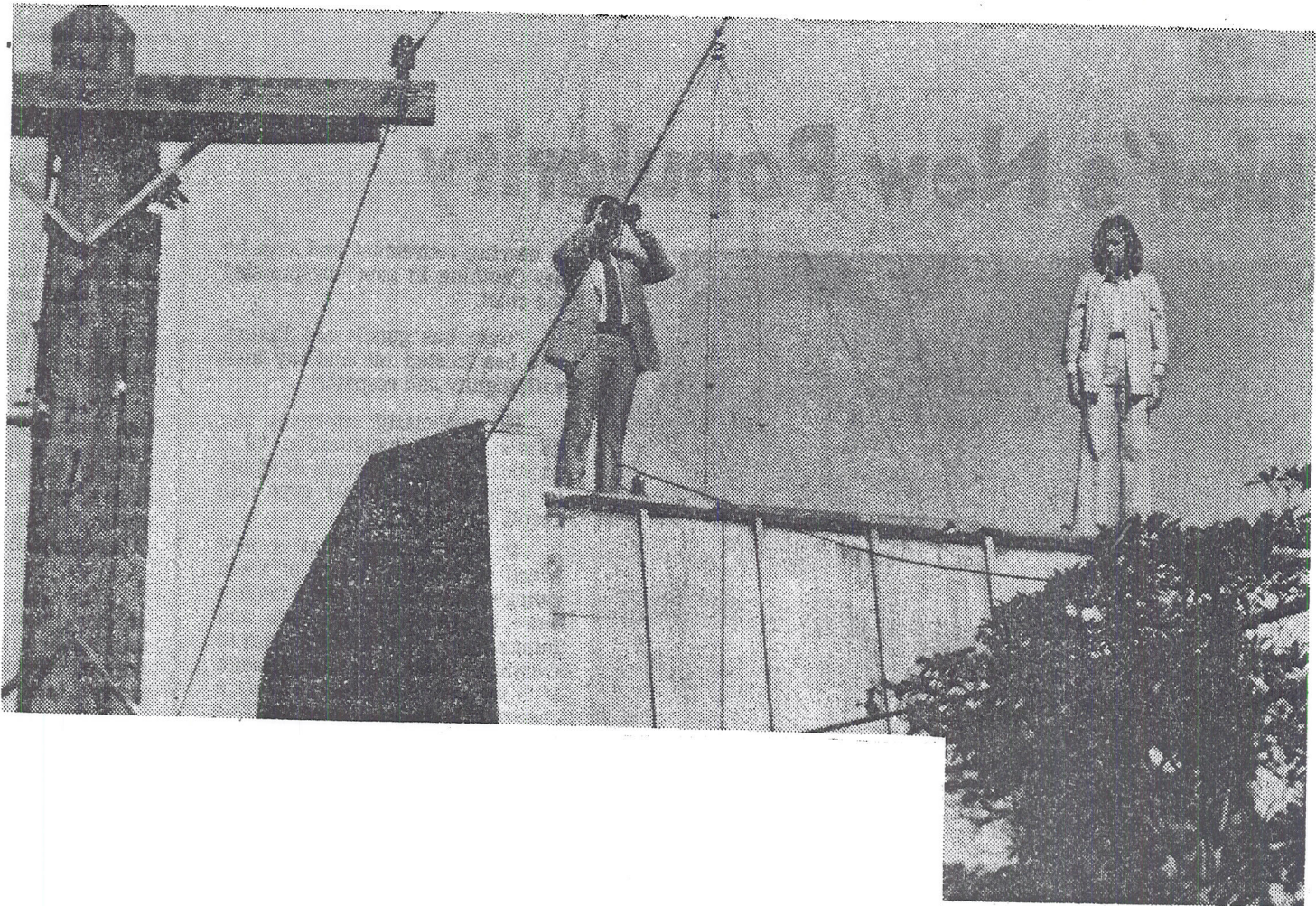
Carter's dressing room, done up in wicker, is a step away from what is usually the ladies room and has an easy chair and foot rest even more opulent than the President's. Carter's cost \$1540.





The jogger on Jackson street at Spruce was not alone; police and Secret Service had flooded the area





From a roof, the Secret Service watched curious residents with their tennis racquets

