

The original documents are located in Box 40, folder “McCall's Magazine” of the Betty Ford White House Papers, 1973-1977 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. Betty Ford donated to the United States of America her copyrights in all of her unpublished writings in National Archives collections.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.

McCall's
1870-1970

A 100 year
dialogue with the
American Woman

January 11, 1977

MRS. FORD,
F.Y.I.
Miss Susan Porter
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500

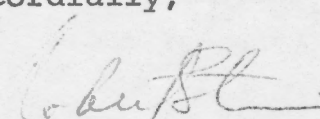
Dear Miss Porter:

I am enclosing an advance proof of the picture and account of our presentation to Mrs. Ford, which you were kind enough to arrange.

Thanks again for all your help, and I hope you will be reminding Mrs. Ford of our proposal to have her do a question-and-answer page.

Best regards.

Cordially,

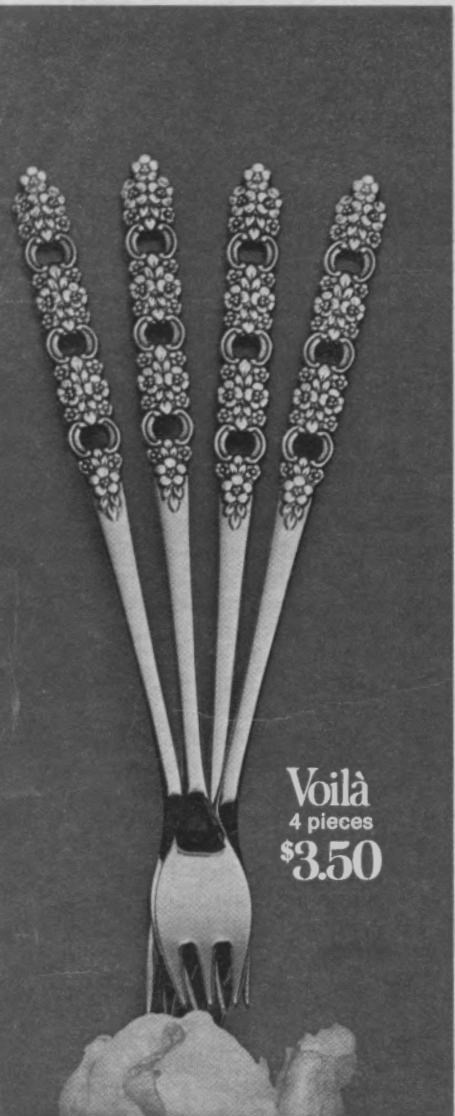

Robert Stein
Editor

RS:rm
Enc.

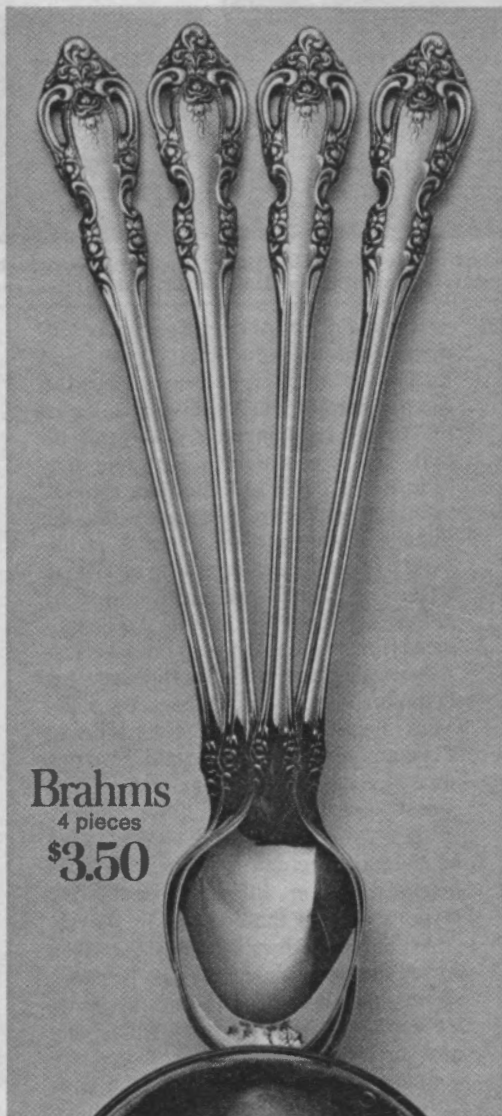


Hostess Helpers Special Offer!

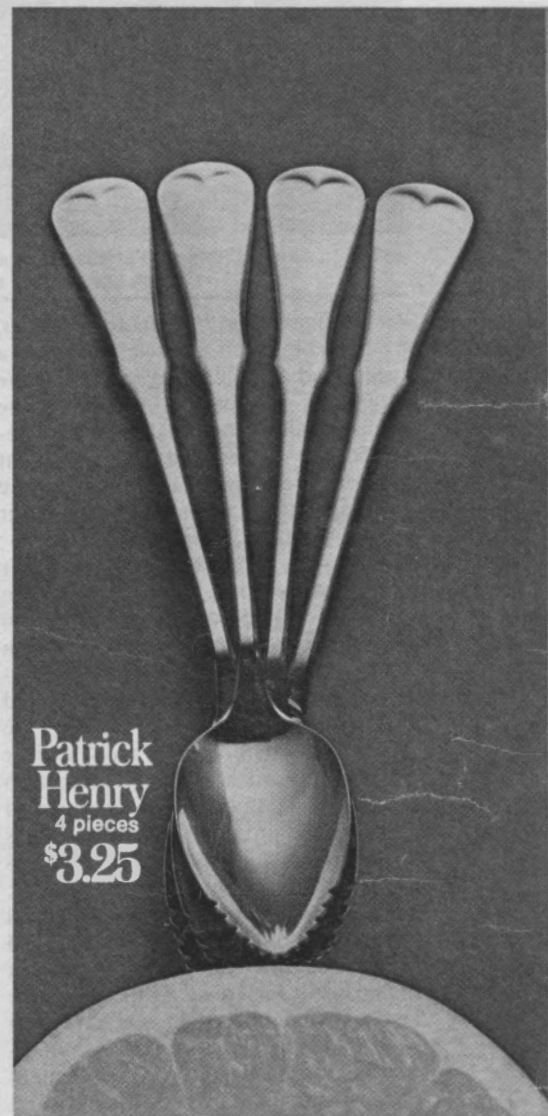
Handsome special pieces in Oneida Community Stainless to match your favorite pattern from the Betty Crocker Coupon Catalog.



Voilà
4 pieces
\$3.50



Brahms
4 pieces
\$3.50



Patrick Henry
4 pieces
\$3.25



Add a distinctive touch to special meals with these elegant Hostess Helpers. Try lightly broiled grapefruit with a brown sugar topping, served with specially serrated fruit spoons. Graceful seafood forks complement shrimp and lobster entrees. And iced tea is a special treat with elegant iced drink spoons.

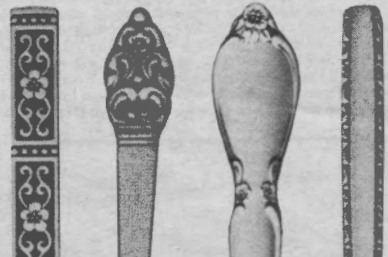
Special savings make this a wonderful time to order all three four-piece sets.

These Hostess Helpers sets are available in seven exclusive patterns. Each four-piece set is only \$3.25 except in Brahms and Voilà patterns \$3.50. Save by ordering any combination of three sets for \$9.25. Brahms and Voilà \$10.00.

If not entirely satisfied, return merchandise within 10 days and your money will be refunded. Add to your set from time to time with individual pieces from open stock at big savings with Betty Crocker coupons found on more than 175 General Mills products.

Betty Crocker

Isabella Vinland Chatelaine Via Roma



General Mills, Inc., Box 358, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55460

All patterns *except* BRAHMS & VOILA

BRAHMS & VOILA only

I enclose \$3.25 for each set.

I enclose \$3.50 for each set.

I enclose \$9.25 for any 3 sets.

I enclose \$10.00 for any 3 sets.

PLEASE INDICATE NO. OF SETS AND PATTERN CHOICE BELOW:

4 Seafood Forks _____
4 Iced Drink Spoons _____
4 Fruit Spoons _____

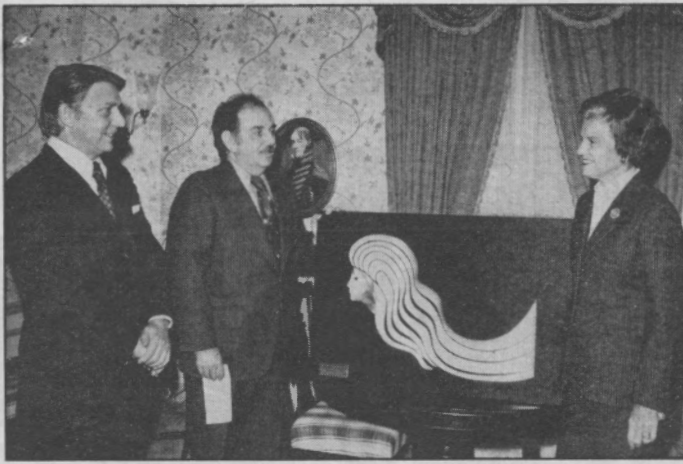
Isabella P. Henry Vinland Chatelaine Via Roma Brahms Voilà

Name _____

Address _____ Total Amt. Enclosed \$ _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send check or money order. Include zip code. Good only within U.S.A. Free catalog sent with your order. Offer expires 4/18/77. Please allow up to six weeks for shipment.



At left: President/Publisher Eyes and Editor Stein honor Betty Ford. Top right: Capote tells stories; Howe visits country clubs; Nelson knows about money. Bottom right: Field and Bergen and Gittelson check our February issue.

As the final act in our Centennial year, we have bestowed a special honor on a special lady. We wanted to present the McCALL's Centennial Award to the woman today who we felt best represented the values and principles that have inspired American women in the 100 years of McCALL's existence. Our choice was easy: **Betty Ford**.

McCALL's President and Publisher Raymond Eyes and Editor Robert Stein met with Mrs. Ford on a recent visit to New York and presented her with an ebony plaque on which McCALL's Centennial figurehead had been reproduced in copper and silver. The words of the citation read by Bob Stein made it clear why Mrs. Ford was our choice: "To Betty Ford," it said, "whose courage and candor have prompted untold numbers of American women to seek early diagnosis and treatment of breast cancer; whose open advocacy of the Equal Rights Amendment has encouraged millions of American women to support the struggle for equal rights under the law; whose public statements have set a new standard for compassion, understanding and independence of thought as a woman combined with loyalty and loving support as a wife and mother; whose unfailing grace and dignity have become a model for women everywhere." Looking relaxed and genuinely radiant, Mrs. Ford announced that her plaque would eventually go into Gerald Ford's Presidential museum "in which I'll have a section. My husband has already told me he's worried that I'll have more to exhibit than he does."

Roger Prigent photographed **Liv Ullmann** for our cover this month, and during the shooting he was surprised to see her helping out by moving some of his heavy equipment. "You can't do that—you're a star," Prigent told her. "I'm not a star," Liv Ullmann replied. "I'm a writer." It's an identity she has the right to claim, and the proof is in her highly personal and revealing new book *Changing*, which will be published by Alfred A. Knopf this month. An installment from the book begins on page 130.

Now that the book is finished, Liv Ullmann is ready to embark on a 26-week theater tour as the heroine of Eugene O'Neill's play *Anna Christie*. And at the same time, one of her more recent and provocative films, *Scenes From a Marriage*—written and directed by Ingmar Bergman—will be seen in six installments on Public Broadcasting stations around the country in March.

As Senior Editor **Natalie Gittelson** sorted and assimilated the vast response to our questionnaire about housework, we could see we had some interesting and surprising findings to share. We contacted Madeline Amgott, the producer of the popular television show, "Not For Women Only," and Madeline scheduled a series of programs on the subject "Homemaking: Who Does What Today?" And that's how it happens that you'll see Natalie Gittelson talking with program hosts Polly Bergen and Dr. Frank Field on "Not For Women Only" on January 18, the day that this issue—and the report on our survey (see page 129)—goes on the newsstands.

Over the years writer **Truman Capote** has mingled with and written about both the humble and the haughty. Some of his stories—such as his novel *The Grass Harp* and the now-famous *A Christmas Memory*—told of gentle people in country places; others, like *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, were about worldly characters in glittering settings. This month in our pages the paths of both those worlds cross in a group of stories called "Guests," which span his experiences from childhood in the rural South to his famous Black and White Ball at the Plaza ten years ago. They begin on page 132.

After reading "We'll See You at the Club" (it starts on page 30), we asked writer **Louise Howe** if she herself now wanted to join a country club. "I wouldn't say I'd actually want to be a member," she says, "but I do have a much greater understanding of the appeal of country clubs than I did before." Louise Howe's book *Pink Collar Workers* will be published by Putnam's this February; it's about occupations that have traditionally been held by women—beauticians, waitresses, secretaries—and the chapter on women who work as homemakers was excerpted in our pages in November, 1975.

We welcome a new contributor to our "Money Talks" column. She's **Paula Nelson**, a successful California businesswoman who has written a book called *The Joy of Money: The Guide to Women's Financial Freedom*. "I'm appalled at how little most women know about money," she says, and intends to change that, beginning on page 74.

JOSEPH P. R. WELTY Vice-President and Advertising Director • MILTON LIEBERMAN Advertising Sales Mgr. • Branch Office Mgrs.: ROBERT E. BERG, LEWIS G. GREEN New York Mgrs. • Chicago: FRANK ZILLA Western Divisional Sales Mgr. • Boston: ROGER HARRIS • WILLIAM GIVEN West Coast Sales Mgr. • Philadelphia: GEORGE T. CORRIGAN • BRUCE M. MILOVE Controller • NANCY ENGLE Administrative Mgr., Advertising Sales • ROBERT CORTELLINO, LARRY GALCHER Subscription Managers; ARTHUR O'HARE Newsstand Manager • NICHOLAS BAKOS Research Director • JUDY WEST Mgr., "Mail-Away Shop" • MARIE CONKLIN Promotion Director • TRACY NICHOLAS Public Relations Director • NANCY R. DIX Administrative Asst., Publisher's Office • JUDY LEBLANC, Asst. Production Director

U.S. subscription rate: \$8.95 for one year, Canada, add \$2.50 for postage; Pan-American countries, add \$3.50 for postage; foreign add \$5.00 for postage. For fastest service, please send all correspondence about subscriptions to Ms. Barbara Holmes, Customer Relations Manager, Box 5231, Des Moines, Iowa 50340. Since subscription lists are addressed in advance, please allow six to eight weeks for delivery of the first subscription copy, and changes of address should be sent eight weeks prior to effective date in order to avoid postage for forwarding. When sending new address, please include old address, preferably the address label from the latest issue. McCALL's is published each month simultaneously in the United States and Canada by The McCall Publishing Company, Ralph Wienshien, Chairman of the Board; Raymond Eyes, President and Publisher of McCALL's Magazine; Robert Stein, Executive Vice-President and Editor; Lowell A. Hogan, Vice-President and Production Director; Philip B. Green, Circulation Director. Executive and Editorial Offices: 230 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. MANUSCRIPTS and ART MATERIAL will be carefully considered but received only with the understanding that the magazine shall not be responsible for loss or injury. Copyright © 1977 by The McCall Publishing Company, McCALL's, February, 1977, Vol. 104, No. 5. Reproduction in any manner, in whole or part, in English or other languages, prohibited. All rights reserved throughout the world. Protection secured under the Universal International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Second-class postage paid at Dayton, Ohio, and additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A. Postmaster: Please send form 3579 to McCALL's, Box 5261, Des Moines, Iowa 50340.

BY FIRST LADY BETTY FORD
AS TOLD TO ISABELLE SHELTON

It was a sparkling fall morning when Nancy Howe and I set out for Bethesda National Naval Medical Center. The George Washington Memorial Parkway was lined with trees, and the leaves were a glorious jumble of fall colors, much like an artist's paint box. And every once in awhile, the view was broken up by the Potomac River flowing calmly far below us.

It was the kind of day that made us glad to be alive--and we were enjoying the ride as we headed for what I thought was to be just a routine gynecological examination.

I had not been anxious to go on this several mile drive, because it would consume a whole morning. There was still so much to do. We'd been in the White House for less than two months at that point--and settling a family is no easy task. I had to also organize my staff, cope with mountains of mail and get my husband ready to go to Japan--A trip I was disappointed about not being able to make with him.

I'd had a general medical checkup just seven months before and I never felt better in my life. My husband was happy with his new job--and because he worked only a couple of hundred yards away, I was seeing more of him than I had in years. Even the pinched nerve in my neck, a problem I had acquired years ago while reaching to open a kitchen window, had almost stopped hurting. The



doctor said I was so happily occupied that I just didn't have time to think about it.

Even though the marvelous White House staff takes care of the everyday problems such as buying groceries, cooking the meals, cleaning the house and getting clothes to the dry cleaners, the White House still places many demands on its occupant--and my days are filled with staff meetings, social and public appearances and making sure my family is taken care of.

I've always tried to go to the gynecologist every six months, but it was extremely difficult to keep on schedule this past year. There was the "instant Vice-Presidency" (as my husband jokingly called it), our first family wedding (our 24 year old son, Mike, was married in July)--and then the Presidency, which meant moving out of our Alexandria home of 19 years.

My personal ~~secretary~~^{assistant}, Nancy Howe, insisted I go with her to the gynecologist. I knew she's never let me rest until I said yes--and since she too was having an examination, I figured it would kill two birds with one stone. So there we were, on that bright, sunny Fall morning, driving to Bethesda. And I remembered the most serious thing on our minds, was that a few of the trees we passed were dying. The date was September 26th-- I'll never forget that day--and I'll be everlastingly grateful to Nancy for insisting I come along.



I was very relaxed when I entered the examination room, because there was no reason to suspect anything was wrong. But when the gynecologist was checking my breasts, he said, "Just a minute, I'll be right back"--and with that, he disappeared from the room. I thought that was kind of strange, leaving right in the middle of the checkup. He returned shortly with Dr. William Fouty, Chief of Surgery at Bethesda, who also examined my breasts.

I really didn't understand their concern. You know how doctors are--they're reluctant to discuss the problem in front of a patient, until a diagnosis is made.

By the time I got dressed, Nancy had already been examined and had been waiting for me for some time. I guess she wondered what took me so long--and probably hoped it was just because I had a slow doctor. She told me later she was worried, but we didn't discuss it on the drive back.

I really didn't give much thought to what had happened in the doctor's office. I guess that's because I've dealt with so many doctors through the years, with my pinched nerve. And when you have four children and an active husband, doctors are always needed. They ^{Would} neither ~~break~~ ^{Break} an arm or collar bone or cut their finger practically off. My husband was rarely home when something happened to our three strapping football-playing sons, so I always treated the medical emergencies as if they were everyday normal occurrences. Doesn't every parent at some time get a phone



call that their son has just been rushed from the football field to the hospital with a broken collar bone? I think we were probably the National Orthopedic Hospital's best customers. And this day was no different--I just waited for what they had to tell me.

Shortly after Nancy and I got back to the White House, I was told to be downstairs in the office of Dr. William Lukash (The White House physician) at seven o'clock that evening. He had told Nancy as soon as we got back from the hospital, and she later told me that Dr. Lukash has a "very sober" look on his face.

It was that afternoon I began to have my first suspicion something might be seriously wrong. But I thought, why worry about it before it actually happens.

At seven o'clock, I dutifully took the elevator to the ground floor of the mansion to see Dr. Lukash. He was waiting with Dr. J. Richard Thistlewaite, Professor of Surgery at George Washington University Medical Center, and a consultant at Bethesda, who was later to assist in my surgery. That night I went through still another breast examination, and after Dr. Lukash was through, I dressed and joined them in the next room.

I found my husband waiting there and the concern on his face led me to believe that there really was a problem. I hadn't



bothered to tell him about the morning check-up, because it had seemed so routine and he was busy in his office all day. But it turned out that Dr. Lukash had told him the doctors at Bethesda had discovered a suspicious lump in my right breast-- and asked him to be there after my seven p.m. examination.

The doctors told us they wanted to do a biopsy as soon as possible. I said, "Okay, but I'm too busy tomorrow. I've made commitments and have to fulfill them." The next morning I had planned to go to the Lyndon B. Johnson Grove, a lovely park area on the Virginia side of the Potomac River, which will be a memorial to the late President, ^{Johnson,} My husband was formally presiding at the ground breaking ceremonies, and Mrs. Johnson and her daughters were to be there. After that, I was scheduled to make a speech at the Salvation Army luncheon, and then I had invited the Johnson women to join me for tea at the White House.

The doctors said bluntly, "Well, you'll do it as soon as we can schedule the surgery." They were extremely intent upon my entering the hospital immediately. I, on the other hand, was terribly concerned about not being able to fulfill my commitments. As it turned out, the surgery was scheduled for Saturday, so ~~that~~ I ^{was able to} ~~could~~ keep my Friday appointments.

I went through the day without any trouble. I didn't worry too much about the biopsy. Statistics say one in ten



will be malignant, and one in fifteen women will develop breast cancer. So you believe the odds are in your favor and the possibility that you'll be that one woman doesn't really exist. I was soon to learn you can't always go by the odds.

Susan and I had a delightful hour and a half with the Johnsons. The girls had a great time looking at all the rooms and reminiscing about their stay at the White House. I believe in living day to day--or hour to hour--and my only concern at the time was entertaining the Johnsons.

As soon as they left, I took off for the hospital. I knew I was late and had to be prepared for the biopsy at seven the next morning. And the hospital staff needed time Friday night to take care of all the pre-operative tests.

We didn't tell anyone our plans at that time, because we didn't want to cause any alarm. But after I was checked in, my husband's press secretary announced where I was and why. The only people who knew ahead of time were my family, the doctors, Nancy, Colonel Rick Sardo (my husband's Marine military aide, who had been temporarily helping me organize my staff), and of course, the Secret Service.

The agents had gone out to the hospital in advance, to check out all the arrangements. They also took flowers from



my husband, Susan and Nancy with them, so that I could enjoy them when I arrived at the hospital.

We had a good "cover story" for the many phone calls to the hospital that day, because everyone knew that my good friend from Alexandria, Louise Abbruzzese, had checked into Bethesda Hospital that day to have a baby. And by a remarkable coincidence, as Nancy, Colonel Sardo and I drove up to the hospital, I remember saying at 6:55, "I wonder if Louise has had her baby yet?" We later learned she was having her baby at that exact moment. I remember also thinking that we had traveled this same route just two days before--but this time it wasn't for a routine examination--the circumstances are alot more serious.

After checking in, they asked me millions of questions about my past medical history--and the anesthesiologist and surgeon told me what would happen the next morning. My husband, Susan, Nancy, Dr. Lukash, Colonel Sardo and I then ate dinner in the dining room of the hospital's Presidential Suite, where I stayed.

It was a relatively relaxed occasion. Nobody wanted to take my upcoming surgery too seriously at that point, because it was something that had to be done and we didn't want to think about the worst. We just tried to put it out of our minds and play like it was any other day or night that we were having dinner.



Our son Mike and his wife, Gayle arrived after dinner. They had flown down from Boston, where Mike attends the Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary. And after he got there, Mike kept in constant touch with our two other sons, Jack, 22 and Steve, 18--both of whom were in Utah and too far away to come back. By the next morning, Mike's friend, Evangelist Reverend Billy Zeoli ^{and} ~~had~~ also ~~a~~ ~~good~~ ~~friend~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~whole~~ ~~family,~~ *had flown in from Cleveland where he was attending a seminar.*

I think it was just before they wheeled me down to the operating room, that I began to realize the odds might work against me--and I would be that one in ten with a malignancy. I know that wasn't really logical, because there was no way to tell before the biopsy was performed. But somehow, I think I went into that operating room with a pretty clear belief that this was it--the biopsy would show a malignancy. I remember being wheeled down on the stretcher to the operating room. It was such a long corridor--all I could see was the ceiling streaming by over my head--and I could feel the presence of people on all sides of me. It felt eerie, because it took such a long time to travel that hallway.

Even though I believe life is pretty well planned for you and what will be, will be--I admit I was praying. We were all praying.



People asked me later if I realized the implications of a positive biopsy--did I know they would have to remove my breast. Apparently some women don't understand this, even if they have signed a paper of permission, and they are shocked to discover they have lost a breast.

The answer in my case is definitely "Yes"--I fully understood what to expect. My doctors had thoroughly discussed the whole procedure with me before the surgery--and I had had a rather long discussion with Dr. Fouty, who headed the three-man surgical team. He was very understanding about it--and talked about the surgery quietly, rationally and naturally. He told me if the biopsy were malignant, they would have to remove my breast immediately. He strongly recommended the standard radical mastectomy, which he said had the greatest success. In this procedure, they remove the breast, lymph nodes in the armpit and the supporting muscle. Dr. Fouty said there was much greater risk with anything less, because lymph nodes can't, in many cases, be clinically tested for cancer. I listened to him--believed him--and did not really consider any other alternative.

I believe it's essential to have faith in your doctor. Dr. Fouty was recommended to me by Dr. Lukash, and because of my high regard for Dr. Lukash, Dr. Fouty automatically had my trust. Not only is he a delightful man, but he has enormous compassion



Makes
and ~~made~~ a painful experience as pleasant as possible. When I came to in the recovery room, Dr. Fouty was standing there. He told me the biopsy had been positive and they had had to perform a radical mastectomy. I just said, "Yes sir, that's fine." We understood each other.

I've read more about alternative procedures now--the way you're inclined to read up on a subject after it suddenly becomes personally important to you--and I have no regrets. You're going to have a scar anyway, so I'd rather have them take the whole breast area and not leave any residue which could cause complications in the future. And when they found that the cancer had already spread to a couple of lymph nodes, it made me even more certain that they did the right thing in cleaning out as much as they could. ~~What is really~~
~~is that the concern should be the cancer not the~~
~~losing a breast.~~

When they took me back up to my room it was filled with people--Jerry and Susan, Mike and Gayle--Nancy and Reverend Billy--and all my Secret Service agents. One of the agents had had to scrub and put on a surgical gown in order to guard me during the operation. He stayed in the next room, where he could keep an eye on me. He said I went in smiling and came out smiling.

Because my family comes first, I felt it was important to project a feeling of well-being. I had fortified myself



completely with a positive attitude. I knew if I could deal with it--my family would be able to as well--and we could go back to living our lives.

Back in the room, I felt surrounded by love and support-- and I couldn't have had better care. Later, when I was feeling better, the doctors and nurses were a great help in keeping my spirits up. We all did alot of kidding, laughing and joking.

I was glad it was a happy scene, because I felt Susan, Mike and Gayle particularly needed to be reassured. As they're so young, I had to prove to them that this was not at all the terrible thing it was supposed to be. I think I succeeded. Just by being positive and cheerful.

This has brought our whole family closer together. Jerry and I were close before, but this has made us even closer-- and the same thing is true with the children. I think children have a tendency to take parents for granted, and it isn't until they realize there is a danger of serious illness or of losing them, that they learn how much they really care.

Jerry and I had a chance to talk alone that afternoon at the hospital. We were both quite realistic. I think he was more concerned about how I felt and whether I was comfortable, than what had happened in the operating room. He knew what they had to do. And because we couldn't undo what had to be done, there really wasn't much sense in discussing it.



I think Jerry's real concern was to make me as comfortable as possible--and to express his love. I think perhaps he was trying to express it even more so, because he realized I might feel disfigured or mutilated. He wanted to reassure me that it made no difference to him, that after all we still loved each other, and were just as happy after 26 years of marriage.

It did reassure me--and I believe Jerry took it better than most men would because of our very close relationship--and because his mother had had a radical mastectomy done on both her breasts.

Nobody used to talk about it years ago--and even now, few women will admit to having had a mastectomy. One of the things I am most proud of, is that we did talk about it openly and as a result I didn't feel ashamed or "dirty" because I had cancer.

I had made up my mind that this was something that had to be done, and that maybe, if I as First Lady could talk about it candidly and without embarrassment, many other people would be able to as well. I also wanted to feel that something good would come from my ordeal. When I heard the grim statistics, I realized there must be hundreds of women across the country who had the same thing I had, and were either ignoring it or were oblivious to it. I thought that if I spoke out, I might be able to help those women.



From the letters I got and the television shows I saw, I know it worked out that way. Women started thinking, "If it could happen to the First Lady, it could happen to me." The clinics, I was really happy to see, ~~couldn't even handle all the women who came in for checkups.~~ *Were really over crowded.*

Even though I've always been religious, this experience has brought a meaning to my life I never had before. I read the Bible or some spiritual writing for about a half hour each day and Jerry and I pray together sometimes--but I've never felt as close to Christ as I do now. I feel like I've been reborn. When we're put on this earth we all try to feel as though we should do something worthwhile. And both Jerry and I believe that if you can save the life of one person--just one--then you have accomplished your mission in life.

I not only feel that I've saved one person--but many people. Some of the letters I've received have been fantastic. Women wrote to say I saved their lives by making them so much more aware that they went to their doctors in time. Jerry and I both agree that this experience was a painful period in our lives--but it helped to know it served some purpose.

There were wonderful letters as well, from women who already had mastectomies--some of them three, ten and twelve years ago--including some of my friends I didn't know had had it. They're now coming out of the woodwork!



Everything has not been easy though. I had several very rough days after the operation--all I could do was hang on tight and pray alot. For five days after the mastectomy, I refused to give into the trauma of this experience--but I finally broke down in tears. The doctor said it was a typical post-operative depression and to be expected. And even though he had warned me ahead of time that it would happen, that didn't make it any easier. What did help was that Dr. Fouty was there. He sat by my bed, listened to me and let me cry. I guess he felt "I needed that"--and understood what I was feeling.

I started doing exercises for my arm after a few days--and I did them faithfully--especially something called a spider walk, where my fingers crawl up the wall. It took time, patience and hard work. It's painful to move your arm with any sharp jerks--you have to do it slowly. I can remember now, my first great achievement was being able to pick up a cup of tea. And to everyone's amazement, four days after the operation, I passed a football to my husband, with what he said showed considerable force. It was a present he had brought me from Washington Redskin coach, George Allen--a ball they had actually used in a winning game. Everyone was pretty impressed with my powers that day. Chief White House photographer, David Kennerly even took a picture of the throw and released it to the press, so everyone could see



how well I was doing. The football and all of the thousands of gifts and notes I received from concerned people made me feel alot better.

Dr. Lukash said one reason my recovery went so well was because the operation was "slightly modified," to leave some strands of muscle. And this helped avoid some of the deformity and tendency to swell. My arm ^{IS NOT SWOLLEN} ~~had~~ ~~swollen~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~, although it hurts sometimes. It gets tired in the late afternoon, especially after I sign alot of mail and photographs. I try to rest it on a pillow when I'm sitting in a chair--and I take a nap every afternoon.

I felt fortunate, too, that it was my right breast, and I'm right handed. I went ahead and tried to do things with my right hand--such as reaching--and all the other things I've always done. My habits were working for me.

Dr. Lukash also told me that I was one of the "fortunate ones," that my surgery was "very, very successful" and that "my determination to pursue exercises vigorously and conscienciously" helped a great deal. He believes determination and faith means alot in the recovery of a patient.

I can't deny that the mastectomy was a shock both mentally and physically--but I am a very disciplined person. I believe that my experience as a Martha Graham dancer gave me the training



I needed to recover quickly from the operation. And even though I haven't danced since I've had a pinched nerve--I've kept in shape. I know it was my will power--I just couldn't afford, at that time in my life, to let my family or the public down.

As for the physical wound, I had letters from women who said they couldn't bear to look at their scars--but I didn't feel that way. I knew it was there and knew I couldn't go through life not looking at it--so I might just as well accept it. In fact, I was curious about it. The doctor was changing the bandages on it every day, and I frankly was interested in the progress it was making. Besides, I was taking baths after the first few days, and the bathroom was full of mirrors. I can understand why it might be more difficult for an unmarried women in her twenties to lose a breast--but it wasn't very traumatic for me. I've been married for 26 years with four grown children--and it makes no difference to them. I accept it as just one of these things which can happen to a woman during the course of her life.

Women have been so frightened for so long of losing a breast, that many of them don't do the things they could and should do to protect themselves. The fact is that it is cancer--vanity should not be a consideration. They have to face it. Too many women, when something suspicious is spotted by their doctor, say, "Forget it, I'll take my chances."



I have a close friend whose doctor suspected cancer, and wanted to take an x-ray. She told him, "You can take the x-ray, but no matter how it comes out, you're not going to touch me." That's hard to believe, I know, but it's true. I'm happy to say my experience changed her mind. She had a biopsy, and it turned out to be a cyst. Now look at all the anxiety she's relieved of!

I can't urge women strongly enough to get annual physical examinations--and women over forty to get gynecological checkups every six months. And every women should examine her breasts each month after her period--because ninety-five percent of the breast tumors are detected by the women themselves through self-examination. A doctor can show you how to do it--and after a few times--you'll get to learn what your breasts feel like when they're normal. You should lie flat--put one hand behind your head--and with the other hand, gently feel each breast in a circular motion. Then repeat the same procedure standing up--with your hand still behind your head. If you notice a lump or thickening--recession of the nipple--or dimpling in the area of the lump--go to your doctor immediately. No doctor will think you're silly for coming in. He'll be very glad you did--even if he sends you home, telling you there is nothing there to worry about.

Of course, I don't know what will happen to me in the long run. As of now, bone scans which x-ray the entire body, indicate



that I am free of cancer. And although the doctors think they caught it all--I am getting chemotherapy--just in case. I take several pills a day for five days in a row--wait ^{FIVE} ~~six~~ weeks--and repeat the dosage. This will go on for two years--but I believe it's a small price to pay for my continued good health.

I have to have checkups every three months, and I am faced with the fact that I will be living with the possibility of death each time I go through the examinations--each time I will wonder if some other spot has developed in my body.

But I am confident I can handle this. I believe with enough faith in God, you can face anything. I feel that very strongly. I know I could face worse tragedies tomorrow. Suppose one of my children--or my husband--were suddenly in a terrible car accident and crippled for life--that would be a much greater tragedy for me.

This is the last time I will discuss the mastectomy. I want to get back to the support of fields I have previously committed myself to, I can't afford to let this episode become the focal point of my life. I had no choice--it was something I had to do--it is over now--I am recovering well--and I have every faith and belief that I will continue my life, and live it to the fullest.



in Bethesda

McCall's—February Betty Ford—Rough Proof 5 4 3 2 1

~~Back~~
Don McKinn

It was a sparkling fall morning when Nancy Howe and I set out for Bethesda National Naval Medical Center. The George Washington Memorial Parkway is lined with trees, and the leaves were a glorious jumble of fall colors, much like an artist's paint box. It was the kind of day that made us glad to be alive, and we were enjoying the ride as we headed for what I thought was to be a routine gynecological examination.

I had not been anxious to go on this drive because it would consume a whole morning. We'd been in the White House for less than two months, and settling a family is no easy task. I also had to organize my staff, cope with mountains of mail and get my husband ready to go to Japan—a trip I was disappointed not to be able to make with him.

I'd had a general medical checkup just seven months before and I never felt better in my life. My husband was happy with his new job, and, because he worked only a couple of hundred yards away, I was seeing more of him than I had in years. Even the pinched nerve in my neck, a problem I had acquired years ago while reaching to open a kitchen window, had almost stopped hurting. The doctor said I was so happily occupied that I just didn't have time to think about it.

Even though the marvelous staff takes care of the everyday problems, such as buying groceries, cooking the meals, cleaning the house and getting clothes to the dry cleaners, the White House still places many demands on its occupants—and my days are filled with staff meetings, social and public appearances and making sure my family is taken care of. And there had been the "instant Vice-Presidency" (as my husband jokingly called it), our first family wedding (our 24-year-old son, Mike, was married in July) and then the Presidency, which meant moving out of the house in Alexandria that had been our home for 19 years.

I've always tried to go to the gynecologist every six months, so I really was due. But the main reason I went along on that sunny fall morning was that my personal assistant, Nancy Howe, had insisted that I go with her while she was having an examination. Since I knew that she'd never let me rest until I said yes, I decided to kill two

Shortly after Nancy and I got back to the White House, I was told to be downstairs in the office of Dr. William Lukash (the White House physician) at seven o'clock that evening. He had told Nancy as soon as we got back from the hospital, and she later told me that Dr. Lukash had a "very sober" look on his face.

It was that afternoon when I began to have my first suspicion that something might be seriously wrong. But I thought, Why worry before anything actually happens?

At seven o'clock I dutifully took the elevator to the ground floor of the residence to see Dr. Lukash. He was waiting with Dr. J. Richard Thistlewaite, professor of surgery at George Washington University Medical Center and a consultant at Bethesda, who was later to assist in my surgery. I went through still another breast examination, and after Dr. Lukash was through, I dressed and joined them in the next room.

I found my husband there, and the concern on his face led me to believe that there really was a problem. I hadn't bothered to tell him about the morning checkup because it had seemed so routine and he had been busy in his office when I returned from the hospital. But Dr. Lukash had told him the doctors at Bethesda had discovered a suspicious lump in my right breast and asked him to be there.

The doctors told us they wanted to do a biopsy as soon as possible. I said, "Okay, but I'm too busy tomorrow. I made commitments and have to fulfill them." I had planned to go the next morning to the Lyndon B. Johnson Grove, a lovely park on the Virginia side of the Potomac River that will be a memorial to the late President Johnson. My husband was formally presiding at the ground-breaking ceremonies, and Mrs. Johnson and her daughters were to be there. After that I was scheduled to make a speech at the Salvation Army luncheon; I also had invited the Johnson women to join me for afternoon tea at the White House.

The doctors said bluntly, "Well, you'll do it as soon as we can schedule the surgery." They were extremely intent upon my entering the hospital immediately, while I was terribly concerned about not being able to fulfill my commitments. As it turned out, the surgery was scheduled for Saturday so I

(the) clinical

memorial honors the memory of

would happen the next morning. My husband, Susan, Nancy, Dr. Lukash, Colonel Sardo and I then had dinner in the dining room of the hospital's Presidential Suite, where I was staying. It was a relatively relaxed occasion. Nobody wanted to take my upcoming surgery too seriously at that point because it was something that had to be done and we didn't want to think the worst. We just tried to put it out of our minds and pretend it was like any other night that we were having dinner together.

Our son Mike and his wife, Gayle, arrived after dinner. They had flown down from Boston, where Mike attends the Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary. And after he got there, Mike kept in constant touch with our two other sons—Jack, 22, and Steve, 18—both of whom were in Utah and too far away to come back. By the next morning, the evangelist, the Reverend Billy Zeoli, and also a good friend of the whole family, had flown in from Cleveland where he was attending a seminar.

I think it was just before they wheeled me down to the operating room that I began to realize the odds might work against me and I could be that one in ten. I know that wasn't really logical, but somehow I think I went into that operating room with a pretty clear belief that the biopsy would show a malignancy. I remember being wheeled down on the stretcher to the operating room: It was such a long corridor—all I could see was the ceiling streaming by over my head—and I could feel the presence of people on all sides of me. It felt eerie, because it took such a long time to travel the hallways.

Even though I believe life is pretty well planned for you, and what will be, will be—I admit I was praying. We were all praying.

People asked me later if I realized the implications of a positive biopsy; did I know they would have to remove my breast? Apparently some women don't understand this even if they have signed a paper of permission, and they are shocked to discover they have lost a breast.

The answer to my case is definitely, yes, I fully understood what to expect. My doctors had discussed the whole procedure with me before the surgery and I had had a rather long discussion with Dr. Fouty, who headed the three-man surgical team. He was very understanding and talked about the surgery

the area
Mike's friend
an evangelist

fifteen

(in

examination as well. I remember that the most serious thing on our minds was that a few of the trees we passed were dying. The date was September 26—I'll never forget that day—and I'll be everlastingly grateful to Nancy for insisting that I come along.

I was very relaxed when I entered the examination room because there was no reason to suspect anything was wrong. But as the gynecologist was checking my breasts, he suddenly said, "Just a minute, I'll be right back"—and with that, he disappeared from the room. I thought that was kind of strange, leaving right in the middle of the checkup. He returned shortly with Dr. William Fouty, chief of surgery at Bethesda, who also examined my breasts.

I really didn't understand their concern. You know how doctors are—they just say, "Uh, huh," "uh, UH," and things like that, to each other. I realize they're reluctant to discuss the problem in front of a patient until a diagnosis is made.

By the time I got dressed, Nancy had already been examined and had been waiting for me for some time. I'm happy to say that she had passed her examination with flying colors, and I guess she was wondering what was taking me so long. She told me later she was worried, but we didn't discuss it on the drive back.

I didn't really give the events in the hospital much thought. I guess that's because I've dealt with so many doctors through the years because of my pinched nerve. And when you have four children and an active husband, doctors are always needed for one thing or another. My husband was rarely home when something happened to our three strapping, football-playing sons, so I always treated the medical emergencies as if they were everyday normal occurrences. Doesn't every mother at some time get a phone call that her son has just been rushed from the football field to the hospital with a broken collarbone? I think we were probably the National Orthopedic Hospital's best customers.

Actually, I didn't worry too much about the biopsy. Statistics say ~~one in ten will be malignant~~ and one in 15 women will develop breast cancer. So you know the odds are in your favor and you don't really believe that you'll be that one woman. I was soon to learn you can't always go by the odds.

My daughter, Susan, and I had a delightful hour and a half with the Johnsons. Luci and Lynda had a great time looking at all the rooms and reminiscing about their stay in the White House. I believe in living day to day—or hour to hour—and my only concern at the time was entertaining the Johnsons.

As soon as they left, I took off for the hospital. I knew I was late and had to be prepared for the biopsy at seven the next morning. The hospital staff needed time Friday night to take care of all the preoperative tests.

We didn't tell anyone our plans at that time because we didn't want to cause any alarm. But after I was checked in, my husband's press secretary announced where I was and why. The only people who knew ahead of time were my family, the doctors, Nancy, Colonel Rick Sardo (my husband's military aide who was helping me organize my staff) and, of course, the Secret Service.

The agents had gone out to the hospital in advance to check out all the arrangements. They also took flowers from my husband, Susan and Nancy so that I could enjoy them when I arrived at the hospital.

My good friend from Alexandria, Louise Abbruzzese, had also checked into Bethesda hospital that day to have a baby, and as we drove up at 5:55 P.M., I remember saying, "I wonder if Louise has had her baby yet?" We later learned she was having her baby at that exact moment. I remember also thinking that we had traveled this same route just two days before—but this time it wasn't for a routine examination.

After I had checked in, I was asked millions of questions about my past medical history and the anesthesiologist and surgeon told me what

Turn breast biopsy turn out to be benign

Lieutenant

(5)

and Rehabilitation

** * Checked with Dr. Lukash and a doctor at N.I.H. he referred me to. (In other words, they stand by our original figure of 1 in 10 — but Dr. L suggested we phrase it*

me that if the biopsy they would have to remove my breast immediately. He strongly recommended the standard radical mastectomy, which he said had the greatest success. In this procedure they remove the breast, lymph nodes in the armpit and the supporting muscle. Dr. Fouty said there was much greater risk with anything less because lymph nodes can't, in many cases, be clinically tested for cancer. I listened to him, believed him and did not really consider any other alternative.

I believe it's essential to have faith in your doctor. Dr. Fouty was recommended to me by Dr. Lukash and, because of my high regard for Dr. Lukash, he automatically had my trust. Not only is he a delightful man, but he has enormous compassion and makes a painful experience as pleasant as possible. When I came to in the recovery room Dr. Fouty was standing there. He told me the biopsy had been positive and they had had to perform a radical mastectomy. I just said, "Yes, sir, that's fine." We understood each other.

I've read more about alternative procedures now—the way you're inclined to read up on a subject after it suddenly becomes personally important to you—and I have no regrets. You have a scar anyway, so I'd rather have them take the whole breast area and not leave any residue which could cause complications in the future. And when they found that the cancer had already spread to a couple of lymph nodes, it made me even more certain that they did the right thing in cleaning out as much as they could. What it really amounts to is that the concern should be the cancer—not the vanity of losing a breast.

When they took me back up to my room it was filled with people—Jerry, Susan, Mike and Gayle, Nancy and Reverend Billy—and all my Secret Service agents. One of the agents had had to scrub and put on a surgical gown in order to guard me during the operation. He stayed in the next room where he could keep an eye on me. He said I went in smiling and came out smiling.

Because my family comes first, I felt it was important to project a feeling of well-being. I had fortified myself completely with a positive attitude. I knew if I could deal with it my family would be able to as well, and we could go back to living our lives.



Galley 1
CTS 44 205-18 k11t
McCall's Magazine
Attn: Barbara Flintoft
Job: Betty Ford February
11-20-74 Proof 5 4 3 2 1



Betty Ford

Back in my hospital room I felt surrounded by love and support. And I couldn't have had better care. Later, when I was feeling better, the doctors and nurses were a great help in keeping my spirits up. We all did a lot of kidding, laughing and joking.

I was glad it was a happy scene because I felt that Susan, Mike and Gayle particularly needed to be reassured, as they're so young. I feel that God gives us these children and expects us to do the best we can with them for a certain time. Then they are on their own.

But of course you continue to be concerned about their welfare and well-being. I knew that was a big blow to them, and I didn't want them to fall apart. I had to prove to them that this was not at all the terrible thing it was supposed to be. I think I succeeded—just by being positive and cheerful.

This has brought our whole family closer together. Jerry and I were close before, but this has made us even closer, and the same thing is true with the children. I think children have a tendency to take parents for granted, and it isn't until they are confronted with a danger of serious illness or the possibility of losing them that they learn how much they really care.

Jerry and I had a chance to talk alone that afternoon at the hospital. We were both quite realistic. I think he was more concerned about how I felt and whether I was comfortable than what had happened in the operating room. He knew what they had to do. And because we couldn't undo what had to be done, there really wasn't much sense in discussing it. I think Jerry's real concern was to make me as comfortable as possible—and to express his love. Perhaps even more so because he realized I might feel disfigured or mutilated. He wanted to reassure me that it made no difference to him; that, after all, we still loved each other and were just as happy after 26 years of marriage.

It did reassure me. And I believe Jerry took it better than most men would because of our very close relationship, and because his mother had had a radical mastectomy done on both her breasts.

Nobody used to talk about it years ago, and even now, few women will admit to having had a mastectomy. One of the things I am most proud of is that we did talk about it openly and as a

I not only feel that I've saved one person—but many people. Some of the letters I've received have been fantastic. Women wrote to say I saved their lives by making them go to their doctors in time. Jerry and I both agree that this experience was a painful period in our lives, but it helps to know it served some purpose.

There were wonderful letters, as well, from women who already had undergone mastectomies—some of them three, ten and twelve years ago—including a few of my friends whom I didn't even know had had the operation.

Everything has not been easy, though. I had several very rough days after the operation when all I could do was hang on tight and pray a lot. For five days after the mastectomy I refused to give in, but I finally broke down in tears. The doctor said it was a typical postoperative depression and to be expected. Even though he had warned me ahead of time that it would happen, that didn't make it any easier. What did help was that Dr. Fouty was there. He sat by my bed, listened to me and let me cry. I guess he felt I needed that and understood what I was feeling.

I started doing exercises for my arm after a few days, and did them faithfully—especially something called a spider walk, where my fingers crawl up the wall. It took time, patience and hard work. It's painful to move your arm with any sharp jerks—you have to do it slowly. My first great achievement was being able to pick up a cup of tea. And to everyone's amazement, four days after the operation I passed a football to my husband with what he said showed considerable force. It was a present he had brought me from Washington Redskin coach George Allen—a ball they had actually used in a winning game. Everyone was pretty impressed with my powers that day. Chief White House photographer David Kennerly even took a picture of the throw and released it to the press so everyone could see how well I was doing. The football and all the thousands of gifts and notes I received from concerned people made me feel a lot better.

Dr. Lukash said one reason my recovery went so well was that the operation was "slightly modified" to leave some strands of muscle. This helped avoid some of the deformity and tendency to swell. My arm is not swollen at all, although it hurts sometimes. It gets tired

As for my appearance, ~~they have~~ worked that out so that no one can tell the difference. An expert from a local store came to fit me. I have since tried on all my evening dresses and knitted dresses—any of those that are revealing—and I am very happy with the way they look. So no one has to worry about having to go out and buy a new wardrobe.

Women have been so frightened for so long of losing a breast that many of them don't do the things they could and should do to protect themselves. Vanity should not be a consideration—they have to face it. Many women, when something suspicious is spotted by their doctor, say, "Forget it, I'll take my chance."

I have a close friend whose doctor suspected cancer, and wanted to take an X ray. She told him, "You can take the X ray, but no matter how it comes out you're not going to touch me." That's hard to believe, I know, but it's true. I'm happy to say my experience changed her mind. She had a biopsy and it turned out to be a cyst. Now look at all the anxiety she's relieved of!

I can't urge women strongly enough to get annual physical examinations, and women over 40 to get gynecological checkups every six months. Every woman should examine her breasts each month after her period; 95 percent of the breast tumors are detected by the women themselves through self-examination. Any doctor can show you how to do it. You should lie flat, put one hand behind your head and with the other hand, gently feel each breast in a circular motion. Then repeat the same procedure standing up with your hand still behind your head. If you notice a lump or thickening, recession of the nipple or dimpling in the area of the lump, go to your doctor immediately. No doctor will think you're silly for coming in. He'll be very glad you did even if he discovers there is nothing there to worry about.

Of course, I don't know what will happen to me in the long run. As of now, bone scans, which X ray the entire body, indicate that I am free of cancer. But, although the doctors think they caught it all, I am getting chemotherapy—just in case. I take several pills a day for five days in a row, wait five weeks and repeat the dosage. This will go on for two years, but I believe it's a small price to pay for my continued good health.

I have to have checkups every three

that has been

o

it

your right

your left

your right

right, than your left

I still putting

clinical tests my doctors have made, including bone scans of

Reverse hands, and examine your left breast o

seven Longworth, Marvena Bayn, Shirley Temple Black, Mary Healy and Happy Rockefeller—have admitted they had the same operation and have talked openly about it.

I have received lovely notes from all of them, and Happy and I have been in frequent touch by telephone. We were good friends before, but this has brought a mutual bond to our relationship. You know, her husband said on television that they were grateful to me because she would not have been alerted to her cancer if it weren't for the fact that I had spoken out about my operation.

I had made up my mind that this was something that had to be done, and that maybe if I as First Lady could talk about it candidly and without embarrassment, many other people would be able to as well. I also wanted to feel that something good would come from my ordeal. When I heard the grim statistics, I realized there must be hundreds of women across the country who had the same thing I had and were either ignoring it or were oblivious to it. I thought that if I spoke out, I might be able to help those women.

From the letters I got and the television shows I saw, I know it worked out that way. Women started thinking, "If it could happen to the First Lady, it could happen to me." The clinics, I was happy to see, were really overcrowded.

Even though I've always been religious, this experience has brought a meaning to my life I never had before. For years I have read the Bible or some spiritual writing each day, and Jerry and I pray together sometimes; but I've never felt as close to Christ as I do now. I feel like I've been reborn. When we're put on this earth we all feel as though we should do something worthwhile. And both Jerry and I believe that if you can save the life of one person—just one—then you have accomplished your mission in life.

to rest it on a pillow when I'm sitting in a chair, and I take a nap every afternoon. I felt fortunate, too, that it was my right breast because I'm right handed. I went ahead and tried to do things with my right hand—such as reaching—and all the other things I've always done. My habits were working for me.

Dr. Lukash also told me that I was one of the "fortunate ones," that my surgery was "very, very successful" and that my "determination to pursue the exercises vigorously and conscientiously has helped a great deal. He believes determination and faith means a lot in the recovery of a patient.

I can't deny that the mastectomy was a shock—both mentally and physically—but I am a very disciplined person. I believe that my experience as a Martha Graham dancer gave me the training I needed to recover quickly from the operation. And even though I haven't danced since my pinched nerve, I've kept in shape. I know it was my willpower—I just couldn't afford at that time in my life to let my family or the public down.

As for the physical wound, I had letters from women who said they couldn't bear to look at their scars, but I didn't feel that way. I knew it was there and that I couldn't go through life not looking at it, so I might just as well accept it. In fact, I was curious about it. The doctor was changing the bandages on it every day, and I frankly was interested in the progress it was making. Besides, I was taking baths in the hospital after the first few days, and the bathroom was full of mirrors. I can understand why it might be more difficult for an unmarried woman in her 20s to lose a breast, but it wasn't very traumatic for me. I've been married for 26 years with four grown children and it makes no difference to them. I thought my husband was adult enough to understand. I accept it as just one of those things that can happen to a woman during the course of her life.

death each time I go through the examinations. Each time I will wonder if some other spot has developed in my body.

But I am confident I can handle this. I believe that with enough faith in God you can face anything. I feel that very strongly. I know I could face worse tragedies tomorrow. Suppose one of my children or my husband were suddenly in a terrible car accident and crippled for life? That would be a much greater tragedy for me.

This is the last time I will discuss the mastectomy. I want to get back to the support of fields I have previously committed myself to. I can't afford to let this episode become the focal point of my life. I had no choice; it was something I ~~HAD TO DO~~. It is over now. I am recovering well and I have every faith and belief that I will continue my life, and live it to the fullest.

lc

SEE NEW ENDING
STAPLED HERETO.
THERE HAS NOT BEEN
TIME TO SET IT IN TYPE,
BUT IT WILL READ AS SHOWN
HERE

In appreciation of Mrs. Ford's sharing with McCALL's readers her thoughts and feelings about her recent experience, this magazine is making a \$5,000 contribution, in her name, to the American Cancer Society.

The First Lady—who had accepted the honorary chairmanship of the society last September, before she had any idea that cancer would strike her—hopes that those who read this article will also want to make contributions.

The address of the American Cancer Society is 44 East 53 Street, New York, New York 10022. There also are local chapters in many communities.

's 1975
crusade

The society has local chapters
in many communities. Or if you
prefer, Mrs. Ford will pass
along your contribution.
Send it to: American
Cancer Society, 40 The
White House, Washington,
D.C. 20500.



S

* Change approved by Dr. Lukash

My husband has announced he will ~~not~~ run again, and I totally support that decision. I'll be right there campaigning for him.

I long ago ~~xxx~~ released him from a promise that he would run for the last time in 1974 - a promise made when he was still a member of Congress. There never was any truth to the stories that my husband might not seek re-election to the Presidency because of my health. We talked about it, before he made his announcement, of course. We always talk over major decisions. But neither of us ever really considered that he would not run.

The first few days after the operation, when everybody was writing those "Will-he-run-again" stories, we weren't think beyond each day's hospital bulletin -- plus of course Jerry's busy daily schedule. By the time we could sit back and think, "Where do we go from here?" we were getting encouraging news from the doctors. So we really never considered the question in terms of his not running.

The most important thing to me is that he does what he wants to do. He is enjoying the Presidency, and he believes he is doing useful work. So do I.



McCall's

FIRST MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

OFFICE OF THE EDITOR

November 22, 1974

Mrs. Gerald T. Ford
The White House
Washington, D.C.

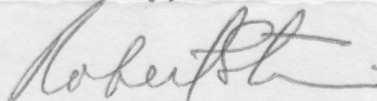
Dear Mrs. Ford:

As Isabelle Shelton has told you, we are making a \$5,000 contribution in your name to the American Cancer Society to express our thanks for your graciousness in working with her on the article for our February issue. I am enclosing the check, which I am sure you would like to forward to the Society yourself.

We are also including a suggestion to readers at the end of the article that they may want to make contributions to the American Cancer Society.

All of us here admire you beyond words for your generosity in sharing your experience with millions of other women and send you our best wishes for the future.

Sincerely,



Robert Stein
Editor

RS:rm
Enc.



Nov. 25, 1974

Dear Mrs. Ford:

Attached is what they call a "rough proof" of the McCall's story. All the corrections marked here in pencil will be made on the final copy. They obviously sent the original manuscript to the printer promptly -- in order to get it back for you -- before the magazine's research department checked a lot of little things (like the exact name of the ~~South~~ Orthopedic Hospital), which explains why there are so many corrections.

I have marked with a red star the two queries that Nancy and I thought should be checked with Dr. Lukash. He accepted the first change proposed by the magazine, and we are resisting their second proposed change (the one with two stars, on page two). The American Cancer Society is challenging our "one in ten" figure for finding of malignancies of biopsied, but a doctor at NIH to whom Dr. Lukash referred it confirms our original one in ten figure.

I may hear more from the magazine on that one -- I haven't had time to call them. Other than that I think we are ~~through~~ through -- unless you are moved to want to say still more about Happy Rockefeller, in the light of her second hospitalization. I heard on the radio that the flowers you sent were the only ones in her room.

I will check Nancy on the phone tomorrow (Tuesday) to see when I can pick this up.

Have a nice Thanksgiving.

Fond regards,



1. My husband has announced he will now run again, and I totally support that decision. I'll be right there campaigning for him. I long ago released him from a promise that he would run for the last time in 1974 (that was when he was a Member of Congress).

3. The most important thing to me is that he does what he wants to do. He is enjoying the Presidency, and he believes he is doing useful work. So do I.

There never was any truth to the stories that ~~he~~ ^{my husband} might not seek re-election to the Presidency because of my health. We talked about it, before he made his announcement, of course. We always talk over major decisions, but neither of us ever really considered that he would not run.

2. The first few days after the operation, when everybody was writing those "Will-he-run stories?", we weren't thinking beyond each day's hospital bulletin--plus, of course, Jerry's busy daily schedule. By the time we could sit back and think, "Where do we go from here?", we were getting encouraging news from the doctor's so we really never considered the question in terms of his not running.

End



November 21, 1974

NOTE FROM ISABELLE SHELTON:

Dear Mrs. Ford,

As Nancy has no doubt told you, the magazine feels that since the President has now put his intentions for 1976 on the record, it looks strange for your piece not to mention that fact as you project your life ahead. I didn't press the matter with you originally, because he had NOT made the announcement at the time of our conversation; and I knew you did not want to jump the gun on him.

I should have paid more attention when the subject came up--in connection with Susan--when we talked on the phone last weekend, but I guess my mind was locked into my earlier viewpoint of leaving the subject alone.

I am suggesting that the attached few paragraphs be added at the end of the article. This was pieced from things you have said to me in the past, plus what Nancy told me this morning. If it does violence to the truth in any respect, I, of course, WANT you to correct it. This at least gets something down on paper for you to shoot at. I thought that system worked well before.



My husband has announced he will ~~now~~ run again, and I totally support that decision. I'll be right there campaigning for him. I long ago released him for a promise that he would run for the last time in 1974 (~~that was~~ ^{a promise} ~~made~~ when he ~~was~~ a Member of Congress).

There never was any truth to the stories that my husband might not seek re-election to the Presidency because of my health. We talked about it, before he made his announcement, of course. We always talk over major decisions, but neither of us ever really considered that he would not run.

The first few days after the operation, when everybody was writing those "will-he-run stories?", we weren't thinking beyond each day's hospital bulletin--plus, of course, Jerry's busy daily schedule. By the time we could sit back and think, "where do we go from here?", we were getting encouraging news from the doctor's so we really never considered the question in terms of his not running.

The most important thing to me is that he does what he wants to do. He is enjoying the Presidency, and he believes he is doing useful work. So do I.



Nov. 16

Dear Betty Ford/Nancy Howe:

I would like very much to get the article and accompanying "Box" into the 6 p.m. mail pickup at my neighborhood Friendship postoffice, to assure (I hope) its delivery in New York City Monday morning.

So I would hope I could get clearance from you on the enclosed (two paragraphs added to the piece, as we worked out the other afternoon, plus the Box) by around 5.

Could you phone me, please, Nancy, at 362-7703? In the unlikely event I can beat back my cold enough to do a few errands, I will phone you, Nancy, around 5. But I very much doubt if I'm going anywhere, except to deliver this to the White House, and then the post office before 6.

Many, many thanks to both of you for ^{letting me} taking so much of your time.

Fond regards,

Isabelle



I think Jerry's real concern was to make me as comfortable as possible -- and to express his love. I think perhaps he was trying to express it even more so, because he realized I might feel disfigured or mutilated. He wanted to reassure me that it made no difference to him, that after all, we still loved each other, and were just as happy after 26 years of marriage.

It did reassure me -- and I believe Jerry took it better than most men would because of our very close relationship -- and because his mother had had a radical mastectomy done on both her breasts.

Nobody used to talk about it years ago -- and even now, few women will admit to having had a mastectomy. One of the things I am most proud of is that we did talk about it openly, and as a result I didn't feel ashamed or "dirty" because I had cancer.

I've been so glad to see that some other women -- like Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Marvella Bayh, Shirley Temple Black, Mary Healy and "Happy" Rockefeller, - have admitted they had the same operation, and have talked openly about it.



NEW

I have received lovely notes from all of them, and Happy and I have been in frequent touch by telephone. We were good friends before, but this has brought a mutual bond to our relationship. You know, her husband said on television that they were grateful to me, because she would not have been alerted to the fact that she had cancer if it weren't for the fact that I had spoken out about my operation.

I had made up my mind that this was something that had to be done, and that maybe, if I as First Lady could talk about it candidly and without embarrassment, many other people would be able to as well.

I also wanted to feel that something good would come from my ordeal. When I heard the grim statistics, I realized there must be

hundreds of women across the country who had the same thing I had, and were either ignoring it or were oblivious to it. I thought that if I spoke out, I might be able to help those women.

From the letters I got and the television shows I saw, I knew it worked out that way. Women started thinking, 'If it could happen to the First Lady, it could happen to me.' The clinics, I was happy to see, were really overcrowded.

Even though I've ~~be~~ always been religious, this experience has brought a meaning to my life I never had before. [For years] I have read the Bible or some spiritual writing for about a half hour each day, and Jerry and I pray together sometimes -- but I've never felt as close to Christ as I do now. I feel like I've been reborn. When we're put on this earth we all try to feel as though we should do something worthwhile. And both Jerry and I believe that if you can save the life of one person--just one--then you have accomplished your mission in life.

New words approved by you the reviewer

I not only feel that I've saved one person--but many people. Some of the letters I've received have been fantastic. Women wrote to say I saved their lives by making them so much more aware that they went to their doctors in time. Jerry and I both agree that this experience was a painful period in our lives--but it helped to know it served some purpose.

There were wonderful letters, as well, from women who already had undergone mastectomies -- some of them three, ten and twelve years ago -- including some of my friends I didn't know had had them. They're now coming out of the woodwork!



BOX with BETTY FORD article

In appreciation to First Lady Betty Ford for sharing with McCall's readers her thoughts and feelings about her recent experience, this magazine is making a \$5,000 contribution, in her name, to the American Cancer Society.

The First Lady -- who had accepted the honorary chairmanship of the society last September, before she had any idea that cancer would strike her, encourages those who read this article to make contributions also.

The address of the American Cancer Society is: *

There also are local chapters in many communities.



Dear Editors: Please supply the address. I know it's in New York City. I suppose it might be a good idea for someone at the magazine to phone over there and see if they have a preferred way of giving directions for contributions.

(But if that violates the secrecy that I know is important to magazines -- which of course it does -- I don't see that we could go wrong by just listing the address that's in the New York City telephone directory).

In appreciation to First Lady Betty Ford for sharing with McCall's readers her thoughts and feelings about her recent experience, this magazine is making a \$5,000 contribution, in her name, to the American Cancer Society.

The First Lady -- who had accepted the honorary chairmanship of the society last September, before she had any idea that cancer would strike her, encourages those who read this article to make contributions also.

The address of the American Cancer Society is: *

There also are local chapters in many communities.



Dear Editors: Please supply the address. I know it's in New York City. I suppose it might be for someone at the magazine a good idea to phone over there and see if they have a preferred way of giving directions for contributions.

(But if that violates the secrecy that I know is important to magazines -- which of course it does -- I don't see that we could go wrong by just listing the address that's in the New York City telephone directory).

November 21, 1974

NOTE FROM ISABELLE SHELTON:

Dear Mrs. Ford,

As Nancy has no doubt told you, the magazine feels that since the President has now put his intentions for 1976 on the record, it looks strange for your piece not to mention that fact as you project your life ahead. I didn't press the matter with you originally, because he had NOT made the announcement at the time of our conversation; and I knew you did not want to jump the gun on him.

I should have paid more attention when the subject came up--in connection with Susan--when we talked on the phone last weekend, but I guess my mind was locked into my earlier viewpoint of leaving the subject alone.

I am suggesting that the attached few paragraphs be added at the end of the article. This was pieced from things you have said to me in the past, plus what Nancy told me this morning. If it does violence to the truth in any respect, I, of course, WANT you to correct it. This at least gets something down on paper for you to shoot at. I thought that system worked well before.



BY FIRST LADY BETTY FORD

AS TOLD TO ISABELLE SHELTON

IT WAS A SPARKLING FALL MORNING WHEN NANCY HOWE AND I SET OUT FOR BETHESDAM NATIONAL NAVAL MEDICAL CENTER. THE GEORGE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL PARKWAY WAS LINED WITH TREES, AND THE LEAVES WERE A GLORIOUS JUMBLE OF FALL COLORS, MUCH LIKE AN ARTIST'S PAINT BOX. AND EVERY ONCE IN AWHILE, THE VIEW WAS BROKEN UP BY THE POTOMAC RIVER FLOWING CALMLY FAR BELOW US.

IT WAS THE KIND OF DAY THAT MADE US GLAD TO BE ALIVE..AND WE WERE ENJOYING THE RIDE AS WE HEADED FOR WHAT I THOUGHT WAS TO BE JUST A ROUTINE ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~GYNECOLOGICAL EXAMINATION.

I HAD NOT BEEN ANXIOUS TO GO ON THIS SEVERAL MILE DRIVE, BECAUSE IT WOULD CONSUME A WHOLE MORNING. THERE WAS STILL SO MUCH TO DO. WE'D BEEN IN THE WHITE HOUSE FOR LESS THAN TWO MONTHS AT THAT POINT..AND SETTLING A FAMILY IS NO EASY TASK. I HAD TO ALSO ORGANIZE MY STAFF, COPE WITH MOUNTAINS OF MAIL AND GET MY HUSBAND READY TO GO TO JAPAN... A TRIP I WAS DISAPPOINTED ABOUT NOT BEING ABLE TO MAKE WITH HIM.

I'D HAD A GENERAL MEDICAL CHECKUP JUST SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE AND I NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE. MY HUSBAND WAS HAPPY WITH HIS NEW JOB..AND BECAUSE HE WORKED ONLY A COUPLE OF HUNDRED YARDS AWAY, I WAS SEEING MORE OF HIM THAN I HAD IN YEARS. EVEN THE PINCHED NERVE IN MY NECK, A PROBLEM I HAD ~~M~~ ACQUIRED YEARS AGO WHILE REACHING TO OPEN A KITCHEN WINDOW, HAD ALMOST STOPPED HURTING. THE DOCTOR SAID I WAS SO HAPPILY OCCUPIED THAT I JUST DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT.



FORD/SHELTON-2

EVEN THOUGH THE MARVELOUS WHITE HOUSE STAFF TAKES CARE OF THE EVERYDAY PROBLEMS SUCH AS BUYING GROCERIES, COOKING THE MEALS, CLEANING THE HOUSE AND GETTING CLOTHES TO THE DRY CLEANERS, THE WHITE HOUSE STILL PLACES MANY DEMANDS ON ITS OCCUPANTS..AND MY DAYS ARE FILLED WITH STAFF MEETINGS, SOCIAL AND PUBLIC APPEARANCES AND MAKING SURE MY FAMILY IS TAKEN CARE OF.

I'VE ALWAYS TRIED TO GO TO THE GYNECOLOGIST EVERY SIX MONTHS, BUT IT WAS EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO KEEP ON SCHEDULE THIS PAST YEAR. ~~REMEMBER~~ THERE WAS THE "INSTANT VICE-PRESIDENCY"~~M~~ (AS MY HUSBAND JOKINGLY CALLED IT), ~~AND~~ ~~OUR~~ OUR FIRST FAMILY WEDDING (OUR 24 YEAR OLD SON, MIKE WAS MARRIED IN JULY)..AND THEN THE PRESIDENCY, WHICH MEANT MOVING OUT OF OUR ALEXANDRIA HOME OF 19 YEARS.

~~NANCY HOWE~~ MY PERSONAL SECRETARY, NANCY HOWE INSISTED I GO WITH HER TO THE GYNECOLOGIST. I KNEW SHE'D NEVER LET ME REST UNTIL I SAID YES..AND SINCE SHE TOO WAS HAVING AN EXAMINATION, I FIGURED IT WOULD KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE. SO THERE WE WERE, ON THAT BRIGHT, SUNNY FALL MORNING, DRIVING TO BETHESDA. AND I REMEMBER THE MOST SERIOUS THING ON OUR ~~MY~~ MINDS, WAS THAT A FEW OF THE TREES WE PASSED WERE DYING. THE DATE WAS SEPTEMBER 26TH... I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT DAY...AND I'LL BE EVERLASTINGLY GRATEFUL TO NANCY FOR INSISTING I COME ALONG.



I WAS VERY RELAXED WHEN I ENTERED THE EXAMINATION ROOM, BECAUSE THERE WAS NO REASON TO SUSPECT ^{ANYTHING} ~~SOMETHING~~ WAS WRONG. BUT WHEN THE GYNECOLOGIST WAS CHECKING MY BREASTS, HE SAID, "JUST A MINUTE, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK" .AND WITH THAT, HE DISAPPEARED FROM THE ROOM. I THOUGHT THAT WAS KIND OF STRANGE, LEAVING RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CHECKUP. HE RETURNED ^{Shortly} WITH DR. WILLIAM FOUTY, CHIEF OF SURGERY AT BETHESDA, WHO ALSO EXAMINED MY BREASTS.

I REALLY DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THEIR CONCERN. YOU KNOW HOW DOCTORS ARE..THEY'RE RELUCTANT TO DISCUSS ~~IN~~ THE PROBLEM IN FRONT OF A PATIENT, UNTIL A DIAGNOSIS IS MADE.

BY THE TIME I GOT DRESSED, NANCY HAD ALREADY BEEN EXAMINED AND HAD BEEN WAITING FOR ME FOR SOME ~~MMMMMM~~ TIME. I GUESS SHE WONDERED WHAT TOOK ME SO LONG..AND PROBABLY HOPED IT WAS JUST BECAUSE I HAD A SLOW DOCTOR. SHE TOLD ME LATER SHE WAS WORRIED, BUT WE DIDN'T DISCUSS IT ON THE DRIVE BACK.

I REALLY DIDN'T GIVE MUCH THOUGHT TO WHAT HAD HAPPENED IN THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE. I GUESS THAT'S BECAUSE I'VE DEALT WITH SO MANY DOCTORS THROUGH THE YEARS, WITH MY PINCHED NERVE. AND WHEN YOU HAVE FOUR CHILDREN AND AN ACTIVE HUSBAND, DOCTORS ARE ALWAYS NEEDED. THEY EITHER ^{Break} ~~BROKE~~ AN ARM OR COLLAR BONE OR CUT THEIR FINGER PRACTICALLY OFF. MY HUSBAND WAS RARELY HOME WHEN SOMETHING HAPPENED TO MY ^{TREATED} THREE STRAPPING FOOTBALL-PLAYING SONS, SO I ALWAYS ~~MMMMMM~~ ~~OR~~ THE MEDICAL EMERGENCUES AS IF THEY WERE EVERDAY NORMAL OCCURRENCES.



DOESN'T EVERY PARENT AT SOME TIME GET A PHONE CALL THAT THEIR SON HAS JUST BEEN RUSHED FROM THE FOOTBALL FIELD TO THE HOSPITAL WITH A BROKEN COLLAR BONE? I THINK WE WERE PROBABLY THE NATIONAL ORTHOPEDIC HOSPITAL'S BEST CUSTOMERS. ^{And} THIS DAY WAS NO DIFFERENT.. I JUST WAITED FOR WHAT THEY HAD TO TELL ME.

SHORTLY AFTER NANCY AND I GOT BACK TO THE WHITE HOUSE, I WAS TOLD TO BE DOWNSTAIRS IN THE OFFICE OF DR. WILLIAM LUKASH (THE WHITE HOUSE PHYSICIAN) AT SEVEN O'CLOCK THAT EVENING. HE HAD TOLD NANCY AS SOON AS WE GOT BACK FROM THE HOSPITAL, AND SHE LATER TOLD ME THAT DR. LUKASH HAD A "VERY SOBER" LOOK ON HIS FACE.

IT WAS THAT AFTERNON I BEGAN TO HAVE MY FIRST SUSPICION SOMETHING MIGHT BE SERIOUSLY WRONG. BUT I THOUGHT, WHY WORRY ABOUT ~~ANNNNN~~ IT BEFORE IT ACTUALLY HAPPENS.

AT SEVEN O'CLOCK, I DUTIFULLY TOOK THE ELEVATOR TO THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE MANSION, ^{TO SEE} ~~WHERE~~ DR. LUKASH. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ HE WAS WAITING WITH DR. J. RICHARD THISTLEWAITE, PROFESSOR OF SURGERY AT GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER, AND A CONSULTANT AT BETHESDA, WHO WAS LATER TO ASSIST IN MY SURGERY. THAT NIGHT I WENT THROUGH STILL ANOTHER BREAST EXAMINATION, AND AFTER DR. LUKASH WAS THROUGH, I DRESSED AND JOINED THEM IN THE NEXT ROOM.

I FOUND MY HUSBAND WAITING THERE AND THE CONCERN ON HIS FACE LED ME TO BELIEVE THAT THERE REALLY WAS A PROBLEM. I HADN'T BOTHERED TO TELL HIM ABOUT THE MORNING CHECK-UP, BECAUSE IT HAD SEEMED SO ROUTINE AND HE WAS BUSY IN HIS OFFICE ALL DAY.

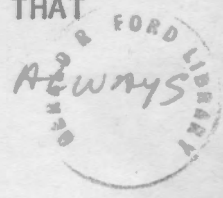


BUT IT TURNED OUT THAT DR. LUKASH ~~■~~ ^{HAD} TOLD HIM THE DOCTORS AT BETHESDA HAD DISCOVERED A SUSPICIOUS LUMP IN MY RIGHT BREAST.,AND ASKED HIM TO BE THERE AFTER MY SEVEN PM EXAMINATION.

THE DOCTORS TOLD US THEY WANTED TO DO A BIOPSY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. I SAID, "OKAY, BUT I'M TOO BUSY TOMORROW. I'VE MADE COMMITMENTS AND HAVE TO FULFILL THEM". THE NEXT MORNING I HAD PLANNED TO GO TO THE LYNDON B. JOHNSON GROVE, A LOVELY PARK AREA ON THE VIRGINIA SIDE OF THE POTOMAC RIVER, WHICH ~~IS TO~~ ^{WILL} BE A MEMORIAL TO THE LATE PRESIDENT. MY HUSBAND WAS FORMALLY PRESIDING AT THE GROUND BREAKING CEREMONIES, AND MRS. JOHNSON AND HER DAUGHTERS ~~WOULD~~ ^{WERE TO} BE THERE. AFTER THAT, I WAS SCHEDULED TO MAKE A SPEECH AT THE SALVATION ARMY ~~MINUTE~~ LUNCHEON, AND THEN I HAD INVITED THE JOHNSON WOMEN TO JOIN ME FOR TEA AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE DOCTORS SAID BLUNTLY, "WELL, YOU'LL DO IT AS SOON AS WE CAN SCHEDULE THE SURGERY. THEY WERE EXTREMELY INTENT UPON MY ENTERING THE HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY. I, ON THE OTHER HAND, WAS TERRIBLY CONCERNED ABOUT NOT BEING ABLE TO FULFILL MY COMMITMENTS. AS IT TURNED OUT, THE SURGERY WAS SCHEDULED FOR SATURDAY, SO THAT I COULD KEEP MY FRIDAY ~~MINUTE~~ APPOINTMENTS.

I WENT THROUGH THE DAY WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE. I DIDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT THE BIOPSY. STATISTICS SAY ONE IN TEN WILL BE MALIGNANT, AND ONE IN FIFTEEN WOMEN WILL DEVELOP BREAST CANCER. SO YOU BELIEVE THE ODDS ARE IN YOUR FAVOR AND THE POSSIBILITY THAT YOU'LL BE THAT ONE WOMAN DOESN'T REALLY EXIST. I WAS SOON TO LEARN YOU CAN'T ^{Always} GO BY THE ODDS.



SUSAN AND I HAD A DELIGHTFUL ~~TIME~~ HOUR AND A HALF WITH THE JOHNSONS. THE GIRLS HAD A GREAT TIME LOOKING AT ALL THE ROOMS AND REMINISCING ABOUT THEIR STAY AT THE WHITE HOUSE. I BELIEVE IN LIVING DAY TO DAY, .OR HOUR TO HOUR, .AND MY ONLY CONCERN AT THE TIME WAS ENTERTAINING THE JOHNSONS.

AS SOON AS THEY LEFT, I TOOK OFF FOR THE HOSPITAL. I KNEW I WAS LATE AND HAD TO BE PREPARED FOR THE BIOPSY AT SEVEN THE NEXT MORNING. ^{And} THE HOSPITAL STAFF NEEDED TIME FRIDAY NIGHT TO TAKE CARE OF ALL THE PRE-OPERATIVE TESTS. ~~THEY FIRST ASKED MILLIONS OF QUESTIONS ABOUT MY PAST MEDICAL HISTORY AND THEN THE ANESTHESIOLOGIST AND SURGEON TOLD ME WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IN THE OPERATION.~~ ^(next page)

WE DIDN'T TELL ANYONE OUR PLANS AT THAT TIME, BECAUSE WE DIDN'T WANT TO CAUSE ANY ALARM. ^{BUT} AFTER I WAS CHECKED IN, MY HUSBAND'S PRESS SECRETARY ANNOUNCED WHERE I WAS AND WHY. THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO KNEW AHEAD OF TIME WERE ~~MY~~ MY FAMILY, THE DOCTORS, NANCY, COLONEL RICK SARDO (MY HUSBAND'S MARINE MILITARY AIDE, WHO HAD BEEN TEMPORARILY HELPING ME ORGANIZE MY STAFF), AND OF COURSE, THE SECRET SERVICE.

THE AGENTS HAD GONE OUT TO THE HOSPITAL IN ADVANCE, TO CHECK OUT ALL THE ARRANGEMENTS. THEY ~~WERE~~ ALSO TOOK ~~THE~~ FLOWERS FROM MY HUSBAND, SUSAN AND NANCY WITH THEM, SO THAT I COULD ENJOY THEM WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE HOSPITAL.



WE HAD A GOOD "COVER STORY" FOR THE MANY PHONE CALLS ~~■~~ TO THE HOSPITAL THAT DAY, BECAUSE EVERYONE KNEW THAT MY GOOD FRIEND FROM ALEXANDRIA, LOUISE ABBRUZZESE, HAD CHECKED INTO BETHESDA HOSPITAL THAT DAY TO HAVE A BABY. AND BY A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE, AS NANCY, COLONEL SARDO AND I DROVE UP TO THE HOSPITAL, I REMEMBER SAYING ~~MEMEM~~ AT 6:55, "I WONDER IF LOUISE HAS HAD HER BABY YET?" WE LATER LEARNED SHE WAS HAVING HER BABY AT THAT EXACT MOMENT. ~~MEMEM~~ I REMEMBER ALSO THINKING THAT WE HAD TRAVELED THIS SAME ROUTE JUST TWO DAYS BEFORE. ~~AND~~ BUT THIS TIME IT WASN'T FOR A ROUTINE EXAMINATION. ~~AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES WERE ALOT MORE SERIOUS. ~~NO MEMEMEM~~~~

AFTER CHECKING IN, THEY ASKED ME MILLIONS OF QUESTIONS ABOUT MY PAST MEDICAL HISTORY. AND THE ANESTHESIOLOGIST AND SURGEON TOLD ME WHAT WOULD HAPPEN THE NEXT MORNING. ~~■~~ MY HUSBAND, SUSAN, NANCY, DR. LUKASH, COLONEL SARDO AND I ~~MEM~~ ^{THEN} HAD LATE DINNER IN THE DINING ROOM OF THE HOSPITAL'S PRESIDENTIAL SUITE, WHERE I STAYED.

IT WAS A RELATIVELY RELAXED ~~MEMEMEMEM~~ ^{OCCASION}, NOBODY WANTED TO TAKE MY UPCOMING SURGERY TOO SERIOUSLY AT THAT POINT, BECAUSE IT WAS SOMETHING THAT HAD TO BE DONE AND WE DIDN'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT THE WORST. WE JUST TRIED TO PUT IT OUT OF OUR MINDS AND PLAY LIKE IT WAS ANY OTHER DAY OR NIGHT THAT WE WERE HAVING DINNER.

OUR SON MIKE AND HIS WIFE, GAYLE ARRIVED AFTER DINNER. THEY HAD FLOWN DOWN FROM BOSTON, WHERE MIKE ATTENDS THE GORDON-CONWELL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. AND AFTER HE GOT THERE, MIKE KEPT IN CONSTANT TOUCH WITH OUR TWO OTHER SONS, JACK, 22 AND STEVE, 18..BOTH OF WHOM WERE IN UTAH AND TOO FAR AWAY TO COME BACK.



FORD/SHELTON -8

MORNING

BY THE NEXT ~~MAM~~, MIKE'S FRIEND, EVANGELIST REVEREND BILLY ZEOLI HAD ALSO ARRIVED..AND HE SOON BECAME A GOOD FRIEND OF THE WHOLE FAMILY.

I THINK IT WAS JUST BEFORE THEY WHEELED ~~ME~~ ME DOWN TO THE OPERATING ROOM, THAT I BEGAN TO REALIZE THE ODDS MIGHT WORK AGAINST ME..AND I WOULD BE THAT ONE IN TEN WITH A MALIGNANCY. I KNOW THAT ~~IT~~ ^{WAS} ~~IT~~ ^{WAS} REALLY LOGICAL, BECAUSE THERE ~~IS~~ ^{WAS} NO WAY TO TELL BEFORE THE BIOPSY WAS PERFORMED. BUT SOMEHOW, I THINK I WENT INTO THAT OPERATING ROOM WITH A PRETTY CLEAR BELIEF THAT THIS WAS IT..THE BIOPSY WOULD ~~BE~~ SHOW A MALIGNANCY. I ~~REMEMBER~~ REMEMBER BEING WHEELED DOWN ON THE STRETCHER TO THE OPERATING ROOM. IT WAS SUCH A LONG CORRIDOR..ALL I COULD SEE WAS THE CEILING STREAMING BY OVER MY HEAD..AND I COULD FEEL THE ~~PRESENCE~~ PRESENCE OF PEOPLE ON ALL SIDES OF ME. IT FELT EERIE, BECAUSE IT TOOK SUCH A LONG TIME TO TRAVEL THAT HALLWAY.

EVEN THOUGH I BELIEVE LIFE IS PRETTY WELL PLANNED FOR YOU AND WHAT WILL BE, WILL BE..I ADMIT I WAS PRAYING. WE WERE ALL PRAYING.

PEOPLE ASKED ME LATER IF I REALIZED THE IMPLICATIONS OF A POSITIVE BIOPSY..DID I KNOW THEY WOULD HAVE TO REMOVE MY BREAST. APPARENTLY ~~SOME~~ ^{SOME} ~~MAMM~~ ^{MAMM} WOMEN DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS, EVEN IF THEY HAVE SIGNED A PAPER OF PERMISSION, ~~AND~~ ^{and} ~~THEY~~ ^{THEY} ARE SHOCKED ~~WHEN~~ TO DISCOVER THEY HAVE LOST A BREAST.

THE ANSWER IN MY CASE IS DEFINITELY "YES"..I FULLY UNDERSTOOD WHAT TO EXPECT. MY DOCTORS HAD THOROUGHLY DISCUSSED THE WHOLE PROCEDURE WITH ME BEFORE THE SURGERY..AND I ~~HAD~~ ^{HAD} A RATHER LONG DISCUSSION



WITH DR. FOUTY, WHO HEADED THE THREE-MAN SURGICAL TEAM. HE WAS VERY UNDERSTANDING ABOUT IT.. AND TALKED ABOUT THE SURGERY QUIETLYM, RATIONALLY AND NATURALLY. HE TOLD ME IF THE BIOPSY WERE MALIGNANT, THEY WOULD HAVE TO REMOVE MY BREAST IMMEDIATELY. HE STRONGLY RECOMMENDED THE STANDARD RADICAL MASTECTOMY, WHICH HE SAID HAD THE GREATEST SUCCESS. IN THIS PROCEDURE, THEY REMOVE THE BREAST, LYMPH NODES IN THE ARMIT AND THE SUPPORTING MUSCLE. DR. FOUTY SAID THERE WAS MUCH GREATER RISK WITH ANYTHING LESS, BECAUSE LYMPH NODES CAN'T, IN MANY CASES, BE CLINICALLY TESTED FOR CANCER. I LISTENED TO HIM.. BELIEVED HIM..AND DID NOT REALLY CONSIDER ANY OTHER ALTERNATIVE.

I BELIEVE IT'S ESSENTIAL TO HAVE FAITH IN YOUR DOCTOR. DR. FOUTY WAS RECOMMENDED TO ME BY DR. LUKASH, AND BECAUSE OF MY HIGH REGARD FOR DR. LUKASH, DR. FOUTY AUTOMATICALLY HAD MY TRUST. NOT ONLY IS HE A DELIGHTFUL MAN, BUT HE HAS ENORMOUS COMPASSION AND MADE ^A PAINFUL EXPERIENCE AS PLEASANT AS POSSIBLE. WHEN I CAME TO IN THE RECOVERY ROOM, DR. FOUTY WAS STANDING THERE. HE TOLD ME THE BIOPSY HAD BEEN POSITIVE AND THEY HAD HAD TO PERFORM A RADICAL MASTECTOMY. I JUST SAID, "YES SIR, THAT'S FINE." WE UNDERSTOOD EACH OTHER.

I'VE READ MORE ABOUT ALTERNATIVE PROCEDURES NOW..THE WAY YOU'RE INCLINED TO READ UP ON A SUBJECT AFTER IT SUDDENLY PERSONALLY BECOMES IMPORTANT TO YOU.. AND I HAVE NO REGRETS. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A SCAR ANYWAY, SO I'D RATHER HAVE THEM TAKE THE WHOLE BREAST AREA AND NOT LEAVE ANY RESIDUE WHICH COULD CAUSE COMPLICATIONS IN THE FUTURE. ~~WHAT IT REALLY AMOUNTS TO IS THAT THE CONCERN SHOULD BE THE CANCER..NOT THE VANITY OF LOSING A BREAST.~~



AND WHEN THEY FOUND THAT THE CANCER HAD ALREADY SPREAD TO A COUPLE OF LYMPH NODES, IT MADE ME EVEN MORE CERTAIN THAT THEY DID THE RIGHT THING IN CLEANING OUT AS MUCH AS THEY COULD. WHAT IT REALLY AMOUNTS TO IS THAT THE CONCERN SHOULD BE THE CANCER..NOT THE VANITY OF LOSING A BREAST.

WHEN THEY TOOK ME BACK UP TO MY ROOM IT WAS ~~AMMM~~ FILLED WITH PEOPLE..JERRY AND SUSAN, MIKE AND GAYLE..NANCY AND REVEREND BILLY.. AND ALL MY SECRET SERVICE AGENTS. ONE OF THE AGENTS HAD HAD TO SCRUB AND PUT ON A SURGICAL GOWN IN ORDER TO GUARD ME DURING THE OPERATION. HE STAYED IN THE NEXT ROOM , WHERE HE COULD KEEP AN EYE ON ME. HE SAID I WENT IN SMILING AND CAME OUT SMILING.

BECAUSE MY FAMILY COMES FIRST, I FELT IT WAS IMPORTANT TO PROJECT A FEELING OF WELL-BEING. I HAD FORTIFIED MYSELF COMPLETELY WITH A POSITIVE ATTITUDE. I KNEW IF I COULD DEAL WITH IT..MY FAMILY WOULD BE ABLE TO AS WELL..AND WE COULD GO BACK TO LIVING OUR LIVES.

BACK IN THE ROOM, I FELT SURROUNDED BY LOVE AND SUPPORT..AND I COULDN'T HAVE HAD BETTER CARE. LATER, WHEN I WAS FEELING BETTER, THE DOCTORS AND NURSES WERE A GREAT HELP IN KEEPING MY SPIRITS UP. WE ALL DID ALOT OF KIDDING, LAUGHING AND JOKING.

I WAS GLAD IT WAS A HAPPY SCENE, BECAUSE I FELT SUSAN, MIKE AND GAYLE PARTICULARLY NEEDED TO BE REASSURED. AS THEY'RE SO YOUNG, I HAD TO PROVE TO THEM THAT THIS WAS NOT ALL THE THE TERRIBLE THING IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE. I THINK I SUCCEEDED , JUST BY BEING POSITIVE AND CHEERFUL.



NOBODY USED TO TALK ABOUT ^{it} YEARS AGO., AND EVEN NOW, FEW WOMEN WILL ADMIT TO HAVING ~~AND~~ HAD A MASTECTOMY. ~~AND~~ ONE OF THE THINGS I MOST PROUD OF, IS THAT WE DID TALK ABOUT IT OPENLY AND ^{AS A RESULT} I DIDN'T FEEL ASHAMED OR "DIRTY" BECAUSE I HAD CANCER.

I HAD MADE UP MY MIND THAT THIS WAS SOMETHING THAT HAD TO BE DONE, AND THAT MAYBE, IF I AS FIRST LADY COULD TALK ABOUT IT CANDIDLY AND WITHOUT EMBARRASSMENT, MANY OTHER PEOPLE WOULD BE ABLE TO AS WELL. I ALSO WANTED TO FEEL ^{that} SOMETHING GOOD ^{would} COME FROM MY ORDEAL. WHEN I HEARD THE GRIM STATISTICS, I REALIZED THERE MUST BE HUNDREDS OF WOMEN ACROSS THE COUNTRY WHO HAD THE SAME THING I HAD, AND WERE EITHER IGNORING IT OR WERE OBLIVIOUS TO IT. I THOUGHT THAT IF I SPOKE OUT, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP THOSE WOMEN.

FROM THE LETTERS I GOT AND THE TELEVISION SHOWS I SAW, I KNOW IT WORKED OUT THAT WAY. ~~A~~ WOMEN STARTED THINKING, "IF IT COULD HAPPEN TO ~~THE~~ FIRST LADY, IT COULD HAPPEN TO ME." THE CLINICS, I WAS REALLY HAPPY TO SEE, COULDN'T EVEN HANDLE ALL THE WOMEN WHO CAME IN FOR CHECKUPS.

EVEN THOUGH I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ~~A~~ RELIGIOUS, ~~AND~~ THIS EXPERIENCE HAS BROUGHT ~~REAL~~ MEANING TO MY LIFE I NEVER HAD BEFORE. I READ THE BIBLE OR SOME SPIRITUAL WRITING FOR ABOUT A HALF HOUR EACH DAY AND JERRY AND I PRAY TOGETHER SOMETIMES..BUT I'VE NEVER FELT AS CLOSE TO CHRIST AS I DO NOW. I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN REBORN. WHEN WE'RE PUT ON THIS EARTH WE ALL TRY TO FEEL AS THOUGH WE SHOULD DO SOMETHING WORTHWILE. AND BOTH JERRY AND I BELIEVE THAT IF YOU ~~MMMMMMMMMM~~ CAN SAVE THE LIFE OF ~~EVERY~~ PERSON



OF ONE PERSON..JUST ONE...THEN YOU HAVE ACCOMPLISHED YOUR MISSION
IN LIFE.

I NOT ONLY FEEL THAT I'VE SAVED ONE PERSON..BUT MANY PEOPLE. SOME
OF THE LETTERS I'VE RECEIVED HAVE BEEN FANTASTIC. ~~AND~~ WOMEN WROTE
TO SAY I SAVED THEIR LIVES BY MAKING THEM SO MUCH MORE ~~MORE~~ AWARE ~~THAT~~
THEY WENT TO THEIR DOCTORS IN TIME. JERRY AND I BOTH AGREE THAT
~~MEMORATION~~ THIS EXPERIENCE ~~PERIOD~~ WAS A PAINFUL PERIOD IN OUR LIVES...
BUT IT HELPED TO KNOW IT SERVED SOME PURPOSE.

THERE WERE WONDERFUL LETTERS AS WELL, FROM WOMEN ~~PEOPLE~~ WHO ALREADY HAD
HAD MASTECTOMIES..SOME OF THEM THREE, TEN AND TWELVE YEARS AGO..
INCLUDING SOME ~~IN~~ OF MY FRIENDS I DIDN'T KNOW HAD HAD IT. THEY'RE
NOW COMING OUT OF THE WOODWORK!

EVERYTHING HAS NOT BEEN EASY THOUGH. I HAD SEVERAL VERY ROUGH DAYS
AFTER THE OPERATION..ALL I COULD DO WAS HANG ON TIGHT AND PRAY ALOT.
FOR FIVE DAYS AFTER THE MASTECTOMY, I REFUSED TO GIVE INTO THE TRAUMA
OF THE EXPERIENCE..BUT I FINALLY BROKE DOWN IN TEARS. THE DOCTOR
SAID IT WAS A TYPICAL POST-OPERATIVE ~~DEPRESSION~~ DEPRESSION AND
TO BE EXPECTED. AND EVEN THOUGH HE HAD WARNED ME AHEAD OF TIME THAT
IT WOULD HAPPEN, THAT DIDN'T MAKE IT ANY EASIER. WHAT DID HELP WAS
THAT DR. FOUTY WAS THERE. HE SAT BY MY BED, LISTENED TO ME AND
LET ME CRY. I GUESS HE FELT "I NEEDED THAT"..AND UNDERSTOOD WHAT I
WAS FEELING.



I STARTED DOING EXERCISES FOR MY ARM AFTER A FEW DAYS..AND I DID THEM FAITHFULLY..ESPECIALLY SOMETHING CALLED A SPIDER WALK, WHERE MY FINGERS CRAWL UP THE WALL. IT TOOK TIME, ~~■~~ PATIENCE AND HARD WORK. IT'S PAINFUL TO MOVE YOUR ARM WITH ANY SHARP JERKS.. YOU HAVE TO DO IT SLOWLY. I CAN REMEMBER NOW, ~~MMMMMMMPMBTTTTTTTTMM~~ MY FIRST GREAT ACHIEVEMENT WAS BEING ABLE TO PICK UP A CUP OF TEA. AND TO EVERYONE'S AMAZEMENT, FOUR DAYS AFTER THE OPERATION, I PASSED A FOOTBALL TO MY HUSBAND, WITH WHAT HE SAID SHOWED CONSIDERABLE FORCE. IT WAS A ~~PRESENT~~ PRESENT HE HAD BROUGHT ME FROM WASHINGTON REDSKINS COACH, GEORGE ALLEN..A BALL THEY HAD ACTUALLY USED IN A WINNING GAME. ~~■~~ EVERYONE WAS PRETTY IMPRESSED WITH MY POWERS THAT DAY. CHIEF WHITE HOUSE PHOTOGRAPHER, DAVID KENNERLY EVEN TOOK A PICTURE OF THE THROW AND RELEASED IT TO THE PRESS, SO EVERYONE COULD SEE HOW WELL I WAS DOING. THE FOOTBALL AND ALL OF THE THOUSANDS OF GIFTS AND NOTES I RECEIVED FROM CONCERNED PEOPLE MADE ME FEEL ALOT BETTER.

RECOVERY WENT

DR. LUKASH SAID ONE REASON MY ~~ARM WAS SO WELL~~ ~~■~~ SO WELL WAS ~~■~~ BECAUSE THE OPERATION WAS "SLIGHTLY MODIFIED", TO LEAVE SOME STRANDS OF MUSCLE. AND THIS HELPED AVOID SOME OF THE DEFORMITY AND TENDENCY TO SWELL. MY ARM HASN'T ~~SWELLED~~ SWELLED AT ALL. ALTHOUGH IT HURTS SOMETIMES. IT GETS TIRED IN THE LATE AFTERNOON, ESPECIALLY AFTER I SIGN ALOT OF MAIL AND PHOTOGRAPHS. I TRY TO REST IT ON A PILLOW ~~■~~ WHEN I'M SITTING ~~■~~ IN A CHAIR..AND I TAKE A NAP EVERY AFTERNOON.



I ~~was~~ ^{Sett} FORTUNATE, TOO, THAT IT WAS MY RIGHT BREAST, AND I'M RIGHT HANDED. I WENT AHEAD AND TRIED TO DO THINGS WITH MY RIGHT HAND.. SUCH AS REACHING..AND ALL ~~THE~~ ^{the OTHER} THINGS I'VE ALWAYS DONE. MY HABITS WERE WORKING FOR ME.

DR. LUKASH ALSO ~~NAME~~ TOLD ME THAT I WAS ONE OF THE "FORTUNATE ONES", THAT MY SURGERY WAS "VERY,VERY SUCCESSFUL" AND THAT "MY DETERMINATION TO PURSUE EXERCISES VIGOROUSLY AND CONSCIENCIOSLY" ~~NAME~~ HELPED A GREAT DEAL. HE BELIEVES DETERMINATION AND FAITH MEANS ALOT IN THE RECOVERY OF A PATIENT.

I CAN'T DENY THAT THE MASTECTOMY WAS A SHOCK BOTH MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY..BUT I AM A VERY DISCIPLINED PERSON. I BELIEVE THAT MY ~~EXPERIENCE AS A~~ ~~TRAINING~~ MARTHA GRAHAM DANCER GAVE ME THE TRAINING I NEEDED TO RECOVER QUICKLY FROM THE OPERATION. AND EVEN THOUGH I HAVEN'T DANCED SINCE I'VE HAD A PINCHED NERVE..I'VE KEPT IN SHAPE. I KNOW IT WAS MY WILL POWER..I JUST COULDN'T AFFORD,AT ~~NAME~~ ^{THAT} TIME IN MY LIFE, TO LET MY FAMILY OR THE PUBLIC DOWN.

AS FOR THE PHYSICAL WOUND, ~~NAME~~ ^I HAD LETTERS FROM WOMEN WHO SAID THEY COULDN'T BEAR TO LOOK AT THEIR SCARS..BUT I DIDN'T FEEL THAT WAY. I KNEW IT WAS THERE AND KNEW I COULDN'T GO THROUGH LIFE NOT LOOKING AT IT..SO I MIGHT JUST AS WELL ACCEPT IT. IN FACT, I WAS CURIOUS ABOUT IT. THE DOCTOR WAS CHANGING THE BANDAGES ON IT EVERY DAY, AND I FRANKLY WAS INTERESTED IN THE PROGRESS IT WAS MAKING. BESIDES, I WAS TAKING BATHS AFTER THE FIRST FEW DAYS, AND ~~RHE~~ BATHROOM WAS FULL OF MIRRORS.



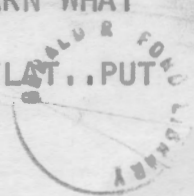
I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY IT MIGHT BE MORE DIFFICULT FOR ~~A~~ ^{AN UNMARRIED} WOMAN IN HER TWENTIES TO LOSE A BREAST..BUT IT WASN'T VERY TRAUMATIC FOR ME. I'VE BEEN MARRIED FOR 26 YEARS WITH FOUR GROWN CHILDREN.. AND IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO THEM. I ACCEOT IT AS ^{JUST} ONE OF THOSE THINGS WHICH CAN HAPPEN TO A ^{WOMAN} ~~PERSON IN~~ DURING THE COURSE OF HER LIFE.

WOMEN HAVE BEEN SO FRIGHTENED ~~MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM~~ FOR SO LONG OF LOSING A BREAST, THAT MANY OF THEM DON'T DO THE THINGS THEY COULD AND SHOULD DO TO PROTECT THEMSELVES. THE FACT IS THAT IT IS CANCER.. VANITY SHOULD NOT BE A CONSIDERATION. THEY HAVE TO FACE IT. TOO MANY WOMEN , WHEN SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS IS SPOTTED BY THEIR DOCTOR, SAY, "FORGET IT. I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES,"

I HAVE A CLOSE FRIEND WHOSE DOCTOR SUSPECTED CANCER, AND WANTED TO TAKE AN X-RAY. SHE TOLD HIM, "YOU CAN TAKE THE X-RAY, BUT NO MATTER ~~MMMMMMMMMMMM~~ HOW IT COMES OUT, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TOUCH ME." THAT'S HARD TO BELIEVE, I KNOW, BUT IT'S TRUE. I'M HAPPY TO SAY MY EXPERIENCE CHANGED HER MIND. SHE HAD A BIOPSY, ^{AND} IT ~~WAS~~ TURNED OUT TO BE A CYST , NOW LOOK AT ALL THE ANXIETY SHE'S RELIEVED OF!

I CAN'T URGE WOMEN STRONGLY ENOUGH TO GET ANNUAL PHYSICAL EXAMINATIONS.. AND WOMEN OVER FORTY TO GET GYNECOLOGICAL CHECKUPS EVERY SIX MONTHS. AND EVERY WOMAN SHOULD EXAMINE HER BREASTS EACH MONTH AFTER HER PERIOD..BECAUSE NINETY-FIVE PERCENT OF THE BREAST TUMORS ARE DETECTED BY THE WOMEN THEMSELVES THROUGH SELF-EXAMINATION. A DOCTOR CAN SHOW YOU HOW ~~X~~ TO DO IT..AND AFTER A FEW TIMES..YOU'LL GET TO LEARN WHAT YOUR BREASTS FEEL LIKE WHEN THEY'RE NORMAL. YOU SHOULD LIE FLAT..PUT

~~ONE HAND BEHIND YOUR HEAD~~



ONE HAND BEHIND YOUR HEAD..AND WITH THE OTHER HAND, GENTLY FEEL EACH BREAST IN A CIRCULAR MOTION. THEN REPEAT THE SAME PROCEDURE STANDING UP..WITH YOUR HAND STILL BEHIND YOUR HEAD. IF YOU NOTICE A LUMP, OR THICKENING RECESSION OF THE NIPPLE..OR DIMPLING IN THE AREA OF THE LUMP..GO TO YOUR DOCTOR IMMEDIATELY. NO DOCTOR WILL THINK YOU'RE SILLY FOR COMING IN. HE'LL BE VERY GLAD YOU DID..EVEN IF HE SENDS YOU HOME, TELLING YOU THERE IS NOTHING ~~MMMM~~ THERE TO WORRY ABOUT.

OF COURSE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ME IN THE LONG RUN. AS OF NOW, BONE SCANS WHICH X-RAY THE ENTIRE BODY, INDICATE THAT ~~MMMMMMMMMM~~ I AM FREE OF CANCER. AND ALTHOUGH THE DOCTORS THINK THEY CAUGHT IT ALL..I AM GETTING CHEMOTHERAPY..JUST IN CASE. I TAKE SEVERAL PILLS A DAY FOR FIVE DAYS IN A ROW..WAIT SIX WEEKS.. AND REPEAT THE DOSAGE. THIS WILL GO ON FOR TWO YEARS..BUT I BELIEVE IT'S A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR MY CONTINUED GOOD HEALTH.

I HAVE TO HAVE CHECKUPS EVERY ~~X~~ THREE MONTHS, AND I AM FACED WITH THE FACT THAT I WILL BE LIVING WITH THE POSSIBILITY OF DEATH EACH TIME I GO THROUGH THE EXAMINATIONS..EACH TIME I WILL WONDER IF SOME OTHER SPOT HAS DEVELOPED IN MY BODY.

BUT I AM CONFIDENT I CAN HANDLE THIS. I BELIEVE WITH ENOUGH FAITH IN GOD, YOU CAN FACE ~~MINUTE~~ ANYTHING. I FEEL THAT VERY STRONGLY. I KNOW I COULD FACE WORSE TRAGEDIES TOMORROWS. SUPPOSE ONE OF MY CHILDREN.. OR ~~MY~~ HUSBAND..WERE SUDDENLY IN A TERRIBLE CAR ACCIDENT AND CRIPPLED FOR LIFE..THAT WOULD BE A MUCH GREATER TRAGEDY FOR ME.



THIS IS THE LAST TIME I WILL DISCUSS THE MASTECTOMY. I WANT TO
GET BACK TO ~~THE~~^{the} SUPPORT OF FIELDS I HAVE PREVIOUSLY COMMITTED MYSELF
TO. I CAN'T AFFORD TO LET THIS EPISODE BECOME THE FOCAL POINT OF
MY LIFE. I HAD NO CHOICE..IT WAS SOMETHING I HAD TO DO..IT IS OVER NOW..
I AM RECOVERING WELL..AND I HAVE EVERY FAITH AND BELIEF THAT I WILL
CONTINUE MY LIFE, AND LIVE IT TO THE FULLEST.





August 12, 1975

Mrs. Sheila Rabb Weidenfeld
Press Secretary to Mrs. Ford
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D. C. 20500

Dear Sheila:

I was just wondering if Mrs. Ford had had any reaction to my letter of June 24, and the suggestion that she might like to write about entertaining. I know they're off on vacation now, but I thought you might have discussed this, and that there might be something we could do to help. As I may have mentioned to you on the phone, we have an excellent writer on our staff, Vivian Cadden, who could come down at any time that would be convenient. I suspect it would take no more than a few hours of Mrs. Ford's time. Vivian, you may remember, is the writer who put together that first piece we ran after Mrs. Ford's operation, in which we quoted from the many letters she had received.

We have no immediate deadline on this, obviously, but we do have the excellent photograph, and we didn't just want to let the project sit if there was something we could do.

I'm also enclosing an advance copy of our September issue, which has the article on Mrs. Ford beginning on page 93. I hope everybody likes it.

Best,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Don McKinney'.

Don McKinney
Managing Editor

DMK/dfs
Enc.

230 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017 (212) 983-3200



SOPHIA LOREN
ABOUT CARLO AND ME

SEPTEMBER 1975

95 CENTS

McCall's

**SOPHIA LOREN: "My marriage,
my children, my fears"**

HEALTHIEST REDUCING DIET
High-fiber and low-calorie

**CHRISTINA ONASSIS: Sudden
awakening of a sad heiress**

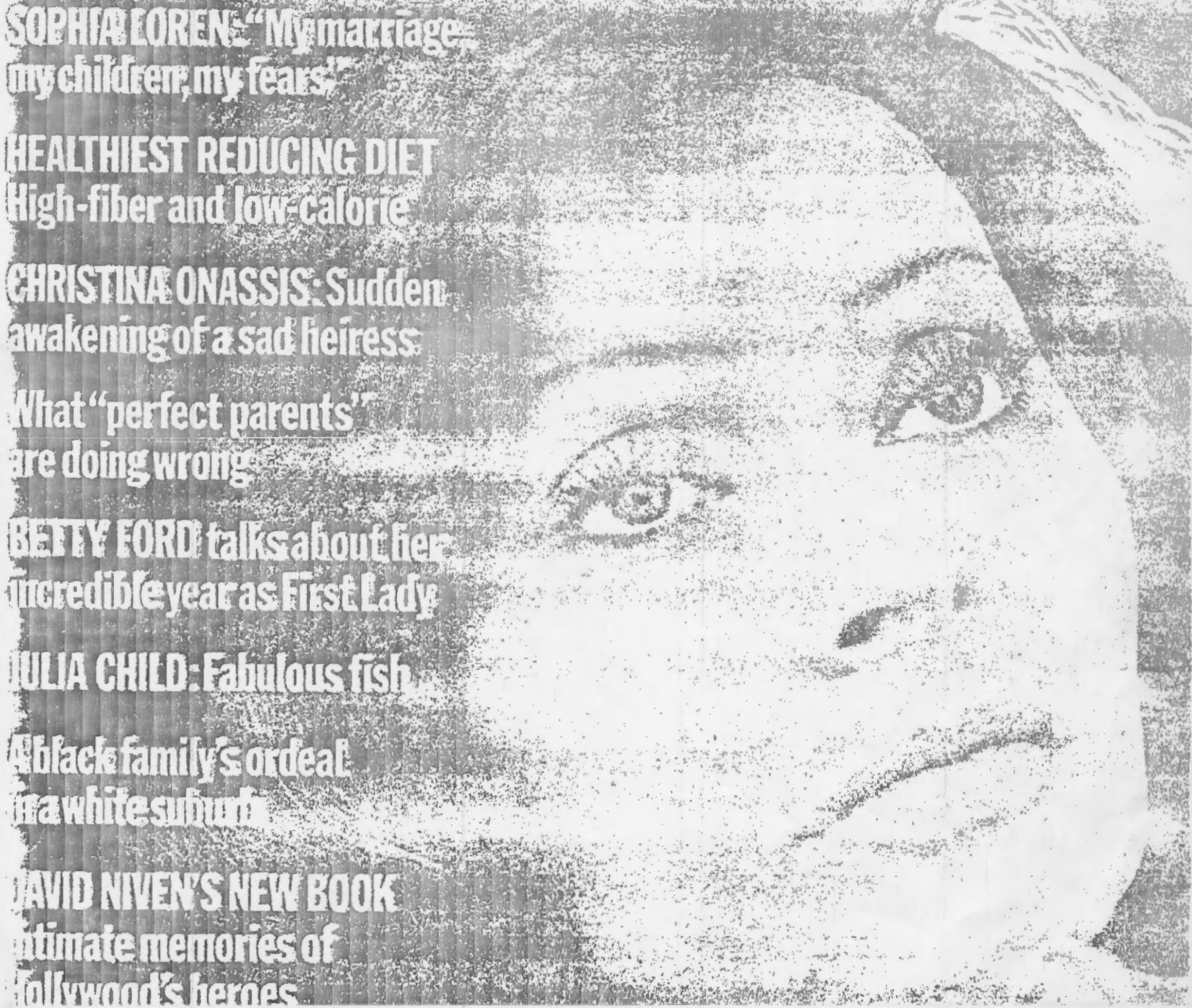
**What "perfect parents"
are doing wrong**

**BETTY FORD talks about her
incredible year as First Lady**

JULIA CHILD: Fabulous fish

**A black family's ordeal
in a white suburb**

DAVID NIVEN'S NEW BOOK
Intimate memories of
Hollywood's heroes





THE BLOOMING OF BETTY FORD

What transformed a shy Congressional wife into the most outspoken First Lady since Eleanor Roosevelt? Here, in her own words, is what Betty Ford learned during her incredible first year in the White House—about her own power and the uses of Presidential "pillow talk"

BY MYRA MacPHERSON

There she was, the First Lady of the Land, in a gown as rich as that of the Empress Farah Diba of Iran, standing near her. Mrs. Ford extended her right hand over and over to the foreign dignitaries who bowed low and kissed it. Her smile, though set, was warm. The White House was filled with the special pomp of a State Dinner, and watching Mrs. Ford in the center of it all, I found it hard to escape the thought: You've come a long way from Grand Rapids, Betty Bloomer.



Gerald and Betty Bloomer Ford epitomize the dazzling change that can overtake people when they suddenly become national leaders. From the towns of Middle America, they are thrust into a world of royal splendor and deference, a life of public homage and public vilification. Before, the Fords entertained their suburban neighbors. Now there are grand moments with kings and queens—and wearying moments of being ever on display except when the elevator closes behind them in the family quarters on the second-floor of the White House.

This is a life that Betty Ford, like so many of her reluctant predecessors, neither sought nor looked upon with pleasure a year ago. And yet she now revels in the power the position holds and has learned to use that power for causes she espouses. She finds that it is not so bad being courted by the famous, who never knew she existed when she was the wife of a Michigan congressman. They are all in her world these days—the Shah of Iran, Queen Fabiola, Rudolf Nureyev, Woody Allen, Pearl Bailey, Fred Astaire, Bob Hope, Andy Warhol, Rocky and Happy, Prince Juan Carlos, President Sadat, George Balanchine, Dick Cavett, Barbara Walters. She is on the Most Admired Women lists and the Best Dressed lists, and when she goes to Europe she takes along a retinue of five, including her hairdresser.

Sometimes she can't resist playing her role to the hilt, a grand and overdone flourish here or there—almost as if she is parodying it all, the "onstage" performer who is echoing her days as a dancer. In the most formal situations, the open and natural Mrs. Ford is at her worst, frozen stiffly into a pose that leads some observers to wonder if she isn't dazed on tranquilizers. But mostly her hard-core practicality emerges, as well as an ability to laugh at life and step outside herself to view her First Lady entity with detachment.

After a difficult year, she has emerged with her humor and candor intact, although there is now, at times, a calculated constraint in her answers. She neither ducks questions / turn to page 120

POTATO-AND-LEEK SOUP

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
4 medium-size leeks, sliced (4 cups)
2 lb potatoes, peeled and quartered
2 cups milk
2½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper
2 egg yolks

1. In hot butter in medium-size kettle, sauté leeks, stirring, until golden. Add potatoes, milk, 2 cups water, the salt and pepper.

2. Cook gently, covered, until soft—about 40 minutes. Press soup and vegetables through sieve. (If too thick, add 1 to 2 cups water.)

3. Beat egg yolks slightly; stir in a

little soup; mix well. Pour back into soup; heat gently to thicken soup. Do not boil or soup will curdle.

Makes 4 to 6 servings.

CAULIFLOWER CHEESE

1 medium-size, firm white cauliflower (2 lb)
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
Dash cayenne
2 tablespoons grated Cheddar cheese
1 tablespoon grated Parmesan cheese
Dash nutmeg

1. Wash cauliflower, removing outer leaves. With sharp knife, cut a cross, ½ inch deep, in base of stalk.

2. Place cauliflower, stem end

down, in large kettle. Add boiling salted water to measure 3 or 4 inches deep. Boil, covered, 20 minutes, or until tender.

3. Meanwhile, make sauce: In medium saucepan, melt butter. Remove from heat; stir in flour; then gradually stir in milk. Add ¼ teaspoon salt and the cayenne.

4. Bring to boiling, stirring; reduce heat and simmer 5 minutes; add cheeses; stir until melted. Keep warm over hot water until serving.

5. Drain cauliflower; put in a heat-proof dish; pour sauce over the top; brown slightly in a very hot oven or under the broiler. Sprinkle with nutmeg. (Drain excess water from cauliflower.)

Makes 4 servings.

BRAISED WHOLE FISH: MAGNIFIQUE!

continued from page 61

onto serving platter. Peel skin off top side of fish (or both sides, if you cooked fish upright), and scrape off any brownish bits of flesh. Pull remains of fins out of back ridge, along with any small bones.

Bring sauce again to simmer; if necessary, thin out with any remaining

juices from roaster and, if you wish, add more of the braising vegetables. Taste again for seasoning, and remove from heat. By spoonfuls, stir in the enrichment butter, adding a new spoonful as each bit is absorbed. Spoon a coating of sauce and vegetables over the fish, leaving head bare, and decorate with parsley. Pour rest of sauce into warmed bowl. Arrange rice or other

accompaniments around the fish, if there is room; and serve immediately.

Ahead-of-time notes: You may keep the fish warm, peeled but unsauced, on its platter, covered with foil, in a slow oven (120F), or over simmering water, or on an electric warming tray. Or you may leave it in the roaster, transferring it to the platter and peeling and saucing it just before serving.

THE BLOOMING OF BETTY FORD

continued from page 93

nor does she lie—she simply no longer reveals all. Still, to a public used to canned and predictable First Lady comments, she is like champagne after *vin ordinaire*. The most accessible First Lady in recent times, she has divested the role of much of its mystery and facade. Following the mannequin mask of Pat Nixon, the polished political astuteness of Lady Bird Johnson, the glacial elegance of Jackie Kennedy, the resistance of Mamie Eisenhower and Bess Truman to public exposure, Betty Ford remains, astonishingly, a real person.

Many a political wife still reveals nothing more controversial than her meat-loaf recipe, but one afternoon recently as we talked Mrs. Ford screwed up her face in disgust when asked if she would debate Phyllis Schlafly, the high priestess of status quo for women and chief opponent of the Equal Rights Amendment. Said the First Lady, who has vociferously lobbied for the amendment, "I wouldn't waste my time."

Betty Ford freely admits to smoking, being divorced, seeing a psychiatrist, taking tranquilizers, drinking with her husband and—heaven forbid—sleeping with him. One afternoon after her cancer operation last fall, she talked with me on the phone and giggled at how practically all the world had seen the Fords' king-size bed being moved into the White House. Declining to follow the White House tradition of separate bedrooms, Mrs. Ford had said with amusement that she could do only so much for politics. "That," she said to me, "is just too far to go."

That breezy comment, she told me, resulted in letters "from all across the country from people who feel it is very immoral for us to be using the same bedroom." I said, "You're joking," and

she said, "I'm serious. I guess if you're President, that part of your life is—I guess you're supposed to become a eunuch." Before her mastectomy, Mrs. Ford had said with a sigh, after countless interviews, "They've asked me everything but how often I sleep with my husband, and if they'd asked me that, I would have told them." When I asked her what she would have said, she shot back, "As often as possible!"

Mrs. Ford is in the family sitting room, which is really just a grouping of sofas and chairs at the end of the awesomely long central hall on the second floor of the White House. Bright yellow walls, flowered upholstery, porcelain lamps and countless floral arrangements do much to dispel the vastness. Mrs. Ford is wearing a cream-color Ultrasuede dress, a green-and-white scarf at the neck, gold-and-tortoiseshell bracelets, gold earrings. Her brown hair is sprayed and has a new golden streak in front. Her face, which bears a slight resemblance to Lady Bird Johnson's, is carefully made up. Her speech is slow; she takes time to state her views. There are no nervous mannerisms, no excess movements, no inflections to underscore a point. The body control, learned in the days when she studied dance with Martha Graham, seldom leaves her.

For a woman who has known both emotional and physical pain, her face retains an unusual serenity. She seems to accept the fact that she must contend with people constantly sneaking curious glances at her, the unasked question in those stares being, "Is she well?" Two reporters covering her in Spain came away from one ceremony with diametrically opposing views. One said she never looked better. The other said she looked positively dreadful.

Rumors persist that Mrs. Ford, now

57, is not well and that the President will not run in 1976. Like a litany, she must often reiterate that her three checkups since her mastectomy have been absolutely positive. "Everything has checked out absolutely clean and clear," she affirms, with no trace of a recurrence of the cancer. The oral chemotherapy treatment leaves her with no nausea or side effects. White House physician William Lukash says there is every indication she will remain well. With a slightly mischievous look in her green eyes, Mrs. Ford says to her press secretary, Sheila Weidenfeld, and to me, her reporter-visitor, "I am as confident as anyone who is sitting here today. Breast cancer is one of those things you just never know about." She looks well but is slim. That slimmness is cultivated; she is now dieting to keep her weight at 110 for the model-thin look that makes her photograph so well.

Her customary practicality and fatalism surfaced after her operation. She never once minded the excessive publicity about a very private illness, because her plight "led so many other women to get checkups." There were months of recuperation that kept her out of circulation just at a time when she was finding herself in the White House. Before the operation she gave speeches on inflation, stumped for women candidates and was going through "on-the-job training" without benefit of even a household tour, let alone the traditional three months' transition period to ease new First Families into the White House.

Still, she says, "It was easy for me to accept the operation. I had been married twenty-six years and we had our four children. There was no problem of lack of love, affection and attention." She recalls that never in their years of marriage "had I seen Jerry so upset; he was

continued

continued

so concerned for me." Accepting the inevitable, she says, "But look at it positively. Which would you rather lose—a right arm or a breast? I'd rather lose the breast."

There is formidable resiliency in Mrs. Ford. "The minute they could take off the bandages, I started exercising so I would have full control of my arm," she says and starts demonstrating with vigorous swings of her right arm—over her head, around the neck, behind her back. "The scar has healed and I can even wear low-cut dresses. My husband was cute. He said, 'If you can't wear low-cut dresses in front, start a new style and wear them low in back.' Which I did. His attitude was marvelous."

She says there is absolutely no question that she will campaign for her husband, push her causes, give speeches, travel. There is, however, one unpredictable illness that can and does stop her in her tracks—flare-ups of a chronic arthritic condition. Her osteoarthritis of the neck, described by Dr. Lukash as "wear and tear on the joints," irritates muscles and supporting tissues and "sets up trigger points of spasms." As she herself puts it: "Unless you've had it, you can't imagine the pain—it radiates all down my left arm, leg and side." When these flare-ups occur, she is treated with hot packs, rest, aspirin and Valium daily. This medication has led to rumors that she is at times overly drugged. Both she and her doctor deny this. Her attacks are caused by a number of things—fatigue, nervousness about her arduous schedule, emotional tension—stresses that her easygoing manner often masks.

The day we talked Mrs. Ford was having a lunch of fruit salad, consommé and tea from a tray, her feet resting on a footstool. She seemed well over her latest such attack. Reflecting on this past year and what being First Lady has meant, she said, "I think it changed my life much more than I realized. I think I have learned over the past months the positiveness of the position—which I hadn't realized before. I have grown. I have come to realize the power of being able to help." Her causes include the Equal Rights Amendment, women's rights in general, retarded citizens groups, foster grandparents groups, cancer research and mental-health organizations. Clearly intrigued with a plus she never knew before, she mentions the word "power" more than once and speaks with pride, for example, of the clout her name now brings. "Take the Washington Hospital for Sick Children. I practically put that hospital on its feet. People hardly knew about it."

Ironically, the White House, a place she once dreaded, is what has given her this new sense of herself. "I feel very secure here," she said. While there is a loss of privacy and anonymity as First Lady, there is also direction, a well-defined role, an exalted status and a chance to influence public thinking that is unparalleled for any other woman in this country. As her son Mike said, "After all those years of dirty work, she is a celebrity in her own right." It is a far cry from the days when her husband was

traveling 200 days out of the year, she was raising four teenagers alone and sought a psychiatrist because she had "lost my sense of self-worth."

There was unquestionably an awkward period for Betty Ford when she was thrust into the difficult role of Second Lady during one of the most turbulent times in American history. At that time, when I asked her if her husband, then Vice-President, would go back on his promise to her to quit politics, her eyes glazed over with terror. "I certainly hope not," she replied.

She laughs at that now and seems genuinely bemused by the fears she once had. "I'm enjoying it all—which I never thought I would. All I could think of were teas," she said, making a slight face, "and that sort of thing." She dislikes the "who-sits-below-the-salt" protocol and does not think women should be pigeonholed as appendages to their husbands. And so her lunch this spring for the wives of the U.S. Senators was different: The women drew numbers for their seats. In the past, a wife was seated according to her husband's seniority.

"We've changed the whole attitude as far as how people feel in the White House," she says. "It's fun and warm and relaxed." In fact, the Fords have gotten such a reputation for swinging parties that they can no longer count on the usual number of regrets. No one refuses an invitation. The Grand Foyer of the White House has become an "after hours" performance hall for show-business guests. One night Pearl Bailey dragged out Dionne Warwick, and then the President, and then Mrs. Ford, and then Fred Astaire for impromptu singing, soft-shoe shuffles and gags. At the state dinner for West German President Walter Scheel, Mrs. Ford recalls, "I was in the other room and I heard this trumpet and I said, 'That doesn't sound like the Marine Band.' I dashed out and there was—Harry James." The Fords got some criticism for an Ann-Margret Las Vegas-type review, which ended with the star in a brief red-white-and-blue costume, hoisted up by four men until she touched the East Room chandelier. "We picked her because the Shah of Iran likes pretty women," says Mrs. Ford. "As does my husband. Let's face it, the Shah's got a reputation as one of the biggest swingers of the world. In fact, I'm sure he was disappointed he didn't get to spend more time with her."

I couldn't help reflecting on Betty Ford's use of the phrase "the other room" to describe where she had been standing when she heard Harry James' trumpet. How many First Ladies could have referred so casually to that cavernous White House as having an "other room." There are of course countless numbers of rooms—and all with names, at that—and her simple reference reminded me of Harry Truman's calling the White House lawn the "yard."

"Both Jerry and I are very ordinary, humble people who enjoy life and are not impressed with ourselves," she says. "This was something we didn't seek, but for some reason fate brought us to this position and we are going to ac-

cept as much responsibility as we can."

The First Lady's actions, however, go behind just a sense of responsibility. There has been a startling metamorphosis in Betty Ford, whose increasing feminism and courage to speak out on issues has brought a totally unexpected bonus to those who prefer activism after years of silence from First Ladies. Mrs. Kennedy beautified the White House and Mrs. Johnson beautified the country, but issues were taboo. Mrs. Ford has invested her position with a sense of purpose not seen since Eleanor Roosevelt. Just why this happened is not clear, even in the answers she gives when she is questioned about it. After all, as a Congressman's wife she was not outspoken about issues—unlike Janie Hart, for example, wife of Michigan Senator Phil Hart, or Eleanor McGovern, wife of Senator George McGovern—and concentrated on raising her children. I remember interviewing the Fords in 1970, when Representative Ford was crusading for the impeachment of William O. Douglas. Reiterating his strong, moralistic, Midwestern attitude on life and marriage, Ford was clearly shocked that the four-times-married Supreme Court Justice would allow an article of his to be printed in "that pornographic *Evergreen* magazine." Mrs. Ford stood by, a quiet, unremarkable, slightly overweight housewife who volunteered little except to say the Fords were conventional. "Jack [their son] told me the other night we were too conservative," she said at that time. "I said, 'Don't you know, Jack, we're just...'" and she finished the sentence by drawing a square in the air. There was not the slightest indication then that she could also be this woman who has emerged today.

Betty Ford insists that she has always had a strong civil-libertarian streak, nurtured by her mother's tolerant attitude for people. In fact, the two people with the strongest influence on her life have been women—her mother and Martha Graham, who she said "gave me the ability to stand up to all the things I had to go through with much more courage than I would have had without her." She was, after all, a career woman before she was the wife of a politician; she once performed at Carnegie Hall; she taught dancing from the time she was 14; and she asked for no alimony when she divorced her first husband. But without a power base, she explains now, she simply felt it served no purpose for her to express her views. And there may well be a residual bitterness for those years when she was in the shadow of her husband. Although the Ford family is very close, she once said—when asked whether the children ever discussed politics with her—"They don't think I know anything about politics, and that's fine with me. I've carried enough of the load without having to handle that, too."

Now, looking back on her first year in the White House, she says with a smile, "I'm the only First Lady to ever have a march organized against her." She was referring to ERA opponents who picketed her last winter, charging she was using taxpayers' money (using the White

continued

house phone and stationery) to promote the ERA. Mrs. Ford defends her right to lobby for passage of this amendment and she shrugs at the criticism. "I see no reason why as First Lady I cannot go right ahead like any other woman. I think you have to be very frank. I'm willing to stand up to the issue."

Summing up her own accomplishments this year, she says, "I feel I've done a great deal for the ERA. I believe very strongly that this bill should be passed. Women should get equal pay for equal ability. I read the other day that women on Capitol Hill are still not getting equal pay. You get all this silly business about co-ed facilities as an argument against the amendment. Think about it; how many campuses have sexually integrated dorms and are perfectly accepted? And the ERA is really a break for men on alimony. Phyllis Schlafly has her great motherhood thing. I've been through motherhood. I think it's marvelous." Then she slipped in one of her understated quips: "But I'm not so sure mothers shouldn't have rights. Equal acceptance of women is so important. And there is no better time than our two-hundredth anniversary."

Mrs. Ford has been credited with single-handedly turning around members of this administration on the ERA. Many didn't know quite what it meant and referred to it vaguely as "E.A.R." Her husband used to joke about the amendment that would ban sex discrimination in the United States but not any more. Asked if she pushes her point of view, Mrs. Ford laughed and said, "If he doesn't get it in the office in the day, he gets it in the ribs at night." Using a "very soft sell," she promoted the ratification of the ERA in Illinois, North Dakota, Nevada, Arizona and Missouri, phoning and writing to legislators. "I merely asked that the amendment be allowed to get to the floor and to let people vote their conscience." At first her mail ran three to one against her and the ERA; then there was a dramatic turnaround. Of some 10,000 letters, the majority favored the ERA.

Betty Ford also claimed credit for the appointment of HUD Secretary Carla Hills. "I got a woman into the cabinet. I never give up. Now I'm working on getting a woman on the Supreme Court as soon as possible." She said on television, when her husband was Vice President, that she was glad to see that abortion was being brought "out of the backwoods and put in the hospitals, where it belongs." Despite a rash of criticism from Right-to-Lifers, she reiterates today: "I feel it is the right of a human being to make her own decisions. I think, however, it is wise to have some hospital restrictions. In my judgment, if one suspects a pregnancy, she should go immediately to her doctor. If she doesn't want to have a child, it should be taken care of under supervision, the sooner the better."

When she once remarked that she just naturally "assumed" her children had tried marijuana, her children were furious and telephoned her to say they

had not. "How was I to know? They never told me," she said. "Then they joked that I probably got a lot of votes with young people."

Asked if her husband ever interfered with her views, Mrs. Ford shook her head with a firm "Noooo" that seemed to say, "He knows better than to try." A close friend says, "If Betty believes in something strongly enough, she'll defend it, even if it's ninety degrees different from her husband's view."

While she has not invaded the Oval Office, Mrs. Ford gets her views across when she and the President are alone; she calls it "pillow talk." Although Presidential Adviser Robert Hartmann denies that there has ever been any rift between him and Mrs. Ford ("We are the best of friends"), her candor matches her steady will. She told me several months ago, "Bob and I don't always jibe; I'm willing to admit that. I think perhaps my resentment of Bob comes from his trying to run my husband's life—and yet I think he is very valuable to my husband. Perhaps I feel he oversteps his boundaries."

She gets more upset at political criticism of her husband than he himself does. For all her liberal attitudes on some matters, she has a strong conservative streak to match her husband's. At one time she was more of a hawk on Vietnam than he was. As she said, "When everyone was criticizing Goldwater, I felt we should have bombed their supply stations and cut them off." She doesn't think it was wrong of her husband to fight to impeach Justice Douglas, although he himself now admits that it was probably a mistake. Ford has repeatedly been criticized as being out of touch with American thinking—as, for example, when he asked for Congressional aid to Vietnam in a world weary of the fighting. Betty Ford feels this judgment is inaccurate. "I feel if we had held out through the monsoon, the South Vietnamese could have gone on." While she is "flattered" that people compare her to Eleanor Roosevelt, she says, "I can only be one person—me." At this stage, any controversial actions of Betty Ford's seem instinctive—not based on the cool intellectualism that seemed to precede Mrs. Roosevelt's—such as her invitation to blacks to visit the White House in the 1930s and her support of socialist groups, which led to her being tagged a Communist sympathizer.

There is an important lesson in the irony that, had Gerald Ford initially sought the Presidency through election, his wife would have been considered a minus. So used is America to the concept of the American Political Family as "perfect" that a woman who could admit to having had problems is less than an asset. Mrs. Ford agrees that much would have been made of her past had there been a full-blown national campaign. But the events that moved her into the White House were so unusual and the disclosures about her were so after-the-fact that for the first time the country had a chance to see how unimportant such personal matters were.

Helping to neutralize the public's reaction was, of course, her candor. Betty

Ford, only the second divorcee in the White House (Florence Harding was the first), openly told about her first marriage. Not only did she answer all questions about her mental and physical health, she went on to champion mental-health crusades. And, above all, she has made no attempt to gloss over the hardships of political life. An invaluable legacy of this first "appointed" First Family to future political families would be that naturalness is not only acceptable, it also seems to work.

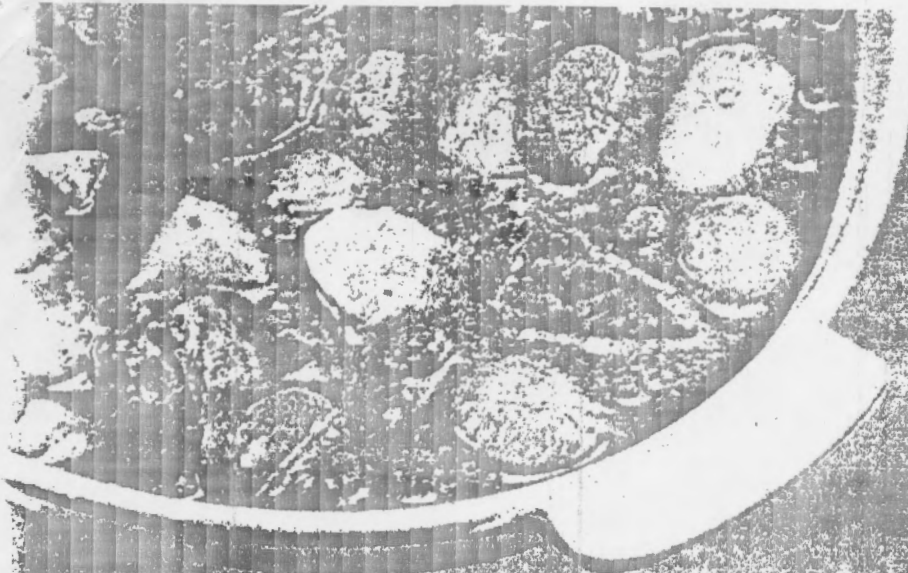
However, in her new role, Betty Ford has already learned one unpleasant lesson: There is no room in the White House for friends who get involved in scandal. For months Mrs. James (Nancy) Howe was known as a "surrogate sister" to Mrs. Ford. The position of "personal assistant" was created for her. Then, in April, James Howe committed suicide. At the time Mrs. Howe was under investigation by the White House (in connection with reports that she and her husband had been entertained in the Dominican Republic by international businessman Tongsun Park) to determine whether there had been any violation of the federal code of ethics and conflict-of-interest laws for government employees. Four days after her husband shot himself, Nancy Howe left the White House. Betty Ford would make no comment at the time as to whether her friend had left voluntarily. Later, she told me, "I think under the circumstances it was not possible for Nancy Howe to stay. This is perhaps one of the unfortunate situations of the White House. It seems overly protected." Mrs. Ford has not seen her friend in months, but says she keeps in touch by phone. Mrs. Howe said, when asked whether it was not rather callous of the First Lady to let her best friend go: "You said it, I didn't. I just don't want to talk about it."

Mrs. Ford has had to help her four children—Mike, Jack, Stephen and Susan—get over the irritations of constant publicity, a lack of privacy and the continuous presence of the Secret Service, although she herself sometimes gets annoyed at what she considers an unfair press. When she read one story that said Susan, 17, was close to flunking but was graduated from Holton Arms anyway, she bristled. "That was very bad and untrue reporting. I felt like X-raying her grades—all Bs and C pluses—and sending them to that paper. But then, as I told Susan, it's news today and trash tomorrow. Forget it."

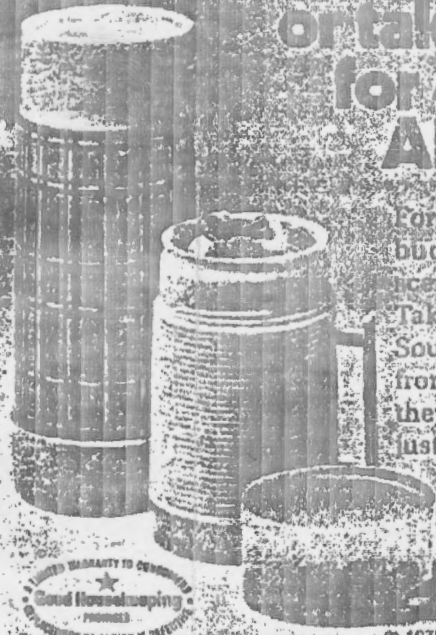
She says that she and her husband "never felt we possessed our children. They were loaned to us to raise and shape to the best of our ability. We found from the experience that the leaving age comes with the end of high school."

Just as she does not want to own her children, Mrs. Ford has not allowed the White House to own her. The light moments that so captivate her observers are still there. In front of a conference of dance companies, she ended a little speech with an impromptu pirouette that had her audience cheering. Leaving the

continued



**Eat it out for \$1.95
or take it from home
for 40 cents in an
Aladdin thermos**



Forget the high prices that eat up your budget, and those restaurant mob scenes that eat up your lunch hour. Take it from us... take it from home. Soups, stews, spaghetti -- as delicious from Aladdin's wide mouth thermos as they are at your dining room table. And just as hot.

Aladdin
The new idea people, thermos-wise.
© 1975 Aladdin Industries, Inc., Nashville, Tennessee 37211

100% GUARANTEE TO COMPLETELY
SOUND HOUSEKEEPING
FORMERLY ON ALPACAS & UNIFORMS

continued

Kennedy Center after her 57th-birthday outing to see Pearl Bailey perform, the First Lady and the entertainer suddenly broke into the University of Michigan fight song, reading from the sheet music. Only a few hangers-on at the center caught the act. They yelled "bravo!" The two women bowed, hugged each other and then parted.

One Sunday in June Mrs. Ford was reading an account of how the American photographer Dick Swanson, in a daring move, flew to Vietnam and got his Vietnamese wife's family out on one of the last planes. She called Swanson, who happened to be a little groggy from celebrating his birthday. Mrs. Ford told him the article was a "beautiful love story" and wished him happy birthday.

Swanson recalls, "I thought for sure it was some old girl friend pulling a joke. I said, 'Whatcha doing?' and she said, 'Oh, just hanging around the West Wing.' I joked some more and said, 'Whatcha doing in the West Wing?' Then she giggled and said, 'Well, that's where they keep us.' All of a sudden I realized it really was the First Lady, and it blew my mind."

The West Wing, where they "keep" the Fords, is the one place insulated from the outside world and the family's only real home now. In a room adjoining their bedroom—the room that used to be Richard Nixon's private bedroom—the Fords relax amid familial chatter. Jerry Ford's old stuffed blue leather lounge chair is there, and the television set, and the exercise bike on which he daily

grinds out several miles. "After dinner we go to our room," Betty Ford says, slight emphasis on "our." "Jerry always has work to do. I have letters, correspondence, pictures to sign. We combine with watching TV. We watch escap things like 'Police Woman' and 'McMillan and Wife' and that gal who does th black cop. Usually in the afternoon I tr to read something in the way of histor cal novels, but mostly it's my briefin period, particularly now with m stepped-up pace."

Asked to sum up her basic attitud toward life, Mrs. Ford says she tries to b tolerant of others. She shows no gener tion gap in her attitudes toward young people's opinions and ways of life, in cluding the practice of living together. I this connection, she says: "Sometim I'm not so sure that maybe this gener tion approaches life more wisely than w have. I know that may seem controver sial, but it's an actual fact that in colleg more couples are living off campus to gether. If these things are going to tak place, if I were the parent, I'd rather hav the children come to me and feel free t tell me." Obviously, she agrees, the bur den of being White House childre "might make that impossible for my ow children. I don't think they'd do it an way. I don't think they are inclined th way." She stopped for a long momen "You know, religiously, I'm closely a sociated with Michael [who is at Go don-Conwell Theological Seminary]. I think we're a great deal alike. No matte how religious he is, he certainly tolerat his friends and what they do and s forth. I feel you should be able to tele ate other people."

One of the biggest clues to the inne Betty Ford came at the end of a two-hour interview. I learned that no matter how busy she is, there is one thing she reads daily. "It hangs in m bathroom," she told me, "so I see it th first thing in the morning, and it's the las thing I see at night when I'm brushing my teeth. Sometimes when things aren going as well as you might hope, it jus gives you a lift. It just gives..." She paused, and for the first time, she looker uncomfortable, almost as if she did no want to reveal such a personal thought. And then she finished, "... it just give you a lot of help." She held out a playe with the Prayer of Saint Francis:

Lord,
make me an instrument of Your
peace.
Where there is hatred, let me sow
love;
Where there is injury, pardon;
Where there is doubt, faith;
Where there is despair, hope;
Where there is darkness, light; and
Where there is sadness, joy.
O divine Master,
grant that I may not so much
Seek to be consoled as to console;
To be understood as to understand;
To be loved as to love;
For it is in giving that we receive;
It is in pardoning that we are
pardoned; and
It is in dying that we are born to
eternal life.

Th
b

Tha
a full
perly
fold
air, s
Mo:
le, no
You
you
ich o

Th