The original documents are located in Box 45, folder "Ford, Susan - "Seventeen" Column - Drafts" of the Sheila Weidenfeld Files at the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.

not much diff in person -
Mike very conserv - pol views
trad'l family views - he was
most protective - always
wntd to kno what going on
Steve more concerned w/ me
being happy, finding myself
understd myself - at Vail
sat me down & talked to me
4 hrs - about relationships
caring about other people
M+S fairly conserv - deep down -
prot like Mike - feel they
shld have older bro at
home now to keep eye on
Jack - deep invol discuss - more
on polit views - more liberal
more indep - wants to be
out on own - not as
depend on fam as rest
of us - lot more polit

oriented - gets more wrapped up in issues - very opinioted - always discussing issues w/ Daddy -

750 words - March 1

constantly teasing - weight to boyfriends - they gang up - always as long as remember - had crushes on all their friends - alot of steve's friends esp - they knew it - wld tell their frnds - most of friends we were close, like bros + sister they wld come
& my brothers were good for dates - some wldn't fix up if that they weren't right - very protective - double - lot of fun, but feel like being watched over - mstly parties, some movies, football games, concerts, - very nice on date but had 1 eye to make sure not wldn't tease on date doing wrong

tomboy, but bros wldn't let play
that was age when girls
had cooters - 4th or 5th grade
.ooz girls - yuk -

If Steve came home now, wldn't
bob. have T-shirt - when get
home, go bananas - have to
wait til they leave -

Always gotten along - 4th & 5th
grade worst - locked doors so
Susan cldn't in - cldn't play
w/ toys -

boys wld help clara take care
of so she cld get house work
done - 13 mos from Steve -
in 7th & 8th grades together -
no prob gtg along -

mdhs did not baby - always been

daddy's little girl - now & always
will be - soft (mom) touch for boys -

they wanted a boy - push as
in baby carriage -

[wk at sehob

slammed steve's finger - on way to (1st grade) family
picnic - healed - hardly trace
daddy told all of us to hop in
car - I wanted to go to hosp
& m & d wldn't let - didn't
need a 3rd person - felt
horrib went to rm & cried -
daddy was furious

(steve wld)
always go over to Thorns in Alex &
'scout it out' - Can I bring my
little sister over?

Daddy used to take (all of us) to ftball
see boys play

pinched nerve
mahi in hosp - took kids down to beach for a wk - got a sitter for Steve & me - (swim & go crabbing w/ sitter - 6 or 7 yrs) lot of fun - my 1st time at beach - jealous of boys becuz got to go sailing & I didn't - finally they took me & I was pets & nurs wanted to

1st day they went to school wntd to go w til I went & find out wht I'd gtn self in for -

Always lkd up to - always wntd to go everywh & do everything they did -

Steve
after dinner we'd have cutrestly match ev nite - always

you a 8th
end up crying - mostly for
fun, but boys can be a little
ruf -

bded at holt 3 yrs
when went to hs - went away
& really app the boys -
that's when I really became
closer to fam too -

had wntd girl to, but came to
a point where boy was more
pract - mike & ~~Steve~~ Jack
shared - steve own -
all shared one bathroom -
clean up - not going to take
a shaver til you clean up tub

susan the goozen the girl of
my choosen

used to gang up on babysitters

tied one to chair - only way to get boys to bed is threaten to kiss -

Mths didn't trust them to babysit used to go to fuse box & turn off all lights - I'd be saying prayers & Mom wld turn off light & they'd jump out fr under bed & grab leg - Drac & wolf man lived in closet - alligators

Brothers - & none of them wntd a girl
No one - Even mths
~~life~~

June issue - Steve 19 Jack 23
Mike 25

When Mike wld bring dates home, used to sink in & watch. Read his love letters - caught me once

jealous of
Gayle - who d

never spank - leave rm + let
the kid think

+ word games at dinner

stat wagon
vacat in car all toget - played
games - fought - Michigan
Boyne Mt - Steve got sick
give us all a boat in case
any of us got sick - all
fought over who got top
bunk - shared bdrm w/ M+D
Susan 4 - started to ski - 10

Always helped w/ homework -
understood
new math - counted on to get
thru - help in long run - didn't
let grow up too fast

counted on them in alot
of ways - lkd after me -
dfr of thunder & lighting
once during elect storm
Mike came in & got from
bth tub & all went in to
Mom

Dad had 7 yrs told what to do in
case of tornado

my girlf loved my brothers -
all had crushes - some susp
he wanted to date my friends -
wldn't set up - bring some frnds
home for wknd - he didn't
think I was good enuf -
"Baby Ford" - I was always
jack's little sister -

hard to live w/ all the guys were jocks -

when Steve wld come home fr date, I'd wait up & listen to the boys talk about their dates -

unique relat - very open - can talk to them about anything - they're willing to understand - they've given me advice on guys I date - doesn't have mnrs - he's too wild & I'd hate to see you get mixed up - always wntd to kno where I was going, what doing wntd to make sure I dressd prop & lkd nice - & was around right type of girls

event
wed want

wed be very impt to me to have someone accepted from whole family - ~~by~~ bros have always trtd girlfriends on eq - someone who will accept me for what I am - very understanding -

WH has bs fam
even closer - don't get to see ea other as much & when do <u>really</u> apprec

prob tough on anyone any of us date — becoz the fam approval means so much to us —

Sheila - I'm sorry my carbon's so lousy. I'll get some new. JS

By Susan Ford

When we moved into the White House, I didn't think I'd like it. It all had happened so suddenly, there wasn't time to prepare myself.

It was more formal than we were used to, for one thing. When I got home from school -- driven by a Secret Service agent -- a butler opened the door, took my bookbag, raced to the elevator and pushed the "Up" button for me. When I said, "Second, please" (where my parents' room is), he said, "Thank you, Miss Susan, I will take your things to your room (which is on the third floor).

Now that we've lived here for several months, it's more relaxed. The White House staff is absolutely the greatest. But we had to work on them -- to loosen them up. It seems they weren't used to an informal family like ours, who really wanted to talk to them about themselves, and treat them like people with personalities and problems of their own. They seemed used to being anonymous shadows -- always there when called, but then sinking silently into the woodwork. It didn't take long to break through to them, though, and now we regard them as warm friends.

We were just getting nicely settled into the White House when a crisis struck. Everyone knows about my mother's operation for cancer. This was a terrible time for all of us, but we stuck in there. I wanted to spend every minute with my mother at the hospital, but

she wouldn't hear of it. So I kept up with my school work and other necessary things.

I was scared the evening my mother went to the hospital. But I felt better later that evening, after my oldest brother, Mike (24), his wife, Gayle, and Rev. Billy Zioli, a friend of the family's flew in. Mike and I have always been very close. He is studying to be a minister. After they talked to me I felt much better -- sort of peaceful and accepting.

In my English class at school we have to make daily entries in a "journal" each of us keeps. What I wrote the day of mother's cancer operation expresses how I felt better than I can now:

"...I walked the halls all morning; the walls began to move inward, the carpet moved without me. Walking. Mother was in the operating room; we were waiting to hear from the doctor. Walking up and down the hall I pictured my mother waving to the public, shaking hands, dancing in the Grand Hall. The final picture was of her lying on the bed they wheeled her away in; the smile, kiss and last whispered words, 'I love you.'"

In the beginning I resented the fact that reporters were always standing there when we went in or out of the hospital. I felt they were invading my family's privacy, and there was no way to avoid them. But later I realized that the publicity about my mother was very good, because it has saved so many other lives.

Things are pretty much back to "normal" for us now, although my mother still has to take it easy. Her doctor says she is coming along very well, and we're all so grateful.

Right now, I'm busy with arrangements for the senior prom at Holton Arms, the private girls' school I attend in Bethesda, Md. The proms are usually held at a country club or hotel, but this year my parents invited the class to hold it in the White House. The whole

senior class of 75 is helping make the plans.

There will be two bands -- "Outer Space" and "The Sandcastle." The class picked the first group, which is from Maine. I knew about "The Sandcastle" which I heard at a party at Hampden-Sydney College in Virginia.

The prom will be from 9 to 12 on May 31. There won't be any liquor served, just soft drinks and punch. As I'm writing this we're still deciding what other refreshments to serve, and whether the boys should wear black or white tie. I also don't know who my date will be, but one of the boys I have been dating

In the East Room, which has huge crystal chandeliers, or we may hold the dance outside on the South Lawn, in a big tent in which a dance was given for Britain's Prince Philip and Princess Anne. The view from the lawn is beautiful -- the sparkling South Lawn Fountain, the lighted Jefferson Memorial and the tall lighted shaft of the Washington Monument in the background. If we're lucky, we might even have a full moon.

~~My date for the prom will be Gardner Britt, the boy I've been going with since we met on a blind date over Christmas, 1973. He's a freshman at Virginia Polytechnic Institute.~~

[p.S. one of the boys I've been dating of

You may have read that a magazine writer accused ~~him~~ one of my boyfriends of "male chauvenism" because he said he assumed I'd stay home and raise a family, rather than have a career.

I don't believe he's a chauvenist, and I resent the article, because I feel it took out of context things that both of us said.

I tend to agree with Gardner that I'm more likely to stay home and raise a family. I think I'm not the kind of person to have a career. I love children, and would like to have several.

But it's too early to tell. My life has changed so much in the last year that I don't dare say what I might be doing or thinking in another year. When I go to college this fall my mind may change about a lot of things. Maybe I'll decide to have a spectacular career --

I have enjoyed photography, athletics, and fashion.

as an athlete or a photographer. There are so many possibilities!

Whatever I personally decide -- I believe strongly that if a woman wants to work, she ought to be able to do so. And I do ~~ex~~ disagree with Gardner about one thing. He thinks men are more capabl ~~I think women can do equally good job with men~~ I think a woman do as good a job as a man. It all depends on the job and the person.

The thing is, I feel someone has got to be at home with the children. But it doesn't have to be the mother. If the man is a family type person, who likes being with children, and the woman prefers to work, ~~then~~ that's fine -- he should stay home and she should go out to a job.

###

Thursday night. Feb. 5

Dear Susan —

I thought what you wrote was quite good.

I made only minor changes — adding a few things that I thought I knew to be true, but that you will have to be happy with, of course.

I'll check with Sheila tomorrow (Friday), to see what you think.

Regards,

Isabelle

Ford/SEVENTEEN

Copy for Sheila

4:00

"MOM"

By Susan Ford

Because Mother's Day is coming soon, I got to thinking about my own mom, and what she means to me.

I LIKE my mother. I know some people who aren't crazy about theirs. Maybe I'm lucky. To me, she is a very special person. We like to talk about things, share ideas, and just have fun together.

Both Mom and Dad have always been very open and willing to listen to all of us. We haven't always agreed, but why should we? In fact, the great thing about my parents is that they encourage us to think for ourselves. But this doesn't mean that they don't give good, solid advice when they think we need it.

My mother is a very religious person. But she wears her religion in her heart and not on her sleeve. It's true that she wanted all of us to ~~Emanuel on the Hill & to~~ go through Sunday School and be confirmed. I went to Emanuel on the Hill in Va It was important to her that we understand our religion and how the spirit of religion can help guide our lives.

I think it has.

But then when we grow up, and want to go our different ways, that's all right with Mom and Dad too. My oldest brother, Mike (25), is studying to be a minister. My next brother, Jack (23), says he's an agnostic.

Out Susan doesn't believe it.

My parents accept both positions, and I know they love both boys equally -- although they agree more with Mike. → not true

One of mother's favorite passages is "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." My mother lives by that. It's one of the reasons I think she's so great.

She is patient and takes time with everybody -- whether it's an important decision with Dad or a minor problem with me, or some information that the White House staff needs. No situation is ever so important that she can't take that extra minute or two to help someone or stay a second longer to thank someone for something they've done. (Example) A very good example was when I was in the hospital & I was very upset. She thought it was more important to take the time

She cares about people -- their feelings, their thoughts, their sensitivities. (Example) And she cares about us. She wants us to explore different interests, and get involved in a lot of things. Because of this I'm interested in many things such as photography, writing, needlepoint, gardening and all sports. Even though she encourages us, she never imposes anything on us. As you know, one of my mother's loves is dance. I suppose she would really be happy if I were to become a dancer, as she was for several years, studying with the famous Martha Graham, among others. When I was eight years old she entered me in a modern dance class. But she never made me feel that I had to do it. She didn't force me to continue. I decided to on my own. I think that's why I still enjoy dancing.

Mom has lots of other qualities I think make her special. One of these is her strong belief in seeing something through to the end. You know -- if you say you're going to do something, do it -- and do it the best you know how.

Mom has so many demands on her time now that that's sometimes hard. So she's trying to spend her time on the things that have special meaning for her, and do everything she can in those fields.

Another thing about my mother is her fantastic sense of humor. I don't think that's very apparent when people first meet her. It's more subtle, and comes out later. But she can really crack you up, and that's one of the reasons we have so much fun together. She teases us all unmercifully.

Another thing she's unmerciful about is money! She has really taught all of us the value of a dollar. Anyone who's been around my mother for any amount of time is bound to be a bargain hunter.

She has made us all understand the importance of a good value, and has even managed to make it fun. She always encourages us to use our imaginations instead of spending more. For example, using scarves and belts to make a dress look different, or wearing a blouse underneath to change the appearance of an outfit.

Swapping clothes is also very popular in our family -- and not just between Mom and me. I've been known to borrow my brothers' things, too. And they've been known to borrow my dad's.

Actually, the clothes swapping kind of symbolizes what our fairly easygoing family is like -- we're informal, and we're close. We may be related, but we're friends as well. We have a great time together, but we also hash out ideas. Of course, like every family, we don't always agree. It would be pretty dull if we did.

But I think the important thing is that we all work together and count on each other -- and more than that, we like each other. And I guess if you can say your family is Number One -- you've got a lot to be grateful for.

####

Allowance

When she talks to her mother,
Yes, does she confide in her -
always talks to her about love life"
(Does she give advice

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####

Seventeen

"MOM"

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But I guess the important thing is that we all work together and count on each other--and more than that, we like each other. And I guess if you can say your family is Number One--you've got a lot to be grateful for.

FG "17"

Dear Sheila:

I REALLY feel gadly about messing up your Sunday this way. All that flip-flap about the first column, plus counter-Gridiron (of which I am publicity chairman) as we get down to the wire, messed up all my plans. I hoped to finish this the night I talked to Susan, but nothing worked.

WELL -- I just heard from Nancy, and now I don't have to mess up your weekend after all. I thought I'd send this along anyhow, just to let you know I cared, and knew I shouldn't have put you out that way. Unless I hear from you Sunday night (or from Susan), I'll phone you shortly after noon Monday from the Hill, where I'm covering an a.m.hearing

Regards,

Jack

Mar. 15

Dear Susan:

I included a few things that you or your mother have told me in the past, when I thought it fitted into the story (as for instance your Dad liking to do the dishes).

Same rules apply, of course. If you don't like it, send along the worl. As per usual, I have sent the copy to New York, but we can make changes over the phone. We are again pushing a deadline, however (my fault, not your's; I've somehow been terribly busy), so I hope you willget word back to me quickly (Monday), personally or through Sheila. I'll be covering a hearing on Capitol Hill Monday morning, so will phone Sheila from there. Will be home from 2 pm-ish on.

Regards,

Sheila

By Susan Ford

So there they were, Mom and Dad, just before I was born -- with three boys under eight, all of them into <u>everything</u> and driving Mom nuts.

You'd think they might want their fourth child to be a nice, quiet girl they could relax with, right?

Wrong. I found out a few years ago that I was <u>not</u> exactly what everybody had in mind. Mom started out wanting a girl, but decided that with three boys already, a fourth would be a lot more practical. And I wasn't my brothers' first choice either -- in fact, they used to threaten to send me back. But I think they've finally gotten used to me.

Mike is 25, Jack is 23, and Steve is 19, about a year older than I am. Growing up with them has really been a lesson in survival. But I have to admit it's brought a lot of fun as well -- not to mention a few bruises.

My brothers have been good for a lot of things -- learning how to ski or play football or wrestle, for example. Or for hashing over dates late at night, or helping me figure out my other problems. They've even been good for fixing me up with a date once in a while.

But I learned early that they can also be counted on for lectures if they don't like what I'm doing; for teasing that doesn't stop; and for telling me when I look good -- but never missing a chance to let me know if I look too fat or my hair looks awful.

Since I'm a girl and the youngest, my brothers are incredibly protective. And while that can be good, let me tell you, there are

times when I could do without it.

They're always checking up on my grades, to be sure I'm doing well in school. They all were good students, with very good grades -- better than mine. I was the last kid; I didn't try as hard.

And you'd better believe they were very careful about which of their friends they fixed me up with. With three brothers, there have always been lots of nice-looking guys around our hours. The bad part is that the three of them always screened the guys I went out with -- the ones I brought home on my own, OWN, AS WELL AS THEIR FRIENDS. too.

If I had a date with someone they hadn't met, they would always make me stay upstairs for about 15 minutes ("finishing dressing"), while they "chatted" with him, to check him out. I don't think the poor guy realized he really was facing a mini-FBI investigation. My brothers didn't all gang up at once. One brother just always "happened" to be home, reading in the livingroom, when ~~sister~~ Susan was being picked up for a date.

They never went so far as to break off a date that had been arranged, but if they felt they got bad vibes, I'd hear about it when I came home, or the next day.

We end up doubling a lot of times, and we always have a great time. But there's never any doubt that there's somebody watching!

Of course I tell them what I think of their dates, too. I think girls have a lot of judgement about other girls. I can tell in just a few minutes if a girl is not "right" for one of my brothers. If I think not, I say, "She's not your type." (Of course, Mike's married now, and I <u>love</u> his wife, Gayle. She's really like a part of the family).

When we were in Vail at Christmas, Steve sat me down for two hours and gave me a "big brother" talk on what I should be doing and what I shouldn't. He'd been away, on a ~~work~~ MONTANA ranch, since September, and I think he was really trying to find out if I was still the little

sister that he could talk to, or whether living in the White House had changed me. I think he was satisfied. (We do stay in touch. Mom and Dad and I talk to all three of the boys --who are all away--on the phone every week.) Even when we were little, Steve made a point of watching out for me. When we lived in Alexandria, Va., he used to walk across the street to our neighbors, the Thornes, to scout the place out. He'd always ask, "Can I bring my little sister over?" and then come back and get me.

All the boys looked after me, really. But Mom never trusted them to babysit. I think she worried about what we'd do to each other. She had reason to. They used to like to go to the fuse box and turn off all the lights, to scare me. Or they'd hide under my bed, and when I'd kneel down to say my prayers and Mom would turn off the lights, they'd jump out and grab me. They used to tell me that Dracula and Wolf Man lived in the closet, and that alligators crawled around under my bed!

But in spite of their jokes and almost constant teasing, we've gotten along, almost forever. I've always looked up to them for advice, depended on them to help me, and counted on them as friends. ~~When I was little.~~ When I was little, I always wanted to tag along after them and do everything they did-- great for me, but not so hot for them.

Most of the time this worked pretty well. But when I was in fourth and fifth grade the boys were going through what I call their "cootie stage." You know, the "Girls-are-yuk-they-all-have-cooties" bit. They'd lock their doors so I couldn't get in, and wouldn't let me play with their toys. Eventually, though, they came to their senses, and we ~~eventually~~ got back to doing things together again. Mom has never been great on the new math, and I never went to Dad with my homework. He was away a lot making speeches, and he was always so busy. So I had to count on my brothers for that.

We must have gone to a million football games together. ~~[illegible]~~

Dad taught all the boys to play, and one of them was always in a game somewhere. There were picnics and vacations together too.

Once, when Mom's back acted up, poor Dad took all four of us to Rehobeth Beach in Delaware for a week without her. We all survived. Actually, Daddy spent most of the day with Mike and Jack, sailing, swimming and things like that. He hired a sitter to stay with Steve and me. We were only about 6 and 7, and couldn't swim very well. We wanted to play in the sand and shallow water all day. Those Atlantic Ocean waves are pretty terrifying when you're small -- though I love them now.

Dad cooked, the nights we didn't go out to dinner. He was a bachelor once, and knows how. He's no gourmet, but we had steaks and hamburgers -- and clams sometimes, when we caught them. Our breakfast was cold cereal, and we kids could all make sandwiches for lunch. ~~There~~

I remember it was a small one-bedroom, 1½ bath apartment, right on the beach. Steve and I shared one bed, and Dad had the other, in the bedroom. Mike and Jack slept on a fold-out cot in the living room. There was no "housework" to speak of. We made our beds, but we didn't sweep all week. Dad loves to wash dishes, even at home (but not since we moved to the White House). He got very good at it, working his way through the University of Michigan.

I have a lot of childhood memories of long trips in a station wagon, with a million and two things piled in the car. Once when we were driving to Boyne Mountain in Michigan to ski, Steve got sick in the car. Mom immediately gave each one of us a boot to hold in case the power of suggestion got to be too much.

My brothers are really neat. They're good-looking and fun, but they've got it together as well. Mike and Gayle live near Boston now, where he's in theological school. He's got a lot of common sense, and is a genuine and reasonable person. He and Steve are the most

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Steve is natural and outgoing, and is very much at ease with the world.

Jack, my middle brother, who goes to school in Utah, is more independent and probably more political than the rest of us kids. When ~~mx~~ the whole family is together, Jack and Daddy usually get into the issues, WHILE ~~and~~ the rest of us just catch up on what's been happening with the family.

Jack gives Dad the young people's view on things like Vietnam and amnesty. Jack is more liberal than Dad -- which isn't surprising, since he's another generation. Jack also keeps Dad up on what's going on in forestry, particulary (his college major), and what's coming up in the ecology that's important and needs keeping an eye on. They talk a lot about that.

Altogether, I'd say my brothers are a good deal -- even if they did originally want to send me back."

####

Copy for Sheila

"Mom"

~~Mom~~ By Susan Ford

Because Mother's Day is coming soon, I get to thinking about my own mom, and what she means to me.

I LIKE my mother. I know some people who aren't crazy about theirs. Maybe I'm lucky. To me, she is a very special person. We like to talk about things, share ideas, and just have fun together.

Both Mom and Dad have always been very open and willing to listen to all of us. We haven't always agreed, but why should we? It would be pretty dull if we did. In fact, the great thing about my parents is that they encourage us to think for ourselves. But this doesn't mean that they don't give good, solid advice when they think we need it.

My mother is a very religious person. But she wears her religion in her heart, ~~and~~ not on her sleeve. It's true that she wanted all of us to go through Sunday School and be confirmed. The whole family went regularly to Immanuel-on-the-Hill Episcopal church in Alexandria, Va. It was important to Mother that we understand our religion and how the spirit of religion can help guide our lives.

I think it has.

One of mother's favorite passages is "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." My mother lives by that. It's one of the reasons I think she's so great.

She is patient and takes time with everybody -- whether it's an important decision with Dad or a minor problem with me, or some information that the White House staff needs. No situation is so important that she can't take that extra minute -- or half hour, if need be --

to help someone, or to thank them for something they've done.

Sometimes when Daddy comes home to the residence at night you can see he is tense. He tries to let the office cares slip away, as soon as he steps off the elevator. But he can't always manage it. Then Mother -- and I do it too -- tries to ease him off of it. We might suggest calling "the boys" (my three brothers, all away from home), or perhaps calling some of our friends.

If Dad and Mother do talk together about some of his big decisions, they never do it in front of me. But sometimes I've walked in on conversations, and I know I should not be there. So I left. I'm quite sure my mother doesn't express her own opinions on major questions, because I know how they used to talk about things, before he was President. She lets him talk things through, and I think when he's finished that has helped him sort things out for himself.

My mother really cares about people -- their feelings, their thoughts, their sensitivities. She is thoughtful in little way, too. For example, she made a point of going down to the White House switchboard room and personally meeting all the operators. If one of their relatives dies, she phones the operator and talks to her, and also sends flowers.

And she cares about us, too.

I like to talk to her about my boyfriends. She always wants to know who called, how old is he, what does he do, where does he go to school? She doesn't hesitate to give me her opinions about them, and usually I take her advice. Mom is a very good judge of people. I sometimes talk to my dad about my boyfriends, too, but not as often. Mostly, he just teases me about them.

I was very upset one day when I went to visit Mother in the hospital after her cancer operation. I can't even remember why now, but it seemed terribly important at the time. I didn't mention it to Mother,

because she was still quite sick, and she was supposed to be asleep. It was only three days after her operation. But she sensed that I had a problem, and she said, "Look, come here, sit down" -- pointing to the edge of the bed. I sat there, and we talked for an hour and a half. You've always got to have someone like that to talk to, when things get rough. I'm so grateful to have my mother.

Mother doesn't ever talk to me about any of her problems, though. She knew that Dr. William Lukash, the White House physician, would tell me what I needed to know about her operation. She doesn't talk to anyone about it now, because she feels very strongly that she is not going to let that experience dominate the rest of her life. She wrote one magazine article about it, because she thought that would help a lot of other women who might get cancer, by encouraging them to get checkups. But that's that. She has closed the book on the subject. My mother can be very firm.

She doesn't coddle us kids, either. She's always there, when you need someone to talk to. But she has never tried to hang onto us, as some mothers do. She always encouraged my brothers and me to explore different interests, and get involved in a lot of things. Because of this I'm interested in many things such as photography, writing, needlepoint, gardening and all sports.

Even though she encourages us, Mom never imposes anything on us. One of my mother's loves is dance. I suppose she would really be happy if I were to become a dancer -- as she was for several years, studying with the famous Martha Graham, among others. When I was eight years old she entered me in a modern dance class. But she never made me feel that I had to do it. She didn't force me to continue. I decided to on my own, xxxxxx I think that's why I still enjoy dancing.

Mom has lots of other qualities I think make her special. One of these is her strong belief in seeing something through to the

end. You know -- if you say you're going to do something, do it -- and do it the best you know how.

Mother wasn't too happy about moving to the White House in the beginning, because you get pretty attached to a house after you've lived there for 20 years. None of us really wanted to move from Alexandria. Also, the circumstances of the Nixons' departure made it very difficult for everyone.

But my mother is basically a happy person, and very adaptable. ~~She likes the White House very much now, although there are so many demands on her time that it's sometimes hard for her to do things with the perfection that she cherishes.~~ That's why it is so easy for her to adjust to the idea that my father will run for re-election to the Presidency in 1976. If he's happy, we're happy.

She likes the White House very much now, although there are so many demands on her time that it's sometimes hard to do things with the perfection that she cherishes. She tries to conserve her time by concentrating on the fields that mean the most to her.

When a White House State Dinner is coming up, that's the big thing on Mom's mind. It's so important to her to have it done perfectly that everything else can wait. The White House Social Secretary, Nancy Lammerding, carries out the ideas, but Mother personally supervises every detail of a State Dinner -- the guest list, the table decorations, the menu, the entertainment. Daddy even gets involved in the guest list and the after-dinner entertainment.

Another thing I like about my mother is her fantastic sense of humor. I don't think that's very apparent when people first meet her. It's more subtle, and comes out later. But she can really crack you up, and that's one of the reasons we have so much fun together. She teases us all unmercifully, and she is consistently pulling one-liners on everybody. I've been trying to think of examples, but her

humor always arises out of a situation. You have to be there at the moment to appreciate it.

Another thing Mother is unmercifull about is money! She has really taught all of us the value of a dollar. Anyone who has been around my mother for any amount of time is bound to be a bargain hunter.

Daddy gives me my allowance every Sunday night, but my clothes don't come out of that. Maybe "allowance" isn't the right word, because I don't get a set amount. Each Sunday Daddy says, "How much do you estimate you'll need this week?" Usually I can figure it pretty well, because I know what I'll be doing. It can run $7 or $10 or $12. Sometimes I say,"Daddy, I don't need any money."

Mother has made us all understand the importance of a good value, and has even made it fun. She showed me how to recognize well-made clothes, and to stay away from the cheaply-made ones that won't wear well, or the "faddy" ones that will be out of style next year -- except that maybe once in a while I buy a "Fad" just for fun.

Mother and I used to shop together for clothes, but it's harder now. She is busy, and besides, people recognize her (even when she wears dark glasses!), and stand around looking at her. Nobody recognizes me.

I usually shop with Mother's charge cards. She doesn't exactly set a top price I can spend, but I kind of know when I'm overstepping. If I'm crazy about something I think she may find too expensive, I telephone her before I buy it.

She always says, "Bring it home and let me see it." Sometimes she lets me keep it -- but other times we send it back.

Mother has always encouraged my brothers and me to use our imagination instead of spending more. She has a great way with scarves, for instance, to make a dress look different. She does it with belts, too -- or by wearing a blouse underneath, to change the appearance of

an outfit. She used to work as a (DEPARTMENT STORE) fashion coordinator.

Swapping clothes is also very popular in our family -- and not just between Mom and me. I've been known to borrow my brothers' things, too (Like ski sweaters and gloves). (And they've been known to borrow my dad's.) Mother and I have one red velveteen jacket (THAT) we swap back and forth all the time. I can't even remember who it originally belonged to. When we go to Vail, Colo., to ski at Christmas time, I bring two long skirts, and Mother brings two. That way we both have the use of four. We're about the same size, and can wear most of each other's clothes. We switch scarves, belts, bracelets and earrings, too.

Actually, the clothes swapping kind of symbolizes what our fairly easygoing family is like. We're informal, and we're close. We may be related, but we're friends as well. We have a great time together, but we also hash out ideas.

I think the important thing is that we all work together and count on each other -- and more than that, we like each other. And I guess if you can think your family is Number One -- you've got a lot to be grateful for."

####

Susan's Draft

Seventeen

feb 1st

"MOM"

I like my mother. I know ~~that~~ some people (who are) (crazy about) not theirs. But maybe I'm lucky. ~~It is very easy to explain when you have someone as special as mine~~. To me she is a very special person. My mother has taught me many things that have helped me in my 17 years of life. 38 43

She was told me to be interested in alot of things but has never imposed anything on me. As a result, she's let me discover for myself alot of new interests - like Photography, writing, needlepoint, gardening and all sports. ~~One of the many things she has taught me is the creative expression of myself. Mother has never confined to just one interest, such as letting me be active in different sports and using my own judgement in all aspects of life.~~

~~Mother has never demanded me to be interested in something.~~ As you know one of ~~on~~ my mothers love is dance I suppose she'd really be happy if I were to become a dancer. ~~At the age of six, mother entered me in modern dance classes~~ In fact when I was ~~six~~ 18 yrs. old she entered me in modern dance classes. But she never made me feel like I had to do it ~~and after a year I was given the option of continuing~~. She didn't force me to continue. I decided to continue on my own. 104

Mother also believes in great determination at whatever you do. It should not be a forced thing, but you never start a project without finishing with satisfaction. You also should

go through life with a very positive "yes" attitude. You should also enjoy life in every way possible. One example of this which applies to many of you all is writing a paper for a class. When you are assigned a paper, don't wait till the last minute, because it will not be the same quality if you used the full assigned time. I will admit that I have waited till the last few days, but it never pays off in the end.

Another thing that really hits home to me is the value of a dollar. Mom has really emphasized the importance of budgeting. The main idea is to look for sales and that is when you can get some of the best items. But don't buy useless things if you don't need them even if it is on sale. When the two of us go out shopping, we shop the bargains first--then if you cannot find what you want, then look other places.

There have been many times that mother and I have bought clothes that we can both wear so you get ~~the wear out of~~ twice the benefit ~~it for the price~~ of the cost. Of course, there are times when one cannot find something on sale and you have to buy it anyway. It is very important that you buy items that are interchangeable and you can ~~assecrite~~ acessorize. ~~assecro~~

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I don't know if any of you all ever talk with your parents. But if you ever do, really listen to them because what they have to say is very important. One of the very important things that they will talk to you about is your attitude towards people. Many people don't think that how you treat people is very important, but it really is. As the golden rule says, "do unto others as you would have them do unto you." I have been in many different social situations and you should be kind to every individual because everyone is human. When I go to a party with my folks there are always many more older people than myself and my escort. To tell you the truth, I get along with older people sometimes a hundred per cent better than people my age. Maybe this accounts for my wonderful relationship that I have with my parents. One

should give anyone a chance no matter the age or sex.

Everyone has someone that is important to them. To me, my family is the important thing right now in my life. Our family is very close knit, even with my brother being married. Gayle, my sister-in-law, has even brought our family, I think, a little closer. Since I have never had a sister, Gayle has helped me grow and mature as a woman--not the little tomboy that I used to be. Now that I have a sister every time I need someone to talk to, I have someone. Our close knit family has a genuine relationship. There is nothing hidden from any of us. When we have a chance, we do as many things together as a family. We enjoy being together and get along so very well. I think alot of this has to do with our interests being too wide spread and not living in the same household.

Summertime

As I sat on stage in June waiting to be given my diploma, thoughts of what the summer had in store for me pasted through my head. Through my tear stained eyes there I saw masses of girls in long white dresses hugging and kissing and making promises to stay together through the college years. All this made me both excited and sad about leaving. One thing for sure -- my summer is going to be full of fun, ~~and~~ activity, and experiences. ~~These experiences will be broadened since I am 16.~~ My activies will ~~main~~ mainly encolve the water and the beach. ~~Since I love the beach~~ Therefore I plan to spend many weekends at the beach. ~~The reason I love it so~~ the beach for me is alot of

things. the aspect I enjoy the most is the feeling of relaxation, aloneness and togetherness. I can ~~be~~ sit alone on the beach and enjoy listening to the rolling waves come splashing in ~~on~~ and fall asleep to the screech of the seagulls. Equally as fun is a party on a boat interupted with skiing x ~~or~~ and at sunset a ~~bomb~~ bon fire with a frisbee ~~gar~~ or volleyball game. ¶ My hobby photography would be enjoyed at the beach as well as in the city. After shooting pictures of the landscape at the sea shore, I plan to do a photo essay on our beautiful city Washington and the many tourist that arrive daily.

The Washington Post has permitted me to accompany one of their photographers to give me an opertunity to shoot pictures outside the White House gates.

I will enjoy the apertunity the Washington Post has given me in order to improve my photography.

Having plenty of free time this summer, I hope to spend alot of time traveling with my parents. Not only will this give ~~them~~ me an apertunity to spend extensive periods of time with each other, but also opening new doors to my education. I am hoping my parents will be taking some trips abroad, because I have never been ~~of~~ out of the United States. I want to learn more about the different cultures but most of all the people that live there.

With these new experiances behind me I hope to begin to get in geare for my college future at Mount Vernon. This involves many things both mentaly and

physically. First off to open my mind to working again in a scheduled sort of way. One thing that will be hard is trying to disciplining myself when there ~~is~~ are just so many activities to get involved in at college. Even though this is going to take time, I plan on ~~g~~ resting up so when it comes to staying up all night studying I will be prepared. But I also want to spend alot of time with my close friends since we are all going in different directions. To me, friends are one of the most important things to me. Then you can't forget all the errands to be run before classes. I hope I can fulfill all my duties, ~~and still~~ as well as having fun doing it. With all this in mind ~~I am~~. I know my summer will be successful.

So there they were, Mom and Dad, just before I was born -- with three boys under eight, all of them into <u>everything</u> and driving Mom nuts.

You'd think they'd want their fourth child to be some nice quiet girl they wouldn't have to mess around with, right?

Wrong. I found out a few years ago that I was <u>not</u> exactly what everybody had in mind. Mom started out wanting a girl but finally decided that with three boys already, a fourth would be a lot more practical. As for my brothers? I wasn't their first choice -- in fact, they used to threaten to send me back. But I think they're finally getting used to me.

Mike is the oldest, 25. Jack is 23, and Steve is 19, about a year older than me. Growing up with them has really been a lesson in survival. But I have to admit, it's brought a lot of fun as well (not to mention a few bruises).

My brothers have been good for a lot of things -- learning how to ski or play football or wrestle, for example. Or for hashing over dates late at night, or helping me figure out my other problems. They've even been good for fixing me up with a date once in a while.

But I learned early that they can also be counted on for

lectures if they don't like what I'm doing; for teasing that doesn't stop; and for telling me when I look good, but never missing a chance to let me know if I look too fat or my hair looks awful. Since I'm a girl and the youngest, my brothers are incredibly protective. And while that can be good, let me tell you, there are plenty of times I can do without it!

For instance, you'd better believe they were careful about which of their friends they fixed me up with! With three brothers, there have always been lots of nice looking guys around our house. The bad part is that the three of them always screened the guys I got to go out with.

We end up doubling alot of times, and we always have a great time. But there's never any doubt that there's somebody watching... And

When we were in Vail at Christmas, Steve sat me down for two hours and gave me a 'big brother' talk on what I should be doing and what I shouldn't. And even when we were little, Steve made a point of watching out for me. When we lived in Alexandria, he used to walk across the street to our neighbors, the Thornes, to scout the place out. He'd always ask, "Can I bring my little sister over?" and then come back and take me over to play.

Mike, Jack and Steve were great on things like looking after me in general. But Mom never really trusted them to babysit. I think she worried about what we'd do to each other. For instance, they used to like to go to the fuse box and turn off all the lights to scare me. Or they'd hide under my bed; when I'd kneel down to say my prayers and Mom would turn off the lights, they'd jump out and grab my legs. They used to tell me that Dracula and Wolf Man lived in the closet, and that alligators crawled around under my bed.

Actually, in spite of their jokes and constant teasing, we've gotten along almost forever. I've always looked up to them for advice, depended on them to help me and counted on them as friends. When I was little, I always wanted to go everywhere they did and do everything with them (great for me, but not so hot for them).

This worked out pretty well, except for a couple of years when I was in fourth and fifth grades. My brothers were going through their 'cootie stage'. You know, the 'Girls-are-yuk-they-all-have-cooties' bit. They'd lock their doors so I couldn't get in, and wouldn't let me play with their toys. Eventually, though, they came to their senses.

We ~~eventually~~ got back to the stage of doing things together again later. Mom has never been great on the new math, so

I had to count on my brothers' help for that. And besides that, there've always been a million football games (one of them was always ~~in a game~~ playing somewhere), picnics and vacations. Once, when Mom's back acted up and she had to stay home, Dad took all four of us to Rehoboth Beach in Delaware for week (Without Mom, the poor man. But he survived...)

There have also been lots of long trips in a station wagon, with a million and two things piled in the car. Once when we were driving to Boyne Mountain in Michigan to ski, Steve got sick in the car. Mom immediately gave each one of us a boot to hold in case the power of suggestion got to be too much.

My brothers are really neat. They're good-looking and fun, but they've got it together as well. Mike, the oldest, is married now and lives near Boston with his wife Gayle. He's got a lot of common sense, and is a genuine and reasonable person. He and Steve, who lives on a ranch in Montana, are the most alike. They tend to be traditional in their views, especially about things like the family and how children should be raised. They're both very protective, and Steve is especially into wanting to make sure I understand myself and my relationships with others. Steve is natural and outgoing, and is very much at ease with the world. Jack, my middle brother who lives in Utah, is more

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Have you ever tried to sit down and write about what you're going to be doing three months from now? Especially when it seems like you should be talking about your plans for the summer and you don't really know what you'll be doing?

By the time you read this, it'll be late June or early July. But in order to meet the printing deadlines, I've got to write this column three months in advance. Let me tell you, it's tough! Sometimes I can't tell you what I'll be doing tomorrow!!

Well, I'll start with what I know for sure ... my graduation in June. There we'll be, 74 of us in my senior class at Holton Arms, forced out of our navy blue knee socks and uniforms into long, white, springy dresses -- maybe even looking halfway adult. I already know it'll be a scene -- kissing, some crying, glad to be out but wondering what happens next ... and everybody making promises to stay in touch no matter where we go to school. It's really exciting, I think, knowing some good things are on the way, but kind of sad to know that certain kind of fun is over, too.

A few things my summer will involve for sure -- sun and having fun in it, relaxing with my friends, and spending time with my family. Catching up on my mail. Improving my photography. Doing some reading and getting ready for my first year at Mount Vernon Junior College here in D.C. And hopefully, doing some traveling as well.

I always look forward to summer for lots of reasons, but especially because I love the beach. The part I like the most is the total feeling of relaxation and aloneness. I can sit by myself on the beach, enjoy the motion of the waves and fall asleep listening to the seagulls with no problem at all. And the beach is a fantastic place to be with friends as well. What's better than a game of frisbee or volleyball with a bunch of people who are as sunburned as you, or watching the sun go down while you're building a fire and getting the hotdogs out?

I suspect most of my sun will be at the beach because really, there are not a whole lot of places to sunbathe at the White House. The place was not really built for privacy, and that's not a complaint, especially, that's just the way it is. There's one spot on the roof level, behind some balconies, that may work out, but that's about the only way to get some sun around here other than the tennis courts. Without causing some kind of commotion, anyway.

One thing I'll be able to do anywhere is work on my photography. You may know that my senior project was to take pictures of my father at work. That was fun, and gave me some good experience. But I'm going to need a lot more before I'm

ready to show my pictures to anybody other than my family! I'm already getting so I don't have to think of the mechanical part of working a camera as much, and can concentrate more on the expressive part of a shot. I'll be the first to admit I have a long way to go, but I should have lots of chances to improve this summer. The beach is a natural setting, but I also want to do as much as I can around the city. I'd love to do a photo essay on Washington, D.C. The city is so alive -- with the monuments and things that are always here, but with the thousands of visitors that stream in every year as well. I'm at the stage of not knowing how serious I am about photography, and a photo essay like this would give me some good experience, I think.

After having so many years of reading that's required for school, it'll be nice to relax with things I don't have to read. Also, I've been getting 100-150 letters a week, and it's been hard to keep up with them during school. So I hope to use this summer as a kind of catch-up time on the mail as well.

One thing I'm crossing my fingers about is the possibility of being able to travel. I've never been outside of the country, and if Mom and Dad do some foreign traveling, I'm hoping I'll get to go. I'm anxious to know alot more about other countries, about their cultures and about the people there. It seems like

nothing is quite as educational or makes you want to learn more than seeing a place firsthand and meeting the people who live there. If the traveling works out, I'll want to spend alot of time studying about the countries we'd visit.

I've also got to think about getting ready for college. I know there'll be meetings and orientations toward the end of the summer which should be interesting. I wish there were a way to save up on sleep ahead of time, so I'd be up for the all-night studying marathons I know are going to happen. I want to do well, and know it's important to be organized from the beginning.

I also plan to spend alot of time with my friends this summer before they all go off to school -- this is really important to me. And with everything else I've mentioned, I should be fairly busy -- and may even keep out of trouble!

So here's to the Summer of '75 -- hope it's a good one for you, wherever you are!

Isabelle
Draft
For Sheila

By Susan Ford

I am looking forward to a busy, pleasant summer -- mostly doing things outside the White House.

This place isn't what you'd call a summer resort. I've been surveying the possibilities, and there really isn't that much for a teen ager to do.

The swimming pool is gone, buried under the press room -- but it was an inside pool, anyhow, that I'm told got all hot and steamy in the summertime. So maybe it's no great loss. I guess I'm spoiled, because we had a pool behind our Alexandria, Va., house all my life. I swam almost as soon as I walked. Sometimes when I go back to Alexandria to visit old neighbors and see strangers swimming in "my pool" (the house is rented), it's kind of hard to take.

There are not many places around the White House to sun bathe, either. The house was not exactly built for a family's privacy. That's not a complaint, especially. That's just the way it is.

There is one place on the roof level, behind some balconies, that may work out. The Johnson and Nixon girls used it sometimes, I'm told. But that's about the only way you can get sun around here other than the tennis court -- and that's often in use by members of the staff. I try to get my Dad out on the court, but of course he rarely has time. Sometimes David Kennerly, the White House photographer, will play with me. ~~One of my friends~~ Or one of my friends comes over.

There also is a bowling alley and a pool table here for the President's family. But I don't exactly consider those summer sports.

So I've been lining up things to do outside the White House gates.

I'm going to concentrate on my photography, for one thing. My senior project at school was taking pictures of my father at work. That was fun, and gave me some good experience. But I need a lot more before I'm ready to show my pictures to anybody but my family.

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I'd love to do a photo essay on Washington, D. C. The city is so alive -- with thousands of visitors WHO strem in every year to the famous monuments.

I also hope to swim a lot this summer, even though we don't have a pool any more. — RIGHT AHEAD OF SKIING, It's my favorite sport. Several friends with pools have invited me over. I especially love the Atlantic Ocean beaches, and intend to spend some time at one of them, too.

The part I like the most is the total feeling of relaxation and aloneness. I can sit by myself on the beach, enjoy the motion of the waves, and fall a sleep listening to the seagulls with no problem at ALL. Other times, it's great to play a game of frisbee or volleyball with a bunch of people as sunburned as you, or watch the sun go down while you're building a fire or getting the hotdogs out.

I also hope I can do some foreign travelling with my parents this summer, if my Dad's schedule and mine can be coordinated. So far, things

things haven't worked out very well.

I had hoped to go with him to Europe this summer, but then he decided that the time to go was when the NATO Summit conference took place in Brussels, May 28 and 29. That shot me down. The conference was just two days before my school's senior prom, to be held in the White House May 31. And I wouldn't have wanted to miss the last week of school anyhow.

I couldn't very well ask them to change the date of an international conference, just s I could xxxxxxx be there! So I missed out on Europe. At least, Dad was ~~scheduled~~ SCHEDULED to get back in time for my June 5 graduation, wher he was ~~scheduled~~ to deliver the commencement address.

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After I missed out on the European trip I still was hoping I could go with my Dad to China, but it seems he isn't going until late fall. By then I will have started classes at Mount Vernon College, here in Washington.

FORD -- add three

I'm really disappointed about missing those two trips. I've never been outside the country, and I'm anxious to know a lot more about other nations -- about their cultures and the people who live there.

I'm still hoping maybe Mom and Dad will do some other overseas travelling this summer. If it works out, I'll want to spend a lot of time studying ~~xx~~ about the countries we'll visit.

I'm also looking forward to doing some "fun" reading this summer. After spending so many years reading what's required for school. It will be nice to relax with things I don't have to read.

I like Hermann Hesse, and also Mark Twain. I want to read J. R. R. Tolkein's "The Hobbit," and also "Portrait of the Assassin," the book my father wrote after he served on the Warren Commission that investigated President Kennedy's death.

By the time I get through with all that, it will be time for college orientation to ~~xxxxx~~ start.

So here's to the Summer of '75. Hope it's a good one for you, wherever you are!

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I'm already at the point where getting so I don't have to think as much about the mechanics of working a camera, and can concentrate more on the expressive part, and on composition. (commercialism)

I'm planning to go around to news and feature events this summer with some of the professional photographers I know who cover the White House, I'll shoot the same pictures they shoot, and learn by watching and listening to them.

I would also like to do a photo essay on Washington, D. C. The city is so alive with thousands of visitors who stream in every year to the famous monuments. I'd like to try to capture that feel of activity and excitement if I can.

You see a lot of the tourists at the White House, since it's not only our home but a "national monument" as well. I suppose it sounds creepy to say you live in a monument. But I have to admit, it's really very nice most of the time. I don't get to see very much of the White House tourists, because I'm usually in school during tour hours. But on Saturday mornings I sometimes can hear them through my window. And now that nice weather is here, they sometimes start to line up by the time I'm leaving for school.

People are always asking how it feels to live in a house that thousands of people troop through five days a week. I actually don't think much about it. We have privacy in our second and third floor family quarters. I suppose in a way it's a little like living in an apartment. You don't think about what's going on on the floor below. (Unless it's a State dinner, and the dance band makes it hard to concentrate on homework or sleep!) The big public rooms downstairs -- the Red Room, Blue Room, Green Room and so on -- really are the "museum" part of the White House. It's hard to

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think of them as part of "my house."

In addition to taking pictures, I also hope to do a lot of swimming this summer. Dad always liked swimming and thought it was good for us kids, so we got to grow up with a pool in our back yard in Alexandria, Virginia. It's always been my favorite sport--right behind skiing. At our house it seems like you learned to swim about the time you were learning to walk! So, I guess that's one thing I miss about that house. It's hard to visit old neighbors and see strangers swimming in "my pool!"

I understand there used to be a pool at the White House, but it was inside, and somebody told me it got pretty hot and steamy in the summer anyway. But there are plenty of other things to do around here anyway. There's a great record collection that belongs to the White House that I can use. There's a pool table on the third floor, where I have my room, that a bunch of us use all the time; and there's a little theatre in the East Wing that the staff uses for meetings during the day. We're allowed to have friends come for movies at night, and the motion picture people have been really great about getting us movies we'd like to see.

Also, there's a tennis court on the lawn! We share it with the staff as much as we can; and since my brothers aren't home, that's pretty often. Dad has always liked tennis, but doesn't have much time to play. I was hoping this would affect his game, but it hasn't--he still beats me every time we play!

So, for tennis and lots of things, the White House is great. About the only thing it's hard to do is find a private place to lay in the sun. I've found one spot, up on the third floor behind some balconies. The first time I used it, I forgot how white paint reflects the sun, and I hurt for quite a few days afterwards! We've set up some lawn chairs, and it'll be a nice place to read this summer. Somebody told me the Johnson and Nixon girls used to use it too.

I also hope to spend some time this summer at one of the beaches on the Atlantic. I especially love swimming in the ocean--tasting the salt and getting carried around by the waves.

But, the part I like most about the beach is the feeling of relaxation and aloneness. I can sit by myself, enjoy the motion of the waves, and fall asleep listening to the seagulls with no problem at all. Other times, it's great to play a game of frisbee or volleyball with a bunch of people as sunburned as you are, or watch the sun go down while you're building a fire or getting hotdogs out.

I also hope I can do some foreign travelling with my parents this summer--number one, if I'm invited, but also if Dad's schedule and mine can be coordinated!

I had hoped there would be some way to go to Europe with Mom and Dad this summer and maybe something will work out yet. The one thing that would have been great would have been the NATO summit conference in Brussels in May. I know Dad would have been in meetings most of the time, but what an experience to be involved in something that significant--even if only to go along! But the Conference was just two days before my senior prom, which we got to have at the White House. And I wouldn't have wanted to miss the last week of school anyhow. Oh well, you just have to hope there'll be other times!

All this will have taken place by the time you read this. One of the problems in writing a monthly magazine column is that you have to turn in your copy about three months before the article appears.

By the time you are reading this I will have passed that great milestone--high school graduation--and be half into summer. And, even though it's a month away, I can see it all now. There we'll be, 74 of us in my senior class at Holton Arms, forced

out our navy blue knee socks and uniforms into long, white springy dresses--maybe even looking halfway adult.

I already know it will be a scene--kissing, some crying, glad to be out but wondering what happens next--and everybody making promises to stay in touch no matter where we go to school. It's really exciting, I think, thinking of everything the next few years will bring.

But it's kind of sad, too, knowing that a certain kind of fun is over. I guess that's why I really want to spend a lot of time with my friends this summer before they go away to school and I start Mount Vernon College (here in Washington) in the fall.

I also want to do some "fun" reading this summer. After spending so many years reading what's required for school, it will be nice to relax with things I don't have to read.

I like Hermann Hesse, and also Mark Twain. I want to read J.R.R. Tolkein's "The Hobbit," and also "Portrait of the Assassin," the book my father wrote after he served on the Warren Commission that investigated President Kennedy's assassination.

By the time I get through with that, it will be time for college orientation to begin.

So here's to the Summer of '74! Hope it's a good one for you, wherever you are.

2nd Isabelle Shelton draft

By Susan Ford

I am looking forward to a busy, pleasant summer, and have more things lined up than I'll probably ever have time to do.

I'm going to concentrate on my photography, for one thing. My senior project at school was taking pictures of my father at work. That was fun, and gave me some good experience. But I need a lot more before I'm ready to show my pictures to anybody but my family.

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I would love to do a photo essay on Washington, D. C. The city is so alive -- with thousands of visitors who stream in every year to the famous monuments.

A lot of them come through the White House, of course. Did you know that the President's residence is officially listed as a "national monument?" It sounds creepy to be living in a monument. But it's really a very nice place to live.

I haven't seen very much of the White House tourists, because I'm usually in school during tour hours. On Saturday mornings I sometimes can hear them through my window.

People ask me how it feels to live in a house that thousands of people troop through five days a week. I actually don't think much about it. We have privacy in our second and third floor family quarters. I suppose in a way you could say it's like living in an apartment. You don't think about what's going on on the floor below. The big public rooms downstairs -- the Red Room, Blue Room, Green Room and so forth -- really are the "museum" part of the White House. I don't

~~xxxxxxx~~ think of them as part of "my house."

I also hope to do a lot of swimming this summer. I guess I'm spoiled. I grew up with a pool in my back yard, in Alexandria, Va., and it's always been my favorite sport -- right behind skiing. I could swim almost as soon as I could walk. Sometimes when I go back to Alexandria to visit old neighbors and see strangers swimming in "my pool" it's kind of hard to take.

But ~~xxxxxxx~~ several of my friends with pools have invited me over. I'll invite them back to the White House (to listen to records and see movies). We discovered a big record collection here, when we moved in. Lots of groovy 60's music. And ~~we can watch movies.~~ There's a small private theater here, over in the East Wing, ~~and~~ where they seem to be able to get hold of any picture you want to see.

? out

And although the White House doesn't have a swimming pool any more (I understand the pool that used to be here, which was inside, got hot and steamy in the summertime anyhow), we can sun bathe. There's a nice private place up on the roof level, behind some balconies, where we can set up patio ~~lounges.~~ CHAIRS. It gets lots of sun, and is completely shielded from view. I'm told the Johnson and Nixon girls used it sometimes.

Except for the family quarters, it's about the only place to "get away from it all" around here. The house was not exactly built for a family's privacy. That's not a complaint, especially. That's just the way it is.

The tennis court is another place where you can get sun ~~around~~ here, but that's often used by members of the staff. I try to get my Dad out on the court, but of course he rarely has time. ~~Sometimes David Kennerly will play with me.~~ Or one of my friends comes over. I usually play with one of my friends.

Dad is great at all sports -- although his tennis suffers because he plays so little now. That's one game you really have to keep working at.

(SUSAN ** We could use a few more comments here about your Dad on the tennis court. If you have an amusing anecdote, so much the better. You could gently tease him. And rewrite the above paragraph if it is inaccurate.)

I also hope to spend some time this summer at one of the Atlantic Ocean beaches. I especially love ocean swimming, fighting the big waves.

The part I like most about the beach is the feeling of relaxation and aloneness. I can sit by myself, enjoy the motion of the waves, and fall asleep listening to the seagulls with no problem at all. Other times, it's great to play a game of frisbee or volleyball with a bunch of people as sunburned as you are, or watch the sun go down while you're building a fire or getting hotdogs out.

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I had hoped to go with him to Europe this summer, but then he decided that the time to go was when the NATO Summit Conference took place in Brussels, May 28 and 29. That shot me down. The conference was just two days before my school's senior prom, to be held in the White House May 31. And I wouldn't have wanted to miss the last week of school anyhow.

I couldn't very well ask them to change the date of an international conference, just so Susan could be there! So I missed out on Europe. At least, Dad was planning to get back in time for my June 5 graduation, where he was to deliver the commencement address.

Of course all that will have taken place by the time you read this. One of my problems in writing a monthly magazine column is that you have to turn in your copy about three months before the article appears.

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I already know it will be a scene -- kissing, some crying, glad to be out but wondering what happens next -- and everybody making promises to stay in touch no matter where we go to school. It's really exciting, I think, starting a new page in

your life. But it's kind of sad, too, knowing that a certain kind of fun is over. I guess that's why I'm especially anxious to spend a lot of time with my friends this summer, clutching at those good days and good memories before I make a lot of new friends when I start Mount Vernon College (here in Washington) in the fall.

I'm also looking forward to doing some "fun" reading this summer. After spending so many years reading what's required for school, it will be nice to relax with things I don't have to read.

I like Hermann Hesse, and also Mark Twain. I want to read J.R.R. Tolkein's "The Hobbit," and also "Portrait of the Assassin," the book my father wrote after her served on the Warrenn Commission that investigated President Kennedy's assassination.

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So here's to the Summer of '75! Hope it's a ~~xxxxxx~~ good one for you, wherever you are.

####

Copy for Sheila

By Susan Ford

When we first moved into the White House, I didn't think I'd like it. It all had happened so suddenly, there wasn't time ~~to~~ prepare ~~your mind for it.~~ ~~for me~~ to prepare myself.

I know there had been a lot of talk that President Nixon would resign. But the family didn't believe it. Maybe my father did, but my mother and three brothers and I were living our lives just as we always had. We didn't expect anything to change.

Then overnight it did. The day my father became President was ~~really~~ unreal. I remember the press and people gathering outside our house in Alexandria, Va. I was afraid to walk out, because everyone wanted tnow what was going on inside. I just sat doing needlepoint.

Then we all drove to the White House for my father's swearing-in. As we entered the big white marble Grand Hallway lights were bright, cameras were clicking, reporters were screaming questions. From the time we took our seats in the East Room for the swearing-in, my mind went blank. I don't remember anything until we were walking through the Green, Blue and Red rooms. I looked with amazement. I felt so uncomfortable and such a stranger. All I could think was, "Take me home; this is not my home."

Itwas ~~all so much~~ more formal than we were used to. When I get home from school -- driven by a Secret Service agent -- a butler opens the door, takes my bookbag, races to the elevator and pushes the Up button for me. When I say, "Second, please" (where my parents' room is), he says, "Thank you, Miss Susan, I will take your things to your room" (which is on the third floor). ~~Unreal!~~ It's nice now.

The White House staff is absolutely the greatest, ~~though~~, ~~and pretty soon they were making us all feel at home.~~

But We had to work on them ~~too, however~~ -- to loosen them up. It seems they weren't used to an informal family like ours, who really wanted to talk to them about themselves, and treat them

like people with personalities and problems of their own. They seemed used to being anonymous shadows -- always there when you called them, but then sinking silently into the workwork. It didn't take long to break through to them, though, and now we regard them as warm friends.

We were just getting nicely settled into the White House when a crisis struck. Everyone knows about my mother's operation for cancer. This was a terrible time for all ofus, but we stuck in there. I wanted to spend every minute with my mother at the hospital, but she wouldn't hear of it. So I kept up with my school work and other necessary things.

I was scared the evening ~~we drove with~~ my mother went to the hospital. But I felt better later that evening, after my oldest brother, Mike (24), his wife, Gayle, and Rev Billy Zioli, ~~an evangelist~~ friend of ~~Mike's and ours~~ the family's, flew in. Mike and I have always been very close. He is studying to be a minister, ~~too~~. After they ~~both~~ talked to me I felt much better -- sort of peaceful and accepting.

In my English class at school we have to make daily entries in a "journal" each of us keeps. What I wrote the day of mother's cancer operation expresses my feelings better than I can now:

"...I walked the halls all morning; the walls began to move inward, the carpet moved without me. Walking. Mother was in the operating room; we were waiting to hear from the doctor. Walking up and down the hall I pictured my mother waving to the public, shaking hands, dancing in the Grand Hall. The final picture was of her lying on the bed they wheeled her away in; the smile, kiss and last whispered words, 'I love you.'"

In the beginning I resented the fact that reporters were always standing there when we went in or out of the hospital. I felt they were invading my family's privacy, and there was no way to avoid them. But later I realized that the publicity about my mother was very good, because it has saved so many other lives.

Things are pretty much back to "normal" for us now, although my mother still has to take it easy. Her doctor says she is coming along very well, and we're all so grateful.

~~Right~~

Right now, I'm busy with arrangements for the senior prom at Holton Arms, the private girls' school I ~~go to~~ attend in ~~Suburban~~ Bethesda Maryland. The proms are usually held at a country club or hotel, but this year my parents invited the class to hold it in the White House. The whole senior class of 75 is helping make the plans.

There will be two bands --"Outer Space" and "The Sandcastles." The class picked the first group, which is from Maine. I knew about "The Sandcastles," which I have heard ~~play~~ at a party ~~dances at the University of Virginia~~. Hampden-Sydney College in Virginia.

The ~~party~~ prom will be from 9 to 12 on May 31. There won't be any liquor, ~~only sodas~~ just soft drinks and punch. As I'm writing this we're still deciding ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ what other refreshments to serve, and whether the boys should wear black or white tie. I will probably wear the dress I'm wearing on the cover of this magazine.

We may hold the dance outside on the South Lawn, in a big tent in which ~~Tricia and Julie Nixon once gave~~ a dance was given for Britain's Prince Philip and Princess ~~Margaret~~ Ann. The view from there is beautiful -- the South Fountain, the lighted Jefferson Memorial and the tall lighted shaft of the Washington Monument in the background. If we're lucky we might even have a full moon.

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By Susan Ford

Living in the White House has made me much more conscious of the historical figures who lived here before me.

When I come across the name of a President or his family in a history book now, I tend to think of them in terms of what they did in the White House -- not so much the momentous historic decisions some of them made, but I wonder, for instance --

What was it like when they lived here? Did they enjoy it? Which rooms did they sleep in? What did they do for fun? Did they resent the loss of privacy?

Occasionally ~~today~~ we come across some small, concrete evidence of a family that lived here before us, and that's exciting.

For instance, shortly after we moved in, Mother and I found in a second floor bedroom closet a piece of tape glued to a shelf, ~~that~~ which read, "Lynda Bird's hope chest." We checked, and that was the room that Lynda Bird Johnson had occupied. The shelf clearly was where she had been gathering things before her marriage to Charles Robb, a Marine officer on duty as a White House aide.

When Chuck and Lynda Robb came to visit us a short time later, we showed them the closet and our "discovery." Lynda had forgotten all about it, and was surprised that the tape was still there. Chuck Robb was enchanted. He had not known anything about it.

Lynda wanted to tear off the tape, but my mother said, "No," she was going to have it varnished over, as a small bit of White House his-

tory that the next "tenant" might enjoy finding as much as we did.

We took Chuck and Lynda up to the third floor solarium that day, because we understood they had spent many happy hours there. Most White House families, especially the children, use it as an informal recreation room. It's a great room, lined with windows, and usually very bright and sunny.

They say President Eisenhower used to barbecue steaks there, Mrs. Truman's bridge club met there, it was Caroline Kennedy's nursery school, and Luci and Lynda Johnson were both proposed to there.

Lynda told us it was true about the Johnson girls, and she pointed out the couch she and Chuck had been sitting on when he proposed.

Mother said she was going to "get that couch out of here," tecause I was "too young for that sort of thing."

Mother believes every girl should get a good education and learn to support herself before she gets married, in case she should have to some day. I agree with her. I want to go to college, and then hold some sort of a job for a while -- I don't know what yet. Then I want to get married and have several kids.

One day I went looking for "evidence" of earlier White House children I'd read about. Some of them really tore up the place! Tad Lincoln hitched his two pet goats to a kitchen chair (lying on its back), and "rode" the chair ~~had them pull him xxxxxx~~ around the East Room (with the goats pulling) ~~floor~~. Theodore Roosevelt's kids scratched up the East Room floor by roller skating on it -- to their mother's horor. The Roosevelt boys also ~~xxx~~ took their pet pony up in the elevator one day, to cheer up their brother Archie, who was in bed with the measels.

It must have been a wild place in those days!

But when I went looking for the scratches in the East Room floor I couldn't find any. It's all polished and gleaming now. Then I remembered reading that they gutted the whole White House during the Truman administration -- leaving only the outside stone walls -- because

they had decided the old building was structurally dangerous after one leg of Margaret Truman's Steinway piano had plunged through the ceiling below! So of course the East Room got a new floor then.

Another floor was renewed more recently, removing another bit of history I wish I could have seen. I'm told that a patch of the cork floor in the President's oval office was full of small holes -- made by President Eisenhower when he came in from his South Lawn putting green wearing his spiked golf shoes. The floor was replaced during the Nixon administration, and I understand the pockmarked floorboards were given to a few close friends of the Nixon as historical momentos.

Of course there is a lot of furniture around the White House that has a connection with some President. I suppose the most famous is the big Lincoln bed. Margaret Truman and two of her girlfriends slept there one night, very conscious of the stories that Lincoln's ghost is supposed to have been seen pacing in that room.

They didn't get any sleep, but not from the ghost. They said the bed was terribly lumpy and uncomfortable. Margaret learned later that her father had planned to play a trick on them by having a six-foot-two butler dress up in a tailcoat and stovepipe hat and drift in during the night. But the butler got sick and spoiled the plot.

I've thought about sleeping in the Lincoln bed some night, but I'm too chicken. I really BELIEVE in ghosts.

David Eisenhower managed to leave his mark behind in the White House, when his grandfather "Ike" was leaving office, by hiding several notes reading, "I shall return" and his name. People kept finding them later.

David lived there a second time, of course, because he was married to Julie Nixon. I don't think he left any notes this time, though. I am now living in the third floor suite that used to be David and Julie's. I've gone over everything pretty thoroughly, and I haven't come across any notes.

~~Explain to them my "mark" somewhere, too, when the Fords move out (not for five years, I hope), because it's such fun for a new family to "discover" things.~~

I plan to leave my "mark" in some way, too, when the Fords move out, because it's such fun for a new family to "discover" things. I haven't figured out what it will be yet, but I hope to have 5½ years in which to make up my mind!

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Ford /SEVENTEEN August issue

Copy for Stile

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When my Dad was a congressman, I used to be really amazed at some of the things people would write him about. But now that he's President, I get to be surprised at the things people write me about!

I think I'm about the same person I was a year ago before he was sworn in. You know . . . going to school, getting together with my friends, basically doing my thing. But if you didn't know, and read my mail, you'd think I was some kind of a hotshot with influence! Flattering, but unfortunately, not true!

I get about 200 letters a week and they really cover a lot of ground -- from people's problems with the government to something they saw in the paper and liked or didn't like. From ideas they want passed on to my father, to advice ~~from~~ for me.

I've been asked to intercede -- or get my father to intercede -- to stop deportation proceedings against John Lennon.

I've been asked to use my "influence" (their words!) to decriminalize the use of marijuana. One man wrote me to complain that the famous racehorse, "Secretariat," has been retired to a stud farm -- as if I could do anything about it!

Adults sometimes write me to express their views to my father on major issues of war and peace. Sometimes they write when they are having an immigration problem, or some trouble about their veterans' benefits or Social Security.

I can't intercede in any of these, of course. I love the Beatles' music, but it would be improper for me to interfere. I wouldn't ask my father to, either (even though one boy wrote me from California that "it would be redneck not to.")

I did ask about the Lennon case, and found out it was going through the right channels at the Immigration Commission.

Most mail dealing with issues I send on over to my father's office -- though sometimes I send the letters directly to the agency that handles the problem, such as the Veterans' Administration or Social Security.

I get a lot of advice and comments about my activities, all the way from "stay your own sweet self" to "any jackass can take pictures." That one was on a postcard that had a picture of a donkey sent after there were stories about my going to the Ansel Adams photo workshop out west.

Some people complained after the papers ran pictures of the birthday party for our golden retriever, "Liberty." One called it a "posh pooch party," and a lot of others wanted to know how I could waste food like that while people are starving.

Actually, the party was no big deal. Liberty gets lonely, so I had her brothers and sisters come from nearby Virginia for her to play with. We formed her dog food into the shape of a cake. and that was

all there was to it!
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One person advised me against "touch" dancing. Another wanted to help me "find Jesus," the way he felt he had done. One urged me to "remember you have some responsibility because you are in the public eye."

When my father tripped on the airplane steps in Austria, people wrote me about ways to avoid that. One man had a patented knee brace he said Dad should wear. Another thought the White House should insist upon some sort of ramp or elevator, so that a President would never have to go up and down stairs.

I get a lot of letters from young people, but I guess the ones I like best of all are from little kids. They're so cute and funny. Some of them want me to babysit for them!

In the Washington area, some mothers write me too. They read I do some babysitting, and they seriously offer me jobs. They tell me the names and ages of their children, and something about each.

But I've also been advised not to babysit at all anymore, because "you're too old."

Sometimes I get letters from young girls about their boyfriends. They want me to decide"if he really likes me." That's a tough one to handle by mail, not knowing either the girl or the boy. I tell them I can't decide for them, but that I know a boy likes me when he is nice to me and wants to share his thoughts with me and learn what my interests are."

A letter that touched me deeply was from a girl who said she read a magazine article about me, where I said how "patient and understanding" my dad is, and it made her cry. She wrote me all about her life at home, where she was not happy because she felt her parents were "too strict" and had never given her "real understanding and love." There are lots of letters that really tug at you and they're so frustrating, because you're often powerless to help.

A lot of people want to be "pen pals" with me, and I've had lots of offers for dates. Some say, "I'd just like to sit and rap with you."

I have to turn these down -- though if I had time, some of the "pen pal" offers sound tempting. Some are ~~really~~ interesting. The dates don't really interest me, because I have my own friends that I go out with.

There are loads of questions about "what it's like to live in the White House." I tell them that I try to just be a normal teenager, and that being the President's daughter isn't as bad as some people seem to think. I live my personal life -- school, shopping, parties, and getting together with friends -- just like I always have. The official things, like appearances, interviews, and mail, cut into my time, of course. But there's a staff to help.

A lot of people write about the animals, Liberty and my cat, Shan. In fact, I get all the "animal" mail, whether it's addressed to me or not. Some is addressed directly to the animals and signed with a paw print!

There was a lot of animal mail when an erroneous story was printed that Liberty was about to have puppies. A lot of people wanted one. But the story isn't ture, and it won't be for a while. We're going to wait until Liberty's at least two years old before we breed her, because females of her breed sometimes get hip dysplasia if they carry puppies before then.

I'm not always certain why people write me. Sometimes they need help cutting red tape and they think I can help. Sometimes they just need a sounding board and choose me. And sometimes they're lonely, and feel a need to be in touch with another human being. One lady wrote me that she was alone and old and frightened, facing an operation, and that it would hearten her so much if she got a letter from me.

For the most part, though, there are just lots of nice people out there who want the President's daughter -- whoever she is -- to know they identify with her and are very interested in her and her father and mother.

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Tone of story negative

Patti

Sheila's gag

By Susan Ford

The things people write the White House about never cease to amaze me. They even write to me:

I'm the same "plain old Susan" that I was before my father became President, now almost a year ago. I don't know very much more than I did then --well, a little I hope; I've had another year of school.

But all of a sudden all sorts of people are writing me letters, and acting as if they think my living in the White House has invested me with magical powers to solve their problems. I get about 200 letters a week.

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I wrote her~~s~~, of course. I answer all my mail. I feel it's a ~~real~~ responsibility anyone whose father is President has to accept. I have some secretarial help, which is about the only way I could do it since I get ~~of course. Otherwise I wouldn't get very much else done, with~~ 200 letters a week. And ~~But~~ I do read every letter, ~~an~~ think about the answer, and ~~I~~ sign them all. ~~It seems the least I can do when~~ people are nice enough to write deserve an answer.

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