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seventeen

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March 10, 1975

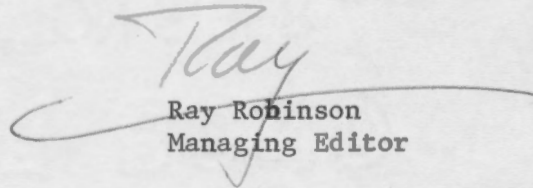
Mrs. Sheila Weidenfeld
c/o The White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sheila:

I am enclosing five advance copies of the April issue of Seventeen, featuring Susan on the cover and inside.

I hope to drop in on you one of these days for a chat.

As ever,


Ray Robinson
Managing Editor

RR:ds
enc;



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YOUNG AMERICA'S FAVORITE MAGAZINE

APRIL 1975

75 CENTS

Seventeen



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MARRIAGE: THE KIND OF MEN TO AVOID

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a great new section!

➤ **INTRODUCING**
an exclusive monthly column
SUSAN FORD'S
WHITE HOUSE DIARY



The News Makers.
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APRIL 1975

Published by Triangle Communications Inc.

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The More Cotton The Better.

Seventeen—April 1975

SUSAN FORD'S WHITE HOUSE DIARY

The President's seventeen-year-old daughter writes her first monthly column

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 up to your room" (which is on the third floor).

Now that we've lived here for half a year or so, 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. We really wanted to talk to them about themselves, and treat them like people with personalities and problems of their own. But 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 schoolwork and other necessary things.

I was really scared the evening my mother went to the hospital. But I felt better later that night after my oldest brother, Mike (twenty-five), 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 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 express it now:

"... I walked the halls all morning; the walls began to move inward, the carpet moved without me. 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 '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 helped other women and 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, 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 plan it.

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 had heard at a party at Hampden-Sydney College in Virginia.

The prom will be from nine to twelve on Saturday night, May 31. We may (continued on page 32)



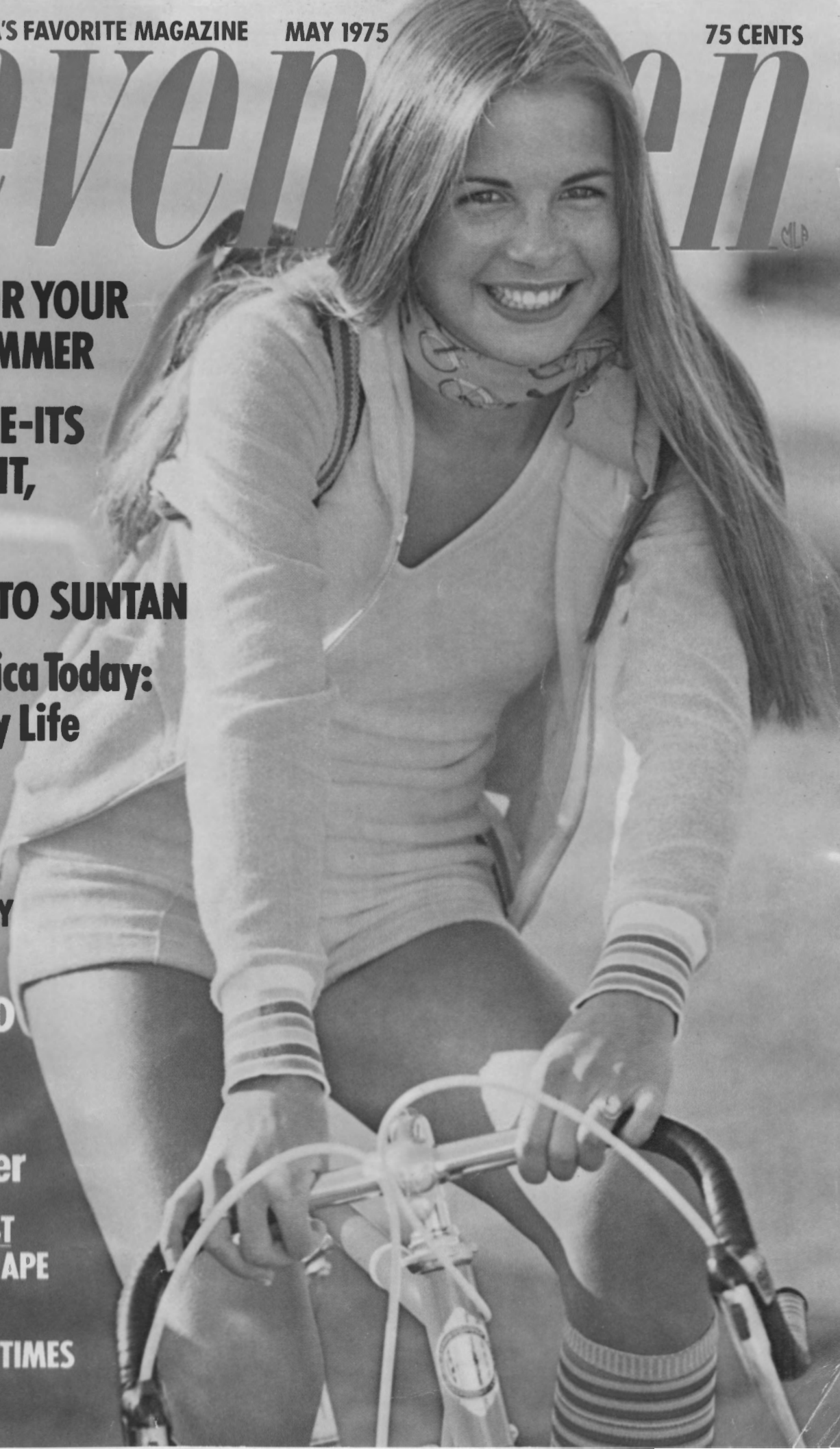
YOUNG AMERICA'S FAVORITE MAGAZINE

MAY 1975

75 CENTS

Seventeen

- CLOTHES FOR YOUR SPORTY SUMMER
- GREAT MAKE-ITS TO SEW, KNIT, EMBROIDER
- SAFE WAYS TO SUNTAN
- Young America Today: A Full, Happy Life in California
- A Teen Tells: "HOW PSYCHOTHERAPY HELPED ME"
- SUSAN FORD Takes a Loving Look at Her Mother
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SUSAN FORD'S WHITE HOUSE DIARY

STEEN SVENSSON



"I like to talk to Mom about my boy friends. But Dad just teases me about them"

My mother is a very special person. We like to talk about things, share ideas, just have fun together.

Both Mom and Dad have always been willing to listen. We haven't always agreed, but it would be pretty dull if we did. My parents encourage us to think for ourselves.

Mother is religious. 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, Virginia. It is important to Mom that we understand how the spirit of religion can give us guidance.

One of Mother's favorite passages is "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." My mother lives by that.

She is patient and takes time with everybody. Nothing else is so important that she can't take those extra few minutes to help someone.

Sometimes when Daddy comes upstairs at night you can see that he is tense. He tries to let his 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—might suggest calling "the boys" (my three brothers, all away from

home) or maybe some friends.

If Dad and Mother do talk together about some of his big decisions, they never do it in front of me. Sometimes I've walked in on conversations, and I knew I should not be there. So I left. At those times she lets him talk things through; that helps him sort things out.

My mother really cares about people. 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 also sends flowers.

I like to talk to her about my boy friends. She always wants to know who called, how old he is, what he does, where he goes to school. She doesn't hesitate to give me her opinions about them, and usually I take her advice. I sometimes talk to my dad about my boy friends too, but not as often. Mostly he just teases me about them.

I was very upset when I went to visit Mother in the hospital three days after her cancer operation. I didn't mention anything to her because she was supposed to be resting. But she sensed that I had a problem and 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 always need to have someone like that to talk to when things get rough. But Mother (continued on page 39)

YOUNG AMERICA'S FAVORITE MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1975

75 CENTS

seventeen



the
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contacts, makeup

**do teens make good
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"I get lots of letters—
about everything from
Secretariat to social
security payments"

SUSAN FORD'S WHITE HOUSE DIARY



STEEN SVENSSON

When my dad was a congressman, I used to be amazed at some of the things people would write him about. But now that he's President, I'm 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. But if you read my mail, you'd think I was some kind of hot-shot with influence! Flattering, but unfortunately not true!

I get about two hundred letters a week. They 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, ideas they want passed on to my father and advice 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 word!) to decriminalize the use of marijuana. One man wrote to complain that the famous racehorse Secretariat had been retired to a stud farm—as if I could do anything about that!

Adults sometimes write urging me to express their views to my father on issues of war and peace. Sometimes they write when they are having problems with veterans' benefits or social security.

I can't intercede in any of these matters, of course. I love the Beatles' music, but it would be im-

proper for me to interfere. I wouldn't ask my father to either (even though one boy from California wrote that "it would be red-neck not to"). I did ask about the Lennon case and found out it was going through the right channels at the Immigration Commission.

I send most of the mail dealing with issues over to my father's office, though sometimes I send letters to the agency that handles the problem.

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; I received it after there were stories about my attending a 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." Others wanted to know how I could waste food like that while people were 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 shaped her dog food into a cake and that was all there was to it!

One person advised me against touch dancing. Another wanted to help me "find Jesus," the way he felt he had done.

I get a lot of letters from young people. But I (continued on page 20)

Seventeen
4/75

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The President's seventeen-year-old daughter
writes her first monthly column

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STEEN SVENSSON

"My three brothers like
to check up on my
grades—and my dates"

SUSAN FORD'S WHITE HOUSE DIARY



Steen Svensson

There they were, Mom and Dad, just before I was born, with three boys under eight—driving Mom nuts. Mom decided a fourth boy would be more practical than a girl. I wasn't my brothers' first choice, either—in fact they used to threaten to send me back.

dressing") while they "chatted" with him, to check him out. They never went so far as to break off a date, but if they got bad vibes, I'd hear about it when I came home.

We've doubled a lot of times, and I tell them what I think of their dates too. I can tell in just a few

both Beach in Delaware for a week without her. We all survived, even with Dad doing most of the cooking—steaks, hamburgers, stuff like that. We made our beds but we didn't sweep all week, and Dad washed the dishes.

My brothers are good-looking and

Wild Meadow
is violets and
jasmine from hidden
valleys in the South
of France. Rare
geranium and
chamomile from
special gardens in
North Africa. And
roses, unforgettable
Bulgarian roses.
Blended together to
make a fragrance
that's like no other.
So every girl can
have her own
Wild Meadow
of the mind.



*Wild
Meadow.*

It's more than a fragrance,
it's a Wild Meadow of the mind.

Cologne Cologne Spray Mist, Dusting Powder.

SHULTON

"I get lots of letters—
about everything from
Secretariat to social
security payments"

SUSAN FORD'S WHITE HOUSE DIARY

When my dad was a congressman, I used to be amazed at some of the things people would write him about. But now that he's President, I'm 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. But if you read my mail, you'd think I was some kind of hot-shot with influence! Flattering, but unfortunately not true!

I get about two hundred letters a week. They 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, ideas they want passed on to my father and advice 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 word!) to decriminalize the use of marijuana. One man wrote to complain that the famous racehorse Secretariat had been retired to a stud farm—as if I could do anything about that!

Adults sometimes write urging me to express their views to my father on issues of war and peace. Sometimes they write when they are having problems with veterans' benefits or social security.

I can't intercede in any of these matters, of course. I love the Beatles' music, but it would be im-



STEEN SVENSSON

proper for me to interfere. I wouldn't ask my father to either (even though one boy from California wrote that "it would be red-neck not to"). I did ask about the Lennon case and found out it was going through the right channels at the Immigration Commission.

I send most of the mail dealing with issues over to my father's office, though sometimes I send letters to the agency that handles the problem.

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; I received it after there were stories about my attending a 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." Others wanted to know how I could waste food like that while people were 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 shaped her dog food into a cake and that was all there was to it!

One person advised me against touch dancing. Another wanted to help me "find Jesus," the way he felt he had done.

I get a lot of letters from young people. But I (continued on page 20)