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stand in line as long as it can.

Star-12/15/76

**MAYBE THEY DIDN'T SAY IT JER-
DEN . . .** What, Earwigs, is happening to
Prestige of the Press? For simply years,
the Gridiron Club, to which the Mightiest
Presspersons of All belonged, was the *ne
plus ultra* of the Big Time. Women panted
to join. The Mighty of the Land vied to
speak there. Saturday night, for the big
winter dinner, Bob Dole, Jim Baker, Ron
Nessen, Andrew Young, Jack Watson and
Hamilton Jordan were scheduled speak-
ers. Earwigs: Jordan, Jimmy Carter's
absolute right hand, not only didn't show:
He didn't even call to say why not. Is this
the end of the Media Establishment as we
know it? Stay tuned, for heaven's sake.

PLEASE RON, EVERYBODY'S STARING! . . . Even the tired sodden seekers of the truth from the Other Paper were astounded. There they were, having their usual little pint after work at their usual spot, the Class Reunion, when they spotted Ron Nessen literally *tete a tete* and *pie'd a pie'd* with an unidentified lady. Ear is disillusioned.

AND HERE THEY ARE — EDIBLE PET ROCKS! . . . General Foods is testing the weirdest thing in their kitchens right now. It's hard candy with carbon dioxide inside. Crack it with your teeth and it pops noisily while dissolving. You may not think this is hot stuff, but it's all over the Wall Street Journal. Now everyone will know who just quit smoking.

2/7/76

The Ear



CHEER UP, TRUMAN . . . Truman Capote is so gloomy and low after being snubbed by the beautiful people that he's going around the Big Apple in bright red boots and a beige cable knit sweater, Ear hears. Or maybe it's just part of his new acting career. (He just finished "Murder By Death.") Those people who are still

speaking to him are hailing him with the words "A star is born! A star is born!" It all sounds too lowlife to be true, but there you have it.

BIG NEWS ON THAT LITTLE WEDDING . . . You've all heard, of course, that Michu, the smallest man in the world, is finally going to tie the knot with

his childhood sweetheart Juliana, the former Hungarian electronics worker. He's 33, she's 38. Inches that is, but that kind of difference never bothered Jackie and Ari. Anyway, Ear's got the scoop on the wedding. April. New York. Probably in Grace Church, where the short but mighty Tom Thumb married little Lavinia Warren nearly a hundred years ago, also under the auspices of Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey. A thousand or so glitteries will be in attendance, some of them actually in sequins. Then, Earwigs, if you can bear this, the entire wedding will be re-enacted at every subsequent circus performance of the season! Ear's hunting for a teeny tiny wok.

Big Tennis Racket Is a Tyro's Hope For ...

15-Love at First Smite

By Michael Putney
FROM PRINCETON, N.J.

"THE RACKET," the U.S. Tennis Association's glossary of technical terms explains dryly, "is the implement used to strike the ball." That's all. There's not a word about the proper size, shape, or weight of the tennis racket, although the USTA rules define down to the inch the size of the court and down to the thousandth of an inch the size of the ball.

The Prince racket may change all that—and the way that thousands of Americans play tennis. The Prince, produced here by Prince Manufacturing, Inc., has a head only slightly smaller than Jimmy Connors'. Its hitting area is half again as large as a conventional racket, and the "sweet spot" is almost four times as large. That makes the Prince the 747 of rackets, the magnum to everyone else's fifth, a Brobdingnagian blessing for players with Lilliputian talents. That huge head has also made the Prince the hottest thing to hit tennis since the yellow ball.

Despite the Prince's \$65 price for the frame alone, it's selling faster than tickets to a Connors-Arthur Ashe grudge match. "It's sweeping the country at a rate we would not have expected," exults Howard Head, the designer of metal skis and tennis rackets who also designed the Prince. "It's very exciting." Prince President Bob McClintick won't reveal how many rackets have been sold since the first production

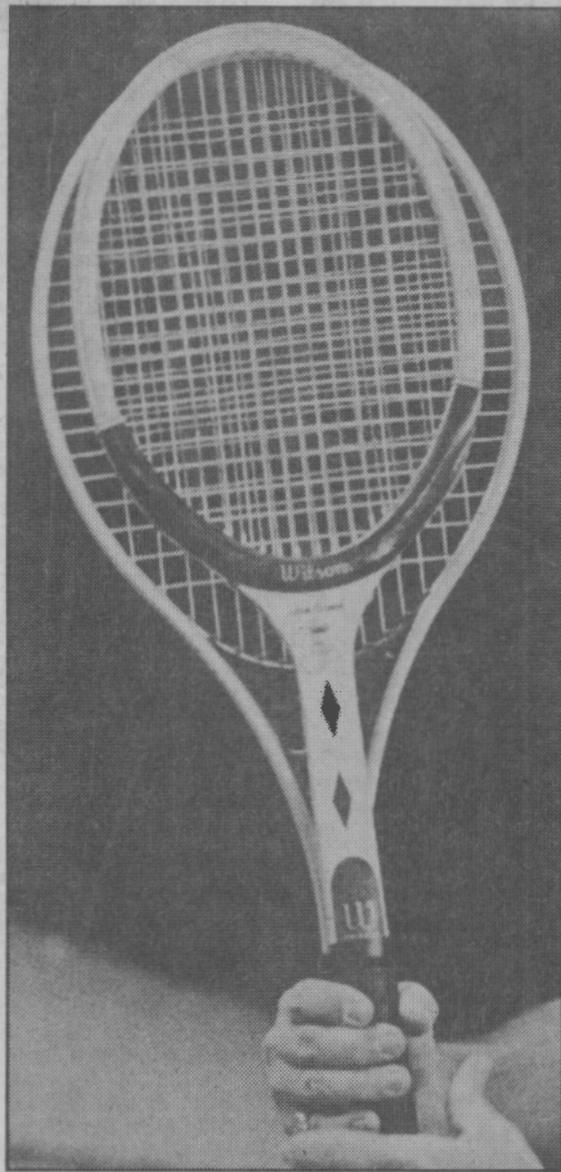
run reached sporting-goods stores and pro shops last January. But McClintick says that most of those rackets were sold, and the stores are clamoring for more. "Our sales are about 42 to 45 per cent ahead of our wildest projections," McClintick reports, "and the acceptance has been good all over—in the States, Canada, and Europe."

Undoubtedly some measure of the racket's sudden success can be traced to tennis' trendy status. The USTA estimates that some 7 million Americans took up the game last year, bringing to 40 million the number who play "from time to time." Within that number, the USTA says, there's a hard-core group of 23 million who play at least three times a week. Many of them are willing, even eager, to spend \$75 to \$80 (the cost of a strung Prince) if it'll give their game a lift. Or if the Prince simply becomes this season's "in" racket.

Carl Anderson, chairman of the USTA's equipment committee, observes: "Last year it was composition [rackets], two years ago it was aluminum, before that it was steel. A lot of those metal rackets are in closets today, but that won't prevent the Prince from being popular this year."

The racket is already a hit in status-conscious and tennis-crazy Washington, D.C., although no more than three dozen rackets have been sold there. Presidential Press Secretary Ron Nessen has been seen

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Prince vs. regular-size racket: Sweeter.

It'll Be 15-Love at First Smite

Continued From Page One

wielding one on the White House tennis court (although he recently went back to his old racket), and syndicated columnist Art Buchwald raves about his. "It's fantastic," says Buchwald. "It's really helped the net game. Fortunately, a bigger sweet spot, and—strung fairly tight—shows marked resistance to twisting in the hand, even when the ball is hit way off the racket's center. Most important, the Prince *feels* like a tennis racket. It's no longer than a conventional racket, weighs no more, is beautifully balanced, and doesn't offer more wind resistance than any other racket.

Beyond fashion, a larger measure of the Prince's success can be traced to the fact that it closely matches its advertising claims. The racket *does* have a significantly larger hitting area, a bigger sweet spot, and—strung fairly tight—shows marked resistance to twisting in the hand, even when the ball is hit way off the racket's center. Most important, the Prince *feels* like a tennis racket. It's no longer than a conventional racket, weighs no more, is beautifully balanced, and doesn't offer more wind resistance than any other racket.

"The three constants in designing the racket," explains McClintick, "were length, balance, and weight. Howard [Head] found that if he changed any one of them he made something, but it wasn't a tennis racket."

To Build a Better Racket

Head, who is now board chairman of Prince Manufacturing, got involved with the company in 1971 when he bought one of its tennis-ball throwing machines for his private home court in Baltimore. Head had recently sold the company that still bears his name to AMF, Inc., for \$16 million and had plenty of time to practice. But he found several design flaws with the Prince ball machine and suggested changes to company officials. Impressed, they asked him if he'd like to consult. Soon after, he set out to build a better tennis racket.

As he worked out the design for the Prince, Head discovered a curious thing. The sweet spot—the precise point of contact on the racket face where all the force of a swing goes into the ball without jarring the arm—was considerably farther from the center than anyone had ever suspected. That "point of percussion," Head found, was actually somewhere near the throat—where the racket head and handle

join—of a conventional racket. To make that sweet spot part of the usable hitting area, for all players, he simply enlarged the racket head, using a high-strength, lightweight aluminum frame.

Head made another important discovery when he devised the stringing pattern for the Prince. One reason that tennis balls feel and act dead when they're hit on the outside strings is because those strings are spaced as evenly as the center strings. But the ball responds fairly uniformly if the outside strings are farther apart and the inside strings are closer together. In fact, the closer the strings in the center, the higher the "coefficient of restitution." That means you can hit the ball a little faster with an on-center hit with the Prince than with a regular racket.

Who Will Benefit?

Is bigger better? Your correspondent, a serious tournament player as a boy and now a dedicated hacker, would cautiously answer yes, with a few caveats. I used a Prince for a two-set workout with Bob McClintick and found that it had a hyperbolic effect on my game. That is, it tended to intensify my strengths and fuzz my weaknesses.

My ground strokes, the strongest part of my game, had extra pace—so much so that I had to remind myself not to overhit just for the delicious crunch of smacking the ball with the Prince. My serve, which on occasion has reduced me to tears and my opponents to giggles, actually has some kick to it. But my mediocre net game probably benefited most from the racket, bolstering my confidence enough to hit some outright winners that might have been wood shots with my regular racket.

Still, I hit most of my balls in the center of the racket, and the Prince is really designed to help players who don't. Vic Braden, one of the most knowledgeable and respected teaching pros in tennis, believes that the Prince will most help the rank amateur and the ranking intermediate who knows the game but occasionally hits off-center.

"I don't think it will ever benefit anyone who has a lousy stroke who hits on- or off-center," says Braden. "I con-

tend you can play well with a board if you've got a good stroke. I once saw Bobby Riggs beat a guy with a broom."

'The Finest,' Says Budge

Neither Riggs nor any other name player has yet endorsed the Prince, although McClintick says he is now negotiating with four world-class players for the honor. And he proudly displays a letter from the legendary Don Budge lauding the Prince as "the finest racket I have ever played with."

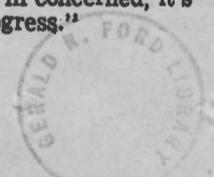
For at least one high-ranking USTA official, however, the Prince is a royal pain. "The only person who is going to benefit from that racket is an experienced player, an accurate player who already hits the ball down low on the racket face," the official grumbles. "Logic tells me that it helps the person who doesn't need help." And the official predicts that if the Prince spurs a flood of imitators, the USTA may well consider writing a more precise and limited definition of what constitutes a tennis racket.

Until or unless that new definition is written, perhaps the only opposition to the Prince may come from main-line tennis enclaves where using such an unseemly racquet would be bad form. "There could be some stink about it at some of the exclusive, snooty clubs," says Art Buchwald. "Clubs may outlaw them rather than any tennis association."

Okay at Forest Hills

Not the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills, N.Y., the hallowed site of the United States Open and a club where white is still *de rigueur*. Club officials say they don't care if members show up with a prince or a Prince. And at the tradition-laden Newport Casino in Newport, R.I., pro Joe Leandra pooh-poohs the notion that using the Prince is bad form.

"I haven't heard any comments like that," says Leandra. "No more so than about Jimmy Van Alen's scoring system. No more so than during the transition from wood to metal [rackets]. As far as I'm concerned, it's just a matter of progress."



Watchword for an Untimely Gift

By Maxine Cheshire

Rep. Don L. Bonker (D-Wash.) had an unexpected visit in his office recently from Korean National Assembly official Young-Dal Ohm.

Bonker says Ohm insisted on presenting him with a small, gift-wrapped package. Bonker says he declined, but Ohm persisted, assuring him: "You can take this under your foreign gift laws. It is worth less than \$50."

The Korean, a total stranger until that visit, dropped the beribboned box on Bonker's desk, as the congressman hurried off to answer a floor call.

When Bonker returned, he discovered the package contained a \$2,000 gold Pulsar digital watch, a premier status symbol with celebrities and

heads of state. Bonker promptly sent the watch back to Ohm.

Potpourri

Presidential press secretary Ron Nessen, previously a three-pack-a-day man, was one of four White House staffers to graduate this week from

VIP

Smokenders. The others were his secretary, Jan Barbieri, who was almost up to three packs a day herself, assistant press secretary Margita White, and Ann Grier, assistant to presidential TV adviser Robert A. Mead . . . Playing tennis with Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, columnist Art Buch-

wald used one of those new over-size racquets that look like giant lollipops. He still got beaten . . . When U.S. Ambassador to India William Saxbe left to take that post, farewell parties in his honor set some sort of record here. Heading home on leave he wasn't even out of New Delhi before invitations to parties in his honor started arriving. Saxbe returns amidst rumors at the State Department that he will not be going back . . .

Kennedys never forget a friend (or an enemy). So Ethel Kennedy turned Hickory Hill over to Rep. William J. Green, Democratic candidate for the Senate in Pennsylvania, for a fundraiser this week, even though she couldn't be there. Green helped carry

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Wash. Post - March 25

Portfolio

● Amusements

SECTION B

THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1976

TV TONIGHT

Ignore Ratings On Cop Show

By Bernie Harrison
Washington Star Staff Writer

Robert Stack starred in another cop show pilot for producer Quinn Martin recently, despite the consensus that cop shows have had it, explaining he paid more attention to script and experienced associates than he did to trend analysts, and he could be right. It's virtually impossible to make sense of some ratings.

For example, David Janssen's "Harry O" (WMAL-7 at 10) finished very low (49th) in the Nielsens last week and yes, it's in reruns, but so is "Barney Miller," which finished just out of the top ten, and so is "Starky and Hutch," which finished No. 1, topping the finale of "Rich Man, Poor Man." Week in, week out, the Janssen entry maintains a fairly high level for such shows and tonight's encore, which finds "Harry O" on the carpet, neatly framed for murder, is a good puzzler. Watch for the scene in which Harry faces his nemesis in utter bewilderment.

Meanwhile, "Kojak," also in reruns, dropped to 54th place, "Joe Forrester" was 57th, "Superstar" (which is still offering fresh episodes) was 66th, and "Bronk" was 68th.

It's easy to explain away "Barney Miller" (WMAL-7 at 8:30) as simply the best-written, best-cast cop show on the tube, a series still young enough to be an inspiration to the actors and writers. Remember the scene recently when Harris, who fell into a sewer making an arrest, was filling out a claim sheet for his ruined clothes — all very expensive — and "Barney" said he probably wouldn't get it, that he ought to "dress down for the job." Harris responded: "I tried. I couldn't get out of the house." The humor is insightful; the characters believable and sympathetic, even the old-timey inspector.

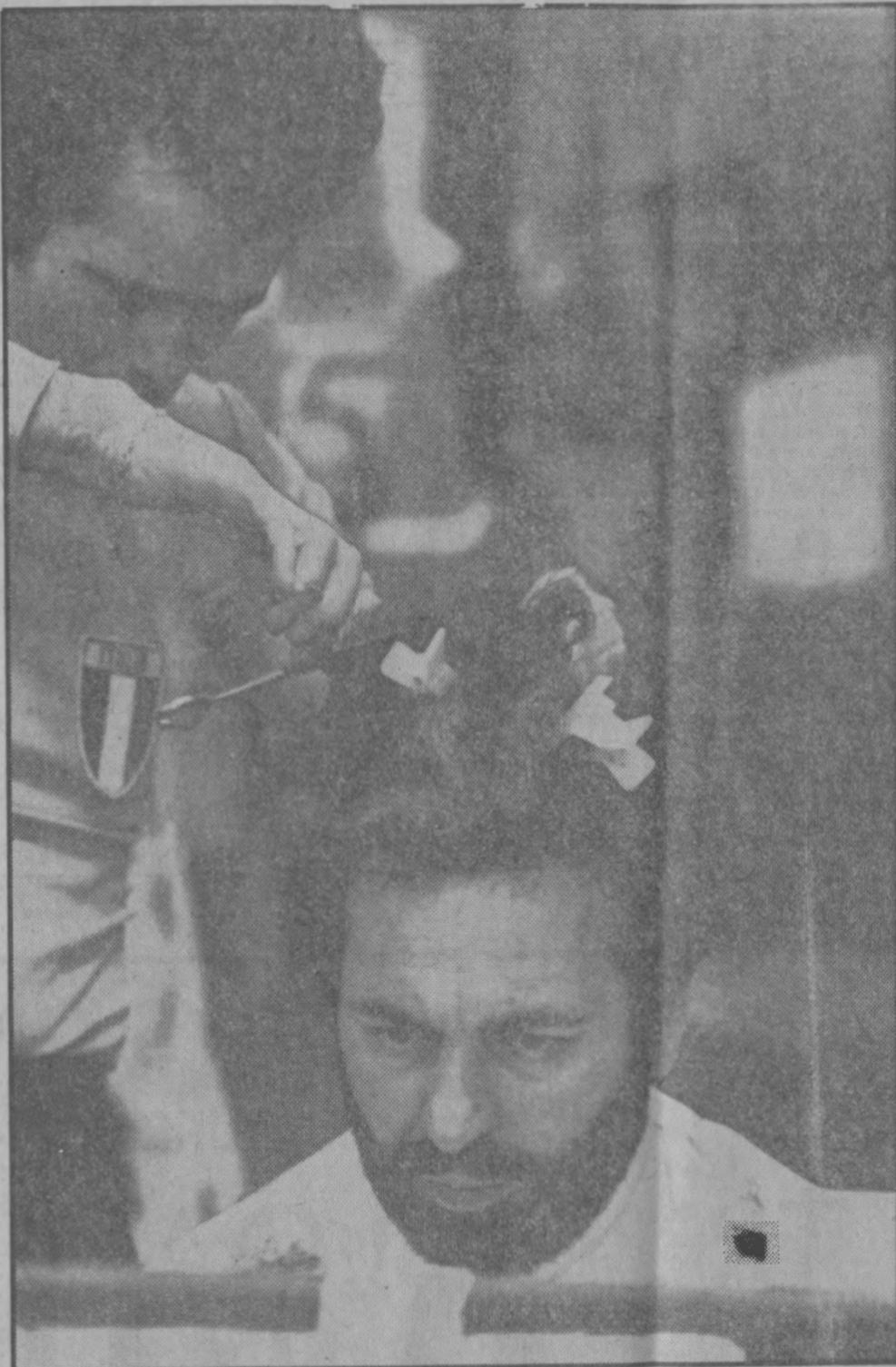
Watch the show tonight which — without overdoing it — relates to New York's financial bind. Wojo, Chano and Harris are the three earmarked for unemployment before a last minute reprieve saves their jobs. Bob Dishy's desperate ex-stockbroker is a gem.

The Fresh Episode

Mac Davis has The one, sharing the screen with headline guests, Bob Hope and Redd Foxx, plus Anson Williams, better known to "Happy Days" viewers as Potsie (WRC-4 at 8). It's the only series effort on the three major networks that isn't an encore.

The Movies

The stars of "Two People" (WRC-4 at 9), Peter Fonda and Lindsay Wagner, can't make much out of the script for this Universal Pictures effort. Fonda plays a Vietnam war deserter in Marrakech, where he meets a fashion model (Lindsay) and editor (Estelle Parsons), and they continue on chummily to Casablanca and eventually Paris.



Coiffure Competition: A Head-to-Head Set-To

By Charlie McCollum
Special to The Washington Star

NEW YORK — It certainly was good for a laugh.

"What are you doing in New York?" people asked.

"Covering the World Hairstyling Championship," I replied.

Gales of Laughter.

Dennis Bergman, press spokesman for the championship, takes a very dim view of this sort of frivolity. "Oh God, this is an important business," he says with some heat.

A dapper, fast-talking man, Bergman quickly rattles off some facts to support his contention. "In this country alone there are 500,000 hairdressers," he recounts. "There are around 250,000 separate salons, which means most are one and two-hairdresser operations.

Hair Stylists Make Waves in Tress Olympics, Locked in Combat for the Kindest Cut of All



sands of people — almost uniformly well-dressed and well-coiffed — walked through the exhibits or watched the competitions remaining. Outside, scalpers were getting \$25 for a \$15 ticket for the gala awards festivities.

It is a big event, this hairy extravaganza; the biennial Olympics for haircutters. Stylists practice diligently to compete.

FOR THE AMERICANS, this year's championship was especially important because it was the first occasion on which it had been held in the United States. The Confederation Internationale de la Coiffure (CIC) has put on the event for decades, but not until 1960 did America even field a team. As in the Winter Olympics, this country has never done well in the competition, winning a medal here and there but never placing better than fourth in the 28-nation affair. And it seems to gall team officials and team

You do much better laughing along with Red Skelton as "The Fuller Brush Man" (WDCB-20 at 8:30) and the late beat attractions include the high-tension "Mafia" (WMAR-2, WTOP-9 at 11:30) with Claudia Cardinale, France Nero and Lee J. Cobb, and "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" (WTTG-5 at 12:30 a.m.), a moony old romantic fantasy with James Mason and Ava Gardner which I liked a lot better than the critics.

The News Beat

Bill Moyers' "Journal" two-parter, "Why Work?" a major effort, begins tonight (WETA-26 at 8).

If you've enjoyed some zany local ads on radio and TV, chances are the creator was Marvin Himelfarb, of Abramson and Himelfarb Advertising, who follows one of his ads through from creation to execution on "Behind The Scenes" (WMAL-7 at 7:30).

Add Reruns

"The Waltons" (WTOP-9 at 8) repeats the one in which John-Boy plays boy scout helping an old lady (played by Linda Watkins) return to the place where she was married, years before . . . Epstein runs away on "Kotter" (WMAL-7 at 8), after losing a fight, and Barbarino sets up a missing persons center in the classroom . . . "Streets of San Francisco" (WMAL-7 at 9) looks at the brash coldness of a prison gang operation and it's scarey .

Commentary

Julian Goodman (NBC Chairman, before the National Association of Broadcasters in Chicago): "Judge Harold Medina of the U. S. Court of Appeals wrote something recently that I'd like to quote you . . . 'First,' wrote Judge Medina, 'I would stand squarely on the First Amendment itself. I used to think guidelines might be helpful. Now, I believe them to be a snare and a delusion. And the same is true of legislation. Second, I would make no compromises and no concessions of any kind. Third, I say fight like tigers every inch of the way.' It may be fitting, in this particular year, to turn that advice into a Broadcaster's Declaration of Independence."

Joseph McCaffrey (WMAL Radio): "As of now it looks as if we are in for more of what we have now — only to a greater degree. Gerald Ford is a good bet for re-election, while the Democrats pick up a couple of Senate seats and perhaps a dozen more House seats. That sets up a running confrontation between the 95th Congress and the White House!"

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Inside Portfolio

DEAR ABBY and HOROSCOPE: Advice, both down-to-earth and in-the-stars. Page B-2.

ELENI ON FASHION: Monochromatic, that's the adjective for the male wardrobe this spring and summer. Page B-3.

QUOTES AND NOTES: Ymelda Dixon is roundabout the Washington social circuit. Page B-3.

GENE DAVIS: Art critic Benjamin Forgey on this self-confessed "fanatic." Page B-4.

ROCK BUSINESS: The ins and outs of the rock 'n' roll world, as reported by Charlie McCollum. Page B-4.

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC: Modern dance and ballet are no longer just spectator sports in Washington, and George Gelles explains why. Page B-5.

DINING OUT: John Rosson samples the fare at the Magic Pan Creperie. Page B-6.

really knows how much. We certainly don't — but . . ." (dramatic pause) " . . . We do know it's a multimillion-dollar business. Maybe — when you throw in cosmetics — a multibillion dollar business."

PULLING IN A slow breath, Bergman swept his arm across the expanse of the New York Coliseum. "Look at this. We've had over 80,000 people come to the championship in three days. The crowd we had on Sunday topped those for the first days of the boat and auto shows at the Coliseum, which are this place's biggest events."

Bergman had a point. On the final day of the hairstyling championship it was difficult to move through the hall as thou-



—Associated Press

WILLPOWER AT THE WHITE HOUSE . . . No, Earwigs, Ron Nessen hasn't converted to Another Faith. He just polished off his Smokenders course, and fiddles with his worry beads during press conferences instead of worshipping the Demon Nicotine.

WON'T-POWER FOR THE WARY ONES . . . You read here only yesterday about artist Yuri Schwebler flying to far-off L.A. for a pal who didn't want to go to a dinner. Now, Ear hears, Yuri and another artist, Hollywood-based Laurie LeClair, have begun a firm called Dirty Works, Inc. It's a sort of Social Plumbers. They will do things like attend charity luncheons, funerals and family reunions for the unwilling, and represent shy

artists at gallery openings. Laurie got her end off with a bang last week by breaking somebody's engagement for him. Ear's ambivalent.

SHARE-POWER . . . You know Evelyn Y. Davis, super-stockholder-gadfly who just moved to Washington. She goes around to all the stockholders' meetings all over the country raising Cain and

introducing terribly embarrassing resolutions. (Example: mammoth multinational corporations have to reveal to stockholders who they have on their boards who worked earlier for the government, and what influence they had.) Anyway, stockholders of the Washington Gas Light Company almost fell out of their pews at their big meeting this week when that dreaded shrill Dutch mezzo

The Ear

members. "Yes, it's important," said America's No. 1 stylist, Michael Taylor of Denver "We have never won and this year, with its being here, that makes us want to win even more."

To a hairstylist, the competition must be a thing of beauty, but to outsiders it is bewildering. In the women's daystyle event, for example, the several dozen competitors spent most of the morning setting the hair of models chosen by each country for the quality of their locks.

IT WAS EXPLAINED by a judge that not only must the model's hair meet specifications but her attire must be compatible with the style being fashioned.

See HAIR, B-8

rang through the room. Turns out Ev has bought 50 shares of the company. And, Ear hears, there are a lot of local companies who still haven't learned she's bought her way aboard. These include: Giant Food (she's bought 50 shares.) Marriott (50 shares.) Pepco (50 shares) and Southern Railway (20 shares.) Ear hopes to keep you posted.

ELEPHANT POWER . . . Postcards are rolling in with "What Ear Means To Me" in 25 words or fewer. (Unkind comments from Earaches will be passed over here in pained silence.) The ride on the Ringling Bros and Barnum & Bailey elephant will be awarded April 1. There's still time to make a bid to sit behind the biggest Ears in town. Send cards to Ear, at The Star.

'1600 Pennsylvania Avenue' Doesn't Know Where It Is

By David Richards
Washington Star Staff Writer

If you were to take the sundry parts of "1600 Pennsylvania Avenue," put them in a salad bowl and toss, it would only clarify matters.

The Broadway-bound musical by Leonard Bernstein and Alan Jay Lerner — about the city's best address and some of the people who lived there during the 19th century — is a jumble.

More than a jumble, actually. It's a dizzy, schizophrenic show that can't make up its mind where it's headed and consequently tries this, tries that, then tries something else, before coming to a screeching halt because, I presume, the creators have to get back to their hotel rooms early for rewrites.

It seems highly doubtful, however, that a semblance of order can be pulled from the wreckage by either Bernstein and Lerner or their co-directors, Gilbert Moses and George Faison, who were called in as replacements after the Philadelphia engagement and reportedly have been working frantically during preview week here. "1600 Pennsylvania Avenue" seems fated to join "Mata Hari," as one of the more memorable casualties to have bled all over the stage of the National Theater.

OSTENSIBLY, THIS IS a show about the White House and What It Stands For and How It Cannot Be Destroyed Even

Though British Troops, Civil War, Conning Politicians and Big Businessmen Have Tested Its Timbers Over the Years. In short, a paean to the enduring old manse.

But it is also a show about 10 of the presidents, from Washington to Roosevelt, and their First Ladies. In short, a quick primer of a century or so of American history.

Ah, but it also purports to investigate the race problem (or at least lament it), as reflected in the lives of the black servants who poured the tea, turned down the beds, tended the presidential hearth and all the while waited fruitlessly for an even break. In short, a 1960s-liberal plea for equality.

But that's not all. "1600 Pennsylvania Avenue" is presented as a play in rehearsal — if you will, a show about a show about all of the above. "If we keep on our toes, if we don't close, it's gonna be great," goes the rousing, decidedly optimistic opening number.

I suppose any of the tactics might have worked, but the four taken together merely short-circuit. A hymn of uplift ("Take Care of This House") is jostled aside for an oom-pah-pah strut ("The President Jefferson Sunday Luncheon Party March") which, in turn, is supplanted by a black wedding dance that clearly belongs to the 20th century.

See "1600", B-4



—Washington Star Photographer Geoffrey Gilbert

Ken Howard as George Washington and Patricia Ruffledge (center).



Trudy Engel In Washington, D.C.

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'Come On To My House'

WASHINGTON, D.C. — "Come on-a my House! My House! I'm gonna give-a you candy, apple and a plum — apricots too, Come on-a my House." It was much, too much!

President Gerald Ford said, "You will have fun without me." It was a sweet courtesy. Mr. Ford had to leave after thirty minutes of welcoming the National Republican Heritage Groups at a cozy White House reception.

The delegates were enthralled with the exhilarating experience of their visit. In the East Room where delegates and guests gathered, the President set the tone for the party in accordance with his imprint, personality and style. Jay Niemczyk, director of the Heritage Division, Congressman Edward Derwinski (Ill.) and Cleveland's Mayor Ralph Berk stood beside him. They were a picture of true statesmanship interested in mankind.

The President said, "I strongly urge you to start laying the plans to recruit people, to better organize, to raise money, to go out and be missionaries in selling a philosophy that is good for our country, for all our people — young, old, those yet unborn."

The crowd moved through the Red, Green and Blue Rooms with no discomfort — sitting wherever they chose with their plates of delicious roast beef, mounds of shrimp, diverse goodies from the buffet and anything and everything for thirst quenchers.

Military aides in their finest regalia stood at ease. The "rigid rule of look but don't touch" was abandoned for the occasion. Pictures were taken in every room. There were no catastrophes.

Senator Robert Griffin (Michigan), Department of State administrator Leonard Frederick Walentynowicz, White House top echelon Bob Hartman, Ron Nessen, Jack Hushen, and Stanley Scott mingled in the circle of pleasure.

Board Member, Mitchell Kobelinski, Export-Import Bank of the United States remarked, "We are the only agency that pays money into the Treasury in the form of a dividend which amounts to \$50 million annually and in total exceeds \$900 million. Since our reorganization in 1945 our total earnings are approximately \$2½ billion."

Festivities started when gorgeous Lillian Gilberg, Cuban advisor to the Nationalities Council, entertained the nation-wide Century Club members (dues, \$100 per year) in her splendid mansion. Rave remarks were made on the charming way she hosted the party. She is a staunch believer "for a free Cuba" and opposes diplomatic relations between Castro and the United States. She promises someday to tell us the real story.

Vice President Rockefeller was the luncheon speaker. He jokingly said, "I am not allowed to speak without unanimous consent." He continued, "The National Heritage Groups can make a significant contribution toward the objective of broadening our base of Party support. Heritage Groups was the first national, all-volunteer ethnic auxiliary, not only in the Republican Party, but in any party in

Gertrude Engel
Columbia Plaza
2450 Virginia Avenue, Northwest
WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA 20037



Trudy Engel and White House Press Secretary Ron Nessen

American history, to organize on a sound, on-going, dues-paying basis."

He asked them to keep up their indispensable work.

"Your role is absolutely necessary in giving the Republican Party the broad-based appeal that is required in order to exercise leadership in this great pluralistic society."

"Let us never forget, the Statue of Liberty carries a torch of freedom, not a stop sign. If that torch were ever to go out, something noble and beautiful and unique about America would go out, too."

Michigan's Mitchell Kafarski and his beautiful doctor-wife Zofia proudly spoke of the medal Cross of the Knights Order (Polonia Restituta) bestowed upon him for his achievements on the economic missions between the United States and Poland.

Dr. Ivan Docheff, national chairman of the Bulgarian Republican Federation, seeks a commitment for freedom of expression on international policy rather than maintaining a neutral position.

Anna Chennault, NRHG co-chairwoman, spoke about her cherished experiences with a public person, Vice President Rockefeller, during his private hours. She said, "He is a warm, sincere human being of the finest quality."

When the Vice President said, "I love this country," and then commented, "Perhaps, I should be retired" there was a genuine outburst of "OH, NO! NO!" from several hundred people.

Mayor Berk really had something to cry about — his grandfather had the opportunity to go into business with the Rockefellers and did not.

North Dakota's Floyd Boutrous attended with his sister Helen Nassif director, Bank of Arlington, Virginia.

Angela Miller, president of the All Nations Women's League, Inc., was delighted with the White House reception.

Laszlo Pasztor, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, believes ethnic America belongs in the Republican party.

Blonde beauty Cecilia Bros conducted her own campaign with a startling approach oblivious of the nominating committee to serve a term as vice chairman. A follower of grass roots politics she offered her own fact sheet and asked, "Vote for me." She won!

Ed "Durable" Derwinski was re-elected to serve another term as chairman of the Council.

Love and peace to the world. Pass it on!

Freedom Train

(Continued from Page 1)

along with the bat used by Hank Aaron when he hit his 714th homerun and old films of great moments in football games and other sports.

All of Hollywood's actors and actresses over the years are depicted along with personal items of such people as Rudolf Valentino (his vest), Robert Redford's suit from the Sting is on display and the cane that Fred Astaire is famous for using.

Great masterpieces by American artists are on display along with Bing Crosby's gold record for his hit song "White Christmas".

These are only a few of the many things on the train — be sure not to miss the outside exhibits first. The replica of the Liberty Bell is especially impressive not to mention the fact that the outside exhibits get you a little prepared for what awaits you inside the Freedom Train.

The Freedom Train is probably the best 4th of July bargain available in Detroit and I guarantee you'll get some of that Bicentennial spirit everyone seems to be talking about.

You have until July 6 to see it. The hours are 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Sunday through Thursday, and 8 a.m. to midnight Friday and Saturday, and remember the Detroit Bicentennial Commission receives 10% of the ticket gross, so you'll be doing Detroit and yourself a favor.

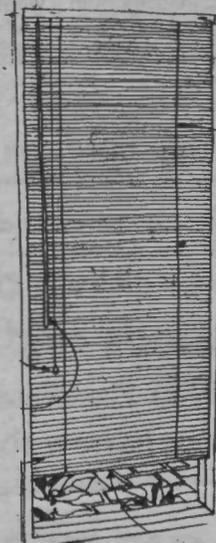
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Morris Levy, back at the Sofitel, wrote up the president's bill, which read, "Name: Gerald R. Ford . . . Representing: The United States of America . . ."

himself back at the main entrance as Ford rode up the elevator. When the president reached his floor, he spotted a balcony that faced the inner court and darted to the rail to wave to the milling crowd below, which caused the Hennepin County sheriff's deputies stationed on all the other balconies to snap to with their rifles, just in case.

THE PRESIDENT was tucked into bed for the night, without thought of a dip in Morris Levy's pool, as Levy had so hoped, and the White House advance men, on the okay of their leader, "Pappy," went downstairs for a drink with the press.

Eric Rosenberger settled down to a beer on a pair of United Press International photographers, while Pappy and the others lined the bar stools for a drink on the U.S. Treasury.

Rosenberger was reminded that he was supposed to report his location to the Secret Service command post in a sixth-floor room not far from suite number 605. He removed tiny transistor mike from beneath his necktie and whispered:

"Hello . . . I'm in 'Le Bar' on the main floor."

"What?" the other end asked.

"'Le Bar,'" Rosenberger answered. "That's the name of this bar."

"What?" the other end repeated.

"'LeBar.' I'm not kidding. And I haven't even had one beer."

MEANWHILE, Hubert Humphrey was "working the crowd" as it meandered out the Sofitel, being especially solicitous of the Ford partisans who were too slow to catch a handshake from the president as he swept by on his way to Tindillier's snack tray and a night's rest.

When the tourists had finally left, Sen. Humphrey found the makeshift press room and wandered in to say, "Hi, boys! This is my territory!"

Humphrey attracted a handful of correspondents — including James Naughton of the *New York Times*, Saul Friedman of the *Detroit Free Press* and Sanford Ungar of *Atlantic Monthly* — to a session of espresso and remarkably candid conversation in the hotel coffee shop.

While Gerald Ford slept, Hubert Humphrey campaigned hard with the panel of influential journalists by demurring on the question of his own candidacy and telling jokes. Humphrey politely dismissed his audience at 1:20 a.m., when the reporters were thoroughly charmed, yet not too sleepy.

Jean-Claude Tindillier was at it in the wee hours of Tuesday morning. He put the finishing touches on his two pastry centerpieces — one in the shape of an American Bald eagle and the other a scale model of the Eifel Tower — and he checked the kitchen schedule to note that Gerald Ford would like tea before he came down to an off-the-record breakfast with Midwest media moguls in the Nice Room.

The tea went up at 8 a.m. sharp, along with a fruit-laden brioche which the president liked so much he asked for three more to take home to Betty.

Gerald Ford came downstairs to breakfast without fanfare and found that, despite his objections, souvenir menus of his presidential breakfast had been printed and were being stuffed into suitcoat pockets by the media moguls. Much too fancy for a

recession president, he had thought.

THE PRESIDENT gobbled down pineapple chunks mixed with raspberries and blueberries while his economic advisor, Alan Greenspan, made most of the secret remarks to the media moguls. Then Ford was whisked into the nearby Le Cafe to say hello to a group of Republicans who might part with lots of money soon, and then the president was escorted to his waiting limousine where good old Hubert Humphrey was waiting.

Gerald Ford whipped through the White House news digest in the back seat of his limousine as it roared up Hwy. 100 to Hwy. 12, then down 13th Street to the Minneapolis Convention Center auditorium, and just before he encountered the crowd downtown he read the latest installment of *Doonesbury*, which had to do with the Gerald Rivera special on New York's fiscal mess.

A scruffy band of 50 people were walking around in a circle outside the auditorium, singing: "We'll all be happy and do just fine when the president's on the unemployment line."

You could just barely make out the words to the song because between the demonstrators (from the Workers Rights Center and the Committee Against Racism) and the defused U.S. Air Force Minuteman Missile on display was a high school band blaring away on "America the Beautiful."

THE PRESIDENT'S LIMOUSINE rolled up, he got out and flashed his toothy grin, worked the crowd a little bit and disappeared inside the auditorium.

The press entered for the Ford speech through a special door, the American Legion convention delegates entered through their specially-marked door, a dignitary also entered the building at the proper location and the general public was allowed to enter a limited seating area on the east side of the building.

A blond man of about 25 years of age dressed in a blazer, corduroy trousers without a belt, platform sandals and low necktie entered the building without any sort of credentials. He was accompanied by a young woman of the same age wearing a pastel-colored dress.

A plainclothes officer of the Hennepin County Sheriff's Department, spotted the couple, neither of which were wearing any kind of identification. He barred their entrance to the auditorium where the president was to speak and as the couple protested a beefy Secret Service agent rushed around the corner.

"Leave them alone!" the agent shouted. "Let them in! That's the president's son. Jack, you jerk!"

Jack and his girlfriend, South

The delegate from Furniture City Post No. 258 "worked the crowd" several times during his presidential visit to the Twin Cities last week, much to the horror of the Secret Service.

Dakota coed Christie Vail, entered for the speech and sat with a group of White House aides and Alan Greenspan, undisturbed for the remainder of the tour.

RON NESSEN CHAIN-SMOKED through the speech, standing under a sign which said "No Smoking" and Gerald Ford had found his navy blue overseas cap for Furniture City Post No. 258, Grand Rapids, Mich., and was wearing it as he told the crowd of 8,500 reminiscing World War II veterans what they wanted to hear:

"I am determined to resist unilateral disarmament. I am equally determined to keep America's defenses second to none."

That sort of thing. The identifiable Hubert Humphrey sat directly behind the president throughout the speech, among a group of 150 or so Legionnaires and local dignitaries. He was the only man of World War II vintage who was not wearing an overseas cap.

After the speech, Ford worked the crowd in the auditorium and headed for the limousine, which would take him to a pair of 45-minute politicking sessions at the Marriott Inn and the Registry Hotel back on the 494 Strip.

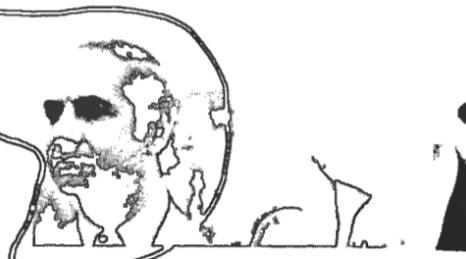
The White House press corps pool report covering the trip from downtown to the Marriott and the Registry read:

"As Ford shook hands with Legionnaires going out of the hall, a brief poll of handshakers found six who volunteered the opinion that the speech was good and one who called it 'the same old s---.'"

"Motorcade to Marriott uneventful. Ford worked a crowd of 300 or more people in front of the entrance, including several Legion members who looked hung over and evidently did not hear the speech."

"THE FEATURE OF the arrival was Ford's meeting with the sire of

LEFT: Bill "the Boomer" Brown (in brush cut) received special greetings from President Ford and a special invitation to enter Republican politics. Brown was noncommittal, but State Sen. George Pillsbury of Orono, the man with the toothy smile to the president's left, approved heartily. BELOW: Gerald Ford met the press briefly during his tour of 494 Land last week, and he's seen with his press secretary Ron Nessen.



Liberty, the family dog. Ford encountered Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lund, of nearby Hopkins, Minn., owners of the dog, whose name is 'Bang,' formal name 'Honors Let 'em Have It,' most obviously a fine stud.

"Ford shook hands with the dog, and said that he was 'proud' of Liberty and happy to have her. While this was going on, a band was playing Sousa marches in a temporary bandshell in front of the hotel while Secret Service agents tried to put us out of ear-shot of the conversation between the president and the greeters. . . ."

INSIDE THE MARRIOTT, Ford talked to Republican fund-raisers while White House advance man Bruce Decker made sure the hook-up to the White House phone system back at the Sofitel was in order. Decker told resident manager Dick Feller how disappointed he was lately with the White House press corps because its members hadn't noticed the sign he arranged for a Romanian villager to hold up during the president's recent tour of Europe. The sign read, in Romanian, "Re-elect Ford."

Ford told the cheering Republicans: "Our constituency is the people who do the nation's work, pay the nation's bills and preserve the nation's laws," which a reporter

FORD SLEPT HERE
Continued next page



White House press secretary Ron Nessen and friends all waited with hands in pockets.



It was the opening night for 'Nashville,' the highly touted movie of life in the country music scene, and lots of Washington officialdom were on hand

—Washington Star Photographer
Walter Oates



Sen. and Mrs. George McGovern stood in line on M Street waiting to get into the theater.



President Ford's son John, tall and blonde, stood above the crowd, but Sargent Shriver, below, seemed very happy to be immersed in it.



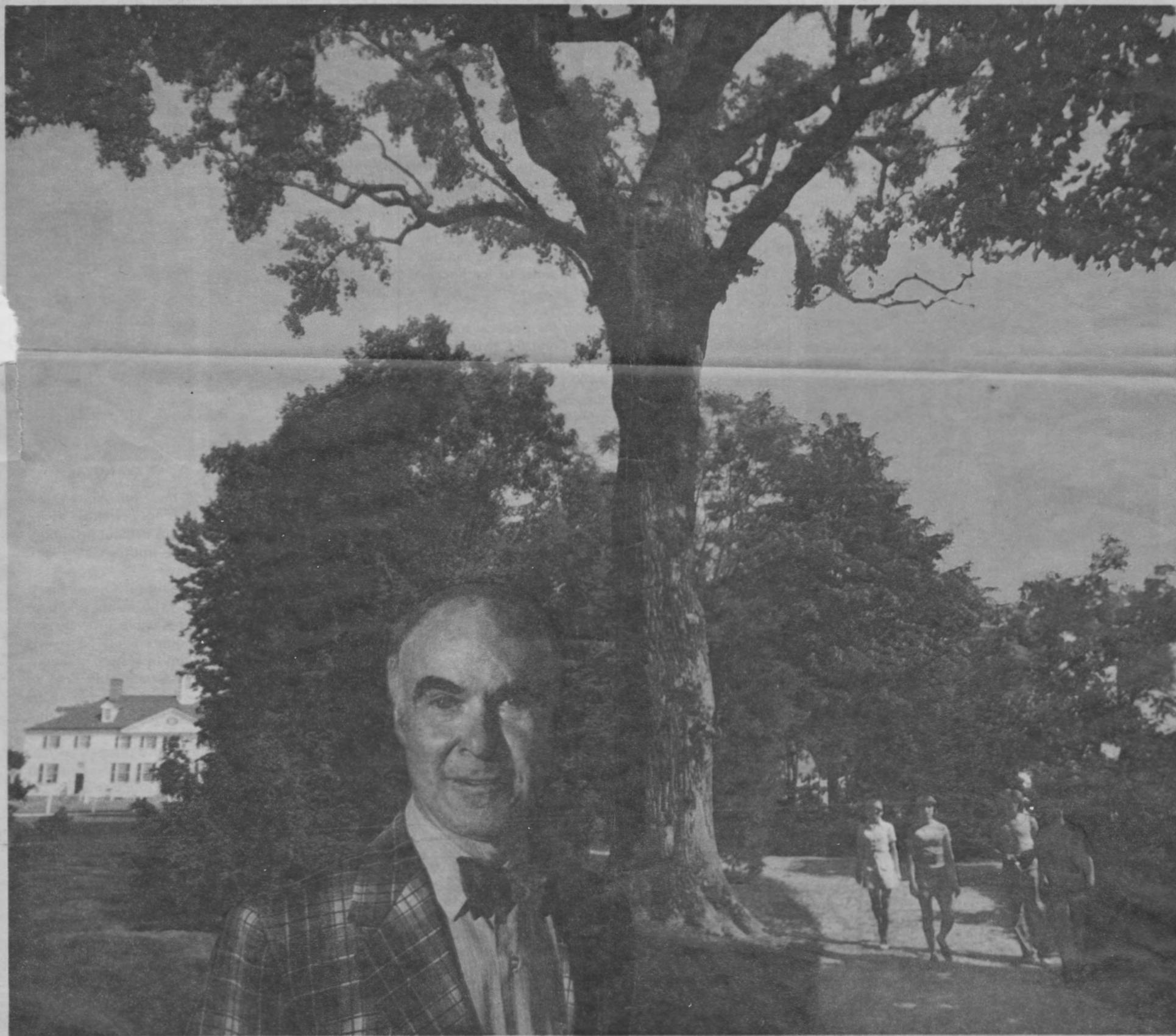
—Washington Star Photographer Walter Oates

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200-Year-Old Tree

by Fred Blumenthal

cover photo: Horticulturist Robert Fisher in Front of Washington's Tree at Historic Mount Vernon



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Q. Does Gerald Ford speak any foreign language?—*Helen Thornton, Philadelphia.*
A. He does not.

Q. When Maurice Stans, Nixon's chief money-raiser and former Commerce Secretary, pled guilty in court, he announced that the conviction merely proved his innocence. What sort of man is he anyway?—*G.F., Wilmington, Del.*

A. If one were to buy a used car from Mr. Stans, one might want to think about it more than once before finalizing the deal.

Q. Now that she is in her sixties it is hard to tell, but I wonder if Katharine Hepburn was ever a real beauty?—*Selena Henderson, Raleigh, N.C.*

A. In her youth Katharine Hepburn was a tall, thin stalk of exquisite loveliness, one of the most beautiful actresses of stage and screen.



KATHARINE HEPBURN IN HER EARLY DAYS

Q. Was the name Brokaw the maiden name of Clare Boothe Luce or the name of her first husband? Is Tom Brokaw of NBC News related in any way?—*Mrs. Calvin Duncan, San Diego, Calif.*

A. Clare Boothe Luce was married to George Tuttle Brokaw, New York clothing manufacturer, in 1923 when she was 20. The marriage ended in divorce in 1929. Tom Brokaw of NBC News is not related to Mrs. Luce in any way.



JOHNNY MILLER



JAY NORTH AS "DENNIS"

Q. Is Johnny Miller the golfer the former Jay North of the "Dennis the Menace" TV series? If not, what happened to Jay North?—*Barbara Reilly, Vineland, N.J.*

A. Johnny Miller is not Jay North grown up. Jay North acts in Los Angeles theaters when he can obtain work. He also coaches an amateur ice hockey team in Los Angeles.

Q. Can Gerald Ford count on the political support of Ronald Reagan and John Connally, two Democrats who converted to conservative Republicanism?—*F.L., Santa Ana, Cal.*

A. Not at this time; both Reagan and Connally would like the Republican Presidential nomination if they can get it. And Reagan is trying mightily.

Q. Why was Lucille Ball so uptight at the Emmy Awards? Why didn't she let her co-presenter Groucho Marx say anything?—*J. Middleton, Los Angeles.*

A. Lucille Ball's nervousness at the Emmy podium was provoked by a crank caller who reached Lucy midway through the Emmys. The unidentified female caller told Lucy that her son, Desi Jr., had been seriously injured in an auto accident and was at the UCLA emergency hospital. Lucy went on camera only moments before learning that the call was a prank; Desi Jr. was safe at home.

Q. Could America have won the war in Vietnam? If so, why didn't we?—*Mark Miller, Albany, N.Y.*

A. If we had wanted to blast Hanoi as we did Hiroshima, if we had wanted to destroy the Red River dikes and drown most of the North Vietnamese, we could easily have won. But then what? We would

have antagonized the world and would have had to support a client state indefinitely. Moreover, it is highly doubtful that the American people would have permitted its military to use nuclear bombs in a war unvoted by the Congress.

Q. Is it true that Jeanne Eagles, the actress who starred in "Rain," used to charge \$3000 a night for a romp in the hay?—*G.L., Hartford, Conn.*

A. Jeanne Eagles (1890-1929), portrayed on the screen in 1957 by Kim Novak, once charged an actor, Glenn Hunter, \$3000 for spending the night with her; but she was no prostitute. She explained that she was merely punishing Hunter for his expansive ego. John Wharton describes the incident in his recent book, "Life Among the Playwrights."



JEANNE EAGLES



KIM NOVAK

Q. It is my understanding that Ron Nessen, the White House press secretary, is not permitted to answer any foreign policy questions without first phoning Henry Kissinger. What's the truth?—*Gale Evans, Los Angeles.*

A. Nessen is allowed to hedge on such questions. It is Kissinger, the omnipotent, who insists upon remaining the behind-the-scenes figure in every important foreign policy announcement. Nessen is given far more latitude by Ford to answer questions on domestic policy (which he frequently does in detail) than Kissinger allows him on foreign affairs queries. As a result when a newsman asks Nessen a question on foreign affairs, Nessen is neither candid nor forthcoming. The White House press corps realizes that Kissinger severely hampers Nessen and understands the press secretary's predicament.

parade
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JULY 6, 1975

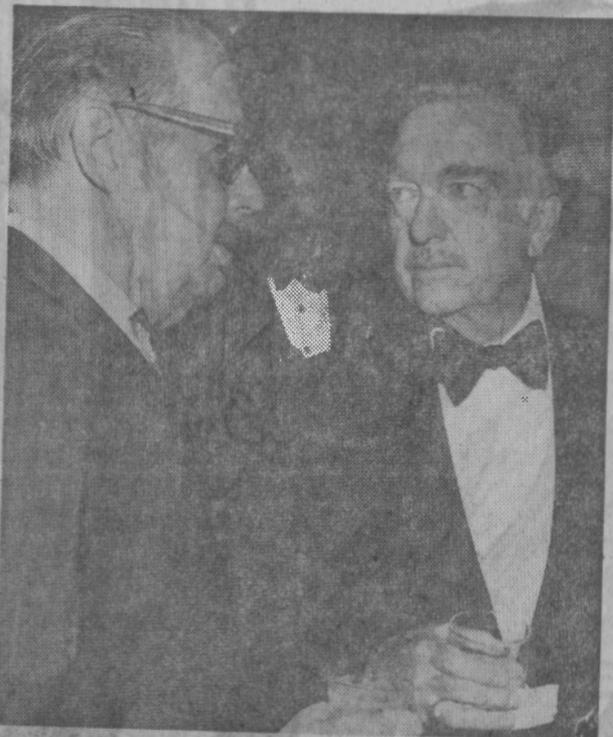
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PEOPLE

Politics, Almost as Usual



CBS newsmen Walter Cronkite, right, with Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott at the Argentine Embassy party in Cronkite's honor last night.

By Jeannette Smyth

Alejandro Orfila had a dinner party last night, his last as Argentinian ambassador, but intrigue of the Washington kind proceeded as usual, conversations behind big peony bouquets: Is Jerry Ford unbeatable? What about Wallace? Will the Democrats have a candidate?

Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield (D-Mont.) sat on a silken loveseat in the corner, talking to no one. Minority Leader Hugh Scott (R-Pa.) was saying, "Statesmanship is easy on the head but hard on the feet. My feet are killing me."

Democratic National Committee chairman Robert Strauss and White House Press Secretary Ronald Nessen stood in the doorway chatting.

"I think Ford's aged," said Nessen.

"Aged and matured," said the press-wise Strauss.

"God knows I've aged since I took that job," com-

mented Nessen with a laugh. "I remember a meeting at the White House the other day where somebody brought up an issue that was totally irrelevant. Before, Ford would have sat there, grinning and bearing it, but this time he said, 'Look, I'm meeting (Israeli Prime Minister) Rabin in half an hour and I need the time to study.' He's in command now."

"I wish," said Mrs. Averell Harriman to Mrs. Birch Bayh, "that you'd get him (Sen. Bayh) to run for President."

"I wish," said Marvella Bayh, "you'd tell him that. But it's really getting to be ridiculous. What are there, 16 candidates already?"

"Wallace is obsessed by his health," somebody said. "Ford has to get the delegates," said somebody else.

Meanwhile, CBS anchorman Walter Cronkite the guest of honor, stood by the marble fireplace chatting with columnist Mary McGrory and book agent Ann Buchwald. Probably more



Photos by Douglas Chevalier—The Washington Post

White House Press Secretary Ron Nessen with NBC anchorwoman Barbara Walters at the party in honor of Walter Cronkite.

Americans recognize Cronkite than your average presidential primary candidate; one measure of his influence is the fact that Secretary of State Henry Kissinger showed up well before dinner last night. Well, at least a few minutes before.

Cronkite and Orfila go back 30 years, Orfila said. "We first met in Moscow in 1946, when I was third secretary at the embassy there and Walter was UPI correspondent." Cronkite describ-

ed those days as "very dark, very hungry and very cold" in an after-dinner toast, adding he would tell the "true story" when he and Orfila retire. Orfila says he and Cronkite used to dance an ice-skating routine together in the ballroom of the Argentine embassy there.

There was no iceskating in the ballroom last night, merely Henry Kissinger saying that the proprietor of the King David Hotel, in Israel won't let Kissinger stay

at the neighboring Hilton. "He says he will consider it an act of aggression if I do," said Kissinger.

So why was one of the nation's best-known journalists rubbing shoulders with the diplomats and politicians? "We newsmen can't make alliances with movements, or causes, or governments, even our own government," said Cronkite in his toast. "But we've got to make some friendships because without them we'd be loveless."

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CITATION

On the fourth day of October in the Year of Our Lord One thousand Nine hundred and seventy four, at the White House during the daily press briefing for the ladies and gentlemen of the Fourth Estate Brother Nessen was asked by one L. Kinsolving whether President Gerald Ford who has asked the American people to fight inflation by economizing, believes that said people are not concerned about the Ford administration's present spending of more than \$9 000 per day on Mr Richard M. Nixon — as well as the continuing employment of high-salaried Nixon staffers like Mr. Ken Clawson, whose duties, if any are unknown to the public

Brother Nessen replied to this question by announcing

"I HAVE AN ANSWER FOR YOU, LES IT'S FROM EPHESIANS, CHAPTER 4. VERSES 31 AND 32

'LET ALL BITTERNESS AND WRATH AND ANGER AND CLAMOUR AND EVIL SPEAKING BE PUT AWAY FROM YOU, WITH ALL MALICE.

'AND BE YE KIND TO ONE ANOTHER, TENDERHEARTED, FORGIVING ONE ANOTHER, EVEN AS GOD FOR CHRIST'S SAKE HATH ALSO FORGIVEN YOU."

Said quotations from Holy Writ succeeded in leaving said Kinsolving speechless, a somewhat unparalleled feat

Awarded this seventh day of October, in the Year of Our Lord One thousand Nine Hundred and Seventy Four, — with the commendation to Brother Nessen's devotional attention of ADDITIONAL PASSAGES from this very same chapter of the Epistle to The Ephesians:

* Verse 29: "LET NO CORRUPT COMMUNICATION PROCEED OUT OF YOUR MOUTH, BUT THAT WHICH IS GOOD TO THE USE OF EDIFYING THAT IT MAY MINISTER GRACE UNTO THE HEARERS."

* Verse 28: "LET HIM THAT STOLE STEAL NO MORE: BUT RATHER LET HIM LABOR, WORKING WITH HIS HANDS THE THING WHICH IS GOOD ..."

* "WHEREFORE PUTTING AWAY LYING, SPEAK EVERY MAN TRUTH WITH NEIGHBOR ..."

* Verse 14: "THAT WE HENCEFORTH BE NO MORE CHILDREN TOSSED TO AND FRO, AND CARRIED ABOUT WITH EVERY WIND OF DOCTRINE, BY THE SLEIGHT OF MEN AND CUNNING CRAFTINESS, WHEREBY THEY LIE IN WAIT TO DECEIVE"

AMEN, RON, AMEN

* Any resemblance of the above Scripture to persons previously connected with the Executive Branch of the United States Government is purely



Archive

The flounders

The FCC is still thrashing around in search of agreement on repeal, retention or revision of the prime-time access rule. At last report there was talk of some kind of compromise that would retain restrictions on the number of evening hours to be occupied by network or off-network programming but would grant exceptions for programming that the FCC wants to cultivate.

The whole prime-time exercise has been an extended illustration of bureaucratic meddling at its worst. Not from the outset has the FCC known what it was doing. The original rule, which was intended to wrestle the television networks into submission, is now vigorously supported by ABC and NBC and only tokenly opposed by CBS. The FCC flails about with whip and chair, but the lions happily disport outside the cages.

Meanwhile, program producers are kept in confusion by the gyrations of an FCC that reconsiders and revises the rule and now, at court remand, reconsiders once again. Television program development is uncertain enough without Washington's erratic messing with the market.

As we have said before, the FCC should never have gone into this escapade in the first place, but it may be in too far now to get out all the way without causing even more damage. It should, however, get out of scheduling as far as possible and out of content altogether.

If there is to be a limit on the evening time that network and off-network programming may fill, let the limit apply equally to all stations and programs. When the FCC began granting waivers for some programs and denying them for others, it embarked on censorship, in precisely the form that is prohibited by the Constitution and the law. The talk now of issuing permanent waivers leads toward tighter censorship. Who are the members of the FCC to say, as they did earlier this year, that *Animal World* is worthy of prime-time exposure but *Hogan's Heroes* is not?

It's time for the FCC to conclude this case as rapidly and simply as possible and get on with business it is both authorized and competent to conduct.

Public servants

An R. J. Reynolds report to stockholders for the third quarter of 1974 contains information that we hope will come to the attention of all of those high-minded legislators who outlawed cigarette advertising on the air for the stated purpose of reducing smoking and keeping cigarette advertising from influencing the young.

On one page Reynolds reports that its tobacco sales for the first nine months of 1974 were \$2.1 billion — or \$400 million bigger than in the same period of 1973. On another it shows a photograph of a new sign that has been painted on the wall of a Manhattan building. It is a picture of a pack of Winston cigarettes, 136 feet high and 84 feet wide. Children, of course, will be taught to turn away when in the vicinity.

Shilling them into the tent

In the best show business tradition, the FCC has been using audience promotion to attract attendance to the two regional meetings it has held. And it is learning by experience. Its first exchange with the public, in Atlanta last spring, drew some 200 citizens. Two weeks ago it got a house of 1,000 in Chicago.

As reported here last week, an FCC official called NBC's

Washington office in advance of the Chicago meeting to inquire whether the network's Chicago O&O, WMAQ-TV, would prepare announcements inviting the public to attend. It just happened that Chairman Richard E. Wiley was to be in Chicago and could drop by the studios to make tapes. Why, yes, sir, it would be a pleasure, the FCC official was advised. At last count 13 television and 13 radio stations got Wiley tapes that WMAQ-TV distributed at cost.

Mind you, it has all been very informal — no threats to WSB-TV Atlanta, which did the first promotional spots, or to WMAQ-TV; no pressure put on other stations to broadcast Mr. Wiley's solicitation. Nothing more than a good turn done for a worthy cause.

Baloney. There is something cozy about an arrangement that puts broadcasting facilities and time at the disposal of an FCC that is out soliciting criticism of broadcasting. Broadcasters could lay larger claim to their souls if they rejected the next booking.

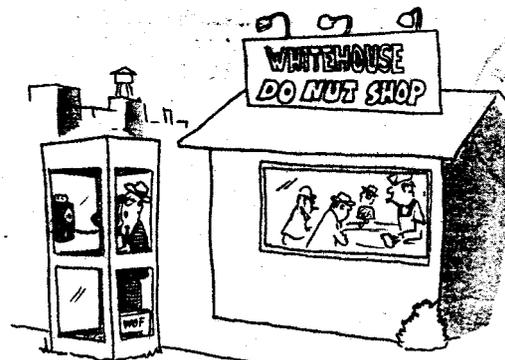
Lesson learned

Last week the White House announced that President Ford would make an appearance on Nov. 14 at Phoenix before the Society of Professional Journalists, Sigma Delta Chi. That appearance, at 6 p.m. mountain time, will be in the nature of a question-and-answer session.

Press Secretary Ron Nessen said the meeting "will be available for live television coverage." And we say, "bravo." That observation is a far cry from what was variously interpreted as a request for all-network coverage of President Ford's speech Oct. 15 before the Future Farmers of America in Kansas City, Mo. (*Broadcasting*, Oct. 21).

And while dealing with White House press relations, we applaud the decision to retain Gerald Warren as deputy press secretary, albeit with a new assignment. Mr. Warren, who had worked under Herbert Klein as assistant managing editor of the *San Diego Union*, now takes over the part of the erstwhile Klein responsibilities of maintaining liaison with broadcasters and editors, rather than as resident White House spokesman, which was his assignment in the latter days of the Nixon administration.

No one we know is shedding tears about the resignation — long sought — of the director of communications for the executive branch, Kenneth Clawson, who, without the title, is being replaced by Mr. Warren.



Drawn for Broadcasting by Jack Schmidt

"This is WOF's Tom McNeil . . . I've just come from the White House. . ."

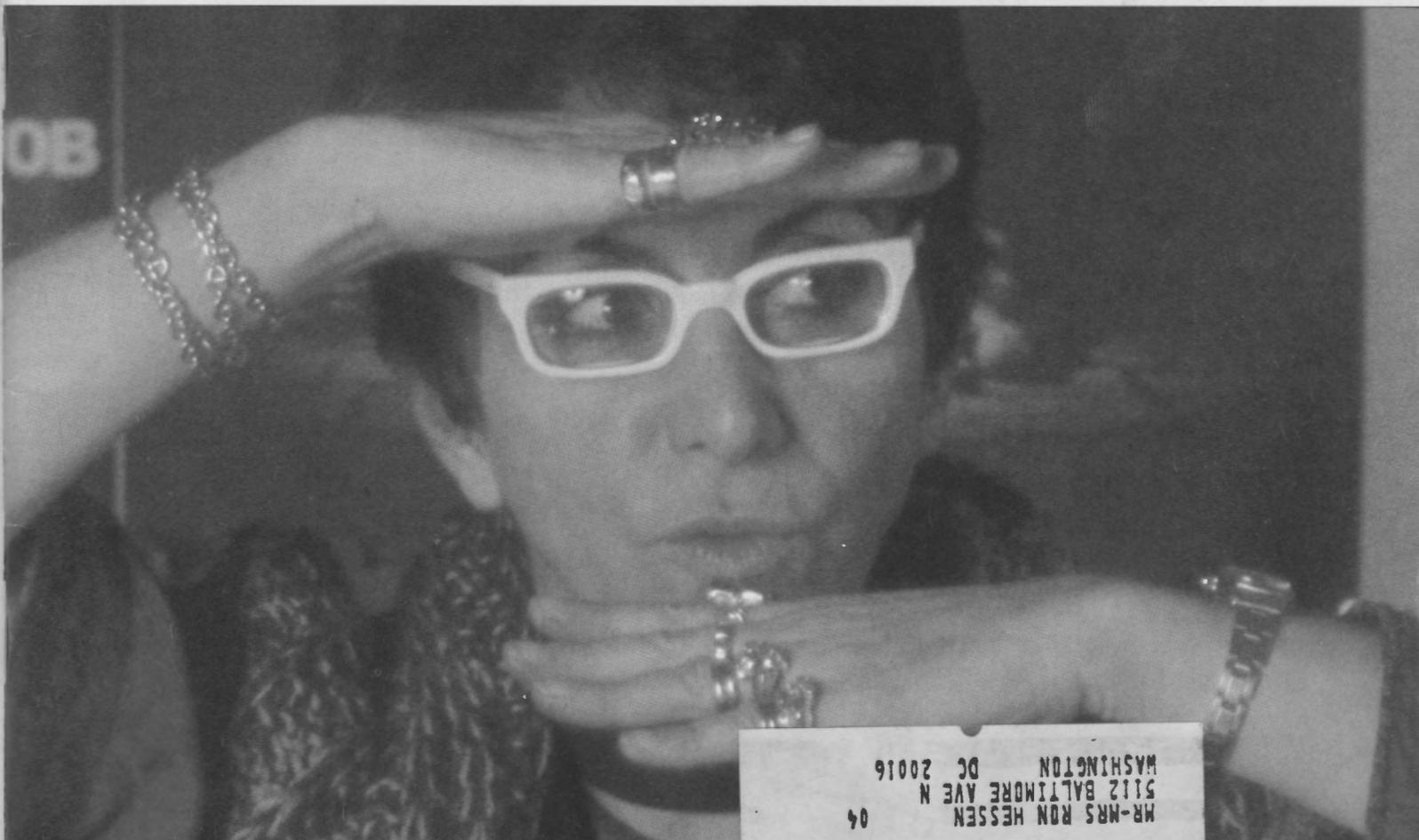
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Martha Gellhorn Returns to Spain After 37 Years
Can Bill Loeb Elect Reagan? by Aaron Latham

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5112 BALTIMORE AVE N
WASHINGTON DC 20016
04

Lina Wertmüller and Her Cinematic Daring
By John Simon

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 242

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

1. "Thank you."
2. "This old thing? I got it on sale at Bloomingdale's. I hate the color, but it was my size and . . ."

Above, *Esprit d'Escalier*. Competitors are invited to submit a brief exchange consisting (in order) of (1) what one should have said, and (2) what one said.

Results of Competition 239, in which you were asked for Famous First Words.

Report: Hello. I'm your bunny, Esther. A lot of you men, especially you new men, have been asking about assembling the repeating rifle and the repeating entries. First, the repeating entries: "Batter up"—AUNT JEMIMA. "Dy-no-mite!"—ALFRED NOBEL. "Here come the fudge, pudge, drudge, et al."—B. CROCKER, T. FIELDS, CINDERELLA, et al. "Hold the Mao"—GEN. CHIANG. "Moo goo gai pan"—CHAIRMAN MAO. "I feel pretty"—C. JORGENSEN. "Pardon me"—RICHARD NIXON. "Hello, Ma?"—A. G. BELL. "I do"—ZSA ZSA. "This could be the start of something big"—WILT CHAMBERLAIN. "I have this terrible headache"—EVE. "Inka dinka do"—J. DURANTE. "Furthermore . . ."—H. COSELL. "Take my wife, please"—H. YOUNGMAN. And "Let me call you sweetheart"—OEDIPUS. To assemble repeating rifle consult your manual under "R." For Rabbit.

First Prize of "The Brontës," by Brian Wilks (Viking) to:

"I am not a baby" RICHARD M. NIXON
Dr. Bicycle, NYC

"Far out!" —JOHN DENVER
Robert Blake, NYC

"Who was that masked man?"
—LINDA LOVELACE
Roland L. Holter, Bismarck, No. Dak.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

"Oops!" —GERALD FORD
T. Gauker, Forest Hills, N.Y.
Maureen Quap, Willingboro, N.J.
Jess Rosenthal, Roslyn Estates, N.Y.
Fran Ross, NYC

And Honorable Mention to:

"Hello, I'm Chevy Chase and you're not"
—CHEVY CHASE
Bertram Weiss, New Rochelle, N.Y.

"Layette, we are here"
—CHAS. E. STANTON (for Gen. Pershing)
Norton Bramesco, NYC

"Sorry I'm late, but the traffic was incredible"
—YVONNE DIONNE
Jack Rose, NYC
sp. mention: Donald Wigal, NYC

"Happy untimely ripp'd day to me; Happy untimely ripp'd day to me . . ."

—MACDUFF
Sunny Vaughn, Old Lyme, Conn.

"Peekaboo! I see you!" —TRUMAN CAPOTE
Albert G. Miller Fan Club, Laurel, Miss.
sp. mention: Mariel Bossert, Chatham, N.J.

"Peek a boo!" —THE LOCH NESS MONSTER
Emily Barnhart, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Aardvark, aardwolf . . ."
—NOAH WEBSTER
Amy Schreiber, Bklyn.

"Please do, Doctor"
—LEOPOLD VON SACHER-MASOCH
Eleanor Paul, Bklyn.

"Je suis, donc je pense" —DESCARTES
Lawrence S. Braden, Honolulu, Hawaii
Janet Lemkau, Plandome, N.Y.

"Happy Birthday!"
—MARGARETTA ROCKEFELLER
Teddy Huxford, Skaneateles, N.Y.

"Sum es est" —WERNER ERHARD
Margaret D. Dale, Longmeadow, Mass.

"MOMA" —NELSON ROCKEFELLER
Marshall A. Chess, NYC
similarly: Larry Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.

"Morning" —ELECTRA
Raymond E. Benenson, Niskayuna, N.Y.

"Hello, Dolly" —JAMES MADISON
Sunny Kramer, Harrison, N.Y.
Betsy J. Willner, Bklyn.

" . . . and how I got in these pajamas I'll never know"
—GROUCHO MARX
similarly: Grace Katz, Rutland, Vt.
Miles Klein, E. Brunswick, N.J.

"Well, I'll be damned" —FAUST
Jerry Lederman, Bklyn.

"Hold the mayo" —EARL OF SANDWICH
Sheila Lederman, Bklyn.

"Look, Ma! Two dead snakes!"
—HERCULES
W. H. Richardson, Peace Dale, R.I.

"Here we go again" —BRIDEY MURPHY
Sue and Erica Klein, E. Brunswick, N.J.
similarly: Cookie Gray, Closter, N.J.

"We're Shaffer people"
—ANTHONY AND PETER SHAFFER
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

". . . and I will weigh six lbs. four oz., and . . ."
—JEANE DIXON
Helen Stroud, Phila., Pa.

". . . Bingo!" —SIMON PETER
J. M. Riordan, Laguna Beach, Calif.

"It was a good birth"
—ERNEST HEMINGWAY
Richard J. Hafey, Morningdale, Mass.

"No pictures!" —RON NESSEN
Diane Gentry, Norristown, Pa.

"Let me tell you about my operation"
—JULIUS CAESAR
Michael Deskey, NYC

"Sorry about that" —JOLLY GREEN GIANT
Norma Agnew, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Where there's smoke . . ."—PROMETHEUS
Virginia Feine, Hartford, Conn.

"Veni" —JULIUS CAESAR
E. B. Callahan, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Doctor, I presume?"
—HENRY M. STANLEY
John Hines, Rio Pedras, P.R.

"212 555-1212" —ROBERT CUMMINGS
Book Stall, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Here's Mudd in your eye" —ROGER MUDD
E. S. Joline, Huntington, N.Y.

"Sommer is icumen in" —ELKE SOMMER
Nancy Joline, Huntington, N.Y.

"You're gonna have to come in and get me!"
—JOHN DILLINGER
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

"Send in the clowns" —P. T. BARNUM
Bruce Karp, Flushing, N.Y.

"What a great trip, and you don't need your American Express card"
—JOSIAH S. CARBURY
Judith Klein, E. Brunswick, N.J.

"I wouldn't go out without It"
—CLARA BOW
Joseph S. Miller, Albuquerque, N.M.

"Dah-dah" —SAMUEL F. B. MORSE
Richard Silvestri, Valley Stream, N.Y.

"EMU, AT, UNAU" —WILL WENG
Editorial Dept., the N.Y. Lawyer, NYC

"Shazam!" —HENRY KISSINGER
Myron H. Milder, Omaha, Neb.

2/27
2/27

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

TO: RON NESSEN

FROM: MARGITA WHITE

F. Y. I.



Family Weekly

More than 10,700,000 paid circulation through 309 influential daily newspapers

MORTON FRANK
President and Publisher

February 25, 1975

Dear Margita,

I'm delighted to learn, via FAMILY WEEKLY, that you're continuing to serve the nation. Every good wish!

Enclosed is an advance copy of a proof of the "Ask Them Yourself" feature for March 23, that told me the good news.

Saw Herb Klein at the SDX convention in Phoenix. He looked well, seemed relatively content, and relaxed. He made a good talk, too.

Cordially,

Morton Frank
Morton Frank

Mrs. Margita White
Press Office
Office of the White House
Washington, D.C.



Ask Them Yourself

Want to ask a famous person a question? Send the question on a postcard, to "Ask" Family Weekly, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022. We'll pay \$5 for published questions. Sorry, we can't answer others.



FOR POLLY BERGEN

Did you start off as a singer?—B.B., Lowell, Mass.

● Correct. When I was 16, I got a job singing on a Pasadena radio station. I was soon fired because of a flood of



complaints from listeners. This is what happened: I sang a country-western lullaby ("Go to Sleep My Little Buckaroo"), and all the ladies were furious because instead of their children going to sleep, their husbands became very "interested" in me. It seems my voice—which was always low and husky—was too sexy and suggestive.

FOR BART STARR, head coach of the Green Bay Packers

How do you feel about the football tradition that says ex-quarterbacks don't make good head coaches in the National Football League?—Roger Davidson, Durham, N.C.

● I intend to bury that next to the one that said a black man couldn't play quarterback in the National Football League.



FOR KITTY CARLISLE, panelist on "To Tell the Truth"

Are the gowns you wear on the show your own?—Cecilia Borowicz, Stephen, Minn.

● Yes. The reason I have so many is because I never throw any of them away. You see, I haven't gained an inch or an ounce in 30 years, so all my clothes still fit. I don't get rid of anything because I know if you wait long enough, everything eventually comes back into fashion again.

FOR JASON MILLER, star of "The Nickel Ride"

Do you think most actors come to admire the characters they're playing?—J.N., Ogden, Utah

● "Understand" might be the better word. When I played the priest in "The Exorcist," I was one jump ahead, because I was strictly raised as an Irish-Catholic. Many actors portray murderers and criminals, and I'm sure they don't "admire" them. But if they research the character, they get to "understand" what makes the character tick, and so are able to give the role much more realism.



FOR RON NESSEN, presidential press secretary

Could a woman do your job?—Robert Barney, San Antonio, Texas

● Definitely. As a matter of fact, President Ford has just appointed Mrs. Margita White, formerly of the Nixon press team, to be an assistant press secretary.

you why? —Kathy Ryan, B. Freetown, Maine

● So am I! What's even more surprising is that the series was purchased way back in 1965. A number of scripts have been written—and rejected—and various actors proposed for the lead. The film, if it ever gets off the ground, is based on the first book, "Friday the Rabbi Slept Late." There is also some TV interest. Keep your fingers crossed.



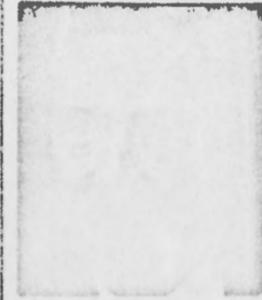
Why do you always wear blue jeans? Do your friends treat you differently now that you're the daughter of the President? —L.A., Durham, N.C.

● I wear blue jeans because I really do like them. And I still have the same friends I had before we moved to the White House. We still have the same kind of fun together.

FOR TRISH VAN DEVERE

Did you ever regret becoming an actress? —L.E., Asbury Park, N.J.

● Only once, when I was 16 and in summer stock. I had always wanted to go to Europe and that was the year my friends decided to go. I couldn't join them because of my stage commitment. My only consolation was that they didn't send me glowing postcards from exotic places. When they got back, they told me, "We had a dreadful time, and you didn't miss a thing by not coming with us."



FOR HOWARD K. SMITH, "ABC Evening News"

Were you angered by the "protesters" who interrupted your program last October? —Terry Davis, Alma, Ark.

● I was certainly angry that supporters of a fanatical terrorist movement used our news program to propagate their bloody cause. However, since one was a priest, I asked the police to release them. I suggested to the priest that his conscience should punish him for helping create a hell on earth for the children of Northern Ireland. If he had no conscience, he would look on arrest as martyrdom, which would serve no purpose but to reinforce his fanaticism.

FOR THE ASK THEM YOURSELF EDITOR

Is Woody Allen ever serious? —M.P., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

● He's always serious when he's working or doing something that's important to him—like acting, writing or playing the clarinet. When he's relaxed he likes to clown around. Not too well known is that Woody Allen's second love is sports. He plays in New York's Broadway Softball League in the summer and keeps in shape during the winter by playing tennis. Actor Tony Roberts, now starring on Broadway in "Absurd Person Singular," is a good friend of Woody's. He says Woody's strongest points in tennis are his outfit and serve—both of which are designed to cripple his opponent with laughter. His usual garb on the courts is a multicolored T-shirt, oversized boxer shorts reaching to his knees, unmatched Argyle socks and dirty brown sneakers with white laces.



Woody Allen

Cover Photo by M. Maddick/F.P.G.

March 23, 1975 **Family Weekly** The Newspaper Magazine

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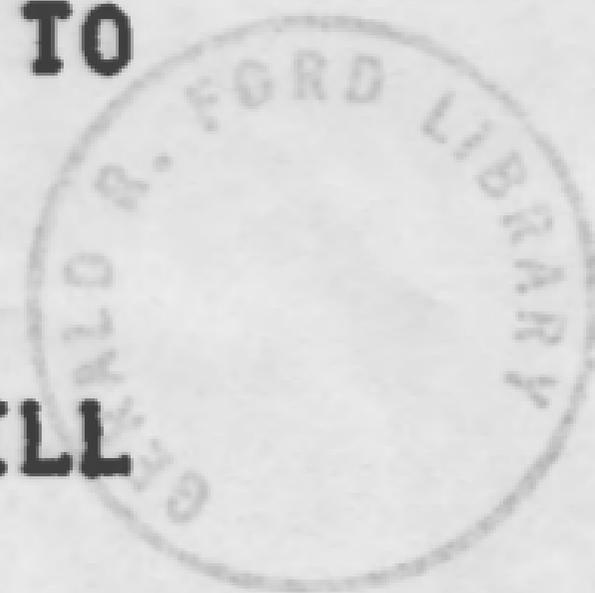
(NESSEN'S WILL POWER)

WASHINGTON (UPI) -- PRESS SECRETARY RON NESSEN TRIED FOR A WEEK TO SMOKE A PIPE BUT TODAY HAD RETURNED TO CHAIN SMOKING CIGARETTES.

AT HIS DAILY NEWS CONFERENCE, A REPORTER ASKED NESSEN IF HIS RETURN TO CIGARETTES "REPRESENTED A CHANGE IN WHITE HOUSE POLICY".

NESSEN SHOOK HIS HEAD AND SAID, "NO. IT REPRESENTS MY LACK OF WILL POWER."

UPI 03-21 05:16 PED



a Ford in their future?

I think men have the right to have their own clubs. It's pretty much like the racial situation. I don't see why a person owning a restaurant doesn't have the right to prevent anyone from coming in, be they black or white," she explains. "Certainly there are some white people who I'm sure plagued restaurant owners would like to say, and probably have said, 'You're not welcome here.'"

Have the President's views influenced her on such issues? "Frankly, I think we sort of just inherently shared the same ideas on issues without ever talking about them," she adds.

Coming into office in the aftermath of the Watergate upheaval, the Ford staff is keenly aware of the risks and the transience of power. "It made me aware that once the blood gets in the water and the sharks starts circling, you could be the next guy," recalled photographer David Kennerly from his basement rocking chair. "The job that was done on Haig (by others on the Nixon staff) was totally out of line. People are basically animals and they just had to stick it in him.

"I'm not paranoid about that at all," concedes Kennerly. "I've never heard of anyone trying to knife me on this staff ever."

But he admits, "There are people here who on occasion have tried to knife each other. It's jealousy of somebody else who is closer to the President."

While Ford himself says he wants to avoid staff feuding, it is difficult to avoid temper tantrums, malicious press leaks and in-fighting. "There is an abundance of



The President and his morning staff meeting.

Photo by Guy DeLort

vious administrations.

Instead, the inner circle is turning backward for its values, back to what Buchen calls "the old-fashioned liberalism of the '30s."

"The general theme of this administration is to go back to the idea that gov-

ernment is to help the individual. The individual has come to rely too much on government. He has lost his self-sufficiency," observes Buchen. "It sounds homely now but I know the President has a strong conviction this is what they should be after."

The lack of new ideas has prompted

some to question the savvy of the President's inner circle. "They're a team which came in without any time to prepare," admits one Javits aide. "They're a product of on-the-job training."

As secretary Mildred Leonard puts it, "I wish I had met Rosemary Woods to

show me how it all worked. Overnight he was President and so we all just kept groping."

Socially, the Ford team enjoys men's clubs, golf, musicals and backyard pool parties.

Ron Nessen describes the social life as much freer than under the previous administration: "The Nixon people were very suspicious and so clannish that they only hung around with each other. Here, you're free to go your own way."

But one social rule usually applies: The President rarely parties with his staff.

Buchen says his decision to join the Ford team has ended, for the present, his status as an old friend. "He (Ford) has a social life entirely apart from work," says Buchen.

Ms. Leonard puts it this way: "I like to keep my place. I frankly like the employer-employee relationship and I've never been on a running-in-and-out basis in his home."

Rumsfeld skips the staff socializing, choosing a more rarefied air. Aside from tennis, "we don't socialize much because I'm usually at the White House," he says. Rumsfeld is the closest thing to the Kennedy image and he doesn't mind the comparison, keeping a Kennedy bust in his office.

As for the future, Ron Nessen says, "Maybe I'll do something nutty, like opening a bar, learning to play the guitar, becoming a movie producer. I know more about more things now."

Kennerly puts it this way: "Just look at the Nixon administration, where all those guys are today. One thing is for sure. People who are here today will have nice jobs tomorrow after this administration has passed to someone else."

— SUSAN WATTERS

"I'm not paranoid about that at all, concedes Kennerly. "I've never heard of anyone trying to knife me on this staff ever."

But he admits, "There are people here who on occasion have tried to knife each other. It's jealousy of somebody else who is closer to the President."

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The President and his morning staff meeting.

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●

**For all the
President's men
— and women —
there's a question:
Will it all be
over next year?**

●

powerful egos around here and the political animal is by nature aggressive, combative and ambitious," observes Hartmann.

Insiders say Rumsfeld was hired to keep the fighting under control. "We needed a strong hand and Don had it," says one Ford intimate and high-ranking cabinet officer. "He is brusque, a perfectionist, whereas the President is overly sympathetic toward people, very understanding if people make mistakes."

Buffering the behind-the-scenes power plays is just one aspect of the Ford administration's effort to dissociate itself completely from the Nixon image.

"This staff is not enthralled by the attributes of wealth, or by Ivy League or West Coast go-go types," says counsel Buchen, sitting behind the red tap-proof scrambler telephone. Instead of James Bond, his hero is Dorothy Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey.

Rumsfeld, who objects to the chief of staff title because of its association with H.R. Haldeman, balks at any description of himself as the keeper of the gates. "I don't decide that. The President decides who he will see," Rumsfeld counters. Most Congressional leaders, like Senator Jacob Javits, Chuck Percy and John Sparkman, say they have only to pick up the phone to talk directly to Ford.

Also different are the morning staff briefings. Gone are the experts who speak only on their areas of expertise, and the solitary moments of presidential decision-making. Ford, instead, relies heavily on his advisors and prefers to thrash out problems with his staff.

"Those of us who have this so-called cabinet rank have a sort of general license to stick our noses into any question that comes along," says Hartmann.

Former journalists like Hartmann and Nessen cling firmly to their roles as policy advisors. "When I took the job I told the President it was vital to me to have an input as a senior advisor," explains Nessen. "Ford believes I have good judgment across-the-board." To prepare for the role, advisers are briefed on issues by other administration experts. "It's almost like being in college again," says Nessen.

This free-form policy-making approach has resulted in few innovative programs, however, and so far, the Ford lineup lacks the idea-men associated with pre-



Is there

WASHINGTON — Ron Nessen, the President's press secretary, says he may try tending bar. Photographer David Kennerly is worried he'll have lost his competitive bite when he leaves the White House. Staff coordinator Don Rumsfeld is mentioned as a candidate for high office on his own.

President Ford's inner circle seems to have some nagging doubts that a year from now it may all be over. And a prudent bureaucrat, even installed in the White House, knows the advantage of covering his bets.

The doubts and insecurities typical of any White House entourage persist despite continued emphatic avowals by Ford that he will be a candidate in 1976. Some White House staffers say Betty Ford's health may intervene to change the entire plan, with Ford, the family man, dropping out for personal reasons.

And then there's the view that the Ford team has been unable to supply the kind of bold, innovative programs needed to lead the country out of the economic blahs, thereby heightening the chances of defeat if he does run.

For the Ford staff, the future is now and the power is in the present. Facing a Congress upset by vetoes and aiming to hold the White House under Republican control no matter who runs, the inner circle is hard at work — boosting, shielding and sometimes manufacturing the political prowess of Gerald Rudolph Ford.

Middle-American, middle-aged, Middle Westerners, they are the frequently faceless insiders with immediate access to the Oval Office who help hammer out administration policies. Many are former congressmen, aides and journalists with a flare for the free-wheeling rap session.

Rumsfeld, Ford's coolly combative chief of staff, joined his first presidential cabinet in 1969 under the Nixon administration to head the Office of Economic Opportunity, an agency he voted against when he served as congressman from Chicago. Of Rumsfeld, Evengeline Bruce told a friend, "He is the first man of presidential stature I've seen in years." For himself, Rumsfeld is closing no doors. "Domestic, economic, national security, foreign policy, I'm interested in all these areas," he says. Rumsfeld is also keeping his party lines open. "I play tennis every Sunday, at Ethel Kennedy's with Art Buchwald and John Douglas."

Bob Hartmann, a crusty, florid-faced and often abrasive ex-newspaperman, is highly possessive of his influence over Ford. Hartmann worked on the Hill with Ford for the 1968 and 1972 Republican National Conventions.

Counselor and chief speech writer, Hartmann is a feuder who has tangled with Nixon's chief of staff, Alexander Haig, Ford's economic counselor, Bill Seidman, and even Betty Ford. Of Ms. Ford, he says, "We don't always see eye-to-eye." But Hartmann appears eminently self-confident about his position: "I've known him (Ford) a lot longer

than anyone else and maybe I understand him better."

This isn't exactly true. Chief counsel Philip Buchen has known Ford since 1935. While the younger of the two, Buchen's attitude toward his Grand Rapids buddy is often paternal. "I was the senior partner when we served in the same law firm," explains the white-haired lawyer. Former press secretary Jerry terHorst of the Detroit News describes Buchen as the most liberal in the group, the man responsible for influencing Ford to pardon Richard Nixon.

Like Rumsfeld, counselor John Marsh is a former congressman with a deceptively Cheshire cat grin and a yen for the country-lawyer image. Known as the man who handles Ford's thorny back-room issues, such as the administration's position in the South, his chief responsibility is dealing with Congress. What trouble spots has he been dealing with lately? "I was in charge of building the President's swimming pool," he says coolly. Marsh is probably the most conservative member of the Ford team. Before joining Ford's staff, he worked as chief lobbyist for the Pentagon.

The youngest advisor, at 41, is press secretary Ron Nessen. "I've had to get used to being held up to extreme public scrutiny and it leads to a touch of paranoia," says the successor to Ron Ziegler's legacy of mistrust. "I'm very high-strung, don't take criticism well and vacillate between fits of depression and euphoria." As Nessen sees him, Ford is "even-tempered, hides his feeling when he's angry. I'd like to be more like him."

Generally, the staff mirrors Ford's own conservative views. Ford's personal secretary of 22 years, Mildred Leonard, still follows the dictates of some of Ford's most controversial stands, namely on civil rights. "I do think women should get equal pay for equal work, but, on the other hand,



October 30, 1975

The Honorable Ron Nessen
Press Secretary to the President
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Nessen,

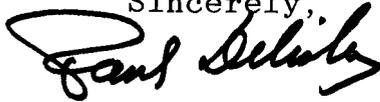
It is with deep regret I read your letter.

I am distressed that inadvertently you were caused displeasure in Sans Souci.

I assure you, it is important to me that while dining with us, that you enjoy your privacy, which I appreciate and greatly respect.

I do hope you will continue to favor us with your presence and I look forward to the privilege of welcoming you in person in the near future.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Paul DeLisle". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial "P".

Paul DeLisle



SANS SOUCI

726 17TH STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C. 20006

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THE HONORABLE RON NESSEN
Press Secretary to the President
The White House
Washington, D. C. 20500



2
pro
NESSEN, RONALD H. *10/24*

October 24, 1975

Dear Paul:

This kind of eavesdropping could persuade your regular customers to eat elsewhere where their conversations are kept private.

Sincerely,

Ron Nessen
Press Secretary
to the President

Mr. Paul Delisle
✓ Sans Souci Restaurant
726 17th Street, NW
Washington, D. C. 20006

RN/cg

10

RECEIVED
OCT 25 1975
GENERAL FILES



AND ANTIFREEZE DOESN'T SNAG, EITHER. The antifreeze manufacturers of America have gleefully announced that there will be enough of the stuff this winter because polyester clothing sales are down. Seems they have a chemical—ethylene glycol—in common with the Quality People, according to "W". Ear is wearing pure cotton and wool again. At this time Ear thought the QP were reliable but useless. Now it turns out they really are doing their little part.

The Ear

WELL, IT'S A VERY STIMULATING SUBJECT, ACTUALLY. Ron Nessen had a chat at the Sans Souci yesterday with

two young wide-eyed sycophants who hung on his every word. Ear hears the conversation was pretty much of a yawn. He told a joke about himself and Eric Sevareid in Vietnam and whispered the punch line, then more loudly declared

that he fully intends to be press secretary until Jan. 20, 1981. Sorry, Earwigs, these are slow days.

SEMI-SECRET STUFF FROM THE SUBURBS . . . Somebody should have

thought of this before, but Treasury Secretary Bill Simon is planning a 1 Year's quickie trip to the Middle East to find out why everybody's so rich out there. Nobody's really said that Simon is thinking of resigning, but his McLeah house is up for sale. Meanwhile, everybody's new HEW secretary, David McAleah, is moving into McLeah. Just so you can keep his kids in public school. "We heard the Washington public schools weren't so good," said wife Mary. "All right, you can't have the secretary of education sending his children to private schools."

Ear hears
you've
been in
The Ear



The Washington Star



AND ANTIFREEZE DOESN'T SNAG, EITHER . . . The antifreeze manufacturers of America have gleefully announced that there will be enough of the stuff this winter because polyester clothing sales are down. Seems they have a chemical—ethylene glycol—in common. All the Quality People, according to "W", are wearing pure cotton and wool again. All this time Ear thought the QP were adorable but useless. Now it turns out they really are doing their little part.

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