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AS PRESIDENT; ASSERTS 'NIGHT MARE IS OVER' *Nixon Bids an Emotional Farewell to Washington*

TEARS AT PARTING

Ex-President Warns Against Bitterness and Revenge

By JAMES T. WOOTEN
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9 — Richard M. Nixon, his face wet with tears, bade an emotional farewell to the remnants of his broken Administration today, urging its members to be proud of their record in government and warning them against bitterness, self-pity and revenge.

"Always remember others may hate you," he told mem-

The text of Nixon's speech is printed on Page 4.

bers of his Cabinet and staff in a final gathering at the White House, "But those who hate you don't win unless you hate them—and then you destroy yourself."

Shortly thereafter, for the last time as President of the United States, he strode up the ramp of the plane that had taken him to the capitals of the world and was flown home to California, where his career in American politics began nearly thirty years ago.

It was 11:35 A.M. here when President Nixon's letter of resignation was delivered to the office of Secretary of State Kissinger. This is what it said:

"Dear Mr. Secretary: I hereby resign the office of President of the United States. Sincerely, Richard Nixon."

Again a Private Citizen

Soon after his departure, while the giant jet was soaring high above the heartland of the country, Gerald R. Ford was sworn in here as the nation's President and Mr. Nixon, once again, was a private citizen.

Despite that new status, 5,000 people greeted his arrival in his native state at El Toro Marine Base. They cheered and applauded when, with his wife, Pat, standing nearby, Mr. Nixon stepped to a waiting microphone, squinted into the brilliant midday heat and said, "We're home."

Then a helicopter whisked the former President, Mrs. Nixon, their daughter Tricia and her husband, Edward F. Cox, to La Casa Pacifica, the sprawling seaside villa near San Clemente.

Mr. Nixon's day began in the mist and rain of a humid Washington morning, when Manolo Sanchez, his long-time valet,

Continued on Page 4, Column 1

Continued From Page 1, Col. 1

laid out the clothes he would wear during the final hours of his tenure as President.

He had determined that he would leave the city as President and, after saying good-by to the White House servants, he and Mrs. Nixon and their two daughters and son-in-law went downstairs to the spacious East Room, where the men and women who had worked for him were waiting for his farewell remarks.

"You are here to say good-by to us," he began, "and we don't have a good word for it in English. The best is au revoir. We will see you again."

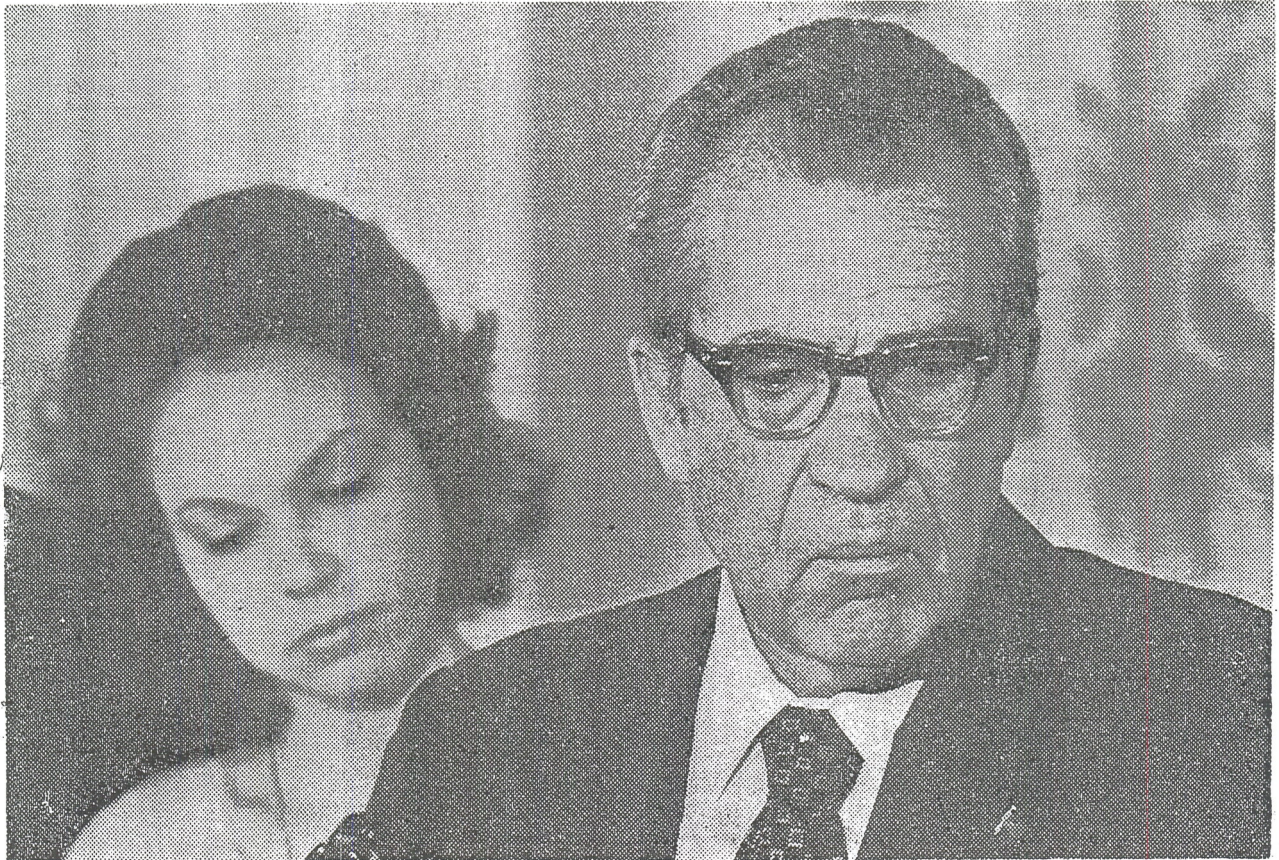
Then, with his family standing behind him, Mr. Nixon began to speak of many things—of the White House itself, the faithfulness and loyalty of his subordinates there, of his parents, and of the vagaries of human existence.

"This house has a great heart," he said, "and that heart comes from those who serve."

He stated his pride in the Cabinet he had appointed and the staff he had named, and he conceded that "we have done some things wrong in this Administration, and the top man always takes the responsibility — and I have never ducked it."

'We Can Be Proud'

"But, I want to say one thing: We can be proud of it—five and a half years—no man



The New York Times/Mike Lien

President Nixon at ceremony where he bade his Cabinet and staff good-by. At left is his daughter Julie Eisenhower.

or no woman came into this Administration and left it with more of this world's goods than when he came in."

While he spoke, Mr. Nixon's eyes brimmed with tears that glistened in the glare of the television lights, and although he occasionally smiled, his remarks were tinted with the sadness his friends say now plagues him.

There was an awkward moment, when, in discussing vocational integrity, he said that among other craftsmen, the country needs "good plumbers."

The ornate room, crowded with those who had watched the Watergate scandals grow from a small group of "plumbers" commissioned by Mr. Nixon to find and stop leaks to the media, was quiet except for a scraping chair or two and scattered coughing.

Unlike his quiet, controlled demeanor in his television appearance last night, when he announced to the nation that he would resign, Mr. Nixon was animated in his last White House appearance, moving energetically behind the wooden lectern, gesturing and nodding in punctuation of his remarks.

To Pay His Taxes

The lightest moment in his remarks came when he told the audience that he would like to compensate them monetarily for their services.

"I only wish that I were a wealthy man," he said. "At the present time, I have got to find a way to pay my taxes."

There was laughter in the

East Room, and some of the quiet but heavy tension was temporarily relieved.

He was calm, though, as he remembered his father, "my old man," but as he reminisced, his voice grew thick and approached the breaking point.

"I think they would have called him sort of a little man," he said. "Common man—but he didn't consider himself that

way. . . . He was a great man because he said his job, and every job, counts up to the hilt, regardless of what happens."

His mother, he said, was a saint about whom "no books would ever be written.

Then, Mr. Cox, his son-in-law, stepped over and handed him an open copy of a book. Mr. Nixon pulled a pair of glasses from his coat pocket, put them on and began to read from President Theodore Roosevelt's diary. The passage he cited was written after the death of his first wife, an event that, according to the diary, "took the light from my life forever."

Served His Country

"But," said Mr. Nixon, "he went on, and he not only became President, but as an ex-President he served his country—always in the arena: tempestuous, strong, sometimes wrong, sometimes right, but he was a man."

At the end of his remarks, he paused and began his farewell: "And so, we leave with high hopes, in good spirit and with deep humility, and with very much gratefulness in our hearts.

"And I can only say to each and every one of you, we come from many faiths, we pray perhaps to different gods, but really the same god in a sense, but I wish to say to each and every one of you, not only will we always remember you, not only will we always be grateful to you, but always you will be in our hearts and you will be in our prayers."

As they had, when he had entered the room a quarter-hour before, the audience stood and applauded. Mr. Nixon and his family stepped down from the curved platform and walked outside to the South Lawn, where Mr. and Mrs. Ford and another crowd of well-wishers was waiting.

The Last Ride

At the end of a scarlet carpet and a corridor of honor guards from the military services, an olive-drab helicopter stood waiting for the last ride from the White House out to Andrews Air Force base and the big, silver-and-blue plane he had dubbed the Spirit of '76.

Julie Eisenhower kissed her father, David Eisenhower and Mr. Ford kissed Mrs. Nixon. Mrs. Ford kissed Mr. Nixon, and at the last moment, the President reached out for the Vice President's hand, shook it warmly, and then touched Mr. Ford's elbow with his left hand, like a coach sending in a substitute.

Mr. Nixon mounted the steps to the helicopter, turned and jerked a wave then lifted his

arms in the familiar "victory" gesture.

Several hundred people were at the airport outside Washington to see the President depart. He made no comments there, but once again waved and smiled from the ramp just before disappearing inside.

The engines whined and then screamed and then roared as the plane turned on the tarmac and began moving slowly away from the waving group along the wire fence.

On board with Mr. and Mrs. Nixon were Mr. and Mrs. Cox and Ronald L. Ziegler, the press secretary and Presidential adviser.

The jet wheeled onto the runway, paused momentarily and then began its take-off roll toward the west.

"Folksy Nixon Invokes
Memories of His 'Old Man'"

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Richard M. Nixon waving as he boarded helicopter from the White House for Andrews Air Force Base, Md.

Associated Press



Mr. and Mrs. Gerald R. Ford and Mr. and Mrs. David Eisenhower as Richard M. Nixon's helicopter left the White House yesterday. Shortly afterward, Mr. Ford was sworn in, as the Nixon party was on the way to California.

The New York Times/George James