



Sixty-five million people were almost cheek-close at her wedding, thanks to the TV networks that took them there. But on the night of June 12, 1971, Tricia Nixon Cox, the girl who told White House women reporters, "When you don't read about me in the newspapers, you know I'm having a good time," drew the shades on the goldfish bowl and literally dropped out of sight.

Where's Tricia?

Unlike Jacqueline Kennedy, who sought privacy desperately and never seemed to achieve it (leaving some to doubt whether she genuinely wanted it), President Nixon's older daughter plays the privacy game with skill and boldness. "The Howard Hughes of the White House," her sister Julie Nixon Eisenhower affectionately dubbed her while Tricia was still living there. "The Phantom of the Essex House," she was called last summer by fellow residents of the New York hotel. Now, installed in her first home as a married woman, an apartment near the Harvard Law School, where Ed Cox is in his third year, Tricia continues to evade the relentless spotlight that ensnares nearly every other celebrity in the U.S. When asked, "Where's Tricia?" her own mother has said wistfully, "If you find out, you're better than I am."

Although Tricia-watching has not yet become the national sport that Jackie-watching once was, a few aficionados do keep track of Tricia's movements, mostly out of curiosity but also on the principle that no bit of personal American history should go undocumented.

It was a Tricia-watcher, for example, who first divined that the newlyweds had decided to spend their honeymoon at Camp David, the Presidential retreat in Maryland's Catoctin Mountains near Washington. "The President gave us all the hints himself," said the observer. "He said they didn't need Secret Service men, and Camp David is guarded by U.S. Marines." (Another expert on Camp David, Lynda Johnson Robb, smiled when asked why she and her groom, Chuck Robb, had not chosen to honeymoon there. "Ed wasn't a Marine on White House duty like Chuck," Lynda said. "If we'd gone to Camp David, Chuck would have had all his Marine friends around for our whole honeymoon.")

The couple probably reached Camp David in time to spend their wedding night there. The honeymoon bedroom? Undoubtedly the Presidential suite, with the

Tricia Nixon managed to maintain her privacy while she lived in the White House. And now that she and her husband Ed Cox are on their own, she continues to move in mysterious ways. Here is a fascinating look inside her very private world.

king-sized bed installed by President Johnson and a small adjoining bedroom in case anyone catches cold. Other Camp David facilities: swimming pool, tennis court, skeet shooting range, putting green, movie theater, roller skating rink, even a sauna (as Tricia discovered last winter).

Tricia may have indeed caught cold on her honeymoon. Shortly afterward, while Ed was hard at work at his \$60-a-week New York job in the office of Whitney North Seymour, Jr., the United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, she slipped into the White House unseen. White House staff people later said she was not feeling well. Ed stayed in New York, doing what his father-in-law, the President, has called "exciting work on substantive cases."

Indeed, the Washington press, usually alert to all President's-daughter news, did not even know Tricia was back in the White House until information filtered through that Ed had joined her. ("Joined her?" snorted a miffed reporter. "We didn't even know she was here!")

The following week, a newspaper photograph showed the newlyweds leaving their unidentified residence, a house on New York's upper East Side. Then Tricia submerged again. Anyone who asked the White House where to send important mail was given the address of the Manhattan home of Ed's parents, Colonel Howard Cox, a New York lawyer, and his wife, Anne C. D. Finch Cox. Another New York address zealously guarded by Tricia-watchers was 2 East End Avenue, where she and Ed may really have lived for a

while. They couldn't remain there, however, because the house had no adequate accommodations for Secret Service men.

Tricia next surfaced on July 27, when it was announced that she and Ed were moving into a deluxe two-bedroom suite at the Essex House, on New York's Central Park South, a hotel recently taken over by the Marriott chain. At this point, one assiduous Tricia-watcher reported:

"Tricia and Eddie moved into the Essex House during the last week of July, with about 15 or 20 pieces of luggage. They live in a fifth-floor corner apartment suite, #510. The corridor doors to the suite read 'Marriott Suite.' The general feeling is that they do not pay for the apartment, but occupy it with the compliments of the hotel. The Marriotts keep the apartment as a V.I.P. suite, and before the Coxes moved in, other important types used it. President Nixon and J. W. Marriott are close friends. Marriott handled arrangements for the inaugural balls, is active politically, and has a vice-president named F. Donald Nixon, who is the President's brother.

"An apartment comparable to the Coxes' rents for \$33,000 a year. It has a large living room, two large bedrooms—one with a king-sized bed, the other with twin beds—a foyer, a small pantry kitchen, two baths and five closets. Because it is a V.I.P. suite, #510 has a regular electric range; most other Essex House suites do not. The Coxes use regular hotel furniture, with the color scheme built around red wall-to-wall carpeting. The dining area is in the living room. Two swing-in doors close the small but efficient kitchen off from view.

"The Secret Service men—a complement of four or five—live in rooms next to the apartment. They often keep their doors open, but when you walk along the corridor there is no evidence of their presence. Two or three agents accompany Tricia when she goes out, but none sit in the lobby. Instead they check the lobby out when she enters or leaves. And they handle everything for Tricia—tipping, shopping, errands, etc. They also try to assure her of an exclusive self-service elevator up and down.

"Living in the hotel, the Coxes have full hotel services: maids, room service, laundry, etc. Tricia uses the maid service about twice a week; more often she tells the maid she'd rather straighten up things herself. The maids didn't know the Coxes were coming until

(continued)

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WHERE'S TRICIA? continued

the Superintendent of Housekeeping called a meeting and, according to one maid, 'told us the Nixon girl was moving in with her young husband, but reminded us they were still on their honeymoon and didn't want to be bothered.' Apparently no security check was made on hotel employees in general.

"Tricia and Eddie never appear in the hotel dining room, where the food is good and the pastry chef world-famous. When they first moved in, they had room service a lot, with an 'emphasis on steak,' but then Tricia found her domestic wings and started to cook. But the Secret Service men did the grocery shopping. The Coxes entertain a fair amount. And they do go out, but nobody seems to know where. She was seen shopping in Bonwit Teller—with the president of the store checking to make sure she got good service.

"They have two Ford cars, which are kept in the garage or parked on the street. One is white. Secret Service men do the driving. Tricia and Ed are charged \$6 to \$7 a night for parking, and the bills are reportedly mailed to Washington. They also reportedly pay for room service, but not full price. Tipping is done by Secret Service men, who tip well—\$5 to \$20 is a typical tip."

Other residents of the Essex House soon joined the ranks of Tricia-watchers, sometimes in spite of themselves. Said one:

"My chauffeur, who knows a lot of the employees, said she's a cute little thing—fun and down to earth, not a phony like some of the movie stars who come here. But nobody ever seems to see Eddie. In the garage, they seemed to think he leaves the hotel at 7 A.M., but takes taxis, mostly. Nobody sees him come back, though."

Perhaps the most public bit of young-married entertaining took place on Wednesday night, August 4, when President and Mrs. Nixon flew in for a Tricia-cooked dinner, then took Tricia and Ed to the Broadway musical *No, No, Nanette*.

The meal, described by Mrs. Nixon as "a scrumptious dinner," was served at a table the First Lady described as "trimmed with huge lollipops." A hotel executive did the shopping, and Tricia served broiled lobster, stuffed potatoes, tomato salad and scooped-out oranges filled with sherbet. "I even ate the cherry," said the President. There were no bulletins on which of the many cookbooks Tricia received at her prenuptial showers supplied her with recipes for the meal.

But this was in August. Where's Tricia now?

She and Ed were planning to live in Cambridge, Mass., in a two-bedroom, \$180-a-month apartment at 44 Langdon Street. The rent, a bargain, might have been even less. A complex court battle involving the tenants, the city rent control commission and the landlord might have reduced the price to \$145 had Ed Cox chosen to get involved in a legal tangle. The building is just around the corner from the bachelor quarters Ed had last year, and two blocks away from Harvard Law School. The apartment became available through a law student friend of Eddie's, Steven Presser, who had been living there. Presser, incidentally, was invited to the Rose Garden wedding,

but he did not attend the affair.

Finally, however, Tricia and Eddie decided to avoid the rental controversy, and as of this writing, to become tenants of Peabody Terrace, a glorified low-rent housing project in an older, off-beat section of town. It is further from the campus than the original apartment—this may be a security asset—and it has the advantage of a lower rental, only \$120 a month. The exact apartment number is being kept secret, but it's on a lower floor, to be close to Secret Service protection.

It's a pity the Coxes decided against the Langdon Street place. The elderly Republican lady who lives in the yellow Victorian building next door would have been a perfect neighbor for the Coxes. Mrs. Russell Bullen is the former GOP City Chairman of Cambridge. She has a scrapbook of pictures of herself and Richard Nixon from the 1960 campaign, and also cherishes baby pictures of the two Nixon girls. One of her tenants, a 28-year-old teacher, was less delighted at the prospective arrival of Tricia and Ed. "It's going to cramp our style," she said. "We'll certainly be hesitant to have swinging parties with the Secret Service next door." The young teacher was also afraid of the possibility of trouble. "What happens the next time there's something like Cambodia? We're only a hop, skip and a jump from Harvard Square. They could march down here to demonstrate in five minutes."

Mysterious callers

Were neighboring residents checked out for security purposes? Some feel they were. They speak of mysterious callers claiming to be census takers or pollsters who asked for their political opinions as well as for socioeconomic data.

But the most telling comments come from the younger Cambridge types. "Everybody's going to turn super-straight," commented a long-haired student in Harvard Square. "There's a grass famine now, but it will probably be worse where the Coxes live."

Where's Tricia? "When you don't read about me in the newspapers you know I'm having a good time." Patricia Nixon Cox hardly fits the stereotype image of a Women's Liberationist. But in her own way, she has liberated herself from the goldfish bowl in which President's daughters usually live.

Why does she have this fetish for seclusion? Some say it is because she is shy. But she says she doesn't think she is. According to her father, "She is reserved. She does not like the limelight, she has a passion for privacy—like me. Neither of us likes to have a lot of people around."

Like all brides, Tricia is entitled to a first year of marriage without too many people around. Whether she will be able to perform the ultimate feat, whether she can avoid the percolating political and intellectual forces at Harvard University and Cambridge, remains to be seen.

"Who knows?" shrugged one student. "We may even find her attending law courses in the right of privacy in the U.S."

—LON WINTER

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