

**JANUARY 1973**

# WATERGATE

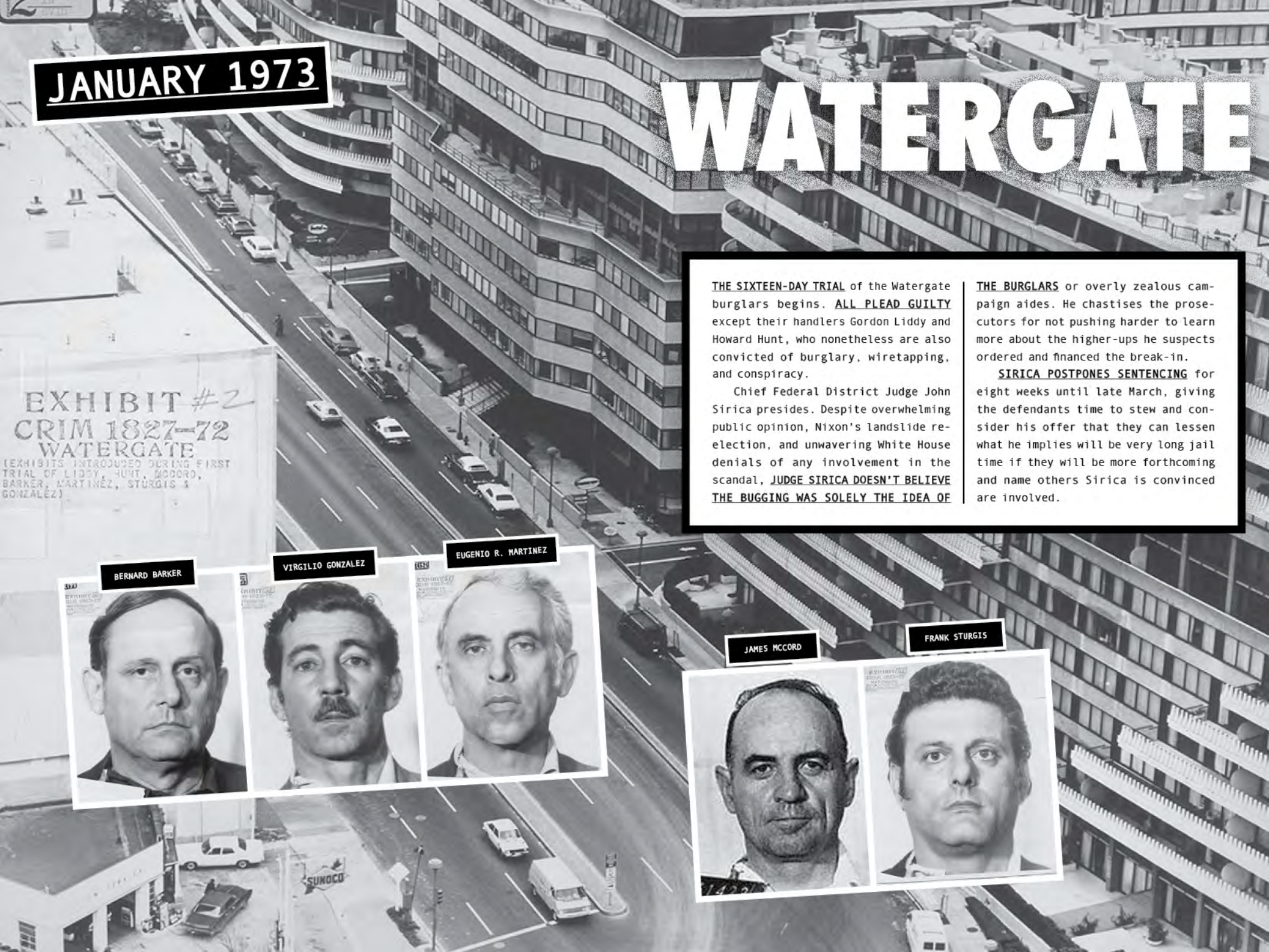
**EXHIBIT #2**  
**CRIM 1827-72**  
**WATERGATE**  
(EXHIBITS INTRODUCED DURING FIRST TRIAL OF LIDDY, HUNT, MODORO, BARKER, MARTINEZ, STURGIS & GONZALEZ)

THE SIXTEEN-DAY TRIAL of the Watergate burglars begins. ALL PLEAD GUILTY except their handlers Gordon Liddy and Howard Hunt, who nonetheless are also convicted of burglary, wiretapping, and conspiracy.

THE BURGLARS or overly zealous campaign aides. He chastises the prosecutors for not pushing harder to learn more about the higher-ups he suspects ordered and financed the break-in.

SIRICA POSTPONES SENTENCING for eight weeks until late March, giving the defendants time to stew and consider his offer that they can lessen what he implies will be very long jail time if they will be more forthcoming and name others Sirica is convinced are involved.

Chief Federal District Judge John Sirica presides. Despite overwhelming public opinion, Nixon's landslide reelection, and unwavering White House denials of any involvement in the scandal, JUDGE SIRICA DOESN'T BELIEVE THE BUGGING WAS SOLELY THE IDEA OF







# NIXON IS INAUGURATED

**NIXON IS INAUGURATED FOR HIS SECOND TERM.** His parade is interrupted by anti-Vietnam War protesters throwing vegetables at his motorcade and chanting, "Nixon, you liar, sign the cease-fire."

When treaty negotiations with the North Vietnamese collapsed in early December,

**NIXON ORDERED ONE OF THE MOST CONCENTRATED BOMBINGS** in world history—decried by critics around the globe as barbaric. But by the end of January, Nixon's administration will reach a tenable peace agreement. Finally, **AMERICANS WILL NO LONGER BE SENT TO FIGHT IN VIETNAM.**



# ALSO SWORN-IN:

**ONE OF THE YOUNGEST SENATORS EVER** in the nation's history, from his sons' hospital room. 30-year-old Joseph Biden, whose wife and baby daughter had just died in a terrible car accident.

And the **YOUNGEST CONGRESSWOMAN** to that point, a 31-year-old Harvard lawyer, Elizabeth Holtzman, **UNSEATING THE 50-YEAR INCUMBENT** who'd stalled the ERA in committee for decades.





CHAPTER ONE

# JANUARY

# ROE V. WADE



**IN A 7-2 DECISION, THE SUPREME COURT LEGALIZES ABORTION.** The justices' majority opinion says the Fourteenth Amendment's Due Process Clause—no state "shall deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law"—implies **THE RIGHT TO PRIVACY**, and, therefore, makes reproductive choice an individual, fundamental right.

The majority opinion took seriously the arguments made by 26-year-old Texas attorney Sarah Weddington that **IN A FREE SOCIETY MEANINGFUL LIBERTY REQUIRES BROAD APPLICATION.** She wins the argument, despite the opposing attorney undercutting her and her client, "Jane Roe," with "It's an old joke, but when a man argues against two beautiful ladies, they are going to have the last word."

Meanwhile, Wyoming becomes the 23rd state to ratify the ERA. **ONLY FIFTEEN MORE NEEDED.**

She'd give just about anything for that boy's socks. What was his name? Patty glanced at the teenager sitting to her left and smiled.

He grinned back. It was a good smile—big like his voice was loud, honest, the corners of his mouth disappearing into those ridiculous, curly sideburns he kept stroking.

Abe. That was it.

Embarrassed that she was wondering how big a smile she'd have to bless him with to get those socks, Patty abruptly turned back toward the parade route. When the heck would things get rolling? She tried to wriggle her toes that prickled sharply from the cold. Were they actually moving? Or had they frozen into immobile chunks of flesh?

*Don't be so melodramatic.* One of her parents' favorite reprimands filled Patty's mind.

Patty looked down at the black patent-leather go-go boots Simone had lent her the night before. As if the thin, slick-shiny plastic was any kind of protection against winter temperatures. Her godmother's daughter had meant well, of course. Her attempt at the friendship being forced on them. Or maybe it was pity at Patty's mother insisting she wear Leggs pantyhose instead of the cream-colored, cable-knit, knee-sock-warm tights Simone had offered. They were very hip—like the type Twiggy wore under her miniskirts in fashion magazines. Patty had almost drooled at them.

"Certainly not. Ladies wear stockings—especially to important ceremonies," Patty's mom said as she looped the last loose strand

of Patty's dark hair around a pink curler and thrust a bobby pin into it to hold her hair taut, so tight her scalp throbbed and ached. "Tomorrow, nothing but ladylike deportment. Make your father proud." Then she'd doused Patty in a fog of Final Net hairspray, adding, "And remember—pretty is as pretty does." The gospel according to Dot Appleton.

Easy enough for her mother to say, Patty fumed. Because her father was a high-profile Republican fundraiser for Nixon's campaign, her parents had been invited to the glassed-in VIP reviewing stand to watch the inaugural parade. Where her mother could easily back her slim, meticulously maintained size-four tush up to a heater.

Another blast of wind gushed up Patty's A-line skirt to her girdle, saturating her own butt in icy cold. She clamped her teeth against their chattering in the ripple of shivers that followed. She should have sat on a lower rung of the metal bleachers, where these constant frigid gales would have been less likely to storm straight to her underwear. But this is where other congressional pages had wanted to sit, so they could better view the horse cavalries, marching bands, and floats passing along Pennsylvania Avenue toward the White House.

She'd just joined their ranks the previous week. Most of the teenage pages had been working the floor of the Senate and House since September, coinciding with the school year. Watching the parade among them had seemed a good way to get to know more of them quickly.

Patty looked back to Abe. Bet his socks were wool, thick, cozy. But what she *really* wanted—after that last wind gust—were his corduroy pants.

Abe frowned. "You okay?"

Oh God, caught lusting after slacks. If only nice girls could wear them and still be considered "nice." Patty forced the bright

smile she'd flashed at countless cocktail parties her parents hosted. "Oh yes, just excited. I feel like I'm part of history!"

Squinting a little, Abe cocked his head in a *really?* expression. So, he was the cynical type. Or pretended to be. Surely he wouldn't give up the usual all-American adolescence to be a page, working ridiculous hours to run notes back and forth from the Senate floor to congressional offices in service to his country if he was truly some Doubting Thomas.

But Patty adjusted her wide-eyed patriotism accordingly, trained to shift, chameleon-like, to reflect the hues of opinion of people around her, especially that of boys. "Maybe not part of it exactly. A *witness* to history." She paused. "My godmother's daughter is actually in the parade, though. She's the one I'll be spending my weekends with—in Old Town Alexandria. My parents didn't want me in D.C., unchaperoned at my residence hall, when Congress wasn't in session. Her high school marching band has been mixed in with a bunch of other local schools to create a band of 1,776 players. To match the theme for today's parade. You know, the spirit of 1776."

Abe snorted. "Leave it to Tricky Dick to exploit the feel-good imagery of a bicentennial that's not even happening until three years from now," he muttered. "Given Watergate, I wonder how George Washington—Mr. I-Cannot-Tell-a-Lie—would feel about Richard Nixon being sworn in again as president."

"Hey now," the boy sitting on Patty's other side said, leaning forward to speak around her toward Abe. Friendly, earnest. "Don't be badmouthing Mr. Nixon. Not today, roomie. Today's sacred! When our government resets in a peaceful transition of power. Accepting the vote, the will of the people, even if our guy loses. That's democracy!" He grinned. "Besides, it's clear the president didn't know anything about the break-in. It was just a bunch of overly enthusiastic campaign knuckleheads."

Abe shook his head in mock sorrow at what he clearly viewed as his friend's naivete. "The whole thing reeks of dirty tricks, buddy. The more they dig, the more they're going to find, mark my words," he concluded.

"But . . . but he's saying precisely what my father does," Patty surprised herself by jumping in. "That there's no way President Nixon can know of everything going on during a campaign. Too many workers all over the country. Daddy handled contributions from hundreds of people in Illinois, Kansas, Missouri—way too many to keep track of."

"That's right. Listen to the lady," the boy beside her spoke in a soft drawl. Like Abe's slightly brassy northeastern accent, Will's southern intonation was another distinctly regional way of speaking Patty had never heard in person before, growing up in the Midwest. "Don't forget, the indictments stopped with the five burglars."

"And their two wacko handlers," Abe countered. "Calling themselves anti-communists. Seriously? Some are ex-CIA. Experts in lying and hiding things. Doesn't that tell you something? Plus, a couple had direct ties to the White House. Don't you read the *Washington Post*?"

"Naw," said the boy with a mischievous grin. "Vice President Agnew calls those reporters 'nattering nabobs of negativism.' I go for the *Evening Star*."

Abe rolled his eyes. "Well, I've obviously got my work cut out with you."

"And I with you," the boy answered good-naturedly. He elbowed Patty. "I pray for his sorry atheist soul all the time. I'll get him before we graduate." He extended his hand. "I'm sorry, I haven't introduced myself. I'm a House floor page—"

Abe interrupted, "The lesser chamber to yours and mine—"

"—Will Ferguson. And that depends on how you look at things," he tossed back at Abe.

Patty took his handshake, marveling at the boys' amiable banter when clearly they had serious political disagreement. In her parents' house, only one line of thought was allowed—Nixon's—and Americans who questioned the president were savaged as being radical left, lily-livered commie-lovers. "Patty. Patty Appleton." Oh, how his wool mittens hugged the thin kid leather of her gloves in warmth.

"Golly. You're shaking. Here." Will pulled an emerald-colored scarf off his neck that took some time to dredge up entirely out of his peacoat. "My mama knit it for me, worrying Washington, D.C., was as cold as the North Pole or something. I tried to tell her the weather wouldn't be all that different from North Carolina. Today is an exception. WMAL radio says the windchill's yanked us down to twenty degrees."

Without worrying about propriety—or what her hometown boyfriend would say about her wearing some other guy's clothes—Patty grabbed the lovingly crocheted scarf and wrapped it around and around and around her thighs. It was long enough to reach below her knees. "Thank you sooooo much." Feeling her shudders subside, she sighed contentedly.

"I teased Mama that thing made me look like Linus carrying around his blanket, she made it so long." Will pushed up his collar to cover his throat, now sans woolen muffler, momentarily revealing on one wrist a nickel-plated POW bracelet, engraved with the name and capture date of an American prisoner of war. "She didn't want me to leave home. Fourth son—baby of the family and all." He paused. "But now I can tell her she made it just the right length to rescue a damsel in distress and help me look like Lancelot or something."

“Ha! You wish!” Abe reached around and swatted Will on the back.

Precisely Patty’s thought. She needed no rescuing, but she reflexively looked up into Will’s face and murmured—in jest, mostly, “Thank you for your kindness, good sir.”

Will beamed. He did have dreamboat big blue eyes.

Now that her teeth were no longer chattering, Patty started to ask Will if his POW bracelet honored someone he knew. Back home, a few of her classmates had purchased and worn the thin metal cuffs as a way of supporting awareness of American soldiers imprisoned by the Viet Cong. None of them actually knew young men who’d been drafted. Their brothers and beaus were college boys. Safely deferred. But the parade interrupted Patty as the first military band passed Sixth Street to come into view down by the National Archives.

“Finally!” the three of them exhaled. En masse, all the pages around her leaned forward and craned their heads toward the domed Capitol, where the swearing-in had taken place and the parade route began. The metal bleachers groaned a bit with their simultaneous shift.

“What took them so long to start?” a page in front of Patty grumbled.

“Antiwar protesters,” said another, who moments before had jogged up to the bleachers to push his way into the next row down. “Dressed in shrouds, carrying fake coffins and signs calling Nixon a killer. Police had to clear them out before the motorcade could roll. Some even threw rocks at the Secret Service.”

The page whistled. “Wow. That took nerve.” Then he cursed, putting his hand to his mouth. “Dammit. Cracked open my chapped lips. This wind is murder.”

Reaching into her coat pocket with one hand, Patty tapped the teen on his shoulder with her other. “Take my ChapStick. It’s

fresh. I haven’t used it yet. Hope you don’t mind it tasting like cherry.”

“Thanks!” The boy took the tube gratefully and rubbed his lips with the ointment, leaving a ring of ruby atop the baby-fine hair trying to sprout into a mustache. He held it back toward her.

“Keep it,” she answered. “I’ve got a Lip Smacker.”

At that, the entire row of boys turned around to look up at her.

“It’s . . . it’s a new lip balm.” *For pity’s sake, Patty.* She’d need to get used to being around so many boys, who might misinterpret brand names and references that other girls would immediately know. The cloistered, social narrowness of her all-girl Illinois prep school was suddenly showing.

Sousa’s *Semper Fidelis* saved her.

“Marines!” Will abruptly stood, respectful, solemn.

“All three of his brothers are marines, deployed in Vietnam,” Abe explained in a quiet aside to her. “One MIA, one still fighting, one held prisoner in the ‘Hanoi Hilton,’ going on a year now. Pretty tough on Will.”

Patty glanced up, thinking she should say something. But if Will heard his friend, he acted like he didn’t.

The band drew closer, their drumbeat beginning to echo through the metal stands.

Even over the approaching cymbals keeping the 4/4 beat, the trumpets and trombones, the drums, Patty could hear one of the guys lean over to the teen with the chapped lips to snicker, “Wonder what else she has hidden in her coat that tastes like cherry.”

Patty had been what her mother called an early bloomer. By fourteen, she’d already developed, rounding and filling out in womanly curves. Over the last three years, she’d grown accustomed to the sideways glances from boys (and their fathers) at



the country club, the stupid but comparatively innocuous comments about mountain ranges coming from guys thinking they were simply flirting, the uninvited wolf whistles on the street when she and her mother went shopping in Springfield.

But this boy's comment was so . . . so gross. And so . . . overt. Her face flamed red in fury and in an additional sensibility she didn't know how to completely describe. Disgust? Fear? Sullied, for sure. Searingly self-conscious. Thank God neither Will nor Abe seemed to have heard it. She didn't want them thinking she invited such "repartee." They seemed gentlemanly—like they could be friends. Patty pretended the offensive innuendo hadn't happened.

That she was invisible.

Of course, that didn't work for long.

Notebook in hand, a newspaper reporter was wading through the pages, asking their feelings—as young Americans—about the inauguration.

"*New York Times* guy," Abe announced. "I recognize him. He's always hanging around in the halls, buttonholing senators' staff." He waved and called out, "Wanna talk to the home team?" He pointed at himself and gave a thumbs-up.

But the journalist approached Patty instead. "Hey, miss! You're one of those new girl pages, aren't you? What's that like?"

Again, a sea of teenage boys turned to eye her, their noses red from the cold.

Patty felt her heart bang fast in her chest at being singled out. Automatically, she used phraseology her mother had coached her to say: "Oh, it's a great honor. I'm just thrilled and grateful to be here."

"There's only a handful of you, right?" the reporter pressed.

"Yes, sir."

"And none yet in the House?"

She nodded. "No, sir. I mean yes. I mean . . . You are correct. No female pages in the House yet. Just boys on that side of the Hill."

The reporter waited, his pen held to the paper. His eyebrows shot up in an unspoken *anything else?*

Patty smiled demurely and remained silent. She'd learned that from her mother too. Dot Appleton at her doctor-husband's side always, her delicate hand tucked into the crook of his arm, as he fielded overtures from wannabe buddies while wooing Republican donors at countless receptions.

The reporter waited hopefully for a few more beats before he gave up and turned to the boys surrounding Patty. "So . . . What do you guys think about having girls around?"

"Swell!"

"Great to see their pretty smiles in the morning—better than a cup of coffee."

"They'll keep us civilized—less farting!" A roar of laughter.

Chortling, the writer jotted down their answers. Then he looked back up at Patty and considered her for several beats before he pushed with "A bunch of senators really fought having girl pages. Thought you couldn't carry heavy reports. That sitting on the rostrum's steps would make girls look undignified. That your presence would wreck the easy congeniality between senators and pages because they'd have to censor any off-color language. Hell, they even had a two-hour debate about what girl pages would wear, worrying you might choose distracting outfits. A lot are still annoyed that you're breaking two centuries' worth of tradition.

"So, how do you feel about being a pioneer? A symbol for the women's movement, for female liberation?"

"Oh. Oh my gosh. I'm not some big libber," Patty blurted. Her mind filled with all the derisive comments her psychiatrist-father

had made about no one liking libbers or how “hard on the eye” most feminists were. “Except that Gloria Steinem,” he’d say. “Something must be wrong with her, something we can’t see, that she’s not married. A repressed something. After all, she’s certainly got the looks. She’s probably a closet . . .” and at that her father would trail off, as if *lesbian* was a dirty word or a term Patty—at almost eighteen years old—didn’t know.

The reporter didn’t move, just waited.

Taking a deep breath, Patty tried to say something articulate. “I haven’t experienced any discrimination or sexism.” But she paused, suddenly thinking of her first day in Washington when one of the guy pages sent her to retrieve the *Congressional Record* player. She felt herself flush once again with embarrassment, remembering the senators’ guffaws when she’d appeared at their cloakroom doorway to ask for it, and was told the *Congressional Record* was the official printed transcript of a day’s debates and proceedings. That had just been a prank, though, one the more senior pages put every newbie through, female or male. Wasn’t it?

The boys continued staring at Patty in expectation of her saying something else. Catching the eye of the teen who’d made the vulgar joke moments before, Patty felt her face turn even redder. Come to think of it, she hadn’t experienced really blatant sexism, the kind that made her this embarrassed, this uncomfortable, until now. Even so, she bit her lip, fretting under her breath, “It’s not as if I’m some bra burner.”

But the reporter heard her. Brightening, he scribbled fast at that last sentence. “Great. Thanks, miss.” He swam back down through the boy pages, some of them whispering and looking at Patty over their shoulders.

*Sugar!* she exploded inside.

That would be her quote—about bra burning, which naturally piqued the imagined image (and salacious, off-color comments)

of bared or mostly visible breasts—because of course it would be. In the *New York Times!*

Pretty is as pretty does? *What will Mother say?* She knew Dot Appleton adhered to the adage that a lady appeared in newsprint only five times in her life: at her birth, debut, marriage, child-birthing, and death. Patty caught her breath. And Daddy. Oh God. *Daddy.*

Shooting to her feet, she furiously unwrapped her legs and handed Will’s scarf back to him without looking at him directly. Burning with mortification, Patty was anything but cold now. “I promised Simone to take a photograph of her band. She’s going to be in the back, in a hundred piccolos and flutes. I think I’ll be able to spot her better from the sidewalk.”

Murmuring, “Excuse me. Excuse me, please. So sorry. Excuse me,” she carefully picked her way through the boys and fled the bleachers.

“You . . . said . . . what?”

Dot Appleton put down the Belleek teacup from which she was sipping the next day with a loud *clink*. A tiny slosh of coffee spilled over the wafer-thin rim into the shamrock-painted saucer. Her hand trembled. It had been doing that a lot recently, ruining the watercolor notecards she painted.

Despite obvious annoyance, however, her tone remained quiet. Patty’s mother never raised her voice. Not that Patty had witnessed anyway. Ever. When Dot Appleton was angry, that silky-smooth voice of hers simply grew terrifyingly icy and soft. So soft, in fact, the person who had offended her had to lean in close to hear her words. More than once Patty had wondered if that was how spiders lured flies into a web.

“I . . . I said . . . that I wasn’t some kind of bra burner,” Patty squeaked. “It just came out, Mother. I’m sorry.”



They were sitting in Sunday-morning sunbeams in her godparents' kitchen. Patty would be staying with them—her “Aunt Marjorie” and “Uncle Graham,” and their daughter, Simone, the owner of the mod Twiggy tights—for her year of paging. Her own parents had stayed over for the inauguration. Patty's godmother was at the kitchen sink, whisking eggs in a bowl, prepping them to scramble as she gazed out into a courtyard garden asleep for the winter. Bacon sizzled on the stove. Leaning over the counter, Simone was reading the *Washington Post*, its sections spread out across it in a horrendous mess.

Simone and Aunt Marjorie both wore flannel pajamas and fluffy slippers, their matching honey-blond hair yanked up in sloppy ponytails—which Patty found shocking. She'd never seen her own mother in a robe past her parents' bedroom doorway. But maybe it was because both dads—hers and Simone's—were still snoring upstairs. Patty's father had evidently had a little too much Chivas Regal at their inaugural ball. And Uncle Graham had pulled a week of near all-nighters prepping for a court case for the IRS, where he was a prosecutor.

Her mother didn't respond to her apology, just continued to stare down Patty, the corner of her left eyebrow shooting up in an angle as steep as a playground slide.

Patty squirmed.

Still whisking, Patty's godmother turned around, leaned her backside against the sink, and said after a sympathetic laugh, “Sounds like the reporter caught you unawares, sugar. My friend Jill says they like to do that—startle you into giving them a good . . . what was the term she used?” Aunt Marjorie trailed off for a moment. “Oh! a sound bite. A catchy quote readers or listeners will remember. She and the other caucus members are trying to learn to speak in them.”

“Something readers will remember?” Patty's mother repeated sarcastically. “*Precisely*. Now you're labeled as a girl who'll discuss women's unmentionables in print. It's so . . . unbecoming. Couldn't you think of something nice to say? Like how beautiful the Capitol is?”

“Oh, Dottie, pshaw, we certainly talked about underwear when we were at Wellesley. At least I know I did. 'Cause I always envied yours.” Aunt Marjorie winked at Patty in a theatrical aside. “Pink and lacy. Always.” She put down the bowl of eggs and turned the bacon.

“Marj! For pity's sake!”

“Your mama was my guide to all things feminine and chic,” Patty's godmother continued in affectionate teasing of Patty's mother. “Helped me buy my first push-up bra, as a matter of fact. Shooed away that hovering saleslady at Filene's who was embarrassing me so much, and showed me how to lean over so that I plopped properly into the cups to fill them up after latching the back. Of course, I don't have your mama's lovely figure, so all I did was slide right out. Now your mama, she—”

“Marjorie, whatever you're going to say next, just stop!” To Patty's amazement, her mother actually laughed. “You were absolutely hopeless with clothes.”

“That I was.”

“Until you came back from Paris—then you were far more sophisticated than I could have ever hoped to be. Those hats!”

Aunt Marjorie pulled the last piece of bacon out of the skillet and sighed dreamily. “That year abroad was such a revelation. I wish you'd come, Dottie. You'd have fit right in with those sidewalk artists of the Montmartre.”

Patty realized her mouth had been hanging open during the women's exchange and snapped it shut. The college-aged Dot

Appleton her godmother described was a total stranger to her. And she'd never before seen her mother happily joking around or so at ease with another woman.

"Besides," Aunt Marjorie added as she poured the eggs into the skillet and started stirring, "aren't you proud? Patty is a trail-blazer. It's so exciting what she's doing. Jill says that we will never get real change for women until we have more of us holding office ourselves—not just activating the phone tree or sticking stamps on envelopes for male candidates. Right now, of the nation's five hundred and thirty-five senators and representatives, only sixteen are women. It's so small a number I can't even calculate what infinitesimal percentage that would be.

"But just think. Patty's having an experience that before was only granted boys. Watching Congress work firsthand is perfect training for running for office herself one day." She smiled encouragingly at Patty.

"Oh, gosh, I would never presume I—" Patty started to say she'd never be confident enough to run for office herself, but her mother cut her off.

"Good Lord, Marj, don't be putting that idea into her head. Politics are so cutthroat. Maybe her husband one day." She paused. "As a matter of fact, we all have an eye on her beau, Scott. Very promising and articulate young man." Her voice turned singsong, like a mother trying to coax a toddler to walk: "If things go well, he and Patty could be the Republican answer to Kennedy and Jackie one day."

Sitting up straighter at the compliment, Patty noticed Simone shoot a quizzical look her way. Patty ignored it. Instead, she smiled at her mother, hoping to prompt more positive appraisal. But Dot Appleton didn't seem to notice. She stood to pour herself more coffee from the percolator and then opened a monogrammed gold pillbox, taking out and swallowing, one

after another, a green, a yellow, a pink, and finally a white tablet. Patty made note that the little white pill was a new addition to her mother's regimen.

"Who is this Jill whose opinion you put so much stock in anyway, Marj?" she asked with her more characteristic coolness.

"Oh, you'd loooooove her. Her name's Jill Ruckelshaus. Her husband is head of that new EPA, *but* she's a Republican speech-writer herself, *and* a part-time special assistant in the White House office of women's programs, *and* a co-founder of the National Women's Political Caucus. *And* a mother of five!" Patty's godmother elongated the coordinating conjunctions into breathy two-syllable words.

"I met her last spring because my neighbor's car broke down and she was desperate to get to a caucus meeting she didn't want to miss. We'd carpooled our boys to Saint Stephen's, and I owed her a thousand favors from those days. So, I gave her a lift. Then she convinced me to come into the house and listen to what these ladies had to say. They were strategizing about going to the nominating convention in Miami to argue for things like support for the ERA being included on the Republican Party platform. It . . . was . . . *absolutely* electrifying!"

She paused for a moment to catch her breath. Patty's mother had forewarned her—with considerable impatience—that "your godmother has that infuriating, Faulknerian habit of going on and on with a story." But Patty was actually finding her monologue kind of charming. She swallowed a little laugh as Aunt Marjorie launched into another burble of enthusiastic detail.

"They're all sharp as tacks. And it's truly bipartisan—not some left-wing hippie-dippie group. The Democrats do outnumber us considerably, but the caucus is working to recruit women of both parties to run for all kinds of office—from Congress to state legislatures to school boards. I've gotten to meet women



like Anne Armstrong—Nixon’s one and only woman *White House* counselor! Oh! And Betty Friedan.” Aunt Marjorie took in a deep breath and whispered conspiratorially, “Friedan is wonderfully . . . shockingly outrageous, Dottie. You should hear her!”

“The woman who wrote the *Feminine Mystique*? Marj! She’s such a radical!”

“You mean the feminine *mistake*, don’t you?” A disapproving baritone voice interrupted from the dining room door as Patty’s father entered. “That woman is responsible for half my female patients, housewives weeping on my couch, saying Friedan opened their eyes to their feeling so unfulfilled. Honestly, those gals were perfectly fine until they read that troublemaking scree. Friedan’s like the Typhoid Mary of neurosis.” He sat down at the table while running his hand through his salt and pepper hair, his head clearly pounding. He looked to Patty’s mother. “Coffee, please, dear.”

Hastily, Patty’s mom filled a teacup, dumped and stirred a heaping teaspoon of sugar into it, and placed it in front of her husband. Aunt Marjorie went silent and scooped a large portion of scrambled eggs onto a plate, adding bacon and buttered toast before setting it down in front of him. Then she served considerably smaller portions to the rest of them. “Breakfast is ready, girls. Simone, put down the paper now, honey. What are you looking so hard for anyway?”

Folding the newspaper into a semi-tidy pile, Simone brushed back her curtain bangs, leaving a smear of newsprint ink on her forehead. “I wanted to see the write-up of the parade. They didn’t mention us at all. You’d think they’d feature local kids who froze their bottoms off to march in it.”

“I would think the honor of participating in something like a presidential inauguration was reward enough for any young

lady,” Dr. Appleton announced through his first bite of bacon. “Outside validation is ephemeral, after all.”

Patty squirmed, embarrassed for Simone—a familiar feeling she’d had countless times when her friends unwittingly walked into the gristmill of her father’s psychoanalysis. Plus, her gut-punch worry he’d think less of her for associating with them.

“I’m sure in the end you’ll find it well worth those few hours of discomfort—a wonderful memory to tell your children someday,” Dr. Appleton concluded as he scooped up a heap of scrambled eggs. No question. Presumed fact.

Instinctively, Patty shook her head at Simone, trying to warn her off from answering.

But Simone hesitated only a moment—first twisting an oval, color-changing mood ring around her right hand’s pointer finger, then adjusting a peace-sign pinkie ring on her left—before she replied. “Actually, what I found it to be was glacial—in temperature and timing. They made us get out of our buses an hour before the inauguration even began. The wind was so awful, the majorettes were turning blue in those sequined bathing suit uniforms they wear.”

“Poor things,” Aunt Marjorie sympathized.

Simone smiled at her. “I thought about what you might do, Mom. Bundle them up, right? For once that felt like a good idea and not an annoying one!”

“Goodness, imagine that!” her mother teased back.

Simone laughed.

Patty stared at them, astonished that Aunt Marjorie hadn’t flattened her daughter for insolence, as Simone continued, “Elsie and I got the whole band to cluster tight around them, to shield them from the wind, and warm them up—a little anyway.”

“That was . . . resourceful,” Dr. Appleton commented, just

the slightest touch of acerbic on the adjective, a tone that always made Patty wonder if he truly meant his compliment.

Simone nibbled her toast and considered him a moment, clearly planning what she was going to say next. And it looked to be sassy, given the growing defiance on her face. Did this girl have a death wish? Patty wondered.

“When we were finally ordered to fall in, after huddling together like that for an hour, I could barely hold my piccolo, I was shivering so much. And I had on long johns under my uniform! We were all way out of tune from the cold. And shrill? Oh my God. I swear my ears are still ringing from marching in a merged piccolo section from the dozen or so high schools it took to reach that total, 1776 body count. With that many players, the band stretched over three blocks. We were totally out of sync from section to section. The whole concept was ridiculous.” She pushed aside her plate, concluding, “Another egomaniac move on the Dickster’s part.”

Sitting back, eyeing Simone carefully, Dr. Appleton smirked. “Quite the outspoken daughter you have there, Marjorie. Guess the apple doesn’t fall far from the tree.”

Patty’s mother turned ashen.

And Patty realized, for the first time, the probable reason she had seen so little of her godmother before now.

Pressing her lips together slightly, Aunt Marjorie cast a reassuring glance at Patty’s mother, then turned back to Dr. Appleton. “Yes, isn’t Simone delightfully opinionated?” she warbled. “That’s how she held her own, growing up with twin brothers just thirteen months older. And Graham and I encourage it. She’s smarter than the two of us put together. Reads everything under the sun. She has a lot to say.” She reached over to cup Simone’s chin with her hand and added with fondness but also a tad of chastisement

in her voice, “As long as she says it respectfully. We wouldn’t want to come across as rude or strident, now, would we, sugar?”

Simone forced a made-for-show smile before standing and taking her plate to the kitchen sink. “Hey Patty, wanna come to my room to listen to a new album I just got? The Allman Brothers—I think you’ll dig ‘em. Word is they’re coming to D.C. this summer for a big concert with the Grateful Dead. I’m not that into the Dead, but I love the brothers’ ‘Ramblin’ Man.’ I can’t wait to see them live!”

Glad to retreat from the kitchen’s palpable tension, Patty nodded and hurriedly finished her eggs. She had no idea who the Allman Brothers were, and she certainly wasn’t a fan of the LSD-dropping Grateful Dead—her favorite singers were the Carpenters brother-sister duo and Donny Osmond. But she’d listen to just about anything at that point to defuse the situation. Her father was definitely in one of his more critical moods. She could anticipate what might come next—his warning her in front of everybody, *Don’t be picking up bad habits, Princess.*

Meaning Simone.

“Sure, I’d love to,” Patty chirped, popping out of her chair and clearing her place.

Still rinsing her plate at the sink, Simone added, “By the way, Mom, that percentage you were trying to think of, of women to men in the Senate and House. Women would calculate to being just 2.99 percent of all Congress members.

“And Aunt Dottie, fun fact: Bra burning is a myth, according to *Ms.* magazine. A lie that guy reporters concocted when they covered the feminist protest of the Miss America contest and saw demonstrators throwing symbols of female objectification into trash cans. You know—girdles, bras, garter belts. Nobody lit a fire in those cans. It’s all hype to make feminists seem like dangerous,



chest-beating, warrior-women.” She shrugged. “Just saying. Come on, Patty.”

Turning on her heel, Simone marched toward the staircase. Patty scurried to keep up, before anything else bra related could slip out, alerting her father to her impending *New York Times* quote. From the way she talked, Simone could be one of those flower-child girls refusing to wear a bra at all. God alone knew what might come out of her mouth next.

What did shocked Patty even more.

As Simone climbed three flights of narrow stairs in her family’s nineteenth-century row house, she talked over her shoulder to Patty. “I just read a column in *Esquire* by Nora Ephron—do you know her? She’s outta sight.”

Patty shook her head no. “Isn’t *Esquire* a magazine for men?”

“My brothers subscribe. It still comes here rather than to their college dorms. Anyway, Ephron writes about what it’s like to be a woman. Pretty daring stuff. There’s one titled ‘A Few Words About Breasts.’ In a magazine *for guys*. So, you really shouldn’t be queasy about being quoted as saying ‘bra burning.’ That’s nothing. We need to stop being so timid!

“Ephron described how traumatizing it was for her to be flat-chested. Like me.” Simone gestured to her own waifish figure. “How she was told that men wouldn’t fall in love with her, that she’d have sexual problems, be frigid, and definitely was less of a woman than girls with nice big breasts.” She glanced back at Patty, in an unspoken *like you*. “She did dumb stuff like only sleeping on her back so she wouldn’t impede her boobs growing. And splashing cold water on them every night because some busty French actress told *Life* magazine that’s what she did to get her perfect C-cup bustline.”

They reached the top floor. “Ephron says the size of our breasts and whether or not we wear makeup—and the cultural

conditioning surrounding that garbage—puts up terrible walls between us women.”

Patty blinked, feeling the weight, minuscule as it was, of mascara on her eyelashes as Simone threw open the door to her bedroom. Inside, the walls were crowded with artwork. A fist inside the female symbol’s circle. A “Janis Joplin, Live in Concert” poster written in psychedelic bubble lettering. An enormous photo of a wild-haired flutist gyrating on stage with some band called Jethro Tull.

How was Patty supposed to survive twelve months of weekends in this household that was so different from hers, with this brazenly outspoken, know-it-all girl—who was about as foreign to her as a Martian—without either alienating her hosts or annoying her parents? Patty becoming a Senate page had been her father’s idea. He’d lobbied his contacts hard for her to receive that congressional sponsorship. Patty getting it was a real feather in the family’s cap, he’d said. It would break her heart to disappoint—or, God forbid, embarrass—him now.