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John F. Kennedy, Jr. Crash Folder 1 [2]

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**ADDITIONAL DOMESTIC
POTUS Q&A FOR BARAK
PRESS CONFERENCE**

July 19, 1999

FOR INTERNAL USE ONLY

**KENNEDY AIRCRAFT MISSING
PRESS GUIDANCE
FOR WHITE HOUSE PRESS BRIEFING
JULY 19, 1999**

Question: Who has the lead in this effort now? The NTSB? The Coast Guard?

Answer: The NTSB is in charge of the investigation into the accident, and the Coast Guard, the Navy, NOAA and other agencies are providing support. The Coast Guard is continuing to provide support through its surface and sub-surface search of the area.

NTSB Chairman Jim Hall and Bob Pierce, the investigator-in-charge are directing the investigation. The NTSB will be holding regular afternoon press conferences to update reporters on-scene of the latest developments. Today's briefing will be at 5:00 p.m. at the Coast Guard Air Station at Otis on Cape Cod.

Question: What were the federal government assets brought to bear in the search and recovery of the Kennedy plane? What are the assets on scene now?

Answer: On Saturday, the Coast Guard initiated a search in the waters between New Jersey and Martha's Vineyard. The Coast Guard had a specially-equipped jet and two helicopters airborne throughout daylight hours. Seven utility boats were underway initially as a large area was being searched. Eventually, four larger Coast Guard cutters were added. Three of these were patrol boats and the fourth was the Buoy-tender Willow, which is being outfitted with side-scan sonar.

Additionally, The FAA, through its air traffic control system, has provided extensive radar data to both the Coast Guard and the NTSB. That radar data has been key to narrowing the search area. The FAA will also continue to assist the NTSB in the investigation phase, and currently has seven accident investigation officials on-scene.

Question: Were there things that were done out of the ordinary in this crash, things that would not have been done, had a Kennedy or some other well-known person been on board?

Answer: The National Transportation Safety Board conducts many, many investigations every year of General Aviation aircraft accidents. It is responsible for making recommendations to the FAA and other agencies for making aviation and other forms of transportation more safe. They are an independent federal agency, and they have told us they will take whatever steps are appropriate to conduct their investigation.

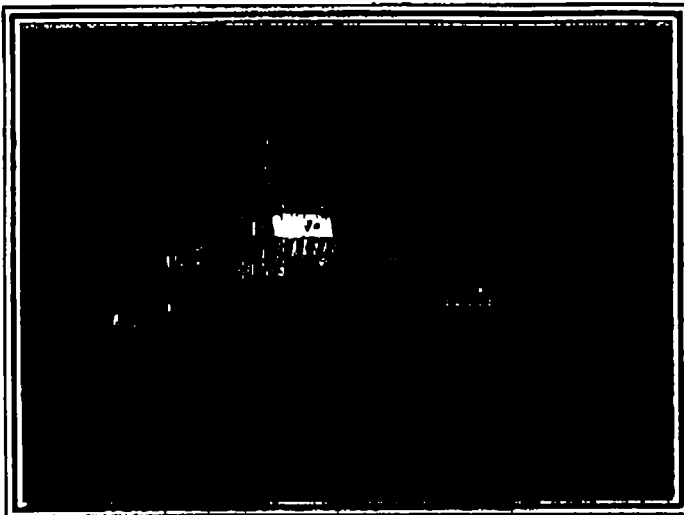
The Coast Guard, you have heard throughout the weekend, places a high value on each and every human life. Any time there is an opportunity to save a life, the Coast Guard has said it will put forth all available and appropriate resources. Given the amount of area to be searched and the initial uncertainty of where to focus the search the Coast Guard has told us this effort has been a fairly typical response.

Campaign Finance Legislation

Q: Are you supporting Senator McCain in his effort to get campaign reform legislation before the Senate this week? What are the prospects for victory on this issue?

A: I strongly support the McCain-Feingold bill. For years, campaign finance reform legislation has been blocked by a minority of Republicans in the Congress. I believe it enjoys bipartisan, majority support in the House and the Senate, but Republican leaders have refused to let it come up. Members should be allowed to have a fair, up-or-down vote on this bipartisan bill.

NOAA Ship *RUDE*



The National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) Ship *Rude*, commissioned in 1967, is one of a fleet of research and survey vessels used by NOAA to improve understanding of the marine environment. The ship is named for Captain Gilbert T. Rude of the former Coast and Geodetic Survey, who developed the Rude Star Finder, a navigational device widely used for locating celestial bodies.

Rude is one of NOAA's smallest hydrographic survey vessels, performing inshore hydrographic surveys along the U.S. Atlantic and Gulf coasts in support of NOAA's nautical charting mission. The ship is homeported in Norfolk, Virginia.

The ship specializes in locating submerged wrecks and obstructions to navigation. These surveys are used to update the nation's suite of nautical charts. Accurate

charts are important to the entire maritime community, to prevent marine disasters such as oil spills, and for coastal management to plan development or protection as a marine sanctuary.

Since its commissioning in May 1967 to the mid-1980's, *Rude* conducted wire-drag surveys to determine the location and least depth of submerged wrecks and obstructions. The development of side scan sonar (SSS) technology in the 1980's provided a more cost effective alternative to wire drag surveys, and in 1985 *Rude* began operations as an SSS survey vessel. Housed in a small torpedo-shaped shell called a "fish," the SSS provides an accurate acoustical image of the bottom extending up to 600 meters on each side of the ship. The actual amount of bottom coverage acquired by the SSS is dependent upon the depth of water, the towfish height above the ocean bottom, and specific water characteristics. During typical survey operations in depths between 10 and 60 meters, a 200-meter wide bottom swath can be examined as the "SSS fish" is towed slowly astern.

Today *Rude* is equipped with some of the most technically advanced hydrographic, data processing, and navigation systems available. A multibeam sonar acquires a fan-shaped swath of depth data from 40 sounding beams at once, 13 times a second, while SSS creates a map-view image. Differential Global Positioning System receivers use satellites to position the ship within 5 meters (17 feet), and CTD (conductivity, temperature, depth) probes determine sound velocity through water to correct depth soundings.

All significant objects found during reconnaissance side-scan surveys are investigated further using the multibeam sonar, which gives precision depths and positions over

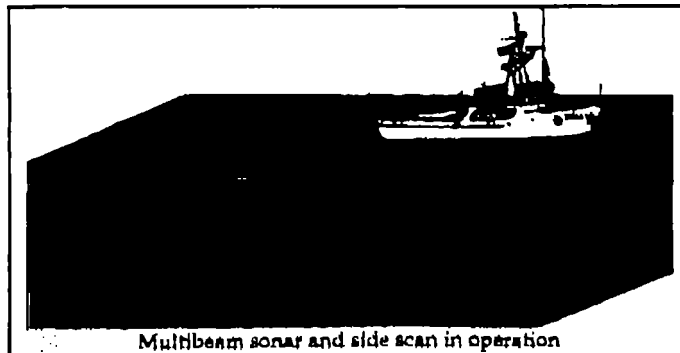
a narrower swath. Ship's SCUBA divers may also be used to determine the precise extent and nature of the hazard. An accurate position and description of the hazard is obtained for charting purposes. To assist in its hydrographic survey operations, *Rude* carries a 19-foot Boston Whaler used as a diving platform and personnel transport. A 21' Monark assists *Rude* with inshore surveying. Findings from these surveys are published as new chart editions as soon as six months after the completion of survey field work.



"SSS fish"



Side scan sonar acoustic image of wreck



Multibeam sonar and side scan in operation

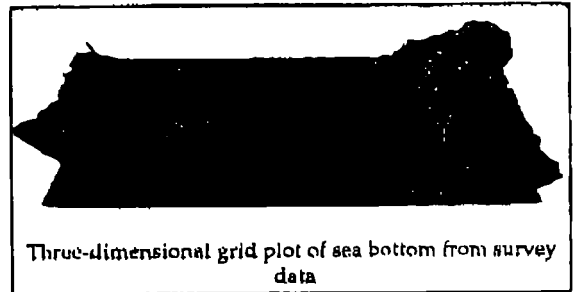
Rude's Specifications

Length (LOA): 27.4 m (90 ft.)
 Breadth: 6.7 m (22 ft.)
 Draft: 2.2 m (7.2 ft.)
 Displacement: 220 tons
 Gross Tonnage: 150 tons
 Net Tonnage: 42 tons
 Hull: Welded Steel
 Cruising Speed: 10 knots

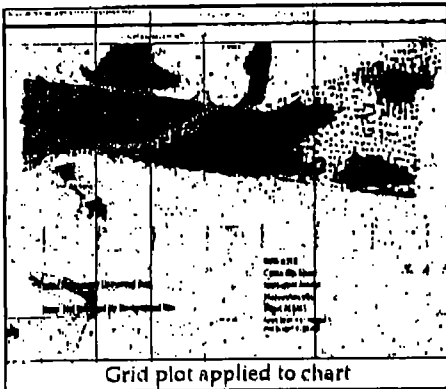
Office of NOAA Corps Operations

Since NOAA's beginning, NOAA ships and aircraft have played a critical role in the collection of its oceanographic, atmospheric, hydrographic, fisheries and coastal data. This fleet of platforms is managed and operated by the Office of NOAA Corps Operations, an office made up of civilians and officers of the NOAA Commissioned Corps. In addition to research and monitoring activities critical to NOAA's mission, NOAA ships and aircraft provide immediate response capabilities for unpredictable events, such as recovery and search efforts after the TWA Flight 800 crash, and damage assessment after major oil spills such as the *Exxon Valdez*, Persian Gulf War and *New Carissa*.

ONCO operates and maintains the largest fleet of research and survey ships operated by a Federal agency. The fleet ranges from large oceanographic research vessels capable of exploring the world's deepest ocean, to smaller ships responsible for charting the shallow bays and inlets of the United States. The fleet supports a wide range of marine activities, including fisheries research, nautical charting/mapping, and long-range ocean and climate studies. Few ships in the United States can conduct joint operations of fishery stock assessment and oceanography as do NOAA's fishery research vessels.



Three-dimensional grid plot of sea bottom from survey data



Grid plot applied to chart

ONCO also manages a fleet of fixed-wing aircraft and helicopters that operate throughout the world, providing a wide range of research capabilities, from hurricane prediction research and surveillance to coastal mapping and charting. NOAA aircraft have been uniquely modified to carry scientists and highly specialized instrument packages required for NOAA's missions.

NOAA Commissioned Officer Corps

The NOAA Corps is a uniformed service of the United States, composed of officers who provide NOAA with an important blend of operational, management, and technical skills that support the agency's science and surveying programs at sea, in the air, and ashore. NOAA Corps officers, in addition to managing and operating ships and aircraft, are also scientists and engineers. Corps officers serve in NOAA's research laboratories and program offices throughout the Nation and in remote locations around the world; for example, an officer serves as station chief at the South Pole, Antarctica.

organization, the National Weather Service, the National Ocean Service, the National Marine Fisheries Service, the National Environmental Satellite, Data and Information Service, and Office of Oceanic and Atmospheric Research; and numerous special program units. More information can be found at NOAA's website: www.noaa.gov



For more information, contact us
 or visit our web site at www.noaa.gov
 Information about NOAA can be found



NOAA Backgrounder

NOAA Locates Wreckage On Ocean Floor After TWA Flight 800 Disaster

When TWA Flight 800 crashed into the Atlantic Ocean off Long Island, N.Y., in July 1996, it was a NOAA hydrographic survey vessel that scanned the ocean floor and found the primary wreckage fields of the aircraft, enabling Navy divers to recover crash victims and the flight recorders as quickly as possible.

The survey ship was the RUDE, one of NOAA's fleet of 15 highly specialized ships that have the unique capabilities and equipment needed by the agency to do nautical charting and conduct environmental research. The RUDE was under the command of Commander Sam De Bow of the NOAA Corps, the nation's smallest uniformed service.

NOAA Corps officers, who hold science or engineering degrees, are highly skilled at operating and managing the ships as well as supporting the scientific research conducted on board. Many, like Cmdr. De Bow, are also expert hydrographers.

Not only can NOAA redirect its ships as necessary during times of national crisis, NOAA Corps officers have the flexibility and mobility to respond immediately to such crisis situations. In the aftermath of the TWA crash, a NOAA team led by Cmdr. Nick Perugini set up hydrographic support operations at the on-shore site at East Moriches, Long Island, joining forces with the RUDE's officers and civilian crew to turn the ship's sonar data into sophisticated maps and charts. These charts precisely pinpointed submerged debris hidden under the miles of watery expanse.

A WORD ABOUT NOAA...

The National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) conducts research and gathers data about the global oceans, atmosphere, space, and sun, and applies this knowledge to science and service that touch the lives of all Americans.

NOAA warns of dangerous weather, charts our seas and skies, guides our use and protection of ocean and coastal resources, and conducts research to improve our understanding and stewardship of the environment which sustains us all.

A Commerce Department agency, NOAA provides these services through five major organizations: the National Weather Service, the National Ocean Service, the National Marine Fisheries Service, the National Environmental Satellite, Data and Information Service, and Office of Oceanic and Atmospheric Research; and numerous special program units. In addition, NOAA research and operational activities are supported by the Nation's seventh uniformed service, the NOAA Corps, a commissioned officer corps of men and women who operate NOAA ships and aircraft, and serve in scientific and administrative posts.

For further information: NOAA Office of Public Affairs, 14th Street and Constitution Avenue NW, Room 6013, Washington, D.C. 20230. Phone: (202) 482-6090.

RUDE's Response

On the evening of July 17, the RUDE was anchored off Pt. Judith, R.I., waiting to begin a new charting project in the commercial shipping lanes that connect New York to Boston. The ship had just completed a detailed hydrographic survey in the approaches to New York Harbor.

Cmdr. De Bow learned of the crash of TWA Flight 800 while listening to the marine radio, and immediately notified the Coast Guard that he was available to render assistance. After steaming all night, the ship arrived at the crash site at 7 a.m. the following morning and began searching for victims and surface debris.

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continued from previous page

Within 24 hours of the crash, the RUDE had conducted underwater surveys and located the major debris field, and within 48 hours had the area mapped. Sonar information was immediately furnished to the National Transportation Safety Board and the U.S. Navy. Five days after the crash, the Navy began diving on sonar contacts furnished by the RUDE. NOAA's rapid response to this tragedy played a key role in facilitating victim recovery.

For its surveys, the RUDE employed state-of-the-art hydrographic instrumentation to locate the wreckage quickly and position it accurately. By using the Differential Global Positioning System, RUDE was able to establish its position to an accuracy of three to five meters. A side-scan sonar towed by the ship created an image of the bottom along the towfish track. Any object that was "hard" or reflective appeared on the sonar record.

In addition to the side-scan sonar, RUDE utilized a shallow water multibeam sonar. This system measures the depth over a feature very precisely. From these data, a three dimensional image was constructed to help visualize various pieces of seafloor debris.

NOAA's Shore Team

To ensure maximum processing interpretation of the RUDE data, NOAA established a five-person team, most of whom were commissioned officers, to work with the Navy and NTSB. The team members, all highly skilled in sonar interpretation and chart making, had two principal objectives: first, to provide the exact location of debris to the Navy divers; second, to assimilate all debris data onto a Geographic Information System grid for planning and display purposes. Much of the debris was scattered over a two square mile area. As divers had only 15 minutes of bottom time at depths of 120 feet, it was imperative that the

positions of these sonar contacts be accurate and that divers have an idea of the dimensions of the wreckage they were searching for. The NOAA-identified debris locations were proven accurate throughout the dive operations.

Early in the investigation, the NTSB and other agencies needed analytical tools to help map out possible crash scenarios. The NOAA team assimilated radar data showing the last "hits" recorded on TWA Flight 800 and integrated this information with positions of sonar contacts located by RUDE. The data were displayed on the backdrop of a nautical chart. This presentation became a powerful tool for investigators to begin their analyses. After seeing the quality of the NOAA product, NTSB Vice Chairman Robert Francis and Navy RADM. Robert Kristensen requested that NOAA provide them with customized charts for their daily televised news briefings.

HAZMAT's Trajectory Analysis

NOAA's Hazardous Materials Response and Assessment Division in Seattle, Wash., used its Trajectory Analysis Techniques program to provide trajectory analysis that aided the Coast Guard, Suffolk County Police, New York City Police and other agencies in their searches for floating surface debris. NOAA HAZMAT has been using this analytical approach in oil spill response for several years, and found it extremely useful for oil spill response and planning exercises after the TWA crash.

NOAA's Weather Predictions

NOAA's National Weather Service provided searchers with accurate local forecasts, and search and salvage vessels with tailored weather forecasts. This proved especially valuable when severe weather was approaching. Also aiding the search and recovery operations were wind and sea state predictions. ☺

For more information, please contact Jeanne Kouhestani, NOAA Public Affairs, (202) 482-6090.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

July 17, 1999

TELEPHONE CALL TO REAR ADMIRAL RICHARD "RICK" LARRABEE, USCG

TO: Rear Admiral Richard (Rick) Larrabee

DATE: July 17, 1999

RECOMMENDED BY: Doug Sosnik
Thurgood Marshall, Jr. **T.M.**

PURPOSE: To talk with Rear Admiral Larrabee, USCG, who is in charge of the search and rescue operation for the missing aircraft carrying John F. Kennedy, Jr., Carolyn Bessette Kennedy, and her sister Lauren Bessette.

BACKGROUND: Rear Admiral Larrabee has been commanding the search and rescue operation, coordinating efforts between the Department of Transportation, FAA, USCG, USAF, and other federal agencies participating in the search and rescue efforts.

Admiral Larrabee held a press conference this afternoon to discuss the current developments with respect to the search and rescue operation and appeared on Larry King Live this evening. Admiral Larrabee and Coast Guard Commandant Jim Loy have been providing information to the Bessette and Kennedy families.

Admiral Larrabee has extensive experience in managing multi-resource operations for the USCG. His biography is attached.

TALKING POINTS:

- Thank and commend him for his leadership.
- His Command of this search and rescue operation exemplifies the very best of the Coast Guard's dedication and talent.

CONTACT PERSON AND
TELEPHONE NUMBERS: USCG Operations Center
617-223-8555 (first choice)
202-267-3333 (alternate)

DATE OF SUBMISSION: July 17, 1999

ACTION:

First District

Rear Admiral Richard M. Larrabee III



Commander, First Coast Guard District

and Commander, Maritime Defense Command One

Rear Admiral Richard M. Larrabee oversees the Coast Guard missions of search and rescue, law enforcement, commercial vessel certification and safety, and marine pollution response from Eastport, Maine to just south of the Shrewsbury River in New Jersey. He is also Commander, U.S. Navy Maritime Defense Command One, with responsibility for the security of all First District ports and harbors, and the corresponding coastline out to 200 miles. He also serves as the Department of Transportation Regional Emergency Transportation Coordinator for Regions 1 and 2.



Rear Admiral Larrabee comes to the First Coast Guard District after serving as Director of Reserve and Training at Coast Guard Headquarters in Washington, D.C. A 1967 graduate of the U.S. Coast Guard Academy, his initial assignment was as Operations Officer on board the high-endurance cutter Casco, based in Boston.

In 1969, Rear Admiral Larrabee served as Commanding Officer on board the cutter Cape Hatteras in Santa Barbara, Calif. During the next two years he was assigned as aide to the Eleventh District Commander and as the District Public Affairs Officer in Long Beach, Calif. After completing a two-year masters degree program in Ocean Engineering at the University of Rhode Island, he was assigned to the Office of Research and Development at Coast Guard Headquarters at which time he became involved with the development of oil and hazardous chemical spill response equipment.

In 1978, Rear Admiral Larrabee was transferred to Marine Safety Office, Hampton Roads, in Norfolk, Va. From 1983 to 1986, he served as Commanding Officer of Marine Safety Office Detroit, Mich. Returning to Coast Guard Headquarters in 1986, Rear Admiral Larrabee served as Assistant Chief Port Safety and Security Division. Remaining at Coast Guard Headquarters, Rear Admiral Larrabee next assumed the duties of Chief of the Marine Environment Response Division for two years. In this capacity he also served as Vice Chairman of the National Response Team.

In 1990, Rear Admiral Larrabee assumed the duties of Group Commander and COTP New York. From Governors Island, Rear Admiral Larrabee returned, after 26 years, to New London, Conn., where he served as Assistant Superintendent of the U.S. Coast Guard Academy for 16 months.

Rear Admiral Larrabee's personal awards include three Legions of Merit, two Meritorious Service Medals, the Coast Guard Commendation Medal, and two Coast Guard Achievement Medals.

Rear Admiral Larrabee is married to the former Pamela Gnazzo of Farmington, Conn., who is an attorney, formerly with the Department of Justice. Their daughter, Jennifer, a graduate of Columbia University and Brooklyn Law School, is currently practicing law in New York City.

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From: Alejandro G. Cabrera@OVP on 07/17/99 05:44:52 PM

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To: See the distribution list at the bottom of this message

cc:

Subject: Statement by the Vice President: Disappearance of John F. Kennedy, Jr's Airplane

THE WHITE HOUSE

Office of the Vice President

For Immediate Release
Saturday, July 17, 1999

Contact:
(202) 456-7035

STATEMENT BY THE VICE PRESIDENT

(As Delivered at Southwest Voter Registration and
Education Project Luncheon in Long Beach, CA)

I want to begin with a moment of prayer for John Kennedy Jr., for his wife Carolyn, and for her sister Lauren -- we hope they are returned to us safely and soon.

John Kennedy Jr. is an extraordinary young man, at the high noon of his life, who offers the promise of contributing so much more to our country.

At the age of three, he was the most famous person in the world because with his innocent and brave young heart, he helped the nation and the world endure some of the hardest hours of our history.

He has carried his legend with enormous grace -- and with a commitment to live up to his father's legacy and his mother's love.

America could use his grace and endurance right now.

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White House Magazine Report



Thurgood Marshall
2FL WW

Tuesday, July 20, 1999

Produced by the White House Press Office
Room OE0B 161 (Ext. 6-5694)

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Newsweek.....
U.S. News & World Report.....
National Journal.....
Business Week.....

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COMMEMORATIVE ISSUE



JOHN FITZGERALD
KENNEDY JR.

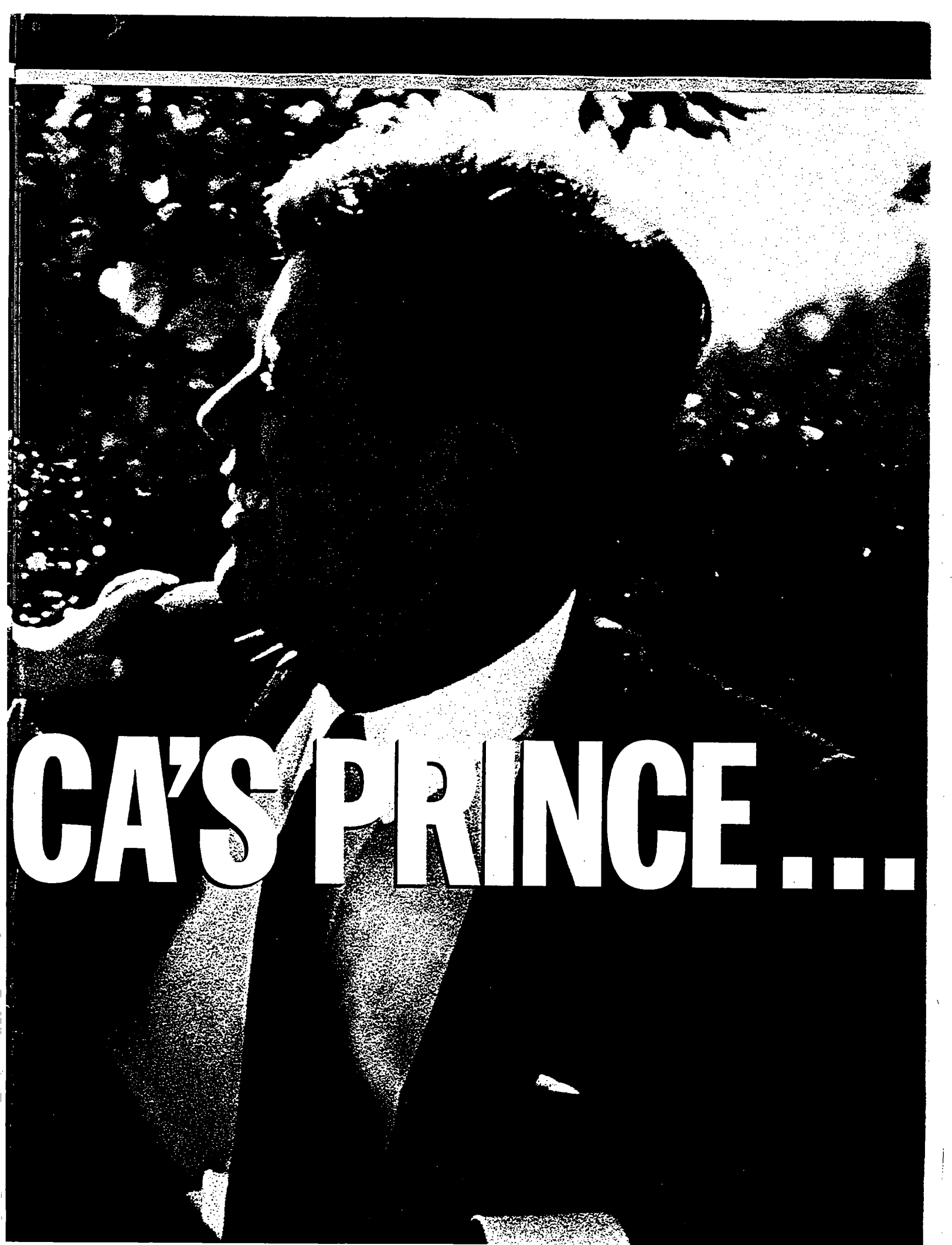
1960-1999

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999

HE WAS AMERI

CAMELOT The President who brought vigor to a nation was just plain Dad to the son born just weeks after his election

STYLING: TONY-LOUIS BROWN



CA'S PRINCE...

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999



AN ICON OF BOTH N



TRIUMPH When John-John played games in the Oval Office, he captured all the insouciant charm of his father's presidency

STANLEY TREICK... TORBIS SYKMA



MAGIC AND GRIEF...

TRAGEDY The nation wept when three-year-old John bravely saluted the coffin of a father assassinated at the peak of his career

UPI/CORBIS-BETTMANN

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999

THE HUNK At 34, the grownup J.F.K. Jr. showed all the looks, glamour and confidence that epitomized the Kennedy family myth

PAUL ADAM—CORBIS SYGMA



WHO FLEW HIS OWN

SETTLING DOWN The world thrilled to John's famous romances, but he kissed and clashed and finally married the private Bessette

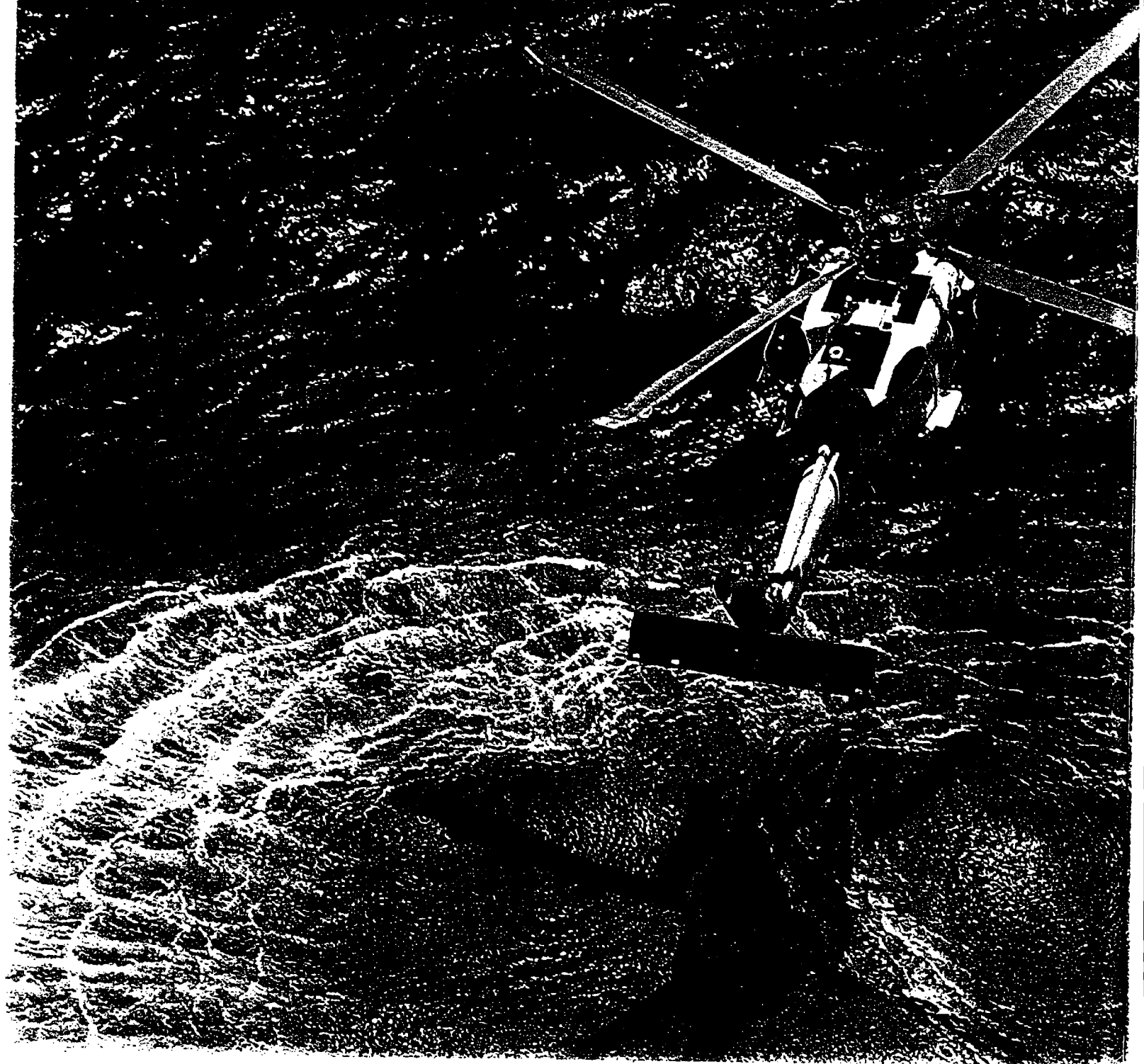
TYLER DALLON NEWSMAKER



ON COURSE TO...

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999

...THE LOST HO



RIZON

By NANCY GIBBS

JOHN KENNEDY JR. LOVED TO FLY. AFTER HE GOT his pilot's license last year he would ask people if they wanted to come along, could he give them a lift somewhere. But most of us don't need to go where he did—to a place where he could get away, off camera, out of the bubble, on his own. Most often he headed up to the house his mother had left him on Martha's Vineyard, Mass., a place so special, so private, the houses far back from the road, the beaches so peaceful. Until last Saturday afternoon, when the luggage, a woman's compact, a headrest, began washing up on that shore, turning a wedding day into a wake.

This family, the subject of a thousand books and untold memories, has soaked our imaginations for a half-century. We have attended their inaugurations and weddings and football games and too many of their funerals. We knew they were not like us, but we watched them all the more. We saw them in black and white, blessed and cursed, the image of the merry young father climbing off the helicopter, wrapping his arms around the tiny boy who ran across the lawn

to him, cuddling his son in the rowboat, walking on the beach, tumbling in the grass. The pictures of President Kennedy and his son brought home to us one life ended too soon, the hollowing out of a country's soul when it lost its President, but most cruelly they reminded us of the boy who lost his dad before he got to know him. All he could do was salute.

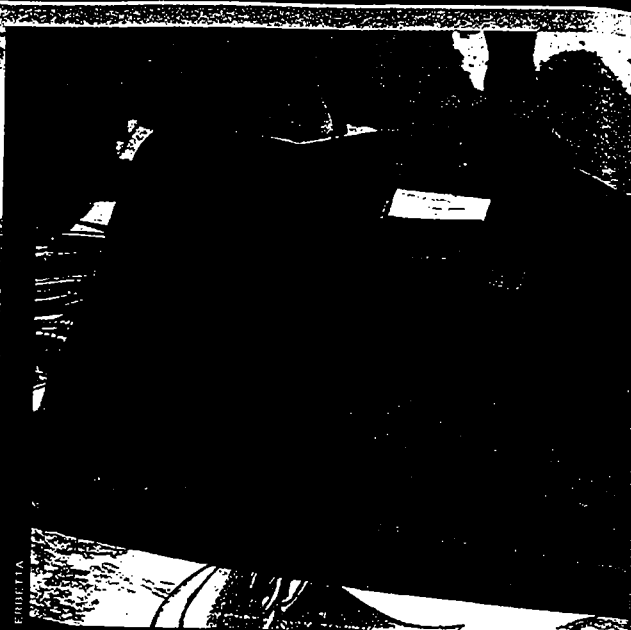
We saw those pictures again all weekend, but now the dark shadow has lengthened with the passing of 35 years to claim the son as well. A boy born on Thanksgiving Day to a man just elected President lost his father three days before his third birthday. John Jr. and his sister Caroline grew up in our hearts instead, protected by a mother who feared that death still stalked the family. After Bobby was killed, Jackie said, "If they're killing



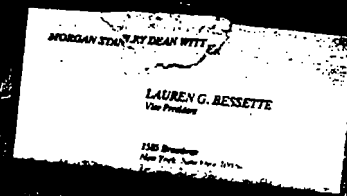
THE SEARCH When his plane didn't show up in Martha's Vineyard, Mass., a family friend reported him missing. Hours later Coast Guard helicopters were hunting for any sign of the aircraft's remains



THE LANDING GEAR An airplane's wheel washed up on a beach Saturday



THE LUGGAGE A garment bag with a chilling business card, washed up on the beach, added to the grim evidence as Americans watched and wept



Kennedys, then my children are targets."

As it turned out, fate and folly took over where the assassins left off. There were Robert Kennedy's sons David, dead of an overdose, and Michael, who skied into the trees playing football down the slopes of Aspen. If Robert and Ethel's children seemed scarred by misfortune, Jackie Kennedy seemed to have achieved her great goal of raising, in tragedy's backyard, two healthy, decent kids who were aware of both the gifts and the duties that were their birthright.

In the pain of last Saturday it was possible to be grateful that Jackie had died first, this woman who had taught the country how to mourn in grace. We could not have borne to watch her bury her son.

JOHN KENNEDY JR. WAS SWADDLED IN headlines, the first baby ever born to a President-elect. It was news when he came out of the incubator, when he first went on formula, when he got a haircut or lost a tooth. The family never called him John-John; a reporter heard his father chasing after the fleeing toddler, shouting "John, John," and thought it was a pet name. And so it became our name for him, not theirs, which was fitting, since like the rest of the family, he has always been partly a myth of our own making, a mirror, a mirage.

If you believe his friends, the most fa-

mous son in the world wanted nothing more than to be a normal guy, to put people at ease. Born to a father who understood politics as a performance art, he hoped at one time to become an actor, but wound up as an editor of a magazine that promised to treat politics as entertainment, which could be seen as a strange gesture toward the arena in which his father and uncle had died.

In their shadow he lived life in full; he kayaked and parasailed and Rollerbladed through Central Park, traveled to India to study health care and dated Madonna and Daryl Hannah, flunked the bar exam twice and couldn't go for pizza without the tabs coming along. If he was less reckless than his cousins, it was not saying much; there were friends who turned down the invitation to take to the skies with him. Pilot Kyle Bailey watched the plane take off Friday night. "I didn't lose any sleep over it," he says. "I figured he must know what he was doing." But Bailey didn't like the weather. He decided to wait and fly in the morning.

SATURDAY WAS SUPPOSED TO BE RORY'S DAY. Ethel's youngest daughter had earned the perfect weather, a bright breeze and feathery clouds and sunshine splashed across the water. Ethel Kennedy was pregnant with Rory when her husband was murdered in 1968; Rory's uncle Ted attended

her delivery and played surrogate father to her and her brothers and sisters. It was Rory who cradled her brother Michael as he lay dying on a mountain after skiing into a fir tree, his three children praying at his side. Rory, a documentary filmmaker, had seen suffering in her family, and she had shared in their successes, and so last weekend they were gathering to share in hers as she prepared to marry New York City writer Mark Bailey.

Friday night was the bridal dinner, for family and members of the wedding party. Rory and her mom had gone sailing the day before; the weather was lovely, the dinner was perfect.

JOHAN JR., HIS WIFE CAROLYN Bessette Kennedy and her sister Lauren, a New York City investment banker, arrived in separate cars at New Jersey's Essex County Airport. John had told friends the day before that he was flying straight to Hyannis; the decision to stop in Martha's Vineyard to drop Lauren off may have come at the last minute. But the weather was clear, and the FAA does not require pilots to file a flight plan when visual flight rules are in place.

John was apparently not rated for instrument flying, which meant that the



THE VIGIL Ethel Kennedy, above, waits for news on the porch of her home in the Kennedy compound in Hyannis Port; Rory Kennedy and her fiancé Mark Bailey ponder a celebration gone horribly wrong



night had better stay very clear. Flying a small plane over water at night can be a scary business; the horizon bleeds into the water, so you can be in a shallow turn and not even know it, not be able to get your bearings from the lights on the shore.

The sun set in New York around 8:25; the plane took off at 8:38, a Piper Saratoga large enough for six people but carrying only three. It turned north, then east, as the temperature began to dip and the haze thickened around the islands and fingers of Massachusetts. The flight was supposed to take a little more than an hour.

The last radar signal came at 9:39, just south of Aquinnah. When they had not turned up by 2:00 a.m., a family friend reported them missing, and the search began about an hour later. The FAA began checking airports along the route. At 7:30, once the sun was up, the Coast Guard and Air National Guard combed the waters from Long Island Sound to Cape Cod Bay.

Saturday morning dawned bright and clear, the tent on the lawn looked like fluffs of whipped cream, the flags snapped at full staff, the caterers and florists prepared for the 275 guests due for the 6 p.m. ceremony. But by 8:30 a.m. the family was on the phone, calling the wedding guests, telling them not to come. And as it has so many times before, the Kennedy compound became the gathering place for

friends and relatives haunted by fear and grief. They held Mass on the porch, with about 50 family members and three priests praying "for the safety of the loved ones," as well as for Rory and Mark.

Guests at the Sheraton Tara could just sit and wait, hang out in the bar, look around empty and hug one another for a long time. Neighbors tied yellow ribbons around the trees and telephone poles near the compound. "We were thinking today would be the fun part of living next door to the Kennedys," said neighbor Carolyn Quinn. Late in the afternoon the caterers left, their uniforms still on hangers in cleaner bags.

Around the country the news spread and the vigil commenced. President Clinton was kept informed of the search's progress and began calling family members. Neighbors began leaving candles and flowers outside the TriBeCa building where John and Carolyn lived. The crowd at Yankee Stadium, where John had spent Thursday evening, had a moment of silence before the game. Churches held special Masses and prayer services, including one in Connecticut for members of the Bessette family, who were contemplating the loss of two of their three daughters.

Staff members at *George* magazine poured into the office, just to be together. "It's incredibly somber and sad here," said

one. "We're watching this stuff on TV and it's all so surreal." Kennedy's corner office remained closed and locked. From his office windows, he had a distant view of the Statue of Liberty; on the walls were pictures of his wife and his father and mother, as well as political bumper stickers and a few photos of Kennedy himself when he was younger.

A whole generation born after President Kennedy died never had to answer that question, "Where were you ...?" The unfinished presidency haunted the country for years; in polls for decades after, people ranked Kennedy as the greatest of Presidents, leading historians to wonder whether people gave him credit for doing all the things he never had the chance to do. And to the extent that the man and the myth lived on, it lived through the family, and above all through the son who bore the name and the charm and the burden.

People seemed to admire John simply for the poise with which he moved through the crowd of echoes and expectations that followed him everywhere. "It's very good to be the son of a legend," Larry King observed to his guest one night. "It's complicated," John replied, "and it makes for a rich and complicated life"—as though he knew that he mattered less for anything he did than for what he meant to us. —*With reporting by James Carney/Washington and John F. Dickerson/Hyannis Port*

Should He Have Flown?

Some question whether Kennedy was capable of handling the conditions, and the plane, that night

By JEFFREY KLUGER

EVEN AS TEARS WERE BEING SHED AND tributes read following the crash of John F. Kennedy Jr.'s plane, a troubling question became hard to ignore: Should he have taken off that night? In a family famous for its appetite for risk, Kennedy was far from the most reckless. Yet he didn't shrink from pushing the edge of his personal envelope. Last Friday he may have pushed too far, as a deadly combination of too much airplane and too green a pilot apparently proved disastrous.

When the first details of the crash of Kennedy's Piper Saratoga emerged on Saturday, some experienced pilots refused to criticize his flying, since no one yet knows whether something as simple as mechanical failure caused the accident. Others, however, nodded sadly to themselves at what seemed to be Kennedy's disregard for a few basic rules of aviation safety. A licensed pilot for only a year, he nonetheless took off without filing a flight plan—something the Federal Aviation Administration does not require but that many pilots do take a moment to do. He took off from Essex County Airport in Fairfield, N.J., at sunset and thus flew most of his route in darkness, even though it's not certain he was rated for the tricky instrument piloting that allows seasoned aviators to fly essentially blind. Worst of all, he was flying a muscled-up, high-performance airplane that requires a butterfly touch—something Kennedy may not yet have acquired. "It's a lot of airplane for an inexperienced pilot to handle," said a pilot who works for the FAA, "especially at night and especially over water."

What makes the Saratoga such a handful is its speed. With a velocity that can exceed 200 m.p.h., it's a good 50% faster than many simpler

planes. At that kind of clip, things can go wrong in a hurry. According to some reports, radar briefly picked up Kennedy's plane at 2,200 ft. and then, just 12 seconds later, at 1,300 ft., meaning it was plunging toward the water at 4,500 ft. per minute. "I would consider that out of control," says Alan Leiwant, a professional pilot who frequently uses Essex Airport.

While it's possible that Kennedy's lack of experience may actually have worked in his favor, since his recent training would have freshly equipped him to deal with such emergencies, some of his other actions are open to question. Traveling from Fairfield to Martha's Vineyard, Mass., pi-

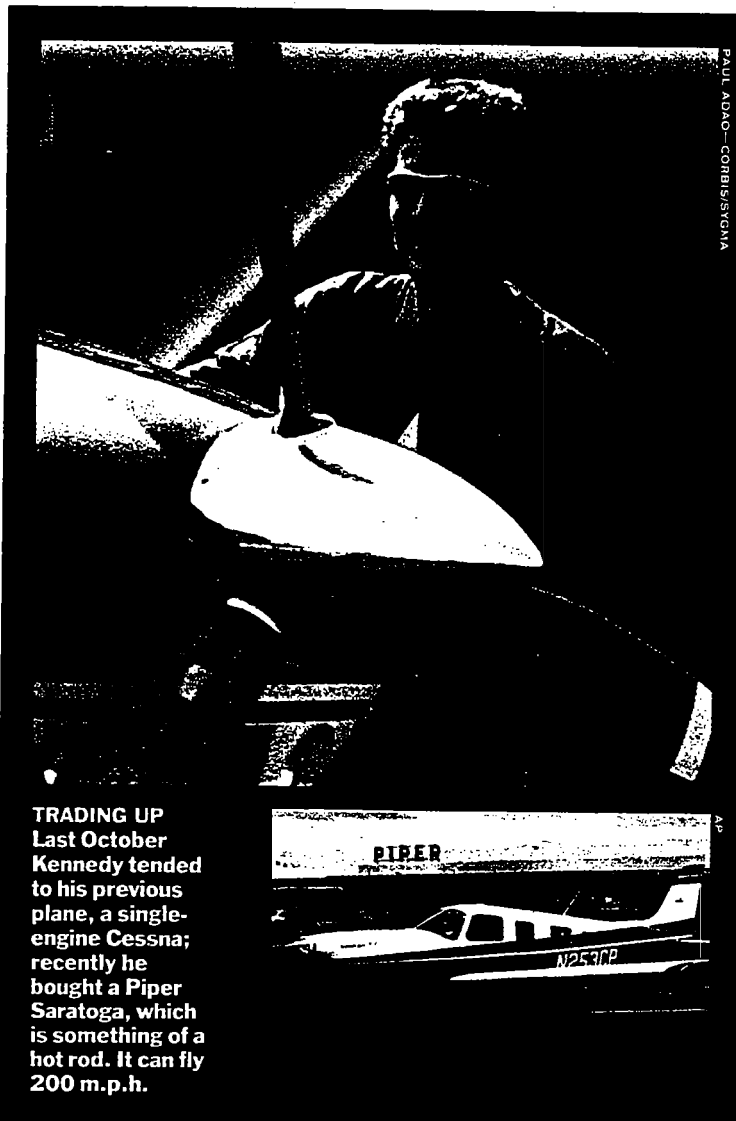
lots follow one of two flight paths. The easier, safer route hugs the southern coast of Connecticut, keeping the plane within the comforting sight of land most of the time. The trickier one follows the line of Long Island, then sails out over water, passing only the relative lily pad of Block Island before reaching Martha's Vineyard. Kennedy chose the water route, and that may have been his undoing. "Fifteen or 20 miles over water is daunting in daylight," says Joe Orlando, an Essex pilot who met Kennedy on the flight strip a few months ago. "At night it's terrifying." Making things worse, much of the East Coast was under a heat-wave haze, reducing visibility even further.

That Kennedy proceeded despite these dangers did not surprise some people. Stories circulated last week that friends and family members feared for his safety every time he climbed into the cockpit. Recently a colleague demurred when Kennedy offered him a lift from Boston to New York, explaining that he felt uncomfortable in single-engine airplanes. Kennedy shrugged off the

concern. "When you have two [engines]," he reportedly said, "if one goes out, it's very difficult to steer the plane, because the other one is working." Of course, if one goes out when you have only one, you're left with none at all.

After the crash, much was also made of the fact that Kennedy was flying with a bad ankle, having broken it while parasailing over the Memorial Day weekend. Those concerns may have been overstated. The Saratoga does have foot-pedal controls, which require at least some degree of ankle agility to operate. But they come into play only during takeoffs and landings, which are the riskiest parts of any flight. By all accounts, however, Kennedy had no trouble leaving the runway; sadly, he never got a chance to land.

For the Kennedy family—and for a nation shocked at yet another tragedy striking so star-crossed a clan—determining the causes of the crash is, for now, utterly beside the point. Other amateur pilots may learn from Kennedy's possible mistakes, but that will have to wait. For now, the price of that knowledge seems heartbreakingly high. —Reported by William Dowell/Fairfield and Mark Thompson/Washington



TRADING UP
Last October Kennedy tended to his previous plane, a single-engine Cessna; recently he bought a Piper Saratoga, which is something of a hot rod. It can fly 200 m.p.h.

Lance Morrow/Martha's Vineyard

A View from the Shore

A CLATTER OF EMERGENCY: A COAST GUARD HELICOPTER flutters low from Tashmoo to Gay Head, scanning the water for something that may have fallen. We watch from the beach in the summer morning. We stand among dark boulders, taller than we, that came to rest here 20,000 years ago when the glacier melted and retreated north. The waves in Vineyard Sound have a lazy heave, sweet whitecaps in the distance.

A friend has summered here all her long life. She remarks (the memory coming alive in her eyes as fresh as yesterday) that in the spring of 1932, after the Lindbergh baby was kidnapped, a tipster told the family that the child would be found, alive, on a boat off Gay Head. Our friend watched from this shore as Charles Lindbergh flew relentlessly back and forth in his small plane over exactly these waters, searching for that boat. Our friend mimes Lindbergh's fierce, focused anguish, peering at the waves: "Where's that baby? Where's that baby?"

Where's the famous child? the helicopters want to know. Where's John-John, who became, in time, the Kennedys' hunk Telemachus, next in the family's line of dreamboats and (in the tabloid version) satyrs and—can it be?—latest to fall before some mystery of bad karma on a dynastic scale?

We shake our heads, our faces almost embarrassed in the presence of this violent blank: What is the text trying to teach us? This merciless—almost preposterous—pounding, these ingenious yet repetitive variations on the theme: they mean something, don't they? They've got to. Some cruelly overwritten sermon on Old Joe's hubris? There must be a secret beneath the surface, down there, full-fathom five, beneath the choppers and clatter of media.

Or is it vulgar to demand meaning in what may be, after all, just the piling on of bad luck arriving in bizarrely unusual clusters? We want Sophocles or Shakespeare—or, rather, in our day, tear-drenched mass-media renderings of equivalent tragedies—to broadcast inflated significances, messages from God. (We have before us the ghastly example of Diana's death and the mawkish excesses that followed.) But maybe we are merely in the presence of outrageous fortune. To my mind, standing on this beach, the Kennedys' accumulation of dooms seems as inarticulate as the boulders that the glacier left.

No family played such a sustained, gaudily heartbreaking role in America's fantasy life—the longest-running political soap. Eventually—after the LIFE magazine spreads that spun Old Joe's golden children into myth in the '40s and '50s, after Dallas and the keening over Camelot and after Bobby—at last there set in the disillusioned revisionism: all the dark-side stories about Jack's satyriasis and the loathsome way the brothers treated Marilyn. And the myth developed a twin, an antimyth of cheap fraud, of a tribe of photogenic hustlers.

I don't know. I attended the magic show at an early moment.

Once, in the '50s, when I was a 12-year-old Senate page boy for the summer and Jack was the junior Senator from Massachusetts, he entered the Senate chamber one late-June morning, walking on crutches because of his recent back operation. The chamber was one-third full, the atmosphere somnolent, idly buzzing. When Kennedy walked in from the Democratic cloakroom, a jolt of electricity fired the air. The chamber fell silent. Even heavy-hammered saurians like Herman Welker of Idaho and Homer Capehart of Indiana and Joe McCarthy of Wisconsin swiveled and peered for a long moment at Kennedy with a curiosity and awe that impressed me, even as a child, as unusual: they had seen something.

His son John Jr. possessed not that magic but a sweetness and an intelligence that the tabloids, with their headlines about "the hunk," always missed. The celebrity media came at him with an ambivalence of adoration and envious jeering, sneering superciliously at the mere Adonis. That was stupid journalism. When my wife and I first had dinner with him some

years ago, he talked to her about Egypt, and he recommended a book by a writer named Michael Ondaatje. The book was called *The English Patient*, but no one had heard of it in those days. John did generous and time-consuming charity work on, among other things, a program to help improve the prospects of health-care workers who earned next to nothing in their jobs. No one wrote about that side of him. I think he might have done much more in our public affairs if the more ravenous branches of our culture had not condemned him to life as a cartoon.

I am told that a wheel from the plane has been found. I am going down to the beach now, to sit on one of the smaller boulders and see if I can find something in the *Book of Job*. ■



SILENT STROLL Seeking solace in Hyannis Port after the death of his grandmother, Rose Kennedy

BRIAN SNYDER—REUTERS/CORBIS-BETTMANN

THE ART OF BEING JFK JR.

Under the burden of fame, he led
a life of decency and purpose

By ERIC POOLEY

THE FOUR FRIENDS HAD BEEN DOING SOME STRENUOUS PADDLING under the Baja sun, and as soon as they pulled their ocean kayaks up onto the deserted beach, John Kennedy plunged into the Pacific. It was a glorious day in the mid-1980s. Kennedy; his girlfriend at the time, actress Christina Haag; and their old friends Lynn Weinstein and Billy Straus were vacationing together, communing with the extraordinary gray whales in Magdalena Bay. Now the others were relaxing on the beach, not paying much attention as Kennedy swam farther and farther out into the open sea, well beyond the big lines of breakers rolling toward shore—until the friends suddenly realized they couldn't see him at all. They stood onshore, panicking and scanning the horizon, wondering whether and where and how to go after him. Finally, after a few gut-wrenching minutes, says Straus, "all of a sudden he just reappeared." Emerging from the heavy surf—dripping, exhilarated, wondering what all the fuss was about. "I've been with him in a few difficult situations, and he's always come out the other side."

Which is why, on Saturday morning, when Straus and other close friends of Kennedy saw the first nonstop coverage of Kennedy's missing plane, they were more than skeptical. The media were going crazy about John again—nothing new there—and though it surely looked dire, he just had to be all right. He was the "Master of Disaster," always getting into scrapes but escaping. Perhaps he and Carolyn and her sister Lauren had ditched the plane and hitchhiked out of there, or maybe they were holed up on the beach of a tiny uninhabited island Kennedy knew, waiting to be discovered and sharing a little joke at the world.

All this seemed possible because John F. Kennedy Jr. had such a complex relationship with his own fame—sometimes amused, often appalled, always highly ironic toward the weirdness in which he



FAME'S SHADOW
Last month at
Mount Rushmore,
John poses with
Presidents



BEREFT His father's death weighed on the young Kennedy, pictured here in 1965

lived. He had to get away from it sometimes—to Baja, to Alaska, up in the Piper Saratoga—because his celebrity had never not been there. He couldn't tell you where the media images of his childhood ended and his own memories began, and learning to live with its effects hadn't been easy. People were always approaching him, always wanting something from him, but he stood in the fray and treated them graciously. "He assumed the best about people and never became cynical about their motives," his close friend Dave Eikenberry told *TIME*, "and that's amazing, given the sycophants and leg humpers he had to deal with every day. It took enormous fortitude for him to stay well grounded in the face of his bizarre celebrity, but he did it. Besides which, he was just the best guy to do stuff with I've ever known. I'm going to miss him for the rest of my life."

Everyone has to work through hard questions of identity and self-image; Kennedy had to work through his while trapped inside a brightly lit media fun house with distorted mirrors all around. And so he took advantage of an elaborate system that allowed him to cope: a family that had been through hell in public and knew how to guard its privacy—and to make life as normal as it could be. On his own, he developed a band of fiercely loyal and discreet friends who helped create a secure zone around him, who were always glad to say "No comment," escape with him into the wilderness for another adventure, or indulge his unquenchable love of the outdoors—parasailing, running, skiing, biking, losing himself in individual effort.

Within the zone, Kennedy was free to conduct his real life's work: not the maga-

zine he launched, or the charities he volunteered for, or the law, but the cultivation of a basic, good-humored decency—an ordinariness that was his last defense against the extraordinary role life had handed him. He took the subway or rode a bike to work, hanging out mostly with friends who weren't at all famous, using his unparalleled celebrity mostly on behalf of good causes. At the same time, he went out of his way to joke with the tabloid reporters who watched his every move, was invariably polite to those who approached him on the street, and showed elaborate courtesy to the frantic, swooning women who mobbed him. He sent a hilarious note to *New York* magazine writer Michael Gross, who had profiled him against his will, saying he was glad the issue with his face on the cover was off the newsstands, so "I can



WITH DAD
Weeks before his murder, the President introduced his son to the sea. John said he—like America—saw his father as an icon

MOTHER LOVE From this White House nuzzle in 1962 until the day she died in 1994, Jackie was the guide and guardian of his life



SEX APPEAL
As a student at Brown, above, he shows the body that made him a heartthrob

ON HIS OWN
In choosing Brown, John Jr. distanced himself from the Harvard-Kennedy mythology



stop glaring at myself glaring back at me."

And ultimately, he coped with the media carnival—the rumored affair with Madonna, the PEOPLE cover proclaiming him "The Sexiest Man Alive"—by opening up a place of his own on the midway: *George* magazine, which from time to time he used to send up the national obsession with all things Kennedy. He put Drew Barrymore on the cover, for instance, in a parody of Marilyn Monroe in the sewed-on gown singing *Happy Birthday, Mr. President*. When an uproar ensued, Kennedy pretended he didn't understand what the fuss was about. Or maybe he really didn't understand—it was just another image from the family album.

A few years ago, at a party in Washington, he was chatting with a friend about how poised and normal Chelsea Clinton seemed, even though she was growing up

in the White House. "It's really a tribute to the Clintons," the friend said. Kennedy smiled. "Why is it," he asked, "that nobody ever gives the kids any credit?"

He had a point. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis received much deserved praise for the way she raised her children. But John and Caroline deserve credit, as well, for the character they displayed growing up in America's battered, beloved, hated, much chronicled almost-royal family.

Born 17 days after his father was elected, Kennedy had no memories of his own about his father or his father's funeral; he remembered the image of himself saluting, not the salute itself. After the assassination, Jacqueline Kennedy escaped with her children into the anonymity of Manhattan, moving into a five-bedroom apartment on Fifth Avenue overlooking Central Park. The

children traveled frequently with their mother, but 1040 Fifth would always be home. Kennedy attended a nearby school, St. David's, but he could be rowdy and difficult; in 1968, the year his uncle was assassinated, the third-grader was transferred to Collegiate, a private school for boys on Manhattan's West Side, where he developed friendships that would last the rest of his life. "I don't remember a time when he wasn't my friend," says record producer Billy Straus, who met Kennedy in third grade.

Kennedy was a distinctly average student, restless in class, jiggling his leg nervously, rarely speaking. His mother told him not to worry about his poor spelling; his father's had been atrocious as well. As he grew up, however, the Kennedy wit began to assert itself. In seventh grade his class was assigned to write a short play, classmate Peter



Blauner remembers, and Kennedy wrote a play about being unable to write a play. "He was riffing about the various characters he'd tried to create," says Blauner, "from a ballet dancer to a deranged pretzel vendor in Central Park. It was really funny."

As he got older, Kennedy began taking the 79th Street crosstown bus to school, just like any kid might; he made sure to exit through the bus's front door, while the Secret Service agents who followed him everywhere used the rear one. And the agents were there when Kennedy, Straus and another friend went to their very first rock concert, Bob Dylan and the Band at Madison Square Garden.

In eighth grade, when the school held a father-son night, John's companion was Roosevelt Grier, the former football star who in 1968 had tackled Robert F. Kennedy's assassin, Sirhan Sirhan. But John would not

talk about his dead father and uncle; classmates recall only one history class in his Collegiate career when John mentioned the President. If you didn't know who he was, you'd take him for a typical '70s teenager, face obscured by a helmet of longish brown hair, heading to Central Park with his friends to throw a Frisbee or play with a pack of bandanna-wearing dogs. Sometimes he would lose his Secret Service detail, so he could head for the park and hang out freely with his friends; once after doing so, he was mugged. Eventually, his mother decided to send him to boarding school at Phillips Academy in Andover, Mass.

By then, he was already learning valuable lessons from his mother. By example, she taught him how to find and exploit zones of privacy, how to build an invisible barrier around himself when in public. It was a technique he might apply at the

Xenon disco, where he hung out in the late '70s: first, use personal radar to sense the approach of a stranger, then move subtly until your back is turned to the person—a way of saying "Please, leave me alone, please." But if someone breached the barrier anyway, John would then be unfailingly polite, using the Kennedy charm until he could break free. Just like Jackie.

Still not shining at academics, Kennedy had to repeat a grade at Andover, but when he graduated in 1979 he could attend any school he pleased. Instead of Harvard, he chose Brown University, in Providence, R.I., which was enjoying a popularity boom in part because it had no core-curriculum requirements. Kennedy was beginning to look more like his father and—the tabloid language is irresistible—much more like a hunk. He scarcely seemed to notice the attention he attracted from curious students,

investigative-units division. "You would be in the elevator with John and have police officers ask him for his autograph." John worked on small cases at first—embezzlement, low-level corruption—before moving on: organized crime and racketeering, and eventually the street-crime trial division. He was an assiduous worker. "He was different, obviously—he lived in a different world that we didn't understand," Cherkasky says. "But his ability to be upbeat and prompt, to never ask for anything special or expect it, was a commentary on who he was and how he was raised." He argued six trials, and won convictions in all six.

His political strengths started showing up at the 1988 Democratic National Convention, where he introduced his uncle Ted and invoked his father's name. "So many of you came into public service because of him," he said in prime time. "In a very real sense, because of you, he is still with us." The boy who mentioned his dad exactly once in elementary school had come a long way.

But back home, Kennedy's heart wasn't in the D.A.'s office, and he was getting tired of faking it. In 1993, he left and began thinking about doing something big—another kind of public service, but one that would take a form he had grown all too familiar

with: magazine journalism. He and a friend, public relations man Michael Berman, talked about creating a political magazine that would be glossy and entertaining but also empowering—one that would inspire alienated people to get involved in politics, and help give them the tools to do so. The magazine would also treat politics as spectacle and cultural barometer.

Kennedy and Berman worked their way through the New York media circuit, exploiting the desire of media heavies to meet J.F.K. Jr., picking the brains of people who knew magazines. One of their sessions took place in the offices of Ed Kosner, then editor of *Esquire*. "It was very vague," Kosner says. "He asked a lot of questions. I couldn't tell from that conversation what the magazine was going to be about. He just came over to schmooze, and he was great at it."

As Kennedy and Berman honed their idea for the magazine, the French media company Hachette Filipacchi became keen to sign up Kennedy. But executives there had a different idea about what the magazine would be—none of that altruistic grassroots empowerment stuff, no hard edges at all, and lots of Kennedy. *George*, as the magazine was called, owed its early success to Hachette's great job of marketing its editor.

Kennedy was a natural at the road shows, the care and feeding of advertisers, but as editor he learned on the job, and that wasn't easy on anybody. He and Berman, the magazine's president, had lurid battles about its direction; and Kennedy's violent temper would break loose; sometimes he would chase Berman down the hall screaming. One time they locked themselves in Kennedy's office. Staff members heard banging sounds. When Berman emerged, one of his shirt sleeves was missing.

Kennedy could be affable and accessible, then capricious and enraged—all before lunch. "He was a little insensitive," says a former staff member. "It was his signature project, so he reserved the right to change anything around at the last minute." Bent on proving himself a serious person, he failed to take advice from more seasoned magazine people. "Sometimes he wouldn't see things that had the potential to make a very bad article." The product suffered, turnover was high, and ultimately the magazine ran into financial trouble.

But staff members there will never forget his flair as a manager. Kennedy often wore shorts and a baseball cap to work and brought his dog Friday to the office. He furnished his corner office, which was on the

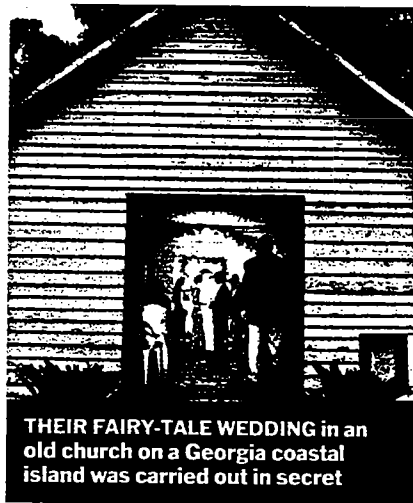
The Most Eligible Bachelor and His Bride

They loved, they fought, they sparkled, and the media couldn't look away

THE PRINCE OF CAMELOT HAD A STORY-book wedding. The site was Cumberland Island, a windswept retreat off the Georgia coast, overrun by wild horses. The chapel was a tiny wood-frame church lit only by candles and kerosene lamps. But most magical of all was the complete absence of members of the media, which had been skillfully kept in the dark about the wedding of the decade.

John F. Kennedy Jr. and Carolyn Bessette's ultra-secret wedding nearly three years ago was a rare moment of privacy in a relationship that had largely unfolded in the media glare. From the moment they met in 1994—by some reports, while walking in New York City's Central Park—they were the couple America couldn't stop talking about. The truth was, they made a riveting pair: the world's most eligible bachelor and the cool blond looker who finally got him to the altar.

John's wild oats had been tabloid fodder for years. He had been linked to Madonna and Julia Roberts and seriously dated actress Daryl Hannah. There had also been a string of less celebrated beauties, each of whom prompted a new round of is-she-the-one speculation in the gossip columns. Of course, Bessette had her



THEIR FAIRY-TALE WEDDING in an old church on a Georgia coastal island was carried out in secret

own illustrious past, which included Calvin Klein underwear model Michael Bergin; Alessandro Benetton, scion of the Italian fashion house; and a hockey star who went on to play for the Tampa Bay Lightning.

Bessette, 33, was raised in tony Greenwich, Conn., by her mother, a public school administrator, and stepfather, an orthopedic surgeon. She had twin sisters, Lauren and Lisa, who were 18 months older. Lauren—who went down with Carolyn and John on the plane—was a Wharton School graduate and an investment banker at Morgan Stanley. Lauren Bessette spent five years in Hong Kong and handled deals across Asia. She was a star who was "stunningly beautiful and not afraid of being beautiful" in the male-dominated world of mergers and acquisitions, says former colleague Chip Arndt.

Carolyn Bessette attended Catholic high school in Greenwich, where she was voted "the ultimate beautiful person." She went on to Boston University, studying education and landing on the cover of a "Girls of B.U." calendar. After college, she worked for designer Calvin Klein as a publicist, and later as a coddler of high-end clients.

It was sometimes hard to get beyond Bessette's physical

same floor as the rest of the magazine, modestly. "It felt like a college newspaper," says the former staffer. "We were once on deadline, feverishly trying to get the magazine out, and he walked in and said, 'Let's go to the park and play touch football.' People were appalled, but they appreciated a gesture he made in the fall of 1996, when the staff was again putting an issue to bed. Kennedy decided they needed to unwind: he called the Yankees front office and procured 41 skybox passes to a World Series game. No one complained that time."

While Kennedy was making something of *George*, his personal life was undergoing enormous upheavals. In 1994, his mother

had succumbed to cancer, robbing him of the single most important person in his life. He issued a note-perfect statement to the press, grieved deeply and permanently, but got through it. It helped that he had fallen in love with Carolyn Bessette, an exquisitely sophisticated Calvin Klein public relations executive. As the relationship deepened and moved toward marriage, they realized that some serious press management was required. They leaked word that they were breaking up—and quietly made preparations for a secret wedding, with their 40 closest friends and family, on Cumberland Island, just off the Georgia coast. The tabloids rented boats and choppers and mounted invasions through a mangrove swamp, but they arrived too late to wreck the wedding. Jackie would have approved.

By then, Kennedy's dealings with the media had become deeply ritualized. "He was very nice to our reporters, extremely nice," says *National Enquirer* ed-

itor Steve Coz. "He always had a witty remark. We put in an offer that we'd love to do an at-home with him and Carolyn. His assistant called us back and said he told her to tell us he couldn't do the at-home that night because he and Carolyn were off to the fights."

Sometimes Kennedy would get on the phone himself to explain why he was turning down a request. Writer Michael Gross, who had reported on Kennedy for *New York* and *Esquire* magazines, talked with him about a book project in the fall of 1998. By way of declining, Kennedy brought up the impending 35th anniversary of his father's assassination. "There are tons of books coming out," he said, "some with the family's involvement, but it's just not me." He talked about *George*. "I find the magazine excruciating at times, when I have to participate in a personal way, but it's part of what I signed up for." And he said he understood why people were interested in him—he was getting pretty interested too. "Probably the present is more compelling than the past," he told Gross. "The beginning of life is just preparation." The preparation, he implied, was finally over. John Kennedy was all ready for the main act to begin. —With reporting by John Cloud and Romesh Ratnesar/*New York* and James Carney/*Washington*



appearance: she was a reed thin, almost-6-ft. blond with striking good looks. (Legend has it she got her job with Calvin Klein's Boston shop when she was spotted walking down the street.) But friends say she was quick-witted, stylish and unusually self-possessed. "She is one of those mysterious creatures that understands, on some deep level, mystical femininity," Kennedy family friend John Perry Barlow told *New York* magazine.

The road to the altar was rocky. There were reports that Kennedy proposed only after Bessette became enraged over tabloid stories saying he had had an affair with actress Sharon Stone. In February 1996, Kennedy and Bessette were video-

taped in a very public lovers' quarrel in the middle of Central Park. At one point, Kennedy grabbed the engagement ring off her finger and sat down on a curb to cry. The tape was aired on a TV newsmagazine show. But by September it was ancient history, and he was declaring at his rehearsal dinner, "I am the happiest man alive."

The couple cut an elegantly hip figure in downtown Manhattan, living in a TriBeCa loft apartment and instantly becoming the center of attention wherever they turned up around town. Still, New York social observers delighted in pointing out that, although life seemed to have dealt her a pretty good hand, Bessette rarely looked happy. A gossip columnist, on seeing her at a party where she seemed in good spirits and demonstrably affectionate with her husband, said, "I had to do a double-take to make sure it was her."

Though she once made her living as a publicist, Bessette rarely spoke to the media. Kennedy implored reporters and photographers to leave his wife alone. At one point, he lashed out at photographers who continually followed the two of them when they walked their dog in their TriBeCa neighborhood. Bessette's reticence gave her an air of mystery, much like John's mother Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. But it also led to a constant stream of conflicting rumors about the solidity of her marriage. The tabloids were on "baby watch," with occasional rumors that she was pregnant. Yet as recently as May, Kennedy said it wasn't so.

One source of tension between the two was Kennedy's love of flying. He told friends not long ago that he was having a good time going up in his plane but was having trouble getting his wife to come along. As Bessette smiled a tight smile, he added, "She doesn't like me to fly." Bessette may have landed the world's most eligible bachelor, but she wasn't able to ground him. ■

Peggy Noonan

Grace Under the Glare

WE KEEP SAYING GOODBYE TO BIG PIECES OF THE CENTURY, and this last is just too sad and unjust. What would have become of that unfinished life? What would have come of that promise?

Let me tell you what it was like to see him. I was in a restaurant last Thursday in Manhattan with a small group of friends who were catching up and arguing politics. Suddenly some invisible shift happened, some peripheral force entered the room—a tall man in sunglasses hobbling toward a back table. He moved briskly, as if he hoped no one would notice.

"There's J.F.K. Jr.," said one of the women at the table.

We watched, and I looked around to watch the people watching. The place had gone quieter, and a man stopped, fork in midair, as he passed.

I thought, What a star, a natural star. I thought I was looking at the kind of beauty that movie stars want and are supposed to have but don't. A face just old enough to be interesting and young enough to be perfect, with the kind of manly features that make you think of the handsome man in a 1950s magazine ad. Thick, shiny black hair, a slim muscular body on which his dark suit draped in soft folds. Afterward, I wondered if it was something like what Scott Fitzgerald saw when he remembered the college football stars of his young manhood, those young men who just then, on the gridiron and in their youth, were having the best moment of their lives.

He was on crutches because he'd recently broken or sprained his ankle. And as we all walked away, a friend of his said to me, "Maurice worries about him flying that plane." Maurice Templesman, Jackie Onassis' longtime friend. "He's afraid John is too ..." She couldn't think of the word, but it was something like distracted, scattered.

And now it's Saturday morning, and I'm thinking of the crutches and the hobbling and wondering if he was, as is reported, piloting the plane, and if he could maneuver the rudder pedals. If he could do what he thought he could do because he knew how to do it, and was confident, and wasn't concerned.

You'd think he would be, coming from the family he comes from. You'd think he'd be always concerned about safety and luck and fate. But maybe when you were J.F.K. Jr., so surrounded by tragedy, with a life so shaped by it, maybe you thought, "We've had our share. We've had more than our share. I'm going to get in a plane and fly." You can come from a place of such bad luck that you think your luck will always hold.

His father lived a life of meaning and drama, a heroic life that spanned less than 50 years and yet encompassed war and political tumult and the great ideological struggles of the day. J.F.K. Jr.'s life spanned 39 years—only seven fewer than his father's—and encompassed no such dramas as war and wrenching political struggle. His dramas were personal, not historic, but then so much more was expected of him. Wouldn't he live a giant life too? What kind of man will King Arthur's son be?

He knew about the expectations, and one supposes they were the central trauma of his life. He seemed to hobble through the search for a while—actor, lawyer, person in politics. And then: editor. Of a magazine on politics. But one that treated politics as entertainment. As if he were detaching himself from the heaviness of political struggles, and the tragedies they can bring.

Now it will be a mystery, what he would have become with a good long life. His friends say he was modest, deeply courteous—very much his mother's son—and intelligent, and funny. People liked him, he had good stuff in there, not only beauty and good genes. The few times I saw him refer to politics in an interview, he did it with what seemed a natural humility. He didn't seem to think he ought to be harrumphing from the floor of the House about what we're doing wrong as a people, or right. If you didn't know him, you wondered whether life had been too strange and soft to mold him into a harder person, one who could move into the world with force and meaning, marshaling all

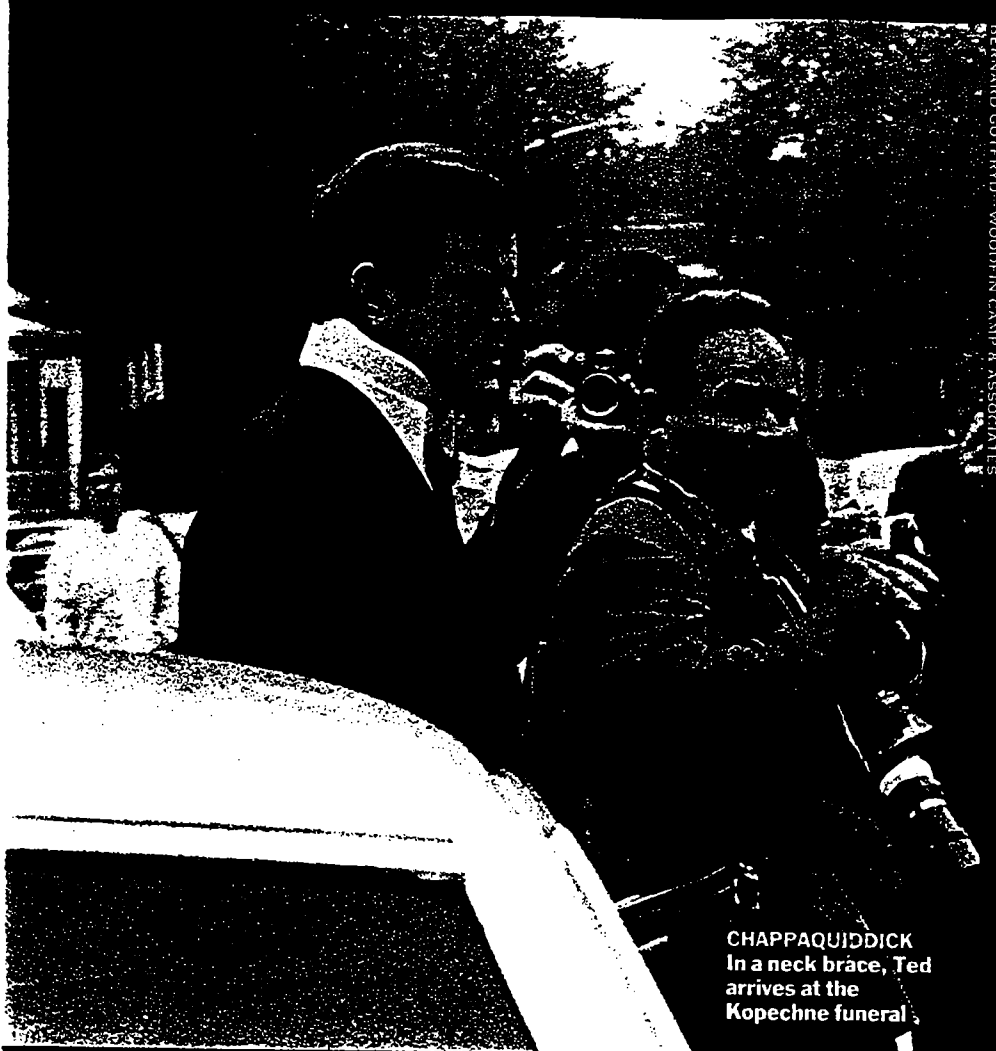
the things he had to make a difference. But that takes time. You wonder what he would have done if he had got it.

He was born with the burden of fame, but he handled it with patience and humor, and more. Ben Bradlee wrote a book about President Kennedy after he died, and it was called *That Special Grace*. J.F.K. Jr. had it too, though history didn't give him wars and great movements in which to show it.

But he showed it anyway. Not so long ago, the day his mother was buried, after the prayers and the graveside service at Arlington, when everyone was starting to leave, young John Kennedy stepped up to the casket of his mother and the gravestone of his father. He leaned forward and stretched toward them and put his hand upon each with a touch that was more like a kiss. It was an act of great physical grace, and love, and maybe it was done in part on behalf of a country that felt as he did—a generous gesture like the one 30 years before when a little boy made a salute. ■



AT HIS MOTHER'S COFFIN He was our national survivor, the one who would always keep the flame



CHAPPAQUIDDICK
In a neck brace, Ted
arrives at the
Kopechne funeral

FORTUNE AND MIS

By RICHARD LACAYO

THE FIRST TIME JOHN KENNEDY JR. registered in the national imagination, he was at the side of a coffin. On his third birthday, holding a flag and saluting his murdered father, he was already mastering the Kennedy protocol of premature farewells, the leave-takings that are nearly as much a family tradition as touch football and big weddings. The assassination of J.F.K. seemed to many people the terrible culmination of a Kennedy-family saga that began in the ambitions of father Joe. It turned out instead to be just the most spectacular episode in a family history littered with misfortunes: plane crash-

es and assassinations, overturned cars and drug overdoses, death by gun and death over water.

Some of these tragedies came unbidden, like the assassinations and the plane crashes. Some were partly self-inflicted, like the drowning of Mary Jo Kopechne at Chappaquiddick, which happened 30 years almost to the day that J.F.K. Jr.'s plane went down in waters not far from there. Taken together, they make a chain of mishaps that has shadowed the Kennedy name for more than a half-century. But when John and Robert Kennedy were assassinated, their death seemed, if nothing else, at least commensurate with the drama and weight of their public life. When their children die prematurely, it can seem almost as

if fate were picking them off for sport.

The mystique of the Kennedy curse is such that even one of the clan's own members, Chris Lawford, the son of Peter Lawford and Pat Kennedy, could say once, "The Kennedy story is really about karma, about people who broke the rules and were ultimately broken by them." The story begins with the son of a Boston saloonkeeper, Joseph P. Kennedy, the founding father who became chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission and ambassador to Britain. By 1957, he had also assembled a \$100 million fortune, some of it in ways that were not entirely wholesome, including bootlegging during Prohibition. But his ambitions went much further than mere wealth. At his 25th Harvard reunion,

DALLAS After the shots, Mrs. Kennedy climbs on the back of the limousine

ABRAHAM ZAPRUDER/CLMH CO. SILVERBERG 1967. RENEWED 1995

R.F.K. Fatally shot by Sirhan Sirhan, Bobby Kennedy lies in a pool of blood

BILL EPPRIDGE—LIFE

SFORTUNE

Through fate, folly or the evil of others, the Kennedys have become the first family of pain

he described his occupation as "public affairs," and to that end he single-mindedly directed the destiny of his four sons.

Joe's first choice to accomplish the family's ascent to real power was his eldest, Joe Jr. When Jack Kennedy made the papers for his exploits as skipper of *PT-109*, the father sent the press clippings to Joe Jr., then a 29-year-old naval air lieutenant, to provoke him into getting started on his own heroic legend. It worked all too well. In the summer of 1944, Joe Jr. volunteered to fly a plane loaded with explosives into a Nazi missile site. The plan was for him to bail out before the plane struck its target. Instead he was killed when the plane exploded prematurely over the English Channel. It was later discovered that the missile

sites Joe Jr. was supposed to destroy had been abandoned by the Germans some time before his flight.

The senior Joe Kennedy had already in effect lost his eldest daughter Rosemary, who was mentally disabled. Kennedy biographers still argue over how serious her disabilities were. But in 1941, without consulting his wife Rose, Joe decided to subject Rosemary to a prefrontal lobotomy that left her deeply retarded. Rosemary, now 80, has been institutionalized ever since. In 1948 another daughter, Kathleen, died in a plane crash over France after her companion urged their pilot to fly through bad weather.

But it was Joe Jr.'s death that unnerved the elder Kennedy most completely. Not

long after the disaster, the family received a letter that their son had posted just before he died. Rose Kennedy later recalled that "Joe simply threw the letter on the table and collapsed in his chair with his head in his hand, saying over and over that nothing would ever be the same again."

It would never be the same either for Jack, who inherited the burden of his father's ambitions and bore them to Congress, then to the White House and finally to Dallas. J.F.K. once said that "just as I went into politics when Joe died, if anything happened to me tomorrow, my brother Bobby would run for my seat. And if anything happened to him, my brother Teddy would run for us." After the assassination, however, R.F.K. entered a long and



DAVID Kennedy men carry the coffin of Bobby's son, dead at 28 from drugs

UPI-CORBIS BELTMANN

DAVID Kennedy men carry the coffin of Bobby's son, dead at 28 from drugs



KATHLEEN Dead at 28 in a plane crash in bad weather over France

UPI-CORBIS BELTMANN



deep depression. "Without Ethel," a friend once said, "Bobby might well have gone off the deep end." He found some solace in Sophocles and Aeschylus, but it was only in March 1965, when he scaled Mount Kennedy, the 13,900-ft. Yukon peak, that he was able to overcome his own darkness.

And when Bobby was shot, it was Ted who seemed to go numb. A Kennedy aide recalled Ted in Bobby's hospital bathroom, "leaning over the washbasin, his hands clutching the sides, his head bowed ... I never expect, for the rest of my life, to see more agony on anyone's face." Ted had already grown weary of politics and was emotionally spent. He confided to a friend that what he really wanted was to set sail around the Caribbean with his family and enjoy life, a fantasy Jack used to have. Close friends started to question his emotional state, watching his mood swings and his distracted conversations. More and more people began talking about his drink-

ing habits, predicting that his love of the fast life would end badly.

BY THE TIME HE HAD TO BURY BOBBY, in June 1968, the 79-year-old Joe Sr. was so distraught that he did not go to the funeral. If he was able to transfer his hopes to Ted, it was not for long. The next summer brought Chappaquiddick, which seemed to doom Ted's chance for the White House. When Ted told his father about it, the ailing old man, already made speechless by a stroke, simply dropped his head to his chest. By November of that year, he was dead.

But if there really is a Kennedy curse, by now it may be nothing more complicated than the burden of growing up under the weight of the family legend. The third generation of Kennedys once included 29 cousins. Like his sister Caroline, John Jr. managed to carry his celebrity lightly, acknowledging the claims of his ancestry

without being burdened by them. He even went to Brown University to avoid the mythic baggage of being a Kennedy at Harvard. And many of the Kennedy cousins inherited the public-spiritedness of their parents' generation. Bobby's daughter Kathleen Kennedy Townsend is Maryland's Lieutenant Governor. Ted's son Patrick is a Congressman from Rhode Island.

But quite a few of them also inherited a sense of entitlement that edged into recklessness and worse. They played daredevil games with one another and other people that led to tragedies like the 1973 accident in which Joe Kennedy III, Bobby's eldest son, overturned a Jeep, leaving one of his passengers, a young woman, paralyzed for life. They sauntered into episodes like William Kennedy Smith's night on the town with his Uncle Ted, which ended with the encounter that left Smith accused (and ultimately acquitted) of rape.

Bobby's children grew up fatherless, and some of them grew up fast and hard.



MICHAEL After the baby-sitter scandal, Bobby's son died on a ski slope at 39

GAMMA LIAISON

His second son, Robert Jr., ran into drug problems early and was arrested for heroin possession in 1983, just a few weeks after he finally passed the bar exam. He was given two years of probation and ordered to spend time in community service. Bobby Jr., now a much respected environmental lawyer and activist, put the problem behind him. His younger brother David was not so lucky. For days after his father was murdered, David, who was 12 at the time, did not speak a word. Later he complained that no one in his family would talk to him about his father's death.

By his teens, David was struggling with a drug problem. His brother Robert Jr. gave him his first tab of mescaline at 13, and 10 years later he was mugged in a sleazy Harlem hotel that was known as a drug supermarket and shooting gallery. It was David's girlfriend Pam who was paralyzed in his brother's Jeep accident. Although the family repeatedly sent David to rehab, in 1984 he died of an overdose of co-

caine, Demerol and Mellaril in a hotel room near the Kennedy compound in Palm Beach, Fla.

Michael, Bobby's fourth son, was 10 when his father died. For most of his life, if he turned up in the news at all, it was for work such as heading a nonprofit company that provided heating oil to homeless shelters in Boston or for his marriage to Victoria Gifford, the daughter of the sportscaster and football hero Frank Gifford. Michael didn't make real headlines until 1997, when he was accused of having conducted a five-year affair with a girl who baby-sat for his three children. The girl was 14 when the affair began.

Soon after Kennedy and his wife separated, in 1997, the *Boston Globe* reported that Victoria had found Michael in bed with the girl two years earlier. He had claimed then that heavy drinking was at the root of it all and entered rehab, but sobriety didn't improve his judgment much.

The relationship continued until the girl left for college. When the story broke, Michael resigned as campaign chairman for the gubernatorial bid that his brother Joe had planned; a few months later, Joe announced that he was leaving the race. But something worse than humiliation was in store. On New Year's Eve 1997, while playing football on skis with his cousins on the slopes of Aspen, Colo., Michael was killed when he struck a fir tree head on. He was 39.

It was Michael's sister Rory who cradled his head as he lay dying that night, crying, "Stay with us, Michael!" and trying vainly to save him with mouth-to-mouth resuscitation while his children cried and prayed by his side. And it was Rory, 30, a documentary filmmaker, whose wedding John Jr. and his wife were headed for when their plane went down. Big weddings are part of the Kennedy-family tradition. And as she would know, so are untimely goodbyes. ■

JFK JR.'S FAMILY

GREAT-GRANDFATHER

**John Francis
("Honey Fitz")
Fitzgerald**
1863-1950

Tenement born, he became Boston's mayor, and sang from a tabletop at grandson Jack's Senate election

GRANDPARENTS



Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy
1890-1995

Honey Fitz's favorite daughter became Queen Mother of Camelot despite sorrow both public and private

Joseph Patrick Kennedy
1888-1969

Financier, rumrunner and ambassador. His fortune was huge, but not as great as his dynastic vision



Joseph Patrick Kennedy Jr.
1915-1944

The family's first great hope became its first modern martyr. His plane exploded on a WWII bombing run



Rosemary Kennedy
1918-present

She was born mildly disabled, but a lobotomy arranged by her father left her profoundly retarded



Kathleen Kennedy Cavendish
1920-1948

Widowed but in love, she died with her intended in a small plane

Eunice's children (5)



Robert Sargent Shriver III
1954-present

Film, record and TV producer; raises money for Special Olympics



Maria Owings Shriver
1955-present

Married to Arnold Schwarzenegger. Correspondent for NBC



Timothy Perry Shriver
1959-present

Married with four children. Director of Special Olympics



Mark Kennedy Shriver
1964-present

Married with one child. Maryland state legislator



Anthony Paul Kennedy Shriver
1965-present

Activist for the mentally retarded

Red type indicates family members who have died under tragic circumstances

Patricia's children (4)



Christopher Kennedy Lawford
1955-present

Lawyer, actor and film producer



Sydney Maleia Lawford
1956-present

Worked as a model, now home raising four children



Victoria Francis Lawford
1958-present

Lives in Washington with her husband and three children



Robin Elizabeth Lawford
1961-present

A marine biologist who lives in New York City

Robert's children (11)



Kathleen Hartington Kennedy
1951-present

Lieutenant Governor of Maryland. Four children



Joseph Patrick Kennedy II
1952-present

Former U.S. Representative from Massachusetts. Two children



Robert Francis Kennedy Jr.
1954-present

Environmental attorney and author. Five children



David Anthony Kennedy
1955-1984

Died of a drug overdose in a Palm Beach, Fla., hotel

TREE

Over four brief generations, a clan prepared itself for greatness, achieved it, and lived with its legacy—all the while experiencing extremes of personal triumph and tragedy

AUNTS AND UNCLES



Eunice Kennedy Shriver
1921-present
A keen mind, she married Sargent Shriver and propelled the Special Olympics



Patricia Kennedy Lawford
1924-present
Her wedding to actor Peter was a spectacle requiring police barricades, but they divorced in 1966



Robert Francis Kennedy
1925-1968
Idealistic, ruthless, doomed. His own family with Ethel has recapitulated the family pattern of service and loss



Jean Ann Kennedy Smith
1928-present
Husband Stephen managed R.F.K.'s campaigns, then Kennedy charities. She served as envoy to Ireland



Edward Moore Kennedy
1932-present
His generation's great survivor. Twice-married liberal hero is father to a Congressman

PARENTS



John Fitzgerald Kennedy
1917-1963
A doting father, he left two children, ages five and three. John Jr. remembered him only vaguely



Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis
1929-1994
Twice widowed, she was John Jr.'s confidant. A second son died at two days

COUSINS



Mary Courtney Kennedy
1956-present
Human-rights activist. Married with one child



Michael LeMoine Kennedy
1958-1997
Died playing ski-football on the slopes of Aspen, Colo.



Mary Kerry Kennedy
1959-present
Attorney and human-rights activist. Married to Andrew Cuomo



Christopher George Kennedy
1963-present
Helps run the family-owned Merchandise Mart in Chicago



Matthew Maxwell Taylor Kennedy
1965-present
Former Philadelphia prosecutor



Douglas Harriman Kennedy
1967-present
Journalist with Fox's cable-television news division



Rory Elizabeth Katherine Kennedy
1968-present
Documentary filmmaker in N.Y.C.



Stephen Edward Smith Jr.
1957-present
Works for a conflict-resolution and negotiation group



William Kennedy Smith
1960-present
Acquitted of rape charges in 1991. Now a doctor in Chicago



Amanda Mary Smith
1967-present
Working on a biography of her grandfather



Kym Maria Smith
1972-present
Married in 1995 and now lives in New York



Kara Anne Kennedy
1960-present
Married with two children. Former director of program for disabled



Edward Moore Kennedy Jr.
1961-present
Attorney; advocate for the disabled. Married with two children



Patrick Joseph Kennedy
1967-present
U.S. Representative from Rhode Island

SISTER



Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg
1957-present
Law-school grad and mother, she alone is left of Camelot's family

JOHN AND CAROLYN

John Fitzgerald Kennedy Jr.
1960-1999

Not obviously a political heir; simply a man at ease with his extraordinary place in the world

Carolyn Bessette Kennedy
1966-1999

Her elegance recalled Jackie's, and she and her husband seemed embarked on a wonderful life



In Private and in Pub

A photo album of the clan whose lives projected America's longings



KENSTONE—CORBIS-SYGMA



HULTON GETTY—LIAISON AGENCY



SONS AND WARRIORS .K

THE AMBASSADOR AND HIS WIFE Left, Joseph Sr., who was U.S. representative at the Court of St. James's from 1937 to 1940, and Rose in London

COURT DATE Top, Rose, between daughters Kathleen and Rosemary, prepares to meet British royalty in 1938

THE CLAN Joe Sr., below, boasted, "Long before it ever became a slogan, my family had togetherness"



CORBIS—SYGMA



blic

onto a huge screen



J.F.K. and elder brother Joe Jr. in World War II

JACQUES LOWE—WOODFIN CAMP



PAUL SCHUTZER—LIFE



LISA LARSEN—LIFE

THE GOLDEN COUPLE
Jack and Jackie at their wedding in Newport, R.I., in 1953. The bride dazzled even the Kennedys



HY PESKIN—LIFE

A NEW GENERATION
Bobby and Ethel, top, horsing around with their kids. They would eventually have 11 children

SAILING FREE J.F.K. with his fiancée in 1953; Jackie, who loved outdoor activity (except football), was an excellent equestrian

Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

Brought Up to Be a Good Man

HOW FAR MIGHT HE HAVE GONE? THERE HAS ALWAYS been a tendency to see John F. Kennedy Jr. as John-John, the sobriquet the press bestowed on him when he was a little boy in the White House. Those bewitched by the John-John idea saw the grown man as a frivolous young fellow floating carelessly on the pleasures of life. In fact, J.F.K. Jr. detested the nickname and was not a man fulfilled by pleasure-floating. But he cherished his privacy and disdained defensive self-publicity.

Jacqueline Kennedy was a wonderful single mother. She was determined to maintain her children's privacy in order to make their lives as normal as possible. They were brought up unspoiled, modest, hardworking, well-mannered, friendly to their contemporaries, courteous to their elders. And they had on their own an abundance of vitality, charm and good looks.

Educated in private schools, young John Kennedy went on to Brown, where he seemed to contemplate a career on the stage, and then, changing course, to New York University Law School. He worked for Robert Morgenthau in the district attorney's office, had trouble passing his bar examination, frequented downtown night spots and figured in gossip columns. He was a magically handsome young man, irresistible to women—"the hunk," the press called him. People dismissed him as a charming lightweight.

This was his protective pose. Underneath he was an earnest fellow with a high sense of legacy and responsibility. In any case, the Kennedys have always been late bloomers. I once ran into him on the shuttle to Washington. He was going to a meeting at the White House on the problem of access to higher education for boys and girls from the slums. He talked about this with surprising knowledge and enthusiasm.

I had not heard anything previously about his interest in such matters. I learned later that he also headed Reaching Up, an organization dedicated to helping hospital orderlies, nursing aides and others. He was genuinely concerned about the young, the disabled and the homeless. His instinct was to do good by stealth, lest people think he was doing good for publicity.

He grew to be an impressive young man—intelligent, articulate, judicious, persuasive, well defined but never full of himself, exceptionally attractive. He invented *George* as the *Vanity Fair* formula applied to politics, and he steered the magazine in a resolutely nonpartisan course. He loved the editorial work, loved conducting interviews with everyone from Fidel Castro to George Wallace, loved the variety and eccentricity of American politics. He was not a front man but pa-

trolled every aspect of the job. His staff admired and adored him. But one felt it was a transitional stage for him.

He seemed to be edging into politics. His father had begun as a journalist; it is not a bad introduction to the American political labyrinth. J.F.K. Jr. cared too much about the state of the nation, especially about the increasing disparities of wealth and opportunity in American life, to live out his life as a spectator. He was a cautious man, methodically feeling his way, but I think he sensed an evident opportunity and acknowledged a dynastic responsibility. He was destined, I came to feel, for political leadership.

Stoical about scandalmongering books about his family and gossip-column misinformation about himself, he was as determined as his mother to protect his personal privacy. That is why he took up flying. When he traveled on commercial

aircraft, fellow passengers would ask questions, seek autographs, exchange memories. He understood that they were people of goodwill, and he could not bear to be impolite, but the benign interest of others was a burden. Once he got his flying license, he seemed a liberated man, free to travel as he wished without superfluous demands on time and energy. Nor was he a reckless pilot. The mystery of his death remains.

It is one more stab at the heart of America. There is an echo of Greek tragedy about the succession of blows striking a single American family.

So many Kennedys have been cruelly cut off before they had fulfilled themselves—Joe Jr., my Harvard classmate, killed in the war; John and Robert, cherished friends, assassinated; two of Robert's sons dead; now John's son, the golden boy.

The night that John Kennedy died, a friend took Robert Kennedy to his bedroom. "God, it's so awful," Robert said. "Everything was really beginning to run so well." He seemed under control. The friend closed the door, then heard Bob break down and cry, "Why, God?"

Was there no sense, no purpose, to the universe? Later R.F.K. scrawled on a yellow sheet, "The innocent suffer—how can that be possible and God be just?" He found solace in Aeschylus, memorizing the lines from the *Agamemnon* that he would use when Martin Luther King Jr. was killed: "He who learns must suffer. And even in our sleep pain that cannot forget falls drop by drop upon the heart, and in our own despair, against our will, comes wisdom to us by the awful grace of God."

For the Kennedys, faith comes as the ultimate solace. As President Kennedy once told a press conference, "Life is unfair."



HELPING HAND Kennedy at a skating party in 1985 for the R.F.K. Bedford-Stuyvesant Restoration Project in New York City

Margaret Carlson

And Then There Was One



THEY WERE SO CLOSE, CAROLINE and her brother John. When Caroline got married, John gave the first toast: "All my life there has just been the three of us—Mommy, Caroline and I..."

And now there is only one again of that trio that faced a life so peculiar that only they could understand one another. "They rarely made a decision without checking with the other," said a board member of Har-

vard's Kennedy School. Jackie sheltered them from the garish glare. "I don't want my children to live here anymore," she said in anguish after Bobby's assassination, fearing America's violence. She was also wary of the immense pull of the hyperactive clan and the demons that came with it. Historian Doris Kearns Goodwin told Jackie at Caroline's wedding how striking the closeness between her two children was, and Jackie said, "It's the best thing I've ever done."

They were the matron of honor and best man at each other's weddings, a pillar in each other's lives and that of the country, dividing the labor of carrying on their father's legacy: Caroline taking the library, John the Kennedy School. But as close as they were, they were also very different. If John was an Adonis, she was pretty in that Irish way, all teeth and wavy hair and good healthy vigor. They both worried about how to have a meaningful life in a fishbowl, but John would lead a life that required he bat away the paparazzi while Caroline would have a life in which she could walk her children to school and answer her own phone. She would even intellectualize the quest for privacy in a book on the First Amendment, *In Our Defense*. While John had an effervescent star quality, a glamour about him and his stylish wife, Caroline was incandescent, without a trace of glitz, but glowing from within. She was entirely free of the resentment that attaches to the famous. She never took its perks or used its privileges except in service of the family. After John's smashing performance at the Democratic Convention in 1988, she was asked to serve as chairwoman of the convention in 1992, and she spurned the offer few would have turned down. She more purely embodied her mother's passions: not politics, which was passing, but arts and culture, which were lasting.

If it was hard to be the son of J.F.K., imagine how hard it is to be the daughter of the valiant widow. Caroline had some

of the remote, mysterious quality of her mother. When I met her for the first time, I expected to hear that whisper, see a will-o'-the-wisp, but found instead someone with a firm voice, incredibly self-possessed and with a day-to-dayness about her. You could picture that she could make her way in Manhattan, hailing taxis and going to the movies and taking her children for ice cream in Central Park without causing a fuss.

Caroline seemed to subsume her mother, taking up her passions of horse riding and ballet and books. Jackie wanted her children to be serious. She had the historians and intellectuals to dinner, not the crowd from Mortimer's. Barbara Gibson, Rose Kennedy's secretary, remembers Caroline as preternaturally poised and calm. "Caroline was the most trustworthy. I would lend her my car."

Caroline was a good student, attending the Concord Academy, Radcliffe and Columbia University law school. She landed a job at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which her

mother loved and lived across the street from. She rented an apartment on the West Side with three roommates. She partied ever so lightly and dated a writer for two years before meeting an older man, Edwin Schlossberg, an eclectically brilliant polymorph, an author and museum designer, whom her mother adored. Schlossberg was 13 years older than Caroline, almost the same age difference between Jack and Jackie. She had as private a wedding as a Kennedy could have, registering her Luneville Old Strasbourg china (\$50 for a five-piece setting) at Bloomingdale's, marrying at a small Catholic church on the Cape, her cousin Maria Shriver as her matron of honor.

"The best way to get John to do something," said a Kennedy staff member, "was to get Caroline to ask him." At one of their last appearances together, a dinner at the Kennedy Library for J.F.K.'s birthday, a library patron was struck by how happy the two children and their spouses were taking up where Jackie left off. "At the end of dinner, Carolyn was sitting on

John's lap. And there were Ed and Caroline, leaning into each other, catching each other's eyes."

As much as Caroline loved her aunts and uncles and cousins, she had chosen last weekend to go rafting out West with her husband and three children. It's hard to picture her bucking herself up in the Kennedy way, throwing herself into games of touch football, sailing off the Cape. She will instead fall back on what her mother so carefully passed along—her normalcy and wholeness—and something her mother never thought she would have needed: the strength to bury someone you love way too soon. ■



BIG SISTER Caroline kissing baby John, above left, and attending a gala in May

Hugh Sidey

The Boy We Called John-John

HE WAS OUR CHILD, our little boy, flitting in and out of camera range around the White House when his dad was President. He did grow up and become that elegant New York City editor, John F. Kennedy Jr., the clan's flag bearer of what was good and glamorous. But I never could get over the memories around the White House.

The world, of course, remembered him as the three-year-old standing in front of his father's coffin after the services in St. Matthew's Cathedral in Washington and lifting his chubby arm in salute. He knew, but maybe he did not know. Millions never forgot.

Before that, he tugged at his mother's pearls when she held him and squirmed in his father's lap when the President, who could not lift the boy because of his bad back, could corral him for a few seconds.

There were times when walking by the Oval Office, I would see John-John hopping around on the carpet with his sister Caroline, his father clapping or laughing at the display. He came by the presidential desk on Halloween as "Peter Panda," and J.F.K. broke up with laughter at the spook.

The special quality about young John Kennedy then may



PULLER OF PEARLS The White House was his very own playground, and his delighted romps with his parents made it ours as well

have been simply that he was so normal, so much like our own kids, allowed a childhood because of the insistence of his mother Jackie Kennedy and in spite of the formidable environs of the presidential mansion.

When he could navigate to the Oval Office on his own two energetic legs, John-John discovered the candy dish on the desk of Evelyn Lincoln, the President's secretary. She recounted to me with great glee how the President tried to enforce the rule of one piece of candy per visit. The rule never worked.

The Kennedys have lived their lives on a vast public stage where chil-

dren run and tussle and accomplished grownups gather for strenuous rituals of work and play amid the gaiety and laughter. And then death steps in to stop the proceedings, again and again. There seems to be no respite in this horrible ritual.

John Jr.'s death will only heighten the memories of the Kennedy years in the presidency, the core of the legend, years when the cold war was at its most intense and there was danger in the world, years when bright young men and women flocked to Washington to take part in the New Frontier. I remember Dallas, but I still don't begin to comprehend it. I heard the shots from the motorcade and then wandered on the lawn



LIFE WITH FATHER Playing with a fond J.F.K. in the Oval Office as the most powerful man in the world watches his son emerge from under the desk.

of Parkland Hospital throughout that afternoon as the bulletins confirmed the death of a President. So much had ended. A President had been assassinated, an Administration was finished, a family had been decimated and a friend of mine had died. But when all was said and done in those sad days, the focus fell on the family and the question of how it would fare in a world grown worshipful—and brutally curious.

Jackie and Caroline and John went off to live their lives in the shadowed wings of the great stage, but Bobby Kennedy and his brother Ted stayed in the center. The Kennedy clan marched on, and I watched as Bobby, the new Senator from New York, healed one more time from family tragedy and with mounting enthusiasm pointed himself toward the White House.

I was awakened by a phone call early one morning in 1968, and a friend in the White House told me that Bobby had been shot. We plunged back into that abyss of mourning not only for a life lost and a family devastated again, but for a promise never fulfilled in our national life.

And now John. He was not a figure of power like his father, somebody to be hated because of his political persuasion. Nor did he have that reckless streak in him that Bobby had, which compelled the uncle to fly through hailstorms for political appointments or dive into dangerous seas to get ashore faster. He was John-John, a normal kid turned young man turned adult who was sensible and kind and concerned, but burdened with the great Kennedy legend and the world with its



DESTINY'S CHILD John-John discovers a secret passage into his father's arms—and the nation's heart

nose pressed against his windows.

There will always be the warm memories. I was in the Oval Office one day back then, and when I walked up to the President's desk I heard giggling and thumping underneath. John-John was in what he called his cave. Once when he peeked out and White House photographers got the picture, there was another image that traveled around the world: the reduction of great power to its simplest ingredient, a tiny boy exploring his world from the ground up.

Though we did not always see the pictures of John-John that were taken backstage by Captain Cecil Stoughton, the official White House photographer, we heard the stories of the young ham. When he lost a front tooth, he proudly looked up at Stoughton to show the great gap. Indeed, Stoughton and John-John became buddies of a sort. The photographer knew a good subject when he

saw one and realized that someday history would treasure those images. John-John liked the captain's company, so much so that often when he saw Stoughton he would squeal, "Take my picture Taptain Toughton." And once when Stoughton had snapped a frame of John-John playing with a rabbit, he asked if the boy would take a picture of him with the rabbit. John-John took the camera with relish and clicked the shutter like a pro. In Stoughton's book *The Memories*, that one is the only photograph that the captain did not take. It is now another fragment of the profound Kennedy story of promise and fun and unfathomable sadness. ■



The First Family's antics enchanted a nation that was not used to seeing rich displays of parental affection in the highest office in the land

Circle of Gilt

The trials of affluent New Yorkers in group therapy

GROUP: SIX PEOPLE IN *Search of a Life* (Riverhead; 339 pages; \$25.95), Paul Solotaroff's tribute to his former group therapist, follows six New Yorkers with New Yorkers' problems: too much or not enough money, sex, drugs or ambition. Throw in childhoods with cruel or irresponsible parents, and you've got subjects willing to spend \$100 a pop to discover their "true story."

Collecting the door fee and directing the cast is Dr. Charles Lathon, an effective but flawed psychiatrist whom Solotaroff admires with the awe of a proselyte-grad student, having once been counseled through a bout of panic disorder in a Lathon group. Solotaroff, a journalist, profiles a group that Lathon boasts is the "smartest bunch of people I've ever assembled": Sara, a beautiful former model turned fashion editor crippled in her search for a husband by daddy issues; Rex, a Wall Street jock recovering from an addiction to both coke and a blond-bombshell stripper; Dylan, a rock-'n'-roll sideman and jingle writer in the throes of alcoholism; Jack, a 59-year-old Broadway producer and former big spender suspended from producing for seven years, a plea bargain for embezzling from his shows; Peter, a wimpy accountant; and Lina, a mental-health administrator, poverty-stricken by a two-year divorce fight with her millionaire husband. All the names, including the doctor's, are pseudonyms.

Solotaroff promises an examination of the nuances of group therapy through these emotionally addled uppercrusters. His own two-year group experience convinced him of the doctor's effectiveness ("I got lucky"), so he doesn't dissect Lathon's new, 20-session process and the doctor's own subsequent need of rehabilitative help. Instead he focuses on the group members. Problem is, they have stories we've already seen on *Oprah*, the ultimate group forum. And it's hard to feel sorry for these people, with their luxury homes and contact-filled résumés. The successes and failures portrayed here are neither heartwarming nor heartbreaking. This group should have just talked among themselves. —By Desa Philadelphia

PATRICIA KELLY



AUTHOR COOK: At times men recede to the margins

Angel on F.D.R.'s Shoulder

A feminist biography of Eleanor Roosevelt sees her as a vulnerable, tireless, generous pioneer

IN A VINTAGE ANIMATED CARTOON, a little kitty cat falls into an icy well, and Pluto debates with himself whether to save her. A tiny red Pluto with horns and tail appears on his shoulder and tells him, in the voice of a gangster, "Nah, forget about the cat, whadda you care?" On the dog's other shoulder there appears a tiny Pluto outfitted as the better angel of his nature. She commands Pluto, "Now save that kitty!" Every adult seeing the cartoon years ago recognized the busybody angel's fluting voice as that of Eleanor Roosevelt.

Her detractors had great fun with Eleanor Roosevelt. Her relentlessly feminist biographer, Blanche Wiesen Cook, goes to the other extreme. Her second volume of *Eleanor Roosevelt*, a projected three-volume life (Viking; 686 pages; \$34.95), runs now and then to hagiography: "Her ethic was simple: She wanted to see the best she could imagine for herself and her loved ones made available to everyone."

The Pluto cartoon had it right, but not necessarily in a bad sense. As Robert Sherwood observed in the mid-1930s, E.R. became "the keeper of and constant spokesman for her husband's conscience." She sat on F.D.R.'s shoulder and hectored him and sometimes disagreed with him publicly, and filled his famous bedside In box with nightly memos on how to save the nation from the icy well into which it had fallen. She traveled incessantly and showed a hands-on, sympathetic curiosity about the lives of poor and black and beleaguered working Americans.

TIME called her Eleanor Everywhere. E.R.'s brave, stubbornly autonomous performance broke new psychological and moral ground for American women.

Cook's Volume II—sometimes overburdened with detail but nonetheless fascinating—covers the Depression years of 1933 to 1938, from F.D.R.'s first Inauguration to the eve of World War II. Cook manages a strange optical illusion of history: the men, including F.D.R., sometimes recede to the muzzy margins—the masculine world being crude and obtuse and brutal—while the busy, vivid termagants of Eleanor's circle go about trying to do good and save the world.

Woven through Cook's narrative runs the private thread (titillating, somehow endearing) of Eleanor's long affair with Lorena Hickok, a stout and mannish journalist. In the past, historians have usually sidestepped the question ("...whether Hick and Eleanor went beyond kisses and hugs... there is absolutely no way we can answer with certainty," wrote Doris Kearns Goodwin in *No Ordinary Time*). Cook simply takes it for granted that the ardor of their correspondence and their lives together was sapphic. Next case.

The Eleanor Roosevelt of Cook's portrait—vulnerable, irritating, indefatigable, self-righteous, almost unthinkably generous—is not an entirely new version of the woman we know, but a more complete one. E.R. had an insufferable side; she also possessed an imaginative humanity that no First Lady—and no President—has matched since then.

—By Lance Morrow



Roger Rosenblatt

Look Homeward Angel, Once Again

*Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away ...*

—John Milton, *Lycidas*

YEARS AGO, I ATTENDED AN EVENT AT HICKORY HILL, Robert F. Kennedy's family home in Virginia. It was an award ceremony for a prize given by the family, and many of the family were present. After lunch, Ethel Kennedy rose to speak—something she rarely did—but her eye caught the sculpted head of her slain husband, which was the award, propped on the table. At that, she broke down in tears, but only for a moment. Seeing her falter, the entire family got up from their seats and rushed to surround her—Ted Kennedy, her children, cousins. They hugged her, and laughed and made cheerful sounds, like birds. Soon she was laughing too. It was as if the Kennedys have learned to function like a biological organism, have developed a collective reflex to deal with pain as best they can.

They will have use of that reflex now, and so will many others who hardly know them as individuals, yet oddly know them well because of their oversize presence in American life. When a Kennedy smiles, the country smiles back, whether it wants to or not. When a Kennedy dies, the country weeps, sometimes without being aware of it.

Comparisons of the fate of the family to Greek tragedy are commonplace, though the analogy comes just as close to the Romans. The Gracchi, two highborn brothers in the second century B.C. who scorned their fellow aristocrats and were elected tribunes to effect social good, were both assassinated. But when one thinks of the Kennedys, the Greeks come to mind—the Agamemnon family especially—because one feels that their disasters can only be the result of some terrible curse. It's all nonsense and superstition, of course. But this is what happens when "frail thoughts dally with false surmise" about people and events too big to grasp. The Kennedys instill thoughts beyond reason in reasonable people.

Better, I think, to try to deal with the painful subject of the sudden end of a young, good, prominent life, and to attempt to know why it affects us so. This is what John Milton did with the death of a Cambridge schoolmate, Edward King, in his famous elegy, *Lycidas*. King (who also died at sea) was no Kennedy, but he was a handsome young cleric and a poet on the verge of a great career. Milton's lament was for

King in particular and for youth in general, cut off at a moment of high momentum.

It must have been tricky for John Kennedy Jr. to use the public life to his advantage. In *Lycidas*, Milton called fame "that last infirmity of Noble mind," but for Kennedy fame was not a weakness; he never had a choice about it. His cousin Robert F. Kennedy Jr. took a path away from politics too; he has exercised a gift for public duty in his work for the environment. *George* magazine was John's way of getting to the public, which is what publishing means.

One sensed more about him than one knew, and what one sensed was all pretty good. He seemed to handle everything with a bouncy grace, including his share of mistakes. He didn't look or sound like a Kennedy, and did not seem to have picked up the family gene for recklessness. In short, he

was as much an emblem of the family as a member of it, and for the observing public, he was useful as a figure to dream into.

So, strange to say, has been his entire family, which, for all its calamities, has remained a family in the public view. Love or hate the Kennedys, there is no family in American history like them—not the Adamses, not the Roosevelts. They may lack the blue-blood lineage, but they have stuck together (even if the glue has sometimes been messy), have forged and sustained a civilization before our eyes. Kennedy was headed for a family wedding when he went down. When one of them



EMBLEM OF THE FAMILY Kennedy at a memorial service in 1988 on the 20th anniversary of his Uncle Bobby's assassination

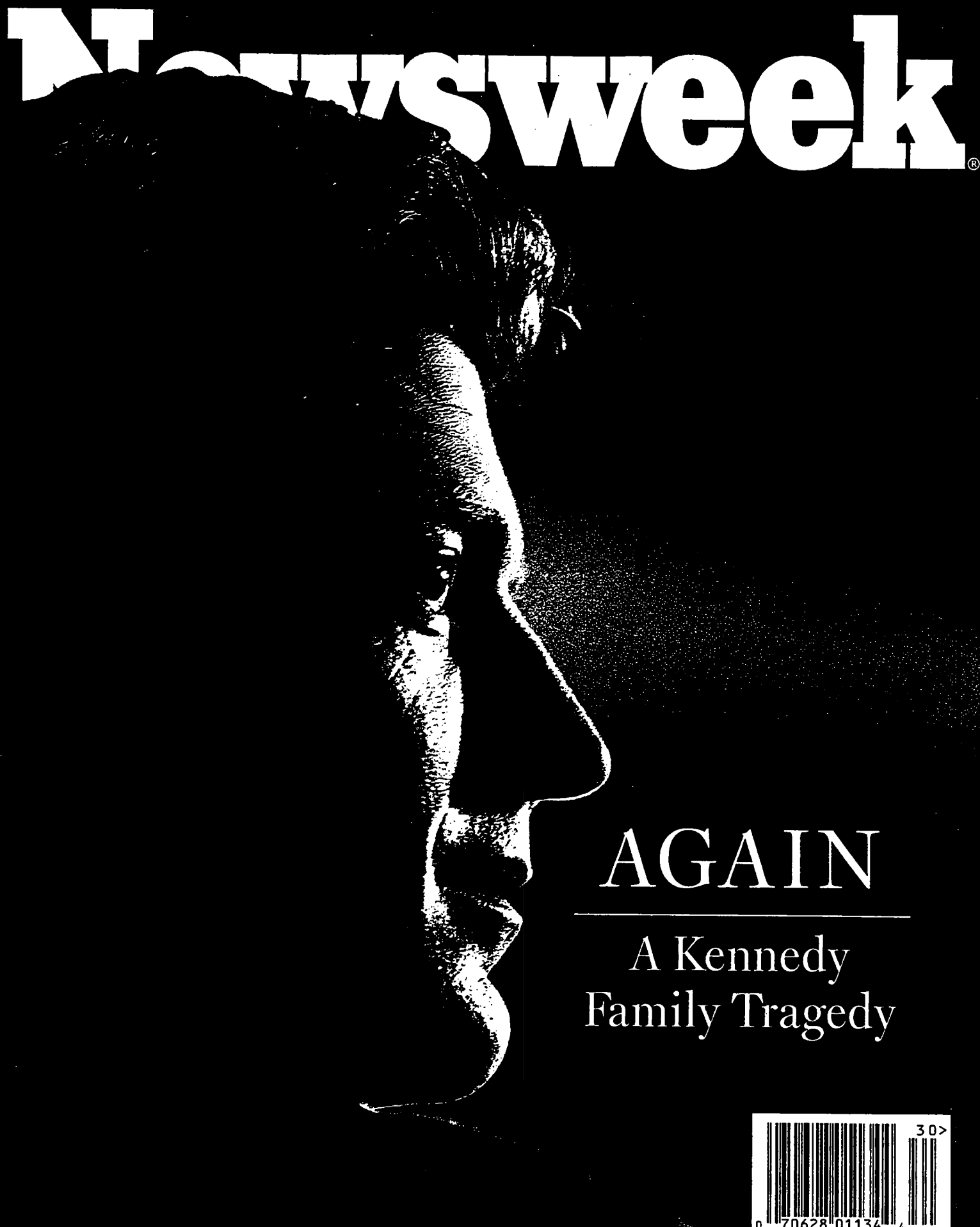
goes, the ideal of family is at once injured and made intense, and, divorce statistics aside, America holds to that ideal.

The sense of loss for John Kennedy, too, like Milton's sense of loss, is more abstract than personal, and yet is personally felt because it connects with our private hopes for bright young futures. Nothing is as attractive as the sight of young people flinging boisterously into life (see the American women's soccer team), and the thrill comes as much from wishing them well as from anything of their own doing. Admirable young people speak for life itself, and when they stop suddenly, everything stops.

Not fair, not right, that's what one thinks, as if one could comprehend a justice system of that magnitude. Milton dealt with his sorrow by projecting his young man into immortality. But he is more persuasive in the phrase "Look homeward Angel," when he asks an angel to turn his pitying gaze on England. America, the country of young hopes, lost something of itself last weekend, and we will deal with it as best we can.

SPECIAL REPORT

Newsweek®



AGAIN

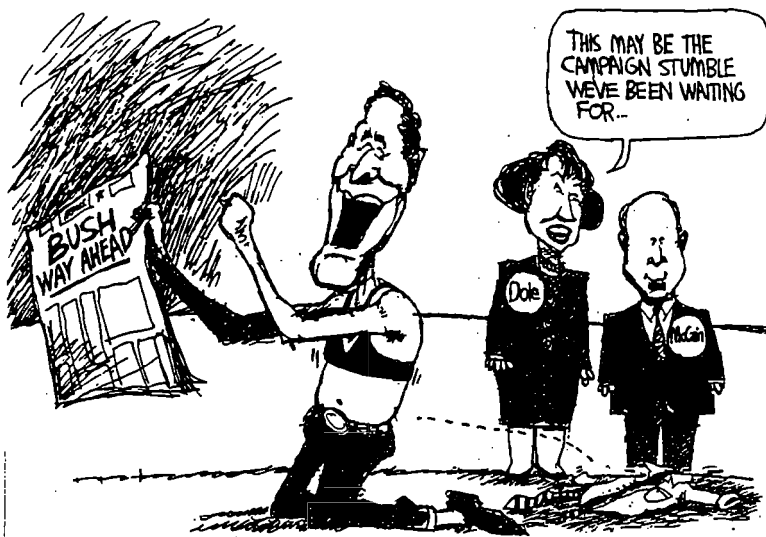
A Kennedy
Family Tragedy



PERSPECTIVES

"It's hard not to be mindful of the historical resonance here. There is a collective pain we all feel for this family."

Thurgood Marshall Jr., Clinton administration cabinet secretary, on news that the plane carrying John F. Kennedy Jr., his wife and his sister-in-law crashed in the waters off Martha's Vineyard



"After landing ... I realized I was going to have to say—something." Apollo 11 astronaut **Nell Armstrong**, reminiscing about his "one giant leap for mankind" line on the 30th anniversary of the first lunar voyage

"Both sides have suffered enough." Israeli Prime Minister **Ehud Barak**, pledging in a press conference with Palestinian leader Yasir Arafat to carry out U.S.-brokered peace accords between Israel and the Palestinians

"Well, folks, Governor 'Flash in the Pan' Ventura 'Ain't Got Time to Bleed' apparently also ain't got time to think." Texas Reform Party leader **Paul Truax**, on Minnesota Gov. Jesse Ventura, who has challenged Ross Perot for control of the national Reform Party

"I'm feeling like a newborn." New U.S. citizen **Sergel Khrushchev**, after pledging allegiance to the country his father, former Soviet leader Nikita Khrushchev, once promised to "bury"

"He stuck out his hand or I stuck out my hand and we just shook hands and then I handcuffed him." Texas Ranger **Drew Carter**, describing how Angel Maturino Reséndez, a drifter suspected of murdering nine people, surrendered to him in a deal Carter negotiated with the suspect's sister to end a six-week manhunt

"Can all this be done very quickly so I can say I'm guilty?" Reséndez, in court on a burglary charge tied to the killings, just hours before he was formally charged with murder



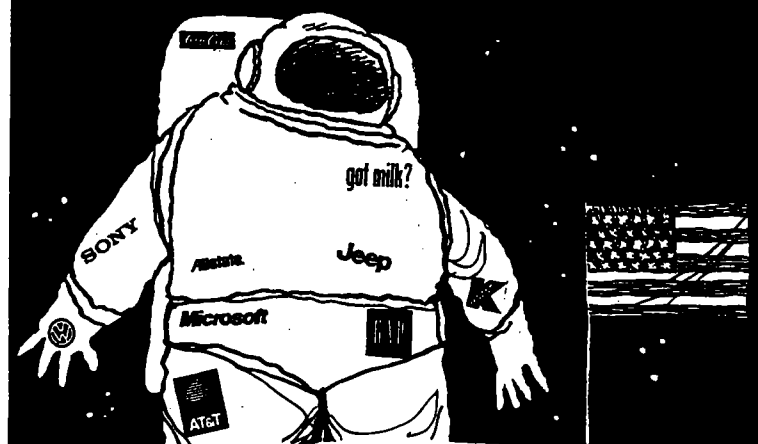
"This does not mean that if you're highly educated, your brain will shrink." Neurologist **Steven DeKosky**, on new evidence that people with higher education levels lose more brain cells as they grow older than those who are less educated

"I feel like I'm on 'Baywatch'!" Hillary Rodham Clinton, surrounded by lifeguards on a Long Island beach during her New York state "listening tour"

"If I had a revelation, I'd tell you. I've never spoken to God. I'd be doggone p---ed off if anyone said that." Utah Sen. **Orrin Hatch**, on reports that he was divinely inspired to seek the Republican presidential nomination

"The first thought I had was, 'Oh, good!' The second thought I had was 'Oh, no!'" British civil servant **David Chuter**, upon winning the annual Bulwer-Lytton Fiction Contest, a competition in bad writing

IF MAN LANDED ON THE MOON TODAY...



SPECIAL REPORT

Tragic Echoes

LOST AT SEA:
*JFK Jr. and Carolyn bore
the Kennedy legacy of
glamour and tragedy*

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY 11

An American Dynasty

Charmed Yet Cursed

A tragic plane crash in the Atlantic marks a sad new chapter in the dramatic saga of the Kennedy family, in which glamour, beauty and high ideals have so often been shattered by sudden disaster

BY KENNETH AUCHINCLOSS

THEY WERE GOING to a wedding. A family wedding on Cape Cod that promised jokes and fun and dozens of happy Kennedy cousins. Instead, last Saturday, spotter planes and patrol boats crisscrossed the ocean off Martha's Vineyard, searching for signs of the single-engine Piper Saratoga that John F. Kennedy Jr. had been flying to the island the night before, along with his wife, Carolyn, and her sister Lauren Bessette. It had evidently crashed at sea. The wedding was hastily post-

poned, and once again tragedy engulfed the Kennedy clan.

Blessed with a handsome face and a famous name, ample wealth and five-star celebrity, JFK Jr. was the golden boy of his generation, a darling of magazine covers (THE SEXIEST MAN ALIVE, cooed People) and a sort of American royal. He was our closest equivalent to Princess Diana, a comparison that his sudden loss will now make inescapable. He had carved his own path in life, launching the magazine George that explored the star-spangled intersection of politics, celebrity and pop culture. He helped sponsor an innovative pro-



A curse
seems to haunt the
family, a black
cloud that has
brought on a
remarkable string
of Kennedy
tragedies for more
than half a century

A BOY'S LIFE
*He would grow up
influenced by his heritage
but not captive to it*

gram to assist kids at risk. He was, by all accounts, thoroughly unpretentious.

But he was, indelibly, a Kennedy, bearer of the most famous Kennedy name of them all. And the accident that apparently claimed his life—he was only 38—was just the most recent of a remarkable string of tragedies, the Kennedy curse, that have struck the family for more than half a century. Most Americans caught their first sight of JFK Jr. on another day of tears, when as a boy of 3 he raised his arm in salute to the casket of his fallen father. His uncle Robert was cut down by another assassin in 1968. Joseph Kennedy Jr., Jack and Bobby's older brother, had been killed in World War II when he volunteered to fly a dangerous mission and his plane exploded over the English Channel. Their sister Kathleen died in a private plane crash in France in 1948. Another uncle, Ted Kennedy, survived a crash in a small plane in 1964, then wrecked his presidential chances when he drove off a bridge in Martha's Vineyard exactly

30 years ago last weekend, drowning a young campaign worker who was with him. Of Bobby's 11 children, two died young, David of a drug overdose and Michael in a reckless skiing accident. John Jr.'s infant brother, born prematurely, died of a lung disorder two days after his birth. Their mother, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, succumbed to cancer in 1994, at the age of 64. Of the immediate family, only John's sister, Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg, survives.

It is a terrible toll for a single family, any family, and the tragedy is etched in even sharper relief by the Kennedys' prominence in American life. The patriarch, Joseph Kennedy Sr., was a self-made millionaire, head of the Securities and Exchange Commission under FDR and ambassador to Britain from 1937 to 1940. Jack was president, Bobby and Ted ran for president. In the next generation, there is one congressman and one lieutenant governor. Although the Kennedy influence on American politics is per-



FAMILY FIRST:
*Joe and Rose taught their
 clan to band together;
 from JFK on, they have*

haps more symbolic than real, the shock of the two Kennedy assassinations invested Jack and Bobby with an almost mythic stature. In posterity's eye they—and the family—stand for ideals that Americans still cherish: grace under pressure (the Cuban missile crisis), a tradition of service (the Peace Corps), high aspiration (going to the moon) and physical vigor (lots of touch football).

There is, too, a carnal side to the Kennedy reputation that has only fed the public fascination with the clan. Joe Kennedy Sr. had a not-very-well-concealed affair with the actress Gloria Swanson. Jack Kennedy's sexual snacking was publicly revealed only after his death. And John Kennedy Jr., before his marriage to Carolyn Besette, in 1996, had a succession of stunning girlfriends, including the actress Daryl Hannah.

Another Kennedy quality has been less remarked upon in the great heaps of journalism that pile up around them wherever they go. They are, in the best sense, a family. Joe and his wife, Rose, taught their children to stick together, to support each other in good times and bad—and they have. The bad times, sadly, have been frequent,

and the Kennedys have been there to help the others through. There is something endearingly old-fashioned about this, at least from the perspective of the late '90s when so many families have broken into fragments, and large families are, in some quarters, frowned upon. The Kennedy family compound at Hyannis Port still swarms with a jumble of relatives; that's where Rory Kennedy's wedding was going to be last weekend. She is Bobby and Ethel Kennedy's youngest child.

It can't have been easy growing up as JFK Jr. Yes, he had a loving mother and sister, and the privileges that money can buy. But he also had to live his life in the glare of flashbulbs and, what must be equally annoying, in the heat of expectation. *Will he live up to the name? Will he carry on the tradition?* It's to his enormous credit that he made his own life rather than trying somehow to echo his father's. He was his own man. Not the least of the sad ironies of this tragedy is that now, in the public reaction, he will be gathered back into the clan. His life will be seen as part of the Kennedy melodrama, and his loss part of the Kennedy curse. ■

Lost in the Deep

They vanished in the dark of night, and by the next day, an armada had gathered just off Martha's Vineyard, hoping for a rescue. Instead, the waves brought reason to grieve.

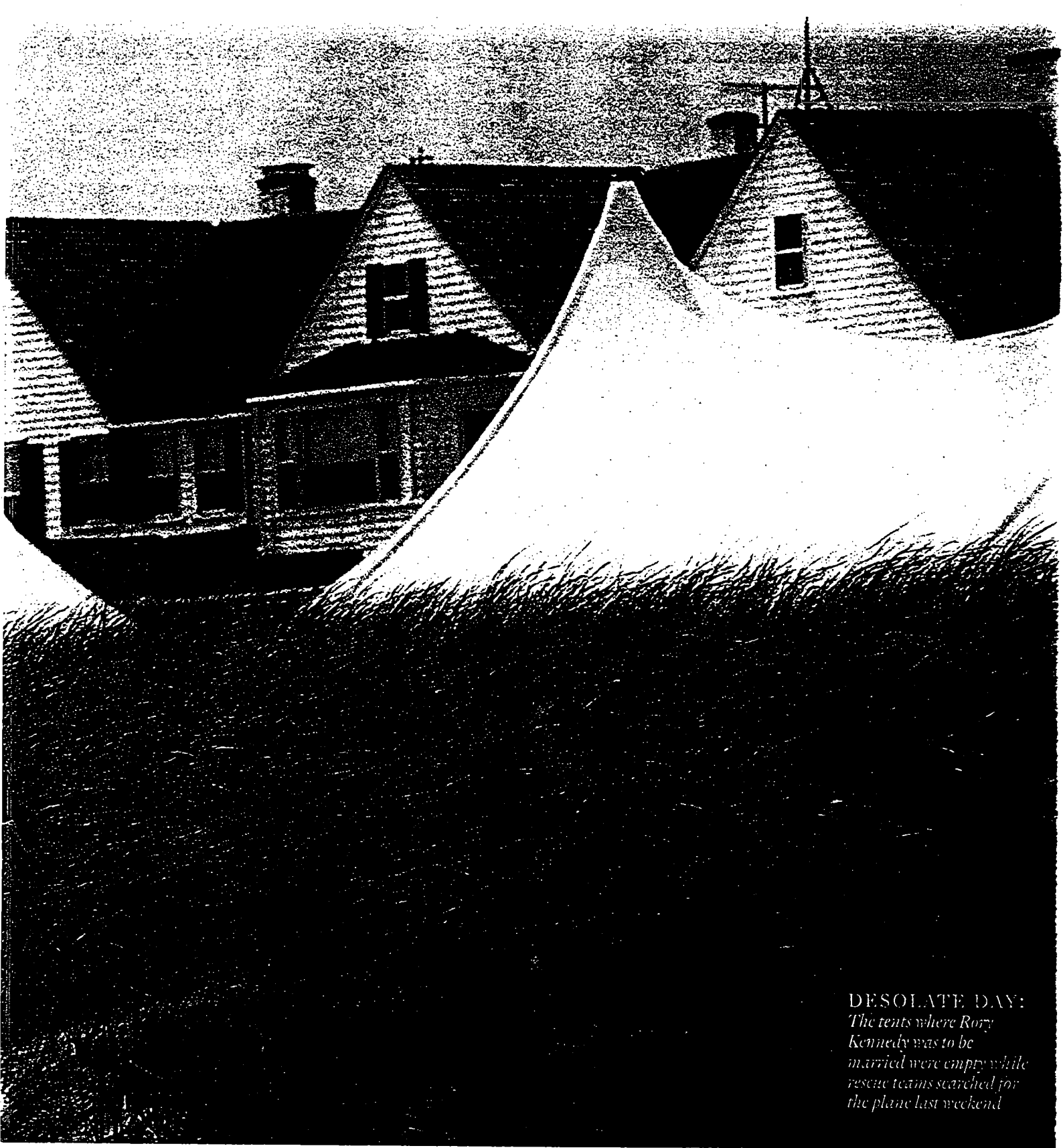
BY SHARON BEGLEY

THERE WERE, AT FIRST, THE USUAL false reports. Debris spotted off Long Island. The ping of what seemed to be an airplane's beacon from deep under the waves off Montauk. Both were dismissed—wrong place, wrong kind. But shortly after noon, on a Saturday when the blazing sun made the Atlantic off Martha's Vineyard sparkle like diamonds on velvet, the sea carried toward Philbin Beach the first confirmation of a tragedy that the world, waiting and praying, hoped against hope would be averted. Bobbing in the surf was a black overnight bag with a business card in a clear pocket: "Lauren G. Bessette. Morgan Stanley Dean Witter. Vice President." Damon Seligson, visiting the Vineyard from Boston, waded in and pulled it from the water. "I just had an awful feeling in my stomach," he said. He called the police. When they arrived, their three-wheel buggy already held a square aqua duffel bag and what looked like a plane wheel, both pulled from the waters nearby. Soon, searchers recovered an airplane seat, landing gear and a black cosmetics bag containing a prescription bottle for "Carolyn Kennedy."

From Arlington National Cemetery, where ashen visitors laid a bouquet of flowers at President Kennedy's grave and a scribbled note that said "Praying for John Jr.," to Camp David, where



A Desperate



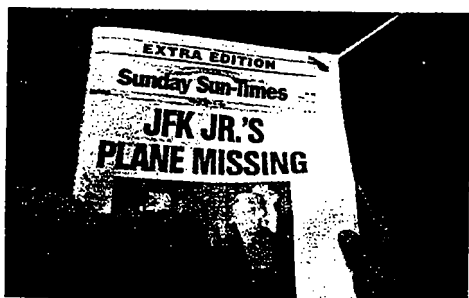
DESOLATE DAY:
*The tents where Rory
Kennedy was to be
married were empty while
rescue teams searched for
the plane last weekend*

Search at Sea



TROUBLE IN THE AIR:

Piloting a small Piper, JFK Jr. (above, with a different plane) went missing, not long after he had injured his ankle (right) in a paragliding accident. News of the plane crash broke, riveting the country.



President Clinton spoke by phone with Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg and Sen. Ted Kennedy, the news hit with the shattering force of history. John F. Kennedy Jr., piloting his six-seat Piper Saratoga II HP from New Jersey to Martha's Vineyard, had been lost at sea. With him were his wife, Carolyn Bessette Kennedy, and her sister Lauren, whom the couple was dropping off on the Vineyard before continuing on to the Kennedy family compound—a puddle-jump away in Hyannis Port on Cape Cod—for the wedding of Kennedy's cousin Rory.

The last contact with what personnel at Otis Air Force Base in Falmouth, Mass., believe was Kennedy's plane came at 9:39 Friday night. Radar spotted it about 10 miles offshore and 19 miles from the Vineyard airport, apparently preparing for its landing approach. Aviation experts tracked the plane from 5,500 feet, to 2,500, to 2,200—and in the next 12-second radar sweep, to 1,300 feet, a rapid descent that could only be called a dive. Kennedy's plane never made contact with the Vineyard airport control tower.

When he did not arrive as scheduled at 10 p.m., the phone lines began buzzing from Cape Cod to Washington. At 2:15 a.m., family friend Carol Ratowell called the Coast Guard operations center in

Woods Hole, officials there told NEWSWEEK. Within minutes, the call was relayed to the First Coast Guard District Command in Boston, and from there to the Federal Aviation Administration. The FAA quickly checked to see if the Piper had diverted to any other airfield. When that search came up empty, by about 3 in the morning, the FAA alerted both the Coast Guard and the Air Force Rescue Coordination Center at Langley Air Force Base in Virginia that Kennedy's plane might be down somewhere between New Jersey and the Vineyard. Coast Guard cutters were dispatched to check out the mysterious beacon off Montauk on Long Island. They spent the next three hours investigating what turned out to be a false alarm. At 7 a.m., after a frantic hour and a half spent determining the status of the search and teleconferencing with Pentagon officials, White House chief of staff John Podesta called President Clinton at Camp David. A plane carrying JFK Jr. was missing, Podesta said. "Let's make sure we're doing everything we can to find them," said Clinton, asking to be briefed regularly on the search.

Between 7:30 and 7:55 Saturday morning, a C-130, 15 Civil Air Patrol planes, two Coast Guard helicopters, an Air National

Guard chopper and a UH-25 Falcon took to the skies. A virtual armada—Coast Guard cutters, utility boats, patrol boats and search-and-rescue ships—combed an area 190 nautical miles long by 20 miles wide between Long Island and Cape Cod. By noon, the Air Force had turned to the intelligence community, asking the National Imagery and Mapping Agency, which reports to the director of Central Intelligence, to pull the CIA into the search. Intelligence sources tell NEWSWEEK that three advanced KH-11 photographic satellites in a standard polar orbit were in position to pass over the entire search area at different times. "It's not a common occurrence" to use intelligence satellites for search-and-rescue missions involving civilians, said Jeff Richelson, an intelligence expert. All told, they would search 6,031 square miles of sea and coastline in less than a day, the Boston Coast Guard headquarters told NEWSWEEK.

By 1 p.m., the search had narrowed to a 20-by-20-mile area about 17 miles off the Vineyard. In an incongruous juxtaposition, the yachts circling the island in the Edgartown Yacht Club Regatta were racing through the same area, their sails billowed by the breezes that were now carrying "debris" toward Philbin Beach. The first signs that Kennedy's plane was lost came as boats picked up carpeting and a headrest, and the aqua duffel bag, which reportedly belonged to Kennedy, all less than 200 yards off the beach—and within sight of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis's Vineyard home. By nightfall, the Navy had been asked to provide a ship able to raise a plane from the sea floor.

Hindsight finds myriad "if onlys" that could have averted the tragedy. Kennedy had pulled into the Essex County airport in Fairfield, N.J., in a white convertible at about 8 p.m., said pilot Kyle Bailey, 25, who was planning to fly to the Vineyard too. Carolyn arrived about 15 minutes later. The couple chatted while Kennedy, limping and using a crutch because he had broken his ankle paragliding during the Memorial Day weekend, put the red and white Piper that he had bought (used) in April through its preflight check. The plane typically carries no flotation devices; an emergency locating transmitter (ELT), which deploys on impact, is stand-

ard. "But we don't believe the ELT would transmit if it was submerged in water," said Chuck Suma of New Piper Aircraft Inc. Haze that night limited visibility to about four miles, said Bailey, who scrubbed his flight to the Vineyard that night. "It just seemed too hazy to go over the open water," said Bailey.

It was 12 minutes past sunset when the Piper began rolling down runway 22. Rising

over a golf course, it immediately banked right as it eased into a northeast trajectory. Kennedy had received his pilot's license in April 1998 (he had waited to start flying lessons until his worried mother died), and lately had flown almost every weekend. By morning, when it was clear that something had gone horribly wrong, Rory Kennedy's wedding to Mark Bailey was postponed indefinitely. The guests dispersed. As priests

said a mass for the missing, about 50 family members gathered on Ethel Kennedy's porch to pray. And the Kennedy compound, which once embodied the promises of Camelot, again plunged into grief.

With JOHN LAUERMAN and MARK STARR in Boston, GEORGE HACKETT and KEN SHULMAN on Martha's Vineyard, GREGORY VISTICA and DANIEL KLAIDMAN in Washington, DANIEL MCGINN in Hyannis Port, ERIKA CHECK in Fairfield and GREGORY BEALS in Montauk

A Crash in the Night

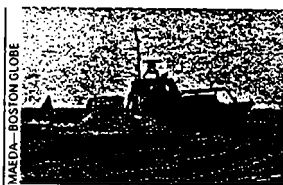
On the evening of July 16, John F. Kennedy Jr., his wife, Carolyn, and her sister Lauren Bessette were to arrive in Martha's Vineyard. They never made it.

CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS

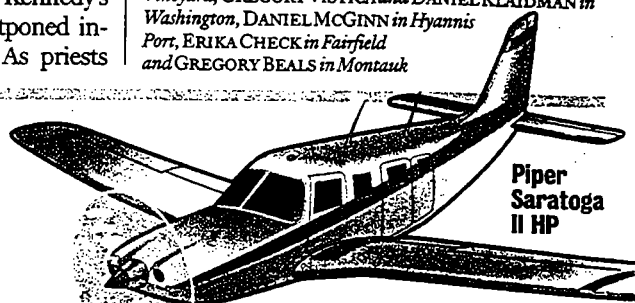
- 1 July 16, 8:38 p.m.:** Kennedy takes off from Essex County airport in Caldwell, N.J. He makes one radio transmission to an air-traffic controller.
- 2 9:39 p.m.:** About ten miles from Martha's Vineyard, a plane prepares

a Kennedy family friend, saying JFK Jr.'s plane had not arrived.

- 4 3 a.m.:** The Air Force and Coast Guard try to determine if Kennedy's airplane had been diverted to another airport.



Searching the waters



Piper Saratoga II HP

THE AIRCRAFT

JFK's Plane: The second-hand 1995 Piper Saratoga II HP was purchased earlier this year. A single-engine craft, it seats six. Worldwide, there are 7,500 in service.

HP: Stands for "high performance," which means the aircraft has more than 200 horsepower and retractable landing gear.

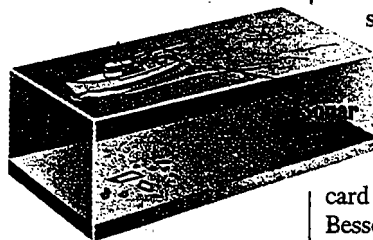
Plane Specs: A new Saratoga II HP retails for approximately \$400,000. With its 102-gallon-fuel capacity, the plane can travel 859 nautical miles, almost 1,000 miles.



for a landing approach. Radar tracks the plane plummeting. Then the aircraft disappears.

- 3 July 17, 2:15 a.m.:** A call comes in to the U.S. Coast Guard from

Searching the ocean floor

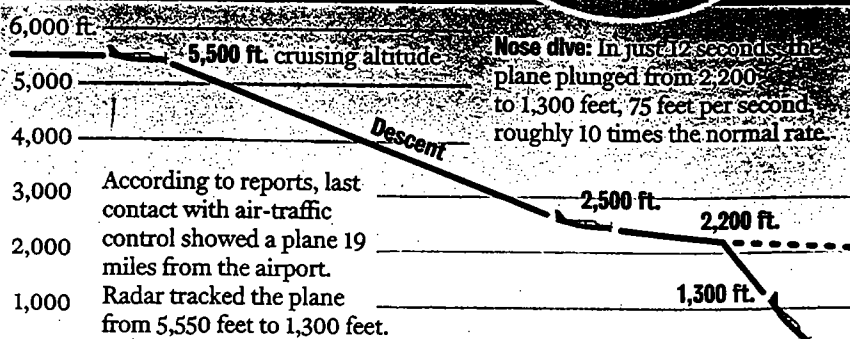


Sonar system maps seabed to detect objects

- 5 7:30 a.m.:** Local and federal authorities first launch an air and sea search of a large area between Long Island and Cape Cod.

- 6 1:45 p.m.:** A piece of luggage with a business card that says "Lauren G. Bessette" is found off Philbin Beach on Martha's Vineyard.

DESCENT AND DISAPPEARANCE



Living With

SPECIAL REPORT

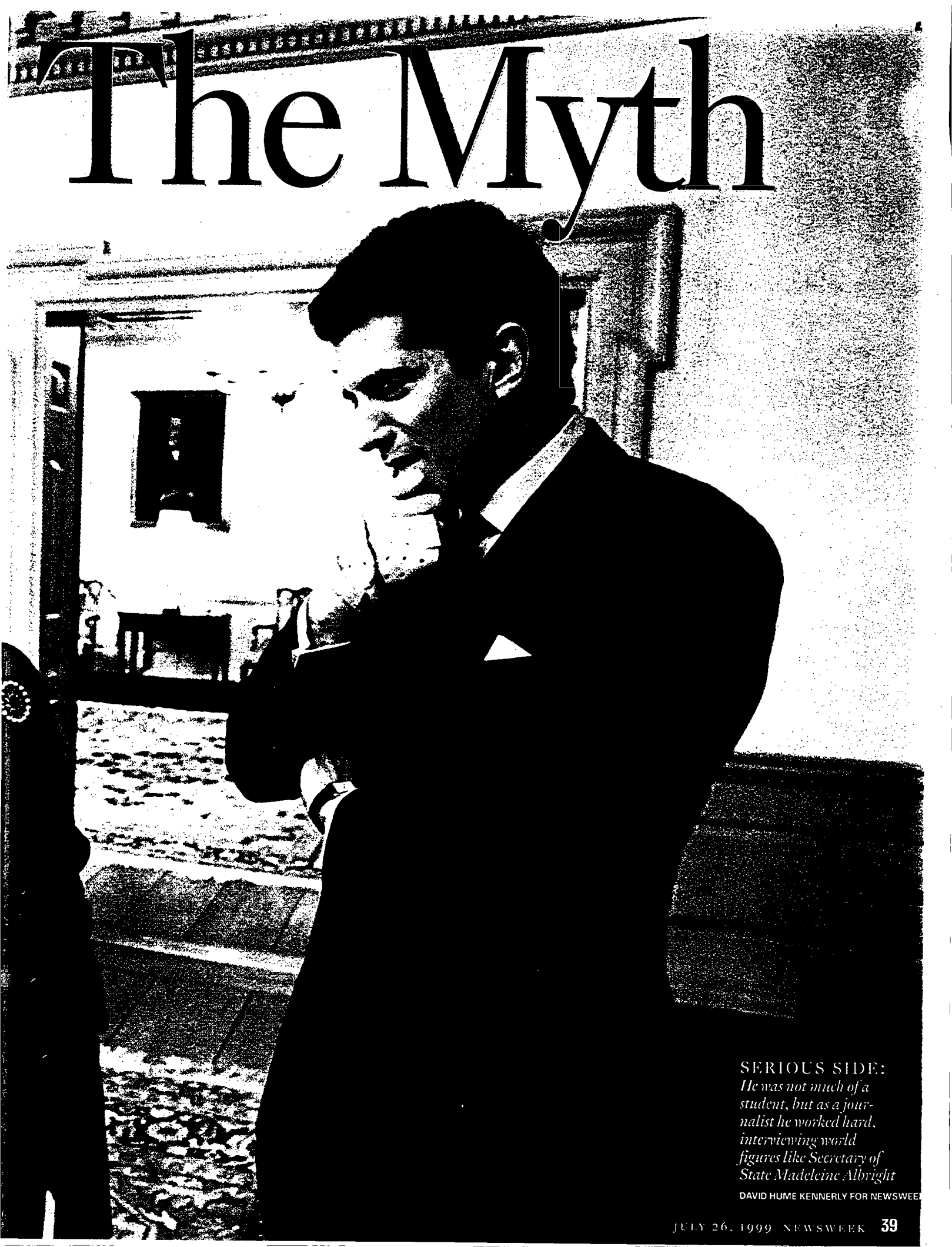
Behind the Legend

He could have been crushed by the weight of one of the world's most famous names, but instead learned how to cope with celebrity—and make his own way, on his own terms. The real face of an American icon.

BY EVAN THOMAS



The Myth



SERIOUS SIDE:

He was not much of a student, but as a journalist he worked hard, interviewing world figures like Secretary of State Madeleine Albright

DAVID HUME KENNERLY FOR NEWSWEEK

John-John
was never his nick-
name; a reporter
started that myth.
And the tabloids
never spared him.
But he wasn't
wounded by the
press, and ended up
joining it himself.



George

John Kennedy
talks to
George
Wallace

President
Madonna
Dodging
bullet
With
the FBI's
Louis
Freeh

Not just
pointed as
target



AS A SCHOOLBOY, JOHN F. Kennedy Jr. was playful, a prankster, a little hyperactive and he liked to give the Secret Service the slip. One day, "Lark" (his Secret Service code name) eluded his guardians in Central Park and was promptly mugged by a thief who made off with his expensive Italian bicycle. The Secret Service was embarrassed, but Jackie Kennedy, somewhat surprisingly, said the experience was good for her son; that it would help him to grow up like other boys. The president's widow wanted to protect her child, but not in a gilded cage. She understood that John Kennedy needed to be set free from the burden of his past.

In his own way, he was. Not free of his name, though he preferred to be called "just John" without the middle initial or the "Jr." (Contrary to myth, his family never called him John-John—the nickname was a reporter's invention.) Not free of celebrity. Al-

though he was not afraid to take a swing at a *paparazzo* who pushed too close, he certainly wasn't shy about stripping off his shirt in public places, and he cleverly marketed a magazine on the mix of celebrity and politics. Indeed, he might as well have called George, cheekily named af-

ter George Washington, John. Nor was Kennedy ever spared the snide gibes of the press, like the headline **THE HUNK FLUNKS** after he failed his New York State bar exam—for the second time. And he could never be free of the expectations that can overwhelm the sons of the great and famous.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: DAVID HUME KENNERLY FOR NEWSWEEK, NO CREDIT (3); TANNENBAUM—CORBIS-SYGMA, MARK ALESKY—CORBIS-SYGMA

As editor of *George* he tried to entice a politics-averse public by mixing celebrities in with the policy—especially on the covers. The only better use of glitz might have been naming the magazine after himself.





But he lived more freely than you might expect for a man who had to go through life bearing the name of a mythical figure. JFK Jr. somehow escaped the more corrosive effects of unearned fame. He was never bitter or drunk or full of self-loathing, like so many scions, including a few in the extended Kennedy family. He was not crushed by his father's early death or his immense legacy. He was not made heartless or ruthless, though cold calculation was in his genes. He had an insouciant charm, a larksome quality that endeared him to friends. He had any number of girlfriends, and any one of them could have sold a six-figure kiss-and-tell story or just foolishly blurted indiscretions to a friend. But none did, at least not in any lasting or hurtful way. Kennedy seemed to inspire loyalty even in the women he rejected. He married a striking six-foot blond wife with an instinctive sense of style. Despite some well-publicized spats, the attraction between Kennedy and Carolyn Bessette was palpable.

JFK Jr. did not earn his freedom by playing cautiously. "Men are not made for safe havens," lectured his Uncle Bobby. Taking

BOY TO MAN

His mother wanted him to have as normal an upbringing as possible. After her marriage to Aristotle Onassis, the family returned from Skorpios to New York City, where John rode sleds in Central Park; he later attended Brown University.

physical risks is a Kennedy family tradition. During World War II, the oldest son, Joe Jr., chose the riskiest service branch, naval aviation, and died on a virtual suicide mission in a plane rigged out as a giant bomb. Jack Kennedy chose PT boats, rickety crafts whose crews boasted that "they were expendable." Bobby Kennedy's children always seemed to be falling out of trees. Aren't you worried about them? friends asked Ethel Kennedy. No, she said. She was following the example of Rose and Joe Kennedy, who believed that their kids needed to endure bumps and bruises and breaks. Far worse, the Kennedys believed, was to grow up afraid.

Kennedys extol bravery. JFK won a Pulitzer Prize for a book entitled "Profiles in Courage." JFK Jr. was not reckless like his cousin, Bobby's son Michael, who died

last year skiing into a tree while tossing a football. But "[JFK Jr.] had a certain daredevil quality to him," said John Whitehead, a trustee of the Kennedy family trust and a close family friend. "John had great self-confidence in his ability to come through these things," Whitehead told NEWSWEEK. "He had the sense that 'there is nothing I can't cope with myself'."

White-water canoeing and kayaking, rock climbing, skiing, scuba diving, paragliding, Kennedy seemed to have tried most of the high-thrill sports, save bungee jumping and free-fall parachuting. Flying for him was great sport—and an escape. "He said it was the most fun he ever had with his clothes on," Richard Wiese, an old college friend, told NEWSWEEK. "You know, it was just him up there, away from everybody, and it made him feel free." He got his license a year ago, and openly joked with a reporter about how friends and family were afraid to take off with him. "The only person I've been able to get to go up with me, who looks forward to it as much as I do, is my wife," Kennedy told USA Today. "The second it was legal she came up with me. Now," he said with a smile, "whenever we want to get away, we can just get in a plane and fly off."

That interview was in May 1998. Car-

➤ FOR ADDITIONAL COVERAGE OF THE JOHN F. KENNEDY JR. TRAGEDY, LOG ON TO WWW.NEWSWEEK.COM

lyn Bessette Kennedy may have lost some of her enthusiasm along the way. On weekend trips to Martha's Vineyard, she sometimes chose to fly up in a different plane piloted by a professional. Joann Ford, a former waitress at the Martha's Vineyard airport restaurant, often served the couple chowder or fish cakes when they arrived for a weekend visit to the house he inherited from his mother. Usually, Ford told

NEWSWEEK, they would fly in separately. "She said to me, 'I don't trust him,'" Ford recalled. Ford said she thought Carolyn was half-joking. Social friends of the Kennedys on Martha's Vineyard also told NEWSWEEK that Carolyn preferred to drive up and take the ferry because she was frightened to get in a plane with her husband. On the Fourth of July weekend, she did fly with JFK Jr.—but with a flight in-

structor aboard. Kennedy told friends that with his ankle in a cast (he broke it making a landing while paragliding), he could not work the flight controls. Last Thursday, after removing the cast, a doctor cleared him to fly, a family friend told NEWSWEEK. His new plane, a Piper Saratoga, was faster and more powerful than most single-engine craft but also harder to control in an emergency.

CAROLYN

The Woman Who Won His Heart

She had an uncommon grace and made him think. Now the Bessettes face the loss of two daughters. BY LYNETTE CLEMETSON AND DORINDA ELLIOTT

IT HAD TO BE DESTINY. John Kennedy had been linked to some of the most talked-about women in the world. He had jogged in Central Park with Madonna. He had gone deep-powder skiing in Telluride, Colo., with Daryl Hannah. But when The Sexiest Man Alive stepped into a New York charity event and first glimpsed Carolyn Bessette across the room, his glitzy world stopped spinning. In this willowy, quiet beauty with a cool, seductive style, Kennedy had finally met his match. "They had instant eye lock," says Paul Wilmut, a publicist and Bessette's former boss. "The minute they saw each other they were mad for one another. He called her the next day."

Carolyn Bessette stepped willingly into Camelot. They were devoted to each other, and in John Kennedy she found a partner who could escort her through the maze of New York's rarefied political circles while also appreciating the comforts of their younger,

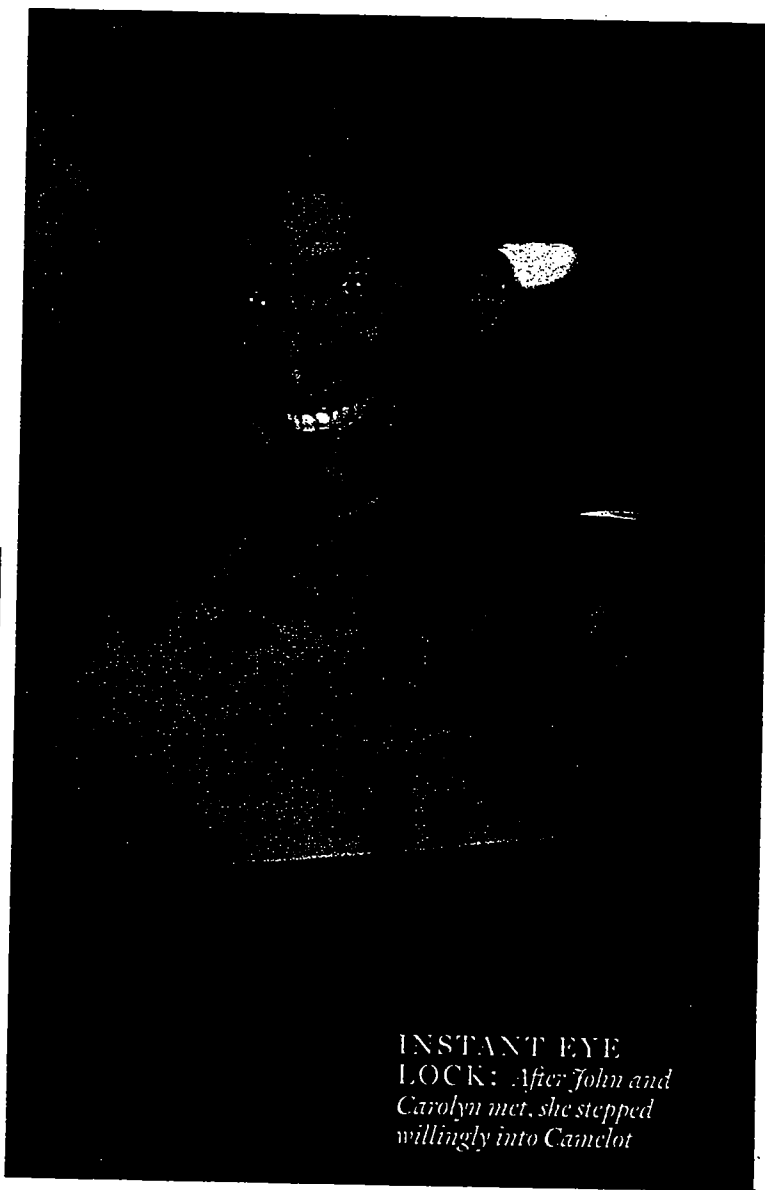
hipper neighborhood in downtown Manhattan. But she never developed his easy way of running the gauntlet of gawkers and *paparazzi* that hounded them everywhere. And in the end her own family found itself drawn into the kind of tragedy that has struck the Kennedys again and again. The little plane that took John and Carolyn toward Martha's Vineyard last week also carried Carolyn's older sister Lauren, 35, a New York investment banker and the twin of a third Bessette daughter, Lisa Ann, a doctoral student of European history studying in Munich. While the Kennedys prayed for the safety of another clan member, the Bessettes faced double the loss.

Carolyn had already traveled a long way from her childhood home in the WASPy New York suburb of Greenwich, Conn. Raised by her mother and stepfather (her parents divorced when she was a schoolgirl), she found ways to stand apart.

At St. Mary's High School, classmates named her the Ulti-

mate Beautiful Person. Later, majoring in education at Boston University, she kept a low profile: hardly a picture of her appeared in her yearbook. After graduation, she took a job as a shop clerk in Calvin Klein's Boston boutique, a position that allowed her to indulge her passion for stylish clothes.

It was the Calvin Klein fashion empire that enabled her to enter New York's social circles. Calvin himself OK'd her promotion to New York, where she became a publicist for the company and personal shopper for the rich and famous. His wife, Kelly, introduced her to John Kennedy at the swanky charity dinner. A few months



INSTANT EYE LOCK: After John and Carolyn met, she stepped willingly into Camelot

It has often been written that Kennedy was, if anything, overprotected by his mother. It is certainly true that Jackie Kennedy dreaded the exposure his name was sure to bring, especially after her husband was martyred by an assassin's bullet. "We would never have named him John after his father if we had known what was going to happen," she once lamented. She feared for her children's physical safety.

When Robert Kennedy was shot in 1968, she anguished, "If they're killing Kennedys, my kids are number-one targets. I want to get out of this country." And she did, on the arm of Aristotle Onassis, who whisked young Caroline, then 10, and John, 7, to his fortified Greek island of Skorpios. But they were back in New York City before long, where the dangers included assaults by paparazzi. Jackie wanted to protect her chil-

dren from the temptations of celebrity. "Don't let them steal your soul," she told her children. She kept them away from the worst excesses of their cousins, some of whom were living fast and loose and experimenting with drugs.

Elegant and cultured, Jackie Kennedy did not particularly like the rough-and-tumble spirit of the Kennedy compound in Hyannis Port. But she, too, believed that



DOUBLE LOSS

For the Bessette family, the accident claimed two daughters. Carolyn, with a highly developed sense of fashion and a cool, seductive style, charmed her husband. On the plane with them was her older sister Lauren (above left), an investment banker and the twin of a third Bessette daughter.

before they married, she quit working.

Bessette's resemblance to Kennedy's late mother, Jackie Onassis—not in looks, but in style—must have dazzled her new husband. Like Jackie, Bessette had that stunning ability to look elegant in a pair of jeans and sandals. She had a regal public poise. Kennedy

also must have appreciated Carolyn's independence. When she got married, Bessette snubbed Calvin Klein and chose an unknown designer, Narciso Rodriguez, to create her wedding gown. "It was more fun for her," says Wilmut. When the Kennedys visited John's sister, Caroline, in the Hamptons on Long Island,

Bessette would sit on a towel on the beach, "trying to avoid getting too much sun," according to one of Caroline's friends, while the rest of the family played Frisbee and frolicked in the waves.

By the time she became Mrs. John Kennedy, Carolyn had crafted a carefully studied grace. And, given the pressures

of being a Kennedy, she needed it: friends said she refrained from yelling at swarming photographers, not so much because it was unseemly, but because she was terrified of being caught in an unflattering pose. John was essentially comfortable with his place in the American iconography—and Carolyn was not. Many even speculated that the couple's marriage had suffered as a result. Their mutual passion was obvious. She was spotted from time to time sitting on his lap under the gaze of the paparazzi. Yet she was also seen screaming at him in Central Park, leaving him crying on the curbside. "Carolyn was very provocative," says a longtime friend of John's. "She challenged him and made him think."

Tabloid reports of the couple's most intimate details must have compounded her insecurities. "Nothing prepared her for the impact of all the attention," says Richard Holbrooke, U.N. ambassador-designate. "It was very troubling to her that she couldn't get out of the house. She was besieged." Yet, as ambivalent as Bessette seemed, the lure of the Kennedy clan remained strong. She may even have helped introduce her sister Lauren into the fold. Lauren was rumored to be dating another Kennedy scion—Bobby Shriver, John's cousin. And as has happened all too often to the extended Kennedy family, just when the future seems most full of promise, fate snatches it away.

With YAHLIN CHANG and BARBARA KANTROWITZ in New York

her son should be brought up in a manly way. As an adolescent, JFK Jr. went to one character-building outdoor school after another. In 1971, when he was 10, he went to an island camp off the coast of Wales to learn sailing, canoeing, rock climbing and camping on the moors. He spent the summer of 1976 providing earthquake relief in Guatemala, sleeping in the jungle and living on beans. The next summer it was off to Outward Bound, a rigorous survival course,

where he had to spend three days subsisting on two quarts of water and edible grasses. In 1978, he went to Wyoming as a wrangler; the next summer, to the National Outdoor Leadership Course on Mount Kenya in Africa, where he had to evade a charging rhinoceros.

He learned through all these experiences to make light of danger. "Kennedys don't cry," instructed Uncle Bobby. Nor do they take themselves too seriously. When he re-

turned from Outward Bound, a gushy girlfriend said to him, "You must have learned a lot about yourself. You must know a lot about John Kennedy—the man." Kennedy looked at her gravely and spoke with exaggerated slowness: "I ... learned ... I'll ... never ... allow ... myself ... to ... be ... that ... hungry ... again."

Kennedy loved goofing around—and serious play-acting. He was not much of student—he flunked math at Andover and had

■ **1894** John F. (Honey) Fitzgerald is elected to the first of three congressional terms

■ **1905** Fitzgerald is elected mayor of Boston

■ **1914** Joseph P. Kennedy marries Rose Fitzgerald

■ **1915** The Kennedys' first child, Joseph Jr., is born

■ **1917** John F. Kennedy is born

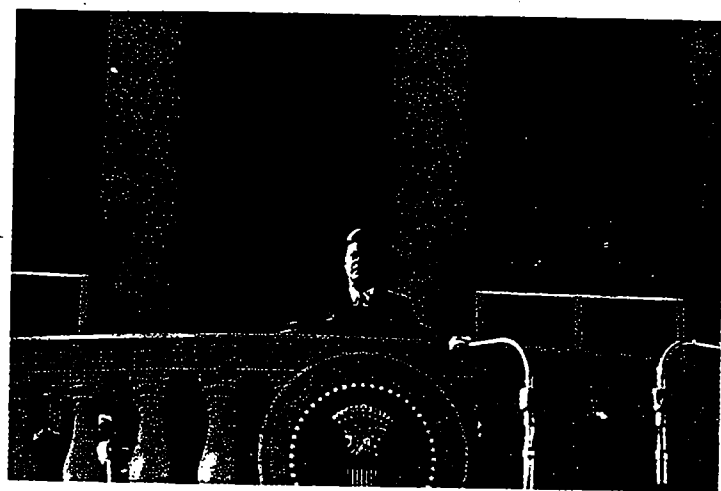
■ **1925** Robert F. Kennedy is born



1928 Family buys home in Hyannis Port, Mass.

■ **1932** Ted Kennedy is born

■ **1938** Joseph Sr. is presented as ambassador to the United Kingdom



■ **1943** PT-109 sunk by Japanese; JFK becomes war hero

■ **1946** JFK elected to Congress from Massachusetts

■ **1954** Patricia Kennedy marries actor Peter Lawford

■ **1945** Joseph Sr. buys Chicago's Merchandise Mart

■ **1953** JFK marries Jacqueline Bouvier in Newport, R.I.

■ **May 1957** JFK's "Profiles in Courage" wins Pulitzer Prize

THE KENNEDY FAMILY

Triumph & Tragedy

- = politics
- = death
- = legal trouble
- = accident
- = wedding/birth

■ **1918** Honey Fitz is re-elected to Congress, but after a voter-fraud and -registration scandal, he's forced to relinquish his seat

■ **1944** Joseph Kennedy Jr. killed on secret WWII flight bombing mission over England



■ **1948** Kathleen (Kick) Kennedy Hartington killed in French air crash

■ **1950** Honey Fitz dies at 87

■ **1961** Bay of Pigs invasion fails

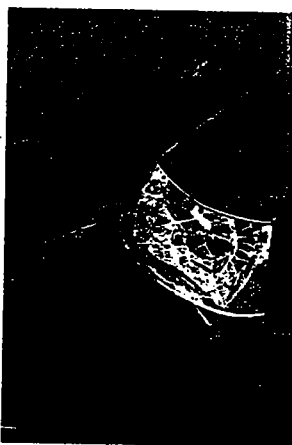
■ **1962** Cuban missile crisis

■ **Aug. 1963** Patrick Bouvier Kennedy born, dies two days later

■ **Nov. 1963** JFK is assassinated while driving in a Dallas motorcade

■ **1964** On his way to the Massachusetts Democratic state convention, Ted is severely injured in a private-plane crash

■ **1968** RFK assassinated in Los Angeles after winning California primary



■ **July 1969** Ted's car crashes on Chappaquiddick Island, killing Mary Jo Kopechne and threatening Kennedy's presidential aspirations

■ **Nov. 1969** Joseph P. Kennedy dies

to repeat a year. But he was a talented actor at Brown. His mother frowned on a stage career, seeing it as an invitation to tabloid dissection. Kennedy was not a rebellious son. He loved his mother dearly and spoke often and intimately with her. He was quick to reassure her that his thespian ambitions were strictly amateur. "It's only a hobby," he told the reporters.

But what was Kennedy to do for a real job? At his mother's urging he went to law

school and worked in the Manhattan D.A.'s office, but he was bored. Into his 30s, Kennedy seemed to drift a bit, to suffer from arrested development. He could be a bit of a slob. "Whenever he would get on one of those best-dressed lists, we would just howl," said Wiese. "He would always be walking around with some stain on his shirt. He was a mess." Kennedy would self-consciously dress down for a fancy party, arriving in sports clothes more suitable for

biking than cocktails. Cavorting shirtless in Central Park, skateboarding and swanning about, he seemed more wandering soul than fulfiller of family destiny. As a prep-school classmate had once predicted, he seemed to spend a decade "dating." There was truth to the wisecrack. JFK Jr. could have just about any girl he wanted—and he did. He was never accused of being a womanizer like his father or Uncle Ted. But he dated all kinds—actresses like Sarah Jessica

■ **Nov. 1957** JFK's daughter, Caroline, is born

■ **1960** In the closest election in history, JFK defeats Richard Nixon to become the 35th president

■ **1960** JFK Jr. born

■ **1963** RFK becomes senator from New York, joins Ted in Washington



■ **1968** Jacqueline marries Aristotle Onassis in Greece

■ **1986** Eunice's daughter Maria marries movie star Arnold Schwarzenegger

■ **1986** Joseph P. Kennedy 2d elected to Congress—JFK's old Massachusetts seat

1990 JFK Jr. passes the bar exam on his third try

■ **June 1990** Kerry Kennedy, RFK's daughter, marries Andrew Cuomo



■ **1994** Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, RFK's daughter, elected lieutenant gov. of Maryland

1995 Inaugural issue of George magazine is unveiled

■ **1996** JFK Jr. marries Carolyn Bessette

1999 Rory Kennedy's documentary "American Hollow" is a hit at the Sundance Film Festival

1979 JFK presidential library dedicated in Boston

■ **1994** Patrick Kennedy, Ted's son, wins congressional seat from Rhode Island



■ **1983** Robert F. Kennedy Jr. arrested in Rapid City, S.D., and charged with possession of heroin

■ **1984** David, 28, dies of drug overdose in a Palm Beach hotel room

■ **1991** William Kennedy Smith arrested on charges of raping a woman in Florida. He was later acquitted.

■ **1994** Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis dies of cancer



■ **1995** Matriarch Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy dies at 104

■ **April 1997** Michael Kennedy admits having an affair with his children's babysitter



■ **Dec. 1997** While playing "ski football" on an Aspen mountain, Michael, 39, hits a tree and dies

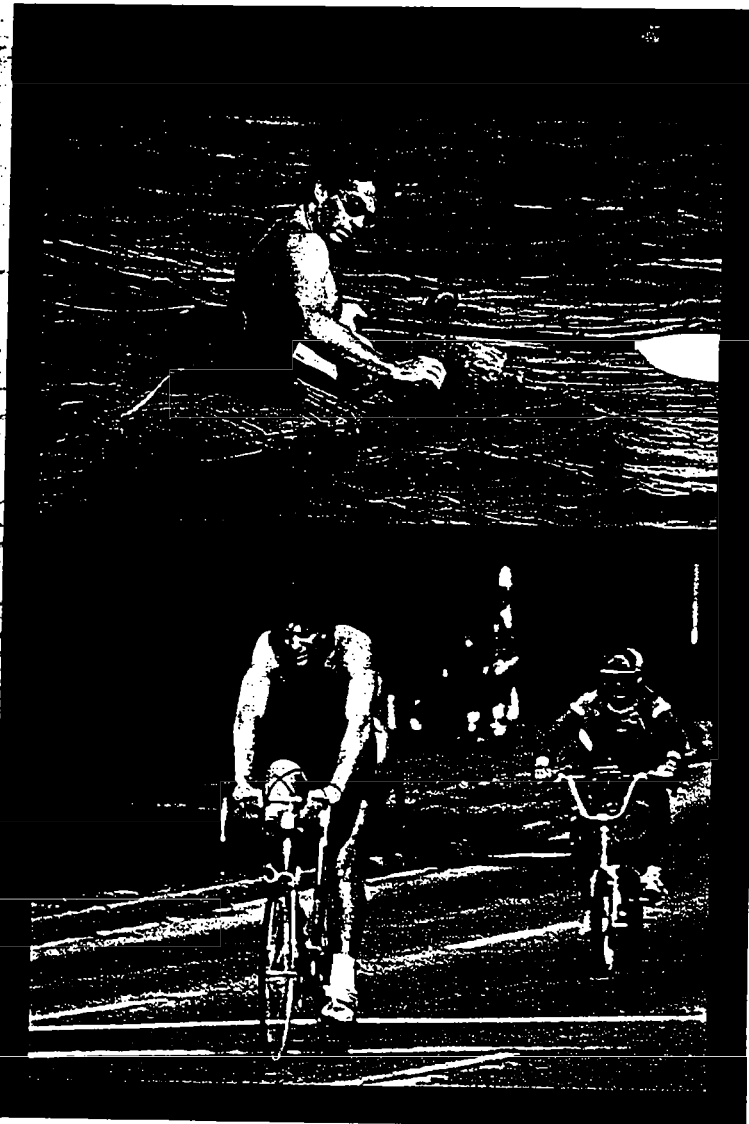
1999 JFK Jr., Carolyn Bessette Kennedy and her sister Lauren crash their single-engine plane near Martha's Vineyard



■ **Nov. 1973** Teddy Jr. has his cancerous right leg amputated when he is 12

■ **Aug. 1973** Joe Jr. has a Jeep accident, paralyzing Pamela Kelley, a friend, from the waist down





Parker and Daryl Hannah, fresh-scrubbed preppy girls, even, supposedly, Madonna.

He did not like his playboy image, however. It irked him to be dubbed The Sexiest Man Alive by People magazine. At moments, it seemed like he might take the plunge and run for office. He consistently worked for a range of charities—for retarded children, human rights, the environment. But none of these endeavors seemed to get in the way of kayaking, dancing, Rollerblading and so on.

In 1995, when he suddenly emerged full-blown as the publisher of a new mass-market magazine, he was not taken very seriously. He looked great in a suit, but what did he know about journalism? Critics, including those at NEWSWEEK, predicted that the magazine would flop or that Kennedy would lose interest. Kennedy took pleasure in proving them wrong. George magazine, which seeks to sell politics to the politics-averse public by dressing it up with glitz, has not made money, and it is hardly must-reading for policymakers in Washington. But it has a reasonably healthy 400,000-plus circulation, and it can be saucy and entertaining. A year ago, in an interview with USA Today, Kennedy allowed himself to gloat a little. "For almost two years it was like I didn't have

THE OUTDOOR LIFE

Vigorous physical activities played a major part in John Kennedy's life from boyhood; as an adult, he enjoyed some of them with his shirt off. Kayaking and cycling were favorites. Weeks before his plane went down, he suffered a broken ankle paragliding.

a job. I was sort of doing this [developing his magazine] in secret and everyone was like, 'What's John doing with his time?' " he said. "Now, here it is two and a half years [later]. It's pretty cool. It's pretty cool." Since then, there have been reports of unhappiness between JFK Jr. and his partners at Hachette Filipacchi, the magazine company. Kennedy's biggest backer at Hachette, David Pecker, left to join the National Enquirer.

Kennedy has taken some risks as a publisher. A few jaws dropped when he posed Hollywood bad girl Drew Barrymore as Marilyn Monroe singing "Happy Birthday." Monroe's sexy serenade of President Kennedy at Madison Square Garden on his birthday in 1962 helped launch the rumors that JFK was sleeping with the star. JFK Jr. infuriated his own relations by describing

his cousins Michael and Joe Kennedy as "poster boys for bad behavior" after their sexual indiscretions and marital problems hit the papers. His publisher's note about the moral obligations of politicians was not so much censorious, however, as opaque.

Still, Kennedy was making his own way. He was adjusting his family's political heritage to the Age of Celebrity. He had married a woman who was almost as striking looking as his mother. Carolyn Bessette was reportedly overwhelmed by the media onslaught at first, and there have been rumors of rockiness in the marriage. But such chatter is inevitable. Kennedy seemed remarkably relaxed about it all. Not long ago, he invited U.N. Ambassador-designate Richard Holbrooke to a Knicks game at Madison Square Garden. Kennedy showed up with a wool cap pulled over his head so people wouldn't recognize him. "He was very easygoing and modest," recalled Holbrooke, "but he knew what effect he had on people. He used it for specific things like his magazine. He had a very ironic, detached sense of the world around him. It all amused him. The fame and attention, it just went with the territory." Sadly for the Kennedys, so does tragedy.

With DORINDA ELLIOTT, LYNETTE CLEMETSON and RICHARD TURNER

'I Feel More Like Princess Di'

A friend and historian on the everyday JFK Jr.—the scion's politics, passions and wry take on life. BY DOUGLAS BRINKLEY

STRANGE TO THINK OF HIM NOW, WITH HIS SELF-deprecating smile and jarring humility, his custom-tailored suit and his perfect posture, his soft handshake and fast-paced New York walk, which he had honed, I always assumed, as a mechanism to avoid the *paparazzi* on his trail. To John Kennedy, the fact that he was famous was proof of the absurdity of human life. Occasionally, over lunches at New York's Century Club or EATS Café, we would discuss where he fit in the spectrum of American life. My job as friend was to play the historian, and at a recent lunch I compared him to John Quincy Adams, the son of the second U.S. president, a fellow Massachusetts whose entire political career was centered on escaping his father's shadow, on proving his own worth in the political arena. "That's kind of you," John chuckled. "But I feel more like Princess Di."

There was never any doubt in my mind that John planned to run for the U.S. Senate sometime in the next decade. But he didn't want public office to be an automatic birthright. His political heroes—Nelson Mandela, Vaclav Havel, Martin Luther King Jr. and Cesar Chavez, among others—were all dedicated to reaching out to the downtrodden, championing the poor. Once when I asked him what his theme song would be if he were president, John, without hesitation, said, "Bob Dylan's 'Chimes of Freedom.' It's my anthem."

If John had one overriding social concern, it was racism. A devotee of the acoustic blues, he once told me about a private pilgrimage he made to the large red-brick Carnegie Library, only blocks from the Sunflower River in Clarksdale, Miss., which houses the Delta Blues Museum. He had been driving to such sacred spots as Muddy Waters's birthplace and the crossroad junction at Highways 61 and 49 when he stopped in front of the Riverside Hotel, where Bessie Smith died tragically in 1937. "Every time I get depressed, I listen to her," he said. "And then I get cured by her sadness." This past April, when I was with him in Washington, we were visiting his uncle Sen. Edward Kennedy at his Hart Building office when John spontaneously decided that he was going to pay former heavyweight champion Mike Tyson a visit at his prison cell in Maryland. Earlier that year Tyson had befriended John, chatting with him at his George office on Broadway in Manhattan. "It's like Dylan's 'Hurricane' song," John said. "It's racism that has Mike back in jail, pure and simple." Without media fanfare, John spent part of the evening with Tyson, and gave him American-history books as gifts.

Because George is a bipartisan magazine, John always kept his liberal instincts in check. By hiring Al D'Amato and Tony Blankley

to write for George, John hoped to avoid being seen as favoring the Clinton administration—which he did. Somehow he had to make the magazine, of which I'm a contributing editor, a financial success before he could weigh in on the social issues that concerned him. One time he fantasized about having the Condé Nast empire take George off his back, or having it merge with another recent upstart magazine like Brill's Content, but then he would shake his head, rub his eyes and declare that his loyal subscribers and unwavering fans deserved more from him than a "rich guy's out." It was as if his celebrityhood had him trapped in a Sartrean box with no exit.

But instead of bemoaning his fate, John embraced it with wry nonchalance. He had no patience whatsoever for celebrity prima donnas who whined about being misquoted or unfairly portrayed.



Down to earth under the glare: The Kennedys blow past the photogs

To John, journalism was an intoxicating profession. He relished the opportunity to interview people who fascinated him—from Fidel Castro to Carl Sagan. Void of cynicism, John, like his father in his own early days, thought being a reporter was the best way to understand how America actually runs. Just two weeks ago we discussed his possibly editing an anthology of the 100 best journalistic pieces of the century, ranging from the muckraking work of Lincoln Steffens to David Remnick on the collapse of the Soviet Union.

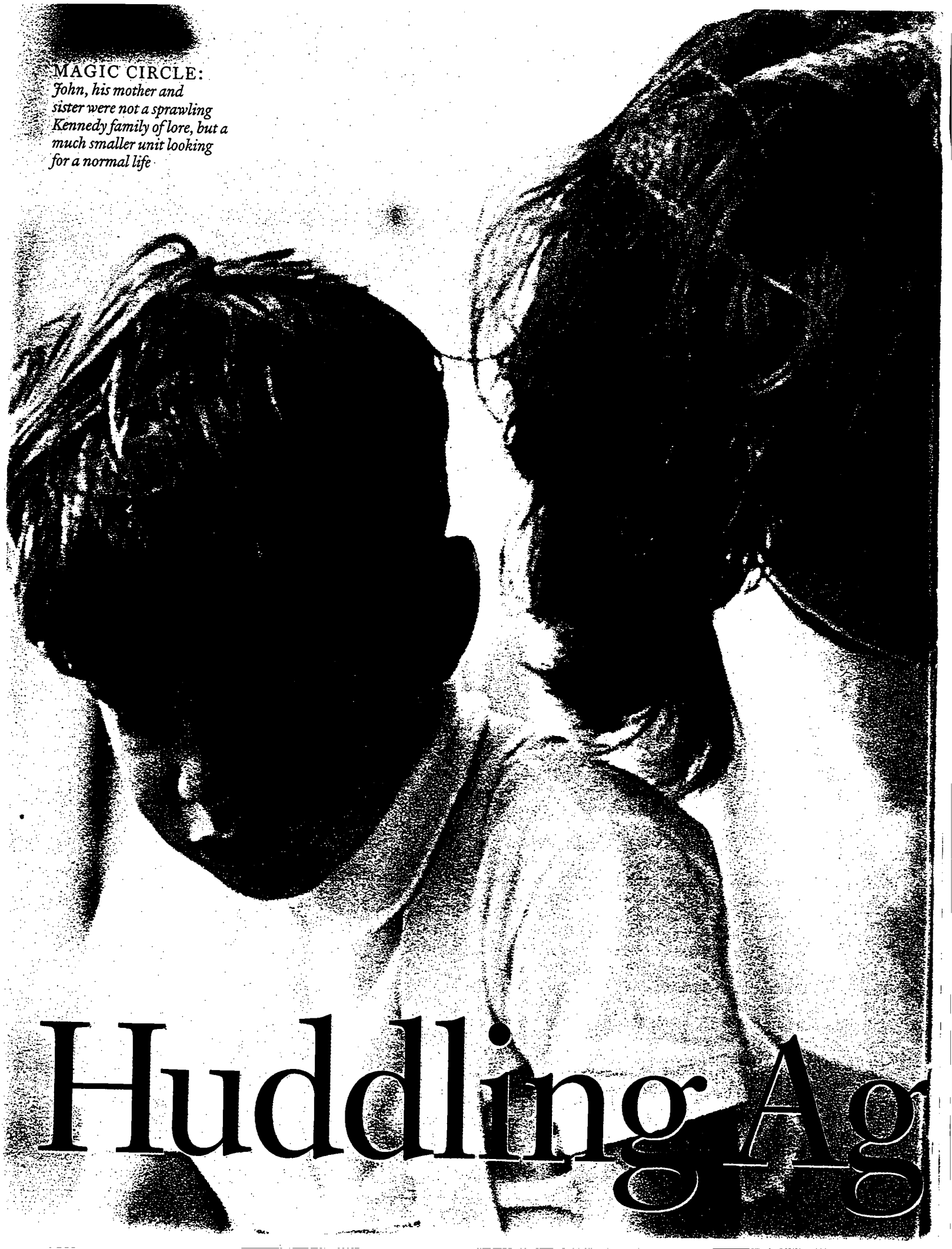
John was passionate about—of all things—transportation. Not only did he earn his pilot's license in Florida in the spring of last year, and became a world-class kayaker, but he was also fascinated by New Orleans streetcars, Mississippi River steamboats and Albuquerque hot-air balloons. A committed environmentalist, John believed hydrogen fuel cells would replace the internal-combustion engine by the year 2020, that automobiles of tomorrow would be pollution-free. "Someday we'll be able to actually see Los Angeles," he joked. This statement was typical of John, who always searched for innovative, new ways to make America better.

Since we're both Sagittarians, born in 1960, he recently told me about visiting an esteemed astrologist in China who read our chart: for the next 18 months, John was told, we would be "stuck in a rut of indecisiveness." Then, supposedly in September 2000, we would burst forth to "accomplish important things." This was encouraging news, I quipped, except that we had a brutal year and a half of purgatory in front of us. "Yeah," he smiled, "but from then on it's all blue skies."

BRINKLEY, a professor of history at the University of New Orleans, is a contributing editor of NEWSWEEK.

MAGIC CIRCLE:

*John, his mother and
sister were not a sprawling
Kennedy family of lore, but a
much smaller unit looking
for a normal life*



Huddling Ag

U.S. News & WORLD REPORT

JULY 26, 1999

THE KENNEDY CURSE

\$3.50



JOHN F. KENNEDY JR. AND CAROLYN BESSETTE KENNEDY

at an average hourly rate of \$225. One lawyer collected \$1.4 million alone. The tab this year has been cut to just \$2 million. Ironically, the number of cases hasn't dropped much as a result.

On the hunt

While the Justice Department appears to be winding down its probe of shady foreign donations to the Democratic National Committee, Rep. **Dan Burton's** House Government Reform Committee's gumshoes are still on the trail. The latest target is a business associate of scandal figure **Charlie Trie**—a woman who donated \$10,000 to the DNC to attend the president's 50th-birthday celebration in 1996. When investigators went to her address, they found a rundown tenement in a dicey Washington neighborhood. Now, she's disappeared, following a pattern started by Trie, who fled to China in 1996, returning last year to plead guilty to violating election laws.

Sucker punch

Foes of Texas Gov. **George W. Bush** are showing their tacky side as they chortle over the ouster of too-chatty spokesman **David Beckwith**. Even before he had packed his bags in Austin last week, they were pointing out the \$1,000 Beckwith contribution to Bush, who raised so much he won't take matching federal campaign funds. It was dated June 29, gave his address as Bethesda, Md., and his job as public-relations director for Electronic Data Systems. The rub: He was already Bush's flack and stationed in Texas at the time.

Be prepared

Training cops for a future Columbine is a grim business, but somebody's got to do it. That's where the National Tactical Officers Association and the Blackwater Lodge &

Training Center in Moyock, N.C., come in. Blackwater, where the military, police, and some regular folks are taught to fight like Navy SEALs, is building a range made to resemble a school. First in is NTOA, which in September plans to have cops involved in the Colorado high school shooting describe the techniques used to rescue student hostages. Then the cops will practice a similar siege in the Blackwater school build-

"You can take Duke out of the KKK, but you can't take the kook out of...Duke."

Tim Kaine, *Richmond, Va.'s mayor, after former Klan head David Duke inflamed a race-poisoned city debate over plans to honor Robert E. Lee with an outdoor mural*



"I'm hopeful this can be resolved in a constructive way so Big Bird can remain on the air."

Rep. Tom Davis, *Virginia Republican, questioning public TV's fund-raising aid to Democrats*

"You'll have somebody else to chew on after 2001."

President Clinton, *sounding Nixonian in comments to reporters about his future*

"When I foul the ball off, do I smell burned wood? 'All the time,' I told him."

Mark McGwire, *the St. Louis Cardinal, repeating Hall of Famer Ted Williams's question—and his answer*

ing. "Training is the name of the game," says Blackwater President **Bill Masciangelo**.

Fielder's choice

A new and timely exhibit at the **George Bush Presidential Library and Museum** has attracted kudos from everyone but the boss himself. The display features Bush and baseball and even includes a made-to-order baseball card with the former prez's Yale

stats. One that caught his eye recently: a mediocre .224 batting average. "Now I like this, but not my batting average," Bush griped. But a diplomatic aide had a ready answer: "Yeah, but your fielding [.983 percent] was fantastic."

With Franklin Foer, Mary Lord, Kenneth T. Walsh, and Gary Cohen

Heard a Whisper?
E-mail: whispers@usnews.com

The curse

For an American dynasty, tragedy tumbles on the heels of joy and triumph. Last week it happened again

BY BRIAN KELLY AND KENNETH T. WALSH

The surprise is that it was not surprising. At a moment of family bliss—the wedding of Bobby's youngest daughter—the Kennedy family has been punished again, leaving a nation grown perversely accustomed to gawking at one family's unending melodrama to wonder if it was accidental, reckless, or simply inevitable.

Just miles from the place where his Uncle Ted drove off the Chappaquiddick bridge and into the rolls of political infamy almost exactly 30 years ago, John F. Kennedy Jr. disappeared. Seven members of the American political dynasty have died in tragic circumstances in the last half century. The aptly mysterious crash of the single-engine Piper Saratoga he was piloting to Martha's Vineyard became the latest of more than a dozen calamitous events that have scourged the family and those who associated with them. In addition to Kennedy, his wife, Carolyn Bessette Kennedy, and her sister Lauren were on board when the plane disappeared from radar screens late Friday night and fell into the Atlantic Ocean south of the Massachusetts resort island.

The pattern has repeated itself with startling regularity. Every happiness is overshadowed by tragedy. And every tragedy followed by another. John, elected president—then shot down in his prime. His brother, Bobby, on the verge of victory—assassinated as he celebrated. But it goes back further than that. The oldest brother—Joe Jr., a hero who they said had the most promise of all—killed on a mission during World

War II. A beloved sister, dead in another plane crash.

So, it seemed almost ordained that a wedding—a celebration of new life together—would turn into a dark and somber deathwatch for this family, blessed and cursed all at once. The wedding was postponed. In its place—the expectation of a funeral for another of its young and promising members: John F. Kennedy Jr. It was almost too much to imagine that the small boy huddled under his father's desk in the White House and, later, bravely saluting at his funeral, was gone. That this time he would be the one mourned.

Beautiful people. As the Coast Guard scoured the waters and search planes crisscrossed the skies, the nation hoped against hope. But the time ticked agonizingly away, and there was less and less hope that the three beautiful people in the Piper would be found alive. Still, it seemed impossible to accept, and there persisted the same groundless rumors that people wanted to believe in 1963 after JFK was shot—and already dead. The reports, like the one that, perhaps, John F. Kennedy Jr.'s plane had landed on some remote farmland on Long Island. And the hope that perhaps he'd suddenly show up on the beach in all his sinewy splendor and wonder what the fuss was about. But that was not to be.

The latest tragedy struck one of the best and brightest members of the family just as life seemed most promising. The martyred president's only son was by all accounts content in his storybook marriage and pleased with his off-beat political magazine, *George*—although it was struggling with financial losses. He was, says longtime family adviser Bob Shrum, “very much his own person—who could have done almost



NOT AGAIN. The mourner is now mourned. At 3, he famously saluted his slain father in 1963 (left), and contemplated his grandmother's death in 1995.

BY JOHN LEO

Conventional diversity

When Unity '99, a national convention of nonwhite journalists ("journalists of color"), drew more than 6,000 people to Seattle this month, it was a strong show of force for the diversity movement. Famous editors showed up to pay tribute to the cause and to compete in a recruiting blitz for minority reporters. Famous corporations funded lavish events and perks, referred to by irreverent conventiongoers as "PC payola."

But almost none of the doubts about Unity '99 and the huge impact of the diversity movement on journalism managed to get voiced. For instance (Question 1), is it really a good idea for professional associations to organize themselves by pigmentation, and if it is, what objection can then be raised to a whites-only association of journalists?

When Vanessa Williams of the *Washington Post*, head of the National Association of Black Journalists, was asked by a waiter, "So are there any organizations for white journalists?" she told him: the American Society of Newspaper Editors, the Society of Professional Journalists, the Radio-Television News Directors Association. But these mainstream groups, far from devoting themselves to white interests, are already deeply devoted to (or mired in) the diversity movement. ASNE is one of the few associations in the country publicly committed to a minority quota in its industry: 38.2 percent minorities in journalism by 2025.

Question 2. How did diversity get shrunk down to Unity '99's four groups of journalists—Asian-Americans, blacks, Hispanics, and American Indians—most of whom vote the same way, have similar social and political opinions, go to the same schools, and now reinforce their similarity by eating and drinking together at the same conventions?

Richard Harwood of the *Washington Post* wrote in 1994 about ASNE's pinched version of diversity: "No consideration was given to ideological, philosophical, or partisan diversity, or to issues of class. It was not their intent to seed the labor force with Marxists, socialists, monarchists, anarchists, or Southern Baptists or to achieve a liberal-conservative balance." The opportunity for intellectual and ideological diversity, he wrote, was lost. Five years later it is still lost, and all but forgotten.

Question 3. If the four groups of nonwhite journalists organize around a diversity agenda, how can their editors expect them to cover diversity issues fairly and objectively when they get back to their newspapers, magazines, or TV and radio stations?

The conventiongoers talked sometimes like journalists, sometimes like activists. Indian journalists talked about their need to protect tribal rights, and one panel celebrated "our" victories—legal wins for Indian causes. A listing for one panel said participants would "discuss sexism, racism, and ethnic bias embedded in the coverage of the 1996 welfare law." Was this a neutral attempt to report examples of prejudice or an announcement that minority journalists are expected to realize that coverage of welfare reform was deeply biased? The tone of the convention seemed the same as that of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the American Civil Liberties Union, or any other activist group on the left.

"The fatal flaw of Unity '99 was its unspoken mandate of strict political conformity," wrote Michelle Malkin, columnist for the *Seattle Times*. "Ignore the smoke-screen platitudes about 'valuing differences.' Unity demands unanimity. If you don't accept the left-leaning agenda of advocacy journalism, you're enabling racism. If you don't support the pursuit of racial hiring goals as a primary journalistic goal, you're selling out."

Malkin is of Filipino descent, but she refuses to join race-based groups like the Asian American Journalists Association because she wants to be judged by her ideas and idiosyncrasies, not her skin color or heritage.

The political conformity of Unity '99 was clear enough. George W. Bush got sour comments for not planning to attend, so he changed his schedule, showed up at Unity '99, made a whirlwind

tour of the convention, and got sour comments for not staying longer. Al Gore, on the other hand, got a wildly positive reception with "cheering, hooting, and salivating you'd expect at a campus rally," according to Malkin. (Note: Reporters are not supposed to cheer for public figures they might have to cover.)

The connection between minority journalism and minority activism is a potentially dangerous one for the news business. Identity politics now hovers over the newsroom, and a basic principle of identity politics is that all members of each racial group share a common perspective, which should pervade their work. If so, don't journalists' organizations based on ethnicity inevitably work to enforce a common groupthink?

News consumers have to believe they are getting the straight truth, not stories massaged to advance a cause, however noble. The news business is still ignoring the downside of diversity in the newsroom—a confusion over allegiances and the shrinking of diversity down to four designated groups. How long can the business look the other way?



The attendees talked
sometimes like journalists,
sometimes like activists.

LEGACY OF LOSSES

More tragedies than make sense

Since World War II, the Kennedy family has been plagued by a series of disasters that, taken together, stretch the bounds of coincidence

1944. Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. perishes in plane crash during World War II, at the age of 29.

1948. Kathleen Kennedy, daughter of Joseph and Rose, dies in plane crash at age 28.

1963. August 7. Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy gives birth to son, Patrick, six weeks prematurely; he dies two days later.

1963. November 22. John F. Kennedy is assassinated in Dallas.

1964. June 19. Edward M. Kennedy is seriously injured in a plane crash; an aide is killed.

1968. June 5. Robert F. Kennedy is assassinated in Los Angeles.

1969. July 18. Edward M. Kennedy drives a car off a bridge on Massachusetts's Chappaquiddick Island. Aide Mary Jo Kopechne is later discovered dead in the submerged car.

1973. Joseph Kennedy, son of Robert, runs his car off the road in an accident that leaves a female passenger permanently paralyzed.

1973. Edward M. Kennedy Jr.'s right leg is amputated because of cancer.

1984. David Kennedy, son of Robert F. Kennedy, dies of a drug overdose in a hotel in Palm Beach.

1985. Patrick Kennedy, son of Edward M. Kennedy, seeks treatment for cocaine addiction.

1991. William Kennedy Smith, nephew of Edward M. Kennedy, is accused of raping a woman at the family's Palm Beach estate. He is acquitted later that same year.

1997. Michael Kennedy, son of Robert, is accused of having an affair with his children's teenage baby sitter. He dies December 31, in a skiing accident in Aspen, Colo., his family at his side.

anything he wanted in elective politics." Many friends assumed that one day, JFK Jr. would seek elective office—but at his own pace. "He wanted to define his own niche, and make his own way," says Shrum.

Yet his focus on the magazine, a slick, breezy concoction that sought to package politics-as-entertainment, reflected larger reality. Over the years, the Kennedy clan has become less a purely political dynasty than an extension and symbol of America's celebrity cult. Politics remains in the family's blood, of course: Kathleen Kennedy Townsend is Maryland's popular lieutenant governor, and Representative Patrick Kennedy is a rising force in Congress. But political life is not the course of choice anymore, as it was when Joseph P. Kennedy, the late patriarch of the clan, pushed his sons into elective office and used his connections and vast wealth to help JFK win the White House in 1960.

Star-crossed. While the Kennedys have been star-crossed, other political dynasties have suffered their share of tragedy and personal setbacks. Even though President John Adams's son, John Quincy, went on to become president, his eldest son, George Washington Adams, died under bizarre circumstances after having apparent hallucinations during a steamboat trip at age 27. Quentin, one of Theodore Roosevelt's sons, died in World War I. Franklin Roosevelt contracted polio when he was 39. George Bush lost a daughter, Robin, to leukemia.

But it is the Kennedy family, far more than any other political dynasty, that has endured the worst that life can mete out. Perhaps that is why the tortured road that the Kennedys have traveled has been so illuminating for the rest of us and why John F. Kennedy Jr.'s fate meant so much to so many. It reminds us of our own vulnerability, illustrating once again that even a family so steeped in wealth and privilege cannot protect itself from ultimate and unexplainable tragedy.

John Jr. might have seemed the least likely to fall into the pattern of tragedy. He was not one of the members of the family who tempted fate in dramatic ways. Many of his cousins, especially the children of Robert and Ethel Kennedy, wanted to live at the edge and do daring, even reckless, things. John and Caroline were more sedate, in part, because their mother insisted on it.

A NATION'S GRIEF. As Jackie watched Lyndon Johnson take the oath, the Kennedy family mirrored America's agony, while establishing itself in the national mythology.

His prominence in America's bizarre, ludicrous, and altogether unavoidable celebrity culture was driven home in 1988—long before he had really achieved much of anything on his own—when *People* magazine named him the "sexiest man alive." Americans knew little or nothing about the fallen president's only son, except for his sculpted, movie-star looks and a



seeming quiet dignity that produced a penchant for privacy and led him to refuse to enter elective politics.

John Kennedy Jr. most often stood slightly to the side and did not participate much when the Kennedy cousins, the grandchildren of Joseph and Rose Kennedy, would talk about the terrors they felt watching their uncles and fathers

fall as martyrs. Younger than most of his cousins, he would listen intently as they talked about what they felt as children and teenagers as disasters struck the family.

Madman. The Kennedy narrative of tragedy was well articulated by Michael Kennedy (himself later killed in another tragedy) and Ted Kennedy Jr. (who lost a leg to cancer as a young teenager). When

President Kennedy was slain by Lee Harvey Oswald in Dallas in 1963, the event was horrific but, in an odd way, understood and explained. It was the act of a madman who singled out heroic Uncle Jack in his quest to alter history or simply to gain notoriety for some twisted purpose. But Michael would say that the murder of his father, Robert F. Kennedy, brought a

CECIL STOUGHTON—WHITE HOUSE/AP



different order of terror. "It was as if fate had turned against us," Michael would say. "There was now a pattern that could not be ignored."

Sometimes young Ted Jr. would remember that the second assassination was the one that convinced him his own father would be slain. "I hated to have him leave the house," he recalled years later. "I feared he would never return." Young Ted often wept inconsolably as his father left the home for his work in the Senate. Their friends and cousins guessed that John Kennedy Jr. and his sister, Caroline, had a similar sense that the hand of God had swung against them, though they did not nearly as often talk about it and never put it in quite those terms. "John was so young when his father died and he was not quite as swept up in the Bobby and Ethel clan that he was as devastated as some of his cousins," recalled one childhood friend. "He also didn't connect as readily with the gloomy Irish part of it, either."

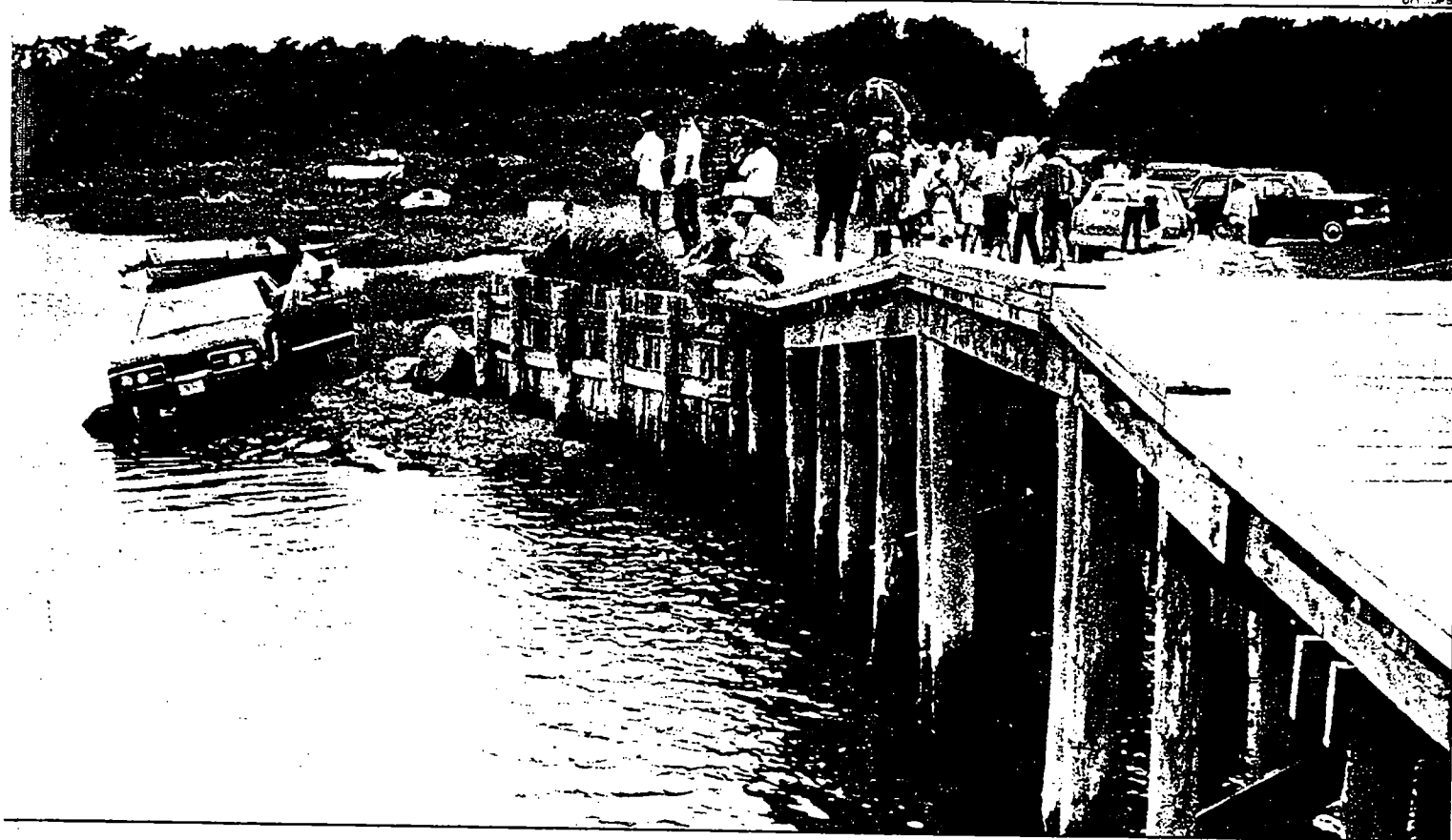
Kennedy stuff. Instead, John had a wry sense of what his fame meant. It was built on tragic events and the projections of hundreds of millions of global citizens who were aware of the Kennedy story. John had a sense of distance from it that made him different from some of his mates. As a young adult, he was asked after a long family summertime reunion how things had gone at Hyannis Port, Mass. John smiled and said, "Aw. It was a lot of 'Kennedy' stuff. It was a bit much for me." Still, he adored his family and reveled in their company, especially as an adult. He and his sister, Caroline, were given a bye on lots of family activities when they were young, in great measure because their mother, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, had wanted it that way. She craved normalcy and the greatest level of anonymity possible for her children. But as he grew older, John Jr. rebelled in mild form by embracing celebrity, toying with it, exploiting it for his purposes, and mixing it up with his cousins. One friend recalled watching an exchange between Jackie and her boy. She worried, good-naturedly, that the other Kennedys "are so wild." "But mother," he grinned back, "that's the fun of it."

It was this sense that a particular doom hung over the family that pervaded the lives of the 29 grandchildren of Joseph and Rose Kennedy during the period they were growing up. "When Daddy died, there was some feeling [among the older cousins] of 'what the hell, we're all marked by a curse,'" Robert F. Kennedy Jr. said in the early 1980s. Bobby Jr. and some of his peers simply went crazy for much of that period. There were drugs and un-

controlled behavior and a reckless goading of everyone at the front of the pack. "It was completely out of control," says one Hyannis Port acquaintance. "Nothing could stop them and few people tried." But John and Caroline did not run with their cousins during the worst periods. They were held apart by their mother, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. "I had the feeling John was interested a bit in what his older cousins were doing, but he knew they were



LOS ANGELES TIMES/AP



JIM BOURG—REUTERS

TRAGIC, RECKLESS, INEVITABLE? As his presidential campaign gathered momentum in 1968, Bobby was shot (far left). Ted's ambitions ended in 1969 when he drove off a bridge (above), killing his passenger. Bobby's son Michael, buried by his family last year, died while playing football on skis.

heading for a fall."

Indeed, John Jr. called his cousins to task for their reckless behavior, branding them "poster boys for bad behavior" in the pages of his magazine. It was right after Joe's remarriage and when Michael was caught having an affair with his children's nanny. In a remarkable editorial, Kennedy mused not only on his cousins failings but on the outraged public reaction: "Perhaps they deserved it. Perhaps they should have

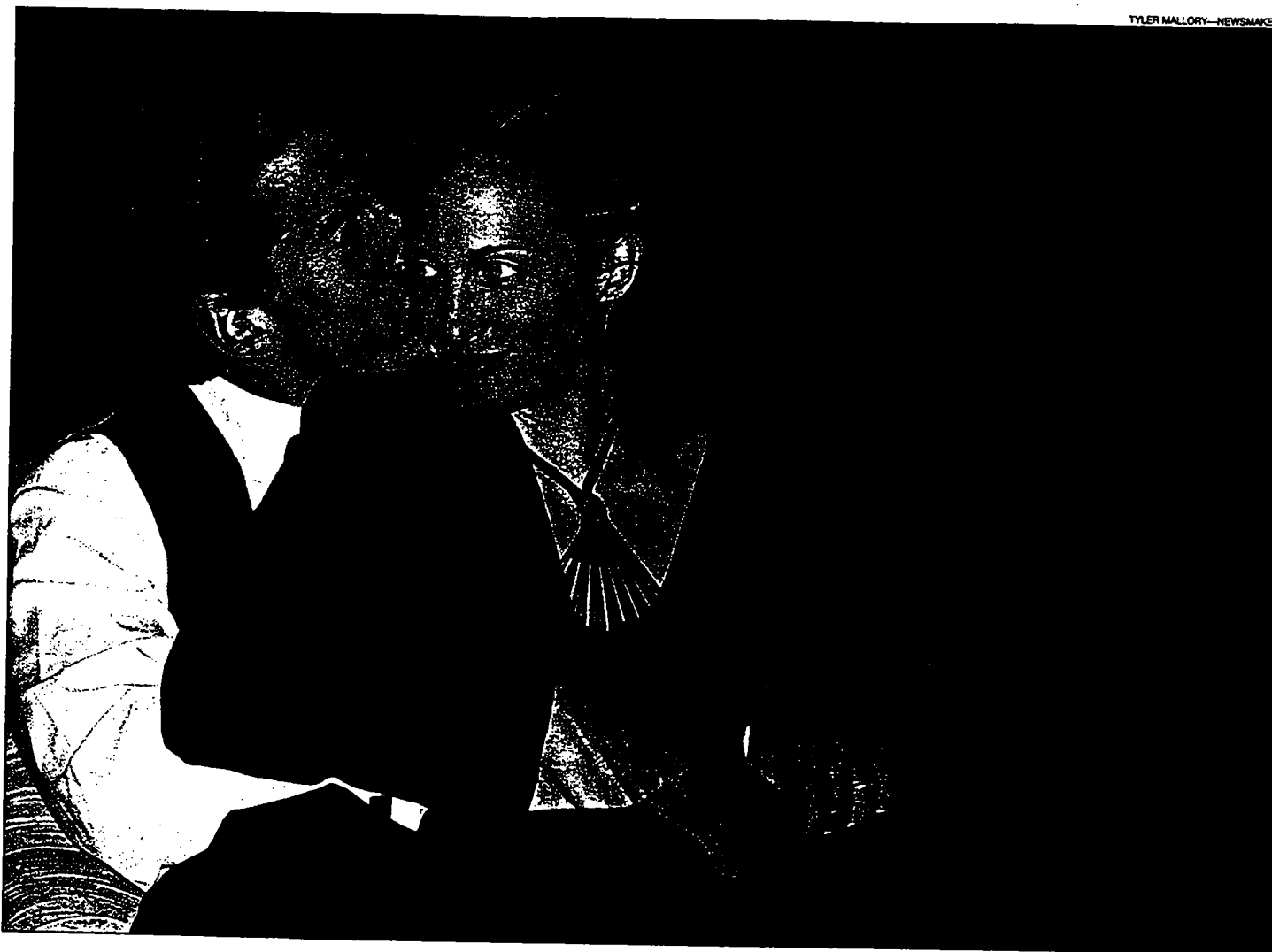
known better. To whom much is given, much is expected, right? The interesting thing was the ferocious condemnation of their excursions beyond the bounds of acceptable behavior. Since when does someone need to apologize on television for getting divorced?

"But perhaps there was some comfort in watching the necessary order assert itself. The discontents of civilized life look positively benign when compared with the holy

terror visited upon the brave and stupid."

In the end, the boys made up and went back to being Kennedys. Those that were left were looking forward to being together for a sunny wedding on Martha's Vineyard. There were no comments coming from the family, which remained secluded in their vacation homes Saturday afternoon. But an appropriate sentiment came from an earlier interview with Ted Kennedy Jr. "You try not to think about it—to dwell on it—all the time," he said during his father's 1980 run for the presidency. "But it still sits there in your life. My father always tried to teach us that you can't let it defeat you. And he'd talk all the time about the things that had happened to my grandmother [Rose Kennedy] and point out how she kept moving ahead. 'You can't let the bad things win,' my father and my aunts and uncles would say."

—With Harrison Rainie, Gloria Berger, and Lisa Stein



The boy under the desk

A nation that watched him become a man now mourns

BY ANGIE CANNON AND
DAVID L. MARCUS

He was the boy who frolicked under his father's desk in the Oval Office, the dutiful son to his reclusive mother, the most eligible bachelor who married a model-perfect woman. The scion of America's best-known family tried to lead a normal life, yet for all of his 38 years he was pursued, scrutinized, photographed.

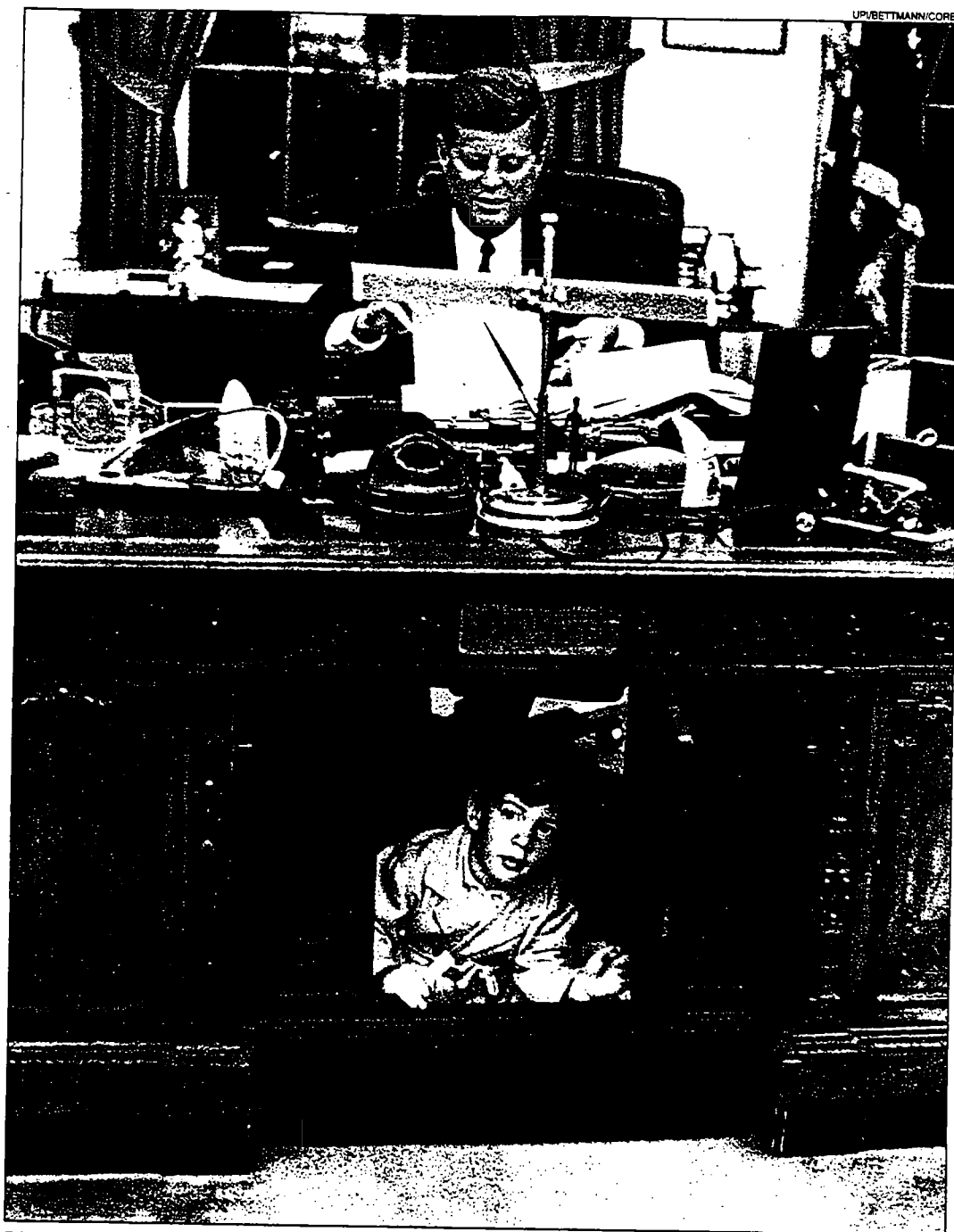
If his father represented the expansive America after World War II, John F. Kennedy Jr. was an icon of the '90s: Good-looking, well traveled, a celebrity with hazy political leanings, John Jr. alternately courted attention and shunned it. He went to the right schools, hobnobbed with politi-



CAMELOT REDUX. John F. Kennedy Jr. kisses his wife, Carolyn, earlier this year. The young prince with his mother at the White House in 1962.

cians and stars, and yet he seemed most at ease playing with his dog in Central Park. Like many in his generation of Kennedys, he was unformed: John F. Kennedy Jr. was always going to be someone great.

A note from mom. Perhaps the most telling thing about JFK Jr. emerged not in his occasional speeches or his jottings in his magazine, *George*, but from a note that his mother left to be opened after her death from cancer in 1994. "I understand the pressure you'll forever have to endure as a Kennedy, even though we brought you into this world as an innocent," she said, according to *Jackie After Jack: Portrait of the Lady*. "You, especially, have a place in history. No matter what course in life you choose, all I can ask is that you and



PLAYGROUND. The young president enjoyed having his son romp in the Oval Office.

Caroline continue to make me, the Kennedy family and yourself proud."

John F. Kennedy Jr. was born on Nov. 25, 1960, two and a half weeks after his father was elected president. The whole country learned that the only child born to a president-elect—erroneously dubbed "John-John" by a photographer—was 6 pounds, 3 ounces, and 20 inches long. Tragedy hit early. A bittersweet *Life* magazine photo shows him walking hand-in-hand with his pregnant mother, Jackie, in Palm Beach. Patrick was born that year, in 1963, and died 39 hours later.

Certainly, the most enduring image of

JFK Jr., and one of the most gripping of the 1960s, is the picture of him in blue coat and shorts, saluting his father's casket as the funeral cortege passed by St. Matthew's Cathedral in Washington. Maybe that's why so many people in America and beyond cared about where he shopped, who he dated: We mourned with him, we grew up with him.

He never ran for office, he never starred in a movie, and yet we know so much about him: His first official portrait, his first words ("Ma Ma" and "Da Da"), his first public tantrum. We didn't like his first hairdo—bangs across the front—so he got a side

part. And later, when he failed his New York bar exam, not once but twice, it was *our* business. "Hunk Flunks," screamed the tabloid headline.

After his father's assassination, the media tracked his mother's every move, though she defiantly tried to maintain her privacy. In the late 1960s, though, she told the *New York World Journal Tribune* about her son's gregarious ways. "Sometimes," she said, "it almost seems that he is trying to protect me instead of just the other way around."

Even as one cousin, David, died of a heroin overdose and another, William, was accused, and acquitted, of rape, John Kennedy and his sister emerged as remarkably normal people. "It isn't fair to children in the limelight to leave them to the care of others and expect they will turn out all right," Jackie Onassis once said. And, to her credit, they were a close team, as John Jr. said in 1986: "It's been the three of us for so long—Mommy, me, and Caroline."

Unassuming. Bob Shrum, a longtime Kennedy family friend, remembers a small boy thrust into the spotlight hopelessly early in life. "He became one of the most famous people in the world when he was 3," Shrum says, but somehow he remained remarkably "unaffected and unassuming." This, after all, was the young man who showed up on a bicycle for an advertising-sales session with a corporate CEO. Everywhere Kennedy went, people wanted to know about his father—a topic he was loath to address. In a rare interview in the *Washington Post* in 1995, he said he didn't remember much about

his father and his early White House days. "I have very few memories and most of them are involving playing around his desk," Kennedy recalled. "He kept chewing gum in it."

Although he tried to keep his personal life out of the papers, following his mother's lead, Kennedy was linked through the years to a string of glamorous women, including Madonna and Daryl Hannah. Then, to the chagrin of millions of women, there was the beautiful, tall, blond Carolyn Bessette, a personable former publicist for Calvin Klein. They met, so the story went, while jogging through Central Park. And

in September 1996, they outfoxed the tabloids by getting married in a supersecret wedding at the First African Baptist Church on Cumberland Island, Ga. Kennedy released a simple statement: "It was important for us to be able to conduct this in a private, prayerful and meaningful way with the people we love."

Long before anyone in New York seriously considered Hillary Rodham Clinton as a candidate for Senate, rumors abounded that the dashing young prosecutor-turned-publisher would make a run, just as his uncle had. But Kennedy didn't seem to have the fire of his father and the other pols in the family. Those who knew him at Brown University say he cared about the anti-apartheid movement in South Africa. After college, he spent some time on a salvage vessel, searching for sunken pirate loot off the Massachusetts coast. He dabbled in acting, too, which seemed to be a favorite pursuit. Some



SCIONS. Many hoped that the young Kennedy would go into politics.

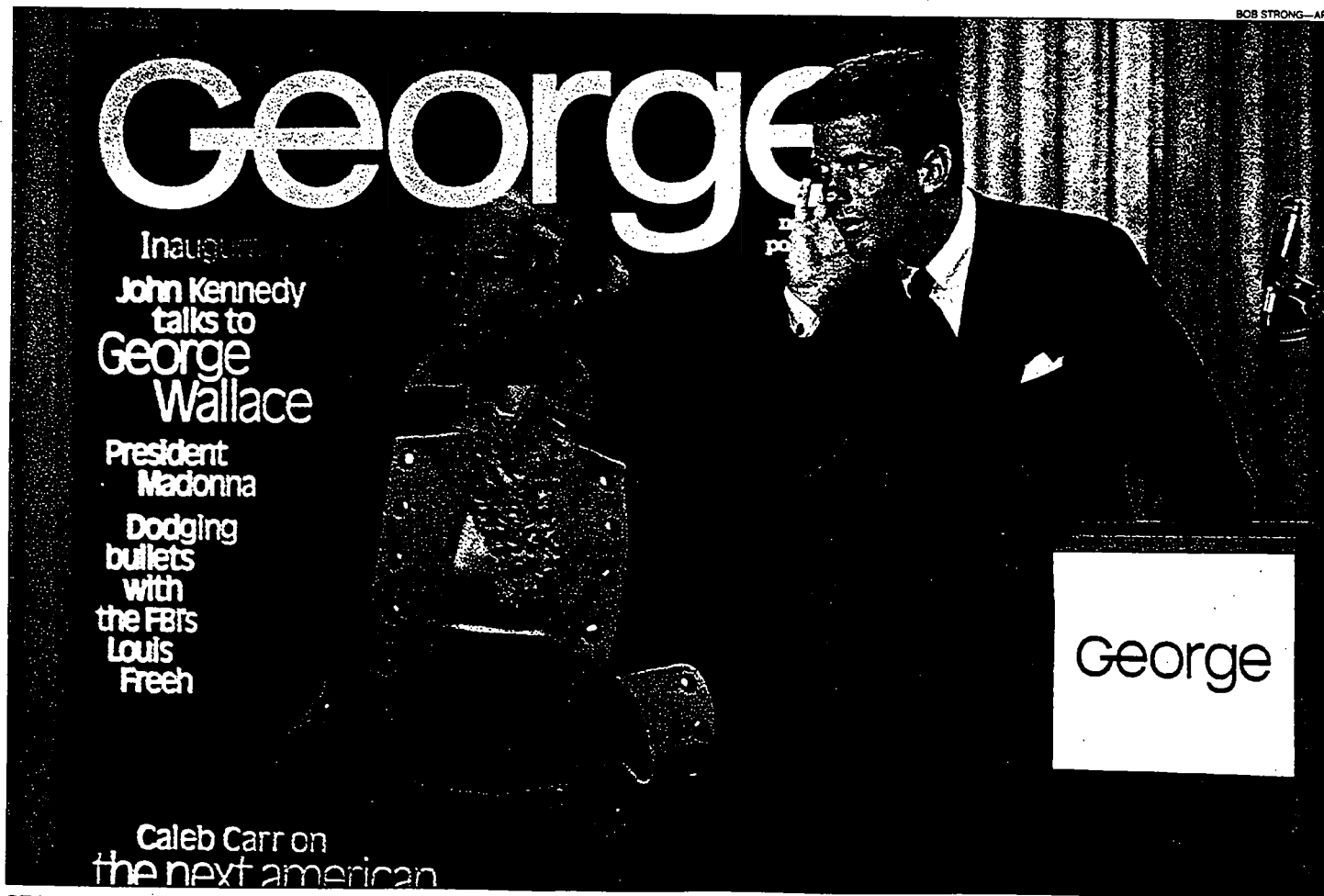
friends thought he turned to law to make his mother happy. He worked as an assistant district attorney in New York for four years, where he had a perfect 6-0 conviction record. As much as his name evoked political memories, he was never strongly identified with a single cause or candidate

outside his family. In an ABC interview several years ago, he was asked if he had considered running for office. He said then that he and his sister knew about his father's important legacy, but that he realized "things are different." He noted that he was certain his father "would have wanted us to go on with our lives and not re-enact his."

He was, in this sense, a cipher. As president and editor-in-chief of *George* magazine, he criticized last year's investigation into the Monica Lewinsky affair. "America has squandered the last year navel-gazing and hand-wringing," he wrote. But he made less of a splash in what he

wrote—including the piece in which he criticized his cousins for recklessness—than for posing in the buff for a photo in the magazine.

In 1988, Kennedy made his political debut with a prime-time speech before the Democratic National Convention, an ad-



STAR POWER. A celebrity from the day he was born, Kennedy founded a lively magazine that combined politics and entertainment.

dress that triggered speculation about his own political future. He was there to introduce his uncle, Sen. Edward M. Kennedy, and he recalled his slain father: "So many of you have entered public service because of my father," he said. "Because of you, he is in a sense still with us, and for that I thank you." The crowd cheered wildly. "It hit perfectly the right note," says Shrum, who has penned more than a few

Kennedy family speeches in his time.

It was the moment, friends say, when they sensed that Kennedy was interested in—and would succeed in—politics, if he wanted. But always there were other callings: publishing, travel, flying lessons. Like his cousins, JFK Jr. thrived on adventure and seemed not to know the meaning of fear. But perhaps he did—more than many of us ever will. During the interview

with the New York paper three decades ago, Jackie remembered a time when young John showed her a book called "A Child's Life of JFK." But first he said, "Close your eyes, Mummy" while he tore out the last page. "I couldn't help but look at what he didn't want me to see," she said. "It was a picture of the car."

With Gary Cohen and Toni Locy

MISSING AT SEA

Even a short hop can be dangerous

The discovery of luggage on a beach off Gay Head, on Martha's Vineyard, Mass., provided the first concrete, and chilling, evidence that John F. Kennedy Jr.'s airplane had crashed nearby in the sea. A Boston TV station interviewed a woman who described how she and friends had spotted the luggage, that it was brought ashore, and that it belonged to Lauren Bessette, the sister of Kennedy's wife, Carolyn, who was also aboard the plane.

That finding marked the beginning of the end of a massive Coast Guard and Air Force search that started



SINGLE ENGINE. The Piper Saratoga

early Saturday morning after the airplane did not arrive as scheduled for a wedding rehearsal dinner Friday night.

How John F. Kennedy Jr.'s Piper Saratoga single-engine airplane could have gone down on what began as a routine flight is no mys-

tery to veteran small-plane pilots. While so-called private planes may seem fragile, and while many are powered by only one engine, the majority of small-plane crashes are attributed to pilot error. In the case of Kennedy's flight, it seems there was plenty of room for that.

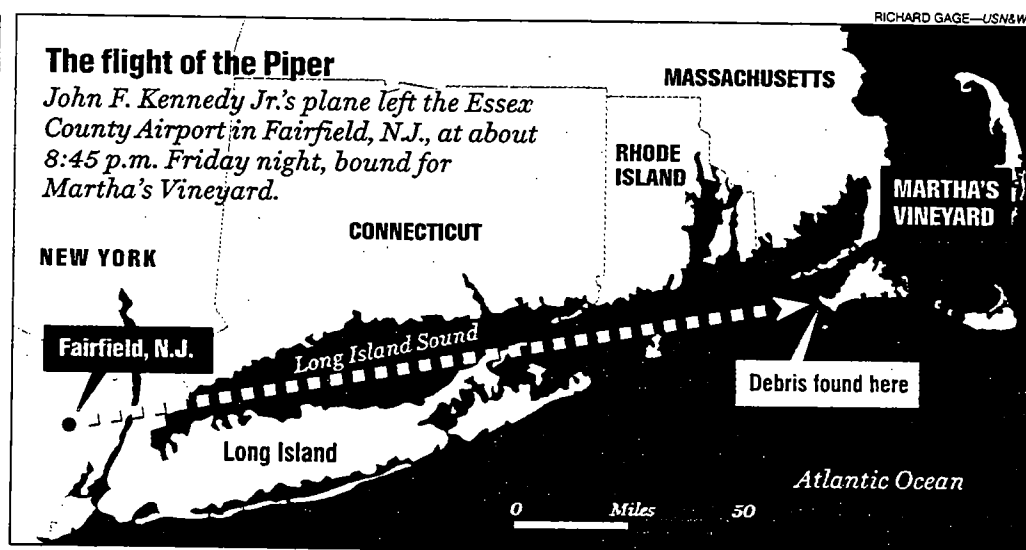
New wings. The magazine editor was a relatively new pilot, having won his license 14 months ago. He had some 100 hours of flying time, which pilots say is not a lot. Most important, it was unlikely he would have had obtained his instrument rating, which allows a pilot to fly in foggy or cloudy weather, conditions that can cause disorientation. Kennedy was new to this particular plane, having bought it just three months ago. He also had a cast on his right ankle, the

result of an accident.

Kennedy and his companions were reported to have departed Essex County Airport in Fairfield, N.J., at 8:38 p.m. headed for Martha's Vineyard, a flight of about 75 minutes. Apparently because weather services reported no adverse conditions on his flight path, Kennedy didn't have to file a flight plan with the Federal Aviation Administration. However, NBC correspondent Bob Arnot reported that he had flown a private plane on a similar path that night to Nantucket and was surprised—pre-flight weather reports to the contrary—to find a dense haze extending up to 5,000 feet in the area of the Vineyard. He said when he entered the haze, he had to rely on his instruments.

"Certainly those would be very challenging conditions," said Thomas B. Haines, editor-in-chief of

AOPA Pilot magazine, who has logged several hundred hours in the kind of Piper Saratoga that Kennedy was flying. Haines notes that the design dates back to the 1960s and that the aircraft is "highly reliable" with proven mechanical and avionics systems. He also notes that mechanical problems often allow a pilot to contact flight control and describe the problem and that Kennedy's aircraft was a 1995 model, considered a very new plane by aviation standards. Experts believe that Kennedy's plane was on final approach to Martha's Vineyard airport, about 17 miles out when it disappeared from the radar. Kennedy may have contacted controllers—but not the airport tower—indicating the plane was in trouble. "Even on a clear night, over water, it's not always easy to maintain orientation," Haines said. —Peter Cary



The flight of the Piper

John F. Kennedy Jr.'s plane left the Essex County Airport in Fairfield, N.J., at about 8:45 p.m. Friday night, bound for Martha's Vineyard.

NEW YORK

Fairfield, N.J.

CONNECTICUT

Long Island

Long Island Sound

MASSACHUSETTS

RHODE ISLAND

MARTHA'S VINEYARD

Debris found here

Atlantic Ocean

0 Miles 50

RICHARD GAGE—USN&WR

The danger in the limelight

For this family: a funeral for every wedding

BY RICHARD REEVES

In early 1963, *Look* magazine published a cover story: "The President and his Son." The "editor" who thought up the idea for the story on John F. Kennedy and his son was the president himself. President Kennedy tried to keep that kind of editorial work secret from Jackie Kennedy, who wanted her children kept as far from press and publicity as possible. This time, though, Mrs. Kennedy was on her way to Greece for a few days of sunny Mediterranean cruising. As soon as she left, her husband called a friend, Laura Bergquist Knebel of *Look*, and told her the moment was ripe to send a photographer over to the White House: "This is it. We'd better get this over with quick because when Mrs. Kennedy is around things get pretty sticky."

The image makers. John F. Kennedy decided early on to exploit his children as his father, Joseph Kennedy, had decided to promote his. The old man knew a lot about image making; he had mastered the game as a businessman in Hollywood, when he was a honcho at RKO Studios. The son was no slouch at promotion, either. Washington in the 1960s was the right time and the right place for John Kennedy to do his bit in creating a national celebrity culture that would capture the popular imagination even more than movies and other make-believe.

And we all loved it: the glamorous young couple and their small children scampering down the halls of the White House after years of old men, from Eisenhower all the way back to Coolidge and William Howard Taft. One of the unforgettable photographs of Kennedy's inaugural day, Jan. 20, 1961, shows the new president turning a key in the lock of the private door to the living quarters of the White House while his beautiful 31-year-old wife holds the tiny John F. Kennedy Jr., almost two months old, in her arms.

It was the best of times, it became the worst of times. Somehow, dramatically, even melodramatically, that intensity of celebrity seemed to invite tragedy, a deep valley for each glimmering peak. A funeral for every wedding. Dallas. Los Angeles. Chappaquiddick—the last exactly 30 years ago this week.

After all that, the widow Kennedy did manage to pretty much

keep her children out of sight. But never out of the national mind. Her daughter, Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg, was the most private, making a name for herself as a serious young lawyer and writer. John Jr. was a bit more public as assistant district attorney in New York, and then as the editor-in-chief and cofounder of *George* magazine. That venture showed that John Jr. had inherited some of his father's and grandfather's instinct for promotion.

Ironically, he may have lived out his father's life. President Kennedy, who had worked as a journalist for a while before going into politics, told friends occasionally that he might buy a newspaper or start a magazine after he left the White House. Even after full terms, the father would have been only 52 years old when he returned to private life.

Dreams die young. Hope does too; but now it seems that like his father, John Jr. will remain forever young and forever beautiful. Many, many Americans will only remember tiny John-John, valiantly saluting his father's coffin in the dark days of November of 1963. As for me, after spending five years in close contact with the Kennedys as a reporter and writer, this is the story that I will remember:

Just before Christmas one year, the president was in Palm Beach, horsing around with his son who was two years old, in their swimming pool. The president's son was getting out of the pool and his father pulled his trunks down below his little buttocks and pushed him gently away from the ladder.

"Naughty, Daddy," said the boy. His father did it again.

"Daddy, you are a pooh-pooh head," said the boy.

"John Kennedy, how dare you call the president of the United States a pooh-pooh head? You rascal, you wait till I get ahold of you."

That night, while their father was at dinner with friends, John and his sister, Caroline, came in to the dining room to say goodnight. After he walked around the table, John-John stood in the doorway and called to his father: "Pooh-pooh head!"—and then ran like hell.

Veteran political reporter Richard Reeves has covered a succession of American presidents. He is the author of President Kennedy: Profile of Power.



The president with his brothers in 1960

"That intensity of celebrity seemed to invite tragedy."

Faithful, but fed up

Iran's youth are tired of waiting for promised reforms

BY THOMAS OMESTAD

It wasn't supposed to be like this, not in the Islamic Republic of Iran. The student protesters and supporters who thronged the streets of Tehran last week clashed with security forces and vigilantes, and the scene was repeated in more than a dozen other Iranian cities. Their battle cry was democratic reform of the Shiite Muslim theocracy, but some went further. They denounced the country's spiritual leader as a dictator—an extraordinary act of defiance. Others hurled

stones and invective at police in running street battles that left parts of the capital choked in a haze of tear gas and smoke from burning barricades.

The violence summoned memories of the ouster of the shah in 1979. It was, in fact, the biggest burst of unrest since the Islamic



Khatami raised expectations.

Revolution two decades ago. And despite the counter-demonstrations organized by the regime a day later, it clearly put the conservative clerics on notice that the patience of many is wearing thin over the slow pace of reform.

Above reproach? It's no coincidence that many of the most impatient are young. More than half of Iranians are under the age of 18 and have no memory of the monarchy or the revolution. Many have placed their hopes in President Mohammad Khatami, a moderate elected in a landslide vote two years ago. So far, however, they have relatively little to show for their support. Khatami has proved a gifted politician, a spry man whose common touch contrasts with the austere, high-handed style of his fellow clerics. He can also claim a number of successes: He has permitted a flowering of press freedoms and given Iranians wider latitude in the arts and political expression. He has also eased Iran's international isolation, even cooling the regime's anti-American rhetoric.



Students in central Tehran: Disappointed with Khatami, they revile conservative clerics.

Administration

■ THE VA LOSES AN INNOVATOR

BY BURT SOLOMON



KENNETH KIZER: The VA's chief doctor made many changes during his four-year term, but Capitol Hill pressures are forcing him out.

Now we know, yet again, the price of innovation. At the Veterans Affairs Department, with its stodgy bureaucratic traditions and hyper-attentive constituencies, the Innovator in Chief has quit. Done in by the political forces he had stirred up, Kenneth W. Kizer, the head of the agency's mammoth medical system, has asked the White House to withdraw his nomination for a second four-year term.

Kizer's hand-picked deputy, Thomas L. Garthwaite, has been named as the acting undersecretary for health and will doubtless remain so until 2001, the tail end of an Administration being a rotten time to fill senior posts. The Veterans Health Administration "has changed more rapidly and more dramatically than any health care system in the country, if not the world, in a shorter period of time," Kizer, 48, said in an interview before his surprise June 29 announcement. Even without him, the restructuring that he led—consolidating underused hospitals, decentralizing decision-making, and encouraging innovation—is expected to continue.

That includes an intriguing, very 21st-century idea that VA officials plan to test by the end of 1999, and possibly sooner: to set up Web pages for individual patients, so that the patients can store all their medical information electronically in a single place. There they could keep track of their diagnostic test results, EKGs, lab work, X-rays, pathology slides, and other relevant records. Robert M. Kolodner, an associate chief information officer at the Veterans Health Administration who oversees the project, said "a real system" might be up and running in as little as three years—or as many as 20.

The idea is simple but still unformed. Kolodner has two principles in mind:

that individuals should "own" their own data, so that they control how the information is used and (probably more important) isn't used; and that the Internet service should help veterans chart their health care "to the degree they desire." But the precise form such an electronic system might take—likely to be "so complex that there's no way we could design it right," Kolodner says—will evolve as people start to use it.

Currently, an individual's health care record "never really all comes together," says Garthwaite. Rather, it's made up of "illegible doctors' handwriting," hospital records, and pharmacy prescriptions. But, he says, "a few years from now, if we do this right," a network of electronic medical records could bring dramatic changes. Experts have explored the important changes in health care financing, Garthwaite points out, but "the informatics piece will [be] more unsettling—and helpful."

The possibilities are exciting. Keeping a patient's medical records together in an easily portable form would make it simpler to seek a second opinion, even at a distance. Patients of the future might hire a company that, for a presumably modest monthly fee, would maintain individuals' Web sites, offer suggestions for preventive care, and routinely search medical literature on the World Wide Web to learn of advances in treatment for whatever ails them.

Or a researcher conducting a study of, say, the effects of Prozac on Asian-American women of a given age could use the network of Web sites to collect a statistically credible sample, in a fashion that preserves the privacy of the participants. State-of-the-art security measures—including moving the storage "vault" offline, beyond hackers' reach—can be developed to assure the sanctity of patients' confidential information, advo-

ARCHER VS. ROTH

BY RICHARD E. COHEN

As the two congressional tax-writing committees this week began what will likely be a long-running melodrama to craft tax-cut legislation, they appeared to be moving in similar directions. Both the House Ways and Means Committee and the Senate Finance Committee are seeking to reduce income taxes by roughly \$800 billion over the next decade, possibly in the context of a larger budget deal that includes Social Security and Medicare reform. And in both chambers, the terms of the debate have been driven largely by the chairmen of those two panels.

But that may be where the similarities end because Ways and Means Chairman Bill Archer, R-Texas, and Finance Chairman William V. Roth Jr., R-Del., have strikingly different ideas about how to cut taxes. Their splits over policy and political rhetoric, and their contrasting intraparty alliances, will complicate the task of reaching a final agreement on tax legislation—both within Congress and with President Clinton. Compounding the problem, the relationship between these two stubborn bulls appears to hinge on prickly one-upmanship more than on comfortable camaraderie. Consider the following tale-of-the-tape in the looming Archer-Roth showdown:

- The hearts of their competing proposals—an effort to make relatively modest cuts in income-tax rates—differ greatly. Archer's bill, which the Ways and Means Committee approved late Wednesday on a party-line vote, cuts all income-tax rates by 10 percent over the next decade. Roth, on the other hand, reduces by 1 point the rate in the 15 percent tax bracket that affects all taxpayers. Roth's plan, which the Finance Committee is scheduled to debate next Tuesday, would leave untouched the higher tax brackets that determine the amounts paid by higher-income individuals. In short, all taxpayers would get the same percentage cut from Archer, but most would receive the same absolute dollar cut from Roth.

- Archer also proposes to cut the tax rate paid on capital gains and would phase out taxes on estates, which many conservatives condemn as the "death tax." Although most Democrats harshly attack such proposals as gifts to the wealthy, Archer echoes the views of business groups that these changes will stimulate job creation. Roth has no provision on either topic. Instead, he adds extensive provisions to encourage individual savings.

- The House chairman has presented his unvarnished conservative Republican views on tax policy. Ever the true believer, Archer characterized his Financial Freedom Act as a debate over "downsizing the power of Washington and upsizing the power of people." Roth takes a more pragmatic approach that appeals directly to middle-income voters, who would be the primary beneficiaries of his legislation. (Roth did, however, co-sponsor in January a broad-based 10 percent tax cut similar to Archer's bill.) "Each of these measures

is vitally important to the well-being of our families," Roth said of his bill during the weekly Republican radio address on July 10.

- Archer, who enjoys a 23-16 Republican majority on his ideologically polarized panel, has a take-no-prisoners style that leaves little room for bipartisanship. Rep. Charles B. Rangel of New York, the committee's ranking Democrat, aptly summarized the House's mood when he told the committee as the tax debate opened, "Let the campaign begin." At Finance, by contrast, the GOP's slim 11-9 majority gives virtual veto power to the two Republican moderates and also provides considerable leverage for the committee's several Democrats who are open to a deal. Roth's tax proposal appeals directly to both camps. "Roth reached out to moderate Democrats" on his panel, said a Senate Democratic aide.

- The 71-year-old Archer, who has announced he is retiring next year after a 30-year House career, has seized upon this opportunity to lay out what amounts to one of his final personal testaments. He is no longer tied to the leash of former House Speaker Newt Gingrich, R-Ga., and he obviously relishes the greater autonomy offered by new Speaker J. Dennis Hastert, R-Ill. "This is Bill Archer's bill," said Rep. Jim Nussle of Iowa, a committee Republican. "He wrote it." By contrast, Roth—who turns 78 next week—has made clear his intention to seek re-election next year in moderate Delaware, where he may face a tough challenge from Democratic Gov. Thomas R. Carper.

- The two committees' virtually simultaneous bill-drafting and publicity-seeking efforts (which run counter to the custom that the Senate awaits final House action on tax legislation) have further stirred the competition between the two chairmen. Also, a subtle dispute developed over the decision by Joint Tax Committee Chief of Staff Lindy L. Paull—Roth's former top aide at Finance—to reject the demands of Archer and other House Republicans to use "dynamic scoring" in calculating the Treasury's loss from the capital gains tax rate cut.

The struggle between Archer and Roth may not be resolved until 11th-hour negotiations this fall, in which the Clinton White House is likely to play a major role. Although Roth's conciliatory approach might appear to leave him better-positioned,

Archer could end up calling the shots. According to the Senate Democratic aide, Archer had significant control during the endgame over the much smaller tax cut that was enacted as part of the 1997 balanced-budget deal. Because the House has more hard-liners and because they are more aggressive, it may once again "get rewarded for being more divisive," said the aide.

Although the outcome remains murky, one thing is clear in this year's tax brawl: Watch the two chairmen.

**SPLITS BETWEEN THE
TWO CHAIRMEN MAY
SNARL THE TAX BILL.**

cates say, while providing a "break-glass" arrangement so that a hospital's emergency room can gain access if it must. "What we're conceiving of now," Kolodner says, "is just the beginning."

The idea of individual patients' Web pages fits in nicely with other changes that Kizer ushered in at the VA. All of these changes are the product of what Kizer described as "a very patient-centered approach" to medical care, one in which patients are "really going to be in control of the process much more than in the latter part of the 20th century, [when] the physician and the establishment—i.e., the hospital—is the one in complete control."

For instance, Kizer has directed VA hospitals to start monitoring pain as a fifth vital sign and to design treatment programs for dying patients that, he says, "may not necessarily be all the high-tech stuff, what the doctor might want to do, but what the patient wants." He has also moved to improve medical safety by insisting that pharmaceutical manufacturers apply bar codes to drugs so that patients aren't inadvertently given the wrong medicine.

The proposed Web sites might also be considered the ultimate in decentralization. Kizer has overseen the reorganization of the VA's sprawling medical system—the largest in the noncommunist world—into 22 regional networks, each boasting considerable control over its own operations. Policy decisions used to be made by three to five people at the agency's headquarters in Washington. Now, "probably close to 40 people" take part, including the 22 regional directors and numerous program officials, an insider said—"a profound change for this organization."

Indeed, it has been. And it was Kizer's doing, more than anyone's. Board-certified in five specialties, he is a self-confident, assertive, even visionary physician who had spent six years at the helm of California's Department of Health Services. A registered Republican, he nevertheless finished first in the formal competition among aspirants for the VA post, which is regarded as less partisan than most Administration positions.

There is little question that the VA, which became a Cabinet department under the Bush Administration more than 10 years ago, needed shaking up. The agency was "extremely hierarchical, [used] centralized decision-making, lots of rigid policies and procedures—all of the things that you would want if you wanted to discourage innovation," Kizer recounts. When he arrived in Washington in fall 1994, "innovation was not cherished or valued," he says. "It's exceedingly

difficult in government, frankly, to be innovative, because when you innovate you make mistakes, and government has a very low threshold for mistakes"—especially at an agency presiding over issues of life and death.



ROBERT KOLODNER: VA information officer is overseeing a system of new individual Web sites to let patients control their own medical records.

The agency's restructuring, including Kizer's use of performance contracts to ensure that VA field offices do what they had promised, wasn't easy to accomplish. Nor was a rougher sort of restructuring—a budget-driven effort to reduce the VA's bloated facilities to fit a declining need. With the population of veterans on the decline—the U.S. military force has shrunk from more than 2.1 million troops in 1989 to 1.4 million today—and with medical bean-counters distraught at the cost of hospitalizations, the VA has pruned its acute-care hospital beds by more than half while keeping its medical budget from rising faster than inflation. The idea was to wring inefficiencies out of the system while using the savings to offer medical services to veterans who haven't received them before. In practice, though, the department's new formulas for spending on VA hospitals—based partly on each region's population of veterans—have prompted reductions in spending in certain states.

That has been the case in the Northeast, more than anywhere, because of the many veterans who have fled the cold winters for Southern climes. In Massachusetts, where the VA has already merged two Boston-area hospitals and is trying to do the same with a third, the state's congressional delegation has complained to the VA about a "serious budget strain." So

when Kizer's four-year term expired, Sen. John F. Kerry, D-Mass., a Vietnam veteran, put a legislative hold on the White House's renomination. Sen. John D. Rockefeller IV, D-W.Va., also raised an objection, officials say, along with Republican Sens. Susan Collins of Maine, Ben Nighthorse Campbell of Colorado and Larry Craig of Idaho. Some, though not all, of the politically potent veterans' groups also squawked, especially the Paralyzed Veterans of America, who were upset about closings of VA centers devoted to spinal cord injuries.

It's no wonder, really. It stands to reason that efficiencies will prove politically unpopular. (Hence the federal government's resort to a nonpolitical commission to close unneeded military bases.) Besides, Kolodner laments, "when you make changes, even positive changes, you make enemies."

Indeed, Kizer's political problems went beyond Capitol Hill to the White House, where officials were annoyed by how much Kizer wanted to spend on long-term care and on providing medical care to low-priority veterans. He was also accused of "dissing the Administration," as an official put it, by making policy suggestions in testimony before Congress that the White House hadn't approved.

It was Kizer's command-and-control style—so useful in accomplishing his policy ambitions—that helped bring his downfall. His policy might have been one of decentralization, but he instituted it in a top-down fashion. A government agency, after all, has certain advantages in producing innovation that the private sector can't match: It can do what it thinks is right, even if the stockholders wouldn't agree. That's especially an advantage in the health care market as it has irrationally evolved: The customers move so frequently from one plan to another that they discourage insurance plans from offering the kind of preventive medicine that yields savings in the long run but is expensive in the short run. Something that makes economic sense for health care as a whole doesn't necessarily, given the dynamics of competition, make sense for any one company.

But individual companies may be ready for the VA's notion of patient Web sites—Kaiser Permanente and a few computer companies have expressed interest, and the VA has opened discussions with some of them. But in other instances, the agency's ability to command and control a vast government-run health network—socialized medicine, as it were—means that some of its innovations and appealing directives may be hard to replicate where capitalism reigns. ■

CHRIS KLEPONS

■ WHAT'S IN A NAME? MONEY

BY NEIL MUNRO

The Internet doesn't have a government, but it does have a central committee—something called the Internet Corporation for Assigned Names and Numbers. And its potential power is the subject of an international whirlwind of lobbying that's caught the attention of both the Clinton Administration and Congress.

The nonprofit corporation's main task is to protect Internet names, such as *Whitehouse.gov*, and their associated numerical addresses. This task is critical because the Internet's unique names, such as *Microsoft.com* or *Disney.com*, are worth a great deal of money to their owners. "Anyone who controls that has a lot of power," said A. Michael Froomkin, a law professor at the University of Miami who urges greater public oversight of ICANN. If it wants to pull someone's domain names and numbers, Froomkin said, "they disappear from the Internet."

Currently, the Los Angeles-based corporation consists of nine members appointed by the group's supporters in the high-tech industry, backed up by an international committee of government officials. In November, the Clinton Administration signed a memorandum of understanding with the corporation calling for a new, 19-person board to be elected in two stages, by November 1999 and June 2000. But, like much about the corporation, this agreement is not simple. No rules have been established for who gets to vote or when they vote.

This uncertainty has intensified lobbying, particularly from large companies worried that domain names using their valuable brand names—such as *IBM.com*—might be undermined if ICANN allows sites with similar names—such as *IBM.biz*, *IBM.net*, or even *IBMsucks.com*—to be sold off to rival companies. These groups have lobbied for tough trademark protection rules and persuaded Sen. Spencer Abraham, R-Mich., to sponsor a bill that imposes criminal penalties on "cybersquatters"—individuals who stake out ownership of potentially valuable names in the hope of selling them later. For example, *IBMsucks.com* and *IBMsux.com* are up for sale.

But critics are worried that tough rules

will trample free speech rights of rival businesses and political advocates. Harold Feld, a lawyer at the nonprofit, Washington-based Media Access Project, warned that unless ICANN's bylaws are carefully written, it could be captured by industry giants that own the most valuable trademarks and have the funds needed to fly lobbyists to ICANN meetings in Berlin, Singapore, and other faraway locales. The corporation, complains Froomkin, is neither a traditional government agency that is open to democratic inspection and oversight nor a public group open to all. "It is neither fish nor fowl and has some of the worst elements of both," he said.



TOM BILEY: The Commerce Committee chairman may hold a hearing whether ICANN is promoting or undermining U.S. policies.

The group drew criticism recently when it announced that it would levy a \$1 charge upon the registration of every new name. ICANN does not register the names, but it is licensing some 57 firms to handle the millions of sign-ups expected in the next few years. This \$1 charge is an unauthorized tax, an example of the corporation's "power made manifest," says Leslie K. Paige, senior vice president for public policy at Citizens Against Government Waste, a Washington-based advocacy group that fears ICANN may evolve into a

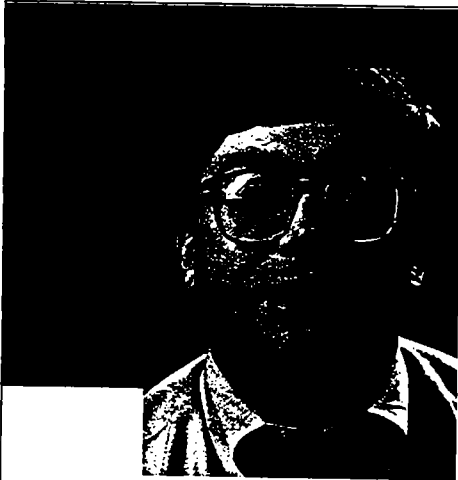
government-controlled international regulatory body.

A major reason for the growing focus on the ICANN is its bitter dispute with Network Solutions Inc., the Herndon, Va.-based firm that has been registering all of the .com, .org, and .net sites since 1993. ICANN licensing agreements with the new registrars will siphon revenue away from NSI—but those licensing agreements also make the registrars subject to ICANN's unchecked power, complain NSI executives. Facing pressure from the Commerce Department to make peace with the corporation, NSI could have knuckled under, but chose, instead, to lobby for a better position.

NSI hired public relations experts at the Dittus Group to complement its long-term lobbying contract with the Dutko Group. The lobbying helped spur action at the House Commerce Committee, which recently fired off a detailed series of questions to ICANN. The committee, chaired by Tom Bliley, R-Va., may hold a hearing to discuss ICANN's role and whether it is promoting—or undermining—worldwide implementation of U.S. Internet policies. The House Judiciary Courts and Intellectual Property Subcommittee is expected to hold a hearing soon that will focus on trademark concerns.

But NSI faces strong opposition from the Commerce Department, which in a July 8 letter to Bliley said that ICANN must quickly elect its board members, drop the \$1 charge, open up board meetings to the public, and restrict its policy-making to what is "reasonably necessary." At the same time, the department threatened to end NSI's advantageous position unless it soon signs a licensing agreement with the corporation. "Failure to reach agreement with ICANN . . . together with action by foreign governments—would be extremely destabilizing for the Internet," the Commerce letter said.

"Until you get to consensus, you will have a hell of a lot of disagreement," said Joe Sims, a Washington-based lawyer with Jones, Day, Reavis & Pogue who works for ICANN. "We're trying to move forward to do the job we were asked to do: Determine and implement a community consensus." ■



BY CHARLIE COOK

A RUNDOWN OF THE MOST COMPETITIVE HOUSE RACES

It's still early, of course, but the 1999-2000 election campaign is already noteworthy for the House Democrats' single-minded determination to recapture the majority status they lost in 1994. The Democrats' ardor is matched only by the passion among Republicans to retake the White House. There is

something in politics about dominating a branch of government for an extended period of time, then suddenly having it taken away, that makes a party eager for revenge. Republicans won the presidency in five of the six elections between 1968 and 1988; they have now lost it twice in a row. Democrats won majorities in the House for 20 consecutive elections before losing control of the chamber in 1994. They scored small gains in both 1996 and 1998, and now stand just six seats short of a majority. In both the congressional and presidential contests, both parties are resolute. But the party on the "outs" always seems a little hungrier.

There is little question that control of the House is in play. Not since the 83rd Congress (1953-55) has the majority party had such a narrow margin of control. Today neither party looks as if it has a clear advantage in 2000. Each party has about a half-dozen seats that could go either way and another 20 or so seats that

could become close races, but aren't now. In national polls, the two parties are evenly matched when people are asked whether they intend to vote for a Republican or a Democrat for Congress and whether they'd prefer Republicans or Democrats to control Congress after the next election.

Of course, some new dynamic could emerge that would change the equation—such as a Bush landslide victory that sweeps Republicans into office. Or perhaps another budget impasse that results in a government shutdown and rekindles charges of Republican extremism.

One dynamic affecting both parties is the relatively small number of competitive races. Typically, there are well over 100 competitive House races each election cycle, with 50 to 80 of them hotly contested. This cycle is likely to have only 50 to 60 competitive races, with fewer than 20 of them extremely close. The primary reason for the lack of competition is the dearth of open seats. Since the end

of World War II, an average of 34 House incumbents have retired each election. Thus far, there are only 16 retirements, and it doesn't look as if that number will increase by more than 10 or so. At this juncture, it doesn't appear that any incumbents will be upset in the primaries, meaning there will be few, if any, involuntary retirements before the general election. An average of 95 percent of all House incumbents get re-elected, so volatility in the House elections comes primarily from open seats, not successful challenges to incumbents.

Another reason for the small number of competitive races is that there are few endangered incumbents. Few weak Democratic incumbents remain; most were ousted in the 1994 Republican victory. Conversely, many of the weaker Republican incumbents were winnowed out in the 1996 and 1998 elections, both down years for the GOP. Typically, incumbents are more at risk in the two or three elections after congressional districts are redrawn at the start of each decade. By late in a decade, things tend to settle down. Also: With spending limits for political parties effectively removed, unlimited amounts of money can be funneled into high-profile races. That leaves less money available for other contests, which serves to keep down the number of competitive races.

The earliest candidate filing deadlines are four months away, so it's far too early to assess how the parties are doing in recruiting candidates, except to say that neither party seems to have an obvious advantage. Each party has triumphs and disappointments, but, more important, each is awaiting word from candidates struggling to decide whether to enter the fray. With the traditional Labor Day kickoff for the general election campaign just over 13 months away, it's also far too soon to predict what issues will dominate the autumn campaign debate.

Here is a rundown of the most interesting races thus far:

DEMOCRATIC-HELD SEATS

CONNECTICUT 5 (MALONEY)

A rematch is shaping up between second-term Rep. James H. Maloney and

third-party presidential candidate next year, Shaheen backers "see him as that much more vulnerable" for re-election whether he were to try and come back as a Republican nominee or not. And if it looks as if Smith will retire, "all the more reason for Shaheen to stay put, rebuild her constituent party base, and block Sununu or anyone else from stealing the limelight."

Can you ever go back to your party and win again? Landrigan recalled that in 1970, an "angry" Meldrim Thomson lost the New Hampshire GOP gubernatorial primary to Walter Peterson and ran that November under the American Party banner of George C. Wallace of Alabama. Thomson "finished an embarrassing third" to Peterson and Democratic nominee Roger Crowley. Yet, in 1972, Thomson was the GOP nominee and was elected Governor. (*The Telegraph*, 7/11)

Don't A-Seum He's a Democrat

Party switchers and independent candidacies may be the summer craze of politics. Even the Kentucky Senate isn't immune.

A Democratic state senator from Louisville switched parties on July 12, "setting up a historic tie in the Senate that could change the course of the 2000 legislative session." State Sen. Dan Seum's "surprise announcement" that he would join the GOP means the parties are now deadlocked at 19-to-19 for the first time. The parity "gives a new urgency to the 2000 legislative elections, calls into question committee leadership in the Senate, and appears to render traditional legislative titles meaningless."

Seum announced his change of party loyalty in the presence of U.S. Sen. Mitch McConnell, R-Ky. This will be the first time in Kentucky's 200-plus-year history "that Democrats haven't controlled both houses of the legislature." Democrats still outnumber Republicans 65-to-35 in the House of Representatives. The Republican National Committee said Seum is the 415th elected Democrat to switch parties since Bill Clinton was elected President. (*Lexington Herald-Leader*, 7/13)

Dee Dee Gets an F F

The (Madison) *Wisconsin State Journal's* Nicole E. Rogers caught ex-White House Press Secretary Dee Dee Myers' appearance on the syndicated *Hollywood Squares*—and flunked her. Rogers wrote, "Let's say you're a former White House official who worked closely with the President, and your name isn't Monica. What do you do with your life now that you've escaped the Beltway?"

A. Write a tell-all book about



DEE DEE MYERS

RICHARD A. BLOOM

life in the spotlight and reveal what the President is really like.

B. Make yourself available for self-important commentary and so-called insight into news stories on any number of Sunday morning talking-head shows.

C. Set out on the college lecture circuit, imparting world-wide advice about how honest politics is on the verge of swirling down the drain if it weren't for our nation's youth, to impressionable undergrads everywhere."

She may be working on all of the above, but Myers also showed up for duty on *Hollywood Squares*. Rogers' review of Myers: What does she "know from funny bones? Perhaps Ms. Myers got bored with the book tour, the pundit rounds, and the lecture circuit, and decided to try her hand at comedy. My advice: Stick to politics. You may be quick with the wit, but you lack that contempt and cynicism that trails close behind comedy." (*Wisconsin State Journal*, 7/9)

Quotables

"If the Reform Party nominated me, I would probably run and probably win."—Donald Trump (press statement, 7/12)

"One rumor, which I will not dignify by repeating, is that there is a photograph floating around somewhere showing George W. [Bush] dancing naked on a bar."—humor columnist Dave Barry (*The Washington Post*, 7/11)

"This country has become a nation of the government, by the government, and for the government. Our politicians are destroying us. We need a revolt!"—Evel Knievel (*Esquire*, July issue)

"I was playing with a guy who knew him, so we just drove up and met him. He was playing with Sly Stallone, smoking a few stogies."—tennis phenom Pete Sampras on playing golf with President Clinton. Dennis Miller: "Yeah, Rocky and rocky marriage." (*Dennis Miller Live*, HBO, 7/11)

"He's going to be taking some vacation time. It's business that is separate from his gubernatorial duties."—David Ruth, spokesman for Minnesota Gov. Jesse Ventura, on Ventura's return to the ring as a guest referee for the Aug. 22 World Wrestling Federation's "SummerSlam" (Associated Press, 7/13)

"A caucus is bad enough. You have to sit there for four hours in a fire station."—David Beckwith, campaign spokesman for George W. Bush, as quoted in *The Austin American-Statesman* one day before he was fired (*The Washington Times*, 7/14)

Howard Mortman is executive director of The Hotline, National Journal Group's daily briefing on politics. Hotline subscribers can get The Hotline at www.cloakroom.com



PETE SAMPRAS

NEWSMAKERS/MIKE FIALA

former GOP state Sen. Mark Nielsen. Maloney won their 1998 contest by less than 2,500 votes—the narrowest winning margin for an incumbent Democrat in the country. This western Connecticut district, the most Republican in the state and one of the most competitive in New England, is tricky for any incumbent. Also, Nielsen is getting off the ground with a faster start, having raised \$133,000 as of June 30, almost as much as he raised in all of 1997. Still, Maloney is no pushover, as he demonstrated by prevailing in an off-year election, even as popular GOP Gov. John G. Rowland (who used to represent the 5th District in Congress) crushed his Democratic opponent, 63 percent to 35 percent. Even so, Maloney is among the half-dozen most endangered Democratic incumbents in the nation.

MICHIGAN 8 (OPEN)

Now that Democratic Rep. Deborah Ann Stabenow has decided to run for the Senate against incumbent Republican Spencer Abraham, Democrats have their work cut out in holding onto this swing district. Democrats have held this seat in every election but two since 1974, but the GOP has done well in other races. Both parties are taking the contest seriously. Two solid candidates have already begun gearing up for the race. Democrats, including Stabenow, are lining up behind state Sen. Dianne Byrum, while Republicans are backing state Sen. Mike Rogers. Byrum and Rogers are well-matched foes. Both are proven vote-getters who have a significant base in the district, and both have serious fund-raising experience. Expect a hard-fought, expensive race. This one is likely to stay in the toss-up column until Election Day.

MICHIGAN 10 (BONIOR)

Minority Whip David E. Bonior, the Democrat Republicans love to hate, has gone from being a perennial target of the National Republican Congressional Committee to being their *top* target this cycle. Bonior, who has won less than 55 percent of the vote in four of the last five elections, represents a district that's becoming more Republican. The big news this time is that Republicans have recruit-

RACES TO WATCH

At this stage, it appears that both Republicans and Democrats in the House have about 25 to 30 seats that could be competitive in 2000.

DEMOCRATIC-HELD SEATS (28)

LEAN DEMOCRATIC (24)

CA-10	Ellen Tauscher	NV-01	Shelley Berkley
CA-22	Lois Capps	NY-04	Carolyn McCarthy
CA-42	George Brown	OH-06	Ted Strickland
CA-46	Loretta Sanchez	OR-01	David Wu
CO-02	Mark Udall	OR-05	Darlene Hooley
IL-17	Lane Evans	PA-04	OPEN (Klink)
IN-09	Baron Hill	TN-06	Bart Gordon
KS-03	Dennis Moore	TX-17	Charles W. Stenholm
KY-04	Ken Lucas	WA-01	Jay Inslee
MI-10	David E. Bonior	WA-03	Brian Baird
MN-06	William P. "Bill" Luther	WA-09	Adam Smith
MS-04	Ronnie Shows	WV-02	OPEN (Wise)

Toss-Up (4)

CT-05	James H. Maloney	PA-13	Joseph M. Hoeffel
MI-08	OPEN (Stabenow)	NJ-12	Rush Holt

REPUBLICAN-HELD SEATS (25)

LEAN REPUBLICAN (19)

AR-04	Jay W. Dickey	KY-06	Ernie Fletcher
CA-03	Doug Ose	MN-01	Gil Gutknecht
CA-36	Steven T. Kuykendall	MT-AL	Rick Hill
CA-49	Brian P. Bilbray	NH-02	Charles Bass
FL-08	OPEN (McCollum)	NJ-07	Bob Franks
FL-12	OPEN (Canady)	NM-01	Heather Wilson
IN-02	OPEN (McIntosh)	PA-15	Patrick Toomey
IN-08	John Hostettler	TX-14	Ron Paul
KY-01	Edward Whitfield	UT-02	Merrill Cook
KY-03	Anne Northup		

Toss-Up (6)

CA-27	James E. Rogan	OK-02	OPEN (Coburn)
LA-06	Richard H. Baker	WA-02	OPEN (Metcalfe)
NC-08	Robin Hayes	PA-10	Don Sherwood

*Names of incumbents who are not running for re-election are in parentheses.



SHELLEY BERKLEY

IN 1998, BERKLEY

BARELY EKED OUT A

WIN OVER A RATHER

LACKLUSTER RIVAL.



RUSH HOLT

HOLT, A PHYSICIST, IS

WIDELY VIEWED AS THE

MOST VULNERABLE

INCUMBENT DEMOCRAT.

ed a strong candidate: Secretary of State Candice Miller. She's a popular statewide elected official who has a substantial base in the 10th Congressional District because she was a local elected official there for almost 12 years. Still, Bonior is not an easy target. A prolific fund-raiser, he has raised more than \$4 million over the past three election cycles. And he's a savvy campaigner who's never received less than 53 percent of the vote. Bottom line: This may well become one of the most hotly contested and closely watched House races in the country.

NEVADA 1 (BERKLEY)

It's not hard to see why Republicans have placed freshman Rep. Shelley Berkley on their short list of targets this cycle. Berkley, in one of the most brutal races of 1998, barely eked out a win over a rather lackluster GOP candidate. Although GOP state Sen. Mark James, a potentially attractive candidate, dropped out of the race this week, Republicans have begun to line up behind conservative state Sen. Jon Porter. Still, this district has a decided Democratic edge. And while Berkley sustained some damage in the 1998 contest, it is unlikely that Republicans have much more to throw at her this time. Plus, Berkley, who raised more than \$1.3 million in 1998, already has over \$400,000 in her war chest as of June 30.

NEW JERSEY 12 (HOLT)

To no one's surprise, freshman Rep. Rush Holt is generally considered to be the single most vulnerable Democratic incumbent in the nation. Holt, a former Princeton physicist, was undoubtedly the biggest surprise on election night with his stunning win, 50 percent to 47 percent, over freshman Republican Rep. Mike Pappas. At this point, Pappas and former Rep. Dick Zimmer (who held this seat from 1990-96 before making an ultimately unsuccessful bid for the Senate) are running for the Republican nomination. Zimmer, who has reportedly raised over \$450,000, is widely considered the favorite, but a contentious primary between socially moderate Zimmer and hard-line conservative Pappas could ultimately help Holt. Holt can brag that

both the pundits and his own party's strategists gave him little chance of winning in 1998; and he can predict that those who write him off will be wrong again next year.

PENNSYLVANIA 4 (OPEN)

Four-term Democratic Rep. Ron Klink's decision to run for the Senate leaves open a Democratic-leaning but still competitive district that will be heavily contested this election cycle. This district, in culturally conservative western Pennsylvania, has been trending Republican in recent years, and Republicans are enthusiastic about their likely nominee: state Sen. Melissa Hart. A three-term legislator, Hart is an attractive, proven vote-getter who has consistently won races in her Democratic-leaning state legislative district. At this point, Democrats appear to have settled on Lawrence County District Attorney Matthew Mangino. GOP insiders argue that Mangino's rather thin political pedigree and his weak geographical base (Lawrence County makes up only about 19 percent of the 4th Congressional District) make him a second-tier candidate. However, Democrats argue that Mangino fits this blue-collar district well. Its populist tradition, as well as the presence of well-organized and politically powerful labor unions, will be a help to.

PENNSYLVANIA 13 (HOEFFEL)

Formerly a rather safe Republican seat, the Montgomery County-based 13th Congressional District has been hotly contested since 1992, electing two Democrats and one Republican during that stretch. Though the district still boasts a 2-to-1 GOP advantage in voter registration, it has been trending Democratic over the last few years; President Clinton carried the district in both 1992 and 1996. Freshman Democratic Rep. Joseph M. Hoeffel III, who defeated two-term Rep. Jon Fox, 52 percent to 47 percent, will have to work hard trying to win reelection. Popular state Sen. Stewart Greenleaf, a social moderate, is being lobbied to get in the race. But Pennsylvania insiders caution that Greenleaf has been courted to run for Congress many times before, only to decide against it.

Plus, ophthalmologist Melissa Brown, who raised \$600,000 in 1998 (including \$300,000 of her own money) and took 18 percent of the vote, has reportedly raised \$100,000 this year and may run. But Hoeffel, a moderate Democrat who raised over \$1.2 million in 1998, has a good profile for this district and is likely to be well financed and well prepared for the battle ahead.

WEST VIRGINIA 2 (OPEN)

Nine-term Rep. Robert E. Wise Jr.'s decision to run for Governor opens up this central West Virginia seat for the first time since 1980. Four Democrats, all current or former legislators, have already announced their candidacies. Although Republicans have had little luck here in the past, winning this seat only twice since 1926, they are enthusiastic about their chances this time. The district has deep Democratic roots, but it gave Clinton his smallest margin of victory in the state. Rapid Washington, D.C., exurban growth in the Eastern Panhandle has helped to temper the Democratic advantage. Republicans are also plugging as their candidate state Del. Shelly Moore Capito, daughter of former Governor and 1st Congressional District Rep. Arch Moore. Democrats must also be wary of a bloody primary that would weaken their nominee's chances in November. Still, Republicans will have an uphill battle trying to capture this traditionally Democratic seat.

REPUBLICAN-HELD SEATS

CALIFORNIA 27 (ROGAN)

There is no question that sophomore Rep. James E. Rogan is the top targeted GOP incumbent in the country. Democrats say that Rogan's conservative voting record and his heavy-handed prosecution, as a House impeachment manager, of the President are out of step in this swing district. In 1998, against an underfunded opponent, Rogan took only 51 percent of the vote. Likely Democratic nominee, state Sen. Adam Schiff, has a solid base in the district and has already raised \$500,000. But Rogan will not be a pushover. He has already raised more

than \$1 million this cycle and had \$750,000 cash on hand on June 30, according to his most recent Federal Election Commission report. Republicans also note that Rogan, who has already defeated Schiff in two state legislative battles, is not intimidated by Schiff's political profile. Still, this race will be bitterly contested, unbelievably expensive, and closely watched.

KENTUCKY 6 (FLETCHER)

Freshman Rep. Ernie Fletcher ran a solid, well-financed campaign in 1998, defeating his Democratic challenger by 7 percentage points. But Fletcher will have his hands full defending this swing district. He is likely to face former Democratic Rep. Scotty Baesler in November. Baesler, who gave up his seat in 1998 to run for the Senate, is a former University of Kentucky basketball star who has widespread name identification and deep roots in Fayette County (Lexington). But Baesler was bruised badly in the Senate race and has a well-known disdain for fund raising. And Fletcher has been working the district hard—as of June 30, he had raised a whopping \$550,000. This is likely to be one of the most competitive races in the election if Baesler runs. If he doesn't, Fletcher is a big favorite to win.

LOUISIANA 6 (BAKER)

Richard H. Baker faced a much stiffer-than-expected challenge in 1998 from attorney Marjorie McKeithen, and he won by fewer than 3,000 votes. Many observers commented that if the race had been two weeks longer, McKeithen would have been elected. She looks likely to challenge Baker again and will be bolstered by her deep roots in the state (her late grandfather was a Governor, and her father is the present secretary of state), her strong performance in 1998, and her appointment to the Louisiana Business and Industry Board, which enables her to broaden her appeal to the business community. GOP insiders admit that Baker ran a poor campaign in 1998, but assert that he will be better prepared for this race. It shapes up as one of the most interesting rematches to keep an eye on this election cycle.

JAY CRYSTAL



ERNIE FLETCHER

**FLETCHER WILL HAVE
HIS HANDS FULL IF
SCOTTY BAESLER RUNS
FOR HIS OLD SEAT.**

BRUCE BREED



RICHARD BAKER

**A REMATCH BETWEEN
BAKER AND McKEITHEN
WOULD MAKE THIS A
CLOSE RACE IN 2000.**

MONTANA AT-LARGE (HILL)

Democrats are predicting that two-term GOP Rep. Rick Hill will meet his match this election in Democratic State Superintendent of Education Nancy Keenan. Now in her third term, she is a proven vote-getter. In fact, Keenan's campaign brags that she received 10,000 more votes than Hill did in 1996. And Hill didn't do himself much good in the publicity department when he argued, in a June article in *Roll Call*, that he was better qualified to serve in Congress than Keenan because he has raised a family. But Keenan's liberal political philosophy is likely to be a trouble spot for her in this conservative and Republican-trending state. And Hill, who beat his 1998 opponent, 53 percent to 44 percent, and raised \$1.2 million, should not be underestimated. The bigger issue at this point is that Hill, who is battling serious eye problems, has not yet made a decision about running. If he doesn't run, Demo-

crats will have an early edge. Either way, this is likely to be a lively race.

NORTH CAROLINA 8 (HAYES)

In 1998, GOP nominee Robin Hayes squeaked to an unexpectedly close victory with 51 percent of the vote over underfunded Democrat Mike Taylor. Taylor, who has already raised over \$100,000, is ready for a rematch, and Democrats are confident that he has the right profile to win in this swing district. Hayes, however, has the power of incumbency on his side. Besides, as a wealthy Cannon textile heir, Hayes will not be outspent by Taylor and is unlikely to be caught off guard again.

OKLAHOMA 2 (OPEN)

GOP Rep. Tom Coburn, who easily won re-election in 1998, is sticking by his pledge to retire after three terms, leaving Republicans in a precarious position. The most Democratic district in the state, the 2nd District has a deep Democratic heritage. Since 1920, it has been represented only twice by Republicans. But Republicans are in no way conceding this seat. Already, the party has four people in the race. Coburn is backing wealthy auto dealer Andy Ewing. In contrast, several high-profile Democrats, including state Attorney General Drew Edmondson, have already taken themselves out of the race. At this point, Democrats are rallying around attorney and former White House fellow Brad Carson, although he lacks a political base here. Republicans say that the less-than-impressive Democratic recruiting could keep this seat in their column. Democrats have an advantage in registration, but Republicans could make this a serious race.

PENNSYLVANIA 10 (SHERWOOD)

Last year, Republican Don Sherwood edged Democrat Pat Casey by a mere 515 votes. It was the closest House race of 1998. This year, Casey is gearing up for a rematch, arguing that in 2000 a strong top of the ticket that includes his brother, popular State Auditor Bobby Casey Jr., will give him the edge he needs to oust Sherwood. Republicans scoff at the notion of Casey coattails,

insisting that this district is perfectly comfortable splitting its ticket. In fact, in 1996 the district supported Clinton and former 18-term GOP Rep. Joe McDade. Further, Republicans note that voters in this district elected McDade for 36 years and are not prone to switching horses in midstream. Still, this is likely to be a hard-fought battle between two heavily financed candidates. Combined, the two candidates spent over \$3 million in 1998. As of June 30 this year, Casey had \$135,000 in the bank, while Sherwood reportedly had \$270,000 in his campaign account.

WASHINGTON 2 (OPEN)

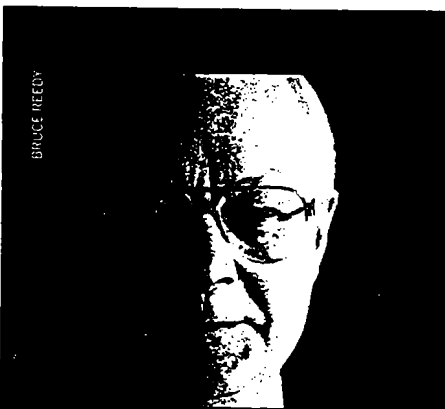
GOP Rep. Jack Metcalf's decision to keep his three-term-limit pledge leaves open one of the most competitive districts in the state. A classic swing district, the 2nd is evenly divided in registration between Republicans and Democrats and encompasses urban, suburban, rural, and coastal areas. That puts a premium on candidates who can relate to many concerns. At this point, two Democrats and two Republicans are taking a serious look at the race. Self-described moderate Democrats Rick Larsen, a Snohomish County councilman, and Jeff Morris, a state representative and former aide to former Rep. Al Swift, D-Wash., are actively running. Larsen, who kicked off his campaign in May, already boasts \$85,000 in the bank and the support of prominent local officials. Republicans look likely to have a more dangerous situation on their hands. Moderate Republicans are lining up behind former state Rep. and former Whidbey Island Naval Commander Barry Sehlin, while social conservatives are supporting state representative John Koster. A mid-September primary means that neither party can afford a fractured and money-draining battle only a few weeks before Election Day. ■

Amy Walter and Chris Cillizza contributed to this report.



www.cloakroom.com

Additional analysis by Charlie Cook appears each Tuesday on National Journal's Cloakroom, and is available to all subscribers.



DON SHERWOOD

BOTH SHERWOOD AND CASEY ARE GEARING UP FOR A REMATCH OF THEIR 1998 CONTEST.

Kennedy

Related

- For your file/action

SCHEDULING PROPOSAL: July 23, 1999

TMJ

ACCEPT	REGRET	PENDING
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TO: Stephanie Streett
Director of Scheduling and Advance

FROM: Thurgood Marshall, Jr. T.M.
Secretary to the Cabinet

REQUEST: To invite the President to be the Keynote Speaker at the Coast Guard Battle Streamer Ceremony.

PURPOSE: To publicly recognize the Coast Guard on the occasion of the service's 209th anniversary, which will be officially celebrated on August 4, 1999, and in light of the service's performance during the JFK Jr. tragedy. The specific event recognizes the contribution of the Revenue Cutter Service, predecessor of the United States Coast Guard, in securing the maritime borders of the United States in the earliest years of the Republic between 1790-1797. The highlight of the event will be the presentation of a medal and a battle streamer. The ceremony will also feature the Coast Guard and Department's role in national security.

BACKGROUND: Battle streamer ceremonies are very rare, prestigious events for the military services. This is the only battle streamer that is unique to the Coast Guard. The President's attendance will highlight the significance of this honor.

PREVIOUS PARTICIPATION: None

DATE AND TIME: Monday, 2 August 99, 1045 – 1200 (the ceremony will be approximately 75 minutes, preceded by a VIP reception).

DURATION: 30 minutes for the VIP reception, 45 minutes for the ceremony.

LOCATION: DOT Building or, alternatively, Fort McNair.

PARTICIPANTS: Secretary Slater, ADM Loy; DOD Deputy Secretary Hamre and Navy League, American Legion and VFW representatives

OUTLINE OF EVENTS:
VIP Reception/Prelude
Honors, colors, national anthem, invocation
Secretary Slater introduces President
President (Keynote Speaker)
Commandant's acceptance remarks

The President presents the battle streamer and Medal to the Commandant – both place it on the Coast Guard flag staff

Closing remarks and Benediction

REMARKS REQUIRED:

Yes, as the Keynote Speaker for approximately 10-12 minutes.
Focus would be on the Coast Guard's role as a unique
instrument of national security

MEDIA COVERAGE:

Open

RECOMMENDED BY:

Rodney E. Slater
Secretary of Transportation

CONTACT:

Jerry L. Malone
Chief of Staff
Department of Transportation
(202) 366-1103

U.S. Department of
TransportationOffice of the Secretary
of Transportation

Chief of Staff

400 Seventh St., S.W.
Washington, D.C. 20590**FAX TRANSMISSION COVER SHEET**DATE: 7/23/99TO: MR. Thurgood Marshall, JR.FAX NO: Cabinet Affairs

FROM: **Jerry L. Malone**
Chief of Staff
Office: (202) 366-1103
Fax: (202) 366-3956

Number of pages transmitted, including cover sheet: 2**Message:**

Attached is a Proposal for POTUS to participate in an August 2: USCG event here in D.C. where we could include an appropriate recognition of Adm. Harrabee and the First District Team. (And possibly the appropriate folks from state, local and Federal agencies, if appropriate).

Also, on another note, I am asking CG to update us on various matters regarding recent migrant interdiction efforts to enable you to fully consider this proposal.



U.S. Department of
Transportation
Office of the Secretary
of Transportation

JULY 23, 1999

TO: JAKE SEIWERT, WHITE HOUSE
PRESS OFFICE

(Follow-up on our call yesterday.)

The Coast Guard celebrates its
209th birthday August 4.

An event on August 2 in Washington
is already planned, led by
Secretary Slater and Commandant Loy
(a Battle Streamer ceremony
commemorating the work of the
Revenue Cutter Service from 1790-
97).

~~Briefly put, with the President's
participation, this ceremony could
easily be adjusted to recognize the
work of the First District and
Admiral Larrabee, and be held on
the lawn at Ft. McNair in SE (CG
cutter backdrop, etc., instead of
current plans for the DOT hdqts.
plaza).~~

Possible
Locations:

(1) DOT headquarters
Bldg. outdoor
Plaza;

(2) Lawn of Fort McNair
in S.E. D.C.
(CG cutter backdrop, etc.)

Bill Schulz
Bill Schulz

Kennedy Burial at Sea
July 26, 1999

Issue:

Is it fair that the Kennedy Burial at Sea happened within 24 hours, while many other families of deceased military members are currently backlogged for months for a ceremony at sea?

Main point (via DoD):

Kennedy's ceremony was NOT a Navy military ceremony. His remains were committed by his family members aboard a Navy ship, but it was not a military burial at sea ceremony.

The backlog issue, while not a satisfactory situation, is separate from the Kennedy burial. Questions about the backlog should be directed to the Navy, which is currently evaluating the situation.

Q: Why did John F. Kennedy, Jr. qualify for burial at sea from aboard a Navy ship?

A: When granted permission by the Navy, the following individuals are accorded disposition from a ship of casketed or inurned remains:

- Members of the uniformed services.
- Retired members of the uniformed services.
- Members discharged under honorable conditions.
- U.S. civilian marine personnel of the Military Sealift Command.
- Dependents of members and former members of the uniformed services.
- Other U.S. citizens who are determined eligible by the Chief of Naval Operations due to notable service or outstanding contributions to the United States.

Clearly, John F. Kennedy, Jr.'s contributions to his country are both notable and outstanding. These include heading up Reaching Up, a nonprofit group that provides educational and other opportunities for workers who help people with disabilities. Mr. Kennedy, along with his sister, also established the Profile in Courage Award. This award recognizes and promotes the quality of political courage and leadership valued by President Kennedy. Additionally, Mr. Kennedy was a member of the President's Commission on Mental Retardation and spent much of his life in public service, working for underprivileged youth, the homeless and the disabled.

Additionally, as the son of a former President of the United States who was a World War II Navy hero, the CNO determined that it is proper for the family to inter the remains of their loved one from the deck of a Navy ship.

Mr. Kennedy's burial at sea was not conducted with a military ceremony. Rather, his remains were committed to the sea by the family in a very simple, but dignified manner, from aboard a Navy ship.

Q: How many sets of cremains are at the Naval Hospital at Portsmouth awaiting burial at sea currently?

A: There are currently 49 cremains awaiting burial at sea. Of those, 22 have been scheduled for ships that will soon be underway. The remaining 27 will be scheduled as soon as ships are identified.

Q: How long have the cremains been there at Portsmouth?

A: Some of these cremains have been at the NMC Portsmouth since March and are awaiting burial at sea.

Q: Why the delay for these cremains?

A: There is typically a one to three month wait between the time cremains are received and the time the burial at sea occurs. Continuous efforts are made to conduct the burial at sea as quickly as possible, as soon as ships are available to perform the appropriate ceremony. Occasionally, families request a certain type of ship and that may cause additional delay as the Navy works to accommodate the request.

Q: What is the Navy doing to address this situation?

A: Admiral Paul Reason, Atlantic Fleet Commander, is personally engaged and has directed that the backlog be cleared as quickly as possible. He has also directed that current procedures be reviewed to determine if the amount of time cremains are held by the Navy prior to interment can be reduced. The Navy continues to conduct burials at sea as quickly as possible, in an effort to assist in the closure process for families of the deceased.

Send to
Thurgood

This came from
Mingon.

29613 Gleneagles Road
Perrysburg, Ohio 43551
July 21, 1999

President William Clinton
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, DC 20006

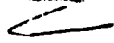
Subject: FAA Modernization of Our Air Traffic Control System

President Clinton,

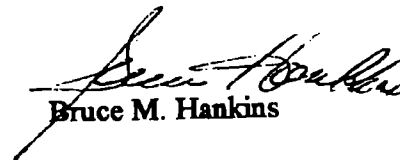
I fly, you fly, we all fly.

How about getting some funding and staffing for the FAA to bring this system up

Yes, it's important, thanks for your support.



Respectfully submitted,


Bruce M. Hankins

BG SENTINEL

Saturday, July 17, 1999 - Page 3

FAA's radar blamed for flight delays

By CLIFF EDWARDS
AP Business Writer

CHICAGO — Airlines say they're losing hundreds of millions of dollars because aging radar systems are being replaced with ones that do not work much better—and sometimes are worse.

"The chronic air traffic delays we suffer at O'Hare and elsewhere are killing us," Jim Goodwin, chairman of United Airlines' parent UAL Corp., said Thursday in Chicago.

"We will never have the on-time record we want unless the (FAA) can ensure that their system keeps up with growth."

The air traffic control system is managed by the Federal Aviation Administration, which is installing \$13 billion in improvements.

An array of radar glitches—caused by software troubles, power outages and lightning strikes—in the past few weeks have forced airlines to delay or cancel hundreds of flights. In Philadelphia in May, controllers lost radio communication with six planes.

The FAA contends only 3 percent of air traffic problems are attributed to equipment troubles, and that three-quarters of the delays are due to bad weather.

But officials at American Airlines and Delta Air Lines, the nation's second- and third-largest carriers, contend the FAA is falling down on the job.

The FAA's existing equipment is based on technology developed in the 1970s and 1980s. Newer systems are planned, but the FAA delayed the rollout of a new \$1 billion system by Raytheon Co. this year after it was found to sometimes operate slower than the old system.

Controllers trying to familiarize themselves with the new equipment have also resulted in delays.

David Stempier, president of a passenger advocacy group, the Air Travelers Association, said both sides should shoulder some of the blame.

"If there's a lack of infrastructure for the airlines to move their planes and passengers, then that's ultimately the failure of government, not only federal but state and local."

Air traffic techs upset

WASHINGTON (AP) — Technicians who maintain the nation's air traffic control system are protesting because they believe equipment is being rushed into service without sufficient testing or training.

They planned to leaflet 21 airports across the country today with their complaints.

The Federal Aviation Administration, which is responsible for ensuring the system's safety, said the labor union representing the 10,000 technicians is merely trying to spur along stalled contract negotiations.

"We go through an extensive development and testing of equipment before it is even sent to the specific air traffic facility," said the FAA's William Shumann.

The Professional Airways Systems Specialists union says a "rush to modernize" the system has caused equipment outages and traffic delays at facilities controlling air travel in several cities, including Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, New York and L.A.

"The biggest problem is that the Federal Aviation Administration is not listening to its highly skilled technicians about how the outages can be avoided," said a statement by union President Michael D. Fanfalone. "The agency has also refused to provide appropriate staffing levels or to train employees on new technology so they can quickly deal with equipment failures."

BG SENTINEL 7/16/99



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Text of Eulogy by Sen. Kennedy

The Associated Press
 Friday, July 23, 1999; 3:27 p.m. EDT

Text of the eulogy delivered by John F. Kennedy Jr.'s uncle, Sen. Edward Kennedy, D-Mass:

Thank you, President and Mrs. Clinton and Chelsea, for being here today. You've shown extraordinary kindness through the course of this week.

Once, when they asked John what he would do if he went into politics and was elected president, he said, "I guess the first thing is call up Uncle Teddy and gloat." I loved that. It was so like his father.

From the first day of his life, John seemed to belong not only to our family, but to the American family.

The whole world knew his name before he did.

A famous photograph showed John racing across the lawn as his father landed in the White House helicopter and swept up John in his arms. When my brother saw that photo, he exclaimed, "Every mother in the United States is saying, 'Isn't it wonderful to see that love between a son and his father, the way that John races to be with his father.' Little do they know, that son would have raced right by his father to get to that helicopter."

But John was so much more than those long ago images emblazoned in our minds. He was a boy who grew into a man with a zest for life and a love of adventure. He was a pied piper who brought us all along. He was blessed with a father and mother who never thought anything mattered more than their children.

When they left the White House, Jackie's soft and gentle voice and unbreakable strength of spirit guided him surely and securely to the future. He had a legacy, and he learned to treasure it. He was part of a legend, and he learned to live with it. Above all, Jackie gave him a place to be himself, to grow up, to laugh and cry, to dream and strive on his own.

John learned that lesson well. He had amazing grace. He accepted who he was, but he cared more about what he could and should become. He saw things that could be lost in the glare of the spotlight. And he could laugh at the absurdity of too much pomp and circumstance.

He loved to travel across the city by subway, bicycle and roller blade. He lived as if he were unrecognizable, although he was known by



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He loved to travel across the city by subway, bicycle and roller blade. He lived as if he were unrecognizable, although he was known by

everyone he encountered. He always introduced himself, rather than take anything for granted. He drove his own car and flew his own plane, which is how he wanted it. He was the king of his domain.

He thought politics should be an integral part of our popular culture, and that popular culture should be an integral part of politics. He transformed that belief into the creation of "George." John shaped and honed a fresh, often irreverent journal. His new political magazine attracted a new generation, many of whom had never read about politics before.

John also brought to "George" a wit that was quick and sure. The premier issue of "George" caused a stir with a cover photograph of Cindy Crawford dressed as George Washington with a bare belly button. The "Reliable Source" in The Washington Post printed a mock cover of "George" showing not Cindy Crawford, but me dressed as George Washington, with my belly button exposed. I suggested to John that perhaps I should have been the model for the first cover of his magazine. Without missing a beat, John told me that he stood by his original editorial decision.

John brought this same playful wit to other aspects of his life. He campaigned for me during my 1994 election and always caused a stir when he arrived in Massachusetts. Before one of his trips to Boston, John told the campaign he was bringing along a companion, but would need only one hotel room.

Interested, but discreet, a senior campaign worker picked John up at the airport and prepared to handle any media barrage that might accompany John's arrival with his mystery companion. John landed with the companion all right -- an enormous German shepherd dog named Sam he had just rescued from the pound.

He loved to talk about the expression on the campaign worker's face and the reaction of the clerk at the Charles Hotel when John and Sam checked in.

I think now not only of these wonderful adventures, but of the kind of person John was. He was the son who quietly gave extraordinary time and ideas to the Institute of Politics at Harvard that bears his father's name. He brought to the institute his distinctive insight that politics could have a broader appeal, that it was not just about elections, but about the larger forces that shape our whole society.

John was also the son who was once protected by his mother. He went on to become her pride -- and then her protector in her final days. He was the Kennedy who loved us all, but who especially cherished his sister Caroline, celebrated her brilliance, and took strength and joy from their lifelong mutual admiration society.

And for a thousand days, he was a husband who adored the wife who became his perfect soul mate. John's father taught us all to reach for the moon and the stars. John did that in all he did -- and he found his shining star when he married Carolyn Bessette.

How often our family will think of the two of them, cuddling affectionately on a boat, surrounded by family -- aunts, uncles,

everyone he encountered. He always introduced himself, rather than take anything for granted. He drove his own car and flew his own plane, which is how he wanted it. He was the king of his domain.

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Caroline and Ed and their children, Rose, Tatiana, and Jack, Kennedy cousins, Radziwill cousins, Shriver cousins, Smith cousins, Lawford cousins -- as we sailed Nantucket Sound.

Then we would come home, and before dinner, on the lawn where his father had played, John would lead a spirited game of touch football. And his beautiful young wife, the new pride of the Kennedys, would cheer for John's team and delight her nieces and nephews with her somersaults.

We loved Carolyn. She and her sister Lauren were young extraordinary women of high accomplishment -- and their own limitless possibilities. We mourn their loss and honor their lives. The Bessette and Freeman families will always be part of ours.

John was a serious man who brightened our lives with his smile and his grace. He was a son of privilege who founded a program called Reaching Up to train better caregivers for the mentally disabled.

He joined Wall Street executives on the Robin Hood Foundation to help the city's impoverished children. And he did it all so quietly, without ever calling attention to himself.

John was one of Jackie's two miracles. He was still becoming the person he would be, and doing it by the beat of his own drummer. He had only just begun. There was in him a great promise of things to come.

The Irish Ambassador recited a poem to John's father and mother soon after John was born. I can hear it again now, at this different and difficult moment:

“We wish to the new child,
A heart that can be beguiled,
By a flower,
That the wind lifts,
As it passes.
If the storms break for him,
May the trees shake for him,
Their blossoms down.
In the night that he is troubled,
May a friend wake for him,
So that his time be doubled,
And at the end of all loving and love
May the Man above,

Caroline and Ed and their children, Rose, Tatiana, and Jack, Kennedy cousins, Radziwill cousins, Shriver cousins, Smith cousins, Lawford cousins -- as we sailed Nantucket Sound.

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So that his time be doubled,
And at the end of all loving and love
May the Man above,

Give him a crown."

We thank the millions who have rained blossoms down on John's memory. He and his bride have gone to be with his mother and father, where there will never be an end to love. He was lost on that troubled night, but we will always wake for him, so that his time, which was not doubled, but cut in half, will live forever in our memory, and in our beguiled and broken hearts.

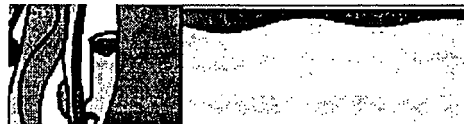
We dared to think, in that other Irish phrase, that this John Kennedy would live to comb gray hair, with his beloved Carolyn by his side. But like his father, he had every gift but length of years.

We who have loved him from the day he was born, and watched the remarkable man he became, now bid him farewell.

God bless you, John and Carolyn. We love you and we always will.

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[Back to the top](#)



Anne W. Bovaird
07/25/99 03:11:56 PM

Record Type: Record

To: Thurgood Marshall Jr/WHO/EOP@EOP, Kris M Balderston/WHO/EOP@EOP

cc:

Subject: Kennedy-related press conference quotes

Q Mr. President, you mentioned the Kennedy tragedy at the beginning of the news conference. Could you please give us a better understanding of what the White House role has been in the conduct of the recovery operation and the decision-making on the release of information about it?

THE PRESIDENT: Well, I think that -- I am unaware of any role we have played in the decision-making of the release of information, except, let me say that today a lot of things are breaking in a hurry, and I believe there are some decisions that ought to be announced by the Kennedy family, and others that ought to be properly announced by either the Coast Guard or the NTSB.

So we have not tried -- to the best of my knowledge, had any role in the timing or substance of release of information. And we have had no role in the conduct of the operation except that I did talk to Admiral Larrabee, I think it was the day before yesterday, at a time when the operation might normally have ceased, and he said, I think we have a chance to find something else because of the equipment we have here, even though it's difficult and I'm inclined to believe because of the circumstances here and because who's involved that we ought to go on a little more. And I said that I would support it and defend it. And I think it was the right decision.

Q Mr. President, if you'll allow me to ask about two different topics. On the Kennedy search, sir, there have been conflicting reports about whether or not Mr. Kennedy's body has, in fact, been recovered. I understand that based upon the answer you just gave, that might not be a question that you'd want to address, but, perhaps, given the fact that there is this conflicting information you could answer that question.

THE PRESIDENT: ...I just don't think I should make an announcement about that. I am aware of what the Coast Guard has done and what they have found as of five minutes before I came out here. But I simply -- I just don't think it's appropriate for me -- I'll be glad to comment on whatever they want to say, but I think I should leave it for them to talk.

Q Thank you, Mr. President. On the Kennedy tragedy, sir, will you authorize the Navy to participate in a burial at sea ceremony? Why do you believe it's justified to spend so many federal resources on this tragedy? And, finally, sir, I wonder if you would give us your thoughts on Mr. Kennedy's last visit here to the White House. I understand you and the First Lady took him on a tour.

THE PRESIDENT: Well, we have received -- I have received no official word, personal word from the family what burial arrangements they want. Until they make a statement about it, I just don't feel that I can say anything.

Secondly, I will say that until just a couple of days ago the recovery efforts -- the rescue, then the recovery efforts that were undertaken were consistent with what would have been done in any other case. Because the Coast Guard felt that they had the capacity to succeed in this if they had a few more days, and because of the role of the Kennedy family in our national lives, and because of the enormous losses that they have sustained in our lifetimes, I thought it was appropriate to give them a few more days. And if anyone believes that was wrong, the Coast Guard is not at fault; I am. It was because I thought it was the right thing to do under the circumstances.

Now, you asked about -- John Kennedy had actually not been back to the White House since his father was killed, until I became President. First, he was on an advisory committee that made a report to me and he came back to the Oval Office, where he saw the desk that he took the famous picture in, coming through the gate, for the first time since he was a little boy.

And then last year -- maybe you would have a better memory than I would, but it seems to me it was last May, when we had the event at the White House celebrating the series that HBO did on the Apollo program. Do you remember they did a series on the space program that was done after the movie came out? And Tom Hanks came, a lot of people came. And he was invited because of his father's role in starting the space program. And he and Carolyn came. And afterward I asked them if they would like to go upstairs, and he said he would. So I took him upstairs and showed him the residence, which he'd not seen since he was a tiny boy.

And I showed him some of my -- the memorabilia that I had from his father's service. I have a picture of his father speaking to the Irish Parliament, and a number of other things which he thought were very interesting. And we took a -- we had a very nice evening. And I sent him the pictures from it. And then, in return, he sent me a signed copy of his favorite picture of his father, which is now upstairs. It's John Kennedy campaigning in Virginia, in Charlottesville in 1960. It's quite a lovely picture -- interesting picture.

But it was a nice night. I think that he really wanted to kind of come to terms with all of it. And I think he and Carolyn, they were delightful young people, and they had a great time here that night. And Hillary and I loved having them here. It was quite a great night.

Q To just follow on that, sir, just one question, if I may. Is there anything that Mr. Kennedy said to you that night that particularly struck you?

THE PRESIDENT: We just had a friendly conversation. You know, I knew him pretty well by then. We'd been -- I met him years ago when he was a law student, doing a summer internship with Mickey Kantor's law firm out in Los Angeles, long before I ever thought I'd be here and before I ever thought we'd have any other contacts. He just happened to be -- Mickey asked me if I'd speak to his law clerks, because I was in LA to give an education speech, and I went by and visited with them and he was there. And we had been together on many occasions since then.

The thing that struck me was I thought he was -- he said he was glad to be back. And I think he -- he was a very deliberate person, as many people have noticed, about when he would be publicly exposed and all of that. He had his mother's care for having a private life. And I think that he had not -- I'm not sure he had really felt he wanted to come back to the White House before he did. But especially in light of everything that's happened, I'm glad he had the chance to come back here one more time and see the residence and know where he was when he was a little boy. I'm glad he did that. I'm grateful that that happened.



Kris M Balderston
07/23/99 09:41:03 AM



Record Type: Record

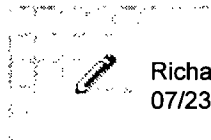
To: Anne W. Bovaird/WHO/EOP@EOP, Thurgood Marshall Jr/WHO/EOP@EOP

cc:

Subject: from the globe

for goody's file

----- Forwarded by Kris M Balderston/WHO/EOP on 07/23/99 09:40 AM -----



Richard L. Siewert
07/23/99 09:28:33 AM

Record Type: Record

To: Kris M Balderston/WHO/EOP@EOP, Thurgood Marshall Jr/WHO/EOP@EOP, Philip J. Crowley/NSC/EOP@EOP

cc:

Subject: from the globe

Expansive naval aid tied to family's service to
US

By Anne E. Kornblut, Globe Staff, 07/23/99

ASHINGTON - The Navy played an extraordinary role in the recovery and burial at sea of John F. Kennedy Jr., deploying hundreds of crew members and two of its finest vessels to a mission almost never ordered for veterans or military personnel.

About 500 members of the military and their children are buried at sea each year. But they are buried en masse, their ashes scattered during normal naval exercises, without their families on board, a Navy official said yesterday.

By contrast, the Navy transported Kennedy family members yesterday to the ocean burial site aboard the USS Briscoe. The destroyer, which costs the Pentagon approximately \$87,000 a day, had been directed to Massachusetts from the Virginia shore the night before. In addition two Navy chaplains were flown in, after Defense Secretary William S. Cohen agreed to a request from Senator Edward M. Kennedy and the family of Carolyn Bessette Kennedy and her sister, Lauren Bessette.

Ultimately, the cost of the Navy's involvement could run as high as

\$400,000, according to estimates by military analysts and a General Accounting Office report listing annual expenses.

Navy Lieutenant Commander Irene Smith said the event was "not unprecedented." Under Navy rules, children of military personnel or "other US citizens who are determined eligible ... due to notable service or outstanding contributions to the United States" can be granted permission for burial at sea.

Kennedy qualified, according to a Pentagon statement, not only because his father was president and a World War II Navy hero, but also because Kennedy's own "contributions to his country are both notable and outstanding." The statement cited his role as head of Reaching Up, a nonprofit group that assists people who work with people with disabilities, and his role on the President's Commission on Mental Retardation.

Nonetheless, officials were hard-pressed to recall naval participation in a ceremony such as yesterday's, in which none of the deceased had served in the military or held elected office. Analysts also said the Navy's three-day role in the search and recovery far exceeded normal practices, except when the accident involves a military plane.

"It's quite unusual," said retired Admiral Eugene Carroll, who spent 37 years as a Navy pilot. "General aviation pilots crash all the time, and they don't go diving for submerged wrecks. That's almost unheard of. If there hadn't been direct directions from the White House, this would not have happened."

Smith, the Navy spokeswoman, also said it was highly irregular for a ship's course to be altered for a funeral. Under normal circumstances, she said, Navy officials "will not get a ship underway just for a burial, because of fuel constraints."

"It takes a lot of money to get the ship underway," she said. "This was a request from Senator Kennedy."

President Clinton earlier defended extending the time period for recovering Kennedy's plane "because of the role of the Kennedy family in our national lives and because of the enormous losses they have sustained in our lifetimes."

"If anyone believes that was wrong, the Coast Guard is not at fault - I am," Clinton said at a news conference Wednesday. The USS Grasp, the Navy salvage ship that was brought off the coast of Martha's Vineyard on Monday to retrieve the plane and the victims, was believed to be returning to Virginia later this week.

Vice President Al Gore yesterday defended Clinton's decision to extend the Coast Guard search, saying it was appropriate given the Kennedy family's connection to the country.

"I think it was clearly the right thing to do," Gore said in an interview with WMUR-TV in New Hampshire.

The Pentagon said yesterday that although the Defense secretary directed

the destroyer to be used for the Kennedy funeral, the "impact on the operational schedule of the Briscoe was minimal." The ship, which carries 300 sailors and 26 officers, sailed from the waters off Virginia on Wednesday afternoon and is scheduled to return there today.

"The ship was going to be at sea anyway," Pentagon spokesman Kenneth H. Bacon said.

And yet Bacon also confirmed that the military has been forced to cut back its participation in veterans' funerals in recent years.

Whereas many veterans once received a military detail at their funerals - such as having two soldiers present to fold an American flag and a third to play "Taps" on the bugle - the Pentagon is now "not able to provide full teams," Bacon said. Army Lieutenant Colonel Tom Begines also said it is an "increasing strain to provide honors," primarily because of a lack of resources and the growing number of older veterans.

"Seeing the ship off Martha's Vineyard, that would pay for a lot of buglers for a lot of people who've done a lot more for their country," said John Pike, a defense analyst for the Federation of American Scientists in Washington. Pike's father, who served in World War II and the Korean war, died several weeks ago and was denied a bugle player at his funeral by the Army, he said.

The Pentagon has not raised the subject of reimbursement by the Kennedy family, and does not break out the costs of its ships per day. An associate of the Kennedy family said last night that the family had not discussed paying the military, but would make a reimbursement if there is an appropriate way to do so.

To many, payment hardly seemed appropriate, or necessary. "Most people, except Kennedy-haters, can't even understand the question," said Stephen Hess, a presidential scholar at the Brookings Institution, a Washington-based think tank.

"That's what a grateful nation does. We don't bury James Dean or Elvis Presley, but we haven't had many presidents assassinated, and I think we should feel some special responsibility," Hess said. "I think it's just plain an exception to the rule, something the nation chooses to wink at because of the uniqueness of the situation. You don't write rules or regulations for a situation this unique."



U.S. Department of
Transportation

Office of the Secretary
of Transportation

Chief of Staff

400 Seventh St., S.W.
Washington, D.C. 20590

FAX TRANSMISSION COVER SHEET

DATE: 7/22/99

TO: Thurgood Marshall, Jr.

FAX NO: _____

FROM: Jerry L. Malone
Chief of Staff
Office: (202) 366-1103
Fax: (202) 366-3956

Number of pages transmitted, including cover sheet: _____

Message:

This is the chart (see page 4 attached)
that was passed out at the NOAA
press conference yesterday.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES
THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1999

Bodies From Kennedy Crash Are Found



Senator Edward M. Kennedy and four of John Kennedy's cousins (from left, Patrick, Douglas, Edward Jr. and Maxwell) helped carry one of the crash victim's coffin from a Coast Guard boat yesterday.

DAVID RYAN/The Boston Globe

(2)

By MIKE ALLEN

WOODS HOLE, Mass., July 21 — On the fifth day of a search that accompanied a great national wake, a red sonar blotch led searchers to the bodies of John F. Kennedy Jr. and his two passengers, trapped in the shattered fuselage of his plane on the floor of the Atlantic Ocean.

Mr. Kennedy's remains were located about 2:30 A.M. by an underwater camera checking objects detected by sonar. Several hours later, Navy divers in heavy-duty gear moved the crumpled wreckage and found the passengers from his flight through black haze last Friday night — his wife, Carolyn Bessette Kennedy, 33, and his sister-in-law, Lauren G. Bessette, 34.

The bodies were raised about 4:30 P.M. The discovery marked the conclusion of a frantic search that had begun Saturday morning after Mr. Kennedy did not arrive at Martha's Vineyard, where he had planned to land before attending a family wedding. Rescuers fanned out by air, sea

Plan Is for Cremation With Ashes to Be Scattered at Sea

and land, over 9,000 square miles. The first certain clue to what had happened came Saturday afternoon, when a luggage tag bearing the name of Lauren Bessette washed ashore on Martha's Vineyard.

The three bodies were found at 116 feet, about seven miles southwest of Martha's Vineyard. At a news conference tonight at the investigation's command center in Bourne, Rear Adm. Richard M. Larrabee of the Coast Guard said that all three victims were "near and under" the fuselage, still strapped in.

Kennedy family members, citing his wishes and hoping to avoid having a spectacle made of Mr. Kennedy's final resting place, have decided to have his body cremated and his ashes scattered at sea in a Navy

ceremony, a family adviser said. Plans call for the women's ashes to be scattered at sea as well.

The Navy destroyer *Briscoe*, which had been training in the area, moved toward Cape Cod for the training in the area, moved toward Cape Cod for the scattering of the ashes, which could take place as early as Thursday.

Just after noon today, Senator Edward M. Kennedy boarded a Coast Guard helicopter at his compound in nearby Hyannis Port and was taken to the Navy salvage ship *Grasp* to witness the recovery. Senator Kennedy was joined by his two sons, Representative Patrick J. Kennedy and Edward M. Kennedy Jr. The Senator and his sons accompanied the bodies tonight to the Coast Guard station in this fishing village at the heel of Cape Cod.

The Massachusetts State Police escorted the coroner's vans on yet another dark Kennedy motorcade, this time to the Barnstable County Medical Examiner's Office in Po-

Continued on Page A11

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7

Bodies Found in Wreck Of Kennedy's Small Plane

Continued From Page A1

casket, where autopsies will be performed before the bodies are returned to the families, Senator Kennedy refused at the office for about half an hour.

Admiral Larrabee said the Senator and his sons had "made a request to come out prior to the time that the victims were removed, and they were on board for quite a while before we actually recovered the victims."

The water temperature, about 52 degrees, helped preserve the bodies, an investigator said in an interview.

Mr. Kennedy, 28, was piloting a single-engine Piper Saratoga with his wife and sister-in-law aboard when it was lost in the Atlantic on Friday night. He had intended to take Lauren Bessette off at Martha's Vineyard, then fly on to Hyannis Port

for the Saturday wedding of his cousin, Rory Kennedy.

The family decided after much debate to have a private memorial service. The service will be held in New York City at a Roman Catholic church that Mr. Kennedy's late mother, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, attended, the Church of St. Thomas More, on 88th Street between Park and Madison. The church seats 350.

The service, described in the family announcement as "a Mass to celebrate the lives of Carolyn Bessette Kennedy and John F. Kennedy Jr.," will be held at 11 A.M. Friday. The White House said President Clinton and Hillary Rodham Clinton would attend.

Mr. Kennedy's sister, Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg, had argued in favor of a small service. Instead of a large service in a cathedral, a family source said.

A memorial service for Lauren Bessette will be held at 7 P.M. Saturday at Christ Church in Greenwich, Conn. It, too, is by invitation only.

New York's Irish community planned a public memorial service for Thursday night at Old St. Patrick's Cathedral, 263 Mulberry St.

Capt. Christopher C. Murray, the Navy's superintendent of diving, said the divers made the recovery in difficult conditions; visibility was less than eight feet, the current was strong and the ocean floor was littered with rocks and boulders.

The divers, who descended in cages that work like elevators, were attached to the Grasp by oxygen and radio lines, with divers standing by on the ship in case one of those beneath got hurt or tangled in the wreckage. Now that the bodies have been removed, divers will use straps and cables to form slings around the remaining pieces of plane before hoisting them on the Grasp's boom, which can lift 40 tons.

President Clinton, who has talked continually with Kennedy family members since the plane was reported missing, said he had authorized a continuation of the unusually long search, which has been criticized as excessive for three private citizens.

"Because of the role of the Kennedy family in our national lives and because of the enormous losses that they have sustained in our lifetime, I thought it was appropriate to give them a few more days," Mr. Clinton

A City Prepares

Although the memorial service tomorrow for John F. Kennedy Jr. and Carolyn Bessette Kennedy is intended to be a small, private affair, it was apparent last night that the event, at a church on the Upper East Side, will bring throngs of media and traffic snarls to the area.

From noon today until late tomorrow afternoon, 88th through 91st Streets will be closed to traffic from Lexington Avenue to Fifth Avenue, the police said, in part because President and Mrs. Clinton are planning to attend the service. The Church of St. Thomas More, the site of the service, is on 88th Street between Park and Madison Avenues.

The police have also restricted parking for members of the press, who will not be allowed into the service, to Madison and Park Avenues south of 88th Street. Television vans were jockeying for parking spaces last night, double-parking while waiting for cars to leave.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES NATIONAL THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1999

+ YNE A



One of two vans carrying the bodies of the victims left the Coast Guard station at Woods Hole, Mass., yesterday, headed for a coroner's office. Keith Meyers/The New York Times

said this afternoon during a news conference on other topics.

"If anyone believes that was wrong, the Coast Guard is not at fault — I am," Mr. Clinton said. "It was because I thought it was the right thing to do under the circumstances."

According to the official announcement by the National Transportation Safety Board, "a large portion of the fuselage" was discovered about 11:40 P.M. Tuesday.

Mr. Kennedy's body was identified within three hours. Then in a 45-minute dive that began just before noon today, Navy divers located the other two bodies. This afternoon, a second set of divers recovered them.

The debris field, which investigators call the plane's "splash point," is just off Gay Head, the western tip of Martha's Vineyard, and near a private beach that Mrs. Onassis left to her children.

The piece of fuselage, about 8 to 10 feet long, was also recovered tonight, Admiral Larrabee said. He said the propeller was nearby, and said searchers found "wires, seats, the kinds of things that you can imagine that would be the result of a high-impact contact with the water."

Investigators said Mr. Kennedy's plane was plunging at 5,000 feet per minute just before radar contact was

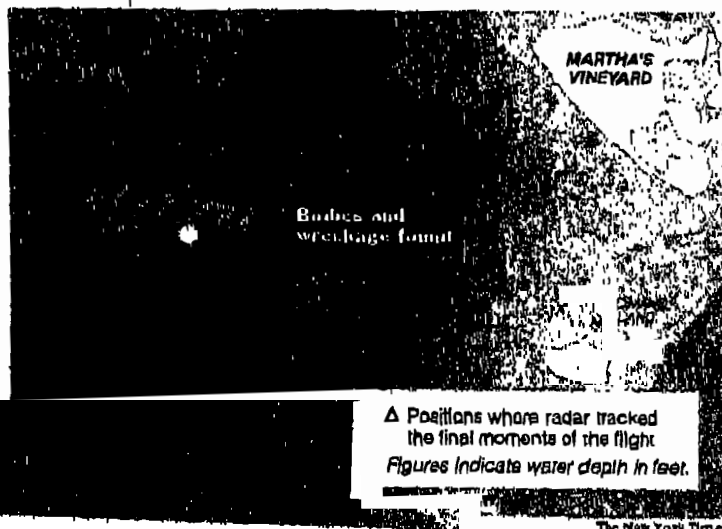
GRIEVING ON A MANHATTAN STREET

The procession of mourners at John F. Kennedy Jr.'s Tribeca apartment grew as his body was found. New York Report, page A17.

lost Friday night, and pilots and aviation authorities said the description that has been provided seems to indicate a "graveyard spiral," a corkscrew descent in which the pilot becomes disoriented and, desperate to right the plane, loses control.

Commitment at sea is a ritual that extends back to the ancient Greeks, who dropped a coin in the mouth of the deceased for the toll at the River Styx. Paul L. Stillwell, the director of history at the Naval Institute, a private educational organization, said the service has become more rare now that bodies can be airlifted off ships at sea. With a cremation, the ashes are allowed to blow off the stern of the ship, to the accompaniment of three rifle volleys.

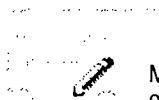
A Navy official said commitment at sea is typically performed for active or retired members of the service, their spouses and their dependent children. But Navy regulations allow for the service to be performed for "notable service or outstanding contributions to the United States."



The death of Mr. Kennedy, who grew up before the nation from a rich scion to a ruggedly glamorous entrepreneur, has provoked an outpouring of mourning and nostalgia for America's best-known political family. As crowds thronged the Kennedys' home in New York and any place with a Kennedy connection, the John F. Kennedy Hyannis Museum, operated by the Hyannis Area Chamber

of Commerce, added an ariel this afternoon featuring a quote from President Kennedy, who was assassinated three days before his son turned 3.

"We are tied to the ocean," President Kennedy said in 1962 at a dinner celebrating the America's Cup. "When we go back to the sea, whether it is to sail or to watch it, we are going back from whence we came."



Margaret M. Suntum
07/18/99 04:26:45 PM

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To: See the distribution list at the bottom of this message

cc:

Subject: remarks about John F. Kennedy, Jr., Carolyn Kennedy, and Lauren Bessette

THE WHITE HOUSE

Office of the Press Secretary

For Immediate Release

July 18, 1999

STATEMENT BY THE PRESIDENT ON JOHN F. KENNEDY, JR., CAROLYN KENNEDY, AND LAUREN BESSETTE

The South Grounds

4:13 P.M. EDT

THE PRESIDENT: As the search continues, I want to express our family's support, and offer our prayers and those of all Americans for John Kennedy, Jr.; his wife, Carolyn; her sister, Lauren; and to their fine families.

I also want to thank the Coast Guard and all those who have worked so hard in this endeavor.

For more than 40 years now, the Kennedy family has inspired Americans to public service, strengthened our faith in the future, and moved our nation forward. Through it all they have suffered much, and given more.

In recent years, in particular, John Kennedy, Jr. and Carolyn have captured our

imagination and won our affection. I will always be grateful for their kindnesses to Hillary and Chelsea and me.

At this difficult moment, we hope the families of these three fine young people will feel the strength of God, the love of their friends, and the prayers of their fellow citizens.

END

4:15 P.M. EDT

Message Sent To: _____

PERSPECTIVES

"It's hard not to be mindful of the historical resonance here. There is a collective pain we all feel for this family."

Thurgood Marshall Jr., Clinton administration cabinet secretary, on news that the plane carrying John F. Kennedy Jr., his wife and his sister-in-law crashed in the waters off Martha's Vineyard



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"After landing ... I realized I was going to have to say—something."

Apollo 11 astronaut Neil Armstrong, reminiscing about his "one giant leap for mankind" line on the 30th anniversary of the first lunar voyage

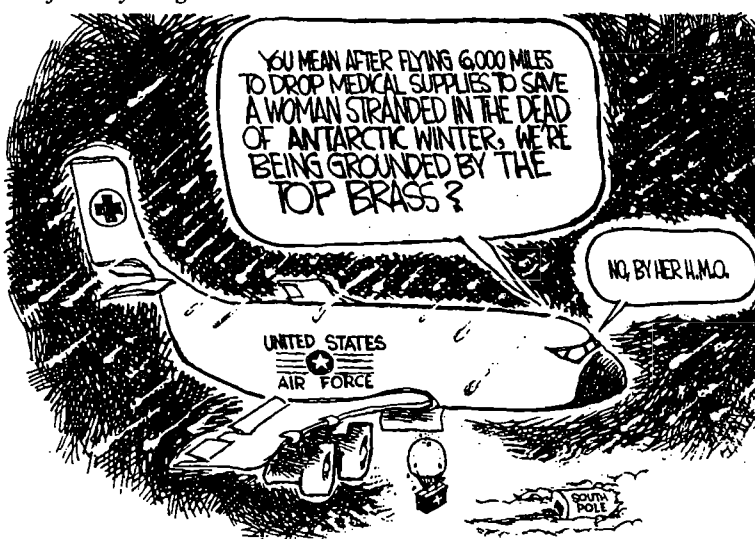
"Both sides have suffered enough." Israeli Prime Minister **Ehud Barak**, pledging in a press conference with Palestinian leader Yasir Arafat to carry out U.S.-brokered peace accords between Israel and the Palestinians

"Well, folks, Governor 'Flash in the Pan' Ventura 'Ain't Got Time to Bleed' apparently also ain't got time to think." Texas Reform Party leader **Paul Truax**, on Minnesota Gov. Jesse Ventura, who has challenged Ross Perot for control of the national Reform Party

"I'm feeling like a newborn." New U.S. citizen **Sergel Khrushchev**, after pledging allegiance to the country his father, former Soviet leader Nikita Khrushchev, once promised to "bury"

"He stuck out his hand or I stuck out my hand and we just shook hands and then I handcuffed him." Texas Ranger **Drew Carter**, describing how Angel Maturino Reséndez, a drifter suspected of murdering nine people, surrendered to him in a deal Carter negotiated with the suspect's sister to end a six-week manhunt

"Can all this be done very quickly so I can say I'm guilty?" Reséndez, in court on a burglary charge tied to the killings, just hours before he was formally charged with murder



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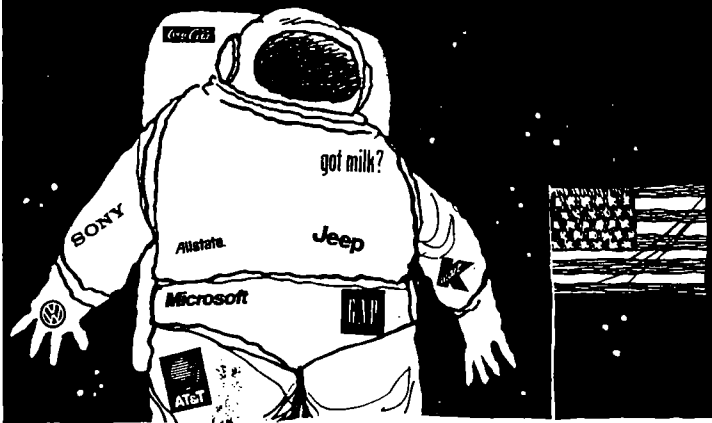
"This does not mean that if you're highly educated, your brain will shrink." Neurologist **Steven DeKosky**, on new evidence that people with higher education levels lose more brain cells as they grow older than those who are less educated

"I feel like I'm on 'Baywatch'!" Hillary Rodham Clinton, surrounded by lifeguards on a Long Island beach during her New York state "listening tour"

"If I had a revelation, I'd tell you. I've never spoken to God. I'd be doggone p---ed off if anyone said that." Utah Sen. **Orrin Hatch**, on reports that he was divinely inspired to seek the Republican presidential nomination

"The first thought I had was, 'Oh, good!' The second thought I had was 'Oh, no!'" British civil servant **David Chuter**, upon winning the annual Bulwer-Lytton Fiction Contest, a competition in bad writing

IF MAN LANDED ON THE MOON TODAY...



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TMJ Your copy - I've got one on file!



Seeing and believing: Without a view like this one, the human brain can trick pilots into crashing

FLYING

Making Small Planes Safer

Science looks for ways to keep pilots from getting disoriented

BY BETH DICKEY AND
ADAM ROGERS

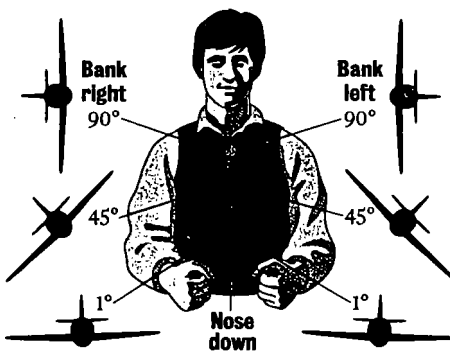
ANYONE WHO'S FLOWN IN AN airplane has felt the odd, disconnected sensation of looking out the window and seeing that the plane is banking into a turn, and yet *knowing* that the floor of the cabin is still solidly "down." It's called spatial disorientation, and for air passengers it's less annoying than, say, crummy food. Pilots take it more seriously. When they lose visual cues, in darkness or clouds, their instruments are supposed to help prevent them from flying off the straight-and-level. Yet spatial disorientation accounted for 1,022 general-aviation accidents from 1976 to 1992, according to the Federal Aviation Administration. Some crash experts think it caused the fatal crash of John F. Kennedy Jr.'s plane last month.

Science may offer help. The way human beings perceive their own movement is fairly well understood. Now researchers from diverse fields are using that knowledge to help pilots resist spatial disorientation. The new technologies are still experimental, years away from common use. But as the military asks for an increased edge for its combat fliers and aviation becomes a more popular civilian pastime, researchers are leveraging the senses of touch and vision to help the brain tell up from down.

Human beings figure out their position in and movement through space in three ways. Vision is the most obvious; second is a set of fluid-filled channels in the inner ear that register motion. When these channels go out of whack, we get motion sickness. But when visual information isn't available, the brain misreads both inner-ear data and sensations coming from the somatosensory system—nerves in the skin, joints and muscles—and it gets confused about direction. In the air, "those two sys-

No Instruments Needed

Equipped with "tactors" that vibrate when the plane changes orientation, the Navy's vest prevents pilots from veering off course.



NAVAL AEROSPACE MEDICAL RESEARCH LABORATORY

tems give you false information in any other condition than straight and level flight," says Angus Rupert, a NASA flight surgeon at the Naval Aerospace Medical Research Laboratory in Pensacola, Fla.

Pilots face a flurry of instruments in the cockpit; Rupert aims to cut through that data smog. He's invented a vest lined with "tactors," or tactile stimulators. They're an array of pneumatic buzzers (off-the-shelf vibrating-pager technology wasn't powerful enough), connected to the aircraft's avionics. "When you bank to the right, the tactor at the bottom right goes off first," says Rupert. "If you pitch the nose forward, it goes off in your lower abdominal area."

The Air Force plans to install tactor vests in two H-53 Pave Low helicopters early next year. It's a pricey experiment, running \$270,000 to outfit the choppers (and almost \$11 million in research funds). But it's worth it, according to Jim Baker, a test pilot who flew a T-34 C

turboprop wearing a tactor vest. Even with a hooded cockpit, without instruments, "I had an immediate knowledge of deviation from straight and level," Baker says. "I was maintaining the aircraft where it needed to be within one degree." In other tests, blindfolded helicopter pilots could not be disoriented while they were wearing the vest.

Other techniques are in the works. The FAA operates a virtual-reality simulator—VR goggles and a rotating platform—to induce spatial disorientation in pilots, teaching them the situations to avoid. Some business jets and turboprops now use heads-up displays that project flight data into pilots' lines of sight, so they can keep their eyes on the road. An even more advanced system, currently in the experimental stages, combines diverse information about the plane, weather and location in one easy-to-read display.

It's not certain that high-tech solutions will trickle down to general aviators. Rupert estimates it could be years before tactor vests go into operational use on military aircraft, and even then they could cost from \$5,000 to \$10,000. "It sounds technically interesting. It also sounds expensive," says Drew Steketee of the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association. For pilots of small planes, training may still be the best way to stick a landing they can walk away from.