



Kevin Galein

The Matter Of The Kennedy CHARACTER

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■ HUMORIST Tom Anderson has quipped that an article on Teddy Kennedy's character would have to be one of the shortest literary pieces in history. As far as Anderson is concerned, Kennedy has no character, period. After Chappaquiddick, when Teddy showed up at Mary Jo Kopechne's funeral wearing a neck brace, Tom remarked that he needed it to

hold his head up. That's true enough.

What we intend to deal with here is how Edward Moore Kennedy got the way he is.

The last time that the private life of a Presidential candidate was a major campaign issue was in 1884, when Grover Cleveland's illegitimate child was the subject of great controversy. Since that time there has been a sort

Then there are the important character implications. Can a man who consistently lies to his own wife be trusted not to lie to the country? Similarly, does compulsive adultery reveal an unstable and self-destructive personality? If so, what are the chances that it will effect his judgment and reactions in a time of crisis?

of gentleman's agreement among politicians and the press that the subject not be discussed. Frankly, the general fear is that it might open up a Pandora's box. And it is argued both that a Presidential candidate is entitled to personal privacy and that what one does in private life has no bearing upon public performance. But when the personal immorality of a Presidential candidate is so compulsively a part of a candidate's lifestyle that it becomes an international scandal the subject must be faced.

We are well aware that the movie fan magazines and tabloids have been leering and sniggering at the Kennedys for two decades. They are, of course, interested only in pandering to the prurient mobs who amuse themselves by watching members of that family as if their lives were a daytime soap opera. Such publishing is, to our mind, reprehensible. But when it comes to Presidential politics there are serious issues involved here which deserve considerable thought.

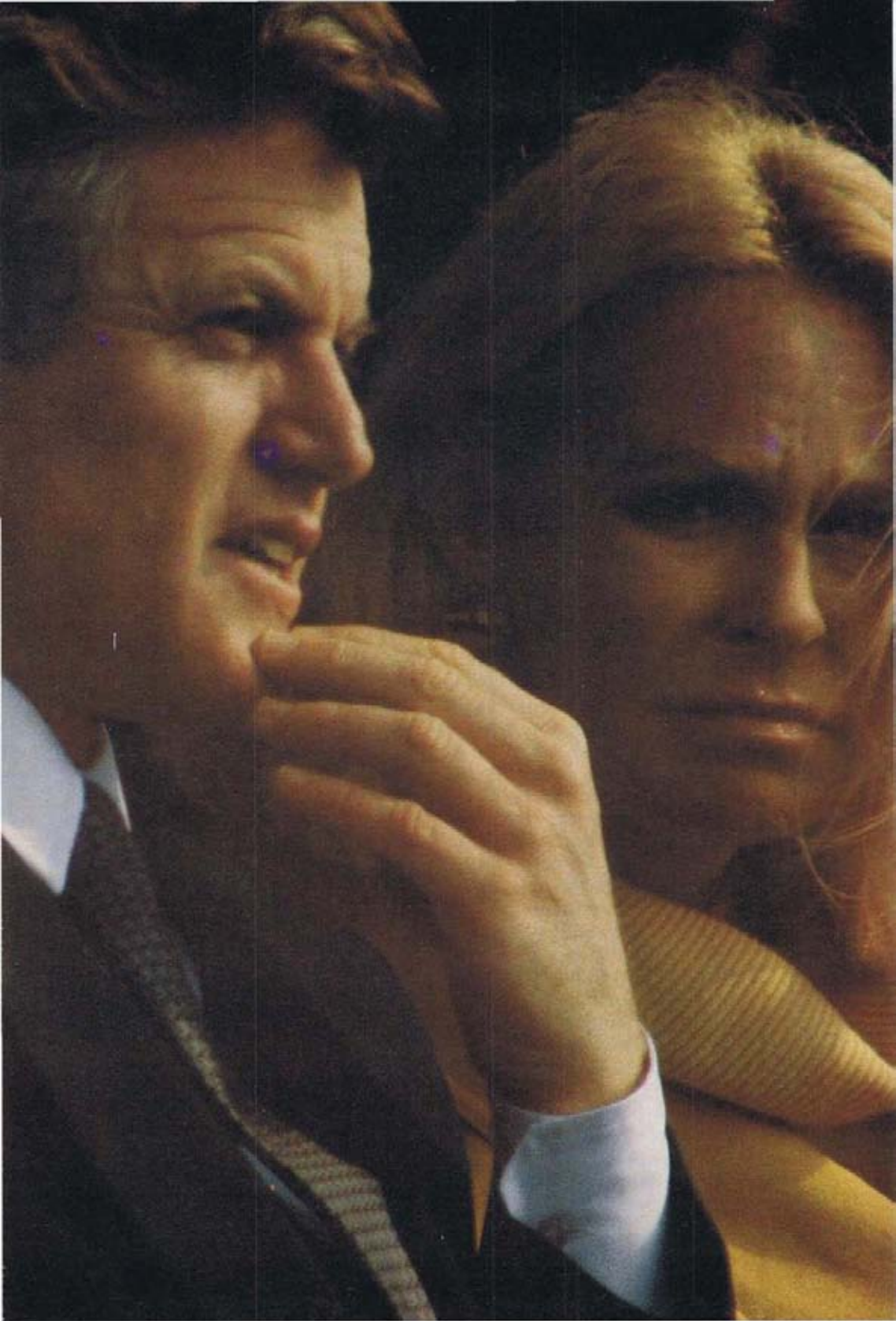
First of all, a man who is scandal prone is also blackmail prone. This is why women have been effective spies since long before Mata Hari compromised her first general. Governments, organized crime, and unscrupulous operators have all used sex as leverage to influence the actions of those with political power. One can only specu-

late whether more people have betrayed their country over sex or love than out of greed for money. Certainly more military secrets have been divulged in pillow talk than have ever been microfilmed by spies in dark offices.

Then, there are the character implications. Can a man who consistently lies to his wife be trusted not to lie to the country? Is a compulsive Don Juan the victim of a neurosis which will be revealed in his policies and actions as President? Similarly, does such behavior reveal the deep-seated self-hatred of an unstable personality? Is the man self-destructive? If so, will it effect judgment or reactions in a time of crisis?

More strictly moral questions also arise. Can believing Christians and Jews, for instance, vote for a habitual adulterer? If a man compulsively flouts one of the Ten Commandments, is he likely to hold sacred the remaining nine? If so, how many of the Commandments can a man utterly ignore and still command the support and respect of moral men and women?

Of course the practitioners of Secular Humanism, which now passes for the state "religion," hold that all the above questions are nonsense and therefore irrelevant. These advocates of the "new morality" include the



powers that be at the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, *Time* magazine, *Newsweek*, and at CBS and NBC. The mass media want to define the issues for the 1980 campaign just as they have done in past elections. And the character of the candidates is not on their check list. But millions of citizens who are concerned about the morality of their country and the example its leaders set for their children care very much. How can we raise our children to respect God, family, and country, they are asking, if the President of the United States behaves like Errol Flynn with a college diploma?

The fact is that the quality of a President's character is the *most* important subject that voters should consider. After all, we will be electing a man who can single-handedly commit us to war; who can declare a national emergency and invoke Executive Orders which give him power over the American people and their economy to a degree undreamed of even by the fabled Oriental potentates of old. Any man who seeks such a position is going to have to forfeit his privacy. What the baker does after he is through kneading his dough for the day is none of our business. If the owner of the hardware store is a libertine, that's a problem for him, his wife, and minister to worry about. But the character of the men being considered for President of the United States is everybody's business.

People are cruel, and there will naturally be rumors about anyone who is rich and powerful. It can be argued that anytime a Kennedy has shaken hands with an attractive woman, gossips and scandal sheets have sought to turn it into a full-blown romance. But what is known of the Kennedy men and their misbehavior with women goes far beyond rumors. Theirs is, apparently, an unbridled compulsion. And there is a reason for it.

The Founding Father

Many books have dealt with the powerful influence of Joseph P. Kennedy, the so-called Founding Father, on his sons Joe Jr., Jack, Bobby, and Teddy. Old Joe Kennedy was a textbook case of the domineering father who did everything possible to shape the character and training of his sons. To try to fathom Teddy without studying his relationship to his father and older brothers is like trying to understand the American South without knowledge of the Civil War.

Joe Kennedy was not your typical father, anxious to see his children succeed. He was a driven and vindictive man who saw his children as weapons with which to take revenge on those he hated. Old Joe's grandfather came to Boston during the Irish potato famine in 1848. Joe's father, Patrick Joseph, started life as a common laborer — and through ambition and hard work rose to be a respected barkeep. A man with a flair for organization, P.J., as he was called, organized the Irish-American precincts for some of the town politicians. Using his political connections, he got his son Joseph into Boston Latin High School, then the best public prep school in the country. From there, Patrick Joseph was able to gain admission for Joe to Harvard, no mean accomplishment for an Irish Catholic in those days.

This is believed by many to have been at the heart of the neurosis which drove Joe Kennedy. During the last half of the Nineteenth Century, the Irish were regarded by the Boston aristocracy as nearly sub-human. This attitude filtered down through the middle class, and it was not uncommon for a help-wanted sign in a Boston store window to specify that "No Irish Need Apply." The Cabots

(Continued on page seventy-five.)

CHARACTER

were speaking only to the Lowells, and the Lowells were speaking only to God, but nobody who was anybody in Brahmin Boston would speak to a Kelly or an O'Toole on any basis but as to a menial. This attitude died hard, and still flickered until J.F.K. was elected President.

Though admitted to Harvard, the Irish barkeeper's son found himself excluded from the "right" social clubs and from the company of the sons of America's first citizens, for which he yearned. Whether it was because of his personality or his morals, or as he suspected because of his humble origin, he bore the grudge until he died. After Harvard, when the ambitious Joe Kennedy made a fortune in banking, he was still never accepted, was excluded from the more prestigious clubs, and was not included in the better social circles. Every snub, real and imagined, made the highly sensitive social climber more anxious for revenge on those he believed disdained him as a *nouveau riche* Mick.

The device for his revenge would be his children. He would test his sons by fire, and forge them into a weapon with which he would punish the blue bloods from the land of the bean and the cod. Joe Kennedy was determined to have one of his sons become the first Irish Catholic President of the United States.

Old Joe's thirst for revenge against the Yankee Establishment did not, of course, supplant his thirst for life. And he had the morals of an alley cat — one of the many traits which the boys picked up from their father. Pearl Buck, long close to the family and an ardent political supporter of the clan, wrote that "the Kennedy men were never celebrated for faith-

fulness to their wives, but their wives found it worthwhile to continue as wives and mothers." This lasted for years — until Teddy's wife Joan couldn't take it any longer. Undoubtedly the flagrant philandering has caused great suffering among the other Kennedy women too, but they apparently rationalized that it came with the territory.

If Joe Kennedy practiced a double standard he was not so hypocritical as to deny it. On the contrary, boasting of his conquests was a topic of conversation he rated with money, politics, and horse racing. He said his philosophy was a simple one: "A mistress is a mistress, nothing more; have fun with them, take them out, spoil them, but never fall in love with them and never let them affect your wife or your family."

Occasionally Joe did not follow his own advice. Having made a fortune in the banking business in Boston, he moved his family to New York in 1922 to get them away from the WASPishness that so disturbed him. Once they were safely ensconced in Gotham, father Joe hopped a train to Los Angeles to try his hand at producing movies in Hollywood. As the Pulitzer-winning reporter Fred Sparks puts it, "His reason was simple: In the early 1920s, the tinsel town was producing instant millionaires." A Kennedy colleague observed: "The fact that it was called 'Sodom and Gomorrah with Electricity' may have also had something to do with his move." Joe bought a studio which later became RKO and began churning out epics at the rate of one a week. His pot-boilers included such long-forgotten films as *A Poor Girl's Romance*, *Red Hot Hoofs*, and *The Dude And The Stenographer*. They won no Oscars, but they filled the movie houses and made him a millionaire.

Within a year of his arrival in Hol-

lywood, columnist Louella Parsons predicted: "Mr. Kennedy is the industry's coming Napoleon." He was soon infamous for having the warmest casting couch in town and would openly squire young lovelies in his chauffeur-driven Pierce Arrow for all the world to see. The Founding Father was a "constant companion" of Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow, Janet Gaynor, Anita Page, Marion Davies, and Norma Shearer — all major-league beauties of that era. His reputation as a lothario was such that even Rudolph Valentino once asked him: "Joe, how do you do it? All those pretty girls."

Kennedy's best girl, however, was Gloria Swanson, a woman of extraordinary beauty. It is widely believed that Joe came very near to breaking his golden rule of not falling in love with a mistress and their affair became the talk of Hollywood. A retired director claimed that during this period Old Joe was giving Hollywood a bad name:

"Joe Kennedy's dating Gloria Swanson shook up the industry. At the time, the industry was trying to improve its image and there was Joe running around with ladies who were not his wife. The senior Kennedy became fairly notorious as a successful womanizer, especially after his connection with Gloria Swanson."

The late Hollywood columnist Hedda Hopper wrote: "In Joseph Kennedy, Gloria Swanson found a friend, patron saint and bankroll, all in one and the same person. They made several movies together. Despite this, Gloria accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy to Europe. It must have been a trying trip for Rose Kennedy. I often wondered how she weathered it."

Mother Rose suffered her humiliation in silence. She was the daughter of "Honey" Fitzgerald, a famous Boston mayor who had insisted his ward heelers vote at least eleven

times on election day. Rose, who had learned from her rascal papa that "boys will be boys," looked the other way while her husband cavorted. And Joe loved flaunting it, because the adulterous affair with Gloria Swanson drove the Boston Yankees crazy.

Kennedy was meanwhile playing politics. He was an early supporter of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and one of the plums he asked for and received for his efforts was appointment as U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain. The dispatching of an Irish Catholic to the Court of St. James's was just the thing to make the Republican Anglophiles of Boston fume. But Kennedy's diplomatic career came to an inglorious end as he let it be known that he thought Britain would be defeated by Germany in short order and that America should stay out of the war. Right as he might have been, a horrified F.D.R. recalled Kennedy, who returned home in disgrace. Any dreams of absolute revenge against his enemies, of himself becoming President, were dashed forever. From now on it would be up to the boys.

But, if Joe Kennedy was in political exile he was not in social exile. He sent Rose and the children to Hyanisport and threw himself into the social life of the Manhattan nightclubs with a vengeance. It was a lifestyle he continued for more than twenty years, until felled by a stroke. In fact, shortly after John Kennedy was elected President, the Founding Father again found himself falling for one of his mistresses. He became infatuated with a beautiful model whom he began seeing eight or nine nights in a row. One evening she left a message saying she could not go out to dinner because she had an appointment. Later that night Joe arrived alone at The Stork Club and was flabbergasted to see his girl friend leaving on the arm of his son Jack.

The Kennedy boys labored to emulate their father in all things. Whether papa Joe personally encouraged his sons in promiscuity and adultery, or they just followed his example, is not known outside the family. But for Joe Kennedy women were something to be used and exploited, then cast aside. The more this shocked and angered his enemies the better. And while the father pushed his sons to win at whatever they did, by fair means or foul, the principles of morality, integrity, and ethics were not part of his course in how to live. That is natural enough, for those were subjects that Joseph Kennedy knew nothing whatever about.

Joseph Kennedy Jr.

The apple of Old Joe's eye was Joseph Kennedy Jr., his eldest son. Probably the handsomest of the Kennedy boys, Joe Jr. was reputedly the king Casanova of the clan. He was intelligent, witty, charming, and had adopted the morals of his father. A Harvard buddy described him by saying: "Joe turned into a rather obsessive and highly skilled girl chaser, a gallant young man who coolly played the field, dazzling with his looks, charm and social background, but never attaching to one companion for very long."

Father Joe footed the bill for the girl collecting, providing his eldest son with a big bankroll for his extravagant social life, and family retainers were always available for fixing traffic tickets or sending flowers to young ladies he decided to stand up. Super competitive like all Kennedys, young Joe went after women with the determination of a hawk pursuing a mouse. It was said that, if seduction had been an international sport, Joe Jr. would have competed in the Olympics.

When World War II interrupted all

of this, Joseph Kennedy Jr. was an Army pilot stationed in England. From there he exchanged frequent letters with his two-year younger brother Jack, then stationed in Virginia. Hank Searls, who authored Joe Jr.'s biography and was privy to family papers, wrote: "Some of Joe's correspondence with Jack seemed to hint that the brothers were engaged in a neck-and-neck international race for female conquests." Father Joe saw the letters and gloated of this sexual immorality: "They're chips off the old block."

When he had leave, Joe Jr. shared a Dorchester Hotel room in London with a friendly American correspondent. One day the outraged manager complained to the scribe: "What with the war and all, we're quite tolerant. But, there's a limit! The other night your friend [Joe] entertained four young ladies, one right after the other. While I admire his enterprise, that's the sort of thing that can give a hotel a bad name."

Meanwhile, Joe Sr. planned fervently for the day when he could attend his son's inaugural as President of the United States. And it undoubtedly would have happened had not the young Kennedy bravely volunteered for a near-suicidal mission in which his plane exploded in flight. The political mantle was passed to Jack, who would not disappoint his father, either as a polished politician or as a lothario in the image of the older man.

John Kennedy's Example

A number of books have been written on the personal misbehavior of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Research was no problem since he made very little attempt to disguise his penchant for womanizing, which was common knowledge among the Washington press and those who had covered his campaigns. But John F. Kennedy did

not have to worry about what the so-called newshawks would write about his sexual immorality because the subject was taboo.

The vast majority of reporters, being "Liberal," were not about to broach the subject since it would jeopardize their ideological favorite. And the small coterie of Conservatives were apparently afraid to touch the subject for fear of being denounced as vicious scandal mongers intent on defiling the holy name of a Prince of Camelot who everyone knew was the devoted husband of Princess Jacqueline.

So Jack did what he pleased. And what he pleased was to disgrace the Presidency with round after round of sexual romps.

For the first few years after his death it was absolute heresy even to suggest that Kennedy was given to infidelities. This was the period in which devoted Kennedy worshippers bought framed pictures at the dime stores which showed J.F.K. with his eyes turned towards heaven and the hint of a halo over his head. But, as time went by, the truth about the man's womanizing began to emerge. It was a compulsion he had apparently developed at his father's knee.

Early in World War II, naval Lieutenant John F. Kennedy began having an affair with a beautiful Danish girl named Inga Arvad, or Inga-Binga as Jack called her. Inga was a columnist for the *Washington Times-Herald* while Jack was with the Office of Naval Intelligence. Unfortunately for the young naval officer, Inga was under investigation by the F.B.I., which suspected that she might be a Nazi spy. It seemed that before emigrating to the United States she had been very close with Adolf Hitler and Hermann Göring, who were widely suspected of being Nazis. She had also been the mistress of a Swedish

businessman whose yacht was being used to refuel Nazi submarines operating in U.S. waters. Little Inga was definitely what in the good old days was known as a security risk. It was too bad for her that she had not been intimate with Stalin instead of those Deutschlanders.

The F.B.I. had Inga's apartment bugged, and when it was discovered that she had a lover from O.N.I. they figured they had a real, live Mata Hari situation in which sex was being used to extort information. The embarrassed Navy wanted to discharge Kennedy immediately and possibly prosecute him.

Jack and Inga-Binga, who was already married, were discussing marriage when the foam hit the fan. He was sent to the Pacific and Inga took off for Hollywood where she became a gossip columnist.

Had it not been for the influence of his father, the former Ambassador, J.F.K. might have spent the war swabbing the deck of a cellblock at Leavenworth instead of becoming a war hero in the Pacific. Ironically, it was to get him out of this jam that he was sent to the Pacific where as captain of a P.T. boat he was sunk by a Japanese destroyer. There is no doubting Kennedy's heroism once the craft was sunk, but a destroyer running over a P.T. boat is like a jackrabbit being run over by a buffalo. Men with experience in the area theorize that Jack and his crew had fallen asleep during the boring patrol duties off Guadalcanal. But the family's public-relations men turned Jack into a hero over the affair.

John Kennedy was elected to Congress in 1946 in a campaign designed, financed, and run by his father. Years later Joe Sr. admitted: "I got Jack into politics. I was the one. He wanted to be a poet; something like that. I told him Joe was dead, now it

was his responsibility." Old Joe confided to family friend James MacGregor Burns during the congressional campaign: "With all the money I am spending I could elect my chauffeur."

The routine of legislating, however, bored Jack to tears, so much of his time was spent with show girls in New York City. After a number of close encounters of the first, second, and third kinds, Jack came under intense pressure from his father to get married "before your roving eyes get you in some kind of an ugly jam." Shortly after J.F.K. was elected to the Senate in 1952, at age thirty-five, he was introduced to Jacqueline Bouvier at the home of his friend, newsman Charles Bartlett.

It may have been a marriage of convenience for both parties. Jack needed a wife for political respectability and Jackie was on the rebound from a broken engagement to a New York society banker. The story of the cynical romance as told in great detail by Washington journalist Kitty Kelley in her bestselling book *Jackie Oh!* is too long and entangled to be reported here. Most readers will probably conclude that these two attractive opportunists deserved each other.

So unexcited was Jack about getting married that soon after he and Jackie agreed to an engagement J.F.K. took off for France with his old Harvard roommate, Torby McDonald, and his current girl-chasing pal, Senator George Smathers of Florida. While in France, J.F.K. engaged in a torrid affair with a French woman who coincidentally was also named Jackie. According to Senator Smathers: "Jack didn't want to leave — he was having such a great time. Then I made him leave. I told him he'd destroy himself. I said, 'You're going to screw everything up — badly.' So I got his suitcase and threw it in the

back of our car. He came out and said, 'You're a mean *****.'"

Jack was no more enthused about taking on the responsibilities of marriage when he returned. Kitty Kelley reveals: "A Newport friend of Jackie's, who was also close to JFK, remembers spending the evening before the engagement announcement appeared in the papers at a party with Kennedy. 'He went out to dinner with my wife and myself, got very drunk, and later took a woman home and spent the night with her. But before that we were together for about three hours and he never once mentioned the engagement announcement coming out the next day, which you've got to admit doesn't sound like a man in love and looking forward to getting married.'"

Jack Kennedy undoubtedly felt that marriage would interfere with his compulsive wenching. As it turned out, it hardly slowed him at all. The marriage was Joe's idea, supported by the concern of his sisters. Jack's taste in women had been running to street girls and stunning show-business types who hadn't read a book since *Dick And Jane Visit Grandma*. So when his son brought Jackie home to meet father, the older man was delighted. She was not only highly educated, but out of the social register — something which Joe Kennedy's family had never been. This would be the perfect wife to help Jack in his assault on the Presidency.

The Kennedy-Bouvier wedding was the social event of the year, but J.F.K. was determined not to let it civilize him. As with the rest of the Kennedy brothers, Jack had been raised to be selfish and self-centered. Women were simply to be used and exploited. And, according to his closest friend, Senator Smathers: "No one was off limits to Jack — not your wife, your mother, your sister. If

he wanted a woman, he'd take her. . . . Jack was driven in that regard more than any man I've ever known. . . . I don't know how the women ever tolerated it."

In other words, John F. Kennedy was not just a normal, healthy male as his defenders would have us believe. He was sick; perverted, by any normal measure. And it ran in the family. The neurotic father had created a nest of attractive but twisted progeny. Even the sisters kept lining up their brother with women after he was married. Family came first.

Jackie was well aware that her husband was compulsively unfaithful. She was naturally hurt and humiliated by Jack's constant flings. According to friends, she sometimes teased him about them, but usually she punished him by going on one of her famous shopping sprees. The story has circulated for years that a fed-up Jackie planned to give Jack his walking papers, but that Joe Sr. bribed her with an enormous sum to remain married to his lecherous son so that J.F.K. could achieve his father's lifetime goal of reaching the White House. Kitty Kelley denies that this story is true. She writes:

"The stories of Jackie threatening divorce were not only untrue but out of character for a woman who knew innately that a casual liaison without any emotional involvement could never threaten her marriage. This is not to say that she was immune to the hurt of Kennedy's affairs, because she was not. But in her mind they had nothing to do with him as her husband. They were all part of the political man, and to Jackie politics was power and power was promiscuous, part of a game little boys must play when they are vulnerable."

Playing power games was something Jack Kennedy learned from his father before he was old enough to

give up his teddy bear. While Old Joe apparently did not bribe Jackie to stay with his wandering son, he took great care to shelter and support her. But, says Kelley, strong as he was, the senior Kennedy was not able to shield her from all the internal strains which became so intensified within her political marriage that, growing more depressed and despairing, she eventually decided to submit herself to a psychiatric clinic for electroshock therapy. So much for Camelot.

Not even the Presidency slowed Jack's sick compulsion. If anything it provided more opportunities. The 1960 campaign was turned into a virtual Roman orgy by Kennedy and his buddies of the so-called Rat Pack. This group consisted of Jack's brother-in-law Peter Lawford, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, and Sammy Davis Jr. The Rat Pack had a stash in almost every major city. They also had connections with glamorous movie starlets who were eager to meet the handsome candidate. Among the Hollywood luminaries romantically linked to the political Valentino were Jayne Mansfield, Kim Novak, Rhonda Fleming, Janet Leigh, and Angie Dickinson. Like father, like son.

And all of this was one long way from the harmless sport the Kennedy defenders would have us believe it was.

During the campaign Sinatra introduced the candidate to Judy Campbell in Las Vegas. Campbell was a "party girl" who had earlier had an affair with Sinatra. John Kennedy and the raven-haired beauty became friends in the only way he knew. Teddy Kennedy met her at the same time and the brothers contested for her affections. Jack won.

The *Village Voice* printed this version of the attempted pick-up based on information provided by Campbell:

"She took an immediate liking for Jack Kennedy, who asked her to lunch

the next day before the party split up after the midnight show and she took off with Ted Kennedy for a round of gambling. At the end of the evening Ted began pressing her to join him in his campaign trip [for his brother] to Denver the next morning, but she refused, mentioning her planned lunch with his brother, at which point he became childishy temperamental and tried to hustle her into changing her plans. He finally left her room and made his way to the airport, but rather than leaving, as planned, he called her persistently until she left for lunch. Judith later learned that Jack Kennedy shared her opinion of Ted's tendency to childishness; on several occasions he expressed to her his doubts that Ted would act responsibly enough to fulfill what he saw as the destiny for all the Kennedy brothers — the presidency."

The Campbell business was for Jack the beginning of a tawdry affair that lasted for two years and included almost daily telephone calls from the White House to Mrs. Campbell and some twenty trysts in the White House while Jacqueline was traveling. When Jackie was gone, Jack habitually behaved in the White House like a Tom cat.

We focus on this affair because of the political consequences. For just as Judy was not Jack's only playmate, he was not hers. One day in 1962, J. Edgar Hoover invited the President to lunch and broke the bad news. Judith Campbell had been introduced to Sam "Momo" Giancana, a Mafia don from Chicago, by their mutual friend, Frank Sinatra. The F.B.I. had a tap on Momo's telephone and discovered that Judy was making calls to the President in the White House from the home of a honcho in the International Pizza Conspiracy. She was also "dating" Momo's lieutenant, Johnny Roselli, during this period.

There are some indications that Momo Giancana used his influence to try to get Kennedy elected on the basis that he might have some leverage in a Kennedy Administration because of their mutual mistress. According to the *Village Voice* of February 1, 1976:

"After Kennedy was elected he [Giancana] told Judith that he had thrown his weight behind Kennedy during the tight race. It is to be remembered that the election was decided in Illinois, and that Illinois was decided in Chicago while Sam Giancana was the undisputed boss of organized crime."

After Hoover informed Kennedy that his girl friend was also the mistress of two Mafia gangsters, the President dropped her like a hot tomato. The story became public in 1975 when the Senate Intelligence Committee was investigating the C.I.A. and discovered that both Roselli and Giancana had been involved in a C.I.A. attempt to assassinate Castro. Before he could be called to testify in front of a grand jury, Giancana was murdered in his Oak Park, Illinois, home. Roselli wound up floating in Biscayne Bay.

The President's romance with the Mafia moll was discovered quite by accident. Had their affair continued, and had Kennedy not been assassinated, the Mafia might have had a direct line into the White House and been able to blackmail the President of the United States. Such is the potential of the "harmless" little affairs of the Kennedys.

No proof has ever come to light that J.F.K. was ever compromised by a Soviet agent, but how tough would it have been to put a modern-day Mata Hari next to the knight of Camelot? *Time* magazine for December 29, 1975, described how incredibly easy it was for any attractive woman to gain access to the Kennedy bedroom:

"It was apparently not uncommon for some of Kennedy's closest male friends to send willing young women to the White House. One newspaper columnist was once overheard telling a smashing brunette how to get into the mansion with a note that he wanted to deliver to Kennedy. Kennedy later called the columnist back to confirm: 'I got your message — both of them.' Secret Service agents would pass such women under presidential instructions although they worried about it. More frequent visitors, including a number of airline stewardesses, underwent full Secret Service investigations."

One J.F.K. affair definitely had security overtones. In 1976, it was revealed that Kennedy had carried on a two-year "romance" with Washington artist Mary Meyer, former wife of high C.I.A. official Cord Meyer. While she was the President's mistress she kept a diary and also confided in James Truitt, an executive at the *Washington Post*, who kept notes. A limousine delivered Mary to the White House on the average of two or three times a week. According to Truitt:

"My notes show that after one such dinner the night of July 16, 1962, Mary and Jack went into the bedroom and Mary told him, 'I have something special for you.' She took out a snuff box with six marijuana cigarettes inside and JFK said, 'Let's try it.' . . . Mary said that at first JFK didn't seem to feel anything, but then began to laugh and told her: 'We're having a White House conference on narcotics here in two weeks!' . . . They smoked three of the joints and then JFK told her: 'No more. Suppose the Russians did something now.'"

On October 12, 1964, less than a year after J.F.K.'s death, Mary Meyer was assassinated on a sidewalk near her house. Police said she'd been slain by "a lone gunman," and to this

day her murder remains unsolved. Her diary was burned by James Angleton, who later became the C.I.A.'s chief of counterintelligence. Angleton was a close friend of Mary's ex-husband, C.I.A. official Cord Meyer.

A great deal more is now known about the personal misbehavior of John Kennedy in the White House and out of it. So much, and in such detail, that there cannot be the slightest doubt that if the American people had been aware of even ten percent of it they would not elect another Kennedy as national dog catcher. And yet . . .

Teddy Follows The Pattern

Now comes Senator Edward Moore Kennedy, a man very much in the tradition of his father Joe and his brother John.

The youngest of the Kennedy sons, and the last of nine children, Teddy Kennedy was more pampered and spoiled than the rest. Parents, brothers, sisters, maids, and servants all catered to the pudgy, cheerful, Edward Moore Kennedy. As an adolescent he became aware of the constant philandering of his father and brothers, absorbing their philosophy that women were to be used. They were a challenge, dating was a contest, and if you made a conquest it earned you bragging rights within the family.

Since Jack was fourteen years older than Teddy, and his father was getting up in years by the time Teddy became a teenager, J.F.K. became almost a second father to Ted. Robert Sherrill writes in *The Last Kennedy*: ". . . there was still one way for the weight of the old man's hand to reach through and shape, indirectly and to a lesser extent, the mind of Teddy. This was by way of Jack, who was in later years identified by Teddy as 'like a combination father and brother to me.'" One can almost picture young

Teddy as a high schooler being regaled by Jack's tales of repeated sexual conquests. Teddy grew up in the same immoral tradition.

Burton Hirsh, author of *The Education Of Edward Kennedy*, relates that as a student Teddy was girl crazy. "College girls who went out with Teddy," writes Hirsh, "reported back that he made his expectations clear almost immediately." The youngest Kennedy was about as subtle as a rapist.

Following Harvard, he went to the University of Virginia law school where he shared a room with John Tunney, son of the former heavy-weight boxing champion. An attorney who attended law school with the Kennedy-Tunney duo recalls that young women were going in and out of their room at all hours of the day and night. One night this parade so alarmed a suspicious neighbor that he called the police reporting what he assumed was a call-girl ring.

As with brother Jack, marriage and a political career only increased Teddy's compulsion. After Chappaquiddick, his indiscretions began to hit the press with the frequency of the baseball box scores. Since Teddy is as recognizable as a McDonald's hamburger stand, and made little attempt to be discreet, the society columns were full of his escapades. In 1972, for example, Teddy Kennedy was repeatedly linked with Amanda Burden, a wealthy and beautiful New York socialite, daughter of CBS founder William Paley. Mrs. Burden was soon in the process of divorcing "Liberal" political activist Carter Burden, a former assistant to Robert Kennedy and a great-great grandson of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt. Kennedy not only hit the press for precipitating the divorce in New York but was also widely reported to have spent a great deal of time in Hollywood where the *Los Angeles Times* recorded

that he and Amanda were running with the "in crowd."

Then the late Arthur Egan discovered that Kennedy, Tunney, Amanda Burden, and a never-identified fourth female left Rockland, Maine, on September 2, 1972, for a four-day love cruise aboard Kennedy's power sloop the *Curragh*. Egan went to Rockland to interview taxi drivers and others who had seen the foursome converge on the yacht. Although Mrs. Burden's photo was identified as one of the two women on the boat, Kennedy's office claimed that the two ladies cruising with the Senators were Kennedy sisters. It turned out that one of the sisters, Eunice Shriver, had spent the weekend on the campaign trail with her husband, then Senator George McGovern's running mate for Vice President. Richard Drayne, who handles Senator Kennedy's press relations, must have a black book with an encyclopedia of ready alibies.

When he attended Charles de Gaulle's funeral in France the continental papers reported that Teddy was nightclubbing to the wee hours with an Italian princess. They printed a photo to prove it, but Drayne described the report as "preposterous." Also among the long chain of women linked to Kennedy is Page Lee Hufty, daughter of a wealthy banker and Standard Oil heiress. Then he hit the headlines when he spent a weekend at Aspen, Colorado, with former captain of the Olympic ski team Suzy Chafee. You undoubtedly remember Suzy from those repulsive Suzy Chapstick commercials on television.

The most notorious woman linked recently with this man who would be President is Margaret Trudeau, estranged wife of former Canadian Premier Pierre Trudeau. In fact Margaret is one of the reasons why Pierre is the former Premier. A thirty-year-old quasi-hippy who uses drugs, Mrs.

Trudeau now finances her high living by writing kiss-and-tell memoirs. And Margaret includes Teddy on the long list of men with whom she has had affairs. "I'll always love him very, very deeply. I'll always be loyal to people who have touched me and who I have touched and who have loved me and who I have loved," the Associated Press quoted Canada's former first lady as saying. Margaret has been called a ticking time bomb that could destroy Teddy.

But Edward Kennedy has more brass than a boiler factory. Reporter Lester David provides some examples:

"At a banquet in New York City, he met the beautiful wife of a correspondent for a popular magazine and was so smitten he followed her to her apartment. The young woman, at first flattered by the attention, finally became angry and told the doorman not to allow him upstairs.

"Ted and his wife Joan were hosts to a large group of friends at a dinner dance in Washington, each seated at different tables. It grew late, and most of the people had left, but Teddy was still raring to go. He got up on the dance floor with the blonde married daughter of one of the country's most famous industrialists and performed a most suggestive dance. Joan sat with her back to the floor, chatting and trying to ignore the whole thing.

"On a plane to New York from Paris, Ted reportedly met a French actress, who introduced the man beside her as her fiancé. Ted ignored him and invited her to a party that evening. Later, he called for her in the lobby of her hotel, but she was accompanied by her fiancé. 'What's he doing here?' Ted demanded. 'I'm not taking him to any party!' And off he went, leaving them staring after him."

You can imagine that for a sensitive woman to be married to this

spoiled and egotistical man-child must be sheer hell. Ted married Joan Bennet while still in law school. A great beauty, yet shy and convent educated, Joan came from a very respectable, conservative family. Like brother Jack, Teddy considered marriage a necessity for his political career. A law-school classmate of Kennedy's told a reporter: "Teddy really never wanted to get married. But politics was his real love, and as a Catholic politician he had to have a proper Catholic wife and many, many children."

Since marriage had not slowed the cavorting of any of the other Kennedy men, Ted undoubtedly felt that he would be free to continue his playboy life. But Joan was unlike the other Kennedy wives. A moral woman from a conservative background she took her marriage vows seriously and expected Ted to do likewise. While other Kennedy wives understood that they were supposed to look the other way while their husbands engaged compulsively in adultery, Joan had not been taught in the convent how to deal with gross, flaunted, and unrepentant immorality. Gradually she began to drink to ease the pain.

There were other problems associated with being a Kennedy. Joan did not like the hedonism and shallowness of the Washington political swirl. And the legend and the power of the family made demands she was unwilling to meet. Seeing the family up close, she was doubtless repulsed.

In January 1971, Joan Kennedy started seeing a psychiatrist three times a week. There were the usual carefully planted reports that she had found herself and everything would be fine. Then Joan was arrested and pleaded guilty to drunken driving. Her problems with alcohol had developed in the wake of Chappaquiddick and grew worse as the stories of her

husband's compulsive adultery were everywhere. To top it off, her twelve-year-old son, Teddy Jr., was stricken with bone cancer and lost a leg. *The Washingtonian* reports how pathetic the drinking became:

"Acquaintances saw this coming. One, a long-standing journalistic friend of the Kennedy family, remembers stopping at Kennedy's house in Hyannisport a couple of summers ago to talk and have a drink. As he was leaving Kennedy suggested that the visitor hadn't had a chance yet to say hello to Joan, and led him around to the back of the house. Joan lay crumpled up, passed out in the back seat of one of the Kennedy cars. 'She was a rag mop,' the friend observes. 'I've seen drunks often enough, but what I was looking at there was the result of a two- or three-day bender. I think Kennedy just wanted me to see what he was up against. If something got printed, he was prepared for that.'"

Oh yes, poor Ted. He wanted his friends in the press to know that if he chases women — well, as you see, it's Joan's fault.

Rumors of divorce were widely circulated, but it is doubtful that a devout Catholic like Joan could seek a divorce, and Teddy's political career would be finished by such a move. So Joan and Teddy separated and she moved to Boston. In an interview with Joan Braden published in *McCalls* of August 1978, Joan Kennedy made it clear that it was her husband's infidelity that was at the heart of her drinking. Mrs. Kennedy admitted:

"People ask whether the newspaper stories about Ted and girls hurt my feelings. Of course they hurt my feelings. They went to the core of my self-esteem. When one grows up feeling that maybe one is sort of special and hoping that one's husband thinks so, and then suddenly thinking maybe he doesn't . . . Well, I didn't lose

my self-esteem altogether, but it was difficult to hear all the rumors. And I began thinking, well, maybe I'm just not attractive enough or attractive any more, or whatever, and it was awfully easy to then say, Well, after all, you know, if that's the way it is, I might as well have a drink.

"It wasn't my personality to make a lot of noise. Or to yell or scream or do anything. My personality was more shy and retiring. And so rather than get mad, or ask questions concerning the rumors about Ted and his girl friends, or really stand up for myself at all, it was easier for me to just go and have a few drinks . . . I found out that alcohol could sedate me. So I didn't care as much. And things didn't hurt so much."

When Joan went to Boston the Kennedy publicists actually put out releases to the press that the couple were "closer than ever." Joan joined Alcoholics Anonymous and Ted issued statements about how proud and happy he was that she was now talking publicly about her problem. He tries to play down the estrangement, but Joan makes it clear that he must call before his occasional visits. It is now a "his and hers" marriage. An honorable and loyal woman, she has made dutiful statements in support of Teddy's candidacy, and has said she will live in the White House if he is elected. This pledge is taken with a grain of salt by most observers who describe Joan as too fragile to withstand Teddy's assaults without returning to the bottle.

And *Time* magazine of November 5, 1979, gives us a clue as to what she really thinks of Ted:

"... though their separation is supposed to be temporary, she sometimes seems unnerved by their infrequent reunions. One woman friend recalls a scene a few months ago when the Senator's car pulled up in front of

Joan's apartment as she stood nearby. 'Oh *****,' said Joan, 'here he comes. I'm getting out of here,' and she strode rapidly away."

Here we have a man who has destroyed his own wife through constant betrayal, but who claims to be able to solve all of the nation's problems if we will just give him the power. Kennedy loves himself and he loves power, but there are many who doubt he loves our country any more than he loves his wife. If he is indeed capable of loving only himself, he will likely seek to use our country as a means to his own selfish ends, just as he used Joan and continues to use a myriad adulterous playmates.

In the December 1979 issue of *The Washington Monthly*, Suzannah Lessard, a "Liberal" who is a staff writer for the *New Yorker*, details the touchy issue of Teddy's womanizing in an article entitled "Kennedy's Woman Problem — Women's Kennedy Problem." Ms. Lessard writes:

"Jack Kennedy's philandering was known to members of the press, but carefully kept secret by them. It was passed on to the public only as an aura of dashing charisma. In contrast, the philandering of his brother Edward seems to have been quietly taken for granted as a matter of indifference. Even Kennedy himself hardly bothers to deny it . . ." Ms. Lessard continues: ". . . the press, while refraining from directly addressing the subject (except for Chappaquiddick), doesn't suppress it either."

Lessard believes Kennedy's compulsive adultery reflects the shallowness in his personality. She observes:

"Within the world of politics and journalism Kennedy's womanizing is widely known — to the many women who have been approached themselves, for example, and to reporters and others who have been around Kennedy and have seen the pattern in ac-

tion. While I was talking to people for this article, it seemed as if almost everybody in that world had another anecdote to offer. There is a pattern to these anecdotes. The type of womanizing that Kennedy is associated with is a series of short involvements — if they can be called that — after which he drops the lady."

Like his father and brother Jack, Teddy uses a woman and forgets her. His method of obtaining these "dates" tells us much about the man's total lack of character. Says Lessard: "Sometimes he hasn't even met the woman previously. She has been picked out by one of his cohorts as the type of woman who appeals to him, and asked if she would like to have a 'date' with the senator. The idea evidently is lunch and a dalliance, over and out, on with the pressing schedule. The picture does not exclude longer relationships, but the short-term pattern evidently is a deep part of Kennedy's nature, as well as an image that Kennedy seems in some way to enjoy . . ."

It may add to his image with the trendy folks, but in Middle America it means the man is twisted and immoral. Straight and moral people don't act the way Teddy does. He is a cold, calculating, and totally corrupt man. But, his supporters continue to try to explain it away. The *Chicago Tribune* quotes a friend as dismissing his constant and flagrant immorality in these terms: "He's just a fun-loving Irishman with a roving eye and a strange marriage."

That is a libel of the Irish, among whom loyalty, honor, and the laws of God are respected. And the reason that his marriage is strange is that he is a compulsive lecher and liar. Unlike her sisters-in-law, Joan Kennedy would not or could not put up with it. We are about to discover, alas, whether the American people will. ■ ■