

JOSEPHINE PATRICIA KENNEDY

BORN: HULL, MASSACHUSETTS
25th day of July, 1935

FATHER: JOSEPH PATRICK KENNEDY, JR.

MOTHER: ANNA-JANE O'NEILL a/k/a INGRID NORSTAD

FATHER'S BIRTHPLACE AND BIRTHDATE: HULL, MASSACHUSETTS
25 July, 1915

MOTHER'S BIRTHPLACE AND BIRTHDATE: STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN
1917- or - 1918

BOTH PARENTS ARE DECEASED .

~~TO: MELVIN M. BELLI, ESQ.
722 Montgomery Street
San Francisco, California~~

JOSEPH PATRICK KENNEDY, JR.

My father, JOSEPH PATRICK KENNEDY, JR., was born in the state of Massachusetts, in July of 1915. During the year of my birth, he was a student at Harvard University. He had first met my mother in England, where she was studying ballet, and to the best of my knowledge and belief, he was studying in London at the London School of Economics, or with a Professor thereof.

The first memory I have of my father is holding tightly to his hand, while my other hand held tightly to my Aunt Kathleen's. Upon information and belief, we were in Spain, in Madrid, and there had been a tremendous explosion. People were screaming and running about in all directions. It seemed to be a theatre in which we were standing, and later, I was told a bomb had been responsible for this accident which took my mother's life. She had been appearing as a dancer in that theatre on that evening. The exact year is not of course clear in my memory, but I believe it was 1939, just after the close of the Spanish Civil War. I seem to remember my Aunt Kathleen telling me this.

My father returned to Boston to resume study at Harvard but this time in the Law School. He wished openly for a political career, and undoubtedly would have had one had he lived. My father used to see me once or twice every three days. He lived in an apartment with other fellows. I remember a woman there named Alice. My governess was named Alice too. The first Alice was Alice Harrington, I think. My governess was Alice Webb. The apartment where my father lived began with a "B" and had two names. I lived with my governess in a big hotel near the State House. It was at this hotel that I saw my father and his grandfather, Mr. John F. Fitzgerald, whom, as I recall, had some kind of an office there.

My father was argumentive at times with his grandfather - but always respectful. He was very close to Mr. Fitzgerald. My father talked incessantly about his father whom he idolized. He seemed to care what his father would think about everything, and he showed me photos of his parents, calling his mother Rose, "the most wonderful girl in the world". He told me I was a cross between "Big Jack" (his brother), and his sister Rosemary. I never met either of those people while my father was alive. I had only met Kathleen and Mr. Fitzgerald.

My father's friends are not too clear in my memory. There was a priest who was an officer in the service. His name was "Sheehan" or similar to that. In my father's last letter to me, dated 27 July 1944, he enclosed a note saying that in case we were separated by God's will forever, or, for a long period of time, he wanted my foster-mother, my governess and I to know that he had written to his family "about the child's identity" and he was sure "they will take her home" He mentioned the names of friends Tom Schriber, for whom there was no address, and "T.J." whose last name was Reardon, from Somerville, Massachusetts. There was, in the early years, a "Mrs. Dee" before my father went into the service. She seemed to be in some place where he lived while going to school. He did not mention her in the last letter. I have only just remembered herein and considered her important to tell you about. Her name was DePinto, I think.

My father had a great sense of responsibility, and a wonderful sense of humor. He could always see the funny side of a situation. He had the most beautiful Irish smile I have ever seen.

Joseph Kennedy, Jr. was a great sailor and swimmer. He wanted me to be the same. I was afraid of the water and he was furious.

The more he tried to impose either sport, the worse I got. He had a very hot temper, and very little patience with what he felt was deliberate resistance. Aside from my poor swimming, there was the matter of my desire to dance. Mrs. Webb, my governess, bought me ballet slippers for my birthday in 1941. My father took them away from me, saying, "That's what you think!" He reproached Mrs. Webb. She threatened to quit over his calling her "idiotic" and I cried without knowing why when he asked Mrs. Webb if she wanted me to "end up" like my mother.

Kathleen and my father played bridge a lot. I do not remember whether she smoked, but my father smoked cigars.

Upon information and belief, my father entered the Navy and was a Seaman 2/c in 1941. I lived in Boston when he went into the service, and Mrs. Webb took me to see him where he was stationed, in a place near Massachusetts. During the time he was in the service, I went to Jacksonville Florida, to someplace in the Southwest and finally, to Norfolk, Virginia in 1943, where I saw my father for the last time. He had gotten his wings in 1942, and was a Lieutenant when he was killed in 1944. All that I remember officially was FAW 7, SPAU 1, (Fleet Air Wing Seven, Special Air Unit One). The story of his heroic death has been told many times. He was to have been home in time for my birthday but instead he volunteered for a mission requiring the extreme bravery which was so much a part of him. His plane exploded in the skies over England and he, and Lt. Willy, his co-pilot, were killed. Mrs. Webb took me to Clinton, Oklahoma, in the winter of 1945, where my father was given posthumously a medal which I believe to have been the Navy Cross.

In all the accounts of my father's death there have been no words explaining the heartbreak of the loss to his child. He was the most dominating influence on my life, and so he still remains.

ANNA-JANE O'NEILL

a/k/a

INGRID NORSTAD

My mother was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1917 or 1918. She was, according to information and belief, the daughter of Gioia Baragli, of Florence, Italy, and Lars Norstad, of Oslo, Norway. Shortly after the death of Mr. Norstad, when my mother was three years old, her mother came to Winthrop, Massachusetts, and married an attorney named Thomas J. O'Neill. Gioia and Thomas O'Neill changed my mother's name from Anna-Jen Ingrid Norstad, to Anna-Jane O'Neill. I do not know where she attended school or where she first studied dancing. I know that my father said he met my mother in London while he was studying there. My mother was studying ballet.

I know so little about my mother. It is mostly all hearsay. My father talked very little about her. He once took me for a stroll and told me my mother was beautiful and good, could speak many languages, and had great talent for dancing. Then, suddenly, his face clouded, and the fist of one hand was thrust into the other hand what had started out to be a nice stroll between us ended in angry silence.

Aunt Kathleen and my father were talking about mother once, when I was hiding in the closet during a thunder and lightning storm, and when they pulled me out of the closet, my father had been saying to Aunt Kathleen, "I owe all this to that stupid Big Jack" This was after mother died.

MRS. LEWIS ET AL

Mrs. Lewis, my foster-mother is today known as Mrs. Raye Rosensweig. She is my foster mother. I came to live in her home in California in 1942 on a temporary basis and after my father's death in 1944 she kept me with her permanently.

In 1942, her name was Raye Irene Lewis, maiden name Frieden, and she was married to a Harry Buckner Lewis, a traveling salesman from Baltimore. Mrs. Lewis was the co-manager of the Milady Shop, a dress firm belonging to her brother, Jesse Frieden. The merchandise was of the very finest, and the clientele was of the elite of Norfolk and surrounding territories.

My foster-mother had a client named "Margaret", whose last name she does not recall. This girl's father was in the Navy, and she had known my Aunt Kathleen for a long time. My Aunt Kathleen was then working for a Washington newspaper, and she visited "Margaret" at Virginia Beach, Virginia. My foster-mother was fitting My Aunt Kathleen's friend, and I was there with Kathleen. When I saw Mrs. Lewis, she was so pretty, I ran straight into her arms. I cried when she left. Mrs. Lewis later came to Washington, and my father and I were there. Mrs. Webb had just been hired to take care of me, and I do not remember where we were living, but not at Kathleen's. My father and ^A ~~the~~ priest who was his friend were there and my father and Mrs. Lewis liked each other. He let me go and stay with her for a weekend shortly thereafter, and then I returned to Boston with Mrs. Webb.

In 1942, Mrs. Webb took me To Los Angeles. We met Father S-----and Mrs. Lewis at Union Station. Mrs. Lewis had just come in on a train from Virginia. Mrs. Webb left with Father S-----and I went with Mrs. Lewis to her brother's house. The brother and his wife thought I was Mrs. Lewis's child; and called me another name than my own. Mrs. Webb had told me to answer any questions as Mrs. Lewis advised me to. My father had told me to obey Mrs. Lewis just as I would obey him.

I lived with Mrs. Lewis, and then her husband came from Virginia, and he lived there too. Part of the time, I lived with Mrs. Webb, and she took me to see my father wherever he wanted her to. He was in various uniforms each time I saw him, at his handsomest when he was an Ensign. These trips were the things I looked forward to as most children look for toys. I loved my father more than anyone else in the world.

After my father was killed, Mrs. Lewis changed my name to the name they had been calling me : "Lydia Lewis. " The Lewis"s had had a beautiful daughter who disappeared in 1940 or 1939. They had hoped she would come back home ,but it was said she ran away and got married to someone against her parents' wishes. They gave me her name in every instance, and on no occasion did I see anyone who did not think me to be their child. Relatives of theirs who had never seen their child had no reason to believe I was not. I was extremely tall and mature just as my father had been, and his father before him. It was very easy to allow people to think I was older.

In 1944, while my father was overseas, Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Lewis were divorced. She took me to Virginia City, Nevada with her for her decree. Mr. Lewis was in the apartment when we left, and it is a law in California that he could remain there because Mrs. Lewis left it and him in it. Even after they were divorced, he remained there in a room for himself. Mrs. Lewis worked in Los Angeles, in a dress shop downtown.

After my father's death in 1944, Mr. Fitzgerald wrote to my foster-mother, and asked her if I wanted to come back to Boston. He said he thought he could straighten things out with my father's family, and that he would like me to come back. My Aunt Kathleen wrote too, both from England, and somewhere else. She too, thought I should go to Boston, and to her family. Her husband died in 1944 also, and she was very sad in her letter to me. Both letters were around Christmastime of '44.

My foster mother cried at the thought of my going, and I cried at the thought of leaving her. I truly loved this woman who had been the only mother to me I have ever known, and she could not have been nicer to me. She never made any demands at all upon the Kennedy family, or upon the Fitzgeralds. She raised me on her own income after my father's death, and would not have it any other way. We refused to have me go to Boston from a sense of devotion to each other. Mr. Fitzgerald wrote again in 1945 and in 1946. Kathleen always sent birthday cards to me, with a sweet note attached.

In 1947 I was studying drama at the Geller Workshop in Hollywood. I met a man there who was an actor from New York, named Fostini. I liked him very much, and he did not dream my real age. He became interested in me and especially in my singing voice which was rather good. He asked me to marry him, believing me to be the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, and believing me to be lots older than I was. He said he wanted to go to Europe to study on the G I bill, and that he would have me trained in music and voice and that I could possibly sing in Italy eventually. I married John Fostini in May of 1947 putting the birthplace and birthdate of Lydia Lewis on the Registers. In 1948, Mr. Fostini decided that we would go to Italy, and I had to obtain a passport. I wrote to the Lewis, asked them what to do about this. The answer came with the documents of their daughter, and I used this birth certificate to obtain a passport. Mr. Fitzgerald had begged Mrs

Mrs. Lewis to keep my father's secret. When my mother told him she would give me the birth certificate of her daughter, Mr. Fitzgerald became moved to tears.

So it was, that a 13 year old girl named Josephine Kennedy, with a good singing voice, went to Italy as Lydia Fostini, born Norfolk, Virginia, October 31, 1924, married to John Fostini, actor - impresario. I had platinum blonde hair, and found the whole thing to be great fun, especially the making of Italian motion pictures. I studied singing, and opera and dubbed and acted in films, under Mr. Fostini's guiding hand. The only thing wrong really, was that Mr. Fostini did not want to be married. He told me married me because he believed me to "be a terrific property" when trained properly, and he did not really "want a woman at all". He took me to Paris and London, and Vienna. I studied music, and then wrote an essay on Louis Pasteur, which won me a short scholarship to the Paris Sorbonne in the study of law. For a year I attended classes in medical legislature, hospital administration, and nursing. I then returned to America, sans Mr. Fostini. Our marriage had been annulled on the grounds it had never been consummated. That was in 1951.

I came back to America, determined to find my father's family. Unaware of his relationship to me, I began a friendship with John F. Kennedy, Congressman from the State of Massachusetts. I had gone to him to try to trace my family. He asked me for a date, and we did not discuss my family, because we were always with other people. After a few dates with him, I came home to my New York apartment one evening to find my friend from Ireland Joan Walker. Joan asked me who the fellow was on my dressing room table. I said "my father". She then asked me who was the fellow who just brought me home. I said "Congress man Kennedy". Joan then took a magazine off the table and showed me a picture of the Congressman and my father, with their father. I was shocked to say

say the least, and went straight to see John Kennedy. He did see me and acted strangely by not reacting at all. He listened to what I had to say, and then said, "Would you like a milk shake or something?" Because of his attitude which did not change, and my deep feeling for him, I decided not to see him again. I called my mother in Palm Springs, who was then, Mrs. Jack Gholstin, and she was very upset. She did not want me to trace my father's people. I went to Palm Springs to see my foster mother. She begged me not to do anything further. She gave me certain papers which my father had given to her, his last letters, and some letters from Kathleen and Mr. Fitzgerald. I put these things behind the photograph of my father which had a clasp on the far side of the frame. I always kept this picture of him near me. The documents and the picture thus would be together and near me.

I lived upon my return to New York, at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel at 222 West 77th Street in New York City. One evening returning from a dinner engagement, two men forced their way past me into the apartment as I opened the door. They went straight for the dresser drawers, and then spied my father's picture. They said that the picture was what they were looking for, took the photograph and the papers clasped therein and went through the drawers. I was too stunned and frightened to move. One of them came up to me and said, "That's what you get for saying your name is Kennedy". He slapped me in the face. "Dont you ever say you are a Kennedy again". They walked out of the apartment and left me dazed and crying, because they would not give me back my father's picture. The only clue I have to their identity was a checkbook which fell to the floor with the address: 67 Milk St., Boston, Mass. One of the men was heavy, and tall. The other man was bald, and stocky.

I married again in 1954. My husband's career as an operatic tenor took us to Italy. I still used the documents of my foster-mother's daughter, because I still had not been able to get to my father's family. My husband knew that my name was Kennedy, and kept that to himself. He did not know what family. We went to live in Italy, and remained there in Italy and Europe until 1958, when we returned for my husband's Philadelphia debut in opera. We returned after the Philadelphia performance to Italy and remained there until 1960, when we returned to Palm Springs, California. I met Senator Kennedy, the former Congressman Kennedy again in Los Angeles, and went to work for him in Palm Springs as Chairman of Citizens for Kennedy. Mr. Harry Lewis died in Los Angeles in 1961, and gave my story away during his long incoherent illness. There were people who ^{HAD} come to see me at my home in Palm Springs, attempting blackmail, least of note not being Mrs. Alica Webb, my former governess, changed completely from what she was before, not only in name but in other ways. She wanted to go to the press, and I paid her to keep it out. My husband and my mother ^{had} joined me in fighting the battle for John Kennedy, and although I let everybody know I used to date him, I stayed away from the truth of my real relationship to the family, for fear I may be politically injurious. I realized my father would be so happy to know I was helping his brother, and our joy at his election and subsequent inauguration was unbounded. After the election, I was asked to come to Washington and work for the State Dept. in the Foreign Language Division. My whole family joined me in the trip to Washington, and much to our chagrin I found no job waiting for me. The whole thing seemed an enigma. Nobody had sent for me at all, and my husband and I had bought a new Buick station wagon, rented an expensive house in Georgetown, bought clothes, etc; all on verification from the State Department. We left Washington three months later with debts and heartbreak. Nobody, including the President, tried to explain the situation, even though the State Department admitted receiving recommendation for me.

The Attorney-General had recommended me to Dean Rusk, and all was verified for credit but no job.

Later in 1961, I tried to see my grandfather in Hyannisport but he left for France before my arrival on the same day. He was felled by a stroke in December of that year, and of course, there was no way for me to see him then.

I might have dropped all thought of knowing the family, but for phone calls from a newsman, and then, a woman, saying that Walter Winchell knew my story and was going to print it. I tried to reach the family once again, when the calls became more frequent. Finally, a man reached out to help me. Stuart Schoen, financial analyst of McCall's magazine called the Secret Service. He wrote to President Kennedy and to the President's friend, David Powers. Neither answered but the Secret Service was advised to come to me by the White House. The night the Secret Service interviewed me was November 19 1963 at Flower and Fifth Ave. Hospital in N.Y.C. where my husband was recuperating from heart surgery. My husband had received phone calls threatening his life while he was in the hospital, and the voice and manner was the same as calls which had recently been received by me, threatening my life, and telling me that all the Kennedys would soon be dead, and that "The President was going to get his in 24 hours". That latter remark was made the night of the 19th when I returned home after the Secret Service interview. The President was killed on the 22nd. That voice on the phone had warned it for some time. I had called the White House to advise of this, and Mr. Schoen had advised the Secret Service. The Secret Service had advised Mr. Schoen against my going to an attorney, and said the President would like to check my story out himself. I have received the same threatening calls even after the President's death. The Secret Service interviewed me in Palm Springs in February, again. I do not care about money. I want to know my grandfather and my family. I want to share their joys and sorrows not from afar but with them. I want their recognition, not their money.