

## Donnelly's Revue

# Of Richer Revelations

Post 3/24/74  
By Tom Donnelly

That "We deny all the rumors" interview Tricia and Edward Cox gave the new weekly, *People*, was just a warm-up for a much richer revelation ("Tricia and Eddie Talk About Their Life Together") in the April Ladies' Home Journal. Eddie "laughs incredulously" as he inventories the gossip: "Since Tricia and I've been married (in 1971) we've supposedly had three children, our marriage has fallen apart, she's had Hodgkin's disease and we've cheated on our income tax."

Apparently neither of the young Coxes could think of anything sufficiently scathing to say about the latest Tricia story, the one that "had her in a hospital with two black eyes and a broken rib." I never heard that one, but the *Journal* says the "unimpeachable" source responsible for it leaves it to one's imagination "to fill in who had inflicted the injuries."

The Coxes say they believe the President when he tells them he neither planned nor took part in the Watergate coverup because he has never told a lie, "not even a white lie." As for those White House staffers who have already entered guilty pleas for their part in Watergate, Tricia says, "If indeed these things were really going on, my father certainly did not know it, or the people who committed them would have been out . . . My father is in the

same position as us: He doesn't know what happened. He is mystified."

To hear Tricia tell it, Henry Kissinger is strictly a second banana in the peace-making department. Her father's the one:

"People will see that both his foreign and domestic policies were aimed at creating a more harmonious atmosphere in the world. And make no mistake about it: My father is the one who is running the foreign policy. For instance, I will be in the Lincoln sitting room, talking with Daddy, as I love to do, and a phone call will come in from Dr. Kissinger. I can't tell you exactly what is discussed, but I can say I have heard my father being very specific with Dr. Kissinger, explaining just how something should be done. My father is running everything—energy, domestic policy, everything. That's it. That's the way it is."

Tricia seems to believe that the people who are spreading rumors about the Coxes and the people who want to impeach her father are members of the same gang. Their motivation? "These people want to be rid once and for all of Richard Nixon, to satisfy their own jealousy of a man who by his accomplishments reminded them of their own ineptitude and failure."

If Tricia and Ed turn to a *Journal* article titled "Jean—The Tormented Kennedy," they will learn that they

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aren't the only targets of the gossips, far from it. Lester David says that once upon a time "hijinks among lawmakers" were among Washington's best-kept secrets. But then came Chapquiddick, which "may have done more than cloud the future of a rising political star, Ted Kennedy. It also marked the watershed that altered the reporting by print media (radio and television are less forthright though coming along nicely) about members of Congress. Once either cloyingly chatty or extremely dull, the reportage has become considerably more spicy."

David does his best to demonstrate the truth of his thesis with some spicy reporting of hijinks allegedly indulged in by Ted Kennedy ("Of all the Kennedy men, Ted apparently has been the least restrained and restrainable."). However—surprise! surprise!—David says, "We are not concerned here with Ted Kennedy's morality." No, we are concerned with "the impact of such rumors upon Joan."

The impact was "devastating." Her best friends agreed, says David, that Joan "looked terrible. Her eyes had lost their luster, she seemed careless of her appearance and grooming. She bit her nails. Once her hands shook so much her manicurist had to give up."

Stories of "her reputed drinking spread rapidly." There were rumors of separation. There was that picture of Joan in Venice, dancing with Giorgio Pavone, "a Roman publicist," while Teddy was (Joan said) "back in Hyanisport, babysitting." Joan later said that she scarcely knew Pavone: "Besides, he's 55 years old and not even attractive." Pavone said he had been properly introduced to Joan by actress Elsa Martinelli, and he couldn't imagine why she was putting him down that way: "Yes, I am about that age, but I know my physical value."

David's account of "the tormented Kennedy" ends on an upbeat note: "No longer intimidated by the Kennedy name and dazzle, Joan is learning to be her own woman now . . ."

One's subconscious expects this installment of Joan's story to end with an announcement like: "In her next film she will play . . ." But then after a moment the truth dawns. This isn't a another chapter in a Photoplay series on a Hollywood star; it only seems like one.

McCall's reminds the world that there is some serenity on the capital's marital front with a piece titled "The Most Surprising Happy Marriage in Washington." The subjects are Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas and his 44-years-younger wife, Cathy Hefferman Douglas.

Did it bother her, being his fourth wife? "Yes it did. One doesn't like to be compared and you can't help but feel you are. You think all the bad things during the bad times. But during the good times you don't worry about it at all," Mrs. Douglas added, with a grin for the Journal inter-

viewer, "After all, I didn't expect to marry a 67-year-old virgin!"

P.S. In the "tiny, much-used den off the dining room," Justice Douglas "delights in watching 'Ironside' on television." "He doesn't like TV when it's deep and psychological," says his wife. "He loves the pure cops and robbers stuff"

For a sour view of the wedded state McCall's turns to royalty. The marriage of the Princess Margaret and the former Mr. Anthony Armstrong-Jones has been becoming "curiouser and curiouser" says Stephen Birmingham, who went to London and got many an intimate story — at second or third hand, of course—of the unhappy couple. "Not since the abdication crisis of 1936 have royal private lives been so openly discussed and speculated about," says Birmingham. "Everyone in London society knows about the odd and not-so-odd goings on."

According to Birmingham's sources the Princess is a royal pill. If she and Tony come to dinner she doesn't talk, doesn't eat and "stands the whole time" both before and after the meal, thus preventing anybody else from sitting down. "They were both wearing too much make-up," said the host of one such occasion. Birmingham doesn't enlarge on Tony's make-up habits, he merely says the stuff Margaret puts on her face doesn't hide "the hard and bitter lines" around her mouth.

When the princess demanded that he dance with her (at a party some time ago) Tony said, "Oh, go away, you bore me," and once at their home, when Tony was showing a friend some photographs, Margaret—whether by accident or not—spilled coffee all over his negatives. Tony cursed, stalked out of the house, and wasn't heard from for three days.

"The hate between them is almost tangible," said one London hostess. "The cold insulting looks and the little knife-edged innuendos. A lot of married people don't go on, but at least they have the good taste to stay apart from each other at parties, on opposite sides of the room. But Margaret follows him around like a jealous cat."

Margaret hasn't spoken to her old friend Sharman Douglas for six years and the reason, as relayed by Birmingham, seems curious indeed. It seems Sharman persuaded Princess Margaret and Lord Snowden to attend a charity dance in New York; the Snowdens demanded \$30,000 for putting in an appearance, but since the dance was a flop the royal fee was not forthcoming.

Sharman says, "I still think I'll be able to get her friendship back some day. After all, \$30,000 shouldn't be too hard to raise . . ."

According to a correspondent for *Oui*, William Targ, of Putnam's, who paid \$25,000 for a novel called "The Greek" on the basis of the first 200 pages and the enthusiasm of a French publisher, "should have read the rest of the book," because "if this is social reportage Jackie Susann is a Nobel candidate."