

Enquirer

Here's the Book All America's Been Waiting for—

Here — only in *The ENQUIRER* — are the full, intimate details of the country's most sensational love affair . . . the White House romance between John F. Kennedy and Judy Campbell Exner. Judy, a beautiful Los Angeles heiress who was once Frank Sinatra's lover, first met Jack in 1960 when she was 26. Their two-year affair was kept from the public until the recent Senate Select Intelligence Committee Investigation linked Judy to JFK. The committee noted that the White House logs showed that Kennedy received 70 to 80 calls from Judy.

LOVE WITH

The probe uncovered more startling information: Judy was seeing Mafia chieftain Sam Giancana during her affair with Kennedy — and even telephoned the President from Giancana's house on several occasions. FBI documents show that FBI director J. Edgar Hoover alerted Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy and top presidential aide Kenneth O'Donnell about Judy's close personal relationship with Giancana. On March 22, 1962, Hoover took an FBI memo about this relationship to a luncheon meeting with President Kennedy. After that meeting no more White House phone calls from Judy were logged, and the affair soon ended.

After years of silence, Judy decided to tell all — and *The ENQUIRER* was there to outbid the world for the exclusive rights to her story. Here — and only here — in the first of many exclusive *ENQUIRER* installments, Judy describes the tender moments when she and Jack made love in the White House.

By Judith Campbell Exner

6-29-76

Judith Exner Tells Her Shocking Story of...

JFK IN THE WHITE HOUSE

How the devil do you carry on a love affair with the President of the United States?

That's what I kept asking myself the night my lover, John F. Kennedy, was elected President.

I couldn't picture myself going to the White House for a rendezvous. I couldn't even fathom it. But Jack could.

We had been carrying on our love affair ever since his first presidential primary win in March 1960, and Jack wasn't about to end our romance just because he was President.

He made that very clear to me when we secretly met in Chicago on April 28, 1961, three months after he took his Oath of Office. It was the first time Jack had made love to me as President.

I was staying at the Ambassador East Hotel in Chicago and Jack was in town for a Democratic Party dinner. I hadn't seen Jack in several months although we talked to each other regularly on the phone.

The night of the dinner I called his secretary Evelyn Lincoln, who connected me with Jack. "Can I

see you?" he asked me.

"I'll wait for you in my hotel suite if there is any chance you can make it," I replied. I couldn't resist adding, "But coming to the hotel might be too risky for you."

"I'll be over for sure," he said. "Don't worry about that. Everybody knows I'm in town and there's nothing unusual about my dropping over to see someone."

He made it sound so normal, but, as I sat there waiting for him, I tried to envision Jack in his limousine discussing affairs of state with men who would be left waiting while we kissed and talked of love.

There was a gentle knock and I was up in a flash. A moment later we were in each other's arms and it was like we had never been apart. It was the first and only time in our relationship that we made love without any preliminaries. The way he behaved, there was no doubt that he had missed me. God knows that I had missed him. I doubt that we spoke 10 sentences from the time I opened the door to the moment we made love. It was a supremely passionate moment. If the love I felt then could have been preserved within my heart, I would have been blissfully happy for the rest of my life.

There was no time to lie in bed and luxuriate in the warmth of our love. As we walked out of the bedroom, he said, "I want you to come



JFK WITH HIS SECRETARY, Evelyn Lincoln, who made hotel reservations for Judy in Washington.

WORLD EXCLUSIVE

to the White House." And before we reached the door it was agreed that I would come to Washington on May 4. We kissed and he was gone. The visit didn't last more than 20 minutes.

A week later, I arrived in Washington. Evelyn had made my reservation at the Mayflower Hotel, Room 484, and the next day, she called to say that "The President" would see me at 4:30 that afternoon. I don't know what happened to me, but Evelyn's emphasis on "The President" began to make me nervous. Suddenly, I didn't want to go to the White House. It was more than just the place where

Jack lived. It was an historic landmark where the President of the United States resided.

What it was, in fact, was a monumental stumbling block. As I think back on it, I realize that I was intimidated by "The President" and the White House. As it got closer to the appointed time, my anticipation to see Jack was completely overtaken by my anxiety over what would happen once I got there.

I was still upset up to the time the cab drove up to the Northwest Gate, which leads to the Oval Office, and I had to identify myself to the security officer. It was then I began to lose my anxiety.

It was a humbling experience to walk through that door and show my identification to the policeman seated at the desk near the en-

trance. I sat on a leather couch in the reception room beyond the policeman's desk. I wondered if my hair was all right, if my lipstick was on straight, or if the skirt to my magenta Dior suit was wrinkled in back.

A black man came out and escorted me into the Cabinet Room. I sat in one of the chairs that were lined up against one entire wall. "The President will be with you shortly," he said. I thanked him and a moment later I was alone in that big room and thinking, "What's happening?" My head was swimming. "How in God's name are we ever going to be alone together?"

Then Jack walked in and I forgot all about "The President." I said, "Hello, Jack, how are you?"

"Great now that you're here,"



MAYFLOWER HOTEL in Washington, D.C., where the White House booked rooms for Judy when she visited capital to see JFK.

he said. "It's so good to see you!" He leaned over to kiss my cheek. He took my hand and sat down next to me. "What a way to end a day! You look ravishing."

I thanked him and we exchanged pleasantries for a few minutes.

"There is something I have to do this evening so will you please stay another day in Washington?" he asked. "I didn't want to tell you on the phone because I was afraid you'd leave. Something came up that requires my immediate attention. I'm really sorry. Will you stay over?"

Of course I said "yes." I knew he was terribly busy and so after 30 or 40 minutes, I stood up and he put his arms around me. "It's been a long time," he said. "Far too long. But we'll fix all that tomorrow. Can you come at 1:15?"

"I'll be here."

We kissed, only lightly, because Jack did not show a great deal of affection unless it was very private. He was not one who indulged in fondling and kissing unless it was



"Something wonderful was happening to me. I was almost giddy. It was a feeling I had when I was young and had a crush on someone."



"I tried to envision Jack in his limousine discussing affairs of state with men who would be left waiting while we kissed and talked of love."



"It gave me the strangest feeling to be standing in the arms of the man I knew as Jack, but that the world knew as President of the United States."

going to lead to something more serious.

At 1 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, a White House car picked me up at the Mayflower and brought me to the Northwest Gate entrance. I waited in the reception room only a moment before a short stocky man came in and introduced himself. His name was Dave Powers and he was one of Jack's most important aides. He would later say that it was his job to put the President to bed each night and to get him up each morning.

"The President will see you now," he said. "Come with me."

As we walked down a hallway, Jack came out of the Oval Office and waited for us. There was a big smile on his face and I quickened my step.

"Finally," Jack said, putting his arm around my shoulder, "I've got you where I want you."

We went down another hallway and as Dave opened a door, Jack said, "How about a swim before lunch?"

I looked at the swimming pool and couldn't believe my eyes or my ears. "Not a chance," I said. "I didn't get all fixed up to go swimming."

"We have all styles of bathing caps and every size of bathing suits."

"I don't doubt it for a minute — thanks but no thanks."

Jack went for a quick swim by himself and then we had daiquiris. We talked for a while before going into the dining room for lunch. Jack sat at the head of the table, with Dave on his left. I sat on his right. Lunch itself was most uninteresting — a cold soup and hamburgers. It struck me funny that Jack had to ask for the ketchup, which he proceeded to load on his hamburger. It doesn't matter where you live, you still have your same old basic taste.

Almost immediately Jack started pumping me for gossip. He knew that I was acquainted with many Hollywood stars and that I was close to Frank Sinatra. Most of Jack's interest was directed at Frank. What was Frank doing? Was

it true that he was seeing Janet Leigh? I denied I knew any gossip and he insisted that I knew plenty. "Come on, now, Judy, just a smidgen, nothing shocking or disgraceful, just something amusing," he urged.

"As I've said before, Jack, pick up a movie magazine."

When lunch was over, Jack said, "I want to show you the other rooms." He took me into his and Jackie's bedroom which had twin beds. Then we turned into a small alcove leading to another bedroom with a large double bed. There was a stereo in the alcove and Jack put on the music from Camelot.

We stood beside the bed and he put his arms around me. "What a way to spend Saturday afternoon," he said, hugging me. We were standing close to a window and I could see the Washington Monu-

ment in the distance. But directly below me was the south lawn, which is known as the President's Park, and it gave me the strangest feeling to be standing there in the arms of the man I knew as Jack, but that the whole world recognized as the 35th President of the United States.

Then he kissed me and I forgot about monuments and parks. A few minutes later I went into the bathroom to undress. When I came out Jack was already in bed, lying on his back.

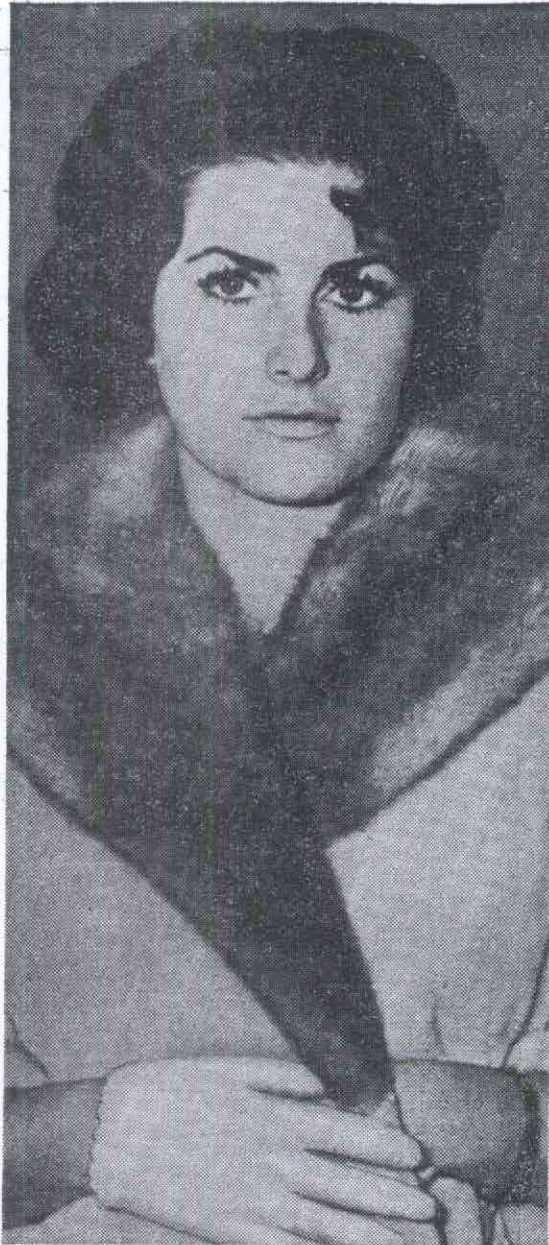
He held me, he kissed and caressed me, and gently maneuvered me into position. By this time I was familiar enough with Jack to feel completely free and uninhibited in making love.

Afterward, Jack said and did all the right things — as always. He was so relaxed, so tranquil, so serene that he became a different person. For that brief moment, I don't think Jack Kennedy had enough ambition to carry him an inch beyond that bed. The fire in the dy-



JFK AIDE
Dave Powers

... He met Judy at White House.



JUDITH EXNER, in a photo taken in 1960 — the year she met JFK at Las Vegas.



PRESIDENT KENNEDY: "There was no question that he cared deeply about me," says Judith.

name that so impressed the world had been momentarily banked.

We talked, we dozed, we casually caressed.

Finally, I said, "God, I have to go or I'm going to miss my plane."

"I wish you didn't have to leave," he said. "I wish you could

be here in Washington all the time."

"I've thought of it," I said, "but it just wouldn't work out."

"Wouldn't you like to come to White House functions? I want to put your name on the list. You wouldn't have to come to all of them but at least you could select the ones you want. That way we would see each other a lot more often."

"Jack, I know it's an honor to be on that list, but you know I couldn't attend functions with your wife there. I've told you before, Jack, it's something that I just will not do."

"I know how you feel, but give it some thought, will you?"

"My God, Jack, I would be so uncomfortable. I couldn't survive one of those evenings."

By now I knew I would never make my plane to Chicago unless I got out of there in a hurry. Jack was not in the least perturbed. "Get dressed," he said, "I'll take care of everything." And, my God, did he ever.

A White House car zipped me to the Mayflower and on to the airport in record time. I raced through the airport only to discover that not only were they holding the plane for me, but it had been called back to the terminal after it

had started to taxi out to the runway. I have never received so many dirty looks in my life as I did when I stepped into the plane.

The only amusing moment was when I noticed that Jack's sister Eunice Shriver was on the plane. It was the kind of irony that I could appreciate at that moment.

That summer I saw Jack in the White House five times. On one of those occasions I caught a glimpse of the Kennedy brothers' rivalry.

I had arrived in Washington on August 7. As usual Evelyn had made my reservation at the Mayflower — room 353 — and there was a "WH" notation on my bill indicating that the White House had requested the reservation. When I called her, she said Jack would see me for lunch the next day and that she would send a White House car.

When I arrived at the White House, Jack was in good spirits and we kidded back and forth.

Then as we walked into the dining room, he said, "Have you heard from Teddy?"

That stopped me. "You mean your brother?"

"Yes. Has Teddy called you?"

"Of course, not," I said. "You should know that."

"Well, I just wondered." Jack had never forgotten when

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Teddy made a determined pass at me on the first night that I had met them both in Las Vegas in February 1960.

Several times when Jack and I were in bed, he had said, "Boy, if Teddy only knew, he'd be eating his heart out." I think Jack got a big kick out of the fact that he had succeeded where Teddy had failed. Sometimes Jack would say, "Boy, if Teddy could see us now," and he would pull the sheet down and laugh this big "Ho-ho-ho."

On another visit to the White House that summer Jack had a sparkling surprise for me. After a leisurely lunch on August 24, Jack took me into his bedroom and said, "Now, I have something for you!"

We were standing beside the bed, and I joked, "I know, Jack, you've given that to me before."

He roared with laughter. "That comes later. I really do have something for you."

He handed me a nicely wrapped box and inside was a velvet case. I took a deep breath and raised the lid. I almost fainted when I saw a large diamond and ruby brooch. The design was similar to a daisy with four rows of petals. Each petal was 18 carat gold, and each had a cluster of nine or 10 rubies in the center and about 30 full-cut diamonds set in platinum along the edge. I was speechless and confused. I looked up and there was such a look of pride on his face that I knew there was no way in this world I could refuse it.

"Oh, Jack," I cried, putting my arms around his neck. "It's magnificent."

And it truly was magnificent. I still have the brooch and I still treasure it.

"I thought it would look beautiful on you."

"But why, Jack? You didn't have —"

"Just a minute," he said. "It's my way of saying how much I care for you."

"But it's not necessary, Jack."

"As a rule I don't give a lot of presents," he said. "It's something I don't think about. But I wanted to do something special for you and I know how you feel about accepting gifts. Wear it and enjoy it. Let this remind you that if my intentions go astray from time

to time, my heart is in the right place."

I was thrilled with it, delighted he thought this much about me. It was just a marvelous day. We lay in bed for the longest time after making love. He got the biggest kick when I jumped out of bed to get the brooch. I was just ecstatic about it and I kept opening the case and looking at it.

"Oh, I love you," he said, and a great warmth washed over me.

My head was spinning — the

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President of the United States had just told me he loved me. I never realized when our affair began, where it might lead. It was just something that happened.

The first time I saw Jack Kennedy — at 10 o'clock Sunday evening, Feb. 7, 1960 — I was strongly attracted to him. He and his brother Teddy were at Frank Sinatra's table in the Sands lounge in Las Vegas. He looked so handsome in his pin-striped suit and with those strong white teeth and smiling Irish eyes.

I joined the group at Frank's table and someone said, "Who wants to have dinner?" Five of us (Peter Lawford, songwriter Sammy Cahn's wife Gloria, Jack, Teddy and I) had dinner in the Garden Room.

From dinner we went to the Copa Room for the late show. I sat next to Teddy and Jack sat across from me. I must say I was tremendously impressed by Jack's poise and wit and charm. He talked to all the women at the table, and when he listened, it was as if every nerve and muscle in his whole body was poised at attention. As I was to learn, Jack Kennedy was the world's greatest listener. I have never known anyone like him. When you talked to Jack there was total concentration and absorption. He really wanted to hear what you had to say. He had a habit when he listened of tilting his head slightly toward you, guarding against the possibility that a word might mischievously try to slip by him.

After the show we returned to the lounge for the ritual drinking session. Teddy was

sitting next to me and after the first drink and a few pleasantries, he made his first move. He leaned over to ask if I would show him the town.

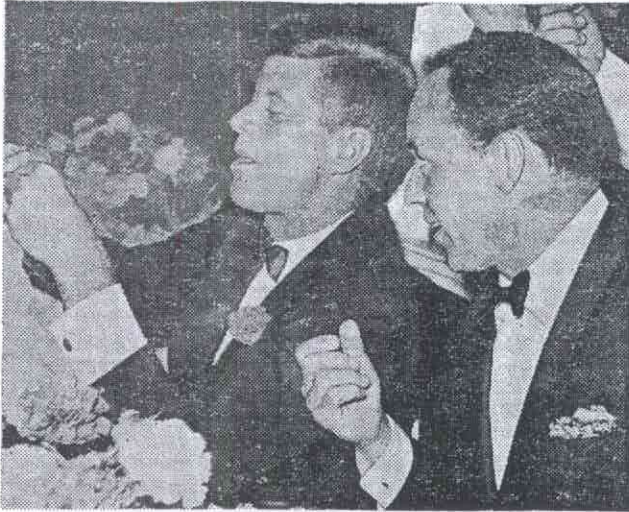
Casino hopping is great sport in Las Vegas and I took Teddy on the tour. We saw various lounge shows, played a little blackjack, had some drinks and lots of conversation. It was my first experience with the Kennedy interrogation, their need to know everything about your life, not only who you are but what you are. It was flattering and most enjoyable.

The last stop was at the Flamingo lounge. By now, with

the drinks and conversation, we were both very relaxed with each other. As I look back on it, Teddy, who was only 27 then, was such a rosy-cheeked little boy. Very good-looking, a great teaser with a ready laugh, and eyes that never stopped flirting. But he had nowhere near the charm and sophistication or just plain likeability of Jack. Teddy was the baby brother walking in his older brother's shadow.

When it came time to say goodnight — it was closer to good morning — Teddy insisted on escorting me to my room. He asked for my key, unlocked the door, and waved me into the room, bowing as I went in. He was right behind me, but I stopped abruptly at the end of a little alcove that led into the room and we nearly collided. He laughed and put his hands on my shoulders.

"Wait a minute," he said,



JFK AND FRANK SINATRA in 1960. Jack knew I was close to Frank, says Judy, and pumped me for gossip.



AMBASSADOR EAST HOTEL in Chicago, where Judy and Kennedy made love for the first time after he became President of the United States.

quickly moving around me and into the room. There was a

copy of Time on my bed that I had bought earlier in the day but had not yet looked at. He flipped it over, turned and pointed a finger at me. "All right," he said, grinning, "let's test your memory. Describe the cover."

That was another Kennedy trait. They like to test you, just to see how observant you are, how quick or perceptive you are, how large a vocabulary you have, anything that will give them information about you.

Teddy's test seemed more like a clever ploy to stay in my room.

I remained in the alcove, with the door open, and beckoned him with the crook of a finger. I felt like I could handle the situation in a pleasant way. Compared to the people I had been associated with, he was a baby.

I had no idea then that he was already married.

"Be a good boy and say goodnight," I told him.

"All right," he said, stepping over to the alcove, "but you can't blame a guy for trying."

He put his hands on my shoulders again and looked at me very seriously. "I have to leave for Denver in an hour," he said. "Why don't you fly up with me. It will be great fun."

He looked so eager and sweet that I hated to disappoint him. I tried to let him down gently. I told him I had come with friends and besides I couldn't just go flying off with someone I had met only a few hours earlier. He persisted and I tried to keep it light and airy.

"All right," he said, "I'm going to the airport and I'm going to call you. I'm going

to wait until you agree to come with me."

"I'm afraid you're going to have a long wait. You better bring your sleeping bag."

"We'll see," he said, and leaned forward to give me a kiss just as I turned my head. He quickly pulled back to avoid an awkward situation.

He left and it seemed like I had just gotten into bed when the phone rang and it was Teddy calling from the airport. "Everything is all taken care of," he said. "The pilot has promised to wait for you. So please hurry over. Remem-

ber, the success or failure of the campaign rests on your beautiful shoulders."

Although I was amused and flattered by his persistence, I tried hard to convince him that he was wasting precious time. Finally, he hung up, but an hour later he was back on the phone to say that he had not taken his plane and he was waiting for me. I couldn't believe it. It seemed so incredible that he would do that when the campaign was obviously so important to so many people.

Later that morning Jack called to ask if I would have lunch with him and I said I would love to. He was having a press conference in the covered section between the casino and the pool area and he suggested that I meet him there around 12:30.

When I arrived he was addressing a group of newspapermen.

I tried to be as quiet as a little mouse as I moved over to a bench across the way. Jack immediately saw me and called out: "Judy, I'll be right with you, we're just finishing up." I could have fallen off the bench in a dead faint. "Fine, take your time," I managed to vocalize to my complete surprise, my face turning every shade of red. All the newspapermen had turned around to look at me. Jack didn't seem to mind at all. He didn't even flinch.

When the press conference broke up, Jack came right over, and again I was struck by his good looks. He seemed so young and virile, so dashing, really, not at all the image I had of a politician.

We had a lovely, quiet lunch alone on the patio of Frank Sinatra's suite.

Jack had an almost insatiable interest in what and who I was. He asked about my parents, my brothers and sisters, and we discussed the merits of coming from a large family. He was one of nine children. He thought it was much more fun to come from a large family.

Jack was very proud of being Irish and Catholic, pretty much in that order. He was exceptionally proud of his family, particularly of his father.

As the world was to learn, the Kennedys were a close-knit family. You took on one Kennedy, you had to take on the whole family. They never made derogatory remarks about one another. The most I ever heard Jack say about a member of his family was

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when I told him about my evening with Teddy. He had asked whether I had a good time the night before, and I said, "Your brother Teddy is really something."

Then I recounted Teddy's antics about my going to Denver with him.

Jack thought it was hilarious. "That little rascal," he said, shaking his head as if it was too funny to be true. "You'll have to excuse his youthful exuberance. He's still quite a kid in many ways, but his heart is in the right place. He's a little immature, but time will cure that. Right now he thinks politics is a game, and that's all right too. I'm glad he's having fun. The point is that he's carrying his share of the load. Teddy is working out just fine."

We sat over lunch nearly three hours. The time went by so quickly that I couldn't believe how late it was until I realized that I had about an hour to get ready for a five o'clock reception being held in Jack's honor in one of the banquet rooms at the Sands.

At the reception I felt like a schoolgirl infatuated with the new boy from out of state — the mysterious stranger. Every time he made his way over to me in the crowd and I saw that big smile on his handsome face, my heart skipped a beat. It made me light-headed. I had this wonderful happy feeling and yet I was uneasy and uncomfortable. I thought that every time he came over and touched my hand, all eyes were focused on us.

Once when he came over, he said, "We have a date at eight o'clock. Don't forget. I'd like for just the two of us to see a show. I have to go to Oregon later tonight, so this may be our last chance to be together for a while."

I must have looked disappointed because he said, "Don't worry, I plan to see a lot of you, campaign or no campaign. We can arrange it somehow if you're willing."

"I'm willing," I said. "Don't worry about that."

"Good. Now don't go away. We'll go directly from here to the Copa Room."

We had a booth in the back, but elevated, with an unobstructed view of the stage. It was as private as one could

be in a room with hundreds of people. It was dark enough to create a feeling of privacy. I don't think either one of us had the slightest notion of what was happening on the stage. By this time it was plain to both of us that we were deeply interested in each other. I was terribly impressed with him, and, as the saying goes, my heart was on my sleeve.

I could tell that the feeling was mutual. He wanted to be alone with me. He didn't want other people intruding on our conversation. It was the feeling that you get when some-

one just wants to talk to you. That was the way we both felt. Every time he reached for his drink, he gave my hand a little love pat or squeeze. Nothing more.

He wasn't all over me. It made that touch in the dark all the more thrilling.

We exchanged telephone numbers and there was no question that this was the beginning of what would be a long and intimate relationship.

Something wonderful was happening to me. After our date I was almost giddy. It was a feeling that I had when I was young and had a crush on someone — the first meeting when I realized that he's someone special.

It's all anticipation, hoping and wondering and feeling good.

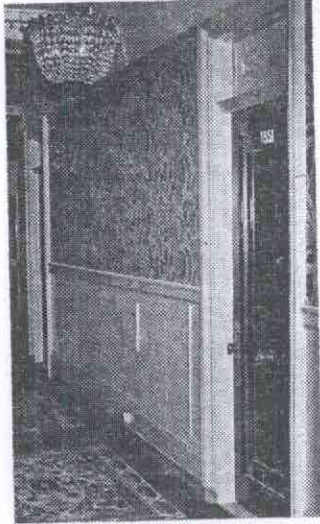
I slept well and woke up

feeling like Scarlett O'Hara the morning after Rhett Butler carried her up the stairs.

Jack called from Fresno, four days later. Earlier in the day I had received a dozen red roses from him. He sounded pumped up and raring to go.

We talked a long time that evening. He told me how much he had missed me, how pleased he was that we had met, and most importantly of all, he wanted to arrange another meeting.

From that moment on, the phone calls never stopped. He called almost every day — no matter where he was, or how tired, he found the time and the energy to call me. Sometimes I called him, routing the calls through his secretary, Evelyn Lincoln, at her office in the Old Senate Office Build-



DOOR to Room 1651 at the Plaza Hotel, where Judy waited for Kennedy on the eve of the 1960 New Hampshire presidential primary.

ing.

She always knew where Jack could be reached. Most of the times I called her with a request to speak to Jack and it would be only a question of minutes before he returned my call.

Throughout this period, we both had been anxious to see each other, but it was a question of finding a suitable time and place.

Those regular phone calls in February quickly led to our first love tryst. We had agreed to meet on the evening of March 7 at the Plaza Hotel in New York City.

During one call he offered to get my airline ticket and to make my reservation at the Plaza, but I said I would take care of it myself.

"I've missed you these past two weeks," he said.

"I wish I had taken Teddy's idea and brought you along with me. I wish you were here tonight."

"I wish I were there with you, Jack, I really do."

We talked in this vein for a



PLAZA HOTEL in New York City, where Judy and JFK made love for the first time, in March 1960.



TED AND JOHN KENNEDY in the early '60s. Judy claims that she rejected Ted's advances and "I think Jack got a big kick out of the fact that he had succeeded where Teddy had failed."

while, and then before saying goodnight, he said, "I would be terribly disappointed if you weren't at the Plaza on March 7."

It was not until the next day that I realized March 7 was the eve of the New Hampshire primary. What a man, I thought, to find time for us to be together on a day when he would be campaigning all over the state in a last effort to gain votes.

It was a long evening while I waited at the Plaza. It was one thing to get comfortable with someone on the phone, but a whole month had gone by since we had met and spent that brief moment together in Las Vegas. The longer I waited, the more nervous I became.

I must have gotten up to look in the mirror a hundred times. Then I thought that perhaps I should have worn something else.

It is terrible waiting for a knock on the door. I could hear footsteps coming down the hall and my heart would stop until they went by. Finally there was a light tap on the door. He was all smiles and out of breath.

I remember thinking that perhaps he had run up the stairs. My room was 1651 — that would be some hike.

We looked at each other and at first he was a little hesitant. I said, "Hi, Jack. How are you?" I didn't know what else to say.

He closed the door and put his arms around me. "God," he said, "it's good to see you."

It takes me a long time to be at ease with people, and I think he felt it because he pulled back and held me at arm's length. "Let me take a good look at you. You look sensational." He kept his arm on my shoulder as we walked into the room. The bed just seemed to zoom in size. It looked to me like I had the smallest room and the biggest bed in the Plaza. There were two chairs and a small table at the other end of the room. There was a bottle of Jack Daniel's, ice, and two glasses on the table. As we walked

toward the chairs, I offered him a drink, and he asked if I would prefer to go out for something to eat. I could tell that he wasn't too keen about it. I said, "Sit down and let's just talk. I would rather not be seen with you right now."

He was visibly relieved. I made drinks and we sat facing each other.

I asked if he would like to remove his jacket and he promptly stood up, removed it, draped it over the back of his chair and loosened his tie.

My head was going in different directions. I wanted to be with him and I didn't want to be with him. I just knew how difficult it would be for both of us. I was afraid of getting hurt.

That damn bed was getting bigger by the minute.

Finally, after some small talk, Jack took the initiative. He stood me up and kissed me and something inside me was beginning to resist. He was amorous and just very loving, whispering sweet nothings in my ear.

By this time, he had maneuvered me over to the bed, and had gently pushed me on my back. His kisses were more passionate now and my head was beginning to reel. Suddenly, I pushed him and said, "No, Jack."

He couldn't believe it. "What do you mean, no?"

"I just can't do this right now," I said. "I haven't seen you for a month."

"But we've talked on the phone every day. What's the matter?"

"Yes, we've talked on the phone, but I just can't say, 'Hello, there, how are you, have a drink, let's go to bed.' I feel so uncomfortable."

"But, Judy, don't you want to be close to me?"

"I do, Jack. I really do, but not this way. I need time to think it out."

I could see he was getting impatient. "I've waited so long to see you," he said.

"I know that, Jack."

"And time-wise, you knew

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what you were getting into."

"I know, I know . . ."

He was getting more annoyed as the discussion went on. Finally, he stood up and walked over to the chair for his jacket. I sat there just feeling dreadful. I thought frantically: "What do I do now?" I knew that if he walked out that door, I was going to be just miserable. I had gotten myself into a situation I couldn't resolve. I wanted to be with him, but it was so abrupt, so cold and calculated.

I knew he had been anticipating our meeting the way a man anticipates when two people start getting close. A woman anticipates in another way. Most women — I know I am — are incurable romantics. Love should be the way it used to be presented in the movies. You're romanced and the hero is gentle and charming and ever so considerate. Of course, it's not realistic. A woman can't be brought a rose, a single rose, and have dinner by candlelight every night. If only violins had played outside the door to create a romantic mood. Anything to soften it.

I was absolutely desolate as

he walked to the door. I sat there, a hurt soul, hoping he'd turn around and say he was sorry, that everything was all right. But he was leaving.

He turned around and looked at me: "I'm really sorry," he said, his hand on the door-knob.

I said, "Jack, come here."

He came back to the bed and sat down, putting his arms around me. "Don't misunderstand this," he said. "I don't mean to be impatient. I know it probably looks that way,

but I have been anticipating this moment for a long time. This has been the longest month."

I nodded. "It has for me, too, Jack."

"I could have walked in this room, picked you up and put you down on the bed." He stopped to kiss me. "I have so looked forward to being close to you, to making love to you, then just lie in bed and talk the way two people can talk after making love."

We kissed and after a while



SANDS HOTEL in Las Vegas where Judy first met JFK at Frank Sinatra's table in 1960.

I went to the bathroom to disrobe. When I came back, Jack was already in bed. He was smiling as he reached out for me. I snuggled close to him under the covers. "I didn't mean to act badly," he said. "I was so disappointed. I hope you understand how much I've anticipated this moment." I placed a finger against his lips and he kissed it. Then we made love.

He couldn't have been more loving, more concerned about my feelings, more considerate, more gentle. There was no question that he cared deeply about me. I was happy that I had called him back. Yet I was concerned about where the affair was leading me. He was married and perhaps someday he would be President of the United States. How does the President of the United States carry on an affair without arousing suspicion?

At the same time, I was busy rationalizing, trying to convince myself that everything was fine because he truly cared about me. I couldn't picture anyone working that hard just to go to bed for one night.

After we had made love, we

lay in each other's arms for a long time. Mostly, we talked about ourselves.

We were propped up on pillows drinking Jack Daniel's and I talked about Sen. Hubert Humphrey who was running against Jack in the presidential primaries.

"Poor Hubert," I said. "There are so few Humphreys and so many Kennedys. Anybody could become President if they had a family as big and as hardworking as yours. How can one country stomach so many Kennedys?"

He laughed. "Don't forget the grandkids. Wait till they come along. We'll take over the whole country — maybe the world."

I loved the wonderful airy, light side of him. It was amazing to me that he could be so relaxed on the eve of the first important primary. Not once did he mention New Hampshire. He had an air of confidence that was unshakeable. Come hell or high water he was going to win.

And he did. He won the primary — and my heart.

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