

SFChronicle

JAN 26 1976

## Decry, Baby



## Arthur Hoppe

**I**RISE TODAY to decry the tasteless manner in which my colleagues in the press are decrying the tasteless news stories decrying the late President Kennedy's private affairs.

You can't pick up a newspaper without reading some columnist deploring all this sensationalism, which the columnist then describes in lurid detail.

"Who cares," the columnist nobly begins, "whether Mr. Kennedy did or did not have an affair with Marilyn Monroe, a Mafia moll and 1603 other women including — as I have learned exclusively from the maitre d'hotel at the Baden-Baden Motor Court in 1940 — Eva Braun?"

"Is it anybody's business that they checked in there at 12:43 p.m. on April 23 of that year and did \$432.58 "worth of damage in the subsequent 72 hours to the headboard and chandelier? What matters that they ordered the following 62 items from room service . . .

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**B**UT THE most blatant case involves Buck Artwald, whose tasteless column runs in the Rappahoe, N.M., Town Crier. In order to decry the tastelessness of the whole mess, Artwald actually *made up* a woman who claimed to have had a romance with Mr. Kennedy. Excerpts from this tasteless column follow:

Irma LaDulce, 58, (the column begins) held a press conference today to announce her affair with the late President.

"Me and the kids, we're all real proud of Irma," said her husband, Al, a driving instructor. "She was a real

swinger in her day."

"That's right," said Irma. "I never thought of him as the President. To me, he was just plain old Jack Kennerly."

"Kennedy, Irma," said Al.

"Right," said Irma. "He was always complaining that his wife, Mamie, didn't understand him."

"Jackie, Irma," said Al

"Right," said Irma. "Maybe it was his funny Southern accent. Anyhow, that was just before I had an affair with the Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan. He sure was a Grand Dragon. But so was Harry."

"Jack, Irma."

"Him, too. He was always calling me up and asking me when I was coming back to Pittsburgh so he could smuggle me into the White House again disguised as Lynwood Johnson."

"Washington, Irma. And I think you mean Lyndon Johnson."

"Yeah, big guy. Now him . . .

"Don't tell, Irma!" cried Al. "Wait till we sell the paperback rights."

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**W**ELL, this tasteless column ends with Irma supposedly selling her memoirs for \$37.50 and a set of Tupperware. I say it's a cheap shot.

This business of decrying sensationalism in order to titillate readers with the sensational details must stop. As a journalist of the old school I for one wholeheartedly decry it.