

Ted and Joan Kennedy with their children: Ted, Jr. (left), Kara and Patrick. This photo appeared on the family's 1970 Christmas card.

Ted Kennedy: Husband vs. Politician

His family needs him. But so does his party. How does Kennedy cope with these fierce pressures that often pull him in different directions? Final installment of a new best seller.
By Lester David

One spring day in 1958, 26-year-old Edward Moore Kennedy picked up the telephone in a friend's New York apartment, dialed the number of the Joseph Katz Advertising Agency and asked to speak to its president, Harry Wiggin Bennett, Jr. When Mr. Bennett came on the line, Ted Kennedy got to the point. Could he stop by the Bennett home later that evening, he asked, because he had something to discuss with him. Mr. Bennett said certainly.

Harry and Virginia Bennett and their two beautiful daughters—blond Virginia Joan, 21, and brunet Candace, 19—lived in a 12-room, Mediterranean-style home in suburban Bronxville, N.Y. Both girls had made their debuts, both had gone on to college, and both had been going steady for some time.

It isn't often that a father is asked for two daughter's hands in marriage on the same night, but that is exactly what happened to Harry Bennett that evening.

The first caller at the Bennett house was tall, slender Bob McMurrey, who had been dating Candy. While she waited upstairs, Bob told Mr. Bennett he wanted to marry her. Mr. Bennett explained that since Candy was just out of junior college and Bob, newly graduated from Yale, had three years of law school ahead of him, perhaps it would be best to wait. (They were disappointed, but they waited a year.)

Two hours later, *(continued on page 128)*

Copyright © 1972 by Lester David. From the forthcoming book, "Ted Kennedy: Triumphs and Tragedies," to be published by Grosset & Dunlap, Inc. Photograph by Russell and Elizabeth Kuhner.

Ted Kennedy showed up, unaware that Bob had preceded him. He and Harry Bennett sat in front of the great stone fireplace in the living room and chatted about the weather. Kennedy crossed and uncrossed his long legs. Mr. Bennett offered him a soft drink, which he politely refused.

Finally Ted blurted out: Could he marry Joan? Mr. Bennett grinned and answered with a question that is still a family joke: "Do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

Eight months earlier, on a brisk Sunday afternoon, October 27, 1957, a long black limousine drove through the gate of the Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart in Purchase, N.Y., and came to a stop in front of the administrative offices. Ted Kennedy alighted first and turned to help his mother, Rose, from the car. His father, Joseph P. Kennedy, followed.

Two new campus buildings were to be dedicated that day: the Kennedy Physical Education Building, toward which the family had contributed generously, and Spellman Hall, a new dormitory. Present for the ceremonies were Francis Cardinal Spellman and a number of assorted Kennedys, including Jean, Eunice and Ethel.

The Kennedys had been linked with Manhattanville for decades. Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy, Ethel Skakel Kennedy, Jean Kennedy Smith and Eunice Kennedy Shriver all went there.

At three o'clock, the dedication ceremonies got under way. On behalf of his parents, Ted, then a student at the University of Virginia Law School, made a short speech. After the ceremony, there was a reception. Nearly all of Manhattanville's 700 students were there—but not Harry Bennett's eldest daughter, Joan. She was in her dorm room, her hair in curlers, typing up an English theme.

Attendance at the ceremonies and reception had been compulsory, but Joan, who had gone to a football game the day before, was behind on an English paper that was due. Besides, politics mattered little to her; music and literature were her fields.

First Ethel, now Joan

Shortly before five o'clock, however, Joan's roommate, Margot Murray, raced up from the reception with the warning that one of the nuns had noticed Joan's absence. Joan knew she'd better get down there right away or face disciplinary action. She slipped off the curlers, put on a blue skirt and sweater and, without bothering with makeup, went to the reception.

Jean Kennedy, who had married Steve Smith the year before, came up to say hello. She and Joan had met on a number of social occasions, most recently on a double date the weekend before. Jean had been a roommate of Ethel Skakel at Manhattanville and had plotted, successfully, to arrange a match between her brother Bobby and Ethel. Now she had something in mind for Ted.

"I'd like you to meet my little brother," she said to Joan, introducing her to Ted. They were together for the rest of the afternoon. A few days later, Ted telephoned Joan from Virginia, although it was not until Thanksgiving recess, a month later, that he could come up to see her.

Ted and Joan dated the rest of that year and into the next. Joan would go to Charlottesville for school functions; Ted would show up regularly at Manhattanville. Ted would go to Bronxville for dinner. Joan would visit at Hyannis Port, where she was promptly labeled "the dish" by Ted's brother John. It was on the beach at Hyannis Port that Ted proposed. He gave Joan a huge, emerald-cut diamond engagement ring, which Joan calls her "skating rink," and on September 21, the betrothal was officially announced.

The night before the wedding, winds of near-hurricane force, accompanied by the heaviest rainfall in years, toppled trees, tore down power lines and flooded streets. In Bronxville, more than 1,700 homes were blacked out and telephone service was disrupted.

By Saturday morning, November 29, 1958, an icy wind had plummeted the temperature to a mere 17°. Despite the frigid weather, a large crowd of onlookers gathered near the main entrance to St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church for the arrival of the wedding party. They saw Ambassador and Mrs. Joseph Kennedy and, soon after, Senator John F. Kennedy and his pretty wife Jacqueline. Robert Kennedy, then chief counsel for the Senate Rackets Committee, came with his wife Ethel and five of their six children. Bobby had been so busy in Washington that he had missed all the wedding rehearsals. The assistant pastor started to brief Bob on his duties as chief usher, but Kennedy interrupted: "I've been through this many times, Father, don't worry about me."

If Bob felt relaxed, John Kennedy did not. Before the ceremony, he changed into his rented striped pants and frock coat, but found the outfit much too small and extremely uncomfortable. As best man, he wanted to look his best, so he cornered Dick

Clasby, Ted's Harvard classmate and a cousin by marriage, and prevailed upon him to swap suits. Clasby, who had been captain of the Harvard football team, recalls, "We went to the back of the church and changed. I was even bigger than he was, so I came out in a suit that looked as if it belonged to my twelve-year-old son."

Among the ushers were K. LeMoyné Billings, one of the Kennedy family's most loyal friends through the years; Joseph Gargan, Ted's cousin, who was to figure prominently 11 years later in the tragedy at Chappaquiddick; and Ted's roommate at Virginia Law School, John V. Tunney, son of the former heavyweight boxing champion Gene Tunney, and now a U.S. Senator from California.

By 11 A.M., all 475 guests had been seated and Cardinal Spellman stood before the white marble altar banked with yellow and white chrysanthemums. The bride, in an ivory satin long-sleeved, fitted-bodice dress with veil of rosepoint lace, a bouquet of white roses and carnations in her hand, came down the aisle on her father's arm. Candace Bennett was her sister's maid of honor. Joan's two bridesmaids were her roommate, Margot Murray, and Jean Kennedy Smith.

Cameras and concealed microphones recorded the entire ceremony. As a gift to the bride and groom, a friend of Mr. Bennett had arranged to have a professional-quality motion picture made of the wedding from start to finish. While waiting for the ceremony to begin, Ted and Jack tossed a football to each other outside the church, forgetting that they had been wired for sound. Their dialogue was duly recorded and is now a part of Ted and Joan Kennedy's permanent record of the day.

The newlyweds and their guests drove two miles to the exclusive, half-century-old Siwanoy Country Club for a wedding reception that was modest by Kennedy standards. Only 158 guests had been invited. A receiving line was set up in the club's large, square lobby, which becomes a ballroom when the rugs are rolled up and the chairs removed. Later, in the dining room, the guests ate breast of chicken Eugenie under glass (chicken and ham with white sauce and mushrooms on toast).

Wedding day or no, the Kennedy brothers' enthusiasm for football could not be dimmed. After the guests had been greeted, the receiving line broke for cocktails and conversation. Soon, though, Rose Kennedy missed John, Bob and Ted and asked where they had gone. They were found in the men's grill watching the Army-Navy football game on television. They never saw the finish because Rose summoned them all back to the guests.

The honeymoon lasted only three days. Ted and Joan flew down to Nassau, where Lord Beaverbrook, the British publisher, had loaned them his estate. On Wednesday the groom was back at law school, and the bride was unpacking in their first home.

Hopeless in the kitchen

Ted had rented a three-bedroom split-level home on four acres of wooded land a mile from Charlottesville. Like her sister-in-law, Ethel, who had been hopeless in the kitchen as a new bride on the same campus eight years earlier, Joan came unprepared for domestic duties. "I moved in," she said, "with a cookbook and no experience." It would take her an hour to clear away the breakfast dishes, and then it would be time for lunch, for which Ted showed up daily. With preparation and cleaning up, Ted figured Joan spent some eight hours a day in the kitchen.

Ted and Joan's social life was low key. She made friends with other students' wives, attended school-related functions and, with Ted, went to the usual student parties.

But there couldn't be many parties because the work was hard at law school, and there was plenty of it. Ted wasn't a quick study. "I've got to go at a thing four times as hard and four times as long as some other fellow," he would say afterward. He remembered those days—"up early and late, hitting the books. I had to, just to keep up with some of the other guys."

Kennedy's grades at law school were unimpressive. Professor A. J. G. Priest remembers him as "handsome, good-mannered, and a fellow of a nice boy." But, "He didn't have the best grades."

In his senior year, however, Ted Kennedy teamed up with John Tunney to beat out 50 other teams and win the Moot Court competition—a coveted honor equal in prestige, some feel, to editing the Law Review. In Moot Court contests, law students argue hypothetical questions before "judges." Students enter in teams of two during their second year and, through eliminations, head for the finals toward the close of their senior year. From the semifinals on, the competition is judged by practicing jurists.

Ironically, one of the Moot Court



judges that year was Judge F. Clement Haynsworth, Jr., of the 4th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals. Twelve years later, Senators Kennedy and Tunney were to sit in judgment on Haynsworth after President Nixon nominated him for the Supreme Court. Both voted against confirmation.

Ted was graduated from law school in June of 1959 in the middle of his class. That summer, he and Joan took a belated six-week honeymoon to South America. Then they bought a three-story brick house at 3 Charles River Square at the foot of Boston's Beacon Hill. Ted was admitted to the Massachusetts bar and, soon after, plunged into politics.

Late in October of 1959, the Kennedys and their closest advisers decided that John F. Kennedy should seek the 1960 presidential nomination. It was decided that Bobby, who had left the Senate Rackets Committee, would be campaign manager. Ted was assigned the job of coordinating campaign activities in 11 Western states and at once set out to prove his worth. Tirelessly, he covered his territory from fall until late winter 1960.

Meanwhile, Joan had returned to her parents' home in Bronxville to await the birth of their first child, Kara Anne, born on February 27, 1960. Ted had little time to become acquainted with his new daughter before he was off again. Indeed, a month after Kara's birth, Joan herself had joined her husband on the campaign trail.

After John Kennedy won the Democratic nomination Ted had more hard work to do. Given the new title of Campaign Coordinator for the Rocky Mountain and Western States, he rented a house in San Francisco and took off again. He was home only 13 of the 100 days between August 1 and Election Day, leading Joan to sigh that, while there was a certain excitement in being the wife of a campaigner, "It has its drawbacks."

In January 1961, Ted rode a chartered bus from Boston to Washington for his brother's inauguration and, once there, danced in an Irish jig at one of the inaugural balls. He also sang "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" and went home to Boston carrying a cigarette case, a gift from President Kennedy, inscribed with the line from Matthew: "And the last shall be first."

At this point in his life, Ted Kennedy lost an inner battle for independence from his brothers and family.

At least once before, he had tried to move out from under their influence. After graduation from Milton Academy—which he attended, he said, "because Bobby liked it and I thought I would"—he wanted to break with his family's Harvard tradition and attend Stanford University in Palo Alto, Calif. But somehow he never made it. Now, with his brother elected President, he thought seriously of cutting all ties with the East Coast. "In other places," he said at the time, "I might be accepted more on my own than I would be right here where Jack is." And Joan, too, has said: "Ted has always been interested in the West, and during 1959 and 1960 when he was campaigning in the Western states, he just about decided to move out there. His idea was to practice law for a while after Jack's election and then, in maybe five or six years, run for office himself. He took me with him to New Mexico and Wyoming during the campaign so I could see what it was like. His main reason for wanting to move was a feeling that in a new state he would have to succeed or fail on his own."

"You can't run away"

In the end, though, he was unable to make the break. "Eventually," Joan declared, "we both decided you can't run away from being the President's brother, no matter where you go." In February 1961, Ted purchased a summer home on Squaw Island, a mile from the Kennedy compound at Hyannis Port. The distance had some significance in light of his announced intention to move out of the family's shadow. Says Joan: "It's close enough to go down to the big house for movies and yet far enough away not to be in the midst of the family. Ted loves his family, but there are times when we enjoy being alone."

Having decided to stay in Massachusetts, Ted took a \$5,000-a-year job as an assistant district attorney of Suffolk County, which includes Boston. He also began speaking at church suppers, synagogue dinners and similar gatherings.

In May of 1961, when Joan was five months pregnant with their second child (Ted, Jr., born Sept. 26, 1961), she and Ted flew to Italy (continued)

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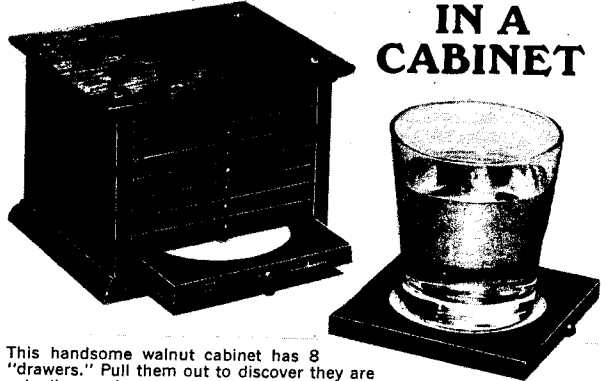
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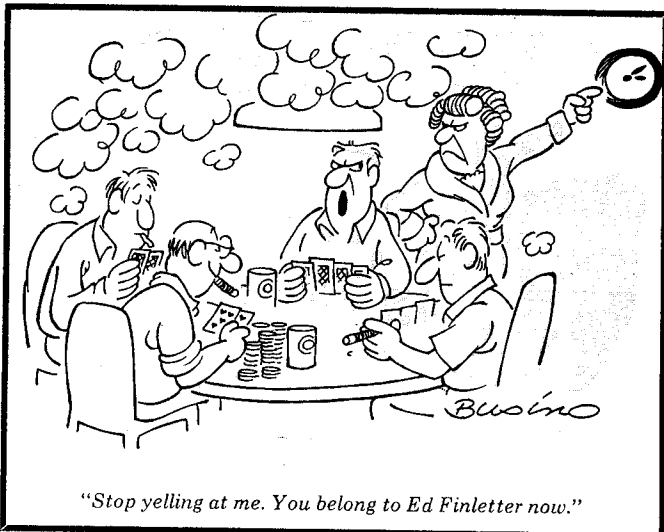
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to participate in the centennial observance of Italian unification. Ted and Joan were received by Pope John. They met President Gronchi, visited orphanages and hospitals. Later that same summer, Ted visited South America on a private "fact-finding tour."

Boston politicians buzzed that Ted was being prepped for something, but they didn't know what. Only the Kennedy inner circle knew that a private poll had determined that Massachusetts voters would accept Edward Moore Kennedy as U.S. Senator. The following November, the voters did just that—by an overwhelming majority.

Borrowed from Jackie

Since the day Ted Kennedy ran for public office, his and Joan's married life has been extraordinary. Though Joan would have preferred a quieter life, with more emphasis on music, books and the children, she adapted to the Kennedy style with enormous success. When Ted began his Senate drive, Joan lacked the proper wardrobe for campaigning, so she borrowed clothes from Jackie Kennedy, then the First Lady, and went around Massachusetts helping her husband campaign.

With the other Kennedy women, Joan was hostess at little parties all across the state, nine and ten in a single day, chatting cozily with housewives about children, school, husbands. She also rang doorbells, though she was often frightened to walk in the dark, usually taking a cousin or friend along. The experience was an education for the young wife, who had been so sheltered in an exclusive Westchester suburb. "I would meet women my age with four or five children," she said once, "so depressed, so hopeless, in such dilapidated surroundings. And there I was, ready with this big pitch about voting for Ted Kennedy, and they never even had time to look at a newspaper. They would just look at me with such sad eyes. I won't ever forget it."

Joan quickly became as great an asset to Ted as Jackie Kennedy had been to John in his Presidential campaign. Indeed, Joan soon became known as the "Green Jackie"—green for Irish.

As he enters his 40th year, what is Ted Kennedy like as a husband? He never forgets birthdays or anniversaries, commemorating each with gifts, usually expensive jewelry. Joan's birthstone is the sapphire, for September; she now has an impressive collection from her husband in the form of rings, pins and bracelets.

He will always tell her when he plans to return home. If he is delayed, as he often is, he will telephone to let her know. He is extremely close to his children and helps them with their home-

work at night. When he is in town, he will cancel all other engagements to attend a field day, class play, or P.T.A. meeting. Only the most pressing business will keep him from spending at least one day a week with his family.

He knows that his political duties keep him on the move far more than most husbands are and that Joan dislikes the separation. It is one of the chief reasons she does not want to be First Lady. (In London last March she

it's different with a President, and Joan knows it. Ted will encourage her to come along on out-of-town trips, and she will go, though the journeys are frequently taxing. Last November, for example, she insisted on accompanying him on a speaking tour that took them through five Midwestern states in three days. Ever since his plane crash, she has tried to avoid flying in the same plane, for the sake of the children, but frequently it's unavoidable.

them, Jackie came by again, collected them and took them back to the library.

And how does Ted feel about his wife's mod clothes—the see-through blouses, skirts slit to the tops of the thighs, the hot pants?

"Ted thinks Joan's clothes are just great," confides her sister Candy. Angelique Voutselas, Ted's private secretary couldn't agree more. "He approves," she says, "because she looks so good in them." Both noted, however, that Joan usually wears more conventional attire.

As they did when they were first married, Ted and Joan love to take walks. But time for those walks is more precious than ever before. Being a senator is an exhausting job. Being a senator named Kennedy is more so. Just how much time do Ted and his family have together? To answer that question accurately, the author clocked one long, but average, day in the life of Ted Kennedy:

Morning in McLean

Ted awoke in the pink, green and white bedroom of his home in McLean, Va., and quickly showered and shaved. He and Joan have "his" and "her" bathrooms. From one of a row of closets lining the hall outside the bedroom—the sleeping area itself has none—Ted selected a blue suit, a light-blue shirt with fashionable long pointed collar and a striped blue and yellow necktie.

By 7:20 A.M. he was in the breakfast room with Joan, Kara and Ted Jr. Joan in a pale blue dressing gown, wore no makeup; her thick, lemon-yellow hair framed her sun-tanned face. Kara was then in the fifth grade at the National Elementary School in Washington, and Ted was a fourth grader at St. Albans School for Boys. The baby, orange-haired Patrick (born July 14, 1967), was enrolled at a Montessori School and would be up soon. Joan and neighboring mothers have formed car pools to transport the children to school; however, this was not Joan's day to drive.

Ted prizes these moments with his family and wishes there were more of them. He joked with the children, asked them about school and their friends and about their plans for the weekend. Andrée Imbert, their marvelous French cook who once worked for Joseph P. Kennedy and, before that, for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, placed eggs, scrambled lightly, before him as he talked. Ted ate rapidly, kissed the children, told them to have a good day, kissed Joan and went to his study off the master bedroom.

A worn, green-leather briefcase, bearing the gold monogram EMK, rested wide open on a chair. Stuffed into it, but not neatly, was a transcript of a Senate hearing that he had been reading before going to bed. Kennedy's briefcase is his "traveling office"; into it,

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said: "Being the sister-in-law of a President's wife, I have seen at close hand what it is really like. I don't want the job.") Asked if she felt it was too tough at the top, she answered: "Yes, I guess that's about it," but added: "If my husband decides to run, then I will be with him all the way."

Referring to this, Ted Kennedy told me: "Joan, like any other wife, wants a husband who will spend time with her and the children, under circumstances that are happy. A senator, though busy, does have time to spend at home because he is responsible to his constituency, not to the Washington swirl." But

Joan gets on famously with the other Kennedy women, especially Ethel, whom she adores. She also admires Jackie Onassis. Once at Hyannis Port, when Joan was recovering from an illness, Jackie dropped in with an armful of books she thought Joan would enjoy reading. Telling the story, Joan's sister Candy remarks, "Joan thought it was such an unusual and thoughtful thing to do, taking the trouble to find out what books she would like and going to get them instead of just bringing flowers or candy." Jackie didn't purchase the books. She got them from the local library. When Joan was finished with

his staff places papers he must see and letters that need answering. He generally uses the minutes before going to work to scrawl notes to his secretary, Angeliq, atop the letters or along the margins. She deciphers them and shapes them into full, formal replies.

In his inside coat pocket, Kennedy always carries three-by-five index cards stapled together, his hour-by-hour routine for the day, planned by himself, his appointments secretary, and several key aides. The schedule is typed up the previous afternoon, the items often followed by the terse, candid comments of staff members. One function or meeting might be stressed as "important," another as a "stop-by" (meaning skip if pressed). Interviews with newsmen often must be squeezed in between stops. On this day the cards noted that a *Newsweek* writer would jump into a car with him for a half-hour conversation en route to Capitol Hill. On this day, too, the cards noted that I would be dogging Kennedy's footsteps.

Usually, Ted drives himself to work in his year-old Plymouth Fury, leaving about 8:30 A.M. and arriving at the Old Senate Office Building 20 or 30 minutes later, depending on traffic. But the correspondence to be read and answered had backed up alarmingly the past several days, so Ted had arranged to have an aide pick him up and drive him to Washington. He would use the traveling time to catch up. Promptly at 8, Philip Heller rolled into the driveway. A moment later, Heller's car, with its EMK 4 license plate, was heading for Washington and Kennedy's first engagement of the day at the Hotel Sonesta.

Morning in Washington

In the Normandy suite at the Sonesta, waitresses weaved through the narrow aisles between the tables with trays of scrambled eggs and sausages for 150 officials of the powerful American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees Union gathered for a breakfast meeting. There had been three days of leadership conferences, during which the union had been addressed by five of the then leading possibilities for the 1972 Democratic Presidential nomination: Senators Humphrey, Bayh, Jackson, Muskie and Hughes.

At a rear table, a union delegate watched a technician test the lights for a television camera set up in the middle of the room. "Damn interesting," he said. "We had all those other guys and the television never showed up. But when Teddy comes, we get on TV."

At 8:50, five minutes late, Kennedy strode into the room to a standing ovation, walked to the head table and shook hands with Jerry Wurf, New York State president of the union. Wurf presented Kennedy as "the only Senator who has introduced a comprehensive health measure into the Senate." Kennedy was a co-sponsor of the controversial Health Security Act, backed by the AFL-CIO, which would create a system of national health insurance. He was at the meeting to make a plea for support of the bill.

Ted warmed his audience skillfully. "It must really be a relief to listen to someone who's not running for anything," he said. Appreciative chuckles. Then Kennedy spoke for ten minutes.

He spoke with conviction, at times with fire, and at the end the audience rose and applauded for three minutes.

Jerry Wurf said a few minutes would be allotted for questions. At once a man asked Kennedy:

"If you were drafted for the Presidency, would you run?"

"Hey," Wurf began, "none of that now..."

Kennedy, grinning, leaned into the microphone and said quietly: "I indicated previously that I would not. I haven't changed my mind."

At 9:15, after three more questions, Kennedy quickly left the room and climbed into the car for the drive to Capitol Hill. The *Newsweek* correspondent squeezed in beside him.

At 9:45 Heller drew up at the Delaware Avenue entrance to the Old Senate Office Building. Kennedy bid the *Newsweek* man good-bye at the door of his suite and walked inside.

Ted Kennedy works in No. 431, a five-room suite. The walls of all the offices are almost covered with huge posters and photographs of the Kennedy brothers. In the reception room hangs an impressionist painting of the French Riviera, done by Ted from memory while he was recovering from a broken back suffered in the 1964 plane crash. Below it is a framed letter from Norman Rockwell, admiring the effort and telling the Senator that if he ever wants to get out of politics, he has a "real future in landscape painting." (Kennedy was pleased, though he felt Rockwell was exaggerating.)

In one of the offices, a secretary has hanging above her desk a hand-lettered quotation from Albert Camus: "To be born to create, to live, to win at games is to be born to live in time of peace. But war teaches us to lose everything

and become what we were not. It all becomes a question of style." Kennedy came by one day, read it carefully and nodded silently.

Ted's large private office, 30 by 20 feet, is also stuffed with poignant Kennedy reminders, and with notes, paintings and assorted items made by his children.

On his desk is a paperweight engraved with the George Bernard Shaw quotation Robert Kennedy used so often: "Some men see things as they are and say, 'Why?' I dream of things that never were and say, 'Why not?'" To the left of the desk, an entire wall is covered with photographs of the Kennedys in happier times. In a frame are John F. Kennedy's U.S. Navy "dog tags" on a chain. On either side of the mantel on the opposite wall are the flags that stood in the Oval Room of the White House when J F K was president; the flags were presented to Ted by Jacqueline Kennedy.

Teddy Jr. is well represented. His painting of the Senator's 28-foot sailboat, the *Victoria*—the water a bold blue, the sails sharp white—has a place of honor. It is signed, "To daddy, love from Teddy, Merry Christmas, 1969." Atop the mantel is young Teddy's laboriously constructed replica of the aircraft carrier *John F. Kennedy*, made of wood, bottle tops, and dime-store airplanes. On one wall is young Teddy's description of his father, done as a homework assignment: "My father is medium. He weighs 230 pounds. My father is a majority leader of the Senate. He is nice and he plays football with me. His hobbies are eating candies." And near it is young Teddy's

manifesto, proclaiming a Fifth Freedom, to wit: the right of a child to perform his homework without parental supervision. On the morning of April 16, 1969, Teddy Sr. found the following crayoned message taped to his bedroom door: "You are not asking me questions about the 5 pages. You are not cretching [correcting] my home work. It is a free world."

2,000 letters a day

Kennedy has 27 paid staff members, including a press secretary, an executive assistant, a special assistant, and various secretaries and clerical workers. A special aide had to be hired to take care of the voluminous mail—sometimes as much as 2,000 letters a day. Official letters are placed on his desk at once, while all the others are read and eventually answered.

The door to the suite is always open, and visitors drop by constantly, hoping to catch a glimpse of the Senator. They are all given folders explaining how the Senate operates and Kennedy buttons from a glass jar on the receptionist's desk. The jar must be refilled at least once a week.

At 9:45, Mark Schneider, Kennedy's young legislative assistant, phoned from the Senate cloakroom. "You'll be called in ten minutes," he said. "Good, I'll be right down," Senator Kennedy replied and quickly left for the Senate floor.

The bill to extend the draft another two years, which included the controversial McGovern-Hatfield proposal requiring all U.S. troops to be withdrawn from Indochina by year's end, had been under consideration by the Senate since early May. Sen. John C. Stennis of Mississippi, floor manager of the draft bill, had submitted an amendment that set a maximum of 150,000 men who could be called up in each of the following two years. However, Stennis had written an escape clause: the President could exceed the ceiling if, in his judgment, "urgent national security reasons" demanded more men.

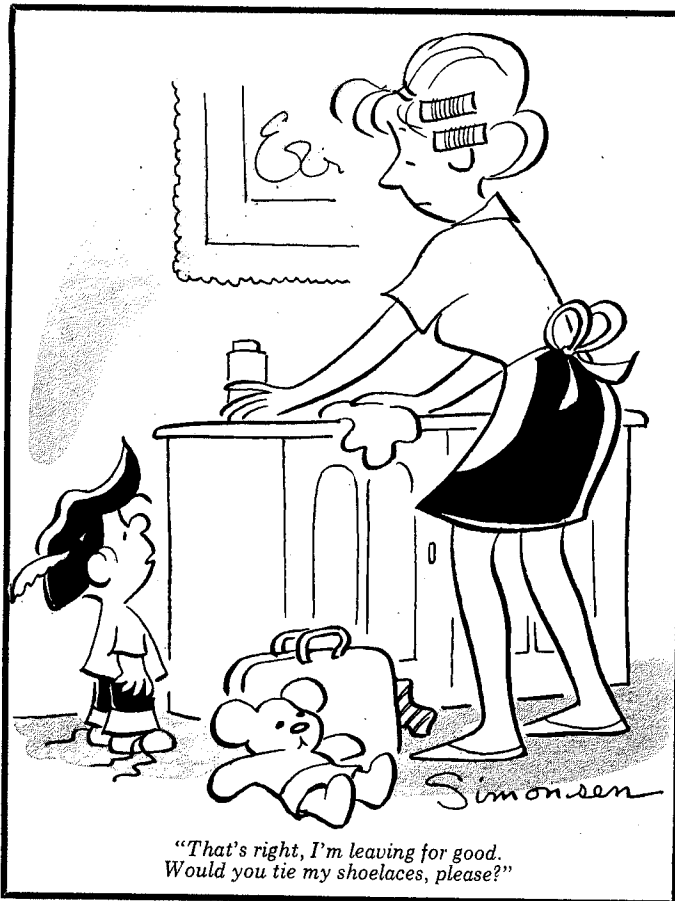
Kennedy wanted this escape clause removed. He had written an amendment to the Stennis provisions that would call upon Congress, not the President, to raise the quota if the upper limit proved inadequate.

Schneider told Kennedy that his amendment would be brought up for discussion within minutes.

Kennedy entered the Senate chamber and went to his desk, No. 91, in the rear row on the west side of the aisle, between Ernest Hollings of South Carolina and Philip Hart of Michigan. The summer tourists in the half-filled galleries stared and pointed as they recognized Kennedy. When his time came, he thrust his hands in his jacket pockets and began speaking.

The speech was unreported by the press and unheard by most of the Senate; only eight members were in their seats throughout most of it. But it contained a ringing affirmation of the historical Constitutional prerogatives of Congress to raise and support armies, and a plea to return to the tradition of close Congressional checks over the executive branch's military manpower decisions.

At five minutes before 11:00, Kennedy concluded his arguments and sat down. Senator Stennis walked over and conferred with him, then both went into the cloakroom. Five minutes (continued)



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TED KENNEDY continued

later they emerged, and the reason for the huddle became clear. Stennis announced a concession. He agreed that, since the bill had been drawn, the need for troops had lessened considerably, and therefore the escape clause could safely be eliminated. The Senate voted approval.

Following this victory, Kennedy went around the floor and into the cloakroom rounding up the members of his Health Subcommittee for a meeting in the Senate wing of the Capitol.

While he was away, a bombshell exploded without warning on the floor of the Senate. Two days before, Kennedy had made a strong anti-Nixon speech. "At last," he had said, "the ultimate and cynical reality of our policy is beginning to dawn on the American people. The only possible excuse for continuing the discredited policy of Vietnamizing the war, now and in the months ahead, seems to be the President's intention to play his last great card for peace at a time closer to November 1972, when the chances will be greater that the action will benefit the coming Presidential campaign."

Sen. Robert Dole of Kansas, chairman of the Republican National Committee, now rose in the Senate to attack Kennedy. "Some members of the other party," he said, "are willing to exceed the bounds of partisanship, reason and common decency in their efforts to downgrade the President and advance their own personal interests."

Then Hubert Humphrey, looking almost gaunt from strenuous dieting, rose to express sharp disagreement with fellow-Democrat Kennedy's views and to support the President's conduct of the war.

At that point, nobody was absolutely sure what Kennedy might do about running for President in 1972, and observers saw in Humphrey's remarks a growing worry that eventually the charismatic Ted might declare his candidacy.

Out in the Senate corridor, Kennedy was told of the attacks. He listened quietly, nodded and, during the afternoon session, asked for the floor to respond. He said he stood squarely behind the remarks he had made, and hoped that every senator would read the address in full in the Congressional Record.

"I would add one further comment," he said. "It is my understanding that as a matter of long-standing procedure in the Senate a member traditionally has the courtesy to inform his colleagues when criticism of the sort made by the Senator from Kansas is about to be delivered on the floor of the Senate. I received no such notice, and was actually engaged in a meeting of the Senate Health Subcommittee at the time the Senator delivered his remarks."

Later in the afternoon, Senator Dole's office delivered a copy of the statement to Kennedy's office. "Damn nice of him," said Ted's press secretary, Dick Drayne.

Afternoon

Kennedy glanced at his index cards: 12:30 P.M. STOP BY. Rm. S-120 Senate Demo Campaign Comm. Lunch for Jim Wilmot (N.Y. pres. of Page Airways) who's running the June 29 dinner.

12:30 P.M. Amb. Orlando Letelier, Rm. 431, lunch; from Chile.

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DEAR
LAST YEAR'S
VALENTINE:

By Mary Reeves Mahoney

*I hope you lose your rabbit's foot
And all the pennies that you put
In piggy banks. May someone
swipe*

*Your armchair and your favorite
pipe.*

*I wish you many a broken date,
Thinning hair, a gain in weight.
Missed connections, restless
slumbers,*

*Hangnails, buttons dangling,
numbers*

*Never answering when you
phone.*

*I hope you bump your
sunnybone,
And if perchance you should
get sick it's*

*Worrisome. May parking tickets
Plague you, and your boss be
mean.*

*I hope you're tricked on
Hallowe'en.*

*I wish you'd get at least a
letter a*

Day that threatens suit. Etcetera.

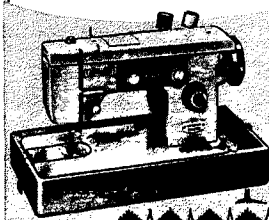
*When your life's all out of
whack*

*Perhaps you'll see you need me
back*

*For smoothing things that you
can't cope with.*

*That's what I keep up my hope
with.*

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- Hurry, mail the entry form or a reasonable facsimile today! Winners of the Sewing Machines and Electric Scissors will be selected by drawing from among all correct entries.
- All prize winners will be notified by mail. All persons entering this contest will be issued a coupon offer whereby they can purchase a New Deluxe Model SWA-2000 Dressmaker Zig Zag 24 Cam Sewing Machine, \$189.95 comparable value for \$79.95.
- Only one entry permitted from each contestant.
- Decision of the judges is final.
- No representative will call or come to your home.
- Entries must be postmarked no later than March 25, 1972 to be eligible for drawing to be held March 29, 1972 at City Sewing Machine Co., 818 Broadway, Marysville, Kas.

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Ted walked quickly back to his office. There was no time to "stop by" at the Wilmut lunch; he was already late for his appointment with the Chilean ambassador. Angelique had ordered lunch from the Senate dining room and it had already arrived: tomato juice, chef salad, fresh strawberries and iced tea. (In Washington, Kennedy usually has a quick lunch on a tray in his office, a 20-minute meal during which he discusses business with an aide. Angelique generally orders jellied consommé, a medium-rare hamburger, and iced tea, varying the fare on occasion with a grilled cheese sandwich or bacon, lettuce and tomato on toast.) Ambassador Letelier arrived promptly and the two closed the door for a private conversation, which lasted an hour.

Overwhelming details

After the Ambassador left, Kennedy accepted six telephone calls, conferred with Dick Drayne about questions asked by two reporters and received quick briefings on forthcoming committee meetings. Kennedy is a member of four Senate committees: Judiciary, Labor and Public Welfare, the Special Committee on Aging, and the Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs. He also serves on 18 subcommittees. Thus the details that must be absorbed, the questions that must be decided, are overwhelming in number and complexity. He relies heavily on his staff to brief him on the facts and holds many short conferences with aides throughout the day.

1:30 P.M. Center for Urban Ethnic Affairs, Rm. 318 Caucus Rm.; Msgr. Geno Baroni.

Bob Bates, a black legislative assistant, stood outside the high oak doors of the Senate Caucus Room waiting for the boss. It was 2:10. Room 318 is the ornate, marble-columned chamber in which the Army-McCarthy hearings were held 17 years before, and in which Robert Kennedy announced his candidacy for the 1968 Democratic Presidential nomination. Inside, about 300 educators, social workers and clergymen were having a luncheon conference, discussing the issues facing blue-collar workers and urban ethnic communities. Kennedy had arranged to have the group, which is affiliated with Catholic University, use the room for its meeting. He received a standing ovation as he walked to the front of the room and shook hands with Father Baroni. He talked for ten minutes and left for the Senate floor.

Kennedy, Dick Drayne and I walked across Constitution Avenue toward the Capitol just as the light changed. As cars sped past, Ted grabbed my arm. "Look out!" he yelled. "We don't want to lose you."

The cars had begun moving around

the Senator, too. "We don't want to lose you either, Senator," I replied. The comment was banal, almost stupid; only later did I realize its deeper significance. If Kennedy understood or even heard, he gave no sign.

In the Senate, debate continued on amendments to the draft extension bill, on drug addiction and alcoholism.

4 P.M. Gov. Milton Shapp, Rm. 431.

Kennedy glanced at his watch, hurried off the floor for his appointment

Boston office to make some calls in his behalf. He turned to the children, signed his name in their autograph books, and shook hands. The man left, not completely happy, but more cheerful than when he came.

Governor Shapp, waiting in Kennedy's office, stayed 40 minutes. At five o'clock Kennedy saw a representative of the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial. At 5:30, columnist Joseph Kraft arrived for an interview.

with Joan and the family. Andrée, who can cook gourmet specialties, must restrain her culinary flights and stick to plain dishes such as roast beef, steak and chicken, the Kennedys' customary fare. She does splurge on vegetables, no special favorite of any of the family, except when Andrée prepares them. She also bakes chocolate cake, which the Senator loves, and chocolate chip cookies, which he devours, all the while protesting that he must watch his weight.

After dinner, Kennedy usually spends time with his children before returning to his den for homework. An associate says: "He doesn't go to most of the things he's invited to—he's not much on the party circuit, doesn't go to many embassy balls, although you might think he does from the way he and Joan keep getting their names in the paper, she with her hot pants or whatever." On this evening, though, he had an engagement, the final item on his index cards:

8 P.M.—Sen. Javits dinner for Erik Erikson, informal. Watergate West #1504: 2700 Virginia Ave. NW; stag (12 attending).

A long day

Javits, a personal friend and valuable ally in liberal causes, had personally asked Ted to attend the small function for the eminent psychoanalyst, recently retired from Harvard University. Dr. Erikson, who was visiting Washington, had told Senator Javits he was particularly interested in meeting Ted Kennedy. Kennedy changed clothes and arrived a few minutes late at the Watergate, an exclusive apartment house and hotel complex. Meanwhile, Joan watched television news with the two older children, listened to them say their prayers and, after they went to bed, talked on the telephone, read and listened to Mozart on the stereo. When Ted is home, he is always present at the children's go-to-bed prayers.

Kennedy arrived home at midnight. He discussed the day's events with Joan for a quarter of an hour, went to his den to read more documents to prepare for the day coming up, then went to bed at 1 A.M. The long day was over . . . but he would go through another one just like it tomorrow. **END**

TEN DREAMS

By Lillian Rudolph

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Subtle as grace
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Constant as care
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Noble as earth
Gentle as silence.

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with the Pennsylvania Governor. In the reception room of his suite, two long-haired young men and a pretty woman with cut-off dungarees were signing the visitors' book. "Hi," he called, smiling and extending his hand. "Awfully glad you stopped by. Where're you from?" The young people, ecstatic, mumbled replies. Waiting unobtrusively inside was an electrical engineer from Boston, his wife and their two children. The man had lost his job months ago and had come to Washington to ask Senator Kennedy to help him get placed. Kennedy talked to him quietly for a few moments, then said he would ask his

Evening

At 6:15, Phil Heller drove Kennedy back to McLean. Traffic was heavy. Kennedy cannot sit idle. He pulled documents from his briefcase and began to read, scrawling notes in the margins. He also scribbled answers on two dozen letters for Angelique to decipher before the car pulled into the driveway. The children all piled out to greet him. Smiling broadly, calling out "Hi's," the Senator slung Pat on his back, grabbed Teddy around the waist, and after hugging Kara walked inside with his noisy brood.

Most evenings he has dinner at home