



Rose at Hyannis Port with son Ted and daughter Jean Smith, 1981

**L**ocal gossip had it that Mrs. Kennedy fired the entire staff after her husband's funeral, because she couldn't afford to keep so many on the payroll.

shoulders, introduced herself and shook my hand. Jackie, whom I first met as she came strolling back from the beach in a small but very becoming bikini, said, "Oh, you must be Gramma's new secretary, Barbara," and went on to make a few minutes of polite conversation.

This was in marked contrast to the reception I got from the Shrivvers. The first time I met Eunice Kennedy Shriver I was sitting in Mrs. Kennedy's bedroom discussing a letter. Eunice ran in and, without apology, interrupted our conversation to ask her mother about plans for her upcoming birthday celebration. She was wearing shorts and an old white T-shirt, and she had

apparently just washed her hair without bothering to take the time to comb out the tangles or smooth it away from her eyes. When their conversation was finished she simply turned on her heel and left the room as abruptly as she'd entered it. I was surprised she didn't nod or glance in my direction; she came and went as if I weren't there at all.

**H**ER HUSBAND, Sarge, had an even odder response on meeting me, when I ran into him one day in the hallway. I knew who he was, of course, from photographs, but I assumed he didn't know who I was and that the proper thing to do would be to introduce myself. "Hel-

lo," I said, smiling. "I'm Barbara Gibson, Mrs. Kennedy's new secretary." He glanced at me briefly. "Well, la-di-da," he said, and kept on walking.

Although Mrs. Kennedy was sometimes a bit imperious, she could also be very warm and friendly. At times she could also be rather maternal. On one of the rare days when she didn't feel up to swimming, she encouraged me to go in alone, which I did, enjoying the soothing motion of the summer-warm ocean. When I emerged from the water and headed up the path toward the house, I saw Mrs. Kennedy waving to me from the porch. "Yoo-hoo," she called, "are you all right?" She had put off taking her nap so she could watch over me all that time.

One day when Mrs. Kennedy and I were enjoying the bright sunshine as we paddled around in the bay, I told her how much I appreciated the chance to swim with her regularly and what a pleasure it was to have so varied a routine on the job. But I added that I was worried that I would slip behind in the typing and filing and correspondence. She looked at me with a wonderful sparkle in her eye and said, "Don't worry about the mail or the filing. Just keep me happy."  
I tried my best.

**TOMORROW: Mother and children**

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Rose Kennedy through the years



Rose Kennedy's Hyannis Port home

# The forgotten lessons of the Bay of Pigs

IT HAS BEEN 25 YEARS now since—on April 17, 1961—some 1,400 Cubans trained by the CIA at bases in Central America landed at the Bay of Pigs, where they fought bravely until, their ammunition and fuel exhausted, they were killed or captured by Fidel Castro's troops.

During the intervening 25 years, criticism of the U.S. government for not doing enough at the Bay of Pigs gave way to criticism for having tried to do anything at all. The Bay of Pigs joined the Vietnam War in the liberal's showcase of horrors concerning the disastrous consequences of U.S. attempts to oppose the consolidation of new Communist governments. It is worth pausing to wonder what would have happened had the rebel brigade been able to secure positions and mount an in-



JEANE  
KIRKPATRICK

surgency. What difference would it have made?

"Why," said a Nicaraguan refugee to whom I put the question, "I would be in Managua, not in Washington."

There are lessons in the landing itself: About the vulnerability of troops that are fired on from the air, whether from old planes like Castro's or whether from Hind helicopters like those used today in Nicaragua, Afgha-

nistan and Angola.

There is a broader lesson to be learned about the necessity of adequate force where force is to be used.

The Kennedy team, never fully comfortable with the plan inherited from the Eisenhower administration, expressed its misgivings by adding on constraints. The cumulative effects of these constraints is believed by many to have been crippling. "We can be criticized," said CIA official Richard Bissell, "for allowing this chipping away to go on without insisting on the whole plan, or cancellation."

The fact that the Bay of Pigs operation did not succeed does not mean it could not have succeeded. And while we do not know what would have happened had the brigade established a beachhead, we know what happened because it did not. Consolidation of

power by the Castro government was not inevitable and it has been extremely costly—in human values and human lives, in military budgets, and in continuing risks to our national security.

The first consequence of the failure was a dangerous, direct confrontation between the United States and the USSR known as the Cuban Missile Crisis.

The crisis ended, we now know, with two deals; one below the table and one above it. The deal below the table committed the United States to remove U.S. missiles from Turkey when Khrushchev had removed Soviet missile installations from Cuba. It was contingent on the Soviet Union "remaining silent on the deal."

The U.S.-Soviet deal publicly affirmed by Kennedy and his Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, was quite different. According to it, the Soviets agreed to remove offensive weapons systems and not to install offensive weapons in Cuba. In exchange the United States agreed to lift the blockade and not to invade Cuba.

Kennedy asserted, "As for our part, if all offensive weapons systems are removed from Cuba and kept out of the hemisphere in the future, under adequate verification and safeguards, and if Cuba is not used for the export of aggressive Communist purposes, there will be peace in the Caribbean. And as I said in September, we shall neither initiate nor permit aggression in this hemisphere."

IN EFFECT, KENNEDY believed the United States had secured a commitment that Cuba would not be used as a forward base for Soviet military power or for Marxist revolution and that in exchange the United States became the guarantor of Cuba's Communist government. Obviously, we kept our part of the bargain. The U.S. has not invaded Cuba, nor encouraged, nor assisted others in doing so. Just as obviously, the Soviets and Cubans have not kept their bargain.

So, the Bay of Pigs did not produce the desired outcome. Neither did the Kennedy-Khrushchev negotiation ending the Cuban Missile Crisis. This experience teaches that neither force nor negotiation can be relied on to achieve desired goals in foreign policy. It all depends on how they are used.

## Vanity, and designer books



KEN  
AULETTA

HILFIGERISM is a disease of known origin and uncertain cure. The disease is named after Tommy Hilfiger, a 34-year-old clothing designer who bounces when he walks and who nakedly lusts to be the next Calvin Klein. Its symptoms include a desperate yearning for fame and wealth.

Hilfiger displayed the symptoms in an interview with Lisa Belkin. Explaining why Murjani International has put up \$20 million to make his face and label, if not his clothes, celebrated, he opined: "I think they felt I was the natural all-American-looking, promotable type of person with the right charisma... I'm a marketing vehicle."

This week David Stockman becomes a vehicle. On Wednesday America's latest craver of fame and fortune will officially publish his very own "Mommy Dearest," a memoir about his service as Ronald Reagan's chief budget officer. To induce him to confess, publisher Harper & Row advanced Stockman \$2.4 million.

Based on the excerpts which appeared in Newsweek, this confession is not without historical benefit. Stockman is an injured idealist of prodigious intellect. I will buy the book to learn more about Stockman's ridicule of Washington and right-wing totems, including supply-side economics.

But Stockman is no more likeable than Tommy Hilfiger. By writing "The Triumph of Politics: Why The Reagan Revolution Failed," Stockman used his public office as a platform for private gain. He achieved this gain by stepping over friends and colleagues in Washington, including Treasury Secretary James Baker, who personally interceded to save his job. He made nice to Michael Deaver and other Reagan hands, and now dismisses them as "illiterate." He admits that he went along with some White House lies—inventing a "phantom" GNP growth rate of 5.2%, which deliberately hid a 1982 deficit that turned out to be \$85 billion more than forecast. Yet rather than quit on principle, Stockman stuck around.

One can make an argument—as those who stuck with Richard Nixon to the bitter end did—that more public good comes from having an economically sane Stockman in the White House than if he had resigned. And history does require that participants weigh in with their versions of events. But Stockman has not dictated and sealed his memoirs for an oral history project; nor has he

just penned a powerful dissent from Reagan's economic policies.

Rather, he cashes in with what the excerpts suggest is a kiss-and-tell version. Stockman rarely hid his economic views, but he did hide his disdain for the empty attic that he says is Reagan's mind and for most of his colleagues. Stockman did something even more ethically dubious. By spicing up his memoir with behind-closed-doors conversations and dialogue he, in effect, secretly recorded conversations without telling those present he was exploiting them. This is a trick any editor would rebuke, or fire, a journalist for.

Stockman succumbed to Hilfigerism, a disease that also infects Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle, who is out peddling a Pentagon novel. Publishers have already bid more than \$300,000 to a man who has never written a novel. Hilfigerism fogs Perle's mind.

The contagion may have started in New York. Surely the fog slipped over Geraldine Ferraro's mind when she agreed to cash-in, and do Pepsi commercials. Just as surely, it infected Mayor Edward Koch. Last week the mayor released his tax returns, which revealed that for the second year in a row his

income from writing exceeded his \$110,000 city salary. Koch made \$149,053 from his two books in 1985, including royalties from the musical "Mayor!" Like Stockman, the mayor seems to have given not a second's thought to invading other people's privacy in order to spice up his books. Worse, he seems oblivious of the signal such books inadvertently send: It's okay to cash-in on your public office.

THAT IS PRECISELY what others in government have come to believe. Last Monday an officer of the Health and Hospitals Corporation was found to own 100 shares of stock in a company whose contract he supervised. He saw nothing wrong with that. Nor do Bronx County Democratic Chairman Stanley Friedman or most state legislators see anything wrong in using their public position to attract clients and wealth. If pressed, they can always blame Koch, who has authored two books in two years. "Ed, by writing his books, instilled a sense," says one of his appointees, "that it's okay to go out and make money while in government."

The mind clouds. Fame and fortune beckon. Tommy Hilfiger would understand.

## And you can keep your Perrier



BILL  
REEL

IT WAS JUST A YEAR ago that my son John returned from Easter vacation in Europe with a group of students and teachers from his high school. A trip abroad was quite an adventure for anyone from our stay-at-home family. I picked John up late on a Sunday night at Kennedy Airport. As we walked out of the terminal to the parking lot, I mentioned that the weather had turned cold. My 17-year-old international traveler remarked casually, "It was warm this afternoon in Paris."

"John," I told him, "you're the first Reel in history ever to comment on the weather in Paris."

The first and, I hope, the last. I just made a resolution: Never go to France, and never buy anything made in France.

Too bad. I would love to visit the cathedrals of France. John saw several, and he assured me they are awe-inspiring. I love churches. I can't get past a

church without stopping in for a visit. Saloons used to attract me in the same way that churches do now. Churches are better for me. One day, say 10 years from now, all our big bills might be paid, and Mrs. Polonia and I could be in a position to visit the cathedrals of France. We won't go, though. That's definite.

France tolerates terrorism, and frets about offending Khadafy, and dismisses U.S. interests with apparent contempt. That's France for you. So let Khadafy visit the cathedrals of France in my place.

The national policy of Libya under Khadafy is to blow up civilization. The U.S. is obliged to stand up for civilization. We asked France to help us. France refused. That makes it a moral imperative, it seems to me, to boycott anything and everything French—food processors, cars, films, fashions, wine, whatever. No French perfume for Mrs. Polonia. In fact, as a symbolic gesture, I think I'll abstain from French fries forever. Instead of welcoming French officials to our celebration this summer in honor of the Statue of Liberty, which France gave us 100 years ago, maybe we should withdraw the invitation and ship them a Statue of Khadafy.

Considering the blood on his hands and the evidence that Libyan policy under Khadafy is to blow up ourselves

innocents in airports, nightclubs, etc, it is terribly discouraging that the U.S. has so little support when we attempt to combat this tyrant. America, land of freedom and opportunity, has very few true friends abroad in this rabid age. We can't rely on so-called allies. And we certainly can't rely on enemies. The treacherous Soviets spat at us when we asked them to curb Khadafy. They thought it was fine for him to blow up a disco full of our G.I.s in Germany.

WHAT CAN Americans do? Without becoming jingoistic, without developing a siege mentality, we can dedicate ourselves to making America as independent as we can from amoral nations indifferent to terrorism and tyranny. A touch of isolationism is in order. The goal is a self-sufficient America. Certainly, let's all vacation in the U.S. this summer.

There was a heartening story in the business section recently. It said that, according to a Port Authority study, the next decade will offer the best job opportunities for metropolitan area residents since World War II. Some 582,000 new jobs will be created in the city and suburbs by 1995. Unemployment will drop below 5%.

Could this boom be the basis for building a self-sufficient society? We can begin by telling France know that France isn't needed.