

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, June 20, 1964

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I slept late self-indulgently, woke to read first, the news about the airplane crash, the details are still not clear, except that Ted Kennedy's back is broken. The plane crashed in an apple orchard, on top of a knoll just before the approach to the airport. Somehow, miraculously, Senator Bayh and Marvella, escaped with fairly minor injuries.

I called Mrs. Rose Kennedy first, maybe that shows the generation I'm in, my mind going back to only last Tuesday night, when I had seen her so slim and elegant, and young looking, in New York, and now this one more blow. Her voice was calm and steady - what a load she's had to carry.

And then I called, hoping to reach some member of Senator Bayh's family, and wound up with Dr. Corredin, in the Northampton Hospital, who told me about each of them, Birch and Marvella, but I couldn't talk to either one of them. Then he asked me if I'd like to talk to Joan Kennedy. She was the first person who used the word 'paralysis', dread and frightening word, just something that hung over them, not at all as though it would really happen.

She was quick to say that he could use both his arms and his legs, but they didn't know quite what the condition of the broken bones in his back were - and surgery was indefinite.

His executive assistant had already died and the pilot had died immediately when the plane crashed.

Next, I talked to Lynda, and once more it was all about planes, but

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this time just a lot of excitement and no trouble. At the airport, ready to board the plane, she had run into a lover's triangle. A woman who had been having an affair with a man, had decided to go back with her husband, was going to board the plane with him, and start off, I suppose — on a second honeymoon. The lover came along, was heard to threaten her life; it appeared that he had already been on board the plane; there was talk of whether he might have secreted a bomb somewhere on it. The airline officials ordered all luggage taken off and searched; that took an hour; and then the Secret Service decided that Lynda Bird had better not ride that plane after all because there might have been some nook or cranny on which a bomb had been secreted and had not been found. So the plane left with its 150 angry passengers, and the man and his wife, but minus the lover who had intended to go along - they didn't let him. And also minus Lynda Bird, who was the maddest of the lot.

So she had spent one more night in Hawaii, and was going to catch a plane immediately after I talked to her, for Los Angeles.

I did several hours of paper work; met Ashton's parents, who were just up for the weekend. She has so little and I'm so glad she interrupted me so that I could say hello to them, and express my gratitude to them for that sweet Ashton.

Then I went up on the roof, and had a sun bath and wasted a couple of hours reading Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf, but how would I have known they were wasted, unless I had exposed myself to it, and after all, it was

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one of the most popular plays during the 1962-63 season, but I happily believe in a Pollyanna fashion, that people are not just that cruel, not that bent on degradation and self-destruction.

And then at six, the Dale Millers came over and Lindy and Hale Boggs, and we walked around the south grounds. Hale, with Him on a leash, I with Her on a leash, and Blanco happily at freedom. Scooter and the Boggs decided to jump in swimming, but I took off my shoes and raced across that <sup>lowly</sup> green grass, waving at the tourists, laughing at the dogs who pulled me around and almost tumbling me over, chasing each other, biting their tails, biting their ears, tumbling over and over, jumping up happily at the fountain for a drink, just as life shows them. I think I'll write a letter to Life Magazine and put a paw print, as the signature, and protest that life is discriminating, because it sends an album to everybody who has a cover story on Life, but it hasn't sent Him and Her any album yet.

One of the things that I would remember most happily when I leave here, is this long expanse of green grass and the noble trees, and the view of the Washington Monument and the Jefferson Memorial, as evening approaches.

Then we went in and I had my 20 laps while I asked Hale questions about the progress of Civil Rights in the House. He said they had set July 4th as passage day, and, barring troubles, would achieve it.

But now, with victory in sight, everybody's mind turns to the problems that victory will bring in its wake. <sup>no</sup> solutions yet, not for a decade - or

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several decades, but tension and trouble, and probably blood shed.

Dale Miller even peeled off his pretty white dinner jacket, donned a bathing suit - nearly everybody had a swim. The Jenkins joined us, we all had a couple drinks, but about 8 o'clock, the Boggs and the Millers left for their respective dinner parties, just as Willie Day Taylor was coming up and the four of us sat for dinner.

And then up to the solarium for bridge. A delightful self-indulgence, I get around to about three times a year.

At 10 o'clock, I turned on Gunsmoke, expecting to say that, "Now it's time for us to quit this bridge game, and for me to have my weekly opium," but lo and behold there was baseball - and now I know how the switchboard operator at KTBC must feel, because I was indignant, incensed, deprived. I called about every 10 minutes, but no Gunsmoke - "Yes, I had the right channel. No, they weren't going to have it, they were having baseball instead." So we played bridge until nearly eleven, and then to bed, hoping that Lynda had joined her father and put in a good performance at Los Angeles, feeling a bit as though I had let him down by not being with him myself.

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