

Andrew Dazzi and John Harris Oral History Interview – 4/22/1964
Administrative Information

Creators: Andrew Dazzi and John Harris
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Biographical Note

Dazzi, the manager of classified advertising for the *Boston Globe* (1939-1969) and Harris, a journalist for the *Boston Globe*, discuss John F. Kennedy's (JFK) 1958 trip to Alaska, JFK's 1959 trip to Hawaii, and the 1960 West Virginia presidential primary, among other issues.

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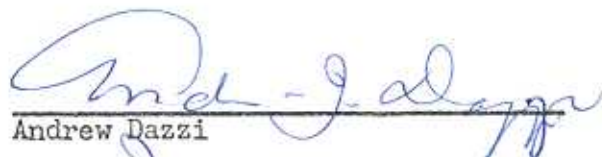
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Andrew Dazzi and John Harris

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Oral History Interview

with

Andrew Dazzi and John Harris

April 22, 1964

Boston, Massachusetts

By

Edwin Martin

For the John F. Kennedy Library

MARTIN: The following is an interview with Andrew Dazzi, classified advertising director of the *Boston Globe* and well known in Boston politics, and John Harris, Sunday editor of the *Boston Globe* and, formerly, political editor and Washington correspondent of the *Boston Globe*. The interview took place April 22, 1964, in the offices of the *Boston Globe*.

HARRIS: Andy, you mention in there “classified.” You were more in politics than that would indicate. You used to manage a lot of campaigns and things. What were they?

DAZZI: I first managed the Tobin [Maurice J. Tobin] campaign for mayor twice and managed him for governor. I managed the John B. Hynes campaign for mayor. My first contact with Jack Kennedy [John F. Kennedy] was in 1946 when he was running for Congress. He came and asked me if I would give him a little lift in East Boston because he knew I was president of the Fitton Athletic Club over there. I said I would. So I met him at the Bellevue Hotel, and I’ll never forget the incident. “We’re going over to a little rough town, Jack,” I said, “and you’re going to meet some rough people. You better have a little change in your pocket.” That was my first memory that the Kennedys never carried money in their pocket.

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HARRIS: I'll have some stories on that one.

DAZZI: So we went over to East Boston, and sure enough, we met a few boys, and the touch was put on toward Jack; but I had to come through for him, which I usually did for Tobin and Hynes anyway.

HARRIS: They didn't carry money either?

DAZZI: Neither one of them. I was always with a poor candidate. Then he made his first speech at the Winthrop Yacht Club—possibly to the largest crowd he had in his congressional fight; there were about 300 people. From then on we became quite friendly, talked over the phone. I used to have breakfast with him at his apartment. From then on, other campaigns came out of that. I didn't see much of him after he went to Congress. Then he announced for Senate. I was invited by his father [Joseph P. Kennedy, Sr.] and himself to the Ritz Carlton for a two-hour brief on what they should do to run a campaign for the Senate because I had run the state campaign for the governorship. So we talked over two hours. After I gave him what little information I had, they said they were going to announce that Bobby [Robert F. Kennedy] was going to be campaign manager for that. Bobby at that time was sort of a novice. He used to call me frequently at my office or at the Parker House as I was working then for the reelection of Mr. Hynes. Bobby didn't hesitate asking a lot of questions, and I certainly tried to help him.

Again in the Senate I didn't see much of him, but he decided to go along to help Adlai Stevenson [Adlai E. Stevenson]. So he asked us what we could do. Mayor Hynes was president of the mayors' association. I set up a letter that Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Hynes signed and sent it to every mayor in America, trying to get delegates for Mr. Stevenson. Down in Chicago he said to me, "Don't you think we ought to have a breakfast with the Massachusetts delegation? As you know we don't have them all backing Stevenson." I said, "That's a marvelous idea. I'll arrange a nice, swanky hotel, and we'll have a nice breakfast." He just came back to me and said, "Andy, don't you know that I own the basement of the Merchandise Mart, and my brothers and sisters each own one of the floors?" I said, "No. I didn't. I thought your father owned it." "Well," he said, "we own it. Don't you think we ought to have it there?" So that's where we had it. So the Kennedys kept the.... [Laughter] He never changed.

HARRIS: Didn't he say to give his brother a little business?

DAZZI: No. No. He didn't.

HARRIS: He had a restaurant or something?

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DAZZI: No, he did not. He didn't have to say it; I took the tip. We worked hard for Adlai Stevenson. I can recall we put on a big rally here in Boston. Then Mr. Stevenson's son had a baby boy at the hospital here, and Stevenson came all the way back from the West. I filled the Hotel Statler 5 o'clock in the afternoon with a meeting. I had Mr. Kennedy speaking there, too. I'll never forget—Jack said, "How did you get these people here so quickly?" I said, "We have a pretty good organization. With your help and all your friends, we filled this place without any notice." He was amazed.

HARRIS: How many did you have?

DAZZI: About 500.

HARRIS: Did you? That's bigger than the first rally you talked about.

DAZZI: Yes. We did this without any notice. I know I first met Larry O'Brien [Lawrence F. O'Brien] when he brought him down. We used to have breakfast meetings up at his apartment on Beacon Hill. I first met Larry O'Brien in the Senate fight. He came down with a few more of the boys that all went to Washington with him, including Ken O'Donnell [Kenneth P. O'Donnell]. Out of that, I lost track of them due to the fact that I don't travel much. That's my story.

HARRIS: My recollections go over many years. I suppose the things that might be of most interest are where there were the fewest number of people—when Jack, for example, went out to Alaska. He had won here that year; he licked Celeste [Vincent J. Celeste], and they had had to weigh the votes. I forget what it was. Something like 800,000 or more, I imagine. This, of course, brought publicity all over the country, and Jack was in great demand. He thought he'd go out in the first statehood election out in Alaska to help the Democrats to win. It was also a period when he was getting a heck of a lot of attention for the presidency himself. This would be in '58. There were just four of us that made the trip: Jack, Ted Sorensen [Theodore C. Sorensen], and a fellow from *Life* or *Time* magazine—I forget his name, maybe you can remember his name....

DAZZI: No, I don't.

HARRIS: ...and myself. We took off from New York. It was raining like hell that night. He and Jackie [Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy] had come into New York by plane; they had come between airports by helicopter. Jackie was giving

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him the last advice about what he should wear and all this stuff in getting to the cold country, and he paid attention to none of it. He got into the plane. All through the Alaska trip he never wore a hat, never put on any heavy underwear, nothing.

DAZZI: Did he take a coat with him?

HARRIS: He had that same what looked like a light coat, but it was very warm—that blue topcoat. You remember it, Andy. He seemed to wear that type all the time. He'd sometimes put the collar up, but not very often. Out we flew in the plane to Seattle. Jack had something that in all my travels I'd never seen—a bed prepared for him up above where people sit in the plane. It was a conspicuous-looking thing up above the seat.

DAZZI: Was this a commercial airline?

HARRIS: Yes. They put one up for myself, too. The two of us had them up there, but you know how much sleep he'd get. I think he climbed up and got in that thing; he couldn't have been in there a couple of hours. People, of course, were all fascinated by him because they'd heard of his great victory and, of course, that photo-finish thing out there in Chicago two years before for vice president. Wasn't that the year? From there we changed planes to a Pacific Northwest plane, a pretty good plane. I thought this very interesting; there was a grave question of whether the plane.... This was in the winter, now. This was in November after the election here. Up in Alaska everywhere there's a question about weather, whether you can travel, and there's a lot of plane travel up there. You know, there's not roads between all these, about four or five time belts; it's hard to get from one place to another. There was a question of whether or not it, Jack's plane, could come in to Ketchikan.

Now, in Ketchikan, they're very sensitive about that being the gateway to Alaska; it's the first thing in the panhandle; it's the salmon capital of the world. And Nixon [Richard M. Nixon] had overflowed it because of the weather. Well, this gives an incentive to Jack not to overfly it, and he had to take chances in order to do this. In the plane, they were saying that if the plane put down so we could go into Ketchikan, it might not be able to take off; there was a question of whether it could put down, whether he'd ever be able to get out of there—anything like this. Now, you don't land in Ketchikan. You land about twenty miles away, I believe it is—twelve or twenty miles away—on a little, mountainous island called Annette Island, I think is the name. You have to fly in from there on an amphib into Ketchikan because Ketchikan's at the base of a mountain, just a little edge there.

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So the plane stopped anyway; an opening came in the clouds suddenly, and we were able to go in. When we got on the field—it was an old military field—it was raining and snowing and pelting and every other damn thing. The question arose: if he flew in on this little thing called a goose—an old Navy plane, a little, teeny plane that would hold about seven people—if he flew in on this thing, if he'd ever get out again. Jack was willing to take the chance. Meanwhile, in Ketchikan they had announced that he was going to be unable to make it, like Nixon, so there was no one in the place at all. The place was empty. So we get over now and get into this goose, and I'm telling you that flight into Ketchikan was the wildest thing—whipped by winds, alternate snow and rain and every other damn thing. We land, and there's all kinds of logs floating around in this water you land in. There's just

Sorensen, Jack, myself, and the pilot and the fellow from *Life*, I think he came along, too. Now we pull up to the wharf, and the guy is willing to guarantee that he'll get Jack back although the clouds and the ceiling's coming down and down and down; the mountain's off.

They now have announced by radio that Jack is coming. And, my God, when we arrived the place was practically empty, and within a few minutes it was filled. I don't think there were five or six empty seats. Jack was introduced as the next president of the United States. You were beginning to hear that sort of thing, you know. It happened to be right.

DAZZI: It's interesting up there.

HARRIS: I remember the billed thing was something about Rock Hudson on the poster on the theater. I forget the name of the theater. I think it was called something like Coliseum or something like that. In we went; he wowed the crowd, packed the place; everyone looking for his autograph coming out. And now we get back to the thing, and the weather, as I say, is worse. Then we take off, it was like being in a washing machine. You couldn't even see outside at all—all the churning of the water—and Jack said, "If we ever hit one of those logs, we're gone." Then he went up and sat up forward with the pilot, and he was working the windshield wipers by hand as we were coming, back to the Annette air thing. When we landed there, we positively slued in so that the wing on top of the damn thing was practically near the ground as we slued back in for the landing. The wind was very hard; they said it was 35 knots. I can remember that. And what do you think about his luck! Another great big plane had come through, a Pan Am, and was able to land. So we took off almost as though it had been scheduled.

This thing got around Alaska, and already he's the magic boy, you know, above the weather. When you're above the weather, you're something up there in Alaska. We flew into Juneau, and

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he talked to a good crowd there, a great big crowd. A lot of people of Boston background were particularly fascinated by anyone from Massachusetts up that way.

I can remember—it takes a while to tell all this—it was late; Jack had the room next to me, and I had to type to get off my story. He knocked on the wall, and he said, "When am I going to get some sleep?" This was after he had added a few meetings—handshaking things—and talked to another little group or something. I went downstairs into the lobby to type copy. It was hard as hell to get copy out of Alaska. It has to go by army, I believe it was, and everything has a number like you go in a grocery. Ahead of me were orders for hay or orders for this or orders for that. They wouldn't take the press as a priority at all, so it had to wait its turn. I hung around to make sure the damn thing got off.

By the time I get back, Jack is up now. We have to have an early start. We went down to a restaurant; it's like a one-arm lunch. Jack met with some more people from Juneau. Among them is the fellow who's the present senator from there; he used to come from Boston. What's his name? I wrote it down here a little while ago. He used to be a newspaper man in Boston; Ernest Gruening it is. He was seventy-one then. He had brought down these fellows to meet Jack. I remember it came time to pay for the lunch, and Jack had to go from

pocket to pocket until he found the money, is my memory, and then paid for the one-arm lunch.

Then we took off for the airport. Now we're being warned that people, when they get to Ketchikan, would be there for weeks. They couldn't fly out because there's high mountains there around the airport, and once the plane takes off, it has to circle and circle and circle over the airport so it can get over those mountains. When we went out, it was almost, once again, like we were on schedule. We get into the damn plane; there were only a few of us. I remember there was one other passenger besides, as I said, Sorensen, the fellow from *Life*, myself, Jack, and Gruening. There was one other fellow there. We circled and circled, and off we went over these terrific, high peaks. You fly in between peaks, too, and there's snow everywhere. There's all kinds of talk: What happens if you go down? They said, "What happens is that you just go into that snow. The snow comes up and just covers you up." As we were going by the mountains, this other fellow who was on the plane says, "You know, you ought to name one of the peaks after Mr. Kennedy. He's going to be president." Jack said, "No, no, no, no," meaning not to name a peak. Gruening said, "That's a very good idea. In fact, we're going to name a mountain peak after every senator who voted for statehood for Alaska." So I don't know whether they ever named a peak after Jack.

DAZZI: Somewhere, John, up there there might be a peak....

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HARRIS: There might be a peak named after.... That's what Gruening said; they would name a peak, and they would name one after him. We pulled into Fairbanks, which is near the Arctic Circle. He got quite a kick out of seeing them dredging for gold there in the Yukon River. He got quite a laugh out of that because, he said, they were going to go out of business. It wasn't economically feasible any more, I believe. They'd have to go out of business even on picking up the gold. In fact, a guy up there came to Jack with a thing afterwards, when we were at Fairbanks, and said, "Take one." He had little nuggets in there. Jack took one—a little, teeny nugget; it wasn't as large as a dime, I don't think. So there was plenty of gold around. You could go and get it, but I don't think it was worth your time or something like that.

DAZZI: To dig it out?

HARRIS: To dig it out. They were dredging, also, up there. He went out and talked to a rally; he'd get big crowds. All this, of course, was compared with Nixon's crowd. He had been there just prior to that. Anyone who said they had seen both said they were both the same number; Jack's slightly larger, but Jack's far more enthusiastic. This thing about the weather was really thrilling the Alaskans. Even while we were in Fairbanks the temperature dropped thirty or forty degrees. It was the midnight sun time or something. I think they were getting sun for only about three hours a day—the sun was very low on the horizon, I can remember. And here Jack steps out like he's in Florida, you know, in just that coat that Andy's described to you that he used to wear all the time but with that heavy tan. Remember this tan; how he always used a sun lamp. When he'd be in his

room, he'd have a sun lamp. He had a great reception; there's no doubt about it. We flew from there down to.... Once again, on time. Believe me, it was just like he was on that schedule despite weather and everything else.

We get down to Anchorage; he stays in a hotel. He was up on the sixth, and top, floor of the Westwood Hotel. During the night, he went to some rallies. In fact, I've looked at these pictures since the earthquake. He talked in that high school—a good rally—and this hotel, I think, has been damaged, too. They've built a new one since, apparently; all that area we're in. He was on the sixth floor. During the night, I got a message that Curley [James Michael Curley] had died, James Michael, and would I get a statement from Kennedy. Well, heck, this was what—about 3 o'clock in the morning, I think, or even later. I figure it's important enough, so I go out a couple of doors down. He was in the corner, and I was a few doors down. Sorensen was in the room next to Jack. I went

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down, and I knocked on Sorensen's door. I was amazed at the light, and I come in. Sorensen woke up. He had gone to sleep with Jack's sun lamp on. And was he burned! This was funny up in Alaska Sorensen getting a sunburn out of the deal.

I said that I had some stuff that might help him, so he said I was kind of his life saver. I went back to my room and got some Noxzema. It was only a small little jar. I brought it and gave it to Sorensen. He wiped it all over his bloody face, you know, because of this lamp. Then I told him what it was, I said, "Let me get something from him." He didn't want to wake him. It was getting near the hour when he'd have to awaken him. So I said, "Well, gee, there's a time element here. I'd like to get in the afternoon paper. I'm not certain of the time. Maybe it'll only get in the last edition. So let's be as fast as we can. Why don't you prepare something?" "Well," he said, "I might." Sorensen always wanted the stuff coming from Jack. He did sit down and write something, you see. He said he wanted an okay from Jack. I said, "Well, let me phone it to Boston. I can just call and say...." No, he didn't want to do that.

So, anyway, we went in a little early, in to see Jack, and told him the news and so forth. He kind of shook his head about the thing. Sorensen handed him the thing then. He looked it over, and he trimmed out some of the language. I said, "Well, gee, the fellow is dead, you know." Then he said something about, "The Kennedys and the Curleys haven't always gotten along too well," or something like that, or, "He hadn't been too kind to the Kennedys." Anyway, he trimmed it down. Now I had the okay. I went right to the phone and phoned it to the *Globe*.

Later on, by the way, when he left Alaska, he left his sun lamp with me to take back to Boston for him because I'd stayed there in Anchorage for a little while after he left. I got that lamp, with all the travel and everything, almost to Boston, and the bloody thing was smashed. I had to get a replacement for him, but the airline gave him a free replacement.

Talk about money that Andy brought up. As he came out of the hotel—this was honestly typical of Jack if you traveled with him—he didn't have any change or anything for tips. This was the dear old *Globe*. There's many other things about that trip, but those are some highlights of it.

DAZZI: In other words though, John, the *Globe* paid for some of the President's tips.

HARRIS: Oh, more than once. I can tell you another one like that down in West Virginia when we get to it, or want to get to it, about the *Globe* buying him a hat. As a matter of fact, up....

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DAZZI: Tell us that story, John.

HARRIS: As a matter of fact, up in New Hampshire—the first in the nation thing that you covered up there.... Jack ran up in New Hampshire, and Jacqueline was with him, where he was walking the streets meeting people. There was some rain there. I went down the street and got some rubbers. They got some pictures of that, a pair of rubbers for him and a pair of rubbers for Jackie. It was funny out on the street putting them on. Some little rubber store up there in I think it was Nashua, or one of those towns up there.

This other one is interesting about the hat down in West Virginia. We'd been through the campaign in Wisconsin. As I think over Wisconsin, the most interesting thing was you'd be with him all the time. You know, you were combating with Hubert [Hubert H. Humphrey], Hubert Humphrey. Hubert had his bus, and Jack had a bus. But Jack also had a plane, and Hubert was making a lot of to-do about Jack having the *Caroline*. Although I'd say, if anyone was spending money.... Jack was never a spender, as you know. They always talk about great expenditures. Andy'll tell you about that. There wasn't any great expenditure to your knowledge was there, Andy?

DAZZI: No. Not to my knowledge. They'd give the impression, but it wasn't very expensive.

HARRIS: Hubert made a lot points out of that. But the thing you get a comparison on would be you'd sit around on the bus, and Jack would sit with you, you know, like another passenger and then get out and do his chores and meet the people, sign the autographs, walk the street, all this followed by long delegations. One night I remember him saying, "How are things over in Hubert's bus?" We'd tell him what a nice guy Hubert was. Hubert was a very pleasant guy. Jack I can remember speaking very highly of Hubert Humphrey, that he liked the fellow. He almost gave the impression that he hated to have to be running against Hubert; that he thought Hubert was such a nice guy with nice ideas; that the two of them were pretty much in agreement on things they wanted done and all this. So he really did have a high regard for Hubert Humphrey which he would tell us of.

As for his working hard all the time, he really would work awful hard. I remember we were in a cavalcade pulling up in that country where Ted Reardon [Timothy J. Reardon, Jr.] was in charge, up in the Green Bay Packers area, up that way, where they voted for Jack overwhelmingly, as you remember. All the reports were—these polls that he would get; Andy's familiar with the polls and things—that he was going to carry that area, you know, duck soup. And, yet, the press got the biggest kick out of

Jack. If he'd just see someone in the street, he'd hop out of the damn thing and run over and shake hands, just working like a Trojan all the time. And he had that place all sewed up.

This other thing when we get to West Virginia.... Going out, once again by a bus, we had left Charleston and gone to a little town up in the mountains—it's all mountainous that way anyway—named Spencer, I think it was. (I wrote it down here the other day, Spencer.) Oh, it is raining cats and dogs; it's like a cloudburst. Jack did have on a sort of a slicker raincoat. That was soaking. The rain was coming down his head. The people were under umbrellas—he had no umbrella—and were under awnings on the main street. It was opposite a courthouse I can remember; we went in there. I pointed to his head and the rain coming down. He leaned over, and he whispered, "Do you think the *Globe* could buy me a hat?" I said, "Well, I guess they could. We looked around, and right there is the Spencer Department Store or some darn thing—a little teeny store it was. We go in. As we're going in, remembering Borsalino—because I've heard Andy mention Borsalino hats so darn often—I said, "But we're not buying you a Borsalino." He laughed, and he looked at the racks and things; he said, "Give me that," and he pointed to sort of a light brown, tan colored, rubber covered rain hat. The guy took it off the shelf. Jack looked at the size, put it back, and took another the right size. It was 7 1/8 I think. Is that the right size? You'd know. Something like that. He put it on, and by that time the crowd has pressed in to shake his hands and all this stuff. So I was unable to see that hat, and I said to the guy, "Give me another one just like that." I named my size, 7, to see what he had got to spare him having to show it to me. I looked at it, and, my God, it's called "Rain Champ." I got a kick out of being called "Rain Champ."

As I put it on, I remembered Larry Winship [Lawrence Winship] always said, "If you're seeing the necktie, get the color of the tie; if you're seeing the guy, get the color of his eyes; if you're seeing a hat, get the size. Get this." He'd also say, "Who the hell was selling the hat?" So, remembering the Winship training, I said to the guy, "Say, what's your name?" to this haberdasher, see. The guy says, "Truman." I started roaring. I said, "That's a fake, isn't it? Your name isn't Truman." "Oh, it is Truman," he says, "and I'm a Democrat." I said, "Is that so?" And he whips out some stationery to show me the Truman on there that wasn't a fake. I said, "By the way, you going to vote for Jack Kennedy?" "Wonderful man." He wasn't real solid. "Wonderful man," he says, "I'm a Democrat. Wonderful man." He wasn't going to commit himself. He'd give me the impression he was going to vote for him. Later on I told Jack about this on the bus, and he roared because he wasn't quite sure at that time where Harry Truman [Harry S. Truman]—the other Truman—

was, the other haberdasher. I think at that time Harry was for Symington [Stuart Symington, II], wasn't he, Andy? Stuart in St. Louis.

DAZZI: He was.

HARRIS: I think he was. Oh, that reminds me of another story. I think he was. But he got a hell of a bang out of that.

Another story in West Virginia I think will interest you. The night before the election we're in a bus once again. We do a lot of bus traveling. Jack would come in, and he'd throw his legs up. You know, he sat rather informally in those things. No, he came over and sat down, and he said to me, "Well, you've watched it all." [Interruption] Jack came over and sat down on the bus in front of me and leaned back pulling his legs under himself and said, "Well, you've watched it all, now. In Massachusetts you could tell which way it was going. You've done it. How is it going here?" I said, "Well, I don't know. All I know is that you've been gaining like mad." I'd gone down to different areas of the state while he'd be campaigning to check. I'd go down, for example, to Larry O'Brien, and I would see Kenny. They would be interested. Jack always wanted to know what you were finding out in these different areas besides his polls. Larry would find out and Kenny, and you'd feed him the information.

DAZZI: They relied a lot on polls, John.

HARRIS: Oh, a heck of a lot. They were polling all the time. But they also wanted these first-hand reports which we passed on to them. He said, "Now, how do you think...." I said, "Well, I know you've been gaining." And he was. You could see it; oh, it was like a flip over. "You're gaining like mad, gaining all the way," I said, "but I don't know where you started from." He said, "Well, it was pretty low." I think he said it was somewhere in the twenties. They had originally been way up in I think Lou Harris' [Louis Harris] first report when he decided to go into West Virginia—to the dismay of most people around him; they were worried about West Virginia. Jack decided to go in, and he made this decision prior to the Wisconsin outcome. I think he was way up in the seventies or something. You can get those figures. They were Lou Harris polls.

Meanwhile, the Wisconsin primary had called attention to Jack's religion down in West Virginia, which we hadn't been noticing when we were covering up in Wisconsin. So by the time we get to West Virginia, the thing has flipped over completely. I think it was around 4 percent Catholics in the whole of West Virginia although he wasn't playing; for the religious end at all, you know. But this was the situation. So when he got there, from this high figure he had dropped way down, whether

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it was the twenties or thirties I forget which.

He didn't mention exactly to me at that time that base. But he did say that he had just had a very recent poll taken around that area which is the capital of West Virginia, and it showed gain, but it didn't show him winning. I said, "Well look, I have to write a story for tomorrow. I'm a newspaper man as well as a friend, and I have to write a story. What am I going to say?" He said, "Gee, as strong as we better go—as strong as we can go—is that if I carry by 45 percent, I'm doing pretty well." That's what he thought; he named that figure, 45 percent. As you know, the next day he came in, what, by about 67 or 68 percent. I remember going out in the morning early to see.... It was raining that night; and it was raining the next

morning, pouring again. I remember going out to see how the thing was going, and I picked a nearby—I'm no dope—polling place to see how it was.

DAZZI: What city was this?

HARRIS: This was in Charleston, the capital. I went up to where a school was. I had a cab up there. Get out in the rain, and who the heck do you think is there already working at the polls? “Chub” Peabody [Endicott Peabody]. And he was wet—right outside there working at the polls. It was a scream. I don't know. You could talk about West Virginia...

DAZZI: John, who were some of the others that were down from Massachusetts to West Virginia in that primary?

HARRIS: I can remember the judge over here—Judge Mellen [James J. Mellen] was sort of in charge of Charleston. He'd have a headquarters.

DAZZI: Pat Lynch [John M. Lynch] was down there—chairman of the Democratic State Committee.

HARRIS: Pat Lynch was down there. Oh, they all came through. You'd see them all. Some of them would come to take a hand from working in other states. Either that or they'd be on the phone, and you talked to them on the phone. I can remember Eddie Boland [Edward P. Boland]; I think he was working out in Ohio at the time. We'd run into him in Ohio. He thought Ohio was going fine, and so did Jack. You know, they came out a little too close. I can remember Jack determined to make that speech on Cuba down in Cleveland. Nobody was interested in Cuba at the time, but he figured he had to deliver a speech on Cuba. This was a hundred-dollar-a-plate dinner raising money, and they thought it would put them to sleep. But he delivered the speech on Cuba to get himself on record in that campaign. I can remember they were arguing with him, “Please don't talk Cuba here.

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Talk something else. Talk Cuba somewhere else.” But he wanted his speech on Cuba, and he delivered in there. The crowds there were terrific through West Virginia. I remember going through the slaughterhouse area which is the east part of—not West Virginia; I'm talking now about Ohio. There's a place over there—it was slaughter—what do they call it? Fast something—a big slaughterhouse. Then we went through a real gambling place. He was getting a heck of a kick out of that Newport. Is there a place named Newport?

DAZZI: Yes.

HARRIS: Newport. It was just up above Lexington, Kentucky. Newport something. I forget which state. They're all in together there. Gee, what crowds we got there—terrific.

DAZZI: John, you traveled with him throughout the whole presidential campaign.

HARRIS: The whole works. Yes. And then on to L.A. to the convention. I can tell you some stories about that. An interesting story: Jack was always interested in his personal appearance, very careful about that. You know. That's what makes you even sadder; I mean that he was killed so damn young. He was so self-disciplined; I mean, what he ate. In the morning that bacon couldn't be fried, it had to be broiled; he'd send it back if it wasn't. It had to be broiled. He'd take a little bit of orange juice. I don't think he used cream in the coffee. Did he?

DAZZI: I don't know.

HARRIS: I don't think he did. I didn't have breakfast with him often, but I always noticed how Spartan he was about what he ate. As for drinking, you know, he hardly ever took a drink. He'd order a drink for you, but he never seemed to think of liquor. He'd order a drink for you. Or you could be at a cocktail party together, there'd be plenty of booze there, but you wouldn't see him.... He might have a glass there. I don't think I've ever seen him go through more than a glass, and I'm not sure I saw him go through a whole glass of Scotch. He'd put Scotch in with water. But he drank very little. The way the man disciplined himself and the way he took care of his appearance, too—like even on having that sun lamp.... And he always had pills with him. I remember in Alaska all those pills. He had a cold when he was in Alaska. In the morning he popped what he called his cold pill in his mouth. He had a chest of more damn pills. In fact he gave me some, one of the sweet ones. He gave them to me when I was

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looking for something to sweeten my own mouth. "Trochies" I think he called them. "Trokies" or something, which were some sort of a throat lozenge or something like that. He had more damn pills.

Well, anyway, to tell you this story, he's up on.... This is in.... What was the name of that hotel they're in in.... Los Angeles?

DAZZI: I don't know.

HARRIS: Where their headquarters was.

DAZZI: The Biltmore.

HARRIS: The Biltmore. He was way upstairs. On what floor? The thirteenth or something like that. Well anyway, he was in there talking with all the people.

He had sort of a sitting room. This was down at the back of the hotel. It was the same, identical position with Sam Rayburn who was a few floors down. You know, how they arranged the vice president thing. He's in there talking with people. On the outside there was what appeared to me another little, small room like an anteroom, actually, a former bedroom. In there was, oh, a lot of friends like Dave Powers [David F. Powers]. Dave would go in and out between the rooms. I had talked to Dave about getting an interview with Jack. I was trying to get an interview for the afternoon *Globe*. This was supposed to be arranged. While I was waiting to catch him, he'd leave the hotel and go out to his hideaway in L.A.

His father had another place out there. You were familiar with that. While I'm waiting to catch Jack, I noticed this important photographer. He must have been important because he had two or three assistants in this anteroom. All kinds of people going in and out, and he's got lights set up and cameras and any other damn thing. He'd come to take a picture. He now thinks he's going ahead when Jack comes out. And Jack says, "No pictures." The fellow says to him, "But I got all my cameras here. This picture's going to be on the cover in color," and he tells of the circulation, he tells of where it's going and everything. Jack says, "My shirt's not clean." My God, his shirt looked perfectly all right. "My shirt's not clean," he says, "Give me the datebook there. You can come back tomorrow. Let me see here; you can come back about 11 o'clock or something like that." The guy said, "What am I going to do with equipment and all this stuff?" You know, protesting and angry. Jack says, "Leave it there." And out we go.

We went down an elevator called the "V.I.P. elevator." It was a regular elevator; they were saving it, I guess, for V.I.P.s. I went down that with him and out onto the street. Now, there's a crowd out there, a real crowd. The car he was in was sort of

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a roadster, like. I remember the red leather cushions. I had to get in there with other press watching. You know, getting you in trouble. "What's he doing in there?" See? I get the interview driving out. Then the question arose, how am I going to get this thing off? I asked my questions quickly and got the answers and so forth just to the point. Highlights of the campaign. What had been the turning point? He said that the most important thing out there had been Pennsylvania. I can remember Pennsylvania coming over. I can remember O'Brien and Kenny out at the California delegation, when they were caucusing with Brown [Edmund G. Brown], trying to bring California over to be the one that would put Jack over the top, but Brown didn't have good control of his delegation. They were telling him that—Kenny and Larry—"You bring along California; you'll be the one that puts him over the top." But they didn't. Old Dave Lawrence [David Leo Lawrence], who was caucusing his delegation—we went outside there—got Pennsylvania to be the one to put him over the top. So he credited Pennsylvania as putting him over. Actually, he had the votes. It would just come along anyway. He had votes, as a matter of fact, in New Jersey if he needed them. He had plenty of votes; there was no problem. Well, you get all this. I said, "I have to get back the story." He says, "All right. Get back the story." He tells—I forget who was driving—"Stop the car." And I have to get out and get my way back in a cab so they can get my story off the wires. So I didn't go out to his hideout wherever the heck that was. I never saw it.

MARTIN: What other stories happened?

HARRIS: I remember this. After the convention now he's going to Hyannis. You remember his wife's going to have a baby. He's going now to Hyannis. He says she was doing things, too, in the campaign. We flew back. As we're going over Missouri way, I went over and sat with him. Usually Torbie Macdonald [Torbert H. Macdonald] would be sitting with him. I think one of the purposes was not only friendship but to keep people the hell away so that Jack could get a little bit of quiet even on the plane. I went over, sat with them and talked with them. I said, "I got an idea." No one's listening. "I got an idea. You're flying over Missouri. There's a telephone up there in the front of the plane. Why don't you call Harry Truman? It'll make a good headline. You know, 'Nominee Calls Harry.' He's the only one now you have to bring into the camp; you've got everybody. Call Harry on the phone; it'll please him." Jack smiled at Torbie who was standing there, and he said, "No. I just don't know him that well." So he said it was a good idea, but he didn't put the damn call through.

Let me tell you something about Hawaii, when we went to Hawaii. This must have been in '59, when it became a state.

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There was a campaign going on there. Jack, by the way, having been in Alaska where the Democrats had a sweep, had one little gag line; he thanked them up there for not having voted for him for vice president. Remember Alaska at the last minute had gone for Kefauver [Estes Kefauver]. He was very grateful they hadn't gone for him, and he told the people in Alaska that; otherwise he might not be there talking to them now when they were talking about him for president. (Is this too much?)

So, we go now to Honolulu. We go through all the islands. We went through the islands island-hopping. You have a luau down at Hilo. I don't think he liked that poi. You'd have banquets at different places. We spent the night up on the edge of the volcano; I think it was called Volcano House. The Greek who ran it whipped up a drink called Goddess Pele or something—a great big drink like this. Jack was very interested in the ingredients, but I don't remember his drinking it. We others tried it. It was dynamite. Traveling with us was a fellow named "Red" Fay [Paul B. Fay, Jr.]. He'd now under secretary of the navy. Well, he had been on the PT boat with Jack and was a very close personal friend. Jack wouldn't say funny things too often, but one of the funny things he did on that was the following. (You'd have to ask Fay about the exact details; you can get them from him.) There's just a few of us traveling with him so we'd sit at these head tables—myself, might even be you, getting in to sit at the head table and stuff. And Red Fay would be there. And Jack would be there. You'd get introduced. They'd be introducing Red Fay, and they'd ask Jack, "Who is this fellow?" You know, for the purpose of introduction. Each place, Jack would tell them something different. I mean, he was a well known dietician. By the time we'd get to the next place, he was a very skillful surgeon, see. Fay, of course, hearing this change, would be sitting at the head table roaring. The rest of us in on the joke would get this; the crowd wouldn't get it. I can remember at the big banquet in Honolulu that night Fay became a world famous physician or something like that. At this point Fay nearly collapses in....

DAZZI: We'll have to ask him about that.

HARRIS ...how Jack changes it at each place, getting a kick out of it. We stayed over at the Royal Hawaiian in Honolulu. We're sitting down outside there on the beach side. Jack goes out and sits down. There were some pictures taken.

Andy's seen one that was taken. Ken Newton [Kenneth B. Newton] of Boston of the Sheraton was along. Jack had ordered his orange juice, and Ken had been telling him about how Sheraton had taken over the hotel and had taken over, I guess, several other hotels there—the Princess across the street. There's four of them. The Surf Rider. What's the other one?

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DAZZI: I don't know.

HARRIS: Well, four of them anyway; they'd taken them all over. What would Jack like? Well, he would like some orange juice. So they bring some orange juice.

Jack takes one taste of it, and he puts it down. He says to Newton, "If you're going to start having new hotels and new management, you might as well start out right. Give me some fresh squeezed orange juice, not some orange juice out of a can with water." He put it aside. Newton gave orders, and pretty soon down came a table with loads of fresh squeezed orange juice.

Jack looks out on the beach, and he sees a catamaran. I had never seen one of those before. A catamaran. He says to Newton, "Could we have a ride in that?" And Newton says, "Sure." Newton got a hold of a beach master I think they call them, or beach chief or something. That may be wrong. Beach boy. I think it was beach boy although he was kind of an older fellow. You wouldn't think of him as a boy. In no time flat the catamaran, which had been far down the beach, was brought up right in front of the Royal Hawaiian. We get on the damn thing. Jack insists that everybody who's sitting with him then get on it. And off we go although there was some warning not to be out there in this weather. Off we go. In no time—I don't know how the hell he'd do it—he's in trunks though he wouldn't permit any pictures to be taken of him in trunks. I was amazed when I saw some of those later. He wouldn't permit them. He was a good-looking figure, you know. Although one thing I'll tell about, he looked terrible down in Florida on *Profiles in Courage*. Remind me of that. Out we get. Now they said, "Choose the dry side of the thing." Well, as far as I could figure, there was no dry side. Some of us huddled here; some of us huddled there. Whichever side you huddled, you were getting dashed with this water. We're running out. There's two Hawaiians handling this thing. They wanted to know, "Do you want to go slower?" "Oh, no," says Jack. He went way up forward, way up forward. "Oh, no," he says. "Make it go as fast as it can." We were already drowned. You were taking your shoes off to hide them in the thing to save your shoes at least.

The two fellows handling the thing kind of looked at each other, saying, "Well, we'll let him have it." They let loose on the rope, and, my God, suddenly we were going off like you'd taken off on a plane, scooting all around Diamond Head and all this business and

Cocoa Head I think they called the other one, and Jack is loving it! Loving it! I wondered if we'd ever get back. What do you think he said when we did get back to the beach? Now here's a fellow who was a sailor. You know that. He said that was the fastest ride he had ever had in his life in a boat. He named roughly how many knots they were going before this wind. It was great skimming and all of us huddled at the damn dry side or wet side or whatever the heck.

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Talking about speed. You think that Johnson [Lyndon B. Johnson] is a fast driver? Well, I'd say the fastest driver that ever lived was Jack Kennedy. I'll tell you who was with me—Ted Reardon. I went over to Jack's office when he was a senator. I used to go over practically every day although Ted would send you some things. Thinking of public relations, Jack was always interested in the big picture. He knew he could get good publicity around this area. He wanted the national picture. That's what would help him. One of the things he was particularly interested in on the Alaska thing was that N.A.N.A. [North American Newspaper Alliance] might take the story and send them around the country. But before we left town, we found out from N.A.N.A.—and what an error they made. They said that they didn't think there'd be enough general interest in the story. Can you imagine that? A man who was going to be president in a couple of years, not enough general interest in the story so they didn't take it at all.

Anyway, we're over at his office, and I'm arranging an interview on some damn thing. You know with Jack you didn't need complete sentences; you'd get the ideas and write. You know how calm he is, of course, about everything and undisturbable. Presently, I think it was Sorensen called attention that he was supposed to be over at the airport. There were two competing airlines between Chicago and Washington. They had new plane equipment. He was going to ride on one of the planes to see if it could break the record to Chicago, something like that. You can get the details from Ted. They were going to take off at the same time to see which got to Chicago first. Jack was a casual as that about it. "Oh, we better get over to the airport." He said, "Well, let's go down." My interview was incomplete. So we go down the elevator and out. Out there is a car. I'm still unable to complete it because other people have dashed over for things.

He says, "Come along with me" as he often would—many times in a cab when he wouldn't have the fare. We got in, and he's driving; he takes the wheel. It's like a roadster. I sit beside him trying to take notes. Ted sitting in this cramped seat back of him. Off we take. The time, I think, was about twelve or thirteen minutes past five. This was the rush hour in traffic in Washington D.C. This plane is going to take off at 5:30. A traffic jam in Washington at that moment, my friend, is a beauty. So Jack's at the wheel also giving me an interview. We take off like a bat out of hell right across Capitol Hill and down Independence Avenue. There we run into real traffic. The traffic is all clogged all the way along Independence Avenue down to 14th Street, but nothing's coming the other way. So what do you think his lordship did? He swings into the part of the street where there's no traffic and beats it like a bat out of hell right down to 14th. I thought he'd slow for the turn. I don't think he did.

DAZZI: One-way street.

HARRIS: It was like hell a one-way street. The traffic was down there clogged; how an opening happened there, I don't know. He just found an opening. We swing now left and over along 14th, across the bridge; we made the turn from 14th down that little turn onto the Mount Vernon Highway out to the airport with the wheels screeching and went around there, dashed out to the airport. He had time to spare to make the damn plane, to catch the plane. This was traffic all the way, believe me, broken field running all the way. I look around at Reardon; he looks at me. He's white as a sheet. I said, "My God, have you ever seen it this way?" "Yes," he said. He made that plane. Whether the plane won or lost I don't know, but he made it in time, and just as calm. By the way, the only remark he made as he, you know, kind of waved good-bye to us, "I should have had a heavier car," he said. That's the only remark he made.

DAZZI: Probably he was sweating, too.

HARRIS: He was like hell. I never saw that guy frightened.... If anything had frightened him, it would be that ride into Ketchikan.

DAZZI: How long are you going to be, John, because we've got to get out of here.

HARRIS: Cut it off wherever you want to.

MARTIN: Let me swing over to Andy for a minute. Andy, when he first started in politics up around Boston, did he draw any resentment from the so-called professional politicians?

DAZZI: The only thought at that time was, naturally, he was not in the district officially, after all. But we had precedent before that because his grandfather [John Francis Fitzgerald] ran in that district and won there. You remember they threw him out. He really wasn't getting much resentment, no. As John was saying, he was a hard worker, and he didn't care for the leaders and all that. He wasn't fooling around with leaders. He was walking around, and if he saw three people on the corner, he'd go right over and speak to them. He'd go right through that district; that's just the way he did it. I wouldn't say the leaders had any way of.... Curley might have liked to do a job on him and all that; he had a few.... He had leg men like Joe Kane [Joseph Kane] and our other friend.

MARTIN: Billy Sutton [William J. Sutton]?

DAZZI: Billy Sutton and a kid that's around there now. He's a nice boy. Well, anyway, it doesn't matter. He had four or five leg men. They used to go

around different places. Boy, they were, just, they were better than big politicians from my point of view. They did more effective work.

MARTIN: Andy, he built an organization out of people who, perhaps, were entering politics for their first experience.

DAZZI: That is right, most generally. Then coming back a little later when he was running for Senate; I know that we had headquarters down on Mill Street where we ran for mayor, two beautiful headquarters. There was a lot of agitation. The Dever [Paul A. Dever] crowd wanted to merge. We had a meeting, and we decided we didn't want to merge. Senator Powers [John E. Powers] was then head of the Dever crew in Boston. They had a meeting at the Boston Club. He called me up, and he said, "Andy, will you go down and represent me? I'll go down with you, but I'll have to leave." This was the night before the 17th. Well, we go down there, and we get into a little hassle. Powers wanted to put them all together, and I got up and spoke and said, "I don't think it's proper to put two groups under one roof." But I did suggest that where Hynes' headquarters were down on Mill Street there was a beautiful store on one side that the Dever people could have and a corridor and Kennedy. Mr. Kennedy wanted that, but Mr. Powers got a little hot. He said, "No, we'll hire the Waldorf over on...." Right there, over on.... The Waldorf on....

MARTIN: Tremont?

DAZZI: No. Right near the Pemberton Building there. So they went in there, and we picked up the place out on Mill Street. Then he went over to Charlestown, and he made a big hit.

MARTIN : Andy, were you associated with his father?

DAZZI: Yes, I knew his father very well. As I told you, we had this long session at the Ritz on the campaign, and I knew his father from around the town a lot. Joe Kane and I were very friendly, and Joe Kane was one of his closest guys. We used to have a lot of fights in East Boston against Tom Giblin. There would be the Kennedy and Giblin crowd fighting in there. I was associated in there, but I never was out in business with the man. I played golf with his father. I played so hard, as a matter of fact, he still owes me seventy-five cents that he didn't pay me from the last time

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I played golf. He used to love to play golf. He played golf every day at 3 o'clock. He'd finish the eighteenth hole, and he'd go right home. He'd never go over to the clubhouse; he'd go right home so we didn't really see him. But Jack didn't play golf at all down there in those days. I never saw him playing golf at all.

I can say that the first television program I think Jack was ever on he and Mayor Hynes put on an interview with each other on the Senate fight. That's the first time I ever met those teleprompters. One of them went bad on us. They didn't know they were on the air;

they didn't know whether they were on or not. But they had a script that day so they got by with it. They did a good job, both of them. They really did. Jack did a great job, actually, because he was very experienced. But he was a very shy fellow, very shy. In his early days he was very shy.

MARTIN: When he decided to go for a Senate seat against Lodge [Henry Cabot Lodge], do you think he had a chance at the time?

DAZZI: Do I think he had a chance? I can, only tell you one instance. As you know, Lodge was very much involved with trying to make Eisenhower [Dwight D. Eisenhower] president. A very prominent gentleman, a very big Lodge man, came in the *Globe* to me, and when I told him Kennedy was going to win, I thought he would go through the floor. I mean, at that time I saw Kennedy coming, and Lodge, with all due respect to him, didn't pay much attention to Massachusetts, as much as he should, let's put it that way.

HARRIS: He really was interested in....

DAZZI: Eisenhower. Of course, Kennedy was making hay. I said, "This is it." I figured he was going to win.

HARRIS: Lodge was depending a lot on that last rally, that Ike would come to the last rally.

DAZZI: That he and Ike would put it over with the last rally.

HARRIS: And he couldn't. It was too late. Jack had come in solid.

DAZZI: Jack, of course, did a good job at these tea parties. When he first ran even for Congress, I said, "You're not a good talker. Your best bet is good house parties. You're convincing at a house party." In those days we used to call them house parties. Then they went to teas. We didn't have teas then. This was the day of house parties;

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we used to give them a block of ice cream and a cup of coffee.

HARRIS: Didn't he invent the tea thing? I think he invented it.

DAZZI: That was in the Senate fight. They were already very successful.

MARTIN: You showed me a picture a week or so ago, Andy, taken over in East Boston. Was that the first time that you....

DAZZI: That's the first time I think he ever spoke to any crowd over there in that fight.

MARTIN: What was that occasion?

DAZZI: That was the Fitton A.C. banquet. It was an annual banquet; there were about 300 people there. He sat right in the crowd with us, sat down with me at a table. We called on him, and he made his first speech over there.

MARTIN: Do you know what the speech was about?

DAZZI: Gee, I don't recall. If I do recall it, I think he just talked about how his folks came from there and all that. He was on an intimate side then. There was nothing of.... He was just telling about Pat Kennedy [Patrick Joseph Kennedy] and his grandfather, John F., and his father and that's all. He said, after all, he didn't spend many years over there.

MARTIN: How well did you know Honey Fitz, Andy?

DAZZI: I knew the mayor very well, very, very well. And for many, many years.

MARTIN: He was up at the Bellevue at the time the President announced for Congress.

DAZZI: That's right. As a matter of fact, Jack had a little office up there, too. That's where we used to meet.

MARTIN: When did he get the 122 [Bowdoin Street]?

DAZZI: What?

HARRIS: He got 122 about that time. It was always in a mess.

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DAZZI: Most of the time I used to meet him at breakfast up at his apartment. We'd sit around.

HARRIS: Honey Fitz would really sing beautifully. He'd sing "Sweet Adeline," for instance. He was darn interested in his grandson. You'd run into him in the lobby of the Bellevue and elsewhere around town.

DAZZI: Bill can tell you when he ran for Senate, we had a rally for Mayor Hynes at the time. There were 400 people on the roof of the Parker House. It was a June, I think it was—very, very, early, hot as the devil. He said, "How did you ever get so many people up here?" It was all our organization. We went all along the line for him right then and there. They really went to town for Jack that day. But he often told me,

though, he said, “I’d never want to be governor of this commonwealth. I just could not stand listening to the legislature.”

HARRIS: He never was interested in that.

DAZZI: He said, “I don’t want to be. I don’t want to be governor of this commonwealth. I just couldn’t stand that legislature.”

MARTIN: There was some talk that he was going to run for mayor, or some interests....

HARRIS: Of course, there was always talk of him for everything.

DAZZI: Of course, when we were running for mayor against Powers, naturally, we were trying to bet the Kennedy angle, but we cutely put Mr. Kennedy on the plane for Europe through the campaign. He never came back till about just before election night.

HARRIS: Another little sidelight about Jack is he’d send booze around at Christmas. Frank Morrissey’d [Francis X. Morrissey] bring it around. I remember once he was bringing six bottles around with him. He’d distribute it. You’d be lucky to get a bottle an office. You lost it, no question. But he quit when he was, you know, a nominee. Nothing came that year. The only thing that year was the cigarette thing for those who were on the *Caroline* with him; I still have it. He gave me his silver thing there out at L.A. with the, you know, PT boat thing.

DAZZI: Oh, the tie clip.

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HARRIS: Yes. He gave me his one. He took it off and gave it to me.

MARTIN: Andy, what do you remember best about him? What quality would you say that made him....

DAZZI: Well, my first impression of him.... He was always a very attractive gentleman. He was always a gentleman. I’ve seen him fly off the handle; he was a hothead, a fellow who flew off the handle. And I think he was a man that made his own mind up. It’s often been said that his father swayed him. I never believed he could sway him. I’ve seen many arguments he had with his father in different things—and disagree with him, properly. Don’t you forget his father, with all due respect to him, was a politician of the old school. We were now coming into the new era. We had to do different things. In the days of Joe Kennedy we used to—well, I wasn’t responsible—put on vicious cartoons against these fellows. Things like Jack would never qualify to do in his time. The old man still wanted to do things like that.

HARRIS: Nothing rough about it.

DAZZI: Well, it wasn't good public politicking. I used to see him stand right up to him. He really let him have it. And I admired him for it because I think it showed that he had courage of his own. Although some time maybe his father was correct in his thinking, it wasn't proper timing. As I say, he was a likeable fellow. You had to like him. How could he resist going someplace? Number one, he had brains; number two, he had appearance; number three, he had money. How can you lick it?

HARRIS: He had ambition, too.

MARTIN: That's quite a combination. How about yourself, John?

HARRIS: He had ambition, too. He wanted to be president. I remember sitting down talking with him. in Honolulu about.... My idea was that he should get out of the Senate. I said to him, "Look, no one's ever gone from the Senate over to the presidency. They never get it that way. If you're going to make it, you have to get out of that Senate." He said something about if a Catholic's going to make it—no, he didn't use the word Catholic—meaning someone of his religion going to make it, you have to set precedent. Also, he raised the question of what would his sounding board be if he got out of the Senate. So here he was independent-minded, not following what looked like the path to follow, setting his own precedent to get to the presidency.

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MARTIN: John, do you recall any other favorite stories you remember about the late president?

HARRIS: Well, there's a few here. One that I wanted to mention to you. They're talking about a lost speech in West Virginia that he delivered the night before. There just wasn't time. They had been getting out speeches very well. The apparatus they had and the publicity set-up, Pierre [Pierre E.G. Salinger] was running it; running it damn well. But this once there simply wasn't time. It was very late at night. So they're calling it a lost speech. Actually, most of it was taken down. We went out to the place where he was delivering it there, and I phoned most of it to the *Globe*. I think you'll find it in our clippings. I saw some of the stuff there when I went over them the other day.

As for the Florida thing, I went down to Florida to his father's house down there. It's in Palm Beach. Where's it near?

DAZZI: Palm Beach.

HARRIS: West Palm Beach.... to see if we could negotiate for the *Globe* to run *Profiles in Courage*. Jack's interest then was, again, that same thing, I mean, the broad picture. The thing that interested him was that if the *Globe* had it, it also might go out through N.A.N.A. to other papers or other arrangements the *Globe* is tied in with. It

did, as a matter of fact. When we came back, I did the editing of the thing as it ran in the *Globe* and as some of it was sent out.

While I'm there, Jack is recuperating. Remember he'd been on the crutches, the operation, and all this business. We were in his bedroom. I was there a few days. He wanted me to stay at the house, but I figured if I stayed at the house, I'd get nothing done. So I kept my room in town at the hotel although I was at the house a lot. Sorensen was there. Sorensen would bring these books that were being sent by the Library of Congress. There were heaps of books around his bed. In fact, the bedroom looked very similar to his bachelor's quarters up there at 122 Bowdoin Street, which always to me seemed in a mess. There were things all over the darn place. Well, so was his bedroom. He would sit up in bed there—I can remember his legs up—and he'd write. Then this stuff was taken and transcribed by a gal who came in and out from downstairs stenographic work. Some research would be done by Sorensen, but Jack was doing his own reading of all these books, doing his own writing and all this stuff. I had seen that. Then I had to go for the negotiations.

In the course of this, he would be out over near the seaside. There was a swimming pool there. Then there was sort of

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bench way out on the grass with an embankment. What do you call it? A beach wall, Andy? There he had sort of a place that he'd lie down in the sun. This, now, was late in the season. I forget the exact date, probably around June or July or somewhere in there. I'm not certain. Anyway, he told me that this was the best time in Florida. People who were coming down in February and that period just didn't know Florida; the right time to come was this time, he was telling me. All the time we'd be doing this, he'd only have his trunks on. You wondered if he'd burn to death. He was brown as a nut. But he kept rubbing on this—I remember the name—Bain de Soleil or something. He'd be rubbing himself all the time we'd be sitting there talking and so forth. Then he decided he wanted to have a swim. He said, "Do you want to come have a swim?" We went around to little houses there. There were no trunks that quite fitted me, so I put a pin in one to go in with him. His didn't quite fit, and his damn trunks came off while he was in the.... Sorensen, by the way, was walking up and down laughing like hell around the thing. His came off, and it was pretty bad there in his back from these cuts and things that he had.

DAZZI: The operation.

HARRIS: He was a brave man. I'd often see him put on those corsets he wore so he wouldn't indicate.... Particularly up in New Hampshire. He was jumping up and down up there in that campaign. He was wearing that corset; it must have been painful for him. Yet, he'd jump around like he was a young school kid to respond to the crowd and things like that. You knew he was wearing that brace and things like that. What was the other one, Andy? There was just one other.

Oh, Laycock [Ted Laycock] I think you ought to see Ted because Ted has told me that Jack was very interested in writing book reviews for the *Globe*, came in and out of the *Globe*, and did write book reviews in his early days to get.... He described him, as Andy did,

as a very shy fellow. Jack, I think, would keep his speeches short because of that. He didn't want to deliver more than a ten-minute speech, as you well know. What was the other thing I was going to tell you? Florida, Laycock, the lost speech.

HARRIS: What? I don't know. That's about it.

[END OF INTERVIEW]

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