

**Margaret L. Coit Oral History Interview—6/1/1966**  
Administrative Information

**Creator:** Margaret L. Coit  
**Interviewer:** Charles T. Morrissey  
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**Biographical Note**

Coit, Author-in-residence at Fairleigh Dickinson University, discusses her personal relationship with John F. Kennedy (JFK), her biography of Bernard M. Baruch, and her analysis of JFK's handwriting, among other issues.

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By Margaret L. Coit

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Oral History Interview

with

Margaret L. Coit

June 1, 1966  
Washington, D.C.

By Charles T. Morrissey

For the John F. Kennedy Library

MORRISSEY: Well, you're the best judge to know where the beginning is, so why don't you start there?

COIT: Well, I had written my *Life of John C. Calhoun* [John Caldwell Calhoun], and it had won the Pulitzer Prize. He didn't know that, however. I was a country girl. I lived in West Newbury, Massachusetts, population 1,400. The first time I had ever come to New York, Bernard Baruch [Bernard M. Baruch] had called me down to write his official biography. I brought my mother [Grace Leland Coit] along to chaperone me. I had been to Washington a great deal doing research on Calhoun, but about New York, about the outside world, I knew very, very little.

MORRISSEY: When was this?

COIT: This was the spring of 1953. I came down here to interview senators, practically all of them, because Baruch was friendly with everybody. And I will be very frank with you, I had designs on John F. Kennedy. Everybody in Massachusetts did. We had a Kennedy legend then which was not like the legend you have now, but there was definitely a Kennedy legend. We didn't know much about him, but he was the golden boy, the most eligible bachelor in New England. Every girl in Massachusetts

wanted to date him, and I wasn't any exception. I thought up what possible excuse I would have to meet him, to interview him, because he was not a friend of Baruch's

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although his father [Joseph P. Kennedy, Sr.] had been. I talked to his father over the telephone. He'd frightened me to death, kind of barking at me, roaring at me. But I had read *Why England Slept*, and I decided—I was doing Baruch and his times—that the good excuse would be to see Kennedy and get the feeling of Europe at the time when Baruch was over there warning that war was going to come, that Germany would win it. Baruch and Joseph Kennedy agreed absolutely that England and France would go down because they were so completely unprepared. I knew that Kennedy was over there as a young man enjoying the last of it—the last golden days before the war came. So I made up my mind that was the excuse upon which I wanted to interview him, that I wanted to get the feeling of those days just before World War II broke out.

But in getting ready for the interview, I got dressed up. I had a little gray silk suit—I remember every detail of it—and pink lace gloves, a little gray bonnet with a pink lace veil, and a pink rose. So he got the idea right away. Well, anyway, I went around to his office. It was just about this time of year. In fact, I think, it was about two weeks earlier. And it was very hot, terribly hot.

MORRISSEY: This is his office here in Washington?

COIT: It was his office in the Senate Office Building. He didn't rate an air conditioned office then, or even a good one. Oh, can you cut it off?

MORRISSEY: Sure. [Interruption, Tape recorder is shut off]

COIT: I went around to his office, and I had the appointment. I was staying over on Southeast Sixth Street at the time. As I say, I had interviewed a great many senators before him including Symington [Stuart Symington, II], who seemed just seething with ambition—to me, he seemed just obsessed with being president; this is important because of something that happened later—and Byrd [Harry F. Byrd, Sr.], who seemed the cleverest and shrewdest politician I had ever seen, and Taft [Robert A. Taft], the most dedicated, and Langer [William Langer], the most stupid.

MORRISSEY: Really?

COIT: Those were some of the ones that I had been interviewing. In fact, I had interviewed a great many stupid senators. You would be surprised how many stupid ones that there were, and I suppose are. They weren't remarkable for intellect. Well anyway, I went into Kennedy's outer office. There were six girls in there, as I recall—none were especially pretty, or chic, or young—and copies of the *Boston Post* all around. Then I saw him for the first time, and my overwhelming impression was of something gray. His eyes were gray, and his suit was gray and his hair was gray as

yours at that time. His lips were gray, and his skin had a grayish tinge. His eyeballs were very, very white. He had very piercing eyes, and a hard, harsh kind of voice, small stubby fingered hands. Those were my immediate impressions.

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He looked [at] me searchingly and through and then sat down with me and talked to me about what I wanted him to talk to me about, which was that period of England just before the war [World War II] broke out. And I took down my notes, but all the while he was looking me over, just looking me right over and through me. Finally, he said, "I am going to be giving a party around at my house in Georgetown in a couple of days. Do you want to come?" Did I! I just jumped at that idea. So I left, and two or three days later I got in a taxi and went over to the party.

I think it was the little house, maybe, where he lived when he first married Jacqueline [Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy]. I don't know. It was a very small house, as I recall, with a hallway where you came in, and two reception rooms. Well, I went into that party. It was full of people, and Kennedy was there. He greeted me. The party lasted two or three hours, and he got into a corner with Senator Stuart Symington and never spoke to anybody for the whole party, to me or anybody else. I didn't know anyone. I wandered around. His brother Bobby [Robert F. Kennedy] came down the stairs with Ethel [Ethel Skakel Kennedy]. They had been married two years, I think, and had a little one year old [Kathleen Hartington Kennedy]. Ethel looked like a little doll with a big, brown, bouffant skirt—prettiest little thing you ever saw. His sisters were there looking very dashing and high style. One of them said, "Oh, I know your Calhoun. It is a marvelous book." Their hair was frosted. It was the first time that I had seen frosting on hair. They spoke to me. Finally, I saw somebody I knew, and I gave a gulp, and he gave a gulp. He said, "I won't tell on you if you don't tell on me," because I had come down to Washington as a delegate to a group of Republican women. I had met this gentleman the night before at a Republican gathering. It was Richard Nixon [Richard M. Nixon].

MORRISSEY: Well, isn't that a coincidence.

COIT: The only other person that I saw that I knew I had also met at the Republican gathering the night before, and that was Alice Longworth [Alice Roosevelt Longworth] in a big black hat. Having nothing else to do, I remember I ate up a whole bowl of shrimps and sour cream, nobody paying any attention to me whatever [*sic*]. Finally, Bobby got a hold of me. I went into a room with him, and I remember thinking of the contrast between him and his brother because he was ruddy and warm, and full of fun and jokes, and he knew my book and was very friendly. I liked him very, very much. I don't remember what we talked about, but it was very pleasant.

Suddenly, toward the end of the party, Kennedy took some notice of me and came over. In fact, he grabbed me in the hall, kind of put his arm around my waist and said, "Isn't she the prettiest little thing you ever did see." Or something like that, embarrassed the life out of me. His sisters said, "Oh, we do wish he would meet some nice girl." Then Kennedy said, "I can't take you home. I have to fly," I think he said, "to Chicago. So I am going to send you

home with the Mayor of San Diego [John D. Butler].” So he sent me home with the Mayor of San Diego. And he said, “I’ll call you in two or three days, and we will have a date.”

Well, at that time I was working over at the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress. So I waited, and two or three days later they said, “Someone is calling you. A very New England accent.” I went and got on the telephone, and it was Kennedy. He said, “Would you come over to the office and meet me there about three or four o’clock in the afternoon?” So I went over and went into his office, and he was sitting at the desk signing letters and

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glamour boy pictures of himself—hundreds of them. I had a lot of time. I sat on a sofa and just looked around. There were framed letters from Daniel Webster and framed letters from Andrew Jackson, and many pictures of him in casual offhand poses with everybody from Harry Truman [Harry S. Truman] on down. Then I began looking at the books. The walls were lined with books. I walked around and looked at the books. He threw back his head and said, “Try me on them; I’ve read them all.”

It got hotter, and hotter, and hotter. He stood up and began to scratch and scratched and scratched till his shirt was out all the way around. He had a foot up on the chair, and he was chewing gum and stringing it back and forth and barking into a telephone, doing something very nice with some high school youngsters who were coming in. Meanwhile the signing went on and on and on and on. Once in a while he would shoot a question at me. Once it was about Bernard Baruch. Why was I doing the book? Once it was something very penetrating about Claire Boothe Luce’s private life and a little malicious. And at another point, he said, “Don’t you see how hard a senator works.” I said, “I do. I do.” And the signing went on. And finally he finished it. He came over and sat beside me on the love seat and put back his head. Suddenly I got frightened out of my wits because he nearly passed out. It was as if all the energy had drained out of him; as if you had emptied a bottle of water and turned it upside down on the floor. He just looked more gray than ever, and his eyes were closed. I thought he was going to faint, and I was so scared I didn’t know what to do. It was late. Everybody had gone home. It must have been around six. The secretaries had gone. I was alone there. We just sat there. Finally I said, “I think you are too tired to take me out tonight. Why don’t you take me home.” He said, “You are very kind. I am tired. I will take you home.”

I had noticed the crutches against the wall of the office. He took them now. We walked down through the corridors of the empty Senate Office Building. As we came out, he took a stick of Juicy Fruit chewing gum out of his pocket. He said, “You want some?” I said, “OK.” He tore off half a piece and poked it into my mouth. Then we went around and got his car. It was a little open topless convertible, absolutely all jammed up, and dented, and marked, and it had “Member of Congress” on it, not “Senator.” Oh, and one other point I forgot, he looked so much older than he was. That to me was one of the strange discrepancies, because in his pictures he looked so young. He was about thirty-four or five at this time, I should imagine, and he looked forty-five. We got into the car, and he drove on the streetcar tracks, in front of the bus or streetcar that was coming along. The streetcar would toot at him, and he would lean out and swear at it. We went along. It was a wild ride.

MORRISSEY: Did he say anything about his back hurting him?

COIT: Not a word. Not a word. He didn't say anything about anything except he was very tired, and he would take me home. Well, I was staying at a kind of an old fashioned, rather run-down rooming house in the Southeast section of Washington, where I made my mistake was inviting him in. There was a living room—I thought he would like to rest a few minutes—and beyond it a bedroom; you could see the bed. We went in and sat down. He threw himself down on the sofa. It seemed all right to me. Then he tried to drag me down beside him. So I struggled, and I said, "Wait a minute. I made up my mind that I was not going to kiss you on the first date." He said, "This isn't a first date. We have been making eyes at each other three times now." Then he lunged for me,

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and I said, "Let me talk to you. I have standards just like your sisters. Don't you think those are good standards?" "Yes," he said but without much conviction. "You wouldn't want me to do anything you wouldn't want your sisters to do would you?" "I don't care what they do," he said. Then he sort of tugged at me, and I began to cry. I said, "Look what you'll have to tell the priest." "Oh, I'll have to tell him your name," he said, "but he will forgive me all right." And he gave a giggle and a grin. I rose and got up to get a glass of water. He watched me. "You have pretty legs," he said. "You have pretty sisters," I said. "That's not a fair exchange," he said. "Well, you are not bad looking for a senator," I said, thinking that was what he wanted. He looked very rueful. Then he sprang up. He grabbed me. "I'm sad; I'm gay; I'm melancholy; I'm gloomy—I'm all mixed up, and I don't know how I am!" he said. He was wild. He was black Irish, and he sort of grappled with me. "Don't," I said. "Don't be so grabby. This is only our first date. We've got plenty of time." He lifted his head and his gray eyes just drilled into mine. "But I can't wait, you see, I'm going to grab everything I want. You see, I haven't any time."

Then we got fighting and arguing again, he looking at me as if he were dissecting me in a laboratory kind of way. What frightened me though was that he was like a machine. He was so cold. It was as if he had shifted gears. We had been talking about books and ideas and my concepts of the books on Baruch, and then he had seen me as one kind of person. He had seen me as a mind; and now he saw me just as something female. He couldn't fit the two together, and it was as if he were two parts. He was like a fourteen year old high school football player on the make; and he was like an elder statesman of sixty in his intellectual process—the two together and it was the cold machine-like quality that scared me so.

I have got to skip some of this. At one place after awhile he made me kiss him, and he said, "Darling," dreamily. I said, "That is the first gentle word you have ever said to me." And he said, "How would you like a husband who was harsh to you first and gentle to you afterwards," grinning with all his white teeth. "How would you like a husband who beat you every morning?" (My friends said I shouldn't tell about this.) "I would bite him," I said, I said, "You know what you are? You're a spoiled Irish mick on the make." He looked at me and he said, "You are a spoiled Irish bastard." And then we began to laugh, and we laughed and laughed and laughed. He said, "I won't bother you. Do you want to go out for a ride?" I said, "Sure, I will go out riding with you."

We got into the car, and we started riding. Then he suddenly said, "My brother Bobby

told me you had won the Pulitzer Prize. You never told me that. You are very modest, very modest. You know, I would rather win a Pulitzer Prize than be president of the United States.” And he said, “Tell me something else. How did Bernard Baruch make his money?” I said, “Pretty much the way your own father made his, I would imagine. Why don’t you ask him?” He said, “I want to make millions. I am going to outdo my father.” He was driven. He was the most driven person I had ever seen in my life. We went by the White House, and he looked at it without a smile. He was grim and he was gray, and he said, between his teeth, “I am going to go there.” Then he said, “Do you think I have the drive of Andrew Jackson?” All I thought was that he was kind of crazy.

I think he frightened me more than the facts warranted. He just was a little out of my league. It was the coldness that frightened me. I had been with wolves before, and he knew now what I meant. He knew how to accept it. But it was the coldness that frightened me and the fact that he was out of a much more sophisticated background than anything that I knew

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how to cope with or handle I just wanted out of there. He finally brought me back and said goodbye and said, “I’ll call you.” I was afraid he would, and I got out of Washington as soon as I could because I didn’t know what to do about it. I didn’t quite know how to cope. I went home.

Every mother in Massachusetts would have liked her daughter to have John F. Kennedy show some interest in her. So my mother said, “You were a fool. You should have known how to handle him better.” I said, “I don’t know how to cope with somebody like that. And anyway he wouldn’t be interested in me. He’ll marry somebody who isn’t as much like him as I am. He’ll marry someone who is very different, who can do things for him that I couldn’t do. He likes the same things I like. He has a marvelous mind. He has read all those books. And also he’ll marry somebody in his own faith, I believe.”

But then I got word from the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress that he called, day after day. They said, at least, someone called, didn’t say who it was, high pitched voice, very New England. I knew who it was. Well, he had told me to read *The Young Marlborough*. So I went home and read *The Young Marlborough*. Let’s shut this off.

[Interruption, Tape recorder is shut off]

“Dear John Kennedy, *The Young Marlborough* was great fun, and I am glad you told me to read it. Too romantic, though, all suffused in the soft glow of candlelight. The eighteenth century was not all the *beau monde*. I know. I have some chapters of an eighteenth century novel in at Houghton-Mifflin which they will publish sometime. *Forever England* is the tentative title. They think not. But who am I to tell you? What I don’t know about England would fill twenty books. Philosophically, I thought the *Marlborough* was fascinating. Take warning though. ‘Politics is a life sentence to hard labor.’ Do you know the characterization of William Lamb seems to embody the paradox, the division of the English character? I think people look on the British as realistic, not romantic in the sense the Irish are. Yet what could have been more extravagantly romantic than Nelson [Horatio Nelson] or Disraeli [Benjamin Disraeli]? And doesn’t Churchill’s [Winston Churchill] *On the Beachheads* compare with Lamb and his vision of the Armada? I like Mr. Lamb’s philosophies on marriage. Alas, the *New York Herald Tribune* charged me with not having

rosy views on that subject although I was once romantic enough to think the Byron [Lord Byron], Carroll [Lewis Carroll], and Lamb story would make a wonderful color movie for the Oliviers [Laurence and Vivien Olivier]. But I liked, also, Lamb's reflection that unless people discover the truth about each other they will never get on, and certainly not if they wed under a romantic delusion; also his reflections that life is a comedy, men are fools, and that there is no use risking an immediate disturbance for the sake of a problematic future goal. But I challenge the view that cynics do not like people. Is it not the disillusioned idealists who come to hate, and the cynics or realists, not expecting too much, who love the good they do find? By the way, Mr. Baruch has just delivered himself of an address endeavoring to show, as this book does, the creed of conservatism, that the old system can accomplish new reforms. 'Freedom,' he says, 'is not a privilege but a responsibility. Not synonymous with license but restraint.' Both he and Calhoun saw the world realistically. But he adapted to it. Calhoun would only battle it. And you, you wanted to know how Baruch made his money. Perhaps I will tell you sometime. Right now I feel like

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Carl Sandburg when asked to explain Abraham Lincoln. 'I thought I got that across,' he said, 'in about a million words.' This much I can tell you right now. Baruch always said that moneymaking is a full-time job, and you can't combine it with statecraft. Of course, he had made money since becoming a statesman, but only as a kind of conditioned reflex. Furthermore, the money making job is five times as difficult today as when he made his millions.

"Do you know Canning [George Canning]? Is there a book on him you would recommend? He intrigues me. Maybe I should write one. No, perhaps your idea was better, to put you in a book. Or better still, how about one on the whole family? Three generations. Your mother [Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy] is beautiful. I see where you all get your looks. As for you, I believe you do have the drive to be president and the dignity, on occasion, and the brains, and these will provide the momentum. But who knows where the wild horse will run? There is more in luck and fate than we think. We can do no more than turn it loose. If you know what you want, you may get it and then not want it, as I found out. None of the strange and wonderful things that have happened to me would have ever happened had I not written *Calhoun*. But was it not destiny that Swope [Herbert B. Swope] should give Baruch a copy, and he should read it to his nurse while she rubbed him down, and then put in a call to me without which I would never have been visiting senators in Washington, finding out about Mr. Baruch, to say nothing of enlarging my education. So where will that great speech that you made the other day take you? That is up to fate and so is the future of your brother whom the country owes much for his research work on English treachery. I liked him. Please remember me to him. It was great fun, too, getting acquainted with you even with our differences of opinion. I wonder now what you will think of my *Calhoun*."

This brings me to two things I forgot. One is he said, "Why don't you write a book about me? What I am interested in is me. Why don't you write a book about me?" I said, "You are not important enough yet." He said, "Well, you could put me in a book—*Men I Have Known*."

MORRISSEY: Did you discuss writing a book about the whole Kennedy family?

COIT: Just in this letter. That was an idea that had just occurred to me, and it was just in that letter. Now there was one other thing I forgot. I went away pretty angry, but I saw Arthur Krock the next day. Arthur Krock said, "Who have you been seeing in Washington?" I told him all the people I had been seeing. He said, "John Kennedy. What a tragedy that boy is." I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "Don't you know he is going to die?" I said, "What are you talking about?" He said, "His father told me that he had only four years to live." And that began to explain a lot, that explained a lot to me, particularly those things, "I am going to grab everything I want. You see, I haven't any time." There is not so much more.

MORRISSEY: What is the reference in that letter to a speech he had given?

COIT: I can't remember what speech. I remember at the time it must have struck me as important and interesting.

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MORRISSEY: You told me you didn't date that letter?

COIT: No, you can tell by the one dated letter he wrote to me. No, the letter isn't dated. Now this is the interesting thing. I didn't hear from him again. The next time I saw him, I think he might have won his Pulitzer Prize by that time. I am not quite sure. But anyway, he spoke before the National Book Awards people. I went into to see him, and I had been sick. I was so thin he didn't recognize me for a moment. And then he did recognize me and acted very pleased to see me. By that time, he had listed *Calhoun* as one of his ten favorite books, but he was only a senator then, and there wasn't too much notice taken about it. But there was a little squib in the *New York Times* about it. Later when he became president and went on listing it, then, of course, it was good for big sales and there was a good deal of notice made of it. Then the funny thing is I saw him again, once more, before he became president. I think it was in 1958 when I went down to Washington. I sent in my card, and he came off the Senate floor to talk to me. The change was incredible. His face was ruddy and had filled out. His hair was reddish brown and no longer gray, and instead of being so cold and machine-like, he was warm and human. I wondered if it had something to do with his marriage to Jacqueline. Oh, one funny thing, in the office the day I was waiting in with him all those hours, someone called Jackie called up. He told this person off, rather harshly. I thought it was a man. "Jackie, I don't want to be bothered now. Let me alone." Or something of that kind. I thought to myself I wouldn't like to be talked to that way. Then I got the feeling later, however, that the marriage, the children, all this had changed him, had humanized him. He didn't seem like a machine anymore.

When it came to 1960.... I was a Republican, and I was trying to make up my mind who to vote for. I talked with Nixon about Toynbee [Arnold Toynbee]. He had read all of Toynbee. And I thought of the two, and I finally thought, "Nixon is a great mind, and Kennedy is a genius." And I voted for Kennedy.

MORRISSEY: Did you support him publicly?

COIT: It wouldn't have made any difference if I had. I mean, I was known as a writer. Where I could, I did, yes. Now, I think that, unless you have questions that you want to....

MORRISSEY: Just a couple. I am surprised that he had not heard of your *Calhoun* biography before he met you.

COIT: Bobby had and the sisters had. I am a little surprised too.

MORRISSEY: Because he used to read history and biography constantly.

COIT: I think the reason is he didn't like Calhoun as a person. He was a Daniel Webster man, and he might not have read it under his own power.

MORRISSEY: Did he ever talk to you about the selection of the five outstanding senators that he handled?

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COIT: I didn't know he was in charge of that.

MORRISSEY: Yes, I forget the year, but he was the chairman of a Senate established committee to chose these five Senators: Taft; LaFollette [Robert Marion LaFollette]; Norris [George W. Norris], two others I can't remember at this time.

COIT: Oh, Calhoun and Webster.

MORRISSEY: Webster was the fifth one? I wasn't sure. I am surprised he didn't talk to you about Calhoun with respect to that assignment he had.

COIT: We didn't. He told me the last time he saw me, he said, "The next time you come to Washington, we will have lunch." But the next time I came to Washington, he was president, and I never tried to see him then.

MORRISSEY: Do you know if he read your Baruch book?

COIT: Yes, he listed it, too. He listed it as one of his favorite books of the year the year it came out. He read the book. I remember that very well. He listed *Calhoun* as one of the main sources that he drew upon for *Profiles in Courage*.

MORRISSEY: Did you review that book?

COIT: No, I wasn't given it to review. I have been quite a reviewer lately. I have been reviewing books on Kennedy. I reviewed Sorensen's [Theodore C. Sorensen] *Kennedy* for the *Saturday Review*.

MORRISSEY: Well, I wonder if there is anything we are overlooking. I can't think of any other questions. If there is anything, you can always add it to the transcript of the tape.

COIT: It was just he was such a strange combination. So immature emotionally, so mature intellectually. It was almost frightening, the discrepancy between the two halves. And this sense that he wasn't going to last very long.

MORRISSEY: Did you interview his father for the Baruch volume?

COIT: Just over the telephone. His father frightened me so that I didn't dare go down to see him. He was very harsh, rude. I didn't interview him.

MORRISSEY: Could you tell me a little bit about that handwriting analysis that you did?

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COIT: They have it in the other room.

MORRISSEY: Why don't I get it. [Interruption, Tape recorder is shut off]

COIT: I don't know how valuable it is really. And I have a few other little things to show you that were in the briefcase. Let's see, these notes in here. There is another analysis of his handwriting I think I did it twice. Some of the things on here are even more interesting. This note is from this one person I told about my encounter in New York and didn't mention the name of the person. [Laughter] It's dated, I think. [Laughter] May 7, 1953. I don't know. I have the two things here. "Analysis of Senator John F. Kennedy's handwriting," it says here.

MORRISSEY: Is there a date on it?

COIT: No. "Selfish, generous." Put them all in there. "Scientific and analytical, good reasoning power, a real person, worth knowing, scholar, concentration, critical ability, culture, judgment, rare intellect, keen judgment and critical sense, 'no person of ordinary ability ever writes this way.' The comparison of small vertical script shows respect for detail and a mental equipment far above the average. Strong personality, clear logical thinker, thorough analytical mind—often it repeats you see—capable of great things, a leader in thought, energetic, always planning schemes, a mental dynamo." He had this restless impatient energy. Everything he did was sudden and abrupt,

with me. When he jumped at me, it was just as if he shifted a gear going from one thing to another with no time, no build up, no preparation, just like that. “Materialistic, self-confident, sensuous, fond of the outdoors and sex, tactful, shrewd, a clever bargainer, secretive, original distinctive personality, fixed opinions, brilliant ideas, spoiled, extremely irritable if things are not as he wants them, energetic, adaptable to circumstances, procrastinator, impulsive, quick, irritable.” And then different things here, I analyzed it twice.

MORRISSEY: Is that a hobby of yours?

COIT: It was. I don't even have the book now. These show some of the same things here, I think.

MORRISSEY: Very similar, yes. Well, very good, and thank you very much for everything. You have been very kind.

COIT: I have some memories of Nixon, but that doesn't go here. I met him under other circumstances, a different way.

MORRISSEY: Do you want to tell me the afterthought about Stuart Symington?

[-10-]

COIT: Yes, this was it. But it is just a theory I have, just a theory. Of course again, it didn't come to me till after I had that real date with Kennedy. The whole party, at this party he invited me to, he didn't pay any attention to any of the guests whatsoever. He stayed in that corner for two and a half or three hours, talking to Symington the entire time. And later on, when he told me that he was going to be president and all this, I concluded that there was something working between him and Symington, some plan for 1956, something about being on the ticket or.... There was something going on between them. Symington was just as, and if possible even more, seething with ambition. This is the whole impression you got of him. That is all I can think of.

MORRISSEY: Well, thank you.

[END OF INTERVIEW]

[-11-]

Margaret L. Coit Oral History Transcript  
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What strange ancient  
stones' could you have told

him.

- When do you return

to hand again this

ancient city

Lord.

My dear Mrs. Crit:

Thank you,

for your letter - After

reading it to your

success becomes somewhat

understandable. I am sure

of consciousness to him -

as Mr. Krock has been

writing he told you ever

since, I wonder whether she

has been writing Mr. Krock -

or does he refer her

to his stream of consciousness

I hope he doesn't.

sensitivity and

in Thomas are no longer

hidden by the long

of a face which causes tears.

and a face - but not me -

to regard.

I identify Mr. Krock  
for you to refer to your stream

Bosch  
A-1, B5

Cape

C

D 2

E 3

E 4

S 2

H 3

J 3

K 1

L 2

L 1

L 18?

M 4

N 2

O 3

Q 1

22

26

43

51

66?

79

lively and enthusiastic, good talker, original  
 a genius type, original creative, also unstable  
outrageable, changeable and moody, secretive,  
close-mouthed, even sly, keen scholarly  
 ability, mental acumen, very strong independ-  
ently - thorough analytical mind - quick  
 + penetrating - a leader of men, logical,  
 clear thinker, logical fond of luxury,  
 justice - potential as lawyer, determination  
fussy, self-conscious, impractical good judgment  
 energetic, aggressive, great perseverance - always  
 on "do" thinking, planning schemes, little criticism  
 fond of acting, outdoor sports  
 good mixer, talker, some insincerity  
reticent, selfish, suspicious, extreme  
secretiveness, close mouthedness, sometimes  
 logical, sometimes irritable, sometimes  
 good judge of char, self-respect, pride  
 + conceit, conceit, pride, personal  
sensitiveness, taste for literature, quick  
thinker, talker, good imagination +  
vision, impulsiveness, animation,  
quickness, irritability, day dreamer,  
vivid imagination, erratic, eccentric, constructive  
abilities, could be an u. s. lawyer  
 or public figure

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# United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON  
LABOR AND PUBLIC WELFARE

Friday, April 10, 1953

Miss Margaret L. Coit  
c/o Miss Elizabeth McPherson  
20 6th Street, S.E.  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Miss Coit:

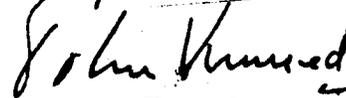
This will acknowledge and thank you for your letter of April 7 relative to your plans to come to Washington the week of April 25.

In accordance with your request, I am enclosing herewith passes to the House and the Senate so that you may have the opportunity to see them in session.

I would suggest that you call my office (National 8-3120, Extension 2184) when you arrive in Washington to arrange an appointment.

With my best wishes,

Sincerely yours,



John F. Kennedy

JFK:ja

Tuesday afternoon  
at 3 o'clock

call Tuesday morning  
and check

Miss Lincoln