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By JPW NARA Date 9-13

PRESIDENT HAS SEEN....

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HOUSE

WASHINGTON

February 19, 1973

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

FROM: STEPHEN B. BULL *SB*

SUBJECT: 1973 Jackie<sup>x</sup> Gleason Inverrary  
\*National Airlines Classic

BACKGROUND:

At Jackie Gleason's request, you have agreed to make an appearance at the<sup>x</sup> Inverrary Country Club in order to focus public attention upon this charity golf tournament. The proceeds from the physical attendance of spectators, sale of programs, parking and concessions will be donated to the Boys Clubs of America and selected other charitable organizations.

The actual championship portion of the tournament will run from Thursday, February 22, through Sunday, February 25. Monday when you will be present, will be the day on which the celebrities will be practicing. Some of the celebrities include Bob Hope, Mike Douglas, Joe DiMaggio, and Mickey Mantle.

Few, if any, of the professional golfers will be present because of the tournament in San Diego that concluded Sunday evening. The pros will not be arriving until Monday evening or Tuesday morning.

Tuesday and Wednesday will be professional/celebrity/amateur play that is expected to attract a large group of paying spectators and raise interest in the championship portion of the tournament.

Your participation will be to be introduced by Jackie Gleason, make brief remarks related to the worthiness of the tournament, and depart.

SCHEDULE

- 11:35 a.m. Depart Americana Hotel via motorcade for Haulover Beach.
- 11:45 a.m. Helicopter departs en route Inverrary Country Club.
- (Flying Time: 15 minutes)
- 12:00 Noon Arrive on 18th fairway of the country club, approximately 175 yards (Jack Nicklaus 9-iron shot) from the 18th green.
- Jackie Gleason will meet you at the helicopter and the two of you will drive to the 18th green in his golf cart.
- 12:05 p.m. Arrive center of 18th green.
- There will be a number of spectators in grandstands directly in front of you, and the celebrities who have arrived will be on the green. Jackie Gleason will introduce you informally to the celebrities.
- 12:06 p.m. Speaking from a single stand-up microphone in the center of the 18th green, Jackie Gleason will make brief introductory remarks and introduce you.
- 12:10 p.m. You deliver your remarks (suggested remarks attached).
- FULL PRESS COVERAGE.
- 12:15 p.m. Remarks conclude.
- Jackie Gleason returns to the microphone, thanks you for coming, and explains that you must return to Key Biscayne to work on important matters.

3.

You and Mr. Gleason reboard the golf cart and return to the helicopter.

12:20 p.m.

Helicopter departs en route Key Biscayne White House.

(Flying Time: 20 minutes)

12:40 p.m.

Arrive Key Biscayne White House.

(Andrews)

February 18, 1973

SUGGESTED REMARKS TO  
INVERRARY GOLF TOURNAMENT

I played a little golf myself this past weekend. My score is classified information - but I can tell you that it was higher than my age and lower than Jackie Gleason's weight.

\* \* \* \*

Jackie offered me the chance to try a couple of putts here on the 18th green this afternoon, but I told him, "No thanks." Any man has a right to refuse to incriminate himself. My best hole is the 19th.

\* \* \* \*

Most of you probably know that National Airlines is the principal sponsor of this tournament and I can confirm that that is true. They had the man who writes all their ad copy work up a little speech for me to give out here. It was very short -- just four words. It said: "I'm Nixon. Golf me."

\* \* \* \*

Let me assure everyone that it will be perfectly safe to come out and watch the tournament - the Vice President will not be playing. He claims he has given up golf as part of the ceasefire agreement - but some people think he is just waiting for his chance to get Governor Connally ahead of him on some deserted fairway.

Speaking of politics, over the course of my career, I have held a number of public offices but the office that brings me here today is not a political office although I am as proud of it as of any position I have ever had. This is the position of Chairman of the Board of the Boys' Clubs of America which I held officially from 1964 to 1968 and in an honorary capacity since 1969.

I want to compliment Jackie Gleason and National Airlines for sponsoring this tournament for the benefit of the Boys' Clubs as well as other deserving charities, and I want to encourage the people of this area to support this colorful and exciting sports event which will serve such a worthy cause.

I am usually very cautious about predicting the winner of any competition whether in politics or in sports, but I think it is safe to say on this occasion that no matter who has the lowest score when the last putt has dropped, the real winners here at Inverrary are going to be the many thousands of boys who have a better life because the Boys' Clubs are at work helping to build their character and setting a high standard of manhood for them.

Through the Boys' Clubs, every boy has the chance to become a champion in the game of life and so I offer my congratulations and thanks to all who are putting on this tournament, all who are playing, and all who come out and support it in the galleries -- all of you are champions too.

DECLASSIFIED  
Authority EO 12958  
By JPW HARA Date 9-13

WHCF  
Box 92

EXHIBIT (14)

CHI  
10-11-3

March 15, 1973

Dear Mr. Galletta:

This is just a note to express my thanks for the specially designed hats which you arranged for me to receive during my stop at the Inverrary Golf and Country Club while in Florida recently. I very much appreciate these mementos of the Jackie Gleason annual golf tournament -- an event which does so much for the Boys' Clubs of America. My visit, though brief, was most enjoyable.

With my best wishes,

Sincerely,

RICHARD HARRIS

<sup>X</sup>  
Mr. Joe Galletta  
Chief Marshal  
1973 Jackie Gleason Inverrary  
National Airlines Classic  
Inverrary Country Club  
Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33308

RN/lf/mek/ga

4

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**From:** [voyager@u...](#)  
**Date:** Mon Apr 29, 2002 9:20 pm  
**Subject:** 'Did Jackie Gleason view UFO bodies?'

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'Did Jackie Gleason view UFO bodies?'

It was a question asked, some years back, in the following 'press release':

NEW YORK - The clamorous cry "To the moon, Alice" frequently delivered on the 'Honeymooners' by the late, great Jackie Gleason, may have been inspired in part by the comic's fascination with outer space.

Gleason was an avowed believer in UFOs and, according to his ex-wife Beverly McKittrick, he even got involved in some spaced-out exploits with his friend Richard Nixon.

Beverly was a -year-old divorcee with a great golf game when Jackie met her at Miami country club. Their four year marriage ended in 1974.

In her unpublished biography of the funnyman entitled "The Great One," Beverly, Gleason's second spouse, describes a bizarre trip Jackie took with the then President in 1973 to Homestead AFB in Florida to see what see says were bodies of four dead space aliens recovered by the Air Force.

The aliens were supposedly embalmed and displayed on operating tables and classified as top-secret material. Gleason and Nixon visited the base under extremely tight security, she says.

"The significance of the information is tremendous," said Mike Luckman, director of the UFO research Center in New York. "The four bodies that Gleason saw were probably the same ones the Army

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mutual friends who knew members of his family, I was told that Gleason would like to talk with me privately in his home in Westchester County, and so the meeting was set for a Saturday when we would both have some time to relax." After being formally introduced, the two men ventured into Gleason's recreation room complete with pool table and full-size bar. "There were hundreds of UFO books all over the place," Warren explains, "but Jackie was quick to tell me that this was only a tiny portion of his entire collection, which was housed in his home in Florida." For the rest of the day, UFO researcher and UFO witness exchanged information. "Gleason seemed to be very well informed on the subject," Larry says, "as he knew the smallest detail about most cases and showed me copies of the book 'Clear Intent' that had just been published, as well as a copy of 'Sky Crash', a British book about Bentwaters that was published, actually, before all the details of this case were made public. I remember Gleason telling me about his own sightings of several discs in Florida and how he thought there were undersea UFOs bases out in the Bermuda Triangle." But it wasn't till after Warren had downed a few beers and Gleason had had a number of drinks-"his favorite Rob Roys"-that conversation really got down to brass tacks."

At some point, Gleason turned to me and said, "I want to tell you something very amazing that will probably come out some day anyway. We've got em!" Got what, I wanted to know? "Aliens!" Gleason sputtered, catching his breath. According to Warren, Jackie proceeded to tell him the intriguing set of circumstances that led him to the stunning conclusion that extraterrestrials have arrived on our cosmic shores. "It was back when Nixon was in office that something truly amazing happened to me," Gleason explained. "We were close golfing buddies and had been out on the golf course all day when somewhere around the 15th hole, the subject of UFOs came up. Not many people know this," Gleason told Warren, "but the President shares my interest in this matter and has a large collection of books in his home on UFOs just like I do. For some reason, however, he never really took me into his confidence about what he personally knew to be true... one of the reasons being that he was usually surrounded by so many aids and advisers."

Later that night, matters changed radically, when Richard Nixon showed up at Gleason's house around midnight. "He was all alone for a change. There were no secret service agents with him or anyone else. I said, 'Mr. President, what are you doing here?' and he said he wanted to take me some place and show me something." Gleason got into the President's private car and they sped off into the darkness, their destination being Homestead Air Force Base. "I remember we got to the gate and this young MP came up to the car to look to see inside and his jaw seemed to drop a foot when he saw who was behind the wheel. He just sort of pointed and we headed off." Warren says that later Gleason found out that the secret service was going absolutely crazy trying to find out where Nixon was. "We drove to the very far end of the base in a segregated area," Gleason went on, "finally stopping near a well guarded building. The security police saw us coming and just sort of moved back as we passed them and entered the structure. "There were a number of labs we passed through first before we entered a section where Nixon pointed out what he said was the wreckage from a flying saucer, enclosed in several large cases." Gleason noted his initial reaction was that this was all

recovered in 1947 at Roswell, N.M. We want to establish that link."

Gleason had a lifelong interest in the supernatural and accumulated one of the largest private libraries of esoteric and psychic literature in the country.

He even named his Peekskill N.Y. home "The Mothership" and had architects build everything in the round to resemble a flying saucer.

Said Luckman: "Most of the furniture was circular. So was the garage, which he called the Scout Ship."

[END]

One source is:

[http://www.totse.com/en/fringe/government\\_ufo\\_coverups/gleason.html](http://www.totse.com/en/fringe/government_ufo_coverups/gleason.html)

Subsequently:

'JACKIE GLEASON & THE LITTLE 'MEN FROM MARS''  
(From: UFO Universe Summer 1993)  
by Timothy Green Beckley

Way back in the mid-1960s, I got a letter in the mail from Jackie Gleason Productions, Hollywood, Florida, ordering a copy of a mimeographed booklet I had put together relating to UFOs. This, to me, was confirmation of what I had heard rumors about for a long time ... that "the Great One" was personally involved in researching UFOs. Supposedly and I've since found out that this is true-Gleason had one of the greatest UFO book collections in the world. This is where the tale gets a bit wilder. A story circulated by Gleason's ex-wife, Beverly, has Jackie actually viewing the bodies of several aliens who died when their craft crashed in the Southwest.

The story was carried originally in the National Enquirer, and though Beverly Gleason later confirmed it to members of the press who were able to track her down, independent confirmation of Gleason's supposed experience could-for the longest time-not be certified.

Now with the striking revelations of a young man who knew Gleason personally, it can safely be said that such an event did take place.

Larry Warren was an Airman First Class stationed at Bentwaters Air Force Base in England (a NATO installation staffed mainly by US. servicemen) when an incredible series of events took place over Christmas week of 1980.

[...]

"Jackie Gleason was interested in hearing my story first hand," Warren offers as a means of explaining how he met the famous comic in May, 1986. "At the time I was living in Connecticut and both CNN and HBO had run pieces on the Bentwaters case. Through

a joke brought on by their earlier conversation on the golf course. But it wasn't! As Gleason soon learned. "Next, we went into an inner chamber and there were six or eight of what looked like glass-topped Coke freezers. Inside them were the mangled remains of what I took to be children. Then, upon closer examination, I saw that some of the other figures looked quite old. Most of them were terribly mangled as if they had been in an accident."

According to Larry Warren's testimony (regarding his lengthy conversation 'UFOs and Space Visitors') he said he even drank more heavily than usual until he could regain some of his composure and come back down to everyday reality." Larry Warren is convinced that Gleason wasn't lying to him. "You could tell that he was very sincere. He took the whole affair very seriously, and I could tell that he wanted to get the matter off his chest, and this was why he was telling me all of this." And as far as Larry Warren was concerned, the Great One's personal testimony only added extra credibility to his own first hand experience with aliens while he was in the service.

"Jackie felt just like I do, that the government needs to 'come clean', and tell us all it knows about space visitors. It's time they stopped lying to the public and release all the evidence they have. When they do, then we'll all be able to see the same things the late Jackie Gleason did!"

Hopefully this day may arrive soon!  
[END]

See:

<http://www.qtm.net/~geibdan/news2/greatone.htm>

Also:

Some of you may remember that Jackie Gleason was always interested in UFOs and the paranormal mostly due from his own sighting, but did you know he actually saw some alien bodies?

The late comedian Jackie Gleason's second wife, Beverly, tells a very strange story that she swears is the truth. One evening in 1973, she wrote in an unpublished book on their marriage, Gleason returned to her Florida home badly shaken.

After first refusing to tell her why he was so upset, Gleason confided that earlier in the day his friend President Richard Nixon had arranged for him to visit Homestead Air Force Base in Florida. Upon his arrival armed guards took Gleason to a building at a remote location on the site.

There, Gleason, who harbored an intense interest in UFOs, saw the embalmed bodies of four alien beings, two feet long, with small bald heads and big ears. He was told nothing about the circumstances of their recovery. He swore his wife to secrecy, but after their divorce Beverly freely discussed the story.

In the mid-1980s, when ufologist Larry Bryant sued the U.S. government in an attempt to get it to reveal its UFO secrets, he

tried without success to subpoena Gleason to testify. Gleason never commented on Beverly's report.  
[END]

Source:

<http://www.eagle-net.org/UFOSSI/special/gleason.html>

Plus:

In February 1973, President Richard went on one of his frequent trips to Florida. On February 19, 1973, according to White House Records, the President played a game of golf at the Inverness Golf and Country Club with Jackie Gleason.

According to Gleason's second wife, Beverly McKittrick, Gleason apparently had done more than talk and golf with his friend Richard Nixon while in Florida. McKittrick stated that one night Gleason had returned home very shaken. It was during the Nixon February 1973 visit to Florida. She related that President Nixon had taken Jackie to a heavily secured area at Homestead Air Force Base where he had viewed the remains of small aliens in a top secret repository. McKittrick related this story in an unpublished manuscript of Gleason called "The Great One."  
[END]

Source:

<http://www.presidentialufo.8m.com/richardm.htm>

Initially, according to Beverly McKittrick's reported claims there were allegedly four aliens, "supposedly embalmed and displayed on operating tables".

By the time of Warren's published story, they had seemingly multiplied from four to "six or eight", stored in "what looked like glass-topped Coke freezers".

A further striking discrepancy is that Beverly's tale has the visit being conducted "under extremely tight security", whilst Warren emphasises there was no security at all.

Concerning the '<http://www.presidentialufo.8m.com/richardm.htm>' claim that, "On February 19, 1973, according to White House Records, the President played a game of golf at the Inverness Golf and Country Club with Jackie Gleason", I'm not aware whether this is correct, however, on said date President Nixon presented "Informal Remarks at the Jackie Gleason Inverrary Classic" at the 'Inverrary Country Club [East]' in Lauderhill, Florida:

[http://www.nixonfoundation.org/Research\\_Center/PublicPapers.cfm?BookSelected=1973](http://www.nixonfoundation.org/Research_Center/PublicPapers.cfm?BookSelected=1973)

Although it's further claimed, "McKittrick stated that one night Gleason had returned home very shaken. It was during the Nixon February 1973 visit to Florida...", I can find no evidence to substantiate Beverly McKittrick ever said those purported events

occurred "during the Nixon February 1973 visit to Florida" and it seems to be an assumption entirely originating from the same author.

These anomalies duly noted, there is yet another version of a remarkably similar anecdote, which ended somewhat differently.

I would expect this isn't well-known and relates to a lengthy article entitled, 'The Other World of Jackie Gleason', by William E. Brown, Jr. and Kelley Blewster.

So far as I'm aware, it's not available online.

Brown and Blewster set the background in context:

One can only imagine the sorts of books Ralph Kramden would have favored. Spy thrillers? Mysteries, perhaps? Maybe even science fiction. Probably that's as otherworldly as the tastes of 'The Honeymooners' perpetually beleaguered bus driver would have run. Surely this working stiff with the big dreams but with feet planted squarely on terra firma would have scoffed at the books his creator loved.

Jackie Gleason had a passion for the paranormal. Any book or periodical he discovered about UFOs, spiritualism, ghosts, psychical research, metaphysics, reincarnation, psychic mediums, mysticism, mental telepathy, the occult, witchcraft, hypnotism, life after death - indeed, any kind of supernatural phenomena -- promptly joined his library of beloved volumes. He actively sought out such material, staying constantly tuned in for word about titles he hadn't yet read. At one time Gleason had a standing order with a bookdealer in New York to ship him any books on the metaphysical -- new, used, rare, or out-of-print - that the dealer found.

This is not to say that Jackie Gleason was a strong believer in the paranormal, in a league with the likes of, say, Shirley MacLaine. His widow, Marilyn Gleason, contrasts him with MacLaine, who upon recently winning a Golden Globe Cecil B. DeMille award for lifetime achievement joked that of course she would have a chat with DeMille's ghost later that evening. Mrs. Gleason says that her husband wasn't the sort who would have run out to Roswell, New Mexico, last year to join the throngs of ufologists commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of purported UFO sightings there. Rather than being convinced of the accuracy of the claims behind unexplained happenings, Gleason read and coveted these books in a genuine search for spiritual truths.

[...]

And it was through June Taylor that he met his third wife, Marilyn Taylor, June's sister and a dancer with the troupe. Though he and Marilyn met early in his separation from Genevieve and began an on-again, off-again relationship, Gleason married Beverly McKittrick immediately following his divorce from Genevieve. (He also had one other serious love affair during the years he was estranged from Genevieve, with Honey Merrill.) Jackie divorced Beverly in 1974 and married Marilyn the next year.

[...]

Some of the highlights of his collection of approximately 1,700 volumes about the supernatural, which Marilyn donated to the University of Miami Library in 1988, include attractively bound nineteenth-century volumes such as Nineteenth Century Miracles, or Spirits and Their Work in Every Country of the Earth, by Emma Hardinge Britten (1884); The Other World, or Glimpses of the Supernatural, edited by the Rev. Frederick George Lee (1883); and John William Fletcher, Clairvoyant, by Susan E. Gay (1882). An interesting selection of periodicals, some with rather lurid covers, complements the dignified-looking old books, for example, Fate Magazine: True Stories of the Strange and the Unknown, from the 1950s, and The Occult Digest: A Monthly for Everybody, from the 1920s and 1930s.

More recent titles in the collection include The Boy Who Saw True, by Peter Nevill (c. 1953) and Life on Other Planets: Extrasensory Excursions into the Cosmos, by Mary Cain (c. 1959). The collection also contains a good number of volumes about the entertainment industry -- biographies, for example, of some of Gleason's associates.

Gleason's ability to sit and talk for hours about the paranormal sometimes mystified his friends and associates. Two writers for his show marveled at the four hours Gleason spent with Joseph Banks Rhine, a professor in the field of extrasensory perception from Duke University and the author of a favorite book of Gleason's, New World of the Mind (1953). As Jim Bishop recounted, the befuddled writers could only assume that "they probably floated a couple of broads in."  
[END OF EXTRACT]

We can only wonder if Gleason's 'President quizzed about UFOs during a golf match' story has its true origins in a recollection related by Brown and Blewster and attributed to Marilyn Taylor.

Brown and Blewster write:

"Mrs. Gleason remembers with amusement a joke between her husband and Gerald Ford. While Ford was on a visit to Florida to play in the charitable golf tournament that Gleason organized for years and which bore his name, the comedian pressed the former president for the truth about UFO activity reported near a Florida air force base. "Do you think there really are men from outer space in those aircraft?" Gleason asked. Says Marilyn, "Ford gave exactly the right answer. 'Look at it this way,' he said. 'We should pay far more attention to determining if someone from the other side of Earth is hovering over us and spying on us. That would be a much more likely -- and potentially frightening -- event.'" It is doubtful that such a pragmatic answer satisfied her husband. "He would have loved for a verifiable supernatural event to have happened in his lifetime," Mrs. Gleason says. "He would have given anything to come up with the answers he sought...".

[END]

If Jackie Gleason had, in truth, already been so incredibly privileged to have closure of "the [UFO] answers he sought", why would he still be searching for consequential proof and "a verifiable supernatural event to have happened in his lifetime"?

James Easton.  
 E-mail: [voyager@u...](mailto:voyager@u...)  
[www.ufoworld.co.uk](http://www.ufoworld.co.uk)

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701	<a href="#">Re: 'Did Jackie Gleason view UFO bodies?'</a>	<a href="mailto:skywatcher4u@a...">skywatcher4u@a...</a>	Fri 5/3/2002
702	<a href="#">Re: 'Did Jackie Gleason view UFO bodies?'</a>	Kenny Young	Fri 5/3/2002
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**1970: Beverly McKittrick, a former secretary, became the second Mrs. Gleason.**

Cover



# A Fond Goodbye to The Great One

How sweet it was indeed: Jackie Gleason had an appetite for life that was as big as his gift for laughter

by Brad Darrach

**S**ave a table for me, pal." With this wry but heartfelt scribble, sent along with flowers, Jackie Gleason said au revoir to his best friend, Toots Shor, the Manhattan tavern keeper, who died in 1977. Just over a week ago Gleason arrived to claim his reservation. After a three-month battle with cancer of the colon, the Volkswagen-shaped leprechaun who reigned as Mr. Saturday Night during the Golden Age of TV comedy died peacefully at home in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. He was 71. "If God wants another joke man," he said just before the end, "I'm ready."

Two days later, while tapes of *Melancholy Serenade* and other Gleason compositions played softly in the background, some 2,000 mourners filed past his closed casket in a Miami funeral parlor. The next day family and close friends prayed for his soul at a requiem Mass. Geraldine and Linda, Gleason's daughters by his first wife, were there with his widow, Marilyn, and drove with her to Our Lady of Mercy Cemetery. Audrey Meadows, Gleason's co-star in *The Honeymooners*, was the only famous performer who showed up at the service, but Art Carney, Jackie's close friend and comic sidekick, sent flowers. So did Perry Como, Mickey Rooney and Bob Hope, who spoke for millions when he said: "Jackie was a supercomic, bigger than life as a talent and as a man."

Gleason would surely have agreed. Orson Welles dubbed him "The Great One," and he wore the epithet as proudly as an emperor wears ermine, charming and tickling and bullying us until we took him at his own measure. Gross in physique, gargantuan in gourmandise, oceanic in liquid capacity, prodigal of purse, a fire hose of libido and a Niagara of comic invention, the man was excess personified and one of the great entertainers of the age. He was the last of the dear mad Irishmen who from Finley Peter Dunne



Audrey Meadows (in glasses), who played Gleason's TV wife Alice, attended a funeral Mass at St. Mary's Cathedral in Miami.

(Mr. Dooley) to Frank Fay to Fred Allen have made America laugh at their inspired shenanigans, and he died in an Indian summer of his renown. Yet another generation has fallen in love with his finest work, *The Honeymooners*, and it is in that vintage series, more than anywhere else, that we can still feel the beating of his big, crazy heart.

Herbert John Gleason was born on Feb. 26, 1916, in Brooklyn's Bushwick section. Mother Mae was a rosary addict. Father Herb worked in the death claims department of a small insurance firm, drank like a culvert and absquatulated when Jackie was 9, leaving Mae on her uppers. ("He was as good a father," Jackie later quipped, "as I've ever known.") Mother went to work as a subway change clerk and numbed her nights with booze. Jackie developed both a panic appetite that turned him into a lifelong oval and a mania for attention that made him a performer.

He performed at the local pool hall so skillfully that at 12 he was hustling

grown men for candy money. He also performed to guffaws at grade school assemblies, where he recited Little Red Riding Hood in a Yiddish accent. Fired up, he dropped out in ninth grade, beat out "guys who played stomach pumps" in an amateur-night contest and at 15 was hired as emcee at a neighborhood theater for \$4 a night. Soon he was the toast of Bushwick, a noisy wiseguy who ripped off Milton Berle's routines and strutted the sidewalks in Chesterfield, derby, spats and a Jell-O-yellow polka-dot scarf.

When he was 19, Mae died of an infected carbuncle, and Jackie glumly lit out for Manhattan with 36 cents to his name. For weeks he lived on "potage à l'automat"—hot water and ketchup spiked with Tabasco sauce. Then he got a gig in a Newark, N.J. "bucket of blood" called the Miami Club, where "the rats went next door to eat" and the show was a shouting match between comics and customers. "Is that your face, sir, or did your pants fall down?" was par for the course.

At 20, Jackie had \$114 a week, unlimited booze and babes and a sizzling rep as the funniest man in New Jersey. But this brash kid figured he was the funniest man in the world. So he wangled a date at Club 18, Manhattan's top comedy store, and night after night hammered the celebrity-salted house with one-liners that were part burlesque and part Berlesque but delivered with a raffish élan that was all Gleason and a yard wide. Soon he was the hot name in the club scene—Berle called him "my two favorite comedians"—and before long he had a movie contract: two years at \$250 a week.

Much good it did him. Warners relegated him to bit parts in six god-awful movies (like *Navy Blues* and *Orchestra Wives*). To relieve boredom, Gleason took the mike in Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom's saloon and for awhile shared a flat with the ex-pugilist. One night, after Maxie had entertained a



CHARLES HOOPER BALDWIN/RETNA

In Miami in 1964, Gleason compared his form dee-vine with those of the June Taylor Dancers, an eye-catching chorus line that became a fixture on his TV shows.

hooker and then sunk into a drunken doze, Gleason painted his member with Mercurochrome. When he woke up, Rosenbloom let out a yelp. "Omi-god," said Gleason. "That hooker gave you a case of Colorado." Rosenbloom gasped, "Colorado? Is that bad?" Gleason shook his head. "It ain't good." Rushing to the phone, Rosenbloom frantically asked his doctor what he should do for a case of Colorado.

By 1943, 4-F in the draft because he was 100 pounds overweight, Gleason was back East in Club 18—just across 52nd Street from Toots Shor's glitzy watering hole, where one afternoon he pulled off his most famous prank. He challenged Toots, a man almost as bulbous as Gleason, to a race around the block. "You run clockwise, I'll run counterclockwise. First man back to the restaurant wins. Loser pays the winner a grand." Off they galumphed. But the instant that Shor was out of sight, Gleason hailed a cab and made the trip in comfort. When Shor came huffing



Gleason debuted in film with Ann Sheridan and Jack Oakie in *Navy Blues* (1941).



Playing the deaf-mute in *Gigot* (1962) was Gleason's favorite experience in films.

Gleason's only Oscar nomination was for



THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART/FILM STILLS ARCHIVE



J.G. hit big in *Smokey and the Bandit II* (1980), with Mike Henry.



Gleason's last film was the touching *Nothing in Common* (1986), with Tom Hanks.

home, Gleason was sitting at the bar. Shaking his head in amazement, Shor forked over 10 big ones. Then his eyes opened wide. "Hey!" he yelled. "How come I never passed you?"

But life wasn't all fun and games. All through the '40s, Jackie's career was stymied, and his life was a mess. In 1936, at 20, he had dashed to the altar with a shapely hooper named Genevieve Halford. They produced two children, Geraldine and Linda, but from Day One there was trouble. Gen was more Catholic than the Pope—a friend of Jackie's called her "Mother Cabrini in leotards." Jackie was a streetnik, a comedy hit man who shot from the lip. He was bored by his bride's church-mouse life-style, and she was appalled by his riotous living.

Gleason smoked six packs of cigarettes a day, ate like a regiment (for a late-night "snack" he might put away three T-bone steaks and two full chickens) and made a religion of booze. "I drink," he said proudly, "with the honorable intention of getting bagged." With lunch he swilled six double scotches and at dinner the same. Then

he partied all night, often lurching home after dawn. To chase his hang-over he usually took a hair of the dog, but sometimes he felt so frazzled his doctor gave him a Thorazine injection.

And then there were the "broads." Though he admitted that "sex for a fat man is much ado about puffing," Gleason rarely refused the exertion. In one club "there were 22 chorus girls," he reported happily, "and all you had to say was, 'Would you like to have dinner?'" Jackie paraded his infidelities and from time to time remorsefully confessed them to his spouse. Like Saint Monica, Gen relentlessly forgave her man and prayed for his salvation.

Almost as hard to forgive were Jackie's fiscal orgies. He borrowed big bucks from friends and employers and threw them around like there was no tomorrow. "Drinks for the house!" he would roar as he swaggered into Shor's. Once he hit Toots for \$500 and rented a limo to drive Frank Sinatra to a bar half a block away. Night after night he hired a band and invited "the gang" to a party in his hotel room. Again and again Gen begged him to

put his financial house in order. But he never did.

What hidden engine powered all these excesses? Sheer terror, suggests biographer Jim Bishop in *The Golden Ham* (1956). The slum bunny from Bushwick felt small and scared in the big world he had crashed with no ticket but talent, and all the gorging, guzzling and wenching were attempts to anesthetize terror with sensations that made him feel secure. Fat itself was a defense: When he was thin, Gleason's doctor told Bishop, he got cramps before he had to do a show; when he was fat, he didn't. And splurging was a way of buying social security. To buy drinks was to buy friends, to show that a nobody was in fact a Somebody, that an outsider was One of the Boys. But inside the compulsive carouser an anguished seeker was struggling to get out. Jackie often retreated into black Irish moods, and in his solitary hours he read deep in the literature of mysticism and the occult.

So much for analysis, which fails to explain what mattered about the man. His first agent said it best: "He's funny, and he's got a heart like a house."

**The Hustler (1961), in which he played a pool shark challenged by Paul Newman.**



What Gleason needed was a national showcase for these shining qualities, and TV provided it. A strong year on *The Life of Riley* bounced him into his own variety show, *Cavalcade of Stars*, which rang up sterling ratings. In 1952 CBS signed the 36-year-old comic for *The Jackie Gleason Show*, and in 1954 offered him record numbers: \$11 million to continue the show for three more years. Success at last! Jackie knew what to do with it. He took total control of the production: vetted every gag, cast every character, critiqued every riff of the score and hip-flip of the choreography. Many a week he worked till he collapsed, then took a toke of oxygen and worked some more. Perfection was harder to achieve in those days—shows were shot and broadcast live.

What Gleason achieved was smashing televaudeville: a garland of lush sound (Ray Bloch's band) and flashy motion (the June Taylor Dancers) encircling a core of sidesplitting skits in which Gleason created a burlesque of Bushwick and stocked it with American archetypes—each one a parody of some trait he had observed in himself. Among them: Reginald van Gleason III, an upper-crust flake with a floor-mop mustache who sports a smokestack hat and pursues tipping as a career;

CONTINUED

## Cover

the Poor Soul, a pious wimp with a Goody-Good Samaritan Complex who condescends to help Those Less Fortunate and can't understand why he continually gets taken for a sucker; the Bartender, an affable Ignoramus who stirs fractured facts and garbled conclusions into a wisdom cocktail and serves it to the viewer—on the house.

But the high point of the show was a skit called *The Honeymooners*. It featured Gleason as a fat Don Quixote, a blustering, blundering bus driver from Brooklyn named Ralph Kramden, who constantly re-dreams the American Dream of Making It Big and constantly falls flat on his face. Art Carney is his skinny Sancho Panza, a dim-witted sewer worker named Ed Norton who describes himself as “an engineer of subterranean sanitation” and follows Ralph around like a pet roach. Audrey Meadows is Alice, Ralph's missile-tongued missus, who regularly shoots him down to earth. (He: “This is probably the biggest thing I ever got into.” She: “The biggest thing you ever got into was your pants.”) And Joyce Randolph is Trixie, the lucky lady who gets to do Ed's laundry.

The scripts are hilarious—page after page of gut-busting dialogue. “I'm the boss!” Ralph bellows at Alice. “You're nothing!” Whereupon Alice yells back, “Big deal. You're boss over nothing!” Ralph's catchphrases—“One of these days, Alice. Pow! Right in the kisser!”—became fixed in the language. But what touches the shows with genius is the impromptu interplay between Gleason and Carney. Gleason, whose eidetic memory could reg-

ister every line of a 60-page script in a single read-through, allowed only minimal rehearsals—he thought they killed spontaneity. Under this pressure, Carney was astoundingly inventive, the perfect Laurel to Gleason's Hardy. Once, when Gleason missed an entrance, he strolled to the icebox, selected an orange and peeled it with a crescendo of preposterous flourishes that had viewers holding their sides.

How good is *The Honeymooners*? Groucho Marx called it TV's “only real classic.” And novelist John O'Hara considered Ralph Kramden “a character we might be getting from Dickens if he were writing for TV.” In a day when the tube was extruding middle-class mush like *Ozzie and Harriet*, Gleason produced a realistic comedy of poverty rooted in his own experience—all in all the most consistently brilliant sitcom ever to grace the small screen.

Viewers loved the skits so much that in 1955 they were spun off as a separate show. And just to make sure he didn't jump to another network, CBS agreed to pay him a \$100,000 retainer every year for 15 years. After only 18 months on the air, Jackie had dethroned Uncle Miltie as King of Comedy. And he had become a major power in the music business. Between 1952 and 1971 he produced 64 albums of music-to-snuggle-by—one listener said it sounded like “Log Cabin syrup poured over a slowly turning pizza.”

Now he was truly The Great One, and he lived up to his moniker. He snored through meetings with CBS top brass—“Any TV executive,” he hoot-

**1985: Gleason's third wife, Marilyn (with Jackie in N.Y.), had danced on his show.**

ed, "must have one important attribute: cologne." He chartered a train and threw a 10-day coast-to-coast party with two Dixieland bands and a bevy of beauties. He golfed with Bob Hope, got sloshed with Mickey Mantle, hobnobbed with Presidents. One night, needing spiritual counsel, he called the Pope (but got a Monsignor who spoke no English). His pranks became more outlandish: He sent Toots 600 pounds of horse manure and somebody else a basketful of shrunken heads.

But as he moved into middle age, sanity invaded his private life. In 1952 Gen and Jackie were legally separated, and soon after that he fell in love with a 27-year-old dancer named Marilyn Taylor, the sister of June Taylor. She was quiet, pretty and warmhearted, and he asked her to marry him the minute he got a divorce. But Gen refused to give him a divorce. Marilyn waited four years, then married another man. Some months later Jackie took up with Gleason-Girl Honey Merrill, who hung on for 13 years before she did the same.

Meanwhile Jackie's career went rolling right along. When *The Honeymooners* went off the air, *The Jackie Gleason Show* took its place. Off and on for six years, he produced it in Miami "because I like to play golf." By 1970, when his show at last was canceled, Gleason had shifted from TV to movies (*Soldier in the Rain*, *Requiem for a Heavyweight*, *The Toy*) and evolved into a dramatic actor of unique presence and power. In *The Hustler* (1961) he won an Oscar nomination for his intense and elegant portrayal of Minnesota Fats, a gentleman of the cue. (He also won the undying admiration of co-star Paul Newman by executing his own trick shots.)

Who would have imagined that such a wild Irishman would live to enjoy a happy old age? But he did. He persuaded Gen at last to give him that divorce, weathered another unworkable marriage—this time to ex-secretary Beverly Merritt, and in 1975 finally wed the widow of his dreams: his old girlfriend Marilyn. Their golden years were not without dark moments—in 1978 Gleason had a triple bypass operation. But he restrained his lust for lunch, had an eye job and a chin tuck, made MasterCard commercials, played the steaming sheriff in the *Smokey and the Bandit* movies, grew a riverboat-gambler mustache that crawled across his face like a hairy, black caterpillar, built up a

multimillion-dollar estate and basked in the afterglow of mass adoration.

What revived the glory that was Gleason? In recent years a creeping fascination with *The Honeymooners* has become a national addiction. Since they first went into reruns, back in 1958, the 39 episodes Gleason telecast in 1955-56 have never been off the air. Now aired by 100 stations worldwide, the skits have been shown more than 100 times in some areas. In 1985 Gleason gave his Honeymoonies—who have set up the Royal Association for the Longevity and Preservation of *The Honeymooners* (R.A.L.P.H.)—a massive bonus of delight. He revealed the existence of "lost" kinescopes of *The Jackie Gleason Show*, including

*Honeymooners* sketches first telecast between '52 and '57, that had sat unseen for 30 years in a refrigerated vault. For a sum in excess of \$5 million, he sold distribution rights to Viacom Enterprises. Edited into 70 new episodes of *The Honeymooners*, the shows were aired on Showtime in 1986 and then released for syndication.

It's a grand legacy, befitting a grand Irish life. "Almost everything I wanted to do," he said not long ago, "I've been able to do, and most of it turned out pretty good. Everybody's been damn nice to me."

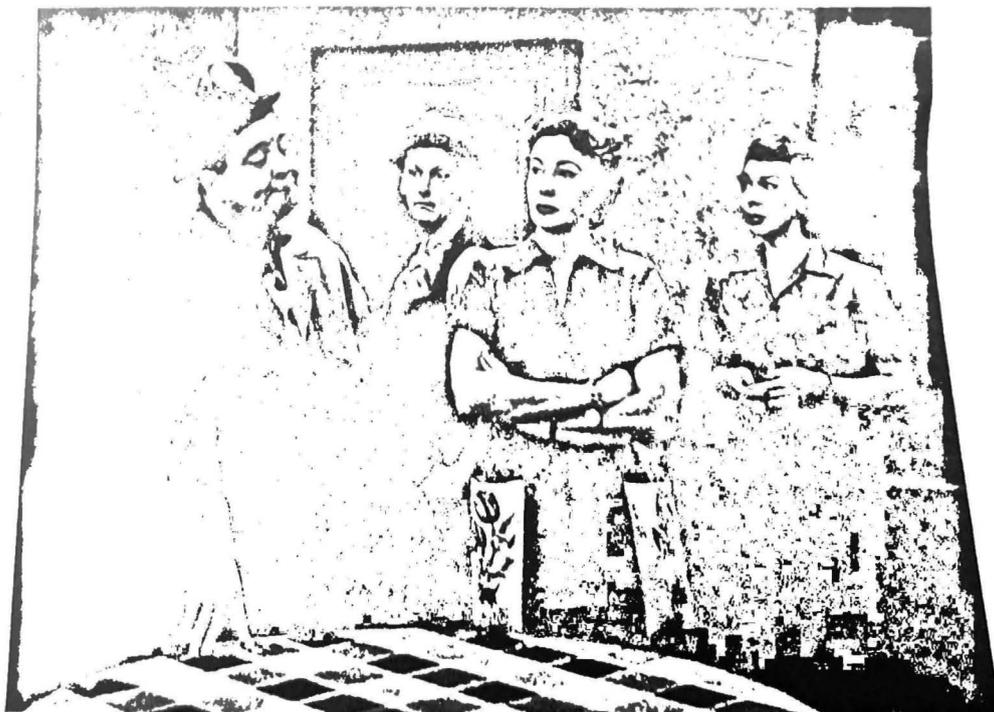
And how would he like to be remembered? "Aw, hell. I'd just like to be remembered."

That he will be.



Gleason always said it was the on- and off-stage team effort (with Art Carney,

Audrey Meadows and Joyce Randolph) that made *The Honeymooners* a smash.



except to raise the glass to his lips. Walter knew his boss's moods—and also all the traditional Irish songs.

Then, as suddenly as it started, the Irish Hour was over. Jackie became Reggie again and danced down the aisle. Max took this as the cue to blast out with "Strutters Ball."

"Mmmmm, you're a good group," said Jackie, and once again, it was New Year's Eve. Outside, it was a beautiful night, with a harvest moon illuminating the vast desert. The train must have been doing ninety miles per hour, almost as fast as the bartender was serving drinks. By this time, it was well past midnight, and with all the excitement going on, no one had thought about food. Now, Gleason, with that gargantuan appetite, thought about it. A dining car steward was summoned.

"Let's have about a dozen barbecued baby pork ribs, pal," said Gleason, disdainful of the printed menu. He could have gotten pheasant under Rolls-Royce hubcaps more easily—there were no ribs in the galley. When told this, Gleason immediately assumed a Poor Soul look of disappointment. It threw some of his staff into near panic, but not Sydell, the secretary. She was used to crises with Gleason. Jackie called her over and said, "Sydell, where can we get some ribs?"

The train was somewhere between Barstow and Needles in the California desert, and you just can't pull a train into an all-night diner. The only ribs out there were probably still on coyotes howling in the night.

"It might take a little time, Jackie," said Sydell. "Maybe an hour or so."

Sydell is one of those resourceful secretaries that employers dream about. Jackie hired her on the spot in 1958, after interviewing dozens of applicants, by the way she answered one stock question. Jackie asked her if she knew shorthand.

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"Yes, but it takes me longer," said Sydell.

Bizarre requests from Jackie were nothing new to her. Once he had asked her to get the Pope on the phone during a drinking session. In minutes, she had an Italian cardinal in the Vatican and handed the phone to Jackie. He never got the Pope, though, because the cardinal spoke no English and Jackie spoke no Italian.

Later, in 1964, he wanted the President. Sydell thought he meant Jim Aubrey, then president of CBS-TV. When Aubrey got on the phone, Jackie said he'd meant the President of the United States—Lyndon B. Johnson. In seconds, Sydell had an undersecretary of state apologizing because LBJ was in a cabinet meeting. He promised that LBJ, a Gleason fan, would call back—and he did.

So, getting ribs in the middle of the Mojave Desert was no big deal for Sydell. She soon was conferring with the conductor, and within minutes the train pulled into one of those godforsaken tank-stop sidings. Sydell, the conductor and the steward got off the train and went into the little section shed beside the railroad tracks. Soon the staccato of a Morse telegraph key punctuated the desert silence. The trio got back on the train, a whistle was blown, and the Gleason Sour Mash Express was chugging along on the main line of the Southern Pacific.

Max celebrated the occasion with a somewhat stirring rendition of "Tiger Rag." You could see why Gleason always had this band on his train.

About an hour later, the train pulled into the station at Needles, on the California-Arizona border. There, standing on the platform, was a little Chinese waiter with a half dozen greasy boxes, three to an arm, waiting. Gleason had his ribs, and they were exceptionally good.

"Now was that so damn hard?" asked Jackie of his astonished guests.

Around 5 A.M., the party in the club car started peter-

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enclosure B

the customers of El Morocco. I never heard of Bing ever doing that anyplace else."

The most widely publicized of all the Gleason gags was the time he bet Toots ten bucks that he could beat him in a race around the blocks on Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets. Gleason weighed 280 pounds at the time, and Toots couldn't put his ten bucks on the bar, fast enough. Once again, the pigeon in Toots surfaced; Jackie conned him into running the race in opposite directions. And when Toots, almost purple, staggered into his saloon, there was Gleason already spending the ten bucks to buy himself a drink plus tip. Toots didn't know that Gleason had run a few steps away from Toots in the opposite direction and then hailed a cab until he read it in Bob Considine's column in the *New York Journal-American*.

Considine was a general news columnist for Hearst. He and Gleason were always arguing in Toots about UFOs. Gleason believes in these strange lights from another planet. Considine never did—until one day.

"There would be these little lights," says Jackie, "traveling at great speeds around our aircraft in World War Two. We thought they were something the Germans had come up with. The Germans thought they were an Allied invention. Considine and I were having a hell of an argument about this one day. I told him that four presidents of the United States had told me about these UFOs and no one knew what the hell they were. General Rosie O'Donnell, then head of our Strategic Air Force, overheard us and said to Bob, 'Jackie's right.' That's all he said and it shook up Considine."

Humphrey Bogart, Jackie's co-star in *All Through the Night*, a Warners classic, also drank with Jackie in Toots. On St. Patrick's Day in 1952, Bogie talked Gleason into finishing up over at P. J. Clarke's, which Bogie knew would be filled with most of the Irishmen who'd marched

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in the parade. Now Bogie, in his time, started a thousand fights—but he never swung a punch in any of them himself. He was a notorious troublemaker.

As soon as they reached the bar at P. J. Clarke's, Bogie started talking loudly, saying that Saint Patrick was a no-good bum and he couldn't see why all the drunks in the place were celebrating his birthday.

"It's all a crock of shit," Bogie kept yelling. Minutes later a big Irishman grabbed Bogie by the coat lapels and told him matter-of-factly, "I know you're a movie tough guy and you don't have your stuntmen with you, but if you don't knock off this shit, I'm going to separate you from some of your capped teeth."

Bogart quivered his lip and then pointed to Gleason sipping his drink at the bar. "Not with my friend here, you don't," said Bogie. At that, Gleason grabbed Bogie and they went back to Toots, where peace always reigned.

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Nixon

August 13, 2000

National Archives & Records Administration  
Mary Ronan, FOIA Officer  
Seventh St. & Pennsylvania Ave., N.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20408

Dear FOIA Officer:

This is a request filed under the Freedom of Information Act.

I request that a copy of the following documents be provided to me:

I would like a picture of President Nixon with comedian Jackie Gleason. This should be a photo that I would be able to use in a book. If possible I would like the picture from President Nixon's February 1973 trip to Florida where he played golf with Mr. Gleason.

In order to help to determine my status to assess fees, you should know that I am an individual seeking information for personal use and not for commercial use.

I am willing to pay fees for this request up to a maximum of \$ 20.00. If you estimate that the fees will exceed this limit, please inform me first.

Thank you for your consideration of my request.

Sincerely,

Grant Cameron  
649 Silverstone Ave  
Winnipeg Manitoba  
Canada R3T 2V8  
204-269-8940

Nixon

William A. Henry 111  
C/O Doubleday Dell Publishing  
666 Fifth Ave.  
New York, N.Y. 10103

August 13, 2000

Dear Mr. Henry,

I have written to inquire if I could obtain from you your two pictures, and floor-plan from Jackie Gleason's house that you published in your book *The Life and Legend of Jackie Gleason*.

The reason I would like to use the items is for a manuscript that I am writing that has an appendix on the US Presidents and their involvement in the UFO mystery. As you know Mr. Gleason had a great interest in UFOs, and if you have read Mr. Bacon's book on Gleason you will see that Jackie stated he had talked with four Presidents about UFOs. I have a couple stories about Jackie, the main one being the claim. Confirmed by Jackie a year before he died that he had attended Homestead AFB with President Nixon to view crash remains and bodies.

I hope you can assist me with my request. I will pay any costs involved. I can be contacted at [gcameron@cc.umanitoba.ca](mailto:gcameron@cc.umanitoba.ca) or at my address shown below.

Thank-you.

Sincerely

Grant Cameron  
649 Silverstone Ave.  
Winnipeg Manitoba  
Canada R3T 2V8

*Smith*

August 13,2000

Larry Warren  
c/o Marlowe & Company  
841 Broadway, Fourth Floor  
New York, N.Y.  
10003 USA

Dear Larry,

I have written to check a story that deals with you.

I met you in Laughlin. We spoke outside about the former Winnipeg Jets. I hope you remember.

I am working on a manuscript about Wilbert B. Smith the former head of the Canadian UFO project known as Project Magnet which ran from 1950-1954. In the course of working on it, I researched the Eisenhower rumored trip to Edwards Air Force base in February 1954. I traveled to the Eisenhower Library and discovered a few new facts about the case.

This led to an appendix to my manuscript, as I had a lot of United States president stories that I had collected over the years. Which leads me to why I have written.

I have enclosed an article about your visit with the late Jackie Gleason at his home in New York, and his relating the events surrounding his visit to Homestead AFB to view the bodies. I would like you to check the story over and tell me if it is accurate. I naturally will not protest if you have anything else to add to it.

The two questions I have that are not answered by the article are;

- Did this occur at his round saucer shaped house at Peekskill New York?
- What year did this occur in?

Hope fully you will be able to help me. If you are writing up the story I can provide you with some background material I am at present collecting. I have a number of references to Gleason UFO interest and details on his book collection. I am getting 9 pages of correspondence from the Nixon Library between Nixon and Gleason, and I will provide you with the many phone conversations that the two had. These I will be listening to at the National

Archives in a couple weeks. I am also getting a picture of the two golfing in Florida, and I think the one is very close to the date when the event occurred. I will have a couple other things such as President appointment schedule etc. Much of this is just for background as it will prove nothing on it's own.

One last item : the Boston Bruins have just signed Lee Goren who is a local boy and who has done some drinking in my back yard. He coached my son for a number of years. If you see him tell him that I promised you he would buy you a beer. ( or two)

Take care.

Grant Cameron  
649 Silverstone Ave.  
Winnipeg Manitoba  
Canada R3T 2V8

*Nixon*

**Sheila MacRae  
Carol Publishing Group  
600 Madison Ave.  
New York N.Y. 10022-1615**

**August 13, 2000**

**Dear Ms. MacRae,**

**I have written to ask you a couple questions about conversations you had many years ago with the late Jackie Gleason. According to William A. Henry 111, you shared an interest in psychic phenomena with Mr. Gleason and Jackie talked to you about it quite often.**

**As you probably already know, Jackie Gleason also had a very strong interest in UFOs. I am writing to see if you have any recollections about discussing this subject.**

**I am working on a manuscript that includes a long section on the US Presidents and their involvement in the UFO mystery. As you probably also already know Mr. Gleason had a close relationship with many Presidents. Mr. James Bacon stated that Jackie had said that he discussed the subject with four Presidents.**

**In addition Mr. Gleason had an experience in 1973 where President Nixon took him to Homestead Air Force Base and showed him a downed saucer and the bodies of the occupants. This story was told by his second wife, and Jackie told it to a researcher in Peekskill a year before he died.**

**I would appreciate anything that Jackie told you that would add to our understanding of his interest in UFOs. If you wish I will send you the section on Richard Nixon which details a few of Jackie Gleason's stories.**

**I hope you can help.**

**Sincerely**

**Grant Cameron  
649 Silverstone Ave.  
Winnipeg Manitoba  
Canada R3T 2V8**

DOCUM

Authority E.O. 12958  
 By WDP NARA Date 9/12/00

(NIXON PROJECT)

DOCUMENT NUMBER	DOCUMENT TYPE	TITLE, OR CORRESPONDENTS	DATE	RESTRICTION
1	Manifest	Helicopter - Florida trips [1 p.]	5/25-5/28/73	A
2	Manifest	Air Force one + Helicopter [2 pp.]	5/25/73	A
3	Manifest	Helicopter [1 p.]	5/26/73	A
4	Manifest	Helicopter [1 p.]	5/27/73	A

FILE GROUP TITLE

WHCF: SUBJECT FILES

BOX NUMBER

93

FOLDER TITLE

EX TR 86 Key Biscayne, Florida Grand Cay Island, Bahamas 5/25-28/73

RESTRICTION CODES

- A. Release would violate a Federal statute or Agency Policy.
- B. National security classified information.
- C. Pending or approved claim that release would violate an individual's rights.
- D. Release would constitute a clearly unwarranted invasion of privacy or a libel of a living person.

- E. Release would disclose trade secrets or confidential commercial or financial information.
- F. Release would disclose investigatory information compiled for law enforcement purposes.
- G. Withdrawn and return private and personal material.
- H. Withdrawn and returned non-historical material.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS ADMINISTRATION

NA 14021 (4-85)

\* U.S.GPO, 1987-0-190:769/69253

EX TR 86 Key Biscayne Grand Cay Island  
 5/25-28/73 Box 93

DECLASSIFIED

Authority E.O. 12958By WDP NAPA Date 9/12/00

EXECUTIVE

TR86

## PRESIDENTIAL MOVEMENTS

LOCATION Washington, D.C.  
Key Biscayne, Fla.DATE 25 May 1973

TIME	OPR	MOVEMENTS
0017		Residence
0941		White House Office
1106		Cabinet Room
1209		White House Office
1237		Residence
1239		Red Room
1243		East Room
1257		South Grounds
1259		Depart South Grounds via Motorcade
1301		Arrive Ellipse
1304		Depart Ellipse via Marine I
1314		Arrive Andrews A.F.B.
1323		Depart Andrews A.F.B. via AF-I
1522		Arrive Homestead A.F.B.
1530		Depart Homestead A.F.B. via Army I
1540		Arrive Key Biscayne Compound

WHCA Form #15 26 Jan 66 All previous editions of this form are obsolete

BB



Co

DECLASSIFIED  
Authority E.O. 12958  
By WDP NARA Date 9/12/00

iley

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE  
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20301

MH2  
FG12-11  
TR 86  
NDI  
JAH11-1  
FG13

*[Handwritten signature]*

31 January 1974

MEMORANDUM FOR Mr. Warren L. Gulley  
Executive Assistant  
Office of the Military Assistant  
to the President  
The White House

SUBJECT: Secret Service Awards

Per our conversation today, attached is a copy of the Secret Service letter announcing their intention to present awards to four of the people who were involved in the Grand Cay helicopter incident. As I mentioned to you on the phone, the Army and Navy were queried earlier for their position on whether or not the personnel involved were deserving of recognition by the Secret Service. The Services indicated their agreement with awards being presented to all of the men except Warrant Officer Frederick W. Evans, who was not recommended for an award by the Army.

Request your approval to proceed along the lines outlined in the Secret Service letter.

*[Handwritten signature: Kenneth R. Bailey]*  
Kenneth R. Bailey  
LTC, USA  
Military Assistant

Called Col. Kemp  
214174 & told him  
we had no  
objections.

Attachment

*[Handwritten signature: Carl B.]*

I agree.  
*[Handwritten circled 'D']*

For Comm &  
no objections - we should have  
Defense ask Stu Knight to invite some Army & N  
reps and - keep publicity to a minimum

PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON'S DAILY DIARY

(See Travel Record for Travel Activity)

PLACE DAY BEGAN

DATE (Mo., Day, Yr.)

JULY 6, 1969

KEY BISCANYE, FLORIDA

TIME

DAY

10:39 am SUNDAY

TIME		PHONE		ACTIVITY
In	Out	Lo	LD	
10:39	10:45	P		The President talked with his Counsel, John D. Ehrlichman.
10:51	11:13		P	The President talked long distance with his Assistant for NSA, Henry A. Kissinger in Washington, D. C.
12:31	12:40			The President departed 500 Bay Lane and motored to Crandon Park Marine Heliport. He was accompanied by: Julia Nixon Eisenhower David Eisenhower C. G. Rebozo
12:42	12:52			The Presidential party flew by helicopter from the Crandon Park Marine heliport to the Country Club of Miami. For a list of passengers, see <u>APPENDIX "A"</u> . During the afternoon the President played golf with Jackie Gleason - Television Comedian Tony Penna - Golf Pro David Eisenhower
5:41	5:52			The Presidential party flew by helicopter from the Country Club of Miami to the Crandon Park Marina. For a list of passengers, see <u>APPENDIX "A"</u> .
5:54	6:01			The Presidential party motored from the Crandon Park Marina to 500 Bay Lane.
8:00	8:10			The Presidential party motored from 500 Bay Lane to the Crandon Park Marina.
8:12	8:24			The Presidential party flew by helicopter from the Crandon Park Marina to Homestead AFB. For a list of passengers, see <u>APPENDIX "A"</u> .
8:30	10:35			The Presidential party flew by AF-1 from Homestead AFB to Andrews AFB. For a list of those accompanying the President, see <u>APPENDIX "B"</u> .
10:44	10:51			The Presidential party flew by helicopter from Andrews AFB to the South Lawn. For list of passengers accompanying the President, see <u>APPENDIX "C"</u> .
10:55				The President went to the residence.

AIR FORCE ONE - PASSENGER MANIFEST - JULY 6, 1969

FROM - HOMESTEAD AFB, FLA.

TO - ANDREWS AFB

The President  
The First Lady  
Patricia Nixon  
David Eisenhower  
Julia Eisenhower  
John D. Ehrlichman  
Ronald L. Ziegler  
Major John V. Brennan  
Walter R. Tkach  
Mrs. Walter R. Tkach  
Bryce Whelahan  
Eric Krogh  
Mrs. Eric Krogh  
Peter Krogh  
Manola Sanchez  
Fina Sanchez  
Arthur Godfrey  
Ronald M. Pontius  
Robert Melchiori  
Vern Copeland  
Harold G. Thomas  
Charles Zboril  
Wilson Livingood  
Richard Keiser  
Gary Jenkins  
J. Henderson  
Mr. Heyerman  
LCDR L. Moore  
Sgt. Major Robert Recco  
Sgt. Louis Dextraze  
SP7 H. Oldenberg  
Carl Schumacher  
Doug Cornell - AP  
Merriman Smith - UPI  
John Rous - AP Photo  
Carroll Kilpatrick - Wash Post  
Elizabeth Peer - Newsweek  
Bob Moore - Metro Media  
John Rose