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**AIR MAIL**

Miss Sally A. Lied  
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AIR MAIL

June 6, 1968

Dear Sally,

The even more terrible news that Kennedy is dead hit this morning. I wouldn't let myself believe yesterday that he wouldn't recover--somehow kept thinking that the "slim chance" of total recovery was the one that would become a reality. Guess one tries to put things like that out of mind until it is absolutely impossible to not accept it. Can't stop having watery eyes today--just hope that I can keep from infusing it with bitterness. It's strange that after J.F.K.'s ~~assassination~~ assassination I glued myself to the television or radio--right now I couldn't stand to do that. Perhaps this murder is not so earth-shaking as was that of J.F.K., but to me it is almost more tragic and embittering. I suppose you must feel somewhat the same. I don't foresee the possibility of being too optimistic about the future of this country for many years to come--when all that seems to represent good and possibility for improvement can be so easily snuffed out. I know that many people feel very genuine sympathy and concern right now--but it seems to me that, as in the past, their long-term reactions will be so shallow and insignificant. Why can't we learn to appreciate the living and honor their ideals while they live and can help achieve them?!? Robert Kennedy's turning to men such as Camus seems very understandable, doesn't it? Perhaps a person must learn to not stake everything <sup>or too much</sup> on any person or idea but must instead trudge along daily doing what he can and hoping that somehow it might make a small dent for the good in ye crazy old world. Sorry about all the above pessimism, but that's the way I feel right now.

It was good talking with you last night, you old Nut you! Hope you're keeping the upper lip stiff, as they say. You must feel personally much worse than I since you've put so much of yourself, blood, sweat, and tears-wise, into the Kennedy effort. Wish I could talk with you now.



Glad your trip home was uneventful as far as bent fenders go. Congratulations--I wasn't sure that you could do it. Did you and Mike manage to follow each other all the way? Bet that could be rather tedious for that long a trip. Barbara followed me all the way to Cincinnati--even though she seems to have a heavier accelerator foot than I do. When she got a little edgy--I just made a nasty face in my rear-view mirror.

Can't wait to see you on the 11th. Just let me know when you're coming so I can get the rose petals ready to strew on the walk. Chuckle.

Well, I accepted the internship with H.U.D. and am quite excited about it. As it turned out, right after I talked with you on the phone I got an offer for a job with the Institute of International Studies in H.E.W. Put me in a heck of a dilemma since that sounded tremendous--would have been helping a guy reorient the whole Fullbright program and program of Government contracts with universities for foreign assistance programs. However, after much thinking, I still decided that it didn't offer the challenge or the opportunity which could be found in H.U.D. I'll tell you all about it when I see you. I stayed with my cousin and his family while there and had a really delightful time there--what a family of movers. I've got so much to tell you, but I also want to get this letter in today's mail, so guess some of it will have to wait.

Dad and I played some tennis yesterday. I didn't do too well but think I can probably improve if I keep at it. I needed my teacher!!!! Mom actually asked me if I could sometime give her some pointers--pretty funny, eh? Oh well, suppose I could show her in slow motion how it should be done--but that's about all.

How is your family? Hope all goes well with everybody. And, question of questions--have you gotten a dog yet? ~~XXXXXX~~ No doubt you will soon if you haven't already. Just make sure he's a cute one.

To get you prepared--you're going to be getting much crazy, mixed-up stationery in my letters. Just

found an old box of all kinds of stuff. Please to excuse the conglomeration.

I'm going to write a letter to McCarthy right now--think maybe it should be emphasized over and over to him that many more people are now depending on him<sup>to</sup> stick with the ideas that got this campaign started. I'm just so afraid that there's no way that Kennedy delegates can now be transferred to McCarthy and that they will instead go to Hubert. But at least here's hoping that McCarthy keeps fighting. It's such a helpless feeling, isn't it? Somehow the Kennedy group radiated confidence that there would at least always be a noble person ~~on~~ ~~there~~ there fighting--whether he won or not.

Well, I must run this letter to the mailbox. Tell everyone there "Hi" for me. Take care!

Love you,

Jane