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MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

March 16, 1989

TO: SPEECHWRITERS AND RESEARCHERS
FROM: Bob Simon *DS*
SUBJECT: The President's Movies

One source of humorous/anecdotal material for speeches is the movies. I have made arrangements to find out what movies the President is seeing in the Family Theater and at Camp David and will issue periodic updates. Generally, the President sees one or two movies a week.

Recently, the President has seen:

My Stepmother is an Alien
Twins
Her Alibi
Chances Are
New York Stories

This information, while not strictly confidential, is not intended for public consumption.

Q When they were depth charging the Finnback, did you have any particular duties?

THE PRESIDENT: No, we sat in the wardroom -- the pilots did. And that was Beckman and Tom Kane, and one guy who was like a steward in there. He was panicked, I was scared. (Laughter.) The other guys were scared, but that guy was really panicked. And it was -- no, we just had to sit in there and be still. And they did have headsets so you could -- I guess they didn't even have that. You could -- somehow, I remember hearing from what was going on, but -- but it was scary. It was scarier for me than being shot at in a plane. I mean, in the airplane, you could control your destiny to a degree and you could see the puffs of smoke, and you knew what the problem was. But in that submarine, we just -- of course, we hadn't been through it, we hadn't been trained as submariners.

First thing you know, you're sitting down there, submarine's still and you're hoping like hell they won't put one of these on top of you -- shakes. And the real submariners weren't that worried about it. I mean, they've been through it all. But the skipper, I think I told you, something that -- he got decorated. He got a silver star for the -- which is a hell of a high decoration in those days, for the total tonnage that we sank. We got bombed by an aircraft, we had to go up top to charge your batteries, and then every once in a while we'd have to dive. They'd just run and surface at times in the daytime.

One thing that was kind of interesting that I don't know whether I gave you was watching the very next day after I was picked up, seeing -- the skipper let me look through the periscope. We were periscope depth, and we saw -- we were right off Chichi Jima. And we saw a plane come in and go up on its nose. It must have hit a pothole. Because we were bombing that airfield, or trying to. And you could see it. I mean, it was just weird. You're sitting down there off an enemy-held island and watching the business start coming back from the mainland down there to replenish what we had tried to do in the day before.

Q Interesting time. The total experience affected you -- you know, it was a rites of passage on one level, but it affected you in your own thinking about war and your own thinking about violence and man's inhumanity and all that sort of thing. I'd like to try to get some kind of -- not a statement, but a thought.

THE PRESIDENT: A thought now is that I think I -- this maybe is a little weighty, but I think back on that, and knowing what at least that level of combat was about, it puts in perspective the human side of a war. You go to put your kids in Panama, and I must say that I had in mind my own experience of combat experience -- thinking about life and death kind of thing. It's just a little -- that was present as I was thinking of, do we go or don't we go into Panama, sitting down the hall here at the next floor down, listening to these guys saying, well, we'll commit these and the losses will be this and -- in my mind, I must say during that time I went back a little to those months that I was out there.

Q You can translate it into your own --

THE PRESIDENT: A little bit. A little bit. And not saying that my experience would -- I had to have that experience to decide to go or not go. But there's -- having been in combat, it just kind of rounds out your experience for being Commander In Chief. Or, at least for me, it's not necessary, it's not essential. We've got generations of kids today who will be president I hope like hell never had to fight, or never had to go be in a war.

But for me, it was an experience that that part of it stays with me a lot. What's it mean to send somebody's kid to war? That kind of thing.

Q -- the highlight of his life.

MRS. BUSH: Was it ever!

Q He's made a career of -- that's fair to say --

THE PRESIDENT: But on the other hand, as I've told you, I don't have a lot of recall. But I don't remember it as certainly heroic and all of that. I mean, it was just -- God, it was almost like --

MRS. BUSH: It was heroic, but everybody else did it.

THE PRESIDENT: Getting shot down is? I mean, why isn't it heroic not to be shot down?

MRS. BUSH: Well -- say it was heroic, everything you did was heroic. But everybody did heroic things.

THE PRESIDENT: All I'm saying is, if you went out and set the time warp back and recite with quite -- say, Nado's drama what went on, this guy -- I mean, you know, look what happened to Joe yesterday and Deck Hool, or whoever it was --

Q That's Nado's recollection, and it's in his mouth. If he wants to say you're a hero, that's fine.

THE PRESIDENT: Yes. But what I'm saying is, you know, just as a general point, I think peoples' memories are inclined to dramatize as we get older.

Q Sure.

THE PRESIDENT: My problem is, I'm inclined to forget as I get older.

Q My war stories are great.

THE PRESIDENT: Are they really? Congressional medal?

Q They're much better now than they were when I got out of the Army. They've improved over the years.

THE PRESIDENT: Which were you -- in the Pacific or the --

Q I was in the South Pacific. I was a combat correspondent --

THE PRESIDENT: Is that right?

Q General Richardson was my commanding officer. And I covered Iwo Jima -- a lot of unpleasant things. But what we did was, we went in with the troops, and then when someone was wounded, it was our stories that the pool of reporters, of civilians picked up, and they wrote those. They took our stories back from the front, and then rewrote them and sent them home.

THE PRESIDENT: See, I think in terms of objective analysis. A Marine going ashore in Iwo Jima -- I mean, that's where the heroism really was. We were -- clean laundry every night, and we were eating well. And for a few minutes, our lives were in danger, or you might risk -- you know, do something to try to save another -- mate who got hit when he tried to show me where the raft was.

These are almost routine. But when I look down -- when we covered the landings in Guam and Saipan, which we did, and saw those battleships -- you know, God, it was the damndest array of power -- raw power. And then you see the boats going in. I'm way

the hell up here in safety -- we had control of the air. We didn't control the antiaircraft, but we controlled the air where nobody was going -- pilot was going to come and shoot us down. We had air cover and we had the torpedo bombers that were going to go in low.

And we could see these guys -- these Marines. I'm saying to myself, Jesus, I'm lucky. I'm in a line of work that is -- we all felt -- all the pilots felt that way. Said, gee, look at these poor grunts down there going in -- and these -- you know what I'm talking about. That was the stuff where the real courage was.

It was brought home to me -- we've got a doctor who is the most gentlemanly doctor, and he's almost a society -- his manners are impeccable. And when I get rude or ugly or say vulgarities -- occasionally slips into my conversation, Barbara always holds up a guy named Lilo Crane. And I think of the guy as the sweetest, nicest, very gentle kind of a fellow.

Then it turns out a couple of years ago, we found out that Lilo Crane had the Navy Cross, I think two Silver Stars for real heroism. So then we get our thing -- in and out. So it's very different, and it's -- that's the only part -- I mean, I'd just --

Q Well, what provoked me into starting this book in the first place was when I had read in your own book, "Looking Forward," that you had flown 58 missions. And I thought to myself: Anyone who flew 58 missions in my book at least, or the way I look at life, in the service is a guy to be admired and certainly had done something important, brave and significant.

THE PRESIDENT: Some of them weren't very hero -- some of them were rather --

Q Just getting up there with the awareness that someone -- at least with a squad or a company, you've got company, you know? But you're up there all alone. And I went out to see the Avenger one day at Chino Airport. There's no way you could get me into that thing. That's the biggest single-engine plane I've ever seen in my life. It's so --

THE PRESIDENT: It was big.

Q -- it's so cumbersome and impressive-looking.

THE PRESIDENT: There's a good side to that, though. It was the easiest plane to land on a carrier. And the reason is, it has such a big wingspan and it was such a stable aircraft. You could screw it up. But those fighters were hotter. But it was a stable airplane, and that was one of the nice things about it. I wasn't a hot pilot. I didn't like all that --

Q Landing on an aircraft is something that is absolutely beyond anything in my --

MRS. BUSH: Did you ever see the size of George's aircraft carrier?

Q No.

THE PRESIDENT: It had a narrower deck than the CVEs --

Q Really?

THE PRESIDENT: Yes. It had the narrowest deck of all. It had a longer deck than a CVE, but it was a cruiser hull, so it was a fast carrier. We had two CVLs -- what we were on -- converted cruiser -- and two CVs would make a task force -- task group. Task Force 58.3, 58.4. And then you'd have destroyers and cruisers in the group. But ours, the converted cruisers, were fast. They keep up with the big guys, the CVs, but they had the narrowest deck. So that

part could get a little hairy. You didn't have much room to move sideways.

But all of them -- it didn't matter how long the deck was, because you were flying into barriers. I mean, they had -- if you didn't get a wire, you'd slam into a barrier. Today, if you don't get a wire, you push the throttle forward and you go around again, because the deck's canted.

Q First, you have to find the carrier.

THE PRESIDENT: Yes. (Laughter.) That was harder in those days. Today, that's a cinch.

Q Yes. Then, when you find a spot in the middle of the ocean, you have to get down from the sky onto it. There's no way in this Earth I could try that.

THE PRESIDENT: You know how they found a carrier in those days? They give you a code every day, and the code -- they sent out letters. It was like the ship in the middle, and they'd send out an E or a C or a B or an A or whatever it is. So you'd listen for Morse Code. And if you got a B, you'd look at your chart and you'd see what area was supposed to be covered by Bs, Cs, Ds, and -- it was really primitive stuff.

Then, if you crossed over into an A, the A came in, then you'd know you were on certain heading out there.

Q No way I could do that.

THE PRESIDENT: That part was kind of fun. The only thing is, if the radio went out, then you had another problem. (Laughter.) And the weather -- I didn't like night carrier landings and all that stuff.

MRS. BUSH: Other than that, you weren't --

THE PRESIDENT: Those are just your original. I think those are nothing --

Q May I have these?

THE PRESIDENT: Yes, I think you gave them to me. Yes. And that's what I think I answered -- the questions.

Q Can I have the --

MRS. BUSH: Don't worry about --

THE PRESIDENT: Why don't you take the whole damn thing?

Q Thank you very much.

THE PRESIDENT: But if you need any fancy souvenirs.

Q That's right --

THE PRESIDENT: I wear them -- I don't have mine. But if you need any other color or anything, just give a holler to Don and we'll try to -- because you've been most

grateful.


Q These were very, very helpful, and I'm most

THE PRESIDENT: Yes. The trouble with Don, he's become a Naval historian out of all of this -- this project and a couple of others. I don't think any others have been written with this much research. In fact, I don't think any -- you know, we just have articles and magazines --

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

January 31, 1990

MEMORANDUM FOR CHRISS WINSTON
SPEECHWRITERS
RESEARCHERS

FROM: BOB SIMON 
SUBJECT: PRESIDENTIAL MOVIES

Attached is an updated list of movies the President has seen recently at the White House and Camp David.

Except for use in speeches, this information should be kept confidential.

M O V I E S

<u>DATE</u>	<u>MOVIE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>
10 06 89	Old Gringo	CD
10 07 89	An Innocent Man	CD
10 08 89	Lifeboat	CD
10 14 89	The Bear	CD
10 21 89	The Fabulous Baker Boys	CD
10 28 89	Dad	WH
10 29 89	George Steven's A Film Maker's Journey	WH
11 03 89	Coming to America	CD
11 04 89	Crimes and Misdemeanors	CD
11 11 89	True Love	CD
11 18 89	Steel Magnolias	CD
11 19 89	Hawks	CD
11 23 89	Look Who's Talking	CD
11 24 89	Driving Miss Daisy	CD
11 25 89	Street Smart	CD
11 25 89	Broadcast News	CD
12 01 89	Stanley and Iris	CD
12 09 89	The War Of The Roses	CD
12 23 89	Back To The Future II	CD
12 23 89	Nadine	CD
12 25 78	The Little Mermaid	CD
01 05 90	Always	CD

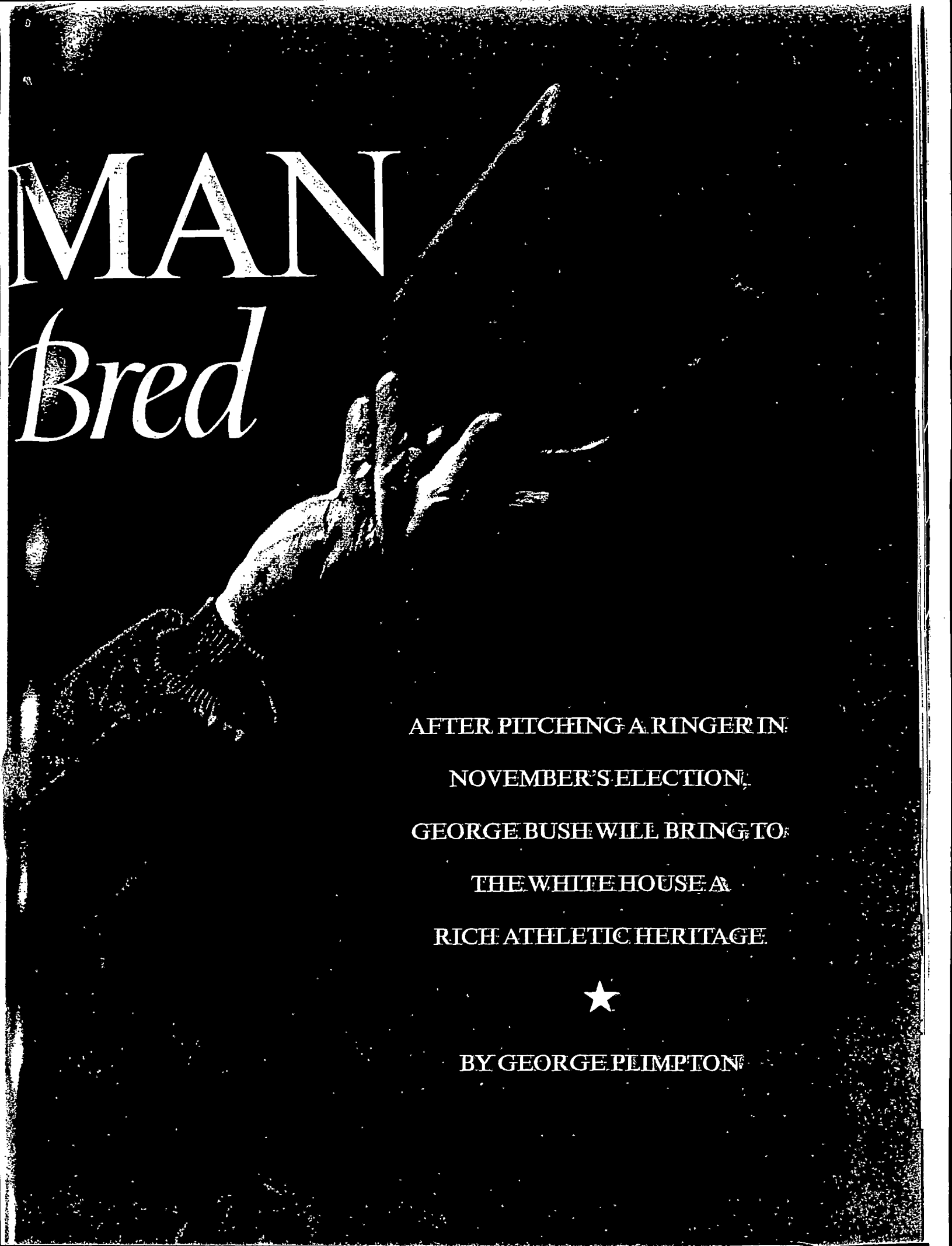
Page 2

01 12 90	She Devil	CD
01 13 90	Music Box	CD
01 14 90	Glory	CD
01 26 90	Henry V	WH

A SPORTSMAN *Born and Bred*

ENRICO FERRELLI





MAN *Bred*

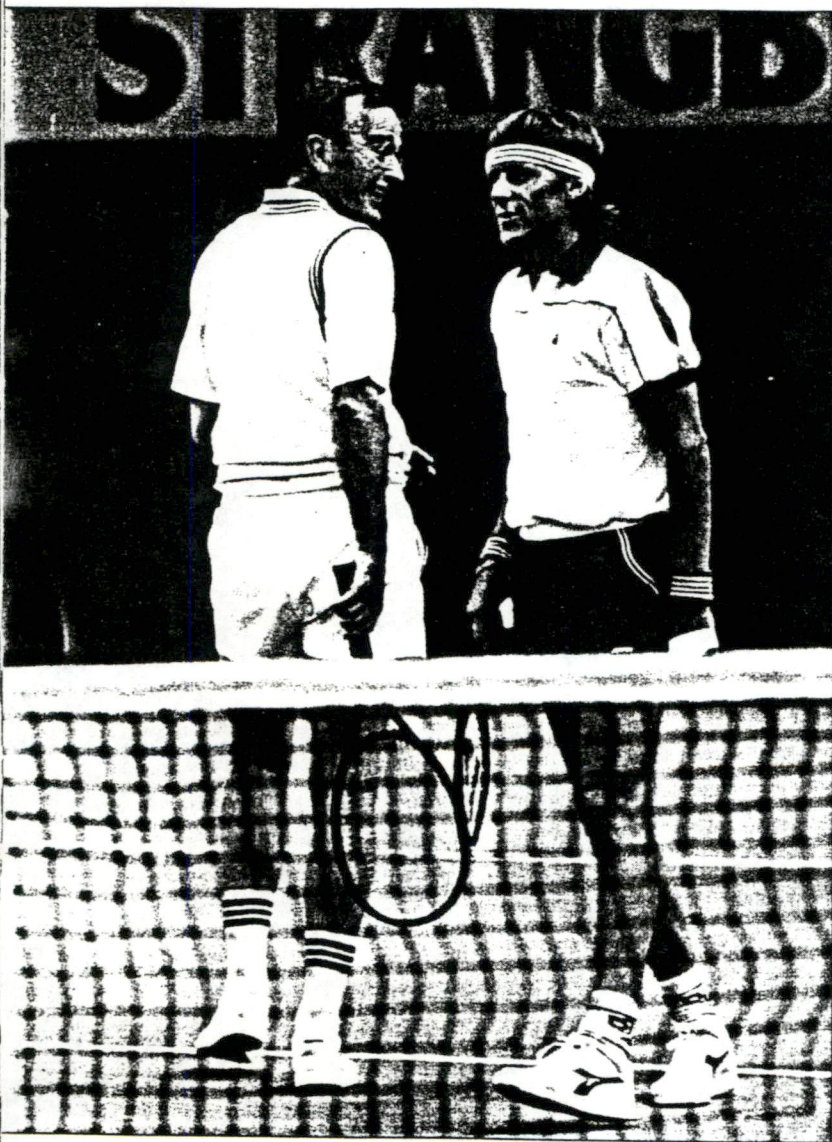
AFTER PITCHING A RINGER IN
NOVEMBER'S ELECTION,
GEORGE BUSH WILL BRING TO
THE WHITE HOUSE A
RICH ATHLETIC HERITAGE.



BY GEORGE PLIMPTON

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homas Jefferson would not understand. He once wrote:



"Games played with the ball . . . are too violent for the body and stamp no character on the mind." Of course, Jefferson could not have anticipated the gentleman coming into the White House this January. Besides being an avid fisherman and bird shot and having wrestled during his Navy days, George Bush has played soccer, tennis, baseball, squash, golf and, most recently, horseshoes (see box, page 146)—all with considerable skill and, above all, enormous enthusiasm.

Many of our Presidents have had athletic specialties. Abraham Lincoln was described by one historian as "hard as nails, a good horseman, swimmer, crowbar heaver, and master jumper." He reportedly could hold a heavy ax out at arm's length for an astonishing length of time, which he did as a kind of parlor trick. Teddy Roosevelt enjoyed hunting and collecting game, and came back from one of his African safaris with some 4,800 hides, heads and horns. Harry Truman, who was ambidextrous, pitched horseshoes lefthanded and threw out Opening Day baseballs righthanded one year, lefthanded the next—with the puzzling explanation that it was for the benefit of photographers. The Kennedy era is often remembered for its touch football games, though JFK himself, because he had a bad back, was restricted to sailing and an occasional game of tennis or golf.

Nixon enjoyed bowling on the lanes in the basement of the Executive Office Building, very often alone, in shirt and tie, watched by a coterie of Secret Service men. He once rolled 20 games in a row; his average score was 152, and his high game was a formidable 232. Gerald Ford's game was golf, and his rounds were distinguished by errant shots, which more than once conked a spectator. Bob Hope has remarked that his partners in his favorite foursome were Ford, a faith-healer and a paramedic. Jimmy Carter jogged, played softball and tennis, fished and hunted quail. Ronald Reagan rides horses, and was miffed when he discovered that the riding trails at Camp David had been paved over during the Nixon Administration.



IN '83, BORG PLAYED DOUBLES WITH THE VEEP



DAVE VALDEZ/THE WHITE HOUSE

WHETHER HOOKING A HOOP OR A FISH, THE BUSH FAMILY MAINTAINS A STRONG SPORTING TRADITION

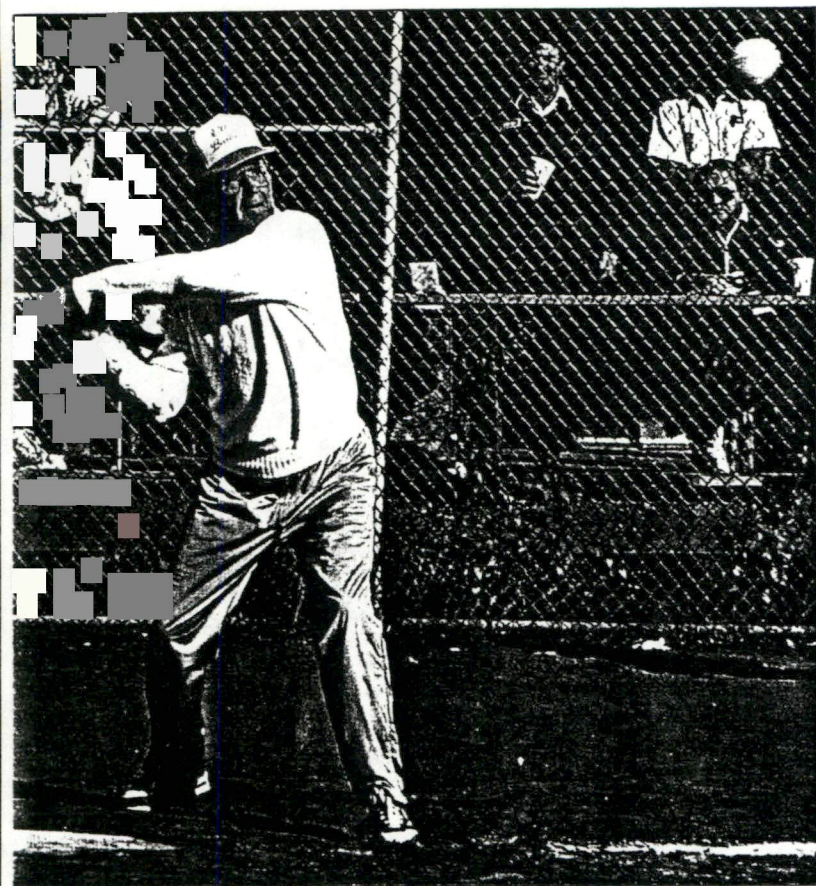


No President, however, can match Bush's absorption in sports, not to mention his sporting heritage. His mother, Dorothy, was a fine tennis player and a fierce competitor; his father, Prescott, who represented Connecticut in the U.S. Senate from 1952 to '63, hit cleanup on the 1917 Yale baseball team and played on the golf team. According to family legend, Prescott sometimes played a golf match in the morning and a baseball game the same afternoon. "The baseball players would stand around and worry that he wouldn't finish his golf round in time for the game," says Nancy Ellis, the President-elect's sister. Bush's four maternal uncles all played for Yale: Herbert Walker was a member of the '25-27 baseball teams; Louis pitched on the '36 team; John played both golf and baseball in '30; and James ran track in '31. Bush's grandfather, George Herbert Walker, was president of the U.S. Golf Association, and upon leaving office in 1921, he donated the Walker Cup, the trophy given in the biennial competition between British and American amateur teams.

The President-elect even married into a family of athletes.



DAVE VALDEZ/THE WHITE HOUSE



BUSH THE BALLPLAYER WAS NEVER A BIG HITTER

Barbara Bush's uncle Joseph Wear won the U.S. court tennis doubles championship with Jay Gould six times. Her father, Marvin Pierce, was a standout running back at Miami of Ohio from 1913 to '15. "Everyone called him Monk," says Jonathan Bush, the third of the four Bush brothers. "By the time we get through glorifying Monk Pierce's career, he'll be the greatest back who ever played there, if not in the entire Midwest!"

According to Nancy Ellis, athletic education in the Bush family begins "at birth." Intrafamily competitions have included not only the obvious ones, like touch football, tennis and Ping-Pong, but also tiddledywinks, fishing tournaments, indoor putting (with plastic cups set about the house) and knee football (played, as the name implies, on one's knees). A prime knee-football performer was Bucky, the youngest Bush brother, who at Hotchkiss School weighed more than 250 pounds. Standing lamps were forever being toppled. It's a wonder, says Jonathan, that the family's houses in Greenwich, Conn., and Kennebunkport, Maine, stood up under all the punishment.

In the forefront of this athletic commotion was George, a Pied Piper figure in those early days, according to Jonathan: "He was a queen bee around which everything revolved." Jonathan recalls a famous tennis match between George, then 16, and his mother, who had offered \$5 to any of her sons who could beat her. "You must remember that she was a remarkable athlete," says Jonathan. "The day her first son, Prescott, was born, she hit a home run in a softball game at Kennebunkport, and after she circled the bases she announced it

was time to go to the hospital. Pressy weighed 10 pounds."

Asked if the children had rooted for their mother at the tennis match, Jonathan says, "Actually, they rooted for George. Everyone wanted him to win, and he finally did. She was at the top of her form. It was a brutal match, both of them wringing wet when they finished."

Sometimes the competitiveness was tempered with puckish good humor. One Kennebunkport legend involves Bill Truesdale, who was as competitive a youngster as the Bush kids, and the best sailor in the 11-footer class. "That's a small catboat," Jonathan says. "Two sides, a bottom, a mast, and a centerboard. Truesdale was the perennial winner. One night George went down and tied a bucket to Truesdale's centerboard. The next day the boats, about 15 of them, were towed out the Kennebunk River to the starting line offshore. The warning gun went off, and everyone put up his sail.

"There was a light breeze, and Truesdale's boat barely moved," Jonathan continues. "At first he thought something was wrong with the boat, and in frustration he began to beat it with a paddle. *Whack! Whack!* When he got ashore he found out what George had done. He chased him for days. George would be sitting on the porch, and we'd hear, 'Here comes Truesdale!' and off he'd go. That was a shout we heard all summer: 'Here comes Truesdale!'"

These idyllic years ended with Pearl Harbor. Fresh out of Andover, George entered the Navy. After distinguished service in the Pacific, flying bombers all christened Barbara after Barbara Pierce, whom he met at a wartime dance and subsequently married, he returned to the states and entered Yale in '45. He played one year of soccer (the team won the New England collegiate championship) and then decided to concentrate on baseball. With veterans returning to college, the competition was fierce in those postwar years. Major league scouts hung around college ballparks. Several players from Bush's Yale teams went on to play professional baseball, three of them in the big leagues: shortstop Artie Moher, who signed with the Tigers; pitcher Frank Quinn, who signed with the Red Sox and then hurt his arm; and pitcher Dick Manville, who played for the Braves and the Cubs and whose particular distinction in college was that he played for both Yale and Harvard.

Playing first base, Bush found his forte was his fielding. As Junie O'Brien, a teammate at Yale, recalls, "The key thing about Poppy—as everyone called him—was that he was so sure-gloved. All the infielders knew that if they threw the ball anywhere near him, he was going to pull it in."

Bush's hitting was another matter. In 1947 his average was .239, and the next year he raised it to .264. He usually hit seventh or eighth but jokes that he batted "second cleanup."

For his leadership qualities, Bush was elected captain in his senior year. Both seasons he played, in 1947 and '48, the Elis won the eastern championship and went to Kalamazoo, Mich., to play in the NCAA finals. Both times they lost, first to California and then to Southern California. Bush remembers the Yale coach, Ethan Allen, ordering an intentional walk to get to the Cal pitcher, who turned out to be Jackie Jensen, later an outfielder for the Red Sox. "He hit a ball that is still rolling around out there somewhere," Bush says.

Had he ever wanted to join those teammates who went on into the professional leagues?

"Well, one day I went three for five in a game against North

PLIMPTON'S PANACHE WAS EVIDENT AS THE TWO GEORGE BUSHES LOOKED ON



to contend with! The President-elect stared briefly at my hat. His was decorated with a braided Indian cord that supplemented the hatband. He held out some horseshoes.

"You got a choice," he said. "The drop-forged eight or the 10."

"I'll take the . . . ah."

The President-elect laughed. He looked down at the horseshoes, hefting them to judge their weight. "I don't know the difference myself," he said. "They tell me the harder the metal the more it tends to be rejected by the stake."

Then he explained the rules—one point for the shoe closest to the stake and three for a ringer; the winner would be the first among us to reach 15. We took some practice throws. I threw my shoes so that they revolved, parallel to the ground, toward the opposite stake. This somewhat startled the President-elect since that is the style (though I was unaware) used by most topflight pitchers.

"Hey, what have we got here?" he asked. He prefers to hold the shoe at its closed end and toss it so that it turns once, ass over teakettle, as it goes down the pitch.

"You played this game before?"

"Not for 30 years," I said truthfully.

The game began. The two Bushes were supported loudly by the President-elect's granddaughter Jenna, 7, who sat at pit-side bundled up in a bright orange parka. There was considerable chatter during play—needling and a plethora of home-grown expressions, such as "power outage" for a halfhearted toss, "SDI" for a throw with a higher arc than usual and "it's an ugly pit" for those times when no one's shoe was close to the stake. Once, when it was impossible to tell which of two shoes had landed closer, the President-elect shouted, "The tool! Get the tool!"—a request that was echoed by those standing around watching.

The tool, which George Jr. fetched from the gardening shed, turned out to be oversized navigator's dividers. The President-elect knelt in the pit and brushed away the dirt from the two horseshoes. He handled the gadget with great relish. In fact, all aspects of the game were carried on with great élan. On occasion he would turn to me and pose the rhetorical question: "Isn't this game great? Have you ever had a better time? Isn't this just *great*?"

I was having a good time. The iron felt cool and comfortable to the grip. I peered out from under the brim of my hat and, suddenly, after a number of one-pointers, threw a ringer. I

Showdown in the Pits

BARBARA BUSH SAID, "YOU'LL HAVE TO WEAR A COWBOY hat. No one with any self-respect plays horseshoes without a cowboy hat." She rummaged around in a closet just inside the front door of the Vice-President's official residence in Washington. On a top shelf sat an assortment of George Bush's hats. I tried on a few of the Western variety. His hat size is a lot larger than mine, so the hats tended to slide down my forehead nearly to my eyes. Was I being handicapped before going out to the horseshoe pits?

"These hats all seem to be the same size," I remarked, a somewhat lunatic observation because it suggested surprise that my host's head measurements don't vary.

I finally picked a tall-crowned model with the President-elect's name stamped in gold on the inside. I wore it out to the horseshoe pit at a curious, rakish angle so that I could see where I was going.

The Vice-President was waiting there with his oldest son, George Jr., who would also be playing. Two George Bushes

found myself with 14 points and only one to go for the win. The President-elect had 13; his son, 12. Cries of alarm rose from Jenna's chair.

I began to worry about winning. What would it do to the President-elect's confidence to lose to someone who hadn't thrown a horseshoe in 30 years? Would he brood? Slam the heel of his hand against his forehead? Stumble into the bushes in the Rose Garden? Talk out loud to himself at state dinners? Snap at Sununu?

I decided I would credit my victory to the hat. "Beginner's luck," I was going to say. "And this hat of yours. If it hadn't been for this cowboy hat. . . ."

It seemed the perfect solution. Gracious. Self-effacing. Just the thing to say.

"Listen, we can't let this happen," the President-elect was saying as he stepped up to throw. He sighted down the pitch. "Remember Iowa!" he called out, in reference to his recovery from political adversity there. We watched the red horseshoe leave his hand, turn over once in flight, drop toward the pit with its prongs forward and, with a dreadful clang, collect itself around the stake. A ringer! Sixteen points and the victory for the President-elect. He flung his arms straight up in triumph, a tremendous smile on his face. From her chair Jenna began yelping pleasantly.

I said as follows: "Nerts."

I can't recall the last time I had used that antique expression. The President-elect came toward me, his hand outstretched. "Isn't that great!" he said as I congratulated him. He wasn't talking about his win but the fact that the game had been so much fun. I agreed with him. Then I told him that the next time I was going to bring my own hat. —G.P.



ONLY "THE TOOL" CAN SETTLE THE CLOSE CALLS



ENRICO FERDRELLI/DOIT

Carolina State," Bush remembers. "A triple, a double—and the scouts came running up to Ethan Allen. 'Hey, who is this kid?' Then they looked at my averages and went away in a hurry." The President-elect laughs. "Oh yes, I used to imagine how great it would be to stride up to the plate in a major league ballpark. But by then my sights were set on doing something else. Still, baseball has always been a great love. When I was a kid we followed the game very closely. Read the sports pages. I was a big Red Sox fan—Jimmie Foxx, Bobby Doerr. I could recite the averages of the top 20 hitters in both leagues. Caught a foul ball in Yankee Stadium. I loved *all* that."

Lou Gehrig was his childhood hero. One of his plans was to write Gehrig a letter to ask him for his first baseman's mitt. "Never did it," he says, "but I remembered that daydream in the Dodger locker room this year when Orel Hershiser showed me his glove. It had Orel's name stitched along the thumb. I suddenly remembered Lou Gehrig's glove and how much I had wanted it."

The Bushes still play ball at Kennebunkport in the summertime, but the area around the house on Walker Point is so limited that a ball hit into the water (unless it goes over the seawall) is an automatic out. These days the President-elect is infatuated with fishing, as he has been since he was a boy and caught mackerel off the rocks. "Sometimes we caught small pollock—horrible brown-colored things with a spine down the back," Bush says. "The bluefish hadn't come that far up the coast back then. They didn't turn up around Kennebunkport until the 1970s—brought up by the warming trend, they say."

Bush has fished for white marlin, tarpon and sailfish, but bluefish is his particular fancy: "I don't like the big stuff as much." Nor does he go in much for fly-fishing: "I've got all the equipment, and this year Jim Baker and I went fishing on the Shoshone River in Wyoming. I'm not a good fly caster, but I got better. Very small fish, but I liked it. It was totally relaxing. The fact is I don't care if I catch anything."

As if to prove his point, Bush went down to Gulf Stream, Fla., after the November election to stay with his friends Will and Sarah Farish. After four days of fishing in the surf, casting a spinner for whiting or barracuda, he had one bite but no fish for his efforts. "Great time down there!" Bush says. "Just great! The combination of the sea and casting into it—it's heaven!"

When he is in Kennebunkport the President-elect gets out to the fishing areas in a Cigarette boat called *Fidelity*, named after the Fidelity Printing Corp., whose stock he sold to purchase her. *Fidelity* has been modified for fishing. The cockpit has been moved up to the bow, so that a racing boat designed to hold two or three people can now handle six or seven, usually family members. The boat gives him not only the pleasure of driving a powerful machine but also a practical way of getting out to the fishing grounds. "You go fast out to where the fish are," he says, "or you think they are, stop and fish for an hour and then run for the 20 minutes back. If the sea is up a little, and you're cutting through the waves, well, the combination is just heaven for me."

As the years have gone by, Barbara Bush has grown less enthusiastic about "cutting through the waves." Still, she often goes out on the fishing expeditions, sitting up on the padded engine cover Indian-style with a book. The President-elect's favorite nonfamily fishing companion is a retired naval-yard



CAPTAIN BUSH TO EXETER:
(IN '42): "READ MY LIPS"



employee named Bob Boilard. They met in the summer of 1982 on Saco Bay, near the Wood Island Lighthouse on the Maine coast.

"I was in my boat fishing for blues with my back to the bay," Boilard remembers. "I heard this voice snap out behind me. I turned around, and there was the Vice-President looking over from his Cigarette boat, with the Secret Service boat beyond and a Coast Guard cutter farther out. It was quite a sight. He called out and asked me what I was catching them on. I said I was using a Rebel popping plug, which has a blunt nose that resists the water with a kind of *ploop* sound and looks like a blue

minnow. He said he was using a Rebel swimming plug—a trolling plug—which has a lip on the front that makes the plug dart around in the water. I told him to turn his boat around and follow me. By the time we'd trolled 150 feet, he had two bluefish on, and I had one. He called me up the next day. "Yes sir?" I said.

"Any fish out there?"

"Of course there are. But they're not in my kitchen!"

"So out we went."

Boilard, as they say in those parts, is his own man (he once turned down a chance to take Paul Newman out for blues, for which his daughters never forgave him), and he certainly does not stand on ceremony. He refers to Bush as Mister Vice or the Vice, as in "the Vice and I are going out to Wood Island Light." When Bush hooks on to something unwanted, like a dogfish, Boilard barks happily at him and suggests that the next time he lets out a line he should spit on it for luck.

When they first fished together, Bush used a light bass-casting rod and eight-pound test line. "Heck," says Boilard, "that buggy whip of his was fit for tapping a horse on the rump and not much else, certainly not for catching bluefish. I told him so. I said, 'Mister Vice, if you're going out for a whale you got to use whale equipment. You're the Vice-President, but I'd sure change that rod, and that line to 14-pound test.'"

The bluefish they catch—the President-elect now dutifully on 14-pound test—average about 10 pounds, but much larger blues run in those North Atlantic waters. The biggest one Boilard has caught was 23½ pounds. "The Vice is raving mad about a 17-pounder he got off Boon Island, 20 miles or so down the coast off Portsmouth, New Hampshire," he says.

Most of the blues Bush and Boilard catch are released. The President-elect is not as fond of fish on the table as on the end of a line. Of those kept, Secret Service men get the largest allotment. "They microwave 'em," Boilard says. "Those guys go through the fish like ice cream."

"It's a shame," Boilard goes on, "that the Vice can't spend more time on the water. When he's got a rod in one hand, the steering wheel in the other and everything under control, there's not a happier man anywhere."

The President-elect also likes to fish Islamorada, Fla., which is halfway down the chain of islands between Miami and Key West and calls itself the Sport Fishing Capital of the World. Bush was introduced to the area—a fishing paradise of hard-bottom and grass flats famous for bonefish, permit, tarpon and snook—by Nicholas Brady, a long-time friend and the man he will retain as secretary of the treasury. George Hommell, a local guide with a string of distinguished clients, takes Bush out. Hommell has "fished," as guides often put it, Jack Nicklaus and Ted Williams, among others.

He and the President-elect generally set out for the flats of Florida Bay at 6:30 a.m. in a 17-foot skiff that's powered by an 110-horsepower outboard engine and is equipped with a poling platform in the stern. Wearing shorts and a T-shirt, Bush fishes from the bow, casting toward the tailing bonefish. Using 10-pound test line, the President-elect takes 10 minutes or so to land an eight- or nine-pound bonefish that in one tearing run can take out 200 yards of line across the flats—and then do it again. With the exception of his first bonefish which is mounted and hangs on his office wall, the President-elect has released every one he has ever caught, holding it by the tail and moving the fish back and forth in the water so that the gill plates open and the exhausted fish can recover.

"He really loves it out there," Hommell says. "He talks a lot about his concern for places like Florida Bay—keeping the water clear so our kids and their kids can enjoy it."

As a rule, Hommell and Bush stay out on the flats—along



THE BABE GAVE BUSH HIS AUTOBIO AT YALE IN '48



YALE UNIVERSITY



POPPY BUSH

Watch out, Exeter, we're going in!"



PRESIDENTIAL CONTENDERS



UPI/BETTMANN ARCHIVE

★ An avid hunter, Roosevelt (above) bagged a rhino in '09 on safari in Kenya; Eisenhower's bag was for clubs, his shots on the links.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

★ Johnson's Texas roots were on display when he climbed aboard a cutting horse during a barbecue at his LBJ Ranch in 1964.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

with a Secret Service passenger—until 3:30 in the afternoon. "Eight hours he spends out there," Hommell says, "and when he gets back he'll have a game of tennis with Ted Williams and a couple of others. Then after that he goes jogging! When we get off the water I'm pooped enough to go to bed!"

The President-elect, who is fond of quoting Izaak Walton's line about how the days a man spends fishing ought not to be deducted from his time on earth, has had to endure only one long spell without fishing. That was during his tour of duty in China, where he served as chief of the U.S. Liaison Office in Peking from 1974 to '75. With diplomatic travel restricted, his only opportunity to fish came during a party at the Soviet Embassy, where he was invited to sit in a boat at one end of a ceremonial pool. At the other, an army of beaters got into the water and started driving a school of large carp toward him. "Scary," Bush says. "Damndest thing. Hundreds of these gigantic carp leaping out of the water. We waited for them with nets on the ends of sticks."

There was other entertainment at the Russian complex in Peking. "Hockey games," Bush remembers. "On the lake at the embassy. I was never much of a skater, so I didn't go out on the ice. I don't like to do things I can't do well. I don't dance well, so I don't dance."

The President-elect often speaks of fishing giving him time to relax and think. Many have remarked how quiet he is on the water, particularly for a man who's so energetic and voluble. When he takes over the Oval Office, he will join quite a list of Presidents, including Cleveland, Hoover, Eisenhower and Carter, who fished for this kind of contemplative relaxation.

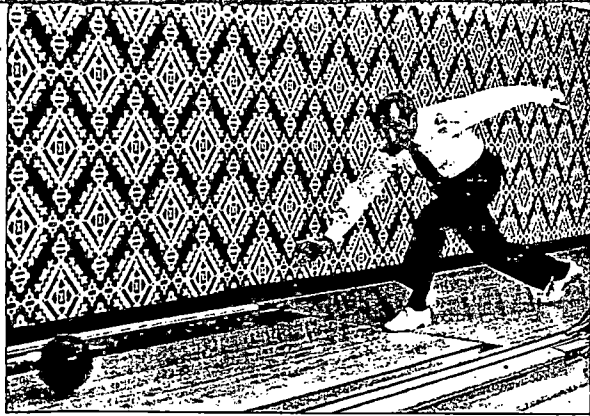
Carter, as might be expected of someone who grew up in Georgia's pine-woods country, was raised not only with guns (he once shot his sister in the rear end with a BB for throwing a wrench at him) but also as a fisherman, pulling catfish and eels out of the Choctawhatchee and the Kinchafonee creeks with a cane pole. With more sophisticated equipment, he kept up his fishing during his Presidency at Camp David (where, without his knowledge, wildlife officials restocked the facility's streams) and near his hometown of Plains.

It was in Plains, while sitting placidly in his boat, that Carter caught sight of the famous "attack rabbit" swimming toward him—a kind of furry torpedo, he must have thought it—and fended off with his paddle what was very likely a swamp rabbit (*Syvilagus aquaticus*) that the Secret Service had spooked from the swampside bushes.

Bush has also been attacked, in his case by a six-pound bluefish (*Pomatomus saltatrix*), which he boated off Florida and which nipped him in the back of the hand. "See this scar here. Just call me Lyndon," he says, referring to Lyndon Johnson, who once pulled up his shirt to show off his gallbladder scar to the press. "Then I've got a scar up here close to my eyebrow from a collision I had when I was trying to head a ball playing soccer at Andover. Can't see it? Well, how about *this* one?" He pulls his shirt away from his neck to reveal a prominent knob on his right shoulder blade. "Got that one playing mixed doubles with Barbara at Kennebunkport. Ran into a porch."

"His mother said it was my ball to hit, and it happened because I didn't run for it," Barbara says. "She was probably right."

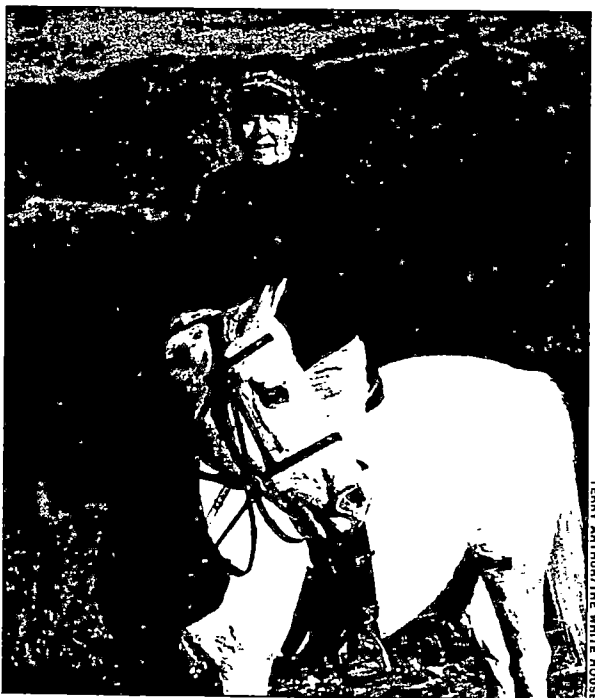
The President-elect is noncommittal. "Popped the shoulder out," he says. "Separated it."



★ Nixon's athletic passion was bowling, which he often did alone and almost always wearing a tie; his average was over 150.



★ An ardent outdoorsman, Carter also jogged—but could not finish a 10K race in '79 (above). Reagan was always at home on a horse.



GEORGE BUSH

"After that they moved the porch," Barbara says.

Bush has been playing tennis since he was about five, which is hardly surprising considering the tennis heritage in the family. His mother, who is now 87 and living in Hobe Sound, Fla., was a national caliber junior player—Bush describes her as very much a "scrapper"—more than 70 years ago. Her uncle Joe Wear, the court-tennis champion, was the nonplaying captain of the 1928 and 1935 U.S. Davis Cup teams. At home in Greenwich, Bush had early lessons—as did other members of his family—with the Czech-born club pro, Karel Kozeluh, whose standard advice, as Nancy Ellis recalls, was "bend ze knees, move ze feet, keep ze ball in play and in doubles hit ze ball down ze middle." Often Kozeluh would establish his authority by announcing mysteriously, "I beat Budge."

Bush's mother, though, was the prime influence. "Sportsmanship was a big part of what she taught us," the President-elect says. "'Boys! Boys!' she'd call out if someone got out of hand. If you scaled your racket across the court, you were history. Once, playing in the finals of a Kennebunkport tournament when I was about 10, my uncle Herbert Walker and his wife, my Aunt Mary, came to watch. At one point Aunt Mary started laughing at something. I turned and ordered her off the premises: 'Out!' Mother was very upset when she heard about it. I had to go and tell Aunt Mary how sorry I was that I had done such a thing."

And did Aunt Mary leave the premises?

"Yes, certainly," Bush says. "She got up and left. It must have bothered my conscience because I didn't win the match—beaten by a kid named Squash Collins."

Squash?

"Yes. I wonder what's ever happened to Squash Collins."

Bush stopped playing singles not long after grade school and concentrated on doubles, largely because his ground strokes were "terrible." Today, his backhand is almost nonexistent, except for a chip return of service that drops at the feet of the oncoming server and that he refers to as the "falling leaf." The net is where the President-elect is utterly at home. fast of reflex and aggressive, and he will come in at every opportunity, even behind a second serve or a falling-leaf return.

A number of other homegrown phrases have developed in the family over the years. A weak shot will elicit a disdainful cry of "power outage!" Perhaps the most esoteric words heard on the family courts are "Unleash Chiang!" which was initiated back when there was a hue and cry in government circles to allow Chiang Kai-shek to invade the Chinese mainland from Taiwan. On the Bush court, "Unleash Chiang" refers to a potential source of power, such as a strong serve. The President-elect will look over his shoulder and urge his partner to "unleash Chiang!"

"The interesting thing about these phrases," Barbara says, "is that they get exported; people take them with them, and off in the distance, from someone else's court, you'll suddenly hear, 'All right now, unleash Chiang!'"

Barbara Bush now plays doubles with her husband only on the most informal occasions. She gave up serious doubles with him after a match in China in 1975. "We were playing a Pakistani man, who wasn't very good, and an East German woman, who was very good," Barbara Bush says with a chuckle. "In fact, it's always been my contention that she was a heavy user of steroids! That's a terrible thing to say, but there has to be

some reason they were whipping us. In any event, I clutched, and George was so disappointed, especially to be beaten by the East German, that afterward I told him that I knew he preferred men's doubles and that was perfectly all right with me."

The President-elect usually plays with whichever of his four sons are available. All are fine players, especially Marvin, the youngest. Indeed, when the President-elect, who has slowed down a bit, offers to play in their games, he notices a certain reluctance and much tying of shoelaces. He says he doesn't mind. He was always taught to "challenge up," which is why he often has the likes of Ivan Lendl and Bjorn Borg for a doubles partner.

On his travels the President-elect packs his tennis racket, along with his jogging gear. Because of longtime friendships with a number of big-name tennis players, he can arrange some pretty high-level games wherever he goes. In 1982 he alerted John Newcombe and Tony Roche that he was on his way to Australia. "They're very nice about suffering fools gladly on the tennis court," Bush says.

The only woman player who joins the Bushes regularly is Pam Shriver, who, although ranked No. 5 in the world, enjoys their games. "It's refreshing to play with the Bush family," says Shriver. "Being a professional, my tennis is 99.9 percent serious. So matches with the Bushes are fun, and the standard is good enough so that it's not a chore."

The President-elect inevitably picks Shriver as his partner. During a phone conversation one afternoon in the middle of the campaign, Bush told his sister, Nancy, "I had a terrible day." She braced herself for the worst. "George Jr. and Marv just beat Pam Shriver and me. Terrible!"

Tennis will undoubtedly be a popular sport at the White House during the Bush era, as it has been at various times in the past. Teddy Roosevelt reportedly played an aggressive, Bushlike game. He wore a flannel shirt and



BUSH AND DAUGHTER DOROTHY HAVE COMPANY WHEN THEY GO FOR A JOG IN THE MAINE WOODS



cret Service disguised rather haphazardly as caddies, their clubs in canvas golf bags clinking against the stocks of carbines. When he felt up to playing, Kennedy usually shot in the high 80's. Golf's slow pace irritated him, and he often picked up before finishing 18 holes.

Golf has always been part of the Bush tradition. The President-elect played in Midland, Texas, during his days in the oil business. In Maine, the family has played the Kennebunkport course, which is called Cape Arundel, for almost as long as it has been there. Built at the turn of the century, the club-



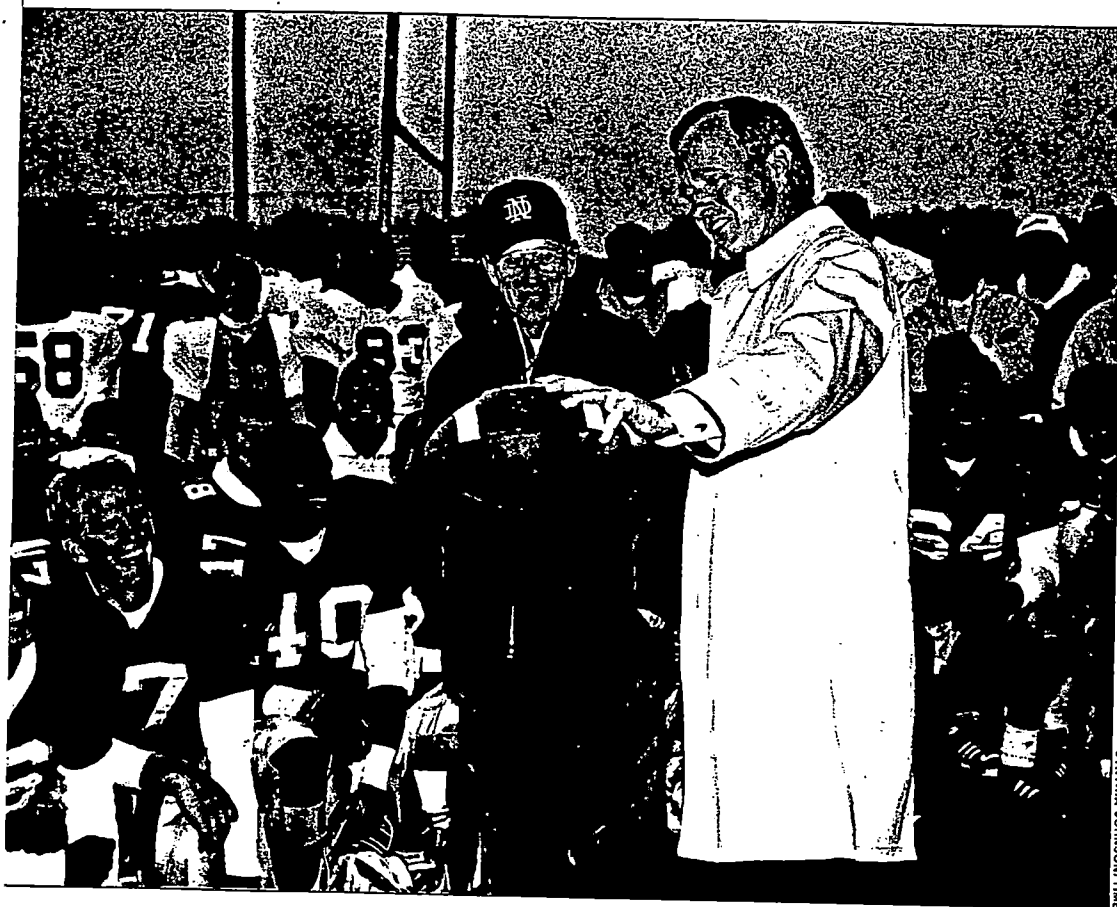
an old pair of trousers, and he held the racket halfway up the shaft. The clay court he played on disappeared under building extensions during the Taft Administration. Tennis gave way to other pastimes, including Hoover ball—a game invented by the White House physician in which a 10-pound medicine ball was hefted over a net in an effort to pare weight off Hoover—and golf.

Woodrow Wilson is said to have waved off a messenger bringing the news that he had secured the Democratic nomination for President until he could sink a putt. Harding, who turned the South Lawn into a practice fairway, trained his dog, Laddie Boy, to shag golf balls for him. Eisenhower played daily at the summer White House in Newport, R.I., with the Se-

cret Service disguised rather haphazardly as caddies, their clubs in canvas golf bags clinking against the stocks of carbines. When he felt up to playing, Kennedy usually shot in the high 80's. Golf's slow pace irritated him, and he often picked up before finishing 18 holes.

Golf has always been part of the Bush tradition. The President-elect played in Midland, Texas, during his days in the oil business. In Maine, the family has played the Kennebunkport course, which is called Cape Arundel, for almost as long as it has been there. Built at the turn of the century, the clubhouse is typical Kennebunkport—unpretentious, slightly quaint and functional. The clapboard structure includes neither a bar nor a restaurant. The Kennebunk River winds through the links-style course, with water and tidal flats coming into play on 11 holes. For years the President-elect's father held the course record of 66; Prescott's son does not do as well. The club professional, Ken Raynor, who has been at Cape Arundel for 15 years, reports that the President-elect's problem is his short game, especially his putting.

"He begs for a gimme," Raynor says. "He'd rather face Congress than a three-foot putt. Sometimes on the



WINNING CAMPAIGNS CONVERGED THIS FALL WHEN BUSH VISITED NOTRE DAME

green with the ball near the pin he calls out, "In respect for the high office of the Vice-Presidency, isn't that putt good?" I'm usually his partner, so I stay mum, but his opponents seem to get pleasure out of seeing him sweat it out. It's amazing. Usually if the ball's within the length of the leather grip, it's a gimme, but for him within the *blade* is a challenge."

According to Raynor, Bush had tried every conceivable stroke to try to cure himself of the spasms or yips that take over when he addresses a putt. "He's even tried putting one-handed!" says Raynor. "The rest of his game is very strong. His best score on the course is 76. He'd be an easy 11 handicap if he could get his putting under control."

To the Bushes, the score seems less important than the time it takes to get around the course. "It's not what you make on a hole but how many ticks on the stopwatch it's taken you to hole out," Raynor says. "Cart polo we call it. We've done 18 holes in two hours and 20 minutes."

Is there any wagering?

"Absolutely not," he says. "It's all for respect—bragging rights. On the first tee the Vice-President often tells everybody, 'All right now, it's dog-eat-dog. No favors. No friends.' And that's what his opponents bring up when he's faced with a one-foot putt and wants a gimme!"

If golf outings are likely to be sporadic, other sporting pursuits will be more regularly scheduled. Almost certainly the new President will travel every winter between Christmas and New Year's to Farish's cattle ranch, the Lazy F, which is

south of Houston, to hunt through the rolling hills of mesquite and huisache for quail and turkey. Farish, an investment counselor and horse breeder (he manages the syndicate that recently purchased Alysheba, who will stand at Farish's farm in Versailles, Ky.), says Bush prefers stalking quail. "He'll walk for hours behind the dogs," Farish says. "But waiting down in the creek beds for turkey, that's a little confining."

Keeping on the move has been a near obsession for Bush. During his stint in China, he rode a bicycle everywhere. "Instead of getting into a big limo, I'd arrive at a diplomatic function on a bike," he says. "It didn't surprise the Chinese, though sometimes they were startled to see my mother, who was in her seventies, arrive with me."

The President-elect took up jogging in 1976, after he returned from China and took over the CIA. "Unlike many who say they've never seen a happy jogger, I really enjoy it," he says. "It gives me time to reflect, to clear the head. Before the debates in 1984, I practiced my answers on a track that took two minutes to go around—the same amount of time you're given to reply."

Bush runs about three miles a day when time permits—substantially less than Carter, a very serious jogger who ran as many as seven miles when he stayed at Camp David. In 1979, Carter considered himself fit enough to enter the Catoctin Mountain 10K race, in Maryland. Running in a field of 750, wearing number 39, black socks and a yellow headband, Carter dropped out of the race after 3½ miles, ashen-faced, and was helped into a Secret Service car. He recovered in time to present prizes to the winners at the finish line—to which he was driven.

Bush has also run a 10K, but under far less conspicuous circumstances than Carter. At the Secret Service facility at Annapolis in 1981, he dawdled along, outpaced by agents trying to make an impression. He says he needed just about an hour to finish, which is a fairly respectable time.

The usual procedure when he is done with his day's jogging is to pitch a game or two of horseshoes. His interest in the sport began a few years ago, when a court was installed at Kennebunkport to provide a diversion for the Secret Service and other members of his entourage. Bush tried it and was entranced: "Heaven!" He has joined the National Horseshoe Pitchers Association, which has a membership of 15,000—all of whom are surely stirred by the prospect of their sport ranking high in the athletic hierarchy at the White House.

The Bushes have not yet decided where to put the Presidential horseshoe court. Barbara Bush feels that sizing up the Rose Garden now would be like measuring for drapes before



G E O R G E B U S H

the Reagans have moved out of the White House. When they decide, the President-elect intends to bring some of the country's best horseshoe pitchers to the White House for exhibitions. He undoubtedly will team up with the best of them to take on all comers.

Bush is in awe of horseshoe champions, just as he is of any athlete who performs extremely well. He describes a horseshoe exhibition he once saw in which the pit and the stake were hidden from the throwers by a high partition: "Clunk! Clunk! That's all you heard. Didn't faze these guys a bit. They don't even have to see the stake."

At the moment three horseshoe pits are at Bush's service—one at the Vice-President's residence in Washington, and two in Kennebunkport—and they are focal points of social activity. An annual event in Kennebunkport over the past seven years has been a get-together of those in the area who are responsible for the President-elect's well-being—the Coast Guard, personnel from Otis Air Base on Cape Cod, the Secret Service and so forth. On these occasions, with more than 300 guests milling about on Walker Point, the day is highlighted by competition on the tennis and horseshoe courts between the Agent Busters and Bush Whackers.

The festivities start with a parade. The Bush clan carries various flags brought back from international travels in somewhat haphazard fashion up the driveway, to the beating of pails and tin pans. The Bush Whackers do not march in the parade. "We observe," says Secret Service agent Tom Clark, who heads the Whacker team. His squad members are from the midnight detail; those on duty during the festivities keep their backs to the goings-on, staring into the sea roses or out at the water for unfriendlies. But they can tell from the needling and the shouts of encouragement—most of it from the Agent Busters—how things are going. The competition is stiff. Over the years the Agent Busters have held the edge. As Clark says of the President-elect, "He's a good loser, but he's a much better winner."

The results of all Bush family competitions are passed on to a mysterious organization known as the Ranking Committee. The Bushes talk a great deal about the Ranking Committee—a mystical, fictitious family body with what Jonathan Bush describes as "enormous power." No one is quite sure who is in

charge of the Ranking Committee, and its findings are rarely divulged, because hardly anyone in the family will admit that someone is better than someone else. Yet all matches reported to the Ranking Committee are considered upsets by the victors, which tends to confuse matters.

For all his competitiveness the President-elect seems to take little interest in its tangible rewards. His mounted bonefish (TEN POUNDS, EIGHT OUNCES, reads the plaque under it) has a little rubber bathtub shark riding its back, tossed up there by a grandchild. The closest thing to a trophy case in the Bush household is a cluttered shelf in a dormitorylike room on the third floor of the Washington residence. The jumble includes 22 autographed baseballs, one of which was signed by Joe DiMaggio, who added the comment, "You make the office look great." There also is a football autographed by Roger Staubach, who wrote, "Thanks for giving a darn about friends"; a Keith Hernandez—model first baseman's mitt; a Chicago Cubs pennant; a 1988 Dodgers World Series baseball cap; an NASL soccer ball; two hard hats (Brookfield Fire Dept.); and a blood-red Arkansas Razorback novelty hat.

The President-elect tried it on, the hog's snout poking out over his forehead, and then put it back on the shelf and started talking about throwing out ceremonial first balls. One of his most embarrassing moments occurred in Houston two years ago, when he bounced a baseball halfway to the Astros'

catcher. "You tend to forget the distance," Bush said, not mentioning the fact that his motion had been hampered by a bullet-proof vest. "It's a question of raising your sights. You learn. Next time it's going to be right on target."

He stepped over a sleeping bag and looked out the window at the panorama of the city. Through the trees he could see the Washington Monument and the Capitol.

Did he think his duties in the White House would curtail his athletic activities?

No, he said. He didn't think so. They are such an important part of his life. The Ranking Committee will be working full-force in the White House. And of course the next generation will leave its mark. The children. They will bring their enthusiasms.

"Whatever, it'll be lively," he said.



BILL FINNEN

EVEN WHEN HE FAILS TO LAND ONE, BUSH LOVES FISHING



THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

March 22, 1989

MEMORANDUM FOR THE SPEECHWRITERS

FROM: Bob Simon
SUBJECT: Bush Anecdotes from 1976

The President's remarks during his tenure as Director of Central Intelligence are well preserved.

I have attached three speeches he gave in 1976 which contain several anecdotes and personal glimpses. You may find them useful in the future.

Please note that these speeches have not been previously released and should not be released in this form.

ARGOT

READ HIS LIPS? SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO READ THE PRESIDENT'S MIND TO FIND OUT WHAT HE REALLY MEANS

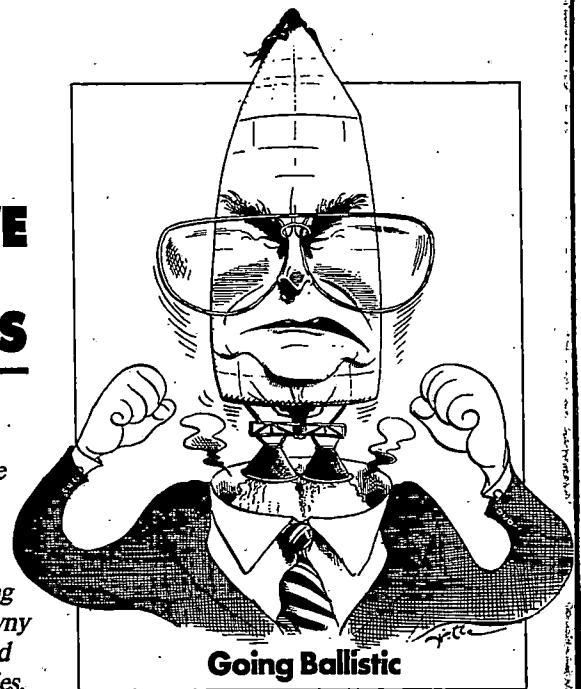
What does crooner Vic Damone have to do with golf? How does one "steer the ball to the dance floor"? Who, pray tell, is "Mr. Smooth"? One man knows. And when George Bush, President of the United States and leader of the Free World, speaks of these things, everyone listens raptly. And then they ask someone else what he was talking about.

Although every President uses and abuses English in his inimitable way, few have been as consistently inventive as George Bush. Indeed, Bushspeak, as the pundits now call it, is as richly varied as the President's own background. When it comes to the language thing, the President is a rolling stone who has gathered only the moss. Churning in his fractured lexicon is his Andover-Yale Eastern Establishment lockjaw (the "silver foot in his mouth" that Democrat Ann Richards poked fun at), his early exposure to Texas twang, and what may be a misguided impulse to try

to seem like one of the golfing guys. There are also whispers of Kennebunkport, his experiences as a fighter pilot, his tenure as the head of the CIA. Add a lifelong love of sports plus a fondness for quoting Yogi Berra, and the result is a mulligatawny mélange that baffles many Americans and sends foreign reporters to their dictionaries.

What has been missing, till this point, is a glossary of George Bush's English, a phrase book for tourists to Bush country. We now offer that guide, culled from a variety of sources, in the hope that future generations of schoolchildren will not be too mystified when they study the history of late 20th-century America and come upon phrases like "deep doo-doo."

VIC DAMONE: Nothing at all to do with the suave song stylist, this is George Bush's way of saying "victory,"



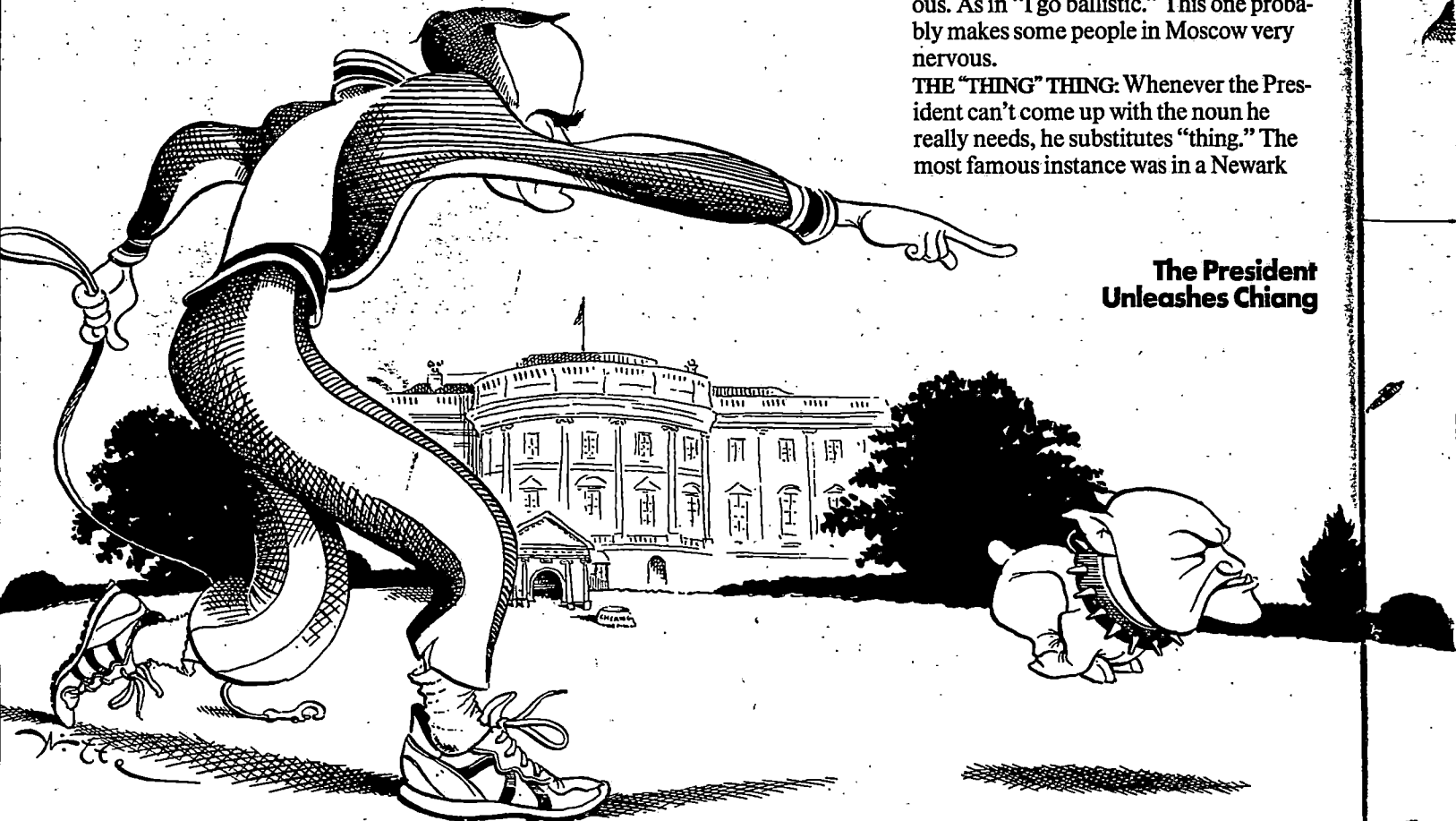
as in "Vic Damone" on the links today. **STEER THE BALL TO THE DANCE FLOOR:** A Bush golfing expression—and mixed metaphor—which, in translation, means getting the ball on the green.

MR. SMOOTH: None other than the President himself, after he has made a particularly fine shot. This also gets him out of . . .

TENSION CITY: The critical juncture in any sporting or political event. **GO BALLISTIC:** Become absolutely furious. As in "I go ballistic." This one probably makes some people in Moscow very nervous.

THE "THING" THING: Whenever the President can't come up with the noun he really needs, he substitutes "thing." The most famous instance was in a Newark

The President Unleashes Chiang



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drug clinic during the election campaign when he asked a recovering addict: "Did you come here and say, 'The heck with it, I don't need this darn thing?' Did you go through a withdrawal thing?"

DEEP DOO-DOO: The substance in which Mr. Smooth finds himself when he can't get out of Tension City.

I COULDN'T CARE LESS: He couldn't be more deeply concerned. Also see . . .

IT DOESN'T BOTHER ME: Boy, does it bother him. The more he denies it, the hotter he is.

A MODIFIED LIMITED PHOTO OP, CUM STATEMENT, SANS QUESTIONS: Photographers can take pictures; Mr. Bush will make remarks but not answer any

questions. To achieve the same effect, President Reagan would simply stand beside a thundering helicopter.

GETTING INTO THEIR KNICKERS: Not as racy as it might appear. When the President used this locution he was praising Lee Atwater, chairman of the Republican National Committee, and his burrlike ability to irritate the Democrats.

POWER OUTAGE: There's this thing in midair and the President doesn't think it's going to hit the target, so this is what he yells. Don't worry, he's referring to pitching horseshoes.

UNLEASH CHIANG: Though it sounds like some new age nostrum about casting the *I Ching*, this phrase actually goes back

to the coldest days of the Cold War, when Taiwan strongman Chiang Kai-shek kept threatening to invade mainland China and take it back from Mao. When Mr. Bush uses it, though, it's a slyly humorous exhortation to his tennis doubles partner to deliver a blockbuster serve.

SLIDE SHOW: Bush's term for economic decline, as in, say, *The Slide Show and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

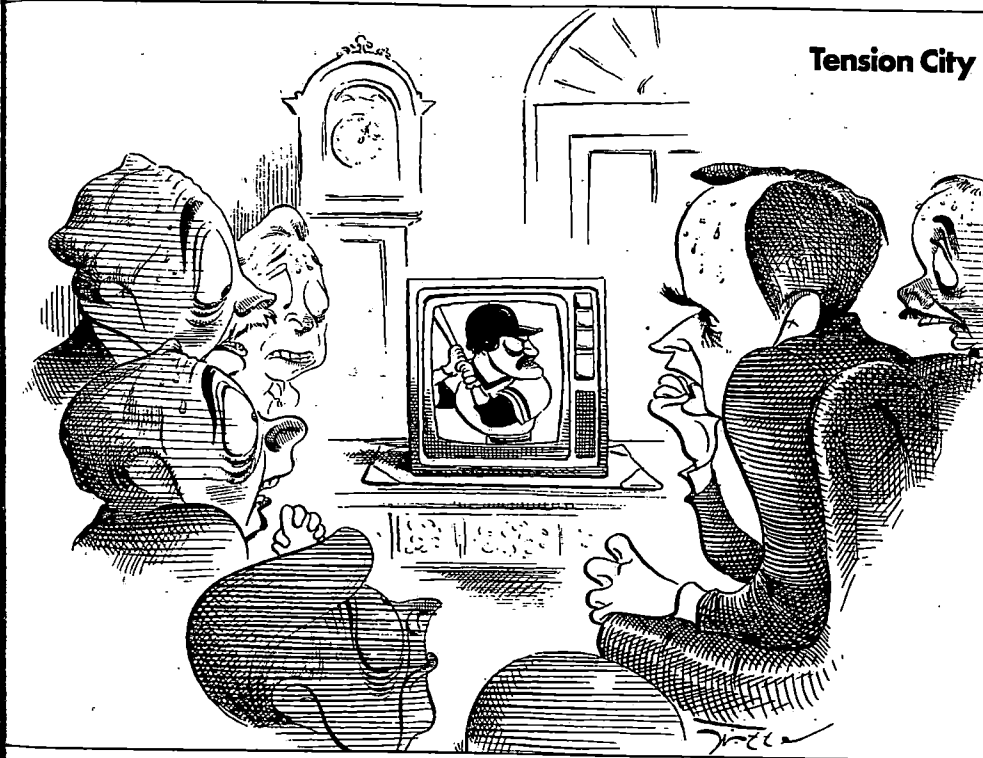
NO PRISONERS: What he says when he's on the verge of a big win, a wipeout.

YOU CAN OBSERVE A LOT JUST BY WATCHING: The President is fond of quoting Yogi Berra, that Hall of Fame philosopher-linguist. This drives foreign reporters completely bonkers—as does his general passion for baseball metaphors. This past summer, when describing his difficulty in catching bluefish in Kennebunkport, he told the press, "I've seen a lot of good .350 hitters bat .178 for a while." "The French reporter threw down his notebook in frustration," said *Washington Post* reporter David Hoffman. "How do you begin to translate that?"

Well, maybe you start with the baseball thing and how a good hitter in Tension City finds that to achieve a Vic Damone . . .

—Michael Neill,

Garry Clifford in Washington, D.C.



Hamilton

L1 George Bush

Address to ^{L1}Houston YMCA

L1 May ⁷7, 1976

L2 Address, *Hamilton* *see*

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GEORGE BUSH: Thank you, Ed, for that very warm introduction, and I really can't tell you how pleased Barbara and I are to be home in Houston. It's not that I'm -- it's not just that I'm glad to be out of Washington. I'm delighted, really, to be back, the first time that we've had a chance to be in our hometown since we left for Peking in the fall of 1974.

I feel at home here. I believe in the work of the YMCA. I was active in Midland, Texas in the founding of the Y out there, I've participated here. I can attest that what Ed told you is true about Carl Walker. Riding along, minding my own business in the Forbidden City in downtown Peking, and the messenger hands you a note: "Your a month behind payment for the Century Club in the South-central Branch of the Houston YMCA." I think that's going a little far. But we've got a place for Carl in our organization, I think.

~~[Laughter]~~

It's kind of like the guy -- when Barbara and I were up and living in splendor as your representative at the United Nations, living high atop the Waldorf Hotel in 42A, which is the Embassy of the United States to the United Nations. Came out, saw this guy dragging a mongrel dog along, right across from 50th Street there, heading over towards Madison Square Garden.

I said, "Where you going with the dog?"

He said, "Well, I'm taking him over to enter him in the pet show in Madison Square Garden."

I said, "Well, that's the world champion show. Do you think he's going to win anything?"

He said, "No, I don't expect he's going to win anything, but he's going to be in some damn fine company."

~~[Laughter]~~

And that's the way I feel about being here tonight. A lot of people from the Y, a lot of people from the Breakfast Club that I used to attend with great regularity and affection, and I do feel at home here. And somebody at a press conference, you know, asked me the inevitable question this evening about: "Well, what'll you do if the President or the next President or the present President doesn't want you to continue in what you're doing?"

I said, "Well, I'll do what anybody else does that's appointed to serve at the pleasure of the President. Whether this

President's elected or another President's elected, I'll submit my resignation; and if he accepts it, I'll be very happy, 'cause I'll move back here to Sage Road and go to work for Carl Walker, and I think we'll have a good -- good -- good life." And I really mean that.

And so, I am very pleased to be here tonight. I want to talk to you a little bit about the Central Intelligence Agency. It's not altogether unrelated to YMCA work, and I'll try to make that point later. But I'd like to talk to you about it as it is, not as people sometimes think it is. I read all kinds of stories about stuff that the Central Intelligence Agency is involved in, and I immediately go to my office, a very efficient one: "Please check this out."

Now, with me tonight is one of our press officers, and he gets many more of these stories than I get, and he was telling me about one that is really true -- the story is true; the facts are not -- about what we were blamed for. He got a frantic call from the West, and they said, "We would like you to verify this story about the Central Intelligence Agency. We're very upset about it."

And our man said, "Well, yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

He said, "Well, we understand that three humanoids landed in the desert in Nevada and that they were met there by a CIA agent who took them to Elgin [sic] Air Force Base, where they were frozen and put on ice. And they got unfrozen three days later and died.

"Now, did you or did you not do this?"

Mr. Perrin said, "No, we did not freeze three humanoids."

But then the question is, you know, "Well, did they land in the desert?" And we end up going through all kinds of peculiar things.

There was another guy -- and these are true stories -- that was making \$150 a lecture, lecturing on the West Coast, advertising himself as a former hired killer for the CIA. And he went on to tell about a real weird tale of how he'd been hired to kill people in the Soviet Union. And somebody from the crowd held up his hand and said, "How did you get out of the Soviet Union?"

He said, "Well, I didn't have dollars; I used my American Express card," left the Soviet Union, and then was telling his tales on the West Coast.

And it's one darn story like that after another. And so

tonight I want to talk to you in a reasonably brief period of time, you'll be happy to know, about the Central Intelligence Agency, as I've found it in the period of time that I've been there.

In the first place, we're in an age-old business. Perhaps -- I say perhaps -- the oldest profession in the world. Some have suggested the second-oldest profession, but perhaps the oldest profession in the world.

Kung Chiu writing in China in 500 B.C., a book called "The Art of War," which is small enough to recommend it to friends, talked about an army without secret agents is like a man without eyes and ears. And he went on to say that the supreme art of war is to subdue the enemy without fighting. And it goes on to describe in considerable detail methodology of intelligence, that could have been written within the last few years.

So, first, were in an age-old business.

Secondly, we're an agency that, let's face it, has taken a tremendous battering. Tonight I want to give you just a few examples of damage to the intelligence community. I present them not to discourage you from -- or, make you feel that the CIA is on the ropes, but I'm continually asked, "Has all this publicity really hurt our necessary intelligence capability?"

And the answer has got to be, in all fairness, "Yes, it's hurt us somewhat.

While the extent of deterioration in relationships with foreign intelligence organizations is -- it's hard to assess it, U.S. officers are convinced that foreign intelligence agencies with which we've had close relationships in the past are holding back on certain sensitive information rather than risk its exposure in the United States.

Another example: A senior African security service officer told a CIA representative that allegations about CIA involvement in coup conspiracies were convincing officials in his own government that the CIA was behind every coup attempt in the world.

Liaison services in four Latin American countries have cited leaks about the CIA as an excuse for offering less cooperation with our government than in the past.

In the Middle East and Southeast Asia there have been explicit reflections in recent months from four intelligence services with which we have liaison relationships of deep concern about whether the CIA adequately can protect the fact that these covert relationships exist.

And so, the full-trust nature of these relationships,

hopefully temporarily, has indeed been adversely affected.

And the fifth one: A ranking East European, Iron Country, East European official who's been a secret agent since 1972 has refused to continue his collaboration on the grounds of excessive publicity about the Central Intelligence Agency.

An African service refused to initiate a joint operation with CIA as a direct result of leaks and disclosures of activities.

And the seventh example: Exposures naming companies and business leaders who have cooperated with the CIA have created an unwillingness on the part of those individuals to assist the agency confidentially, for fear such association will be exposed in the press.

And then, two companies who've been providing material for the CIA over the years, business people coming back from trips debriefing CIA, recently advised the agency that they no longer care to do business with the Central Intelligence Agency.

These are just a few examples of where, perhaps, our capability, which I happen to think is vital to our national security, where our capability has been damaged.

Thirdly, we're an agency that, in spite of this, has had some amazing successes. And you hear about, over the last 18 months, the failures, but you don't hear about the intelligence successes. Some of it is because I am charged, under the 1947 act, with the protection of sources and methods of intelligence, and some of it is because it's kind of like reading about all the banks that weren't robbed today. You read about the ones that were robbed, you read about the sensationalism, you read about the stuff that's gone wrong, but you don't read about the quiet successes; and I do want to mention just a few to put in balance the damage versus the ongoing mission of the agency.

I wish we could list the most spectacular successes, but we simply can't do it, because disclosure would give away sources and methods. But just a couple of examples.

We have closely followed the Soviet ICBM design and development activities over the past two decades. There have been several new ICBMs developed during the past decade, and we've been able to detect the development of each about three years before it became operational. And moreover, well before they became operational, the principal technical characteristics of these weapons were established and the information was provided to the policymakers in our government.

Technical selection devices have enabled us not only to monitor development of these ICBMs, but also to keep track of

Soviet missile deployment with great accuracy and to predict when various sites would become operational and to predict the size of the force one or two years in advance.

We identified and followed the development of the Soviet ABM, anti-ballistic missile system, at Moscow before it became operational, and individual ABM radars were identified in the early phase of their construction several years before they became operational.

At least one foreign leader, no particular friend of the United States, alive today because the CIA warned him of a plot against his life.

A number of hijackings and other terrorist actions abroad have been thwarted because we were able to give timely and accurate intelligence to local authorities. And we've been able to bring about the arrest of narcotics traffickers abroad and the seizure of major narcotics shipments.

Trade [unintelligible]. Giving early warning long before the fact of what OPEC planned to do in terms of economic boycott and in terms of price increases that would damage the Free World in some way.

And the pendulum of public opinion now seems to be swinging back, fortunately, on the Central Intelligence Agency and there seems to be a fundamental recognition in this country that we've got to have a capability that is second to none.

You know, many people in our country really have no concept about what our mission is. People are frightened, because of some of the things that were clearly wrong in the past, about our agency. Everybody that calls me up on the telephone to play tennis, have lunch, the perfectly normal things -- CIA people do these kinds of things -- work in Little Leagues, work in the YMCA. People call up and they always keep saying to me, "Who's on the phone with us?" You know, "How many people are listening in?" And I'm getting tired of it. I've never seen such a decent group of people as I work with. And you're an agency with a vitally important mission.

Let me just tick off a few of the past, and you ask yourselves, as I tell you, did you know that this agency was involved in this kind of thing? I know you know we were involved in making Fidel Castro's beard drop off, or some kind of a peculiar aberration that was wrong and that's been corrected, a few examples of things that went wrong over a long, long period of time.

I don't know whether you think nuclear proliferation is important. I'm scared to death about it. I think it's terrible. The CIA has a tremendous, tremendously vital role in letting our President, the Congress, the policymakers know what's happening in

terms of nuclear proliferation in the world.

Political change: sometimes our business, sometimes not our business, particularly, but something that our policymakers must know about.

Terrorism I mentioned.

What branch of the U.S. Government concerns itself about hijackings abroad? Maybe you feel we shouldn't be. I think we should. I think we should help our fellow man try to abort this move towards anarchy when a terrorist takes the law into his own hands, and CIA has a vital role in trying to contain terrorism.

The same thing for the international movement of drugs. The same thing about averting war through early knowledge, so that the policymakers can take some statistics and take some information and use it to confront governments with, not to further the interest of the United States, necessarily, but to protect the peace.

In the recent troubles in the Middle East, and they're not over by a long shot, the intelligence on how many Syrian troops crossed into Lebanon came from my agency, and we did a first class job on it, and we could tell the President of the United States, almost to the hour, of what the presence was in another country of troops from Syria.

An overt -- an overt capability: We've got the best cartologists in the United States Government and in the United States. Cartologists, they make maps, for those of you who didn't know what that means. And it's an overt capa -- if you want to get a good map and you've got a buck-and-a-half on you, write to CIA, and it'll say CIA, and they're the best. And our cartologists have been recognized by people in that business as the very tops in the field.

Economic intelligence: The grain crops in the Soviet Union. Our intelligence is fundamental to what the economic pressures are going to be, what the demands from other countries on this country are going to be.

Factual questions: How many Cubans are operating in Angola today? Where are they going to go when they leave Angola? Are they going back to Cuba, or are they going over into Mozambique and to Somalia and to Guinea and some other place in Africa? I think it's a very important question, and it's a question that our agency is charged with answering to the best of our ability.

The change in China that took place over the last month. Vitally important, not only to the security, eventually, of the United States, but to the security of our NATO allies. Where is

China going to go? Are they going to get back in bed with the Soviet Union? And if they do, what does that mean to Japan, for example? What does that mean to our NATO allies, if the Soviet Union doesn't have to concern itself about the Chinese-Russia border, it can shift its intention to NATO?

These are fundamental questions and they're questions that affect the life of every American, if not today, tomorrow, if the answer comes out wrong. And our agency is involved in getting this kind of information to present to the policymakers.

So, we're an agency with a vitally important mission. We're an agency with great human assets. We have several hundred Ph.D.s -- many hundreds, I'd say, Ph.D.s and M.A.s, space scientists, aerodynamic engineers, psychologists, political scientists, economists, agronomists, linguists, historians. We've even got a barbershop, got a cafeteria -- I think I need to go there -- we've got a barbershop, cafeteria, and, as I mentioned, we've just got plain citizens that kind of go about their daily lives. They're not sneaking around, spying on people, and they do a first class job.

And we've got some brave people there, brave men and women. Our operations people abroad, given the unreal climate in which they've been asked to operate, they stay steadfast.

And Barbara and I took a recent trip to Europe and we saw some of them, talked to the families, talked to the wives. And I came back and I asked myself this question: What can I do to make the American people understand and appreciate the sacrifice and the patriotism of these people. As this vicious practice of exposing names goes on, the lives of these decent Americans is in jeopardy. And yet they don't complain, and they and their families have this deep inner feeling that they're giving something vital to the Free World. They don't get any medals, they don't take any bows, and their motivation, just like the motivation we saw here tonight, is service and dedication to country, dedication to country and to the principle of freedom as the matrix that joins all these people together.

And so what do we do about it all? In the first place, we conduct our business recognizing that we are operating in changed circumstances. We consult, in the last quarter century, much more closely with the Congress of the United States, and thus with the people. We will cooperate with Congress, but Congress has got to recognize that it must protect the agency's intelligence secrets.

In addition, we operate within the laws of the United States. We stay in the foreign intelligence business and we go about the surveilling domestically and the things that got this agency into trouble in the past. If we find a mess in our house, we clean it up and we report it, under the President's Executive

Order.

We've got to change our way of dealing with the public. We've got to be more open in helping people understand what CIA does.

But having said these things, we've got to do some other things, too.

We protect the lives of our people by fighting to keep secret those things that must be kept secret. I am not going to reveal the name of our agents, the names of people that have helped us in the past, or the names of people who are helping us in the present or in the future.

When I came to CIA, because of my concern about First Amendment rights, I made a decision that we would not use U.S. journalists on a paid or contractual basis -- freedom of the press, the Constitution. I made a decision that we would not use church people, on a similar basis -- freedom of religion, constitutional problem. The policy was changed and the cloud removed for now and for the future.

And yet some people are now insisting that I give them the names of those who helped CIA in the past. Well, they're simply not going to get those names.

We are, at times, in a tough and dangerous business, and the people with whom we deal, past, present or future, must know that we're not going to expose them to danger and that we are not going to betray a trust, and that we will, in short, keep our word.

Let me end on a personal note. A couple of weeks ago I was talking to the daughter of a friend of ours who had -- this girl had just graduated from college, and she was job hunting, and she was talking to me about the CIA.

Incidentally, our recruitment is up. Some cynics say, "Well, of course, anybody's recruitment is up when you've got 7.5% unemployment. Of course you're going to have more applicants." It's more than that, though, because our people have a way of comparing quality, through certain kinds of testing, today with what it was, say, 10 years ago, and the quality, as measured in these so hopefully scientific fashion, is clearly up.

But anyway, as sensitive and bright kids do, this young girl raised the question to me of the morality of the business that I'm involved in. And all of you who have teenaged kids in this place that works, and dedicated staff that spends so much of your lives devoted to shaping the lives of young kids, you know what I am talking about when I talk about how this younger generation compels us older people to address ourselves to the question

of morality.

And indeed, I told her that, given the emotions of the past year, this question of morality is a question that clearly I had to wrestle with when I was riding my bicycle peacefully along on a Sunday morning, having come from a church -- and they do have Christian churches in -- a Christian church in Peking. Barbara and I will never forget it. We were riding back, and one of our couriers or messengers stopped us and asked us to ride on down to the Liaison Office, and gave me this telegram saying that the President of the United States wanted me to come back and head the Central Intelligence Agency.

And I -- as I talked to this young kid, having told her that I had wrestled with this question of the morality of it all, I found that it wasn't too easy a question to handle. I have it sorted out in my mind, but I found myself somewhat inarticulate in expressing it to her. Because there are some grubby things in this business, not many, not near as many as you'd think from reading the sensationalism of the past, but there are some. And there's something less than lovely for Americans about having to do certain things in secret, having to deceive, having to spy.

But to me -- and I tried to explain this to her -- this unloveliness is all over -- in the first place, it's a small part of our mission, the operational side, a tiny part of the great asset that is CIA. But it's all overridden, for me, by my total conviction that if freedom is to survive in a world where our adversaries, dedicated to world socialism, dedicated to world communism, where they're penetrating every country in the world, large and small, we better have a strong intelligence capability.

And I quoted to her Horace Mann: "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

Now, I know that some, in the climate of the past, would question whether working in intelligence is indeed a -- could be considered a victory for humanity. I am convinced that it can be. I feel dedicated to being sure we operate within the law, but I also feel dedicated to keeping our capability second to none.

I spent a fantastic 14 months with Bar in the Peoples Republic of China, and now I'm back. And I loved every minute of our time there. And though I give them enormous....

[End of recording]

REMARKS AT

MILTON ACADEMY

BY

GEORGE BUSH

DIRECTOR OF CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE

11 JUNE 1976

Milton, Mass

MILTON ACADEMY GRADUATION SPEECH

I HAVE REALLY BEEN WORRYING ABOUT THIS GRADUATION SPEECH.

I THOUGHT I WAS NERVOUS WHEN I WENT UP BEFORE THE U. S. SENATE FOR MY JOB AS AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED NATIONS, OR CERTAINLY FOR MY PRESENT JOB--BUT NOTHING LIKE THIS...

TOO MANY RELATIVES OUT THERE.

I HAD ONE BRIEF ANNOUNCEMENT--I JUST WANT TO SAY, NO MATTER WHAT YOU HAVE HEARD, THAT MY NEPHEW, JOE ELLIS, IS NOT, NOR HAS HE EVER BEEN, A CIA AGENT.

AFTER THE GREAT SHOW LAST FALL IN THE NOBLE'S HOCKEY GAME WHEN MILTON WAS BEHIND, WHAT WAS IT--4 TO 1 AT THE END OF THE SECOND PERIOD, AND CAME BACK FROM UTTER DISASTER TO WIN IT 5-4 IN THE FINAL GAME, I EXPECT SOME MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT THE WHOLE MILTON TEAM HAD BEEN NEFARIOUSLY RECRUITED, PERHAPS WITH CIA HELP, BUT WRONG AGAIN....

TODAY I WANT TO SAY JUST A FEW WORDS ABOUT COMMITMENT, CREDIBLE COMMITMENT.

DUE TO THE TURMOIL OVER VIETNAM, OUR COUNTRY WENT THROUGH
A PERIOD WHERE MANY OF YOUR PREDECESSORS, WHEN FINISHING MILTON--
OR ANY OTHER OF OUR GREAT SCHOOLS LIKE MILTON, EMBARKED ON PROGRAMS
NOT TO GIVE, BUT TO FIND.

NOT TO GIVE TO COUNTRY, OR STATE, OR COMMUNITY, BUT TO FIND -
FIND THEMSELVES.

THEY SEARCHED. SOME FOUND, MANY DIDN'T.

FOR SOME IT WAS SERIOUS, FOR MANY IT WAS ESCAPE. BUT THERE
WAS A DOWNSIDE COMMONALTY TO ALL OF THIS, IN MY VIEW, AND THAT WAS
A LACK OF COMMITMENT.....COMMITMENT TO ANYTHING OTHER THAN ONE'S SELF.

LET ME GIVE YOU THREE BRIEF EXAMPLES OF WHAT I MEAN BY COMMITMENT,
FOR COMMITMENT CAN BE DIFFICULT.

LAST YEAR, NEAR DAIREN IN THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA, WE
WENT HIGH ATOP A STONE MOUNTAIN TO VISIT HO MU PRODUCTION BRIGADE
OF YING CHENG TZU PEOPLE'S COMMUNE. I WAS THE GUEST OF THE CHINESE
FOREIGN AFFAIRS OFFICE, AND THEY WERE TAKING MRS. BUSH AND ME TO

SOME OUT OF THE WAY SPOT (OUT OF THE WAY FOR FOREIGN VISITORS AT LEAST). WE WENT TO THE GLASS FACTORY AND TO THE PORT AND TO THE LOCOMOTIVE FACTORY. AT EACH PLACE WE GOT LECTURES ON THE DEDICATION OF THE PEOPLE TO CHAIRMAN MAO AND TO HIS REVOLUTIONARY PRINCIPLES. THE STATE AND PARTY WERE SUPREME.

CHINA HAS MADE REMARKABLE STRIDES IN MINIMAL HEALTH CARE FOR ALL, IN FOOD FOR 900 PLUS MILLION PEOPLE, IN CUTTING DOWN ON STREET CRIME--ALMOST TO THE POINT OF ELIMINATION--IN MANY AREAS, BUT ONLY AFTER I HAD BEEN THERE AWHILE DID I GET THE STRONG FEELING ABOUT THE COMMITMENT OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE.

OUR BUS WORKED ITS WAY TWO-THIRDS OF THE WAY UP THIS STONEY MOUNTAIN--THEN WE RAN OUT OF ROAD AND WE WALKED THE REST OF THE WAY.

THE LEADER OF THE HO MU BRIGADE WAS 35 YEARS OLD. HE BEGAN TO TELL US ABOUT HIS WORK. THEY HAD PLANTED 30,000 PEACH FRUIT TREES, HAULED OFF TONS OF ROCKS, DUG WATER WELLS, AND HAULED UP TONS OF FERTILIZER.

I LOOK AROUND AT ONE UNTOUCHED SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN, A BARREN STONE COVERED HILL, SINISTER AND UNPRODUCTIVE--AND THEN I LOOKED AT THE WORK THAT THIS MAN AND HIS PEOPLE WERE DOING--ROW UPON ROW OF PEACH TREES, TINY LITTLE SHOOTS, STUCK IN THE FORMIDABLE HILL SIDE. THE ROCKS HAD BEEN PAINSTAKINGLY UNEARTHED. THEY HAD BEEN USED TO FORM AND SHAPE THE ROWS UPON WHICH THE TREES WERE PLANTED.

ALL DONE BY HAND, THEY HAD MADE TERRACED ROW UPON TERRACED ROW FOR THE TREES TO GROW. THEY HAD FASHIONED AN AQUEDUCT SYSTEM TO POUR WATER ON THE LITTLE TREES, THEY HAD MOVED TON AFTER TON OF ROCKS. THEY HAD WORKED IN BLISTERING HEAT AND FRIGHTFUL COLD. THEY WORKED LONG, LONG HOURS. THEY TRUDGED MILES UP AND DOWN THIS MOUNTAIN.

THEIR WORK WAS IMPRESSIVE, BUT MORE IMPRESSIVE WAS THE OBVIOUS COMMITMENT OF THIS COMMUNE LEADER AND HIS COWORKERS. HE GAVE US A LECTURE ON THE LIBERATION (WHAT IT WAS LIKE BEFORE MAO) AND WHAT STRIDES HAD BEEN MADE SINCE--ALL OF THIS I HAD HEARD BEFORE, BUT

THE THING THAT WAS REALLY IMPRESSIVE WAS THE SENSE OF PURPOSE,
THE DEDICATION, THE WILLINGNESS TO SACRIFICE--THE COMMITMENT IF
YOU WILL. THIS MAN WAS COMMITTED TO CHAIRMAN MAO, TO HIS PRINCIPLES,
AND TO THE STATE.

EXAMPLE 2....THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS, IN DOING HIS WORK WITH
KIDS FROM ONE OF PARIS' TOUGHEST STREET GANGS, TOLD THEM THIS STORY.
SOME TIME AGO THERE WAS ANOTHER GANG, MUCH LIKE YOUR GANG. THE WAY
ONE GOT INTO THE GANG WAS TO DO SOMETHING WRONG--TO BREAK A LAW,
TO OFFEND A TRADITION.

THE NEW KID, WANTING BADLY TO GET INTO THE GANG, WAS TOLD-----
GO INTO THE CATHEDRAL AND GIVE A FALSE CONFESSION.

THE KID WENT OFF AND DID IT AND RETURNED "NOW AM I A MEMBER?"
NO, HE WAS TOLD. YOU MUST FIRST DO PENANCE.

GO INTO THE CATHEDRAL, WALK UP TO THE RUDE BEAM DURING THIS
LENT AND PASSION WEEK, AND SAY OUT LOUD THREE TIMES, "YOU DID IT FOR
ME AND I COULDN'T CARE LESS." THE KID WENT INTO THE LOVELY CATHEDRAL

UP TO THE RUDE BEAM, "YOU DID IT FOR ME AND I COULDN'T CARE LESS---
YOU DID IT FOR ME"---AND HE STOPPED AND LEFT THE CHURCH.

THE KIDS LISTENING TO THE ARCHBISHOP, NOW ENTHRALLED, SAID
WHAT HAPPENED, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BOY...?

THE ARCHBISHOP LOOKED AT THEM----I WAS THAT BOY....

COMMITMENT? DEEP AND ABIDING COMMITMENT!

EXAMPLE 3.....A 47 YEAR OLD GREEK SCHOLAR SOME 10-15 YEARS AGO
WENT TO WORK FOR THE CIA. HE GRADUATED MAGNA CUM LAUDE FROM HARVARD
MAJORING IN GREEK HISTORY AND LITERATURE. HE STUDIED UNDER AND WAS
INFLUENCED BY HARVARD'S GREEK SCHOLARS, PROFESSORS DOW AND FINLEY.
HE SERVED IN SUICIDAL FOREIGN COUNTRIES. HE HAD A WIFE AND SOME KIDS.

HE LOVED MUSIC, HE LOVED GREECE AND GREEK. HE LOVED TENNIS,
POOL AND BILLIARDS. HE HATED CANT.

HE BELIEVED IN CIA'S MISSION.

HE WATCHED WITH SOME CONCERN, I AM SURE, AS SOME DISCOVERIES
CAME OUT ON SOME THINGS THAT WERE CLEARLY WRONG AT THE AGENCY TO
WHICH HE HAD DEVOTED HIS LIFE. I AM SURE HE WAS UPSET BY THESE

REVELATIONS AND I AM EQUALLY SURE HE WAS UPSET BY THE REVELATIONS THAT CAME OUT THAT WERE NOT TRUE.

HE CONCLUDED THAT HE WANTED TO CONTINUE TO SERVE IN THE INTELLIGENCE BUSINESS. HE FELT HE WAS SERVING HIS COUNTRY HONORABLY. HE WAS SERVING WITHOUT FANFARE, NO CEREMONIES, NO CREDIT IN PUBLIC PLACES, NO GLORY. HE WAS SERVING BECAUSE HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD, WHICH WAS CONSIDERABLE, MADE HIM CONCERNED ABOUT THE THREAT--THE THREAT TO OUR COUNTRY THAT HE BELIEVED IN, THE THREAT TO THE FREEDOMS THAT THE COMMUNE LEADER IN DAIREN WILL NEVER HAVE THE LUXURY OF KNOWING, AND MORE PERSONALLY THE THREAT THAT TOTALITARIANISM COULD IMPOSE ON THIS MAN'S LOVE OF HISTORY AND CULTURE.

THIS MAN WAS TRULY COMMITTED--TO SOMETHING BEYOND HIMSELF. I CALL IT LOVE OF COUNTRY, BUT THAT'S TOO EASY FOR THIS DEEPLY THOUGHTFUL, HIGHLY CULTURED MAN. BUT THE FACT REMAINS, IN SERVING THE AGENCY I NOW HEAD, HE WAS INDEED COMMITTED TO SOMETHING FAR BIGGER THAN HIMSELF.

TWO DAYS BEFORE LAST CHRISTMAS HE GOT OUT OF THE CAR IN FRONT OF HIS HOUSE IN ATHENS, GREECE, HAVING DRIVEN HOME LATE AT NIGHT. A TERRORIST, AN ASSASSIN, GUNNED HIM DOWN WITH HIS AUTOMATIC PISTOL AND FLED.

RICHARD WELCH LAY DEAD.

RICHARD WELCH HAD BEEN COMMITTED TO FREEDOM.

TODAY YOU LEAVE THIS SCHOOL THAT HAS BEEN A MAJOR INFLUENCE IN YOUR LIVES...WHERE YOU GO IS IMPORTANT--WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS IS IMPORTANT.

THE THING THAT IS REALLY IMPORTANT IS HOW YOU GET THERE. FOR THE SAKE OF OUR COUNTRY, FOR THE SAKE OF THE BASIC VALUES THAT HAVE SERVED US WELL FOR 200 YEARS, IT IS ESSENTIAL THAT YOU GET THERE WITH COMMITMENT.

THANK YOU.

NAVAL AVIATION SPEECH

18 September 1976

By

George H. Bush

Have you ever noticed how Tom tends to understate things when he talks about the Congress. Admiral Moorer and Admiral Miller, let me just say how pleased I am to be here and to have been invited to speak to this distinguished group. I would be remiss if I didn't mention that Admiral Greer took a good deal of his time to show us around this morning and then Jim and Jean Scott extended to us the courtesy of their home which we enjoyed tremendously. I am extremely glad to be here. I think it is maybe because I am glad to be out of Washington. One good thing happening there though, all the people who months ago talked only about the excesses and the problems in the intelligence community are now worrying about politics, elections and things like housing starts and unemployment and all those problems that have now superseded, at least for the moment, the attention to CIA and the rest of the intelligence community. I always thought that Horace Cox's story, one of the great Senators told the story about the Senator who was defeated and his wife kinda liked it around Washington so he hung in there all the time and she was very busy on the social circuit and this man became increasingly nervous and restless so he

went down to the unemployment office and said I'm Senator so and so and I wonder if you have a job that I could fill. He said no, no nothing sir, for anybody in your illustrious career, and former statesman. We have nothing that would be fitting and so he went back three weeks later and they still say nothing so finally he was back there a month later and the girl was just about to tell him they had nothing, and the telephone rang. She said no I don't think we have anybody to fill it -- What is it, what is it, she held her hand over the phone and said it is the Washington Zoo calling and the gorilla died and they are trying to get somebody to put on a gorilla suit and hold down the job till the new gorilla can be shipped in and he said I'll take it, I'll take it, I'll do anything. So he slipped into his gorilla suit and he went out and sat quietly in the corner of the cage for the first week or two and then the high school and prep and the little below grade school kids came by and they started throwing him their bags of peanuts firing them into the cage and he began to scratch a little -- you know, jump around to get a nice hand from the school kids and finally he got swinging on the trapees and enjoying it very much and the crowd gave him a nice hand, and one day there was a real enthusiastic group and the Senator swing his gorilla suit flying over into the lion cage and the lion came charging over at him, pranching and digging in the dirt and the gorilla backed up against the cage and finally saw that the lion was clearly going to

attack him and gave up and yelled 'help' help' get me out of here and which the lion then said dran it, will you shut up, you are not the only United States Senator trying to make a job here.

I think it is time to shift it and now, of course, the description of some of the people that I work with on the Hill and I will leave it right there -- let me say that I am pleased to be back here. I will never forget my first golf game when I was stationed here in Oceana in 1945 and having come back from overseas, my wife was much more obliging in those days, we stationed her down the middle of the first fairway -- I think I only had about four golf balls and Ens. Max Ford and I who was in VC 153 right on this base and whenever we tee'd off we'd holler to her left and she would run into the woods on the left and look for the golf ball and we'd yell right and she would go running into the woods on the right. We drove by there today and it brought back many happy memories. Seeing the other night on the television the F-14 go over the side off the Kennedy made me think of my own significant contribution to this Department. One wing of the TBF, vicious ground loop at NAS Opalocka of Miami saw my superior, everyone was then my superior, this one was a full lieutenant and he was supposed to have his pilot there, which I thought was grossly unfair but as everyone knows that in Opalocka they have these peculiar wind things that come up at the end of the runway there and I sort of

credited that at a cost of something like \$25,000. And then I one time landed, when I was with Task Force 58.3, we were under some kind of an alert and so they told us all to jump into these air planes and you know you have these signals when you are ready, in those days you held your hand across you locked the throttle, that you first hold your hand across then you lock the throttle, I seemed to hold my hand up to signal that I was ready and some crewman anxious to get good brownie points with the chief petty officer pushed a button I guess and I flew off into the air came back with no oil pressure and landed right near the tower of the four depth charger. (laughter) This is the gospel truth. Four depth chargers in the TBF, it is the fastest exit for the TBF in history, I think we had, me and two guards in the back of the plane and fortunately the charges did not go off until the wires were cut from the pressure and the plane sank and then the last one was when I set the record for the free style on September 2nd, 1944 having being shot down over the (unintelligible) Island (unintelligible) my chute blew up on the land and I forgot to hook my seat pack and so when I bailed out of this TBF I got into the water alright but then there was no life raft there so some fighter pilot very considerately came down, zoomed down and demonstrated to me where the life raft was and I swam like mad and broke a free style record in that part of the Pacific and then was fortunately picked up by a submarine and if you think you're

scared flying airplanes you ought to try being on a submarine in the mist of the (unintelligible) Islands, September of 1944.

The only way we would accept all of those fancy navigations stuff, all we had to say (unintelligible) was the Texas flag (unintelligible) flew up over the top of some mast so we could honestly know our ship and the other ships and he was a great man and great Captain, innovative and everybody hated him for flying the Texas flag. You know in spite of all of this these are true stories, I sat there with Tom and I put in 120,000 for wing tip and he put in 180,000 for each of the two TBF's I lost and that made something like 400,000 bucks for these three planes and I ask him how much that F-14 cost though so I don't feel so bad -- You know you let 18 or 19 year old kids fly those airplanes, some of you were with us in those days, but there was a certain commonality then, to now somehow that experience in the Navy made a man out of me, I have as Tom says, been interested as anybody who is privileged to fly with the Navy since then and I am and will be a strong supporter of this organization and since Admiral Miller reminded me about my dues he didn't know that I intended to pay my dues, (applause) (unintelligible) The spirit is the same, the willingness to dare is the same the can do spirit for me epitomizes naval aviation is the same and I am privileged to be a paid up member of this association.

Speaking of courage, as Director of Central Intelligence I have some responsibilities for the totality of the intelligence known from (unintelligible) the thoughts to the degree the Americans have access to it to the thoughts that MIG-25 aircraft that landed in Tokyo, landed in northern Japan the other day and I have the privilege today of meeting some of the people that fly these devastating looking airplanes around us and I was enormously impressed as I have been when I have been privileged in the past to meet such men. I haven't met the women yet, but I would like to after looking at your (unintelligible). I would only say that my mind flaps back to the (unintelligible) of the Soviet Union and one may have ones views of leaving ones country but I think it was a good deal of courage involved that this man took off ducked under the Japanese radar screen and made his way to freedom, and I look forward to as chief intelligence officer of the United States of providing to the President and the policy makers as much as we possibly can. I know it will be an enormous benefit to the Armed forces. It will be an enormous benefit to the civilian components of intelligence and it will be an enormous benefit to the policymakers, who have to make all sorts of decisions in terms of the Soviet Union. I won't bore you tonight, late with the details that beset me in my job, I would remind you when I came into the job, and the Senate Committee was going on, and the House Committee was going on and people were

accusing the Central Intelligence Agency of a wide variety of offenses, my mind flashed back to my political days which I have now foresworn. I was head of the Republican party at the time that the Watergate scandle and Bob Sels, my deomocratic counterpart said to me he said "George, your job reminds me of making love to a gorilla," and I said "Oh really, Bob, how come," he said "well, you can't stop until the gorilla wants to ." I came into CIA at a very complicated time and I will only say however that things have gotten along a lot better. There have been some major structural changes in intelligence. I have now in the intelligence community two deputies, one in charge of CIA on the management basis, one in charge of the intelligence community staff, a very able four-star admiral, Dan Murphy who some of you know and served with him at the 6th Fleet. I can tell you it is an enormous pleasure to work with this guy, when I have the responsibility to take the national components of intelligence and be responsible for them, and yet don't sign the peoples fitness reports, don't make the promotions, it takes a great deal of persuasion to get through that Pentagon and to get the attention that those in this military end of intelligence. We are not involved in DCI tactical intelligence. I am responsible for management and I am impressed every hour with the ability that Dan Murphy and the inspiration that he brings to this job.. I am impressed with what he is doing. I will also mention that as people look at Central Intelligence, the Central

Intelligence Agency and the DCI they think of James Bond. They have no concept of the sophisticated methods of the collection of intelligence, they have no concept that in the Central Intelligence Agency alone, leave out the fantastic military components like, DIA, NSA, the services intelligence, in CIA alone we have literally hundreds of Phd's and MA's, people think of size, dirty tricks, and they give no credit to the enormous analytical capability that exist in all components of national intelligence and I am tremendously impressed with that. A word about the Community as it stands now. The CIA has been through an enormous amount. Tom Moorer alluded to it. There were I think demonstrable a hand full of mistakes that were made at different times, under different conditions, but when you take a new morality and apply it you people can say oh they think some things were wrong. They were parlayed, these mistakes into two massive congressional inquiries, they were parlayed into some good investigative reporting and much irresponsible investigative reporting. And the down side, I'll mention some of the good things about. (applause).

Well on the down side two days ago, a former employee of the CIA, now dedicated to not only the destruction of the Agency, but the destruction of his country goes down and wantonly publishes the names, alleged names of CIA people working in Jamaica, just putting their lives in risk, just as you put the lives, the life

of Mr. Welch in risk our PAC and (unintelligible). Under cover (unintelligible) and so one of the things we are having to live with is this irresponsibility. It came from the excess where a person can live commonly while doing something of this outrageous nature. The attacks on this man from the Central Intelligence Agency for the most part have ended. There have been some damage in terms of working in foreign intelligence services abroad and some agents abroad. They don't want to see their name in the Washington Post for example, and thus they pull back from the support that this country desperately needs if we are going to have guaranteed to the policymakers and to the Congress itself foreign intelligence capabilities second to none in the world. So we are being damaged, I think it is becoming better in this particular area but we have been damaged. But we were given credit for outrageous things, we got two calls suggesting that we had stolen the relic that is the gospel truth, the relic from Noah's Arc and that this got credit everywhere around the country, Noah's Arc. We did not steal the relic, Noah's Arc, I want you to know. We did not brain wash Candy Jones, we have been accused of brainwashing Candy Jones and people are very serious about it and I saw again within the last week, I don't even know who Candy Jones is, we didn't brain wash her, if she said we did, it's wrong because she doesn't have a brain if she said we did, but how can we wash it if we don't have a brain.

We didn't give Tom Dewey a million dollars in 1948 printed in the Rolling Stone Magazine reprinted by responsible wire services and passed along and then some people across this country believe it. We were not involved in the Lockheed scandals in Japan, the Senate Committee said we weren't but it was printed charged, and then printed over and over again across the United States and we don't own, for those of you in industry here, we do not own Hughes Aircraft we were accused of that in Playboy Magazine. But I am sure nobody here looks at Playboy Magazine but if you did you would know that these allegations were, I want you to know, that they are not true. These are the down sides previlous of those of Uncle Sam. More serious, there was a morale problem, there were threats toward dismantling the intelligence community but things are better. Look around the United States and you won't find a single person campaigning, not one, against the Central Intelligence Agency. Why, its the people, maybe part, maybe more people are enforceably saying don't dismantle , don't destroy the intelligence capability. The people running for office know this, they are not campaigning as perhaps you would have predicted a year ago against our great Agency. Congressional oversight is moved in my view a much more constructive way. It is oversight and not simply investigation. Dan Inouye, Chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee and Howard Baker if they find something wrong in the intelligence community or the CIA, they will do their

best to carve it out and make the corrections. But the Committee people are not coming out there to the CIA in an adversary role. They are coming out to see what kind of legislation is necessary to strengthen the intelligence process. And I respect them for this. I think this is the right approach to congressional oversight. The President's executive order has resulted I think in a much more streamline and hopefully much more effective role for the Director of Central Intelligence in setting priorities in the future and in doing something in terms of controlling our budget. Outside of D.C., I am absolutely convinced that the American people support the role of intelligence. I would only add by making a comment about the kinds of people that I work with. I have been involved which Tom said, in many jobs, business, congress, political parties, Ambassador to the United Nations, Ambassador to China and now serving as Director of Central Intelligence. In each of these jobs I have been involved with dedicated people some of them have been policy, some of them pure (unintelligible) but I have never seen in spite of the difficult, inspite of the outrageous charges, I have never seen more unselfish dedication than I am associated with, not just in CIA, but in other components in the intelligence community. There is no applause, there are no kinds of cheers for the good silent side of our services. Many of our people are properly undercover so that they can rule abroad after assignments in this country. And yet they have the hardest

dedication and the spirit after being beaten around the head by someone out there charging. They have retained this fantastic devotion and patriotism to the country that makes me think that the job is not like I described when I talked to you about that gorilla. Indeed, I think being Director of Central Intelligence at times and perhaps some of the things are confusing and difficult I think I am one of the luckiest people in the entire United States Thank you.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

*Intra
Office
humor
only*

HEBETUDINOUS (stupid) QUESTIONS

1989

Does the President wear boxers or briefs?

Does the President travel with his own china and curtains?

How big is the South Lawn?

Does the President shave himself?

Do you have a proclamation on National Clown Week?

Who set the regulations for the horseshoe pit at the WH?

What is the square footage of the White House?

Do they serve chili in the WH staff mess?

What positions did the POTUS play in baseball at Yale?

What did they serve at the BBQ last night?

Have we bombed Lebanon?

Has the POTUS ever faxed his signature from Air Force 1?

Was the POTUS a boy scout?

Where is the President registered to vote?

What voting ward is the WH in?

What wines & beverages might you serve at a WH function?

Can I use the flag in an advertisement?

WH paint color? Duron paint/whisper white

Can you just say, "and our number one song is Millie Venili"?

Was there a cake at the inauguration with the Prez's face all over it?

Why does the President use the word "thing" so much?

What do you know about counterfeit jewelry?

What color are Marilyn Quayle's eyes?

How many doors & windows are there in the WH?

Do you have a picture of the... ..

Do you have a video of LBJ popping nitro pills?

If I'm no with the Press Corps, can I travel with the POTUS?

What kind of watch does the POTUS wear?

Can I bring in ten antique cars to photograph them?

Do guests of the POTUS stay at the WH?

What is the WH policy for inter-office romance?

What was Amy Carter's code name for the Secret Service?

How long will it take for an interview request to go through?

"I'm a student, can I com in to watch them set-up for the Press Conference?"

"We're taking a poll, do you watch family feud?"

How many nominations are being held up because the because the Senate has refused to act expeditiously?

What is your response to the allegation that the White House does not play enough Polka Music?

"All we want is 15 minutes with the POTUS and we will broadcast it nationwide."

Do you have the exact definition of the word "nerd" in your office?

Do you know the make & model of the Prez's hearing aid?

Which U.S.V.P. recorded a #1 hit song & what was it?

Do you have any information on foreign policy?

What is the cabinet?

Does the President need boat insurance?

Do press congregate near you?

Where is the WH? ... Penn. Ave. ... Penn. What?

What about parking?

Will my tapes be erased if they go through the scanner?

Does the WH have an official position on how to pronounce Kennebunkport?

How do you spell Noriega?

You mean you did not go to the Prez's office to get an official quote for me?

If there were a woman president, what would her husband's title be?

Can I talk to the POTUS?

What is the name of the Thanksgiving turkey?
What hour of the day was the President born?

"I heard the White House is doing a promotion with Dominoes Pizza... is it true that Dominoes's is giving the WH 100 pizza's to take to Malta?"

"I make old fashioned quill pens and napoleon once said that the pen will always win over the sword, so I would like to suggest that President Bush give Gorbachev one of my pens as a symbolic gesture."

Is the White House on the stock exchange?

What is the date that Nixon resigned?

"I've been looking for a pair of glasses for a while. Where can I find a pair like the President's?"

What is the difference between a vacation and a holiday...Mr Fitzwater is confusing the words.

1990

"Lord have mercy, you mean I've called the White House!?!...Well hot dog!"

Is the President's cook Hispanic?

Is advisors spelled with an E or an O?

Can I ask the Prez about a college fraternity prank?

Is the President a smoker or a non-smoker?

What is the President's shoe size?

Was the President's grandfather the heavy weight champion of Missouri?

What is the color of the President's underwear?

Can I get a life-size cardboard cut-out of the President?

What is the President's blood type?