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Folder Title:
Memorial Day Ceremony, Nettuno, Italy, 5/28/89 [2]

Stack:	Row:	Section:	Shelf:	Position:
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THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

1989 MAY 23 10 17

May 23, 1989

INFORMATION

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

THROUGH: CHRISS WINSTON *cw*

FROM: EDWARD E. McNALLY *EM*

SUBJECT: MEMORIAL DAY SPEECH AT THE AMERICAN CEMETERY,
 NETTUNO, ITALY

I. SUMMARY

Attached for your consideration and review are draft remarks for your Memorial Day address, to be given on Memorial Day Sunday at the Sicily-Rome American Cemetery and Memorial in Nettuno, Italy.

II. DISCUSSION

At 10:00 a.m. (Italy time) on Sunday, May 28, 1989, you are scheduled to travel to the American Cemetery in Nettuno, Italy, to lay a Memorial Day wreath -- commemorating all our veterans who have fallen in battle.

In part because the military campaign at nearby Anzio remains controversial, the suggested remarks are not particularly directed at the Italians, NATO, or even the armed services. Rather, the remarks were drafted as a Presidential Memorial Day message, directed at the heartland audience back home where families will be preparing to celebrate an American tradition.

Located just east of Anzio, about an hour's drive from Rome, the American Cemetery at Nettuno is one of fourteen sites in foreign countries that were selected after World War II as permanent American cemeteries. A grassy, tree-lined field of white crosses, the cemetery is somewhat reminiscent of Arlington National Cemetery. Nearly all of the almost 8,000 soldiers buried there are American, and nearly all fought in the 1943-44 liberation of Italy, from the invasion of Sicily to the fall of Rome. A small number also came from Canada, England, Scotland, Ireland, Finland, Sweden and Spain.

(McNally/Simon)
May 23, 1989
5:00 p.m.
Draft Four
(B:NETTUNO)

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: MEMORIAL DAY CEREMONY
AMERICAN CEMETERY
NETTUNO, ITALY
SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1989
10:00 A.M.

We gather today to mark Memorial Day in America, to honor the thousands of young men and women, buried here and elsewhere, who put themselves in harm's way so that others might live in freedom.

As we gather, it is dawn in America. Memorial Day Weekend. The first days of summer. Soon screen doors will slam, parks will sound with the crack of the bat, children's voices will rise in the summer breeze pungent with the scent of barbecue smoke.

And the rites of summer are marked by American traditions. As morning comes to Indianapolis the smells of coffee and gasoline will mingle in the heat rising off the sun-baked raceway. Further west, there'll be another race, as the blast of a ship's whistle sends the riverboats Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer steaming down the Mississippi off the docks of St. Louis.

Memorial Day Weekend. By the time today's ceremony concludes the first rays of sunlight will streak across the Potomac, flashing first atop the monument to the founder of our Republic, then reaching down to touch the silent rows of white markers on the green Virginia hillside that is Arlington

Cemetery. Soon the gathering light will reveal a lone figure -- a man in uniform -- standing guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldiers, a round the clock vigil unbroken in more than fifty years. Another moment and the dawn will flood the park that lays beneath the gaze of Lincoln, embracing the candles that flicker each night along the walls of the Vietnam Memorial.

And soon the plaintive sound of taps will rise in the wind in cities and hamlets all across America, heard by veterans of four wars, as they gather to salute the fallen. In town after town the ritual at sunrise will be the same, as first the flag is raised, then slowly lowered to half-mast.

The thoughts of some will turn eastward toward the sun -- across the ocean and across four decades -- to this grassy plain above the shores of the Mediterranean, where 45 years ago the U.S. Third Infantry Division -- among the most decorated in World War II -- led the bloody advance toward the liberation of Rome.

On that Memorial Day Weekend -- 1944 -- I was not yet 20, standing aboard the U.S.S. San Jacinto on the other side of the world as she cruised from Wake Island toward Saipan. Like Americans everywhere, the men aboard our ship had eagerly followed news of the Italian campaign.

During four long months of 1944, the combatants of World War II were locked near Nettuno in a deadly embrace. But before the week was out, the face of the world's greatest conflict would be changed, and the fate of the enemy sealed. On June 4th, American troops entered Rome, the streets lined by cheering Italians. By

midnight General Mark Clark's Fifth Army stood on the banks of the Tiber, and the word went out to a waiting America: For the first time since the landings at Salerno in September 1943, the enemy was in full retreat.

It was the beginning of the end. And two days later a new front opened with D-Day, the Normandy landing.

The fight to liberate Italy from the tyranny of fascism was as fierce and heroic as any seen in the war. The danger to each adversary was such that the outcome of the war itself seemed to hang at that moment on the valor and the vigor of each man who struggled near the water's edge.

One such soldier was Sgt. Sylvester Antolak, an Ohio farmboy and the youngest son of Polish immigrants. On a drizzly morning forty-five years ago this week, he led Staff Sgt. Audie Murphy and others in a bold charge through the rain and the ruin near Cisterna -- one man against a machinegun nest that blocked the road to Rome.

Three times he was cut down by fire. Three times he got back up, tucking his gun under his shattered right arm. By the time he had disabled the gunners, ten enemy soldiers surrendered to this man whom their bullets could not stop.

Sgt. Antolak fell near Cisterna that same day. He rests here beneath the cedars of Nettuno with nearly 8,000 soldiers, his grave one of two marked with the Congressional Medal of Honor. Joined by the names of another 3,000 missing etched in the white marble of the chapel, they come from every American

state, from Texas to Maine, Alaska to Florida. And these white crosses and Stars of David ring the world -- across the battlefields of Europe and the jungles of Asia, the deserts of north Africa, the hillsides of our homeland -- in silent tribute to America's battles for freedom in this century.

It was with the memory of the sacrifices of the American, British and French soldiers who fell during the campaign to liberate Italy -- and the sacrifices of millions of other Europeans and Americans in the cause of freedom -- fresh in mind that NATO was created after the war.

As I reflect on this scene, and anticipate the dynamic and forward-looking Europe of the 1990's, I think of generations of young people on both sides of the Atlantic who have grown up in peace and prosperity. With no experience of the horror and destruction of war, it may be difficult for them to understand why we need to keep a strong military deterrent to prevent war, and to preserve freedom and democracy. The answer is here, among the quiet of the graves.

The cost of maintaining freedom is brought home to us all when tragedy strikes -- as it did last month on the USS Iowa. The loss of those fine sailors -- and the tears of their families and loved ones -- reminded us all of the risk and sacrifice in human terms that security sometimes demands. Let me add how impressive were the many expressions of sympathy I received from leaders around the world, and particularly by the eloquent words

of Italy's distinguished President, Francesco Cossiga, as he shared the sorrow of our loss.

Sgt. Antolak also understood the cost of freedom. Today in his hometown of St. Clairesville, Ohio -- population 6,000 -- the townspeople will gather by the local courthouse to dedicate a white granite memorial to the county's Medal of Honor winners. George and Stanley Antolak will be there -- to remember their brother -- their hero, and ours.

It is the kind of scene that will be repeated today and tomorrow in parks and churchyards all across America.

A bit north of Mark Twain's Hannibal -- just up the Mississippi from that steamboat race I mentioned -- lies the town of Quincy, Illinois. When World War II came, Quincy offered up her sons in service. Three brothers -- Donald, Preston, and William Kaspervik -- joined the Army Air Corps. Their story is a common one -- and yet uncommon in the way of all those who answered the call to serve.

The first brother, Donald, was killed when two bombers collided on maneuvers in New Mexico, and their mother grieved. Preston, the second brother, died just south of here in Sicily, shortly after Patton's successful invasion. And their mother was overcome once again.

Ten days later, the third brother, William went down during a dangerous bombing mission over the mountains of central Italy. On the day of his death, his mother received a letter from him,

urging her not to worry. When the third telegram came, his mother could not bring herself to answer the door.

William and Preston Kaspervik are buried here side by side -- in soil they helped to free. Brothers in life, brothers in arms, brothers in eternity.

Their mother died 20 years ago. But back home in Quincy, the extraordinary sacrifice of this ordinary American family is still remembered. And today, as they do every year, the VFW and the American Legion will honor Quincy's fallen natives with a hometown parade down Main Street, high above the banks of the Mississippi.

As we gather today, it is dawn in America. Memorial Day Weekend. And as the sun rises and the summer begins, the images both here and at home are of countries that are prosperous and secure, countries confident of their place in the world and aware of the responsibility that comes with that place.

Soon that lone soldier at Arlington will resume his paces -- 21 steps in each direction, the changing of the guard precisely on the half hour. At Gettysburg, the schoolchildren will scatter flowers on other unknown graves, blue and gray side by side, Americans.

On Memorial Day, we give thanks for the blessings of freedom and peace and for the generations of Americans who have won them for us. We also pray for the same strength and moral resolve demonstrated by these veterans, as well as for the true and lasting peace found in a world where liberty and justice prevail.

And with that prayer, I ask that you join in your own silent prayers as we place a wreath to commemorate the sacrifice of those buried here at Nettuno -- and the sacrifice of all men and women who have given their lives for freedom.

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THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

May 23, 1989

1989 MAY 26 11 31

INFORMATION

MEMORANDUM TO THE PRESIDENT

FROM: DAN MCGROARTY *DMG*
THROUGH: CHRISS WINSTON *W*
RE: ARRIVAL STATEMENT - BRUSSELS, BELGIUM

I. SUMMARY

On Sunday, May 28, at 6:00 p.m., you will deliver a statement after you have arrived in Belgium. You will be greeted by Belgian Prime Minister Martens.

II. DISCUSSION

The statement discusses the important role Belgium plays in the Atlantic Alliance, and the opportunities you look forward to in the course of the NATO discussions.

McGroarty/Dooley
May 23, 1989
6:00 p.m.
Draft 2

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: BRUSSELS ARRIVAL STATEMENT
BRUSSELS, BELGIUM
MAY 28, 1989

It is a pleasure to be back once again in Brussels, and I am especially pleased that my first visit as President of the United States comes as the nations of NATO celebrate 40 years of alliance -- and the longest period of peace and freedom Europe has known in the modern age.

Americans and Belgians share the memories of war and hard-won peace in this century. Flanders, the Battle of the Ardennes, Bastogne: those names are part of our history as well as your own -- part of our shared heritage of freedom, and the sacrifices it requires.

Belgium -- no stranger to conquest and division -- recognized from the first the importance of alliance in the post-war world. Today, as permanent home to NATO and the European Community, Brussels stands at the center of a Europe free, at peace, and prosperous as never before -- a Europe that is steadily moving towards a single market, and unprecedented political and economic opportunities. In Brussels, the signs of this European renaissance are everywhere.

Belgium has been a good friend and a valued ally -- one that has always acted with alliance interests in mind. Early in this decade, Belgium was one of five NATO nations that made the

difficult decision to base INF systems on its soil. Those deployments gave us the leverage we needed to negotiate the first-ever nuclear arms reduction treaty. That's the kind of courageous and realistic approach that explains NATO's success. NATO is at once ready to ensure the common defense, and, when Soviet actions -- not just words -- warrant it, to reduce arms and seek to diminish tensions with the East.

I am looking forward to important discussions with King Baudouin [BOW-DWIN] and the NATO heads of government. I look forward as well to my meeting with Prime Minister Martens, my discussions with President Delors of the European Community and Secretary General Woerner of NATO.

The future of NATO depends on the Alliance's ability to deal with our enduring security concerns and our evolving economic relationship. We look to Belgium to continue to play its important role in our close and cooperative transatlantic partnership.

Thank you.

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Simon edits

(McNally/Simon)
May 22, 1989
10:00 a.m.
Draft Two
(B:NETTUNO)

10/23

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: MEMORIAL DAY CEREMONY
AMERICAN CEMETERY
NETTUNO, ITALY
SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1989
10:00 A.M.

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And the rites of summer are marked by American traditions. Today in Indianapolis the smell of coffee and sweat and ~~kerosene~~ ^{gasoline} will mingle in the heat rising off the sun-baked raceway. Further west, there'll be another race, as the blast of a ship's whistle sends the riverboats Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer steaming down the Mississippi off the docks of St. Louis.

Memorial Day Weekend. By the time today's ceremony concludes the first rays of sunlight will streak across the Potomac, flashing first atop the monument to the founder of our Republic, then reaching down to touch the silent rows of white markers on the green Virginia hillside that is Arlington

Cemetery. Soon the gathering light will reveal a lone figure -- a man in uniform -- standing guard at the Tomb of the Unknowns, a 24 hour vigil unbroken in more than fifty years. Another moment and the dawn will flood the park that lays beneath the gaze of Lincoln, embracing the candles that flicker each night along the walls of the Vietnam Memorial.

And soon the plaintive sound of taps will rise in the wind in cities and hamlets all across America, heard by veterans of four wars, as they gather ~~in cities and hamlets~~ to salute the fallen. In town after town the ritual at sunrise will be the same, as first the flag is raised, then slowly lowered to half-mast.

The thoughts of some will turn eastward toward the sun -- across the ocean and across four decades -- to this grassy plain above the shores of the Mediterranean, where 45 years ago the U.S. Third Infantry Division -- ^{among} the most decorated in World War II -- led the bloody advance on Rome. X

On that Memorial Day Weekend -- 1944 -- I was not yet 20, standing aboard the U.S.S. San Jacinto on the other side of the world as she cruised from Wake Island toward Saipan. Like Americans everywhere, the men aboard our ship had eagerly followed news of the Italian campaign.

During four long months of 1944, the combatants of World War II were locked near Nettuno in a deadly embrace. But before the week was out, the face of the world's greatest conflict would be changed, and the fate of the enemy sealed. On June 4th, American

Note: It is against a 40 year Army policy to say one unit is better than another, or who won the most medals. Besides, this could offend all the other veterans of different units.

troops liberated Rome, the streets lined by cheering Italians. By midnight General Mark Clark's Fifth Army stood on the banks of the Tiber, and the word went out to a waiting America: For the first time since the landings at Salerno in September 1943, the enemy was in full retreat.

It was the beginning of the end. And two days later a new front opened with D-Day, the invasion of France.

The fight to liberate Italy from the tyranny of fascism was as fierce and heroic as any seen in the war. The danger to each adversary was such that the outcome of the war itself seemed to hang in that moment, on the valor and the vigor of each man who struggled near the water's edge.

One such soldier was Sgt. Sylvester Antolak, an Ohio farmboy and the youngest son of Polish immigrants. On a drizzly morning forty-five years ago this week, he led Staff Sgt. Audie Murphy and others in a bold charge through the rain and the ruin near Cisterna -- one man against a machinegun nest that blocked the road to Rome.

Three times he was cut down by fire. Three times he got back up, tucking his gun under his ~~shattered~~ ^{remaining good} right arm. By the time he had disabled the gunners, ten enemy soldiers surrendered to this man whom their bullets could not stop. X

Sgt. Antolak fell near Cisterna that same day. He rests here beneath the ~~cedars~~ ^{oaks} of Nettuno with nearly 8,000 soldiers, his grave one of two marked with the Congressional Medal of Honor. Joined by the names of another 3,000 missing etched in

Note: Right arm was shattered. He tucked the gun under his left arm.

the white marble of the chapel, they come from every American state, from Texas to Maine, Alaska to Florida. And these white crosses and Stars of David ring the world -- across the battlefields of Europe and the jungles of Asia, the deserts of north Africa, the mountains of the Americas -- in silent tribute to America's battles for freedom in this century.

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As I reflect on this scene, and anticipate the dynamic and forward-looking Europe of the 1990's, I think of generations of young people on both sides of the Atlantic who have grown up in peace and prosperity. With no experience of the horror and destruction of war, it may be difficult for them to understand why we need to keep a strong military deterrent to prevent war. The answer is here, among the quiet of the graves.

The cost of maintaining freedom is brought home to us all when tragedy strikes -- as it did last month on the USS Iowa. The loss of those fine sailors -- and the tears of their families and loved ones -- reminded us all of the risk and sacrifice in human terms that security sometimes demands. Let me add how impressive were the many expressions of sympathy I received from leaders around the world, and particularly by the eloquent words of Italy's distinguished President, Francesco Cossiga, as he shared the sorrow of our loss.

Sgt. Antolak also understood the cost of freedom. Today in his hometown of St. Clairesville, Ohio -- population 6,000 -- the townspeople will gather by the local courthouse to dedicate a white granite memorial to the county's Medal of Honor winners. George and Stanley Antolak will be there -- to remember their brother -- their hero, and ours.

It is the kind of scene that will be repeated today and tomorrow in parks and churchyards all across America.

A bit north of Mark Twain's Hannibal -- just up the Mississippi from that steamboat race I mentioned -- lies the town of Quincy, Illinois. When World War II came, Quincy offered up her sons in service. Three brothers -- Donald, Preston, and William Kaspervik -- joined the Army Air Corps. They were ordinary Americans -- and yet extraordinary in the way of all those who answered the call to serve.

The first brother, Donald, was killed when two bombers collided on maneuvers in New Mexico, and their mother grieved. Preston, the second brother, died just south of here in Sicily, shortly after Patton's successful invasion. And their mother was overcome once again.

Ten days later, the third brother, William went down during a dangerous bombing mission over the mountains of central Italy. On the day of his death, his mother received a letter from him, urging her not to worry. When the third telegram came, his mother could not bring herself to answer the door.

William and Preston Kaspervik are buried here side by side -- in soil they helped to free. Brothers in life, brothers in arms, brothers in eternity.

Mama died 20 years ago and their memory has faded in Quincy. Only their sister-in-law, Lillian Slater, still carries it with her.

My mother told you

Yet later today, as they do every year, the Quincy VFW and the American Legion will lead the hometown parade down Main Street. At the finish, down by the cemetery near the Soldiers and Sailors Home, no children, no army buddies remain to salute the particular memory of the Kasperviks -- to honor the ordinary, extraordinary sacrifice of this fine American family. On this distant shore -- so far from home -- they will be remembered by Lillian Slater -- and -- by us.

As we gather, it is dawn in America. Memorial Day Weekend. And as the sun rises and the summer begins, the images at home are of a country that is prosperous and secure, a country confident of its place in the world and aware of what that place will cost.

Soon that lone soldier at Arlington will resume his paces -- 21 steps in each direction, the changing of the guard precisely on the half hour. At Gettysburg, the schoolchildren will scatter flowers on other unknown graves, blue and gray side by side, Americans.

On Memorial Day, we give thanks for the blessings of freedom and peace and for the generations of Americans who have won them

for us. We also pray for the same strength and moral resolve demonstrated by these veterans, as well as for the true and lasting peace found in a world where liberty and justice prevail.

And with that prayer, I ask that you join in your own silent prayers as we place a wreath to commemorate the sacrifice of those buried here at Nettuno -- and the sacrifice of all men and women who have given their lives for freedom .

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WHITE HOUSE STAFFING MEMORANDUM

DATE: 05/19/89

ACTION/CONCURRENCE/COMMENT DUE BY:

10:00 a.m. Monday 05/22

SUBJECT: PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: MEMORIAL DAY CEREMONY, AMERICAN CEMETARY, NETTUNO, ITALY

(05/18 4:00 pm draft one)

	ACTION FYI			ACTION FYI	
VICE PRESIDENT	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	MCCLURE	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
SUNUNU	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	NEWMAN	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
SCOWCROFT	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	PORTER	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
DARMAN	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	STUDDERT	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
BATES	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	UNTERMAYER	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
BREEDEN	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<u>ROGERS</u>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
CARD	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<u>WINSTON</u>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
CICCONI	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<u>PINKERTON</u>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
DEMAREST	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
FITZWATER	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
GRAY	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
HAGIN	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

REMARKS:

Please provide any comments/recommendations directly to Chriss Winston (Rm. 122 x2930) by 10:00 a.m. on Monday 05/22, with an info copy to my office. Thanks.

May 23, 1989

RESPONSE:

TO: CHRISS WINSTON

The NSC concurs on the attached draft with changes as noted.

Brent Scowcroft
Brent Scowcroft
per Bob Gates

James W. Cicconi
Assistant to the President
and Deputy to the Chief of Staff
Ext. 2702

cc: James Cicconi

~~TO BE DETERMINED~~

(McNally/Simon)
May 18, 1989
4:00 p.m.
Draft One
(B:NETTUNO)

MAY 19 1989

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: MEMORIAL DAY CEREMONY
AMERICAN CEMETARY
NETTUNO, ITALY
SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1989
10:00 A.M.

~~(Mr. President)~~
~~(Mr. Prime Minister)~~

[on President, if Cossiga officiates]

Mr. Prime Minister, honored guests, ladies and gentlemen:

We gather today to mark Memorial Day in America, to honor the thousands of young men and women, buried here and elsewhere, who ~~put themselves in harm's way~~ ^{save their lives} so that others might live in freedom.

As we gather, it is dawn in America. Memorial Day Weekend. The first days of summer. Soon screen doors will slam, parks will sound with the crack of the bat, children's voices will rise in the summer breeze pungent with the scent of barbeque smoke.

And the rites of summer are marked by American rituals. Today in Indianapolis the ~~smell of coffee and sweat and kerosene~~ ^{roar of engines & the squealing of tires} will mingle in the heat rising off the sun-baked raceway. Off the docks of St. Louis the legacy of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer will be remembered with the annual riverboat race.

[Drop entirely 1st sentence in poor taste]

Memorial Day Weekend. By the time this ceremony concludes the first rays of sunlight will streak across the Potomac River, flashing first atop the monument to the founder of our Republic, then reaching down to touch the rows of silent white markers on the green Virginia hillside that ^{harbor} ~~is~~ Arlington Cemetary. Soon the gathering light will reveal the lone figure of a man in uniform,

standing guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, a 24 hour tradition that dates back more than fifty years.

And soon the sound of ^{the bugle playing} taps will rise in the wind all across America, heard by veterans, young and old, as they gather in cities and hamlets to salute the fallen, to slowly raise the flag to half-mast. Some will turn their thoughts here, to this peaceful hilltop above the shores of the Mediterranean, where 45 years ago the U.S. Third Infantry Division -- the most decorated in the war -- led the bloody advance ^{toward the liberation of} Rome.

On ^{this} ~~that~~ Memorial Day Weekend ⁱⁿ 1944 -- I was not yet 20 ^{was} standing aboard the San Jacinto on the other side of the world as she cruised from Wake Island toward Saipan. Like most Americans, the men aboard my ship had eagerly followed news of the Italian campaign.

During four long months of that year the combatants of World War II were locked near Nettuno in a deadly embrace. But before the week was out, the face of the world's greatest conflict would be changed, and the fate of the enemy sealed. On June 4th American troops ^{entered} liberated Rome, the streets lined by cheering Italians. By midnight General Mark Clark's Fifth Army stood on the banks of the Tiber, and the word went out to a waiting America: For the first time since the landings at Salerno in September 1943, the enemy was in full retreat.

It was the beginning of the end. ~~And~~ ^T two days later a new front opened with D-Day, the ~~invasion of France~~ ^{Normandy landing}.

The fighting in the Italian campaign was as fierce and heroic as any seen in the war. The danger ^{and intensity} ~~to each adversary~~ was ~~of such magnitude~~ that the outcome of the war itself seemed to hang ~~in~~ that moment, on the courage, skill, and stamina of those who struggled near the water's edge. In this cemetery lies Sgt. Sylvester Antolak. An Ohio farmboy and the youngest son of Polish immigrants, ^{who} 45 years ago this week ~~he~~ lost his life not far from where we stand -- and won the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Audie Murphy was among those who followed as Sgt. Antolak charged a machinegun nest near the Cisterna beachhead. Three times he was cut down by fire. Three times he got back up, tucking his gun under his shattered right arm. By the time he had disabled the gunners, ten enemy soldiers surrendered to this man whom their bullets could not stop.

Side by side under another set of crosses lie two of the three Kaspervik brothers of Quincy, Illinois. All three served in the Army Air Corps, all three died in action, these two killed ten days apart in 1944.

All told nearly 8,000 soldiers rest beneath the cedars of Nettuno cemetery, ^e joined by another 3,000 missing whose names are etched in the white Carrara marble of the chapel. They come from every American state, from Texas to Maine, Alaska to Florida. Twelve are women, 109 are buried beneath Stars of David, 490 are unidentified -- known but to God. And the white crosses you see before you ring the world -- across the

battlefields of Europe and in the mountains of Asia, the deserts of north Africa, the jungles of Latin America -- silent testimony to America's battles for freedom in this century.

It was with the memory of the sacrifices of the American, British and French soldiers who fell during the ~~Italian~~ ^{to liberate Italy} campaign, ~~and millions of other Europeans and Americans~~ ^{the sacrifices of} ~~--~~ ^{in the cause of freedom,} fresh in mind that NATO was created after the war.

As I reflect on this scene, and anticipate the dynamic and forward looking Europe of the 1990's, I think of generations of young people on both sides of the Atlantic who have grown up in peace and prosperity. With no experience of the horror and destruction of war, it may be difficult for them to understand why we need to keep a strong military deterrent to prevent war ~~and to preserve a freedom & democracy~~. The answer is here, among the silent graves.

[Drop] The cost of maintaining ~~that deterrent~~ ^{the Alliance} is brought home to us all when tragedy strikes -- as it did last month on the USS Iowa. The loss of those fine sailors -- and the tears of their families and loved ones -- reminded us all of the risk and sacrifice in human terms that security sometimes demands. Let me add how impressed I was by the many expressions of sympathy I received from leaders around the world, and particularly by the eloquent words of Italy's distinguished President, Francesco Cossiga, as he shared the sorrow of our loss.

As we gather, it is dawn in America. Memorial Day Weekend. And as the sun rises and the summer begins, the images ^{both here and} at home are of ~~a~~ ^{ies} ~~country~~ ^{are} that ~~is~~ prosperous and secure, ~~a~~ ^{ies} ~~country~~.

confident of ^{their} ~~its~~ place in the world and aware of what ~~of what~~ that place ^{of the responsibilities that come with} will cost.]

Soon that lone soldier at Arlington will resume his paces -- 21 steps in each direction, the changing of the guard precisely at the half hour. At Gettysburg, the schoolchildren will scatter flowers on other unknown graves, blue and gray side by side, Americans.

In the kind of scene that will be repeated in small towns all across our nation, the American Legion in St. Clairsville, Ohio -- population 6,000 -- will dedicate a white granite monument in front of the courthouse to Sgt. Antolak, the Medal of Honor winner buried here. Two surviving brothers will attend. One of them, George, served in the South Pacific and was awarded the Purple Heart.

And as they do every year, the Legion in Quincy, Illinois -- just up the Mississippi from Hannibal -- will sponsor a parade down Main Street to honor fallen natives like the three Kaspervik brothers.

On Memorial Day, we give thanks for the blessings of freedom and peace and for the generations of Americans who have won them for us. We also pray for the same strength and moral resolve demonstrated by these veterans, as well as for the true and lasting peace found in a world where liberty and justice prevail.

And with that prayer, I will join Prime Minister _____ in placing a wreath to commemorate the sacrifice of those buried here at Nettuno.

TO BE DETERMINED

(President Cossiga) / (Prime Minister De Mita)

MASTER

(McNally/Simon)
May 22, 1989
10:00 a.m.
Draft Two
(B:NETTUNO)

Salutations deleted -
Student address
P.M. won't be there.

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: MEMORIAL DAY CEREMONY
AMERICAN CEMETERY
NETTUNO, ITALY
SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1989
10:00 A.M.

We gather today to mark Memorial Day in America, to honor the thousands of young men and women, buried here and elsewhere, who put themselves in harm's way so that others might live in freedom.

As we gather, it is dawn in America. Memorial Day Weekend. The first days of summer. Soon screen doors will slam, parks will sound with the crack of the bat, children's voices will rise in the summer breeze pungent with the scent of barbecue smoke.

And the ~~rites~~ ^(of traditions) of summer are marked by American traditions. gasoline Today in Indianapolis the smell of coffee and sweat and kerosene will mingle in the heat rising off the sun-baked raceway. Further west, there'll be another race, as the blast of a ship's whistle sends the riverboats Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer steaming down the Mississippi off the docks of St. Louis.

Slightly
re-worked
(McNally/Simon)

Memorial Day Weekend. By the time today's ceremony concludes the first rays of sunlight will streak across the Potomac, flashing first atop the monument to the founder of our Republic, then reaching down to touch the silent rows of white markers on the green Virginia hillside that is Arlington

Cemetery. Soon the gathering light will reveal a lone figure -- a man in uniform -- standing guard at the Tomb of the Unknowns, a 24 hour vigil unbroken in more than fifty years. Another moment and the dawn will flood the park that lays beneath the gaze of Lincoln, embracing the candles that flicker each night along the walls of the Vietnam Memorial.

And soon the plaintive sound of taps will rise in the wind in cities and hamlets all across America, heard by veterans of four wars, as they gather ~~in cities and hamlets~~ to salute the fallen. In town after town the ritual at sunrise will be the same, as first the flag is raised, then slowly lowered to half-mast.

The thoughts of some will turn eastward toward the sun -- across the ocean and across four decades -- to this grassy plain above the shores of the Mediterranean, where 45 years ago the U.S. Third Infantry Division -- the most decorated in World War II -- led the bloody advance on Rome.

On that Memorial Day Weekend -- 1944 -- I was not yet 20, standing aboard the U.S.S. San Jacinto on the other side of the world as she cruised from Wake Island toward Saipan. Like Americans everywhere, the men aboard our ship had eagerly followed news of the Italian campaign.

During four long months of 1944, the combatants of World War II were locked near Nettuno in a deadly embrace. But before the week was out, the face of the world's greatest conflict would be changed, and the fate of the enemy sealed. On June 4th, American

added (Mullally)

Slightly re-worked (Mullally/Simon)

troops liberated Rome, the streets lined by cheering Italians. By midnight General Mark Clark's Fifth Army stood on the banks of the Tiber, and the word went out to a waiting America: For the first time since the landings at Salerno in September 1943, the enemy was in full retreat.

It was the beginning of the end. And two days later a new front opened with D-Day, the invasion of France.

The fight to liberate Italy from the tyranny of fascism was as fierce and heroic as any seen in the war. The danger to each adversary was such that the outcome of the war itself seemed to hang in that moment, on the valor and the vigor of each man who struggled near the water's edge.

One such soldier was Sgt. Sylvester Antolak, an Ohio farmboy and the youngest son of Polish immigrants. On a drizzly morning forty-five years ago this week, he led Staff Sgt. Audie Murphy and others in a bold charge through the rain and the ruin near Cisterna -- one man against a machinegun nest that blocked the road to Rome.

Three times he was cut down by fire. Three times he got back up, tucking his gun under his shattered right arm. By the time he had disabled the gunners, ten enemy soldiers surrendered to this man whom their bullets could not stop.

Sgt. Antolak fell near Cisterna that same day. He rests here beneath the cedars of Nettuno with nearly 8,000 soldiers, his grave one of two marked with the Congressional Medal of Honor. Joined by the names of another 3,000 missing etched in

no per
studied

slightly
re-worked

the white marble of the chapel, they come from every American state, from Texas to Maine, Alaska to Florida. And these white crosses and Stars of David ring the world -- across the battlefields of Europe and the jungles of Asia, the deserts of north Africa, (the mountains of the Americas) -- in silent tribute to America's battles for freedom in this century.

It was with the memory of the sacrifices of the American, British and French soldiers who fell during the liberation of Italy -- and millions of other Europeans and Americans -- fresh in mind that NATO was created after the war.

As I reflect on this scene, and anticipate the dynamic and forward-looking Europe of the 1990's, I think of generations of young people on both sides of the Atlantic who have grown up in peace and prosperity. With no experience of the horror and destruction of war, it may be difficult for them to understand why we need to keep a strong military deterrent to prevent war. The answer is here, among the quiet of the graves.

The cost of maintaining freedom is brought home to us all when tragedy strikes -- as it did last month on the USS Iowa. The loss of those fine sailors -- and the tears of their families and loved ones -- reminded us all of the risk and sacrifice in human terms that security sometimes demands. Let me add how impressive were the many expressions of sympathy I received from leaders around the world, and particularly by the eloquent words of Italy's distinguished President, Francesco Cossiga, as he shared the sorrow of our loss.

~~See~~ See possible
Bob Simon
insert
substitute for
this P?

Sgt. Antolak also understood the cost of freedom. Today in his hometown of St. Clairesville, Ohio -- population 6,000 -- the townspeople will gather by the local courthouse to dedicate a white granite memorial to the county's Medal of Honor winners. George and Stanley Antolak will be there -- to remember their brother -- their hero, and ours.

It is the kind of scene that will be repeated today and tomorrow in parks and churchyards all across America.

A bit north of Mark Twain's Hannibal -- just up the Mississippi from that steamboat race I mentioned -- lies the town of Quincy, Illinois. When World War II came, Quincy offered up her sons in service. Three brothers -- Donald, Preston, and William Kaspervik -- joined the Army Air Corps. They were ordinary Americans -- and yet extraordinary in the way of all those who answered the call to serve.

The first brother, Donald, was killed when two bombers collided on maneuvers in New Mexico, and their mother grieved. Preston, the second brother, died just south of here in Sicily, shortly after Patton's successful invasion. And their mother was overcome once again.

Ten days later, the third brother, William went down during a dangerous bombing mission over the mountains of central Italy. On the day of his death, his mother received a letter from him, urging her not to worry. When the third telegram came, his mother could not bring herself to answer the door.

story fleshed out by Simon, re-worked by McEl/Simon

William and Preston Kaspervik are buried here side by side -- in soil they helped to free. Brothers in life, brothers in arms, brothers in eternity.

~~Mrs. Their mother~~
~~Mama died 20 years ago and their memory has faded in Quincy.~~
~~Only their sister-in-law, Lillian Slater, still carries it with her.~~ ← (stet)

~~Yet later~~ today, as they do every year, the Quincy VFW and the American Legion will lead the hometown parade down Main Street. At the finish, down by the cemetery near the Soldiers and Sailors Home, ~~no~~ children, no army buddies remain to salute the particular memory of the Kasperviks -- to honor the ordinary, extraordinary sacrifice of this fine American family. ~~On this~~ ^{But,} distant shore -- so far from home -- they will be remembered by Lillian Slater -- and -- by us.

As we gather ~~today~~ it is dawn in America. Memorial Day Weekend. And as the sun rises and the summer begins, the images at home are of a country that is prosperous and secure, a country confident of its place in the world and aware of what that place will cost.

Soon that lone soldier at Arlington will resume his paces -- 21 steps in each direction, the changing of the guard precisely on the half hour. At Gettysburg, the schoolchildren will scatter flowers on other unknown graves, blue and gray side by side, Americans.

On Memorial Day, we give thanks for the blessings of freedom and peace and for the generations of Americans who have won them

money to
 the fund as
 per D.D.

for us. We also pray for the same strength and moral resolve demonstrated by these veterans, as well as for the true and lasting peace found in a world where liberty and justice prevail.

And with that prayer, I ask that you join in your own silent prayers as we place a wreath to commemorate the sacrifice of those buried here at Nettuno -- and the sacrifice of all men and women who have given their lives for freedom .

#

WHITE HOUSE STAFFING MEMORANDUM

DATE: 05/19/89 ACTION/CONCURRENCE/COMMENT DUE BY: 10:00 a.m. Monday 05/22

SUBJECT: PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: MEMORIAL DAY CEREMONY, AMERICAN CEMETARY, NETTUNO, ITALY
(05/18 4:00 pm draft one)

	ACTION FYI			ACTION FYI	
VICE PRESIDENT	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	MCCLURE	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
SUNUNU	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	NEWMAN	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
SCOWCROFT	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	PORTER	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
DARMAN	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	STUDDERT	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
BATES	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	UNTERMEYER	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
BREEDEN	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<u>ROGERS</u>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
CARD	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<u>WINSTON</u>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
CICCONI	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<u>PINKERTON</u>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
DEMAREST	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
FITZWATER	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
GRAY	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
HAGIN	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

REMARKS:

Please provide any comments/recommendations directly to Chriss Winston (Rm. 122 x2930) by 10:00 a.m. on Monday 05/22, with an info copy to my office. Thanks.

RESPONSE:

see comments

James W. Cicconi
Assistant to the President
and Deputy to the Chief of Staff
Ext. 2702

(McNally/Simon)

May 18, 1989

4:00 p.m.

Draft One

(B:NETTUNO)

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: MEMORIAL DAY CEREMONY
AMERICAN CEMETARY
NETTUNO, ITALY
SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1989
10:00 A.M.

Mr. Prime Minister, honored guests, ladies and gentlemen:

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As we gather, it is dawn in America. Memorial Day Weekend. The first days of summer. Soon screen doors will slam, parks will sound with the crack of the bat, children's voices will rise in the summer breeze ^{wafting} ~~pungent~~ with the scent of barbeque smoke.

And the rites of summer are marked by American rituals. Today in Indianapolis the smell of coffee and sweat and kerosene will mingle in the heat rising off the sun-baked raceway. Off the docks of St. Louis the legacy of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer will be remembered with the annual riverboat race.

Memorial Day Weekend. By the time this ceremony concludes the first rays of sunlight will streak across the Potomac River, flashing first atop the monument to the founder of our Republic, then reaching down to touch the rows of silent white markers on the green Virginia hillside that is Arlington Cemetery. Soon the gathering light will reveal the lone figure of a man in uniform,

standing guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, a 24 hour tradition that dates back more than fifty years.

And soon the sound of taps will rise in the wind all across America, heard by veterans, young and old, as they gather in cities and hamlets to salute the fallen, to slowly raise the flag to half-mast. Some will turn their thoughts here, to this peaceful hilltop above the shores of the Mediterranean, where 45 years ago the U.S. Third Infantry Division -- the most decorated in the war -- led the bloody advance on Rome.

On that Memorial Day Weekend -- 1944 -- I was not yet 20, standing aboard the San Jacinto on the other side of the world as she cruised from Wake Island toward Saipan. Like most Americans, the men aboard my ship had eagerly followed news of the Italian campaign.

During four long months of that year the combatants of World War II were locked near Nettuno in a deadly embrace. But before the week was out, the face of the world's greatest conflict would be changed, and the fate of the enemy sealed. On June 4th American troops liberated Rome, the streets lined by cheering Italians. By midnight General Mark Clark's Fifth Army stood on the banks of the Tiber, and the word went out to a waiting America: For the first time since the landings at Salerno in September 1943, the enemy was in full retreat.

It was the beginning of the end. And two days later a new front opened with D-Day, the invasion of France.

The fighting in the Italian campaign was as fierce and heroic as any seen in the war. The danger to each adversary was of such magnitude that the outcome of the war itself seemed to hang in that moment, on the courage, skill, and stamina of those who struggled near the water's edge. In this cemetery lies Sgt. Sylvester Antolak. An Ohio farmboy and the youngest son of Polish immigrants, 45 years ago this week he lost his life not far from where we stand -- and won the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Audie Murphy was among those who followed as Sgt. Antolak charged a machinegun nest near the Cisterna beachhead. Three times he was cut down by fire. Three times he got back up, tucking his gun under his shattered right arm. By the time he had disabled the gunners, ten enemy soldiers surrendered to this man whom their bullets could not stop.

Side by side under another set of crosses lie two of the three Kaspervik brothers of Quincy, Illinois. All three served in the Army Air Corps, all three died in action, these two killed ten days apart in 1944.

All told nearly 8,000 soldiers rest beneath the cedars of Nettuno cemetery, joined by another 3,000 missing whose names are etched in the white Carrara marble of the chapel. They come from every American state, from Texas to Maine, Alaska to Florida. Twelve are women, 109 are buried beneath Stars of David, 490 are unidentified -- known but to God. And the white crosses you see before you ring the world -- across the

battlefields of Europe and in the mountains of Asia, the deserts of north Africa, the jungles of Latin America -- silent testimony to America's battles for freedom in this century.

It was with the memory of the sacrifices of the American, British and French soldiers who fell during the Italian campaign -- and millions of other Europeans and Americans -- fresh in mind that NATO was created after the war.

As I reflect on this scene, and anticipate the dynamic and forward looking Europe of the 1990's, I think of generations of young people on both sides of the Atlantic who have grown up in peace and prosperity. With no experience of the horror and destruction of war, it may be difficult for them to understand why we need to keep a strong military deterrent to prevent war. The answer is here, among the silent graves.

The cost of maintaining that deterrent is brought home to us all when tragedy strikes -- as it did last month on the USS Iowa. The loss of those fine sailors -- and the tears of their families and loved ones -- reminded us all of the risk and sacrifice in human terms that [✓] security sometimes demands. Let me add how impressed ~~I was by~~ ^{were the} many expressions of sympathy I received from leaders around the world, and particularly by the eloquent words of Italy's distinguished President, Francesco Cossiga, as he shared the sorrow of our loss. *(almost suggests a quote)*

As we gather, it is dawn in America. Memorial Day Weekend. And as the sun rises and the summer begins, the images at home are of a country that is prosperous and secure, a country

This ✓ repeat should be just before the close - here it just looks redundant. Following it with the imagery of the Arlington Soldier is good - perhaps end there?

confident of its place in the world and aware of what that place will cost.

Soon that lone soldier at Arlington will resume his paces -- 21 steps in each direction, the changing of the guard precisely at the half hour. At Gettysburg the schoolchildren will scatter flowers on other unknown graves, blue and gray side by side, Americans.

In the kind of scene that will be repeated in small towns all across our nation, the American Legion in St. Clairsville, Ohio -- population 6,000 -- will dedicate a white granite monument in front of the courthouse to Sgt. Antolak, the Medal of Honor winner buried here. Two surviving brothers will attend. One of them, George, served in the South Pacific and was awarded the Purple Heart.

And as they do every year, the Legion in Quincy, Illinois -- just up the Mississippi from Hannibal -- will sponsor a parade down Main Street to honor fallen natives like the three Kaspervik brothers.

On Memorial Day, we give thanks for the blessings of freedom and peace and for the generations of Americans who have won them for us. We also pray for the same strength and moral resolve demonstrated by these veterans, as well as for the true and lasting peace found in a world where liberty and justice prevail.

And with that prayer, I will join Prime Minister _____ in placing a wreath to commemorate the sacrifice of those buried here at Nettuno.

WHITE HOUSE STAFFING MEMORANDUM

DATE: 05/19/89 ACTION/CONCURRENCE/COMMENT DUE BY: 10:00 a.m. Monday 05/22

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(05/18 4:00 pm draft one)

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REMARKS:

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RESPONSE:

See suggested edit on page 1

OBW

5/22

James W. Cicconi
 Assistant to the President
 and Deputy to the Chief of Staff
 Ext. 2702

(McNally/Simon)

May 18, 1989

4:00 p.m.

Draft One

(B:NETTUNO)

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: MEMORIAL DAY CEREMONY
AMERICAN CEMETARY
NETTUNO, ITALY
SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1989
10:00 A.M.

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standing guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, a 24 hour tradition that dates back more than fifty years.

And soon the sound of taps will rise in the wind all across America, heard by veterans, young and old, as they gather in cities and hamlets to salute the fallen, to slowly raise the flag to half-mast. Some will turn their thoughts here, to this peaceful hilltop above the shores of the Mediterranean, where 45 years ago the U.S. Third Infantry Division -- the most decorated in the war -- led the bloody advance on Rome.

On that Memorial Day Weekend -- 1944 -- I was not yet 20, standing aboard the San Jacinto on the other side of the world as she cruised from Wake Island toward Saipan. Like most Americans, the men aboard my ship had eagerly followed news of the Italian campaign.

During four long months of that year the combatants of World War II were locked near Nettuno in a deadly embrace. But before the week was out, the face of the world's greatest conflict would be changed, and the fate of the enemy sealed. On June 4th American troops liberated Rome, the streets lined by cheering Italians. By midnight General Mark Clark's Fifth Army stood on the banks of the Tiber, and the word went out to a waiting America: For the first time since the landings at Salerno in September 1943, the enemy was in full retreat.

It was the beginning of the end. And two days later a new front opened with D-Day, the invasion of France.

The fighting in the Italian campaign was as fierce and heroic as any seen in the war. The danger to each adversary was of such magnitude that the outcome of the war itself seemed to hang in that moment, on the courage, skill, and stamina of those who struggled near the water's edge. In this cemetery lies Sgt. Sylvester Antolak. An Ohio farmboy and the youngest son of Polish immigrants, 45 years ago this week he lost his life not far from where we stand -- and won the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Audie Murphy was among those who followed as Sgt. Antolak charged a machinegun nest near the Cisterna beachhead. Three times he was cut down by fire. Three times he got back up, tucking his gun under his shattered right arm. By the time he had disabled the gunners, ten enemy soldiers surrendered to this man whom their bullets could not stop.

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And with that prayer, I will join Prime Minister _____ in placing a wreath to commemorate the sacrifice of those buried here at Nettuno.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

May 20, 1989

MEMORANDUM TO CHRISS WINSTON

FROM: JIM PINKERTON

SUBJECT: Memorial Day Ceremony Speech Draft

Memorial Day Ceremony

A very good speech, full of concrete images and well-turned phrases. It offers a full measure of devotion to America's heroes. A few comments:

✓ Pg. 1, para. 3, line 1 We suggest changing "rites of summer" to "traditions of summer" so as not to use "rites" and "rituals" in the same sentence.

✓ 2,3,2 We suggest adding "U.S.S." to "San Jacinto."

2,5,1 "It was the beginning of the end" has become a hoary, old cliché (come to think of it, so has "hoary, old cliché").

✓ 4,1,2 We are curious about the reference to the "jungles of Latin America." If we can avoid any stirring up of the age-old, nettlesome European -- not to mention, Latin American -- objections to American intervention in Latin America, then we should delete this reference. Furthermore, "jungles" is potentially offensive to any Third World country.

#

(McNally/Simon)
May 18, 1989
4:00 p.m.
Draft One
(B:NETTUNO)

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: MEMORIAL DAY CEREMONY
AMERICAN CEMETARY
NETTUNO, ITALY
SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1989
10:00 A.M.

Not coming (as of 10:30 AM)
5/22

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Side by side under another set of crosses lie two of the three Kaspervik brothers of Quincy, Illinois. All three served in the Army Air Corps, all three died in action, these two killed ten days apart in 1944.

All told nearly 8,000 soldiers rest beneath the cedars of ~~Nettuno~~ ^{this} cemetery, joined by another 3,000 missing whose names are etched in the white Carrara marble of the chapel. They come from every American state, from Texas to Maine, Alaska to Florida. Twelve are women, 109 are buried beneath Stars of David, 490 are unidentified -- known but to God. And the white crosses you see before you ring the world -- across the

and Stars of David

battlefields of Europe and in the mountains of Asia, the deserts of north Africa, the jungles of Latin America -- silent testimony to America's battles for freedom in this century.

It was with the memory of the sacrifices of the American, British and French soldiers who fell during the Italian campaign -- and millions of other Europeans and Americans -- fresh in mind that NATO was created after the war.

As I reflect on this scene, and anticipate the dynamic and forward looking Europe of the 1990's, I think of generations of young people on both sides of the Atlantic who have grown up in peace and prosperity. With no experience of the horror and destruction of war, it may be difficult for them to understand why we need to keep a strong military deterrent to prevent war. The answer is here, among the silent graves.

The cost of maintaining that deterrent is brought home to us all when tragedy strikes -- as it did last month on the USS Iowa. The loss of those fine sailors -- and the tears of their families and loved ones -- reminded us all of the risk and sacrifice in human terms that security sometimes demands. Let me add how impressed I was by the many expressions of sympathy I received from leaders around the world, and particularly by the eloquent words of Italy's distinguished President, Francesco Cossiga, as he shared the sorrow of our loss.

As we gather ^{today} it is dawn in America. Memorial Day Weekend. And as the sun rises and the summer begins, the images at home are of a country that is prosperous and secure, a country

confident of its place in the world and aware of what that place will cost.

Soon that lone soldier at Arlington will resume his paces -- 21 steps in each direction, the changing of the guard precisely at the half hour. - At Gettysburg the schoolchildren will scatter flowers on other unknown graves, blue and gray side by side, Americans.

In the kind of scene that will be repeated in small towns all across our nation, the American Legion in St. Clairsville, Ohio -- population 6,000 -- will dedicate a white granite monument in front of the courthouse to Sgt. Antolak, the Medal of Honor winner buried here. Two surviving brothers will attend. One of them, George, served in the South Pacific and was awarded the Purple Heart.

And as they do every year, the Legion in Quincy, Illinois -- just up the Mississippi from Hannibal -- will sponsor a parade down Main Street to honor fallen natives like the three Kaspervik brothers.

On Memorial Day, we give thanks for the blessings of freedom and peace and for the generations of Americans who have won them for us. We also pray for the same strength and moral resolve demonstrated by these veterans, as well as for the true and lasting peace found in a world where liberty and justice prevail.

And with that prayer, I will ~~join Prime Minister~~ in placing a wreath to commemorate the sacrifice of those buried here at Nettuno.


now not coming . . .

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

May 22, 1989

MEMORANDUM FOR CHRISS WINSTON
DEPUTY ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT
FOR COMMUNICATIONS

FROM: NELSON LUND 
ASSOCIATE COUNSEL TO THE PRESIDENT

SUBJECT: Presidential Remarks: Memorial Day Ceremony,
American Cemetery, Nettuno, Italy

At the request of James W. Cicconi, Counsel's office has reviewed the captioned draft remarks. We have no legal objections.

We appreciate having had the opportunity to review these draft remarks.

cc: James W. Cicconi

WHITE HOUSE STAFFING MEMORANDUM

DATE: 05/19/89 ACTION/CONCURRENCE/COMMENT DUE BY: 10:00 a.m. Monday 05/22

SUBJECT: PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: MEMORIAL DAY CEREMONY, AMERICAN CEMETARY, NETTUNO, ITALY
(05/18 4:00 pm draft one)

	ACTION FYI			ACTION FYI	
VICE PRESIDENT	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	MCCLURE	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
SUNUNU	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	NEWMAN	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
SCOWCROFT	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	PORTER	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
DARMAN	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	STUDDERT	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
BATES	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	UNTERMAYER	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
BREEDEN	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<u>ROGERS</u>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
CARD	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<u>WINSTON</u>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
CICCONI	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<u>PINKERTON</u>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
DEMAREST	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
FITZWATER	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
GRAY	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
HAGIN	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

REMARKS:

Please provide any comments/recommendations directly to Chriss Winston (Rm. 122 x2930) by 10:00 a.m. on Monday 05/22, with an info copy to my office. Thanks.

RESPONSE:

One thought: the broader notion of the "liberation" of Italy, mentioned by the President when I first discussed Italy & Nettuno with him, seems to be missing.

James W. Cicconi
Assistant to the President
and Deputy to the Chief of Staff
Ext. 2702

5/22/89

(McNally/Simon)

May 18, 1989

4:00 p.m.

Draft One

(B:NETTUNO)

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: MEMORIAL DAY CEREMONY
AMERICAN CEMETARY
NETTUNO, ITALY
SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1989
10:00 A.M.

*Not coming (as of 1030am)
5/22*

Mr. Prime Minister, honored guests, ladies and gentlemen:

We gather today to mark Memorial Day in America, to honor the thousands of young men and women, buried here and elsewhere, who put themselves in harm's way so that others might live in freedom.

As we gather, it is dawn in America. Memorial Day Weekend. The first days of summer. Soon screen doors will slam, parks will sound with the crack of the bat, children's voices will rise in the summer breeze pungent with the scent of barbeque smoke.

And the rites of summer are marked by American rituals. Today in Indianapolis the smell of coffee and sweat and kerosene will mingle in the heat rising off the sun-baked raceway. Off the docks of St. Louis the legacy of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer will be remembered with the annual riverboat race.

Memorial Day Weekend. By the time this ceremony concludes the first rays of sunlight will streak across the Potomac River, flashing first atop the monument to the founder of our Republic, then reaching down to touch the rows of silent white markers on the green Virginia hillside that is Arlington Cemetery. Soon the gathering light will reveal the lone figure of a man in uniform,

standing guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, a 24 hour tradition that dates back more than fifty years.

And soon the sound of taps will rise in the wind all across America, heard by veterans, young and old, as they gather in cities and hamlets to salute the fallen, to slowly raise the flag to half-mast. Some will turn their thoughts here, to this peaceful hilltop above the shores of the Mediterranean, where 45 years ago the U.S. Third Infantry Division -- the most decorated in the war -- led the bloody ^(too harsh?) advance on Rome.

On that Memorial Day Weekend -- 1944 -- I was not yet 20, standing aboard the San Jacinto on the other side of the world as she cruised from Wake Island toward Saipan. Like most Americans, the men aboard ^{our} my ship had eagerly followed news of the Italian campaign.

During four long months of that year the combatants of World War II were locked near Nettuno in a deadly embrace. But before the week was out, the face of the world's greatest conflict would be changed, and the fate of the enemy sealed. On June 4th

British role? → American troops liberated Rome, the streets lined by cheering Italians. By midnight General Mark Clark's Fifth Army stood on the banks of the Tiber, and the word went out to a waiting America: For the first time since the landings at Salerno in September 1943, the enemy was in full retreat.

It was the beginning of the end. And two days later a new front opened with D-Day, the invasion of France.

The fighting in the Italian campaign was as fierce and heroic as any seen in the war. The danger to each adversary was of such magnitude that the outcome of the war itself seemed to hang in that moment, on the courage, skill, and stamina of those who struggled near the water's edge. In this cemetery lies Sgt. Sylvester Antolak. An Ohio farmboy and the youngest son of Polish immigrants, 45 years ago this week he lost his life not far from where we stand -- and won the Congressional Medal of Honor.

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Side by side under another set of crosses lie two of the three Kaspervik brothers of Quincy, Illinois. All three served in the Army Air Corps, all three died in action, these two killed ten days apart in 1944.

All told nearly 8,000 soldiers rest beneath the cedars of ~~Nettuno~~^{this} cemetery, joined by another 3,000 missing whose names are etched in the white Carrara marble of the chapel. They come from every American state, from Texas to Maine, Alaska to Florida. Twelve are women, 109 are buried beneath Stars of David, 490 are unidentified -- known but to God. And the white crosses

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battlefields of Europe and in the mountains of Asia, the deserts of north Africa, the jungles of Latin America -- silent testimony to America's battles for freedom in this century.

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As I reflect on this scene, and anticipate the dynamic and forward looking Europe of the 1990's, I think of generations of young people on both sides of the Atlantic who have grown up in peace and prosperity. With no experience of the horror and destruction of war, it may be difficult for them to understand why we need to keep a strong military deterrent to prevent war. The answer is here, among the silent graves.

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And as they do every year, the Legion in Quincy, Illinois -- just up the Mississippi from Hannibal -- will sponsor a parade down Main Street to honor fallen natives like the three Kaspervik brothers.

On Memorial Day, we give thanks for the blessings of freedom and peace and for the generations of Americans who have won them for us. We also pray for the same strength and moral resolve demonstrated by these veterans, as well as for the true and lasting peace found in a world where liberty and justice prevail.

And with that prayer, I will join Prime Minister _____ in placing a wreath to commemorate the sacrifice of those buried here at Nettuno.

now not coming . . .

(McNally/Simon)
May 18, 1989
4:00 p.m.
Draft One
(B:NETTUNO)

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: MEMORIAL DAY CEREMONY
AMERICAN CEMETARY
NETTUNO, ITALY
SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1989
10:00 A.M.

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On Memorial Day, we give thanks for the blessings of freedom and peace and for the generations of Americans who have won them for us. We also pray for the same strength and moral resolve demonstrated by these veterans, as well as for the true and lasting peace found in a world where liberty and justice prevail.

And with that prayer, I will join Prime Minister _____ in placing a wreath to commemorate the sacrifice of those buried here at Nettuno.

Chriss --

Just to offer another view...

(Obviously), I'm confident that framing the speech with "As we gather, it is dawn in America." works.

It is not symbolic -- it is literal -- as they stand there at 10:30 in Italy, it is dawn in the eastern United States -- the sun is about to come up -- marking a holiday weekend in which we honor our war dead, and in which the days of summer begin. Most of the speech is about what will be happening in the United States after the sun comes up and Americans start their day.

Thanks...

-- E.McN.

5/25 11 am

TO: CHRIS

FR: BOB

Per our discussion:

move the phrase "fresh
in mind" in graf 2, p. 4

Consider changing

"It is down in America"

on p. 6

Consider removing

USS 10WA paragraph

WHITE HOUSE STAFFING MEMORANDUM

DATE: 5/25/89 ACTION/CONCURRENCE/COMMENT DUE BY: -----

SUBJECT: PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: TRIP TO EUROPE

	ACTION FYI			ACTION FYI	
VICE PRESIDENT	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	MCCLURE	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
SUNUNU	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	NEWMAN	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
SCOWCROFT	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	PORTER	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
DARMAN	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	STUDDERT	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
BATES	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	UNTERMAYER	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
BREEDEN	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	ROGERS	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
CARD	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	WINSTON	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
CICCONI	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	PINKERTON	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
DEMAREST	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
FITZWATER	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
GRAY	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
HAGIN	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

- REMARKS: The attached remarks have been forwarded to the President:
1. Andrews Departure Statement
 2. Arrival -- Rome
 3. Toast with Prime Minister DeMita
 4. Memorial Day Speech -- Nettuno, Italy
 5. Arrival -- Brussels
 6. Arrival -- Bonn
 7. Lunch with Queen Elizabeth II

RESPONSE:

James W. Cicconi
Assistant to the President
and Deputy to the Chief of Staff
Ext. 2702

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

May 23, 1989

INFORMATION

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

THROUGH: CHRISS WINSTON *cw*

FROM: EDWARD E. McNALLY *EMN*

SUBJECT: MEMORIAL DAY SPEECH AT THE AMERICAN CEMETERY,
 NETTUNO, ITALY

I. SUMMARY

Attached for your consideration and review are draft remarks for your Memorial Day address, to be given on Memorial Day Sunday at the Sicily-Rome American Cemetery and Memorial in Nettuno, Italy.

II. DISCUSSION

At 10:00 a.m. (Italy time) on Sunday, May 28, 1989, you are scheduled to travel to the American Cemetery in Nettuno, Italy, to lay a Memorial Day wreath -- commemorating all our veterans who have fallen in battle.

In part because the military campaign at nearby Anzio remains controversial, the suggested remarks are not particularly directed at the Italians, NATO, or even the armed services. Rather, the remarks were drafted as a Presidential Memorial Day message, directed at the heartland audience back home where families will be preparing to celebrate an American tradition.

Located just east of Anzio, about an hour's drive from Rome, the American Cemetery at Nettuno is one of fourteen sites in foreign countries that were selected after World War II as permanent American cemeteries. A grassy, tree-lined field of white crosses, the cemetery is somewhat reminiscent of Arlington National Cemetery. Nearly all of the almost 8,000 soldiers buried there are American, and nearly all fought in the 1943-44 liberation of Italy, from the invasion of Sicily to the fall of Rome. A small number also came from Canada, England, Scotland, Ireland, Finland, Sweden and Spain.

(McNally/Simon)
May 23, 1989
5:00 p.m.
Draft Four
(B:NETTUNO)

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: MEMORIAL DAY CEREMONY
AMERICAN CEMETERY
NETTUNO, ITALY
SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1989
10:00 A.M.

We gather today to mark Memorial Day in America, to honor the thousands of young men and women, buried here and elsewhere, who put themselves in harm's way so that others might live in freedom.

As we gather, it is dawn in America. Memorial Day Weekend. The first days of summer. Soon screen doors will slam, parks will sound with the crack of the bat, children's voices will rise in the summer breeze pungent with the scent of barbecue smoke.

And the rites of summer are marked by American traditions. As morning comes to Indianapolis the smells of coffee and gasoline will mingle in the heat rising off the sun-baked raceway. Further west, there'll be another race, as the blast of a ship's whistle sends the riverboats Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer steaming down the Mississippi off the docks of St. Louis.

Memorial Day Weekend. By the time today's ceremony concludes the first rays of sunlight will streak across the Potomac, flashing first atop the monument to the founder of our Republic, then reaching down to touch the silent rows of white markers on the green Virginia hillside that is Arlington

Cemetery. Soon the gathering light will reveal a lone figure -- a man in uniform -- standing guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldiers, a round the clock vigil unbroken in more than fifty years. Another moment and the dawn will flood the park that lays beneath the gaze of Lincoln, embracing the candles that flicker each night along the walls of the Vietnam Memorial.

And soon the plaintive sound of taps will rise in the wind in cities and hamlets all across America, heard by veterans of four wars, as they gather to salute the fallen. In town after town the ritual at sunrise will be the same, as first the flag is raised, then slowly lowered to half-mast.

The thoughts of some will turn eastward toward the sun -- across the ocean and across four decades -- to this grassy plain above the shores of the Mediterranean, where 45 years ago the U.S. Third Infantry Division -- among the most decorated in World War II -- led the bloody advance toward the liberation of Rome.

On that Memorial Day Weekend -- 1944 -- I was not yet 20, standing aboard the U.S.S. San Jacinto on the other side of the world as she cruised from Wake Island toward Saipan. Like Americans everywhere, the men aboard our ship had eagerly followed news of the Italian campaign.

During four long months of 1944, the combatants of World War II were locked near Nettuno in a deadly embrace. But before the week was out, the face of the world's greatest conflict would be changed, and the fate of the enemy sealed. On June 4th, American troops entered Rome, the streets lined by cheering Italians. By

midnight General Mark Clark's Fifth Army stood on the banks of the Tiber, and the word went out to a waiting America: For the first time since the landings at Salerno in September 1943, the enemy was in full retreat.

It was the beginning of the end. And two days later a new front opened with D-Day, the Normandy landing.

The fight to liberate Italy from the tyranny of fascism was as fierce and heroic as any seen in the war. The danger to each adversary was such that the outcome of the war itself seemed to hang at that moment on the valor and the vigor of each man who struggled near the water's edge.

One such soldier was Sgt. Sylvester Antolak, an Ohio farmboy and the youngest son of Polish immigrants. On a drizzly morning forty-five years ago this week, he led Staff Sgt. Audie Murphy and others in a bold charge through the rain and the ruin near Cisterna -- one man against a machinegun nest that blocked the road to Rome.

Three times he was cut down by fire. Three times he got back up, tucking his gun under his shattered right arm. By the time he had disabled the gunners, ten enemy soldiers surrendered to this man whom their bullets could not stop.

Sgt. Antolak fell near Cisterna that same day. He rests here beneath the cedars of Nettuno with nearly 8,000 soldiers, his grave one of two marked with the Congressional Medal of Honor. Joined by the names of another 3,000 missing etched in the white marble of the chapel, they come from every American

state, from Texas to Maine, Alaska to Florida. And these white crosses and Stars of David ring the world -- across the battlefields of Europe and the jungles of Asia, the deserts of north Africa, the hillsides of our homeland -- in silent tribute to America's battles for freedom in this century.

It was with the memory of the sacrifices of the American, British and French soldiers who fell during the campaign to liberate Italy -- and the sacrifices of millions of other Europeans and Americans in the cause of freedom -- fresh in mind that NATO was created after the war.

As I reflect on this scene, and anticipate the dynamic and forward-looking Europe of the 1990's, I think of generations of young people on both sides of the Atlantic who have grown up in peace and prosperity. With no experience of the horror and destruction of war, it may be difficult for them to understand why we need to keep a strong military deterrent to prevent war, and to preserve freedom and democracy. The answer is here, among the quiet of the graves.

The cost of maintaining freedom is brought home to us all when tragedy strikes -- as it did last month on the USS Iowa. The loss of those fine sailors -- and the tears of their families and loved ones -- reminded us all of the risk and sacrifice in human terms that security sometimes demands. Let me add how impressive were the many expressions of sympathy I received from leaders around the world, and particularly by the eloquent words

of Italy's distinguished President, Francesco Cossiga, as he shared the sorrow of our loss.

Sgt. Antolak also understood the cost of freedom. Today in his hometown of St. Clairesville, Ohio -- population 6,000 -- the townspeople will gather by the local courthouse to dedicate a white granite memorial to the county's Medal of Honor winners. George and Stanley Antolak will be there -- to remember their brother -- their hero, and ours.

It is the kind of scene that will be repeated today and tomorrow in parks and churchyards all across America.

A bit north of Mark Twain's Hannibal -- just up the Mississippi from that steamboat race I mentioned -- lies the town of Quincy, Illinois. When World War II came, Quincy offered up her sons in service. Three brothers -- Donald, Preston, and William Kaspervik -- joined the Army Air Corps. Their story is a common one -- and yet uncommon in the way of all those who answered the call to serve.

The first brother, Donald, was killed when two bombers collided on maneuvers in New Mexico, and their mother grieved. Preston, the second brother, died just south of here in Sicily, shortly after Patton's successful invasion. And their mother was overcome once again.

Ten days later, the third brother, William went down during a dangerous bombing mission over the mountains of central Italy. On the day of his death, his mother received a letter from him,

urging her not to worry. When the third telegram came, his mother could not bring herself to answer the door.

William and Preston Kaspervik are buried here side by side -- in soil they helped to free. Brothers in life, brothers in arms, brothers in eternity.

Their mother died 20 years ago. But back home in Quincy, the extraordinary sacrifice of this ordinary American family is still remembered. And today, as they do every year, the VFW and the American Legion will honor Quincy's fallen natives with a hometown parade down Main Street, high above the banks of the Mississippi.

As we gather today, it is dawn in America. Memorial Day Weekend. And as the sun rises and the summer begins, the images both here and at home are of countries that are prosperous and secure, countries confident of their place in the world and aware of the responsibility that comes with that place.

Soon that lone soldier at Arlington will resume his paces -- 21 steps in each direction, the changing of the guard precisely on the half hour. At Gettysburg, the schoolchildren will scatter flowers on other unknown graves, blue and gray side by side, Americans.

On Memorial Day, we give thanks for the blessings of freedom and peace and for the generations of Americans who have won them for us. We also pray for the same strength and moral resolve demonstrated by these veterans, as well as for the true and lasting peace found in a world where liberty and justice prevail.

And with that prayer, I ask that you join in your own silent prayers as we place a wreath to commemorate the sacrifice of those buried here at Nettuno -- and the sacrifice of all men and women who have given their lives for freedom.

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