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Wall Street Journal Centennial 6/22/89 [1]

Stack:	Row:	Section:	Shelf:	Position:
G	25	6	3	5

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: WALL STREET JOURNAL CENTENNIAL
WINTER GARDEN -- NEW YORK
THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1989, 8:30

THANK YOU, WARREN [[PHILLIPS, CHAIRMAN OF DOW
JONES]], FOR THAT WARM INTRODUCTION. I'M DELIGHTED TO
BE HERE TONIGHT. [[THERE'S NOTHING LIKE CELEBRATING
ANOTHER'S HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY TO MAKE A MAN FEEL
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THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

DATE:

FROM THE PRESIDENT

To: Jim C

I have knocked out
several personal references.

I included a Bob
Hope joke

Do not include
jokes in press text.

Good length
" speech for
the occasion

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

1989 JUN 20 11 11

June 20, 1989

INFORMATION

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

THROUGH: CHRISS WINSTON *cu*
FROM: EDWARD E. McNALLY *gmm*
SUBJECT: KEYNOTE ADDRESS FOR THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE WALL STREET JOURNAL (BLACK TIE)

I. SUMMARY

At approximately 8:30 p.m. on Thursday, June 22, 1989, you are scheduled to arrive at the Winter Garden in lower Manhattan to give the keynote address for The Wall Street Journal's 100th Anniversary Gala.

II. DISCUSSION

Attached for your consideration and review are draft remarks for the 15-minute address expected by The Wall Street Journal for their Gala in New York. Your speech -- the only one of the night -- will be before dinner, and will be on teleprompter.

The audience -- a black tie group of approximately 600 -- is expected to include some of the leading members of America's corporate, advertising, and news media communities. *

In keeping with the guidance received from Marlin Fitzwater, the press office, Al Hunt and others at the Journal, the remarks are essentially light, humorous, and personal -- focusing on the paper's history and including one message -- an echo of the day's earlier call for corporate involvement in national service.

* E.g., including: William Agee, Steven Jobs, Bill Moyers, Joseph Flom, Richard Holbrooke, Woody Allen, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, Rupert Murdoch, Roone Arledge, Bryant Gumble, David Rockefeller, Peter Ueberroth, Norman Lear, Pete Teeley, Malcolm Forbes, Mort Zuckerman, Ben Bradley, Kate Graham, Don Hewitt, Mike Wallace, Bill Buckley, Robert Bork, Carl Icahn, and Armand Hammer.

THE PRESIDENT HAS SEEN

6/21/89

(McNally/Simon)
June 20, 1989, 7:00 p.m.
Draft Four (WSJ)

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Thank you, Warren [[PHILLIPS, CHAIRMAN OF DOW JONES]], for that warm introduction. I'm delighted to be here tonight. There's nothing like celebrating another's hundredth birthday to make a man feel young.

Talk about a big event. This morning I saw Willard Scott on TV -- holding up a birthday snapshot of the Wall Street Journal.

Speaking of television, before we left the White House, I told my ^{3 year} grandkids I'd be spending the evening with the media elite. ¹ ~~He~~ ^{do} asked me to get an autograph from -- They want to know which one of you is Morton Downey.

Seriously, this is an impressive audience. But if anything catastrophic happens to the Winter Garden tonight, the Fortune 500 will be lucky to keep the list in double digits. [[PAUSE]]

~~Forgive me if I seem a bit distracted. I just heard that, during the cocktails, Donald Trump bought Air Force One.~~

Gee -- I wonder what he's going to name it? [[PAUSE]]

~~Don is the only guy in America whose car has a dashboard statue of Frank Lorenzo. [[PAUSE]]~~

new lead in → ^{100 years ago - what was it like?} ~~Of course, it wasn't cars, but carriages, that crowded New York's cobblestones on July 8, 1889. Telephones and electric lights were just catching on. It was the year the Oklahoma Territory opened, Johnstown flooded, and Mark Twain penned A~~

Connecticut Yankee. Another year would pass before Sitting Bull would perish in the Sioux uprisings.

And as the sun rose over Manhattan on that hot July Monday, John D. Rockefeller was preparing to celebrate his 50th birthday. Upriver, 10,000 baseball fans filled the new Polo Grounds -- with another 5,000 crowding the nearby bluffs -- to see New York down Pittsburgh, 7 to 5.

And from a modest office not far from where we stand, the Wall Street Journal was distributed to a few hundred readers for two cents a copy. And the first front page contained another historic first -- your first typo. [[PAUSE]]

It was in a story about John L. Sullivan's victory in the bare-knuckle, heavyweight championship -- won after 75 grueling rounds. It was to be the nation's last such drawn-out, bare-knuckle fight -- until they invented "leveraged buy-outs". ~~and~~ "and" OK
~~and~~ "presidential primaries" ~~is~~

From those modest beginnings, the Wall Street Journal emerged to become America's ledger sheet -- chronicling war and depression and prosperity, as we grew from a frontier society to the frontiers of space -- the world's dominant financial power.

Arthur Miller observed that "a good newspaper is a nation talking to itself." The Journal is like that. In a changing world that offers 64 channels of cable television, the six gray columns of the Wall Street Journal are as familiar as the morning coffee at America's breakfast tables.

Its pages tell the story of our times. Only once in 100 years did it carry a banner headline -- the day after Pearl Harbor. ~~[[PAUSE]] I must have missed that one.~~ Sept 7 1941 - Make that December 7th

After the War, the Journal came to Texas the same year I did -- 1948 -- when it began printing in Dallas. Your chairman, Warren Phillips, had been hired as a copy reader the year before -- in time to see the first of the paper's 13 Pulitzers.

Not that every article was a Pulitzer Prize winner. In 1967, a front page story on China predicted the communist government wouldn't last the year. ~~[[PAUSE]] And on Pearl Harbor I was only off by three months.~~

A decade later -- in 1979 -- the Wall Street Journal became the largest circulation daily in the nation. But one rival complained that it was only because so many subscribers were at an age where they forget to cancel.

Insert
A H

~~That same year, reporter Jim Perry celebrated the paper's 90th birthday by exhuming a family nickname that had been dead for 30 years. [[PAUSE]] "Poppy" Bush. [[PAUSE]] Thanks, Jim.~~

~~Anyway~~
A year later -- on the day after the 1980 election -- the lead editorial celebrated "Ronald Reagan's mandate." And President Reagan told me my day would come. And it did. The day after I was elected President, the headline read -- and I kid you not -- "Jim Wright's Mandate."

~~At least now that I'm President, the Journal doesn't call me "Poppy." [[PAUSE]] Now they call me "George Herbert Walker Bush."~~

But I told Al Hunt how much I enjoy the Journal. He asked

if it's the front page, the conservative editorials, or the news coverage. I said it's because you don't carry Doonesbury.

And you have a distinction no other paper in America can claim: No matter how slow the news, you never ran a puppy photo.

All kidding aside, the Wall Street Journal has a proud and enviable tradition. Although you deal in the world's most perishable product -- news -- polls have repeatedly shown that your paper is one of America's most trusted publications.

A reputation like that can only be earned by adherence to your founders' pledge to always have the news "honest, intelligent and unprejudiced." In modern times, your reporters have carried this pledge beyond business reporting, in coverage of events like the civil rights struggle -- and the recent ~~massacre~~ ^{tragedy} in Beijing -- carrying on a proud American tradition of braving intimidation to bring the truth into the light.

And many at the Journal have gone beyond their professional obligations -- and set examples of another old-fashioned tradition that is very much on my mind today. The tradition of public service.

Three years ago, John Fialka wrote a Column-One story called "Sisters In Need" -- chronicling the poverty that had befallen the growing ranks of retired clergy in America. It provoked a swell of readership response. And so John and others at the Journal founded "SOAR" -- "Support Our Aging Religious" -- and raised more than \$1 million to aid 30 different orders.

A similar public response occurred in 1987 after the publication of "Urban Trauma" -- Alex Kotlowitz's moving account of three months in the life of Lafayette Walton -- a 12 year-old boy struggling to survive in a dangerous Chicago project.

Alex stayed in touch with Lafayette. And last summer they passed the hat at the Journal -- and gave Lafayette and his brother a season of peace in the woods of a Wisconsin boys camp.

Personal gestures. Profound actions. Sometimes life-changing in their effect. These are the works of men and women who know that prosperity without purpose means nothing.

Earlier today, I announced a new initiative -- calling on all levels of government -- and both sectors, public and private -- to enlist in a new crusade to bring national service into every corner of America.

That crusade begins with a simple truth: From now on, the definition of a successful life must include service to others.

And I may never have as important an audience to carry this message to, as you who are gathered at the Winter Garden tonight.

The American business community has supported conservative policies. We are enjoying prosperous years. But not all Americans are part of that prosperity, and I ask that business do its part. Prosperity cannot be truly enjoyed unless the points of light about which I've spoken shine on every American in need.

Many of you are CEO's, with galaxies at your command. And it is my request -- I submit, your obligation -- to donate the services of the talented and the enterprising within your ranks.

Many are doing this now. Everyone should do this now

Shortly after the Wall Street Journal was founded, 100 years ago, the Census Bureau declared that the "frontier" no longer existed in America. But the Wall Street Journal has proven them wrong -- by advancing across ever new frontiers of technology, geography, and innovation. And I said it a week ago, looking eastward across America from the foot of the Grand Tetons: The challenges ahead are in the frontiers of the mind -- and of the good that hard work and the human imagination can bring to pass.

Not long after bringing home the Journal's first Pulitzer Prize, William Grimes expressed a simple creed. He wrote: "We believe in the individual, in his wisdom and his decency." Now that is a worthy tenet -- one we can all carry forth from tonight's celebration -- and on to a renewed commitment to service tomorrow.

To all at the Journal, I wish you congratulations on this landmark -- and success as your "Second Century" begins. And to all here tonight -- God bless you -- and God bless the United States.

#

Insert speaking of ~~what~~ and
R apropos of nothing B. at the
Joe Gibbs charity dinner Bob
Hope told of 2 very old men
sitting on ~~the~~ park bench.

First: "Do you know how
old I am?"
second: "Stand up" Turn around
"Drop your
trousers" "Drop your shorts" Now
pat yourself on the posterior"
OK pull up your shorts - you

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

June 21, 1989

MR. PRESIDENT:

Please note that this speech
is on teleprompter.

^{Jim}
Jim Cicconi

*trouvers - too sit
and down on the bench
You're 93 years
& wants old
You'd you know?
You told me
yesterday.*

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

June 20, 1989

INFORMATION

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

THROUGH:

CHRISS WINSTON *cu*

FROM:

EDWARD E. McNALLY *gww*

SUBJECT:

KEYNOTE ADDRESS FOR THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE WALL STREET JOURNAL (BLACK TIE)

I. SUMMARY

At approximately 8:30 p.m. on Thursday, June 22, 1989, you are scheduled to arrive at the Winter Garden in lower Manhattan to give the keynote address for The Wall Street Journal's 100th Anniversary Gala.

II. DISCUSSION

Attached for your consideration and review are draft remarks for the 15-minute address expected by The Wall Street Journal for their Gala in New York. Your speech -- the only one of the night -- will be before dinner, and will be on teleprompter.

The audience -- a black tie group of approximately 600 -- is expected to include some of the leading members of America's corporate, advertising, and news media communities. *

In keeping with the guidance received from Marlin Fitzwater, the press office, Al Hunt and others at the Journal, the remarks are essentially light, humorous, and personal -- focusing on the paper's history and including one message -- an echo of the day's earlier call for corporate involvement in national service.

* E.g., including: William Agee, Steven Jobs, Bill Moyers, Joseph Flom, Richard Holbrooke, Woody Allen, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, Rupert Murdoch, Roone Arledge, Bryant Gumble, David Rockefeller, Peter Ueberroth, Norman Lear, Pete Teeley, Malcolm Forbes, Mort Zuckerman, Ben Bradlee, Kate Graham, Don Hewitt, Mike Wallace, Bill Buckley, Robert Bork, Carl Icahn, and Armand Hammer.

(McNally/Simon)
June 20, 1989, 7:00 p.m.
Draft Four (WSJ)

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: WALL STREET JOURNAL CENTENNIAL
WINTER GARDEN -- NEW YORK CITY
THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1989, 8:30 P.M.

Thank you, Warren [[PHILLIPS, CHAIRMAN OF DOW JONES]], for that warm introduction. I'm delighted to be here tonight. There's nothing like celebrating another's hundredth birthday to make a man feel young.

Talk about a big event. This morning I saw Willard Scott on TV -- holding up a birthday snapshot of the Wall Street Journal.

Speaking of television, before we left the White House, I told my grandkids I'd be spending the evening with the media elite. They want to know which one of you is Morton Downey.

Seriously, this is an impressive audience. But if anything catastrophic happens to the Winter Garden tonight, the Fortune 500 will be lucky to keep the list in double digits. [[PAUSE]]

Forgive me if I seem a bit distracted. I just heard that, during the cocktails, Donald Trump bought Air Force One.

Gee -- I wonder what he's going to name it? [[PAUSE]]

Don is the only guy in America whose car has a dashboard statue of Frank Lorenzo. [[PAUSE]]

Of course, it wasn't cars, but carriages, that crowded New York's cobblestones on July 8, 1889. Telephones and electric lights were just catching on. It was the year the Oklahoma Territory opened, Johnstown flooded, and Mark Twain penned A

Connecticut Yankee. Another year would pass before Sitting Bull would perish in the Sioux uprisings.

And as the sun rose over Manhattan on that hot July Monday, John D. Rockefeller was preparing to celebrate his 50th birthday. Upriver, 10,000 baseball fans filled the new Polo Grounds -- with another 5,000 crowding the nearby bluffs -- to see New York down Pittsburgh, 7 to 5.

And from a modest office not far from where we stand, the Wall Street Journal was distributed to a few hundred readers for two cents a copy. And the first front page contained another historic first -- your first typo. [[PAUSE]]

It was in a story about John L. Sullivan's victory in the bare-knuckle, heavyweight championship -- won after 75 grueling rounds. It was to be the nation's last such drawn-out, bare-knuckle fight -- until they invented leveraged buy-outs.
[[OR: "presidential primaries"]].

From those modest beginnings, the Wall Street Journal emerged to become America's ledger sheet -- chronicling war and depression and prosperity, as we grew from a frontier society to the frontiers of space -- the world's dominant financial power.

Arthur Miller observed that "a good newspaper is a nation talking to itself." The Journal is like that. In a changing world that offers 64 channels of cable television, the six gray columns of the Wall Street Journal are as familiar as the morning coffee at America's breakfast tables.

Its pages tell the story of our times. Only once in 100 years did it carry a banner headline -- the day after Pearl Harbor. [[PAUSE]] I must have missed that one.

After the War, the Journal came to Texas the same year I did -- 1948 -- when it began printing in Dallas. Your chairman, Warren Phillips, had been hired as a copy reader the year before -- in time to see the first of the paper's 13 Pulitzers.

Not that every article was a Pulitzer Prize winner. In 1967, a front page story on China predicted the communist government wouldn't last the year. [[PAUSE]] And on Pearl Harbor I was only off by three months.

A decade later -- in 1979 -- the Wall Street Journal became the largest circulation daily in the nation. But one rival complained that it was only because so many subscribers were at an age where they forget to cancel.

That same year, reporter Jim Perry celebrated the paper's 90th birthday by exhuming a family nickname that had been dead for 30 years. [[PAUSE]] "Poppy" Bush. [[PAUSE]] Thanks, Jim.

A year later -- on the day after the 1980 election -- the lead editorial celebrated "Ronald Reagan's mandate." And President Reagan told me my day would come. And it did. The day after I was elected President, the headline read -- and I kid you not -- "Jim Wright's Mandate."

At least now that I'm President, the Journal doesn't call me "Poppy." [[PAUSE]] Now they call me "George Herbert Walker Bush."

But I told Al Hunt how much I enjoy the Journal. He asked

if it's the front page, the conservative editorials, or the news coverage. I said it's because you don't carry Doonesbury.

And you have a distinction no other paper in America can claim: No matter how slow the news, you never ran a puppy photo.

All kidding aside, the Wall Street Journal has a proud and enviable tradition. Although you deal in the world's most perishable product -- news -- polls have repeatedly shown that your paper is one of America's most trusted publications.

A reputation like that can only be earned by adherence to your founders' pledge to always have the news "honest, intelligent and unprejudiced." In modern times, your reporters have carried this pledge beyond business reporting, in coverage of events like the civil rights struggle -- and the recent massacre in Beijing -- carrying on a proud American tradition of braving intimidation to bring the truth into the light.

And many at the Journal have gone beyond their professional obligations -- and set examples of another old-fashioned tradition that is very much on my mind today. The tradition of public service.

Three years ago, John Fialka wrote a Column-One story called "Sisters In Need" -- chronicling the poverty that had befallen the growing ranks of retired clergy in America. It provoked a swell of readership response. And so John and others at the Journal founded "SOAR" -- "Support Our Aging Religious" -- and raised more than \$1 million to aid 30 different orders.

A similar public response occurred in 1987 after the publication of "Urban Trauma" -- Alex Kotlowitz's moving account of three months in the life of Lafayette Walton -- a 12 year-old boy struggling to survive in a dangerous Chicago project.

Alex stayed in touch with Lafayette. And last summer they passed the hat at the Journal -- and gave Lafayette and his brother a season of peace in the woods of a Wisconsin boys camp.

Personal gestures. Profound actions. Sometimes life-changing in their effect. These are the works of men and women who know that prosperity without purpose means nothing.

Earlier today, I announced a new initiative -- calling on all levels of government -- and both sectors, public and private -- to enlist in a new crusade to bring national service into every corner of America.

That crusade begins with a simple truth: From now on, the definition of a successful life must include service to others.

And I may never have as important an audience to carry this message to, as you who are gathered at the Winter Garden tonight.

The American business community has supported conservative policies. We are enjoying prosperous years. But not all Americans are part of that prosperity, and I ask that business do its part. Prosperity cannot be truly enjoyed unless the points of light about which I've spoken shine on every American in need.

Many of you are CEO's, with galaxies at your command. And it is my request -- I submit, your obligation -- to donate the services of the talented and the enterprising within your ranks.

Shortly after the Wall Street Journal was founded, 100 years ago, the Census Bureau declared that the "frontier" no longer existed in America. But the Wall Street Journal has proven them wrong -- by advancing across ever new frontiers of technology, geography, and innovation. And I said it a week ago, looking eastward across America from the foot of the Grand Tetons: The challenges ahead are in the frontiers of the mind -- and of the good that hard work and the human imagination can bring to pass.

Not long after bringing home the Journal's first Pulitzer Prize, William Grimes expressed a simple creed. He wrote: "We believe in the individual, in his wisdom and his decency." Now that is a worthy tenet -- one we can all carry forth from tonight's celebration -- and on to a renewed commitment to service tomorrow.

To all at the Journal, I wish you congratulations on this landmark -- and success as your "Second Century" begins. And to all here tonight -- God bless you -- and God bless the United States.

#

(McNally/Simon)
June 19, 1989, 1:00 p.m.
Draft Three (WSJ)

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: WALL STREET JOURNAL CENTENNIAL
WINTER GARDEN -- NEW YORK CITY
THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1989, 8:30 P.M.

Thank you, _____, for that warm introduction. I'm delighted to be here tonight. There's nothing like celebrating another's hundredth birthday to make a man feel young.

Talk about a big event. This morning I saw Willard Scott on TV -- holding up a birthday snapshot of the Wall Street Journal.

Speaking of television, before we left the White House, I told my grandkids I'd be spending the evening with the media elite. They want to know which one of you is Morton Downey.

Seriously, this is an impressive audience. But if anything catastrophic happens to the Winter Garden tonight, the Fortune 500 will be lucky to keep the list in double digits. [[PAUSE]]

Forgive me if I seem a bit distracted. I just heard that, during the cocktails, Donald Trump bought Air Force One.

Gee -- I wonder what he's going to name it? [[PAUSE]]

Don is the only guy in America whose car has a dashboard statue of Frank Lorenzo. [[PAUSE]]

Of course, it wasn't cars, but carriages, that crowded New York's cobblestones on July 8, 1889. Telephones and electric lights were just catching on. It was the year the Oklahoma Territory opened, Johnstown flooded, and Mark Twain penned A Connecticut Yankee. Another year would pass before Sitting Bull would perish in the Sioux uprisings.

And as the sun rose over Manhattan on that hot July Monday, John D. Rockefeller was preparing to celebrate his 50th birthday. Upriver, 10,000 baseball fans filled the new Polo Grounds -- with another 5,000 on the nearby bluffs -- to see New York down Pittsburgh, 7 to 5.

And from a modest office not far from where we stand, the Wall Street Journal was distributed to a few hundred readers for two cents a copy. And the first front page contained another historic first -- your first typo. [[PAUSE]]

It was in a story about John L. Sullivan's victory in the bare-knuckle, heavyweight championship -- won after 75 grueling rounds. It was to be the nation's last such drawn-out, bare-knuckle fight -- until they invented leveraged buy-outs.

[[OR: "presidential primaries"]].

From those modest beginnings, the Wall Street Journal emerged to become America's ledger sheet -- chronicling war and depression and prosperity, as we grew from a frontier society to the frontiers of space -- the world's dominant financial power.

Arthur Miller observed that "a good newspaper is a nation talking to itself." The Journal is like that. In a changing world that offers 64 channels of cable television, the six gray columns of the Wall Street Journal are as familiar as the morning coffee at America's breakfast tables.

Its pages tell the story of our times. Only once in 100 years did it carry a banner headline -- the day after Pearl Harbor. [[PAUSE]] I must have missed that one.

After the War, the Journal came to Texas the same year I did -- 1948 -- when it began printing in Dallas. Your chairman, Warren Phillips, had been hired as a copy reader the year before -- in time to see the first of the paper's 13 Pulitzers.

Not that every article was Pulitzer Prize material. In 1967, a front page story on China predicted the communist government wouldn't last the year. [[PAUSE]] And on Pearl Harbor I was only off by three months.

A decade later -- in 1979 -- the Wall Street Journal became the largest circulation daily in the nation. But one rival complained that it was only because so many subscribers were at an age where they forget to cancel.

That same year, reporter Jim Perry celebrated the paper's 90th birthday by exhuming a high school nickname that had been dead for 30 years. [[PAUSE]] "Poppy" Bush. Thanks, Jim.

A year later -- on the day after the 1980 election -- the lead editorial celebrated "Ronald Reagan's mandate." And President Reagan told me my day would come. And it did. The day after I was elected President, the headline read -- and I kid you not -- "Jim Wright's Mandate."

At least now that I'm President, the Journal doesn't call me "Poppy." Now they call me "George Herbert Walker Bush."

But I told Al Hunt how much I enjoy the Journal. He asked if it's the front page, the conservative editorials, or the news coverage. I said it's because you don't carry Doonesbury.

And you have a distinction no other paper in America can claim: No matter how slow the news, you never ran a puppy photo.

All kidding aside, the Wall Street Journal has a proud and enviable tradition. Although you deal in the world's most perishable product -- news -- polls have repeatedly shown that your paper is one of America's most trusted publications.

A reputation like that can only be earned by adherence to your founders' pledge to always have the news "honest, intelligent and unprejudiced." In modern times, your reporters have carried this pledge beyond business reporting, in coverage of events like the civil rights struggle -- and the recent massacre in Beijing -- carrying on a proud American tradition of braving intimidation to bring the truth into the light.

And many at the Journal have gone beyond their professional obligations -- and set examples of another old-fashioned tradition very much on my mind. The tradition of public service.

Three years ago, John Fialka wrote a Column-One story called "Sisters In Need" -- chronicling the poverty that had befallen the growing ranks of retired clergy in America. It provoked a swell of readership response. And so John and others at the Journal founded "SOAR" -- "Support Our Aging Religious" -- and raised more than \$1 million to aid 30 different orders.

A similar public response occurred in 1987 after the publication of "Urban Trauma" -- Alex Kotlowitz's moving account of three months in the life of Lafayette Walton -- a 12 year-old boy struggling to survive in a dangerous Chicago project.

Alex stayed in touch with Lafayette. And last summer they passed the hat at the Journal -- and gave Lafayette and his brother a season of peace in the woods of a Wisconsin boys camp.

Personal gestures. Profound actions. Sometimes life-changing in their effect. These are the works of men and women who know that prosperity without purpose means nothing.

Earlier today, I announced that I will shortly sign an Executive Order directing all executive branch officials to devise programs to involve themselves and their employees in community service. Direct -- not ask.

It begins with a simple truth: From now on, the definition of a successful life must include service to others.

And I may never have as important an audience to carry this message to, as you who are gathered at the Winter Garden tonight.

The American business community has supported conservative policies. You have enjoyed prosperous years, and applauded my pledge not to raise taxes. But business must do its part. Prosperity cannot be truly enjoyed unless the points of light about which I've spoken shine on every American in need.

Many of you are CEO's, with galaxies at your command. And it is my request -- I submit, your obligation -- to donate the services of the talented and the enterprising within your ranks.

Shortly after the Wall Street Journal was founded, 100 years ago, the Census Bureau declared that the "frontier" no longer existed in America. But the Wall Street Journal has proven them wrong -- by advancing across ever new frontiers of technology,

geography, and innovation. And I said it a week ago, looking eastward across America from the foot of the Grand Tetons: The challenges ahead are in the frontiers of the mind -- and of the good that hard work and the human imagination can bring to pass.

Not long after bringing home the Journal's first Pulitzer Prize, William Grimes expressed a simple creed. He wrote: "We believe in the individual, in his wisdom and his decency." Now that is a worthy tenet -- one we can all carry forth from tonight's celebration -- and on to a renewed commitment to service tomorrow.

To all at the Journal, I wish you congratulations on this landmark -- and success as your "Second Century" begins. And to all here tonight -- God bless you -- and God bless the United States.

#

(McNally/Simon)
June 17, 1989
9:00 p.m.
Draft Two
(WSJ)

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: WALL STREET JOURNAL CENTENNIAL
~~THE WINTER PALACE~~ GARDEN
NEW YORK CITY
THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1989
8:30 P.M.

Thank you, _____, for that warm introduction. I'm delighted to be here tonight. There's nothing like celebrating another's hundredth birthday to make a man feel young.

Talk about a big event. This morning I saw Willard Scott on TV -- holding up a birthday snapshot of the Wall Street Journal.

Speaking of television, before we left the White House, I told my grandkids I'd be spending the evening with the media elite. They want to know which one of you is Morton Downey.

Seriously, this is an impressive audience. But if anything happens to the Winter Garden tonight, the Fortune 500 will be lucky to keep the list in double digits. [[PAUSE]]

Forgive me if I seem a bit distracted. I just heard that, during the cocktails, Donald Trump bought Air Force One.

Gee -- I wonder what he's going to name it?

Don is the only guy whose car has a dashboard statue of Frank Lorenzo.

But -- as Don has shown -- competition today is intense in every field. I hear the Journal's abandoning its ^{"no"}photo^{graph"} policy and coming out with its first swimsuit issue. [[PAUSE]] I just don't know if their public is ready for Lee Iacoca in thongs.

Competition was tough a hundred years ago, too. New York City. July 8, 1889. Telephones and electric lights were just catching on. It was the year the Oklahoma Territory opened, Johnstown flooded, and Mark Twain penned A Connecticut Yankee.

Newspapers wrote of Kodak's new camera and wondered whether Jack the Ripper would kill again. And another year would pass before Sitting Bull would perish in the Sioux uprisings.

And as the sun rose over Manhattan on that hot July Monday, John D. Rockefeller was preparing to celebrate his 50th birthday.

~~Across the river,~~ the new Polo Grounds baseball stadium opened on that day. The home team won.

And from a modest office not far from where we stand, the Wall Street Journal was distributed to a few hundred readers for two cents a copy. And the first front page contained the paper's first typo. [[PAUSE]]

It was in a story about John L. ~~Louis's~~ ^{Sullivan} victory in America's final, bare-knuckle, (~~heavyweight~~) ^{OK} championship -- won after 75 grueling rounds. It was to be the nation's last such drawn-out, bare-knuckle fight -- until they invented leveraged buy-outs.
[[OR: "presidential primaries"]].

From those modest beginnings, the Wall Street Journal emerged to become America's ledger sheet -- chronicling war and depression and prosperity, as we grew from a frontier society to the frontiers of space -- the world's dominant industrial and financial power.

1988 almanac
Webster's Bio.
Dict.

Weather
Am. Bios.
Baseball Hall of Fame
607-547-9999

weather
team name
opponent?
score

WSJ:
The 1st
100 years
almanac
+ AP
Book of Days

Burns & Notes
Book of
Quotations

Arthur Miller observed that "a good newspaper is a nation talking to itself." The Journal is like that. In a changing world that offers 64 channels of cable television, the six gray columns of the Wall Street Journal are as familiar as the morning coffee at America's breakfast tables.

WSJ
Milestones
Its pages tell the story of our times. Only once in 100 years did it carry a banner headline -- the day after Pearl Harbor. [[PAUSE]] I must have missed that one.

WSJ
Press Release
WSJ
Milestones
After the War, the Journal came to Texas the same year I did -- 1948 -- when it began printing in Dallas to supplement the New York and San Francisco editions. Your chairman, Warren Phillips, had been hired as a copy reader the year before -- in time to see the first of 13 Pulitzers earned by your correspondents.

1-30-67
WSJ
Not that every article was Pulitzer Prize material. There were some real doozies. [[PAUSE]] In 1967, as the paper's 80th birthday approached, a front page story on China predicted the communist government wouldn't last the year. [[PAUSE]] And I was only off by ³two months on Pearl Harbor.

WSJ
Milestones
A decade later -- in 1979 -- the Wall Street Journal became the largest circulation daily in the nation. But one rival complained that it was only because so many subscribers were at an age where they forget to cancel.

WSJ
7-6-79
That same year, 1979, correspondent Jim Perry celebrated the Journal's 90th birthday by exhuming a high school nickname that had been dead for 30 years. [[PAUSE]] "Poppy" Bush. [[PAUSE]]

Thanks, Jim.

A year later -- on the day after the 1980 election -- the lead editorial celebrated "Ronald Reagan's mandate." And President Reagan told me my day would come. And it did. The day after I was elected President, the headline read -- and I kid you not -- "Jim Wright's Mandate."

But I told Al Hunt how much I enjoy the Journal. He asked whether it was the front page features, the conservative editorials, or the economic coverage. I said it's because you don't carry "Doonesbury."

And you have a distinction no other paper in America can claim: No matter how slow the news, never once did you run a puppy photo.

Actually, for a while we put old copies of the Journal under the puppies. Big mistake. Now Millie is the only dog I know who has her own broker. [[PAUSE]] I guess she confused puppies with Yuppies.

At least now that I'm President, the Journal has stopped calling me "Poppy." Now they call me [[SLOWLY]] "George Herbert Walker Bush." [[PAUSE]] Real progress.

And I think Jim ^{Perry} tried to make it up to me after the election. In the recent series on the paper's "Second Century," he had one scenario where 1996 found the deficit gone, inflation at three percent, and Vice President ^{Elect} Quayle winning ~~back~~ 45 states and control of the Senate. [[PAUSE]] Now that's good, solid reporting.

WSS
11-9-89

WST
5-15-89

All kidding aside, the Wall Street Journal has a proud tradition and enviable reputation. Although you deal in the world's most perishable product -- news -- polls have repeatedly shown that the Wall Street Journal is America's most trusted publication.

A reputation like that can only be earned by adherence to your founders' pledge to always have the news "honest, intelligent and unprejudiced." In modern times your reporters have carried this pledge beyond business reporting, in coverage of events like the 1960's civil rights struggle for racial justice and equality.

And as recently as this week's headlines, the Journal's Jim Sterba and Adi Ignatious -- and their colleagues from many different news organizations in China -- have carried on a proud American tradition of bringing the truth out into the light.

And many at the Journal have gone beyond their professional obligations -- to set examples of another old-fashioned tradition that is very much on my mind today. The tradition of public service.

Three years ago, John Fialka wrote a column-one story called "Sisters In Need" -- chronicling the poverty that had befallen the growing ranks of retired religious workers in America. It provoked a swell of readership response. And John and others at the Journal were unable to leave the story behind.

And so they founded "SOAR" -- "Support Our Aging Religious" -- and raised more than \$300,000 for needy members of the clergy.

WSJ
1st 100
years
p. 4

p. 12

6-16-89 p. 1
WSJ
6-15-89 P. A15

WSJ
5-19-86

John
Fialka

A similar public response occurred in 1987 after the publication of "Urban Trauma" -- Alex Kotlowitz's moving account of three months in the life of Lafayette Weaver -- a 12 year-old boy struggling to survive in one of Chicago's most dangerous housing projects.

Alex stayed in touch with Lafayette. And last summer Alex passed the hat at the Wall Street Journal -- and gave Lafayette and his brother a season of peace in the woods of a Wisconsin boys camp.

Personal gestures. Profound actions. Sometimes life-changing in their effect. These are the works of men and women who know that prosperity without purpose means nothing.

Earlier today, I announced that I will shortly sign an Executive Order directing all executive branch officials to devise programs to involve themselves and their employees in community service. Direct -- not ask.

It begins with a simple truth: From now on, the definition of a successful life must include service to others.

And I may never have as important an audience to carry this message to as the captains of industry, media and advertising that are gathered at the Winter Garden tonight.

The American business community has supported conservative policies. You have enjoyed prosperous years, and applauded my pledge not to raise taxes. But business must do more. Prosperity cannot be truly enjoyed unless the points of light about which I've spoken shine on every American in need.

WSJ
10-27-87

Jerry Seib
al Hunt

X

X X X X
Many of you are CEO's, with galaxies at your command. And

it is my request -- I submit, your obligation -- to donate the services of the talented and the enterprising within your ranks. And to consider volunteerism in hiring, compensation, and promotion decisions. And to begin a literacy program that teaches each employee how to read.

WSTJ
The 1st
100 years
p. 36
Shortly after the Wall Street Journal was founded, 100 years ago, the Census Bureau declared that the "frontier" no longer existed in America. But the Wall Street Journal has proven them wrong -- by advancing across ever new frontiers of technology, geography, and innovation. And I said it a week ago, looking eastward across America from the foot of the Grand Tetons: The challenges ahead are in the frontiers of the mind -- and of the good that hard work and the human imagination can bring to pass.

Special
6-12-89
WSTJ: The
first 100
years
p. 30
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To all at the Journal, I wish you congratulations on this landmark -- and success as your "Second Century" begins. And to all here tonight -- God bless you -- and God bless the United States.

#

THE WHITE HOUSE

Office of the Press Secretary
(New York, New York)

For Immediate Release

June 22, 1989

REMARKS BY THE PRESIDENT
AT THE WALL STREET JOURNAL'S
100TH ANNIVERSARY DINNER

Winter Garden
World Financial Center
New York, New York

8:49 P.M. EDT

THE PRESIDENT: Well, thank you, Warren, and all of you at Dow Jones Wall Street Journal for inviting Barbara and me to be with you tonight. And I really am pleased to be here. I'm delighted to see so many friends, including this one right up here -- Lionel Hampton. This is a nonpartisan evening, but politically, we've been together for a long, long time.

Your 100th birthday. Talk about a big event. This morning, I saw Willard Scott on TV holding up a birthday snapshot of The Wall Street Journal. And speaking of television, I told -- Barbara and I have, staying with us, our grandson, George P., our oldest grandson, from Florida. And I told him I'd be spending the evening with a lot of famous people in the media, the media elite. He asked me to get an autograph from Morton Downey. (Laughter.)

But seriously, this -- Warren was telling me about this get-together, and this is an impressive audience. And as I look around, if anything catastrophic happened in the Winter Garden, the Fortune 500 would be lucky to keep in the just double digits.

But 100 years ago -- what was it like? It wasn't cars, but carriages, that crowded the New York cobblestones on July 8, 1889. Telephones and electric lights were just catching on. It was the year that the Oklahoma Territory opened and the Johnstown flooded and Mark Twain penned A Connecticut Yankee. Another year would pass before Sitting Bull would perish in the Sioux uprisings.

And as the sun rose over Manhattan on that hot July Monday, John D. Rockefeller was preparing to celebrate his 50th birthday. And upriver -- I saw Eli Jacobs here, and he'll be interested in this -- upriver, 10,000 baseball fans filled the new Polo Grounds -- with another 5,000 crowding the nearby bluffs -- to see New York down Pittsburgh 7 to 5.

And from a modest office not far from where we stand, The Wall Street Journal was distributed to a few hundred readers for two

Arthur Miller observed that "a good newspaper is a nation talking to itself." Well, in my view The Journal is like that. In a changing world that offers 64 channels of cable television, the six columns of The Wall Street Journal are as familiar as the morning coffee at our breakfast tables. And its pages tell the story of our times. Only once in 100 years did it carry a banner headline. The day after Pearl Harbor, September 7th, 1941 -- (laughter and applause) -- make that December 7th, 1941.

But after the war, The Journal came to Texas the same year I did -- 1948 -- when it began printing in Dallas. Your Chairman, Warren Phillips, had been hired as a copy reader the year before -- in time to see the first of the paper's 13 Pulitzers. Not that every article was a Pulitzer Prize winner. In 1967, a front-page story on China predicted the communist government wouldn't last a year.

A decade later, in 1979, The Wall Street Journal became the largest circulation daily in the nation. But one rival complained that it was only because so many subscribers were at an age where they forgot to cancel. (Laughter.)

Speaking of age -- and literally apropos of absolutely nothing -- Bob Hope told this story about aging at the Joe Gibbs Charity Dinner in Washington this week that Barbara and I attended and that our guest here, Kay Graham's son sponsored. Two men, two old men, sitting on a park bench -- and the first one said, "Do you know how old I am?" The second one said, "Stand up, turn around, drop your trousers down. Now pat yourself on the back. Okay, pull up your trousers, sit back down here on this bench." The man said, "Well, how old am I?" He said, "You're 93 years old, four months and three days." The first guy said, "How did you know that?" He said, "You told me yesterday." (Laughter.)

Well, anyway, on the day after the 1980 election, the lead editorial -- the 1980 election -- the lead editorial celebrated Ronald Reagan's mandate. And President Reagan told me, "Well, one day your day will come." And it did. And the day after I was elected President, the headline read -- and I kid you not -- Jim Wright's Mandate. (Laughter.) Go look it up. (Laughter.)

I told Al Hunt, though, how much I enjoy The Journal. He asked if it's the front page, the conservative editorials, or the news coverage. I said, "No, none of those, none of the above. It's because you don't carry Doonesbury. (Laughter and applause.)

All kidding aside, The Wall Street Journal has a proud and enviable tradition. And although you deal in the world's most perishable product -- news -- polls have repeatedly shown that your paper is one of America's most trusted publications.

A reputation like that can only be earned by adherence to your founders' pledge to always have the news "honest, intelligent, and unprejudiced." In modern times, your reporters have carried this pledge beyond business reporting, in coverage of events like the civil rights struggle -- the recent tragedy in Beijing -- carrying on a proud American tradition of braving intimidation to bring the truth

raised more than \$1 million to aid 30 different orders.

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And Alex stayed in touch with Lafayette. And last summer they passed the hat at The Journal -- and gave this kid and his brother a season of peace in the woods of a Wisconsin boy's camp.

Personal gestures. Profound actions. Sometimes life-changing in their effect. These are the works of men and women who know that prosperity without purpose means nothing.

And earlier today, I announced a new initiative -- calling on all levels of government -- both sectors, public and private -- to enlist in a new crusade to bring national service into every corner of America.

And that crusade begins with a simple truth: From now on, any definition of a successful life must include serving others.

And I may never have as important an audience to carry this message to, as you who are gathered in the Winter Garden tonight.

The American business community who has supported conservative policies -- we're enjoying prosperous years. But not all Americans are part of that prosperity, and I ask that business do its part. Prosperity cannot be truly enjoyed unless the points of light about which I've spoken shine on every American in needs.

Many of you are CEOs with galaxies at your command. And it is my request -- and I believe, your obligation -- to donate the services of the talented and the enterprising within your ranks. Many of you are setting the pace. Many of you are doing this now. Everyone should do this now.

And shortly after The Wall Street Journal was founded, 100 years ago, the Census Bureau declared that the "frontier" no longer existed in America. But The Wall Street Journal -- you've proven them wrong -- by advancing across ever new frontiers of technology and geography and innovation. And I said it a week ago, looking eastward across America from the foot of those majestic Grand Tetons: The challenges ahead are in the frontiers of the mind -- and in the good that hard work and the human imagination can bring to pass.

Not long after bringing home the Journal's first Pulitzer Prize, William Grimes expressed a simple creed. He wrote: "We believe in the individual, in his wisdom and his decency." Now, that's a worthy tenet -- one we can all carry forth from tonight's celebration -- and on to a renewed commitment to service tomorrow. To all at The Journal, I send you my heartfelt congratulations on this landmark, wish you success as your second century begins. And to all here tonight, thank you, God bless you, and God bless the

WHITE HOUSE STAFFING MEMORANDUM

89 JUN 21 09:27

DATE: 6/21/89 ACTION/CONCURRENCE/COMMENT DUE BY: ----

SUBJECT: PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: WALL STREET JOURNAL CENTENNIAL

	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 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 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"/>	PETERSMEYER	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
FITZWATER	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	BOSKIN	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" 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 has been forwarded to the President.

RESPONSE:

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

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

June 20, 1989

1989 JUN 20 7 11 3

INFORMATION

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

THROUGH: CHRISS WINSTON *cu*
FROM: EDWARD E. McNALLY *EM*
SUBJECT: KEYNOTE ADDRESS FOR THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY
 OF THE WALL STREET JOURNAL (BLACK TIE)

I. SUMMARY

At approximately 8:30 p.m. on Thursday, June 22, 1989, you are scheduled to arrive at the Winter Garden in lower Manhattan to give the keynote address for The Wall Street Journal's 100th Anniversary Gala.

II. DISCUSSION

Attached for your consideration and review are draft remarks for the 15-minute address expected by The Wall Street Journal for their Gala in New York. Your speech -- the only one of the night -- will be before dinner, and will be on teleprompter.

The audience -- a black tie group of approximately 600 -- is expected to include some of the leading members of America's corporate, advertising, and news media communities. *

In keeping with the guidance received from Marlin Fitzwater, the press office, Al Hunt and others at the Journal, the remarks are essentially light, humorous, and personal -- focusing on the paper's history and including one message -- an echo of the day's earlier call for corporate involvement in national service.

* E.g., including: William Agee, Steven Jobs, Bill Moyers, Joseph Flom, Richard Holbrooke, Woody Allen, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, Rupert Murdoch, Roone Arledge, Bryant Gumble, David Rockefeller, Peter Ueberroth, Norman Lear, Pete Teeley, Malcolm Forbes, Mort Zuckerman, Ben Bradlee, Kate Graham, Don Hewitt, Mike Wallace, Bill Buckley, Robert Bork, Carl Icahn, and Armand Hammer.

(McNally/Simon)
June 20, 1989, 7:00 p.m.
Draft Four (WSJ)

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: WALL STREET JOURNAL CENTENNIAL
WINTER GARDEN -- NEW YORK CITY
THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1989, 8:30 P.M.

Thank you, Warren [[PHILLIPS, CHAIRMAN OF DOW JONES]], for that warm introduction. I'm delighted to be here tonight. There's nothing like celebrating another's hundredth birthday to make a man feel young.

Talk about a big event. This morning I saw Willard Scott on TV -- holding up a birthday snapshot of the Wall Street Journal.

Speaking of television, before we left the White House, I told my grandkids I'd be spending the evening with the media elite. They want to know which one of you is Morton Downey.

Seriously, this is an impressive audience. But if anything catastrophic happens to the Winter Garden tonight, the Fortune 500 will be lucky to keep the list in double digits. [[PAUSE]]

Forgive me if I seem a bit distracted. I just heard that, during the cocktails, Donald Trump bought Air Force One.

Gee -- I wonder what he's going to name it? [[PAUSE]]

Don is the only guy in America whose car has a dashboard statue of Frank Lorenzo. [[PAUSE]]

Of course, it wasn't cars, but carriages, that crowded New York's cobblestones on July 8, 1889. Telephones and electric lights were just catching on. It was the year the Oklahoma Territory opened, Johnstown flooded, and Mark Twain penned A

Connecticut Yankee. Another year would pass before Sitting Bull would perish in the Sioux uprisings.

And as the sun rose over Manhattan on that hot July Monday, John D. Rockefeller was preparing to celebrate his 50th birthday. Upriver, 10,000 baseball fans filled the new Polo Grounds -- with another 5,000 crowding the nearby bluffs -- to see New York down Pittsburgh, 7 to 5.

And from a modest office not far from where we stand, the Wall Street Journal was distributed to a few hundred readers for two cents a copy. And the first front page contained another historic first -- your first typo. [[PAUSE]]

It was in a story about John L. Sullivan's victory in the bare-knuckle, heavyweight championship -- won after 75 grueling rounds. It was to be the nation's last such drawn-out, bare-knuckle fight -- until they invented leveraged buy-outs.

[[OR: "presidential primaries"]].

From those modest beginnings, the Wall Street Journal emerged to become America's ledger sheet -- chronicling war and depression and prosperity, as we grew from a frontier society to the frontiers of space -- the world's dominant financial power.

Arthur Miller observed that "a good newspaper is a nation talking to itself." The Journal is like that. In a changing world that offers 64 channels of cable television, the six gray columns of the Wall Street Journal are as familiar as the morning coffee at America's breakfast tables.

Its pages tell the story of our times. Only once in 100 years did it carry a banner headline -- the day after Pearl Harbor. [[PAUSE]] I must have missed that one.

After the War, the Journal came to Texas the same year I did -- 1948 -- when it began printing in Dallas. Your chairman, Warren Phillips, had been hired as a copy reader the year before -- in time to see the first of the paper's 13 Pulitzers.

Not that every article was a Pulitzer Prize winner. In 1967, a front page story on China predicted the communist government wouldn't last the year. [[PAUSE]] And on Pearl Harbor I was only off by three months.

A decade later -- in 1979 -- the Wall Street Journal became the largest circulation daily in the nation. But one rival complained that it was only because so many subscribers were at an age where they forget to cancel.

That same year, reporter Jim Perry celebrated the paper's 90th birthday by exhuming a family nickname that had been dead for 30 years. [[PAUSE]] "Poppy" Bush. [[PAUSE]] Thanks, Jim.

A year later -- on the day after the 1980 election -- the lead editorial celebrated "Ronald Reagan's mandate." And President Reagan told me my day would come. And it did. The day after I was elected President, the headline read -- and I kid you not -- "Jim Wright's Mandate."

At least now that I'm President, the Journal doesn't call me "Poppy." [[PAUSE]] Now they call me "George Herbert Walker Bush."

But I told Al Hunt how much I enjoy the Journal. He asked

if it's the front page, the conservative editorials, or the news coverage. I said it's because you don't carry Doonesbury.

And you have a distinction no other paper in America can claim: No matter how slow the news, you never ran a puppy photo.

All kidding aside, the Wall Street Journal has a proud and enviable tradition. Although you deal in the world's most perishable product -- news -- polls have repeatedly shown that your paper is one of America's most trusted publications.

A reputation like that can only be earned by adherence to your founders' pledge to always have the news "honest, intelligent and unprejudiced." In modern times, your reporters have carried this pledge beyond business reporting, in coverage of events like the civil rights struggle -- and the recent massacre in Beijing -- carrying on a proud American tradition of braving intimidation to bring the truth into the light.

And many at the Journal have gone beyond their professional obligations -- and set examples of another old-fashioned tradition that is very much on my mind today. The tradition of public service.

Three years ago, John Fialka wrote a Column-One story called "Sisters In Need" -- chronicling the poverty that had befallen the growing ranks of retired clergy in America. It provoked a swell of readership response. And so John and others at the Journal founded "SOAR" -- "Support Our Aging Religious" -- and raised more than \$1 million to aid 30 different orders.

A similar public response occurred in 1987 after the publication of "Urban Trauma" -- Alex Kotlowitz's moving account of three months in the life of Lafayette Walton -- a 12 year-old boy struggling to survive in a dangerous Chicago project.

Alex stayed in touch with Lafayette. And last summer they passed the hat at the Journal -- and gave Lafayette and his brother a season of peace in the woods of a Wisconsin boys camp.

Personal gestures. Profound actions. Sometimes life-changing in their effect. These are the works of men and women who know that prosperity without purpose means nothing.

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The American business community has supported conservative policies. We are enjoying prosperous years. But not all Americans are part of that prosperity, and I ask that business do its part. Prosperity cannot be truly enjoyed unless the points of light about which I've spoken shine on every American in need.

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To all at the Journal, I wish you congratulations on this landmark -- and success as your "Second Century" begins. And to all here tonight -- God bless you -- and God bless the United States.

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THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

DATE:

FROM THE PRESIDENT

TO: Jim C

I have knashed out
several personal references.

I included a Bob
Hope joke

Do not include
jokes in press text.

Good length
" speech for
the occasion

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

1989 JUN 20 11 11

June 20, 1989

INFORMATION

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THE PRESIDENT HAS SEEN

6/21/89

(McNally/Simon)

June 20, 1989, 7:00 p.m.

Draft Four (WSJ)

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~~ATON~~ "presidential primaries" M.

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#

Insert speaking of ~~which~~ and
A apropos of nothing B. at the
Joe Gibbs charity drive Bob
Hope told of 2 very old men
sitting on ~~the~~ park bench.

First! "Do you know how
old I am?"
second: "Stand up" Turn around
"Drop your
trousers" "Drop your shorts" Now
pat yourself on the posterior"
OK pull up your shorts - you

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

June 21, 1989

MR. PRESIDENT:

Please note that this speech
is on teleprompter.

^{Jim}
Jim Cicconi

*knowers - ~~to~~ sit
and down on the bench
You're 93 years +
4 months old
How'd you know?
You told me
yesterday.*