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**Folder Title:**  
U.S.S. Arizona, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, 12/7/91

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Stack:	Row:	Section:	Shelf:	Position:
<b>G</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>29</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>5</b>

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W's is Quinn  
= P. M. C. W's

W's is W's  
as in W's

(Smith/Simon)  
Draft One  
November 23, 1991  
PEARL

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: USS ARIZONA  
PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII  
DECEMBER 7, 1991  
7:57 A.M.

what is  
true of  
every  
American  
alive  
that  
day?

Several weeks ago, a man who gallantly served this country in two wars started talking about Pearl Harbor. His name is Ted Williams / he is a true American hero / and he said to me, "I remember exactly where I was when the bombs began to fall." //

Ted Williams was in San Diego, fishing. I was walking across the campus at Andover when I heard the news. // In New York, thousands were watching a football game. In the West, it was still morning -- families were at church. // Ask anyone who endured that awful Sabbath: Each recalls the jolt -- shock -- the awakening. Each knows where he was December 7th, 1941. //

The world has turned over many times in the past half-century. For you and I, the world that day turned upside down. //

Pearl Harbor changed the world. We learned that the planet does not end at our water's edge -- that the Old Isolationism is really the Old Ignorance. // Pearl Harbor also changed America. Never have we been so united in a cause so right, and good. We learned that we are all children of a living God -- and that our fate is not divisible. //

Perhaps most of all, Pearl Harbor changed every member -- you and I -- of the family we call America. // A writer once

said, "Life is never again as it was before anyone you love has died; never so innocent, never so fixed, never so gentle, never so pliant to your will." // So it <sup>is here --</sup> ~~was where~~ each 15 seconds a drop of oil still surfaces from the USS Arizona. It is as though God Himself is crying. //

We love each of the men who gave his life, at this exact moment, half-a-century ago. // They were men named Bertie and Wilcox and Davenport and Carter. They came from Idaho, and Mississippi, and the sweeping farmland of Ohio. // They were black and white, red and brown, native-born and foreign-born. / Most of all, they were Americans -- hating war, but loving freedom more. //

// more of an obvious theme? mix?

The crusade to preserve that freedom began here -- aboard what is now a jewel-encrusted sarcophagus -- with one of its gun turrets always visible -- a ship whose bravery lives. // Think of the men who died at Pearl Harbor -- \_\_ in all. They would tell you: While American ships can be sunk, American spirit cannot. // Talk to those who survived to fight another day. They will add: Yes, the attack on Pearl was a surprise. What was not was how our sons took up arms -- and bore our burden -- so that liberty could survive. //

Because of them, this memorial lives, as oral history. Its lessons are passed down from one generation. One lesson is that "Every American man, woman, and child must be a partner" -- that was Franklin Roosevelt speaking. / Another came from Dwight Eisenhower -- beloved Ike. He said that, together, we could

*Ben and the ...  
alright by ...  
to ...  
3  
ADR ...  
The ...  
The ...  
was ...  
in ...  
with ...*

"summon lightness against the dark," and preserve the canons of democracy. We did -- and must again, five decades later. //

Yet today we honor not the famous -- but men, ordinary men, lonely, who were also husbands / fathers / brothers / sons. They wanted passionately to live. Not one of them deserved to die. What remains is for us to remember them, and honor them. Remember how they came to rest -- and how our vigilance must never rest. If theirs was a day of infamy, we must mold a world of harmony. //

*Keep ...  
this must a*

The day I graduated from Andover, I enlisted in the Navy. It was my eighteenth birthday. Like you, I saw friends who overcame their fear -- which, after all, is the very definition of courage. // Each Memorial Day, not far from here, a Hawaiian Cub Scout honors these and other men by placing a flower on the graves of U.S. servicemen. // Let us act for them -- rejecting hate / endorsing love. What these men died for -- let us live for: A world at peace, not war -- where children's dreams speak louder than the loudest tyrant's guns. //

As we do, let us remember men like Ray Emory, who was on the Arizona, reading the morning newspaper, when the enemy attacked. //

After the war, Ray spent two years building a garage-size, three-dimensional map of Pearl Harbor -- just as it was that day, with each ship in exact location. // Why? A magazine drawing had placed the ships wrong -- and to Ray Emory, as he said, "Pearl Harbor is sacred." / He saw that map and said right then,

*Here, on Pearl, →*

"Someday I'm going to make a map of how it was that day, and I'll make it right." //

He concluded, "By God, I did." //

Ray -- fellow veterans -- by God -- with God -- the men of Pearl Harbor got it right -- right in our time, and for all time.

// They knew this <sup>place</sup> ground is sacred. They knew that there are things worth living for -- but also worth dying for: Things like honor / decency / principle / fidelity. //

Look at the water here -- serene / bittersweet / blue mixed with rippling white. // One day -- in another lifetime -- what

seems now another world -- it welcomed 1,077 men of this ship whose souls <sup>embodyed here in service to their country</sup> embodied character. // God bless them -- as He

already has -- ~~from the bottom of our hearts~~. Let me close with words worthy of their sacrifice, and of Pearl Harbor: God Bless America. // Thank you very much.

# # # #

*depresses*  
*in the sea*  
*the bottom*  
*of the sea*  
*the bottom*  
*of the sea*

*don't like the "bottom of the sea" thought*  
*this conjures up...*

*on the sea*  
*all the way*

*401*

(Smith/Simon)  
Draft Five  
November 29, 1991  
PEARL

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: USS ARIZONA  
PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII  
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1991  
7:55 A.M.

Family and friends of the USS Arizona and USS Utah. Fellow veterans, and Americans. Fellow citizens of the world. //

It was Sunday morning -- the Sabbath. Boys who this day became men / men who would become heroes / slept soundly in their bunks. // Those awake looked out, <sup>z</sup> and marveled <sup>z</sup> at the serene and glassy sea. //

On the stern of the USS Nevada, a brass band prepared to play the Star Spangled Banner. On other ships, soldiers readied for the 8 a.m. flag raising. // The sky was cloudless -- the weather, warm. All seemed right with the American Family. // <sup>can be</sup>

In New York, thousands were listening to a football game on the radio. In the West, it was late morning -- and parents and their children were on their knees in church. Ask anyone who endured that awful Sunday. Each recalls where ~~we~~ <sup>they</sup> were December 7th, 1941. //

Today, we honor those who gave of themselves -- and of their lives -- at this exact moment, half-a-century ago. // Their names were Bertie and Gomez and Dougherty and Granger. They came from Idaho, and Mississippi, and the sweeping farmland of Ohio. // They were black and white, brown and yellow, <sup>native-</sup>

born and foreign-born. Most of all, they were Americans --  
 hating war, but loving freedom more. //

Think of how it was for these Heroes of the Harbor -- men  
 who were also husbands / fathers / brothers / sons. Guns and  
 smoke and pandemonium. Destruction. ~~Horror~~ Carnage. Death.  
 // Two thousand, four hundred and thirty-three Americans <sup>lost</sup> gave  
 their lives that Sabbath morn. // Five battleships were wrecked.  
 -- the Oklahoma / California / Nevada / West Virginia //  
Arizona. / Each is <sup>intense</sup> embedded in the recess of our memory --  
 reminding, and inspiring, us like chimes in the distant night. //

A writer once said, "Life is never again as it was before  
 anyone you love has died; never so innocent, never so gentle,  
 never so pliant to your will." // So it is here -- where each 15  
 seconds a drop of oil still surfaces from the USS Arizona. It is  
 as though God Himself were crying. //

He cries -- as we do -- for the living, and the dead. Men  
 like Commander Duncan Curry of the tanker Ramapo -- firing a .45  
 service revolver at attacking planes as tears streamed down his  
 face. / Or a young Marine who -- shooting his rifle -- screamed,  
 "If my mother could see me now." // We cry, too, for machinist's  
 mate Robert Scott -- who ran the air compressors that powered the  
 guns aboard the battleship California. When the compartment  
 flooded, the crew evacuated. <sup>rebel</sup> ~~Not~~ Bob Scott. "This is my  
 station," he said. "I'm going to stay and give them air as long  
 as the guns are going." // Less than a mile away, aboard the  
 cruiser New Orleans, Chaplain Howell Forgy told his troops why it

was all right to miss church that morning. "You can praise the Lord and pass the ammunition." //

Today, we recall those who knew that a Nation is sustained by the nobility of its cause. // Men like Ted Williams, who served America gallantly in two wars and last month told me, "I know exactly where I was when the bombs began to fall." // When war came, he put down his baseball bat -- and took up arms -- so that liberty could survive. // Aiding that crusade were Hawaiians of Japanese ancestry who came by the hundreds to Queen's Hospital in Honolulu to give wounded Americans blood. // <sup>no, no, no!</sup> All knew that humanity eclipses Nation. //

The men I speak of would be embarrassed to be called heroes. That's how <sup>we</sup> Americans are: <sup>or</sup> ~~our~~ actions speak louder than words. // Ask <sup>those</sup> ~~the men~~ who gave their lives here. They would tell you if they could: American ships can be sunk -- but never American spirit. // Talk to those who survived to fight another day. They would repeat the Navy Hymn I memorized as a boy: "Eternal Father, strong to save / ~~Whose arm hath bound the restless wave /~~ O hear us when we cry to thee / For those in peril on the sea." //

I come here as a Navy man -- enlisting on my eighteenth birthday -- 155 days after Pearl. // It was the day I graduated from high school, and I remember how Henry Stimson, then Secretary of War, gave the Commencement speech. / He talked of the American soldier, and how that soldier should be -- and I quote -- "Brave without being brutal, self-reliant without



would have, too, his children and grandchildren -- the meaning  
 and beauty -- the true wonder -- of life. // Each <sup>Keen the peace of 1945</sup> remembers the  
 men <sup>here's</sup> here who came to rest. All know that America's vigilance  
 must <sup>never</sup> never rest. //

Each Memorial Day, not far from here, a Hawaiian Cub Scout <sup>with 4 boys</sup> honors the men of Pearl Harbor by placing a flower on the graves  
 of U.S. servicemen. // It is for them -- the future -- that we  
 must apply the lessons of the past. // Pearl Harbor <sup>showed</sup> proved that  
 the best way to keep the peace is for America to prepare for war.  
 It <sup>proved</sup> showed that the Old Isolationism is really the Old Ignorance.  
 // What happened in Berlin and Tokyo could not be divorced from  
 Washington -- just as today, events in Europe and Asia affect  
 every American. //

In the wake of Pearl Harbor, we used war to ratify human  
 liberty. In the Cold War which followed, we used other means as  
 well: <sup>by the</sup> Patience, planning, and personal diplomacy. <sup>free the way</sup> Again,  
 America stood fast -- so that democracy could stand tall. // Let  
 me acknowledge two Nations whose commitment to free markets, free  
 expression, and freedom of worship helped win that war -- Germany  
 and Japan. They proved that old enemies can become new allies -  
 - and even <sup>good</sup> new friends. //

This year, these Nations helped freedom triumph in the seas  
 and sands of the Gulf -- as did those, of course, who fought with  
 us in World War II: Allies from Canada to France to Winston  
 Churchill's Great Britain. By fighting for what is right, and  
 good, they paid the ultimate tribute to the Heroes of the Harbor.

see News

see News, 1st page, or Page 7.

// These Nations said to us: We believe in a New World Order where the force of law outlasts the use of force. In turn, I say to them: Let us build a world where differences are solved peacefully, not violently: The kind of world our boys died for in "their peril on the sea." //

Two days before Pearl Harbor, in an ironic twist of history, a fifteen-year-old American student of Japanese descent -- George Akita -- felt obliged to prove his loyalty. So he entered a speech contest at the Aloha Chapter of the DAR. The contest's subject was "Americanism." // His prize-winning speech ended:

"From tropical Hawaii to the rock-bound shores of Maine, let us, Americans all, rally round the Stars and Stripes ~~in the defense of our way of life~~. With the love of democracy burning in our hearts and minds, we must not fail." //

George, we did not fail -- for we are "Americans all." Today, we will not fail -- for our cause is just, and true. It is the noblest cause in the Community of God, and man -- the cause of peace among Nations. // As we strive, let us remember men like Ray Emory, who was on the USS Arizona, reading the morning newspaper, when the enemy attacked. //

After the war, Ray spent two years building a garage-size, three-dimensional map of Pearl Harbor -- just as it was that day, with each ship in exact location. // Why? A magazine drawing had placed the ships wrong -- and to Ray Emory, as he said, "Pearl Harbor is sacred." / He saw that map and said right then,

"Someday I'm going to make a map of how it was that day, and I'll make it right." //

He concluded, "By God, I did." //

Ray -- fellow veterans -- by God -- with God -- the men of Pearl Harbor got it right -- right in our time -- right for all time. // They knew this place is sacred. They knew that there are things worth living for -- but also worth dying for: Things like principle / decency / fidelity / honor. //

Look at the water here -- beautiful, but bittersweet: ~~where~~<sup>we</sup> we both sum up and say good-bye. // One day -- in what now seems another lifetime -- it welcomed the finest sons any Nation could ever have to another, better world. //

God bless them -- as He already has -- as He does all those who cherish character. Let me close with words worthy of their sacrifice, and the Heroes of the Harbor: God Bless America -- the most wondrous land on earth. // Thank you very much.

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