

DRAFT 3

RKP Inaug
Draft 3
1.12.69

~~As I want~~
~~State the act - 37 -~~
~~to consent by the~~
Good -
① the men who died
③ the principles

Citizen Council?
open world

My two hundred and two million countrymen:

At any time of change and beginning, there are doubts and uncertainties.

In a time of agony and turmoil, these press with added insistence.

But this trust you have given me, I accept in a spirit of hope.

We face a grim catalogue of troubles: the war in Viet Nam, the threat of war in the Middle East, the ambitions of the Soviet Union and Communist China, the arms race, turmoil among the new nations, overpopulation, hunger, the balance of payments, poverty, racial discord, crowded cities, crowded schools, crime, inflation, congested highways, polluted air and water, troubled youth, drugs, disorder on the campus...

and the list could go on, in what might suggest itself as a litany of despair.

And yet this catalogue of troubles is only half the story.

Never has a nation had such a wealth of resources to meet its troubles with.

Never has an economy been so productive.

Never have a people been served by so many schools and colleges, so devoted to the pursuit of excellence.

Never have standards of medical care been so high.

Never have we had so much knowledge at our fingertips.

Never have we had such effective techniques of communication.

Never have our young people been so eager to be involved, or so well equipped to be.

Despite our faults, despite our disagreements, despite those ills that are still not cured and those wrongs that are still not righted, no people, anywhere, any time, has ever

been so close to the achievement of a just and abundant society -- or so possessed of the will to achieve it.

As we look abroad, we see war and the threat of war.

We see hungry nations, quarrelsome nations, nations centuries behind in development struggling to catch up.

But we also see other nations trying, like us, to establish the conditions of a just and lasting peace. We see new ventures in co-operation, new prospects for reducing hunger, a revived prosperity in Europe and an exciting new prosperity among the nations of non-Communist Asia. We see reason for hope that the burdens of peace can be shared more broadly. We see hope for a better climate of mutual respect and mutual restraint between ourselves and the leaders of the Soviet Union. We see hope for an end to the war in Viet Nam.

Here at home, our problem is not a lack of resources.

It's a challenge of bringing those resources to bear.

*bring
or put
all in*

free

people want peace

*as America
grew it
grew things*

We do face a crisis. But as we stand today on the threshold of this final third of the Twentieth Century, our minds turn back to another moment, another crisis, when Franklin Delano Roosevelt took the oath of office at the beginning of the century's middle third. An anxious nation lay prostrate, ravaged by depression, gripped in fear, straining for hope. President Roosevelt said then of the nation's troubles: "They concern, thank God, only material things."

With its spirit restored, the nation survived.

This past third of a century has brought us material abundance in dimensions undreamed of at its bleak beginning. Our crisis today is the reverse: it is not of material things, but of spiritual things.

In essence, we face a crisis of community -- testing whether in a nation blessed by abundance, convulsed by change, we still can manage to live together; testing our capacity for a humane order, in which law is respected, dissent is responsible and justice is done.

(5)

not

(1)

The blame for this crisis lies with no person, no Administration, no party and no group. We've been brought to it by forces we never sufficiently understood: forces loosed by the pace of technological change, heightened by the strains of rapid social readjustment, sharpened by the burdens of our still-unfamiliar responsibilities as a world power.

To a crisis of the spirit, America needs an answer of the spirit. To find it, we need look no further than ourselves.

The elements of that answer are within us, each and every one.

In a world of increasing complexity, it's the simple things we too often lose sight of. Yet these simple things are the enduring things, and the basic things. Simplicity is the essence of truth. Goodness, respect, love, decency -- these all are simple things.

Chubb

More than a century ago, the great French observer of American ways, Alexis de Toqueville, wrote: "America is great because America is good -- and if America ever ceases to be

good, America will cease to be great."

When our communities were smaller, living together was a simpler matter. We knew our neighbors. They were people, not statistics; their needs were our concerns.

Now we confront a paradox: as we've been crowded ever more closely together, the distances between us have grown greater.

Caught in a sudden disaster, we draw together. Faced with storm or flood or fire, heroism becomes commonplace; strangers instinctively reach out to one another to save or to help or to share.

This is the spirit we must enlist if we are to make our people one; if we are to make headway against misery; if we are to deliver the promise of freedom to those for whom it has too long been an empty dream.

And we can.

The quality of caring is deep in America's nature. Yet

*In war
in depression
in crisis
people are
drawn together*

how often those things that we might have done, are left undone;

how often we want to reach out and help, but don't know how.

One of the keystones of the new Administration will be precisely this: to point the way, to encourage citizen service, to define the needs and enlist the energies of those millions of Americans who stand ready and willing to help.

In fighting poverty, in advancing education, in helping bring the light of hope and pride to the ghetto -- government must do more, and it will. But if government efforts were doubled, this wouldn't have the impact that a full enlistment of voluntary energies would.

for hours for days before

over stated

This is the meaning of community -- and this is the route, not only to the mastery of our nation's ills, but to the recovery of its soul.

For a third of a century now, we have experimented with government approaches.

Some have worked. Some have failed. In the process, we have learned a great many things.

We have learned the hazards of overconfidence, and the perils of overpromise.

We have learned that there are limits to what money can do, and limits to what government can do, and that often the best-intentioned programs are self-defeating.

We have learned the importance of dignity.

We have learned that it's not enough to fill a man's stomach if we crush his soul.

We have learned to apply the parable of the fisherman: that if I give a man fish, he has food for a day; if I teach him to fish, he has food for a lifetime.

We have learned that one person with a mission can often achieve more than a hundred with a law.

We have learned the need for a structure of order that makes progress possible -- and for a climate of understanding that encourages order.

We have learned that in discord there is weakness, but in diversity there is strength; that more can be achieved from many centers of power than from one center of power.

We have learned that government fails if it leaves people powerless; that the essence of freedom is that each of us share in the shaping of his own destiny.

The most pressing questions today concern not the creation of wealth, but the uses of wealth; not the mysteries of technology, but the mastery of technology, not harnessing the power of nature, but releasing the energies of man.

This requires, not the genius of science, but the recognition of our interdependence. It requires that we stop shouting at one another, and start listening to one another; that we lower our voices, and raise our threshold of mutual respect.

— chords - better angels of our nature.

Unity begins at home.

We need today to reknit the fabric of community one

UT
stitch at a time. Our first need is not a great leap, but an

infinity of steps; not a grand design, but those small, splendid efforts that make headlines in the neighborhood newspaper rather than in the national journal.

The story is told of a traveler who came upon three stonecutters at work.

*asked
can't what he
was doing*

He asked the first: "Tell me, what are you doing?"

The man replied: "I am cutting a stone."

He asked the second: "And what is it that you are doing?"

The man turned, and answered: "I am making a wall."

Then the traveler put the same question to the third man.

The third stonecutter rose, and he lifted his hands, and his eyes were bright. He replied: "I am building a cathedral."

This is the meaning of the American way; this is the power and the glory of the American ideal.

As each of us reaches out to his neighbor, as each of us does what he can, he cuts a stone for a great new cathedral.

of the spirit -- a cathedral we in America can build.

As we go "forward together" here at home, let us also seek to go forward together ^{with} all mankind.

As distances shrink, as weapons multiply in both numbers and power, there no longer is room on this small planet for nations to live in angry isolation, or to maintain the old rivalries that have made history a dismal chronicle of wars.

Forward together has to mean all together -- Americans, Europeans, Russians, Chinese -- the peoples of Latin America and Africa, of Asia and the Middle East -- together at last in a fraternity of man.

It will not be easy to fashion the cords that can bind us, and in our lifetimes we may not fully succeed. But unless we begin -- unless we weave them strand by strand, patiently, persistently, cautious of the dangers but confident in the ultimate promise of man, we will have failed in the most sacred trust that rests on our generation.

*I do no know
the million in
the meaning*

*But I left
to you in the
world:*

*Can it must
not be another war*

We have endured a long night of the American spirit.

But as our eyes catch the dimness of the first rays of dawn,
let us not curse the remaining dark. Rather, let us gather
the light.

Only a few short weeks ago, we shared ~~the shock~~ and
the glory of man's first sight of the world as God sees it,
as a single sphere reflecting light in the darkness.

As the Appollo astronauts flew over the moon's gray
surface on Christmas Eve, they spoke to us of the beauty of
Earth -- and in that voice so clear across the lunar distance,
we heard them invoke God's blessing on its goodness.

In that moment, their view from the moon moved poet
Archibald MacLeish to write: "To see the Earth as it truly
is, small and blue and beautiful in that eternal silence where
it floats, is to see ourselves as riders on the Earth together,
brothers on that bright loveliness in the eternal cold --
brothers who know now they are truly brothers."

Thus, in that moment of surpassing technological tri-

umph, men turned their thoughts toward home and humanity -- seeing in that far perspective that man's destiny on earth is not divisible, and telling us that however far we reach into the cosmos, our destiny lies not in the stars but here on Earth itself, in our own hands and our own hearts.

As we enter this final third of the Twentieth Century, the years ahead promise to be the most exciting, the most humanly fulfilling, in all man's history.

Our destiny offers, not the cup of despair, but the chalice of opportunity. So let us sieze it, not in fear, but in gladness -- and go forward together, firm in our faith, steadfast in our purpose, clear in our conscience -- and confident that we at last can learn to be "riders on the earth together, brothers on that bright loveliness in the eternal cold -- brothers who know now they are truly brothers."

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