



# WALDORF ASTORIA

PARK AVENUE 49TH TO 50TH STS., NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

## MEMORANDUM



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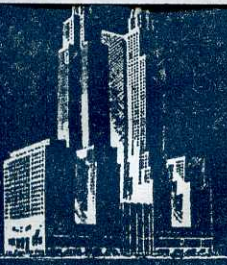
## MEMORANDUM

Mr. Toastmaster - and Distinguished  
Guests -

What can I say to you that has  
not already been said before so many  
times. You <sup>already</sup> know ~~without my~~  
~~saying~~ how grateful I feel to  
Norfolk for their ~~independence~~.  
I think you also know that I  
regard it as a symbol of the  
devotion, the courage, and the

sacrifice of the millions of  
American who went with us in  
the great hours of their century. A  
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needs of an ever advancing  
civilization. We ~~must~~ <sup>have</sup> look <sup>before</sup>  
and after and using the experience  
of a generation which are past, <sup>and</sup> build for  
the ages which are to come. ~~The~~  
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are ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~lost~~ <sup>lost</sup>  
records but we must <sup>never</sup> ~~not~~ lose our

Mr. Toastmaster and distinguished guests.

What can I say to you that has not already been said so many times. You already know how grateful I feel to Norfolk for this memorial. I think you also know that I regard it as symbolical of the devotion, the courage, and the sacrifices of the millions of armed men who went with me in the great wars of this century. A general is just as good or just as bad as the troops under his command make him. Mine were great. Something of the lustre of this memorial GLEAMS in each \_\_\_\_\_.

Since these men fought the world has undergone momentous changes. But change should be made not merely for the sake of change alone, but to adapt time tested principles to the new requirements of an expanding society. Fundamental principles which have been proved in the crucible of human experience remain immutable while the administration for their application changes to meet the needs of an ever advancing civilization. We have looked before and after and using the experience of ages which are past, are building for the ages which are to come. The \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ is extracting from the universe its fundamental secrets but we must never lose our own great secret — liberty and freedom.

This morning a man stopped me and said: "I was one of your Rainbow soldiers, General and haven't seen you for forty-two years. You have changed greatly since we fought in France — how does it feel to be old." I said "I like it." And when he expressed amazement I explained that with my date of birth, if I were not old, I would be dead."

It reminded me of the story of the thrifty old Scotsman who was traveling from London to Edinburgh. At each stop he would leave the train and return just before it departed. A fellow traveler became curious at this action and asked him why he did so, as he feared he might miss the

connection and be left behind. The Scotsman replied, "I am an old man, a very old man. The doctors tell me I may not live to reach Edinburgh. So at each stop I leave the train and just buy a ticket to the next station. — (See insert)

But a kindly passerby recently complimented me on how much better I looked than my pictures depicted me. You look bigger and stronger he said and much younger without your eyeglasses. Yes sir, he exclaimed — your pictures do you a great injustice — Mr. Truman.

This case of mistaken identity recalled an incident of long ago. It was at a formal dinner given by a partner of J.P. Morgan, a very regal affair. It was planned to have a visiting Bishop seated next to the host who would start the proceedings with an invocation. When we had all reached our places, our host turned to the gentleman on his right and said "Bishop will you say grace." But the man merely shook his head and pointed to his ear. Our host repeated in louder tones "Bishop will you say grace." But the man again shook his head. Our host then shouted out in stentorian tones that could be heard from one end of the hall to the other "Bishop will you say grace." But the man just looked despairingly at him and bellowed back — "You'll have to talk louder. I'm so God \_\_\_\_\_ deaf I can't hear a word you say."

(Insert) I recall how sensitive Admiral Halsey was to growing old. The incident occurred when a visiting personage of rank was calling on the Admiral on his flagship the Enterprise. There was a rough sea \_\_\_\_\_ and the Admiral's gig with the visitor aboard had difficulty in making the boarding platform. Twice the coxswain missed. Halsey \_\_\_\_\_ had anxiously leaned over the rail and shouted down his instructions. But that was too much for the veteran coxswain. He yelled back at him — "Are you trying to tell me how to run my gif — you old bastard." The silence became \_\_\_\_\_ and the \_\_\_\_\_ grew quiet as Halsey leaned over the rail and shook his fist at the coxswain and in a voice trembling with rage bellowed out — "How dare you call me old."