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(Speeches:

NASA Memorial Service, Challenger, Houston, TX, 01/31/986)

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Received S-S
1986 JAN 30 PM 12:04**WHITE HOUSE STAFFING MEMORANDUM**DATE: 1/30/86 ACTION/CONCURRENCE/COMMENT DUE BY: 12:15 P.M. TODAYSUBJECT: REMARKS: MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE CHALLENGER CREW
Houston, Texas

(1/30/86 10:30 a.m. draft)

	ACTION FYI			ACTION FYI	
VICE PRESIDENT	☐	☒	OGLESBY	☒	☐
REGAN	☐	☒	POINDEXTER	☒	☐
MILLER	☐	☐	RYAN	☐	☐
BUCHANAN	☒	☐	SPEAKES	☐	☒
CHAVEZ	☐	☐	SPRINKEL	☐	☐
CHEW	☐	☒	STEELMAN	☐	☐
DANIELS	☐	☐	SVAHN	☐	☐
FIELDING	☒	☐	THOMAS	☒	☐
HENKEL	☒	☐	TUTTLE	☐	☐
HICKS	☐	☐	ELLIOTT	☐	☒
KINGON	☒	☐		☐	☐
LACY	☐	☐		☐	☐

REMARKS: Please give your comments/edits directly to Ben Elliott,
with an info copy to my office by 12:15 p.m. today. Thanks.

RESPONSE:

See page 1 and 5. Very nice.
— U. Rios

(Gilder/BE)
January 30, 1986
10:30 a.m.

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE CHALLENGER CREW
HOUSTON, TEXAS
FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1986

We come together today to mourn the loss of seven brave Americans, to share the grief we all feel and, perhaps, in that sharing to find the strength to bear our sorrow and the courage to look for the seeds of hope.

Our Nation's loss is first a very personal loss to the family, friends, and loved ones of our shuttle astronauts. To those they have left behind -- the mothers, the fathers, the husbands and wives, the brothers and sisters, and, yes, the young children -- all of America stands with you in your time of sorrow.

What we say today is only the inadequate expression of the feelings we all carry in our hearts. Words grow pale in the shadow of grief; they seem insufficient even to measure the brave sacrifice of those you loved and we so admired. Their truest testimony will not be in the words we speak, but in the way they led their lives and in the way they lost those lives -- with dedication, honor, selflessness, and an unquenchable desire to explore this mysterious and beautiful world of ours.

The best we can do is remember our seven astronauts -- our
70 Magnificent Seven -- remember them as they lived, bringing life and love and joy to those who knew them and pride to a Nation.

They came from all parts of this vast country -- from South Carolina to Washington State; Ohio to Mohawk, New York; Hawaii to North Carolina to Concord, New Hampshire. They were so very

vehicle to be dedicated to the Challenger astronauts. The new ship will be named the Phoenix, after the mythical bird that rose again from the ashes.

Already, donations are coming in. The expense is great, but so is America's pride in the Challenger; Seven. ? 

Christa (McAuliffe); Mike (Smith); Ron (McNair); El (Onizuka) [oh-nih-ZOO-kuh]; Judy (Resnick); Dick (Scobee); and Greg (Jarvis) -- your families and your Nation mourn your passing. We bid you goodbye, but we will never forget you. For those who knew you well and loved you, the pain will be deep and lasting. A Nation, too, will long feel the loss of her seven sons and daughters, her seven good friends. We can only find consolation in faith, for we know in our hearts that you who flew so high and so proud have been gathered into God's loving arms, and that now you make your home beyond the stars.

May God bless you and give you comfort in this difficult time.

Press

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

January 30, 1986

MEMORANDUM FOR PAT BUCHANAN

FROM: Larry Speakes

SUBJECT: Houston Memorial Speech 

In reviewing the Houston remarks, there is mention of a private sector fund to raise money for a replacement shuttle. The remarks imply a tacit endorsement of this, and I wonder if this is appropriate for this occasion in terms of legality, as well as the overall tone we are trying to set. Raising \$1.2 billion is a lot for the private sector, and we may be endorsing something that may never get off the ground -- so to speak.

cc: David Chew
Dennis Thomas

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

January 30, 1986

Received SS
1986 JAN 30 PM 12:35

MEMORANDUM FOR BEN ELLIOTT
DEPUTY ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT
DIRECTOR, PRESIDENTIAL SPEECHWRITING

FROM: FRED F. FIELDING
COUNSEL TO THE PRESIDENT

SUBJECT: Remarks: Memorial Service
for the Challenger Crew

I have reviewed the above-referenced proposed remarks, and recommend deleting the paragraphs on pages 4 and 5 discussing the Challenger Seven Fund. I have no information on this Fund, and serious supplementation of appropriations problems may be raised by a private sector effort to fund aspects of the space program. At least until I learn more, the President should not endorse the Fund.

Likewise, I object to the term "Magnificent Seven"; I suggest the "Challenger Seven".

cc: Dave Chew ✓

NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20506

January 30, 1986

MEMORANDUM FOR BEN ELLIOTT

FROM: WILLIAM F. MARTIN *WFM*
SUBJECT: Remarks: Memorial Service for
the Challenger Crew

The NSC Staff has reviewed the proposed Presidential remarks and has suggested one change.

Attachment:
Remarks for Memorial Service for
Challenger Crew

cc: David Chew

WHITE HOUSE STAFFING MEMORANDUM **URGENT**

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(Gilder/BE)
January 30, 1986
10:30 a.m.

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HOUSTON, TEXAS
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LACY	☐	☐	_____	☐	☐

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THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

1/30/86

David:

Forgive the informality -
doing this in haste.

I strongly feel they should
take another crack at these
reminders. They seem a bit
heavy on the individuals, not
visionary enough, looking to
the future - more inspirational,
etc. This will be a major press
coverage occasion - live networks,
etc. He should really shine on
this one.

The attached ~~sent~~ strikes the
sort of tone I was thinking of -
the conclusion portion. Larry
joins me in these comments.

Pete

(Gilder/BE)
January 30, 1986
10:30 a.m.

Revised 1-31-86
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different, yet in their mission, their quest, they all held so much in common.

We remember Judith Resnick, known as J.R. to her friends, always smiling, always eager to make a contribution, finding beauty in the music she played on her piano in her off-hours.

We remember Ellison Onizuka, who, as a child running barefoot through the coffee fields and macadamia groves in his home town of Keoupu, dreamed of someday traveling to the Moon. Being an Eagle Scout, he said, had helped him soar to the impressive achievements of his career.

We remember Gregory Jarvis. On that ill-fated flight he was carrying with him a flag of his university -- the University of Buffalo -- a small token, he said, to the people who unlocked his future.

We remember Michael Smith, who earned enough medals as a combat pilot to cover his chest, including the Navy Distinguished Flying Cross, three Air Medals -- and the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry with Silver Star, in gratitude from a Nation he fought to keep free.

We remember Ronald McNair, who learned perseverance in the cotton fields of Lake City, South Carolina. His dream was to live aboard the space station, performing experiments and playing his saxophone in the weightlessness of space. Ron -- we will miss your saxophone; and we will build your space station.

We remember Christa McAuliffe, who captured the imagination of the entire Nation, inspiring us with her pluck, her restless spirit of discovery; a teacher, not just to her students, but to

an entire people, instilling us all with the excitement of this journey we ride into the future.

We remember Francis Scobee, the commander of the space shuttle Challenger. He also flew in Vietnam earning medals for bravery, and later he served as a test pilot. Danger was a familiar companion to Commander Scobee.

We will always remember them, these skilled professionals, scientists and adventurers, these artists and teachers and family men and women, and we will cherish each of their stories -- stories of triumph and bravery, stories of true American heroes.

On the day of the disaster, our Nation held a vigil by our television sets. In one cruel moment, our exhilaration turned to horror; we waited and watched and tried to make sense of what we had seen. That night, I listened to a call-in program on the radio: people of every age spoke of their sadness and the pride they felt in "our astronauts." Across America, we are reaching out, holding hands, finding comfort in each other.

The sacrifice of your loved ones has stirred the soul of our Nation and, through the pain, our hearts have been opened to a profound truth -- the future is not free, the story of all human progress is one of a struggle against all odds. We learned again that this America, which Abraham Lincoln called the last best hope of mankind on Earth, was built on heroism and noble sacrifice. It was built by men and women like our seven star voyagers, who answered a call beyond duty, who gave more than was expected or required, and who gave it with little thought to worldly reward.

We think back to the pioneers of an earlier century, the sturdy souls who took their families and their belongings and set out into the frontier of the American West. Often, they met with terrible hardships. All along the Oregon Trail you can still see the grave markers of those who fell on the way. But grief only steeled them to the journey ahead.

Today, the frontier is space and the boundaries of human knowledge. Sometimes, when we reach for the stars, we fall short. But we must pick ourselves up again and press on despite the pain. Our Nation is indeed fortunate that we can still draw on immense reservoirs of courage, character, and fortitude -- that we are still blessed with heroes like those of the space shuttle Challenger.

Frank Scobee knew that every launching of a space shuttle is a technological miracle; some day, he predicted, something will go wrong -- one of the shuttles will blow up. And then he said: I hope that doesn't mean the end to the space shuttle program.

Today, we promise Frank Scobee and his crew that their dream lives on; that the future they worked so hard to build will become a reality. Man will continue his conquest of space. To forge ahead with our space program; to reach new goals and ever greater achievements -- that is the best way we can commemorate these heroes.

To that end, the people of Houston and the Nation are rallying together to build a fitting monument to our shuttle astronauts. They have begun the Challenger Seven Fund, raising money through private donations to build a replacement shuttle

vehicle to be dedicated to the Challenger astronauts. The new ship will be named the Phoenix, after the mythical bird that rose again from the ashes.

Already, donations are coming in. The expense is great, but so is America's pride in the Challenger Seven.

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May God bless you and give you comfort in this difficult time.

FREE AND DECENT WORLD ONLY POSSIBLE ANSWER TO VOICE OF WAR DEAD

REPRINT OF AN EDITORIAL BY HUBERT ROUSSEL
IN THE HOUSTON POST, JANUARY 10, 1945

IN a war such as this, prolonged expression of grief over personal loss is a luxury that no one can afford. Sorrow is too widespread. If everyone gave way to his feelings, as he is tempted to do, the burden of agony pressing down on the nation would become of insupportable weight. We would lose heart, spirit and determination, and that would lead surely to the swift loss of those sacred and priceless possessions that are ours only because other generations of Americans had the courage to set an ideal above any consideration of self, and to suffer for it the greatest of hardships. To fail them now would be the deepest of treachery. The first nation that whimpers in this war is lost.

Our son has given his life for his country. I know the feelings he had, and the motives that led him to take one of the most terrible risks asked of the men who are waging this battle for freedom. They were not merely the urges of reckless youth. He gave himself for an order of life which he believed to be worthy of any sacrifice. And among the good things of American life which enjoyed his respect were the arts of the drama and music. He loved them in their best manifestations, as he loved all that was food for the spirit. Were it not for this knowledge, I could hardly hope to recover my own interest in the work I followed throughout most of his lifetime.



★ ★ ★

Today would have been his twenty-first birthday, but he was already mature in thought. He had seen a good deal of the world and had formed his opinion of many things. He was the most strongly individual character I have ever known, and personal freedom with him was a passion. He was not quick to evaluate people or the habits of life, but once he had done so, there was no changing his mind by any pressure, persuasion or argument. He knew perfectly his reasons for whatever he did, and for all that he liked or disliked.

He was impatient of any form of pretension, so that many people thought he was brusque, but that was only because he saw clearly and could not tolerate false values in anything. In serious mood, he spoke to the point and with great brevity, but he had a wonderful sense of the humorous. His observations on whatever came under his eye were invariably seasoned with a quiet, penetrating wit that got into his school themes and destroyed the decorum of teachers.

I was proud of a letter received the other day which described him as a typical American boy. I think that is what he was. He would not have wished a more eloquent tribute.

With high spirits he had a deep, mystic appreciation of Nature that only poets and artists would understand. He loved to be alone under the sky with the good things of the earth, and I think his happiest moments were solitary. He

found something in the stillness of a clear night, or the bluster of a windy day, that had a particular meaning for his spirit, and which nobody else could share with him.

He was given that complete love and understanding of Nature that makes the storm as acceptable as the sunshine. In the midst of a great hurricane, when houses shuddered and little souls were in terror, I have known him to go calmly to bed and fall into a sleep as peaceful and untroubled as though the tempest outside were a summer breeze. His attitude toward those who lamented the upheavals of Nature was amused. It was as though he understood something that others failed to divine about the laws of the elements.

★ ★ ★

This mysterious chamber of his spirit, which nobody could enter, perhaps gave him the unusual poise and reserve that determined his course in the war. When he joined the Army Air Corps, two years ago, he volunteered as an aerial gunner. The sky and the great spaces were without terror for him, and perhaps he felt that his temperament, no less than certain physical qualifications, made him better adapted to this service than to any other assignment in the war.

In the midst of grim and increasingly ominous preparations, he reported only the beauty of the scene. I have a letter in which he wrote: "It is good to look down on the earth from a great height. It seems then so peaceful and orderly."

He loved this country itself—the broad land and the free sky, the colors and shapes, the good feel of the ground and the play of the sun on water. He went to his death for what he loved, doing the hard duty he chose for himself, as thousands of other typical American boys have done in this battle for decency.

In a sense they were all my boys; in a sense my own boy belonged as much to every family of this country as he did to me. I have wept for the others as I have wept for him, but we can not repay them with tears. We can only resolve, with all the fury and fire in our souls, to carry on with the fight they have left, to win the victory for which they died, and having won it, to secure the peace in which they truly believed—a peace that will actually make the world better and safer, and not merely a training ground for another generation of youth to be slaughtered at the whim of war-makers.

The voice of the dead in this struggle is the most terrible command ever given the races of man. It is more terrible than all the engines of destruction combined. Let it ring in the ears of the politicians and statesmen, and let us see that they never escape it.

God pity any man who shall fail those who have died in this war.

Received SS
1986 JAN 30 PM 1:49

NASA (Sheresa)
DAVIS
Document No. orig to ATK

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RESPONSE:

no comment
ATK/ RD/dm

David L. Chew
Staff Secretary
Ext. 2702

NASA
Davis

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Today, we promise Frank Scobee and his crew that their dream lives on; that the future they worked so hard to build will become a reality. Man will continue his conquest of space. To forge ahead with our space program; to reach new goals and ever greater achievements -- that is the best way we can commemorate these heroes.

To that end, the people of Houston and the Nation are rallying together to build a fitting monument to our shuttle astronauts. They have begun the Challenger Seven Fund, raising money through private donations to build a replacement shuttle

vehicle to be dedicated to the Challenger astronauts. The new ship will be named the Phoenix, after the mythical bird that rose again from the ashes.

Already, donations are coming in. The expense is great, but so is America's pride in the Challenger Seven.

Christa (McAuliffe); Mike (Smith); Ron (McNair); El (Onizuka) [oh-nih-ZOO-kuh]; Judy (Resnick); Dick (Scobee); and Greg (Jarvis) -- your families and your Nation mourn your passing. We bid you goodbye, but we will never forget you. For those who knew you well and loved you, the pain will be deep and lasting. A Nation, too, will long feel the loss of her seven sons and daughters, her seven good friends. We can only find consolation in faith, for we know in our hearts that you who flew so high and so proud have been gathered into God's loving arms, and that now you make your home beyond the stars.

May God bless you and give you comfort in this difficult time.

Received SS
1995 JAN 30 PM 1:22

WHITE HOUSE STAFFING MEMORANDUM

DATE: 1/30/86 ACTION/CONCURRENCE/COMMENT DUE BY: 12:15 P.M. TODAY

SUBJECT: REMARKS: MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE CHALLENGER CREW
Houston, Texas

(1/30/86 10:30 a.m. draft)

	ACTION FYI			ACTION FYI	
VICE PRESIDENT	☐	☐	OGLESBY	☐	☐
REGAN	☐	☒	POINDEXTER	☒	☐
MILLER	☐	☐	RYAN	☐	☐
BUCHANAN	☒	☐	SPEAKES	☐	☐
CHAVEZ	☐	☐	SPRINKEL	☐	☐
CHEW	☐	☒	STEELMAN	☐	☐
DANIELS	☐	☐	SVAHN	☐	☐
FIELDING	☐	☐	THOMAS	☒	☐
HENKEL	☐	☐	TUTTLE	☐	☐
HICKS	☐	☐	ELLIOTT	☐	☒
KINGON	☒	☐	_____	☐	☐
LACY	☐	☐	_____	☐	☐

REMARKS: Please give your comments/edits directly to Ben Elliott,
with an info copy to my office by 12:15 p.m. today. Thanks.

RESPONSE:

(Gilder/BE)
January 30, 1986
10:30 a.m.

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE CHALLENGER CREW
HOUSTON, TEXAS
FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1986

We come together today to mourn the loss of seven brave Americans, to share the grief we all feel and, perhaps, in that sharing to find the strength to bear our sorrow and the courage to look for the seeds of hope.

Our Nation's loss is first a very personal loss to the family, friends, and loved ones of our shuttle astronauts. To those they have left behind -- the mothers, the fathers, the husbands and wives, the brothers and sisters, and, yes, the young children -- all of America stands with you in your time of sorrow.

What we say today is only the inadequate expression of the feelings we all carry in our hearts. Words grow pale in the shadow of grief; they seem insufficient even to measure the brave sacrifice of those you loved and we so admired. Their truest testimony will not be in the words we speak, but in the way they led their lives and in the way they lost those lives -- with dedication, honor, selflessness, and an unquenchable desire to explore this mysterious and beautiful world of ours.

The best we can do is remember our seven astronauts -- our [Magnificent] Seven -- remember them as they lived, bringing life and love and joy to those who knew them and pride to a Nation.

They came from all parts of this vast country -- from South Carolina to Washington State; Ohio to Mohawk, New York; Hawaii to North Carolina to Concord, New Hampshire. They were so very

*Wasn't this
deleted in
Gilder's
address?*

We think back to the pioneers of an earlier century, the sturdy souls who took their families and their belongings and set out into the frontier of the American West. Often, they met with terrible hardships. All along the Oregon Trail you can still see the grave markers of those who fell on the way. But grief only steeled them to the journey ahead.

Today, the frontier is space and the boundaries of human knowledge. Sometimes, when we reach for the stars, we fall short. But we must pick ourselves up again and press on despite the pain. Our Nation is indeed fortunate that we can still draw on immense reservoirs of courage, character, and fortitude -- that we are still blessed with heroes like those of the space shuttle Challenger.

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Did we
agree to
this?
Not
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idea

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WHITE HOUSE STAFFING MEMORANDUMDATE: 1/30/86 ACTION/CONCURRENCE/COMMENT DUE BY: 12:15 P.M. TODAYSUBJECT: REMARKS: MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE CHALLENGER CREW
Houston, Texas

(1/30/86 10:30 a.m. draft)

	ACTION FYI			ACTION FYI	
VICE PRESIDENT	☐	☐	OGLESBY	☐	☐
REGAN	☒	☒	POINDEXTER	☒	☐
MILLER	☐	☐	RYAN	☐	☐
BUCHANAN	☒	☐	SPEAKES	☐	☐
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HICKS	☐	☐	ELLIOTT	☐	☒
KINGON	☒	☐		☐	☐
LACY	☐	☐		☐	☐

REMARKS: Please give your comments/edits directly to Ben Elliott,
with an info copy to my office by 12:15 p.m. today. Thanks.

*a few suggested changes -
I'll tell you privately why I x'd*

RESPONSE:

out the private space fund

DGR

(Gilder/BE)
January 30, 1986
10:30 a.m.

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HOUSTON, TEXAS
FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1986

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The best we can do is remember our seven astronauts -- our ^{Challenger} Magnificent Seven -- remember them as they lived, bringing life and love and joy to those who knew them and pride to a Nation.

They came from all parts of this vast country -- from South Carolina to Washington State; Ohio to Mohawk, New York; Hawaii to North Carolina to Concord, New Hampshire. They were so very

different, yet in their mission, their quest, they all held so much in common.

We remember Judith Resnick, known as J.R. to her friends, always smiling, always eager to make a contribution, finding beauty in the music she played on her piano in her off-hours.

We remember Ellison Onizuka, who, as a child running barefoot through the coffee fields and macadamia groves in his home town of Keoupu, dreamed of someday traveling to the Moon. Being an Eagle Scout, he said, had helped him soar to the impressive achievements of his career.

We remember Gregory Jarvis. On that ill-fated flight he was carrying with him a flag of his university -- the University of Buffalo -- a small token, he said, to the people who unlocked his future.

We remember Michael Smith, who earned enough medals as a combat pilot to cover his chest, including the Navy Distinguished Flying Cross, three Air Medals -- and the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry with Silver Star, in gratitude from a Nation he fought to keep free.

We remember Ronald McNair, who learned perseverance in the cotton fields of Lake City, South Carolina. His dream was to live aboard the space station, performing experiments and playing his saxophone in the weightlessness of space. Ron -- we will miss your saxophone; and we will build your space station.

We remember Christa McAuliffe, who captured the imagination of the entire Nation, inspiring us with her pluck, her restless spirit of discovery; a teacher, not just to her students, but to

an entire people, instilling us all with the excitement of this journey we ride into the future.

We remember Francis Scobee, the commander of the space shuttle Challenger. He also flew in Vietnam earning medals for bravery, and later he served as a test pilot. Danger was a familiar companion to Commander Scobee.

We will always remember them, these skilled professionals, scientists and adventurers, these artists and teachers and family men and women, and we will cherish each of their stories -- stories of triumph and bravery, stories of true American heroes.

On the day of the disaster, our Nation held a vigil by our television sets. In one cruel moment, our exhilaration turned to horror; we waited and watched and tried to make sense of what we had seen. That night, I listened to a call-in program on the radio: people of every age spoke of their sadness and the pride they felt in "our astronauts." Across America, we are reaching out, holding hands, finding comfort in each other.

The sacrifice of your loved ones has stirred the soul of our Nation and, through the pain, our hearts have been opened to a profound truth -- the future is not free, the story of all human progress is one of a struggle against all odds. We learned again that this America, which Abraham Lincoln called the last best hope of mankind on Earth, was built on heroism and noble sacrifice. It was built by men and women like our seven star voyagers, who answered a call beyond duty, who gave more than was expected or required, and who gave it with little thought to worldly reward.

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