

The Society of the
Friendly Sons of St. Patrick
of Los Angeles

000291

Ecumenical Spirit
✓ Father Casass
✓ my mother Born in Norway
✓ my Dad Welsh
- a Democrat at
a Irish Republican
Rally

HONORABLE HUBERT H. HUMPHREY

21 years ago ~~Tommy~~ Cardinal McIntyre came to L.A.

INVOCATION

21 years ago ~~his friend~~ DeValera spoke at this dinner

JAMES FRANCIS CARDINAL MCINTYRE

21 years ago ~~Archbishop of Los Angeles~~ ~~I was it friendly~~

NATIONAL ANTHEM

you Emmeline, Cardinal McIntyre

WELCOME

Gov Brown

STAFFORD R. GRADY, President

President Staff Grady

"A WORD FROM THE NORTH"
RIGHT HONORABLE THOMAS M.D.

Rt. Honorable Harold Fitt

Mayor Gorty

PAT McCORMICK

msg Cassassa (Cah saw sa)

Award of the Seventeenth Annual Medallion of Merit to
VERY REVEREND CHARLES S. CASSASSA
a California Citizen of Irish Ancestry, in recognition of his
distinguished contributions to the Community.

"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE"

HONORABLE HUBERT M. SHREY

BENEDICTION

McCormick - how
Poppy did it go!
How did it go!
and Right by me!

MENU

Joe Nally - success
GATEWAY SURPRISE - LA GRADY

President Grady
BROTH OF TIPPERARY TEERAPIN WITH DRY SACK

TRALEE RELISH TRAY

Gov Knight

GARRICK STEAK FROM COUNTY CORK

SLIGO POTATO

Gov Pat Brown - Good Hand -
HEART OF ARTICHOKE O'NALLY

Manny Smyth
Banker Pamphlete

DEMI TASSE WATERFORD

ALAMADEN CABERNET SAUVIGNON

Chief Reddin - Haven't
heard so much applause for anyone
since I. Egan Brown was
introduced at the Daughter of the
American Fund

000290

R E M A R K S

THE HONORABLE HUBERT H. HUMPHREY

SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK OF
LOS ANGELES

MARCH 17, 1969

"God save all here! May God save you kindly!" !

/ This, of course, is the traditional Irish greeting brought
 by the traveler to his hosts. / And, ~~having in mind what~~ *remembering what*

~~happened out here last November,~~ *To me out* ~~He has his work put out~~ *that's mighty*

~~for him between now and November 1972.~~ *generous of me.!* *But I'm happy to be here -*

It isn't exactly the way I planned it -

But this is not a time for partisanship, ~~indeed,~~ *indeed,* am

reminded of the story about an industrialist here in Los
 Angeles who was taken very ill.

The poor soul went off to the hospital and nobody wrote
to him. Nobody called on him. And nobody sent him any
flowers. He never got any cards.

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and then he was, sick + lonely.

They say he was lying ~~thus~~ for a week, and finally the local ~~board of the unions~~ ^{*union*} that organized his plant had a meeting. They met and discussed the employer's situation and they finally passed a resolution and sent him a telegram.

It read something like this:

'The Executive Board of Local 100 has met and duly considered your condition and situation, and by a vote of 8 to 7 we wish you a complete and speedy recovery.'

Staff Grady | Staff Grady says that is about the way it happened when your Board of Directors invited me. *But.*

You may have noticed that the President himself is setting the non-partisan tone of the season. Just a week or so ago, he had all the Governors down to the White House for a little gathering. As a matter of fact, I had planned something like it myself, but fortunately Muriel had not sent out the invitations.

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Well, I should say that it is a wonderful house -- the White House. It has a good address and a nice neighborhood, the plumbing works and the garbage is collected regularly, and whenever it is a little cold you can always count on a hot blast from Capitol Hill. In fact, they come at any season of the year, as the President will notice.

And, I note the custom of having but one toast, and that, "to the President of the United States".

I thought as I joined you in lifting my glass - "There, but for the ^{grace of}

Had the Voters - so I do! (Corks) - HON!

I understand that the topic assigned each year's speaker

is "The Day We Celebrate". Who but the Irish would have

that marvelous blend of love of life, and faith in God, and

respect for the dead that they would celebrate the day their

great Saint Patrick died, March 17, one thousand five hundred
and eight years ago today. !

*1000 - 500 and
8 years Ago*

*Frank Day
on radio
talking the
Oath -
I was
meeting
a few
of my
own*

- 4 -

So let me say a few words in honor of the Saint and of his countrymen -- some saintly, and others less so ~~who have followed him throughout the centuries.~~

↳ The veneration of no other mortal figure in the history of Western civilization has endured like that accorded the

memory of Patrick. ^{St.}↳ And the people, Patrick had to deal with were not the models of decorum and deportment, ~~such as his~~

~~Sons here tonight.~~ *no of force, ~~gentlemen~~ to your ancestors, Gentlemen-*

Of course, back in Ireland the Irish had always

preferred contention to loneliness! Historians say that the

Scandinavians (I must admit there were some Norwegians

amongst them) and later the Normans, moved into the coastal

areas. But the Irish tribes were so busy fighting among

themselves that they didn't notice it at first. ~~So after some~~

~~relatively minor~~ ~~scuffle~~, the intruders settled down and made

themselves at home.

- *strengthened the Race!*

Scandinavians

*Father
Cah-see-pa*

noye

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When St. Patrick came to the Islands of Hibernia in 432 A.D., the legions of Rome were beating a retreat to whence they came. Historians record that more than any other mortal figure, he led the conversion of the pagan tribesmen on this tiny isle ~~to~~ Christianity.

In turn, Ireland became the "University of the West", the "Ile of Scholars", sending her missionaries and educators wandering through all of Europe teaching and baptizing.

As proof of the purity of their motive, history records no instance in which the Irish people mounted an army to exploit the influence their countrymen gained in foreign lands.

But the military books are filled with names of Erin's generals who fought to secure peace and justice for other countries when they were exiled from their native soil. *In Latin America
as of the 19th & 20th*

Even Now U.N. Peacekeeping.

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And they fought with good humor as well. There is the story of the Irish Soldier who asked his commanding officer for a furlough. He explained that his wife was sick and there was no one to look out for the children. "Pat", said the officer, "that's very strange, for the chaplain has a letter from your wife asking us not to send you home. She says every time you go home on leave you get drunk and frighten the children." "Faith", said Pat, "there's two of the most splendid liars in the army in this room. I was never married in me life."

Likewise, there is the story of the Irishman carrying a comrade suffering with a leg wound to a first aid station. Unknown to him a cannon ball took the man's head off while he was carrying him. When the Irishman reached the station and dumped the corpse down on a cot, someone pointed out to him that it lacked a head. "Why, the deceivin' creature," he said. "He told me it was his leg that was botherin' him."

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✓ We best sum up the saga of the Irish in the fight for
America's freedom, union, and democracy, when we refer
to the list of those who have won the Nation's highest
decoration - the Congressional Medal of Honor. ✓ The greatest
name is Murphy - 21 in all, with the Kellys on their heels -
18 heroes strong. ~~Among the foreign born who hold the medal,~~
Ireland with her handful of 4 million souls has won more than
twice as many as any other nation who sent men here to help.

✓ So, let us dwell tonight on the American Irish. ~~whence~~
~~they came and why? And what is their future, what promise~~
~~do they hold for their adopted land?~~

✓ For in pondering this question we will find the story of
America, the tragic, rich and varicolored patchwork quilt of
our country and its people.

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William V. Shannon, in his masterful and definitive book,
"The American Irish", states that, "The history of the Irish
in America is founded on a paradox < The Irish were a rural
people in Ireland and became a city people in the United States.

The cities in Ireland were founded by Danes, Normans and
 English; none was founded by the Irish themselves . . ."

< Not only did the Irish occupy these cities but they furnished
much of the physical labor to build them. < Shannon says, "The
American cities were in their infancy when the Irish came.

< Their rise, and the rise of the Irish in American life, went
hand in hand. < In Ireland, the Irish had inherited history
and suffered it. In America they became makers of history "!!

< They began writing the history of the United States at
the dawn of our independence.

Make
History

Quentin Churchill's

"so little have
done

"So much yet to do"

And so much more to do -
 Remake our cities

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L Indeed, George Washington's aide-de-camp and private secretary, General Stephen Moylan, was the first President of this Society when its first Chapter was organized in Philadelphia on March 17, 1771. A few years later the New York Chapter was organized by Hercules Mulligan, a confidential agent for General Washington.

L In the 19th century, almost 5 million Irish immigrated to America.

Early Irish L The earliest political leaders of the newly arrived Irish fashioned of them a battering ram to break the unjust power of a hostile majority -- eliminating religious discrimination, demanding the appointment of Irish as schoolteachers, policemen and firemen.

Irish Democrats—

Any { " Old Irish Prentice work
going to Die - Changed
his Registration to Republican.
" If one of us has to go, better
it be one of them

The Politics of
~~Joy~~
Happiness

Zest, Irish Humor
& laughter

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Why, some of them even were tempted to take political
 power into their own hands. The genteel native-born *early*
 American had regarded politics like a call to jury duty - to
 be endured and served as inevitable, as a sacrifice, but not
 as enjoyable. But the Irish regarded it as an opportunity for
 a career, like baseball or prizefighting, or the police force.

This was no interlude -- it was a business.

*Potatoes for the Irish
 was the way of living*

One can run through ~~category upon category~~ *many* of battlefields
 where contests have successfully been waged for due recognition
 in education, art, science, literature, the theatre, law, medicine,
 and - perhaps most significantly of all - social science and justice.

So, what do you do with it - with this Society formed in
 George Washington's time to assist poor Irish boys and other
 fellow countrymen accomplish the transition from foreign-born
 immigrant to citizen of the United States?

JFK

Peace & freedom do not come
cheap. We are destined - all
of us here today - to live out
most, if not all, of our
lives in uncertainty and
challenge, and Peril.

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L And the great Irish poet, Thomas Moore, perhaps best phrased the rhetorical question, pertinent now more than ever, which needs no answer from those here tonight:

L Shall we ask the brave soldier who fights by our side
In the cause of mankind if our creeds agree?

L Shall we give up the friends we have valued and tried,
If they kneel not before the same altar as we? "

and L Let us always remember the special religious services that were held in Dublin as a tribute to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

L The celebrant of the Mass spoke of Dr. King as "this saintly member of the great Baptist community". "In the cause

of reconciling white and Negro, rich and poor," said Father

Hurley, "he bore witness to Christ even to the shedding of his blood. He spent himself and was spent in the cause of social

justice and civil rights." *The dignity and compassion*

of this response to Dr King's death, reminds us that the Human Being is the measure of all other concerns!

The cause is Martin Luther King Jr.

Thomas Wolfe

"To Every man his Chance;
To Every man regardless of his birth,
his shining golden opportunity.
To Every man the right to live, to
work and to be himself. and
to become whatever thing his
manhood and his vision can
combine to make him—
this - is the promise of America."

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↳ The dignity and compassion of this response to Dr. King's death reminds us that the human being is the measure of all other concerns. !

↳ Nothing has the grace or the beauty of an old Irish blessing.

↳ The best blessers of all are Irish tinker women. If you part with a few pennies, this is the sort of blessing you are likely to get: "That every hair on your head might turn into a candle to light your way to heaven."

Before I leave you tonight, I give you my own blessing:

That your debts may never exceed seven figures;

That your feet may always steer you clear of favors from the boss-man of any metropolis;

That old friends may never denounce you when all the children are standing around;

That your own grandchildren by stirring things up for their parents will restore tranquility to your years in retirement;

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And that, in the words of an old Irish prayer:

"May the earth be soft under you when you

rest upon it, tired at the end of the day;

May it rest easy over you when,

At the last, you lay out under it;

May it rest so lightly over you that

your soul may be off from under it quickly,

and up, and off, and on its way to God"

Thank you and good night.

#

HUBERT H. HUMPHREY ADDRESS
ANNUAL BANQUET - FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK - MARCH 17, 1969

Thank you very much. Thank you very much, Mr. President.
That's the thing that got me - when I said "Mr. President" -- often enough!

Your Eminence, Cardinal McIntyre, Reverend Clergy, my dear and good friend, Governor Pat Brown - and by the way, I want you to know that Pat called me up and said, "I would like to have you come to a little rally." I said, "What do you have in mind, Pat?" But he said, "First of all, I have been demanding equal time since last year." I don't know what he meant by that, but whatever it was - I said, "Well, what about this rally - don't you know the election's over?" "Well," he said, "Hubert, it won't make much difference - this crowd you're going to talk to wasn't going to vote for you anyhow - but come on."

First, I want to help our good friend, The Right Honorable Gerald Fitt, who is with us this evening. I think I can tell you a little bit about your name - it is a fact that the Scandinavians did invade Ireland. I looked you over - I see those blue eyes and that slightly red, ruddy hair - whether you want to admit it or not - we're a gregarious outfit, these Scandinavians.

Father Casassa, how wonderful it is to be with you tonight in this spirit of ecumenical spirit where they have brought an Italian into the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick - just wonderful. May I say that my mother was born in Norway, my father is of Welsh descent, and I have been a life-long Democrat - and I come to see Irish that have fallen from the faith!

And I want to say a word about Chief Reddin. I haven't heard anybody get so much applause since J. Edgar Hoover talked to the Daughters of the American Revolution. No, I tell you, Mr. Mayor - watch out! It's some party, all right.

I had a very serious speech worked out for you - one I had left over from the campaign. The first thing I had noted in here is a great toast - a traditional Irish greeting brought by the traveler to his host - "God Save All Here - May God Save You Kindly". But after what you fellows did to me in California in November, I think it is too damned generous for me to say that. I cleared that with Tom Lynch and Ed Pauley - they said it was all right if I say that up here. I really did wonder how I got invited. But now that I see that Father Casassa got the Award, I understand a little better.

Then I remembered a story that is somewhat appropo to this occasion about an industrialist out here in Los Angeles who was taken very ill, and he was lying around in the hospital for better than a week, and nobody wrote to him and nobody called on him and nobody sent him any flowers, and he was in miserable shape. And finally the local board of the Union that had organized his plant decided to have a little meeting and consider the situation of their employer. And they passed a resolution that read something like this - "The Executive Board of Local 100 has met and considered your situation, and after due and proper consideration by a vote of 8 to 7, we wish you a speedy recovery". Now that's what Staff Grady told me happened here

on your Speakers Committee. And I just want you men to know that after what's happened to me, any good invitation with a free dinner and lots of wine - I'm ready for it.

I was very pleased to hear tonight, of course, that our President sent his telegram and his greetings. I note the custom here of having but one toast, which was slightly violated, I might add, tonight. But one toast - and that toast is to the President of the United States. As I sat here and then rose to that toast, you may have notice my lips moving, because I thought as I was joining in that toast and lifting my glass - there but by the grace of God - and the voters - go I. I said to the President the other evening - "Mr. President, the last time that I saw you was on Inaugural Day, and you were taking your oath, and I was muttering a few of my own".

But I do think I should sort of set things in proper perspective here because this is not a partisan gathering (and I am pleased that it's not). This is a meeting of the bankers to celebrate the rise in the prime rate. Let me say in all seriousness at the outset of my remarks and without any attempt at all at bitterness at what has gone before, I do want to pay my respects to the two men who are in our nation's capital and have taken on some awesome new responsibilities - it's a new team and the eyes of the nation are upon it. And these two men who must struggle under intense pressure and against almost insuperable, if not great, odds deserve the understanding and the sympathy and the support of every American - and, truly, I ask you to join me in saluting Vince Lombardy and Ted Williams. You see,

Father Casassa, we get those Italians in whenever we can!

Now this great Irish humorist tonight, Pat McCormick, said something and I jotted it down here on a note. About that paper boy of his, he said - "Mr. Humphrey, my paper boy has been sick since November 5 - how did it go?" Pat, I can tell you right now - right by me - hardly touched it! But defeat is not without its blessings. As some of you now know, I have gone back to the academic community, and each morning as a professor, I grade a few term papers. In the afternoon, as a former druggist, I fill a few prescriptions. And in the evening, as a husband, Mrs. Humphrey and I work on my collection of campaign buttons. And the one I prize the most - and I share this as a personal secret with you - the one I prize the most says - "Almost All The Way Without LBJ".

I want to say to the President of Loyola that it has been rather easy for me to switch from political life to academic life, involuntary though it has been, especially since I had my riot training last fall. My only complaint is that I don't get combat pay. I teach in two schools - maybe you know that I teach at the University of Minnesota and McAlester College. And teaching at two schools - this gives me the unusual and the historic opportunity to be held hostage on two campuses simultaneously. No other Vice President or Professor can make that claim. As you know, you learn a lot when you go to college now. As a politician, I used to think the great objective was a chicken in every pot - now some of our college students demand pot in every chicken!

And I was telling Staff Grady and Governor Brown today as they were taking money away from me on the golf course (that's a fine way to treat an itinerant preacher going through here) - we were discussing the new administration - I was saying that I thought that President Nixon was doing very well, and I surely approved of his visit to Europe, and I understand the many problems the man in that high office has to face. I pointed out it was a very fast trip and, of course, it puts a great deal of pressure upon anyone that takes it and, particularly, a President, and if it doesn't always go exactly as it should, we should be understanding. That fast pace on the overseas trip really can be very confusing. Perhaps that explains why President Nixon urged the Pope to rejoin NATO and then kissed General DeGaulle's ring.

Now I want you to know that the President knows I am saying these things - he would have put it in the telegram, but we're on an economy binge in the government now, and we kept it out.

I understand though that this evening has a purpose higher than just frivolity and oh, that's good, and I thought the President's telegram carried a very pertinent message - a love of liberty, a love of God, and love of country, and it also carried the message that we all know tonight of being able to laugh at ourselves, which is a saving grace of the American people in the most difficult times.

The topic that's on your program says that we are to talk on "The Day We Celebrate", and I must say who but the Irish would have the

marvelous blend of the love of life, faith in God, and respect for the dead, that they would celebrate the day their great St. Patrick died on March 17 - 1,508 years ago today - that's a long time ago. The distinguished Cardinal - his Eminence is with us here tonight - was visiting with me and said that he came to this city just 21 years ago tomorrow. He had hoped that he could have come 21 years ago just tonight because tonight - 21 years ago - the great patriot of Ireland, Devalera, was the speaker here - 21 years ago. I can't remember what I was doing 21 years ago, but I know it wasn't that important.

So we celebrate a memory and we celebrate a tradition. Let me say just a few words in honor of the saint and of his countrymen (some saintly and others less so). The veneration of no other mortal figure in history of Western civilization has endured like that accorded to the memory of Patrick. And the people St. Patrick had to deal with were not always models of decorum and deportment. I hope that none of you will take offense at this - you've improved since then, somewhat - socially, that is. Of course, back in Ireland, the Irish always had preferred contention to loneliness. And as has been indicated tonight, historians say that the Scandinavians - and there were a few Norwegians amongst them - moved in, and later the Normans (Father Casassa, they moved in too). Moved into the coastal areas, but the Irish tribes, as you would expect, were so busy fighting among themselves that they didn't notice it at first, and these Scandinavians settled down and and were there for at least 200 years before the

Irish caught on to them and booted them out and sent them to Scotland. Historical fact. But it strengthened the race and maybe that's one of the reasons that the Irish have persevered so well.

When St. Patrick came to the Island of Hibernia in 432 A. D., the Legions of Rome were beating retreat back from when they came, and historians record that more than any other mortal figure, he led the conversion of the pagan tribesmen on this tiny isle to Christianity. What a man - a man of total commitment - which is a lesson within itself for our contemporaries. In turn, because of this man (and one man can make the difference), particularly a man that achieves sainthood - Ireland became the University of the West. The Isle of Scholars, as it was known. Sending her missionaries and sending her educators to all the areas of Europe, teaching and baptizing. and as proof of the purity of their purpose and their motives, history records not a single instance in which the Irish people mounted an army to exploit the influence their countrymen gained in foreign lands - a mighty good example.

But the military books are literally filled with the names of Erin's generals who fought to secure freedom and peace and justice for other countries, even when they were exiled from their native soil. There's an O'Higgins who has his name in history in Latin America - who stood alongside of Bolivar - and even now when the world looks for peacekeepers, and the United Nations calls upon countrymen and nations to serve in the cause of peacekeeping, in the front ranks are officers and men from Ireland in the cause of peace. I have never been able to understand why the Irish seem to

be so feisty and fighting right here, when they are so peaceful from Ireland! Well, they fought with good humor, as well. There is the story of that Irish soldier who asked his commanding officer for a furlough. He explained with tears in his eyes that his wife was sick and that there was no one to look out for the children. "Pat", said the officer, "that's very strange, for the chaplain has a letter from your wife asking us not to send you home. She says that every time you go home on leave, you get drunk and you frighten the children." "Faith", said Pat, "there's two of the most splendid liars in the Army on this room - I was never married in my life."

So, even in the most serious moments of history and under the most trying circumstances, that sense of good humor has been there. Which is the extra margin that makes for sanity and reasonableness. Now we can best sum up the saga of the Irish and the fight for America's freedom when we refer to the list of those who have won the nation's highest decoration - The Congressional Medal of Honor. I am sure you all know these figures, but let them be seared in your memory - the greatest name is Murphy - 21 in all - with the Kelleys on their heels - 18 heroes strong. Ireland with her handful of 4 million souls has won more than twice as many as any other nation who sent men here to help in the cause of freedom and democracy. Quite a record!

So in the few moments we have left here now, we can dwell on the role of the Irish - the American Irish minority - Irish-American. William Shannon, the eminent writer, in his masterful and definitive book, THE

AMERICAN IRISH, states that the history of the Irish in America is founded on a paradox. The Irish were a rural people in Ireland and became a city people in the United States. The cities in Ireland were founded by the Danes, and the Normans, and the English - not a single city was founded by the Irish themselves. Not only did the Irish occupy these cities but they furnished much of the physical labor to build them - the cities here in America. And Shannon says the American cities were in their infancy when the Irish came, and then the Irish made them. Their rise and the rise of the Irish in American life went hand in hand. In Ireland, the Irish had inherited history and suffered it. But in America, the Irish became the makers of history - made it for themselves and for others. And how well they have done, and yet how much there is yet to do.

And I come to you tonight for one serious purpose and that is to ask you to remember with me the danger of the times in which we live, and I jotted down a note that I found from one of the addresses of the late John Kennedy. When he said that peace and freedom do not come cheap - we are destined, all of us here today, to live out most, if not all, of our lives in uncertainty, challenge, and peril. Never were truer words spoken for a 20th Century American.

And I have very little time for those of little faith. It seems to me that the record of this nation is so clear and so resplendent with achievements that we ought to have some faith in its future. That doesn't mean that there isn't yet much to do - indeed there is. And we are the people to get it

done. Winston Churchill - they tell the story about him in World War II - when the ladies of the temperance movement moved in on him. And you know they'd had somebody evaluate how much of the alcoholic beverage he consumed as Prime Minister. And this sweet little old lady in tennis shoes who was the spokesman came in and said, "Mr. Prime Minister, we adjudge that if all of the alcoholic beverage that you have consumed were put in this room, it would come up to here". And he looked at her and he said, "Up to there", and he looked down at the floor, looked up to the ceiling, and he said, "So little have I done, so much is there yet to do".

Well, my friends, without boring you with history - so little have we done, despite the fact that the Irish have been in the forefront of many of the great movements of this country to eliminate religious discrimination - demanding the appointment of Irish schoolteachers, policemen, and firemen. Why some of them were even tempted to take political power into their own hand. As you know, the genteel, native-born, early, Yankee American had regarded politics like a call to jury duty, to be endured and served as inevitable, as a sacrifice, but never as enjoyable. But the Irish regarded it as an opportunity for a career like baseball or prizefighting or the police force. To them, politics was no interlude, it was a business, and they made it a profitable business, might I add.

And I can't help but think tonight as I think of politics about that old Irish precinct worker - and, bless you, he was a Democrat. But he went to his doctor and the doctor said, "Pat, you have only a few more months

to live, you are going to die". Pat took it like a man. One day, he went down to the courthouse, and he changed his registration, and he changed it to a Republican. And when his neighbors heard about it, they called on Pat and said, "Pat, why in the world would you do this, you've been a Democrat for over 50 years". He said, "I tell you, if somebody had to go, I thought it was better to have one of them".

This is the spirit in many ways that has characterized the Irish who have really enjoyed what we call civic life. It was what John Adams once called the politics of happiness - a zest for public affairs. Now this great society, of which you are members, was not organized just for purposes of fun. It was organized to help assist poor Irish boys and other fellow countrymen accomplish the transition from foreign-born immigrants to the citizen of the United States. It has its genesis as far back as in the time of George Washington, but the yesterdays are not good enough. We have to keep any organization relevant to society as a whole, or it will perish. And no people today, not even the Irish, have time to indulge themselves in a haven or shelter from today's problems.

One of my favorite churchmen, and well-known in my part of America, is Archbishop John Ireland, and he said something to all of us which is pertinent for tonight. He said we should live in our own age and know it and be in touch with it. "Our work", said this illustrious Archbishop, "is in the present and not in the past." And, gentlemen, while we love to think of the yesterdays and even of the country that was the homeland of our

ancestors, it is not enough. There is a great poet who once said - by the name of George Moore - who had such wisdom. He said, "After all, there is but one race - humanity". It isn't good enough just to serve then those that are ours, as we say by race, or even religion - but one race. And that great Irish poet, Thomas Moore, perhaps best phrased the rhetorical question pertinent now more than ever before in our lives, and it needs no answer from any of you here tonight. Here is the way he put it - "Shall we ask the brave soldier who fights by our side in the cause of mankind if our creeds agree? Shall we give up the friends we have valued and tried if they kneel not before the same altar as we?" Each man in his own way answers that. Maybe that's why we talk of one people, one nation, under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

Let us remember tonight that special religious services that were held in Dublin by an Irish priest as a tribute to a black man, an American by the name of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. The celebrant of the Mass spoke of Dr. King as the saintly member of the great Baptist community in the cause of reconciling white and negro, rich and poor. Said Father Hurley, "He bore witness to Christ, even to the shedding of his blood. He spent himself and was spent in the cause of social justice and civil rights." The dignity and the compassion of this response by Father Hurley to Dr. King's death reminds me - and I know it reminds all of us - that the human being is the measure of all of our concerns.

And I leave you then with an American poet who has inspired me in many ways in my public and private life. Here is what I believe about America and this is why I think it's so unique and this is why I have unbounded faith in its capacity to do good. This is why I believe that while America is troubled and while it is at times torn by ferment and tension, that America is not sick nor has it lost its way - it is only trying to find a better way.

Thomas Wolfe, depression poet and writer, said it for me and for generations yet unborn - "To every man his chance, to every man, regardless of his birth, his shining golden opportunity. To every man, the right to live and to work and to be himself and to become whatever thing his manhood and his vision can combine to make him. This is the promise of America".

And, gentlemen, that is the promise of America, and millions and millions of our fellow Americans of different race, creed, and nationality are becoming themselves, having their chance, and regardless of birth - their golden opportunity. And there is no greater calling in the world than to help another man to save himself. And all across this land, despite the headlines of the day, thousands of Americans lost and, for all practical purposes, almost dead - at least dead in spirit have come alive and a new America is being born, and in birth there is pain, but in birth, there is hope, and I happen to think that America today more than ever before stands for hope - hope for God's children.

Thank you very much and goodnight.



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