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Folder List

<u>Box Number</u>	<u>Folder Number</u>	<u>Document Date</u>	<u>No Date</u>	<u>Subject</u>	<u>Document Type</u>	<u>Document Description</u>
6	44	6/9/1970	<input type="checkbox"/>	Personal	Memo	From Constance Stuart to Haldeman RE: RN and PN's anniversary. 1 pg.
6	44	5/27/1970	<input type="checkbox"/>	Personal	Letter	Draft of a letter from RN to Julie Nixon for her graduation. 7 pgs.
6	44	5/28/1970	<input type="checkbox"/>	Personal	Memo	From Raymond K. Price, Jr. to Haldeman RE: letter to Julie Nixon. 1 pg.
6	44	5/28/1970	<input type="checkbox"/>	Personal	Letter	Second draft of a letter from RN to Julie Nixon for her graduation. 7 pgs.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

June 9, 1970

MEMORANDUM FOR BOB HALDEMAN  
FROM CONSTANCE STUART

June 21 is Father's Day. It is also the 30th anniversary for the President and Mrs. Nixon. In case the President would like to be reminded...

Pearls are the traditional gift for thirty years of wedded bliss.

LETTER TO JULIE - DRAFT - 5/27/70 - PRICE

Dear Julie:

Few days in a person's life are quite so special as graduation day. I know that even though you will not be present at your class's ceremonies this will be a very special day for you: one of reflection, of remembering, and of pride; of re-living past experiences and dreaming of future hopes. It is a day when you will feel very close to those friends with whom you have shared the college years, and who have been so important a part of those years.

Graduation is a very special day for parents, too, when the hopes and the love of so many years that seem to have passed so quickly are reflected in a face that suddenly seems so much more grown.

There is nothing fathers are fonder of giving than advice -- and because this is such a special day, perhaps a few special thoughts would be appropriate.

I know how keenly aware you are of the strains that divide your own generation, and how sensitive you are to its concerns. I know that because you are the President's daughter, you have been the target of many of their discontents -- and I know how deeply some of the abuse has hurt. There will be times when you will be tempted to bitterness.

Those are the times to call on what Abraham Lincoln called "the better angels of our nature" -- and to try to understand what needs understanding, and to forgive what needs forgiveness.

Many of your generation today are caught between extravagant hope and equally extravagant despair. One of the lessons of life, which each generation learns in its turn, is that the world never quite lives up to our hopes or down to our fears. It is a world of good and evil, with both rooted deeply within the nature of man himself. It is a world of contradictions. It is a world in which to simplify, more often than not, is to distort.

If we are to raise the threshold of hope, if we are to realize the potentialities for good that exist in this world, we must recognize both the extent and the limits of those possibilities.

You recall that three weeks ago, shortly before dawn on a Saturday morning, I had a long talk at the Lincoln Memorial with some of the students who had come to Washington that weekend to demonstrate. It seemed to me important at that time to reach out, across the gulf of differing opinions on some of the issues that divide us today, and to talk with some of America's young people -- individuals, not representatives of organized groups -- about some of the perspectives that I think are

often lost sight of in the debates over whatever may be the current question of any particular moment.

I wanted to talk with them without the distracting presence of television cameras or reporters, as one human being to another, and as one generation to another.

I made some small talk, in an effort to put them more at ease. But essentially I tried to share with them some of the lessons of history that it so often seems each generation has to learn anew for itself -- lessons of the difference between wishing for peace and achieving it. I talked with them, also, about people -- and about the need to see people, different kinds of people, from different cultures, in all the various countries of the world, if we are really to get to know the world. So often we think about other countries in terms of what they look like on a map, when what really matters about each country is its people, and what they are like, and how they think and feel.

I don't know whether they understood. I think eventually they will.

I often wonder what I would most wish for if I were twenty-one today. I suppose I would wish most for a world at peace. But as I look back over the lessons of history, I realize that to achieve this I would

also have to wish for something more: I would wish for a world in which those who wanted peace had the courage and the wisdom and the steadfastness, and were willing to make the sacrifices, that maintaining the peace requires.

It often has seemed that each new generation has had to learn for itself, too late, the hard lessons of what it takes to keep the peace. Time and again, those lessons have been learned only as the peace itself was consumed on a pyre of wishes for it, proving once again how easily wishing can become the death of hope.

There is no responsibility I take more seriously than trying to ensure that your generation does not have to learn those lessons the way mine did.

Never has there been a greater need for discriminating judgments, and for a sensitive understanding of the world around us, knowing that the world is going to be constantly and rapidly changing, and knowing too that our understanding of it can never be perfect -- but doing our best to understand not only what appears on the surface, but also its deeper meaning.

This has been called an age of miracles. But these achievements, whether traveling to the moon or conquering disease or being able to dial London on the telephone, have not been miracles at all, but rather the product of hard work, determined effort and disciplined thought.

The same habits of disciplined thought that unfold the mysteries of science are needed if we are to achieve our hopes of bettering our human conditions of life. Therefore, guard always against the ravages emotion visits on reason. There is a place -- an important place -- in our lives for emotion, a place that must and should be governed not by the head, but by the heart. Love, caring, the bonds that tie people together in family or friendship -- these are fashioned of emotion. Laughter, joy, the bittersweet lessons of sorrow -- these are fashioned of emotion. And these are what give our lives depth, meaning, beauty. The danger lies in letting reason intrude too much on emotion, or emotion intrude too much on reason. Just as pure reason can kill love and laughter, so too can unrestrained emotion destroy the process of reason.

Never lose sight of the distinction between being moral and being self-righteous.

Always remember that none of us can ever be right all of the time -- but the more dispassionately we employ our reason, the more likely we are to be more nearly right more of the time.

Always be ready to join in controversy when it can serve a constructive purpose -- but never seek out controversy for its own sake.

When engaged in controversy, always listen to what the other person says but also try to be sure of what he means. Often what he seems to mean is not what he does mean, and what seem unbridgeable differences are not really so different after all.

Always remember that we never stop learning -- and the mark of a mind that keeps growing is that driving curiosity that never is satisfied with what it already knows. You always have had that streak of driving curiosity -- that determination to learn more, and not to be satisfied with merely the surface of things. Whatever else may change, whatever else you may lose, never lose your curiosity, or that restless, questioning character of mind.

Yours is the first generation that will enter the 21st century still in the prime of life. For you, therefore, the 21st century represents not the unreal world of a distantly imagined future, but rather the very real world which you soon will inherit.

It will be your world to shape -- and, to a degree that even a short time ago would have seemed inconceivable, it will be yours to shape by conscious choice. For as the rapid advance of technology expands our capacities, it also expands our range of choice about how those new capacities are to be put to use.

My generation are trustees, for the present, of this world you will soon inherit. I hope we can leave it better than we found it. With your help, and with the help of those millions of other young people who have shown themselves so intensely concerned not only with their own future but with that of the nation and of mankind, I believe that we will.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

May 28, 1970

MEMORANDUM FOR BOB HALDEMAN

Subject: Letter to Julie

Attached is a redraft of the Julie letter. It's improved, but I'm still far from satisfied -- and on reflection I'd recommend against doing it.

It seemed a good idea at the time the President suggested it. But the more I've wrestled it around, the more it seems impossible to avoid its seeming contrived -- and the less likely it seems that, if the President sends a letter to his daughter via the press, we could avoid the obvious comparison with the Hickel letter.

Jim Keogh also says that he's uneasy about the idea, and that he would be against doing it.



Raymond K. Price, Jr.

Attachment  
2d Draft - Ltr to Julie

LETTER TO JULIE - 2ND DRAFT - 5/28/70 - PRICE

Dear Julie:

Few days in a person's life are quite so special as graduation day. Even though you will not be present at your class's ceremonies, I know this will be a very special day for you: one of reflection, of remembering, and of pride; of re-living past experiences and dreaming of future hopes. It is a day when you will feel very close to those friends with whom you have shared the college years, and who have been so important a part of those years.

Graduation is a very special day for parents, too, when the hopes and the love of so many years -- years that seem to have passed so quickly -- are reflected in a face that suddenly seems so much more grown.

Since there is nothing fathers are fonder of giving than advice, perhaps a few special thoughts would be appropriate on this special day.

There has never been a greater need for discriminating judgments, and for a sensitive understanding of the world around us -- knowing that the world is going to be constantly and rapidly changing, and knowing too that our understanding of it can never be perfect, but

doing our best to understand not only what appears on the surface but also its deeper meaning.

Such understandings do not just happen. They have to be worked at.

This has been called an age of miracles. But these achievements, whether traveling to the moon or conquering disease or being able to dial London on the telephone, have not been miracles at all, but rather the product of hard work, determined effort and disciplined thought.

The same habits of disciplined thought that have so dramatically unfolded the mysteries of science are equally needed if we are to succeed in bettering the human conditions of life. Therefore, guard always against the ravages emotion visits on reason. There is a place -- an important place -- in our lives for emotion, a place that must and should be governed not by the head, but by the heart. Love, caring, the bonds that tie people together in family or friendship -- these are fashioned of emotion. Laughter, joy, the bittersweet lessons of sorrow -- these too are fashioned of emotion. And these are what gives our lives depth, and meaning, and beauty. The danger lies not in having strong emotions, but rather in letting reason intrude

too much on emotion, or emotion intrude too much on reason. Just as pure reason can kill love and laughter, so too can unrestrained emotion destroy the process of reason.

Never lose sight of the distinction between being moral and being self-righteous.

Always remember that none of us can ever be right all of the time -- but the more dispassionately we employ our reason, the more likely we are to be more nearly right more of the time.

Always be ready to join in controversy when it can serve a constructive purpose -- but never seek out controversy for its own sake.

When engaged in controversy, always listen to what the other person says but also try to be sure of what he means. Often what he seems to mean is not what he does mean, and what seem unbridgeable differences are not really so different after all.

Always remember that we never stop learning -- and the mark of a mind that keeps growing is that driving curiosity that never is satisfied with what it already knows. You always have had that streak of driving curiosity -- that determination to learn more, and not to be satisfied with merely the surface of things. Whatever else may change, never let yourself lose your curiosity, or that restless, questioning character of mind.

When I sat down to write this, I asked myself what I would most wish for if I were twenty-one today. I suppose I would wish most for a world at peace. But as I look back over the lessons of history, I realize that to achieve this I would also have to wish for something more: I would wish for a world in which those who wanted peace had the wisdom and the steadfastness and the understanding that maintaining the peace requires.

It often has seemed that each new generation has had to learn for itself, too late, the hard lessons of what it takes to keep the peace. Time and again, those lessons have been learned only as the peace itself was consumed on a pyre of wishes for it, proving once again how easily giving way to wishing can become the death of hope.

You will recall that three weeks ago, shortly before dawn on a Saturday morning, I had a long talk at the Lincoln Memorial with some of the students who had come to Washington that weekend to demonstrate. It seemed to me important at that time to reach out, across the gulf of differing opinions on some of the issues that divide us today, and to talk with some of America's young people -- individuals, not representatives of organized groups -- about some of the perspectives that I think are

often lost sight of in the debates over whatever may be the current question of any particular moment.

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I don't know whether they understood. I think eventually they will.

The world today seems small -- smaller by far, certainly, than it did when I was young. We can fly around it in a weekend. We have grown accustomed, on our television sets, to watching events live by

satellite while they are happening in Britain or Japan or during a splashdown in the mid-Pacific. Already our conception of space is conditioned by the vastness of translunar distance, and already we are thinking ahead to the far greater vastness of those distances which man, within your lifetime, can expect to travel.

And yet, however much this world may have shrunk in our perceptions of it, it still is vast beyond the imaginings of most of us. Though we cross the Pacific in a day, the civilizations we encounter on its other side are many centuries old, rooted in customs already long established before the first European set foot on North America -- and before most of Europe itself was civilized. We would make a grave mistake if we failed to recognize how great are the differences among the world's cultures. But we would make an equally great mistake if we failed to recognize the essential similarities of man wherever he is, whatever his race, whatever his culture. Man in his infinite variety is still a single species, and still a unique and precious creature with the same capacity, wherever he is, to experience love and pain and joy and sorrow.

Yours is the first generation that will enter the 21st century still in the prime of life. For you, therefore, the 21st century represents not the unreal world of a distantly imagined future, but rather the very real world which you soon will inherit.

It will be your generation's world to shape -- and, to a degree that even a short time ago would have seemed inconceivable, it will be yours to shape by conscious choice. For as the rapid advance of technology expands our capacities, it also expands our range of choice about how those new capacities are to be put to use.

The range of possibilities offered by the next few decades is the most exciting prospect in the whole history of man. I am glad for you that you are young today, and these years ahead are the ones that will be yours. If I could choose one time in history to be alive, it would be now -- and if I could choose one time to be graduating from college it would be now. So make the most of these years, as I know you will -- give them your best, and they will give you theirs.