

Withdrawal/Redaction Sheet

Clinton Library

DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION
001. card	From: Marie and Johnny Muffler (2 pages)	nd	Personal Misfile
002. card	From: Mystery Books (1 page)	4/23/96	Personal Misfile
003a. letter	From: Hillary Clinton, To: Tony Monzingo (1 page)	4/19/96	Personal Misfile
003b. letter	From: Tony Monzingo, To: First Lady (3 pages)	3/22/96	Personal Misfile
004. letter	From: Hillary Clinton, To: Faith Morningstar (1 page)	6/12/96	Personal Misfile
005a. letter	From: Hillary Clinton, To: Louise McCants (1 page)	5/24/96	Personal Misfile
005b. letter	From: Louise McCants, To: Hillary (4 pages)	4/22/96	Personal Misfile
006a. letter	From: Hillary Clinton, To: Lindsey Miller-Lerman (1 page)	2/12/96	Personal Misfile
006b. letter	From: Lindsey Miller-Lerman, To: Hillary (2 pages)	1/18/96	Personal Misfile

COLLECTION:

Clinton Presidential Records
First Lady's Office
Pam Cicetti
OA/Box Number: 10598

FOLDER TITLE:

HRC - 1996 Personal - M [3]

2014-0159-S

sb243

RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

- P1 National Security Classified Information [(a)(1) of the PRA]
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C. Closed in accordance with restrictions contained in donor's deed of gift.

PRM. Personal record misfile defined in accordance with 44 U.S.C. 2201(3).

RR. Document will be reviewed upon request.

Freedom of Information Act - [5 U.S.C. 552(b)]

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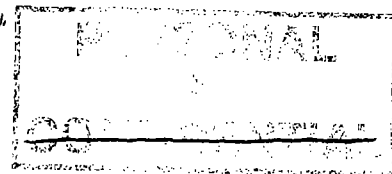
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--- 5/27/94 letter from Janet Malcolm of The New Yorker - to again extend support to you and President and to express disgust with 2 articles about you in this and in Vanity Fair, One more vulgar-minded and mean-spirited than the other. Neither demonstrated anything against you, and both reflected very, very badly on the writers. She commiserates with you for the price you have to pay for your extraordinary public service.

☒ See
☒ Respond
☒ Cc to Lisa Caputo
☐ File; NRN

HWR
4/22/96



DETERMINED TO BE AN
ADMINISTRATIVE MARKING
INITIALS: LAB DATE: 11/15/13

THE
NEW YORKER

20 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10036-7441



May 27, 1994

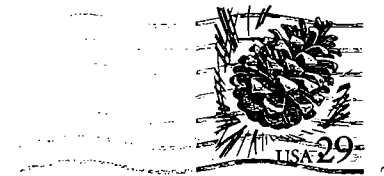
Dear Mrs. Clinton,

I am writing once again to extend my support to you and the President and to express my disgust with the two articles about you in this magazine and in Vanity Fair, one more vulgar-minded and mean-spirited than the other. Neither demonstrated ~~any~~ anything against you, and both reflected very, very badly on the writers. I continue to admire you, agree with you, and comiserate with you for the price you have to pay for your extraordinary public service.

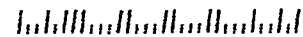
Sincerely yours,

Janet Malcolm
Janet Malcolm

10036-7441



1 11111





DETERMINED TO BE AN ADMINISTRATIVE
MARKING Per E.O. 12958 as amended, Sec. 3.3 (c)
Initials: LAB Date 11/15/13

THE WHITE HOUSE

April 19, 1996

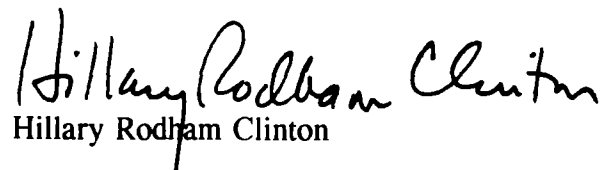
Ms. Alexandra Marshall
30 West Cedar Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02108-1212

Dear Ms. Marshall:

Thank you so much for sharing your sweet reminiscence about your daughter, Lizzy. I am glad that you and your husband could be with us for our St. Patrick's Day celebration honoring Prime Minister Bruton and hope that Lizzy will have another opportunity to visit the White House!

With warm regards, I remain

Sincerely yours,


Hillary Rodham Clinton

*Pam can
you answer
this*

ALEXANDRA MARSHALL

30 WEST CEDAR STREET
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02108-1212
TEL: (617) 723-4592
FAX: (617) 523-4701

2 April, 1996

Ms. Maggie Williams
The White House
Washington, DC 20500

Dear Ms. Williams:

My friend Heather Campion suggested that I send the enclosed letter to your attention, with the hope that you would pass it along to Mrs. Clinton.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Alexandra Marshall
Alexandra Marshall

ALEXANDRA MARSHALL

30 WEST CEDAR STREET
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02108-1212
TEL: (617) 723-4592
FAX: (617) 523-4701

2 April, 1996

Hillary Rodham Clinton
The White House
Washington, DC

Dear Mrs. Clinton:

My husband, James Carroll, and I were honored to have been invited to the White House on March 15th for the visit by Prime Minister Bruton and his wife, and we send our thanks to you and the President for including us in an event that was both wonderfully festive and fittingly solemn. Along with millions of others, in Ireland and elsewhere, we are most grateful for the courageous progress this administration has made - including your own recent visit to Bosnia - toward peace.

But that evening at the White House I remembered your words a few weeks earlier in New Hampshire, where we were also present as you received the Catherine Dunfey award, in which context you referred to your daughter as a nursing infant. We too have a sixteen year-old daughter, and when she was only a few months old we had another opportunity to visit the White House, as tourists. That morning, as we waited in line Lizzy slept contentedly, but as soon as we got inside, with all that marble to echo every sound, she woke up and fussed miserably. Needless to say, the tour guide had lots to say but couldn't be heard, so I just tucked Lizzy's head up under my shirt while carrying her from room to room, the same ones we strolled through as your guests last week. This way, that day, we were able to keep up with the tour, and Lizzy became famous in our family as the first to have breakfast at the White House!

Thank you for refreshing that happy memory, and for your most gracious welcome.

Yours sincerely,



Alexandra Marshall

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COLLECTION:

Clinton Presidential Records
First Lady's Office
Pam Cicetti
OA/Box Number: 10598

FOLDER TITLE:

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THE WHITE HOUSE

June 25, 1996

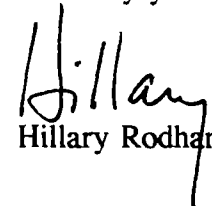
Professor Catharine MacKinnon
The University of Michigan Law School
Hutchins Hall
625 South State Street
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48109-1215

Dear Kitty:

Thank you for sending me a copy of your brief and expression of appreciation. Rest assured, the Administration will continue to be a strong voice for women and children around the world.

With best regards, I remain

Sincerely yours,


Hillary Rodham Clinton

DETERMINED TO BE AN ADMINISTRATIVE
MARKING Per E.O. 12958 as amended, Sec. 3.3 (c)
Initials: LRB Date 11/15/13

18 May 1996

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN 48109-1215

CATHARINE A. MacKINNON
PROFESSOR OF LAW

Dear Hillary -

I enclose our opponent brief for your interest and information, opposing Karadzic's petition for certiorari in our case, Kadic v. Karadzic, against him for acts of rape and murder as genocide and war crimes.

We have deeply appreciated the Clinton administration's strong support of our suit, in particular through Dues Days. We hope his successor will be as firm an advocate against violence against women internationally.

I will be in Washington mid-June and would love to see you again, but understand all the demands on your time. Phone: 415-726-1467, fax 415-726-0493 -

Best always,

Ruthy

THE WHITE HOUSE

June 26, 1996

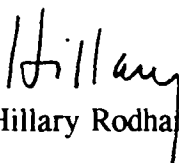
David R. McCarthy
Spencer Stuart
Suite 2350
2005 Market Street
Philadelphia, PA 19103-7023

Dear Dave:

It was so good to hear from you again and I hope my letter finds you well. Thanks for all of your news, suggestions and counsel. I saw David Hornbeck recently at the Stand For Children and appreciate the clippings you sent to me. I will look forward to the Hershey School invitation and am happy to learn more about it from Lucy.

With warm personal regards, I remain

Sincerely yours,


Hillary Rodham Clinton

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Initials: LRB Date 11/15/13

June 14, 1996

Mrs. Hillary Rodham Clinton
Office of the First Lady
West Wing
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Hillary:

Since you probably don't have enough to do these days, I am going to pass on another of my periodic versions of miscellaneous observations and early warnings that may be of interest.

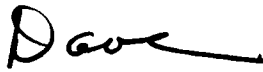
1. Thanks to Bill for gracing Princeton's graduation ceremonies with his presence. It was much appreciated.
2. At my Princeton class reunion (1949), one of my classmates mentioned giving a speech at Sidwell Friends about college entrance (I think). He noted that you and Bill were both in the audience. My compliments for having your priorities straight. Further in this connection, if Chelsea is not already committed to Wellesley or some other place (like, ugh, Yale), I hope someone can make the case for Princeton; it is an extraordinary place, but I assume you already know that.
3. Lucy Hackney and I are now plotting to get you to be a graduation speaker at the Milton Hershey School in the spring of 1997. You may recall that Bill Lepley from New Standards is now president of the School, and Lucy is on the Board. The school is going to do extraordinary things in school-to-work transition, child welfare and education reform. You may recall they have \$3 billion which will be used to fund creative research in these fields. It's a place you would find of great interest. Anyhow, ask Lucy about it when you talk to her next.
4. While your current job has its limitations, it has to be better than David Hornbeck's. What the political structure and the judge here in Philadelphia are subjecting him to is unbelievable and totally unreasonable. He deserves better.
5. In my own world, the recent placement of Pat Swygert as President of Howard University is, I think, a landmark. He is simply superb, and you should get to know him if you don't already. I am now looking for a provost to back him up, and I have real hope that Pat may be able to turn that place around.

Mrs. Hillary Rodham Clinton
June 14, 1996
Page Two

6. I am currently trying to recruit Karen Pittman for a seat on the ETS Board for a category we call "Youth Transitions." I think you will remember her from Children's Defense Fund. She might even be a candidate for the Hershey Board.

As usual, no response is required. However, if you do see Lucy Hackney, you might ask her about the Hershey School; it's worth your attention.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Dave", with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

David R. McCarthy

DRM:atc

Enclosures

Wednesday, June 5, 1996

THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER

A3

The halls of power are teeming with coconspirators. Nobody wants to foot the bill for the city's schools.

Hornbeck stoically endures scorn and abuse, so put him away

I had my eye on David Hornbeck the other day in Commonwealth Court, as he awaited word on whether he'd be carried off to jail by deputies for not being up to speed on school reform, and I don't think he's going to appreciate what I have to say.

There's something going on in the school superintendent's eyes, and I don't like it. In his steady gaze, I see a tranquillity born of conviction, and it scares me.

The man is surrounded by clowns, and he does not smile.

He is smacked around by hacks, and he does not swing back.

He is threatened by Commonwealth Judge Doris Smith, and he does not utter a complaint.

But throughout history, many of your quiet types have turned out to be dangerous sociopaths, and so there is but one reasonable course of action here.

Handcuffs and shackles.

Lock the man up.

David Hornbeck is a menace to society.

At this juncture, have we left ourselves any other choice?

We ran a national search for someone to rescue the schools, and he was the one we wanted; the man with a plan. Then we beat him over the head with it, we laughed at his pleas for help, and the very people who brought him here treated him like a leper.



Steve Lopez

It would be inconsistent and disingenuous of us to change course now and spare him the final

indignity, and that is why David Hornbeck has to go away.

The only question we have to ask ourselves is whether he'd be turned loose under the prison cap. I don't want to alarm anybody, but if Hornbeck is back on the street, you know as well as I do that

it's only a matter of time before he strikes a gain.

Maybe it'll start with a modest school reform proposal that slips past his probation officer. But before you know it, he'll be into the bigger stuff. Reducing class size. Buying books and computers. Retraining teachers.

None of which Gov. Ridge, Mayor Rendell, or City Council President John Street have any desire to pay for. And not that a judge of Smith's bearing needs advice from me, but by her logic, it seems to me that she could toss that whole gang into the can along with Hornbeck.

And why stop there? Smith seems to be flying high, and this is no time to remind her that it's a robe and a gavel, not a cape and a wand.

If I were Smith, I'd drag in a few members of Congress, and I'd put President Clinton behind bars, too. At the very least, it'd give the President a chance to visit some of his bestfriends.

After all, Hornbeck's basic infraction, for those of you who don't follow crime in Philadelphia, is that the squeeze from

Washington and Harrisburghas forced him to cut to the bone. It seems that nobody on the planet wants to spend another dime on the education of city kids. Which is fine, but why lock up just Hornbeck when the halls of power are teeming with coconspirators?

My mailbag and answering machine are filled with complaints from teachers and parents who say they're losing music at their school, they're losing librarians, they're losing reading teachers. So I don't think the general public would have a problem with group incarceration, if not public flogging.

With little or no regard to funding, Judge Smith ordered Hornbeck to provide full-day kindergarten, to protect preschool programs, and in my favorite exercise of judicial authority, to carry out the terms of a 25-year-old desegregation case.

A tireless adjudicator, the judge is also drafting an order that would change the seating arrangements on the Hindenburg.

No problem, Hornbeck said of Smith's

edicts, even though, to my knowledge, the judge has not run any schools in her lifetime, and on the radar screen of pressing needs here in Philadelphia, desegregation does not come into the picture.

As soon as the state frees up the money, Hornbeck said, he'd be happy to do what the judge says.

That's when Smith held him in contempt and threatened him with jail — just as I was getting off the plane after three weeks out of the country, by the way, and that is why I want to be buried here.

On Monday, Smith found it in her heart to give him a reprieve until tomorrow. Which brings me back to the look I saw in Hornbeck's eyes as he sat in court.

There is no question the man should be locked up. But not in jail. In a mental institution.

At this point in the continuing spectacle, any superintendent who wouldn't have told the judge, the city and the state to take this job and shove it, has got to be nuts.

Schools chief to stay free for now

Hornbeck's contempt hearing over the budget was continued till Thursday. It was touch and go for a time.

By Dale Mezzacappa
INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

When spectators noticed the deputies standing at the ready, heard the judge pointedly address them and saw them nod back at her, a buzz of shock rose in the jammed Commonwealth courtroom of Judge Doris Smith.

"She's gonna lock him up!" City Councilman Angel L. Ortiz gasped as he left the scene.

And for a while yesterday, it certainly seemed Judge Smith was going to have the superintendent of Philadelphia public schools taken to jail because his proposed school budget, adopted by the Board of Education last Friday, did not contain everything she had demanded.

When the tense hour-long contempt hearing was finished for the day, David Hornbeck was still a free man. But this unusual drama — the latest chapter in the 25-year-old Philadelphia school desegregation case — is not yet over.

Smith continued the hearing until Thursday, giving the superintendent a brief reprieve. But she was not buying any of the arguments presented by Hornbeck's attorneys that neither he nor the school board had violated any of her orders, that they had no intention of doing so, that her action was at best premature — and that she had denied him due-process rights.

No dice, Smith said. To the contrary, she retorted, Hornbeck has ignored her orders in the past, has failed to give her the financial information she wants and has found money for his school-reform priorities in his budget while shunting aside hers.

And to punctuate her pique, Smith had two plainclothes sheriff's deputies nearby. At the end of the hearing, she turned to one who had been standing inconspicuously by the bench.

"Are there representatives of the sheriff's office here?" she asked. "Did you hear that the hearing will be continued in a few days?"

The two dozen attorneys, eight of nine Board of Education members, several other school officials, two City Council members and a score of reporters packed into the courtroom got the point.

Smith, who is now considering whether to order the city and the state to ante up more money for the beleaguered district, has ruled that the district fails to educate poor mi-

See **HORNBECK** on A14

PHOTOCOPY
PRESERVATION

Hornbeck gets brief rep

HORNBECK from A1
 norities, and ordered a massive, expensive overhaul of the system.

Although her mandates and Hornbeck's own reform plan have a lot in common, she and the superintendent have nevertheless been in a tug-of-war over whose agenda will prevail. She ordered the district not to cut desegregation programs without her approval, to have full-day kindergarten in all schools by September, and to leave preschool untouched.

When the school board passed a budget Friday that placed those items in a category that would be funded only if more money materialized from Harrisburg, Smith abruptly set the contempt hearing — warning Hornbeck to bring a private attorney.

"I want to assure the court . . . that neither the respondent or anyone else concerned with the school board intends to violate any order of this court," Robert Heim, Hornbeck's attorney, reiterated. (Heim's firm is also counsel to Philadelphia Newspapers, Inc., which publishes *The Inquirer* and the *Daily News*.)

But the judge made it clear she didn't trust Hornbeck. "There have been other violations," she said.

After failing yesterday to get Smith to budge — barely extracting the postponement — there is every indication that Hornbeck's attorneys will appeal her order on the ground that it violates Hornbeck's rights. Smith did not produce a show-cause order detailing exactly what Hornbeck had not complied with, said Heim and Bruce Kauffman, the district's attorney.

"I have great respect for her, but I need to consider what other options are available to us," Heim said.

Mayor Rendell's chief of staff, David Cohen, said of the judge's actions yesterday: "There are still laws and precedent and the Constitution. Judges make improper decisions all the time and they get reversed. . . . My view is that the School District of Philadelphia is not in contempt of any order of Judge Smith's that I've seen."

From the bench yesterday, Smith made it clear that she believed Hornbeck was proceeding with his agenda at the expense of hers. She asked why, in a budget that totals far in excess of \$1 billion, he couldn't include a mere \$16 million or so for what she wants — or \$3.7 million for desegregation.

"I don't understand why those cuts have to be made," she said. And when Heim asked her to wait until Harrisburg acted — and the programs were restored — before doing something so serious as holding the superintendent in contempt, Smith retorted: "This litigation is in its 25th year. I'm a little bit tired of putting off educating these children."

She expressed concern that if the district didn't start hiring teachers now and finding space for full-day kindergarten, it wouldn't happen by

the start of school. Heim said the district, in anticipation of getting additional money, was already planning for the kindergarten expansion.

Smith detailed what she thought had been Hornbeck's transgressions. Last year, she said, the superintendent said that additional textbooks would be first on a priority list if more money became available but students this year still didn't have enough. She pointed out that she already had held Hornbeck in contempt for not providing sufficient financial

cost of his plan for the system's 257 schools in various regions, including through-12th-grade schools. "There's a lot of money, but the teaching and learning family resource of other things. The teaching works and family works are part of the organization design to improve instruction."

PHOTOCOPY
 PRESERVATION

Hornbeck gets brief reprieve at hearing

HORNBECK from A1
norities, and ordered a massive, expensive overhaul of the system.

Although her mandates and Hornbeck's own reform plan have a lot in common, she and the superintendent have nevertheless been in a tug-of-war over whose agenda will prevail. She ordered the district not to cut desegregation programs without her approval, to have full-day kindergarten in all schools by September, and to leave preschool untouched.

When the school board passed a budget Friday that placed those items in a category that would be funded only if more money materialized from Harrisburg, Smith abruptly set the contempt hearing — warning Hornbeck to bring a private attorney.

"I want to assure the court... that neither the respondent or anyone else concerned with the school board intends to violate any order of this court," Robert Heim, Hornbeck's attorney, reiterated. (Heim's firm is also counsel to Philadelphia Newspapers Inc., which publishes *The Inquirer* and the *Daily News*.)

But the judge made it clear she didn't trust Hornbeck. "There have been other violations," she said.

After failing yesterday to get Smith to budge — barely extracting the postponement — there is every indication that Hornbeck's attorneys will appeal her order on the ground that it violates Hornbeck's rights. Smith did not produce a show-cause order detailing exactly what Hornbeck had not complied with, said Heim and Bruce Kauffman, the district's attorney.

"I have great respect for her, but I need to consider what other options are available to us," Heim said.

Mayor Rendell's chief of staff, David Cohen, said of the judge's actions yesterday: "There are still laws and precedent and the Constitu-

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cient financial information on the cost of his plan to reorganize the system's 257 schools from geographical regions into 22 kindergarten-through-12th-grade clusters.

"There's less desegregation money, but there's more money for teaching and learning networks, for family resource networks, for a lot of other things," Smith said.

The teaching and learning networks and family resource networks are part of the cluster reorganization, designed to help teachers improve instruction and provide

families with social services.

Budget documents made available to Smith show that while scaled-down versions of those networks are still funded in the six existing clusters, expansion to the remaining 16 clusters has been taken out of the budget. And money for the networks in two of the six clusters comes from private sources, including the William Penn Foundation.

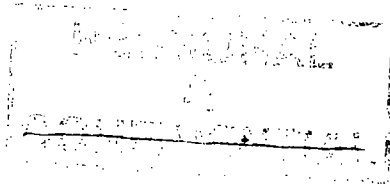
Inquirer staff writers Ralph Cipriano and Suzanne Sataline contributed to this article.



The Philadelphia Inquirer / TOM GRALISH

Superintendent David Hornbeck leaves behind the throng of reporters outside Judge Smith's courtroom after his hearing was continued.

PHOTOCOPY
PRESERVATION



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MARKING Per E.O. 12958 as amended, Sec. 3.3 (c)

THE WHITE HOUSE

Initials: ADB Date 11/15/13

June 19, 1996

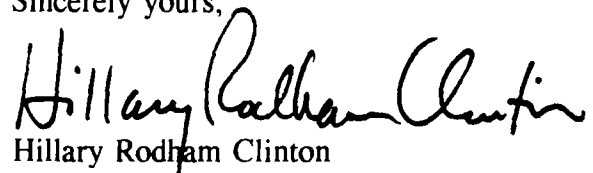
Pamela S. Menaker
2113 Greenwood Avenue
Wilmette, Illinois 60091

Dear Ms. Menaker:

Thank you for your letter and generous offer of assistance. I have forwarded a copy of your letter and materials to my Chief of Staff, Maggie Williams, and appreciate your following up on our conversation.

With best regards, I am

Sincerely yours,


Hillary Rodham Clinton

~~cc:~~ Margaret Williams
Chief of Staff to the First Lady

cc: Bob Nash

Done
P. Menaker
57

Pamela S. Menaker

ATTORNEY AT LAW

2113 GREENWOOD AVENUE

WILMETTE, ILLINOIS 60091

(847) 251-4877

FAX (847) 251-9546

June 14, 1996

Hillary Rodham Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Av.
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Hillary:

As you suggested, I am following up on our conversation at the White House Correspondents' Dinner to write you. As a fellow graduate of Maine South High School and classmate of your brother Tony, I have been following with a personal interest your family's national political life.

As I mentioned to you at the dinner, I wrote to you after the 1992 election to offer my professional services to you. I was anxious to help you formulate an agenda that would help make your mark as one of the greatest First Ladies this country has ever seen. I wanted to be a part of the team to accomplish your goals. We believe in the same things that make this country great. You and your husband have done so many things that are right. I want to be part of the effort that gets out that message to the public instead of the grasping-at-straws destructive approach being mounted by the opposition.

I have vast experience writing as a speechwriter in the Justice Department and for Senator Adlai Stevenson, a television writer/producer, a newspaper reporter, a magazine columnist and now as an appeals lawyer. I also am in charge of a marketing/public relations effort for the major Chicago law firm headed by Robert Clifford who was recently selected to help formulate the Democratic Party's 1996 platform.

In my position, I write articles for Mr. Clifford that have appeared in publications such as The Wall Street Journal, The Chicago Tribune, The Chicago Sun-Times and the National Law Journal. I will send along to you some of the articles that have been published. I plan media blitzes on major cases. I am also working on a book to be published by Westlaw and a video on behalf of Mr. Clifford. These skills can translate to an effort on your behalf, including ideas for your weekly syndicated column.

I feel a certain affinity to you and what you can represent on issues facing our generation and for generations to come: health care for every American, reliable day care for struggling working parents, families chronically on welfare, public education for those from all walks of life,

Pamela S. Menaker

page two

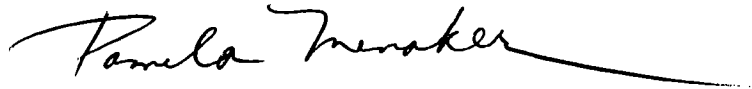
escalating college costs, right to life, illiteracy. These are all issues on which I am familiar both professionally as an attorney and personally as a mother of three children. And these are all issues which the First Lady must address.

Time constraints, however, forbid you from devoting the time it requires to research the matters and formulate them into articles and speeches day after day. I can be one of your loyal "brain trusts" on whom you could rely.

As an aside, I graduated in 1972 from Maine South in the top one per cent of the class of 850 with Tony Rodham. I went to Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism where I received my Bachelor's and Master's degrees before earning my law degree at night while working days at ABC-TV in Chicago.

Again, it was so nice talking with you at the dinner and I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Very truly yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Pamela Menaker". The signature is fluid and extends to the right with a long horizontal stroke.

Pamela Sakowicz Menaker

PAMELA SAKOWICZ MENAKER

2113 Greenwood Avenue
Wilmette, Illinois 60091
Phone (708) 251-4877
Fax (708) 251-9546
847

Legal Education **Loyola University of Chicago School of Law**
Juris Doctor Degree, June, 1984
HONORS: Law Journal Candidate
National Moot Court Team, 1983-84
Kosciuszko Foundation Fellow, New York
Appellate Practicum, briefed and argued cases before 7th Circuit Court of Appeals

Graduate Education **Northwestern University, Medill School of Journalism**
Master of Science Degree, 1976

Undergraduate Education **Northwestern University, Medill School of Journalism,**
Bachelor of Science Degree, 1975
HONORS: Robert R. McCormick Scholar, Tribune Company
Dean's List

Legal Experience **Attorney, Of Counsel, Robert A. Clifford & Associates; Brinton & Fedota; Bollinger & Ruberry; William Harte, Ltd.; Abramson & Fox; Burke, Bosselman & Weaver; 1984 to present.**
Researching and writing briefs, post trial motions, preparing cases for trial.
Extern Attorney, Cook County State's Attorney Office, Consumer Fraud Division, winter 1984.
Arguing motions in court, drafting pleadings, interviewing complaining witnesses, researching legal issues of consumer interest.
Law Clerk, Rinella and Rinella, 1974-76.
Responsibilities included answering court calls, preparing various pleadings and documents in the area of family law.
Political Speech Writer, U.S. Department of Justice, Washington, DC, summer 1975.
Special project: writer / coordinator of documentary with American Bar Association on federal courts.

Writing Experience **Marketing / Public Relations, Corboy Demetrio Clifford; Robert A. Clifford & Associates; American Bar Association; Illinois Trial Lawyers Association, 1991 to present.**
Extensive writing for various legal publications and major daily newspapers, conducting press conferences, writing legal books, organizing media blitzes.
Producer / Writer, Tribune Entertainment / New York Times Corp., Television pilot for news magazine program, 1986.
Producer / Newswriter, ABC / WLS-TV, Eyewitness News, Chicago, March 1978 to January 1984.
Produce and write news, documentaries, news specials.
Reporter, Suburban Trib, subsidiary of Chicago Tribune, April 1976 to March 1978.
Writing included political commentaries, news analyses, and investigative reporting.
Professor, Northwestern University, Medill School of Journalism, 1987, 1986, 1984.
Columbia College, Chicago, winter-spring semester, 1980.
Taught writing to graduate and undergraduate students.
Contributing Columnist, North Shore Magazine, 1986-88.
Monthly column profiling prominent and interesting figures from the North Shore.
Washington Correspondent, Southern Illinoisan and Alton Evening Telegraph, Winter 1976.
Covered all governmental, educational, and economic matters of downstate Illinois.

Legal Affiliations Chicago Bar Association, Chicago Bar Record Editorial Board, Illinois State Bar Association, American Bar Association, National Law Firm Marketing Association (NALFMA).

References and writing samples will be provided upon request.

Withdrawal/Redaction Marker

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- b(6) Release would constitute a clearly unwarranted invasion of personal privacy [(b)(6) of the FOIA]
- b(7) Release would disclose information compiled for law enforcement purposes [(b)(7) of the FOIA]
- b(8) Release would disclose information concerning the regulation of financial institutions [(b)(8) of the FOIA]
- b(9) Release would disclose geological or geophysical information concerning wells [(b)(9) of the FOIA]

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THE WHITE HOUSE

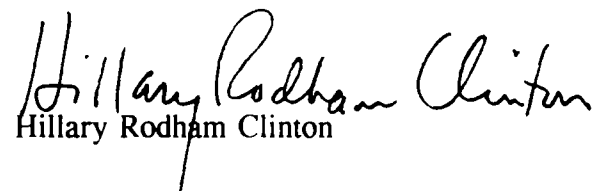
May 24, 1996

Dennis Montgomery
Post Office Box 154
Claremont, Virginia 23899-0154

Dear Mr. Montgomery:

Thank you for your letter and for sending me a copy of your wonderful biographical piece on Jacklyn Lucas. I was honored to host Mr. Lucas and his son in the First Lady's Box at the President's 1995 State of the Union Address and appreciate your sharing his extraordinary story.

Sincerely yours,

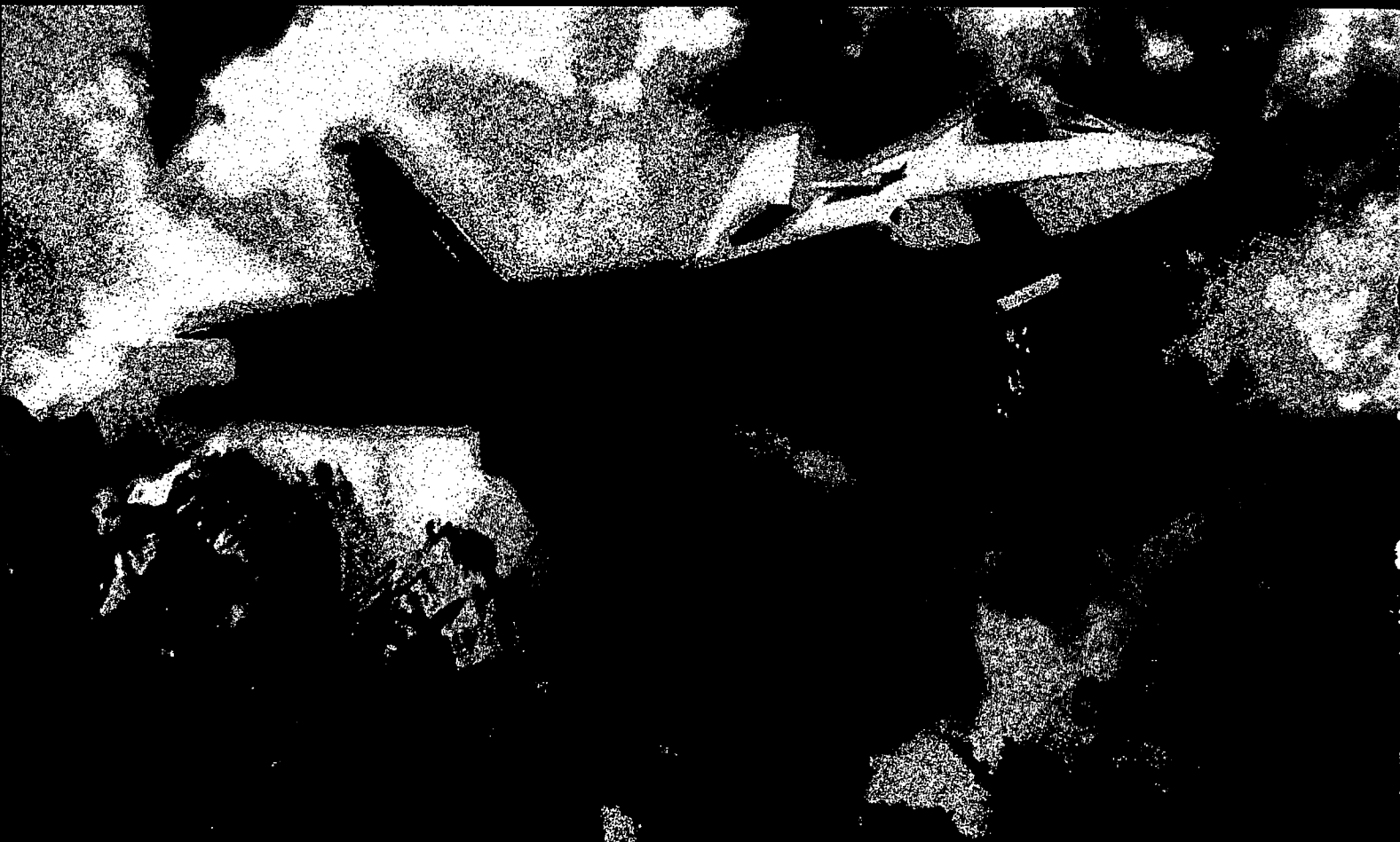

Hillary Rodham Clinton

MARINE CORPS *League*

Summer 1996 • Vol. 52, No. 2



**“It was not in me to
turn to run”** page 24



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PROLOGUE: Please note, it was common practice, in WWII, for Marines to trade and/or steal food, beer, equipment, or anything. In the food chain the Navy was first, the Army next, the Seabees, then the Marines. The Marines were always last. This is a story about how I and my unit were set on getting some decent chow.

NAHA, OKINAWA, June 1945. I've been with the advancing units of the 4th and 22nd Marines for approximately three weeks. It's about time I get back to my headquarters, turn in my exposed films, get a fresh supply of same, and perhaps rest up a couple of days before moving out again. I know I'm not feeling well. My nose constantly leaks, and I've had the chills ever since we landed on this damn island back in April. I'm a Marine Corps photographer.

I know I'm gonna have a problem finding my unit, because I don't know where to hell they're at. I'm walking along this dusty road when, suddenly, a carry-all skid-

ded off to the side of the road. Out leaps four guys, yelling out my name—Cannistraci, Cannistraci, Ginzo, Dago, etc. With arms outstretched, they're running toward me. Before I can recognize them, I'm being hugged and kissed. They were Sergeant Hewitt, Corporals Art Hager, Joe Majier, and "Wally" Wallovich—fellow photographers.

"We heard you got killed," said Hager.

"It's unbelievable, unbelievable," said Hewitt. Both he and Hager had tears in their eyes. Joe Majier and Wally, speechless, were smiling and waiting to hug me also. Although I was very tired and aching all over to fully fathom this unexpected greeting, I did, in retrospect, appreciate the warmth and concern.

Arriving at headquarters, my CO gave me a hearty welcome. Our photolab, generator, walk-in refrigerator, and one tent made up our CP. After learning the one tent belonged to the CO, I couldn't help but ask, "Where the hell do we sleep?"

The boys pointed up to a large hill-top house, some 100 yards away. They were so proud of it.

It was completely intact, with several

large rooms, each divided by sliding papier-mâché doors. It had a large kitchen area with three cooking grills and one large dining room. A four-foot-wide *engawa* surrounded the house. There was a walled-in garden with a deep well, a red tile roof, and two heads—the kind you squat down on. We had electricity hooked up from our generator.

Every man had a cot to sleep on. The men kept it immaculately clean.

After three days of eating warmed-up rations, I couldn't help complain to all hands present. And the following dialogue took place:

"How come we don't have good food to go with the set-up and comforts of this house? Did anyone scout the army dumps?"

"Yes," was the reply. "They're eating the same crap we are. And the same with those Marine units we checked with. Everybody has the same C, J, and K rations.

"How about the Seabees?"

"The best we got from them was a couple cases of K rations and a five-gallon tin of flour. Frost (Private Frost) is trying to scrounge some yeast and cooking oil so he can make doughnuts."

Several men were speaking at the same time. Someone said he knew an army unit that had surplus Spam but couldn't remember the unit or their location. It was obvious the men made a sincere effort to trade but to no avail.

"If we get any decent food, it'll have to come from the Navy," I said, "and I don't mean from the swabbies down at the beaches. I mean off one of the ships." Looking up at Hewitt, who was in charge of the lab, I asked if he had some good scenic and/or combat shots that could be made up good enough to trade. He replied affirmatively.

Joe Majier, our section office clerk, now spoke up and, to everyone's surprise, said, "I brought up all our negative files from Guadalcanal. I wasn't about to leave these files in the rear echelon for anybody to steal. The files are complete with all those nude and sexually explicit negatives. They're with my office supplies."

A gold mine, to say the least.

The following day I gathered up some Japanese souvenirs and, with a box of 8-by-10 photos, I was driven to the beach. It didn't take me long to find a DUKW going out to the USS *Panamint*. This was the command ship with admirals and generals aboard. I asked myself, "Who else eats better than these fellas?" I and the driver be-

Thank You, USS *Panamint*

by Frank A. Cannistraci

photos by the author

Meat cutters (right, from left) Walavich, Simpson, and Guzzo trim steaks while Cannistraci (opposite) grills them. Make mine medium rare, Frank.

came friendly. I needed this guy not only to get me there but if successful in my mission to get me back. I had his promise to pick me up, after I bribed him with some photos.

Climbing up the gangplank, carrying all those souvenirs, was burdensome. I never realized a gangplank was so long and difficult to climb. Saluting the flag, saluting the officer of the deck, I was aboard the USS *Panament*.

"State your business," demanded the OD, as he surveyed me with a rather arrogant look.

"I wish to see the commissary steward, sir," I replied, in as firm a voice as I could muster. Already, I was wishing I was somewhere else.

"Lean to." He pointed to a spot, about 25 feet away from the gangplank.

Here I am on this clean ship with mud-covered boots and dirty dungarees. Hadn't shaved or bathed in over five weeks. I surmised the ugly look on the OD's face was the result of the putrid odor emitting from my body and clothing. The swabbies passing by were taking a wide arc around me. They eyed me with an inquisitive look, like I didn't belong. This shattered my confidence, and my mind was beginning to run wild. It dawned on me that what I'm doing is wrong. My ass could be in deep trouble.

I had visions of several swabbies grabbing and tossing me into the brig. I walked to the side of the ship to see if I could spot my DUKW. Man, I gotta get off this ship. Suddenly, I see the OD pointing me out to a clean blue-dungaree-clad swabbie. This swabbie stopped about four feet from me and said, "You want to see me?"

"Are you the commissary steward?"



"Yes, what can I do for you?"

Can we talk privately?" I pointed to the isolated spot, by the bulkhead, where the souvenirs were. "There are 15 starving Marines that want you to have these gifts." I proceeded to hand him the Jap rifle, flags, shoes, lacquerware, money, etc., and to fill him in on the prices they could bring him.

He interrupted me in the middle of my sales pitch and asked, "What do you want from me?"

Gazing about, to make sure no one was following this transaction, I ignored his question. I opened the box of photos. The top picture was a nude shot of the most shapely body any man ever layed his eyes on, and her head was that of Ginger Rogers. (Hewitt did an excellent job of transposing Ginger's head onto this body.) The gasp of air inhaled by this man reminded me of my mother's vacuum cleaner.

I proceeded along in silence, handing him one photo after another for his viewing pleasure. But, when we got to the sexu-

ally explicit photos, I thought he lost his power to breathe. His hands were trembling. I noticed he started to sway. I immediately grabbed his arm to steady him and was about to hold him, for fear his knees would buckle and he would hurt himself.

He now had a speech impediment, stuttering like hell. "Wwwhhat dddoo yyou wawant fffrom mmme?"

Well, now, what I originally had in mind amounted to peanuts. When I think of all this nervous anxiety I'm going through, the fear of doing big time, the hell I sweated waiting for this moment, I blurt out, "I want a side of beef, half a crate of fresh eggs, and a five-gallon tin of coffee." What the hell did I have to lose?

"What! I can't do that."

I immediately grabbed the photos. "Forget it," I said. "I'll take these to another ship."

"Wait, you must understand, I can't do this on my own. Let me have a few photos, and I'll explain about the souvenirs.



**"Once a Marine,
Always a Marine"**

*Recruit a New Member
for the League Today!*



I'm sure my people would go along with what you want. This is the only way it can be done. Trust me."

Well, now, its not a question of trust as much as my being obstinate to a point. This man may turn me in. I told him to select six pictures, which he did. I noted he took the one of Ginger, and he was still gazing at it as he walked away. I now gathered up my things. I was gonna get off this ship, beef or no beef, and the hell with the six photos. I was gripped with fear and disappointment.

I look again for my DUKW; he's nowhere in sight. As a matter of fact, there are no DUKWs around this ship. I keep telling myself not to panic. Light a cigarette, hum a tune, think of the chicks you left home.

This went on for about 15 minutes till I saw a DUKW approach the ship. It was my guy. I swear I could of kissed him. I waved, he acknowledged. While I'm busy loading myself up with the souvenirs, I hear the OD yelling, "Hey, Gyrene," and he's pointing

up to the next deck. I slowly turned and saw the commissary steward with a couple of guys pointing to a cargo net suspended over the ship. In no time at all the man was beside me. "You got what you asked for."

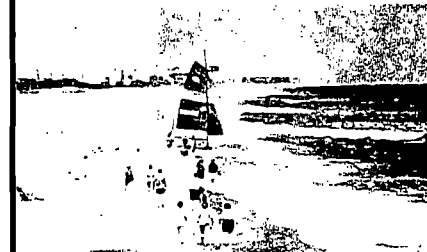
He leaned over the side and directed the driver. I saw the load drop into the DUKW. I was very apprehensive handing over the box of photos and souvenirs, and I stated very bluntly: "That had better be what I asked for, because if it's not, I'll be right back to blow your brains out." He smiled, giving me assurance.

When I got into the DUKW, I ordered the driver to pull away some 50 feet from the ship. I opened the poncho cover and very much to my surprise was a side of fresh beef, half a crate of eggs, and a five-gallon tin of coffee. I gave thumbs-up to the man at the rail. Next morning, for breakfast, it was "staik and aiggs" with fresh coffee for all hands.

Frank Cannistraci lives in Las Vegas and is a member of the Greater Nevada Detachment. He served with the Second Raider Battalion.



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“It was not in me to turn to run”

by William Standing

photos from Lucas collection



Fourteen and fresh from boot camp, Jacklyn Lucas was bound for glory.

THE YOUNGEST AMERICAN so far to win the Medal of Honor was a two-fisted, fire-plug of a kid who wanted so badly to fight he lied about his age to enlist, stowed away on a troopship to get into the war, and was at least technically AWOL when he got his shot at combat. He

was, of course, a Marine—Private First Class Jacklyn Harold Lucas, Company C, 1st Battalion, 26th Marines, 5th Marine Division.

Lucas's story is as well begun as anywhere “during,” to quote his citation, “action against enemy Japanese forces on Iwo

Jima, Volcano Islands, 20 February 1945.”

As Lucas recalls, he'd come ashore at Red Beach with the third or fourth wave in a four-man fire team. They fought across the pork-chop shaped island's western waist and dug in for the night. Early the next afternoon, the commendation says, “while creeping through a treacherous twisting ravine which ran in close proximity to a fluid and uncertain front line on D-plus-1 day, PFC Lucas and three other men were suddenly ambushed by a hostile patrol which savagely attacked with rifle fire and grenades.

“Quick to act when the lives of the small group were endangered by two grenades which landed directly in front of them, PFC Lucas unhesitatingly hurled himself over his comrades upon 1 grenade and pulled the other under him, absorbing the whole blasting forces of the explosions in his own body in order to shield his companions from the concussion and murderous flying fragments. By his inspiring action and valiant spirit of self-sacrifice, he not only protected his comrades from certain injury or possible death but also enabled them to rout the Japanese patrol and continue the advance.”

The broken, bloody, shrapnel-riddled soldier the stretcher bearers hustled away had been 17 for less than a week.

“Maybe,” a surgeon said, “he was too damned young, and too damned tough to die.” That was offshore aboard the hospital ship *Samaritan*, when it began to look as if Lucas would live. Before the doctors were done, he'd go under the knife 22 times. There are still about 200 pieces of scrap iron in him, some the size of .22-caliber bullets. Lucas sets off airport metal detectors.

There was, in any case, no question he was young, and all the brag time he served for brawling suggests he was rugged. Lucas figures he was 5-foot-8 and 185 pounds when he enlisted at Norfolk, Virginia, on

These days, it's rare to hear words
like courage, bravery, integrity and honor.
Unless you happen to know a Marine.



INGERSOLL-RAND
Woodcliff Lake, New Jersey



From Harry Truman, who presented Lucas his Medal of Honor in a ceremony on the White House lawn, though John F. Kennedy, who received Lucas at the Executive Mansion during his Army stint (opposite), and on to Bill Clinton, the youngest Medal of Honor winner has since 1945 met every president but Jimmy Carter.

August 6, 1942; and he'd left Parris Island's boot camp in Leatherneck fighting trim.

He'd turned pugnacious—as he puts it, “rambunctious”—when he was 10, the year his father, a Plymouth, North Carolina, tobacco farmer, died. “I was kind of shattered to lose my father,” Lucas says, “I guess I just resented a lot of things and that loss. I was a mean kid.”

His mother sent him off to Edwards Military Academy in Salemburg when he was 11, and, he says, “that good discipline kind of straightened me out.” Lucas worked his way up to a cadet captaincy by the time he was 13, but his academy career almost ended that December when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. “That signed and sealed the thing for me right

there,” he says. “I was determined that I was going to serve in the Marine Corps and fight the enemy.” Lucas left to sign up, but he couldn't fool the recruiters.

The next year, he was more artful. He told his mother he was going to sign her name to the enlistment consent papers. She could, he told her, try to stop him, but he'd find another way. She acquiesced on the promise Lucas would finish his schooling when he was discharged.

With his military school training, Lucas, 14, shone in basic. He did so well in Camp Lejune heavy machine-gun school that he was detailed to the training command. But that wasn't what he had in mind. “My sole purpose,” he says, “was to kill Japanese.”

When the rest of his unit was ordered to San Diego, “I packed my sea bag and

got on the back of the train and stowed away to California.” On the West Coast a sergeant discovered Lucas had no records, but it was more trouble to send him back than to keep him. Shortly, Lucas was sailing with his battalion for a staging area in Hawaii.

So far, so good. But at Camp Catlin on Oahu, he made a mistake. In a letter to his 15-year-old sweetheart in Swan Corner, North Carolina, Lucas mentioned his age. A mail censor noticed, and Lucas was soon explaining things to his colonel. The CO decided he was too good a Marine to loose—Lucas said he'd just go join the Army, anyway—but too young a man for combat. When his unit shipped out for Tarawa, Lucas stayed in Honolulu.

He was determined to follow: “I was



just obsessed to kill Japanese." Marines who got into trouble tended to get sent to the front; Lucas started picking fights. "Anything I could provoke," he says. "I got locked up a number of times for fighting, but they let me go. But then I mashed up on some sergeant. I got two different tours of 30 days on bread and water and a lot of rock busting."

Celebrating his freedom after one stretch in the brig, Lucas and a buddy shanghaied a truckload of beer from ships stores and treated their company. The Marines worked their way through 10 or 12 GI cans full of iced brew, and Lucas and pal went back for a second load. "We were too inebriated to operate efficiently, and the police caught us," Lucas says. "These two M.P.s came and got me."

While one M.P. went for his buddy, Lucas says, "I beat the dickens out of the other guy. I had 18-inch biceps in those days. I was so muscled up I could run through a brick wall." In the process of running away, however, he got confused and ran back into the building in which he'd been caught, straight into the arms of the angry M.P.s.

Before he got out of the brig, Lucas said, "I figured this procedure isn't working for me." He packed his gear, went to Pearl, caught a Higgins boat, and on January 9, 1945, climbed aboard one of the troopships Tokyo Rose said was bound for Iwo. As Providence would have it, cousin Samuel Oliver Lucas was aboard. With Samuel's help, Lucas hid in landing craft,

slept on the weather deck, and fed himself for 29 days.

The day before his name would have moved from the AWOL to the deserter list, Lucas turned himself in to Captain Robert H. Dunlap. The captain, who would win a Medal of Honor the same day as Lucas, took him to a Colonel Pollock. Lucas remembers the colonel said, "I'd like to have a whole shipload of fellows that want to fight as bad as you."

At Saipan, another Marine went ashore with appendicitis, and Lucas was issued his weapon and gear. On February 14, he turned 17 in the hold of USS *Deuel*, APA 160; there was no party. On February 19 he hit the beach at Iwo.

"Shells were flying, people were being blown apart, and bullets were everywhere," he says. "They made hash of us. I was as anxious as ever to kill as many Japs as I could kill. It was just where I wanted to be."

ON D-DAY PLUS ONE, Lucas and his team were making their way toward the Japanese airstrip on the plain northeast of Mount Suribachi. They had stopped to pound an enemy pillbox and had jumped for cover into one of two parallel trenches that led from it through the soft volcanic ash sand that covers the sulfurous island. To their surprise the Marines discovered "there were all these Japs in this other trench. Eleven of them. We opened fire. There wasn't time to put your weapon to

your shoulder. We just fired off hand.

"This last Jap I shot, I shot him in the forehead just above the eye. My rifle jammed. I was looking down at my rifle trying to get the damned thing unjammed, and when I did I saw the grenades. I was the first to see them. I hollered 'grenades,' and I dove for them.

"I smashed my rifle butt against one and drove it into the volcanic ash, and fell on it, and pulled the other one under me. I was there to fight, and we were there to win. What you have to do you do to win. It was not in me to turn to run.

"That volcanic ash and the good Lord saved me. If I'd been on hard ground that thing would have split me in two. There was just one explosion. One was all I could handle, and I had trouble handling that one. It blew me over on my back, and it punctured my right lung, but it never knocked me out." Lucas also sustained injuries to his thigh, neck, chin, and head.

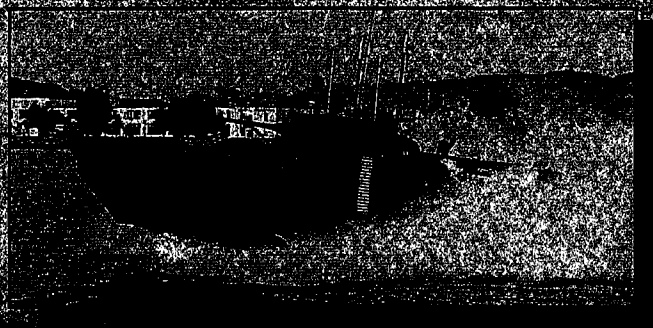
The rest of the team sprinted down the trench, turned and fired down the other. Lucas lay on his back, his right arm twisted so far underneath him he thought it had been blown off. His mouth and throat filled with blood, and he might have drowned if he had lost consciousness. He kept moving his left hand to show that he was alive. "That," he says, "was the only thing I could move." A Marine from another unit came up and Lucas, barely recognizable as an American, was afraid he would be shot, but the soldier called for a Corpsman.

While the medic worked on him, a Japa-



Lucas (center), the commandant, the President, and Medal of Honor comrades laid wreath at the Iwo Jima Memorial.

Fact: Experience and performance reduce risk



United Defense is the most experienced designer, manufacturer and systems integrator of medium weight, tracked, armored vehicles in the world. For more than 50 years, we have responded to Marine Corps needs and provided outstanding amphibious vehicles for outstanding Marines.

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- Over-the-horizon speeds in excess of 25 knots
- Speed of 42 knots in Sea State 1
- Full-scale water jet performance
- More than 100 hours of full-scale test data

For land mobility, we demonstrated:

- More than 3700 miles of mobility testing
- Light weight track durability of 2000 miles
- Reliable hydropneumatic suspension system



Our experience with weapons stations is unmatched—more than 10,000 units have been made.

The Team consists of leading companies in their technical areas. The facts are clear—United Defense and Team AAV have the experience and demonstrated performance to provide the AAV with the least risk.

Weight the facts: Go with the best—Team AAV

United Defense

FMG/AAV

Team AAV

AAI corporation, Texas Instruments, H. R. Textron, Loral Western Development Laboratories and United Defense

Lucas shouted "grenades" in warning, dropped on one, and scooped the other beneath him as he fell. One may have been a dud; the other was not.

nese soldier popped up from a hole in the trench. The Corpsman shot him. A mortar barrage walked up to the edge of the trench and delayed the stretcher bearers. As they hurried off, one stumbled and dropped his end. Lucas split his head open on a rock. "I looked up at him and smiled to let him know I knew that what he was trying to do, and I appreciated it. I could see he was exhausted."

On the evacuation beach a Corpsman covered Lucas with a poncho for shelter from the elements. "I thought, 'Oh, Lord, I'm dead,'" he says. "Of course that morphine took hold, and I passed out."

As sailors hoisted Lucas aboard an LST, they nearly dropped him into the sea. Someone caught him by the foot. He lay in the hold with hundreds of other wounded until there was room for him on the *Samaritan*. Before it sailed for Honolulu, the flag went up on Suribachi. The word was passed on the ship. "I felt as jubilant as I could be," Lucas says. "I'd fought for my country. I felt a great deal of pride in that. The only regret for me was that I didn't get to stay there longer to kill more of them."

In seven months Lucas was in good enough shape to be separated. When he was put up for the Medal of Honor, the Corps tried to delay his discharge, but Lucas was having none of it. "I didn't even know what the Medal of Honor was," he says. "I didn't think about any medals going into battle. I went there to do one thing, and that was to kill Japanese. I didn't want no medals."

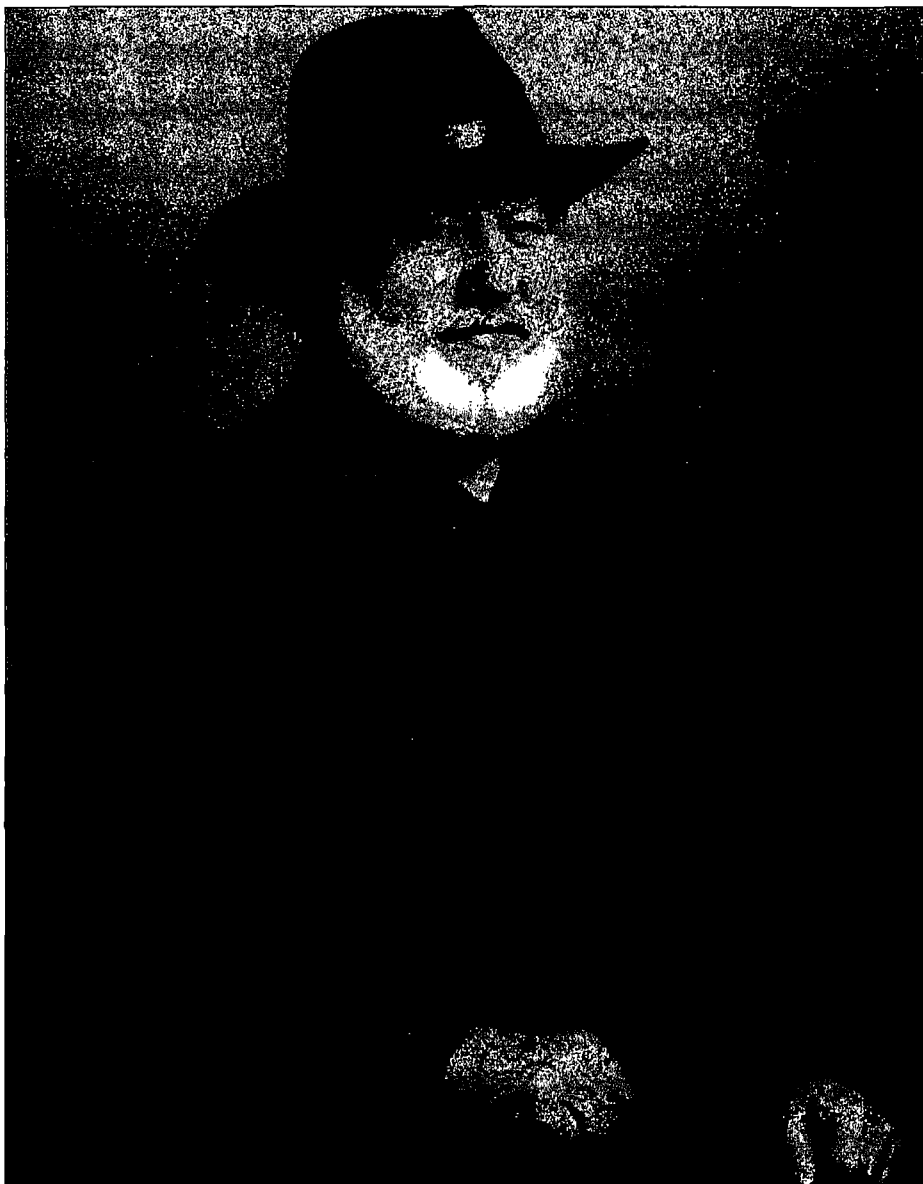
He was visiting friends in North Carolina when the White House summoned him to Washington to accept the award from Harry S. Truman on October 5, 1945. There were 14 other recipients that day, all sailors and Marines, among them Pappy Boyington. Among the onlookers were Generals George Marshall, George Patton, and Hap Arnold, Admiral Nimitz, and Secretary of Defense James Forrestal. Marshall sat next to Lucas's mother. She's 92 now and lives with him in Hattiesburg, Mississippi.

"Truman said he'd rather be a Medal of Honor winner than President of the United States," Lucas says. "I said, 'Sir, I'll swap with you.'"

There was a Nimitz Day parade after-



Painting by Colonel Charles Waterhouse



Despite his wounds, Lucas aged well, and sometimes still demonstrates a taste for the dramatic.

ward in Washington and another three days later in New York. "I had my own car, and I'd stand up, and women would throw kisses at me," Lucas says, "and some of them ran out between the barricades and I got voluptuous kisses. I was 17-years-old, and I had a helluva time."

TIME, OF COURSE, moves on. In the years that followed, Lucas, true to his word to his mother, finished high school and graduated from college.

He got married in dress blues on the television show "Bride and Groom" in 1952. It was the first of three marriages, none of them successful. He has four sons—one a West Pointer—a daughter, and seven grandchildren.

His second wife tried to hire an undercover state trooper to kill him. Lucas helped her win leniency from the court. "I'm still friends with all of them," he says, "even the one who tried to kill me."

During Vietnam, Lucas accepted a commission in the Army but found his methods and the military's still didn't mix. He got out after six years. He has made and lost a fair amount of money in the meat business, had IRS troubles, and lived temporarily in a tent on a friend's Maryland farm.

The police found marijuana growing on the farm—which Lucas knew nothing about—and arrested him. There was some embarrassment but no prosecution.

"Life is not just a bed of roses; it can be like a roller coaster ride," Lucas says. "I've

lived the life of probably two or three men in many ways."

In 1985 he returned to Iwo. "I had to try to walk on the beach without having to duck. I had time to see more of that island than I had time to walk around and observe before," Lucas says. "I could not get to the place where I was wounded. But I could see from the top of Mount Suribachi approximately where I was wounded. That's when the feeling came back, a good feeling, that we had whipped their butts."

He's also gone back to Washington. You may have seen part of his visit on television. In January 1995 the White House invited Lucas, his son the West Pointer, and a grandson to be President Clinton's guests at the State of the Union Address. The theme of the speech was service to the country, and Mrs. Clinton thought the Lucas family was a good example.

Lucas visited the Clintons before the speech and chatted. "I told her, I said, 'You are a magnificent looking lady. You look a whole lot prettier in person than you do on television.'"

"One of the things I told him is, 'Sir, you know, you've got a lot of courage. If I was on a job and somebody criticized me as much as they criticize you, I'd be in the nut house.'"

That night, at the end of the speech in the well of the House of Representatives, the President paused to recognize Lucas sitting in the balcony next to the First Lady.

"They saved me as the last one to be introduced," Lucas says, "but, man, was I ever the one to get the ovation. He started telling about me, and all the congressmen and senators looked up in the gallery at me, and then they clapped for five minutes. It swept me away."

"I got so choked up, I couldn't even smile. Honest to goodness, I had to swallow a hundred times to keep the tears from running down my face. I thought, 'Gosh, here's the son of a tobacco farmer, and all these people, and mom—she was down here in Mississippi—watching me on TV.'"

Sixty-eight now, Lucas devotes part of his time to speaking to civic clubs and school groups, still trying to be of service, and he often thinks of the Marines.

"I love my Corps," he says. "I grew up in the Marine Corps, and they have got an outstanding piece of history. I'm just a little part of it."

William Standring, a frequent contributor to Marine Corps League magazine, wrote about the Marine Military Academy in the Spring 1996 issue.

DENNIS MONTGOMERY
POST OFFICE BOX 154
CLAREMONT, VIRGINIA
23899-0154

SATURDAY
MAY 19 , 1996

Mrs. Hillary Clinton
The White House

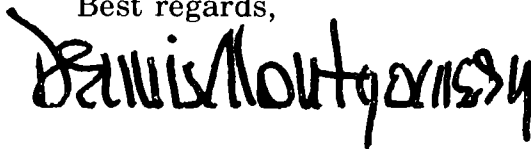
Dear Mrs. Clinton,

Medal of Honor winner Jacklyn Lucas of
Hattiesburg, Mississippi asked me to send you the
magazine enclosed, along with his best regards.

Mr. Lucas has fond memories of you and your
family from 1995 when he, his son, and his
grandson were your guests at the president's State
of the Union Address, and from an Iwo Jima
Memorial ceremony a few weeks later.

On page 24, under my pen name "William
Standring," is a story about Mr. Lucas that he
wanted you to see.

Best regards,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Dennis Montgomery". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style.

DENNIS MONTGOMERY
POST OFFICE BOX 154
CLAREMONT, VIRGINIA
23899-0154

SATURDAY
MAY 19 , 1996

Pam Barnett
The White House

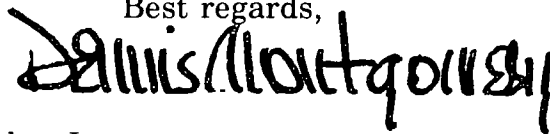
Dear Ms. Barnett,

May I ask you for some help on a minor matter?
Our mutual friend and former colleague Bill
Burton shared with me your name.

Jacklyn Lucas, a World War II Medal of Honor
winner, met the First Lady a couple of times and
is mighty proud about it. He's also pleased about a
story that I wrote about him printed in the
attached magazine and asked me to send a copy to
her. I told him I'd try. The cover letter enclosed
explains the connection.

If you think it is appropriate, would you mind
showing the publication with Mrs. Clinton?

Best regards,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Dennis Montgomery". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style.

PS - Jacklyn Lucas
75 Elks Lake Road
Hattiesburg, Mississippi 39401-8827

Withdrawal/Redaction Marker

Clinton Library

DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION
005a. letter	From: Hillary Clinton, To: Louise McCants (1 page)	5/24/96	Personal Misfile

COLLECTION:

Clinton Presidential Records
First Lady's Office
Pam Cicetti
OA/Box Number: 10598

FOLDER TITLE:

HRC - 1996 Personal - M [3]

2014-0159-S

sb243

RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

- P1 National Security Classified Information [(a)(1) of the PRA]
- P2 Relating to the appointment to Federal office [(a)(2) of the PRA]
- P3 Release would violate a Federal statute [(a)(3) of the PRA]
- P4 Release would disclose trade secrets or confidential commercial or financial information [(a)(4) of the PRA]
- P5 Release would disclose confidential advice between the President and his advisors, or between such advisors [(a)(5) of the PRA]
- P6 Release would constitute a clearly unwarranted invasion of personal privacy [(a)(6) of the PRA]

C. Closed in accordance with restrictions contained in donor's deed of gift.

PRM. Personal record misfile defined in accordance with 44 U.S.C. 2201(3).

RR. Document will be reviewed upon request.

Freedom of Information Act - [5 U.S.C. 552(b)]

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- b(2) Release would disclose internal personnel rules and practices of an agency [(b)(2) of the FOIA]
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- b(6) Release would constitute a clearly unwarranted invasion of personal privacy [(b)(6) of the FOIA]
- b(7) Release would disclose information compiled for law enforcement purposes [(b)(7) of the FOIA]
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DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION
005b. letter	From: Louise McCants, To: Hillary (4 pages)	4/22/96	Personal Misfile

COLLECTION:

Clinton Presidential Records
First Lady's Office
Pam Cicetti
OA/Box Number: 10598

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HRC - 1996 Personal - M [3]

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- P1 National Security Classified Information [(a)(1) of the PRA]
- P2 Relating to the appointment to Federal office [(a)(2) of the PRA]
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- b(4) Release would disclose trade secrets or confidential or financial information [(b)(4) of the FOIA]
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DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION
006a. letter	From: Hillary Clinton, To: Lindsey Miller-Lerman (1 page)	2/12/96	Personal Misfile

COLLECTION:

Clinton Presidential Records
First Lady's Office
Pam Cicetti
OA/Box Number: 10598

FOLDER TITLE:

HRC - 1996 Personal - M [3]

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Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

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- P2 Relating to the appointment to Federal office [(a)(2) of the PRA]
- P3 Release would violate a Federal statute [(a)(3) of the PRA]
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PRM. Personal record misfile defined in accordance with 44 U.S.C. 2201(3).

RR. Document will be reviewed upon request.

Freedom of Information Act - [5 U.S.C. 552(b)]

- b(1) National security classified information [(b)(1) of the FOIA]
- b(2) Release would disclose internal personnel rules and practices of an agency [(b)(2) of the FOIA]
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- b(8) Release would disclose information concerning the regulation of financial institutions [(b)(8) of the FOIA]
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DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION
006b. letter	From: Lindsey Miller-Lerman, To: Hillary (2 pages)	1/18/96	Personal Misfile

COLLECTION:

Clinton Presidential Records
First Lady's Office
Pam Cicetti
OA/Box Number: 10598

FOLDER TITLE:

HRC - 1996 Personal - M [3]

2014-0159-S

sb243

RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

- P1 National Security Classified Information [(a)(1) of the PRA]
- P2 Relating to the appointment to Federal office [(a)(2) of the PRA]
- P3 Release would violate a Federal statute [(a)(3) of the PRA]
- P4 Release would disclose trade secrets or confidential commercial or financial information [(a)(4) of the PRA]
- P5 Release would disclose confidential advice between the President and his advisors, or between such advisors [(a)(5) of the PRA]
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PRM. Personal record misfile defined in accordance with 44 U.S.C. 2201(3).

RR. Document will be reviewed upon request.

Freedom of Information Act - [5 U.S.C. 552(b)]

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- b(9) Release would disclose geological or geophysical information concerning wells [(b)(9) of the FOIA]

Hillary Rodham Clinton
First Lady's Office

HWR
2/13/96

Dear Hillary,

Our thoughts are with you today. Good luck.

Sincerely,

Christy Taylor

Christy Macy and Taylor Branch

Dear Hillary-

HWR

2/10/96

Hang in there!

You know smart women have always been persecuted. In a wierd sort of way, it is a complement to be the subject of so much interest.

Thank God they're not still burning witches (smart women) at the stake. Although, it may sometimes feel like it.

Keep your chin up. You're doing a great job as the foremother of our country and you look good too.

P.S. Thanks for the opportunities you've given Ann.

Best Wishes
Kerry &
Shady
McCoy

No reply necessary.

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—

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1

Killary

1

THE WHITE HOUSE

February 15, 1996

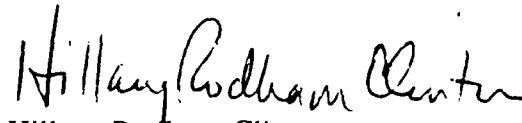
Ms. Carolyn McMeans
Oak Grove High School
285 Blossom Hill Road
San Jose, California 95123

Dear Ms. McMeans:

A belated thank-you for the lovely angel ornament you made. It is a beautiful work of craftsmanship and I appreciate your thoughtfulness.

With kind regards, I am

Sincerely yours,


Hillary Rodham Clinton

~~cc:~~ Kelly Craighead

I love the unique beauty
of this angel -

Sam - —

While cleaning
out my gift box
last week, I came
upon this hand-
made ornament from
a good friend of my
mother's. Would you
mind sending a
personal note from
HRC? It would
mean a lot to her
and save me from my
mother's wrath.

Thanks for anything
you can do...

- Kelly

P.S. If HRC doesn't
want it, I do!!



Government
of Canada

Gouvernement
du Canada

Canada

FOR FLOTUS 12/6/95



ABOARD AIR FORCE ONE

Carolyn Mc Means ^{EA 115}
Oak Grove HS
285 Blossom Hill Rd.
San Jose, CA 95123

Carolyn
Mc Means

E L L E N R. M A L C O L M

Dear Kelly,

I've practically been on
the road since our lunch,
so I haven't had the
time to thank you.

I hope you had as much
fun as I did! The
show was an C-span so
everywhere I go members
comment to me about
how great you were. I
agree!

Thanks for being there
for Emily, WOMEN VOTE!
and all of us who cheer
you on every day!

DEAR MRS. CLINTON

I WANTED TO WRITE YOU A NOTE TO TELL YOU THAT I THINK YOU ARE MARVELOUS, AND I'M SORRY FOR WHAT YOU'VE BEEN GOING THROUGH.

I'VE WATCHED YOUR TELEVISION APPEARANCES AND YOU WERE SO POISED, AND SO STRONG AND SO CONFIDENT. I REALLY ADMIRE YOU SO MUCH!

SADLY I THINK YOU ARE A TARGET BECAUSE OF YOUR STRENGTH. YOU ARE STRONG, INTELLIGENT AND BEAUTIFUL, AND THAT INTIMIDATES A LOT OF PEOPLE.

YOU ARE RIGHT UP THERE WITH MY OWN MOTHER ON MY LIST OF ROLE MODELS.

I WISH YOU THE BEST OF EVERYTHING, AND I'M VERY PROUD TO HAVE YOU AS OUR FIRST LADY.

LOVE,

Eleanor Mondale

P.S. I JUST BOUGHT
YOUR BOOK YESTERDAY -
CAN'T WAIT TO READ IT!

Mail
2/19/96

PERSONAL
EXHIBIT

DETERMINED TO BE AN
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ELEANOR MONDAE

Hillary Clinton

VIA ANN STOCK

H1WR
2/19/96

Today a sun rises
just for you,
bringing you light,
giving you warmth,
sharing its strength.

DETERMINED TO BE AN
ADMINISTRATIVE MARKING
INITIALS: ASB DATE: 11/15/13

INSPIRED BY AMERICAN INDIAN POETRY

I loved your father's
"shovel story". May this
charm do its part to help.
You are great. Warmest regards,
Gail Kengel

Common THREADS

For every difference that makes us unique,
there is a common thread which connects us all.
We share the need for home and community, for love and respect.
May these common threads form a beautiful world
in which all people and all cultures are honored.

Your purchase of this card benefits
PEOPLE TO PEOPLE INTERNATIONAL,
a nonprofit cultural and educational exchange
organization founded by Dwight D. Eisenhower,
and dedicated to increasing international
understanding between peoples of the world.



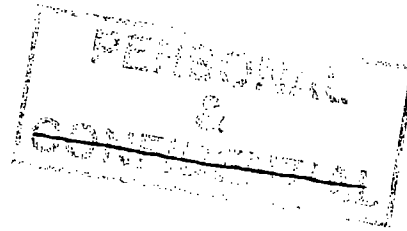
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Initials: LAB Date 11/15/13

THE WHITE HOUSE

March 4, 1996

Honorable Ray Marshall
Lyndon B. Johnson School of Public Affairs
The University of Texas at Austin
P. O. Box Y
Austin, Texas 78713-8925

Dear Ray:

Thank you for your thoughtful letter and for sending along Molly Ivins' recent column. It was good to hear from you again and I look forward to hearing more about the Carnegie project.

With warm regards, I remain

Sincerely yours,


Hillary Rodham Clinton



LYNDON B. JOHNSON SCHOOL OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

Audre and Bernard Rapoport Centennial Chair in Economics and Public Affairs

P.O. Box Y • Austin, Texas 78713-8925 • (512) 471-4962 • FAX (512) 471-1835 • Direct: (512) 471-6242

February 19, 1996

Mrs. Hillary Clinton
Office of the First Lady
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Ave., NW
WDC 20500

Dear Hillary:

Congratulations on the success of your new book. It is the best antidote I can think of to your politically-inspired critics. In case you missed it, I enclose an article by Molly Ivins from *Texas Observer*.

I am about to complete plans for the Carnegie project on the social and political implications of long-run economic trends. I still hope you will participate. I will send details soon.

Best personal regards.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Ray".

Ray Marshall

enc.

MOLLY IVINS

WHAT'S D'AMATO WITH AL?

A well-informed woman, interested in politics, inquired a few days ago: "I keep trying to follow this, but I still don't understand: just what is it Hillary Clinton is accused of?"

Beats me. I keep listening to Senator Alfonse D'Amato, a punishing assignment in itself, and I don't get it either. Of course, having D'Amato conduct an ethics investigation is like watching Mike Tyson run a sensitivity-training seminar. As I understand it, D'Amato—by straining at gnats and putting on a display of prosecutorial innuendo unrivaled since the days of Joe McCarthy—hopes to make the case that the first lady personally ordered the firings of everyone who worked for the White House travel office when Clinton first came in, which, were it the case, would not be illegal, immoral or unethical.

He has further sought, with great fervor, to prove that Hillary Clinton did some legal work for James McDougal's long-since-failed savings and loan, which we know to be true because (a) she told us so years ago and (b) all the papers turned over to D'Amato's committee bear her out. (??!) That she did so is also not illegal, immoral or unethical.

For some reason, all of this inspires D'Amato—who always has been easily excited—to wander around talking about "bombshells" and "smoking guns." D'Amato claims that there are "tremendous discrepancies" in what the first lady has said. She said that the work she did for Madison Guaranty Savings & Loan was "minimal." The billing records show that she did sixty hours of work for the S&L over fifteen months—less than an hour a week. Quel tremendous discrepancy.

The funniest day so far in D'Amato's Fun House was when a fellow whom Hillary Clinton had described as a "young lawyer" who originally brought the McDougal business to her firm came to testify. D'Amato had promised the press, per usual, that his testimony would be a "bombshell." The press duly reported the night before that "a bombshell" was expected at the hearing. The "young lawyer," now bald as a billiard ball and distinctly middle-aged, shows up, reminding all hands that we are now trying to get people

to remember, in excruciating detail, what happened fifteen years ago.

So, this middle-aged bald guy tells the committee, yeah, you could say he brought in the business. But, cries D'Amato, you didn't bring in McDougal with a signed contract in hand, did you? No, says the bald guy, I didn't bring in McDougal with a signed contract in hand. Aha! cries D'Amato. And all the television networks duly run a clip of the bald guy saying, "I did not bring in McDougal with a signed contract in hand."

Well! We've certainly proved that, haven't we, Al? (I call him Al because I first knew him when he was a squirrely pol in Long Island, N.Y., who used to go around saying, "Call me Al.") Al & Co. demand documents. Hillary provides documents. Al & Co. demand more documents. Hillary provides more documents. Aha! cries Al (he was always given to crying "Aha!"). Why didn't you provide these documents earlier? This is sinister; there must be a plot here. (Quick, where are your records from fifteen years ago, and why can't you produce them all now?) Al says, "These actions raise questions about the appearance of possible improprieties." Don't you just hate that—when questions are raised about the appearance of possible improprieties?

Al has now spent about six million of our taxpayer dollars raising questions about the appearance of possible improprieties, but it's been worth every penny because polls now show that fifty-one percent of the American people have doubts about Hillary Clinton. Good work, Al.

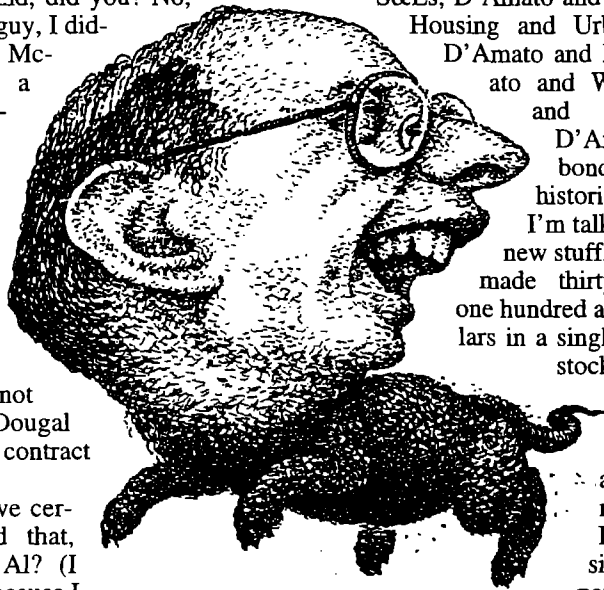
Personally, I'm a lot less worried about questions of the first lady's appearance of possible improprieties than I am about D'Amato's. Hey, forget the old stuff—I mean the stuff that goes back fifteen years. Who would worry about fifteen years ago, when Al testified as a character witness for a Mafia goon? (Philip Basile, described by

Al as "an honest, truthful, hardworking man, a man of integrity." Al then kissed him on both cheeks, and the jury convicted him of conspiracy to defraud and lying to the federal government.) Hey, who cares about that old stuff like D'Amato and S&Ls, D'Amato and the Department of Housing and Urban Development, D'Amato and Roy Cohn, D'Amato and Wedtech, D'Amato and Joe Margiotta, D'Amato and junk bonds? What are you, a historian?

I'm talking about the nifty new stuff, like June 1993. Al made thirty-seven thousand, one hundred and twenty-five dollars in a single day on an initial stock offering made possible by a Long Island brokerage firm that, at the time, had serious Securities and Exchange Commission fraud charges pending against it and has since been heavily fined and sanctioned. Al was then the ranking Republican

on the Banking Committee, which oversees the SEC. Al's broker at the firm bought four thousand five hundred shares of the new stock for Al at four dollars a share and sold them the same day for twelve dollars and twenty-five cents a share—a deal not available to ordinary investors.

I'm talking about Al and his brother Armand. Forget Armand and the race-track interests and all that old stuff; let's talk Armand and Unisys in the late 1980s. Unisys, a Long Island defense contractor, hires Armand and pays him one hundred twenty thousand dollars to lobby for Pentagon contract business. The checks are made out to a law partner of Armand's. Armand gets Al's office to send the Navy two letters on Al's stationery, both ghostwritten by Unisys employees and with Al's signature on them. Al is on the Defense Appropriations Committee, and the Pentagon gives Unisys a one-hundred-million-dollar contract. Armand gets convicted of mail fraud, is sentenced to five months and is out on appeal; Al gets a rebuke from the Senate Ethics Committee and never releases the documents. Appearance of possible impropriety, anyone?



KEVIN KRENECK

Molly Ivins is a former Observer editor and a columnist for the Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

PHOTOCOPY
PRESERVATION

THE WHITE HOUSE

February 16, 1996

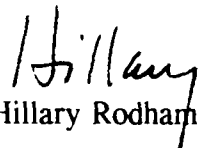
Roddy McDowall
3110 Brookdale Road
Studio City, California 91604

Dear Roddy:

Thank you for your note. Your very thoughtful words of encouragement and support mean more than I can say. If I have comported myself as well as you describe, it is because of the strength and encouragement I have received from friends like you and Mary. It was good to hear from you and I look forward seeing you again soon.

With gratitude and warm regards, I remain

Sincerely yours,


Hillary Rodham Clinton

RODDY MC DOWALL

1.28.96.

VIP 12

Dear Hillary -

Although we have only met twice I feel
a large affinity with you ~ not just
because we share such warm feelings
for Mary ~ but also because I have such
profound respect and admiration for
you and your husband.

Now, I have been reading all this

PHOTOCOPY
MISC. HANDWRITING

- 2 -

stuff* in relation to your supposed nefarious
activities and I want you to know that I
am one of the legion who are disgusted
and depressed by the despair through
which you are being forced to travel.
I find myself in deep sympathy and
empathy with your dilemma and I
find your dignity, altitude, posture,
courage and continual common

PHOTOCOPY
REPRODUCTION

- 3 -

RODDY MC DOWALL

sense and patience in the center
of this maelstrom to be both remarkable
and full of shining example.

I just thought I would set this down
and send you affection.

God Bless ~ Roddy.

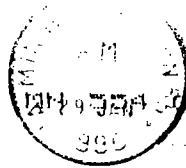
* I am positive that you are

PHOTOCOPY
MISC. HANDWRITING

PHOTOCOPY
PRESERVATION

- 4 -

deeply sensitive to the fact that
literal translation of 'stuff' is
strictly forbidden by the Catholic
Church, the D.A.R. and
Jesse Helms!



Mrs. Hillary Rodham Clinton.
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington D.C.
20335

PHOTOCOPY
MISC. HANDWRITING

PHOTOCOPY
PRESERVATION

RODDY MC DOWALL

3110 Brookdale Road.
Studio City, Ca. 91604.

DETERMINED TO BE AN ADMINISTRATIVE
MARKING Per E.O. 12958 as amended, Sec. 3.3

Initials: AOB Date 11/15/13

THE WHITE HOUSE

May 24, 1996

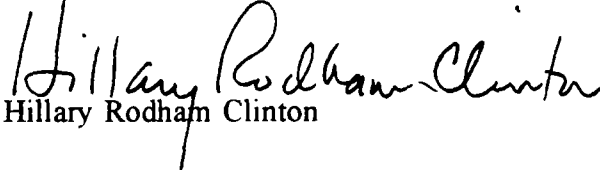
Kari Ann Mumma
95 Winston Road
Akron, Ohio 44313

Dear Kari Ann:

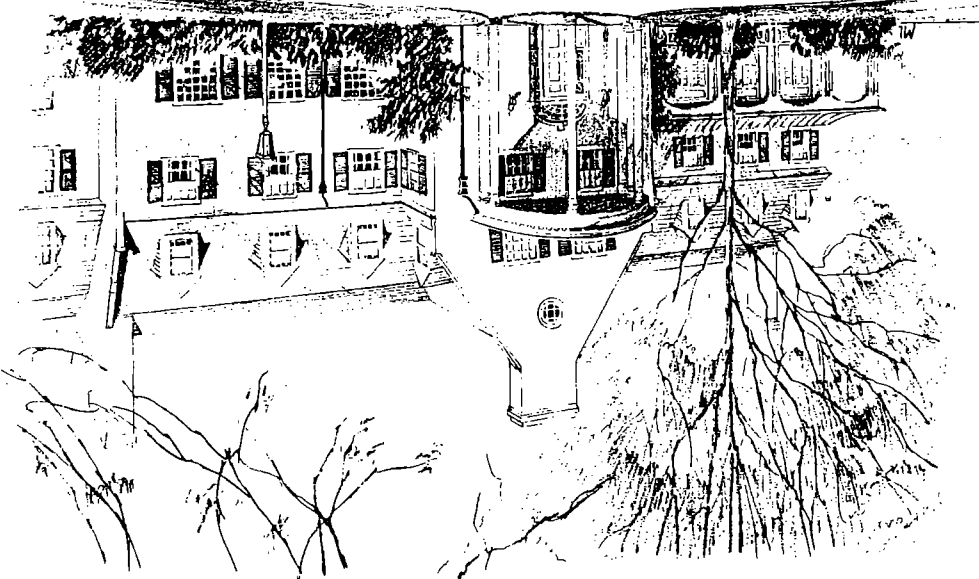
Thank you for your thoughtful note and congratulations on receiving the Hugh E. Rodham Scholarship at Penn State. I am delighted to know that you have discovered the joys of teaching young children and will be sure to share your note with the rest of my family. As a scholar-athlete, my dad would have been proud of you, so keep up the good work!

With warm regards and best wishes for continued success at Penn State, I am

Sincerely yours,


Hillary Rodham Clinton

William & Lion
The Pennsylvania
University Park, Pennsylvania



I am excited to be attending Penn State next year, where I have been accepted into The University scholars program. With out-of-state expenses being what they are, this award is not only an honor, but will help defray cost. Thank you very much!

Sincerely,
KariAnn Gumm

PHOTOCOPY
PRESERVATION

© The Charles Overly Studio, Sudbury, MA 01776

Dear Mrs. Clinton,

I was honored and thrilled to be awarded the Hugh E. Rodham scholarship from the Pennsylvania State University.

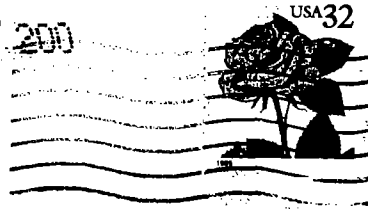
I am a senior at Firestone High School in Akron, Ohio and have maintained above a 4.0 grade point average while participating in many extracurricular activities as well. These include being President of our student council and synchronized swimming organization, and editor of our literary magazine. I will have to admit it keeps me very busy but I have had time in the summers to be employed as a lifeguard in a neighborhood club where I have discovered my love for teaching children. I work with the children teaching them swimming, synchronized swimming classes, and as coach of the swim team.

(over, please)

Kari Ann Muma

recipient of the Hugh H. Rockman
Scholarship

95 Winston Road
Akron, OH 44313

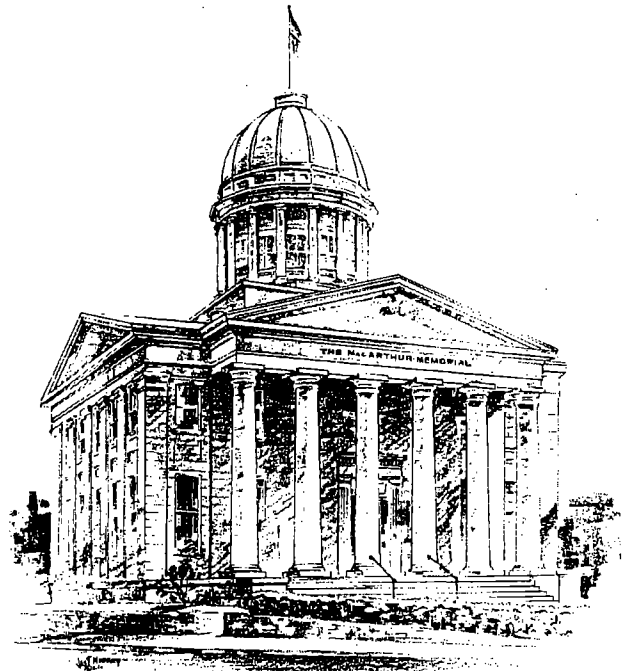


Mrs. Hillary Rodham Clinton
1600 Pennsylvania Ave.
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20005



PHOTOCOPY
PRESERVATION

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858



GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR MEMORIAL
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

January 25, 1996

Mrs. Hillary Rodham Clinton
The White House
Washington, DC 20500

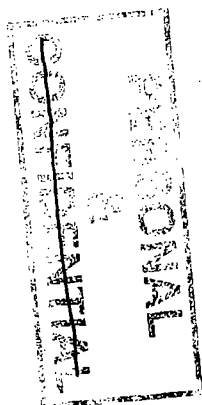
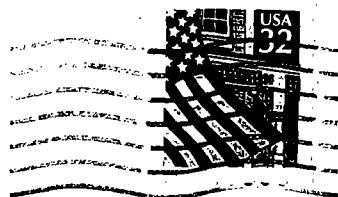
Dear Mrs. Clinton,

I want to belatedly acknowledge your birthday wishes. The years come and go too fast at my age, but the pleasant memories remain. Thank you for your kind thoughts.

Joe
Joe MacArthur

3/1/96 sent photo

Mrs. Douglas Mac Arthur
The Towers, The Waldorf Astoria
New York, NY 10022



Mrs. Hillary Rodham Clinton
The White House
Washington, DC 20500



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ADMINISTRATIVE MARKING
INITIALS: ANB DATE: 11/15/13

Good Sam

FLUOR CORPORATION

3333 Michelson Drive, Irvine, CA 92730
(714) 975-5435 Fax: (714) 975-5454

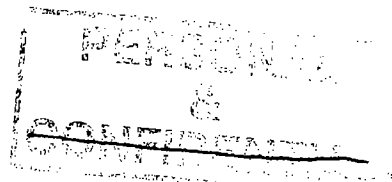
Leslie G. McCraw

Chairman and Chief Executive Officer

DETERMINED TO BE AN
ADMINISTRATIVE MARKING
INITIALS: LSB DATE: 11/15/13

February 14, 1996

The President
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500



Dear Mr. President:

Thank you for the lovely dinner at the White House last Thursday evening. It was indeed a rare opportunity and a distinct honor to be your guest and not only enjoy a delicious meal, but hear your insightful remarks concerning current events.

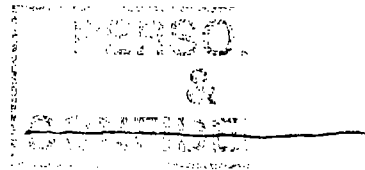
The fellowship of the evening was so warm and genuine. I very much enjoyed the chance to speak with both policymakers and colleagues in the business community. Your staff did a magnificent job in handling all the details and in making us feel at home.

Mr. President, thank you again for including me in this memorable evening.

Sincerely,

L. G. McCraw

LGM:jld



**DETERMINED TO BE AN ADMINISTRATIVE
MARKING Per E.O. 12958 as amended, Sec. 3.3 (c)**

Initials: AB Date 11/15/13

THE WHITE HOUSE

March 1, 1996

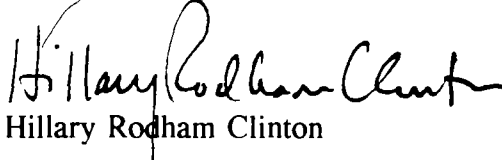
Ryan Moore
713 East 14th Street
South Sioux City, NE 68776

Dear Ryan:

I loved your card and your thoughtful words of encouragement and support meant more than I can say. Our travels should take us back to Iowa before too long, and when they do, we will try to arrange for a visit. In the meantime, I hope my letter finds you and your family well and I look forward to seeing you again soon.

With warm regards, I remain

Sincerely yours,


Hillary Rodham Clinton

~~cc:~~ Patti Solis, Director of Scheduling



© The Walt Disney Company

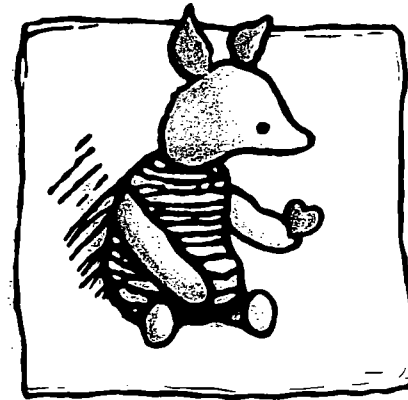
Based on the "Winnie The Pooh" works
Copyright A.A. Milne and E.H. Shepard

713 East 14th Street
South Sioux City NE
68774

 Hallmark



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Piglet noticed
that even though he had
a Very Small Heart,
it could hold a rather
large amount
of Gratitude.

E.H. Shepard

2/3/96

Dear Mrs. Clinton,

Thank you for sending me a
copy of your book, and your
kind note. It was neat to read
about me in your book. I hope
President Clinton is elected
to be President again this
year. I think you're an awesome
First Lady.

Your friend
Ryan Moore

P.S. If you or President
Clinton come to Sioux City,
Iowa or nearby it would be
great to see you and to shake
President Clinton's hand.



Thank you so much.

Ryan



Ryan Moore
9 yrs.
3rd grade
Oct. '95

DETERMINED TO BE AN
ADMINISTRATIVE MARKING
INITIALS: ABG DATE: 11/15/13

ALENE H. MORIS

Career and Workplace Consultant
Individuals and Organizations

TO: First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton,
The White House,
Washington, D.C. 20500

PERSONAL
&
CONFIDENTIAL

Thank you for your personal words of commendation and encouragement for me at the Mothers Against Violence in America luncheon in Seattle last Monday. They came at a critical time for me and I felt blessed.

The air was electric as you came in. I'm sure you sensed how pleased everyone was to have you here. Your coming was a great honor for Seattle but especially for Pam Eakes, the MAVIA founder, an incredible woman who has accomplished wonders for our young people, giving them hope that violence is not inevitable. Also, over \$228,000 was raised!

My life has changed radically since my pastor husband died a month ago. Free to travel for the first time since his first heart attack ten years ago, I would very much like to be used in some way in a larger arena.

After his major heart attack in 1986, I stopped accepting requests for national work in order to be available here. For fifteen years previously, in addition to being president of a career/life transition counseling center I had founded, I developed programs for a number of traditional national women's organizations on "women's leadership" to help them understand their tremendous potential power and to persuade them to use that power to bring women's perspective and values to the public arena. I trained over 2000 women across the country to deliver these programs. I hope this work contributed to the present "gender gap"!

I also consulted with senior management of corporations, universities, social agencies and health care institutions on workplace issues affecting women: male/female relationships in the workplace, treating everyone with dignity and respect, retraining and reentry education for future workplace realities, school to work transition, and preparing for productive retirement.

Since 1986, I have continued this kind of corporate work here in the Puget Sound area while I have continued to work with women on a vigorous volunteer basis and as a professional counselor. In 1995, I co-founded the Northwest Women's Institute to continue to educate women on the obvious fact that all issues are women's issues and women have the power to reframe the questions being addressed in the public forum.

In the fall of 1994 I was a NGO delegate to the United Nations regional conference in Vienna organized to work on the draft of resolutions for Beijing. Also in preparation for Beijing, I was one of the lead organizers and keynoters of the Northwest International Women's Conference held in Seattle in February, 1995, a spectacular, transformational experience for 1500 women.

1616 41st Avenue East, Suite #304
Seattle, WA 98112
(206) 322-0320

Fax (206) 851-4281

9301 North Harborview Drive
Gig Harbor, WA 98332
(206) 851-9404

I give you these bits and pieces of my life hoping that there is something needing to be done nationally/internationally that can use my skills in public speaking, writing, group facilitation and organizing. I am a quick study, being an obsessive reader. I am blessed with great energy and excellent health. I taught in Malaysia for four years and am comfortable with travel, having visited 32 countries. Most important, I have no private agenda or ambition except to be an elder who calls women to be what they need to be at this crucial time.

One of my strengths is that I get along well with men from CEO to utility lineman. I think my sixty eight years allows me to be direct and still be heard in ways that intelligent, younger and more beautiful women have great difficulty doing without inciting extreme reaction. (I think that is why Eleanor got away with as much as she did!)

It feels presumptuous to write this letter. But I am free in a way I have never been before. Older women are a tremendous resource and I would like to think that we can still be useful to our country.

Two days after my husband died I was invited to speak to the governors and their spouses at the National Governors Association meeting in Puerto Rico. I could accept with no ambivalence and will be there July 12-15. I remember your saying to me at the NGA meeting in Seattle that you thought men also needed to hear my life planning message so I suspect that your influence might have led to this invitation.

Again, I thank you for giving me the courage to continue. Your words came when I needed to hear them. I would be honored if I can serve in any way, now or in the next four years.

Respectfully,

Alice Morris
July 1, 1996

MAVIA LUNCHEON, JUNE 24, 1996

This is a day of profound gratitude for me and I want to thank all of you who helped to make this wonderful event possible. Your willingness to support this incredible organization is tremendously encouraging. It says to me that our basic attitude toward violence is changing. We are deciding that violence isn't inevitable, that it comes out of a way of thinking that CAN change and MUST change.

As many of you have already witnessed, MAVIA's founder, Pam Eakes is one of those women who physically flinches when she hears or reads about violence, especially among the young. She literally goes pale with grief, for the lost one, of course, but also for the families whom she reaches out to embrace.

She reminds me of all the mothers I have seen in the news all my life, mothers weeping over dead sons and daughters or dying husbands and fathers. Whether it is in Seattle, or in Los Angeles or in Bosnia or in Nigeria, pictures of women weeping are standard fare in the media. But today I have to say to you that I am truly tired of seeing weeping women. Instead, I want to see women everywhere standing up like Pam and the MAVIA members saying "Enough! This violence must end."

But that is a huge, huge task. Most of us have been raised to think that violence is inevitable. I don't have time to discuss why this cultural pattern

evolved, but I do know that violence is not inevitable and the time has come for all of us to make a giant leap to a higher level of spiritual understanding.

If our world is to survive with any hope, I believe that we must all become radical which means getting to the root of the matter, getting to the root of violence. Most programs in the past have dealt with the results of violence, with good people picking up the pieces of people's lives after they have experienced violence. MAVIA has gone much further by working with men and women, boys and girls to PREVENT violence from occurring in the first place. The work that MAVIA has done, especially among the youth of our city, is is profoundly encouraging. However, I believe that we must go one step further and ask the question, "What is there in the culture that encourages and fosters violence?"

Many leaders are asking that question today and the common answer is TV and movies etc. But the answer is much more complex and deep rooted than that. Movies and TV etc get their ideas out of a way of thinking a cultural mind set, a world view, and THAT is the problem.

The fact of the matter is that the world of recorded history has been a world designed and interpreted by men, with women on the sidelines, OUT of the decision making. And this one sided, unbalanced version of reality has created a world in which violence is seen as inevitable.

Whether it is economic violence, psychological violence or physical violence, the underlying motivator for violence is the way of thinking that sees the

world in terms that make some people better than others by accident of birth: Half the world's people are seen as better than the other half for no

other reason than gender;

some people are seen as better than others because of their color

some people see themselves as better than others because of the

religion of their families

and, of course, some people think they are better than others,

simply because they have more money

Instead of looking at people in terms of their character and in terms of their deeds, this arrogant hierarchial thinking leads to people needing to dominate those they consider lesser, to exert controls of various kinds, including violence, to keep such lesser people in line.

The old fashioned word to describe this struggle to dominate others is PRIDE and has been seen as the root of evil by spiritual leaders all throughout the ages and many wonderful men like Gandhi and Martin Luther King have died for defying this belief system.

Until twenty five years ago, I used to believe that only powerful spiritual leaders could bring about the necessary transformation of this dangerous way of thinking, and as I saw violence escalating, I despaired that there would ever be the critical mass of believers necessary for any radical transformation of this arrogance.

However, I now believe that our hope lies with the millions of women on the sidelines, who are finally waking up to the fact that they must become vigorous partners of enlightened men and insist on a new way of thinking.

Women are the brand new resource for 21st Century thinking. Not because we are more virtuous but because women simply don't carry all the cultural baggage that men have to throw away.....women have seldom been told that they have to be #1 AT ALL COSTS, they have never been told that they need to defend their ego..... or their gang's honor on the street corner women have never had to learn to kill or be killed in a brutal, meaningless war, going to war to avoid being labelled a wimp.....In other words, women do not have to unlearn all the cultural craziness that assaults men from every side.

Most women already know that violence makes no sense and must end. Most women , if they have stayed true to the feminine unconscious , do not need to be convinced. Mothers ceratinly don't have to be convinced. And our first lady, Hilary Rodham Clinton knows that the old ways must change as she models the new style of woman. She, of course, has been seen as dangerous and so has been hounded and badgered over every thing that can possibly be used against her. But, in spite of all the resistance to change, at the International Women's Conference in Bejing, women from all over the world finally acknowledged their power and are now working courageously to change this age old, destructive way of thinking that always leads to heartbreaking violence.

I am deeply honored to be recognized by MAVIA. I am profoundly aware of the hundred of people in the community who are working every day to end the pain that violence inflicts on our families and our neighborhoods. But if my honor can encourage a dialogue on the roots of violence, I will accept this honor with thanksgiving. I especially want to thank Pam and Jennifer and all the other people in MAVIA who thought this radical woman should have this incredible day. To my colleagues who were interviewed and to the film company Vision which donated all the work on the film, I also say a heartfelt thanks.

Finally, looking around this room, I see my wonderful family, my very dear friends and my patient colleagues who have given me such loyalty and kindness over all these years and I am truly overwhelmed with my blessings. And as I stand here, remembering, I want to give all of you a gift. I want to give you a gift that I was given long ago.....one of my husband's favorite Biblical teachings, one I heard him teach many times over the years. It is a simple eight word message that gives me comfort and motivates me to continue. These eight words are:

We have been blessed to be a blessing.

I thank you.

I thank you.

*Alene H. Morris
Seattle - WA
6/24/1996*

**PHOTOCOPY
PRESERVATION****ALENE H. MORIS**Career and Workplace Consultant
Individuals and OrganizationsHilary Rodham Clinton.
The White House,
Washington, D.C.

August 8, 1995

Dear friend:

Four years ago I led a seminar in Seattle, Washington for the Governor's wives and you were there. I knew nothing of you at the time but your active participation with the other women sparked the whole experience. I remember clearly walking out with you to meet your husband and thinking how fortunate the people of Arkansas were to have you in leadership there.

As I have the watched the four years unfold through the campaign and through the hectic early years in the White House, I have seen a wonderful woman go through man made hell. And I am profoundly angry. You have been attacked not for who you are but for what you stand for. You and the President model exactly the kind of partnership marriage that absolutely terrorizes the traditionalists. You model the kind of highly intelligent, compassionate professional woman who is also a loving mother and daughter and that makes it tough for the anti-woman people to demonize all the women like you. You are the enemy personally as well as the way to "get" your husband.

I am sure you are aware of all this but you need to know that similar women all over the country understand that they are being given an ugly message every time they see you being crucified. Every time I speak to large women's groups, I mention your name in this regard and the room erupts. Women know! I also say the same thing those times I speak to men's groups and a sizable number of men in their 30's and 40's break out clapping.

I am sure you are being advised not to speak of this truth. However, I think you should. I think this evil needs to be named. You would have to choose your venue carefully. It would have to be on TV where people could see and hear you directly and the cynical, mean spirited and professionally dishonest media would not be able to distort too badly what you said.

Women want you to stand up for yourself. We want you to say, "This is what a woman who loves her country looks like today. A woman who has her lifework, her family and a deep concern for the future of her community. A woman who feels a responsibility to use her God given talents to make the world a better place. A woman who supports her husband in any way she can but at the same time, respects herself and will not let herself be savaged by the cynics."

**PHOTOCOPY
PRESERVATION**

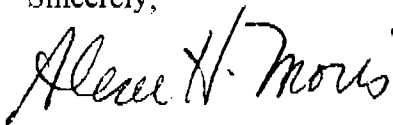
I realize that you have been trying to avoid any further anguish for your family but I know that standing up to the ugly ones would bring a rousing cheer across the world of women, even Republican women. (I speak to main line women, not the "radicals"). Ignore the advisors there. They have not served you well. Use your own Middle West common sense and obvious spiritual wisdom and say, "You are not after only me. You are determined that all intelligent, spirited women should get the message that if they try to take significant leadership, they will be mercilessly attacked by the dinosaurs. I am here to tell you that you can't get rid of us! You anti-woman people (both men and women) are frightened by a couple who demonstrates mutual support and partnership through thick and thin but I know that men and women all over this country are working very hard to do the same. We are the hope for the future and will not be discouraged by the cynics and the mean spirited in this society."

The hypocrisy of the Whitewater hearings should be named for what they are. We expect people to serve in public office and that costs an enormous amount of money. But you are expected not to sully your hands to get that needed money. It's a farce and should be named as such.

I truly believe that straightforward honesty, spoken in public where you can't be misquoted, would only help you across the country. And even if it didn't, you would be seen as people of integrity saying what needed to be said. We must transform this culture of its dishonesty and hypocrisy before we can even start to deal with the issues.

Please know that I have the highest regard for you and for the very difficult pioneering role you are playing and I ask God's blessing on you and your family.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Alene H. Moris". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the word "Sincerely,".

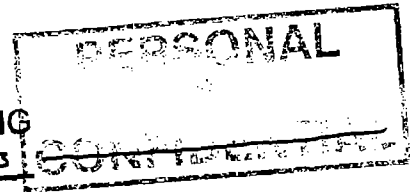
Alene H. Moris

One of my prayers is that
you can make time each
day to read God's word and
listen for the comfort of His
voice. I long for the
loving comfort of REAL
communication within your
family; and yet sometimes,
that none of your suffering
will be wasted but will
be offered up as a
sacrifice to the Lord.

The book 31 Days of Praise
| says.

As C. H. Spurgeon wrote,
our gifts cannot match
the melody of our praise;
they are simply the base
notes of our life song: To
God be the Glory. " With love, Susan

DETERMINED TO BE AN
ADMINISTRATIVE MARKING
INITIALS: LAB DATE: 11/15/13



Hang in there,
Ol' Buddy!

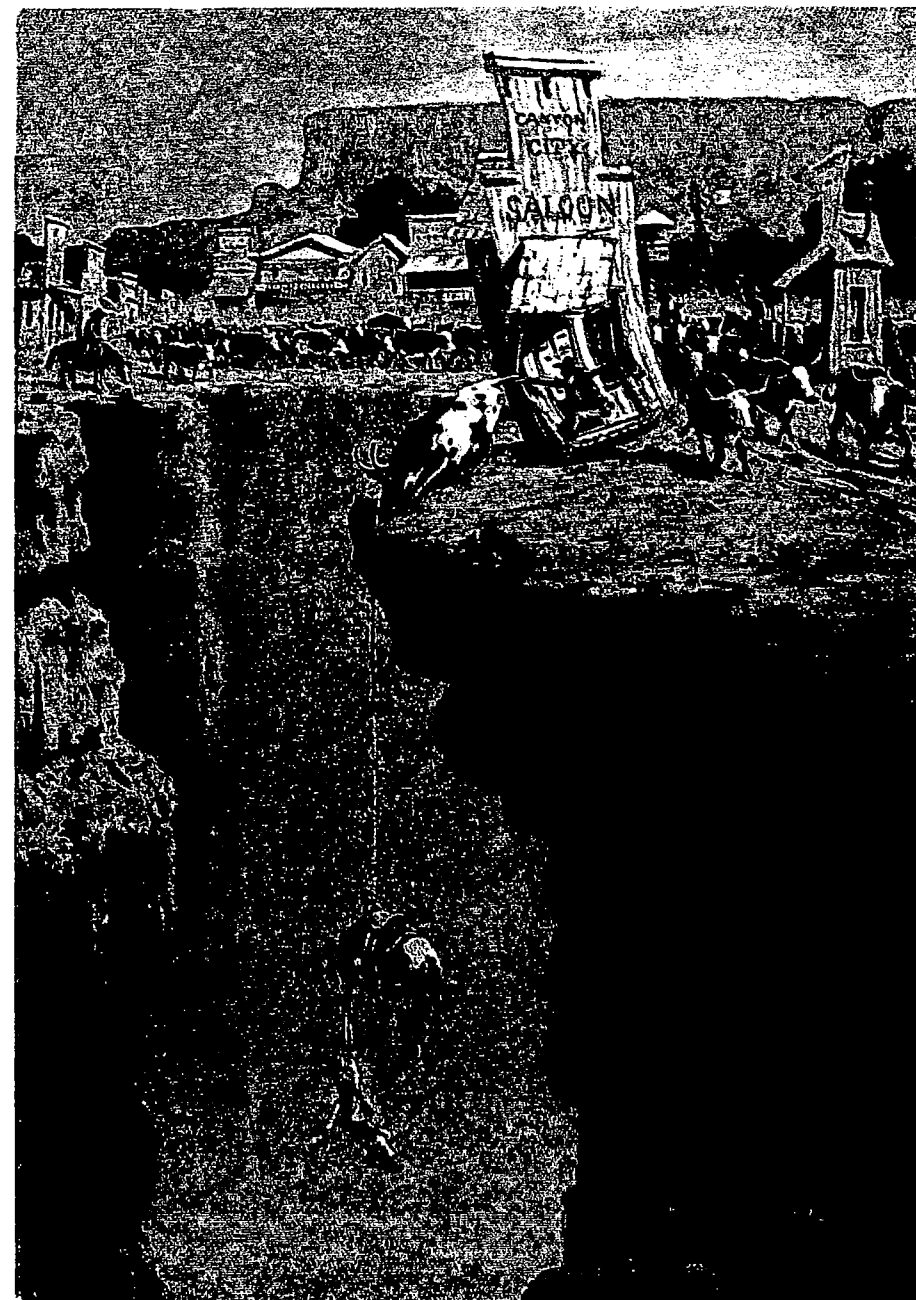
Dear Henry,

I've had this card
since the fall but every
time I try to write the
pen just seems to stick to
the paper. Please know
you are not alone as
we are with you every
day in prayer.

WESTERN TRADITION

"End of the Line"
by Lloyd Mitchell (1909-1978)
Oil, 24" x 20"

"I have derived much pleasure in the creation and painting of my Skinny Saloons. I like to feel they will bring laughter and enjoyment to viewers, as well as beauty; for I believe all art should be pleasing to the eye." Artist Lloyd Mitchell became famous for his Skinny Saloon paintings; unforgettable scenes of precariously propped saloons hanging on hilltops and precipices, creating a myriad of hilarious predicaments for the patrons. Born in 1909 in Arkansas, Mitchell grew up learning about horses from his horsetrader father. He left home at age 16 and headed west, enchanted with tales of this wild, action-packed territory. He spent years working on various ranches throughout the western states and went to California in 1933 to work in western movies. Mitchell began formal art training at the Chouinard Art School in Los Angeles and continued under artists such as Will Foster and Oren White. Mitchell received many awards and was made a fellow of the American Institute of Fine Arts in 1976.



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JSA 225 Canada FR170

Original art by
Lloyd Mitchell

Leanin' Tree Inc.
Made in Boulder, CO USA



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