

Withdrawal/Redaction Sheet

Clinton Library

DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION
001. letter	From: Richard Valeriana, To: Hillary (5 pages)	12/13/96	Personal Misfile
002. letter	From: Hillary Clinton, To: Andy Viner (1 page)	10/8/96	Personal Misfile
003a. letter	From: Hillary Clinton, To: Betsy Vandercook (1 page)	8/7/96	Personal Misfile
003b. letter	From: Betsy Vandercook, To: Hillary (4 pages)	7/26/96	Personal Misfile

COLLECTION:

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

FOLDER TITLE:

HRC - 1996 Personal - U, V

2014-0159-S

sb256

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]
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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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PHOTOCOPY
PRESERVATION

HRC - 1996 Personal - U, V

PERSONAL
&
~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

DETERMINED TO BE AN
ADMINISTRATIVE MARKING
INITIALS: AGS DATE: 11-22-13

Withdrawal/Redaction Marker

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THE WHITE HOUSE

September 25, 1996

Ms. Miriam Vogel
4381 Embassy Park Drive, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20016

Dear Miriam:

Thank you for your thoughtful letter and for sending me a copy of your honors thesis. I hope the special understanding of the role of First Lady you gained with your research was worth all of the hard work you so obviously put forth. I look forward to reading it and please stay in touch.

With appreciation and best regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

Hillary Rodham Clinton
Hillary Rodham Clinton

*I hope we'll have time to
discuss our mutual interests
sometime after the election.*

Miriam Vogel

4381 Embassy Park Drive, NW Washington, D.C. 20016 202-364-6424

21 August 1996

Dear Mrs. Clinton,

It was an honor to meet you when Gloria Cabe introduced us last Sunday at the President's birthday celebration. It was especially meaningful to me as the Western Director for the Birthday Satellite events. However, it was even more significant a meeting for me as a student who had spent months studying you and your impact on the nation for my senior honors thesis at the University of Michigan.

Presenting you with my honors thesis is a distinction that I could not have imagined possible. I know that you do not have free time in your schedule, but should you find a few moments to look over my thesis, I would be most appreciative to hear your thoughts. I consider "Hillary Clinton: A Historical Perspective on the Role of First Lady" to be a work in progress and your perspective would obviously be the most authoritative source I could find.

I hope that this is not too presumptuous to say, but you were a fascinating subject to study for the past year. I focused on earlier first ladies and the way that they handled their access to power in comparison to yourself. As I mentioned to you on Sunday night, I found that most first ladies shared in their husband's power but they did not disclose it publicly. The few first ladies who did disclose their true role were attacked by the media and public, as you are now experiencing. The most striking resemblance I found to your situation was that of Eleanor Roosevelt. Not only was her role similar to yours as a close advisor to the President, but as a woman who was a catalyst for change for all women. While she was the first First Lady to be active outside of the White House grounds, you are the first First Lady to admit to your interest in serving as a partner with your husband. I particularly like Susan Faludi's quote about you where she states, "[w]hat galls her detractors isn't so much that she is independent-- but that she enjoys it... And therein lies her sin: Hillary Clinton is visibly, tangibly having fun." I think that the American public is beginning to feel more comfortable with women in power, but the next step is for women to follow your lead and enjoy their role without remorse, in their homes and/or place of work.

Most Presidents attained their position as a result of team work, especially the work of their spouse. You have helped us see that the role first ladies play in the administration is a natural outgrowth of that partnership. The attention paid to Elizabeth Dole and her comments on her plans for the White House after the election demonstrate that you have changed the debate and opened doors for future first ladies. Perhaps, more important, you have helped Americans understand, by viewing you in the very public eye,

that women are complex and cannot be labeled with the simplistic stereotypes “house mother” or “career women.” My research indicates that by taking pride in both roles you have introduced the notion to the media that women can be both and much more.

Thank you for taking the time to look over my thesis and thank you for serving as tremendous role model for women all over the world. I know that I will enjoy many more years of studying your profound impact on women and on the nation as a whole.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Miriam". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal stroke extending to the left of the name.

Miriam Vogel

THE WHITE HOUSE

September 15, 1996

Ms. Brea Vaughan
448 Cheyenne Road
Columbus, Georgia 31904

Dear Ms. Vaughan:

State Representative Calvin Smyre was kind enough to share a recent article in the *Ledger-Enquirer* about your being named Miss Columbus. Congratulations, and thank you for the generous things you said about me. I hope you will keep dancing and have continued success with your studies.

With best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,


Hillary Rodham Clinton

~~cc:~~ Rep. Clavin Smyre

PERSONAL
&
CONFIDENTIAL

DETERMINED TO BE AN ADMINISTRATIVE
MARKING Per E.O. 12958 as amended, Sec. 3.3 (c)
Initials: AAB Date 11-22-13



House of Representatives

CALVIN SMYRE
REPRESENTATIVE, DISTRICT 136
P.O. BOX 181
COLUMBUS, GEORGIA 31902
(706) 649-2243 (O)
(706) 649-2479 (FAX)
(706) 563-1794 (H)

STATE CAPITOL, ROOM 417
ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30334
(404) 656-5146

August 23, 1996

STANDING
COMMITTEES:

APPROPRIATIONS
RULES
UNIVERSITY SYSTEM OF
GEORGIA, CHAIRMAN

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

Dear Mrs. Clinton:

It was great talking with you at the President's Birthday party at the Waldorf Astoria. I enjoyed seeing you both.

On my return to Columbus I noticed I failed to mention to you the attached article that appeared in our local newspaper. What a compliment to you! You continue to touch the lives of so many.

Someone may have already forwarded this article to you. If not I thought it would be nice to drop her a note. Her mother and father are both teachers. Her father Richard is an instructor at Jack T. Rutledge Correctional Institute and her mother teaches at Double Churches Elementary School here in Columbus. The family address is 448 Cheyenne Rd., Columbus, GA. 31904.

Hope to see you and the President in Chicago. I'm looking forward to a great Convention and the fall campaign to re-elect President Clinton.

With kind personal regards, I am

Sincerely,


Calvin Smyre

LOCAL

B
SECTION

Monday, August 12, 1996

First lady inspiration for Miss Columbus

► Business major would like to see performing arts given a bigger role in the public schools, perhaps using lottery money to finance the programs

By Anissa Clemons

Staff Writer

Thanks to people such as Hillary Clinton, women can achieve any goal they set. So says Brea Vaughan, the new Miss Columbus.

Vaughan, 19, crowned Saturday night at Brookstone School,

is an admirer of the first lady.

"Hillary Clinton has been such a strong role model," she said, Sunday, "and because she's been such a strong role model, anything is open to women today.

"It's not just one particular thing she's done that sticks out, but seeing her overall contributions."

Mrs. Clinton is not, however, the only one who inspires Vaughan.

She looks to her parents, Richard and Sue Vaughan, daily as guides in her life.

"They taught me to never accept less than 120 percent of myself, to set goals and achieve them," she said.

A Columbus High School grad-

uate and currently a Columbus State University business major, Vaughan's goal is to be a business owner.

Perhaps the business will be dance-related, she said, since dance has been a part of her life since she was two. The blue-eyed brunette teaches part time at the Academy of Fine Arts.

Dancing has helped Vaughan reach her goals since childhood, she said.

"If someone tells me I can't do something ... I start practicing," Vaughan said. "And through practice, you can achieve anything."

Vaughan transferred discipline skills she learned through dance into daily living, she said.

Because dance was such an influence in her life, Vaughan advocates high school students' participation in performing arts, dance, drama or music.

Performing arts should be taught in the Columbus public school system, Vaughan said. Creating a program here would be expensive, but worth it because the students would learn significantly, she said. Vaughan doesn't know where the money would come from to finance such an endeavor but suggested using Georgia lottery money.

Vaughan, who was second runner-up in 1995 was one of eight contestants.



Robin Trimarchi/Ledger-Enquirer
Brea Vaughan, Miss Columbus

THE WHITE HOUSE

October 22, 1996

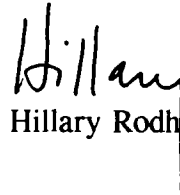
Ms. Lillian Vernon
Lillian Vernon Foundation
543 Main Street
New Rochelle, New York 10801

Dear Lillian:

Thank you for sending me a copy of An Eye For Winners and for your very thoughtful inscription. I look forward to learning more about your incredible journey and hope my letter finds you and your family well.

With gratitude and warm regards, I remain

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Hillary", with a long vertical line extending downwards from the end of the signature.

Hillary Rodham Clinton

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65199

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MARKING Per E.O. 12958 as amended, Sec. 3.3 (c)
Initials: ADB Date 11-22-13

THE WHITE HOUSE

April 19, 1996

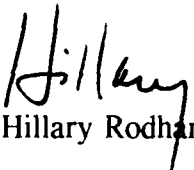
Elizabeth E. Vandercook
6712 North Newgard Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60626-4212

Dear Betsy:

It was great seeing you again in Chicago, and thank you for inviting me to participate in the dedication of your new recycling truck. I appreciate your thinking of me, but official and campaign travel make it impossible for me to attend. Nevertheless, I am delighted that you won such a generous grant and send best wishes for success with your recycling program at UIC.

Happy Earth Day!

Sincerely yours,


Hillary Rodham Clinton

I hope to see you again -
and maybe share other "Top
Ten" lists.

Could I send a letter of
support to the dedication? Let me
know if that would help.

Elizabeth E. Vandercook
6712 North Newgard Avenue
Chicago, Illinois, USA
60626 - 4212
Telephone: (312) 973 -4524

April 2, 1996

Dear Hillary,

OK -- at the Good Housekeeping panel forum in Chicago, you said to write, so, well, here goes.... Now, what I was going to send was a condensation of all the notes I took on "It Takes a Village," (and of course, I'm sure you've been waiting for my insights), but instead, something else came up, and, well, this is what's happening...

You see, I'm still working on environmental programs as an Assistant Director of Physical Plant at UIC. (who would have thought back at Maine that such a career path lay ahead for me? Almost as unlikely as someone becoming First Lady. Maybe more so.) Anyway, at the University, I got lucky and wrote a grant for \$50,000 and got it, and we used it to help buy (are you ready?) a brand-new recycling truck! So now that we have the truck, and now that April brings us not only showers but Earth Day (or week or month), we're going to dedicate it. And although the environment is not your "specialty," we know that "everything is connected," so I was wondering, if, maybe, (and this is a million-to-one long shot,) you'd be in town and could stop by, and help launch our program?

In fact, just to show what a good idea this is, I've come up with the ten top reasons why this is really worth doing. Ready???

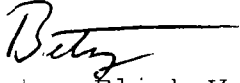
TOP TEN REASONS TO ATTEND THE DEDICATION OF UIC'S NEW RECYCLING TRUCK:

10. You wouldn't have to talk about health care.
9. You could stop by the convention center after the ceremony.
8. It's safer than Bosnia.
7. The Republicans don't care about the environment.
6. I won't be buying another new truck for seven years.
5. We haven't had a chance to discuss ecological issues since high school AP Biology.
4. We need more women at Physical Plant events.
3. You need Illinois votes to win.
2. If you don't, I'll have to ask Al Gore.
1. You'd be supporting another Maine alum who's trying to change the world -- just a little.

(over)

Really, I know this is NUTS, and your aide has probably already popped this into the trash (I mean, the recycling), but if you were going to be coming to Chicago in late April or early May and had a chance, the campus faculty, staff, and students who are involved in the program -- and I, of course -- would be so honored if you could attend!

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Betsy", followed by a horizontal line.

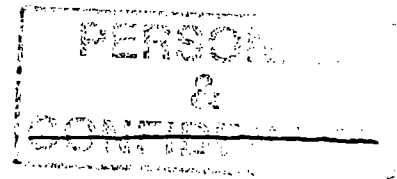
Betsy Elich Vandercook

P.S. By the way, did you know there's a great childcare center at UIC -- based on Piaget's philosophy? We could work it in. It would fit! Just a thought...

P.P.S. I think I should have written my notes on "It Takes a Village" anyway. I'll do it in May -- after Earth Day.

*File
Personal*

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INITIALS: AAB DATE: 11-22-13



WASHINGTON D.C.:
"IT'S A MAKE YOU TOWN
OR
A BRING YOU DOWN AND BREAK YOU
TOWN."

Lessons learned by

Jack Valenti
President and Chief Executive Officer
MOTION PICTURE ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICA

and conveyed to the

FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS BAR
ASSOCIATION

Washington D. C.
January 31, 1996

As one who has spent his entire adult career in two of life's classic fascinations, politics and movies, I have known in both those worlds the great, the near great and those who thought they were great. The latter category outnumbers the first two by a long ton. I have become convinced that movie people and politicians spring from the same DNA.

They are both:

Unpredictable.

Sometimes glamorous.

Usually in crisis, imagined or otherwise.

Addicted to power.

Anxious to please.

Always on stage.

Hooked on applause.

Enticed by publicity.

Always reading from scripts prepared by someone else.

Constantly taking the public pulse.

Never really certain, except publicly.

Indeed, it's difficult to say which deserves more the description of ENTERTAINMENT CAPITAL OF THE WORLD, Hollywood or Washington D. C.

The lyrics of the song THIS TOWN, as sung by Frank Sinatra explain most accurately what Washington is all about. Sang Old Blue Eyes: "It's a make you town or a bring you down and break you town."

Which is why I would like to talk tonight about what I have learned since I arrived in the Federal City aboard Air Force One on November 22, 1963. In the intervening 32 years I have in turn been an intimate participant at the highest station of this government, serving my President with loyalty and fidelity, as well as a clinical observer through the administrations of seven Presidents, from the 88th Congress through the 104th Congress. Perhaps some of these musings will be some casual interest

to a few of you. They are quite interesting to me.

So, let me count the lessons I have learned. Or more accurately, lessons learned as defined by my experience, not necessarily by yours.

I learned that in the White House there is one enduring standard by which every assistant to the President, every presidential adviser, every presidential consultant must inevitably be measured. Not whether you went to Harvard or Yale, or whether you scored 1600 on your SATs, or whether you are endlessly charming and charismatically enabled or whether you made millions in what we sardonically call "the private sector." These are all attractive credentials which one may wear modestly or otherwise. But when the decision crunch is on in the Oval Office they are all merely tracings on dry leaves in the wind. What does count, the ultimate and only gauge, is whether you have "good Judgment."

I learned that no presidential decision is ever made where the President had all the information he needed to make the decision. There is never enough facts. Very quickly, the decision corridor grows dark, the mapping indistinct, the exit inaccessible. What is not useful are precedents or learned disquisitions by Op-Ed page pundits, some of whom would be better suited to raising pigeons. Finally, the decision is made on judgment alone. Sometimes the judgment is good. Sometimes it is not.

You don't learn 'good judgment' in the Ivy League or by reading the New York TIMES, the Washington POST or even the Weekly Standard. It is well to remember, as Oscar Wilde once said, that from time to time nothing that is worth knowing can be taught. Judgment is something that springs from some little elf who inhabits an area between your belly and your brain, and who from time to time, tugs at your nerve edges,

and says, "no, not that way, the other way." This mysterious inhabitant is called instinct, intuition, judgment. It is the one ingredient on which the rest of the human condition depends for guidance.

I learned that the one political component above all else which can insure electoral victory or crushing defeat is timing. A whack to your political solar plexus six to eight months before an election is survivable. Two weeks before the election, and you're dead. Ask Jimmy Carter. In politics, twenty-hours is a millennium.

I learned that economic forecasts beyond about two weeks have the same odds of accuracy as guessing the winning numbers in the D.C. lottery. If you truly believe in long-term predictions of economic activity, estimates based on so-called "real numbers," which is the mantra of the current budget debate, then you are enrolled in a defunct mythology. Economic forecasts are usually unwarranted assumptions leaping to a preconceived conclusion. Just remember, whenever an economist can't remember his phone number, he will give you an estimate.

I learned that when there is no unamiable issue like war, or prospect of war or recession or economic disaster, most people vote for a President viscerally not intellectually. Most people choose a President romantically, a choice made in unfathomable ways which is how romance is formed. Like John Kennedy and Ronald Reagan.

I learned never to humiliate an antagonist and never desert a friend. In a political struggle, never get personal else the dagger digs too deep. Your enemy today may need to be your ally tomorrow.

I learned that nothing lasts. What is up will inevitably go down and sooner or later in reverse. It took forty years, but the House changed masters. Victory is often the prelude to defeat. President Bush can rise to testify about that. Failure is often the precursor of triumph. Ask Bill Clinton.

Richard Nixon tasted both ends of those beguiling equations. The breeding ground of politics is irrigated and nourished by change. As one who has fallen from political power, I can instruct George Stephanopoulos in how quickly you lose your charm and your enticements when you no longer sit at the right hand of the Sun King.

I learned that a political poll is Janus in disguise. The life of a poll is about 10 nanoseconds. It is already in decay when it is published. A political poll, like the picture of Dorian Gray, is the face of entropy. The veteran professionals know that. The old pols use polls to raise money. When polls are up, go for the fat wallets. But the politician who persistently lifts his wet finger to test the political polls before he acts, usually leaves office with a wet finger.

I learned that if a President, a Congressman, a Senator does not have convictions, he or she will be right only by accident. I must confess I have a grudging admiration for those freshmen House Republicans who won't budge from their fixed convictions. They truly believe, heavily, explicitly. Which is why Speaker Gingrich is finding out what Mirabeau finally knew: When you undertake to run a revolution, the difficulty is not to make it go. It is to hold it in check.

But I have also learned that the frustrating constant of modern day American politics is perennial gridlock, caused by forces at either extreme. It has been said that a man does not show his greatness by being at the end of one political boundary or the other, but rather by touching both at once. In our free Republic, political parties argue and shout, but finally they touch both ends of the extremes and draw them together. That is called 'compromise.' It is not an ignoble word. Compromise is the canopy under which men and women finally behave wisely, once they have exhausted all other alternatives.

Without compromise, parliamentary bodies will 'split into a bundle of unfriendly and distrustful fragments.'

I have learned that if we live in the incestuous world of Washington long enough we become, in the main, skeptics, cynics, who view with lacerating contempt the boobs and the rabble, the unlearned and unlettered, who live OUT THERE, somewhere east of Beverly Hills and west of the Beltway. But those boobs are the very folks who over two centuries of cruel disjointings have sustained this free and loving land.

I have a special feeling for the rabble. My grandparents were part of that rabble. They came to Texas from Sicily, poor immigrant peasants, strangers in a strange and wondrous land. They became unabashed patriots, which to them meant fierce loyalty and unbreakable fidelity to their new country.

These days we are uneasy with the designation 'patriot.' We regard it in much the same queasy manner as one does holding a wolf by the ears. Too bad. When the night is full of knives, when lightning is seen and drums are heard, the patriots are always there, ready to fight, and ready to die if need be, to defend their country and to protect those who stayed home, for sound and convenient reasons, of course.

But the greatest lesson I have learned, the most important of my education, is really the essential imperative of this century. It is called leadership. We brandish the word. We admire its light. But we seldom define it. Outside Caen in the Normandy countryside of France is a little cemetery. Atop one of the graves is a cross on which is etched these words: "Leadership is wisdom and courage and a great carelessness of self." Which means, of course, that leaders must from time to time put to hazard their own political future in order to do what is right in the long term

interests of those they have by solemn oath sworn to serve. Easy to say. Tough to do.

I remember when I first bore personal witness to its doing. It was in December, 1963. Lyndon Johnson had been President but a few short weeks. At that time I was actually living on the third floor of the White House until my family arrived. The President said to me on a Sunday morning, "call Dick Russell and ask him if he would come by for coffee with you and me."

Senator Richard Brevard Russell of Georgia was the single most influential and honored figure in the Senate. His prestige towered over all others in those years before the dialogue turned sour and mean. When in 1952, the Senate Democratic leader's post fell open, the other Senators turned immediately to Russell, imploring him to take the job. "No," said Russell, "let's make Lyndon Johnson our leader, he'll do just fine." So at the age of 44, just four years in his first Senate term, LBJ became the youngest ever Democratic leader and in a short time the greatest parliamentary commander in Senate history.

When Russell arrived, the President greeted him warmly with a strong embrace, the six-foot four LBJ and the smallish, compact Russell, with his gleaming bald head and penetrating eyes. The President steered him to the couch overlooking the Rose Garden, in the West Hall on the second floor of the Mansion. I sat next to Russell. The President was in his wing chair, his knees almost touching Russell's, so close did they sit.

The President drew even closer, and said in an even voice. "Dick, I love you and I owe you. If it had not been for you I would not have been Leader, or Vice President or now President. But I wanted to tell you face to face, please don't get in my way on this Civil Rights Bill, which has been locked up in the Senate too damn long. I intend to pass this bill, Dick. I will not cavil. I will

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not hesitate. And if you get in my way, I'll run you down."

Russell sat mutely for a moment, impassive, his face a mask. Then he spoke, in the rolling accents of his Georgia countryside. "Well, Mr. President, you may just do that. But I pledge you that if you do, it will not only cost you the election, it will cost you the South forever."

President Johnson in all the later years in which I knew him so intimately never made me prouder than he did that Sunday morning so long, long ago. He touched Russell lightly on the shoulder, an affectionate gesture of one loving friend to another. He spoke softly, almost tenderly: "Dick, my old friend, if that's the price I have to pay, then I will gladly pay it."

Of all the lessons I have learned in my political life, that real life instruction in leadership on a Sunday morning in the White House was the most elemental, and the most valuable. It illuminated in a blinding blaze the highest point to which the political spirit can soar. I have never forgotten it. I never will.

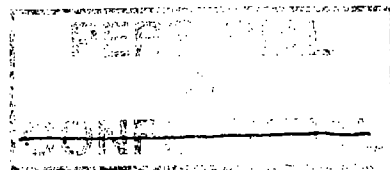
VIP-12
H. PAUL

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JACK VALENTI

January 24, 1996

Dear Hillary



The President's speech last night was so brilliantly conceived and so magnificently delivered. He literally caught the Republicans bathing and stole their clothes! (In the interest of full disclosure, that is what Disraeli said when his party dished the Whigs). I have been around politics and politicians all my life, but never have I borne personal witness to a more persuasive leader than your husband. The contrast between the President and Senator Dole last night was startling. I daresay there is no joy in Doleville tonight.

But mainly this note is to let you know that legions of your partisans and friends are solidly behind you as you undergo this gauntlet of relentless fire. What a terrible price our leaders have to pay to serve their country. What a most uncivil and sour place has become the chambers of our parliament.

But what is right will prevail, and that is why you will triumph.

With great affection
Jack

LILLIAN VERNON

Dear Mrs. Clinton -

Thank you for all you have
done for me -

You are a friend and I
appreciate all you are doing for
all of us in America.

Warm Wishes

January 30, 1996

Lillian Vernon

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APARTMENT 16B
968 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10081



Mrs. Hillary Rodman Clinton
The White House
Washington D.C.
20510



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Initials: ASB Date 11-22-13

THE WHITE HOUSE

May 24, 1996

Julia Vindasius
1815 Corcoran Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C. 20009

Dear Julia:

Thank you for your thoughtful letter and for sending along David Bornstein's book. I am glad to know that your fellowship has been so rewarding and hope there will be an opportunity to visit with all of you in the coming months.

With warm regards, I remain

Sincerely yours,

Hillary
Hillary Rodham Clinton

*Sorry I missed the
book party!*

Julia Vindasius
1815 Corcoran St., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20009

May 14, 1996

Mrs. Hillary Clinton
The White House
Washington, D. C. 20500

Dear Mrs. Clinton:

My good friend, David Bornstein, has written a beautiful book about the Grameen Bank which I have the privilege of passing along to you since I know of your interest.

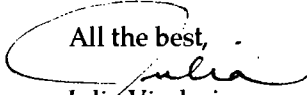
I met David when he visited Good Faith Fund a few years ago to discuss his interest in writing a book about the Grameen Bank. We spent a day talking and reflecting about Grameen and its relevance to the American context. While eating BBQ sandwiches made by a GFF entrepreneur, I told him stories about my favorite customers in Arkansas. David is a thoughtful, warm person who, I think, has captured the beauty of Grameen Bank without sacrificing the reality of the challenges facing micro-entrepreneurs and micro-credit providers.

My year as a White House Fellow in the Department of Defense--and working on the Bosnia Task Force--has been interesting and exciting, but I still keep my hand on the pulse of the micro-credit movement. All of us in the field are grateful for your continuing interest.

As a sidenote, I hope the White House Fellows can get on your calendar in the next few months to come and speak at one of our breakfasts or luncheons. It is a terrific group that is eager to meet you. Brooke Shearer or Ann O'Leary, our Education Director and scheduler, can be reached at 395-7479.

Finally, David will be at a book party here in Washington on Friday, May 17, 1996 from 5:30-7:30 pm. Perhaps you or someone on your staff might be interested in attending? The number to call is 546-1900.

All the best,


Julia Vindasius



Children Ask The
World Of Us.

January 31, 1996

Dear Mrs. Clinton,

Peggy Kerry has delivered the WAND (Women's Action for New Directions) poster I promised I would send you when you were in Detroit for Senator Carl Levin January 16, but I wanted to add a note to you. The caption, "Children Ask the World of Us" is so in synch with your book, "It Takes a Village" that we hope it will give you pleasure and will be a reminder of our support for you.

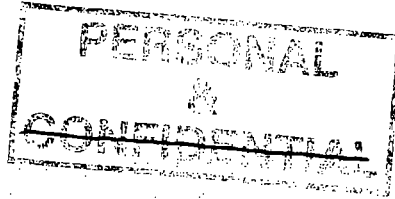
Your appearance in Detroit for Senator Levin was exhilarating for everyone there. Women came away feeling uplifted and energized and grateful for your presence in the White House. We hope that our dedication to you buoyed you for the many trials you face.

Sincerely,

Arlene Victor, National President
Women's Action for New Directions

Women's Action for New Directions

Arlene Victor
6044 Wing Lake Road
Bloomfield Hills, MI 48301
810 626-4332



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