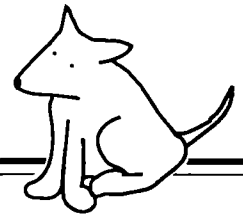


Save Our Strays



March 15, 1994

Ms. Chelsea Clinton
The White House
Washington, DC 20500

Dear Chelsea,

Save Our Strays (S.O.S.) is a non-profit, all volunteer organization that rescues stray animals. We get them veterinary care, shots, spayed or neutered, and then place them in foster homes until we can find them loving, permanent homes.

Last year one of our volunteers wrote to you and asked that you send us a picture of Socks. You sent the picture, along with a note from your father, and I wanted to **thank you so very much** and let you know what we did with the photo and note.

The enclosed pictures were taken at our annual fundraiser called, "Evening In Italy". We have a spaghetti dinner and live auction to raise money to help the animals. The two men up on the platform are professional auctioneers who donate their time to us every year to conduct our auction. The man in the T-shirt, as you can see, is holding the picture of Socks.

We took the picture and note to a person who does framing and they put it together in a very nice frame and we auctioned that as one of our items! The lady holding the framed photo of Socks is the lady who bid the highest.

Now here is the most exciting part! That lady paid \$600.00 for Socks! We have never had an item that brought that much money at one of our auctions and we have been doing this for six years! We raised almost \$11,000.00 from our 1993 auction!

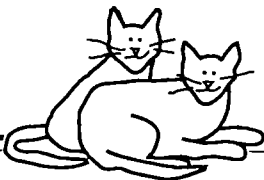
All of our volunteers, and all of the animals would like to say thanks for the money you helped us to raise for the unfortunate strays in our area! We would also like to ask if you could possibly send us another Socks photo (or anything else of your choosing) for this year's auction.

If you or your parents have any questions concerning our organization or this event, please have someone call me at 803-957-8612. If you would be willing to send us something again this year, please mail it to: 777 Bentley Drive, Lexington, SC 29072 or the address at the bottom of this letter.

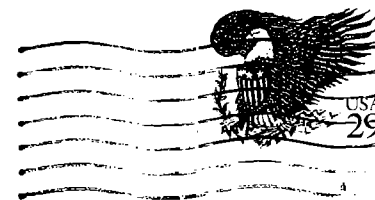
Thanks again, Chelsea, for your help.

Sincerely,

Tonja
Tonja Sanders
President of S.O.S.



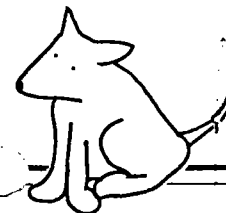
Save Our Strays
P.O.Box 423
Irmo, South Carolina 29063



COLUMBIA SC 292 03/19/94 PM #1

PHOTOS
ENCLOSED

MS CHELSEA CLINTON
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON DC 20500





Purrfect penman

8-year-old boy one of many who helps answer letters written to Socks

By Joseph W. Queen

Newsday

Socks the cat has a problem.

No, not the reports about him clawing at the White House furniture and being banished to the basement.

And no, not the fact that he can't roam around freely like he did in Arkansas.

No, Socks has a much more basic problem: He has no thumbs. Because of that, he can't hold a pen. And because of that, he can't answer the 200 letters a day that he receives. Enter special agent James Garaufis, an 8-year-old from Long Island.

His mission, which he chose to accept, was to help Socks answer his mail during a recent trip to

Washington.

Garaufis, known as Jamie, was invited along with other children from around the United States as part of a program sponsored by the Smithsonian. The day included a tour of the White House, including rooms not normally shown to the public, and a personal meeting with Socks.

"I thought he was cute and cud-

dly — a very nice cat," said Jamie, whose mother, Eleanor Prescott, is an executive producer with ABC News and whose father, Nicholas Garaufis, is counsel to Queens Borough President Claire Shulman in New York City.

Jamie said that letters to Socks are taken so seriously by the White House that Socks tries to reply to all of them.



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Socks, soon to be the official White House cat.

First Cat's credo for White House life

By GARRISON KEILLOR

First of all, I may not go.
I said to them two months ago,
I may stay here, I just don't know.
Oh, it's an honor to be First Cat, I'm sure,
And live in a mansion and have a chauffeur,
But I'm a Little Rock cat from Arkansas,
So was my ma and so was my pa
And all my friends and loved ones dear.
I'd be just as happy to stay right here.

If that sounds bitter, I have a right to be.
For the past two years, I'd look and see
Them grinning and waving on TV
(They never grinned or waved at ME),
As they hunted down every vote,
And they never called, they never wrote,
And I lost eight ounces and my hair turned gray,
And I felt forlorn, and then one day
Suddenly they come home and say:
"In January, we're going away!"
We got elected, Socks. Hurray!"

Next morning, I head out to meet the friends
When a mob of photographers demands

And corners me on the sidewalk,
And one of them snatches me up like a hawk
And holds me high — how vulgar and vile!
Like I'm an exhibit at a trial! —
The cameras snapping — you expect me to be
Thrilled about moving to Washington, D.C.?

Oh, I'll go. No sweat. Open the gate,
I'll be First Pet, be a cat of state,
And behave with decorum (which, just between us,
Ain't that hard for the feline genus).
But first, let's talk — I understand
That even though the place is grand,
The White House and the White House grounds
Have long been used as a home for hounds,
Big hairy dogs, great filthy louts
With muddy feet and drippy snouts.
Before this cat strolls through the door,
Every room and every floor
Must be cleaned and steamed and swept and sanded,
And all the back yard be replanted.
Dogs are brutes, they just squat and do it.
I hope you don't expect me to walk through it!

I may be criticized, I may be vilified,
But that White House must be deMilliefied.

I'm going on one condition: that I be
Given absolute privacy.
No one will have access to me.
I won't sit on his lap as a prop
For a warm and fuzzy photo op
When his approval ratings drop,
Or run alongside as he jogs on the beach
Or smile adoringly during a speech.
Let me say plainly, as life is my teacher,
A cat is not a political creature.
I don't press the flesh or get with the plan.
I won't catch mice
Or be an ornament.
I'll give advice,
Sometimes consent,
Always concise
And intelligent.
Mostly I will lie in the sun
Nobly ignoring man,
As cats have done
Since time began.

GARRISON KEILLOR is the host of "Garrison Keillor's American Radio Company," on which he delivered a version of this poem after the election in November. © Garrison Keillor, 1993. Reprinted from The New York Times magazine.

**NOTE
TO
SOCKS
FROM
GENOA**

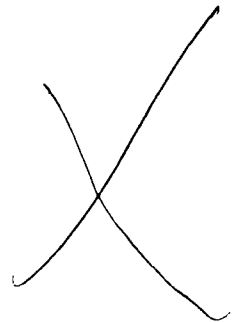
Hello Socks,

Here is a picture of me, I am a blue Abyssinian. I sailed around the world with my Mistress, Heather, and her parents. We are still living on our sail boat. I have not been on land for over 2 years and I don't think I will ever get another chance. But on the boat I can chase butterflies and bugs and also listen to birds and watch fish jump.

**Well I just wanted to say HI
Sincerely,**



GENOA





From the island of
Palau - Western Pacific

Heather Brungard
P.O. Box 1545

P.O. Box 1545

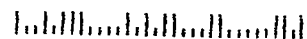
Koror, ~~Palau~~ Palau (PW) 96940

Sox

C/o White House

Washington, DC 20013

USA



Dear Socks,

I think you are a very cute cat. I love cats. If you ever get lonely or bored, you can come to my house. I have plenty for you to do. You can chase chipmunks or squirrels. We have plenty of trees for you to climb. The trees come with free birds. If you get lonely, you can play with my cat Sugar (A.K.A. Kitty). She is very sweet and knows where the best spots to sleep are. If you need exercise, feel free to be chased by one of our many dogs. If you get hungry, you can eat with

Fat Cat, one of the world's
fattest cats. Or talk to Caviar,
my dog, the world's greatest
squirrel catcher for tips on
catching chipmunks, squirrels
or mice. Finally, you can go
to sleep by watching Stripe,
my Siberian dwarf hamster,
run on her wheel in her
cage (you can't catch her though).

What is your favorite
cartoon character? Is it
Chips Dale, Tweety or Sylvester?
Mabel even Bugs Bunny or
the clucking frog? What about
Daffy Duck or Road Runner?

Do you like living at the
White House? Do you
get scared when people
shoot bullets into it? Is
there any good milk?
Well, feel free to come
to my house anytime. Just
remember - you're always
welcome!

P.S. - our dogs are Kathleen O'Neill
smaller than you Richmond, Virginia
so don't worry.
And Caviar,
the big dog, doesn't
chase cats.

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[My Kitten]

My Kitten

by Matthew Sheldon
73-2 Charlton St
Sturbridge, MA
01566

Karen Jacques (Mathew's tutor)

Dear Socks,

I hope you can send me back something that says 'Hello' from the White House! Sometimes I'm sick and have to spend time in bed although I play tennis + soccer. I wrote this story for you! Matt

Kitty Kitty Witcher

Finest Feline in the South

P. O. Box 908 2910 Willow Creek Drive

El Campo, Texas 77437-0908

409-541-1884 409-543-1887 FAX

March 21, 1994

Socks Clinton

The White House

Washington, D. C. 20500

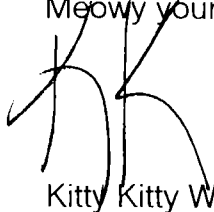
Dear Socks:

Just a note to say "howdy" from one of your admirers in Texas. I am Kitty Kitty Witcher a fifteen pound, nine year old Maine Coon cat, who leaves in the Gulf Coast region of Texas. Most of my days are spent inside, sleeping in front of sunny windows.

Like you, I am very fond of my owners. They take excellent care of me and ensure me of a full bowl of my favorite cat food. What is your favor kind of cat food? I personally like Science Diet. It keeps me well-proportioned and shiny.

Sorry Socks, I purr when I hear the voice of Rush Limbaugh. Keep up your great work as an ambassador for all cats around the United States of America.

Meoww yours,



Kitty Kitty Witcher

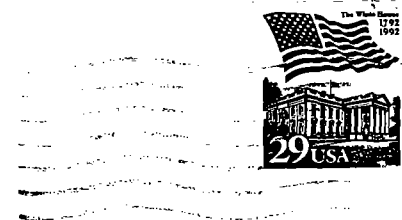
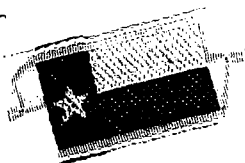
Howdy from Texas



Kitty Kitty Witcher
c/o Megan
Box 908

El Campo, TX

77437-0908



Socks Clinton
The White House
Washington, D.C.

..... 20500

Designed by Carol Bryan

IN THE COMPANY OF CATS

©1993 THE FRASER COLLECTION
All rights reserved.

CURRENT, INC., COLORADO SPRINGS, CO 80941



12-25-94

Dear Socks,

We are five, contented
Cats, who reside in Waco,
Texas.

Socks, this card is to wish
you, "Happy Holidays."

We follow your Career,
(Escapades) closely. Our Best
to your Human Family.

Sincerely,

Barney Norris.

Muffin Norris.

Quonset Norris (your Look-Alike)

Scoby-Doo Norris

Priscella Norris

PHOTOCOPY
PRESERVATION

26 GELLIGAR GARDEN
CATHAY
CARDIFF
SOUTH GLAMORGAN
CF2 4LT
UK

DEER ZOCKZ

MY NAME IS MAX AND I HAVE A BRUVVER
CALLED RADAR.

WE ARE RITING TO YOU COZ WE ARE 2
VERRY BIG FLUFFY WHITE MAINE COON
CATZ.

WE WUR BORN IN ENGLAND BUT OUR GREAT
GRANDDAD WUZ AMERICAN AND WE KEEP
TELLING OUR MUMMY THAT WE WANT TO
SEE OUR HOME LAND. SHE SEZ IT'S NOT
POSSIBUL COZ THEY WUD PUT UZ IN
PRIZIN FOR 6 MUMFFZ WHEN WE GET HOME
SO WE THORT WE WUD RITE TO YOU COZ
YOU MUST BE ABUL TO HELP UZ COZ YORE
THE TOP CAT OVER THERE.

LOTZ OF LUV,

MAX AND RADAR, AGED 3 AND 3/4

XXX

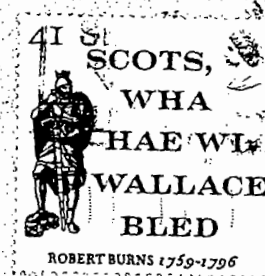
PZ RADAR IS DEF SO YULE HAVE TO
ZHOUT WHEN YOU SEE HIM

PPZ PLEEZ EXCUSE OUR SPELLING COZ WE
DONT GO TO ZKOOL YET

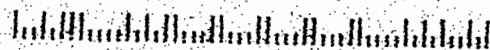
PPPZ CUD WE HAF A ZINED PIC OF YOU
PLEEZ

MUMMY IS DOING THE ENVELOPE. MUMMY
IS CALLED POLLY AND DADDY IS CALLED
HEY YOU I THINK

By air mail
Par avion



Socks,
The White House,
WASHINGTON DC,
U.S.A.



April 4, 1994

X

Socks
The White House
1900 Pennsylvania Ave
Washington D.C.

Patricie K. Story
7307-15th Ave NW
Bradenton, FL 34209

Dear Socks!

I am so glad to have you for the presidential cat! I like all the animals and have had an assortment as pets & companions throughout my life but cats do remain my favorite. I am sending you a picture of my kitty Floyd, whom we rescued from our local Humane Society eight years ago, and she is still with us.

I hope that with all the attention you are receiving you can still find some solitude and time to play with Chelsea!

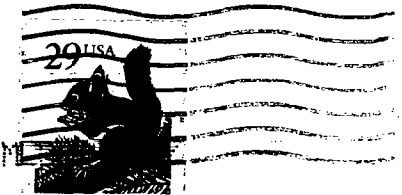
Take care & lots
of hugs,
Pat



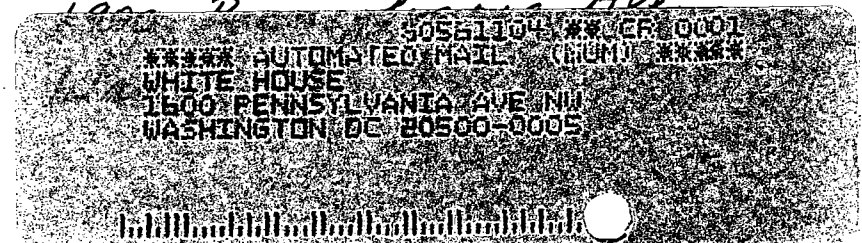
Floyd in a fish tank.

Patricia K. Story
7307-15th Ave NW
Bradenton, FL 34209

X



Socks
c/o Mr. & Mrs. Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Ave



f

Nonie Lerner-LeVan
5800 Owensmouth, Unit 2
Woodland Hills, CA 91367

April 24, 1994

Socks Clinton
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Socks:

I first wrote to you when you were still living in Arkansas. I am a big fan of yours. You were kind enough to send me a picture of you and now I am writing to ask for another picture.

I am a little gray tabby kitty and my parents and I were victims of the big earthquake that hit California on January 17, 1994. I can't even begin to tell you how scared I was. I ran into the closet in the den and wouldn't even come out when my mother and father were calling me. My mom (after going back into the apartment 3 times to try to get me) finally found me and picked me up, but I was so scared, I jumped out of her arms and ran into the bedroom. It was very dark in the house (the electricity had gone out) and my mom's flashlight kept going on and off, so it was very hard for her to move around quickly because so many things were on the floor. My parents tried getting me out from under the bed, but I was not going to budge. They started to move the bed and I ran under my dad's nightstand. As I was just getting under the nightstand, my mom grabbed me and picked me up and put me in my carrier. I heard her tell my dad that now that we were all safe, she didn't care in the building caved in. She put me in the car which was parked on the street. Apparently, when they came out of the building just after the shaking stopped, they looked at the parking structure and it was leaning way over, so they quickly ran into the house and got their keys and moved their cars out of the parking structure.

After spending about 3 or 4 hours in the car, we finally left and went to my aunt Sandi's apartment - also in Sherman Oaks. That's the part of the San Fernando Valley we used to live in. The next thing I knew, I was back in the car again (I hate being in the car) and we were on our way to a hotel in the city. My mom said she wanted to get out of the valley. We went to a very nice hotel in Bel Air that takes pets. We stayed there for 2 days. It wasn't a bad place, but I was still scared. I slept for the first time ever with my mom. I went under the covers and slept by her feet. I felt really safe there. The next thing I knew, I was in the car again and this time it was a much longer ride. We went to West Hills which is in the west part of the San Fernando Valley (Sherman Oaks is in the east part of the valley) and we stayed with friends

Socks Clinton
April 24, 1994
Page -2-

of my parents for 15 days. I was stuck in a bedroom all that time. The bedroom belonged to their children, but they were not allowed in because of me. My parents were afraid Marlene and Michael (that's their names) would scare me and I might make a run for it. They were right, but I didn't run out of the room. Instead, I jumped up on a shelf in their closet where they couldn't reach me because they are too little. Pretty smart on my part, huh? The room was small, but there were a lot of things for me to stick my nose in, and there was a window that looked out to the house next door, so I managed to keep myself entertained.

As if this wasn't enough, there I was again in the car. This time we went to a furnished one bedroom apartment in Woodland Hills, not far from where we now live. We stayed in this apartment for 2 months. Prior to the earthquake, my parents bought the townhouse we are now living in. While we were at the Oakwood (that's the name of the apartment building we were temporarily living in), my parents spent a lot of time running around and buying new furniture, etc. They were smart and had earthquake contents insurance and so they were able to buy new things. Our building in Sherman Oaks was red-tagged - meaning that it was uninhabitable and we could no longer live there. About 15 or 16 other buildings on our block were also red-tagged. Our former street (Willis Ave.) had more damage than any other residential street in the valley. Although it was called the Northridge Earthquake, the epicenter was actually in Reseda, but for some reason Sherman Oaks was very hard hit, not only homes, apartments and condominiums, but also businesses were hard hit. Some buildings had to be torn down and are being rebuilt. There was a fire (we could see the smoke from our street) at a major supermarket, and all the malls were closed due to earthquake damage.

Now we are in our new home. Not all of our new furniture has come in, but it is so nice here. There is a park across the street from our townhouse and I can see it from the bedroom. Also, there are lots of window sills for me to sit on and I can see all kinds of things that I was never able to see when we lived on Willis. There are 3 levels to this townhouse, so I have stairs on which I can run up and down. The first level (living room, dining room and kitchen) has earthquake damage, but the homeowner's association has earthquake insurance, although my dad may get a \$12,000+ assessment in order for the whole complex (193 units) plus the two pools, spas, tennis courts and underground parking underneath the tennis courts that need to be fixed.

My mom found a letter and a card that your dad sent to her, but your picture is on the wall in our former study and we don't

Socks Clinton
April 24, 1994
Page -3-

know when we will be able to get back into the apartment to retrieve it, so I want another just in case my parents forget to take the one on the wall when they get back into the apartment. It may be a few months before they are allowed back into the building.

Our landlord applied for a small business loan right after the earthquake, but hasn't been approved yet. These loans are taking a long time to get. Our landlord had a 17-unit apartment building in another part of Sherman Oaks and it was completely destroyed in the earthquake. I think these loans should be approved faster so that repairs can be made. There was only structural damage to the patio apartments and the parking structure, but the 2nd and 3rd floors are okay.

Well, now that you have heard the whole story of my traumatic experience, I hope that you will be kind enough to send me a new picture. My parents want me to tell you that they think your dad is doing a great job. They certainly are glad they voted for him and so am I.

Your very loyal fan,

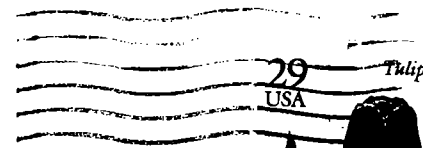
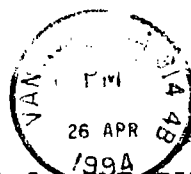


Nonie Lerner-LeVan

Nonie Lerner - Lerner

40

Bobbie Lerner
5800 Owensmouth, #2
Woodland Hills, CA 91367



WASH D.C. GAF DCR#7 04/28/94 09:45



Socks Clinton
1600 Pennsylvania Ave.
Washington, DC 20500

↙

Socks
White House
Washington D.C. 20500

May 4, 1994

Hi Socks!!!

We're Bowser & Pooch, a notorious brother-sister team that resides with our weird owners in Grosse Pointe Woods, Michigan.

We just wanted to write and tell you how much you look like our cousin Mick!
(Not Jagger!!!!)

We read that you go outdoors - aren't you afraid of diseases? Or are the White House lawns/shrubs fumigated?

Do you have your own Secret Service protection?

What do you eat? (We get REALLY good stuff - our dad says it smells so good that he would eat it, although.....hmmmmmmnnn...we never see him do it!?!)

We like sunbeams and sleeping and chasing each other around the house. What do you like?

Thats it for now, we've got some scheduled nap time to get busy on!

Please answer!!

☺ ☺

Bowser & Pooch Yordy
1360 N. Oxford Road
Grosse Pointe Woods, Michigan 48236-1801

B. P. Yordy
1360 N. Oxford Rd.
Grosse Pointe Woods, MI. 48236



Socks
White House
WASHINGTON D.C. 20500

Socks gets the bum's rush: Do we have a Catgate here?

By JACK SMITH

Q I hear that Chelsea Clinton's cat, Socks, has been sharpening his claws on the White House furniture and Oriental rugs, causing thousands of dollars' worth of damage. Exactly how much was the damage, and who is going to pay for the repairs—the Clintons or the taxpayers?—Ruth Assaid, Roanoke, Va.

A Neel Lattimore, a White House spokesman, says Socks—a neutered male—hasn't ripped up any furnishings and has shown only the most impeccable manners since moving into the White House more than a year ago. "His favorite places to hang out," adds Lattimore, "are on the ground floor marble hallway, which is cool in the summer, and in the basement boiler room, which is warm in the winter. He's footloose and fancy free—he's the First Cat, and he's leading the good life."

With all the fulminating and speculation over White-water and then the widespread incredulosity over the First Lady's uncanny ability to turn a quick \$100,000 profit in cattle futures, one of the more revealing episodes in the short history of the Clinton administration has been largely overlooked by both the media and President Clinton's Republican antagonists. I refer to the curious tale of Socks the Cat.

Surely you remember Socks? He was the cynosure of animal fanciers everywhere, the feline apotheosis of the American dream. There he was, one minute, a stray in Little Rock, the next, a four-footed photo op, purring into Barbra Streisand's décolletage and rubbing up against the pinstriped trousers of heads of state. Then, suddenly, he was out! Given the old heave-ho. No more Secret Service men to toss toy mice to him, no more trips to L.A. in Air Force One to have Mr. Christopher spray him with flea powder, no more French chefs to warm his milk and saute his Meow Mix.

And what could have caused this ignominious dismissal? According to the reports on network news, he had scratched the White House furniture. In a small way, Socks' transgression was as much the Clintons' fault as it was his own, and the logical outcome of the same philosophy of wishful thinking that produced "Don't ask, don't tell."

The President and Mrs. Clinton had considered having Socks declawed but decided against it. Not because declawing leaves the animal defenseless and is, as some cat lovers contend, tantamount to mutilation. Instead—again, according to network news—it was because they feared the reaction from animal rightists who, unlike cats, get to vote. Which is a little like not having an affair because your spouse is standing in the next room.

Who knows? It could have been a set-up all along. It was well known in Washington circles that the new First Lady was determined to replace the furniture that had accumulated during the Reagan and Bush regimes, and Socks would have been the logical fall guy.

Either way, the failure of Socks to carry out his role in a manner befitting a national icon was just another stone in a mosaic of flawed presidential appointments: Zoe Baird. Kimba Woods. Lani Guinier. Bobby Inman. Two attorneys general, one secretary of defense, and now, the White House pet. The others had survived their rebuff and returned to civilian life, none the worse for the indignity, but what had happened to Socks? One imagined him shivering in an alley, watching the presidential limo

roll by and meowing a plaintive "Hello," and not receiving so much as a wave of recognition from the Clintons.

Oh, there were rumors about what had happened to him. He'd been banished to the cellar. He was back in Little Rock, sedated and being watched by Clinton operatives. He had been seen doing a "Where are they now" on Montel Williams with the kids from *Diff'rent Strokes*. He was traveling with a carnival, where, for a hit of catnip, he'd bite the heads off chickens for you.

I decided to get to the bottom of things and, a few days later, received a call back from the White House. "Mr. Smith, we understand you've been inquiring about Socks," began Neil Lattimore, of the White House staff.

*The White House
says everything's
fine. But have you
seen him lately?*

This was true. And it wasn't just me, there were probably thousands, even millions of my fellow American who wanted to know what had happened to the little fellow since his fall from grace.

"Oh, Socks is fine," began Lattimore, after explaining he wasn't the official spokesman for Socks, but worked for the First Lady. "He's never left; all that about him scratching the furniture was a rumor that a magazine started. It was a slow news day, you know how these things are...."

"But Socks is still a member of the Clinton family. He has free run of the house, and he still hasn't been declawed. He spends most of the time outside. He's an outdoor cat."

So there we are. How one reacts to this little bit of news—"Sorry, Socks can't come to the phone—he's... outdoors!"—probably depends on how you felt about the Clintons in the first place.

To some, the official story that Socks is alive and well in Washington is reassuring.

To others, however, it's just another cover-up. "Oh, so he was an outdoor cat all along," they say. "That's a convenient story." How, persist skeptics, do they know it's the same Socks, and not an impersonator? There are calls to check the cat's voice print.

This is, obviously, extreme. After all, the White House wouldn't fabricate a story about a cat, just for the sake of a few votes, would they?

Well, would they?

Jack Smith is a Philadelphia writer.

SAM AND SILO

JASPER, HERE'S MY LATEST
IDEA, SINCE I'M A DEAD
RINGER FOR THE CLINTON
CAT, "SOCKS"...



I'M GOING TO GET MYSELF TO
THE WHITE HOUSE, SLIP INSIDE
THE FENCE, MEOW AT THE DOOR,
AND I'M IN. THEN THEY'LL HAVE
A HECK OF A TIME GETTING ME
OUT.



SOUNDS LIKE SOME
OF OUR FORMER
PRESIDENTS



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duz 28
2-24

FERNANDO CARRILLO, SORPRENDIDO EN ACTITUD CARIÑOSA CON UNA MALAGUEÑA



ro inten-
casarse.
uno de
ya que
proble-
hol, que
niña, y
carrera

Mientras su esposa, Catherine Fulop se encuentra en Buenos Aires grabando junto a Carlos Mata los últimos capítulos de la serie «Déjate querer», Fernando Carrillo ha sido sorprendido en Sierra Nevada en compañía de una atractiva joven. Como si de un culebrón se tratara, Fernando parece haberse dejado conquistar por Isabel, una joven malagueña de 22 años, monitora de esquí, que le ha hecho olvidar rápidamente la prolongada ausencia de su esposa. El actor venezolano acudió de vacaciones a Sierra Nevada junto a un grupo de amigos cuando conoció a Isabel. La joven se presentó a Fernando para mostrarle su admiración y pronto se hicieron buenos amigos. Durante los diez días que han durado las vacaciones de Fernando, los dos jóvenes no se han separado ni un momento y han sido sorprendidos en una actitud muy cariñosa que no da lugar a dudas sobre el carácter íntimo de su relación.



RMA

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Welch.

NOTICIAS MUNDO ANIMAL

■ «Socks», el gato de los Clinton, ha enviado una agradecida postal de respuesta a la gata catalana «Blacky» seis meses después de que ésta le enviara una carta, ayudada por su dueño José Giralt, en que la felicitaba por el triunfo electoral de su amo. La postal iba «firmada» con una de las patas traseras del propio «Socks».

■ Acabó la reunión bianual de la CITES, el organismo de la ONU que regula el comercio de especies salvajes, con notable pesimismo. Según sus datos, el tigre siberiano es la especie actual más amenazada de extinción: apenas sobreviven 200, habiendo disminuido la cuarta parte sólo en un año. Los países más acusados de tráfico ilegal son China, Corea del Sur y, sobre todo, Taiwan.

■ El Ministerio de Transportes y Medio Ambiente ha seleccionado la alternativa propuesta por los ecologistas para el trazado de la autovía Madrid-Valencia. De esta ma-

nera, se salvan las hoces del Júcar, único lugar de La Mancha donde viven águilas reales, perdiceras y donde habitan gran número de halcones peregrinos, búhos reales e incluso nutrias.

■ La tortuga mediterránea de tierra, que había desaparecido de la Península, ha conseguido reproducirse con éxito en el centro de recuperación de L'Albera (Pirineo gerundense). El centro tiene ya 60 tortugas que se irán reproduciendo y dejando en libertad en la sierra cuando cumplan 4 años.

■ La venta de abrigos de pieles ha descendido un 20 por ciento en España durante el pasado año. Según la Asociación para la Defensa de los Animales (ADDA) la campaña mundial con el eslogan «Mejor desnudo que vestir con pieles» está resultando un éxito especialmente en Alemania y Estados Unidos, siendo los jóvenes los más sensibles por lo que esperan que a la larga el comercio de pieles disminuya aún más.



El gat dels Clinton envia una foto i un 'autògraf' a una gata de Navàs

No és cap innocentada, tot i que com a notícia és simpàtica. Una gata de Navàs, la Blaky, propietat de Josep Giralt, ha rebut una missiva datada a la Casa Blanca, a Washington DC, Estats Units, amb una fotografia i un autògraf —l'empremta de la poteta— de Socks, el gat de tres anys propietat de Hillary i Bill Clinton, els actuals estadants de residència oficial del president dels Estats Units. Aquesta missi-

va és la resposta de Socks —és a dir, dels empleats dels Clinton— a una altra en què Giralt demanava una fotografia de Socks per ensenyar-la a Blaky, per tal que sabés com era. Pel seu cantó, ell enviava una foto de Blaky. Anteriorment s'havien intercanviat cartes, però no imatges. La petició navassenca va rebre resposta i no fa gaire va arribar a can Giralt la foto, l'empremta de la poteta i unes lletres. (Pàg. 10)

Regió 7



dente de la Generalitat valenciana, Joan Lluís Noya.



'Socks'.

El gato de la familia Clinton se cartea con una gata de Navàs

Barcelona. — *Socks* (*Calcetines*), el celeberrimo gato de la familia **Clinton**, ha enviado una postal con una foto suya y un *autógrafo* con una huella de su pata a *Blacky*, una gata del vecino de Navàs **Josep Giralt**. Según Regió-7, la amistad postal de ambos animales comenzó el pasado verano, cuando **Giralt** envió una carta al presidente de EEUU firmada con el nombre de su gata. Ambas partes se han cruzado ya cuatro misivas.

Ted Danson, otra vez enamorado, tras finalizar su idilio con Whoopi Goldberg

Danson, el célebre protagonista de «Cheers» y de éxitos como «Tres solteros y un bebé», ha encontrado de nuevo el amor en la persona de la joven Mary Steenburgen, con la que acudió a una fiesta en Hollywood. Danson, de 44 años, rompió su relación con la actriz Whoopi Goldberg, la maestra de ceremonias de la noche de los Oscar de este año, con la que mantiene una buena amistad y colaboración profesional. El actor ha estado casado una vez, con Casey Oates, y es padre de dos hijos: Kate, de 12 años, y Alexis, de 7.



Danson con Mary Steenburgen, la joven que ha sustituido a Whoopi en su corazón.



Tessa —aquí, con su hija—, acompañó a su ex esposo hasta el final.

Fallece el ex marido de Tessa de Baviera

Alfonso Márquez Patiño, ex marido de Tessa de Baviera, falleció el pasado viernes 25, en el hospital Carlos Hayas de Málaga, como consecuencia de las heridas sufridas en un accidente de circulación ocurrido el 12 de febrero, al empotrase su vehículo contra un muro de un hotel de Marbella. Tessa, que estaba separada de Alfonso desde 1981, acompañó a su marido hasta el último momento.

Espartaco llamará "Las cumbres" a su nueva finca

Juan Antonio Ruiz «Espartaco» ha elegido el nombre de «Las cumbres» para su nueva finca que será su próximo hogar. «Es una maravilla, tiene un gran lago natural y una extensión de 1.200 hectáreas, donde tendremos la ganadería y la vivienda», comentó orgulloso el diestro, de 31 años. La que ha sido su casa hasta ahora, «Matute», de 720 hectáreas, ha sido adquirida por su colega José Ortega Cano y Rocío Jurado.



«Blacky» y su amo, Josep Giralt, con la carta que les ha enviado Clinton.

"Blacky", la novia española de "Socks", el gato de los Clinton

Se llama Blacky (negrita) por su color de pelo y es la «novia» de Socks, el gato de los Clinton. Desde el pasado verano, Blacky tiene el honor de «cartearse» con el más importante felino de la Casa Blanca, ya que su amo, Josep Giralt, un

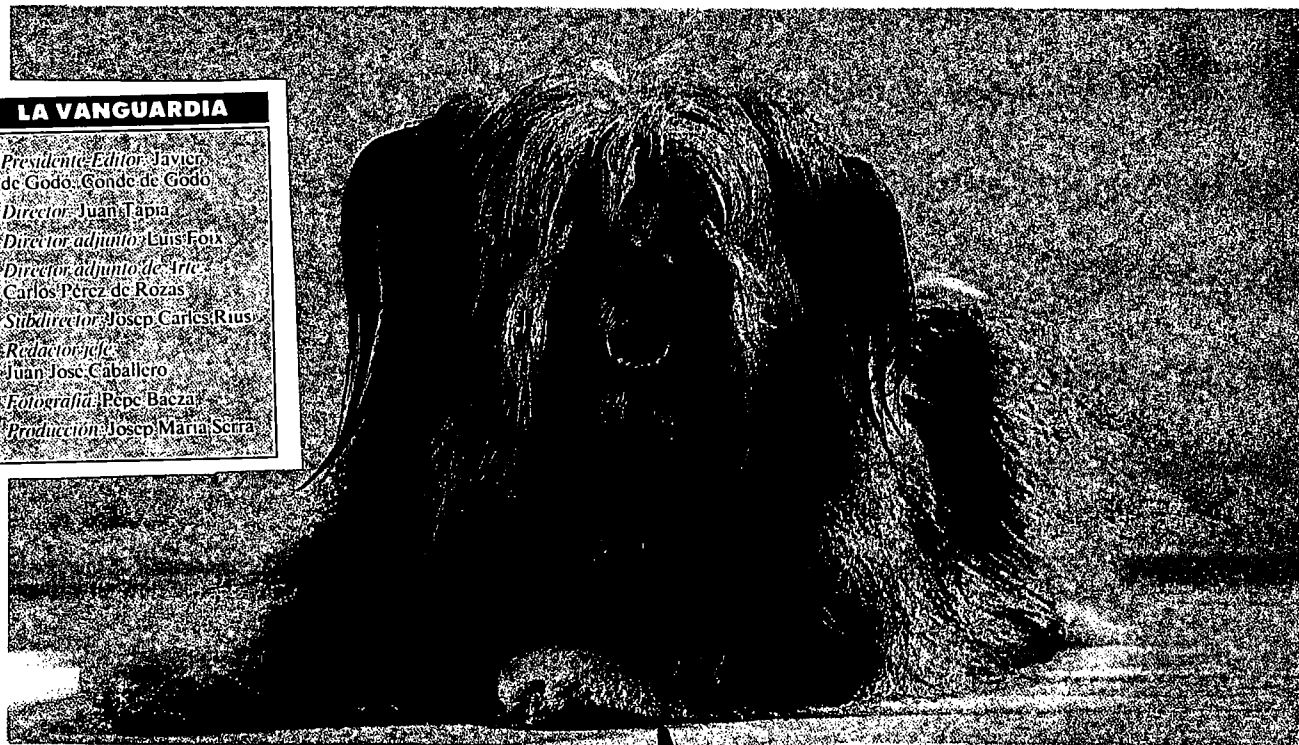
sastre de Navàs (Barcelona), mandó una carta a Bill Clinton por su victoria presidencial que incluía una foto de su gata sentada sobre una bandera de Estados Unidos. «Hace pocos días he recibido su contestación», dice Giralt.

MAGAZINE

EL "GOS D'ATURA" DE JORDI Y MARTA Y LA NOVIA DE SOCKS

LA VANGUARDIA

Presidente-Editor: Javier de Godo, Conde de Godo
Director: Juan Tapia
Director adjunto: Luis Foux
Director adjunto de Arte: Carlos Pérez de Rozas
Subdirector: Josep Carles Rius
Redactor jefe: Juan José Caballero
Fotografía: Pepe Bacza
Producción: Josep María Serra



■ QUERALT TIENE COMO ATENTOS DUEÑOS A JORDI PUJOL Y MARTA FERRUSOLA. Y EL DÍA QUE LOS VAMOS A VER EN SU CASA...

El título de primer animal de un país no está reconocido en las constituciones ni tan sólo en la letra pequeña de los estatutos de autonomía. Esta laguna legal queda compensada por la sabiduría popular, ya que pocos dudarían en afirmar que el primer perro de Cataluña es Queralt, el "gos d'atura" de Jordi Pujol y Marta Ferrusola. "Se lo regalaron a mi esposo, —explica ella— hace once años, cuando visitó Santa Coloma de Queralt (Conca de Barberà) para inaugurar un polideportivo." Hay que decir que no le hizo mucha gracia, pero transigió: "Yo no quería tener un perro en casa, hasta entonces sólo habíamos tenido pájaros y peces, pero la persona que nos lo regaló insistió en que nos lo quedáramos una semana, ya que así podrían decir que era el perro del President". Y pasó la semana y lo que tenía que pasar. "Al final, decidimos que se quedara y hasta lo registramos a mi nombre. Ahora es a mí a quien reconoce como su 'mestressa' y me acompaña a todos lados." Una conversión sonada que viene a decirnos que conocer es amar: "Ahora que he descubierto cómo se compenetran los perros con el amo, quiero decir que he aprendido a quererlo". Queralt, perteneciente a la raza canina que más se identifica con Cataluña, también la quiere a ella, como al amo Jordi y a toda esa gran familia de la que ya forma parte.

Y de Barcelona nos vamos a Navàs, un pueblecito del Bages cuyos 5.538 habitantes han cambiado de ídolo local. Todo un motorista del París-Dakar como Agustí Vall ha tenido que ceder las mieles del reconocimiento popular a Blacky, la gata negra que ya ha aparecido en varias cadenas de TV, emisoras de radio y revistas del corazón como la novia de Socks, el gato que comparte las dependencias de la Casa Blanca con el matrimonio Clinton. Todo comenzó cuando el propietario de la gata, Josep Giralt, envió una declaración de amor a Socks (dirección: la Casa Blanca, Washington) firmada por Blacky, en la que se incluía una sensual fotografía de la gata, acurrucada en una cama cubierta por una bandera norteamericana y un ejemplar de "La Vanguardia" con la noticia "Bill Clinton, presidente". Cuando llegó la respuesta al "I love you" de Blacky, la primera reacción fue pensar que se trataba de una broma. Y no. Socks respondía a la llamada: "Gracias por escribirme. Es un gran honor para mí ser tu 'Primer Gato'". La patita del felino yanqui rubricaba la misiva. Es un amor difícil, ya que a la distancia se une la diferencia de edad (Socks tiene tres años y Blacky ha cumplido siete) pero Josep Giralt, fervoroso suscriptor de este diario, remueve cada día Roma con Santiago para conseguir una audiencia con Socks en Washington. ■

Hospicios para todos y hoteles de lujo

La proximidad del verano multiplica el número de perros y gatos abandonados, que han de ser acogidos en refugios de protectoras o de ayuntamientos



LA IMAGEN que todavía muchos barceloneses tienen del refugio de animales del Tibidabo es la de un descenso a los infiernos animales, en el que los llantos caninos, el hacinamiento y las penosas condiciones lastiman el alma del visitante.

Por eso resulta curioso observar el cambio, mientras la administrativa Montserrat Solà va explicando que existe un sistema rotatorio de animales con lista de espera informatizada. De los 300 ejemplares de hace unos años, se ha pasado a 30.

El público acude, sobre todo los fines de semana, a observar. Al refugio han llegado a traer conejos, algún pato, un águila e incluso hubo que hacer desistir a un comunicante telefónico empeñado en traer un burro.

Pero si antes los perros se regalaban, ahora no. "Sólo cobramos los servicios a los que nos obliga la ley". Un perro viene a salir por 19.000 pesetas, y 25.000 si es de raza.

La esterilización a la que obliga la ley causa estragos. Vemos a "Nuca", una hembra con una aparatosa cicatriz en el costado y a "Cuco", un macho del que nos cuentan que luce similar obertura en los testículos. Los individuos que acaban de salir de tal trance se distinguen claramente porque su cabeza está co-

deada por un buster, vistoso artilugio de plástico blanco que les cubre el cuello y les impide morderse la herida. El veterinario del centro, Joan Cunill, es el encargado de frustrar los impetus reproductores de los inquilinos.

En la perrera un trabajador da manguerazos a los espacios de animales. "Vea qué bien los tratamos"

nos. El personal del centro (seis personas) se completa con dos objetores de conciencia.

Las cosas son diferentes en Sport Can, una de las residencias caninas de Cataluña que cobra el precio máximo por día de estancia del animal, 2.000 pesetas. Estos auténticos hoteles de lujo se diferencian bastante de los humanos, ya que, para empezar, no existen estrellas que marquen la categoría.

Cada animal es un caso y conviene visitar varias casas de verano y, en función de lo visto, lo oído y lo intuido, tomar la decisión más adecuada para su carácter. "No siempre el mayor

precio es garantía de mejor trato", advierte Dolors Torner, de la Fundación Purina, que acaba de editar una valiosa guía de residencias y de los hoteles españoles que admiten animales.

Miquel Navalón, de Sport Can, denuncia que "muchas gente deja su animal en la tienda y allá se encargan de buscar una residencia, y sólo buscan el sitio donde les den más comisión".

El lujo, un concepto típicamente humano, no es especialmente apreciado por nuestros compañeros animales. O, en cualquier caso, se conforman con la variable del espacio.

Las residencias van desde las 8 plazas de la Canera Sant Francesc, en Santa Margarida de Montbui, hasta las 360 de El Ca Roig, en El Prat del Lobregat. En la perrera municipal de Collserola (160 jaulas para perros y 24 para gatos), un trabajador da manguerazos a los espacios de animales. "Vea, vea qué bien los tratamos, se limpia cada día". Pero Miquel Navalón, de Sport Can, dice que "no se debe lavar con agua porque la humedad es mala". El grado de ocupación de la perrera es del 80 % y puede llegar al 100 % antes de las vacaciones, cuando más perros son abandonados a su suerte. No hay tantos problemas para reptiles y aves, gracias a los vecinos caritativos... y a los contenedores de basura. ■

El gat de Clinton i una gata de Navàs consoliden l'amistat

MAR VALLDEORIOLA
Navàs

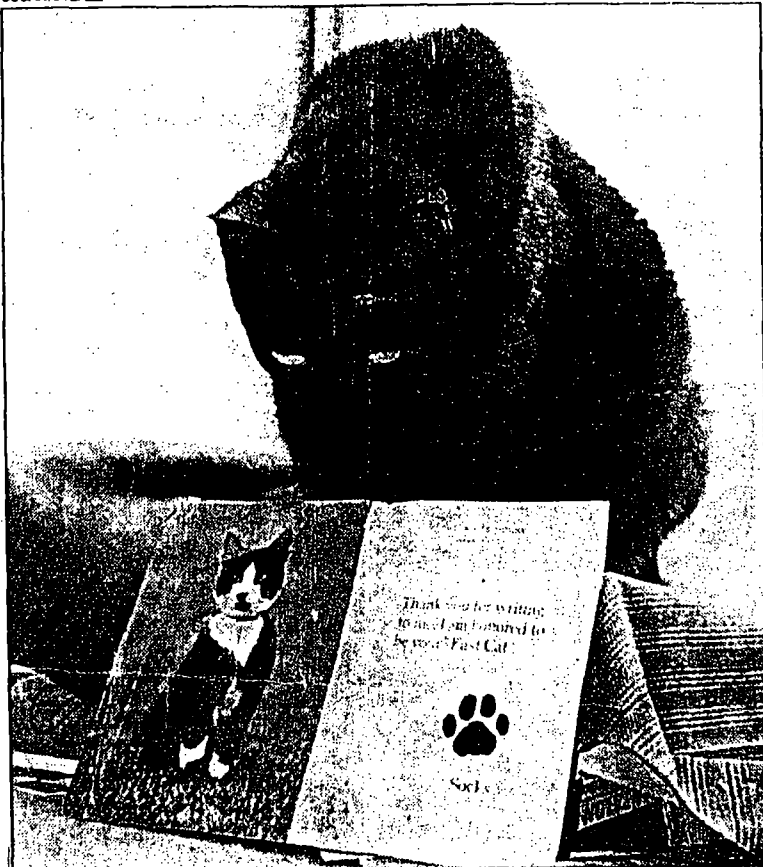
«Gràcies per escriure'm. Estic complagut de ser el teu amic», diu la postal que el gat ianqui de la família dels Clinton ha enviat a la gata Blacky, de Navàs. Després d'un primer intercanvi de correu entre els dos gats, el mes de setembre passat els Clinton van enviar una postal amb una foto del seu gat des de la Casa Blanca, després que el propietari de la gata de Navàs, Josep Giralt, havia demanat a la família presidencial poder tenir una foto del gat per ensenyar-la a la seva Blacky.

Josep Giralt va rebre la postal el mes de febrer passat. La postal conté el missatge d'agraïment del gat dels Clinton, el Socks, a la gata Blacky, i també hi ha una fotografia del gat americà, que té tres anys d'edat. La petjada de Socks reproduïda a sota el missatge dona fe de l'autenticitat de l'amistat entre els dos gats.

Josep Giralt explica que, aquesta postal, l'han enviada després que ell va demanar a la Casa Blanca que li enviessin una foto o una postal on aparegués el Socks, per poder-lo ensenyar a la seva gata. «Quan ens vam cartejar per primer cop amb els Clinton, el mes de setembre passat, em van enviar una carta, però no hi havia cap imatge del gat. Jo vaig estar uns dies a Washington a final de l'any passat, però aleshores tampoc no em va ser possible aconseguir una foto del gat del president dels Estats Units», explica Josep Giralt, que reconeix que està content d'haver rebut un segon correu des de la Casa Blanca i de veure que la família dels Clinton mantenen detalls «tan bonics» com aquest.

De tota manera, Josep Giralt destaca que ara la «història, si se'n pot dir així», entre la seva gata i el Socks ja s'ha acabat. Aquest correu felí ha servit perquè els dos gats es fessin amics, segons diu Giralt, «però ara ja no cal insistir més. S'han conegut i això era el que volia jo quan vaig enviar la primera carta a la família

SUSANNA SÁEZ



Blacky, La gata de Navàs juntament amb la postal del gat dels Clinton

Socks, el gat del president Clinton, ha enviat una segona postal a la gata de Navàs Blacky

dels Clinton».

Aquesta història entre els dos gats es remunta a l'estiu de l'any passat. Josep Giralt, que cuida la seva gata des de fa set anys, va decidir trametre una carta al gat del president signada amb el nom de la seva gata, la Blacky. «La intenció era només que la meua Blacky tingués un amic, en aquest cas un amic per correspondència». A la carta que Giralt va enviar a la Casa Blanca va posar una foto de la seva gata, estirada damunt una bandera americana i

al costat d'un diari on s'explicava a primera pàgina l'ascens de Clinton com a president dels EUA. En el seu missatge, Blacky felicitava Socks pel triomf polític del seu amo.

El setembre, Josep Giralt va rebre la resposta de Socks. El gat presidencial té un equip de persones que es dedica a respondre les cartes que li adrecen, tal com es fa amb la correspondència que rep el president Clinton i la seva dona Hillary.

Josep Giralt explica que el correu felí entre Blacky i Socks ja es dona per acabat. La gata de Josep Giralt és coneguda ara a Navàs pels seus contactes internacionals. De fet, Josep Giralt ja està avesat a cartejar-se amb l'estranger, ja que és membre de Foto-Film Navàs, i cada any, quan s'organitza el concurs internacional de cine i vídeo amateur de Navàs, demana material a clubs internacionals.

Región 7

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June 17, 1994

Dear socks;

Hi. My name is Lida. I am a five
year old cat from southern Nevada.

I had the human that I own make
this pedigree for you. I hope that
you enjoy it.

In the summer it is very hot here so,
I go out at night a lot. I have a
great variety of mice and lizzards
to chase. Do you have any mice there?

I hope to hear from you soon.

Sincerely

Lida

Lida
P.O. Box 29942
Laughlin, NV
89028



ALLEY CAT PEDIGREE

THIS PEDIGREE IS TO VERIFY REGISTRATION OF Socks
AS A GENUINE PUREBRED AMERICAN ALLEY CAT. THIS CAT'S HABITS
INCLUDE TRASH CAN LID RATTLING, FENCE CONCERTS AND OTHER
GENERAL NOCTURNAL MISBEHAVIOR FOLLOWED BY INNOCENT,
BLISSFUL DAYTIME SLEEP.

THIS CAT IS A PRISSY, FINICKY, SPOILED ROTTEN, MISCHIEVOUS,
SANDPAPER TONGUED FELINE, CHARACTERIZED BY THE HIGH MORAL
FIBER COMMON TO THEIR SPECIES.

DISPITE THEIR SHORTCOMINGS, THEY ARE AFFECTIONATE, LOYAL,
LOVEABLE AND BRING LAUGHTER, JOY AND COMPANIONSHIP TO OUR
HOMES.

THIS PEDIGREE MAY BE DISPLAYED WITH PRIDE BY THE PERSON
OR PERSONS OWNED BY THIS CAT.



X 8021 S. Lakeridge Dr.
Seattle, WA. 98178
January 14, 1995

Dear Socks

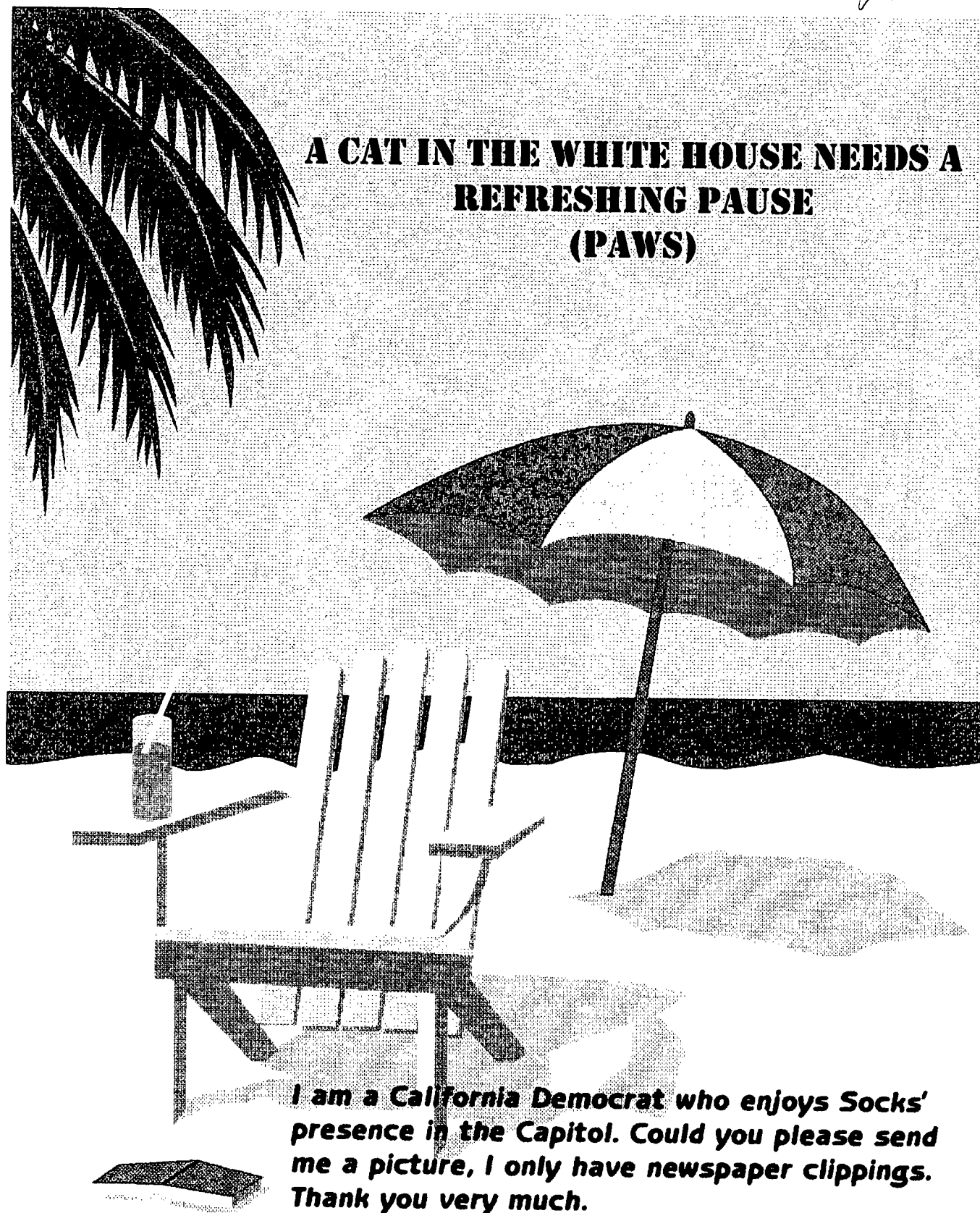
I am a dog, but
would still like to hear
From you.

I don't chase cats.

Love,

Wags Brystrom

**A CAT IN THE WHITE HOUSE NEEDS A
REFRESHING PAUSE
(PAWS)**



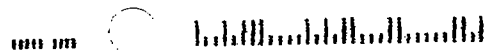
I am a California Democrat who enjoys Socks' presence in the Capitol. Could you please send me a picture, I only have newspaper clippings. Thank you very much.

***Delia De Sasia
715 Gayley Ave., #514
Los Angeles, CA 90024***

Della De Sasia
715 Gayley Ave. #514
Los Angeles, CA 90024



|||||
Socks, The White House Cat
The White House
Washington DC, 20500





The white House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue Northwest
Washington DC 20500

Meow Socks:

Hi! My name is Aloysius and I live in an animal foster home supervised by SOCS. We hope it's okay that we borrowed your name. SOCS is a nonprofit organization that takes in cats who don't have homes. They live in foster homes with lots of love until we can find them adoptive parents of their own. We also make sure they get any medicine they need and have things taken care of to help control cat overpopulation.

You and I are very lucky to have homes. I wonder what it is like for you to live in that big white House? Do you get to eat McDonald's french fries with Dad Clinton?

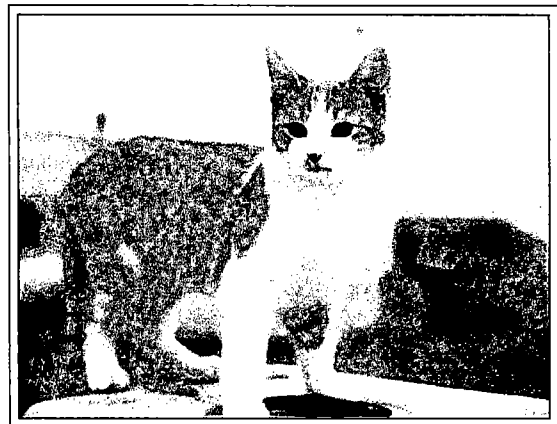
We wanted to tell you how pleased we are that there is finally a handsome tuxedo cat in the white House. We just love seeing the secret service men take you for walks on the lawn. You seem to have trained them very well.

I included a picture of myself just in case you get lonely in your big house. I know you will have to move out eventually, but I hope you get another house just as neat-o. Maybe with lots of windows so you can watch the birds in the trees!

Best wishes from all of your friends
at SOCS!

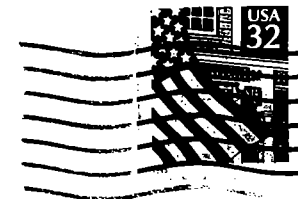


P.S. Do you know Morris?



P. O. Box 5005, Redondo, Washington 98054-0005
(206) 529-0420

, SOCS
P.O. BOX 5005
REDONDO, WA 98054-0420



THE WHITE HOUSE
ATTN: SOCKS CLINTON
1600 PENNSYLVANIA AVE NW
WASHINGTON DC 20500



Fips the Dog
c/o Britta Kaminski



Kantstraße 44

D-24116 Kiel

October 18, 1995

Miss Socks
"First Cat" of America
The White House

Hold

Washington, D.C. 20500
USA

Dear Miss Socks,

my dear friend Shiva the Cat from Swiss told me from you and I asked my friend Britta immediately to write to you.

I like cats very much - I think they are the most beautiful creatures in the world. I spend the most of my time to watch all the cats in my neighborhood. But I think you are my "First Cat"!

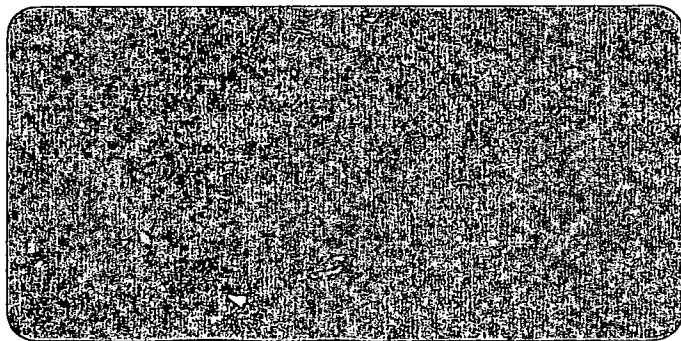
May I ask you to send me a photo with your signature on it? Thank you very much!

Your friend

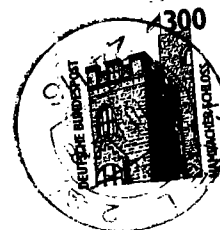


Fips the Dog

Fips the Dog
c/o BRITA KAMINSKI
KANISTR. 44
D-24 116 KIEL
Germany



MIT LUFTPOST
PAR AVION



“Socks” the cat
The Whitehouse
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D.C.



Dear Socks,

Would you please send an autographed photo to Mayor Jeff Graham?

Mr. Graham is mayor of Watertown, New York and host of “The Hot Line”, a local radio talk show. There are some very nasty conservatives who call his program and can’t stand the fact that you send letters to children. They want it stopped. Personally, I think they may not even like their own mothers or Santa Claus, but that is another subject.

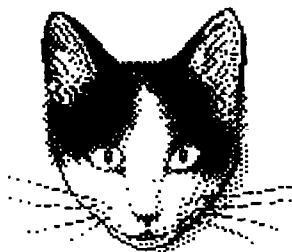
Mr. Graham actually spoke in favor of the letters. But one mean-nasty (he is called The Gun Nut on the show) was really not nice, I’m afraid he doesn’t really like any cats at all - imagine that!

I would really appreciate it if you would send a photo to Mayor Graham and sign it “To the nice Mayor Graham and the curmudgeonly Gun Nut, have a nice day!”. This will be be very much appreciated and all of us Socks fans will get a real kick out of listening to the mayor talk about the photo on the “The Hot Line”.

Please send to:

Mayor Graham, The Hot Line
WATN Radio
199 Wealtha Avenue
Watertown, New York 13601

Thank you and happy mousing,
A Socks Fan



WINTER FESTIVAL
JAN. 1 - FEB. 28

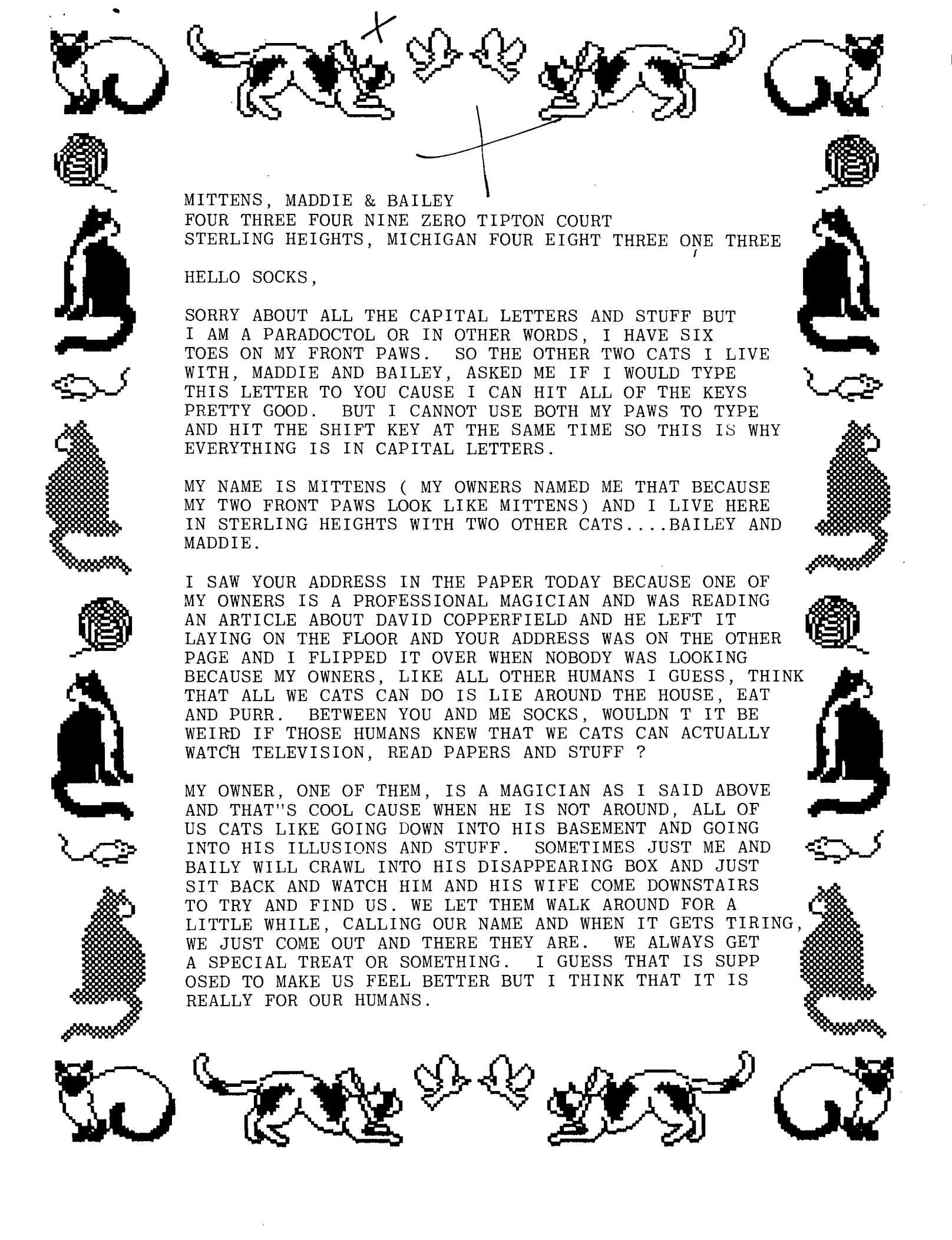


"Socks" the cat
The Whitehouse
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D.C.

20500

20003-4316 14



A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring various cat breeds (Siamese, tabby, black and white) and mice in different poses. At the top center, there is a large 'X' mark.

MITTENS, MADDIE & BAILEY
FOUR THREE FOUR NINE ZERO TIPTON COURT
STERLING HEIGHTS, MICHIGAN FOUR EIGHT THREE ONE THREE

HELLO SOCKS,

SORRY ABOUT ALL THE CAPITAL LETTERS AND STUFF BUT I AM A PARADOCTOL OR IN OTHER WORDS, I HAVE SIX TOES ON MY FRONT PAWS. SO THE OTHER TWO CATS I LIVE WITH, MADDIE AND BAILEY, ASKED ME IF I WOULD TYPE THIS LETTER TO YOU CAUSE I CAN HIT ALL OF THE KEYS PRETTY GOOD. BUT I CANNOT USE BOTH MY PAWS TO TYPE AND HIT THE SHIFT KEY AT THE SAME TIME SO THIS IS WHY EVERYTHING IS IN CAPITAL LETTERS.

MY NAME IS MITTENS (MY OWNERS NAMED ME THAT BECAUSE MY TWO FRONT PAWS LOOK LIKE MITTENS) AND I LIVE HERE IN STERLING HEIGHTS WITH TWO OTHER CATS....BAILEY AND MADDIE.

I SAW YOUR ADDRESS IN THE PAPER TODAY BECAUSE ONE OF MY OWNERS IS A PROFESSIONAL MAGICIAN AND WAS READING AN ARTICLE ABOUT DAVID COPPERFIELD AND HE LEFT IT LAYING ON THE FLOOR AND YOUR ADDRESS WAS ON THE OTHER PAGE AND I FLIPPED IT OVER WHEN NOBODY WAS LOOKING BECAUSE MY OWNERS, LIKE ALL OTHER HUMANS I GUESS, THINK THAT ALL WE CATS CAN DO IS LIE AROUND THE HOUSE, EAT AND PURR. BETWEEN YOU AND ME SOCKS, WOULDN T IT BE WEIRD IF THOSE HUMANS KNEW THAT WE CATS CAN ACTUALLY WATCH TELEVISION, READ PAPERS AND STUFF ?

MY OWNER, ONE OF THEM, IS A MAGICIAN AS I SAID ABOVE AND THAT'S COOL CAUSE WHEN HE IS NOT AROUND, ALL OF US CATS LIKE GOING DOWN INTO HIS BASEMENT AND GOING INTO HIS ILLUSIONS AND STUFF. SOMETIMES JUST ME AND BAILY WILL CRAWL INTO HIS DISAPPEARING BOX AND JUST SIT BACK AND WATCH HIM AND HIS WIFE COME DOWNSTAIRS TO TRY AND FIND US. WE LET THEM WALK AROUND FOR A LITTLE WHILE, CALLING OUR NAME AND WHEN IT GETS TIRING, WE JUST COME OUT AND THERE THEY ARE. WE ALWAYS GET A SPECIAL TREAT OR SOMETHING. I GUESS THAT IS SUPPOSED TO MAKE US FEEL BETTER BUT I THINK THAT IT IS REALLY FOR OUR HUMANS.

MADDIE IS SITTING HERE WITH ME NOW SO I WILL WRITE WHAT SHE WANTS TO SAY TO YOU CAUSE SHE CAN NOT TYPE PRETTY GOOD EVEN THOUGH SHE HAS SIX TOES TOO. SHE HAS KIND OF AN ATTITUDE AND ~~NO~~ WILL NOT LET ANYONE PET HER VERY EASY BUT THEY ALWAYS TRY ANYWAY.

HI SOCKS. MY NAME IS MADDIE AND I SORT OF TOOK COVER IN MY OWNERS GARAGE WITH MY MOM ONE STORMY NIGHT A LONG TIME AGO. WHEN THESE PEOPLE SAW ME HOWEVER, ESPECIALLY THE GUY WHO MAKES ALL THE MAGIC TRICKS, ALL I HAD TO DO WAS ROLL OVER A LITTLE BIT AND MEOW AND RIGHT THEN AND THERE I KNEW I HAD A HOME. MY MOM WAS ADOPTED OUT TO ANOTHER FAMILY WHO ALREADY HAD TWO OTHER CATS BUT WANTED TO ADOPT ANOTHER ONE.

OUR HOUSE HERE ISN'T AS BIG AS YOURS AND IT IS NOT WHITE EITHER BUT TO ME, IT IS JUST FINE. WHEN THE SUN COMES IN THROUGH THE WINDOW, I LIKE TO JUST LAY BACK, TAKE IT EASY AND CATCH THE RAYS. DO YOU LIKE TO DO THAT TOO ?

WHAT DOES YOUR OWNERS GIVE YOU TO EAT ? I WAS RAISED WITH THIS HARD, CRUNCHY STUFF BUT ~~XS~~ HAS A GOOD TASTE AND HELPS TO KEEP MY TEETH CLEAN SO WHEN I FEEL GRUMPY, I CAN JUST SHOW MY TEETH AND PEOPLE WILL LEAVE ME ALONE.

BOTH MITTENS AND ME LIVE WITH A NEW COMER, A GUY NAMED BAILY. HE DOESN'T HAVE SIX TOES OR ANYTHING AND HE IS MORE KIND OF A STREET TYPE DUDE. MITTENS AND I SLEEP WITH ONE OF OUR OWNERS, THE LADY OF THE HOUSE, ON HER BED AT NIGHT BUT THIS BAILY SLEEPS WHEREVER HE WANTS. USUALLY HE ROAMS AROUND THE HOUSE ALL NIGHT, SLEEPING IN THE FAMILY ROOM AND THEN THE LIVING ROOM AND THEN ON TOP OF THE TELEVISION. BUT BAILY JUST CAME DOWN HERE AND WANTS TO SAY HELLO TO YOU SO I WILL SAY GOODBYE FOR ~~NOX~~ NOW. I SEE EVERY ONCE IN AWHILE YOU GET TO GO OUTSIDE ON A LEASH BUT WE DO NOT HERE CAUSE OUR OWNERS ARE AFRAID THAT WE MIGHT GET BUGS OR SOMETHING BUT EVERY ONCE IN AWHILE, ONE OF MY OWNERS, THE MAGICIAN GUY, WILL TAKE ME CLOSE TO THE TREE IN FRONT AND I CAN CLIMB INTO THE BRANCHES. IT IS FUNNY TO SEE HIM START CLIMBING UP INTO THE TREE THOUGH TO TRY AND GET ME TO COME DOWN. HEY SOCKS, HUMANS AR NOT VERY GOOD AT CLIMBING TREES. DOES YOUR OWNERS EVER CLIMB A TREE WITH YOU ? HERE IS BAILY.

HEY DUDE. LIKE WHAT IT IS SOCKS. HOW IS EVERYTHING HANGING OLD FELINE? THINGS ARE KEENO HERE AND I GOT IN WITH FOUR PRETTY GOOD DUDES CAUSE THEY LET ME DO JUST ABOUT ANYTHING I WANT. ALL I GOT TO DO MAN IS LAY DOWN ON MY BACK AND THOSE GUYS WILL JUST COME UP AND RUB MY TUMMY. IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH TO GET HUMANS TO PET US CATS EH SOCKS ?

DO YOUR OWNERS LET YOU CLIMB ON TOP OF THE DINNER TABLE WHEN THEY HAVE A FANCY DESERT ? MINE DO NOT DO THAT VERY OFTEN BUT IF I PURR REAL LOUD OR SOMETIMES WHINE A LITTLE, I GET A SMALL DISH OF ICE CREAM. I THINK IT IS COOL HOW THOSE HUMANS

WILL REACT WHEN WE CATS JUST FLIP OVER ON OUR BACK OR MEOW A LITTLE BIT. BOY SOCKS, DOES THAT GET THE ATTENTION AND STUFF.

SAY SOCKS MAN, IF YOU EVER GET OUT HERE OUR WAY, DROP IN AND SAY HELLO. I GOT A WHOLE STASH OF STUFF TO SHOW YOU THAT I HAVE PICKED UP ALONG THE WAY. SOMETIMES MY OWNERS LEAVE STUFF SITTING ON A TABLETOP AND BEING A CAT I CAN GO AND JUST PICK IT UP AND SAVE IT FOR LATER. I GOT SOME REAL NEAT BASEBALL CARDS PUT AWAY AND A FEW OF THE THINGS FROM MY ONE MAGICIAN OWNER.

HEY SOCKS, THIS IS MITTENS BACK AGAIN AND WE HAVE GOT TO GO BECAUSE ONE OF OUR OWNERS JUST DROVE UP AND IT WOULD REALLY SURPRISE THEM IF THEY SAW ME SITTING HERE AT THIS TYPEWRITER WRITING TO YOU. AFTER ALL, WE ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO DO THAT BUT NOBODY IN THIS HOUSE WILL EVER TELL THEM.

HAVE A GOOD LIFE SOCKS,

MITTENS, MADDIE AND BAILEY

P.S. SOCKS...OUR ADDRESS IS WRONG AT THE TOP OF THE LETTER CAUSE MITTENS WAS LAYING DOWN AND LOOKING AT IT UPSIDE DOWN.

OUR REAL ADDRESS IS

FOUR THREE NINE FOUR ZERO TIPTON COURT IN
STERLING HEIGHTS, MICHIGAN. SO IF YOU WRITE
BACK, USE THIS ADDRESS AND NOT THE ONE ON THE
TOP OF THIS LETTER.

P.P.S. DO YOU GET TO GO IN YOUR OWNER'S AIRPLANE FOR RIDES? WE GET TO GO IN OUR OWNER'S CARS WHEN THEY GO OUT FOR PIZZA AND STUFF. BUT BAILEY NEVER COMES WITH US CAUSE SHE TRIES TO CRAWL ALL AROUND INSIDE THE VAN.

IF YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC



You'll believe in Magician, Mark St. John who has been appearing all over the State of Michigan for more than 17 years.

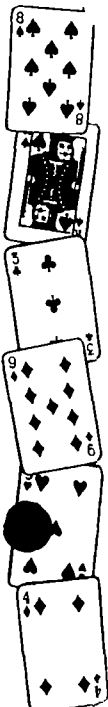
Entertaining children and adults for just about every type of occasion, Mark presents some of the very best from the world of mystery and amazement. Intimate closeup or strolling magic all the way to the more elaborate, and highly entertaining stage show complete with a sound/music system, stage type illusions, dozens of magical effects and generous doses of clean and hilarious comedy.



But no assistants ! Each and every needed helper comes right out of the viewing audience - always with the best and unrehearsed facial expressions and reactions to boot.



But don't just take our word for it - read what some of the many previous clients had to say about the ST. JOHN MAGIC SHOW. After all, it's just magic but it's certainly done just the trick for them. And that's no illusion either !



"You work a special kind of magic on the adults as well as the children and the feedback which I have received, was absolutely amazing. This is something they will remember for the rest of their lives."

*Providence Hospital
Southfield, Michigan*

"Hudson's Special Events is very fortunate to have found a very brilliant magician in Mark St. John. He caters to all age groups and all types of events. I feel very confident in recommending Mark to you if you should ever need Magic and Illusion at an event."

*J.L. Hudson's Executive Off.
Southfield, Michigan*

"Your performance was superb and your very clever interaction with Michigan's 1st lady, Ms. Michelle Engler, will be remembered by all of us for a very long time."

*Retired Seniors Volunteer Program
Mount Clemens, Michigan*

"Your professional attitude and rapport with the audience demonstrated a command of, and affection for, the performing art of magic."

*United States Coast Guard
S. F. B. Mt. Clemens, Mich.*

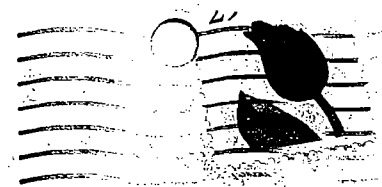
"All the customers enjoyed his act. He also appeared at a Roaring 20's party held at our Sterling Heights location and like Novi, he was a great success. We highly recommend him for his magic."

*Koch's Restaurants Incorp.
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan*

For rates & dates

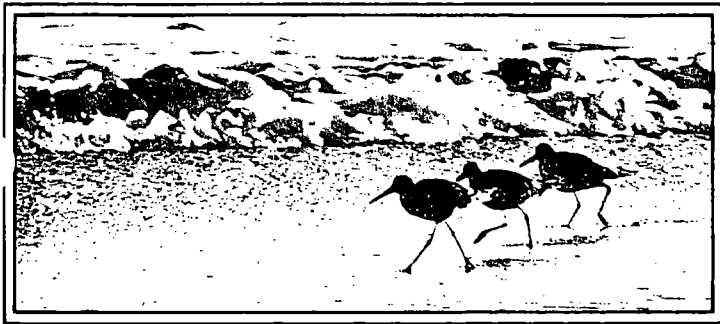
***and leave the rest to your own
imagination***

Handwritten mark resembling a stylized 'A' or 'M'.



SOCKS THE CAT
WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20500





City of Santa Cruz

CITY HALL • 212 LOCUST STREET
SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA 95060-3813

FAX (408) 457-8215 • Device for the Deaf 1 (800-523-4986

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE

(408) 429-3700

DIRECT TELEPHONE NUMBER

April 3, 1994

Socks
White House
Washington D.C. 20500

Dear Socks:

My caretakers, the members of the Santa Cruz Police Department, were unable to get a letter from your owner, the President, in time for our boss's, Chief Jack Bassett, retirement dinner. As Chief is a cat lover, you see he has allowed me to have the run of the police department, I'm sure he would love to receive a letter from you. His last day with the department is May 6, 1994.

I have been the resident cat here for seven or eight years. I don't remember exactly when I came aboard; but the department has seen me through thick and thin.

I will miss Chief very much. I hope he will come visit me often. I will be looking forward to your reply.

Sincerely,

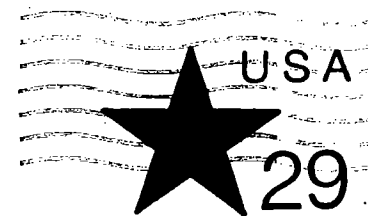
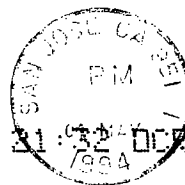


MED
Top Cat
Santa Cruz Police Department

M:ys

Santa Cruz Police Department
212 Locust Street
Santa Cruz, CA 95060-3813

SAN JOSE CA 95101 05-04-94 31:32 DEC 1



SOCKS
WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON D C 20500



March 14, 1994

Mr. Socks
White House
Washington D.C. 20500

Dear Mr. Socks Rodham-Clinton:

All of us cats who permit Allison and Bill to live in our house want to say how we are thrilled about your status as "First Cat" (or is it more appropriate to say "First Feline"?)

The White House has had many first dogs, and I can think of Fala, Him and Her, and Mollie as examples. But, as you well know, dogs are very dependent on those they live with, and too often ask for attention and reassurance. We are certain that you—if you are typical of our species—are living a fully independent life, are big on self-esteem, and are not overly impressed by world dignitaries.

We wish you a long and happy life. We hope you will spend the next six years or so in the White House.

Finally, because you are a member of a religious family, may we remind you that the saying is "Let Us Pray," not "Let Us Spray!"

A Very Sincere Meow from us to you,



Dedito, Junior, Fuzzy, and Mazie

586 Chapman Drive
Corte Madera CA 94925

586 Chapman Dr.
Corte Madera, Ca
94925



Mr Socks
White House
Washington, D.C.
20500

Betty/Toonces
C/O Shawn C. Ciezki
1517 W. Lake
Fort Collins, CO 80521

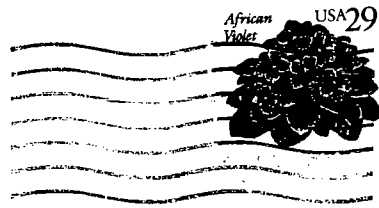
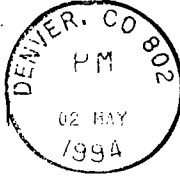
Socks
White House
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Socks,

We think it is about time that a cat finally made it to the White House. We are big fans of yours. My humans give us Science Diet brand cat food. What do your humans give you? We are curious of your domestic origins. My name is Betty and I am a black domestic long-hair with very green eyes, and my step-sister, Toonces, is a tortoiseshell Manx also with green eyes. We would be very happy if you would become paw-pals with us. We have a very big German shepherd who lives next door, and he likes to bark and growl at us. Do you have any enemies (besides Republicans)? We eagerly wait for your response.

Love Betty and Toonces

Shawn C. CIEZKI
1517 W. LAKE
Fort Collins, CO 8052



SOCKS
White House
Washington, D.C.
20500

Sealed
With
17
Meow (SWAM)

To Socks Clinton,
White House,
Washington D.C.,
U.S.A.

Bilthoven, Holland, 21.6.1994

Dear Socks,

I am a cat too, a European shorthair. So you know who is writing to you.

On TV I saw your Boss on a big trip through Europe. He stood in wind and rain on the Normandy coast, and I wondered if he would not catch a cold - but believe me, you can be proud of him!

But, Socks - by the way: my name is Lara - I want to tell you something. My Boss is *so* kind to me. I could not have a better home. Now I would like to do something in return *for him*.

Listen: undoubtedly you will sit on your Boss his knees, sometimes. Then, while you are spurring, he will lend you his ears and wait for you to tell him what you have to communicate. *That is the moment.* Then ask him - while he is weak and kind - to send a signed photo to *my* Boss. He can't refuse, I am sure, for he loves you. Oh Socks, how *happy* we would be, my Boss and me! (Still more nice would be a photo and the signatures of both of them, Mr Boss and Mrs Boss, but that may be asked too much, I am afraid.)

Hope to hear from you soon! I wish you, and your Bosses, of course, all the best! (And come and visit me, if you like, but I warn you: Holland is a wet country!)

Your friend,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Lara". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned below the text "Your friend,". The signature is stylized with a large, sweeping loop at the end.

The name and adress of my Boss is:

Henk Schreuder
Parklaan 34
3722 BE BILTHOVEN
HOLLAND

X
5-4-94

Dear Socks,

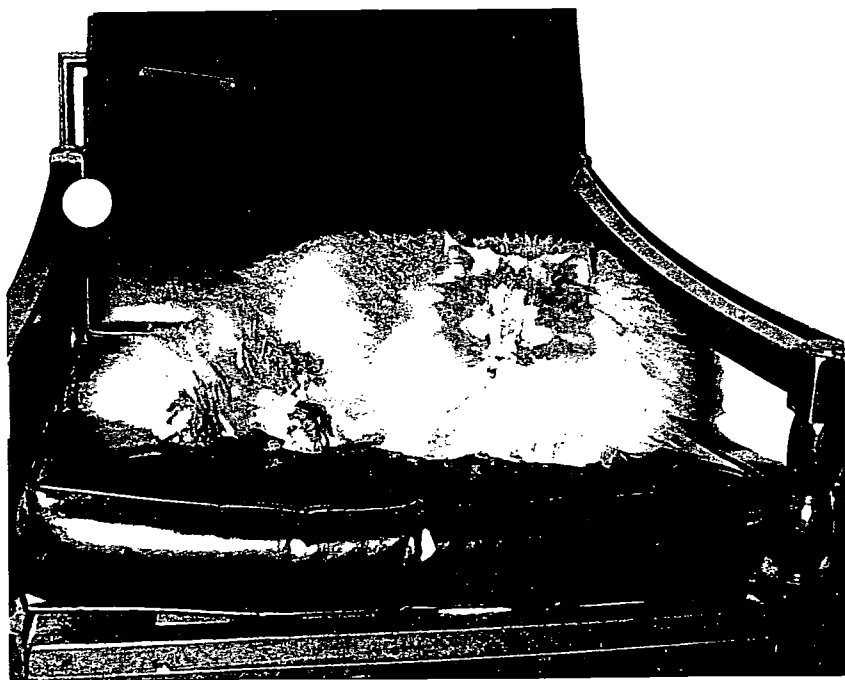
You are certainly a
handsome treat for ~~some~~ eyes
and as you can see, I am
very beautiful.

Too bad, I'm spayed because
we could have made beautiful
Kittens together!

Love
Pretty Kitty

P.S. I'd love to hear from you.
My address is:

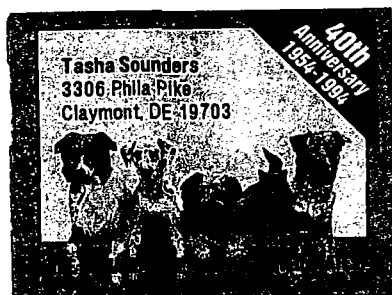
3306 Philadelphia Pike
Claymont, DE 19703
(c/o Managers office)



JAN 93 8

JAN 93 8





1

PICTURE ENCLOSED
PLEASE HANDLE
WITH CARE

SOCKS

White House

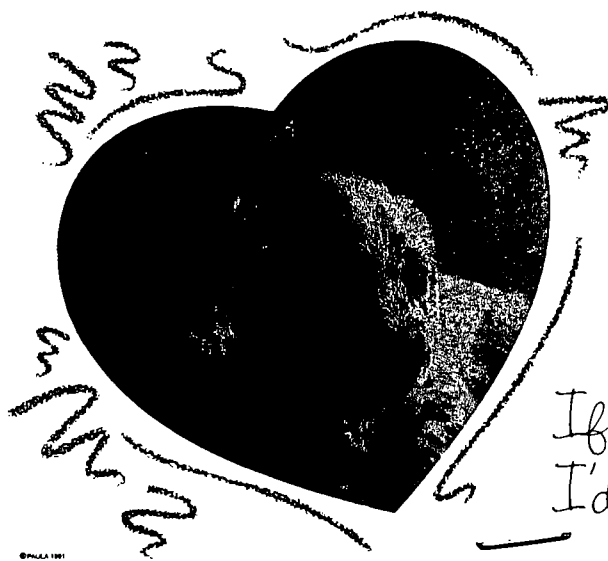
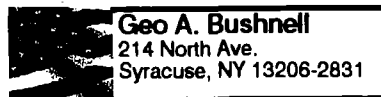
Washington, DE

20500

2

8
—
DEAR SOCKS,

SAW YOUR PICTURE IN
THE NEWSPAPER AND IT SAID
IF I WROTE YOU, I WOULD
GET A PAWPRINTED POST CARD
IN RETURN. I HAVE A
CARD FROM "MILLIE" SO I
SHOULD LIKE YOURS TOO —
THANK YOU —



If wishes came true,
I'd be hugging you.

HSUS



Geo A. Bushnell
214 North Ave.
Syracuse, NY 13206



LAW D.
FREEDOM
M.



"SOCKS"
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON DC 20000

February 17, 1996

Socks, The Cat
The White House
Washington, D.C.
U.S.A.

Dear Socks,

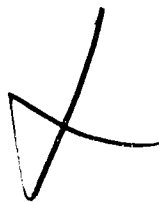
The lady whom I allow to feed and house me, Linda Jones, started to put this paper under my water dish. I wouldn't let her because I thought my friend, Socks, just might appreciate the cartoon! Do you? Aren't people purr-fectly silly at times?

I'm sorry about all the cold weather we sent your way this winter. It was our worst cold spell in 72 years -- not that I remember the last one I sure did get "Cabin Fever" -- not being able to go outside for more than a minute at a time and all that. Do you get Cabin Fever in the White House?

Your friend,



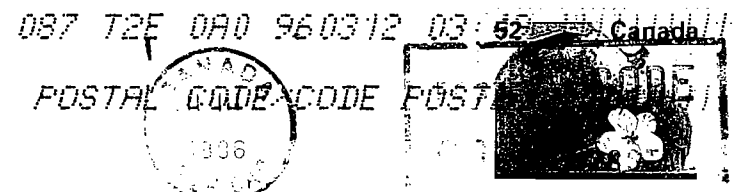
Charley





PHOTOCOPY
PRESERVATION

Charley
% Linda Jones
1520 - 10 Avenue NW
Calgary, Alberta T2N 1E9



SOCKS, THE CAT
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON, D.C.
U.S.A.

Robert Peterson
27 Princeville Court
Petaluma, CA 94954

April 4, 1996



Socks
The White House
Washington, DC

Dear Socks:

I always knew that you were well known in this country, but it was a very pleasant surprise to see that you are also quite well known in Sweden. I subscribe to the Stockholm Dagens Nyheter, (in order to practice my Swedish language skills), and guess what? Your picture was on page 1, and a full length article was on page A 17 in which you were one on the main characters. Congratulations!

I am enclosing the entire first section of the paper, which contains the article, which you can add to your scrapbook. The article deals with house pets of world leaders, and I'll translate the part dealing with you, just in case your Swedish is a bit rusty . . .

When Bill Clinton became President of the United States in 1993, Socks the cat moved in the White House following a long series of dogs.

Socks goes to Washington

Those who were prejudiced and believed there was a definite psychological difference between cat and dog owners were happy.

But is it okay to draw conclusions about the world's leaders based on their house pets?

Mja. *(Unfortunately, my Swedish is not advanced enough to translate this word. Perhaps another Swedish speaking member of your Fan Club can do so.)*

Letter to Socks

April 4, 1996

Page 2

The castrated male cat Socks, who got his name from his white stockings about his paws, was allowed to run relatively free about the Governor's home in Little Rock, Arkansas.

He has both a fan club and a private secretary, but seems properly displeased in his pictures.

Dogs have both helped and spoiled, (we will come back to that later), political careers in the USA. Cats have lived a more retiring life, but Socks is not the first First Cat.

Abraham Lincoln (the president from 1861-1865) was the cat pioneer in the White House and usually, according to a biographer, would curl up with a young kitten when he had the need to relax.

Jimmy Carter (the president from 1977-1981) had his Siamese cat Misty Malarky Ying Yang.

At his point the article switches gears somewhat and talks primarily about horses and, (forgive me), dogs . . . and so I shall not bother you with a translation of the remainder of the article.

And so, your fame as First Cat is spreading and now reaches even as far north as Sweden. Keep up the good work, and best of luck in November to your owner, the president.

Sincerely,

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

cc: Mr. Bill Clinton

Madison
Flat 1
120 Daisy Bank Road
Victoria Park
Manchester
United Kingdom
M14 5QH



Dear Socks

I write to you to ask a favour, cat to cat. I understand you answer all your mail. My owner (don't you just hate that expression), my tin-opener is about to celebrate her twenty-eighth birthday. Her name is Maggie and I know she would be thrilled to receive a message from the United States' "First Cat".

Maggie is an artist and named me Madison after returning from a visit to New York two years ago. She loved America so much she returned last year as well. So I can claim an American connection of sorts.

I hope you are well. Good luck to your tin-openers in election year. Hello to Allan "Tugboat" Gordan, I believe he's your secretary. Talking of which, mine, wonders aloud if Chelsea might change her name to Manchester United. It's a bad English Soccer joke. He's like that.

All the best

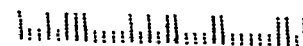
Yours Sincerely

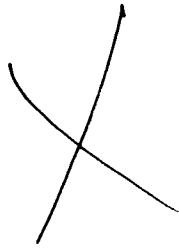
Madison

By air mail
Par avion



SOCKS
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON
U. S. A.





*Robert Peterson
27 Princeville Court
Petaluma, CA 94954*

April 4, 1996

Socks
The White House
Washington, DC

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Sincerely,



cc: Mr. Bill Clinton

Robert Peterson
27 Princeville Court
Petaluma, CA 94954

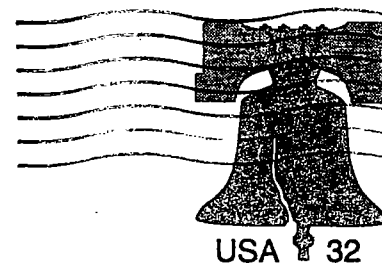
CUN

President Bill Clinton
The White House
Washington, DC



GRAHAM W. SMITH
1715 BAYONNE STREET
SARASOTA, FLORIDA 34231-6603

0129 02/29/96 ISS#4 WGMF DC 200



First Cat
Mr. Socks Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Ave.
Washington, D.C. 20500



"The meaning of life is cats."



← Rusty

Callie

Dusty

Tiger

Maxie

We Will VOTE for SOCKS

never actually happened — subjects were given words that were similar but not identical to those they had already listened to. After hearing “candy,” “cake,” and “chocolate,” they were asked if “sweet” had been on the list. Some incorrectly answered yes.

But in this case of false recall, only the first brain structure was activated. The region of the brain responsible for sound decoding remained idle. There was no

are quickly transformed and the line between the remembered and the imagined quickly dissolves.

As soon as a memory is formed, the brain goes to work, stripping it of the inessential. When we hear a speech, it is the ideas — distilled from the way they happened to be delivered — that we most strongly remember. Only in rare cases — the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. intoning “I have a dream” — does the

during the Soviet occupation group of dissidents use a room. He acquiesced out of timidity. found out, he was stripped of

Over the years, as he toiled the tone of the memory slowly shame into pride. By the time Union and the liberation of the honestly remember himself as

The Book Campaign

Continued From Page 1

factors in the campaign. Publishers more canny in marketing to readers in need of personalities to fill a void have covered the whole frenetic politics as news, which maybe is

“It’s the idea of politics and realms that used to be, perhaps commingling,” said Lynn C. Goodman, promoting the new Clinton biography by Roger Morris. “Just as the author and entertainer, there’s We’re all part of this entertainment

And so the political season of tour of General Powell. Until himself a noncandidate, you could not be running, though he co-edited a memoir, “My American Journey,” which received a reported \$6.5 million advance. (He is starting a new paperback book’s release in paperback this month. The House Speaker, agreed to a deal with HarperCollins for “To Remember” thought better of it and even a percentage of royalties. He got to use his book tour to test the market and decide against a Presidential

Then there was “It Takes a Village” an attempt at self-rehabilitation after a scandal for health care reform. Unfortunately her tour coincided with new water and was eventually overshadowed by a look at Whitewater by author James B. Stewart. And no more the author of “Primary Colors”



Jack Ohman
The Portland Oregonian
Tribune Media Services

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April 21, 1994

Stubbie Baker
1209 Glenshield Way
Henderson, KY 42420

"Socks" Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Ave.
Washington, D.C. 20006

Dear "Socks",

Finally, a cat in the White House!!! At last we felines can rejoice that we have won the votes of the American people for the office we have deserved for so long, Commander-In-Chief!!!

My name is "Stubbie" and I am a beautiful little 15 year old tortoiseshell from Henderson, KY, right on the Ohio River across from Evansville, IN. Mary Helen and John Baker live with me at 1209 Glenshield Way.

I became interested in writing to you when I saw you on the Home Show in December. You were quite handsome I must say. Did you hear that that segment has been nominated for an Emmy? Furthermore, did you know that ABC has cancelled The Home Show effective April 8, 1994? Any program that invites a cat to guest star deserves to stay on the air, don't

you think? This may call for an Executive Order. Speak to Bill about it the next chance you get. Tell him to speak to Woody Fraser at ABC about getting The Home Show back on the air. Feline America will account for trillions of votes in the next election. Tell Mr. Clinton to give this some serious thought!!!

I know you probably hear from all the ladies but believe me, I am a real cutie and frisky for my age. I am enclosing a recent photo for you to keep. I would be most honored if you could drop me a line sometime. Maybe the next time you are napping in the Oval Office you could think of me.

I must go now. John will be home soon and he always expects me to greet him when he pulls into the driveway. These humans get spoiled so easily, you know. Besides, I think my food bowl is empty!

Don't forget to remind the First Family daily how lucky they are that you agreed to go with them to Washington as First Cat. They would be lost without you!!!!

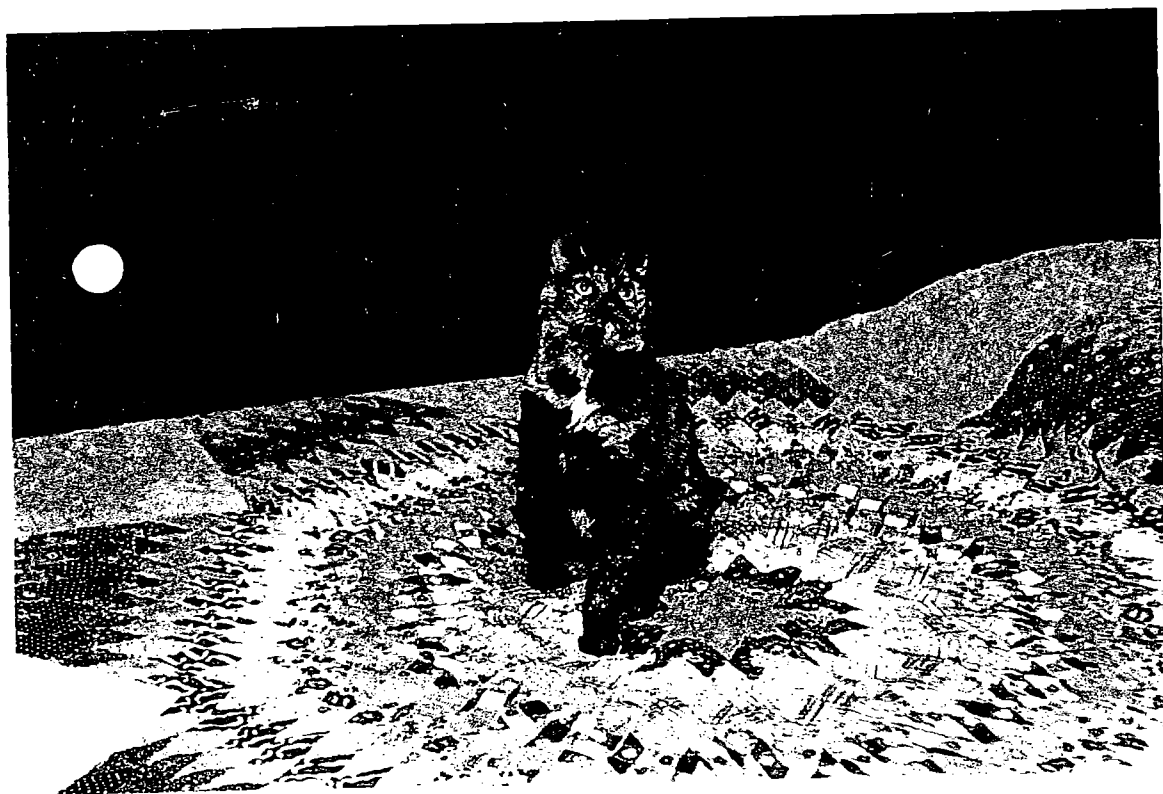
Your feline friend in Kentucky,

"Stubbie"



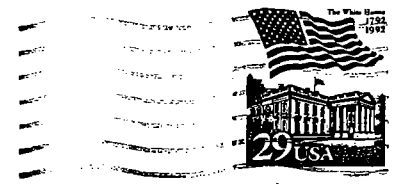
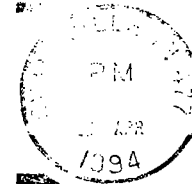
P.S.

Feline America is depending on you to get The Home Show back on ABC.



"STUBBIE" Baker
C/O John & Mary Helen Baker
1209 Glensfield Way
Henderson, KY 42420

Mr. & Mrs. John R. Baker
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