

FIRST LADY HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON
COLUMN FOR RELEASE AUGUST 21, 1996
TALKING IT OVER/CREATORS SYNDICATE

Last week, a 3-year old boy fell 18 feet into a gorilla exhibit at the Brookfield Zoo just outside Chicago. One of the seven gorillas in the exhibit picked up the child, and cradling him in her arms, carried him to safety.

When I saw the story in the paper, I thought, "Only in my hometown." Only a Chicago gorilla could be such a hero. Like the gorilla, Chicago and Chicagoans may be (tough and) intimidating on the outside, ^{it's} (but ~~we're~~ a city and a people with hearts of gold.) ~~But to those of us who know the city and its people~~ ~~there isn't~~

That's why I'm excited that so many Americans will be sharing in the hospitality of my hometown when the Democratic National Convention begins next week. How can a person not be enchanted by Chicago's beautiful lakefront, the ivy-covered walls of Wrigley Field, ^{or its} ~~or a~~ brilliant skyline anchored by the Sears Tower? ~~Or the diverse ethnic neighborhoods?~~ How can a person not be captivated by a city that contributes so much world-class comedy, theater, art, and music to our cultural life? *Most of all...*

For me, each visit home brings back wonderful memories. I grew up in Park Ridge, a northwestern suburb. While my favorite childhood restaurants, ^{these} such as the Robin Hood and Pan Dee's, are long gone, ^{You can still find such places as} (many places all over the city still serve) the deep dish pizzas and the red hots (Chicagoese for hot dog) that I loved. Whenever I'm in town, I try to get together with my old high school friends to reminisce and to eat -- beloved Chicago

Earlier this year on a v.s. trip
to Chicago, and I was
 pastimes. Once, when I was feeling tired and a little blue, *but when I got to*
~~my~~ friends surprised me with a dinner of Chicago comfort food that *my hotel*
 lifted my spirits and expanded my waistline. *now I*
found
a cousin of
my friends
who

This spring, while driving to a speech at Triton College --
 a community college that my mother once attended -- I looked out
 the window and saw Kiddieland, the Walt Disney World of my
 childhood. On *a few* ~~one or two~~ special Sundays a year, my parents or
 grandparents would treat my brothers and me to a visit *after church*. I can
 picture the three of us in our Sunday best -- my brothers
 sporting ~~those little~~ clip-on ties and me in a little dress--
 lining up for pony rides, the roller coaster and carnival games.

School field trips took me to Chicago's finest museums. The
 Museum of Science and Industry showed me what it was like to
 descend into a cold, dark coal mine. The Shedd Aquarium and the
 Adler Planetarium opened my eyes to worlds far from my own.

But my favorite was the Field Museum with its massive
 dinosaur skeletons and ancient mummies. I can still remember
 pressing my nose against the glass for a better look at a baby
 mummy. A chill ran down my spine when the museum guide said the
 baby had died while choking on a butterfly.

Whenever I pass the Art Institute of Chicago on Michigan
 Avenue, I think of the ~~countless~~ summer afternoons my mother and
 I spent examining the miniature dioramas representing
 architectural styles from different time periods. I saw the
 Rolling Stones sing and Rudolf Nureyev dance in Chicago *Maria Tatchell* [more
 specific location?]. And perhaps one of the most inspiring

evenings of my life took place in Orchestra Hall in 1962, when I went with my church youth group to hear the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. speak.

Since moving to the White House, I've had many opportunities to return to ^{Chicago} ~~these~~ places. I've spoken to students at my old high schools -- Maine East and Maine South. I had the privilege of meeting the legendary ^{Ernie Banks} ~~Harry Garay~~ and throwing out the first ball for the Cubs on opening day at Wrigley Field in 1994. I've even shopped incognito at Marshall Field's on State Street.

But Chicago to me is more than just places. It's the people of Chicago ^{who make it great.} ~~(whom I love)~~ Maybe it's the challenge of ^{Braving the} bone-chilling cold and massive snowdrifts of winter, ^{or the} experience of ^{standing by our beloved Cubs, Bears, Bulls, White Sox, and Black Hawks through thick and thin, or maybe it's the} ~~standing by our beloved Cubs, Bears, Bulls, White Sox, and Black Hawks through thick and thin, or maybe it's the~~ ^{rich} ~~rich~~ ^{city's great ethnic diversity.} ~~city's great ethnic diversity.~~ Somehow, this "City of the Big Shoulders," as the poet Carl Sandburg called it, produces some of the toughest, no-nonsense people in America. ~~People who get things done, who know what it means to be a good neighbor...~~

^{I'm sure}

I don't know all the reasons that make Chicago so special.
I just know it's my kind of town.

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Last #

Poles, Slovaks, Irish,
Mexicans, blacks and
whites from the ^{American} South -
and many others

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As a Chicago native, I couldn't be prouder that my hometown will be hosting the Democratic National Convention next week. No matter where we Chicagoans eventually settle down, our roots are solid. We never lose our love for the Windy City. And we're always eager to make Chicago-loving converts of friends and newcomers.

How can a person not be enchanted by Chicago's beautiful lakefront, the ivy-covered walls of Wrigley Field, or ^{its} brilliant skyline anchored by the Sears Tower? How can a person not be captivated by a city that contributes so much world-class comedy, theater, art, and music to our cultural life? Most of all, how can a person not fall in love with a city that unconditionally adores its Bulls, Bears, White Sox, Black Hawks, and even my hapless Cubs?

For me, each visit home brings back wonderful memories. I grew up in Park Ridge, a northern ^{Western} suburb. While my favorite ^{childhood} restaurants, the Robin Hood, which served spicy spaghetti, and

Pan Dee's are long gone, many of ^{others} my favorite places ^{are} still ^{serving deep} stand. ^{dish pizzas and bagel Pan Franke that I continued to love.} Whenever I visit ^{On countless Saturdays, my friends and I used to go to the} Chicago now I try to see my friends from high school ^{who} live in the ^{Area.} Pickwick Theater to catch the 25-cent double feature. We'd eat ^{I was} buttered popcorn that also cost just 25 cents, and spend the ^{whole day watching the kids' feature and the grown-up movie.}

^{to my hotel room laden down with my comfort food} ^{I find my fr. 13 (and expanded my wardrobe!)} ^{This spring, while driving to a speech at a Community}

Trident

3

to deliver a speech. I remembered that my Ab we pulled up. I college my mother once attended in River Grove. I was excited to see that Kiddieland is still open. Kiddieland was the Walt Disney World of my childhood. One or two Sundays a year, my Parents or grandparents would treat my brothers and me to a visit. I can picture the three of us in our Sunday best -- my brothers sporting those little clip-on ties -- lining up for pony rides, the roller coaster and carnival games.

1) One of the best parts of going to school were the field trips. I remember feeling very grown-up the first time my friends and I, all dressed up in white gloves and high heels, took the train to Chicago for lunch at Marshall Field's on State Street. The Museum of Science and Industry. The Shedd Aquarium (recently rebuilt) is the Planetarium opened my eyes to worlds far from my own. I think of the many summer afternoons my friend Betsy Ebeling and I liked best going to the Field Museum where our mothers spent in the museum's Thorne Rooms. And perhaps one of the most inspiring evenings of my life took place

in Orchestra Hall in 1962, when I went with my church youth group to hear the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. speak. 3) I saw the Rolling Stones since moving to the White House. I've had the opportunity to return to some of these places, and during the past three and a half years. I've spoken to students at my old high schools -- Maine East and Maine South. And, as I wrote in this space a few months ago, I had the privilege of meeting the legendary Harry Caray and throwing out the first ball for the Cubs on opening day at Wrigley Field in 1994. I even snorped inognito at Marshall Field's on State Street.

But Chicago to me is more than just places. It's the people of Chicago who truly make it great. I love it. Maybe it's meeting the challenges of Braving the bone-chilling cold and massive snowdrifts of winter, our ancestors came to Chicago from all over the world to build new lives for their

experience of being

PHOTOCOPY
HRC HANDWRITING

or the ethnic diversity of its neighborhoods

That Robert Frost's
"lovely broad shouldered city" produces tough-minded no-nonsense people

On the ^{100. we are all} ~~aspiration of one of my long term~~ ^{has}
been, ^{who always wanted to play 2}
~~Or the ^{100. we are all} ~~aspiration of one of my long term~~ ^{has}~~
families. And they thrived. They built strong families and
^{of the} ~~communities representing the great diversity and cultural mosaic~~ ^{being the only place}
that ~~is~~ America. ~~And~~ maybe because of the weather and the winter ^{in the world}
ritual of shoveling driveways and sidewalks buried in snow, ^{to play}
Chicagoans are some of the toughest, no-nonsense people I know. ^{16"}
^{of the}

The Chicagoans I grew up around also taught me about
politics -- not the headline-grabbing kind, but politics with a
small p. From my family, friends, classmates, ministers, and
teachers, I learned about how people get together, how they agree
upon their goals, how they move together to realize those goals.

In high school, I was chosen to argue Lyndon Johnson's side
in a mock presidential debate. I was a committed Goldwater Girl
back then and dismayed about arguing for the other side. But my
government teachers challenged me to examine my own ideas and
beliefs by exploring those opposed to mine. Through my church
youth group, I met children living in inner-city Chicago. They
helped open my eyes to all of Chicago and a world much bigger
than the homogenous middle-class enclave of Park Ridge.

You can find the world in Chicago. That's why, as the old
song says, "it's my kind of town" -- and a town for all
Americans.

I don't know what ^{the} ~~are~~ the ^{reasons} ingredients
are but ~~Change~~ is both

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But my favorite was the Field Museum with its massive dinosaur skeletons and ancient mummies. I can still remember pressing my nose against the cool glass for a better look at a baby mummy. A chill ran down my spine when the museum guide said the baby had died while choking on a butterfly.

Whenever I pass the Art Institute of Chicago on Michigan Avenue, I think of the countless summer afternoons my mother and I spent examining the miniature dioramas representing architectural styles from different time periods. Perhaps the

most inspiring evenings of my young life took place in Orchestra Hall in 1962, when I went with my church youth group to hear the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. speak.

Since moving to the White House, I've had many opportunities to return to these places. I've spoken to students at my old high schools -- Maine East and Maine South. I've had the thrill of meeting the legendary Harry Caray and throwing out the first ball for the Cubs on opening day at Wrigley Field in 1994. I've even shopped (for gifts for the President ^{and} Chelsea ~~and~~) incognito at Marshall Field's on State Street.

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I wasn't surprised to learn that the gorilla was from Chicago and from the ^{same} zoo I had visited so many times as a child. That gorilla's a true Chicagoan. Chicago and Chicagoans may be tough and intimidating on the outside, but we're a city and a people with hearts of gold.

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Draft

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DRAFT

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~~pastimes.~~ *months* Once, when I was feeling *tired on my book tour and I arrived in Chicago* tired and a little blue, my friends surprised me with a dinner of Chicago comfort food that lifted my spirits and expanded my waistline.

indiv. gave
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I don't know all the reasons that make Chicago so special. I just know it's my kind of town.

###

more than anything to me Chicago is its people

that makes us Chicagoan

OFFICE OF THE FIRST LADY

TO

FROM

FAX #**PHONE #**

OF PAGES (including cover)

4

COMMENTS

Thanks so much for your help.

Do you have any more thoughts?

FIRST LADY HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON
COLUMN FOR RELEASE AUGUST 21, 1996
TALKING IT OVER/CREATORS SYNDICATE

Last week, a 3-year old boy fell 18 feet into a gorilla exhibit at the Brookfield Zoo just outside Chicago. A seven-year old female gorilla picked up the child, and cradling him in her arms, carried him to safety.

I wasn't surprised to learn the gorilla was raised in Chicago. She's a true Chicagoan.
~~"When I saw the story in the paper, I thought, "Only in my hometown." Only a Chicago gorilla could be such a hero. Like the gorilla, Chicago and Chicagoans may be tough and intimidating on the outside, but we're a city and a people with hearts of gold. We really do take care of our own.~~

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###

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

OFFICE OF SPEECHWRITING

Phone: (202) 456-2777
Fax: (202) 456-5709

TO: Daniel
FROM: Jane
RECEIVER FAX: _____
RECEIVER PHONE: 66255
NUMBER OF PAGES (INCLUDING COVER SHEET) 5
COMMENTS: Pls. deliver to Mrs. Clinton ASAP
thanks!

WARNING
UNAUTHORIZED USE OF THESE MATERIALS IS SUBJECT TO FEDERAL
PROSECUTION

MEMORANDUM

To: HRC
Fr: June
Da: August 20, 1996
Re: Love Letter to Chicago.

I'm still fiddling, but I wanted to give you something to look at.

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COLUMN FOR RELEASE AUGUST 21, 1996
TALKING IT OVER/CREATORS SYNDICATE

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###

MEMORANDUM

To: HRC
Fr: June
Da: August 21, 1996
Re: Love Letter to Chicago.

I just talked to Sid Blumenthal who some pretty good changes.
I've incorporated them into this new draft.

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COLUMN FOR RELEASE AUGUST 21, 1996
TALKING IT OVER/CREATORS SYNDICATE

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McCormick Place.

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###

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

OFFICE OF THE FIRST LADY

phone 202-456-6266
fax 202-456-5709

TO Sidney Blumenthal
FROM June Shih
FAX # ~~70~~ 882-4534
PHONE # _____
OF PAGES (including cover) 4

COMMENTS Our deadline is 11 a.m. Do you mind if
I call you around 8? If that's inconvenient,
just leave a message on my voice mail - 456-5640
Thank-you very much for your help!

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

OFFICE OF SPEECHWRITING

Phone: (202) 456-2777
Fax: (202) 456-5709

TO: Katherine Searcy + Anita Tobias
FROM: June + Lissa
RECEIVER FAX: 310-337-7625
RECEIVER PHONE: _____
NUMBER OF PAGES (INCLUDING COVER SHEET) 4
COMMENTS: HRC has not signed off

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LEVEL 1 - 8 OF 11 STORIES

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Chicago Tribune

August 18, 1996 Sunday, CHICAGOLAND FINAL EDITION

SECTION: NEWS; Pg. 1; ZONE: C

LENGTH: 983 words

HEADLINE: ZOO'S NEW TOP BANANA;
BINTI-JUA'S RESCUE OF BOY THRILLS MILLIONS

BYLINE: By Stacey Singer, Tribune Staff Writer.

BODY:

She's the talk of the world.

On Saturday, camera crews and reporters from England, Germany and Australia clamored to film her lounging at home with her baby. Dozens of people offered money to "adopt" her. And a Chicago grocer offered 25 pounds of free bananas.

The Chicago area's hottest new celebrity weighs 160 pounds, has black hair and long arms and is a vegetarian.

Binti-Jua, an 8-year-old western lowland gorilla at Brookfield Zoo, may be the most famous ape on the planet since rescuing an unconscious toddler who had fallen into her pen Friday.

As her photo beamed across international news wires and played on CNN, visitors to the zoo's Tropic World exhibit on Saturday expressed awe at the brief interaction between man and beast.

Some said they cried when they read the story. Others made a pilgrimage to the zoo just to see her.

"We saw it on TV, and the kids were just amazed," said Sandra Burl, 36, of Chicago, who had brought her niece and son to the zoo to see Binti. "I mean, she protected him."

Others could scarcely believe that Binti and the six other apes did not hurt the small boy who tumbled into their turf.

"I would have been terrified that they would hurt him," said Eliot Leby, 33, of Lake in the Hills. "I can see it happening."

But Binti's keeper, Craig Demitros, said western lowland gorillas are seldom angry or violent, despite the impression left by notorious films like "King Kong." Native to equatorial West Africa, they have become an endangered species because of habitat loss, he said.

Demitros attributed Binti's reaction to a strong maternal instinct, something the zoo has worked to instill since the San Francisco Zoo loaned Binti to

Chicago Tribune, August 18, 1996

Brookfield four years ago.

Binti-Jua's name means "daughter of sunlight" in Swahili, but as an infant she had little real mothering.

Born in the Columbus Zoo in Ohio on March 17, 1988, she was treated with indifference by her mother, Demitros said. Humans had to cradle and handfeed Binti with a bottle every two hours. As she grew, other female apes groomed and socialized her.

Once mature, Binti had to learn the basics of nurturing.

"If the mother is hand-reared, a lot of times they don't mother properly," Demitros said. "A lot of this behavior is learned."

And so Demitros and other keepers taught her to be a mom.

They put a stuffed animal in her care, teaching her to cradle it, manipulating her breasts so that she would feel comfortable feeding a child, and teaching her baby-sitting behavior called retrieval.

"We would push the doll under her cage, and she would get it and then bring it back to the cage," Demitros said.

Retrieval is precisely what Binti did Friday afternoon, according to Jay Petersen, manager of Brookfield's primate collection.

Witnesses said the tow-haired 3-year-old crawled over a fence and planter at the highest point overlooking Tropic World's gorilla pen. He fell as far as 24 feet onto the concrete floor, landing on his buttocks and scraping his face.

Binti, with her own baby on her back, hurried over to the motionless child, scooped him up with one arm and took him to a safer place, the door where zookeepers entered.

"He just laid limp in her arms while she carried him, and after she got to the cove, she very gently laid him down," said Carrie Stewart, a zoo visitor who witnessed the rescue.

Demitros was lunching nearby when he saw panicked visitors pouring out of the exhibit's emergency exits, and he rushed in.

"When I first came in, Binti was straddled over the kid," he said. "She probably carried him maybe 40 feet."

The boy, whose name is not being released, was seriously injured in the fall. Saturday, his condition was upgraded from critical to serious in the intensive care unit at Loyola University Medical Center in Maywood, according to the hospital.

Hospital officials would not release details about his injuries. But a paramedic who treated the boy said the chief concerns from such a fall would be spinal and internal injuries.

Brookfield spokeswoman Sondra Katzen said her phone has been ringing ever

Chicago Tribune, August 18, 1996

since the incident, with callers--locally and worldwide--asking about the boy and the gorilla.

The zoo has an "adoption" program in which sponsors can contribute at least \$25 toward the annual care and feeding of an animal. Caller after caller has asked to join the Binti bandwagon, with one offering \$100, she said.

Others offered fruit treats and praise.

Zookeepers wandering through the exhibit were peppered with cries of "Good job!" and pats on the back.

But a few have asked about the adequacy of the barriers between the animals and the public. Petersen said that perhaps 15 million people had already passed through without mishap. On Friday, the zoo brought in an independent, private firm to evaluate the exhibits. Everything was considered safe, officials said.

"We have looked at those barriers on and off through the years," Petersen said. "We don't want to put an 8-foot-high, chain-linked fence across."

Zoos are not just holding pens or display cases for the western lowland gorillas. They have become breeding centers as habitat destruction, population pressures and hunting have depleted the gorillas' numbers to about 35,000.

Binti has done her part to improve those numbers. In 1994, she gave birth to her own healthy girl, Koola, and has shown excellent mothering skills, officials said.

On Saturday, unruffled by her new celebrity, Binti lounged in the branches of one of the exhibit's leafless trees, pulling on a viney rope and occasionally grooming Koola.

She kept an intent eye on the young ape as it jumped from branch to branch, occasionally gazing at the humans who watched her.

Demitros said he was proud of the gorilla he and his team watch over.

"The way it has turned out," he said, "she has been a very good mother."

GRAPHIC: PHOTOS 2PHOTO (color): At Brookfield Zoo on Saturday, all eyes are on Binti-Jua, the gorilla who rescued a child the day before, and Binti's baby girl, Koola. Tribune photo by Phil Greer.; PHOTO (color): At Brookfield Zoo's Tropical World gorilla pen, a 3-year-old boy on Friday crawled over the fence above and fell as far as 24 feet to the pen's floor, where he was rescued by one of the gorillas. Tribune photo by Phil Greer.

LANGUAGE: ENGLISH

LOAD-DATE: August 18, 1996

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How can a person not be enchanted by Chicago's beautiful lakefront, the ivy-covered walls of Wrigley Field, or a brilliant skyline anchored by the Sears Tower? How can a person not be captivated by the world-class comedy and theater troupes that trained some of our country's best comedians and actors? Most of all, how can a person not fall in love with a city that unconditionally adores its Bulls, Bears, White Sox, Black Hawks, and even my hapless Cubs? *miss out.*

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COLUMN FOR RELEASE AUGUST 21, 1996
TALKING IT OVER/CREATORS SYNDICATE

As a native Chicagoan, I couldn't be prouder that my hometown will be hosting the Democratic National Convention next week. ~~No matter where we move and eventually settle down, we~~ Chicagoans never lose our loyalty to the Windy City. And as so many Democrats will soon find out, we're always eager to make Chicago-loving converts of friends and newcomers.

lakefront How can a person not be enchanted by Chicago's ~~gorgeous~~ *beautiful skyline* waterfront, the ivy-covered walls of Wrigley Field, or the ~~Seas Tower~~ *Seas Tower*. *includes*
~~magnificent skyscrapers?~~ How can a person not be captivated by the city's innovative theater productions, its world-class orchestra and art museum? Most of all, how can a person not fall in love with a city that unconditionally adores its Bulls, Bears, Cubs, White Sox, ~~and~~ Black Hawks? *- and, in*

Gracely - out, mom For me, each visit to the Chicago ~~area~~ *home* brings back treasured memories. I grew up in Park Ridge, a northern suburb of Chicago. While my favorite restaurants, the Robin Hood, which served spicy spaghetti, and Pan Dee's, are long gone, many of my favorite places still stand, triggering the occasional trip down memory lane. On countless Saturdays, my friends and I ~~would go~~ *used to* to the Pickwick Theatre to catch the 25-cent double feature. *we'd eat* Munching buttered popcorn that ~~also cost~~ *used to* just 25 cents, ~~we'd~~ *and* spend the whole day watching the kids' feature and the grown-up movie.

childhood. This spring, while driving to a speech at a community *excited* college my mother once attended in River Grove, I was thrilled to see that Kiddieland is still open. Kiddieland was the Walt Disney World of my youth. One or two Sundays a year, my grandparents would treat my brothers and me to a visit. *I can* picture the three of us dressed in our Sunday best -- my brothers wearing clip-on ties and me in a little dress -- lining up for pony rides, the roller coaster and carnival games. *?*

too similar The city of Chicago itself also played a big role in my childhood. I remember feeling very grown-up the first time my friends and I, all dressed up in white gloves and high heels, took the train to Chicago for lunch at Marshall Field's on State Street. Whenever I pass the Art Institute of Chicago on Michigan Avenue, I think of the many summer afternoons my friend Betsy Ebeling and I and our mothers spent in the museum's Thorne Rooms. And perhaps one of the most eye-opening evenings of my life took place in Orchestra Hall in 1962, when I went with my church youth group to hear ~~The~~ Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. speak.

dislike Paul 3 1/2 yrs I've had the opportunity to return to some of these places ~~as First Lady~~. I've spoken to students at my old high schools -- Maine East and Maine South. And, as I wrote in this space a few months ago, I had the privilege of meeting the legendary Harry

Caray and throwing out the first ball for the Cubs on opening day at Wrigley Field in 1994.

But Chicago to me is more than just ~~about~~ [?] places. It's the people of Chicago who truly make it great. Our ancestors came from all over the world to this town to carve lives out of the bone-chilling cold and massive snowdrifts of winter -- and they thrived. They built homes and communities representing the great diversity and cultural mosaic of America. And maybe because of the weather and the winter ritual of shoveling driveways covered in lake-effect snow, Chicagoans are some of the toughest, no-nonsense ~~people~~ ^{that is} I know.

The Chicagoans I knew also taught me about politics -- not ~~the headline-grabbing~~ [?] ~~politics that the city is famous for~~, but politics with a small p. From my family, friends, classmates, ministers, and teachers, I learned about how people get together, how they agree upon their goals, how they move together to realize those goals.

In high school, I ~~remember being~~ ^{was} chosen to argue Lyndon Johnson's side in a mock presidential debate. I was a committed Goldwater Girl back then and was dismayed about arguing for the other side. But my government teachers challenged me to examine my own ideas and beliefs by exploring those opposed to mine. My church youth group leader took us to meet children living in inner-city Chicago neighborhoods. He introduced us to all of Chicago and a world much bigger than our ~~conservative~~ ^{have seen} middle-class Park Ridge. ~~city-white~~

^{end line} You can find the world in Chicago. That's why it's my kind of town.

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July 29, 1996

Ms. Lissa Muscatine
Old Executive Office Building
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Av.
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Lissa:

As you requested, I am faxing to you a copy of the column I wrote for the First Lady on Chicago and the 1996 Democratic National Convention.

I would like to point out that the story of Hillary's family trip to Washington, D.C. could be replaced with reflections of her firsthand accounts of the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago. Given a number of factors, not the least of which is the tone of this particular column, I intentionally chose to leave it out. Perhaps, the following week's column could expand on the differences in the two conventions, if Hillary would like to discuss that in more detail.

In any event, I look forward to hearing from you upon your return from vacation for your reaction to this piece. And I look forward to working with you and the First Lady on future columns.

I am expecting to be in Washington, D.C. sometime after August 5. Perhaps at that time we could sit down and personally discuss a number of ideas as well as any revisions on this particular column.

Again, thank you for the opportunity of utilizing my skills to help the First Lady at this critical juncture in her political life. I look forward to talking with you and meeting you.

Very truly yours,


Pamela S. Menaker

BY FACSIMILE

cc: Ms. Margaret Williams

By Hillary Rodham Clinton

As I return to Chicago with my family this week for the 1996 Democratic National Convention, I can't help but think how special it will be watching the nation's hopes unfold in a town where many of my own hopes and dreams were born.

Of course, we now live at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, but Chicago will always be home to me.

Home. I can remember protecting a litter of baby rabbits from some neighborhood bullies in our backyard at Wisner and Elm one hot August night. I can recall helping my dad shovel seven inches of unpredicted lake effect snow. And I think back to those lively dinner conversations where Mayor Richard Daley was discussed as regularly as Grandma Rodham.

All of these memories are weaved into the fabric of the person I am today.

And who would have thought that sitting Wednesday mornings at Student Council in those red velour seats in the high school's dimmed auditorium would ever account for anything? But talking with Judy and Bob and Betsy and Rick of our hopes and dreams of rewriting the council's constitution, of applying to colleges we hadn't even seen, of becoming adults who could make a difference, actually all added to the very people we were becoming.

I remember one day my dad came home from the drapery store and announced we were taking a family vacation to Washington, D.C. I can still picture my mom and dad huddled over the kitchen table, planning the week -- the excitement in their voices as they plotted

our visit to the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial and Arlington National Cemetery. But what they really wanted was for my brothers and me to experience the hopes and dreams the nation's capital holds for every one of us.

We all began realizing that through the values instilled by our parents and teachers and friends -- of hard work, of commitment to our beliefs, of a sense of duty -- that we could realize those hopes and dreams.

No one demonstrated that better than the heroes this summer at the Olympics. For two weeks, the nation bore witness to youngsters from towns very much like mine fulfilling their own hopes and dreams. Each Olympian demonstrated that through hard work, discipline and energy they could be everything they ever wanted to be. And through their exhilarating spirit, every American is a little bit better today.

As I return to Chicago this week to walk those same streets I walked as a child, I rekindle that same spirit of fulfilling the hopes and dreams we all share.

This Chicago visit marks the beginning of the Democratic Party's campaign to re-elect Bill Clinton President of the United States. This past four years, the President has worked hard to help Americans realize their dreams of a more prosperous America, a safer America, a more content America. Are there fewer children in poverty, fewer children without health care and immunizations, fewer children abandoned by the education system? I certainly hope so. All of us have worked hard to accomplish that.

And as we head into the 21st century, the country looks to a leader who will offer its people, its children, a better life with the hope of making their dreams become real.

Certainly, there is a great deal yet to be done. But it will take effort from every one of us.

And on this eve of the Democratic National Convention, all Americans can go to sleep with the hope for all of our children of a better tomorrow and tomorrow.

Good night, America. Sweet dreams.

LEVEL 1 - 2 OF 2 STORIES

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August 17, 1996, Saturday

SECTION: Main News Pg.10

LENGTH: 266 words

HEADLINE: Gorilla guards injured toddler

SOURCE: Associated Press

BODY:

Brookfield, Ill. A toddler fell into a gorilla exhibit Friday at the Brookfield Zoo, and a female ape carried the child to safety.

The 3-year-old boy fell about 18 feet onto concrete in an area with seven gorillas. He was listed in critical condition at a hospital with head injuries, zoo spokeswoman Sondra Katzen said.

She said Binti, a 7-year-old female gorilla, picked up the child, cradled him in her arms, and placed him near a door where zoo keepers could retrieve the boy. Binti had a baby gorilla on her back at the time, she said.

"Another gorilla walked toward the boy, and she kind of turned around and walked away from the other gorillas and tried to be protective," said Carrie Stewart, who witnessed the incident in this suburb about 10 miles west of downtown Chicago.

Zoo keepers also sprayed water on the exhibit to keep the other gorillas away from the boy as Binti, who was raised by humans, took control of the situation.

Katzen said she did not know how the child got over a 3- to 4-foot-high railing. She said she believes the boy had run ahead of his mother.

She said no one had ever fallen into the gorilla pit before in its 14 years at the zoo.

LANGUAGE: English

LOAD-DATE: August 20, 1996