

TALKING IT OVER
BY HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON
FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

A political campaign is like any high-stakes contest. Whether the arena is sports, academics, entertainment, business or politics, people have to prepare themselves, adopt a strategy and follow through. But, there are big differences. In politics, there is no final game, test, performance or presentation.

There is a day of reckoning, like Super Bowl Sunday, but the candidates are passive observers rather than active participants. After months of hard work, the candidates don't take the field. They can only wait for the voters to pass judgment.

It is an odd sensation and one that I've never liked. There should be something else to do -- another voter to persuade or speech to make. But there isn't. So all that's left is the waiting. Over the years, I have tried many ways to fill those hours. I've gone to the movies, gone shopping, slept late and cleaned closets. Nothing works.

But this last election day was special. We were in Little Rock to vote. We arrived at 2:00 Tuesday morning from a marathon fly-around that had taken us from New Hampshire to Ohio to Kentucky to Iowa to South Dakota.

As the plane landed, I could see a crowd of several hundred friends and supporters who had gathered to welcome us home. The night was warm, and Bill, Chelsea and I hugged and talked our way through the crowd. We visited with childhood friends who had driven in from all over the country to be with us. We met college students who had worked on the campaign and had figured out that coming to the airport in the middle of the night was the best chance they might have to meet the President. One young man had his friend photograph his handshake with the President, just as Bill had done years before with John F. Kennedy.

After we arrived at our hotel, Bill was too excited to sleep, so he organized a game of hearts with some of his senior staff. Chelsea and I went to sleep around 4:00 a.m., and Bill finally ended the day an hour later.

When we woke up, the three of us went to vote, a family ritual ever since Chelsea was a baby. She always helped her father pull the levers. This time, there were no curtained booths or levers but ballots that could be fed into a computer. I needed my reading glasses just to read the ballot. Luckily, I had

decided how I intended to vote on all the Arkansas initiatives and constitutional amendments before I arrived, or I might still be there trying to decipher all the small print. I propose ballots use bigger print for all us aging baby boomers.

After Bill and I voted, Chelsea went out with five of her girlfriends, two from Washington who had come with us and three from Little Rock. The girls had permission to miss school and took full advantage of the day. They introduced Chelsea's Washington friends to the city, stopping to see favorite haunts and ending up, you guessed it, at the mall.

I went to visit my optometrist and order some new bifocals, an unpleasant duty. I've always been nearsighted. After years of wearing thick glasses, I finally figured out how to wear soft contacts when I was around 35. Now that I'm nearing 50, I often need reading glasses on top of contacts.

Once that errand was run, I headed to Doe's Eat Place, a familiar hangout that serves steaks, burgers, fries, tamales and all the food we're told to shun. A bunch of my friends and staff were sitting at tables outside telling stories and digesting their lunches. One of the gifts of my life is that I have people around me who are quick to laugh and don't mind doing so at anyone's expense -- especially mine.

We told stories of the last four years, made fun of each other and quite forgot we were waiting to learn who would win the election. Whenever a cell phone rang with news of exit polls, I made it clear I didn't want to hear the numbers. I don't believe in exit polls. They're often wrong. They invade voters' privacy, and they can interfere with voter turnout in later time zones.

Joining us at Doe's was my mother. When my friends learned she had recently remodeled her living room, we all piled into cars to go take a look. I drove, one of my favorite activities whenever I get the chance. When we got there, one friend played the piano, while others received a guided tour. I just sat there watching the sun go down on the hills behind the river, feeling relaxed for the first time in weeks.

Once I returned to the hotel, I was caught up in the excitement and tension of election night. Our suite had four television sets, and people gathered in front of them to watch and discuss the results. When the President won Florida everyone cheered. When he was declared the winner, we started congratulating each other. Some of us even cried.

By then, it was time to get ready for Bill's speech. After Sen. Dole called to congratulate my husband, we left the hotel for the short ride over to the Old

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State House, Arkansas' first capitol. Standing in front with the Gores and their four children, we were overwhelmed by a huge crowd stretching as far as we could see. The big trees in front were draped in little white lights. As Bill spoke, leaves gently floated down across the podium as though they, too, wanted to play their part in this historic night.

I looked out into hundreds of faces I knew and loved, feeling very blessed to be in that place, proud of my husband and my country. It didn't even matter that I still had three more receptions to attend and that my feet were throbbing. It all seemed just right, and not a bad way to end this Election Day.

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November 12, 1996

FIRST LADY HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON
CREATORS SYNDICATE
WEEKLY COLUMN
NOVEMBER 12, 1996

y { My husband has been running for public office since 1974.
The 1996 Presidential election was his last -- unless he follows
through with his off-handed idea that he might run for school
board someday. I have experienced highs and lows in each
campaign, but one experience common to ^{all} of them is what I call the
Election Day Doldrums.

A political campaign is like any ~~contest~~ ^{contest.} or high stakes
~~event in sports, academics, entertainment, or business where~~ ^{where there is}
people have to prepare themselves, adopt a strategy and follow
through. But, there are big differences. In politics, there is
no final performance, game, test ^{or} presentation.

There is a day of reckoning, like ^{Sunday} ~~a~~ Super Bowl, ~~or the SATs~~, but
the candidates are passive observers rather than active
participants. After months of hard work, the candidates don't
take the field, ^{They can only} ~~but wait simply~~ for the voters to pass ~~their~~
judgements.

It is an odd sensation and one that I've never liked. There
should be something else to do -- another voter to persuade or
speech to make. But there isn't. So all that's left is the
waiting.

~~In the last 22 years~~ Over the years,

✓ I have tried many ways to fill those hours. I've gone to the movies, gone shopping, slept late and cleaned closets. ~~Nothing works.~~

~~But~~ This last election day was special. We were in Little Rock to vote. We arrived at 2:00 am Tuesday morning from a marathon fly-around that had taken the ~~US~~ President from New Hampshire to ~~Ohio~~ Cleveland to ~~Lexington~~, Kentucky to ~~Cedar Rapids~~, Iowa to ~~Sioux Falls~~, South Dakota. ~~As~~ As the plane landed I could see a crowd of several hundred friends and supporters who had gathered to welcome us home. The night was warm and Bill, Chelsea and I hugged and talked our way through the crowd. We visited with childhood friends who had driven in from all over the country to be with us. We met college students who had worked on the campaign and had figured out that coming to the airport in the middle of the night was the best chance they might have to meet the President. One young man had his friend photograph ~~of~~ his handshake with the President, ~~for his mother~~, just as Bill had done years before w/JFK.

After we arrived at our hotel, Bill was too excited to sleep. So ~~he~~ he organized a game of hearts with some of his senior staff. Chelsea and I went to sleep around 4:00 am and ~~the~~ ~~President~~ ^{Bill} finally ended the day an hour later.

(When we wake up)
~~On election day~~ the three of us went to vote, a family ritual ever since Chelsea was a baby. She always helped her

father pull the levers. This time there were no booths or levers, but ballots that could be fed into a computer. I needed my reading glasses ^{just} ~~even~~ to read the ballot. Luckily I had decided how I intended to vote on all ^{Arkansas initiatives} ~~the constitutional~~ amendments and ~~initiatives~~ before I arrived, or I might still be there trying to decipher all the small print. I propose ballots use bigger print for all us aging Baby Boomers.

^{Bill + I} After ~~voting~~, Chelsea went out with five of her girlfriends, two from Washington who had come with us and three from Little Rock. The girls had permission to miss school and took full advantage of the day. They introduced the city to Chelsea's Washington friends, ^{to the city,} stopping to see favorite haunts, ^{and} ending up, you guessed it, at the mall.

9 Bill and I went to a brunch at the new home of retiring Senator David Pryor and his wife, Barbara. The home sits up on a cliff overlooking the Arkansas River. Surrounded by the folk art the Pryors have collected, we visited with dozens of old friends who caught us up on the news of their lives.

9 I ~~left a little early~~ ^{went} to go ~~visit~~ my optometrist and order some new bifocals, an unpleasant duty. I've always been nearsighted. After years of wearing thick glasses, I finally figured out how to wear soft contacts when I was around thirty-five. Now that I'm nearing fifty, I often need reading glasses

on top of contacts. *f*

Once that errand was run, I headed to Doe's Eat Place, a familiar hangout which serves steaks, burgers, fries, tamales and all the food we're told to shun. A bunch of my friends and staff were sitting at tables outside telling stories and digesting their lunches. One of the gifts of my life is that I have people around me who are quick to laugh and don't mind doing so at anyone's expense -- especially mine. *So we* told stories of the last four years, made fun of each other and quite forgot we were waiting to learn who would win the election. Whenever a cell phone rang with news of exit polls I made it clear I didn't want to hear the numbers. I don't believe in exit polls. They're often wrong. They invade voters' privacy, *and they can* ~~may be used~~ *to* interfere with voter turnout in later time zones.

Joining us at Doe's was my mother, ~~who had flown into town from Florida.~~ When my friends learned she had recently remodeled her living room, we all piled into cars to go take a look. *And* I drove, one of my favorite activities whenever I get the chance. When we got there, one friend played the piano, while others received a guided tour. I just sat there watching the sun go down on the hills behind the river, feeling relaxed for the first time in weeks.

Once I returned to the hotel, I was caught up in the

excitement and tension of election night. Our suite had four television sets and people gathered in front of them to watch and discuss the results. ~~We saw the wonderful performances of xxx,~~
~~Tony Bennett and Jessye Norman.~~ When the President won Florida everyone cheered. When he was declared the winner, we started congratulating each other. ~~And~~ ^{Some} of us even cried.

By then it was time to get ready for ~~the President's~~ ^{Bill's} speech. After Senator Dole called to congratulate my husband, we left the hotel for the short ride over to the Old State House, Arkansas' first capitol. Standing ~~on the steps~~ ^{in front of the capitol} with the Gores and their four children, we ~~could see a~~ ^{were overwhelmed by the} huge crowd stretching as far as we could see. The big trees in front were draped in little white lights. As ~~the President~~ ^{Bill} spoke, leaves gently floated down across the podium as though they, too, wanted to play their part in this historic night.

I looked out into hundreds of faces I knew and loved, feeling very blessed to be in that place, proud of my husband and my country. It didn't even matter that I still had three more receptions to attend and that my feet were throbbing. It all seemed just right, and not a bad way to end this Election Day.

###

74 3
76 1
78 2
80 2
82 3

PHOTOCOPY
HRC HANDWRITING

My husband has been ^{running} ~~in~~ the public office elections

since 1974. This 1996 Presidential election

is his last - unless he follows through with

his offhanded idea that he might run

for school board someday. Although ^{I have experienced} every

~~campaign~~ has its highs and lows, ^{in each campaign} one

~~common~~ ^{that is common} experience for me in all of them

is what I call the Election Day Dreads.

A political campaign is like ^{any contest or high stress event} ~~an~~ ⁱⁿ sporting, academic, entertainment or business where people have

event that ~~to~~ to prepare themselves, adopt

a strategy and follow through. But, there are

~~are~~ big differences - there is no ~~to~~ final performance or game or test or presentation.

~~Instead there are a~~
[There is ^a ~~only one~~ day of reckoning like
a sports Super Bowl or SAT tests, but
the ^{Candidates} ~~participants~~ are passive observers rather
than active participants. After months of
hard work, the candidates don't take the
field or a test but wait for the voters
to pass their judgment.]

It is an odd sensation and one
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all that's left is the waiting and I
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hours. I've gone to the movies, gone shopping, slept late or cleaned closets. This last one was special. I don't think I've ever had a better

~~than~~ This past election day we were in Little Rock, Arkansas to vote. We arrived at 2 a.m. Tuesday morning from a marathon fly around that the President New Hampshire to had taken us from Cleveland to

Lexington Ky to Cedar Rapids Iowa to Sioux Falls, S.D. As the plane

landed I could see a crowd of ^{and supporters} several hundred friends who had

gathered to welcome us home. The night was warm and our friends had been

PHOTOCOPY
HRC HANDWRITING

visiting among themselves for several hours.

But, Chelsea and I ~~watched~~ even hugged
and talked our way through the crowd.
Then we visited with childhood friends who
until 3 a.m. leaving ~~there~~ ^{or home} only after
had driven in from all over the country to be
gathering to see ~~some~~ with us and we

met college students who had worked on
the campaign and figured out that
meeting the President in the middle of
the night was the best chance they
might have to fulfill that wish. One
young man had his friend take the
photo of his handshake with the President
for his mother just as Bill had done
years before.

PHOTOCOPY
HRC HANDWRITING

After we arrived at our hotel, Bill was too excited to sleep and ignore of what organized a hearts with Bruce Lindsay, Chelsea and Lora Pavetta and Doug Forswick. I went to ground 4 and the President finally ended the day and we all woke early to around 5 a.m.

Later that morning was the time of us went to vote as we had together ever since Chelsea was a baby. She always helped her father pull the levers. This time though there were no levers or levers, but ballots that required voters to fill in the blank between two disconnected arrows and then feed them into a computer. I needed my reading glasses even to

read the ballot. ~~and~~ luckily I had
decided how I intended to vote
on all the Constitutional Amendments
and indicated cuts before I arrived,
or I might still be there trying
to decipher all the small print.
I propose ^{b-1613} ~~we~~ use bigger print for
all us aging Baby Boomers. ~~to~~
~~then~~ After voting, Chelsea went ~~after~~
of with five of her girlfriends, two
from Washington who had come with
us and three from Little Rock. They
girls had permission to miss school
and took full advantage of the day.

They ^{introduced} ~~traveled~~ to Charles Wesley's friends.
They ~~traveled~~ the city, stopping to see old
~~friends and introduce them to~~ ~~hunts~~,
ending up, you guessed it, at the
mall.

Bill and I went to ^{a brunch} ~~see open~~
~~house~~ at the new home of Retiring
Senator David Pryor and his wife,
Barbara. The house sits up on a
cliff overlooking the Arkansas River.
^{Surrounded by}
~~as it is~~ ~~filled with~~ the folk that the
Pryors have collected, we dined with
dozens of old friends who caught us up
on the news of their lives.

I left a little money to go visit
my optometrist and ~~have~~ order ~~some~~
new b. focal, ^{an eye unpleasant duty.} ~~to~~ ~~usual~~ necessity. I've
^{which} ~~which~~ after years
always been nearsighted. And now find
^{wearing thick glasses}
my ~~need~~ of a ~~factor~~ ~~two~~, I finally figured
out how to wear ^{soft} contacts when I was
around thirty-five. Now that I'm nearing
forty, I ^{often} need reading glasses on top of
contacts.

Once that errand was run, I
headed to Doc's Eat Place, a familiar
hangout which serves steaks, burgers, fries, tamales
and all the food we're told to shun.
There I found a bunch of my friends and

stuff sitting ^{at tables outside} in the back ~~yard~~ telling
stories and digesting their lunches. One
of the gifts of my life ^{that I} is to have people around
me who are quick to laugh and
don't mind doing so at ~~as~~ any one's expense -
especially mine. So we told stories
of the last four years, made fun of
each other and quite forgot we were
waiting to learn who would win the election.
Whenever a cell phone rang with
news of exit polls I made it clear
I didn't want to hear the numbers.
I don't believe in exit polls either because
they are often wrong and because they make

voters' privacy and may be used to
interfere with voter turnout in
later time zones.

When I flew into town from Florida
My mother joined us
where she had been campaigning.
She ~~was~~ drove to join us at Doe's.

~~and~~ When my friends learned she had
recently remodelled her living room,
we all piled into cars to go take a
look. And I leave, one of my

favorite activities whenever I get the
chance. When we got there, one friend played
the pump. We spent an hour together
while others ~~stood~~ ^{received} around
at her house as a guided tour. I

just sat there watching the sun go down

on the hills beyond the river, feeling blessed
and relaxed for the first time in weeks.

Once I returned to the hotel,
the ~~activity~~ I was caught up in the
excitement and thrills of election night.

Our suite had four television sets and
~~tables of food so that people walking~~
~~could walk in and out~~ gathered in

front of them to watch and discuss.
We saw the wonderful ~~performance~~ ^{performance} of —, Tony Bennett and Bette Midler.
the results. When the President was

Announced everyone cheered and then
when he was declared the winner, we
all started congratulating each other
and some even cried.

Then it was time to get ready for
go out the President's speech. ^{After} ~~As soon~~
to congratulate my husband
as Senator Dole called, we left

the hotel for the short ride over to
the Old State House, Arkansas' first

Capitol. The night was warm so we

~~When we got there we~~

~~When we went outside with~~
left our coats behind. ~~We met the Gores~~

~~and caught up with their four children~~

we saw a huge crowd estimated at

more than fifty thousand stretching down

as far as we could see; the ^{big} ~~streets~~ ^{in front} ~~were~~

^{little} draped in white lights. As the President

spoke, leaves gently floated down across

the audience as though they'd too had

Wanted to ^{play their} ~~be~~ part of that night.

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SABRINA - HERE'S THE LIST

- ANDREA McCARDLE
- UNIVERSITY OF CENTRAL ARK MARCHING BAND
- PHILANDER SMITH CHOIR - Little Rock
- KATHY MATTEA
- TONY BENNETT
- O'LANDA DRAPER + THE ASSOCIATES - MEMPHIS
- JESSE NORMAN

**FIRST LADY HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON
CREATORS SYNDICATE
WEEKLY COLUMN
NOVEMBER 12, 1996**

My husband has been running for public office since 1974. The 1996 Presidential election is his last -- unless he follows through with his off-handed idea that he might run for school board someday. Although I have experienced highs and lows in each campaign, one experience that is common for me in all of them is what I call the Election Day Doldrums.

A political campaign is like any contest or high stakes event in sports, academics, entertainment or business where people have to prepare themselves, adopt a strategy and follow through. But, there are big differences -- there is no final performance or game or test or presentation.

There is a day of reckoning like a Super Bowl or SAT tests, but the candidates are passive observers rather than active participants. After months of hard work, the candidates don't take the field or a test but wait for the voters to pass their judgement.

It is an odd sensation and one that I've never liked. There should be something else to do -- another

voter to persuade or speech to make. But there isn't and so all that's left is the waiting and I have tried many ways to fill those hours. I've gone to the movies, gone shopping, slept late or cleaned closets. This last one was special.

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After we arrived at our hotel, Bill was too excited to sleep and organized a game of hearts with

Bruce Lindsey, Leon Panetta and Doug Sosnick. Chelsea and I went to bed around 4:00 am and the President finally ended the day around 5:00 am.

Later that morning the three of us went to vote as we had together ever since Chelsea was a baby. She always helped her father pull the levers. This time though there were no booths or levers, but ballots that required voters to fill in the blanks between two disconnected arrows and then feed them into a computer.

I needed my reading glasses even to read the ballot. Luckily I had decided how I intended to vote on all the constitutional amendments and initiatives before I arrived, or I might still be there trying to decipher all the small print. I propose ballots use bigger print for all us aging Baby Boomers.

After voting, Chelsea went out with five of her girlfriends, two from Washington who had come with us and three from Little Rock. The girls had permission to miss school and took full advantage of the day. They xxx the city, to Chelsea's xxx xxx friends, stopping to see favorite haunts, ending up, you guessed it, at the mall.

Bill and I went to a brunch at the new home of retiring Senator David Pryor and his wife, Barbara.

The home sits up on a cliff overlooking the Arkansas River. Surrounded by the folk art the Pryors have collected, we visited with dozens of old friends who caught us up on the news of their lives.

I left a little early to go visit my optometrist and order some new bifocals, an unpleasant duty. I've always been nearsighted. After years of wearing thick glasses, I finally figured out how to wear soft contacts when I was around thirty- five. Now that I'm nearing fifty, I often need reading glasses on top of contacts.

Once that errand was run, I headed to Doe's Eat Place, a familiar hangout which serves steaks, burgers, fries, tamales and all the food we're told to shun. There I found a bunch of my friends and staff sitting at tables outside in the back telling stories and digesting their lunches. One of the gifts of my life is that I have people around me who are quick to laugh and don't mind doing so at anyone's expense -- especially mine. So we told stories of the last four years, made fun of each other and quite forgot we were waiting to learn who would win the election. Whenever a cell phone rang with news of exit polls I made it clear I didn't want to hear the numbers. I don't believe in exit polls both because they are often wrong

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[WR THIS?]

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five. Now that I'm nearing fifty, I often need reading glasses on top of contacts.

Once that errand was run, I headed to Doe's Eat Place, a familiar hangout which serves steaks, burgers, fries, tamales and all the food we're told to shun. There I found ^A bunch of my friends and staff ^{were} sitting at tables outside ~~in the back~~ telling stories and digesting their lunches. One of the gifts of my life is that I have people around me who are quick to laugh and don't mind doing so at anyone's expense -- especially mine. So we told stories of the last four years, made fun of each other and quite forgot we were waiting to learn who would win the election. Whenever a cell phone rang with news of exit polls I made it clear I didn't want to hear the numbers. I don't believe in exit polls ~~both because~~ ^{They} are often wrong, ~~and because~~ ^{They} invade voters' privacy, ~~and may be xxx to interfere with voter turnout in~~ ^{and they used} later time zones.

^{Join us at Doe's was} ~~When~~ my mother ^{who had flown} ~~flew~~ into town from Florida ~~where she had been campaigning,~~ she joined us at Doe's. When my friends learned she had recently remodeled her living room, we all piled into cars to go take a look. And I drove, one of my favorite activities whenever I get the chance. When we got there, one friend played the piano, while others received a guided tour. I just sat there watching the sun go down on the hills behind the river, feeling relaxed for the first time in weeks.

Once I returned to the hotel, I was caught up in the excitement and tension of election night. Our suite had four television sets and people gathered in front of them to watch and discuss the results. We saw the wonderful performances of ~~xxx~~, Tony Bennett and Jessye Norman. When the President won Florida everyone cheered, ~~and then~~ ^{but} when he was declared the winner, we ~~all~~ started congratulating each other, ^{and} some even cried.

^{By} Then it was time to get ready for the President's speech. After Senator Dole called to congratulate my husband, we left the hotel for the short ride over to the Old State House, Arkansas' first capitol. ~~The night was warm so we left our coats behind.~~ When ~~we went outside with the Gores and their four children,~~ ^{standing a few steps with} we ^{could} saw ^{see} a huge crowd ~~estimated at more than fifty thousand~~ stretching down as far as we could see. ^{The big} ~~xxx~~ trees in front were draped in little white lights. As the President spoke, leaves gently floated down across the podium as though they, too, ~~had~~ wanted to play their part in ^{this historic} ~~that~~ night.

I looked out into hundreds of faces I knew and loved, feeling very blessed to be in that place, proud of my husband and my country. It didn't even matter that I still had three more receptions to attend and that my feet were throbbing. It all seemed just right, and not a bad way to end this Election Day.

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