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The memorial to President Franklin Roosevelt that
 is ^{this month} opening on the mall in Washington sparked controversy
 over whether or not ^{the former Pres} President Roosevelt should be
 shown in a wheel chair. Some people might have
 been surprised when my husband recently
 supported ^{the idea of an add'l} adding a statue of the ^{FDR} former president
^{disabling to full use.} seated in a wheel chair. It was not, however,
 because of ^{Bill} how I have seen my husband
 deal with ^{that the} his temporary disability ^{he has endured because of} from the ⁱⁿ ^{had to} ^{live with}
 aftermath of his ^{our} injury. ~~As he first~~ ^{he} ~~heard the pop when he~~
^{Bill} ~~After~~ ^{he} ~~lost~~ ^{lost} the tendons connecting his
 quadriceps muscle to his right knee as
 he missed a step. Although he was in ^{severe} pain,
 he did not realize how serious the damage
 was until he ~~finally~~ ^{he} ~~heard~~ ^{could} the doctor's verdict:

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"It would have been better for you if you had broken a bone or even your kneecap."

The doctor meant that a broken bone would be immobilized and put in a cast for healing, which, although cumbersome, would not require ^{surgery or} as long a period of recuperation.

The operation to repair the tendons took about two hours [since the surgeons found that more than 80% of the tendons had been torn on an angle.]

I was a nervous wreck during the surgery and in the hours ^{immediately} after. ~~Because~~ I hated to see him in pain. But I became really concerned when the morning after

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Surgery, the doctors, nurses, and physical therapists came into the room to announce they would start moving the injured leg and ~~would~~ ^{now} planned to have him out of bed learning to ^{use crutches and how to} get in and out of a wheel chair a few hours later.

Learning to move again ^{on crutches} after the kind of operation Bill had is not easy. I ^{felt} ~~was~~ relieved when he agreed to use a wheel chair for ^{several} ~~a few~~ days after he left the hospital, including for his summit ^{in Helsinki} with President Yeltsin. Bill's accident happened the day before Chelsea and I were scheduled to leave for Africa, and my first reaction was

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that we should ^{cancel the trip} not go, But Bill wouldn't hear
of any postponement longer than a day.
~~Since~~ He expected to be at home by then
and assumed we he would be fine. I
spent ^{the} time ^{helping with} preparing the White House
for Bill's return, by ~~walking~~ ^{walking} through
with the ^{help of} medical staff, ^{looking} ~~looking~~ for ~~all~~
anything that might turn out to ^{be} ~~be~~
~~the~~ hazards that ~~we~~ might to someone
~~is~~ on ~~the~~ crutches. Boy, did I learn
a lot about what people with physical
disabilities go through every day: We
taped down carpets and removed furniture, the
chairs ~~were~~ on wheels and ^{help}
rearranged our bedroom ~~and~~ ^{and} bathroom
to eliminate obstacles; and installed
railings and handles for him to use in the

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bathroom.

~~When~~ Chelsea and I called Bill ~~from Africa~~
every chance we had to check on his
progress. We heard about his daily physical
therapy, ^{in which} ~~where~~ his ~~lower~~ leg was being bent
and moved to increase its strength and
mobility. He also had to exercise aerobically
which meant upper body ^{weight training} ~~at times~~. ~~and~~
~~attempts to~~ ^{swim} ^{now}

In the six weeks since his accident,
Bill has taken physical therapy twice
a day and made slow but steady
progress bending his leg ~~and~~ and becoming
more mobile on his crutches. He will
soon "graduate" to a cane. But, he

b

has at least four more months of ~~hard~~ hard work to rehabilitate^e his leg so he can run and — most^{ly} importantly — play golf again.

As I have watched my strong-seemingly ~~indefatigable~~ indestructible — husband struggle in the morning to put on his clothes or carefully lower himself into a chair, I've sometimes had to ~~stop~~ stop^{myself} from rushing to help him, since I know he wants to ~~keep home~~ be as independent as possible. ~~Both of us have~~ He and I have learned about the small daily challenges that people ⁱⁿ ~~on~~ wheelchair or on crutches face that we had never fully understood before.

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While he's been coping with them, he's been working every day as Pres. I don't too.

We were marvelling one night about the daily burdens President Roosevelt faced as he dressed, ^{or} moved or performed any of the other mundane tasks most of us ~~can do~~ ^{w/o him} take for granted. When I refurbished the Map Room on the ground floor of the White House where Pres. Roosevelt reviewed troop positions during the Second World War, I asked a man who had worked with the President during the war to describe the room to an artist who would do a drawing ~~for~~ of how it looked then. Based on his description, the

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Artist drew Roosevelt sitting in his wheelchair reviewing maps. I've been told that every morning, after being helped to dress, Roosevelt would ~~take~~ ^{descend in the elevator} his ~~wheelchair~~ from the second floor on his way to the Oval Office, ^{He} usually stopping in the Map Room then and later ^{again} on his way ~~back~~ up to the living quarters.

Bill and I now ^{regard} ~~imagine~~ President Roosevelt even more highly because of all he ~~had to do~~ ^{did} every day to ~~meet~~ ^{carry out} his ~~charge~~ obligations. And, if he could ~~direct~~ plan America's ~~successful~~ victory in war from his wheelchair, ~~all Americans should~~ we should share that story with the world.

Apr-29-97 08:15P The Executive Residence



children's schools and my husband's work. In our constantly shifting lives, our female friends may be the greatest constant and the touchstone not only of who we are but who we once were, the people who, taken together, know us whole, from girlfriend to wife and mother and even to widow. Children grow and go; even beloved men sometimes seem to be beaming their perceptions and responses in from a different planet. But our female friends are forever.

Professor Gilligan says she thinks the women's movement had something to do with this, that it was when we began to value what it meant to us to be female that we were most able to be open with one another about our real lives, not the Hallmark card version, to reveal the aches beneath the apron, the bruises beneath the business suit. "For a long time our conversations focused on relationships with men," says Gilligan of her own circle. "But soon we were talking about everything. Our love lives, our work, our angst. Times of crisis but also just ordinary times and good times. It's true closeness, true intimacy. The conversation lays the groundwork for a deeper connection."

But I suspect that sort of intimacy predates the newest wave of feminism, goes back further than we think. I remember my mother and her cousin Gloria, my grandmother and her friend Marion. I remember as a child thinking, seeing those women in conversation with one another, that it was like seeing an iceberg, knowing that so much was going on, had gone on beneath the surface of that moment, the years, the tears, the confidences. I read the letters of Victorian women, who, unencumbered by the sexual subtext that would accompany it today, spoke the language of love to one another and even shared the same bed in what was most often a gesture of emotional, not physical intimacy. The historian Carroll Smith-Rosenberg says that close female friendships were taken for granted a century ago as a source of succor superior to the joining of two disparate parts in marriage. "Women," she wrote, "who had little status or power in the larger world of male concerns, possessed status and power in the lives of other women."

The first time I met Hillary Rodham Clinton, during the 1992 presidential campaign, she showed me a bracelet she had just been given for her birthday. Her nine closest women friends had bought it for her, and the initials of each was engraved on the links. Later, during the president's first term, I asked how she managed to survive the maelstrom and continual scrutiny of life in the White House, and she showed me the bracelet once again. It was her circle of friends that kept her equilibrium constant.

They were the people, she has said, to whom she sent the manuscript of her book to figure out how it could be improved. "Hillary," one said, "this is like a beautiful garden with some

weeds." In a world in which she could never tell whom to trust or how much she knew her circle of friends would be honest. She also knew they would be kind. And she knew that when the going got rough and tough, she could call one of those women and get, not an instant analysis of how she should remake her image, but first and foremost a sympathetic ear.

Joanna Bull, who runs Gilda's Club, the support organization for people living with cancer and their families, says many of her support groups try to teach the men who participate to learn intimacy and openness in a way that is intuitive for many women and that comes from, and feeds, female friendships. "When I was diagnosed with leukemia," Bull recalls, "it meant everything in the world to me that there came from across the country 10 women who just nurtured me for the weekend. Some of them I rarely saw in person and mainly kept in touch with by telephone. Most of them had never met one another. But all of them wanted to come right away, and they came to my house in California and we sat in the hot tub and we ate and drank and laughed and cried and talked and talked and talked. I don't think 10 men would do that. Which is sad for them."

As the mother of two sons, I wonder if our world of increasing gender equality will change that. My daughter has already begun to repeat the patterns I remember so well from my own girlhood: the little knot of girls in one corner of the schoolyard, trading sentences as though conversation were a contact sport; the cycle of best friends and betrayal, complete with tumultuous tears and favorite possessions gladly given away; the constant analysis of classroom personal relations, as though between math and reading she had also studied group dynamics. And my boys? Well, when the eldest is on the phone for a long, long time these days, chances are that he's talking to a girlfriend. Maybe the friendship circles of years to come will be more polyglot than those of my friends. Maybe he will never say to his wife, "What do you two find to talk about every day?" because he will have learned what there is to talk about from his own circle of female friends.

What do we find to talk about? Well, let's see: Kids. Hormones. Living-room drapes. O.J. Simpson. Madonna. Movies. Books. Clothes. Politics. Men. *Melrose Place*. Sadness. Happiness. Aging. Loss. Breast cancer. Cosmetic surgery. Black bean soup. Pot pie. Love. Piece by piece, we stitch the world together into something we can work with, something with which we can cover ourselves against the cold nights. I don't know what in the world I would do without them, for advice, for comfort, for simply knowing that there is someone out there who knows me as I am, and loves me despite and because of it. I've never been in therapy, and maybe they are the reason why. We talk. there-

ordinary everyday things." Instead she told her diary what many of us tell our friends — about her romantic yearnings, her self-doubts, the differences with those closest to her.

It's a model of female confidences, the immortal diary. "Dearest Kitty," begins one entry, "Mother and I had a so-called 'discussion' today." But there's a certain poignancy in the fact that Anne's closest confidant is paper and cardboard, incapable of reciprocal conversation. Of course, the diary is in many ways a vehicle, a way for Anne to know herself, which seems to be the end result of our closest friendships after all.

There were times, particularly when I found myself in a new and difficult role, when I practically went trolling for "one true friend" in the largely male newsrooms where I learned to be a reporter, in the playgrounds where I first took my toddlers while trying to figure out how to be a mother, in the hallways at school. Book groups and play groups: We claved together. I only really understand myself, what I'm really thinking and feeling, when I've talked it over with my circle of female friends. When days go by without that connection, I feel like a radio playing in an empty room.

By circle of friends I don't mean a group of women all connected to each other, but all connected to me. It's the same with most of us, I think. Last month I went to a birthday lunch for one of my close friends; ranged around the table were a group of women, many of whom I had never met before but all of whom I had heard about many, many times. It was a meal of discovery — "Oh, that's her — and her — and her, too." They were friends of my friend from different times of her life, just as I have mine, from school and work and then my

Together and apart
 we celebrate a century --
 Half of it behind us,
 half of it ahead
 we hope.
 Together, we account for
 several dozens of diplomas,
 hundreds of houses,
 thousands of love songs and lullabies,
 millions of decisions,
 and we can't begin to count
 the boys,
 the boys pretending to be men,
 and, finally, the men
 we smiled at, danced with,
 outsmarted or fell for,
 took home or left behind.

We are old enough to remember
 telephones before touchtones,
 tv's before cable,
 keeping in touch before E-mail,
 and life in general before pantyhose.
 And we're old enough to have escaped
 living in college dorms that had boys
 on every floor,
 and ever having to compete
 in a wet t-shirt contest.

If we're honest, we admit that
 at least once --
 we went uptown on a Saturday
 with curlers in our hair,
 wore a beehive to a prom,
 bought a padded bra,
 listened to Johnny Mathis,
 and read Cosmopolitan --
 not necessarily all at the same time.

Somehow we survived
 air raid drills in school hallways,
 the Cuban Missile Crisis,
 and the day Kennedy was shot.
 We lived through
 sleeping on brush rollers,
 getting home from fraternity
 parties
 in the days before designated
 drivers,
 wearing bell-bottoms,
 dating men in leisure suits,
 and making our way in a world
 that didn't always know
 exactly what to make of us.
 Sometimes we were the first
 in our families to graduate from
 college;
 sometimes the first female VP or
 president
 the company ever had.
 Along the way
 we were called upon to
 think like girls,
 play like boys,
 act like ladies,
 perform like men,
 feel like women,
 and still be ourselves.
 But we made some sense of it,
 didn't we?
 And we made waves
 and we made changes
 and we made mistakes
 and we made friends
 and we made memories.

Together and apart,
 we made it to 50!

Cheryl Acton Harbour
 April, 1997

The fountain of youth is friendship.



with hillary hall f

DRAFT #2 4/29/97

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8831

FIRST LADY HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON
TALKING IT OVER
APRIL 29, 1997

[As my husband likes to say, we are privileged to live in the nation's finest public housing.] And one of my greatest joys and responsibilities during these last four years has been to oversee the day-to-day activities and the long-term preservation of that most public house: The White House.

Bill and I like to think of

Not only is it the residence of the President, it's also

The White House ~~is~~ America's home. ~~It's~~ a living museum. And though Bill, Chelsea, and I are lucky enough to live here, we know that we are only short-term tenants in a house that, God willing, will stand forever.

I imagine I am like a lot of Americans in that I have been fascinated by the White House since my childhood. *[When did you first see it? Hear about it? When did you first visit? A couple of personal sentences?]* ~~And all,~~

It is hard to think of a building that has touched more of America's history. Think about it. Every President with the exception of George Washington -- who chose the location and approved the design -- has lived in the White House. ~~Every President -- from John Adams on.~~ *g* There is not an issue of importance to our Republic that has not been discussed, debated, or (one hopes) resolved under its roof.

Late at night, I think of President Lincoln struggling to find ways to keep our Union together. I think of Eleanor Roosevelt reporting back to her husband on what she has seen on her travels around the country -- as America was overcoming the Great Depression and mobilizing to fight the Second World War. And I think of President Kennedy, at the height of the perilous Cuban Missile Crisis, leaving the Oval Office to go spend time with his family in the White House living quarters.

There is not much the White House hasn't endured. The British burned it in the War of 1812 -- in fact, you can still see the burn marks downstairs. During the Civil War, soldiers from the Union Army camped outside. The house has stood proudly through 196 sweltering Washington summers and 197 wet Washington winters. It has tolerated rambunctious First Families and their pets: cats, dogs, ponies, puppies, and who knows what else. The White House has preserved its dignity in the face of official functions gone awry, a press corps that has been known to leave a scuff mark here or there -- even a President who, once in a blue moon, accidentally slices a golf ball in the general direction of its walls. *[Do we want to say anything about the plane? Joke about self?]*

As important as what the White House has seen, is what it represents: Democracy. The

building is simple, unadorned, straightforward. Compare it to pictures of castles and palaces built in other countries around the same time, and you will know what I mean. Its architecture says: this is not the grand residence of a king or an emperor -- it is the temporary home of the democratically elected leader of a free country. Even its location underscores our republican ideals, for the White House is situated in such a way that the people and their President can constantly see each other, and keep each other always in mind.

The White House is the only executive residence in the world that is regularly open to its citizens without charge. ~~I don't think we would have it any other way. After all, this is our house -- America's house.~~ *on fact,*

The White House receives 1.5 million visitors every year from the United States and around the world -- most of them in the spring and summer. Approximately 100,000 more come annually for ceremonies and other official functions.

It is because the White House holds such importance to our nation that Presidents and their families take its stewardship so seriously. That stewardship includes what people see inside the White House when they visit. The White House collection ~~is~~ ^{made up of} its furniture, paintings and historic interiors, ~~not~~ ^{it is} more than simple decorations. ~~They are~~ ^{it is} a concrete expression of our highest ideals. From the portrait of George Washington that Dolley Madison pulled from the White House as the British Army approached to Childe Hassam's "Avenue in the Rain," each work represents the best ~~in~~ ^{one of my husband family's} the American spirit. ~~reflects~~

Many people don't realize that while the national government maintains the White House and its grounds, ~~the White House collection~~ ^{the interior furnishings} is sustained almost entirely by contributions from individuals and the private sector.

In 1961, Jacqueline Kennedy inspired the creation of the White House Historical Association, to support the White House collection. In 1990, Barbara Bush started the non-profit White House Endowment Fund to finance major restorations and acquisitions.

Because of Mrs. Bush's foresight, we are now in a better position than ever to preserve the character of the White House collection. We will be able to build on the efforts my husband and I have already been fortunate enough to undertake -- a restoration of the Blue Room, much-needed work in the East Room, the acquisition of Henry Ossawa Tanner's "Sand Dunes at Sunset, Atlantic City," the first painting by an African-American to be added to the White House collection. And next month, the White House will unveil its first modernist painting: Georgia O'Keeffe's beautiful "Bear Lake, New Mexico."

None of this would be possible without the commitment of individuals and businesses across the country. Their generosity honors our art and culture. It secures the preservation of the national home we all share. And it puts our history and creative spirit before the eyes of every child who walks, hand-in-hand with a parent, through the rooms of the White House.

*have
many friends families who care for us and we have to
preserve the beauty and elegance, & history of the WH.*

Endowment

Poem - sd friend wrote -

one of the great joys of his -

the class challenges of public eye -
also lot to go

Renew friendships & acquaintances -

He with has seemed as a new place
shimmer parties

for of us his able tri 50 -

one of

Cheryl Arbo

wrote a poem caption -

mythology of friendship

will stopped to ask me.

~~Under~~

DRAFT

**FIRST LADY HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON
COLUMN FOR PUBLICATION MAY 1, 1997
TALKING IT OVER/CREATORS SYNDICATE**

During the 1992 presidential campaign, I got a wonderful gift from my nine closest friends. It was a bracelet with their initials engraved on the links.

Months later, after Bill was elected President and we were living in the White House, a reporter asked how I coped with the fish bowl of public life. I pulled out the bracelet. It was my friends, I said, that kept me going whenever times got tough.

Living in the White House certainly has its challenges — political, social and otherwise. But it also has unparalleled joys, among them the chance to renew acquaintances and friendships from years past. During the four years I've been in Washington, my friends and I have gotten together for all sorts of occasions (~~ranging~~^{from} from the very serious to the downright silly) to review old times and look ahead.

We've gone out for dinners, taken long walks through Washington's neighborhoods, and watched movies ~~together~~ in the White House theater. Once I hosted a slumber party for some girl friends from grade school. Another time I had my ~~entire~~^{from Wellesley} college class to the White House for a reunion.

~~And~~^{Whatever our reasons for getting together.} I've noticed that, ~~no matter the occasion,~~ the talk among us inevitably turns to the passage of time. We fret about our children leaving for college, about how to avoid the pitfalls of mid-life, about exercise and diet regimens that do and don't work. We worry about relationships,

careers, family and the tenuous balance we try to maintain ^{every new all} from day to day.

And, we talk about milestones. Milestones like turning 50, which many of my friends and I are confronting now. Do we feel young? Old? Revved up? Worn out? These are the emotions we are sorting through as our birthdays come and go.

For those of us born in 1947, the arrival of a new millennium has put the last half century in bold relief. But nothing has summed up the images, feelings, and paradoxes of our generation more than a poem ^{only of mine} a friend wrote ^{for all her friends - see} and ^{sent} to me recently. Like the bracelet I showed the reporter ^{some} four years ago, this poem was a gift ^{unabashed} of friendship that I will always cherish.

Here it is:

Together and apart
we celebrate a century--
Half of it behind us,
half of it ahead
we hope.
Together, we account for
several dozens of diplomas,
hundreds of houses,
thousands of love songs and lullabies,
millions of decisions,
and we can't begin to count
the boys,
the boys pretending to be men,
and, finally, the men
we smiled at, danced with,
outsmarted or fell for,
took home or left behind.

We are old enough to remember
telephones before touchstones,
tv's before cable,
keeping in touch before E-mail,
and life in general before pantyhose.
And we're old enough to have escaped living in college dorms that had boys
on every floor.

and ever having to compete in a wet t-shirt contest.

If we're honest, we admit that
at least once --
we went uptown on a Saturday
with curlers in our hair,
wore a beehive to a prom,
bought a padded bra,
listened to Johnny Mathis,
and read Cosmopolitan --
not necessarily all at the same time.

Somehow we survived
air raid drills in school hallways,
the Cuban Missile Crisis,
and the day Kennedy was shot.
We lived through
sleeping on brush rollers,
getting home from fraternity parties
in the days before designated drivers,
wearing bell-bottoms,
dating men in leisure suits,
and making our way in a world
that didn't always know
exactly what to make of us.
Sometimes we were the first
in our families to graduate from college;
sometimes the first female VP or president
the company every had.
Along the way
we were called upon to
think like girls,
play like boys,
act like ladies,
perform like men,
feel like women,
and still be ourselves.
But we made some sense of it, didn't we?
And we made waves
and we made changes
and we made mistakes
and we made friends
and we made memories.

Together and apart,
we made it to 50!

###

~~I hope Every American gets the opportunity to visit the White House and enjoy its collection. Maybe I'll see you there~~ ^{Should have}

the extraordinary house,
and get a deeper sense
of what our history is
all about.

My remarks from Philadelphia.