

Chron

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20500

DATE: 08/15/96

TO: JIM DORSKIND

FROM: Staff Secretary

Please prepare a response ASAP.

Thanks.

cc: Mike McCurry

original sent to Dorskind

THE PARIS REVIEW

541 EAST 72 STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

(212) 861-0016

FAX (212) 861-4504

9 August, 1996

Ms. Nancy Hernreich
The White House
Washington DC 20502

Dear Ms. Hernreich:

Please find enclosed a letter from George Plimpton to President Clinton regarding their day together at the Olympics and the article George wrote about it.

Would you be so kind as to forward the letter on to President Clinton?

Sincerely,

Anne M. F.
Anne Fulenwider
Assistant to Mr. Plimpton

96 AUG 15 P2:36

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August 9, 1996

Dear Mr. President --

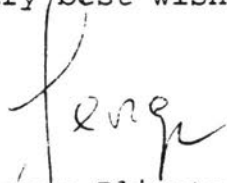
I am indeed grateful to you and Mrs Clinton for letting me fasten myself to you like a remora over your Olympic day -- what I believe is called "special access" in press circles. It was a remarkable and memorable experience. Unhappily, the bomb incident threw Sports Illustrated's plans into a cocked hat, and my somewhat light-hearted piece, very long, suddenly seemed out of place. I had happened to send a copy to a New Yorker editor who was interested in what I had to write about Air Force One. When he heard that Sports Illustrated was postponing the piece, he asked if I could extricate for him. I was able to do this, assuming that the New Yorker wanted to publish the whole piece. This they hoped to do, but alas, at the last moment, it was brutally truncated and stuffed into Talk of the Town, a long piece for that department, but hardly what I had hoped to publish of that memorable day. I hope you weren't too disappointed. After all, you gave up a half hour of hearts to give me all that information, so much of it left on a cutting room floor!

I thought you might like to see the article in its entirety. I have no doubt some publication will urge me to put it in the past tense, and it will see the light of day. I

may have to call you re "fusion vision". I'm not sure I've explained it sufficiently.

My very best to Mrs Clinton. She told me some remarkable things about her basketball career (which I would hope to incorporate should the article be commissioned in the future) -- in particular the art of "juggling", which is almost as arcane as "fusion vision."

Very Best wishes,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'G. Plimpton', written in dark ink.

George Plimpton

I own a seersucker suit, suitable for the Atlanta heat, I think, so I am outfitted in it, along with a blue tie. Air Force One is waiting at Hanger 12, JFK. Mammoth. A bomb dog puts his nose in my tote bag. "How do you train those dogs?" I ask the Secret Service agent.

"Repetition," he says.

After a while I ask, "How has he done on finding things?"

"Well, that depends." He turns away.

I remark to myself that I hope the President is going to be more forthcoming about his sports career and what he has to say about the Olympics.

My seat on Air Force One is in a small compartment occupied by Secret Service agents. They take off their coats and hang them over the back of their seats. Their pistols and what look like small flashlights in black cases ride on their belts. My seat companion is a woman agent. She tells me her pistol is of German-make -- a Sauer, a 9mm weapon with a sixteen shot capacity. She professes not to know how many of her fellow-agents are on Air Force One, but I would have guessed a dozen or so, certainly enough firepower aboard to rival Tombstone in the bad days.

We are served lunch. As I am gazing at it, the President ² appears at my seat-side. I try to shoot to my feet, impeded by a tray which has on it a pepperoni pizza, a glass of lemonade, a salad, a small wafer, napkin, cutlery . . . as well as a secured safety belt. A futile struggle. A piece of tomato lands in my lap, on my seersucker trousers. The President is saying, "No, no, don't get up." He says, "We're going to have a great time."

"Absolutely, sir," I say. He moves on.

Not long after, a steward gives me a tour of Air Force One. Impressive enough. Various compartments -- the press sits in one (in the rear), the special agents in another which I am sharing with them, the White House staff in a third, a conference room, two galleys, one midships, one aft, a communications center in the upper level bubble, a room which can be turned into a hospital, washrooms with a selection of toiletries on a shelf, and then forward, with the door to it closed, the President's quarters -- a sitting room, I am told, and a bedroom in the very nose of the plane. My guide tells me that Senator Goldwater had urged the commission of a new Air Force One. Ronald Reagan had hoped to fly off into the sunset aboard it, but construction problems intervened and it was President Buish who had most use of it. He kept a pair of furry bedroom slippers aboard, with the Presidential seal embroidered on the toes, but took them with him when he left office. President Clinton has a pair of cowboy boots,

also embossed with the Presidential seal, which I am told we ³
may indeed see on his feet when we disembark.

He suddenly materializes in the corridor opposite the forward galley. He is in shirt sleeves. He urges me to have a peach cobbler ("after all we're headed for the Peach State") and leans in a kind of teller's window to order it for me, joshing with the kitchen staff within. He turns to me and says, "We're going to have a great time."

The cobbler is brought to my seat, topped with a sorbet. I offer to share it with my agent friend since apparently no desserts are forthcoming from the aft galley. She shakes her head politely. I am to learn from the press afterwards that the fare aboard Air Force One is notoriously sparse. Coming back late tonight we can expect no more than a bag of pretzels and some potato chips. No outcry from the taxpayers in *this* department!

I hope to spend some time alone with the President -- fifteen carefully-thought-out questions to put to him. No such luck. He does not appear again. Perhaps he is planning to talk to me on the return trip.

Back at my seat I am given a little souvenir packet. In it is a few small packets of M & M chocolates candies along with a half-dozen match-books, both items fixed with the presidential seal. The candy boxes bear Bill Clinton's signature. I am told that originally packs of cigarettes were in the gift packet; these went, but not the matches. Odd.

We land at Dobbins Air Reserve Base in Marietta, GA. The ⁴
President is wearing a blue blazer and olive slacks. Brown
suede shoes. No cowboy boots. Mrs. Clinton is wearing a tan
pants suit. He works the fence, shaking hands, the flashbulbs
popping. The motorcade sets out for the Georgia Dome, headed
by a phalanx of motorcycle cops, their blue strobe lights
flickering far ahead. I am in a van with five other
reporters, all long-time White House hands. Behind us is a
van identified as the "Valet" car. Perhaps the cowboy boots
are in there. We move swiftly, but the off-ramps are dense
with cars waiting for us to pass, long lines snaking back
into the country side. . . those closer often with their
drivers standing out on the roadside to watch us go by. I
can't imagine that some of them are very pleased. . .
especially those with pressing appointments -- a golf date, a
contract signing. Over the course of these delays I wonder
how many Democrats become Independents and Independents
Republican!

We disembark. A lot of milling around. A stranger comes up
and says, "Hey, it's nice to see someone wearing a seersucker
suit. Not too many of them around -- only the very old
Atlanta gentry wear them."

"Is that so," I say

We catch up to the President. He is walking out of a
reception room where he has been congratulating the women's
basketball team who have just walloped Zaire. We walk down a
corridor together. He mentions that he knows the team from

before -- having taken them out on a five-mile jog from the White House during which -- he tells me with a grin -- two of them turned out to be quite out of shape and couldn't keep up. He mentions with considerable enthusiasm tk McGee, who came back from serious injuries to make the team. He admires those who have survived from adversity. He mentions Kerri Strug, the little gymnast who had sprained her ankle two days before and returned minutes later to nail her last vault. "I called and invited her to the White House," he tells me. "She was kind of disarming. She said that was all right but would she be able to see the president!"

We are seated at the women's gymnastics. Between two Secret Service agents I am stationed immediately behind the Clintons, notebook at the ready. Trying to carry on a conversation with somebody in the next row down, or even to overhear what is being said, turns out -- in the incessant hum and occasional roar of the crowd --to be almost impossible . . . unless I lean far forward and hang my head between the Clinton family like a balloon. So I chat with the Secret Agent people on either side. They seem self-absorbed. They have tan-colored cords that run up into a button in one ear. I keep an eye on the Clintons. Chelsea and a girl-friend from Little Rock are with them. Chelsea, teeth-braces gone, self-possessed, is truly out of the awkward stage -- slim, long-legged, and with a passion, I am to hear from her friend, for the ballet, both as a student and scholar. She has been to the Games from Opening Day and knows what's what.

She is explaining the finer points of the competition to her⁶ parents. I strain to overhear. Watching the four-ring circus of women's gymnastics, I find it almost impossible to figure out the various permutations; the midget size of the performers doesn't help either -- the distance between us magnified as if looking through the wrong end of a pair of binoculars. One aches for television to make sense of it. Or Chelsea. I lean forward. I have a question to ask:

"Which are the Chinese?"

She looks back over her shoulder. "They're in yellow and red."

I thank her and lean back, making a note in my notebook.

The Americans are not doing well. Nor is anyone else. How odd and touching it is to see them make the best of a pratfall: they finishing off what they've done (falling off the balance beam) with the standard gymnast's flourish -- popping out their chests and their behinds as if stuck in the small of the back with a pin, stick-thin arms aloft!

Mrs. Clinton is summoned to do an interview with Mary Lou Retton. She comes back with a broad grin. She reports to the President, speaking across Chelsea's back so I can overhear, that Mary Lou had asked her if she felt there was any similarity between gymnastics and politics. She had thought a bit and replied that indeed there were similarities -- that she'd seen a lot of tumbles out on the floor during the afternoon, costly to the performer, and that it was the same in politics . . . one mistake, one error in judgment . . .

disaster! Mary Lou had then asked which gymnastic event did ⁷ she consider paralleled her own political career. "The balance beam," she had replied and the President bent over in laughter.

Next we travel in the motorcade to the swimming competition at the Georgia Tech Aquatic Center. Beautiful open air arena. The place is packed. I look around for anyone wearing a seersucker suit. Nope. The teams sit together in the closed side of the arena, cheering on their teammates. Some have their mascots -- a white teddy bear, a seal. The male swimmers are slim and tall, some with their heads shaved, pale-skinned, as if all their swimming was done in indoor pools where the sun's light never touches them. Again I sit behind the Clintons with the "guns" on either side. Chelsea knows the swimmers by name. "Come on, Beth!" she cries. She is carrying an American flag.

The President moves back a row and sits with me. Big chance! I ask him if he could be an Olympian, which sport would he pick. A Republican friend of mine -- considering the President's girth on occasion -- had suggested sumo wrestling.

"The decathlon and swimming," the President replies. "I like the swimming because I like the feel of swimming and the idea that you're out there against yourself as much as against others... pushing the limits. As for the decathlon I like it because it rewards balance -- you don't have to be the best at everything. It tests one's ability to develop in

an area where one might not have much natural ability; you're forced to do this because you're competing in ten events. It's fascinating to me. I have no idea whether if I'd started out as a young man working on it, I could have succeed, but it's always been the event which has captured my imagination."

The discus (one of the events of the decathlon) seems to have a special fascination for him. He mentions Al Oerter, the famous discus-thrower, who never seemed to do very well in track and field meets until it came time for the Olympics, and then won four golds, one of them (in Munich) when he had a slipped disc in his back. . . another example of overcoming adversity.

"Do you know about Robert Garrett," the President asks. He goes on to say that Garrett had come to the first Olympics in Athens as a member of the American team having hardly ever seen a proper discus. He had been practicing with something that weighed about sixteen pounds and was astounded and disheartened at the distances the Greeks were throwing the discus on his arrival in Athens until he discovered that what he had been throwing was 14 pounds too heavy!

"So he stepped up and threw one of these little discuses just about out of the Stadium," the President says.

What he has to say to me is by no means an uninterrupted flow. There are constant demands on his attention -- the introduction of an athlete, often from a foreign country, always with a beaming coach with a big handshake, a

translator hovering behind, the offering of the country's Olympic pin, the pop-flash of a camera to record the event.

9

One of his staff members leans over us and murmurs to the President that the victorious American swimmers up on the pedestal are about to receive their gold medals. The National Anthem will be played. The cameras will be searching him out, a photo Op . . . standing at attention, facing the flag with his hand on his chest. I am assuming that the staff member is telling the President it would be preferable if he were to be flanked by his family rather than picked out by the cameras standing next to a stranger in a seersucker suit.

The President nods. As he turns to move down a row, I express the hope that we can talk further, perhaps on Air Force One on the way back home. He nods again.

After the competition is over, the President visits the U.S. team. The medal winners are carrying their medals in heavy wooden boxes. A photo is suggested. The swimmers suggest slightly unruly high school seniors as they jostle each other for the photographers. They want the President in the middle of the picture. He prefers to stand on the side so he won't block out anyone. "Can't you duck?" a women swimmer calls out. "I do that every day," Clinton replies.

On the way from the Aquatic Center to the motorcade I trail along. In the corridors of the Center the crowds collect in the various entryways and wave and cheer. Sometimes the President goes over to shake hands. A small boy raises a camera and when it doesn't work he first shakes and

then pummels it in despair. The President notices this and 10
shakes his hand. I note how wide everyone's eyes seem to
become, as if, like an F-16 stop in a camera, the focus must
take in everything of that moment. I am close enough to the
President for odd bits of information, caught on the fly,
that it is his first Olympics, though he jogged around the
Olympic track in Seoul before the Games opened in 1980.

I have the vague sense that the press, who care about such
things, are slightly miffed, certainly envious of my
proximity to the Clintons -- what is called "special access."
On the way to the van one of them asks if I am getting much
material. Very little. I'm relying that we may get a chance
to talk on Air Force One. I'm lost if that doesn't happen.
Not anything? So I tell him the story about Hillary Clinton
and her description of the balance beam being the symbol of
her political career. Back in the van I hear him, his mouth
close to his cellular phone, repeating the story to his home
office.

We are waiting for the President to finish his interview
with Bob Costas of NBC television -- supposedly a fifteen
minute halt at the International Trade Center before we go to
Dobbins Field and the return to Washington. Time drones on.
An hour. Someone says that once Clinton starts talking, he
rarely stops. Another suggests that he, Hillary and Chelsea
are in the pool with the synchronized swimming team. Yet a
third comments that Clinton may be eating. "Dangle an onion
ring anywhere near Clinton and he'll go for it." The card

game "Hearts" is also mentioned. . . the President's favorite,¹¹ especially on trips. Sometimes, one of the old-timers says, the press corps has to stand by for long periods of time until he finally calls it quits and comes down the ramp of Air Force One.

"Hey, if you get your talk with him," someone says, "get him to stop when we reach Washington. If we have to hang around for an hour, we'll storm the plane."

"Absolutely," I say.

About twenty minutes after takeoff I am told the President is through for the day. I let loose an exclamation of dismay.

"What? But we have an appointment . . ."

Apologies are made. "No more interviews. He's had a long day."

I order a drink, a scotch and water, and gaze mournfully at my notebook--four pages of notes, most of them about Air Force One. I have a pretzel. A first sentence formulates itself. "It is not easy to spend a day at the Olympics with the President and get very much out of it."

But about halfway to Washington I am suddenly informed that the President wishes to see me. I am so conditioned to writing a story about the President not seeing me that I am strangely disappointed.

"What? I thought he was through for the day . . ."

I am led forward. In the forward conference room the President is playing "Hearts" with four members of his staff. He is eating a sandwich from which a leaf of lettuce

protrudes. A glass of ginger-ale is by his side. A bowl of 12
pretzels is available. Jaws move and hands reach. The game is
played at incredible speed. The President is not doing well.
He cries out in despair. He jots down the score on a pad. He
notes that I have arrived and announces, "One more game."
Three more games ensue. The steward appears and I order
another scotch and water. Another game. I join Mrs. Clinton
on a couch. We chat amiably. She tells me that her husband
only keeps score for bragging rights, at least that what she
thinks. The President looks over. "One more game?" Perhaps
invigorated by the scotch whiskey I call out, slightly
inaccurately, "Play on, Macduff!" though I am keenly aware
that Andrews Air Force base and Washington are not far ahead
and getting closer -- my interview being slowly vetoed by a
game of "Hearts".

Finally the President throws down his cards. He has lost
four games in a row. We sit for the interview in the bedroom
in the bow of Air Force One. We don't have much time--I can
feel a slight shift in the engine's roar as the plane begins
its descent. We talk briefly about Muhammed Ali--the dramatic
moment when he took the torch and lit the Olympic flame.

"I've known him for several years," the President says.
"I've watched him cope with the deterioration of his
condition with dignity, and good humor, and a lot of heart,
and to see him honored and reconciled with the American
Olympic establishment after what happened back in the Sixties
was just a beautiful thing. He was waiting for me as I was

walking out the door to go to the car. I went up and put my ¹³
arms around him and hugged him. I said, 'You really did great
tonight. I was proud of you,' and I held him steady and
strong. Some days he can speak better than others, and you
always have to put your ear up to his mouth, but his eyes
were dancing, you know, because he was so happy."

He has especially enjoyed watching the Olympic heroes from
the past parading on the stage. "A lot of people up there I
thought very appropriate. Greg Louganis, who dealt so
courageously with his HIV. Hey, and I loved the 97-year-old
gymnast, from where, Slovinia? Did you see him dancing
around?"

"No, I missed that," I say.

"The president of the Olympics, Samaranch, was sitting
with me and he said that this 97-year-old gymnast can sit in
a chair and with his arms lift himself up out of his seat
with his legs parallel to the ground."

The President demonstrates, hoisting himself a few inches
up off his chair, his legs straight out.

"Wow." I say, not sure whether my enthusiasm is directed
towards the President's ability to do this or the 97-year-old
gymnast's. Probably both.

The President is telling me about how moved he was by the
number of people from foreign countries who had dropped by
his table in the Olympic Village dining area on Opening day,
especially those with whom the United States has been
recently politically involved -- athletes from Ireland,

Croatia. "This guy from the Palestinian team was really touching. He came over to me and said, 'The Palestinians are a very old people, but we've never had an Olympic team before we made the peace with Israel,' and he thanked me for my part in it. He said he hopes we can keep the peace. He gave me one of his little team pins. It was very moving to me. A young Irish athlete came up and said they'd made such progress toward peace, that no one wanted to back to war, and how much he hoped we could get the peace back. Very touching."

I look in my notebook and ask him about his own athletic career. What games did he play at Oxford when he was there as a Rhodes Scholar.

"I played a year for the Oxford University basketball team . . . for the second team which shows you how weak basketball was at Oxford. If I wasn't overweight I was slow, and I wasn't in good shape. It was a period in my life when I didn't have the discipline to show up and do the practice. But I got to play a few games and I enjoyed it. What I really liked was rugby."

I asked if he played in the scrum, that odd confluence of men who struggle up and down the field like a wounded beetle. "I've always wondered what it's like in there."

"It was pretty tough. I remember University College played one of the Cambridge colleges. I got a mild concussion. There are no substitutions in rugby, so our coach told me to go back in. I asked what I was supposed to do since I was dizzy.

He said, "Just get in somebody's way." The president laughed¹⁵ and said, "I think it's a terrific game. I just loved it."

A seat belt sign goes on but neither of us pay any attention to it. The President is saying that he didn't play sports at law school but started running regularly and has been doing that for twenty-five years.

I ask him about his favorite athlete. "Willie Mays," he says without a moment's hesitation. "He loved to play baseball, not just to hit, and he always seemed to be happy. He lit up the place. He'd smile, and it was like lights coming on in my television set. I loved him."

He goes on about baseball--that in Little Rock he rooted for the St. Louis Cardinals because they were the closest team they had Stan Musial and Red Schoendienst and then he married Hillary whose family were all Cub fans and so he gravitated to them.

"I was never good at baseball," the President says, "because I have fusion vision?"

"Fus . . ."

"You have problems. To be good at baseball or tennis you have to focus on never shifting which eye you're looking at the ball with. So I was never very good at baseball, but I always loved it."

A slight bump as Air Force One touches down. The President is still talking baseball--that he loved to watch the Arkansas Travellers play in Little Rock . . . "nothing more

fun than a minor league game, to just go out and sit there 16
and put your feet up."

We begin talking about golf, which he had started playing again in his late twenties. I'd heard that recently he had shot a 78 in California. He said that he's been playing more since becoming president -- averaging three times a month. In the course of his description of a game at the Congressional, the plane comes to a stop.

We are interrupted by a woman staffer. "We should probably think about getting off."

"I'm having a good time," the President says.

She looks slightly worried. Half in fun I say that the press people are threatening to storm the plane if we go on too long.

Another staff member appears in the door. "I have a better reason," he says. "One of the crew's wife is expecting . . ."

The President nods. "His wife is in labor. We've got to get him to the hospital."

The woman staffer agrees. " . . .indeed a good reason," she says.

But the President's eyes are shining. He leans back: "In Arkansas, when I was a kid, everybody loved football. Basketball didn't really catch on until I was a young man, not until in 87 Eddie Sutton came up and decided to coach basketball. He and his wife became friends of Hillary's and mine and I learned most of what I know about basketball from him. He went on to Kentucky and then to Oklahoma State and

he's the only coach to take four different teams to the NCAAs. So I became a great basketball nut. I still love football, and I love golf, and I love the Olympics."

"There we are," I say, closing my notebook. "A perfect ending."

The President will have none of it. "I tried to learn how to play tennis," he continues. "But I just wasn't very good at it. Hillary's always been a better tennis player; she's quit playing, which I think is a great mistake because she has a gift for it. I've been trying to get her to start playing again."

There is some more he has to say, of course, but eventually his staff prevails. He shakes his head, gets up and we say goodbye. I go aft and collect my things. My end of the plane is empty. No sign of the press. Outside a heavy rain is falling. I watch the presidential party board their helicopter. I watch it take off, the red tail light blinking in the darkness. I stand at the top of the moveable ramp, hoping the rain will lessen and that some one will come along with an umbrella so I can protect my seersucker suit.

Phil -

8-15

To Mameen
Lewis for reply?

— Yes

✓ No

Disstinct
to coordinate
with Richard Scardines, Not
doing guilt but nice
letter.

M. Lewis

Handwritten signature
Bob

Alexis Catalano
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96 AUG 15 P1:21

Mr. Bill Clinton, President of the United States
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D.C. 20500

July 16, 1996

Dear Mr. President:

I hope that the attached picture will help you recall my sister, Jennifer Heilbron Dorr, who spent the day with you during your December, 1993 visit to Georgetown University Hospital as part of an AIDS awareness project. She told you that her goal was to reach the age of 30. We lost our Jennifer to an AIDS-related infection on July 7, 1996; she was 29.

Jenni felt honored to publicly speak of her infection with the hope that a single person, through increased awareness, might be spared the early death she knew she faced. She appeared on the Oprah Winfrey show, was featured in several popular magazine articles, and was active in the "Face-to-Face" program, but it was the time she spent with you which left her feeling that she had made her contribution. She spoke to me shortly after spending the day with you and reported that one of her last requests of you was, "Never forget me," and that you replied "I won't. I promise."

* Mr. President, I know that you have not forgotten Jennifer. I am writing to ask you to join her closest friends, family, and spouse in our final remembrance of her -- the panel we are making for inclusion in the Washington, D.C. display of the Names Project quilt. Your contribution to the project would take about five minutes of your time -- just long enough for you to trace your hand onto an 8-inch square of satin, sign your name, and include a short message if you wish. Upon receipt of your consent via phone, mail, or e-mail, I will mail you all the materials, instructions, and a postage-paid return envelope. This would be an unforgettable gesture of comfort to our heartbroken family, and it would mean so very much to Jennifer.

Please do let me know your answer as soon as possible. The deadline for panel submissions to the Washington, D.C. display is rapidly approaching.

Sincerely yours,

Alexis Catalano
Alexis Catalano

Attachment

Now tell me, what does that mean to be Noble?

Your title gives you claim to the throne of our country. But men don't follow titles - they follow Courage.

Now our people know you, Nobles and Common, they respect you.

And if you would just lead them to Freedom - They'd Follow You.

And So Would I

Dear ms Betty,
this to Pres. Bill?

Thanks.

Tim Hollingsworth

***Sir William Wallace to
Sir Robert the Bruce
Braveheart***

to Dish and for
reply.
yes
1 No
8-15

AUG 15 P2: 3



1225 Connecticut Avenue, N.W.
Suite 800
Washington, D.C. 20036

Phone: 202 327 6000
Direct: 202 327 9382
Fax: 202 327 9876

96 AUG 15 P2:35

D. Jeffrey Hirschberg
Vice Chairman

Fax and Hand Deliver

TO NSC 8-15
for Reply?
✓ Yes
— No

July 31, 1996

The Honorable William Jefferson Clinton
The White House
Washington, DC 20500

Dear Mr. President,

Thank you for the chat on Monday, July 29. There are two items which may be of interest to you. Peter Kelly and I will be in Angola from Wednesday, August 7, to Wednesday, August 14. I will be discussing economic development issues with my Luanda office and meeting with Ambassador Steinberg; then traveling with Peter to Bailundo to observe and discuss various issues with Jonas Zavimbi and his UNITA compatriots. If there is anything you would like to share with Dr. Zavimbi, please let me know.

Also, after the January meeting of the Council of Europe and admission of the Russians to the Council, we urged the upgrading of our diplomatic representative to ambassadorial rank. While it is my understanding that Ambassador Harriman has been given responsibilities to the Council, it is still our belief that a separate ambassador ought to be appointed.

If you would like to discuss either of these matters, please let me know. Thanks again for the talk.

Best Regards,

 **ERNST & YOUNG LLP****Government Relations Department****1225 Connecticut Ave., NW****Suite 800****Washington, DC 20036****Date**

7/31/96

Number of pages including cover sheet

1

TO:*Nancy Hernreich***Phone** 456-6610**Fax Phone** 456-6703**CC:****FROM:***D. Jeffrey Hirschberg**Vice-Chairman* **ERNST & YOUNG LLP***1225 Connecticut Ave., NW**Suite 800**Washington, DC 20036***Phone** (202) 327-9382**Fax Phone** (202) 327-9876**REMARKS:**☐*Urgent*☐*For your review*☐*Reply ASAP*☐*Please Comment*



96 AUG 15

R2:37

EXPORT-IMPORT BANK
OF THE UNITED STATES

*through Secy
Info should
later letter
go Melinda*

TO: NANCY HERNREICH

FROM: MARIA HALEY *Maria*

RE: MELINDA YEE

DATE: AUGUST 8, 1996

Nancy, use your judgment as to whether POTUS should see this. The only reason I am sending this to you is that Melinda ran the very effective Asian American campaign in '92. She worked in the transition and the White House with me for 10 months. She was Ron Brown's protegee and his death has been really difficult for her.

She is leaving Commerce and returning to California where she will be doing International Marketing for Mayor Willie Brown. She will continue to be very important for us in this campaign.

Will you make sure she gets a response.

Thanks.

To Dorskind
for reply?

8-15

☒ yes

☐ No

July 30, 1996

Honorable William J. Clinton
President of the United States
The White House
Washington, D.C.

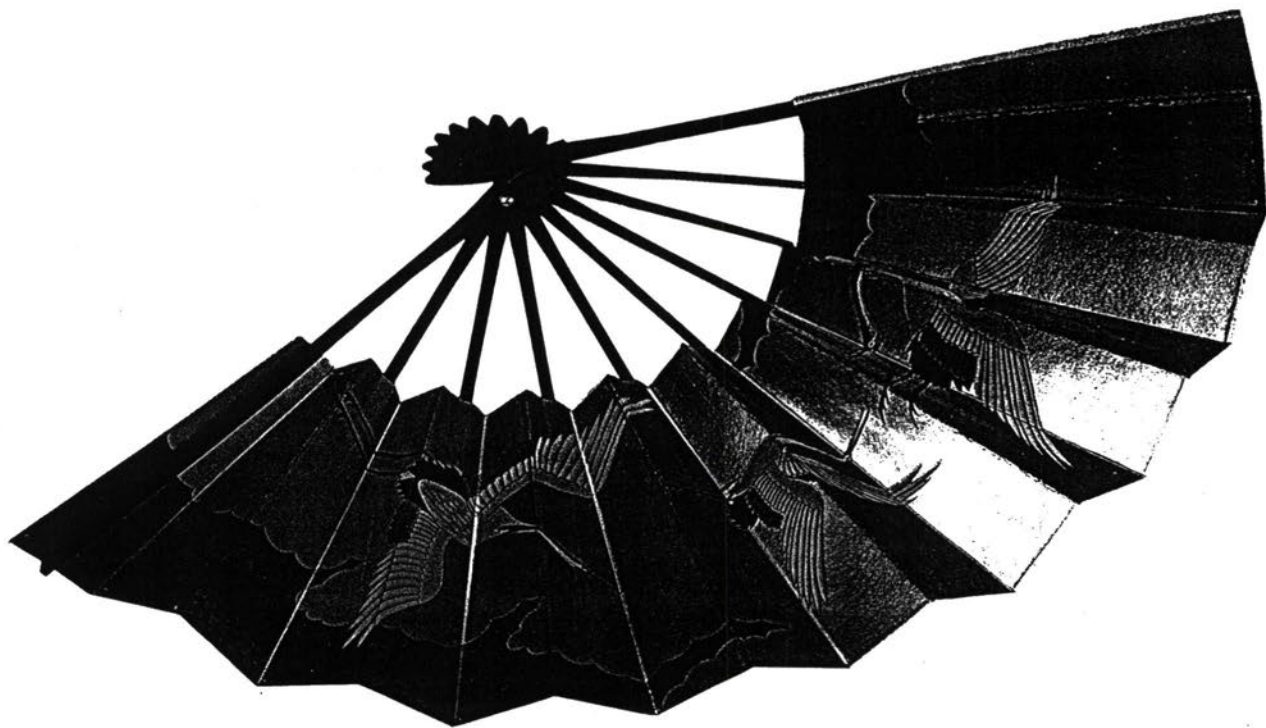
Dear President Clinton:

I want to let you know that I have been appointed by Mayor Willie Brown as Director of International Trade and Commerce for the City of San Francisco. I will be starting right after Labor Day. I'm very happy to be returning home and working in an exciting new job with a great new boss. After spending six years with Secretary Ron Brown, I feel well-prepared for the challenges ahead.

Thank you for allowing me the privilege to serve in your Administration. I deeply admire your strength and grace through all you and Mrs. Clinton have been through these past few years. I have an especially fond spot in my heart for Little Rock. As you might know, I lived there in 1992 during the campaign as your national Asian Pacific American political director. What a fabulous experience!

Upon my arrival in San Francisco, I intend to work extremely hard in your campaign to ensure victory for you in the Bay Area and in the State of California. Though the Republicans will be in San Diego soon, I have no doubt that you will carry the State overwhelmingly again!

(OVER)



Again, thank you for everything, President Clinton. It has truly been an honor to serve you in this Administration. May your next term be filled with more great success and achievements that make history!

Sincerely,
Melinda C. Yee

TELECOMMUNICATION TRANSMISSION
AUG 15 P2:55

Hall Financial Group, Inc.
750 N. St. Paul, Suite 200
Dallas, Texas 75201-3247
Telephone: 214/953-1155
Fax: 214/953-1160

Please Deliver to: President Clinton

Fax Number: 202/454-6703

From: Mr. Craig Hall

Total Number of Pages: 4 (including cover sheet)

Date: August 7, 1996 Transmitter Extension: 777-5148

**** Please call if you do not receive the above noted pages or if transmission is not legible ****

To Dorskind
for reply?

☒ yes

☐ No

8-15



August 7, 1996

William J. Clinton
President of the United States
The Whitehouse
Washington, DC 20500

Dear President Clinton,

Thank you for meeting with my wife Kathy and me last Friday. Much has transpired since 1979 when we visited in Tulsa. Your first term has been outstandingly effective. Kathy and I intend to keep on doing all we can to help assure your continued leadership through the end of this century.

At the conclusion of our meeting, you indicated an interest in follow up on my comments about how changes in public policy could help to positively impact the changing dynamics of Central Business Districts ("CBDs") and their surrounding neighborhoods. My perspective is as a businessman and entrepreneur who has studied CBDs and as one who has chaired a task force on neighborhood revitalization needs in the City of Dallas.

Vast and rapid technological changes have created new challenges for CBDs. Advances in computer applications and telecommunications allow businesses to easily move out of CBDs and into suburbs and small towns. Accordingly, instead of downtowns being, as they once were, a vital link for office business, they are today simply an alternative to office in suburban and smaller markets. As evidence of this, instead of the historical patterns of downtowns having higher rents and lower vacancies than the suburbs, today the opposite is true. Significantly older CBD Class-C buildings have disproportionately higher vacancies. For example, in Dallas, the June 30, 1996 Class-C CBD vacancy was 76 percent, according to Jamison Research, Inc.

The result of this exodus is that declining CBDs foster physical property decay, crime, fewer jobs for residents of nearby neighborhoods (who often need them the most), declining tax bases, and an underutilization of valuable assets. Substantial federal, state and local investments in transportation systems, as well as other vital infrastructure, are not being properly utilized. Federal efforts to help inner city neighborhoods will be impeded by declining CBDs. The current downward spiral is adversely affecting many areas.

William J. Clinton

August 7, 1996

Page 2

Accepting the premise that downtowns will no longer be as heavily driven by the office component, the concept of downtowns must be redefined. Since downtowns represent strategic locations with substantial transportation infrastructure investments, one new major component should be an emphasis on entertainment facilities, restaurants, sports facilities, cultural facilities and retail centers. The other major new component should be housing. This can turn CBDs into vibrant "24-hour" cities. Denver is an example of one of the few cities that has made great strides in this area and has proven it can clearly work.

As part of a redefined downtown, adaptive reuse of existing Class-C office buildings should be a priority. It is not economical to undertake this without incentives beyond those of the traditional marketplace. With public policy incentives, buildings could be adaptively reused for residential and the other described uses. Together with new construction these could accelerate the reinvention of downtowns. The question becomes: What can the federal government do to encourage this process from a public policy standpoint?

In our meeting, you spoke of the Brownfield legislation and Empowerment Zones. Both of these are vital and crucial tools for downtowns. Further, your Executive Order issued in May supporting the relocation of government offices to downtown historic buildings is helpful. Here are some additional thoughts for your consideration which could help in the needed process of reinventing downtowns.

- o Provide a challenge to local governments and the private sector to "Reinvent Downtowns" through your speeches and radio addresses. You could speak about the need and the federal tools your administration has provided, and perhaps include some new ones as suggested below. Your leadership and vision in this area would yield huge positive results.
- o Consider having HUD direct many of its existing insurance programs, on a priority basis, to downtown areas. For example, HUD's 221(d)(4) program insures apartment loans often in suburban areas, where many other funding sources are available. Residential downtown projects do not generally have available private funding sources for development, which is a major reason why so little is being done. HUD programs if directed to CBDs would make a major difference.
- o Consider broadening and expanding the Empowerment Zones to encourage local public-private initiatives geared to the redefined vision of downtowns.

William J. Clinton

August 7, 1996

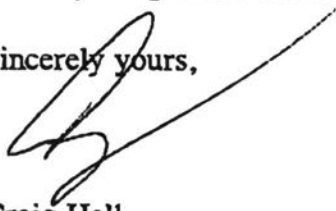
Page 3

- o Consider establishment of a new federal grant-to-cities program designed specifically to support and promote adaptive reuse of existing obsolete buildings and new construction in downtowns of residential buildings and entertainment/retail facilities that meet job creation and other criteria.
- o Consider creating a temporary commission to report to you on a comprehensive set of proposals as to how the federal government could encourage a long-term stabilization and rebuilding of downtowns.

The private sector can and will be the principal vehicle for re-developing our downtowns, but it cannot and will not do so without public sector encouragement and incentives. The prospects for vital and prosperous "Reinvented Downtowns" are far reaching, exciting and achievable.

I appreciate your consideration of these ideas. Please call me if I may be of any assistance. Thank you again for meeting with Kathy and me.

Sincerely yours,



Craig Hall

CHARLES B. RANGEL

15th CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT
NEW YORK

DEPUTY WHIP

COMMITTEE

WAYS AND MEANS

SUBCOMMITTEE ON HUMAN
RESOURCES

SUBCOMMITTEE ON TRADE

JOINT COMMITTEE ON TAXATION

growth guy
grrr

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, DC 20515-3215

225 HAYBURN HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING
WASHINGTON, DC 20515-3215
TELEPHONE: (202) 455-4353

DISTRICT OFFICE

MS. VIVIAN E. JONES
DISTRICT ADMIN. PERSONNEL

188 WEST 125th STREET
NEW YORK, NY 10027
TELEPHONE: (212) 663-3900

2110 FIRST AVENUE
NEW YORK, NY 10029
TELEPHONE: (212) 345-9830

PLEASE RESPOND TO
OFFICE CHECKED

FAX TRANSMITTAL**Date:** 8/13/96**From:** Cong. Charles B. Rangel**To:** Pres. Clinton & John Hilley**Fax Number:** 456-6220**No. of Pages (including cover):** 3**Re:**

Convention
Attn: John Hilley

Betty,

We received this fax from Cong. Rangel. He wanted
US to pass it on to the President.

8-15

To Chris Walker
for reply?

Mike Williams

— yes

✓ No

Hold Betos

cc: Brophy

CHARLES B. RANGEL

15th CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT
NEW YORK

DEPUTY CHIEF

COMMITTEE

WAYS AND MEANS

SUBCOMMITTEE ON HUMAN
RESOURCES

SUBCOMMITTEE ON TRADE

JOINT COMMITTEE ON TAXATION

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
 Washington, DC 20515-3215

August 13, 1996

2354 RAYBURN HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING
 WASHINGTON, DC 20515 3218
 TELEPHONE: (202) 225-4365

DISTRICT OFFICES

MS. VIVIAN F. JONES
 DISTRICT ADMINISTRATOR

100 WEST 125TH STREET
 NEW YORK, NY 10027
 TELEPHONE: (212) 663-3900

2110 FIRST AVENUE
 NEW YORK, NY 10028
 TELEPHONE: (212) 348-8630

PLEASE RESPOND TO
 OFFICE CHECKED

Hon. Christopher Dodd and Hon. Donald Fowler
 Democratic National Committee
 430 South Capitol Street
 Washington, DC 20003

Dear Chris and Don:

Congratulations on the great job you're doing in leading the effort to reelect President Clinton. As you know, I have been contributing the best I can to regaining a Democratic majority in the House of Representatives.

With the increased chances of a Democratic victory in the House, some people may want to know my views in the event I become chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. If I had an opportunity to speak at the convention I would want to clarify my position, but most importantly, I would want to deliver President Clinton's and the Party's message.

While Americans are enticed by the idea of tax cuts, they are also committed to balancing the budget. In order to realize both goals, we must grow the economy. We must create an environment to improve the financial performance of the private sector while continuing to increase economic opportunities for our people.

We are also challenged by rising costs in health care associated with growing numbers of elderly Americans, a deteriorating infrastructure, and by the ravages of crime and drug abuse. While we can do better to control these expenses, no one believes these pressures on the economy can be contained altogether, and everyone agrees that more must be done to expand the economic pie to pay for them.

As Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, I would set as my primary goals the growth of the U.S. economy by judicious application of tax incentives and vigorous efforts to improve our global trade competitiveness. I am entirely convinced, and have found broad agreement in the private sector, that our competitiveness will be enhanced by dramatic improvements in our education system and an aggressive policy of job training, particularly in high-technology areas.

Hon. Donald Fowler
August 13, 1996
Page 2

The challenges in education and training, critical to improving our productivity at home and our global performance, are central to expanding the U.S. economy.

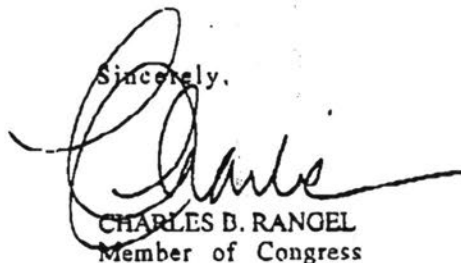
I have long argued that the benefits of the expansion of the global economy have not reached all Americans, particularly those residing in poor urban areas such as those I represent. But it is becoming increasingly clear that aggressive efforts must be made to create more opportunities for *all* our citizens while buttressing the private sector and the overall economy.

I know this concept is in line with the President who has been an effective advocate of U.S. global trade competitiveness and a strong defender of education and training.

I would be honored to speak about these issues at the convention, but most of all I want to carry the message of my President and my Party.

Once again, congratulations on your leadership, and I look forward to speaking with you very soon.

Sincerely,



CHARLES D. RANGEL
Member of Congress

CBR/em

CC: Hon. William Clinton
Hon. Leon Panetta
Hon. Harold Ickes
Hon. Richard Gephardt
Hon. Alexis Herman
Hon. Debra DeLee
Hon. Robert Rubin
Hon. Laura Tyson
Hon. John Hille



96 AUG 15 P2:39

August 8, 1996

8-15
To Doriskind
for reply?
✓ Yes 2nd letter
— No like this

William J. Clinton
President of the United States
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Mr. President:

I am writing to you on behalf of the Golf Committee at Congressional Country Club to apologize for the actions of one of our members, Ms. Patricia Reese, on your visit to our club on Friday, May 31, 1996.

I regret that this incident occurred, and I would like to assure you that you are welcomed at our club at any time. We have taken action so that you will not encounter this kind of rudeness at our club in the future.

We, the Board of Governors, and the vast majority of our membership, feel that it is an honor and privilege to have you play at Congressional.

It is in this vein that I would like to invite you to play at Congressional at your earliest convenience. I would like to personally host you and make sure that you feel comfortable and welcomed at our club.

Would you please have your office contact me at (703) 448-1695. I look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

William D. Murphy
Golf Chairman

WDM/vah

THE PRESIDENT HAS SEEN
8-15-96

1 day
Let Quincy
right to do over
PK

THE PRESIDENT HAS SEEN

8-15-96

LINDA LESOURD LADER

August 2, 1996

1. Cc: Harold Ickes
2. President

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

SUBJECT: **Invocations or Benedictions at the Convention**

Don Argue, President of the National Association of Evangelicals, asked to meet with me recently to express his desire to be of help to you in the coming months. One concern he raised was the importance of sending a signal to evangelicals by the selection of clergy to give invocations or benedictions at the Democratic Convention. In the past he and other leading evangelicals have been asked to pray at the Republican Convention, and he hoped this matter would be given careful consideration in Chicago.

At my request he has sent the following list of suggestions, which could be augmented if necessary. No doubt there are others who need to be considered, but I did want to draw this matter to your attention personally. Not only is it important to select some evangelicals, but it is also important to be sure that the wrong signal is not unintentionally sent by the non-evangelicals who might pray. I would be happy to get feedback on any such persons under consideration.

By the way, I think it is great that you or Don Fowler have asked Tony Hall to speak at the Convention. I am encouraging him to do so. As you may know, he has twice invited you and the Vice President to join his Hunger Task Force when they are "gleaning" crops locally for the poor. I hope you will consider doing so, though in light of your signing the welfare reform bill, it would probably be best to wait a bit, due to potential cynical reactions.

*You're looking great
All the best
J*

CC: Harold Ickes
George Stephanopoulos
Alexis Herman
Flo McAfee

*Ickes
chron*

**NATIONAL
ASSOCIATION of
EVANGELICALS**

National Office
450 Gundersen Drive
Carol Stream, IL 60188
Phone: 708-665-0500
Fax: 708-665-8575
E-mail: NAEE@naee.org

Don Argue, Ed.D.
President

July 26, 1996

Ms. Linda Lader
1026 16th St., Apt. 201
Washington, DC 20005

Dear Linda:

Warmest greetings.

Trust you are having a wonderful summer day!

Thanks for taking the time out of your very busy schedule to meet with me last week. I felt our conversation was very positive.

I would suggest the following be considered for an invocation or benediction at the upcoming National Democratic Convention:

Dr. James Henry
3701 LB McLeod Road
Orlando, FL 32805
Phone: 407-425-2555

He is the immediate past president, Southern Baptist Convention; Pastor, First Baptist Church, Orlando, Florida.

Dr. John White
Geneva College
Beaver Falls, PA 15010
Phone: 412-847-6611

He is President, Geneva College; Chairman, World Relief Board of Directors

Mrs. Jill Briscoe
201 Pine Terrace
Oconomowoc, WI 53186
Phone: 414-796-5733

She is a pastor's wife, serves on the board at Christianity Today, author and speaker.

Page 2

Dr. Joseph Jackson (African American)
Executive Director
Black Ministries Department
Church of God International Offices
P.O. Box 2430
Cleveland, TN 37320-2430
Phone: 423-478-7829

He is the director of the Black Ministries in the Church of God; member of Executive Committee, National Association of Evangelicals.

Bishop Charles Blake (African American)
Church of God in Christ, Inc.
1731 Wellington Road
Los Angeles, CA 90019
Phone: 213-737-8300

Bishop Gilbert E. Patterson (African American)
Church of God in Christ, Inc.
547 Mississippi Boulevard
Memphis, TN 38126
Phone: 901-345-1102

The above is a list that could be quite beneficial. If you need further assistance, please feel free to call and I will do my best to assist.

I am praying for you.

Blessings, your friend,



Don Argue
President

DA:ml

Bliger
chron

POTUS -

8-15-96
THE PRESIDENT HAS SEEN
THE WHITE HOUSE

8/5
1500 Downing St
of threat to their guy -
BC

Thought you would be interested
in attached, by son of a close
friend who, after Harvard
undergraduate degree a few years
ago, chose to become a policeman
in Portland, Maine and went off
for three weeks to be police
monitor in Sarajevo.

Spady

GUEST COLUMN

THREE WEEKS IN SARAJEVO

Local cop takes U.N. job in Bosnia

• Many nations are trying to build a democratic police force amid the remnants of war and the reality of ethnic strife.

When I left my Portland police beat a month ago for Bosnia-Herzegovina, I didn't know exactly what to expect. Although my three-week consulting assignment to the U.N. International Police Task Force in Sarajevo was just office work, everybody seemed worried that I'd get blown up.

As it turned out, about the greatest danger I faced in this urbane and now safe city was traffic: Portland pedestrian habits don't work well in a country where the right-hand lane is used for driving, passing, and making left turns.

Before I left, a few Bosnian refugees on my beat asked me to take photos of their old neighborhoods. Once I arrived, I realized I didn't have the stomach to bring home snapshots.

The background of any picture of Sarajevo would show physical devastation beyond human tolerance; the foreground, human vitality in the face of destruction, enough to melt even a policeman's heart.

From my downtown office window, the scars of war dominated every scene. Thirty-story skyscrapers stand glassless, pockmarked by bullets and dented by two-story perpendicular mortar craters. Whole neighborhoods are simply gone, the victims of bombs, snipers or fleeing residents determined to leave nothing habitable behind.

What used to be shopping centers and apartment buildings now stand without floors, sturdy structures hollowed out by bomb blasts. Not a book remains in the former Yugoslavia's national library. Graves surround the oval track of the Olympic stadium, sloping above it in all directions.

Sarajevo, the former model for multi-ethnic living, sits at the basin of a deep valley, surrounded about 340 degrees by hills. Every hill was a firing range, until 20,000 American soldiers joined the U.N. peace-keeping force and changed its mission from separating the combatants to driving the snipers from the hills.

The two patches of level ground leading out of the besieged city became the confrontation lines. One was the airport, U.N.-occupied for months. Bosnians tell horrible (if perhaps apocryphal) stories of friends and relatives who tried to escape across the tarmac, only to be caught in U.N. searchlights and murdered from the hills by Serb gunmen. The other was a residential neighborhood, bounded by the Bridge of Friendship, where today every house lives in the shadow of wreckage.

Yet in the foreground of these scenes are the Sarajevans them-



Ruins of former national library testify to Sarajevo's destruction.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Andrew Michaelson lives in Portland with his wife, Kate. He is a foot patrolman with the Portland Police Department, covering portions of the downtown area. He likes ancient history and the Red Sox. He just returned from spending three weeks with a multinational police advisory mission to Sarajevo in the former Yugoslavia under the auspices of the United Nations. This essay is based on that experience.

selves. The war is over for now, and they are outside all the time. A Sunday at 8 p.m. will find the cobblestone streets packed six-deep with citizens peering in the store windows. In a city with 80 percent unemployment, it really doesn't matter whether the stores are open. People just want to look.

The tram cars are full all the time, usually with a couple of kids hanging off the back hook. In the conversion from communism, no one got around to charging fares on the trolleys, so a trip intown is free entertainment.

Even if there were fares, no one really uses the local currency, which is pretty much valueless; everyone is too optimistic to start building token machines that will accept Deutschmarks, the interim coin of the realm.

Sarajevo is a very western, European city, built for strolling, and the locals are out in force, enjoying the springtime but mostly glad to venture from their houses after months of siege.

The parks are jammed, despite everyone's wariness of mines. Even my office is surrounded by mine-field tape, and my boss gives a 10-second briefing in lieu of Mine Awareness School to those of us on short stays ("One: Walk on the concrete. Two: If you didn't drop it, don't pick it up.")

garages and walls usually continued up to the 11 p.m. curfew.

The adults are after all the builders of a sophisticated metropolis, coping with war and desperate for peace. Sarajevans, mostly Muslim now, hunger for the days when their city's hallmark was diversity. In the other Yugoslav states, they are stigmatized not for intolerance, but for their acceptance of modern realities like intermarriage. Croats in Croatia will tell you that a Croat in Sarajevo isn't really a Croat; he's sort of a mixed breed, forgoing ethnic loyalty for the lure of the city.

What they lack are the tools for peace. Bosnian police officers, for example, are professionals, well educated in their trade, struggling to adapt a pre-democratic police mindset to the needs of modern Europe.

I read assessment after assessment from small-town police forces, willing to try democratic police work but equipped to go back to war. A department of 30 cops might have three pistols, two cruisers, one or two pairs of handcuffs — plus 50 Khalishnikov semi-automatic rifles and a grenade launcher. They know what they need, but not how to get it.

Their city, on the surface, is remarkably similar to an American one, except that the United Nations is everywhere. My planning unit alone had three Americans, two Turkish policemen, two members of the Irish Garda, an Argentine captain, and a Swiss Civpol officer, all dedicated to helping the Bosnian police reorganize into a democratic structure.

Police monitors from North and South America, Europe and Africa, even as far away as India, patrol the nation's beats with local cops, trying to be good role models and probably learning something in the process.

Whether the process will succeed is a matter for the diplomats and government leaders to work out. They are justifiably optimistic, given the incredible array of international expertise on loan to Bosnia-Herzegovina.

When they look at Sarajevo, though, they cannot help but be moved, both by what was and what could be.

— This is the final part of a Wednesday series by the Press Herald's board of guest columnists.

In many ways what is saddest is not the physical destruction, but the human potential on display that needs peace to develop. You don't have to speak the language (which, like everything else, bears the trappings of war: the Bosnians call it Bosnian; the Croats, Croatian; and the Serbs claim the original amalgamated title, Serbo-Croatian. Only a half-dozen words differentiate the three) to understand that Bosnian parents lavish attention and praise on their children.

Sarajevo kids are city kids, wide-eyed and easygoing. In my limited time outdoors I never heard one cry, or be spoken to sharply. Their soccer games punctuated the neighborhood where I lived, and the thump of soccer balls against

Readers invited to write

This essay marks the last of the Press Herald's Guest Columns in the paper's current format. Although we have decided not to continue the series in the coming year, we do invite our readers to submit original essays of all types to be published as a "Maine Voices" column. They may be based on any Maine-

related topic at a length of 750 to 900 words. Send them to: Maine Voices, Forum Page, Portland Press Herald, P.O. Box 1460, Portland, ME 04104-5009. Submissions must not have been sent to any other publication and will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Lindsey
SBeiger
chwon

THE PRESIDENT HAS SEEN
8-15-96

Gary Ross Belz

4431 Pelil Avenue
Encino, CA 91436
Phone (818) 990-1450
Fax (818) 990-3309

Be/SBeiger
What is the deal with?
Why does Lindsey continue
to want to do this? Is he a good person
or is he just a nut? I don't know.
I don't want to have an audience with him
but I want to support a friend & support a cause.
Be

August 8, 1996

Dear President Clinton,

I have debated for some time as to whether to write this request regarding the Sri Sathya Sai Hospital. I am aware of the many immediate problems that you must manage and deal with daily, but, with much reflection, I know that this Hospital's existence can make a difference with far reaching global impact.

For almost two years I have attempted to make arrangements with U.S. Ambassador Wisner of India to tour the Hospital. I know that this hospital will offer solutions to a medical and health delivery system that is nearing disaster and collapse. At Bruce Lindsey's suggestion I wrote to Ambassador Wisner again. The attached letter is his response.

Due to the importance and gravity of this issue, I use this opportunity to ask for your help. I do hope you understand that I am not doing this for any personal gain or need for acknowledgement.

The Sri Sathya Sai Hospital is a unique and successful model demonstrating that world class health care can be delivered to those in need, regardless of the patients ability to pay or position in life. If America is to succeed in overcoming the obstacles and burdens involved in delivering major medical services, I believe this Hospital offers many solutions. Your administration has laboured since its inauguration with health care, and I feel Sri Sathya Sai Hospital can shed much light and direction.

I have extended Sai Baba's invitation to the Ambassador on several occasions, but he has yet to make any commitment. We are extremely flexible on any possible dates that may be available in the Ambassador's schedule. I feel that the Ambassador has yet to comprehend the value that this Hospital holds to the World. It is not limited to a set of circumstances in Southern India, but stands as a global example and guidepost.

I have spoken to many members of the administration over the years, with no real results. A couple of members of Mr. Ron Brown's Commerce Department did go with me as private citizens while on their mission to India. They were so impressed, they actually stayed for four nights as the guest of Sri Sai Baba. They witnessed first hand how magnificent and unique this Hospital is.

Page 2

Many institutions, physicians, companies and individual Americans have been involved in the development and operation of the Hospital. It was built to offer examples of outstanding health care which the worldwide community can study and, if interested, duplicate.

There is no fund raising involved nor a desire for publicity. This represents hope for our children and all those to come. This can assist in preventing a major collapse in the health care systems of our country and thus the health and happiness of our people, and economic life as well.

I feel that it would be callous of me not to bring this to your attention and ask for your assistance in perhaps arranging a tour for the Ambassador and Secretary Donna Shalala.

I thank you for your time and consideration.

Regards,



Gary R. Belz

SRI SATHYA SAI INSTITUTE OF HIGHER MEDICAL SCIENCES

Owner: Sri Sathya Sai Medical Trust

Location: Puttaparhti, India

Opened: November 22, 1991 by Shri P.V. Narasimha Rao, the Prime Minister of India

Mission: To provide completely free medical services with the technical capabilities of the state of the art, medical technology at par with the best in the world.

Staff: The staff represents the best talent available in the respective fields. The surgeons come from all over the world and are provided housing.

Departments: Cardiology, Cardiothoracic Surgery, Urology, Nephology., and Ophthalmology

Size: 150 beds to increase to 300 beds.

08-08-96 10:57PM

P04

GARY ROSS BELZ
4431 PETIT AVENUE
ENCINO, CA. 91436-3211
(818) 990-1296
FAX: (818) 990-3309

July 5, 1996

Bruce R. Lindsey
White House
Via Fax: 202 456 2983

Dear Bruce,

I received the enclosed fax from Ambassador Wisner's science attaché. I am disappointed in his response. I have wanted the Ambassador to tour the facility and see first hand how this facility provides world class medical services at no cost to the patients. This is a working model that is able to be duplicated anywhere in the world. This working model is in India, but its performance is to benefit all people not just in India.

I was wondering if there is anything you might be able to help with in regards to my request.

I look forward to hearing from you with your thoughts.

Sincerely,



Gar R. Belz

08-08-96 10:57PM

PGE

+91116876233 SCIENCE OFFICE DELHI

024 101 JUN 19 1996



Embassy of the United States of America

NEW DELHI
June 18, 1996

Mr. Gary Belz
4431 Pein Avenue
Encino, CA 91436-3211
Fax No: (818) 990 3309

Dear Mr. Belz:

Ambassador Frank Wisner has asked me to respond to your letter of June 13, 1996 which invited him to visit Prasanthi Nilayam.

Ambassador Wisner appreciates your invitation but regrets that he is unable to schedule a visit at this time. We are well aware of the work of the Sri Sathya Sai Institute of Medicine and Hospital and we commend any efforts to improve the health and welfare of the people of India.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'F. Gray Handley'.

F. Gray Handley
Science Attache

cc: The Ambassador



Los Angeles Clippers

1. cc: Karen B
2. through
Sabb
Gay

Donald T. Sterling
Owner

July 30, 1996

PERSONAL & CONFIDENTIAL

President Bill Clinton
President of the United States
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Mr. President:

Just a confidential note to let you see how easy it is to be a professional sports owner.

Enclosed is what Brian Williams, the Clippers center, really wants. As you can see, he wants over \$116 million over seven years.

Actually, we were contemplating a maximum of \$20 million over 5 years, payable \$4 million per year. Quite a disparity.

If you have any suggestions on how to deal with the players of today, please call.

Hope everything is well and looking forward to seeing you soon.

Your friend always,


DONALD T. STERLING

We are major Clinton fans and great supporters.
DTS:ma

P.S. On the positive side:

- 1) Nashville, Tennessee offer of \$281 million
 - 2) MCA/Bechtel offer to build an arena on the entire block at 8th and Figueroa
 - 3) Disney has reopened talks
 - 4) The City of Anaheim and Ogden have asked for a meeting, and
 - 5) The Coliseum is looking for financing to build a new arena in Exposition Park.
- Thus, the future looks very bright.

Enclosures

DETERMINED TO BE AN ADMINISTRATIVE

STERLING WORLD PLAZA

9441 Wilshire Boulevard, Penthouse

MARKING INITIALS: DB DATE: 7/18/96
2019-0774-S

YEAR 1	\$9,000,000
YEAR 2	\$10,800,000
YEAR 3	\$12,960,000
YEAR 4	\$15,552,000
YEAR 5	\$18,662,400
YEAR 6	\$22,394,880
YEAR 7	\$26,873,856
TOTAL	\$116,243,136

FRED L. SLAUGHTER
COUNSELOR AT LAW

P.O. Box 3522
Santa Monica, CA 90408

July 16, 1996

To: Mr. Andy Roeser, Los Angeles Clippers
Re: Final Report Following Adequate Market Survey And
Discussions With Teams With Free Agent Money Then
And Now

I now believe it will take at least Nine Million Dollars (\$9,000,000.00) to start in order to get the deal done with Brian. You had asked me last week for my opinion regarding this topic, and I requested some time to examine the market before I provided it to you. I am taking this opportunity to respond to your question and to outline the other deal requirements, discussed with other teams that are still in the running or making moves to get into the running. Those other requirements, some peculiar only to the Clippers, are as follows:

1. maximum annual increase of twenty percent (20%);
2. no summer program obligations;
3. no dictated charitable or other contribution guidelines;
4. fully guaranteed each year for all categories permitted by the current collective bargaining agreement;
5. no early out for either side, player or team;
6. no deferred compensation obligation; and
7. a contract duration of seven (7) years.

More requirements may surface but Brian and I wanted the Clippers to know what is on Brian's mind in these categories now.

With the end of the market analysis period that I requested, it is incumbent on the Clippers, if you wish to retain Brian's services, to present your contract offer and/or enter into active negotiations. I am interested in Brian signing a contract by Thursday or Friday of this week. I have maintained the Clippers "inside track" in this matter and urge you not to allow Clippers history to be repeated.

Very truly yours,

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

cc: Mr. Brian Williams

SunTrust Corporate Finance
Post Office Box 4418
Atlanta, GA 30302-4418

SUNTRUST

July 18, 1996

Turner Group, Inc.
Butler's Run
138 Second Avenue North
Suite 500
Nashville, TN 37201

Dear Mr. Turner:

Based on our conversations with David Freeman and our review of information provided to us by Mr. Freeman and other members of your group we have been assessing the feasibility of arranging a \$281,000,000 letter of credit facility to support the purchase by Turner Group, Inc. of the L.A. Clippers from Mr. Donald Sterling.

Pleased be advised that based on the aforementioned information, our review of the financial strength of your family, the commitment of the Arena revenues to your group, and our understanding of the role the City of Nashville will play in this transaction, we are highly confident that there is sufficient wealth and revenue within the Turner Group to support the arrangement of an appropriately structured and priced \$281,000,000 letter of credit.

Sincerely

