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VAUGHAN, NELSON, SCARBOROUGH & McCONNELL, INC.
INVESTMENT COUNSEL

Along with our traditional year-end letter we are sending ten of the most requested letters from past years, with appreciation to the esteemed friends of our firm, new and old.

NRN

VAUGHAN, NELSON, SCARBOROUGH & McCONNELL, INC.
INVESTMENT COUNSEL

December 26, 1992

6300 TEXAS COMMERCE TOWER
HOUSTON, TEXAS 77002-3071
(713) 224-2545
FAX: (713) 247-9534

The Honorable James A. Baker, III
The Chief of Staff
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, DC 20500

Dear Jim:

"If you make no commitments, you're an unfinished person," was one of the points made by John W. Gardner last year in our year-end message of appreciation to friends of our firm. "Freedom and obligation, liberty and duty, that's the deal. You build meaning into your life through your commitments beyond the self, in your family and community life, in the way you treat any and all humans, in the goals and standards you set for yourself."

Theodore Roosevelt, twice president of the United States and leader of the Rough Riders, in 1910 spoke eloquently of the importance of commitment in a manifesto for all those who lay it on the line in their daily lives:

It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, and comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming, but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat.

These words stir the souls and tingle the spines of all those, young and old, who are "in the arena" in some aspect of their lives. They seem especially pertinent in an era in which negativism, cynicism and criticism are prevalent. At year's end 1992, here's to the multitudes of fine people--both unsung and in the public crucible--who commit, who strive valiantly and who spend themselves in some worthy cause.

Eric Sevareid died this year. In one of the eloquent essays for which he was famous, he said: "There are three kinds of people in the world--well poisoners, lawn mowers and life enhancers." The principals and staff of Vaughan, Nelson, Scarborough & McConnell are deeply grateful for the high quality and graciousness of clients, industry associates and friends--the life enhancers--who uplift our lives. We wish for you and those you cherish a 1993 of mutual love, personal enrichment, good health and much laughter with friends and family.

Sincerely,



Eugene H. Vaughan Jr.



VAUGHAN, NELSON, SCARBOROUGH & McCONNELL, INC.

INVESTMENT COUNSEL

VAUGHAN, NELSON, SCARBOROUGH & McCONNELL, INC.
INVESTMENT COUNSEL

Shortly after our firm was founded in 1970, we started writing our clients an occasional end-of-year letter to express our appreciation. The very first letter contained the admonition from "Desiderata": "Speak your truth quietly and clearly." Over the years as the number of clients, business associates and friends of our firm has grown, we have attempted to search out the wisdom of those who spoke "truth quietly and clearly" and to share it with the widening number whose own fine qualities enhance our lives.

We have had many requests for past letters, so we are enclosing in this small volume some of the most requested in commemoration of over two decades of being "in the arena" with many of the world's most interesting and gracious people. We are glad to say we also have followed the splendid advice of "Desiderata" to "Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit", and, so, we gratefully dedicate these pages to the "life enhancers" who have happily influenced our lives.

From friends at Vaughan, Nelson, Scarborough
& McConnell, Inc.

Eugene H. Vaughan, Jr.
Richard L. Nelson, Jr.
J. Frank Scarborough, III
Walter S. McConnell
Allan J. Waldron
Dougal A. Cameron, IV
Lee A. Lahourcade

December, 1992

6300 Texas Commerce Tower
Houston, Texas 77002-3071
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VAUGHAN, NELSON, SCARBOROUGH & McCONNELL, INC.
INVESTMENT COUNSEL

Year-end 1991

"A nation is never finished," wrote John W. Gardner recently. "You can't build it and then leave it standing as the Pharaohs did the pyramids. It has to be built and rebuilt, recreated in each generation by believing, caring men and women. It is now our turn."

Since his remarkable Self-Renewal in 1963, through On Leadership in 1990, John Gardner, our choice this year to follow General Georges Doriot, Jon O'Brien, Chief Seattle, Sir Winston Churchill, et al., in bringing our year-end message of appreciation to friends of our firm, has been a wellspring of wisdom, common sense and down-to-earth inspiration. In a sense, he packed the "summing up" of a lifetime into his centennial commencement address at Stanford University this year, from which the following is greatly condensed:

Now you are old enough to know that most people aren't studying you critically; they are thinking about themselves. The puzzle of why some men and women go to seed while others remain vital all of their lives concerns me today. I'm not talking about people who fail to get to the top, and that isn't the point of life anyway. I'm talking about people who have stopped learning or growing or trying... men and women functioning far below the level of their possibilities. I could without any trouble name a half dozen national figures resident in Washington, whom you would recognize, and tell you roughly the year their clock stopped.

You can keep the zest until the day you die. If I may offer you a simple maxim, "Be interested." Everyone wants to be interesting, but the vitalizing thing is to be interested. Keep your curiosity, your sense of wonder. Discover new things. Care. Risk. Reach out.

Learn all your life. Learn from your failures, from your successes, learn by taking risks, by suffering, by enjoying, by loving, by bearing life's indignities with dignity. You learn not to burn up energy in anxiety. You find that self-pity and resentment are the most toxic of drugs. You discover that no matter how hard you try to please, some people in the world are not going to love you, a lesson that is at first troubling, and then really quite relaxing.

Your identity is what you've committed yourself to. If you make no commitments, you're an unfinished person. Freedom and obligation, liberty and duty, that's the deal. Self-knowledge isn't enough. You build meaning into your life through your commitments beyond the self, in your family and community life, in the way you treat any and all humans, in the goals and standards you set for yourself.

There are men and women who make the world better...by the gift of kindness or courage or loyalty or integrity. It really matters very little whether they are behind the wheel of a truck, or running a business, or bringing up a family. They teach the truth by living it.

Today our communities need us, desperately need our loyalty, our understanding, our support. I count it as one of the marks of maturity that men and women nurture the institutions that nurtured them, not uncritically, but lovingly, not to preserve them unchanged but to renew them as the times require.

Life is an endless unfolding, and if we wish it to be, an endless process of self-discovery, an endless and unpredictable dialogue between our own potentialities for learning, sensing, wondering, understanding, loving and aspiring...and life's challenges--and the challenges keep coming. And the challenges keep changing. It is my hope that you will keep on growing, and that you will be the cause of growth in others.

Let me conclude by saying as plainly as I can that this nation is facing a test of character, all the more profound for being diffuse, all the more difficult for not being precipitated by enemy attack. The test is whether in all the confusion and clash of interest, all the distracting conflicts and cross purposes, all the temptations to self-indulgence and self-exoneration, we have the strength of purpose, the guts, the conviction, the spiritual staying power to build a future worthy of our past. You can help.

The remarkable events unfolding in the Soviet Union vividly underscore that nations must be recreated in each generation. It is now our generation's turn in America. It seems to us that John Gardner has it right. To be totally committed to developing one's full potentiality as a person, professional and citizen. To teach values by living them. To nurture our families, community, profession, institutions and nation. Freedom and obligation, that's the deal. This has been one of the finest years ever in the 21 years of our firm, and a prime reason is that clients, associates and friends of our firm possess these qualities to an uncommon degree. May 1992 be a magnificent, happy and generous year for you and those you hold dear.

A handwritten signature, likely of John Gardner, consisting of a series of connected, slightly jagged loops and lines.

VAUGHAN, NELSON, SCARBOROUGH & McCONNELL, INC.
INVESTMENT COUNSEL

Year-end 1990

General Georges Doriot, the legendary chairman of the phenomenally successful American Research and Development Corporation and whose Industrial Management course for 35 years was the most sought after class at the Harvard Business School, was elected in 1979 to FORTUNE magazine's Hall of Fame for Business Leadership. Below is an extract from a remarkable 1985 conversation about love and life with this tough-minded business giant:

I'm French-born. In France, the moment it begins to get dark, we close the shutters. It is not a gesture meant to shut out the light. It is to enclose you inside the home. A house is a physical place. A home is where your sentiments are. A spiritual haven. It's where you and your wife shut out the disturbances of the outside world and concentrate on each other. A home is where love abides. It is a place of closeness and togetherness. You can see I believe in love.

Love is all about thankfulness, gratitude and appreciation. Love, if it is real, does not have a bottom line. The word, love, to me is divine. Love radiates from somewhere within, perhaps from a kind heart, and it is ethereal.

My wife was a remarkable woman. She left me [died] in 1978. She disappeared forever. I cannot touch her. I cannot kiss her. But, still, I hear her voice. I visualize her here with me. She was beautiful and smart. You have asked me questions about my life. There is no such thing as 'my life.' There is only 'our life.' I don't pass judgment on other couples. I was willing to make the total commitment. Love is what makes everything worthwhile.

People should love one another, even in competitive situations in business. The depth is not the same as loving someone. Love, in business, takes on the face of admiration or sympathy or respect. If people loved each other like that, we would get closer to the possibility of world peace. You have to be kind to people you don't like, that's a kind of love, too. I think God is love and that the manifestation of love is simple affection for each other.

Members of our firm are grateful beyond expression for the quality, generosity of spirit and goodwill of the people who touch and impact our lives, and we wish for you and those you love an abundance of good health, good company, enough wealth and much laughter in 1991.

A handwritten signature, possibly reading 'W. W.', is located at the bottom center of the page.

VAUGHAN, NELSON, SCARBOROUGH & McCONNELL, INC.
INVESTMENT COUNSEL

Year-end 1989

In the past, our year-end messages have conveyed the exceptional wisdom and warmth of Chief Seattle, Winston Churchill (from the White House on Christmas Eve, 1941), and "Desiderata," among others. "Where have all the heroes gone?" is an oft-asked question today. So we are especially pleased to draw on the words of a contemporary, an educator whose own greatness of heart and strength of character is touching the future through his students. He is Jon O'Brien, the headmaster of St. Andrew's School, a superb coed boarding school in Delaware where, incidentally, this summer's splendid movie Dead Poets Society was filmed. His farewell remarks to the Class of 1989, below in almost their entirety, are applicable to all ages.

First. Recognize that life is quite short. The distance between your youth and beauty and my craggy old age is only 33 years. That is not a long time. So enjoy your lives. "Seize the day," as the Robin Williams character urges his students in Dead Poets Society. Don't waste your lives doing trivial things when there are so many magnificent and exciting ways to celebrate your lives.

Second. Don't spend your lives seeking happiness. I once heard William Bennett say that happiness is like a cat. It eludes those who seek it and jumps into your lap when you least expect it. He is right. Choose your goals wisely and, with luck, happiness will be a by-product of your quests.

Third. Listen to your hearts. Don't be followers. Inside each of you is a unique individual with a unique song to contribute to the world. The time has come for you to sing your song, not the songs of your parents or teachers or friends. Don't be afraid of hitting a few false notes. We all do. As to popularity, some of the most beautiful songs ever written have had small audiences.

Finally, and most important of all, love God and your neighbors. If we believe only in ourselves and live only for ourselves, we are doomed to live shallow and ultimately, lonely lives. But if we dedicate our lives to the service of God and our neighbors, even the most simple tasks become meaningful, our songs become brilliant and clear, and we are constantly surprised by the number of cats which leap out of the shadows and onto our laps.

You leave with our love and affection. We will be listening for your songs.

This memorable year has had a miracle-like quality. Foremost, the global spread of freedom and capitalism is the unexpected cat leaping onto our lap. America, in the words of Houston's Jim Baker, "is reaping the harvest of long-held values." As this astonishing decade ends, we are deeply grateful for the privilege of having our lives influenced by extraordinarily fine people of accomplishment, graciousness and abiding good will. May the decade ahead hold fulfillment and much laughter for you and those you love.



VAUGHAN, NELSON, SCARBOROUGH & McCONNELL, INC.
INVESTMENT COUNSEL

Year-end 1988

At this year-end, as hearts throughout the world hurt for the families of Armenia, we are reminded of the eloquently simple words of Chief Seattle. Around 1852, the U. S. Government sought to buy Indian lands to accommodate immigrants to the United States. The following is excerpted from Chief Seattle's response:

The President in Washington sends word that he wishes to buy our land. But how can you buy or sell the sky? The land? The idea is strange to us. If we do not own the freshness of the air and the sparkle of the water, how can you buy them?...

We know the sap which courses through the trees as we know the blood that courses through our veins. The shining water that moves in the streams and rivers is not just water, but the blood of our ancestors. Each ghostly reflection in the clear waters of the lakes tells of events and memories in the life of my people. The water's murmur is the voice of my father's father...earth is our mother. Your destiny is a mystery to us. What will happen when the buffalo are all slaughtered? The wild horses tamed? Where will the eagle be? Gone! And what is it to say good-bye to the swift pony and the hunt? The end of living and the beginning of survival...

As we are part of the land, you too are part of the land. This earth is precious to us. It is also precious to you. One thing we know: there is only one God. No man, be he Red Man or White Man, can be apart. We are brothers after all.

As 1988 closes, cosmic problems confront our nation to be sure, but of overriding importance is the fact that in our lifetime there rarely has been as much peace in the world. And Houston! As we drove about the city last week, we realized that we had never seen the homes and businesses so beautifully decorated for Christmas. It recalled the sense of profound relief and gratitude evident in the brilliance of London at Christmas 1945.

A blessing for which we are most grateful is the privilege of having our lives influenced by extraordinarily fine people of competence, good will and good humor--qualities which enhance our lives. May 1989 continue progress toward peace and "brothers after all" in our world, restoration of the spirit and enterprises of our region, and bring fulfillment, enhanced worth and much laughter for you and those you love.



VAUGHAN, NELSON, SCARBOROUGH & McCONNELL, INC.
INVESTMENT COUNSEL

Year-end 1987

Some years, like some poets and politicians and some lovely women, are singled out for fame far beyond the common lot, and 1929 was clearly such a year. Like 1066, 1776, and 1914, it is a year that everyone remembers. One went to college before 1929, was married after 1929, or wasn't even born in 1929, which bespeaks total innocence.

These are the opening lines of The Great Crash by John Kenneth Galbraith, a book we find useful to reread whenever the market soars as it did this past summer.

The year 1987 is a candidate to join 1929 as a year singled out for fame far beyond the common lot. It is an extraordinary year in which one can experience an historic 508-point one-day drop in the market and still have a sense of well-being about the year. There is a sense of what the young Winston Churchill said when grazed by a bullet while fighting in India: "Nothing is so exhilarating as having been shot at without success." Along with the lifting of investment innocence from a generation of investors, in 1987 there is also a restoration of confidence taking place in Texas, the spirit of renewal, of hope hard-won akin to that expressed in Alfred, Lord Tennyson's "Ulysses."

Tho' much is taken, much abides; and
tho'
We are not now that strength which in old
days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we
are, we are,--
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in
will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to
yield.

The members of our firm feel a special gratefulness at this time, the kind of glow one feels when weathering an ordeal with comrades for whom one has respect and affection. This is because we realize that our firm is blessed with extraordinarily fine clients, friends and business associates. May 1988 be a year of excellent health, enhanced worth, good cheer, much laughter and the presence of those you love.



VAUGHAN, NELSON, SCARBOROUGH & McCONNELL, INC.

INVESTMENT COUNSEL

Year-end 1986

In past years we have occasionally sent out little-known pieces which we thought carried special meaning, such as Prime Minister Churchill's moving Christmas Eve address from the White House in 1941, or the evergreen wisdom of the remarkable "Desiderata." This year, however, we are sending one of the best-known poems of all time. Always relevant, Rudyard Kipling's "IF-" contains certain passages which capture the spirit which is both needed and present in Texas these days.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream--and not make dreams your master;
If you can think--and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings--nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And--which is more--you'll be a Man, my son!

Memorized in childhood by many of us, different lines of "IF-" have a way of coming into focus during certain passages of our lives. At this time the line about meeting Triumph and Disaster with circumspection has peculiar relevance because it has been a triumphant period in the financial markets while a disastrous time for many areas of traditional strength in our region.

The members of our firm are deeply grateful that our business permits us to have close association with fine and thoughtful people as you. We hope for you and your loved ones that 1987 will be a fulfilling, joyful and peaceful year.



VAUGHAN, NELSON, SCARBOROUGH & McCONNELL, INC.
INVESTMENT COUNSEL

Year-end 1985

At Christmas this year members of our firm read to our families from a speech Sir Winston Churchill broadcast to the world from the White House, Washington, at the lighting of The White House Christmas Tree, December 24, 1941. It is with gratitude for the sacrifice and resolve of another generation that we realize "these same children" to whom Churchill refers are - ourselves:

This is a strange Christmas Eve. Almost the whole world is locked in deadly struggle, and, with the most terrible weapons which science can devise, the nations advance upon each other. Ill would it be for us this Christmastide if we were not sure that no greed for the land or wealth of any other people, no vulgar ambition, no morbid lust for material gain at the expense of others, had led us to the field. Here, in the midst of war, raging and roaring over all the lands and seas, creeping nearer to the spirit in each cottage home and in every generous heart. Therefore we may cast aside for this night at least the cares and dangers which beset us, and make for the children an evening of happiness in a world of storm. Here, then, for one night only, each home throughout the English-speaking world should be a brightly-lighted island of happiness and peace.

Let the children have their night of fun and laughter. Let the gifts of Father Christmas delight their play. Let us grown-ups share to the full in their unstinted pleasures before we turn again to the stern task and the formidable years that lie before us, resolved that, by our sacrifice and daring, these same children shall not be robbed of their inheritance or denied their right to live in a free and decent world.

And so, in God's mercy, a happy Christmas to you all.

How blessedly different it is 44 Christmases later. How good God has been to our generation to give us astonishing prosperity and relative peace. We are especially thankful because this year has been one of the finest ever for investors.

We are deeply grateful for our fine friends and wish for you and those you love a splendid 1986 filled with continued prosperity, happiness and appreciation for what it means to live in a free and decent world.



VAUGHAN, NELSON, SCARBOROUGH & McCONNELL, INC.

INVESTMENT COUNSEL

Year-end 1982

At the recent funeral service of Leon Jaworski, a fitting occasion worthy of a magnificent man, Dr. John W. Lancaster pointed out that Mr. Jaworski was fond of quoting from Alexis de Tocqueville on the subject of his quest in 1835 to find what made America a great nation. Tocqueville, after observing he did not find the source of America's greatness in Washington, or in the Supreme Court, or even in its marvelous Constitution, said "America is great because America is good and if America ever ceases to be good, America will cease to be great."

This sent us searching for something attributed to Will Rogers years ago in a little book called This I Believe by Edward R. Murrow:

I may have sometimes exaggerated a little. But, whatever I've said I tried to base on truth. I'd a whole lot rather have people nudge each other and say, "you know he is right about that," than get a big laugh.

Now, everybody got a scheme to set the United States back right again. Although, come to think of it, I can't remember when it ever was right. There been times when it has been right for you and you and you, but never all of you at the same time. I believe this country's pretty much the same as it always was, and always will be, because it is founded on right and even if everybody in public life tried to ruin it, they couldn't. Trying to stop this country now would be like trying to stop a train by spitting on a railroad track. No element, no party, not even Congress or the Senate, can really hurt this country now. And we're not where we are on account of any one man. We're here on account of the real common sense of the big normal majority. This country's bigger than any man or any party. They couldn't ruin it even if they tried.

But in believing this, I don't believe that you can just sit down and do nothing. There ain't no civilization where there ain't no satisfaction, and satisfaction don't come from just money and property and a bunch of bathtubs. I can be mighty rich, but if I ain't got friends, then I'm poorer than anybody.

And if I fell out with people because of a difference of opinion, I wouldn't have many friends. Difference of opinion is what makes horse racing and missionaries.

Every man has an angle on living, or on life, or on something, and when you get it things are apt to look different. Every man's got something good or worth knowing in him.

Well, this is what I believe, and because I believe it, I can honestly say, I never met a man I didn't like.

This Christmas it seems to us that after a decade of accelerated shocks our nation is beginning a revival of its spirit. Our wish for next year is that each of us might have a little more of Will Rogers in us, especially his ingredients of sincerity, humor and spiritual balance. What a collective difference a bit more of this would make in our country.

A turbulent year such as 1982 can bring out the best or the worst in people. We feel so privileged at our firm to work closely with outstanding people such as you. We hope for you and those you hold dear that 1983 will be one of those special years that will be remembered fondly forever.



VAUGHAN, NELSON, SCARBOROUGH & McCONNELL, INC.
INVESTMENT COUNSEL

Year-end 1980

On December 19 our firm celebrated its tenth anniversary. We were reminded of the line from Good Company, "Today I have grown taller from walking with the trees", because, in that sense, our firm has grown taller, its members enhanced, from walking with fine people. We learned early that our clients, and the industry professionals with whom we align, do much to determine the character of our firm, as well as the pleasure and satisfaction of its principals.

We feel extraordinarily fortunate to derive the satisfaction we experience from our associations. In O Pioneer, Willa Cather wrote, "The history of every country begins in the heart of a man or a woman." We believe the same is true of an enterprise. At our firm we have always believed that while certain head-based qualities - analytical judgment, tenacity, hard work, for example - are essential, over time the paramount point is whether the firm puts the integrity of its dealings with others in the first place or the second. In turn, we have nearly always been dealt with in this manner.

As we permit ourselves a brief glance backwards we are grateful that this was our tenth consecutive year of rising assets under management, a rarity in this profession - but most of all we are grateful for the opportunity to do business with people we respect and enjoy.

May 1981 begin to see the fulfillment of the hope of 1980 for our nation - and may it be a special year of happiness, success and satisfaction for you and those you love.



VAUGHAN, NELSON, SCARBOROUGH & McCONNELL, INC.

INVESTMENT COUNSEL

Year-end 1979

More than a decade ago a client sent us a copy of a little book published in 1948 entitled The Poems of Max Ehrmann. Its prose-poems are notable for their beauty, spirituality, wisdom and social vision. One in particular called "Desiderata" has had special meaning to us. Clients with whom we shared it in 1971 have observed that over the years different lines have special pertinence at different "passages". At the start of a new and prime decade we again want to share "Desiderata" with the friends of our firm.

We are acutely aware and grateful that in the conduct of our business we are privileged to deal with people of competence, good will and good humor - qualities which greatly enhance our lives. May the decade of the 1980's be a time of restoration of spirit and character for our nation, and may it bring joy and satisfaction to you and those you love.

DESIDERATA

Go placidly amid the noise & haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant; they too have their story.

Avoid loud & aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for always there will be greater & lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans.

Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love, for in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue & loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself.

You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees & the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul.

With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.



Central
FUS



*The President and Mrs. Bush
request the pleasure of your company
on the occasion of the presentation of the
Presidential Medal of Freedom
to be held at
The White House
on Friday morning, December 11, 1992
at eleven o'clock
Luncheon to follow*





*The President and Mrs. Bush
request the pleasure of your company at a
Congressional Christmas Ball
to be held at
The White House
on Monday evening, December 7, 1922
at eight o'clock*

Black Tie

Visitors Entrance

THE WHITE HOUSE

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The Honorable
James A. Baker III
— and Mrs. Baker

West Wing



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Ira Marlowe
Advisor on 2nd Amendment
Issues

President George Bush
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D.C. 20510

December 20, 1992

Dear Mr. President,

On behalf of the several thousand New Jersey households that are part of our conservative network, I take the liberty of writing to you with a plea for justice. Campaign records will show that David Von Savage and I worked diligently with "Conservatives for Bush/Quayle" out of your national headquarters. None of us are happy with your leaving the White House.

With only a month remaining in office, we ask you to address the distressing situation of Immigration and Naturalization Service agent Mr. Joseph Occhipinti who languishes away from his family and in poor health, in a Federal prison at Elgin Air Force Base in Florida.

We ask you to review the facts of the case, and employ your executive power before leaving office, to commute his sentence and grant a full pardon.

Those of us who live in the metropolitan New York/New Jersey area know this man is a hero. He was a successful soldier in your "War on Drugs." We believe he was set up, railroaded, and sacrificed to placate the enemies of law and order, simply because his crackdown on illegal aliens and the related drug cartels was so successful.

Living in Washington, you may be unaware of the fact that law and order has broken down in some sections of the metropolitan area, and that the defacto governing body is actually drug lords. (I enclose the most recent article, 12/18/92, from the N.Y. Post.)

May I call your attention to the Washington Heights, N.Y.C. riots of 7/5/92. When Officer Michael O'Keefe was attacked - by a coked-up, gun wielding, drug dealing, illegal alien, Jose "Kiko" Garcia - he fired his gun to save his life. On cue the "Witnesses" came forth condemning O'Keefe as a "Corrupt rogue cop," who killed an innocent unarmed youth. To quell the riots, prior to the Democratic Convention, the Prince of Pander, David Dinkins, visited the bereaved family, rather than the traumatized cop. Dinkins then went on to arrange for a funeral in Santa Domingo, and provided the family, (All illegal aliens) with round trip air tickets, all paid for by the taxpayers. If it were not for a handful of Post reporters,

diligent detectives, and Phil Caruso of the P.B.A., (Who proved that the "Eye witnesses" all perjured themselves at the behest of their drug lord employers) officer O'Keefe would today be in a jail cell in a similar travesty to the Occhipinti case.

If the above seems too bizarre to believe, I'd be happy to forward my file to one of your aides, or simply a call to Caruso would document the case.

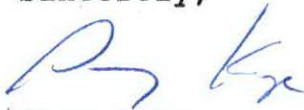
With Joe Occhipinti in prison the wrong message is being sent to law enforcement officers at all levels. Risk my life, and possibly face imprisonment? The morale of the N.Y.P.D. and law enforcement agencies throughout the metropolitan area, witnessing the turnstile justice in the "War on Drugs," has been destroyed.

A green light has been given to the drug cartels, which is emboldened by the conviction and imprisonment of Joseph Occhipinti.

And what signal has been sent to the hordes of illegal aliens who are ready to breach our borders the minute you leave office?

Please consult with Senator Alfonse D'Amato on this case, and commute the sentence and grant a full pardon as soon as possible. We urge you to send a message to the malignant criminal element that has invaded and is metastasizing through our body politic.

Sincerely,


Greg Kaye
Chairman
N.J. Con. P.A.C.

cc: Chief of Staff James Baker, III
Senator Alfonse D'Amato
Mr. Joe Occhipinti

Drug dealers rule 'war zone'

By MIKE KOLENIAK,
CHRIS OLIVER
and BILL HOFFMANN

The residents of Brooklyn's Red Hook section say their community is the worst war zone in the world.

Ravaged by crime and ruled by drug dealers, Red Hook is a neighborhood under siege.

Gunfire is routinely heard every day and crack vials litter the streets, playgrounds and hallways of the Red Hook housing project.

It used to be that parents begged their kids to be home by dark to avoid the drug-dealing scum that walked the streets at night.

But now it's an around-the-clock problem as drugs are peddled, deals are made and deals go sour 24 hours a day.

Ty McNair, 18, a witness to yes-

terday's horror, said he and his family are all too used to it — and are desperately trying to make a change.

"There's shooting here all the time. It doesn't stop. My folks are trying to get out of these houses; they really want to move," McNair told a reporter as he nervously surveyed the street.

"If they don't then I'm going to do it. I can't stay here any longer."

Last year a drug dealer arrested during a raid on the Red Hook houses tried to arrange a "hit" on the city's then-housing commissioner, Laura Blackburne.

As a result, Blackburne had to receive around-the-clock police protection.

Cops say the project — despite occasional bursts of extra police

presence when violence occurs — is one of the city's most dangerous neighborhoods.

"I've been in this precinct for over 12 years and I see it get worse and worse. We keep telling the mayor and all the city officials how bad it is, but I don't think they believe us," said a veteran officer at the Union Street station house.

"There's a drug war going on," said Jean Thomases of Good Shepherd Services, a local social-services agency.

Residents say Red Hook will probably become the safest place to live for the next few days, as masses of cops protect the area.

But when the publicity dies down, the drug dealers destroying the neighborhood will return with a vengeance.



NRN

Dear James:

Enclosed is a copy of a letter NFIB's Chairman of the Board, Jim Herr, sent to President Bush. I would like to enlist your help in bringing it to the President's attention.

John

John J. Motley III
Vice President
Federal Governmental Relations

NFIB

JAMES S. HERR

Chairman of the Board

Chairman & CEO

December 22, 1992

The Honorable George Bush
President of the United States
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear President Bush:

The world is going to miss your integrity and leadership. Our country is going to miss it even more.

Mim and I will personally miss you and Barbara very much. I hope that we will stay in touch in the future and that you won't hesitate to contact me or NFIB if we can be helpful.

I'd like to ask you to consider doing one more thing for America's small businesses before you leave office - appoint the Commission to run the 1994 White House Conference on Small Business. The Conference could play a big role in setting the agenda for free enterprise into the next century and we need "good" people to plan it. I'd feel better if you did not entrust this important task to your successor.

Thank you for four great years. May you, Barbara, and your entire family have a joyous and blessed New Year.

Sincerely,

James S. Herr
James S. Herr
Chairman of the Board

JSH:cd



*To celebrate the inauguration of
William Jefferson Clinton
as the 42nd President of the United States*

*John McLaughlin
and*

The McLaughlin Group

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Washington DC*



*The Honorable James A. Baker III
and Mrs. Baker
Chief of Staff
The White House
Washington, DC 20500*

JAB:

FUJI TELEVISION NETWORK (Japan's leading private television network) is requesting an interview w/ you (preferably before Dec. 20) to discuss your role and achievements in international affairs.

_____ Accept

Done ✓
bmm
11/30
_____ *✓* Regret for before 12/20; but
SPIN for possibly a later date

_____ Regret altogether

_____ Discuss w/ MDT

thanks,

bmm
11/20

11/30: bmm phone regretted to
Paul Kuenstner. Fuji Television
network asked that invite
be kept on "file" for possible
later date.

FUJI TELEVISION NETWORK, INC.

Washington Bureau
530 National Press Bldg., 14th & F Streets, NW, Washington, D.C. 20045
Phone 202-347-6070, 347-1600 / Fax 202-347-0724 / Telex 248527

nen
bmn
regruited

James Baker, Esq.
Chief of Staff
The White House
Washington D.C.

November 12, 1992

Dear Mr. Baker:

As you may recall our company, which is Japan's leading private television network, had the great pleasure of inviting President Reagan to speak in Japan soon after the end of his second term as President of the United States. We were extremely honored by his visit and our viewers most interested in his comments and ideas.

We now write in order to request an interview with you to discuss your distinguished role and achievements in international affairs. We feel certain that you will go down in history as one of the 20th century's greatest statesmen and we would be greatly honored if you would accept our invitation.

We would be happy to conduct the interview anywhere in the United States, at your earliest convenience. Ideally we would prefer an interview before December 20th but would be perfectly willing to have the interview at a later date if more convenient to you.

We look forward to your response and very much hope you will accept this opportunity to share some of your valuable insight and experiences with the Japanese people.

Yours sincerely,

Paul Kuenstler
Senior Research Specialist

Fortnightly magazine
SAPIO

nen

SHOGAKUKAN INC.
2-3-1, HITOTSUBASHI, CHIYODA-KU, TOKYO, JAPAN.
PHONE:03(3230)5800 FAX:03(3230)5889

November 30, 1992

Attn: Mr. James Addison Baker III
President Bush's Chief of Staff
THE WHITE HOUSE
C/O Ms. Bridget M. Montagne
1600 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE
20500 WASHINGTON, DC
U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Baker,

Thank you very much for your letter through Ms. Bridget M. Montagne.
I am really pleased to hear that Mr. Baker saw one of our publications,
Photobook " Mt. Fuji".
When I requested your Interview last time,
Unfortunately hard scedule prevented me from meeting with Mr. Baker.

Journalists look at Mr. Bill Clinton and his party now in Tokyo,
But I would like to treat Republicans right .

It's time to remember the **balance of power**. It is really important to
carry Republicans' opinion, especially Mr. Baker's opinion.
Chief in editor gave me excellent space for Mr. Baker's interview.

Would you give me opportunity to interview after January 20, 1993?
It's time to carry your excellent viewpoint.
I always ask what I can do for my readers.

Best always,



T. Kusuda
Editorial Staff of SAPIO,
SHOGAKUKAN, Inc. PUBLISHER
Phone 011-81-3-3230-5806 Fax 011-81-3-3230-5889
P.S. I was born on 27th April.

Fortnightly magazine
SAPIO

SHOGAKUKAN INC.
2-3-1, HITOTSUBASHI, CHIYODA-KU, TOKYO, JAPAN.
PHONE:03(3230)5800 FAX:03(3230)5889

November 30, 1992

Attn: Ms. Bridget M. Montagne

Special Assistant to Chief of Staff

THE WHITE HOUSE

1600 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

20500 WASHINGTON, DC

U.S.A.

Dear Ms. Montagne,

Thank you very much for your letter.

How are you doing?

Do you have fun to see our publication Mt. FUJI?

I understand Mr. Bakers schedule prevented me from meeting.

A lot of people look at Mr. Bill Clinton and his party,

But I would like to treat Republicans right .

It's time to remember the balance of power.

It is really important to carry Republicans'

opinion to understand the U.S. policy.

Chief in editor gave me excellent space for Mr. Baker's interview.

Would you tell me Mr. Baker's new office

appart from THE WHITE HOUSE?

Because I would like to talk him after January 20, 1993.

Best always,



T. Kusuda

Editolial Staff of SAPIO,

SHOGAKUKAN, Inc. PUBLISHER

Phone 011-81-3-3230-5806 Fax 011-81-3-3230-5889

P.S. I was born on 27th April.



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11/25/92

Mr. Baker - Re: Dave Dravecky

I have this strong
feeling I did not enclose
the materials I said I would
in my letter to you of Nov. 16.
Please forgive me.

I hope your family
had a great Thanksgiving.

Sincerely,

Guy J

FACT SHEET

NAME: Dave Dravecky

BIRTHDATE, PLACE: February 14, 1956; Boardman, Ohio

BUSINESS ADDRESS: Yates and Yates Literary Agency
505 South Main, Suite 1000
Orange, CA 92668; 714-285-9540; fax 714-543-0858

FAMILY: Married to Janice; two children.

BACKGROUND: Pitcher (left-handed), San Francisco Giants (formerly with San Diego Padres, 1982-July 1987). Lifetime: ERA-3.13; 62 wins and 57 losses; 553 career strikeouts.

BOOK: COMEBACK (copublished by Zondervan Publishing House and HarperSanFrancisco, 1990) - Gold Medallion Award Winner.

ADDITIONAL HISTORY:

1984

1987

1988

1989

1990

1991

- Pitched in the 1984 NLCS and World Series.
- Before the play-offs, discovers lump on left arm.
- September diagnosed with a tumor.
- October 7 (on his 10th wedding anniversary), eight-hour surgery removes malignant tumor and nearly half the deltoid muscle. Prognosis: near-zero chance of pitching again.
- August 10, first Major League appearance since May 1988 in Candlestick Park; pitches eight emotional innings, allowing just one hit through the first seven; wins 4-3 vs. Cincinnati Reds.
- August 15, breaks arm pitching in Montreal, collapses on mound; 3-2 win vs. Expos.
- October 9, breaks same bone in celebration on the field after Giants defeat Chicago for NL pennant.
- November, Dravecky retires from baseball.
- January, surgical removal of all deltoid and some tricep muscle.
- March, President Bush awards Dravecky the American Cancer Society's Courage Award.
- May, surgical removal of more tricep muscle and reconstruction of the arm; in July begins eight weeks of radiation therapy.
- October, hospitalized for staph infection.
- January, hospitalized for staph infection.
- June, receives the Silvio O. Conte Award for Courage from the Vince Lombardi Foundation.
- June 18, amputation of left arm and shoulder due to progressive pain and loss of function.
- October 5, "Dave Dravecky Day" at Candlestick Park.

MEDIA EXPERIENCE: ABC "20/20", CBN "Heart To Heart", CBS This Morning, Entertainment Tonight, ESPN, Good Morning America, The Hour of Power, Inside Edition, KABC-AM LA, Moody Broadcasting Network, Sonya Live From LA, Southern Baptist Radio; Atlanta Journal-Constitution, Christian Herald, Christian Reader, Decision, Fellowship of Christian Athletes, Focus On The Family, New York Times Book Review, Readers' Digest, Sport Magazine, West Coast Review of Books, and USA Today.

For more information, contact Zondervan Publishing House Media Relations, 1-800-727-8004

ALSO

Colm-Jamal
leaves the
Cosby' nest

What's cool in
and videos
September



DAVE DRAVECKY: MY STORY

In his new book, the one-time
star pitcher tells of the
struggle to keep his spirit
after losing an arm to cancer.

A powerful excerpt,
co-written with his wife Jan.

'WHEN YOU CAN'

AFTER LOSING AN ARM and his baseball career, DAVE DRAVECKY thought faith and fortitude would get him through. But it took another cancer scare to make him face his real feelings.

HIS WAS A STORY THAT ECHOED BEYOND BASEBALL. All-Star pitcher Dave Dravecky of the San Francisco Giants had surgery in 1988 to remove a malignant tumor from his left arm. Though told he probably never would pitch again, Dravecky came back in August 1989, pitching eight innings in a 4-3 Giants victory. In his next start, as he threw a sixth-inning pitch, a bone in his arm snapped. He retired, and by the next summer learned his cancer was back. His arm, shoulder and shoulder blade, and part of his collarbone, were removed last year. But Dravecky barely slowed down long enough to recover. Deeply religious, he threw himself into good works, launched a speaking tour and helped his wife, Jan, through her own depression over his illness. He seemed the very picture of coping. But the highlight of his post-baseball life, October's Dave Dravecky Day at Candlestick Park, also marked the start of new problems. Here, in his own words — and Jan's, in italics — is the untold story of the past year.

From "When You Can't Come Back" by Dave and Jan Dravecky with Ken Gire, to be co-published in October by Zondervan Publishing House and Harper San Francisco. Copyright © 1992 by Dave and Jan Dravecky. Reprinted by permission of HarperCollins Publishers.

During the weekend of Dave Dravecky Day in San Francisco, just months after my arm was amputated, I started having stomach problems. Actually, they'd begun two weeks before, but they were getting worse. By the time we returned home to Boardman, Ohio, I was having all sorts of abdominal pain. One day, the pain would be a burning sensation on the right side of my stomach. The next day, it would be on the left. At night I'd wake up with my esophagus burning like crazy. The more this happened, the more I worried.

I worried not so much about the intensity of the pain but about its origin. Had the cancer returned? Had it spread throughout my body, wrapping itself around my organs? Was that the pain I was feeling?

Up to this point, I felt I had everything together. "I can handle this," I'd say any time a new obstacle came my way. But this time I wasn't so sure. Before the unexplained pains, death seemed remote, probably because I'd suppressed the idea. But now, for the first time, I thought about it. A lot. I remember telling talk-show hosts that I wasn't afraid of dying. But now that I could hear Death's footsteps, I was scared. I had always avoided the question. "What scares me?" because I felt that Christians weren't supposed to be afraid. "Fear not," the Bible says. "Let not your heart be troubled." "Perfect love casts out fear." Yet fear and worry were eating my lunch.

Then I started getting cluster headaches. One time the pain got so bad that I wrapped my head in a pillow and banged it against the wall. My phantom pain — a common result of amputation — also intensified. In the wake of the physical pain came mental anguish. I remembered the faces of people I had met in the hospital who'd died. The faces haunted me, but I kept brushing them aside. I couldn't stop to think, I told myself. I kept going for the rest of the month, jetting around the country to speak.

When Dave arrived home, I could tell he was beat, not just physically but emotionally. He was short with the kids, then he yelled at me. I went out in the back yard and cried. When I came in, he was sitting on the bed.

"You're better off without me," he said. It was a way to express his hurt without asking for help.

"Why do you say that?"

"Do you know the hell it is to live with one arm?"

I could tell he wanted to cry, but he couldn't. I sat beside him, holding him in my arms, and cried for him.

Jan's comfort helped me, at least for the moment.

The last weekend in October, I was in Dallas, speaking four times on Sunday morning and working on a documentary all afternoon. I couldn't wait to get home to Jan and the kids. The feeling bordered on desperation. It was as if I were drifting downriver, approaching a waterfall, groping for an overhanging limb to keep from being swept away. I was only 35. I was too young to die. I had too much to live for. My kids needed me. Jan needed me.

From Dallas I flew on to northern California, where I spoke eight times in five days, making stops at San Jose, Sacramento, Modesto and Merced. I spoke to more than 10,000 people. It was exhausting. By the end of that time, I was hanging on by a thread. When I arrived home for the weekend, the thread broke, and I crashed. I was shaking, constipated and nauseated, and I had all sorts of strange pains. I walked around the house like a zombie.

I woke up the next day depressed. Fortunately, Jan wasn't spooning out the same medicine that I'd given her when she was depressed. She wasn't telling me to snap out of it, get with it. She understood.

I knew Dave was suffering from burnout. His medication put him in a terrible mood, but I didn't know how bad he felt until one day when he admitted it to me.

"I'm afraid," he said. "I don't feel good."

"Dave, you probably have an ulcer."

"No. I'm afraid I have a tumor."

"You know what's wrong? You're depressed."

"You're probably right."

I couldn't believe my ears. Dave actually had agreed with me. And he hadn't even put up a fight. We compared depression symptoms, and it was amazing how his paralleled mine. Then he really threw me for a loop.

"I'm so sorry for everything, Jan. I never knew this is how you felt. I feel like a heel for making fun of you."

I don't know how many times Dave said he was sorry, but it was a lot. I told him that it was all right.

But no amount of understanding, even from Jan, could pull me out of the valley I was in. Suddenly, all the feelings I had buried began coming to the surface. I was sick of not fitting into my clothes because of all the weight that I'd gained. I was sick of being an amputee, having my wife cut my meat, tie my tie, tuck in my shirttail. And I was sick of being a hypocrite. I was on the road giving people the impression that I had it all together, when here I was at home with the wheels falling off my life.

TO COME BACK' BY DAVE AND JAN DRAVECKY



Left, Jan and Dave with their kids, Tiffany and Jonathan. Above, Dave is taken to the hospital after collapsing on the field in '89. Below, Dave Dravecky Day at Candlestick Park in San Francisco.



I hated seeing Dave like this, not only because of all the pain he was in but also because it reminded me of all the pain I'd been in. I decided to let him sleep in and do all the fun things he enjoyed doing. I put restrictions on what he could and couldn't do when he was out speaking — no autographs, no extra meetings. I made him promise that he'd only go, speak and then come home.

As I sat on the couch, flipping through the channels, I thought about the past two years of my life. I regretted wasting so much time. How many hours had I parked myself in front of this tube, hoping for an old John Wayne movie, a heated debate on *Crossfire*, or some sporting event? I'd given that television countless hours of my life. What had it given me in return? I pressed the off button and began to tune in to thoughts about my faith and my family.

Saint Paul said that for him to die was gain. I wanted to feel that way, but I didn't. Death was not a gain to me. I didn't want to die. I didn't want to leave. I wanted to be here to watch Jonathan grow up and play sports, to walk Tiffany down the aisle at her wedding. I wanted to be here to live with Jan. I thought about her remarrying, having another

man take my place, a man who would make her laugh, raise our kids, sleep in my bed. The thought was more than I could bear. I wanted to grow old with Jan, not die young with cancer. I questioned whether I had the strength to fight this last battle.

I finally went to a doctor, Charles McGowen, who gave me a complete checkup. Over the past year I'd taken all kinds of antibiotics, pain medication and anti-inflammatory medication. Often I'd taken these on an empty stomach, and that stomach was shouting, "Enough already!" The doctor said I had a peptic ulcer, probably brought on by all the medication and all the stress I'd been under. I confided in him about my fear of the cancer's spreading, about my fear of dying and about being depressed.

Opening up really helped. The doctor didn't lecture or condemn me. He said that I was starting to face reality about the loss of my arm and that that was the first constructive step I'd taken in grieving. It was normal to grieve, he said — not a lack of faith. It was normal to feel fearful when unexplained pain shoots through your body. It was normal for my stomach to react to the stress and medication. It was my body telling me to relax, stop suppressing

'Suddenly, all the feelings I had buried began coming to the surface. I was sick of being an amputee, having my wife cut my meat, tie my tie, tuck in my shirttail. And I was sick of being a hypocrite.'

my feelings. One by one, McGowen addressed my problems. To alleviate my fears or to confirm them, he had a CAT scan done on my abdomen. It was negative. There was no trace of cancer. But even that good news didn't change how low I felt.

The next morning I dragged myself out of bed and took a shower. After I had toweled off and put on my pants, I looked into the bathroom mirror. Staring back at me was this dumpy, disfigured man. *How disgusting*, I thought. But that is as far as I let the feeling get out. I turned my eyes and continued dressing. When Jan came in, the feeling resurfaced.

"How can you love me like this?" I asked.

"I'd love you if you didn't have any arms."

I wanted to cry. A good, hard cry would have done me a lot of good — but I just couldn't do it.

I've always had a hard time expressing feelings. But it goes deeper. I've had a hard time *having* feelings. And sometimes I'm numb to others' feelings. When I was a kid, a friend took a bad fall on his bike and was really hurt. All I did was laugh. In '70, when my grandfather died, I didn't cry. We'd been very close, and it hurt, but I held it in. I don't know why.

I finally opened up to Jan. I told her of my fears about cancer, about dying, about her marrying someone else. It felt as if a huge weight had been lifted from my shoulders. I told her how I was struggling with being dependent. When I was a pitcher, I called the signals. I threw the ball; nobody did it for me. I put it where I wanted it. In spite of my retirement, in spite of the loss of my arm, there still was a self-sufficient athlete inside me that didn't want to come to terms with the fact that he needed help.

Monday I spoke in Youngstown, Ohio, near my

Continued on Page 6

ROLLBACK

1992

DORAL ROLLS BACK PRICES*



While other brands raise prices, DORAL announces that we are reducing our manufacturer's list price. As a participating customer, you will enjoy a new every day low price each time you buy DORAL and save up to \$1.00 on every carton and 20¢ off every pack when you buy without coupons. That makes DORAL the everyday lowest priced top ten brand in America. In fact, it's priced as low as lower than any other leading national brand of savings cigarette. And with our special coupon promotions, you'll receive even greater value. So if you're a DORAL smoker, already thank you. If you're a smoker who hasn't tried DORAL, here's never been a better time. DORAL: the unbeatable combination of taste and value.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Continued from Page 5

home, then flew to West Palm Beach, Fla., to address a men's conference. On Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1991, I shared with them my comeback story. But I didn't go into detail, as I usually would have. Instead, I let down my defenses. I told the men what was going on now, not what went on three years ago. I shared how overwhelmed I was by the number of speaking requests that had come

'I let him sleep in and do all the fun things he enjoyed,' Jan says about coping with Dave's depression. 'I let him watch all the TV he wanted, without complaining.'

in for the next year — more than 700. I said I was so busy I didn't have time for God, my wife or my kids. "Here I am," I told them, "sharing the importance of these three things in my life, and I'm not practicing what I'm preaching. I'm saying how important your commitment to your family is, and my family has hardly seen me the past two weeks. And when they did, I was so worn out I had nothing left to give them. What does that say about me, my priorities?"

I told them about my physical problems, about the depression. I said I thought God was trying to teach me a lesson. He desired fellowship with me, but if I wanted it, I was going to have to re-evaluate the direction of my life. The response of the men was incredible. They came up to thank me afterward, many telling me how they were battling depression, too, and how they had been guilty of putting their jobs first.

When I got back to my hotel, I felt this tremendous sense of relief. I felt set free from the public perception of who Dave Dravecky was. He wasn't this able-to-leap-tall-buildings-in-a-single-bound super-Christian. He had doubts and fears and hurts, like anybody else.

The relief I felt that night was only temporary. Shortly after I arrived home from my engagement in West Palm Beach, I received a letter with an article on depression. I appreciated the letter; it was gracious. But the article wasn't any help. It claimed to be the biblical answer to depression. It quoted verses, and then gave this advice: "Force your mind into sunshine thoughts."

I'm sorry, but to me, forcing your mind into "sunshine thoughts" when you're depressed is like standing in the

Continued on Page 8

Continued from Page 6

rain and denying there's a storm. Faith is not denying the weather that sweeps over your life. It's believing that behind the clouds waits a faithful God.

At the moment, though, I couldn't see him. The cloud that hung over me was so thick. It was the impenetrable darkness of that cloud that caused me to do something I had never done before. I asked a former teammate, Atlee Hammaker, if he would go with me to Memphis, where I was to speak at a financial convention. "I need you, Atlee. I need your fellowship, encouragement. I'm really down."

I couldn't believe the words coming out of my mouth. I had actually reached out to someone. Atlee and I spent 2½ days in Memphis. It was great. He's such an understanding friend. He knew me when I was just a no-name ballplayer. We roomed



together a lot when the Giants were on the road. He knows how lonely and demanding that kind of life is. He knows the pain of surgery, having had both his shoulder and knee operated on. He knows the pressure a big-league pitcher lives with. Most of all, he knows me. He accepts me the way I am.

Funny how a brush with death, even an imagined brush, makes you more appreciative of life,' Dave says. 'I am more aware of how precious each day is, how sacred a moment is.'

In Memphis, we talked about some of what I was going through: how difficult the speaking schedule had been, the struggles Jan and I were experiencing, about life after baseball. I didn't open up a lot; it was just being with an old friend who understood that meant so much to me.

Later that month, our families got together for Thanksgiving. I told him not to plan anything, that I just wanted to be there with him. I had sunk even lower by then, and that week I had never needed a friend more than I needed Atlee. Neither of us shared anything very profound or life-changing. Nothing important happened. And yet it all was so important.

The ulcer medication helped my stomach to heal, and the unexplained abdominal pains I had been so worried about began to go away. The break in my traveling schedule gave me the rest I'd so desperately needed. I started to get my strength back, and I hired a trainer to put me on a regular exercise routine. As my physical health improved, so did my emotional health. Slowly, the cloud I had been under lifted. Now, instead of denying the losses in my life, I'm learning to grieve over them.

After my bout with depression ended, I prayed, "Thank you, God, for the wake-up call." I am so much more awake now, alert not only to eternity but to the gift of life on Earth. Funny how a brush with death, even an imagined brush, makes you more appreciative of life. I'm more aware of how precious each day is, how sacred a moment is; how it, too, is a gift, something that comes to us by grace, something to be held carefully and treasured.

So many people let those sacred moments slip by without notice. We can be so intent on looking down the road at what we want in life that we miss the beautiful scenery on the way. Playing catch in the yard with your son. Reading to your daughter on the couch. The beautiful scenery along the way. It goes past our window in a blur as we push the speed limit to arrive at our destination. No, thanks. I've been down that road; I've seen the wreckage.

I've seen ballplayers lose everything meaningful in life on the road to what they thought would give them meaning and happiness. I've seen them lose their marriage, their family, their soul, en route to the big-bucks contract, the fancy car. I'll plan for the future, but you won't catch me living there. There's too much treasure in a day. And I don't want any of it slipping between my fingers. **EW**

WIN a family reunion.
Send the FTD Grandparents' Day Bouquet.

Grandparents' Day is Sunday, September 13. Send the FTD Grandparents' Day Bouquet and you could win a family reunion for 12.

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111 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20001
(202) 898-7900

OPEN

NO

November 10, 1992

11/12 -> bmm called
-> spoke to
Charles Bierbauer
-> told him
"at this time -
'no'" bmm

Mr. James A. Baker
Chief of Staff
The White House

Dear Secretary Baker:

In the course of the campaign some important concerns--the Mideast, former Soviet Union, Bosnia, European unification--inevitably were pushed to media back burners.

I would welcome the opportunity to get your perspective on international concerns as the U.S. goes through a change of administration. I hope you will consider an appearance on "Newsmaker Saturday" in the near future, even this week.

Best regards,

Charles Bierbauer

Charles Bierbauer

cc: M. Tutwiler

-> At this time
->

TERCENTENARY COMMUNITY EVENTS

Monday, February 8, 1993 Historical Charter Day

12 noon **Campus Assembly**

Steps of the Sir Christopher Wren Building

The College Community — students, faculty, staff and friends of the College — will gather to commemorate the historic birthday of the College and to dedicate the official William and Mary Postal Card. The William and Mary Band and Choir will participate in a simple ceremony which will feature a reading from the Royal Charter, remarks from the President, and reflections from selected members of the College family.

(Open to the Public/reservations not required.)

1:00 p.m. **Tercentenary Luncheon Program**

Trinkle Hall in the Campus Center

Guest speaker: Ambassador Hans Meesman, Royal Netherlands Embassy, on a topic relating to Dutch Stadtholder-King William III and English Queen Mary II, who granted the Royal Charter to James Blair in 1693.

(Open to the public, reservations made by payment of \$10.00 per person prior to January 25. Payable to the College of William and Mary, mail to James Blair Hall, Room 210, Williamsburg, VA 23185)

4:00 - 6:00 p.m. **Opening Reception for Exhibitions**

The Earl Gregg Swem Library

"300 Years of Distinction: The College of William and Mary, 1693 to 1993" in the Zollinger Museum and "The History of Women in Virginia" in the Botetourt Gallery

(Open to the Public/reservations not required.)

7:00 p.m. **Commemorative Historical Service**

Wren Chapel

"Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow: An Interfaith Service of Remembrance, Thanksgiving, and Commitment," sponsored by the Campus Ministers United. Reception following the service in the Wren Building Great Hall.

(Open to the public.)

Thursday, February 11, 1993

7:30 p.m. **Visual History Premier and Evening Debate**
William and Mary Hall

Program begins with the premier of a visual history of the College, produced by the National Geographic Society. A debate follows on "Liberal Education in the 21st Century" moderated by television journalist Roger Mudd. Panelists will include leaders from the public and private sectors.
(Open to the Public/tickets not required. Seating will be open, early arrival is recommended.)

Saturday, February 13, 1993

3:00 p.m. **Capriole Concert**
Phi Beta Kappa Hall

Theatrical Music of Henry Purcell, Court Composer to William III and Mary II," performed by William and Mary's resident baroque chamber ensemble. Ticket price is \$12. Call 804-220-1248 for details.

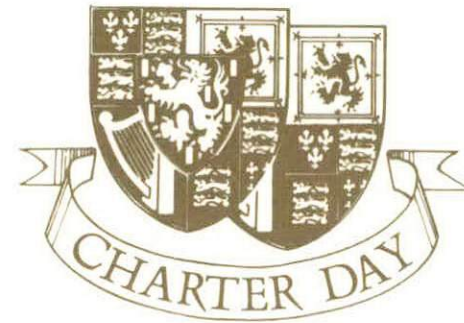
Exhibition at The Joseph and Margaret Muscarelle Museum of Art

"A Golden Age of Painting: Dutch, Flemish and German Paintings from the 16th-17th centuries, from the Collection of the Sarah Campbell Blaffer Foundation, Houston, Texas." The Muscarelle Museum of Art is open to the public weekdays from 10:00 a.m. to 4:45 p.m. and weekends from noon until 4:00 p.m. Admission is free.

For **Hotel Accommodations** contact the Williamsburg Hotel Motel Association at 1-800-446-9244. Rooms have been reserved at area hotels, ask for the William and Mary 300th **Charter Week Room Block**. The listing of hotels and room rates appeared in the most recent copy of the Alumni Gazette or the reservation clerk can review the options with you.

CHARTER DAY CEREMONY TICKET INFORMATION

The honorary degree recipients for the **Charter Day Ceremony** will be announced at a later date. Tickets and information on the ceremony will be mailed prior to the ceremony. *No one will be admitted to the ceremony without a seating ticket.* Please respond by January 20th, seats are available on a first-come-first-served-basis. Demand may not allow for all ticket requests to be met.



*The College of William and Mary in Virginia
cordially invites you to attend
Exercises commemorating
the Tercentenary of the
Granting of the Royal Charter
His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales
will deliver the Charter Day Address
Saturday, the thirteenth of February
Nineteen hundred and ninety-three
at half after ten o'clock
William and Mary Hall*

R.s.v.p. by enclosed card

Reception to follow

William and Mary by y^e grace of
of England, Scotland, France, & Ireland King & Queen Def
of y^e Faith &c. To all to whom these our present Letters shall
come, Greeting. Being our trusty and well-beloved Subjects &
stituting y^e Gen^l Assembly of our Colony of Virginia, to y^e end
y^e Church of Virginia may be furnished with a Seminary of
Ministers of y^e Gospel, & y^e y^e Faith may be piously educated
in good Learning & Manners, & y^e y^e Christian faith may be pro-
pagated amongst y^e Western Indians to y^e glory of Almighty
have had it in their minds & proposed to y^e selves to make, found
& Establish a certain place of Unversall Study, or a perpetual
College for sacred Theology, Philosophy, y^e Languages, & other
Arts & Sciences, consisting of one President, Six Masters or
Professors & one hundred Scholars more or less according to
ability of y^e College, & y^e Statutes of y^e same, to be made
increased, diminished, or changed upon y^e place by certain
Trustees nominated, & elected by y^e Gen^l Assembly afore said
(to wit) / His trusty & well-beloved Francis Nicholson our Lieut
Governour of our Colonies of Virginia & Maryland, William
Ralph Wormley, William Byrd, & John Lear Esq^r James B
John Farnisole, Stephen Fauer, & Samuel Grady, Clerks,
Thomas Milner, Christopher Robinson, Charles Scarborough
John Smith, Benjamin Harrison, Miles Cary, Henry
Hartnoll, William Randolph, & Matthew Page Gent^l or to
major part of y^e, or of y^e longest lives of y^e, on y^e South Side
of a certain River commonly called York-River or Appomattox
y^e Gen^l Assembly of Virginia shall think more fit & expedient
in our Colony to be upheld and maintained in all times
coming. Being also our trusty & well-beloved y^e Gen^l Assembly

Regulated by
card

brn
12/20



This 1693 copy of the Royal Charter was sent from England
to Governor Andros of the Royal Colony of Virginia.
University Archives, The Earl Gregg Swem Library.

12/30: bmm regretted
by card.

In celebration of treasured friendships
formed during the Reagan/Bush Presidencies

Cathy and Frank Keating
request the pleasure of your company
at a Soirée Buffet

the twentieth of January, 1993

between the hours of
seven and eleven

832 Mackall Avenue

McLean, Virginia

Black tie

Please reply



The Honorable and Mrs. James A. Baker III
Chief of Staff
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D.C. 20500



832 Mackall Avenue
McLean, Virginia 22101

COURTESY TRANSLATION

Dear Jim:

It is with great interest that I am following the ongoing election campaign in the United States. Both you and President Bush should be aware that I will never forget what you both have done for the unity of my nation and for a new Europe.

If I can be of any assistance to you and to George Bush, please do not hesitate to let me know.

With cordial greetings of friendship

Yours,

sgd. Hans-Dietrich Genscher

HANS-DIETRICH GENSCHER

Bonn, den 23. Juli 1992

S.E.
dem Außenminister der
Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika
Herrn James A. Baker III

Washington, D.C.

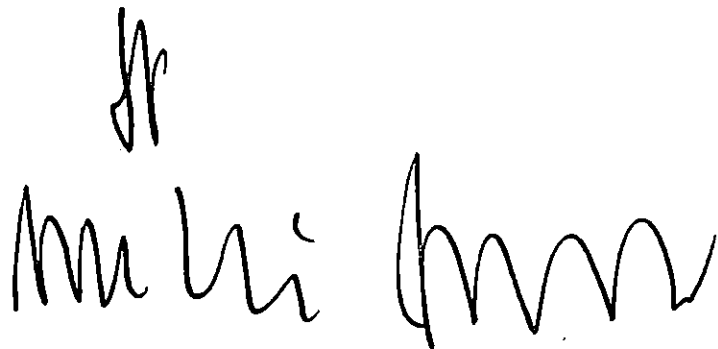
PHOTOCOPY
MISC. HANDWRITING

Lieber Jim,

mit zunehmender Anteilnahme verfolge ich den Wahlkampf in den Vereinigten Staaten. Sie und Präsident Bush sollen wissen, daß ich niemals vergessen werde, was Sie für die Einheit meines Volkes und für ein neues Europa getan haben.

Wenn ich Ihnen und George Bush in irgendeiner Weise helfen kann, so lassen Sie mich das bitte wissen.

In herzlicher Freundschaft grüße ich Sie,

A handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of a stylized 'H' followed by a series of loops and a final flourish.



THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

WASHINGTON

2 September 1992

The Honorable James A. Baker, III
Chief of Staff to the President
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Secretary Baker:

As you know, your wife Susan has honored us by agreeing to be the sponsor for the guided missile cruiser PORT ROYAL. The shipbuilder has informed us that PORT ROYAL will be ready for christening on Saturday, December 5, 1992 at the Ingalls shipyard in Pascagoula, Mississippi.

We would be especially pleased if your schedule would permit you to attend the ceremony and to give the principal remarks. Should December 5 not be convenient to your schedule or to that of Mrs. Baker, the builder informs us that there is some limited flexibility in selecting another Saturday around that same time.

I would appreciate it if a member of your staff could contact us to advise about your availability and that of Mrs. Baker. I certainly hope you will be able to take part. It would help make the occasion most memorable.

Cordially,

Sean O'Keefe
Acting