



MICHAEL K. DEEVER

Jerry

Thank you for your thoughtful letter.
I'm delighted with the photograph
and delighted having finally
met you.

Many thanks.

Mike

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Mr. Gerald L. Warren
Editor
The San Diego Union
Post Office Box 191
San Diego, CA 92112

The San Diego Union

a Copley Newspaper 

GERALD L. WARREN Editor

P.O. BOX 191, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92112
350 CAMINO DE LA REINA TELEPHONE 714-299-3131

March 9, 1983

The Honorable Michael K. Deaver
Deputy Chief of Staff
Assistant to the President
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Mike:

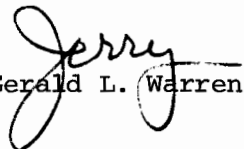
I had no idea I was horning in on a privileged area when I walked out on deck with you. I considered moving away but felt that might be rude. My punishment was standing behind a post throughout the review.

It was a memorable visit. You, John Gartland and Eric Rosenberger are to be commended for your roles in making it work. I'm sorry the tragedy in Yosemite marred an otherwise brilliant visit.

It was good to meet you after all this time.

With every good wish.

Sincerely,


Gerald L. Warren

GLW:dm
Encl. 2



MICHAEL K. DEAVER

Chuck

Thanks for your note. It was
a welcome relief from what usually
comes by my desk. Thanks for
thinking of me. Hope all is
well with you. Cheers. Mike

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Mr. Charles E. Coburn, Jr.
Coburn Construction
2741 9th Street
Berkeley, California 94710

3-16

COBURN CONSTRUCTION

GENERAL CONTRACTORS
2741 - 9TH STREET
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA 94710

PHONE 848-2181

note

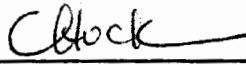
March 8, 1983.

Michael K. Deaver
Assistant to the President
Deputy Chief of Staff
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mike:

I have followed your professional career from the early days of walking through plate glass windows in Mexico City to dodging bullets in Washington, D.C., from tickling the ivories for inebriates at The Interlude in San Jose to playing the piano for royalty on a yacht in the San Francisco Bay, from ducking out on a tab at McDonalds in Sacramento, to picking up the Queen's check at Trader Vic's in the City, and, quite honestly, I have been somewhat impressed that you are known to Congressmen, Ambassadors, Prime Ministers, Kings and Presidents on a first name basis, but - WOW - I just found out you got to meet Diane Feinstein personally.

YITBOS


Charles E. Coburn Jr.

CEC.jr/lm



MICHAEL K. DEEVER

Bill

Thanks for the note. I was very
moved by your article on the memorial.
Thank you.

I hate to have you wait for us on
Merlin - It may be a month or so
before we can get into the City. I'll
keep you posted. *Warmly,
Mike*

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Mr. William Broyles, Jr.
Editor-in-Chief
Newsweek
444 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022-6999

Newsweek

444 MADISON AVENUE · NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022-6899

note

William Broyles, Jr.
Editor-in-Chief
(212) 350-7216

February 24, 1983

Dear Mike:

Thank you very much for the enjoyable lunch at the White House today. The Mexican food was every bit as good as you promised, and the conversation was even better.

Thank you also for your help in arranging the President's appearance on our 50th Anniversary program. He was, of course, the highlight, and we were greatly honored by his participation.

Please let me know when you and Carolyn would like to bring the kids up to New York to see Merlin. We're ready to go.

Best regards,

Bies

P.S. I've enclosed a copy of the story I wrote in Newsweek about the Vietnam Veterans Memorial.

Mr. Michael Deaver
Deputy Chief of Staff
The White House
Washington, D.C.

[Handwritten signature]



Photos by Wally McNamoe—Newsweek

Reaction: Visitors view the black granite wall, a vet reaches out to touch, mourners' tributes, a mother with a photo of her dead son

through Tay Ninh Province in 1966. Howe, who brought his wife and two children 3,000 miles across the country to see if the memorial was "as bad as everyone says it is," found himself agreeing that it was. "It could have been so different. I looked at the Seabee monument [in nearby Virginia]—it's nice, and it's simple," he said. "Everything else in this town is white."

Inventory: Brooding, austere and deliberately unheroic, the monument nevertheless seemed to exert a powerful emotional hold on everyone who saw it. The reason was simple: from one end to the other, its 140 granite panels are inscribed with the names of all 57,939 Americans killed or listed as missing in action in Southeast Asia from July 1959 to spring 1975, when Saigon finally fell. It is a stark inventory of the nation's loss that overwhelms the lingering differences over the war itself, and it evoked profoundly personal responses from its viewers. They looked for the names of loved ones, old comrades, someone from home. They laid little tributes at the base of the wall, touched the incised letters of the names, and they saw themselves reflected, like shadows of history, in the dark and shining stone. Will Howe, who would gladly fight the war all over again, found the names of the dead from his old unit and strode away choking back tears. He walked awhile, then turned to look back at the wall from the shelter of a nearby grove. Being there was like being back in 'Nam, he said: I was in the trees again, all alone.

The sense of being alone may be the hallmark of the Vietnam experience—and it is no doubt the reason why, after enduring the

nation's indifference for nearly a decade, the Viet vets swarmed into Washington for Veterans Day 1982. Most of them had returned to civilian life without much welcome from their neighbors, which was bad enough. Perhaps worse, Pentagon assignment policies at the time sent them home from 'Nam as individuals, leaving their buddies behind to keep on fighting the war. There was survival guilt, a loss of contact, an involuntary burial of the past. If some Viet vets are clearly "Looney Tunes," as VVA founder Bobby Muller put it, many others have been more subtly "frozen in time." And if a reckoning on Vietnam is the unfinished business of a whole generation of Americans, the Viet vets are that generation's agents; like Jan Scruggs, the former Army corporal who led the drive to build the new memorial, they are ready to close the deal. Most date their demand for reconciliation from 1981, when the returning Iranian hostages got a reception many vets envied. "They even got season tickets to baseball games," Callahan says wonderingly. "Gimme a break! I'd have loved to go to a ball game once in a while."

In Washington last week, the Viet vets were reunited at last—"a critical mass," Muller said, that could "do something." VVA's notion of doing something was to organize for action on veterans' grievances: it sponsored unofficial hearings on post-traumatic-stress syndrome and Agent Orange, the military herbicide suspected of causing cancer, birth defects and other, lesser ailments. The sessions produced the sort of fireworks that Veterans Administration

(Continued on page 86)



Photos by John Ficarra—Newsweek



Remembering a War We Want to Forget

A veteran reflects on healing the wounds of war.

By WILLIAM BROYLES Jr.

Names. José K. Brown. Sai G. Lew. Glenn F. Cashdollar. Kenyu Shimabukuru. Famous L. Lane. Witold J. Leszczynski. Thomas L. Little Sun. Salvatore J. Piscitello. Max Lieberman. Savas Escamilla Treviño. Billy Joe Lawrence.

For 56 hours they read the names in the Gothic confines of the National Cathedral. Rhythmic Spanish names. Tongue-twisting Polish names, guttural German, exotic African, homely Anglo-Saxon names. Chinese, Polynesian, Indian and Russian names. They are names which reach deep into the heart of America, each testimony to a family's decision, sometime in the past, to wrench itself from home and culture to test our country's promise of new opportunities and a better life. They are names drawn from the farthest corners of the world and then, in this generation, sent to another distant corner in a war America has done its best to forget. But to hear the names being read, and to see them stretching down long expanses of black granite at the new Vietnam Veterans Memorial, is to remember. The war was about names, each name a special human being who never came home.

The permanent tribute to these Americans is hidden in the ground between the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial. Beyond a brief inscription, the only adornment is the long list of names. They died in an unpopular war, fought for uncertain ends and prolonged far beyond hope of success. But that was not their fault. When their country called, they answered, and they fought bravely and well. They gave no less than those Americans who died at Valley Forge, Gettysburg or Normandy. But their memorial is not a monument to the abstract ideal of war, to glory and victories or even to a cause. It is a reminder of the cost of war. It is a bill of sale.

Like the war itself, the memorial is less than the dead deserved. It is a memorial that isn't a memorial for a war that wasn't, technically, even a war. The war had no official beginning and no official end, only a first death and a last death. Its deepest meaning is in the fate of those who fought there. The veterans gave the war that meaning, and they and their families quickly, and spontaneously, did the same for the memorial. Through countless acts of pure emotion they completed a monument that seemed incomplete. It invited them, somehow, to make it their own. They propped roses beside it, set photographs of dead sons and brothers on it, bedecked it with wreaths, touched it constantly and washed it with tears. But still, there was something missing, something special. The veterans, as they gathered last Wednesday and Thursday, couldn't quite put their finger on it, but they *knew*.

They would eventually solve that problem, but there was

one thing about the monument they couldn't fix. The names that speak most directly about the war aren't on the memorial. To my knowledge there are no names of any sons or grandsons of the policymakers who plotted the war or of the congressmen who voted the appropriations to keep it going. They weren't there. The war divided America, most of all by driving a wedge

between those who went and those who didn't.

The division was a matter of class: In my Marine infantry platoon were blacks from the South, ethnics from Chicago and Boston, hillbillies from Appalachia, Mexican-Americans from Texas and an Indian we called "Chief." Their average age was less than 20; only a handful had graduated from high school. They were the harvest of working-class America. Not one of the boys who joined my platoon in the rice fields and jungles was the son of a doctor, lawyer, businessman, politician or professor. In 1968, 6.8 million Americans were in college, about 500,000 Americans served in Vietnam, and there was virtually no overlap between the two. The educated kids who knew how to manipulate the system by and large avoided the war; the less-privileged Americans fought and died there.

It was a war fought with few exceptions by companies and platoons, by enlisted men and junior officers. The colonels and generals lived in permanent, air-conditioned houses safely in the rear. They slept in real beds between pressed sheets, ate splendid food flown in daily from Japan and the Philippines, watched first-run movies and flew out to the war in the morning and back in time for lunch. The war had no goal anyone who fought it understood. Our only stated objectives were meaningless bits of territory we would fight over and abandon. There were no dramatic pushes to the Rhine, no larger missions, nothing to feel a part of. When your 365 days were up, you went home, and the war went on, beginning anew for the new arrivals as it ended for those who left. It made no sense. Under those circumstances, my platoon's true mission was unrelated to any command from higher up. Our mission was to survive.

The Vietnam combat veterans drew this lesson: you are alone, no one else shares your experience or cares about it—no one except your "buddies." Only they matter. And so there grew up in Vietnam combat units a sense of commitment and love among the men who lived, laughed, suffered and died together. You took your turn on point, pushing into the terrible unknown of the jungle or down an exposed rice-paddy dike, you went up a hill under fire, you crawled out after the wounded—not for your country: you did it for your buddies.

One night, for example, a major in the rear, drunk after carousing with female singers from the Philippines, came on the radio and ordered me to send patrols out into an area infested with North Vietnamese soldiers. "Go get some," he kept saying. It would have been suicide. And so we faked the patrols on our radios, talking to each other from a few feet away as if we were crossing rivers, climbing hills, taking up new positions. We weren't about to risk our lives for him. For each other, yes, but not for him. Each of us was all we had. Our country was ashamed of us, hated us. That



The memorial: A flag for your buddies

John Ficara—Newsweek

explained, in part, how my platoon reacted when, shortly after I arrived, I passed the word that Da Nang was being rocketed. To me, the news sounded calamitous, as if Pearl Harbor were being attacked. My men didn't think so. They put down their cold canteens, they stopped picking off leeches and they cheered.

I'm not proud of how we felt back then. I wish it had been different. I wish that college kids hadn't spit on working kids who served their country, by necessity or choice; that thousands of demonstrators had not carried the Viet Cong flag through the streets of America; that veterans themselves had not thrown their medals in anger back over the gates of the White House. I wish that no one had died at all. For most of us those resentments have long since been dissipated. We came home and found our way back into America. We have jobs and mortgages, children and, in some cases, grandchildren. We are in Congress and in business, in labor unions and other professions. We look just like everybody else. But for some of our fellow veterans the war is still a terrible burden. There are too many unanswered questions about the delayed time bombs in their bodies and their minds, too many unfulfilled promises about their education and their employment. We owe them more than that.

The memory of war is the stuff of history. The Civil War cast a shadow across America that wasn't lifted until Jimmy Carter was elected president in 1976. World War I left Europe paralyzed and America disillusioned, and made Hitler possible. World War II created the conditions of nuclear holocaust that could destroy our world. Vietnam divided us and troubles us still, not only in the hearts and minds of veterans and their families, but in our crippled self-confidence. It is a specter we have yet to put to rest, a wound in need of aling.

And so from all over America we went to Washington for our long overdue homecoming. We brought parts of our old uniforms and a few of our medals. Some veterans wore camouflage fatigues and bush hats, others nylon vests with their unit's name on the back. Some wore old uniforms wrinkled and dotted with moth holes, as if they had been rummaged out of some long-forgotten box for the occasion. A helmet crowned the head of a veteran in a three-piece suit. There were cowboys and union men and Hell's Angels and members of bowling teams. There were men who walked with canes and too many men in wheelchairs. Families came, some with new babies. A crewcut, beefy man in a red windbreaker with MARINES on the back stopped before a panel, found a name and fell to his knees crying. "I came to find out if I had dried up," said Paul Rump of Thetford Center, Vt. Rump and a friend from Massachusetts brought the ashes of a fellow veteran who had killed himself. They scattered them in front of the panel that marked the year they were in Vietnam together. Then Rump and his friend embraced each other, and they wept.

How did you feel when you walked down in here, I asked Sid Smith, who was in long-range reconnaissance and now is a sculptor in Florida.

"I cried," he replied.

"We all did," said Ed Unkel, a Marine who owns Crazy Ed's in Cleveland. "We all did."

It was as if a common emotion held back in so many private corners was all at once coming out into the sunlight. I cried too,

more than once. I cried for the men who had been there, for their families, for the country, for myself. I cried because I couldn't help it. It was beyond knowing. As I stood in front of the polished granite I saw the names, but I also saw my own reflection. It fell across the names like a ghost. "Why me, Lord?" we asked ourselves in Vietnam. It was a question that came back as I stood there: "Why them?" It was a terrible sadness that brought the tears. But also, beneath it, there was a deep relief tinged with guilt: my name isn't on the wall.

"It's really odd," said Sid Smith. "When I came home in 1967 an Army dude had just been shot and killed by some protester when he got off the plane. Can you believe it? He made it through all the hell of the war and then was killed when he came home. When I got off that plane I had a pistol in my pocket. I was as scared as I'd ever been in Nam." Veterans were spit on and jeered at and turned away from jobs as likely drug addicts or crazies. We had no parades, no speeches. At best we were treated with a tolerant politeness, as if we had just recovered from a disease that was so socially embarrassing it best not be mentioned.

Last week was different. Bartenders bought veterans drinks. Cab drivers refused their money. Nameless people passed out

flashlights at night so veterans could find their buddies' names. Bands played. Politicians made speeches. Jets flew over. There was a parade. It was all we had grown up believing about the end of a war. A group of veterans standing by the memorial talked about how nice everybody was being, how different it was. Someone said it was 10 years too late. Ed Unkel thought about that. "Better late than never," he said.



Marine in Hué, 1968: Welcome home

Around midnight on Thursday night, a few Marines finally realized what the memorial was missing—a flag. And so, with the daring and skill that served them so well in Vietnam, they went on one last mission. Moving stealthily, they liberated a hotel's American flag and flagpole and spirited it off to the memorial. One of the Marines took the flag and stood motionless in the center of the memorial, where the two long courses of black granite meet to form a V. The others lit matches and shone flashlights on the flag. They sang "America," they swapped stories, and they cried. "They didn't have to put up a flag for us," said Terry McConnell, a Marine from Cleveland who is unemployed. "We take care of our own. We always did; we always will."

Early in the morning McConnell fell off to sleep, curled up beneath the flag. When he woke up into the hazy light of an overcast dawn Sid Smith was standing above him, holding the flag. Smith held the flag for almost four hours, then gave it to Ed Unkel, who gave it to Tony Redd, an unemployed Marine from Dayton, Ohio. It was now after 8, and the crowds had started to come back. Redd stood at parade rest, like a statue. "I haven't held the flag for a long time," Redd said. "It feels good." McConnell took the flag again. The wind began to blow, and a few drops of rain fell. The flag billowed, then whipped back and forth. Whenever a veteran came up, McConnell told him to touch the flag.

And each time, he said the same thing: "Welcome home." Welcome home. The war is over.

William Broyles Jr., editor-in-chief of NEWSWEEK, was drafted in 1968 and served in Vietnam in 1969 and 1970 as an infantry lieutenant in the Marines.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

March 16, 1983

Dear Monsignor Kenney:

Thank you for your letter and the attached statement of His Eminence Cardinal Cooke. I appreciate your thoughtfulness and have taken the liberty of passing it along to Bill Clark.

Best personal regards.

Sincerely,

MICHAEL K. DEEVER
Assistant to the President
Deputy Chief of Staff

Reverend Monsignor Lawrence J. Kenney
Secretary to the Cardinal
1011 First Avenue
New York, NY 10022

CARDINAL'S OFFICE
1011 FIRST AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

March 10, 1983

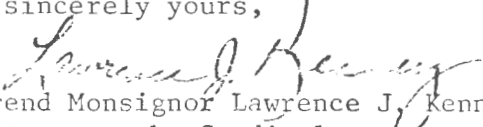
Dear Mike:

There are few things in life we need less of than more paper. Appreciating that as I do from firsthand experience, I still wanted to share the enclosed with you.

I hope that the information contained in these statements of Cardinal Cooke will be of interest and possibly of assistance.

With kind personal regards, I am

Very sincerely yours,


Reverend Monsignor Lawrence J. Kenney
Secretary to the Cardinal

Mr. Michael Deaver
The White House
Washington, D. C. 20500

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

March 16, 1983

Dear Mr. Bona:

Thanks for sending us a copy of the speech that Peter Grace gave to the Palm Beach Round Table today. We appreciate Peter Grace's continued support and have taken the liberty of forwarding this material to our speechwriters for their information.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

MICHAEL K. DEEVER
Assistant to the President
Deputy Chief of Staff

Mr. Frederick E. Bona
Director of Press Relations
Corporate Communications Division
W. R. Grace and Company
1114 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10036

GRACE

Frederick E. Bona, Director of Press Relations
Corporate Communications Division

W. R. Grace & Co.
Grace Plaza
1114 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10036



March 11, 1983

Mr. Michael K. Deaver
Deputy Chief of Staff &
Assistant to the President
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20500

Dear Mr. Deaver:

Attached is a copy of a press release that we issued today, in connection with the speech (also attached) Peter Grace gave to the Palm Beach Round Table today.

Very truly yours,

Attach.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

March 16, 1983

Dear Peter:

This letter should serve to clarify the status of Federal funding and support of the 1984 Summer Olympic Games to be held in Los Angeles.

Enclosed is a copy of the guidance we have given to Federal agencies involved in supporting the 1984 Olympic Games. The general rule is that the agencies will provide only that support that is in line with their existing responsibilities or required by law. With this rule we recognize the principle that the Olympic Games are privately financed but that we will fulfill an obligation to protect the property and citizens of the United States. We also recognize that there may be some instances in which we may be requested to provide additional services on a reimbursable basis and would, of course, do so if there is latitude under our current rules and regulations.

I trust that this guidance is in keeping with the views and desires expressed by you and the members of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee when we met in February.

Sincerely,



MICHAEL K. DEAVER
Assistant to the President
Deputy Chief of Staff

Enclosure

Mr. Peter V. Ueberroth
President
Los Angeles Olympic Organizing
Committee
Los Angeles, California 90084



EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

OFFICE OF MANAGEMENT AND BUDGET

WASHINGTON, D.C. 20503

March 16, 1983

MEMORANDUM FOR HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS AND AGENCIES

FROM:

JOE WRIGHT *Joe Wright*

SUBJECT:

Guidance in Support of 1984 Olympic Games

As I mentioned to some of your representatives at my meeting regarding the Federal coordination for the Olympics there has been some confusion between Federal Agencies and the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee (LAOOC) as to the services that will be provided by the Federal Government for the 1984 Olympic Games. This memo should help resolve any conflict and provide guidance that you can use in your upcoming budget testimonies and in your future dealings with LAOOC.

As a general rule, we will provide only those services that are the responsibilities of the Federal Government. There may be some instances, however, in which we may be requested to provide supplemental services and would do so only on a reimbursable basis and only if these services are not readily available by the private sector. You should now look carefully at the amount you have proposed for the FY 84 budget and ensure that you have included only those services that are required as part of your responsibilities or are directed by law. We at OMB will be working with you to make sure that a consistent approach is applied across the board.

Mike McManus, who is deputy to Mike Deaver, Assistant to the President and Deputy Chief of Staff, will be the one contact point for all requests from the LAOOC to the Federal Government. These requests will be evaluated on a case by case basis following the guidelines above. All Federal Agencies that are working closely with State and local authorities to provide security services will coordinate their activities with Ed Hickey, Assistant to the President and Director of Special Support Services, who will be working directly with Mike McManus. More specific instructions will be provided to you in the next several months.

In order to ensure our budget data is consistent with the approach I have just outlined, attached is a basic format of the budget and information requirements I would like to have no later than April 4, 1983.

Attachment

Coordinator: _____

Agency: _____

Account: _____

- A. Description of specific services we must provide at the 1984 Summer Olympics and revised estimates in light of the LAOOC desires to have no gratuitous outlays from the Federal Government. The revised budget should include projected dollars to be spent as well as FTE forecasts. It should not include any extraneous expenditures which are not required to properly discharge our responsibilities as directed by law.
- B. Description of your expectations as to the interface with the LAOOC in order to carry out our duties while at the same time insure that any necessary contact with the LAOOC is planned and coordinated. This should include anticipated needs in setting up channels of communication with security personnel for example and other such activities which the LAOOC should be aware of as necessary. NOTE that any contact with the Olympic Committee or State and local authorities must be cleared by Mike McManus as indicated in my memo.
- C. Listing of open points or questions regarding the coordination and implementation of your current plans that requires immediate guidance from Mike McManus.
- D. Any other points which you feel necessary to discuss at this early date.



MICHAEL K. DEEVER

Mr Speaker

Thank you sincerely for the invitation to lunch tomorrow.

I'm taking a few days vacation and will be out of town. I hope I can have a rain check.

Happy St Patrick's - Mike

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

DELIVER TO:

The Honorable Thomas P. O'Neill
The Capitol
H204
(Second Floor - House side)

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

March 17, 1983

Dear Rob:

Thanks for your letter and report on the job search program initiative. I'm glad to hear that your stint here was productive. Everyone involved was impressed with your enthusiasm and commitment to the President.

Jim Coyne has been keeping me posted on the progress of the Job Search Program. On Wednesday at breakfast we discussed using the NAB Pittsburgh speech as a vehicle to introduce the Job Search Program.

The Office of Private Sector Initiatives will be pursuing these possibilities with other senior staff in the next few days. Jim has spoken warmly of your contribution to the program, and I'm sure it will be an important compliment to the Job Training Partnership Act.

Again, thanks for your help, your interest and your leadership in Houston.

All the best,

Sincerely,



MICHAEL K. DEEVER
Assistant to the President
Deputy Chief of Staff

Mr. Robert Mosbacher, Jr.
Mosbacher Production Company
1300 Main Street
Suite 2100
Houston, Texas 77002

Robert Mosbacher, Jr.
1300 Main Street, Suite 2100
Houston, Texas 77002

note

March 14, 1983

Ms. Patricia Bye
Administrative Assistant to
Deputy Chief of Staff
Michael K. Deaver
The White House
Washington, D. C. 20500

Dear Pat:

We met when I worked with Jay Moorhead for several weeks and traveled together with the President to Dallas in January.

Jay recommended that I send this to you and ask that you please place it in Mike's reading file tonight.

Thanks, and I hope to see you soon.

Sincerely,



Robert Mosbacher, Jr.

RMJr:mrk

Mosbacher Production Co.

1300 Main Street, Suite 2100

Houston, Texas 77002

Robert Mosbacher, Jr.

March 14, 1983

Telephone

713 654-0100

Mr. Michael K. Deaver
Assistant to the President and
Deputy Chief of Staff
The White House
Washington, D. C. 20500

Dear Mike:

I want to begin by telling you how much I enjoyed my six-week stint at the White House working with Jay Moorhead and the PSI group. One of the highlights of that experience was the opportunity to brief you and the President on December 23 about our suggested plans for the PSI program for the next couple of years.

As you know, one of the major focuses of our efforts will be a private sector initiatives program aimed at displaced workers. Specifically, what we plan to do is replicate the model used at the Crucible Steel Plant in Midland, Pennsylvania.

The reason why I mention this is that the President is scheduled to travel to Pittsburgh to participate in the National Alliance of Business Dislocated Worker Conference on April 6. In view of the fact that the Crucible Steel Plant is just down the road (albeit closed), and our job search program partners include NAB, the AFL-CIO, and the Departments of Labor and Commerce, it is an excellent opportunity for the President to announce the private sector initiatives job search program and partnership, and to relate it to the experience of the Crucible Steel Plant.

You will recall that, in that situation, a partnership was formed involving management, labor, government, and the local community to provide workers who were being laid off with the basic skills necessary to compete effectively for jobs. This is in recognition of the fact that many of those experiencing layoffs in the basic industries simply do not have up-to-date skills required to find employment. They need to know how to write resumes, complete job applications, make telephone inquiries, how to interview, how to describe one's skills, as well as what jobs are a logical extension of their prior experience and what training is available or necessary to qualify for other jobs.

Mr. Michael K. Deaver
March 14, 1983
Page 2

At the Crucible Steel Plant, the participating workers were taught these basics by management and labor personnel; and phones were also made available for the supervised calling of job listings.

About two-thirds of the relatively small group that participated found jobs within two months, and the others now have the tools necessary to find employment after the economy improves. It is known as a "job search club" because of the essential confidence and peer support one gets from the experience, and it is the type of private sector initiative which we plan to replicate in some 15 plants around the country. It is perfectly consistent with the intent of the Job Training Partnership Act (JTPA) and has the additional advantage of being easy to start quickly so that we can have programs in place and operating long before the formal implementation date of October 1 for the JTPA.

I hope you will give it careful consideration, and let me know if I can be of any assistance.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'R Mosbacher, Jr.', written over a large, stylized triangular shape.

Robert Mosbacher, Jr.

RMJr:mrk

cc Craig L. Fuller
James Coyne
Jay Moorhead

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

March 18, 1983

Dear Mrs. LaBarge:

I wanted to join Pat's many friends in expressing my deepest sympathy to you and your family.

While I was Queen Elizabeth's official host representing the President I became personally aware of Pat's outstanding professional performance and dedication.

While I know there is little I can say to relieve your sorrow during these difficult days, I wanted you to know that you're in my thoughts.

I hope you'll let me know if there is anything I can do to help.

Sincerely,

MICHAEL K. DEAVER
Assistant to the President
Deputy Chief of Staff

Mrs. JoAnn LaBarge
515 Royal Springs Drive
Springboro, Ohio 45066

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

March 18, 1983

Dear Joe:

Thank you for your letter of February 9, 1983. It is most gratifying to know that there are individuals, such as yourself, who stand ready to support the President and the future course of this Administration.

You should be aware, however, that until an authorized Presidential campaign entity is established pursuant to federal election laws, we will be unable to discuss any possibilities which may involve your participation.

You can be assured that if and when such an entity is established, your interest will not be forgotten. For your future reference, I am returning the list of names you forwarded for consideration.

On behalf of the President, thank you for your continued support.

Sincerely,



MICHAEL K. DEAVER
Assistant to the President
Deputy Chief of Staff

G. Joseph Bertain, Jr., Esq.
Union Bank Building
50 California Street
Suite 955
San Francisco, California 94111


BCC
Ed Hallen (Info)

—
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

March 21, 1983

Good

MEMORANDUM FOR MICHAEL K. DEEVER
ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT

FROM: FRED F. FIELDING 
COUNSEL TO THE PRESIDENT

SUBJECT: Attached Correspondence

I have attached a draft response to Mr. Bertain's letter to you of February 9, 1983 enclosing the roster of the San Francisco lawyers' group. The language of the draft can be used by your office to respond to similar offers to participate in 1984 re-election efforts by the President, if any.

Attachment

FEB 22 1983

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G. JOSEPH BERTAIN, JR.
ROBERT A. SUSK
LESLIE J. MANN

126552 *CU*

February 9, 1983

The Honorable Michael K. Deaver
Assistant to the President
and Deputy Chief of Staff
The White House
Washington, D. C. 20500


Re: San Francisco Lawyers Committee
for Ronald Reagan

Dear Mike:

Enclosed please find the roster of our Co-Chairmen
of our San Francisco Lawyers Committee for Ronald
Reagan as of January 1, 1983. We await the President's
announcement that he will seek re-election.

Best wishes to you and Carolyn. Tom O'Neil sends
his regards.

Sincerely,


G. Joseph Bertain, Jr.

GJB:wap
Encl.

SAN FRANCISCO LAWYERS COMMITTEE
FOR BETTER GOVERNMENT*

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THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

RESPONSE FORM LETTER -- CAMPAIGN HELP:

Dear _____:

Many thanks for your recent letter.

As the President's political advisor, it is most gratifying to me to know that there are people, such as yourself, who are ready to involve themselves in the 1984 Presidential campaign.

However, until a legal entity is established for coordination of the President's re-election, we will be unable to discuss any possibilities which may involve your participation.

Rest assured that when and if such an entity is established, your interest will be given every consideration.

Again, my thanks and appreciation for your willingness to support the President.

Sincerely,

Edward J. Rollins
Assistant to the President
for Political Affairs